

Zero Days Since

A Story Commission for March-Dragon

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Content Warning: Growth, Macro, Mega, Giga, Rampage,
Destruction

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Zero Days Since



He had been doing so well. Every day for the past three months he rose from bed, got ready for the day, then proudly strutted his way over to the whiteboard near his front door. With a sense of near-smug satisfaction in his own self-control he would erase the number on the whiteboard and replace it with another, one higher than the previous. March had made it all the way to ninety-three by the time he left his house that morning. It was a personal best! Little did he know that when he next returned home the dragon was going to have to reset his “Days without incident” counter back to zero.

People screamed and ran in every direction as a massive, truck-sized foot covered in bright blue scales slammed down into the middle of the street. The massive appendage hit the ground with such force that it actually cracked apart the asphalt! Toes, each easily bigger than a beach ball, clenched and tore through the concrete underfoot as if it were little more than brittle dried mud. Most of those nearby fled while a few stood frozen in place; staring in disbelief, shock, or even awe in a few cases. An even rarer few took a stand against the behemoth that had abruptly appeared in their midst. A few brave police officers stood their ground with varying levels of determination and opened fire on the blue dragon with their sidearms! But the assault was almost laughably ineffective. The impact of bullets pinging off of March’s scales was barely strong enough for March to

even feel it! Without their handguns posing any real danger their attack was nowhere near enough to draw the attention of the massive blue dragon away from his target.

Each footstep from the oversized dragon shook the street and threatened to shatter the windows of nearby buildings in the process. Not that March noticed nor cared. Nor did he give thought to anything that disappeared beneath one of his footsteps and wound up crushed into a paw-shaped crater. Had anyone been brave enough to look up towards the dragon's face rather than watching the destructive path of his footsteps they would have seen a small dribble of drool leaking out of one edge of the March's chin. Some might have assumed that the dragon had gone feral or rabid; that he intended to devour each and every one of the nearby people. Few of them knew that March's appetite desired nothing as mundane as food regardless to whether it was normal food or someone alive and kicking. It was neither meat nor fruit nor vegetables that made March stare with the same kind of hunger that a starving man looking at a fresh sandwich experienced. No, March wasn't eyeing anything a normal person might crave. Rather, the massive hundred-foot-tall dragon had his eyes locked on a transformer attached to a nearby power pole.

And March had been doing so well before this. The dragon had barely felt even a bit of temptation for the last couple of weeks. But when he had walked past a pair of people trying to use one car to jumpstart another one of them dropped one of the jumper cables. To anyone else it wouldn't have even been noticeable as anything more than an obstacle to walk around. Unfortunately, it had landed inches away from the swinging tail of probably the only person on the planet who that it would be problematic for. Considering the unique physiology March enjoyed the cable landed close enough for a crackle of electricity to arc from the jumper cable and send a literal electric thrill through the dragon's body. Not more than a second later the dragon's clothes were shredding to pieces as he abruptly nearly doubled in size! March had prided himself on his self-control in avoiding exposed electricity for months now. But that one little taste of the thrilling feel of power, both electrical and physical, surging through his body shattered every ounce of progress the dragon had made. Like an alcoholic accidentally taking a sip of beer ravenous cravings he had thought long-suppressed surged forth from his subconscious with a vengeance.

With wild eyes March had whirled on the now-terrified pair of furs. Both stood there, frozen in confusion and fear as they tried rationalize having

seen March swell to twice their size in a manner of seconds! But neither of them were of concern to the dragon. Instead, he turned to follow the jumper cable with his gaze until he spotted the pair of car batteries. Like a hungry man eyeing a steak, the dragon licked hungrily over his lips as he shoved the two frozen furs out of the way. Three long strides later left the literally power-hungry dragon standing between both cars. With little care for the other automotive parts smashed or torn apart, March stabbed one of his clawed hands into each of the exposed engine blocks; grabbing ahold of the batteries like small bricks. Within seconds of the battery contacts coming in contact with his palms both heavy-duty automotive batteries had been drained dry. More noticeable, though, was that the ten feet of dragon holding onto them had ballooned in size until he utterly towered over the surrounding city block at a full hundred feet tall! A height that was truly impressive and terrifying. But it was also a height March would not stay at for long.

A hungry, almost lustful growl welled up from deep within the massive cerulean dragon's throat as he eyed a transformer hanging from a nearby power pole. A grin spread across the dragon's lips as his fingers reached down towards the transformer where it hung at waist-height to the dragon. The majority of the nearby onlookers had no idea what was about to happen, few having seen his initial growth and fewer still understanding what had caused it. But the moment the dragon's claws touched the metallic casing of the transformer no one had any doubt as to what was the source of the dragon's growth.

Upon contact crackling arcs of blue electricity snaked along his hand and wrist like stray bolts from a Tesla coil! The only thing that saved any of the nearby buildings or the street down below from being struck by the errant, artificial lightning was, ironically, March's insatiable hunger. The dragon's body greedily sucked in every watt of power that was released from the transformer as if he were a living lightning rod. But any safety from the shocking bolts the dragon offered was overshadowed by every flicker of electricity that vanished into his arm making March grow even larger!!

Anyone that dared stay close enough to watch could actually hear the soft, squishy sound of flesh straining and weaving together as pound after pound of newfound mass spread itself across the dragon's form. Blue toes stretched out across the street as the paws they were attached to expanded outwards in every direction. The ground, already cracked beneath March's immense weight, crumbled and caved in when he simply became too much

for the road to bear. Nearby parked cars and light fixtures soon found themselves being shoved out of the way as the dragon's enormous feet grew and greedily devoured more and more of the space around them. And as those massive feet swelled, the rest of the dragon they were attached too grew in kind.

March's tail swung heavily behind him in an unconscious expression of his delight as he grew. Each swing sent the already-huge body part stretching further and further down the street as well as creating an increasingly loud WHOOSH from the growing appendage's passage. Soon, each swish of his tail smashed through the fronts of buildings to either side of the road; putting up little resistance to its increasingly enormous weight and momentum in the process. Even the broad spaded tip of the dragon's tail effortlessly crushed a parked truck when it slammed down on the ground from the dragon's delight. For the few people daring enough to watch from the nearby rooftops and get a view of the show from above they soon found themselves no longer with the bird's eye view they had enjoyed. A small group standing on a nearby fifteen story office building fell on their asses in collective shock when a thick shock of black hair rose into view over the roofline! The hair was soon followed by a pair of monster truck tire-sized eyes that briefly glanced down at the stunned people and left them feeling like ants being looked upon through a magnifying glass. Higher and higher March's head rose above the roofline until his chin, then chest, then stomach towered over the terrified people left behind down below. Then, as if some final sleight to the onlookers, the dragon's expanding mass pushed his hip into the side of the building and simply shoved it over from the force of his growth alone without him meaning too.

In less than a minute March had grown so large that he could no longer comfortably keep a hold on the transformer even when crouching. So, when he stood back upright, the dragon simply ripped the entire pole, transformer and all, from the ground like pulling a weed! The poles to either side were similarly ripped from the concrete as their still-attached power cords that continued to feed the growing dragon power pulled taunt and dragged them up with it. All the while the dragon's grip had grown increasingly tight as his height increased. It was almost as if he were literally trying to squeeze more juice from the power lines like it were an orange rather than a piece of industrial electrical equipment. Even when the transformer was smashed beyond recognition the metal continued conducting the local power grid's resources into the dragon; leaving lights all across the surrounding city blocks flickering ominously. At least it did until he crested

the five-hundred-foot mark. It was then that a sharp TWANG drew his attention downward to find the power cables, having been pulled far too taut, had snapped off!

Without the cables, the flow of power into the dragon's hand abruptly vanished. March briefly cast an enraged glare down at the torn cables and now-useless transformer's remains in his hand. Even when he crouched down to pluck the hair-thin wires from the ground once more March got no more electricity from them. It seemed that when the cables had snapped the entire local grid shorted out. Thanks to his newfound perspective March was able to confirm his assumption with a look across the surrounding city blocks to find not a single light still on.

With a growl of annoyance at having lost his easily-accessible electrical fix March tried turn around only to lose his balance and stumble backwards! In the process, one of his feet slammed down on to the street, the sidewalk next to it, and right through the front of one of the nearby stores; demolishing all in the process! Even the massive dragon had been momentarily left disoriented by his sudden change in perspective and had nearly lost his balance from the unexpected wave of vertigo! Once the dragon had a moment to collect himself and adjust to his new lofty vantage point he couldn't help but grin. The electricity may have been the physical addiction his body craved but this sight, this perspective towering over everything around him, was the mental addiction. It wasn't just that absorbing electricity felt good, even though it did feel amazing. Looming, towering, stretching into the sky and making everything around him seem increasingly inferior felt infinitely better! Even the supposed downsides of his enormous size were just another signifier for him of how much larger and more powerful he had grown.

March took note of how easily the street cracking apart with just the slightest shift of his newfound weight. He savored the faint tickle on his tail when he casually swung it through a row of buildings and barely felt any resistance at all. Where before a car fit comfortably under one of his feet now he could shift his foot and casually crush one of the same vehicles with just a single toe! Something he took great satisfaction in testing out on several the nearby cars. The city, along with everything in it, was just so fragile to someone of his size. Buildings designed to withstand both the test of time and the fury of nature crumbled against the dragon's most casual expression of force at this height. March could crumble the rooftop of brick buildings as if they were nothing more than a dirt clod in his fingers. He

could smash the twenty tons of steel and fiberglass that was a city bus into a flattened metal pancake barely thicker than a manhole cover with just a step! But, as fun as reveling in the strength that came with his newfound size was, the dragon soon found himself dissatisfied. As much as he loved the stimulation of electrical absorption, the sense of superiority that comes from making everyone and everything around you look small, what riled him up the most was the actual change in size itself. It wasn't just the power itself but watching everything dwindle around him. Watching everything becoming smaller and more fragile with each passing second as his power grew with his size.

And he wanted more of that feeling.

The local grid for over a mile around had already been shorted out thanks to his earlier indulgence. But that didn't mean he couldn't get to a new source of power. By now, there was already enough electrical energy crackling through him that it was attracted other nearby electrical sources. It was almost as if March could feel a faint pull towards the largest nearby source of electricity as if he and it were mildly magnetized. Thanks to his newfound, lofty perspective there were few buildings that, save for those in the distant downtown area, that even came up to his waist much less were tall enough to block his view. Thanks to that it took little effort for the dragon to follow that ethereal pull until he caught sight of the local power plant. The local NUCLEAR power plant.

If the dragon's footsteps at his previous increased height had been destructive to his surroundings before, now they were downright disastrous. Entire buildings vanished beneath the soles of March's massive paws. Car alarms blared angrily as the earth-shaking impact of each footstep set them off despite being a dozen streets away. Even when a building was tall enough to rise above his knees March didn't even bother going around or over it. Instead, the massive blue dragon simply walked right through it! His knees and waistline smashed the concrete, drywall, and steel apart and pushed it from his path like he were simply walking through a large sandcastle. Long before he approached the power station he could already hear the plant's warning claxton blaring into the afternoon sky like an air raid siren. It was like a herald of what was to come. An announcement to everyone that something big was about to happen. And March was thrilled that the something big was going to be him.

The police had already set up a barricade outside of the entrance to the power plant complex but in preparation for his arrival but March didn't even

notice. It would have been hilarious if it wasn't humiliating and terrifying at the same time how over a dozen police officers opened fire with handguns, shotguns, and even a couple of rifles and the massive blue dragon didn't even notice either the barricade nor the dozens of bullets pinging harmlessly off his scales! The dragon didn't even notice when one of his steps slammed down on the left half of the barricade; crushing three of the police cruisers into a massive foot-shaped crater with their officers along with them. Not even when he had long passed their barricade and his tail swung around to accidentally swept the other half of the barricade off to the side like it were a broom sweeping away a few dust bunnies did March take notice of them. He had wiped out a major show of law enforcement strength literally without even trying.

There was something strangely satisfying to the dragon about approaching the main tower of the nuclear plant and seeing it being one of the few nearby buildings that could still rival him in size. He could just barely see over the top edge of the silo which meant that it had to be just a bit shy of five hundred feet tall. Not that it would stay that big for long. Or rather, that he would stay this small for long. Still salivating, March reached out to grab at the sides of the building. Licking his lips hungrily, he dug his claws into the massive concrete structure and punched his fingers through as if it were a little more than brittle clay. By this point the dragon didn't even need to make direct contact with the cables anymore. His claws acted like lightning rods the moment they penetrated the interior of the building! Any stray scrap of electricity the reactor generated crackled and snapped towards one of his digits before it ever reached the rest of the grid. And as it did, March grew once more.

Unlike the transformer that barely handled enough voltage to power a few city blocks, this was a full-blown reactor designed to power the entire city dozens of times over! Which meant the growth spurt contact with it generated made his previous increase in size looked like he had just risen up on his tiptoes! Within seconds March was forced down onto his knees with an earth-shaking crash as he doubled in size, then doubled again! The dragon was forced to hunch down lower and lower to the ground to keep his fingers in contact with the reactor as he rapidly outgrew it along with everything else around. As he did his tail swung behind him and smashed open the gate house to the compound, then rapidly stretched into the street beyond. His up-raised feet bulldozed across the parking lot and smashed dozens of cars and trucks parked nearby without so much as slowing! Each vehicle was simply ran over by the wall of flesh like a steamroller running

over an empty soda can. The underground complex of the power plant began to collapse within less than a minute as the dragon's weight doubled, then doubled again every fraction of a second! Any second now the reinforced, hardened tunnels beneath the plant would shatter under his exponential growth like everything else.

Five hundred feet became a distant memory in only a second. Then he passed a thousand feet, two thousand, then three thousand faster than he could keep track of! Before long the dragon was so large he was practically laying on his front with a single hand wrapped around the entire silo like it were a little more than a beer can. And yet still he grew more. Within a few more seconds March was so large that his lower body covered the entire distance between the city and the power plant. His tail, feet, and legs began bulldozing other buildings and homes in the same way it he had the parked cars just moments before. His lower limbs were like a tidal wave of flesh demolishing everything in their path as they spread in every direction! When the power plant became so small that March was struggling to pinch it between two fingers to maintain contact he decided to satiate his hunger in a different manner. It would be much easier to do so while he was still small enough to not simply crush the building on accident with a touch.

Reluctantly, the dragon let go of the power planet and his growth momentarily came to a stop. Quickly rising up onto his hands and knees, March then bent his head back down towards the power planet with a manic gleam in his eyes. Like the scoop of a backhoe, the dragon's jaws opened wide and tore into the ground itself! Effortlessly, March uprooted thousands of tons of dirt as he scooped up the power plant, the entire area surrounding it, and even most of it's underground structure into his mouth! Jaws wide enough to swallow entire city blocks snapped shut around the mouthful of the landscape itself and the entire city behind the dragon got to hear the ominous, muffled wet sound of him swallowing.

ULP

The moment the plant had made contact with his body once again, even if that body part was his tongue, then throat, then stomach, March once again began to grow. Relishing the blissful sensation of power still being generated even as the power plant traveled down his throat, March purred happily for a moment before he lowered his head to look underneath him. By now, the titanic storm dragon had swelled far closer to five miles in height than a single mile. Nearly the entire city, or at least what hadn't already been demolished by his initial growth, now they stretched out

beneath the dragon like his stomach and chest had become the sky itself for the population. Grinning wickedly, March slowly lowered himself down until he lay flat on his stomach on top of the whole city. Hundreds of buildings, thousands of homes, and incalculable numbers of vehicles, structures, and everything else that a major metropolitan city consisted of simply vanished as a wall of blue abdominals and pectorals descended from above like some obscenely enlarged Indiana Jones falling ceiling trap! March barely even felt the structures crumbling. Each building gave no more resistance than when you try to pick up a clump of parmesan cheese and it crumbles with the slightest touch before you can actually get a hold of it.

Once settled, March lay there and marveled at how absolutely tiny everything looked to him now. Even just looking down from where his chin lay on the ground there wasn't a single building even tall enough to reach up to his lip! That is, any building in the next town over since all the buildings in his town were now crushed beneath him. And that wasn't even taking into account that he was still growing! There was also something particularly amusing at watching an increasingly-massive mound of dirt being pushed aside and piling up around the edges of his chin just from it stretching across the ground without him needing to move. Eventually, though, March found himself wanting to survey his new viewpoint properly.

This time when the dragon rose from the ground the earth itself seemed to tremble in response. Where his hands landed to push him upright, they smashed enormous craters dozens of feet deep into the ground. Each hand and foot left an enormous crater that would one day become a set of new lake beds. March felt the ground crack apart and give way when more of his weight was pushed onto the balls of his toes. To him, it felt like they sunk an extra inch or so deeper into the ground. But he knew that, in reality, it was probably closer to a hundred feet than a single inch. Even just standing up felt like March was reshaping the very world around him and he was left panting with near-sexual arousal by the time he was fully upright.

Clouds. That was the first thing the dragon saw when he finally rose to his full height. Now that he was pushing past six miles in height thin wisps of puffy white moisture fluttered around his head like little tufts of pure white cotton candy. March was as tall as the cloud line now! Before the dragon had had time to properly savor that thought he caught sight of something moving in front of him. Squinting his eyes and going slightly cross-eyed, it took March a good two or three seconds to make out what he

was looking at. When he did his eyes widened even as his lips twisted into a feral grin. It was a plane! A passenger airliner soaring through the sky just above eye level with the titanic dragon. Though the dragon took gleeful delight to watch the plane appear to fly lower and lower in his field of view when he knew full well it was actually him growing taller instead. Unable to resist, March spread his jaws wide once more and enveloped the plane and the entire airspace surrounding it in the open moist cavern of his maw.

Those inside the plane got a terrifying, up-close view of the pink inner muscle and flesh inside the dragon's mouth. Landscapes of flesh lined with fangs that were big enough to shame office buildings in size! A tiny droplet of saliva dripped from the roof of March's maw and missed the plane's wing by only a dozen feet or so. Even though the enormous torrent of liquid didn't hit them, the displaced air of its passing caused the aircraft to veer wildly in a struggle to resist the resulting turbulence! More terrifying still for those within the plane was that they could see the cavern of flesh and fang around them visibly growing around them! The pilots in particular were in a panic as they flew the plane at the highest speed they could manage without blowing out the engines. Yet, despite that, the plane barely seemed to make any headway reaching the edge of the dragon's mouth. The dragon's maw was growing almost as fast as the plane was flying...!

Then, abruptly, everything went dark for the plane as March snapped his jaws shut and tilted his head back with a purr of eager satisfaction. The sound of him swallowing echoed across the countryside like a rumble of thunder; loud enough even nearby cities could hear it in the distance! Of course, March was so massive at this point he didn't even feel the plane go down his throat. For all he knew it might have crashed into one of his fangs or made a water landing in the pools of saliva in the bottom of his mouth. Either way he didn't have any way to find out the ultimate fate of the gnat-sized aircraft. But just the thought of being able to swallow an entire airplane while it was mid-flight was a high no drug could possibly compare to. Now that he was finally finished with teasing an entire plane full of people, March turned his attention downward once more to admire the handiwork of his still-growing feet.

As expected, massive ridges of dirt had been displaced all around his feet. Each was piled up into newly formed mountain ranges surrounding enormous, still growing, footprints. The dragon could actually feel the ground beginning to give way underneath his increasing weight the longer he stood there! It wasn't just the dirt being pushed away either. It was the

harder bedrock underneath deep beneath the earth's surface straining to hold together under his immense tonnage. Expectations of soon being able to press his weight on just one foot and crack the planet's crust itself apart, sending magma roiling up from between his toes in the process, left the titanic dragon panting in delight. Soon just his very presence wouldn't simply be an inconvenience. It wouldn't just be destructive. Before long, he would be a living, breathing cataclysm in every way that mattered. March didn't typically like throwing around terms like 'God'. But when your every breath was a literal hurricane? When every step literally reshaped the land itself? When a single spoken word could collapse entire nations? Well, when your every action was full blown natural disaster maybe the word started to have some genuine descriptive merit.

As much as March reveled in cresting the ten mile mark his greed wouldn't let himself be satisfied. Maybe it was the strange addiction or his draconic heritage. Either way, all that mattered was that he wanted, NEEDED, more. Even as he grew so fast that clouds were pushed away by the displaced air preceding him it wasn't enough. Even when the sweeping of his tail created gale force winds that threatened to uproot entire cities from the wind forces it wasn't enough. Even when his increasingly disgruntled growls of obsessive desire rippled the air in front of him like a sonic boom it wasn't enough.

First the enormous dragon considered looking for another nuclear reactor or two. Upon crouching down over the miniscule landscape below March realized he was so large he wasn't even sure if he would be able to make them out anymore. The tallest skyscrapers in the world weren't even as tall as his toes at this point and most cities were little more than gray blotches on the landscape. March had just started to consider indiscriminately eating cities one at a time until he felt like he caught something good that gave him another boost when he heard it. The air rumbled around him. And this time it wasn't him causing it.

His sixth sense began to pull him towards a fresh source of electromagnetism as if the sound had drawn its attention. The dragon's mouth flooded with saliva once more as if he had caught the scent of a delicious pastry. When the dragon swung his enormous head around he immediately saw the source of the noise and a near-crazed grin spread across his muzzle. Off in the distance, probably a hundred miles away and swirling around naval-level to the titanic dragon, was a thick, angry black wall of clouds crackling with power and radiating the scent of ionized air.

Storm clouds.

The roll of thunder that preceded a massive storm front rumbled through the air like a herald of it's presence. The storm front was slowly approaching from the west and stretched across the horizon even from March's expanded perspective. A massive storm front like that surely would be just as satisfying as a few more nuclear power reactors. Maybe even more so! By that point March no longer cared that he had broken his self-imposed abstinence streak. That could be dealt with tomorrow. Tomorrow he could start again from day one and do better. He had already broken the streak and nothing he did today could change that. So, for the rest of the day he was going to enjoy the time he had left before his next 'one days without incident' milestone.



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