
Chris and Olivia couldn't be happier. It was a perfect day, the orchard was beautiful. Chris's favorite cousin was officiating, and all their closest friends and family were there. And best of all, She was nowhere to be seen.
"Now, it's time for you to share your vows," The officiant said excitedly.


Chris stared lovingly into Olivia's eyes. "I, Chris, take you, Olivia, to be my wedded spouse. To live together in marriage. I promise to love you, comfort you, and honor you, so long as we both shall live."


Olivia smiled back at him. "Today I join my life to yours, Chris. Not simply as your spouse, but as your friend, your lover, and your biggest supporter. Let me be the shoulder you lean on and the companion of your life."
"I do," Olivia said. "Wait, that wasn't too early, was it?"
"I do too," Chris replied. "Can we kiss now?"


"Just about!" The officiant said. "By the power vested in me, and with the laws of our state, it is my absolute honor to pronounce you married. You may now kiss the..."
But before he could finish his sentence, something made the officiant stop in his tracks. A woman was standing at the back of the red carpet. A woman who looked very familiar.


The woman held a wine flute casually in her hand. She was wearing a blue floral dress, which tightly hugged her curvaceous figure. In her deep cleavage, something stirred.

It was a little man. Dale had slipped from his position under her blouse. Now he was deep in Tammy's cleavage, and sinking deeper. He tried to climb back up, but every movement seemed to just make him slide further down.


Finally, She spoke. "They say a wedding without God is no wedding at all," She said with a laugh. "Well guess what? I'm here now!"
Some of the guests stared at Tammy in silent horror. Others were too terrified of upsetting Her to even look upon Her.
"Don't mind me," Tammy said. "Please, continue. I just hate that I missed the beginning. Go ahead and kiss."


Kissing was the last things on any of their minds now. The bride and groom just stared back at Her, horrified. It was like death itself was walking towards them, strutting over in a skimpy blue dress.


Tammy stood in front of them. She looked at the bride and groom with a warm expression, but it did nothing to calm their nerves.
Chris stood there in awkward silence for a moment, before he finally worked up the nerve to say something. "Thank you for coming," he said, his voice cracking.
"I wouldn't miss it for the world." Tammy replied.


Tammy pressed her finger against the bride's shoulder, just hard enough to remind her what She was capable of. "You look beautiful, sweetheart," Tammy said. "Really. That dress is just stunning."
Olivia stared at the ground, unable to look Tammy in the eyes even for a moment. "Thank you," she said in a trembling voice. "That's so kind of You to say, Mrs. Treuer. You're so kind... And so beautiful..."


"It's a bit late for flattery," Tammy said coldly. "I have to say, I'm a little hurt. I thought we were friends."
Olivia held back tears. "Mrs. Treuer, we... We wanted to keep it small, we just—"
"You just didn't want me to be here?" Tammy asked. "You just wanted to throw a beautiful wedding without inviting Me?"


"It was nothing personal, Mrs. Treuer, honest! We-"


"Oh, I know, believe Me," Tammy said, combing Her hand through Her hair. "I'm not angry. And please, call me Tammy."
"Of course, Tammy," Olivia said. "Thank you, Tammy." Olivia had heard that Tammy only told people She liked to call Her by Her first name. Maybe that was a sign that Tammy's mood had softened. Maybe this would all be fine.
It wouldn't.


Tammy turned slowly, looking at the assembled guests. The orchard stretched out behind them, the flower arrangements perfectly decorating down the aisle. She let the silence hang there a moment longer than was comfortable.
"I'm so happy that you finally tied the knot," She said. "I don't want to make things tense. This really is a lovely wedding. I just wish you'd invited me, though."
Olivia opened her mouth to say something. She wanted to apologize again, or explain... But her throat was suddenly dry.
Because Tammy was growing.


She didn't announce it. She didn't close her eyes, or clench her fists, or do any of the things Olivia might have expected. She just simply started getting taller.
"See, if you'd just invited me, none of this would be happening," Tammy said, Her voice resonating. "That's the thing about choices. They have consequences, even the small ones... Especially the small ones."


Olivia stumbled backward, making Chris grab her arm. They both watched as Tammy's head pressed against the ceiling of the gazebo. The wooden boards above Her started to snap one by one.
Tammy could have stepped outside. She could have walked out from under the gazebo, and grown to her full size in the open air of the orchard. But Tammy was too stubborn to move. She just kept growing, and the structure strained against Her, before it finally gave way.


A moment later, She burst through the gazebo roof. The top of the structure broke off from the base. Broken wood fell down around her. The bride and groom raised their hands over their heads, shielding themselves from the falling debris.


Tammy simply pushed the ruined roof of the gazebo aside. She slowly rose, standing up straight and revealing Her full height. Tammy glanced down at the little couple beneath her with an expression of serene amusement. It was the same expression She wore when she was admiring Her own reflection.


Tammy looked back at the guests. She was pleased to see that they were sitting obediently in their little folding chairs, watching. They stared up with pale faces, gripping their armrests tight. Not a single one tried to run or hide. They knew better. They'd heard the stories.


Soon, Tammy stood close to fifty feet tall. Her massive heels barely fit in the little gazebo. The wooden platform beneath Her creaked under the impossible weight, and Olivia felt the vibration through the soles of her wedding shoes.
Tammy looked down at them and smiled. It wasn't as friendly as the smile She'd given them earlier. It was a bit smug, and a bit cruel.


The bride and groom cowered as Tammy's feet grew, encroaching upon them. Chris stumbled backward, falling against the railing.


"Please," Chris said, his voice cracking. "Please, Tammy, forgive us. We should have invited you. We didn't mean to—"


Tammy noticed him. She smiled silently at him while she grew, and grew. She didn't say a word. She just watched him with that same grin, as She relished the complete and utter control that she had over him.


Tammy's heel grew bigger and bigger, encroaching further on Chris's space. Her heel pressed against his leg, squeezing it between the railing. The pressure got tighter and tighter, until it felt like something was going to snap. Then, just when Chris thought he couldn't take anymore, Tammy finally stopped growing.


Tammy stood there, staring down at them. She was close to a hundred feet tall now. Everyone watched Her, anxiously wondering what she was about to do.


Tammy bent down, reaching out towards the bride and groom. The shadow of Her massive hand fell across them both. Each of them prayed that She wouldn't hurt the other.


Tammy's fingers closed around the groom. She plucked Chris from the gazebo floor and lifted him high into the air.


"Please, please, we're sorry, we didn't think—"
"No, you didn't," Tammy said.


She brought him closer to Her mouth. "Congratulations on your wedding, sweetheart. I mean that sincerely." She looked at him with the same serene, magazine-cover expression She always tried to cultivate.


Then She opened Her mouth and shoved him head-first inside. Chris's legs kicked wildly for a second, before they disappeared between Her godly lips.


She shoved him deeper into Her mouth. He thrashed about helplessly. His arm reached out from between Her lips, before She sucked it back in.
She pushed him deeper. Her tongue pressed him flat against the roof of her mouth. He thrashed. His arm shot out from between Her lips. His arm felt around desperately, grasping for nothing. She sucked it back, like a piece of that undercooked spaghetti he'd once served Her.


From somewhere deep in the cavern of Her cleavage, Dale watched. He could feel the vibration of her jaw resonating through Her chest. Chomp. Chomp. Chomp. He could hear the snapping of bones, and the crunching of flesh. And somehow, even though he couldn't see much of Her face, he knew that She was smiling.


Olivia was inconsolable. "No, no! This isn't happening! This can't be happening!" she screamed, at the top of her lungs.


Tammy put Her hands on Her hips. Her eyes landed on the officiant, who was scrambling over the broken railing. She couldn't believe the sheer presumption of it. As if he could simply outrun fate.


He ran. He made it maybe ten feet into the before he turned and looked back at Her. She hadn't moved. She was just standing there, watching him with a judgmental expression.


The officiant realized how foolish it was to try and outrun Her, and he stopped in his tracks. He watched as Tammy raised a single foot, wondering for a moment if She might decide to spare him. He told himself that if he was obedient, She might show mercy on him.
She didn't.


Tammy brought Her foot down upon him. He started running again, but it was already too late.


Her foot came down on his back with a wet crunch. The officiant's yelp was silenced, but She wasn't finished.


Tammy twisted Her heel, grinding him into the dirt like She was putting out a cigarette. Even now, the guests were too terrified to run. They watched the display in silent horror, hoping that they wouldn't be next.


Olivia tried to slip away. She ducked under Tammy's heel and tried to squeeze through, but it was tighter than she expected. Her tiny hands pressed against Tammy's shoe.


Tammy noticed the disturbance, and she turned back. She looked over her shoulder, and saw the little thing beneath her heel. It was a beautiful, immaculately dressed little insect, but an insect nonetheless.


The bride finally ran for it, which made Her chuckle in amusement. Tammy casually leaned over, reaching out for her. "Oh, come here, honey," Tammy said. "Come on. Don't be shy."


Tammy's fingers closed around Olivia's torso, wedding dress and all, and snatched her up. Gasps rang out through the crowd, amusing Tammy.

The bride dangled in the air, kicking and thrashing her arms about. But Tammy's grip only seemed to grow tighter the more she fought.

"Tammy, please!" Olivia pleaded. "Forgive me! I'm sorry, I'm so sorry! I'll do anything!"


Tammy gave her a look that was almost sympathetic. "Oh, you poor dear. I know this must be hard for you. Weddings are so emotional. But look on the bright side... You're a single woman now."
Tammy's joke didn't exactly lighten the mood. Olivia started to wail again.
Tammy shook Her head. "Oh, don't cry, sweetheart. He's with God now. In my belly, specifically."


With her free hand, Tammy reached out for the bride. The bride recoiled, not sure what Tammy planned to do.
"I want you to know I'm not doing this because I'm angry," Tammy said. "I'm really not. I love my community... But love comes with obligations."


Tammy slipped her finger beneath the bride's top, carelessly tugging at it. One of the blouse's straps snapped open, and the other popped off a moment later.


Tammy tore the rest of the bride's blouse off, leaving Olivia topless. The bride covered her breasts shamefully.
"I'm sorry!" She pleaded. "I'm sorry, God! It was wrong of us to reject You!"


"That's all I ever ask, just a little sincerity," Tammy said. "Speaking of which... I trust you were going to wait until the wedding night?"
The bride nodded frantically. "Of course!"
Tammy smiled. "Good for you, really. Not many couples are that pure. But it's a shame you'll never get to put that body to use. You really are a beauty, you know that?"


Tammy looked back at the crowd. They were still sitting in their seats, like the obedient little sheep they were.


She turned around, staring down at them. Her mood soured, as She thought about what they'd done. Obedient or not, they still chose to come here, to a wedding that was done in defiance of Her perfect will... And so She raised Her heel into the air.


The shadow of Tammy's heel fell across the terrified faces below. Screams rang out among the guests.
Tammy smiled.


The orderly congregation quickly devolved into chaos. Screams erupted. People shoved past each other, knocking over chairs, trampling flower arrangements.
She stepped down. Immediately, there was a crunch. It looked like there were two of them. They were screaming, but they'd be quiet soon enough.


Tammy twisted her heel, grinding them into the dirt. She felt something pop beneath the ball of Her foot, and a moment later the screaming stopped. Tammy adjusted Her weight, pressing down a little harder, just to be thorough.


High above the crowd, the bride screamed. It was an animalistic shriek, loud enough to cut through the chaos below. Tammy looked back at Olivia, amused by her defiance.


She brought the bride close to her face, and smiled. "Honey, I want you to know... I think you would have made a beautiful wife..."


"...And you'll still make a beautiful meal."
Tammy opened Her mouth wide, bringing the bride close to Her. The cavern of Her maw stretched open before the bride, dark and glistening and vast.
She exhaled. A hot, humid gust washed over the bride's face, sending the little woman's hair flying back. The scent of raw meat entered her nostrils. She realized with horror who she was smelling.


The bride stared into Tammy's mouth in horror.
"Please God, forgive me!" She screamed.
Tammy shoved the bride into Her mouth. The sound of her screams echoing inside was like music to Tammy's ears.


Tammy felt the little woman's bare torso slide across Her tongue. She was warm, smooth, and trembling. Tammy tasted the salt of her tears, but there was another taste that intrigued her. She tasted something floral. It must have been the perfume that the bride had dabbed behind her ears that morning. It had been applied with such care, such optimism.


Tammy sucked. Her cheeks hollowed, and the bride's torso disappeared past her lips in a single, smooth motion. The woman's legs kicked frantically in Tammy's grip. The ruined remnants of her wedding dress fluttering around her thighs.


Olivia's legs disappeared into Her warm, dark mouth. The last thing to go was the scrap of wedding dress still clinging to the bride's ankle.
Tammy sucked down the little woman's legs, until only the scraps of her dress hung down. She sucked that down too.


Finally, Tammy swallowed. She felt the bride descend into Her throat. This time she was still alive, and in one piece. In time, she'd be reunited with what was left of the groom. If she was lucky, maybe the bride even could find what was left of him, and get that first kiss. The idea made Her smile. Tammy was always romantic like that.


Tammy patted Her stomach once, and thought about how perfectly this so-called wedding had turned out. All this ceremony, for what amounted to a light snack... It was such a delightful little lark. If only all Her sustenance came with so much pomp and circumstance.
Then a pleasant thought occurred to Tammy. This ceremony wasn't a wedding anymore. It was a sacrifice, in Her honor. Everything and everyone here... It was all for Her. What a beautiful thought that was.


Once again, Tammy got that familiar tingle in Her body. It was the feeling She got when she did something particularly righteous... and it made Her crave more.
Tammy looked down at the wedding reception. It was utter chaos now. Everyone was running for their lives. They didn't even have the decency to wait around, and let Her smite them.


Tammy grimaced at them. These mortals were acting like they had the right to subvert Her will. It was a grave insult, and She wanted to crush the lot of them. But then She thought about Her garden party, and how long She'd been gone already. It was rude for a hostess to disappear for too long, and She didn't want to disappoint Her guests. And besides, She didn't want to get too much blood on Her beautiful new shoes.


Tammy took a deep breath. There was no sense in letting herself get upset. After all, it was the day of Her party. She was supposed to enjoy Herself.
"I can't stay long... But It wouldn't hurt to take a little dessert to go," Tammy said.


Tammy bent down, getting a closer look at the fleeing guests. Near the back were a half dozen women, all wearing fancy dresses. Tammy figured they must have been bridesmaids, even though they were too cheap to buy matching outfits. They were cute little things... the perfect size for an afternoon snack.