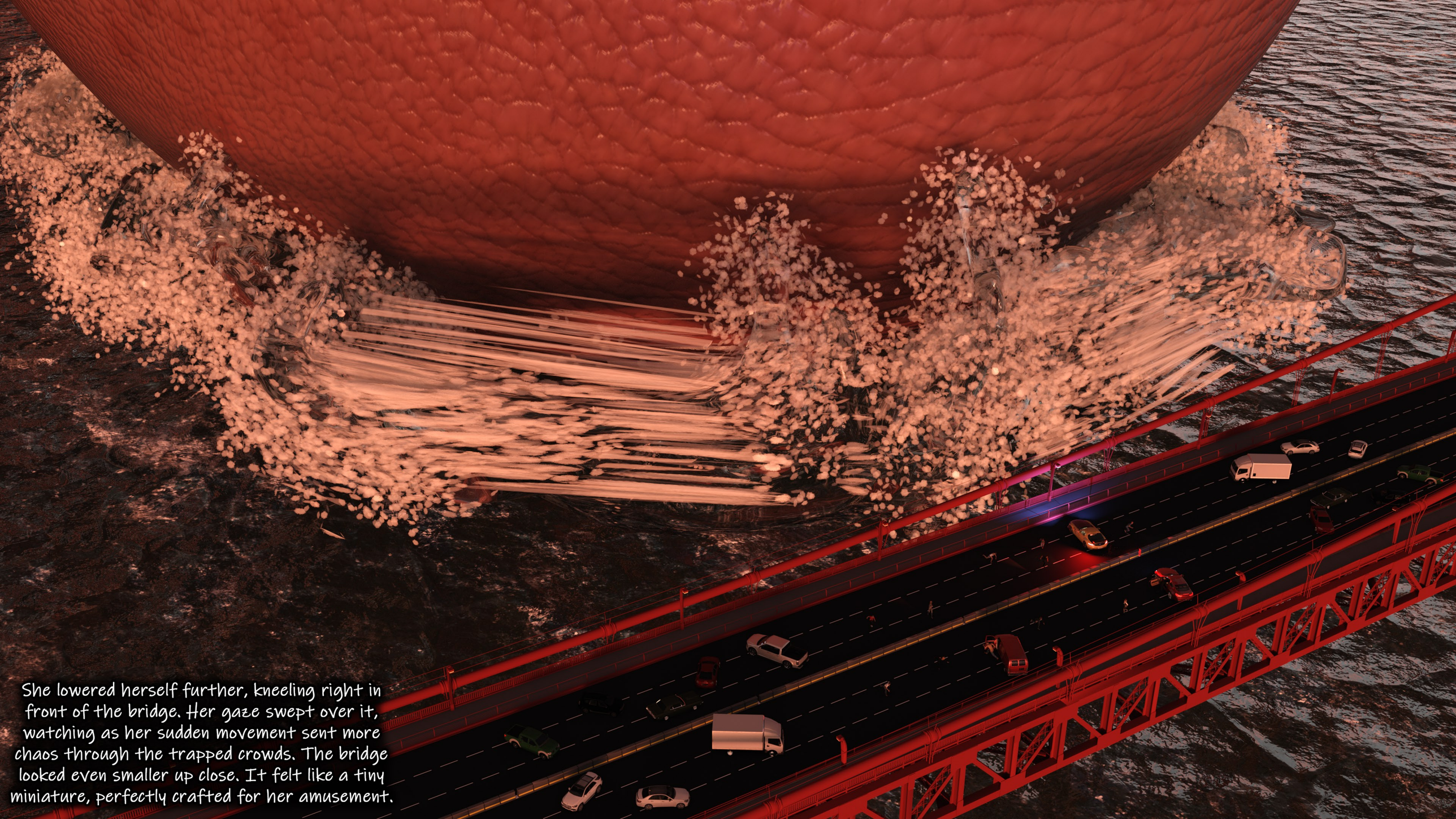

CELEBRITY
CRUSH 12


ART BY JACKOFBULLETS
STORY BY REDFIREDOG

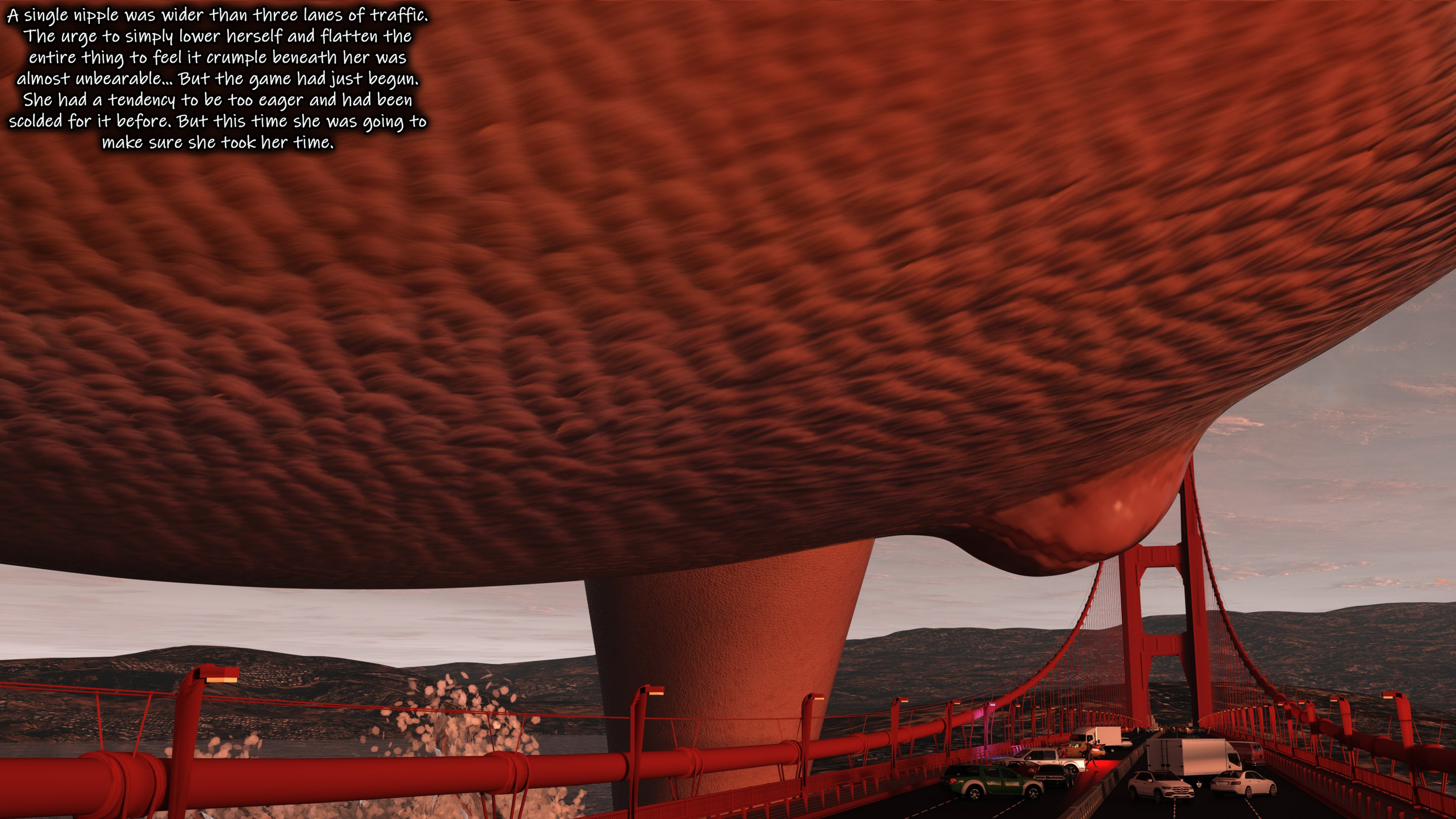

Liz loomed over the Golden Gate Bridge, staring down over the famous landmark. She'd seen it in so many movies over the years, and in every single one it had always looked massive. Something impressive that the climax of a film would revolve around. Seeing it now amused her to no end when it more closely resembled a little metal toy.


The drivers on the bridge started to panic. One driver swerved, nearly crashing into another before slamming on the brakes. Then another, and another. Liz watched with amusement as the orderly lines of traffic devolved into gridlock, all because of her looming presence.

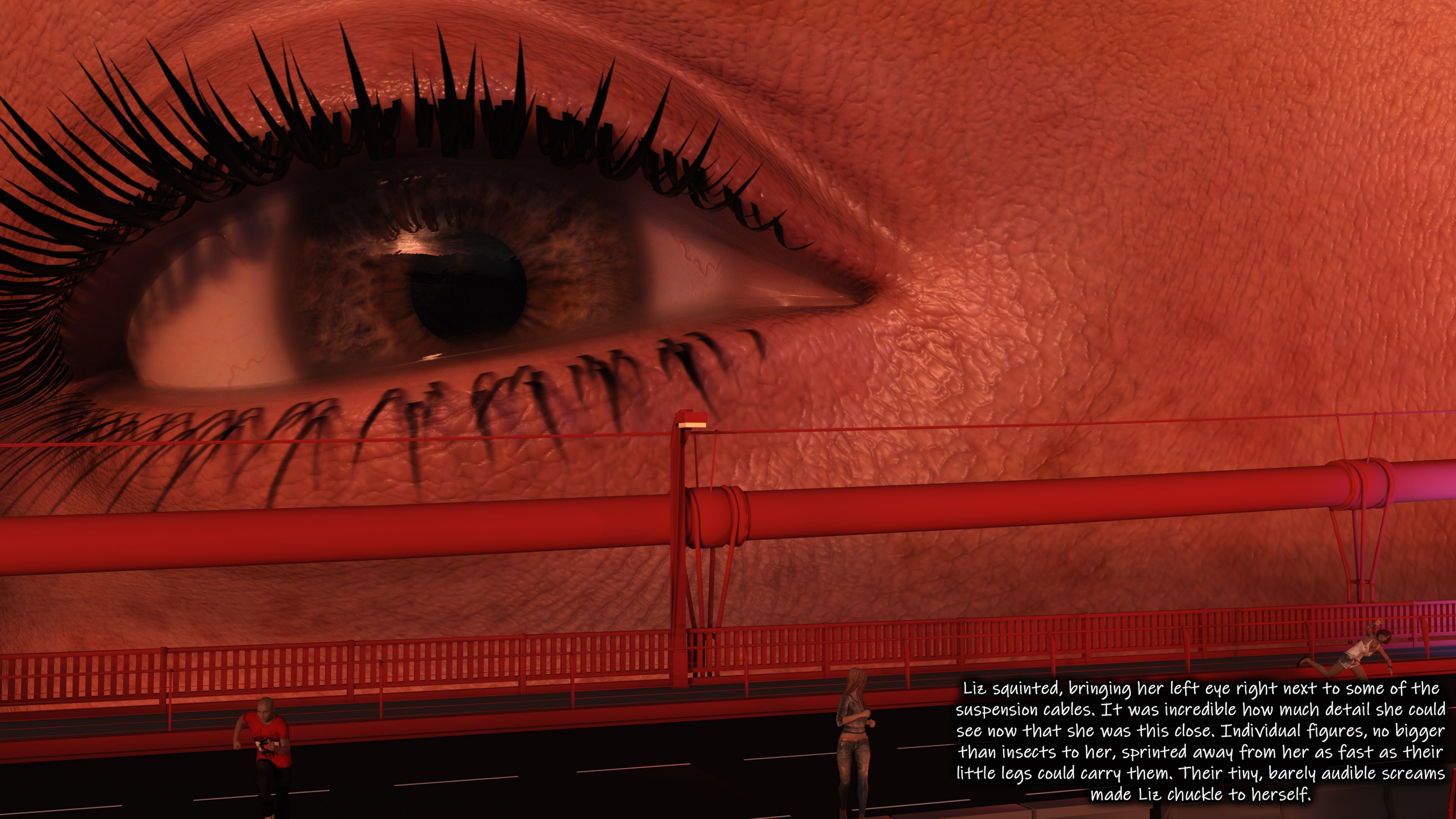

Liz could barely make out the little cars on the streets below enough to get a sense of the chaos she was causing. Her lips curved into a slow, mischievous grin. So many little people, all trapped on that tiny bridge. She was going to have some fun with them.

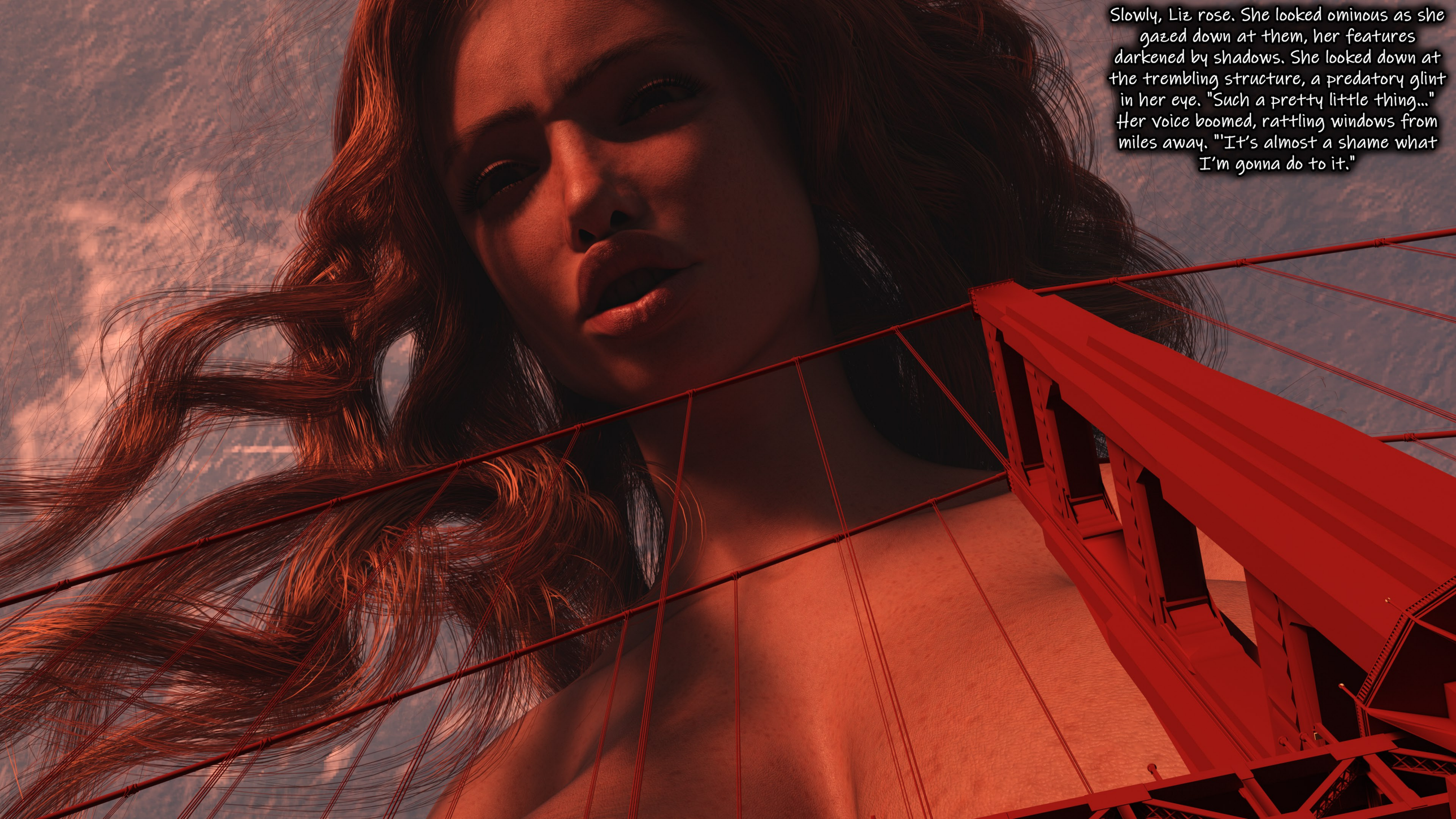

She lowered herself further, kneeling right in front of the bridge. Her gaze swept over it, watching as her sudden movement sent more chaos through the trapped crowds. The bridge looked even smaller up close. It felt like a tiny miniature, perfectly crafted for her amusement.

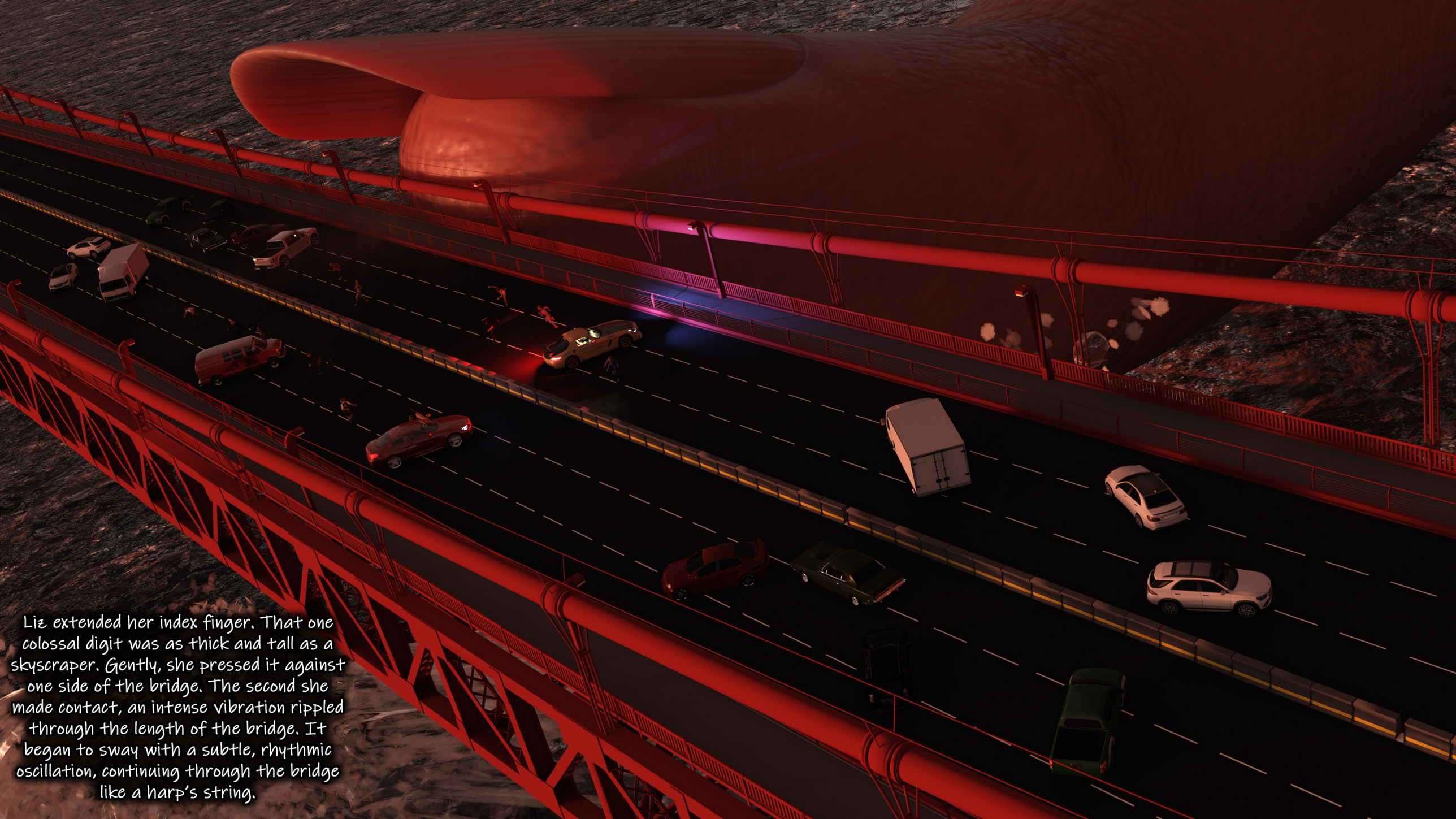

Liz slowly leaned forward, her colossal chest descending above the building. Her breasts began to overshadow the entire thing.


A single nipple was wider than three lanes of traffic. The urge to simply lower herself and flatten the entire thing to feel it crumple beneath her was almost unbearable... But the game had just begun. She had a tendency to be too eager and had been scolded for it before. But this time she was going to make sure she took her time.


Liz pulled back, a fleeting moment of restraint. She brought her face closer, smiling wide as she watched the people below. Her hot breath blew over the bridge like a mighty wind, threatening to send the occupants flying into the ocean.

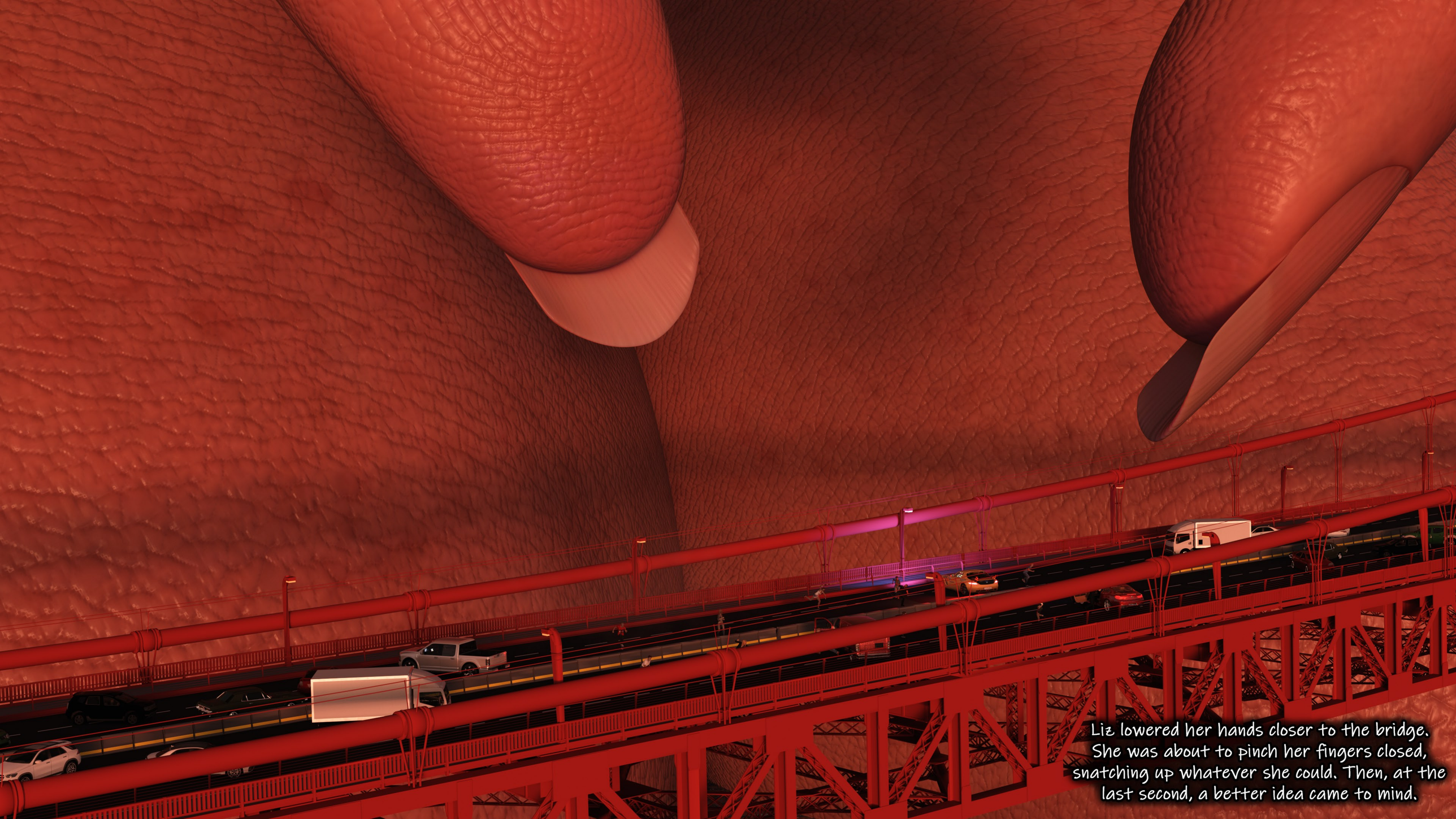

Liz squinted, bringing her left eye right next to some of the suspension cables. It was incredible how much detail she could see now that she was this close. Individual figures, no bigger than insects to her, sprinted away from her as fast as their little legs could carry them. Their tiny, barely audible screams made Liz chuckle to herself.


Slowly, Liz rose. She looked ominous as she gazed down at them, her features darkened by shadows. She looked down at the trembling structure, a predatory glint in her eye. "Such a pretty little thing..." Her voice boomed, rattling windows from miles away. "'It's almost a shame what I'm gonna do to it."


Liz extended her index finger. That one colossal digit was as thick and tall as a skyscraper. Gently, she pressed it against one side of the bridge. The second she made contact, an intense vibration rippled through the length of the bridge. It began to sway with a subtle, rhythmic oscillation, continuing through the bridge like a harp's string.

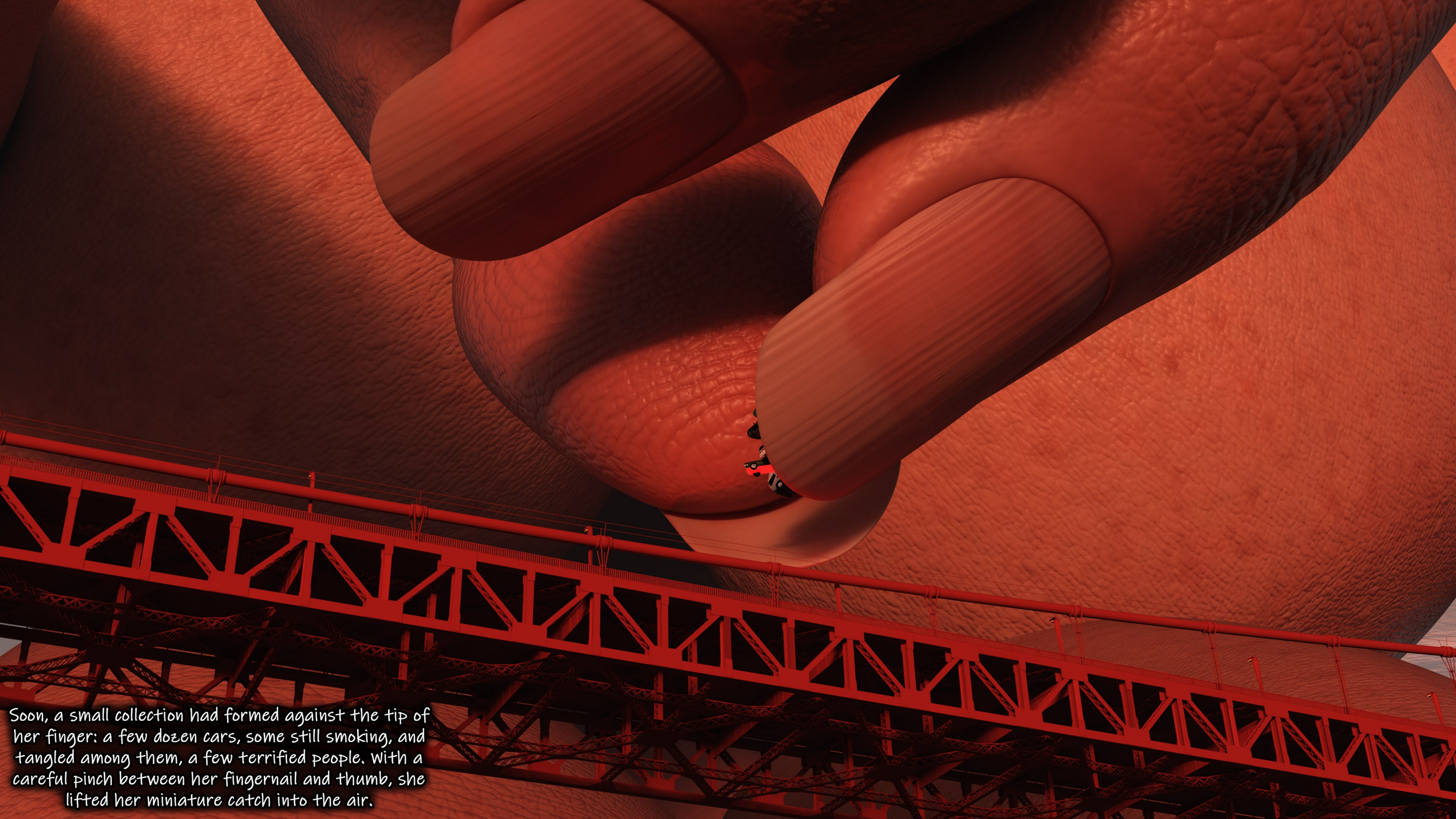

Liz watched, amused. That was all it took. The slightest touch. Such delicate movements nearly resulted in its destruction. "I'll try my best not to break it... for now."


Liz lifted her hand above the bridge. She positioned it carefully above the bridge, like a predator preparing to pounce.


Liz lowered her hands closer to the bridge. She was about to pinch her fingers closed, snatching up whatever she could. Then, at the last second, a better idea came to mind.


She decided to extend a single finger, careful to position it just right. Her long, manicured nail passed over the parked cars, until she settled on the perfect position. She lowered her fingernail, scraping gently against the asphalt.


She slid her finger forward like a giant plough. The nail scraped along the bridge, scooping up cars as it went. They were pushed back onto the nail, piling up on it like an oversized bulldozer.

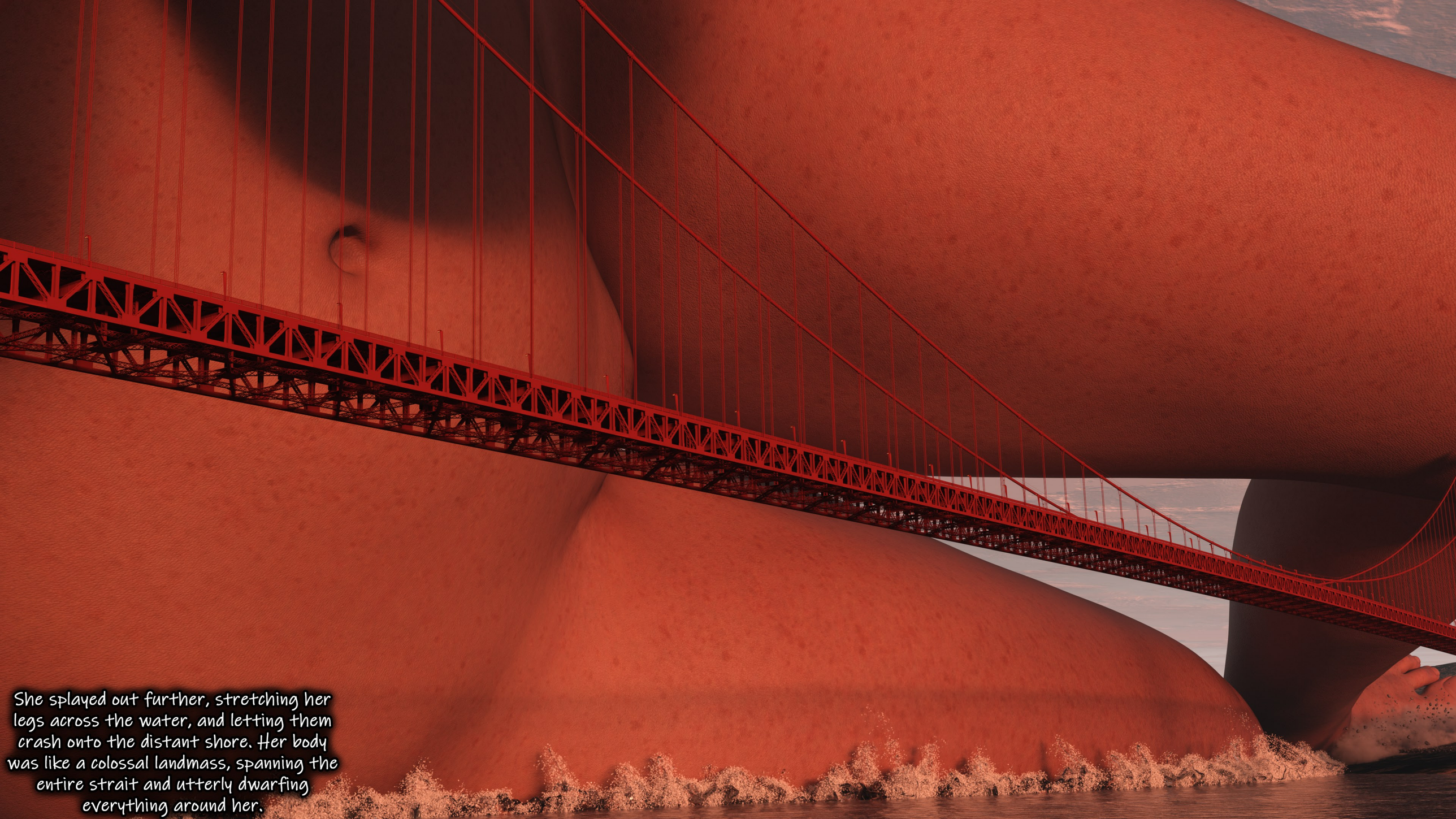

Soon, a small collection had formed against the tip of her finger: a few dozen cars, some still smoking, and tangled among them, a few terrified people. With a careful pinch between her fingernail and thumb, she lifted her miniature catch into the air.


Liz brought her hand up closer to eye level. She studied her little catch. It wasn't much, a meager handful against her immense size... But it was enough to start.


A playful smile stretched across her face, revealing gleaming teeth. "Look at you poor little things," she taunted, her voice loud enough to rattle everyone in her hand. "So tiny. So helpless."


Then, with a casual flick, she stuck her finger, and all of its terrified cargo right into her mouth. She swallowed... And just like that, they were gone.

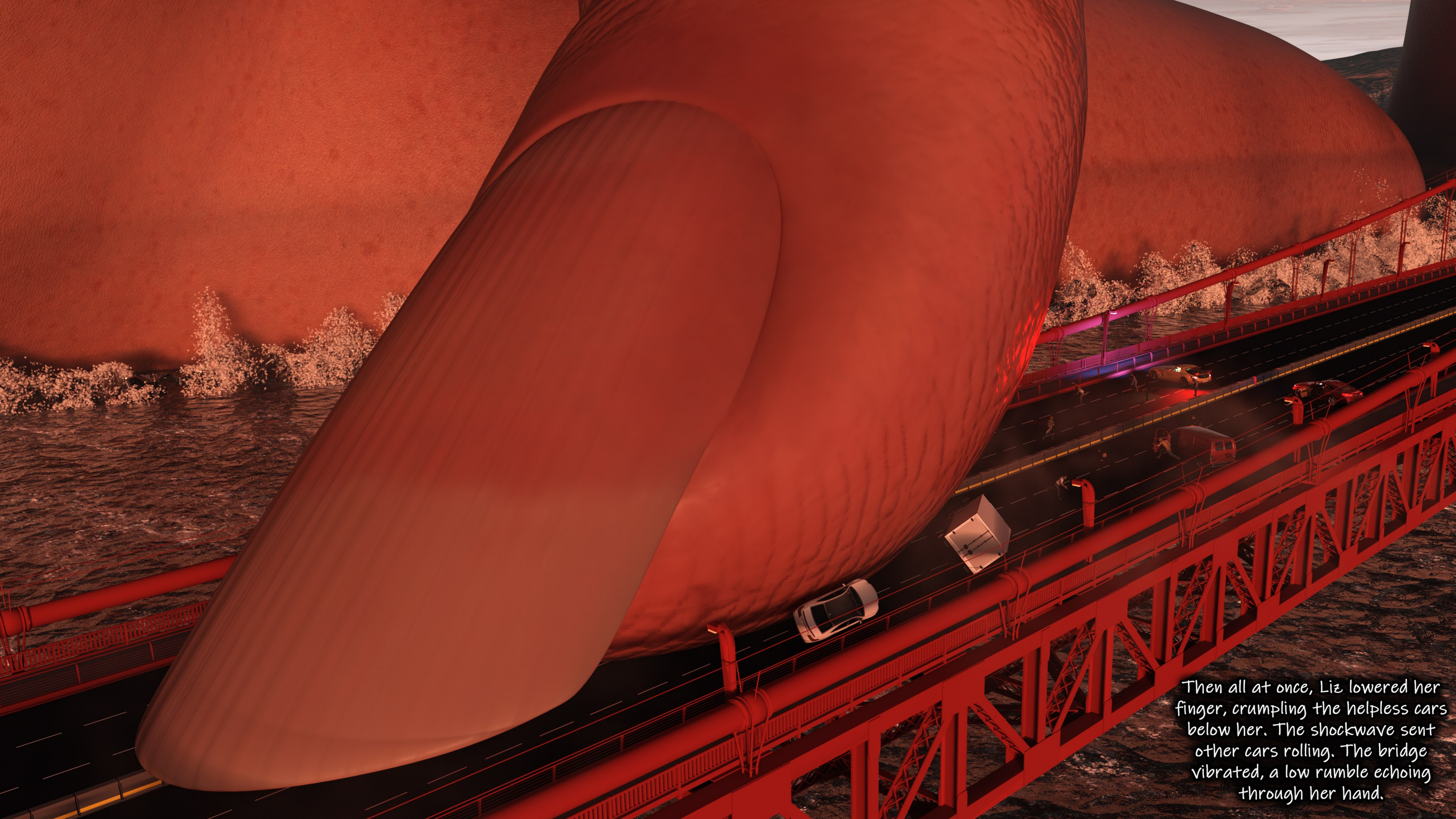

Liz stretched out, reaching her right arm across the strait. As she shifted, her enormous breasts swayed, casting immense, mobile shadows that swept across the Golden Gate Bridge below.

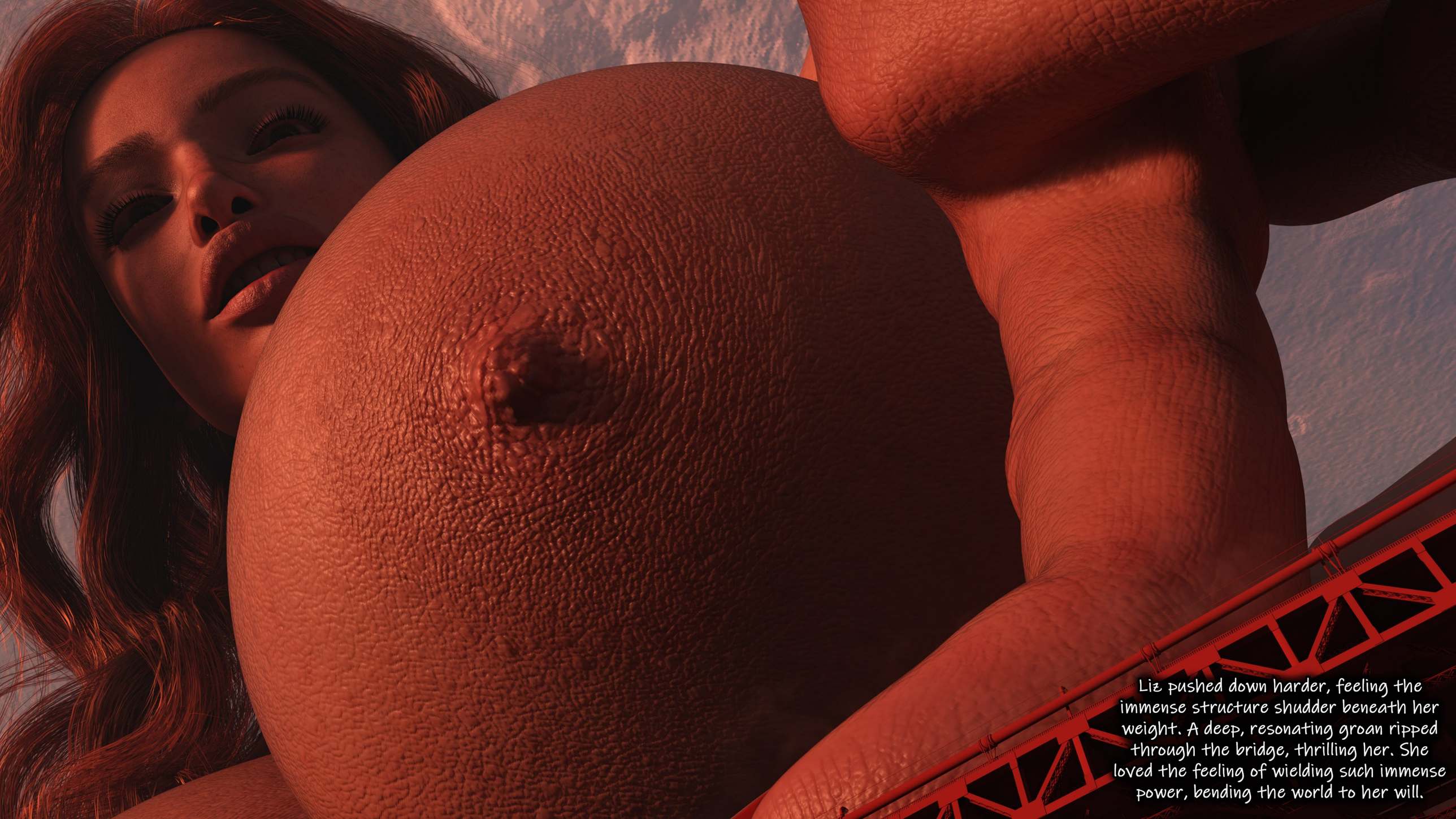

She splayed out further, stretching her legs across the water, and letting them crash onto the distant shore. Her body was like a colossal landmass, spanning the entire strait and utterly dwarfing everything around her.


Liz looked down at the bridge again. It was impossibly small now, barely more than a thin red thread beneath her. She marveled at her own restraint, at how long she'd held back from crushing it. But that patience, she knew, was about to run out.


"I bet I could smash this whole thing with one little finger..." Liz murmured, her voice a low growl that vibrated through the air. She held out her left index finger, and slowly lowered it towards the bridge.


Her index finger descended towards the bridge. She stopped for a moment, holding it in place above a cluster of trapped cars just to toy with the people below. She could almost taste their fear.


Then all at once, Liz lowered her finger, crumpling the helpless cars below her. The shockwave sent other cars rolling. The bridge vibrated, a low rumble echoing through her hand.


Liz pushed down harder, feeling the immense structure shudder beneath her weight. A deep, resonating groan ripped through the bridge, thrilling her. She loved the feeling of wielding such immense power, bending the world to her will.


A naughty thought sparked in her mind, a mischievous glint in her eyes. She shifted her finger, scooping up a handful of crushed cars, along with some tiny, scrambling people trapped amidst the wreckage.


Then, driven by impulse, she shoved it all deep inside herself. Her fingers pressed against her moist pussy lips. The knowledge that countless millions were watching her sent a jolt of pleasure through her. The entire world could be watching, and they were helpless to stop, or even slow her down.


As her fingers worked their magic, an impulse struck her. Liz leaned forward, looking down towards the bridge. Her tongue stretched out from between her lips, slick with saliva. With just the tip of her tongue, she lapped at one of the bridge's massive towers. The metal was cool and gritty against her tongue, but something about the act appealed to her on a primal level. It was like the entire bridge was her devoted lover, and the people atop it were just one small aspect of their relationship.


She opened her mouth wide, letting the top of the tower slip between her lips. She thought about biting down, and feeling the metal crunch between her molars... but just when she was about to chomp on the tower, a better idea came to mind.


Driven by a surge of primal desire, Liz shifted her weight. She dropped onto all fours, straddling the bridge with her enormous body. The bridge now lay directly beneath her, a thin line completely overshadowed by her vast form.

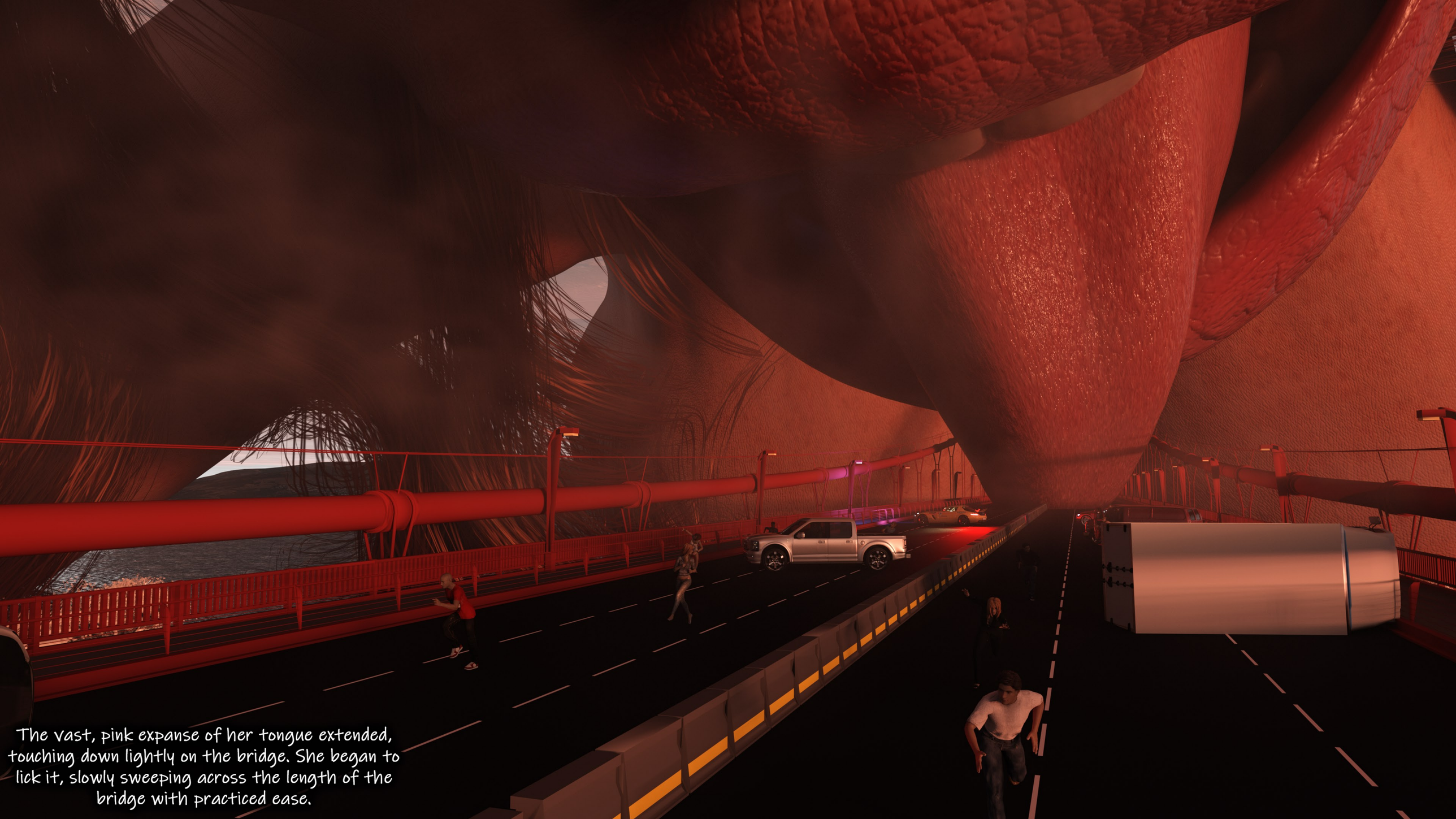

Her massive chest swung heavy and low like huge mountains of flesh. She realized that the slightest shift would be enough for either of her breasts to obliterate the iconic structure in an instant. The temptation to do so was almost overwhelming.

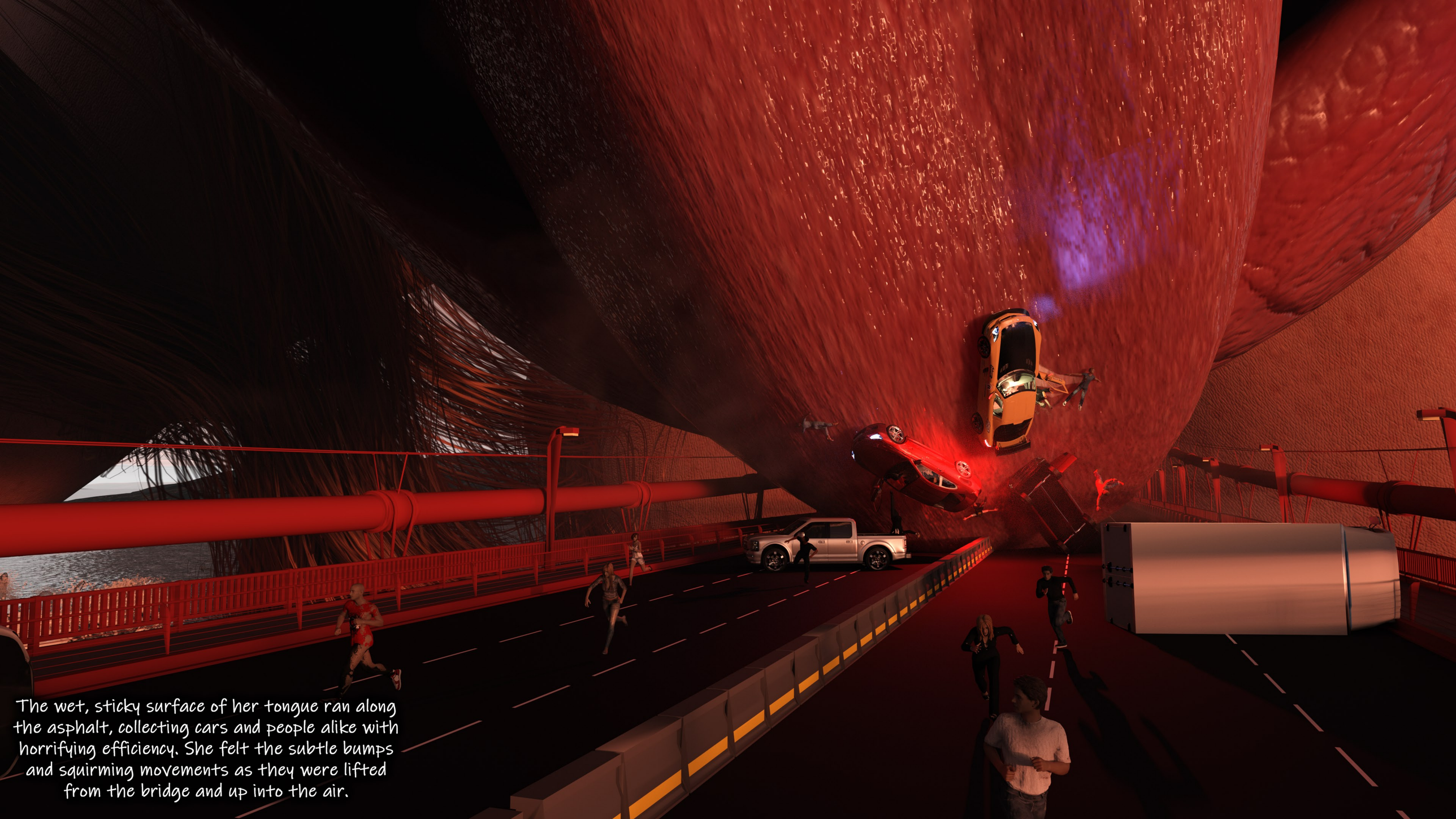

Liz bit down on her lip as she stared down at the near-microscopic people still scattered across the bridge. She thought of bringing her full weight down, and feeling the entire thing crumble into dust beneath her. The chaos, the sheer, utter destruction the simple act would cause was intoxicating. It called to her, and she was unsure of how much longer she could resist.


Slowly, deliberately, she began to lower herself. The air thickened, charged with anticipation as those gigantic breasts swung throughout their descent. Liz held her breath, waiting for the inevitable.


But she was careful, measured with her movements. Her breasts descended, vast and soft, settling gently on either side of the bridge. It remained, miraculously, intact, suspended precariously in the heady valley of her cleavage... But it was a fragile peace. The slightest tremor, the merest twitch of her muscles, would be enough to tear it apart. The tension was exquisite.


A predatory hunger gnawed at her. Liz leaned further forward, her mouth drawing closer to the suspended roadway. She licked her lips, leering at a cluster of tiny, terrified figures huddled together, their minute forms trembling under her.


The vast, pink expanse of her tongue extended, touching down lightly on the bridge. She began to lick it, slowly sweeping across the length of the bridge with practiced ease.


The wet, sticky surface of her tongue ran along the asphalt, collecting cars and people alike with horrifying efficiency. She felt the subtle bumps and squirming movements as they were lifted from the bridge and up into the air.


Liz reared her head up, shifting high above the structure. She closed her jaws, teeth shearing through it all with terrifying ease. As if she really were just biting down into a hot meal. She chewed, savoring the sound of twisting steel, and the occasional burst of something soft amidst the grit and concrete.


Slowly, Liz pushed herself back up into a kneeling position. She looked out over the bay, amused by how small everything looked to her now.


She tilted her head back, letting out a long, satisfied gulp. It wasn't necessary. She only wanted to relish in the feeling that swallowing gave her. The rush of power, the taste of flesh, the sheer scale of her dominance. It felt good... But it wasn't enough. Not nearly enough to quell the deep, burning hunger within her.


A familiar warmth began to bloom in her core. A slow, building heat that Liz deliberately stoked. She slid her hands down, fingers tracing the curve of her thighs until they found their target between her legs.

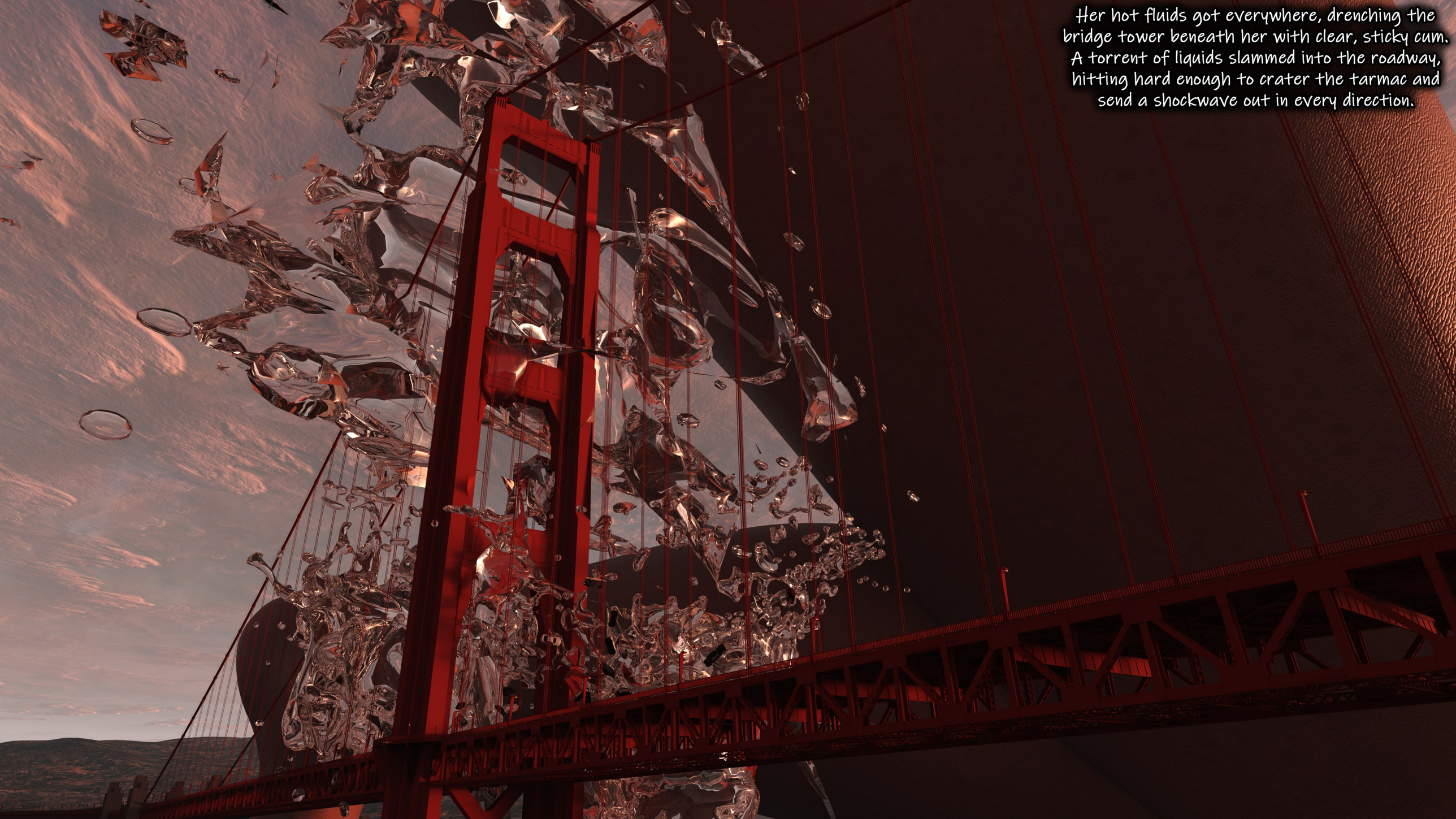

Slowly, she slid her fingers along the contours of her labia. Then, all at once, she shoved two fingers past her pussy lips. She thrust in, then out, letting out a moan of pleasure.

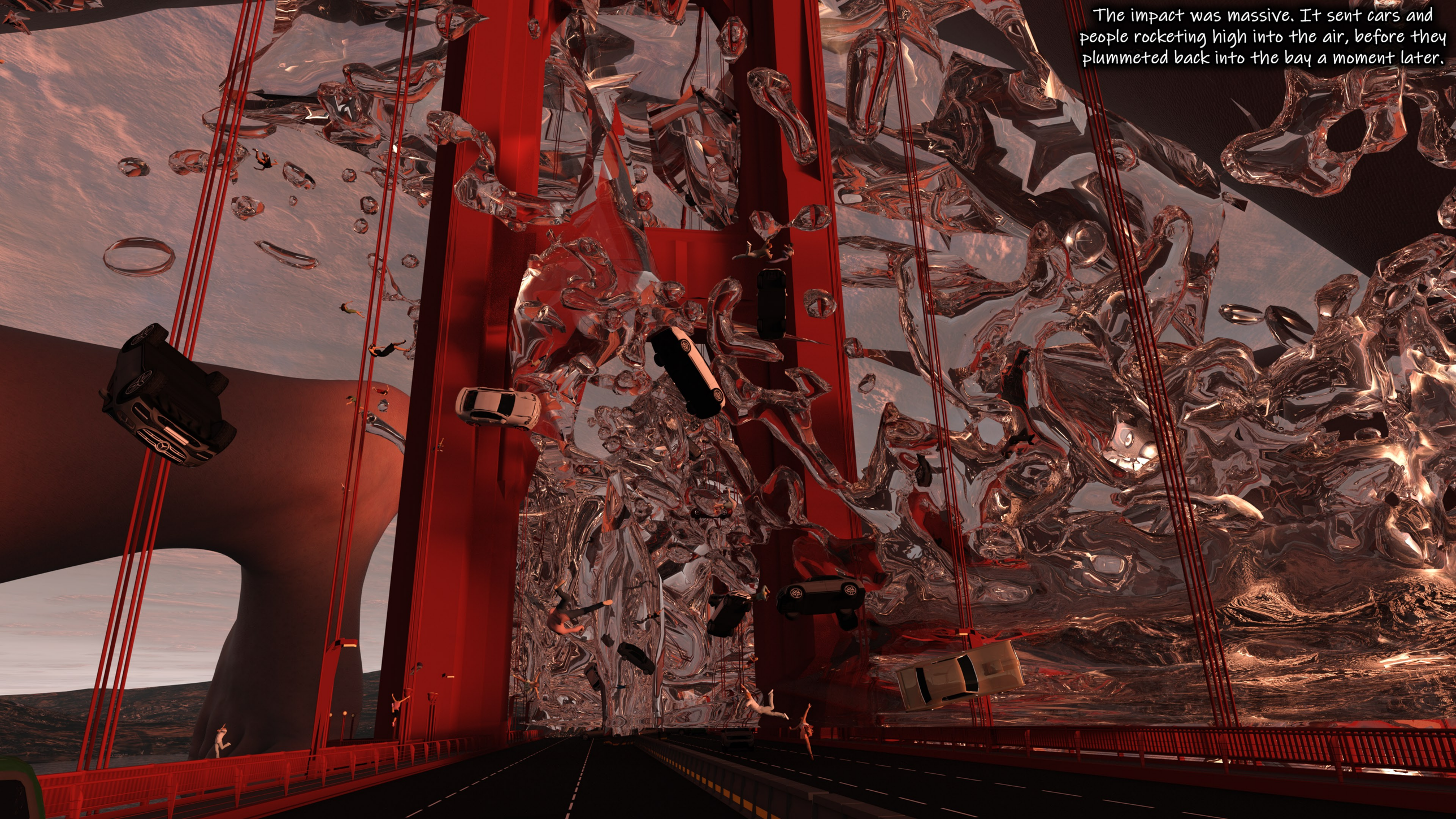

Her moans grew louder, reverberating through the entire valley. It was a primal declaration of pleasure. It felt incredible... But this was just the beginning.


Far behind her, the fires of Oakland still raged. The distant inferno was truly massive, and there wasn't a single soul doing anything to try and quell it. But even that raging inferno was nothing compared to her immense body. Even on her knees she rose high above the smoke and flames, untouched and untouchable.


It did not take long for Liz to reach climax. Try as she might, the sheer overwhelming power at her fingertips was all it took to send her over the edge. She let out a final, animalistic shriek. A guttural cry that shook the very foundations of the earth. Then, the world exploded in a wave of blinding sensation. She came.


A colossal rush of fluid erupted from between her legs, arcing down onto the Golden Gate Bridge below. Tens of thousands of gallons poured out of her all at once.


Her hot fluids got everywhere, drenching the bridge tower beneath her with clear, sticky cum. A torrent of liquids slammed into the roadway, hitting hard enough to crater the tarmac and send a shockwave out in every direction.


The impact was massive. It sent cars and people rocketing high into the air, before they plummeted back into the bay a moment later.


Liz arched her back, her fingers still working furiously, desperately trying to cling to the fading echoes of her orgasm. Countless gallons of fluid poured down while the tremors of pleasure slowly subsided. It had lasted only a moment, but had left her still buzzing with power. She was satiated.
For now.


Finally spent, Liz threw her head back. Her immense face once again piercing the clouds. The world lay beneath her, utterly broken, utterly hers.


Liz looked back over her shoulder, frowning slightly. The Golden Gate Bridge was covered in her juices, but it stubbornly held together. It was almost impressive, its resilience. Almost. She wouldn't let that last.


With a heavy sigh, Liz shifted her weight, easing herself down onto the bridge. The steel beams twisted until they snapped, and the central span of the bridge buckled beneath her colossal behind.


The lips of her womanhood pressed against the bridge, forcing it down further into the churning bay. She felt the jolt of the cables snapping and whipping against her hot skin. It all amounted to a dull tremor that vibrated through her, making her hunger for more.


A soft chuckle escaped her lips as she slowly pushed herself up into a crouching position, obliterating even more of the bridge. "Oops, look at clumsy ol' me." she teased.


She turned her back on the ruined bridge, leaving the twisted steel and broken concrete behind her. Like everything else she destroyed, the remains would serve as a monument to her power. Where once stood a famous landmark there was now nothing but ruin.


Liz paused, surveying the vast expanse of the bay. For a moment, she considered her next move. She considered walking away and finding some other city to torment... but her gaze was drawn back to the city she'd just left. Maybe it was just how much of it was left standing, or maybe it was the towering inferno she'd be leaving behind.


"I'm not done with y'all just yet." Liz teased. "The fun's just getting started!"


Columns of black smoke rose from downtown, where massive fires raged. But in spite of the destruction, most of San Francisco was still completely intact, untouched by her rampage. Liz felt a sense of incompletion, a nagging challenge. That wouldn't do. Not at all.


Liz walked over towards the city, cutting straight through the bay. The deep, brackish water was no more than a shallow puddle to her, and she barely even noticed it.


A few steps later, her feet found solid earth on the waterfront. Her eyes were locked on the fires in the distance. Downtown was just a few short steps away. The buildings there were big enough to be worth the trouble of toppling.


Liz took another step. The old houses near the edge of the city offered little resistance, crumbling into dust and splinters under her advancing feet completely beneath her notice.


Tiny figures scattered like ants in those neighborhoods below. A flash of movement, a blur of pure panic as her shadow engulfed them.


Her foot descended, shaking the ground beneath her. Houses, streets, and the fleeing inhabitants were compressed into nothing more than a faint crunch, a minor tremor in her colossal body, barely even noticed.


Above the rising dust, any survivors who dared look up saw her colossal form walking over them. She was completely unaware of the little things, which were utterly beneath her notice. It was doubtful she'd even be able to see them if she were to stop and squint. So, she simply didn't try. Her attention remained on the fires downtown.


Another massive stride carried her forward, covering more than a mile. The residential areas quickly gave way to the denser urban sprawl. Downtown was just a couple of steps away, and she could practically feel the skyscrapers crumbling beneath her feet.


Liz could make out the individual buildings downtown now, and noted how remarkably intact they were. Too intact, in her opinion. The fires had barely touched them. It was almost insulting, how they'd managed to remain standing while she was busy with the bridge.


Liz took a step by the edge of downtown, stepping on a cluster of low-rise apartment buildings. They collapsed instantly, brick and mortar exploding outward in a cloud of dust. The impact barely registered through her sole. They were too small, and too easy. She craved something bigger, and more substantial.

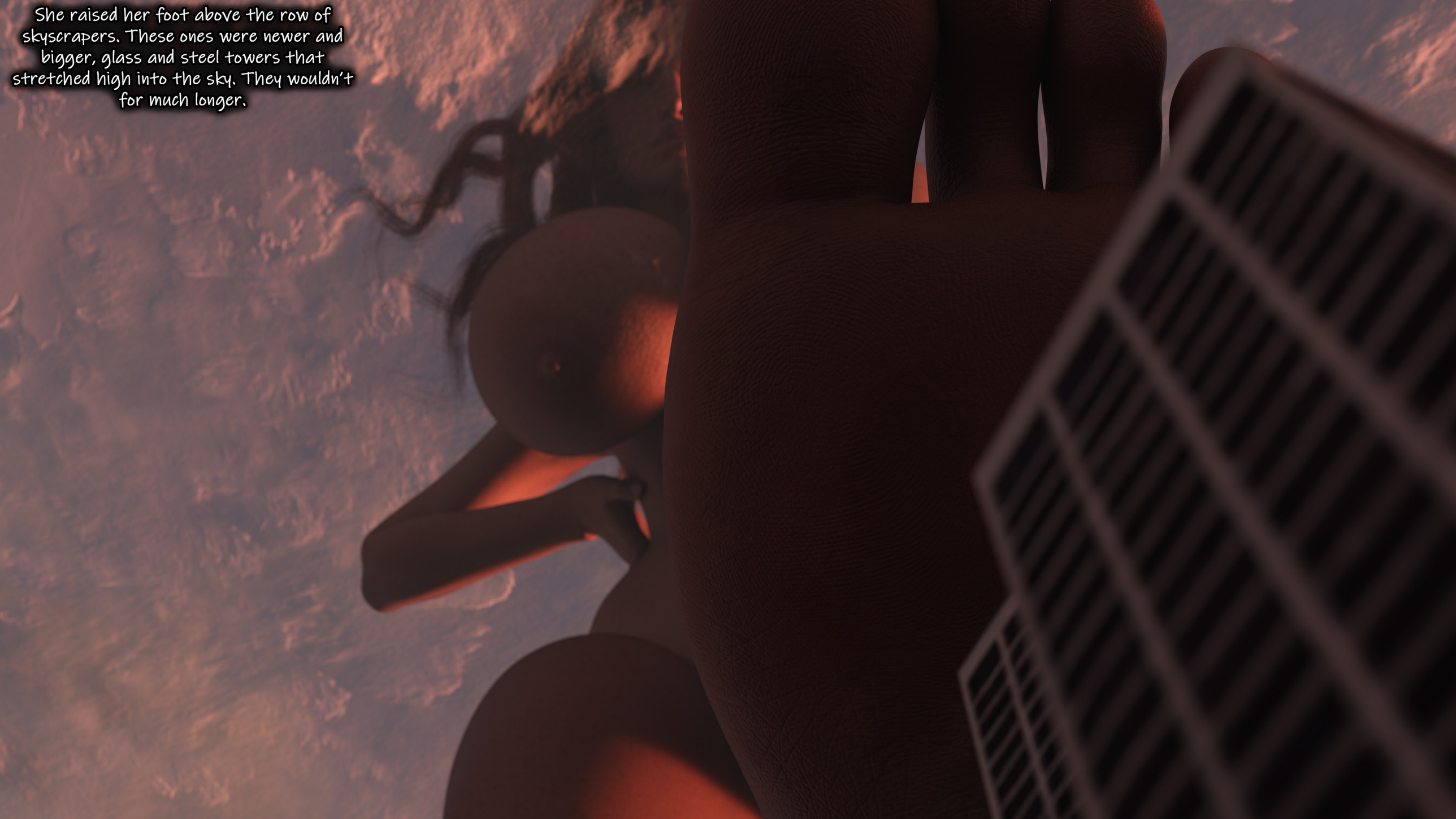

She looked down, a slow smile spreading across her face. All those buildings, just waiting to be crushed. All that destruction, just waiting to happen. Her stomach fluttered with anticipation.


Liz raised her foot above a block of downtown. The old buildings beneath her had stood there for close to a century. Victorian architecture, ornate facades, history preserved in brick and stone.
None of that mattered now.


She stomped down. The entire block vanished. Every building, every street, every car and person. All of it compressed into nothing beneath her sole, destined to be forgotten.


The impact sent a shockwave rippling outward, and a moment later, more buildings crumbled around her foot, their foundations shattered by the vibrations alone.


Liz looked down with amusement, and something approaching pride. A perfect crater where a city block used to be. But as nice as the crater looked, something right next to it was ruining her view. Right next to it were a cluster of pristine skyscrapers, just begging to be destroyed.


She raised her foot above the row of skyscrapers. These ones were newer and bigger, glass and steel towers that stretched high into the sky. They wouldn't for much longer.



The buildings started to topple the instant her foot made contact, the upper floors shearing away from the pressure. She pushed down harder, and they crumbled beneath her weight, folding in on themselves like wet cardboard.


A second later and they were gone. The whole block had been flattened in seconds. The buildings had been smashed into debris and ground beneath her sole. And yet in spite of it, Liz felt almost disappointed.


They had broken so easily. She wanted more of a challenge, something that would push back, something that would make her work for it. But it seemed as if she couldn't find anything to satisfy these needs. Everything in this world was just too fragile. It all just... collapsed.


Liz sighed, and knelt down above the city, her knees crushing parking garages and office buildings beneath them. She reached out with her hand, lowering it slowly on top of some buildings near the financial district.


"I always did like to get my hands dirty," Liz mused. "You don't really know a place until you feel the grit under your fingernails..."


A block of low-rise apartment buildings were instantly flattened under her palm. She felt them give way, felt the walls buckle and the roofs cave in. It was satisfying, but ultimately fleeting.


Liz made her hand into a claw, scooping up what was left of some of the buildings. Chunks of concrete, twisted rebar, broken furniture... and whatever unfortunate people happened to still be caught in the turmoil.


She turned her hand over, catching the wreckage on her palm. She could just barely make out the screams, as dust and debris settled between the fine lines of her skin.


She looked down as she closed her hand into a fist, obliterating everything that was left. A final chorus of tiny screams rang out, then went silent. The rubble compressed into nothing, grinding together until nothing but a fine powder sifted through her fingers.


Liz turned and looked back at the city behind her.
"Hope you don't mind if I take a seat," Liz teased, crouching over the populated section.
"Would be a real shame if my butt was too big for this little city..."


Liz's ass loomed over dozens of skyscrapers downtown, threatening to engulf them all with the slightest movement. They looked so small and fragile compared to Liz's massive behind, which only enticed Liz into acting more.


Liz laughed madly as she thrust her ass back. The impact was catastrophic. Dozens of blocks were instantly obliterated under the weight of her gigantic ass. The shockwave flattened everything for dozens of blocks in every direction.


Liz was still laughing as she slid her legs forward, demolishing rows after row of buildings with her feet. Office towers toppled. Parking structures collapsed. Everything in her path was reduced to rubble before being ground beneath her soles.


She leaned back, slamming her hands down on some city blocks near the waterfront. Even a movement that casual resulted in more buildings gone. More destruction. More ruin. The ground shook beneath her palms as the earth itself heaved under her weight.


Liz looked down, spotting tiny figures crowds through the streets below. Even now, after all of this, there were still survivors.
She grinned.
"Where do you think you're going?" she taunted, her voice booming across the ruins. "There's nowhere to go but the bay. Hope you can swim!"


Liz laughed madly as she wriggled her ass around, grinding everything beneath her into the rubble. More buildings crumbled beneath her. More screams echoed up from below. She reveled in it. In the chaos, the destruction and the sheer, absolute power her every movement wrought.


Then she turned and laid on her side, looking down at what remained of the city. The fires still burned. Smoke still rose. But so much was still standing. Pockets of the city that had narrowly avoided destruction a dozen times over, and still stood. Whole neighborhoods were still untouched. Miles of street were still intact.


She suddenly realized just how much more was left. And how much work it would be to destroy it all. "Guess I'd better get started," Liz groaned, "Least I'd better if I want to make a dent before the sun goes down..."


Exhausted, she raised her fist in the air. Her arm felt heavy, her muscles aching from the exertion. She'd been at this for hours, and the work was just so tedious. She wondered if it were even worth it.


A moment later, Liz half-heartedly slammed her fist down. A few buildings collapsed. A few more fires started. To those affected it was surely an apocalyptic event.
But from her perspective, it hardly made a difference.


She barely mustered the energy to raise her fist again. She was getting tired, but she wasn't going to give up just yet.


Liz slowly lowered her fist down, smashing a few more buildings. The destruction was automatic now, mechanical. The thrill was fading fast. The satisfaction was lessening. It just wasn't much fun anymore.


Liz rolled her eyes. "This is starting to get boring," she muttered. "What's the point in smashing a whole city if it's not even fun?"


Exhausted, she threw her arms back and collapsed on top of the city. Her body settled onto the ruins, crushing everything beneath her weight. The irony wasn't lost on her. Even when bored and trying to rest from destruction she couldn't help but spread even more of it.


Liz stared up at the sky, watching the smoke drift past. The clouds were tinged orange from the fires and the setting sun. Somewhere in the distance, sirens pointlessly wailed... But it was something else entirely that caught her attention.


It started with a gentle, ticklish sensation against her foot. Almost like a hand caressing her, but no one could be big enough to even do that. No one except for...
Her.


The smaller giantess, still clothed in her dominatrix outfit, was just small enough to hide behind Liz's foot.
"Did you miss me?" asked a voice that Liz immediately recognized as her own. "Must get real lonely smashing a city all by yourself."
"Shut up." Liz protested. "You... You're not real."


The little temptress peered out from behind Liz's foot, bending down playfully. "Oh? Since when has that ever mattered?" she mused. "Besides, if you ask me, or any of them down there, I'd say I feel pretty damn real. And I'd bet that orgasm I gave you before felt very goddamn real too..."


The temptress stepped forward, running her hand along Liz's leg as she walked. "Now what's the hold up? Don't tell me you're getting cold feet all of a sudden." she teased. "You know it, and I know it. You're going to raze this city to the ground, and I'll make sure you have plenty of fun doing it."


The temptress continued forward, boots treading effortlessly through the city. "You can't tell me you're tired already. Not when there's still so much fun to have together!" she said. "We're going to destroy it all. The city... The state... And then the whole goddamn world."


As the temptress approached, Liz was overcome with the smell of sulfur. It was a smell that she'd become all-too-familiar with, and it was one that made her mind race. "I get it. You are real, but you're not me, are you? You're one of his little minions in disguise, right?" Liz asked. "What are you, an oversized succubus?"


"Oh, NOW I'm real?" The temptress laughed. "Well, let's keep going with that idea, sure. But I'm no ordinary demon. No, I'm something far more powerful."
"Who?" Liz asked. "Tell me who you are!"


The temptress smiled, as she sauntered her way over to Liz. "Let's not worry about that little piece of trivia," the temptress replied. "Because there's only one thing that matters: you and I are having a whole lot of fun together. Isn't that what really counts?"


Liz held up her hand, blocking the smaller giantess's progress. "Stop! I don't want to hear this anymore!" Liz commanded. "If you can appear out of thin air, that means you can disappear too. So when I open my eyes, you'd better be gone!"


The temptress continued forward, walking up to Liz's hand. Liz pushed back against the temptress, but the smaller giantess held her ground, digging her feet through countless buildings below.
"You're making a mistake!" The temptress shouted at Liz. "You can keep wasting your energy trying to fight me, but in the end... I'll always win!"


Then with a sudden inexplicable burst of strength, the temptress shoved back against Liz's hand. The unexpected force shocked her, and she reeled back in surprise.
Liz's looked at the smaller version of herself with astonishment. "How... how did you do that?" Liz asked.


The temptress leaned forward seductively, leaning against one of Liz's soft breasts. "No need to fuss over the details, sweety." She teased. "Let's just say I'm... bigger than I look. I could tell you more, but that would spoil the fun, wouldn't it?"


Liz shook her head in anger. "Oh, good lord... Don't tell me. You're just Miranda in disguise, aren't you?" She spat. "It would be just like her to do somethin' creepy like this."
"Miranda?" The temptress laughed. "No, sweety, I'm not her. I don't think you'll have to worry about her. Far as I know, she's still down in Hell where she belongs."


"Then who the hell are you?" Liz asked. "Lucifer? Is that you? I knew you were sick, but this would be a new low."
"Ooh, now wouldn't that be interesting?" The temptress laughed. "But, no. I'm afraid that's another wrong guess for Liz. Though you are right about one thing... I am someone you know."
"Oh yeah?" Liz asked. "Well, who?"


The temptress placed her hand on Liz's face, caressing her gently. "All these questions when the answer is right in front of you." the temptress teased. "Look at me! I'm you, silly! Who else could I be?"
"Me? What does that even mean?" Liz asked. "I mean, you look like me... But I'm me. I don't understand how that would even-"


"You never were too bright." The temptress interrupted, caressing the side of Liz's face with one hand. "Oh sweetie. I'm your dark side. Well, part of it, anyway. The part that knows you want to destroy the whole damn world. You tried to suppress that part of yourself for too long... But it's like sticking your finger between your legs. Sooner or later, water's gonna come gushing out of the hole."


"I don't believe you." Liz said flatly. "There's no way you can be me, because I'm not crazy. I don't see things that aren't real."

"Well then, it's a good thing I'm real." The temptress said, running her hand along Liz's jaw. "You see me, and you hear me, and you really, really feel me... so why keep denying it?"

"Because..." Liz said, her voice trailing off. "I mean, why would you show up all of a sudden? You can't be me! So, I must be seein' things!"


The temptress leaned closer, putting her hand on Liz's forehead. "Think back, sweety. Remember when you grew that unsightly little horn?" she asked, running her fingers over the spot where it once stood. "You thought it was making you evil, so you tore it off. You weren't exactly wrong, mind you. But... you thought that you'd finished the job. Thought that part of you would just fade away... but it didn't. No, that horn never stopped growing, Liz. It just grew in the other direction. Now it's burrowing into your mind, deeper and deeper. And the more it grows, the crazier you'll get."


Liz turned towards the temptress, looking at her with sudden concern. "There's something growing inside my head...? So I'm going to die?" Liz asked.
The temptress smiled. "Everyone dies, sweety." She told Liz. "Now how you die... that's your call. You can wait for that to kill you, and go out slowly, and painfully... Or you can go out with a bang. A big bang. Destroy the whole world, and take it all with you. That sounds more fun, doesn't it? But before you can do that, you're going to have to grow a whole lot bigger..."


Liz didn't say a word. She just leaned in for a kiss, one that the temptress was happy to reciprocate. The two locked lips, kissing passionately.


while their lips stayed locked together, Liz shifted restlessly. Her feet dragged across the city, demolishing block after block without a second thought. The destruction barely registered through the haze of arousal from having a partner close enough in size with her to kiss.


Something changed. The temptress was getting bigger, her lips swelling against Liz's. She grew steadily, her body expanding with each passing moment.


Soon the temptress stood nearly half Liz's height. She pulled back from the kiss and climbed down, positioning herself on Liz's massive thighs.
"What are you going to do?" Liz asked.
"Wait and see..." the temptress replied.


The smaller giant leaned in closer. Her eyes locked onto the glistening wetness there, and she licked her lips slowly.
"Time to show you what I can really do," the temptress purred, then dove forward without hesitation.


Liz's hand shot out instinctively, grabbing the temptress and pulling her closer. Her head leaned back, and a low moan rumbled from deep in her chest.
"Fuck, that's so good..." Liz moaned.


The temptress pushed deeper, her tongue quickly finding its mark. Liz screamed, the sound ripping through her unexpectedly.


"Everyone, watch the show!" Liz bellowed to no one and everyone at once. Her voice echoed across the bay, loud enough to hear for miles around. "I'm gonna grow bigger than you can imagine!"


Liz pressed the smaller giant's head closer, guiding her in deeper. She knew it was all in her head, but it felt as real as anything she'd ever known.


The temptress thrust her tongue between Liz's folds, and another scream tore free from Liz's throat. The pleasure was electric, overwhelming. That talented tongue worked everywhere, circling and probing. Liz felt the pressure building, coiling tighter with every stroke.


Liz's head snapped back again. "Just like that...!"
She moaned. She was close now, so damn close.


Her hand found her own breast, fingers pinching hard at her nipple to eke out more pleasure. "Oh God," Liz moaned. "Oh... fuck!"


Then something else hit her. A tingling sensation spread through every inch of her body. Liz's eyes flew open, and she saw the buildings around her shrinking away.
No... The world wasn't shrinking. She was the one changing. She was growing again, and this one felt more potent than any that had ever come before.


Liz threw her head back and screamed toward the heavens. The growth accelerated, her body surging larger. Pleasure and power merged into one overwhelming, incredible sensation.


Liz let out a long, primal scream that echoed through the entire valley. The sound bounced off the distant hills and rolled across the bay like thunder.


Liz's feet dragged across the city as she grew, plowing through entire neighborhoods. Her feet reduced everything they touched to dust and rubble without any discernable effort. The growth was unstoppable now, feeding on itself.


Her hands swept outward involuntarily, wiping out more of the city with each passing second. Everything her fingers brushed against simply ceased to exist, unable to endure even a fraction of a second of her strength.


She thrust her head back, letting the sensations completely overpower her. The pleasure and the growth and the destruction all blurred together into one overwhelming wave. Nothing else mattered. Nothing else existed.


Liz raised her left hand high into the air,
making a tight fist. Her muscles tensed.
Every fiber of her being coiled like a spring.


She hammered her fist down against the ground with everything she had. The impact created a massive explosion, a shockwave that radiated outward in all directions and shattered the crust of the planet itself.


Liz thrust her head back one final time, screaming in pure, unbridled pleasure as she finally came. The orgasm ripped through her like lightning, white-hot and endless.


Finally done, Liz sat down heavily. She closed her eyes, feeling the warmth of the sunset on her face. The light painted everything orange and gold. The temptress stood up slowly, gazing at her larger self with obvious satisfaction.


The area below Liz had been reduced to a smoking ruin. The destruction continued for miles around her in every direction. Even buildings she'd never touched were flattened by the shockwave or the earthquakes her movements had caused.


The temptress looked at her mischievously, a wicked grin spreading across her face. "Well, well, well. Wasn't that fun now?" she asked. "And it's just the start, isn't it? You want to destroy more. This was nothin' but an appetizer, right?"


Liz opened her eyes. A slow smile crept across her lips.
"You're goddamn right," Liz said. "Let's smash the whole damn thing."


Liz dropped down onto all fours, her palms and knees crushing what little remained of the financial district. She looked over the city, annoyed by how much of it was still somewhat pristine despite her previous efforts.


Slowly, she pushed herself up to standing. Her feet ground through the ravaged downtown, finishing off the already half-destroyed buildings in the process.


After a moment to gather herself, Liz stood up. She stretched her arms high above her head, reaching far past the clouds. The mist swirled around her waist, cool and damp against her skin. She'd never felt so powerful.


At her feet, downtown was nothing but ruins. Where towers had once stood, there was only mountains of rubble and dust. Practically the entire district had been reduced to debris, broken and flattened beneath her body during the rampage.


Thick black smoke billowed up from the destruction, rising in massive columns that drifted across the bay. The fires still burned hot somewhere beneath all the wreckage, devouring whatever fuel remained.


Liz looked down at the devastation and laughed. The sound boomed across the ruined city, echoing off the distant hills. She'd done this. All of it. Every last bit of it... And she didn't regret any of it.


The outskirts of downtown weren't yet fully destroyed. Clusters of office buildings still stood near the edges, somehow surviving the chaos so far. Liz casually raised a foot above a few blocks, casting her shadow across their rooftops.


She stepped down. The buildings collapsed instantly, crushed flat beneath her sole. Glass and steel and concrete all compressed into nothing.


She took another step, raising her foot above whole neighborhoods of apartment buildings. They looked so fragile from up here. Little boxes made of ticky-tacky, like her old Pa used to say.


She stepped down, obliterating them completely. The impact sent dust clouds mushrooming outward in every direction.


Liz stomped around for a while longer, reinvigorated after her talk with her smaller self. She took out what remained of downtown for the sheer thrill, relishing every second of it. The crunch beneath her feet, the tremors through her legs, the sheer overwhelming power of it all. This was what she was meant for.


After several seconds of this she stopped to catch her breath. Her heart raced as she locked eyes with the miniature version of herself, and asked a single question.
"Where should I go next?"


The smaller giantess smiled wickedly as she gestured across the bay. "Why not finish what you started over in Oakland?"


Liz looked across the water. The city was across the shore, most of it still intact. The fires she'd started earlier still burned in patches, but so much remained standing. So much left to destroy.


Liz grinned. "Let's fucking do it."


She raised her foot above the edge of downtown San Francisco. She didn't even bother to look where she was stepping.


A moment later, she stepped down. The ground beneath her was already nothing but rubble and grit, crushed to powder before she even stepped down.


Liz walked toward Oakland, cutting through the bay. The clouds barely reached her knees now, swirling around her legs like fog.


Her feet splashed through the bay, sending massive waves surging in every direction. The water was too shallow to even cover her soles. It felt like wading through a puddle.


Liz looked toward Oakland. The city was just
a few steps away now. So close. So vulnerable.


She took another step, her mind already racing with fantasies of what she'd do when she got there. All those buildings to crush. All those people to devour. All waiting for her. Trapped, and unable to get away in time.


One more step, and she was practically across the bay. The city looked impossibly small from up here, like a model someone had built just for her to destroy.


She stared down at it, wondering where to start. There were so many options. So many ways to break it.


She raised her foot above some shipping warehouses near the edge of the waterfront. They were big structures, probably important to someone. Not to her.

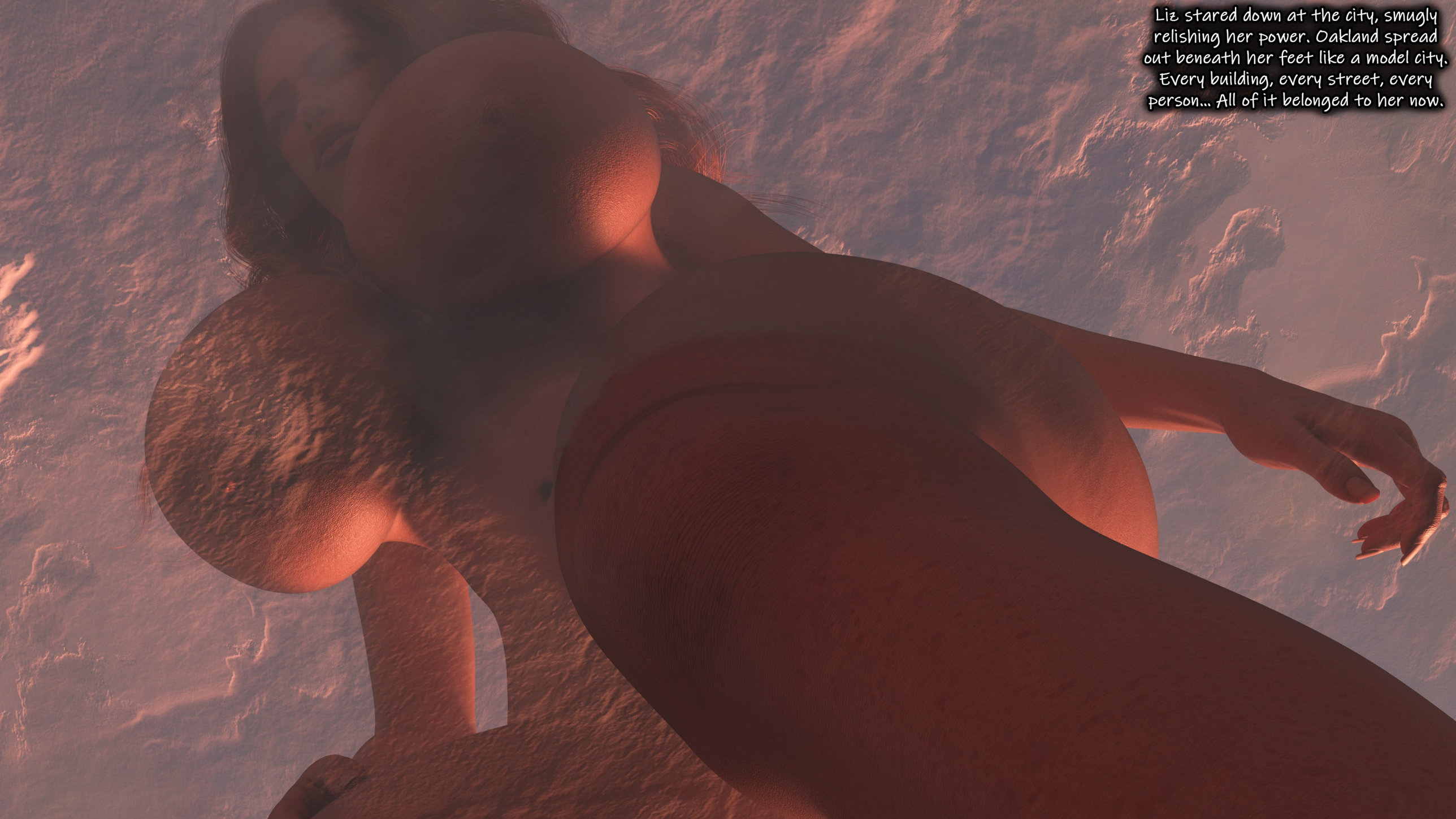

She stepped down, obliterating them instantly. The warehouses vanished beneath her sole without a sound she could hear.


She took another step, raising her foot high above an industrial area. Factories and refineries spread out beneath her, machinery and storage tanks clustered together.


She stomped down in the middle of it all. The impact was satisfying, but there weren't enough people here for her liking. It was mostly just buildings and equipment. A few dozen workers weren't enough to satisfy her.


She took another step, this time above some apartment buildings near a small lake. These would be better. More screams. More chaos.


She stomped down, flattening them all. The buildings compressed into the earth, leaving nothing but a footprint-shaped crater.


Liz stared down at the city, smugly relishing her power. Oakland spread out beneath her feet like a model city. Every building, every street, every person... All of it belonged to her now.


Liz got an idea. Something she couldn't remember trying before... A new way to cause some destruction.


Liz looked down at her foot. It was firmly planted on the ground, crushing several city blocks beneath it.


Slowly, deliberately, she raised her heel while keeping her toes pressed flat against the earth. With hardly any effort she swept her toes across the city, dragging them through block after block. Streets and buildings alike were ripped apart by the casual assault. Everything in the path of her toes was simply erased, replaced with mile-long furrows.

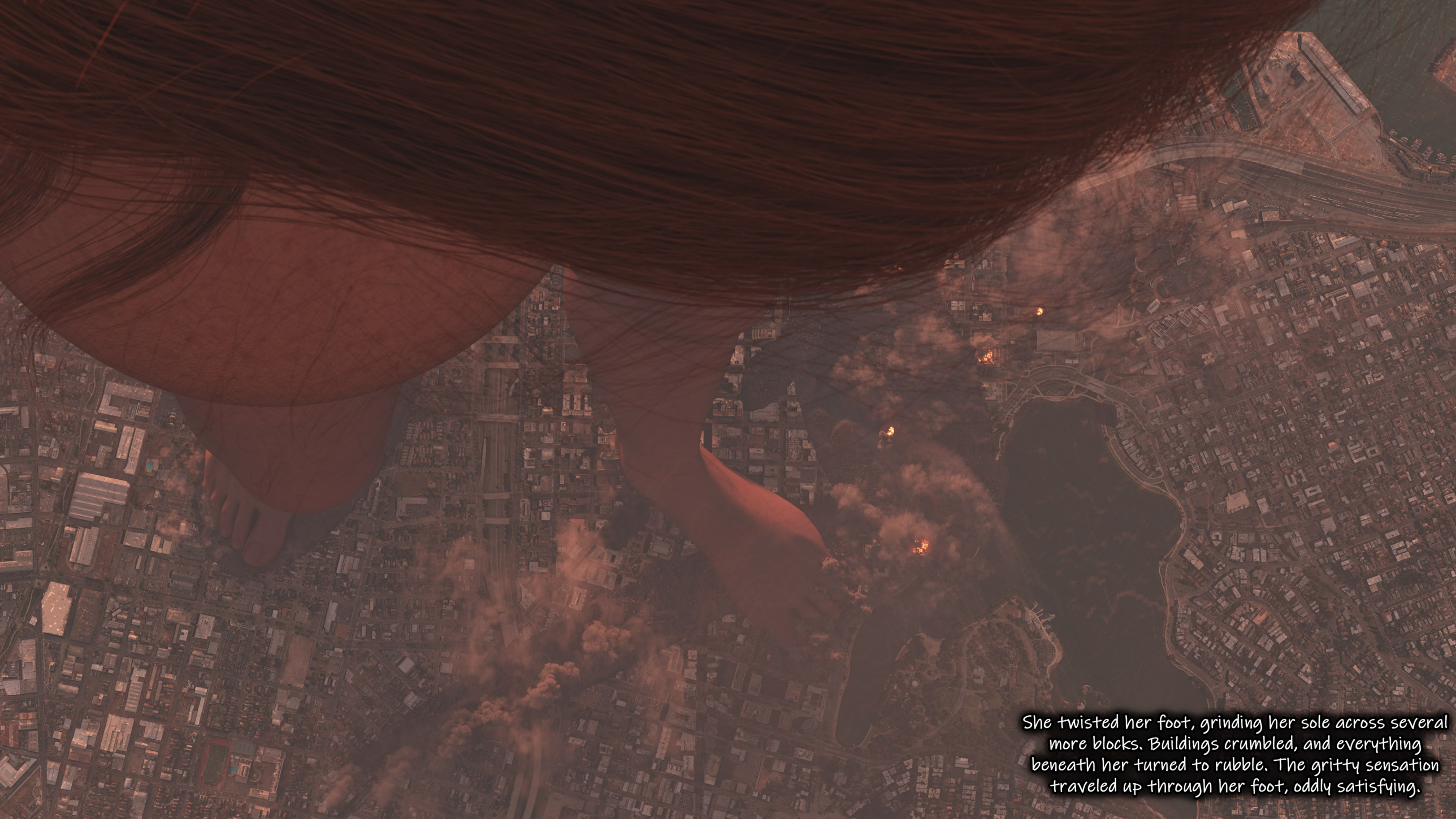

She continued the motion, carving a path of destruction across Oakland. Her toes plowed through neighborhoods and commercial districts, leaving devastation in their wake.


The trail of debris stretched for miles behind her foot, a scar carved into the earth by the simple movement of her toes. Dust and smoke rose from the destruction, marking her path across the city.


Liz looked down at the miles-long scar her toes had carved through Oakland. The destruction was staggering. Whole neighborhoods erased... And all from one lazy sweep of her foot. She shook her head slowly, struggling to take in the sheer scale of it all. Her body was a weapon of mass destruction, and she'd barely been trying.


A towering apartment building caught her eye near the waterfront. It was one of those fancy developments, maybe thirty stories tall. From up here it looked like a chess piece waiting to be knocked over. Liz raised her big toe above it. Just one toe was all she needed.

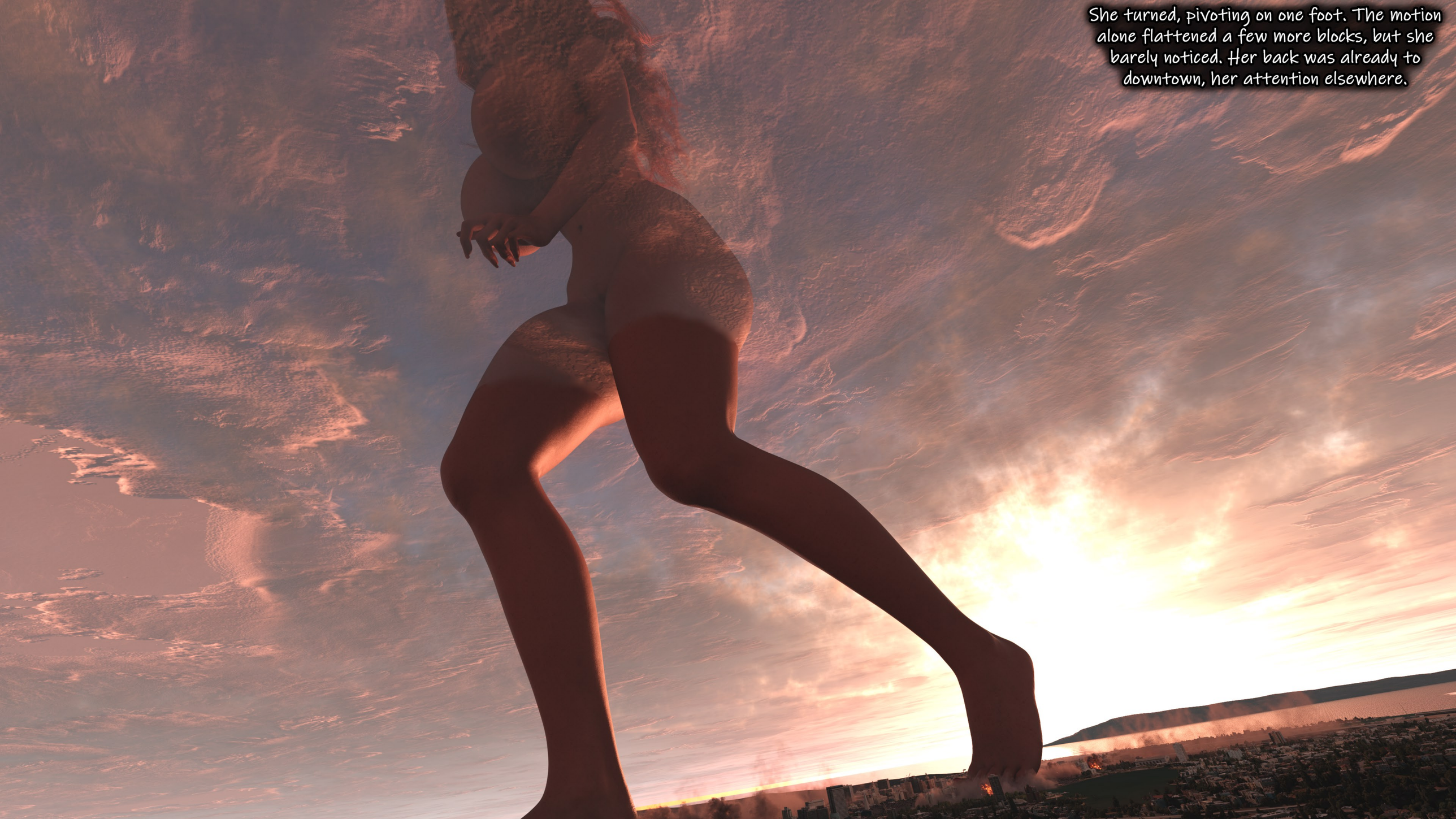

A moment later, Liz brought that same toe down. The floors collapsed one after another, until there was nothing left but a smear of dust and rubble beneath her toenail.


She twisted her foot, grinding her sole across several more blocks. Buildings crumbled, and everything beneath her turned to rubble. The gritty sensation traveled up through her foot, oddly satisfying.


Liz continued forward, stomping through what remained of Oakland's downtown. Each step erased another chunk of the city. Office towers. Parking garages. A shopping mall. All of it gone in seconds.


A smirk tugged at her lips. There it was. That feeling she'd been chasing all day. Not excitement exactly, but something close to satisfaction. The kind of deep, bone-level contentment that came from doing exactly what she was built to do.


Liz paused, scanning the horizon. Oakland stretched out beneath her, half-destroyed and smoking. The fires still burned, but the fight had gone out of the city. There was nothing left worth smashing. She'd made her point.


She turned, pivoting on one foot. The motion alone flattened a few more blocks, but she barely noticed. Her back was already to downtown, her attention elsewhere.


Most of downtown was in complete ruins.
The ground was soft and broken,
compressing easily beneath her weight.
Nothing left to crunch.


Another footstep, and the city was behind her. Green hills rolled out beneath her feet, dotted with farmland and scattered houses. The countryside. She felt grass and soil squishing between her toes, soft and cool compared to the concrete.


Liz walked away without looking back. Behind her, Oakland smoldered. Half the city was gone, crushed flat or burning. The other half stood in stunned silence, waiting for a return that wouldn't come. Not tonight, anyway.


Hundreds of miles to the south, the scene was no less grim.
Crowds shuffled forward in the orange glow of streetlights, funneled toward a line of old military trucks. The people moved slowly, heads down, saying nothing.
79
SALE
75%


Soldiers flanked the trucks, rifles slung across their chests. They motioned the crowds towards them, and the crowds followed. They were broken enough to do whatever they were told.
"Move it! Keep the line moving!" one of the soldiers shouted. The tributes climbed in without protest. They knew where they were going. They knew what Liz did to the ones who came before them.
ER MENS SHOES
1号店 B1
ホビーランド ぽち
模型


A soldier near the back of the convoy heard something that made his hair stand on end. A deep, rolling boom. Then another. And another.
He turned and looked to the north.
SOLDIER MENS SHOES



The stars were gone. Not hidden by clouds, but blocked. Something enormous moved against the night sky, a shape so vast it swallowed the horizon. And beneath it, far below, fires burned. Massive ones. The kind that consumed entire neighborhoods. The flames lit the shape from below, painting it in hellish orange light.

He knew exactly who it was.

"Oh fuck," he whispered. His rifle suddenly felt like a toy in his hands.


Liz walked into the outskirts of Los Angeles, her body illuminated by the inferno raging beneath her. The fires she'd started on her last visit were still burning, still spreading. The city had never recovered. It had barely even started trying.
She looked down at the familiar skyline, what was left of it. Some of the buildings had been reduced to rubble. But most were still standing, still defiant. Still full of people.
"Miss me, LA? Because I sure as hell missed you."
Liz was home. And this time, she was going to finish the job.


END OF
PART 12


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