Trick or Eat!
Emily
Part 2
FORD'S
STOP

Madison dreamed.
She was staring up at a young blonde woman, one who was tall enough to tower over the unfamiliar city she was standing in. She was wearing a white cut-off shirt and a plaid, pleated skirt that was so short it barely covered her enormous behind.

Then, the giant girl turned back, and stared straight at Madison. "Were you seriously just looking at my ass?" the giantess said with fury in her eyes. The blonde girl looked a bit different than Madison remembered, but there was no doubt about it. It was Emily.

Without saying another word, Emily turned towards Madison and took a step. Her boot-clad foot came down upon a crowd of terrified people, crushing dozens instantly. Then, she took another step. Her foot barely brushed up against the five-story building next to her, but it was enough to send tons of cinder raining down onto the streets below.
North St
NO PARKING
CITY

Emily paid the carnage no heed. Instead, she stared down at Madison once again, but her face was no longer angry. "Oh, it's you." A sly smile crossed her face. "You like seeing me cause carnage, don't you? Here, I'll give you one last show!"

Emily took another step, and her heel crashed down onto the streets below. Several unfortunate people were flattened underneath her heel, and the force was enough to fracture the pavement and send shockwaves through the streets.
79

Emily shrugged. "Oopsie, did I do that?" She asked with a cruel smile. "Sometimes I almost feel bad about stepping on so many people... but whenever I feel down I just smash a few buildings and it cheers me right up!"
AMERICAN MUSCLE

With a playful motion, Emily swung her foot back. Her heel smashed through a brick building and knocked the entire structure onto its side, flattening the unfortunate people inside the coffee shop.

A few more steps, and Emily was standing right in front of Madison. She stared up in terror at the towering woman above her, and the giantess stared back down at her. The giant woman raised her heel up into the air, just above Madison.

Madison looked over the heel, which somehow looked immaculately clean in spite of the rampage. She couldn't help but sneak a peek at something else, though. For the first time, Emily's legs were spread enough to give her a clear view of the giant woman's pussy.

Emily grinned. "Go ahead, take it in," she said. "It's gonna be the last thing you ever see!" Then Emily brought her heel down on Madison.

Madison sprung up and scratched her head. "Thank god it was just a dream," she muttered to herself. Then she looked down and noticed something strange. Madison never wore pajamas, but now she was wearing a pair of cutesy sheep pajamas she'd never seen before.
Then Madison looked up. Even with her vision still blurry, the room seemed far too big to be her dorm room. She rubbed her eyes, but that only made it more obvious she wasn't back at college.

Madison looked around the vast expanse of the room and slowly came to accept that she was, in fact, in an impossibly gigantic kitchen. Aside from the incredible size of everything, it was a fairly normal-looking kitchen. The size, of course, made all the difference. She looked down from the counter she was standing on, and realized that it was at least fifty feet down. She was trapped on a huge granite mesa, with no one else in sight.
"H-hello?" Madison called out. "Is anyone there?" But the only thing she heard was her own voice echoing through the enormous halls.

Madison shrugged. "So I guess that's it. I'm all alone with nothing to do until that giant psychopath decides to pick me up and do who knows what with me. Assuming she's not going to eat me for breakfast!"

"Oh, you don't need to worry about that," a feminine voice called out. ""I'm the one who needs to worry about that!" Madison turned around, and saw a naked redhead cowering in an oversized cereal bowl. The nubile woman yawned, stretched and then slowly sat up.
Madison looked at the redhead quizzically. "If you're worried about getting eaten for breakfast, why are you just sitting in a cereal bowl?"

"Because she told me to?" the redhead said, like it was the most obvious thing in the world. "If Emily tells you to do something, you just do it. It's really not a good idea to go against anything she says. Besides, if you act obediently, sometimes she'll be nice to you."

Madison wasn't so sure. "Have you met Emily? She's not nice. She kills people just for fun!"

"Yeah, that's just how it is in this town," the redhead said. "I'm guessing you're not from around here, but the way it works is Emily gets whatever Emily wants. The best you can do is be obedient and hope for the best. Usually if you act right, things will work out okay. Usually. But sometimes, she just kills people..."

Madison was taken aback. "What? That's crazy! You can't just be complacent when a giant monster is stomping around. The three of us need to find a way to get out of here, now!"

"You can't run from Emily," a man said. "Trust me, I know better than anyone." Emily looked up and him standing there in the nude. He was stirring a giant, steaming hot cup of what looked like some kind of coffee.

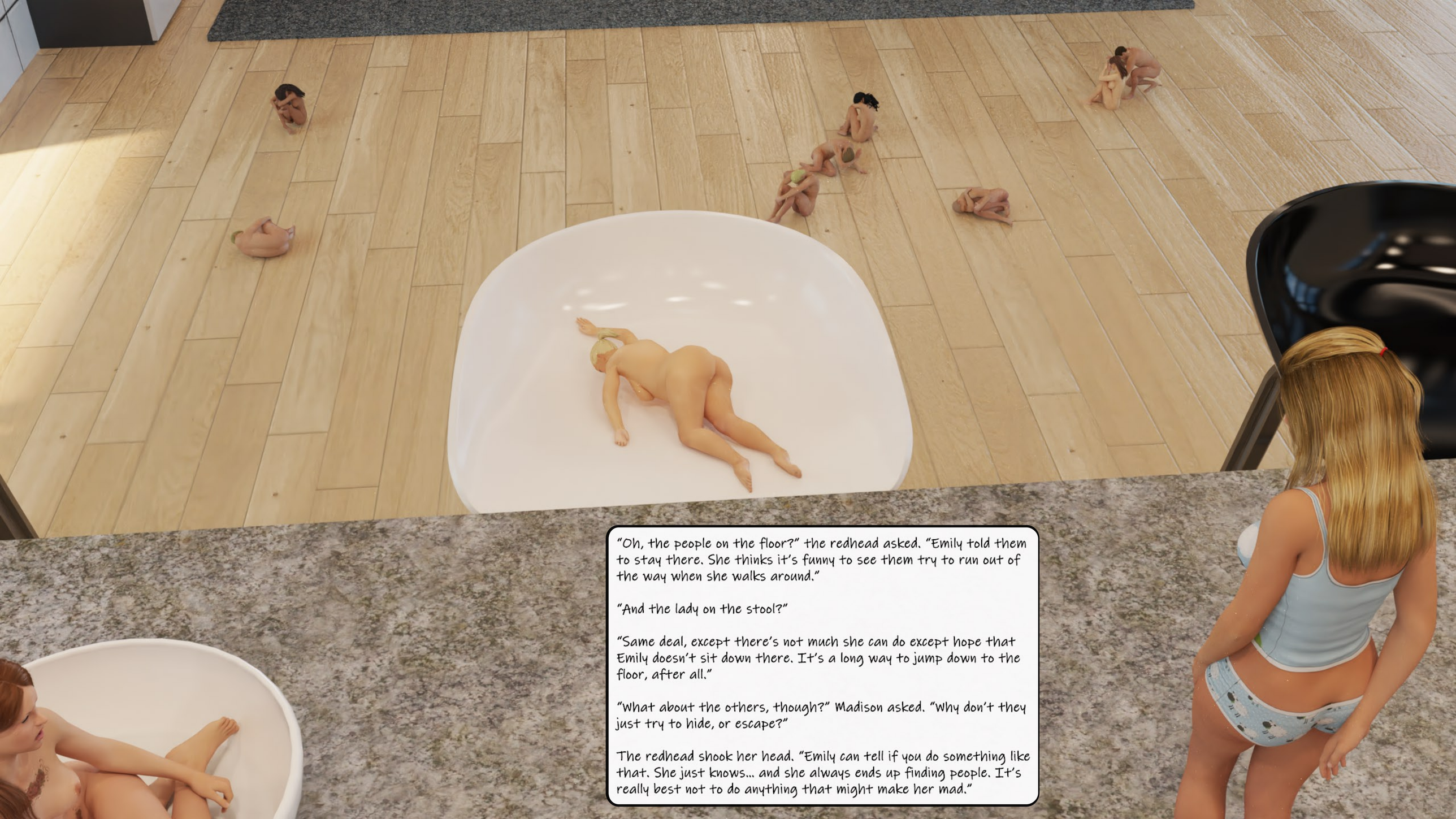
"Oh yeah?" Madison asked. "And what makes you so special?"

The redhead rolled her eyes. "I'll tell you. His name is Andrew, and he's her step-brother. He's also the reason I'm on the menu!"

"Andrew sighed. "You know, that's not really fair, Josie! See, Emily told me a while back that I wasn't allowed to date, or have sex. Like, ever. But then me and Josie starting seeing each other, and things escalated really quickly.

'I pulled out and came on the couch... And then Emily walked in and saw the stain. She said that Josie was going to be her breakfast! Every morning since then, Josie's been sitting in the bowl, and I've been making coffee. Every morning, she said she wasn't hungry for 'slut' and she ate someone else instead. I'm just hoping it keeps going that way..."

Madison tried to process what she heard. "That's... wow. So every day you wake up knowing you might be that giant bit-- I mean, that giant girl's breakfast? That's, like, really messed up. And wait, what's the deal with them?"



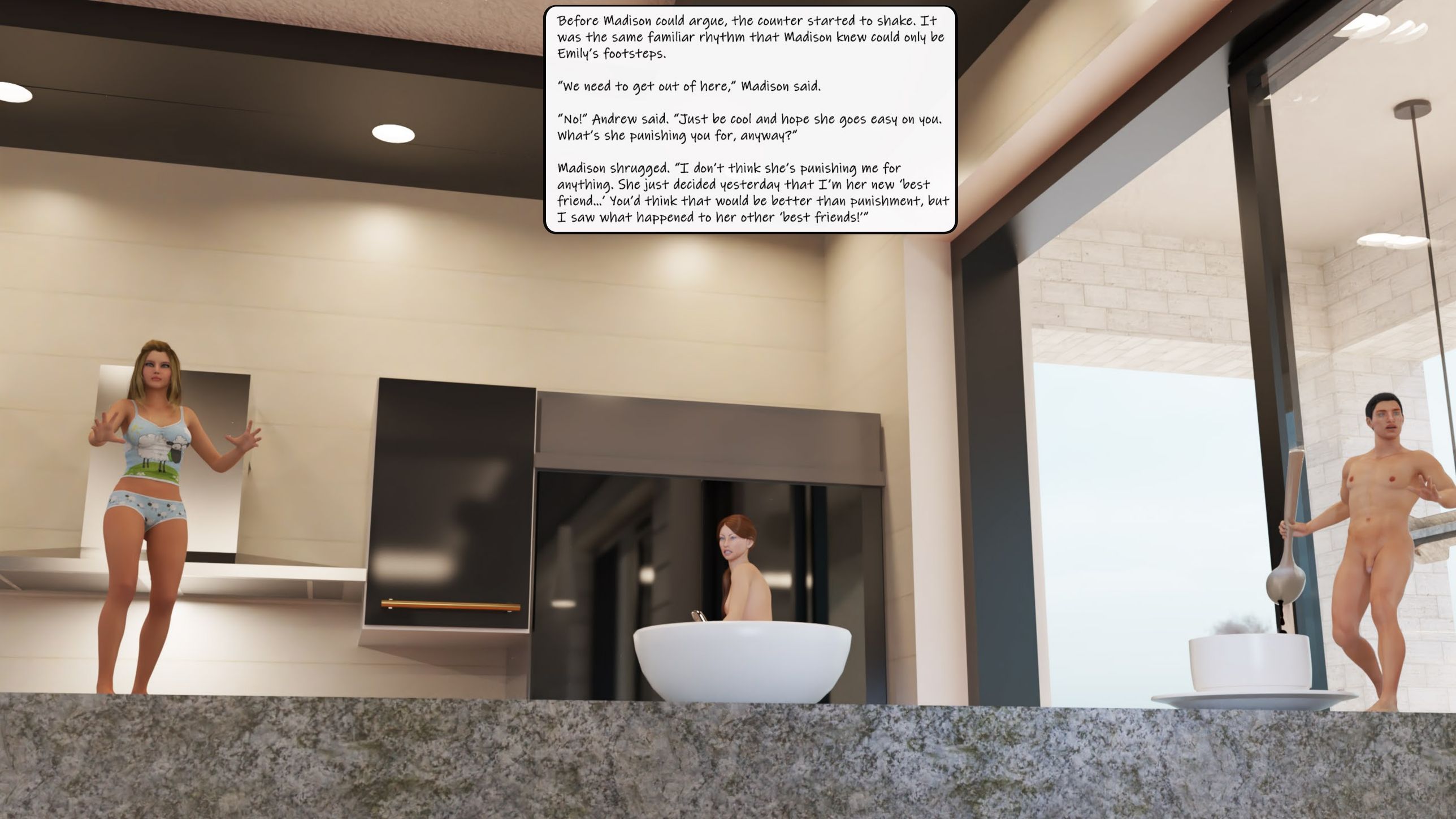
"Oh, the people on the floor?" the redhead asked. "Emily told them to stay there. She thinks it's funny to see them try to run out of the way when she walks around."

"And the lady on the stool?"

"Same deal, except there's not much she can do except hope that Emily doesn't sit down there. It's a long way to jump down to the floor, after all."

"What about the others, though?" Madison asked. "Why don't they just try to hide, or escape?"

The redhead shook her head. "Emily can tell if you do something like that. She just knows... and she always ends up finding people. It's really best not to do anything that might make her mad."



Before Madison could argue, the counter started to shake. It was the same familiar rhythm that Madison knew could only be Emily's footsteps.

"We need to get out of here," Madison said.

"No!" Andrew said. "Just be cool and hope she goes easy on you. What's she punishing you for, anyway?"

Madison shrugged. "I don't think she's punishing me for anything. She just decided yesterday that I'm her new 'best friend...' You'd think that would be better than punishment, but I saw what happened to her other 'best friends!'"

"Shit there she is!" Madison shouted. She watched as the giant girl lazily walked around the corner and into the room. From such a great distance, she didn't look that big, but her true size slowly became apparent as she walked closer.

Madison heard the sound of a distant woman's scream. At first, she couldn't see where it was coming from, but the woman soon rounded the corner of Emily's oversized couch. It was a busty young woman, running at a full sprint in an attempt to get away from the giant girl behind her.

The woman ran as fast as she could, but even at a full sprint she couldn't outrun the lazy gait of the vastly-larger Emily. Plodding footstep by plodding footstep, Emily caught up.

A couple of footsteps later, Emily's toes slammed into the woman's back, knocking her forward onto the ground. Emily's other playthings watched in terror, knowing the same fate could soon await them.

Emily let out a long yawn. "Huh? I wasn't even trying to step on you... How hard is it to move out of my way? Just run to the side, don't try to outrun me. How dumb can you be?" Emily had no malice beyond mild annoyance, but that was more than enough excuse for her to finish the woman off. And so she lifted her foot up into the air and pressed it down.

Emily was accustomed to stepping on people when she was wearing heels, which made it so much easier to effortlessly flatten someone. Still, she knew her weight was more than enough to crush someone underneath. Without much in the way of effort, she slowly shifted her weight onto her left foot. The woman screamed, but at first it wasn't enough to so much as break a rib.

As Emily slowly shifted her weight, that changed. First, a few ribs cracked, then a few other bones snapped, and the woman's scream turned into something far more horrifying before finally being silenced. The other terrified toys ran away, desperate not to meet the same cruel fate.

When she realized what she stepped in, Emily recoiled. "Ugh, now my foot's gonna be all dirty!" Emily said. "Gross!"

Emily lazily shuffled to the counter. While most of Emily's toys ran, one terrified woman stood in front of her and begged in broken English. "Please, no step on us! No step!"

IS SPOOKY TIME!
Emily scoffed. "What makes me think I want to step on you idiots now?" she asked. "If I wanted to step on you, I'd put my stomping boots on! Does it look like I have my boots on? Does it? Now move out of the way, I'm trying to eat my darn breakfast!'

That's when Emily saw Madison, and her disposition instantly grew brighter. "Oh, hey there Madison! Looks like you slept well. I made sure that you had sweet dreams!" Emily said cheerily. "Have you two been introduced to the girl in the bowl yet? Madison, this is breakfast. Breakfast, this is Madison. Glad you could meet each other before I eat her for my super-special Halloween breakfast!"

"Halloween? But it's the middle of summer!" Madison blurted out. "It won't be Halloween for a few months now!"

The smile suddenly vanished from Emily's face. "Did I stutter? I said it's Halloween, so it's Halloween! If I say something is a certain thing, it is! Got it?"

"Y-yeah! Of course!" Madison said. "I don't know what I was thinking before!"

IT'S SPOOKY TIME
"See? You're starting to realize how things work around here,!" Emily said excitedly. "Now let's eat some Halloween breakfast!" She slipped between the stools and hovered her ass right above the unfortunate woman who was cowering just below her.

The woman had been stranded on the stool for a few days with only the scant food and water that the others had given her. She had survived being sat on once by Emily, by being fortunate enough to have laid perfectly in between the giant's ass cheeks, but even that had been an unpleasant ordeal. After a few sleepless nights, the woman had finally fallen asleep earlier that morning, and now, half-asleep, she could scarcely muster the energy to try and save her own life.

The woman on the stool clearly didn't want to be sat on again, and so she tried to crawl out of the way. Unfortunately for her, Emily's behind was as wide as the seat, and she didn't have the patience to sit down so gently this time.

Emily's ass slammed down, instantly crushing the woman and squirting a geyser of blood up into the air. "Eww, gross!" Emily said. "Now I've got blood on my Halloween nightie! Why didn't that dummy move out of the way?"
"But... you sat on her," Madison said. "Why didn't you try to move her out of the way? And why did you put her there in the first place?"
Emily scoffed. "Don't try to blame this on me, it's her fault for not moving out of the way!"

Emily threw her hands up. "Whatever," she said, "it's fine. I don't want to change until after I eat something, so I guess I'll just have blood on my clothes for a while, again. Do you see what I have to go through, Maddy?"
Madison had only been called that by her family, and she was taken aback to hear someone she'd only known for a couple days call her by Maddy. "Uhh, yeah," Madison said, "it must be hard being so big and, uhh... violent."

"See, someone gets it!" Madison said excitedly. "It's so great that we have this really close bond, and now I get to have a special meal with you!" Emily said, right before she reached out towards Josie.

Josie breathed a sigh of relief when she saw Emily was reaching for something next to her, but the feeling was short-lived. Emily grabbed the handle of the spoon underneath her and lifted Josie up like she was eating an oversized piece of cereal.
"Put me down, please!" Josie shouted. "You're not actually going to eat me, are you?"

Emily smiled and looked down at her meal. "Of course I am! I told you I was gonna make you my breakfast. What do you think I am, some kind of liar? I just wanted to wait for the right occasion, and that's today!"

"M-maybe you could just think about not eating me? If you let me live I'll do anything you want. Anything!"
Emily laughed. "Okay, fine, I'll think about it... But first, I want a taste!"

Emily stuck her tongue out, and Josie recoiled in disgust. She could feel the warmth and moisture of Emily's breath on her, and she could see the drops of saliva collecting at the base of her tongue and falling down, down down to the ground below.

Emily's tongue wormed its way upward, licking the side of Josie's face. While all this was happening, Madison watched silently with a coy smile on her face. She felt bad for the girl, but there was something strangely entrancing about the spectacle, and the raw power that Emily radiated.
Josie, on the other hand, didn't enjoy it one bit. "Okay, so you got to taste me, just like you did all those other mornings. I think I learned my lesson. Is that it? Did you get your fill? Can you put me down now?"

"Nope!" Emily said. "Like I said, you're my special breakfast!" Emily stuck her tongue back out and lifted the spoon up, pressing the tiny redhead head-first into her mouth. Josie was caught off-guard, and stood in stunned silence for a moment, like a deer trapped in the headlights. It wasn't until her entire upper body was inside of Emily's mouth that she began to truly panic.

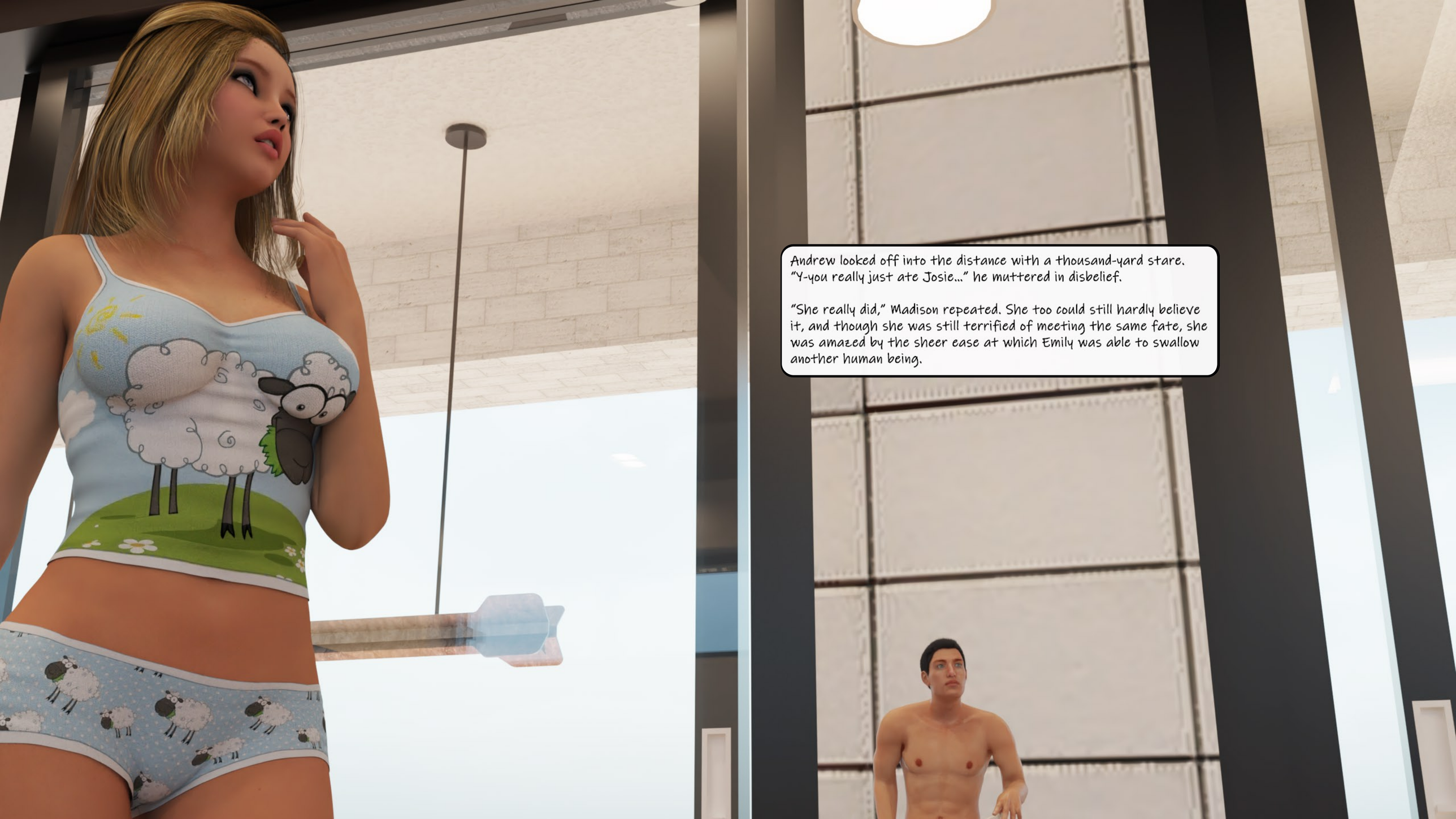
Josie fought wildly to escape, but she did little more than tickle Emily's tongue. With the redhead stuck in her mouth, Emily ran her tongue along the front of Josie's chest, fondling her breasts and feeling up her nubile body. Then, after slapping her ass one last time with the spoon, Emily lowered her hand.

Emily tilted her head back and let gravity do the work. Josie slid down Emily's tongue with an ease that still startled Madison, even though she'd seen the giantess eat people before. Madison would never even think about trying to gulp down something that was too big to fit in her mouth, but Emily did it so easily, and never seemed to worry about choking. Clearly there was more to Emily than just her size.

As Josie's legs disappeared between Emily's lips, and the reality of the situation dawned on Madison. A girl she had talked to just moments earlier was about to be digested in stomach acid, just because she did something that annoyed Emily. Madison wondered if she might end up meeting the same fate.

Madison didn't have long to wonder, though. Emily toyed with the smaller woman in her mouth for a while, pushing her around idly with her tongue, but the giant woman quickly grew bored with this. Madison watched as Emily gulped Josie down, and the thick lump traveled down Emily's throat and into her stomach.

With Josie en route to her gut, Emily closed her eyes and smiled for a moment as she savored the flavor. "Mmm, not bad! That one tasted pretty good. Went down easy, too!"


Andrew looked off into the distance with a thousand-yard stare. "Y-you really just ate Josie..." he muttered in disbelief.
"She really did," Madison repeated. She too could still hardly believe it, and though she was still terrified of meeting the same fate, she was amazed by the sheer ease at which Emily was able to swallow another human being.

Andrew was shaking with anger. "I go out with one girl, we barely even get to third base, and then you eat her! You bitch! I hate you!" he screamed. "How could you do this to me, your own brother?!"

Emily plopped her butt back down on the white stool, liquifying what was left of the poor woman beneath her. She paid the mess no attention, and instead stared smugly back at Andrew. "Did you forget?" she asked. "You're just my step-brother. As in, if you ever talk to me like that again, I'll step on you. Got it?"
Unable to make eye-contact with Emily, Andrew stared nervously down at his own feet. "O-okay, yeah, I'm sorry, I didn't mean that. But did you really have to eat her? Are you just going to eat every girl I try to go out with?"
Emily laughed. "Yep, that's kind of the plan."
Andrew was stunned. "So that's it... I guess I'll just go through life alone and unloved..."

To Madison's surprise, Emily looked at Andrew with something that resembled genuine empathy. "You're not unloved. I love you, bro. Come over here, let me hold you."
Andrew was taken aback. "You're really not mad at me for yelling at you? You forgive me?"
"I'll tell you what," Emily said. "I'll forgive you... if you just give me one kiss."
"Really?" Andrew asked. "That's it? Just a kiss? Of course!"

To his shock, though, Emily spread her legs. She leaned back and tossed her left leg onto the counter, nearly knocking over both Andrew and Madison in the process.
"What are you doing?" Andrew asked after he regained his balance.
Emily laughed and pointed at her crotch. "You said you'd give me a kiss. Now I'm telling you where I want you to kiss me!"

Emily reached out and grabbed ahold of Andrew. By the time he realized what was happening he was already in Emily's clutches. "W-what?" Andrew said. "B-but I'm your brother!"

Emily shook her head. "How many times do I have to remind you? You're my step-brother. We're not related, dummy. So who cares if we've lived together basically forever? We can do anything I want to!" She bit her lip. "Isn't it obvious, you big dummy? Why did you think I didn't want you to be with other girls? Right now all I care about is how cute your little lips are... and how much I want to feel them on me..."

Emily lowered Andrew down to her crotch. His panicked flailing was of little use against Emily's powerful grip. All he could do was try to change the mind of his giant step-sister. "Wait! Stop! This is a bad idea!" he shouted.

Emily laughed. "Oh, Andrew, you can be such a wimp sometimes! Come on, just one kiss. I'm not asking you to eat the whole thing. But just try one taste, and you might just like it!"

Emily didn't wait for Andrew to respond. She pressed his face against her pussy, but she wasn't content with one kiss. Instead, she rubbed his face up and down between the walls of her pussy, coming using his torso as a sex toy, letting out a long moan as she teased herself. "Oh Andrew, you're a good step-brother after all..."

Madison couldn't help but laugh at the remark. It was amazing to her just how aloof Emily was, and she could imagine why. For as long as Emily had been big, she must have gotten whatever she wanted, whenever she wanted it. Now the idea of not getting exactly what she desired must be almost unthinkable... as was the idea that someone else didn't want to devote their life to pleasing her.

Emily pulled Andrew out. The giantess suddenly stood up and started to walk away. Then, just as quickly, she stopped in her tracks, turned back and shot a coy glance at Madison. "I'm gonna take a shower with Andrew here," Emily said. "You wanna watch?"
"S-sure!" Madison blurted out.

"Good, then climb up here!" Emily said. She held her hand up by the edge of the kitchen counter, and Madison carefully walked over to her.

Being carried around by Emily could be rather jarring, especially when Emily carelessly swung her arms around. Thankfully the ride was short, and Emily promptly set Madison down on the bathroom floor. After that Emily wasted no time tearing off her nightie and tossing it on the coat rack. Madison couldn't help but sneak a peek at Emily's stunning naked body.
"So, this is my bathroom!" Emily said as she gestured broadly. "There are my towels, There's my toilet... which is where that harlot Andrew was fooling around with is going to end up! And there's my shower. Isn't it nice? Just like the rest of the house, I had it built with room to grow. It was a little too big for me until that last growth spurt, but now it's a perfect fit!"

Emily quickly walked into the shower and turned on the hot water. Madison wanted to get a closer view, so she followed Emily, but it was a far more difficult journey for the comparatively tiny college girl. She struggled to get a foothold as she climbed up the ledge around the elevated shower. When she finally clamored on top, though, Madison was rewarded with a full view of Emily's stunning physique.

At first Madison had just wanted to watch, but she soon felt the urge to jump right in. She ran excitedly over to the giantess. "Hey Emily, I'm right behind you. Careful, don't step on me! I thought I'd try to take a shower too, and... oh!"

Madison looked up and saw that Emily was already fooling around with Andrew. Madison enjoyed the show, but quickly realized that Emily wasn't paying attention to her. She slowly backed away, but she couldn't take her eyes off of Emily as the giant girl toyed with her step-brother.
"Come in, Andrew, get in there, what are you waiting for? I washed it off and everything!"

Emily tried to press her step-brother's face against her clitoris, but Andrew fought to hold his head away. "This is really messed up!" he shouted. "First you eat my girlfriend, then you start treating me like a sex toy?! I'm not just some dildo, I'm a human being!"

Emily laughed. "Yeah, no duh! You think it's fun to just push some piece of plastic against my pussy? It's way more fun using you, step-brother! Now you'd better stick your tongue out, or else!"

'Or else' wasn't usually a threat that came with very high stakes, but Andrew knew what kinds of things Emily could do to people that made her mad. Reluctantly, he stuck his tongue out, and the tip of his tongue touched her clitoris.

Andrew tasted Emily's juicies, and was immediately disgusted. Not because he hated the flavor, but because, as much as he didn't want to, he found himself actually enjoying it. In fact, he quickly realized that he liked her flavor far more than Josie, the only other girl who he'd ever gotten to 'third base' with.

Madison laughed. "Hey Emily, guess what?" she shouted. "Andrew is trying to act like he doesn't like your pussy, but I think he actually does! You should give him some more of it!"

Emily gripped Andrew tighter. "You want some more, Andrew? Well why didn't you just say so!" She leaned forward and pressed Andrew's face against her pussy lips. Her lips soon parted, and Andrew's head slipped between the dripping-wet walls of her pussy.

"You like that, step-brother?" Emily asked. "You thought you were just going to get a taste, but now you can have the whole three-course meal!"

Emily pounded Andrew's head into her, bobbing it in and out of her rapidly. For Andrew, each thrust threw his head around so wildly that he felt like he could get whiplash. But with each thrust, Emily neared orgasm, and so she thrust away with no concern for her step-brother's safety.

"Yes! Yes! Fuck me, step-brother! Yes!" Emily screamed. Then she sighed deeply, and let out one last, shuddering orgasm.

Emily finally pulled Andrew out of her pussy. "Dang that was good," she said. Then she absent-mindedly tossed Andrew aside, with all the care most people would give to a dirty dishrag.

"Aah!" Madison screamed. She darted back just as Andrew hit the floor. He landed hard on his shoulder, and he rolled onto his side before sprawling flat across the ground.

Madison wanted to make sure that Emily heard her, so she put her arms to the side of face to direct her voice. "Emily! You dropped Andrew! I think you might have killed him!"

A look of embarrassment came across Emily's face. "Killed him? I only dropped him about... fifty feet or so? Yeah, I guess that could do it! "Oh well, At least I got to use him as a dildo before he died." She looked down mournfully for a second before shrugging her shoulders.
"It looks like he's still breathing," Madison said. "Maybe we should take him to a hospital or something..."
"You worry too much, I'm sure he'll be fine. Come on, let's get Trick-Or-Treating!"

The chill wind signaled that Fall was coming early this year. The townspeople knew what that meant, and they scrambled to get things ready on short notice. Soon their yards were filled with foam headstones, plastic skeletons and artificial pumpkins.

Julia snickered as she walked past the couple. "A little early for Halloween, isn't it?"

Carl sighed. "You feel that chill wind? That means Emily decided Halloween is coming early this year. You'd better get your house ready too if you don't want to get on her bad side. Believe me, I'd rather not be setting up gravestones after what happened to us yesterday..."

"Why, what happened yesterday?" Julia asked.

Bettie shambled over to her. "Didn't you hear? She... she stepped on our son, Trevor. Right here in the front yard, just underneath where that skeleton is now. He had just graduated high school too..."
Josie was stunned. "Oh my god, that's horrible! What was it, some kind of accident? Was Emily just not watching where she was going?"
Bettie shook her head. "Aww, sweetie, you're new here, aren't you? It wasn't an accident. We made Emily mad, and so she stepped on him. It's tragic, really, but that's what we get for not keeping Emily happy. Then again, losing one child is a small price to pay for living in such a beautiful town. Emily's a wonderful girl and she's always taken care of us here. But sometimes she sows, and sometimes she reaps..."

Josie couldn't believe what she was hearing. "You people are crazy! She killed your son, and you're just going to stay here? Well I'm not going to stick around. I'm going to grab my things and get the hell out of here before she--"

That's when Josie heard a familiar booming sound in the distance. Then again. And again. There was no mistaking it: Emily was walking over towards them. Slowly, she turned back and looked at Emily, who was walking out of her giant mansion.

FORD'S
STOP
Whether or not Halloween had actually come early, Emily had certainly dressed the part. She wore a revealing witch costume, complete with a broom, which her new bestie was precariously perched on. In her other arm she held a pumpkin pail, which looked big enough to hold a small car.

Completing the ensemble were her heels. She took a few steps forward, giving some terrified townspeople a closer look. Her black and purple heels were certainly scary, with sharp metal spikes, cruel-looking cleats and a nasty-looking heel that was curved like a sickle. They weren't quite as chunky as her usual heels, but they were certainly big enough to end anyone unfortunate enough to find themselves in Emily's way.
Ford's
stomer
Only
Good & Plenty

As she walked down main street, the townspeople did their best to get out of her way without seeming scared. Even though she often inspired terror, it wasn't a wise idea to appear upset around Emily, let alone try running away. Sometimes Emily took fleeing as an insult. Other times she took it as a challenge. Neither way tended to end well for the other person.
STOP

Emily turned to the first house on the right, where an old man was setting up decorations in the yard.
Emily smiled and looked down at him. "Hi there! What's wrong, aren't you happy to see me?"
He tried to get his emotions under control. "O-of course I am," he said. "I even got the decorations ready and everything, all on my own..."

Emily crouched down to get a closer look. "Why on your own? Don't you have, like, a family or something?"

The old man sighed. "I used to, but... We didn't have enough decorations last Halloween. And so you stepped on them..."

Emily shrugged. "Well that's what they deserve for not being very festive, isn't it? But you've done a pretty good job this year, so I won't step on you for that. Now where's my candy?"

The old man was confused. "I don't keep sweets around the house. I'm diabetic, and it's too much of a temptation..."

Emily was incensed. "I don't care about your stupid sob story old man! I don't care who stepped on who, or what your excuse is for not having candy. I just want my frikken' treats!"
The old man was shaking. "Take whatever you want! Anything! It's yours!"

"Fine, I will!" Emily said. She leaned forward and snatched the old man up.

Trapped in Emily's grasp, the old man could do little except throw up his arms and beg. "No, please, don't eat me!"

Emily laughed. "I'm not gonna eat you... for now, anyway. I'm gonna put you in my treat bag and take you back home!" She lifted him above the Trick or Treat pail and dropped him in.

DANGER
DO NOT OPEN
R I P
She only dropped him about ten feet, but for an old man with a frail body a ten-foot fall certainly wasn't pleasant. He landed hard on his back. While he wasn't paralyzed, he certainly wasn't going to be walking it off any time soon.

Emily laughed at the old man's wailing. "What's wrong, are you feeling lonely in there? Don't worry, I'll find some friends for you soon enough!"

Emily turned back towards Madison and smiled at her. "This street is kind of lame. Do you want to see if it's better somewhere else?"
"Sure," Madison said, "I saw a house with a hanging skeleton over that way. I bet they have good treats!"

Emily quickly made her way over, paying little attention to the people beneath her. They were smart enough to stay on the sidewalk, out of the way of Emily's deadly footsteps.

ONE WAY
One person wasn't being so careful. Anette had no idea that Emily was nearby. An older woman, Anette was going for her evening walks that she did to keep herself spry. didn't have the best hearing, and as she crossed the street she didn't think to look behind her.

There was a stop sign in front of Emily, but those only dictated life for normal people, not giants like her. Emily continued walking, cutting around the corner. That was when Anette finally noticed the giant girl behind her.

Anette looked up just in time to see the giant heel right above her, with it's dirty, jagged sole. She shouted, but Emily wasn't paying the faintest attention. Her gaze was elsewhere, and her mind was on more important things, like where to get the best candy.

As Emily's heel came down on her, Anette stumbled back. "Hey, stop! No no no--" was all that she could get out before the heel shoe came down on her.

To Anette's surprise, the shoe didn't crush her at first. Emily's weight was on the heel of her shoe, not the toe, and she stood in place for a moment as she looked around the neighborhood. Anette took the opportunity to try and slip out from under Emily's heel.

She didn't have long. Seconds later, Emily took another step, putting her full weight on the front of her heel. Anette's arms and torso fell between the thick treads of Emily's shoe, but it wasn't enough to save her.

Emily heard the crunching noise, and she raised her foot up to get a closer look. "Eww, did I step in someone? Ugh, looks like it was an old lady. Gross! Stupid old bag. She should have watched where she was going!"

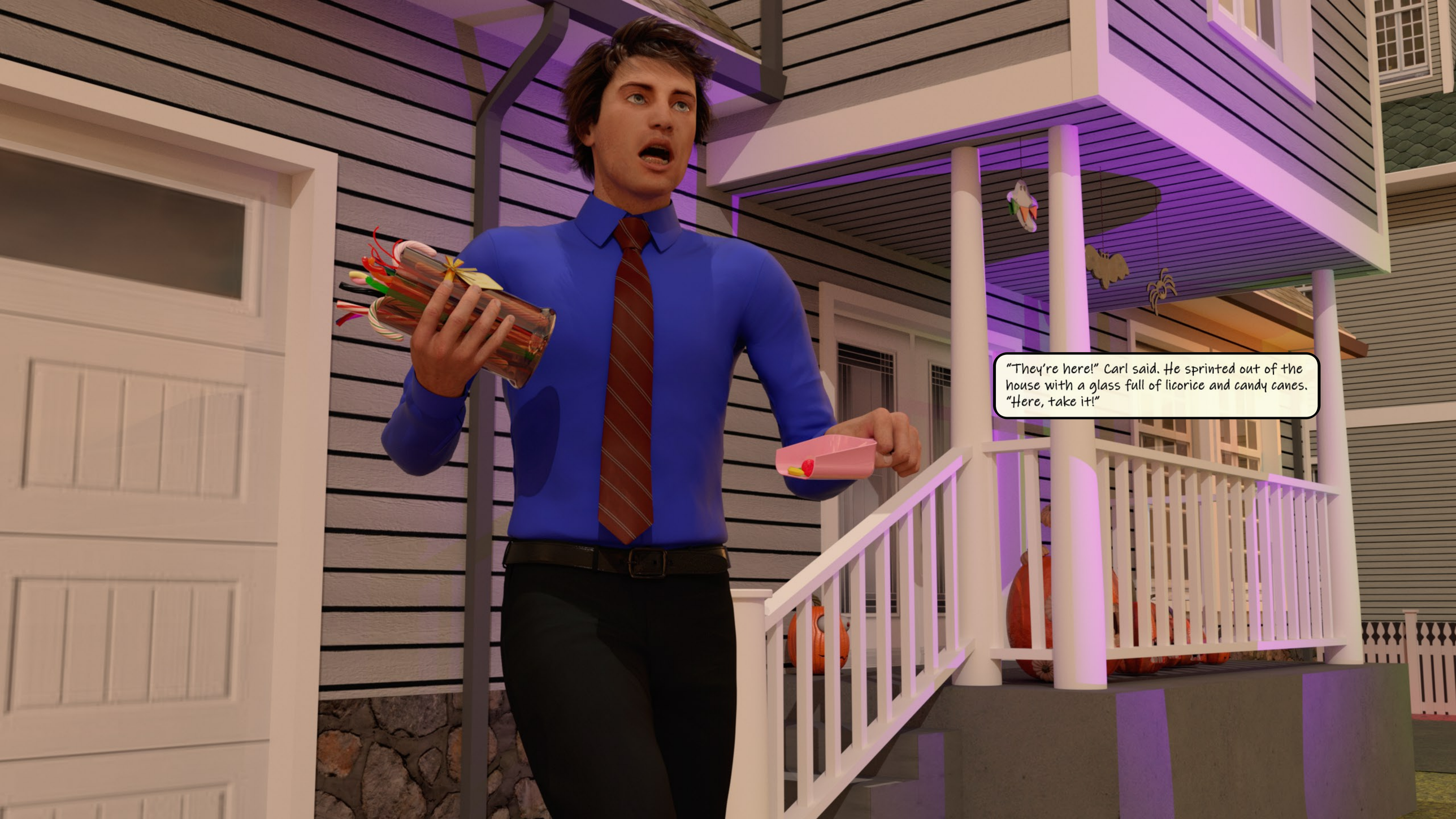
Emily shook her foot in an attempt to get the lady to come off of her shoe. "That's so rude of her... And here I was trying to keep my new shoes clean! That was totally her fault, right Madison?"
"Uh, yeah, totally!" Madison nodded along. "I mean, like, she's the little one, she should have been looking out for cars, or giants, or whatever! Completely on her."

Finally, Emily managed to shake the lady off. Julia, who had been watching this all unfold, was shaking with terror. She had been unsure of what to do at that point, but now it was clear that she needed to get out of there.

Julia had just started to run when Emily's gaze neared her. She didn't want to attract Emily's attention, so she suddenly froze in place. Julia couldn't help but stare up at Emily's anger-ridden face. "Good riddance," Emily said. "Now which house were you saying I should go to, Madison?"
Madison pointed out the house that Julia was standing in front of. "That one! With the skeleton! See it?"

Emily looked down and smiled. "Oh right, they're a nice couple. Hi Bettie! Too bad I had to step on your son yesterday. No hard feelings, of course?"
Bettie smiled wide, but her eyes were hollow. "N-no hard feelings at all..."
STOP

RIP
Emily plopped her ass down on the street, nearly crushing Julia in the process. "I'm glad things are going well for you, and I like your decorations! But enough joking, where are your treats? I said WHERE ARE YOUR TREATS?!!"


"They're here!" Carl said. He sprinted out of the house with a glass full of licorice and candy canes. "Here, take it!"

"Just toss it in the pail!" Emily said. Carl reached up, but he wasn't quite tall enough to reach the edge of the pail.
Bettie was sweating bullets. "Come on honey, don't mess this one up... I don't know what I'd do if I lost you too..."

Carl didn't want to drag things out any longer, so he tossed the glass into the oversized pail. Unbeknownst to him, the old man was still lying on the bottom. The glass full of candy would have hit him in the face, had he not blocked it with his frail arms.

Carl shrugged. "We're, umm, good, right?"
To his surprise, Emily looked almost sentimental. "We're great. Thanks so much for the candy. I'll think of you when I eat it. I hope you feel better soon, too bad about your son and all!"

Bettie slunk over to Carl and whispered in his ear. "Honey, Julia is running away... We should probably tell Emily if we want to stay on her good side, right?"
Carl nodded and sighed. "Emily, I think you should know something... Our neighbor, Julia, is trying to run away from you. And she didn't even decorate her house!"

Emily turned back and sure enough, she saw Julia running away. "I see you!" Emily said to her.
"Oh shit!" Julia cursed. She broke into a full sprint and ran away as fast as she could.

Emily stood up, revealing her full, terrifying height. "Don't you run from me!" she yelled. "Come over here! Either you give me a treat... Or I'll make you my treat!"

Julia knew she couldn't hope to outrun Emily. Unsure of where to go, Julia headed for the relative safety of her home. Emily watched as Julia stumbled up the stairs and threw open the front door.

Emily was furious. "Does she really think a few dumb wooden walls are going to stop me? I'll go over there and stomp on her stupid house! Except... It's still pretty hard to really smash a house that big. I wish I was bigger..."

That's when Madison got an idea. "I wish you could grow again. Of course, you probably can't just do it on demand..."
Emily smiled. "I don't know if I'm big enough to flatten the whole house just by sitting on it! I guess I'll have to grow!"
Madison cocked her head to the side. "You can't really just grow on command like that... Can you?"

Emily set Madison and her other things down on the street. "Sometimes it's hard not to grow. Of course I can grow!" Emily stretched her arms out to the side and channeled her energy.

Within seconds, Emily had grown much taller. She now positively dwarfed all the houses in the neighborhood. "Is this big enough for ya?"
Madison smiled. "You're definitely big, but I think you need to grow even bigger!"

Emily channeled her energy once more, and her growth accelerated. Soon the tallest houses didn't even come up to her knees. "Oh yeah?!" Emily said. "Well check this out!"

Now Emily was more than double her original size, but still her growth spurt wasn't complete. To take out the house, her ass had to be even bigger.

Back on the street, Madison stared in amazement at Emily's new size. Just moments earlier, Madison was tall enough to grab the loop of Emily's green shoelaces. Now she wasn't even as tall as the shortest part of Emily's platform heels. Even the narrowest part of the heel was much wider around than Madison now.

Madison gazed up and watched as Emily raised her heel high into the air. Emily's sheer size was awe-inspiring now. Madison struggled to wrap her head around it. Her legs stretched up higher than a redwood, and far thicker too. Her thighs seemed to have gotten more luscious from her last growth spurt. Madison hoped that would last. But she didn't have long to enjoy the view, as Emily was content on slamming her foot down on the house.

Emily scowled down at the tiny house below her, which now didn't even come up to her ankles. "Stupid lady thought she could hide from me in her stupid house. Well I'll show her you can't hide from Emily!" With a furious grunt she slammed her foot down.

The roof of the house was instantly obliterated. Chunks of wood and cinder exploded from the house as Emily's foot smashed through.

The force was enough to quickly collapse both stories of the interior. Madison could hardly hide her glee as she watched the display of wanton destruction.

Miraculously, Julia had managed to climb out her bedroom window just seconds before Emily's foot crashed down on her. She hung down from the windowsill as the building collapsed around her.

Julia was lucky enough to land on her feet. She snuck around her front porch, and was relieved to see that Emily was looking the other way. Julia knew she wouldn't have long, so she made a break for it.

STOP
Julia broke into a dead sprint, running as fast as her legs would carry her. Emily didn't notice her. Madison, on the other hand, was more attentive.

The short sidekick didn't even hesitate to turn her in. "Hey Emily, she's running for it!" Madison shouted. "She's over there! She's running on the sidewalk to your right!"

When Emily spotted Julia, her eyes all but turned red. "Why you little..." Emily muttered as she gave chase. It only took the giantess a single step to catch up with Julia.

Emily knelt down and reached out towards Julia. "This is my town!" Emily shouted. "You belong to me!"
Julia ran away as fast as she could, shouting back at Julia between short, panting breaths. "No, please! I'm sorry, just--"

Emily easily snatched Julia up, holding the tiny woman between two fingers. She squeezed her just light enough that she could be confident she wouldn't kill her, but Emily had no problems with breaking a rib or two.
Julia screamed in pain. "Aaguh! Why... What are you doing with me?"

"Putting you away!" Emily shouted. She lifted Julia above the treat pail and dropped her in from nearly twenty feet in the air.

"I hope the old guy cushions her fall!" Madison chimed in, before noticing the crowd of people standing behind her. "Hey Emily, check it out! There are a bunch of people right back there who I'm sure would fill out your treat bag really quick! I caught them looking up your skirt!"

Emily turned back towards the crowd and glared at them. "You were what?" Emily shouted.
"No, I wasn't, I didn't!" A man in the crowd stammered.
"Oh, so now you're calling my friend a liar?"
"No! I mean, yes! I mean--"

"Quiet!" Emily shouted. She reached out towards the crowd and indiscriminately grabbed a handful of them.

"One, two, three... Four tiny townspeople. That should round things out nicely!" Emily said, and she dropped them into the treat pail.

"Nice!" Madison shouted as the townspeople tumbled down into the treat pail, landing awkwardly atop one another. "Say, can I ride on top of the treat bag?"

"Of course!" Emily said. She set Madison on top of the treat pail before carefully picking it up by its handles.
While Madison was perched casually on top of the pail, she watched the crowd of fleeing people run away. "Say, since you've already maxed out on treats, you want to head back home?"

Emily smiled as she slowly rose to her feet. "Funny you mention it, because I was thinking the exact same thing! She turned around the corner, and just like Madison had hoped, she noticed the crowds of fleeing people in front of her.

Most of the townspeople were smart enough to stay on the sidewalk, where Emily usually tried not to walk. A few of them, however, made the mistake of walking on the street. Her street. That annoyed Emily, and she was walking that way anyhow. Certainly she couldn't be blamed if she accidentally stepped on them?

It only took a few footsteps for Emily to catch up with them. Those unfortunate people quickly found themselves in the shadow of Emily's giant-sized shoes.
STOP
SPEED LIMIT 25

A second later, her foot came down with enough force to crack the pavement. The two caught under her platform heels were instantly pulverized. The sole survivor was knocked onto his back by the impact. He found himself staring up at Emily's boot, but before he could make sense of what happened or even process her terrifying new scale she had already walked away.
STOP
SPEED LIMIT 25

Emily smiled as she walked to her house. "I love Fall. I used to love crunching leaves under my shoes. Now I crunch people underfoot instead! Funny how things change. But there's nothing I love more than going back to my warm house after a cool fall day!"

When she tried to go through her front door, though, she realized something was amiss.
"Uh-oh, maybe I shouldn't have grown so much..."
Emily crouched down and looked at her doorway, which was now far smaller than she was.

With her treat pail still in hand, Emily ducked through the door and crawled through the entryway. It was a tight fit, and her house clearly wasn't made for someone her size, but she was determined to make it work. Her hat caught on the top of the living room doorway, and she let it fall as she squeezed into the room.

As soon as she wormed her way in, Emily plopped her ass down on the living room floor. The room was too small to even let her stretch her legs out all the way. "Stupid tiny house!" Emily whined. "Should have told them to build it bigger!"
"It's okay," Madison said, "I like you at this size!"

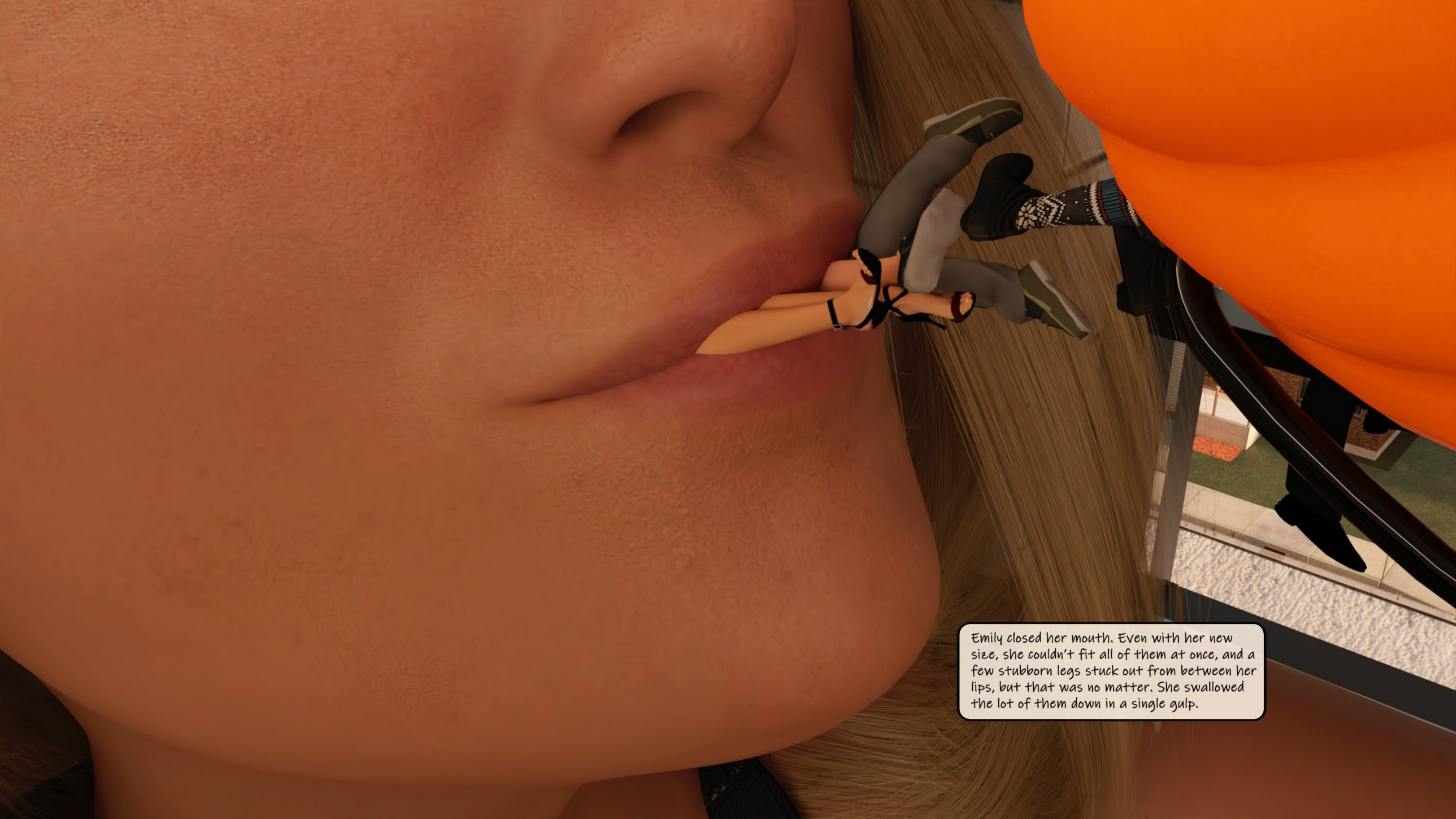
"Emily glared at Madison. Oh, well I guess everything is just peachy as long as you're happy," she said. "Why did I listen to you when you told me to grow?! I thought you were a friend. But you're just like all the others, aren't you?!"
Emily shook the pail, knocking Madison off the side.

For a second, Madison thought she was going to plummet to her death, but she was happy to land on the soft expanse of Emily's enormous breasts.
"Think of the bright side," Madison said as she reclined on Emily's chest. "It'll be so much easier to eat people at this size!"
Emily licked her chops. "Mmm, that is nice... And I am getting hungry..."

Emily tilted the treat pail on its side to see what she'd caught. "Let's see, a bald guy... Some girls... And old dude... And that one lady. Not a bad haul! I hope you guys ate lots of candy today, because I've been wanting to eat something sweet!"

Without another word, Emily dumped the pail into her mouth. A half-dozen people plummeted into her cavernous maw, but even that wasn't enough to satisfy Emily. She wanted to have them all inside of her. She wanted to test the limits of how truly massive her appetite had become.

The last couple hold-outs were clinging desperately to the inside of the giant pail. Emily shook the pail vigorously, until they too tumbled into her already-full mouth. The old man shook loose, and only Julia held on to the bitter end.


Emily closed her mouth. Even with her new size, she couldn't fit all of them at once, and a few stubborn legs stuck out from between her lips, but that was no matter. She swallowed the lot of them down in a single gulp.

With her treat pail emptied, and the treats inside of her, Emily tossed it carelessly against the wall behind her.
All together they slid down her throat, down into her waiting stomach. Madison wondered what it was like for them. "Must be really scary for all those people falling into your stomach, right? Like going down a water-slide in the dark, only you know that the big pool at the end is a pool of acid!"

Madison had grown newly confident being around Madison. Her years of gymnastics were paying off, and she quickly became adept at climbing and jumping around the giant's body.

Madison climbed down Emily's chest, and now she ran along Emily's leg with ease. When she leapt off, she did so without hesitation, even though it was more than ten feet down onto the glass coffee table, and she landed with effortless grace.

When Madison looked up at Emily, hoping that the giantess would be amused by her feats of agility, she was dismayed to see a sad look on Emily's face. "What's wrong?" Madison asked.
Emily sighed. "It's my size... I never should have grown this big. I can't even fit in my own house anymore, and it'll take them years to make another one that fits. I can't believe I'll be stuck this big forever!"

Madison was confused. "Stuck? But if you can grow big, you must be able to shrink back down too, right?"
"No!" Emily shouted. "That's why I didn't want to grow too big. I've always been able to grow, but I can't shrink! I've tried, and it never worked!"

Madison tried to cheer Emily up. "Maybe you just need to have the right attitude about it!" Madison said. "If you believe you can shrink back down, I bet you can do it! Just believe in yourself!"

"Believe in myself... Of course!" Emily said. "That's what I'm best at!" She closed her eyes and focused her energy. Madison could feel that same familiar crackle in the air once again. "You've got this! Keep at it!!" Madison cheered.

The pep talk worked, and Emily soon felt herself shrinking. It was a strange sensation for Emily. While growing filled her with a reassuring warmth, shrinking made her feel like she was falling. At first she felt like she had butterflies in her stomach, but she was still happy that it was working.

Emily felt like she was working a bit faster than she had planned, but she didn't want to open her eyes. She had finally gotten confident enough to shrink, and the last thing she wanted to do was jinx it.

Gauging how much she shrink was a tricky proposition in itself, but she'd always had a knack for growing to the size she wanted. Surely shrinking down couldn't be all that much different.

"Did it... Did it work?" Emily said. She finally opened her eyes to see how big she was. The tiles looked bigger than they had before. Much bigger. She looked around for her friend, but didn't see her. "Madison? Where are you?"

"I'm over here!" Madison said. As Madison walked over to her, the true size disparity became obvious. Little Emily didn't even come up to Madison's knees. "You, umm... might have shrunk just a little bit too much!"
"A little bit?!" Emily said. "I shrunk way too much! I must be like two feet tall!"

Madison crouched down to get a closer look at Emily. "You know, this makes me feel almost like I'm a giant. I kind of like that feeling!"

Emily rolled her eyes. "Well you better try to savor that feeling, because it won't last long!" She closed her eyes and channeled her energy once again.

"Come on," Emily whispered to herself, "get big, get big..." She was completely focused on channeling her own growth. Emily was totally oblivious to the furious woman sneaking up behind her.

"Bigger, bigger, bigger..." Emily repeated over and over like it was a mantra. As she repeated it, the frustration in her voice slowly grew. All the while she was completely unaware that Julia slowly crept up closer to her.

"Come on, why am I not getting bigger already?!" Finally, Emily started to grow, but it was happening at a snail's pace.

"Ugh this is taking forever! Why is this going so slowly? It feels like I've barely grown at all!" Emily opened her eyes. Julia was right behind her, but Emily was still oblivious to her. What she did notice was Madison, and Julia soon noticed her too. Julia and Emily looked up and screamed in unison.

"Hey Emily, you've got a stalker behind you!" Madison said. She was gigantic now. Emily must have channeled her energy to Madison, because she had grown to almost the exact size that Emily wanted to grow to. She towered over Emily and Julia, and when she reached down towards them, both of the smaller women recoiled in fear.

Madison grabbed Julia. Emily probably should have been relieved that her friend had saved her from the furious attacker, but she had nothing but annoyance in her heart. Her friend being the size she so desperately wanted to be restored to incensed her like nothing else. "I hope you realize that size is mine! Give it back to me, now!"

Madison chuckled. "Even if I could give it back right now, I don't know if I would. I have a feeling we're both going to be stuck like this for a while, and just like you said, I'll try to savor it."

Emily was shaking with rage. "What?! A while? What do you mean a while? You need to put me back now, this isn't fair! It's not... Augh!" she let out a blood-curdling scream. She tried to focus her willpower to make herself grow, but she didn't so much as budge. For the first time in as long as she could remember, she was powerless.

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