**The Biggest Accident**

The Silph Company tour guide once again patted down his uniform, his eyes drifting to the crowd on the other side of the door. While most times the tours would have began right now, the company policy was to wait a few additional minutes for any stragglers or those who would otherwise be late.

As of this moment, they were waiting on one guest. And the Silph Company Candy Department was about to get even busier, and they couldn’t keep waiting forever.

“Who exactly are we waiting on?” he murmured to a nearby worker. “These people want to see what we’ve come up with. What’s so important about this one guest?”

“You’ll know her. She’s a *huge* fan. She’s been trying to be a part of the tour for months,” the worker replied with a shrug.

“Who is she? A Gym Leader? Some up-and-coming CEO of one of the other nations? I can’t imagine why we’d normally wait this…long.”

The tour guide blinked at the faint sound of a few tremors approaching the building, his brain putting the pieces together as quickly as he saw a beak poke in from a entryway made for trucks.

“Oh.”

The image of a giant feathered head belonging to a familiar giant Torchic poked her head into the building, her friendly demeanor startling the crowd already gathered a bit before they realized who it was.

“Hello!” Helena chirped, before fidgeting and wiggling her way into the building properly, her fifty foot form having to hunch over to properly fit under the roof.

“So *that’s* why we had roof renovations put into this building a while back,” the tour guide mumbled incredulously. “Is this even safe?”

“It should be. I mean, she’s harmless enough.”

“Isn’t this the *same* Torchic that’s outgrown the world before? The one who grows when she consumes too much candy?” the tour guide asked worriedly.

“The very same. Some of the higher-ups share your sentiment, but so long as you keep an eye on her and only give her a small quantity just like the other guests at the end of the tour, we’ll be fine,” the worker said, bumping the tour guide’s shoulder with a fist. “Besides, if things get bad, just remember where the emergency exits are. There’s already an antidote made in the event that she gets too big; it’ll get sent from the main building via helicopter.”

The tour guide inhaled, then exhaled sharply. “Right. No pressure there…”

He relaxed a bit, putting on a smile as he stepped out towards the waiting crowd, with Helena towering right behind them.

“Greetings, everybody! Welcome to the Silph Corporation Candy Department Tour! And no, we couldn’t think of any catchy acronyms.”

He glanced at the variety of men, women, and a few Pokémon within the crowd, and then up towards Helena’s eagerly anxious expression as she tried to huddle in the building. “Here we develop a variety of candies that you may have seen throughout your travels. From stat inducing nutrient ones, to the ever elusive Rare Candies, we here at Silph Corporation do our best to develop all of your nutritional, and sweet tooth reliant, needs.”

He raised a finger in front of him before he addressed them again. “I am here to give you a tour on how these are produced and shipped to retailers and Poké Marts worldwide. However, we do implore that you acknowledge a few rules. Please do not be disruptive to the workers or Pokémon inside. Please do not use any flash photography. And while you are free to stay behind to examine certain exhibits or processing as long as you wish, please stay along the yellow path as we continue.”

He let the rules sink into the crowd for a moment, before looking up at Helena. “In your case, please be careful not to bump into anything. And while I know you can’t fit within the yellow path, please stay close to it as best as you are able. Alright?”

“Okay!” Helena boomed giddily, startling the crowd from the unexpected loudness of her voice, before settling back down.

The tour guide nodded, and quietly inhaled. “Very well, then. If you will please follow me…”

The tour guide turned to his right, motioning everyone through a large hangar door along the path, being doubly sure Helena was able to squeeze her way through before he power walked back to the front. He motioned towards a series of clear, wide windows, on the other side being a group of apron wearing employees carrying large baskets of berries.

“While some of our older products contained artificial flavoring, over the course of several years we had elected to develop a fresher taste for all our clients. We’ve done away with most of the artificial flavors, and have developed newer candies from fresh berries across several regions. Here, berries from the Hoenn, Johto, and Kalos regions get shipped and organized into conveyor belts to be sent to appropriate sections of the facility, which in turn…”

The tour continued into the next room, where a staggering amount of machinery and scientists could be found alongside other workers. “…get sent here to be processed,” the tour guide continued. “While our workers get the berries ready into our machines to be blended and shaped, our scientists gauge each one to guarantee their properties are correctly placed. You wouldn’t want your Healthy Candy to be mixed with other flavors, as those tend to make you sick.”

A machine in front of the group whirred to life, and the faint sound of Helena’s beak gently touching the glass could be heard as she tried to get a closer look, her eyes wide like a child watching a mother bake cookies.

Out of a tube near the base of the machine, a small, colorful shape liquified into shape, landing on a platter in several layers before being taken away by a worker.

“These are then taken to a nearby station in this facility and mixed with sugar or honey, then boiled. Eventually they reach a cooling room, and are then wrapped when they have reached the desired temperature.”

The tour guide motioned towards another hangar door. “And we will be enjoying some of these at the end of the tour. If, however, you cannot deny your sweet tooth, know that we have baskets of already prepared candies scattered along the path that we will be taking for you to sample at your leisure,” he chuckled slightly, his eyes once again drifting towards the bright blue eyes of the Torchic trying to blend in with the crowd that she was following. “All I ask is that you be considerate of your fellow guests and moderate what you eat.”

Everyone, including Helena, nodded nearly simultaneously.

*Alright, so far so good…* the tour guide thought to himself. *Just need to keep track of what she gets to eat.*

He gestured towards another room, leading the smaller crowd through an open door, before noticing Helena peering again through the windows of the room they had just examined.

Helena was quick to notice his staring, and she fidgeted a little. “I’ll catch up! I want to watch a bit more!”

The tour guide rubbed his chin, his expression unsure for a moment before he shrugged. “Well…okay. I’ll be closing the big hangar door to the next room, due to temperature regulations. When you’re ready to rejoin us, please *gently* knock on the big door, and I’ll open it for you.”

“Okay!” Helena chirped happily.

The tour guide gave her one final look, before nodding and walking through the door, his worries diminished, at least for the moment.

Helena was having the time of her life during the tour, feeling somewhat literally like a kid in a candy store. She glanced at the workers beyond the pane of glass in front of her. Most of them seemed to be focused on their work, but she could catch a few eyeing her briefly. Some even waved.

She stood back up to her hunched height, glancing around the area of the building she was in. It was a mostly unremarkable section, with most of it being empty enough so that she was able to fit. Several small doors aligned certain areas of the building, including one that was marked green with a sign on it.

Helena blinked, her curiosity now piqued, simply because the door stood out from the others. Upon slowly approaching it, she soon found something even more interesting: a giant hangar door also marked green, with the bold letters ‘AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY’ painted on its metallic frame.

The large metal door was slightly lifted from the ground, implying that *somebody* had not been paying much attention in keeping everything locked up.

Helena pondered for a moment on whether or not she should look to see the rest of the facility, before her curiosity got the better of her. A little peak couldn’t hurt, right?

Helena lowered herself down, and nudged the hangar door upward with her beak. She quietly wiggled her way underneath, appearing in a hallway that proved to be a tight squeeze for her to fit. This section of the facility was likely not meant for the tour, judging by the amount of space and the obvious lettering on the door.

Helena slowly adjusted herself down the hallway until it opened up into a large section of the building. The room was shaped like a large circle; the walls painted white and the lights were dimmed, giving it an experimental feel as Helena continued to explore.

Small stands with glass containers were spread across the floor, with bits of machinery around them to indicate that there were definitely experiments handled here. Helena wondered if she had found a secret laboratory for all the newest candies that Silph created, and the more glass containers she found with signs next to them, the more certain she became. And considering that the room was empty, with no scientists to be found, she likely had entered the room while they were on break, or were likewise busy with other tasks in the facility.

“Fighter Candy…Legendary Candy…they even have candy made for hybrids! Whatever that means…” she murmured to herself, her eyes squinting at the signs that labeled each of the containers. “None of these look good…”

Her eyes suddenly caught a glimpse of a particular case, containing a grey, swirling looking bit of candy. Her eyes squinted at the lettering adorning the case.

“Quantum…Molecular…Entanglement Candy? Proto…type?” she read slowly, her expression confused. “What kind of flavor is that?”

Despite the rather strange name, Helena was tempted to try it. It was only a single piece of candy, and the tour guide *did* say to sample at the group’s leisure.

Helena peered around once more, before tapping on the glass with her beak, effectively breaking off the roof of the glass container. She waited again, expecting to hear some sort of alarm or for somebody to conveniently walk into the room. Neither event occurred, so she turned back to the strange candy in front of her. The giant Torchic quickly scooped up the candy with her beak, feeling the strange taste already dance on her tongue before she cautiously swallowed it.

Helena paused for a moment, before shaking her head with disgust. “Bleh! Bitter, too bitter! They should have just labeled it as bitter!”

She glanced over at the other pieces within their containers for a moment, before shaking her head again. “I don’t really want to try the others…I ought to get back to the group. I hope they haven’t gone too far ahead.”

Helena quickly walked back into the hallway, and began to sidle her way back towards the hangar door.

It was at this moment the candy’s name began to demonstrate what it was.

The singular piece of candy Helena had eaten quickly duplicated into two, splitting itself apart before creating a seemingly perfect copy of itself. Then it happened again, with each piece splitting again to create identical copies. What started off as one candy had quickly multiplied into four, and began to split again and again as the Torchic continued down the hallway.

Helena was about halfway towards the door when she felt a sensation that she was becoming all too familiar with. She gulped nervously, her eyes darting towards the door, and then she looked back towards the room she just left.

“W-wha…?” she murmured worriedly. “But…but it was just one-”

She couldn’t finish her sentence as she felt herself fill up the hallway in as much time as it took for her try and utter another syllable. Her head bonked against the ceiling, and she felt her talons press against the walls of the hallways, leaving her with very little room to maneuver.

Helena grunted meekly as she continued to wiggle her way down the hallway, finally forcing herself onto the ground as she began to try and wiggle her way through the hangar door. Her head took some coercing to squeeze through, and it took even further effort for her to wiggle her body through, having to scrape and push against the confining hallway with her talons to give herself a little more momentum.

Helena landed in a heap in the room, only to find herself forced to remain laying on her back as the growth spurts continued, causing her to begin filling up the room that once held her and the entire tour. She looked over to her right to see the concerned expression of a single worker looking at her from behind the glass window, before seeing them rush toward a nearby door with several others workers.

Helena felt another growth spurt hiccup through her body, effectively growing her large enough that her talons began pressing against the wall where the rest of the tour had gone earlier.

“Oh no…”

A siren had begun to blare throughout the facility, causing light panic as the tour crowd had begun shuffling out through an emergency exit, along with scientists and other workers.

The tour guide glanced behind him in a mild state of shock, making sure every part of his tour group had filed out while he held the door open for his fellow employees. He caught a glimpse of the worker he talked with earlier, and grabbed him by his coat as he tried to walk past.

“What happened?!”

The worker gulped nervously as a deep rumble echoed throughout the facility. “Well, uh…”

His words were interrupted as a loud *crash* rang throughout the area, sending a shower of rubble and dust into the room that caught them both by surprise. Two distinctively large talons appeared in the middle of the room, extending from a gaping large hole in the room prior.

The worker frowned, before dumbly pointing. “…that happened.”

The tour guide resisted the urge to bite his sleeve as he glanced up at the talons belonging to the feathery form of the Torchic that was in his tour group.

“How did this happen?! There weren’t even any candy samples prior to this room! How is it that she’s getting bigger?”

“I don’t know, but we should probably keep running, yeah? Whatever happened, it couldn’t have been your fault.”

“Maybe, but she was in my group!” the tour guide shouted over the loud din of metal and concrete getting grounded up from the growing Torchic. “I was supposed to keep an eye on her so this type of event wouldn’t happen! Guess who management is going to blame when there’s a megaton Torchic unintentionally demolishing the entire candy facility?”

“Well, when you put it that way…sucks to be you, dude.”

Their bickering was cut off by a sound that could have been compared to a bomb going off, as the facility practically exploded as Helena’s frame grew out of the facility, leaving it a complete ruin as she finally had room to move. The two of them watched in a mixture of shock and awe as Helena sat herself upright, her head in a daze as she shook herself of all the rubble that had been caught in her feathers.

“Ow…” she murmured, before glancing around at the now destroyed candy facility underneath her body and gasping. “Oh noooo! It’s happening again!”

Helena quickly bounced up onto her talons, shaking the ground slightly as she tried to get an idea of where she was at. The facility now rested at her talons, and with each second was getting more and more ground up into fine clay. She stood at an already staggering five hundred feet tall, the last spurts sending her ten times her original height. And with the tingling sensation she still felt within her stomach, Helena knew that she was unfortunately only going to become too big to handle.

“I’m very sorry!” Helena wailed loudly to the surrounding area, her voice tripping some of the crowds from sheer volume alone. “The tour was really nice! I didn’t mean for this to…oh…”

With a worried fidget of her talons, she quickly bound off from the facility, trying to find her way out of the city that was quickly becoming way too small for her with every minor growth spurt.

Her talons cleared shops and other small commercial district buildings, to say nothing of the streets adorned with cars that she quickly no longer fit upon. She had experienced growth before in her life from the consumption of candy. Numerous times, in fact.

But normally it was either a single shot of growth, or likewise in spurts that she could keep track of with time. The growth she was experiencing now was consistent, and she was entirely unsure as to whether or not it would end.

Another spurt sent her even bigger, her height already piercing an estimated three thousand feet tall. She was quickly becoming much too big for the city to handle, as her body began to lightly bump into skyscrapers and taller office complexes, either shattering them into pieces or otherwise wobbling them from the force of her movements. Smaller buildings at this point stood no chance against the onslaught of her talons, becoming nothing more than craters of increasingly larger scale.

Citizens that had somehow managed to see her coming could do very little to avoid her stride, and while they remained relatively unharmed if they ended up under her talons, they would likely be knocked out for the remainder of what was to come.

The city’s suburban sector fared no better as it was flattened in mere moments, with each row of housing getting turned to splinters, followed by the next row getting uplifted from the ground buckling under her weight.

By the time Helena had cleared the city limits, she was roughly already one and a half miles tall. A third of the city lay in ruins, with her later spurts causing more and more unintentional destruction as could be seen from an aerial view.

Helena quickly looked back at the buildings getting smaller by her talons, her expression riddled with embarrassed guilt as she tried to apologize again several times, before eventually taking several steps backward to avoid growing back *into* the city she had just escaped. She had to find some place to settle down momentarily so that she could try to figure out how to stop this experimental candy duplicating itself to no end in her stomach. But with each growth spurt sending her further and further into the mega macro ranges, she wondered just when she’d be able to get that chance.

With a turn, she continued to walk across the landscape, leading others to either watch or otherwise become affected by the Torchic’s immense walk.

“Alright now, dear. Keep your blindfold on…”

A Piplup grasped onto the hand of the Pikachu in front of her, her eyes covered in anticipation. “They are, Geoff, but…do you feel tremors? I could have sworn that they seemed rhythmic…”

“Ah, it’s probably normal out here. Besides, what’s a little rumbling to distract you from the beautiful vista that is the Grand Canyon?” Geoffachu teased, his attention currently focused on the spanning image of the national landmark in front of him. “I’m telling you, Pipdan, you’re going to think this is the coolest sight when you take that off.”

“I suppose you’re right, but…” Pipdan frowned. “Okay, now I *swear* that those tremors are getting stronger. Are you sure this is normal?”

Geoff patted Pipdan’s shoulders. “It’s probably irregular, but it shouldn’t be anything to worry about,” he replied cautiously, slowly beginning to feel a tad uneasy about the irregularity of the tremors, but upon their sudden stop a moment later, his fears quickly dissipated. “Alright, we’re here. We’ve got a clear view of the Grand Canyon. Ready to take off your blindfold?”

Pipdan nodded after a moment’s hesitation. “I guess so.”

The Pikachu quickly reached over and began to pull the blindfold off of the Piplup…and was promptly interrupted as it barely lifted over her eyes.

A massive, beyond comprehensible talon descended from the sky, instantly blanketing the area in darkness. It landed without warning atop the Grand Canyon, covering most of it before the weight of the talon pressed it further into the earth, cracking the ground in the process. Seconds later, the *sound* from the talon hitting the ground blasted the surrounding area for miles around.

Geoffachu and Pipdan quickly huddled together as rocks and trees sailed over them from the shockwave that followed, having been lucky enough to be in a location that prevented them from being sent flying along with the debris.

As the impact ended, and the tremors seemed to grow in intensity and then recede, the two Pokémon cautiously looked up to see the back of a super massive Torchic, multiple miles tall and slowly walking her way away from them.

They gazed over from their vantage point along the cliffside to see the remains of what used to be the Grand Canyon, now completely wiped off the map and replaced with a deeper, wider, and ultimately bigger canyon in the shape of a single one of Helena’s talons.

A hesitant silence echoed between the Pikachu and the Piplup.

“…ta-daaaa…” Geoffachu murmured awkwardly.

“That was ***so cool!***” Pipdan exclaimed excitedly, hugging the now startled Pikachu. “You were right! That was so much better than I imagined!”

“How’s it coming along, Fred?”

“Coming along just fine,” Fred responded quietly, turning his attention to his buddy. The two astronauts quickly gazed over at the exterior of the satellite that they were tasked with fixing, floating about a section while ultimately remaining attached to their spacecraft.

“With any luck, that rumor of that asteroid getting free of the belt was nothing but a hoax,” the other astronaut said lightly, his mood jovial despite the context involved.

“Yeah, well, once we get the smaller cameras all fixed up and hooked up to the main one inside of this satellite, we’ll be able to see if it’s out there and headed this way,” Fred replied with a shrug. “This would be going a lot faster if you’d actually *help* instead of making me more worried.”

“Keep your gray hairs atop your head, Fred. I’m only kidding around. Well, about as much as one can joke about a potential world ending event, anyways. What did the astrologists say about how large it was? As big as Kanto?”

“Yeah. It’s all very hush-hush at the moment. Understandable, I suppose. Don’t want the entire world freaking out while we figure out how to counteract something like that before it gets close,” Fred murmured under his breath, trying to focus on his work before getting distracted towards the planet that they orbited. “…sweet Arceus, what is that?”

Both Fred and the other astronaut looked down towards part of the globe, seeing an undoubtedly large Pokémon carefully trying to walk her way across the state, large enough that she could have been mistaken for a uniquely sized Dynamaxed Pokémon.

“I…I believe that’s a Torchic, Fred.”

“Thank you for your astute observation,” Fred grumbled, his tone both incredulous and tired. “Get these cameras refocused on her. The asteroid can wait. The planet has a more pressing matter to worry about…”

Helena stopped her walk as she caught the glimpse of blue. In front of her lay the coastline of the nation, and beyond that, the sprawling expanse of the ocean. She looked worriedly at the large body of water, knowing full well that even if she dared to cross here, she would likely hurt herself from the type disadvantage.

Glancing downward towards the ground, she could catch the faint lights of several cities between her talons, having been lucky enough to not have been stepped on outright. Civilians below were well underway in trying to evacuate, having borne witness to their proud, coastline native mountains become nothing more than piles of dirt to the expanding Torchic, her talons piercing the skies above them like towering walls that made everything they had built feel puny. As for *where* they would evacuate to, it was unclear. With the mountains having been turned into the world’s deepest footprints, warnings were getting sent to every corner of the nation, and from there to the other countries and continents that had somehow not heard the news of Helena’s growth.

Helena sighed, feeling the candy within her seem to slow down, at least for the moment. Her growth seemed to slow considerably, but she wasn’t taking any chances, especially at her current height being three dozen miles tall.

But from below, just out of her view, a shining light could be faintly seen. A rocket blasted upwards, controlled from the city she had originally started from, with the familiar Silph Company logo written on the side. The higher ups had already reviewed the footage and heard the reports. Had Helena not ran out of the city before they could appropriately act, the damages would likely have been far, far less severe. Indeed, the antidote that they had prepared earlier in the likely event of such a scenario happening had taken time to get to a helicopter, then a plane, and finally to the rocket it was contained within.

This antidote would likely be the only thing to get her to stop growing, as its properties contained a countermeasure to the prototype candy that had continued to duplicate within her stomach, and all they needed was to remotely guide the rocket into her beak.

Higher and higher it climbed, its rocket trail almost invisible to the Torchic’s bright blue eyes. It shot closer to her now open beak as she seemed intent on trying to think of something to say to the cities between her talons…

It was then that the unthinkable happened. The candy kicked into a new gear, and Helena began to grow again.

And unfortunately, the first growth spurt was anything but small.

Helena stifled a yelp as she felt herself surge over the land, turning anything underneath her talons into unidentifiable rubble. The cities that were originally stuck between her talons barely had time to let out a unified scream before they were suddenly bulldozed over by the very things that they previously looked up at. The rocket carrying the antidote crumbled and exploded both from the pressure of her growth, as well as getting impacted by one of her legs.

Helena did her absolute hardest to maintain her sense of balance as she shot up higher and higher. Thirsty six miles tall became fifty in the blink of an eye, and then seventy. One hundred miles. *Two hundred.* So staggering was her growth that when it finally ended and resumed to the normal growth cycle, she was roughly *five hundred* miles tall. Her shadow spread out over the nation she had just walked across, her talon prints from before seeming so minuscule in comparison to the craters she was leaving behind right now. The city she had fled from could once again see her talons poke out over the horizon, but nobody could even see her in her entirety anymore.

Helena gulped, her mind racing as she tried to figure out what she could even do at this point, besides walk and try to find *something* to stop this. Even if that was what she was doing earlier today, in her mind it was better than staying still and growing endlessly without reprieve.

And so Helena addressed the battered country below her with a timid, apologetic look.

“I really am sorry!” she boomed out, her voice getting picked up across the globe as she tried to convince everybody that she really did not mean any harm. “I’m going to try and…uh…I’ve gotta go!”

With a turn, the monolithic Fire-type walked towards the coastline, and towards the quaking form of the ocean.

It didn’t take long for the world to be aware of the massive Torchic’s stroll. Untold amounts of miles were being crossed at a time with seemingly no effort, to say nothing of the *sounds* from each step colliding with the earth below. Each subsequent step Helena made hit like an asteroid strike, with the impact’s sound delaying for a whole second before it ruptured the sound barrier. Deep, expansive footsteps littered the coastline, sinking the unfortunate towns and cities caught in her path that were simply too small for her to avoid into the craters she left behind, or otherwise left them barely afloat among the waves like a miniature island from the spots between her talons.

And still Helena walked onward, trying to find someplace for her to settle down, even for a moment, in order to try and somehow mitigate the candy’s effect surging through her. Each little growth spurt was like a hiccup of extra height, which never seemed to end even as she traversed the ocean.

She paused mid-walk to glance downward at the vast ocean below her, now shallow enough that it didn’t come up past her talons anymore. She tilted her head slightly at the realization that it no longer hurt her, considering she was a Fire-type standing in a vast area of her own weakness.

Now, it was little more than a puddle for her to walk across, and even though she still felt the slight sting of the water battering her talons, Helena had to admit to herself that it was certainly interesting to be able to bypass something she had feared since she was just a hatchling.

So distracted was she that the next growth spurt took her by surprise, sending her higher into the atmosphere in less time than it took her to blink.

“Ack!” she yelped, quickly shaking her head as she regathered her senses, watching the oceanic puddle below her seem even smaller and distant. She could see the faint traces of tiny waves moving away from her talons, likely from her recent growth spurt.

“Tsunami! Oh no!” she quickly gasped, realizing just how big those seemingly tiny waves would have to be on the surface level in comparison to her. The very fact of standing in the ocean was likely a risk to the world, as well, and she had to try and fix the problem, or at least mitigate her actions.

Helena quickly glanced over to the nearest “shoreline”, only a short hop away from her current position, having grown big enough that she could now safely jump to it.

Helena did just so, bending down slightly to give herself a little more air as she quickly leapt over onto the far edges of the next continent.

Said continent was not prepared for the arrival of a multi-hundred mile tall Torchic.

All at once across the unfortunate country, the sky that was once blue and orange from the approaching behemoth, went dark. To say that the country was obliterated was an understatement, as Helena’s impact completely uprooted the country a few thousand feet into the air. Whilst small in comparison to her, it was indeed anything but for the country itself. Every city, town, and even the hills and mountains instantly turned to rubble, then vanished off the face of the earth from the shockwave that breezed through in the aftermath.

Helena, meanwhile, shook herself off far above, unaware of the damage at her talons and more focused on the upcoming tsunami. With a quick turn, she extended out one of her talons, pressing it as gently as she could upon the ocean’s surface, directly in the way of the tsunami. The waves crashed against the beyond towering wall, splashing into separate directions that would ultimately weaken its power.

Helena exhaled in relief as she watched the waters go off in their own directions, knowing that while there would still be surges and rogue waves across the rest of the globe, the country would be avoiding the worst of it. In a way, she had made up for her error.

She glanced down briefly at the ruined country below her, an embarrassed look of guilt riddled upon her features and beak.

“I’m…um…sorry about…that scare. But I fixed it!”

She forced a small smile, before turning on her way and continuing onward, leaving a very much destroyed country behind, along with the dazed and confused residents throughout.

The act of trying to keep up with Helena’s stride at this point was practically impossible for anyone below. Whatever plans the Silph Company had to shrink her down after the failed antidote attempt, they wouldn’t be able to get Helena’s attention anymore, even as she traversed the world at a relatively slow pace. Each step began to crack tectonic plates, sending ominous rumbling to every portion of the world, both already touched or untouched.

“Sorry!” Helena chirped awkwardly as she walked along, trying her absolute best to take careful steps along the various countries she walked upon, as needless as it was at this point. “I didn’t mean to do that! …or that! Or…oh no…”

While Helena’s apologies rang out from above, her talons likewise kept coming as well, making short work of anything still below her, on top of the added disruption of air with every “minor” growth spurt.

Helena’s already staggering height kept creeping ever higher, displacing air currents and weather patterns across the planet, to say nothing of the havoc each step was causing where she wasn’t. Lakes found themselves churning and splashing over their borders, while buildings far beyond the impact zones tumbled over from winds stronger than any gale or hurricane. And while the civilians trapped on the ground could very well *hear* her apologies and would form their own opinions on the matter, their current focus was instead bracing onto whatever they could for every impact, and hoping they would not end up underneath her talons careening down to earth; a fate that seemed to become more and more unlikely with every second that passed.

Helena glanced around the shrinking continent below her, thousands of miles tall and still surging from the constantly duplicating candy within her stomach. The curvature of the planet below seemed to become more and more curved as she walked, with the few untouched continents below her appearing like a welcome mat.

*How do I keep getting myself into these situations..?* She thought idly to herself. *Maybe Loki was right. This is becoming a bit too common! But candy is just too tasty…at least, most candy!*

So deep in thought was she that Helena got caught unprepared for the latest spurt, sending her head feathers out into space, and feeling the faint impact of something slamming into her head feathers.

“Huh?” she chimed inquisitively, glancing up to see the faint remains of something prominently shiny. “A…satellite?”

Said satellite was the very same one from earlier, having had the unfortunate trajectory to remain in her path as she headed upward. The pictures taken of her during her innocent walk would come to a halt as her head feathers blew through the satellite with ease, making the expensive piece of equipment seem as if it were made of cheap glass. Thankfully, the two astronauts that were maintaining it found themselves plowed against a never ending bundle of feathers, ensuring their safety despite how stuck they now were.

Helena shook her head in a daze, finding herself slightly off balance as the growth escalated slightly. Her talons created deep trenches into the surface below her, pushing away oceans and mountains alike. Numerous tectonic plates cracked even further, rearranging or outright shattering like puzzle pieces put under too much pressure.

By the time the current growth had ended, Helena found herself teetering precariously atop the planet, many times its size and only able to balance herself on one of her legs. Talons large enough to cover the hemisphere sunk into the crust, melding the planet’s interior with the surface in a colorful slush of magma and displaced land.

Helena briefly thought about maintaining her balance for as long as she was able to, but an ominous crack below her signaled that she couldn’t afford to do that, lest she accidentally turn her home world into space dust.

Helena adjusted her weight backwards, and closed her eyes as she felt herself fall…and then float. Instead of an impact that she was worried about, she felt herself become weightless, having gotten big enough that the planet’s gravity had no effect on her. It was truly a bizarre feeling to behold, even though she had experienced it before. She quickly floated herself back into an upright position, turning her gaze onto the planet itself.

It had certainly seen better days. Despite being intact, it may as well have appeared to not have been, with numerous fissures and craters littering the surface of many sizes, covering many continents and countries alike. Some of the tectonic plates lay smashed or otherwise were rearranging themselves to different locations. To top it all off, the planet looked more like a deflating beach ball, with Helena’s latest talon print adorned atop the world that it turned the planet’s once spherical form into what it looked now: smushed and sunken, and with half of it more flattened than round and curved.

“Uh…this is going to take a long time to fix…” Helena murmured softly, her head tilting to the left and the right as she assessed the damage, her bright blue eyes illuminating the skies for anyone capable of comprehending them from the surface.

It was at this moment that something miraculous happened.

The large, unidentifiable asteroid that had been sighted earlier had begun making its approach to the planet at speeds too quick to accurately gauge. Had the planet not already been dealing with the Torchic growing along its surface, there would have been a scramble to try and deal with the approaching threat.

However, the potentially world-ending sized asteroid was about to be foiled by the beyond planetary sized Torchic floating directly in its path. It careened into Helena’s side, slamming at speeds that would have obliterated the planet, but instead crashed and split apart against a few enormous feathers that were a part of her wings.

Helena blinked, and turned her head to the source of the impact…but could not see the remains of the asteroid due to it splitting into smaller chunks, and with her growth still rising upward, it was doubtful she was even aware that something had even struck her.

“Weird…I thought that I’d…”

She turned back around, emitting a little chirp as she saw her home world now small enough that it floated at the edge of her beak.

“Eep!”

Down below, in the various craters left behind, officials were already calculating reports of the damages caused, as well as trying to take in the incredulous size of the Pokémon above them. People around the globe watched in hesitant awe at the fact that the same fire chick that had unintentionally flattened most of the world…had also unintentionally saved it from certain doom.

The scientists at Silph Company were well underway with trying to come up with a new antidote to shrink her down, but could currently only gaze up at the fruit of their unintended labors, hoping she wouldn’t accidentally do anything to the planet while they worked.

Helena, meanwhile, continued to gaze at her little home planet, still growing at a relatively large pace from the candy still within her stomach. The candy’s duplicative properties would likely wear off soon, given its prototype nature, but it was still a matter of *when* it would stop.

Helena smiled down at the speck of a world positioned atop her beak, trying to give everybody below a sign that she meant no further harm.

Despite the relative safety that she now proved to the world that she literally, and figuratively, grew upon, one thought still rang through her mind as she happily watched over the planet.

*How am I going to shrink back down?*