

This is a commission for Giza (SoFurry.com)

Warning: This story contains monsterification, growth, macro, mega macro, breast expansion, butt growth and severe (yet sexy) destruction.

Stormy belongs to her player.

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Anger Management, by DragonMasterX.

Stormy was a hard working wolf. She didn't have the most exciting life, but her office job paid the bills let her enjoy her hobbies just like any normal person. She was tired of being normal and average. The seemingly endless toil of doing her job only to get ready for another unexciting day of work had made her believe she was turning into a boring automaton. She needed something to fill in the void of an empty social life with something. However, it wasn't an easy task to accomplish.

For the wolf girl, a usual week consisted of the usual daily office shift, but multiple duties made everyone at her workplace work at a hellish pace that was hard to keep up with. The result was an appetizing pay check and well-deserved overtime during especially busy days. The side effect, however, was considerably less appealing. With a higher work pace came additional exhaustion, which left her too tired to hang outside after work or do anything other than sleep daily fatigue off. Even on weekends she preferred to stay in and nap all day as if she was of a particularly sleep-deprived species of feline. Stormy was overworked.

In particular, the latest months had proved to be testing for the young wolffess, whose job had been making her run around the office, filing soulless report after report and reply to e-mails even during off hours in order to keep up with the business boom. Stormy was a competent employee, but even the most diligent of office drones were starting to drop like flies at the strenuous pace, to the point replacements had to be called in and more positions offered in order to keep up with the demand. She was dreading contracting any illness and having to call in sick or even oversleeping and punching-in late. Not only was the office she worked for a hectic environment, but Stormy's boss was a fan of running his employees ragged and firing them on the spot if they couldn't meet expectations.

The combination of fear and tiredness had as a result put Stormy in a paranoid situation, and thus very susceptible of doing anything but the most basic of activities just to trudge through the big work season. After that was over, she planned on taking well-deserved vacations; maybe somewhere sunny; anywhere that didn't resemble the bustling metropolis she lived in. After so many years of having moved in to the city, the encroaching tall buildings could feel claustrophobic. She told herself to keep going.

One morning, Stormy woke up only to find herself feeling rather weak. She didn't remember having anything odd for dinner on the previous night, and she wasn't the type to drink during week days. The wolffess walked up to her bathroom for a quick check up in front of the mirror. Her index pulled down on the furry skin under her right eye to check for any indication of strained vision. She had two blue markings under each eye, but those had always been there. Her eyeballs were clean; she just needed to wash her face a little.

Other than the splitting headache she was experiencing, Stormy felt just as drained as every other morning. She thought nothing of it. "I'll kill this headache with an aspirin," she mused to herself

while scratching her head in frustration. Just like anyone else, Stormy wasn't a fan of working with a headache, but she didn't have a choice. She didn't want to give her cranky boss a reason to distrust her by calling in sick.

After a hurried shower and breakfast, plus a quick gulp of an aspirin, Stormy dashed out of her home and into the world once more. On the way to work, she saw a group of people flocking towards a street vendor. On a normal occasion she wouldn't have given the commotion a second glance, especially with how hasty she was. However, the sheer numbers of people gathered on the walkway had simply crowded the area. "Great!" the wolf girl glanced at her phone; she wasn't running late by much, but she was nonetheless preoccupied she wouldn't make it if she didn't start shoving people out of the way, "As if getting into the subway with tons of people going in and out wasn't annoying enough already!" she was certain she wasn't the only one with that problem, but Stormy felt especially irritable that day. Her thoughts only directed anger towards the stupid street vendor who kept people there.

"There's still a bunch of Red Volt around, folks! Only \$1.99 a can!" the exuberant vendor joyously hollered. "Feeling down? Need a lil' boost to last you more than an old cup-'o-joe can net you? Red Volt's the answer! Get supercharged for the rest of the day and then some!"

Grunting at the corny advertisements, but curious all the same since the lines outside weren't moving, Stormy glanced back. She saw green banners with crimson red designs and lines introducing what appeared to be a new sort of energy drink that Stormy had never heard of until now. "Must be a new fad," she thought disillusioned, "Honestly, I don't know what I was expecting. They don't sell miracle cures for exhaustion and headaches for two bucks." Slowly but surely, the line advanced and Stormy was grateful she didn't have to continue to listen to the obnoxious vendor yelling out the product's slogan.

Fortunately for Stormy, she made it to work with a few minutes to spare. The pain in her head however hadn't gone away. It took all of her willpower just to sort through her tasks without collapsing. Hearing her boss yelling at others and herself didn't make it any easier either. Part of her wished she hadn't stuck it out so long that it became really hard to leave this job without it being next-to-impossible to keep all of her day to day comforts. The pay was too good.

The day reached its conclusion without any major incidents. Stormy caught herself short of submitting one of the last reports that was full of typos, and as a result she had to stay for another hour to edit it. Her boss didn't see it justifiable to compensate overtime since the workload for the day followed normal procedure. Stormy was just glad she had managed to get by without him finding out she had been blundering.

"I hate Mondays..." the wolfess said as she collapsed face-first into her pillow upon getting back home.

The following day, Stormy felt nauseous. Fortunately, the headache was gone, but she would've taken the pounding in her head again over constantly worrying whether her revolving insides would come out to say hi on somebody's back or stay in. Just as the previous day, the subway lines were endless; and it was just as crowded at the outside. "I can't believe it... people know it's just sugar on top of... liquid sugar, don't they?" the wolfess scornfully thought as she glanced again at the bustling Red Volt stand. This time, she could see the vendor in action from her vantage point. Stormy immediately understood why there was such a loud gathering of people. She was gorgeous.

It was an extremely tall reptilian. From what Stormy could tell, it was an alligator. The redhead boasted a curvaceous form not unlike a lingerie model, yet there she was, wearing a goofy cap and a

green shirt with a red lightning bolt logotype being stretched out of shape by her generous bosom. Her wide hips wiggled in her form-fitting denim shorts every time she gingerly presented an energy drink to every patron with money for them. Some weren't even interested in drinking. They just bought the can and stashed it away; they didn't leave after their purchase either. "We still got a lot of Red Volt left, everyone!" the young gator girl announced, waving at the incessant cheers of her fans. "Get supercharged for the rest of the day and then some!"

"Ugh, I'm gonna get even sicker at this rate..." Stormy clutched her stomach, having seen enough of the gratuitous jiggle capacity of the female form. It wasn't until the wolfess was passing by the stand that she saw the cute vendor's yellow eyes staring at her. "Huh?"

"Ooh, now here's someone that looks a bit down in the dumps!" the large gator girl said. Stormy tried to avert her gaze, not wanting to be targeted at the moment. "Don't worry, ma'am, 'cause with a single can of super-duper-lovely Red Volt you can... ma'am?" the vendor frowned a little, holding the can with a puzzled look on her face. The potential customer had vanished.

Stormy wasn't normally so shy, but with her upset stomach the last thing she wanted to do was have anything more to do with any sort of food, liquid or otherwise. "I got work to do, no time for that bull, anyways..." she thought while taking a seat in the crowded subway. Another rough day awaited her.

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Wednesday marked the third crappy day of the week in a row for the poor wolf girl. The stomachache had been purged, but Stormy couldn't get out of bed without difficulty that morning. The constant stress and assaults to her weakened immune system had left the wolfess extremely fatigued. Walking, getting dressed, even brewing her morning coffee took three times as much effort. Stormy's ears flattened against her skull as she longingly looked at her bed before she left for work.

The Red Volt vendor was also there by the subway entrance again. The place wasn't as crowded as usual, so this time Stormy could enjoy a bit of peace and quiet while waiting for the lines to move. Less people meant less needing to yell that stupid slogan over and over after all. What the wolf girl didn't expect, however, was that same irritably girlish voice yelling at full volume next to her. "Good morning!" Stormy almost reeled back as the statuesque vendor practically bulldozed her way over. "I saw you yesterday. You look even worse than you did then! Are you okay, ma'am?"

"Ugh... do you also yell whenever you're addressing someone face to face?" Stormy asked with a grumble, "Just go away, I'm not interested in what you're selling."

"Oh." The gator girl seemed to get the hint she was being obnoxious, but she still walked side by side with the wolfess. "I'm sorry. I'll keep my voice down... Is it a headache? Stomach cramp? Aren't you a bit stressed out?"

"Is this some sort of hidden camera skit for a funny video? I told you to go away, chirpy!" Stormy growled without even making eye contact, starting to grow ever frustrated. The vendor frowned in response."

"My name isn't Chirpy. I'm Lola!" the tall vendor introduced herself, perky and smiling. "Now, I promise I'm not trying to annoy you on purpose..."

"You could've fooled me," Stormy interrupted, wondering if she had pissed off any major deity by

not praying in front of a statue to deserve this.

“...I’m just a bit concerned. That’s all!” the curvaceous amazon waved her claws defensively, “You look like you could seriously keel over and end up taking a nap on the pavement. Shouldn’t you be at the hospital?”

Stormy paused and turned her head to face the insisting Lola, “...what’s it to you?” she asked, “You’re not getting my money. So if you’re not pranking me, what do you get out of accosting me?”

“Girl, you talk like worrying about your fellow pedestrian is supposed to be some sort of mercenary work,” Lola’s sassy retort was backed by a leaning forwards pose with a claw rested on her hip and a look of contempt towards Stormy. The wolfess rolled her eyes and Lola quickly returned to her sunny disposition. “Look, I’m not saying it isn’t weird for a stranger to totally spaz on you like this, but you should consider taking better care of yourself! Can’t really enjoy life if you’re running yourself ragged, huh?”

Stormy kept walking. As unbelievably intrusive this redhead was, she did hold a point. The wolfess felt like crap. Just talking with Lola was making her head hurt, and she felt like the caffeine of her breakfast was already wearing off. Before Stormy could say a thing back, she turned back to face the vendor only to see a bright green and red aluminum can in front of her. Lola was grinning behind it. “...you must be getting run pretty hard by your boss too if you go this far for a sale.”

“Actually, this is my last can for today. Sold out pretty quick earlier!” Lola appeared very proud of herself, “Truth is, I was saving this one for myself.”

“Sheesh, you drink this stuff? Seriously?” Stormy cocked an eyebrow up. Lola gave the can a few taps with the tip of her fingers, stroking it as if a lamp genie would come out of it.

“Are you kidding? It’s delicious! Plus I really dig the flavor. Did you know Red Volt is 15% fig juice? It’s so sweet it’ll take you straight to heaven with a single sip!” The gator seemed more exuberant than usual when describing her product. Stormy didn’t want to admit it, but she was getting a bit curious now. It was undeniable that the cans were selling out the previous two days, bouncy curves not-withstanding.

“Calm down. You look like you’re about to eat the can whole, Lola.” Stormy couldn’t help but chuckle.

“Well, it’s that good!” the gator giggled, “And I want you to have this one, on the house!”

Stormy flinched a little when the can was shoved forwards. She had to catch it in her hands. The beverage appeared to still be chilled even though it looked like Lola had been holding it for a while. “Hold up, what’s the catch?”

Lola beamed, “No catch! I told you, looking out for fellow pedestrians shouldn’t need a reward. Plus I like you, Stormy!”

“Whatever. Don’t come asking for any favors later... um... I mean, thanks,” the wolfess sorted through her pent-up aggression in order to force a smile out. She had gotten a small laugh out of this ordeal at least. That was one of the best things this week had offered Stormy so far.

“No prob! You let me know what you think of the taste tomorrow, huh?” Lola tipped her cap at the

grey wolfess with a friendly smile. “Stay cool! And don’t let people keep you down.” She nodded to Stormy.

The wolfess looked down at the can for a moment and at that moment her ears twitched along to the sound of the subway train arriving. “Huh. Time flies. Anyway, thanks Lola. This should come in handy when...” she turned around to see the friendly vendor off, but she was already gone. “Huh. Fast on her feet to be carrying so much extra weight up top.” Stormy shrugged it off and turned back to the slowly advancing line into the train.

“That was one crazy gator girl. Tell me she liked me out of the blue...” the wolfess mused as she paid her fare and got in. After a couple of steps in, something started to bother Stormy. As she sat down, the wolfess looked up at the ceiling in silent contemplation, “Did I ever tell her my name...?”

The ride to work was slow in comparison to the waiting line earlier. Without somebody to chat it up, the wolfess felt drowsiness kicking in fast. She was out of energy. It wasn’t just a need for sleep; her body was running out of gas fast. Stormy looked down at the can of Red Volt in her paw. She suspiciously eyed the safety labels and product information. It certainly looked like any other store-bought sugary and carbonated beverage. “Well, I can’t say I’m much for the shitty instant coffee at the office. Bottoms up I guess!” Stormy carefully opened the can, listening to the fizzy hiss as the lid was pushed down. She brought the can up and gently tipped it against her snout for a sip. Her eyes widened.

It was very syrupy. One could say the drink tasted sickly sweet, but at the same it was mellowed out by a certain tinge of sourness. It was like having fresh peaches or strawberries; in a way, it was like having both at once. “It’s... a lot less terrible than I thought it was gonna be. Good, in fact!” Stormy thought as she chugged the fig-flavored energy drink down like some sort of sweet nectar. Down to the last drop, the wolfess felt a strange sensation of relief. “I can’t believe I managed to actually down it in one swig. I felt the bubbles tickling my tongue but I couldn’t stop. This was easier to drink than soda though...” She looked at the empty can in her paw, “No wonder this is so popular.”

Stormy could already feel like she was perking up. “Alright! I feel much better now. The week’s getting better. I’ll be sure to thank Lola tomorrow!” she was sure things were going to go much more smoothly from now on. She felt positive now that the exhaustion was gone and she was so full of energy too. She felt like she could take on the whole world. “Sheesh, I should’ve taken this at the start of the busy season. Only three days left, but I’ll make the most of it. Nothing can stop me now, haha!”

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“You’re late, #34. You’re fired.”

Stormy’s jaw almost hit the floor. The words coming from her unfeeling boss rang true, but she had only exceeded herself by 3 minutes. “B-but Mr. Finnegan, the lines were busy and...”

“I said I need everyone here on the dot, #34. This isn’t on the dot. We’re a busy organization, and you’re still here, after being fired, wasting my and my company’s time. Get out.”

“Ah-are you... are you serious? I mean, I heard you but...” Stormy didn’t usually buckle under pressure, but this was her job that was on the line; she was getting very nervous.

The old gorilla got off his chair with a threatening glare, “Thirty-four, did you hear me stutter even

once?! Get your things and get out, or else I'll have you thrown out!"

Stormy froze in place; her boss had always been a difficult type. Even the way Mr. Finnegan called his employees by their ID numbers instead of first or last names was a sign of his contempt for his workers. She had always been dreading this moment since busy season started, but she didn't know it would come this soon. She knew he was strict and unforgiving, which was why she pushed herself harder than anybody ever should. She had heard the rumors, however, that Mr. Finnegan didn't allow employees to do a big career in his offices order to avoid having to keep increasing their pay.

"Are you hard of hearing, #34? Get out of my sight, you incompetent tardy excuse for a dog. I've got to review seven potential tools to fill in your position." The gorilla grabbed some files off his desk and dumped his burly body down on his cushy chair, turning around to give his back to her. Stormy's ears and tail drooped. She could only drag her feet along the floor as she made her silent exit. If anything, she wanted to conserve her dignity.

Stormy took very little time to box up her things with the help of some of her co-workers. In her year working for Mr. Finnegan and at the rate he worked his employees to the bone, the staff didn't have a lot of time to mingle or do much else than work their butts off like hamsters on a wheel. As a result she didn't have any significant good-byes to say, but this still stung on a deep level. She didn't want anyone to see her cry however. She just wanted to go home after such a blow to her life and esteem.

After paying for a van to bring the packaged things to her place, Stormy started down on the walk of defeat towards her home. The wolfess' body felt fine, but now she was unemployed. She felt completely deflated. She was so gloomy that she wasn't paying attention to the streetlights any more. "ey, lady! Lady, hold up!" one of the men waiting at the street corner yelled to stop Stormy, but he might as well have been shouting at a wall. Not even car honking seemed to be able to bring the dreadful wolfess back from her sullen depression.

However, the world wasn't so kind as to stop for a person down in the dumps. Traffic still went on, and all it took was one distracted driver to make a sudden maneuver in order to avoid crashing into the out of place pedestrian. "Aw, fuck!" the driver did what they could on such short notice, violently swerving to the side. Unfortunately, a large truck was on the neighboring lane and collision ensued.

Stormy stopped at the screeching of tires burning into the asphalt. In the split seconds that followed, she saw a vehicle impact with a much larger way. The words: "Get out of the way!" pounded inside of her head. Stormy felt her body lock up as she held by her ears nervously. The drivers quickly left their seats. They were mostly unharmed. Stormy, however, couldn't move from the shock. Unfortunately, the strong impact against the truck's payload caused a long and deep enough gash from where blue chemical waste started to pour out. Stormy was absolutely doused, and in her surprise she even swallowed a little bit of the strange liquid. The pressure was so great that she was pushed down into the ground. There was little she could do other than to try to roll off, but Stormy was caught in the wave of industrial waste.

Eventually, the big spill stopped and she was able to get up on her knees. Stormy coughed, holding by her throat. "Aghh... dammit!" she cursed out loud, punching herself in the stomach to try to cough whatever she had swallowed back out. Unbeknownst to her, the chemical was already as part of her as the energy drink she can consumed earlier.

People got close to Stormy in order to help. The sound of police sirens and ambulances were

already blaring out in the open. There was going to be a scandal, and she was going to be at the center of it. Stormy heard kind words of: “Are you okay?” and “Here, let me help you up.” But all she could really listen to was the distorted laughter of her boss, Mr. Finnegan, who had fired her. Stormy eventually wiped the blue off her enraged eyes and stood up with a growl. “It’s his entire fault...!” she growled. “Things were starting to look good, and he had to ruin it!”

“Whoa, calm down, lady,” came the voice of one of the guys trying to help Stormy up. He got a death glare instead, and a loud growl as a reply.

“I AM PERFECTLY CALM!”

The bull trying to help Stormy found himself on the ground on his backside after getting yelled at. The wolfess, ignoring transit law again, started stomping down back the way she had come; back to Mr. Finnegan’s office.

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Mr. Finnegan loved money, and he was willing to do anything to get more of it. He was happy to have found an excuse to rid himself of the wolfess earlier; she had overstayed her welcome and there were dozens of potential employers lining up to take her spot for only a fraction of the salary. The office primate was smoking a Cuban cigar with his chair rolled up next to the window. He glanced away from his papers to look outside at a loud commotion. “Looks like an accident,” he murmured to himself before closing the blinds. “Distractions not worth my precious time,” he smiled and put the finished cigar off in his ashtray, counting himself fortunate that he didn’t have to spend time mingling with the inferior masses outside of the safety of his cozy office.

Mr. Finnegan turned around on his chair to roll himself back to his desk, but he had to stop halfway when he suddenly saw one of his ex-employers standing at his place next to his desk. It was the same wolfess he had fired not twenty minutes ago. The young lupine was still wearing her business blouse and skirt, which were wrinkled and matted against her body as a result of getting doused. The same went for her fur; the darker undertones of her muzzle and chest were even darker now. The wolf was baring her fangs at the executive. Fury indicated by her glaring eyes.

There was a silent pause whose peace was interrupted by Stormy’s agitated breathing. She was practically fuming through her nostrils. “Thirty four,” the gorilla composed himself, although he couldn’t hide the fact he was unnerved by the sudden entrance, “I believe I told you to go.”

“You did,” Stormy responded in a low but sharp tone, “And I went. And I almost just died in an accident. In fact, I don’t even know why I’m still walking and talking.”

“You should be in a hospital then, not wasting my time with your silly theatrics. Go on, scare. You’re making a mess out of my expensive rugs!” Mr. Finnegan waved a paw dismissively, but his confidence at seeing Stormy talk disappeared once she slammed her fist down on his desk, forcing it to collapse in on itself at the center. “My desk! My papers...! Ah!”

Stormy didn’t let her ex-boss get off his chair and stomped over, holding him down with strength she didn’t know she had. “I almost died,” she continued, not taking her eyes off the shaking primate, “And then I realized what a mistake it was to leave without speaking my mind. I was late one day. One freaking day out of a hundred seventy eight, and you lay me off just like that. You think that’s fair?!”

“Unhand me, you savage!” Mr. Finnegan demanded. He couldn’t believe the smaller canine boasted

such physical strength. He wasn't a fighter, but he was no pushover either. Being held down like this was inconceivable to him. "I see no reason to explain myself to you. You're just another cog in my machine. If you don't like it, you could quit, but that isn't an option any longer, is it?!"

"Fuck you!" Stormy's growl came out even louder, "I slaved away for you! I did everything you asked for and more. I weathered abuse and exploitation and never spoke up. I saw you lay good people off and didn't speak up. You know what? I'm done holding it in! I'm done letting people like you push me around! I'm done being put down!" With each increasingly louder complaint that Stormy voiced out, the volume of her words picked up not just in volume but pressure.

To Mr. Finnegan, he was speaking to an irrational, rabid animal. He couldn't escape her grip, but he wasn't willing to take this outrage for much longer. "Enough! I gave you a chance, but it looks like you're insisting on this absurdity. Security!" he yelled at the top of his lungs. For the next few seconds, Mr. Finnegan was left staring at the angered wolfess, with nobody coming to the executive's aid. "Security!" he tried again, but nobody answered. "What's the matter? What am I paying you fools for?!"

"Shut up! Shut up! This is your fault! This is everyone's fault! Stupid job, stupid weather, stupid sickness!" Stormy roared as she grew increasingly more frustrated. She couldn't handle the clashing emotions within herself. There was a part of her that couldn't believe she had gone this far; she had always avoided trouble and initially this was the reason she had walked off without putting a fight. A more prevalent, instinctive approach, however, felt liberating. Perhaps a little too liberating; as the rage burning within her heart was growing ever more intense. Stormy felt as if there was something dangerous wanting to come out, and the more she let her frustrations out, the harder that caged beast gnawed at its prison. "Aghh... nnngh!" a strong headache made her relent, giving her grip on Mr. Finnegan up in order to hold by her head. She fell to her knees, her entire body shuddering.

"Crazy rabid mutt! I'll sue!" Mr. Finnegan quickly jumped off his chair and increased the distance between the clearly unstable wolf girl and himself. "Just as soon as I fire my..." he turned to the door and stopped cold. The gorilla hadn't been able to see outside because Stormy had been in front of him all along. His eyes froze when he finally saw the reason security wasn't responding, "...security guards."

Another gorilla and a rhinoceros lay unconscious on the ground. Mr. Finnegan shivered as insecurity seized him. He had been wondering why they hadn't stopped his ex-employee before she even made it to his office, especially when he had made it clear he wasn't to be disturbed. He was out of shape, but his guards were hired for their powerful muscles, he couldn't believe they had been taken out so easily. "Th-this is madness..."

"For once," a distorted voice groaned out from behind the executive, whose legs were completely unwilling to cooperate for the moment. A tall figure rose from behind Mr. Finnegan, completely looming over him, "You and I agree on something. This *is* maddening."

With what little willpower the gorilla had left, he managed to turn his head around. The wolfess was back on her naked feet. The remains of her shoes gathered at her larger foot paws, which had grown larger in size alongside with the rest of her. The clothes on her body were stretched beyond looking presentable. Her skirt had split down the middle, barely covering her longer legs. Even though her chest area didn't particularly stick out, the expansion of her torso had managed to pop buttons off.

Whereas Stormy could have counted herself lucky to come up to Mr. Finnegan's chest before, she was now towering above him by a good four inches. The wolfess' hands twitched as she jittered



irregularly, like somebody who had one too many cup of coffees with extra sugar. “What... are you?” Mr. Finnegan took steps back very slowly, but the distance remained the same as Stormy stomped towards him. With her extremely tall height brushing 6’9”, it was difficult not to be afraid of the wolf’s imposing appearance.

It wasn’t just the modified height. Stormy had been going through even more changes than she had given herself credit for, and she was still going through more. She could feel them now. Each time her body shuddered, something new happened to her. Her lower jaw elongated with her fangs almost doubling in size. Her canine teeth poked out of her mouth like some sort of saber-tooth now. The wolf’s muscles were thickening, gaining mass to better represent her overwhelming new strength. Bulging biceps shredded through her short sleeves while thickening thighs decimated her ripped skirt. She was becoming truly statuesque and chiseled. Her tail seemed to fill out like a long balloon being blown up, but instead of rubber the appendage now consisted of muscular coils just as tough as the rest of her, gaining a pointed tip at the very end.

Bones creaked as they shifted and enlarged in order to support Stormy’s increasingly larger mass. The fabric of her clothes busted at the seams as her body outgrew its pathetic constraints. Stormy growled as she could feel herself growing bigger, stronger, more powerful. On the same vein, she could see her tormentor, Mr. Finnegan, as increasingly more pathetic looking. Stormy swung an oversized arm at the gorilla, knocking him off his feet. The executive groaned, the wind knocked out of him. “How do *you* like it, Finnegan?!” Stormy’s claws balled into fists as she shook them furiously above her, “How does it feel to be pushed around?! How does it feel to be at the mercy of someone bigger than you? *Stronger* than you?!”

“H-help...! Help me! Somebody help me!” the gorilla couldn’t believe his eyes. He could barely move his lips to talk with his midsection having been slugged in like some sort of punching bag. His employees seemed to have vanished from sight. “Help! Someone! Anyone?!” he cried out as he saw the monstrous wolf in front of him surge with additional size. Finnegan could only crawl away into the hallway before he saw Stormy literally bash her head through the doorframe’s top in order to get through without bending over. “Ahhh!”

“GET BACK HERE, FINNEGAN! I’m not done playing with you!” Stormy yelled, her distorted voice reverberating as she punched a hole in the wall next to her. “You made me stay behind to paint this stupid wall for a raise you never gave me!” she stomped down towards the crawling gorilla, grabbing him by the collar of his suit before throwing him into the recreation wing.

Mr. Finnegan couldn’t do much more other than groan as his body was battered with prejudice. He could only thank his luck for the lack of burns on his body because nobody had the idea to set the coffee maker on that yet. The appliance shattered against his back as Stormy smashed him against it.

“Is the coffee still terrible?! DO I HAVE TO MAKE IT AGAIN?!” Stormy mocked as she exuded brutish strength.

“Freeze right there!” the voice of a policeman caught Stormy’s attention. She turned to see a bunch of cops pointing their pistols at her.

“Ahh! Finally! H-help, help me!” the bruised gorilla summoned what little strength he had left and made a run for it. He tripped over himself, but caught himself at the right moment to jump behind the police officers. “She’s crazy, officer! She wants to kill me! You have to help me!”

There was a very short moment of silence during which the authorities and the monstrous Stormy

exchanged looks. The wolf girl's body shuddered and she grew another three feet taller, having to hunch over as she closed in on the ceiling with her head. She snorted at the disbelieving eyes of the startled officers. The shaking gorilla behind them was shaking so much it looked like he was about to have a stroke. Those reactions made Stormy feel something she'd never felt before. She was feared.

"You will stand down!" one of the canine officers demanded, standing forwards with his gun still pointed at the looming wolfess. "We have questions. So stop... stop whatever it is you're doing and submit to an interrogation, miss!"

"What is there to ask?! I... I charge her with assault and battery! And trespassing! And damage to property!" Mr. Finnegan shouted from behind, "I have money, I have connections! I'll sue you for all you have, thirty four!"

"Awful brave, aren't you little man?!" Stormy began to chuckle as she shambled forwards. It was getting hard to move thanks to her continuously increasing size. The pupils in her eyes were starting to thin out, remaining as vertical slits like those on a reptile, which made the gorilla squeal like a helpless pig before he hid back behind the law enforcers. Her clumsy tail was knocking over lamps and fans as well as the furniture her stature was too big to be concerned for.

"We said to freeze!" the cop in front of Mr. Finnegan, a tiger, insisted. "Final warning, you overgrown freak. You take one step closer and we're taking you down!"

"Take *me* down?" Stormy was starting to shudder again, but this time her ongoing transformation had nothing to do with it. The unfairness of the situation was starting to get at her. These cops had no way to know what she had been through, nobody could. "Why do you want to take *me* down?!" she snarled out, her tongue taking a stab at the air as it elongated like the oral muscle in a viper. "He's the one who abuses his personnel. He's the slime bag you should be putting in front of a judge! Interrogate him! Ask him how many lives he's destroyed!" Stormy demanded while pointing a finger at the cowering gorilla behind the tiger cop, balling her other hand into a fist. At that precise moment, a guttural crunching sound announced two spikes made of bone shooting back from each of Stormy's elbows.

"What are you waiting for?!" Mr. Finnegan cried out, "She's a monster. Shoot her! Do whatever you have to. Save me!" he panicked as he watched the menacing creature swell taller still, the back of her head already pushing up against the ceiling and cracking it against its upwards advance.

"Hey, back off!" the tiger cop grunted as he struggled with Mr. Finnegan hugging his arms around him in desperation. "You're gonna make me...!"

"No!" the canine officer yelled as discharge occurred. There was a loud bang as a single bullet fired into the air, hitting Stormy squarely in the stomach. The impact caused Stormy to flinch and burp.

She brought one of her paws up. Her big clawed nails had begun to fuse with the digits in her hand, creating sharp talons that could've sliced a thick packet of salami to ribbons in mere seconds. Yet these talons did nothing to harm her muscular abdominals where she managed to pluck a flattened bullet from. "You're the monster in my eyes, Finnegan. And you know what? These guys don't know it."

"Is she... is she for real?" the canine officer fell to his knees as he watched the enlarging, muscular furry creature disposing of a bullet to the stomach as if it had been a harmless pebble.

“L-look, I didn’t mean it!” the tiger stuttered in a panic as he held his arms up while holding his firearm down. “It was this guy’s fault!”

“I... I will not be made a fool...!” Mr. Finnegan yelled, quickly seizing the tiger’s gun off his paw before aiming it at Stormy. “Die! Die die die!”

“Hey! Stop that!” the tiger shouted, wanting to stop the madman, but the truth was he felt powerless in front of the seemingly invulnerable behemoth. He couldn’t even seize the gorilla down.

Stormy shut her eyes and growled as each blast from the pistol merely tickled her chiseled form. It seemed that with each hit she took, her skin further hardened over her newly grown muscles, giving her tough armor-like hide under grey fur. “You’re not stopping him. You really think I’m the monster, don’t you?” she started to laugh. The seemingly harmless chuckle turned into an unsettling giggle that quickly grew into a mad uproar of hyena-like vociferation. “You people are unbelievable!”

“Ahhhh! Die! Die...!” Mr. Finnegan cried as he kept pulling on the trigger even as the ammo on the gun’s clip ran out.

“Just standing there, looking at me like I’m about to chomp your head right off!” Stormy grinned, holding by her head as she found the irony of the situation to be delightfully amusing for some reason. The old her would’ve been on her knees, beyond helpless due to this unholy mutation she was going through, crying out for the police to listen to her side of the story. Even she didn’t know what was happening to her or if it would ever stop. “Just let him shoot. Give him another gun! Shoot me,” she taunted them with tears of joy in her eyes, “SHOOT ME!”

Her enraged scream was so powerful, so absolutely forceful that it blew both officers and Mr. Finnegan right out of the break room. “You want a piece of me. You want to see him shoot him because you can’t do it yourself!” she still taunted from the room as dust from the cracks in the ceiling started raining down. She was growing far too big to be contained within the area. “Ngghh...! Shoot the monster, come on! You can’t see the monster behind you, so you focus on the one in front, don’t you?”

Stormy couldn’t stop herself. The rational side she had always relied on had been pushed to the recess of her mind. All the pent up anger and all of her frustrations were coming out at once, changing her, becoming fuel for her transformation. “FINE!” she roared out impatiently, tearing a hole open in the office’s ceiling with her talons. “Gimme your best shot, idiots! I have nothing to fear. Not anymore!”

She wasn’t talking to anybody at this point. One of the cops had been knocked out by the sonic blast her powerful vocal chords had created earlier, and he had to extract both him and Mr. Finnegan out. But Stormy didn’t care. Her rage had escalated to such a point that her reptilian eyes couldn’t distinguish between good, neutral or bad. “Everybody’s out to get me. I’m done! I’m fucking done playing punching bag for you all! MY TURN NOW!”

With that angry declaration, Stormy’s body exploded with size. Whatever little piece of cloth that remained on her body either was pushed off or sank forever into her proportionately lengthening body fur to never be seen again. Her head fit through the hole in the ceiling of the second floor and into the roof as she grew bigger and bigger. The creature’s broad shoulders impacted against the surface, which widened the hole as the rest of her body pushed out in its expansion. Even her chest contributed to the rooftop’s destruction as her breasts expanded to such sizes that each globe of mammary flesh became comparable with her own head.

The altered beast couldn't go on without paying extra attention to her enlarged chest. In a different time, Stormy would've been completely flabbergasted and overjoyed at seeing her increased bust size. As she continued to outgrow her old workplace, thoughts turned to her old idea of vacationing in the beach. If circumstances had been any different and instead of turning into a rage-fueled monster she had only kept these monstrously sized breasts at her chest, she would have been a killer sight in a bikini. For the briefest of instants, she felt compelled to bring her claws to those round fleshy spheres, adoring her curves in one last moment of attachment to what her normal self used to look like. The building around her was shuddering.

At first, the public gathered outside could only hear the incoherent ramblings of a distorted, enraged voice coming from Mr. Finnegan's office. This was followed by quaking tremors as the entire building vibrated as if being slammed from the inside. Bricks were starting to fall off the walls, concrete breaking off the edification. The giant head of a huge fanged wolf with reptilian eyes and snake-like tongue hissing out made the group outside erupt into a panic. "THAT'S RIGHT!" Stormy roared in response, "Scream! Yell! Hate me! Take it out on me while you still can, because I hate you all that much more!" one of her arms thrust out of the building's sides, at this point looking like she was wearing it like a shirt. The enlarging giantess was growing so fast that her body had collapsed the second floor into the first and yet she still had her head outside. Grabbing around, Stormy flexed her muscles, crushing more walls with her huge biceps. She punched through with her other arm and repeated the action on the other side, crunching the building apart to rid herself of her constraint. "Are you watching, Finnegan?" she hysterically laughed again, "Look at what I think of your stupid office!" she sank her giant hands down and with a grunt pulled the foundations and first floor walls up and against her, smashing it into dust against her legs, hips and rump. "OOPS. DID I JUST BREAK IT ALL LIKE PAPER MACHE?!"

Panting with her long tongue hanging out all the way down to her breasts, the gigantic Stormy flashed a wicked grin to the stunned population literally at her feet. "What?! Never seen demolition service? HAVE ANOTHER DEMONSTRATION THEN. RRRRRAAAAAH!" she roared out in blind fury, driving one of her fists into the nearest building. "GRRAAAAAH!" she stomped down on a nearby fire hydrant and the bus stop next to it. "HATE ME! FEAR ME!"

It was hard for Stormy to tell whether the public hated or feared her more, but she was certain of one thing. She had never felt this good in years. The grueling efforts, the nights without sleep, the thankless hours, the constant dread and pressure; everything was so meaningless now that she had the power to do what she wanted. Stormy ripped the building her arm had entered, slashing it in two with the sharp spike on her elbow. The water under her soles felt cool as it attempted to come out of the broken hydrant spot she had stepped on. Everything felt brisk and fresh, as if she had just come out into the world for the first time in her life. She wanted this freedom. She wanted to cause even more fear on those she perceived as enemies of this freedom. Stormy wanted to force them to understand there was no use in trying to keep her down anymore. And her body seemed to agree as it continued to swell.

As the 30ft. tall giantess stomped down the asphalts, she was being chased by more members of law enforcement in their patrol cars. They tried shooting her down by using increasingly more powerful ordinance: From higher-caliber rifles to controlled explosives to minimize the damage this creature was causing seemingly on a whim. Nothing appeared to work. Each time they hit her with something, her body seemed to adapt and grow more resistant to damage, slowly turning her impervious.

Stormy was like a parading natural disaster, sticking her arms out with a threatening grin as her talons shredded through increasingly closer buildings. "This place's getting crowded!" she cheekily remarked as her body expanded larger still, towering over most of the basic urban edifices at 50ft.

tall. At that point any building shorter than her mid-section became a target to the flare of her wide hips. They had grown impressively thick, and so had her muscular rump. The taut furry gluts smacked into buildings with each sway and demolished them under their weight. Her long prehensile tail was the one responsible for scooping cars, streetlights, anything that was in her way at the time that hadn't been flattened into a pancake by her powerful clawed feet. "Cars that look like toys..." Stormy paused as she deposited an abandoned vehicle in her palm. For some reason the tiny object in her new perspective made her feel amusement. "Yes. Toys. This city's my playground now!" She closed her talons around the car, crushing it in her grip. The vehicle inevitably exploded, but Stormy barely felt it, and she discarded the smoldering piece of scrap into the asphalt, where it landed like a flaming meteorite.

There was simply no stopping the rapidly growing giantess. She was on a rage-fueled power trip, taking out all of her repressed anger in the form of a tantrum the entire city now had to pay for. The police had no means to contain her. The more Stormy destroyed, the more her game escalated. She had started with buildings, but she was soon smashing her fists through public transportation. Her foot stomped down into the subway and she decimated the highway. Her tail and elbow spikes sliced through everything. She severed power lines, and the shocks of electricity didn't seem to be doing much in the ways of stopping her. Every time she saw an obstacle in her way, she took it down indiscriminately. And this only helped make her bigger it seemed.

Stormy was already reaching triple digits in size, and her game saw no reprieve or respite. She couldn't let up. The lives she was ruining under her might had no value when compared to her angst and despair. This mindless destruction she had become so fixated on was her only outlet, and she wouldn't let anything stop her. At 120ft. tall, Stormy could throw her arms around a building and squeeze it into a compressed tower of shattered glass, wrecked concrete and bent metal. She could sit on the smaller ones and crush them under her powerful rump. She could even literally bat large billboards into the sky by swinging her tail. The experience was liberating, but she needed more.

It was an indescribable sensation. The bigger she became, the less she could see of the people her power and size were terrorizing. At the same time, she could hear their helpless screams and cries of desperation. "You couldn't lie off me, could you?!" she leaned down on two buildings, compressing them under the weight of her hands. As she adjusted her position and her breasts dangerously swung above the ground like two giant wrecking balls, Stormy delighted her eyes with numerous tiny people scattering about like ants under the rain. "That's right. Run. Run little insects! This is MY playground! MIIINE!" she roared out loud while arching back. During her monstrous growl, Stormy also let out a torrent of flames that upon contact with the smoke coming from the chimneys of a nearby factory caused a devastating explosion.

Once the dark cloud cleared up, the 150ft. tall Stormy dusted ash off her form and reveled in her newfound ability. Her aspect never seemed to have bothered her. It didn't matter to her how monstrous she became, only that she kept gaining more and more power to give colorful shows of her unbridled fury. With a bit of practice that got easier the more massive she became, it wasn't long before a good chunk of the metropolis had become a sea of flames perfectly mimicking the tumultuous state of her heart.

The military arrived to see the atrocity and saw no chance at all to negotiate, much less reason with the monster. Armored personal carriers wheeled in from all four cardinal directions as the best of the best gathered to counter the 200ft. tall terror looming over the once beautiful city. Stormy didn't see them until they started firing their pitiful cannons at her. Rocket propelled grenades, high-yield armor-piercing tank shells, anti-materiel bullets. The hail of gunfire and fiery blasts was drowned by the unsettling hyena-like laughter that reverberated from the ensuing cloud of gunpowder residue and smoke. "MY TURN!"

An unstoppable barrage of gigantic spikes cut through the smoke curtain, bore through the reinforced alloy plating protecting the APCs and began sweeping vehicles, asphalt and military personnel all together in a violent upheaval of force. The ground below Stormy soon caught fire as she breathed flames capable of melting steel in seconds directly at the ground, turning the ground under her ankles into true inferno. Her feet, just like the rest of her, appeared completely immune to her own flames; not even her fur seemed to catch on fire. When the smokescreen cleared, the surviving members of the strike team witnessed those sharp spikes retract back into the giantess' body, repositioning at different parts of her back and shoulders like conical protrusions. With a swift combination attack, Stormy had reduced over half of the resistance into smoldering heaps of scrap metal.

"Who wants some more?" the female titan flexed in victory, swelling even bigger still. Her constantly mutating form kept giving her the edge in combat, and her size made her an unstoppable force. She was a muscular and curvy ball of fury ready to obliterate anything in her way. "WHO WANTS A PIECE?!" she screamed before dunking her head down and literally chomping the top of a building off in a fit of impatience. Stormy's oversized fangs crunched glass and metal like they were graham crackers. She held the building in her mouth as she shook it around frantically like a chew toy, drool sputtering from her maw. Even her saliva was a hazard to those below, as even a single droplet would crash down with the might of a waterfall and wash everything away. She didn't even care if she swallowed the building or not. As far as she was concerned, nothing could stop her; and she was way above an upset stomach at this point.

"Give me more. Hate me more so I can hate you back even harder, world! I don't care who, come get some!" Stormy screeched so loudly that the developing flaps under her cheeks and to the side of her neck began to vibrate, sending out devastating sonic surges in her surroundings. The racket was unbearable and it was so strong that the sound waves managed to cause buildings to collapse simply by being too close to Stormy. She was already 500ft. tall and nowhere near stopping. "More... more... more!"

The feeling was incredible. Nothing compared to it. She felt so massive, so powerful and unstoppable. Stormy was full of energy. Fatigue and she could never be one again. Clarity of mind came with obeying her most primal nihilistic desires. She could literally rip a chunk of whichever city block she was stomping on at the time and sink her fangs into it like a particularly flavorful meatball and it tasted good. Everything was going her way for a change, and she liked it this way. The only thing that could make it better was experiencing more growth. Her body was stretching towards ludicrous heights, and all Stormy could do was bask in the glory.

Her body shuddered and another burst of energy caused her to flare upwards of 600ft. tall. Stormy was consumed by the pleasure, her body growing hot simply by virtue of sensing her mass occupying more and more space, robbing everything that once was there of its spot to place even more of her in there. The giant creature moaned in absolute bliss, hugging her curvaceous and Amazonian physique as she grew bigger and bigger. Her clawed feet were now growing into the miniature-like buildings, crashing into them as she took over whole blocks with her form with each passing moment. She was experiencing the ecstasy of evolving into the ultimate form of her expressive wrath, inexorably destroying a city by merely standing atop of it.

It was because of that very reason, that the 800ft. tall and growing giant monster couldn't stop destroying her surroundings simply by existing, that the organized movement dedicated to do everything in their power to eliminate the threat decided to pool their resources into their most powerful attempt at stopping her. Their enemy was so utterly consumed by her own arrogance and seemingly unlimited power that she was standing there like an ever growing target. The

government, after seeing their initial military response had hopelessly failed to contain the threat, had authorized the inevitable nuclear option to be used against the monster.

The operation went underway without delay, and soon an ICBM was on its way to collide with the constantly enlarging monster, currently at a devastating four digit size. Stormy's relatively gargantuan ears twitched to the sharp sound of metal cutting through the air at high speed and she opened her reptilian eyes at the precise moment the missile struck her on the center of her chest like an appropriately sized sniper bullet. The ensuing nuclear blast wiped out every last trace of the evacuated metropolis that Stormy had moved in years ago. Only the very outskirts were spared from the intense and ravenous sea of flames, and even then the fallout had irradiated the resulting wasteland.

Bottles of champagne were being uncorked faster than glasses could be poured. The horrible backdrop of a mushroom cloud on LCDs was reason to celebrate. However, celebrations came to a quick and sudden end once someone pointed out an electrical storm that should not be there could be seen crackling along the smoke of the explosion.

From the center of the blast, four absolutely colossal yet flat objects pierced the heavens. Their sides flapped and suddenly the flat figures spread into a magnificent double wing span that stretched from one end of the destroyed city to the other and beyond. Two glowing spheres the same color as the radioactive storm shone through the thick curtain of smoke as it dissipated, revealing what everyone feared to be true.

Swelling at an unprecedented pace, empowered beyond even her wildest imaginings and feasting upon the residual radioactivity, Stormy grinned like an absolute sadist. Her eyes had all but disappeared under the bright radioactive glow. She flapped her four giant wings as she stood up, even bulkier than before, and roared out like the monster she had turned into.

Whether Stormy noticed it or not, the grand increment of size had left her more buxom than ever. She was a Herculean sight to behold, with chiseled muscle yet the proportions of a lady in her curves. The monster's pectoral mass and breasts worked together so well that her chest pushed out prominently like a pair of doomsday bombs the size of a city each. Her boobs were so round and perky that they appeared to have their own gravity holding them out in perfect presentation. Even though she was turning into the monster to end all monsters, there was no denying that her figure was beyond attractive.

A slew of long tendrils had grown out of her once hairless head, creating a mane of squirmy tentacles that she could manipulate with the same dexterity as the detachable spikes decorating her back and shoulders. Stormy's tongue had tripled into three squirmy and forked oral muscles. She now had two tails whose tips had changed from sharp pointed into thick bludgeons full of spikes. Her ears had melted into her skull, and two massive horns had replaced them, crowning her tendril infested head.

The nuclear energy her body had been forced to absorb had not only accelerated her transformation, but her growth as well. She now stood at an apocalyptical size, several miles tall, and had reached yet another evolutionary milestone. Looking down at the vast emptiness her gargantuan feet now stood over, Stormy's attention was caught by the surrounding cities she could easily jump on if she wished. But instead, she began to levitate with the strength of her four new wings. The flying monster focused her vision below, and her eyes got brighter and brighter until a pair of focused beams of energy blasted down into the first neighboring city she saw. From one moment to the next, everything in that city and its immediate vicinity became instantly vaporized.

Stormy didn't gloat this time. She knew she didn't have to. She could tell by now that whoever had decided to bomb her in an effort to stop her, whether an individual or a group, had instantly made themselves target to hatred of the public she had been terrorizing. That was one of the biggest pleasures she had just come to embrace.

As she floated above the remains of the cities, the giantess peered at the sheer bounty ahead of her. There was so much around her, so much to outgrow and to destroy. And it was so easy to do now that she had achieved clarity over her actions. Just by turning around to do something as simple as surveying the coastline, her insanely long tails swept across tens of miles at a time, acting like unstoppable steam rollers.

The cruel giantess knew no mercy or boundaries to her rage anymore. Consumed by her emotions, she had become a storm of biblical proportions bent on purging everything under her righteous fire. Stormy the wolfess was no more, and she had transformed into the destroyer. The world would tremble before her might.

The End.