
CELEBRITY
CRUSH 11
Cargo shipping
Cargo shipping


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STORY BY REDFIREDOG


The streets near the waterfront were filled with people shuffling forward in the darkness. Feet dragged against the asphalt. No one spoke, and no one looked at each other. They all knew what they were here for, and none of them were happy about it.


There were hundreds of people all walking together in unison. They'd been chosen by a lottery for this very purpose. Only it was a lottery that no one hoped they would win. They would serve as tributes, and their bodies belonged to the Titan.


Soldiers and police lined both sides of the street. Rifles ready. Eyes cold. They glared at anyone who walked too slowly.
"Keep fucking moving!" one soldier shouted.


Everyone knew what happened to those boats. Everyone knew about Liz's endless appetite. They knew no one ever came back, and yet they continued forward, shuffling towards the ships that loomed over them.
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Every person in the crowd fantasized about running, and yet none of them dared to do it. They were marching towards certain death, but one step out of line and they'd meet the same fate, only sooner. The soldiers never wasted time trying to capture any runners.
The crowd pressed forward. Closer to the docks. Closer to the boats. Closer to Liz.


A worker in an orange uniform leaned against the railing, breathing in the rust and diesel fuel. He watched the cargo hold below as it filled with bodies. Hundreds of them. They pressed together down there, packed tight. Some were crying. Most just stood there, silent, accepting their fate.


"It's almost dawn. Why aren't we heading out?" Another man in a jumpsuit appeared behind him, checking his watch as he walked over.
"They're bringing in more people." "Last batch didn't do the trick, apparently. Said she was still hungry afterward. Hopefully this is enough to satisfy her."


More kept coming, jumping down into the hold. The deck was getting full now. Had to be one, two hundred at least. Maybe more. Hard to count when there were so many of them.
The worker sighed, and turned away from the railing. He'd seen enough loadings to know how this went.


On shore, police and soldiers guarded the empty streets. The crowds had already been processed, sorted, and loaded. Soldiers stood in formation, watching the ship.
The cargo ship's horn blasted, and the engines rumbled to life beneath the deck.


Slowly, the vessel pulled away from the dock, joining several others departing from nearby. The police and soldiers remained at attention, watching it drift away. They knew that the people they helped load onto those ships wouldn't be coming back. All of the ships before had come back empty, and this would be no exception. And then there were the ones that never came back at all...
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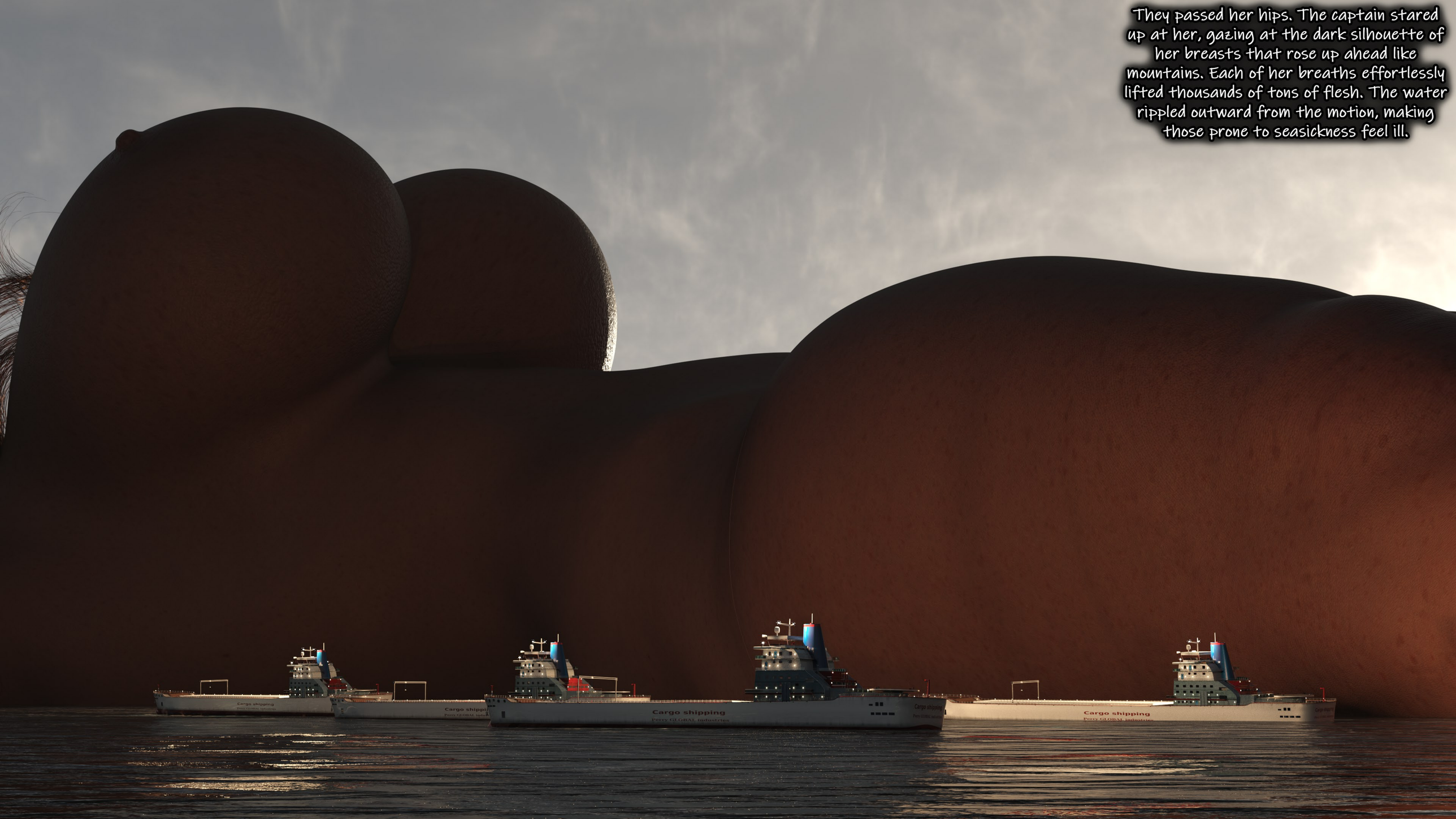

The fleet of ships sailed into the ocean, their horns echoing across the black water. Four vessels, each carrying loads of human cargo.
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The captain of the lead ship gripped the wheel with white knuckles. Aside from the low hum of the ship, it was eerily silent.
They sailed out into deeper waters. The smoke from distant fires hung low over everything, mixing with fog. The captain squinted into the darkness. He couldn't see more than a hundred feet ahead. These conditions were far from ideal, but he still should have seen her by now...


Lightning split the sky. For just a second, everything lit up bright as day.
The captain's stomach dropped. She was far closer than he had thought. Her foot rose up into the sky, impossibly massive. The toes alone were bigger than buildings, and the water didn't even rise past her heels.


Liz lay in the water, sprawled on her back. Compared to her impossibly massive body, the water was no deeper than a puddle. It was more than deep enough for the cargo ships, but it left practically her entire body uncovered.
The captain adjusted course, steering around her heels. The other ships followed. They looked positively minuscule next to her. Like little bath toys floating past a sleeping woman.
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The ship's engine droned. Minutes passed as they slowly floated past her calves. Then her knees. Then her thighs. Seconds felt like hours as the ships gradually approached their destination. It was like her gravity was pulling them in, distorting everything around her.
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They passed her hips. The captain stared up at her, gazing at the dark silhouette of her breasts that rose up ahead like mountains. Each of her breaths effortlessly lifted thousands of tons of flesh. The water rippled outward from the motion, making those prone to seasickness feel ill.
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One ship veered closer to her hand. Too close. Another captain watched through his binoculars as it sailed near her outstretched arm.
She was still. Only her chest moved, as she breathed in and out. The rhythm of it shook the water.
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Then her fingers moved. They rose from the water, splashing the ship with thousands of gallons of seawater and leading the entire thing to rock back and forth.
Cargo ship

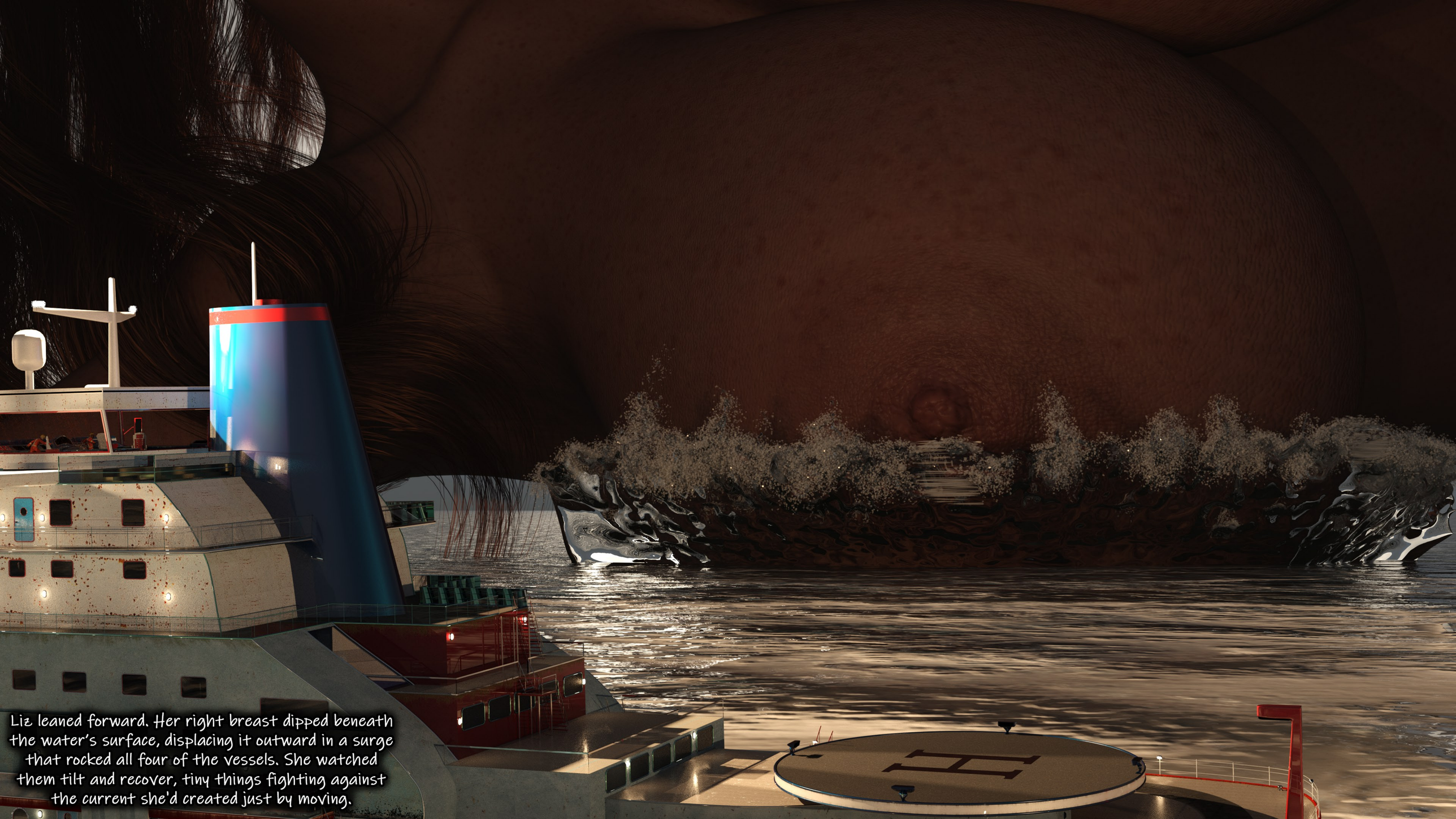

Her middle finger scraped across the deck of the ship with an ear-piercing screech. The railing crumpled under her fingernail.
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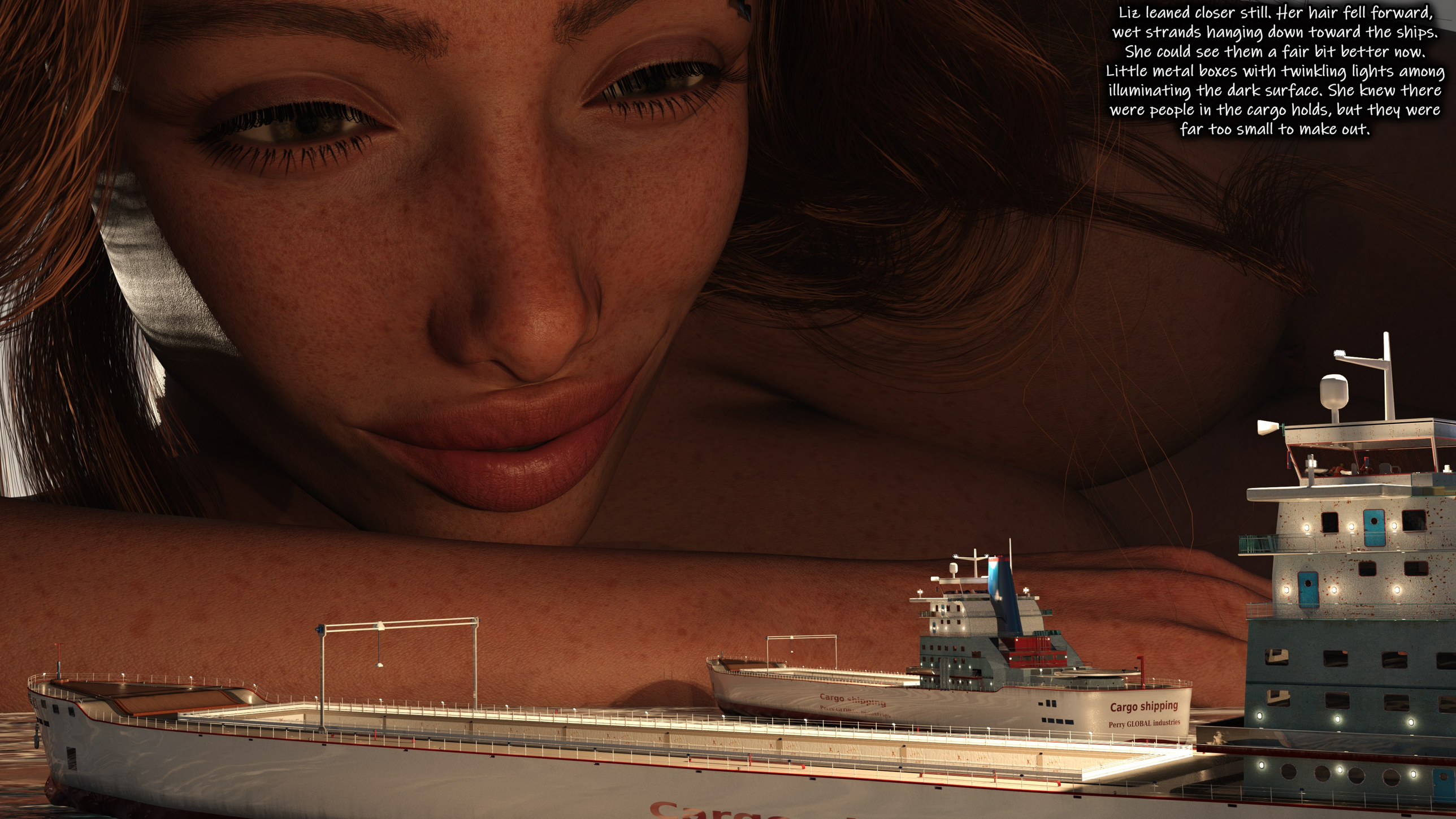

The captain of the second ship tried to turn away, but momentum carried them forward. Her nail dragged along the deck, peeling metal back. Her nail covered most of the cargo hold, casting the masses of people in shadow.


Below deck, the captain knew that hundreds of people were watching every second of this. Looking at that enormous finger scrape by overhead. Seeing the nail that could crush them all without effort. It was a reminder of how truly massive Liz was, and how even the smallest part of her was impossibly destructive.


The screech roused her from her sleep. Liz's eyes cracked open. She turned her head, slow and lazy, and spotted the little toy boat sliding past her knuckles.


Slowly, the leviathan rose. Water rushed off her torso in waves. She shifted onto her side, propping herself up on one elbow. The ships bobbed below her, four little toys bobbing about on the dark water.


Liz leaned forward. Her right breast dipped beneath the water's surface, displacing it outward in a surge that rocked all four of the vessels. She watched them tilt and recover, tiny things fighting against the current she'd created just by moving.


Liz leaned closer still. Her hair fell forward, wet strands hanging down toward the ships. She could see them a fair bit better now. Little metal boxes with twinkling lights among illuminating the dark surface. She knew there were people in the cargo holds, but they were far too small to make out.
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The ships turned toward her. All four of them, engines churning, heading right for her like they were supposed to. Liz smiled. She was rather fond of this arrangement. They came to her now. She didn't even have to hunt anymore.



She reached out slowly, taking her time. She knew the effect she had on the microscopic people. How utterly terrified they must be, crammed together in those little cargo holds. How every moment must feel like it was an eon. She would have savored the moment longer, but her stomach was growling, and she was eager for breakfast.


Liz moved carefully, pinching her thumb and forefinger around the hull of the ship. The metal groaned under the pressure, but she kept it gentle. She didn't want to break it. Not yet.



Liz lifted the ship high into the air. It looked so small between her fingers, so fragile. She brought it up to her face, letting it slowly tilt back and forth.


Liz raised it close to her nose. She inhaled, taking it all in. The smell of diesel fuel, sea salt, and rust. And underneath all that, the smell of them. Sweat and fear and skin. Hundreds of them packed in there like sardines.
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She brought the ship closer to her right eye. Squinted at it. Through the tiny windows she could see movement. Bodies clawing at the walls, desperate to escape. Faces looking up at her. At the massive hazel iris that filled their entire world right now. She could see them crying, screaming, praying. She wondered how many were praying to her.

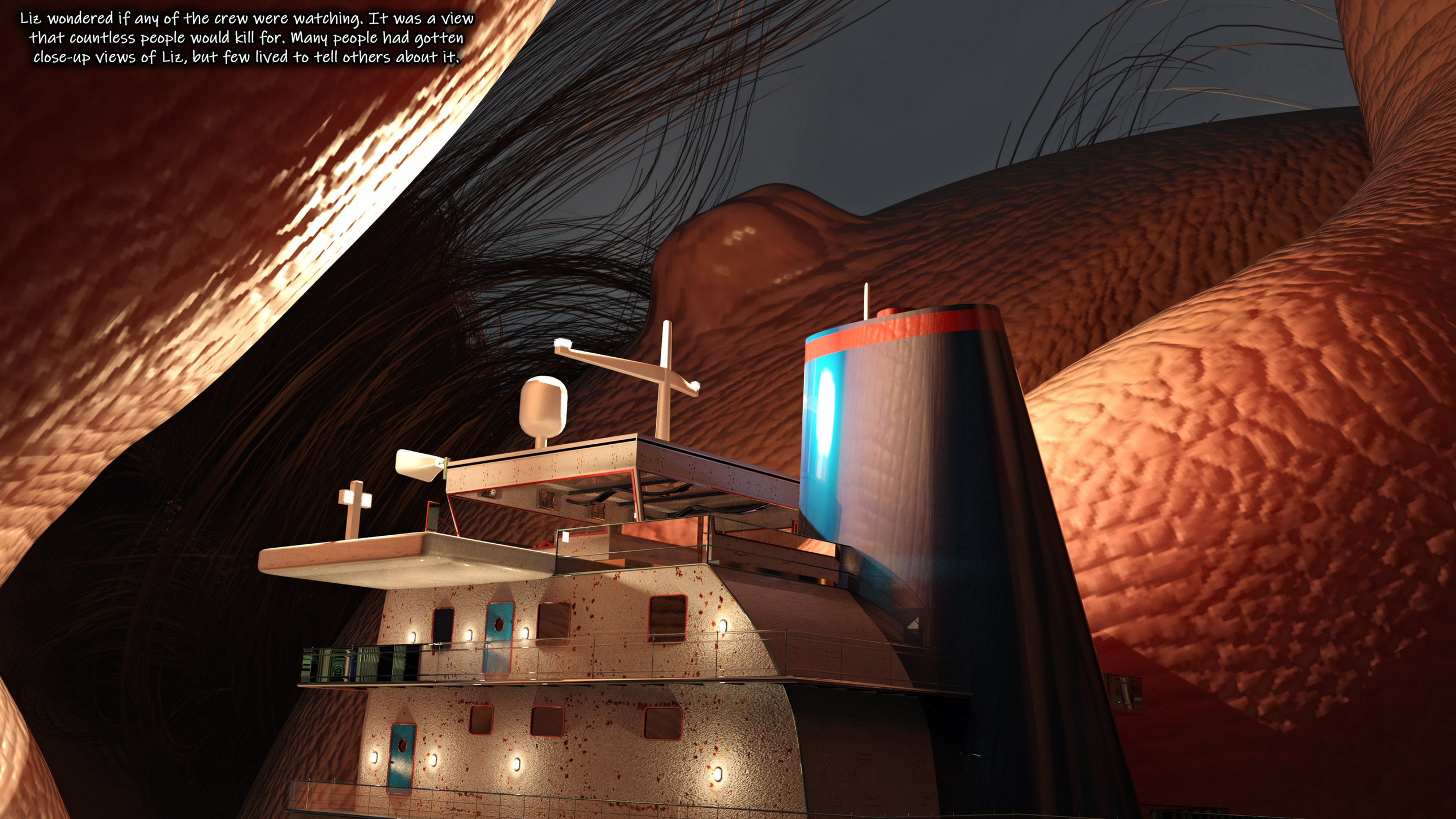

Liz lifted the ship higher. Held it above her open mouth. She tilted it just a little. Nothing happened. She tilted it just a bit more, before gravity took hold.
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Cargo shipping

All at once, they poured out. Hundreds of tiny bodies tumbling through the air, falling onto her tongue. She felt them land. Felt them squirming. Most of them were screaming. She could hear it even over everything else. Faint little squeals.


She closed her mouth. Without a second thought, she swallowed. They went down easy. Just like that, they were gone.



Liz lowered the ship. She dragged it down across her collarbone, between her breasts. The metal scraped against her skin, but left no marks behind.


Liz wondered if any of the crew were watching. It was a view that countless people would kill for. Many people had gotten close-up views of Liz, but few lived to tell others about it.


Then Liz let the ship slip out of her grip. The ship dropped, spinning around as it plummeted through the air.
The ship hit the water with a splash. It had cost hundreds of millions to manufacture, not to mention the crew members still on board.
cargo shipping


Liz didn't spare more than a moment's thought for them. All that mattered was that she was still hungry, and there were three more ships left. She reached out for another ship, plunging her hand beneath the surface. Her fingers curled around another ship, scooping it up from below like she was catching a fish.
Cargo shipping


Slowly, Liz raised the next ship into the air. Water poured off the deck, cascading back into the ocean. The ship sat in her cupped palm, rocking slightly from the sudden movement.
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She lifted it higher, bringing it level with her face.
"Let's see what you've got." She said, barely louder than a whisper.



She tilted the ship, peering inside the open cargo hold. She could barely make anything out, but it was obvious that there were bodies packed tightly inside. There had to be three, four hundred at least. Maybe more.

Good. They'd learned their lesson from last time.


They stared up at her, faces pale in the darkness. The slightest movements she made were enough to send them stumbling. They trembled beneath the force of her every breath. That gave her an idea.



Liz pursed her lips. She inhaled, slow and steady. The air whipped past the ship, pulling at the people inside. One by one, they were hoisted up into the air. Feet lifted off the ground. Arms flailed. They tumbled upward, sucked toward her mouth in a stream of bodies.

She kept inhaling. More and more of them rose up, spinning wildly through the air. They disappeared between her lips, one after another. In a matter of seconds, the cargo hold had been emptied. The last few stragglers lifted off, pulled up into the current. They vanished past her lips, never to be seen again.


Liz closed her mouth, and swallowed. Much like the first ship's occupants, they slid down her throat in one massive gulp. She could feel them all the way down.
She lowered the ship back to the water, and set it down gently. The vessel bobbed on the surface, empty now except for the crew. She let them go home. That way, they could tell everyone what they saw. Just how easy it was for her to take hundreds of lives.


Only two ships were left now. Liz's stomach rumbled again, still hungry. She reached for the third ship, her fingers spreading wide.
Her hand came down from above, catching the ship from behind. Her fingers closed around the hull.
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"You're mine now," Liz teased.
She lifted it up, bringing it close. The cargo hold looked packed even tighter than the others. They'd really crammed them in there. Liz brought the front of the ship to her lips. The metal was cold against her mouth.
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She parted her lips slowly, savoring the moment. She took a second to let the terror wash over the teeming masses inside. She opened wider and slid the front half of the vessel into her mouth. She savored the sound of their screams echoing around the vast depths of her maw.



Her lips closed around the middle of the ship, sealing it in darkness. The stern jutted out from between her lips. She could feel the rest of the ship trembling. Could feel the vibrations of hundreds of people inside, scrambling, panicking, hoping to find a way out.


Liz sucked down hard. The pressure differential was instant and brutal. Bodies rocketed out of the cargo hold, shooting down her throat in a stream. She felt them tumbling over the back of her tongue, before losing track of them entirely.
The ship rattled between her lips as it emptied. More and more of them were pulled by the vacuum she'd created.


When the flow stopped, she pulled the ship from her mouth, dripping wet with her saliva. The cargo hold was empty. Nothing was left.
Her lips formed into a smile, before she started chewing. The bodies crunched between her molars, bursting and popping like little salty pearls. Bones snapped. Flesh tore. She swallowed it all down in one thick gulp, then looked down at the water below, satisfied with the mouthful.


The last ship was moving. Engines roaring at full power, churning white water behind it as it fled. Coasting along an empty vessel that drifted in the distance.
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Liz leaned forward, grinning. "Did you think I forgot about you?" she asked. "What's wrong, Captain? Did you go soft? Too bad, because you're all food now!"
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She bent down further, lowering her face toward the ocean surface. Her lips touched the water. She pursed them and sucked.

A whirlpool formed instantly. The current reversed, pulling everything toward her mouth. Seawater rushed between her lips. The fleeing ship fought against it, but it was hopeless from the start. In a matter of seconds, Liz had won. It slid backward through the water, pulled by the undertow she'd created.


The stern of the ship touched her lips. She sucked harder. The back half slipped between her lips. She closed her mouth around it.


Liz sat up, raising her head. The front half of the ship stuck out from between her closed lips like a cigar. While she was swallowing it, her hand shot out and grabbed one of the empty ships trying to drift away.
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Liz tilted her head back, allowing gravity to do the rest of the work. The ship slid deeper into her mouth, gliding down her tongue.


Her lips closed completely. She bit down, her teeth effortlessly tearing through steel and machinery. She kept chewing, grinding it all down into manageable pieces.


Liz looked back at the empty ship in her hand, examining it. The vessel was maybe five hundred feet long. It was tiny in her palm, barely toy-sized. But as small as it was, the hull looked sturdy enough, with its thick steel plating. At least, sturdy enough for what she had in mind.


She pressed the bow against her left breast, dragging it across the curve. The metal was cold, and it left a thin trail of water across her skin.



Liz moved the ship down to her nipple, rubbing the pointed bow against the more sensitive flesh. Her nipple hardened. As she moved it down further, Liz wondered if any crew were left inside, watching through portholes as her massive breast pressed against the windows.


The ship traveled lower. Down across her stomach. She traced it along her hip, then down her thigh, savoring every little sensation.


Liz shifted, rolling onto her back. Waves surged outward from the movement, rocking the departing ships. She brought the one she held back up, running it over her belly.


Liz was pleased to find that the tip of the bow fit perfectly into her navel. She guided it in, using the hard edges to scratch her belly button.


After a moment of this Liz sighed, pulled the ship back, and continued south until it settled between her thighs. All this teasing had left her eager for the real thing, and she couldn't bear to wait any longer.



Liz slid the ship further, easing the bow between her labia. Even in the low light it was obvious that she was already wet and ready for action.

Liz pressed it harder, until the pointed tip gradually parted her folds. She pushed slowly, feeling the sturdy thing slide inside. The ship was narrow enough to ease in without being crushed, if only just barely.


Liz threw her head back and moaned. "Ooh, fuck that's good!" Her voice echoed for miles, loud enough to be heard all the way back on the shore as the water around her rippled from the sheer volume of it.

She pushed the ship deeper inside. Inch by inch the hull stretched her, filled her. The sensation was overwhelming. The cold metal was quickly heating up inside of her. She could feel every detail of the ship's construction. Every rivet, and every seam.


Liz pushed the ship deeper and deeper, until it disappeared entirely inside of her. One last quiet moan escaped her lips. Then she closed her thighs, trapping it inside. More soft moans echoed through the waves around her, as she focused on the pleasant sensations.


Liz lay back, stretching out in the shallow water. It did little to cover her sides. She let out a long, satisfied yawn.

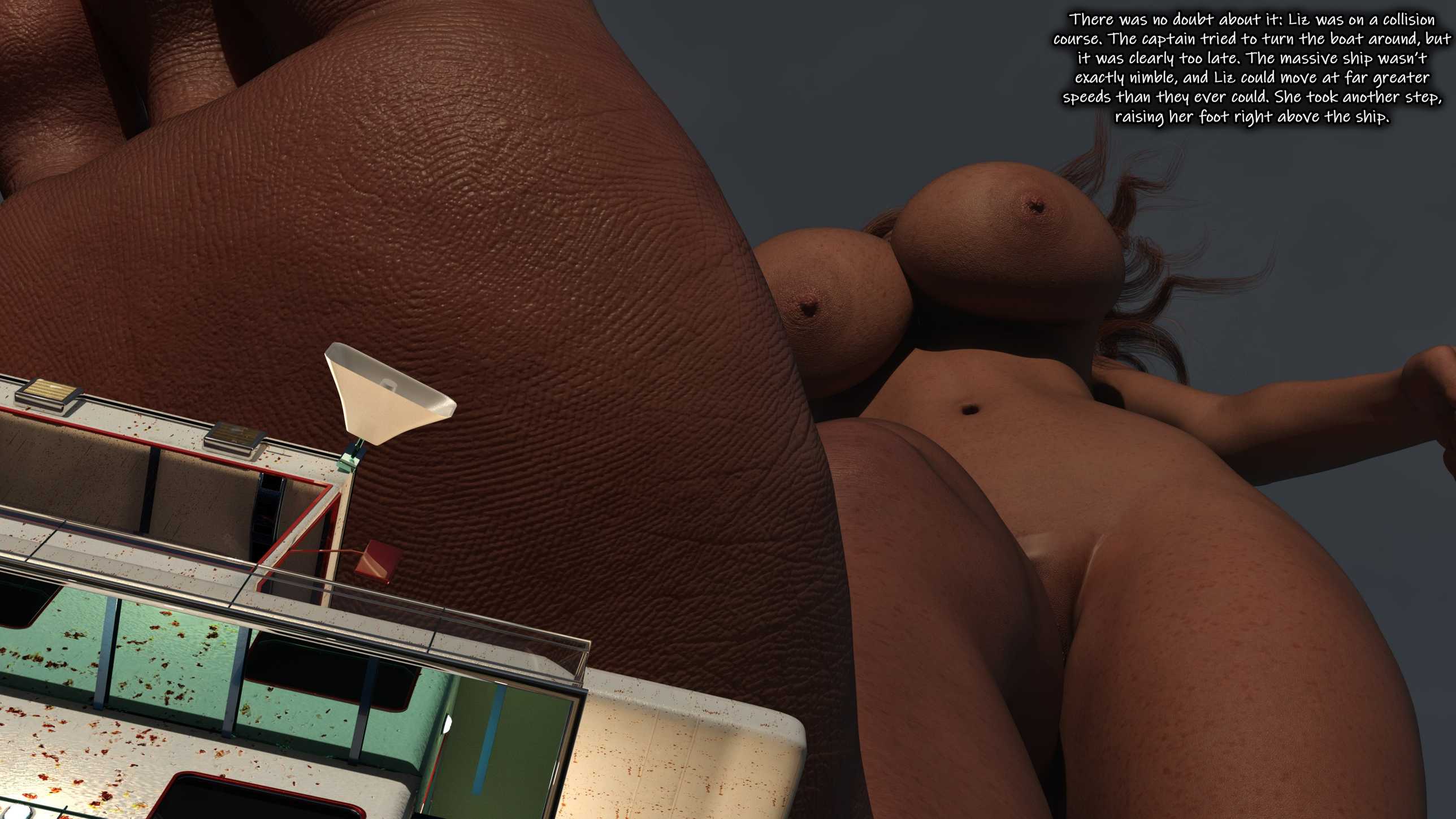

She closed her eyes for a moment, content to rest in the afterglow. Part of her was tempted to let herself fall back asleep, but she resisted the temptation. Back on the farm, she always woke up at the crack of dawn. Why waste a moment of daylight when she had so many things to do?
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Willing herself back into action Liz sat up, rubbing her belly. The water sloshed around her waist before cascading back into the sea in rivers around her. Her stomach gurgled. All those people, and she was still fucking hungry. Not as hungry as last time, but it was obvious this wasn't enough.


Liz shifted forward, rising onto her knees. Her hand came down on something hard. Metal groaned beneath her palm. One of the empty ships was there, tilting sideways under the pressure. It slowly capsized as the pressure increased, before water flooded over the top and it gradually began to sink.
She frowned, and rolled her eyes. Whatever. Not her problem.
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Liz stood, rising to her full height. Lightning forked across the clouds behind her, illuminating her silhouette for just a moment. She took a moment to stretch, before looking out at the open water ahead of her, and moving ahead.
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A worker sat on the railing of a cargo ship, which was making a hasty retreat from Liz. He had barely turned away from Liz when he felt the ship rock violently. He looked back, and saw the giantess walking straight towards them, at incredible speed.


There was no doubt about it: Liz was on a collision course. The captain tried to turn the boat around, but it was clearly too late. The massive ship wasn't exactly nimble, and Liz could move at far greater speeds than they ever could. She took another step, raising her foot right above the ship.


Though the ships had done her a great service, she didn't seem to pay them any mind once they'd done their job. As Liz's foot descended, it was clear that she hadn't even considered their presence when walking. In desperation, a worker called out to her. "Liz! Watch out, we're down here!"



It didn't work. Even if Liz had somehow heard him, she wasn't about to adjust her stride just to spare something that had outlived its usefulness. Without any sustenance inside, the little thing was beneath her notice.


Liz stepped on the ship, crushing it in an instant beneath her sole. The ship's metal frame crumpled like tinfoil, giving way beneath her incredible weight. Liz barely even registered the feeling of the ship crunching beneath her, before she forgot about it entirely.


As Liz walked closer to the shore, she felt a familiar sensation. That tightness in her chest, that cramping sensation... It was a feeling she'd come to hate.
She was starting to shrink again. She needed to eat soon, or she'd keep getting smaller.


Liz wandered inland, walking through the bay. There were towns scattered through the hills, but none were big enough to satisfy Liz. She needed a city.


Liz scanned the horizon. There, in the distance, she saw it: a decently-sized city. Lights were still on in some buildings. It looked just big enough to have what she needed.


She walked towards it. Buildings got closer. Bigger. She could make out details now. Windows. Streets. Parking lots. Even little specks driving through the near-microscopic streets.
People.


She stopped at the edge. Looked around. It was a decent size. Lots of buildings packed together. She didn't know what city it was, but she didn't really care. A city was a city. So long as it was teeming with life, it would serve her needs.
"Good enough." she said.


Liz stepped forward, walking to the edge of the city. There was a park below her, with soccer and baseball fields. The people below dropped their equipment and ran for it, running as fast as they could in an attempt to escape the giant foot.


They weren't fast enough. Her foot came down, crushing everything beneath her. The turf exploded beneath her sole, dirt and grass spraying outward. The people fared no better, their bodies pulverized into the mud created by her wet foot.


Liz kept moving. Each step took out more and more city blocks. Apartment buildings, parking garages, shopping centers. Their original purpose didn't matter. They all went down the same. Concrete, steel and glass, all flattened into the earth.


She stopped in the middle of downtown, to look around. The streets below were practically empty. Where the fuck was everyone?


She turned, scanning the skyline. Office buildings. All dark. The highway snaked through the city, but there were hardly any cars on it. Just a few scattered headlights, fleeing in the distance. She wondered if she'd been seeing things before.


She looked toward the residential areas. Houses were still packed tight together, but there was little movement. No lights. Nothing.


Then, Liz saw a massive structure, round and open at the top. It was a stadium... but it was probably empty, just like everything else. Still, it was her best bet.


Liz started walking towards it. Her mouth was already watering. But the stadium was still far away, and Liz's stomach was already growling. She looked around below her, searching for an appetizer.


Liz looked down at a wealthy neighborhood nearby. The houses were big, with three-car garages and manicured lawns. It was the kind of place where people paid extra to feel safe.
Liz saw movement below. People were streaming out of their houses, running across their perfect lawns. They scattered in every direction, some heading for their cars, others just sprinting down the street.
Her foot came down on a cul-de-sac. Five McMansions vanished beneath her sole. The houses collapsed into themselves, crushed flat in an instant. The earth buckled under the impact. Foundations shattered. She could see little people running, little dots scattering across the streets. Finally, something worth spending time on.


Liz stopped walking, and looked down at the neighborhood sprawled beneath her feet. She lowered herself down onto her hands and knees, positioning herself over the neighborhood like a cat stalking prey. Her knees crushed two more houses. Her palms flattened a tennis court and a row of townhouses.
More people poured out of the neighboring houses. The panic was spreading now, and the screaming got louder. Liz could hear it more clearly now. Hundreds of voices all screaming at once. It made her smile knowing she was the reason they had been driven so mad with terror.


Now that she was closer. She could see them better: individual people, running for their lives. Liz reached down, extending her right hand toward a cluster of bodies in the street. They saw her coming, and tried to scatter... But there was nowhere to go.


Liz pressed her fingernail against the asphalt. Her nail was easily the width of the entire street. She dragged it forward, carving through the road like it was soft butter.
The pavement split apart with only the smallest amount of pressure from the enormous woman. Chunks of asphalt were thrown up on either side. Her nail plowed forward, leaving a deep gash in its wake, making the road unusable for anyone who would come after.


A man tried to jump out of the way, but he was too slow. The edge of her nail caught him, sent him tumbling through the air. He disappeared into the darkness, and her nail continued unabated. More people and their vehicles went flying with every additional movement. Bodies were launched into the air as her nail plowed through them.
Liz slowed down, catching the falling bodies under her nail, and scooping them up. Liz dragged her nail all the way across the block, catching even more as she went.


Liz brought her thumb down, pressing it against her finger. She pinched tighter. Her fingers came together, scooping up a massive chunk of pavement and people and cars all at once. She felt them squirming in her grip.


She lifted her hand up carefully... But not carefully enough. Bodies and cars started falling immediately, slipping through the gaps between her fingers. They tumbled down, crashing back to earth with minuscule splatters far beneath her notice.


"Shit," Liz muttered. She adjusted her grip, trying to prevent any more of them from falling, but the higher she lifted, the more slipped through. By the time her hand was level with her face, there were maybe a dozen people left. The rest had simply fallen to their deaths far below.


It was basically worthless. Not even worth being called a snack. An utter disappointment.
Still, a dozen was better than zero. Liz tilted her head back, and opened her mouth. She turned her hand over and poured her quarry in. They hit her tongue, squirming and screaming. Without a moment of hesitation, she closed her mouth and swallowed them as easily as she had those in the ships before.


Not much of a snack. All together, they'd failed to amount to even a single tic tac. She looked around downtown, hoping to find something more filling.


Liz dropped onto all fours and crawled toward downtown. Her palms flattened more houses as she crawled forward. As she moved closer, she saw something promising: a cluster of apartment buildings. She heard screams as she approached, which made her salivate. The building also meant they were contained, and she wouldn't have another accident like she just had...


Liz reached out with her index finger. She pressed the tip against the side of the nearest apartment to test its strength. Her fingertip punched through with the smallest amount of force, disappearing straight into the building.
She pulled her finger back out. A gaping hole remained, exposing a sizable amount of the interior. She could see furniture. Walls. People scrambling in the hallways. Liz liked knowing that she'd just upended their entire lives with her casual movements. She felt around inside, brushing against walls and floors. Her fingers closed around something soft. She pulled her hand back out.


Three people dangled from her grip. They kicked and screamed, hanging from between her fingers. Liz lifted them up and guided them past her lips without looking. They hit her tongue. She swallowed.
A warm sensation coursed through her. It wasn't enough, obviously. Her other hand shot out, wrapping around the middle of another apartment building. Liz tightened her fist. The tower crumpled like a beer can. Floors pancaked together. Dust and debris exploded outward.


She shoved the contents into her mouth. She felt chunks of concrete, rebar, and glass... And somewhere in there, people. She could just barely feel them squirming among the rubble.
Liz chewed once, shearing through the concrete. Without chewing again, she swallowed it all down at once. Then, without pausing even for a moment, she reached out for another one.


As she crawled forward, her breasts swung dangerously beneath her. The left one grazed the top of a parking garage. The structure collapsed instantly, floors pancaking down to the ground. Her breasts continued forward, carving their own path of destruction through the city. They dragged across countless blocks, leveling everything in their path.



The destruction was total. Nothing survived. They smashed through apartment buildings, reducing them to dust. They flattened a church. They obliterated a convenience store.

Liz barely noticed. She was focused on her prize. A cluster of apartment towers ahead.

She grabbed the third tower with both hands and ripped it in half. She shoved the top half into her mouth. Debris and bodies rained onto her tongue, eliciting a moan from the depths of her throat. Once again, it was more concrete than meat, but she would take whatever she could get at this point.


Liz lowered her head, resting her chin in her hands.
"This is bullshit." She groaned. As much fun as destroying the buildings was, she was still stuck eating far more concrete and glass than people. Her teeth hurt, her mouth was dry from all the dust, and she was still fucking hungry.

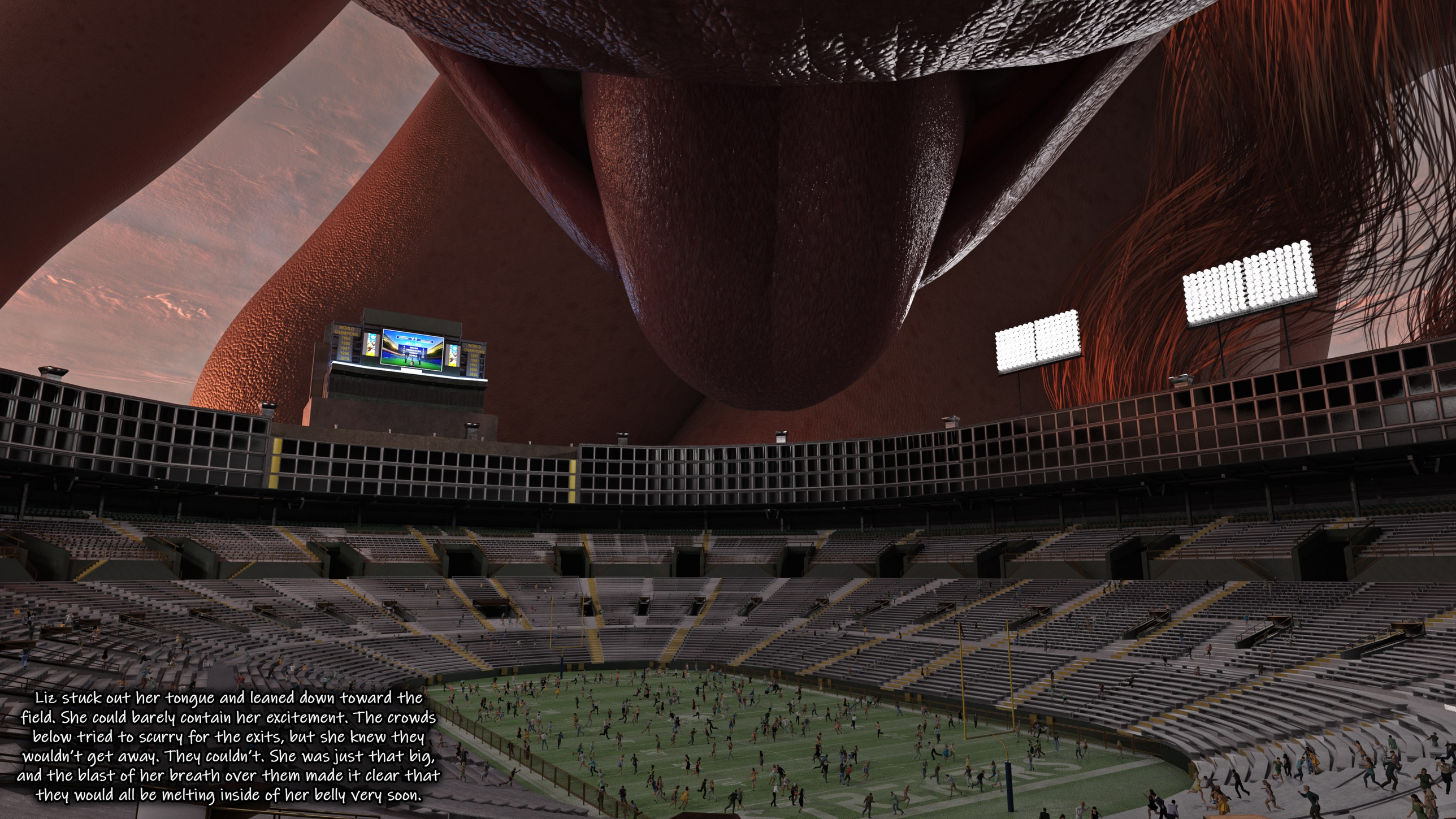

Liz lifted her head and looked around. Her gaze settled back on the football stadium. It sat on the edge of downtown, surrounded on all sides by a massive parking lot.
She stared at it for a long moment. It probably wasn't even being used right now. What were the odds there was a game happening right now? If there were people inside, wouldn't they be making noise? Wouldn't she hear cheering or something?


But what else was she going to eat? More apartment buildings full of concrete?
"Fuck it." Liz muttered. "Worth a shot." With that, she started crawling toward the stadium, bringing fresh hell onto the parts of the city she hadn't yet touched.



She reached the edge of the stadium's parking lot in no time at all, and stopped to look down. Compared to Liz, the actual stadium was tiny. To her, it looked like a mere toy. A little circular structure, maybe a few inches across. She could barely make out any of the details on the field or the thousands of seats.


Liz lowered her face, bringing her eyes closer. She squinted, trying to see if there was anything inside. Liz was disappointed to realize that the seats were mostly empty. But the more she focused the more she realized that out on the field... something was happening. She could see movement. Lots of tiny figures running around, utterly panicked.
Liz's stomach growled. Her mouth started watering. Maybe this wouldn't be a disappointment after all.



Liz stuck out her tongue and leaned down toward the field. She could barely contain her excitement. The crowds below tried to scurry for the exits, but she knew they wouldn't get away. They couldn't. She was just that big, and the blast of her breath over them made it clear that they would all be melting inside of her belly very soon.

Liz pressed her tongue flat onto the field, then dragged her tongue across in one long swipe. She nearly jolted in surprise as the sheer number of bodies sticking to the wet surface caught her off-guard. She felt them squirming on her tongue, their tiny limbs flailing. Some were in the bleachers when her tongue swept past, and they came along for the ride too.



Liz curled her tongue back into her mouth, satisfied with this outcome. She'd caught dozens this time. Way easier than pinching them between her fingers, and without any of that irritating grittiness that came with devouring buildings.


She closed her mouth, feeling the dozens of people squirming around in her tongue. Then, all at once, she swallowed. Like countless others before them, they slid down her throat in a warm mass.


Liz looked back at the stadium, sighing at what was the first worthwhile mouthful since the ships. Even better, there still had to be hundreds more in there, at least... But licking them all up one by one would take forever.
Liz reached out with her index finger and poked the side of the stadium. The concrete didn't crack. She pushed harder. Still solid. The whole structure held together, even under the pressure. She was sure she could win if she put a little more muscle into it, but its sturdiness gave her an idea.


Liz dug her fingers underneath the stadium's foundation. The earth gave way easily, crumbling under her nails. She pushed deeper, working her whole hand beneath it. Then she started to lift.


The sight of the entire thing being hoisted from the earth made her smile. With a grinding shriek and a series of pops the stadium tore free from its foundations. Chunks of concrete and rebar dangled from the bottom, but that didn't bother her. Liz kept lifting, slow and steady. She didn't want to break it. Not yet.
She raised it up into the air with one hand. The whole structure fit neatly in her palm. It was lighter than she expected.


Liz leaned onto her side, propping herself up with her other arm. She looked down, amused by just how small the stadium looked. Even just one of her enormous breasts dwarfed it.


Liz brought the stadium up higher until it was level with her face. Inside, she could see people tumbling around. Every tiny movement of her hand sent them rolling across the seats. They were scrambling, trying to hold onto something, anything. But there was nothing to save them.

Liz rotated the stadium slowly, turning it on its side. She opened her mouth wide. Then she tilted it.

The people tried to resist, but a simple shake from Liz defeated them all instantly. People poured out from the top of the stadium, and through the air. Hundreds of them fell through the sky all at once. They tumbled into her mouth, landing on her tongue in waves. She felt each individual impact. Some were screaming. The sound echoed inside her mouth, tickling her.


But they just kept coming. The flow didn't stop. They just kept falling, one after another. So many lives, so many souls, all going to feed her. The power she felt was incredible.

Her aim wasn't perfect, and many of them missed. Dozens of them tumbled past her lips, falling down from the sky.


They rolled down her body, bouncing along the soft surface of her flesh. Then, finally, they hit her chest with soft impacts, sliding down into the valley of her cleavage.


The sensations were subtle, but not enough to distract her from her primary goal. Liz shook the stadium once more, drawing even more bodies out from the hallways and onto her tongue. She tilted it further, dumping them out faster now.


They hit her tongue by the dozens. Liz had never tasted so many people all at once. The squirming mass was getting harder to manage. Her mouth was getting full.
STRIKERS


Though she wanted to keep going until her cheeks were puffed out, she didn't want to risk choking either. Liz closed her mouth and swallowed. The thick mass slid down her throat, but the flow of people didn't just stop. Dozens more landed on her face. They bounced off and tumbled down her chin.


Liz ran her tongue across her lips, catching several more that landed there. She caught a few dozen more, sweeping them up one after another. Then, satisfied, she swallowed again.
All this eating was getting her worked up. The ship between her legs shifted slightly, sending a pulse of sensation through her. She bit her lip. The hunger gnawing at her stomach was beginning to fade... and another urge was rising to the forefront.


Liz looked at the stadium in her hand. There were still a few stragglers inside, clinging to the seats. But it would take too much effort to shake them all out. It wasn't worth it.


She opened her hand and let the stadium fall. It crashed into a cluster of office buildings below. The whole mess collapsed into rubble. Liz didn't bother to even look at it.


She pushed herself up slowly, rising to her knees. Then she stood, brushing debris off her thighs. Her hunger had been curbed, but her rampage was just getting started.


Liz looked down at the city spread out beneath her feet. Buildings stretched in every direction. There were so many of them, all just waiting to be crushed.
A grin spread across her face.


"I don't care what this shithole city is called." Liz said, her voice boomed across the skyline. "I'm gonna smash it all REAL good."


The streets of downtown were packed with people running in every direction. It was utter chaos, with no one sure which way to even run. The panic only intensified when Liz started walking in their direction.
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Just blocks away, Liz reveled in the chaos. "Which building do I step on next?" She mused aloud.

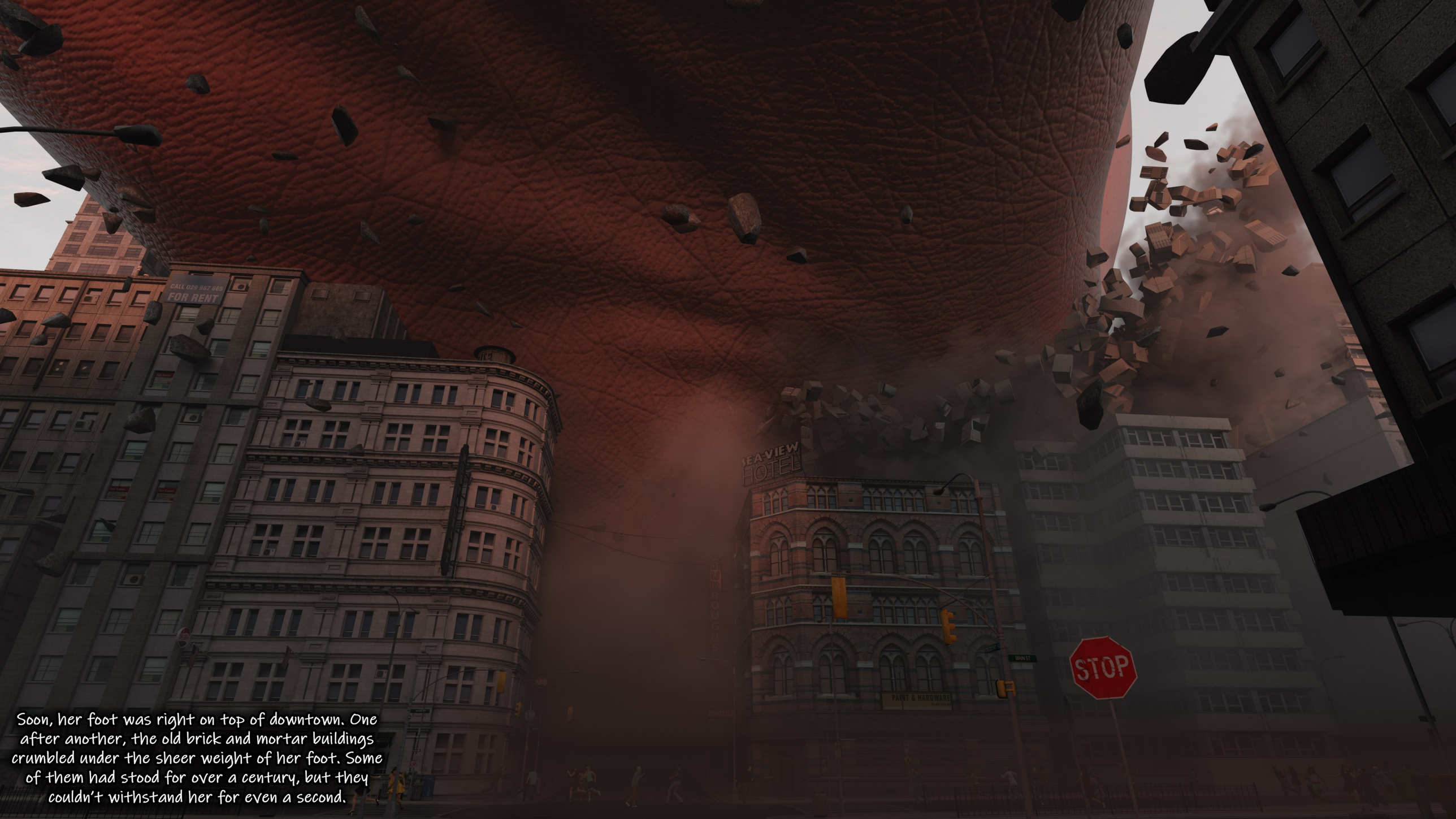

A cluster of small apartment buildings caught Liz's eye. There were four or five of them, all pressed together. From up high, they looked like little toy blocks. They could have served as future meals... but they only reminded her of how annoying it was to pull people out of them.
Best to break them, she reasoned.


Her foot came down. The buildings didn't stand a chance. The whole cluster flattened in an instant, filling the streets with dust. The people inside were utterly obliterated, their crushed bodies mixing in with the rubble. Liz twisted her toes, reveling in the gritty sensation.


Liz lifted her foot and took another step, pausing for a moment to look down below. This time she was aiming for the heart of downtown. She raised her foot high, watching the shadow spread across the buildings below.


As her foot descended, the streets erupted into chaos. Some dove into buildings, hoping that might give some protection. Others just ran, sprinting down the sidewalks with no destination in mind. None of them would escape.
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Her sole clipped the top of a glass skyscraper first. The upper floors shattered, sending glass exploding outward to rain onto the hapless populace. Her foot kept falling, smashing through one story after another, not slowing down for even a second.
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Soon, her foot was right on top of downtown. One after another, the old brick and mortar buildings crumbled under the sheer weight of her foot. Some of them had stood for over a century, but they couldn't withstand her for even a second.


Everything within a block radius just ceased to exist. Buildings, streets, cars, people. All of it was compressed into the earth beneath her sole.
"Oops." Liz said, laughing to herself. "My bad, ya'll."


She took another step. More buildings vanished beneath her foot. She felt them crunch. The sensation traveled up through her sole, into her leg. It felt good.


Another step. An office building folded in half as her foot came down on it. The structure bent, then collapsed sideways into the neighboring building. Both went down together.


One more step. Another cluster of buildings gone. The pavement buckled under her weight. It all broke so easy.


Liz twisted her heel, grinding it into the rubble. She could feel everything underneath turning to dust. Metal twisted, and concrete pulverized. It was all just debris now.


Liz reached the edge of downtown, and kept walking. Behind her, survivors stared out from their buildings. They breathed a sigh of relief as Liz finally walked away. They thought it was over. They thought she was done with them.


Liz paused. She turned, looking back over her shoulder. That's when she noticed them. Two office towers near the edge of downtown, standing side by side. They were identical, with pointed roofs that came to sharp tips. Fifteen stories each, maybe. And around them, more buildings.
Liz grinned. She couldn't just leave them all standing. It would ruin the aesthetic!


She turned around and walked back, positioning herself in front of the two towers. She raised her foot directly above them, centering it carefully.


Once she felt she had aligned herself, her foot came down. Both towers crumpled at once, folding inward. The pointed roofs collapsed first, then the rest followed. In seconds, they were just piles of rubble.


"You people and your stupid little buildings." Liz laughed, twisting her heel atop the wreckage. "Why even bother, when you know I'm just gonna end up smashing them?"

She ground her heel back and forth, making sure nothing was left standing. The rubble compressed further, turning into dust, fragments, and earth far too compact to ever break through.


Liz lifted her foot and looked around. There was another big office building nearby. A big one, maybe twenty stories, and wide too. It had survived her first pass through downtown.

Not anymore. She raised her foot above it. The building's windows reflected her sole for just a moment before everything went dark.


Her foot came down. The building collapsed floor by floor, pancaking down into itself. By the time her foot hit the ground, there was nothing left but a crater.


Liz shifted her weight, raising her other foot now. There was a whole row of smaller office buildings clustered together. She wondered why they ever even bothered making them look like this. They were ugly.
"How's that old sayin' go?" She said, raising her foot above the line of them. "The nail that sticks out..."


"Gets hammered down!"
She brought her foot down on all of them at once. She barely even felt them crunch this time. They were just too small.


To the people below, though, the damage was on an entirely different scale. It was as if a dozen bombers had unleashed their payloads all into the exact same spot. Hundreds of lives were ended in the blink of an eye, buried beneath cinders and ground into the dirt. The force of the impact shook the earth itself, making buildings rattle on their foundations for miles around.


Liz lifted her foot and stepped back, surveying the damage. The city was a mess. Buildings crushed, streets torn apart, fires burning in a dozen places. It admittedly didn't look that much better than it had before.


There was one easy way to fix that, she reasoned. Liz twisted her heel one more time, grinding the rubble beneath her into powder. No matter how many times she did that, she never got tired of it.


Liz was enjoying herself, but smashing this city was starting to get a bit boring. It was easy. It was always easy. She longed for something unique. A landmark, something that would be more interesting than square buildings in tiny roads. Her eyes drifted across the valley, looking for something new.


She looked up, scanning the horizon. That's when she saw it. Off in the distance, stretching across the water like a thin ribbon. A bridge.


That would have been enough on its own, but the color made Liz do a double-take. That wasn't just any bridge, but THE bridge. The one she'd seen in movies and television show intros a million times. Red-orange cables rising up against the sky a hundred feet over a river. It had to be the Golden Gate Bridge.


That meant that right next to it must have been another city. One even bigger than this one. Way bigger. With buildings that rose up along the hills, packed tightly together.
Liz's pulse quickened. This wasn't some rinky-dink podunk little town. This was San Francisco. It had to be.


Oakland was already half-destroyed. There wasn't much left worth smashing. But San Francisco... that was fresh territory.
Liz started walking. She didn't bother looking down anymore. Her foot came down on something solid. A building, if she had to guess. It often was. Regardless, it crunched beneath her sole after putting up resistance for a fraction of a second. She took another step.


"I can't believe I'm really going to San Francisco!" Liz said, her voice echoing across the bay. "Just like in Mrs. Doubtfire! And The Rock!"
She stepped down on something else that crunched under her feet. It probably resulted in the deaths of hundreds, but she didn't give it a moment's thought.

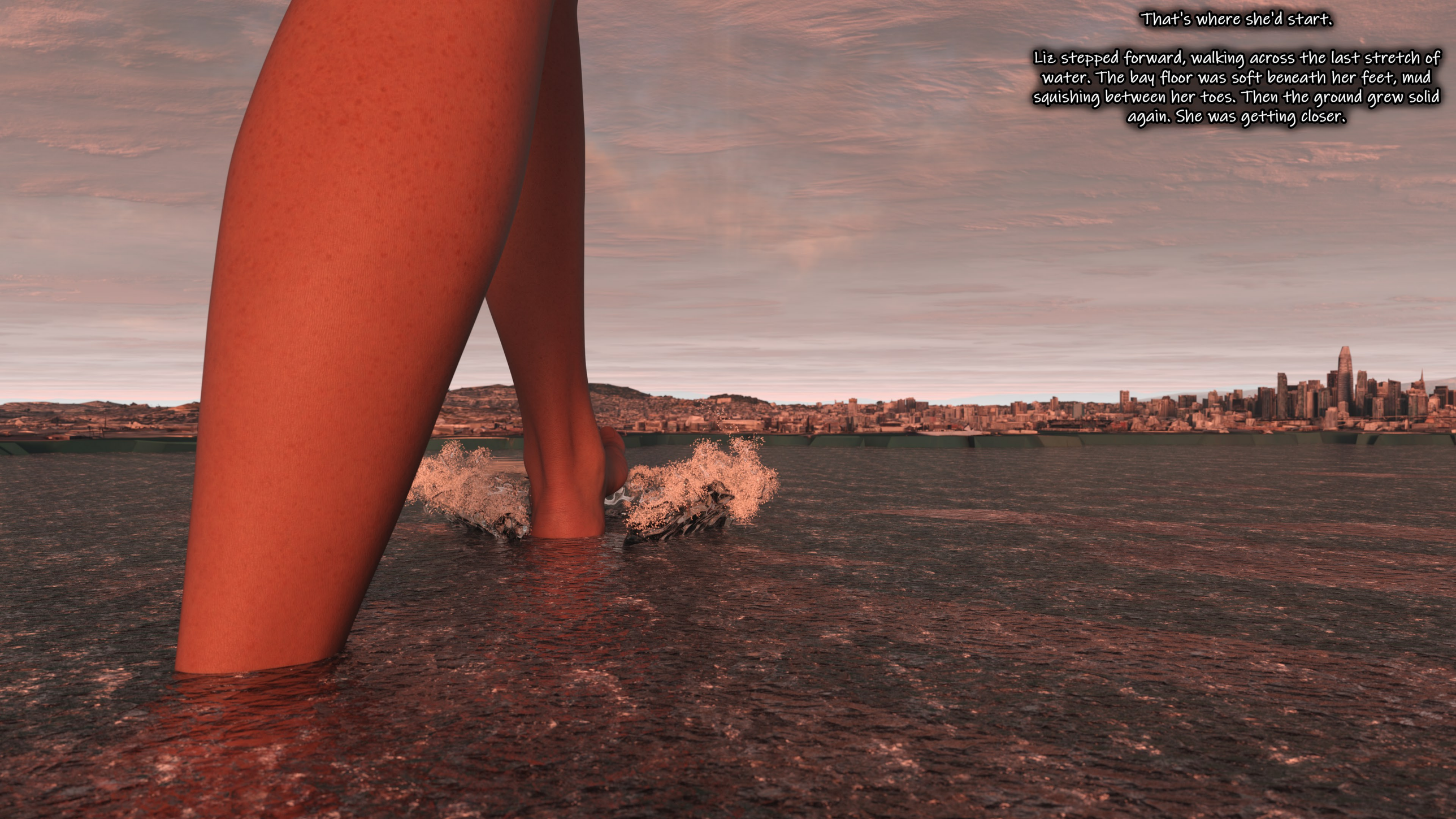

Liz took another step, shaking the ground even more. She was moving faster now, practically skipping. Her excitement made her careless. More buildings crunched under her feet, but she didn't even notice.


Liz reached the edge of the city and kept going. Her foot splashed down into the bay. The water was shallow even this far out, barely up to her ankles. She waded forward, sending waves outward in all directions.
The city drew closer. She could see it more clearly now. All those buildings, rising up the hills. The streets laid out in perfect grids. It looked like a toy city, something built just for her to play with.



Liz stopped in the middle of the bay. The water lapped around her calves. She stood there, taking it all in. The city sparkled in the pre-dawn light. So many buildings. So many places to destroy. She bit her lower lip just imagining what it would be like to step in the middle of all that.

She couldn't just wade in at random. This needed to be special. She needed to pick a target. Her eyes scanned the skyline, moving from building to building. Then she saw it. Downtown. The tall buildings clustered together, reaching up toward the sky.


That's where she'd start.
Liz stepped forward, walking across the last stretch of water. The bay floor was soft beneath her feet, mud squishing between her toes. Then the ground grew solid again. She was getting closer.


One particular building caught her eye. Tall and narrow, with a pointed top. It rose up above the others, standing out from the skyline. The shape reminded her of something. Something she'd been craving.
Liz grinned. The ship would have company soon.


She stepped onto the shore, her foot coming down on the docks. Wood and concrete exploded beneath her sole. She took another step, crashing through an overpass. Her foot kept going, smashing a nearby highway.


Liz raised her foot above an office tower. Even from far above, she could hear screaming. The feeling made her skin tingle as she lowered her foot again to compress another group of people into mush.


Her foot descended. The screams got louder, as sole neared the tower. The people inside barely had time to register what was happening before her foot came down on them.


Then, her foot hit the roof. Immediately, the tower crumpled beneath her weight. Floors collapsed one after another. The steel beams twisted and snapped and glass rained onto the streets below as every window shattered at once.


By the time her foot hit the ground, the tower was gone. Just rubble now, mixed in with the shorter buildings around it. She could feel it all grinding together like sand beneath her sole.


Liz lifted her foot and looked down. She found the building she'd been eyeing, the tall one with the pointed top. It stood there, still intact. Waiting for someone like her to come along.
"I've been waitin' for you too." Liz teased.


She walked closer, positioning herself right in front of it. The building rose up between her legs, barely reaching her knees. From this angle, it looked even more suggestive. The way it tapered at the top looked as if it were made to slip inside of...
Liz shivered, and reached down slowly with an extended index finger. She touched the beveled top of the tower, gently caressing the edge. "It's like they made you to satisfy me specifically." Liz teased. "Reckon it'd be a waste not to use you."


She pushed against it harder. Some of the glass cracked under the pressure, but she stopped before it fell apart completely.
The building was certainly solid. Well-built. She liked that.


Liz lowered herself down, dropping onto her hands and knees. Her palms came down on clusters of buildings, which flattened beneath her weight. Her knees crushed more. Apartment buildings, office towers, parking structures. All gone in an instant.


She stretched out, extending her legs behind her. More buildings disappeared beneath her thighs and shins. The destruction spread outward, radiating from her body.


Then Liz lay down completely, lowering her torso onto the city. Her chest came down first, each one covering multiple city blocks. Buildings vanished beneath them, crushed under the soft weight of her breasts. She felt them collapse, felt the structures giving way beneath her flesh.
She sighed, settling into position. The city just felt good beneath her. All those tiny buildings, all that destruction, pressing up against her skin. She could certainly get used to this.


Liz looked down at the phallic tower, standing in front of her.
"Well hello there," Liz said, her voice rumbling through the ground. "You look like you're awfully happy to see me. I bet you'd like to get to know me a little better, wouldn't you?"


Liz leaned forward and extended her tongue. The wet surface slid across the pointed top of the tower, circling around the tip. The glass was smooth against her tongue, though it had a bit of an unpleasant chemical taste to it. Probably the cleaning products they used on the windows. The smell was nice and citrusy though. She kind of liked that.


She pressed her tongue harder against the building, running it down the sides now. Her saliva left massive wet trails across the facade. The building trembled slightly under the pressure, but it didn't break.


Liz kept going, lowering her head. The pointed top pressed against her lips now. She parted them slowly, letting the tower slide between them. She went deeper. The tower slid past her lips, deeper into her mouth. She could feel it pressing against the roof of her mouth now, pushing against her tongue. It felt good having it between her lips, filling her up.

Even from miles away, people could see the obscene show Liz was putting on. She knew that. She was too big to hide, too massive to miss. Anyone with eyes could watch her going down on Salesforce Tower.

That thought made her even more excited.





Liz adjusted her position, shifting her weight. Her hips swung to the right. Something crunched beneath them. The impact traveled through her body, but she barely registered it. She was too focused on the building filling her mouth.

A basketball arena collapsed beneath her shin. The roof caved in first, then the walls buckled. The entire structure pancaked down in seconds. Inside, whatever was left of the building was crushed into nothing. Liz didn't notice. She wouldn't care, even if she had known San Francisco had a battle team.


Guided by her arousal, Liz went deeper on the tower. More of it disappeared between her lips. She could feel it pressing against the back of her throat now.
Liz puckered her lips tight around the building. Then she sucked. Hard. The pressure was immediate. She kept sucking, creating a vacuum. The building shifted, pulling away from its foundation. She could feel it moving, feel it starting to lift.


Slowly, Liz raised her head. The tower came with her, still lodged between her lips. The foundation tore free, sending dirt and debris falling below.
The building rose into the air, held up only by her mouth. She kept her lips sealed tight around it, not letting go. Higher and higher, until the whole tower was suspended above the city.


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Liz puckered her lips tight around the building. Then she sucked. Hard. The pressure was immediate. She kept sucking, creating a vacuum. The building shifted, pulling away from its foundation. She could feel it moving, feel it starting to lift.


Liz knew people were watching. Not just thousands, millions... And those were just the people watching her directly. Every camera in the area must have been pointing straight at her. Every phone. Every news helicopter circling at a safe distance. The whole world was watching her play with San Francisco's skyline like it was her own personal sex toy.
That knowledge sent a thrill through her entire body. She wanted them to watch. Wanted them to know exactly what she was doing to their precious city.



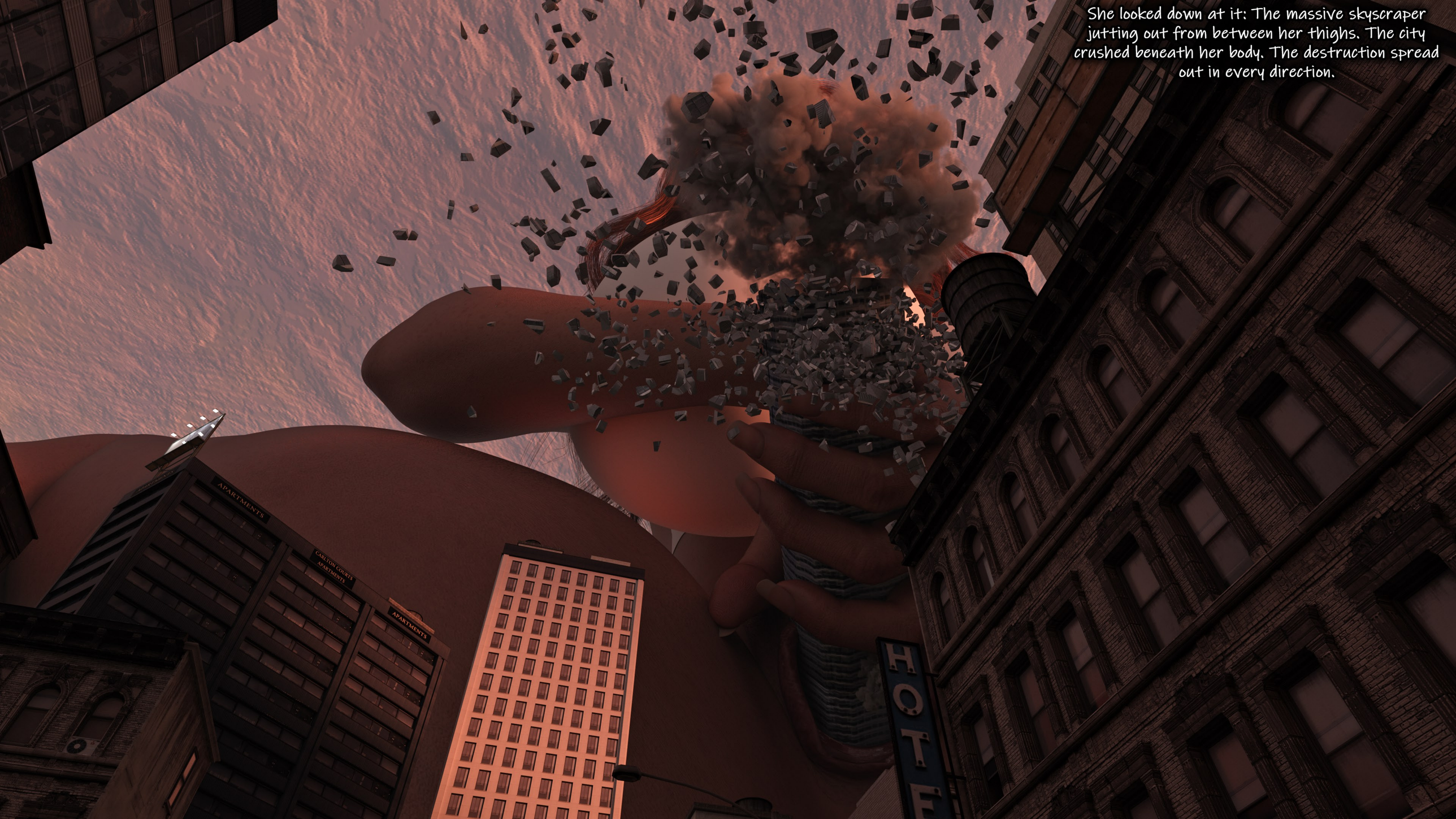
Liz brought the tower lower, between her thighs. She pressed the pointed top against her labia. She could feel the ship that was already inside her, still lodged deep. Twisted and bent from her prior movements, but mostly in one piece. That just meant there was room for more. There was always room for more.

Liz pushed the tower forward. The tip parted her folds, sliding inside. The sensation was overwhelming. The building was bigger than the ship, wider, and the pointed top felt incredible as it pushed deeper.


She moaned. The sound echoed across the bay, loud enough to shake windows in Oakland. She didn't care who heard, or who was watching. She wanted to let everyone know exactly what she was doing to their city, and how pointless it would be to ever resist her simplest urges.


The tower slid deeper, inch by inch. The sensation built with every floor that disappeared inside her. She could feel the building pressing against her inner walls as the whole structure filled her.


Liz pushed harder, and more of the building vanished inside. The wet sounds were audible even from blocks away. Her breathing got heavier, faster. The tower kept going, deeper and deeper.


She looked down at it: The massive skyscraper jutting out from between her thighs. The city crushed beneath her body. The destruction spread out in every direction.
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"Fuck that's good!" Liz moaned, her breath catching in her throat. This. THIS was what she'd been missing. This was what trying to be good had denied her. This feeling, this power... This absolute freedom to do whatever the fuck she wanted, loss of life be damned.


Liz pushed the tower in further. Her body stretched to accommodate it. The sensation was almost too much. ALMOST. But she wanted more... Needed more.


The building slid in until only a few floors remained visible. Liz's thighs trembled. Her whole body was tense now, every muscle straining. The pressure just kept building.
She shifted her hips, grinding against the tower. The movement sent waves of pleasure through her body. Buildings crunched beneath her ass as she moved, but she barely noticed. Nothing mattered except this feeling. She thought it couldn't get any better... And then something else started happening.


Her body tensed. A familiar sensation coursed through her body. A tightness that bordered on uncomfortable. A warmth that grew hotter and more intense with every passing second. Liz thrust harder, working the tower deeper. Her skin tingled all over. She could feel the growth starting, and she wanted more.


She grew.
Her breasts swelled larger, becoming even more massive than before. Her thighs expanded in every direction, flattening entire neighborhoods. The tower between her legs felt smaller every second, but she kept thrusting anyway.


Her hips rose and fell, grinding against the city. More buildings vanished beneath her ass with each movement. She was getting heavier, and every shift of her weight destroyed more. She clenched her toes through the city and released, sending fresh clouds of smoke out from her feet as she did so.
Liz thrust faster, harder. The tower slid in and out, and she was still growing. Still expanding. The sensation was overwhelming. Growth and pleasure mixing together, feeding off each other.


Her legs stretched longer, her feet pushing further into the city. Buildings crumpled beneath her soles as they grew. Her calves expanded, crushing shopping districts and residential areas. Her thighs thickened, flattening office parks and industrial zones.
People were running everywhere below, tiny dots scattering in all directions. But there was nowhere for them to go. She was too big. Too massive. Her body covered too much ground. She would get to them eventually, that they were sure of.


She kept thrusting. Kept growing. Kept destroying. The sensations blurred together until she couldn't tell where one ended and the other began.
The growth was speeding up now. She could feel it accelerating with each thrust. Her body was expanding faster, taking up more space. More buildings disappeared beneath her with every passing second.


From miles away, people stared as Liz grew. Hundreds watched from the Golden Gate Bridge. Dozens of cars honked their horns and tried to speed up, but hundreds had simply stopped to gawk at the show.
They were watching her. Watching her grow. Watching her fuck herself with their city's skyline. And somehow, Liz could feel it.


The thought made her push harder. She wanted them to watch her grow bigger and bigger, until she towered over everything. She craved that feeling, and wanted to chase it as long as possible.
Liz was nearing the edge. She could feel it building, that familiar pressure. The orgasm was close, so close. And she was still growing, still expanding. She thrust frantically now, desperate. The tower was almost too small. It barely filled her anymore. But she kept going, kept moving, chasing a release that seemed perpetually out of reach.


Her body towered over downtown now. The tallest buildings barely reached her hips. She was massive, bigger than she'd ever been before... And she was still growing.
The pressure inside of her rose, desperate for release. Higher and higher she grew. Her whole body tensed, every muscle straining. The growth accelerated again, one final surge.


Then she came. The orgasm hit her like a wave, crashing through her entire body. She moaned, loud enough to shake the ground for miles. Even on ground level any people close enough would have lost their lives simply from the power of her voice. Her orgasm roared through the city for miles around, and thousands of buildings had their windows burst all at once.
In that moment, she grew even more. One final burst of expansion, her body surging larger in an instant. Then it stopped. The growth spurt ended as suddenly as it had started.


Finally satisfied, Liz breathed a sigh of relief as she reached down and pulled the tower out. The pathetic little thing was much too small for her now. She held it up, examining it. The whole building fit in her palm, barely the size of a pencil.
She didn't care that it was a marvel of engineering, and she cared even less about the people clinging to life inside. She simply closed her fist, and removed it from her sight. The tower crumpled instantly, compressed into nothing. She opened her hand and let the debris fall.
"Nothin' personal." Liz teased. "You did your best, I'm just a bit of a size queen, you know?"


Her eyes drifted across the bay as the pleasant afterglow of her body coursed through her veins. She felt almost sleepy now... but there was something else she needed to address first.
The Golden Gate Bridge was still there. Still intact, and still stretching across the water. All those people on it, must have been watching her, which meant there were undoubtedly hundreds of cars stopped in traffic.


She couldn't lie down and rest before she addressed this little interest of hers. And so Liz shifted, pushing herself up onto her knees. More buildings vanished beneath her weight as she moved. She didn't even feel them anymore. They were too small.


She stood up slowly, rising to her full height. The city spread out beneath her feet, looking even more like a toy model than before. Her head pushed through the clouds, disappearing into the mist above.
Liz looked down. San Francisco was a mess. Huge swaths of it were just gone, crushed flat into craters that bore the shape of gorgeous form. She liked it better that way. It was obvious she'd been here, and they wouldn't soon forget that.


She raised her foot, positioning it above part of downtown. Her sole cast massive shadows across the streets below. The buildings beneath her rang out with panicked screams, but if it was impossible to evade her steps before it was laughable to even try now.


Without giving it a moment of thought, Liz stepped down. Her foot descended, crushing dozens of buildings at once. Entire city blocks disappeared beneath her sole in an instant. Thousands of lives went with that single step, and she never even noticed. Her attention was already elsewhere, and the city was beneath her. Literally, and metaphorically.


The bridge. That beautiful, famous bridge. The one she'd seen in movies her whole life. The one everyone recognized instantly as this little city's most famous landmark.
Liz started walking toward it. Each step destroyed more, but the only thing she paid any mind was how close it drew her to her prize. The Golden Gate Bridge, which was already shuddering from her approach.


It was beautiful. Elegant. Iconic. Just like her, really. Both of them were known around the world.
The difference was, she could destroy it whenever she wanted.


Liz walked closer, wading into the bay. The water barely reached her ankles now. She was so much bigger than she had been before. The bridge looked tiny from up here, like a model that been dropped into a puddle.


She stopped in the middle of the bay, standing between the bridge and the city. She looked down at it, pausing for a moment to take it all in.
All those people on the bridge, all those cars... They were all watching her. Waiting to see what she'd do next.


Liz lowered herself down slowly, dropping into a crouch. Her body loomed over the bridge, her legs stretching all the way across the bay. She looked down at the tiny structure between her thighs. At all those tiny people, frozen in their cars, staring up at her.
Liz smiled.
"You know, I've always wanted to see this bridge up close," she said, her voice booming across the bay. "It's even prettier in person. Maybe a little too pretty. Would be a real shame if something happened to it."


END OF
PART 11