

A Single to Grow For

Commission for Hotjazz/Jazzy

By vabad

Razor hummed to himself as he happily skipped out of the record studio's entrance, hopping over onto the sidewalk bathed in the lights of streetlights while the starry sky shone so beautifully above. He was quite the unusual sight, one which took the attentions of many furs, not just due to his fame as a musician, but also due to his own appearance: he was a tall and slender lizard roughly 6ft in height with largely dark gray scales that changed to nearly black patterns down his back, around the fronts of his thighs, the ends of his arms, his hands, and the top of his snout + around his eyes.

But from there his appearance became far more unusual, with broad lizardian paws possessing only two main toes and one inwards-facing dewclaw each, and both adorning pads of unusual coloration: an unsaturated cyan on his right, and a nearly radioactive green on his left. That same set of colorations were found across much of his body, cyan on the inside of his long ears, green on his Mohawk of cartilage, his gums and tongue, then both mixing together in chevron patterns down his front, ending with both occupying the colors of his long and slender tail from the half-way point, taking turns between both colors.

And if that was not unusual enough, would every portion of him which adorned those two hues glow brightly in the night, reflecting beautifully off his white claws and teeth while his claw-less fingers tapped on a passing mailbox as he skipped down the street. And above all of that he wore nothing more but a simple black denim vest with torn sleeves and no other markings, then a set of his own branded headphones over his ears, and a big electric guitar slung over his shoulders to hang over his back; the guitar also sported a similar glowing pattern as his front, with some form of illumination to mimic his natural glow.

It was through those headphones that the happy lizard was listening to the newest single produced by his band, its speakers filling his ears with loud and thus far not publically released rock music; it was the first digital version of the track, and he had stopped by the record studio this evening to collect a copy for his own listening, and he had wasted no time in turning on those tunes. He put a hand up to the headphones as a particularly energetic part of the song was building up, eyes closing as he began to dance as he skipped down the street, catching the eyes of many who stared at him with various expressions, some of confusion, and others with some recognition.

Yet what those furs would be quick to realize was that Razor seemed larger with each skipping step; it was subtle at first, a few inches here and there, his ears approaching the second floor windows of the buildings he danced by...then passing them moments before many shouts of shock and surprise were heard near him. People begun to scatter as they watched him swell, his growth now without doubt as he had already passed the size most

would define as “giant”; the idle tap of skipping lizard paws had also quickly turned to deeper thumps from the rapidly increasing weight, further adding to the proof of growth.

The sidewalk soon began to crack beneath his paws while people tried to shout towards him, hoping to maybe gain his attention so that he would stop; their efforts were especially heightened once an idle sway of his hip sent a street light falling onto the street. But seeing as they could hear the music in his headphones as clear as they could would they realize that their voices were likely inaudible to him; but what was worse, perhaps, was a quickly growing sensation of dread as they began to realize that the song was growing towards something, with the pace of growth seemingly subtly speeding up with it.

The chorus hit seconds later, and a chorus of screams erupted around him as Razor suddenly swelled large, filling the street with his growing body in seconds just as his paw came down for another dancing step. A car tried to swerve out of the way, just for the huge and thick paw to slam down upon it, spectators watching as the huge padded sole rested atop that tiny vehicle, which groaned as the light of the pad shone against the metal.

The car pushed into the seemingly soft pad as its roof began to crumple and crunch, its suspension snapping as Razor’s weight shifted, a thick toe pressing down upon its trunk, slowly deforming and crunching that metal while the paw itself began to press harder against the vehicle. The apparent softness of his pads seemed to do little to spare the vehicle, which crumpled further while his other paw began to move; a groan of strained metal even echoed from the car due to the toe and paw swelling on top of it.

People could see its metal stretch by the swelling forms, tears forming in that shiny material while it reflected the glows of his pads; and all the while was the car loudly crunched like a soda can until the paw crushed it against the street. It sunk into the asphalt, hiding the car from view as the road cracked around the step, visibly sinking while Razor put more weight onto his paw, especially once the other paw fully rose.

It swept forwards, plowing through a bus stop and numerous street lights, which were all torn to shreds by the impact, before the paw then slammed down upon a few parked cars; it rested atop them for but a moment, their windows shattering as the roofs crunched against their deforming bodies before the weight of the paw crushed them against the ground after a moment’s pause. Sirens of car alarms blared as nearby cars bounced high from the impact, the blaring sound seeming to only accompany the song from what the surrounding furs heard of it while they fled for dear life to escape the growing lizard.

Barely registering something near him, razor then suddenly swept his hands out, slamming them into two radio masts atop a nearby apartment complex, which he spun around to face just as he tore those masts out of its roof. The rapid spin made his tail strike the building behind him, cutting through its brick structure to slice a massive gash across it; huge clouds of dust billowed from the destruction, with the tail’s glow shining through in ominous godrays of light while the structure itself began a slow collapse in Razor’s wake.

But he paid it little mind, nor anything else, as his hands began to use those masts like drumsticks, striking the building ahead of him while being visibly distracted and not really noticing what he was doing. But gods how those masts struck, punching huge holes into the brick and concrete, shattering windows, and digging into the structure, all until those masts began to disintegrate in Razor's grasp.

And yet he only continued his growing, dancing stride, swelling paws pummeling the street he danced down, scattering crowds as his swelling frame began to intrude into the skyline. At ground level would people dive out of the way with horrified screams moments before they saw vehicles and people vanish beneath the glowing soles; the continuous crunch of cars echoed out above the boom of each impact, and the asphalt around each step even bounced up as it shattered near each impact.

Furs could see the crunching vehicles with clarity, despite the huge size of the paws, their eyes witnessing them coming down upon dense fields of vehicles, seeing taller ones like busses press into the still soft-seeming pads. The light of those soles shone against the shiny paint of those vehicles while bus windows exploded, their roofs collapsing onto the rest of the vehicles moments before they saw the fields of cars do the same.

Numerous such vehicles pressed into the soft pads as their roofs crunched, their suspensions snapping as the shifting weight increased while a continuous metallic crunching sound filled the night's sky until those vehicles entirely vanished beneath the paw. And that all happened in the blink of an eye, the ground heaving slightly around the step to form a minute paw crater while a continuous crunch echoed from the shifting weight of the paw.

It then rose away to reveal the crater in full, including the crushed remains of those vehicles, some of which stuck to the sole itself in the form of thin metallic sheets providing spots of dimness amidst the glow of his pad. And idle movements of toes and sole would further bend and warp those flattened sheets, spectators watching many peel away from the glowing pads, and crash down upon the street, striking vehicles the paw missed.

And the paws still grew, slowly, yet visibly, prying the ground apart as they pushed on the half-crushed remains of more vehicles, or even pushed over another bus stop or street light. Further shakes followed after that, paws rising to reveal those growing craters dotted by ever-more volumes of vehicles, his soles starting to adorn quite the lovely collection of vehicles which were visibly dislodged not just by their movements, but by his growth, too.

All the while would Razor be in his own world, savoring the music blasting into his ears as he swelled and danced; another careless spin struck even more buildings with tail and rear, pummeling and slicing enormous gashes and holes into the structures around him, with his hips even pushing some right over! Other people in the city had by then begun to suspect that something was up as muffled music like that of a distant rock concert begun to become audible, with many of them noticing minor trembles in the ground, as well as the distant sounds of thumps.

Near Razor, however, would people begin to hear that the music was building up again, increasing in energy for what was likely a chorus of sorts; and as many of them had seen what exactly happened the last time the song reached a peak, they all began to flee away even faster, screaming for others to do so as well. And just as expected, as the climax of the rising energy begun, and the song switched into its energetic chorus, Razor's body once more exploded in size, causing more choruses of startled screams to erupt across the city as the new addition to its skyline was soon seen.

The first explosion of size came at the peak of one part of the chorus, taking him to a near skyscraper size, his swelling form plowing through nearby apartment complexes while a spin of his body sent his tail swiping towards a skyscraper like a whip. Nearby furs could only watch in horror as the slender tail sliced clean right through the structure like a blade, creating a massive shower of debris and wreckage where it exited, pummeling the nearby cityscape while the upper floors of the structure began to fall.

Its top slid against the wound created by the tail, a near clean cut at an angle which caused those upper floors to soon fall off the structure, and down towards crowded streets. The tall buildings bordering them were crushed by the falling wall of debris and material, clouds of dust sweeping out, the glow of pads shining through it, just for the clouds to clear from the shockwave of a nearby step as one of the huge paws flattened a busy intersection.

The music built up again after that, approaching another peak which then sent the already massive lizard soaring to new levels, swelling larger than most skyscrapers with such force that his body struck several, knocking them over as he spun to continue his dance. His paws pummeled the streets around him as he danced atop them, his toes now near the width of apartment blocks, causing the streets between them to find themselves flanked by those colossal digits, with crowds seeing another nearby stomp.

Then would the toes slide together before rising for the next step, horrified crowds fleeing from them, screaming as they watched the ground crumble against those walls of scales, the wreckage of half-crushed buildings falling over as vehicles were pushed, then crushed by the toes once they squeezed together to flatten all which existed between them. The skyscrapers he pushed over meanwhile crashed onto their neighbors as Razor danced on, tongue hanging out as he hopped across the cityscape, swelling once more before the slow growth took over again for a time.

But he did not stop jamming, oh no, and happily continued his way through the city, eyes switching between being closed and partially open as he stomped across the cityscape with broad paws that plowed through smaller structures like they weren't even there, causing brick and concrete rubble to soar above the cityscape as structures exploded from his careless dance. And he just continued through the city, horrified furs watching as his slowly growing form begun to topple skyscrapers by ramming into them with paws, legs, or

even his whole body, Razor seeming to not even notice them as he kept his eyes closed, hand to his headphones in the midst of his music.

The lights of the skyscrapers flickered to die, sparks illuminating the clouds of dust and smoke they released as they fell, which was further illuminated by his glowing markings, making him easy to see across the city. And spotlights soon shone upon him, illuminating his form as sirens began to blare, something Razor only seemed to think of as an addition to his song, especially as they stuttered to his every step.

At the ground would furs still be dodging his paws, screaming and crying out in horror and terror as the swelling paws came down upon entire blocks, crushing smaller apartment structures, or the bases of skyscrapers knocked over by his dance, and flattening streets of crowds and trapped vehicles.

And he was continuously nearing denser structures, crowds taking to the streets to flee, screaming as they watched the swelling lizard near, hearing even above their screams and sirens how the song was building up in tempo and energy yet again. Razor then spun around mid-step, his risen paw sweeping across the skyline, and through rows of skyscrapers, which snapped in half as the paw struck and plowed through them with ease.

The skyscrapers bent in two and snapped, huge clouds of debris shooting from them as they began to fall while Razor's spin continued, his voice muttering the lyrics of the song as he finished his 360 degree spin just as the chorus kicked in again. He roared out the lyrics as his body boomed in size, remaining on one paw as he began to hop forwards, doing an air guitar with his hands and fingers as his risen leg kicked forth with each and every hop.

The full weight of his growing body thus crashed into the ground on just a single paw, plowing through, and crushing the buildings in its path, punching huge craters into the cityscape, and sending shockwaves out which swept through the city's streets, sweeping crowds off their feet. The kicking paw did much similar damage, causing skyscrapers to explode from the impact force, scattering huge boulders of debris in beautiful arches of dust, smoke, and rubble illuminated by the light of the moon, the city, and Razor's glowing.

All the while would his hopping paw pummel the lands beneath him while the risen paw kicked, all throughout the chorus as he swelled ever-larger until skyscrapers would be lucky to even reach half-way up to his knees! And with a deafening "who!" he ended his momentary jamming, slamming the risen paw into the ground as he continued to dance over the cityscape, scattering even more furs who moments earlier thought themselves away from danger, just to find themselves in the path of this freshly grown behemoth.

His dance having transitioned into more of a stroll, Razor now skipped down the busy financial district, or what little of it remained, humming to himself as he jammed out mid-stroll, unaware of the cityscape in his path. Skyscrapers exploded against the front of paws and legs as they strolled, breaking up into huge chunks or showers of debris, before the

paws would come down upon the rest, crushing countless structures, and toppling more skyscrapers as he moved forth.

Furs around him would stare to see the lights of planes trying to dodge his dancing frame, just for a swipe of his hips mid-dance to ram them right into those doomed vehicles, turning them into explosions against his body, and sparking even more sounds of horror around him. Other planes and even helicopters were struck by whips of his tail from him dancing around, the booms of their explosions deafened by an eager sound from his lips as he filled the skies around himself with their explosions, all while not even noticing them!

But the song was building in tempo once more, the furs around him hearing the muffled, yet still overpoweringly loud music approach what would be its energetic finale, with Razor's body language doing well to foretell of the coming destruction. His muttering of the lyrics begun to grow in volume too, his swelling form soon clearing the financial district to dance across the shorter ones beyond, paws back to pummeling the brick apartment complexes and other shorter structures as he danced.

And then, as the climactic finale of the song was right around the corner, furs watched as he reached over his shoulder to grasp his guitar, flinging it over his shoulder, and into his hands before he reached up to grasp one of his headphone cups, the music ramping up before a moment of calm...before the storm. He then twist the outer ring, turning the headphones into speakers as the city was beset by the roaring volume of rock just as Razor forcefully strum his guitar.

The sound swept out from him like a shockwave, causing skyscrapers near him to explode from the volume and force, while windows shattered in a wave around him. No other sound could be heard against the music, not even the growing booms of Razor's steps as he swelled into the heavens yet again; all the while he roared out the vocals of the song's finale, his powerful voice audible even above the sound of music and his own guitar.

The city begun to disintegrate around him as the sheer concussive force of the music shook it apart, causing the ground to crack open, while his paws pushed deeper into it, pounding the ground with their growing forms amidst his dance and jam. Surviving structures were toppled by his paws as they swelled, prying the ground apart in his rise, the music causing skyscrapers to visibly lean while the energy of his playing only increased.

A surge of size left his gargantuan paws slamming down upon fields of skyscrapers, furs beneath them watching the paws rise far above, the light of their pads shining down like spotlights upon the cityscape, illuminating it, and reflecting off shattered windows. Their screams were inaudible beneath the music as the paw fell, the tiny furs seeing their spires and masts poking into the soft glowing pad for but moments before they'd snap, after which the paw would quickly strike the skyscrapers proper.

They'd valiantly press into the soles, trying to resist his weight and the kinetic energy of the steps, just for cracks to grow across their exteriors, the structures both snapping and crumbling as the landmass of lizardian sole descended. The light of the pads illuminated the clouds of smoke which swept downwards, shining in godrays between boulders of debris in the final moments before the paws made impact to the ground, causing it to shatter around in a massive radius to the booming beat of the music.

The rise of the paws revealed gargantuan, growing craters dotted with crushed cityscape and the remains of tiny vehicles, many of which stuck to the soles like stickers as they rose with such force they left behind a vacuum that sucked up the dust clouds each step created. And he only continued growing, each pounding, dancing stomp striking larger, swelling mid-step to rise and impact the city far away; each time would those beneath the paws see the structures push into their soft soles, seeing that minute split-second of resistance before they'd crumble like sandcastles as the paw fell down.

Moments later, and the city was no more, with surrounding ones already beset by his sounds; they watched him grow over the horizon with horrified eyes, sparking panic and screams while his volume increased not just from his growing size, but also by a guitar solo the song was audibly building towards. His paws, now as large as cities, begun to stomp across the countryside as he walked to the rhythm of the music; each impact caused the ground to violently heave around the paws, sending huge shockwaves blasting out as the ground rippled around him.

And cities saw him near, panic sweeping through them as he grew and played, whipping his tail through the air while the lands around him were razed by the music; its force pushed on, and even tore planes apart, creating fields of fireballs around him as he walked and played. A paw slammed down near another city, crushing a mountain range beneath it, treating its populace to the view of ancient rock pushing against, then crumbling to his pads; the ground then cracked as the city was vaporized by music and shockwave, turning tall skyscrapers into clouds of dust and debris that was nearly atomized by it all.

Another step would send a paw onto another city, its denizens watching as skyscrapers tried to poke into soft pads while the blinding light of the sole illuminated them all, letting them watch the structures crumble...then the paw striking them. And while that happened was Razor shredding away in the guitar solo, spinning around and bending his back as he played his heart out, his mind lost to the music; he pounded the ground with firm stomps to the rhythm of the song, hopping and spinning to slam them into the ground, his paws dragging through the crust, toes curling to stop him before he'd continue to walk.

But even then would the guitar solo grow towards an apex, furs all around bracing themselves as they felt it coming, the world itself even trembling in anticipation of what was about to happen, what Razor was about to do. And then it came, a deafening "YEEEEEEAAAAAHHHH!!!!" Booming from Razor as he begun to truly shred with his guitar;

and gods how his form exploded in size as that begun, his body once more hopping on one paw across the world, kicking his other paw through clouds of satellites and the ISS while he swelled atop the shaking world at an alarming rate.

The music turned global, as did the quakes, the ground exploding around each hopping impact as his growing paws struck like meteors, creating huge cones of ejecta around him; surrounding lands were atomized by shockwaves and the music's power, flattening forests, cities, towns, and more. And then he suddenly leapt forwards mid-shred, sending his body soaring above the world before numerous cities screamed beneath him once his knees descended from the sky, giving them mere moments to react before impact.

The ground erupted around the knees as they crashed into it, vaporizing those cities as the crust itself heaved violently into cones of molten ejecta; ahead of those swept ripples in the very crust which raced out every direction behind superheated shockwaves. And from there he slid forth on his knees, carving two gargantuan and growing trenches through the crust, and deep into the mantle as he slid; the crust and mantle both even bulged up ahead of them, forming huge mountains of molten debris.

He slid across the length of a continent before he at last came to rest, the climactic end of the song finishing just as soon as he finalized his long shredding solo, after which he stopped and sat there, panting with a happy smile on his mouth. He still seemed unaware of his surroundings, his tail wagging in an eager way as he took a moment to himself, letting silence fall on the world, and letting hope turn to the hearts of its inhabitants that the apocalypse was now over.

But then he began to fall backwards, casting even more people into a screaming panic beneath him as his back came over them, the whole world rocking violently as he slammed into it to sprawl upon his back, exploding most of a hemisphere from the impact alone, and causing huge cracks to spread out across the world. He then grasped his guitar again and resumed his playing, now no longer jamming to his new single, and instead just doing some freeform practice, a happy smile upon his muzzle all the way through.

He definitely needed to give some commendations to his band after this, and his producer, because damn, he felt this to be a banger. And as he sprawled there, playing away at his guitar upon the shattered world could he only think that he couldn't wait for the world to hear this single, ever-as unaware that it not only already had, but that he had...once again, gotten way too carried away with his music.

Ah well.

The End