

((WARNING: THIS STORY IS AN 18+ PATREON EXCLUSIVE STORY, IS NSFW, CONTAINS FEMDOM, BREAST EXPANSION, ASS EXPANSION, EXTREME HEIGHT GROWTH, EXTREME MUSCLE GROWTH, GORE, AND GODDESS SYNDROME! IF THIS AIN'T YOUR CUP OF TEA THEN DON'T READ. IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR A NEW KINK, DON'T KNOCK IT TILL YA TRY IT.

ALL CHARACTERS IN MY STORIES ARE 18 OR OLDER.))

“Go on git!” The Barkeep roared, with the shattering of a window pane quickly following.

Groaning, Jessica rolled over, attempting to sit upright, brushing the glass off as well as she could. The ruby red-headed woman looked up and inside the shattered window, towards the barkeep “Guh...now what in God's name was that for, Paul?!”

“Jonah said you're too wild of a woman. 'A bucking bronco that can't be tamed' he said. After the last time, seems enough was enough.” Paul replied, wiping off his meaty hands against his stained apron.

“Gotta be kiddin' me! Johna's gang s'all about causing a bit of mischief!”

“A *bit* Jessica. Some rough housing here, some collection money there. Not settin' fire to the town church! Not making a metal wagon and putting cannons on them!”

Rolling her pale green eyes, Jessica rose to her feet, blood dripping from the gashes against her peach skin. Luckily, it seems the adrenaline was keeping her from feeling any of it. “Y'all are some pansie-ass cotton riders! Can't even handle a little bit of arson or creativity!”

“You want to make your own rules? Make your own gang, Jessica. Whatever you do is none of my business. Regardless, you're not welcomed in Javelina, or any of Jonah's territory for that matter.” Rebutted Paul in a matter of fact tone. “We want you out by sundown.”

Biting her lip, Jessica made an attempt to stomp away, only to find herself limping. “Shit...fine! You'll see – you'll all see!”

“From there I left Javelina, and established the Red Shard Gang. Haven't been back since.” Jessica let out a blow of her cigarette over the light of the campfire, tucking it behind her ear thanks to her short hair.

Across the crackling embers, a young man with short caramel hair sat perched on a log. Though his hands were occupied by a bowl of soup, his direct attention was glued to Jessica. “Gee boss, sounds like ya had it tough! Sorry that had to happen to ya.”

Chuckling, Jessica's somber eyes looked over to her grunt. "Eh, that was over a year ago, Luke. I'm more sorry about what happened to Christian and Mathew."

"Yeah..." Luke's brown eyes trailed downward. "Couldn't be helped. Didn't know the cops wanted us so bad. Let alone how many men they'd bring."

"Damn boot sniffers, treating us like dogs!" Jessica muttered under her breath, a last minute of clarity keeping her from completely crushing her cigarette in frustration as she went to take a second drag.

There was a moment of silence; crickets chirping in the wide open fields, accompanied by the crackling of their campfire. The stillness of the night acted as a mirror for them to reflect on their experiences the last few days....

After a minute, Jessica finally chose to sever the tension. "We can't keep running."

Luke's eyes widened, launching out of his makeshift seat. "You're not thinkin' about turnin' yourself in are ya, Boss?!"

"Course not, don't be stupid." Sighed Jessica. "We just need to figure out how to get on out of here. Maybe move down to Mexico...or so far North that they forget we exist."

"I don't do well with the cold, Boss."

"Then you'd hate to be shot dead and buried. Not much colder you can get than that. And sit yourself down, you're acting like a damn fool."

Luke, a bit red in the face, lowered himself back into his seat. "S-Sorry Boss."

Chuckling, Jessica took a final drag of her smoke. "It's getting late, and we need to beat feet before dawn. I'm sure those wolves are still looking for us. So – God willing and the creek don't rise – we'll be able to get some distance before they realize where we went off to."

"You're right. I'll be turnin' in then. Night Boss."

Waving a signaling hand to Luke, Jessica waited for him to return to his tent, listening to the stillness of the night once again. She felt like a damn fool, running around but not knowing where, like a rat chasing its tail. "Gotta be some way I can turn my luck around."

Stoking the fire, scars running up and down her arm caught her attention - at least they matched the deep one along her eye. She was so thin, fragile as wet paper, and lighter than a hare's breath. "Bet it's pretty damn easy tossing people around when you're big like Paul, or have authority like Jonah. All I got left is my six shooter, and Luke, but that boy ain't no fighter."

Muttering her words out to the wind, the red-head's mind tossed and turned. "Guess we'll keep going west for now. Maybe lose em in Grayson's Fault..."

Her vision was growing dark, Jessica's eyelids were getting mighty heavy. Guess it was bedtime after all...

Dust coated the heavy boots of the two reprobates while they travelled throughout the arid stony desert. Sun was just about creeping up, bathing the wall of canyons several miles ahead in a morning purple glow.

Wiping sweat from his brow, Luke took another swig of water from his canteen. "Wish we could've taken Binna and Donna."

"After getting nicked by that hail of bullets? Keeping em alive would just be downright cruel. Damn good rides, though. Now Luke, stuff the bellyaching, alright?"

"Yes boss. But I do have a question."

Rolling her eyes, Jessica sighed. "Yeah?"

"Who's that just downrange?"

Stopping on a dime, the red-head reached for her revolver, staring at the gentleman that couldn't be more than sixty or so feet from her. At the moment, it would be best to not rouse any more suspicion, but you couldn't be too careful out here. "Hey! Let me see them hands! Then come over, nice and slow like!"

The figure did so - raising his tan arms upright, and pacing every carefully towards the two. "I mean you no harm. Please, there is no need for violence."

"Horse hockey." Luke whispered to the Boss, readying himself with his Winchester rifle. He was no sharpshot, but at this distance, he couldn't miss if he tried.

"Not many people out here. What'cha up to then?" Cocking back the hammer of her revolver, Jessica idly swayed her wrist. It wasn't her first time holding someone up - a feeling she always enjoyed. Something about being in complete control made her heart race, to be able to end anyone's life at the twitch of her finger. It was no wonder she was a top. "Well then?"

"My name is Earl Noon. I come from a small village that lies within Grayson's Fault."

Luke's aim faltered for a moment. "Grayson's Fault? Place is riddled with no good bandits, and evil tribesmen! My Papi would tell me stories about it all; how they'd eat people alive, and skin others like animals!"

"It's also where we were aiming on going." Added Jessica, much to Luke's shock.

"Boss, you planned on taking us there?! Thought we were gonna go around them canyons!"

Jessica shook her head. "Rather take my chances with evil stories than with the Government. At least a raider or a bandit will give you the courtesy of making your death quick and without red tape."

At this point, Earl Noon was within ten feet of the duo. Upon closer inspection, they could see just how tired he appeared; with brown hair coated in dirt, deep circles under his eyes, and wrinkles along his face. "I hold no weapons on me, but search me if you wish."

Something about the sadness in his dark eyes told the truth, and if it was a trap, they would have sprung it already. Jessica motioned to Luke, the two lowering their weapons - good, it means more ammo is saved at least. "So then, Earl -"

"Earl Noon-"

"Earl. Why are you all the way out here, and not with your bandit friends in the village?"

Hesitating, Earl Noon looked back to the canyons behind him, huffing. "There is no village to return to. It was burned away long ago by Government agents..."

Looking away, Luke chimed in. "Oh-I'm...sorry."

"Damn shame, that's for sure - but nothing we can do about it right now. We're on the run ourselves - tryna make it through those canyons before sundown. So iffin you don't mind."

"Wait!" Before Jessica could even take a step, Earl Noon extended his arm out, attempting to block her. "If what you say is true, then let me make you a deal."

"A deal?" Raising an eyebrow, the woman crossed her scarred arms. "I'm listening."

"Within that canyon - what you call 'Grayson's Fault' - there is a sacred potion. It was kept as a secret to be used only in times of crises. Unfortunately, my group was too slow in utilizing it. You can find it under an oblong shaped rock, seven paces west from the center of our old home. It has a painting of the sun hanging high - impossible to miss."

Jessica spat on the ground. "Well that's just a load of spirit mumbo-jumbo. And here I thought you were gonna tell me something useful."

"Please, you must use it. Drink from it, and it will give you enough power to crush any foes you have."

"Yeah, sure, I'll believe that. If it's so powerful, why haven't you used it yet?"

Earl Noon looked to the sky. "That is...difficult to answer. Please, do this - and bring down vengeance to this evil world."

"No way. C'mon Luke, we're burning daylight." Motioning to her companion, the young man obediently followed. "Talkin' about magic potions - wasting my damn time..."

With the two making ample distance, Luke took a quick glance behind them. To his surprise, Earl Noon was nowhere to be seen...maybe he was just quite fast? Either way, the Boss wasn't in the right state of mind to be told.

"This looks like it." After two hours of straight walking through the wide Fault, Luke and Jessica stumbled onto a wide opening along the path. Several stone structures with various markings and paintings could be seen, with numerous charred corpses scattered about, left for the elements to utilize how they saw fit. "Not a pretty sight, that's for sure. Let's go Luke."

Hesitantly, the boy followed his Boss into the remnants of the old village. "Umm...Boss? About Earl Noon?"

"What about that crazy coot?"

"When we was walkin', I turned around not too long after, and he was gone."

With her pace slowing to a stop, Jessica turned to Luke, skepticism in her eyes. "What are you tryna say?"

"I'm sayin' that maybe...maybe we saw something that maybe we shouldn't've."

"There's no such thing as ghosts or spirits, Luke. Now c'mon." Turning back around, Jessica could only take a few steps before a home caught her eye - a stone house like all the others - but one with a large red sun painted atop the doorway. Even through ash and smoke-stains, she could see it clear as day. "Must be the coot's house. Guess I'd go crazy too if my town burned down."

"Boss, think maybe we should do the paces like he said? I mean, just in case?"

"We're on a schedule here, Luke. Those Wolves are probably making haste as we speak. So let's get a move on." Jessica could only take a few more steps, before, to her shock, Luke stayed put. "You got cotton in your ears? Let's go!"

"C'mon Boss! Just a quick few steps, and a dig!" Luke definitely replied, eyes shining with determination - something Jessica hadn't seen since before the ambush from the Cops.

"Fine, but make it quick." Finding a decent rock to take a load off, Jessica took a quick rest as her lackey followed the instructions given to them. Locating the rock was a relatively simple task, and to both of their surprises, there was indeed something buried there! A simple wooden box, which the boy placed in Jessica's lap.

"Well I'll be damned. There actually was something here." Flipping open the lid revealed a simple glass bottle with a clear liquid in it. "Water? Moonshine? Drugs?"

"Got me, Boss. Though, since he was right about all that other stuff, you don't think?-"

Jessica was ready to deny a crazy claim like that - but Luke had a point. So far Earl Noon had been right on the money about everything. Could that really mean that the power to take vengeance on the world was in the palm of her hand? What did that even mean?...

Uncorking the bottle, the red-head gave it a test smell. "Sweet, like sugar when you heat it up real nice. Though some plants use sugar to attract bugs before killing em. What do you think, Luke?"

"I'm thinking that it might not be a bad idea to try it out, Boss. I mean, if I end up being the reason you get poisoned, I'll end myself here and now, but if not, well, after all you've been through Boss, I think you deserve it."

Jessica ruffled the boy's hair. "I did good to get me a man that's so loyal. You'll make a girl mighty happy someday...if we live. Well then, bottoms up I guess." Tapping the bottle against the rock like a shot glass, the red-head flung her head back, gulping down the bottle's contents in a swift motion.

"Whew! That's some tasty stuff right there! I'm feeling right as rain!" Tossing the bottle behind her, Jessica rose to her feet, stretching as she felt the cocktail shift in her stomach. "Just as I thought though, seems to work like coffee, but better...than...nothing..." A chill moved up Jessica's spine as the potion began working its magic.

"Boss, you alright?"

"S-Stand back L-Luke...something's happening!~" Letting out a sensual huff, Jessica bit her lip, her fingers clenching as her body shifted.

Doing as he was told, Luke cleared the way, watching from a distance. "What in tarnation?!"

"G-Gah!~ D-Damn, feels pretty good-ah!~" With a trembling body, the red-head looked down to her arms, watching with glee as her forearms were bulking up. Thickening wider and wider - with snaking veins leading up to her biceps - seems splitting to show the pumping rock hard muscle underneath. "Sh-shoot!~ I-I think I'm in for a hell of a trip!~ Mmmm!~"

Slumping forward, Jessica's traps were becoming humps of mass, splitting her coat wide open with a satisfying tear, accompanied by a brutish grunt. "Grha!~ O-Oh fuck yes!~" Another hard flex revealed her spreading lats, tearing her clothes even wider.

Her clothes were already taking a bit of damage, but another hulking groan would lead to her pants tearing open, showing off her thighs, thickening like logs! "Ghaaang!~ S-So...strong!~ I feel like a damn bull!~ HRGHHH!~" With a joyous grimace on her face, Jessica's shoulders quaked into cantine sized orbs whilst she flexed her upper half.

The woman's bones were lengthening, her body growing taller and wider with all the added mass placed onto her. "F-Fuck yeah!~ MNNN!~" Standing at 5'8 (1.7m), Jessica's body was now on the rise, superheated by her intense pleasure. The higher she became, the less the clothes could keep up - splitting and tearing as she gained another foot in height! Then another! 7'8, 9'0, 12'0! Eventually, her mighty body slowed her rise at 25ft (7.6m), allowing her already impressive muscles to look even larger, due to the sheer size of her body!

"Oh yeah!~ Bigger!~ I want to be a damn mountain!~" With the sound of several crunches, Jessica's muscular physique expanded further and further. Her panties no longer fitting her, snapped off against her barrel sized cheeks. With a seductive moan, Jessica's chest filled and pushed her button up top - the wave of extra cleavage proving too much for the poor attire, as it practically exploded off her form - letting her wagonbed breasts hang free, exacerbated by her glorious pectorals behind. "MMMMNG!~ YES!~"

Panting wildly, Jessica would tilt her head back - tongue hanging out as her womanhood dripped wildly with pleasure. The intense spasms of growth, the wild knots of muscle coating her body, the feeling of absolute power!~ It was too much! She was going to...going to!~

"MMMNNN!~ HNNNN!!!~" With her now log-sized thighs trembling, Jessica could feel the fluids spurt from her wet pussy - coating her luscious legs and the ground beneath her with a puddle of pure girl-cum. "AHNNNNNN!~" The orgasm was intense, violent, shaking the very ground around her as she spasmed wildly! In a final roar of pure bliss, Jessica crumbled to her knees - looking over her body.

"Hah...hah...h-holy hell!~ L-Luke, look at me!~ I'm bigger than a damn barn! And my arms...!" Giving a test squeeze of her biceps proved to be an impossible task - her fingers not even able to dent her own mass. "Bullets would probably bounce right off! In fact...Luke! Do your Boss a favor and take out that rifle of yours.~"

“B-Boss? You sure?”

“Now, Luke.~” Jessica’s tone was soft, but to reinforce her point, she’d grasp a nearby rock, one which was roughly the size of a wagon wheel - closing her fingers slowly. The flexing caused her forearms to flare as the chunk split into her hand with ease. “Heh!~ Hell yes!~”

With a gulp, Luke brought out his rifle, taking aim directly at Jessica’s six pack - her abs having slabs larger than the boy’s own fists! Not to mention looking harder than the stonework that made up the houses in the village. “H-Here I go!”

A shot resounded, the bullet hitting against the red-head’s stomach, only to be met with a CLANG akin to metal on metal. Sparks flew, the bullet shattering into several powdery pieces which decorated the ground.

“Heh...heh heh!~ Hehehahaha!~ Oh yes!~” Looking down, Jessica placed her hand over her stomach, another sultry humm escaping her lips. “Seems your aim is still off by the way. You were a little to the left from dead center.” With a playful wink, the woman rose to her full height. “But now then, I say it’s time to turn the tables on those Wolves. Luke, stay here, sit down and take a load off where it’s safe - your Boss has a business errand to run.”

“S-Sure! But what about when you’re done? What then?”

Thinking to herself, a wicked grin formed on the Boss’ lips. “Then I think I’ll find a way to get bigger. This feeling - it’s addictive! I can do whatever I want! And yet, I want more of it. I don’t want anyone to dare throw me around again!~ And my little Luke, don’t worry, I’ll be sure to keep you safe. So, as I said: stay here...and *sit*.” Pushing her index finger onto Luke’s chest, the woman smirked as he easily fell to the ground. “Good boy.”

“Alright boys! Tracked this no good bitch down to Grayson’s Fault! Jonah’s Gang’s paying good money for her head! So then, who’s ready for a payday?!” The mustached Sheriff lifted his rifle into the air, tens of other men following suit with their own boisterous cheers. “That’s what I like to hear! Now let’s get goin-”

“Sir, what is that?!” One man spoke out.

Peering over his shoulder, the Sheriff’s eyes widened as he saw the 25ft mass of muscle approaching, her silhouette was like a mass of boulders glued together. “Damn! Double damn! What is that over there?!”

“Sheriff, I think that’s her!” Another nervously answered.

"No way, can't be! She's as big as a house! This gotta be one of them mirages!" Wiping his eyes didn't help, drinking some water didn't help - nope, no mirage.

Once in view, Jessica's towering frame looked on at the group, her smile widening as their eyes focused on her in full detail.

"That's one big bitch sir-"

"Shut yer mouth!" The Sheriff spat, looking up to Jessica without a glint of fear. "Gotta say, didn't expect ya to be so big. So, we doing this the easy way? Or the hard way?" With his last word, all of the numerous officers raised their weapons.

"Pfft." Cracking her knuckles, Jessica allowed them to gawk over her new bulk. It felt nice, some were ogling, others nervous, some looking insecure. It would be cute if she wasn't so pissed off at how much trouble they had caused her. "So, Jonah's Gang sent y'all here? Damn shame; coming all this way just to die at the hands of a lone woman. Now then - I don't like chatter, so let's get right to it, shall we?"

"Alright then, we'll be sure to at least cut down our tallest tree for your casket. FIRE!" A volley of blasts rang out, bullets spraying against the red-head's form as a mass of metal. Pings and dings echoed around the area, bullets ricocheting off of Jessica's mighty body. Eventually, the group slowed down to a trickle of shots, before ending altogether.

Confidently cocking her wide hips, the Titaness' eyes lowered down to the pile of splintered and burst remnants of metal at her feet - lifting her foot up before slamming it down, causing a soft tremor. "Better shots than Luke, I'll give you that much. Think one of em even hit my eye - too bad it looks like that did jack all."

There was no response, the men all silent in awe at the bulletproof woman. Jessica took it all in, breathing it up like a drug. The fear, the awe, the anger, the helplessness! "Ahhh, I've always loved the way fear smelled, y'know? Makes you feel alive. Makes you feel *strong*." Emphasizing the last word, Jessica's flared biceps flexed, growing larger than the men's own torsos. "But eventually, you get to a point where it's time to end it all. So I reckon I'll be doing that now."

With surprising speed, Jessica's arm extended out to the Sheriff, her hand closing in on him - bisecting his lower torso from the top in a spray of blood. "Damn! Meant to rough him up a bit, but guess even I don't know my own strength! Ah well. Oh yeah, figured y'all would start runnin 'bout now."

"RUN BOYS!"

"There it is!~"

With the multiple men making a break for it, the muscular woman surveyed her surroundings. Her mind was definitely sharper, as she was able to pinpoint each and every one, as well as the angle they were traveling. “♪♪♪ Step in front of a run away train, hrm hrm, hrmm~♪♪♪” Humming her little tune, the woman’s fingers buried into the ground, pulling out several pounds worth of bedrock. “♪♪♪ It’s so far, so far awaaay. So far, so far awaaay.~♪♪♪” Closing one eye, the woman readied her handful of ammo.

“Gotta! Get...away!” “Please God, don’t let me die!” “Bitch can’t catch us al-” BOOM! A mist of pure red was seen next to a few of the runaways. “OH GOD WHAT HAPPENED TO-” Another puff of mist. One after the other, like inflated pig sacks, they popped violently as Jessica casually tossed each rock with enough force to fracture several layers of brick.

The blinding speed and accuracy was like a cannonshot, traveling several hundred more feet, and tearing through anyone, before finally coming to a violent stop with the ground, resulting in an updraft of dirt.

“Damn, I knew I was a sharpshot, but I didn’t expect to be this good!~” Giggling to herself, Jessica looked over her handiwork. Several puffs of red paste littered the dusty ground below, any weapons were bent, our outright broken by her might. “Good warm up, but I feel like getting my hands dir-dir...mmm!~ MMMMNNNN OHHHH AGAIIN?!~”

Without warning, another intense wave of energy struck Jessica, her body lurching forward, stumbling as it expanded up and out. “AHNNN!~” With a massive step, Jessica’s calves were like wild horses in size and energy; expanding and bulking recklessly while she grew ever more powerful! “F-Fuuuahhhh!~” The woman’s widening hips allowed for more muscle to be placed along her torso, letting bricks and bricks of obliques attach to her eight pack abs! “GHNNNN!~”

The horizon was slowly becoming lower and lower as the red-head’s body ascended beyond 30ft, then 50ft! The swelling of muscles around Jessica was akin to proper hills and mounds as she found herself rocketing up more and more! Her biceps were now wider than a general store, then with another grand pump, became larger than an entire two story pub! “God DAMN! Unnnngh!~” With a powerful flex the ground around her shook and quaked, uplifting bedrock as well as debris.

With Jessica’s growth halting at 120ft (36m), she’d give herself a once over. She was massive, her triceps were wider than church pews, her forearms thicker than doorways. It was amazing! “Damn! My legs are thicker than Paul’s skull! I-urgh...Paul...Jonah.” Glancing towards the distance, Jessica would take a step forward, her water tower ass jiggling with perfect rhythm as she did so. The casual movement would leave cracks along the ground, crushing under her own weight, much to her amusement. “Heh. Seems I’ll need to tell Luke I’m going to Javelina for a bit.~”

The inside of the saloon was packed with rowdy individuals - a commonality in Javelina. Men and women, all drunk as a skunk, whistling, singing, dancing, or flirting. "PAUL! NOTHER ONE!" An authoritative voice echoed out.

"You got it boss." Paul, giving a thumbs up with his meaty hands, passed a shot of whisky down the bar towards a blonde gentleman with tired eyes. Around both his arms were several women, all of which were cuddled up to him.

"So tell us again about the train robbery, Jonah!~" One of the women asked, hand tracing his chest.

"Again? Gladly. It was me, Paul over there, and an old hag named Jessica. Now we was-" A subtle quake had everyone in the saloon die down - each person looking around in confusion.

"The hell was that?"

"An earthquake?"

"Nah, look, it's rumbling again! There's a rhythm to it!"

Paul's eyebrow raised to Jonah. "Boss, it almost sounds like-"

"-footsteps..." Jonah finished. "Gather the boys and meet me in the square. Sorry ladies, maybe you can pay me back at a later time." Giving a wink, Jonah shot back the whiskey, and made his way outside.

People were all standing around the small town, outside on their shop porches, homes, or other businesses, each one just as confused as the last. Giving a quick glance for the source in the town came up with nothing - instead, Jonah's vision turned to something colossal in the distance. "Sam Hill?..."

Paul, meanwhile, arrived with several men, all of which had their rifles brandished and ready to go. "Boss, we got the boys round up! Now what's the plan?"

"Plan is we figure out what that is over there." Jonah motioned to the outskirts of town, Jessica's tall, curvy form glowing in the sunlight. Her body was like porcelain in terms of how pure it was - even her scars still managed to look like works of art onto her.

"Boss, no way that's...that's!"

"Jessica..." Jonah muttered in disbelief. "What on God's green earth is going on?! G-Get everyone else inside! Me and the boys will handle this!"

Paul looked to the frazzled citizens, raising his arms for attention. "You heard him everyone! In your houses, NOW! You're under Jonah's Gang's protection!" Quickly, the people obeyed, leaving a long, vacant stretch of road between Jonah and Jessica.

With several trembling steps, Jessica came to a halt just outside of the town, her green eyes looking down at the men who would barely come up to her ankle. "Howdy Jonah, long time no see.~ And Paul, hope you're doing well after tossing me out that window.~" Her voice was angelic, euphoric even, yet the heir of domination trilled behind each word.

"Jessica." Paul acknowledged, a bead of sweat moving down his cheek.

Jonah took a step forward from his group, his hands hovering over his silvered revolver. "Got some nerve showing your face round these parts again. Don't you remember this is my territory?"

Jessica chuckled, her breathy voice carrying even more seductiveness to it. "Oh I do remember!~ That's why I'm here, Jonah. Sheriff says you paid em off to get me and my gang. Too busy dealing with whores to get your own work done?"

"You're one to talk, parading around nude as a newborn babe."

"You know, I was pretty damn uncomfortable breaking out of my clothes, I won't lie to you. Now, though, way I see it, Jonah, why hide growing perfection?" Emphasizing her mass, Jessica flexed her abs - letting the chunky, human sized slabs expand and harden. "Mmmmn. Feels damn good, too.~"

Some of the men were enamored, only to be cut off by Paul side-eying them, and getting them back to attention. Shortly after this, he motioned for a few of them to follow behind him as they snuck off, something Jessica noticed immediately. Though it was cute to see them plot, so she simply idly allowed it.

Clicking his tongue, Jonah casually crossed his arms, seemingly unimpressed. "You always were a wild one. I'm damn surprised at how big you are, but I ain't surprised that it's you that got yourself into this. So, what're you planning next?"

"Next? That's easy, Jonah. I'm going to slaughter your men, destroy this town, then grow until the world is my own personal toy to mess with!~" Matter of factly, Jessica brushed her hand through her hair, the ruby cascades delicately falling into place perfectly.

"Uh-huh." Jonah replied simply. "And what happens when I stall you long enough for the boys to get the wagon?"

"Wagon?"

"NOW BOYS!" Pulling around the corner of the saloon was a reinforced metal box of a wagon with Paul at the helm, which housed two cannons out the back. Taking careful aim, the cannons fired out, followed by the rest of the Gang unloading into Jessica.

Jessica simply waited, a confident smile on her face as the cannons made impact - one into her breasts, while the other hit her abdominals. "Ohhh!~ Mnnn!~ Damn your boys are dirty through and through! Taking my idea and using it against me!~ Mmmm~ *Bad Boys!*~" Flexing her pectorals, the upper cannonball was launched backwards with blinding speed, hitting the wagon and utterly obliterating it in a heap of screaming scrap, as well as Paul. The lower one, meanwhile, had dented and broken with ease, steaming against her impossibly hard skin and muscle.

Unsurprisingly, the rest of the bullets bounced, clanked, or ricocheted off of her dense body. "Haha!~ That was a cute trick, Jonah!~ But now...*it's my turn.*" With a triumphant chuckle, Jessica's leg casually reeled back before kicking against one of the innocent buildings - a litany of debris, wood fragments, blood, and glass were sent flying. The motion from her one action was enough to keep the force pushing through even more houses, tearing holes into them like a bullet through paper. Row after row of homes were violently destroyed, until the force pushed through the entirety of the town, fading off into the distance.

"And that was just one kick!~ A whole row of houses - *gone!* I impress even myself sometimes!~"

Jonah's men looked at one another, taking a few steps back.

"We don't run men!" Jonah exclaimed. "If we die, we die with honor, damnit!"

"Is that so? We'll see about that." Smirking, Jessica turned around - her massive ass looming over the group.

"S-SHE'S GONNA SIT ON US!"

"There's no honor in being crushed under my massive ass!~ Now boys, get ready to be my seat!~" Lowering herself down, the men could do little to escape her massive moons. Her cheeks were like an asteroid, coming down with surprising speed.

"No! JESSICA! DAMN YO-" Jonah's voice was snuffed out as Jessica's plump rear made contact with the ground - a pool of red painting her beautiful behind, and a shockwave spreading outwards, demolishing even more homes.

"Y'all alright back there?" The woman giggled, digging her cheeks in deeper by shifting her road-sized hips. "Guess not. Oh well.~ Anyway, sorry Javelina, but I gotta get back to Luke soon, so ifin you don't mind."

Closing her eyes, Jessica's body started to tremble once more. "Mmmmmnnn!~ Time for a Giant-Sized-Jessica!~" Several undulating pulses spread throughout her form, the red-head's body expanding larger and larger. Her cheeks continued to enhance, overtaking more and more of Javelina, with her legs stretching out over the frontier surrounding it. "S-So amazing!~ Gannnh!~"

Throwing her head back, Jessica allowed the power to flood her body, feeling her quivering pussy leak out copious amounts of femcum. "Hah!~ Hah!~ S-SHIIT!~" Larger and larger her body became, her biceps going beyond house sized, to barn sized, then to larger than several trains stacked atop one another!

Jessica's chest mounds inflated, filling up with warm milk - her pink puffy nipples were harder than ever, with her breasts going beyond the mountains themselves! Her soft, perfect orbs were akin to a deity in terms of perfection! A little give, allowing them to appear to have weight, but still downright perky! "N-Now these are what I call tits!~"

"MMMMM YES!~" With the woman's form rising to 200ft...600ft...1,000ft! Soon, Jessica's muscular back was taking over the skyline itself for the entire West to see! "BIGGER DAMNIT!~ AHNNNNG!~" Another spurt, with the woman's body exploding outwards - the ground under her cratering as she arose larger, and more powerful by the second!

Jessica's lime green eyes took on a glow of power to them, her figure continuing to perfect herself while her muscles drank up as much mighty energy as they could! Her abdominals now outsized Javelina itself, with her thighs wider than most riverbeds! In fact, a second later, they became wider than *all* riverbeds! Easily hundreds of feet in width, with delicious divots and crevices thanks to how densely packed her muscles were!

Lost in her bliss, Jessica casually flexed her arm, watching the canyon-sized mass expand and grow, only making her cum harder. "YES! UUUUHHNNN!~" 3,000...4,000...finally at 6,000ft (1830m), Jessica willed her growth to slow - taking a look through the clouds at the series of civilizations which dotted the distance. "GIVE IT TO ME! YES! DAMN! YES! AAANNNGHHH!~" One last mighty roar of pleasure was let out by Jessica, echoing out like a call of domination throughout the entirety of the front.

"Hah...ung....hah...fuck me, I feel incredible!~ I'll *definitely* go bigger soon, but for now I need to grab Luke, and then...~"

Licking her wet lips, Jessica shuttered. "Play with this world a bit.~"