

Above all else, it was just *odd* that he turned out to be so tiny. Not that he was anything other than average compared to other Pokémon, but considering his own kind's proclivities for large sizes, not to mention his family line being larger than average even *within* that category, the fact that Tyrone ended up stabilizing just under six feet in height left him, and everyone else around him, utterly perplexed. No one *wanted* to use the term "runt" to describe him, at least not to his face or in polite conversation, but it was hard not to think about it whenever he walked into a room with other Tyrunts and had to look upwards in order to have a conversation, let alone whenever he had to interact with a Tyrantrum and ended up feeling like he needed a megaphone. He tried his best to fix this issue through whatever means he could, but regardless of whatever cockamamey solution he came up with, nothing seemed to stick; he ended up sculpting his form into a beautifully muscular one, sure, but it didn't really make him any larger than he already was, nor did it do anything to usher in an evolution. This alone was the sole remaining "out" for Tyrone, the one remaining option for him to achieve his "true" size; seeing as most Pokémon received a size boost whenever they underwent their transformations, and his own kin had a penchant for making those be of truly *magnificent* scale, the tiny Tyrunt could only hope that, whenever his biology decided it was time for an upgrade, it would *give him* an upgrade. Sadly, no matter how hard he trained, no matter how much effort he put into it, he never felt any closer to an evolution compared to when he started, making it harder to get up from bed every morning that passed; the one thing keeping him going was the forlorn, near-mindless hope that maybe, if he just kept trying, he would stumble onto *something* down the line, no matter how unlikely that felt with each day that went by. It was either that or give up, and he wasn't about to do that, not after he'd put in so much work; granted, this sort of thinking was little more than weaponized sunk-cost fallacy, but if it served as fuel, then Tyrone wasn't about to complain. With every rep, every push-up, every pull-up and bench pressing, he *truly* believed that he was getting one step closer to that invisible line, beyond which his body would, at long last, give him what he wanted... but as he watched as the calendar blazed by and the weeks turned to months turned to years, the Tyrunt eventually came to accept the fact that maybe he was just condemned to a life as a pipsqueak, having to content himself with merely being rather tall compared to others not of his kin. It was an embarrassment at first, but as soon as he settled down and began focusing more on his career prospects, it was only a matter of time before it all slipped from his mind completely; it still took a while for the occasional flashes to disappear though, as occasionally the Tyrunt would still catch a glimpse of himself in the mirror at just the right time to trigger the same downward thought spiral that left him wondering why he couldn't be larger, but with some work, and plenty of patience, eventually he learned to just... accept it. And it was precisely here, at the exact moment where the last vestiges of his need for growth were swept aside and replaced with other, far more practical concerns, that fate threw him a curveball; perhaps the cosmos had been waiting for an opportunity to blindside him, having to wait until the Tyrunt had lulled *himself* into a false sense of security, or maybe he was just a really, *really* late bloomer compared to everyone else, but whatever the case may be, things radically changed without any kind of warning sign, one random Thursday afternoon. Things were going the way they usually did as

well, with no indication that the day would be anything other than monotonously ordinary; Tyrone himself was keeping busy moving concrete mix bags from one side of the construction site to the other in preparation for the next stage in the foundation work, when suddenly he felt himself growing hotter all over. At first, he was willing to ignore this, believing it might just be a case of it being a hot day out in general; along with him being inside a small vehicle *and* wearing safety equipment, it was entirely normal for him to experience a hot flash or two if there weren't clouds in between him and the sun. Yet, when this persisted even past the point where he found some shade to sit in, *that's* when he began worrying; it felt as if someone had literally lit a fire inside of him, not only making him feel unbearably warm all over, but adding a sensation of *pressure* along with it; if he didn't know better, Tyrone would've thought he was a second or two away from popping like a balloon, no matter how ridiculous that sounded. With the sensations refusing to abate, however, that thought began sounding less and less unlikely as time went on, until eventually he had to profusely apologize to everyone around him when he ripped his shirt off, no longer thinking straight, focusing purely on getting the heat to die down. By then, most of his coworkers had stopped doing whatever they were tasked with and had congregated around him, kept far enough away by a couple of folks who were smart enough to ask the crowd to give the Tyrunt space; emergency services had been called already and there were the occasional murmurs of how the poor guy was probably having some sort of heart attack... that is, until he began glowing. In an instant, everyone knew what was about to happen, and though most of the workers there had grown accustomed to the Tyrunt's relatively diminutive size, even they knew better than to stick around a potential disaster area just on the off-chance that the transformation wouldn't turn him into a giant like it did with everyone else of his species. Some tripped over themselves in their haste, having to crawl for a few feet before finding their footing once again, while others lunged at the nearest vehicle to get it out of the way of the inevitable explosion; meanwhile, Tyrone had frozen, his mind unable to truly process what it was feeling, choosing instead to block out every signal in a last-ditch attempt at protecting itself from the onslaught of sensory feedback it was being fed. The Tyrunt could do little but keep sitting there, watching as his entire form lit up like a lightbulb, the glow perfectly visible even under the light of the sun; at long last, his evolution had finally come, though why *then* of all times was a question he had no answer for, nor was he inclined to try and find one. All he knew was that it was *happening*, and looking gift horses in the mouth was not only rude, but also a surefire way of making sure they went away, and the *last* thing the Tyrunt wanted was to stall his transformation for even a second now that it had finally come. Mercifully, the sense of overwhelming pressure and heat began to abate, though it was less a matter of them disappearing as much as it was more of a... distribution. They were still there, but somehow Tyrone felt like they weren't as powerful as before, almost as if his body were "diluting" them in some way; it took a while for him to understand that he was actually, at long last, for the first time in *years*, growing! Ever since puberty, he'd been saddled with a body that refused to pack on extra height and mass, but no longer; now, gifted with the evolution he'd been chasing for so long, he could *feel* himself growing taller, wider, heavier, more *massive* in the most literal sense of the word, the bench he

was sat on groaning loudly as it rapidly failed to hold up the growing weight on top of it. Even when it snapped, it didn't bother Tyrone in the slightest; in fact, that he even managed to break his seat was yet further evidence of his burgeoning form, which served only to egg him on further, to batter down his mental defences until he was openly moaning thanks to the sensory dam being broken and his pleasure centers being *flooded* with all the signals they'd been deprived of. Looking down, and managing to stare past the glare, Tyrone could just barely make out the ground beneath him, growing increasingly distant as he picked up in height at a slow, but *very* noticeable pace; though it also ended, sadly enough, this process alone left him almost four feet taller, reaching a cool and nearly exact nine foot in height by the time the evolution finally stopped... though that was hardly the only change wrought to his form. After all, he *had* just progressed from a mere Tyrunt to a full-blown Tyrantrum, and though he still wasn't nearly as huge as he *should* be, it was still a significant upgrade in terms of his overall build and muscle mass; in fact, he was actually even more ripped than he had been before, quite the achievement given how much work he kept into maintaining his physique, which, coupled with the additional size gained from the transformation, left him looking more like a career powerlifter than it did a simple construction workers. It was certainly made easier to admire by how the evolution had completely ruined his clothes, bits of which still clung to him even as he stood up; no one could really blame him for the public indecency though, given how sudden it all was, so he took the time to indulge and trace his eyes over every inch of himself that he could see, marveling at his rippling musculature, the bulging pecs, the solid, rock-hard abs... and quite the package between his legs, which left his cheeks slightly redder than they really should be. Sadly, as much as the evolution had made him significantly larger than before, it was still so *underwhelming*; he was nine feet tall and wide enough that he wouldn't be able to fit through his apartment's front door later that day, but was that really it? He towered over every single person that dared to approach him after they figured it was safe enough, but was that really sufficient to satisfy his thirst for more? The answer was a resounding "no", of course; after years lusting after more size, more mass, more *everything* really, Tyrone had a very firm and clear idea of what he had always wanted his post-evolution size to be, and while his current form was a good first step, it wasn't nearly enough to satisfy his desires... and something had to be done about that. For the first time in his life, the now-Tyrantum didn't feel disappointment or despair as much as he did *indignation*; it was no longer a case of him not getting any results from his efforts, but far more him being sick and tired of the universe at large tugging on his strings like he was a silly puppet meant to dance to its tune, entertainment for some great unseen beast who saw him as a way of getting its dominance kink satisfied. Well, he wasn't going to have any of that anymore; he'd *just* evolved, and he wasn't about to stand there and do nothing while his body refused to give him more. Hell, even post-transformation he was still just barely as tall as other *Tyrunts* in his family, let alone the evolved ones who managed to loom over everyone as colossi of raw power; years wasted, and now finally he was given his prize only to have it cruelly pulled out from under him like that? He wasn't going to take it, and though he had no clue *how* he would exact his revenge upon the cosmos, that didn't stop Tyrone from trying; the one thing he could think to do was flex

his entire body, tensing his muscles up as much as he could, as if trying to burst free from himself like a fleshy cocoon; he willed himself bigger, screamed in his mind that he *needed* to be larger, hoping to hear his body creak and groan as it grew larger and larger with each second that he spent keeping every part of his body on the brink of a breaking point. And for a brief moment, it did genuinely look like nothing was going to happen; all Tyrone managed to do was nearly give himself a cramp on his everything, with the rest of his coworkers all staring at him as if he were some kind of lunatic, though still unsure if they should step back or not. For a brief moment, the Tyrantrum genuinely believed that that was it, that he wasn't ever going to become bigger, no matter how hard he tried, that his body was destined to be the smallest one in his family, himself the runt of the litter. But that couldn't be it, because he refused to accept it; it couldn't be that he was fated to be small, because that just wasn't an option as far as he was concerned. Never mind the fact that he wasn't in charge of the universe or that physical law wasn't something he could just modify or edit to his heart's content, Tyrone *refused* to accept living in a timeline where he didn't grow bigger, and thus, he simply *wouldn't*; the cosmos would either accept this and adapt accordingly, or he would *make it*, for there were no other options. And then the moment passed, with seemingly nothing having truly changed... externally, at least. It was in that brief instant of clarity, where Tyrone's purpose became clear, that everything was turned on its head; he had seen it, he had seen the structure of it all, he had seen what it was like to be a dominant force, to be the one in charge, to become everything that he could ever have been. Above all, he had seen the path there, so clear, so evident, waiting for him to walk it as he always should have; so he relaxed, letting his body go limp and giving everyone around him cause to breathe out a sigh of relief... and then he grew another couple of feet. It was so simple that he actually felt stupid that he hadn't realized it before, but there it was, staring him in the face: he merely had to *will* himself larger, and he would become so. How much larger, however, was still up in the air; given that he seemed fully capable of simply *growing* whenever he felt like it, suddenly Tyrone was left with the realization that he'd never actually set any particular number as something to strive towards. He'd wanted to be big, sure, but he never bothered to specify it beyond a vague and generalized "bigger than now"; this, of course, meant that the sky was the limit as far as he was concerned, especially once he focused yet again and gave himself yet another few feet overall, leading to his coworkers once again scrambling to try and get as far away as possible now that the *proper* growth spurt had finally kicked in. How precious they were, thinking that their friend and colleague was just like every other Tyrantrum out there; how blissful their ignorance, to truly and earnestly believe that Tyrone would merely end up as large as others of his kind, rather than breaking through every single size record in existence as if it was nothing more than a meek, powerless suggestion. He could feel it inside of him, the power to grow, the power to *become more*, welling up and multiplying at such a fast pace that the giant-in-the-making didn't know whether he could even control it or not; it was such a hot blaze, an inferno really, that if he spent even a second doing anything other than actively corralling it, then all that power would seep out and consume him in a glorious explosion of size and mass... and while that was undeniably something that he *wanted* to happen, Tyrone hadn't come all that

way only to be given a backseat to his own transformation. No, if he was going to grow, he was going to do so on *his* terms, at *his* rhythm, and if his body had any other ideas, then it was just plain wrong; it was through self-dominance and the realization of his own superiority that Tyrone had unleashed this newfound power of his, and it wouldn't be it running free from his grasp that ruined everything at the last minute. So, after taking a couple of deep breaths, the immense lizard once again focused himself, once again looked inward to that infinite wellspring of might, and unleashed yet another fraction of its total capacity; once again, his body surged outwards, everything that he was multiplied on itself, as if he'd been placed beneath some sort of growth beam. He wasn't like others of his kin, whose proportions were altered while they evolved, whose musculature and overall frame were warped in addition to being expanded; instead, he remained as he had been before, precisely *because* he already had the sort of body he'd always wanted, merely in a much smaller scale... and with his growth spurt being a result of him ordering himself to become larger, then what reason was there for his overall form to change at all? He kept his solid pecs, his diamond-hard abs, his legs and arms that both looked like they could be used to bend steel around, he kept his broad shoulders and thick neck, a shape that *oozed* raw power, a form that *screamed* indomitability. He kept it all, and just made it *bigger*: out and out, further and more, foot after foot gained whenever he felt like they should be gained, until Tyrone found himself becoming so tall that, when he opened his eyes, he legitimately felt a small bout of vertigo before his brain readjusted to his new point of view. The last time his peepers were open, he was still close enough to the ground that he had some frame of reference for it; nine feet tall, sure, but that was hardly so much that he couldn't easily adapt to it, even given his nominally short status for most of his life. Now though? Now he opened his eyes to see the roof of the building his company had been constructed to build, a roof that *should* have been several stories above his head, but was instead directly below, at just the right height that he could use it as an armrest by leaning onto it. Down below, the construction site looked so pitifully tiny that the first reflex that came out of the Tyranntrum's primal lizard brain was for him to shuffle his feet about, lifting one of them only to drop it down on the other side of the gated-off complex, lifting a dust storm at the same time as he produced a shockwave powerful enough to crack the very ground... before he did the same with his other foot, leaving him straddling opposite ends of the construction site, a true Colossus if ever there had been any. He enjoyed the mental image, so much so that he failed to notice his own power slipping away from him, only managing to catch it when he felt the pressure and heat within him rising without him telling them to do so. Slightly alarming, but the fact that he stopped himself before any growth took place was proof positive that he still had full control over his form, which was all he could really ask for; besides, it wasn't as if he didn't *want* to grow more, he just felt like it should happen when *he* said so. After all, he was merely tall enough that he could loom over a multi-storey building like it was absolutely nothing, and while that was certainly about as big as most of the larger Tyranntrums in his family, Tyrone knew for a fact that he was still getting started; he'd been given a gift, and he fully intended to abuse it as much as he possibly could, because if he was going to grow, if he was going to make up for all those years where he was

denied his rightful size, he was going to go *all* the way through with it, and damn the consequences for doing so. The whole city would tremble beneath him by day's end, and there wouldn't be a damned thing anyone could do about it, and *that...* was far more alluring of a thought than it had any right to be. Tyrone stood there, staring down at his hands, thinking to himself how he was, indeed, unable to stop, at least for the time being; eventually, maybe the government would muster up some reserves to try and take him down, or at least hold him back from growing even larger, but until anyone did anything drastic like that, he really did stand unopposed. He was already much greater than any of the other Tyrantums living in the city, so what really stopped him from going further aside from himself? He held in those hands of his a power on a scale so unbelievably massive that he could upturn societal order if he so desired, install himself as some sort of semi-divine overlord that none would be able to fight against; but none of that really appealed to him, at least in the state of mind he was in. Rather, he just wanted to *grow*; as before, he just wanted to make good on all that lost time, on all those hours, days, weeks, months, *years* that were wasted trying to force his body to evolve into something greater, only to be given nothing in return. There was no grand design, no plan for world domination, nothing but a simple and quite relatable desire to just fulfill one's potential now that they had the chance to do so; it just so happened that, in his case, reaching this apex of accomplishment meant that he had to make himself bigger, which *also* just so happened to mean that at least *some* parts of the city were going to need to be removed in order for him to truly grow to the size he deserved. That, at the very least, was one guilty pleasure that Tyrone allowed himself to have, as it tapped into all those as-yet unfulfilled urges where he saw himself as this titanic, kaiju-like *beast* rampaging through a helpless skyline. He held this mental image for a moment or two, throwing all of his focus at it as he envisioned himself *as* that selfsame beast, *as* the colossal giant mowing his way through the downtown area while leaving behind a trail of destruction; he allowed it to overtake him, to wash over him, just as he unleashed yet more of the power hiding within, the residual fragments of his evolution having become something akin to a limitless fusion drive, capable of producing such vast amounts of excess energy that it would frankly be a *waste* if he didn't put it to some kind of use. So, he grew; he grew another foot, then another three, then another ten, growling and roaring and *bellowing* incoherently when he felt the pleasure high crashing into him like a wave, his throat sore and scratchy from the bestial noises escaping from it. He let the whole city know just what was coming their way, though mostly incidentally; his main motivation at that point was to *indulge*, to live through the experience in its utmost, even if it meant nearly breaking his mind in half from the strain of trying to comprehend what he was going through. His brain might be bigger as well, sure, but the sheer amount of sensory nerves that he'd developed in this new body of his was... significantly larger than what his puny little processing centers could handle. It was an overload purely from his *being*, the very act of existing itself becoming pleasurable to the nth degree, as every sensation that filtered up his spine and into the meaty computer inside his head overtook one another in their desperate bid to be the first one to be felt by the growing colossus. This, fortunately enough, resulted in a constant sense of haziness on Tyrone's end, one where he knew what he wanted to

do, knew how he wanted to do it, but was far too hobbled by how *horny* he felt at every single moment. Really, if not for the fact that there was no one around of his size, his main goal would've shifted to trying to find someone to fuck in order to externalize everything he was going through in his head; lacking any such options, however, he chose instead to turn towards the downtown area, to sate those urges in much different, yet equally delectable manner. Every step he took was shorter than the last; it seemed that the closer he came to the center of the city, the more size he granted himself, the more each fraction of unleashed power made him blow outwards with additional mass. Tyrone hadn't intended for this to be the case, but seeing as he *was* still in control of when and how he grew, he could only assume that this was the natural endpoint of a transformation as utterly all-consuming as his: he wasn't just getting bigger, he was getting bigger *faster*, even when he wasn't trying! A smile adorned his lips as he came to this conclusion, especially once he reached his destination in but a handful of steps rather than by a tediously long drive through traffic; even better, he'd cleared a path from the construction to site to where he stood, by that point tall enough that even the skyscrapers surrounding him barely reached up to his chest, a comparison that would become increasingly meaningless as he continued to pack on height like it was absolutely nothing. It was a line of flattened buildings, one that grew wider the closer it came to where he currently stood, a testament to how quickly he was billowing outwards and how much he dominated his surroundings without even putting in the slightest amount of effort; yet, even as he stood there staring at a city that had become too small for him to really care about, Tyrone couldn't help himself: he had to grow further. He lacked roots, but he was still unable to move from his spot, since, quite honestly, there was no reason for him to do so, but *plenty* of justification to keep him still where he'd finished his journey: if he remained there, if he refused to budge, then he'd get to watch as the mere act of growing larger turned him into an ever greater disaster area, where even him standing still was more than enough to flatten a progressively larger space around him. All he could do was hope that the little ones around him were getting their evacuation procedures right, because he certainly wasn't going to wait and see if there was anyone in the way; maybe his old self would, but the newer and more improved Tyrone didn't particularly care if there was anyone in the way of his growth spurt. Not from malice, heavens no, but purely because his mind was so utterly blanketed by a thick fog of pleasure that he really couldn't bring himself to think about anything other than how to make it go for longer, how to make his body bigger, how to further increase his pleasure high, until the need *consumed* him. He was ablaze, aflame, surrounded by the exact same aura of power that he had once believed he was mighty enough to keep in check, yet now found himself beset by; try as he might, it had slipped from his grasp, and all that was needed was that one moment of weakness for it to go completely out of control. Then again, the Tyranntrum couldn't claim that it was altogether *bad*; in fact, if he was to be perfectly honest, being able to jump up several dozen feet at a time without even realizing it was the best experience he'd ever had, especially whenever he looked down and noticed just how far away everything was, how *tiny* the whole city was becoming with every passing second. In fact, being subjected to a size spurt that he was no longer in control of turned out to be significantly more

pleasurable than it really should be, with Tyrone's eyes rolling upwards at about the same time as his head broke through the first cloud layer... and then just kept going. The local geography came into view properly (or would have, if he could still bring himself to open his eyes), with his own body becoming a brand new part of it; it was entirely inaccurate to refer to him in terms that could be used with other people, because he *wasn't* a person anymore. He was a *mountain*, a titan of such immense size and heft that he could compete with some of the tallest peaks on the planet, a colossus of power and musculature that radiated perfection in every direction. Tyrone could feel himself: immense, huge, gargantuan, impossible to truly describe without losing one's mind, so tall that he shouldn't even *exist* given that he was still a living, organic being. And in that moment, he had a thought, a terrifying notion, yet a deliciously scandalous one. For he saw himself, he felt himself, and yet he could only think of one thing:

It was a good first step.