

"Then again, I may as well enjoy myself. Who do we have down there? A bunch more little losers?" Liz raised her foot high, squinting as she looked down in an attempt to make out the ant-like people below. And then, she stepped down slowly. Savoring it.

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The crowds below darted in all directions, running for their lives.
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SEA-VIEW HOTEL
BURROUGHS
STOP



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"Aaagh... blue sky and red blood on my heel... what a nice day..."
STOP
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With that, Liz let her foot down upon the fleeing crowd. A single step was enough to catch a dozen of them, spraying blood into the air. A dozen lives ended in a moment. But Liz barely even noticed; in fact, something else quickly stole her attention.



Liz bent down to investigate the strange objects.

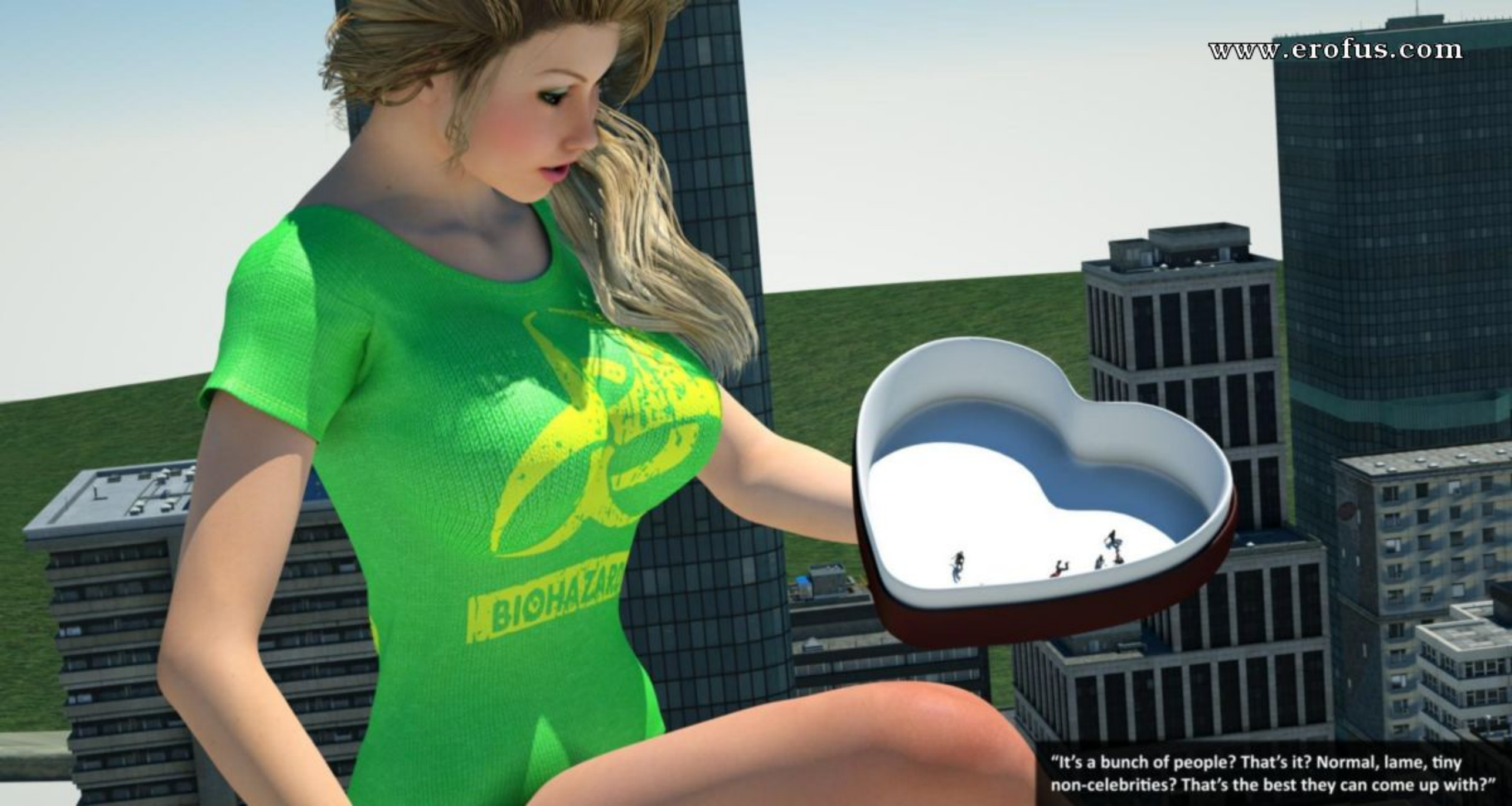
"Huh? A letter? It's a little late for Valentine's Day, isn't it? And

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What's it say... "Dear Liz, you're really great! Really, really
a good start. 'But lately you've been causing a lot of mass
destruction and murder. I know you're obviously really,
really powerful and great, and us pitiful ants have no
business telling you what to do.' Heh, you've got that
right. 'But if you could just tone down the destruction a
bit, that would be really super. Enclosed is a Tribute, sent
as a gift in good faith. Sincerely, the City of Los Angeles."
"Psst! Lame! Like some stupid gift is going to get me to
stop squishing all these lame-os!"
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BIOHAZARD


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BREAKFAST AND LUNCH FREE DELIVERY
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AUTO SALES
JAKES DELI
BREAKFAST AND LUNCH FREE DELIVERY
JAKES DELI
"Aaagh!"


"What's in the box, anyway? It better not be chocolates, that lame little mayor knows I'm trying to watch my figure."
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BIOHAZARD
"It's a bunch of people? That's it? Normal, lame, tiny non-celebrities? That's the best they can come up with?"

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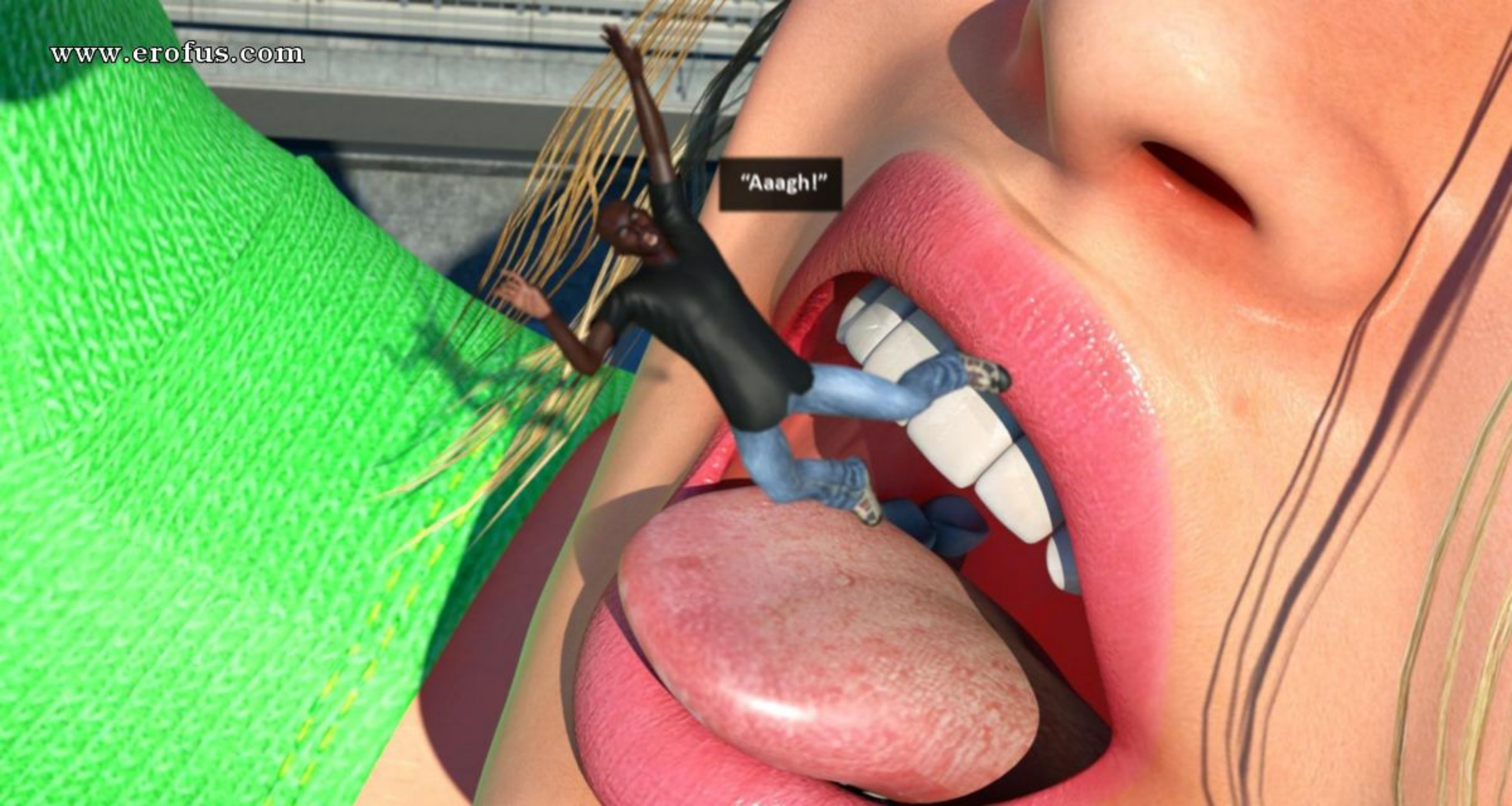

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"You're a cute little one! I always liked rappers!"

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"Aaagh!"

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Liz playfully bit down on him. The man screamed out in pain.
"Oww god, my back!"
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Liz threw back her head, and let the man slide down her tongue. He struggled to grab hold to something, anything. He clung to her teeth, but as Liz's mouth opened, he fell back down onto the soft, wet slide.


"Mmm!" Liz swished the tiny man around in her mouth before she swallowed.
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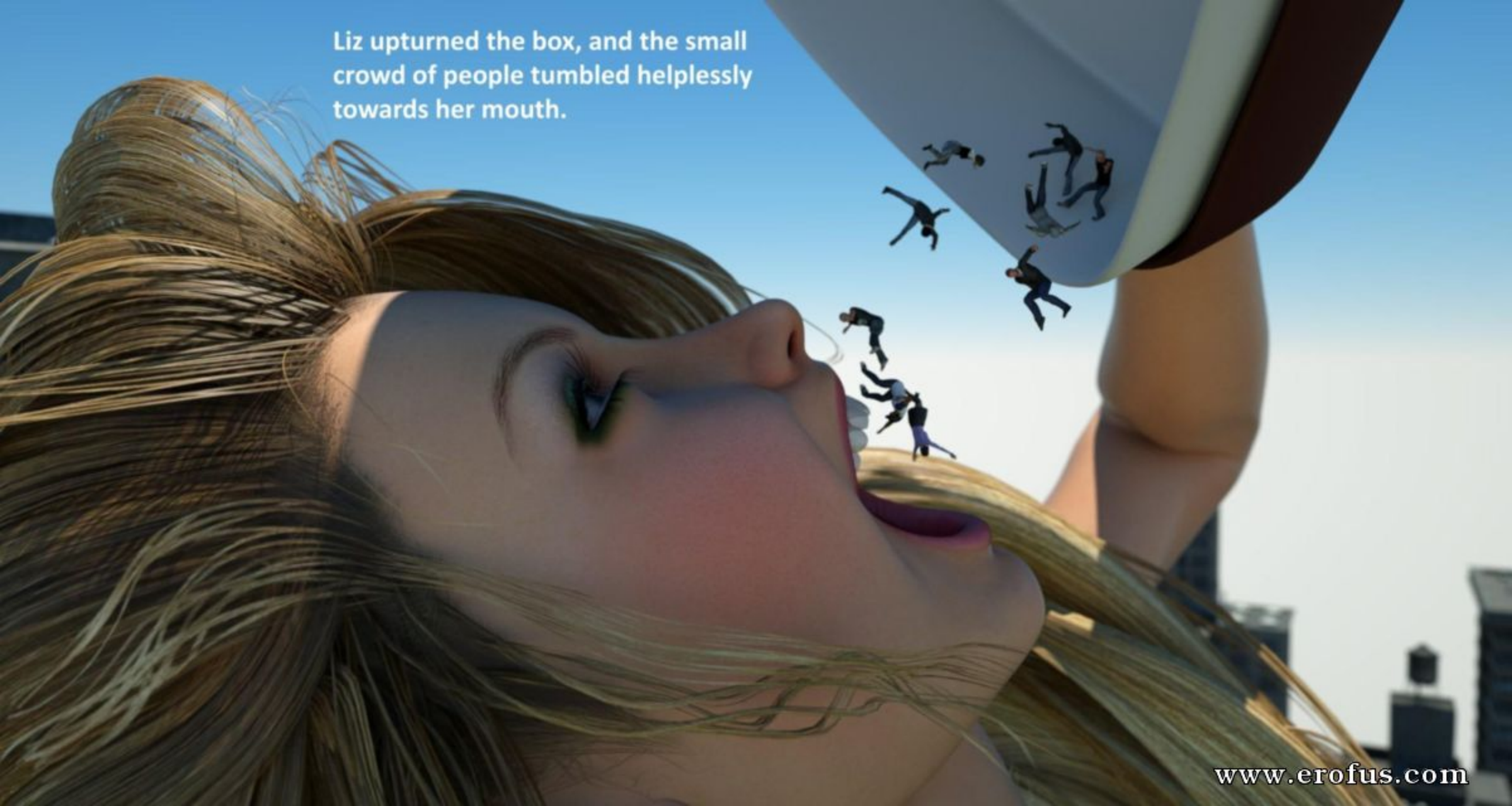
“ Okay, who’s next!”




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"All of you look pretty tasty...
And you're all snack size..."

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Liz upturned the box, and the small crowd of people tumbled helplessly towards her mouth.
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As Liz carelessly turned the box higher into the air, even more people fell out. Some missed Liz's mouth, falling towards the hard ground below. Others fell into her shirt, landing against her soft breasts and getting caught in her bra.

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One man clung to the tip of Liz's tongue, holding desperately for dear life as others fell down her throat. Another fell hard against one of Liz's teeth, smashing against the hard enamel of her tooth.




Liz threw her tongue left and right, playfully tossing the man around on the tip of her tongue.
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Finally, as the last of them tumbled into her mouth, Liz swallowed. Only one of them managed to hold on, clinging tightly to one of Liz's front teeth.



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But as she tried to climb out Liz's mouth, Liz chomped down tightly, crushing the woman between her powerful incisors. Liz licked the blood off her lips sensually, and swallowed again.

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The others tumbled down Liz's throat, bouncing around against the walls of her esophagus.

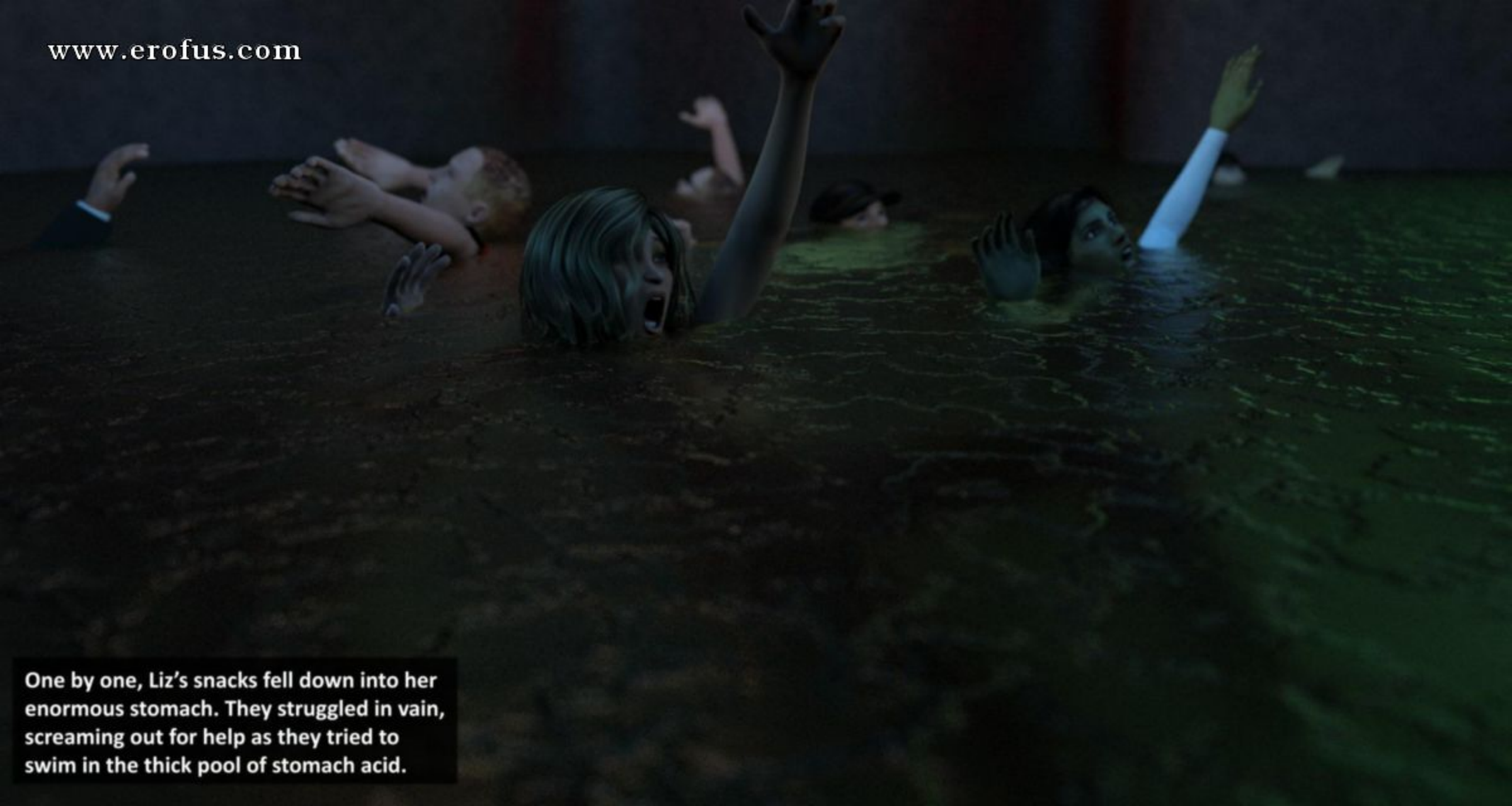

They fell down the huge chute, unable to stop their descent towards Liz's carvenous stomach.
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Below, brave passerby watched in horror and
awe at the strange spectacle before them.



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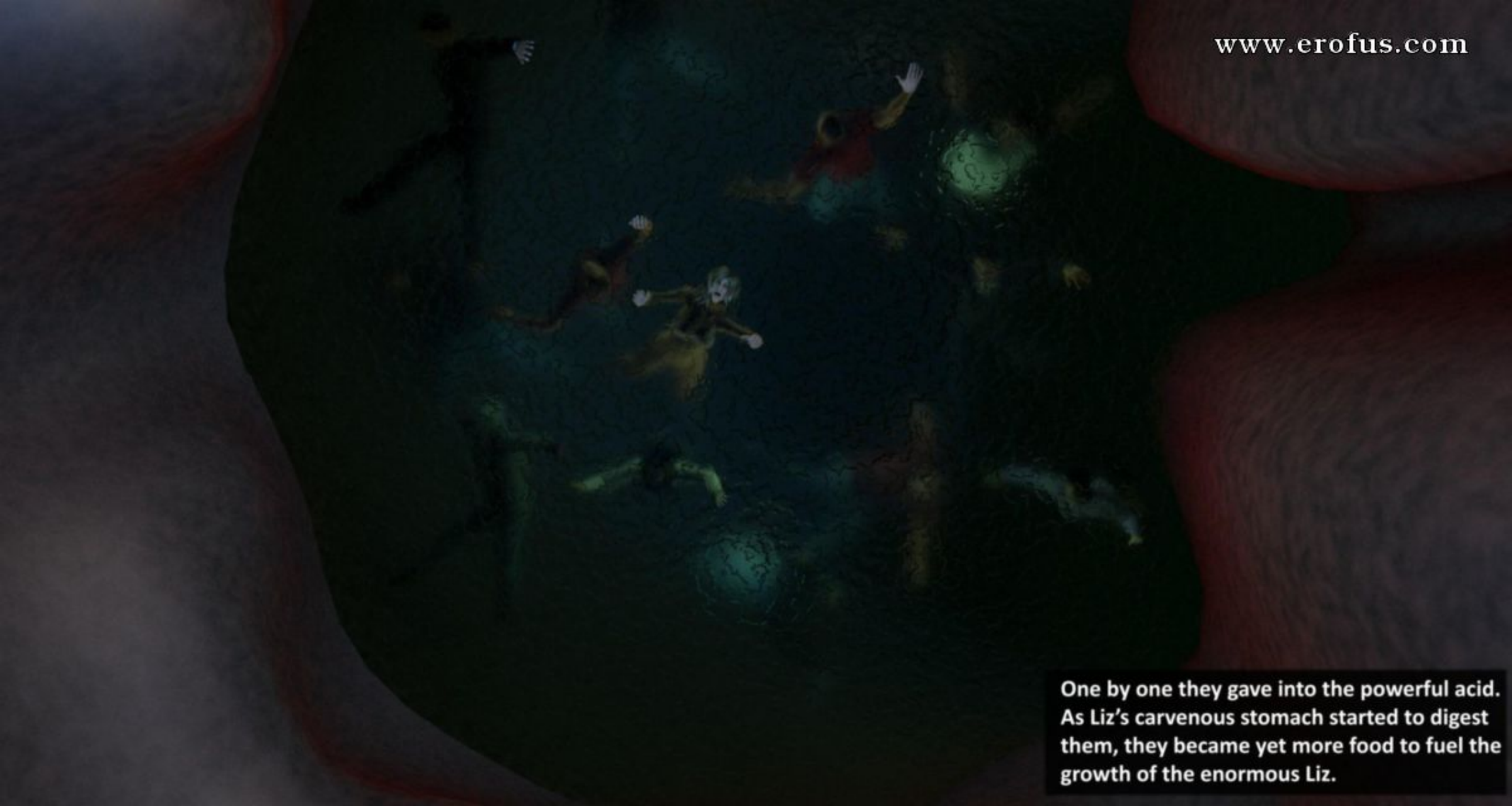


One by one, Liz's snacks fell down into her enormous stomach. They struggled in vain, screaming out for help as they tried to swim in the thick pool of stomach acid.

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A young woman stared up in horror, as she gave in to her fate. The stomach acid was starting to burn her skin; it had already started to eat through her clothes. She realized for a moment what she really was: food. Food, strangely enough, for another woman, one her own age, like her in so many ways and yet vastly more powerful.



One by one they gave into the powerful acid. As Liz's carvenous stomach started to digest them, they became yet more food to fuel the growth of the enormous Liz.

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"Is that it?" said Liz, "I'm still hungry!"

She carelessly tossed the empty box behind her, shattering the windows of a huge skyscraper. Crowds below ran terrified as the enormous box fell towards them.


Liz looked down at the destruction below her. The building she sat on earlier was crumbling, on the verge of collapse; Wrecked cars and trampled civilians dotted the streets.
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LAST EXIT


"Eh," said Liz, "Not bad for one morning. I've still got the whole day ahead of me!"
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LAST EXIT
50


EAST BROADWAY
DRY CLEANERS
Liz walked off into the distance, in search of more carnage to cause. Not to mention food; after all, with such a small breakfast, she was still plenty hungry!
The End... for now. Check out the next page for a preview of Liz's extra breast crush mini-comic I'll be putting out in a few days!
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Celebrity Crush: Tribute

Warning: the following comic involves vore, digestion, crush, and blood. Viewer discretion is advised.



Liz yawned, and raised her arms up into the air. "Aah, what a morning. The L.A. sun shining down on me, concrete cracking under my feet, dozens of people presumably crushed under my foot with every step, not that I have the time to look..." Liz, the Titanic Terror, enjoyed her leisurely early morning plod through Los Angeles. Well, early for her; it was almost noon, but Liz wasn't much of an early bird.

The area was mostly bereft of cars; by now, any L.A. citizen who was still alive listened to the morning LizWatch traffic updates. For those too poor to afford a car, or residents in nearby buildings, though, it wasn't so easy to flee. And Liz had a penchant for knocking over skyscrapers and stepping on houses, so people often poured out of nearby buildings whenever she walked their way.

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