
Big Booty Bully
Part 3


Redfiredog
EmmaGear


"You remember what we agreed upon, right Brad? I said no peeking!"
I can't believe this guy! I mean, I know I'm hot and all but he should really practice more self control! Always watching everything I do, looking up to me. God. He's lucky I'm just as obsessed with him or I might actually find that kinda thing creepy!


Oh... who am I kidding.
At the end of the day, I just can't stay mad at him. Brad just... he just gets me, you know? I've never felt as strong a connection with anyone like this before. He's loving, encouraging, and always tries to be involved in my life. He's so responsible, too! Always asking about how his old place is doing, and saying he wants to visit it again sometime. Telling me that he has a cat that he has to feed so I should let him go home. Ha! Little does he know I looked into it, and his cat ran away. So no worries!
"S-Stacey?"
"Yes, Brad?" I answered, feeling my heart skip a beat.
"So, when can I..."



"Ugh." I groaned, looking back at him. "This again? I already told you, Brad! You can't go home until things settle down a bit! I already bought out your apartment and sold it to someone else, anyway. There's no home to go back to! And you already have everything you need here with me!"

That's only half-true, of course. I sold all his belongings, too. Not that I needed the money or anything, I just didn't want him to be tied down to any of his old stuff! All I need from him is his winning personality and that big, meaty cock of his...

Unless... he didn't actually want to go back home. Maybe that's just his way of saying something else...? Of course! How could I be so stupid! He doesn't want to go home back to his dumb old apartment. That's just some place he was staying at while going to that dumb college! He must mean back to the place he lived before! To meet his parents, and...

"Aw, you're so sweet..." I can't help but say aloud, impressed with his foresight. "But we can worry about that later. Tonight's an important night!"


Saying this, I turned around to sit down onto my bed. I really can't believe what they've done to this fucking thing lately. Used to be I could lay down in this and actually get a good night's rest! And it was actually comfortable! But somehow nobody had the foresight to keep getting this reinforced and made bigger as I've continued to grow. Like, what the fuck are they thinking? Obviously I was going to grow more! It's the greatest thing in the world, and I can afford it, so why wouldn't I? Ugh. Some people.
"STACEY- LOOK OUT!"
"Hm?"



BOOM

"Oops!"

Right before I dropped my ass onto the tortured bed I saw the lighting in my room start to flicker. For a moment I wondered what was going on, before realizing I'd bumped into the light next to my bed... well, seat now, and it was wobbling on its unstable frame.

Brad didn't much appreciate it. Not much of a thrillseeker, really. He keeps trying to get me to stay home and do nothing all day with him! I've been holding back on my trips to the city so I can spend more time with him, but I really do miss it sometimes. It also just makes it a tad more irritating when he complains about things here as well. As if he can't handle silly little things like falling off a light. What a goofy little guy.

"See? You're alright." I tell him, watching as the light rocks back and forth before gradually beginning to stabilize. "I know I've squished a lot of people with this big, sexy butt of mine, but I've already told you that so long as we're together you're never going to be one of them."



If he responds I don't hear it. I just dropped my ass onto the bed, and it groans under my weight. The entire thing wobbles before I can feel my weight sink into the cushions, and feel my feet slide across the floor. The entire room shakes, and the light bounces in place as I make myself comfortable when an intrusive thought hits.

"Unless... you've changed your mind about that?"

"NO!"

"Fine, fine." Hmph. He'll get over it eventually. There's nothing more romantic than couples doing stuff together, and I want him to watch me crush buses and cars with this same ass for fun. Who knows, maybe if he likes it enough he'll be interested in biting the bullet and sampling things himself! "Anyway, what should we do first?"


But for whatever reason, Brad doesn't say much of anything. He just keeps kneeling there, shaking like he's scared of falling off. It was just a joke, geez!
"Brad?"
"You're... You're not going to squish me?" He suddenly says, unable to meet my gaze. "Right, Stacey?"
"See, this is why I took you out of that stupid college you were going to." I reminded him. "You're just not very smart, Brad. But that's okay! You're a looker, not a thinker. Not everyone can have both brains and beauty like me! You're more useful as my pet. And my future husband."


I blow him a kiss, and wait for him to do the same back... but he doesn't move.
"Oh, I see how it is. Not really interested in foreplay right now, are you?" I said, leaning over and reaching an arm for him. "That's okay! I don't like wasting time with that stuff, either."
"S-STACEY! WAIT, DON'T SQUISH-"
"I know you love this 'Please don't squish me' game, Brad, but I'm really not interested in doing that to you. I only squish the people who deserve it. Like... people who make me mad. And you can't make me mad! You would never talk back to me, or stand in my way, or say you didn't like me, or walk too slow in front of me. You love me, and I love you, so you have nothing to fear."
"I... I don't?"


"Of course not!" I say, not able to stop from smiling at the stupid question. "Have you seen what happens to people after I step on them? Or sit on them? They get all gross and red and mushy. I'm not into dating a red smear, no matter how fun it is to turn people into that."
He doesn't seem to be particularly happy about that. Not sure why. You know what they say about men though. They love to bottle up those emotions!
"I guess what I'm saying is, your body is perfect the way it is. Now let me get a hand on those big, strong muscles of yours."


I may look NICE
but
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I Make The
If you don't lik
THEN YOU CAN KI
MY BIG FAT ASS
He flinches when I reach for him, but he knows better than to fight back by now. Bad things happen to people who fight back, even if it's not always intentional.
"See? That wasn't so bad, was it?"
Brad doesn't say anything as I picked him up from that flimsy light stand and readjust myself on the bed. The entire thing creaks loudly as I do so, and he can only draw his eyes back down to the ground far below.
"I'm not getting rid of you for anything, Brad. We'll be spending the rest of our lives together! You and me, in perfect marital bliss! After we get that made official and stuff, of course."


"With you..." Brad repeats, his voice trailing off as he looks back up to me.
"Yeah, Brad! I've never been in a real relationship before. Every time I tried, I squished them before we even got to second base. It's kind of a big problem for me... but you're different! Those other guys were tiny, and, I mean, you're tiny too, but look how strong you are! Those muscles of yours make you capable of surviving anything, I'm sure of it!'
"Forever..." He says slowly, before sighing in my hand.


"Oh, I know. It's hard to believe, isn't it? Hell, I can hardly believe it myself!" I say, stroking a finger along his back as I do so. "It's almost too perfect, isn't it? Two old sweethearts from different worlds winding up with one another? It's like something from an old movie! But like, a good old movie. Something in color! Like There's Something About Mary!"


"Brad."
He looks up at me, just in time for me to bring him back up to my face. I can feel my lips sink into his entire face back as he gasps in surprise, and tries to hug my face with his arms. He makes some weird whimpering noises as we lock lips and tries to hug me, which is so cute. He's so horny he can barely handle himself! But I think I love the taste of his skin too much to pull back.



His movements start to pick up speed. His weird moans grow louder and more frequent, his hands sink into my cheeks as he pushes at my face more frantically, and it sounds like he's gasping for breath every couple of seconds. I would be worried, but he's not really pulling himself away from the kiss, either. To me that says he's probably just super turned on and doesn't want to let go.

Which I'm more than fine with. This is the kind of moment I've always wanted to share with him. The two of us in the privacy of my own bedroom, with no one around to say anything to us. No one to complain about how I sat on their family business, or crushed something they cared about. Just me and him, sharing a moment. It's...

It's making me hungry. Not just for food, no. But also for him.


"Brad...?" I whispered, pulling him away from my face as he sputtered for air. "I'm kinda hungry. You don't mind if I taste you, right? I promise not to swallow."
He starts to say something, but his face is covered in my spit. I'm pretty sure it was going to be something positive though. I told him I wasn't going to swallow him, so he knows that means he'll be safe. What reason would he possibly have to object?


I opened my mouth, and shoved Brad between my lips face-first. As soon as he's inside he starts making these loud noises, and it just turns me on even more. To think that he's so into me he's going feral the second he gets to be inside of my mouth is really, really hot! This is why I like him! He's considerate, and he really knows how to show his love and appreciation for a woman.
But sometimes it's just not enough. I have needs too, and while I'm confident he can fill them, I also don't have all night. He needs some help, and that's okay.


Pursing my lips, I give him a powerful suck and feel half his body immediately vanish inside of my mouth. It actually caught me off guard it happened so quickly, and if I hadn't been holding his legs I think I might have accidentally swallowed him! He certainly starts screaming like other people I've eaten, but he'll be fine. I know because there's one part of his body that can't tell a lie. One part that lets me know how excited he really is.



I know a lot about men. Tons. Too much, even. I know what they want, what they look for, and I have it. He can scream and cry all he wants, but at the end of the day if his cock is hard then he's into it! He's not fully hard yet, but that's nothing a little tongue won't fix. And like, obviously I'm into it, so why not give him a bit more?

Moaning, I tilt my head back, and let more of his tiny little form slide into my mouth. I could just let him lie there, but I want him to feel it, too. I suck on his entire upper body, encouraging him to make out with my tongue since it's probably the closest we can get to actual kissing. His face tastes suspiciously salty. Particularly around his eyes, but maybe I'm just imagining things.



As hot as Brad is, and as much as I'd love to continue kissing him right on his sexy little mouth, it's only an appetizer. It is not the main attraction. No, that would be the huge cock he's always carrying around. Teasing me with it. Begging me to look at it. Expecting me to not suck it at every opportunity? What a tease. GOD he's hot!

I love growing bigger. It's one of the best parts of this whole being a giant thing. But if there's one thing I can say I don't like it's that Brad's cock keeps getting smaller every time I do. Six more feet for me is wonderful, but then Brad's cock loses another centimeter in exchange. I can't help but worry it won't be long at all before I can barely feel the thing. It'll still be huge next to other guys, but I'd like to enjoy it all I can before it's the size of a grain of rice to me.



I pull his entire body out of my mouth, before sliding it back inside. Treating his entire body like a dick is something else, and it squeezes his actual cock along my tongue at the same time. It's an unbelievable feeling, and for a moment a stray thought enters my mind.

What if I actually swallowed him?

It would be so romantic. So completely beautiful, wouldn't it? He would give himself up for me. All of him. We would become like one, and is there any show of love more genuine than that? I slid his body further down my throat until only his toes were sticking out from my tongue, and let the idea settle...

Before it was violently rejected.


I can hardly believe that I'd just thought about that. The thoughts are coming to me more often with every passing day. I love Brad, but sometimes I feel like he's not putting 110% into this relationship like I am. During those moments of weakness I think of what it would be like to rid myself of him and try my hand at being a bachelorette for a change of pace.
Sighing, I pull him out of my mouth, and let him dangle upside-down in my hand. His entire body is shiny and glistening, almost sparkling in the light of my bedroom. He looks extra tasty like this, and his cock is sticking right up, begging me to taste it again. It's just another fact of life I have to contend with when we play like this. Men and their stupid refractory periods! He is literally incapable of being horny 24/7, and that's not his fault! That's no reason to eat him!


Relationships are about compromise! I mean, look at me? I'm a perfect ten out of ten. Hot, rich, famous, and I get off on killing people. Dozens, if not hundreds every day. I do it because I can afford to. It's a luxury nobody else in this entire stupid world has. And honestly? I kind of fucking love it. Sucking Brad's cock is nice and all, but it would be even hotter if I could do it while crushing a dozen people under my ass.
Brad doesn't like that, though. So I resist. I hold back on those urges for my beloved! Because I know that it's not as much of a turn on for him as it is for me! And that's... that's okay. I hold back for his sake... when he's not around... or if I think I can keep quiet... and he gets to have his dick sucked more frequently to make up for it! Something that I still love to do. Even if I'm not turning a bunch of people into bloodstains while I do it.



I guide his cock into my mouth, and latch onto it tightly. Wasting no time at all I start sucking, though not as hard as I'd have liked. At the end of the day no matter how much I want it and how much he wants it he's still a fragile little guy. I can't go sucking his cock clean off of his body because I'm turned on.

Even so, I'm surprised at just how big this thing is. I knew as soon as I'd laid eyes on Brad he had to have a big one, but he's about the size of my hand now and his cock is still a pretty sizable thing inside of my mouth! It's almost enough to get me off all its own.



Almost...

Brad has tried talking me out of this before. It's kind of his thing. I think he's kind of jealous that other people get to be part of our sex life. I've tried telling him the others were purely to help me get off since he can't be everywhere at once, but he insists that I not bring anyone else into this! It didn't matter that I'd make sure nobody survived afterwards as proof they didn't mean anything to me. That only seemed to make him more upset.

So I came up with this stroke of genius. Instead of getting random people to help us out... I make sure that I only get women! That way he knows he has nothing to worry about! I mean, obviously I'm into guys, right? I only fuck girls to get off, so he can rest assured I don't look at them that way! The two tiny bitches I have in my pussy and ass? They're disposable! They're just toys!


He would protest that much too, which makes sense. I guess. He's just got too big a heart! Doesn't like it when I crush people for fun. What a sweetie. But I'm an independent woman, and at the end of the day he can't control me, and it was a good compromise.
With a wet pop! I let his cock slide out from my mouth and let him dangle upside-down in front of me. His little chest is rising and falling as he pants, and I give his cock one last lick to tease him, and watch him squirm.
"Brad...? Do you think we could... you know?"
His eyes go wide. He knows what I want. I know he wants it too, but he's scared.


"I promise I'll be more careful this time, okay? I've had plenty of practice! You have nothing to worry about!" I tell him while bringing him down to my pussy. In the process I make sure to slide him over my tits so he gets the chance to cop a feel and keep him in a state of arousal.
After Brad and I first got together... There was an incident. I let him go all the way inside of my pussy so I could fuck him the way a man like him deserves, and I nearly lost him up there. Like, permanently! But obviously I didn't. I'm holding him right now! But the experience seems to have made him nervous about going near there alone again, and he always gets nervous when I ask him to do it.
"I know you liked it, Brad. I did too. Your cock felt so good inside of me..." I whispered, rubbing his erection over my nipple and pressing him deep into my tit. "Come on. We can try again. Just so I can prove that there's nothing to worry about."
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"S-STACEY? NO! I DON'T WANT THIS, MAYBE ANOTHER TIME? MAYBE-"
"Yes you do!" I said, then pressed my nipple directly into his cock. He kept trying to protest and whine but honestly I'd already tuned him out at that point. He can say whatever he wants, but his body can't lie. I can feel his cock throbbing when it pushes into my nipple, so whatever happens next is all on him!


"Just do like I told you, Brad! Hold your breath, move your arms, and don't forget the safe word!"
"YOU CAN'T HEAR ME WHEN I'M IN THERE, STACEY! WHAT SAFE WORD? WHAT-"
Oh yeah... we never established a safe word. Hmm...
look
NICE
go from
ZERO
to


Oh well!
"Don't worry! You won't be alone down there! Remember? I promised I wouldn't use any more guys for sex, so there's a couple of pretty ladies down there waiting for you! Not prettier than me, of course. But it's not really a fair comparison." I laughed, holding him just above my pussy. There's currently a pair of legs sticking out of my pussy, and another sticking out of my ass. He can only see two... but there was a lot more than that a few minutes ago. Guess they all just went too deep one after another, and now these are the last ones still visible.



"So? What do you think?" I asked, squeezing the bodies that were dangling there and spurring some more life into them. "You get a couple ladies your size while you're down there! It's okay, Brad. I know you don't like me seeing other guys, but I know that you'll always come back to me at the end of the day, so have fun with the ladies! Mingle a little!"

He just stares at them, his mouth wide open at what he's seeing. Wild that he's seen my pussy pretty much daily and it still turns him on this much.

"Besides, like I said. I want you to be the one who finishes me off." I tell him, making sure to rub him along my inner thigh so he can feel me. "They're just there to tide me over and get me ready for you."


"Now try and keep that cock of yours hard. Wouldn't want my little plaything to be disappointed before she gets slurped up!"
He seems to get the message, and grabs hold of his cock while I lower him again. I can't really see things too well from this angle. Just one of the problems of having huge tits, I suppose! But I can tell when he's lined up his cock with one of the tiny pussy sticking out of my own pussy, and give him a sudden shove forward.



The woman inside of my pussy starts twitching. It feels...

"Mmm... that's good. Come on, Brad. Fuck both of us. Make us cum..."

The woman can only kick and move around. Brad's cock is pretty big, and she didn't get much warning of what was going to happen, but that's okay. She'll get used to it in a second. They always do...


Using one finger I press on Brad's cute little ass and help him pump away at the pair of legs sticking out of my pussy. I can feel his arms flailing as he grabs onto the second pair of legs for support, which just makes the other woman spring into action as well.
"Yeah Brad... Keep going. Fuck that little slut."
He does exactly that. He's probably overwhelmed by all the pussy he's getting, but he deserves it. It's his reward for being so good to me. But he can do better. He's capable of so much! I know he can do this!



"Keep going! Fuck her good!" I tell him, clenching my pussy and bringing fresh squeals from both of my little playthings. The woman Brad has his cock buried inside of starts to wrap her legs around him to keep him in place, and I have to come to the realization that Brad himself just can't do as good a job of fucking me as I can.

So I start slamming his body against my pussy, while the woman in my pussy starts to gradually get sucked further into me.



That seems to bring more activity from the woman in my pussy, but that's her problem to deal with. I've eaten men and women alike with my pussy, and I don't care what happens to her. I only made a promise to keep Brad safe, and even if that's making me take things a little more carefully than I'd like, I'm going to stick true to my word!

Brad starts to moan from down there, so I can tell he's appreciating it! He's not coughing up blood or gasping for air like last time! I'm getting better at this!


The woman, on the other hand, isn't very appreciative. And I think I know why. She's trapped inside of my pussy, so she hasn't even seen Brad! She doesn't know she's getting absolutely railed by a ten right now! I try to communicate with her, but I guess it's hard to understand the message I'm trying to get across through just squeezing her with my pussy. She probably doesn't even know Morse code like I do.
She's doing a good enough job though. She's getting me worked up. Sweat is starting to form all over my body, and it's making me realize that there's another need I have that I've been neglecting in an effort to get Brad more into the idea of fucking me properly.


I'm hungry. But like, specifically the other kind this time.
Five square meals a day. That's what it takes to look this fucking hot. And I got tired of having to wait for stupid cooks to prepare things for me, so I've switched exclusively to a diet of fully-grown people! I have to pay a the city a hundred grand for every person I eat, but that's a small price to pay for a healthy diet. Sure, it's pricey, but you have to spend money to make money. Or something. Whatever! I can afford it! What the fuck do I care about the costs involved?
Though, like I promised to Brad. I don't eat guys anymore... at least not around him. There's a small platform next to my bed with a bunch of naked ladies ready to be used at any time. They seemed almost relieved when they were skipped over for ass and pussy duty, but as the rumbling of my stomach echoes around my room and they see the hunger in my eyes I can tell that they're a little scared.


"Only two?" I can't help but say, looking at them. I guess I'd gone overboard earlier when I stuffed almost the entire crowd I'd had there an hour ago up my pussy. Regardless, they'll do. I pick them both up at the same time, and slap them onto my tits. Just to remind them of what they're going to be feeding. What they'll never have. Remind them of their tiny little inadequacies.

Eating people used to be such a boring thing for me. But as I've continued to get bigger, it's started to turn me on. Swallowing people whole is like nothing I've ever felt. And the fact that I'm the only person who gets to experience this is...


Suddenly there's a bit of furious action inside of my pussy. I was so turned on by what I was doing to my two future snacks that I inadvertently clenched my pussy in excitement. There was a small crack down there, and the woman hanging halfway out spasms, and locked her legs even tighter around Brad.
Which is a problem when her spasm also served to turn me on... and suck her even deeper inside of me. Brad starts screaming now, begging for me to do something, but he's fine. I told him I wasn't going to lose him up my pussy, obviously. He's overreacting!


"Just keep holding onto that other girl's legs, Brad. I'll get you out of there in a second!" I say, keeping my mouth open at the end as I start to shove the first woman inside. Strings of saliva connect my tongue to the roof of my mouth as I push the pretty little thing between my lips, and she starts screaming like she's dying.
The dying comes later, sweetie, not now! She's acting like I'm already torturing her when she gets to take a dip on my tongue and feel all my saliva wash over her. She should be fucking grateful!
THEN YOU
MY BIG FA



Ugh. Whatever.

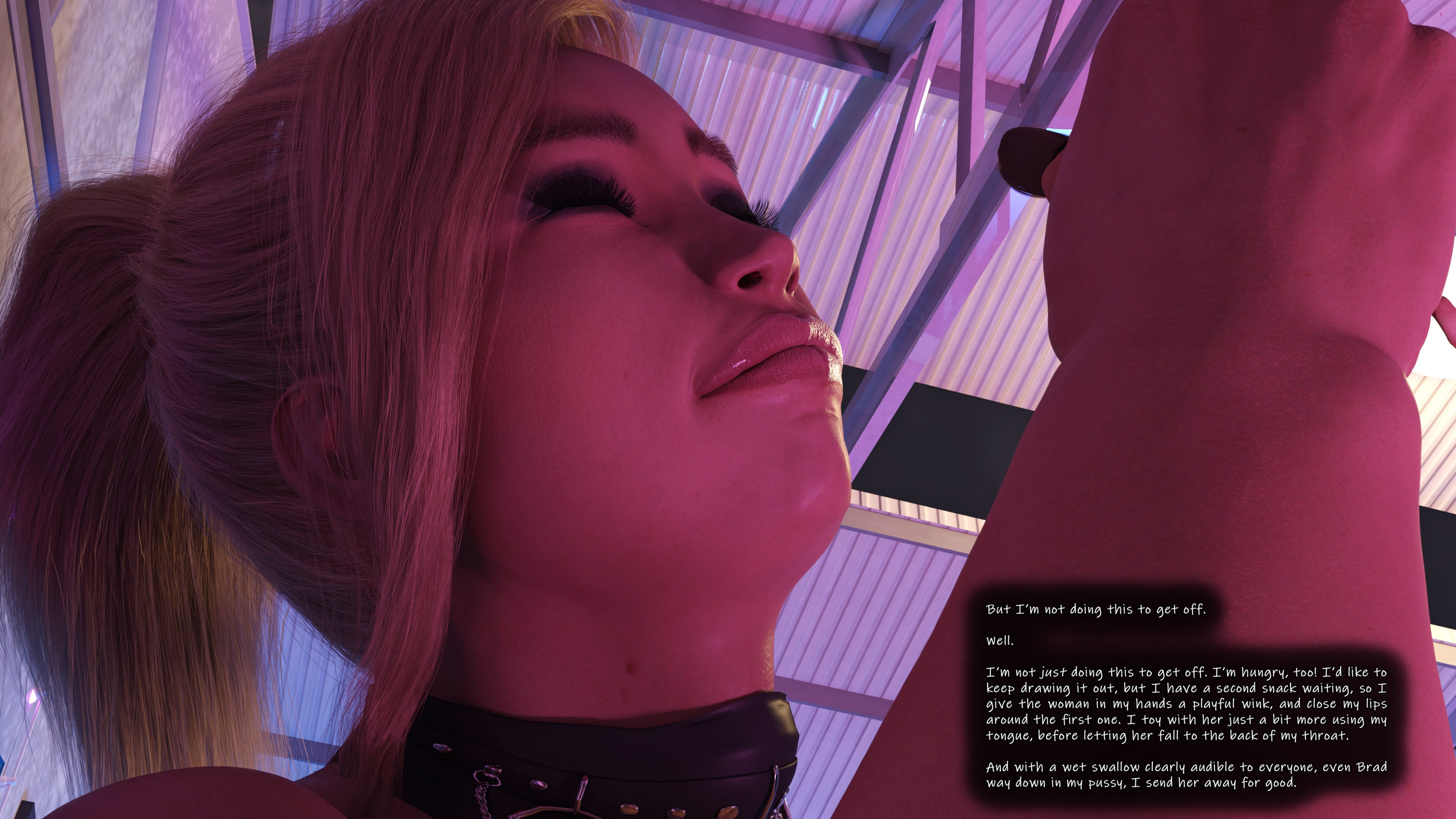
I closed my lips around her, and sucked her body deeper into my mouth. In the blink of an eye she goes from screaming her lungs out to halfway down my throat, with only a pair of feet sticking out from my lips. The feet kick furiously, but I can only feel a shiver travel down my spine. The sensation of a body sliding down my throat is always so hot! That feeling of fullness... knowing that she can't possibly win... nothing quite like it.

I smile at the second woman, who's screaming her tiny little lungs out at the show in front of her.



So... I can't help but draw it out. Let the first one suffer a bit more so that the second has to watch. Rather than simply swallowing, I let the body stew on my tongue for a bit. Swirl it around, taste every inch of her body. I even bit down a few times. Not enough to kill her, easy as that would be, but just to leave imprints of my teeth all over her body. Enough to make her squirm, and scream a little, so the muted sounds slip out from my lips.

"WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS?!" The woman in my hand screams, tears beginning to roll down her face. God, being a bitch is so fucking hot!


But I'm not doing this to get off.
Well.
I'm not just doing this to get off. I'm hungry, too! I'd like to keep drawing it out, but I have a second snack waiting, so I give the woman in my hands a playful wink, and close my lips around the first one. I toy with her just a bit more using my tongue, before letting her fall to the back of my throat.
And with a wet swallow clearly audible to everyone, even Brad way down in my pussy, I send her away for good.


"WHAT WAS THAT?!" Brad screams.
"Don't worry about that, Brad!" I tell him, running a finger along the top of his head lovingly. "Just keep doing what you're doing, and I'll get back to you after I'm done eating."
"YOU'RE EATING?! AT A TIME LIKE THIS?! STACEY, I'M ABOUT TO BE-"



Suddenly, I feel a lump of air move up my throat. It takes me off guard so abruptly that I'm hardly aware before it comes out.

BUUUUURP

The blast of hot air makes the second girl's hair fly back. She closes her eyes and tries to shield her face while she screams, and the sound of it completely overpowers whatever Brad was saying. For a moment I feel embarrassed about burping, especially in my next meal's face like that, but I guess it doesn't matter.

"Don't worry." I tell her, and place a kiss on her face while she sputters and tries to fight back. "You'll just be more fat on my ass soon anyway." I say to let her know that such an embarrassing thing won't be remembered by anyone soon enough.



"PLEASE DON'T EAT ME! YOU DON'T HAVE TO DO THIS! YOU DON'T HAVE TO-"

God! I've heard this so many times from so many fucking people! I don't want to hear this whole thing again. Oh no Stacey, you ate my sister right in front of me! How am I supposed to live without my husband? You're such an evil bitch, Stacey! Why do you treat people like this? Why are you such a giant bitch!

When I'm in the right mood, it can be hot hearing people beg for their lives. Right now, though, I'm not interested in hearing it again. So I shut the woman up by sticking my tongue out, and placing her face directly onto it. In that split-second her screaming stops, and her mouth fills with my tongue as she experiences what the woman before her did in her final moments.



The second woman gets her upper half shoved into my mouth and muted in an instant. Her face pressing into my tongue shuts her up for good, giving me a chance to focus on Brad. I love my tits and honestly want for them to get even fucking bigger than they already are, but it kinda makes it hard to see what's going on down there at times. It's only a sudden sharp scream from Brad that tells me I was probably bending him a bit too far so I let go.

One day he'll grow a bit more. I'm sure of it. Then I won't have to be so gentle with him!



Brad seems grateful that I didn't snap his spine in two with my fingers, and resumes pumping into the pussy inside of my own. The futile struggles of everyone I have working me towards an orgasm at the same time turns me on like nothing I've ever experienced before, and I pull the woman already partially inside of my mouth further.

She screams as a moan comes up from my throat, shaking the entire inside of my mouth around her. She covers her ears and protests, but it doesn't mean much to me while I bring my tongue up and between her legs to spread them apart. For a moment I actually get a taste of her pussy, and I let my tongue rest there so I can feel her try to close her legs again and squeeze my tongue with them.


"You can go deeper, can't you Brad?"
No answer. Probably having too much fun! Not a problem. I can take the lead! I can take charge! I'm not quite sure which pair of legs is his, but I grab all four of them and slide them deeper into my pussy. Every single inch I feel more of the bodies slide in makes me hungrier for more, and I have to actively stop myself once they're all the way in up to their knees.



Brad's gotta trust me, right? I said I wasn't going to hurt him, so I'm not! Simple as that!

Even if... Even if the feeling of those two fighting my pussy for dear life is doing wonders for me. With my spare hand I can only grab one of my tits and massage it to help me along. Feeling the weight of the huge thing squish between my fingers. Rub my finger over the nipples. All while I continue tasting the tiny pussy of the girl sticking out from my mouth. Having someone on the verge of orgasm with my tongue is something I haven't felt in a while. I forgot how much I liked it.



If anything, I'm liking it TOO much! I was so lost in my own pleasure that I forgot about my promise to Brad! I said I wasn't going to fuck any more girls while he was around, and I'm sticking to it! I mean, I was obviously going to eat her anyway. Now she just gets to go down my throat after having an orgasm.

Still, I can't help but feel a bit of disappointment when I pull my tongue out from between her legs, and let her slide down into the back of my mouth. She almost quickly turns from moaning back into screaming, and starts to kick her feet wildly while I try to get them inside.



Doesn't feel like enough, though. What if she tells someone? There's another girl in my stomach already. I swallowed her whole only a minute ago! Why didn't I chew her?! What if she tells her that I fucked her with my tongue before swallowing her? And Brad finds out because he can hear them since he's up my pussy?

No.

Brad can't see what's happening. He doesn't need to know I accidentally broke my dumb little promise to him. I can't let her go down my throat alive, so I bite down.

Bones crack, flesh tears, and the screaming inside of my mouth intensifies a dozen times over. Then it only gets louder when my teeth come down again, crushing more of her body. Luckily, the third bite manages to get her teensy little head and it pops like a marble, silencing her once and for all.


Chewing someone is a bit of a rare treat. I know I'm strong and all that, but actually biting through an entire body is completely different from swallowing them whole. They don't cry and panic for as long, but their final moments are so much more intense! It's the difference between crushing someone's entire body underfoot, and only crushing the bottom half. It's so visceral! I can feel my fat nipples grow stiff in my hand when I finally tilt my head back, and let the woman's remains fall down my throat with a single swallow.
"Fuck... that was so good..." I whisper, running my tongue along my teeth to wipe them clean. Not a fan of that flavor, but it's still fucking hot!



But not as fucking hot as what's happening down below. I was so focused on the woman I was swallowing that I suddenly realized there were no longer two pairs of feet in my fingers. For a moment I panicked, not sure which ones I had swallowed away forever, but the stiff little bump pressing inside of me tells me what I need to know even without seeing it.

"Awww. Sorry about your little friend there, Brad. But I'm not finished yet, so hold on...!"

He kicked at my fingers, so he definitely understood me. He doesn't like it, but he can deal with it! He's tough! And he's all I have access to right now, anyway. I grasp him tightly, and start using his entire body like a dildo. Pumping In and out of my pussy, and feeling it gradually get slicker as my arousal coats his entire body.



He's doing a great job. As always. But... I'm still hungry. I look at the huge shelf near my bed, once more, thinking that maybe I just overlooked someone? They like to try and hide sometimes and head down the stairs of the scaffolding. Normally I just crush them if they try since they're already on the floor but I'd make an exception right now!

Nothing. It's completely devoid of bodies. My stomach rumbles as it's not full just yet. I can't believe this! Why didn't I have more people delivered? Again the thought of pulling Brad out of my pussy and eating him instead runs through my head. He would like that, wouldn't he? Giving himself up for me?


But I quickly put those thoughts away. I lift one of my own tits to my mouth, which is a lot easier said than done. Most people don't have tits like these. Most people have these tiny little fucking nubs that are barely noticeable. But holding one of my tits is like trying to carry a water balloon bigger than my entire head with one hand. It wobbles around as I try to move it, and wants to droop out of my fingers since one hand isn't really big enough to support the entire thing.
Nevertheless, I manage to bring one of my own nipples up to my mouth, and latch on.


Dry. I don't know why I thought maybe I'd have some milk or something, but all I feel is the taste of my own nipple in my mouth.
I guess that'll do. Another rush of warmth runs through my body as I suck my tit, and I start to pump Brad more furiously in and out of my pussy. My heart pounds inside of my chest a million miles an hour while I start to gently clamp my teeth around my nipple to turn me on more.
I Make The Rules If you don't like it


But Brad is where the real action is at. The more I use him, the more I can feel my pussy eager to finish the job. It's like she's got a mind of her own down there! I'd already fed her with more than a few people, but when I'm this turned on it's just not enough. She wants to eat Brad too, and the only thing stopping her from doing so is my own hand.
If I loosened my grip, he'd be gone for good. I wouldn't be able to stop myself from swallowing him whole... and that thought turns me on.



I can imagine it now. Thanking Brad for all he's done for me. Shoving him into my pussy, and letting him try to fight me off. And he'd put up a fight, too! I've seen that body of his! He'd probably struggle against me for hours, but it's pointless. At the end of the day I'm the giant. I'm the big person who can't be defeated by the tiny little humans. He just has to accept that!

I tighten my grip on his legs to make sure he doesn't slip in. I don't want an accident. In doing so I feel him cry out in pain, but I whisper for him to stop whining. I know what a broken bone feels like, and he's fine! A few bruises never hurt anyone!



Brad's struggles against my pussy, the woman shoved up my ass, and my own efforts started to work together. I'm already the biggest person on the planet. I eat people for fun. I crush people to pass the time. And I essentially own this entire goddamn town.

And I'm going to get bigger.



I'm always going to get bigger. I never want to stop. If I get big enough, maybe they'll realize that billing me for crushing people is pointless, since I won't be able to exist without people dying.

The thought of people seeing me on the horizon and that being the sign they're all about to die sends another tingle through my body.



My bed was already creaking when I dropped my fat ass onto it a few minutes ago. Now I can feel it begin to sag under my weight. When this thing had first been made it had been reinforced so many times by so many different companies I had to wait almost a month before I was allowed to sit on it. It served its use for close to six months! And now...

Now it was bending underneath me. Now it threatened to snap,and send my entire body crashing to the floor.



Was this going to be the growth spurt that does it once and for all? This airplane hangar I'd moved into seemed so fucking big at the time. It was even bigger than the old room I'd lived in while growing up. I thought I'd be staying here for the rest of my life.

And now I've nearly outgrown it.


CLANG
Something unexpected happens. My head hits the roof of the hangar, and bounces off of it with a metallic sound. I never bothered to open my eyes, but the idea that I was now huge enough to hit the ceiling while sitting down was all it took to send me over the edge.
"Hold your breath, Brad...!"


"FUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUCK!" I screamed. My voice echoed around the hangar. Every single piece of furniture shook on its foundations. My entire body clenched up at that moment, and I felt the girl in my ass get pulverized. Her legs are still sticking out of my ass, but they fall still.
The only reason Brad's still alive is my fingers. They cushioned him from the sudden, sharp compression inside of my pussy. Kept him in one piece. Wet, tired, and beaten down...
But alive.



For several seconds afterward I sat there. My skin suddenly feels more sensitive. The slight breeze in here keeps my nipples hard, and makes the sweat on my skin feel almost cold. I basked in the afterglow of another wonderful orgasm, and thought about just laying here all night. Going to sleep where I was, and seeing what tomorrow held.

But more than that... I wanted to go for a second round.

I considered doing exactly that. Shoving Brad back inside. Keeping him locked away to service my pussy until I came again, or he expired. Whichever came up first.


But...
I sighed, feeling a slight shiver run through my body as I pulled the legs in my pussy out. Brad wastes no time gasping for air, his tiny little chest rising and falling rapidly as I pull him free from my pussy's grip and raise him up to my face. His entire body is soaking wet, and he's so busy trying to catch his breath he never even notices me.
I can't help but smile down at him. He's so cute when he's like this.


"So... how was it?" I asked, smiling as he gradually began to drift back into reality. "Was it as good for you as it was for me?"
His face twists up in surprise at that statement. It looks like he wants to say something, but as soon as he opens his mouth the only sound that comes out is a weird groan. He's so cute when he's tired like this. Definitely needs a nap.


"Ah. I get it." I tell him, lowering him in-between my tits so he can get some rest. "You're at a loss for words. No normal person ever gets to experience what you did and lived. It must've been greater than you can have possibly imagined, isn't it? It's okay. I had a lot of fun too." I tell him, planting a kiss on his still soaking-wet face.
I run a finger over the top of his head, to enjoy the feeling of his still-damp hair. "And to think... This is what every night of the rest of our lives is going to be like. I'll keep growing, and you'll keep fucking me."


I take a deep breath, and can't help but smile when my tits come closer together. For a moment he starts to writhe on my chest, but I slowly lay down onto my back. My tits naturally separate, and he is able to comfortably lay down in-between them. Surrounded on all sides by tits as big as a house for him.
"You look so cute when you're all tuckered out." I whisper, blowing him a kiss. "Get some rest, Brad. That was just a warm-up round. Tomorrow, we're really going to have some fun..."
XO


Taking a deep breath, I close my eyes, and let sleep gradually overtake me. I can feel Brad on my chest. He coughs occasionally, clears his throat, and he's still a little bit wet, but he's at peace.



"Goodnight Brad." I say, feeling my eyelids growing heavy. Even now, I can feel my pussy growing wet at the thought of what awaits the both of us tomorrow. All the things we're going to be able to do. I'll need to acquire more people, obviously. But I can put that order in tomorrow. For now... I just want to sleep.

"I love you." I whispered down to him. I can feel some movement between my tits, but it's probably just Brad getting comfortable. All I know is it only takes a few more seconds before I'm out like a light.


I hate the sun!
Sure, I can be big enough to step on people. Kill them. Do whatever the fuck I want because I'm literally made of fucking money! But the sun? I can't do anything about that. I just have to deal with it like the rest of these stupid little people stealing my oxygen.
Ugh. Or maybe I just hate this room now. More than ever I get the feeling I should get moving into somewhere bigger, as it won't be long before I can't really fit in here all that well. And since this used to be a stupid aircraft hangar the roof is filled with windows that blast me with sunlight as soon as it rises. I guess I'm just not allowed to sleep past 11 in the morning like some kind of wagie.


Whatever. Might as well get up. Got nothing else to do anyway.
Taking a deep breath I stretch my arms over my head, and feel my tits wobble. It's a nice sensation, right up until I remember that Brad was laying there! I have to keep myself stable so he doesn't get smacked around by them!
"Brad?" I say, rubbing some of the sleepiness out of my eyes. "Hope I didn't wake you up! I wanted to know what you thought about last night? I was having some... interesting dreams about you. About us. What do you say we start the day off right with a second round?"


No response. He must still be sleeping. How cute! But I can't wait all day! I need him now!
"Brad?"
I don't feel him stir when I start to sit up, so I look down at my chest and... well, I see a lot of tit, that's for sure! But no Brad, suspiciously enough. I look around for a moment, lift up my tits to see if he somehow wound up underneath one, but nothing. I didn't crush him, did I?


I think back to other people I've crushed. Lots of them. Hundreds, if not thousands by now. I think back to how easy it was, and how I just had another growth spurt last night. My tits were more than capable of breaking apart a half-dozen bodies at the same time before I grew. So after? That could have happened, right?
But... there's no blood stain. I mean, I've got a little bit of sweat cause this room isn't super well ventilated, but not nearly enough to actually wash it away, right?
Of course not! Don't be stupid, Stacey! Think! He's obviously not here!


So where is he?!
"BRAD!?" I shouted, jolting up, then immediately feeling a cringe of regret. What if he'd fallen down to my hips and I'd just crushed him with that movement?! I didn't feel anything, but that doesn't mean that he's...
"BRAD?! WHERE ARE YOU? IF YOU'RE STILL ALIVE, YOU HAVE TO SAY SO OR I'LL BE MAD!"



Alright. Think. I don't see him around, I don't hear him. Maybe he just went to the store for something? Like a bottle of water! Yeah, he's gotta keep hydrated during our all-day sexathon, so maybe he's just...

"BRAD?" I shouted, crawling forward now that I'm too big to stand in this inadequate room. I looked around everywhere for him, but didn't see a thing. Why does he have to be so small? Why did I have to fall for the strong, silent type?

"Are you over here?" I asked, looking around the room, hoping for a sign. But once again, nothing.

"BRAD!" I start outright screaming now, panic beginning to boil over. I don't know what to do? Do I call the cops? Get a search and rescue started?


Okay. don't overreact. Maybe he's just outside. Going for a walk. Getting some fresh air. All I have to do is crawl through the door to go outside, and...
All I have... to... do... is...
"FUCK!" I can't help but shout, seeing that I'm now too fucking big for this flimsy fucking doorway! There's lives at stake right now, and I can't get out of here quickly without ripping it to shreds! But if I break it apart, then what do I have to come back home to?! I am NOT living in a hangar with a broken fucking door!
"BRAD, ARE YOU-"


Suddenly there's a bit of movement out of the corner of my eye.
It's him.
"BRAD!" I shouted, feeling relief come over me. "I've been looking all over for you! What are you doing out here? It's too early to go out and...
Why... Why is he running?
"Brad?" I quickly spin around and look behind me, expecting to see something that would be scaring him but... nothing. At least not as far as I can see, and at this size I can see pretty fucking far.


"Wait... you're not..."
I can feel anger boil up inside of me. Indignation at what the fuck was happening before me. I balled my hands up into fists, and stamped a foot on the ground, sending cracks through it.
"Why the FUCK ARE YOU RUNNING AWAY FROM ME, BRAD?!"


My voice is LOUD! Kinda one of the great things about being this big. It carries around pretty far, and yet, Brad continues to run. There is absolutely no way he didn't hear me. I don't even know what he hopes to accomplish by trying to run, anyway! Does he really think he can escape? That trying to run underneath this stupid shitty plane is going to slow me down to go around it?


"STOP RUNNING, BRAD!" I screamed, marching after him. I've got some big fucking news for him. It doesn't matter what the fuck is in my path because I'm going to fucking catch him. I can't believe this! After all I've done for him! Does he have any idea how hard I've been trying to make sure that he stays alive? Because he can ask the hundreds of other people I've eaten or crushed what my normal sex sessions are like. Keeping people safe isn't my fucking job for anyone but him!
"AFTER WHAT WE SHARED LAST NIGHT YOU'RE STILL RUNNING?! I SAVED MY COCK VIRGINITY FOR YOU, BRAD! I CAN'T FUCKING BELIEVE YOU WOULD ACT LIKE THIS!"
INDUSTRIAL SUPPLIES
8 COLOMBO ST
WELDRIGHT
Quality Welding Products
MISTRAL


He doesn't even slow down.
So I am going to remind him of who the fuck he's running from. I'm not just some dumb bimbo who's going to chase him and beg for forgiveness. I'm going to catch him, and I'm going to make him pay! And this stupid fucking plane in the way? Sorry if there's anyone on board, but you picked a bad time to park here!


I planted my foot on top of it, instantly feeling the steel begin to bend and deform under my weight. The feeling is nice, reminding me of what I want to do to Brad right now... even though I'm definitely not going to do that. Oh he's gonna get it alright, but I can't kill him. Unless he goes really, REALLY overboard.
"Are you going to stop running, yet?!" I shouted, hoping to get him to stop.
He doesn't.
"ARE YOU TRYING TO MAKE ME MAD? BECAUSE I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT HAPPENS WHEN I'M FUCKING MAD!"


I raised my boot above the stupid plane one more time. I swear for a split-second I can see the propellers start to spin, as if there's someone inside trying to start it and get away. Maybe they were here to drop off some supplies for me, and I just didn't see them.
I don't fucking care! I can afford another plane! And then I can crush that one for fun, too. I can afford a whole fucking fleet of them! None of them fucking matter! I stamped my foot right down onto that stupid thing, and it explodes instantly, flames and smoke spewing out from under my foot in every direction.


I feel powerful. I feel invincible. The flames don't even hurt. They lick at my skin for a moment before dying down, the fuel burning down into a small flame as the plane burns. I can feel my heart racing after what I just did in a show of force... and I've calmed down.
At least a tiny bit.
"Are you going to keep running, Brad?" I asked, the explosion having certainly got his attention. "What the fuck do you think you're doing? You're just going to walk out on me? On this?!" I asked, squeezing my tits in front of him to make the point more obvious. He is never, and I mean, never going to get a chance at a girl even a fraction as hot as me. Why would he walk out?!


Brad just looks up at me.
"NOT TALKING?!" I shout, feeling the anger spike up as I raise my boot over him. "Did you not just see me stomp that fucking plane? Do you think I can't do that to you, huh?"
"S-Stacy! You have to listen! I-"


"I don't want to hear it! I want you to apologize!" I shouted, slowly moving my foot forward so it cast him in shadow. "Am I just not your type? You prefer skinny, flat-chested little bitches who can't even fill out a bikini? Is that what you're into?"
"N-NO! PLEASE, JUST LET ME EXPLAIN!"


"I'll give you one sentence. ONE." I tell him, holding my foot over him. "One wrong syllable and I'll stomp you flat." His hands are raised, and he's looking right up at me, clearly visibly nervous over the ultimatum.
"You have to believe me, Stacey. I didn't mean anything by it! I still love you, I promise! You know how important promises are!"


"Is that so?" I asked, looking him over. I looked at his face, his movements, everything. He was quivering in my shadow, shaking he was so terrified of what was happening. I thought of putting him out of his misery then and there, but... if there's a chance he's telling the truth..."


I don't say anything as I bend over to pick him up. This in itself is a test. If he starts running again, he's full of shit. Luckily... he may be telling the truth. He doesn't do anything. He simply stands in place and waits... right up until my hand comes for him. That's when he loses his composure and falls to his knees, but that doesn't make it any harder to pick him up.
MASSIVE


"How do I know you're telling the truth?" I asked flatly. "I could have, and still can kill you, you know."
His heart pounds in his chest so hard I can feel it against my finger. Something I would have thought was adorable yesterday, but now it only makes me more suspicious of his motives.
"You going to answer? Why did you run? And tell the fucking truth, Brad! I'll know if you're lying!"


"I... I..." He begins, looking around from this new height before swallowing audibly. "I... I love you! Last night was special, and-"
"AND?!"
"AND!" He suddenly exclaims, wriggling wildly. "I... I thought it would be sexy to see you get mad and rampage...? Yeah! I know how you react to things like this! And you're... cute when you rampage. That's it. Cute. Not scary, or deadly, or- Look, I love you, so please don't kill me."


My heart flutters in my chest at his words. I think I'm pretty cute when rampaging too. He couldn't have said something more perfect. It's almost too good to be true... which makes me wonder if he's just be telling me what I want to hear.
"Is that so?" I asked, squeezing his chest between my fingers. "That's all? You wanted to see me kill some people, so you thought running away was a good idea?"
"Yes? Um, I MEAN, YES!" He shouts back.


I'm skeptical... but not completely unwilling to buy it. He's acting weird. Not at all like he normally does. I feel like that's an obvious tell he's lying, but what if he's just really turned on? Most guys tend to get that way when my tits are out like this. I suppose there's no real way to tell... except to test him.
"I can't believe this. Here I was, doing my best to try and win you over by being sweet and nice... and that's not what you were into this whole time! We could've been having SO much more fun together! Grab onto my ring."


"What?"
"I said grab onto my nipple ring, Brad!"
He immediately does as told. Good. I think I'm going to like getting to be a bit more forceful with him. All this time I thought he was looking for a good, traditional wife. But instead he wanted someone to dominate him! Someone to put him in his place. I may not have much experience in that... but it can't be that hard, right? I mean, especially not when I'm fifty times bigger than him.


"Stacey?" He shouts up, trying to cling to my nipple ring while I start walking. "I-I think I've had enough for one day. You don't have to do this!"
"What? Nonsense! You want to see me do my thing, don't you? Now you're getting a front row seat, and this stupid little stunt of yours gave me some aggression I need to work off..."


"N-No, it's fine! Really! I'm tired, Stacey! I already came like 5 times watching you step on that plane! You don't have to go into the city, and-"
"Of course I don't have to, Brad. I don't have to kill anyone. I do it because I want to, and now that you're on board I'm going to go WILD out there!" I laughed, before looking back at the burning wreckage of the plane. "Trust me, if that stupid, boring plane made you cum, you haven't seen anything yet!"


Brad wants a show, does he? Well I'll give him a fucking show. But what would he like most? Like, if the plane exploding got him off, should I go looking for more cars? Ooh, maybe cars filled with people! They'll explode in a different way! Or maybe that only turned him on because it was the only thing in the vicinity? I bet he'd like watching me get something to eat, and I am fucking hungry.
And there is something right in front of me! A group of three ladies dressed fancy staring up at me from a rooftop. What are they doing up here? Hell if I know. Probably gawking at me crushing that plane earlier and seeing what the commotion was about. And now they're here! In perfect grabbing range.
"I hope you're watching, Brad! I want you to see the scared looks on their little faces when I eat them!"


"What?"
"Eat us?"
"SHE'S GOING TO-"
I mean, come on. I've been in the news all the time! How do they not know I eat people by now? Really, at some point they've got to take responsibility for their own actions. And they chose to be out here right where I can grab them. They try to run, obviously, but they can't make it a single step before I've got them right in my hand.
COOLAIR


"Stacey! I know you're hungry, but-"
"But nothing!" I laughed, giving my tits a bit of a shake to make him squirm. "You wanted to see me have fun, right? Well this is part of my daily routine! If you want the full Stacey experience that means coming along with me to find some breakfast. And you know tits like these don't come out of nowhere!"
"But they didn't do anything! At least... At least save it for like, a police officer or something! Someone who's attacking-"


"Oh, Brad..." I tsked. "I know they didn't do anything. Look at them... they're screaming their tiny little heads off. For all they know I could be lying to them. If I feel like it I could squeeze my hand into a fist and crush them all at the same time."
The three women don't like the sound of that and squirm more frantically in my fingers. I would commend them for the effort, but let's be real. They're never breaking out of my grip. One of my fingers could overpower a dozen men at the same time. And they have! What chance do they have against my entire fist?


"So, any last words?"
"PLEASE DON'T EAT US!"
"WE DIDN'T-"
"Ugh, not from you three!" I said, rolling my eyes at the little ladies in my hand. "I meant you, Brad. Anything else to say before I eat them? Ooh, or maybe you want to fuck one before I eat her? That could be hot! They'd be-"
"NO!" Brad suddenly shouted, cutting me off.

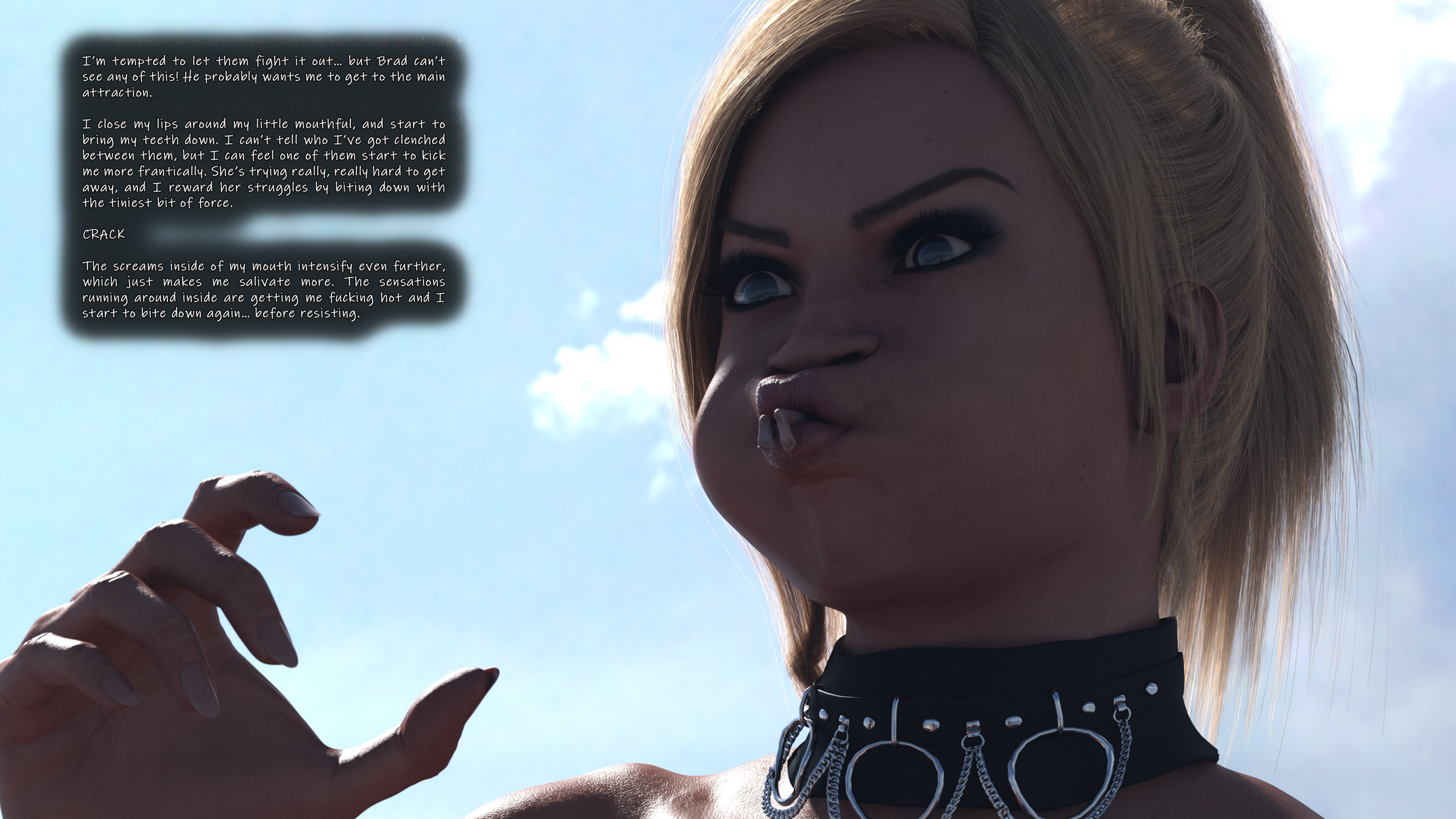


"Your loss!"

The three women's screams rise in intensity as I open my mouth directly in front of them. It feels like it's been ages since I was able to go out and get someone to eat out in the open like this! They always struggle and beg so much more than the ones I get shipped in directly. Not that they don't whine, but I guess being in my bedroom makes it a lot more obvious there's no way out.

These three though? They keep calling for help. Begging me to stop. Making all kinds of noises. It seems like no matter how many people I eat the greater population never learns. There is no one coming to help, and I never spare my food.


It doesn't take long before chaos erupts inside of my mouth. While I was lifting my hand to my mouth and letting them stare inside they kept trying to get help. But once they're inside? They instantly come to realize that help isn't coming. And if help's not coming, then it's every woman for herself.
The lovely feeling of their screams bouncing around inside my mouth are accompanied by struggles. Not just with my own tongue, but with each other. They punch and shove one another side, hoping that they'll be able to use one of their own as leverage to get out.


I'm tempted to let them fight it out... but Brad can't see any of this! He probably wants me to get to the main attraction.
I close my lips around my little mouthful, and start to bring my teeth down. I can't tell who I've got clenched between them, but I can feel one of them start to kick me more frantically. She's trying really, really hard to get away, and I reward her struggles by biting down with the tiniest bit of force.
CRACK
The screams inside of my mouth intensify even further, which just makes me salivate more. The sensations running around inside are getting me fucking hot and I start to bite down again... before resisting.


No, I didn't have a change of heart. Once I've got my hands on a person they don't live. That's one of my rules! And I don't break my own rules! No... as much as I'd like to chew them all to a pulp and feel their bodies break apart under my teeth I'm left with two conundrums. First, that would be less interesting for Brad. He's hanging from my tits right now, and would probably enjoy seeing them fight one another as they slide down my throat. Turns out they've got to be alive for that, much to my chagrin.
Second? If I'm going to be heading into town... I could use a toy.


And who's the lucky lady...?
Oh. It's the blonde with short hair. I mean, I guess that's fine. She seems to have lost her clothes in the scuffle in my mouth, and she's all in one piece... but I don't know. I thought that brunette with the long hair was kind of cute. She'd have wriggled around in my pussy in a really lovely way...
I guess it's for the best I got stuck with this one though. Wouldn't want to cheat on Brad, after all. Relationships require compromise, and if that means I stuff the uglier girl up my cunt then so be it. I can feel the other two fight to try and break out of my mouth now that one of them has escaped. Ha! If they only knew what I planned on doing with her.


I give her a quick shake while she's hanging upside-down in my hand to knock some sense into her. Her skin is all shiny from that brief time inside my mouth and she starts coughing while gasping for air. Taking a deep breath, I close my mouth and start to tilt my head back... before stopping.
No... she was standing with these other two a minute ago. They're probably friends, right? Maybe co-workers. They know each other is the point! So wouldn't it be so fucking cool...


If I made her watch?
I let my lips move open just a bit more once again. Really let the ladies inside get a grasp at all that freedom that awaits them. They move as best they can, but it's not really much. I can feel a shattered leg wriggle around on my tongue and the pained screams that accompany it while the other woman fights to break free.
Then I feel hands on my teeth. One of the bodies starts to pull itself forward along my teeth, fighting the natural resistance. A second later that's moved to an arm wrapping around my bottom teeth and I can actually feel someone's hair brush on my lip.



"SAVE US!" The one resting on my lips screams while trying to pull out. The other one can only keep whining, crying, and ugh, making a real racket. I'm tempted to bite through her head just to shut her up and stop killing the vibe, but I'd need a mirror since I can't see shit right now.

While this little dramatic show plays out, a couple of pretty ladies begging their helpless friend for help... I move my tongue.

Instantly fear grips the two. All their efforts to pull free are completely undone by a simple movement of my tongue, and they're both pulled out of the light they fought so hard to reach, and back into the depths of my mouth.


"NO! NO NO NO! DON'T-"

I closed my lips, and felt a tiny pair of hands sticking out from them still. They grasp, pull, and punch at my lips, but it's not like they're going to accomplish anything like this.

"WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS?!" the blonde woman screeched, trying in vain to swing herself closer to those hands sticking out of my lips. "YOU FUCKING BITCH! YOU EVIL FUCKING-"



The woman goes silent as the hands vanish into my mouth once again. I give her a smile in return as she goes white as a sheet, take a deep breath... then tilt my head back.

Slowly but surely, the two inside of my mouth lose the fight. My tongue is too slick, the environment too hot and oppressive, and my muscles too strong. Every time I feel tiny fingernails dig into my tongue I just give it a slight wiggle, and feel the body attached to it dip further down into the back of my throat. Until, finally, they lose the fight completely.

I could give them a dignified end, but I don't. That wouldn't be very fun for me now would it? I swallow as loud as I can. Like, cartoonishly loud. The kind of thing you'd expect to see a cartoon cat do when it swallows a mouse. The massive lump that is two screaming women begging for their lives moves down my throat slowly thanks to my choker impeding their progress.



Not that it bothers me much. If anything, that extra time offers me a bit of a throat massage. They slip past my neck and into the depths of my stomach in no time at all, vanishing from view forever. And... hopefully, soon to be joined by a lot more.

URP.

"Oops." I smiled, watching the blonde wince as my petite burp slams straight into her face. "Sorry."

She doesn't do much in return. I can see her chest slowly rising and falling as she dangles upside-down, probably in distress over what she just saw. But all the fight has been sapped from her. After torturing and swallowing both of her co-workers she's lost all will to live.

"Don't worry." I told her, giving her a warm smile as she sniffled. "You'll be going somewhere a lot more fun."


She doesn't believe me. And she's right! She's going to hate what I have in store for her, but I kind of want her to buy it? Like, it would be cool if she played along. Maybe thanked me for being nice to her? Maybe gave a final goodbye to her friends by kissing my tits since that's what they'll soon be part of.
"Isn't that right, Brad?" I asked, nudging my chest in an effort to get him to play along. "Go on. Tell her how great it is to be a toy for me." I held the blonde near him for a moment waiting for him to back me up.
"It's... um... Stacey's pussy." He said flatly.
"BRAD!"
"It's-It's great! I've had sex with Stacey before, and her pussy is the best! You'll love it! You definitely won't di-" He blurts out all at once before stopping abruptly. "It's... just hold on tight, okay!"


"That's right! I don't think there's anyone left down there... but if there is, say hi to them for me." I tell the blonde while slowly moving her between my legs. "You know, if they're still breathing and all. I guess my pussy kind of has a tendency to kinda... eat you little things."
Finally, THAT is what brings the woman back to life. She suddenly starts shrieking now that the full scope of the punishment awaiting her is revealed. She kicks wildly, slamming her bare feet into my fingernails while I drag her down to my pussy unabated. It's a bit too late to fight now, sweetie! You're going inside!


"PLEASE DON'T DO THIS!" She begs. "I'VE GOT A FAMILY! I'VE GOT-"
"Blah blah blah. Like I haven't heard that a billion times. Seriously. Get a new line already! Someone like you is definitely single, don't even try to pull that one." I tell her, then start guiding her upper body into my pussy.
"WHAT?! WHAT DO YOU MEAN?! PLEASE, I HAVE A HUSBAND AND-"
"Lying right to the end!" I laughed, then gave her a sudden, forceful shove.



CRACK

She screams, but before it has time to get annoying she slips further inside of my pussy and is silenced. I don't know what I broke getting her in there, but it must not have been important if she's still able to move around. Which is good! I wouldn't want to have to spend the time to find another person to jam in there. Not when there's so much to do!

"So? What'd you think?" I asked Brad, caressing his back with a finger. "She's in my pussy, I got a snack to take off the edge, and now we can head into town together!"

"That's great, Stacey..."

Damn right it is. I take a deep breath, fill my lungs with the fresh air all around me, and start walking once again. As soon as I do so the struggles of the woman halfway into my pussy come to life, and send a tingle through my entire body. It's not enough to get me off all its own, but it'll do.

It'll do.


Ah. That's more like it. This is what living is REALLY like. Someone in my pussy to work me over while I get to do my own thing. Hands-free pleasure at my demand. It's like I never even met Brad! I get to spend my days doing what I want to do! Even if I do my favorite things basically every day.
Walking right back into town and fucking things up.
NO PARKING


And would you look at that! They were nice enough to roll out the welcome wagon for me! I love when a street gets this crowded. People seeing me approach leads to some trying to get away in cars. That leads to traffic jams. Traffic jams lead to accidents. Accidents lead to people running on foot, and the people inside of the buildings don't want to stay inside because they know I can just crush the entire thing if I wanted. It all culminates in this. A soon-to-be red carpet ready for me to walk on.
"Perfect." I say, feeling my pussy moisten in anticipation. Or maybe that's thanks to the girl down there. Either way, I hold my tit up to get a better look at Brad and address him directly. "Who should I step on first?" I asked. "But pick fast, or I'll pick for myself!"
DO NOT ENTER
CUTTY SARK
CUTTY SARK


"I already told you, Stacey, you don't have to do this! I'm all cummed out! We can go back home and have regular sex and-"
"If you're not ready for more then that's fine... I'll just have to start killing people to get you excited. Because I know it gets me excited. You don't want to get shoved into a dry pussy, do you?"
"You don't have to do this, Stacey!"
"Oh, but I do." I tell him, letting go of my tit so he flops around wildly while hanging on. "I really, really, do."


"So? Who's it gonna be, Brad? I see a cute girl down there in pink. I bet she'd look extra-pretty smashed into my treads. Or maybe that cop car! I love crushing cops! They always pull out their little guns and... well, I wouldn't want you to get hit by mistake so maybe I'll crush him later. What do you think?"
"H-How about a car? Instead of a person?"



"A car?" I ask, smiling as I see exactly what he's talking about. I don't know if he can see the guy cowering behind it from his angle, but I don't see why else he'd specifically ask for a car. He knows what I like! That feeling of metal and a person both crunching at the same time. I don't get to feel it enough cause these little idiots always abandon their cars.

"If you insist!" I say, raising my left boot high over the pulled-over black car, as well as the man who suddenly screams louder now that I'm directly over him.


"Hear that, Brad? He really, really doesn't want to die!"
"I didn't see him! Don't crush him, Stacey! I want to see you hit the car only! Just crush the car! I'm sure it'll be-"
"Oh come off it, Brad. A car by itself is never as fun as including the driver!"


CRRRRRUNCH
I slammed my foot down onto the car and man alike. Blood erupts around the tread of my heel, splashing onto people nearby and leaving huge streaks all round the crushed vehicle in the process. The sound of the man's final, terrified squeaks of pain turned me on something fierce, and the girl in my pussy certainly knows from how I clenched her body at the same time.
"Ooh... listen to that." I said, twisting my foot back and forth in place over the remains. Each twist brings fresh pops and cracks until there's nothing but messy red streaks left on the street. "This is what you're into, isn't it? No more Ms. Nice Girl. You want me to be a real fucking monster, don't you? Well I can do that. I can certainly do that for you..."


"So? Who's next?"
I stand there for like, ever, but Brad never responds.
"Fine! I guess I'll pick for myself." I say, looking over my options. I mean, I asked him for a reason. There's just so many people! I can't decide! I want to crush them all!... So I might as well get started.
I raise a boot again, and turn another person into a red splotch. More screams come from below as the people who narrowly avoided certain death don't take kindly to being sprayed with the guts of someone like them. Luckily that's not a problem I'll ever have to face!
"See how they just like CRUNCH and go splat under me, Brad? I mean, really! How stupid would you have to be to choose any of them over me? They're just stupid little bugs. The fun they give when I step on them is more than their entire bodies are worth! Just one of the perks of being big and rich, I guess! I get to do whatever the hell I want!"


"Anyway. How about..."
I look over the crowds below, but in all honesty there's one potential victim who hasn't left my mind since I first saw them. That stupid, annoying little cop.
WRONG WAY
Bar &
Beach Drive



Look at him down there. Running for his life. Leaving his car behind. He's probably going to call some of his stupid buddies, and then I'll have to deal with a whole bunch of guns firing. I'll probably have to take Brad home if that happens and cut this trip short. And I am NOT going to let that happen.

Better to wipe him out now than let him fester and spread.



"Hey, officer!" I shouted, drawing his attention up at me. "I don't normally go out of my way to step on you guys... but I can't help but notice that you didn't bring any backup along."

His eyes go wide, and he rushes to his car in the hopes that he's going to be able to climb inside and speed out of here. I don't know why he'd think that. Like, I'm right here. He's literally standing in my shadow! What kind of idiot can't even run away in fear properly.

"Anyway, time for you to go now!" I laughed, then carefully brought my boot down onto him. Starting with his feet, I let my heel pulverize his own comparatively tiny feet and stop him from getting up to run ever again. NOt that it matters, since he's not going to be doing much of anything in a second.




I slowly, slowly bring my foot down over the length of his entire body. I watch more and more of it vanish under my heel, bringing more tiny pops as he screams for his life. He reminds me of a tube of toothpaste that you're just trying to get that last little bit out of... then pop!
So much for that guy!
79
POLICE
1975 94 PCT


"God, I'm so jealous of you, Brad!" I laughed, twisting my toe over the remains of the officer and his stupid car. "LIke, you get to see all this stuff with a clear view! No tits to block it, and you can hear things a lot better than I can. Say... do you have your phone with you? Maybe you can record so I can get your view on this later?"
"I-I'm naked, Stacey! I don't have anything on me!"
"Oh. Right." I sighed, and dragged my foot back to leave a grisly smear right on the street. I tapped the moist section of the street with my foot a few more times and stretched my arms over my head, before focusing back onto the rest of the crowd.


"What'd you think of that, Brad?" I asked, swinging around to get a better look at him, only to watch one of my tits slam into the building directly next to him. For a moment it catches me off-guard, but the bricks are ripped apart from the stupid old thing in the blink of an eye. Windows shatter, and a huge cloud of dust falls from that rooftop.
"Oops." I laughed, brushing off some of the debris from my nipple. "Did you see that, Brad? Wasn't it cool? Every part of me is like a fucking weapon. Even these tits you love so much! They're big and heavy enough to act like wrecking balls! Even when I'm not trying!"


"What do you think the people inside of that place feel like?" I asked, stopping for a moment to let my tit rest on the wreckage I'd just created completely inadvertently. "Think that maybe they regret not moving into the richer part of town?"

Saying this, I raise my left foot once more, finding a bunch more people.

"Not that I can't get them there. I mean, obviously I can. That's how we first met!" I laughed. "But I don't like taking walks that long. Usually means I can't kill as many people. And if there's one thing I fucking love, it's killing people!"


CRUNCH
"And it makes me so happy that you love it too, Brad! I love squishing people! Ending their stupid little worthless lives, and painting my shoes red. Making them unrecognizable. Turning them into goo!"
I wiped my foot back to leave a long, messy red streak down the street.


"Fuck this is hot. I'm so glad that you're into this too, Brad! All this time you made it seem like you weren't, so I held back! I didn't want to make you uncomfortable, and it was so hard not doing this every day. Now we can truly move forward in our relationship!"
Saying this I swung to the side again, battering the building I'd already smashed with my tits once more. From that alone I can see the entire thing rock on its foundations, and it only excites me more. If I give it a few more swings with my tits I'm sure I could bring the whole thing down.
But...


"Tell me, Brad, which do you like more? My tits? Or my ass?" I laughed, rubbing it into the devastated building a bit more. "If you thought that was rough, you haven't seen anything yet!"
I swing around once more, and the battered building takes yet another brutal assault when my fat ass crashes right into it. Bricks from the weak little thing's outer walls rain down to the ground and people start screaming as they're pelted by it. Knowing that I'm fully responsible for all their fear gets me going, but there's something else. A new sound that I hadn't expected.
AMERICAN
MUSCLE
Easy St
COLT
COLT


The building was occupied. Of course it was! Why wouldn't it be? For a moment I can feel what I think is people trying to get out from the windows near my ass. Tiny brushes of hands and feet, and the screams of people trapped as their world comes crumbling down around them.
But as soon as I push my ass down a bit more, it's all silenced. No more sounds can escape. They simply get absorbed into my ass, which carves further into the building as I push down on it.



"How many people do you think are in there, Brad? Or do you think they escaped?" I asked, pausing for a moment to let the dust settle. "Hey! If there's anyone alive in there let me know! This was all an accident!"

I couldn't hear much of anything anymore. The combination of my ass muffling all sounds coming from inside along with the people running around on the ground screaming their tiny little heads off is making things way too noisy!

"There's definitely people in there. What do you think, Brad? Wouldn't it be a shame if a bunch of stupid innocent people were trapped inside? Staring down at my ass, their shitty little apartments completely ruined because of me. Knowing that all it would take for me to bring the entire fucking building down is to sit down?"



For a moment I wanted to hear Brad's thoughts. Listen to what he had to say about the situation. But then I remember... I don't have to anymore! I only did before because he seemed so against me doing this, but with his approval I can do whatever I want.

"OOPS!" I shouted, then let go. I don't know how much I weigh these days. Turns out they don't make scales for people my size. And the ones they use for those big trucks? You have to get a stupid license to install one! No deal! But I know I weigh a lot. Enough to feel houses fall apart if I ever step on them. Enough to pulverize a fully grown person. Enough to feel the streets crack when I walk normally.

And certainly enough to bring a building down just by leaning against it.


The building's outer shell tries to hold me back. It's the only thing that truly provides a bit of resistance when all the weight concentrated on my ass is coming straight for it. And as much as I don't want to admit it, for a second it even feels like it might be able to hold on the entire time!
But that's only a second. After it breaks apart, the rest of the apartments fall apart like nothing underneath me. The insides weren't built as sturdy. They aren't supposed to be able to handle things like storms or earthquakes or whatever. Flimsy walls break apart in the blink of an eye, furniture is crushed against my ass in the blink of an eye, and aaallll those little people go splat with it.


CRASH
My ass successfully carves through the building, and slams onto the ground. Everything in the immediate surroundings shakes, and I can feel a sense of pride well up in me. I did this. I'm responsible for this. It's all me. All those people living their precious little lives? Gone! Just so I can get a little more turned on. And...


"FUCK that was hot! Wasn't it, Brad? I bet you're so fucking hard right now we could fuck on this stupid little building's remains. If there's anyone who survived that thing collapsing they can wait until we're finished!"
Repositioning myself I let my tits rest against my knees while I get a better handle on Brad. If I'm this turned on, I can only imagine how fucking big his cock is right now. Maybe it'll be bigger than I've ever seen! What if he's so turned on that I can actually have normal sex with him! I can't wait...!


"L-Lying? No! Of course not, Stacey! I love you! I'd never lie to you! I don't even think I'm capable of doing so!"
"Of course..." I tell him as it all clicks. "I get it. I mean, crushing that building with my ass was fun, but only I really got to hear those peoples screams in their final moments. And neither of us could see it! How could I have been so stupid! I guess they all died for nothing..."


"But that's okay! You want to see the action, don't you! You want to see me splat more of these little worthless pissants! You want to see me be the actual fucking monster I know I can be, right? You love watching me grind my shoes on people. Eating them whole. Crushing them with my tits. God, you're so fucking RIGHT Brad!" I laughed. "Don't worry. I'll give you a show you'll never fucking forget!"
I wait to hear Brad's response. An enthusiastic yes, will do. Declaring his everlasting love for me will also work. Maybe he would even pull a ring out and propose on the spot? That'd be something special. Where would he even keep a ring, though? Maybe on his cock? Yeah! I've heard about those!


"R...Right, Stacey. I'm so excited."
I expected something with a bit more enthusiasm but you know what? Good enough. He's probably so excited he's trying to keep it contained. You know men. They bottle their emotions! He doesn't want to look too giddy while I give him everything he wants. But it's okay. I understand.


"How about that bus?"
I hadn't even noticed it a second ago, but now that I was looking for something a little more showy. A little flashier, it was all I could think of. I must have accidentally flipped it over when I sat onto the roof of that stupid building and felt it detonate underneath me. Now it's just lying there. Sick. Dying. Like some kinda wounded animal. Anyone inside is probably trapped, and nobody's coming to help them.
"What do you think Brad? Think I should crush it? Well, I don't know why I bothered asking because obviously I'm going to crush it, but how should I crush it? Maybe sit on it?"
COLT
COLT
TRENZ
TRENZ
SALE 75%
SALE 75%



Brad doesn't say anything. I bet he's just as swamped with ideas as I am. But at the end of the day I like to mix things up a bit! And since I just used my ass to step on that building and I don't want to go crawling around to use my tits on the stupid thing, that leaves me with one more option.

I raised my right foot and planted it onto the bus. The thing instantly caves in from the side, and all the windows shatter at the same time. As soon as that happens my theory is confirmed!

"I knew it. There's still people inside of that bus! There's gotta be like a dozen of them. Maybe two. How many people can fit in a bus? Or, better question... how many of them can I squish at one time?"

"I... I...."

"Answer the question Brad. Do you think I can crush them all? Do you think it'll take multiple steps? Tell me you want me to kill them. You want their final moments to be looking up at the bottom of my shoes. Stop being a pussy and say it!"

"I want it! Just do it fast, please!"



"You've got it!"

I bring my weight down onto my right foot. The already-bent steel frame whines and grinds apart under my weight even more. The people inside scream even louder, feeling the walls beginning to collapse around them. For a moment I swear I can even see hands sticking out from the broken windows, hoping that they'll be able to pull themselves to safety.

"Wait, are you sure you want me to go fast, Brad? I kinda like taking things slow..."

"YES, STACEY! PUT THEM OUT OF THEIR MISERY!" He suddenly screams so frantically his voice cracks. I didn't think he wanted it that bad, but who am I to deny him? I finish taking the step as if I'm walking,, and a messy red puddle instantly spreads around my foot as that part of the bus is crushed beyond recognition.


As the puddle starts to spread out further I place a bit more weight into the step. Just to watch the bus deform a bit more, and see a bit more of that pretty little blood squirt out around my heel. Rocking my foot from side to side I can see more of the bus start to crinkle and break apart, reminding me that just my shoes alone can ruin these fucking things meant to carry so many poor people around.
"GOD!" I can't help but shout while the woman in my pussy bears the brunt of my arousal. "You have no idea what this is like, Brad! Nothing, and I mean nothing gets me hornier than grinding those worthless little people into pulp under my heels!"
AMERICAN
MUSCLE
COLT
COLT
COLT
COLT


Getting to do whatever the fuck I want regardless of wherever the fuck I am isn't just limited to killing people. Obviously not. I mean, I'm walking around with my tits on full display. Tits that'll turn heads and end lives. My skirt isn't even long enough to cover my pussy. And then there's the bitch that I grabbed and shoved in my snatch. If I want to, I can just stand here and use her body to masturbate with. I can do that all in front of the whole goddamn city, and no one can stop me.
"I hope that you're getting hard." I tell Brad, rubbing the tiny little pair of legs sticking outside of my pussy. "Because my pussy is hungry, and I'm tired of waiting!"


I can hardly remember what the woman even looked like. Simple case of wrong place wrong time for her. For me she did the job she was assigned, and now that I'm ready to really get going the feeble little struggles she can provide just aren't cutting it anymore. I give her tiny little pussy one last rub with the tip of my finger, before giving her a solid shove deeper into my own.
She comes to life at that moment. Fighting more frantically than she had been, and it actually sends a shiver up my spine. But that only turns me on further, and my hungry pussy just sucks her up.



"Almost... there..." I moan, hardly able to believe how good it feels. God! I wish I could eat people exclusively with my pussy. It feels so fucking NICE!

In a matter of seconds the woman's legs are gone from view entirely, and the rest of her body vanishes into my pussy. I exhaled softly, feeling her thrash around deeper inside of my body. She'll quiet down eventually when... whatever happens to them in there does. All I know is they never come back out, but since it feels good that's really none of my concern.

"See, Brad?" I whispered, biting my bottom lip while I rubbed myself off in full view of everyone nearby. "It's like I said... all these other tiny little bitches with their flat asses and bad hair... they're fucking worthless. The best they can accomplish in life is being my snack. Food for my big fucking cunt, and they do a damn good job at that."


For several more seconds I just revel in the moment. Stand there and pant, letting the woman's final struggles run their course. My skin feels even more sensitive, and the slight breeze outside makes my nipples stand on end. It's in this state that my eyes finally lazily open once more, and I can see Brad once again.
"How about that?" I asked, running a finger along his body. "Are you turned on yet? Because I definitely am..."
"Umm... I think you've done plenty, so-"


"And I can see that you're still not hard!" Once again, Brad continues to be a poor liar when there's an obvious sign whether or not he's excited. Who does he think he's fooling? But that's okay. I'll get that dick hard no matter what it fucking takes. I'll kill every last person in this whole city if it'll give him a stiffy!
While I'm pondering who I should be crushing next I catch something else bus-shaped out of the corner of my eye. Crushing buses is always a big favorite of mine so that seems like a good choice!
And then it just keeps going. And going. And going. No... this isn't a bus.
NACHOS
URBANSPRAWL
MUSIC FESTIVAL
OCTOBER 17-18
NO SERVICE
COLT
COLT
FRESH MEAT DAILY
$DOLLAR


It's a tram!
"Holy shit! Look how fucking lucky we are, Brad!" I tell him, watching as the thing gradually comes into view. It's not making very much progress at all, though. There's just too many people in the street, and I guess the driver's too much of a pussy to run them over.
But that's okay. That's what I'm here for!
"Think I can catch it? I don't like to run all that much because it's hard on my knees, but look at all the people on the way! I bet they'll cushion my steps. What do you think?"
INTERTRANS
URBANSPRAWL
Aspect
WORLD WIDE DELIVERY
Aspect Delivery
STOP
POLICE


Brad's jaw drops at the sight of the tram. He looks back at me, and looks like he wants to say something, but the words aren't coming to him. Speechless. Ha! Classic Brad. But...
"...That's not a no!"


I break into a run.
Or at least the closest thing I can do to a run. I guess I'm not exactly the most nimble person around, and these heels certainly don't help things. And like I'd just told Brad, running with all these tits and ass on my body makes each step hit a lot harder than it would for a normal person.
But people are like, the perfect cushion! They can hold the weight of my foot back for like a split second, and then they'll just collapse. It's like running on a pillow. One that leaves behind red stains and screaming people with every movement. But you know what?
FAJITAS
NACHOS
URBANSPRAWL
MUSIC FESTIVAL
OCTOBER 17-18
AMERICAN MUSCLE
00 NO SERVICE
DOLLAR TOWN


That's not my problem! They know I live here! They know I like to come visit and kill them for fun! If they didn't want to fucking die, they should have moved. I don't care how cheap it is to live in these neighborhoods. Like, just move, idiots!
So I don't feel bad for them. It never once enters my mind as I stomp through the streets to catch that tram. Each of my steps crunches into the pavement, and there is zero chance of survival for a person in my way. Negative chance, actually. I'm not like some kind of heartless machine just moving from point A to point B mindlessly.
FAJITAS NACHOS
COLT
COLT
DOLLAR TOWN
NO SERVICE



Because I actually go out of my way to hit people! And it definitely fucking shows. The run is a little awkward and I nearly slip at least once when someone's body makes the ground slippery, but the mstreet behind me is just an impassable wasteland of bloody footprints. I could be concerned about that but like.

It's not my job to clean that up? I'll leave that to the janitors or whoever has to do that sort of grunt work. Sorry! I don't do that kinda thing.



Because I've got a train to catch!

SPLAT

"Ha! I totally just hit that guy before the tram could." I laughed, twisting my boot over the unfortunate soul who'd been crossing directly in front of the vehicle a moment before I landed. The stupid blue bus attempts to stop in place, brakes squealing as it tries to avoid crashing into my foot, but it's too late.

Something that I can tell it's not going to be able to accomplish. For multiple reasons, really, but if there's one reason I should let it crash it's to make it shut the fuck up. What is with these sorts of stupid public transportation things? They're always so much noisier than regular cars! I'm doing these little people a favor by getting rid of them every time I see them.



The stupid blue thing tries its best not to hit me. It really, really does. But it's too big, moving too fast, and the super annoying squeaking brakes can't do much to bring it to a stop quickly.

CRASH

The first car makes contact, narrowly avoiding another couple of little things running right past my shoe. It's tempting to crush them before they get too far, but honestly I'm kind of enthralled watching the tram! Since it's built in segments and not a stupid single rectangle it starts to crumple and bend at every link, the sections in between twisting apart as windows explode from the brutal impact.

And if there's one thing I love about windows breaking, it's that I can hear any sounds coming from inside. Sure enough, every single person inside of that thing is screaming for their lives now. The way it threw them around makes it so they're disoriented, but still scared.


I love being a giantess so fucking much. I didn't even feel that! If that thing had crashed into anyone else it wouldn't even have slowed down! They'd just be turned into a red mist as the speeding thing continued to slide down the street in the hopes it could outrun me.
It definitely wouldn't be able to do that either, but it did so much damage to itself by hitting my shoe that it's completely helpless now. Kinda like when you squish someone's legs and let them try and get away after. Just lying there helpless, waiting for me to crush it.
"Too bad we can't see inside of the tram, right?" I tell Brad, looking at the stupid thing. At least, not from up here. I guess I could get on my hands and knees and look inside... but then I'd get dirty.
FAJITAS NACHOS
NO SERVICE
COLT
TRENZ


So I think I'll just crush it and kill everyone inside!
"Here, Brad." I tell him, depositing him onto the roof closest to me. "I'm going to need both hands, and I don't need you getting in the way. Again."


Not surprisingly, Brad doesn't say anything. I think his arms are just completely exhausted from what he's already been through. He collapses onto the rooftop and only seems interested in catching his breath. Not even strong enough to pull himself onto his feet again! I guess even someone as strong as Brad has his limits.


Wait.
Then he won't be able to see!
Obviously I can't let that happen. I scooped one fingernail underneath Brad and flipped him onto his back like a chef flipping a burger. He doesn't even protest, and just lies there catching his breath, his tiny little chest rising and falling with every passing second. I want him again. Right here. Right now. Just shove him up my pussy and... mmph.
"I'm going to take my clothes off now." I tell him, stroking a finger across the length of his body lovingly. "I hope you enjoy the show..."


I guess it's kind of weird to call it taking my clothes off, isn't it? Like, I'm already pretty fucking close to naked. All I'm really doing is taking my skirt off, and that hardly covers anything in the first place!
Although, I guess that's where all the action is. My tits are the fucking best, but my pussy is where Brad spends most of his time. So getting to see that is still special. At least I assume it is. Shame that my ass has gotten so fucking fat since I've been growing, though. I have to take the stupid thing off like a shirt! I've tried the other way, and that just ends with them getting ripped up and they take so long to make I've had to take better care of them.
Just another problem I face being so big. I swear. Nobody has to put up with as much bullshit as I do.

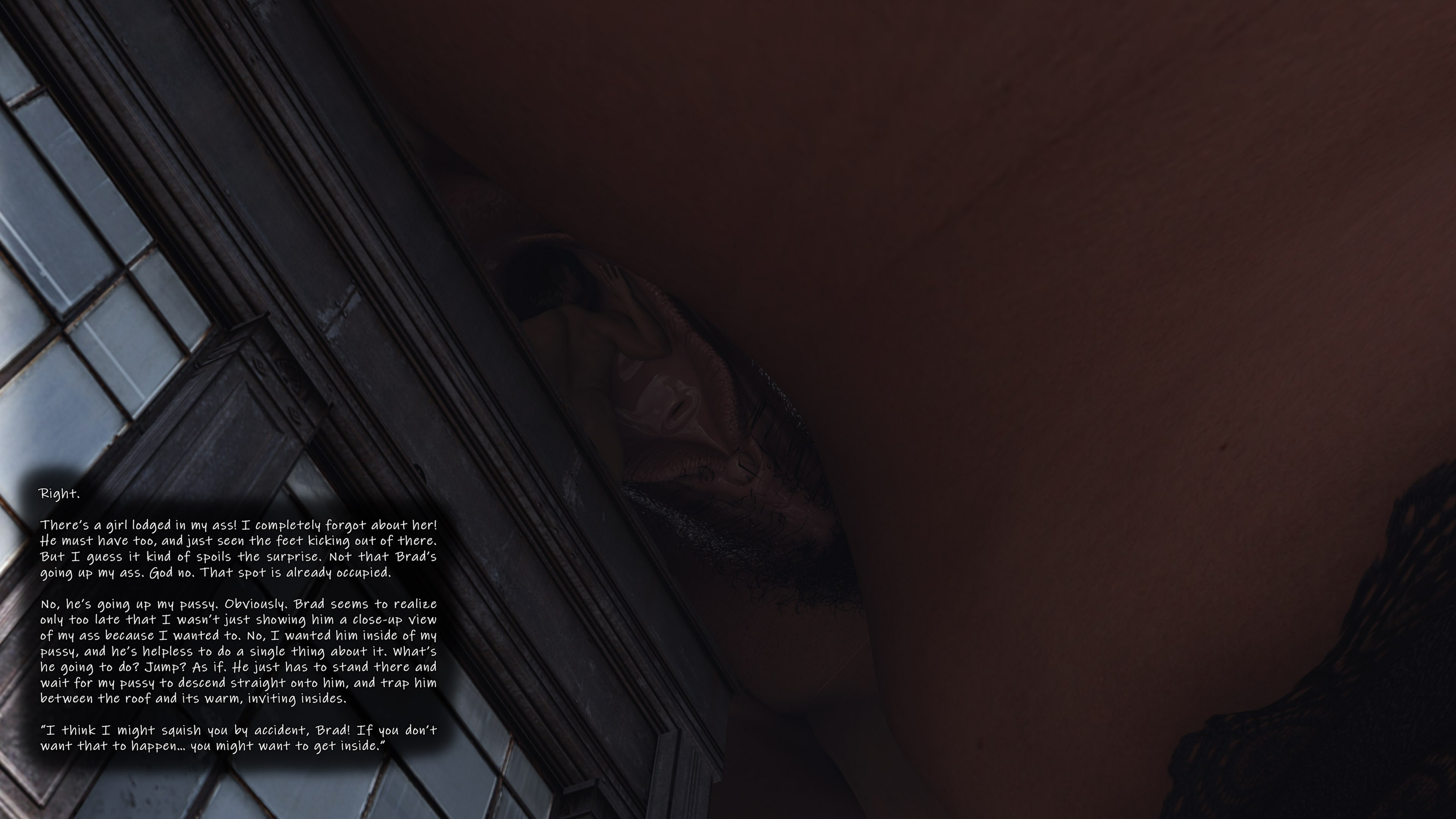

But I guess it all balances out eventually. I deserve it for having to put up with everything. I really, really do.
I tossed my skirt aside, and watched it drift onto the roof across the street from Brad. It flutters over the top of a water tower and gets stuck there. Looks kind of silly, but if someone has any problems with that they can bring them to me directly. And at least I don't have to worry about anyone trying to take it all the way up here. In fact, maybe I'll just leave it here. Just to let them deal with it!


Just before I can get back to crushing the tram I see some movement from the corner of my eye. It looks like Brad is on his feet again, and he's just staring straight up at me. Not moving. I think I've got a good idea of what's so completely captured his attention.

Raising my right arm high into the air I brought it down onto my ass with an explosive SLAP! The cracking sound echoes through the air, and every single inch of my fucking ass jiggles hypnotically. I take a moment to really dig my fingers into all the meat I'm packing back there to really get his attention. For a moment I consider leaving it at that... but fuck it. The way he's gawking has gotten me way too fucking horny.

"Like what you see?" I ask him, shaking my hips from side to side so the gigantic cheeks clap against one another. "This is all yours, big guy. Want a closer look?"


I bend over slowly, taking great care to position my ass directly over him as I do so. He suddenly shouts something back, which actually surprises me. For a moment I almost stand up and ask what's wrong, before I remember.



Right.

There's a girl lodged in my ass! I completely forgot about her! He must have too, and just seen the feet kicking out of there. But I guess it kind of spoils the surprise. Not that Brad's going up my ass. God no. That spot is already occupied.

No, he's going up my pussy. Obviously. Brad seems to realize only too late that I wasn't just showing him a close-up view of my ass because I wanted to. No, I wanted him inside of my pussy, and he's helpless to do a single thing about it. What's he going to do? Jump? As if. He just has to stand there and wait for my pussy to descend straight onto him, and trap him between the roof and its warm, inviting insides.

"I think I might squish you by accident, Brad! If you don't want that to happen... you might want to get inside."


Ha!
He goes right in. At least, he gets his hands in there. That's all it takes for me to clench my muscles tightly around his body, and pull him almost all the way inside. He screams in sheer terror for a moment, but he shuts up as soon as his upper half winds up inside of me. And, much as I don't really want to admit it...
Well, he does a better job as a full-body dildo than he does when he's actually fucking me.


Oh, who am I kidding.
I love Brad. I do. But he's a terrible fuck. That's not his fault! He's like, an inch tall next to me! All the other girls I have him fuck seem to think he's too big, if anything. But me? Well. There's a good reason he's currently getting sucked straight up my pussy with no way out, isn't there? That's not the kind of fate that would be waiting for someone who had some other value, is it?



He continues trying to fight back against my pussy. His arms frantically push and pull at the inside, trying to squeeze himself out. His feet kick against my inner thighs, desperately trying to find something to cling onto to get away. He's so fucking scared, even though I've told him probably a hundred times by now that I don't fucking plan on killing him! Why is he this fucking stupid?!

Alright. Calm down, Stacey. You don't have to be so mad. Even if all you think about right now is Brad's inadequacies, how he never remembers anything, or how, even now, I can tell that his cock isn't hard.


Besides!
I've got a tram full of people just waiting to be crushed! Not a single one of them has managed to get out in the time I've just spent with Brad, and I don't know why. Like, just let your arms and legs get cut up a little trying to climb out of the broken windows! Then I can crush them in the street instead of inside of their tin can.
Ah, whatever. Their problem, not mine!


I'm tired of using my feet for crushing, so I'm going to do something else.
Well, I guess that's not true. I'm never tired of using my feet to kill people. Whether that's marching through a crowd, kicking open a building, or just pinning people underwater with my toes... it's kind of the best way to kill people. Or at least the most convenient. Don't have to bend over to kill them with my feet and all. Cause when you've got tits this big bending over makes them swing forward quite a bit and...
Okay. I've fallen over trying to pick up things off the floor in the past. Alright?
FAJITAS NACHOS
COLT


Regardless!
The tram's fate is not to be crushed under my shoes. Maybe that'll be the next one. Or the one after. I've got a lot of crushing in my future, and if I keep growing a lot of that's definitely going to start happening just walking around naturally.
This thing though?
It's going right under my ass.
COLT


"Are you listening, Brad?" I ask him, giving my pussy a bit of a rub before starting to lower my ass onto the thing. "I expect you to get fucking hard from this, or else!"
With my ultimatum delivered, I look down at the tram underneath me. For a moment I try to consider a plan of attack. Maybe if I sat down directly in front of it I could slowly lean to the side and roll my ass over the front cars one at a time, inch after inch. Kind of squeeze the whole thing like a tube of toothpaste!
Or... I can just lower my ass onto the entire fucking thing.
FANTASY SNACKS
TOY SHOP
00 NO SERVICE


Yeah.
That'll work.
I keep bringing my ass down very, very slowly. As soon as I can feel the hot metal of the roof press into my skin I let myself drop a little bit. That's the secret to crushing things with your ass, by the way. Dropping straight onto it will only make it collapse instantly. If you go slow and then release it all at once it'll actually stand a chance!
Or at least, something this big will. Cars will just go splat! Driver and all. But this actually manages to hold me up. It bends dangerously and cracks every single window at the exact same moment, but my ass isn't touching asphalt and that's what's important.
The people inside are terrified now. Some of them got hit by the roof collapsing, and are probably lying on the floor bleeding out now. I don't know. I can't see inside. I only have my memories of watching the footage of some of my prior bus crushes online after the fact. It's not exactly a pretty sight. That's why I much prefer the ones where I can see myself doing the crushing. That's what makes it hot. Not a bunch of metal squeezing people into mush.
URBAN$PRAWL
MUSIC FESTIVAL
OCTOBER 17-18
00 NO SERVICE
INTERTRANS
00 NO SERVICE

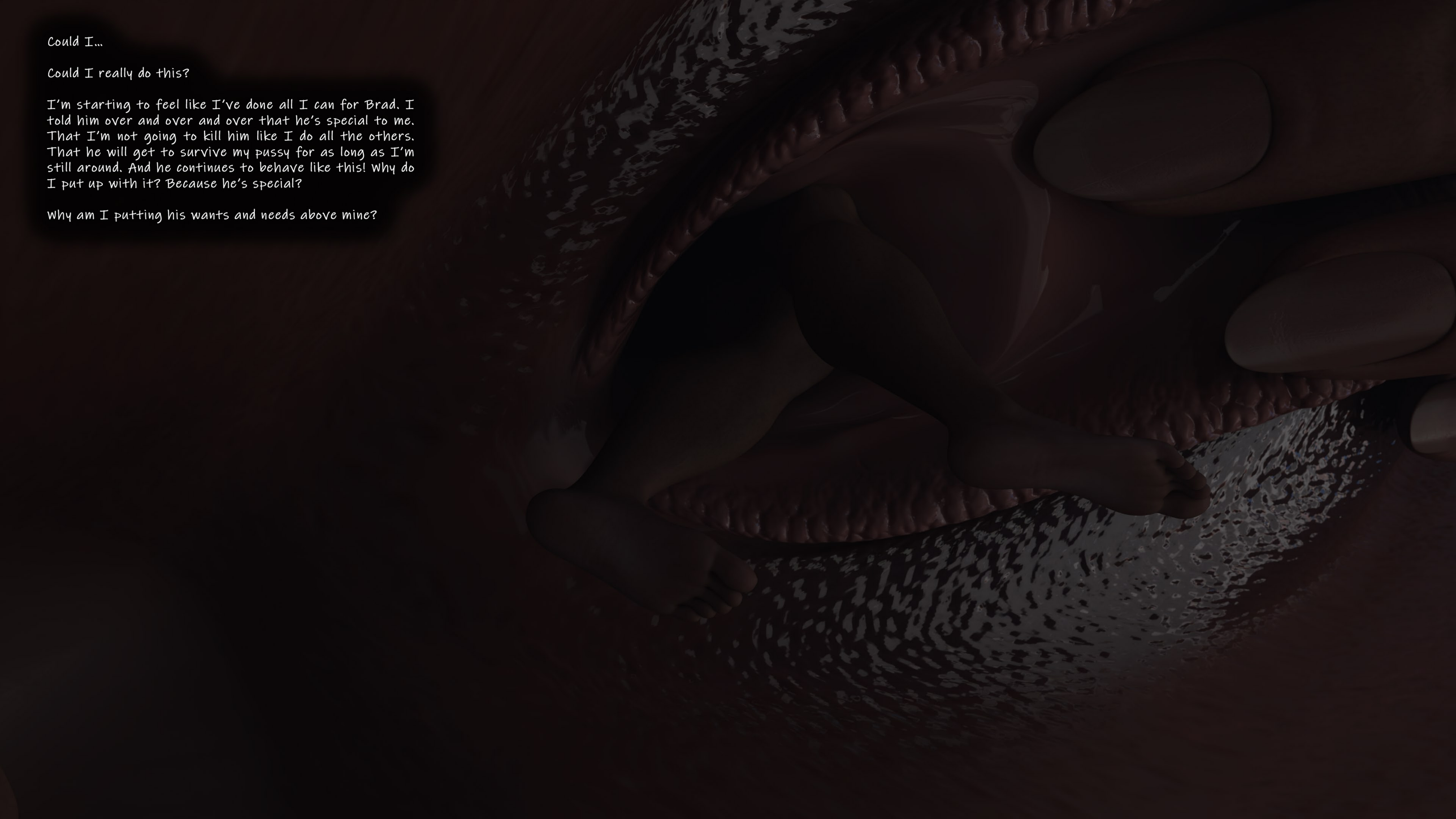

I can only hope that Brad is enjoying the show, too. Inside of my pussy isn't the most ideal viewing spot, but there's no way he can't hear them. Hell, I can hear them clear as day! He's probably mad that he can't grab hold of his cock to jerk off right now.


The people inside are terrified now. Some of them got hit by the roof collapsing, and are probably lying on the floor bleeding out now. I don't know. I can't see inside. I only have my memories of watching the footage of some of my prior bus crushes online after the fact. It's not exactly a pretty sight. That's why I much prefer the ones where I can see myself doing the crushing. That's what makes it hot. Not a bunch of metal squeezing people into mush.


"Oh well. I guess it doesn't matter what this stupid little thing's name is. It's gonna be squished in a second!"
That makes them scream louder. Which in turn makes Brad fight even harder from inside of my cunt. It almost feels like he's trying to worm his way out. No doubt to get a better look at the inside of the thing while it goes splat and all the helpless little innocent people meet their end.
Well too bad for him! He's better off serving my pussy so I keep him locked in place with a clench my muscles, while I start to kick my shoes off. Hard to get a good angle on sitting down with these platforms as tall as they are. Maybe I should stop getting platform heels anyway. Not like I need the extra height!
NO SERVICE
INTERTRANS


"How much longer do you think this thing is going to last? Ten minutes? Five?" I asked, wiggling my ass around on the roof. I could end this at any moment by just raising up slightly and bouncing on top of it. And I think the people inside know that. They're through trying to escape through normal means. They're running up to the windows and crying out to anyone listening for help. Asking for any of the people in the street to come reach for them.
Everyone else knows better though. If I see one fucking person try to rescue someone inside of this thing, I'm going to make sure they regret it. I still haven't had a proper meal since waking up, and I would love to have breakfast right about now.
00 NO SERVICE
00 NO SERVICE


But for as fun as all this is... I've got a distraction. Normally the fighting inside of my pussy comes from someone scared for their life, but Brad? Why is he fighting so hard? Did he forget again? Did I just give him amnesia by accident?
Every few seconds it seems like he's managing to worm himself out of my pussy a few inches, and come dangerously close to escaping. I can clench my muscles and pull him back in, but that's a dangerous fucking game. I squeeze too hard, and he gets pasted inside of me.
It's only a momentary thought, but it sends a tingle down my spine... and gives me a little growth spurt. Brad feels even smaller now. A tasty little morsel that I could slurp down without a second thought...
NO SERVICE
NO SERVICE



Could I...

Could I really do this?

I'm starting to feel like I've done all I can for Brad. I told him over and over and over that he's special to me. That I'm not going to kill him like I do all the others. That he will get to survive my pussy for as long as I'm still around. And he continues to behave like this! Why do I put up with it? Because he's special?

Why am I putting his wants and needs above mine?



Images of sucking Brad fully up my pussy run through my head more. This has happened before, but it's never lasted more than a second before I pushed them out. Now, though?

Now they're more vivid. They're staying there. They're begging me to go through with it. I guess they always have but now I'm actually starting to entertain it. I try to reason with myself. Why do I keep him around? I just need one good reason. Fucking one. Surely I can come up with one. I can't have been wasting my fucking life for all this time we've been together, right? There's more to our relationship than his good looks, isn't there?

Because he's special?



No. I'm special. He's just a little guy. A hot little guy, but still. Hot guys are a dime a dozen for me. Brad felt like a catch, because I tried to actually woo him... but that was stupid. Why bother when I can just snatch up anyone I want to? Why worry about having someone who loves me, when I can love myself enough for the both of us? Why have one hot boyfriend, when I could have a new one every night?

My focus had faltered for only a moment. A split-second when I realized that the best excuse I could come up with for keeping him around wasn't enough. At that moment I'd sucked him into my pussy up to his ankles. Left him a pair of feet waving uselessly outside of my pussy, while his entire body massaged the inside like the best kind of vibrator. If I wasn't going to do this I would have to stop right now. Stop him from moving another inch, and pull him out with my fingers.


But.
Whether I'm too fucking horny, or too fucking tired of his shit I can't be sure. All I know is I made the conscious decision not to save him. My pussy clenches once more, and his feet vanish inside, leaving only minuscule toes at the entrance of my pussy. Pathetically small, and helpless.


I gasped for air.
A moan escapes my lips.
And then he's gone. Vanished from view entirely. Forever. Never to be seen or remembered by anyone ever again. Except maybe as the guy that I wasted too much of my fucking youth on.
NO SERVICE


What did I even see in him? He was hot, sure. His face was handsome. His muscles were defined. His cock was big, for his size at least. His style was impeccable. His hair was always well done. He was so sweet, and...
And none of that fucking matters!
What the fuck is wrong with me?! I'm a goddamn giant! He always wanted me to stay at home. Stop me from having fun the way I wanted! Begged me to stop killing people! I'm the important one in our relationship, and he kept me on a fucking leash! And when I did take him out I had to take care of him like a sick fucking puppy! I couldn't let him wander too far, had to make sure he was always in sight, and... And...
Fuck! I'm too fucking horny!



The bus bends and creaks underneath me while I rub my fingers over my pussy with increasing speed. I can feel them slowly turn wet and get slick. Feel the juices dripping down my thighs and over the roof of the tram. I bet the people inside can see the liquid dripping inside. Feel its thick, cloying scent smother what little air they have.

Just for fun I give my ass a shake. A small one. Just enough to remind the people that they're going to die any second now, and listen to their pitiful screams. If I just fucking killed Brad for annoying me, what makes them think any of them have a fucking chance. They mean nothing!

The orgasm I'd been working towards for a few minutes now hits me like a freight train. Any attempts I could make to stem the oncoming rush of excitement is completely obliterated under the intensity of the climax hitting me. It feels like it's never going to end!

"FUCK YOU, BRAD!" I screamed, before cum sprayed all over my fingers. Onto the streets. Into the tram. I spend several seconds catching my breath afterwards, thinking of that cruel, visceral feeling that just came over me. Had I done the right thing? Did he deserve that?


Oh well.
Too late to think about that now. He's gone, and I'm sure I'll miss him. You know, eventually. Not now, though. Definitely not now. Right now I'm too fucking turned on from the fact I let the man I'd been protecting with my life for the last several weeks get sucked straight up into my pussy to die. Alone and unloved. Swallowed by his hot girlfriend for the best orgasm of her life. A completely worthwhile tradeoff since it also served to get rid of the ball and chain I've been carrying around for weeks now.
But... you know. Eventually I'll miss him.
Maybe?
FAJITAS
NACHOS
COLT


But... you know what? Eventually I'll miss him.
Maybe?
Oh, who am I kidding? The guy was a total fucking loser! I can practically still hear his voice right now. No, Stacey! Don't pick up that tram you already partially crushed! Don't shove it into your pussy! Stop clenching I can hear the people screaming! And definitely don't have another orgasm in the middle of the city, there are people around!



After picking up the tram I give it a little bit of a shake. Just to make sure there are people still inside. I can masturbate with just the metal shell alone, sure. It'd probably be enough to make me cum, too. But knowing people are dying in the worst way imaginable just makes it so much better.

Luckily, a few screams come out from inside when I jostle the thing about. That's good enough for me, and I start to press the front of the crushed-up little thing against my pussy. It attempts to resist for a moment... but obviously I'm way fucking stronger.

It's not even a contest. Just a tiny bit more effort on my part and CRUNCH. The first several feet collapse inward, while I get a sense of fullness that Brad could have never given me.


And with that fullness comes... comes...
A lot of screams. Mostly. After I got off of the tram I'm sure the people inside thought that they had a chance at actually surviving. They let their hope get the better of them, and probably hoped that I'd just leave them alone.
And now, inch by inch, I'm shoving this fucking thing up my pussy. And every single bit more I slide inside makes my skin tingle more. Makes my heart beat faster. It's like the first properly-sized dildo I've had in ages... and the screams are just the cherry on top. The reminder that there are lives at stake in this little game of mine.


And I'm going to end every single fucking one of them.
I can feel it happening already. Gentle orgasms pulsing through my body as I slide more of this fucking bus thing into my hungry cunt. While I grow I feel it start to go easier and easier to slide it inside of me. For a moment I wonder if I can get big enough to fit every single car at the same time.


Obviously, I can. What? Am I just going to stop growing? What kind of stupid question is that? If I can keep growing until I can sit on this entire city and wipe out every fucking person in it at the same time I'll take the chance.
And... I mean... to be fair, I don't know that that's not possible.
I'm literally growing right now. I've grown bigger than every other fucking person on this planet because I'm better than them. If I ever stop it'll be too soon.
TOY SHOP


But for now I can just have my way with this fucking bus. Or tram. Or train. Or whatever the fuck it's called! More of it's sliding into my pussy with every passing second and I can feel my feet drag across the street while I grow. I weigh enough now that simply resting my heels onto the ground cracks it, and is digging up a fucking trench as I do.
Another orgasm runs through me. It's nice, but it's another small one. I can tell I'm building up to something big. Something grand. And I'm not fucking there yet.
TOY SHOP


But I'll get there. I can already feel the metal of the car start to bend while I try and feed more of it into my cunt. I knew that these people weren't going to survive this encounter. But, like, once they're actually dying. Screaming for help in my fist, and getting rammed up my pussy anyway to get squeezed like a hydraulic press?
That's what really fucking gets me going. Another shiver runs through my body. My nipples stiffen in the outdoor air. I'm reminded that I'm fucking masturbating with a vehicle in front of potentially hundreds of people. Out in the open. Plain as day.
TOY SHOP


And this! This is what it fucking means to be powerful! The money helps, the good looks aren't unimportant, but killing people through the act of getting myself off is unique to me! And...
FUCK!
I'm so fucking close. So fucking close. I can hear them from up here. Muffled, thanks to the cars already swallowed by my cunt as well as my tits smothering most of the sound, but they're there. I can hear them begging to be let go. I can do so, too. I don't have to kill them. They'vee done nothing to wrong me. They don't deserve this.
But I want to! I fucking want to! No! More than that! I need to! I need them dead because that's the only thing in the fucking world right now that's going to get me off! And if all it takes to do that is to squeeze my fucking cunt then...
CCRRRRRUNCH
TOY SHOP

"FUUUUUUCK!"
Every inch of my body feels like it's on fire. The entire fucking tram inside of me turns to scrap in the blink of an eye. The bodies inside are pulverized beyond recognition. There will be no human remains to pull out of this thing. I killed them for an orgasm, and that just makes it hotter. I can't even imagine feeling bad about it. It's even kind of funny, in its own way! They fucking died because I was horny! How can you not see the fucking comedy in that?
Maybe I really am a monster.
But it's okay. Because I'm still fucking hot. And hot people can get away with anything. I stretched my body out to better let the tingles run through me.


And immediately felt my right foot crash through a fucking building. It catches me completely off guard. I thought I'd just keep sliding forward through the street and maybe push aside a few more cars, so the moment I felt resistance I just pushed through it.
It was so fucking easy I didn't even know what I'd done until I felt all the debris rain all over my foot and onto the ground. There were more screams because some absolute fucking idiots must have been hiding out in there, as if I couldn't get them if I really wanted to. And now they're out in the open, potentially injured because my big, bad foot just ruined their fucking life.
It takes me so much by surprise that I instinctively spread my leg a bit further.



I don't even know why. Naturally, the building doesn't appreciate that and the single second that the people inside had to scream over their hiding places being exposed is undone when my leg keeps moving. I feel a couple more splats on my skin, but that's nothing compared to the millions of chunks of the building breaking apart and falling all around. Some of it's glass from shattered windows, bricks from the walls, and even a couple more stray bodies.

At this point I knew what I was doing though. I'd pushed my foot into a building by mistake, and in my hurry to move out of the way I wound up pushing even more inside. Even now I can feel my toes resting on one of the inside walls. Drumming up and down, enjoying the sensation.

But I don't leave jobs unfinished.


Least of all jobs I actually wanted to do.
"Fuck this stupid fucking street and fuck these fucking buildings!" I shouted, spreading both of my legs even further and pushing my body back in the process. My feet have already buried themselves deep into the guts of a couple of these apartment complexes, and they start to get pushed over. But at the same time, my massive fucking ass takes chunks out of what's behind me, and...
I didn't expect it, but it was getting me fucking hot. This was new. I've crushed things before, don't get me wrong. Houses, small buildings, every vehicle under the sun, and even a few boats when I felt like it. But doing so to two at the same time? When they're so far away? It's just a reminder of how fucking huge I am now. How unstoppable I am. I rammed another full car from the tram into my pussy to let the sensation of fullness overwhelm me again, and...
WRONG WAY

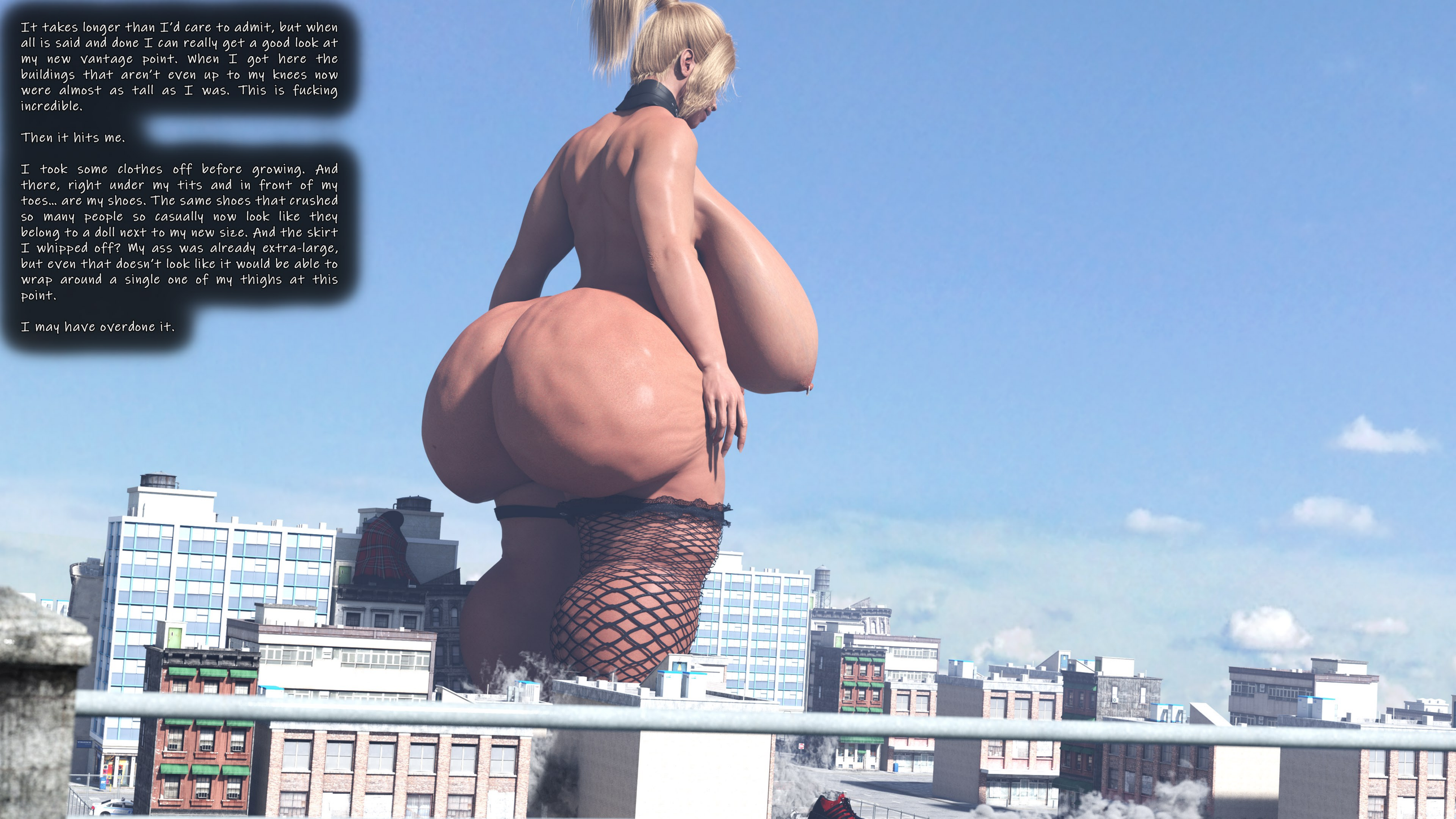

"FUUUUCK!" I screamed, my throat going hoarse from all the effort. My tits jiggle while another orgasm crashes into me like a freight train. Both buildings I was running over with my freshly-grown body face the exact same fate at the same time. Complete and total annihilation, while the debris from both rains onto my naked skin.
For several seconds I sat there afterward. Panting. Sweating in the hot sun. Riding the aftermath of another fantastic orgasm. I can feel the dirt in between my toes. It used to be the walls of that building that's now just rubble around my heel. And I can feel some more of the stuff sticking to my ass thanks to the sweat.
Dammit.
I'm going to need to clean myself up after this.

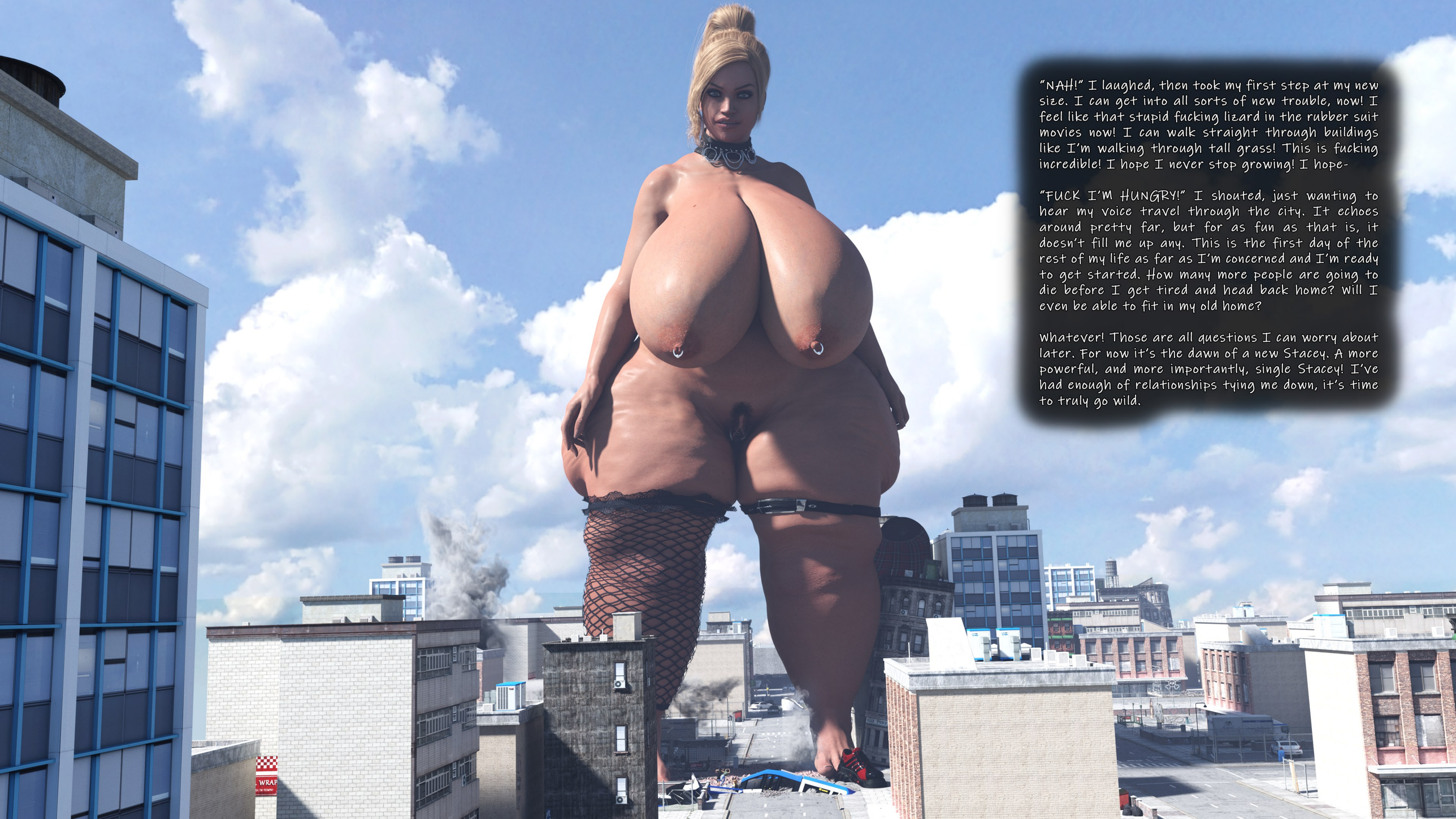

Or get someone else to clean me up. Though I'll need more than normal, thanks to that growth and everything. And speaking of...
"Anyone alive down there?" I asked, looking at the tram between my legs. Much as I'd have liked to shove the whole thing inside of my pussy at once, I just can't seem to get myself to grow fast enough for that. Hopefully that'll change in the future, but for now...
Silence.


"Couldn't even survive long enough to get me off. Fucking worthless." I tell the thing as I pull the partially-inserted car out of my pussy. It's slick with moisture, shining in the sun as if it had been freshly washed. Though why someone would wash a completely flattened hunk of metal makes it obvious what really happened.
Makes me curious exactly how many people have met that same fate in my pussy. Like, imagine if I had a kill counter for my pussy! That's the kind of real stat that people would like to be informed about. Whatever that magical number is, it has to be huge at this point. Like in the hundreds. Maybe even thousands! And I just added... let's say another 10-20 to it.
Not a bad way to spend the morning.


But...
I'm... still a bit hungry.
I mean, can you blame me? I was awake for all of five seconds before I was up and chasing Chad. Then there were those girls on the rooftop and I mean, like, they helped? But also, they weren't enough? And I didn't even have enough to eat last night! There weren't enough ladies there for me to-
Wait... was that right? Chad?
Whatever. I've spent long enough thinking about things that don't matter.


Right now I'm feeling like I could go for a snack or I will literally die out here in the middle of the street. And much as I would like for this to be the case, I don't think people are going to come running to feed themselves to me if I ask nicely. So that means I've got to raise myself up out of the crater I made when dropping this fat ass down onto the ground, and get to finding something to eat. A task that should be a lot easier with all this new size!
My muscles ache when I pull myself up to my feet. I can feel more cracks spread through the street under my feet while I do so as well. Another sign that I've grown beyond the obvious ones.


It takes longer than I'd care to admit, but when all is said and done I can really get a good look at my new vantage point. When I got here the buildings that aren't even up to my knees now were almost as tall as I was. This is fucking incredible.
Then it hits me.
I took some clothes off before growing. And there, right under my tits and in front of my toes... are my shoes. The same shoes that crushed so many people so casually now look like they belong to a doll next to my new size. And the skirt I whipped off? My ass was already extra-large, but even that doesn't look like it would be able to wrap around a single one of my thighs at this point.
I may have overdone it.


"NAH!" I laughed, then took my first step at my new size. I can get into all sorts of new trouble, now! I feel like that stupid fucking lizard in the rubber suit movies now! I can walk straight through buildings like I'm walking through tall grass! This is fucking incredible! I hope I never stop growing! I hope-
"FUCK I'M HUNGRY!" I shouted, just wanting to hear my voice travel through the city. It echoes around pretty far, but for as fun as that is, it doesn't fill me up any. This is the first day of the rest of my life as far as I'm concerned and I'm ready to get started. How many more people are going to die before I get tired and head back home? Will I even be able to fit in my old home?
Whatever! Those are all questions I can worry about later. For now it's the dawn of a new Stacey. A more powerful, and more importantly, single Stacey! I've had enough of relationships tying me down, it's time to truly go wild.


End of Part 3


Big Booty Bully 3
Size Comparison
BEGINNING OF PART 3
85 FEET TALL
615 TONS
BEGINNING OF PART 1
49 FEET TALL
117 TONS
1975 94 PCT
Juice

Big Booty Bully 3 Size Comparison




RFD COMICS
PATREON.COM/REDFIREDOG
GUMROAD.COM/REDFIREDOG
TONS OF GREAT 3D GIANTESS COMICS!