

Really, it was her fault for not having seen the obvious signs. Head over heels for that idiot, enough so that she ignored every red flag, every message her friends sent her, every attempt that everyone else made to try and get her to understand that her “perfect match” was a no-good idiot asshole that would only hurt her if she let him. Well, she gave him a chance, and he immediately threw it back at her face in the most disgusting way possible, and that was that for that year’s Christmas.

A year later, Joyce still hadn’t fully moved past it. There had been healing, of course; she wasn’t still clinging onto the hatred and anger that filled the first month or so after the break-up. She had done a great deal of work when it came to understanding why she was grieving the lost relationship, then moving to take the steps necessary to help heal up that scar, to the best that she could at least. She wasn’t waking up in the middle of the night crying anymore, nor was she left staring through windows, wondering what could have been if only things had been slightly different.

Instead, she was fueled by *spite*. Perhaps not quite as healthy as acceptance following by moving on with her life, but she needed *something*; after what that jerk did to her, it felt wrong to not have some measure of payback. These weren’t irreconcilable differences, nor was it something they both agreed to as a loving couple; no, she had placed her *very* vulnerable heart in his hands and he responded by throwing it in the rubbish bin and spending Christmas fucking someone else while she was left at home wondering where he had gone to.

And for that, there was a special place in hell reserved for that sort of betrayal, a warm little corner reserved for assholes like *Mike*... but that wasn’t good enough. Ultimate justice was fine and all, but Joyce was still eminently mortal; she needed to fulfill her needs if she wanted to have a balanced life, and what she *needed* was to do something to help Mike understand just what it was he did to her. She needed a way to make sure that he *never* forgot that moment of utter terror, where everything they thought was true crumbled around them, when their life crashed to pieces without them being able to do anything about it.

Unfortunately for Joyce, this was significantly harder to inflict on someone whose sole concerns were material in nature. A year’s worth of retrospective had allowed her to understand that there really wasn’t any kind, caring soul underneath the apathetic, quasi-nihilistic, hyper-consumerist exterior; just a wannabe chad who was more preoccupied with *looking* successful than actually *being* successful. Hell, she could resort to just releasing his financial statements to all of his “friends” and watch as his life fell apart, but that wasn’t enough; grifters like him had a tendency to keep going regardless of how much their scam was exposed.

No, she needed to hit him where it hurt, and directly so. Not enough to merely expose him for the liar and cheat that he was; everyone already knew that, they just pretended not to see it so

they could keep pretending themselves. No, for someone like Mike, Joyce had realised that there was only one thing she could do to *truly* break through to whatever passed for a heart, to leave a mark that would *never* fade away: his shit.

At least, that's what he called it: his seemingly endless collection of random garbage that he insisted would "turn over" for a "mint", yet only seemed to pile higher and higher; or, at least, it did when she was still with him. Joyce trusted the guy; after all, he owned a *huge* house and seemed to have an investment portfolio that made him some easy six figures in a year. Little did she know the six figures were an all-time high during a speculative bubble that crashed hard before she even met him, and that the house was such a massive debt black hole that it was a wonder it didn't collapse into a real one as well.

It was all a sham, an artifice of a life crafted to make himself look like a big, hot-shot investor-type, when in reality, the idiot was up to his gills in borrowed money, borrowed time, and borrowed dignity. Frankly, it was a wonder it hadn't caught up to him yet; last Joyce had heard of him, he'd started his own "consulting" business where he taught other people how to be as successful as him, presumably because that was the only thing he *could* do.

So, if he was so concerned with material possessions that he would literally throw himself into the maws of the loan and interest system just to *pretend* to be wealthy, then it stood to reason that, if she wanted him to feel the pain of rejection and loss, then she had to destroy his shit. Simple as that really, and better yet, she had just the solution at her fingertips: indeed, the same reason she'd even gotten together with Mike in the first place.

Joyce was a grower. Not a large one; she didn't have the correct genetic sequence to also be a shower. Outwardly, the otter was barely four foot tall, and her curves could best be described as non-existent; whenever she triggered her growth surge, however, the resulting hunky amazonian giantess was such a stunning piece of well-chiselled work that most people just dropped whatever they were doing to admire her perfect, Adonis-like physique. From pipsqueak to being able to deadlift a cargo ship, with an extra ten feet of height to go along with it, and about twice as much in *width*... and she really didn't know how to feel about it.

The transformation was so drastic that Joyce had never quite learned how to deal with it. Combined with it triggering whenever she experienced moments of distress, and her teenage years had been... complicated. Entering adulthood, she was lucky to have found a group of friends that not only understood her condition, but went out of their way to accommodate for it and make preparations for any mishaps; really, it only hurt more to remember that, as it was that much of a sting that she ignored them when they tried warning her about Mike's true self.

But he was such a charmer... though, in retrospect, it was little more than pick-up artistry mixed with some good old fashioned gaslighting. He wasn't that good of a seductor; he'd just manipulated her into thinking that he loved her, by preying on all manner of insecurities like it was just something normal to do. It thoroughly fucked up her own self-esteem to the point where she spent the second and third months after the break-up bawling her eyes out whenever she had a moment alone; only her friends being there for her stopped her from doing anything stupid.

Now though? Now she knew better. She knew *herself*. She knew *her worth*. She knew what she was, who she was, and how much of a lucky cunt someone would be to have her by their side, just as she would be lucky to have them at *her* side. Mike was just some random asshole who didn't know what he lost; somewhere out there, there were probably dozens of people who would be *more* than happy to strike up a relationship with her, and not even over her body either!

But there was still the issue of *Mike*, because he wasn't allowed to get away with what he did. And what better way to make sure her revenge was complete than to use the very thing that brought her into his reach in the first place? Sure, it had taken a bit of time for her to come to terms with her transformative nature, but through the help of her friends and loved ones, Joyce had once again learned the *value* of who she was... and the value of using it as a weapon.

It wasn't just when she was feeling stressed out; if she wanted too, the otter could deliberately trigger one of her growth spurts and force all of her size out in the open! It took some training, and even in the best of days Joyce still had some difficulty with the correct triggers, but after a few months of attempting it at least once a day, she was convinced she had found the correct way to go about it. And, with that out of the way, the biggest hurdle was overcome; all that remained was for her to put the rest of the plan into action.

Surprisingly simple, all things considered: she *had*, after all, spent an unfortunate amount of her own money in "helping" Mike "invest", presumably in random kitsch that he just happened to find cool, or the latest craze in physical goods that ended up being an MLM scam. Thus, it was only fair that she go and *get* her things back, that she bought with *her* cash, that were still sitting there in a pile somewhere that Mike had likely forgotten about. Forgotten, but not *thrown away*; he might not remember that it was there, but it was still "his shit", and he would thus likely react poorly if something were to happen to it.

Something such as, say, an unassuming, barely-four-foot otter walking up to his door, putting on her best teary-eyed expression, slumping her shoulders to make it look like all hope to live had left her soul. She'd had plenty of practice, both deliberate and not so much; it was an easy look to fake with someone who already assumed they were the alpha dog in any given interaction: all Joyce had to do was keep her head down, stumble over her words a little, and occasionally pretend to apologise and he would be *all* over her.

Manipulative, maybe, but if Mike was that easy to fool, that was hardly her problem. Indeed, when he opened the door and the first words out of his mouth were “Hey, look who came crawling back!” spoken without a hint of irony, Joyce had to employ a *great deal* of restraint not to hulk out there and then. But... no, she had to wait. She had to lull him into a false sense of security, until he believed he was in charge, before pulling the rug out from under him; he was used to that happening, so it shouldn't be too much of an issue.

She invited herself into his home, mostly by mumbling nonsense words and acting like she didn't want to be there; real vulnerable type acting, the kind of prey animal that jackals like Mike really liked to sink their teeth into. Just keep her voice down and let him roll all over him; if things went the same way they usually did, he'd be getting up to offer her a drink from his selection of overpriced novelty beverages, as a “treat” for being such a “good girl”. How she ever found this to be acceptable behavior, she'd never know.

And, just like clockwork, that was exactly what happened... except she also had to listen to a whole spiel about some new product line of craft beer that was going to “revolutionise” the market or some other nonsense pitch that she didn't bother to remember or listen to in the first place. What mattered was that she was sitting on the couch in the middle of an overcrowded living room filled with random junk, and still, somehow, Mike thought that he was the one in control there.

So she waited. She waited until the exact moment when the jackal sat down next to her and deliberately positioned his arm so he could wrap it around her body, in the least smooth attempt at initiating physical contact. She waited until she felt the warmth of his body: repulsive, a reminder of all the time she'd lost with that son of a bitch. She waited until he got comfortable enough to approach one of her ears, whispering something about what they could do in his “newly decorated” pad. Always be selling.

And then, right when the idiot next to her was convinced he had everything going according to plan, she closed her eyes. The trigger was simple: tense her whole body up until it felt like her muscles were being pulled on by wires, then keep tensing up no matter how painful it became. She needed to stress her physical form to the point where it triggered the transformation: a moment of discomfort for full release afterwards, just like she was scrunching up in preparation to bloom.

It went without a hitch. Maybe it was her latent disgust for the man next to her, or perhaps the motivation that came from knowing that she was finally going to enact some proper justice. Maybe both, mixed together with the elated sense of joy that could only come from doing something as absolutely unhinged as what she was about to do; regardless, her growth spurt took

place within seconds, and just seconds after that, there was no more couch on which either of them could sit.

How could there be? Joyce had gone from her usual, tiny self, to fully releasing her amazonian form in the span of just a second! From nothing noodle to so immensely bulky that it was a genuine wonder the floor itself was caving in, all Mike could do was crawl away from the wreckage and plead with her not to kill him. All of a sudden, the confidence in his voice *vanished*; he was no longer the smooth operator in full control of any situation, but his real self: a mewling whelp who knew only how to *beg*.

Really, to imagine she once thought that this was someone she could spend her life with almost disgusted Joyce. Thankfully, she had better things to do: things like ignore the man pleading for his life because, frankly, why should she care about him? Whether or not he lived was entirely secondary to the *real* goal, that being to start grabbing all of the random crap lying around to then turn it to *dust*.

Be it through squeezing it in her arms, with her biceps, sitting on it, or, her personal favourite, crushing whatever it was with her trunk-thick thighs, it was all a *riot*; honestly, it was almost too easy, given that most of that junk was just low-grade plastic and poorly-carved wood! She could just scoop up a whole bunch of unsold merchandise and turn it into little more than a thin layer or a cloud of dust, and all that Mike could do was watch, confused.

He couldn't understand. At first, he was clearly relieved that she wasn't targeting him; but, with the primary goal of staying alive fulfilled, the jackal ran down the list and realised number two was under attack: his material possessions. It did take him a short bit to understand just what was being done, but as soon as that happened, the first thing he did was run towards Joyce, arms flailing above his head, *demanding* that she stop before he called the police.

Her reaction was to stop midway through destroying a pile of unsold energy supplements, halting her rampage completely. Slowly, as slowly as she could in fact, she turned around to face Mike: a ten-foot-tall, gloriously oversized hunk of a giantess, carrying more muscle mass than Mike would ever be able to attain in a lifetime, fully capable of turning him into a pancake if she so wanted to. She very slowly turned towards him, leaned forward just enough to cause him to yelp and flinch backwards, and then issued her reply.

“No.”

She employed the sweetest tone she could; it was just her luck that her vocal chords weren't all that affected by the change, keeping her voice at about the same register as it always was. No doubt, hearing the “soft” otter Joyce say that word, with it coming out of *that* body, brought to

Mike's mind *many* thoughts; some of them good, perhaps, most of them bad, none of them actionable. It was out of his hands now, he had guaranteed that much when he cheated on her after everything she did for him.

In many ways, what she was doing there was almost therapeutic. Joyce recalled reading somewhere that people would occasionally get together to smash up a car with sledgehammers as a way of getting their aggression out in a fun, novel manner; she could only assume that this was why she felt the way she did: utterly *fantastic*.

Was it because it was Mike's shit? Definitely, but there was something beautiful about the act of wanton destruction that brought a smile to her face. It was taking *something*, an object, and just pounding it until it was nothing but disparate, useless pieces. It was being able to disassemble trash until it was unrecognisable, leaving behind naught but a pile of scraps. All of this, of course, while screwing over a living pile of trash like *Mike*.

Twenty minutes later, the otter, once again back in her usual size, left the front door wide open. She did turn around to wave at the jackal, offering her most saccharine "Bye~!" before facing the driveway and practically skipping towards the main road. Behind her, a thoroughly wrecked home, left with nothing but the basic amenities; she didn't smash his bed, bathroom, or kitchen appliances, that would be cruel.

No, she just smashed all the random shit she gave him over the time they were together. Because they were *her* things. And in her wake, a desolate Mike, wailing over the loss of his "investments", bemoaning how he was going to have to actually work to pay off his debts for once.

But Joyce didn't care.

It was a good Christmas.