CELEBRITY CRUSH 7



ART BY JACKOFBULLETS
STORY BY REDFIREDOG





The preacher waved his arms wildly, eyes darting as he scanned the crowd of passersby.

"Hey! You! Yes, you, in the tie, rushing like you're racing to the end of time! Stop! Stop right there! Don't you see the sun drooping lower every day? Don't you feel the weight in the air, thicker than it's ever been? You think you're just out for a stroll, but there's no such thing as just a stroll! No, not in times like these!" The old man shouted.

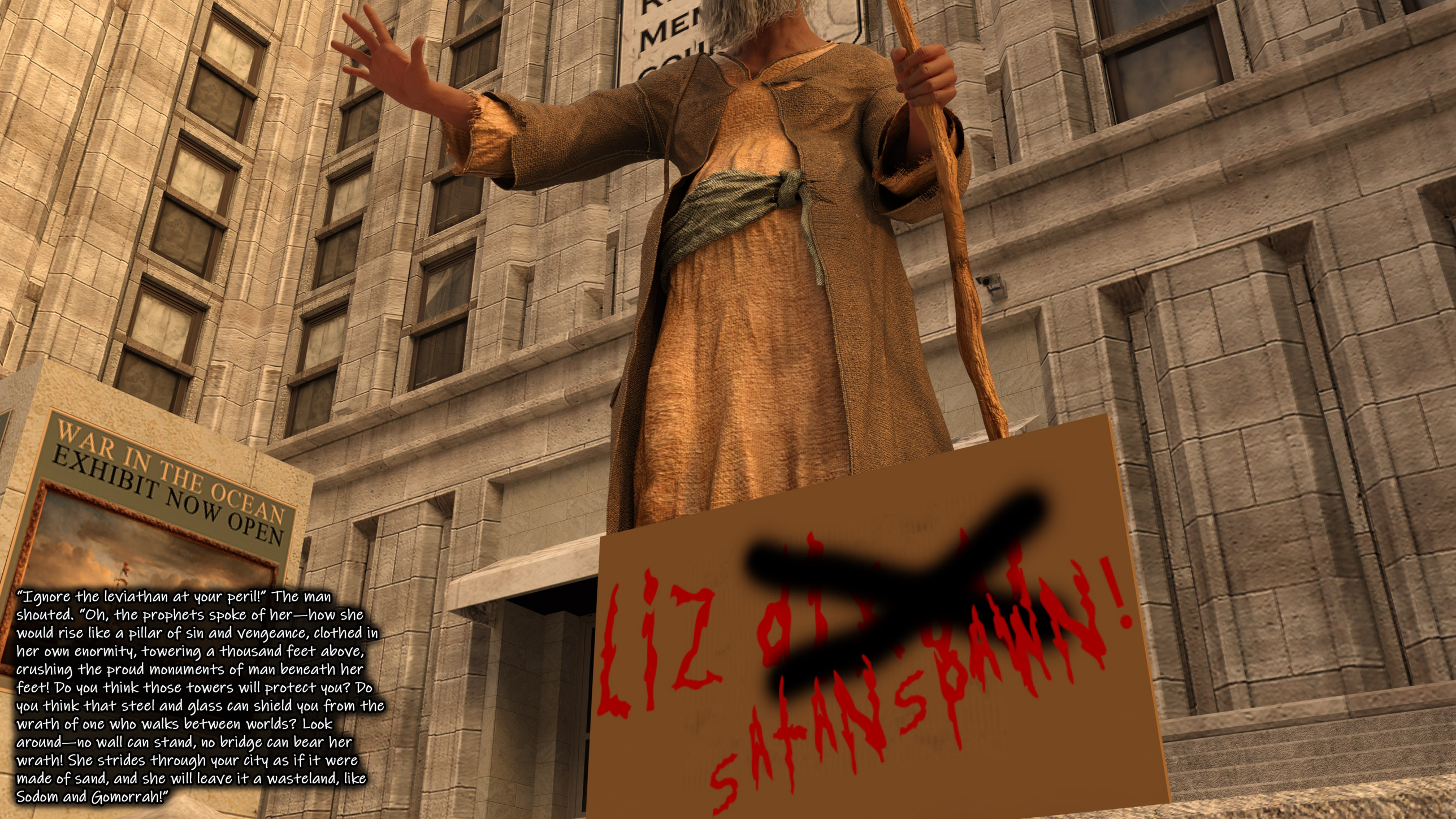
"I'm sorry, what?" The man asked dismissively. "Unlike you, I've got places to be, okay?"


The preacher pointed to the sky, his voice rising as he gained momentum.
"Be quite and listen, fool!" The old man shouted. "The end of days are approaching! The signs are all around you. You close your eyes to the truth, but it's staring right back, laughing as you scurry along, absorbed by your idle follies! For the love of all that's good in this world, open your ears, folks, open your hearts! Just listen! If you don't, well... you might just find yourself swept away in a storm you never saw coming."


The preacher's voice trembled with fervor. "Do you feel that rumble beneath your feet? Do you hear the roar echoing through the canyons of steel and glass? That, my friends, is the sound of judgment walking! She is the one spoken of in the Book of Revelation, the beast draped in blasphemies, the woman astride the red dragon! They call her the Whore of Babylon, and she's here, right here in the City of Angels. A city long since damned!"


"Wait a second... Are you talking about Liz?" A woman asked. "She may be crazy, but that sounds pretty out there. How's that drunken bitch going to end the world when she can't even quit her drinking?"


Murmurs were starting to spread in the crowd. "I think I've heard just about enough from this old lunatic," a man asked a woman who was standing next to him. "You want to head off and grab a cup of coffee? Maybe decompress a bit afterwards?"
TMENTS



"Ignore the leviathan at your peril!" The man shouted. "Oh, the prophets spoke of her—how she would rise like a pillar of sin and vengeance, clothed in her own enormity, towering a thousand feet above, crushing the proud monuments of man beneath her feet! Do you think those towers will protect you? Do you think that steel and glass can shield you from the wrath of one who walks between worlds? Look around—no wall can stand, no bridge can bear her wrath! She strides through your city as if it were made of sand, and she will leave it a wasteland, like Sodom and Gomorrah!"


A reporter casually strolled out of her van, carrying her microphone. She glanced back towards her cameraman, who was eagerly following behind her. "Any idea why the boss is making me do a story this crazy old bastard?" she asked. "I mean, there are tons of crazy people yelling nonsense all around the city. What makes this one so special?"
CHANNEL
FOUR


The reporter stood and watched as the old man preached. "The hour is nigh! She's the beast from the pit, the mother of abominations! The sky is aflame, the earth trembles, and every soul shall be called to account before her! Will you cower beneath her feet, or will you turn back to the only light that remains? Turn, turn now, while there is time!"
The reporter couldn't help but stare at the old man. He certainly looked the part of the prophet, with his long, scraggly beard and old robe. But there was something else about him that seemed strangely familiar...
EXHIBIT NOW OPEN
SATANSPAWN!


"Wait a second, you don't think that could really be Liz's old man, do you?" The reporter asked. "I heard that Liz squished him right on the old farm!"
"They never found his body," the reporter replied. "Rumor is that Liz hit his head so hard he lost his mind. I know they're tired of Liz, but there's got to be a bigger story there, right?"
"Oh, that's an understatement!" The reporter said. "A shame about that new policy, or this would be huge!"



Liz sat on a runway by the edge of the airport, watching the planes take off as she waited out her hangover. The airport had become her home base; the closest thing she had to a bedroom at her size. Empty bottles of liquor were scattered around the runway, leftovers from a series of recent benders.


Miranda sat in her office by the runway, which was little more than some scattered furniture under an old tent. While Ted made coffee, Miranda stared impatiently at her phone.
"Seriously? How are they still talking about that stupid golf game?" Miranda asked. "Come on, get to the good stuff... Oh wait, here it is!"


Ted looked nervous as he walked over with the coffee. "Hopefully we'll get some real coverage this time," he said. "If the Harmony thing doesn't get some real attention, nothing will!"



Liz stopped painting her nails, and grabbed her phone. "Oh boy, I can't wait to hear what he's going to say about me!" Liz remarked. "Eating the world's biggest pop star sure as hell better get his attention!"

She stared at her phone, waiting impatiently for the feed to buffer. Nothing gave her more of a thrill than listening to the media talk about her latest conquests, and seeing her face on the television. She could only imagine what the reporter was going to say about her.

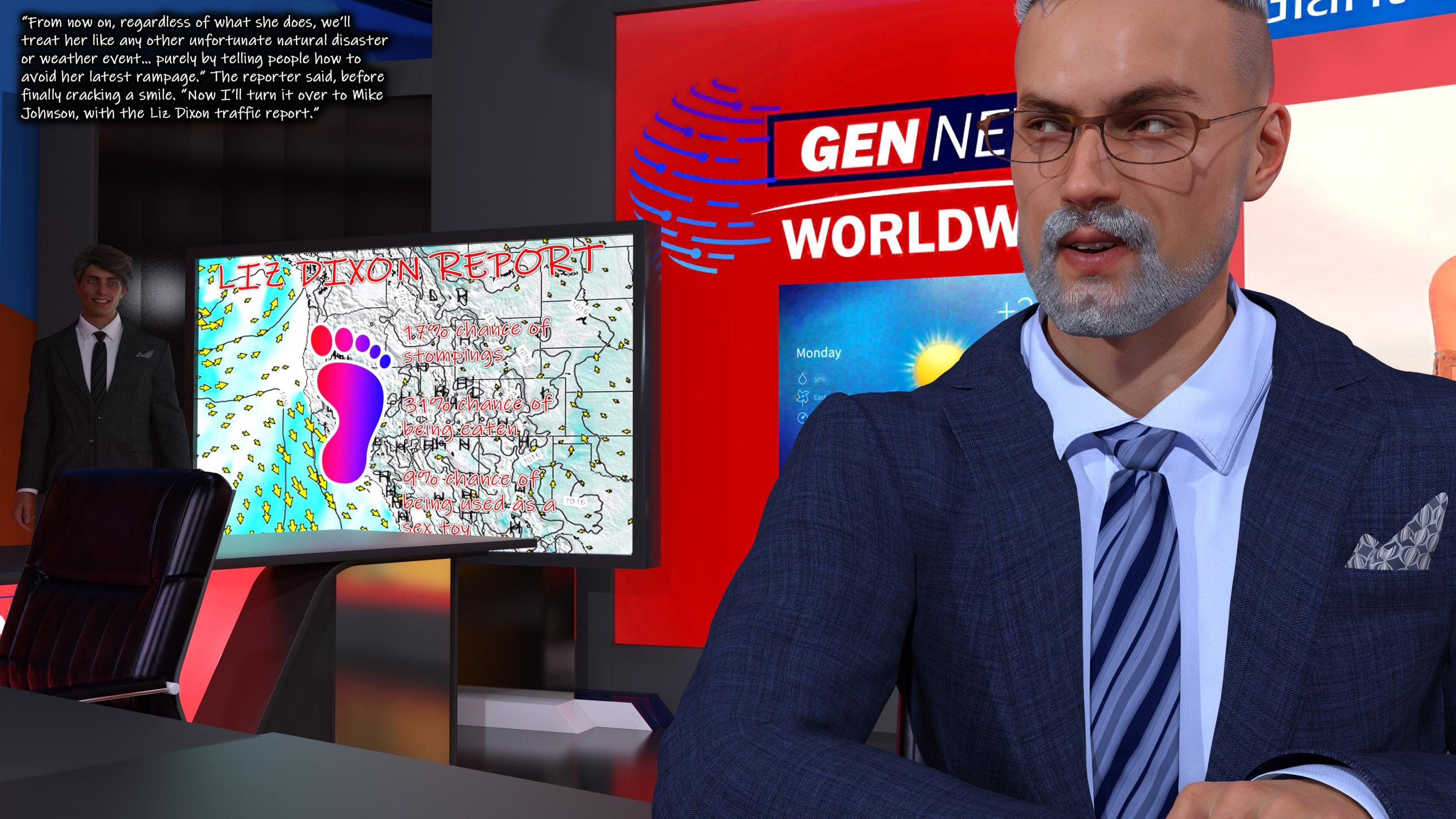


Finally, the feed started playing, showing an older reporter's steely glare.

"Liz once again rampaged through the city yesterday, escalating the scale of her damage," the reporter said coldly. "After interrupting a beauty contest, Liz crashed a party by Harmony Lux. After killing a number of her guests, Liz swallowed the beloved popstar. The day of rampaging came seemed calculated to get as much media attention as possible... And frankly, we're tired of giving Liz the attention she so clearly wants."


unt skyroc
"What the hell is he talking about?" Liz asked, staring at the phone in disbelief. "It's not like they can just ignore me!"


Giant woman kill-count skyr
"This was the last time we'll be showing photos of Liz on the television, or giving her special coverage," the reporter said, scowling at the camera. "Quite frankly, we're tired of talking about Liz. We're tired of enabling her narcissism, and encouraging further carnage. We've decided the best way to cover her, is to ignore her as much as possible."


"From now on, regardless of what she does, we'll treat her like any other unfortunate natural disaster or weather event... purely by telling people how to avoid her latest rampage." The reporter said, before finally cracking a smile. "Now I'll turn it over to Mike Johnson, with the Liz Dixon traffic report."
LIZ DIXON REPORT
17% chance of stompings
31% chance of being eaten
97% chance of being used as a sex toy
Monday



A young man in a suit stood next to the TV screen, putting on a plastered smile. "Good evening, everyone, this is Mike Johnson. Our models indicate that based on past rampages, Liz is likely to rampage through the city tonight. For anyone caught in her path, there's a 17% chance of stomping, a 31% chance of being eaten, and a 9% chance of being used as a sex toy. And that's all for the Liz Dixon report! I'll turn it back to you, Mark!"


Conspiracy Theory... Interview at 6.
GEN N
WORLD
Monday
50%
East, 20 km/h
"Thanks, Mike. That's all the coverage we need for that giantess. For our next story, an elderly street preacher has become a controversial figure on social media for his apocalyptic proclamations. We'll have a reporter with video of him, right after this commercial break..."


"I don't believe for a second that they actually think some crazy street preacher is more interesting than Liz's big rampage," Miranda whined. "They're clearly trying to cancel us... And the worst part is, the other networks seem to be doing the same thing. It looks like a coordinated effort to choke off all attention. Even social media is shadow-banning all mention of her. You know what this means, Ted?" Miranda asked.
"It's time for some drastic measures," Ted replied.


"Drastic measures? So what, you want me to go on another rampage?" Liz asked. "I mean, that sounds nice and all, but we tried that last time, and it didn't work..."


"Not just another rampage, a big one!" Miranda shouted up at Liz. "Bigger than anything you've done before... And way more destructive. Really show the city who's in charge. Terrify them. Show them just how evil you can be."


Liz shrugged. "Evil? I don't know if I can really do evil," Liz replied. "I mean, I like to cause a little trouble, but c'mon, is that the right word to use?"
Black
Dark



Miranda smugly pointed at Liz's nail polish. "Liz, you're currently putting on nail polish that's made from human blood," she said matter-of-factly. "You've killed upwards of half a million people, and that's a low estimate. Of course you're evil... But don't be ashamed. Be proud. Own it."


Liz looked down at her pedicured toenails, which were currently painted with human blood. "Maybe you have a point, Miranda," Liz admitted. "I just never really liked that word, 'evil,' is all. My dear, late Pa always said that's the one thing you're not supposed to be..."


"Forget I ever said that word, then," Miranda told her. "Just... play up your bad side. Be a mean girl. Dominate. Destroy, on a bigger scale than ever before. And if they don't pay attention to you? Grow bigger and bigger, until they can't look away. Until you're so big, they don't need to watch the news to see you... Because wherever they are, they can just look out the window. How's that sound?"


Liz shrugged. "You know, I'd been wondering lately if I'm big enough already. It's already hard to even pick someone up without squishing them. Don't get me wrong, I love being big, but it has its downsides, too. The bigger I get, the less I feel like a normal person. It's hard enough to relate to other people now, even you. It's like I'm turning into something else, you know?"
Girl


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RES TYPE A
Miranda grinned. "Liz, I thought you knew better than to worry about being normal. Normal is shit. Normal is a billion people going about their boring, pointless little lives, and being forgotten the moment they shuffle off. You're one of a kind, Liz. You deserve to be the last name on the world's lips. You deserve to be the ultimate star. You're willing to do whatever it takes to achieve that goal, aren't you?"


"Yes, I am," Liz admitted, as a smile crept across her lips. "Yes, I fucking am."
"Even if it means growing a hell of a lot bigger?" Miranda asked.
"Absolutely."
"And razing this city to the ground?"
"Without a second thought."
Girl
Dark


"That's what I fucking thought," Miranda replied. "There's just one problem. The goth girl makeover was a step in the right direction, but it doesn't go far enough. You need something that makes you look... tougher. Meaner. More dominant. Ted, do we have anything like that? Ted?"

Ted rushed over, catching his breath as he came to a stop. "Well, there is one outfit," Ted admitted. "It's a classic dominatrix outfit, but I don't know if it's a good idea to wear it just yet. After all, it was supposed to be for the movie shoot next month!"


"Forget about the stupid movie," Miranda scolded. "Liz is done wasting her time trying to entertain people, like some prancing little pony. They're for HER amusement, not the other way around. Isn't that right, Liz?"


"You're goddamn right," Liz said, rising to her feet. "I guess it's about time I grab that costume... right after I head to the warehouse for a makeover. I think it's about time I remind the city that they're at my mercy!"


Later that afternoon, Liz finally started to suit up. The first thing she put on were her arm warmers, if the mesh apparel could truly be called that. She tightened the laces as much as she could, and it fit her like a glove.


The boots rode all the way up to her thighs, with intimidating steel spikes jutting outward around the rim of the top. They were mean-looking and dangerous... just like her.


Liz cinched up her corset, completing the ensemble. She'd never worn a corset before, and she certainly didn't need one, but there was something about the tightness that made her feel more powerful. It was a constant reminder of her massive size, with her body constantly straining against the tight latex outfit... and it only emphasized her incredible curves even more.


Liz stood there, taking a moment to get in character. It wasn't a hard thing to do. It felt like her outfit was doing half of the work for her. All she needed to do was inhabit it fully, and let herself feel like the dominatrix she was dressed as. The only difference was that instead of dominating one man, she was going to dominate an entire city.


Liz stood on the tarmac, an imposing sight in her spiked platform boots. The heels made the outfit, and made her feel more confident than anything else. The extra lift shouldn't have made much difference, considering her massive height... But there was something about the heels that just made Liz feel more powerful, in a way she couldn't quite put into words.
ORIGINAL


Miranda stood fearlessly in front of the massive heels. She was utterly dwarfed by the platforms that were as tall as a three-story building, and spikes that were nearly as big as she was.


"Hey Liz, you look great!" Miranda shouted at the top of her lungs. "Hey, Liz? Liz, can you hear me?"
"Yeah, I can hear you," Liz sneered. "What the hell do you want?"
"I want to see your face," Miranda replied. "Let's see that new makeover!"


"I look fucking hot," Liz said with a wickd grin.
Even with her hair dyed red, Liz was almost unrecognizable with her new hair. The undercut, piercings and spiked choker made her look like a tough, rebellious punk girl. There was hardly a trace of the sweet, gentle farm girl Liz used to be.


Without another word Liz walked away, leaving Miranda in her dust. "Wait a second, Liz! Liz, hold on!" Miranda called out, before realizing it was useless. "Oh well, I guess she's a big girl. She can look out for herself!"
POLYGON INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT



Back downtown, the preacher was still continuing his speech. The old man's voice rose to a fever pitch as the tremors intensified, rattling windows and sending cracks through the pavement beneath their feet.

"Do you feel it now? Do you feel the very earth shuddering beneath her steps? She's here! The giantess, the harbinger, the monstrous Nephilim, walking with the fury of all the wrath stored up since the dawn of time! Every tremor, every quake, is her footfall upon this doomed city, and no soul among us can stand before her rage!"


As the ground shook more violently, the small crowd that had gathered around the preacher began to disperse in panic. People ran in all directions, desperate to find shelter from the approaching giantess.
THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART
THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART
MUSEU
WAR IN THE OCEAN
EXHIBIT
N THE OCEAN
IT NOW OPEN
PARTME


Even as the others ran away, the old man stood his ground. His eyes blazing with fervor as he shouted his final warnings.
"Flee if you must, but know that there is no escape! The day of reckoning is upon us, and she is its herald! Repent, for in her shadow, all will be laid bare!"


Liz's towering form dwarfed the museum as she approached, her platform boots sending tremors through the ground with each step. She moved quickly with her massive strides, covering half a city block with each step. Soon she was nearly upon them.
APARTMENTS
THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART
MUSEUM
Museum St
Peterson St
WILLIAMS



The reporter's eyes widened as she caught sight of Liz's massive form approaching. She frantically gestured to her cameraman. "Quick, pan up! Get her on camera!"

"Can do!" the cameraman replied, readying his camera.


The cameraman swung his equipment skyward, struggling to capture Liz's full height as she strode into view. The dominatrix outfit hugged every curve of her colossal body, making her look truly imposing.


Without hesitation, Liz took another earth-shaking step forward. Her massive boot tore through the side of the building next to the museum, ripping it apart. Concrete rained down on the streets below, and smoke filled the air. Onlookers watched the spectacle with a mix horror and elation, relieved that Liz's foot had missed them.
THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART



Liz's enormous heel came crashing down onto the street, pulverizing several parked cars and tearing up chunks of asphalt. The impact sent shockwaves rippling outward, knocking people off their feet.

The old preacher somehow stumbled, but kept his footing. He stared up at Liz's towering form, his eyes wild with fervor.

"Hear me, thou accursed one!" The preacher shouted, his voice hoarse but unwavering. "Thou art the spawn of ruin, the defiler of cities! You walk this earth like a god, casting cities underfoot, but you are not beyond the reach of judgment!"


The preacher continued shouting up at Liz, as if he were calling upon the heavens themselves.
"Thou who straddles earth like a colossus! You are the false queen of Babylon, wearing the crown of pride and drinking from the cup of wrath! But that cup shall overflow, and you shall be humbled!"
THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART


As loud as the preacher was screaming, Liz couldn't make out a single word. She paid him no attention, and glanced back at the destruction she'd left in her wake. "Damn, these heels can do some real damage," she purred. "Guess I should watch where I step... or not."
CARLTON COURTS
APARTMENTS


Liz continued forward, her hips swaying as she sauntered between buildings. Helicopters were circling her, but she paid them no mind. She didn't need the coverage. She was here to remind everyone who was in charge.


Liz's hips swayed as she sauntered forward, putting on a show for everyone in the valley. At a thousand feet tall, she towered over the city. She knew people could see her for miles, and she did her best to keep it entertaining.


Up ahead, the street narrowed. Liz paused, eyeing the buildings on either side. They were too close together for her to squeeze through. Even if she shimmied sideways, her thighs would never fit through.


Liz ran a hand through her hair, and smiled deviously. "I guess it's time to make some renovations," she mused.


Liz reached down, wrapping her massive hands around two of the skyscrapers. The glass and steel felt fragile in her grasp, like toys ready to be broken. She could feel the buildings shudder and groan under the pressure of her grip.


Looking down, Liz saw crowds of tiny people fleeing through the streets far below. They scattered like ants, desperately trying to escape her path of destruction. They looked so pathetic up above, like little insects waiting to be crushed.
HOTEL


Her massive platform boots dominated the scene, each one big enough to span several lanes of traffic. The sight of her imposing form reflected in the glass of nearby buildings. The thigh-high boots only added to her intimidating appearance.
HOTEL


With a wicked grin, Liz pried the buildings apart. The structures creaked and swayed as she exerted her incredible strength. Cracks spiderwebbed across their facades. Windows shattered, raining glass onto the streets below. People inside the buildings screamed as the building shook, threatening to collapse around them.


Slowly but surely, the gap between the buildings widened. Liz shoved them aside, tilting them just enough so she could squeeze her voluptuous form through. The buildings groaned in protest, their foundations straining as she forced them apart.


Finally, the path was open. Liz wasted no time raising her platform boot high into the air. She savored the moment as she held her foot over the street, relishing the devastation she was about to unleash.


A moment later, Liz brought her heel down onto the pavement, shaking the entire block. The car beneath her heel was flattened like a pancake, and the unfortunate souls caught beneath were obliterated in an instant. A crater formed where her heel struck, pulverizing concrete and asphalt.
SERGIOS DESIGNER MENS SHOES


Twisting her foot, Liz ground her heel into the wreckage. The destroyed vehicle ignited, and flames erupted around her boot. She reveled in the destruction, feeling the heat rise up her leg. Black smoke billowed around her as fires spread outward from the impact site. Liz smiled, admiring her handiwork. This was just the beginning of her reign of terror over the city.
CARLTON COURTS APARTMENTS
APARTMENTS


Liz took another step, raising her enormous foot high into the air. She held her foot above an old five-story apartment building. The worn brick structure looked pathetically small beneath her towering form. She could see tiny figures scrambling to escape through windows and doors as her shadow fell over them. Their panicked movements amused her.
Museum St
RICHMOND
PROPERTY AGENT
PAY DAY LOANS
NO PARKING


"Time for some urban renewal," Liz purred, a cruel smile playing across her lips. She began to lower her platform boot onto the building, savoring the moment. Then, a moment later, she brought her foot down.
CLINTON
MENS SHOES


The massive heel came down first, effortlessly punching through the roof. Destroying the building was as easy as smashing a sand castle, and Liz relished the crunch of bricks and concrete beneath her sole. Brick and mortar crumbled as her heel smashed through floor after floor. The building's structure groaned and buckled under her immense weight. Screams echoed from within as floor after floor was obliterated.


With a final, sickening crunch, Liz's boot slammed down onto the pavement. What remained of the apartment building was nothing but a pile of rubble beneath her foot. Dust and debris billowed out in all directions. The destruction sent shockwaves through the ground, shattering windows for blocks around.
Liz ground her heel, pulverizing the ruins further. "Oops," she giggled, her voice booming across the city. "Guess I should watch where I step."


As Liz admired her handiwork, she noticed the news helicopters buzzing around her like annoying flies. They darted in closer, cameras trained on her colossal form.


Liz sneered, irritated by their presence. "Fuck off if you know what's good for you," she warned. "I don't care about your attention anymore."
Liz usually tolerated the helicopters for the sake of news coverage, but now she could care less. The news had all but stopped covering her, which left the helicopters as nothing but a pointless little nuisance.


"That's it! You fuckers are going to die!" Liz roared, her patience finally snapping. She swung her massive arm through the air, swatting at the nearest helicopter like an annoying insect.


The pilot saw her hand coming and jerked the controls, barely managing to veer out of the way. Liz's fingers whooshed past, missing by mere inches. The downdraft from her swipe sent the chopper spinning wildly for a moment before the pilot regained control.
Infuriated by the near miss, Liz gnashed her teeth. "You think you can get away from me?" Liz asked. Her eyes narrowed as she tracked the helicopter's erratic path.


Liz took a deep breath, her massive chest expanding. She inhaled sharply, creating a powerful vacuum. The air rushed towards her mouth with hurricane force, drawing the helicopter back towards her mouth.

The helicopter pilot fought desperately against the sudden tailwind, but it was no use. Despite the rotors spinning at full power, the chopper was inexorably pulled backwards towards Liz's waiting maw.


Liz's lips curled into a cruel smile as she felt the helicopter enter her mouth. The taste of metal and fuel filled her senses. She held it there for a moment, savoring her catch. Then slowly, deliberately, she began to bite down. Her teeth pierced the metal skin of the aircraft, compressing it like a soda can. She could hear the screams of the people inside as the cabin crumpled.


Suddenly, the helicopter's fuel tanks ruptured. There was a tremendous explosion as Liz's teeth crushed the craft. Flames erupted from her mouth, singeing her lips and tongue.
Liz barely flinched at the blast. If anything, it only excited her more. Before the flames had even died down, she was already reaching for the second news chopper. This time, she wouldn't miss.


The pilot desperately tried to maneuver away, but Liz snatched it out of the sky. Her fingers closed around the aircraft's tail, gripping it tightly. There was no chance of escape, and the pilot's fate was sealed.


With a smirk, Liz pulled the helpless chopper closer, examining her catch. The rotor crashed into her fingernail, coming to a halt. She could barely make out the terrified faces of the pilot and news crew inside, their mouths open in silent screams.
"You thought you could get away?" Liz taunted. "You underestimated me. It's the last time you'll make that mistake." She held the helicopter high above the expanse of her chest. Her massive breasts heaved above her tight latex corset as she took a deep breath, savoring the moment.


"Time to put you out," Liz purred.
In one swift motion, Liz slammed the helicopter down onto her left breast. The impact was tremendous, the aircraft crumpling like tinfoil against her flesh. For Liz, it was just a little sting. But for the helicopter, it was catastrophic.
The fuel tanks ruptured on impact, igniting in a massive fireball. Flames erupted across Liz's chest, singeing her outfit but leaving her unharmed. The heat tickled her skin as she ground the flaming wreckage against her breast, smothering it like a cigarette.


She flicked her wrist, tossing aside what little remained of the helicopter. The twisted, smoldering metal arced through the air before crashing into a nearby building.
Satisfied with her handiwork, Liz planted her hands on her hips and turned her attention to the chaos unfolding in the streets below. Throngs of people were fleeing in terror, their screams barely audible from her towering height.
"Aw, where are you all running to?" Liz taunted, her voice dripping with mock concern. "Don't you want to stick around and play with me? I can try to be gentle... maybe."
ONE WAY
NO PARKING


She bent at the waist, her massive form looming over several city blocks. Her breasts hung pendulously, spilling out of her corset. With an evil grin, she reached out towards the fleeing crowds.
CARLTON COURTS APARTMENTS
FAJITAS NACHOS
TOY SHOP
1 HOUR FILM PROCESSING


"Are you trying to run from me?" Liz asked the crowd, as she reached towards them. "No one gets away from me. No one!"


Liz's hand hovered over the street, casting a shadow over dozens of terrified people. The crowd ran as fast as they could, desperate to escape her grasp.
- RICHMOND -
PROPERTY AGENT
- RICHMOND -
PROPERTY AGENT


As fast as the crowd ran, they weren't quick enough to escape Liz. Her hand moved too fast, her grasp too wide to evade. Her fingers descended from above, enveloping dozens as they closed. In one swift motion, she cupped her hand and scooped it along the ground. Her fingers curled inward, snatching up as many people as she could.


Over a dozen people were trapped in her grip, their tiny forms squirming and writhing against her fingers. Their screams were barely audible, like the tittering of insects. She could feel their frantic movements tickling her palm.
CANTON
CHINESE RESTAURA
RICHMOND
PROPERTY AGENT
RICHMOND
PROPERTY AGENT
SW
STREETWEAR
GENESIS


As she lifted her hand higher, a few unfortunate souls slipped between her fingers. They plummeted hundreds of feet, their terrified screams fading as they fell. Liz watched with cruel amusement as they disappeared into the chaos below.
"Oops," she giggled. "Guess I should've held on tighter."


"Look at you all, so small and helpless," Liz taunted, her voice booming. "So pathetic. I could crush you all without a second thought... but I'm not going to let you off that easily."
She brought her hand closer to her face, peering at the remaining people trapped between her fingers. Their panicked faces and futile struggles only excited her more. It wasn't nearly enough to satisfy her hunger, but it would have to do for now.


"Time for a little snack," Liz purred.
Without hesitation, she tilted her head back and opened her mouth wide. Her tongue lolled out, glistening with saliva. Then she upended her hand, carelessly tossing the people towards her waiting maw.


Most of them tumbled onto her tongue, their tiny bodies piling up on her wet tongue. A few missed, plummeting past her lips to disappear into her heaving cleavage. Liz didn't seem to care either way.


Liz snapped her mouth shut, trapping the helpless victims inside. She sucked on them briefly before crushing them between her molars. Her cheeks bulged slightly as she began to chew, grinding the people between her teeth. Their muffled screams were quickly silenced.
As she savored her snack, Liz glanced down. She noticed a few survivors had fallen onto her breasts. Two of them fell into the canyon of her cleavage, while another rolled down one of her mountainous breasts.


Liz glanced down and noticed a man desperately clinging to her bare nipple. His tiny legs dangled precariously, arms and legs wrapped kicking in the air. A wicked smile spread across Liz's face as she watched his futile struggle.
"Looks like someone's getting a little handsy," she teased. "Enjoy the view! It won't last long."
Liz made no effort to dislodge him. She was curious to see how long he could maintain his grip. The slight stimulation from his frantic movements sent a pleasurable tingle through her massive breast.


As Liz's gaze swept across her heaving chest, she spotted an elderly woman crawling out from the depths of her cleavage. The tiny figure had somehow survived the fall, and was now inching her way across the expanse of Liz's left breast. Her movements were slow and labored as she navigated the curves of Liz's flesh.
"Aww, is grandma going for a little stroll?" Liz mocked. She watched with amusement as the woman's painfully slow progress brought her further from the relative safety of Liz's cleavage.


A cruel idea formed in Liz's mind as she observed the woman's determined crawl. She raised her right hand, positioning it above her chest. Her fingers hovered menacingly over the tiny figure.
"Time for your trip to end, granny," Liz sneered.


Without warning, Liz flicked her finger at the elderly woman. Her fingernail struck with the force of a speeding truck, sending the old woman hurtling through the air. The woman's body arced high into the sky, quickly becoming little more than a speck. Liz tracked its trajectory with her eyes, grinning as it disappeared from view.
"That's a home run," Liz chuckled to herself.


Suddenly, a wave of dizziness washed over Liz. She swayed slightly, her equilibrium thrown off. Raising her hands to her temples, she pressed her fingers against her skull as if to steady herself.
"Whoa, I feel weird all of a sudden," she muttered. "What's happening?"


As the disorientation intensified, Liz felt an odd tingling sensation spreading throughout her body. Her skin seemed to buzz with energy. With dawning realization, she recognized the familiar feeling - she was about to grow again.


All of a sudden, Liz felt a powerful surge ripple through her body. Her muscles tensed as an explosive growth spurt took hold. She rocketed upward at an astonishing rate, faster than she'd ever grown before.
The ground shook violently beneath her expanding feet, sending shockwaves through the earth. Nearby buildings swayed and toppled, unable to withstand the seismic forces unleashed by her rapid growth. Glass shattered and concrete crumbled as structures collapsed around her rising form.
SERGIOS DESIGNER MENS SHOES
MUSCLE
GAMES PLANET


"YES! YES! YES!!!" Liz let out an almost orgasmic scream of pleasure as the growth continued unabated. Waves of ecstasy washed over her as her body expanded in all directions. Her already massive breasts swelled larger, straining against her corset. She threw her head back, red hair whipping in the wind as she ascended higher and higher into the sky.


Within moments, Liz had nearly doubled in size, towering over the city at close to 2000 feet tall. She was truly gigantic now, towering over even the tallest buildings in the city... But her explosive growth showed no signs of slowing.
TCW
ONE WILSHIRE


Liz continued to shoot upward, growing absolutely massive. Skyscrapers that once seemed tall now barely reached her knees. Her shadow engulfed entire neighborhoods as she expanded to truly massive proportions.


Just when Liz thought her growth spurt was tapering off, she got a second wind. Another surge of energy coursed through her, propelling her even higher. The pleasure was almost too much, as it washed over her body, utterly overwhelming her.


Liz shuddered in pleasure as she grew even taller. 2000 feet... 3000 feet... she just kept going. The city shrank to miniature proportions far below her.


Finally, after what seemed like an eternity of euphoric expansion, Liz's growth spurt came to an end. She stood still, catching her breath as she surveyed her new scale. Looking down, she realized she'd nearly tripled in height since the spurt began. At over 3000 feet tall - more than half a mile high, she was now large enough to straddle entire city blocks. The people below were barely visible specks.


Liz grinned wickedly, relishing her new godlike stature. "I'm fucking gigantic!" she said, barely able to contain her excitement. "You think you can ignore me now? I'll make sure that the only fucking thing you'll be able think about!"


Liz looked around, taking in the sprawling cityscape before her. Skyscrapers that once towered over her now barely reached her knees. Entire neighborhoods were dwarfed by her massive feet. Yet as enormous as she had become, Liz realized she was still small compared to the vast urban expanse. Even at her new colossal size, the metropolis still stretched for miles in every direction. The city was a giant playground laid out for her amusement, filled with countless buildings and millions of tiny people to terrorize.


She set off walking across the city, each thunderous step covering multiple city blocks. Her platform boots left craters in the streets with every footfall. Liz reveled in her newfound power as she strode forward, savoring the destruction left in her wake. Tremors shook the ground for miles around as she moved, toppling smaller structures and shattering windows. She could feel whole buildings crunch and crumble beneath her heels with each massive step.


As Liz continued her rampage, buildings that had stood for decades were crushed in an instant, reduced to rubble and dust. The screams of terrified people were inaudible from her towering height, but she could see the tiny figures scurrying about far below. Cars fled down the streets like pebbles, thrown into the air by her heels. Liz stared down smugly, knowing there was nowhere in the city beyond her reach.


She paused for a moment, gazing out at the sprawling metropolis laid out before her like a vast urban playground. From her godlike vantage point, Liz could see for miles in every direction. Highways snaked between clusters of buildings. The city stretched on for miles, with seemingly endless suburbs laid out beyond that. It was all hers to destroy as she saw fit.


Liz lifted her foot high and brought it down hard on another building, relishing the rush of power. The buildings exploded into chunks of concrete and twisted metal beneath her boot. A cloud of dust billowed out as several floors pancaked together. She ground her heel, pulverizing the ruins further.


She took another earth-shaking step forward, her platform heel coming down on yet another high-rise. The structure stood no chance against her immense weight, crumpling like a tin can. Glass and debris rained down onto the streets below. Liz barely felt the impact, the destruction of the building nothing more than a slight crunch beneath her foot.


For her next step, Liz targeted a squat office building. She raised her boot high and stomped down with all her might. The impact sent shockwaves rippling outward, shattering windows for blocks around. When the dust settled, the whole building had been reduced to rubble.


Liz raised her massive platform heel high over a sprawling parking lot, casting an ominous shadow across the sea of vehicles below. Hundreds of cars glinted in the sunlight. From above, they looked like tiny toys scattered across the asphalt.
1545


With a wicked grin, Liz brought her heel crashing down onto the parking lot. The impact was catastrophic. The ground shook violently as if hit by a massive earthquake. Pavement cracked and buckled under the immense force. Hundreds of cars were instantly crushed into twisted hunks of metal, flattened like tin cans beneath her colossal boot. The sound of crunching metal and shattering glass filled the air.
The sheer force of her stomp sent dozens of vehicles flying up into the air like popcorn. Cars, trucks and SUVs were launched skyward, tumbling end over end as they arced high above the surrounding buildings. Some smashed through windows or crashed onto rooftops blocks away. Others rained down onto streets and sidewalks, crushing anything unlucky enough to be in their path. The destruction was absolute and breathtaking in its scope.


Liz looked down with immense satisfaction at the devastation she had wrought. Where a bustling parking lot had stood moments ago, there was now nothing but a massive crater filled with pulverized concrete and mangled vehicles. Smoke and dust billowed up around her ankles. Car alarms blared for miles around, no more than a low drone from her high vantage point. She smirked, reveling in her godlike power to reshape the urban landscape on a whim. "This whole fucking city is mine to destroy," Liz mused.


As enormous as Liz had become, part of her was already wishing she could grow even larger. The urge to expand further, to tower over the entire city, was intoxicating.


Liz took another thunderous step forward, lifting her platform boot high into the air. The massive heel cast a shadow over several city blocks as she held it aloft. She could see tiny figures scurrying about far below, desperately fleeing her path. Their panic only fueled her sadistic glee. Liz paused for a moment, savoring the anticipation before bringing her foot down again.


The view from her towering height made Liz feel truly omnipotent. Her colossal body dwarfed the cityscape around her. Skyscrapers that had once seemed impossibly tall now barely reached her knees. Her massive breasts alone were larger than entire city blocks, testing the strength of her bustier. As she gazed down at the miniature world beneath her, a rush of power coursed through her veins. She was a goddess among insects, able to reshape the urban landscape on a whim.
Liz lifted her gigantic platform boot, holding it high above the city. The shadow of her foot engulfed dozens of city blocks, plunging them into temporary darkness. Thousands of tiny figures scurried about far below, desperately fleeing her path. Their panic was visible even from her lofty vantage point. Liz savored the moment, relishing the terror she instilled in the populace.


Without a second though, Liz brought her foot crashing down. The impact was catastrophic. Multiple buildings crumbled beneath her heel, unable to withstand her immense weight. Glass, steel and concrete were pulverized in an instant. The ground shook violently for miles around as shockwaves rippled outward. A massive cloud of dust and debris billowed up around her ankle. Where a bustling neighborhood had stood moments ago, there was now nothing but a colossal footprint filled with twisted rubble.


Liz's smile widened as she surveyed the destruction. She knew that millions of people could see her now, bearing witness to her awesome power. They didn't need to watch the news or check social media - all they had to do was look out their windows to behold her titanic form dominating the skyline. The entire city had become her stage, with countless terrified spectators. Their fear and awe only fueled Liz's narcissistic hunger for attention.

But even as she reveled in her newfound scale, Liz found herself craving more. As immense as she had become, it wasn't enough. She didn't just want to crush individual buildings under her feet - she wanted to obliterate entire neighborhoods with a single step. The urge to expand further, to tower over the entire metropolitan area, was overwhelming. Liz's eyes narrowed as she focused her will, drawing upon the mysterious energy that fueled her growth.


A familiar tingling sensation spread throughout Liz's body as another growth spurt took hold. She began to swell larger, her already massive form expanding in all directions. As she grew, her platform heel pressed against the side of a nearby office building. The structure groaned under the increasing pressure, its steel frame buckling. Cracks spider-webbed across the façade as the foundation began to give way.
TETLEYS
EUROCAR
SOAP
TEPCO


Liz's expansion accelerated, her growth gaining momentum. The office building could no longer withstand the immense force. Steel beams groaned and snapped as her massive body pressed against the structure. Glass shattered, raining down in a deadly hail. Concrete crumbled, unable to withstand the immense pressure.

Then, suddenly, the whole thing gave way. With a deafening crack, the structure split open like an overripe fruit. Debris and tiny human figures were sent flying, tumbling through the sky like confetti. The destruction was absolute and horrifying to behold.


Her growth spurt accelerated rapidly, gaining unstoppable momentum. Liz's titanic body smashed through building after building as she swelled ever larger. Massive buildings were little more than speed bumps beneath her expanding form. The thunderous cacophony of destruction echoed for miles as an entire city block was obliterated in mere moments. Nothing could withstand her explosive growth.


When the dust began to settle, Liz looked down at the devastation she had wrought. Where a bustling urban center had stood just moments ago now looked like a warzone, with dozens of buildings reduced to rubble. It was a testament to her destructive power, which already rivaled that of an atom bomb.


Liz couldn't help but laugh, a booming sound that shook windows for miles around. "This is so fucking easy now," she taunted, her voice echoing across the ruined landscape. "How many of you losers have I splatted already? Because I'm just getting started!" Her cruel laughter continued as she surveyed the carnage, utterly indifferent to the countless lives she had just snuffed out.


There was no doubt now - the city was truly hers to command. Liz strode forward, each thunderous step leaving craters in her wake. Smoke and dust billowed up around her ankles as she moved, obscuring the lower reaches of her titanic form. The trail of destruction she left behind was awe-inspiring in its scope. Entire neighborhoods were obliterated with each footfall. The urban landscape was being reshaped by her very presence, remade in her own chaotic image.


Liz strode through the city with reckless abandon, barely registering the devastation unfolding beneath her colossal feet. Entire city blocks vanished under her gigantic platform boots, pulverized into dust and rubble in an instant. The screams of the populace were inaudible from her towering height, drowned out by the cacophony of shattering glass and crumbling concrete. With each thunderous step, another neighborhood was erased from existence.


She gazed down smugly at the urban sprawl laid out before her like a vast playground. Liz's lips curled into a cruel smile as she deliberately placed her foot over another densely-packed residential area. The tiny houses and apartment buildings looked like fragile dollhouses from her godlike vantage point. Without hesitation, she brought her heel crashing down. The impact sent shockwaves rippling outward for miles. When the dust settled, nothing remained but a massive footprint filled with pulverized debris. Liz's grin widened, her ego swelling along with her monstrous body.


As Liz took another earth-shaking step forward, she suddenly felt the ground give way beneath her. The street collapsed, unable to support her immense weight. Concrete cracked and buckled, opening up into a massive sinkhole. Liz stumbled slightly, caught off guard by the unexpected shift.


A cacophony of car horns suddenly erupted from somewhere beneath her feet. The sound was muffled but distinct - dozens of vehicles blaring their horns in panic. Liz's brow furrowed in confusion as she tried to pinpoint the source of the noise.


Peering back to her side, Liz spotted the cause of the commotion. An elevated highway ran directly under where she was standing. Her immense weight had caused part of the highway to collapse. Tiny cars were visible far below, veering wildly and crashing into each other as they swerved to avoid falling debris.


Liz turned and crouched down, bringing her massive fist high into the air. With devastating force, she slammed her hand into the ground next to the exposed section of highway. The impact was like a localized earthquake. Pavement shattered, raining more debris down on the highway.
"You fuckers are mine," Liz growled.


Liz stared down at the highway, watching the panic unfold far below. She reached out towards the exposed highway. Her massive hand descended from above, fingers splayed wide.
"Where do you fuckers think you're going?" Liz growled. "No one gets away from me!"


In one swift motion, Liz ran her palm along the length of the elevated highway. Her massive fingers scooped up dozens of cars like toys, scraping them off the roadway. The vehicles tumbled and collided as they were lifted high into the air. Liz could feel the tiny vibrations of engines revving and tires rubbing against her skin. She curled her fingers inward, trapping the cars in her giant fist.


Liz looked over her hand, taking a moment to check out her catch. "A couple dozen cars... Yeah, that should just about do it," Liz said. "We're going to get very closely acquainted..."


Liz couldn't help but laugh, a booming sound that shook windows for miles around. "This is so fucking easy now," she taunted, her voice echoing across the ruined landscape. "How many of you losers have I splatted already? Because I'm just getting started!" Her cruel laughter continued as she surveyed the carnage, utterly indifferent to the countless lives she had just snuffed out.


As she began to touch herself more insistently, Liz felt another surge of energy course through her body. Her already titanic form started to expand once again, swelling larger by the second. Buildings that had once reached her knees now barely came up to her ankles. Her shadow engulfed entire neighborhoods as she grew taller and wider. But as big as she was, she knew that her growth spurt was just getting started.


Liz threw her head back and let out a thunderous moan of ecstasy. The sound echoed for miles, rattling windows and setting off car alarms across the city. Her cries of pleasure drowned out the screams and chaos unfolding far below. As waves of euphoria washed over her, Liz's body continued to balloon outwards at an alarming rate.


She reveled in her ever-increasing size, knowing that millions of terrified eyes were fixed upon her colossal form. The entire city had become an audience to her depraved performance. Liz's ego swelled along with her monstrous body as she imagined the fear and awe she must be inspiring in the populace. She was the star of the greatest show on Earth, and everyone was watching whether they wanted to or not.
Try as they might, the people of the city couldn't tear their eyes away from the spectacle unfolding before them. Liz's titanic body dominated the skyline, impossible to ignore. Her moans of pleasure shook the very foundations of buildings. The destruction she wrought with each movement was unprecedented in human history. It was a disaster of biblical proportions playing out in real time, right in the middle of L.A.


Liz's growth showed no signs of slowing. She rocketed past 5,000 feet tall, then 6,000 feet. When she passed the mile-high mark, a thrill ran through her titanic body. She was now large enough to straddle entire sections of the city. Skyscrapers that had once seemed impossibly tall now barely reached her knees. Her massive breasts cast shadows over multiple city blocks.
She was growing truly massive now. She knew she was over a mile high. The city of Los Angeles was like a tiny model set beneath her, each building and street shrinking in comparison to her expanding form. The sight of her immense, curvaceous body sent a thrill through her. She was a goddess among insects.


And yet, as unimaginably huge as she had become, Liz found herself craving more. The urge to expand further was all-consuming. She was still far too small. She needed to grow even bigger. The thought gnawed at her like an insatiable hunger. How could she ever be satisfied when there was so much more growth potential? She imagined herself towering over continents, with the Earth itself barely able to contain her enormous form. The fantasy drove her wild.


She reached down, grabbing more cars and shoving them into her womanhood. Her fingers were precise despite their gargantuan size, plucking vehicles from the congested highway like toys, and cramming them into her with practiced ease. Each insertion sent waves of pleasure crashing through her, mixed with the delicious pain of metal and glass scraping against her most sensitive parts. Her juices flowed freely, creating miniature ponds that swallowed up entire intersections.


The city watched as her growth accelerated, and she grew faster than ever. As she moaned, she called out to the city, reminding them of her. "Do you see me now?" she shouted, her voice a booming thunderclap that flattened buildings and ruptured eardrums. "I'm just getting started! You can't even imagine how big I'm going to get!"
A quiet neighborhood was thrown into chaos as Liz's body grew bigger. People fled in panic, abandoning their homes and possessions as they ran for their lives. Some paused briefly to gawk upwards at the colossal woman who now dominated their horizon, but fear quickly propelled them onward. They knew that as fast as she was growing, they wouldn't be safe for long.


She grew bigger, taunting them as she grew. She reminded them that they couldn't get away from her. "Run all you want," she jeered. "You can't get away from me!" Her laughter was a deep rumble that shook the ground like an earthquake.
The bigger Liz grew, the farther her legs stretched towards the neighborhood. Her heel plowed through house after house, reducing them to splinters and rubble with casual indifference. The residents could only watch in horror as their once-peaceful community was demolished by the encroaching mass of her body.


As her growth accelerated, Liz's heel smashed through house after house, car after car. The fuel ignited in one vehicle, causing a fiery explosion beneath her heel. The blast sent shockwaves through her enormous leg, but to Liz it felt like nothing more than a gentle tickle. It just made her rub herself more furiously.
Liz moaned as she grew bigger, reminding them the whole city was hers. "You're all living in my shadow now," she proclaimed. "Every street, every building – it all belongs to me!" Her hands roamed over her gigantic curves, squeezing and caressing as she basked in her own power.


Then, as she neared orgasm, a wicked new thought occurred to her. "The whole world is mine!" Liz moaned, louder than ever. "I'm gonna end this whole fucking city!"
The sound of her climax echoed through the city like a bomb blast, toppling skyscrapers and crushing the fleeing masses beneath tons of rubble. Her juices gushed out in a tidal wave, drowning entire districts in a flood of sticky warmth.


Finally satisfied, she laid down and looked back at the city skyline. What was left of it, anyway. Her enormous eyes surveyed the wreckage with a mix of pride and boredom. She had leveled three-quarters of Los Angeles in a single growth spurt. Where was the challenge in that? She needed something more.


Once again, her head started to throb. She rubbed her forehead, which felt sore, but she paid it little mind. Maybe it was from growing so fast. Or maybe from shouting too much. Whatever. It wasn't important. What mattered was what she would do next. How she would keep herself entertained until the next growth spurt.


Liz got up, crouching. She was about to stand up when she noticed something. The neighborhood behind her was mostly intact. That fact irritated her greatly.


She looked around, surveying the damage. A few houses were crushed, sure, but the rest were still standing. She could even see some tiny people peeking out from their windows.
She wanted to fix that.


Liz looked down at the streets below her with a sinister smile. They looked so quiet, so peaceful... but that wouldn't last for long.
"Hey, losers. I'm gonna kill you all," Liz said matter-of-factly.


She leaned back, raising her ass above the neighborhood. Some people fled in horror down the streets, but most were hiding in their houses. Cowards. Did they really think their puny structures could protect them from her?


Liz slammed her ass down, demolishing the neighborhood. The impact sent people and debris flying through the air like confetti at a parade. A hot rush of pleasure shot through her as the fragments of lives and dreams disintegrated against her flesh.


Liz scowled down at the city. "Yeah, that's fucking right," she said. "I'm gonna kill as many of you as I want. Not hundreds. Not thousands. Millions." She paused, letting her words sink in. "And guess what? There's not a fucking thing anyone can do about it."


Liz glared back, continuing her rant. "I'm gonna be your worst nightmare. The whole world is going to dread hearing my name."
Liz's voice boomed across the landscape, sending shockwaves through the city.


She stood up, bits of rubble and crushed bodies falling from her ass like crumbs. With a predatory gleam in her eye, she surveyed the city and looked for her next target. She headed back towards downtown, walking through the edge of the city.


Each step created new craters and sent fissures ripping through the streets. She took her time, swaying her hips and enjoying the sheer destructiveness of her stroll. Cars and people were flung into the air with every footfall, bursting like grapes when they landed.


Liz eyed some apartment buildings that lined the next block. "Let's rack up a fucking body count," she said, licking her lips. She stepped onto an apartment building, crushing it under her heel like a bug. She imagined all the tiny lives snuffed out in an instant, the fear and pain on their microscopic faces.


A few steps later, she raised her foot above another apartment building. This one was taller, more densely packed with people. She could almost hear their screams and prayers as they waited for her to end them. She brought her foot down slowly, savoring the resistance before it gave way and ruptured beneath her.


She raised her foot above another apartment building, and stopped for just a moment. Part of her savored dragging it out. Knowing that there were dozens of people inside, shaking in terror. Not knowing when her foot would come down. She could draw it out for longer. A few moments. A minute, even.
But Liz wasn't that patient.

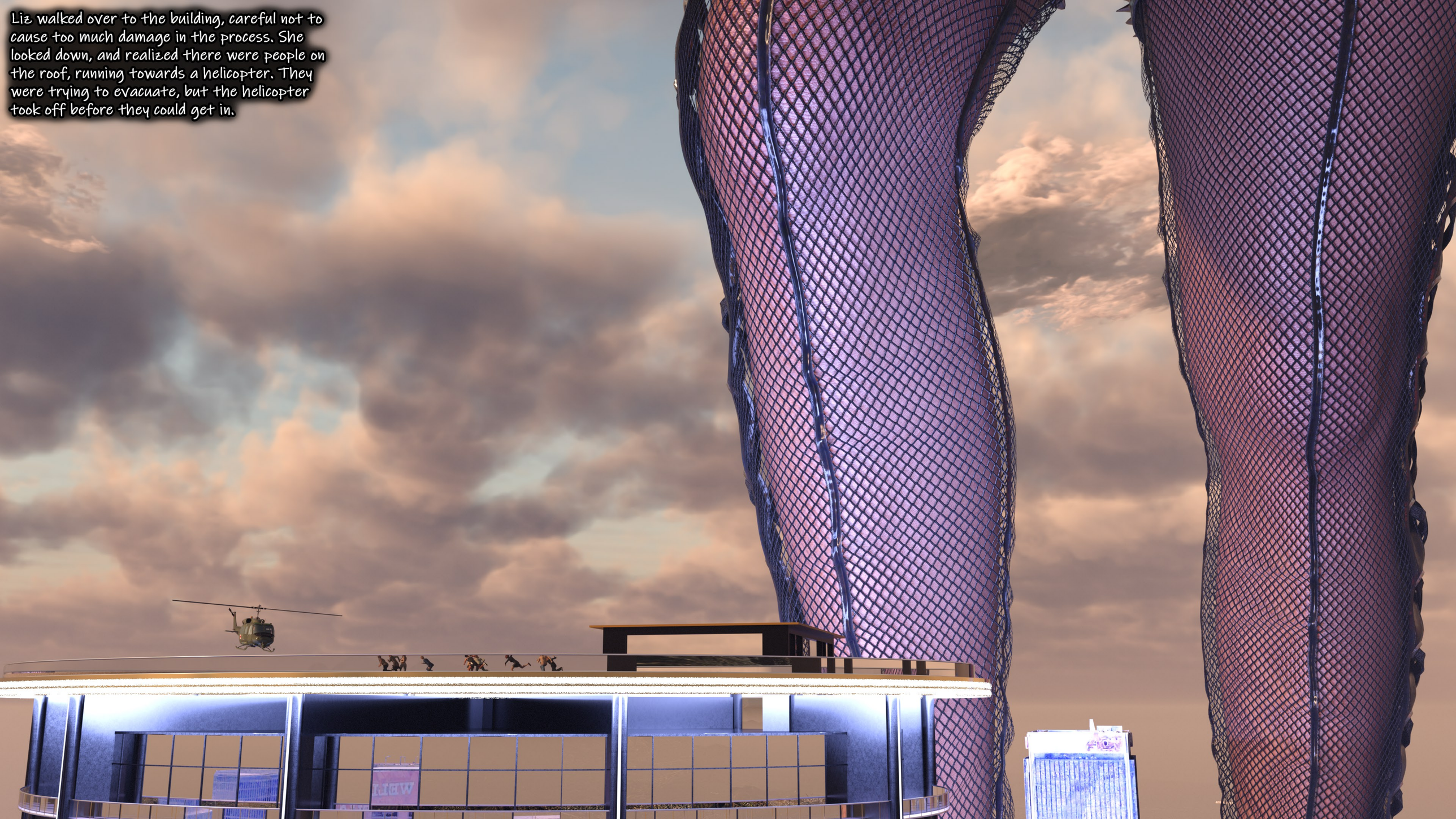

She stomped her foot down, utterly destroying the building beneath her. In an instant, it was obliterated, as were the people within it. As good as it felt terrorizing them, killing them was more satisfying. With every life she ended, she could feel herself growing stronger. Maybe that was how it always worked... But now, at the height of her rampage, it was all too obvious.


Liz stared down at the carnage, mocking the people below. "Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust," Liz mused. "I can end lives easier than scratching my ass. You really thought you could just ignore me? Me?" She laughed, a cruel and melodic sound that mixed with the wailing sirens and distant cries for help.


She looked back to downtown. All those skyscrapers had towered over her just days ago. Now, they were nothing to her. She could stomp around, and obliterate them in an instant. The thought turned her on... But she didn't want to rush things too much. Maybe she could put them to a better use first.


The skyscrapers all looked so phallic, and it was turning her on even more. Her nipples were hard as diamonds, and she could feel a warm wetness growing between her thighs. She smiled as she looked them over, thinking about which one would be the best to grind on top of. Her eyes flicked from building to building, like a kid in a candy store.


She settled on one in particular, a tall building with a circular top. It was unmistakable: the Channel 6 News building. The news channel that had refused to cover her anymore. They thought they could ignore her. She was about to show them just how impossible that was.

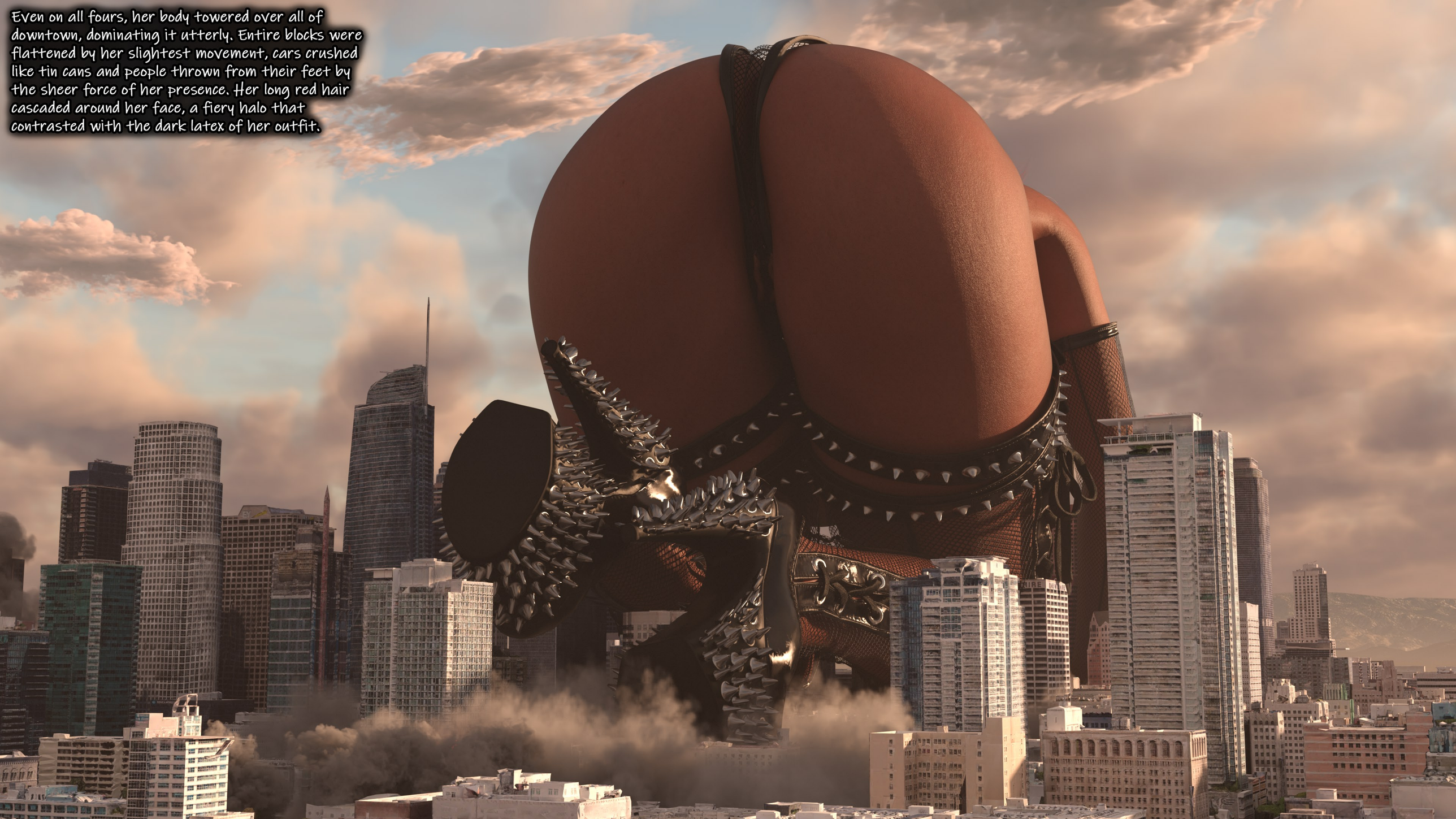

Liz walked over to the building, careful not to cause too much damage in the process. She looked down, and realized there were people on the roof, running towards a helicopter. They were trying to evacuate, but the helicopter took off before they could get in.


Liz was getting turned on. She crouched down, touching herself, fingers sliding over her massive clit. Every brush sent electric jolts through her body, making her knees buckle and her breathing heavy. She couldn't help but wonder if the reporters were on the roof, or inside the building. Either way, they'd be getting a close-up view.


She looked down at the tiny figures on the roof and moaned. "You poor little bastards," she said, voice dripping with mock pity. "Do you realize how fucked you are? I'm going to ride this building like a cock, and you're all gonna get crushed. But first, I'm gonna get you nice and wet..."


Liz licked her lips and got down on all fours, bending over the building. Her massive breasts hung like twin zeppelins, swaying dangerously close to the structures below. She could feel her nipples brushing against the tops of smaller buildings, sending shivers of pleasure through her enormous frame. The ground quaked with each shift of her weight, cracks spider-webbing through streets and sidewalks.
Bank of America
PAUL HASTINGS


She opened her mouth wide, letting her hot breath wash over the building. She was hot and ready, and she couldn't wait another second.


Even on all fours, her body towered over all of downtown, dominating it utterly. Entire blocks were flattened by her slightest movement, cars crushed like tin cans and people thrown from their feet by the sheer force of her presence. Her long red hair cascaded around her face, a fiery halo that contrasted with the dark latex of her outfit.


The anchorman was reporting on Liz when the building started to shake. The news team started to panic when dust and debris rained down.
"Jesus, she's right on top of us!" the sound guy yelled. The anchorman, a tall, gray-haired man in his early fifties, held up a hand to shield his eyes.
LIZ DIXON REPORT
GEN NEWS
SHE'S COMING, EVACUATE LOS ANGELES
F-GEN NEWS WORLDWIDE
CH 6 NEWS WORLDWIDE

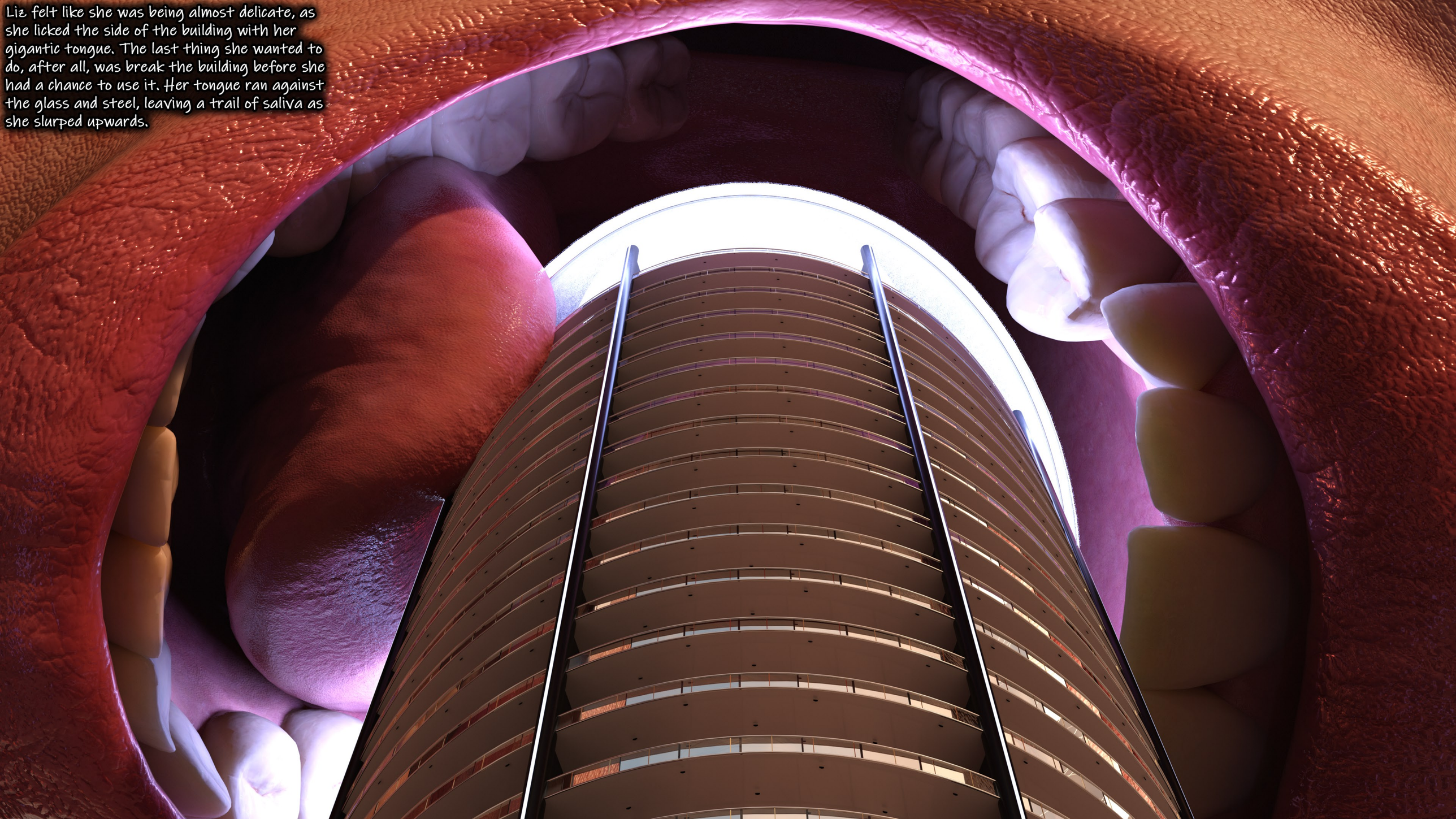

Steel girders above them shook, sending heavy lights falling down. The anchorman pointed towards a nearby hallway. "Everyone, run to the stairway! Don't use the elevators, it's too dangerous!"
F-GEN NEWS WORLDWIDE
EXIT


The ceiling cracked open, sending huge chunks of concrete down from above. The anchorman snapped out of his stupor, vaulting over his desk and sprinting towards the exit. He ran for his life as more debris fell down, and the building started to crumble.
CH 6
NEWS
WORLDWIDE



He dodged left and right like a running back, his loafers skidding on the powdery surface. A slab the size of a car hood smashed down twenty feet in front of him, sending up a plume of dust that choked his lungs and blinded his eyes. He wiped at his face frantically as he ran, coughing and sputtering.


The news crew burst through a set of doors and into a hallway. A huge window stretched along one side, offering a panoramic view of the city. They stopped dead in their tracks, eyes wide with horror.
Liz's giant lips were wrapped around the top of the building, kissing it with a slow, deliberate passion. Her breath fogged the glass, creating swirling patterns of moisture. The crew could feel the heat from her mouth even on the other side of the window.


Liz felt like she was being almost delicate, as she licked the side of the building with her gigantic tongue. The last thing she wanted to do, after all, was break the building before she had a chance to use it. Her tongue ran against the glass and steel, leaving a trail of saliva as she slurped upwards.


She wrapped her lips around the top of the structure, sucking gently like it was a piece of hard candy. The building creaked and groaned under the pressure, windows shattering from the suction. Liz glided her lips around the building like she was giving it a blowjob, taking her time to savor the sensation. Her tongue swirled and flicked, dislodging debris and sending it tumbling to the streets below. She could almost taste the fear of the tiny people inside. It made her hungry for more.
Bank of America
Deloitte
PAUL HASTINGS
NATIONAL BANK


With a slow, deliberate motion, she pulled away from the building and closed her lips, crushing the fleeing helicopter between them. Liz tilted her head back and let out a satisfied sigh, smoke curling from her nostrils.


Liz looked back at the city and smacked her ass teasingly. Even a light slap sent shockwaves through the city, rattling windows and toppling weakened structures. "You like that, you little bitches?" she taunted. "That was just a little foreplay. Wait until I really get going!"
WELLS FARGO
TCW


Getting up into a crouching position, she reached down and grabbed the mesh that covered her crotch. A thin mesh was stretched tight over her dripping pussy, a tantalizing barrier that begged to be torn away.


Liz effortlessly tore the mesh away, ripping it off like tissue paper. She spread her legs, giving the city an unobstructed view of her enormous, glistening pussy. The cool breeze did nothing to temper her heat. She was wet and ready, and the building below her was as hard and erect as any cock.
Deloitte


She stared down at the city, a goddess surveying her domain. Lights flickered in windows and streets, tiny fireflies in a concrete forest. She could almost hear the cries of the little people, their pleas for mercy mixing with their doomed resignation. "Take a good look," she said, her voice a rumbling thunder. "This is what your annihilation looks like."

With agonizing slowness, she began to lower herself over the building. Her thighs tensed and quivered as she controlled her descent, not wanting to rush things. Her pussy hovered just above the structure, so close that droplets of her arousal spattered on the roof.


She let out a long, shuddering breath as she made contact, the tip of the skyscraper parting her lips with exquisite tenderness. She shifted her hips from side to side, grinding the building between her pussy lips. Her pussy throbbed with each brush against the building, sending electric shocks of pleasure through her towering body.


She glided down further, slowly at first, then all at once. It was like sticking a finger into warm clay—resistant at first, then yielding. A deep moan escaped her as the building filled her up. She grabbed one of her massive nipples with a hand, tweaking it between her fingers.


She needed more. More pleasure, more destruction, more size, more power. Smaller buildings around her were already crumbling from the pressure of her immense body, but it wasn't enough. She wanted to crush entire nations under her ass, to drown cities with her pussy juice. As she fantasized about that, her hand slid down her torso and between her legs, where she started to rub her clit in slow circles.


Her growth spurt had left her truly gigantic, but now it accelerated beyond anything she'd experienced before. Her hand worked furiously at her clit, each stroke sending another wave of destruction through the city below. Every stroke of her fingers caused a surge of growth that made her even more massive.
Liz let out a cry that echoed through the valley like an air raid siren. "I'm going to fuck the city into the ground!" she screamed, her voice cracking with arousal.



Below her, all of downtown was in utter chaos. Buildings buckled and collapsed from the increasing pressure of her expanding thighs. Streets split open, sending cars and people tumbling into subterranean chasms. Flames licked at the sky as gas lines ruptured, and set whole blocks ablaze. The tiny inhabitants ran in every direction, a human ant farm stirred into frenzy.


While everyone else was running, the street preacher stood his ground. He stood in the middle of the street, pointing his hand defiantly into the air. "Behold, the whore of Babylon!" he shouted, his voice cutting through the din like a rusty knife. "She comes to smite us with her unholy lust! Repent, sinners, for the end is nigh!" Bathed in the red glow of the fire, he looked suitably apocalyptic.


Liz's growth spurt continued, and her thighs encroached ever closer, destroying more and more city blocks. She could feel the growth spurts pulsing through her, each one making her more immense and unstoppable.
Below her, the street preacher finally lost his nerve. The sight of her enormous flesh bearing down on him was too much even for his zealotry. He turned and fled with the others, his resolve crumbling as quickly as the asphalt beneath his feet.


Liz's thighs shook above the crowd as she grinded on top of the building. Every movement sent shockwaves through earth as she thrust back and forth. Her pussy was on the verge of climax, and she could feel her desire about to reach a boiling point. She loved how small and insignificant everything looked from up here. It was like a miniature city from some old monster movie, full of delicate little buildings that were ready to be smashed to pieces.


"I'm gonna kill you all," Liz moaned. "I'm going to fuck you into oblivion!"
Liz got on all fours, grinding on top of the skyscraper with animalistic fervor. The ground shook with every thrust of her hips, each one more violent than the last. Her legs created vast craters as they grew ever longer, obliterating entire neighborhoods in an instant. Every bit of destruction she wrought only aroused her more, bringing her ever closer to climax.


Liz's massive breasts pressed down on two massive skyscrapers, which struggled to hold up the incredible weight of her chest. The buildings buckled and swayed under her weight, their steel frames groaning as her breasts slowly expanded.


"Fuck I love crushing you ingrates!" Liz screamed out in pleasure. Her voice was a sonic boom that shattered windows for miles around. "I'm gonna fuck this whole city into the ground!"


Liz grinded deeper on top of the building, which strained under the pressure of her tight, wet pussy. She imagined Los Angeles as a giant dildo that she could ride into oblivion, each thrust sinking it deeper into her cavernous pussy.
NATIONAL BANK


The skyscrapers beneath Liz's enormous breasts finally succumbed to the unyielding pressure. Floor after floor caved in, sending plumes of dust and debris billowing into the air. Liz moaned in ecstasy as the structures disintegrated, the sensation like a thousand tiny hands massaging her nipples. She reveled in the chaos below, and the screams that followed each collapse. Her body tingled with power, with sheer, unrestrained dominance.


With a final, savage thrust, Liz slammed her ass down on the building she'd been fucking. Her pussy clenched around the building, crushing it to rubble. It crumbled instantly, exploding in a huge fireball that shot up between her legs like a pyrotechnic orgasm. The shockwave rippled through her body, making her quiver with delight. Her skin glowed with the heat of the explosion, and for a moment she looked like a goddess of destruction, bathing in the ruin she had wrought.
ONE WILSHIRE
ONE WILSHIRE


The street preacher ran with a crowd of people as Liz crawled forward, her massive form hidden by smoke and swirling ash. He panted and wheezed with exertion as he ran for his life. Around him, the mob was a seething mass of fear and desperation, a tidal wave of terror surging through the streets.
STARS
OFFICE SUPPLIES


As Liz crawled forward, her enormous breast emerged from the smoke, looming above the crowd like a leviathan of flesh. It towered over the buildings, threatening to crush entire city blocks with its sheer weight. The crowd looked up in horror, their collective gasp almost audible over the cacophony of destruction. For a brief moment they were transfixed, like deer in headlights, unable to process the magnitude of what was about to befall them.


Liz leaned forward, her movements slow and deliberate. Her colossal breasts swung downwards, crushing entire city blocks as if they were made of sand. She could feel each building give way beneath her as she flattened them against the ground, their resistance pathetic and short-lived. The impact sent cars flying and created shockwaves that toppled more structures in a widening circle of devastation. She breathed deeply, taking in the scent of burning wood and twisted metal, savoring each note like a fine wine.


"Die under my titties," Liz moaned, as she neared orgasm. "No one can run from me. Your lives are mine! Your souls are mine!" Finally, Liz came, crying out in orgasm. Her voice was a titanic roar that shook the heavens and cracked the very bedrock of the city. A wave of ecstasy rippled through her colossal body, making her muscles tense and her back arch.


Finally satisfied, Liz laid down on her stomach, sprawling across the ruined city like a lazy cat stretching out after a satisfying meal. Entire neighborhoods were obliterated beneath her immense form, reduced to unrecognizable smears of concrete and steel. Much of Los Angeles had been reduced to rubble, crushed flat by the weight of her body.
She closed her eyes and sighed in contentment, feeling the tiny pricks of surviving buildings poke at her skin like the remnants of a demolished sandcastle. And just like that, she drifted off to sleep.


Liz awoke some time later, groaning in pain. Her head was starting to hurt again, a dull throb that pulsed with each beat of her massive heart. Liz sat up, and rubbed her temple. That's when she realized something was wrong.


She rubbed the side of her head, wincing as her fingers made contact with a tender spot near her temple. At first she thought it might be a bruise from an errant piece of debris, but the texture was all wrong—too hard, too sharp. At first she thought a piece of debris had gotten stuck to her, but she tugged on the thing, and it didn't budge. It was firmly attached.


Perplexed, she prodded it more carefully and traced its outline with her fingertip. It wasn't just a normal bump. She had a small horn sticking out of her head. It had a pointed tip, like a budding goat's horn.
"What the hell is that?" Liz exclaimed, her voice cracking with disbelief.


Liz's heart was pounding in her chest. "Oh my fucking God, this can't be happening!" She exclaimed. "This is like something from a nightmare. People don't just grow horns all of a sudden. Unless..."
Slowly, the wheels in Liz's head started to turn, and she saw things in a new light. She had an inkling of what was going on, but that wasn't enough. She was going to get answers.
ONE WILSHIRE
ONE WILSHIRE


END OF
PART 7


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