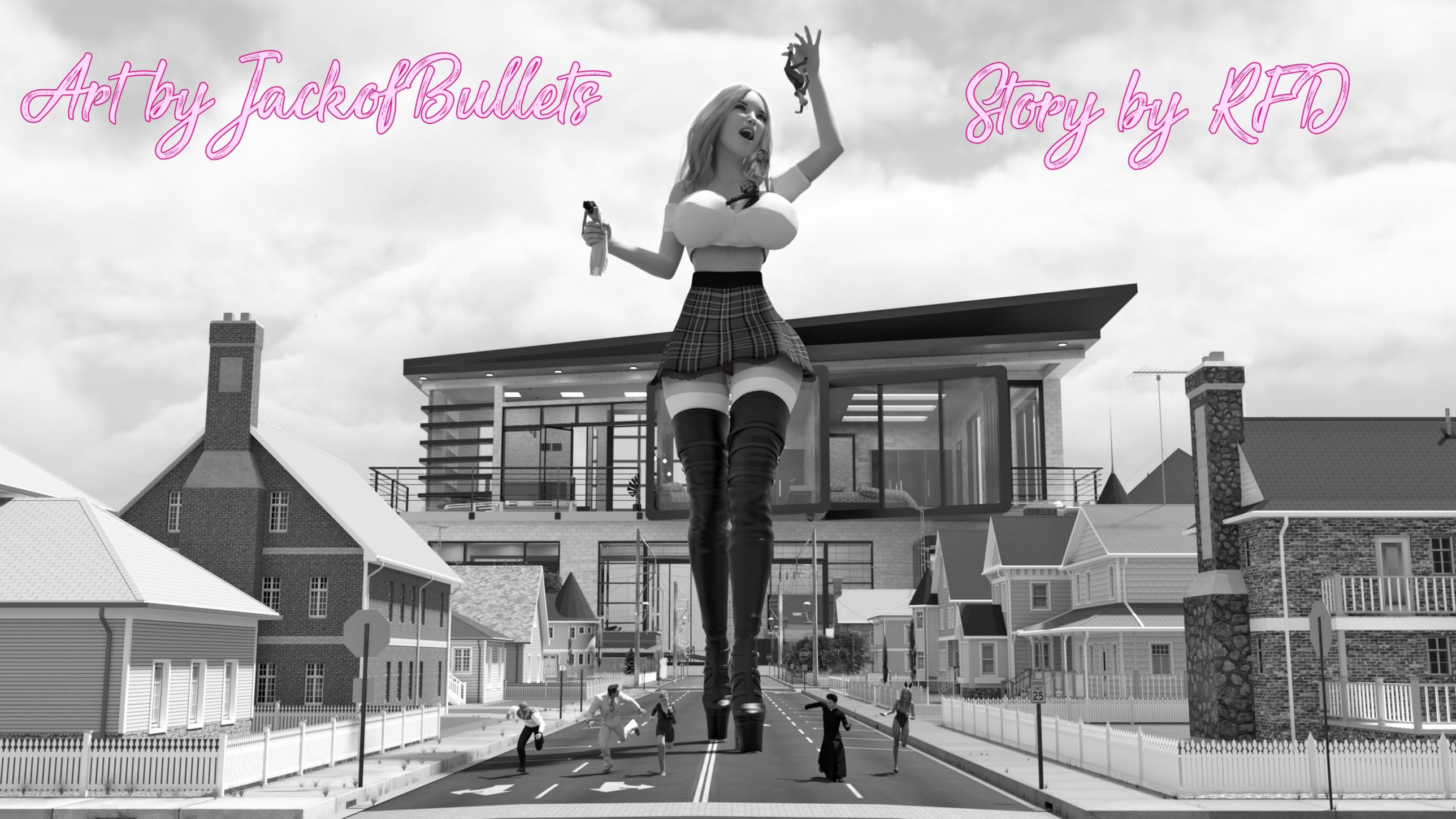
She's not as nice
as she looks.
Emily
STOP
SPEED LIMIT
25


Art by JackofBullets
Story by RFD
STOP
SPEED LIMIT 25

It was a beautiful summer morning, yet a vague sense of strangeness came across Ernest as he drove down the narrow country road in his delivery truck. It wasn't the road itself that bothered him; he'd been down countless roads that were far worse over his years of driving. It was the emptiness that was odd. He'd been driving down that same road since before the sun came up, and yet he hadn't seen a single car. It was a road that he'd never traveled down before, nor had he seen it on any map, and the route that he took to get on that road was truly byzantine. His phone's GPS had lost its signal hours ago, but he had followed all the signs, and so he dutifully plodded on in his delivery truck.

He'd driven all this way for a single package. It was a small cardboard box, and on the top was a hand-written label that read:

"To Emily."

It was rare for Ernest to drive so far for a single package. Drives to remote areas weren't usually profitable, and so they'd pawn those packages off on the post office. In this case, though, there had been an extra payment, one that was more than ten times the usual amount.

The extra payment came with some special stipulations. The gift was to be delivered no later than 7 AM. He wasn't given an address; he didn't even know the name of the town he was driving to. Instead, he was given written directions on where to turn, which heavily relied on vaguely-worded landmark descriptions. It was a strange request, but Ernest wasn't going to turn it down considering what they were paying him, and it wasn't the first time he'd taken a strange request for a little extra money. He liked working for a smaller company in part because his boss would give him the leeway to take delivery jobs that were out of the ordinary, especially when it was for a wealthy client.

In his experience, wealthy clients didn't always tip well… Or at all, for that matter. But a handful had been so generous with him that he could have taken days off work, if Ernest wasn't the type of man who grew shiftless when he wasn't working. He had a suspicion that this client would be similarly wealthy, and not just because of the special payment. There was something else.

Instead of a numbered street address, the final direction just said:

"It's the big place."

Finally, Ernest breathed a sigh of relief when he saw a sign that signaled he was about to arrive at the town. He did a double-take, though, when he read it aloud.

"Emily's-Town?" he repeated to himself. He slowed down to read the sign again, and surely enough he hadn't been mistaken. He figured it was some kind of printing error. The place must be called Emily-Town, not Emily's Town. Emily's Town made it sound as if the town was owned by someone named Emily… and how could someone own a town? Ernest didn't want to waste too much time contemplating it when he had other deliveries to make, so he sped back up and drove into the tunnel.

When Ernest exited the tunnel, the weather suddenly felt different. Of course, it made sense that the mountain range might retain clouds on one side, but the suddenness of the shift still caught him off-guard, especially considering he hadn't noticed clouds on the horizon before.

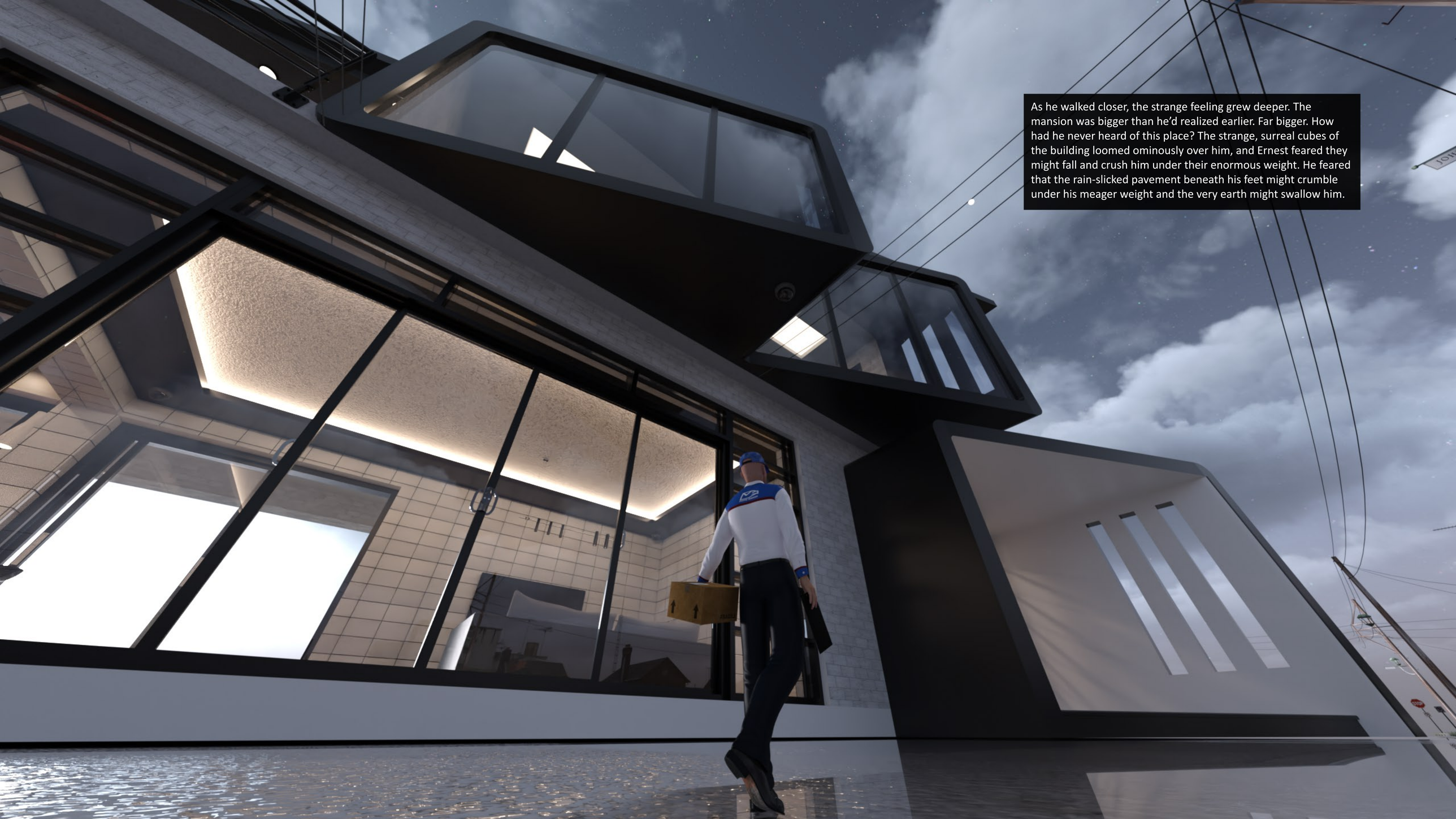
Ernest hoped that the town might feel more welcoming, but it was just as desolate as the road had been. He didn't see a single person or car as he drove down the road. It was a ghost town, and he began to second-guess not only if he would find the address he was supposed to deliver the package to, but whether he was supposed to be in the town in the first place. But just as he was beginning to consider turning back, he looked and saw it.

POSTAL SERVICES
"The big place," Ernest said aloud to himself, and he turned towards the gigantic mansion at the end of the street.

The mansion certainly lived up to the description, but to such a degree that he wondered if his eyes were fooling him. It was a mansion that so thoroughly dwarfed all the surrounding houses that they looked fit for dolls. As Ernest neared it, though, he noticed something even stranger. The enormous windows, each of which was taller than a normal two-story house, were open, without any blinds or curtains to obscure what was inside. And if Ernest didn't know better, he would have thought that the furniture looked like it was built for giants.

Rich people sure do like to build some weird stuff," he said to himself. He found himself scanning the windows for giants, before chuckling to himself at what a silly idea that was.

Ernest's laughter quickly dissipated as he hopped out of the car. As if the mansion wasn't enough, the overcast skies and howling wind only served to remind Ernest of his relative smallness. There was a strange atmosphere to this place, like something out of a dream. The kind where you visit some half-remembered place you once knew, a place that was once familiar, now dark and foreboding.


As he walked closer, the strange feeling grew deeper. The mansion was bigger than he’d realized earlier. Far bigger. How had he never heard of this place? The strange, surreal cubes of the building loomed ominously over him, and Ernest feared they might fall and crush him under their enormous weight. He feared that the rain-slicked pavement beneath his feet might crumble under his meager weight and the very earth might swallow him.

Ernest reassured himself that these notions were ridiculous, and he walked to the door. As he neared the door, though, his heart sunk. It wasn't simply the enormity of the door that confounded him. It was that there was no smaller door nearby. He'd reassured himself that the giant accoutrements were just for show, the playthings of some bored billionaire. But he didn't see any other way in, nor was there any apparent mechanism that would allow the door to open on its own. Nor was there anything resembling a doorbell. Still, he had a job to do, and he called out for the owner. "Hello, is anyone there? Emily?"

He waited for a moment, then a moment later. He was thinking about leaving the package on the doorstep, unsigned, when he heard the sound of distant heels clacking. He knew who it was.

Emily.

The heels grew louder, and yet there was no sight of her through the windows. The sound grew louder, and louder, and as she neared he began to feel the ground shaking slightly with each step. That's when he finally saw the boots striding into view. And what boots they were, strapped with black leather and tall platforms that, he realized to his terror, were as high as he was tall.

She walked fast, faster than an olympic runner at a full sprint. Before Ernest could even think to run away she had already opened the door.
“Hello? Is someone there?” her voice asked. Her voice was the pitch of a young woman’s, but so loud that it shook the ground and reverberated through his very being.
Ernest watched as the front of the boot extended just past the door. His eye followed it upward, up her towering boot-clad legs that seemed to go on forever, and then snow white stockings. Her plaid skirt clung tight to her thick, womanly hips. Her midriff-baring top barely contained her titanic breasts, each of which must have weighed more than Ernest did.

Emily turned and looked down at Ernest, with a mix of disgust and bemusement, as if the delivery man was an especially strange-looking bug.

“What do you want?” Emily asked him. “You don’t live in my town. What are you doing at my house?”

Ernest couldn’t get a single word out. It was so overwhelming to have such a towering figure look down at him, with eyes that were each as big as his head. He couldn’t hold her gaze, and so his eyes went lower as he fumbled for her words. “I’m here... I have a...” As he tried to think of that p-word, another one came to mind. His eyes darted momentarily to Emily’s crotch, and he became extremely aware that she wasn’t wearing panties. And as he stared at the lips of her closely-shaved pussy, which glistened like morning dew, the word finally came to him.

“Pus-uhh, package!” Ernest exclaimed, barely catching himself before he said the wrong p-word. “I have a p-package for you!” He knelt down to set the package down, and he glanced at the box to make sure that it was right-side up. But he heard the loud, deep click-clack of the heels again, and felt the earth shaking once more. He looked up and saw Emily striding towards him, nearly as quick as before.

At first he thought she was walking towards the package, and so he quickly got away from it. But as he ran, Emily's trajectory changed, and her heavy heels turned towards him. It only took two quick steps for her, and she was already upon him.

“Did you really think I wouldn’t notice you looking at my crotch, pervert?” Emily asked.

Ernest turned back just in time to see Emily lift her heel up into the air. To his horror, he realized that the boot’s sole, which was made of an industrial-looking steel material, was covered in what looked like gallons of blood and viscera, from what he could only imagine were other unfortunate delivery men.

Ernest covered his face in fear, and prepared for the heel to come down on him. He thought he was going to die that instant, but to his faint relief, she held the heel above him, as if she was waiting for a response. There was nowhere for Ernest to hide, and it was clear that he couldn’t outrun her. That meant his options were to try and reason with her, or beg, and he was in no state to do the first one.

“I-I’m just a delivery man, I had a package for--”

But before he could say another word, the heel came down on him.

For the second time in less than a minute, Ernest thought he was going to be imminently crushed, only to look up and see that his fate had been averted… or at least delayed. Her boot hovered just inches above his face, filling his field of vision with its blood-encrusted sole. He had to lean over just to look up and see Emily's face.
"P-please!" Ernest pleaded. "I-I'm sorry, I didn't mean to look--"
"So you admit it?" Emily asked.
"No!" Ernest shouted. "I mean, yes, but--"

Emily’s heel slammed down on the ground, narrowly-missing Ernest’s crotch. Before he could breathe a sigh of relief, though, the metal sole slammed down on Ernest’s face, instantly breaking his jaw. What hurt Ernest almost as much as the pain, was the realization that Emily was barely even applying any force. She was trying to be gentle with him, and he didn’t know how much longer that would last for.

“Everyone in this town is supposed to make sure I’m happy all the time,” Emily said. “And they always do make me happy, one way… or another!” With that, Emily pressed down on her toes. The pressure instantly flattened Ernest, pushing through his body as easily as if he was made of warm butter.

“God I love these boots!” Emily exclaimed, as she turned her shoe, revealing the mess she’d left on the pavement. She didn’t bother taking the package before she walked inside. She knew one of her servants would take it inside and put it with all the others… and no one in her town would even dream of stealing from her.

Madison’s first acting job was not going like she’d hoped. “What do you mean I’m the only actress?!” Madison exclaimed. “You didn’t tell me this was going to be a one-woman show! I don’t know what I’m doing, I haven’t even seen a script yet!””
“Yeah, about that..” Duncan said, “There were supposed to be other actors, they just… didn’t show. But I wouldn’t worry too much about not having a script. You look the part, that’s a good start. Just act like Emily and you’ll be fine!”
“Act like Emily? Aside from her name, the only thing I know about her is that she apparently dresses like an anime character!”

“You’re not from around here, are you?” Duncan asked.
“No I’m not from this backwater town!” Madison said. “I’d never even heard of this place before I took the job. I’m only in this flyover state in the first place because the acting college had cheap tuition. Now will you please tell me about the person I’m supposed to be playing in a few minutes?”
“Emily’s a very... big figure around here,” Duncan said in a hushed tone. “She’s the daughter of the richest man in the county, and she tends to get what she wants. Make sure to play her as someone who’s always nice, always friendly. Flatter her a little, she likes that. She… isn’t very fond of criticism.”
“Let me guess, she’s actually not very nice in real life?” Madison asked.
“Be very careful what you say around here,” Duncan said. “She’s a very kind young woman, very generous… Hell, she bought my house for me as a gift. But she’s not the forgiving type, and you really, really don’t want to make her upset. You hear me?”

In the seats behind them, the only two audience members waited nervously. “This is going to be a total disaster!” Carrie said, tugging impatiently at the frills of her yellow dress. “All but one of the actors are no-shows, and the lead actress doesn’t even know who Emily is. She’s gonna freak out when she sees that the VIP is twenty feet tall!”

“She’s over thirty feet tall now,” Taylor whispered. “Not that you heard it from me, of course... You know how self-conscious she can be about her size. Now will you please stop worrying so much? Madison is coming with the dancers, and Emily is going to love the show no matter what happens, because we’re her best friends and we’re going to tell her how awesome everything is! Got it?”

“Of course,” Carrie said, “I’m sure whatever happens It’ll be--”

But Carrie was interrupted by a loud booming sound that echoed down the hallway. The sound of Emily’s heels.

The booming sound continued, one after another, each just a little louder than the last. “What the hell is that sound?” Madison asked.
Duncan wasn’t quite sure how to explain. “That, umm… That’s Emily.”
“What do you mean that’s Emily?” Madison asked. “What is she, an elephant or something?”

The booming footsteps were getting closer. “Oh god, oh god, she’s coming!” Carrie said.
“Act cool, Carrie,” Taylor cautioned. “She doesn’t like it when people act scared of her. Remember, we like being around her. We’re her friends. Her best friends.”
“Who are you trying to convince, me or you?!” Carrie said. “We’ve only been her ‘best friends’ for a week, and that’s because she stomped on her last ‘best friends!’”
“And if you act cool, maybe we’ll get to stay her best friends for another week,” Taylor said. “Now shut up, she’s here!”

An enormous blonde face stared up into the theater. “Hey guys!” Emily said. “You didn’t start the show without me, did you?”
“Of course not,” Taylor said with her best fake smile, “it wouldn’t be much of a show without Emily! And it’s pretty cool that they built a special standing room area for you to watch!”

“Yeah, but I’d rather sit up here, with my best friends!” Emily said.
“I don’t know if you’ll fit,” Carrie said. Aren’t you too, uhh…”
“Too *what*?” Emily shot back. “I can fit just fine!” She climbed up onto the platform, shaking the building with her every movement.

Madison couldn't help but stare at Emily as she walked by. She could barely believe this was actually happening. The towering blonde girl was so huge that she could barely fit in the auditorium. She had to bend far over just to walk, revealing her enormous ass, which was barely covered by her skirt… and, if Madison wasn't mistaken, she wasn't even wearing any underwear.

Emily, seemingly sensing that Madison was staring at her, turned back and glared at the actress. "What are you looking at?" Taylor asked. "Have you never seen a twenty-foot tall girl before?"

Madison grasped for something to say. "No, I… I-I was just stunned by your beauty!" she stammered.

"I hope so," Emily said. "For your sake."

Emily walked over to Carrie and Taylor. Each footstep sent shockwaves through the building. Carrie darted back, fearing that the whole place might fall down around her.
“It’s really great that you could come up here and sit next to us!” Taylor said. “Do you want to sit on the floor in front of us? I’m sure we can see over you just fine!”

“Sit on the floor?” Emily asked. “What, do you not think that I’ll fit in the seats or something? Are you saying my butt is too big to fit on these big auditorium seats?”
“Umm, no, of course not,” Taylor stammered. “I’m sure you’ll fit perfectly fine!”

“Of course I’ll fit!” Emily said angrily. Then, without any warning, she started to sit down. Carrie looked up in terror, and watched as Emily’s wide ass dropped down, bringing four tons of weight with it.

Carrie moved out of the way at the last second. If she'd been any later, Taylor's ass surely would have flattened her. Catching her breath, Carrie looked back in horror at the butt that had almost ended her. "Oh god," she muttered, "it almost got me…"
"What's wrong?" Emily asked with an insecure smile. "You're not scared of my dainty little behind, are you?"

"Of course not!" Carrie exclaimed. "It's just that, well… you are almost forty--err, twenty feet tall, so maybe it would be good if you could look before you sit down!"
"What's that supposed to mean?" Emily asked. "Are you saying that you think I have a big, fat butt?"
"N-no, of course not," Carrie stammered. "It's, umm, not that big for someone your size!"
"Not *that* big?" Emily repeated. "For someone *my size*? You're saying I'm a big ugly giant with a big fat butt, aren't you?! Well if it's so big and fat and heavy, maybe I should flatten you under it!"

“She doesn’t mean it!” Taylor shouted.

Emily turned back towards her and skeptically side-eyed her. “Oh yeah?” Emily asked. “Then what exactly does she mean by that?”

Taylor tried to think of an excuse. “She’s just, uhh… ribbing you!”

“Ribbing me? You mean she’s making fun of me? She’s mocking me?”

“No!” Taylor shouted. “I mean, umm… kind of, yes, but that’s just something friends do!”

“Hmm, okay,” Taylor said, after thinking it over for a minute. “Ribbing… so friends make fun of each other sometimes?”

“Yes,” Taylor said, “and that’s how you know they’re friends!”

“Huh. None of my friends have ever ‘ribbed’ me before. Why don’t you ever rib me?” Emily asked.

“I do!” Taylor said. “Remember the other day when I said that you’re almost too petite and beautiful?”

“Oh, that’s ribbing?” Emily asked. “I like ribbing, then. You’ll have to rib me more!”

Taylor quickly became aware of what a landmine that request was. “I, umm, will, later,” Taylor said. “But there’s a show to watch now! I said there’s a show to watch now!”

"Oh, umm, yeah," Madison said nervously. "the show." She quickly got into position and started stomping around. "I'm Emily, and..."

"And you're very dainty! And petite!" Duncan corrected her. "You always walk with such a light touch, you never stomp around!"

"Of course," Madison said.

“Everyone in Emily-Ville loves me because of how nice and generous I am!” Madison said.
“Emily’s-Town,” Duncan corrected.
“Right, that! And I’m so petite and pretty, I’m only twenty feet tall and I have a tiny butt just like the real Emily…”

“And your beauty is so stunning,” Duncan said. He got down on his knees and pretended to be blinded. “It’s almost overwhelming!”
“Yes, I get that a lot!” Madison said.

She's just like you… except for your ass, of course," Carrie joked.
"Are you saying I have a big butt?" Emily asked. "You're ribbing me, aren't you!"
"Of course, isn't that what friends do? I mean, how could I not crack a joke about that huge crack of yours?"
Emily's eyes narrowed. "I don't think I like ribbing," Emily said. "I don't think I like you. If you think my butt is so big, I might as well put you in it!"

Emily reached out for Carrie with her big, powerful hand.
“No, wait!” Carrie pleaded. “I was just ribbing you! That’s what best friends do, right?”

Emily easily snatched up Carrie, and held the tiny, squirming woman in front of her naked crotch. “Best friends don’t make their friends feel bad,” Emily said with barely-restrained fury. “Best friends don’t say their friend’s butts are fat and gross and big. You were a bad friend, and now I’m going to stick your stupid face up my butt!”
“Please Emily, don’t!” Carrie pleaded. “I’m sorry, I didn’t mean it! Don’t put me in there, I could suffocate!”
“Well that sounds like your problem!” Emily said with a cruel laugh.

"Oh god, no, please don't!" Carrie begged. But Emily ignored her friend's pleas, as she slipped Emily's head into her pucking asshole.

"You don't have to do that," Taylor said. I'm sure there's another way she can make it up to you!"

Emily’s mind was already made up. She shoved Carrie deeper into her ass, until only a tiny foot stuck out of it, clad in a yellow cuban shoe. Emily shoved her in deeper still, and the last of her disappeared entirely.

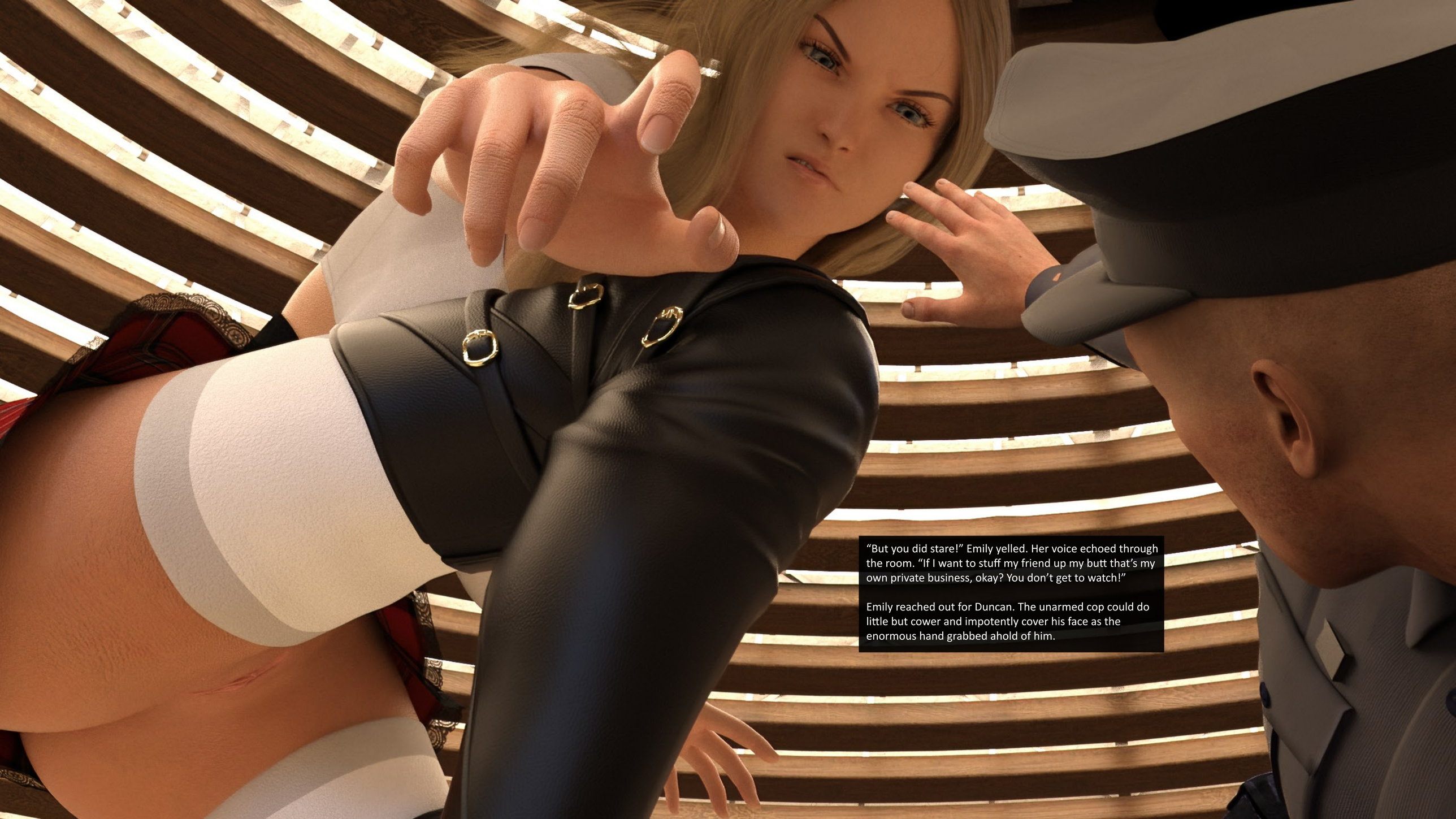
Taylor watched in horror as the last of Carrie's foot disappeared up Emily's ass. The brunette suddenly realized that she could be next.
"That's a really funny prank," Taylor said awkwardly, "but you're going to let her out soon, right?"

“Let who out? Emily asked. “Oh, you mean what’s her face? I already forgot her name. She wasn’t a very good friend. I like the way she squirms, though. It tickles.”
“But… if you leave her in there,” Taylor said, “she could suffocate!”
“Why should I care if she does?” Emily asked. “I can feel her squirming around in there, it feels so nice… That’s what’s so great about making friends. Even if they’re bad friends, one way or another, they always make me feel good in the end! Now what are you waiting for, get on with the show!”

But all Madison and Duncan could do is stare in horror. Duncan had seen Emily dispatch people before, but never quite like that. Madison, meanwhile, was in utter disbelief. Paralyzed by fear, she stared silently at Emily's butt, imagining how horrible it must be for the woman struggling inside.

“What the hell do you think you’re looking at?” Emily asked angrily. “You were looking at my butt, weren’t you?”
Madison fumbled for words. “N-no, of course not.”
“I wasn’t asking you,” Emily said, and Madison realized that Emily was staring not at her, but at Duncan.
“I’m sorry,” Duncan said. “It’s just that--”
POLICE

"I knew you were some kind of perv!" Emily shouted. She took a step forward and kneeled down. Even on her knees, she easily towered over the performers on the stage.
"I'm sorry," Duncan pleaded, "it's just that you were putting your friend up there. I didn't mean to stare!"


“But you did stare!” Emily yelled. Her voice echoed through the room. “If I want to stuff my friend up my butt that’s my own private business, okay? You don’t get to watch!”
Emily reached out for Duncan. The unarmed cop could do little but cower and impotently cover his face as the enormous hand grabbed ahold of him.

Madison screamed as Emily grabbed onto Duncan, squeezing his leg so tight that his knee joint popped from the pressure.

“Looks like the play is having an intermission. You know what sounds good for a snack?” Emily asked.
“N-no, what?” Duncan replied.
“Bacon!” Emily said with a cruel laugh. She stuck her tongue out playfully.

"N-no, you can't eat me!"
"Yes I can!" Emily said, thrashing her tongue from side to side.
"But what about everything I've done for you? The runners me and my guys rounded up for you?"
"That's nice, but I'm still gonna eat ya'!" Emily said with a playful grin.
"But... but... I'm too big for you to eat! If you try to swallow me, you could choke!"

“Hmm,” Emily said, “I am pretty small and dainty… but I’m sure I’ll find a way!” She lowered him down. Duncan’s hat had been attached to his head firmly enough to stay attached even though he was wriggling around upside down, but the tip of Emily’s tongue easily knocked it off. “You’re bald?! Gross!” Emily teased. “No wonder you always keep that stupid hat on!”

Emily shoved Duncan’s body into her mouth, but his warning was right: he was too big to swallow. Emily was no stranger to eating people, but she preferred to snack on petite women, the kind that were easier to swallow whole. Duncan didn’t have such a delicate frame, and he was way more of a mouthful, but Emily didn’t want to embarrass herself by admitting she couldn’t do it. She thought of another way.

Emily bit down as hard as she could. Her jaw was hundreds of times more powerful than every muscle in Duncan's body combined, and her sharp teeth quickly shredded through Duncan's midsection. With an effortless motion she yanked his legs away, tearing Duncan in half.

At exactly that moment, Lindsay walked through the doorway, and she instantly knew that she picked a bad time to walk in. “Oh god, should we go?” the platinum blonde showgirl asked. “It looks like Emily’s in a bad mood…”
She was a local, so she wasn’t entirely surprised by Emily’s sudden outburst of violence, but it was shocking nonetheless.
“Maybe we should go now,” Lindsay said. “I don’t think she’s seen us yet--”

Just then, Emily turned and looked at Lindsay. Her mouth was too full to speak, but in a single motion she tossed the cop's lower body away and waved to Lindsay and the showgirls.

Lindsay waved at Emily, before turning and glancing back at the showgirls. "Okay, we're doing this," Lindsay said with a grimace. "You know the drill, put on a good show and you might make it out of this alive!"

“Hi Emily, it’s so good to see you!” Lindsay said with a forced smile. She hadn’t survived over a year of being Emily’s friend by being genuine. The two blondes anxiously rushed down the stairs as fast as their heels could carry them.

Emily stood up to wave to her friend. Even in the center of the domed auditorium, her head touched the ceiling. She finally gulped down what was left of the cop, and smiled toothily at her diminutive friend. “Hey Lindsay,” she said, “I was worried you weren’t going to show up!”
“Of course I showed up,” Lindsay said with a sickly-sweet smile. “How could I possibly miss my best friend’s party?”

While the two dancers went on the stage, and tried to console Madison, Lindsay chatted with Emily. “These are the best dancers in town,” Lindsay said. “And they’re both very clean, just in case, you know…”

Lindsay eagerly walked over to her friend on the auditorium seats. “Hey Taylor, how are you doing?”
Taylor sighed. “Well, I’m still alive. I guess that’s something…”
The smile quickly left Lindsay’s face. “Oh god,” Lindsay said, “what happened to whatsherface, Carrie…”
“She said that Emily had a big butt.”

Lindsay rolled her eyes. “What was she thinking? And let me guess, Emily shoved Carrie up her ass.”
“Yeah,” Taylor said, “how’d you… she’s done that before, hasn’t she?”
“A couple of times,” Lindsay said. “Well, a couple that I know of, anyway.”
“Did she… Did she let any of them out?” Taylor asked.
Lindsay sighed. “Let me put it this way… there’s only one way Emily will let her out, and it’s not pretty.” Lindsay wanted to put her mind on more pleasant matters, so she turned and looked over at the girls on the stage. “Come on,” Lindsay said, “let’s start the show!”

Madison hurried off the stage. The blonde showgirls started dancing, thrusting their hips to the side in an impressively synchronized routine. They tried their best to focus on their dance moves, and ignore the enormous woman who was staring hungrily down at them.

“Oh my god, you two are so cute!” Emily shouted excitedly. “I could just eat you both up!”

“Uhh, yeah, haha,” the platinum blonde chuckled nervously. She made sure not to look up at Emily as she continued with her dance routine, but somehow she could feel that Emily’s gaze was intensely focused on her.

Emily sat down and stared hungrily at the dancers. She said nothing, but her stomach's loud rumbling told the dancers everything they needed to know and more.

Madison, doing her best to hide behind the side of the stage, tried and failed to steady her breathing. She'd been around Emily for less than an hour, but even she knew what was coming.

“Oh god,” Madison muttered to herself, “she’s gonna eat them! God, I hope she doesn’t eat me too!”

Emily was too impatient to wait for the show to end. “Okay, dance time’s up,” Emily said, “now it’s snack time!” She reached out hungrily towards the showgirls, grabbing one of them in each of her eager hands.

The showgirls could do little but flail in her grip. Both of them had seen Emily eat before, but that didn't make it any easier to accept the horrifying reality. The platinum blonde didn't even try to fight her way out of Emily's grip. She could feel the strength of Emily's hands, and she knew she had no hope of escaping that way. The only way she would survive is if she could change Emily's mind.

“Please, don’t eat me!” The platinum blonde pleaded. “I don’t want to--”
“Oh, shut up,” Emily said. “Food doesn’t talk! Although… Maybe this food has a point. I have been trying to stay on a diet, and I just ate someone big… Plus, you’re kind of fat yourself…”
“Hey! I mean, I am, I’m really fat!” the platinum blonde eagerly agreed. “If you eat me, I’ll go straight to your ass!”

“You’re right,” Emily said, “And I know I shouldn’t… but I’m really hungry!” Without another word, Emily lifted the woman to her greedy lips and opened her mouth wide. The showgirl stared in horror at the cavernous, glistening maw that was Emily’s mouth, the last thing she was likely to ever see.

Overcome with terror, the showgirl finally squirmed and struggled madly in a desperate attempt to get loose, but Emily's grip was far too strong. All she could do was impotently wriggle as Emily inserted the showgirl's face into her huge, waiting mouth. Warm droplets of spittle fell onto her face, and she could feel Emily's hot, damp breath, which still tasted like the giant girl's last meal.

Emily was nothing if not impatient. After briefly teasing the showgirl, she threw her head back and tossed her in. Emily's mouth was more malleable than a normal person's, and the woman slid easily down her wet, hungry throat. The showgirl's legs kicked wildly before they finally disappeared between Emily's lips.

The woman kicked around in Emily's mouth for a moment before Emily finally gulped her down, the latest in a long line of women to be devoured by the beautiful but terrifying giantess. The other showgirl cried out in terror, horrified at the thought of meeting a similar fate, but her screams only attracted Emily's attention sooner.

“Should I have one more?” Emily mused aloud. “I’ve already eaten too much today, but I’m still really hungry…”
The surviving showgirl wanted to convince Emily not to eat her, but the woman’s terror had made her incoherent. All she could get out were a series of guttural screams.

Lindsay grimaced as Emily slipped the other showgirl's feet into her cavernous mouth. "You'd think that after seeing her eat a few hundred people, it would get easier," Lindsay said, "but it never does."

"I try not to watch," Taylor said.

"That only makes it harder for me," Lindsay said. "The screams are the worst part. Imaging just makes it worse."

Emily, on the other hand, usually found her food's terrified screams amusing. People made such funny sounds when you were eating them, and sometimes, when she wasn't too hungry, Emily would drag things out just a bit to savor their reaction.

This wasn't one of those times. Emily's hunger was stronger than her cruelty at the time, so after waiting just a short moment she slurped the second showgirl down. The woman's face disappeared between Emily's lips, and with a gulp, the second woman disappeared down her throat, plunging down that wet chute towards Emily's hungry stomach.

“Mmm, I needed that,” Emily said with relief as she grabbed her chest. “I hope they go to my boobs, and not my stupid butt! Now where’d that actress go?”

Madison tried to sit as still as she could in the hopes that Emily might not see her, but her plan didn't work. "There you are!" Emily called out, and the titanic blonde leaned forward and reached out towards her.

Madison was frozen in terror, and before she could move a muscle Emily's powerful fingers had already grabbed ahold of her. Madison had seen three other people get eaten over the last hour, but as terrifying as it had been to see someone else get eaten, having it happen to her was indescribably worse. She let out a high-pitched scream that echoed around the auditorium.

“Oh my god, shut up,” Emily said with a laugh, as she lifted the actress closer to her face. “Calm down, I’m not going to eat you.”

“Wait, really?You’re telling the truth?” Madison said, looking up at Emily through tear-streaked eyes. “You’re really not going to eat me?”
“Well, not for now, anyway,” Emily said. “I feel pretty full after eating that last rabbit girl, I don’t think I could swallow you now if I tried. But… There was something else. See, even if I’m not hungry for a meal, I could use a little desert right now.”
“Dessert?” Madison repeated, not sure what Emily meant.

“I like the costume,” Emily said, “but let’s see how accurate this skirt is!” Emily tilted up Madison to get a better look up her skirt, and was pleased to see that the actress, like herself, wasn’t wearing any panties. “Oh, good, looks like it’s easy access!”

“Do you mind if I just get a little taste?” Emily asked, sticking out her tongue and wagging it at Madison’s crotch.
“A taste?” Madison asked. “N-no, go ahead…”
“Then hurry up and spread your legs,” Emily said, “unless you want me to spread them for you.” Madison wasn’t about to make Emily ask twice.

Madison was hesitant, but the second Emily's tongue lapped against her pussy she felt a wave of pleasure. She didn't know what to think about being pleasured by the same tongue that had just helped to swallow down three other people, but there was no denying how incredible it felt.

“You taste almost as good as I do,” Emily said with a smirk. Her gaze was fixed on Madison. She was so distracted by the actress that, as she leaned back, she completely forgot about her two friends who were sitting behind her.

“Wait, Emily, stop!” Lindsay pleaded, “we’re behind you!” But it was too late. Emily had already thrown all four tons of her weight back, and there was no stopping her at that point.

Lindsay watched in terror as Emily's enormous ass came down towards her. She tried to scramble out of the way, but Emily's heavy ass-flesh was coming down at her with incredible speed. Emily's friend screamed out at the top of her lungs, but her scream was quickly silenced.

Emily heard a familiar crunching noise. “Huh? Oh shit,” Emily said. She looked down and saw a blood splatter under her right butt cheek, along with the tattered remnants of a familiar red dress. “Oh no, did I sit on Taylor?” Emily asked herself aloud. “Oh god, she’s all mashed up under there. That’s horrible! She’s definitely going to stain my skirt now!” Emily said with tears in her eyes.”

Lindsay fared marginally better than her friend. “You’re… on me…” Lindsay said, fighting to get out every word. “Can’t… breathe…” The brunt of Emily’s fall landed on her other butt cheek, but even if most of the impact missed Lindsay, she still had a couple tons of ass fat slowly crushing her legs and stomach.

“Lindsay?” Emily said. “Are you okay?”
“She might survive if you get off of her!” Madison blurted out, surprised by her own outburst.

To Madison’s relief, Emily didn’t seem to get mad at her for talking out of turn. The giant blonde got up, turning back to see what happened to her friend. “Oh god, Madison, your legs!” Emily said. “You can still walk, right?” But Emily’s attention quickly turned to an even more important matter.

Emily turned back and saw what was left of Taylor. The woman's bloody remains were encrusted on the back of her skirt. "Eww, gross," Emily said, "she made an even bigger mess than I thought! That's definitely going to leave a stain! "She should have watched herself! Now she ruined my best skirt!"

Emily looked back down at Madison. “Come on, get up, you can do it!” Emily said.
“I... I don’t think I can,” Lindsay replied. She shambled pathetically along the floor. “You broke something… But I might be able to heal… eventually…”

Emily rolled her eyes. “You seriously expect that I’m going to put up with having a crippled best friend? What, and like carry you around all the time? As-if!”

Emily raised her heel above Lindsay. “No, please, don’t!” Emily said, and she crawled away as fast as she could.

"Please," Lindsay pleaded, "we've been best friends for years! Don't do this, don't--"
While Lindsay tried to crawl away, Emily lowered her massive heel down on Lindsay's back.
"You used to be cool, Lindsay," Emily said. "Now I sit on you one time, and you can't even walk anymore? That's, like, super lame I don't need you anymore. I've got a new friend now, and she's cooler than you ever were!"

“I’m your… I’m your friend now?” Madison said, still processing everything that had happened.
“That’s right!” Emily said. “And now we’re going to go out and try to figure out where everyone is!”

As she walked out, Emily took another step, right on top of her former friend. She twisted her heel one last time, permanently ending her friendship with Lindsay.

It was a good day for Carl. The sun was out, and his convertible's stereo was blaring his favorite Queen tape.

"Welp, let's get this show on the road!" Carl said as he glanced back at his wife. "The mountains are calling our name! You ready for a day trip, Bettie?"

"You bet I am!" Bettie said excitedly. "Come on, Trevor, pile in!"

But Trevor, their college-aged son, wasn't so sure about the idea. "I thought we weren't allowed to leave the town!" Trevor said.

"And usually you'd be right, but sometimes you have to make exceptions!" Carl said. "I'm on good terms with Duncan, he said he'd tell his guys to look the other way just this once."

"But what if Emily sees us?" Trevor asked.

"She's at that play of hers," Carl said, "and what she doesn't know won't hurt her!"

"But... can't she read see everything? And read our minds?"

Carl laughed. "You shouldn't believe everything they taught you in school, Trevor."

Carl's ease was shaken by a familiar feeling. The ground shook subtly beneath his feet, in the same pattern that always preceded Emily's appearance. "Okay, you know the drill, act cool guys," Carl said, as he watched Emily's towering boots stride around the corner.

Emily’s gaze locked on them. “Why weren’t you guys at my show?” Emily asked. “Are you trying to avoid me or something? And what’s with the car? You weren’t trying to sneak out of town, were you?”
“Carl, say something!” Bettie whispered to her husband.

Carl fumbled for words. “Uhh, uhh, we were just on our way over there!” Carl said. “We wanted to go see you, we just overslept!”

Emily didn’t say another word. She let her boots do the talking instead. It only took two small steps for her to walk into Carl’s yard. Trevor, who had never seen Emily so close-up before, was especially stunned by how big she was.

What truly terrified Trevor, though, was seeing the sole of Emily's boots. The otherwise fancy, preppy boots had a brutal-looking industrial sole, and were coated with what he quickly realized were the remains of other people she'd stepped on before.

Emily took another step. To Carl and Bettie's horror, her foot landed on top of Trevor.
"Oh god," he screamed, "please forgive me! I'm sorry about all those fantasies I had, I didn't believe that you could--"
But then Emily's foot came down.

As soon as Emily put her full weight on Trevor, it was over. He was instantly flattened under more than four tons of body mass. Every bone splintered, and a careless twist of her heel reduced those to gristle. Emily scarcely seemed to notice, though, as she squatted down next to the horrified couple.

“Oh god, Trevor! You killed our Trevor!” Bettie called out in agony. They had spent two decades raising him, and in a single second he was reduced to gristle by Emily’s unyielding heel.

“Huh?” Emily asked, before looking back and trying to figure out what they were talking about. “Oh, that. Yeah, he’s squished pretty good, but don’t worry, that’s why I wear these boots. Sprays right off. Anyway, I was wondering where everyone went, since practically no one seems to be around! Now are you going to tell me where everyone is, or am I going to have to step on your wife too?”

“No, please, I’ll talk!” Carl pleaded. “All I know is that Lance and Stacey are having their wedding at the old church on the hill!”

“They didn’t even invite me?” Emily asked. “How rude! I’ll have to stop by and pay them a visit!”

Emily turned and walked away, shaking the ground with every step. Bettie threw herself into her husband's arms and sobbed on his shoulder. Carl held her, but kept his eye on Emily to make sure she didn't come back. Even given the circumstances, and the horrible emptiness he felt, he couldn't help but sneak a quick look at her juicy behind.
STOP

It was a beautiful day at the old cathedral. Lance stood at the altar, which was at the end of the red carpet by an old gazebo. Even though they rented out the cathedral, they preferred to have the ceremony outside. After all, it was sunny, and that way Lance could get in a little tanning.

“Stacey, do you take this man to be your husband, to have and to hold, for richer and for poorer?” the minister asked.

“Of course I do, dummy,” Stacey said, “why else would I be here?”

“And Lance, do you take this woman to be your wife?
In sickness and in health, to have and to hold?”

"This hottie?" Lance said with a laugh. "Yeah, of course I do, she's got the best tits in town. So, do we get to make out now, or what?"
"..Yes, you may kiss the bride," the minister said with a heavy sigh.

“Oh god, it’s her!” Lance said.
“What, your ex?” Stacey said.
“No, *her*!”

Emily sauntered over and plopped her ass down on the church roof, which miraculously managed to support her weight. “Hey guys!” Emily said. “Beautiful wedding, I love the venue!”
“Umm, thank you,” Lance said nervously. “It’s so good to see you here!”

“Is it really?” Emily said. She sat up and shrugged her shoulders.
“O-of course,” Lance said, “it’s always good to see your smiling face!”
“Aww, thanks,” Emily said, “but I kind of wish you didn’t schedule it during my party, and… I didn’t even get an invitation!”

"You didn't?" Stacey asked. "It must have gotten lost in the mail or something!"
"Yeah, it must have been the mail!" Lance said.

“Oh really?” Emily asked pointedly. “It just got lost?!”

"I'm totally sorry!" Lance said. "It totally slipped my mind!"
"Yeah, I feel, like, really bad," Stacey said unconvincingly. "Can I do anything to make it up to you?"
"Of course!" Emily said. "All I want is to kiss the bride before you do."

“Just one kiss? Okay,” Stacey said reluctantly, “I can do that.”
Lance grabbed onto her shoulder. “What if it’s some kind of trick?”

“She’s Emily, she gets what she wants no matter what,” Stacey said, as she reluctantly walked towards Emily. “The best you can do is try to make her happy and hope for the best, right?”

Emily leaned down to pick up Stacey, easily grabbing hold of the bride.

“Wait, honey!” Lance screamed. He reached up to try and grab Stacey’s hand, but quickly realized it was already too late. “I love you!” he called out.
“I love you too,” Stacey said.

"Aww, that's so sweet!" Emily said. "Such a cute little couple. I might not take that first kiss after all!"

"Oh, yeah?" Stacey asked nervously. She wasn't sure where this was going.

Emily eyed Stacey closer. “I can see why he married you,” Stacey said. “You really are a tasty little thing! I could just eat you up!”

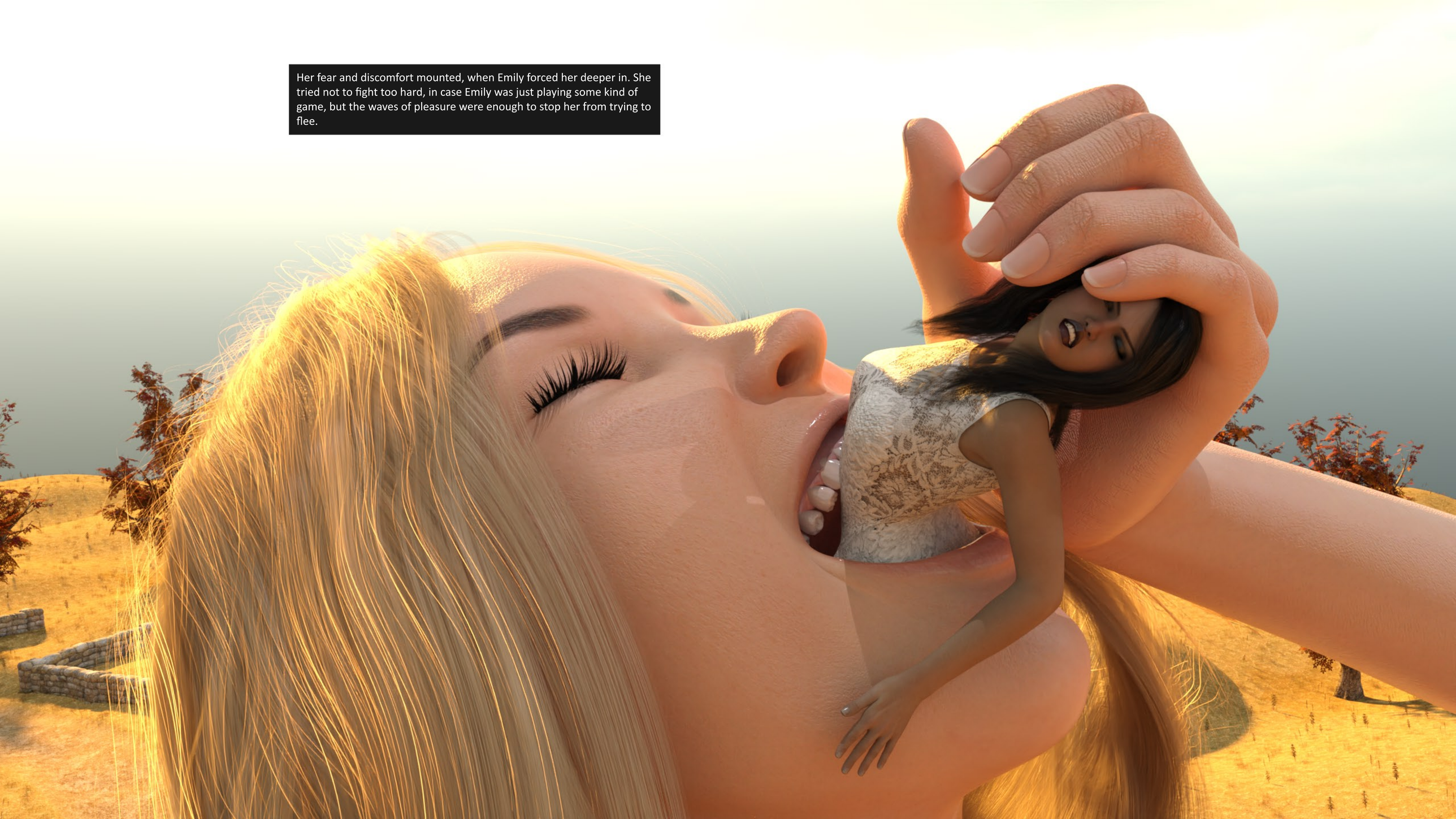
“Oh, thank you, I guess,” Stacey said. It was increasingly clear what the subtext of the conversation was. Denial is a powerful thing, though, and a part of her hoped that things would be fine as long as she didn’t acknowledge it.

Emily lifted Stacey above her head, and snuck a peek under the bride's skirt. "Hey," Emily asked, "it wouldn't be weird if I stuck you in my mouth or anything, would it?"

Stacey knew there wasn't a right answer. "N-no," Stacey said awkwardly, "n-not at all!"

Emily slipped Stacey into her mouth, and the woman did her best not to panic. She knew all about Emily's penchant for eating women, but she also knew that Emily sometimes liked to terrify people just to mess with them, and then let them go about their day. She desperately hoped this was the latter.

Then she felt Emily's tongue slip in through the bottom of her wedding dress. The massive tongue wormed its way up her leg, slathering her with saliva as it neared her inner thighs. Emily felt trepidation, then relief as she realized this was what Emily had in mind all along. She soon felt another kind of relief when Emily's brutish tongue pushed aside her panties and pushed about her pussy lips. The almost overpowering stimulation pushed aside her worries, if only for a moment.


Her fear and discomfort mounted, when Emily forced her deeper in. She tried not to fight too hard, in case Emily was just playing some kind of game, but the waves of pleasure were enough to stop her from trying to flee.

It was when Emily started to suck her down that all doubt was removed. Stacey finally realized that Emily was, without question trying to eat her. Stacey panicked, and flailed around wildly in an attempt to escape, but Emily's powerful mouth still sucked her down.

For Emily, though, things turned out to be more difficult than expected. She hadn't accounted for the long wedding dress, which felt bulky and scratchy in her throat, and was hard to suck down.

"Are you okay?" Madison asked. To her own surprise, she felt genuinely concerned about her monstrous friend.

Emily shook her head in response.

"Don't try to suck her down," Madison said, "you could choke! You should spit her out, or..."

Emily wasn’t about to embarrass herself by spitting out her food in front of a crowd. She chomped down on the bride, chewing her into more manageable pieces while the wedding party stared on in horror. Then, with a final gulp, she swallowed down what was left of her.

Emily reached into her mouth and pulled out the tattered wedding dress. “Ugh, this thing tastes terrible!” Emily said with an eye-roll. “It’s so inconsiderate to wear something like this, did she not think how unpleasant it would be for me to eat her?”
“Maybe she didn’t think she was going to get eaten…” Madison said.
“Then maybe she should have thought harder!”

"That was a wonderful wedding, I'm glad I came!" Emily said. "Your wife seemed like a delightful woman, thanks for letting me have her for lunch!"
"No, Stacey!" Lance called out. "Emily, why??!"
"Because I was hungry, duh," Emily said. "But I can tell that you feel bad, so I'll give you a little something to remember her by!" Stacey said, right before she carelessly tossed the tattered dress back at Lance.

Lance looked down in horror at the tattered dress. “Oh god, Stacey, I’ll never find another chick with such nice tits again!”

“Bye-bye!” Emily said, turning back to smile and wave at Lance one last time. “Don’t worry, I’m sure you’ll find another girl in no time. Make sure to invite me to that one, okay?”
“O-of course, Emily!” Lance said. “Anything you say, Emily!”
“Have a nice day!” Emily said.
“Y-you too!” And with that, Emily walked off into the sunset.

Emily took Madison to the backyard of her mansion. “This is where I like to go to relax after a long day,” Emily said, and Madison looked around and took in the scene. It was a sprawling yard, as big as a half dozen city blocks put together. The deck and fence were built to Emily’s scale, and amazingly, the grass and bushes were too.
“It’s nice here,” Madison said.

“Isn’t it?” Emily asked. She sat down in a giant-sized wooden lawnchair which, to Madison’s amazement, was able to withstand her weight. “You know, this is usually my private spot. I’ve never brought my other friends back here with me. They were from around town, they had their own places to stay at… where they could gossip about me with their families. But you’re from out of town, and you don’t have anywhere to stay… So I thought you could stay here!”
“Actually, umm… I kind of have a place already,” Madison said. “I go to college in the city. I have some summer classes starting soon, so I should probably be leaving soon. I can drive, or hitchhike, or--”
“Are you serious?” Emily laughed. “Oh my god, I can’t even be mad at you, you’re so dumb. Maddy, you’re never going to go back to college, you’re never going to leave here, and you’re never going to see any of your old friends or family ever again! But that doesn’t matter, because you get to be my best friend now, and that’s a million times better than whatever you had before! You’ll get to spend all your time in the biggest mansion in the world! I’ll feed you and take care of you, and you’ll never need to work another day in your life. What more could you want?”

“So I’ll be like your… your pet?” Madison asked.
Emily chuckled awkwardly. “I mean, that makes it sound weird. You’ll just be my little friend who lives in my house with me!” Emily said. “Now climb down really quick, I want to show you something!”
Madison wasted little time climbing down Emily’s breast and onto the chair. Usually she was scared of heights, but the last few hours made the idea of just falling to her death seem mild by comparison.

It took a few scary, tiring minutes for Madison to shimmy down the side of the chair, but she managed without getting hurt. In spite of fearing for her life several times, she never asked Emily for help. She was almost felt more scared of displeasing Emily than she was of death itself, and she dutifully walked over to the viewpoint to get a closer look.

“What am I supposed to be looking at?” Madison asked. “It looks like there’s a bunch of shipping crates in a big rectangle, and… some kind of animals inside, or… wait, are those people?”

“Yep!” Emily said cheerfully. “I told you I like to unwind here! What did you think I did, look at the sunset?”

"I-I guess not," Madison said.

Madison could just barely see over the edge of the shipping crates that were close to her, but she could make out at least a half dozen people, and she suspected there were plenty more.

While Emily loudly clomped her way over to the enclosure, Madison stared in amazement at the crowd.
“Who are these people?” Madison asked. “Are they, like, criminals, or…?”

“Some of them could be, who knows?” Emily asked. “It used to be that the cops would just put the people who made me mad or tried to escape in there… But there weren’t always enough people, so my dad’s business started shipping them in from overseas. The best part is, they pay us to come here! They think they’re gonna get jobs as farm workers or something. Well, this is kind of like a farm, right?”
“...right,” Madison said, not wanting to upset Emily. “Just like a farm.”

“You’re gonna love this,” Emily said to Madison. “Hey losers, better run, I’m gonna squish ya! I’m gonna flatten all of you under these heels! Most of them don’t understand English, but I think they get this jist of it. You watching, Madison?”
“Of course!” Madison said.

“There’s one right under me,” Emily said. “Little dummy in a blue shirt!” Emily said as she took her first step into the enclosure.

From the angle she was standing at, Madison couldn’t see where Emily was stepping, but she had some idea of what was going on. Amid the screams she could hear a man frantically begging in a tongue she didn’t understand.

Then, as Emily lowered her heel, the man let out an especially visceral scream. His scream was suddenly silenced, when Emily shifted her weight onto the heel, eliciting a squeach and then the crunching of bone.

A chorus of wails rang out from the rest of the crowd, mixed in with some of them shouting what Madison could only assume were foreign insults at Emily. Emily must have assumed the same, because she sneered back at them. “Don’t talk back to me,” Emily chastened. “Your *job* is to get squished by me! Don’t you know that you exist to make me feel good? Keep it up and I’m gonna make it extra slow to give you some extra time to figure that out!”

Emily suddenly grasped her stomach in pain. “Ugh, I ate too much,” Emily muttered. “Not again...”

At first, Madison wasn't sure what was happening, but she quickly noticed Emily changing. Inch by inch, Emily was growing taller.

The growth quickly accelerated, and soon Emily had grown several feet taller. Madison couldn't believe that the already enormous Emily was getting even bigger by the second.
"I hope I don't grow too much this time..." Emily moaned.

“Once it starts, it does feel kind of good, though!” Emily said as she threw her arms back. Her skirt couldn’t keep up with her growth, and the already short skirt rode up on her, revealing her glistening pussy.

Emily’s top struggled to keep up with her growth spurt. Her bountiful breasts burst out of her top, revealing her firm, pointy nipples. As Emily’s growth spurt finally ended, she let out an almost orgasmic moan, followed by a heavy sigh.

“Ooh, wow,” Emily said with a look of embarrassment on her face. “My top popped right off! That did feel nice, but I really need to stop eating so much if I want to stay short! Speaking of which, umm, Madison… I didn’t grow very much, did I?”
“N-no,” Madison reassured her, “you barely grew at all!”
“Good, I was worried for a minute! How tall would you say I look?”
“N-no more than twenty feet tall!” Madison said, although she knew Emily was at least twice that tall now.

“Wow, that’s such a load off!” Emily exclaimed. “And here I thought I ate so much that I turned into some kind of big ugly giant!”

But then Emily's gaze turned towards another one of the tiny people in her corral, and her face turned sour. "Hey," Emily shouted, "what do you think *you're* looking at?" And with that, she dropped her heel on them.

THE
END

REDFIREDOG
JACKOFBULLETS