

Breaking News!

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A commission for SokeriKeilo

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"Hey there, jackass! Roger Hartridge reporting in from the field doing the real work while you sit there on your overpriced chair reading off a teleprompter as if that's a real skill! worth paying you for!"

That's what Roger would have liked to say. Unfortunately, he was forced to restrain himself. So while the more abusive and, in his opinion, accurate words played in his head what actually came out of the cobra's mouth was the far more civil version.

"Hey there, Chet! Roger Hartridge reporting in from the field outside Lamplight Industries. I'm here with doctor Sarah Toronto: chief research coordinator for Lamplight Industries. She's here today to tell us about their new charity fundraiser scheduled for next week! It's their first-ever tech expo for charity. All proceeds for the event will be put directly into their nonprofit Pharmaceuticals division to fund research for new and improved medications as well as reduce the cost of existing ones. But why am I here gabbing about it when you can hear it straight from the beautiful doctor's mouth? Please, Doctor Toronto. Tell us more."

Roger offered his microphone for the doctor to take rather than simply holding it up for her. He had done enough interviews with corporate and scientist types like this to know how talkative they could get. He wasn't interested in standing

there holding the microphone for minutes on end while she tried to explain the origin of the universe or how the blockchain worked. As the rabbit woman droned on about minuscule details involving the plans for their charity funds and vague hints at new inventions being unveiled at the Expo Roger couldn't help but lament his current position.

He always got stuck with these nerdy interviews. Not that he had anything against the intelligent type or even the work itself. He was simply frustrated that any time there was an interview with someone that spoke with words longer than three syllables he was assigned to them without fail. The official story was the boss helping him carve a niche in his reporting style to help build his recognition. In reality, Roger was the only guy in the reporting pool that typically understood those multisyllabic words.

In most situations Roger was rather proud that he bucked stereotypes. He wasn't a genius or anything but he has scored well into the top ten percentile of both his high school and University. That wouldn't have been impressive in of itself if it wasn't for the fact that he was also built like a professional athlete. Even now his dark blue power suit visibly stretched around his well-sculpted frame. His broad shoulders filled out the jacket rather impressively while his biceps visibly strained the sleeves anytime he moved his arm. People loved to stereotype the bigger, beefier guys like him as having traded IQ points for pounds of muscle. Roger loved nothing more than putting people that tried to talk down at him thinking he was stupid just because he knew his way around a gym in their place.

"Isn't that right, Mr. Hartridge?"

Doctor Toronto's voice snapped Roger out of his internal thoughts. Quickly he replayed the last bits of her conversation in his head while taking the microphone back. He was one of less than a hundred people in the world diagnosed with a condition called hyperthymesia. It was like an eidetic memory on steroids. He could remember just about any detail from anything he'd ever experienced and play it back in his head like CCTV footage but with all of his senses. Just another extraordinary aspect of

himself wasted on mundane tasks like replaying boring conversations so people didn't think he wasn't listening.

"That's right, Doctor Toronto. May I call you Sarah?" he paused and flashed the petite bunny woman a dazzling smile of razor-sharp teeth. The sight simultaneously made the woman blush shyly and set off her primal prey instinct's desire to send her bolting for safety. When she nodded her consent to the more familiar name usage the cobra continued. "Sarah here has long done great work here for our fair city acting as a liaison between the corporate and research wings of her company. She coordinates their capabilities and finds the best way to use their cooperation to help the community! Already they've given much to the city including funding three different free health clinics for those in need peppered to cross the city! They have also provided numerous grants and donations to repair and improve the city's infrastructure. Some of which was built with their proprietary new technology! It has given our city a taste of the future before the rest of the world." Roger paused his exposition and turned back to the petite woman. His expression turned serious, although mischief still danced in his eyes as he tried to press her for details with obviously mock gravitas. "Now Sarah. Word on the street is that your employers have some very interesting new technology they're planning to unveil at the Expo. I know you can't say much but can you give us a little hint as to what we have to look forward to?"

At the end of his sentence, Roger waggled his eyebrows in an exaggerated, suggestive manner that left Sarah giggling briefly before she regained her composure.

"Now, Roger. You know I can't tell you anything." Sarah replied, her voice taking on a playfully chastising tone as she joined in on his performance. "Buuut... you didn't hear it from me, but let's just say it's going to be a little surprising for everyone."

Despite his playful demeanor, Roger was genuinely fishing for information. It was part of why he had wanted to go into reporting in the first place. With his overall intelligence augmented by his hyperthymesia he could have done just about anything up to being a quantum physics scientist if he had tried.

But he wasn't interested in discovering new secrets of the universe. He wanted to pry existing secrets out of the hands of those that kept them. He had romanticized the idea of doing hard-hitting interviews with world leaders, politicians, and corporate powerhouses. He dreamed of catching tiny details in what they did or said that ultimately led him to groundbreaking revelations that no one else could have possibly discovered.

But instead, here he was reporting on a charity event for a bunch of rich snobs pretending like they understand a tenth of what a bunch of scientists were saying about some new high-tech toilet or whatever it was. His disdain for his current lot in life didn't mean he wasn't paying attention. Technically with his hyperthymesia he was more or less incapable of not paying attention. And he did catch the tiniest hint of inflection on the word 'little' in her sentence that told him it had some kind of hint. He had no context for what that could mean but he made a note of the little detail anyway.

"Well I think you've teased us long enough, Sarah. And I'm sure I've taken up enough of your valuable time. Thank you so much for speaking with us today. Here's hoping the expo is a rousing success."

Roger paused before turning to face the camera directly. He waited for a split second until he saw the camera lens adjust and zoom in closer to him as he had practiced. Then the cobra gave that big, toothy smile of razor-sharp fangs that left him radiating suave confidence.

"I'm Roger Hartridge, and that's another one for the books. Back to you in the studio, fuck face."

At least, in his head, the last word came out as fuck face. Unfortunately, his rational mind overpowered his impulses. Chet's name came out of his mouth rather than the far more colorful and, in Roger's opinion, more accurate descriptor. The cobra kept his radiant smile and happy demeanor frozen in place until the recording light clicked off and his camera text said they were clear. The moment they did Roger's whole body slumped momentarily before he forced himself back to a reasonable posture. If he wasn't in public, surrounded by other

people, Roger would have let out the most obnoxiously loud and petulant groan possible. He rallied his self-control and was about to move to help the camera tech pack up when he felt a slender hand on his forearm.

"Mister Hartridge?"

Roger turned to find himself looking down at the petite Lapine woman gripping his forearm to get his attention. Although she was smiling brightly up at him Roger noticed a half-dozen minuscule hints of body language that told him she was nervous and a little...eager? As much as it annoyed him to do reporting on nonsense stories like these he couldn't bring himself to blame the doctor. So, rather than taking out his frustration on her, he spread a familiar, but more friendly and genuine, smile across his lips.

"Please, Sarah. You can just call me Roger."

Again the cobra noticed the subtle hints and change in her demeanor. The continued use of her first name outside of the fictitious rapport during the interview had elevated her eagerness another notch.

"Roger, then." She corrected with a smile. " I know that the interview was meant to be just about the charity event. But, if you're interested perhaps we could sit down for a cup of coffee and discuss if there's anything else worth reporting on."

The wheels in Roger's head spun at light speed as he took in every detail of the Lapine doctor. For a moment there was a tiny flicker of eager hope that she had some secretive, hush-hush information she was willing to share with him. Sorting through the minuscule signs he noticed the way her eyes were locked with his while her face was strained as if she kept wanting to look away but wouldn't let herself. He saw the way her posture was forcibly straightened as if to puffer chest out slightly to make it, and her overall, seem bigger and more impressive. The most obvious detail, though, was her hand on his arm. Her fingers weren't just laying there to catch and hold his attention. They were squeezing slightly. She probably thought she was doing it subtly enough that he wouldn't notice but he could feel her grip

tightening and relaxing ever-so-slightly. She was feeling up the muscles on his forearm. Which meant there was almost certainly no big scoop waiting for him at the end of that cup of coffee. However, he knew there was something else waiting for him that, if nothing else, could take his mind off of the rest of the day.

“Coffee? With a lovely lady like you?” Roger asked with a slightly more predatory grin. A grin that only grew wider when he saw a blush leak through her professional demeanor at his expression and tone of voice. “I would be honored.”

“Holy mother of fuck.”

Sarah's words came out in between a series of ragged, exhausted breaths. Her chest heaved and her heart felt like it was trying to tear its way out of her chest! Her fur was soaked and disheveled and her whole body ached as if she had just been on the wrong end of a punching bag. Yet despite looking like she had just run a ten-mile marathon her face was still split into the biggest, most satisfied grin of her life.

“I'll take it that's a sign of approval.” Roger quipped from beside her.

Just like Sarah, the cobra lay stretched out across her bed with the sheets partially tangled around his legs. Unlike her, though, his legs from just below the shin hung off the end of her bed. Rabbit beds were always too small for him. The other key difference between them was that he was not nearly as exhausted or run down as she was. Sure his breath was coming a little bit quicker and there may have been a light sheen of sweat on his brow. But, at most, it looked like he had just finished a light jog around the block. Sarah, on the other hand, looked ready to pass out from exhaustion.

“Yes. Gods yes. I think you may have ruined me for other men.” She replied breathlessly.

Roger's first impulse was to say that he heard that a lot. Thankfully, he was smart and experienced enough to know that bed partners, regardless of their gender, typically didn't like it when you brought up your other sexual conquests. The cobra still couldn't help but bask in the praise and admiration even if he wasn't quite as satisfied as his partner. As disappointing as it was, he was used to it by now. In any other situation, his sexual prowess would have been just as brag-worthy as his intelligence or his physique. Guys loved to brag about their staying power and that they could 'go all night'. But Roger knew firsthand that none of them knew what they were talking about. This was one of the rare circumstances where his above-average capabilities made him feel both superior and frustrated to no end. He felt superior in the sense that he had yet to find a man or woman that he couldn't all but ruin like he had Sarah since high school. Yet he was also frustrated in the sense that it meant that no one could ever keep up and get him to feel truly satiated. Not unless his partner brought at least one friend to help out.

"High praise from such an experienced and knowledgeable woman." Roger complemented with a grin.

"Are you saying I sleep around a lot?" Sarah bit back. Though her words were dangerous her tone of voice was, if still exhausted, playful enough to show they were meant as a joke.

"I spoke purely and innocently only of your intellectual prowess and experience." he replied in his own playful tone of voice. His carefully-crafted response made light of the situation while still letting her accept the compliment at face value.

He didn't believe it, of course. He simply had plenty of experience to have a whole network of canned compliments and responses for situations like these. Roger was confident the only claim to superior intelligence Sarah might have over him, or most people for that matter, was a random piece of paper that confirmed that she had filled out enough arbitrary paperwork in the form of standardized tests to requisition a license calling herself smart. He didn't necessarily look down on her, though. If anything she was probably one of the smarter people the cobra had engaged with. Roger simply knew that, like everyone else,

she was just another person that couldn't stack up to him. The fact that he was barely winded from their bout of bed wrestling and she looks like she was about to have a stroke only reinforced that.

"Seriously though, fuck me-" Sarah began to say after she had caught her breath. She was interrupted mid-sentence by a playful quip from Roger.

"I believe we've already thoroughly covered that topic. But if you would like to review-"

"Seriously, though...!" she reiterated with a more firm, yet still ultimately playful, assertion of her voice. "I know girls say this to guys all the time but god's, Roger. I'm dead serious when I say you're the biggest I've ever seen."

Despite his frustration Roger still couldn't help but swell under the praise. Swelling as much physically beneath the blankets as metaphorically. Call him narcissistic if you want but he was perfectly content to accept stroking of his ego when they could no longer manage stroking of his dick.

"But..." she continued.

"But?" Roger questioned despite already knowing exactly where this was going.

"But fuck, Roger- And don't you dare!" she cut herself off and snapped playfully when she saw him opening his mouth to make another lurid remark at her word choice. "I'm sorry, big guy. But I legitimately don't know if I can even stand up right now much less reciprocate."

And there it was. That ubiquitous admission that he was too much for her. Even if it did boost his confidence even higher it was still frustrating. If he was being honest he probably would have traded it for Sarah having a sister or friend that could come in and finish taking care of business. But he was used to partners not measuring up. At the very least he had enjoyed himself enough that he wasn't completely blue balled. He just didn't feel fully satisfied.

"Don't say another word. You don't have to worry about a thing. I'm just glad you enjoyed yourself." Roger reassured with that winning, predatory smile of his. A smile that made the bunny visibly shiver at the sight of those sharp teeth.

He may have discovered during the evening that she was one of those kinky rabbit girls that got off to predators having their way with them.

"Oh God, big guy. Please, don't smile. You know damn well what those fangs do to me and it genuinely hurts to be horny again." Sarah laughed breathlessly."

It didn't take much longer for Sarah's exhaustion to finally take its toll on the poor, overwhelmed rabbit. She made some vague, mumbled promise about making him breakfast in the morning as an apology before she was unconscious. Roger lay there for a few more minutes simply looking her naked form up and down. The cute, petite rabbit scientist with legs for days and an ass that filled up even his large hands: his latest conquest. The next in a long line of men and women that simply couldn't handle him. The cobra's hand reached down beneath the blankets to an erection that had hardly softened at all despite two full releases that evening and several minutes of downtime afterward. He let himself lounge back on the too-small bed and work himself up to get at least enough relief to fall asleep. Roger let himself replay the scenes from less than an hour ago in his head like his own personal porn videos. With each stroke he pushed himself towards the edge as her words played in his head over and over; stroking his ego as much as he was his cock.

"Oh gods, Roger. You're too big...!"

"S orry Roger, you're just too big."

That has been the culmination of their conversation in the morning. True to her word Sarah had prepared Roger an impressively tasty breakfast. As expected she had followed it by explaining she had no desire to explore a deeper relationship between the two of them. She had said it in the nicest way she could; trying to let him down easy. But she was still firm that she couldn't see him again. At least, not in a sexual capacity. As Roger had left her house he heard her in the background calling out from work that day. It didn't surprise him. Even after a night to recover she was still barely able to walk. It gave Roger some small, perverse solace over the rejection to leave her in such a state.

This seemed to happen with all the smaller girls he met. Every last one of them considered themselves the ultimate size queen. Right up until they were met with something genuinely too big for them and suddenly lose their nerve. Roger liked to think that she wouldn't be able to help thinking of him any time she was with someone else. I mean, the list of men that could measure up to him was pretty short in his experience. But Sarah had still made it abundantly clear that the only future sexual interaction between the two of them would be in their thoughts. The longer he thought about it the more frustrated he became.

Yes, as any guy would, he felt superior. He felt like a true alpha. Or, at least what society typically perceived as an 'alpha' despite the whole concept being a long-since disproven theoretical social structure of unevolved wolves. But it was only a stark reminder of how amazing he was and how little recognition he got for it. Roger was the best thing to happen to any of the men and women that were graced with his presence in their bed. He was the most intelligent, sociable, and attractive person at the entire news station. He could recite an endless list of situations and activities in which he came out on top of everyone else. And yet here he was still being treated like just another disposable guy with a microphone made it to stand in the middle of a hurricane and inform everyone it was raining. All of these thoughts culminated in it requiring every last ounce of Roger's self-control not to simply throw his boss through his office window when they gave him his next assignment.

"You're covering that science nerd charity event." Samson, the burly tiger in charge of their new station informed him.

Despite his success at resisting his violent urges, Roger couldn't fully suppress the way his jaw visibly tightened as he clenched his teeth. For all of their other myriad failings, Samson was still at least somewhat passable at reading people. So it was no surprise that he recognized the aggression immediately.

"Don't you look at me like that. I've been managing newsrooms since you were in diapers and what I say goes! And if you want to get old school about it and challenge me for dominance I'm still perfectly capable and willing to put you through the wall!"

The threat was completely hollow and they both knew it. Samson knew that dominance challenges had been severely frowned upon even in his heyday. Today, even suggesting one could qualify as a threat of violence, legally speaking. Even if it wasn't, the tiger was in no shape to put up a fight against anyone at the station much less Roger. Samson may have been a big, impressive guy back in his day. His various high school and college wrestling trophies and rookie boxing championship belt hanging on his wall spoke to that. But Father Time was merciless and most of Samson's muscle had long since melted into pudg.

The only challenge for Roger would have been whether the cobra could lift all of Samson's fat ass out of his chair in the first place. Unless Samson sat on Roger, a fight would have been over within seconds and not in the tiger's favor.

Roger took a slow, calming breath before responding. "Why isn't Davidson on that one? He's the one that usually handles all the charity events and elbow-rubbing with the upper society." Roger asked, his tone of voice respectful but obviously forced to be so. "Can't he do it?"

"Not that I have to explain myself to a peon like you but he's out of the office the next two weeks. He's doing a thorough report on that new fancy cruise liner all the big shots are throwing money at." Samson explained, not bothering to keep a smirk off his lips as he did.

If Roger had wanted to throw the tiger through a wall before now he was heavily considering disemboweling them. That dumbass Davidson couldn't even speak to complete sentences without tripping over himself half the time. The only reason they hadn't been fired after their first report was because their dad donated money to the station. Roger also suspected, but had no definitive proof, that Samson also was happy to keep Davidson around just to fuck with Roger exactly like this. There was no way Samson didn't know how much it would piss Roger off to cover Davidson's job while they got to go on a vacation disguised as work.

Rather than give the overweight cat the satisfaction of further backtalk, Rogers simply snatched the file off of the desk and stormed out of the office. He took some tiny, petty satisfaction in carefully slamming the door just hard enough to be irritating but not hard enough that the tiger could call Roger on it. At the very least everyone else in the bullpen knew well enough by now to stay far away whenever they heard Roger and the boss going at it. Everyone, that was, except for Chet.

"Hey hey! If It Isn't our resident nerd wrangler! Oh, wait. No we're not supposed to call them that anymore, are we? I guess I should say if it isn't our resident socially awkward intellectual coordinator." the absolute tool of a cheetah said.

Any conversations going nearby immediately cut off and the entire room went dead silent. Chet had purposely raised his voice so that everyone nearby would hear his mocking remark. If people have been giving Roger a wide berth before now they actively backing away as if he were radioactive. If looks could kill the one Roger was giving the cheetah at that moment would have disintegrated his entire family tree. Chet was probably the only person in the office besides their boss that would have been unfazed by that look. Samson would have brushed it off under a false assumption he could still take Roger if it came to blows. Chet, on the other hand, was arrogant enough to think he was too important for Roger to risk a physical confrontation with.

Unlike the older tiger who at least had some claim to confidence and strength, even if it had withered with time, Chet was the exact opposite. They were the quintessential fast-talking car salesman who had no real skills other than convincing you of all the skills they didn't actually have. Roger could tell how fake Chet was with a single glance and the cobra didn't understand how other people didn't see it as well. The faint chemical scent that lingered underneath the powerful cologne Chet wore made it obvious that his fur was not normally that brightly colored. Rather it was apparent to Roger that they dyed it periodically to give it that almost unnaturally bright luster. Chet's teeth were artificially whitened and their front two fangs were obviously implanted caps from the way they were a slightly different color from the rest of his teeth. Even the cheetah's seemingly impressive physical build was a lie. At least to Roger, it was obvious that Chet was wearing elevated insoles in his shoes to make himself taller. He could tell from the way the back of their heels just barely peeked over the top of the back of his shoes whenever the cheetah walked. On top of it all were the lines of definition in Chet's too crisp and sharp suit that showed unnaturally angular definition all over; particularly around the shoulders. Their suit had been tailored and most likely actually stuffed in various situations to make the cheetah look larger than they actually were. If Roger was an avatar of genuine superiority then Chet was a walking manifestation of deception and unearned confidence.

It took every ounce of control that Roger had not to simply rip the throat out of the feline in front of him. Gods he wanted nothing more than to sink his teeth into that scrawny neck and feel their windpipe crumple in his jaws. Instead, the cobra took a slow, deep breath to center himself. Then, he made a production of looking the cheetah and down before finally focusing his attention on one side of the Cheetah's head.

"Hey, Chet. I think your hair dye is running." Roger said with what sounded like genuine concern as he raised a finger to gesture at his own temple. "You've got a little dribble right there." And the Oscar goes to...

The comment made Chet's eyes widen. Immediately, one of his hands snapped up to his head near where Roger indicated and begin calming palmed around the spot; expecting to feel wetness under his fingers. Then, a split second later, realization dawned on the cheetah. A wide grin split Roger's face as the silence in the room was replaced by muttered conversation and stifled chuckling. The cheetah had just been tricked into outing himself for dying his fur.

Taking his victory and running with it, Roger pushed his past the cheetah before they could muster up a response. The cobra made sure to walk close enough that he just barely bumped shoulders with Chet as he passed. It wasn't even enough to make the cheetah stumble much less fall over. This is why they didn't notice that the impact had shifted the shoulder of their suit out of place so that it was far more obvious the suit was enhancing his profile. He wondered how long it would take Chet to notice that his shoulders were now uneven. Just because Roger was the bigger man in literally every sense of the word didn't mean that he still couldn't be petty at times.

Roger did his best to let that small victory temper his mood as he made his way out of the office. If he was going to be forced to go to that over-the-top science fair and rub elbows with people who had more money than sense he was going to need his good suit pressed. He'd probably need a stiff drink or two as well. At least the suit's dry cleaning he could expense to the company.

Of course Sarah was his contact at the charity event. Roger didn't know why he was surprised.

"Mister Hartridge, so nice to have you joining us." The rabbit greeted with a mechanically pleasant smile. It was no look of genuine joy or appreciation but rather, along with her tone, a clear signal that she intended a polite, but purely professional relationship from here on. "You have table 24 all to yourself. Please feel free to mingle with the other guests. The demonstration will begin in 30 minutes."

Before Roger even had a chance to reply Sarah already had turned her back and walked off. As annoying as it was being reminded of her rejection he still couldn't help but admire that plump, heart-shaped ass as it moved away. Roger prided himself on being able to compartmentalize being annoyed and disappointed with a person while still being able to enjoy their redeeming qualities. In this case, a shallow rabbit girl with an ass built for someone a quarter again her size. Rather than dwelling on the ups and downs of his hostess the cobra took a moment to double-check his appearance.

His blue suit jacket hugged comfortably around the cobra's broad shoulders. The cuffs of Roger's sleeves were crisp and perfectly aligned with his favorite little stylized silver dragon cufflinks holding them together and sparkling when the light hit

them just right. He reached up to adjust the darker blue fabric of his tie then glanced down to double-check his pristinely polished dress shoes before he was finally satisfied. Some people may have called it being vain but Roger called it dressing for success. Or at least, what passed for success in a world not willing to reward his superiority.

Roger spent the next half hour hobnobbing with a half dozen different clusters of people whose only claim to financial success was the ability to inherit money. Despite his never-ending disdain for the room full of living manifestations of failing upwards, Roger kept a perfect poker face the entire time. He laughed heartily at the obnoxious jokes, many of which were at the expense of what the teller would consider the lower class. He shared in the wine and finger foods to commemorate every arbitrary toast someone nearby would proclaim. In all honesty, the cobra probably had a few more drinks than was wise. But he was confident in his ability to hold his liquor and needed the fortification. Frankly, he didn't mind the mild buzz helping to take the edge off. Mercifully, the 30 minutes passed before he let himself slip too far beyond what he would consider mildly tipsy. The lights dimmed as a sign for everyone to take their seats and, within moments, everyone complied.

"Ladies and gentlemen!" Sarah's voice, magnified through speakers in the ceiling, called through the room. A moment later the Lapine scientist strode her way onto the nearby elevated. "I know everyone loves to say this every time they invent a new type of dry erase marker or some new mixture of glass that's 3% more durable than the previous. But this time let me assure you that we are, truly, about to change the world. If you would give me a few minutes of your attention I would bet my career you all will agree with me by the time you leave today."

Despite everything, Roger was at least happy that he got one of the tables directly in front of the stage. Maybe Sarah had felt like throwing him one more bone. Either that or it was simply so that her company's official news media contact got the best view of whatever was about to happen. Either way, Roger got a front-row view to watch the curtain behind Sarah lift away. The curtain revealed a large cylindrical device on a posable, hydraulic

arm with a long tube on the end making it reminiscent of a strangely-shaped gun. The device was clearly not finished yet, or at least not at the stage where it was prettied up with a sleek exterior. The device looked complete only in the sense that no weird parts were hanging off of it. However, most of the electrical wiring and equipment was still exposed and in plain view. That included a massive power cable that ran past the side of the stage that had to be nearly as thick around as a can of soda! Suddenly Roger found himself a bit more interested in whatever could need the kind of electricity a cable like that could provide.

Flanking opposite sides of the device stood a pair of scientists in ubiquitous white lab coats. One was a somewhat pudgy elk who looked like he was ready to bolt off the stage out of nervousness. The other was a plain-looking vixen they could have passed for a stereotypical librarian if it wasn't for the lab coat. Both stood at the ready in the background while Sarah gave a detailed explanation of the process leading up to their mystery discovery. It was some incredibly complicated technical jargon that even Roger didn't entirely understand. Which meant the room full of rich people around him that had bought rather than earned any schooling they could claim probably felt like they were listening to an alien language. Roger pushed those thoughts away to ensure his attention was focused on taking in all of the details surrounding the device itself. He could see a faint green glow leaking out from one of the incomplete sides of the machine. He also noted that, despite signs they were trying to be nonchalant about it, both of the scientists were extremely careful never to step in front of the 'barrel' of the device. A change in her tone of voice drew his attention back to Sarah's speech.

"But that's enough technical jargon. Let me simplify it for everyone. We are about to revolutionize the transportation and storage industry. Supply chains are going to be completely unrecognizable as soon as our creation becomes widespread. But I won't ramble on anymore. Let us demonstrate, instead."

The rabbit woman stepped back and gestured towards the two scientists. One of them pulled up a tablet computer from

their side and began typing into it. From offstage a third scientist, a horse, with a handcart wheeled in three large plastic tubs. From the way he was struggling to move them one could assume they were filled with rocks or something similarly heavy. The moment he dropped off the tubs in front of the device he quickly dashed out of the way, not even bothering to take the hand cart with him! The other two gave him a glare for his obvious show of concern before activating the device.

A rumbling hum filled the air and a sound similar to that of an old disposable camera charging its Flash magnified a dozen fold echoed through the room. That faint green glow peeking out of one side of the machine brightened to an almost blinding intensity. Then, a bright beam of green energy abruptly burst forth from the barrel and slammed against the plastic boxes! Rather than damage them, the light seemed to stick to the objects as if the light had somehow become gelatinous. The green glow covered all three boxes within a fraction of a second and enveloped them in a glowing emerald aura. A moment later, once the boxes had been completely covered, they began to move by themselves. No... they weren't moving. They were shrinking!

Within only a few moments the boxes, each one once having been big enough to fit a person inside of, had been reduced so small that no one save for those in the front row like Roger could even see the matchstick-sized boxes anymore! Once the effects ended and the device was turned away Sarah calmly walk over towards the boxes as if nothing unusual had just occurred. The heavy plastic tubs, which moments ago had taken great effort even with a hand cart to move on to the stage, were now effortlessly picked up by the petite lapine scientist as if they weighed nothing! Considering that all three of them now fit comfortably in a single one of her hands it shouldn't have been surprising.

"That's right, ladies and gentlemen!" Sarah proclaimed with a genuine expression of triumph and pride. "With this device we can reduce the size and mass of any matter to a fraction of what it originally was! Shipping containers that would weigh multiple tons and take up dozens of square feet can now be carried

around in your pocket at the size of a Twinkie. Imagine how radically different the world supply chains will become when you can pack literally thousands of times more cargo on a single ship or plane!"

Shock gasps and muttering filled the room the moment she finished speaking. It was that strange situation where a crowd of people can somehow all talk quietly and yet somehow their combined voices become a thunderous roar that drowns out any other sound. Even Roger was shocked! He had expected something that would have been more interesting for the buzz words attached to it like "with the power of AI" or something about the goddamn blockchain. He hadn't expected a real, genuine discovery that was almost certain to earn someone a Nobel Prize. Maybe being forced to attend this event wasn't as bad as he had originally thought.

As Roger was making a mental note to be nicer to Sarah, or at least do a better job of hiding his disdain, the demonstration continued. The rabbit scientist went into another long explanation of unnecessary technical jargon as her compatriots behind her began adjusting settings on both the control tablet and the device itself. It was obvious, at least to Roger, that none of them really cared about explaining the device's mechanics. They knew as well as he did that ninety-nine percent of the people in the room had no idea what they were talking about. The whole explanation was simply an act to give them time to do whatever they were doing to the machine. It clearly still needed work before it was ready for practical use. Sarah's explanation cut off abruptly when a sharp pop echoed through the room with the smell of burnt electronics following shortly after.

Every face in the room, including hers, turned towards the machine. A thin line of smoke was now trickling from inside the machine. Those closest to the stage like Roger could see small sparks flickering about inside the partially-exposed chassis. The operators were doing a very poor job of hiding how panicked they were as they frantically try to fix whatever was wrong. Or at least two of them did. The third simply ran off the stage in an outright panic. He came back only a few moments later carrying

a fire extinguisher. It was a good thing too as the tiny trickle of smoke had become a worryingly thick, black plume and flames were now visible inside the machine! Something has definitely gone wrong. Before the operators even had a chance to use the fire extinguisher the whole situation went from wrong to downright catastrophic.

The hum of exposed, overloaded power lines filled the air and the smell of burnt electronics was joined by burning rubber. The heavy-duty electrical cable plugged into the machine began throwing off sparks in places where the rubber insulation was visibly melting enough to expose the wiring inside! The scientists around the machine, Sarah included, stepped back just as something inside the device exploded! The explosion wasn't big or even dangerous. But it was violent enough that one of the side panels of the device was blown off and sent clattering to the floor. With more of the interior exposed the crackling sparks of discharging electricity inside the machine were far more noticeable. There was another sharp pop of an explosion but, this time, a piece of the paneling didn't fall off. Instead, an easily visible burst open near the base of the device's barrel as if a bullet had shot through it from the inside! It was only after the fact that Roger looked down and noticed a bolt the size of his pinky finger wedged an inch deep into the wood of his table. By the time he realized how close he had come to serious injury the air was filling with that now-familiar charging sound. It dawned on Roger that he was in a very dangerous position. It also dawned on him that it was far too late to do anything about it.

The machine burst fully into flames and the lights in the room flickered as if the power tried to go out, The momentarily dimmed illumination from the ceiling lights was replaced by the bright glowing light of the machine discharging. This time, however, the light from the machine was an angry scarlet red rather than the neon green of before. On top of that, the blast of energy did not discharge through the barrel of the device as it had previously. Instead, the blast of energy shot directly from the torn-open hole they had sent that bolt flying towards Roger! The cobra has no time to react before the burst of light slammed straight into his chest! The device gave one last stuttering crackle of electricity before the whole device collapsed in on itself and

powered down. By then no one was looking at the machine anymore. They were all looking at Roger.

Just like with the storage boxes the glowing light enveloped the cobra's body from head to toe like a gelatinous aura of light. The sensation left Roger's whole body tingling like there was a tiny, barely noticeable electrical charge running through every inch of him. So distracted was he by the strange sensation and the way the aura tinted his vision red that he didn't notice the other effect the light was having. At least, not until his chair collapsed out from under him.

He was growing! Within moments Roger had already doubled in size and become too much even for the sturdy wooden chair he had been sitting on. However, the distance he fell to the floor was barely even noticeable as his continued growth filled in some of the space he was falling through. The table in front of him was soon pushed aside by his expanding legs and people sitting behind him were forced to vacate their table as his tail did the same behind him. Many of the people in the auditorium became panicked and started to run for the exits! Others, like Sarah, were frozen in shock as they collectively watched the serpentine reporter double in size, then double again; clothes and all!

In less than 30 seconds the heels of Roger's shoes were pressing against the front of the stage even with his legs bent at the knees. An instant later the pressure became strong enough to splinter the polished wood like it were made of graham crackers. His head rapidly stretched towards the three-story roof despite Roger still sitting flat on his ass! His tail now stretched all the way across the half of the room behind him and was soon bunching up against the far wall. Much to the growing terror of those inside, the increasingly massive appendage was now blocking one of the exits with its still-growing bulk. They were forced to make a break for the side exit instead before some other body part of the cobra's blocked that escape route as well. The cracking of wood, the shattering of glass and plate ware mixed with the screams and shouts of the audience until Roger was nearly filling the room! Even sitting down, hunched forward almost in the fetal position his back and shoulders were pressing

against the roof hard enough that it was beginning to break apart. It was only when one of his shoe-clad feet was threatening to bulldoze over her and smash her against the wall did Sarah finally snap out of her stupor and run for an exit like the others. She was the last one to escape the building, and just in time. She barely had time to stumble out into the parking lot and turn around before the building began to crumble.

Roger's head came first; tearing through the roof and sending chunks of concrete, roof tiles, and a partially-destroyed air conditioning unit tumbling off of the sides of his head and neck. His legs came next. The front of the building exploded outwards as two shoes, now the size of small cars attached to legs thicker around than trees, burst through the front of the building like a pair of bulldozers! A couple of unlucky people were still too close to the building and were either buried under the rubble and still-growing appendages or sent sprawling by the impacts. Roger's tail similarly burst from the back of the building; lashing about unconsciously behind him and knocking several cars in the parking lot into each other. Within moments a half dozen cars parked nearby looked like they had all been in a multi-car collision. The growing cobra's arms tore through either side of the building and slammed down into the ground as if gripping it for support. Fingers as thick around as telephone poles clenched into the dirt and dug foot-deep furrows even as they continue to grow with the rest of him.

It was like some perversion of the scene in Alice in Wonderland where she outgrows the White rabbit's house. It was as if the building was an egg that the now-gigantic serpentine reporter was hatching from. And yet even when the building was nothing more than rubble falling off of his shoulders and back the cobra continued to grow! When the glowing red aura faded and his growth finally came to a stop Roger utterly towered over the entire research complex! With the sun to his back, his shadow stretched across most of the parking lot and covered everyone below in shade. With his growth finally having come to a stop everyone still in the parking lot took stock of their surroundings. More than a few of them felt their fear and discomfort spike even higher when they noticed that the two massive blue fabric-covered legs of the

newly grown giant were framing either side of the crowd of people. Legs that were now thicker than they were tall.

Roger, meanwhile, swung his head around with a look of shock and confusion as he tried to take in his new perspective. For the first few moments he didn't even recognize where he was; the view from so high up was so different from what he was used to. It wasn't until he saw his car in the parking lot and adjusted his perception accordingly that he finally really caught on and accepted the reality of his situation. Then he turned his attention towards the dozens of now-tiny people staring up at him from between his spread legs. Sarah had just started to open her mouth to whisper out a shocked expletive but never got the chance. Instead, she was forced to cover her ears along with everyone else as Roger's voice, augmented by his newly enlarged vocal cords, drowned out any other sound and took the words right out of her mouth.

"Holy shit...!"

"Oh my God oh my God oh my God." Sarah rambled, pacing back and forth in a small circle in her panic. A thousand different thoughts fought for space in her head as she tried to make sense of the situation. Questions of how this could have happened warred with theories of how to undo it. All of which ultimately was rebuffed by worries of how the hell she was going to spin this PR disaster. "OK, just..." she said as she turned in Roger's direction. Then she realized that he might not be able to hear her considering his ears were now several stories up even with him still sitting. She was about to raise her voice and repeat herself but Roger spoke first.

"You guys are so small...!" came the deep, rolling thunder of the now gigantic cobra's voice. As his attention switched from his diminished surroundings to the tiny people between his legs a grin slowly grew on his face. While he was still speaking in a regular tone from his perspective to everyone down below Roger's voice was now loud enough to leave everyone's ears painfully ringing with them so close to its source. "Everything is so small!"

"Just stay calm, Mr. Hartridge!" Sarah shouted up at the giant even as she held her hands over the base of her long ears. Her shouted words drew the attention of the gigantic reptile. When those gigantic eyes locked with hers Sarah had to forcibly

suppress the overwhelmed instinctual part of her brain that was screaming at her to run from this titanic predator. "It was just a small malfunction! I'm sure we can have this sorted out shortly! All we have to do is- EEP."

Her words were cut off as a hand big enough to palm a truck like a toy reached down for her. The bunny didn't even have time to do more than take a single step backward before a finger and thumb as thick around as she was clenched together around her torso and lifted her off the ground as if she weighed nothing! The poor rabbit reflexively grabbed onto the massive digit in front of her with one arm for support. The other covered her mouth as she struggled not to throw up from the sudden vertigo associated with being raised dozens of feet into the air in the span of a second. It didn't help that Roger's fingers were squeezing uncomfortably tight around her. Not that he seemed to notice. Then again, she shouldn't have been surprised. Considering how easily the gigantic cobra had picked her up Sarah was probably lucky he hadn't simply squashed her by accident. That mental image sent a shiver of fear down her spine. It was followed soon after by another when she found herself being dangled in front of a reptilian muzzle bigger than a house! The sheer shock of the sight before her forced the words out of her lips before she had even consciously thought them.

"Holy fuck you're big."

It was a perfectly reasonable, if obvious, observation. Normally when Sarah thought about someone being big she would be impressed if they were over six and a half feet. But this? This titanic science experiment gone wrong before her wasn't impressively just big. He was a goddamn monster! A literal living giant monster like you'd expect from some cheesy movie. And from the way Roger was looking at her with that familiar toothy grin spread across his muzzle he didn't seem very upset about his current situation.

"Funny. You said the same thing last week." The cobra quipped with a lurid tone. "Although admittedly it seems like I might have put on a few pounds since then."

Sarah was forced to release her grip on his finger and instead cover her ears once more. His voice had been bad enough down on the ground but now that she was directly in front of his muzzle? He was so loud she felt like her eardrums were going to rupture. Sarah knew Roger was a sharp guy. She doubted that he hadn't noticed everyone's reaction to his volume whenever he spoke. Which meant that he was purposely choosing not to modulate his voice. That realization only added to the growing sense of dread she felt.

Then, as if the reaction had been delayed, his words clicked in her head. For the briefest instant her concern, panic, and fear was replaced by a smoldering rage. She shot a glare that would have driven a lesser man to his knees at the billboard-sized face in front of her. She was about to snap at him for the uncalled for sexual remark. But when she opened her mouth her words instead came out as a gust of forcibly exhaled air when his fingers squeezed around her.

The effort had been almost nothing for Roger. If anything it has taken more effort on his part to control how hard he squeezed than anything else. And yet even that tiny amount of force was enough to painfully compress the bunny girl's rib cage and forcefully deflate her lungs! Mercifully for Sarah, the pressure let up a split second later and she was able to suck in the air that had been forced out of her. Every ounce of outrage the rabbit had felt previously morphed into absolute terror in that split second of overwhelming force. Roger had seen the look on her face and knew exactly what she was about to do. Yet he hadn't needed to speak a single word to stop her. His wordless chastisement, and the threat that it contained, broadcast to her loud and clear.

Roger could squash her like a bug.

Any sense of bravado or feeling of control Sarah may have had melted in that instant. The meaning of Roger's actions in the brief couple of minutes since he had grown came into sharp focus for the rabbit scientist. It hit her like that same sense of obvious realization that you feel when you spend 10 minutes looking for your glasses only to find them on top of your head. Not once, not for a single second, had Roger shown even the

tinest inkling of anything other than amusement and glee at his current situation. He wasn't worried about what had happened to him. He wasn't concerned that someone might have gotten hurt during the collapse of the building he had just outgrown. He wasn't even scared they might not be able to undo what she had accidentally done to him. No, his reaction was far more terrifying.

He liked it!

"Now, Roger..." Sarah called out; doing her best to keep her voice calm and placating while still shouting to ensure he heard her. "Just... Look. Just head over to the main facility over there." Sarah paused for a moment. She leaned forward to look down past the edge of Roger's fingers so she could see the bus-sized shoes visibly cratering the ground under their weight. Sarah could feel her nerves fraying as she thought about the kind of damage footsteps from those could cause even accidentally so she quickly amended her statement. "Carefully! Just watch where you step! Set me down on the roof and I'll go inside and get his sorted, ok? We have another prototype we can use to get you back to normal."

Her last few words had come out almost pleadingly. Roger eyed her curiously with a gigantic, monster truck tire-sized eye, before turning to look down at the building a few dozen yards away. Well, a few dozen yards to someone Sarah's size. To Roger, the distance was now just a few steps. Those down by his feet yelped and scrambled out of the way as Roger's now boat-sized shoes slammed to the ground to either side of the crowd as he rose to his feet then turned on his heel to face the main building. The back of his shoe dug a deep gouge into the concrete parking lot and dirt underneath from the overwhelming weight and force behind even that casual motion. Yet the giant didn't even seem to notice. Every move that Roger made only further reinforced how terrifyingly destructive and dangerous even casual actions by the enlarged cobra were now. Some of the more intelligent event attendees still hanging around took the opportunity to run for it while the cobra's attention was turned elsewhere.

It only took a half dozen steps for Roger to cross the distance between the ruined expo building and the research facility's main building. Much to Sarah's growing trepidation the giant clearly hadn't bothered the tiniest bit in being careful with his footsteps or watching where he was stepping. Each footfall slammed a massive shoe-clad foot down and left a multi-foot deep shoeprint in the dirt without a care for what may have been in his path. A couple of trees wound up crushed underfoot like little more than small weeds and the last step came crashing down on the facility's guard shack! The small booth-like building put up no resistance against the impossible tonnage of Roger's foot and simply crumbled into a debris-filled crater in the process. The only thing the captive bunny girl could be thankful for was that he was still carrying her. She was terrified to imagine what might have happened if she had still been down on the ground during the devastation that was Roger walking.

"So, the other prototype is in here?" the rolling thunder of Roger's voice rang around Sarah. When she nodded to the gigantic eye looking at her again, he continued. "Is that the only other one you have? What if it doesn't work? Do you have any other facilities with a prototype or the data to build one?"

"N-no! This is the only one!" She shouted back nervously. "The data was too valuable so we minimized the number of people with access to it and kept it in an offline server so it couldn't be hacked."

Roger took a moment to look the structure over. The whole building visibly shook when he took a couple of steps to the side as he inspected it. With the enlarged Cobra finally standing upright and so close to a building she was familiar with Sarah could finally get an idea of how big he was. Part of her wishes she hadn't as all it did was make him seem that much more intimidating now that she could put a number to his height. The facility was four stories tall and the rooftop didn't quite come up to Roger's knees. Which meant that the reptilian giant had to be at least 200 feet tall if not closer to 250!

"Perfect." Roger's booming voice commented. "That works out perfectly."

The Declaration pulled Sarah out of her deliberations. For a moment, Sarah was confused about his meaning. She had assumed he was asking about the building's contents in case the prototype didn't work or malfunctioned as the first one had. But when the realization of his actual intentions dawned on her an icy knot of dread formed in her chest. Roger didn't crouch down over the building to set her on the roof as she had instructed. Instead, he raised one of his shoe-clad feet into the air and brought it crashing down onto the building with the force of a meteor!

Sarah watched in horror as the boat-sized shoe tore through the roof of the building with no effort whatsoever. It smashed through every floor, including the basement, with as much visible resistance as Sarah would have had stepping on a sandcastle! An explosion of dust and debris spread out around the area as Roger began kicking and stomping his foot over and over through the structure as he meticulously, yet eagerly, demolished the entire building. All the while that eager, almost malicious grin never left his face.

Neither of them knew how long he spent tearing the building apart. In reality, it likely only took a few seconds considering the sheer size of the attacker. But it had felt like hours to both Roger and Sarah for completely different reasons. Roger was awash in a strange, pleasant sense of calm satisfaction he hadn't felt in years. He felt like everything was finally as it should be. Sarah, on the other hand, was horrified beyond belief. After several moments of silence it was her that finally broke the silence that had descended as the dust settled.

"Roger... What did you just do?"

Her words came out as a barely audible murmur. Despite this, the giant snake seemed to have no problem hearing her perfectly.

"I just made sure you couldn't undo this. You said it yourself this was the only place you kept all of the data and prototypes. Now that it's gone I'm stuck like this" Roger replied calmly. There wasn't an ounce of concern or remorse anywhere to be found in his voice. He was stuck like this... And he was happy about it.

"Roger!" Sarah shouted, head whipping about to stare up at the giant. "You can't live like this! You're a monster! You would even fit inside a warehouse at this size!"

That familiar suave grin of Roger's spread across his muzzle. It was the same expression that had left the rabbit's heart fluttering when they had first met. Now that the exposed teeth were bigger than she was, it left her visibly shaking in fear. "I know. Isn't it great?" Roger chuckled. "And what happened to professionalism, Doctor Toronto? Isn't calling me by first name a little too familiar?"

His words were playful but there was an undertone of venom to them. The giant wasn't visibly angry, though. If anything, the whole situation simply amused him. Somehow that made the realization he was still holding a grudge that much more nerve-racking. It was the difference between sporadic, hormone-driven action fueled by emotion and the ominous certainty of cold and calculating intent. The former was unpredictable and could be dangerous. The latter, on the other hand, was just deadly.

"L-look, Roge-" Sarah started to say. She only made it halfway through his name before she was cut off by his fingers squeezing her again. mercifully they only compressed her torso for a moment before relaxing once more. After shed coughed and gasped for several seconds to regain her breath she realized her 'mistake' and corrected herself. The obvious threat was made that much more terrifying by his expression having not so much as twitched during the whole ordeal. There was neither hesitation nor remorse in the giant cobra. "Mister Hartridge... You can't do this. You can't live like this! How are you going to feed yourself? My God Rog-" this time she caught herself and corrected just as she felt his fingers tensing around her. "Mister Hartridge. You probably killed at least a dozen people just now tearing that building down!"

And it was only when she said it out loud that the realization seemed to dawn on her as well. Her eyes went wide and a cold pit formed in her stomach. She knew damn well that the cobra was a smart guy. There was no way he didn't know there were people inside the building. Yet he still didn't seem bothered in

the slightest. The next sentence came out in a whisper to herself rather than spoken up to him. It was a good thing considering she had no idea how he would have reacted if he had heard it.

"Oh my God. You're psychotic."

"Don't worry, Ddoctor." Roger reassured in a voice that did anything but. "I'm going to give you what you've always wanted."

That made her look up in confusion. "What?"

"I still remember everything you said that night after coffee. And I mean every. Single. Word." his voice softened into a playful murmur that, while easier on her ears, was more off-putting by the soft tone being made thunderous by his size. "I know how much of a size queen you are. I know how much you enjoyed being with 'the biggest man you had ever seen in every possible way'. Your words, not mine." then his voice turned icy. It still had that calm, amused demeanor but the words came out clipped and spiteful. "But I was too big for you. Well, Sarah..."

His voice trailed off as he shifted his free arm down to his beltline. By the time Sarah was able to pull herself up to look over his finger again a noticeable plume of heat and a familiar intoxicating sense wafted up from below. The hand holding her then lowered down so that Sarah went from face height to chest height then to stomach height before finally...

"Am I too big for you now?"

... being dropped into the open waistband of Roger's suits pants.

The sharp cry of surprise and fear from the rabbit woman was cut off abruptly by the deafening snap of elastic as Roger relaxed the thumb holding his pants and underwear open. He couldn't resist lowering his hand further and cupping the hefty, obviously outlined bulge of his crotch through his suit pants. It only took a moment of searching with his thumb until he found the tiny little outline of his new captive pressed up against his junk by the tight fabric of his underwear.

He didn't feel himself, or her, up for long before pulling his hand back. He still had other things he wanted to do before he indulged himself. It was hard enough to keep himself on track when intrusive thoughts like how he would need to measure his junk in feet rather than inches kept popping up in his head. Sarah's squirming against his dick didn't help either. The best he could manage was letting himself stay semi-hard as he turned his attention towards the city itself. With great, lumbering footsteps that carelessly smashed cars, trees, lamp posts, and anything else in their path, the titanic cobra left the destroyed ruins of the research facility on the outskirts of town behind him. He was eager to introduce the new him to the rest of the population. Even if he had to do it looking like he had a bus shoved down the front of his pants.

6

The peons were freaking out again. Samson could see them through the window set into the wall separating his office from them. Everyone was standing on their desk and all looking in the same direction. Whatever it was they were looking at the aging tiger couldn't see it from his desk. Not that he really cared. More than likely it was just Chet starting another fight. Sometimes that overgrown furball was more trouble than he was worth. The only reason Samson kept him around was because the higher-ups wanted someone obnoxiously, unrealistically 'attractive' as their primary news anchor. Well, that and Chet drove that stuck-up, self-important cobra Roger up the wall. Roger may have been good at his job but he thought way too much of himself. He needed to learn some respect for his betters. Or at least, that's what Samson felt. This younger generation thought they were better than everyone else and he was only too happy to put them in their place.

When movement caught his attention through the window the tiger looked up from his paperwork again. Several of the peons were now running towards the exit. He still hadn't heard what was going on since he had made sure that his office was soundproofed as soon as he could. The last thing he wanted to do was listen to their inane conversations all day. As much as it irritated the tiger if whatever was going on out there had gotten that bad then he needed to intervene. At least it would give him

an excuse to yell at someone. He hadn't gotten to do that yet today. Just as he was about to haul his overweight ass out of his chair he felt something that made him freeze in place. A second later he felt it again. It wasn't until the third repetition that he realized it wasn't just a plane flying too low or something of that nature. The floor was shaking.

By now it was obvious that the people outside his office were running for the exits rather than reacting to some interpersonal conflict. For a moment Samson felt a brief pang of concern. Their area wasn't known for earthquakes so he had never actually felt one before. But the tiger was pretty sure they were supposed to be a constant rumbling, not a repetitious, brief shaking followed by a moment of stillness.

By the time sixth vibration the floor shook hard enough that Samson almost tumbled out of his chair! That time the tiger had noticed the dull, muted sound of a heavy impact from the main office space. It must have been incredibly loud for it to make it through his office walls. Or at least that's what he thought at first. Then he realized the sound hadn't come from inside the office. Rather it had come through the less-insulated windows behind him that looked out onto the street. The thoughts dawned on him just as the room darkened from something blocking the light coming in from the windows. When Samson turned in his chair to look behind him the tiger felt the blood drain from his face and his heart leap up into his throat. Through his window he could no longer see the familiar view of the office building across the street. Instead, the view has been replaced by a single, utterly gigantic eye.

"Hello, boss."

Samson barely had time to yelp in fear before the room began collapsing around him! The walls to either side of the window exploded inwards, taking the bay of windows with them and spraying the tiger with a shower of dust, debris, and glass shards. Fingers thicker around than Samson was tore through the wall of the building as if it were wet tissue paper. With no effort whatsoever they simply scooped the heavysset tiger out of his 10th-floor office! Samson nearly hurled as he was lifted a hundred feet higher in the span of a second. When he no longer

felt like he was going to throw up the tiger found himself held in a closed fist in front of a familiar face. A familiar face that was now bigger than a billboard.

"Well well well. Look what I've got here." Rogers familiar, yet now painfully loud voice boomed. "I hope I wasn't interrupting you, boss."

If Samson's arms haven't been pinned to his sides by the uncomfortably tight grip of the giant hand he would have covered his ears. Instead, he was forced to listen to Roger's painfully loud voice at full volume, no longer muffled by the soundproofing of his office. It left the poor tiger's ears painfully ringing. Any sense of superiority or bravado that the tiger usually felt when confronted by the cobra was completely absent as he struggled to make sense of the situation. Instead all he felt when he looked up at the face of his employee blown up big enough that it could swallow him whole was abject, overwhelming terror.

"Nothing to say? You usually are always so eager to reprimand me and try to put me in my place. Would it be offensive if I asked if a cat got your tongue?" Roger taunted. When the tiger simply continued staring, giving no more reaction beyond his look of fear and the reflexive wincing from the pain of Roger's voice, the Cobra frowned. His hand clenched tighter around the tiny big cat until Samson let out a yelp of pain followed by a mostly incoherent rambling plea for Roger to stop squeezing. Finally getting a verbal response from the tiger returned the smile to the cobra's face. "That's better. For a second there I was afraid you weren't paying attention and I want to make sure you hear this. I'm tired of listening to your bullshit. I'm tired of you thinking that you're better than everyone else just because you're closer to the grave. As you can see, I'm moving on to bigger and better things! So, 'Boss', I have two words for you."

Roger's hand squeezed even tighter around the tiger, eliciting another yowling cry of pain from them. It truly was a testament that, at least to some degree, the tiger's body still maintained an impressive amount of lingering durability from when they had been in their prime. If they had been an average person the pressure probably would have broken several bones already.

Not that their toughness saving them from more serious injury made the pressure any less painful. Without letting up the pressure Roger moved the tiger closer so that all they could see was his gigantic face. The two words came out in a spiteful snarl that momentarily surprised even Roger with the force and unexpectedly intense venom behind it.

"I Quit."

The tiger felt something wet on the side of his head. Suddenly Samson could no longer hear out of his left ear. The sheer volume and proximity of Roger's voice had been simply too much. One of his eardrums had blown out. The cobra's nostrils flared at the scent of blood and his lips curled back into a wicked grin as he moved the tiger a bit further away from his face. Roger had never felt more in control, more powerful than he had at that moment. He felt even more powerful than when he put Sarah away earlier. He hadn't even tried to hurt the tiger. Or at least not in that way. And yet just the strength of his voice alone had crippled the feline purely by accident.

"Aw, poor kitten." Roger mocked. "Did I raise my voice too much? I thought you were supposed to be a tough guy. In fact... now that I don't work for you anymore it wouldn't technically be workplace harassment. How about that dominance challenge you were always threatening? Maybe now is a good time to bring back that old outdated idea that you're so enamored with."

Despite being deaf in one ear now Samson could still hear with his other. He was so scared he couldn't even work up enough indignation to get angry about being mocked. The sense of utter, absolute helplessness he felt in that moment brought back old memories from when he was younger. From before he had gotten in shape and taken control of his life.

"Have you ever lost a dominance challenge, Samson?" Roger asked. When the tiger didn't respond he squeezed again until his former boss yelled out a pained affirmation. "Not surprising. You're a spiteful guy. I bet that's what made you want to get in shape and push yourself to be all billy badass in your youth. Become the big beast so you could take control, yourself,

instead of letting others have it. They may have been before my time but I still know how they work; how bad they could get. I bet whoever used to own you would make you do something humiliating to remind you of your place. What was it?"

The cobra's words mixed with the tiger's general sense of helplessness brought up long-buried memories in Samson. Vivid sights, scents, and tastes that they hadn't thought about in years rose up in his mind. An involuntary whimper escaped the tiger's lips and they looked up pleadingly at the giant cobra. Those eyes. Those gigantic, reptilian-slitted eyes stared down at Samson with the same force and intensity he had felt decades ago from the lion that had once terrorized and controlled him. For just an instant Roger's face was no longer that of a snake's. Instead, it was replaced by a leonine one that still occasionally haunted Samson's nightmares even to this day. A long-dormant instinct of obedience forced the words out of the tiger's mouth before they realized they were speaking."

"H-he made me lick his feet, sir."

Even Roger was momentarily surprised by the direct answer. More shocking to them both was the honorific that Samson seemed to have used purely on reflex. His shock was quickly replaced by that constant burning sense of superiority that had been smoldering inside him since the accident flare into a blazing inferno. He had read years ago that some of the forced dominance situations that had been phased out before he was born could leave long, lingering psychological scars and instinctual responses. That's what had made them so popular, especially in the military, for maintaining social and professional hierarchies. And it's also why they were borderline illegal today. The tiger probably hadn't even consciously decided to answer. He had just reacted to a superior asking him a question after Roger had triggered long-suppressed conditioning.

"Excellent!" Roger thundered, making the tiger yelp in pain again from the volume. "I always saw you as a bootlicker! You've always wanted to relive your glory days, right? Why don't I help you with that?"

Shifting his weight onto one leg, Roger lifted his other in front of him and pried his shoe off. With neither ceremony nor care the cobra simply dropped his former boss into the boat-sized piece of footwear. As the light coming in through the shoe's mouth was blocked out by an approaching foot the last thing Samson heard was the voice that would now haunt his dreams and nightmares for the rest of his life, however long that was.

"You just get comfortable in there for your Alpha and do what comes natural."

Then the light disappeared. It was replaced by an oppressive warmth and humidity along with the overwhelming weight and pressure of Roger's foot pressing down on Samson. The only reason he wasn't already crushed was thanks to the impressive cushioning of the shoe's gel insoles. And the only reason he wasn't suffocating was that he had wound up at the end of the shoe where two of Roger's toes spread to either side of his head. The tiger was injured, pained, exhausted, and overwhelmed. The potent, yet not pungent, scent of the cobra's foot drilled into Samson's mind and soaked every breath the tiger took. By the time Roger had settled his foot back on the ground he could already feel a tiny bit of movement and wetness between two of his toes.

Samson's tongue.

"Oh yea. I can get used to this." Roger mused to himself with a satisfied grin on his face. He had to make a conscious effort not to reach down to fondle himself. She may have stopped squirming as much now but he could still feel the rabbit scientist pressed up against his junk. Now mixing in the stimulation, both physical and mental, of the dominated tiger's subservience and Roger was feeling pretty hot under the collar. Then again, there was no real reason he couldn't enjoy himself. It's not like anyone could stop him. The giant had just begun turning to look for a more comfortable place to unwind when movement caught his attention from Samson's office.

Roger smashing his hand through the wall had collapsed the tiger's office into the floor below. The wall separating it from the main Newsroom had also partially collapsed in the process. They

tried to duck back around the corner when they saw the giant turning but it was too late. Almost gingerly, Roger reached into the hole in the side of the building. He gingerly grabbed the still-intact part of the wall between two fingers and simply pulled, causing it to collapse outwards. Hiding behind it, both of them having fallen flat on their asses and staring up at the giant cobra in shock, were two people still left in the otherwise abandoned office. One of them, a slightly chubby horse, Roger vaguely recognized as one of the cameramen he had worked with a few times. The other one, though, he recognized immediately.

"Well well well... hello, Chet."

Already the cheetah had rolled over onto his hands and knees and was desperately trying to crawl away. He didn't make it more than a couple of feet before a pair of gigantic fingers grabbed his legs and lifted him out of the building. An idea quickly popped into Roger's head that left him grinning maliciously. He briefly turned his attention back to the horse and told him not to move. From the way the horse look like he was about to pass out from fear, Roger didn't think they would have been able to move regardless. Then he turned his attention back to the cheetah now dangling upside down in front of his face. To the giant's surprise Chet, of all things, began yelling at him!

"You fucking psychopath what the fuck are you doing?! Put me down right now or so help me fucking God I'm going to sue you to the ends of the Earth! Do you have any idea how absolutely fucked you are for what you just did?! Forget fired and blacklisted they're going to throw you in the deepest darkest hole they can find!" The cheetah screamed in a voice a good octave higher than he normally spoke.

Roger raised an eye ridge curiously at Chet's tirade. There were so many things he wanted to comment on that he struggled to decide where to start. "Oh! You mean what I did to Samson?"

"Yes, Samson you sidwinding Nut Job!" Chet howled. He was so worked up he didn't even seem to notice the way that Roger's eyes narrowed at the sidwinding comment. It was a rather derogatory thing to say to anyone of serpentine descent.

"As if you destroying the building wasn't enough they're going to throw kidnapping, torture, and forced submission charges on you! You'll be lucky if your great-grandchildren qualify for parole!"

Roger glanced briefly down at the horse cameraman again. While they were still clearly terrified out of their mind the absolute absurdity of Chet's rambling had even them staring in disbelief. Though Roger couldn't tell if they were shocked that Chet had said something offensively speciesist like that or that he had the temerity to yell at someone big enough to swallow him whole.

"Chet. That's not going to happen." Roger said calmly, even going so far as to lower his voice slightly for the first time since he grew to not deafen the cheetah.

The denial and the unexpectedly calm voice that Roger had given it in made Chet stop ranting. The cheetah glanced around with widening eyes as if he only just now realized the situation he was in. Fear momentarily watched over his face before it was covered up once again by furious indignation. He was just about to start yelling again before Roger cut him off.

"You do realize I can eat you, right?" Roger asked.

The question made Chet freeze as if his brain had misfired and was struggling to comprehend. "W-what?"

"I said. I could eat you right now if I wanted. Literally swallow you whole. You wouldn't even be a mouthful." Chet's eyes widened in shock and his anger was replaced by terror. Terror that was quickly replaced by nervous relief when Roger added. "But I'm not going to."

"... You're... You're not?" Chet asked in a quiet, hopeful voice.

"Nope." Roger reassured.

That reassurance only lasted an instant before the giant's lips twisted into a wicked grin once more. The panic reignited inside Chet and he began thrashing and flailing around in a futile

attempt to escape Roger's grasp. It was clear the cheetah wasn't even thinking anymore. Even if he did escape the only thing that would accomplish was earning him an over 200-foot fall to the ground below. Not that his struggle was even noticed by, much less effective against, the giant cobra.

Both Chet and the cameraman still inside the building watched with wide eyes as Roger twisted around as far as he could. This free hand reached back to pull open the waistband of his suit pants and underwear. Then, without hesitation, Rogers simply let the cheetah go. A high-pitched scream filled the air for a split second before the sharp twang of gigantic fabrics snapping back against Roger's waistline drowned it out. If one were to look close enough they just might be able to make out the tiny little outline of the news anchor plastered against Roger's left ass cheek.

"He always was a kiss ass. Might as well put him to use doing what he's best at." Roger said.

It was only after a solid 30 seconds of silence that the cameraman finally realized that Roger had been speaking to him. The horse's head snapped up to Roger's face from where it had been blatantly staring at the giant's ass. A furious blush flushed across the horse's face even as fear threatened to overwhelm him. He had just spent nearly a full minute staring at an ass big enough to crush a strip mall. And now he had the full attention of the reporter turned giant monster that had just made an ass tattoo out of their lead anchor.

To the cameraman's surprise, Roger didn't reach in to snatch the horse up like he had Samson or Chet. Instead, the giant crouched down so his face was perfectly level with the gouged-out opening in the building. For an instant, the horse almost felt like a child that an adult was crouching down to be eye-level with. although in this case, he was probably more comparable to a bug than a child considering the cobra's ridiculous size.

"It looks like the station is going to be out of business for a while. But don't worry, little guy. I have a new job for you. Go get your field gear. You're going to help me break the story of the century."

Roger had never felt more amazing in his entire life! He had always been strong, always been smart, always been attractive. But now he was something more than all of those things. Yet he was reluctant to think the word tickling the back of his mind as if it were some kind of taboo he was yet unready to break. Maybe it was some lingering fragment of humbleness or modesty. Maybe it was fear that saying it would reveal this all to be a dream and wake him up.

"And we're live in five... four... three..."

The quiet voice snapped Roger's attention back to the tiny camera setup on the nearby building. The top of the structure only came up to the middle of the giant cobra's chest so the camera was forced to tilt backward considerably on its stand to get his face in frame. The looming perspective this created of Roger was a happy accident rather than done by design. Roger didn't know if the equine cameraman he had 'convinced' to work for him was simply latching onto the routine of his job to keep from being scared out of his mind or if they had simply become so overwhelmed they lapped terrified and went full circle back into calm. Either way the cameraman counted down with his fingers with the same professionalism as always until reaching zero and signaling they were live. The moment the

previously static-filled screens tuned to their channel across the country filled with the view of his face Roger dove right in.

"Good afternoon! You may have noticed that our station has been experiencing some technical difficulties. But we're back and I, Roger Hartridge, am here to bring you the story of a lifetime. Earlier today a new, revolutionary piece of technology was displayed at a local charity event. Unfortunately, due to a catastrophic malfunction the machine and the facility that created it no longer exist. However, before it was destroyed the device had a rather large effect on one thing. That one thing being yours truly."

As previously discussed, the cameraman zoomed the perspective back and gave a much wider view of Roger and his surroundings. Where before all those at home would have seen was the cobra's head and shoulders now everyone would be able to see the other buildings surrounding him. More importantly, they would see how none of the buildings were taller than Roger was. As if to emphasize the point the giant cobra leaned down and briefly disappeared from view. When Roger came back up he held an expensive-looking sports car in his hand. Without hesitation, the giant clenched his fingers and, with the sound of a soda can being crumpled magnified a thousand times over, crushed it in his fist.

"Now you may be asking yourself 'But mister Hartridge, how is this possible? What are you going to do?' well the how doesn't matter." Roger narrated, shifting his voice up a couple of octaves to imitate someone else asking him a question before returning to his normal voice. "What does matter is that I'm here and this city is under new management. I encourage the mayor to think very carefully before deciding whether or not he's going to hand the city over to me. Because if he doesn't then I'm--"

Roger never got to finish his sentence. The last view the camera showed before being knocked backward and sent skidding across the ground was a series of explosions blooming across the side of the giant cobra's head, neck, and shoulder. Although the camera was now pointed away the microphone still heard Roger's next words just fine; spoken in a tone of

happy surprise you wouldn't expect from someone that was just blown up.

"Oh good the military is here! This saves me time."

When the cameraman retrieved the camera and turned it back on the giant he was just as shocked as everyone else by what he saw. There was hardly a scratch on Roger! Each of those three explosions could have taken out a small house! Yet the most visible damage Roger had suffered was a thin, faint burn mark on the collar of his jacket and a slight blackening of the scales on the side of his cheek and head. It looked more like explosive residue than actual damage.

Roger had never considered world domination before. Even for his admittedly healthy ego taking over the world was a bit too megalomaniacal. Then again he had also never been the size of Godzilla. That certainly opened some new doors he previously wouldn't have considered. His biggest concern up to this point had been the military. He had been unsure how effective their weapons would be on him at this size. After the initial wave of shells from the tanks he saw in the distance had done less damage than a firecracker would have any lingering concerns he may have had vanished. Unless they were willing to bring out some of the really big guns that would do more damage to the city than he would, there was little they could do to him. He couldn't even bring himself to be annoyed at the surprise attack. If anything feeling heavy artillery being shot directly into his face and barely having an effect was that much more of a show of his superiority. That much more of a turn-on.

The camera followed along as, with casual leisure, Roger reached up to loosen his tie. His fingers expertly flicked through the knot and pulled the long strip of fabric free before draping it next to the cameraman on the nearby rooftop. Abruptly the giant stuffed his hand down the front of his pants and made a bit of a show of shifting their hefty contents around. When he pulled his hand free the camera zoomed in to get a better look at the lapine woman held between Roger's fingers. His other hand then did much the same in the back of his pants and produced Chet from where Roger had left him. Both of the giant's captives were unceremoniously dropped onto the

rooftop just as his tie had been. The cameraman panned the camera over both of them; showing that the cheetah was still breathing but unconscious. The rabbit, on the other hand, was so musk drunk she didn't even seem to register where she was.

A massive hand slammed down on the edge of the building, the cameraman nearly falling backward in Surprise! Roger leaned his weight on it for a few moments as he bent down to pull off one of his shoes. The entire piece of boat-sizes footwear was carelessly dropped on the rooftop as well and sent the feline passenger within tumbling out.

"Watch my things for me, I'll be back for them." Roger rumbled.

At first, the cameraman thought the giant was talking to him. However, a moment later he heard the tiger gasp out a breathless "Yes sir."

With his passengers and playthings safely stowed away, Roger begin undressing more carelessly. His other foot kicked forward after loosening his shoe and sent it flying across the street! What now had to be close to a ton of fabric and leather smashed through the front of the building with all the force of a runaway 18-wheeler. His jacket was unbuttoned and draped across a different building, followed shortly after by his dress shirt. Both wound up covering several floors of the building while crushing a satellite dish on the roof under the sheer weight of so much material. His pants he didn't even bother that much with. After unbuttoning and unzipping he simply let them, along with his underwear, fall around his ankles. It would have been nearly silent if he was normal-sized. But, considering the relative proportion of his clothing, both landed hard enough the impact shook the ground and crushed a car that has been unlucky enough to be too close! As Roger stepped free from the last article of clothing he stretched his arms up over his head. He leaned backward slightly until a deafening series of pops could be heard coming from his spine with the volume and intensity of gunshots.

"Oh, that's so much better."

Everyone watching the continuing news broadcast got their first look at the world's first giant snake in all of his naked glory. Thick, tightly packed muscle covered every inch of Roger's titanic body. Every last pound was perfectly displayed thanks to Roger having a near non-existent body fat ratio. His shoulders were broad. His ass was somehow both muscular and plush at the same time. And then of course there was the absolute monstrous erection shutting obscenely from his hips that could have shamed a bus in both length and girth!

Roger couldn't help but take a moment to admire himself. He lifted one arm and flexed his bicep; grinning smugly at it before leaning in to give it a quick kiss. As he did his other hand drifted towards his waist and curled his fingers shamelessly around his massive erection. He had been teased all afternoon both by his own sense of overwhelming power and the constant squirming of a little bunny girl against his dick. It didn't surprise him when he felt the underside of his shaft already slick with pre and dripping droplets of the clear, musky liquid that would have been measured in gallons to the ground below. While he didn't voice the thoughts out loud Roger couldn't resist talking himself up. Bragging internally about how big, how powerful he was, now. Even the old him would be absolutely nothing compared to what he was now. How could he possibly consider himself the same as everyone else now? He wasn't a man anymore, he was a-

A second barrage of artillery slamming into his chest pulled Roger out of his own thoughts. The impact against his stomach and chest had been about as effective as the ones against his face even without the protection of his enlarged suit. That thought by itself was amusing to imagine for the cobra. An off-the-rack blue power suit being an effective defense against tank shells was so absurd that he nearly broke into a fit of giggles right there. Even if the attack was more laughable than threatening it's still left Roger with a tiny spark of indignation that they had the temerity to continue challenging him.

"Do you not get it yet?" he huffed as he began walking towards the tanks. "You're nothing to me now."

His pace increased to a casual power walk. Despite the casual speed he moved his sheer size let Roger rapidly devour the distance between himself and the tank platoon. Before long he reached the intersection a mile down the road where they had set up for their volleys. It only took him a few seconds. Their third volley was their last, only able to aim high enough to hit the giant's legs, before he was on them.

The first tank was crushed outright as Roger simply slammed a bare foot down on top of it. The giant was surprised to actually feel a bit of resistance. Not that the tank survived even a single second longer than a car would have. The multi-ton armored vehicle simply crumpled inwards and there was even a dull boom as the remaining ordinance inside detonated. Yet the only effect it had was leaving a plume of smoke to trickle around the edges of his foot. The second tank was punted by a casual kick that sent it flying to crash-land, upside down, a block away. A third and fourth tank were swept away and smashed through the side of a building by Roger's tail as he quickly turned back towards where he had left the cameraman. Roger was pleased to see that the horse was still there, still filming like he had been instructed to.

There were only two tanks left and Roger casually reached down and scooped them both up. As if they were nothing more than pipe cleaner wires the giant's thumbs pressed against the barrel of each tank and effortlessly bent them to the sides; rendering them useless. One of the tanks he lowered down to shamelessly press up against the side of his dick. If anyone watching hadn't had a good gauge of how endowed the giant cobra was before now they certainly did. It was clear for everyone to see that the tank was barely more than half as long as the giant's erection! Roger couldn't help but lick his lips excitedly as he gripped himself and the tank and began squeezing. Even the reinforced armor was unable to resist the sheer pressure the giant's hand could create. Immediately it, too, crumpled like a tin can around the side of his dick. Tossing the scrap aside the giant's hand returned back to his dick and began pumping in earnest. It was just all so much. He felt unstoppable! Here he was, using tanks as playthings and sex toys!

Roger felt himself rapidly pushed to the edge after having been stimulated for the whole afternoon. His breath came in loud, rumbling pants and his tail braced itself against the ground to help him balance. As he approached the point of no return the giant raised the last tank up to his face. He inspected the vehicle; knowing that it had to be millions of dollars of military hardware being held in his hand like a little more than a Hot Wheels toy. He didn't even feel its weight in his hand anymore than he would feel the weight of a Wiffle ball. Slowly his fingers curled around the tank, squeezing harder and harder and causing the sides to crumple inwards. Just as Roger felt himself tip over the edge his fists clenched completely; crushing the tank so thoroughly that it broke in half and the pieces fell to the ground below.

If his normal speaking voice had been loud before the thunderous, gasping snarl of release that came with his orgasm could have been classified as a sonic weapon! His cock spasmed in his hand as the first of multiple shots of pressurized cum burst forth. The thought that each shot of his load now had to be measured in gallons rather than milliliters only made it that much more intense for the giant as he watched the devastation him getting off created.

The first shot exploded with such force from his tip that it smacked against the building across the street from him and caved in the wall! The second, third, and fourth shots all similarly cracked if not outright broke through the brick and glass face of the building! The rooms inside the building were utterly drenched and flooded by his load and left visible trickles dripping down from the edges of the holes in the wall. Even when his orgasm ebbed and the last few spurts didn't have the force to shoot through a wall they still held enough volume that they splattered to the ground between his feet like someone had upended a bathtub.

Draping an arm over a nearby building for support the giant cobra struggled to recover his breath from what was arguably the most intense orgasm of his life. When he looked down at the damage even just him blowing a load had caused to the building nearby he couldn't help but start laughing. Deep, rumbling

booms of laughter that echoed through the streets. There was no denying it now. What little modesty he may have had crumbled at that moment. How could it be egotism when he could use boats as free weights? How could it be narcissism when he could swallow a bus whole? How could it be arrogance when he could literally blow a hole in the wall with his cum?

A new sound caught his attention and he turned his head to look towards the sky. His lips twisted into a malicious, eager grin as he saw multiple military helicopters and fighter jets approaching from the distance. His cock swelled to life again despite its recent release in anticipation of what was to come. Of all the things Roger had planned for the world. His world.

With a few earth-shaking steps he stood once more in front of the speechless equine cameraman. The giant crouched down low so his face was level with the rooftop. He made a point of looking into the camera so that he could speak directly to every single person across the world watching. He wanted to give them a message before he went to play with more of his new toys.

"It seems some people haven't gotten the message yet. But it's all right, I don't blame you all. Let me spell it out for you. Breaking news: I'm your new God."

The last thing everyone watching at home saw was the cobras giant fingers plucking the camera off the ground before his fingers clenched and crushed the camera; leaving nothing left to broadcast but static.



Hey there, reader! Thank you so much for taking the time to
read my story!

Keep
in touch! <3

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