

Operation: Sunbeam

Part 1

“You can’t hide from me Doctor Clover,” Crimson shouted. The superhero was hot on the skink’s heels. The genius doctor was using solar panels to condense light and make some sort of death ray. He had issued a warning to the country that if they didn’t meet his demands that he would obliterate one major city at a time until the whole country was nothing but ash. Crimson made short work of the death ray, but he knew that Clover would be at it again if he didn’t catch him.

Crimson’s outfit was a typical suit with a trench coat and fedora. His red goggles though had various knobs and dials. He pressed a button as he turned to night vision, his eyes adjusting to the dark. He dialed back the release on his eyes, not needing to melt metal, but stun his target this time. He caught a glimpse of a pristine white lab coat fluttering in the distance. He pressed the button on the side of his goggles and the lenses flashed like the shutters on a camera. A quick beam of light shot out and snagged the skink by the tail, the paralyzing effects making him limp.

“Give up Clover,” Crimson shouted as he ran after him. “You can’t get out of this. The place is surrounded. The officer’s outside have been given clearance to use deadly force. I’m your last chance to make it out alive.”

“Fuck you Crimson Crud!” Clover shouted as he hobbled. He just needed to make it a little further. Then his real plan could be enacted.

Crimson rounded the corner and saw the little lizard, the snake with legs hobbling to get away. He pressed the trigger on his goggles again, another shot shooting out of his eyes, but Clover was ready

this time. He held up a solar panel, using it as a shield. He deflected the ray and it fizzled out on some stray sheet metal.

Crimson scoffed and turned up the force on his goggles and shot again. The panel reflected the beam, but it was heating up rapidly. Crimson kept the pressure on as he continued to pursue the doctor. The lanky doctor cursed as the heat started to pierce through the panel, hobbling away as quickly as he could

“Just...just a little further,” Clover huffed under his breath. The heat from the panel he was holding was starting to sear his hands. He held as long as he could before he tossed the panel backwards and leapt forward. The laser ran over his head and shot the wall at the end of the hall.

Clover flipped over to see his nemesis running down the hall towards him.

“I’ve got you now Doctor,” Crimson shouted as he adjusted his goggles back to stun. Clover had only a second or two as the hero adjusted his lenses. The skink called upon his ancestral ability to explode with movement and scrambled up, his soft fingers clawing for a lever on the wall.

A powerful shot smacked Clover’s side, causing him to tense up as Crimson shot true.

“It’s over,” Crimson shouted, getting closer by the second.

“What is it you heroes say?” Clover smiled as he realized that blast caused him to tense up on the lever he needed. “It’s never too late.” Clover collapsed, pulling the lever down with him. Red lights blared and a duo of doors slammed shut. One in front of Crimson and the other behind.

It wasn’t a hall, it was a chamber!

Finally, Clover had done it. He finally cornered his nemesis, Crimson Ray, the laser eye hero. The little guy shakily pulled himself up and started to trudge to the observation deck. Hamstrung as his body was, it took him a while to reach his destination, but nothing would keep him from his ultimate victory.

Clover flipped a switch and various monitors lit up showing his prisoner. Crimson was shooting a consistent stream of lasers at the door in his chamber, but no matter how hard he set the beam to, it would vanish as soon as it hit the panels.

In reality, it wasn't vanishing but being converted into energy.

"That's right, just keep dialing up the heat, it'll work eventually," Clover taunted into a mic, his voice being projected into Crimson's cell. The hero stopped blasting and looked about. The room looked like a giant dome made of mirrors, but those mirrors weren't reflecting anything.

"Release me this instant," Crimson shouted. "The authorities will be storming the complex soon enough and they'll get me out and shoot you on the spot. Just give up and you can get out of this alive."

"No Crimson," Clover chuckled. "I have you right where I want you." The skink flipped a switch and mechanical arms lashed out of the floor. Crimson pushed the trigger on his goggles and blasted, but they were covered in the same mirror panels. The arms gripped him and pinned him to the floor of the dome.

"Stop this, you're going to get yourself killed!" Crimson warned.

"No chance," Clover pressed a button and a new hall opened for him. He walked forward, limping as he did so. He stood above the chamber, the skink looking down at the fox. The panels shifted, their reflective surfaces becoming clear to show the skink was wearing dress pants and a button down under his coat. Crimson furrowed his brow as he noticed the skink wasn't as lean as he normally was. He looked like he'd been working out.

“You see, this machine is quite the marvel,” Clover decided this was the best place to do his monologue. “What it does, is it creates a beam of pure power. It works with your DNA to evolve you in real time, finding the avenues your lineage could have taken, hidden in your genome. My species has always been small, evolving from creatures that needed to hide from predators.” Clover clenched his fist, his arm shaking. “But I refuse to hide anymore. They all said my research was useless because the fossil fuel industries wouldn’t allow it to get past production. They shut me down and destroyed my dream to make a brighter world. Well, now I don’t care about this world. It’s not worth saving, but I’ll at least be able to give those OPEC assholes a piece of my god-damned mind before it all goes up in smoke.”

“Clover, your dream can still be realized,” Crimson tried to reason. “Your technology could be used for good. You have harnessed the power of the sun in ways that no one thought possible-”

“It wasn’t enough!” Clover shouted. “It’s never enough! This capitalist, elitist world demands infinite growth, but because they can’t privatize the sun, they realized it would give power to the people and not keep them the sole owners of the world. So they rejected me and my ideas.” Clover took a breath and calmed himself. “So now, let me show you what I have in store for this planet. Operation Sunbeam, Activate.”

A whirling of activity could be heard before Clover’s chamber filled with light. The skink spread his arms wide, sighing as the light tingled over his skin. Life returned to his limbs, the numbing sting of those paralyzing lasers fading away instantly. His frame twitched, his tail shuddered as his muscles flexed, becoming more pronounced, more sculpted. It was subtle, but Crimson watched as his nemesis swelled slightly. The light faded from the chamber and Clover gave a light huff.

“Fully healed and improved upon,” Clover sighed, his blue eyes shimmering, his black scales and brown underbelly gleaming with new vitality. “Imagine the lives that could be improved. The diseases we could cure. Big pharma saw to this project being shut down before it even saw the light of day.”

“You can still use this for good-”

“So you *do* understand that my technology has the potential to save this world. Yet you try and stick to your law and morality as though it makes you better.

Well, it doesn't! You're a lap dog for the worst criminals that work inside the law. They've rigged the game to ensure they never lose, and you're only helping them. Petty theft and crime are all insurable, and yet that's the thing you decide to target? The only thing you're doing is lining the pockets of the insurance companies that no longer have to pay out.”

“Still, why waste all this time on yourself, this machine is-”

“Incomplete,” Clover cut off Crimson again. “What you just saw was a full year of my solar panels pulling energy from the sun. That beam lasted less than five seconds.” Clover grinned before snapping his fingers. One of the hands grabbed Crimson's goggles and ripped them off, the hat coming with them. He was a red fox, an unusually tall one at that.

“Stop! Give me my goggles!” Crimson shouted, squeezing his eyes shut.

“I guess I should say it *was* incomplete,” Clover mused. “It was missing one very crucial element. A viable energy source.”

A couple more robotic hands came out of the floor, this time they were holding eye hooks. The fox thrashed as he felt them try to hook under his eyelids, the special lining on his lids holding back his rays.

“Stop, I can’t contain it without my goggles,” Crimson shouted.

“I’m betting on that,” Clover chuckled. “Do you have any idea how potent your eye beams are? I couldn’t gather the amount of power in a lifetime with what your eyes put out in an hour.”

“Stop, it can’t be contained, you’ll kill us both!”

“From what you’ve told me, I don’t really have a choice at this point. So I either die from my machine unable to contain that power, or I die by firing squad. I’ll take my chances with my own genius.” Clover snapped his fingers again, the robotic hands moving more aggressively. The fox continued to struggle, but what the fox didn’t know, is there was a resistance timer. That timer hit zero and the restraints electrocuted the fox. He screamed in agony before he went limp, the robotic hands gripping his head and keeping him pinned as another pair came with more lid hooks.

Clover waved his hand and a display screen showed up. Just from the small amount of time that Crimson was blasting earlier, the tanks reported several decades of energy stored. A dark grin played across the lizard’s face as Crimson’s eyelids were peeled back.

The blast from those eyes shook the building. The hooks had forced his eyes open, tears streaming down his face as those eyes let out torrents of rays. Red light roiled out of the fox’s eyes, wide fans of beams raging against the machine.

Clover’s chamber lit up automatically, the beam of light more like a laser itself as it shot up into Clover.

“Oh fuck, I feel it...it’s so potent,” Clover’s body buzzed, glowing with an icy blue light. It was warm and cold at the same time. As though he were on a beach soaking up rays as lazy waves rolled up to hug him. His heart fluttered, pumping raw energy through him. “It...it never felt like this before. It’s so

fucking...mmnff! So fucking good,” Clover’s words were accented by the screams of the fox below. It was music to the little lizard’s ears.

A pulse ran through Clover, his body expanding, his height inching upwards. On the molecular level, his DNA was being rewritten, devolving and evolving at the same time to find the best traits for the growing lizard. His tail reeled out, slapping the ground like a whip. His feet cracked and expanded, his four toes morphing as two fused together and cracked into a raptor talon. His dress pants grew tighter as his ass filled it out with sculpted power, his thighs swelling to make his thigh gap disappear, and his calves hardening and then expanding. His button down started to get tight in the shoulders as his frame swelled, his arms reeling out, the cuffs riding up his forearms. The collar started to dig into his neck, but he felt the fabric leave his chin as his neck expanded upwards.

“Y-Yes,” Clover groaned as he heard his clothes strain, their stitches popping. “It’s working better than I ever imagined. It’s adjusting my DNA and then healing me rapidly to make accelerate the changes...fuck yeah...” Clover groaned, his mouth flopping open as his tongue reeled out, almost demonic in nature and forked at the end. That’s not what caused him to groan though. Between the lizard’s legs his little coin purse was throbbing and swelling. That thick bulge forced his dress pants to become capris as they tried to displace fabric to keep him decent. That bulge throbbed, each ball bulging into relief and then that cock starting to push out.

Clover was huffing as the warmth filled him, sweat glistening on his brow as that beam started to get stronger. The mass influx of energy from the screaming fox below was making the ray compound rapidly.

“Yes, this is just the beginning,” Clover growled as his jaw cracked and became squarer, his neck getting thicker as well. His fingers grew thicker as his nails grew dark and extended out into sharpened tips. “Give me more, I demand More!”

Just as Clover spoke, his voice cracked down, growing deeper as his pecs jutted out. He flexed his arms, his biceps fighting against the fabric as the threads continued to pop. His thighs flexed, forming into thick hams that split a couple seams revealing the dark scales beneath. He looked like a college jock that worked out every day and fucked every night. He would be considered a total stud. He could have lived as a model, fucking sluts and siring children for the rest of his days as a total smoke show.

But those were the desires of lesser men.

Clover didn't want to extend the life of this world. He no longer cared for the people that shunned and humiliated him. No, he didn't care about their admiration. He cared about their fear. The little skink was beating his meat raw at the carnage and flames that broke out in the wake of his first threat. He came to the video of the oil rig that he blew up with the first blast of his mega ray and how everyone ran in panic.

Fear, carnage, and chaos; these were his virtues now, and he wasn't satisfied just blasting things from afar. He wanted to make the world hurt, to show it who its true ruler was. There wasn't any going back. Clover had painted himself into this corner and he was about to break down the wall.

Clover wasn't particularly tall before. He was just over five feet tall. Now though, he was breaking into six feet with his growth rapidly accelerating. The hem of his pant legs ripped, splitting up his calves as he continued to expand, his top buttons snapping and flying off as that neck continued to expand. The lizard's ears cracked and warped, his lobes growing darker and expanding before swelling upwards. He formed ear pads on the side of his head while his former ears cracked up and into thin horns. His teeth grew jagged, his lower jaw sporting a couple more fangs. His pecs throbbed and lurched forward forming into solid masses of muscle. His arms expanded, splitting the seams and forcing his biceps out of his shirt, shredding out of their confines. The splits on that shirt and lab coat expanded as

his forearms swelled with size. His hands and knuckles became thicker, stronger and manlier. His nails darkened further and extended into wicked claws.

Clover bent forward and flexed, his lats fanning out and splitting his shirt and coat behind him, exposing his back. His spine writhed under his scales before thick armored spikes started to run down his back and his thickening tail. That thin whip was becoming a powerful, malleable muscle as spines and scales cracked over it, only to be pushed off to the side as new ones formed more layers of armor. The powerful muscles on his back formed trenches where denser scales bled out from, like tectonic plates of armor sliding over his hide to form more powerful defenses.

Clover's chest throbbed again, a few more buttons snapping off as those pecs and nips strained against those threads. Brown chest started peeking through the tearing threads of those pitiful clothes. Clover adjusted his feet to accommodate his expanding thighs and the fuck log growing between them. His massive nuts were the size of oranges and expanding down one pant leg while his cock was leaving a darkening trail of pre as it snaked its way down his other pant leg.

"It's so good, and it's getting, unf! More powerful. With each second..." Clover gave a low growl, his voice getting deeper through the snarl. His snout shifted and flattened, becoming broader as his horns bulged and cracked open, thicker ones growing out from their insides - to form jagged ridges. His spine cracked and he felt himself extend higher, faster. Clover pulled his arms up into a double bicep pose, hissing as the flex caused that power to surge through him faster. His arms pumped and solidified, pumped and solidified, over and over. The last of his clothes teared audibly as they strung together around his body, trying desperately to hold on, but they were losing the chase. One by one, striations forced their way to the surface of those muscles, and with them, the threads severed; snapping and fraying against the ever expanding walls of muscle.

Clover was quickly approaching eight feet tall and showing no signs of slowing down. The tatters of his clothes fluttered to the floor as he was freed from them except for the parts caught between the expanding bulk and striations. Oblique muscles crunched into place to frame the thickening bulk of the cobblestone that was his expanding abs. Cobalt scales started to emerge between his growing pecs, sliding out like the tectonic plates on his back. Like chest hair, they slowly bled into existence and rolled into place upon that writhing bulk.

“Don’t stop! I demand More!” Clover shouted, stomping his foot down, his toes expanding, the claws on his toes becoming sharper as his raptor spike became more curved and menacing.

Every time Clover’s bulk looked like it was getting out of hand, his bones would snap and extend, creating a more suitable frame for his size. Even with his expanding body, his strength was growing at a faster rate. Clover relaxed his arms and then blasted into a most muscular pose, his back muscles writhed and bubbled like they were trying to break out of that armored back. They struggled to find a shape they liked, shunting into different shapes and patterns before steeling into a new tapestry of liquid granite. Thick veins rolled across his flesh, pumping power through him as he continued to pack on size. His biceps and triceps thrashed, making different shapes before splitting into various peaks and striations. His hands cracked, his fists getting bulkier and his forearms burning with their growth as blue scales started to emerge from the folds of his size.

He held that pose until his pecs forced him out of it. Those pecs bubbled and roiled with power before lurching forward and forcing Clover to arch his back. His nipples buzzed as his pecs rippled, each striation rolling like a wave into the next. Each time they passed his nipples it felt like they were being tweaked from the inside, a searing pleasure that he knew only he would ever feel. He lifted his hands, the powerful mitts going to his muscle cleavage to grip it. His pecs were too large for even his own

hands to hold. He gripped them, his claws digging into them in vain as they pushed back, forcing his claws away from his thickening hide.

“Fuck yes,” Clover hissed, his chin snapping as blue spikes formed along his jaw line, a thick cleft forming between them only for the side of his face to be accented by a fan of spikes. It was like his jaw was forming a beard out of razors. His horns snapped again, new horns expanding out of them, the previous ones sinking down to form thick ridges along those horns as they grew thicker and higher.

The chamber Clover was in was lined in mirrors to ensure every ray was absorbed, or reflected until it was. So Clover got a front row seat to his emerging apotheosis.

“Fuck yeah! More!” Clover roared and glared at himself with a sadistic grin, as though he were daring him to keep going. He was rewarded with his teeth expanding. Tusks formed on his lower jaw as his teeth grew more feral and menacing.

He was a giant amongst men. Easily a nine foot tall muscle bound monster well on his way to becoming a freak.

“Who cares if I get freakish,” Clover extended a hand out to touch his reflection, his fingers cracking and claws extending into gauntlet razor tips, his fingers covered in powerful natural armor. “Their fear will not stop my progress. Not anymore. I welcome their fear, their terror,” Clover cracked his claws against the mirror, deep gouges forming. He wasn’t even trying to, he broke through it like it was clay. “As a matter of fact, I expect their fear. I *WANT* their fear. Ugh!”

Clover’s voice dropped another octave as his body lunged upward, the beam getting more potent as the fox below was tortured into keeping his eyes open. Forked spines formed on the tip of his tail. He could sever heads with a flick of that muscled appendage. The massive tail grew thicker, his ass cheeks expanding to support it.

“In just mere minutes, I’ve gone from a little skink into this fucking death claw beast,” Clover rumbled his approval at his machine. “I demand more – oh shit!”

A deep crack forced Clover to his knees, his horns scraping the mirror as he put his fist against the floor. His back was cracking and shunting like his muscles were fighting to get out of him, but his powerful armor hide refused to yield. Dense scales started to form over his back where those fighting muscles were trying to escape, combating against each other and healing rapidly. Pain and pleasure ripped over Clover’s back, it was like someone was trying to rip his kidneys out through his hide while also giving him sloppy head. Something needed to give.

And it did.

With a powerful push, those muscles forced themselves out, bursting forth from those scales as menacing hands clawed their way out, their fingers long and needle like. Blue film filled the space between those extending fingers. Powerful wings erupted outward, the arms on those wings filled with bulky muscle as they rapidly evolved. Spikes forming on the tips of each finger while armored hide formed on the backs of the wings for protection and the blue film on the inside became glossy and reflective. Clover’s mind expanded, allowing him to understand how to control these new limbs, instincts of ancestral flying beasts came to him and integrated themselves deep in his bones.

Clover stood up and spread his wings for the first time, the reflective undersides catching the rays and reflecting them back to himself. He felt a power brewing in his chest as he continued to expand, he reared his head back and opened his mouth, a powerful light emanating from him. Light surged from between his pecs and striations before rolling up his maw before flames shot out of his mouth, his throat lined with those blue scales to prevent him from being burnt, his tongue having retracted into a pocket.

“Fuck yes,” Clover groaned, his voice gruffer, deeper and rumbling as smoke and flame flicked around his tusks and gator teeth. “Augment me, make me more!”

Clover was interrupted by the feel of his horns splitting again, the former pair falling down into more ridges as his expanded upward, getting thicker with each expansion. Clover looked at himself as his meaty cleavage flexed and blocked his view of his body. He felt something slap between his knees and he wanted to be sure it was what he thought it was. There, between the new behemoth’s legs was a fucking log, an actual slab of brown fuck meat with a dark black head. The idea of him fucking bitches in half crossed his mind, but he wasn’t satisfied. He could swing his melon sized nuts and crack skulls, he could beat a man to death with his cock alone, but this wasn’t violent enough for the emerging giant. No, he wanted to have scores of sluts to crush beneath his nuts, he wanted to have armies of worshipers work together to jack him off, fighting against the very throbbing of his cock for survival.

Clover’s cock surged with arousal, even when it was fully soft it was dripping pre, but now it dribbled down his cock and made a small trickle between his throbbing nuts. It had to be a foot long, or at least that’s what it looked like to Clover, in reality it was three. He was expanding so quickly that his perception of size was becoming rapidly skewed.

He gripped his cock, despite his menacing gauntlet fingers, they didn’t pierce or scratch his fuck flesh. No, his cock was far harder than steel. It would take a lot more than his own claws to break through the hide that was constantly getting harder around that steel beam.

Clover could barely encircle his fuck piece, and he could feel his grip trying to get more as he grew, but his cock would force his fingers apart, refusing to let his claw tips touch.

Ten feet, twelve feet, fifteen, twenty!

Clover's head hit the ceiling, the chamber already too small to fully encompass him. The bulky fucker chuckled, spreading his wings and rearing his head back, his horns cracking through the top of his chamber. Clover squatted down, his growth keeping his head against that crumbling roof. Clover propelled himself up through the ceiling. The twenty-five foot monster broke through and roared, flames surging from his muzzle as the beam below him shut down.

Crimson was given a moments rest as the robotic hands slammed his goggles down on his face again, stemming the flow of the beam.

"Fuck yes!" Clover snarled, flames licking the corners of his muzzle as he felt his body jostle and writhe beneath his skin, desperately trying to find places to lash the muscle onto him. His striations rippled and writhed as they chewed on that raw power before settling into his massive form. "This is just the beginning! All you little fuckers will know my wrath! I'll crush you under heel and feast on your fear! I'll--"

Clover was interrupted from his monologue with something that smacked his head. It was like someone flicked his temple. Clover snarled, lifting his claw up to his skull and pulling off something that was stuck there. The massive beast had to narrow his eyes to see what it was.

"A bullet?" As Clover strained to see it, his eyes improved, absorbing energy in his body to enhance his vision making it easy to see even the bullet striations from the gun's barrel. Clover felt a giddy chuckle roll through his chest and rumble out his maw.

"Bulletproof, huh?" Clover clenched his fist, the bullet being crushed back into a ball, keeping it in his balled fist. "Now where did that shot come from?" Clover felt the disturbance in the air currents from where he had been shot and turned to see a sniper on a roof. Another shot fired and this time it bounced off Clover's forehead and ricocheted off into the sky.

Clover chuckled and licked his chops before dive-bombing the sniper. The true size difference of the two was pitiful; he was easily five times the height of the sniper and several tons heavier. If they were standing side by side, the little fucker would barely reach the monster's knee. If Clover shifted his weight, his massive low hanging nuts would knock him out like a wrecking ball.

The roof rumbled and shook under Clover's weight as he gripped the shooter and smirked. A primal urge rumbled in Clover's gut. He could feel a need to feed, but he didn't know why. He also didn't care. He opened his maw and bit down on the sniper's head. The shooter screamed, his voice a constant ringing in Clover's skull as he sucked the pathetic man down with hardly a second thought.

Clover's thick neck bulged with his thrashing victim as his tongue coiled around his legs and sucked him down harder. His throat muscles crushing the weak man as he was consumed. His stomach had acid that could break down diamonds, so when that man fell in, he was in pure agony. Clover moaned as he felt that man thrash, writhe, begging for death in his bloated gut. Clover let out a deep belch before he clenched his abs. Nowhere for the man to run he just gargled in pain as he was dissolved into thick soup.

The reason for his sudden urge became apparent as thoughts and skills came flooding into his mind. Clover rumbled as that sniper's skills were assimilated deep into his bones.

Clover chuckled and took out the bullet he pulled off his head earlier. He lined the bullet up on his finger and scanned the complex for any other men. Instantly, locations and formations flashed into his mind from his meal. He rumbled in satisfaction as he aimed before flicking the wad of metal. It zipped through the air and through another sniper who was on the other roof. He died instantly.

Clover knew what to do, his mind super charged by the apotheosis made it easy to come up with strategies in seconds. Clover lunged, his wings propelling him forward and causing the roof he was on to

cave in. The small platoon of soldiers in the collapsing building were crushed instantly. Clover broke through the wall of the next building, his hands tearing through brick, mortar, and bone as he found the next SWAT team. His gauntlet hands sheered through their bulletproof protection like cotton candy. His night vision eyes allowed him to see through the carnage as he slashed through the bodies. Blood dripped from his claws as he tore through the men with relish. Clover felt that primal urge again and he bit down on another's skull, a hail of bullets being thrown up in the confusion as he tore through the men.

Back on the outskirts, a sergeant was using his superpower of telepathy allowing him to see his men's final moments in flashes.

"Pull them out!" The sergeant barked his orders to his other officers as they started signaling retreats. "The doctor has some damned monster! Pull out now!"

Boom!

An officer turned around to see this beast. He saw this towering death claw dragon, and froze as he could see the carnage through the other men's eyes.

Clover unleashed a blaze that scorched through metal and shattered brick, a wall of biblical destruction cutting off their escape. Blue flames destroyed their defensive line as bullets flew in all directions, flying off the beast's armor. The men tried to jump on him, subdue him, but with a flick of his tail, they were shorn in half. The blade-like tip slicing through them as if they weren't wearing any armor at all. Blood splattered the officer's face as he watched in horror as his men were cut down in moments. Several were scooped up by this towering beast and swallowed whole.

The sergeant was frozen, he took this telepathy job because it was supposed to be safe. He had a wife and kid to go home to. He could see the men in that beast writhing against one another through

their own eyes. It was hell, this creature was hell in the flesh and it terrified him to his core. Then, the realization of his own imminent death hit him as that beast locked eyes with him. He was frozen. He was petrified as that dark grin formed on that chiseled muzzle. The beast swaggered forward, rhythmic tremors like marching drums that brought him closer to death. That beast's foot crushed a skull on the way causing the sergeant to flinch.

"Awfully useful power you got there," Clover chuckled darkly as he licked his claws. "Your men admired your skills, but they won't be needing your services anymore."

Clover bent over, his pecs reaching the sergeant first. Those pecs clenched, gripping the sergeant, the striations flexing and pulling him in further. Clover gave a deep moan as he felt his pecs move of their own volition. Clover shot back up straight, the sergeant's body flinging up with him as he was trapped between those powerful pecs.

Those massive slabs of man tit rumbled and grinded, pulling that body deep into the crevice between them. Clover moaned and gripped his nipples with his bloody claws, tweaking them as his pecs chewed their meal. That sergeant's boots slipped past those massive pecs and Clover felt that body slip deep into a place he didn't know existed, but by the way the officer thrashed and screamed, he knew it was just as fitting a place as his gut to be a final resting place.

Clover felt that telepathy flip on in his head like a switch. He could hear the other officers and know their movements, their plans, their powers.

Clover licked his lips and barreled forward, ready to keep evolving and expanding.

The doors to the chamber hissed open, clover's massive hand reached in and grabbed Crimson and pulled him out. The fox was a mess, his clothes tatted from rays having gone haywire and bounced back at him.

"So, how's the big ol' Crimson Ray doing?"

The Fox snapped into action, using his free hand to hit the trigger on his goggles. A powerful blast of power shot out of, but when the blast cleared, Clover was looking down at his nemesis with a cocky grin.

"Those rays made me, you think they can hurt me?" Clover chuckled. That's when Crimson felt something grip his feet. That massive cock head was swallowing around his ankles, that cum pipe yawning and lurching forward to slurp in his legs.

"Stop...please..." Crimson's voice was breaking.

"That's right, fucking beg," Clover growled, his cock lurching forward and oozing pre over the fox as he was slurped further in. His body vanishing up to his waist.

"Stop it!" Crimson snapped and tore his goggles off, that blast blazing unrestrained. Clover felt like a spotlight was put on him as that fox's eye beams locked on his eyes. Clover's grin only grew more sadistic as his cock lurched forward and slurped more of that fox down, his toes dipping into that churning sack. The fox hissed in pain, his hand clawing at Clover's hide, chipping his claws against that impenetrable armor. Clover just loosened his grip, the fox slipping in further towards his demise, his claws gripping that massive forearm, his nails braining off as he tried to claw out of the powerful slurp of that cock.

"This is it Crimson," Clover chuckled. "You'll be reduced to nut butter and power for my pleasure. And your superpower, the one you've been using to foil my plans for so many years, will be

mine forever. I'll use it to continue to grow whenever I want. How does it feel to be the reason this world will be under my fucking heel."

"Fuck you-" the fox tried to curse Clover, but that cock sucked him down and forced his mouth shut. Those lasers forced up into the sky. Like a dying gasp, that red beam shot into the sky, bleaching it crimson before it was lost. That black cock tip glowed with those powerful eyes trying to sear through them, but he slipped down, the fox's hand disappearing into that cock head. The glowing might of those unrestrained eyes flowed down that cum pipe. Clover groaned and stroked over that glowing bulge. Those death ray eyes were reduced to a warm bundle of pleasure that stretched his cock.

Slowly, painfully slowly, that bulge slipped further and further down into that sack, curling up and sloshing into his loins. A blast of burning heat erupted inside him, his body flexing and churning as his balls surged with maelstroms of power. So much more potent than regular mortals, these supers had power stored that caused Clover's body to expand rapidly.

Clover gripped his dick and humped into his hands, that fuck spire thick and throbbing. The veins on that dick pulsed and throbbed angrily as he thrust his hips like a mad man. Drool oozed from the death claw dragon's maw, his tusks and fangs glistening as he snarled.

"That's right! You're mine! It's all mine you fuck snack!"

It was like a knot untied and a wave of power surged through Clover. His veins started glowing red before they were tainted into blue glowing energy that surged through his body. His one arm, then the next lurched forward, expanding violently. His pecs pushed forward as his back arched from its expanding bulk. His feet expanded, his claws raking across the floor as they demanded more space. Those bean bag nuts churned their meal as Crimson was assimilated into that expanding bod.

Clover threw his head back and roared, flames bursting from his muzzle before a split went down his forehead. A third eye wetly opened, thick strands of ichor covering it as an eye made of sapphires shot a concentrated beam out of it. A beacon of blue shot into the sky, a sign of that hero being lost and a new villain being born. The sky was torn by Clover's roar of triumph. Clover humped his hands, his cock throbbing, his taint clenching, and his prostate propelling his orgasm forward as he came. Thick ropes of goo splattered the walls, the now thirty foot beast blasting his load, knocking over the brick and propelling the nutrient-sapped bones from his balls onto the ground.

"It's all mine! This fucking world is mine!" Clover roared as he continued to spew his load over the floor, gallons of spunk washing over his feet as he continued to thrust into his powerful hands.

The executive leaned back in his chair, his suit tailored for his monstrous body. The man was a descendent from a Kaiju, so his massive bulk came naturally. The drake held a cigar in his one hand, the massive mitt flicking the ashes off into a tray. His toes flexed on his desk as he lounged in his office. The thick arms of the beast strained his suit, his pecs straining his vest, but his gut was giving that suit a run for his money, and he had plenty of money. That thick powerful stomach pushed forward and gargled with his most recent meal. The black Kaiju smirked as he hung up his phone.

"So that little Clover faggot finally made it work, huh?" The thick and powerful muzzle rumbled. "bout fucking time." He moved his heel to smack a button on his desk. A secretary came running in.

"Yes mister Zack," the little minx said, his clipboard in front of his crotch to hide his perpetual boner for his boss.

"Get the boys downstairs working on project Sunbeam right away. Suspend all other tasks. Let's see how we can improve that beam with proper funding and without using junk scrap to make it."

“A-Are you sure? The humanitarian aid is doing well for our PR-”

“Are you going to make me repeat myself? Those fucking cunts can starve for all I care. Get Sunbeam going or you’ll be my next meal.”

The minx shuddered in fear and nodded before walking out of the opulent office.

“So that Clover fucker thinks he’s hot shit? That’s fucking adorable,” Zack took a drag off his cigar and breathed it out slowly. “I’ll have that fag under my heel in no time. Right where he belongs, right where he’s always been.”

Zack put his cigar out on a trophy that showed his years of service as an executive for the American Division of OPEC.

“I’ll put that little shit back in his place,” Zack growled lustfully, his cock oozing down his pant leg and dribbling onto his desk.