

Marnie's Dynamax Damage (Giantess)

Marnie ripped her Dynamax Band off her wrist with a snarl. "What's wrong with you?" she cried, shaking it as if it were alive. "You just cost me a Gym Battle, you stupid—! Urgh!"

It had been a tense fight. After several rounds of furious battling, Raihan had brought out his Duraludon and she'd responded with her Grimmsnarl. When she'd tried to Gigantomax it, however, nothing had happened. Raihan and his team had swept her in instants.

Since the Band refused to explain its treachery, Marnie snarled again and flung it at the ground. "Ugh! I'm going to have to challenge them all over again!" She threw up her arms.

Breathing hard, she forced herself to calm. "It's okay. It's okay," she told herself, massaging her temple. "All you've got to do is get another Band and try again. It's that simple. You're sure to defeat them next time." It didn't help much.

On the ground, the Dynamax Band sparked, spitting out little pink embers. For some reason, the sight of it made her furious. She really hated the stupid thing, and the whole stupid gimmick of Dynamaxing. She hated the whole mechanic, and she hated how the League practically required it, and she *especially* hated some of the Gigantomax designs. What had Nintendo—sorry, Arceus—been *thinking*? Urgh! She hated this whole region!

The Band sparked again, popping and crackling with vivid pink flames. "Urgh!" she cried, drawing back her foot. "Just shut up!" She kicked it—

—and screamed as Dynamax energy coursed out of the Band and through her body, making her hands tremble and her teeth chatter and her hair stand on end. "I-I-I-I-I!"

A terrible sense of vertigo struck her senses. Below, Route 6 fell away from her. She screamed and struggled for something to grab on to, but there was simply nothing to grab. Nothing except clouds.

Looking down, Marnie breathed hard, her chest rising and falling in her dress. Her body glowed, shimmering with the glistening red light of a successful Dynamax, while thick red clouds curled around her sides.

Beneath her lay Galar in miniature, a tiny replica of the country as a whole, like the model village outside Wyndon. Heart pounding, she raised her hands and studied them, disbelieving. She'd always wanted to be the big woman in town. Well, now it seemed she'd finally gotten her wish.

Marnie's lips curled into a treacherous smile. She'd been looking for a way to blow off some steam, hadn't she? Well, now she had a way.

Squinting, she looked down, searching, searching. All of Galar lay beneath her, lain out like a map, so small it was actually a little difficult to find what she was searching for. She got it in

time though: there, the Hammerlocke Gym, sitting right next to her right boot, like a big, fat Politoed just waiting for someone to stomp on it.

Raising her leg, she gave it a grin. Should she say something? What was fitting? “And this is for using a Full Restore!” She brought her foot down with a crash, demolishing the Gym as if it were made of matchsticks. Marnie used Stomp!

It had even more of an effect than she’d expected. Not only did her stomp crush the Gym, but the shockwave flattened most of the city around it, bringing down every building in half a mile.

As the sound of screams wafted up on the breeze, Marnie found herself flushing redder than ever. She’d only intended to take out her anger on the place, but the sight of Hammerlocke in ruins, with all those innocent people scrambling about like ants in the rubble made her want to— *Nnn~!* Sucking in a breath of cool, high-altitude air, she spun on the spot, searching for her next target of choice? How about Stow-on-Side?

Leaving Hammerlocke behind her, she marched across the country, crossing great leagues in single steps and splattering trainers and Pokémon alike like bugs in the process. When she reached her destination, she didn’t bother to stop: she simply leapt into the air like a diver off the board, and dropped, her butt aimed for the ground. Marnie used Ground Pound! “Hah, take that, Bea!”

As she stomped the ruins of Stow-on-Side into dust, she clambered back to her feet using the mountains for support, her grin wide and her pussy burning. A part of her wanted nothing more than to slip her fingers between her legs, but she settled for grabbing a breast and tweaking a nipple, her breath emerging in thick plumes, like the clouds surrounding her head.

Sucking in air, she scanned the horizon for targets and settled at last for Rose Tower, standing tall over Wyndon.

Drawing her phone, she spun it around and raised it high, as if planning to take a selfie. Instead, she hit record. “Hi, everyone! It’s your girl, Marnie! And today we’re going to be scoring the winner goal in our own little football league! I hope those of you in Wyndon are ready, because here... I... come...!”

Clasping her phone, she started to run, demolishing large swathes of the countryside with every step, picking up speed, faster and faster, until at last Wyndon stood before her, a city in miniature, and without slowing she drew back her leg and—

Marnie used Kick! It’s super effective!

Her boot crashed through the city like a horizontal meteor, smashing straight through row after row of buildings and sending Rose Tower flying high into the sky, disintegrating as it spun.

She spent the next several minutes jumping and leaping and stamping and rolling, crushing every last speck of life on the ground. Finally, scooping up a handful of survivors, she squeezed them to meat and stood looking down on her work.

Now. The only question was: what should she do with the rest of the region?