**How a Charizard Stole the World**

The glint of light reflected off of cold steel, redirecting its judging gaze towards the sleeping form of a Charizard.

Draz grumbled in his sleep. It was still way too early to wake up. And yet even as he made the mistake of peeking one eye open, he continued to do so anyway.

With a yawn, Draz sat himself up on the bench he occupied, and gazed forward from his current position…

…and towards the jail cell that he inhabited.

Draz growled irritably, his mind racing through the previous day’s events. He and his partner-in-crime, a Quilava named Hearth, were simple pickpockets in the city of Ironton. As far as cities inhabited by Pokémon and Trainers go, it was certainly one of the crummier ones to live in. Given the city’s focus upon industry, there was only so much work to go around for Fire-types, and that generally meant that any Pokémon without partners or trainers were either evicted into the Wild, or lived as fugitives and pickpockets within the city limits.

Draz and Hearth both consisted of the latter, with their way of survival being a pickpocket duo. While Draz himself was simply too bulky to really be an effective pickpocket, Hearth excelled at it due to his nimbler size, partially due to the fact that most people that they stole from were too shocked at the image of a wild Charizard in the streets.

While he couldn’t complain about Hearth, as he somewhat enjoyed the Quilava’s companionship, Draz found himself wanting to be more. Having had no Trainer, and living in a city that wanted nothing to do with him, it wasn’t hard for the Charizard to want to make it big. He had heard and seen movies and reports of bank robbers making dastardly escapes from exciting heists, and how they would have stolen wealth beyond their wildest dreams…

Unfortunately for Draz, he was nowhere near that level of efficiency. And at the moment, his time in Ironton might be cut short, given how he was in jail.

It was meant to be a simple heist. An easy pickpocket for a few Oran Berries. How was he supposed to know that the one he thought was a defenseless Trainer was actually a police officer?

So now Draz waited, likely wondering where he would go from here. Given how it was a pitiable crime, he was only being held for a few days, before he would be inevitably released into the wild areas outside of the city. He had no idea how to survive out there, and given how he only knew how to steal, he didn’t want to leave the city behind, at least not yet.

Sadly, it wouldn’t be easy to escape his confinement. While the bars to his cell were made of solid metal, and entirely capable for him to heat up and melt, it would simply cause too much noise. He’d just end up being captured the moment he tried to escape. The only other option he had was the window to his cell. While it was only a one floor jail, there was still the issue of the window’s length, and he was simply too bulky to squeeze though the narrow window, even if he melted the bars off.

Draz was stuck, and the constant realization made him growl in frustration.

*Suppose I ought to just wait this out.* Draz thought to himself. *Could probably come up with a new moniker once I get released into-*

“Draaaaaz!”

Draz winced, his gaze peering back towards the window, and catching the faintest glimpse of a head flailing about, before two paws grabbed at the bars. Within seconds, the familiar face belonging to a Quilava appeared.

“Hearth?” Draz whispered with a confused tone. “What are-”

“I came here to bust you out!” the eccentric Quilava exclaimed a little too loudly. “I felt bad when I saw you get captured, and I got- mmmph!”

The Quilava’s excited rambling was cut short by Draz clamping his mouth shut.

“Well, I’m going to *stay* captured if you don’t shut up!” Draz growled, releasing the stunned Quilava after a few moments. “What do you want? I figured you’d be long gone.”

“I can’t just leave you in here! So I’m here to break you out!” Hearth murmured in the same excited tone, albeit with a lot more restraint in terms of volume. “And before you snap at me, I know that the only exit for you is through the front door, but there’s a bunch of officers hanging around there!”

“Thanks for stating the obvious, shorty. Did you come here just to tell me that my chances are hopeless, or do you actually have anything helpful to share?” Draz growled irritably, his free hand clenching into a fist as he fought off the urge to blow a fireball into his partner’s face.

Hearth smiled in response. “I nicked you an alternate way of escape. You know that new science building near downtown? Apparently they were working on some super secret science stuff. I didn’t understand a lot of what the white coat humans were talking about, but I managed to swipe this important looking thing!”

Hearth lifted one of his paws, and it was at this moment that Draz realized that he had been holding onto a vial of magenta looking liquid.

The Charizard quickly snatched the vial, and held it under a scrutinizing gaze. Hearth quickly spoke up again, his confidence beaming. “You know about that new transformation that’s been going around in some parts of the world? Dyna…something.”

Draz’s eyes widened. “*Dynamax*? You actually managed to…huh,” he murmured incredulously. “This is still experimental stuff for those new stadiums being built. I guess the humans wanted a more artificial source. Not bad, shorty. This might be the most impressive thing you’ve ever stolen!”

Hearth smiled confidently. “Thanks, Draz! I had a plan once I got that over to you, so I figured that-”

“I think I can figure it out. Drink this, outgrow my cell, escape. I’m not an idiot.”

Draz peeked over at the Quilava still hanging onto the window’s bars, and waved a free hand dismissively. “Well? Get away from here! I’ll meet with you momentarily.”

“Alright!” Hearth whispered gleefully. “Try not to get caught again!”

Draz stifled a sigh as he watched the Quilava drop from the window. He gazed briefly outside, seeing the city buildings tower in the distance. If this serum worked as intended, then he’d be free within moments. A brief nagging thought tugged at the back of his mind about just how potent this serum would be, but he shoved it away. Anything was better than being caged in jail.

Making doubly sure that no officers were coming into the room to check on him, Draz quickly popped off the cork on the vial, then greedily drank down the liquid within. While the effect wasn’t as instantaneous as Draz would have liked, he was beginning to feel a sensation within every fiber of his body nonetheless. He gazed back at the window he had just peered through moments before, immediately beginning to notice that it seemed…lower, than normal.

Draz scoffed, and examined his body once more. In a matter of seconds, he was already seven feet tall. A mere two feet of additional height gained from simply drinking that serum. While it was nothing compared to the rumors of Dynamaxed Pokémon he had heard about, it was a start.

Draz waited impatiently, feeling his height creep higher ever so steadily. Seven feet became nine, then ten. He had remembered hearing about Charizards that reached abnormally huge sizes such as what he was currently at, but as his head began to scrape against the ceiling, he had a feeling he would soon be the record holder in that regard.

Only when Draz found himself having to bend over did he finally decide to make his move. Channeling his inner furnace, he breathed a steady stream of flames over the bars, watching the metals heat up and eventually begin to bend. Grasping onto two of the bars, he easily bent them forwards. Perhaps the flames did most of the work, but Draz’s extra height seemed to contribute some additional strength. He repeated the process on a few more of the bars, until eventually he was able to squeeze his enlarged frame into the room.

Crouching down, Draz waited. Even though he was becoming big enough to poke his head through the ceiling, he wasn’t yet capable of getting his wings and body through just yet. He figured that if he waited another minute longer, he’d be able to-

Draz suddenly heard the door in front of him opening, and his head snapped up in time to see a startled and clearly unprepared police officer stare directly at him. The officer quickly dropped his keys, and scrambled back through the door to the other side.

Draz blinked for a moment, before laying himself on his back with a small smile on his face.

Perhaps a little fun was in order before he escaped…

“Guys!” the police officer yelled as he held his back against the opposite side of the door. “We have a breach!”

A collective groan echoed from each of the other police officers on duty. A few of them went back to reading newspapers or watching television, with one officer halfheartedly standing up and approaching.

“The Charizard, right?”

“Y-yes, sir, but it’s…it’s a big one.”

“Nonsense, Frank. It’s only a Charizard. Those ones are like…five feet, usually? Besides, he was roughly the same size when we nabbed him,” the older officer grumbled, shooing the stunned looking junior out of the way, before grasping the door knob and opening it.

The older officer found himself staring face to face with the image of a Charizard, roughly twenty feet tall and cramped within the room, waving at him snidely.

He suddenly shut the door, his voice calm even as he looked ever so panicked.

“Oh.”

Within a minute, the other officers had scrambled to attention, positioning themselves in front of the door with their hands on their tasers.

“We don’t want to cause a scene, so tasers only,” the head officer ordered calmly. “If the Water-type units were here from their patrols, we’d be able to handle this situation a lot more effectively, but they’re not. For the moment, he’s trapped in there. So what we’re going to do is open this door, and try to shock him into submission. Aim for whatever you please, but mind that tail.”

The head officer reached a hand towards the door knob, and with a nod, slowly opened the door again.

He was greeted with the image of a single one of the Charizard’s toes, which promptly fit itself into the doorframe and poked the officer onto his back.

After a brief hesitation, the rest of the officers fired their tasers directly into the Charizard’s toe. Whether or not it had any effect was yet to be seen, but what *had* been noticed was the rumbling that followed.

An ominous *crack* rang out throughout the jail, followed by bits of the ceiling raining down in a shower of tiling. All of the officers, including the one freshly booped, scrambled for the front door. Seconds after exiting, they were sent flying onto the street as the entire jail seemed to explode, sending a shockwave around the block. Windows cracked, traffic lights shook and fizzled before coming back online.

When the dust settled, a sixty foot tall Charizard sat in the remains of the city jail.

Draz shook his head in a daze, the previous growth spurt having caught him completely off guard. He quickly regained his focus, then dusted off part of the debris from his body.

It wasn’t until he looked down, and saw the stunned expressions of pedestrians adorning the sidewalks, as well as the fleeing police officers running from one of his legs, that he began to truly take in the situation.

Draz began to chuckle, then broke into a brief laugh.

“It worked!” he shouted triumphantly. “I didn’t think I’d *literally* be busting out of jail, but who cares? It actually worked!”

Draz quickly flapped his wings to help himself stand up, causing a gust that knocked over nearby parked cars. He felt literally unstoppable, likely due to the fact that he was larger than most smaller buildings. He had never experienced Dynamaxing before, so to say he was elated would be an understatement.

To top it all off, Draz could *still* feel the serum coursing through his veins, slowly but surely increasing his already staggering height. Were most Dynamaxed Pokémon always getting bigger? Draz didn’t know, and for the moment, he didn’t really care.

He was about to take his first steps of freedom into the city proper, when he heard the tiniest of squeaks. For a moment, Draz assumed he had pinned a random civilian, until his mind quickly picked up who he had spoken with previously.

Turning around, Draz quickly lifted his tail, which had plowed through the remains of the building behind him. Near the portion that still bordered the now destroyed jail, he saw the dazed and squirming form of Hearth, having been caught directly underneath his tail.

Draz quickly squatted down and plucked the Quilava onto his hand. He stared intently at him with an amused expression as he finally spoke. “You’ve gotta watch out for those tails, shorty.”

Hearth stammered briefly as he found himself staring up at the Charizard’s immense face. “D-Draz! You’re huge!”

“Great observation work there,” Draz scoffed. “Looks like that serum worked, despite the…‘experimental’ part of it.”

A moment of silence passed as Draz gazed back at the surrounding street. He couldn’t be too sure, but he could have sworn…

He gazed over at a neighboring building, noticing the roof being low enough to rest his other hand on top. He tested that very action, feeling the roof buckle slightly from the pressure he applied, while watching his claws slowly seem to stretch towards the other end of the roof.

“Am I still getting bigger?” Draz muttered to himself. He could still feel the sensation, of course, but he figured it was the aftereffect from the serum. “Do Dynamaxed Pokémon even do that?”

Hearth nervously looked down from his perch upon Draz’s hand. “Uh, I don’t think they do. Maybe that’s also part of the experiment?”

The Quilava shook his head, before standing up on his hind paws. “B-But never mind that! We should get out of here and hide! We’ll wait until you shrink down and sneak back into the city!”

Draz, however, smiled in response. “Or maybe…”

“M-maybe? What…what maybe?” Hearth asked hesitantly. “Shouldn’t we get you out of here before the humans start bringing out weapons?”

“What? You think they’re going to be able to pierce my hide at this size?” Draz chided with a scoff, before leaning against the building next to him. “Not likely. Besides, I have something else planned. You remember that bank we fantasized about robbing?”

Hearth gulped. “The…uh…Ironton Bank? The one with all the gold stashed in it?”

“Exactly,” Draz grumbled sinisterly. “With this increase in size, I figure I’m entitled to a promotion. From pickpocket to bank robber. No need to have a crew when I can just take the place by myself, right?”

“Y-yeah, I suppose that’s true, but-”

“Of course, you’d get your share,” Draz rumbled with a wink. “A tiny cut for my tiny partner-in-crime. Even though you won’t even be *needed*.”

Hearth’s mind raced rapidly for a response. While he trusted Draz, he was also becoming worried at his friend’s lack of care, as well as his still growing frame. In the end, the Quilava was simply too intimidated to say no.

“O-okay, Draz. Just…make sure I don’t fall, please?”

Draz deposited his friend onto his shoulder, and pushed himself off of the building, the act of doing so caving in a portion of the roof as it fell down the top two floors. “Glad to see you’re on board. You wouldn’t have liked what I would have done if you said no,” Draz teased, his expressiondarqw smug as he looked down the street.

Without warning to the pedestrians still ogling him below, he stomped his way down the street, kicking up asphalt and concrete in unison as his paws left imprints in the street. Seventy feet of Charizard began to shake the city of Ironton, most of which was still unaware that he was even causing trouble.

Draz laughed quietly, watching panicking civilians scatter away from his stomps. While he wasn’t intentionally aiming for them, angling his paws ever so slightly in their general direction was bringing him a small sense of joy. He watched as one scrambled away from his vehicle before slowly bringing his stomp directly onto it, feeling the bundle of metal and glass bend and then eventually give way underneath his paw. When he lifted it, the car was nothing more than a pancaked shard of glass, flattened in such a way that even a car crusher wouldn’t have been able to compare.

Draz’s attention shifted towards the intersection in front of him, and towards his destination further beyond. He could see the glistening of the bank, its windows triangular and about as stunning as he had seen it prior. To be able to rob it was Draz’s dream, and one of his desires to leave his mark upon the world.

But first, he had to deal with a more immediate challenge.

The remainder of the police department stood in front of him, creating a roadblock starting at the intersection, and continuing further down the street. He spotted a few Water-type Pokémon accompanying some of the officers, likely planning on pelting him with water as a type advantage. While he was entirely capable of flying over the city and avoiding this roadblock altogether, where would be the fun in that?

“Coming through!” Draz boomed powerfully, the now eighty foot tall Charizard stomping directly on top of a police car before the owners had a chance to react, the sirens sputtering and dying within a second.

It was at this very moment that Draz began to feel sharp, stinging sensations pelting his skin. Too sharp to be Water Guns or tasers…

Draz huffed to himself as he winced. The humans were actually using real guns.

*I guess they’re tired of playing nice.* Draz thought grumpily to himself, making doubly sure that Hearth was still taking cover atop his shoulder. *Well then. So am I.*

Draz plowed his way through the intersection with renewed vigor, his paws and tail colliding into cars, trees, and street lights as he rampaged almost indiscriminately. He could feel his blood boiling in a fit of anger, and the former stinging sensations coming from water attacks and weaponry alike slowly became less and less noticeable as he stomped his way down the street. Miraculously, not a single officer was slain. Instead, they appeared to be fleeing by the time he made it halfway down the roadblock, as the officers soon began to realize at the last minute that the Charizard was getting larger at a more noticeable rate before their very eyes. Eighty feet had quickly turned into ninety, then one hundred, and then one hundred and twenty.

Draz turned the street into a hodgepodge of debris, with the husks of destroyed buildings, vehicles, and everything in between beginning to litter the ground like they all went through a gigantic grinder.

By the time Draz had to catch his breath and noticed the street ruined with his handiwork, he felt his growth begin to slow. He was already two hundred feet tall, and was now beginning to feel the streets close in on him ever so slightly. He couldn’t extend his wings fully anymore, which Draz didn’t mind, but the buildings scraping against his body? That was beginning to annoy him.

His eyes caught the forms of police officers retreating along other streets, and for a moment he thought about chasing them, as both a punishment and a reward for adding to his recent growth spurt, but the faintest of noises chirped up along his side.

“Draaaaz?” Hearth squeaked nervously. “The…the bank?”

Draz exhaled slowly, feeling steam exit his nostrils as he tried to calm himself. “Yeah, yeah. The bank. Right.”

He forced a smug looking smile towards his shoulder, likely intimidating the Quilava once again as he was now looking at a much larger Charizard. “Where would I be without you to guide my path, shorty?”

“Probably still in jail?”

“You’re pushing your luck…”

Hearth immediately closed his mouth, and Draz went back in the general direction of the bank, scraping windows and tiling off of the buildings on his sides as he tried to navigate the increasingly narrower city streets.

Directly opposite of the bank, in a tent on a rooftop of one of the inner city’s buildings, two scientists checked off parts of their equipment. A much older scientist watched his younger counterpart twist some knobs on a device, and cleared his throat.

“I do hope you know what you’re doing.”

“Of course I do! While it was unfortunate the serum was stolen and given to the Charizard, I have prepared a countermeasure for such an occasion.”

The older scientist sighed. “Perhaps if we kept it in a lockbox, instead of laying on the counter, it wouldn’t have been stolen.”

“Don’t be daft. Nobody keeps things in lockboxes anymore! How were we supposed to know a potentially dangerous project would be taken from under our noses?”

“From under your nose, more like…” the older scientist grumbled under his breath, then shook his head. “I hope this countermeasure of yours works. The Charizard is getting closer to the bank and will likely be here within a minute or two.”

“Perfect!” the younger scientist exclaimed, pulling out a machine more akin to a firearm with loose wiring. “I had hoped to use this shrink ray on a legendary Pokémon for study, but I suppose the current situation will have to do.”

“Doesn’t this feel a little cliché to you, though?”

“What are you implying?”

“This is just my hypothesis, but doesn’t this make you just a tiny bit worried?” the older scientist asked while crossing his arms. “Doesn’t it feel like there’s a chance that instead of solving the problem, we’ll potentially make things worse?”

“Now you’re just being pessimistic! Now shush, he’s right around the corner. Give me a moment to let it charge.”

Draz stopped directly in front of the bank, his towering form at roughly two hundred and ten feet tall. The bank itself was a formidable and rather large building, but the Charizard easily outsized it. He remembered hearing all of the stories surrounding it: how it was heavily guarded and that no crew, amateur or professional, had successfully completed a heist against it.

Well, that was about to change.

The Charizard motioned his head towards his shoulder, addressing the still intimidated Hearth. “Time for me to make history.”

Draz’s claws grasped at the sides of the bank’ rooftop, letting his claws sink through wood, plaster and tiling until they poked underneath. With a heave, he began to pull, ripping the bank’s roof upwards like he was tugging at a gigantic band-aid. Debris rained down onto the bank’s main floor, scattering security and personnel alike in all directions as they looked up at what seemed to be a natural disaster happening above them.

When the roof finally gave way and was hoisted above Draz’s head, the incredulous sight of an immense Charizard came into full view of everyone below.

“Good afternoon,” Draz growled menacingly. “I’m not going to be making any withdrawal jokes. Let’s make this easy for everyone and-”

Draz’s demand was cut short as he felt attacks from the now aggressive security shooting against his scales, effectively causing the serum to activate once more, unbeknownst to the Charizard. Draz’s height swelled upward little by little as he covered his face with a hand. Two hundred and twenty feet tall quickly jumped to two hundred and thirty, two hundred and forty…

Eventually he stopped his sudden spurt at two hundred and fifty feet tall, and he lowered his hand, giving everyone instead a clearly unamused expression.

“I’ll deal with you all later,” he grumbled, before raising up his hand and punching downwards at the roof of a small vault, puncturing the room’s top with ease before wiggling his claws inside. He tugged once, tearing off the room to the vault like he was popping open a soda can. Inside lay the glistening image of dozens upon dozens of gold bars, causing Draz to smile.

“Looks like this belongs to me now,” Draz said triumphantly, using his claws to bump personnel out of his path as he ripped the vault out of the bank’s foundation and into his palm. “Not a bad haul. Bit puny, though.”

As Draz was distracted with the vault fitting into his palm, his back faced the two scientists atop the rooftop.

“His growth spurts seem to be triggered whenever he takes damage…” the older scientist whispered. “Is that shrink ray ready yet?”

“Indeed! The moment of truth has arrived!”

“And you’re absolutely sure it’s not going to backfire? We can’t afford to have any mistakes; he’s already getting too large.”

“As I told you before, there’s no way this could go wrong!”

“Would you stop saying stuff like that and just fire that thing already?”

The younger scientist huffed to himself, but quickly flipped some switches on the shrink ray, and then pulled the trigger without much flamboyance or flair. “There! Let’s see how he likes *that*!”

The shrink ray quickly discharged a bright, red colored bolt directly at Draz’s back, impacting between his wings and causing the Charizard to physically wince.

Draz buckled onto one knee, his grip on the vault falling back towards the bank, showering gold bars onto the crowd below. He could feel the serum beginning to slow slightly, its previously burning sensation beginning to feel colder and distant…

…which was soon replaced by an even brighter and heated feeling coursing through his veins.

Draz, unaware that he had even been shot by the scientist’s shrink ray, was instead focused on the serum beginning to pool up in his body, raising its already potent growth potential into a frenzy.

Before anybody nearby, or in Ironton, could understand just what was happening, Draz began to grow again, and unfortunately for them, it wasn’t as slowly as it had been before.

His paws quickly shot through the bank itself, flattening the walls, floors, and personnel still inside, underneath his expanding paws. The neighboring building was spared no form of mercy, as it too burst apart like it was made of confetti from Draz’s toes.

Draz, formerly hunched over from having been on one knee, slowly raised himself up, and looked down at the ruined bank that barely fit a few of his toes, and smirked.

And then, he roared to the skies, and truly began to ascend.

The two scientists could only gawk at the Charizard’s body expanding in all directions, quickly demolishing streets and buildings like a choir of destruction.

“Told you it would make things worse,” the older scientist muttered under his breath as they stared down the approaching leg that was about to blast through the building they were standing on. “These type of experiments *always* make things worse…”

Draz’s body plowed through Ironton so quickly that the once prosperous industrial city barely had time to get a warning out. Key buildings and skyscrapers fell within seconds from colliding against his frame, to say nothing of the countless buildings getting steamrolled underneath his paws.

He quickly ballooned upwards in size, from his previous hundreds of feet tall to thousands of feet. Soon he was taller than the biggest of skyscrapers in Ironton, a fact that he celebrated briefly by slamming his tail into the side of one of them. The skyscraper’s side imploded into rubble and dust, before tumbling down towards the streets like a shower of steel.

Draz looked downward with a look of playful glee, his attention focused upon a rapidly dwindling selection of buildings that he recognized as a group of high rise apartments. With little to no effort, Draz lifted one of his paws upward, dangling it over the blocks that inhabited the apartments, covering the skies above them with a wall of scaly orange, before stomping downward with the force of a meteor. His paw practically leveled the block that was his initial target, along with neighboring blocks throughout the city from the shockwave.

It wasn’t long before he found himself unable to stand upon the broken ruins of Ironton, and he took his first step onto the border, leaving a vast crater in the countryside. Upon positioning himself outside of the city, he slowly turned around, looking over Ironton like a living, and still growing, mountain. The already five mile tall Charizard seemed unreal, like a creature from a mythical tale of the olden days of Pokémon.

Draz chuckled deeply to himself, watching intently as the city that he had lived within dwindle smaller and smaller between his paws. He had never dreamed he’d be able to perform something like this from drinking a small vial of experimental serum, and yet here he was. From pickpocket, to bank robber…but now what should he consider himself as?

He contemplated his new title as he watched Ironton shrink before him, his head piercing the clouds, then his waist, then soon after, his legs. He was quickly approaching twenty miles tall, and with no clear sign of stopping, it was becoming a wonder to the populace that hadn’t been smushed on how big this Charizard would end up becoming.

Draz suddenly leaned downward, his head blowing apart the clouds as he descended. Ironton’s remains were suddenly cast in the shadow of his head, before being lit up from the image of a massive eye. The eye searched the ruins like a satellite, spying on everything below with an iris that rivaled the city’s size itself.

The massive eye blinked, before it vanished just as quickly as it had appeared. A great, cracking sound rang throughout the entire state, and the city of Ironton caught a measure of vertigo as it and the surrounding countryside nearby was effortlessly lifted into the air.

When the momentum stopped, they soon found themselves looking up at the smug grin of the massive Charizard above them, holding the entire city in his palm as if he were holding a toy model.

“How quaint,” Draz’s voice rang out, pelting the surviving buildings with breath that was more akin to a category five hurricane. “Perhaps I should hold a ransom for you all to get out of this situation, hm? What do you think, shorty?”

Draz turned his head towards his shoulder, where Hearth had finally managed to huddle himself to safety on one of his friend’s massive scales. The Quilava thought about speaking up, but he had been feeling that the question was partially sarcastic, seeing as his earlier cries had gone unheard since Draz had literally started piercing the clouds. Instead, Hearth sighed to himself, and held onto the scale below him.

“Whatever you said, I hope it was in approval,” Draz said primarily to himself, before turning his attention back to Ironton. “Personally, I think I’m beginning to tire of this little city…or this country. I’ve always wanted to see the other regions.”

With another chuckle, Draz placed Ironton back into the space where he had ripped it out of. While it was unlikely that the city would survive a return trip from the still growing Pokémon, for now, it was spared.

Draz wasted no time in his plan, turning around and stomping his way across the state, heading westward towards the ocean.

News reports could barely get a glimpse of the Charizard as he traversed the country, his height roughly near eighty or so miles tall by the time he had reached the coastline, with the increasingly larger craters left behind from his stomps revealing the remains of cities, freeways, and mountains.

Draz stared at the ocean before him, his arms folded as he debated his next move. While he could easily fly over the body of water, Draz had begun to wonder just what was causing his growth spurt. While he was still unaware of the external force that had caused his recent spurts, he remembered back to when he was merely a few hundred feet tall, with the police roadblock. Every time he had taken damage, he had simply gotten larger to counteract the damage. By that logic…

Draz smirked down at the ocean.

Water usually beat Fire, after all.

Draz took a somewhat hesitant step into the ocean, feeling the water come up to his paws, as well as the subsequent stinging pain that briefly shot up it.

He winced for a moment, before blinking at the realization that the ocean wasn’t hurting him nearly as bad as it should have. Furthermore, he could feel the serum kicking up once again, along with the faint feeling of turning the coastline cities into mud underneath his growing paws.

With a sharp inhale, Draz continued to walk, his lower body dipping into the furthest parts of the ocean as he effortlessly crossed it. His steps banged across the sea floor, shaking the tectonic plates around him as he made brand new ravines and fissures across the bottom. Ships unfortunate enough to be caught in his path were cast aside or sunk against his body, to say nothing of sea life underneath the waves. The luckiest creatures were simply caught in the tide his body caused, while others were not so fortunate and found themselves under his stomps.

Draz’s body grew all the while, with the type disadvantage ironically giving him an edge as he expanded from every stinging sensation he felt, making him noticeable over at the next continent as he walked. He was one hundred miles tall when he started walking across the ocean, which quickly accelerated to two hundred, then three hundred. He was gaining multiple miles of height every few seconds from taking minor damage across the ocean, and by the time he saw the edge of the next continent, he appeared to be five hundred miles tall, and it became nearly impossible to see the top of his growing body anymore. Most cities barely caught a glimpse of his paws or tail, its flame burning as bright as the sun at certain moments before Draz eclipsed it with his frame.

With an ominous *thoom*, Draz arrived on the next continent, his expression a combination of amused and mischievous as he gazed upon the country before him. He could see the curvature of the planet now, and the hundreds of lights cast from cities welcoming him. He had come a long way from being cooped up in his jail cell.

“Make way, world,” Draz sneered, cracking his knuckles as stomped onto the countryside, burying its scenic lands and cities underneath a paw dozens of miles wide.

And so Draz continued to walk, his height creeping ever upwards to the stunned world below. At this point, it seemed unlikely that he would ever stop. After all, the world’s largest ocean hardly slowed him down, and he was a Fire-type! When even a type advantage seemed unable to affect a still growing Charizard, what hope would anything else do?

Draz, meanwhile, seemed fully aware of this. And judging by the confident grin upon his face, the denizens of the entire planet knew they were in for a lot of trouble.

His stride deliberately slowed down, with his paws beginning to heat up from the atmosphere before planting themselves into the crust below with the speed of reckless meteors. Entire cities, mountain ranges, forests, and everything in between fell victim to his stomps, leaving little in their wake except for a vast crater than spanned for miles around.

In no time at all, he began to cross the horizon, leaving the country he visited a wasteland of expanding paw craters and tattered cities. Those he walked over but did not directly step on were buffeted by winds stronger than any hurricane, just from his body simply moving over them. The sound barrier practically disintegrated wherever he moved, leaving anyone around with loudly ringing ears.

And still Draz walked, and still he grew. He soon arrived at the ocean on the other side of the planet, but by then it hardly looked like a puddle to the Charizard, with his height beginning to grow past thousands of miles tall. His first step practically sent most of the ocean upwards into the atmosphere, where it either crashed back down to the ground like a strong downpour, or evaporated within seconds against the warmth of his paws.

Draz’s smirk widened. The oceans themselves were becoming puddles. A prodding thought poked at the back of his mind, at which he realized that he might soon run out of planet to walk upon, but Draz quickly stuffed it away. He would cross that bridge if he got to it. For now, he still wanted to leave his mark upon the world, even if literally.

The planet, meanwhile, began to quake and ripple. Draz’s form was becoming too much for most of it to handle. Countries that hadn’t been flattened yet shook as if they were settled on water beds, to say nothing for the ones who could barely glimpse the Charizard continuing his stroll around the globe. By now he had to have circled it multiple times, and it seemed as if he would never stop. Each paw print the size of most countries was quickly dwarfed by one twice as big. The sky practically turned orange as he walked over them, turning a once clear blue sky into one that shone off one of his scales.

Until eventually, with yet another stomp that threatened to crack the planet in two, Draz stopped.

Draz frowned, his senses searching for that sensation of growth that had kickstarted his walk. Unfortunately, as hard as he tried, there was nothing for him to feel. Indeed, it seemed that his growth spurt had finally waned…

Draz peered down, noting the familiar edges of the continent he stood upon as he stood thousands of miles tall, and roughly a third of the size of the planet. The continent below him…was where it began. His home continent.

*No…* Draz thought to himself. ***My*** *continent…*

Indeed, his worldwide trek had brought him home. Back when he wanted nothing but to break out of jail and pull off a bank heist that would make the world remember his name.

Draz gazed over at his shoulder, a sly grin shining eerily over the Quilava that still occupied it, having taken shelter on the ridge of one of his scales. Needless to say, Draz had outgrown those simple dreams of grandeur.

“Looks like that serum you nicked was more experimental than you realized, shorty,” Draz boomed to his guest, his voice alone rumbling across the planet like a vocal tidal wave. “Not that I’m complaining. We managed to pull off an impressive heist…granted, most of that was me doing the heavy lifting…”

The sound of something getting torn out of the ground echoed throughout the globe as Draz effortlessly plucked a seemingly undamaged part of the planet below him, his eyes already picking up the very faint patches of grey that inhabited the little piece of dirt.

“…quite literally, in the end,” Draz chuckled back to his shoulder. “But I suppose I can share a small portion of the credit. In the meantime...”

The giga sized Charizard lounged backward, shaking his home continent and the rest of the planet with an earthquake that echoed even onto the Moon above him.

Draz smirked up at the celestial orb, his thoughts already planning another heist in the near future, when he was ready to attempt it with his diminutive partner-in-crime. His gaze drifted back to the patch of earth he plucked up, then back to the remainder of the continent he sat upon, like a ruler overlooking his subjects.

“Let’s see how many more things I can steal on this rock, hm?”

Mere moments upon saying that, Draz could feel a brief, familiar sensation. He blinked in surprise. Hadn’t the serum worn off?

Far, far below in the remains of Ironton, the scientist’s modified ‘shrink ray’ that had essentially turned Draz into the ruler of the planet had sputtered its last gasp in the form of one final blast of energy. Having remained dormant and miraculously not destroyed from Draz’s previous growth spurt through Ironton, it laid on the rubble of a building in the shadow of his expansion, as a silent watcher to the Charizard’s walk across the planet.

And when Draz lounged across his home continent, it finally broke under the pressure of a megaton Charizard.

Draz felt numb for the briefest of moments, remembering this sensation from when he was at the bank in Ironton, before realizing that he was about to grow again.

Draz scoffed in surprise, which quickly turned into a smirk. “Or…maybe I’m onto bigger and better things to steal.”

The already massive Charizard’s body practically turned the world into a beanbag chair, as his growth spurt kicked in anew, and all the more potent as it had been previously. The planet began to dip and crack underneath his weight, leaving an crater wider than most continents atop its surface. By the time Draz elected to stand back up upon the brittle surface, the planet was beginning to look less round, and more partially shaped like a letter U.

Draz pondered his next move, his gaze and claws examining the Moon he had thought earlier about stealing, now shrinking in his grasp like a miniaturized baseball. The planet below him was only just managing to not explode like a crushed egg, with Draz’s weight standing on top of it pushing the tectonic plates to their breaking point.

He thought briefly about destroying the world he had figuratively, and literally, had grown upon. After all, he was entirely capable of doing so. But Draz reconsidered just what the world was to him now. It was formerly his home, one that he had stomped into near oblivion, with the survivors upon it barely able to wonder just what he had planned for a finale. And yet, he also realized the potential of his newly expanding growth spurt, and how the planet would soon become a jewel to him, and then likely smaller than that.

So, Draz decided to meet in the middle.

With about as little effort as he could possibly manage, having simply let his own gravity allow him to drift off into the vastness of space, Draz watched, almost eagerly, the planet beginning to shrink before him.

What was formerly a throne for him quickly turned into the size of a beach ball, then smaller than that. He eclipsed the world entirely of light, leading anyone down below to gaze up and only see their skies turn permanently orange as his scales alone soon began to outsize the planet.

As he watched the globe drift helplessly between his paws, he began to see it for what it was quickly becoming: a damaged, but still intact and somewhat pretty, jewel.

And in a way, Draz had stolen the world. Yet another mark to add to his legacy, even as he planned his stealing spree across the cosmos.

He gave the world a brief wave, his smug smile shining against the light of the Sun towards the survivors upon it, who felt relieved and also in awe at the fact that Draz had not simply wiped them out, even as they soon found themselves staring upwards at a monolithic toe that seemed to go on forever. They would likely remain there, struggling to repair the damages from the Charizard’s romp for countless years, and constantly having to look up at his toe instead of the vastness of outer space, but in the end, it was a small price to pay compared to the alternative where they would be obliterated like a speck of dust.

Perhaps the massive Pokémon knew this, and that was why he spared them? Nobody below really knew the answer.

But Draz did. Having acquired his home planet, a jewel amongst jewels, he gazed upwards towards outer space, wondering just how many stars and planets there were for him to steal, and to further cement his legacy across the universe.

“Perhaps I’ll even be able to steal a black hole,” Draz chuckled to himself. “Suppose there’s only one way to find out.”

With a spread of his wings, Draz drifted off towards the nearest system, prepared to steal everything, and hold them with his own hands.