X looked over a flowing river of people as they all walked briskly into the stadium. Once X exited the corridor he witnessed the expansive bowl shape of the stadium. Half the stadium colored blue to match the opposing team's colors. And X in the middle of a red sea. X’s ears hummed as the thousands of people’s cheers mixed together to an all encompassing noise. X turned around and spotted his seat. It was easy for him to find because he’s always taller than anyone else.

X is a sizeshifter, and at that current moment he was a monstrous 7 foot tall anthropomorphic lizard. Anyone nearby X always got distracted by his sheer size. And why wouldn’t they? X’s height demanded attention, especially since he had the athletic frame to match his height. X trekked over the stairs, skipping four steps at a time thanks to his lengthy blue legs. Although his legs might be too long for comfort.

Once X sat down, his legs hit the seat in front of him. At 7 feet tall, X already felt like he might be too big. But X always enjoyed feeling big.

Halftime starts. The crowd is absolutely livid. Both teams are stuck in a breakneck tie, without a single point granted to either team. X is ecstatic at the tense game he’s attending. X was about to rise from his chair when the loudspeakers went back on.

 “IT’S AN EXCITING GAME HEAR FOLKS! IT'S TIME TO SHOW SOME SPIRIT! SHOUT OUT FOR YOUR TEAM! LET’S SEE WHO HAS THE BIGGEST FANS!”

 Arms shot into the air as thousands of people hoot and hollered. Raising signs for their teams colors. X chuckled to himself. His mind running threw the spokesman’s word, “biggest fans”. X tensed his log-like arms and breathed in. X’s blue jersey stretched with X’s increasingly expansive body. X’s head raised up a good two feet, with a back widening to match said height.

 “Hey! What’s the deal!” whelped the attendant behind X.

X twisted his neck and noticed his head was higher than the man in the raised seating behind him.

“Sorry, just thought I’d bring in some extra spirit.”

X turned his head forward and sucked in as much air as his lungs could hold and gave an enormous shout.

The speakers turn back on with a newer message. “LOOKS LIKE WE GOT A FAN WHO’S BIGGER THAN WHAT WE EXPECTED!”

 X’s face curled into a smile and twisted his head to the jumbo screen, expecting to see his large figure smack in the middle of the screen. X instead saw a familiar face. A red demon with large black horns and blue hair filled the screen. Except the demon was noticeably large, sitting on top of about eight decimated seats.

 “Zavv? I didn’t know he was going to the game too,” muttered X.

 X then realized Zavv was wearing a red jersey. A jersey struggling to contain Zavv’s massive pectorals. The jersey wasn’t even long enough to cover Zavv’s torso, as its hem held tightly to Zavv’s waist. Zavv had to be a good twenty feet tall.

 Feeling challenged, X decided to fight fire with fire. X’s shadow increased tenfold as X allowed himself some indulgence. The field below grew smaller as X grew larger. Teams of people scrambled out of the and gave room to the recent giant. The entire block of seating flattened beneath the weight of X. X scooped up a few scraps of the plastic seating and estimated his height to be fifty feet. X didn’t even have to give a rallying shout before the speaker turned on once again.

 “WATCH OUT FOLKS! LOOKS LIKE WE GOT OURSELVES A COUPLE OF SIZE SHIFTERS! KEEP EYE ON THEM AND BE CLEAR! THIS MIGHT GET A LITTLE BIT MESSY!”

Across the stadium, the red beefy demon stood up. Despite being twenty feet tall, with deltoids stretched eight feet apart from each other by his refrigerator-sized lats, Zavv was still just a red speck across the stadium from the naked eye. Zavv was surprised to see X here, and stealing his thunder. The red demon lowered his head, and arched his back. Tensing up for a flex as he grew. His jersey wasn’t made to contain such a beast and split down his enormous back. Zavv’s body shot upward, quickly doubling his height. As he did so, his muscles swelled and coiled to keep up with the growth’s demand. His biceps, already the size of tires, swelled to the size of smart cars. His abdominals stretched with his torso yet still retained their perfect pack of six. The red jersey was no longer a thought in Zavv’s mind, as it was only a few tattered rags beneath his herculean body.

Zavv now towered over anything and everything in the stadium, standing at about 150 feet. His horns scratched at the ceiling of the stadium and two dozen seats were crushed under the weight of one of Zavv’s feet. The red demon spotted the lizard across the stadium. The lizard was clearly a giant at a whopping fifty feet tall. Zavv lifted his redwood of a leg and stepped down to the turf. The marching band scattered like ants as the red colossus took two short steps across the field and plucked a handsome lizard with one hand.

“What do you think you’re doing here?” questioned the red giant. His voice deep and thunderous.

“Just showing the world which team has the bigger fans,” retorted X.

X hung a hundred feet in the air, which would be frightening to an average man. But X was already half that height and growing. X closed his hands into fists and focused. His body doubled in size, and his feet quickly took hold of solid ground. X didn’t stop growing though.

Zavv let go of the expanding giant and watched as X’s head matched his 150 foot height, and continued. X’s jersey was custom-ordered and did a decent job keeping up with the blue lizard’s lifestyle. X’s body continued skyrocketing until Zavv was eye level with X’s knee.

X was no longer completely inside the stadium. The stadium was only tall enough to reach X’s upper legs. Anyone with view of the stadium would witness a six-hundred foot tall lizard. Clearly no seat would be big enough for such a sports fan. If such a big seat existed it’d cover a good quarter of the stadium. X arced his building-sized head down to get a good look at the field. A furious muscle-bound demon stood below him. Nobody needed a jumbo screen to know who the biggest fan was.

“Did you really think you could outgrow me Zavv?” X smugly asked.

“Just wait and see,” Zavv muttered under his breath.

Zavv clenched his arms, biceps as big as houses swelled. X backed up and climbed over the stadium to get out and make room for the explosion of muscle and flesh beneath him. Zavv’s body expanded outward, his pecs jumping up as they swelled to the size of entire parks. Zavv now matched X’s height. But Zavv’s body was already immensely larger than X. With extremely large and defined arms and chest that made Zavv look like a Hulk to X’s more balanced athletic build.

Zavv smirked and raised his gigantic arms into a double flex pose. Gloating his strength to the equally tall giant. Just before X could challenge Zavv, the loudspeakers turned back on.

“BEFORE YOU HUNKS GET SO BIG YOU CAN’T HEAR ME, CAN I REMIND YOU BOTH THAT THERE’S STILL TWO QUARTERS OF THE GAME LEFT. AND I DON’T THINK THEY MAKE A MICROSCOPE BIG ENOUGH FOR TWO GIANTS TO WATCH FOOTBALL GAMES,” announced the announcer.

X and Zavv both turned red and remembered that they were both there to enjoy the game. Zavv attempted to look straight down but his pectoral shelves forbade that. Zavv climbed out of the stadium across from X. Both giants bent down to the ground and clung onto either side of the football stadium. Both of them looked like gods enjoying a competitive sport. Each giant calling out encouraging words to the team of their choice, their deep baritone voices often speaking over the announcer.