

Today was a day that would forever be marked in history. Today was the day that the famed researcher of ancient lore, Dr. Isaac Danielson, would unveil his greatest finding before the world. The thirty year old human male was extremely passionate about his research on the ancient Terraria tribe; a tribe thought to have been long extinct, leaving only their remains and relics behind.

But today was different.

Danielson stood proud at the podium, allowing the viewing audience to settle down first as he looked about the open fielded venue near the center of town that was chosen for the display, then to the large 70ft capsule that housed his latest finding. If one looked carefully, one could see what the capsule housed behind its green tinted glass: it was a large creature, roughly 50ft tall, fast asleep within the container. Positioned around the venue were numerous armed military forces, on the off chance something would go wrong; the good doctor felt it was better to be safe than sorry.

"Ladies and gentlemen," began the good doctor, "Today I bring to you a discovery far greater than of those that have come before. What I have before you is a fully intact Terrarian pod housing one of the giant, powerful species of the Terrarian race: a Guardian!" Danielson exclaimed proudly as he waited for his audience to settle once again.

"As you already know, your standard Terrarian is barely any taller than you and I, but Guardians ran the average of *ten times* of our sizes, and perhaps even larger. To discover a working Terrarian stasis pod meant to preserve the race during their great crisis is perhaps nothing short of a miracle, even more so to have a living, breathing Guardian within!" Danielson beamed to the crowd and signaled to his colleagues to carry out the activation of the capsule.

The activation in itself was quite the show. The capsule started to glow brightly with a strong green light while releasing a blast of a lime colored mist. The crowd oohed and aahed at the display, marveling in the curious advancement of this ancient magical technology.

Two minutes passed and the light and the mist began to fade; the capsule slowly opening afterwards to reveal the surviving Terrarian Guardian within. This particular Guardian was female; a hulking giantess of 20ft with powerful muscles that remained intact without atrophy due the preservation of the magical stasis of the capsule. Her body was covered with fur; colored with dark earthly tones of light and dark browns, decorated with even darker brown spots and a bed of white hair covered her head. Like most Terrarians, she carried feline-like qualities in her physical build; a long, prehensile tail, a short muzzle and small feline ears on the sides of her head. Her clothes were merely pieces of cloth necessary to cover her private features: a make-shift bra of thick cloth wrapped about her large breasts, shoulders and neck; more than capable of supporting her heavy chest and covering it. About her waist was a thick, reddish colored loincloth that served to cover the obvious.

"Isn't she incredible, ladies and gentlemen? Once she awakens, we will all be able to interact with a living, breathing Terrarian!" exclaimed the good doctor.

The giant, muscular feline slowly opened her eyes, revealing a piercing yellow gaze with orange pupils. She noticed all the smaller creatures staring at her from her seats; her ears twitching to all the murmuring and muttering of the crowd, and the loud blaring of the doctor's voice over the speakers in a language she didn't understand. She took one powerful step out of the capsule, causing the stage she was upon to shake and creak under her weight. She looked around in sheer confusion; ears drooping as she stepped out to see a world completely unfamiliar to her. How long had she been asleep? Where were her people? Where were their homes? Another heavy step came upon the stage as she continued to look around like a lost child.

"Isn't she incredible, ladies and gentlemen?" asked the doctor with incredible pride, "Now please, don't confuse her anymore than she is. She's been asleep for over a millennium, this world will look strange and different to her," He urged, "She will not understand our language and we will not understand her. We must remain calm and be gentle and welcoming with our body language. I will attempt to communicate with her, using the limited knowledge I have of the Terrarian language," said Danielson as he stepped down from the podium and leaned toward one of the nearby guards, "Be prepared," He said armed guard before he started across the stage to approach the Guardian.

She continued to look around in hopes some familiarity would come back to her, but there was nothing, nothing familiar about what she once knew in what she saw. Just the humans that stared at her, talked about her in that odd language. She tried to think back to the moments before she was put to sleep, but everything was fuzzy; she awakened in less than two minutes ago, every thought was fuzzy.

"Excuse me!" called out the doctor as he approached the giantess and stood at her paws. She couldn't understand his words, but he certainly caught her attention and appealed to her feline curiosity.

There was something to be said to see this five story mass of muscle and cuteness move so quickly and so gracefully, as she bent down to get a closer look at the strange, hairless male trying to communicate with her. She tilted her head in confusion for a few moments before bringing her head back upright. As she looked the man over, something odd overcame her. She leaned in even closer, face to body; an action that startled Danielson at first, but his reply came with a gentle touch on her nose as he pat it lightly.

She kept her eyes locked on the human, lazily flicking her tail back and forth. She took a light sniff at him, still curious; there was something familiar about him...no...about his species, but she couldn't quite get a handle on it. Trying to remember made her head hurt. She recoiled away from the man and clutched her forehead, shutting her eyes tight as her head stung with pain.

She started to remember.

They called it The Great Crisis: The span of time where the Terrarian civilization fell; a grueling four month period where the Terrarians were attacked for their land, their resources, and their magic. She could remember her sisters and brothers that were killed, she could remember the fire raining down from the skies; they were outnumbered and eventually overpowered. Many were taken, many were killed; numerous scholars sought to preserve their race, getting as many as they could into those stasis

capsules. She wanted to fight to the end, but she was urged to preserve the future of their race among with many others.

Was she the only one to make it?

Why did this man spur these memories?

This man. This human. This hairless ape.

She remembered now.

They were attacked by humans!

“Hairless primates!” She roared out in her native language at the doctor who was flown back by the sheer force of her anger.

The audience gasped collectively as the armed guards pointed their guns at the Guardian. The doctor was slowly helped to his feet while he still looked to giant feline in a mix of horror, confusion and empathy.

“Where are my people?! Why has your kind continued to thrive while mine go extinct at your hands?!” She roared out again, stomping her powerful foot in anger; driving her paw right through the hardwood while simultaneously forcing the stage to collapse under the force. The giantess stumbled slightly while the doctor was knocked off his feet once more and before he could recover, the Guardian’s thick, powerful fingers found themselves wrapped around his body and hoisted him up towards those furious yellow and orange eyes.

“W-wait! J-just hold on! Just calm down!” The doctor pleaded while wriggling in her strong grasp.

His face was buffeted by a blast of warm air coming from her noise as she huffed; the guardian growling deeply as she looked right at the man. Her grip tightened, forcing a painful gasp from Danielson as he choked out more pleas. Just then, there was a loud ***BANG*** as a sniper took a shot at the giantess; the high caliber bullet streaking through the air and nailing the Guardian in her left thigh, forcing her to drop down to one knee with a pained cry as blood seeped out of the wound, staining her fur.

“Wait! Wait! We were supposed to use tranquilizers! Not actual ammo!” The doctor yelled out.

The audience was driven into a frenzy; crowds of people bowling each other over in trying to escape. The sniper readied another shot as numerous armed guards started to advance on the feline with their weapons drawn.

“Sorry doctor, orders from higher up. We’re to subdue and bring her in for study,” said one of the guards.

“Stand down! Stand down! Don’t get her angry! We’ll all end up---whoa!” Danielson yelled out as he was suddenly pushed in the warm, snug and welcoming depths of her cleavage. For whatever reason, he realized that she felt she could get answers from him in some way or some manner. He didn’t want the

situation to get any worse than it already had, but there was nothing he could do. He resigned himself to his silken fuzz prison; rather...content with his surroundings. Her breasts were so soft and alive with their bobbing and jiggling, her strong heartbeat was oddly soothing. He could easily think up many worse places to be, that was for sure.

"She's taken the doctor, captive!" said one of the guards.

"It doesn't matter, our job is to take her down and bring her in!" Another one of the guards shouted as he raised his rifle to fire, but he would feel the wrath of the Guardian first hand.

They didn't know when it happened, but her fist came crashing down onto the man before he could fire; driving him deep down into the remains of the stage and deeper still into ground surface of the stadium with a solid crash followed by a harsh crunch. She left nothing more than a gruesome stain on the ground along with the red stains on the fur of her knuckles and stared at the remaining guard who was knocked over from the impact, scrambling to prepare his rifle. But it was far too late as she already stood over him with her foot raised.

A thud and a crunchy squish was all that came after once he disappeared underneath her paw.

"One hostage and two casualties!" a guard in the stands yelled into his radio, "The target is extremely dangerous and tougher than she looks!"

"I'm going to take another shot!" said the sniper as he locked onto the Guardian and fired.

Not to be caught off guard this time, the Guardian reacted instantly to the loudness of the shot. With a flick of her ears, she narrowly avoided the bullet with a quick step to the side and locked those angry eyes onto the source of the shot. While the sniper fumbled to ready his next shot, the Guardian quickly closed the gap from the center of the stands with the speed of a track star and the fifty foot height to cover the stretch in a matter of seconds. Upon approaching the stands she took a powerful leap towards them, crashing into the stands with powerful force. What wasn't sent flying was crushed underneath the feline's powerful form; feeling bystander and unlucky soldier alike.

Standing before her glaring eyes and clenched teeth was the sniper; visibly shaking in his boots as he struggled to aim his rifle, but before he could do anything with it, two large and fuzzy digits effortlessly pulled it away from his sweating hands and crushed it in between them. Next on the sniper's mind was to make a run for it, but the giantess moved faster than he could even think; he was snatched up in her furious fist and held right in front of her face, forcing him to stare right into those fiery orbs of pure fury. Even the doctor knew from his vantage point that she would have no mercy on the man who shot her.

"H-hang on! Please! We can talk about this!" the sniper pleaded as he squirmed as frantically as he could in her grip, which only caused her to squeeze down on his fragile body, "Ulp!" He choked out, feeling his bones strain against the pressure.

While the giantess couldn't understand his words, she knew what they meant; he was pleading for his life.

“If you could have only heard the cries of my people...the screams...the pain and suffering they felt. And you beg for your life, you make me sick,” she said in her exotic, ancient language. There was no mercy as she tightened her grip, ears flicking to the labored, breathless cries and blood drowned gurgles of the sniper accompanied by the chorus of his bones snapping and crunching; and with one final flinch of her fist; one loud ***SNAP***, the soldier fell limp. She tossed the dead body into the human mass of crowds fleeing for their life, causing them to scream more and further their panic.

She looked to the blood on her hand and huffed with a self resolution that many more of these flesh-exposed creatures will die today; for her, and for her people.

She started to make her climb over the bleachers to exit over the top of the stadium but paused in her climb the moment her hands gripped the top. She looked over her shoulders and saw the remaining soldiers mobilize in the middle of the stadium and point their guns at her. Without further hesitation, she hoisted herself over the top of the stadium and made a ground shuddering landing into the parking lot outside.

Fleeing masses looked up in horror at the giant, powerful feline that descended down upon them. Those unlucky enough to be caught under her paws were crushed deep into the tarmac while the rest were blown aside from the impact.

As she looked around, her feline curiosity took her out of the chaos for a moment as she regarded the vehicles many piled into and sped off in. How odd it was to see carriages not being pulled by animals; yet the growling noises these methods of transportation made furthered her curiosity more. Were the animals inside? Or were they animals themselves?

She was brought back to attention but the loud wails of sirens as more vehicles showed up on the scene, police officers and soldiers piling out and taking positions; more firearms locked on the giantess. Their numbers were increased still as the remaining soldiers took their own positions; high on the walls of the spectator area and the rest holding the ground as they poured out of the door.

The Guardian clenched her fists tightly and growled as she looked around. She was surrounded, weapons ready to fire as soon as she made a move while they yelled at her in their strange language. It was just like before, just like back then. Her people lost due to the sheer numbers of the hairless ones in addition to being unprepared for the attack.

But it wasn't going to be like last time. No, she was ready this time.

With the clenching of fists and her teeth came a deep rumble from within her body. Her muscles began to bulge as her body underwent an incredible change. Right before tens of thousands of eyes her body began to swell, stretch and expand at an incredible pace. The cloths supporting her breasts struggled to hold themselves against their immense swelling, eventually succumbing to their expansion and slowly tearing to bits. The same held true for her loincloth, unable to stay wrapped around her expanding hips and rear as they too also tore to shreds.

More and more eyes were set upon her in awe as she cast many around her in her shadow as she surged higher, growing ten times her previous height; from 50 to 500 in just mere seconds. The armed forces were far too stunned to do what they can, until one brave but foolish soul opened fire in fear. Others soon followed, unleashing a barrage of bullets at the massive feline, but their arsenal would only bounce off harmlessly, slowed down by her fur and unable to break the reinforced flesh and muscle underneath; they would be nothing more than simple pokes to her. She wasn't just ten times bigger; she was ten times more powerful and durable as well.

"Oh my heavens she's MASSIVE!"

"And our weapons don't seem to have any effect!"

"What do we do?"

"Retreat! Retreat!"

"She's starting to move!!"

Those fiery eyes burned like miniature suns high above as the Guardian gazed down upon her enemies. They all stood around her like mere ants before her house-sized toes. With a small grin, she slowly lifted her foot while they all started to flee; many speeding off in their vehicles while the rest took off on foot. Bits of crushed bodies and debris rained down from the soft, heavy sole of her foot as she raised it over a large section of the feeling masses and wiggled her toes before she brought it down with a powerful, ground quaking stomp. She delighted in the dozens of bodies popping under her incredible force and weight instantly; crushing her enemies underneath her might while shrugging off their futile attempts to stop her.

She followed the moving crowds; stepping down upon them like nothing as the city shivered under her powerful footfalls. Even their most sturdiest of structures were no match for her might. Windows were blown out instantly from the concussive force caused by her steps; her toes plowed through buildings like they were sandcastles and crumbled underneath her soles like they were made of paper. She was merely strolling along and leaving a path of satisfying destruction in her wake.

Her stroll came to a pause as spotted some much taller buildings just a mere few steps away. Some were almost as tall as she was while another was twice her height. Her feline curiosity overtook her again as she marveled at such tall structures, finding the humans just as interesting as they are dangerous. While they truly were weak; they had quite the talent to create and build, finding their weapons and buildings are proof of that.

With her ears perked up in curiosity, she parked her feet right on top of dozens of abandoned vehicles while bending down slightly to peek into the damaged windows of the building. She was in awe of the thousands of humans that occupied the building.

"There are so many...these tall structures must be a nest of some sort. No wonder they have such large numbers," She muttered in her ancient language, "These nests must be destroyed..."

The Guardian balled her right hand into a tight fist and plunged it right into the building; tons of debris exploding outward in all directions as she started to destroy the building with hardly any effort, letting gravity do the rest as the skyscraper collapsed into itself. She approached another, pressing her large, powerful and naked body up against it while wrapping her strong arms around the building; putting the structure in a bearhug of sorts. It wasn't too long before the multi million dollars building buckled, bent and broke against her crushing power; crumbling to bits before her might.

So easy and so effortless; there may have been many nests, but it took nothing to destroy them. She could only shudder to think how many humans there were now; how many other races have fallen to them due to their ability to breed and construct. She looked toward the next building, the one that was easily twice her size; perhaps a queen was in that one. The destruction of that nest and those within would certainly deal a major blow.

The armed forces would have none of it, however.

While the Guardian was occupied in demolishing the city, the soldiers were mobilizing. Tanks rolled through the broken streets while jets and attack choppers occupied the air; along with the occasional news van and news helicopter trying to report as much as possible.

The tanks were the first to move, rolling into position and opening fire on the massive Guardian. While she was preoccupied with her stroll to the next building, she was easily caught off guard by the initial shell exploding against her back with a fiery burst. The pain was negligible, but the impact was strong, causing her to stumble forward with her feet sloppily pulverizing anything unlucky to be underneath them. With a low growl she turned around, forcing the armed vehicles to unleash a barrage of tank rounds; blasting her over and over; knocking her and covering her in a plume of dust and smoke. The intense wave of tremors that followed led them to believe she was knocked over, allowing the jets to follow suit, launching their missiles into the mass of blasts; all the soldiers hoping the concentrated assault was enough to take her out.

Unfortunately for them, things just went from bad to worse. Before all the dust and thick smoke cleared, a larger than life hand swung out of the plume, colliding with a swooping jet which caused it to explode instantly on impact. Two more met a similar fate as that long, prehensile, feline tail lashed out at the two swooping in from behind.

But something seemed off and soon it all became clear.

The Guardian grew even bigger.

There was something to be said when your armored vehicles were rendered as insignificant as a small ant before a set of toes that took up your entire field of view. The Guardian had more than doubled her previous size; their attacks were even less effective than they were before. They could only watch, wait and pray as her foot loomed overhead and crashed down; ending them instantly, leaving nothing but perfectly flat remains of the tanks crushed into her paw print.

Her force was now far too overwhelming to be handled. The city was torn asunder by the powerful earthquakes caused by her heavy footfalls, everything near her steps were blown away by the incredible force of their impact; all the brick, steel, concrete and wood were as resistant as dust before her might as she easily wiped them out by merely walking along, her powerful legs colliding into them with explosive might. Her hostage was still trapped within the ever growing furred valley of her cleavage amongst the jiggling flesh under that bed of earthly toned fur.

The Guardian would continue her rampage until fatigue would take her, in which she would wander off in search of a secluded place in this strange new human infested world. She was last seen crossing the sea towards some unknown island, in which she disappeared for the time being.

With her grudge against humans made apparent, who knows when she would appear again.