
HAZEL
SMASHES
NEW YORK


REDFIREDOG
EMMAGEAR


"Am I live?"
Simple enough question, but there's only one way to find out for sure. There were quite a few people already waiting when I listed the stream and they were all too eager to chat amongst themselves. It's become a bit of a tradition for me to do a little bit of post-fun recap and I've started looking forward to them almost as much as I look forward to growing a mile tall and transforming a major metropolitan area into pavement.
Oh who am I kidding. These are fun, but they're not even comparable.
HAPPY HOLIDAYS
MERRY CHRISTMAS!


A few seconds pass and a chorus of responses fill the window. Half of the people in the chat are responding to my question, letting me know that they can see and hear me. The other half are an excited frenzy, informing people to refresh the stream or skipping past the greetings to bombard me with questions.

"I'm seeing a lot of new faces..." I mused, watching as the number of concurrent viewers steadily rose higher. "And a few questions already... So let me start with the obvious one. Where am I? Hell if I know! This place just had a lot of really nice decorations from the outside, and I'm quite a bit stronger than I look even when I'm normal sized so it's not like a lock can keep me out for long. Never even crossed my mind to note the address..."



More responses from chat. That little revelation shocked quite a few of them, but I guess that part of my theatrics doesn't really gain much notoriety. It's a lot easier to catalog the activities of a woman taller than a skyscraper rampaging through downtown than it is to note how effortlessly she pushed down a reinforced door directly before that.

"Where are the owners?" I read aloud, a sly grin crossing my lips. "Oh... you know. They're... around. Somewhere." I dropped the camera a bit to really emphasize my tits when I said that to let their minds go wild. I've read countless theories and rumors about me in my off time, and a pretty consistent one is that I can also shrink people in secret. I can't, but I see no harm in letting them believe anything that makes them a little more scared of me. The truth was a bit less glamorous anyway. The couple who lived here weren't much more than red splotches both in their yard and on the bottom of my feet, and the snow outside would cover that up until I was long gone.


"Anyway... you all know why I'm here." I said, smiling before blowing a kiss into the camera. "You're all ready to hear about my escapades over in... Detroit, was it? No... Chicago? Bangkok? The list of cities I plan to visit is pretty long so I can be a bit forgetful as to where I've been and where I plan to go... Anyone care to remind me?"

Chat lit up with a flurry of responses. All repeating the same name.

"Oh, that's right! New York City!" I laughed. "I guess I should start from the beginning, shouldn't I? I didn't just go there to see the big tree at Rockefeller light up as I'm sure countless tourists do. I went there because I heard there was, believe it or not, a Santa Claus convention taking place..."



"You sure you're not cold? You know... walking around like that?"

It was a genuine question. Not often you see someone walking around a snowy city without a shirt on. But if the guy I was talking to was concerned he didn't show it when he smirked, and pushed himself even closer to me. I'll admit it. He was... well. At least compared to the other options out here he was pretty hot. Kind of sleazy, but some of that may well have been all the alcohol I'd watched him down before even approaching him.

"I'm... I'm fine." He said, stopping to clear his throat in a vain attempt to appear sober. "In more ways than one, if you know what I mean."

"I don't think I do. Why don't you tell me?"


"Tell you... but we haven't even been properly introduced." He says, pulling himself away and not so subtly moving a hand down to my ass. "What did you say your name was, sweetie?"
"I never told you, silly!" I told him, ignoring his wandering hand. "You can call me Mrs. Claus, okay?"
"Misses?" He says, stopping abruptly. "But I thought we were..."
"We are." I told him, offering a playful wink. "And you're my Santa."


"Oh... I get it." He said, grinning awkwardly. "Like I'm... and you're... yeah. That makes sense."
"It does." I told him, my patience beginning to wear thin. I've learned by now that drunk people are... well they're annoying to communicate with. Hell, my first REALLY time growing was in part thanks to a bunch of... you know what, fuck it. That's another story. Anyway,
"So are we gonna like, do it?" He asked, his eyes locked straight onto my tits as he continued to walk.


"Depends." I told him, placing a finger under his chin and raising his eyes level with me. "Do you have a place nearby?"
"A place?" He said, his eyes narrowing as he appeared to try and think. "Like... a room? Nah, I drove- err, I... got a ride from a very sober friend here. It'll take a couple hours to drive back to my apart- house. My house! And I don't wanna wait that long, if you catch my drift."
"And you can't splurge on a hotel for the two of us?" I asked, making sure to pout as I did so. I could easily do what I needed to out here, but there is always something so... enticing about growing indoors.
"Fat chance." He laughed, his eyes gradually lowering again. "You have any idea how big a deal ClausCon is? It's huge! Massive, even! Biggest in the country! I mean, I could try and find us a room, but why bother? I can go get my car and-"


"No thanks." I said, having had enough of this. "Hey, since you're already looking down, what do you think of these?"

His eyes nearly bulged out of his head when I hooked a finger into my top and pulled it down, freeing both of my tits. The cold air immediately made both of my nipples stand on end, and for a moment he actually let go of my ass he was so surprised.

"Those are..." He said, sobering up very abruptly. "Those are... Those are very nice Mrs. Claus. But shouldn't you-"


"Shouldn't I... what?"
His mouth opened to speak, but no sound came out. He instead slowly turned to look at me, then gradually back down. I had, of course, slipped my hand straight down the front of his pants and grabbed hold of his cock. It wasn't that bad, really. But I suppose my hand was a bit colder than he expected, given how his immediate reaction was to try and pull me away.
RHAPSODY


"No." I told him, causing him to freeze up while I pulled his now-erect cock out into the open air. "We're doing this right here, right now."
He's a little taken aback, and worried about getting caught... but the combination of alcohol, horniness... and let's be real, a bit of good old fashioned stupidity, has him change his mind real quick. In no time at all he's squeezing my tits while rubbing himself here in the middle of the street in full view of everyone.
"You're... you're serious?" He asks, eyes darting around nervously. "I-I mean, if you want to, then I'm not going to stop you, and-"
Phone
RHAPSODY
PREMIUM VODKA


I cut him off with a forceful shove. A bit too forceful, as I can have a bit of a hard time keeping my strength even at this size in check. It's supposed to have him fall onto the hood, but instead he's launched clean off his feet and onto the windshield, before gradually sliding back down the hood.
Good thing he's drunk. Otherwise he might have thought that was suspicious.


Not that it's going to matter soon.
"How about if I give you an ultimatum, Santa. We fuck right here and now while the snow is falling all around us... or we don't fuck at all."
"Lady, I thought you were joking! I mean... I mean I can find us an alley! Even a gas station bathroom will work. Just not out here in front of all these-"


"I asked you a yes or no question." I said, cutting him off. "And your answer wasn't either. So what's it going to be?"
"I... Are you sure? Aren't you cold? You're the hottest chick I've seen all day, but have you ever heard of frostbite? It's cold out here! And those tits are-"
"Yes or no?"


He swallowed audibly, looking between me, and the crowds behind us.
"Oh come on!" I said, rolling my eyes at how long this was taking. "Are you seriously going to turn all of THIS down?" I said, giving my tits a firm slap with the vodka I was holding so they jiggled in front of him. "Now am I going to have to find someone else to fuck today, or are we doing this?"
"Y...Yes! Of course it's fuckin' yes!" He practically begged, cock pointing straight up as he did so. "I can't feel my chest anymore anyway, so the cold doesn't bother me!"


"Good. That's what I like to hear!" I told him, before tilting the bottle of vodka I'd been carrying this entire time up, and drinking. The concerned guy could only watch as I drained the entire thing in a few seconds flat.
"Damn. I wish I could do that." He whispered when I pulled the bottle away and wiped my lips clean.


"Wish no more." I said, taking the bottle and smashing it onto the ground next to him. He watched the glass explode, before turning his eyes right back up to look at the rest of me. It seemed like he wasn't even sure what part he wanted to focus on as his eyes darted between my tits and my ass, before I moved in front of him, making it clear what I wanted.


"Enough foreplay." I told him, grabbing the sides of my skirt and hitching it up. "Give me that cock, or I'll make you regret being born.
"Ooh..." He says, eyes glued straight to my ass. "I dig a girl who can boss me around! Do you think you can keep going?"
"Okay. How about this..."


"If you can't make me cum in... let's say five minutes, then I'm going to shove you up my ass."
"I've never done anal before." He said, inching forward on the hood of his car so I could feel the tip of his cock brush against my ass. "But I'm willing to try anything once."
"You try out my ass and you'll never go back."


"It is pretty fucking big." He says, really getting into it as his hands slowly slid down my thighs.
"You don't know the half of it." I whispered back, then backed my ass straight up in between his legs. He jolted up in surprise, but quickly regained his composure as he was now able to slide his cock into something a bit warmer than the cold air outside. He was so focused on admiring my ass he didn't even notice that I had already started growing.


The front of the car we were both on top leaned forward, and I can see his fingers grasp the edge of the hood in an attempt to stop himself from sliding off entirely. The jolt certainly caught him off guard, but he's too interested in looking cool to really show that.
"Jesus, lady! How much do you weigh?" He asked, before giving my ass a strong slap. "Not that I'm complaining! I like my ladies with a little more to offer."


"I hope you're ready for more than you can handle." I said, gradually lowering myself so his cock would sink into my pussy. He moans a little in frustration when he doesn't get my ass, but it's clear that he's not really reading into what I'm saying. I think a more sober person may have started putting the pieces together by now, but he's so excited to be having sex he doesn't seem to have the strongest grasp on reality.
"I just realized something..." He said, grunting as he struggled to keep my body on top of his. "I never got your name, sweetheart."


In lieu of an answer, I moaned.
LOUD.
If he had any follow-up questions, he didn't seem interested in voicing them at the moment. He just took that as a sign that he was doing a great job, and fell to his back so he could pump his hips straight up with everything he had in him.


It felt... nice. Something that surprised me, as I'm used to most of the guys I let have a shot at me before I grow big enough to turn their city into a smudge on my ass being a bit subpar in that department. A bunch of macho-looking fucks who wouldn't know how to please a woman even if their cocks were twice as big.
Not to say he was doing a great job. Just... an acceptable one. Even if he was bucking his hips like a sweaty pig, and I had to keep moving his hand to make sure it stayed on my ass instead of moving to the car for extra grip.



More I think about it, the more I think that maybe he wasn't doing a very good job and I was just making excuses for managing to bag the one and only Santa in this entire convention who looked like he took care of himself. The lone glimmering piece of treasure in a sea of sleazy old guys who wanted the outfit so people would think they were charming and jovial, and not off putting.

"Holy shit!"

Guys like... that. Two of 'em who were walking by before spotting me, and quickly changed direction to get a better look. One of them is exactly what I was talking about. Older, balding, and with a gut that definitely didn't come from indulging on too much milk and cookies. The guy walking alongside him looks significantly younger, though. Almost cute, in that he looks like he's barely old enough to drink, so the elf costume suits him.


"Hey baby, what are you doin' out here! Ain't it a little too cold not to be havin' any clothes on?" The old man said, revealing a crooked smile with yellowed teeth as he spoke. "Why don't you ditch that fuckin' loser, and come with me instead? Got me one of 'em, what do they call 'em? Cyber trucks! And we can-"
"Dude! What are you doing?!" The younger man interrupts, and I catch a knowing glint in his eye. He's onto me.
"What am I doing? I'm tryin' to get this hot piece of work to come home with me, Junior! I've got five inches of steel that will rock her world!"


That's more than I cared to hear. Honestly I'm tempted to grow to the size of a building at this very moment just to get him out of my sight sooner, but I didn't get to be as good as I am at doing this by blowing my cover too early. Besides, any guy who walks right up to someone having sex and strikes up a conversation can't be all there.
"Deal." I told him, and watched his eyes go wide in surprise. If he didn't think that line had a chance of working, why did he...? Whatever. "But I'm going to need your help first, old man. Why don't you take my boots off for me?"


"Anything you want, sweetheart!" He says, ignoring the guy doing his best to ram his cock into me while moving to the front of the car. He makes no secret of sneaking a glimpse at my pussy, but I let him have his peep show. It'll be one of the last happy moments of his life, after all.
"By the way..." He says, running his hands over my boots, before grabbing hold of the ankles. "Don't take this the wrong way, but I'm not into feet, okay? I'm doin' this cause you're hot, but feet? Ehhh, not my thing, ya know?"


"Aww... are you sure?" I said, taking a moment to slide a boot all the way up his chest, and push him back a moment. "Maybe you'll change your mind once you get them off."
I swear I can see him drool the way he smiles wide at what just happened. He doesn't even bother saying anything before grabbing hold of my boots once again, and pushing back with all his strength... only to slide on the ice after failing to make any progress. Luckily for him, he manages to catch himself, and gives it another shot, but fails to make any progress a second time either.
"Jesus, lady! You sure you got these in the right size?" He asked, stopping a moment to catch his breath. "I can't move 'em at all! They're way too tight!"


"That's not the only part of me that's tight."
The pervy santa drops my legs and looks up at me... for about a second. Then his eyes begin to drift down, where he pauses on my tits for what feels like several seconds, before moving back between my legs yet again.
"Looks like you've got a vacancy up front." He said, clearing his throat. "Given how cold it is, you uh, think I can slip in there?"
"You drive a hard bargain... but no." I said, closing my legs so he looked up at me in disappointment. "But I can let you in through the back after I'm done with this guy, if you're into that."
CAMERAS · VIDEO · BINOCULAR


"I'm not much of a sloppy seconds guy, but fuck it. You're the hottest thing I've ever seen! Shit, the size of your tits alone! You know who you remind me of? That one girl... What's her name? The one in all them news stories-"
"HAZEL!"
I looked to my right, and locked eyes with the stupid little elf in his stupid little yellow shirt. He can only stare up at me for several seconds, and I wink at him in return.


"Hazel?" The old guy says, pulling on the boots until they suddenly popped off and he fell to the ground. The massive fluffy suit he was wearing broke his fall, and he shakily got back onto two feet as he held up his prize. "Was that her name?" He said, hardly registering the younger man's shock. "I thought the Channel 6 news lady was named Monica, or somethin.'"
"THAT'S THE GIANT LADY!" The younger guy said, looking around nervously. "The one who fucking-"
"Do you really not recognize me?" I asked the older man, hardly able to believe this. "Bull fucking shit. You have to have gotten off to some of the videos before."


Pervy Santa's eyes went wide and his jaw dropped. He looked up at me again, realization creeping into his expression. I could practically see sobriety return to him in real time. Good. It was getting a little ridiculous that he hadn't the foggiest idea who I was even after that warning.
"You... You're the... Back in fuckin' Portland... And Chicago... And..."


"I am." I flashed him a smile, and could see his face go white as a sheet. "Now do you have anything to say to me?"
He looked down at his feet, and slowly dropped to his knees. For a moment the old man seemed to consider running, but I think he knew deep down how little good that would do. Bottom lip trembling, he tried to speak with a shaky and uneven voice.


"I'm... I'm sorry, Miss. If I offended you with my-"
"You're not forgiven."
The little elf tensed up and took a step back. Santa nearly fell over as he tried to back away, but couldn't do much from his current kneeling position. They looked at each other, then back at me.
"Well? What are you waiting for?" I asked, settling more of my weight onto the man behind me and making him groan in pain. "Are you going to keep enjoying the show? Or are you going to try and escape?"



"EVERYBODY RUN! IT'S FUCKING HAZEL! THE GIANT BITCH IS HERE IS HERE IN FUCKING NEW YORK!" The elf screamed, while the older Santa hobbled after him. They didn't need any further warning or instruction. They'd seen the videos. I'm sure everyone had. I'm sure they also ran knowing that there was no chance they'd get away in time.

"What did that guy say? Hazel? Like the... Oh..."


"Something wrong?"
My little lover was decidedly less enthusiastic all of a sudden. Couldn't imagine why. He kept trying to move his way out from under me, but I'm a bit heavier than I was when we started so he's good and stuck.
"Let me guess, you didn't recognize me either?" I asked, beginning to settle more of my weight onto the hood of the car so it sank beneath us. "Guess that's what I get for changing up my look every so often. Or maybe you were just too busy thinking with your dick instead of your head."
70
Express
RK234


"I-If you let me go, I'll do anything you want! I've got money! I-"
"The guy who couldn't even get a hotel room has money?" I laughed, dropping my ass onto him and eliciting a fresh groan of pain. "I don't buy it. Just enjoy the ride while it lasts, because I don't think you're going to like how it ends."
ARX 234


"H-Hazel! I can barely fuckin' breathe! I can't keep this up if I fuckin' suffocate!"
I wiggled my ass on top of his body, and forced all the air from his lungs in an instant. He raised his hands in a vain effort to try and push me away, but if it was already impossible it becomes even more so when I grow just a bit bigger on top of him. The hood of the car we're on top of dents and sinks under our weight. Tiny fingers claw at my thighs, but there's no chance of getting out from under me.
"You think I don't know that?" I laughed, enjoying his reactions to my slow trickle of growth. "That's where half the fun is!"


"HAZEL! JUST LISTEN TO ME FOR A SECOND!"
I'm big enough now that my ass is covering basically the entire hood. I slide my entire body back, and he screams out in a rather shrill manner. I think I felt a small click underneath me at the same time... so I'm pretty sure I just broke something. Which is a shame... These are the more annoying kinds of screams.
"I-I HAVE A FAMILY! THEY'LL MISS ME! I'M-"
79



"That's enough out of you."

He can't even fight back anymore. My ass has completely enveloped his entire upper body, and when I push my hand behind him for support he thinks he's being given a life line out... only to feel his face get wrapped up inside of my ass.

It's a lot more to chew on than his cock alone, that's for sure.


Tiny fists beat at my cheeks, and I can feel his legs kicking wildly underneath me. It's a whole lot of action, but I can't even begin to bring myself to care about his plight. If anything I have to admit I'm a bit offended. In this weather you'd think he'd be grateful over a warm, safe place to spend the afternoon, but I guess not everyone's cut out to enjoy my ass.
ARX 234


So it's lucky for him that he'll get to enjoy this for just a bit longer. Just until I can squeeze his entire body inside of my ass.
For a moment this is all I care to do. I know what's coming up next and I'll get to it eventually. Aside from the two runners earlier, anyone else in the vicinity doesn't seem to have noticed what's going on yet. That gives me all the time I need to lay back, spread my legs, and really go for it. I can practically feel the heat wafting from my pussy, and I look forward to sharing that warmth with everyone else soon.
CA$H LOANS
CA$H LOANS
ARX 234



The sound completely catches me off-guard, but before I could even question what happened, I feel the car I've been using as a seat sink underneath me further. That must have been the tires. At least, that's my assumption. I'm not about to stop to check, and I know that this car isn't going to last much longer anyway.

With every passing second I can hear the tortured SUV squeal for mercy. I'm already far bigger than it, and it wasn't built to handle someone of my size.

Regrettably, this SUV looks like it's going to be the first casualty of the day.

While rocking back and forth atop it I can feel the entire thing begin to twist and deform under my movements. After planting both of my feet onto the pavement I put even more of my weight into my shoulders so I can reach just a bit deeper into my pussy, and those last few inches are just what I needed.

The moan that escapes my throat isn't the loudest, but it's bound to be the first of many. Hot clear cum spurts out from between my fingers, and paints the ground in front of the SUV, melting the ice in the process.


I'm not sure how long I kept lying there. It felt like days I was so content, but it really couldn't have been more than a couple of minutes at most. Still, I felt so content and satisfied that I was tempted to call it for the day, take a nap, and resume tomorrow.
The screams prevented that from happening, though.
Taking a deep breath, I sat up, feeling more of the SUV break under me. I smiled at the sensation, and looked around, watching as those around me finally noticed my appearance, and were running away as quickly as they could. I looked down at my feet, and smiled at my toes, knowing that things were about to get messy, before I raised my arms over my head and stretched.
HOTEL
CUT PRICE LIQUORS


I've done this enough times that I've started to fall into some routines. Rituals, even. The first and most important, is that my first targets are to go after the first people who noticed me. That pervy Santa, and his stupid elf... well, I'm not even certain if he was an elf. But who else would be wearing yellow at an event like this? Why-
My train of thought is cut off in an instant. There's a bit of tickling between my legs, and after leaning back as best I can, I'm shocked to see that the hot Santa's legs were still kicking outside of me. He probably still thinks there's a chance he'll be getting out of there.


I'll let him enjoy these final moments with his legs outside. For now I take great care to stand up to my full, magnificent height, and stretch my arms over my head. The air out here feels wonderful, and I take a deep breath to really let it fill my lungs. Neat little quirk of my abilities I've come to discover is that extreme temperatures don't really bother me. Not that I've ever tried, but I'm sure I could bathe inside of a volcano if I really felt like it.
On the opposite side of the spectrum, the cold wintry air and heavy snowfall just feels... refreshing. It makes me want to go for a walk... preferably after the crowds that are running away. I bet they'd feel really nice squishing between my toes to keep my extremities just that little bit lower.
HOTEL
CAMERAS · VIDEO · BINOCULARS
1 HOUR FILM
SALE
75%
1 HOUR FILM
PROCESSING
LOANS
CASH
LOANS


Unfortunately, that's the exact opposite direction of where I'm looking to go right now. I watched them for a moment longer. Saw their terrified faces in the distance, fingers pointing as they urged others to get a look at me. I even waved back, which only served to terrify them even further.
I'll get to them eventually.
First... I have a little stowaway I need to take care of. With his legs kicking at my thighs it's easy to find him even without looking, and a little bit of pressure is all it takes to remove him from the equation entirely.


A few seconds later, and he's gone. Still writhing inside of me, but he'll stop.
Eventually.
For now, I've got a whole bunch of city to explore. I don't think any of it will be around by the time the sun sets, but I'm okay with that. I'm sure the people who live here aren't... but their feelings aren't being considered here.
I'm ready to do this.


One crowd of people fleeing for their lives is being ignored, but as soon as I turn I lay eyes on another one. They're in the near distance, and I can spot more than a few dressed as Santa in the mix. I knew I had to come here when I heard about this convention they do every year, but it's one thing to know that it's real, and another entirely to actually see multiple Santas running around for dear life.
It's a good thing they wear red.
CASH LOANS
Phone


But who do I start with? Do I pick one far off in the distance and walk towards them, carving a path straight through the crowds in between us in the process and finally raise my foot over them after things have already gotten a bit messy?
Or do I go for someone closer. A straggler, perhaps. Someone who may be drunk out of his mind, and failed to realize the danger he's in. Someone who I can be a little more intimate with.
"Hey."
Phone
NEW YORK
TED 8878
THE EMPIRE STATE
ONE WAY
NO PARKING
CD·DVD


He turns to look back at me. For a moment he seems to squint through the sun overhead, before his eyes go wide. Now realizing what he's facing down, he breaks into a run... if it can even be called that. He's trudging through snow and ice, making sure to keep his eyes on me the whole time to see how much progress he's making.
"Keep running." I tell him, enjoying how he picks up the pace afterwards... for a couple of steps. Then that enthusiasm fades. I'm not sure if he's injured, old, or simply exhausted... but any outcome is fine. They'll all make him easy pickings.
Taking one step forward, I instantly cut the distance between us in half.
NO
RKING
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E TOWED
OWNER'S
EXPENSE


The thin layer of ice covering the street cracks under my weight. The snow melts in the blink of an eye from my body heat, making for a comfortable step from me. I'm not slowed in the slightest by it all, while this pathetic little Santa can't run to save his life.
"You'd better watch out..."
He looked back at me again. And for the last time, as far as I'm concerned.
"You'd better not pout..."


I'd reached him. I smiled down one last time as his labored attempts to evade me started feeling more sad than anything else. When my foot rose over his head and cast him in shadow he couldn't do much more than look back one last time with big, pleading eyes.
"You'd better not cry, I'm telling you why."
"PLEASE DON'T DO THIS! JUST LEAVE ME-


"Hazel Claus is coming... to town!"
CRRRRUNCH
Earlier I'd thought it was convenient that all these Santas were wearing red, but I'm seeing now they're not at all wearing the right one. When my foot comes down like a bolt of lightning I feel the guy's body collapse in the blink of an eye. He cries out for a moment when my toes rest on his back, but when they begin to accept my weight every single bone caught underneath is broken in an instant. Murky red spurts of blood erupt around my feet and are immediately visible even through the red in his suit, while they spread slowly across the snowy ground.
"That was a bit dirtier than I thought..." I mused aloud. I caught a glimpse of movement out of the corner of my eye when Santa, already half-crushed, tried to crawl out from under me, but all it took was readjusting my foot to bury his head under my sole completely and...


Pop!
That was a nice first step. I raised my dirty foot to look at the remains, but it was all smeared about thanks to the stupid red suit soaking up the majority of it. Shrugging, I dropped my foot back onto the mostly-crushed guy, and set my sights ahead... only for the sound of shrill screams and squealing tires to draw my attention a bit closer.
There was some kind of luxury car nearby. Some poor soul trying their damnedest to drive through all the ice on the street, only to be forced into slamming the brakes lest they collide directly with a woman directly in their path. She only barely seemed to get away in time, and had fallen down as she narrowly avoided being hit.
教會物業
Phone
CD-DVD


I thought of going after her, but the car was being a bit too noisy for my taste. After the near-miss, the little thing sputtered and spun its wheels in a desperate bid to gain traction on the icy roads, but it wasn't finding much luck.
"Is something wrong?" I asked, taking another step closer and smiling as the entire thing bounced from my step. "Want me to take a look at it?
CANTON
우 주
컴퓨터게임장
NEW YORK
TED 9878


"Ah, I see the problem! Looks like you're stuck!"
If the driver had anything to say in response, I wasn't able to hear it over the squealing of tires and revving of the engine. They definitely weren't happy about being caught in this predicament. They're lucky I came by though. I'm such a good Samaritan it's only natural that I would do my part to free them. And I wouldn't even charge for the effort.
"If you can handle this and don't need help, just say so."



No response meant they were asking for my help. That's good, because I was really just fucking around with them. When my foot swung over the car and covered most of it I could see the back of the thing fishtail as it attempted to gain traction on the ice.

And for a moment, just a moment, I could swear I heard a shrill, high-pitched scream coming from inside of the car. But I was probably just imagining things.

"I'll get you out of there. Just hold on a second...!"


In the blink of an eye I brought my foot down. I wanted to place it square over the center and bring it down like a wine press, feeling the car crumple and twist under my weight while the poor little driver had to deal with less and less space to maneuver until he met his fateful end.
But because he didn't stop trying to escape for one minute and it was wiggling around in place... my heel wound up coming down straight onto the driver's side of the car. The windshields broke in an instant, and I could much more clearly hear a man scream for help for all of a second before he was gone. Turned to red splashes onto the ground next to his car.
NO PARKING


"All in a day's work." I said, flashing the car a grin while raising my foot to gloat at the aftermath. Nothing recognizable as human had stuck to my sole, and I'm sure anyone who came to look at this scene after the fact wouldn't be pleased with what they saw. Not that they'd get the chance. You know, what with New York not really existing anymore.
With a sigh, I gave the half-crushed car a lazy kick and watched it slide across the icy street for a moment before looking ahead... and spotting a familiar face.
It was the fucking pervy Santa again.
"HEY!" I called out.



He didn't stop. He was NOT being a very good Saint Nick.

Naturally, I had to give chase. In the heat of the moment just now I'd kind of forgotten about him, and had he had the foresight to change direction he may have evaded getting special treatment from me. But as soon as he laid eyes on me he didn't even stop to gawk before running like mad.

Not that it would be difficult to catch up. In one step I'd cut the distance between us nearly in half... and I'm pretty sure I'd stepped on someone in the process. It can be a bit difficult to tell the difference between crunching snow and crushing bodies, though I'm sure most can't relate to that.


"What's wrong, Santa?" I asked, making sure my next step came down with a bit more weight so he tripped and nearly fell over. "I thought you wanted to have your way with me?"
He didn't answer. Instead he looked to be searching for something that would save him. I spotted his destination before he did, though. A bus that looked like it was trying to gather as many pedestrians as it could, and he aimed to be part of that group, I'm sure of it.



"Stop."

He didn't, but when I brought my toes down dangerously close to him, separating both him and the stupid elf from earlier, neither of them had much choice. I could hear the bus attempting to speed off as a few stragglers sprinted on board, and that left me with a serious dilemma.


Crush the two guys who had been present when all this started, ending their lives in a blaze of glory and pleasure and for myself? Or go for the bus packed to the brim with terrified, screaming people? The former offered two victims that I was eager to use as I saw fit. Two perfect little targets to play with at my leisure that had a bit more of a personal touch to them. The latter was... well it was just a whole lot more people, and it's not like these two had much extra value beyond seeing me before anyone else.

For most, it would be a dilemma. For me? The answer was obvious.


I would have my cake, and eat it too.
The pervy Santa and the shitty elf wouldn't make it far. Combination of the icy roads and sheer terror of seeing me this close up tends to keep people locked in place if they're out in the open. And if they try to run, they know that they'll die. They probably also suspect that will happen even if they stay... but staying on my good side has at least a small chance of working out.


The bus was beginning to pick up pace, but it was all too easy for me to catch up, and pick it up from the back. With no traction on its back wheels it was instantly slowed to a crawl, unable to pull away as I could feel the dozen or so bodies inside be thrown about from my casual action.
A second later, I had dragged it closer to my two special victims, and dropped it back onto the ground with a tortured THUD.
삼덕전기
자동제어반
MTA


I could have left it there. I'm sure it wouldn't have made much progress in terms of getting away otherwise, but I didn't really feel like it was worth the risk, so I leaned my ass against it while it was standing. The entire bus tilted to its side and I'm sure the passengers inside got a premium view of my ass in the process, but it was certainly enough to keep the bus intact.
That left my prey ripe for the picking.
60234
MTA
MTA
60234
MTA



They made some pathetic attempts to crawl away, but they barely made any progress. I imagine they had a hard time getting any traction on the ice, but I like to imagine that there was something else going on. That my appearance had broken them, not physically, but mentally.

They seemed to instinctively know that they had no chance of getting away, and weren't crawling or anything when I reached down for them. Normally that's because I've broken a few bones, but I hadn't even touched them!

That was going to change very soon.


They sprang back to life the moment they no longer felt their bodies touching the ground. Something about being trapped in a giant's grip really makes people upset, I've found.
"You two didn't think you would get away, did you?"
"M-MISS HAZEL! PLEASE! WE DIDN'T DO ANYTHING!" The elf shouted, while the pervy Santa just kept blubbering in place. I turned them around in my hand for a moment to really let them get a feel for how helpless they were, before I rose up just a bit higher...
HOTEL
60234
MTA
116


And sat my fat ass onto the bus I'd been leaning against. The huge thing squealed as its metal ceiling was re-shaped around my ass, but it didn't collapse... mostly because I was holding back. If any of the people inside of that thing were still alive I'm sure they'd tell you how surprised they were that it held its shape, and that was intentional on my part.
"For the crime of not staying put when I started growing, you're both going on the naughty list."
The declaration was simple, but probably didn't mean much to either of them. I'm sure they already assumed their lives were forfeit, but as soon as I moved the pervy one behind me and started forcing him in between my ass the casual threat seemed a lot more real.
삼덕전기 자동제어반
MTA
60234
L1B


It wasn't a particularly clean entry. He was big, and my cheeks were powerful. The same ass that the little pervert had been gawking at so openly was now going to be the last thing he ever saw, and when I clenched my cheeks to keep him locked in place I felt his ribcage collapse at the same time.
I'm sure it's a fate thousands of people wish could fall unto them. Smothered inside of my ass, spending your final moments buried in all that heat and...
Sorry... I get a bit hot and bothered myself thinking about it sometimes. Regardless of this poor fool's fate, that left the other guy who hadn't done anything to offend me. Not personally, anyway.
60234
MTA
Easy St


"And how about you?" I asked the remaining man, who could only look up at me from inside of my hand. While he was definitely scared to death of me, I hadn't been too careful when getting the perverted Santa up my ass. That meant the other guy had been squeezed straight into my tits while I wasn't looking, and he looked to be completely torn between terror over his fate, or arousal.
"Are you not going to answer me?"
HOT
Energy Drink
NOW WITH BUBBLES
Juice
MTA
60234
11B 19th Street


The man swallowed audibly, before answering very quickly. "I've been good!" He yelped. "Really good! Donated half of my money to charity and-"
"Oh? And who did those charities benefit?"
His eyes went wide, and I could see him trying to puzzle out a response that would please me. A task that only grew more difficult when I grinned directly at him. Not that there was a particular answer I was looking for. I was only interested in watching him squirm for a bit.


"I... Charities that benefited you!" He finally said, audibly sweating and panting.
"Strange... I've never heard of one of those... Do you mean one of those funds to rebuild after I visit somewhere?"
"Y-Yes! That's what I meant! Money to benefit those affected and help rebuild! I've been very good this year and-"
"Sounds like you have." I told him, looking down while slowly spreading my legs. "I think that means you've earned a special spot on the nice list."


"T-Thank you, Hazel! I-"
"Don't mention it." I said, turning him around and lowering him down the length of my body. There were so many wonderful ways I could have gotten him inside of my pussy. Perhaps forced him past and broken every bone in his body in the process. Carefully lubricated him with my spit and slid him inside gently so he stay alive as long as possible. Maybe even just betrayed him outright, and let him spend his final moments pressed against the pervert inside of my ass.
No matter the outcome, they all had one thing in common... that hat would get in the way. He squeaked in terror for a split second when I plucked it off of his head, giving it a once-over.


"Oh... ew."
"W-What's wrong?"
"It's just... that hairline... you're not as hot as I thought." I groaned, giving the top of his balding head a painful flick. "Wearing that hat to hide your receding hairline? Not a good look for someone who really wants to be on the nice list. I'll have to put your hat to better use." He could only watch as the hat he'd been wearing was draped over one of my nipples, emphasizing just how small he was in comparison now.


"Wait, Hazel, spare me! I'll do anything, I-"
"You're already doing something for me though? That smooth head of yours won't cause any irritation when-"
"YOU FUCKING MONSTER! HOW COULD YOU?! I-"
"Shh... it's time for your present!" I said, cutting off the same song and dance I've heard countless times before. His body came to life when fists beat against my thighs, but it didn't even slow me down as I brought his body straight up to my eager pussy.
60234
MTA


He makes one last sound that is difficult to discern. Maybe he's cursing at me with his final breath, or maybe he's realized just how fucking lucky he is. Regardless of the outcome, it's snuffed out as quickly as it appears, and his head vanishes inside of my pussy.
An electric tingle courses through my entire body all at once, and I can feel my nipples stand on end as arousal floods my system. It's enough to practically vacuum seal the hat hanging from my nipple around it, while I gently screw his body inside of me.


First the head.
Then the shoulders.
A few seconds later his entire upper body has passed my lower lips, and a shudder passes through me. It's only been a couple of minutes since I first grew, but that is far too long to go without another spurt.
60234
MTA
MTA
Easy St


I'm overdue.
Almost as soon as I start growing I find it easier to work his body further into me. I curled my toes at the sensation, and heard a rather unexpected sound. A series of quick pops... but they didn't seem like bones?
60234
MTA


As I keep growing the answer comes to me.
I'd almost completely forgotten about the bus underneath me. The popping was its tires, and when I move ever so slightly I can hear the tortured squeal of metal being compressed, the tinkling sound of glass windows breaking-
60234
MTA
MTA
60234
118 19th Street


And beneath it all, the screams of the damned trapped inside. All combined in unison their screams echo around the relatively-empty street, as the only signs of any life around aside from myself.
60234


A second later my own voice joins them. A deep, booming moan that reverberates through the streets. One that shakes snow loose, adding to the soundscape.


But it's all just background noise at this point. I was admittedly surprised when the bus was able to hold its shape when I initially sat on top of it, but now? It was begging for mercy, hoping that I would spare it the slow, crushing demise I was bringing onto it.
HOT
11E
MTA
YGK-9239


Needless to say, I didn't even entertain the thought.
With the windows shattered I heard the final moments of the poor souls trapped inside. They begged me to get off of them. Told me they would do anything. Hoped that I would notice them and move away so that they could live another few precious minutes.


And they were all ignored.
The last semblance of structure the bus had collapsed in an instant, and I felt the entire thing crumple under me like an empty can of beer. It was followed a second later by a warm, wet sensation. The only sign that the bus had ever been occupied to begin with, as the terrified occupants pooled under me.


It was exactly what I needed at exactly the right time. An orgasm rang through the streets, echoing for a half dozen blocks over. I pushed my feet into the fronts of buildings nearby, enjoying the resistance they were able to provide while I threw my head back in bliss. Even those running away, those who had no idea of what I was doing would know what had just happened.
And they had to know it meant I was bigger than I was when they'd last seen me.


For a few more seconds I sat there, panting to catch my breath. Feeling the waves of orgasmic bliss pulse and recede, before I cracked an eye open. The sun was still shining bright overhead...
That meant the day was only just getting started.
The pervy santa wasn't exactly moving much anymore. Made sense. He didn't exactly survive the trip up my ass unscathed. But when I looked down I could see the other one's legs kicking and trying to push free now that I was no longer keeping them locked in position with my fingers.


I watched for a moment longer, taunting the legs with my fingers to make them kick even more wildly, before pulling them out completely. Inch by inch I revealed the sticky, soaking-wet balding fuck in the yellow shirt, and brought him up to my face. Despite the coughing and gagging for air, he seemed to be in good condition.
"Rise and shine, shithead." I told him. He looked as if he wanted to respond, but the light and fluids stung his eyes, making it hard for him to focus. That was fine. He didn't need to say anything.
"You definitely were a good boy this year." I said, raising him even higher. "But... you didn't leave Mrs. Claus any milk and cookies, did you?"


He coughed, sputtered, and tried to speak. In response I just parted my lips, and held him straight over my open mouth. I even tried to give him a moment to get out whatever he wanted, lowering my hand agonizingly slowly. It wasn't until his arms had passed my lips and he was almost gone entirely that he managed to get a single word out.


"WAIT-"
...Which is decidedly not what I was interested in hearing from him. I think he kept trying to speak after, but it just kind of melts into a blur of pathetic noises from a man doomed to die. All completely overshadowed by the slight rumbling in my stomach now that I'd found a snack to fill it.


Or partially fill it, anyway.
Truth of the matter is, a single person isn't very filling at this size. I'd need to be like half as big for this guy to really make a difference. I was just eating him because I wanted to. Because I needed to be rid of him, and my feet had gotten enough action for the moment.
When his upper body moved past my teeth I could feel a tiny, pathetic pitter-patter of fists against my tongue.


When I dropped him, he managed to make one final squeak. For the guy who first spotted me, he really didn't seem to have many thoughts going through that little head of his. Whatever he said, I'm sure it didn't matter. There's only so many variations of begging for mercy or offering me tribute that a person can offer.


So just like countless people before him, he found himself planted face-first onto my tongue. While my lips closed I could see two tiny little feet wiggle in some kind of vain attempt to find something to grab onto, but he really wasn't providing me with much more entertainment at this point.
It's time to put an end to this.


Pursing my lips together, I sucked air in, and in the blink of an eye he was nearly-completely gone from this world. Reduced to a pair of feet sticking out from my lips I held him in position for a moment, tossing him around with my tongue. I even made sure to position him over my teeth and press them down over his little body, letting him know just how easy it would be to crush him completely and give him a quick end.


With a quick tilt of my head, I sent him further back. Fingers clawed at my tongue and the entrance to my throat for a moment which tickled, but wasn't enough to stop what was happening. Taking in one last breath through my nose, I swallowed.
I've seen footage of what I look like swallowing someone whole at this size. I haven't seen any of this specific incident, but the feeling is a familiar one. My neck bulging as a doomed individual slides down. The feeling of complete and total domination over another being, knowing that the only reason they're going to die is because I thought it would be fun to swallow them.
FREEDOM FOR MAYOR!
VOTE FOR FREEDOM


And then...
Nothing.
The bus underneath me has been crushed into scrap, leaving a bunch of broken glass and red splotches under my ass. Both of my special witnesses are gone. One long-since stopped moving up my ass, and the other soon to meet his end inside of my belly. All I've got is the distant sounds of screams as my even greater size means more people are aware of my presence than ever.


An orgasm and a snack. The kind of afternoon that I'm sure many would be envious of... but it was only the beginning. I could hear them still. The terror that my presence instilled. They were leading quiet, peaceful lives. Lives that I was about to upend for my own perverse enjoyment.
This was a good start, but it was just that. A start.
鉄道模型
リバティー 1号店 B1
삼덕전기
FREE


with a huff I stand back up once again, and am greeted with a familiar sight. That of walking around among buildings that are roughly the same size as myself. I'm at a fraction of my full potential, but already I'm the kind of size that would inspire awe and terror for the insects at my feet.
I've seen movies with so-called giant monsters smaller than I am now. I was kind of a big fucking deal.


But this street was...
I'll be curt. It was kind of shit. There were still people, sure. Some too stubborn, or too scared of losing sight of me to have moved down alternate paths. They were few and far between, often looking back to make sure there was a healthy distance between myself and them.
It's always tempting to prove them wrong. To chase them down and crush them for their pure, unfiltered idiocy... but they didn't even deserve that much attention. Besides...


If I just turned a corner, I would find a new crowd ripe for the picking.
Even I was surprised by the sheer scope of the crowd before me, though. I've been through packed streets, and left huge footprints in the middle of dense crowds. But I can't recall ever seeing any with this many people. In such a wide area...
And with so many of them wearing the exact same thing.


This was why I came here. I could get a big crowd anywhere. All I had to do was look up any city with a population at least six digits long, throw a dart, at a map, and show up. But seeing it with people in costume, and all the same one? So they looked like a sea of tiny little ants moving on their merry way, hardly aware of what my big feet had for them?
THAT, is why I came to New York. Greatest fucking city on the planet.

That's what they used to say. Not so much these days.

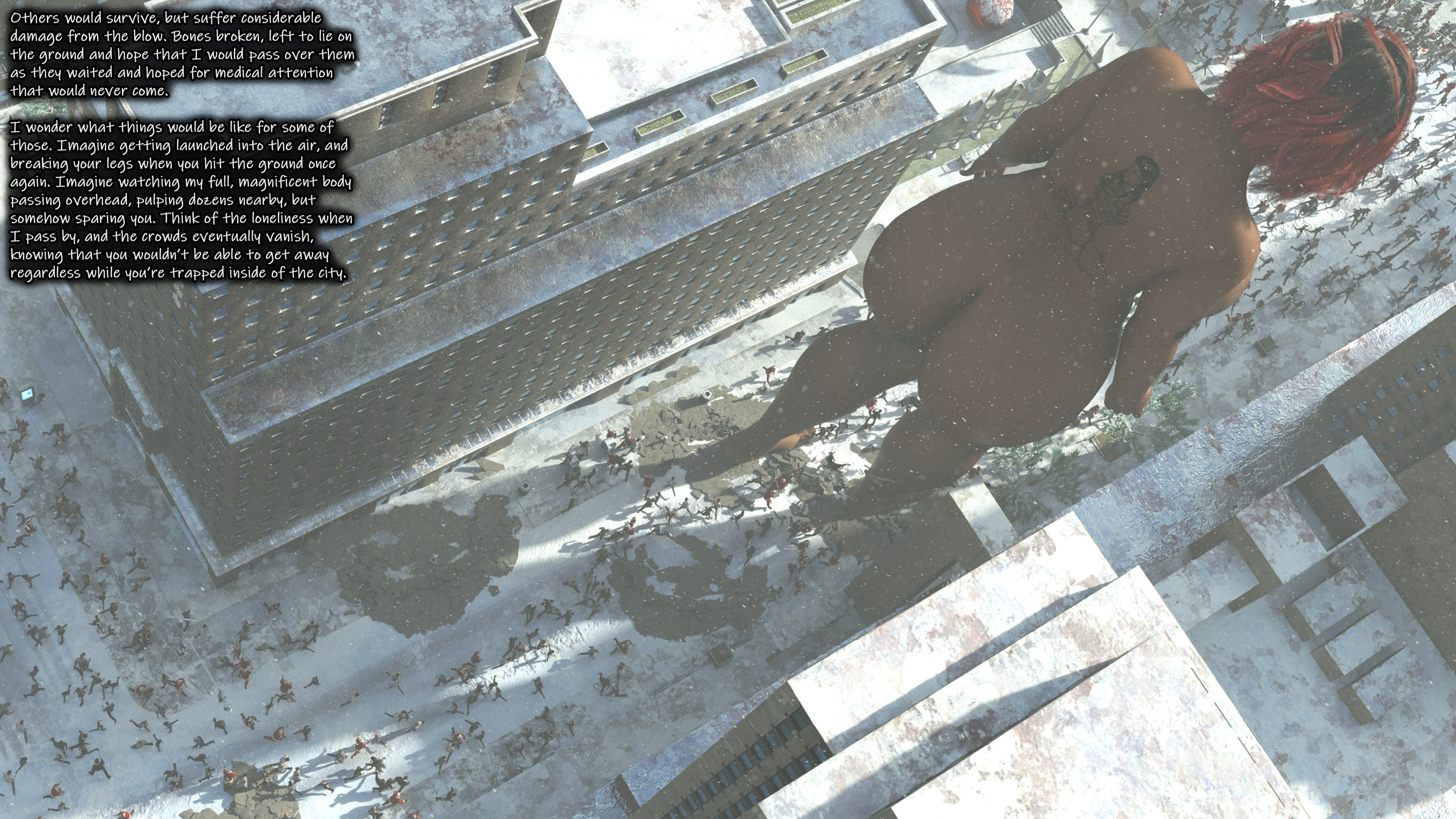
But I'd spent enough time building up to this goal. It was time to take action. And in this case, taking action meant raising my foot, and taking my first big step straight into the crowd. As I raised my foot I could hear the noises below crescendo in volume. All of these poor souls realized that they were in danger the moment that they'd laid eyes on me, and they were going to find out exactly how fucked they were.


My foot came down.
A dozen lives are squashed in the blink of an eye.
Bodies are thrown about from the impact of my foot coming down. More are crushed directly underneath me. The sensation is somewhat similar to walking through the snow when I was still normal size. The way they all compacted and crunched together was nice, but the sensation was more warm than anything else. A warm crunchiness reverberated through the bottom of my foot, spurting up through my toes as my weight settled down hard enough to crack the pavement below, and spread mess onto a dozen more still-living people nearby.


I scrunched my toes in the remains, enjoying the feeling. One that no one else on this planet but me would ever get to experience. For a moment I stood still, watching the chaos unfold around the foot that had just stepped directly into the crowd. People falling over themselves as they tried to get past me. Some fell over my toes and scrambled to get away. Others comically slipped on the blood leaking out from under my foot. It was madness, and everyone wanted to be gone. All from a single step.
So I raised my foot again... prepared to do the same to a second portion of the frenzied crowd below.


Again my foot comes down. Somehow the effect is even greater the second time. People who'd seen what happened a second ago knew what would happen when I stepped into their midst, but knowing what will happen and actually seeing it firsthand is another thing entirely. It was no longer a rush to get away. Now others were actively dooming their fellow man in a mad bid for survival. I'd watched as more than a few people were pushed over for getting in the way of others, and intentionally aimed my foot onto them.
When my right foot came down, they knew it was only a matter of time before it happened yet again.
HOTEL


Another step forward, and it was becoming increasingly clear that there would be no escape for the people trapped below. The next chance to change streets was too far away. The buildings were locked tight. They could only keep moving forward and hope for the best.
Most would make it. Some would not.
Even those not directly affected felt the impact of my simply walking through them. When my legs swung forward to complete another step they would throw a half-dozen bodies straight into the air where they'd land back into the crowd, adding to the chaos. Some I'm sure didn't even survive that, having only the briefest interaction with me before expiring the streets.


Others would survive, but suffer considerable damage from the blow. Bones broken, left to lie on the ground and hope that I would pass over them as they waited and hoped for medical attention that would never come.
I wonder what things would be like for some of those. Imagine getting launched into the air, and breaking your legs when you hit the ground once again. Imagine watching my full, magnificent body passing overhead, pulping dozens nearby, but somehow sparing you. Think of the loneliness when I pass by, and the crowds eventually vanish, knowing that you wouldn't be able to get away regardless while you're trapped inside of the city.


Horrific, and traumatic for the small people unfortunate enough to find themselves in my path. But it's all fun and games for me. Trying to see how many I can get at once. Squishing as many as I can come across, and painting their bodies on the bottoms of my feet.
God it's hot.
Wanton destruction isn't the only thing that drives me forward, though. It's a big part of it, sure, but this is New York City we were talking about, here. Nobody quite does the holidays like this place, and when I followed this crowd down the street something big, bright, and glowing caught my eye.
I'd recognize that tree anywhere.


I'll get to that in a minute. First... I think I could use a little refreshment. Like I said, a lone, balding man just doesn't cut it. Not with this body of mine, and certainly not at this size. For as fun as tromping through a dense crowd is, it's only one way to thin these crowds.
Another would be to put them to use.


Not a single person in this crowd, Santa or otherwise, was going to make it until the end of the day. The vast, vast majority of them are going to wind up crushed by my body in some way. Those who weren't already gone under my feet will end up a red speck somewhere before the day is done. It's just how I like to do things.
Some of them will serve as calories, though.
A body like mine doesn't stay this fucking hot through exercise alone. I need something dense with protein, and fresh. I'm sure there's a few nutritionists who would suggest milk and dairy to get my daily intake that way.


I prefer human beings.
Scooping them up by the handful I don't have any special activities planned for these people. They go down my throat by the handful, each spending only a second inside. It's almost no effort for me to swallow them, and I don't even bother removing their outfits. My stomach will handle all of that for me, and if I eat enough I can even feel their struggles inside of me when I move.
I could try and put it politely. Say that I ate my fill, pat my belly full, burped, and even said excuse me after I was done. But that would be a lie. I gorged myself on those crowds. Turned myself into a living meat processing plant and had to have eaten even more than I stepped on to get here... before I finally felt full.

The immense feeling of satisfaction was short-lived though. Now that I wasn't so hungry, I felt like satisfying another urge. And for once, I didn't mean a sexual one.

No... the more that I looked at that Christmas tree, the more something about it seemed to bother me. I've seen this building before. In some kind of a show, or something. I think this is where one of those major television networks broadcasts from.

And it was way bigger than I was.


I've had enough of being this size anyway. When you can change that at will it's kind of hard for things to stay fresh and exciting for much longer than a couple of minutes. I'm eager to loom above the city like a living mountain, and so long as there are buildings in the nearby vicinity that can cast a shadow over me they've got to go.
A hand moves inbetween my legs as I think about how much bigger I still have to go... and not even a second later I can feel myself start to grow once again.


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It comes on slowly enough. It's not one of my famous explosive growth spurts–that, I'm afraid, will have to wait–but it's enough that I can feel a change almost immediately. I look up, and see myself slowly catching up with the building. I'll be looking down on it soon enough, I'm sure of it.


I wonder how many people are still inside the building? Is there any work happening? Or are they the reason the streets nearby are so jam-packed full of people. This building is pretty fucking huge, and I'm sure every square foot inside is used to get things done.


A second later, and I'm already beginning to see over the roof. It's just as well, too. Things are never quite as glamorous as TV likes to make them seem. This stupid building is supposed to be where all kinds of fanciful network TV is made and broadcast to the entire country, but from what I can see inside it's just rows and rows of boring, generic, work spaces.
A surprising number of people are still inside though.


Another second, and I can't see anything inside anymore. I've completely surpassed the building, and if I took a step forward I'd be able to rest my tits on the roof. Maybe I'd even be able to bring a couple of the top floors down in the process as well. Sadly, I'm not big enough for the weight alone to bring the entire skyscraper to ground level.


Not yet, anyway. By the end of the day I fully expect that to change, though I may change my mind on the specifics. As I start to reach twice as big as the building and every single person inside can only see my bare legs I wonder about turning this into a seat as well. How would it fare compared to the bus I'd crushed earlier.
I'd get a hell of a lot more bodies at once if this thing broke apart underneath me.


Fuck.
Why was I thinking so small, anyway? I've got limited sunlight left and a lot of the city that I haven't even touched yet! Why be satisfied with a couple of packed streets when I can crush entire blocks? When I can turn this landmark into a crater in the ground?


It's easy to get so absorbed into small goals and forget about the bigger picture. It's something I've had to actively train myself out of doing, and sometimes I regress. But this stupid building with its stupid tree and its kind of alright TV shows is going down.


A second later, and I'm nearly three times bigger than 30 Rockefeller Plaza. Each of my thighs completely dwarfs it by this point, and if I were to drop one of my tits onto the roof now I'd easily crash through dozens of floors. But even that would be more effort than this thing would be worth. I could more easily just use it as a seat, and feel the entire thing collapse beneath me like a sandcastle as every last living soul inside is adhered to my perfect fat ass.


There's already countless ways for me to destroy this landmark. Ways that I'm sure would make the front page of every paper across the country. Ways that I've seen people write about me in their own fantasies that I would never even consider.
But I'd made my decision, and it was a simple one.


Call it cliché, call it overplayed, but I liked what I like, and when you're taller than the entire fucking skyline there's not a single guy on the entire planet well-endowed enough to please me. Or a woman with a skilled enough tongue. Or a sex toy company adventurous enough to pour that much plastic and rubber into a single mold. Or-
You get the idea. I was going to fuck this building into the ground, and no one was going to stop me.


If they could have, then they had plenty of time to do something about it. There quite literally isn't a bigger target than a naked woman masturbating in the middle of downtown New York. With every passing second I can feel myself coming closer and closer to another orgasm, and the sounds of my lust echo through the streets below.
My arousal is so potent, so thick in the air that all the people's senses are assaulted with it. I'm all they can see, all they can smell, and even all they can hear.


Taking a moment to catch my breath, I looked at the hand I'd just been rubbing myself with. Warm, clear liquid clung to my fingers when I pulled them apart, making my arousal obvious to all. I wiped them clean on the roof of the building I'd planned on turning into my lover, though I knew one thing.
I needed to be even bigger.


There's probably some ladies out there who'd have been happy to try the building at my current size. I'm not one of them. I wanted the thing to fit inside comfortably, but that didn't mean I couldn't use it to get myself off.
With careful, deliberate movements I straddled the building, and lowered myself onto it. The exterior chilled by the winds outside was cold to the touch, but warmed up quickly when my pussy pressed onto it.


A moment later and my thighs had completely encompassed the building. I could feel its shell strain under my weight and strength, buckling as it attempted to hold its shape. I had only just gotten started and already I was reshaping this thing into something more convenient for me.
Far below, almost imperceptibly so, I could hear the screams of the people nearby watching this all unfold. In a matter of minutes I'd gone from a monster terrorizing a single street, to towering over every single building in the city and turning one into a toy.


A surge of arousal hits me, and my legs tensed up in response. The skyscraper didn't appreciate it. Every single window shattered in the same instant, and I'm sure a couple of people below me didn't appreciate having to deal with massive panes of broken glass falling from the sky...
But to me it was cute. The tinkling sound was so gentle and fragile. Like a slight breeze blowing through a wind chime.


I didn't stop growing though. A moment later and I'm finding it quite a bit harder to maintain my balance on top of this thing. It's getting smaller with every passing second I make use of it, and already my thighs completely dwarf the thing. One wrong move will send the entire thing crashing to the ground.
That's when I knew I was big enough.


I positioned myself over it as gently as I could. I let the towering structure slide inside of my body as best I could, but it was a tight fit. Unless I deliberately held myself open I wasn't going to be able to actually get it inside of me, and the end effect was more akin to sitting on the roof.
It was too late to turn back now, though.


Every inch of my body expanded outwards, and for a single, shining moment... everything clicked. I was the perfect size. The skyscraper was practically gliding inside of me thanks to the perfect balance of arousal, size, and lubrication. If I could keep this up for a couple of minutes I could reach orgasm again and flood the plaza below in the process.


And then, Just like that... It was gone.
I hadn't stopped growing. Why would I? The destruction only enhances the sensation of getting off. The moment passed as quickly as it came, and I was suddenly too big. The buckled one last time underneath me, before it was all too much.
While halfway inside, the entire thing collapsed.


Making matters worse, I hadn't fully realized just how much it was helping me hold this position. I'd expected it to snap any second now, and for it to collapse into rubble beneath me. What I hadn't expected was for its implosion to throw my own balance off in the process, and send me hurtling straight for the city as well.
For the trapped populace below there was no way whatsoever they would be able to get away in time. It was as if the moon itself had fallen out of the sky, and was on a crash collision with the earth. I'm sure there's been countless disaster movies about this very scenario.



Reality isn't quite so bombastic.

When my ass slammed into the city, there were no grand, fiery explosions. No massive shockwaves that could be seen from space. Fire needs oxygen to breathe, and my ass is every bit as capable of smothering flames as it is a regular person. Only massive clouds of smoke and debris were shot out in every direction, while the pavement itself rippled as if it were made of liquid.


I can't even begin to fathom how many billions in damage that move caused. The skyscraper itself was important, the gigantic tree that spent its final moments illuminating my ass from below, and the tight compaction of the ground beneath that would prove impossible to salvage.
All of it meaningless, as it meant I was rocked with another orgasm that tore straight through my defenses, crashing into me like a tidal wave that spilled over onto the streets in front of my all-powerful pussy.

The first was the most powerful, and I could see the clouds over my head break apart as my hot breath blew through them. Windows nearby cracked as the sheer power and volume of my arousal was made paramount. For several seconds after I kept rocking back and forth, bringing a few nearby structures that were teetering on the edge down in the process, while my spread legs plowed through dozens more buildings nearby.

The tsunami of arousal gradually faded into little more than a ripple, before I could feel my body begin to calm down.


The cold temperatures outside felt wonderful on my naked body. Normally I'd work up quite a sweat from a session that intense, but the crisp air kept me alert... and hungry for more.
Sitting up, I looked down between my legs at the thriving crowd of ants fleeing in every direction. I put a thumb down into the middle of them just to feel them squish, before turning my attention towards whatever else looked interesting.
Naturally, my gaze fell onto a building I'd seen a certain oversized gorilla climb more times than I could count.
thenoma.com


With my next target in mind I got back onto my feet. Not as slowly as I'm sure the microbes below me would have wanted to, but they were fucked regardless and I won't be losing any sleep over the specific ways in which any of them met their ends.
Once I was back on two feet I could feel my entire body tingle. I guess I'd been sitting too long and felt like I needed to stretch, and really let the cool winds that high up caress my body, before I moved on.
MetLife


It's funny.
When sitting down, it looked like the Empire State Building was so close by. Practically within arm's reach, if I really wanted to. But now that I am standing again... I could see that it would take a bit of a walk to get there.
Not that doing so would prove problematic.


I have no idea how close the building I'd just crushed under my ass and pussy was to my next target. Measuring things in ways that the rest of humanity tends to doesn't really translate to how I live my life, and vice versa.
What I can say is a 20 minute drive for others is about... five or six steps for me? Give or take a couple.


Conveniently enough, making my way to the building also helps others in the future. No longer will people be beholden to stupid packed roads. Now they'll have a straight line from one location to another. And it only took a couple hundred? No... more than that. It had to be a couple thousand extra lives getting crushed under each of my steps.
Unlike the first groups of people I was treading upon, these are too small to really even be noticed anymore.


At least not for me. I'm more interested in the sheer amount of destruction and chaos every single one of my steps is causing like this. A half-dozen buildings get compressed into pancakes when I take a step. The ground itself warps and is reshaped around me like I'm stepping into fresh mud. One day I'll have to try and give a serious cross-country walk a try. Just one end to another, crushing villages and small towns under every step in the process.
For now, I have a goal to reach, and a burning sense of arousal eager to be sated.


Another step results in another block turning to dust, and I'm here. Really closer to 4 steps than the assumed six. Like Rockefeller Plaza this is a building I've seen too many times in the media before. Hearing tales about how it's so high up dropping a penny from the roof would kill a person on the ground. Watching a deranged monkey pick up a hot blonde and carry her up to the top. Constantly being reminded that no, this is not the tallest building in the world.
I'll save that for later.


Despite that tall spire adding a couple extra feet up top, this thing doesn't even reach my knees at this point. If anything that spire seems dangerous, even if I know deep down it'll bend in on itself and snap apart the moment I apply any notable amount of pressure to it.
Still... seeing it next to my own legs and how laughably it comes up short is...
MetLife


It's underwhelming.
Maybe I should've tried the King Kong thing. Grabbed someone important off the street while climbing this thing at about fifty feet tall. Except I'd have eaten my hot blonde prey once I got to the roof, and then grown so big the entire thing broke under me.
Ah well. When they inevitably rebuild this thing in a year that'll be something new to try out.


For now, I intend to use this thing to get off. And while the spire up top looks like it could be used to give myself a nice scratch on the inside, I'd rather not deal with it. But even I wasn't prepared for just how fragile it would feel in my hands once I actually touched it. The entire thing shook violently on contact, and once I squeezed my fingers shut the steel it was made from folded like an empty tin can.
What it didn't fucking do, is snap off.


"Come on... piece of fucking..."
It was easy enough for me to bend and twist the antennae, but actually breaking it off was surprisingly difficult. For a moment I even considered leaving it on and just flattening it against the side while I made use of the building... but at some point I stopped caring about the integrity of the top floors enough to play gently with it, and pulled it out with everything I had, damage to the roof and all.


With that finally taken care of I crumpled up the entire thing into a ball and tossed it away. Not sure where it landed, but it would give whoever was unfortunate enough to be nearby a sneak preview as to what was to come for them later.
For now, the Empire State Building and its immediate surroundings were all that mattered. I ran my fingers over the roof, making sure it was clear of any stragglers who may have still been inside of the observation deck, before moving over it and carefully coming down.


Right on target.
In the blink of an eye a dozen floors are swallowed up by my ass. When I reposition my legs slightly to allow better access, an additional dozen blocks are erased under my toes. With the burning need to be filled being satisfied I'm significantly more aware of my surroundings, and can hyper focus on every single effect I'm having on my environment.
NEW YORKER


When my body lowers slightly, a moan slips from my throat.
This high up, the damage isn't as severe as it could have been. That almost makes me wish I was lying down on my back when I did it. I relish the thought of converting fully-grown people into clouds of mist from the sheer power behind my voice, even if I've never gotten to see it firsthand.


I try to lower myself a bit further, but there's some resistance. Some of the floors begin to crumble, and I stop myself where I am. My toes curled, and I jiggled one of my tits with my hand while resting. This is when I made a mental note to crush something with them later. Why carry these things around if I'm not going to give a few thousand lucky people the opportunity to be crushed under them?


Once I thought I'd found my footing I started to lower again... when it happened.
With a crunchy snap, the entire Empire State Building is wrenched from its foundations, and dragged through the streets. I don't know how many other buildings were mowed down in the process, but I know what the end result is...
A perfectly-positioned sex toy.


I would be a fool not to take advantage of this.
With no care for my surroundings I spread my legs wide, making sure that I could get as perfect an angle as possible for this. My heels do much the same as the building itself just a second ago, carving a swathe of destruction through countless buildings and lives just to get into position.
NEW YORKER


The stage was set. My toy was in position. I had an audience of millions watching my every movement, praying that I would be distracted long enough for them to escape. Others only hoped for a quick end.
My only role was to do what came naturally.


And that was to grow.


In a matter of seconds I'd nearly doubled my size again. My heel pushed through a massive section of the city, wiping out dozens of buildings in the process.


The once-proud landmark that dominated the skyline was buried straight inside of my ass, and having its ability to actually please me made it vanishingly ineffective with every passing second.


The sounds of my fingers rubbing at my pussy echoed through the city, almost as powerful as my voice itself thanks to its proximity to countless others. I'm sure eardrums were popping and hundreds were being drowned just from a stray droplet of cum spilling off of my fingers and onto the ground.


All while I kept growing bigger. More powerful. More unstoppable.


I didn't have to crush and end so many people to get off. Billions of other people on this planet were able to do so without claiming a single victim to their name.


But I was special.
I was unique.
Only I was allowed to do this.


If anyone complained, I would have no qualms about crushing them, their workplace, their homes, and their entire cities... hell, maybe even their entire countries in pursuit of a quick orgasm.


I wouldn't even think twice about it.


Ask the people below me right now what they'd done to wrong me. The tens, if not hundreds of thousands I'd already killed so far just getting off why they had incurred my wrath.


Not a single one of them could tell you, because there was no reason for it. No logic, nothing.
I wanted to get off, and I wanted to grow. New York's only sin was being a desirable target, and for that it was playing its part wonderfully.


When I came this time I didn't just dominate the skyline. I dominated the entire state. There weren't buildings around my thighs, because nothing was even close. My head was in the clouds, and I could swear there was steam coming off of my body thanks to the combination of the cold outside and the heat I was generating just getting off.
I did have to actively stop myself from falling onto my back though. Would have been amusing to see just how much fucking damage that did, but I had promised my tits some action earlier, so my palm had to do the heavy job of catching myself.


After all of that it took a moment to try and get my bearings. I like to do a little bit of research before I actually have one of my little excursions and that involves studying maps, layouts, and finding the most densely-populated parts of a city before going to work.
Unfortunately, all of that imagery is a bit harder to discern when you're looking at it from thousands of feet up in the air. I try to spot something that would help me figure out where I am while popping a couple of extra skyscrapers for fun with my fingertip. The answer will come soon, I'm sure of it.


After a minute of this I figured out that I must be in midtown. Or... on top of it. If any of it even still exists. I guess I'm at the location where midtown once was, which would make this segment here by the water lower Manhattan.
Without even intending to, I'd already trapped all of the people there. That will make this easier.


"Hello, Manhattan!" I called out to the minuscule city below while dropping to my hands and knees. I didn't expect a response, but I'd kind of hoped to hear something. Instead all I got was silence...
I'm a bit too high up to really hear anything resembling a response. I'm sure there's a cacophony of noises and chaos down around my fingers, but up here all I got was the soft, gentle sound of a breeze.
There is an easy solution, however.


Just move a little bit closer.
My ass had thoroughly erased part of the city already and made whatever was left behind more closely resemble a wasteland than a bustling metropolis. But it was entirely self-contained, and even crawling forward one step closer to Manhattan brought me to fresh, untouched sections of the city. Completely pristine, and waiting to be visited.
Until my hands came down, wiping out dozens of blocks of land in an instant.


Those things are just small fry though. No... My prime target is the huge skyscrapers dotted across the area below. They stretched up comparatively high into the sky, daring to brush against the clouds themselves. I know that the actual tallest building in the city is around here somewhere... but when I look from this angle it all just kind of blends together. Like a crystalline structure that juts out in wild, untamed directions.
And just like one of those, it's incredibly fragile. If I so much as brushed my fingers along any of these structures they'll break apart like they were made of snow. Naturally, that meant I had to bring out the wrecking balls.


Even I can forget how big and hefty these things are sometimes. I could feel faint tingling sensations on my nipples and I knew that they were swinging through skyscrapers and blowing them apart as I tried to move into position. This, in turn, made my nipples harder. Which made them protrude more, which meant they did even more damage and... it was a bit of a vicious cycle, if I'm being honest.


Luckily, there was a simple solution.
I couldn't see much of what was happening anyway, so I figured why not just get it over with. I took a deep breath, counted down from ten... and dropped my chest onto the city.
My stiff nipples rammed through a dozen skyscrapers in the blink of an eye, sending thousands of tiny lives and untold tons of office furniture soaring into the sky. They were followed a second later by areola that were bumpy with arousal, that shredded through buildings with ease thanks to the thousands of tons of femininity in my tits alone.


I remembered Rockefeller plaza from earlier. How when I'd stood the same size as the building I thought to myself that my tits would be lucky enough to have broken through more than a couple of floors. Now they were wiping out an entire district all on their own. If I had the patience and dexterity I probably could have perched that entire building on the end of a nipple right now, and waited for the microscopic people to head out onto my body and venture the endless expanse that made up me.
But I'd never have the patience for that. I craved destruction, and when I settled more of my weight onto my chest I got exactly that.


My hand squeezed in between my thighs and reached for my pussy when I settled more of my weight onto my chest. The aftermath of midtown was the warning shot to the rest of the city. I was coming for them, and their time had officially run out.


Because I was growing yet again.


It wasn't just that wonderful feeling of growth that kept me aroused though. Nor was it the knowledge and sensation of my tits wiping out tens of thousands of lives for no good reason. They certainly helped... but weren't what pushed me over the edge.


I could hear them.


It can be a bit lonely when your head is literally in the clouds. Knowing that there are millions of people watching your every movement with bated breath and actually being aware of their presence is another thing entirely. But when I pressed my tits onto the ground and leaned over to better access my pussy... they were all too real again.


Faint, and growing fainter thanks to my growth... but clearly perceptible.
Screams. Thousands upon thousands of germs underneath me screaming. For mercy, for help. Begging me to stop. They were what reminded me that I wasn't just lying in my bedroom masturbating, I was taking it out on a poor, innocent city.


And that just made it a hundred times fucking hotter.


When I came this time everyone fucking knew it. My nipples alone would have been enough to overshadow the entire New York skyline. My tits stretched a dozen miles into the sky. My hair draped over parts of the city I hadn't yet gotten to. My legs and feet moved behind me, toes scrunching in a way that sent fresh quakes through the area. Through it all there were parts of the city that were relatively safe, at least for the moment.
But not a single soul could escape the scream that left my throat.
I'm sure thousands nearby simply perished on the spot, unable to handle the presence of my voice. Some buildings likely had their foundations cracked as they were assaulted by my sounds, and people for miles around their eardrums burst in the blink of an eye, sending them into writhing fits on the floor.


That was something they would have to live with for the rest of their lives.
...Even if that was admittedly not going to be very long. No, I felt like it was time to start wrapping things up around here. Until now I've sort of treated growing like a faucet. Turn it on when I masturbate, and close it when I reach a new size to enjoy. But now?
...Now I'm going to leave a drip.


I stretched my arms high into the sky. High enough that I'm sure I was reaching the upper limits of the atmosphere, before I looked back around me. I pressed my hands onto parts of the city still untouched, and was again reminded of just how big this thing still is even with all my size.
I bit my bottom lip while looking over Jersey City. What's the harm in letting my even bigger and still growing tits have this one too?


I dropped onto my chest, letting gravity ram into the earth with all the force of a nuclear bomb. A ripple spread through the ground around me, and I felt a surge of arousal make my body spike just a bit higher. There was no mushroom cloud this time around, though. Only destruction that spread in the form of massive, dense clouds of black smoke. I could no longer interact with the microscopic world beneath me. Not without causing a great deal of death in the process.


Once again, that was an acceptable downside.
Besides, why leave Brooklyn untouched? Look at it. Just standing there. Mocking the other boroughs for having felt my wrath by now. It needs to be taught a lesson, and when I raised my hand overhead I could see the shadow I cast over the entire neighborhood.


Bringing my hand down at this size is completely different from doing so when normal. My hand is so big that I can feel the air resistance actively pushing back... and then it hits like an atom bomb.
It's all gone as soon as I open-palm slapped a significant chunk of Brooklyn into dust. Huge waves of smoke erupt out and around my fingers, smothering anything fortunate enough to avoid being crushed directly in a smokescreen that can't possibly be seen through.


For a second I left my hand there, and watched the smoke billow around. I was curious to see if it would dissipate, but my patience was running thin, and I was hungry for more. Literally, in this instance.
Curling my fingers I grabbed a chunk of the city, intact or otherwise, and ripped it straight from the ground. Raising it above my head, I spread my fingers and let it all rain into my mouth.


Thousands of people tumbled through the air, falling onto my tongue like flakes of snow. Only snow doesn't usually splat when it hits your tongue.
It didn't taste like much. Never does at this size. Though I'm always eager to boast about how many innocent lives were sacrificed to make myself this hot, there's very little enjoyment to be gained from doing so like this. I could probably drop a million people onto my tongue at once at this size, and it wouldn't amount to much more than a mildly fuzzy sensation going down my throat.


That has its own upsides, mind you. Being so big that humanity as a whole functionally fails to register even to my more acute senses is a reminder of just how much better I am than everyone else, but that requires actually paying attention.
And sometimes, like at that moment, I just wanted to relax. Laying down I could see just how much of this once-famous city was still intact.


I'll be the first to admit it.
I... may have underestimated just how big New York was. Not that it intimidated me. Gods no. I just thought that my normal routine would be enough. At this size even one of my feet could probably erase a small city in a single step. My ass could probably wipe out a hundred thousand in the blink of an eye.
But this fucking thing was too spread out and too irregularly shaped. Desperate times call for desperate measures, and when I rolled onto my side I presented my ass to a million fucking New Yorkers at once, letting them really gawk at it.
This was no free show, though. They got their eyeful. My colossal ass hovered in the distance, shining in the sunlight as they got to burn the image into their memory. I gave it a firm slap, with a sound that had to have sent massive quakes through the ground. I even gave my ass a jiggle, just so that they could really get a feel for how it would put every other ass they'd ever seen in their lives to shame.
And then I sat down.


The shadow that my ass cast over the city grew deeper, and darker. The air pressure mounted when I sat down. The obscuring cloud of dust and smoke would wash over the area before I finished sitting, and the victims would be left in the blind when the sky itself fell onto them and crushed them in the blink of an eye.


Thinking about that turned me on even more. Which in turn, fueled my growth. I felt my ass expanding, growing at rapid speed. It spread across the city, burying more and more of Brooklyn underneath it by the second. You might think that growing would have satisfied me... but instead, it only fueled my need for more.


I'd kept growing for a while now, but I was ready to unleash my true, monolithic scale onto the world. I set out to destroy NYC, and it was going to take far, far too long like this.


Fuck all the pomp and circumstance. Fuck all of the other distractions. It's just going to be me, my fingers, and a couple million squished people.


I'm not sure what part of the city I'm masturbating directly over by now. I can't see much past my tits, and the slightest movement on my part is erasing huge swathes of untouched land.


With every second that passes, my view only goes higher and higher. Part of my research beforehand was to look at the city through photos taken in airplanes. It would help me get a feel for what it looked like when I was big.
But I was significantly bigger than even the height an airplane would fly at now.


Each of my fingers would have been able to crush tens of thousands of people at once. I could have scooped up an entire borough's population in just a single fingernail. Even while sitting, the wispy winter clouds below failed to even reach past my thighs.


And still I grew. Until the area below stopped looking anything like a city...


And started more closely resembling
pictures taken from space.

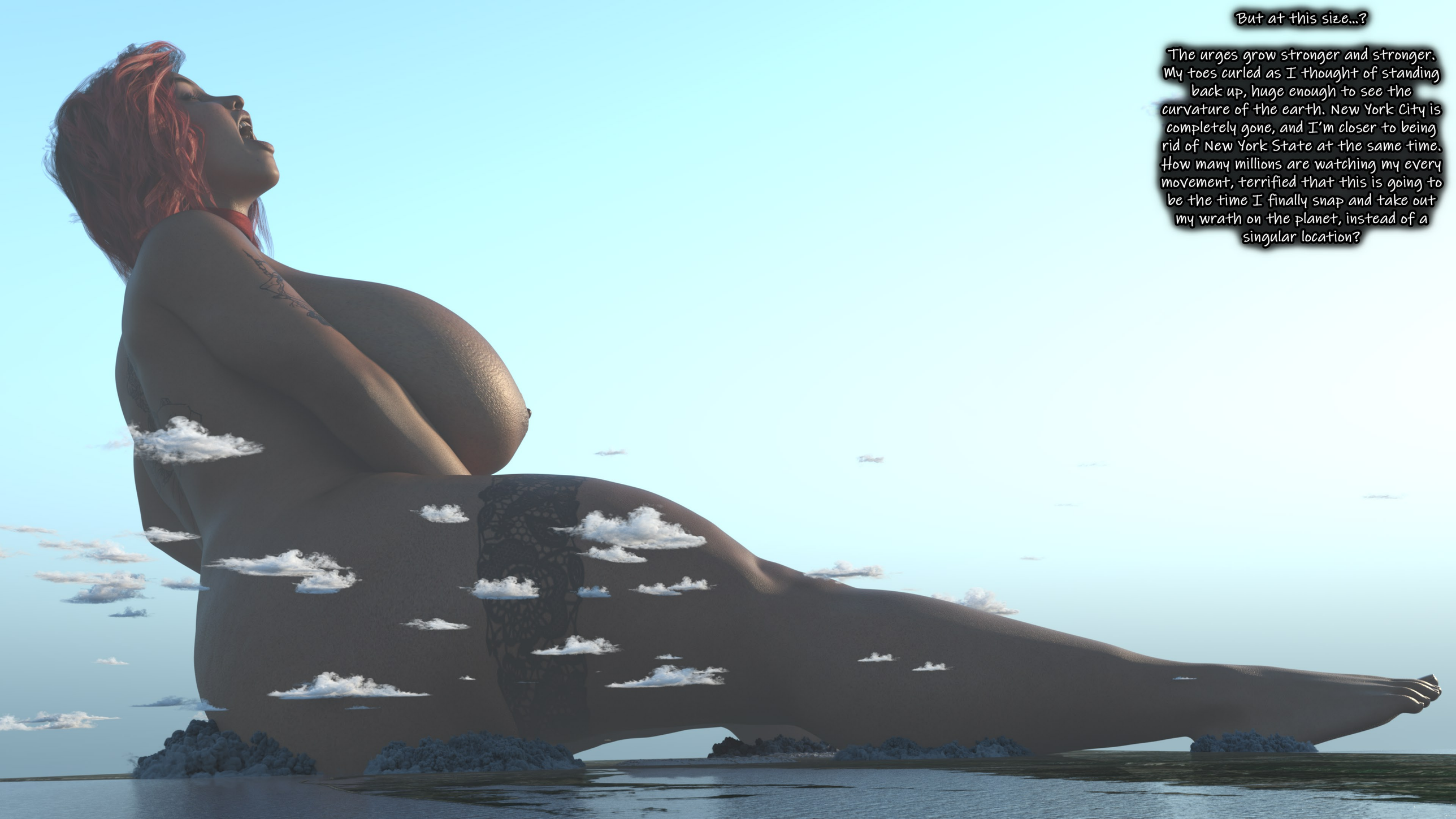

This may be the biggest I've ever grown.
Maybe.
I can see the entirety of the city laid out around me. And what I can't see is undoubtedly gone under my ass, crushed before I could get a good look at it. And beyond the outskirts of the city is... nothing.


Greenery. Microscopically-small roads that connected to random specks of populated land, but mostly a whole lot of nothing in every direction. The entire state has to be-
No.
The entire Eastern seaboard has to be able to see me by now.


They've probably never before experienced an earthquake, but I was giving them one directly just by masturbating. Even if I wasn't bouncing and screaming at the top of my lungs I know that my every movement is having catastrophic events below.


I wonder what it would be like to be in a neighboring city. Watching my foot bulldoze through miles upon miles of empty land after appearing in NYC and growing with reckless abandon.
Only to vanish, completely unnoticed. While my only attention was on my hand plumbing the depths of my pussy, looking to get off.


This is definitely the biggest I've ever grown, and I've grown quite a lot. See, it's not just cities that I'm interested in. My ambitions are... bigger than that. One day I'd like to try erasing an entire state off the map. Maybe head back to Europe, and wipe out a continent or two. I never did care for British cuisine...
The only reason I haven't done so already is because I want to pace myself.


But at this size...?
The urges grow stronger and stronger. My toes curled as I thought of standing back up, huge enough to see the curvature of the earth. New York City is completely gone, and I'm closer to being rid of New York State at the same time. How many millions are watching my every movement, terrified that this is going to be the time I finally snap and take out my wrath on the planet, instead of a singular location?


Even if I haven't bothered subjugating the entire world... I'm in control. Everyone knows it. I can't be stopped. My every whim is met, and if anyone complains, then they won't exist in a second.
Humanity lucked out today, though. I was so turned on from reaching this new all-time high that I came, and let loose a scream at the top of my lungs. One that would have been a natural disaster, had I not aimed it straight up and out of the atmosphere, where it would be lost in the vacuum of space.


For a minute afterwards I sat there, catching my breath. The air is thin this high up, but I can already feel myself adjusting to it. My ass is wet, and I'm sure that I'm sitting partially in the ocean. Moreover I can feel that my left heel is wet too. Though the idea of having crushed so many people on that specific location I could finally feel them again was fun, all it took was a lazy look down to confirm the truth.
My legs were long enough that I was able to reach the great lakes by stretching. Though it would have been thematically appropriate, I was unfortunately not dipping into Lake Superior, but one of the less important ones.


For several seconds after I finished, I looked up at the sun overhead. I moved my hand out from between my legs, and looked at the glistening cum sticking to them, before sticking my fingers into my mouth and sucking them clean.


Afterwards, I let myself fall onto my back. I felt the same heat I'd registered on my palm a moment ago. Air resistance trying to push back against something as big as I was falling from so high up. But it didn't do a thing to stop me, and when my entire massive body fell onto the planet I could feel the world around me shake in response.
Luckily for you little people, I mostly landed in the water. Tidal waves and tsunamis aren't much to concern yourselves with when the alternative is a direct visit from me. I just lay there for a minute, and took a while to just soak up the moment. Reveling in how great it felt to be all-powerful, and destroy entire cities on a whim.


"And... that's how it ended."

I watched the chat move for a while longer, unable to stop myself from smiling as I read the flurry of messages. There were a couple of people cursing at me, angry over what I'd done... but they were completely drowned out by others. Some in the chat were even scolding the naysayers, and a smile crossed my lips as I read through them all.


"What happened after?" I read aloud, rolling my eyes. "What do you think? The fact that you're still alive and asking that question means that I didn't destroy the world, obviously. I'm still around for the long haul, and so long as there's still billions of you tiny, squishable people on this planet, I think I'll keep having fun with you."

More messages in the chat, but they were all the sorts of things you'd expect. More praising of me, begging me to take my top off, more cursing, and a few people even asking me to show my feet.



"I hope you had fun, because I sure did, but that's enough entertainment for one holiday season." I said into the phone. "Celebrate this time of year however you like, because you never know if it'll be your last."

With a wink, I hit the button that ended the stream, and closed my eyes. Talking that much had tired me out, and I could use a break myself before planning out my next visit...

THE
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