

It's Not Easy Being Huge

by Xenny Diemes

The thing is about being a 15 foot tall werewolf with the ability to change the size of your body is the problem of getting any ride you can fit into, it was going to be a long, cold ride from Quantico. My name is Mercedes and I'm an officer of S.A.I.F. - Solterran Armed Interuniversal Force, one of many organizations that formed after Interrealm collapsed over a decade ago during the battle of Brookmont. After the collapse, every nation that was under the agency's protection soon formed agencies of their own, some followed the course of good while others, weren't so much. As a form of atonement while my nation barely survived a crisis it caused, the new government formed S.I.A.F. to deal with the rise of new threats that threatened the nation such as the Ka-tao insurgents and the Order of the Five Eyes.

I joined the group six years ago from the Army to be part of an experiment Interrealm long abandoned during the heydays of the war of the super soldiers: Project Atlas. I still remember myself struggling to control it all and thought I was going to explode but doctor Sati helped me control my new power and now I use it as a force to get the job done no matter what it is. My new talents earned me the codename Warwolf which helps strike fear in my enemies but doesn't help much with the locals. Soon overtime, I just gotten so used to having these muscles, it was getting less and less likely to turn back to my frail five-ten form. Eventually I made the decision to stay half the size Warwolf is, only shrinking out of convenience. I changed my whole wardrobe, moved to a loft and even started to keep this body fit through training and bodybuilding. This is who I am now, I chose to stay like this as a means to still be me while being what a scary universe needs me to be. But with changes, comes challenges, I learned soon enough that there is a difference between being born to be huge and just have it thrust upon you and still think like a little person.

Remember that ride I told you earlier? Well since I don't have a ride myself, so I still use public

transportation to get where I need to go. That's where I met my first problem, I forgot I was huge and can't fit into the bus, so I just only reached in to pay the fare and ride on the roof with the back dragging and screeching for miles. Where am I going? Well since I was granted a six-month leave from the force, I'm going to use this time to visit my parents. If they ask of what has happened to me, saying "Oh well, I've been subjected to a potentially dangerous experiment that would have killed me but instead, turned me into a size-shifting hulk that has been throwing herself into various missions that could have easily ended my life faster than an eyeblink" wouldn't cut it.

After getting the riot act from the driver for breaking the bus, I decided to hitchhike the rest of the way to the forest where my pack is. When I arrived, a fear drove up my back, it was the realization that I can't face my parents, my pack, at least, not like this. They still think of me as their little girl, and a runt to my siblings, not like this. I thought I was brave to face them like this but I can't it would be too much for them to handle, so I decide to shrink down to my regular size for now. Putting my backpack away, I then walked into the forest where the settlement lies, I couldn't wait to see them again, the hunts, the bonding the meals. It would be a welcoming that I would never forget. And then I get struck in the back off the head by a rock.

My vision was blurry and slowly I started to hear the sounds of hisses, snake hisses, it couldn't be possible, Ka-Tao insurgents? In my pack?! But it happened and they are holding my pack hostage. They already killed two of them which already made me angry and want to kill them all but I need to keep control. Getting angry only makes holding my size harder to control I need to learn more, then their leader showed up and grabbed my alpha by the throat demanding their gold and special assets. The Alpha is already in pain both physically and emotionally as much as I am of the two lost souls but the consequences of him releasing info of the "assets" would be greater. You see each pack, after the rise of hostile insurgents, decide to defend themselves with more than just tooth fang and claw, we have weapons, heavy weapons and if they get their hands on them they would kill more who get in their way.

I desperately seek to find my parents and see them on their knees, safe for now, until those monsters try to lay their hands on my father, threatening in front of the Alpha to kill him if he doesn't give it the location of the assets. I couldn't stand it and called out my father's name. It was both a bold and stupid idea, I know but my father didn't deserve this and I can't let another soul die. That's when their leader came up and grabbed my throat and decides to use me in my father's place. If he didn't give him what he wants, then my fate is in the arms of a python Ka-tao with muscles twice as big as mine as Warwolf. This was different, I'm no weakling and I can take them down. I told the Alpha to give up the assets and let me deal with them. He wouldn't listen and with good reason, he, my parents still see me as their little cub, not a soldier or the titan that I've become. But before I can tell them, it was too late for the Alpha to give in and I was thrown right into the arms of that scaly beast.

I can feel the pressure slowly growing around me, I know this brute wants to see me get crushed slowly instead of quick and clean like the last time I was in this position. That's where I saw them, the lamentation, the anger of seeing another one of their own get killed for standing their ground. Made worse by the fact that they think I'm the same little girl that left for the military years ago. That fear resided in me as well, the fear to face them as what I am now. As my vision slowly fades away in the crushing pressure I knew I was going to die. No! I'm not going to die, I'm also not that little girl anymore! I need to break free, and I need to get huge, now! The leader of the insurgents and the pack were in total horror of what I did, I explode! I grew so fast, his arms not only dislocate but are ripped right off his torso. Screaming in pain, I grabbed his torn-off arms and brutally beat the python to death with them. I then turned to them as I continue to grow right before them.

My jacket and pants can barely contain me and I didn't care if I'm going to fight with my tits out, I want them gone! I was then soon tacked by the rest of the insurgents in their pathetic attempt to stop me, but I broke free and send everyone of them flying, I'm now ready to take them, as Warwolf. The fight is brutal, some slashed me another tries to stab me in the arm but a broke his neck. Now with them off this got the others to fight them as well since they lost the incentive to take hostages. It

left me with the leader who was armed with his gun but I was too fast for him, werewolf speed helps with dodging heavy energy fire but then he lept in and bit my neck. If I was that little girl, I would have been killed instantly, as Warwolf however, it became a death sentence.

Like the python slowly crushing me, I slowly flexed my neck muscles, the leader grew desperate to get his mouth off but I didn't give him the chance to leave. My neck became grotesquely large and nearly choked myself but I knew he needed to die. But instead I only broke his jaw open far more than it could and he can't talk anymore. He reached for his gun but I break his neck before he can even reach for it. It was done, the threat is over. I came to face my parents as I finally relaxed and shrink again but this time at my new adopted size. I faced them, am I still their little girl, or a monster. But one thing's for sure, I wasn't afraid anymore of myself or the consequences that would come. They hugged me, and I welled tears. Though I got to let them understand that I couldn't tell them of how I became this way, I can tell them that it has been very useful in doing what she needs to do. After much talk, they came to understand and respected my choice. Even as I picked both of them up so they can try to wrap their arms around me, they will still think of me as their little girl/pup.

Soon after I had a talk with the Alpha who was on the verge of quitting and stopped him from making that mistake. I had to tell him the truth that these things happen, sometimes a leader has to make the hard choices even when they end with loss of life. I have known about the insurgents longer than he does and a massacre happened when one pack's assets were taken and were used against them and an adjacent town. By stalling and preventing them from gaining access, he saved the lives of hundreds of fellow werewolves, humans and other species in the region, by quitting, the lives lost would have been in vain. I put my hand on his shoulder and urged him not to leave when the pack needs him more. I wasn't just saying this as a pack member but as a soldier. He did the right thing by staying. After the funeral for those lost in the hostage crisis, we all howled, mines drowned out the others and be heard for miles. Sometimes I don't know my own strength even in my own voice. After the recovery, I did what I originally came for: To stay.

I hunted, I gathered, I did chores and reconnected with my pack. The cubs especially had their fun with me, I became a living jungle gym, letting them climb over my muscles even flexed a bicep to bounce a cub on and off. Being called “Miss Mountain” sort of felt encouraging of my new life but I knew it wasn’t going to last, I had to go back. It was going to be a tough goodbye but they all understood what I do, especially my parents. With one last embrace, I took my giant backpack and walked back to the main road to catch the bus which sadly was the one I broke as it zips right past me. So I decide to just walk, that’s right walk all the way back to Quantico. I survived hundred-mile hikes surely I can do it all the way from Dakota.

As I trekked the long road, I learned that it in this world, it really isn’t easy being huge but only if you’re never been used to it. And as I looked down at a puddle, for a moment I can see that small woman, that woman is me smiling back. At that moment I felt I was at peace with myself no matter what size I am, and with that, being huge isn’t all that bad.