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"It was just cool less than an hour ago, how the hell can it be so hot already?" Griped a grumpy, tomboyish tone, directly into her helm's comm speaker. Sand crunched under her brown leather boots as she trekked up the tall dune before her.

"Wow, it's almost like you're in an Iranian Desert." A younger male voice responded, into her headphones. "Did you know that it can drop to zero degrees celsius at night over there? It's pretty insane how quickly the temperature can fluctuate."

"Remind me, how cold is zero degrees celsius, again?" Replied the woman, finally reaching the apex of the hill. With the sight of the horizon opening up before her, the woman tightly gripped her rifle. Less than a mile away, two exhaust towers leered upwards, at least eighty feet in height. At the base, it was rather hard to make out, but it appeared as if a handful of rectangular buildings dotted a large, paved lot, which made up the base of the facility. Pipes moved throughout the complex, shimmering in the early sunny, barely clouded morning light.

The headphone voice once again spoke up, breaking the woman's focus. "You're joking, right? How did you even get this gig if you can't even answer that question, yourself? It's thirty-two degrees fahrenheit. Anyway, I'm looking from our drone, and it looks like you're not far off. Normally, I would assume you'd know - but given your last question, which most fifth graders can answer - I feel inclined to ask: you remember the mission, right?"

Rolling her hazel eyes, the woman would reply. "Jesus, Scarecrow - I ask one question, and you're already nagging my ear off."

"I nag because I care; and I know you love me, baby."

"Don't call me that ever again, or you'll be my next target, asshole. Anyway, I'll give it to you like you're six, since you want to play that game. Big bad group called 'Delta' has made a no-no drug in an old cloud factory! Our hero - me - has to go in and nighty-night everyone in the facility! Then, grab the no-no drugs to bring back for research!"

"Cloud factory, really? I think a child would know what a refinery was, right?" Responded the man with a chuckle.

"That's what I thought they were when I was a kid. Can you blame me?" Sighed the tan, five-ten, hyper-toned woman - brushing away her long, dark caramel hair from her gun's loop sling. Her rolled up sleeves revealed tight, sturdy forearms with a dark complexion. Veiny, as if she had incredible grip strength. Under her battle uniform, the woman was built strong, with a dense four pack, and baseball sized biceps. Her slender waist, and long legs made her look even more sexually imposing. Of course, all that was rather hard to see with all her gear on.

"Sounds about right for someone who can't convert Celsius into Fahrenheit. Anyway, you know the drill - I'll provide overwatch. You need anything, then talk to me. Good luck Agent Maya. Scarecrow out."

"Wait!" Maya urgently replied.

"Huh? What?"

"We're still getting coffee together when I get back, right? Like we always do with our missions?"

With a soft chuckle, Scarecrow would respond. "Of course. Now, again, let me know if you need anything. For real this time: Scarecrow out."

"Leaving an innocent girl all alone. It's no surprise he's single." Maya would mutter, while her delicate fingers double checked the chamber of her SCAR - H rifle. While thick, sturdy gloves might have been the standard for a BDU - the woman preferred the fingerless aesthetic. Having her digits be free meant she could be more precise with more dexterous movements.

"Looks good to me. Now, don't go jamming up on me like you did on my last mission." Scolded Maya to her rifle.

Approaching the complex was easy enough, with the crests and valleys of the dunes surrounding it to provide ample cover. Not only this, but despite the size of the facility, it appeared that the only lookout was a man roughly halfway up one of the eighty foot exhaust pipes, who patrolled on a catwalk. In addition, two men patrolled the perimeter of the facility's outside - making a full rotation around the base once every five minutes or so.

Barely sixty feet from the entrance, the woman lay prone in the sand once more - a straight shot between her and the fence of the facility. "Scarecrow, this is Maya. Only have eyes on one hostile lookout, and one patrol. Seems a little light for some fancy drug operation."

"Huh? That can't be right. Intel said that there would be at least sixteen guards on standby. Something's off...one moment, let me do a thermal scan. I see. Looks like something big is going down in one of the smaller buildings, the one designated 'Warehouse Three'. Getting a bit of interference so I can't exactly tell what, or how many."

"Well, at least that'll make getting inside easier. God, this sneaking stuff is always a pain though. Wouldn't it be more efficient to rush in with a larger group?" While she complained, Maya would use the gap in patrol to tighten a suppressor onto the barrel of her weapon.

"That's my Maya, always wanting to do things the more forward and aggressive way." Sighed Scarecrow.

"Would you rather have it any other way?" Giggled the woman, positioning herself to take out the catwalk lookout up top.

"Look, we don't know much about that newly developed drug, but we do know it's highly volatile. A big group has a good chance of causing a chemical leak if a stray shot pierced any of the drug crates. Then who knows what would happen?"

Shrugging, the woman squeezed the trigger. A lone bullet, nearly silent, released from the chamber - rippling through the air and hitting the lookout, dead on in his cranium. With a convulsing shake, the man would fall to the ground - the patrol paying no notice. "Who knows, maybe I'd get super powers! Wouldn't that be cool?" Maya responded, readying two more shots at the patrol.

"Tango down. You with superpowers? I think I'd be more worried for the sake of the world at that point. I've seen how much you like to work out." Replied Scarecrow, as he watched the patrol grow cold on thermal, thanks to Maya. "Two more tangos eliminated."

Pushing up to the chain link fence, Maya quickly scaled up and over; going from the crunch of sand under her boots, to hard asphalt. "I just think you're scared of girls that can deadlift you - which I could. Not to brag, but I can outpump any man at base. Though, I wouldn't say no to a bit more muscle! Being strong feels good, after all."

"See? That's totally something a villain would say in a comic or something. It always starts with 'a bit more', then it goes off the rails!"

"And what's wrong with that?" Maya huffed, taking a moment to appreciate the idea of her already strong body becoming even more powerful. Not needing to hide to get the job done, but instead to tear through the enemy defenses like a real superhuman. To be able to max out the weight machines with little effort. To laud herself over the smaller, weaker people beneath her. To bully and tease Scarecrow!

"O-Oh, we're getting distracted." Acknowledged the soldier, as she peered around the corner of one of the many small buildings in the lot. "Warehouse three..." Scanning the area, Maya's brown hues would lock on to the target building, roughly in the center of the site. Surprisingly, the twenty foot tall, rectangular structure seemed to have no guards outside? "Hrm...something isn't right. Any luck cleaning up that interference, Scarecrow?"

"Been trying this whole time, but nada. Best I can make out is some heat signatures from a large truck. Think they're getting ready to move the stuff out?"

"Suppose we'll find out." Replied Maya, sprinting towards the wide set of closed, sixteen foot metal double doors to the front of the building. The only other entrance to the warehouse appeared to be a metal staircase up the side leading to a door - probably a catwalk that would

overlook the room within. No doubt guards would be stationed there, but perhaps less than walking straight inside. Placing her head near the wall, she could barely pick up a bit of chatter. "Scarecrow, see if you can enhance audio." Whispered the soldier, weighing her options.

"Copy. Boosting signal."

The once barely audible, echoing sounds, now turned into a deep baritone voice. The accent was thick - perhaps a superior of some kind. "How much longer is it going to be before it's all loaded up, Mr. Neshtaahl?"

Another voice would reply, a bit younger, but still mature - however, the quivering in his inflections was a mirror to his internal fear. "A-Almost done, sir. You must understand that this is a delicate process, which-"

A loud slam would rattle both Scarecrow and Maya's ears. "Rgh, damn!" Grunted the woman in a whisper. "Can't they be more gentle when eavesdropping?!"

"A delicate process, but one that tries my patience, Mr. Neshtaahl. This batch of the serum is prepared for regulation testing. Perhaps *you* would like to be the first pig to be trying it? I am of the idea that a scientist like yourself would love to see the results first handedly."

"N-No thank you sir! There's no telling what could go wrong! J-Just give us ten minutes, and we'll have it done!"

"Good. Delta is in need of bigger, and better recruits. Let's hope this 'Evolution Serum' does what you say. Now then - as you were doing."

The audio would quiet back down, with the sound of more foot traffic and movements from within. "Did you get that too, Scarecrow?"

"Yeah. So, that's what this stuff is, huh? An Evolution Serum..." Scarecrow's voice slowly drifted.

"Hey, Maya to Scarecrow - you sound like you've got something to add to the conversation. Care to share with the class?" Maya would interrupt, now slowly moving up the metal staircase outside of the building.

"A few months ago, another operative made her way into a Delta research facility. We didn't find much intel, save for something labeled 'ES' that they were studying. Muscle growth, expanded lobes in the brain, bone density increase - the whole shebang. Though, with no evidence, and no data, it was labeled as irrelevant to the mission. I'm guessing they must've wiped whatever intel they had on it, beyond surface level information, just before the raid started."

Peering through the glass window of the metal door, Maya could see it. Sixteen or so armed men. Several on the catwalk looming above the truck in the center of the warehouse, with four men loading small, individual crates onto a large, eighteen wheeler truck bed. It was a hornets'

nest in there, to be sure. "So that's what this stuff is? Some sort of groundbreaking serum?" Replied Maya, with a mischievous interest in her voice.

Noticing the change in the woman's tone, Scarecrow would do his best to quash the curiosity. "An *untested* groundbreaking serum, Maya. Surely even you realize the potential risks involved in messing with that stuff, right? Tumors, cancer, unforeseen mutations!"

"Or muscle, strength, and I become the first evolved super human in the world!" Giggled Maya, licking her lips under her mask with a giddy smirk.

"Forget it. It's not worth the risk."

"Hahaha! I was just kidding, you nerd! Aww, does someone care about little ol me?" Teased the Soldier.

"Gah! Whatever! A-Anyway, it looks like the feed is clearing up a bit. There's quite a few men on the catwalks, so what's your plan here?"

"I've been trying to think over that this entire time. I have a plan, but I don't really like it." Admitted Maya, readying her weapon for action once more. "They really don't want anything happening to that stuff, right? Well there's no way in hell I can get to it by force; at least not without being turned into a free live-fire exercise for all of those tangos."

"Oh, you are not thinking what I think you're thinking, right?"

"Good thing I loved doing cardio!" With that, the woman quickly kicked open the metal door. One of the numerous guards directed towards the noise. With a quick lift of her arm, and a squeeze of the trigger, the man closest to her had his cranium split open with a clean shot. Using the opening, Maya would leap over the catwalk, landing and rolling along the concrete ground directly next to the rear of the truck.

In response, every armed individual would raise their weapons up towards the woman, ready to end her life then and there. Suddenly, a voice would ring out, originating from a balding older man with a thick mustache. "Hold your fires, damnit!" And, surprisingly, they did!

Unfortunately, a hitch came along with the plan. Maya was hoping her jump would reach far enough to get towards the driver side of the truck, though she fell quite short of that. Making the best use of the confusion, the woman would retreat into the bed of the vehicle - having only one way in, and out at this point.

"Ah, look! An American soldier! Khaste Nabashid. My name is Micceleshta, and it seems like you are of the difficult situation, hrm? My mens have you surrounded, and you have nothing in there to keep you company but the crates of explosives insides."

"Some plan you have there, Maya." Hissed Scarecrow. "Though, he doesn't know that we know what's inside the crates. That's good. Gives us a leg up."

"Yeah. Unfortunately, it looks like they're getting ready to send some people to pull me out soon. I gotta think of something, and quick!" Looking around, Maya could only see several of the wooden crates. Popping the lid to the one closest to her, the woman could make out twenty syringes filled with a vibrant green liquid.

"Hey, Scarecrow. I have a plan."

"Yeah?"

"Promise you won't hate me when I say it though, okay?"

"I hate it when women start a conversation with that..."

"Come now, I am a gentlemens! Simply step out, and we promise to hand you back to your people with no torture!" Continued Micceleshta, watching as four men readied themselves to dive into the back of the truck on his command.

"You have until the count of three."

"One."

"We don't have time to argue. Either I die here, or we chance this!" Maya muttered, picking up one of the syringes. Flexing her forearm, she watched as a vein made itself known, giving her the perfect injection spot.

"Two."

"Fine! Just...be careful, okay?" Scarecrow added, holding his breath.

"Of course! Who knows? This might even be fun." Joked the woman half-heartedly, simply trying her best to break the tension as she placed the needle into her skin - pushing the plunger down.

"Three! Get her, and drags her out!"

As the four men turned the corner of the truck, they readied themselves to jump into the bed of the vehicle, only to be stunned at what they saw before them.

Frozen in a hunched over grimace, Maya's teeth clenched from under her mask. "Hrng!" Her bare forearms would show a spider web of veins flowing up her arms, under her rolled up sleeves, which were now becoming more and more tight. "This...feeling..."

Slowly, the woman's body would begin taking up more space - a swelling of energy forming inside of her! Her BDU would begin to tear away, showing curving muscles that pumped in surging spurts of growth. "Feeling...so...pumped!" Maya called out, clenching her fists - her once pained face now becoming a malicious grin. She could feel the drug making her bigger. Stronger!

“This shit...is working wonders!~” The woman would moan, indulging in the glorious strength as she stood upright. Her once five-foot ten form now towering up higher and higher. Six feet...seven feet. Soon, her boots, as well as her helm would bend and tear away at the steel walls of the truck. The four men backed away in reluctance.

“Wh-what’s the matter? Scared of a single s-soldier?~” Mocked the woman, flexing her ever increasing bicep. The beautiful mass was at least as large as a bowling ball at this point, but giving herself a joyful flex, the crunchy mound swelled even larger, rivaling more of a tank shell in size! “Or, I guess, I should say a *super* soldier!~ Ahahaha-!~”

With her thick, caramel, torpedo shaped legs, Maya would step out of the truck - her footsteps crackling the ground underneath, much to her joy. With a simple flex of her chest, her BDU would tear away, revealing a set of wondrously bountiful breasts, each one with brown nipples that were hyper-erect. The power that flooded into her was intoxicating! Denoted by her labored panting as she grasped one of the men by his collar - hoisting him with one arm.

“I thought you were going to grab me! Guess it might be a bit harder now! But to me, with this *strength*, you feel little more than a paper weight to me!~” With a maniacal chuckle, the woman would lean back, before casually tossing the one man into the other three - all of them being sent flying into the far side of the room.

Even Maya was surprised at her upgrade, but it was much to her enjoyment! Clenching her fists, she watched as her muscles twitched and danced at her now nine-foot tall frame. Her bones felt so much sturdier, with her abdominals looking like a brick house! Her carved out, muscular frame would put bodybuilders to shame! Not to mention her DD cup breasts, and large ass, which could rival supermodels!

“Damn, this made me huge, and hotter! Ha! You guys know you’re kinda fucked now, right?” Maya added, turning towards Micceleshta with a wry smile. “Even now I can feel it making me bigger!~” With another casual flex, another several pounds of muscle would rock the woman’s body, having it enlarge another two feet, making her an Amazonian eleven feet tall!

Her cascading hair shimmered with inhuman shine. Her long eyelashes batted with beautiful, feminine charm. Even with her mask still on, her head shape continued to become more and more perfect. She truly was becoming beyond human by the second! “Not only am I getting stronger, but I can count how many of you there are. How far, and I can judge the ammunition type, as well as how many rounds based on the sound of the metals rubbing against each other in the magazine, as well as the chamber. Kinda badass, don’t you think?”

“What?! Shit! Shoot her! She’s out of the damned truck so SHOOT HER!” The man ordered - the room lighting up with sparks of gunfire. Smoke quickly flooded the room, obscuring most of the sight in the center of the warehouse. “Hold your fire! That should be enough! Open the front doors to let this fuckings smoke out!”

As the front was opened, and the smoke billowed out, a lone silhouette could be seen.

“No...”

“Maya! Are you okay?! I keep hearing strange noises and static after you took the drug! Plus, thermal is going crazy! There’s some sort of-”

“Oh, I’m more than fine, Scarecrow.~” Responded the woman - a litter of steel at her feet. As the light rays from the now open front penetrated the room, the tan woman’s body would truly show just how powerful it was. Shimmering skin showed no signs of damage - in fact, one would think she didn’t even get hit, if not for her undulating breasts, and rear, which still carried the momentum from the stray shots.

Delicious feminine pre-cum dripped down her inner thigh as she looked around the room - taking in the true panic of her foes. Her pussy was throbbing, and she couldn’t wait for relief, but, for now, she had a mission to do. “Mmm!~ Yeah, I’m sure your thermal *is* going crazy! Cause right now, I’m super hot and bothered! Though, I’ll be sure to take care of these bastards firs-”

The audible sound of peeling wheels could be heard, as Maya looked behind her - watching Micceleshta drive the large truck out of the warehouse at max speed.

“Son of a bitch!”

“You were monologuing, weren’t you.” Sighed Scarecrow. “Look, you may be a hot powerhouse now, but don’t let that distract you.”

“I’m a fucking super-human now! I have the right to monologue!” Grumbled Maya, as the now worried guards would eye the two exits of the warehouse. “Oh no you don’t-wait, Scarecrow, did you just call me hot?”

“Err..look, just kill those guys so you can stop Micceleshta before he tries that serum on himself!”

The realization of the situation struck Maya. Still, with her newfound mind expanding, she felt like she was in total control of her body. With a quick movement, Maya would dash forward - her calves exploding into large masses as she moved. Several units along the ground would be bowled over by her bull-like strength, instantly taking them out of the equation. With her long, dextrous fingers, she would grip onto the base of the upper catwalks, with a satisfied smirk. “Damn, this bends like foil in my fingers! Now then, let’s just-”

With a quick pull, snaps of the bolts holding the catwalks into the wall could be heard. More and more would begin to break and buckle as the woman peeled the entirety of the walkway like a piece of tape. The guards up top either falling to the ground, or simply off the catwalk itself. “Holy crap! This thing must weigh a hundred pounds per foot or something! And I’m pulling it out like it’s nothing!”

Once again, that intense burning in her nethers pushed Maya closer to orgasm. The feeling of her traps and lats flexing into sizable masses - the view of her breasts bending the excess steel of the catwalk that she was pulling, it was all delicious! "Mmm!~"

A bit of drool would trickle down Maya's cheek as she removed the last of the catwalk - placing it in front of the warehouse's open double doors as a makeshift prison gate. "All done! Scarecrow, where's Micceleshta at?" Somehow, Maya's enhanced sense knew where to look - staring at the drone high in the sky. She could accurately make out the details on it, as well as one of the cameras, and its exact angle to see what it was looking at. In this case, one of the lenses appeared to be staring right at her rear.

"H-Huh? Oh, right! He's headed for the South Eastern exit. He's already going over forty miles per hour, so you'll need some way to catch him!"

So, he was staring at her new ass, eh? She couldn't blame him, and he was so cute when he was flustered! "Oh, I've got a way." Purposely bending herself over, taking a pre-running stance; Maya's flowing hair, muscular back, and tan, forty-two gallon sized ass, she was a glorious sight to behold!

"M-Maya! What are you doing?!" Scarecrow exclaimed, barely able to get a word out.

"Hrm? Oh, just letting him get a head start is all!~" With a snicker, the woman quickly took off in a sprint, each step leaving an imprint in the ground. "By the way, Scarecrow; we are still meeting for coffee after this, like it or not."

"F-Fine."

Aww, he's so cute like this! Though, what he might not like was the latter half of Maya's plan. The power she was granted was amazing! But too dangerous to be in anyone else's hands...except hers! With all those vials, she could truly be unstoppable! She could stop all wars! She could change the world to whatever she saw fit!

What would such a world look like? She had no idea, but she wanted the opportunity to mold it for herself! Of course, with Scarecrow by her side, she'd be perfectly happy letting it burn if she desired! But that was unlikely.

"I just needs to get fars enough to take the serum myself! Then I'll be able to show that dog!" Micceleshta muttered to himself, as his truck approached the exit gate of the facility. Double checking his rear-view, however, he could see a small spot becoming ever closer. "Kas Nagu!"

Heading towards the truck at a breakneck speed was Maya. Her long legs allowed her to move several feet in one simple stride, and with her powerful quads, it was a losing race for the truck. No matter how much pressure Micceleshta put onto the pedal, it seemed that the tan woman was inevitably going to catch the truck.

"Damned you!" Screamed Micceleshta as he attempted to ram the exit gate, only to lurch forward with a sudden stop. "No...NO!" Turning around, Micceleshta looked at Maya, who was holding the back of the truck with both arms - her legs planted into the ground, keeping it from moving.

"Going somewhere? With *my* serum?" Cockily spoke Maya, using one of her delicate hands to rip the back door from the truck.

"You mean *the* serum, right Maya?" Scarecrow inquired, a hint of worry in his voice.

"Ah, my sweet little Scarecrow! Sorry, but this chance is too good to pass up. I can be freaking invincible! So huge, and so strong! It's what I've always wanted! But don't worry, I'll be sure to give you a show as I grow!~" With one arm still grasping the truck, Maya would use her free hand to scoop the remaining crates onto the ground next to her.

"STOPS IT YOU CRAZY BITCH!" Exclaimed Micceleshta, firing a few rounds from his emergency pistol in vain.

"Maya, we don't know what this will do to you!" Added Scarecrow in a worried tone.

"Don't worry, just relax! You know, allot of people would be jealous to be in your spot. Being the apple in the eye of a Goddess!" Just as before, the bullets would simply bounce off the woman, much to her amusement. "Oh, Micceleshta! Don't worry, I'll decide your fate *after* I ascend! Now then!" Releasing the truck, Maya would reel her arm back, before slamming it down into the multitude of crates - relaxing as much of her arm as she could to allow all the needles to penetrate her flesh and soak into her bloodstream.

"Wow! It even looks like I can control how tough my skin is! I'm bleeding!" Boasted the woman, looking at her bloodied arm. Yet, within a few seconds, the wounds would close as if nothing happened. "Now to wai-whoah...Whoah...WHMNGGG!~"

"Maya? MAYA?!" The thermal on the drone would surround the woman like an aura as her body would shift and change.

Maya's maw would remain wide open as her body began its ascendance. In violent, quaking spurts, the woman's body would expand outwards. Her triceps becoming hard, speed-bump sized mounds of delicious tan skin. "GAHHHH!~ HOLY SHIIIIIT!~" The crunchy muscle of the woman spread and grew, with her shoulders widening beyond the length of the gate in front. Her body's arms quickly enhanced themselves, with her biceps gathering newfound muscles onto it, becoming rocky masses of pure strength that were now larger than most cars.

Luckily, the woman's body continued to rise, allowing her to hold herself up as her muscles grew. The now twenty foot woman's back arched in pure pleasure - her hands clenched, showing her forearms widening larger than the tires on the truck she once held. "SO MUCH FUCKING POWER!~ GOD, THIS PUMP!~ HAH!~ I WANNA FUCKING CUM SO BAD - MNGGH!~"

The dark hair of the woman became ever more vibrant and perfect, with her breasts filling further and further with gallons upon gallons of fat. Her JJ cups hovered over half the facility like globes of destruction, as her height increased to forty-five feet! "MNG!~ THIS FEELS B-BETTER THAN I EVER COULD - GAHHH!" Her sentence couldn't even be finished, as the woman felt her thunder thighs quake with another growth spurt. Large, long cables of muscle fought for space over one another as her body continued to gain strength. Stone-like abs making themselves known along her stomach where there feasibly couldn't be, giving her a powerful eight pack! "GRAHHHHH!~"

Another monstrous moan of power, as Maya's body quickly shot up another thirty feet - her rear colliding against one of the many warehouses. Like wrecking balls, her tan ass cheeks cleared through the rooms with ease - the sensitivity of her butt making her continue to moan in guttural glory.

"MORE!~ MORE!~ GIVE ME FUCKING MORE!~" The tomboy demanded, and her growth responded. Her body nearly doubled in height with a craterous crackle under her - the woman's hips now lined up with the tall exhaust towers. "MNG!~ PERFECT!~ KEEP WATCHING, SCARECROW!~ I'M THINKING OF YOU!~"

With a greedy smile, the woman climbed over the towers, and spread her awaiting pussy lips. Droplets of feminine fluids crashed onto the ground with violent explosions as she penetrated herself. "MMM!~ FINALLY!~ FUCK!~ YOU LIKE THIS MUSCLE, DON'T YOU SCARECROW?! LOOK AT ME FLEX AS I RIDE YOU!~" Flexing her bicep, the rocky muscle that was the size of one of the warehouses would make itself known, sending shockwaves along the ground. Windows of cars in the lot would crackle, alarms going off, but she didn't care. The pleasure of more power filled the woman as she continued to use the architecture as a fuck toy.

Scarecrow, meanwhile, was in awe at the situation. Of course, comms were going crazy over the now rogue soldier, but he could care less as he watched Maya's body continue to become even more perfect. Her slender waist had thick, carved obliques along it. Her glorious back was like a work of pure art!

"I...oh my God, Maya! I...I can't believe it!"

"I'M YOUR GODDESS NOW, SCARECROW!~ NOW, WATCH ME CUM!~ IT'S FOR YOU!~" Faster and harder, the woman would thrust - the sound of groaning metal at the base could be heard as she continued pumping herself full of the tower - filling every last inch of herself as much as she could. "OH FUCK!~ YES!~ YES!~ GRAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!~" With one final hip thrust, the towers would snap at the base - her feminine cum drenching the entire ground as she let out a rapturous yell as another spurt hit her body.

Her legs spread out across the entirety of the lot, each muscle in her form now becoming larger than cars at the very smallest, while the larger chunks like her meaty biceps, or thighs, rivaled

entire skyscrapers in terms of density and height. Her magnificent power radiated across the hot Desert; her silhouette was the visage of a true Goddess.

“HAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!!!!~” The now Four-Hundred-Twenty foot tall woman screamed to the skies, her voice echoing out for miles. “Now....this is *MY WORLD!* And the first thing I want, Micceleshta...” The woman’s eyes stared down towards the cowering man. “Is more of that formula. Get. It. Done.”

“Lastly.” The woman’s eyes looked to the drone, which was now eye-level with herself. “Scarecrow. I believe you owe me a coffee.~”