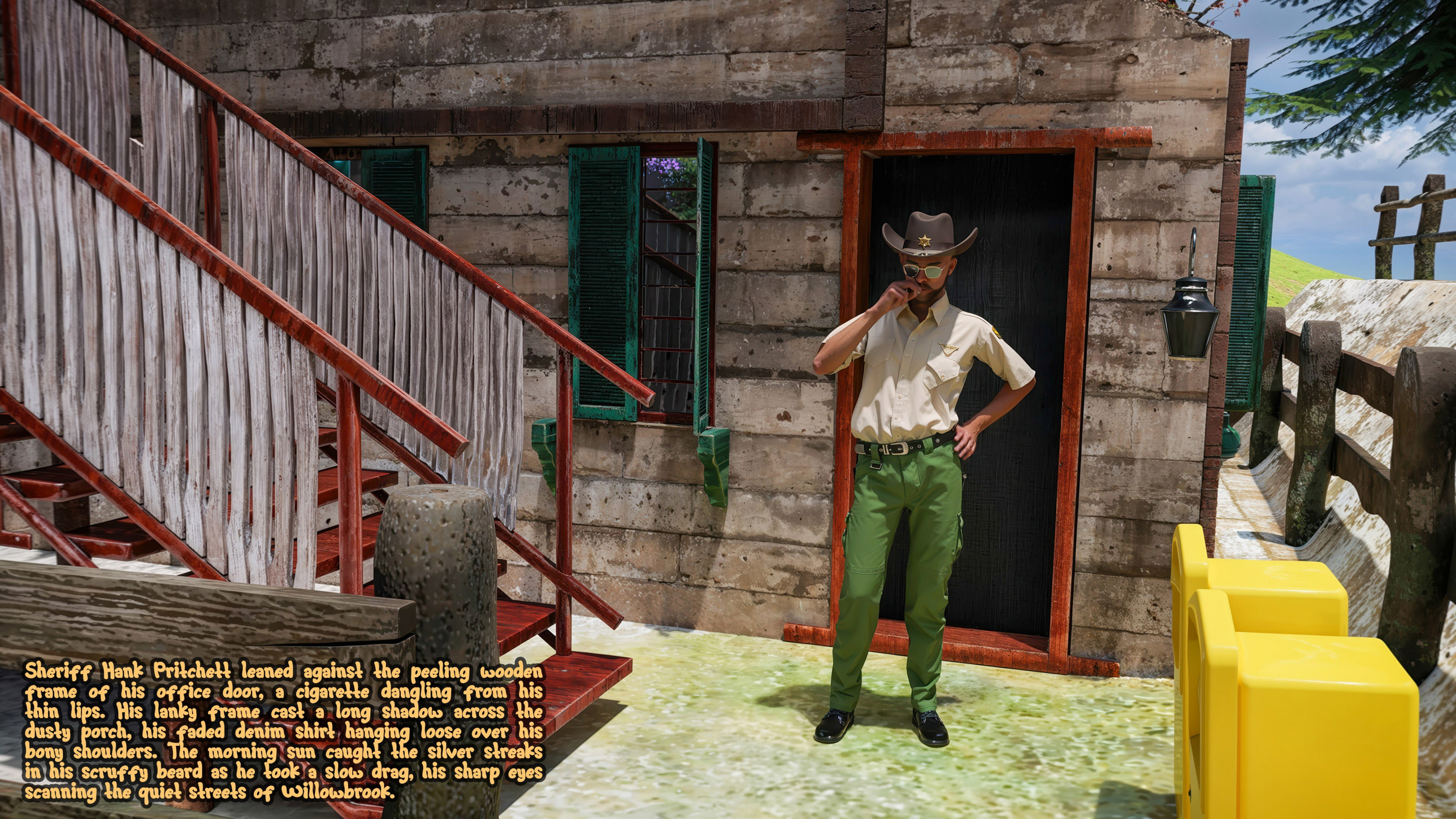
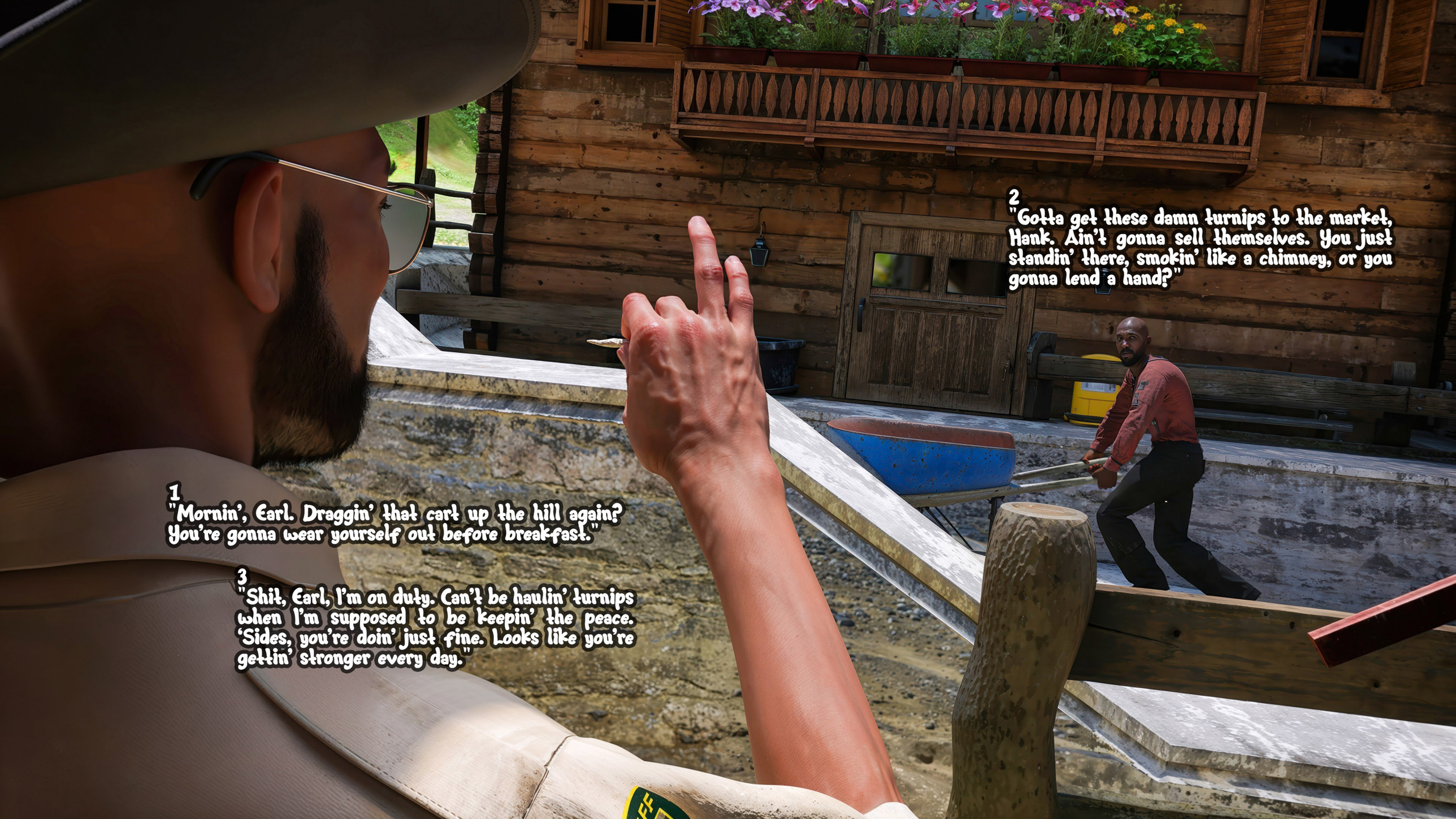
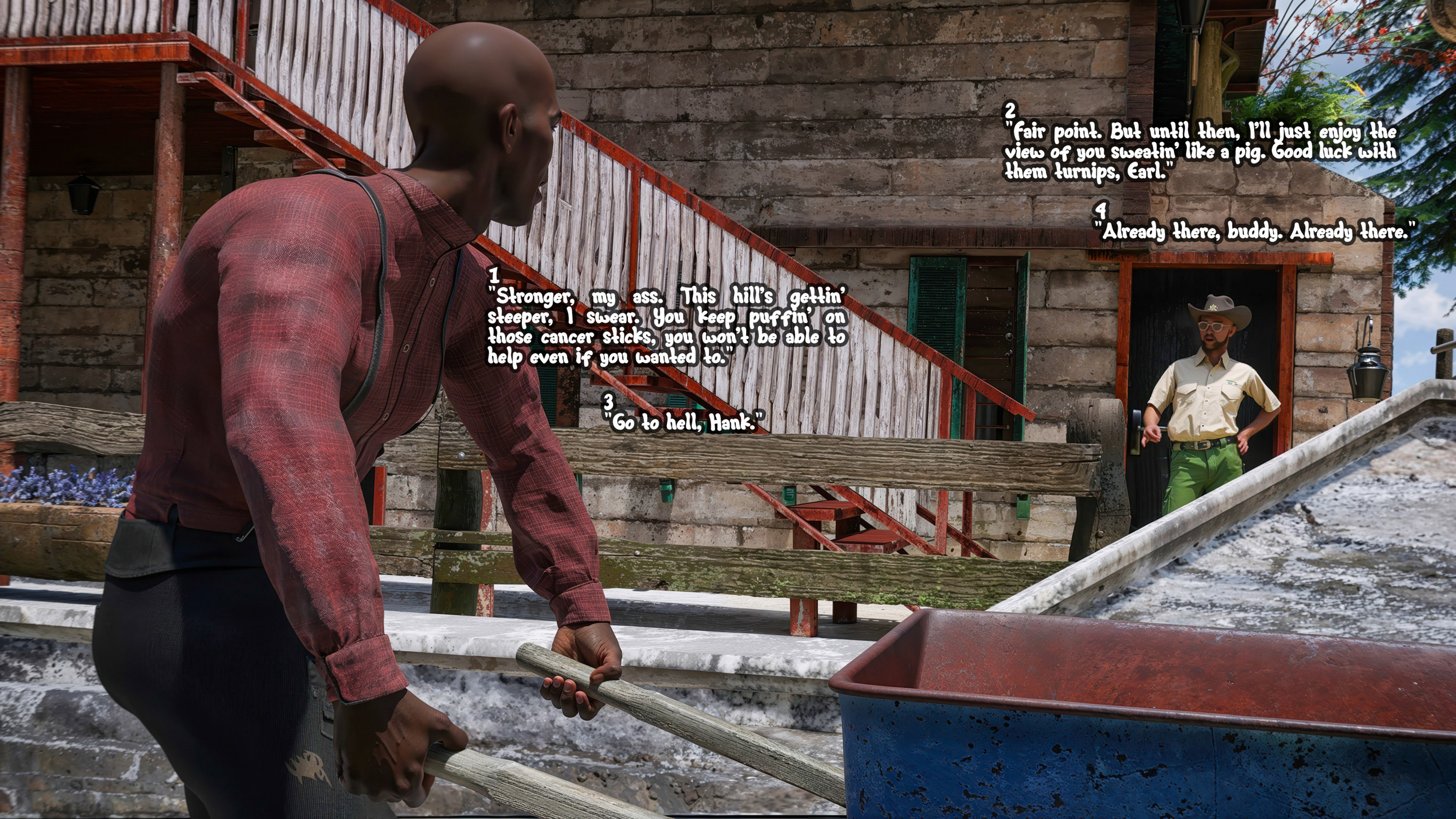

Farm Grown IV
TEXT VERSION
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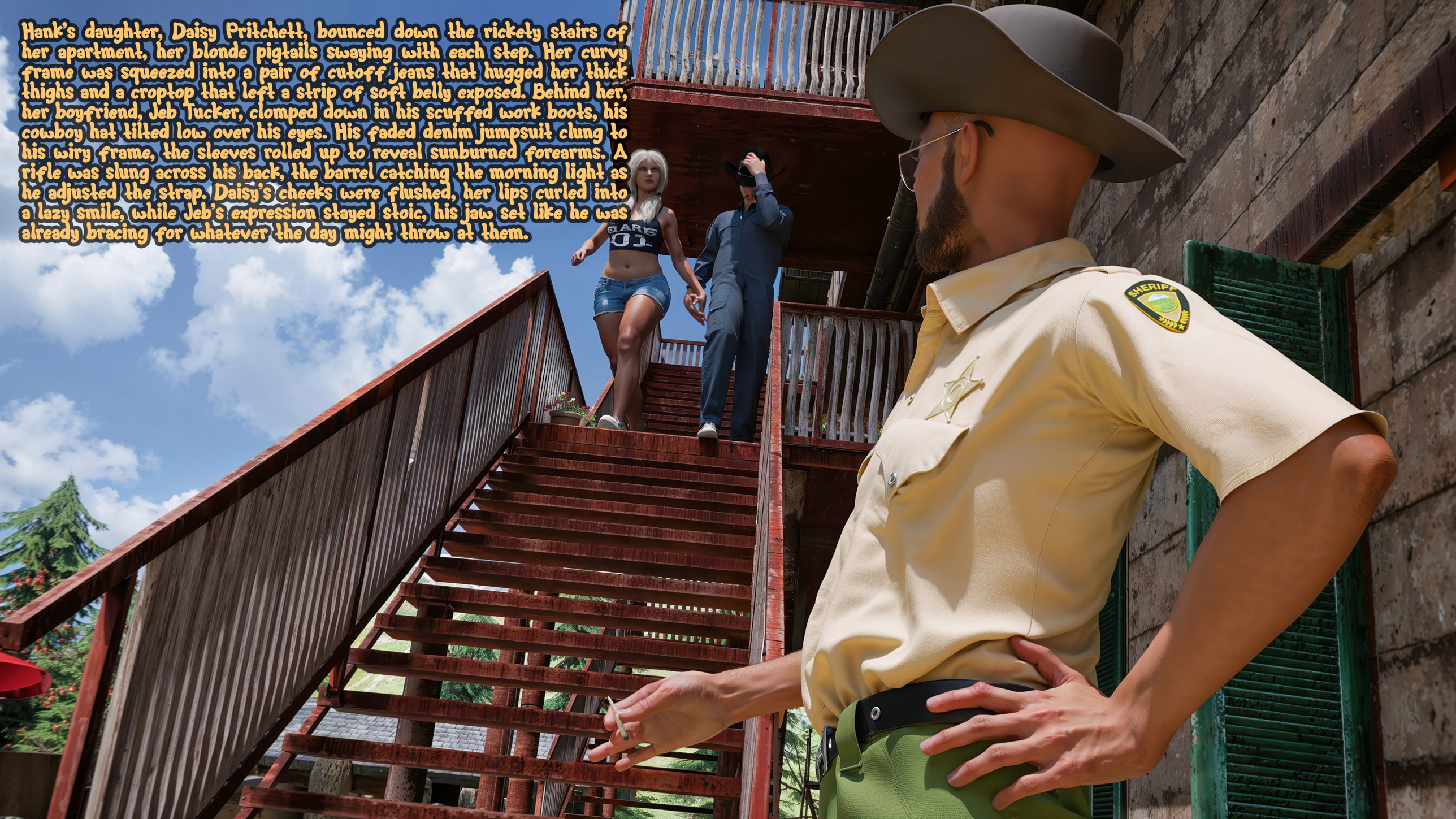

The sun rose over the sleepy town of Willowbrook, its golden rays spilling across the patchwork fields and glinting off the tin roofs of weathered barns. The air was crisp, carrying the faint scent of dew-soaked grass and the distant tang of manure. A few early risers shuffled along the dirt roads, their boots kicking up little clouds of dust. The sky stretched wide and blue, unbroken except for a lone crow circling above the crooked steeple of the town's only church. It was the kind of morning that felt too peaceful to last.


Sheriff Hank Pritchett leaned against the peeling wooden frame of his office door, a cigarette dangling from his thin lips. His lanky frame cast a long shadow across the dusty porch, his faded denim shirt hanging loose over his bony shoulders. The morning sun caught the silver streaks in his scruffy beard as he took a slow drag, his sharp eyes scanning the quiet streets of Willowbrook.

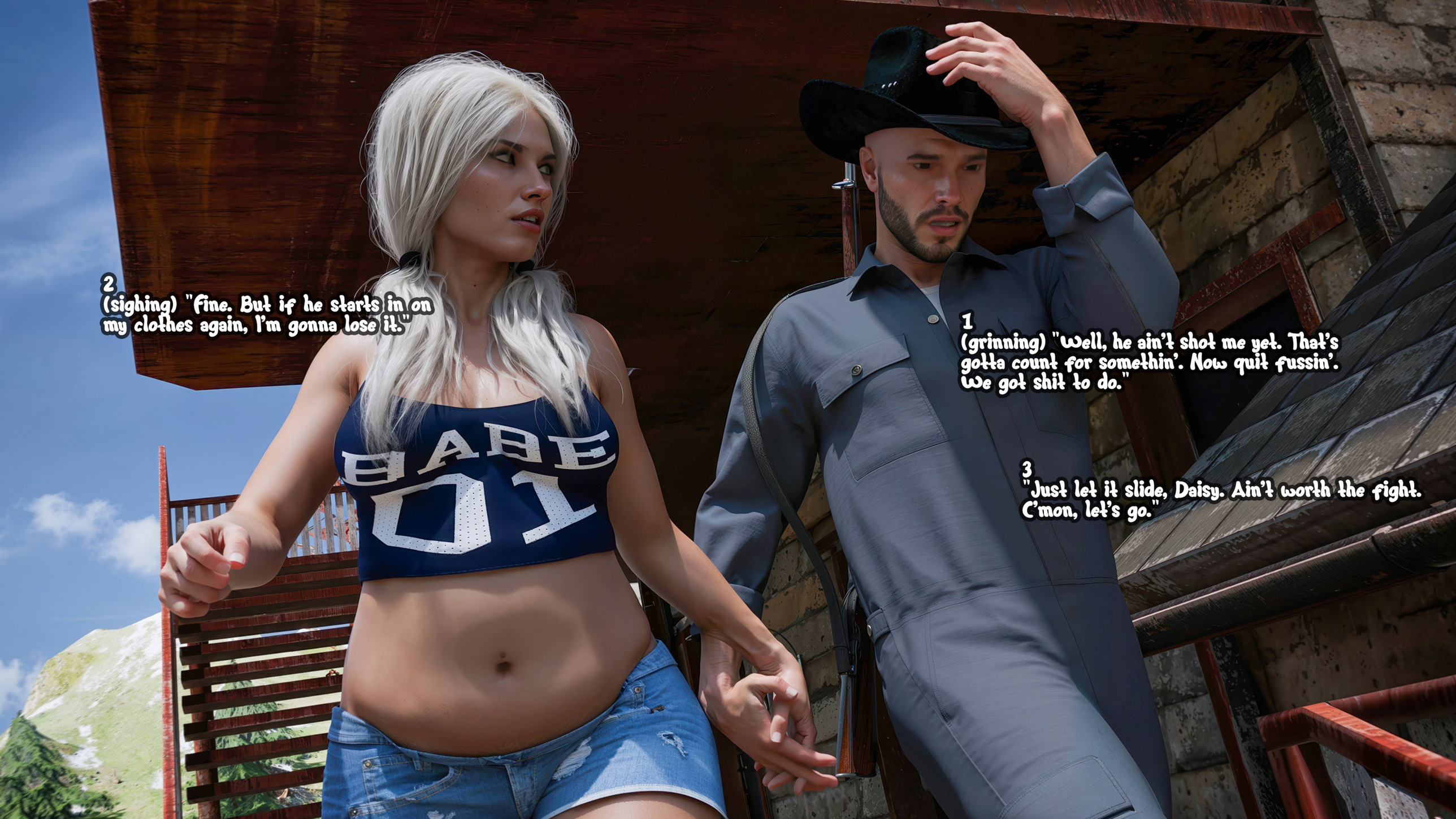

The town was waking up, but Hank had been awake for hours, the weight of his badge and the creak of his joints keeping him company. He flicked the ash off his cigarette, the ember glowing faintly in the cool air.


1
"Mornin', Earl. Draggin' that cart up the hill again? You're gonna wear yourself out before breakfast."
2
"Gotta get these damn turnips to the market, Hank. Ain't gonna sell themselves. You just standin' there, smokin' like a chimney, or you gonna lend a hand?"
3
"Shit, Earl, I'm on duty. Can't be haulin' turnips when I'm supposed to be keepin' the peace. 'Sides, you're doin' just fine. Looks like you're gettin' stronger every day."

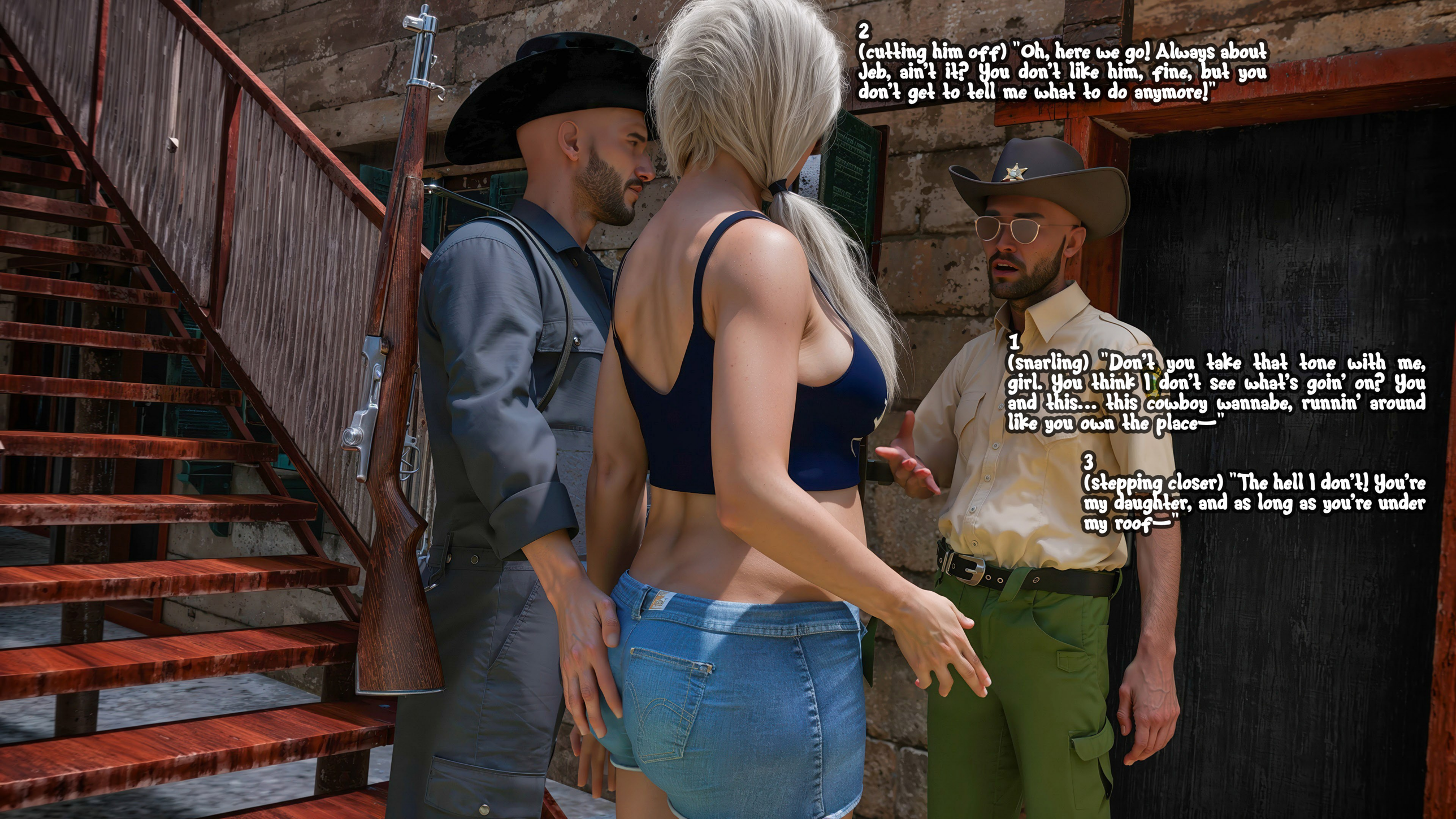

1
"Stronger, my ass. This hill's gettin' steeper, I swear. You keep puffin' on those cancer sticks, you won't be able to help even if you wanted to."
2
"Fair point. But until then, I'll just enjoy the view of you sweatin' like a pig. Good luck with them turnips, Earl."
3
"Go to hell, Hank."
4
"Already there, buddy. Already there."

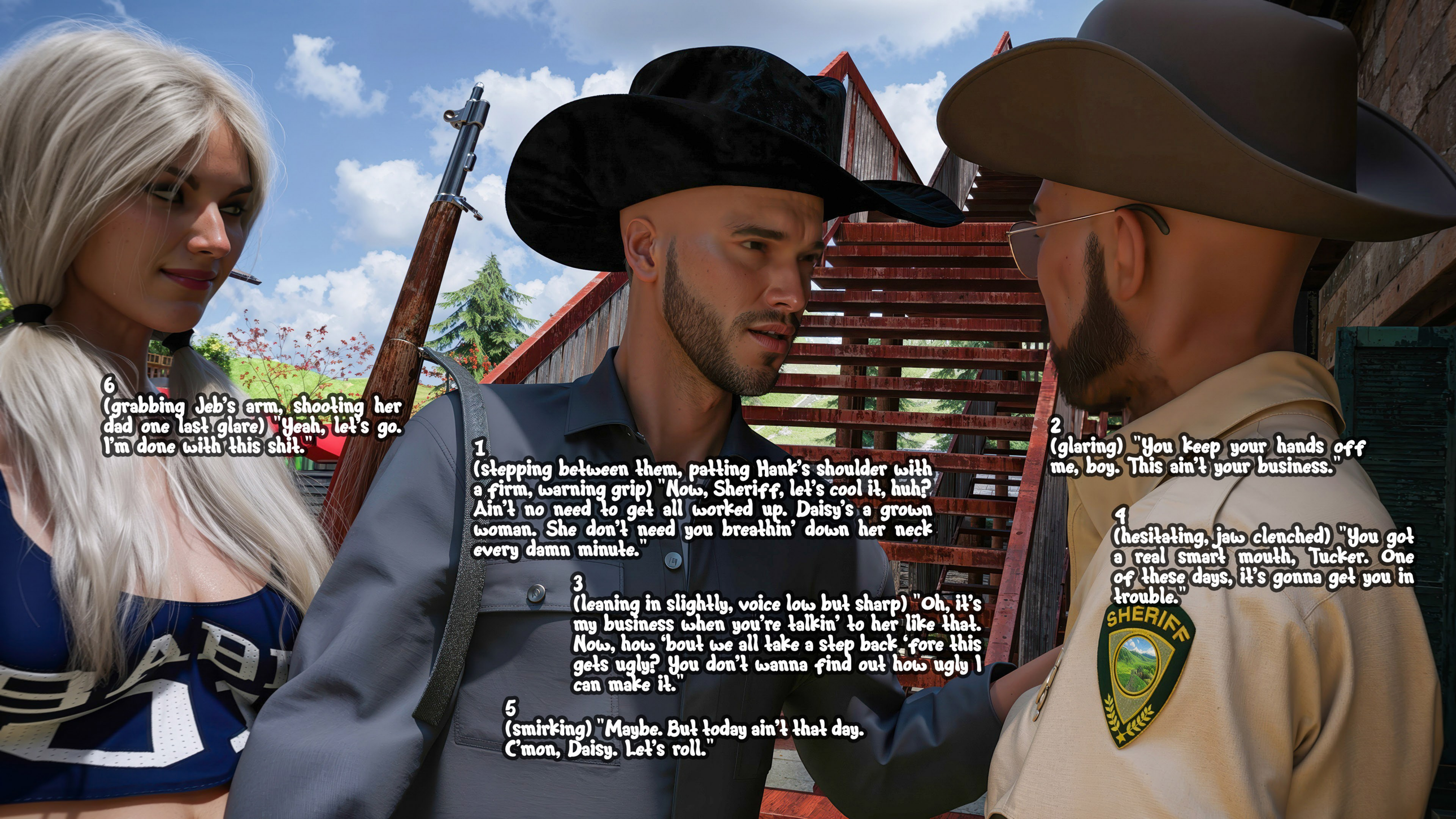

Hank's daughter, Daisy Pritchett, bounced down the rickety stairs of her apartment, her blonde pigtails swaying with each step. Her curvy frame was squeezed into a pair of cutoff jeans that hugged her thick thighs and a croptop that left a strip of soft belly exposed. Behind her, her boyfriend, Jeb Tucker, clomped down in his scuffed work boots, his cowboy hat tilted low over his eyes. His faded denim jumpsuit clung to his wiry frame, the sleeves rolled up to reveal sunburned forearms. A rifle was slung across his back, the barrel catching the morning light as he adjusted the strap. Daisy's cheeks were flushed, her lips curled into a lazy smile, while Jeb's expression stayed stoic, his jaw set like he was already bracing for whatever the day might throw at them.


1
(whispering) "Ah, shit, here we fuckin' go again. Dad's standin' there like he owns the damn town. Can't even walk out the door without him givin' me that look."
2
(quiet, steady) "Don't worry, darlin'. I got this. Just keep smilin' and let me do the talkin'. He ain't gonna start nothin'."
3
(rolling her eyes) "You say that every time, Jeb. Then he starts in on you about that rifle or your hat or somethin'. Like he's still pissed you're even alive."


2
(sighing) "Fine. But if he starts in on my clothes again, I'm gonna lose it."
1
(grinning) "Well, he ain't shot me yet. That's gotta count for somethin'. Now quit fussin'. We got shit to do."
3
"Just let it slide, Daisy. Ain't worth the fight. C'mon, let's go."


2
(defensive) "Jesus, Dad, can't I just leave the damn house without you interrogatin' me? I'm goin' out. That's all you need to know."
1
(calling out) "Daisy! Where the hell you think you're goin' this early? Lookin' like... that?"
SHERIFF


2
(cutting him off) "Oh, here we go! Always about Jeb, ain't it? You don't like him, fine, but you don't get to tell me what to do anymore!"
1
(snarling) "Don't you take that tone with me, girl. You think I don't see what's goin' on? You and this... this cowboy wannabe, runnin' around like you own the place—"
3
(stepping closer) "The hell I don't! You're my daughter, and as long as you're under my roof—"


6
(grabbing Jeb's arm, shooting her dad one last glare) "Yeah, let's go. I'm done with this shit."
1
(stepping between them, patting Hank's shoulder with a firm, warning grip) "Now, Sheriff, let's cool it, huh? Ain't no need to get all worked up. Daisy's a grown woman. She don't need you breathin' down her neck every damn minute."
3
(leaning in slightly, voice low but sharp) "Oh, it's my business when you're talkin' to her like that. Now, how 'bout we all take a step back 'fore this gets ugly? You don't wanna find out how ugly I can make it."
5
(smirking) "Maybe. But today ain't that day. C'mon, Daisy. Let's roll."
2
(glaring) "You keep your hands off me, boy. This ain't your business."
4
(hesitating, jaw clenched) "You got a real smart mouth, Tucker. One of these days, it's gonna get you in trouble."
SHERIFF


1
(biting her lip, whispering to Jeb) "Damn, Jeb... that was kinda hot. You bein' all assertive like that. I didn't know you had it in you."
3
(shouting from behind) "Jeb! You better keep her safe, you hear me? Or so help me God—"
2
(adjusting his hat, voice low and smooth) "Keep talkin' like that, and we might not make it to wherever we're goin'."


Daisy and Jeb headed for the woods, their boots crunching on the gravel road. They were gettin' a headstart on the day—Jeb with his rifle slung over his shoulder, Daisy with a six-pack of beer swinging in her hand. The plan was simple: hunt a deer, crack open some cold ones, and fuck like rabbits in the dirt. The sun was climbin', and so was the heat between them.


(muttering in his sleep) "No... no, Abigail, please... don't eat it all... there won't be enough left..." (twisting, voice rising)
A few hours earlier...


"Stop! You're too big... too fucking big..." (whimpering) "Vivian... where are you? Don't leave me here... don't leave me..." (jolting slightly) "I can't... I can't breathe..."


(whispering, panicked) "Jesus Christ... it was a dream... just a dream..."
Walter jolted awake, his tiny body drenched in cold sweat. The crackling warmth of the campfire flickered against his face, casting long shadows across the forest floor. The memory of Abigail's monstrous form—her massive tits, her thunderous steps, the way she'd outgrown their home like a fucking avalanche—still haunted him. Vivian was curled up nearby, her breathing steady, but Walter's heart was racing. The woods were quiet, too quiet, and all he could think about was how fucked they'd be if Abigail found them.


(pausing, looking around) "But fuck... she's out there... she's really out there..."
Vivian was curled up nearby, her breathing steady, but Walter's heart was racing. The woods were quiet, too quiet, and all he could think about was how fucked they'd be if Abigail found them.


Vivian lay sprawled on the forest floor, her naked body a mountain of soft, jiggling flesh. Her tits were fucking massive, each one the size of a boulder, her nipples thick and swollen, dwarfing Walter's entire frame. Her belly rose and fell with each snore, a rolling hill of fat that spilled out around her. Her thighs were like tree trunks, her ass a wide, round shelf that seemed to go on forever. The firelight danced across her sweaty skin, highlighting every curve and fold of her enormous body. Walter stood there, tiny and helpless, staring up at the sleeping giantess.
(whispering, nudging her arm) "Vivian... Vivian, wake up. C'mon, we gotta move..."


"Vivian, please... wake up. We have to go back. I need to show you something—it might be the solution to all of this."

1
(grumbling in her sleep, her voice a low rumble) "Mmm... five more minutes..."

2
(shouting now, his voice strained) "Vivian, goddammit, wake up! Abigail's out there, and if we don't do something, she'll destroy everything—including us!"


Vivian stirred, her massive body shifting with a low groan that echoed through the forest. Her tits jiggled as she stretched, her yawn a deep, rumbling sound that sent leaves fluttering from the trees. Her eyes blinked open, heavy-lidded and annoyed, as she glared down at the tiny man pestering her.


1
"Ugh... the fuck do you want, Walter? Can't a lady get some goddamn sleep around here?"
4
"There's a basement?! Why the fuck didn't you say so then?"
2
"We don't have time for this, Vivian!"
3
"Listen, I think Abigail might've kept some of her titty milk in the basement. If we can get to it, maybe we can reverse this shit!"
5
"I COULDN'T TRUST YOU EITHER! I thought you were her friend, that she brought you here to toy with me! You think I'd just spill my guts to you immediately?!"


2
(stammering, face red) "I—I'm not... it's not what you think!"
4
"I'm not—I mean, it's just... This isn't the time!"
1
(smirking, her eyes narrowing as she notices the bulge in Walter's pants) "Wait... are you... hard? Seriously? Right now?"
3
(laughing, her voice dripping with amusement) "Oh, it's exactly what I think, hahahaha"
5
"Sure, sure. Keep telling yourself that, little man."


1
"Look at you... all worked up over *me*. Bet Abigail never let you near her tits, did she?"
3
(whispering, voice a purr) "C'mon... fuck it. You know you want to. Let that little dick taste something better than fear for once."
5
(laughs low, pressing him closer) "Then make it *worth* dying for, cowboy."
2
"V-Vivian, this isn't— we shouldn't—"
4
(panting) "Sh-she'll kill us both if she—"
Vivian's smirk widened as her fingers crept behind Walter's trembling body, her nail grazing his spine. Her nipple glistened, swollen and inviting, inches from his throbbing cock. Her breath hitched—a mix of mischief and hunger.


1
(breathy) "There we go... Fuck, you're so tiny but that cock's perfect..."
2
(groaning) "Oh god—V-Vivian, it's—it's too much—"
Vivian's fingertip pressed gently against Walter's back, guiding his trembling body toward her engorged nipple. His cock slid into the slick, puckered heat with a wet —shlick—, her flesh yielding hungrily around him. She bit her lip, a throaty hum vibrating through her chest as she watched him sink deeper.


2
(grinning, squeezing her nipple tighter) "Do it. Let me feel that cock pulse."
1
(panting, frantic) "V-Vivian—I'm gonna—fuck—I can't hold—!"


1
(moaning loud, arching) "Mmmmm—! Your fucking cum's making my nipple swell... Oh god, it's throbbing—!"
2
(whimpering, collapsing) "Nngh—too much—it's—it's sucking me dry—!"
3
(laughing breathlessly) "Good. Now you're useful..."


1
"Mmm... now you've got me going..."
2
"V-Vivian, wait—!"


Vivian's gigantic fingers wrapped around Walter's entire body, lifting him effortlessly as her pussy glistened, swollen and dripping. Her thighs spread wider, the firelight reflecting off her slick folds as she dragged his squirming form toward her heat. With a wet schlrrk, she shoved him headfirst into her cunt, his legs kicking wildly as her walls clenched around him.


1
"Mmm... there we go... fuck, you fit perfect inside me..."
3
(grinding down, moaning) "Nuh-uh... You're my little cunt-toy now... Mmm... Squirm harder... Yes..."
2
(muffled, screaming) "VIVIAN—! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!"


Her pussy pulsed, juices soaking Walter's trapped body as she rocked her hips. Every thrust buried him deeper, her moans echoing through the woods while his screams dissolved into choked, wet gurgles. She leaned back, one hand spreading her labia wider to watch him vanish inside her, her other hand rubbing her clit roughly. "Cum for me... or drown... Don't care which..." she growled, laughing breathlessly as her orgasm swelled.


2
(moaning above, voice distorted) "Mmm... Keep yelling... Makes my pussy clench..."
1
(screaming, echoing) "FUCK—! IT'S LIKE A FUCKING SAUNA IN HERE—!"
Walter's world plunged into hot, suffocating darkness as Vivian's cunt swallowed him whole. Her walls pulsed around him, slick and sticky, the air thick with the tang of her arousal. He slid deeper, her folds rippling like a wet vice, the muffled thud-thud of her heartbeat vibrating through the flesh encasing him.


2
(breathless) "Having fun yet, tiny? Mmm... feels like you are..."
1
(panting, half-laughing) "Shit—! This is insane...!"
Her cunt spasmed, walls crushing him rhythmically as she grinded her hips. Walter tumbled forward, hands slipping in her juices, her moans reverberating around him like thunder. A gush of fluid soaked him as she laughed, her body shuddering.


Her orgasm hit—a tidal wave of contractions. Walter slammed backward, her walls milking him as her pleasure roared. He gasped, torn between panic and a twisted thrill, her cunt squeezing him like a toy. "Fuck... this is *wrong*..." he muttered, even as his cock twitched.


"FUCK—FUCK—YES! GONNA—GONNA CUM—!"
Vivian's hips jackhammered, slamming Walter's body deeper into her cunt with every brutal thrust. Her pussy walls clenched and rippled around him, the wet SCHLAP-SCHLAP-SCHLAP of her fingers pounding against her clit drowning out his muffled cries. Her toes curled into the dirt, thighs quivering as her moans sharpened into frenzied shrieks.
Her cunt convulsed, a flood of slick gushing around Walter as she roared. Her hands clawed at the ground, tearing up roots and soil, her entire body seizing as her orgasm ripped through her.


"NNNNGH—MMMMMMMM FUCK THAT FELT SO GOOD!"
Vivian's cunt spasmed wildly, her climax slamming Walter's body against her pulsing walls as she threw her head back with a feral laugh. Her hips bucked erratically, pussy squirting thick streams of arousal that splattered the forest floor—each gush milking him deeper until her thighs finally stilled, trembling from overstimulation.

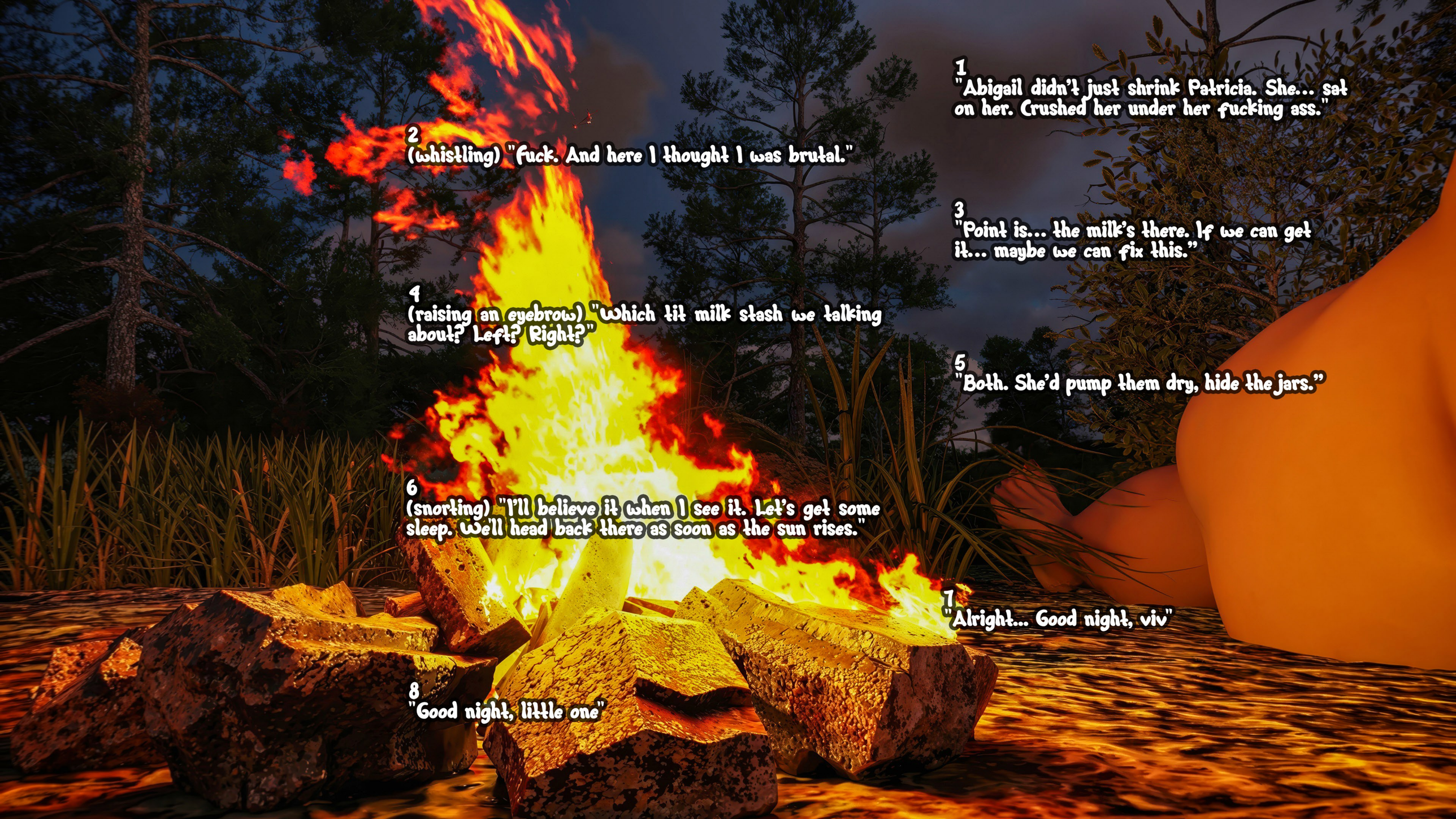

1
(coughing, rasping) "That was... fucking crazy..."
2
(smirking, breathless) "Mmm... Told you... you'd love it..."
With a wet pop, Vivian yanked Walter out of her swollen cunt, his tiny body dripping with her juices. Her pussy kept squirting uncontrollably, soaking his legs as she held him up to her flushed face.


Another spurt of cum trickled down her thigh as she laughed, her chest still heaving from the high of her climax. Her teeth sank into her lower lip, biting down hard as her eyes rolled back and crossed, lost in the lingering waves of pleasure. Her fingers absently toyed with his sticky form, her expression a mix of bliss and hunger as she watched him struggle to catch his breath.


1
(staring at the stars) "After you left... Abigail grew me back. Normal size. Just long enough to fuck me raw. Then... poof... tiny again."
2
(snorting) "Classic Abby. Cunt loves her mind games."
3
(sighing) "Miss being... whole. But... being tiny ain't so bad. If the woman handling you... y'know... cares."
4
(grinning lazily) "Sorry if I went full apocalypse slut on you. World's ending, Walter. Gets a girl... horny."


1
(grunting) "Wasn't rough. Was crazy. But... still got all my limbs. Mostly."
2
(poking his sticky body) "Mostly? Fuck, don't tell me I broke something—"
3
(slapping her finger away) "I'm fine. Just... next time... maybe don't swallow me whole?"
4
(laughing) "No promises, tiny. You're too fun to play with..."


1
"Back at the farm... I think Abigail's got a stash. Tit milk. Hidden in the basement."
3
"Saw her... slipping behind the haystacks. Every time she took... Patricia."
5
(hesitating) "Girl I was... with. Before Abigail found out."
2
(raising an eyebrow) "How the fuck do you even know about that?"
4
"Who the hell's Patricia?"
6
(snorting) "Let me guess—Abby caught you balls-deep in some farmhand, lost her shit, and turned you both into cock-sized toys?"


1
"Abigail didn't just shrink Patricia. She... sat on her. Crushed her under her fucking ass."
2
(whistling) "Fuck. And here I thought I was brutal."
3
"Point is... the milk's there. If we can get it... maybe we can fix this."
4
(raising an eyebrow) "Which tit milk stash we talking about? Left? Right?"
5
"Both. She'd pump them dry, hide the jars."
6
(snorting) "I'll believe it when I see it. Let's get some sleep. We'll head back there as soon as the sun rises."
7
"Alright... Good night, viv"
8
"Good night, little one"


A few hours later...




[Gun reloading]

"Don't you fucking move a muscle."


2
"Jeb, what in the hell is that? Is that a damn tiny feller sittin' right there on her belly?"
1
"What in tarnation are you doin' out here, buck naked like this? You fixin' to cause trouble 'round these parts?"


1
"Calm down, alright? We'll leave. No trouble, I promise."
2
"Bullshit. You think I'm buyin' that? One wrong move, and I'll blow a hole right through you."
3
"Hold still, little fella. I ain't gonna hurt ya..."
4
"Shit, shit, shit! Don't touch me! Please, just let us go!"

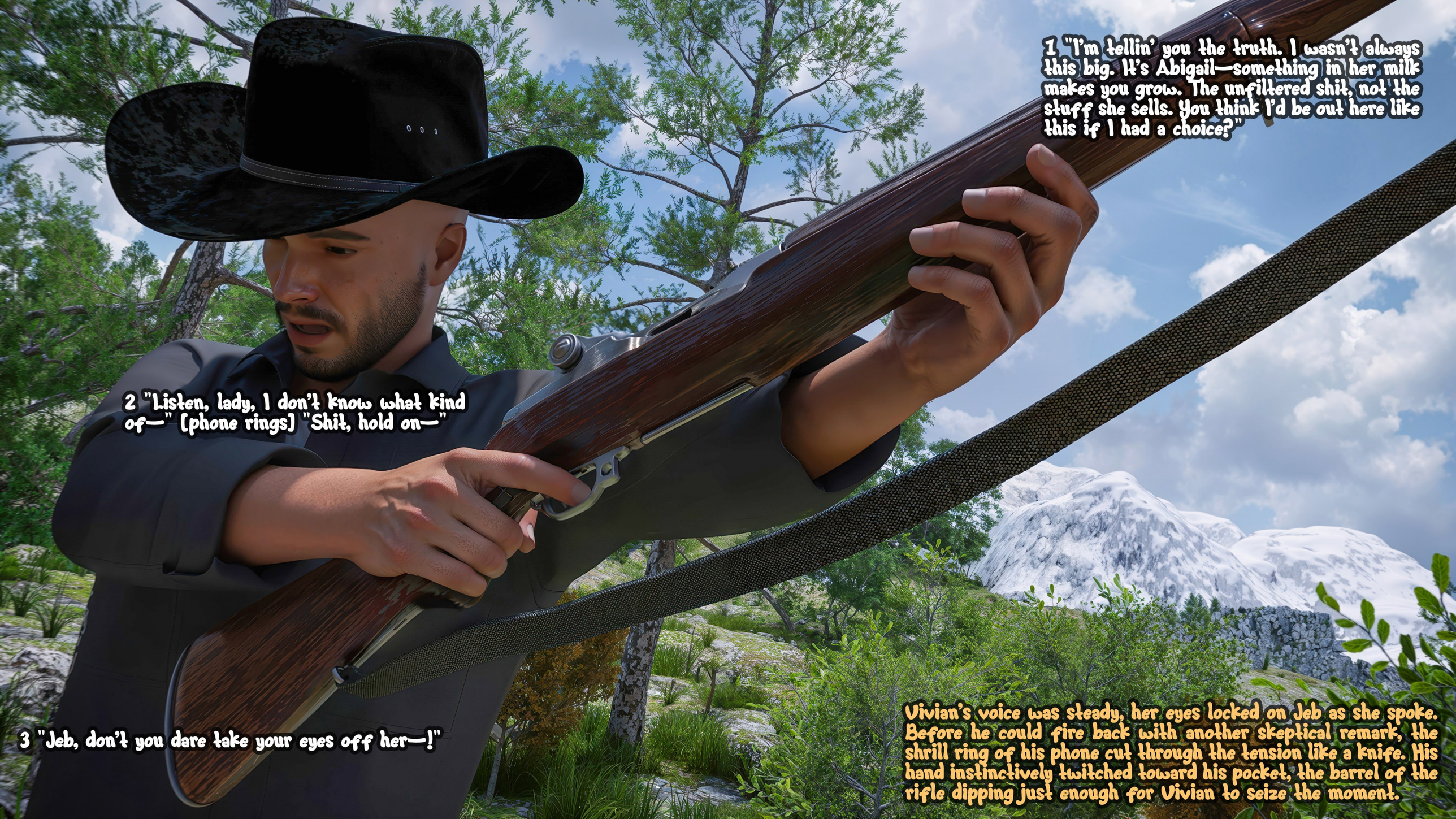

"Well, ain't you just the cutest little thing?
Bet I could fit you right in my pocket, sugar."


2
"Get your hands off me! Vivian, help!"
3
"Just when you think you've seen every damn thing in these woods, you find a tiny man squirm' in your hand. Ain't that somethin'?"
1
"Don't you fucking dare touch him!"


1
"I said don't fucking touch him, you bitch!"
2
"Stand up. Slow. Hands where I can see 'em. And shut the hell up—last I checked, I'm the one behind the gun. Choose your next words real careful-like."
3
"Please, please don't hurt me! I'm begging you!"
4
"Aw, don't you worry, sugar, I ain't gonna hurt ya... much. But damn, your fatty girlfriend's got a mouth on her, don't she?"


"Holy... holy fuck... what the hell are you?"
Vivian rose to her full height, her massive form towering over Jeb and Daisy like a goddamn skyscraper. The ground seemed to tremble beneath her, and the two of them froze, their eyes wide as saucers. Jeb's rifle shook in his hands, his bravado crumbling as he stared up at her, his mouth flapping like a fish out of water.


3 "We ran. Came from the other side of Tennessee. Something bad's coming... and trust me, no one's safe."
5 "You know Abigail? Kinda chubby? Well, not kinda... she's a whale now. Black, long hair—"
7 "Yeah, her. She's grown."
9 "No, like... both. Fatter, and also... a giant."
1 "H-how the hell are you s-s-so damn tall?!"
2 "Shut up, Daisy! Lady, what the fuck are you doin' out here? Start talkin'."
4 "Explain. Now."
6 "Wait, that the lady folks been talkin' about? The one givin' people her... breast milk?"
8 "Grown? Like... fat?"
10 "That's a load of horseshit."


1 "I'm tellin' you the truth. I wasn't always this big. It's Abigail—something in her milk makes you grow. The unfiltered shit, not the stuff she sells. You think I'd be out here like this if I had a choice?"
2 "Listen, lady, I don't know what kind of—" [phone rings] "Shit, hold on—"
3 "Jeb, don't you dare take your eyes off her—!"
Vivian's voice was steady, her eyes locked on Jeb as she spoke. Before he could fire back with another skeptical remark, the shrill ring of his phone cut through the tension like a knife. His hand instinctively twitched toward his pocket, the barrel of the rifle dipping just enough for Vivian to seize the moment.


"Too late."


3 "Should've kept your hands steady, cowboy. Now you're gonna answer some questions."
2 "OH MY GOD!!"
1 "MY GUN! What the hell—?!"
4 "Back the fuck up, lady! Don't you come near me!"


1
"Please, don't kill him! We didn't know—!"
4
"He's tellin' the truth! We didn't call nobody, I swear! Just let him go!"
2
"Shut it. [to Jeb, tightening her grip] You got a phone. Who else knows we're out here? Who've you told?"
3
"N-no one... just... just Daisy—!"


"Hand him over. Now. Or your boyfriend's gonna find out what it feels like to have his spine popped like a twig."


1 "Okay, okay! Just... just don't hurt him! Here, take the little guy!"
2 "Vivian, thank God! Get me the hell out of here!"


4 "Ghhk—! Please... can't... breathe—!"
1 "Walter, you alright?"
3 [glaring at Jeb, tightening her hold] "Maybe I should make this grip tighter. See how he likes it."
2 "Yeah, I'm good... but damn, she had a grip on me like a vice."
5 "Stop! Please, you're killing him! We gave you what you wanted, just let him go!"


Vivian's fingers loosened, and Jeb dropped to the ground, coughing and gasping for air. Daisy rushed to his side, her hands shaking as she hovered over him. The phone in Jeb's pocket kept ringing, the sound sharp and insistent. Jeb, still wheezing, managed to croak out a command to Daisy, his voice strained but urgent.
2 "Babe, are you okay? Oh God, your neck—!"
4 [fumbling for the phone] "Okay, okay!"
1 [coughing] "Daisy... answer the damn phone..."
3 "Just... answer it..."

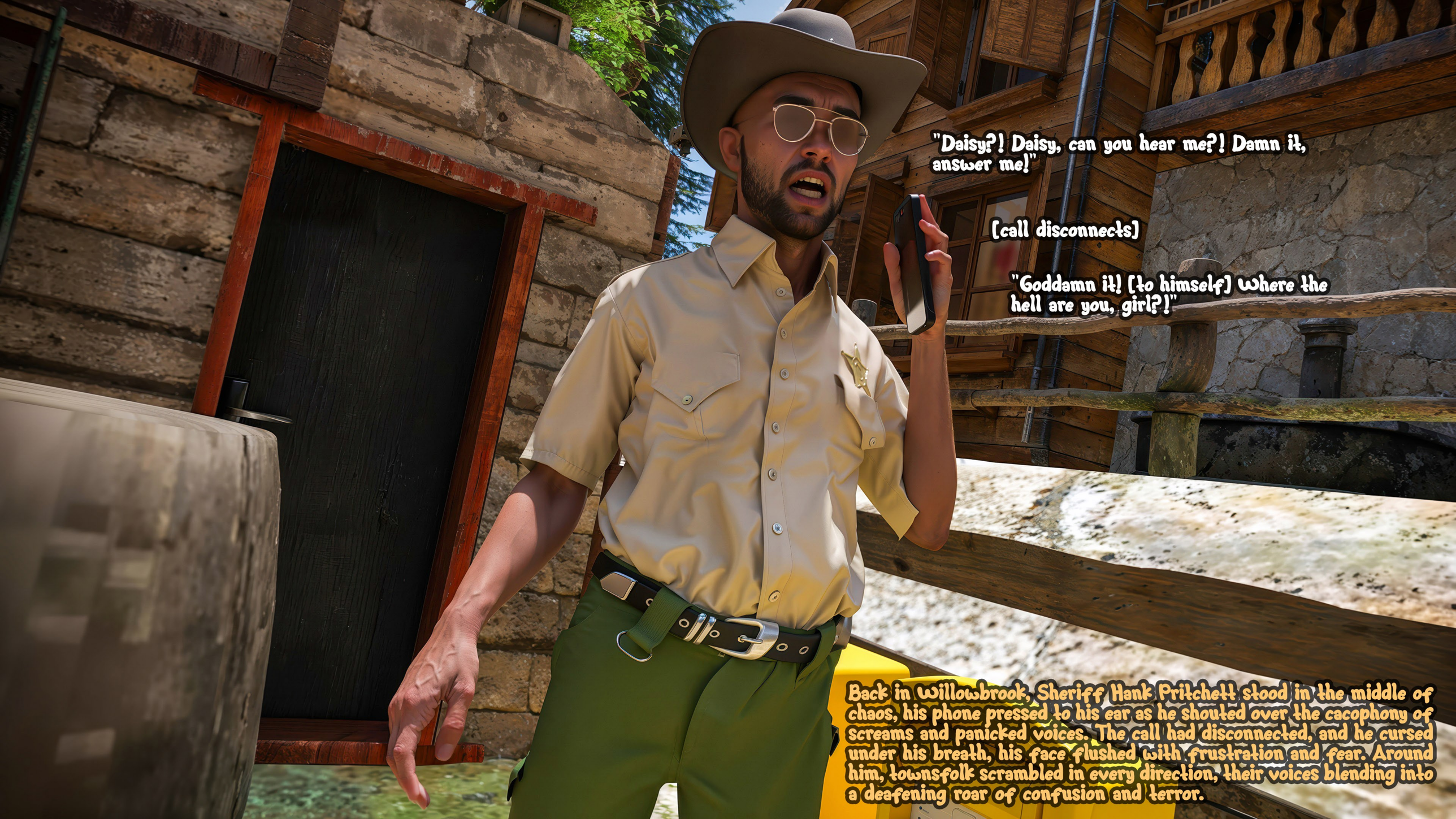

1 [staring at the phone] "It's... it's Pa. Callin' you. Why the hell's he callin' you? He never calls you."
2 [coughing] "Who is it?"
3 "Pa. Somethin' ain't right. He wouldn't call 'less it was bad. Shit, left my phone at home—"
4 [not looking, checking Walter] "You good, little fella? Hurt anywhere?"
5 "Nah, I'm alright. Just... rattled."


1 [answering] "Pa? Pa, what's goin' on? You alright?"
2 [choppy, distorted] "D-Daisy...? Don't... don't come back... it's not... not safe—"
3 "Pa? Pa, I can barely hear you! What's happenin'?!"
4 [breaking up] "Stay... away... town's... it's bad—"
5 [getting up] "What's he sayin'? What's wrong?"


1 "Somethin's... somethin's real wrong. He said don't come back, it ain't safe—"
2 "Hon, hold up. It's just bad reception, alright? We're deep in the woods. Could be nothin'."
[call cuts out]


1 "It's her. It's gotta be her. She must've made it to your town."
2 "What? Who the hell's 'her'?"
3 "ABIGAIL! Where's your town located?"
4 "North. 'Bout five miles that way."
5 "Fuck. Last time I saw her, she was headin' north."


1 "We gotta warn 'em, Jeb. Can't just sit out here."
2 "It's too late. Stay the hell away from that place if you wanna live."
3 "Like hell we will! They're our people! Let's go, Daisy"
4 "WAIT! Let us come with you. It ain't safe out here for us either."
5 [pausing, then gruffly] "fine. Hop in the back. Keep your head down—road's bumpy as hell."


"Daisy?! Daisy, can you hear me?! Damn it, answer me!"
[call disconnects]
"Goddamn it! [to himself] Where the hell are you, girl?!"
Back in Willowbrook, Sheriff Hank Pritchett stood in the middle of chaos, his phone pressed to his ear as he shouted over the cacophony of screams and panicked voices. The call had disconnected, and he cursed under his breath, his face flushed with frustration and fear. Around him, townsfolk scrambled in every direction, their voices blending into a deafening roar of confusion and terror.


[screaming]
"Run! Just run!"
"What the hell is that?!"
"Someone help us!"
"Oh God, we're all gonna die!"
[muttering to himself]
"What in God's name is goin' on?"
SHERIFF


what started as another sunny morning in this quiet town
had twisted into a full-blown nightmare.


A shadow loomed over the fleeing crowd, dark and monstrous—Abigail's giant foot hovered above them, poised to crush everything in its path.
[screaming]
"LOOK OUT!"
"IT'S COMING DOWN!"
"RUN! RUN FASTER!"


With a thunderous crash, Abigail's foot came down, flattening a dozen people into the earth as if they were nothing. The ground shook, and her laughter echoed through the town, cruel and unhinged.
[laughing maniacally]
"Oops! Did I step on something?"
[screaming, coughing]


Abigail wasn't just big—she was a fucking colossus. Her body blotted out the sun, a mountain of blubber and muscle towering over the town, her pale, dimpled flesh quivering with every step. Her thighs alone were wider than pickup trucks, her tits swollen into monstrous udders that swung like wrecking balls, slapping against the gut-churning shelf of her belly. Every roll of fat creaked and jiggled as she moved, her hips smashing through trees like they were cardboard. Her bare feet left craters in the dirt, toes the size of tree trunks curling with sadistic delight as she hunted her prey. This wasn't a woman—it was a force of nature, a gluttonous goddamn tsunami of flesh, and the world bent beneath her weight.


Her ass was a nation of its own—two gargantuan globes of lard that jiggled like earthquake-prone hills with every sway. Each cheek could've buried a schoolbus, the sheer mass of her backside dripping with cellulite craters and stretch marks that glistened under the sun. The ground trembled as she paused, squatting slightly to let her ass hover over a cluster of screaming townsfolk.


"Bet y'ain't never seen a gut this greedy, huh? C'mon now, darlins—why run when y'could be under me? Plenty o' room here... if y'don't mind gettin' absorbed."
Her belly was a cascading empire of fat—a sagging, heaving monument to endless hunger. It hung like a wrecked parade float, rolls that sloshed and swayed as she lumbered forward, the underside smeared with dirt and sweat. A group of fleeing farmers caught her eye, and she grinned, thrusting her belly outward.


[looking down at the chaos] "Now, what's it gonna be first? Crush a few lil' runts under mah toes? Or maybe..."


"Or maybe... [grins wickedly]... sit mah big ol' ass down on that church steeple? Decisions, decisions..."


[her eyes narrowing as she spots the snow-covered mountain peak, a sly smirk creeping across her face]
"Well, well... ain't that a sight. Bet that lil' peak's just beggin' for some attention. [chuckles to herself] Reckon it'd make a mighty fine seat... or somethin' else. Heh, wouldn't that be a show for the ants down below?"


[grinning down at the tiny figures scrambling below]
"Y'all ever seen a view like this? Bet y'ain't never seen a pussy this big neither! C'mon now, darlins—get a closer look 'fore I drop it on ya!"
She waddled her massive frame to the mountain, her titanic thighs slapping together with each earth-shaking step. She planted herself atop the peak, her colossal legs spreading wide, casting a shadow over the valley below.


[grinning to herself, rubbing her thighs] "Damn, this is gonna be fun. Been feelin' horny as fuck lately, and ain't nothin' in this lil' town big enough to handle all this."


"Too bad for y'all, but Mr. Mountain here's 'bout to get real acquainted with mah needs. Hope he's ready for a ride!"


Her pussy yawned open above the mountain peak—a gaping, dripping cavern of slick flesh, folds swallowing rocks and trees as it descended. The air reeked of pussy and raw power, her cunt's heat warping the air like a hungry fucking black hole, sucking the world into its wet, ravenous depths.


The mountain peak vanished into her monstrous cunt, rocks and trees slathered in her thick juices as she ground down, her folds pulsing hungrily. Giant globs of arousal soaked the slopes, rivers of her slick flooding valleys below as villages crumbled under the deluge.


[moaning, voice trembling the earth]
"Sweet mother of fuck—! That's the stretch I been needin'! Y'see that, ants? This mountain's gettin' devoured... just like y'all's gonna be!"
[laughs, hips bucking] "How's that wetness look, huh? Juicy enough for ya?!"


"Hnngh~ fuck... yes... that's it—!"
[grinding, rocks cracking]


"Ah! Ah! Feel that... stretch—! (squelch! splat!) Ohhh... fuck... bigger—!"


"Panting hnngh... Boom!"
Nnnn—! that's the
Rrrgh! spot—!
That's... Crunch!


"Panting Nnnn—! (rrrgh!) That's... hnngh... that's the spot—! (crunch! boom!)"


"(wet squelching) fuck, fuck, fuck—!
(gllrrk~) T-tighter... tighter—!"


"Gasping Nnnn—! (whap! whap!)
Hah... (pant)... yes... more—!"


"Screaming (rrrgh!) feels too good—!
Ohhh...fatter... bigger—!"


"Hah! Hah! (squeak! crunch!) Oops~!
Moans Did I just... sit on a—? (hahah!)
More—!"


"Guttural roar (nnngh!) fuck... fuck...
I'm—! (pulse! throb!) Cummin'—! (hah!)"


"Mmmmmmm, yes... oh God, it feels so fuckin' good—!"

Abigail rose from the mountain with a shuddering groan, her massive thighs slick with her own juices. An avalanche of her thick cum cascaded down the slopes, a slimy, glistening wave that swallowed trees and boulders whole. She steadied herself, her breath heavy, her body still trembling from the aftershocks of her climax.


"Hah... hah... Well, ain't that a sight? [licks lips] Look at mah mess... [sniff]... drippin' all over y'all's precious mountain. [Giggles] Bet it's the best damn thing that's ever happened to this hunk o' rock. [Stretches, belly sloshing] Mmm... now... where's the next playground?"


[looks down, licking her lips slowly]
"Mmm... all that squishin' and squeezin' got me hungry. Y'know what sounds good right 'bout now? A lil' snack... or maybe a feast. [grins wickedly] Bet y'all taste real good after all that runnin' and screamin'."


[muttering to himself, voice trembling]
"Sweet Jesus... what in God's name is that?
Ain't no way... ain't no damn way..."
Sheriff Hank stood frozen amidst the chaos, his head craned back as far as it would go, but even then, he couldn't see the top of Abigail's monstrous form. Her sheer size defied comprehension, her body blotting out the sky. His mouth hung open, his mind struggling to process the nightmare before him.


[sniffs the air] Smell that panic? Makes mah mouth water... [rubs her belly] C'mon, darlins... who's first? Or do I gotta pick?"
"Lord, if you're listenin'... we need a miracle. 'Cause I sure as hell can't fight that."


"Now, now, darlins... where y'all runnin' off to? [laughs] Ain't no use squirm'—y'all just makin' it funner for me! Mmm... look at y'all, wrigglin' like lil' worms."
[screaming]
"LET US GO! PLEASE!"
"MOVE MOVE MOVE MOVE!"
"SOMEONE HELP! HELP!"
Abigail's massive hand descended like a falling skyscraper, her fingers curling around a cluster of fleeing townsfolk.


Her grip tightening as she lifted them into the air, their screams barely audible over her booming laughter.
[sniffing the air, licking her lips] "Smell that? Fear's the best damn seasoning. [giggles]


One man dangled precariously from her finger, his grip slipping as he screamed for help. A few others tumbled out, plummeting to the ground far below. She tilted her hand slightly, her massive eyes narrowing as she examined her catch with a mix of amusement and hunger.
[screaming, panicking]
"PLEASE! LET US GO!"
"HEEEEELP! SOMEONE HELP!"
[struggling to hold on, voice strained]
"PLEASE! I'M SLIPPING! HELP ME! SOMEONE HELP ME!"


[grinning down at the people in her hand]
"Well, ain't y'all just the cutest lil' thangs?
[sniffs] Mmm... Makes mah mouth water.
[laughs] Now... who's first?


"Now, now, darlins... no need to fight over who's first. Y'all get to go down together! Ain't that sweet? [sticks out her tongue, letting it hover beneath her hand] Mmm... ready or not, here I come!"


[screaming as they slide toward her mouth]
"OH GOD, OH GOD!"
"DON'T LET GO! HOLD ON!"


The world narrowed to a suffocating, wet cavern—a fleshy tunnel of glistening pink walls that pulsed with primal heat. Abigail's tongue arched beneath them like a slick, living slide, her saliva pooling in thick strands as the screams of the falling echoed off the quivering roof of her mouth. Her throat yawned below, a gaping abyss of muscle that contracted hungrily, the roar of her breath drowning out their shouting. Her uvula swinging like a grotesque pendulum above them as gravity dragged them deeper, faster, into the wet, convulsing darkness.

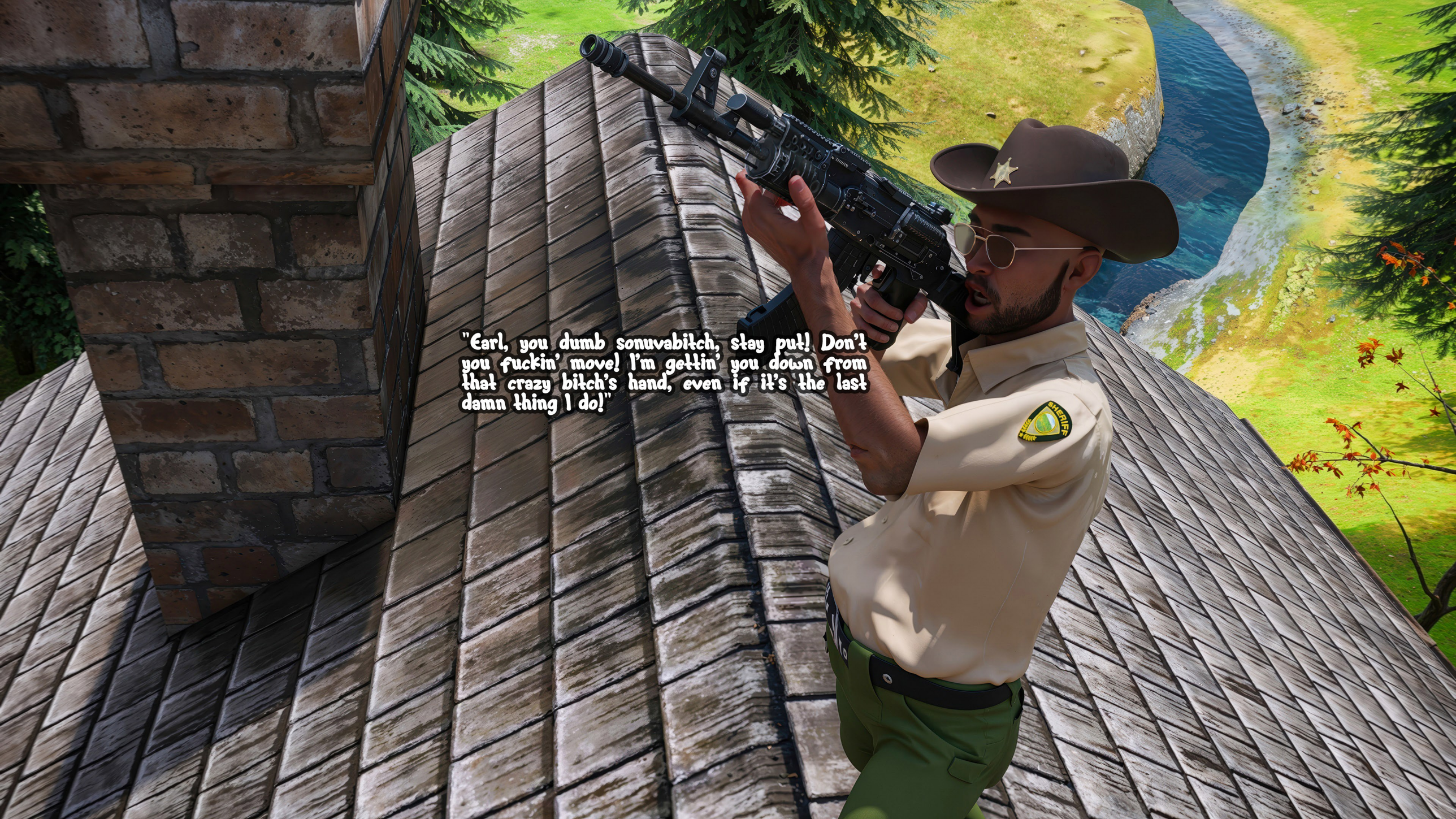



[GULP]

[licking her lips with a satisfied grin]
"Mmm... now that's what I call a snack. Y'all were delicious!"


1 [panicking, voice trembling]
"WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?! YOU—YOU JUST—! OH GOD, I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS! PLEASE, JUST LET ME GO!"
2 [grinning wider, her breath hot and heavy]
"Aw, darlin', don't be like that. You're the lucky one! Got a front-row seat to the show. [licks her lips again] Now... how 'bout we make this quick? Or... maybe I'll savor ya a lil' longer"


"Huh? The fuck was that?"
[Gunshot]


"Earl, you dumb sonuvabitch, stay put! Don't you fuckin' move! I'm gettin' you down from that crazy bitch's hand, even if it's the last damn thing I do!"
SHERIFF


1 "Well, ain't this a fuckin' treat? a Sheriff, huh? You got the balls to take a potshot at me? Ya see this lil' fella danglin' here? He was about to be dessert, but now I reckon I gotta deal with some itchy trigger-finger first."
2 "Goddammit, you overgrown bitch! Let him go! You think you can just waltz into my town and start eatin' folks? Hell no! Eat this, you freak!"
[fires more shots]

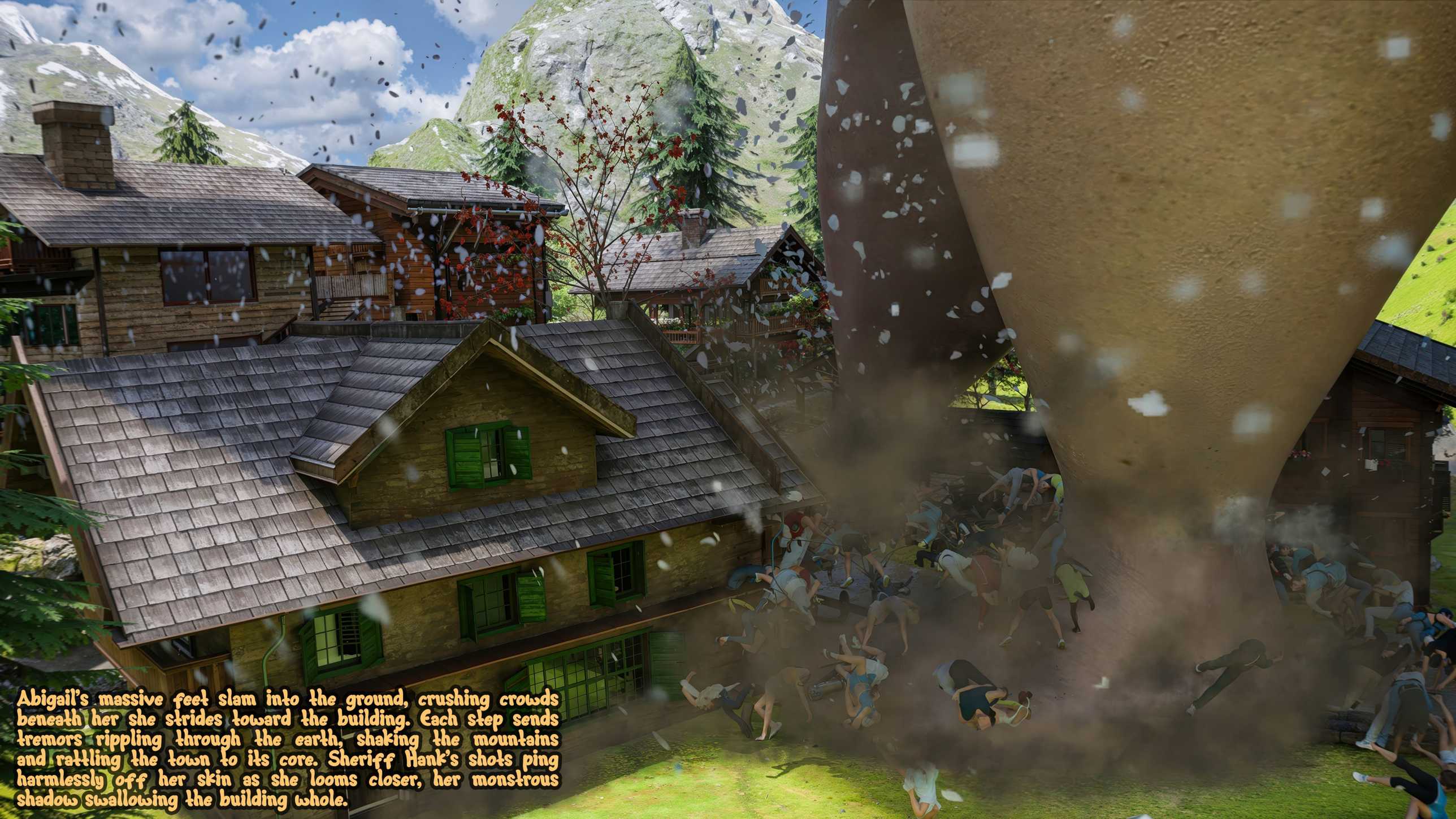

1
[Laughs, a deep, throaty chuckle that shakes the ground] "Oh, sugar, you're just makin' this more fun for me." [She flicks her hand, sending Earl flying off with a scream, his body tumbling through the air like a ragdoll.] "Now, where were we? Oh yeah—time to squash me a sheriff."
2 "Noooooooooo! EARL!"


The low rumble of an engine cuts through the chaos, growing louder with each passing second. A battered truck barrels down the mountain road, its tires kicking up dirt and gravel as it speeds toward Willowbrook.


2 "[stammering] J-Jeb... what the fuck is that? Is that... is that a goddamn woman?!"
1 "Holy fuckin' hell..."
3 "[gripping the wheel tighter] That ain't no woman, Daisy. That's a fuckin' beast."


1 "This... this can't be real. She can't be this fucking big! She's a goddamn mountain now! TYou kept feeding her! You pushed her beyond any damn limit!"
2 "[staring, voice trembling] I... I didn't know... I didn't think..."

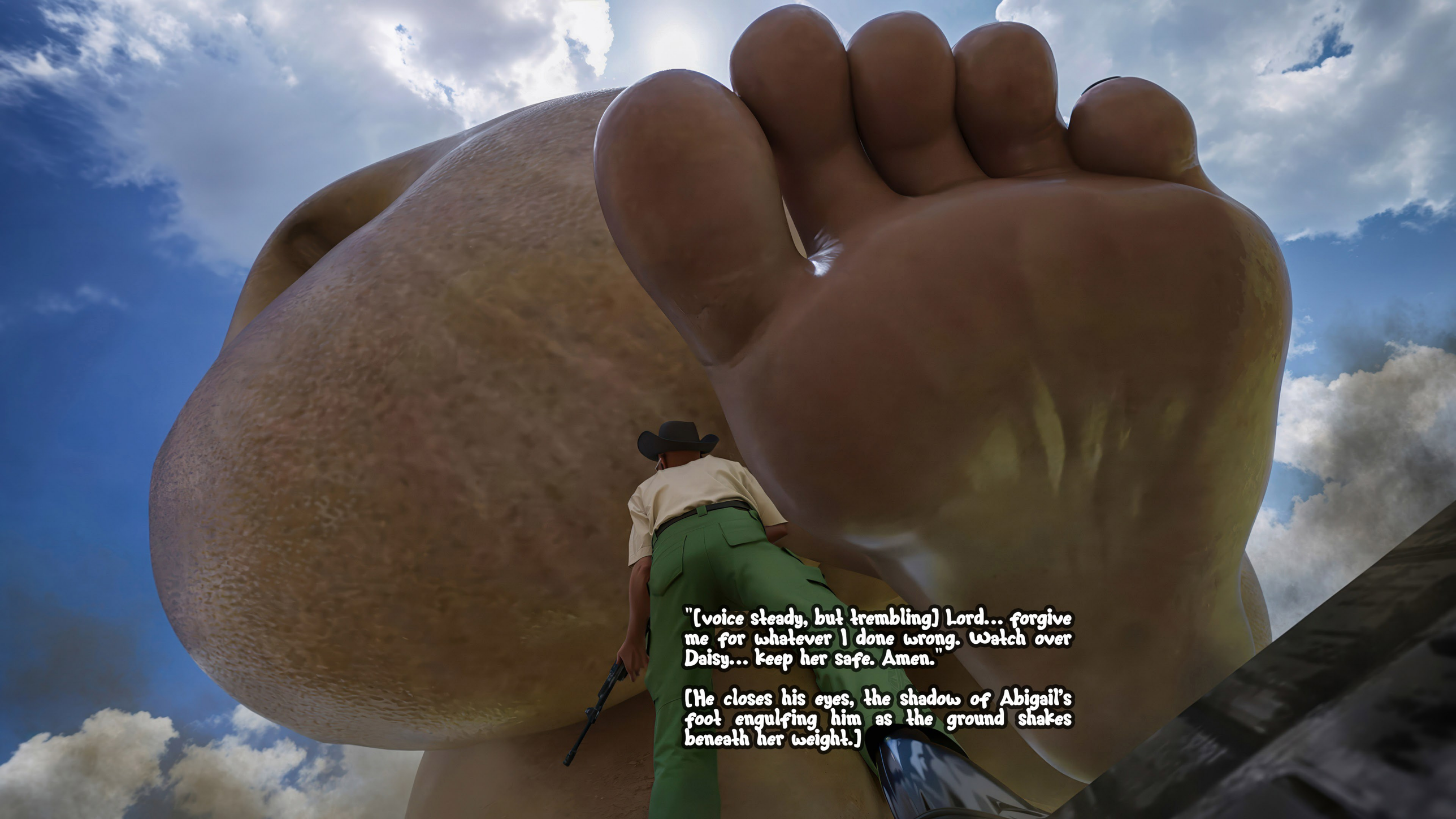

"[voice rising] You didn't think?! Look at her! She's tearing the whole town apart like it's nothing!"


Abigail's massive feet slam into the ground, crushing crowds beneath her she strides toward the building. Each step sends tremors rippling through the earth, shaking the mountains and rattling the town to its core. Sheriff Hank's shots ping harmlessly off her skin as she looms closer, her monstrous shadow swallowing the building whole.


1 "[screaming] Dad! Dad, get off the roof! Get down from there!"
2 "[shouting back, voice a mix of relief and panic] Daisy?! Goddammit, what the hell are you doin' here?! Get outta here! Get the fuck outta town now!"


1 "[frantic] No! I'm not leavin' without you! Get down, she's gonna—!"
2 "[reaching out, voice urgent] Daisy, wait! You're gonna get yourself killed!"


[Abigail's foot rises, casting a shadow over the building as Daisy's scream echoes, desperate and helpless.]
1 "[voice fading, horrified] Oh no... Dad... DAD!"


"[voice steady, but trembling] Lord... forgive me for whatever I done wrong. Watch over Daisy... keep her safe. Amen."
[He closes his eyes, the shadow of Abigail's foot engulfing him as the ground shakes beneath her weight.]


"[hand over her mouth, voice trembling] No... no, no, no... Dad... Dad! Oh God, no..."
The sound of Abigail's foot slamming down is deafening—a thunderous CRUNCH as the building collapses beneath her, followed by the rumble of crumbling stone and the whoosh of debris scattering in a massive cloud of dust.


Daisy's eyes widen in pure despair, her breath catching in her throat as she stares at the cloud of dust and debris where the building—and her father—once stood. Her hand trembles over her mouth, her voice trapped in a silent scream. Behind her, Jeb grips his head, his face pale with shock, his rugged composure shattered as the reality of what just happened sinks in. The ground still vibrates from the impact, and the air is thick with the weight of loss and terror.


She froze, her eyes locked on Abigail's colossal form. The giantess loomed larger by the second, her massive belly and ass blotting out the sky, casting the town into shadow. The sheer scale of her was incomprehensible—a living mountain of flesh and destruction.


"[laughs, a booming roar that echoes across the valley] Hahaha! Lookit that mess! Ain't nothin' left of yer precious sheriff 'cept a stain! Y'all thought a lil' bullet could stop me? Shit, I'm gettin' bigger just watchin' y'all piss yourselves! Who's next? C'mon, darlins—line up! I'm feelin' peckish!"


"Huh? What do we have over here?"


"[squints, her grin faltering for a moment] Is that... Viv? Well, I'll be damned."


1 "[urgent] Daisy, get the fuck up! We gotta move—now! She saw us, goddammit!"
2 "[panicking, voice shrill] Girl, please! Get back in the truck! She's coming, and if we don't go, we're dead! Move!"


2 voice sharp] It's too late! There's no time! If you go out there, we're all dead! Hit the gas—now!"
4 "[shouting] She's gone, Jeb! If we don't go, we're next! Drive, goddammit!"
1 "[frustrated, moving toward Daisy] I ain't leavin' her! She's comin' with us, Viv!"
3 "[hesitating, torn] But she's—!"


Jeb clenches his jaw, glancing at Daisy one last time
before slamming his foot on the gas.


"[screaming, pounding the car] Go! Go! Go! Go, Jeb, fucking GO!"


The truck roared to life, tires screeching as it sped away, kicking up dust and gravel. Vivian and Jeb were gone, leaving Daisy behind, still on her knees in the middle of the road. Her eyes were locked on Abigail's towering form, her body paralyzed by a mix of awe and terror. The giantess loomed above, her shadow swallowing Daisy whole, her laughter echoing like thunder. Daisy didn't move, didn't scream—she just stared, her world reduced to the monstrous woman who had taken everything from her.


Abigail's eyes followed the truck as it sped away, a sly grin spreading across her massive face. She could've crushed it with a single step, could've ended them right there—but she didn't. No, she let them go. They'd meet again, and the anticipation made her grin widen.


Her attention shifted downward, landing on the tiny figure of Daisy, still frozen on her knees.


"[chuckling, her voice dripping with dark amusement] Well, well... guess you'll do for now. Let's try somethin' different with you, darlin'. How 'bout we have a lil' fun?"


"[grinning wickedly, her voice a low purr] Ain't you a lucky lil' thing? Got front-row seats to the best show in town."
BABE
01


"Open wide, darlin'—this milk's gonna make ya nice n' plump... just like me."


She presses Daisy against her swollen nipple, thick streams of milk cascading over the girl's face and into her mouth.


[laughing, squeezing her breast to force more milk out] "Drink up, sugar! Feel that heat? That's yer body beggin' to grow... to swell... Betcha can't wait to see how big them tits of yours'll get!"


Daisy's body shuddered as the milk took hold, her ass swelling rapidly, the fabric of her mini jeans straining until they ripped apart with a loud tear. Her once-tight jeans now hung in tatters, her growing curves spilling out as her flesh expanded, the heat of transformation burning through her.



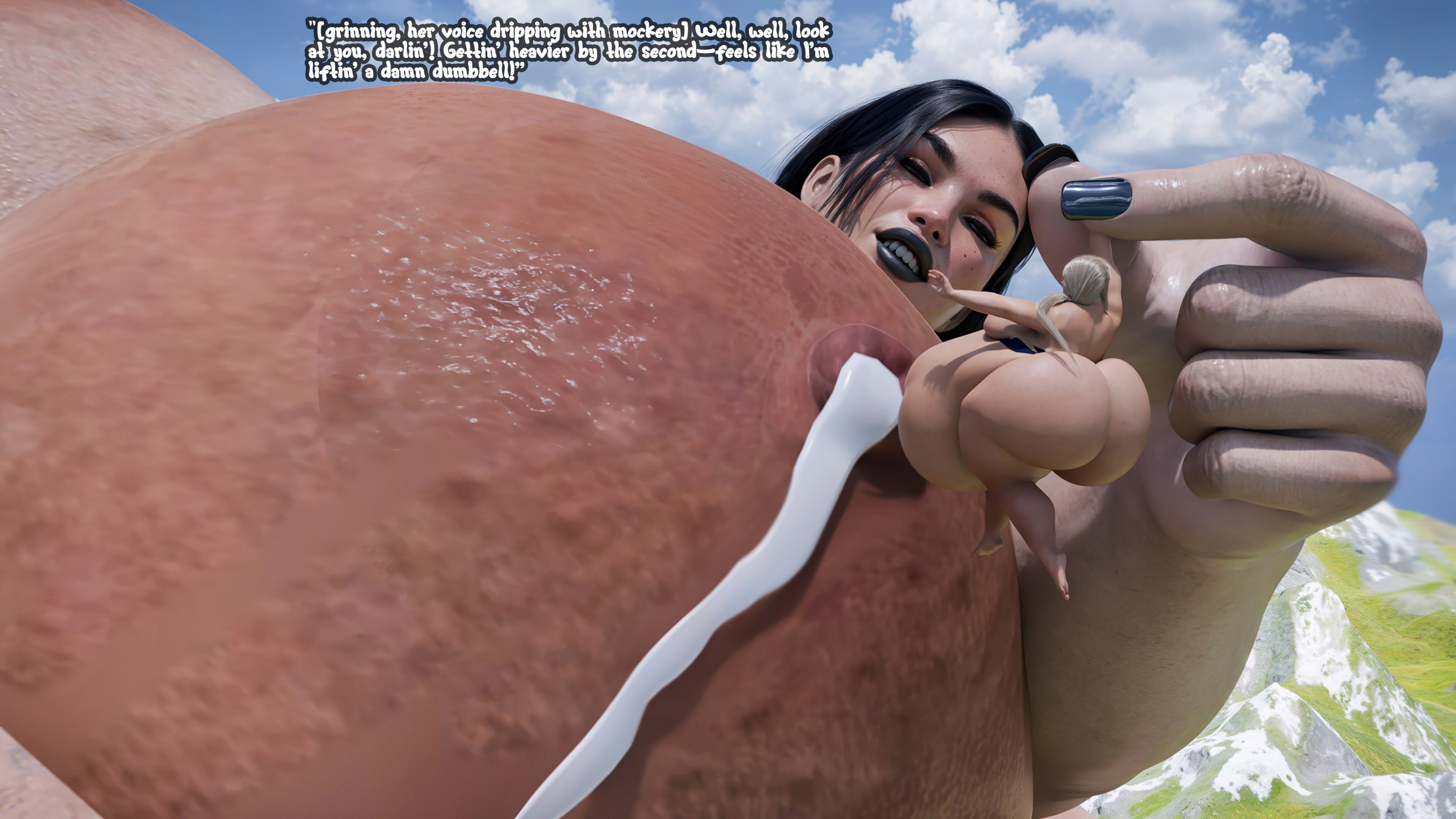







Her belly ballooned next, swelling grotesquely as the milk forced its way down her throat. Her once-flat stomach stretched into a massive, jiggling mound of fat, pressing against her thighs and spilling over what was left of her shredded jeans. She gagged and choked, her hands clawing at Abigail's tit as the milk gushed relentlessly, her struggles only making the giantess laugh harder.




"[grinning, her voice dripping with mockery] Well, well, look at you, darlin'! Gettin' heavier by the second—feels like I'm liftin' a damn dumbbell!"


"Guess all that milk's doin' its job. Bet you never thought you'd be the one bustin' outta yer clothes, huh? Welcome to the club, sugar!"


She shifts Daisy's weight in her hand, her massive fingers gripping the now-chubby girl's arm as Daisy's bloated body jiggles helplessly.


1 "[voice low, dripping with mock sympathy] Look at you, darlin'... all soft n' jiggly, just how I like 'em. Bet you thought gettin' big meant power, huh? Nah—it just means you're juicier. Perfect for what I got planned."
2 "[gasping, voice strained] P-please... I'll do... anything...!"
She hoisted her bloated body closer, her swollen form trembling in the giantess's grip. The air reeked of sour milk and sweat as Abigail's hot breath washed over Daisy's stretched skin, her lips curling into a predatory grin.


[laughs, cutting her off] "Oh, sugar—you already are. Every inch of that pretty lil' body's screamin' s w a l l o w me."
"[shrieking, thrashing] NO! NO—!"

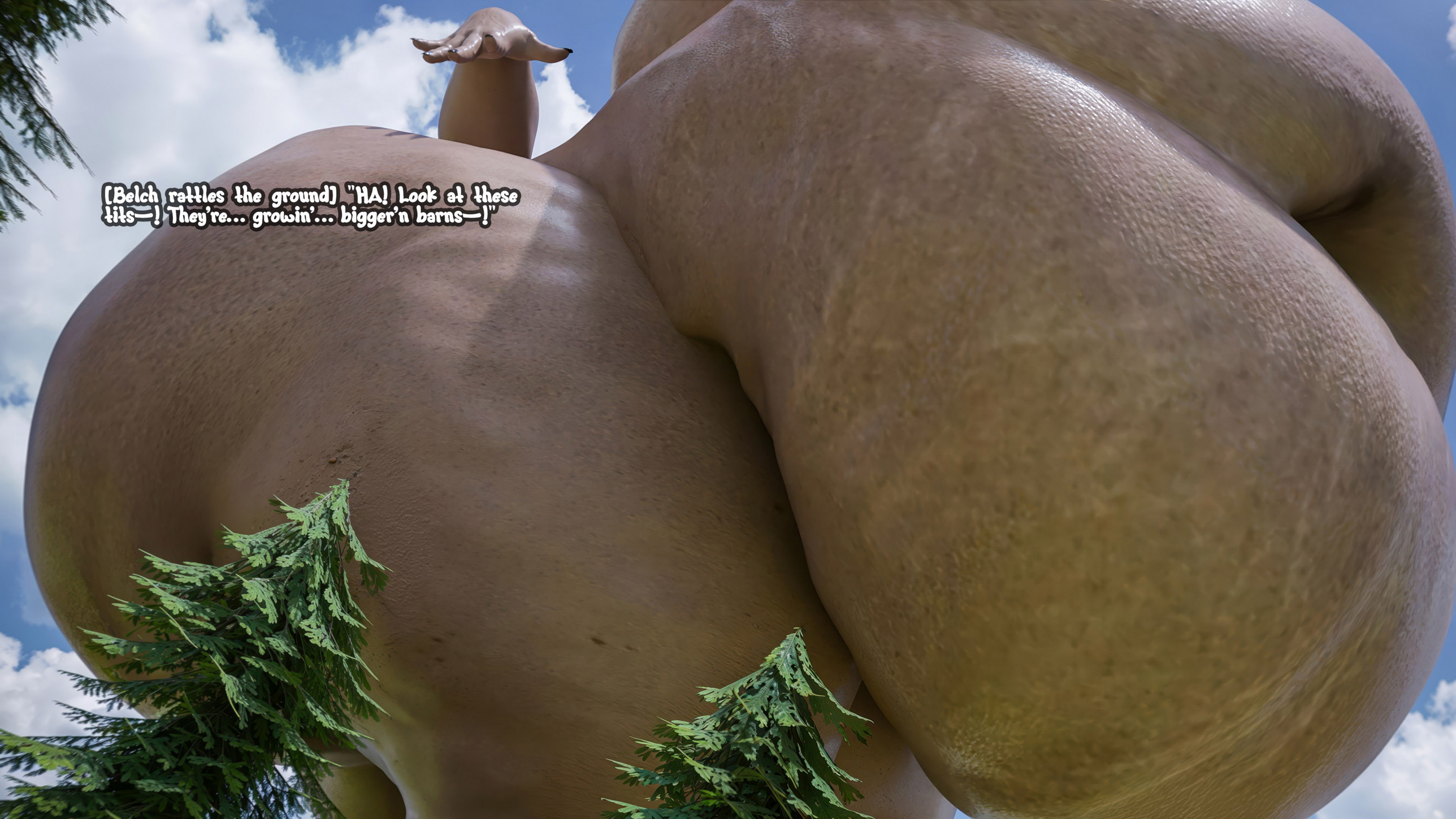

Abigail's lips closed around Daisy's swelled up figure with a wet schlop, muffling her moans. The giantess's throat convulsed, gulping greedily as Daisy's fat legs vanished inch by inch, her swollen hips lodging briefly before a loud GLRK forced her down.


[Burps loudly] "Hah—! The hell...? Feels like I swallowed a damn hurricane..."


[Gasping] "fuck—! My gut's... stretchin'... like a goddamn balloon—!"




[Moaning, breathless] "Ohhh... Christ... it's burnin'... but it's so... fuckin' good...!"


[Belch rattles the ground] "HA! Look at these tits—! They're... growin'... bigger'n barns—!"


[Gasp-sobbing] "Can't... move... can't... think... just... fat... fatter...!"


[Roaring, half-laugh] "SKY'S... MINE...! WHO'S NEXT?! WHO'S—BUUURP—FUCKIN' NEXT?!"


[Voice cracking] "T-Too much...! Too much...
but I wanna... MORE—!"

[Deep, rumbling belch] "Mmm... BUUUURP...
ohhh, that's the good stuff..."


[wet, sloshing belch] "BLAAAAARGH...
mmm... feels like my gut's... bubbling..."


[Thunderous belch] "BRRRAAAAAP... fuck... that one's got power... mmm..."


[Guttural, earth-shaking belch]
"GRRRROOOOAAAL... ohhh...
can't stop... burping... mmm..."


[Cosmic, reality-warping belch]
"BBBBwwwwwwRRRRPPPP—! ... silence ... [moaning softly] ... mmm... so full..."

[Guttural moan] "Mmmfffuck... yes... that's it... gimme more...!"

Abigail's swollen tits trembled violently, streams of thick, creamy milk erupting from her engorged nipples like geysers. The frothy liquid arced through the air, splattering across her collarbone and drenching her heaving chest. With a hungry grin, she cupped her massive breasts, tilting them upward until the milk cascaded directly into her gaping mouth.


[Wet, sloshing gulps] "Hah—! Tastes like...
power... like fuckin' destiny...!"

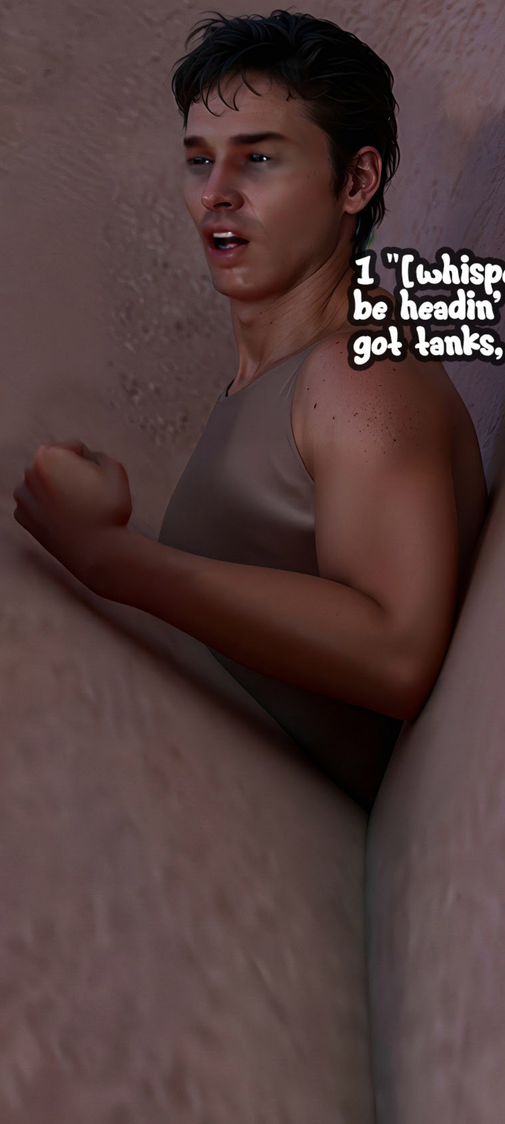

[Belches mid-chug] "BUUURP—! Keep flowin', girls... ain't done... growin' yet...!"


[Voice deepening] "C'mon... drown me... fill me 'til I burst...!"


[final roar] "AAAAAGH—! THAT'S how you fuckin' FEED...!"


Later that day...
The truck skidded to a halt in front of Abigail's farmhouse, its tires kicking up a cloud of dust that settled over the yard. The place was eerily quiet, the once-bustling farm now a hollow shell of its former self.

2 "[voice low but firm] "You think they're not aware? They just don't give a damn about folks like us out here in the sticks. They'll only care when she's stompin' through their precious cities, crushin' their skyscrapers and eatin' their politicians. By then, it'll be too late for everyone."



1 "[whispering, voice trembling] Viv, this is insane. We should be headin' to the city, lettin' the authorities handle this. They got tanks, bombs—shit that can take her down!"


1 "[sighing softly] Poor kid. Lost his girl, his whole damn world, in one fell swoop. Can't imagine what he's feelin' right now."
2 [frowning] "I just hope he don't do somethin' stupid. Grief makes folks reckless, and we can't afford that right now."


[grimacing] "Reckon we just gotta keep an eye on him. Let him grieve, but make sure he don't get us or himself killed in the process."

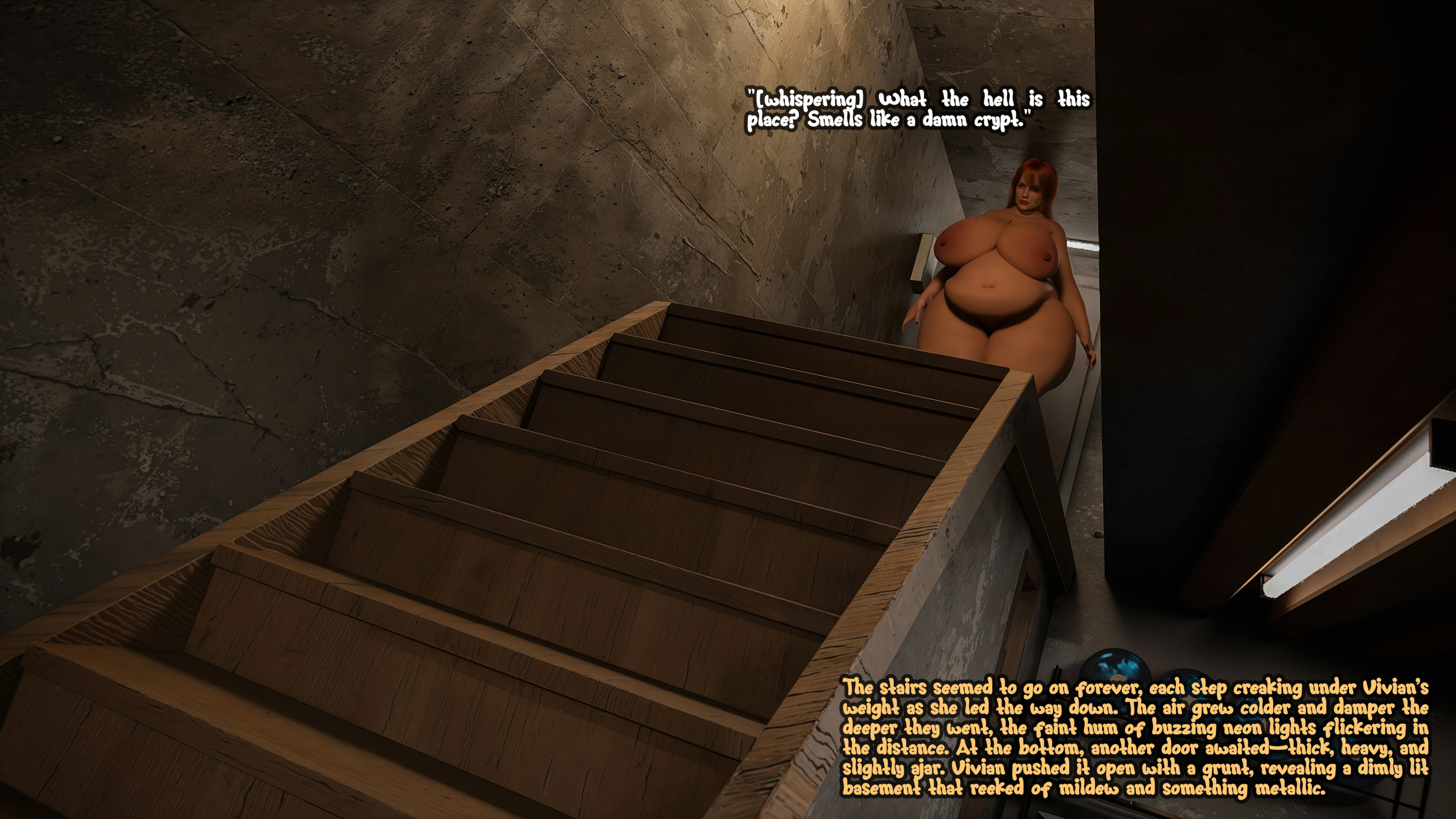

1 "[softly] you okay over there?"
3 "[nodding] Alright. But if you need a minute—"
2 "[sniffing, wiping his face with his sleeve] Yeah... yeah, I'm fine. Just... just don't wanna talk about it. We got a job to do, right? Let's get it done."
4 "[cutting her off, voice firm] I said I'm fine. We need to hurry. Whatever the hell you're lookin' for in there, let's find it and end this nightmare."


1 "He's right. We're runnin' out of daylight. Let's move."
2 "The door you're looking for is right over there."


"[frowning, scanning the area] I don't see no damn door, Walter. You sure about this?"


"[nodding urgently] Positive. It's hidden. Just move the hay stacks. Trust me."


"[raising an eyebrow] Well, I'll be damned. You weren't kiddin'. Let's hope whatever's down there is worth the trouble."
Vivian sighed, her massive hands gripping the edge of the hay stacks. With a grunt, she shoved them aside, revealing a weathered wooden door set into the wall, partially obscured by dirt.


"[whispering] What the hell is this place? Smells like a damn crypt."
The stairs seemed to go on forever, each step creaking under Vivian's weight as she led the way down. The air grew colder and damper the deeper they went, the faint hum of buzzing neon lights flickering in the distance. At the bottom, another door awaited—thick, heavy, and slightly ajar. Vivian pushed it open with a grunt, revealing a dimly lit basement that reeked of mildew and something metallic.




1 "[muttering] Holy mother of God..."
2 "[smirking weakly] Bingo. Told you it was here."


The basement's flickering neon lights revealed two industrial freezers wedged against the far wall, their surfaces crusted with frost.

2 Vivian: [interrupting, her tone eerily calm] "Right titty milk... left titty milk... clever bitch."

1 Walter: "[hissing] There—the right one! That's the shrinkin' milk! Grab it and let's get the hell out before—"




2 Vivian: [slowly turning to face him, her eyes glinting in the neon glow] "The plan... heh... the plan..."
1 Walter: [voice cracking] Viv...? What're you—? The right one. The plan was the right one.
LEFT TITTY MILK <3
Her gaze lingered on the "LEFT TITTY MILK" freezer, its surface trembling faintly, as if something inside pulsed with a life of its own. Walter froze, his breath catching as she took a step toward the left.


1 "[laughing harder] Oh, Walter... the plan... you sweet, naive man...!"
2 "[looking up] What's... what's so goddamn funny?!"


1 "[wiping a tear, still giggling] You really thought I came here to save the world? To play hero? Hahahahahaha..."
2 "[voice trembling] Viv... what are you doing? Viv!"

"I came to this farm to grow."

TO BE CONTINUED