
HAZEL
SMASHES THE
WEST COAST
PART 2


REDFIREDOG
EMMAGEAR


Colt wasn't much of a talker.
Maybe that's on me. I suppose I could see why someone would feel a bit uncomfortable being in such tight quarters with someone like me. His little brain is probably working a hundred miles an hour trying to find a way out of the situation he'd found himself in. Not every day that the most dangerous woman in the world hops into your truck and demands you drive her to San Francisco. Especially only a matter of hours after she'd gone and wiped a whole city off the map for fun.
SARYA


"You sleepy?"
He jolts in surprise, before straightening up. He clears his throat as if he's going to speak, but only shakes his head instead.


"Just wondering." I said, moving closer. "You were driving all night. Wanted to make sure you weren't about to fall asleep while on the road."
"I'm fine."


"You don't look fine." I said, leaning in even closer. "You seem a little... uneasy."
He clenches the steering wheel more tightly and I can hear the engine speed up.
"Just so you know... I'm a lot more durable than a regular person when I'm this size." I said casually. "If you try something stupid, I guarantee I'll walk away from it unharmed... And you won't."



"I wasn't planning on it."

Despite this claim, I can see his grip loosen on the wheel and the engine quiet down ever so slightly. I've been through this more times than I can count. Someone trying to off me while I'm this small is such a pain.

"By the way, can we make a stop in Oakland?"


"Oakland?" He says, turning to look at me. "What for?"
"Do I need a reason?"
"N-No." He said, before looking ahead again. "But it's... You know. It's Oakland. Lotta people there. And it can be dangerous. If you gotta use the bathroom or something I can stop at a gas station."



"You're worried about crime? You know who I am, right?"

"W-Well, I'd rather not lose the truck."

"You're going to lose a lot more if you don't make the detour. Besides, I need something to drink after the night I just had.


Colt wasn't much of a talker, so I went on my phone. When I'm bored and I need a laugh, I'll watch the news. There's nothing quite like watching yourself on the news.

The reporter's a cutie. Dark hair, sharp jaw, the kind of face that looks good even when clearly scared out of his mind. He's standing in front of a green screen, with footage of the aftermath looming behind him.

"...what officials are now calling the single deadliest event in recorded human history," he says. His voice is weak; he's barely holding back tears. "Preliminary estimates suggest that Hazel reached a height of several hundred miles before..."

A little swallow. A flicker in his eyes.




I turn the phone on its side, so I can watch it in full screen. I don't want to miss a single little micro-expression. Every little twitch, every failed attempt to hold back tears is pure gold.



"...Before the incident concluded. The cities of Seattle, Portland, Tacoma, and Vancouver have been described by as, quote, 'simply gone.'"

I giggle. Gone. He's not wrong.

"We want to remind our viewers," he continues, and here's where it gets delicious, here's where the fear starts leaking through the cracks of all that professionalism, "that we are reporting these events purely as a matter of public record. We hold no... No judgment. No commentary. We are simply... We are grateful to be able to bring you the news at all."


There it is. Grateful. He's terrified I'm watching. And I am, sweetheart. I am.
"To anyone in the affected regions, please: remain calm. Authorities advise that evacuation is, at this time, not believed to be effective." He pauses. His throat works. "We have been asked not to characterize the entity's actions in any negative light. And we... We wish to express that we understand. We understand."
God, he's good.
My favorite part is coming. He glances down at something off-camera. A note, maybe. An instruction. His face does the thing I love, that little collapse, that swallow of pride.



"At this time," he says, and his voice cracks right down the middle, "In keeping with requests Hazel has made in the past, we will now be broadcasting uncensored footage from today's events." A beat. He can't look at the camera. "We'll be playing the footage for the next 24 hours, uninterrupted, as she requested for all broadcast channels."

Good boy.


I watched some of the news coverage. I look fucking hot, of course. I always do. They showed some POV footage of me masturbating as I grew a few miles high, then a few clips of me obliterating what I think is Portland.
Someone must have spent all night looking online, combing through the best clips. They know it's what I like, and they know I don't like it when they hold back on the good stuff. I was just starting to get turned on, when the battery ran out.



The rest of the ride was quiet, and peaceful. A little too peaceful, if anything. All this quiet left me feeling like something exciting needed to happen or I would die of boredom. I'd been hoping to find someplace particularly interesting in downtown Oakland to begin... but fuck it. I need some action. Now.


"Pull over."
"Pull over... where? Where are we going?"
"Just pull over. I saw a bar just now."


He did as told, and I was grateful to finally be able to stretch my legs again. It felt so nice no longer being inside of that cramped truck, and Colt wasted no time rushing around the corner to meet me.
"Is that all, then? Am I free to-"
"No." I said firmly. "You're coming with me."
"Oh... Okay." He said sheepishly. "But... won't people recognize you?"
Phone
Phone


"Why would they?" I said, pointing to the cap on my head. "Hazel never wears hats."
"I don't- Is that really going to work?"


"Who cares?" I laughed. "If someone recognizes me, what are they going to do? Post a pic online?"
"Yes! That might cause problems! If word gets out and someone with some crazy idea shows up here-"


"You have any idea how many fake Hazel sightings there are every day?" I said. "I think you're underestimating how different I look with this hat on. And when it stops working... it'll be too late for everyone who saw me anyway. Now come on."
Colt looked as if he wanted to say more, but it was clear this conversation was over. He sullenly followed after me as we headed back to the bar we'd just passed.


"Keep up."
Colt hurried behind while I stepped inside of the bar that had caught my eye and... almost had second thoughts. The place didn't look like it was being kept in the best condition, and the air smelled musty. I'd rather have a drink in a more modern establishment...
Ah, whatever. I won't be here long.
REMINDER
CASH ONLY
PLASTIC WON'T
リバティー



"Feels like there's new shit every day." A man glued to his phone says as tinny audio plays from the speakers

"Happens every time she shows up." The bartender says, shaking her head. "Shame, too. With a body like that? She could make some serious money in modeling. Wish I had-"

"AHEM!"


"Oh. Sorry about that, ma'am. What can I-?"
The bartender stops speaking the moment she lays eyes on me. I think it's fairly obvious what both of them were watching when I stepped in, and seeing the real deal in front of her renders her speechless.
"What was in that video?" I asked, leaning onto the counter. "Was it exciting?"
"It... Was..."
COLLTED
GMC CO.
PALE ALE
BROWN ALE
Special Brewed Beer


"What about you?" I asked, walking behind the man still looking at his stool. "Checking out some videos of Hazel from last night, right?"
He wasn't. Not anymore, at least. It was a picture of me walking into this very bar. Some creep must have snapped it during the walk over here. The fucking nerve.


"Who the fuck took that picture?" I asked aloud. "It's not even a very good one! It makes my ass look way too small!"
"What are you...-" The man began, before catching sight of me just as the bartender had.


"That wasn't you, was it?" I asked, while he could only look back at me dumbfounded. "You didn't take that right before coming in here so you could admire it all to yourself? Maybe jerk off a little in the bathroom when the bartender's busy?"
"N-No! Of course not! I would never... Fuck it IS you!"


"In the flesh." I said with a smile. "Not often I get to meet a fan face to face. Well, at least not like this."
"I-I was just about to leave, actually." The man said, placing his hands onto the counter and standing up. "It's so kind of you to stop by, though!"


"You want to leave already?" I pouted. "But we just met! No, I think you're going to stay put. This is a once in a lifetime opportunity for you."
"L-Listen. I'll... I don't want any trouble, lady."
"If you just sit tight and relax, things are going to be fine. Understand?"
Secrets Unearthed: Uncovering the Hidden History of an Old Dive Bar
Memoirs of a Bygone Era Brought to Life
Rumors of Hidden Treasures and Fabled Encounters Pique Curiosity


"Hey no- Shut up. LISTEN TO ME!"
The bartender had taken the little lull in our conversation as an opportunity to place a phone call. Her eyes frantically darted between me and the door and her voice was shaky as she continued to bark orders.
"Get out of the fucking city. As fast as you can and as soon as you can. No. SHUT UP! HAZEL IS IN MY FUCKING BAR! SHE'S LOOKING RIGHT AT ME!"
99
PROBLEMS
*BUT MY ASS AINT ONE
FUGAZIDURA
FUGAZI BREWERY
PALE ALE
COLLTED


"You know." I said, taking a stroll around the bar to move closer to the frantic woman. "It's awfully rude to be on the phone when you have a customer waiting for a drink." I said, then slammed both my hands onto the bar. The woman yelped in terror and jumped back, before looking at me with the phone clutched to her ear.
"Well? Aren't you going to ask me what I want?"



"I-I... You... You want a d-drink? S-Sure! I can... I can get that right for you! What do you...?" She stopped, and swallowed audibly before straightening up. "What can I get for you?"

"You can relax." I told her with a smile. "I'm just here for a quiet drink. You give me what I want for a reasonable price... and I'll be out of your hair in no time."

"S-Sure." She said, shivering in place. "Whatever you want. And it's on the house!"


"That's more like it." I said, getting back into my seat. "I'll take a whisky. In a chilled glass. No ice. And... make sure it's the best bottle you have on hand. Got it?"


"Understood." The woman said, and nervously looked to the door one last time, before spinning in place and opening up the fridge. Her hands were shaking as she pulled out a glass and stood back up, looking over the bottles she had on hand.


"Does it normally take this long?"
"I'm sorry!" She yelped, pushing aside bottles until she got to one that had hardly been used. "This is the best stuff I've got on hand. You kind of caught me at a bad time, actually. I can make a run to the store and-"
Secrets Unearthed: Uncovering the Hidden History of an Old Dive Bar
Sharpe Spirits



"Just pour it." I said, rolling my eyes.

"R-Right! I'll... I'll get right on that. Her hands kept shaking as she awkwardly took the cap off and held the glass up. Her breathing hitched before she stopped herself, and looked back up at me.


"Um." She began, attempting to clear her throat. "I don't... I don't know how much you-"
"Out with it."
"How much do you want?" She yelped, trying her best to keep her hands steady.
FAMOUS
ONION RINGS
THEY'RE LEGENDARY
ONLY HERE AT
FUGAZI DIVE BAR


"Are you really asking me that?" I said, leaning in closer. "You're not going to need the bottle after we're done here, so fill 'er up."
"But you said you wouldn't-"
"I know what I said."


She swallowed, and wasted no time pouring the amber-colored liquid into the glass. It sloshed around with her trembling, but enough of it managed to land inside to actually fill the damn thing.


"T-That's good, right? I can fill it up more if you want! Or... You know, there's some other, nicer bars down the street!"
"I'm good."
"Are you sure?" She pleaded. "Maybe- the glass! You can keep it! Consider it a gift! You can take it and go wherever you like, I won't tell anyone else I saw you!"


"Thanks, but no thanks." I said, reaching for the glass. "I think I like it here, actually. Especially when there's such a cute bartender giving me free drinks." I told her with a playful wink.


Her hand trembled when I took the glass from her, and brought it to my lips. She kept her eyes locked on me the entire time when I shot my head back and downed the whole thing in one go.



"Fuck!" I said, shaking my head as I slammed the glass back onto the bar. "I needed that."

Every person in the room jumped when I stood back up when the stool I had been sitting on scraped across the floor. They were all waiting for the other shoe to drop, but they would have to wait a little bit longer. I had some other business I needed to take care of first.

"We had a long drive here." I said, motioning to Colt who stiffened up suddenly at being addressed. "You don't mind if we get comfortable, do you?"


"N-No." The bartender said. "Go ahead."
"Thank you." I said, and turned to the man who had so graciously driven me here. I pulled open the jacket I'd been wearing, and his eyes shot straight down to my tits. He started to take a step backwards, before stopping abruptly and waiting.
"I think you deserve a reward for being so helpful." I told him. "Don't you agree?"
Secrets Unearthed: Uncovering the Hidden History of an Old Dive Bar
The Hidden Tales of an Old Dive Bar
SALOON


"T-That's alright, miss." He said, looking between everyone else. "I was just being a good samaritan..."
His voice trailed off when I let the jacket fall to the floor and leaned over ever so slightly. The depths of my cleavage were plainly visible and he near-instantly lost his train of thought as the garment dropped to the floor.
DIVE BAR
Thank You
FOR MAKING US YOUR HOME AWAY FROM HOME


"You want me to get that for you...?" He asked, trying to keep inconspicuous.
"No need." I said. "I don't plan on wearing it again." I said, then shot a hand straight down towards his crotch. He straightened up in an instant when I squeezed tightly, expecting a rock hard cock... but felt nothing. There was something there, sure, but it was still soft, and squishy.


"Really?" I said, stepping in closer. "You're gawking at my tits, and can't even get hard?"
"W-What?! No! It's not like that! I just-"
"I'm feeling it right now, asshole! Soft as a fucking pillow! What are you, gay or something?"
Note from the Dive Bar Owner
Thank You
FOR MAKING US YOUR HOME AWAY FROM HOME
ATTENTION
DIVE BAR LOVERS
SHARE YOUR FAVORITE
THE DOOR


"What? No, it's nothing like that. It's just... Without my pills, it's hard for me to, you know..."
"Pills? Seriously?" I asked incredulously. In all my days... I thought normally only old perverts had to take that kinda thing. A flirty look is usually all it takes to get a guy so hard he passes out on me. Now I have to deal with this shit.


"It's... I'm sorry! It's a problem I-"
"Shut up." I said, squeezing his balls tightly in my fist. "Nothing helps me unwind better than a good fuck, and I can't even get that now."
"I-If you give me some time, I can-"
DIVE BAR
JUST ENJOY THE DRINKS AND



"I'm not waiting that long." I said, and shot a look over to the bartender. "You! How good are you with those mosquito bites?"

"Mosquito what-"

"Can you fucking get this guy hard, or are you going to keep standing around and being useless?"


"I-I shouldn't- I have a boyfriend, and-"
"I don't need your life story." I growled. "Just get over there, and get that hayseed hard. Got it?"
FUGAZIDURA
FUGAZIDURA
FUGAZI BREWI


The woman's eyes go wide, and she locks eyes with the man on the other side of the bar, but doesn't move. She's beginning to wear my patience thin.
"Move it!" I snapped. "I don't have all day!"


"And you!"
The man who'd been drinking only a few minutes prior stood up straight and stepped closer against the wall, only to find a bar separating him from it.
"Y-Yes?" He asked, suddenly uncomfortable with being the center of attention.
OLD DIVE BAR TIMES
Dusty Memories and Untold Tales Revealed as Renovations Begin
Secrets Unearthed: Uncovering the Hidden History of an Old Dive Bar
Memoirs of a Bygone Era Brought to Life


"Can you get hard?"
"What? I mean... Am I supposed to?"
"You don't need pills, do you?"
"No ma'am!" He stammered. "I can-If you want-"


I ignored his begging and slammed my backside directly up against him. I felt a stir inside of his pants. That's more like it. I was beginning to wonder if I'd lost my touch, but I could feel the bulge he was packing gradually expand beneath me.
"So? How about it? You want to fuck?"
Dusty Memories and Untold Tales Revealed as Renovations Begin
The Hidden Tales of an Old Dive Bar
Memoirs of a Bygone Era Brought to Life


He tried to keep himself steady, but it was quickly obvious that was a fool's errand. Pinned to the wall by my big ass all he could do was moan quietly and try to keep himself composed.


"You going to stand there and moan, or are you going to make a move?"
"I don't know what you want me to do!" He pleaded. "I won't get in trouble if I touch you, will I?"
"You're going to die anyway." I said, grabbing hold of his hand and guiding it around my ass. "Why not enjoy your last moments and have a squeeze?"
VALL OF STORIES


"I'm going to-What?"
"YOU TWO!" I shouted at Colt and the bartender. "Why aren't you fucking yet? Give us a show already!"


"I-I'm sorry, lady. I'm not with her! I just-I saw a woman hitchhiking and- You don't have to do anything." He explained solemnly. "I don't think it'll change her mind."
The bartender looked at him for a long moment, before sighing.


"Knew it was stupid to hope she'd just leave quietly." She muttered. "Whatever. She's right. Might as well enjoy ourselves before..."
"Best not to think about it."
FUGAZIDURA
FUGAZI BREWERY
SCOTCH WHISKEY


"Well I've seen enough drunk women in this bar to know what works for guys." The bartender said, hopping onto the bar. She spread her legs wide and leaned forward so her cleavage was fully visible. "Do you like what you see?"
COLLTED
GMC CO
PALE ALE
GMC CO
COLLTED
Special Brewed Beer


Colt was shaking like a leaf when he nodded his head, and the woman jumped off the bar and right in front of him. She wasted no time sliding a hand between his legs, and leaning in close.
"Are you hard yet?"


Colt seemed to nod his head slightly, and the bartender dropped to her knees to confirm. And he certainly wasn't soft... but it was still fairly floppy in her hands. I'm sure I'd done most of the heavy lifting with how awkwardly she was moving, but she took what she had.
"I can work with this." She said, stroking the gradually stiffening cock in her hand.


And work she did. Slowly at first, stroking that mediocre cock back and forth in an effort to get it hard. Now that it was exposed and in the open air it seemed like he was gradually stiffening up, but it was still taking a long time.
DIVE BAR
ATTENTION
FRIENDLY REMINDER
LEAVE YOUR WORRIES AT THE DOOR

"Any day now!" I called out to the two of them.

The bartender wasted no time wrapping her lips around Colt's cock and sucking for all she was worth. The sounds were wet and sloppy, but she didn't have much to work with and it was taking the guy a dangerously long amount of time to get going.




Which is a shame, really. If she wasn't stuck with someone so inept she probably would have finished him off ages ago. Her boyfriend must be lucky. Shame she got stuck with this loser now.
CERTIFICATE
DIVE BAR
Thank You
FOR MAKING US


"You've got a girl sucking your dick and you're still having trouble getting hard?" I said, leaning into the man holding onto my hips. "Just my luck. The guy who picks me up doesn't even like women."
"I-I'm not gay!" He pleaded, puffing up his chest. "It's a real medical condition! I can-"
"Yeah, yeah." I said, looking at the guy behind me. "What about you?"
Memoirs of a Bygone Era Brought to Life
Rumors of Hidden Treasures and Fabled Encounters Pique Curiosity


"Me? I love pussy! I could eat it on the daily. If-If that's what you want, I can-"
"That's all I need to hear." I said, lifting my shirt over my head.
Dusty Memories and Untold Tales Revealed as Renovations Begin
The Hidden Tales of an


I'd already started growing and I don't think my partner had even realized it yet. While I ran my hands over my pants and leaned further into him he seemed to realize the situation he was in and grabbed hold of my hips more tightly. He tried his best to suppress the soft moaning sounds he made while grinding against my ass, while my pants were stretched drum-tight over my legs.
ATTENTION
DIVE BAR LOVERS
SHARE YOUR FAVORITE DIVE BAR MEMORIES ON
OUR WALL OF STORIES
FRIENDLY REMINDER
DIVE BAR IS A JUDGMENT-FREE ZONE
LEAVE YOUR WORRIES AT THE DOOR
JUST ENJOY THE DRINKS AND FOOD!
NOTE TO SELF
DON'T FORGET TO ORDER THE DIVE BAR'S
FAMOUS ONION RINGS
THEY'RE LEGENDARY
ONLY HERE AT
FUGAZI DIVE BAR


The soft sound of fabric stretching, then tearing drew all eyes onto me, but nobody stopped what they were doing. They just watched as I slowly started rubbing myself in front of them.


"Keep going." I ordered, making sure everyone knew what was expected of them.
The man behind me took advantage of the fresh tears in my outfit and ran his hands over my inner thighs where the bare skin was now visible. The tactile sensation sent me another few inches taller, and I must have had a foot on him by now.
NOTE TO SELF
FAMOUS ONION RINGS
THEY'RE LEGENDARY
ONLY HERE AT
FUGAZI DIVE BAR
FRIENDLY REMINDER


"Keep... fucking... going!" I ordered, grinding onto his crotch as I steadily grew . The hard bulge I'd been grinding against vanished as I grew big enough that my ass was now up against his chest, and he was forced to step back to avoid falling over.


The bartender was doing her damnedest to get Colt to finish inside of her and he looked to really be getting into it. Strings of drool pooled on the floor at her knees while she kept going for all she was worth, while his hands had come to rest on the back of her head.
"Those two are really going at it." I said to the man behind me. "I think it's time we catch up to them."
FOR MAKING US YOUR HOME AWAY FROM HOME
CERTIFICATE
DIVE BAR
TRY THE BARTENDER'S SECRET MIXOLOGY CREATION


"Catch up?"
"Just stick it in my fucking ass already!" I shouted, and he jolted back in surprise. His hands shot down to his pants and swiftly unbuttoned his jeans to reveal...


A pretty nice cock, all things considered.
Or maybe my standards had been lowered thanks to Colt's... lacking performance.
Regardless, he wasted no time aiming that thing right between my legs, and stabbing it up with all he had in him.


I instantly shot up another few inches in size. I hadn't been expecting him to be THAT big! If I wasn't already big enough to bump my head into the ceiling it might have actually hurt to have him jab the whole thing inside at once!


Luckily for me, I was big enough to handle it just fine. And only growing bigger as he thrust his hips back and forth as quickly as he could in an effort to please me. The feeling only had me rubbing myself even more furiously as the familiar sound of yoga pants shredding off of my legs echoed throughout the bar.


In no time at all my head bumped into the ceiling, forcing me to lower myself to remain standing. The guy behind me stumbled backward, nearly falling away entirely before managing to stabilize himself.
"If you stop fucking me for one second, then you die." I warned, and he straightened back up in an instant.
FRIENDLY REMINDER
NOTE TO SELF
FAMOUS ONION RINGS
THEY'RE LEGENDARY
ONLY HERE AT
FUGAZI DIVE BAR


The order did exactly what I'd hoped it would. A fire had been ignited in him as fear and arousal had him fucking me with everything he had. The warm sensations spread throughout my entire body while my bra snapped open and began to fall.


"Don't... STOP!" I ordered, doing my best to maintain my own balance. It was harder than expected given that we were both still standing, but I could feel myself drawing closer to another orgasm, and this little overachiever was going to help me achieve exactly that.
I spread my legs further on the floor for more stability... but then spread them just a bit too far. The last remnants of my shoes skidded across the polished floors, and I lost my balance for only a moment.
FOR MAKING US YOUR HOME AWAY FROM HOME


THOOM
"FUUCK!"
The entire room shook when I fell onto the man fucking me. He screamed, but whether that was because I'd just liquefied his lower body or he was experiencing unimaginable pleasure I can't really be sure.


It didn't matter. I wasn't about to let this opportunity go to waste. He was still hard as a rock and he was still breathing, which was just as good a reason as any to keep grinding on him and make sure I got this dick for all it was worth.


Taking a deep breath, I looked up from what I was doing to see the other two staring back at me with wide eyes. The entire building shaking when I'd fallen must have been enough to knock them over as they had their eyes glued on me, rather than each other.
"You cum already?" I asked while stroking my pussy in front of the two. "Then you can just watch me grow!


Two fingers slid inside of me quickly, and my head yet again bumped into the ceiling. I stretched my legs out and heard a number of chairs fall over in an instant. My toes curled as I applied more pressure to the wall with my back and stretched my legs out, pressing against the bar as I did so.


I kept growing, and in no time at all had to lean my head forward. The bar started to crack while I tried to spread my legs more apart, and more chairs were thrown around as the bar rapidly shrunk around me.
"Let's get the fuck out of here!" I heard Colt say amidst the chaos. From the panicked scream that followed, I'm sure the bartender was going to take this opportunity to leave as well.


Bunch of fucking pussies. Taking this chance to run away instead of enjoying the show! I was half-tempted to reach for them before they made it out, but I was already uncomfortably pinned against the ceiling, and as long as I was still in here my options were limited.
Fuck it. I can grab them later. I would only get to enjoy growing out of this bar once.
SALOON


It's only a matter of seconds before the entire ceiling begins to collapse from the pressure of my growing body. The bar itself is splitting apart and collapsing from the pressure my legs are applying to it, and for the smallest split-second I swore I could feel movement brush against my sole.
They're not getting anywhere.



A second later and the entire ceiling splits apart, allowing me to sit up slightly more straight. The bar itself is nothing but a broken piece of wood shredded across the floor. The stools have been turned to splinters underneath me, and I'm pretty sure the guy I was grinding on is no more.

I stretched my legs out and felt them press against the opposite wall. There was more resistance, but it wouldn't last long. Not when I was growing like this.


It takes only a small amount of pressure from my toes to create small cracks through the wall to the outside. I sit up straight entirely, and feel the floor above me collapse and fall apart.
It won't be much longer now. They aren't getting anywhere.
FREE DELIVERY 201-295-3222/2050
ASIAN FOOD
CHINESE RESTAURANT
NEW YORK
CDF 7868

I pulled my legs back a moment, and pushed down on the floor. It split apart underneath me, but remained intact as I applied an immense amount of pressure to the floor... and tried to rise to my knees.

It was rough going at first, but doable. More and more of the ceiling split apart and the upper floors poured dust and debris onto me. I gradually rose higher until small rays of sunlight poured in through the roof directly above me.

"FINALLY!" I shouted as I grew swiftly and straight through the roof and back into the open air.




I wasn't done growing yet.
Not by a long shot.
I picked up the pace, if anything. Breaking through the roof was one thing, but I craved more. A second later my tits busted through the hole my head had made. Then the entire second floor broke apart around me, and sent an avalanche of brick and stone to the street below.
Phone
NO PARKING
CHINESE RESTAURANT


Behind me, the building suffered, and broke apart under the immense pressure of my growing body. Just like my tits, my ass easily broke through the wall behind me, sending a cascade of debris pooling at my feet.
I was free.


It still wasn't enough.
I kept growing bigger, until the building was no longer able to maintain its shape. It split apart at the seams and collapsed into a pile of rubble around me. I could keep going, but...


"SHIT! SHE'S LOOKING RIGHT AT US!"
I have some unfinished business to take care of...
I took a moment to dust myself off, and run my fingers through my hair to get rid of some of the debris that stuck to me. The building collapsing around me had already drawn a significant amount of attention and showing up here so soon after my last rampage already had people running for their lives.


"Where do you think you're going?" I said mockingly while rising up to my feet. I curled my toes in the debris that was once a bar, feeling stray pieces of wood crack and snap apart underneath me.
"Wait for me, Colt! And... You, down there!" I said, realizing I never got the bartender's name.
PAY DAY LOANS
PAY DAY LOANS
CITY PRICE LIQUORS
North St
Aspect Delivery
336 Grasson st
223-098-345
SARYA


That wasn't a very descriptive way to address them, however, and one of the men down at my feet seemed to think I was referring to him and the lady he was running alongside. If he had the same first name that would be a wild coincidence, but I'm sure it's more likely that he was just stupid.
Regardless, I'm not a fan of someone running away from me in terror. What, do they find me ugly? Think I'm not hot enough to stick around and enjoy the show?


They were killing my vibe. So I figured it was only fair I do the same back to them.
The moment I swung my foot directly over their heads their screams raised an octave and the begging started. They must have been hoping that anyone else on the street would have been the first person to capture my attention.


And they would be right.
At the end of the day, they were just a fun distraction on my way to my real goal. The street cracked and broke apart under my weight when I stepped on the both of them, and the small red spurts that squirted out from under me signaled the end for the two of them.
新創作
Phone


"SHIT SHIT SHIT!"
Colt and the bartender ran for their lives while chaos erupted around all of us. The streets were near-immediately filled with people screaming after I'd had my first bit of fun for the day, and a number of cars had already been abandoned by their owners.
If I thought highly of Colt I may have suspected he tried to run past a truck knowing I wouldn't be able to resist crushing it at this size.
大戸屋
新創作
ダイニング
飲み放題
¥980~
コース料理
¥2000~
CD·DVD·LD
リバティー



But it was probably just a coincidence.

I placed my foot down onto the top of the truck and gave it a firm press down. The roof crumpled in an instant, and all four of the tires popped at the same time from the unexpected pressure of my sole. I applied even more pressure, listening to the windshield crack while gradually it folded in on itself...

Until something exploded. Jets of flame shot out from underneath the truck, and the two I'd been chasing fell over from the suddenness of it.


"DON'T FUCKING LEAVE ME!"
Colt looked back at the woman who was lying on the hot pavement. She'd spent some of her last moments sucking him off, and he was already planning to abandon her? That seemed awfully rude of him. She wasn't even wearing shoes!



I watched for a moment, just to see what would happen. I'm a sucker for drama and wanted to see if he would actually go back for her, or if he would cruelly abandon her to my whims.

Colt seemed to consider his options for a moment, then turned back to help her up. How very kind of him.

Too bad I'll never find out what happens next.


"LET US GO!"
"DON'T HURT ME! I-I GAVE YOU A RIDE! PLEASE!"
They both begged and pleaded their cases when I plucked them up from the streets and held them up to my face. I looked them over for a moment, and even gave them a shake to watch them wriggle in a bid for freedom.


"Maybe I should let you go." I mused, watching as the bartender glared back at me suspiciously. "You did give me a show back there..."
I waited a moment for the glimmer of hope to show up in her face. For her to realize she may be getting out of this alive, before I betrayed that thought for my own amusement... but the woman didn't break. She only glared up at me like she knew what was coming.


I looked the both of them over for a moment, wondering how best to handle them. It's always such a shame I only get to have my way with each person once. There was always the obvious choice of swallowing the both of them whole and alive. I'm sure the drink I'd had earlier wouldn't make for a very pleasant experience inside of me.


"Fine. Don't play along." I scoffed, taking one last look back at the building I'd grown out of. "Shame about what happened to your little bar, but the rest of the city will match it pretty soon..." I added.
PAY DAY LOANS
PAY DAY LOANS


I had an idea in mind for my two little partners, but I wanted to find a good place to enact it. Somewhere with a lot of activity. Somewhere that I could really cut loose and enjoy myself...
The more I walked through the streets, the more chaotic things became. I was only twice the size of the buildings nearby, but word had traveled fast enough that the entire city was probably in an uproar at this point.
HOTEL
HOTEL
CANTON
TAXI


That's what I wanted. That's what I craved. An appearance from me should be a life changing event for the tiny people around me. And not just because of the likelihood of their time being cut short after I show up.
The buildings in this area all seemed fairly run-down and beaten... but there was one that looked particularly fragile.


It was practically calling out to me. Begging me to destroy it. I thought at first of trying to crush it underfoot, but I wasn't quite big enough for that yet. I was also just shy of being able to use it as a seat...
Oh, why overthink this. With an ass like mine...


Who needs a wrecking ball!
A swing from my hips and the building's facade caved in before anyone could possibly react to it. Smoke and dust erupted around my ass, covering some of the damage, but the sounds were clear as day to everyone around.
JUNCTION HOTEL
NOW OPEN
HOTEL
EL MOLEROS FLAVOURS OF MEXICO
BEANS 'N RICE
EL MOLEROS
B COOPER FOR MAYOR!
VOTE FOR FREEDOM


Bricks fell as the entire thing swayed on its foundations, and fresh screams from those still inside rang out now that they were exposed to the open air.
Then a second later, they were silenced when I used the gash I'd carved into the building to take a seat. The entire thing sagged under my weight... then collapsed.
HOTEL


One floor after another fell apart under my ass, bringing me closer and closer to the ground. All the while the people at my feet screamed louder as clouds of dust enveloped the streets from end to end, making it difficult for them to see or breathe.
I wiggled my ass in the pile of rubble where a building once stood. It felt... nice.


"You two didn't die, did you?" I asked, lazily looking over the pair in my hand. They were actually screaming their little heads off, and I hadn't even noticed as their voices had just blended in with those nearby.
HOTEL


"YOU DON'T HAVE TO DO THIS!" Colt begged and pleaded from between my fingers. "YOU CAN'T... YOU CAN'T BE THAT CRUEL!"
"JUST GET IT OVER WITH!" The bartender pleaded, just wanting her time with me to be over.


"I'm getting mixed signals from you two..." I said, bouncing them in my palm for a moment. "But you can relax. I'm not going to eat you... I have something much better in mind."
That obviously didn't put them at ease.


And that only got worse when I spread my legs. My intentions had to have been obvious from the get-go, but it was only more so when I spread my legs wide and carefully lowered both of them.


Their screams only got louder when the both of them were blasted by the heat coming off of my pussy. If there were any doubts as to how fucking turned on I was already they had been extinguished in an instant.


I was through taunting them though. I needed some fucking action.
Taking a deep breath, I relaxed... and pushed the both of them right inside of me. It wasn't very difficult, given their sizes and how wet I was. But even then I wasn't prepared for how active they would suddenly become the moment they'd made contact with my body.


Knowing what's coming, and then having it actually happen must be two very different things. Getting drenched in my juices and seeing the sunlight outside gradually vanish from view must be something else. Being squeezed from every side at once must not be very pleasant for them, either.


It must be torture. It must be hellish. Knowing that you only have a few more minutes to live, and that the woman responsible for it is getting off on your fear. I can't even imagine what it would be like.
Not that I have to. I'm not the one in that situation.
HOTEL


And I... never fucking... WILL BE!
I tried to keep it together, but this size is just so wonderful for feeding living people into my pussy. A shudder runs down my spine when I push them in until I almost lose contact with them.
HOTEL
CANTON
EL MOLERO
FLAVOURS
OF
MEXICO
BEANS 'N RIC
B COOPER FOR MAYOR!
VOTE FOR FREEDOM
NO
PARKING


I hadn't even realized I was growing until a few seconds later, when some poor, unfortunate sap was run over by my expanding ass. The crunchy sensation of their body giving way beneath me was muted, but visceral.
CANTON
EL MOLERO
FLAVOURS
OF
MEXICO
BEANS 'N RIC
EL MOLEROS
B COOPER FOR MAYOR!
VOTE FOR FREEDOM
NO
PARKING


I kept growing, spreading my legs wider while pumping my fingers more quickly. I had to take it slower than I'd have liked. Growing bigger was nice, but I wanted to give my two little things a proper sendoff before I REALLY got going.
EL MOLER
FLAVOUR
OF
MEXICO
BEANS 'N RIC
EL MOLER


Not that it was easy.
With every second that passed the temptation to just let them meet their ends inside of me grew. I just had to pull my fingers away, and stop pinching them together. They would be lost inside of me, and eventually pulped when I came.
EL MOLER
FLAVOUR
OF
MEXICO


I held my breath while the buildings around me shrank even smaller. My feet were pushing up against those on the other side of the street, and when I curled my toes I could feel the bricks they were made from flake off like they were made of sand.


A soft orgasm ran through my body.
I needed a moment to catch my breath. My fingers were sopping wet, and I held my fingers in position while waiting for the moment to pass. I could have gone for longer. I should go for longer. Why do I care so much?

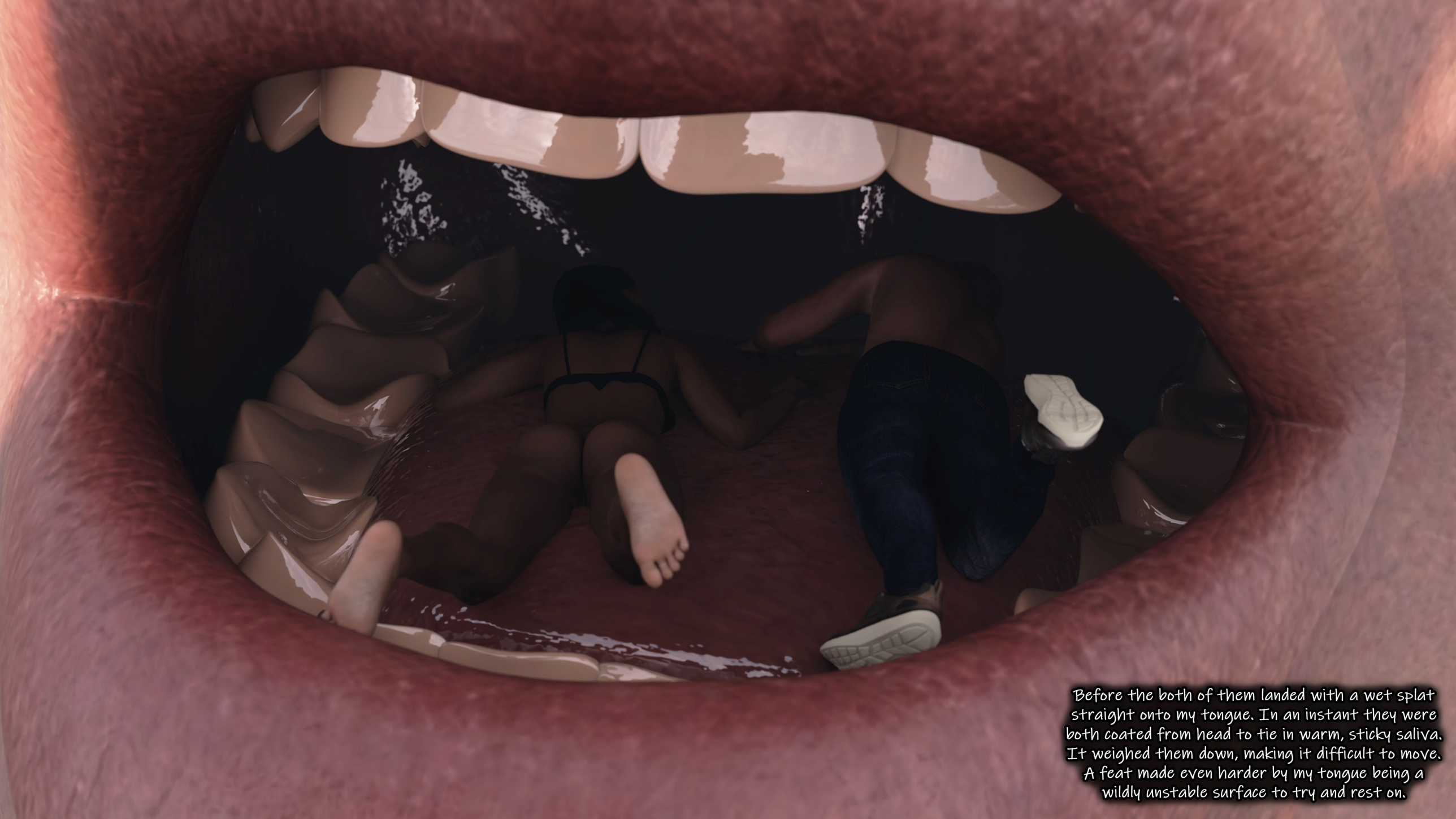

But after a few seconds... The moment passes. The cool breeze feels nice on my skin, and I carefully pull the tiny pair out from my pussy. They seem beaten down, and their skin is glossy from their time inside of me. The bartender is in the midst of a coughing fit, while Colt can only look up at me through eyes that had to be stinging.
"I was going to just leave you in there." I said, watching them with a smile. "But... I decided I wouldn't let my pussy crush you."

"THANK YOU!" Colt shouted. "YOU'LL NEVER SEE ME AGAIN! I PROMISE!"
The woman was less convinced. She glared up at me, and said nothing. Always so intent on killing the vibe.


"No need to thank me." I said. "I just decided I'd rather eat you instead."
That broke the bartender's silence as she erupted into a string of expletives that I could barely make out. Colt went straight back into his pleading shtick, but I'd already had enough of it. The both of them were helpless to do anything as I held them over my mouth, and opened wide.
HOT


"YOU SAID YOU WOULDN'T!" Colt begged and pleaded.
"YOU FAT UGLY FUCKING BITCH! YOU'LL GET WHAT'S COMING TO YOU! I HOPE YOU DIE!" The bartender screamed even louder.
All of it was like music to my ears as I held them directly over my mouth for several seconds. I wanted to bask in the sounds of their obvious fear for a moment longer, and let them sweat a bit, feel my hot breath blasting directly into them. I could end it at any moment, and they could only wait for that moment to drop.


"I'LL KILL YOU MYSELF! FUCK YOU! I HOPE YOU-"
The bartender's tirade was cut off when I pulled my fingers apart, and let both her and Colt fall into my mouth. Their shrill screams bounced around the inside of my mouth for just a moment.


Before the both of them landed with a wet splat straight onto my tongue. In an instant they were both coated from head to tie in warm, sticky saliva. It weighed them down, making it difficult to move. A feat made even harder by my tongue being a wildly unstable surface to try and rest on.


They weren't saying much of anything anymore. No begging, no, cursing. Just screaming. Terrified screams as they tried to re-orient themselves and make it back to my lips, though that wouldn't have accomplished anything. I'd certainly be able to see and feel if they actually made it, and it was a long way down from up here.
When I'd had my fill I closed my mouth slowly. Let the light slowly vanish, until they were sealed in darkness, with nothing but the sounds and sensation of my body surrounding them on every side.


Then I swallowed.
I sighed when I felt them slide down my throat. They were so small at this point they were hardly worth eating at all. Even calling them a snack would have been an exaggeration.
Nevertheless, the sensation of fullness I got from swallowing them was satisfying in a way I can't explain. Knowing that not too long ago I'd looked them directly in the eye, and stood in the same room as them... only to send them to the depths of my belly was...


Hot as fuck.
I sat up, licking my lips after what I'd just done. The faint flavors lingered for just a moment, before they too were gone. I looked around the place I'd made into a seat for a moment, and smiled at the chaos unfolding around me. More buildings had been evacuated, and the streets were brimming with fresh playthings.


My entire body felt hot. I could have just sat there for another ten minutes and rubbed myself to another orgasm if I'd felt so inclined.
But I craved more. I longed for the feeling of the city breaking apart around me... and I would get it. Besides... I was curious how much I'd just grown.



Not that I haven't been this big before. I've grown large enough to wipe out an entire continent if I'd ever felt so inclined. But every spurt is like a new experience when it's in a new city. I wasn't walking around buildings that nearly matched my height anymore. It was like I'd stepped into a model city, full of little people I could squish to my heart's content.

I would grow more soon enough. It's more fun to pace myself, though.


The streets were packed to the brim with running people when I decide to follow after them. I took a few steps, enjoying the feeling of sinking into the street itself, when I realize that I was still incredibly turned on.
Change of plans. I was planning on stomping some people, kicking some buildings over, maybe having something to eat...

But all I want to do right now is get off again.

My breath catches in my throat when I reach the back end of the crowd running. Tiny heads turn to look back at me while I loom directly overhead, just watching them run for a second, before bending over. A rush of wind preceded my hand descending from above, and I grabbed the first handful of bodies I could see.


It didn't matter who they were. Their ethnicity, their money, none of that. They were just squirmy little toys to press into my pussy as far as I was concerned, and the moment they made contact with my skin I nearly collapsed from the spike of pleasure they brought about.
I was way more turned on than I thought I was.


I pressed my fingers into the bodies squirming directly against my pussy. They writhed around, squirming their little limbs for all they were worth.
And it felt wonderful.
They weren't convincing me to let them go. They were just letting me know how good of a job they could do. A shiver ran through me when I felt the first body pop against me, and a low, rumbling moan passed through my body.


I pressed down more firmly.
One by one the bodies stopped struggling entirely... then turned to small, wet stains on my skin. I rubbed them deep into me, completely erasing the mess they'd made in the process. When my fingers slipped inside of me once again, I nearly shocked myself with how nice it had felt.


I grew then and there, on the spot. How much more I can't be sure, but I know it wasn't enough. I erased any thoughts of staying at this size at that very moment. I longed for greater sizes, and more power. Feeling individual little people pop under my fingers wasn't going to cut it anymore.


I needed that, but with entire buildings. Packed with hundreds, if not thousands of people riding out my latest appearance in the hopes that they would be the one building overlooked.
Only to have their hope crushed when they were fed straight into my pussy.


I rose higher into the sky, and arched my back from the overwhelming pleasure. My growth accelerated far more quickly than I expected and I had to take a step back to catch my balance, only to feel something break apart underneath me.
Smoke poured out from the broken building, covering the nearby area in debris as well as my toes, while I kept growing until I was satisfied.


And that would not be for a while.
I'm not fucking big enough yet. I'm barely reaching the clouds, when they should be at my feet. I can accomplish that... but I have to grow fucking bigger.


My pussy is practically scalding hot to the touch when I slide my fingers over it. Every inch of my form feels like it's on fire I'm so hot. Sweat is beading all over me, which I'm sure is going to wreak havoc on the city's humidity when I'm bigger.


The quicker I fingered myself, the faster I grew.
Knee-high buildings quickly shrink to the size of my shines. My feet are spreading further throughout the city, bowling over extra buildings in the process. Ground zero directly underneath me must feel like a fucking war zone.


And I'm so far away from it I can't feel or hear a thing. Just a delicate crunching sound as glass shatters and cars get flattened under my growing body.
I bit my bottom lip, feeling another climax fast approaching.


The tallest buildings in my immediate vicinity barely rise above my ankles now. I watch them shrink away while rubbing my pussy more furiously. Stray droplets fall from between my legs and bombard the city below.
No one can do a thing about it. Their only option is to try and endure whatever happens, and hope that luck is on their side. It's not even something I'm doing intentionally. It's just a side effect of my arousal.
I moved my fingers faster. More droplets rain down onto the city streets far below until...

"FUUUUUCK!"The people are lucky that I'm this high up. If I were lying down and screamed like that I'd have popped thousands of heads from the sheer presence of my voice alone. As it is, I'm sure dozens of buildings had their windows shattered, and the people closest to me must have had their eardrums pop at the very least.
I stood in place for a bit longer, luxuriating in the sensations of growth. Drawing out every last ounce of pleasure from my little spurt... before finally relaxing.


I lazily looked over the city from my new height. It all looked so delicate, and fragile from this high up. I remembered the building I'd just used as a seat maybe an hour ago, and already buildings a dozen times larger were getting a prime view of just my toes.


In fact.
I don't think I like them gawking at any part of me. Especially not my feet. Not for free, anyway. I couldn't stop myself from smiling when I picked one of the interesting-looking buildings at random, and raised my foot over it.
It collapsed in the blink of an eye. I'd intended to draw it out and let people try to flee, but it was just too weak. Simply touching it had been all that was needed to erase it from the city.


Ah, oh well.
Nothing ventured, nothing gained. I pressed my foot down to make sure it broke apart faster, and the entire thing was pancaked into the earth so quickly that pieces of it were blasted away from the sudden air pressure.


I rested in place for a moment after, watching the aftermath of my little step. It didn't even feel right to call it a stomp it had been so casual. Towering plumes of smoke and debris filled the air, hiding my foot from view. Small orange flickers made it clear as if I'd inadvertently started some fires with my careless gesture.


"I'll put that out for you." I said to nobody in particular, and twisted my foot in place.
Instantly the sensation of earth compacted under my feet turned gritty and crunchy again as dozens more buildings were crushed in the blink of an eye. The clouds that had been gradually dissipating returned with a vengeance, piling up even higher and a wave of noise so loud even I caught wind of it while standing managed to reach my ears.


That was fun.
I was enjoying myself here.
But... it all looked rather samey. Maybe it's my fault for not being able to hold in my destructive urges any longer so I'd forced a pit stop here. Or maybe Oakland just fucking sucked.
I think I'll go with that answer.


As I was looking for something interesting to pass the time with I caught sight of a bridge in the distance. Those can be fun, though I was probably a bit too big for it to be interesting, really. If I could lie down on it and lounge around until it broke apart that would have been a great time to-
A sudden realization instantly hit me. That... was no ordinary bridge. That must have been-


The Golden Gate Bridge!
Well that changed everything, didn't it? Fucking public infrastructure into rubble is always a good time, but doing it to landmarks is a hundred times better. The bridge had a good run, but I'd be paying it a visit now.


Oakland basically didn't matter anymore as far as I was concerned. My eyes were on the prize, and the only sign that there was even anything in my path were the sensations of the city crumbling from every step I took.
I'm sure that added some level of humiliation to those who got pulverized when I was leaving, but I couldn't care less how an ant feels about getting stepped on.


I had a bridge to visit, and nothing was going to stand in my way. Building after building fell under my feet, crushed into nonexistence. Hundreds of cars. Thousands of people running in fear. All of it amounted to nothing as I stepped up to the beach...
Or as much as I could fit on it. The warm sand was basically only enough to cover my toes, and even they were peeking into the tide.


The water was cool, and it must have been deep if it was actually able to submerge my entire foot. Still, that left a whole hell of a lot of me out in the open and completely dry when I stepped into the bay.
Huge waves and ripples were spread out with every step I took as I left Oakland behind entirely. Mostly intact, but filled with footprints still smoking from burning fires and crushed buildings.


The walk to the bridge was shorter than I expected. I know at this size traveling any sort of distance is trivial, but I had memories of this thing from countless shots and videos. It was always depicted as a massive piece of architecture that went on for miles.
Which did wonders for making it seem so small and trivial from my new perspective. I had to drop to a knee to even get a good look at the thing, and it was hard to believe anyone considered it a landmark.

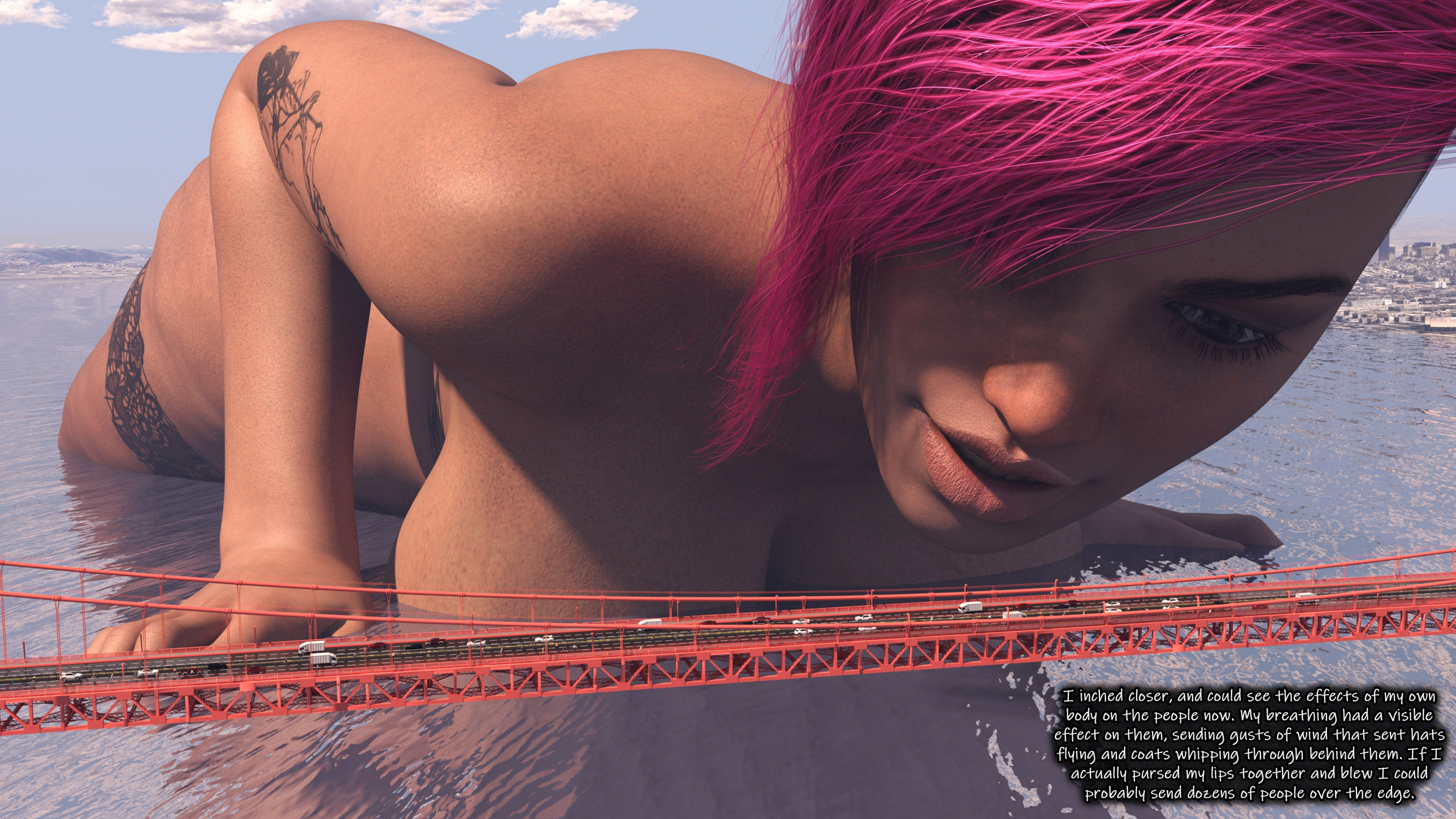

I watched it for a moment to let the feeling really sink in. It was pathetic, really. A thin strip of tarmac and iron painted a gaudy color and set into a bay that wasn't even particularly deep. The people on the thing were in an utter panic, unsure of what their best course of action was now that I'd appeared.
One finger is all it would take to send the entire thing crumbling into the water...


I lied down to get a better look. I wanted to experience this up close. Wanted to see the terror of the people trapped on a bridge that could go down at any second.
Even dropping my body into the bay was enough to make the bridge sway, sending fresh waves of screams from the people on it. They ran back and forth, trying to find some way out of the situation they'd found themselves in, but there was nowhere to go.


The actual drivable portion was a mess of crashed and stalled cars from people trying to turn around and head in the opposite direction when they'd seen me approaching. There were people limping as they crawled out of their stalled vehicles, and some were trying to climb the sides and take their chances with the drop to the water below.

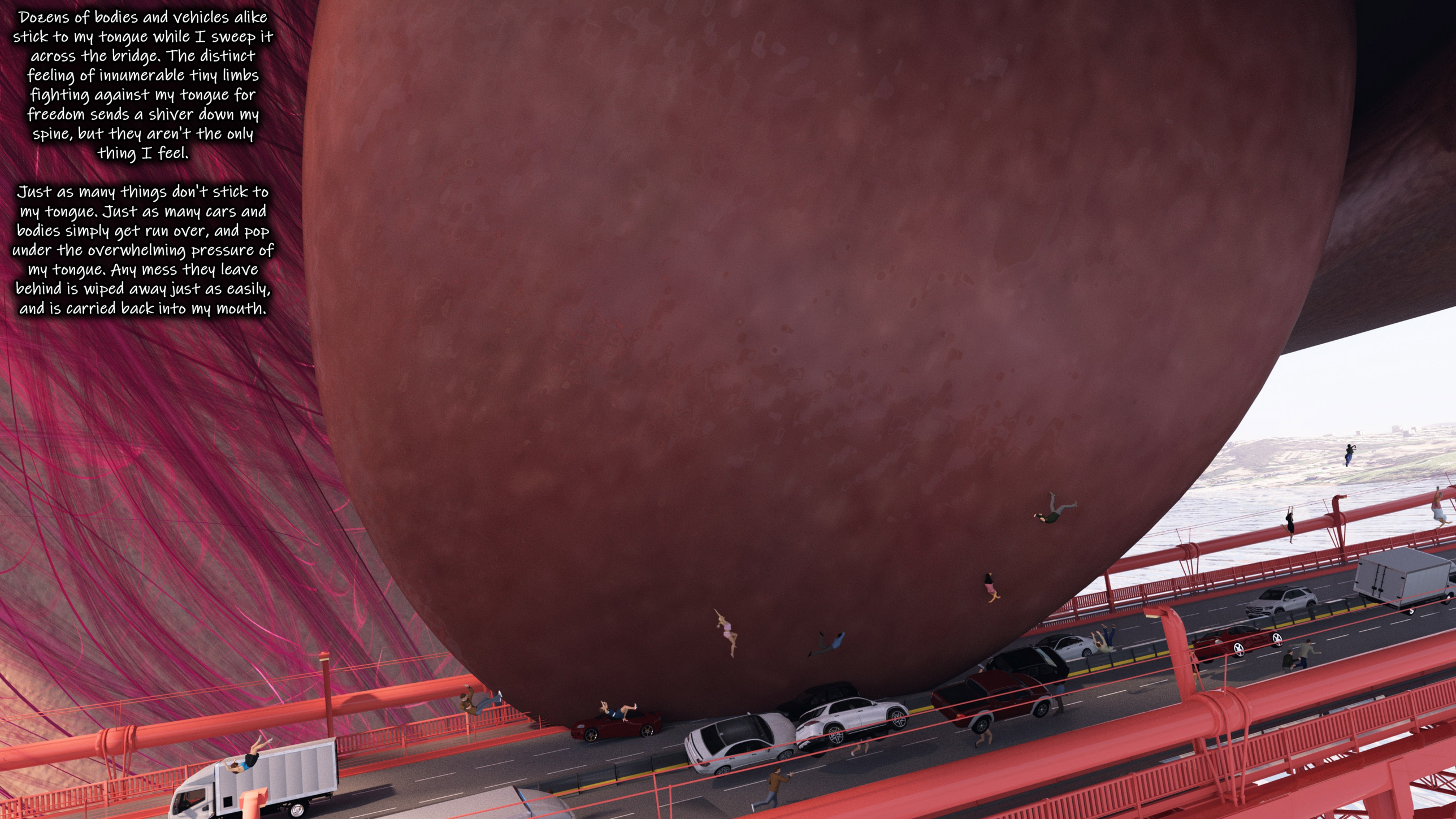

I thought about what this might look like to people from the beach, or from behind me. The picturesque view of the bridge that goes unchanged day after day is suddenly replaced by my giant ass and pussy while I decide what to do with the little thing.
Maybe they're not even watching at all, and just thankful that my attention is focused elsewhere like the fucking cowards they were.


I listened closely to see if I could make out any distinct voices crying out from below... but it was impossible. Hundreds of screams and honking horns just mired together into a featureless soundscape that must have been deafening to the people on that bridge.
I crawled closer. The quick gesture sent a massive surge of wind pressure forward, which made the bridge sway slightly. I looked it over as the cables flexed and bounced, but remained intact.
How much would it take to snap them?


I inched closer, and could see the effects of my own body on the people now. My breathing had a visible effect on them, sending gusts of wind that sent hats flying and coats whipping through behind them. If I actually pursed my lips together and blew I could probably send dozens of people over the edge.


But that would be a waste.
I wanted to experience something else with this little bridge... and no one was going to tell me otherwise. I crawled up onto my hands, and placed my head directly over the bridge. I held my breath while watching people run in every direction, unsure of which one was even safe given where I was.


The answer, of course, was none of them.
There was nowhere to run, and nowhere to hide. They just had to wait for me to act... and when my mouth opened and my tongue came out, they knew what was coming. A drop of saliva pooled on the tip for a moment, but before it could drop onto the bridge I lowered my entire head, and gave the entire thing a firm lick.


Dozens of bodies and vehicles alike stick to my tongue while I sweep it across the bridge. The distinct feeling of innumerable tiny limbs fighting against my tongue for freedom sends a shiver down my spine, but they aren't the only thing I feel.
Just as many things don't stick to my tongue. Just as many cars and bodies simply get run over, and pop under the overwhelming pressure of my tongue. Any mess they leave behind is wiped away just as easily, and is carried back into my mouth.


Where they meet the same fate as everything else that makes it onto my tongue.
A quick tilt of the head, and a swallow. Just like that they're gone, and far smaller than my first victims from the bar. This wasn't a quick slide down my throat and into my belly. This is a vast fall in darkness, with no way of knowing when they'll even make it to my stomach.


The downside of growing to these sizes is swallowing people getting less fun when I'm too big. I tried to focus on the sensation of the bodies tickling the insides of my throat, but they're incredibly faint, and I'm not even sure if it's all in my head.
I sighed, and rose to my knees. A big swathe of the bridge was now wet with my saliva, and that section was completely clean. The rest was still packed to the brim with people running for their lives...


There's not much else I can do with a bridge, though. At least not like this. The only thing left... is to break it. Destroy it. Crush it. Send it to a watery grave.
And my ass is the perfect thing to accomplish exactly that.


It takes everything I have to balance myself above the bridge, and see what happens when I try to turn it into a seat. Water cascades down my ass and onto the bridge, and I'm giving the hundreds of people on it the view of a lifetime as I slowly bring myself closer.


The Golden Gate bridge won't survive this. Not for long, anyway. That much I'm sure of.
But even my heart skips a beat when, at least for a brief instant, it actually manages to hold me up. Chalk it up to whoever engineered the hell out of this thing, but even when it's sagging under my weight I can feel that it's still intact!


Not that I expect it to last long.
It doesn't take any movement or jostling from me for things to start going south very quickly. The massive supports begin to twist and bend, and a few seconds later I see the first steel cables begin to snap and whip through the air.


"I really hoped this would last longer." I sighed, while adjusting my position onto the bridge. The tortured hunk of steel protested the slight movement, before sagging closer to the water's surface. It wouldn't take long at all now before-


"Oh!"
I was surprised at how quickly it fell apart. This supposed marvel of engineering almost managed to hold my weight for ten seconds before collapsing underneath me.
Even then, there wasn't a sharp crack before I was plunged straight into the water. The bridge sank slowly, supports bending and flexing until I was gently lowered beneath the surface.


"I liked that." I said aloud, basking in the ruins of the bridge. The far ends were still standing, but even they were swaying dangerously from having most of it flattened under my ass and forced deep underwater.
"You were a lot more fun to break most landmarks I've played with, I'll give you that much." I thought aloud, kicking my feet in the water.


I'd have liked to stay there all day, but the rest of San Fran wasn't going to crush itself under me, so I had to get up eventually. Rivers of water poured down my body while I rose back to my feet to admire my handiwork.
The still-standing portions of the bridge were twisted beyond repair, and the cars and people still on them were sliding off and into the water. More than half of the bridge itself simply vanished from view, broken and sinking into the bottom of the bay.


All because I wanted to sit down for a minute!
Satisfied, I looked back to San Francisco, the city I had so rudely ignored to get to the bridge in the first place. The entire thing looked like it was in an uproar and the streets were jam-packed with people desperate to flee. I could have stood and watched them for hours, knowing they wouldn't even come close to accomplishing that goal.
And they don't have hours to escape.


They'll have maybe... 3 seconds.
My first step cut through the water.
My second landed on the beach.
And the third was right back into the city. I didn't even bother choosing a good-looking target. Anywhere I stepped would suffice enough, and whichever part of the city I decided to move through would just have to suffer the consequences.


Casual movements were all that was necessary. As if I was walking along the beach for a day in the summer myself! My toes crashed through high-rises and skyscrapers alike, blasting them apart with ease. The massive chunks of debris and glass alone would have been a catastrophic outcome for the people below.



It really must suck for anyone unfortunate enough to be crushed by a giant chunk of falling cement. Imagine being lucky enough to be in the city I've decided to visit on a whim, and knowing you'll get to experience me up-close and personal. It's a nice consolation prize, and having it stolen away by sheer bad luck has to be annoying.


It's only a small percentage of them anyway. Most of that stuff probably landed on other buildings, or crashed into the ground without hitting anyone. It's my foot itself that does the majority of the work, and cleans up what's left behind. A half-dozen people smashed before I get to them is no match for the hundreds that get converted to warm smears when my foot completes its descent.


My foot sinks deep into the ground, and I stand there for a moment to enjoy the feeling. Stray things pop and break apart when I settle my weight down, and the quiet ambience of chaos unfolding around my toes sends a shiver through my spine.
All of that. From just one step.
And all of it repeated, when I take my next.


Another step follows. Another hundred or so lives erased from the census. Another step, another couple billion in damages. Another step, and another chunk of the skyline erased.


The deeper I moved into the city the more I was enjoying myself. Streets were more densely packed with fresh bodies eager to be popped under my toes. Huge buildings packed with people were still struggling to evacuate, only to find that I was outside their doorstep.


I dropped to my knees to get a better look.
At this size it was like being in a model city. One of those that an artist would have spent a thousand hours meticulously crafting to display to everyone around. The kind that would have signs lined up in every direction telling people only to look, and not touch.
But it was real. Populated with thousands upon thousands of little lives that aren't worth caring about.


And I planned on doing a whole hell of a lot more than touching this thing.
I crawled around to get a better look at the city's center from other angles. Something as small as a posture change meant planting both of my hands straight onto the city, and crushing thousands more people in the blink of an eye. I clenched my fingers into the ground feeling it rip apart and deform with hardly any effort, and leaned closer to the ground to get a really good look at the chaos below.


My crawling around meant my tits were swinging around like gigantic wrecking balls. A sudden gentle caress on my left nipple had me pause for a moment... but it ended as quickly as I felt it.


By the time I realized that I was bumping into something it was too late to stop one of my tits from swinging to the side and detonating an entire skyscraper in the blink of an eye. I watched massive clouds of smoke form around my nipple, and blew it away to see I was still totally unscathed.


I wanted to do that again.
I lowered myself a bit more so both of my tits could get in on the action, and the effects were a dozen times more devastating. I was wrong to call them wrecking balls earlier. That sort of thing would have trouble taking down a single building. My tits were more like twin meteors. Crashing through anything in their path as if it wasn't even there, and with no chance of being stopped or slowing down.


And like any meteor, I dropped them both onto the city with a city-shattering boom. The buildings caught under my tits were crushed faster than anyone could realize, and huge clouds of smoke rose so high that they even tickled my nose.
I lay there for a moment, swiping my tits from side to side to finish converting absolutely everything caught underneath me into empty wasteland.


The more time I spent grinding my tits into the city, the more turned on I got. I thought of how many tiny little pairs of eyes would admire the view of my tits, before they came down onto them like a hammer driving a nail into a board.
I looked down on the city from my perspective, enjoying the view a moment longer. Even lying flat my tits were able to prop me up, and I could see them without even needing to bend my neck down. Contrasting the scale of my body with this stupid little city was turning me on something fierce, and I needed to get off.


That was only going to make things more difficult for San Francisco, obviously.
I was already big enough to wipe out the entire thing in an afternoon, how
much more could I accomplish if I really set my mind to it?


I was excited to find out.
And their protests to that matter wouldn't even cross my mind.


More of the city was devoured under my growing body while I kept lying down. Every second that passed had me steamroll hundreds more buildings, while I rocked in place with my hand between my legs.


I gasped, and watched as some of the dense clouds of dirt around me were blown away in an instant. I could feel my toes bulldoze parts of the city that hadn't even been touched yet behind me, while my tits consumed more and more of the city from my perspective.


My fingers deftly moved between my lips, keeping me on the edge of orgasm. I could cum at any second. It would have been so easy, but I wanted to grow a bit more. Just a bit. Just a few hundred more feet. What's a couple extra thousand lives for another second of pleasure?


And then I came.
I tried to hold it back. Clenched my teeth, and closed my eyes. I wanted it to last longer. But the only fight I've ever lost is against myself, and a scream of pleasure erupted from my throat as I came harder than I had all day.
My fingers were soaked, and so was a significant portion of the city underneath me. My nipples were sensitive, and I could feel tickling all over my body.


I took a second to catch my breath. My vision was hazy when I sat up again, and tried to get a handle on my new surroundings. At first I was even confused, as the city was hardly even recognizable as a city anymore. A lazy smile crossed my face when I raised a hand over a random portion of the city... and punched it.
It was like a nuke had gone off. An entire section of the city buried, just like that. Huge clouds devoured dozens of city blocks in every direction. All while I watched from above, smiling at the view from up here.


Taking a deep breath, I sat up more, and really took in my newfound size. There was very little sound this high up. I'm sure the screams, sirens, and destruction is mostly being smothered by my thighs and ass, and coming nowhere close to my ears.
It was oddly peaceful...


Behind me there was still so much of the city completely untouched, and the only thing that was keeping it intact was the fact that my ass was half-raised from the ground.


I couldn't help myself.
That many buildings? That tightly packed together?
And they had the gall to stay standing, taunting me?
They were practically begging for it.


And who am I to deny the people what they want?
I promptly dropped my ass straight down, and wiped out another huge portion of the city just like that. The weight of my body settling into the ground formed giant fissures into the ground that swallowed people up while the entirety of San Francisco shook violently from the impact.


And that was far from the worst I was capable of. If I were to stomp my foot into the ground I'm sure it would have been a cataclysmic event. If I dropped to the earth from a standing position it probably would have been enough to change the entire state's topology.
They should be thankful all I wanted to do was smother out part of the city under the biggest, fattest ass the world has ever known.


I rubbed back and forth for a moment longer, and stretched my legs back out into the bay. At my new size the steps I'd taken to get here weren't even half the length of my legs anymore, and when I kicked my feet through the shallow water I could see vast waves get kicked up that moved to the other end.
Taking a deep breath, I leaned back where I sat. My fingers raked through more streets, just to enjoy the tactile feel of buildings breaking apart underneath them.


Now that I was sitting up I could really get a feel for my size now. If I were standing the buildings would be like ants at my feet, and hard to measure compared to... well, anything.
Like this? I could see how much space my thighs were taking up. I could see how far my legs reached into the bay. I could feel the pleasant tickle of water vapor from clouds against my tits.
And I could better focus on what my next target would be...


Only problem is... everything looks kind of similar from this high up. Only notable thing in all of San Francisco is that bridge I already sank, and... what? An island prison? I might have even already stepped on that without realizing it...
Still, a building is a building. I looked through my surroundings for a particularly-dense portion of the city and-


Reached for it.
It wasn't a slap, or a punch, or anything violent. I was trying to be gentle, in all honesty. I wanted to pick up as many as I could, but my fingers had to touch down somewhere for traction, which spelled disaster for a huge portion of the surroundings. Anything I touched turned to dust, and those affected couldn't do a damn thing about it.


As gently as I could manage, I closed my fingers tightly around the random section I'd picked out. Until I had a tight fist. Stray bodies and dust filtered through the gaps between my fingers, but those were acceptable losses. Because I could feel movement. Enough people fighting for freedom in my fist to populate an entire stadium, I'd bet.


And they were about to amount to empty calories.
Holding them over my mouth, I relished in what I really got to experience like this. The world wasn't so quiet anymore, thanks to how close they were to my face now. The sounds of their terror were smothered within my grip, but enough of it leaked out to make me wet.


Which is appropriate, given where they were going.
There is no really accurate way to handle eating that many people all at once. At least, not without jamming my entire fist into my mouth. So I just have to hold them over my mouth, and let them fall. Almost


All of their fates are sealed.
But almost as many simply don't make it. Maybe they fall out at an awkward angle. Maybe the wind is strong enough this high up to throw them off course. But plenty of bodies fall down to my chin. Some land near my nose. And those are the lucky ones.
Because just as many miss my face entirely. Falling thousands upon thousands of feet to the ground below... or maybe onto my tits, if they're lucky.

Enough land onto my tongue to make it worth it, though. Their bodies feel like licking across a pile of sugar set out on a table. Tiny, individual grains that I can feel, and almost seem to melt with how quickly the saliva already on my tongue overwhelms them.

Only downside is their taste isn't quite as potent as I'd have liked. No sharp salty bite when they hit my taste buds, or anything like that.


Only a dull, crunchy, texture. One that vanishes almost as quickly as it hits. The sort of experience that some crazed foodie would pay big money to experience, but I get to do for free.
Even now, I can feel tiny people hitting other parts of my body. Small tickles when a fully-grown human smashes into my tits. A quiet pop when a body bursts against my collarbone. And I'm still not sure if the faint sensation against my fingers are from people who made it all the way down there, or just more buildings falling apart.


Taking a deep breath, I closed my mouth, sealing those on my tongue into darkness once and for all. The only place to go from here is straight down to my stomach. I have to actively resist the urge to press my tongue against my palate, before I swallow, and send the contents away in a tsunami of warm saliva.
I sat in place for several seconds, enjoying the barely-there feeling of bodies in my throat, before it stopped entirely.


That was nice. It wasn't even close to a snack, a meal, or even a mouthful. But... it was nice.
It was also probably the least efficient way I could use the helpless population surrounding me. Not when there are more sensitive parts of my body than my tongue that I can pour people onto...


THOOM
I brought my hand down again. This time with little regard for where it landed. Because I wasn't trying to have a gourmet eating experience this time... I was looking to get off.
And that meant I was far less gentle than with my previous handful.


The entire fistful of San Francisco was promptly moved between my legs, and smashed directly against my pussy. Not so hard that all of them were instantly mashed into me, as that would defeat the point. But hard enough that those who survived were a panicked state, fighting against me with every ounce of strength their microscopic little bodies held.


Which didn't amount to much at all. Their combined might couldn't hope to move a single one of my fingers, much less resist if I decided to press down with any amount of force whatsoever. They fought because they didn't want to die, and whether they knew it or not-


That was the hottest feeling in the whole fuckin' world to me.


I started growing against near-instantly. More of the microscopic bodies popped with every moment that passed, and I couldn't help but moan. A deep, and rumbling sound that shook the entire fucking city.


I rocked back and forth while rubbing my fingers over my pussy. I thought of what it must have looked like to the people down there. To be on my body, but still so high that they were thousands of feet in the air.


I had to be bigger than any mountain. People would train their entire lives to ascend to the highest peaks this planet naturally offered, only for me to utterly dwarf them while still sitting down.


And unlike a boring old fucking mountain I was alive.
I was breathing. I was strong. I was fucking hot. I was on every news channel across the planet. Every newspaper the next day. The entire world revolved around ME.


And I didn't give a fuck about anyone who suffered while I got myself off.


An orgasm ripped through me like a bolt of lightning, and I inadvertently clenched my hands into fists. The bodies I'd been using to get off were finished off, which didn't mean much given how little they were contributing at this point.
But the city suffered from this inadvertent muscle spasm. A huge portion that my free hand had just been resting above was instantly smashed flat, and crushed into bedrock.


That was enough to put me on track to another orgasm. I bit my bottom lip, curled my toes, and really spread my legs wide. I wanted to bulldoze more of the city while getting myself off.


I thought of what sorts of images I'd see from this rampage. Imagined the view of my soles sliding through streets, bulldozing over people and buildings alike, while I grew even larger.


At some point I could feel the ends of my toes rush past clouds. So big now that even while lying flat on the ground my toes were able to reach heights that planes normally soared at.


All while I rubbed myself more furiously. The wet sounds of my fingers sliding across my skin were deafening. It had only been a few seconds, but I already felt a lump in my throat as I knew I was about to cum again.


And fuck it. I wasn't holding back this time. Who's going to complain? Who's going to stop me?
I'd like to see them fucking try.

"FFUUUUUUCK!"
The only sounds I could hear were those that I was producing. The sound of skin on skin while I rubbed myself to a second climax. The dull grinding of my feet turning an entire city into a desert where nothing could possibly survive.


I don't know how long I lay there. Basking in the sunlight, enjoying a nice tan, and recovering in the afterglow of another orgasm. The only thing I really remember is the sound of my heart beating so furiously it made my head throb, and chasing lingering sensations by gently stroking my pussy after the fact.
When I finally gathered myself I sat up, and got a better look at my surroundings.


I felt almost like I was in an alien world I was so big now. The faded blue tint of the sky amidst clouds that didn't even rise past my thighs lent the image an otherworldly aura. Had I not looked between my legs and seen tiny little boxes dotted around the floor I was sitting on I may have even been able to convince myself I'd unlocked some special, new powers.
But I was still here. Still in San Francisco, only it was tinier than it had ever been. With one hand I erased a significant chunk of it, and I bit my bottom lip at how effortless the widespread destruction that followed was.


Another day, another city wiped off the map.
Sighing, I lied onto my back, exponentially increasing the damage to the world in the blink of an eye. Huge dust storms kicked around my ass and shoulders, while I slid my feet back and forth to finish off the city I'd rested them on.
I looked ahead of me, and saw what I was sure had to be Oakland. It was so utterly tiny now that my feet alone could have probably gotten rid of it.


And so I did exactly that. My soles felt warm when they compacted thousands upon thousands of buildings in the blink of an eye, and I curled my toes through the aftermath.


I smiled at the thought, and opened my eyes. I looked at the hills in the distance. They were so beautiful and pristine. I couldn't just leave them like that.


I thought about what the headlines tomorrow would say. What the news would report to try and make sense of this. Would they think I had some kind of agenda by targeting San Francisco? Some kind of greater goal? Or would they intuit that I just wanted to fuck up a major landmark, and didn't care about the people I hurt in the process?


Either way, I'd have plenty of time to watch the videos in the car ride. This time, I wasn't going to ride with the first rando who drove by. A while back, some guy said he'd pay a million bucks if I'd fuck him. Said he was some rich California techbro. I assumed he was bullshitting, but maybe he was the real deal. As soon as I shrink down, I'm going to grab the first phone I can get and send him a message. If I didn't just squish him, along with the rest of Silicon Valley... Maybe he'll give me a lift. If not, I can always call an Uber.


"For the first time ever, Hazel has attacked two days in a row. People in the bay were still mourning the events of Portland, when their own city met a similar disaster. I have the deepest condolences for those who have lost friends and family to her."
Her. He can barely say it.
NO RESPITE
HAZEL DESTROYS THE BAY



"This has been... An ongoing situation for several years now, and we at the network want to take a moment to acknowledge the lives..." He stops to compose himself. He doesn't dare to cry on air, not where I might see. "That Hazel ended. And to say that we remain committed to bringing you accurate information for as long as we are... As long as we are able to."


As long as you're able to. Mm. He knows. They all know. There's no stopping me, no slowing me, no praying me away. He's just a pretty mouth reciting a eulogy for his whole species while hoping I don't decide his city looks fun next.


“Once again, we now bring you footage of Hazel's latest attack,” he finishes. "It will be presented without any further interruption, she she has requested all stations do. This is Brent Mayer, signing off from Los Angeles." and his eyes flick, just once, off-camera. Like he was looking for an exit, looking for somewhere safe... but there wasn't anywhere left to hide.


"Wish people weren't so loud in all these clips." I sighed, watching as video after video of my previous outing played over the speakers. "Not that I don't like hearing them... but, you know. Sometimes I want to hear the street crack, or glass break. Cheap, shitty phone mics tend to make that much screaming sound less like a visit from me, and more like a concert."
"That's... an interesting outlook."


"Something wrong?" I asked, sitting up and looking over to the driver who'd picked me up not even an hour ago. "You seemed real excited about meeting Hazel in person when I climbed into this thing. Is the real thing not as glamorous as you'd hoped?"
"It's not that." The man said, glancing in the rear view mirror. "It's just..."


"Out with it." I said, kicking the back of his seat so he jolted suddenly.
"It's hard to focus on driving when that stuff is playing so loud!" He admitted. "There's car horns in a lot of them, and that sort of thing is distracting to a driver."
"You're right. You can just pull over and I'll find someone else to drive me. Someone who didn't have an obvious stiffy the moment they laid eyes on me."
"It's fine!" He said, shaking his head disapprovingly. "I'll... I'll just deal with it."


"Yeah. You will." I said, leaning back in my seat and relaxing. Haven't bothered to get this guy's name yet, but he's a hell of a lot more interesting than the last guy that picked me up. Seems to be a fan of mine from how much he stumbled over himself when picking me up. Loaded, too, judging by this car. He said he wanted to take me to a city that deserved to be smashed flat into the ground, and who am I to deny such a generous offer?
Besides... If he takes me somewhere boring, then he's dead. And if he follows through with somewhere exciting? Well, he'll at least get to have some fun before he meets the same fate.


"We're not headed somewhere lame, like Sacramento, right?"
"Of course not." He said. "It's somewhere fun, trust me. You'll recognize the potential when we get there... but it'll be a few more hours."
The answer to that question came a moment later, when we drove past a sign. Los Angeles, huh? I can work with that...
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