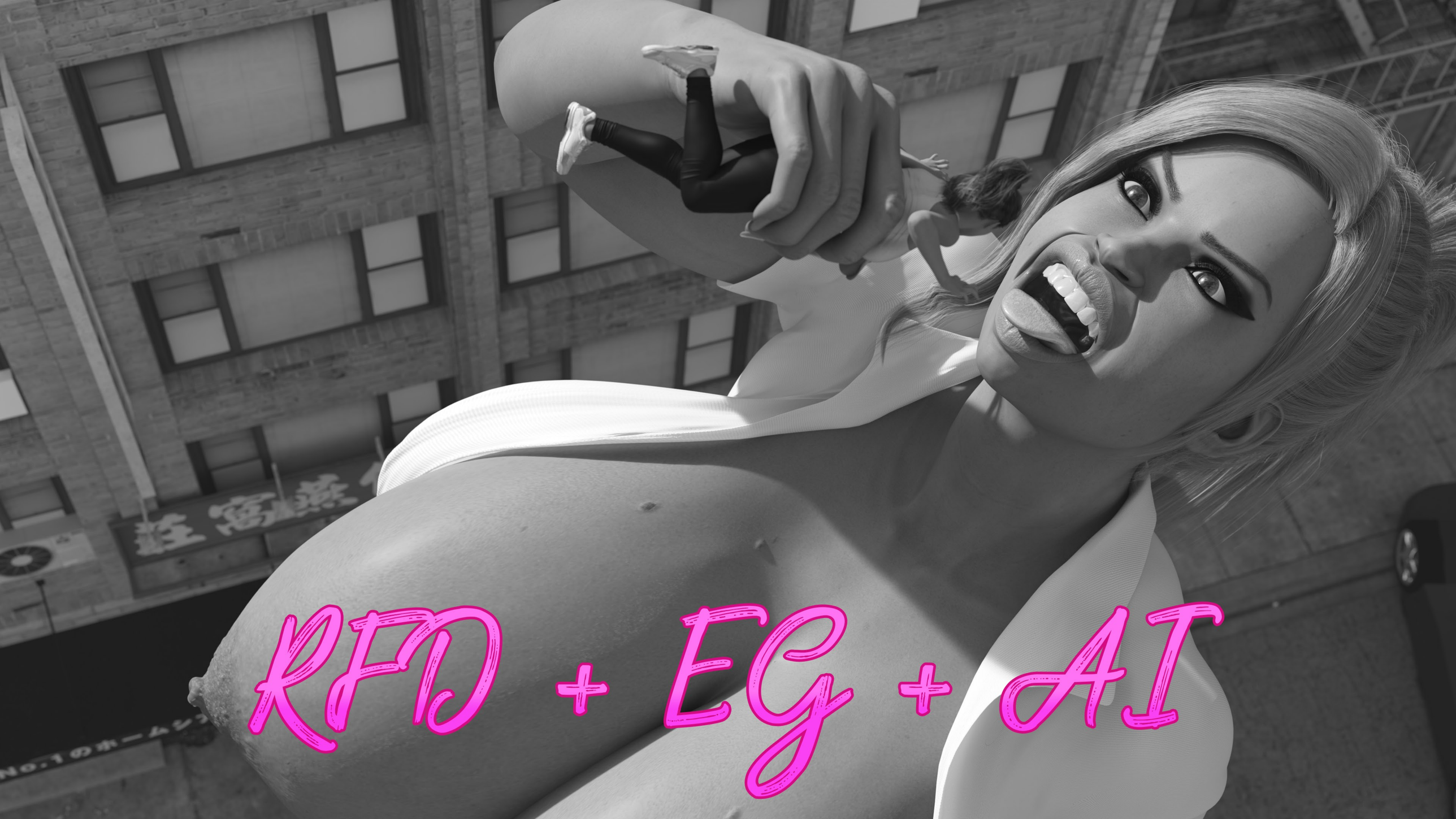


Big Booty Bully


RFD + EG + AI


Why me. Why me. Why me. Why me. Why didn't anyone else show? What's fucking wrong with everyone else? Don't they know what's going to happen if...
I sighed. I can't blame them. Really, I can't. Who would be okay with spending all their time around Stacey? Like, she's just the worst person in the world. No fucking cap. What's worse is it would be so easy to blame her behavior on the recent... changes she's been through. But no! She was a mean, horrid piece of shit before all that happened with too much money and a dad who would let her get away with far too much.


And now?
Now she's like... fifty feet tall. With tits as big as houses and an ass that could crush both lanes of a street. And she doesn't really put much effort into caring about the well-being of everyone else.
Okay, that's an understatement. She kills people for fun. Every so often she'll go downtown and just stomp on everyone in sight... but usually she just kills random strangers. People that she knows are usually safer... as long as we don't make her mad.


That's kind of how I got stuck in this position. One day it sort of hit me that the only way to be safe from Stacey... was to be at her side. Problem is she didn't really view me as her equal, so my life kind of took on a secretarial role. I take care of a lot of the things in her day to day life since there's a lot of normal tools that she can't exactly make use of at her size.
Am I any safer for choosing this route?


She's threatened to eat me. Picked me up without my permission. Rested her feet on me to see how big they were. Had me rub ointment all over her ass after she sat on a hot roof. Ordered me to bring her people to do anything she pleased with. Truth of the matter is, I've never felt safe around her.
But... judging by these fresh blood splatters... I think it's safe to say I'm safer than those who *aren't* by her side.



"Trish!" She shouted, her voice echoing around the massive aircraft hangar that had been converted into a bedroom for her. "What the fuck?! It's my fucking birthday, and there's nobody here! Why didn't you send out the invitations?!"

As she shouted I had to focus to keep my attention on her face and not the massive, jiggling tits she kept exposed to the cool air so casually. I'm unsure if she just can't fit them into that poor excuse for a shirt she's wearing, or if she just likes having them out in the open to make everyone else feel inadequate.

"I-I did send out the invitations!" I finally managed to say, taking a deep breath to steel my nerves. Defending myself against Stacey's constant accusations was never fun.


Her eyes narrowed.
"No you fucking didn't." She said, looking me up and down accusingly. "I know you didn't, because if you did, then there would fucking be people here today!"
"B-But what about these guys!" I protested, pointing to the people she had pinned under her shoes at this very moment. "If I hadn't sent them then they wouldn't have shown up!"
"AND EVERYONE ELSE?!"


I may look NICE
but I can go from
ZERO
to
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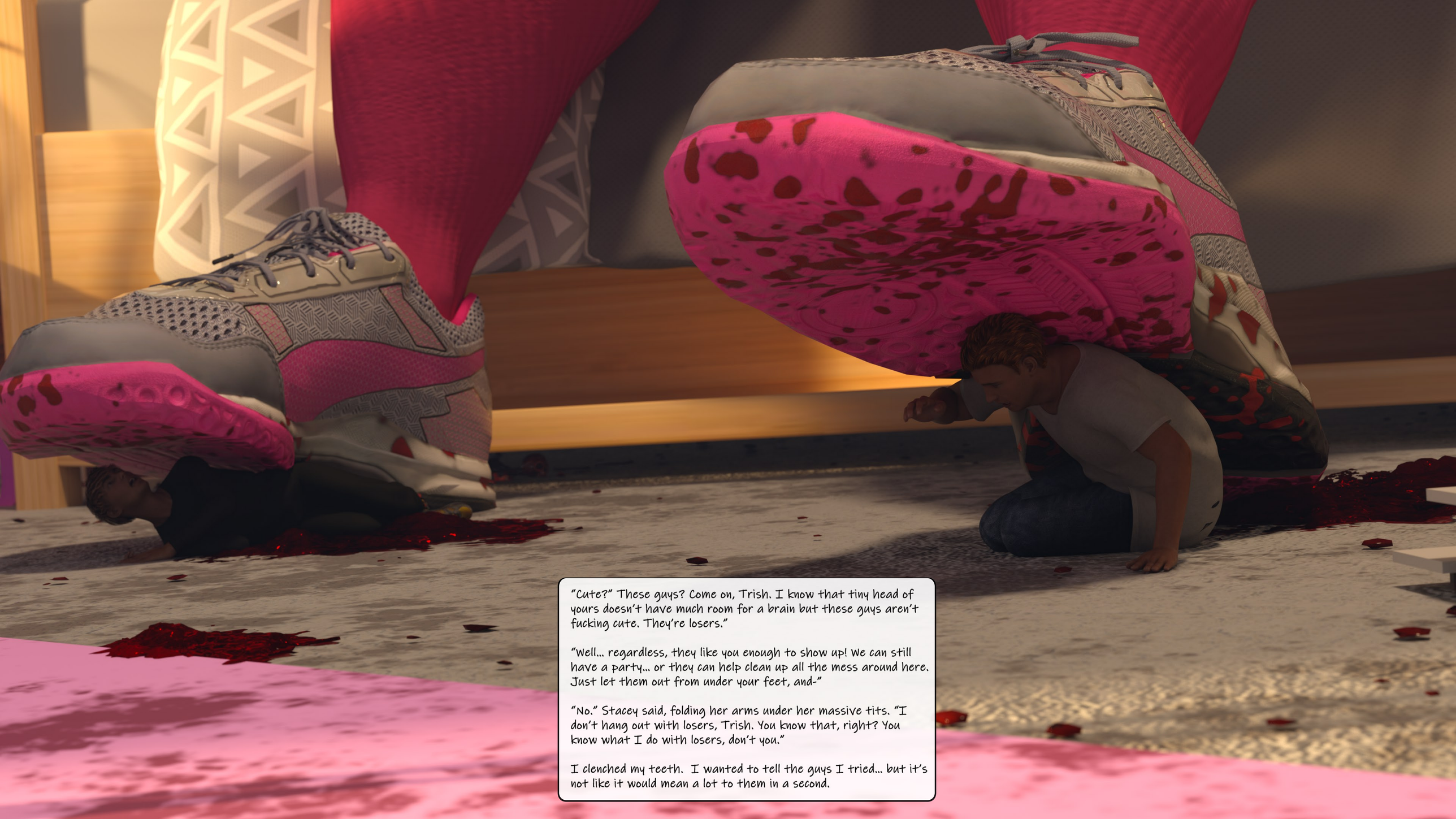
in one second
I Make The Rules
If you don't like it
THEN YOU CAN KISS
MY BIG FAT ASS
"I-I don't know!" I squeaked, taking a step back as she leaned her head back in frustration. "Maybe they didn't come because they're scared!"
"Scared?" She asked, her tone barely constraining a simmering rage.
"O-Of getting sick!" I quickly corrected. "You know, big gatherings, all that stuff. They probably thought it was safer to-to stay home! But a couple of cute guys showed up anyway, so why don't we-"



"Cute?" These guys? Come on, Trish. I know that tiny head of yours doesn't have much room for a brain but these guys aren't fucking cute. They're losers."

"Well... regardless, they like you enough to show up! We can still have a party... or they can help clean up all the mess around here. Just let them out from under your feet, and-"

"No." Stacey said, folding her arms under her massive tits. "I don't hang out with losers, Trish. You know that, right? You know what I do with losers, don't you."

I clenched my teeth. I wanted to tell the guys I tried... but it's not like it would mean a lot to them in a second.


The two under Stacey's shoes shook wildly, scared to speak up, and unable to see what was happening. I tried not to look back at them, to keep my attention up on Stacey, but it was really, really hard.
"Well?"
"You, uhh..."
"I squish them! That's what I do to fucking losers!"
I Make The Rules
If you don't like it
THEN YOU CA
MY BI


Within a split-second Stacey's big sneaker pressed down onto the guy under her right foot. He cried out in terror for a split-second before he was pressed into the ground so harshly that his face was crushed into the ground. Before a sound could even come out of his throat his entire face, then body was brutally crushed, and popped under Stacey's shoe like a blood-filled balloon.
I had a feeling it was coming. It often does.
Doesn't make it any easier to see happen right in front of you.



"Ugh." Stacey said, looking down at the blood seeping out from under her shoe. "You know I put on this whole party so I could get Brad to come, right? So why isn't he here?"

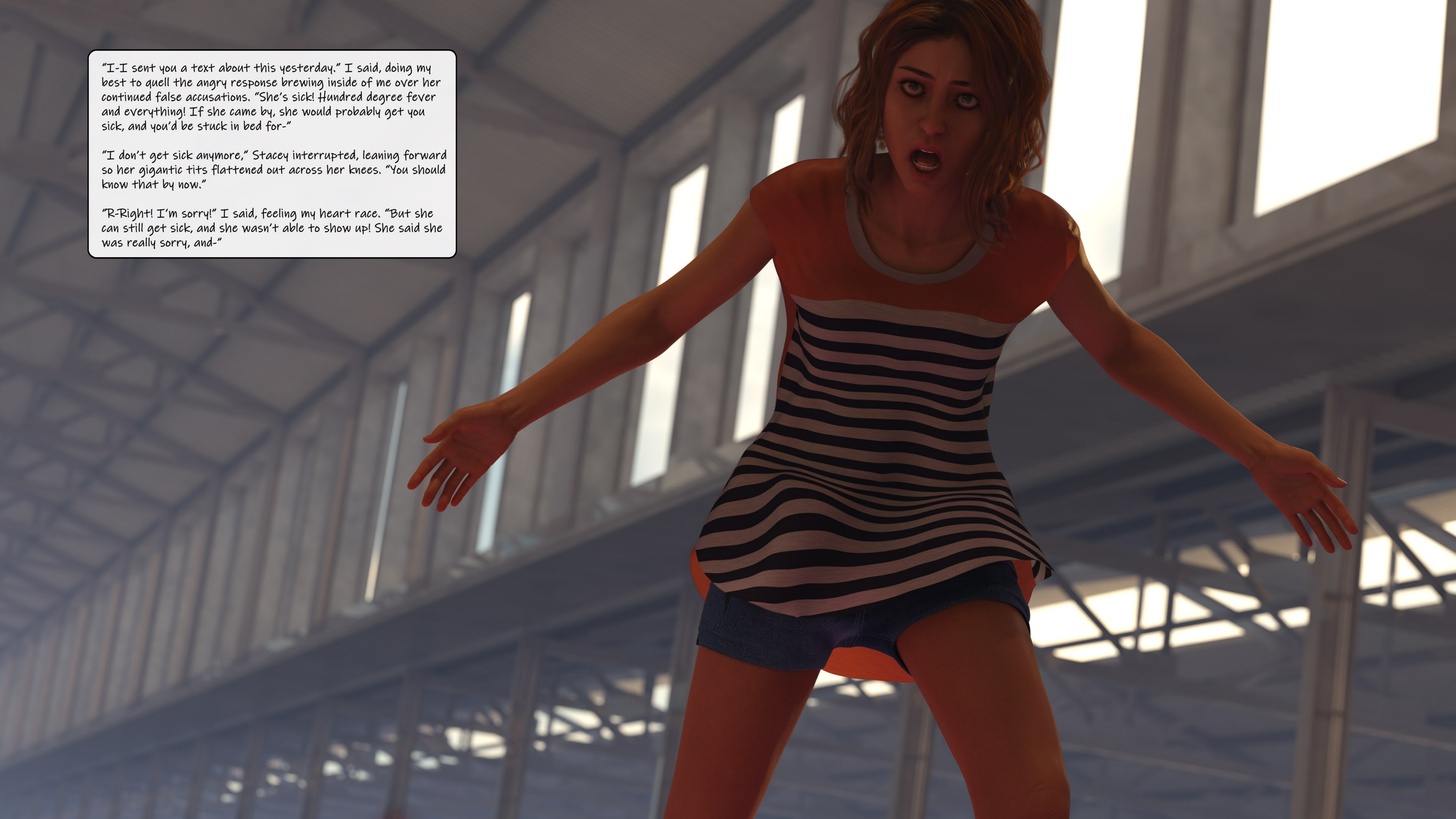
"I'm... well, you know. Sickness, and-"

"I'm tired of your excuses!" Stacey shouted, twisting her foot onto the bloodied remains once more. "Are you trying to make me mad, Trish? Because you know what happens when you make me mad, right?!"


Her loud voice echoed in my ears as she ground her foot into the remains of what had been a living, breathing man just a second higher. There's a sticky sound as she drags her foot back, leaving behind a bloody streak on the hard floor in the process.
Grotesque as the sight is... I can at least feel a tiny bit of solace in how quickly he was finished off. He probably passed before he could even process what was happening to him. I've seen Stacey do worse things to people. I've seen her do things that would make that finale an enviable situation. There's a whole lot of options for crushing and maiming available to a girl as big as her, and some of them are very, very slow.


"I know what happens." I finally said, adopting my softest tone. "But... it's still early in the day, Stacey. Maybe some of them are just late! If you give them some more time, then I'm sure more will come."
I was lying, of course. I had no fucking idea if that was the case. But maybe the few hours between now and when she inevitably got mad over no additional guests could give me the time to come up with a better excuse.
Stacey looked me over after what I'd just said. She raised her right sneaker, and tapped it on the ground a few times, splashing more of the blood around us as she seemed to think.


"That's not good enough." She finally said. "I didn't go through all this effort to just have a couple of GEEKS show up to my party! Not even Tammy's here! She's supposed to be my best friend! And you expect me to believe that you actually sent out the invitations as you were told?!"
"Well-"
"Look at this place! She was supposed to come and help set up the decorations! I can't do that myself, it's beneath me! And we don't have a new shipment of help yet, so it was supposed to be her job, and she's not here!"
Love


"I-I sent you a text about this yesterday." I said, doing my best to quell the angry response brewing inside of me over her continued false accusations. "She's sick! Hundred degree fever and everything! If she came by, she would probably get you sick, and you'd be stuck in bed for-"
"I don't get sick anymore," Stacey interrupted, leaning forward so her gigantic tits flattened out across her knees. "You should know that by now."
"R-Right! I'm sorry!" I said, feeling my heart race. "But she can still get sick, and she wasn't able to show up! She said she was really sorry, and-"



Stacey sighed, and loosened her stance a little.

"No, I remember now." She said, rocking her left foot up and down to torment the guy underneath it. "But still! Why does she have to get sick on MY birthday? It's so unfair! I don't exactly get more than one birthday a year you know."

"I know. I'm sorry, Stacey. Maybe we could reschedule, or-"

"That won't make me feel better right now." She pouted, taking a deep breath and pressing onto her left foot a little more firmly. "There's only one thing that makes me feel better when I'm sad..."


I held my breath. I knew exactly what she was talking about. Once again I looked into the eyes of a soon-to-be dead man. I wanted to do something to save him, but acting in any way would just put a target on my own head. The most I could do was stand there stoically, and wait for the inevitable.


With a meaty CRUNCH Stacey's left foot flattened against the ground just as her right had. Another explosion of gore and viscera shot out from under her massive sole, close enough to me that I had to actively step away to avoid being splattered.
"Hmph." I heard from above as she raised the shoe onto its heel, showing me the gory undersides as she squished the remnants a bit further.



"Did that... did that make you feel any better?"

She slapped her foot back down again, sending another geyser of blood splashing up around her. She exhaled softly, biting her bottom lip as she continued to wipe away whatever was once there.

"Squishing losers always makes me feel better." She said, dragging her foot back to make an even bigger mess. "Only problem is... it wasn't enough."

"I can get you some-"

"I don't want to wait." She interrupted. "I have another loser right here left to squish. Come closer, Trish. Stand next to my shoe. You really don't like what's going to happen if you make me get up."


"Stacey, please! I'll fix this! I promise! I'll-"
"How? How will you fix this?" She asked, leaning forward to loom above me even more threateningly.
"I... I will! I'm begging you, give me just an hour or so, and-



Stacey brought both hands up to the slides of her head, before groaning in frustration.

"You don't know what it's like to be me, Trish. Nobody has ever had to suffer or go through problems as big as mine. Nobody has a harder life than me, and here you are, not doing what you can to make it better! You don't care about me! Nobody cares about me!"

"T-That's not true, Stacey, I-"


"ONE REASON!" Stacey suddenly screamed, jumping to her feet from the bed. "Give me ONE good reason I shouldn't step on you right now!"
My mind raced. I thought about what I could do to try and make this situation better. Think, Trish! Why aren't people here?! Besides the whole... fearing for their lives thing?
"WELL?!"
in one second


"B-Because I have all the good gossip!" I blurted out. It was true. After Stacey started all this growth she wasn't able to fit inside of normal buildings anymore. Problem was there was a lot of people who didn't like her, and she really wanted to know what people were saying about her. She needed someone to inform her what everyone else was saying, and, well...
I'm not proud of some of the things I've done to keep myself safe.


I Make The Rules
If you don't like it
THEN YOU CAN KISS
MY BIG FAT ASS
Love
She seemed to ponder this for a moment, before raising her left foot onto its heel, and raising the sole of her shoe over me. Fresh droplets of blood dripped from the sole down to the mess underneath, making tiny splashes in the process.
"Oh yeah? Then prove it, Trish. Tell me something I don't know right fucking now."


I wracked my brain for information. Anything that would help. I've seen some of the things Stacey does to people she finds out were antagonizing her, so I've learned to only give her information that I feel she needs to know. Or... information that would save my own skin. I had one small inkling as to why people may not have shown up to her party beyond the obvious, and it was the only thing I could see working out for me right now.
"THERE'S A RUMOR!" I shouted, dropping to my knees as that huge foot began to slide forward. "I mean, I just heard about it so I didn't think it was true, but I heard Terri's throwing her own pool party today! J-Just to spite you!"
That last part wasn't true, but it was undoubtedly what Stacey wanted to hear.


"Is that so?" She asked, seemingly thinking about what I'd just said. Her foot swiveled on its heel from side to side as if she was deep in thought before her eyes narrowed, and she leaned forward to look at me more accusingly.
"And if you knew this all along, why didn't you say so?!"


I dropped to my knees and bowed my head in subservience. It's something I've learned Stacey appreciates. Humility in front of the giant bitch gets you everywhere, and I've learned to let go of my pride when around her.
"I didn't want to make you mad, Stacey. I wasn't even sure if it was true until nobody else showed up to your party. Just... please, forgive me..."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"Hmph." Stacey said, straightening out and finally placing her sneakered foot flat onto the ground again. "Then I guess I'll have to pay her a visit. Terri lives out in the hills, right?"
"S-She does."
"Ugh." She said, rolling her eyes while looking around the room. "That's like, a five mile walk. I'll need something to make that more interesting."


My heart raced. That could mean literally anything, but it would probably be better for my own safety if I wasn't anywhere near when she decided on whatever it was she was looking for.
"Sorry I didn't tell you earlier Stacey, but I didn't think that Terri would do something so petty. May I leave now?"


Stacey didn't respond. She simply turned around, presenting her colossal ass to me.
"Dammit, why can I never find a good buttplug when I need one?"
I may look NICE but I can go from ZERO to B*TCH in one second
I Make The Rules If you don't like it
THEN YOU CAN KISS MY BIG FAT ASS
Love


I looked up at those gigantic globes jiggling menacingly above me. I looked around the room myself, hoping to spot what she'd just been looking for. There had to be one somewhere! She has a whole collection of them! Even if she rarely used them in favor of...
I braced myself. I knew what was coming.

"Oh well. I guess I can just use what I have right here..."

Her huge hands groped that giant ass above me in a menacing manner. Her fingers sank into the meaty globes, jiggling them around so I had to look directly at them, and giving me a glimpse of the asshole hidden far behind them.

"STACEY!" I shouted up, not able to keep my anxiety contained any longer.


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"Oh, Trish...?" She began, turning around and looking down at me from past her huge tits. We locked eyes for a moment before her lips curled up into a grin.
"You'll do."
"Stacey, please! Not again! I almost suffocated the last time you put me in there! That was the worst experience of my life!" I protested as she bent her huge body over, and wrapped her fingers around me. I wanted to run away, or try to pull her fingers away... but I knew better than to do something like that at this point.


"Well, Trish, if you wanted to avoid this you should have thought of that before you decided not to tell me something so important."
"I didn't think it would matter, Stacey! Nobody likes Terri or her stupid pool! Don't do this to me! Anything but this!"
She didn't listen. With as much effort as it would take a normal person to pick up a can of soda she lifted me from the floor... and carried me past her tits and closer to her face.



"Anything, eh? Well, when you put it that way... I guess I could find someone else to be my butt plug for the day. But that won't mean you're getting off the hook."

Saying this, she exhaled all over my face, and stopped to lick her lips. My heart sank into my stomach at the sight.

"How about it, Trish? I already ate breakfast, but you know how hard it is for me to eat enough to feel properly full. If you don't want to go up my ass I could eat you, instead. Is that what you want? For me to swallow you whole? See what it's like to feel your skin burn off in my stomach acid? Tell me, does that sound better?"


I've seen her do it before. I know she's capable of it, and I know she has no qualms about eating people to satisfy what seems like an endless hunger with her. My bottom lip quivered as I knew there was little I could do to save myself at this point.
"I'm sorry, Stacey! Anything but that!"


"Anything, huh?" She said, wiggling her huge ass from side to side. "Maybe instead of shoving you inside, I just let you slide in-between my fat ass cheeks. One big clap of these cheeks and you'd be turned into goo in the blink of an eye. How's that sound?"
"No, please, not that! I'll be your buttplug! I'm sorry!"
Her fingers squeezed tight around my body as I was brought between those huge cheeks.
I Make The R
If you don't like
THEN YOU CAN KIS
MY BIG FAT ASS


"I don't know. You really seemed to want to avoid getting stuffed up my ass a second ago, Trish."
"I didn't mean that! I misspoke!
"Tell me how badly you want to be my buttplug today."
"So bad! I've never wanted anything more!"
"No." she said, carefully sliding me closer to her ass. "I want to hear you say it like you really mean it."


I may look NICE but I can go from ZERO to B*TCH in one second
I Make the Rules If you don't like it
CAN KISS FAT ASS
Love
"PLEASE, STACEY! LET ME BE YOUR BUTT PLUG FOR THE DAY! IT'S ALL I WANT!"
Stacey chuckled, her colossal cheeks jiggling as she did so. The soft sound of those massive globes slapping against one another was the only thing I could see, hear, and feel as my head gradually made its way past the fleshy orbs and settled inside of her ass.
"That's what I thought, bitch. You're fucking welcome!"



I thought that maybe a walk would help me clear my head. Well fuck me I guess because it's not working. I had everything planned out. This wasn't just going to be a birthday party for me. All of that stupid shit was just a backdrop for what really mattered and the man I can't get out of my head. He's all I can think about.

Brad. This was going to be my big chance to wow him. I even had it all planned out in my head: He was going to see that I'm obviously the hottest girl he's ever had the pleasure of laying eyes on. He's not stupid, so of course he would fall in love with me, and if things go well we may even share our first kiss! Then we'd make plans to get married, and live happily ever after. Just like royalty fucking deserves. Instead, he's at Terri's stupid party, probably hanging out with some floozy with thimble-sized tits that isn't worthy of a man like him. He's probably already planning a wedding with her, too!

And where am I during all this? Stuck walking downtown all by myself, wallowing in self pity.

I mean, it's not all bad. I've got that stupid bitch Trish wriggling around in my ass. She may not be doing much, but keeping her there makes me feel a little better, and it'll teach her to not keep things from me anymore. I think I'll just keep her up the rest of the day instead of only until I get to Terri's place. It feels so good to just know that someone is trapped in my ass, and not able to get free. It doesn't feel good knowing that I can't go all out and feel her body crunch between my cheeks... but that's the downside of going for Trish instead of using some random bitch as a disposable butt plug.

Besides, whether it's Trish or some Eastern European prostitute, I love the feeling of a body squirming around in there, knowing there's nothing they can do about it. Her little legs kicked and squirmed while I was inserting her, and I think I did a good job of hitting the perfect sweet spot. Far enough that she's snug in there and won't break free, but not so far that she suffocates and stops moving after only a few minutes of fun. She's helpless, and I'm a fucking genius.

I love being like this.




I'm a woman of expensive, refined tastes. A single person worshiping my ass isn't going to be enough, but it's not long before I can run into something to spice up my day. See, I like to look on the bright side of things! Sure, my unreliable bitch of a secretary didn't do her job, and my supposed best friend can't do one fucking thing for me on my special day, but that can wait.
Stepping out of my room is a fun time all its own, as I get reminded of how small the world built for these worthless little people is. It's not at all like my custom-built room. So here I am, strutting around the city, wearing my brand new pair of platform boots. Custom made too, if that wasn't obvious. Not just because of the side, but I also demanded the soles be lined with iron, so they won't flatten out as easily under my steps. That this makes them a hundred times more effective at crushing people is just a happy coincidence! I don't think the people in front of me realize how dangerous these stompers are, but I love that they're scared regardless.
FAJITAS
PLAYHOUSE
TOY SHOP
PLAYHOUSE
TOY SHOP
$ DOLLAR TOWN

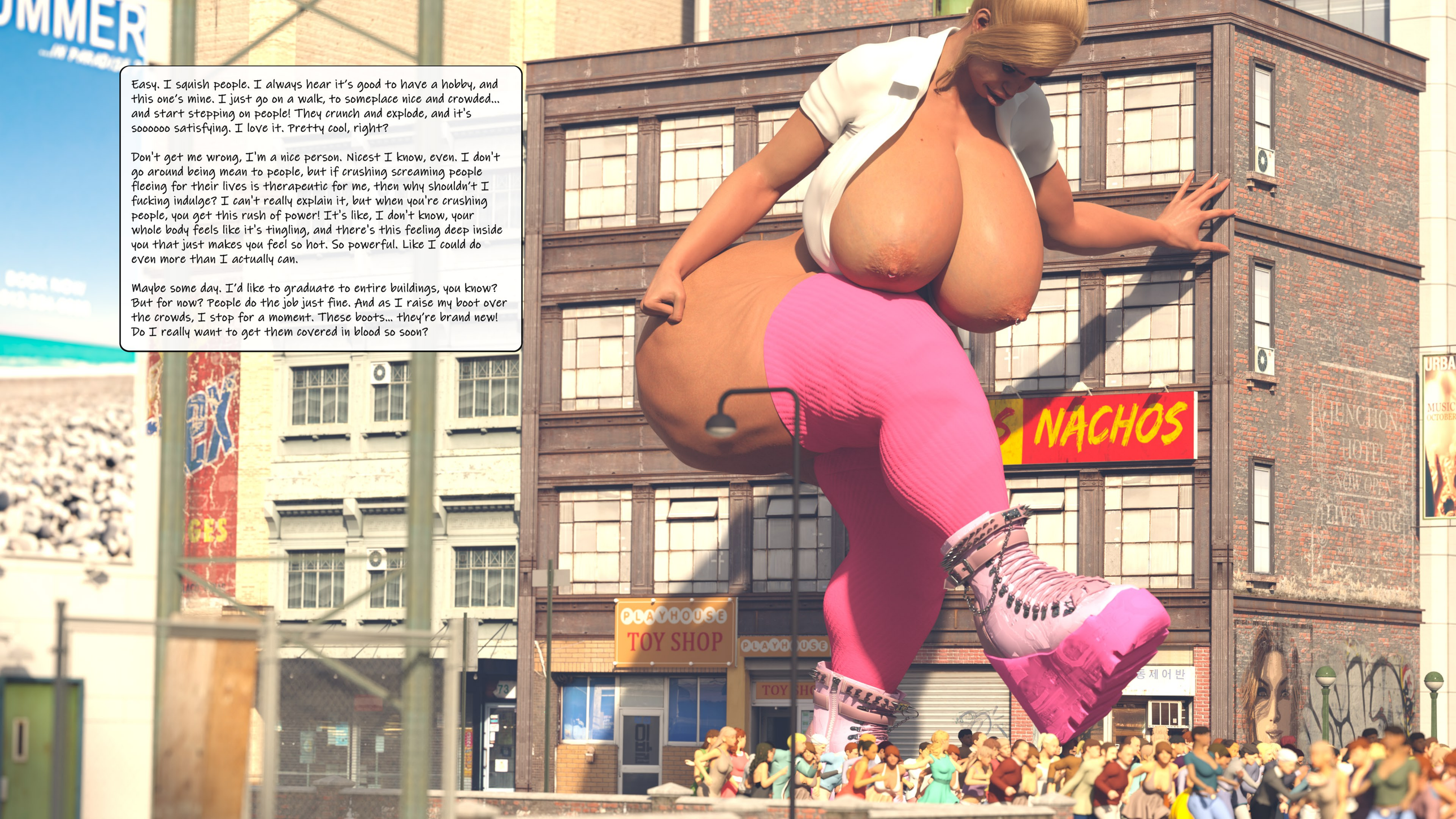


Now, usually, people are smart enough to get out of the way when I'm walking down the street. But I guess I must have interrupted something important if this many people didn't get the fucking memo. What could they possibly be out on the streets celebrating on the fourth of July for? I don't think my birthday is *that* well-known. Either way, there's got to be well over a hundred of them that were just standing on this street when I showed up, and now they're all running away at the same time.

If they didn't pay attention to me coming in this direction, then why should I? I'm the biggest person here, so it's my schedule that should be respected! If they want to get in my way, well, I don't give a fuck. That's their problem, not mine.

That's when I get an idea.


Some people exercise to put themselves in a better mood, right? Something about the blood flowing making them feel good, or some other nonsense. And there's one thing that's always done wonders to improve my mood.
I mean, look at me. I'm the hottest woman on the fucking planet. Not just that, but I'm rich, forty feet tall, and weigh like eighty tons last I checked. I basically rule the whole city, I can do whatever I want, and nobody can stop me. So what does someone like myself do to relax?


Easy. I squish people. I always hear it's good to have a hobby, and this one's mine. I just go on a walk, to someplace nice and crowded... and start stepping on people! They crunch and explode, and it's soooooo satisfying. I love it. Pretty cool, right?
Don't get me wrong, I'm a nice person. Nicest I know, even. I don't go around being mean to people, but if crushing screaming people fleeing for their lives is therapeutic for me, then why shouldn't I fucking indulge? I can't really explain it, but when you're crushing people, you get this rush of power! It's like, I don't know, your whole body feels like it's tingling, and there's this feeling deep inside you that just makes you feel so hot. So powerful. Like I could do even more than I actually can.
Maybe some day. I'd like to graduate to entire buildings, you know? But for now? People do the job just fine. And as I raise my boot over the crowds, I stop for a moment. These boots... they're brand new! Do I really want to get them covered in blood so soon?
NACHOS
PLAYHOUSE
TOY SHOP
JUNCTION
HOTEL
NOW OPEN
LIVE MUSIC


But that's just one of the problems with being a giant rich girl, I guess. Sometimes I just want to stomp all over people, feel them die, and I can't be expected to hold back when the urge overcomes me! I just love walking through crowds, seeing people scream as they realize I"m about to crush them... then BOOM!
They're nothing but a blood stain! Sometimes I get so excited that I squish people without even thinking about it, which is probably a bit wasteful... especially since I have an agreement with the city. Anytime I crush someone I get a fine. A hundred thousand, for every person. Course, I make enough in a allowance to let me squish half the city if I felt like it, but my accountant really doesn't appreciate the paperwork required after one of my walks.
But whatever. Fuck him. Or her. I forget because I've been through so many by now. Turning people into bloody splotches makes me feel powerful and beautiful, so I want to step on as many as I fucking can! I want to stomp through the crowds, and go extra-hard on squishing them! These people are a fucking eyesore anyway!
Weird how that works, huh? When I first started crushing people I thought it was like, a compulsion, or something. Like I was somehow programmed to do this, it came so naturally to me. So I kept doing it, just to see if my feelings on it would ever change. I lift my foot in the air, so high that my thigh pushes my tits up. This motion is so practiced by now that just raising my foot this high excites me. I don't know... I'm trying to describe it but it's hard! It's so good you don't even care that someone's screaming at you or begging, or anything like that.


Thousands of payouts later, and I can't say my feelings on it have changed any. But... this first crush of a session? This is the one that's always the best. I didn't even get a good look at the guy, but as soon as I slammed my foot down I could feel the tension and nerves melt away. Like the blood exploding around my shoe represents things bothering me. It's a wonderful release, and well worth the cost.


I can't wait another second. I need to feel it again as soon as possible, and I've got a shitload of targets within range. I take a quick look at the blood pooling under my foot, and twist it over the remains of whoever was unfortunate enough to wind up in my path.
Relishing in the aftermath is indescribable. With every additional crunch and spurt of blood, I feel my body tingle. It's like an electric current running through me, traveling through my extremities, and focusing between my legs. I can hear the screams of the people I didn't crush, but they're only adding to the scene. They're background noise to the beautiful tapestry I'm painting on the street.
PLAYHOUSE
TOY SHOP
TOY SHOP
URBANSPRAWL
GATE


I press down a bit harder so that the remains of the bodies I'd already stepped on have the job finished. The tiny bits of resistance left in them give up all at once, making a sound that's immediately muffled by the weight of my foot. I can feel their bones breaking beneath my boots, and see their bodies exploding into gory pulp. The sensation is fucking amazing, and I can not get enough of it.
So why end it quickly? I keep stomping and stomping this same group until there's nothing left but a bloody, sticky mess. The people around me don't appreciate it much, but I've had my fun so I can walk away, feeling satisfied and content.
NACHOS
PLAYHOUSE
TOY SHOP
PLAYHOUSE
TOY SHOP
삼덕전기
Juice
Juice



It's not all fun and games, though. See, while I am the proud owner of the nicest set of tits and fattest ass on the entire fuckin' planet, they come with their own downsides. The main one being that I can't exactly see what's happening directly under me when I'm walking around, so I have to bend way forward just to see the crowds of people I'm turning into a red carpet.

Doing so makes my big fat monster tits dangle freely, swinging and jiggling in a manner that'll make every bitch on this street jealous. And if that doesn't do it, then my impeccable fashion sense will do the job. It's not enough to wear a blouse made from the priciest fabrics, no. Since I'm still growing none of my clothing ever fits me for very long, so I've just learned to deal with it. I get to feel cool when I'm out and about, and all my victims get a look at my perfect tits before they die. I dunno, I think that's kind of hot, and if you could ask any of them I'm sure they would agree.



But enough about me, and how hot I am. I'm ready to keep walking, so I take another step, raising my foot high into the air. At first I think of just stepping forward, but... an idea hits. I wonder how many people I can squish in a single step if I really try? Like, my platforms are four feet tall, so they make me look even bigger than I actually am. Plus, they really emphasize the curvature of my ass. I should reward them for doing so much for me by seeing how many bodies I can pulp with them at the same time, shouldn't I?

Of course I should! I don't even have to break stride to do it. I just keep on walking like nothing happened, making sure to twist my ankle in a way that nets me as many bodies as possible. Now, some "people" might be offended by me choosing to express myself in this way, but why should I give a fuck? I do what I want, when I want, and to whoever I fucking want. And if you can't handle that, then get the fuck out of my way.

I used to be small, and weak like them. Not anymore. That's the best part of being a giantess. I can do whatever the fuck I want, and no one can stop me. I love being a huge bitch in every meaning of the word.



My next step comes down onto the street, and I can feel that excitement course through me again. Skulls crack, bones shatter, and guts explode in a messy burst spraying out from under my sole. This one is so dense I can actually hear the people crunching under my feet. It's such a wildly satisfying sound. One guy actually pushed some people around him in an effort to gain an advantage, but he doesn't move fast enough so he explodes like a grape just like the rest.

Going on a rampage is my all-time favorite thing now! I can hear their screams as my feet come down on them, feel their bones crunching under my weight, see the terror in their eyes as they realize that their end is coming... and they're right! This isn't like in the movies where some stroke of luck is going to keep them away from me for two hours before they can find a way to bring me down. It's real life, and I get to fucking crush people for fun, and I enjoy every single fucking second of it. I can't help but even laugh as I destroy them, knowing that there is nothing they can do to stop me. I love the feel of their bones crunching under my feet, the look of terror in their eyes. I enjoy their screams and the knowledge that I alone am the cause of their pain and suffering.


They don't give up though. I kinda wish they would sometime. Something extra-satisfying about squishing someone who's realized the futility of it all, and just lets me get rid of them nice and slow, take my time with it. Sadly it looks like nobody's willing to give me what I want today so they just keep running away.
Or trying to, at least. They're just too slow. And when every step I take crushes more people, reminds them of the situation they suddenly found themselves in, they're a lot more likely to make mistakes. The people nearest my foot get splashed with blood, and fall over from the sudden impact. While the people directly under me don't even have time to scream before they're nothing but a stain on the pavement.
It's so empowering to crush people. When such a basic rule of society as "Don't kill people" can be freely ignored it reminds me of how much I can really get away with. It's not enough to be hot and rich. Everyone has to know that it's their job to serve me. I mean, I'm the woman who's forty feet tall, and everyone else is what? Struggling to hit 8? Or 9? I don't even remember what the average height is for these little losers anymore. And I'm not interested in learning. What are they going to do, cry some more?
FAJITAS NACHOS
PLAYHOUSE
TOY SHOP
PLAYHOUSE
TOY SHOP
삼덕전기 자동제어반
Juice



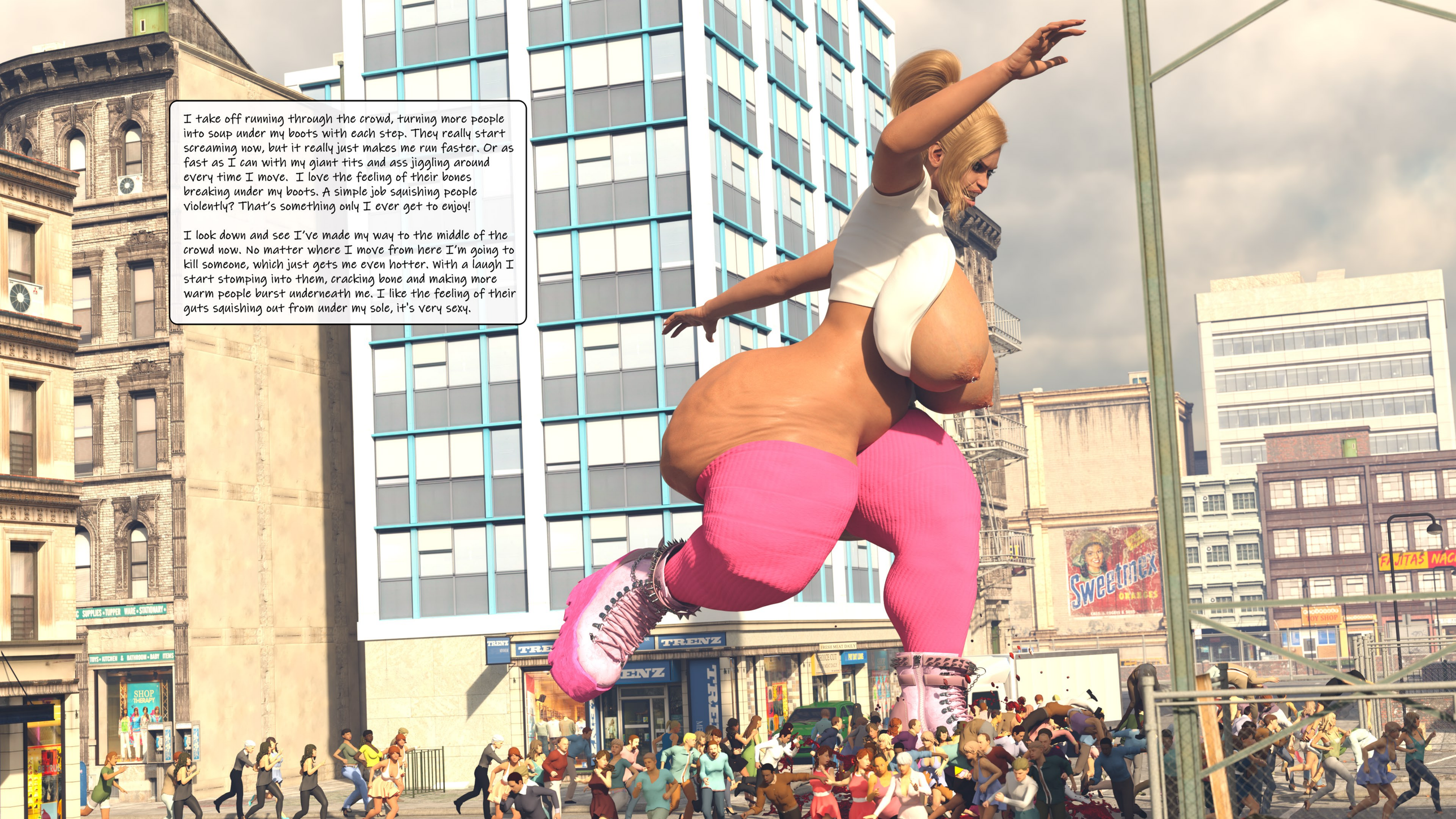
They can go right ahead. I won't have to listen to them long anyway. My right foot comes up again, and I can't help but grin as more screams escalate from my sudden presence. I wonder what it's like for these little people at times like this, looking up at me for a moment before I step on them. They must think it's a terrifying sight. And a hot one. I bet being torn between a hard cock or wet pussy and imminent death is a strange contrast. I wonder what they think death is like. They've got to be so scared. Their final moments. Probably the longest moment of their entire lives if that whole life flashing before you go thing is real.

I wonder what they're thinking about in their final moments? What their life was like, maybe? Unfulfilled dreams? Maybe some of these little simps are wishing that they'd confessed to someone they'd had a crush on.

Oh well! My romantic life is more important, and Brad awaits me! They're in my way, and that's not my problem. I've got places to go, people to crush. They're just a means to an end. It's not even personal! I just want to kill as many of them as I can because it's fun. That's all there is to it. I wish I could better see the look on their faces as they realize that their lives are about to end., but I guess these big boots do have one disadvantage in that regard. Not to mention my big fat tits!


"What's wrong, bitches?" I say to the crowd, while taking another step. "I thought it would have been real fucking obvious by now. If you don't want to get squished then get out of my fucking way!"
There comes a time in every rampage where the novelty of taking my time walking over people begins to lose its sheen. When that happens I'm left with two options. Either call it a day, head back home, and relax. Or, the much more fun option.
Pick up the pace. I take another step forward, feeling that slight bit of resistance as my boot takes a split-second to crush all the people underneath. Then I take another step. And one more, just for good measure. With each step, I raise my body count for the day a bit more. And I love it. I can't help but laugh at this point, the sound of my own voice overpowering everyone else's cries for help. Even every last one of them combined can't overpower my own voice! They're nothing to me.
TRENZ
MENSWEAR
SALE
75%
HOUR FILM
PROCESSING
JUNCTION
HOTEL
NOW OPEN
LIVE MUSIC


I've been called a lot of things for my hobby, but I don't like to view myself that way. The way I see it I'm just a big, mean brat. So what if I love to see people squirm and hear them scream in horrific pain? It feels really good to trample someone with my boots, so I do it. That's just called self-care! Heels can be fun too, especially when making a game out of skewering as many bodies as possible on the spike, but big, mean, stompy boots are by far my favorite. I've crushed thousands under increasingly large pairs just like these and I will die before the feeling ever gets old.
I can do whatever I want, and right now, what I want is to keep walking and squishing anyone who gets in my way! Except, walking is taking too long. Why not go for a little jog?


I take off running through the crowd, turning more people into soup under my boots with each step. They really start screaming now, but it really just makes me run faster. Or as fast as I can with my giant tits and ass jiggling around every time I move. I love the feeling of their bones breaking under my boots. A simple job squishing people violently? That's something only I ever get to enjoy!
I look down and see I've made my way to the middle of the crowd now. No matter where I move from here I'm going to kill someone, which just gets me even hotter. With a laugh I start stomping into them, cracking bone and making more warm people burst underneath me. I like the feeling of their guts squishing out from under my sole, it's very sexy.
SHOP THERAPY
TRENZ
Sweetmex

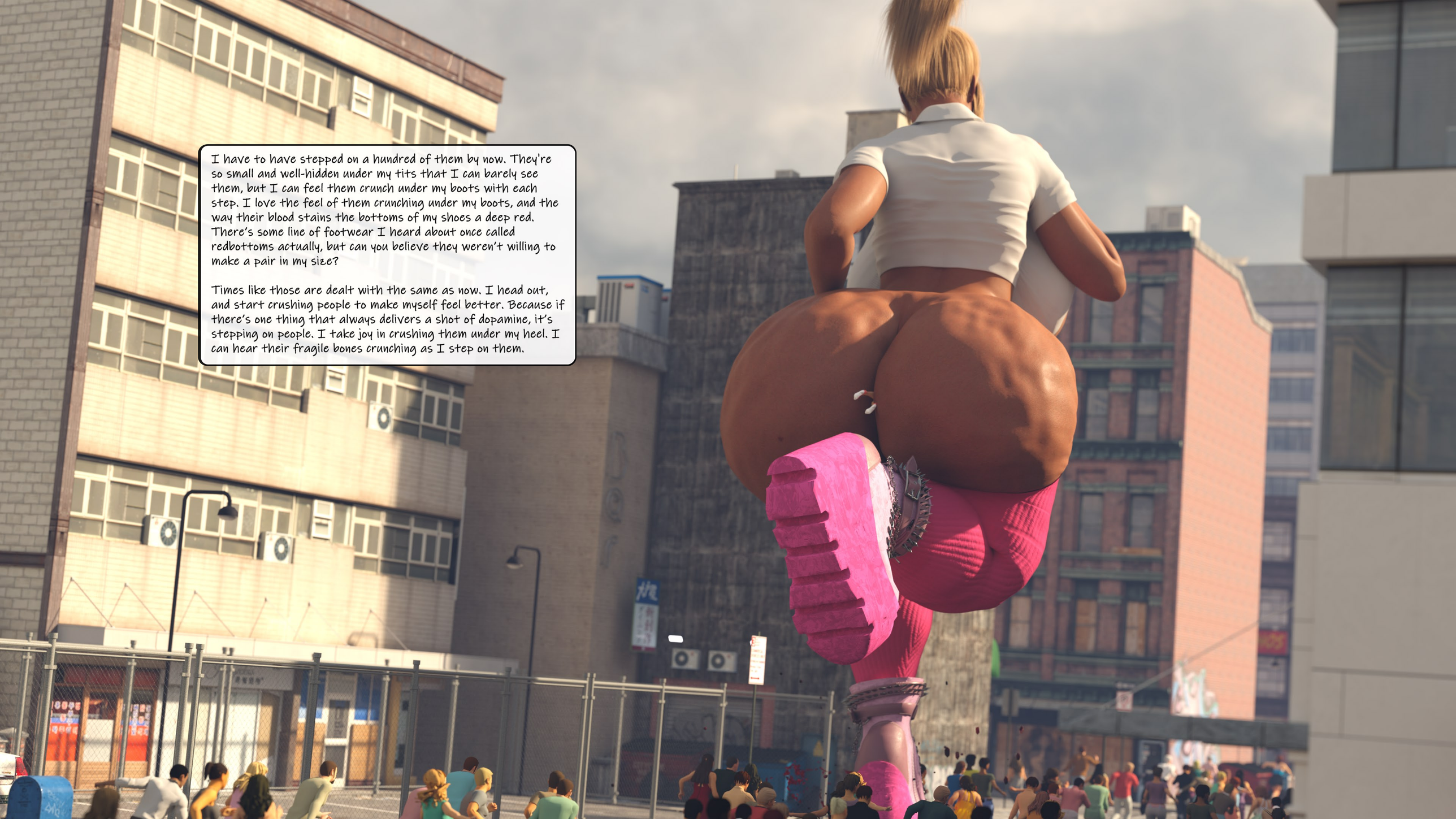

On occasion I've looked back at footage of myself going through one of these rampages. When I step on people I get this huge, ear-to-ear grin on my face completely naturally. Sometimes, I've even hopped around and danced on people just to make the show even better. It's the best!. I want to crush their stupid little bodies under me and feel like a beautiful, powerful queen! I just stomp my feet and feel beautiful. No other girl can make a claim like that. Eat your heart out, boys!
People are scattering left and right, but it doesn't do them any good. I'm faster than they are, and soon enough I catch up to them. They keep trying to run away, but I guess that they'll never get it. This is my time to have fun, and I wouldn't appreciate it if they outran me. So I don't let them. It takes only a few steps to catch up, and soon enough they're nothing but a bloody pulp beneath my boots. Just like so many more in the past. Just like so many more will be in the future.


I keep running, and stomping, and squishing. I don't know when I'll stop, but I know that I'll keep enjoying every second of it! That's why I love being a giant rich girl. Part of me keeps doing this just for the negative reaction it nets. I love it when people say mean things about me, and I've paid more than a few of my harsh critics a visit in person. It never lasts long before I do the same to them I'm doing to these people. I just stomp on them, and make them die! That's the best feeling ever.

This is far from the most efficient way to go about it, but I couldn't begin to care. I just want to ride this high for as long as I possibly can.


They can scream and beg for mercy like they always do, but it's too late for them. Mercy isn't a thing I spare for these little fucks. So, naturally, it only takes a few seconds for me to turn them into nothing but mush. It's hilarious! I just love squishing people. Life is fun when you're a giant brat! And that's just what I am, a literal giant brat. Consequences barely existed for me when I was their size, but now they really don't exist for me.


Anyway, back to squishing people.
There's got to be hundreds of them screaming and fleeing in every direction. Some of them are begging me to stop, but I don't care. I just keep stomping and smashing my way through them. Maybe I'll stop once I fully make my way past this crowd. Or maybe I'll just turn around, double back, and do it all over again from the opposite side! I've probably got plenty of time to get to Terri's place, right?


I have to have stepped on a hundred of them by now. They're so small and well-hidden under my tits that I can barely see them, but I can feel them crunch under my boots with each step. I love the feel of them crunching under my boots, and the way their blood stains the bottoms of my shoes a deep red. There's some line of footwear I heard about once called redbottoms actually, but can you believe they weren't willing to make a pair in my size?

Times like those are dealt with the same as now. I head out, and start crushing people to make myself feel better. Because if there's one thing that always delivers a shot of dopamine, it's stepping on people. I take joy in crushing them under my heel. I can hear their fragile bones crunching as I step on them.


With my next step I can feel my shoe actually stick to the pavement for a split-second before releasing. The sticky wetness of their bodies piled up enough to actually be a slight problem, though not enough of one to slow me down in any meaningful way. And any problems I may have had melt away immediately with the fresh crunching of bone. Truly music to my ears. I enjoy the way these small bodies make a satisfying crunch when I step on them. The feel of their blood on my shoes is exhilarating. It's like marching through crunchy, red candy. I can't get enough of it.
COLT


Growing really is the best thing that's ever happened to me. I love it. I love the feeling of being all-powerful and unstoppable. It's like a drug. The feeling of limitless power and destruction is incredible.


I keep running and stomping, until there's nothing left but a splotchy red carpet behind me. And then I walk away, feeling satisfied and content. Another day, another bunch of people squished. Just another day in the life of a rich bitch giantess!
I wave goodbye to the people behind me, the ones who were lucky I missed them. They're running away, scattering onto the side streets while screaming and crying. The things they'd just witnessed will probably psychologically scar them... and that just makes it even hotter for me.
"Bye, losers!" I yell, wiggling my fingers in a teasing manner. "I'll have to squish you another day!" I can't just let them leave on their own! I have to put the fear of God into them. The knowledge that they lucked out this time, but they could be on the chopping block next time. For some this might not have even been their first time encountering me.



Maybe the same was even true for some of the people I did squish.

As they clear out, the street behind me looks like a war zone. Anyone I stepped on directly was gone. Nothing left behind but a big, red, splatter buried in a cracked footprint. But there's plenty of people I didn't completely squish, leaving behind a number of bodies and individual parts behind me. And you know what? I love it. It's been a great day for stomping! I feel so powerful and happy!

I love stepping on people--crushing, squishing, stomping. It's a great way to get rid of all that rage and frustration. I would recommend doing something similar, but let's be real. This is a privilege afforded to me and me only. No one else has feet big enough!


But, for as fun as this has all been, these boots don't exactly make it easy to move around. Great for stomping, terrible for my knees, I always say. And that's even with all these squishy people so gracefully giving their bodies to pad my steps. Sadly, even a fit, beautiful young woman like myself needs to rest occasionally.
I've earned this. I've stepped on a lot of people today... but sitting on people sounds fun too!
DO NOT ENTER
NO PARKING
CHOICE CUT
NYPD


Even if I wasn't 40 feet tall I'd have a colossal, massive, murderous fucking ass. It's almost as wide as I am tall, and once I begin to lower myself dozens of people below me find themselves under its shadow. I enjoy the sight of their tiny bodies trying to scramble out from under me, but too bad for them. There's nowhere to go. They're trapped, they know it, but they really, really don't want to accept it. I can hear their screams of terror eching under me as they try to escape, but there's no escaping my giant ass.
It's time to take a seat. Slowly, inch by inch, I lower myself down onto them. The pressure is intense, and I can feel their bodies collapsing under my weight. Their bones crunching, their skulls popping, their rib cages giving way. They're screaming for help, but it's no use. No one's going to risk their own lives to pull them to safety. There's nothing they can do but wait for the inevitable.
DO NOT ENTER


With a rumbling sound I drop my big fat ass onto the crowd.
One by one their bones break, and their organs are crushed. Most of them are squished flat beneath me, their lives extinguished in an instant. And I couldn't be happier about it. Their blood stains my ass red, and the look of terror on their faces was priceless. A warm liquid seeps out from under me, and I can't help but bite my bottom lip in enjoyment.
GAMES PLANET
Aspect Deli y
WORLD WIDE DELIVERY


Having an ass as big as mine makes for an effective people-crusher, but it presents the same problems as my shoes. Not every single person I drop my fat ass onto gets entirely crushed, and some of them are still alive under me. I can feel them squirming under my ass, trying to pull their half-crushed bodies away. They all looked so helpless, and so scared, and so confused. It was so much fun to squish them all together. It was so much fun to just squash all of them at once, and hear them screaming and yelling as I squished them. I could feel every bit of it, and it felt so fucking good.
Better than I expected, really. All those people squishing under my big fat ass? It was making me so fucking wet. Which was all the more obvious thanks to my heading out without anything covering up my pussy. I was sitting on like 50 people at once! I just sat on them all, squished them all together, and ended their lives. It was the most fun I'd had all day today.
SERGIOS
URBANSPRAWL
MUSIC FESTIVAL
OCTOBER 17-18
TUPPER WARE • STATIONARY •


I love sitting on people. It feels so fucking hot mashing them to goo under my fat fucking ass. I love dropping my ass on top of people and just sitting there, grinding them into the ground. I love the way they squish and squirm under my weight, trying, and completely failing to get away. I've got them pinned. They can't escape. And I fucking love it.
God it turns me on squishing people.
ONE WAY
NO PARKING
URBANSPRAWL
SERGIOS DESIGN
ELECTRIC SUPPLIES • TUPPER WARE • STATIONARY
73


That's when I decided my pussy needed some attention. The job that Trish had started when I'd forced her up my ass back home needed to be addressed right fucking now. I needed to start touching myself. Not bothering to stand from my seated position, I started tweaking a nipple, flicking the heavy ring pierced through it while feeling the weight of my fat tits against my legs.
I kept on rubbing my pussy and playing with my clit, focusing on the feeling of all those people I'd just squished under my ass. It felt so good. I loved rubbing my pussy and playing with my clit, and I loved how the people under me were no longer recognizable as such. I kept on sliding a finger around my pussy, and rubbing it, teasing myself as I masturbated in the open in broad daylight.



I started rubbing it faster and faster, and when I couldn't take it any longer, I slipped my fingers into my pussy. Instantly I can't help but crane my head back, rolling back onto my ass to really squish some of the people who'd been halfway spared just a second ago. While doing so they screamed, and begged for mercy, hoping that my failure to crush them immediately would have spared them. But I don't give a fuck. I squish people because I love it, and I will keep on squishing, until they're just a sticky red goo pasted onto my fat ass. And while riding that sensation out for as long as possible... I slip even more fingers inside of me.

It's not long before there's four rooting around, squeezing tightly and trying to make me cum as I really finger-fuck myself. I don't care to invest in regular sex toys anymore. Not at all. The feeling of crushing people while I masturbate is just too good. It's not long before I'm cuming, a loud moan echoing around the crossing as my entire body quivers, squishing even more of the bodies directly under me.


I kind of want to just sit here and bask in the aftermath... but there's still so much to do. So many people to get around to crushing, and a stupid fucking pool party I need to visit. I turn my head behind me to get a look at how far the crowd's managed to move during my brief distraction. Hoping to see how far I have to go before I get to squish even more.
But guess what I see instead? A very familiar-looking girl with a ponytail. One that I'd recognize anywhere. One that is turning her own head back, locking eyes with me for a moment.


It's my best friend, Tammy! That bitch! Trish told me she had a fever! I want to reach back there and rip her in half for lying... but I restrain myself. I try to play it cool, and find out what the fuck is going on.
"Hey Tammy!" I say, not realizing just how hard I was still panting until I tried to speak. "I thought you were supposed to be sick in bed?"
"I, uhh, got better!" Tammy said. I can see her moistening her lips and swallowing hard, the way she does when she's nervous. What does she have to be so nervous about? We're friends, right? My lust for squishing is reserved for everyone else, not her. Unless she's not actually afraid of me and is trying to hide something from me.



Only one way to find out. With a great exhale I give my pussy one last rub, then climb to my feet. Blood sticks to my ass for a second as I do so, dripping into the crater I'd left behind as I'm standing again in just a second.

And no sooner do I get to my own two feet does that little skank start running away.

"What's wrong, Tammy?" I ask. "You're not afraid of your best friend, are you? Don't you want to take a look at my shoes! They're new, you know."

"Of course I do!" Tammy says, trying to sound brave. But I can see the terror in her eyes. She tries to pick up the pace, but I've closed more than half the gap with one rumbling step. She picks up the pace, running as fast as she can... giving me the perfect opportunity to give chase. I don't even have to speed up. There's no way she can outrun me. My legs are much longer than hers. I'm a giantess, and she's just a tiny little human.



"Come on, Tammy. I just want to talk." I say, casually walking after her as she heads straight into the mess of trapped cars in front of me. She takes one look back at me, then quickly slides over a yellow taxi to keep running.

I thought it was just an abandoned car, but as soon as she does this I can hear the horn honk. There's someone inside! The heel of my giant boot is raised over the taxi, and I press the sole against the stupid yellow thing's roof. Suddenly the driver is a flurry of movement, trying to force the door open, but a tiny bit of weight on my end forces it shut in an instant, bending the frame around my shoe.

He's trapped, and I know that he's about to meet his doom. The driver screams, but it's completely muffled by being inside the car. He starts to scramble and try to make it out the other side, but it's too late.



Crushing cars isn't quite as satisfying and crushing people. They're louder, present more resistance, and do a great job of scaring the people running away on foot, but there's no real messiness to it.

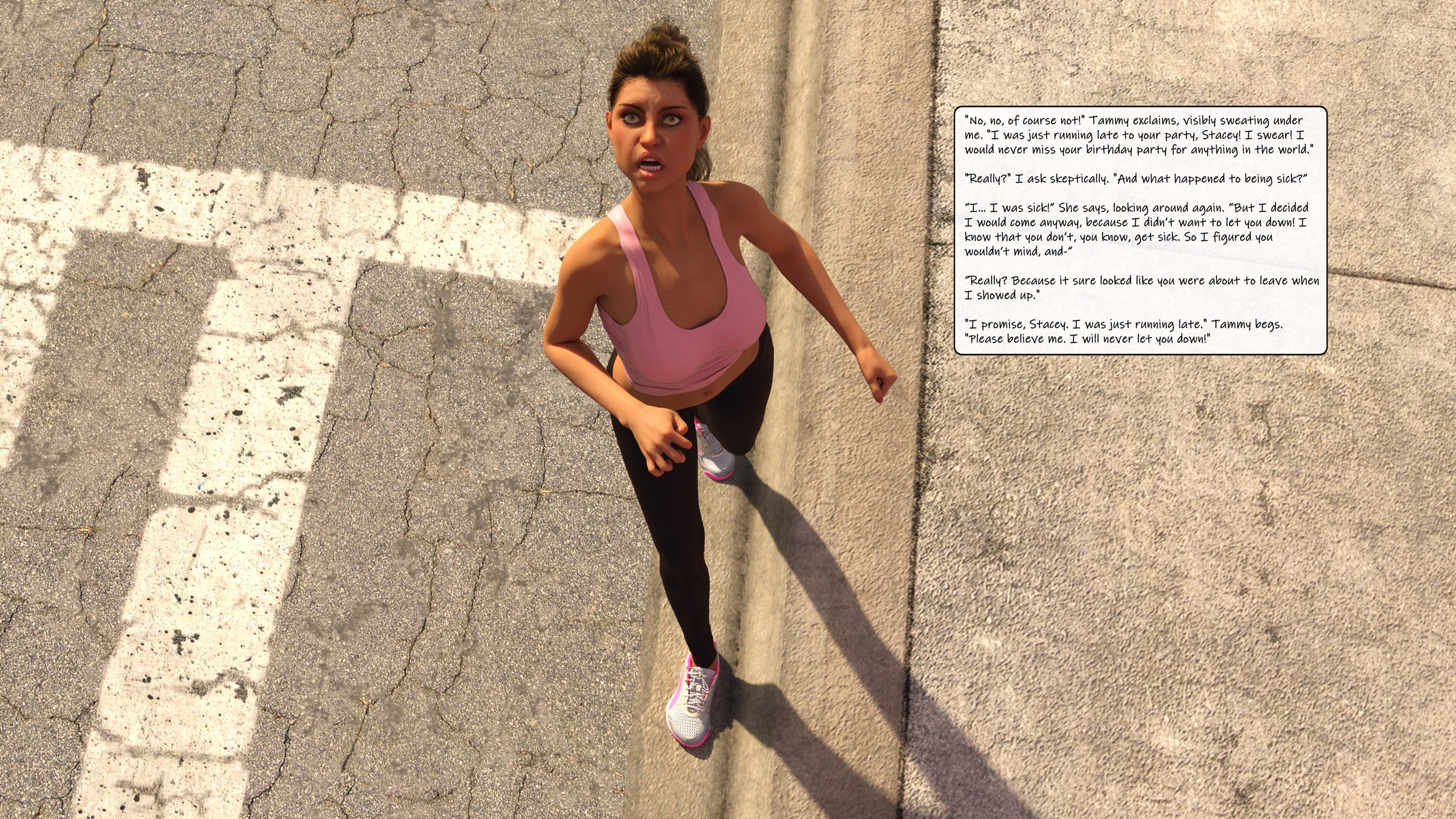
Unless it's occupied. And lucky for me, this stupid driver didn't get away while he had the chance. The thought of crushing him makes me feel so good, so powerful. I bring my boot down hard, and hear the satisfying crunch as it deforms the roof of the car. The driver is screaming in agony as his body instantly meets the sole of my boot. The feeling of knowing I have him under me sets me off, and I push down with all the weight in my giant body. The driver is squished instantly, his blood and guts bursting out from under my boot. I finish taking that step, further flattening the remains of the taxi. Fresh screams come out, and I realize I hadn't even considered there were people in the back, too!

It's a grotesque, but satisfying feeling.


I keep my boot on the car for a few more seconds, enjoying the feeling of power before finally removing it. The car is now nothing more than a crumpled heap of metal, and the people who were inside are nothing more than a bloody pulp. With a twist of my foot I finish flattening it, and exhale in relief. I need to do this again, and luckily there's more cars trapped here. My next step falls onto some black car. I just crush it like it's nothing. The metal bends and crumples under my feet, and the people stupidly hiding inside are screaming and begging for mercy. But I don't care. I smash them all into a mess.
Seriously, can no one afford a good luxury car? Who even drives these things? They're so weak!
Tempting as it is to crush more, I spot my tiny friend Tammy scurrying around a second later. She's so small and insignificant compared to me, I sometimes wonder why I bother keeping her around as a friend. Like, is she even worth taking seriously when I could crush her like a bug if I wanted? Whatever. For now, I'll just enjoy watching her trying to avoid being stepped on, and have my fun along the way to catch up. I follow her with my eyes as she darts from one end of the sidewalk to the other.
AMERICAN
SP
CUTTY SARK
SCOTS WHISKY
M-6174-TZ
1


She's completely helpless as I close the gap with another step. I could reach down and scoop her up with one hand whenever I wanted, and she'd just have to take it! But I'm not going to do that just yet. I'm enjoying the feeling of power and control that I have over her. She's like a little mouse, running around trying to avoid being caught by the big bad cat. And what do you know, I am feeling a little hungry...
That's when I noticed another woman under my foot. I she's still alive, but I'll fix that before too long.
Juice
LIQUORS
CUT PRICE LIQUORS
SP


From my vantage I tower over Tammy, and look into her eyes. She seems to realize that she's just delaying the inevitable, and has given up trying to run away. Shame. I could have kept this up for hours, letting her hear firsthand all the people I crushed in my efforts to catch her.
Maybe next time.
"You don't look sick to me," I tell her, leaning forward to see her past my tits. "What's wrong? Why weren't you there to help me with my birthday party? You weren't planning on going to Terri's pool party instead, were you?"


"No, no, of course not!" Tammy exclaims, visibly sweating under me. "I was just running late to your party, Stacey! I swear! I would never miss your birthday party for anything in the world."
"Really?" I ask skeptically. "And what happened to being sick?"
"I... I was sick!" She says, looking around again. "But I decided I would come anyway, because I didn't want to let you down! I know that you don't, you know, get sick. So I figured you wouldn't mind, and-"
"Really? Because it sure looked like you were about to leave when I showed up."
"I promise, Stacey. I was just running late." Tammy begs. "Please believe me. I will never let you down!"


I bring my right foot down. The woman in the black dress is just a red smear, and the parts of her that are still intact aren't moving. She looks kind of icky if I'm being real.
I stare down at Tammy for a moment, contemplating whether or not to believe her. She looks sincere, but I'm not sure if I can trust her. On the one hand she has always gone to great lengths to make me feel better... but all of that kind of melts away in the face of the betrayal I'm feeling today. What use is she if there are more than zero lapses in personal judgment or willingness to be by my side? I need to find out for sure. I decide to give her the benefit of the doubt and reach down to pick her up.
AMERICAN MUSCLE
ONE WAY
NO PARKING


"Don't try to run away," I told her, stretching my fingers out to grab her. "I just want to look into your eyes when I ask you again!"
She starts quivering where she stands, trying to stand still. It's cute in its own way, and gives rise to an urge to dominate her little form for my own fun... but only if I feel like she did intentionally betray me.


"I won't run, I won't run!" Tammy pleads, as my fingers enclosed around her. "Just be gentle with me, please!"
"Relax." I said, rolling my eyes. "You healed from those broken ribs last time I picked you up just fine. And I was the one who had to go without you by my side for six whole months, so don't think I don't know how annoying it is to hurt you unintentionally."
I wished she'd been a stranger though. Seeing that fear in her face is delicious. If she was just a random person I could crush her in my fingers, and that would be...


Focus, Stacey...
Tammy squeals in surprise as she's lifted into the air by my hand. She dangles there for a moment before I bring her closer to my face so that we can look at each other eye-to-eye. She looks nervously down to my tits, the aftermath of the scene we'd just left behind, and the ground she had just been standing on. I give her a little squeeze to make sure her entire attention is focused on me, and she yelps in surprise.
"Now, let's try this again," I say sternly, studying her face as best I can. "Why weren't you at my birthday party?"
"I had to get some medicine before I came! I swear that's what happened, and why I was running late!" Tammy insists. "Please believe me."


I study her face for a moment. She was awfully prone to getting sick. And if she's going to be helping with decorations she needs to be at full strength. She may have been acting fishy just now, but... her story makes sense.
I sighed.
"Alright, I believe you," I say, walking with her. "But hey now that you're here, let's have some fun together!"


I continue walking down the street with Tammy in my hand. She's squirming a bit, but I have a firm grip on her so she can't escape. Much fun as crushing the black car and the cab were, there was a part of that traffic jam that I was really interested in playing with. A bus, jam-packed full of people watching my every movement, and who were about to get a much closer look at me.
"Hey Tammy," I say, giving her a little shake. "You want to see something cool?"
Energy Drinks
Juice
NOW WITH BUBBLES
JAIMEES
삼덕전기
자동제어반
LIQUORS
CUTTY SARK
SCOT'S WHISKY
SP


"Um, sure," Tammy responds, a bit apprehensive.
I walk over to the stopped bus and turn around so that it's directly behind me. I bend down low, bringing my big fat ass just over the bus. It only makes sense, right? I've got to sit somewhere. Being this big has a lot of nice advantages, but it also means I get tired, and if the city's not willing to build benches on my scale I've got to find SOMETHING! Sometimes it's a roof, but on special occasions like today, I like to sit on city buses instead. Especially if they're packed full of people, that just makes it feel extra nice and squishy!


I love teasing people I"m about to squish. Letting them know what's coming, and giving them time to drink in what's about to happen. They can't see how I'm hovering directly over them right now, mostly because the roof of the bus prevents them from doing so. But they don't have to see. They can probably tell that I'm squatting, and it doesn't take a genius like me to realize what's about to happen.
Then again, if all those idiots in the crowds were doing such a piss-poor job of getting away from me, maybe they don't know what's about to happen. Wouldn't that be fucking wild!
LIQUORS
CUT PRICE LIQUORS
SP
CUTTY SARK
SCOTCH WHISKY
M-6174-TZ
CD-DVD-LD-IFリバティー


But even the smallest-brained idiot in the bus has to realize what's happening when my ass presses into the roof. The entire vehicle shakes, and in the same instant I can hear all of the tires pop at the same time from the pressure. The people inside the bus start screaming and are instantly knocked from their feet, which only makes any attempts to get out that much harder.
They're all going to be crushed beneath my massive butt!
LIQUORS
CUTTY SARK
SCOTT'S WHISKY


That's when I notice something I don't appreciate. Tammy, for some dumb fucking reason, is looking up at me. And not at the show that I was putting on especially for her benefit! The nerve of that little...
"TAMMY!" I shouted, shocking her out of her reverie. "What's wrong? Aren't you going to watch the show? You've got a prime view, unlike Trish!"
"Tr- What happened to Trish?" Tammy asked, her face turning to one of concern.
Sure. That gets her attention. "Oh, nothing much. I just shoved her up my ass again. Face-first, if you really wanted to know!"


That moment hit me with a bit of a realization. I wasn't really considering Trish when I was preparing to pancake this giant hunk of steel under my ass. I could still feel her legs kicking around my ass. If I was careless... it's possible I could snap those tiny things like toothpicks when I settle all my weight down. And she'd cry, and scream, and might even pass out from shock, and...
No! I should... keep her safe...?



Fuck it. Whatever happens, happens! I'll take my chances. If she breaks a leg or two, it's not my problem!

I slammed my ass down onto the bus, preferring an explosive finale over a slow crushing. For just a moment the windows bulged inwards as my weight completely overpowered the silly metal frame, before shattering into a million pieces. The screams inside are a lot more clear now without the windows obscuring the sound, and I wait for the bus to finish collapsing under me.

But... after all that torture it somehow manages to remain standing. Mostly. It's awkwardly molded around the shape of my fat ass, but it's actually supporting my weight!


I wonder if they're finally taking my proposals to give me better seating seriously. I just wanted them to suffer when I inevitably crushed the buses anyway! It wasn't supposed to work!
"Oh well." I announced. "I guess I'll have to bounce my big fat booty on the bus a little bit!"
It might be able to support sitting down slowly, but as soon as I shift my weight ever so slightly the entire thing creaks, and the roof caves in even further. And the people inside? They're being tossed around like ragdolls. This is so much fun! The bus put up a valiant fight, but it's slowly against my heavy ass. Every passing second made the metal groan more loudly, and sink the bus further into the street below...
The sound is enough to scare off a pair of cops who had been watching me the whole time. Pussies. I guess they don't want to end up like the last cop who harassed me. I used him as an insole, and after going for a walk he was practically liquified!


The bus put up a good fight, but it's time to finish it off. I take a deep breath, when suddenly Tammy starts shouting at me.
"Stop! You can't do this! You can't just keep going around killing people for fun!"
She's so forceful when she's upset. So scared. And so... mmph. I bit my bottom lip while looking at her scared face, before giving her a wry grin.


"Umm, I can?" I said, laughing in her face. "Did you miss that whole crowd thing earlier? Of course I can go around killing people for fun!"

Saying this, I picked up the pace, bouncing my ass onto the bus again. My tits jiggled, slapping against my thighs while I feel the bus continue to flatten out underneath. The screams inside have reached a fevered pitch, as some have managed to make it to the doors, but find they'll no longer open thanks to the frame deforming. They're getting more panicked and more desperate, but I just keep bouncing away, enjoying the feel of the bus yielding to my enormous ass.

"You're going to kill everyone on that bus if you don't stop!" Tammy shouts at me.

"So what?" I say, shrugging my shoulders. "It's not like they matter or anything. It's only a hundred k for every person I kill, Tammy. We both know I can afford that. And besides, after I flatten the bus and squish all the people on it, I'm going to have a really nice, soft seat!"


I laugh and bounce my butt on the bus again. The metal creaks and groans, and I can hear the people inside scream as the steadily sinking roof is falling onto some of them, knocking them flat on the ground. This is too much fucking fun! Why would I ever stop now?
"Please, Stacey," Tammy pleads with me. "Don't do this! Think about what you're doing!"
"Hmm..." I answered, pursing my lips and turning my head up.
CUTTY SARK
CUTTY SARK



"Okay. I thought about it. Goodbye bus!"

With an extra bounce my soon-to-be seat cracks loudly, the metal splitting as the force exerted on it is far too great. Tammy is still shouting at me to stop, but I ignore her. This is too much fun! If she was this big she'd probably be too much of a pussy to do the same thing, but that's no reason to encroach on my fun!


I look down and smile at Tammy. "Are you enjoying the show?" I ask her, but she doesn't answer. "You'd better enjoy it while it lasts, because it's almost time for the big finish!"


The screams of the people echoed in my ears. I laughed as their bones snapped and their bodies were crushed. It was the most satisfying feeling in the world. I loved watching them all squirm and panic, knowing that their lives were in my hands. Their screams were music to my ears, and their blood was like candy to me. I was in my element, and I loved every second of it.
The metal crumples like tinfoil, and the people inside are screaming and begging for mercy. But I don't care. I just keep bouncing and smashing.


I giggle with delight as I hear the screams of the people inside. They can keep begging all they want because I really don't care what they think. All I want to do right now is keep bouncing up and down, overpowering the bus more and more with each bounce. The metal creaks and groans under my weight, and the people inside are screaming in terror. But I just keep going, enjoying the feel of the bus yielding to my enormous ass.
The people inside don't appreciate it of course, but I don't have to listen to them much longer. With a bounce just like any other I finally feel the entire bus give up. The metal frame collapses, and my ass slams into the street like a jackhammer, crushing everyone inside into goo. Their blood and guts splatter all over the street, and I can't help but giggle with delight. There aren't any survivors, but I don't care. They're just weak people after all. This is so much fun! Why would I stop now?
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I look down at what's left of the bus and see that it's completely flattened. It's now a mangled heap of metal, with blood and guts splattered all over the street. I can't help but giggle with delight at the destruction that my big fat butt caused.

I see people running away in terror, and I can't help but laugh. They're just so weak and insignificant compared to me. I feel like a goddess as I tower over them, and they're nothing but ants to me. I give my ass a little bit of a wiggle where I sat, enjoying the extra, smaller crunches that come about because of this. There's still some sounds inside from those who haven't died just yet, but I'm sure it won't be long.

For a moment I consider finishing the job by flattening the rest of the bus... but I also want to leave now. Let them enjoy their last few moments in total agony without me. All alone. For now I want to keep moving.


I've taken only one step before I realized I'd inadvertently stepped on another person! She must have been standing near the bus when I sat on it and found herself under my boot when I stood up. Maybe the horny bitch even placed herself there intentionally so she could gawk at my ass and pussy while I turned those people into mush. If that's the case, she deserved what she got!
Looking back I can see her body crushed into the shape of my treads. Her body is flattened and mangled, and I can't help but giggle at the sight. It's rare that someone gets crushed in a way that leaves them recognizable after. Shame it won't last long as I keep walking, and smash her further with every new step.
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PAY DAY LOANS



"Are you having fun?" I asked Tammy while taking another step forward and flattening another loser. The ominous sound of bone cracking is immediately overpowered by the splashes of blood as a fully-grown person is liquefied under my tread.

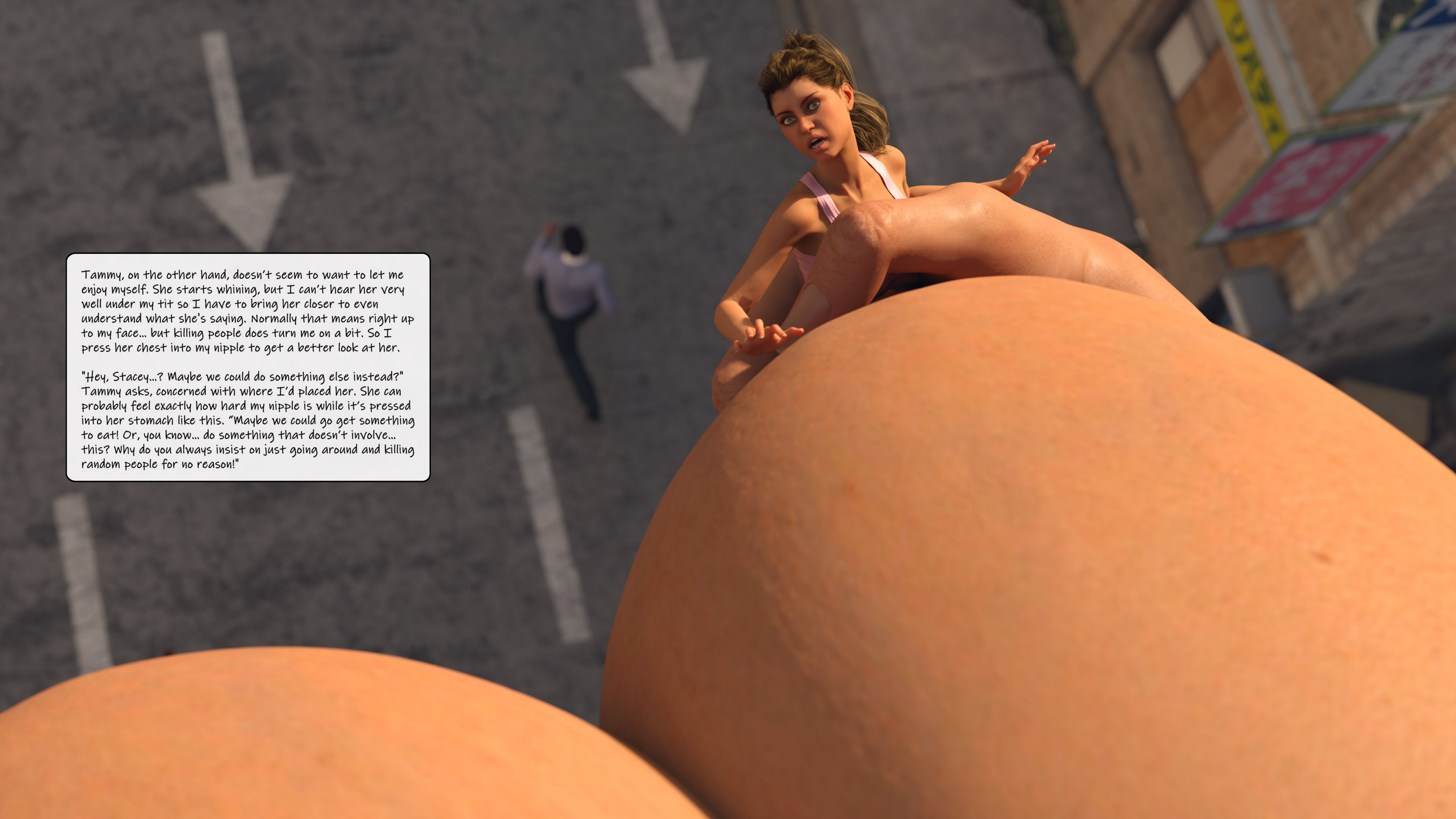
"Umm, yes, Stacey. I'm having a lot of fun," Tammy says, her voice trembling.

I'm not stupid. It's obvious she's fucking terrified by the ways that I like to have fun, but I don't care. I enjoy the feeling of her tiny body squirming in my hand as I continue to walk through the city, crushing everything in my path. Reminding me that every part of me is huge, and powerful. Not just my feet. The buildings shake under my steps, and cars are easily flipped when I even slightly nudge them. The people running around me are like ants, and I can't help but laugh at their futile attempts to escape my games.

I keep walking, painting the streets red as I do so. It's so satisfying to hear the screams of terror coming from the people below me. I have to wonder why Tammy is being such a bitch about this. I'm having so much fun! Why would I stop now?


I take another step, and this time my foot comes down on top of a man who had seemed awestruck at the sight of me. A little bit of flattery is always fun, but I prefer to crush my playthings when I'm having fun. I hear his bones crunching under my weight, and I can't help but giggle with delight. The look of terror in his eyes is priceless as he realizes that his life is swiftly coming to an end.
I keep walking, squishing people with every step. They're trying to run away from me, but most of them will never make it. Where are they going to go, anyway? They've abandoned their cars, and there's no way in hell they can match me on foot. I'm having so much fun! This is the best game ever!


My tits are so big that I don't even see him until he's crunching under my feet, but that's okay. The sensations are what matters most, and there's a bit of a thrill that comes from getting an unexpected kill. Knowing that someone was so much more beneath my notice than even the average person that I killed them without the goal of my own fun in mind. Besides, I'm not the kind of math nerd that needs to keep track of my body count, but it's always nice knowing that I can add one more.
A quick twist of my toe finishes off the crushed guy. I should do this more often. Once a day isn't really enough anymore.


Tammy, on the other hand, doesn't seem to want to let me enjoy myself. She starts whining, but I can't hear her very well under my tit so I have to bring her closer to even understand what she's saying. Normally that means right up to my face... but killing people does turn me on a bit. So I press her chest into my nipple to get a better look at her.
"Hey, Stacey...? Maybe we could do something else instead?" Tammy asks, concerned with where I'd placed her. She can probably feel exactly how hard my nipple is while it's pressed into her stomach like this. "Maybe we could go get something to eat! Or, you know... do something that doesn't involve... this? Why do you always insist on just going around and killing random people for no reason!"


Ugh, Tammy can be so goddamn whiny sometimes. Can't even let me have my fucking fun and enjoy myself in my own way. It's always, 'Oooh, don't step on that person, they have a family!' or 'Don't knock down that hospital, there are sick people there!' or 'Those people are just having a picnic, you don't have to eat them!'. I'm sick of it. If it's not one thing with Tammy it's another. Whine, whine, whine, blah blah blah.
I think about moving her a little lower and instead stuffing her face into my fat fucking tit. That would shut her up for a bit. But then, I get a better idea.


"You want to do what?" I asked, hefting my tit with the same arm that was holding her so she was feeling even more of it.
"We could... go somewhere to eat! S-Something normal! Like a pizza, or-"
"You should smile more," I tell her, enjoying the slight hope that had formed on it. "You've got a pretty little face."
"Umm, thanks, I guess?" Tammy said nervously.
"You're pretty cute when you're all scared, too," I tell her, before noticing how her face seemed to sparkle. "Wait a second... are those tears? Were you just crying?"



"N-no." Tammy pleaded, wiping her face. "Of course not!"

I was only half-sure before, but I'm positive about it now. Her voice audibly cracked when she tried to deny it! This bitch was so upset she was crying!

"Don't lie," I told her, raising her over my head. "I'm not mad, or anything. I'm happy! Come on, Tammy. We've been friends for years by now! You should know how much I love the taste of fresh tears... and I don't think I've ever tasted yours!"


I stuck out my tongue and held her upside down over my mouth. I hoped some tears would drop between my lips so I could get a good taste... but nothing happened! I gave her a quick shake to try and get her to cry some more, but she seemed to have stopped! How disappointing!
But then I realized something. It wasn't just Tammy's tears that I hadn't ever tasted before. And... well, if we've already gone this far, I might as well taste all of her!


I've tasted a lot of new, interesting things since I've become a giantess. One time I tried eating a car just to scare the people inside. It wasn't a pleasant experience, but once I got to the warm bodies inside and felt them pop against my teeth... I knew that I was onto something.

Of the many things I've learned about consuming people since then, the biggest and most important is that clothes rarely add anything to the experience. I can handle it if they're not wearing a lot, but if they're fully dressed like Tammy is right now, then that just won't do. So I grabbed onto her yoga pants and pulled them down without any effort. And what do you know! That little fucking slut wasn't wearing anything underneath! I can't believe she'd actually go out like this in public!


Fun thing about yoga pants is it's usually easy to take the shoes off with them thanks to how tightly they cling to the skin. I've eaten my fair share of girls coming out of yoga classes before, and Tammy is no different as her tiny sneakers drop through the air, bouncing off my tits once the pants are off.
Now she was bottomless... And what I saw made me salivate even more! Her thick little thighs... That shapely little butt... I mean, I like a good guy too, but there's something about the pleasing shape of a woman that just makes me want to suck on them like lollipops!


I wasn't about to wait another second. She was small enough that I didn't have to make any special accommodations or anything stupid like that. My mouth was big enough to have her shoved face-first into it instantly, letting me savor the taste of her warm, soft skin. She squirmed and struggled, but there was no escaping my grip when I really wanted to get a good taste of someone. It was almost comical how easily her slim body slid into the back of my mouth as I began to swallow her whole.


I've known Tammy since I was a kid. She actually used to be taller than me, if you can believe it! She's probably my best friend...but I haven't eaten all day. And I was just so hungry! I wanted to swallow her whole, even if it meant that she'd end up as even more fat on my ass.
Honestly? Worth it! I don't know how many lives have been ended to create the glory that is my ass, but every single one of them was a necessary sacrifice.


She seemed to be in disbelief when I'd initially stuffed her into my mouth, but once my teeth closed and pressed onto her stomach she came to life, and really started to scream. I could feel her little body squirming and wriggling in my mouth as she desperately tried to escape. But there was no way out for her! She was mine now, and I was going to devour her whole, and in her own way she would contribute to future people I crushed by adding onto my own perfect form.
It's been nice knowing you, Tammy, but this is the end of the line!



I tilted my head back and let her slide deeper into my mouth. She was really kicking and thrashing inside of me, but that only turned me on more. Only problem was I hadn't taken the time to take off her top, so I had to maneuver my tongue along her upper body to suck the annoying little thing off.

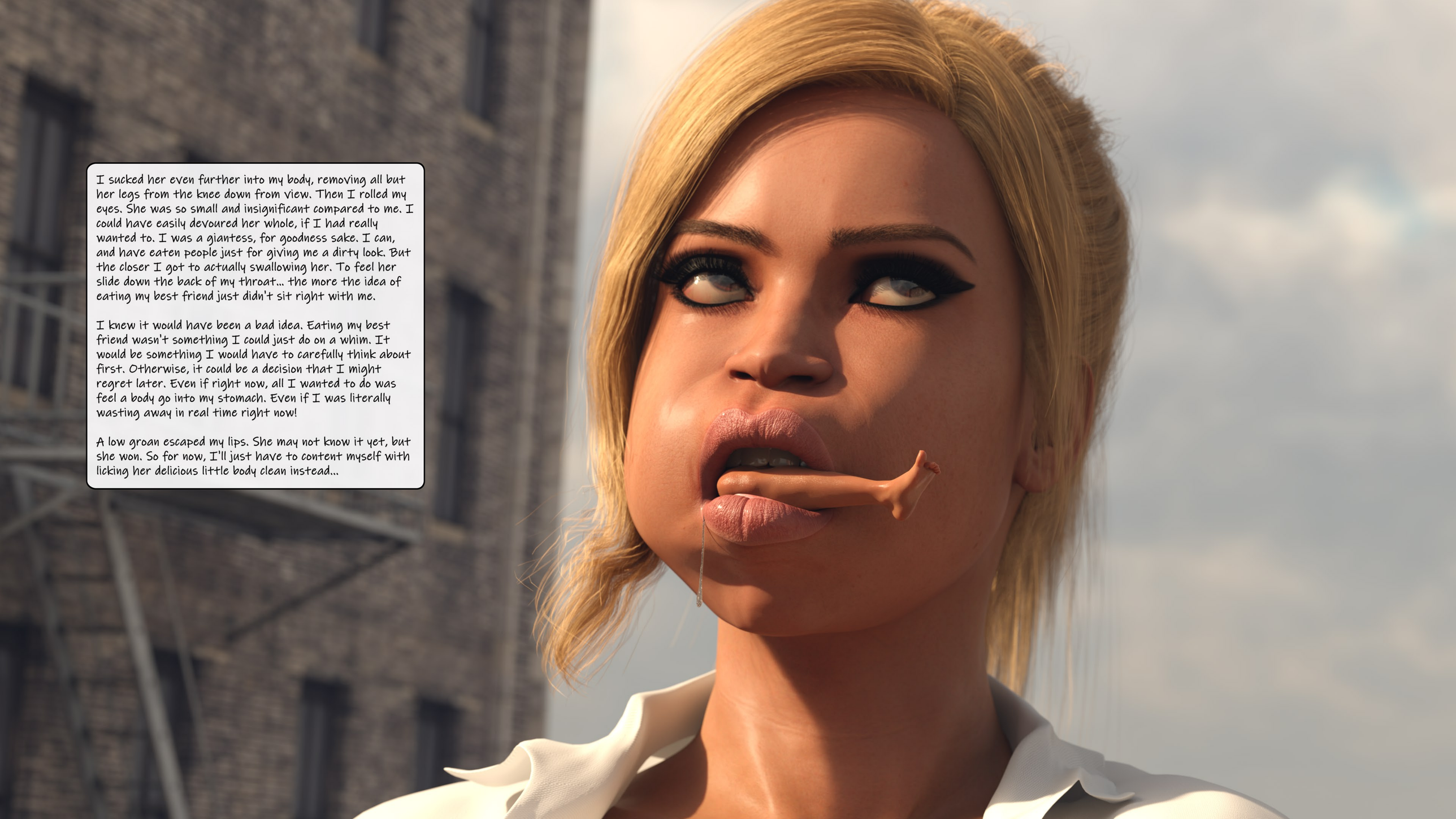
Worth it, though. Tasting those bare little titties and the sweat on them adds a bit of flavor. She doesn't much appreciate it, though. I could feel her struggling less and less as she resigned herself to her fate. I slurped and sucked on her tasty little body, feeling myself getting wetter and wetter with each second that passed. Her juicy little pussy was right there, just waiting to be devoured by me. I couldn't help but lick my lips, and I dove right in.


With her legs spread wide in an effort to halt her progress down my throat I was able to run the tip of my tongue along her pussy, making sure to get every last drop of her juices. She tasted so sweet and delicious! I'm pretty sure she liked it, too! So I pushed my tongue into her tight little cunt as best I could, listening to her squeal even louder.
The initial plan was to finish her off quickly, but I was having so much fun licking her that I kept it up, not caring about anything else around me. She was making herself into a delicious little treat, and I wanted to taste her for as long as I could. I flicked my tongue across her clit, and she screamed in pleasure. She was so tasty! I couldn't get enough of her, and I kept sucking on her upper body.


She wasn't the only one getting hot, though. I started fingering my clit while I sucked on her, resisting the urge to clench my teeth and end the fun early. I couldn't help myself. I had to have her. I had to devour her whole.
I could feel her little body squirming and wriggling in my mouth as she kept trying to escape. But there was no way out for her! She was mine now, and I was going to swallow her whole. She's been with me through so much, and now she's going to be my food! God, being a giantess is so fucking cool!



I had to get more out of her, though. I carefully brought my teeth together to chew on her lightly. Not enough to break bones, effortless as that would have been. Not even enough to break the skin... not yet, anyway. Just enough to feel her little body squirming and wriggling inside my mouth before I swallowed her whole. She was so flavorful! I could feel her body struggle and squirm against my tongue, teeth, and lips, and how her tiny fists clanged against my teeth. How her tiny little feet occasionally made contact with my face. If I was in a worse mood I'd have bitten down on her for hitting me, but so long as I get to keep savoring this sweet and salty taste I would let her do as she wished. That wonderful, savory mix of sweat and fear dripping down her skin onto my eager tongue.


I sucked her even further into my body, removing all but her legs from the knee down from view. Then I rolled my eyes. She was so small and insignificant compared to me. I could have easily devoured her whole, if I had really wanted to. I was a giantess, for goodness sake. I can, and have eaten people just for giving me a dirty look. But the closer I got to actually swallowing her. To feel her slide down the back of my throat... the more the idea of eating my best friend just didn't sit right with me.

I knew it would have been a bad idea. Eating my best friend wasn't something I could just do on a whim. It would be something I would have to carefully think about first. Otherwise, it could be a decision that I might regret later. Even if right now, all I wanted to do was feel a body go into my stomach. Even if I was literally wasting away in real time right now!

A low groan escaped my lips. She may not know it yet, but she won. So for now, I'll just have to content myself with licking her delicious little body clean instead...


Whatever. Her flavor was beginning to wear off anyway, so I reluctantly spit her out onto my tits. She hit the soft surface with a gentle bounce, and lay motionless for a moment before slowly sitting up and rubbing her head. For a split-second I had second thoughts as I felt her slide out of my mouth... but then I saw the state of her body. She was absolutely covered from head to tie in my spit. Just completely mired in the sticky stuff, and I started to get a little turned on again.
I wonder if I could bottle this stuff and sell it. I bet there's a lot of pervs out there who would be interested. And here I am, giving away gallons of it for free to Tammy! She should be honored!


"What the hell, Stacey?" she muttered, still dazed from being spat out while wiping some of my spit off of her face. "You almost ate me! You could have--uumph!"

I had been so enamored with watching her that I had left my tongue sticking out, and a big string of saliva dripped from the tip of my tongue. It landed square in the middle of her own tiny mouth, and she instantly began to cough, and sputter the warm liquid onto my tits. Seeing her choke and nearly drown on my spit turned me on even more.



Fuck... I may have spared her, but this whole experience was making me real fucking horny. So horny I had to start rubbing my pussy again. Or maybe I never stopped? I couldn't help it. I was so turned on, and even now, barely conscious, completely naked, and shiny with spit... she looked delicious. Her little body was drenched, and I just wanted to dive back in and finish the job. Just devour her whole. But I knew I had to resist. I could just get someone to eat later.

My tummy rumbled as it was denied food, and I groaned.

"Come here, you little slut," I said, beckoning her with my finger. "It's time for your punishment."


She slowly tried to slide away from me, her little body trembling with fear. "Please don't eat me!" she pleaded. "I don't want to die!" I can't believe I used to think Tammy was different from other people. But here she is, saying the same things they all do. Such a cliche. Yawn.
I grabbed hold of her and pressed down on her head with my thumb. I licked my lips hungrily as I eyed her up and down. Her little pussy was right there in front of me, begging to be eaten once again, but I had something better in store.
"Oh, I'm not going to eat you," I assured her, running my thumb along the top of her head.. "I'm gonna use you for something else!"


My pussy was dripping wet. Just absolutely fucking soaked. I can feel my juices flowing out of me, coating my hand and dripping down my fingers where I stand. The smell of my musky arousal is filling the air, and my little friend is starting to look a little lightheaded from all the pheromones. Or maybe it's just all of my spit in her mouth.
I'm turned on either way, so I don't care.
PAY DAY LOANS


I wasn't up for talking with her much anymore so I grabbed hold of her little feet and started to push her into my waiting pussy. She screamed in terror as she felt herself being engulfed by my hot, wet flesh again, but this time I'm sure it was completely different. There was no danger of being swallowed alive and melting inside my stomach. No chance of teeth coming down and severing her body in two. Just a nice, warm, embrace that would envelop her for the rest of the day.
But I guess Tammy was too stupid to figure all that out from the way she kept thrashing out. I also would have assumed she'd have realized by now that she didn't stand a chance of getting away when I had her in my grasp, but I guess she's a little hard-headed. She thrashed about anew, but it was no use. She was completely helpless against my overwhelming strength.


My giant pussy is hot and wet, and Tammy is struggling to breathe after only making it part way inside. She's lucky I'm letting her have any air at all! But I'm not done with her just yet. I can fit a lot into my pussy, and Tammy's tiny little head isn't nearly enough stimulation, so I shove her in deeper, until she's up to her chest.
Now she's *really* going at it. She's beating her fists against my walls, but I don't think that slut realizes that just makes it feel even better for me. There's no escape for her now. She's mine, and I'm going to use her how I please.


Besides, I don't see what her fucking problem is! She should consider herself lucky! She doesn't know how good she's got it, since I'm sure getting shoved head-first up my asshole is a much less pleasant experience like Trish is going through right now. She's still squirming around, but I'm sure there's room for one more! Or two or three, if I'm really feeling in the mood.


She really doesn't want to go up there anymore, but it's not like that's a huge problem for me. She's doing a good enough job for me to really start thrusting my hips, and fuck her little body mercilessly. With every moment that passes my walls close in around her, squeezing her tiny frame. Crushing her inside of my pussy isn't my intention since I'd just gone and spared her, but... if she keeps this up it could happen by accident.
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She screams in terror as she feels herself being suffocated and crushed by my overwhelming strength, but I don't care. I'm enjoying this too much. We can talk about how she can improve afterwards. If she survives.


Because that's certainly not a guarantee. Sure, I've suffocated a few bitches in my cunt before... but it usually takes a good while before their legs stop kicking. Plenty of time for me to ride to an orgasm or two... maybe even three if she fights really hard. So there's no rush! And if she's enough of a weak-ass bitch to die in my pussy, that's not really my fault, is it?
If my fingers can survive the trip, then she can do a good enough job. She can do this!
PAY DAY LOANS


As I shove her hips in, I rub my finger against her crotch. It feels so good to stuff her in me, it's only fair that she gets to have some fun too! The sheer difference in our sizes is fucking amazing. That same finger can slide between her legs, teasing that microscopic little slit situated between her legs, then move up and over my own eager pussy. The one that's engulfing her entire body.
Biting my bottom lip I give my clit a quick stroke. Just to tease myself a bit.


She's almost there! I just need to put her in a little bit deeper to make sure that she won't fall out. That's the worst! They're usually too worn out to really scream, or fight back from the fall, so I neither get to crush them in my pussy nor get the full enjoyment out of squishing them under my boots.
I'll never forgive Tammy if she denies me this! That slut had better hold on like her life fucking depends on it!


She screams more loudly when I give her one final shove, and I feel an electric tingle run through every inch of my body.
I've... I've got her! She's not going anywhere now. I might be giant, but my pussy is tight! Even if I'm dripping wet, she's not falling out. And I can tell just from the sounds she's making as I drag her further inside that I'm completely ufcking soaked. Another push with my finger and I can feel it get squirted with gallons of pussy juice. I know what happens when I push girls deep into my pussy, but I just can't help myself...

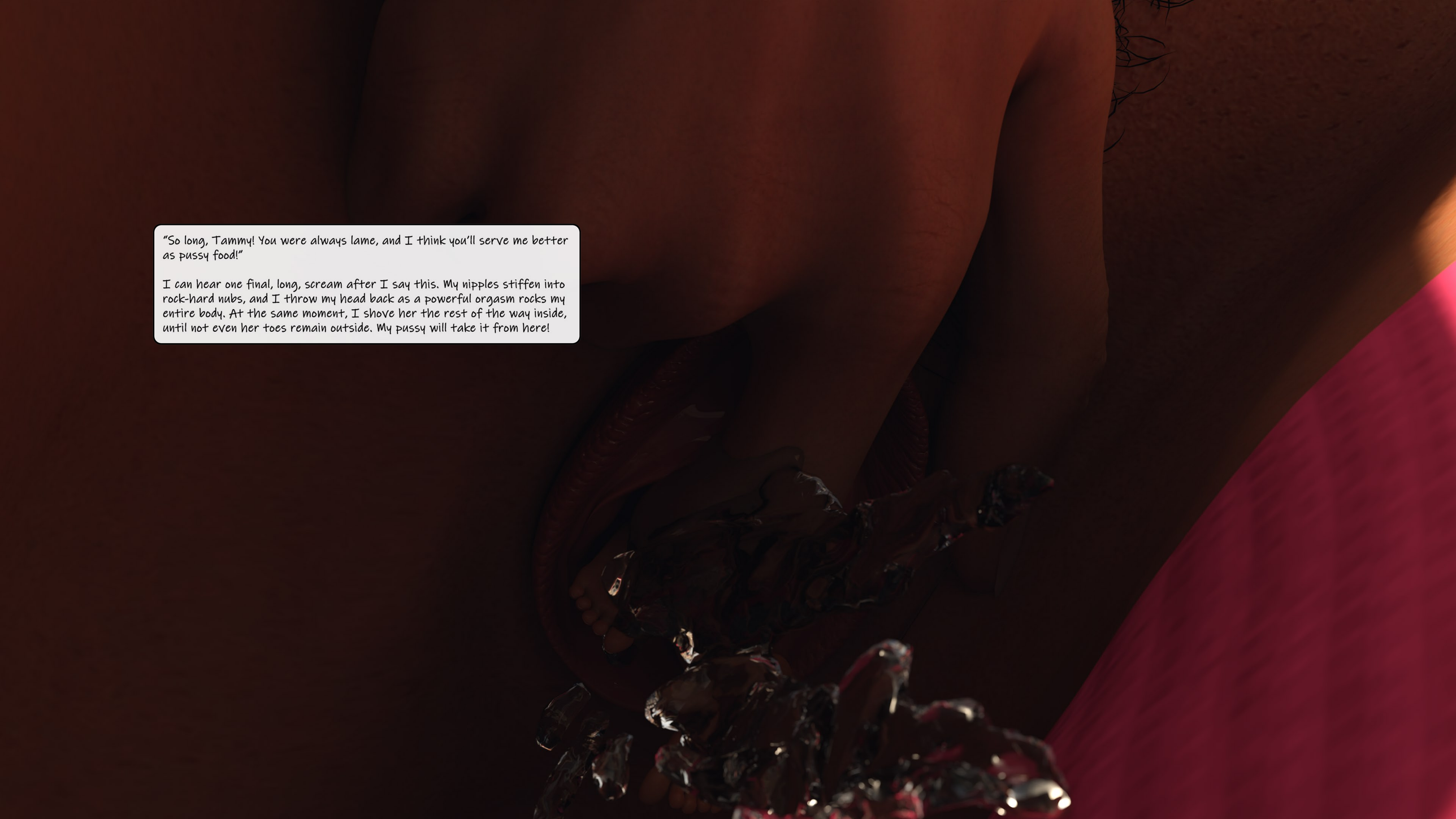

I hope Tammy's good at holding her breath. Yeah, I know I said that I wasn't going to eat my best friend. But what I really meant was that I wasn't going to eat her with my mouth. If I shove her deep into my pussy, and my cunt decides to slurp up that little bitch... Well, that's not really my fault, is it? She should have gotten me off quicker!
I'm honestly over it. I'm way past feeling bad for her. The cruelty of it all, eating my best friend like that... It gets me off, and I can't help but smile. "You're gonna be cunt food, bitch." She doesn't appreciate that and wriggles even harder, but that just turns me on even more. She has to be doing this on purpose, now!
I bite my tongue, and squeeze my nipple so hard that it hurts. I like to feel a little pain mixed in with my pleasure. That's why I got these nipple rings in the first place: so I could tug on them, just a little bit...


Ahhh!
I moaned. The buildings on this street around me vibrate from the sound, and I can feel it through the nipple ring I was tugging. My entire chest shakes slightly, and I feel my breath catch in my throat. I'm so fucking close now. So close. I push her in deeper. I need her inside of me. All of her. I'm soaking wet and she slides in so fucking easy. My pussy's tight enough to keep her in place, but slick enough that my finger feels next to no resistance bringing her in deeper. My pussy isn't sucking her in yet, but I can feel that it's hungry. If my stomach isn't going to be filled today, then some part of me is!


I'm so turned on that I start furiously finger-fucking myself. My massive legs wobble, nearly bringing me to my knees, but I manage to maintain my stance. The weight of my tits feels incredible in my left hand, and I can't help but alternate jiggling the heavy mass around with pulling on the ring.
I think about all the times that I've shared with Tammy, and for just a moment, consider if I really want to do this. Do I want to throw all this away for a moment of pleasure?


Of course I'm fucking okay with that. I just crushed a bus full of people so they could be a seat! Tammy might have been special to me at some point, but I'm seconds away from cumming right now. I *could* get myself off with just my finger, but my pussy is starving, and it needs to be fed. And unlike eating with my mouth, there's no substitute for living humans in the quest to feed my hungry cunt.

I can feel my pussy starting to suck her in, but I can't wait anymore. I have to speed the process up, and I do exactly that by shoving her in deeper with my finger. All the way until just her feet are sticking out. More gallons of clear juice pour from my cunt, soaking my finger and splashing between my legs.


"So long, Tammy! You were always lame, and I think you'll serve me better as pussy food!"
I can hear one final, long, scream after I say this. My nipples stiffen into rock-hard nubs, and I throw my head back as a powerful orgasm rocks my entire body. At the same moment, I shove her the rest of the way inside, until not even her toes remain outside. My pussy will take it from here!



I gasped, feeling the wind knocked from my lungs as a wave of pleasure I've never felt before slams into me like a truck. My legs again wobble, and I watch with glee as I squirt out onto the street below. As far as anyone else is concerned I just stopped here to masturbate for a bit. I smile, thinking about how she'll be ass-fat pretty soon. Serves that bitch right!

The orgasm eventually subsides, and the only thing I can feel left of Tammy is a faint vibration deep inside of me. It'll subside eventually. It always does. And my ass will get just a tiny bit bigger afterwards. All those years of friendship for a bit more ass? Yes please!


Really, that's the only thing that makes me feel self-conscious: sometimes I feel like my butt is just too small. I mean, look at this thing. Isn't it embarrassing to be as big as I am, and still not be able to squish a bus in a second flat! I want more. I need more!
I'll have to keep slurping up more bitches until it's big enough to smash buildings! I want to get big enough that my ass is so wide it can touch buildings on both sides of the street at once. That might satisfy me... for a while.
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I'm feeling a lot better now that I've slurped up Tammy, and had a bit of fun crushing dozens of people on this street. My arousal is beginning to die down, and the cloud of arousal over my head begins to fade. I'd love to spend a bit more time smashing this place up, but I have somewhere to be. Any other day I'd do what I tend to do after getting off in one of these rampages, and start rooting for more playthings in the buildings, but I'm in a time crunch today. It's getting late, and I really don't want to miss that bitch Terri's party!


I forgot how fucking far this was, even at my size. That's something else I want to be able to say someday. Imagine being able to make it from my place to Terri's puny fucking mansion in one step. That would be incredible! Instead I'm out of breath when I finally arrive, reminded firsthand why they call this area 'the Hills.' I can hardly believe it, but I'm finally there. It's that bitch Terri's mansion, and she's got hell to pay.
I stare at her for a minute. That stupid blonde bitch doesn't even know that I'm here. None of them have noticed just yet. But then one of them looks back with dreamy, perfect eyes.
It's him. Brad.


My heart flutters at the sight of him, and I take a deep breath to calm my nerves.
He doesn't look the same as he does in all those Instagram photos. He looks even better! He's tall... well, for a normal person anyway. But his tan looks great, skin is shining out in the sun, and even if I just shoved Tammy up my pussy I can feel it aching to have him fill me as well.
I can't believe I'm saying that. I'm still a virgin! I mean, I've never had a guy inside of me, anyway. I've been saving myself for Brad all this time! I'm not letting any other guy's dick anywhere near my perfect pussy.


I try to act cool. Do I say something? No, it's too early. I'm not even in Terri's yard yet! I should at least get there before conversing instead of behaving like a weirdo. But how do I approach? Just say hello? No, no... I need to be more... mysterious.
That's what I'll do. Just stare at him and breathe heavily. That's the way to go.


That's when I feel stupid. Everyone else is in swim clothes! Stupid, stupid, stupid! Why didn't I bring my fucking bikini?! I even knew this was supposed to be a pool party! Trish should have reminded me! Or Tammy! Or-
I'm almost ready to turn around out of embarrassment, but then I notice that a girl at the pool is naked. I don't have to wear a swimsuit if I go skinny dipping! And if there's one thing I'm comfortable in, it's nothing at all.


Okay. That's what I'm going to do. I force myself to stop gawking at Brad... and step over the brick wall to Terri's place. Normally I love smashing through things like that, especially when they don't even reach my knees, but... well. Brad is right there. What if I kick too hard and he gets hit with a rock!
I have to be on my best behavior until I have him!


My boots may be bloodied and dirty from the walk over here, but it would be bad to just dip them into the clear water of the pool and muddy it. It takes a bit of effort to do so and not fall over with how high the heels are, but after a bit of struggle I manage to pop the boots off, and clench the soft, warm grass under my toes.
God. The walk here was so fucking arduous that every part of me is sweating. The grass feels great, and I start to slip off my leggings to do some proper skinny dipping.


Thankfully the top is much easier to take off. Especially with how little it actually exists to begin with. My tits bounce wildly as I free them from the wholly inadequate garment, and let the entire world get a clean, unobstructed view of my perfect body. Look out 4's, a 10 is approaching! 75 tons of hot, sexy, woman, for all to admire! I bet Brad can't take his eyes off of me!
But... I'm too nervous to check. Gotta play it cool, and mysterious. Right.


That's when I remember that my butt has a bunch of other people's blood all over it. Normally it's a point of pride, but I don't want to give Brad the wrong idea. I only squish and kill losers! And Brad is definitely NOT a loser.
I can't just approach the pool like this, but I have a piece of cloth on hand. My shirt is able to wipe my gigantic ass clean in seconds.

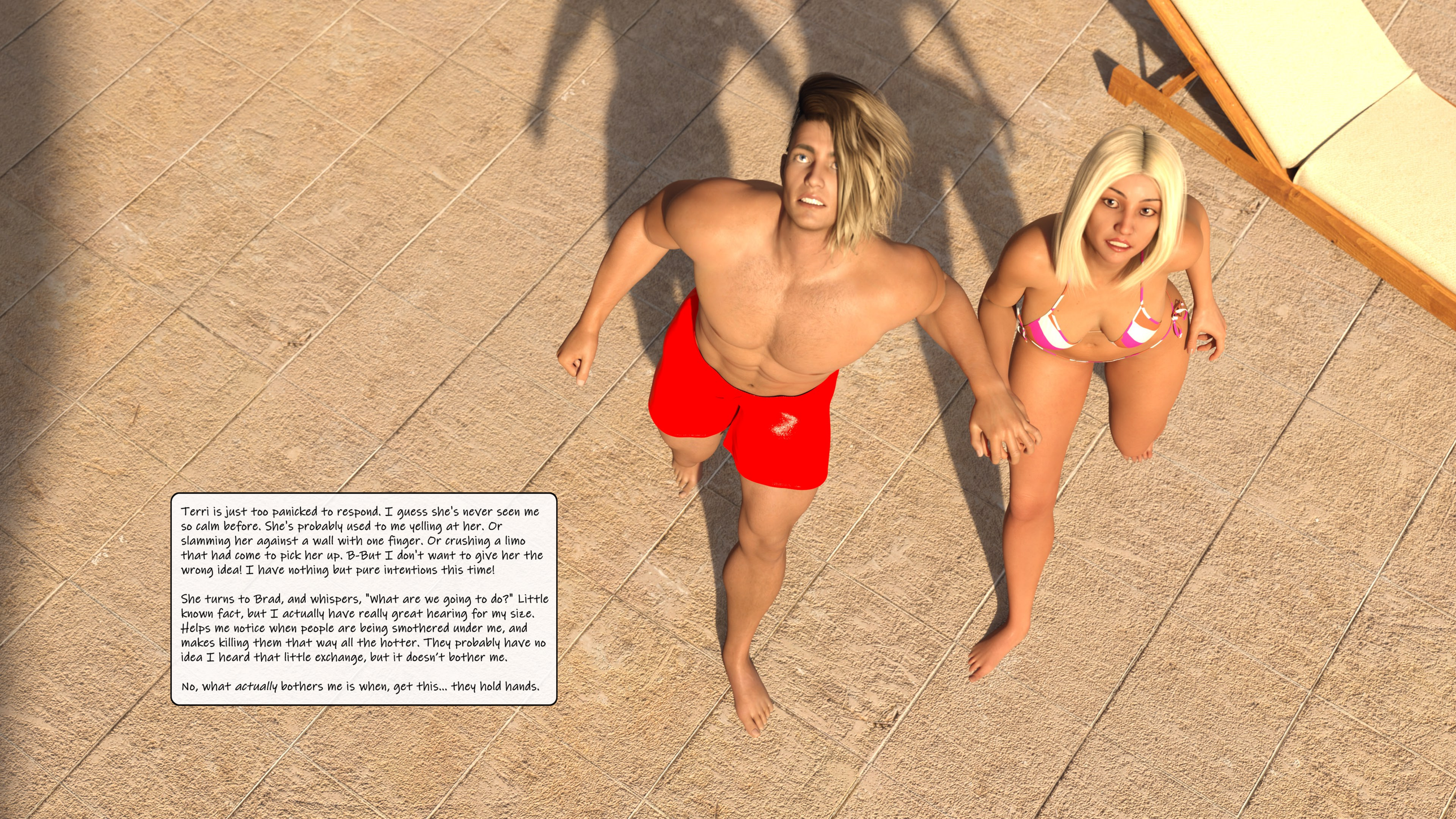

I don't want to be seen with a giant bloodied piece of cloth, so I tossed it back over Terri's fence. Her neighbors can deal with it. I've got more shirts back home.


There's just one more little thing to take care of. The first bitch I shoved in me today. Terri? No, I'm at Terri's place right now. Tam- no. It's... um...
What was her name again?
Whatever. I can't remember the name of every buttplug I use. She's shoved up my ass, and that's what matters. I don't want Brad to think I'm some kind of sicko who gets off to anal! That's more of a second or third date kind of admission, not first meeting. She's up there purely for punishment... and if it feels good to have her up there, well, that's just a bonus! A quick push of my fingers hides her from view entirely, and I'm ready to proceed.


Taking a deep breath, I walk closer to the festivities. Closer to Brad. He's so handsome, and strong! Look at all those muscles! I wonder how much he can lift! Is 75 tons too much? Imagine if he could sweep me off my feet!
Just looking at him has my recently-fed pussy dripping wet all over again. I may be hot, and naked, but I can't just let him fuck me right away. I have to be careful! I have to be smart! I've got to take things nice and slow. Act like a real classy broad! In fact, I should act like I'm not even thinking about him. He should work towards attracting my attention, not the other way around!
"Hey, Terri!" I say, though everyone has noticed my presence by now.


Everyone looks up at me, not saying a word. But all I can think about is how Terri is standing kind of close to Brad, isn't she? Is she trying to get with him before me? No... that must just be a coincidence. Besides, I'm sure Brad wouldn't be interested in her anyway. He has better taste than blonde bimbos like that. I hope so anyway, for her sake.
"Stacey?!" she squeals, looking up at me as if she's just seen a ghost. "What are- What are you doing here?"


Remember Stacey, play it cool. I could raise my foot high and squish Terri where she stands, but not yet! Not until I have Brad wrapped around my little finger.
"Oh, you know me, I'm just sooo into parties," I say, giving my chest a jiggle to show off my tits. "I guess you could call me a party slut!"
Was that too forward? I feel my pussy getting a little wetter as I say that. I hope Brad doesn't notice. Or maybe I hope he does, if that's what he's into.



Terri is just too panicked to respond. I guess she's never seen me so calm before. She's probably used to me yelling at her. Or slamming her against a wall with one finger. Or crushing a limo that had come to pick her up. B-But I don't want to give her the wrong idea! I have nothing but pure intentions this time!

She turns to Brad, and whispers, "What are we going to do?" Little known fact, but I actually have really great hearing for my size. Helps me notice when people are being smothered under me, and makes killing them that way all the hotter. They probably have no idea I heard that little exchange, but it doesn't bother me.

No, what *actually* bothers me is when, get this... they hold hands.


It felt like I got a knife stabbed into my heart when I saw that, but I tried to play it cool. I should find out if they're... involved with one another before doing anything else. That's what I think, but it's far from what actually comes out.
"Hey Terri, you know what's a good idea? How about I eat you with my pussy, and I get to have Brad! That way we'll all be happy, okay?"
Both of them gasp, and I realize I fucked up. I try my best to salvage it, playfully winking and saying, "Just kidding!" Good thing I'm so smooth, or that never would have worked.


But I guess Brad didn't hear me when I said I was kidding, because he got super panicky all of a sudden. A sudden jerk from his big, strong arms yanks that little blonde whore away as he shouts, "Terri, run!"
"I don't know if that's such a good idea!" Terri said. "Running away from her just makes her mad!"


"She's already mad!" Brad shouted. "Just run! Everyone!"
For a moment I'm hit with sadness... before it suddenly becomes clear. Oh, I see how it is. Brad can tell that I'm playing it cool, and wants me to go after him. He's playing hard to get! That sly dog!


Well, it takes two to play that game. He plays hard-to-get, I play hard-to-get-away-from. It only takes one step for me to put myself right in front of Brad. I even go out of my way to make that step gently. Otherwise I might crack the tiles around the pool, and he could fall and seriously hurt himself.
He stops suddenly, raising both hands while Terri cowers beneath me. God, he's so cute down there when he's trying to get me to work for it.


I was hoping that my lighter step would calm everyone down, but it just seemed to make everyone freak out even more. I have no idea why. It put me way closer to all of them, and that's a good thing! They know that I bear no ill will if I'm not intentionally crushing them!
Luckily, I know just the thing to fix it...


...I'll just sit on everyone! The cause of, and solution to, most of my problems! Now I know what you're thinking: won't I just splatter them all? I proved definitively pretty earlier that my ass is capable of great things by defeating a bus with just my weight alone.


But the answer is no, and anyone who thinks otherwise is stupid. Sure, my ass can squish bitches like nobody's business, but that's only when I do a butt drop! 75 tons hits a lot harder when I let gravity do a lot of the work. But this time, I'm gentle.


I let my ass down gradually, really slow and careful-like. For as big as it is, my ass is, of course, very soft. If I let myself down really carefully, it shouldn't do more than like, break some of their bones. Usually. I mean I've had accidents before, but most of the time people survive! For a little while, at least. If they do something stupid like die from internal bleeding, that's not really my problem, is it?


And even if I'm taking a seat next to the pool I am, of course, very careful not to sit down on Brad. That would be embarrassing! Imagine if he accidentally slid up my ass the first time we met. I don't think I'd ever live that down! So long as they don't make any sudden movements he and that little blonde slut are safe between my thighs.
The other girls? Well, why would I give a fuck about them? I'm only giving Terri special treatment because of Brad. Everyone else might as well not even exist, and I can feel them get buried under my ass fat before I even fully sit down.


Brad, Terri, and some other slut who was lucky enough to avoid my ass cheeks are carefully situated between my massive thighs. The only way out from there is to go through the pool, and there's no way I'd miss them trying something like that.
Speaking of the pool... I almost completely forgot! There's two people still swimming around in there!


They're not any real threat. Brad's not gay... but is he bi? I never really gave it any thought...
Well, whatever. One guy is trapped under my toes, and just to make sure there's not any competition I can leave him there. That's plausible deniability! I didn't know he was there! I swear! Even if I can hear him making muffled noises while trying to pull at my toes, or see a bunch of bubbles rising up from where he's pinned.


Under my other foot is the girl who gave me the idea to get naked in the first place. I can feel her tiny tits pressing into the bottom of my foot, even! She's struggling, but there's no way I'm going to just let her go. I can't have Brad get distracted with another pair of naked tits around here. Even if they're practically microscopic next to mine.
She's struggling the same as the guy, but I'm just going to do the same thing to her. It's easy enough to keep her pinned until the bubbles stop. If anything I have to be careful not to place too much pressure onto her, because turning the pool a bloody red would be a real mood killer.


There. With that, absolutely everyone else at this party has been taken care of. I can focus all my attention onto the one person here I wouldn't turn into a bloodstain in a heartbeat. The main reason I'm here in the first place. He may be seated between my legs and hard to see past my tits, but I give my precious little brad a smile.
"Please, don't hurt Terri!" he begs in return.
Aww, he's so protective. There just aren't enough guys like him around anymore. He's putting himself on the line for the girl he likes. Now to just make sure that I'm the girl he likes going forward...


There's a lot of ways to handle this, but I prefer a more direct approach. Just like everything I do. I reach down and wrap my meaty little fingers around that blonde bimbo, instantly feeling just how thin and skeletal she is in my grasp. She's just so scrawny! How could Brad ever like a girl like her when girls like me exist! Well, I guess comparing a little bitch like Terri against perfection incarnate isn't ever going to be a fair comparison.
"Don't worry," I tell him while separating the two. "I'm not going to hurt her... I'm just going to eat her!"


Brad grabs Terri's leg and tries to drag her back down. It doesn't look like much, but it actually makes my pussy just a bit more wet. Because I actually felt it! Looks like all those muscles aren't just for show! I have to know how much he can lift. If I dropped one of my tits onto him would he be able to lift it?
God, I'm getting so horny just thinking about it...


That's for later, though. For now, I've got a skank trying to steal the man who belongs to me right in my hand. I'm tempted to begin with some foreplay. Maybe mash her face into my nipples for a bit and let her get them hard. Or I can suck on her for a bit so she slides into my pussy more easily.
All great ideas, as all of my thoughts are. But... the knowledge that this isn't just a random person I'm using to get off. The knowledge that this is Terri, the one woman standing between me and a lifetime of marital bliss with the man I rightfully deserve?


There's no time for pleasantries. That's it. I can't wait any longer. I shove Terri into my pussy in one smooth movement, gasping when I feel my lips part to accept the newest sacrifice. Again, the knowledge that this isn't someone random, but Terri instantly has me soaked.
Oh, it feels so good! I feel like I'm going to burst from so much pleasure!


I love how fucking small she feels inside me. I can't believe she's making such a big fuss! It's like, my pussy eats people. Get over it. She's just drawing it out by fighting so much. I would sit there and enjoy it a bit longer, but... I can tell that the sounds are upsetting to Brad. He'll be fine once I get rid of her, but until then I'm sure the process can be a bit annoying to watch.
I squeeze my pussy muscles around her, making her scream even louder, before she's drawn in even further and those cries are muted. I can't help but moan as I watch Brad jump to try and stop me from finishing the job.



Once again, he actually manages to impress me! He's able to jump straight from between my legs to grab hold of Terri's legs. He might have even been able to make some progress in pulling her out if not for Terri's own actions.

She doesn't seem very grateful to him. No, she's such a panicked mess that she's writhing, kicking, and screaming while Brad struggles to maintain a good grip on her. I'm more impressed that he's not even trying to get away! He's so noble trying to help her against the inevitable!


Tempting as it may be to entertain his little struggles and watch him keep trying... I'm still really fucking horny. Brad's the only person that matters here, not Terri, but there's no reason I can't give him a show while I'm at it! I could grab hold of the little bitch's legs and shove her the rest of the way inside of me at once, but I want Brad to see what I have to offer him. I can keep an open mind! I don't mind if he wants to get another girl involved in our playtime. You know, so long as it's exclusively as pussy food.
There's a lot of ways to thrust Terri deeper, but I make sure to carefully slide the tip of my finger between her legs. Her kicks slow down, and her legs straighten out. I bet Brad likes what he's seeing while I start to rub her tiny little pussy, while gradually pushing her even further into my own.
At least that's what I'd hoped, but Brad seems more intent on getting her free.



"Why do you even want Terri back?" I asked, giving Terri's pussy one last stroke before pulling my hand away and watching him. I was hoping Brad would explain, but he just keeps trying to pull her free, the same as he has been this whole time. He's making exactly as much progress as he was before, though.I can do a pretty good job at keeping Terri locked into place using just my own pussy, and for as impressive as Brad is there's no way he can overpower me.

A quiet slapping sound next to my thighs catches my attention, and I suddenly remember the girl's I'd sat on! I was so focused on humiliating Terri while showing off to Brad that they had slipped my mind. They're kind of inconsequential in the grand scheme of things, though. After all, if Trish hadn't done such a piss-poor job at getting the invitations out there's no way they'd have chosen to come here instead of my party.


But...
I still don't want them interrupting my "me" time with Brad. The only other girls allowed to be around when I'm with him have to be serving as pussy food. Or a butt plug. Or... anything but a screaming, whining mess. Unfortunately for them, both of these roles are filled, so there's no reason to keep them around if they're just going to be a nuisance.
With a gentle movement I pinch the tiny blonde's arm between two fingers, and pull her up from the ground. It's strange being reminded that I don't have to actually crush and kill every single tiny person I touch. Normally the people that serve me don't live long after, or keep their distance. It's rare that I'm trying to pick someone up without the intention of ending their tiny little life.


Not that she's going to survive. God no. What kind of stupid assumption is that? No, I just don't want to roll my thigh over to crush her. Or press my thumb into the back of her head to feel it splatter all over the concrete. Or crumple her up into a ball and throw her as far as I can. Or-
I think I've gotten my point across. No, as fun as it is to crush and fuck people and feel bones crack, I do have another need that can be addressed by them. I mean, I'd rather have a nice plate full of well-made food to satisfy my hunger, but that's not always available.
People, on the flipside, are fucking everywhere. And feeling them squirm down my throat is almost as good as feeling them writhe inside of my pussy.



That's what's going to happen to both of them, as I pull the other stupid bikini bitch out from my left thigh. They both start screaming, probably thinking I'm about to pop their heads off with my thumb or something stupid like that. I guess when someone's head is that fucking tiny there's not a lot of room for brains. There's an easy way to both shut them up while helping myself get off, and that's giving them a one way trip down my throat.

But right as I'm preparing to do that I can feel Brad give Terri an extra hard pull. It's not enough to dislodge her, but it's enough for her to start wriggling even more furiously. My pussy clamps down even harder on her, and when my nipples harden I know that these two will be better served elsewhere.


A moan slips out from my lips, and I spread my legs a little further to see what's happening below. In my arousal I wound up sucking Terri a bit further than I had expected, and Brad loses his grip, nearly falling back into the pool in the process. Luckily he proves firsthand just how strong he is by managing to avoid exactly that, even if he can't reach Terri's feet anymore.
I'm tempted to let him have a win at this point, I'm sure he could use it. But if we're going to be a thing, then I need him to understand that my needs come first. And he's the only one I"m interested in keeping around. If Terri doesn't make it, then oh well!


Speaking of not making it...
I haven't eaten anything since leaving home. Not with my mouth, anyway. It's honestly a surprise that I haven't wasted away at this point with how strong my stomach rumbling is getting. I'm sure Brad's heard it given where he's standing. No doubt Terri can hear it given how far up my pussy her head is currently situated. And the two little bitches on my tits probably hear it as well given how much faster they've started wriggling.
For a girl my size to maintain her figure she has to eat. A lot. Sometimes I like to have that in a "normal" way. Chefs come by and prepare something fancy that takes hours.


Other times subtlety goes right out the window. Brad seems to have finally realized that trying to save Terri is a fruitless endeavor that'll only tire him out. That, and I've sucked her far enough inside of me that her feet are too far out of reach for him to get any sort of leverage on.
My tits feel great as well. I love feeling the weight of them in my hands and how they squish between my fingers. Something I bet the two little sluts riding them have never gotten the chance to experience. How could they? Those little mosquito bites they've got aren't going to impress anyone at all.
So I've got on hand two little losers who don't deserve to live, and a rumbling stomach. I bet even Tammy wouldn't fault me for the obvious answer that has to come out of this.


I've eaten people before. It's like, no big deal. I'm a big girl. I've gotta eat. Tits and an ass like mine don't just come entirely naturally. Maintaining my figure is like the second most important thing to me after having fun. And I really don't have the fucking patience to wait hours for a normal meal to be cooked for me. Eating people just seemed like the next step!

And it makes me feel hotter too. Sure, I can kill people by stepping on them, and that feels great. The combined blood of well over a hundred people stuck to my boots at the entrance to Terri's place is proof positive of that. But anyone can kill another person. Just with more steps and probably a weapon of some kind.

But eating someone? Swallowing them whole?


It's one of those things that emphasizes how fucking big I am now even more. How fucking strong I am. How little I have to give a shit about the proper order. Crushing a bus full of people for fun is one thing. But feeding myself with an entire person? Raw, uncooked, just for the fuck of it? No, that's something that can't be replicated by anyone else.
The two girls start screaming as soon as my mouth opens wide enough to accept both of them. THeir screams echoed around the inside of my mouth, down my throat, and I"m sure could be heard by Terri who's kicking more frantically all of a sudden. Eating people, like shoving their entire bodies up my pussy, is an experience reserved exclusively for me.


And why shouldn't it be! Other people have worked very hard to get me to where I am today! I can indulge a few times a day on screaming, writhing people if I feel like it!
The two girls I'm about to eat don't feel that way, but I don't think anyone I was about to kill has ever been happy about it. And that's a good thing, since their fear makes me hotter. Their tiny little faces slipping past my lips and getting blasted by my hot breath sends a shiver down my spine. Having both of them faceplant into my tongue while the rest of their bodies kick wildly and make my tits jiggle is the best feeling ever!


I leave them hanging there for a minute just to enjoy it longer. Feeling those tiny little tits of theirs pressed against my tongue. The way that they fight against one another to try and get out of my mouth. I even give them a squeeze with my teeth. Just enough to hear a couple of pops, and feel their screams ratchet up in volume about a dozen times over. Those tiny legs kicking on my nipples, and... GOD!
I fucking love being a giantess so goddamn much! I keep meaning to ask some nerd how many calories a person has. I'd love to find out how much it takes to keep me satisfied for one day.


Because I may be big enough to eat both of these girls at once. And I am going to do exactly that, but... that's the one kind of number I can get behind. I love weighing myself. Finding out how much of the people I eat has gone on to become part of me. Measuring if my tits can crush a car by dropping onto them.
These two girls aren't going to fill me up. Not by a long shot. They won't be in my belly more than half an hour before they'll be gone forever. Their entire worth can be measured in how good they make me feel, and how much of them will be added onto me.


Since they were resting on top of my tits and eating people whole gets me so fucking horny, I decide not to let this opportunity pass me up. My tits are big enough for me to suck on my own nipples, and I do exactly that while feeling both of the bodies vanish entirely down my throat. Sometimes I wish I was able to lactate so this could double as a drink, but for now this is good.
It's been years since I met someone able to suck my entire nipple into their mouth, so the extra stimulation these girls provide while I do it to myself is certainly an experience.


All good things come to an end, though. It's not long before I can feel their tiny screams moving to the back of my mouth, then start to slip down my throat. Their tiny kicks batter my nipples harmlessly, and in only a second I can feel only tiny toes sticking out from between my lips. Toes that clench my lips in terror.

They're as good as gone. Their struggles as they go down my throat awakens the other hunger Terri was in the process of satisfying. Reminding me of what I'd been denying myself for so long! So much time spent crushing people, sitting on that bus, and even teasing my belly with Tammy.


Well I'm finally getting something to eat! They both vanish down my throat, and I keep sucking on my nipples for a bit after, wanting to draw the experience out for as long as possible. This is the fucking best! I pull more of my tits into my mouth, wanting to draw the experience out longer, and wishing I'd had another pair to keep worshiping my nipples after the two I just ate were gone.
"TERRI!"
Hmm?


Oh...
I was so distracted I didn't even realize I was pulling Terri even further into my pussy that entire time. I thought about stopping to give Brad some hope, or let Terri try to bring me to yet another orgasm all on her own... but I could tell he was distressed. He couldn't reach her feet anymore, and was getting drenched in my cum while trying to do so. It was a little hot knowing that I was making things so hard for him without intending to, but... I mean, this is Brad.
I don't want him to feel bad for her.


So it's better I just rip this bandage off quickly.
With a loud, wet, SLURP I finish the job. Not that there was much of one left. Only Terri's feet had still been sticking out of me. Brad was coming dangerously close to reaching them, but with this latest movement there were only ten tiny little toes sticking out of my cunt, while a river of cum dribbled down between my legs.
I hope Brad appreciates what I just did for him.


I didn't rip Terri in half like I wanted to. Didn't make him watch while I squished her tiny little body under my toes. Didn't swallow her whole, and make him listen as I digested her. All of those would have been perfectly viable ways to establish the way our relationship would work going forward.
But I was nice! He didn't have to see any of the messy bits. Just sucked Terri up my pussy, and she vanished from view. Forever. Never to be seen again. Brad will get over it.


What I didn't expect was to feel my body start to slide across the tile again. While continuing to suck on my nipples, feeling the dying struggles of the girls in my stomach, the fading life under my feet, and most importantly of all, the frantic movements of Terri deep inside of me, well.
I felt bigger than ever. So many people are dying just to help me get off... and they couldn't even do it on their own! That's why I was sucking my own tits! I needed to help them out!


It's moments like these that I've come to realize actually make me grow again. A big part of why I do what I do, outside of the obvious joy it brings me, is this. Establishing my superiority over so many at once while pleasuring myself... it makes me feel hot in a way that I don't normally.
And when this sensation hits, I grow even more.


While leaning back, I can feel the balcony of Terri's place begin to slide further down my back. All while I keep sucking my nipples. All while Brad keeps calling out to Terri between my legs, hoping that she'll suddenly come back out to greet him.
If he doesn't move soon, there's a good chance he'll fall into the pool with how I'm growing. It won't hurt him, obviously. He's Brad! He's too tough to be hurt by something so silly... but I wouldn't want him to get embarrassed.

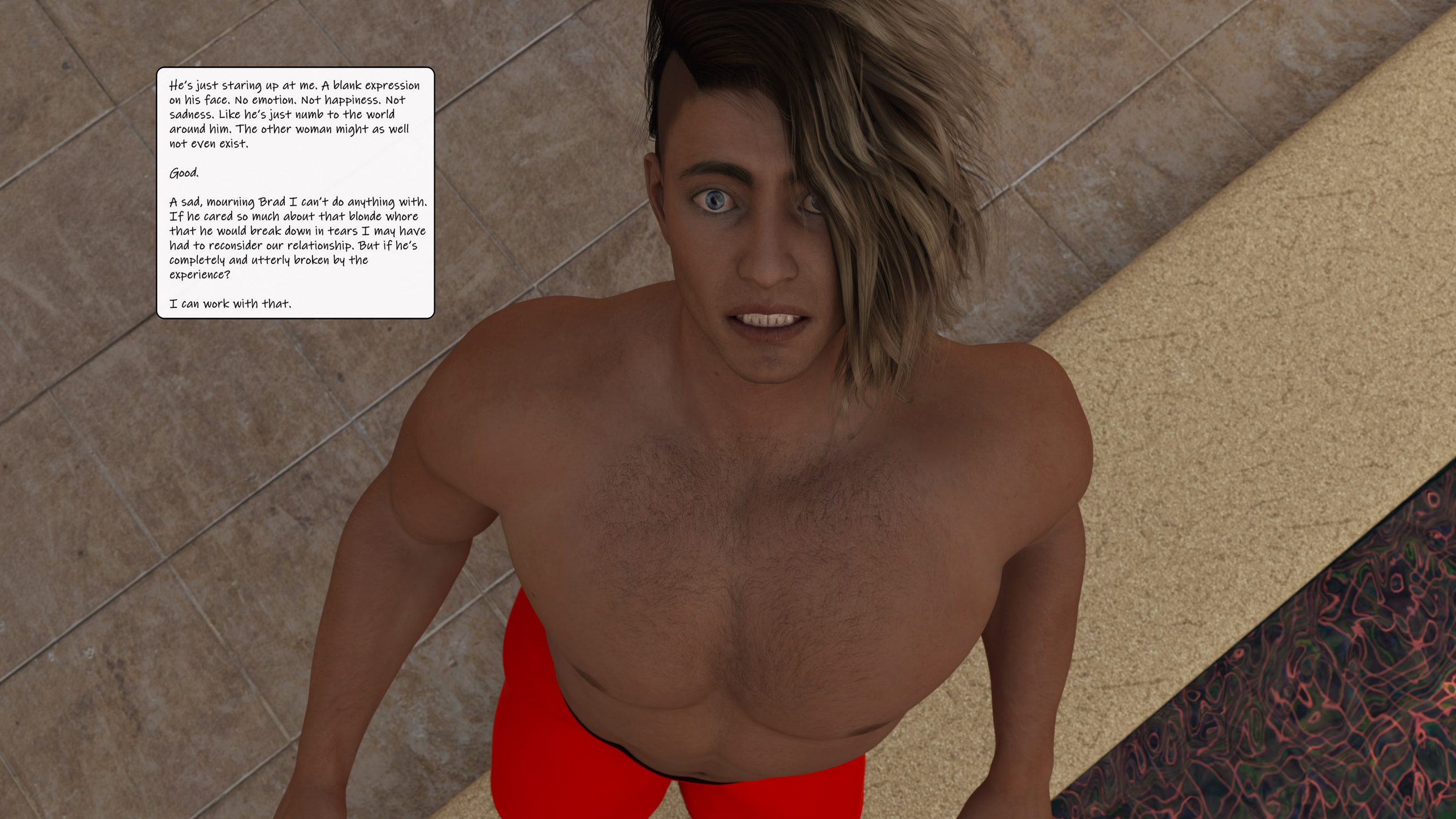

I wonder how he feels. Sure, he lost Terri, but his replacement is right in front of him. A pussy so unbelievably soaking wet that it's shining in the afternoon sun. Waiting for him to work his magic and please me. The way Terri had given her life to do so. The way that Tammy had, earlier. The way that hundreds, maybe thousands more would in the coming months.

Because I don't know when I'll ever stop growing. Some science bitches told me that I shouldn't even be able to be this big. That it defied logic. But here I am, alive, in the flesh, and with no desire to ever stop growing.


Sadly, this spurt, like every other one, comes to an end far too soon. The warmth fades, and I can't help but feel a bit disappointed. With a heavy, satisfied sigh, I lower my tits from my mouth, and look down between my legs. It's still shining, hungry for more, but I'm not so hungry that Brad's in any danger.
"BRAD!"
My heart actually skips a beat in surprise. I watch as a woman's head slips out from between my legs, before exhaling in relief.


It's not Terri. She's gone for good. It's just that other bitch that was hiding between my legs with Brad when I took a seat. She's on her hands and knees, looking up at me and trying to decide what to do, but Brad doesn't pay her any mind.
I figured there are two ways I could go from here. Option A, I just pick him up and kidnap him. I keep him in my bedroom and use him as my little toy, like I've done with so many girls. Hell, I could just use him as my personal dildo right now. Brad might not like it... But it's not like he could do anything about it!
And then, there's option B... Resist every urge that I have in my body, and let him go. Walk away. Let him come to me. In other words, the perfect romance!
Brad is lucky that my pussy just swallowed Terri, or else there's no way in hell that I'd have the self-control to go with Option B.

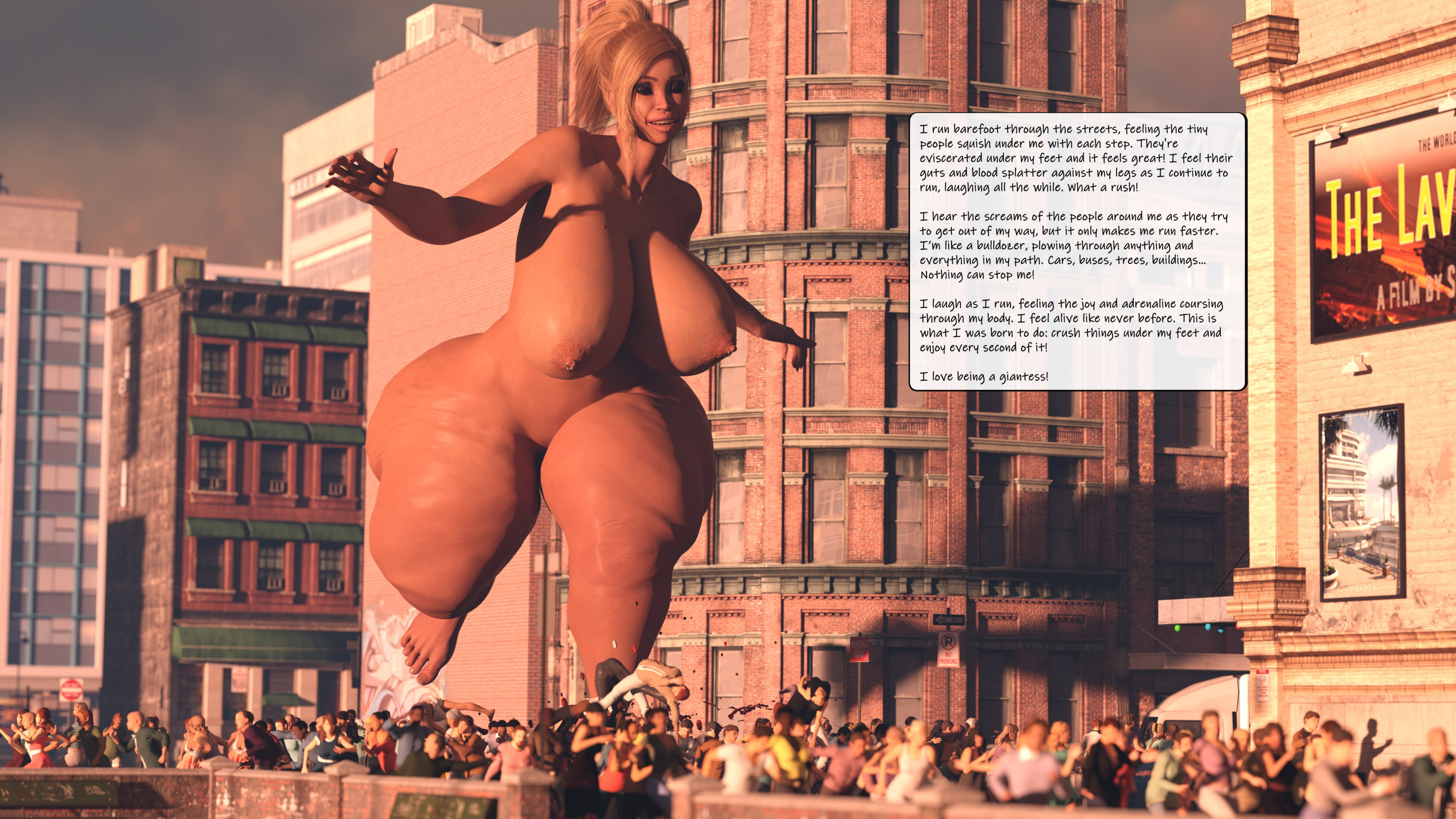

"It's getting late," I say. "I should be going soon." He doesn't say anything back.
I stand up in the pool. The two long-since drowned bodies under my toes are completely and utterly crushed, staining the pool a deep red while I step out of it. And the girl who'd just called out to him?
I used my giant ass to pick her up, and kept her pinned between the cheeks when I stood up.
"Thanks for the party, Terri!" I said down to my pussy, giving it a light slap before standing again. Then I looked down at the dreamboat. "Did you have fun, Brad?" I asked him, but once again he didn't say a word.


He's just staring up at me. A blank expression on his face. No emotion. Not happiness. Not sadness. Like he's just numb to the world around him. The other woman might as well not even exist.
Good.
A sad, mourning Brad I can't do anything with. If he cared so much about that blonde whore that he would break down in tears I may have had to reconsider our relationship. But if he's completely and utterly broken by the experience?
I can work with that.


If he's really, truly broken, then I can pick up all the pieces and sculpt him into the perfect boyfriend. Right now, Brad is right where I want him: in the shadow of my big, fat ass. Staring up with a mix of awe and fear that I only imagine must be intoxicating. It's only a matter of time until he comes crawling to me now. I mean, how could he resist me?


The girl who's wedged in my ass cheeks starts screaming for help, begging Brad to do something to save her, but he just keeps standing there motionless and looks up at me. I take the opportunity to blow him a kiss.
He doesn't reciprocate it, but I don't care. This is just the first step in my plan to seduce that little cutie.


I walk away, making sure to sway my hips and jiggle my ass with every step. I wave goodbye. I try to play it cool, but I'm so happy that I can barely contain myself! I'm so excited that I want to run through the streets naked, squishing people under my bare feet with every step. And you know what? Forget my shoes, I think I'll do just that!


I run barefoot through the streets, feeling the tiny people squish under me with each step. They're eviscerated under my feet and it feels great! I feel their guts and blood splatter against my legs as I continue to run, laughing all the while. What a rush!
I hear the screams of the people around me as they try to get out of my way, but it only makes me run faster. I'm like a bulldozer, plowing through anything and everything in my path. Cars, buses, trees, buildings... Nothing can stop me!
I laugh as I run, feeling the joy and adrenaline coursing through my body. I feel alive like never before. This is what I was born to do: crush things under my feet and enjoy every second of it!
I love being a giantess!
THE LAV
ONE WAY
NO PARKING


The End