

An ellipsoid spacecraft, its hull looking rather like a lumpy egg with fins and painted seafoam green, hovered above the ground for a few seconds as it took a few readings, then touched down.

"Well!" Elia said as she deployed the exit ramp, "*That* was quite the trip!"

She touched an invisible switch on the side of her forehead, and a projected, blue-transparent visor materialized around her face.

"I made it!" she said over her radio.

She listened to the response, then nodded.

"Got it!" she said, smiling brightly. "Will do! Bye for now."

She hung up, and her visor disappeared. Getting out of her seat, she disembarked, making her way down the narrow ramp before setting foot on the sandy, rocky terrain. Groaning, the muscular, bipedal dinosaur luxuriously stretched her arms, legs, and tail, which had plates going down its back like those of a stegosaurus. Groaning again, she stretched her three-toed feet, cracked the knuckles of two fingers and a thumb on both hands, and rolled her shoulders, which made the angular breastplate that covered her tits rise and fall. Then, grimacing, she reached down, thrust her hand into her tight-fitting shorts, and scratched her cock and balls, which were itchy after the long time spent cooped up in her ship.

"Well!" she said, looking around, "Isn't *this* place different?"

Indeed, the place seemed quite barren and flat, save for some unusual rocky projections that resembled those found in places like Utah.

Walking towards the nearest of these, Elia craned her neck upwards at a strange formation that looked a bit like a giant, disembodied ostrich leg. Her hand instinctively went to her temple.

Her visor appeared again, but as she read the scrawled letters printed on it, she frowned in surprise.

"Huh, I would have *sworn* that was made by sentient life," she remarked. "Neat!"

Skipping along merrily, she wandered the red sands a ways before coming across another unusual landmark, this one reminiscent of a mushroom. Again, she touched her visor, but again, it assured her that this was a natural formation, devoid of any signs of primitive or advanced rock-smithing.

"Huh," she said again, frowning.

She was about to close her visor again when it suddenly started picking up some strange radio waves. Her eyes lit up.

"Ooh!" she said. "Decode it?"

It took a second or two, but in that time, her visor analyzed the signal against several billion different types of encodings before eventually splitting her screen into six parts and playing audio from a seventh, unrelated source.

Elia reeled, taking in the sheer amount of information presented to her all at once. Her eyes darted from what looked like a nature documentary to some kind of show where two heads talked directly at the camera. Another screen appeared to be flying over the planet, focusing on small, wheeled vehicles following a black ribbon through the dirt. As she looked at all the different video feeds, she tried to make sense of the audio that was playing. The voice seemed high-energy and had lots of inflections.

"Would you translate it, please?" Elia asked sweetly.

A few seconds later, the voice's words were modulated into something she understood. It seemed to be some kind of comedy show or something, though she didn't get the reference to a thing called "grass" or the "other side" to which the speaker alluded.

Nevertheless, her face lit up on seeing and hearing the different feeds.

"Goody!" she said, clapping her hands. "Looks like I'll have company! Now I need to go find it!"

She had her visor calculate the approximate direction of the bulk of the radio waves, and a yellow arrow appeared, pointing her to the left. She turned her head until the arrow pointed straight ahead, and then the rest of her followed. Squinting, she peered across the flat, red plain ahead of her, but at least for now, she couldn't see anything. Shrugging, she smiled and strode forward.

She had been walking for nearly an hour, stopping here and there to peer at unusual rock formations, when her visor suddenly blipped, indicating that it had detected sentient life within a few hundred yards. Alas, that was the best the sensors could tell her, and so she shielded her eyes with a three-digited hand and slowly turned in place like a lighthouse, searching for it. Yet, still, she saw nothing.

"Oh, come on!" she pouted. "How am I supposed to greet my company if I can't find it?"

Huffing, she strode forward a little more, then did a double-take. The flat plain abruptly terminated in a plateau, and as Elia looked down, she did another double-take on seeing a town laid out beneath it, its western side butted up against the edifice.

"Well, I never!" Elia said, raising her eyebrows in pleasant surprise.

A frightened whimper caught her attention. She jerked her head to the right and saw a small, petite figure staring up at her. About a quarter of Elia's twelve-foot height, she looked to be around three feet tall. Blue eyes, wide with fear, peeked from behind thick locks of straight, waist-length, straw-colored hair. Her hands were clutched tightly to her, and squeezed tightly to her chest was a little brown stuffed bear.

For a moment, Elia and the child stared at each other, and then Elia cracked a smile.

"Well, hello!" she said in her native language, waving in as friendly a manner as she could muster.

But to the child, the huge movements of the six-foot arms seemed far more threatening than friendly, and she yelped in terror and shrank backwards.

"Uh, careful there!" Elia warned. "Don't fall off the cliff!"

The girl didn't understand her, but seeing that the giant, armored dinosaur was focused doggedly on her, she shrank back again.

Her foot slipped.

She gasped and let out a startled cry as she felt herself tipping over backwards. Her hands flew out, and it was only through the force of terror squeezing her hands into fists that her bear didn't escape her grasp. Her stomach leapt into her throat as she started to fall. The dinosaur vanished, replaced by the irregular face of the cliff. She felt the wind whooshing up at her and instinctively looked down.

A terrified shriek burst from her lungs as she saw the town—her town—rushing up at her.

All of a sudden, something wrapped around her hand, wrist, and forearm all at once. Startled, she gasped and looked up to see the dinosaur looking down at her.

"Gotcha," Elia said, breathing a sigh of relief as she gently lifted the child back up and put her down on solid ground, far away from the dangerous precipice. "It's okay," she said, putting her hands up conciliatorily.

The child looked about ready to bolt. Thinking fast, Elia bit her lip, closed her eyes, and focused. A few seconds later, she could feel the sand slipping between her feet, could feel her own stomach dropping. When she opened her eyes, she was just barely taller than the girl, whose look of fear had been replaced in an instant with one of astonishment. As Elia again diplomatically raised her hands, the girl began to babble in a strange language.

"Oh, finally!" Elia murmured under her breath. "Translate, please? Quickly," she said, tapping her visor.

It took a second or two, by which time the girl had fallen silent and was staring at her, as if awaiting an answer, but then what she'd said was replayed in Elia's native tongue.

"Oh, my *gosh*! Did—did you just *shrink*?! Are you magic, dinosaur-person?"

Elia frowned, not quite knowing what a 'dinosaur' was. She held up a finger, asking for a moment while she asked her visor for context. A split-second later, images of bipedal and quadrupedal reptiles played across

her screen. Elia did a double-take, seeing the uncanny resemblance to herself. In fact, the resemblance was much easier to spot between her and these ancient beasts than that between humans and their much more recently evolved-from cousins.

"Dinosaur," Elia said quietly, getting a feel for the way her mouth had to move to utter it.

She said it a few more times, then cleared her throat and said it loud enough for the girl to hear it. As she did, she pointed to herself and gave the girl a questioning look.

The girl's face lit up, and she said something else in a tone that Elia took for excitement. Shortly afterwards, the translation played in her visor.

"You can *talk*?"

Elia laughed. "Of course, I can talk," she said in her own language.

Hearing it, the girl's delight turned quickly back to fear, for what she'd heard resembled a series of hisses, grunts, and roars. But, just as she was about to turn and run away, she heard another voice, a bit mechanical-sounding, as if played by a loudspeaker, but feminine.

"Of course, I can talk," it said.

The girl looked around, startled, then cocked her head and peered up at Elia.

"Wh—who said that?" she asked.

After a moment, Elia's visor played the translated question.

"I did," she said. "Well, I did, and then my visor here"—she gestured to it with a finger—"translated it."

The girl's face brightened again, then clouded, then looked quizzical.

"Are you an alien?" she asked. "Aren't you supposed to be green or gray and have a big, bulbous head?"

It was Elia's turn to look quizzical. She asked for context, but the best her visor could do was to find a 1930s-era pulp magazine cover, along with the supposition that these humans apparently hadn't encountered much alien life to date.

"Sorry to disappoint," Elia said, chuckling. "I guess that to you, yes, I *am* an alien, but no, I look like this."

The girl regarded her curiously for a moment, then asked, "Did you shrink?"

"Yes," Elia replied. "I didn't want to scare you, so I shrank down to be closer to your size."

"That's really cool!"

"Thank you. I'm Elia. What's your name?"

The girl pursed her lips uncertainly.

"My mom says not to talk to strangers," she said reluctantly. "I—"

"Hey, Krissi! We heard you scream; are you—whoa!"

Elia's head whirled at the approach of three boys riding two-wheeled vehicles evidently powered by pumping their legs up and down. Cutting their bicycles—the appellation her visor gave her—sharply and kicking up a spray of red dust, they looked tensely from Krissi to Elia and back.

"Who's that?" queried their leader, a lithe boy a little taller and older than Krissi, with messy black hair and sharp, brown eyes.

"Wow! What a great costume!" cried another, dropping his bike and getting right up in Elia's face, peering at her and her visor intently.

"Ray, don't! You don't know who that is!" wheezed the third, a chunky, bespectacled, freckle-faced boy with unkempt, brown hair.

"Guys, you gotta get a look at this! This costume is *amazing!*" Ray said, reaching out and feeling of Elia's hand. "Wow!" he gasped, his voice choked with enthusiasm. "Who *is* that in there? How'd you get your hands to feel so rough?!"

"Come on, Ray," the leader said. "I'm with Joel on this one; we don't know *who* that is."

"Aww, come on, Dan; he can't be *that* bad if Krissi's still here!"

At that, the three boys turned and looked at Krissi, whose eyes darted from them to Elia and back.

"Krissi?" Dan asked, cocking his head expectantly. "Who's your friend?"

Krissi's lips moved, but no sound came out.

"Hello!" Elia said, waving. "I'm Elia. Who are you?"

All three boys jumped in surprise and whirled to look at her.

After recovering, Dan frowned. "Elia, huh?" he said, his eyes narrowing. "You wouldn't be one of those Bradbury kids, would you?"

Elia—and her visor—were at a loss for words. She shrugged helplessly.

"Sh—she's an alien," Krissi piped up at last.

Dan arched his eyebrows. "An alien, huh?" he asked, chuckling. "Aren't they supposed to be green and bald?"

Krissi shook her head. "She's not like that," she replied. "But she can *shrink!*" she added, her voice dropping into a conspiratorial whisper.

The boys started.

"Shrink?" Joel asked.

Krissi nodded emphatically. "When I first saw her, she was *this* big!" she said, holding her hands out as wide as she could. "Then she shrank down to this size."

Dan frowned skeptically. "She *shrank?*" he asked, trying to be diplomatic but obviously unconvinced.

"Y—yeah!" Krissi said defensively. "Go on, then, Elia! Do it again!"

Elia watched this exchange and fairly quickly assessed from their interactions that these probably weren't adults with whom she was interacting. She'd gotten that impression from Krissi earlier, but this seemed to confirm it. As if a switch had been flipped in her mind, she softened her posture and expression even more than she had done after saving Krissi. She also mumbled something into her visor.

"So, you'd like to see me grow, children?" she asked.

The kids all gasped. The voice her visor used had changed, now sounding warmer, more compassionate, and far less robotic than it had before.

"You—you sound just like my mom," Joel said, adjusting his glasses and looking at her with a mixture of awe and bewilderment.

"Haha, a mama-dinosaur!" Ray chuckled. "A... Dino-Mom?"

"Dino-Mommy?" Joel suggested.

"Mommy-Saurus?" Dan asked, cocking his head and shriveling his nose.

"Mama-Saurus!" Krissi exclaimed, brightening.

"Yeah! Mama-Saurus," the kids chorused.

"Do it, Mama-Saurus!" Krissi urged. "Show them how you can change size."

"Well, very well, children," Elia chuckled, beaming. "Everybody stand back, please; I wouldn't want to step on you."

"Step on us?" There were titters around the group. "Mama-Saurus, you're not *that*—whoa!"

Before their eyes, the children all watched Elia grow from a diminutive four feet to six, then to twelve. Then, their jaws all dropped as she jumped up to a staggering thirty feet tall.

"She's—she's as big as a house!" Joel gasped.

"*Bigger* than a house!" Dan declared.

"Mama-Saurus, you're too big!" Krissi called, holding her bear in the crook of her arm and cupping her hands around her mouth. "Come back down!"

"All right," Elia's voice boomed from above them. "Everybody stand clear."

Like a balloon deflating, Elia's body shrank down over the course of seconds, stopping once it had reached her natural twelve-foot height.

"Mama-Saurus, you're still really big!" Dan protested.

"I am!" Elia replied, grinning broadly and kneeling down, "But this is my normal size, children."

Krissi and Joel let out disappointed groans, but Ray—ever the intrepid adventurer—brightened.

"Look what I can do!" he said, suddenly sprinting forward.

"Ray, what are you doing?" Joel protested.

But before anybody could stop him, Ray darted up to Elia, jumped, and hauled himself up on to her thigh.

"Ha!" he crowed, "I'm king of the Mama-Saurus!"

A light bulb turned on above the other boys' heads. Within seconds, they, too, were clambering up Elia's legs, while Ray used the Saurian's back-scales to climb up onto her shoulder.

"Y—you don't mind, do you, Mama-Saurus?" Krissi asked timidly, clutching her bear to her.

"Not at all," Elia beamed back at her. "But," she said, gently lifting Ray and the others down, "I think it's only polite that we introduce ourselves properly. I am Elia Domna."

"Elia Domna," the kids chorused, making faces as they worked their way through the unusual juxtaposition of sounds.

"I'm Dan," the kids' leader said, thrusting his hand out as if to shake Elia's.

Seeing the size discrepancy, he looked uncertain but did his best to put on a brave face and act like the adults would do.

"Context?" Elia asked her visor.

A moment later, her eyes lit up with understanding, and she gently extended her index finger, which was itself larger than Dan's whole hand. He wrapped his fingers around it as best he could, and the two exchanged a smart handshake.

"And I'm Ray!" Ray said, waving.

Elia beamed down at him and waved back.

"I—I'm Joel," said the stout kid.

He tried to mimic Dan's confidence, but ultimately, he ended up looking at his feet as he shook Elia's huge finger.

"And how about you, dear?" Elia asked.

Krissi hesitated, then put on a brave face herself. "M—my name's Krissi!" she declared. "And, and *this* is Sir Bearington!" she added, holding up her bear.

As if anticipating the need, Elia's visor showed her some pictures of ancient European aristocracy, then fast-forwarded to the less formal, more tongue-in-cheek usage in modern times.

With this context, Elia clasped her arm across her chest and bowed her head.

"Elia Domna, at your service, Sir Bearington," she said, her voice a model of sincerity, but then she and the kids all exchanged a playful chuckle.

"Would you like to climb up here, too, Krissi?" Elia asked.

Krissi pursed her lips, then crossed her arms. "I can do it myself!" she announced.

"Of course, you can!" Elia said, gesturing invitingly.

Now that she'd made the assertion, Krissi felt compelled to prove it. Taking a different approach from Ray, who had used a running start to jump, she climbed up on Elia's sizable foot for a boost of height, then jumped, caught hold of the Saurian's knee, and hauled herself—and Sir Bearington—up. Panting, she flicked her hair out of her face and beamed smugly.

"See?" she asked.

"Well done!" Elia praised her.

For the next hour or so, Krissi and the boys clambered all over the humanoid dinosaur's oversized body, sliding down her breastplate to land in her cupped hands, riding her tail like a one-person teeter-totter, and generally using the rest of her as a jungle gym. As they played, she occasionally changed sizes on them, showing that different scales provided different types of things to explore. One moment she was a mere twelve feet tall, and the kids used her dorsal scales like stairs. Another moment, she was fifty feet tall, and they had to jump as hard as they could from one scale to reach the next. Each one even got to take a turn sitting on her shoulder and getting to see the world from fifty feet in the air. When added to the height of the plateau, the kids felt positively enormous.

Elia's visor buzzed abruptly, signaling detection of a new burst of radio waves. As her attention turned to her visor, the kids each reached into a pocket and fished out a walkie-talkie.

"Kids, it's time for dinner," a voice crackled.

"Coming, Mom!" Krissi hastily replied into her radio.

"You'll never guess what we found!" Ray added.

"Don't *tell* her!" Dan protested.

"Tell me what?" Krissi's mom asked suspiciously.

"It's a surprise!" Dan replied.

As this conversation was transpiring, Elia's visor worked to translate and analyze the signal, eventually telling her that the transmissions were a low-tech form of two-way communication, simple and limited in bandwidth, but effective for the way it was being used.

As Elia asked her visor to make a note of it and save some samples for later review, the kids all climbed down, and the boys picked up their bicycles.

"Come on, Mama-Saurus!" Dan said, beckoning invitingly with his hand. "Our parents will never *believe* it when they see you!"

Elia hesitated. "Well, I dunno, children," she said., touching her fingertips together. "Children tend to be more accepting of newcomers than grown-ups."

"Aww, come on, Mama-Saurus," Krissi said, looking up at her and smiling brightly. "They've *got* to like you! We do!"

"Yeah, and if they don't, we'll *make* them like you!" Ray added enthusiastically.

"Please?" Joel asked.

"Well, all right," Elia chuckled. "Since you asked so nicely."

The kids all cheered, and Dan and Ray rode ahead. Joel took a bit to get onto his bicycle and was soon huffing and puffing to catch up, and Krissi had walked.

"Would you two like a ride?" Elia asked.

"Yes, please!" Krissi said.

"Right then."

Elia stooped over and put her hand out, and Krissi climbed into her palm. Joel had to fuss with his bike a bit, but with a bit of coaxing, he got it and himself into Elia's palm. Rising slowly, the Saurian stood back up and then followed the twin bicycle tracks through the red sand.

"Let me know when we get close," Elia said. "I want to shrink before we get to your parents so I don't scare them the way I scared you."

"Oh, psh, Krissi's afraid of everything," Joel scoffed.

"Hey!" Krissi protested. "It wasn't *me*; it was Sir Bearington who was afraid!"

"Right," Joel replied ironically, rolling his eyes. Abruptly, he thrust out a pudgy finger. "That's our town there," he said.

"Okay. In that case, here's where you two get off," Elia said.

Putting them down, she concentrated, and soon, she was only about six feet tall herself. As the kids scampered ahead, she took the time to look around at the unfamiliar sights. Reaching the outskirts of the oasis-like town in the middle of the desert, she saw the long, straight, black surface she'd seen from the video on her visor. It didn't take long for her to piece together that the ant-like creatures moving over it were actually vehicles driven by people like these children's parents.

As she walked past rows of uniform-looking concrete buildings, she saw through her visor that they contained shops and living spaces; processing, water-pumping, and power generation plants; warehouses and manufacturing sites; in short, everything a remote colony would need to be self-sufficient. But it was what she didn't see that surprised her, for her visor had told her that these humans were not originally from this planet: any kind of spacecraft. How had they gotten here? How did they get supplies they couldn't grow, harvest, or manufacture themselves?

"Mama-Saurus!"

Elia's reverie was cut short by Krissi's voice calling out to her. Looking towards the girl, who had ventured off the road and was waving and beckoning eagerly, the Saurian turned and followed her up to a dreary-looking multi-story building. Faint, red-dirt bicycle tracks led inside, and Elia's visor confirmed that this was some kind of residential compound.

Elia followed Krissi inside and was confronted by a hallway lined with doors on either side.

"It's just down this way, Mama-Saurus," Krissi said, holding Sir Bearington by the paw as she followed the red tire tracks to one of the doors. Reaching up and grabbing the handle, she opened it to reveal a large room, some kind of communal dining facility. The boys' bicycles had been leaned against the wall amid a tangle of other bicycles, and in front of Elia, she could see rows and rows of long tables with integrated benches. Against the far wall, there appeared to be some kind of serving line, one that Elia noted with satisfaction was operating exceptionally efficiently.

"Come on! Come meet my mom and dad," Krissi said, tugging on Elia's thumb.

Elia looked around uncomfortably. "Well, I'm not sure I should just barge in here uninvited," she said.

"But you're *not* uninvited!" Krissi protested. "I invited you! Come on."

Tugging the giant by the hand, the little girl strode forward towards one of the tables.

"And—and then she got really big and let us ride on her shoulder!" Dan's voice was saying.

Elia turned towards the sound to see a group of adults, their attention raptly focused on the animated, dirt-covered boy. As she stepped closer, one of the adults saw her and leapt up.

"Whoa! Who are you? How did you get in here?" the middle-aged, balding man demanded. After looking at her a second, he did a double-take. "Wait, *what* are you?!"

Seeing his reaction, several other adults followed his gaze, and then they, too, jumped to their feet, their hands moving towards certain parts of their bodies, where Elia's visor detected weapons hidden under their clothes.

"Mom! This is Mama-Saurus!" Krissi said. "Isn't she great? She's an *alien*! But... she isn't bald and green."

"An alien? An *alien*?!" the bald man shrieked. "And she's just traipsing around in our dining hall? What if she's toxic? What if she means to blow us all to smithereens?"

"But she's not *like* that!" Krissi protested, stomping her foot.

"Yeah!" Dan chimed in. "She *saved* Krissi! She might have fallen off of Lookout Point if it weren't for Mama-Saurus."

The adults started, then turned to look at Elia.

"Saved her?" Krissi's mom asked.

Dan nodded. "Yeah, Krissi fell backwards, and Mama-Saurus caught her."

Feeling a little on the spot, Elia grinned and waved sheepishly.

"Uh, hi," she said. "I'm Elia."

The adults all did a double-take.

"You can *talk*?!" the balding man cried. "How do you know our language?" he demanded.

"Geez, Greg, give her a rest; she saved my daughter," Krissi's mom chided him.

"Don't be fooled, Angela," Greg retorted, his eyes narrowing. "Some random alien just happens to show up and is nothing but altruistic?" he scoffed, shaking his head. "I don't buy it. What's your game, Alien?"

Elia cocked her head quizzically. "I—I'm here on vacation," she said. "I like to explore new worlds, and this is one I haven't seen, yet," she added helplessly.

The adults' skepticism immediately turned to awe at the prospect of seeing a real-life alien in the flesh.

"Where all have you gone?"

"Where are you from?"

"What *are* you?"

"Do you come in peace?"

Elia chuckled and held up her hands defensively. "I—heh—one at a time!" she said. "I come from Saurus, about thirty parsecs from here. I am a Saurian, and I have been many places—all over the galaxy cluster!"

"Wait, wait—*parsecs*? That's a pretty niche word. How do you know this word?"

"Good point, Tom. Well, Alien?" Greg demanded.

Elia chuckled and waved airily. "Oh, it was no trouble to learn it," she said. "I just listened to your communications and gathered as much information as I could locally, and then I checked for communications with similar patterns throughout the galaxy. I found another planet not far from here where there is much more communication like yours and was able to get plenty of information to build out my vocabulary." She pursed her lips. "Well, that's not *entirely* true; I didn't do any of those things. My visor did," she clarified, pointing to the blue holographic visor projected in front of her face.

"Ooh!" Tom said, looking excited. "How does it work? Are you using some kind of AI to do the data analysis?"

Elia looked at him blankly, then grinned sheepishly. "I, um, I'm not a scientist, so I couldn't say how it works. I just know that I ask it to translate, and as soon as it's picked up on enough spoken words, it figures out how to translate for me."

"Saurians have scientists? Well, I guess that makes sense since here you are. But, what about you? What do you do for a living?"

"Me?" Elia brightened. "I'm an adventurer! I go around looking for new planets to see what's going on there, maybe help out if I can."

There were murmurs of surprised approval, but they were interrupted by a contemptuous scoff.

"That's the biggest load of bullshit I've ever heard," Greg declared. "Can't you see? She goes straight for the children, rescues one, then looks like a hero to all you sheeple!"

Elia gasped, taken aback by his accusation.

"Geez, Greg, she *just* saved Krissi, and *that's* how you speak of her?"

"See? *You're* the perfect proof, Angela," Greg retorted. "You idiots will go around singing her praises while she plots the extermination of our whole planet, maybe all of mankind! You *saw* how easily she discovered Earth from here!"

Elia had fallen silent and averted her eyes, looking a little hurt.

"Don't pay any attention to him," Angela said, reaching forward instinctively and taking Elia's hand. Starting at how warm and weirdly comforting the alien creature's skin felt, she added, "I really *do* appreciate you saving my daughter."

"Greg's just a curmudgeon; you could give him a sundae, and he'd complain that he was putting on calories," Tom agreed.

"And it would be a true statement!"

"Go on, Greg; go be dour somewhere else and leave our new guest alone."

"Mark my words, she'll—"

"Yes, yes, doom and gloom," Angela said, rolling her eyes. "Go on. Shoo."

With the hardened eyes of all the adults looking at him expectantly, Greg looked from person to person, then scoffed and threw up his hands.

"You'll all be sorry!" he snapped as he stormed out.

The adults and children all let out a collective sigh of relief.

"I—I didn't mean to upset anyone," Elia stammered.

"Oh, pshaw, that's just Greg," Angela said dismissively. "So, tell us about yourself. Do you have a place you're staying?"

"Oh! No, not yet. When I'm on vacation, I like to camp out. It's good to get away from society and technology for a bit, you know?"

"Camping?!"

All heads turned to see Dan and Ray looking eagerly at Elia.

"That sounds like fun! Can we come?"

"Dan," said Tom, "you know better than to invite yourself over!"

"But, it's Mama-Saurus! She won't care!"

"Dan," said Tom again, sternly.

Dan huffed. "Sorry, Mama-Saurus," he said, dejected.

"It's no trouble at all, and thank you for having such nice manners!" Elia replied, smiling warmly.

"Mom? Can I go camping with Mama-Saurus?" Krissi asked quietly.

"What did Dan's dad just say?" her mom asked, raising a knowing eyebrow.

Krissi huffed and nodded.

"I must say, you've certainly left an impression on them," Tom said thoughtfully. "They didn't give you any trouble, did they?"

"None at all," Elia replied, winking.

"I can see why they call you 'mama'," Angela said. "You do have a bit of a motherly aura about you. Do you have kids of your own?"

It was Elia's turn to huff. "No, the life of an adventurer is a busy and often dangerous one, and I don't think I could juggle work and a family. I have an awful lot of respect for those of you who can," she added.

"Please, Mom?" Krissi pleaded.

Angela looked from her daughter to the Saurian and back, shaking her head.

"For tonight, you need to wind down for the day," she said firmly. "If Elia—uh, Mama-Saurus—doesn't mind, then you can play with her tomorrow."

The kids' faces lit up, and they looked hopefully at Elia.

"I think that'll be fine," she said, eliciting a cheer from the kids. "For tonight, though, as you say, it *is* time to wind down, and I should be on my way."

"Uh, just one thing before you go," Tom said, looking quizzically at her.

"Yes?"

"Dan said something about you getting really big? Do you... know what he meant?"

"Oh! Of course," Elia replied. "I showed the children how I can grow and shrink at will."

That got everybody's attention.

"Uh, grow and shrink at will?" a new voice asked.

The adults turned to look at the speaker.

"Yes, Mom, she can get big and small," Joel said.

"Wait, wait," Tom said, "I'm with Janine on this one: do you mean that... *literally*?"

"Yes!" Elia replied brightly. "It's quite handy!" Seeing the puzzled looks, she added, "Would you like to see?"

The adults exchanged glances, then nodded vigorously.

"Very well, then!" Elia glanced up at the ceiling. "Uh, maybe we should go outside."

There was a veritable stampede behind her as she walked out into the street.

"All right, now, everyone stand back," she said. "I don't want to step on anyone."

The adults all exchanged uncertain glances, while the kids watched excitedly, eager to have their "tall tales" proven right.

Elia closed her eyes, concentrated, and then felt herself beginning to grow. She heard a surprised gasp and opened her eyes again to see the adults all staring, slack-jawed, up at her.

"See?" she said, kneeling down and waving. "Very handy!"

"Holy moly... Um, Angela?"

"Yeah, I see it, too, Tom," Krissi's mom murmured, staring in disbelief.

"Do we really trust our kids around... that?"

"Would we ever live it down if we forbade them from seeing her again? Could we even enforce it?"

"Mm."

"The kids *do* seem to love her, and she *did* save Krissi. Goodness knows, nobody would mess with them if they knew *she* was protecting them."

"Fair point. I think maybe we keep an eye on them next time and see what they're all up to."

"Good idea. Hopefully it's nothing, but at least by this time tomorrow, we should know whether to send out the troops."

"I think it's worth it to bring it up at the security council meeting regardless."

"Oh, of course. I'm just saying, maybe we don't start ringing alarm bells just yet."

"Agreed."

"Well," Elia said, interrupting their quiet murmurings, "I had better be off. It was nice meeting you all; hopefully I will see you again soon!"

"Bye, Mama-Saurus!"

"Goodbye, children. Be good, and sleep tight."

With that, Elia carefully turned on heel, making sure not to disturb the parked cars at her heel and toes, and then walked away, her stride clearing nearly twenty feet with each step.

"What an interesting colony!" she said to herself once she was out of town, safely away from anything she might damage if she let her mind wander. "They do seem like such nice people. I hope they liked me."

She returned to Lookout Point and found a comfortable place to lie down. Tents weren't really part of Saurian camping, even in the rain, and with the sun setting, a light breeze had begun to blow. Sprawling out on her back, she fell asleep with a smile on her face, imagining and hoping for more fun times ahead.

Her wish was granted, for about an hour after sunup, she heard the faint clattering of a bicycle chain, followed by the shouts of the children and Joel's huffing and puffing. Getting to her feet, she stood just as Dan's and Ray's heads appeared up the inclined slope, with Joel and Krissi not far behind them.

"Mama-Saurus!" the children cried as they threw their bikes down and sprinted the rest of the way to her.

"We're sorry our parents were mean to you," Krissi said.

"Now, now," Elia replied, "They're just looking out for you because they love you! Everything is just fine."

"Will you play with us again today, Mama-Saurus?" Ray asked hopefully.

"Of course, children! What would you like to play?"

The answer to that question ended up being loaded, for the kids promptly spent the rest of the day playing with her, climbing on her like a jungle gym, playing king-of-the-Mama-Saurus, and asking her a hundred questions about where all she'd been and what she'd seen. All the while, she laughed and played with them, sometimes shrinking down to their size to play tag with them, and other times growing to the size of a fortress to let them hide-and-seek one another. They were all having so much fun that it seemed like only the blink of an eye later when the kids' walkie-talkies were calling them back home for dinner.

"Come back with us, Mama-Saurus!" Ray urged.

"Yeah, my dad said he's looking forward to talking to you again," Dan agreed.

Seeing as it was beginning to get dark anyway, Elia conceded and escorted them home, using a light from her visor to illuminate the way.

But on the outskirts of town, she stopped.

"Run along, children," she said. "I'll be along in a moment."

The kids were a bit perplexed, but with that reassurance, they hurried home to tell their parents that Mama-Saurus was on her way while she stayed behind and made her way to one of the ant-like vehicles that seemed to have gotten stuck on the side of the road.

"Excuse me, sir," she said, coming up behind the driver, who was rummaging around in the trunk. "It looks like your car is stuck. Do you need some help?"

"No, what I *need* is my damn jack!" the upset driver shot back. "It was supposed to be here, but I can't find it anywhere!"

Elia cocked her head and surveyed the situation.

"You need to lift it up so you can replace the tire... right?" she asked.

"Yeah," the motorist grumbled.

"Well, then. Here, let me help. Have you got the tire?"

"It's no good without the *jack!*"

Agitated and now annoyed, the driver finally turned around to find Elia in the process of growing.

"Holy *shit!* What the *fuck?!*"

"Shh, shh. It's okay," Elia said, putting her hands up. "I'm not going to hurt you. Here, let me hold your car for you."

The motorist stood there gaping as she reached over his head and carefully pinched her fingers underneath the frame. Then, as effortlessly as picking up a toothpick, she lifted the car's rear end off the ground.

"There you go!" she said brightly. "Now you can replace the tire."

The driver stood there gaping for several seconds before finally nodding, his jaw still slack, and dazedly grabbing the spare out of the floating trunk.

But, as he fitted the lug wrench to the existing wheel and put his weight against it, the whole wheel turned, and the wheel on the opposite side turned the other way.

"Ah, shoot," the motorist said, reddening. "Uh, I—I need it on the ground for this part."

"Right away!"

Just as easily and carefully as she'd lifted it, Elia put the car back down. As it settled with a groan onto its springs, the driver hurriedly reapplied the lug wrench and loosened the wheel.

"O—okay," he said sheepishly. "Um, do you mind...?"

"Sure!"

Up came the car's back end again, and the driver hurriedly swapped out wheels. As soon as the driver had lightly tightened all the lug nuts, Elia put the car back down, and the driver tightened them the rest of the way.

"Gosh, thank you!" the driver said when it was all done. "I—I would have been really stuck!"

"My pleasure!" Elia replied happily.

Feeling good about what she'd done, she hurried along to the living space where she'd seen the children go the day before. Behind her, the motorist got back into his car and stared into space, trying to decide whether he'd actually seen what he thought he saw.

Elia stepped inside and saw Tom and Angela talking. Angela was nodding thoughtfully.

"From what I saw today, she's a better parent than I am, and one helluva babysitter," Tom was saying.

Seeing her step inside, they both jumped up.

"Mama-Saur—I, I mean, Elia," Tom chuckled sheepishly, "It's good to see you!"

"It's good to see you, too!" Elia replied brightly. "Though I don't know why you didn't say hello earlier when the children and I were playing. You should have joined us!"

Tom's face fell. "Uh, you knew I was there?"

"Well, yes...?" Elia replied quizzically. "I figured there was a reason you were keeping your distance, though, or I would have invited you." She tapped her visor. "The visor sees just about everything."

Tom and Angela exchanged glances.

"But, we're here together now," Elia continued. "Angela, did you have a good day?"

"To tell you the truth, my day was better, knowing that someone was looking after Krissi," Angela admitted. "Tom says you were really good with the kids."

"They are really delightful," Elia chuckled. "Just what I needed for my vacation: a chance to revert to a more playful time, and who better to remind you how to be a kid than a child?"

"Wise words," Tom said, nodding.

"I got to thinking, would you like a tour of the town?" Angela continued. "Tom says you looked pretty curious about the place. Maybe to—"

Elia's face lit up. "Oh, yes!" she said excitedly. "I would love a tour!"

"It would be my pleasure to show you around," Angela beamed, "Though it's a little dark right now. Would you like to come by in the morning? That'll give us lots of time, and I'm sure many in the town would just be *dying* to meet you!"

"That sounds wonderful," Elia replied, nodding. "It is very interesting to experience new species and their many different cultures!"

"Well, then, it's settled. We'll have a tour in the morning, and then we can—"

WHIR!

The adults frowned. All their heads turned towards the door, where an alarm from a nearby building had started to wail.

"That's multi-housing building B!" Angela gasped.

"Get out of the way!" Tom yelled as he and several others pushed past and raced for the door.

Suddenly, there was a flood of commotion as everybody jostled to get out to the street and see what was going on. Caught up in the hubbub, Elia followed the crowd. By the time she got outside, she saw what she assumed were Tom and several others in firefighting gear, moving rapidly towards the building. Sirens echoed as the sharp blare of a fire engine's horn further shattered the evening air.

Across the street, people were likewise streaming out of the burning low skyscraper, the whole side face of which had caught fire.

"Muster!" someone cried.

Like a colony of ants, the evacuees rushed towards the speaker, and the building's emergency preparedness crew began taking roll.

Elia watched all of this with fascination, impressed at how organized the city was for just such an event.

"Oh, my gosh! Look!" someone shouted.

Elia's eyes followed the pointing finger. She gasped.

Flames were licking up past the top of the building, but from one of the upper windows, she could clearly see a little girl, her figure rendered ghastly by the firelight.

"Get a ladder up there!" one of the firefighters called.

Elia's eyes darted to the fire engine; its ladder wasn't anywhere near long enough to reach. She looked back at the building, where the flames were licking closer and closer to the window where the tiny figure stood.

"Krissi? Krissi?!"

Angela's voice pierced through the din.

"Mom! Mommy?!"

The tiny voice hit Elia's ear like an icicle. Her jaw slackened, and she felt her stomach twist as she focused on the window. Her visor zoomed in on the little girl—and the stuffed bear clutched to her chest.

"There's no time," she murmured. "Everybody, move back ten feet! *NOW!*" she ordered, her visor amplifying her voice to the volume of a jet engine.

The piercing volume stunned those around her for a split second, but then everybody shrank away from her all at once, and not a moment too soon. Closing her eyes, she focused and abruptly shot up seventy feet.

"It's okay, little one," she said, holding out her fingers like an extension of the window ledge. "Come on. Hurry!"

The fearful tot's eyes bulged, seeing the impossibly tall alien standing in front of her.

"Come on," Elia gently urged. "Come to Mama-Saurus."

Emboldened, Krissi nodded. Clutching Sir Bearington tightly to her, she took the precarious step over a sixty-foot drop to the asphalt, teetered, and fell safely into Elia's palm.

"Gotcha," Elia whispered. "Bit of a quick drop here."

She lowered her hand to the ground as fast as she dared, and Angela rushed to collect her daughter.

"Oh, my gosh, thank you!" Angela cried. "Thank—"

Elia held up her hand, apologetically cutting her off. In a fluid movement, she turned and rose, sweeping her hand towards the fire engine, where the firefighters had just charged the hose.

"Do you want help?" she asked.

The firefighters exchanged glances, then Tom nodded.

"Stand back."

The crew all stepped back, and Elia's sweeping hand snatched the line, deftly flicked the nozzle open, and in the course of seconds, sprayed water all up and down the whole side of the building. Cocking her head and stooping, she aimed the hose at every little hint of flame she saw, guided by her visor's infrared sensors, putting out the fire in seconds rather than the precious minutes or hours it would have taken if the crew had needed to tow the hose up flight after flight of stairs.

At last, Elia turned the hose off and put it down.

"All yours," she said.

The crew grabbed the hose and charged into the building, but after a few minutes, they came back out, never needing to turn it on.

The sirens stopped, leaving only the crackle and hiss of warm, wet wood.

Elia exhaled slowly, closed her eyes, and shrank back down. Regarding her work critically, she allowed herself a satisfied nod.

As she turned to leave, a cheer erupted from the onlookers. Elia gasped as she felt herself swept off her feet and hoisted into the air by the extremely grateful town.

The next couple of weeks were a blur. Elia had gone from the object of intense suspicion to local hero in an instant, and now even the adults seemed to have forgotten their own instructions to give her some time to herself. People whose possessions had been saved by her quick dousing of the fire brought her gifts of food and clothing; Angela was beside herself with gratitude, and certainly the kids enjoyed their playtime with her every day. In fact, *all* of the children in the colony joined in the fun from sunup until sundown. And then, when Mama-Saurus escorted them all home, their parents took their turn interacting with her, showing her around, and asking just about as many questions as their kids had.

For Elia, the highlight of these festivities—aside from playing with the children, of course—was the tour of the town. While her visor could pretty effectively determine the purpose of most of the buildings based on their heat signatures, getting to see the inner workings was a treat. Of course, the humans lacked the Saurian level of sophistication in their technology, but as an adventurer, it was fascinating to her to see how they heated water to drive turbines for electricity, which in turn was used to pump and purify their water, along with countless other things. She also noted with interest that manufacturing had not yet reached 100% automation, that there were still large numbers of people employed putting things together. Thinking back in her own species' history, she couldn't remember a time when they had built things for themselves.

But the most impressive thing, Elia thought, was the immense level of preparations the town had made in case of all manner of calamities. She had already seen the firefighters in action, but there was a massive book—one that Angela said all the emergency staff knew by rote—that covered the procedures to take in case of anything from a fire or flood to infectious disease to loss of contact with the home planet. The book even included—to Elia's delight and amusement—a section for alien encounters. As her visor translated the instructions, she raised her eyebrows in surprise, noting that Angela, Tom, and the other emergency responders had all followed the steps precisely... until she doused the building, that is.

"You've saved Krissi twice now," Angela said by way of explanation. "If that's not enough to prove you're not out to get us, I don't know what is!"

Elia just smiled and nodded.

The tour continued, and she got to see the massive star port, where goods from the home planet were traded for exports from the colony.

"That's quite a large ship!" Elia gushed.

"Lots of cargo," Tom replied. "It's always a little exciting when it comes, too. It's got some of the creature comforts from home that we can't make or grow here."

He offered Elia a piece of fresh pineapple (well, fresher than the canned stuff anyway), which the Saurian ate with delight.

"The contingency book called for evacuation," Elia said as she looked up at the massive ship. "Is that what you'd use?"

"No," Angela replied, "We have dedicated ships for that. A cargo ship only has enough oxygen and rations for its crew; it would take much more to be able to keep us all alive if we had to leave."

Elia nodded. "That's smart," she said. "It seems like you've thought of everything!"

"Do you want to see?" Tom offered.

Elia thought about it. "I'd like that!" she beamed.

Tom took the lead, and the trio veered off towards the residential buildings.

"Each building has its own," Tom said, "But each ship is big enough to carry everybody."

"Always good to have a backup!" Elia offered.

"Too right!" Tom agreed.

They stepped up to a nondescript door next to the main entrance to the building. Tom pushed a button, and with an electric hum, the door unlocked.

"What if the power goes out?" Elia asked.

"There's a mechanical override," Tom replied as he opened the door.

The door opened to reveal a utilitarian-looking, gloomy corridor. As they stepped inside, the lights came on, revealing what had looked like a narrow hallway to actually be a short vestibule that opened into a cavernous space. Elia reeled, doing a double-take at the long staircase that led, eventually, to a gleaming spacecraft perched upright beneath a glass dome covered with earth.

"We didn't want to risk doors getting jammed and damaging the craft as she took off," Tom explained, "So we use glass instead. That long, pointed barb on the tip of the ship is designed specifically to break the glass without affecting the ship's integrity."

Elia remembered an image she'd seen in one of the feeds.

"'In case of emergency, break glass?'" she asked.

Tom raised his eyebrows. "Yes, exactly!" he said. "Come on! This is actually where I work, so it's kind of nice to be able to show people around."

"What do you do?" Elia asked.

"I'm in charge of maintenance, making sure that this baby and her sister are both ready to go at a moment's notice. Fueled, stocked, everything in good working order: that's me!"

"Tom, who are you talking to—?"

Greg stopped short, his face twisting into a suspicious sneer.

"What's *she* doing here?" he demanded.

"I'm giving her a tour of the town," Tom replied, shrugging.

"And showing her the *escape vessels*? Are you *insane*?!" the balding man cried. "Why don't you show her where we keep all the extra provisions, too, hmm? And the armory!"

"Ooh!" Tom said, his face lighting up. "Yeah, that'd be an interesting thing to see; it'd be fun to compare your weapons to ours!"

"You *idiot*!" Greg seethed. "I was being *sarcastic*! Get her out of here, and do *not* show her the armory!"

"Good grief, Greg, what does she have to do to prove herself to you? She rescued Krissi and single-handedly put out the fire in res block B."

"That fire was started under suspicious circumstances," Greg clapped back, fixing Elia with a penetrating stare.

"Oh, for goodness' sake, you can't possibly think—"

"I'm *watching* you," Greg hissed, stepping up to Elia and thrusting a finger as close to her reptilian face as he dared. "You're up to something, and *I'm* not going to be fooled!"

With that, he turned on heel and stormed out.

Tom and Elia sighed at once.

"Don't mind him," Tom said. "He's... just Greg."

But, aside from Greg's persistent suspicion, the town welcomed Elia with open arms, even inviting her to town meetings to get an outsider's perspective on how the city was being run. During one such meeting, Elia inadvertently endeared herself to the town even more by volunteering to go on a scouting mission for them, a task that would have taken the humans in their primitive vehicles hours to achieve but that Elia could complete in only a couple of minutes thanks to her ability to grow and cover miles of territory with a single stride. The children, were, of course, beside themselves with delight at seeing her over two miles tall, but their parents absolutely forbade them from climbing on her when she was that size. The risk of one of them falling, they said, was far too great from that height.

"Elia, I really don't know how we got by without you," Angela said one day at dinner.

"You really are a Mama-Saurus to all of us!" Tom agreed.

"To Mama-Saurus!" Dan cried, much to the startlement of the adults and the delight of the children.

But, after consideration, the adults all joined in. "To Mama-Saurus!"

That night, Elia made her way back to her campsite and thought happily about all her friends, though it puzzled her why they made such a big deal out of the help she'd provided over the last few weeks. Didn't they help each other within their capacity? Granted, her size-changing abilities *did* grant her more capabilities than most, but still...

She shrugged it off and shifted her thoughts to the next day, eagerly awaiting the next opportunity to play with the children. They had recently involved her in a new game in which they mounded little hills of sand together and pretended they were castles, and then they called her Kaiju-Khan and had her stomp on them. The game had seemed awfully destructive to Elia, but the children squealed with glee every time she flattened one of their little mounds and made roaring noises.

Shaking her head and chuckling to herself, she rolled over and was about to go to sleep when her visor vibrated, indicating an incoming call. Surprised, she tapped her temple.

"Agent Domna," the visor said.

"Commander!" Elia replied brightly.

"We have received the transmissions you sent us. The order has come down: the extermination is to commence immediately."

Elia's face lit up. "Wonderful!" she beamed. "I've gotten myself quite into their good graces; it should be easy."

"Very good. Once it is done, we will advance on their home planet."

"Ooh, goody!" Elia giggled, clapping her hands together. "I can't wait!"

"I'll await confirmation of completion."

"It will be done!"

The communication ended, and Elia felt the familiar fluttering in her stomach she always felt when it was time to do an extermination. But, as she rolled onto her back, she pursed her lips, feeling a pang of sadness.

"Oh, well," she said, shrugging. "Orders are orders; I'll make new friends."

"Mama-Saurus!" Dan and Krissi chorused.

"Are we gonna play Kaiju-Khan today?" Ray asked hopefully.

"Yeah! Kaiju-Khan, Mama-Saurus!" Dan pleaded.

"Very well, children," Elia replied, smiling.

"Yay!" came the response.

"I'll go build a castle for you to crush!" Dan volunteered.

"That won't be necessary today," Elia said.

The kids cocked their heads and peered at her curiously.

"What do you mean, Mama-Saurus?" Krissi asked.

"I thought that today, maybe we'd do the real thing."

"Real thing?" Joel asked.

"Instead of stomping on sand castles, I'm going to stomp on buildings and cars and people today!" Elia explained.

The kids looked at each other, not getting the joke.

"Oh!" Joel said at last. "You mean that instead of these being *sand castles*"—he pointed to the lump of sand he'd already mounded up—"these are gonna be skyscrapers and little cars?"

"Yeah!" Dan said, brightening. "That sounds like fun! Stomp the skyscrapers!"

"Stomp the skyscrapers!" the children chorused gleefully.

"There'll be plenty of that to come," Elia replied, her lips cracking into a toothy grin. "But I really want it to be a *challenge*, children; it's not much fun when my prey don't run away."

The kids looked at each other again.

"But," Krissi began, fiddling with Sir Bearington's paws, "How do we get sand to run away?"

Looks of perplexity came across all the kids' faces. For thirty seconds or so, the plateau was silent as they tried to come up with an answer.

"I give up," Ray declared. "How do we do it? How do we make sand run away?"

"I'm not talking about sand," Elia hinted, her tone beginning to harden. "I'm talking about *real* people. *Real* buildings."

She looked around. Spying Joel, her eyes narrowed.

"Maybe a demonstration would be better," she suggested.

"Yeah! Show us what you mean!" Dan agreed.

"Very well."

Elia stepped back from the children, then closed her eyes and concentrated. Seconds later, she was the size of a house.

"Run, children," Elia singsonged. "Run away, or Mama-Saurus is gonna step on you!"

The children gasped, taken aback. But then Krissi squealed with delight and took off running.

"She wants to play tag!" she said. "Mama-Saurus tag!"

Giggles erupted from the kids as they all took off running in every direction.

"Mama's gonna getcha!" Elia goaded, stomping and turning in place, giving them time to flee. "Here she comes!"

STOMP, STOMP, STOMP.

She closed the distance between herself and the nearest child in just three steps.

"Joel's about to be 'it'," she growled.

"Aww, I don't *wanna* be 'it'," Joel groaned, stopping and looking up at her.

He started, seeing her foot raised up above his head.

Wow, that's really big... and scaly, he thought.

Her foot came down, but instead of crushing him, it knocked him off his feet, sending him sprawling on his back.

"O—ow!" he gasped, the wind knocked out of him. "H—hey! Mama-Saurus, that hurt! I don't wanna play anymore!"

But despite his protests, Mama raised her foot again.

"W—wait! I said I don't wanna play anymore!"

The twinge of protest and fear in his voice made the other children stop and turn.

"Mama?" Krissi asked, staring in disbelief. "Did you *hurt* him?"

"No, children," Elia replied. "But I'm about to."

Joel looked up, then began scrambling backwards as her foot came down.

STOMP!

Joel let out a blood-curdling shriek.

"*Mama!*" Krissi gasped, aghast.

Elia raised her foot. Joel's upper torso jerked along with her for a few seconds as his flattened legs, caked and sticky with blood, stuck to her sole. But then, all at once, his weight tugged him off of her, and he collapsed in a heap, shrieking frantically in pain and terror.

"Run, children," Elia said quietly with a sadistic grin. "Run and tell your parents what I've done."

None of them budged. All were too stunned to move.

"GO!" Elia ordered, raising her foot menacingly.

"But... *why*, Mama?!" Krissi cried.

Elia put her foot down, then knelt next her.

"My orders have come in," she said somberly. "I am to exterminate your colony, to kill every last one of you, to raze every building to the ground."

Krissi looked up at her in disbelief. "E—even... *Me?*"

"Yes! Even you," Elia said brightly, standing back up. "Now," she said, her voice hardening again. "Are you going to run back to your parents, or am I going to have to stomp on another one of you?"

The kids all looked at each other, then fled. All except for Joel, who lay there sobbing on his back, his legs no more than an inch thick.

"Oh, I am going to *enjoy* this," Elia crooned to him. "But it's going to take a little time for my message to sink in with your parents." Glancing at the retreating children in the distance, she squatted down over him and rubbed her groin through her shorts. "It's been too long since my last extermination."

Despite the pain and terror, Joel started in shock. "You did this before?"

"Oh, yes," Elia purred, moving her hand up to her waistband and slipping her fingers underneath it. "*Thousands* of times. It's always such a rush!"

"But *why?*!"

"Hush now," Elia murmured.

Closing her eyes, she used both hands to undo her shorts, then knelt and pulled them all the way off in a fluid motion. She hesitated, then shrugged and tossed them on the ground. She'd recollect them later. As the saurian stood back up, Joel's eyes bulged.

"Y—you have a pee-pee like me!" he gasped.

"Mm, yes," Elia cooed, reaching down and grasping her throbbing cock.

At her current size, it was nearly three feet long and equally large in circumference. She gently stroked its underside, and it bobbed in response.

"Almost a month since I last let you out to play," she murmured.

She gasped then sighed as her finger's grazing sent a thrill up her spine. A blob of pre formed at the tip of her prick, and as she began to slowly and rhythmically nurse her cock with her fingers, the blob grew larger and heavier, hanging downward as gravity pulled increasingly forcefully on it. As she threw her head back

and opened her mouth in ecstasy, the blob finally lost the fight against gravity and plummeted toward Joel, who lay between it and the ground.

Tss!

"Wh—ah—*augh!*" Joel shrieked.

He began flailing his arms, trying to brush the corrosive liquid off his chest. Like strong acid, it had hit his shirt, hissed, and immediately begun dissolving the fibers. A split-second later, it was attacking the wounded boy's skin. Though he managed to brush most of the stuff off himself (about half a cup in total), it began eating away anything it touched, including the side of his hand, palm, and the smear he'd left across his shoulder. He doubled over and began writhing, clutching at his injured skin. Beneath his hand, the skin had already turned scarlet, and pus and plasma were seeping into the wound.

"Oh?" Elia asked, pausing her jacking off to look at him, intrigued. "Oh, you're carbon-based, aren't you? I'm *really* going to enjoy this, then."

She began jacking herself off with gusto. Though part of her was, of course, anticipating the feeling of climax, an equal part of her was intrigued that her mild precum had been able to produce such an effect on the mangled boy below her. If her pre was capable of that, she was deeply curious to know what her cum would do!

Fantasizing about the rampant destruction she was about to inflict and pent up from a month without release, it didn't take her long to get close.

"Get ready," she grunted breathlessly. "I expect this is *really* going to hurt."

"N—no, Mama! Please don't—!"

Joel's pleas fell on deaf ears. With a guttural groan, Elia bent her oversized cock downward, aiming directly at him as she began to ejaculate.

Squirt. HISS.

"Augh!"

Joel shrieked as a diagonal, crimson streak appeared across his chest. The extremely caustic semen had instantly dissolved his shirt on contact, the feeble fabric not even slowing it down as it succumbed to gravity's influence. On striking his skin, it sizzled and immediately burned his flesh as if he'd been struck with a red-hot iron.

But his screams were music to Elia's ears. "Oh! *Oh!*" she cried.

Acid rain poured down on top of the boy, hitting his eyelids and dissolving them, then landing in his eyes and blinding him. Everywhere the stuff hit skin, it let off the acrid stench of burning flesh and hissed angrily. For his part, Joel shrieked and writhed in pain as the acidic spooge ate its way through skin and then began boring through muscle, sinew, and even bone. His body was pitted with holes eaten away and cauterized so clean that Elia could look through them and see the ground beneath. Not even blood oozed into them.

Abruptly, Joel's shrieking stopped. A particularly large blob of semen had landed squarely on his chest, and over several agonizing seconds, it ate through his sternum, stopped and ate his heart, and then bored a hole through his lungs. For another terrifying moment, the boy's brain suffocated and starved. And then, he was dead.

Elia threw her head back and sighed contentedly.

"Oh, it's been so long," she murmured again. "That felt good. Now, to business."

She tapped her temple and told her visor to bring up the latest news coverage, where her picture appeared next to a newscaster with the caption "Top Story: Elia Monster?" emblazoned beneath the anchor desk. It didn't take her long to learn that word of what she'd done had indeed reached the adults, who did not yet know whether to believe what the kids had told them, let alone what to think about it.

"So much confusion and chaos," she said thoughtfully. "Time to go stir the pot!"

Rubbing her hands together eagerly, she practically skipped off towards the town. Shrinking herself as she went, she was only about seven feet tall by the time she arrived at the outskirts, where a group of adults in jeeps was assembling, evidently about to come find her.

"You!" Greg's voice rang out. "Stop right there!"

Elia stopped and cocked her head. "Me? Why? I thought you all *loved* Mama-Saurus, that you 'didn't know how you got by without me'?"

"I *knew* there was something fishy about you," Greg snarled, advancing towards her, ahead of the crowd.

"Greg! Stay with the group," Tom called, throwing his hands up in exasperation. "Elia, wh—where are your shorts?!"

But Greg wouldn't hear it. Getting right up into Elia's space, he thrust his finger into her face.

"The children all just came into town crying and saying you'd killed Joel," he said, his voice triumphant. "That doesn't sound like a hero to me! What have you got to say for yourself?"

Elia smirked. "You accuse me of killing a child, yet you sound so excited about it," she replied, her voice plenty loud enough for the onlookers to hear. "Do you *like* hearing that children are being injured?"

"Wh—*no!*" Greg snapped. "Joel's loss—if he is indeed dead—is tragic, but it proves that I was *right!*"

Elia's smirk broadened into a grin. "Yes," she said simply, her voice quieting so that only he could hear.

Greg's face fell.

"You *were* right," Elia agreed. "All this time." She raised her voice again. "All this time, Greg told you I was up to no good. He was *right*, oh, so very *right*. You should give him a medal."

Greg's expression wavered between genuine pride and the nagging sense that there was a catch.

"But, before you do, I have something for him, too," Elia continued, putting her hand on his shoulder.

Greg tried to dodge and duck out of the way, but her hand was like a vise. Greg grunted and winced in pain as she gripped his shoulder and then, abruptly, lifted him into the air by it.

"Shield the children! You wouldn't want them to see this!" she cackled as she raised him up over her cock, which was already throbbing with anticipation again. To Greg, she asked, "You know what I really think about you being right this whole time?" She lowered him until his buttocks were spread by her immense girth. "I think you can shove it up your ass."

Greg's eye twitched involuntarily, and then he screamed as she jammed her cock into him, her pre dissolving a hole in his pants and underwear as she thrust. The initial pain of being impaled was bad enough, but as she began to pre inside of him, he felt his insides being dissolved from the inside out.

"You were *right*, Greg! You were so *right!*" Elia cried as she began thrusting violently, using both hands around his waist to yank him up and down on her cock. "Isn't it nice to be so damned *right?!*"

The tight squeeze of Greg's ass on her cock as well as her own bubbly-bordering-on-demented enthusiasm quickly sent her over the edge. She began to climax and thrust again, hard, shifting her hands to his calves for a better grip.

R—rip.

As she jerked him downward, the corrosive effect of her cum and the sheer force of her yanking tore his skin right at the perineum. She pulled her hips back and thrust forward one last time, her cock widening the bifurcation and splitting his body into halves as effortlessly as a saw through a log. Her cock erupted into the air as a shower of blood and entrails dropped to the ground at her feet.

Panting, Elia looked over the horrified crowd and caught her breath.

"He was right," she said at last. "Run away, little humans; don't make this too easy on me now!"

"Elia! Mama-Saurus! *Why?!*" Tom cried.

"Y—you're a town hero!" Angela protested. "You saved Krissi multiple times!"

"You helped me fix my jeep!"

"You held the overpass up so people didn't drive off and kill themselves!"

"You put out the fire!"

"You saved Sir Bearington!"

Krissi's voice rang out like a clarion call above the other voices.

"Krissi! Get back here!" Angela cried breathlessly.

"Why, Mama-Saurus? Why were you so nice to us if you're just gonna kill us all? Don't you like us anymore?" the little girl pleaded, deftly evading her mother.

"Little girl, I *had* to be nice," Elia replied. "I had to earn everybody's trust."

That got the adults all murmuring amongst themselves.

"Why didn't you just kill us to start with?" Tom demanded hotly.

"What's that saying you humans use? 'To make an omelet, you have to crack a few eggs.' I spared and even saved a few of you to earn your trust, and now I know everything I need to know to eradicate you all." She smiled sweetly. "I just needed to know where the evacuation vessels were. Oh, and your bunkers and armory. It's not an extermination if anybody gets away, you know."

"Y—you can't mean this," Angela said, stunned. "This—this is a sick joke, right? Ha-ha, not very funny?" Her eyes searched Elia's face desperately.

The saurian shook her head. "Nope, not a joke. Now," she said, rubbing her hands together, "I do *hope* you will all run away and give me a bit of a challenge; I hate it when my prey just roll over and give up."

Nobody moved.

Elia sighed in exasperation. "Go on," she said, making a shooing motion. "Go off to your little armory and get out your guns!"

The colonists looked at each other.

"But, we don't want to shoot you," Tom said.

"No?" Elia asked as she started to grow. "You fools. You never should have trusted me."

Lifting her foot, she brought it down. There was a shriek, and Janine's lower extremities were flattened just like her son's.

Squelch.

Elia ground the ball of her foot against the dirt, squeezing Janine's mangled leg-parts between her toes.

"How about now?" she demanded.

She didn't need her visor to read the stages of grief playing out on each face in front of her. Some *still* remained stunned, disbelieving what they had all just seen and heard. Other faces looked enraged, yet that stage always progressed rapidly to bargaining as countless eyes sized her up, trying to decide how to take her down.

"Yes," she purred, "I can *feel* your anger and sadness! *Use* that! Come get me! Or... maybe you need a more visceral demonstration."

Her visor picked out a target from the crowd. Before anyone could react, an arm the size of a telephone pole shot out of the sky and snatched up a victim.

Dan yelped in terror as he was lifted high into the air and thrust up over Elia's head for all to see.

"Why, it's *Dan*, everyone! You all know him; you all love him. Right?"

Tom shoved his way to the front.

"Daddy!" Dan shrieked.

Tom began shaking his head.

"D—don't do it, Elia," he pleaded. "Not Dan! Take me instead!"

"Take *you*?" Elia laughed. "Oh, no, Tom; I need *you* to start getting the evacuation vessels ready! I've got to give you all a sporting chance, after all, and with Greg"—she gestured with her free hand to the halved human—"like *that*, he's not going to be much help."

"Leave him alone!" Tom yelled, his face suddenly livid. "He's just a child; pick on someone your own size, you monster!"

"*That's* the spirit!" Elia said. "Now, it's time *everybody* got into the spirit. Are you ready?"

"No, please—!"

"Mama-Saurus, please don't!" Dan cried.

"Sorry, Dan. I have to. Don't worry. If you humans believe in an afterlife, your family and friends will be joining you soon."

From fifty feet in the air, Elia tossed him upwards. In slow motion, he left her hand while Tom began sprinting towards Elia. Dan reached the top of his trajectory and began to fall. A terrified shriek escaped his lips. Tom's eyes bulged, and he sprinted faster. Others in the crowd began to understand what he was doing and shoved their way forward to help him. Dan's falling body passed in front of Elia's face. Tom made it into position and looked up, adjusting his position to catch Dan before he hit the ground. He knew that catching his son would likely be fatal for him, but if he could spare the boy, he would do anything.

Dan streaked down to the level of Elia's neck.

Her chest.

With all eyes on Dan, nobody saw Elia's arms move.

CLAP!

SQUISH!

Split-split, splat-splat.

Tom's jaw dropped in stunned anguish as drops of blood and pieces of severed guts rained down from above.

SPLAT!

Dan's body, squashed in midair like a fly, landed with a wet, squishing sound beside his father. His entrails—the ones that hadn't already been forced out of his body by the shock wave of energy released by Elia's clapping hands—exploded out of him in all directions, splattering all over the aghast onlookers.

A hollow cry rose from Tom's throat. Mournful and haunting, he summed up the feeling of the entire town without forming a word. All at once, the town mobilized into an angry mob.

"Yes!" Elia hissed. "Come at me!"

But the town's anger quickly turned to terror as she stepped forward, crushing several people underfoot.

Elia shuddered with ecstasy, delighting in the feeling of bones and guts splattering under her foot and squidging up under her sole. Giggling, she wriggled her toes and shivered at the feeling of the slick paste smearing between them. Shuddering, she instinctively reached for her penis, which was already beginning to drool. She closed her eyes and seemed lost in the moment as she fondled herself and rubbed the dead bodies between her toes.

While Elia was reveling in self-pleasure, the town had started mobilizing. Several of Tom's colleagues had grabbed him under the arms and dragged him to the fire station, where the chief gave him a sound slap across the face to bring him to his senses.

"What's the *point*?" he cried. "We've all seen her in action; she's invincible!"

"We are *not* going to fight her," the chief replied sternly. "We are gonna do what we do best: get everybody safely aboard the ship and get the hell out of here."

Tom's eyes flashed. "The ship!" he gasped. "We—we've got to get it started up; it takes half an hour for the thrusters to come up to temp!"

"Then get to it! We'll start the evacuation."

Elia's hips bucked, and then she began to cum. Opening her eyes, she aimed her cock at the nearest building, which happened to be the power plant. The size of a skyscraper herself, she spurted over a gallon of corrosive, white liquid that splattered onto the asphalt roof and began boring holes through the tar. Within seconds, the roof looked like it had been made of Swiss cheese.

Elia's eyes lit up at the sound of a shriek inside. Grinning with anticipation, she walked up to the building, stuck her fingers through a few of the holes that had been made, then yanked upward. The shrieking intensified. As Elia peered into the building, she saw three people cowering: one in a corner, one under a desk, and one pressed up against one of the turbines.

"*Someone* wants to play hide and seek!" Elia giggled, clapping her hands together. "Peek-a-boo! I see you!"

She reached in, fished all three of the terrified plant workers into her palm, and then whisked them out of the building and into the air.

"Good timing, too: I *wanted* a snack!"

As the trembling humans in her hand begged for their lives, she brought her hand to her face, opened her mouth, and licked the three off her palm.

A tongue the size of a bus slammed into the workers, and they felt themselves yanked back into the hot, wet darkness of Elia's maw. They collided against each other and Elia's teeth. All of them suffered bruises, and one suffered a broken shoulder. But, that would soon be the least of their worries. Unable to get their footing on her slippery, jagged molars, they scurried in vain as her teeth came together.

Squirt.

"Mm! Savory!" Elia gloated. "It's like meat-flavored tapioca!"

For two of her victims, the torment ended there as her teeth snuffed the life out of them. For the third, though, the agony persisted as Elia's teeth severed the woman's leg halfway up the shin, as well as one of her arms at the elbow. Now drowning in saliva and rapidly going into shock, the woman clambered as best she could to get out from between the crushing chompers.

"Oh, no, you don't!" Elia said, running her tongue along the inside of her cheek. "Stay put!"

She bit down again and extinguished the final power plant worker's miserable existence.

"It's a shame you humans are still using such primitive technology," Elia commented, reaching down and grabbing hold of the turbine. "We saurians are so advanced that my *visor* produces more power than you're generating here. Tsk, tsk."

With a grunt, she yanked the turbine out of the ground and crushed it in her hand. She was about to discard it when she was distracted by a bright yellow vehicle moving away from her very fast. Long and narrow, it reminded her instantly of a sex toy she'd played with one time. Absent-mindedly dropping the turbine through the roof of another building, she took off after the retreating bus.

It didn't take long to catch it.

"Come to Mama!" Elia said, plucking the ground off the ground and holding it at eye level. "Oh, look!" she exclaimed giddily, "There are people inside! Well, that should make this *much* more fun."

Looking quizzically at the back of the bus, she poked her thumb through the back door, then yanked it out. Adjusting her size to fit it, she slipped her dick into the hole she'd made and began humping it like a monkey with a football.

For the driver and evacuees, the experience was far less delightful. The sudden upward jerk had knocked several people over, and as Elia ripped the door off the back of the bus, many people fell into the aisle, landing on top of each other, or worse, falling all the way to the front of the vehicle and slamming into the windshield, which shattered on impact. Several people fell out, plummeting 80 feet to the ground and splattering on the asphalt below.

Elia paid them no mind. Very aroused by what she was doing, she held the bus in one hand and thrust into it repeatedly while fumbling with her chest armor with her free hand. After a few seconds, the boxy covering fell away, crushing several vehicles parked on the side of the road, and Elia seized one of her tits and began rubbing her nipple furiously.

"Ohh, this is gonna be good," she groaned.

As she sped up, the people in the bus slammed against the back wall over and over. The luckiest among the passengers only suffered whiplash and heavy bruising. Others had their legs, arms, and even necks broken by the repeated, sharp jolts.

But then, Elia ground the bus against her groin as her testes began to shudder and unload yet another load of cum. The driver was the luckiest, for the sharp blast caught him square in the back of the head with enough force to slam his head against the steering wheel, knocking him out before he felt the semen's corrosive effects. Everybody else shrieked in pain as gallon after gallon of semen rained down upon them.

As Elia basked in climactic ecstasy, she instinctively made herself grow larger, her swelling, spitting cock squeezing tighter and tighter into the fixed opening of the emergency door. Now even the metal shrieked, chorusing with the passengers, as her penis bent it outward, forcing it to accommodate her increasing girth.

With increased girth came increased semen volume.

Where each spurt had dumped a couple of gallons of semen into the bus at once, her larger size now had her dumping thousands of gallons with each contraction of her balls. The unlucky ones at the back of the bus were quickly completely submerged in the caustic liquid, which attacked their mucous membranes with particular fervor, gaining easy entrance into their abdominal cavities through the anus, penis, and vagina, and into the skull through the eyes, ears, nose, and mouth, inflicting a medley of pains that included the sensation of soap up one's urethra and water up one's nose, menstrual cramps, severe gas, drowning, an ice pick to the ear, biting into a ghost pepper, having a blow torch applied to the skin, and acid in the eyes—all at once. For the longest, most miserable seconds of their lives, those victims writhed and screamed below the surface, their shrill cries sending a haunting chill up the spines of those in the seats ahead of them, a grisly preview of things to come.

But after thirty seconds, the bus fell silent, all life in it extinguished, all biological matter in it reduced to scummy ingredients mixed in with the caustic semen and the parts of the bus it was able to dissolve.

"Boy, getting off like *that* makes me hungry!" Elia cooed.

Glancing down at the bus, she grinned and eyed it greedily. Pulling it off her cock, she grew just a little bit more, then brought it to her lips and swallowed it whole. The screech of twisting metal echoed out of her mouth as her throat muscles squeezed the bus and its contents into a digestible bolus and dumped it into the veritable vat of acid that was her stomach. She belched loudly.

Her hunger and lust sated for the moment, she turned her attention to the more administrative task of destroying the city. Using her feet and hands and even cock and balls as weapons of mass destruction, she began knocking the tops off of skyscrapers and flattening the lower halves into mangled pancakes of metal, glass, and concrete.

But destruction was not her only goal. She had to eradicate the species, too, and for that, she wanted some help.

"Visor, show me what they see," she said.

Instantly, the screen on her visor started showing her video feeds from the town's news station, as well as videos people were streaming from their phones. She saw herself from a hundred different perspectives, mostly from below, but a few from above, too. Grinning wickedly, she picked one feed in particular and then, watching herself in real time, she turned until she saw herself looking in the direction of the camera. Walking with uncertain steps, she moved closer and closer until it seemed to be within arm's reach.

The feed suddenly went dead as Elia swung her cock like a battering ram and toppled another skyscraper.

Humans fled the building in ones and twos and then as a massive stream.

"*You* get to die! And *you* get to die! Everybody gets to die!" Elia cackled, hopping from person to person and changing her size at will to pick people off one by one or flatten an entire group of them at once.

She really didn't have a favorite way to dispatch the humans: on one hand, the feeling of a dozen or more humans under her foot all snuffing out at once was extremely satisfying, but on the other hand, slowly (by her standards) rolling her foot from the heel to the toe and breaking a person's feet, shins, thighs, hips, back, and arms before finally crushing the skull had a certain intimacy and deliberation to it, akin to the difference between pouring boiling water on an ant mound versus killing ants individually.

And, from her perspective, standing a quarter-mile high at some points, the humans really *did* look like ants. In that regard, shrinking herself down and picking individuals off one-by-one also had the benefit that she could more clearly see what she was doing—and to whom. She had just shrunk down to pick off an old granny with a walker with her big toe when she saw a diminutive human standing in the middle of the chaos, looking up at her defiantly. In its arms was a little brown bear.

"Mama-Saurus, you go to your room right now!" Krissi shouted up at her. "Sir Bearington will *not* stand for this!"

Elia paused. For a split-second, the carnage came to a stop. Then she began to laugh. The absurdity of a child not even four feet tall scolding her—*her*, of all people!—inspired genuine mirth.

"You've got courage, Krissi," she said, squatting down but remaining over a hundred feet tall. "But you saw what happened to Joel and Dan, and unless you want to be next, I'd suggest that you and Sir Bearington go run to the escape ship. Your mother must be very worried."

"Krissi!"

"Right on time."

Angela sprinted from the cover of a nearby building, snatched her daughter up without breaking her stride, and fled into another building.

"Tick, tock, Angela," Elia boomed. "It won't be long now." She frowned. "Actually, it should be any minute. Visor, how long before the ships are ready to take off?"

Her visor replied that it would be about fifteen minutes as a problem with expired fuel had delayed the colonists.

"*Expired* fuel/" Elia scoffed. "Guh, these humans *deserve* to be exterminated. *Expired*."

She shook her head and pursed her lips. When her prey *had* a way to evacuate, she liked to play cat-and-mouse with them a bit, but this delay was longer than she wanted to wait.

Spying a cigar-shaped building not far from the evacuation center, she got an idea.

"Mm. That looks like it'd fit me snugly," she mused.

Striding over to it and growing to over a mile tall, Elia plucked the building off its foundations as effortlessly as picking a flower, raised it up and shook it to see if any humans fell out (they didn't; the building had long since been evacuated), and then thrust her penis into it. Getting increasingly turned on by her anticipation of wiping everybody out, she was on a hair-trigger and almost immediately began cumming as soon as a girder brushed her sensitive prick. Groaning lewdly, she angled the tip of the building downward and began filling it up with semen. But even after it was filled to the brim, Elia's testicles wouldn't stop shuddering.

"Oh, I'm so pent up!" she groaned.

Abandoning her attempt to contain her semen in the building, she dropped it on the ground, and countless gallons of corrosive cum splattered all over the city. Like a building-sized frag grenade, her semen and shrapnel from the building undermined the foundations of countless nearby structures. As she turned to walk back towards the evacuation site, an earthquake-level crash started behind her, with dozens of buildings collapsing all at once.

Elia might have been pleased with herself for that, but her mind was elsewhere. Being this close to annihilating the humans, she was so pent up that she began to ejaculate uncontrollably. Her hips bucking involuntarily made it difficult to walk, but she nevertheless made her way back to the evacuation site. Driven by the motion of her legs, her cock swayed to and fro, dousing the whole street with multiple fire hoses' worth of caustic chemicals. For any unfortunate enough to come in contact with the stuff, their shoes were dissolved out from under them, and then their feet. Screaming in agony and falling to the ground with only the stubs of their ankles to keep them upright, they inevitably plunged face-down into the rising jism, which wasted no time attacking the face, chest, and arms and leaving writhing, drowning bodies in Elia's wake.

Seeing the streets largely deserted now (and with good reason since they were increasingly flooded with semen), Elia stuck her arms out to the sides and began knocking the buildings over on both sides of the street as she went, then crushed any stragglers with whatever appendage was handiest: a foot, a finger, or even her cock or (once) her balls. The latter was a particularly challenging feat since she had to squat so deeply, but it was deeply satisfying to feel the spine of her victim snap with a pleasant *pop* against her undercarriage.

At last, Elia arrived at the residential building. Not bothering to deal with the electronic lock, she punched her hand through the door, yanked backwards, and ripped it from its frame.

A chorus of frightened yelps echoed from inside.

Shrinking down to fit through the doorway, Elia started moving down the stairs. As she descended, she noted the huddled masses of people cowering close to the ship, which looked like it was about ready to take off.

"Ah, here you all are," she boomed as she stepped onto the concrete floor, her cock still oozing cum but at a much lower volume since she shrank. "Down in a nice pit from which the only escape is behind me."

"Why are you doing this?" Angela cried, cradling Krissi in her arms. "What have we done to you to deserve this?"

Elia pursed her lips thoughtfully. "You existed," she said at last. "We saurians require a lot of space to expand, and you're in the way."

"Is there *no* room for coexistence?! With you at your largest size, you wouldn't even know we were here!"

"Psh," Elia scoffed. "I've seen how you humans view cockroaches and ants; even though they *are* tiny, you go to great lengths to eradicate them from anywhere near you. Make no mistake, humans: to me, *you* are a bunch of cockroaches."

"Angela, we can't start the evacuations until Greg gets here," a technician said, doing his best to ignore the existential threat in the room and carry on.

Angela stared at him incredulously.

"Haven't you heard?" Elia asked. "Greg won't be joining you. He was right, you know. So right that he burst at the seams!"

"You ripped him in half," Angela spat flatly.

"That, too. Nevertheless, you'll just have to go on without him."

The technician blanched. "Greg was the only one who knew the access codes to initiate takeoff."

Elia tapped her visor. A second later, she said, "p-r-U-D-e-n-C-3".

The technician frowned. "What?"

"That's the code. Run along now."

The technician looked at Angela, who shrugged helplessly, and then he disappeared. A few seconds later, the ship started to hum.

Angela whipped her head to look at Elia. "Why?" she demanded. "Why give us hope?"

Elia shrugged. "It's more fun that way. All aboard!" she called.

Many of the evacuees rushed for the ship, but Angela sat there, glaring defiantly at Elia.

"Aren't you gonna try to escape?" Elia taunted.

"We'll take the next one," Angela replied coldly. "A captain goes down with the ship."

"But not with *this* ship apparently."

Elia shrugged again just as a booming countdown began from thirty. As the numbers counted down, she and Angela stared at each other expectantly.

"I can see where your spawn gets her bravery," Elia commented as the countdown dropped to single-digits.

"It's a good quality to have," Angela retorted.

"Maybe. It won't save you, though."

The rocket's thrusters ignited, and Angela, Krissi, and the others covered their ears. Elia, meanwhile, waited for the rocket to start moving upward and then started growing. As the pointed tip of the rocket pierced the glass ceiling and began to leave the bunker, Elia reached up and pressed against the ceiling herself. With a shriek of metal and the crunch of concrete, she opened up a second, much larger hole in the roof and stepped out. Once on the surface again, she grew rapidly, shooting up to over a mile tall and snatching the rocket out of the air.

The thruster continued to fire, but its gravity-defying force was no match for the oversized saurian.

"Look at the little rocket ship! Zoom, zoom!" Elia cackled, flying the rocket around in her hand. "Oh! What's that? It's about to hit the ground?" She pointed the rocket towards the ground, squatted, and nearly ran it into the asphalt. "Near miss! But look out; it's a building! Ooh! Another one!"

Laughing maniacally, she deliberately crashed the rocket through several of the remaining skyscrapers, the impact making many of the passengers violently crash against the walls of the ship.

"Geez, who's flying this thing? Must be the worst pilot ever!"

She shivered. The cruel treatment and commentary were starting to turn her on again.

"Mm, I know what to do," she grinned.

Stroking herself with her free hand, she got herself hard then stuck the cone of the rocket into the tip of her dick. Carefully taking her hand away, she grinned.

"Look, Ma! No hands!" she laughed as the ship's thruster attempted to burrow it up into her urethra.

"Ugh, that feels good," she gasped.

Now using both hands to rub, squeeze, and fondle her nipples, she lightly thrust her hips forward and "helped" the rocket inside a little bit. But as she started to pre, the tip of the rocket began to dissolve.

"Uh, oh!" Elia singsonged. "The hull's breached, Captain; I don't think I can hold her!" she said, imagining a Scottish-accented engineer she'd seen in a video clip.

She groaned as the front cone eroded away and the wider portion of the ship's body pushed forward to take its place, titillatingly spreading her urethra open. Her hips bucked involuntarily, and a blast of cum shot into the nose-less ship, dissolving it and everything in it from the inside. The engines abruptly failed, and it plummeted end-over-end to the ground.

Angela shuddered and held Krissi close as the empty vessel hit the ground with a reverberating, gut-wrenching crash. Unable to see the carnage from within the exposed bunker, her mind imagined the worst.

Abruptly, they both jumped as Elia's foot stomped on the mangled husk, flattening it under her heel. The sound of heavy stomping drew nearer.

Without warning, the rest of the ceiling was yanked, shrieking, up into the air like the lid of a tin can. Angela and Krissi yelped in terror as they beheld Elia staring down at them and the surviving evacuees.

"Last ship," Elia cooed. "Step right up, folks: get on the ship, or die."

"What difference does it make?" Angela cried. "You're gonna kill us either way."

"Well, I'm going to fill this whole bunker up with cum after I deal with this ship," Elia replied. "I'd imagine that death by drowning in my cum is probably the *worst* way to go, but suit yourself." She shrugged. "It's all the same to me!" she added gaily.

Those with the wits to do so climbed aboard the remaining ship with the mien of convicts ascending the platform to the gallows.

"Going once. Twice! Doors closing!" Elia announced, overriding the ship's controls through her visor and commencing the countdown sequence. But as the thrusters fired up, Elia shrank herself to around 900 feet tall, then grasped the rocket with both hands. With little difficulty, she lifted it off its launch pad and aimed its blue-hot thruster towards her groin.

"*Ohh*," she groaned. "Just like a saurian in heat!"

Without overture, she jammed her cock into the thruster. Her eyes rolled back in her head as the heat engulfed her groin and quickly sent her over the edge yet again. But her penis had fit so tightly into the thruster that it trapped the hot gases inside. Before she could ejaculate, the pressure built up, and like a football-field-sized bomb, the rocket exploded. Elia gasped and took a step back, shocked at the destructive power that sent shrapnel flying with enough force to embed itself in the concrete slab and carved a crater into the pad below where it had exploded. Even her usually unflappable visor expressed concern at the level of force unleashed but reported that her emergency shields had activated in time to protect her.

Stunned, Elia looked at the place where she had been clutching the rocket in her hands, now an empty space. Sighing, she put her hands down.

"I was really looking forward to getting off inside of there," she complained.

Looking around, she saw that the blast had vaporized everything inside the bunker.

"Well, *that's* disappointing!" she said, scoffing indignantly. "Know what? I'm *still* gonna fill it with cum. Just for good measure," she added, nodding.

Stepping out of the bunker, she looked around but confirmed with disappointment that there was no sign of Krissi or Angela. Shrugging, she turned, grew, and aimed her now-massive cock at the hole in the ground.

It didn't take long for her to stroke herself to climax. Her hips bucked, and she began to fill the bunker with semen. A few poor souls floated to the surface, then dissolved and disappeared again. Elia imagined they had probably already been dead anyway; she couldn't imagine something as weak as a human surviving such a blast.

She looked out over the destroyed town, cocked her head, and squished a few more buildings under her thumb, then ran her hand roughly over the ruined city, scouring the ground and reducing everything to a fine rubble. She tapped her temple, and her visor reported no remaining life. She tapped it again.

"Commander, it's done," she announced. "Bring in the surveying team... and a mop bucket."

"Well done, Agent. After you've cleaned yourself up, report back for your next mission."

"Understood."

Elia closed the communication and shrank down to building-size to survey her work more closely. As she took a step forward, she felt something under her foot. Frowning, she picked her foot up and saw a small, brown, sticky lump adhered to her foot. Grimacing, she picked at it with her fingertips, shrank some more to give herself a better grasp, and at last peeled something small and furry off her foot. Rolling it over in her hand, she started.

Sir Bearington's cold, dead eyes stared hollowly up at her. His fur was completely saturated with Krissi's blood—or perhaps her mother's—but it was unmistakably him. Elia stared at it for a moment.

"Visor, replay," she said.

The visor replayed the events as she stepped into the bunker. While her attention had been on humping the ship, her visor captured everything around her. Sure enough, as she adjusted her stance to begin thrusting, she saw Angela squeeze her eyes closed, grab Krissi in both arms, and sprint. The pair disappeared as Elia's foot came down.

"So, you didn't want to get on the ship, but you didn't want to die by drowning and dissolving," Elia murmured somberly. "Well-played, human. Well-played."

She shrugged, then tossed Sir Bearington into the bunker. The blood dissolved instantly, leaving him pristine for a split second before the artificial fibers of his fur, too, succumbed to the corrosive liquid. His body disappeared below the surface.

A few seconds later, two black eyes floated to the surface, fizzled, and disappeared.