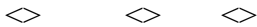


# Uber

By Cimarron Spirit

For Giza

**WARNING:** This story contains: macro growth, female nudity, monsterfication, destruction, rampaging, destruction, and hatred of one particular ride sharing app. If you don't like any of that, then you might as well go toddle off and find something else. Otherwise, enjoy!



Loud screams echoed through the towering canyons of steel, stone and glass, as hundreds of people tried to flee down the the avenue lined with skyscrapers and luxury condos. Vehicles were totally gridlocked, unable to move, and many had been abandoned, their owners having fled. Sirens wailed in the background, radios and TVs and smartphones all blaring emergency messages to a populace too terrified to comprehend or understand the robotic voice trying to tell them to stay calm and seek shelter.

The ground shook, shifted, vibrated, as the localized earthquake struck the city. Then another quake. Then another, and another, each one registering higher on the Richter scale, sending people toppling to the ground, edifices of buildings shattering and crumbling, cars and vans bouncing and rocking as the asphalt below them cracked and groaned, opening chasms and sinkholes that unlucky people and their vehicles slid into.

The sun that beat down in a hot summer afternoon was suddenly removed, casting the wide boulevard in an unnatural darkness, illuminated only by the lights of boutique store displays and the headlights of the cars, and the few reflections from the mirror like glass that surrounded the street.

A deafening roar of anger and dominance and power overpowered every other voice of terror and panic, shattering windows and making people clutch their ears to try to block out the noise.

A giant creature, with long sharp claws and fangs and horns and scales and flashing green and yellow eyes looked down on the masses below. Well over five hundred feet tall, it

was a giant, a monster that should have been impossible, a figment of the imaginations of the movie going public. The only thing that made it clear that this monster was once “normal” was the different shades of grey fur that covered the majority of the body that was perfect for the water, and the long tail (now covered with spikes and armor plating) that trailed behind her and easily flicked anything it didn’t care for away, and the fact that, since it was unclothed, it was quite easy to tell it was a she.

She took a few more steps down the wide avenue, squashing the empty vehicles under her massive feet, her tail crashing into the side of another building. She growled at a particularly large building that had the audacity to be taller than her. The monster opened her mouth, but instead of a roar, a greenish-yellow-red flame engulfed the upperstories of the building, melting the steel and everything in its path, until the building submitted, and collapsed.

She closed her mouth, the atomic fire ceasing.

The monster then resumed marching down the street, her hips crushing the faces of every building, her large, heavy, slow steps landing on dozens of cars at a time, as she stomped down the street, roaring, blasting offending buildings and vehicles that got in her way, until she paused, looking away from the city.

The monster then turned around, her tail smashing through a dozen buildings a single stroke, causing them all to fall on each other like dominos.

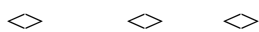
She strolled right through the downtown core until she reached the ocean side, leaving a wide path of destruction.

With a jump, the five hundred foot tall otter monster then dove into the water, and swam out to sea.

For weeks, the people of the city lived in fear, even as they picked through the rubble, trying to piece their lives together, and sort out everything that happened.

All they knew was that the monster hated one thing over all, a mantra that was still understandable even when it was virtually impossible to understand her roars and growls.

“UBER!”



Hane glared as the car finally pulled in front of her house, though it was difficult to make herself look furious, standing at a whopping five and a half feet tall, wearing a black and red neoprene wetsuit with a little bit of extra padding on her body, and clinging to a duffel bag with a bunch of cartoon characters on it with clothes and towels for a day at the beach. It had been half an hour since the app told her that her ride would have been here to pick her up. She opened the door and slid in, slamming it behind her.

“Hale, right?” the driver said, tapping away at his phone... and not driving.

“Hane,” the otter said, fastening the seat belt.

“Sorry, traffic was a bitch Hale,” the Uber driver, a “cool” looking fox said as he texted someone. Though the fox’s definition of cool was at least 15 years out of date, and his taste in music, playing incredibly loudly over the car’s souped up speakers, drowned out everything. The fox finally decided to put the car in drive, phone still in hand.

*It’s fine, take it calm Hane,* the otter told herself, her breath coming heavy. *Just a few minutes of this, and you...*

And then they nearly got sideswiped by a passing vehicle as he was pulling out onto the road.

Hane clutched the door and the safety bar, bracing herself from the near collision.

The fox looked up a second later than he should have, hammered on the horn in a futile gesture as if to deflect blame from him. “Stupid drivers, eh?” the fox said, without a hint of irony, before then swinging out and gunning the engine, and cranking up the radio.

*This is going well,* Hane thought.

It wasn’t her first choice to use Uber to get anywhere. It wasn’t even in the top ten. Walking on hot coals or giving a panda bear a piggyback ride the entire way was higher on the list. But due to a lack of adorable bamboo eating ursines, she was stuck with Uber after her friend called in sick and was unable to take her to the beach.

As an otter, she loved the water. The only reason Hane wasn’t in the water all the time was because there were no affordable housing on the beach. It was all luxury condos that were several times outside of her price range. But she would do anything to get a chance to swim, surf, scuba dive and everything.

*Just let me get there in one piece, please?* She prayed to some higher being.

If there was a God or a Saint of Passengers of Reckless Rideshare Drivers, Hane hoped it was looking down on her right now.

The driver was a maniac, weaving in and out of traffic, taking weird turns that must have been short cuts, all the while on his phone, texting and snapping selfies and whatever it was that people do with them except put it down and drive.

How did people like this even get their driver's license in the first place, much less work for something like Uber?

Exactly how low were the standards they had?

The fox turned off the residential street and took a left on the larger road, even though the beach was to the right.

"Um, excuse..." Hane started to say as she leaned forward from her back seat perch, before the driver suddenly swerved, the sudden shift of movement making Hane's center of gravity bounce around the vehicle.

"Excuse me," Hane said again, louder this time, trying to make herself heard over the autotuned pop songs blasting on the radio. The fox took no notice, still driving, still on his phone.

"Excuse me!" Hane shouted.

The fox suddenly jerked up. "What? What!" He turned and looked at the otter, and, turned down the music a tiny bit. "Watcha want Hale?"

"Hane," she grumbled. "But I wanted to go to the beach."

"I thought you said Beach Street," the fox said, before gunning the engine to get through a yellow light milliseconds before it turned red.

"I know I punched in the beach," Hane said.

The fox tapped on his phone, brought up the app, and looked at it. "Huh. I guess it was the beach."

The fox then got to the next intersection, took an illegal U-turn, and was now going back the way they came.

Hane by now was clinging to whatever she could for her life.

"Could you please slow down?"

The fox wasn't paying attention... was he playing a game on his phone now? A semi truck was coming up, pulling a large steel tank, and with a lot of warning labels on it.

"Hey! Could you please..."

Hane was hyperventilating at this point as the driver seemed to get dangerously close to the back of the vehicle.

And the light at the intersection just turned red.

“You goddamn idiot!” Hane finally screamed.

The fox looked up, gave a whimpering meep, spun the wheel...

CRASH!

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*This is an emergency. All residents should evacuate the area now...*

Hane groaned, opening her eyes as she sat up.

Somehow, somehow, she was still alive.

She must have blacked out. But... everything seemed to be in place. Nothing was broken. Her neck was sore, most likely from the whiplash, but she was still alive. Her suit was ripped in a few spots though. Damn it, these are expensive!

*There is a chance for dangerous chemicals to leak into the air...*

She looked around. The car was in remarkably good shape for getting involved in a car crash. Sure, the windows were gone, the glass from her window was all around her, and the windshield was virtually impossible to see through. And her bag was at her feet, so that was nice. At least that jackass' breaks worked, unlike his damn head.

*If you live within the mentioned area, you must evacuate the area now...*

Hane shook her head. The radio... what was it going on about.

It suddenly began to wail a high pitched noise.

“Oh, just another test,” she muttered to herself, unbuckling her seatbelt. She had more important things to worry about, like figuring out if you could give negative review points to an Uber driver. Maybe have him confined to the seventh circle of driving hell...

She reached for her door handle to open the door, but it was jammed.

“Oh. Great,” Hane grumbled. It didn't occur to her that her door had actually be jammed up against the tanker truck that the Uber driver didn't notice until Hane shouted at him.

*A vehicle accident involving a truck carrying toxic chemicals has been reported...*

Hane reached over to the other side, and tried to open that door. But nope, it was also jammed: the vehicle that had been following behind them was able to hit the brakes just in time to not crush the car Hane was in, but not soon enough to prevent it from pinning her in.

“Oh, really great,” Hane growled, looking up at the front seat.

The driver was gone.

“Oh *really* great!” she snarled. “That dumbass got into a car crash and he bailed,” Hane snarled.

*If you are within ten blocks, you should leave now...*

“I bet he’s going ‘LOL I JUST SURVIVED A CAR CRASH! YOLO!’” she snarked, as she tried to climb out of the back seat into the driver’s seat to get through the window

*Pssssh!*

A high pressure green liquid suddenly shot into to the car through the broken windshield, and doused Hane head to toe.

“Aggh! Ahhh!” the otter gagged and screamed. It was hot, burning, smelled awful, tasted even worse, and was just generally unpleasant.

“Oh damn. This is how I die, huh?” Hane snarled. “Doused in toxic gas because some asshole who should never have gotten in a damn car decided to make a quick buck, from a company that hires any person who wants to, huh?”

Hane didn’t notice the chemical that leaked into the rips in her suit was now seeping into her skin, and her blue eyes were starting to change in hue from their regular blue to a light, radioactive green.

“That ass got me killed! I know it!” Hane was bellowing now, her fists balled up, and she punched the seat with enough power to make the headrest fly off, and the wetsuit around her arms ripped further as her arms increased in size: not necessarily muscle, but size in general.

But she didn’t notice that either in her rage.

“Screw that asshole, screw Uber, screw everything!” she screamed, closing her eyes tight.

*CRUNCH!*

When Hane opened her eyes again, she blinked.

She was sitting outside now.

What?

She looked down.

There were scraps of aluminum, steel and plastic all around her.

Did... did she just break out of the car?

“How...” Hane started, before looking down.

Her wetsuit was in tatters now. The neoprene was fighting a losing fight, unable to cover the otter who was now sitting at least 10 feet tall, almost twice as tall as she was before. Her stature was still the same: the bright blue paw pads was still on her hands, and the mixture of dark and grey fur, with stripes of light grey in the middle of the black spots, a thick fur tuft on her chest that had been compressed by the wetsuit but now sprang forward into a full and fluffy manner. and her long, thick tail slowly swayed back and forth, each movement making the metal that formed the vehicle become flatter and flatter.

She looked up, to see the truck still oozing green goop all over the wreckage of the vehicle she had been a passenger in, and now over her legs.

“Where the hell is that bastard?” Hane muttered, standing up, her feet punching more holes into the vehicle of her careless Uber driver.

Something caught her eye. She saw several people in yellow hazmat suits approaching her. The suits were so large, and the facemasks were obscure enough to make it hard for her to see what species each person was.

“Uh, excuse me, Miss?” one of them said through a megaphone. “What are you doing here? We evacuated the area.”

“I was in the vehicle that was in the accident,” Hane said, pointing at the crumpled remains of the car at her feet.

“We weren’t told of anyone else in the accident,” the person in the hazmat suit said.

Anger came washing over Hane again.

“That goddamned asshole! He caused this goddamned accident, then he didn’t even have the common goddamn decency to tell anyone I was in there?” the bellowed.

“Ma’am?”

“Oh, I’d do a lot more than destroy his goddamn car! I’d crush the ever living lights out of his stupid skull!”

“Ma’am! Please...” the police officer sounded really concerned

“Take that damned cellphone of his and cram it down his throat till he chokes on microprocessors!”

“Ma’am! Stop it!” the police officer panicked.

Hane stopped her rant again, only to see that she was now not just towering over the squad of hazmat suit wearing first responders, she was definitely looming over them. She

must have grown to at least 25 feet tall, taller than all but a few of the vehicles caught in the traffic jam were long. The last of the wetsuit had long since given up, and she was now standing totally in the nude in the middle of the city.

She looked down to see the people in the hazmat suits were backing away, and a couple were pointing guns at her.

“Ma’am, please calm down...”

“What are you going to do, shoot me? Shoot the bastard that caused all this! I’m not at fault for this! I had nothing to do with this!” Hane slammed her foot down, crushing another car, making the middle of the SUV collapse inwards, her feet easily able to tear through the sides of the vehicle.

She spun on her heels, and kicked another vehicle, a small Smart Car, into another lane of vehicles crushing more of them.

It felt really lethargic to let out her anger, to cause some property damage, just break and tear apart a few things.

And she was now closer to 50 feet tall. The tops of some of the trees on the side of the street were now at eye level.

Hane took a deep breath, and turned back to the cops in the yellow plastic suits. “Sorry about that. I just... it’s been a long day, I’m sure you know.”

“Uh, yes... But, can you please come with us? We need to get some information and... well, see if we can get you better.”

Hane sighed, nodded, and tried to follow the policemen. It was hard enough, considering she was close to ten times or so times taller than them, ten times taller than her tiny stature before. The fact that it was impossible to take a step without crushing the side of a car, or damaging the back of a van, or just flattening the cabs of pickup trucks under the foot made it harder.

*Why bother?* Some part of her said. *You really enjoyed destroying those cars earlier.*

*True... but we are trying to be a good person, right?* Another little voice said. *It was because of that jerkwad that we are like this now.*

*Yeah, that dumbass will totally get it. But, for now... maybe you should enjoy it...*

By the time Hane had gotten back to the intersection, she wasn’t even trying to avoid the cars anymore. The fact that she was so big, so powerful, able to crush a vehicle under her foot...



Then she saw it.

She blinked, her foot raised as she processed what she saw.

A sticker.

With a big U in the middle.

Hane's eye twitched. Her breath grew ragged. She balled her fists. A fire was burning in her body...

"Uber," she snarled.

She shifted her body, and with all the force she could muster, she slammed her foot into the newer SUV, crushing the whole vehicle under her foot, and crunching it all: frame, chassis, engine block, everything, into the crater caused by her foot.

"Ma'am! Stop doing that!" one of the policemen shouted at her.

Hane's eyes, glowing a bright green, her teeth barred, turned at the policeman.

"No."

"Ma'am, we will..."

"You can't do a goddamn thing to me!" Hane shouted, as she bent down and grabbed a car, her hands not quite able to encircle the car in its entirety, but more than enough to crush the middle, making the steel frame creak and groan, the doors strain to hold in place, until she gave just a bit more force, and with a loud *Smash!* The whole thing crumbled into a piece.

*Bang! Bang! Bang!*

The bright flashes from the policeman's gun flickered at the edge of Hane's vision. But she didn't feel a thing.

The giant otter snarled. "You really thought that was a good idea, you idiot?"

The cop in the hazmat suit dropped the gun and ran away, along with the other policemen.

"You are trying to take me down for being nearly killed by an asshole of an Uber driver?" The otter screamed, crushing more vehicles with her feet, each step resulting in a few more cars meeting their untimely demise, before winding up and throwing the crumpled car in her hand into nearby building, the missile piercing the apartment complex with a force that she didn't know she had.

Now she was raging like a madman, destroying the makeshift HQ that the police had set up to monitor the situation earlier, crushing tents and computers and folding chairs.

If anyone was nearby to actually see her, they would have been dumbstruck by the fact that she was growing, and fairly quickly, everytime she smashed a car or kicked a building. It was... strange, to say the least. She wasn't gaining any muscle or seemingly out of proportion. It was just as if some malevolent trickster god got a hold of the settings for the otter, and was dialing the scale factor upwards. Had she stood still for just a moment, she might have felt her feet growing, her soles covering (and crushing) more pavement with each passing moment. Had she even bothered to look back, she would have seen that her footprints were growing steadily larger and larger with every step she took, digging deeper and deeper into the asphalt roads, the previous one easily fitting in the one before, a Matryoshka doll of foot-sized potholes.

*But, you know what? Uber was only possible because everyone has cars...* That little voice in her head was talking again.

"God-damned Uber!" She cried at that mere thought, smashing every car she could see, only a very few of which had the Uber sticker that was under her feet, or being crushed like a pop can in her hand, or flattened by a swing of her tail. "That piece of shit company did this to me! And it should pay for this!"

She was now easily able to pick up vehicles, and she crumbled them like tissue paper, before throwing them at more vehicles like a giant's makeshift game of bowling. She looked behind her and wiggled her tail, before giving a big rotate of her hips to send the long, thick and powerful rudder on her butt swiping through a dozen cars at once, clearing the paved avenue of every automobile in a single action.

Hane panted heavily as she looked around. Almost every vehicle around her had been stepped on, punched, crumpled up, thrown away, kicked, or somehow smashed, destroyed and pulverized. Buses, semi trucks, moving vans, Jeeps, Japanese imports, hotrods, muscle cars... all of them. Smashed.

Hane looked up, nearly 100 feet tall, to come face to face with a billboard.

For Uber.

"Drive with Uber! Background checks on every driver!"

It was *taunting* her at this point.

Just *trying* to get on her nerves, wasn't it?

She screamed, grabbing the fifty foot wide sign, ripping it off the top of the building it was on so that as many people as possible could have seen it.

She lifted up her knee, and smashed the billboard over her knee, snapping the steel frame that held the weather-proof paper as if it was a twig, before, throwing one half like a frisbee, sailing through the neighborhood until it crashed down on an otherwise quiet residential street, slicing through three homes before crashing into a souped up truck with jacked up tires.

The other half she ripped to shreds, destroying any evidence that it had ever advertised a certain ridesharing company.

But Uber hadn't been punished enough.

Oh no. Uber was more than just cars... it was only possible because a bunch of people lived close together, and were too lazy to walk.

Hane looked down another street, only to see people standing at a large barricade prevented from entering the area. Only at the sight of her, people began to run.

Time to make people get some exercise.

She began to chase after them. Slowly, though. At over 150 feet tall, it was easily enough to catch them... but she needed to make sure all those cars between her and them were ruined first.

It was around that time that she felt the first major stab of pain, just above her ears. She gave out a bellowing cry and nearly fell over, smashing into a strip mall and a couple four story apartment buildings. She winced and cried out as she felt something begin growing on the top of her head.

Hane panted heavily, and reached up to feel a large horn poking out of her skull. Actually, two of them.

She was becoming a monster.

For a moment, Hane thought about it. Did she want to become a monster? Did she really want to destroy everything just to get revenge?

No, not really. She didn't want to.

There was a low drone above her.

Hane looked up to see a silvery blimp hanging in the sky, casually flying in circles around the city.

With Uber plastered over it.

Uber was really causing this.

Uber was turning her into a monster.

Uber *wanted* to turn her into a monster.

She gave out another bellow of anger and rage, this time flattening the entire city block as she got back up onto her feet, destroying every building, and the claws on her hands began to grow longer and sharper, more capable of tearing apart vehicles and buildings... and Uber.

The otter-monster grabbed a car, a very fancy German car that was perfect for wealthy businessmen who didn't want a limo but still wanted to show off their wealth.

With a below of anger than made buildings shake and glasses fall off shelves, she hurled the car several hundred feet into the air, piercing the blimp.

But unlike historical examples, the airship didn't catch fire and go down in a big fireball. The non-explosive helium slowly vented, and the blimp, in agonizingly slow motion, spun around and around until it landed on a distant part of the city.

That was so anti-climatic, and really, really not what she had in mind for punishing Uber.

Snarling, Hane looked down, to see that her growing feet (now with long, viciously sharp, virtually indestructible claws that dug deep trenches into the earth) was right next to a gas station.

Vehicles need gas.

Uber needs vehicles.

Uber needs gas.

Gas goes boom.

Hane growled, and stomped the gas station flat. The convenience store attached to it went first, turning hundreds of bottles of softdrinks and cheap sandwiches and overpriced sunglasses into a mulch. Then she stepped on the gas pumps. Steel grinded against steel and sparked, setting the gas that filled the lines, and by extension everything around it.

**KABOOM!**

The fireball grew up from where the gas station rising high into the air (but only reaching about Hane's navel), but didn't even singe a strand of fur on the otter's body.

She growled, her anger having only gotten hotter and stronger, grabbing a van nearby that somehow had escaped the total destruction all around it, opening her mouth, and biting it in half, tearing through the steel that had been tested and approved to protect the occupants of the vehicle in the event of a major crash as if it was celery: crunchy, required a lot of chewing, but still easily digestible.

If Uber was going to turn her into a monster... then the monster will destroy Uber in turn.

It was only fair, right?

The rumble of tanks and armored personnel carriers were coming down the street, along with dozens of soldiers in bulletproof armor and heavy weapons.

BOOM!

Cannons and guns began to fire, smoke filling the street as a battalion of army grade weapons began to fire on the giant otter monster.

Then an arc of unearthly green, red and yellow fire came from the smoke, engulfing the tanks, vehicles, buildings and everything in a 180 degree arc around her, leaving nothing but a smoldering, radiated slag heap where the army's attempt at stopping her lay.

Hane rose from the rubble of the building, green smoke curling out of her mouth, where sharp fangs were now poking out of her mouth. Her back was growing more hunched over, spikes started to grow from her back and along the end of the tail.

She let out a massive roar, stretching her body up, now clocking in at almost 250 feet.

The otter-turned monster looked down at the puny city below her, the buildings of the suburb she was in barely reaching her knees now.

"Uber," she growled, before kicking the building. After all, the Uber people live in buildings. So if you destroy the buildings, that will hurt Uber, right?

Her feet now filled up the smaller side streets, though she didn't care so much destroy every vehicle now. Especially since every footstep on the road, or the sidewalk, of in the cul-de-sac or neighborhood meant one less place where Uber could survive.

But there were so many more place... so many Ubers.

She roared again, and began stomping her way toward the really big Uber places in the middle of the city.

"Uber!" she roared in a barely legible, monstrous scream, as she stepped on every Uber, smashed every Uber, burnt every Uber, and destroyed every Uber she came across.

"UBER!"

"UBER!"

"UUUBBBEEEEERRR!!!!"

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“I was just looking at my phone for a second!” Jack exclaimed. “How was I-”

“We have the records that said your phone was on the entire time, sending text messages while you were driving,” the judge, a fat tiger said. “So you were at fault.”

They were sitting in the makeshift repaired ruins of the court house. The city had been destroyed. Billions of dollars in damages. A half dozen insurance companies had gone out of business. Several Congressional investigations into everything from how toxic chemicals were transported through cities to how ride share companies should be regulated were ongoing.

The “Uber Monster,” as the media was calling the otter turned monster that laid waste to the city, before finally getting to the ocean and then disappearing, had finally been tracked down to a single person: the Uber driver

The fox slumped into his seat. He was so screwed. He had just managed to get out of that vehicle, and only got a little bit of that green goop stuff on him. But now his life was being destroyed.

“This court hereby finds you guilty of vehicle operation resulting in injury, operating a motor vehicle while distracted, reckless driving, and illegal use of a motor vehicle. You are sentenced to life in prison.” The judge slammed the gavel. “You might as well give me your license too, since you are never driving again.”

The fox sat in stunned silence, trying to process the words.

The otter in a bar in Tahiti, wearing a brand new swimsuit and a large pair of sunglasses, looked up at the TV on the bar, and grinned, sliding the sunglasses off her eyes as she watched the fox be carted off to jail, showing bright green glowing eyes.

“Uber,” she grinned.