
HAZEL
SMASHES
SEATTLE

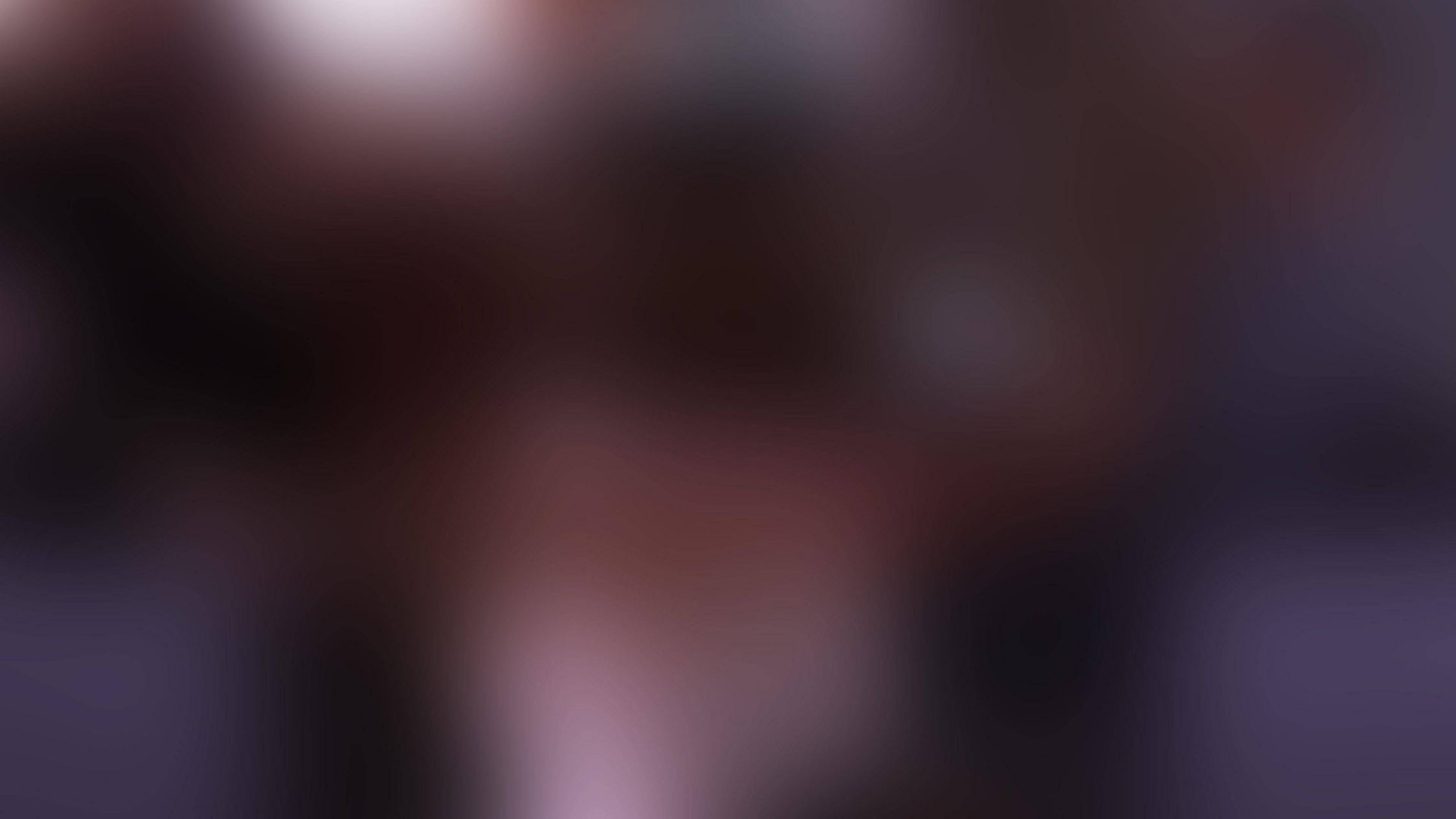

REDFIREDOG
EMMAGEAR


I'm huge.
No.
Huge doesn't cut it. I'm colossal. Massive. Enormous. An unstoppable force given form. Able to trample entire city blocks underfoot in a single step. Something I'm more than happy to do. The consequences don't matter. Why should a Goddess concern herself with the musings of mankind?


The people below fear me. They see me in the distance, and know it's already too late. They run as fast as their legs can possibly carry them, but a single one of my steps at my full scale is enough to cross an entire city. They can run all they want, but it won't change a damn thing. No one can outrun me at this size. It all comes down to luck. Either I step on them, or I don't. Either way, it's a roll of the dice.


Really, even that's not enough.
The impact from my toes touching the pathetic city send shockwaves through the ground. Tarmac rips apart. Foundations shake and collapse. Water and gas mains burst, filling the footprints I leave behind in the blink of an eye. An entire city reels from my every step. Simply not being crushed isn't enough to guarantee safety.


Because after my foot lands, I may feel the desire to clench my toes together, and crush anyone who may have been lucky enough to still be alive between them. I could feel like twisting my foot in place, wiping out the immediate surroundings for no real reason other than it would make me feel happy. I could wipe my foot backwards, erasing huge swathes of civilization that thought they'd been spared when I moved past them.
The power is entirely within my hands. All the world just has to deal with it.





"So, you come here often?"

The man sitting in front of me smiles, chuckles, then looks away awkwardly. For a bit too long, if I'm being honest. For a moment I wonder if the simple question may have offended him in some way I hadn't even considered, before he sighs.

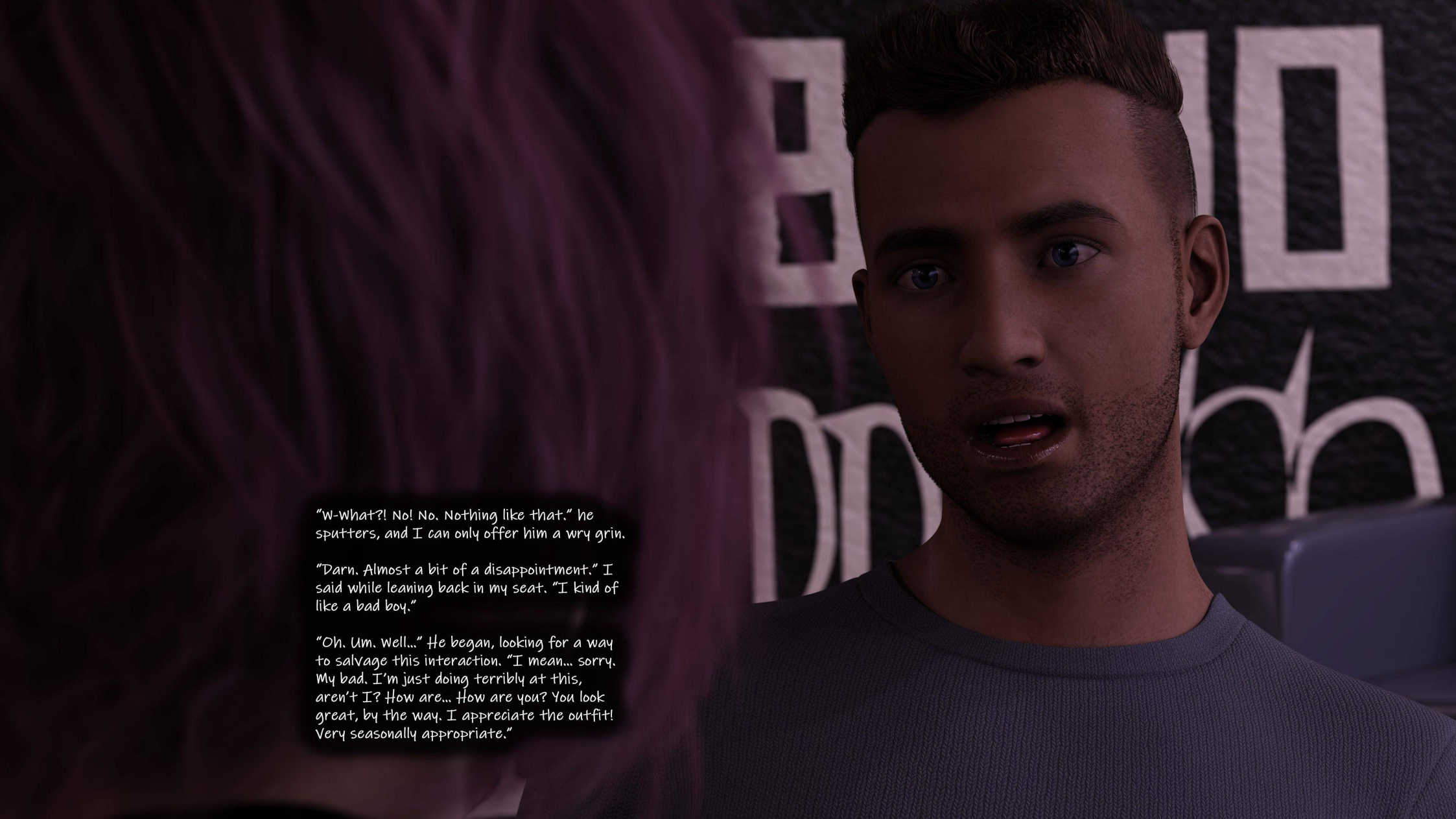
"No. This is... well, it's my first time here, actually. First time most anywhere for a while, now. Sorry, I guess I can be a bit of an agoraphobe."



"That would explain a bit." I laughed, looking him over as he shied away from my gaze. "For a second you had me worried. I thought I might've made you nervous, or something."

"Well..." His voice trails off as he looks away. He watches traffic outside for a moment, before coming back to me. "It's just... okay. I guess I am being weird." He chuckled, before clearing his throat. "Look, I haven't been on a... on a date in a while. The last year's kind of been a bit rough for me. I don't mean to trauma dump on you, but... I've kind of been through a lot. This is my first real attempt at getting out in the real world again, you know?"

"Prison?"


"W-What?! No! No. Nothing like that." he sputters, and I can only offer him a wry grin.
"Darn. Almost a bit of a disappointment." I said while leaning back in my seat. "I kind of like a bad boy."
"Oh. Um. Well..." He began, looking for a way to salvage this interaction. "I mean... sorry. My bad. I'm just doing terribly at this, aren't I? How are... How are you? You look great, by the way. I appreciate the outfit! Very seasonally appropriate."


"Oh, thanks! I don't usually dress quite this gothic, but I figured I'd go all-out tonight. Got my hair done and everything. What can I say? Halloween's always been my favorite time of the year!" I told him, flipping some hair out of my face. "How about you? More of a Halloween or Christmas kinda guy?"
"Halloween... Well, it used to be my favorite. But last year kinda..."



"Oh?"

He wanted to say more. I knew it. I could tell from how he trailed off. I wanted him to let it all out. If this day was going to pay off in the best of ways I needed him to make his feelings known. Make him feel like he was making some progress in getting past his issues.

"It's... I don't know. Not important?"

"Mhm. You're lying."

He flinched. I grinned.

"Come on! It's clear you've got a lot on your mind. Maybe it'll help if you just tell me what happened."


"Well..." he began, before sighing loudly. "I mean, what can I say? It was kind of all over the news, you know? I used to live in Portland last year. That was when, well, they call her Hazel, but when she..."

"Ah..." I said, smiling at his response. "I saw in your profile you were from there, but figured it might've been a long time ago. So you were displaced by that?"

"Displaced?" he chuckled, shaking his head dismissively. "Feels weird to talk about it so... nonchalantly, you know? There weren't many survivors. I was one of the lucky ones, all things considered. Even if, you know... I still think about that day all the time. And therapists aren't cheap."

"Sorry." I told him, leaning back into my seat. "So, you were there? At ground zero? When Hazel... showed up?"

He went silent.


"Listen." I told him, leaning back in my seat and smiling. "You saw my profile when you swiped right, didn't you? I mean, I know I've got a great pair, but I'm also a good listener. I'm training to become a therapist myself. I may not be fully licensed yet, but... if you're willing to talk, I'd like to know more from someone who experienced this firsthand."
"Are you sure?" He asked, a hint of hope in his voice. "It's not going to ruin the date, is it? I mean, we just met, and-"
"It's fine." I repeated. "Now go on! Tell me more."


"Alright. I guess it's just... the images, you know? They kinda never leave you. Sometimes when I close my eyes I just feel like I'm back there."
"And what do you see?"
"Just... imagine the biggest thing you've seen in your life. Then imagine it a hundred times bigger, and falling straight for you. It's like witnessing the end of the world all around you. Like a hundred natural disasters taking place at the same time... but with real malice behind it. It's not random acts of violence or happenstance. It's all real, and it is actively trying to kill you."

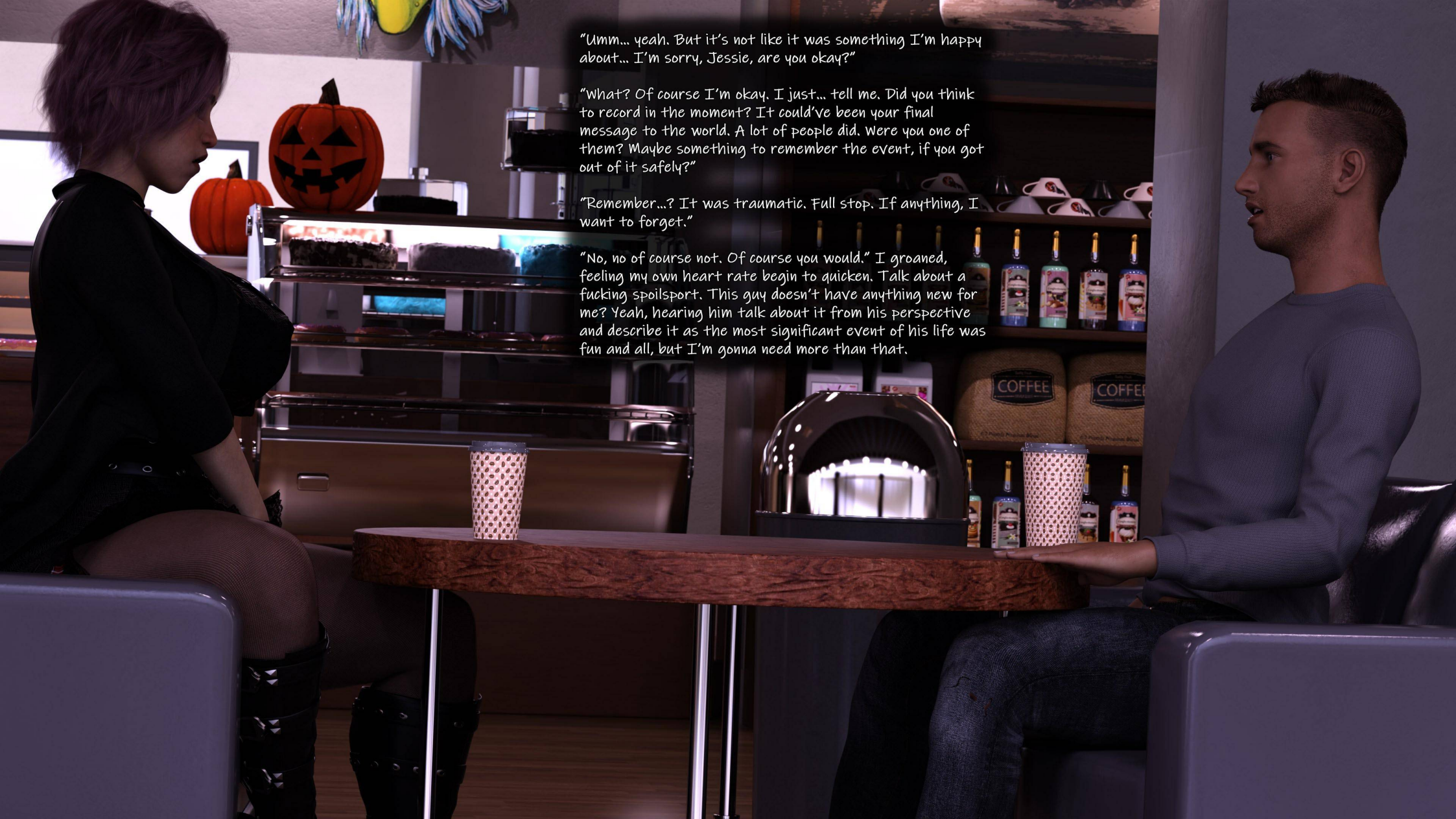


I bit my bottom lip.

"So that's what it was like... from your view? That's..."

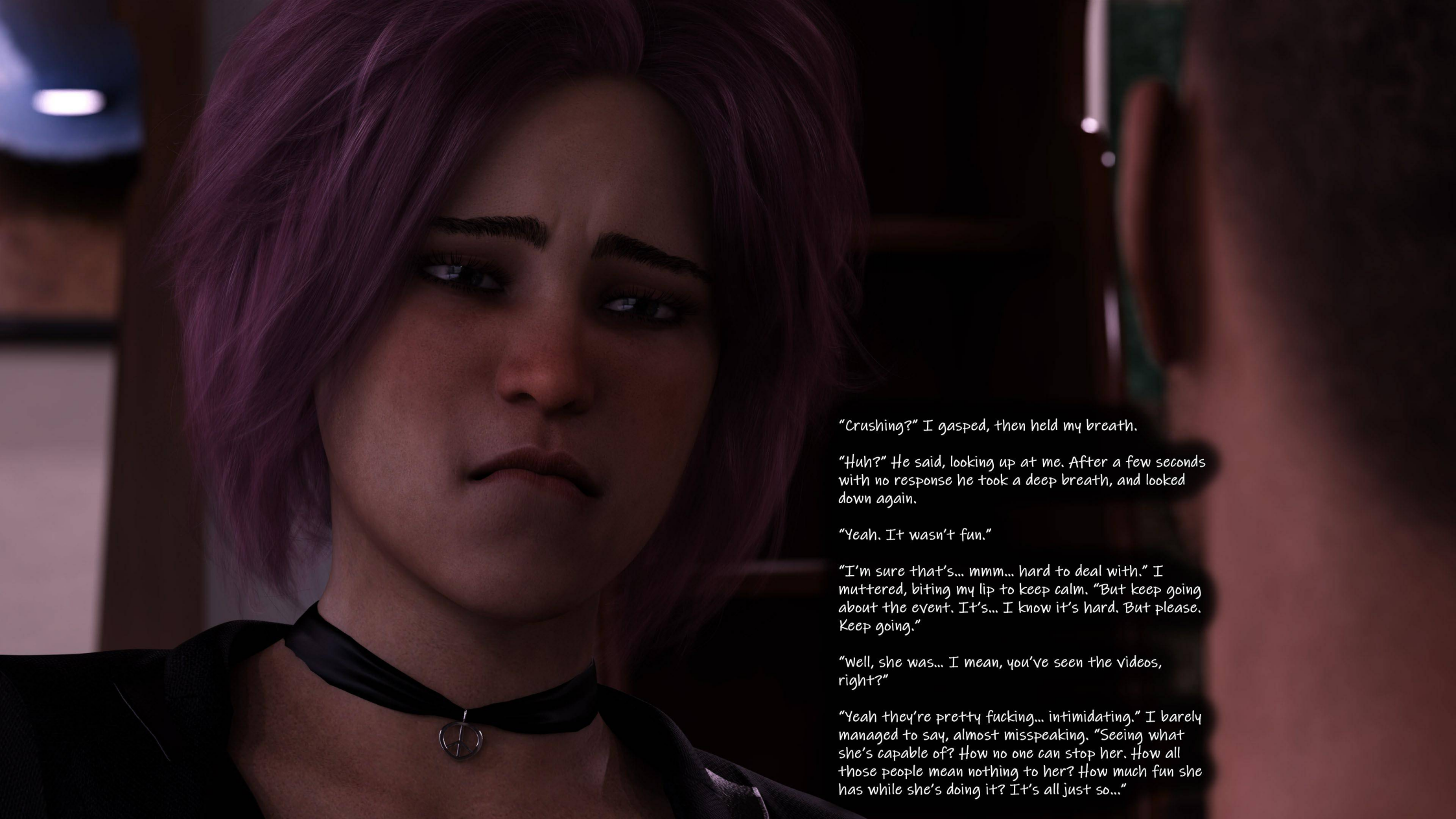
"Something wrong?" He interrupted, raising an eyebrow.

"H-Huh? No. Nothing's wrong. I'm just... I can't even imagine. What it must have been like to see all that from while it was actually happening. When you're so ti-up close! That must have been... quite an experience. Something you'll never forget, right?"


"Umm... yeah. But it's not like it was something I'm happy about... I'm sorry, Jessie, are you okay?"
"What? Of course I'm okay. I just... tell me. Did you think to record in the moment? It could've been your final message to the world. A lot of people did. Were you one of them? Maybe something to remember the event, if you got out of it safely?"
"Remember...? It was traumatic. Full stop. If anything, I want to forget."
"No, no of course not. Of course you would." I groaned, feeling my own heart rate begin to quicken. Talk about a fucking spoilsport. This guy doesn't have anything new for me? Yeah, hearing him talk about it from his perspective and describe it as the most significant event of his life was fun and all, but I'm gonna need more than that.
COFFEE
COFFEE


"Hey, Jessie, I hope you don't think I'm being too nosy, but you're looking a little flushed. Are you sure you're okay? I didn't scare you with that talk, did I? Dammit. I knew I shouldn't have-"
"No, no! I'm fine." I said, squeezing my legs together tightly. He had no idea how fine I really fucking was as I clenched my pussy tight, cleared my throat, and did my absolute best to put on a straight face. "Sorry, it's just... it's a little warm in here, don't you think?"
"On Halloween...? If anything, it's-"
"Nevermind!" I interrupted, not even remotely interested in hearing about the weather right now. "Just... go on. Please, tell me more. It'll help you get it all off your chest!"


"...Okay." He said, leaning back again and looking up at the ceiling. "Well... I lost a lot of loved ones that day. Including... I mean, let me just put it this way, I wasn't single a year ago. But she didn't make it. Took me a long time to get over that, and it was worse because all I wanted was to... you know. Go home. But there was no home to go back to. My place was gone. Buried twenty feet below ground. And not just mine, but my entire street. The whole block. Most of the city. It was all just... gone. Insurance didn't pay out, either. They didn't cover that, so I went into a lot of crushing debt."



"Crushing?" I gasped, then held my breath.

"Huh?" He said, looking up at me. After a few seconds with no response he took a deep breath, and looked down again.

"Yeah. It wasn't fun."

"I'm sure that's... mmm... hard to deal with." I muttered, biting my lip to keep calm. "But keep going about the event. It's... I know it's hard. But please. Keep going."

"Well, she was... I mean, you've seen the videos, right?"

"Yeah they're pretty fucking... intimidating." I barely managed to say, almost misspeaking. "Seeing what she's capable of? How no one can stop her. How all those people mean nothing to her? How much fun she has while she's doing it? It's all just so..."


"Horrible."
"R-Right. Horrible... Should I get you a drink? I'll buy, you just look a little sickly."
"No."
"You sure? We could maybe reschedule, if you're not feeling well. I don't mind, really. This has already been great for me, and if you're sick-"


"I'm not sick!" I snapped, leaning back a bit. Just enough so that he could see where my arm was placed. His eyes naturally follow, and I can't help but let a small moan slip from between my lips as he does so.

"Are you-"

"Sore." I told him quickly. "Just don't mind me. Keep going."



"Well." He said, looking glum as he peered into his cup. He picks it up, runs his fingers over his name written on it, and puts it back down. "I... I don't know if I want to admit this."

"G-Go ahead." I said, in a voice barely above a whisper. It's getting harder to speak. My toes are curling inside my shoes. My breath is quickening. Waves of pleasure are coursing through every inch of my body as I sit there.

"I still have nightmares about that day." He said.


Oh I have hit the fucking jackpot with this one.
"I relive that day sometimes in my dreams. Oftentimes from multiple perspectives. From my girlfriend's. From my brother's. From my neighbor. But everyone in my vicinity sees the same thing. That... giant ass coming down on me. Only when reliving it from my perspective do I narrowly avoid being crushed."
"Everyone else has to feel that weight. That immense, crushing pressure. That feeling of hopelessness before the end. Knowing that she's not even going to notice the pain she's causing, it's just..."


"Keep... going..." I whisper, closing my eyes as his sad stories send my imagination running wild. I can feel it happening even as I sit here, and I can't help but wiggle my ass in my seat as he talks. Try as I might to keep it contained, I'm very gradually beginning to grow. My head gradually inched higher. My clothes tightened around my body, and it takes every ounce of willpower to keep that font from overflowing.


"She's a monster." This little fucking idiot says. "I just... how can someone be so heartless? Every day I wake up I hope to see something in the news. How they found her, and how they put a stop to her once and for all."
"But they haven't yet." I gasped. "And... they never will."
The man looks sullen, and his despair finally pushes me over the edge. A particularly loud moan slips from between my lips as an orgasm washes over me.


I lean forward, panting in the seat as a woman nearby locks eyes with me suspiciously. I try to put on a sad face, make it look like I was crying... but I can't hide the satisfied smile.
"Hey... Is something wrong?" he asks. "You're acting kind of... Were you just..."


"Huh? Oh, right. Um... no. It's nothing. I guess I just kind of... overdressed for the date. Mind if I take my jacket off? I'm going to take my jacket off." I said, standing without waiting for a response and shrugging the heavy thing away.


"Go ahead." He said, eyeing me suspiciously... before his eyes naturally gravitated downward. First to my chest that he could see a lot more of without the jacket in the way, but then down to the skirt that went maybe a half-inch below my ass. His eyes widened just a little as he did so, and he thinks I didn't notice.


"That feels so much better!" I tell him, shaking my hair and stepping a bit closer. "I hope I'm not embarrassing you, am I? This was the only thing they had in my size, and it's kind of hard to find anything that'll cover up my big, fat ass."
"E-Embarrassing?" he stammered, straightening up and quickly jerking his head to look at my eyes instead of my legs. "N-Nope! You look great."
COFFEE
COFFEE
ESPRESSO ROMANO


"Glad to hear it." I said, smiling down at him. Just where he should be. Beneath me. "Hey... I hope this doesn't come off as strange but I wanted to ask you something a little bit more... intimate. Do you mind if I sit here?"
"Next to me? No... of course not. Go ahead."


I dropped down next to him ungracefully, jostling him from his position so he nearly fell onto me. His eyes go wide as he attempts to right himself before he falls onto me, but my fingers tightening around his thigh make him sit straight up again.
"H-Hi." he said, trying to feign a smile.
"Hi." I said back.. "Listen, I know that what you went through was traumatic and everything, but I'm dying to know. Have you ever watched any of the videos from that day? Or any of the other incidents?"
COFFEE
COFFEE
COFFEE
ESPRESSO



"The videos? You mean of..."

"Yeah. They're all over the internet, right? Every time she shows up the world gets flooded with thousands of them. I'm not even a survivor and in moments of weakness I've actually watched a couple myself. For you to have been there... the curiosity of what others went through must be overwhelming."

"No." He laughed in a not-too-convincing manner. "I, um, I've never watched one. Not in full, anyway. Seen the thumbnails, at least. But reliving it, even through someone else's eyes, is the last thing I want."


"Oh, come on. You have to be at least a little bit curious!"
"No." He says, with a bit more conviction this time. Why would I want to, anyway? It's not-"
"Because I mean... it's kinda hot?"



His eyes go wide. His mouth opens, but he doesn't know what to say.

"That's not just me talking, by the way. That's simple statistics. Youtube, Liveleak, Pornhub, Xvideos... All those places list the footage as some of their most-watched videos of all time."

"Well, I'm sorry to disappoint you." He says, before swallowing audibly. "But I've never-"


"Really?" I interrupted yet again, sliding my hand across his thigh so he tenses up once more. I give it a firm squeeze to make sure he's sitting up ramrod straight before continuing. "I think it would be a good coping mechanism if you were to try it out. Come on, let's pick one together! Maybe...'Giantess smashes Portland under her fat ass?', no. Oh... I know!"
"Jessie, I appreciate you trying to help, but I promise you, I don't want to-"


"Hey. Who's the trained professional here?"
"But you said you don't have your license."
"I don't need a license to know how to solve your problems." I told him while rolling my eyes. "You've got textbook PTSD. And I'm prescribing something simple for treatment. Exposure therapy. Come on. You'll be watching in a safe environment with someone beside you. I don't even have to play the whole video. Just check it out for a second, okay? It'll help you move on."



Without waiting for a response I pressed play on the phone, and turned up the audio. In an instant the faint sound of distant screams could be heard, and footage began playing. Someone from ground level on a hazy day pointed his camera straight up into the sky, focusing on a woman so big her body stretched into the clouds. Completely naked, she seems unaware of the tiny voyeur filming her from below.


"This poor bastard was livestreaming when this happened." I told him. "That's the first thing he saw when he went outside."
My date's eyes are wide open. Completely locked in on what he's seeing.



"Makes you wonder, doesn't it?" I whispered. "Who knows how much footage there is out there that simply doesn't get recovered because the phones are smashed or crushed under THAT. There could be so many more angles than we already have. Enough for a multi-hour long montage. If only-"

"I... I think I've seen enough."


"Already?" I asked, sliding my hand a bit further up his thigh. "I don't know if you realized this, but we're watching someone's final moments here. The last thing they saw before they joined the tens of thousands of others who kicked the fucking bucket that day. This guy spent his last moments documenting something so the rest of the world could see what it was really like... Over, and over, and over again."


"Yeah. I know." He said in a vain attempt to assert himself.
"Then let it finish, at least. Don't let what he died for go to waste. Consider it payment for services rendered."


For a moment it seems like the looming figure over the city isn't even real. She's standing completely still, like a statue. A figment of one's imagination that seems surreal.
Then she moves.
Faintly visible high up in the air the head moves and looks back. Straight down to where the unfortunate cameraman is positioned.


Then the ass gets bigger.
For a moment it's unclear if it's because she's chosen this particular spot to sit down, or if she's growing once again. Both options are frighteningly possible, and none of the people around know, either.


But the answer becomes obvious a moment later.

She's sitting. More and more of her figure is obscured as her ass takes up the camera's entire field of view. The screaming around the cameraman intensifies, and it's clear that he's given up on any chance of escaping. He just keeps his camera pointed straight up, capturing the entire ordeal in vivid detail.


In no time at all the ass has consumed the entire sky. Above the rooftops there is nothing, save for the darkened line separating the two cheeks that could wipe out thousands of people at once.
The screams around the cameraman reach a fevered pitch. The last embers of hope are snuffed out, and the crowd turns positively feral.



Then the destruction hits.

The buildings stand far above the people on ground level. They're the first to make contact with the descending ass, and any chance they'd be able to slow her descent evaporates in an instant as the combined might of dozens of towering structures fail to even slow her down.

For a moment there's a sound similar to a wind storm. A tremendous amount of displaced air whips through the streets. Bodies are launched into the air. Windows burst. Cars alarms go off... and then the signal goes dark.


"Well? What was I supposed to get out of that?"
"You tell me. What did it make you feel?"
"It was terrifying." The guy said, exasperated. "It was so similar to what I went through, it was like I was right back there!!"
"Now we're getting somewhere. Imagine yourself from a year back, if you will. You can see her tower over you. The air is thick with the scent of her body. Her body wash. Her sweat. Her pussy. You get a few precious glimpses at her naked form. Everywhere you look you can see nothing but her. A monument to womanhood that can not be resisted. Admit it. You must have been a little turned on, right?"


"I... What?! No! Of course not! What kind of person gets off on seeing the worst tragedy of the fucking century unfold right in front of their eyes?!"
I can't help but roll my eyes.
"There is at least ONE person who got off during all that. If you squint you might have even seen her in that video."
"I- She doesn't count! She-"

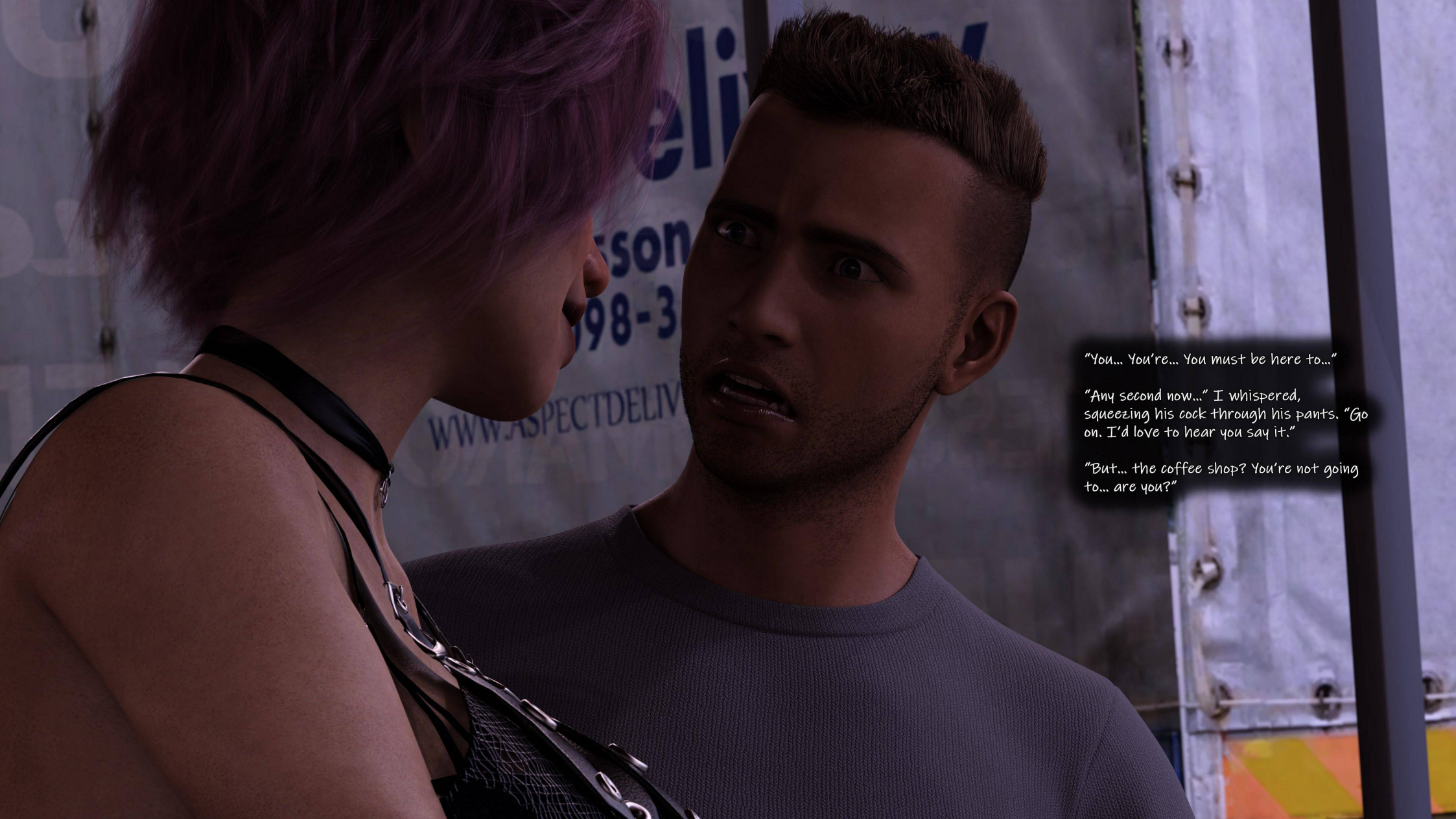

"I can promise you that even in the moment she wasn't the only one. But even if you don't want to count her or anyone that didn't make it, you can't ignore reality. Most tragedies don't involve a giant fucking ass wrecking a city, do they? A dozen angles of this so-called 'tragedy' top the charts for most viewed videos on Pornhub. Come on, there's no shame in it. Everyone's getting off to it. Just admit that you were turned on."


"Turned on? Jessie, I was terrified for my life! I could hear the screams from miles away. Long before she was even close to me. I genuinely thought I was going to die! I ran as fast as I could, knowing that the only thing that would keep me alive was luck. Getting off was the last thing on my mind!"
This guy...


"Sure." I said, not hiding my exasperation. "I can get being more scared than turned on in the moment, but that was a long time ago! You can look at it with fresh eyes now, and I know that a lot of the guys who've been through this... they can't help themselves. They just get rock hard seeing it all again now that the danger has passed. Be honest. I won't judge you."
"Well I'm not most guys, I guess! I'm not into that shit, okay!"
"Oh?" I asked, really amping up the pressure. "Are you sure about that? You're telling me that if I grabbed your cock right now I wouldn't feel anything? That you're completely soft, even after you just watched the biggest ass on the planet shake over some poor sap's head?"
"What the fuck are you-"


His words were cut off by a sudden sharp gasp. I'm not one to make idle threats, something he discovers when my hand slips down between his legs. It was definitely a bit stiff, but once my hand made contact I could feel it throb in my hand, which made me smile.
"That wasn't a no." I whispered, gently dancing my fingers between his legs. "And I can tell that I'm right, aren't I? Really getting a stiffy looking at that big, juicy ass in the video, aren't you? Not fully hard yet, but I think I can fix that..."


"What the fuck are you doing?!" He whispered, terrified of raising his voice. "Stop, Jessie! We're in public! What the fuck is wrong with... you..."
Recognition started to form in his eyes. I guess something about looking at me again when he's rock hard finally puts the pieces together, and his jaw slowly begins to drop. I can only smile back at him, and let out a sultry giggle. A sound I'm sure he's a bit more familiar with than he cares to admit.
"You sure you're going to college?" I whispered as his lip began to quiver. "I thought higher education was supposed to make you smarter?"


"You... You're... You must be here to..."
"Any second now..." I whispered, squeezing his cock through his pants. "Go on. I'd love to hear you say it."
"But... the coffee shop? You're not going to... are you?"


Always so cute when they're in denial about what's coming.
"What? Crush it? Destroy it? Bring it down? Kill everyone here for nothing other than my own amusement? Are you asking if that's what this so-called 'monster' plans on doing?"
Beads of sweat begin to form on his forehead as he's realizing the gravity of the situation. I give his cock a firm squeeze and he gasps in surprise, before biting his lip to stay quiet.
"Of course I am. Now keep quiet. No one else knows, and I don't want to ruin the surprise for them. Don't you want this to be a special night? We're on a date, remember?"



"A... A date?!" He gasps, suddenly finding himself able to speak again. "You... You fucking-Why would I go on a date with you?! I know what you've done. What you're capable of! Why the fuck shouldn't I just start running?"

"Aw." I cooed, leaning in closer. "Go ahead. I'd like to see you try. But I promise that you'd never be able to get away in time. Not in a million, billion years."

He looks like he's seriously considering it anyway. Like he wants to throw caution to the wind and get out of here as quickly as possible, but all that goes out the window when I finally manage to free his cock from the confines of his pants. Now exposed to the air his heart starts racing as he can't decide what to do.



"Remind me how much of a headstart you had last time?" I asked, giving his little cock a firm stroke. "And what good did knowing what's about to happen do you? What happens if I come after you right now when we're in the same building?"

"I..."

"Listen. For starters, you can't run that fast. No one can. I could give you a ten minute headstart and the keys to a car and you still wouldn't be able to get away. No, I'm afraid you're going to die tonight... just like everyone else within a ten mile radius."

"But-"

"But nothing. You can either do as I say so your final moments will be enjoyable... or I can get started early. I wanted to try something new out this time. So here are your options. One, you come along with me, and I'll make your final moments worthwhile. Two, you walk out of here calmly and try to run, knowing you're going to die with your tail between your legs. Or three, you cause a scene in the hopes it'll accomplish something... and I start early. And just a heads up, but I retain a good deal of my strength even at this size. If anyone so much as raises an eyebrow at your behavior you might just startle me, and if I've already got my hand wrapped around your cock I might inadvertently squeeze really, really hard. Ever seen someone get their cock ripped off? Felt someone's balls pop like water balloons? I could show you if you-"

"N-No... I'll do what you say."



"Smart man." I said, loosening my grip and beginning to stroke his cock again. "I'd have loved to watch you scream, but that's what the videos are for, I suppose. Now try and have some fun, will you? You're kind of killing the mood by being such a downer."

"I-" He began, his eyes darting past me.

"Focus on me." I said, squeezing his cock tighter in my iron grip. He tensed up... but kept his attention elsewhere. He's either very stupid, or very brave, and I can't wait to find out which.

"Jessie... Sorry, Hazel...? Is it okay to call you that? Um, that lady just glared at us. I think she can see my, umm..."

"What? Your cock?" I asked, rolling my eyes at how sensitive this guy was. "Who gives a fuck. She's going to be dead in half an hour, just like everyone else in this shithole. Let her watch. I paid for a coffee, I might as well stick around here for a bit."



"But... what if she calls the-"

"I don't care." I told him, giving his cock another firm squeeze to shut him up. "Let the cops come. They can't hurt me. Now tell me the fucking truth. Now that you know who I am, I want you to be honest. Admit it. You've jerked off to me before, haven't you? And if you lie to me again I'm going to snap your fucking cock in half."

"Ugh... Y-Yeah... I did. More than once. I didn't exactly feel good about it afterwards."

"Ooh, am I your guilty pleasure?" I whispered, letting my breath hit his face so he blinked uncomfortably. "I hear that a lot. Can't help it. Comes with the territory when you're as hot as I am. All your fucking friends died but you still couldn't help but jerk it to my ass. You and all the rest. You're all a bunch of fucking freaks who can't stop gawking even when your puny little lives are in danger."

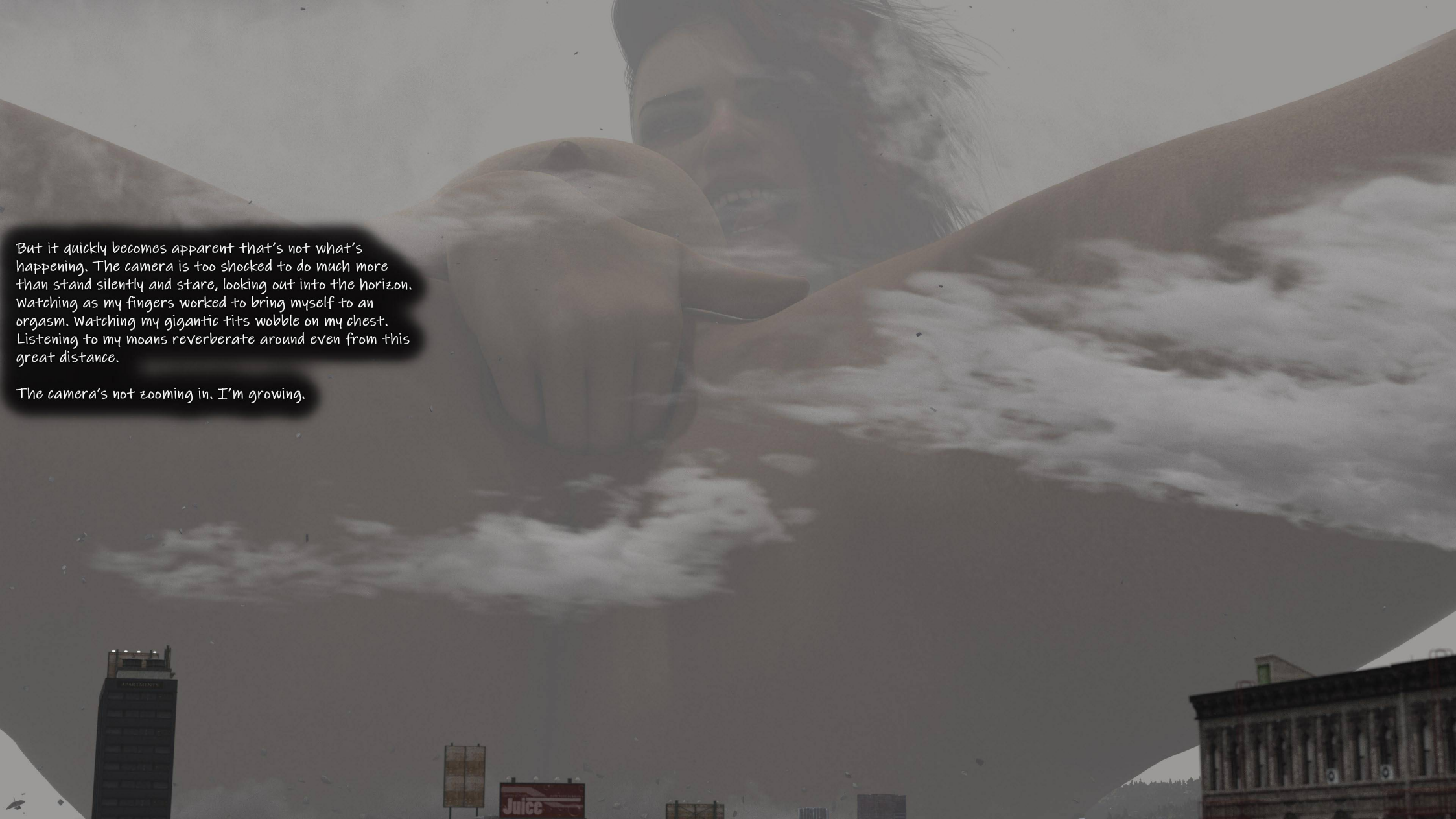

"Please... stop..." He whined, closing his eyes as he tried to pretend he was anywhere else but here.
"Stop?" I asked, pulling my phone up again. "But we're just getting started. Do you know how many videos there are? Here. This one's really fucking hot. But I'm sure you've seen it before, haven't you?"



He gasped when he saw the thumbnail on the phone. I don't know if he recognizes the specific place in the video, or if it's just the shock of the wider view that catches him off-guard. Either way, he's greeted with a video of my legs spread wide open, masturbating on top of a city.

"Shame the view's so far back, isn't it?" I told him, before pressing play.


Columns of smoke and dust were kicked up around my ass with my every little movement. There were a chorus of screams audible at all times even from this great distance, but they were buried under the omnipresent sound of my fingers pumping in and out of my soaking wet pussy.
For a second it seemed as if the video was continuously zooming in. Gradually filling more and more of the frame with my form. As if the camera operator wanted to get as much detail as he possibly could.
Juice
JP


But it quickly becomes apparent that's not what's happening. The camera is too shocked to do much more than stand silently and stare, looking out into the horizon. Watching as my fingers worked to bring myself to an orgasm. Watching my gigantic tits wobble on my chest. Listening to my moans reverberate around even from this great distance.
The camera's not zooming in. I'm growing.
Juice


In a matter of seconds the view that had once encompassed most of my body in the distance is gone. Replaced entirely by thighs as big as mountains. A sloshing pussy eager to swallow the entire city. Fingers powerful enough to shred entire countries. More moans can be heard from high above, and the erotic sounds of masturbation echo both in the video as well as the cafe as I make sure he's got his entire attention focused on what's happening.
Juice



But the growth doesn't slow down. The poor fool recording this comes to the realization far too late to do anything about it. The thighs in the distance grow larger. Come closer. Blot out more of the sun. In a matter of seconds the view goes shaky as I'm close enough now for the immediate surroundings to feel it.

For a moment you can hear the man holding the camera scream in sheer heart-rending terror. Chunks of debris blow past him. The very building he's recording from shakes on its foundations, and begins to lean over. I take up the entire view. And then...


"And then it just cuts out."
He says nothing.
"Pretty fucking hot, right?" I whispered, rubbing his cock as the now-blank video stops playing. "Just like that guy. Just like everyone that was around him at the time. Everyone you knew and loved were crushed by me, weren't they? Mashed into paste under my fat fucking ass. Brushed away moments later, because they meant nothing to me."
"Yeah..."


"Pretty hot, right?"
He can only whimper in response.
"Stop acting like you're above this shit." I spat, crushing his cock in my grip as he straightened up suddenly. "Did you forget I'm holding your cock right now? I can feel how hard that made you. Fuck, I'm soaking wet just thinking about it. I want to pulverize this city so fucking bad! Who knows. Maybe if you behave you'll make it through all this alive. Doesn't that turn you on?"



"What the fuck are you doing!?"

I lower the phone slowly and turn to see an uppity redheaded bitch watching us. Hands on her hips like that gives her some air of authority over me. Skinny little thing doesn't know what she's in for in just a few minutes, and I'm tempted to shut her up right fucking now.

"Sweetie, this isn't a fucking whorehouse. Get the fuck out of here right now or I'm calling the cops on your ass."


"Cops on my ass?" I snickered, before turning the phone around so the woman can see the video I'd just showed my poor little date. "Yeah. Them and everyone else in this city in a few minutes!"
My date gasps. Oops! Looks like our little secret's out!


The barista's reaction isn't so subtle. Her jaw drops, her arm droops, and it sounds like she wants to say something. Anything! But the words are caught in her throat. When all those little signs of obvious terror start making themselves known I can't help but smile, and offer her a playful wink. The friendly gesture just terrifies her even more.
"Go on. Say something." I told her, narrowing my eyes into thin little slits. "Make a scene. See what happens. You'll be the first if you do."
"You... You're... You!"
"Leave us alone." I told her, and her eyes went wide. "I want to spend some quality time with my companion here before I get started, and you're killing the mood."
Cakes
CHOCOLATE CAKE $1
MOCHA CAKE $2
STRAWBERRY CAKE $3
UBE CAKE $4
$5
$6
$7
$1
$2
$3
$4
$5


Her eyes begin to sparkle as tears form in the corners, but she blinks them away. Taking a deep breath, she does exactly as I said, and briskly moves to the doors. She takes one last look at us as she swings it open, and I can't help but playfully wink at her, before grinning.
Wanting no part of what's obviously about to happen, she wastes no further time. As soon as the door is open she breaks into a sprint, not looking back once. Not a single person notices anything out of the ordinary, and I lean in closer to my little date.


"Anyway, now that that's taken care of-"
"You just- Why?! Why are you doing this?" He asked, his voice barely above a whisper. "Can't we talk this out? Maybe-"
"No." I told him flatly, rolling my eyes. "And you know what? If she didn't kill the mood all on her own, you're doing a fine enough job finishing what she started. Can't believe I thought tracking down a survivor from one of my rampages would make for an easier lay. We're going somewhere else. Besides... it's more fun fucking when there's an audience."
"I-"
"MOVE."


He cried out in pain as I gave his cock a firm squeeze, before his mouth was covered just as quickly. He looks up at me and jumps to his feet right after I stand up, making the already-obvious difference in our size apparent. One that certainly didn't exist when I'd walked into the cafe.
"Please.. Let go!" He begged, doing his best to keep quiet as I guided him along with me.
"Hmm... and risk having you run off? No thanks. You're coming with me. Now MOVE, like I told you to."
CREAM CHEESE CAKE $3
CUSTARD CAKE $6
DAIRY WHITE CAKE $7


"Wait-"
"Keep up. Or else." I told him, continuing to lead him outside and into the open air by holding onto his cock.
"I-I can't! It's hard to move when you're holding me like this! I promise I won't run, just let me-"
"Aw. He thinks he has the right to make demands." I told him, giving his cock a firm tug. "I bet you hate my guts, don't you? Bet you're scared shitless, hoping this is all just a nightmare?"
NEW YORK
TED 8878
THE EMPIRE STATE


"I don't hate you! I-"
"Stop lying."
He shouted in pain as I crushed his cock in my grip, the noises outdoors now doing a good job of keeping him unnoticed. I smiled once more at him, leading him along like a dog tied to a leash, before giving him a simple order. "So like I said... you're mad, aren't you?"
"Yeah..."
NEW YORK
TED 8878
THE EMPIRE STATE
TRENZ
TRENZ
TRENZ


"And if you're mad, you're probably looking to take out all that anger and frustration somewhere, right?"
"I... Yeah?"
"...Do you not see where I'm going with this?"
He doesn't say anything. He knows what I want, but he's too afraid to say it out loud. Must be afraid that I'm going to shove him up my ass or something if he offends me. Jokes on him. I was planning on doing that anyway.
WASHINGTON
AIK2767
EVERGREEN STATE



"Ugh. Idiot." I said, releasing his cock so I could bend over and pull my skirt up. My ass and pussy are in full view of the guy who I can hear gasp in surprise while he nurses the cock I'd nearly squeezed into pulp.

"Stop jerking off and get over here." I ordered. "Go on. Work all that anger out. Hatefuck me with everything you've got, and make it good!"

"I don't-"

"Shut up and do it! See this right here? This is the face that was screaming with pleasure while I fucked all your friends into oblivion. Don't you get it? I fucking killed them with my body. I enjoyed every second of it, and I'd do it again if I had the chance. So are you going to ruin my pussy or die a fucking coward?"

"But... we're in-"


"Public?" I laughed, giving my ass a shake. I already told you, they're going to be dead soon, so who fucking cares? Nothing more than red splatters all over this fat fucking ass in front of you. Now get over here and fuck my brains out. Enjoy your last moments, and who knows! Maybe you'll convince me to let you live."
"But-"
"But nothing. Arguing isn't winning you any points."


I can hear him hyperventilating. Seeing my ass wiggling in front of him. Huge, inviting. Looking just like it did in all those videos so many people have shared online. Except now it's a manageable size directly in front of him. Demanding he do something, instead of simply admiring it from a distance.
"Well? Do you want to call this off and I kill you now? Or are you going to-"



"I'M GOING!" he shouted up with a squeaky voice, lunging forward so he could grab hold of my ass with both hands. For a moment he just stands there, seemingly waiting for approval. As if I haven't already been telling him what to do for what feels like eons now.

"FUCKING PUT IT IN ALREADY!"

He thrusts his hips forward as far as he can, and thankfully, finally, he slips inside of me.



His hips draw back, then pump forward. Slowly, methodically, as if he's trying to calculate what feels best. Which I'm sure any other partner would have been appreciative of, but I can only find it annoying. I told him to hatefuck me. To ruin my pussy with his cock. Not poke at it gingerly like it's going to bite him back.

"Is that it? God you're fucking useless," I told him. "Pound me into oblivion, or I'll kill you and find someone who will. Got it?"

"But-"



"DO IT!" I roared back, and that finally spurs him into action. He slams his hip forward with considerable strength, and it actually manages to nearly press me into the car. That's more like it! But he retreats almost as quickly, and seems to be worried that he may have done something wrong.

"HARDER, YOU LAZY FUCK!" I screamed at him. "Don't tell me you're worried about hurting me? You couldn't even if you tried. Because if you don't do a good job, the rest of this city is going to pay!"


That finally seems to have spurred him into doing something. He grabs hold of my ass with all his meager strength, and jackhammers his cock in and out of me. He must think himself some kind of hero by doing this. Like he's going to save lives if he does a good enough job. Like the act of growing itself isn't going to make me horny and means he accomplished effectively nothing.
I'll let him keep thinking what he's doing matters if he can fuck this good, though.


"God, yes! Keep going. Don't slow down, and don't stop. Or else-"
"I'm trying! I'm trying!" he pleads, his hips pumping more frantically now.
"Good. Keep going... and make me fucking grow! Otherwise... Otherwise...!"


"WHAT THE FUCK?!"
In the middle of all this I hear another voice. A muffled one nearby. I crack an eye open, and find myself staring directly at some bald fuck man inside of the car I'm bent over on top of right now. That's what I get for assuming that all the cars in the parking lot were empty, I guess. The car door clicks open, and I can feel the guy lucky enough to be fucking me seize up as the car owner steps out.


"What the fuck is wrong with you two?! Get off of my fucking car! I'm calling the goddamn cops!"
I look back at my former date, who's by now completely stopped. I snap my fingers and he starts to move again. The sound of flesh slapping on flesh fills the air as I locked eyes with the guy who so rudely interrupted our time together.



"Go ahead. Call the cops." I tell him with a smile. I'll fuck them too, along with your stupid little car. Or at least what's left of it."

The man's face twists up in confusion. Not outright rage as I'd expected. Shame. I'd have loved to see him come try and throw a punch at one of us. Give me a reason to kill him extra hard in a few minutes. But this pussy can just reach for his phone, which is as good a signal as any for me.


With my date doing a pretty inadequate job, I have to fuel my growth the old fashioned way. A bit of focus is all it takes, and I suddenly spike up in size. Not enough to start wreaking havoc just yet, but enough to be noticeable.
Certainly by the car owner who gasps at what he just saw.


"Enjoying the show?" I asked, as I bumped up again in size. The car leans forward as I settle more of my weight onto it, and my clothes begin to split at the seams.


A second later and even while bent over on the car I'm bigger than my little partner. Or soon to be ex-partner, if I want to be more accurate. The car owner himself gasps as the full gravity of the situation hits all at once.
"ARE YOU GOING TO RUN?" I shouted out while he was consumed by panic. "OR ARE YOU GOING TO DO SOMETHING?"


He does just that, and I'm back alone with my little soon-to-be former date. He's still doing his best back there, but if I thought he needed improvement from the outset things have only gotten worse as I've grown. He just can't keep up the pace, and my ass is now fully as big as his upper body.
"Put more into it!" I told him, meeting his thrusts by movements of my own. "Come on... fuck me... don't... stop!"


More fabric and leather fails to contain my growing form as I can feel the hood of the car begin to dent in from the pressure I was so casually applying to it. With all of my body exposed to the cool afternoon air I feel more alive than ever, and let the feelings of growth course through me.



"I'm almost there... you're doing better than I thought..." I told him, as he was finally treating me like I wanted him to all along. He can't hurt me. No one can. If he's not jackhammering his cock into my pussy with enough force to hurt himself then he's not going hard enough.

"You like this... I can tell." I taunted, dropping to my knees so he could keep going. "You like the fact that you're making me bigger. You like feeling my ass grow as you keep at it, don't you?"

"Fuck me." He mutters in-between thrusts. "Yeah... Yeah I fucking do!"


"Good." I laughed. "Even though you know what's going to happen, you aren't interested in stopping, are you? You know that same ass you're hugging with both your arms is going to crush you, don't you? You think that's fucking hot, you sick fuck. You'll just be another statistic, and I won't even remember you by tomorrow."
He doesn't say anything.
"ANSWER ME!" I ordered. "This is fucking hot, isn't it?!"
"I... It is!" He panted. "Fuck this is hot!"



"Then fuck me harder! Faster! Fuck the ass that's going to wipe this whole goddamn city off the map!"

I can feel myself growing more. Feel my body stretch further over this car, but my little lover instead... starts to slow down.


Maybe the little two pump chump has tuckered himself out. Maybe he needs a little nap to regain his energy. Or maybe I'm just too fucking much woman for him now.


It's a shame.
Because it's only going to get worse from here.


With every passing second I can feel myself expand out in every direction. The tires on the cars underneath me pop all of a sudden. More and more I can feel him start to sink between my cheeks.



But that's only half of the equation right now. Because there's another annoying little asshole who thought he could talk shit just a minute ago staring up at me now. I almost want to ask why he didn't run when he had the chance. That's what people normally do.

It doesn't help, but that's what they do.


But I don't see much point in it.
Would you ask a bug why it didn't decide to walk in a different direction when it saw you coming? No. of course not. You'd crush it, and move on with your day.
FAJITAS NACHOS
N 72nd St



And when my growth spurt finally comes to an end, he seems to realize the situation he's found himself in. Staring up at me directly over him now, and knowing that the big bad monster who's destroyed so many other cities and taken so many lives is right in front of him.

I look down directly at him, and feel a smile creep across my lips.


"Boo."
That assets him, and everyone else nearby off. The other doors in the car open up as the occupants run straight out and into the open air. There's nothing particularly special about most of them, but a blonde woman instantly catches my attention.
MENSWEAR
E63 AMG

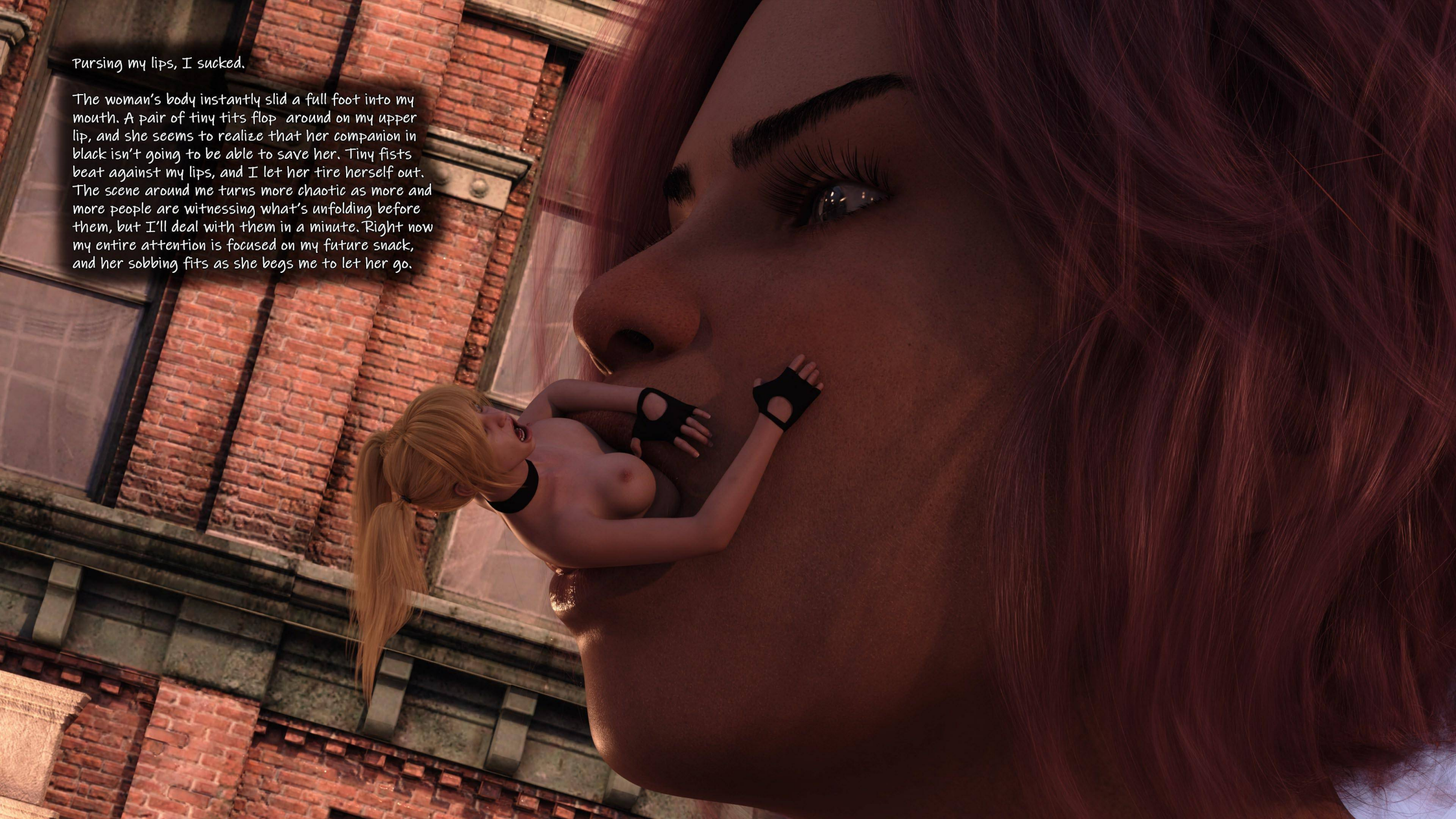

Cosplay? Or is it Halloween? I can't even be bothered to remember anymore. The days sort of blend together when you don't have a job, or deadlines, or anything that normal people have to deal with.
Like everyone else, she's trying to run, but it doesn't take much effort at all to grab the woman by the ankle mid-run. She yelps in surprise, but a quick jerk from my wrist stops her from falling over, and leaves her hanging upside-down.


"STEPHANIE!" the man in the black shirt screams as I pull the blonde up by the ankle. He seems torn between trying to run for his own safety, or going back to save her. I make the choice a bit easier when I give my miniature Harley Quinn a quick flick of the wrist so she starts screaming, and the man makes his choice.
He pivots on his heel mid-step, turns around, and lunges straight for the blonde's little hand. She reaches out to grab him as well, but-


"Too slow." I said, after raising my hand only slightly. Sure enough, the blonde's frantic movements now have her grasping nothing but air, while the guy jumps as high as he can, before looking for something he can climb onto for more height.


"Don't tire yourself out now." I tell him, raising the blonde woman's feet to my lips. Her screams rise in pitch a hundred times over as she goes positively feral, kicking and punching at my face while I feel her legs slide inside of my mouth.
"STEPHANIE!!!" The man in the black shirt screams even louder.


He's being annoying, but he can't stop me. No one can. With just two fingers I rip the little blonde's cheap little outfit straight off of her body, and leave her naked out in the open air. Her legs keep trying to kick at my teeth, but her pitiful attacks don't even register. Instead I let my tongue dance along her naked form, sliding between her legs as she writhes around.


Pursing my lips, I sucked.
The woman's body instantly slid a full foot into my mouth. A pair of tiny tits flop around on my upper lip, and she seems to realize that her companion in black isn't going to be able to save her. Tiny fists beat against my lips, and I let her tire herself out. The scene around me turns more chaotic as more and more people are witnessing what's unfolding before them, but I'll deal with them in a minute. Right now my entire attention is focused on my future snack, and her sobbing fits as she begs me to let her go.



But that just gets me hotter. More excited.

I slurp again, and she slips inside of me up to her neck. She stops punching all at once, and changes strategy to instead try and pull herself free. Tiny, stick-thin arms weakly push and pull on my face. She screams for someone to save her, but she's been abandoned. Even the guy who'd tried a moment prior seems to realize she's a lost cause. Inbetween it all she begs me one last time to spare her.


And I do. I spare her even one more second of uncertainty by slurping one last time. Her body vanishes between my lips entirely, and I let her weight sink onto my tongue. Minuscule bumps can be seen on my cheeks from inside as she keeps fighting, but she can't even begin to force my jaws open to free herself.
I swallowed.


The woman goes down my throat and into the furnace that is my stomach. She's the first of who knows how many today, and I can feel a tingling sensation as I feel her make that final trip inside of me. It's been far, far too long since I got to do this. Why did I even bother waiting a whole year? Maybe I should make this a monthly thing.
With a sigh, I licked my lips to savor the last remaining bits of flavor from her, and the world around me gradually came back into focus.



It's chaos on a small scale now. Cars are being abandoned, a handful of people are screaming, and the ones further back are trying to reverse course and get out of here as fast as possible.

Too bad for them I've been through this more times than they can count. Evacuating an entire population takes days, and it'll only take me hours to turn this city into a patch of dirt.


"Is something wrong?" I asked, pouting at the people running. "That's not how I expected you to react to the sight of a hot naked bitch presenting herself for you..."
They don't even acknowledge me. Men and women alike want nothing to do with my game.
"All of you are gonna pass THIS up?" I said, leaning back and shaking my ass.
TRENZ
TRENZ
NO PARKING
E63 AMG
KEEP OUT


My ass cheeks bounce and jiggle off of one another... and I feel something inbetween them. For a moment I think that one of them's even gone and taken the initiative to fuck the biggest ass he'll ever see... before I remembered my date.
"How are you holding up back there?" I asked, no longer able to feel a thing. He tries to move, but the difference in our size is already too great. He's dangling in the air, feet brushing against my pussy while he tries to find any sort of traction to pull himself out.
Juice
新創作ダイニング
WASHINGTON
AIK2767


Ah, who cares.
Not like I planned on keeping him around. He's served his purpose. He's as disposable as the rest..


More and more growth bubbles up inside of me. Coming to the surface and spreading me even further down the street. The poor little idiots running for their lives start to lose some distance as I'm beginning to close the gap without even moving.


All while the guy who'd once had the good fortune to fuck my ass is gradually being swallowed by it. His pants dangling around his knees prevent him from moving much, and all it will take is a clench of my ass to finish him off.
But first...



"Aw. Too bad you little guys couldn't run any faster." I pouted, looking at the people who were now just in front of my tits. The bald guy whose car I crushed and the guy in the black shirt both are here, along with some other nameless, faceless civilians. They kept running after I taunted them, but I can't help but roll my eyes.


"That wasn't an invitation to move faster." I tell them, crawling forward. With one movement I'm already directly over them, tits hanging directly over their heads. Some stop to gawk at what's going to end their lives. Others keep moving as fast as they can.


But they all squish the same.
Dropping forward, I let my tits smash onto the small crowd, flattening them in the blink of an eye. They all fail to withstand the pressure for even a moment, and a series of delightful pops ring out in the air. It's enough to make me shiver, reminding me of how much fun it really is to let loose like this.


But I can't get off from my nipples alone. Not by a long shot. I lean back as best I can while keeping my tits on the remains of those I'd just crushed, and slide a hand between my ass. I wanted to finger myself, but as soon as I brush up against my former lover still trapped down there I figure he can make himself useful for one final orgasm.


He struggles against my fingers, but he wouldn't have been able to overpower me when we were the same height. Now? It's like trying to stave off a tidal wave. One that's grinding his entire body against my ass, pushing him in and out of it, threatening to swallow him whole or crush him through pressure alone.


The complete and utter domination of my former lover makes my entire body clench up. The street buckles under me, and my free hand digs into the tarmac, ripping it up effortlessly. I promised him that he was going to die even if he did a good job, and he's about to find out there wasn't an ounce of irony there.
삼덕전기
우 주
컴퓨터게임장
CANTON
Aspect
WORLD WIDE DELIVERY
Aspect Delivery
336 Gasson st
223-098-345
SARYA
NO PARKING


Aspect
WORLD WIDE DELIVERY
Aspect Delivery
SARYA
NO PARKING
I could let him know this is the end, but that would take away from my own pleasure. The delicious irony of throwing away the life of someone who'd given up everything for a few moments of pleasure. Just to keep me happy.



He probably genuinely thought he'd be able to curry some favor from me with what he'd done. That his cock would change my mind and I wouldn't do what I'm doing right now. That he would save the world with his sexual prowess.


CANTON
Aspect
WORLD WIDE DELIVERY
Aspect Delivery
316 Gasson st
223-098-345
SAIRYA
He was wrong.



And with all the preamble out of the way, I can get things going in earnest. Really take the limiters off, and bathe in the sensation of growth. News of my appearance is already beginning to spread nearby. I can hear screams echoing from further away now, and car engines are revving up in a vain attempt to get out before it's too late.


But just like my puny fucking date, there is no point of trying to fight the inevitable. The only difference is I already have him in my grasp. It's too late for him, and the rest will submit in time.
新創作
ダイニング
Juice


This whole city is going to be mine for the evening. A playground for me to rampage and destroy as I please. Somewhere I can let loose without any semblance of guilt.


The people living here stopped mattering to the rest of the world as soon as I walked into town. Now they only exist to make things more fun for me. The moment I chose this shitty city as my next target their lives were forfeit.


And this guy... whose name I don't think I even got, gets to be gradually swallowed by my ass. For a moment I almost wish I did get his name.


But only so I could follow up on him in the aftermath. Read the messages from those who knew him as soon as they find out what happened. Really get to revel in the cruelty I'd inflicted.



That would be giving him more attention than he deserved. His whole life was leading up to this moment. Education, job, relationships. Everything. All of it was building him up to be a guy who gets shoved up my ass, and crushed while I orgasm. Raised by parents into a fine young man that gets to have sex with me once, and then dies without ever making me cum.

The shattering of glass and bricks crashing catches me off-guard. My growing hips have crashed into some of the buildings around the street I've been using as a place to lay down.



Good.

Louder, more thunderous moans echo through the streets. My body keeps growing, and the buildings around me fail to withstand even that much pressure. One by one they start to lean, until they can take no more.

Smoke and debris fills the air. Flames lick at my skin as burst gas mains are set ablaze. It's a nice bit of warmth in the cool air tonight, but I don't really need it. I'm about to get quite a fucking workout in and really let this place feel it. And all the while, I can feel the guy I've been using to massage my asshole... still kicking. Still breathing. Still fighting back there. Probably wondering if I've forgotten about him.


Panting, I crawl to my knees, and look out over my new surroundings. I may spend most of my days at the size of a pathetic "normal" person, but this is what feels more natural to me. To look down over crowds of people fleeing from my very presence. Watching them from above, knowing that they live and die by my amusement. I'm an impassable road block, so they have no choice but to go around or die.
"Hey!" I told them, watching as some of the running people turn their heads back "Why are you running? I haven't even done anything yet!"
Juice
삼덕전기
CANTON



They're not going to be polite enough to give me an answer, so I roll my eyes, and climb back up to my feet. As I do so I feel a small wet pop in my ass, and can't help but smile. Time's up for my little lover. I guess standing up put enough pressure on his fragile little body to end him once and for all.

A sense of fulfillment comes over me. I really needed that. It felt wrong keeping him around so long.


Looking back, I run a finger along the inside of my ass, and feel his crumpled form there Sure enough, there's no longer a hint of movement, and I can't help but smile.
"Was it as good for you as it was for me?" I mused, stroking what remained of him, before shoving my finger inside of myself. His body is completely pulverized in the process, but a little bit of him makes it inside intact. Just enough to put a period on our little encounter, and really get going.


As soon as I take my first step I get a good look at the place I'd just been laying. There's a massive ditch carved into the ground in the vague shape of my body. Splattered all over the inside are a number of red stains I hadn't even noticed! Comes with the territory, I guess. Can't focus on every little person or I'd be here all day.
Aspect Delivery
336 Gasson st
223-098-345
Juice
SUBWAY
SERGIOS DESIGNER MENS SHOES
DOLLAR TOWN
ELECTRIC SUPPLIES


At some point you have to take what you can get! And right now I see a whole lot of crowds trying to run away that are doing just a terrible job of it. All this time to run and they've made it only a block or so down the street from my feet. That's about two steps by my metric, and this isn't an old monster movie. I can move plenty fast even at this size.
They're fucked.
Juice
CANTON


But one thing that does surprise me is the cops. How is it that they never learn? If you hear news that I'm in town, then you should know your pathetic little peashooters aren't going to stop me. They're not even going to slow me down. But they're still here. Firing at me while I was having my fun, and now running away when it's clear that I'm about to start moving again.



"How are there so many of you down there, but not a single one of you answered my call for a good fuck?!" I spat down at them, before raising a foot over the men in uniform.

"Protect and serve my fucking ass!" I shouted, leg swinging forward and over the cops. This little excursion is just starting out and it's so tempting to draw this out and have fun with them. Let these self-righteous assholes and their little guns know how little they're able to affect what's truly happening here.

But that's not what interests me.



I crave the feeling of their bodies squishing under me. The pops and cracks of their bones as they collapse under my weight. The feeling of their insides becoming their outsides. Watching that hard, firm ground deform around my toes like it's soft, loamy earth. I need to feel myself dominating the city, or what has been the point of all this?

The cops go down easily. Some of them are completely trapped, and crushed beneath my notice. A couple of them almost make it out, trapped legs keeping them from crawling away.


"You almost made it." I mocked, drumming my toes along the ground and shaking the earth around them. "I mean, can you imagine if I had to take another step to catch up to you guys? That would have been embarrassing! So thanks for doing your job, and getting squished under my foot."
The two surviving cops protest what I'd just said, but all it takes is a bit more of my weight settling down, and they're gone too. When I slide my foot back their bottom halves are turned into smears, and wiped away.



Another faint smile crosses my lips.

"Next!"

A second crowd is nearby. One who'd gotten started running just a few seconds earlier. Another cop that had parked further back, and was thus allowed to watch his coworkers die under me. Just so he could get that sight burned into his memory. Something he won't forget. Images that will haunt him for the rest of his life. Which should be about...



Two seconds.

Then my foot comes down, and he can't do a thing about it. He raises his arms to try and hold me back. He thinks nothing of the civilians around him also finding their way under my toes. He just does what he can to save his own life, and it amounts to jack fucking shit.

My foot comes down, and that's that. They're all crushed, Red splurts jet out from between my toes, and the ground sinks around my foot.



Satisfied, I keep this up for a bit longer. Stomping through patch after patch of people before I round a corner, and smile. Ground zero for my growth is always boring after a few minutes. The people who can see me think they can get away by taking side streets and moving out of sight. If I were some kind of idiotic mindless monster, it would be a good plan.

Too bad for them I'm not. All I have to do is take one of those streets myself, and there I have it. Huge, thick, dense crowds of fresh lives. All waiting to be snuffed out.

"There you all are!" I laughed, placing extra weight onto my steps so the ground shakes ."Fancy meeting all of you here... do you mind if I step in?"


The next step puts me right into the midst of the crowd. Again I feel the delicate pops of a half-dozen people. That more pronounced crack of the ground splitting under my weight. The warmth of the crushed bodies spilling their insides everywhere. And the warmth that comes from doing something like this.
All at once. Just from one step.



"I know there's a lot of you foot guys out there who are probably into being stepped on, but there's a lot more to me than that." I announced, turning and giving my huge ass a mighty slap. The sound cracks through the air, and they jiggle for what feels like several seconds before gradually stopping.

"I can understand if you don't want to share, but that's okay."


"Because there's enough of me for everyone..."
I can't just make a statement like that and then not use my ass! There's so many wonderful things I could try and convert into a seat, but I don't know which would be the most entertaining. The crowds are fun, but mobile, so catching anyone I missed after would be a huge hassle.
So a building it is.


Sometimes I'm interested in trying to convert a building into a chair. Really testing the people who put together, and seeing if it can support me. Listen to it creak and sag under my weight before it eventually loses out, and the entire thing collapses.
Other times I prefer to let gravity take hold.


This is one of those times.
I'm too big to just fit in the middle of the street when sitting now, so when my ass drops from the sky like a wrecking ball it rips through the facades of the apartment complexes on either side. This seems like a nice place to live, and I'm sure anyone who once occupied those tiny little boxes was happy with their location.
And now they're gone! Just like that.



Floor after floor cave in. The outer walls of the buildings are sheared off. Huge clouds of dust and debris are flung into the air. All the while my ass continues its descent undisturbed. The displaced wind from my body moving throws people away. Cars flip over.

But most can't do a thing when I finally hit the ground. The entire block shakes, and the clouds gradually begin to dissipate, leaving me feeling real good about what I'd just done.


The same can't be said for the people around me, though. As the smoke clears out I'm no longer a huge, blurry shape. I'm completely real, naked, and obviously enjoying myself in the wreckage of what I'm sure was a number of nice apartments.
For a moment the chaos seems to die down. I watch them all look up at me, unsure of what to do. My fingers sink deep into my tits, and I can't help but clench my toes at the sight of so many little people who haven't been crushed yet.
CHOICE CUT
FRESH MEAT DAILY


"Hey there."
The tension in the area immediately spikes a hundredfold. Some of the more cowardly begin to run, while others only take a step back.
"Do you like what you see?" I asked, letting my fat tits sink between my fingers as I squeezed them. "Because it takes a lot of food to get a body like this. A lot of... people. I've been practically wasting away without anyone to eat recently, so I'm glad you're all here to help out..."



Anyone who'd actually been courageous, or perhaps stupid enough to not already be running takes this as a sign. I watch the crowd begin to spread further apart as people already know that being close to another person is also a bad idea.

It'll take them about a minute to run far enough that I can't simply bend over and reach them, though. A quick scan of the crowd shows a whole bunch of boring busybodies fleeing nearby... and then three young women out in full costume.

That seems like a good start.


"You're mine now, bitches!" I laughed, grabbing their little bodies between my fingers. They immediately screamed for help, trying to get the others in the crowd to do something about it, but there's nothing that can be done to save them. They're a lost cause.
"Okay, bitches, let me tell you what's happening. I'm gonna swallow you whole, so you'll get to experience it all. Once I gulp you down you're going straight to my belly. You're gonna die in unimaginable pain, getting melted alive by my stomach acid. And when it's all done, there won't be anything left of you except for a little extra fat on my ass."


They keep crying, pleading, and begging while I bring them closer to my chest to let them see where they'll wind up. I try to focus on what they're saying, but I can't really make it out through the fact that they're all screaming at once. The sirens and sounds of civilization collapsing all around me don't help much, either. But I did make out one thing:
"Why are you doing this?"


"Why?" I asked. "Because it feels good. And because my ass isn't fat enough."
They're begging and pleading more frantically than ever. They're actively fighting against one another now in a desperate bid to save themselves. I even do them the favor of loosening my grip so they could gradually start to wriggle their way out if I gave them enough time.
But fat chance of that happening.


I raised my hand over my face. The squirming turns into an all-out brawl as punches are thrown and hair is pulled, but it comes to an end just a moment later.
My fingers loosened, and my three little snacks fell from my hand and right into my open mouth.


Once they're falling, they're through. That's it. They can't even delude themselves into thinking there's a way out. Gravity keeps them from going any direction but down, and the moment they land onto my tongue they're instantly mired in my saliva, preventing them from doing much of anything but crawl along the surface and try to get out.
If I wasn't so busy I'd let them keep going for a while. People who've finally realized there is nowhere to go but down do tend to fight the best, but they've had their five minutes of fame. It's time to go.


Like any other meal, a tilt of the head, a swallow, and they're gone. Three writhing little bodies going down my throat. Not even big enough to be visible from the outside. But I can still feel their little limbs trying to resist, and failing.
The sound of my swallow echoes through the area. Loud and wet, it drowns out a good deal of the screaming and draws more than a few eyes back up at me.


"Did you enjoy the show?" I asked my captive little crowd, smiling lazily down at them. They respond by trying to run away again, but the traffic jam, fires, and my presence means they don't make much progress. I run a finger down the length of my neck, between my tits, and give my belly a few pats, before grinning down at the people.
"Now who wants to volunteer next?"
CHOICE CUT
FRESH MEAT DAILY


The ones who were already running kept doing so, but in no time flat I leaned forward, both hands outstretched. Sometimes I can be a bit picky with the people I decide to turn into a meal, but the only food I've had all day was some cheap shitty coffee.
It's time to splurge.


The earth shakes when both my hands slam into the ground. Bodies are sent flying up into the air, some bouncing off my soles and into the debris around me, while I grab a number of people in my hands. Some of them didn't survive being collected this way. Others were broken, and would bleed out soon.
I don't care what condition they're in.


Because I'm positively ravenous.
Both handfuls go into my mouth for the most part. I don't bother with finesse when I'm this consumed by hunger. Some bodies go flying past my mouth when I bring my hands up to my face. Others drop off and fall between my tits. The end result is the same.
Nobody survives.
A second double handful is collected, but this time only half of it goes into my mouth. The second half goes somewhere else. A dozen squirming bodies all get pressed directly against my steaming sex bringing electric tingles up through my entire body in the process.


The sudden jolt of pleasure makes my entire body shift, and some of my future snacks don't entirely hit their target. I try to move my fingers around to collect them, but I can hear their little screams and feel their struggles against my digits. At some point I think I'm missing more than I'm actually swallowing.


But I'm so fucking hot right now I don't care.
Let them fall to their deaths. It makes no difference to me. So long as I can take the edge off my hunger and send a couple dozen people to boil inside of my stomach I'm happy with myself. Besides, the people I'm pressing against my pussy aren't quite doing the job. I have to start pushing them inside. One at a time. One after the other. Body after body sliding between my lips, and contributing to the climax I"m building towards.


CANTON
Then it hits.
Slow at first. Like an engine starting up. My pussy clenches, and the bodies inside pop all at once. Failing to resist even the beginning of an orgasm. Pathetic. As they always are.



But the deed is done. I've hit another climax, and things are only heating up. I can feel myself growing more sensitive with each second that passes, and feel my body grow.

Until there's resistance.

Cracking an eye open, I can see both of my feet have crossed the street, and my toes have run into the buildings on the other side. Seeing how big even just my toes are next to the windows lining the outer walls excites me, and things only get hotter when my growth starts to put more pressure onto the walls, and spread cracks through them.



The resistance lasts only a second longer.

The cracks grow deeper. Chunks of the building start falling off. More of my feet invade the apartments, ruining the days of a whole lot of people who thought they'd be better off hiding, and then the entire thing goes down.


CANTON
CHINESE RESTAURANT
Which only means I'm on my way to hitting the next buildings.


But by this time my growth has already sped up quite a bit. The resistance hardly even registers this time. One moment it's there, a lovely bit of pressure my feet can sink into.
And the next it's gone too. Massive boulders raining down around my feet and onto the streets as thick clouds of smoke fill the air.


But for as big as I already am and as much destruction as I've caused...
I'm not big enough.
Not by a goddamn mile.


My rampage has been relegated almost entirely to a couple of blocks, and there's miles of city out there that hasn't even been touched yet. Though the fog obscures a great deal, I can see a lot more of it when I start to grow thanks to my head passing over the heights of nearby buildings.


I let my fingers sink deep into my tits, and curl my toes as the world around me starts to grow quieter, even though there's more screams than ever as I become more visible. I'm just so big now that most of the sounds below can't even register.


And that only turns me on more.
The thrill of ending lives casually turns me on like nothing else I've ever experienced. But growing so far above the average person that they no longer register on an individual level is only hotter.


While I grow bigger I can feel more things being erased by my presence alone. My ass sliding over buildings now, and spreading those smoke clouds even further. No longer are my feet pressing into buildings to bulldoze over them. My toes alone do the job.


The act of growing alone turns me on. A few lives were sacrificed directly to my pussy to get me here, but once I'm going I can't stop until I hit at least a couple more. I can feel the big one coming as sweat begins to bead on my forehead, turning the area around me humid as my scent hangs heavy in the air.


Then it hits.
My toes clenched tightly and my heels bounced off the ground, smashing a number of up-until-now untouched buildings. My head rocks back and voice echoes into the sky as unrestrained lust takes over me. I squeezed my tits and pinched my nipples, while the sounds of another orgasm echo through the streets and alleyways, signaling to anyone who may still not have gotten the message that I've come.


And when it all cools off... I opened my eyes again.
I can immediately see how much more I've grown. The sloshing sounds of my fingers sliding around inside of my pussy are all I can hear now aside from my panting and the beating of my heart. I give my tit a few more squeezes, imagining how many people I could fit in one palm now and sacrifice to it if I wanted.
But I'm nowhere near finished, yet.


It takes a minute to get back up after all of that. Even standing up in a world where your every movement makes you sink into the ground is a herculean effort. By the time I'm back on two feet it's like a whole other world. All the fun I'd had amounts to a few small fires and chaos around my toes.
The rest of the city is still out there. Pristine. A gorgeous skyline that take a moment to admire. After all, it won't exist by this time tomorrow.
Actually, that's an understatement. It won't exist ten minutes from now.


As soon as I start walking I can feel the earth heave beneath my every movement. People still pop under my every step, but they're more like minuscule droplets now, and not the hot little ketchup packets they felt like before. Buildings are torn apart when I swing my legs forward, and it's very obvious from even a great distance the exact route I took after walking.


I was unsure of my goal at first. A night of hedonism is certainly a good time, but if I just fuck the first thing that looks good then am I no better than a wild animal? Besides, the shaking ground and further growth could destroy things nearby, and I need something... good...
There it is.
There's many buildings around it, but why settle? No. I'm going for the tallest building on the skyline.

There's going to be a lot of people in between me and my target. A lot of lives that only had the misfortune of existing in the path I planned to take.
I almost feel bad.


Not about crushing them! Of course not! Death under my toes is probably one of the more glamorous ways for a person to go. Forget about living a long, fulfilling life or anything stupid like that. No, getting snuffed out in your prime to make me feel better is always going to be preferable.
No, the part I feel a little bad about is how little impact they make for me now. At a hundred feet in size every person popping is an experience. The buildings resist, and try to hold me back, even if they ultimately fail.


But like this...
It's just... nothing. A thousand people could band together in one location and try to stop me from putting my foot down, and all it would accomplish is making a bigger mess when they'd go crush. Buildings feel like they're made from sand, and fail to remain standing if I so much as walk too heavily near them.
It's like living in a world made of fragile ice crystals. Something beautiful if looked at through smaller, or more focused eyes... But something that doesn't matter at all once you're this big.



My foot coming down blasts the huge clouds of smoke through the streets. Bodies start flying through the air as the quaking is too powerful for anything lighter than a building to remain standing. Massive cracks threaten to swallow people whole all on their own.

There are countless tiny streets and side paths that I could take to get to the building, but the attempts at evacuating are focused primarily down certain routes. Those being the highways, as they're the most efficient way of moving around.

So it has to suck for them that one such highway is directly in my path.

It's raised above the ground, but at this size that only barely registers. The thing can't even clear the top of my toes, but when my foot moves over it I can hear the chaos unfold from even my standing height. The thing is packed with cars trying to move in every direction. SO many tiny people who genuinely think they have a chance at getting out of here with their lives.

Until my foot comes down.


Most of the cars underneath me just get turned into flat metal disks in the blink of an eye. Some of the ones near the edges of my foot get squeezed and eventually explode, their tanks rupturing. The highway itself completely fails to maintain its shape as I step down, and it breaks apart, creating an impassable gulf where there were once a dozen cars.



"Guess you guys will have to find another way out!" I tell them, wiggling my toes in what's left behind. The devastation continues for another couple seconds after my foot settles down. The weakened road begins to collapse further down, and a few scant cars that narrowly avoided being crushed start to fall off.

It's a lovely sight. One that almost tempts me to go marching along the entire highway. Turn it all into rubble so that there's no way to use any of it, while getting everyone who's already trying... but things are more fun this way. Let the ones who are already trying reach the massive hole in the road and have to turn around. Let them get stuck in huge pile ups and traffic jams as they realize an avenue of escape they were taking is effectively useless.


I've got bigger fish to fry anyway.
The biggest one in this whole city, as far as I can tell. No idea what this building is. What it does. What purpose it serves. None of that. When I picked Seattle as the next place I'd visit at this size I just assumed that the sky needle was the tallest building, but I"m glad I was wrong. That thing looks like it would snap in half the moment I leaned a little too hard on it.
This thing though... this one looks different.


"Hey there big guy... mind if I join you?"
Fuck, this thing is the perfect fucking height. Fully standing it reaches just high enough to gently kiss my pussy. I almost can't stop myself from grinding it into the dirt immediately. Even just these gentle movements send shards of glass falling hundreds of feet to the ground, while the top floors of the skyscraper deform around the pressure placed by my thighs.
"Fuck... you're a big one, aren't you? I definitely can't fit you inside me like this..." I whispered, looking out over the pathetically small city around me as a sense of warmth fills me. "But I'll fix that soon."


"Just... gotta..."
Stopping myself from using the building to fuel my own growth is one of the hardest things I've ever done. But I don't want to kill my little lover before I get to use him. That comes after.
For now... my fingers will have to do the job.


It doesn't take long at all. After only a few seconds of massaging I start to feel it. My feet spread further along the ground, and the rooftop that had been tenderly caressing my pussy a second ago stopped being felt entirely.


If I wasn't intending on shoving the entire fucking thing inside of me I'd have been disappointed.
But this is part of the process. My legs go shaky as I keep working myself over. I can feel the top of my head getting a little cooler, which tells me that I'm nearing the clouds.


Will that be enough? If I had to blow cloud coverage out of the way to get a better look at the target of my affections will I be big enough?


Or will things just be like they are now. Horribly inadequate. Completely. Borderline embarrassing. I can't believe that anyone would ever consider this size "big"." I can do better.
I will do better.


I think this is enough. The building used to stand roughly half my height, but now it stands just above the knees. Still pretty big... but I think I can fit it inside. My heart races while I use two fingers to spread myself open... and move directly over the roof.


I give the roof a kiss with my pussy lips again. But the dynamic is completely different this time. It's not able to resist me any longer. I have to help it along a little bit, but with two fingers my pussy opens just a bit...
And it starts to slide inside.


A sense of fullness comes over me, and I know I need more. Lowering myself carefully enough to avoid snapping the entire thing in half isn't easy, and the consequences for the other surrounding buildings are disastrous. Because they don't have the luxury of being chosen for this specific task they've been deemed completely useless, and when my knees need a place to go so I can crouch lower they're the first to meet an ugly end.


But I need to go even lower than that.
Throwing caution to the wind, I let myself drop to my knees completely. My fucktoy building creaks dangerously, threatening to break apart, but if anything it's the tight grip my pussy keeps on it that leaves it standing. It's not in good condition, but it's there, and it's penetrating so deep inside I can only start to rock back and forth.
Dropping all of my weight onto the ground makes the entire city reel, reacting as if twin nukes had been dropped downtown.


And when I throw my head back to moan as yet another orgasm starts building up, I can feel the brisk coolness that comes with being above the clouds. I can't see much of the world around me with my head up this high, but the realization that I'm still on my knees gets me so hot I can't wait another moment.
I can't effectively fuck this building on my knees. I feel like I'm normal-sized for a moment. Just lying in a bed, driving a dildo in and out of my pussy.
But I'm not normal. I'm anything but.


I'm thousands upon thousands of feet tall. My incredible size means that I'm using an entire skyscraper as a plaything. The act of falling onto my tits lights up huge swathes of the city as explosions rock the entire world around me. Gigantic chunks of rock, glass, and other materials soar high into the air. Thousands of lives are lost as I treat the city like an oversized bed.

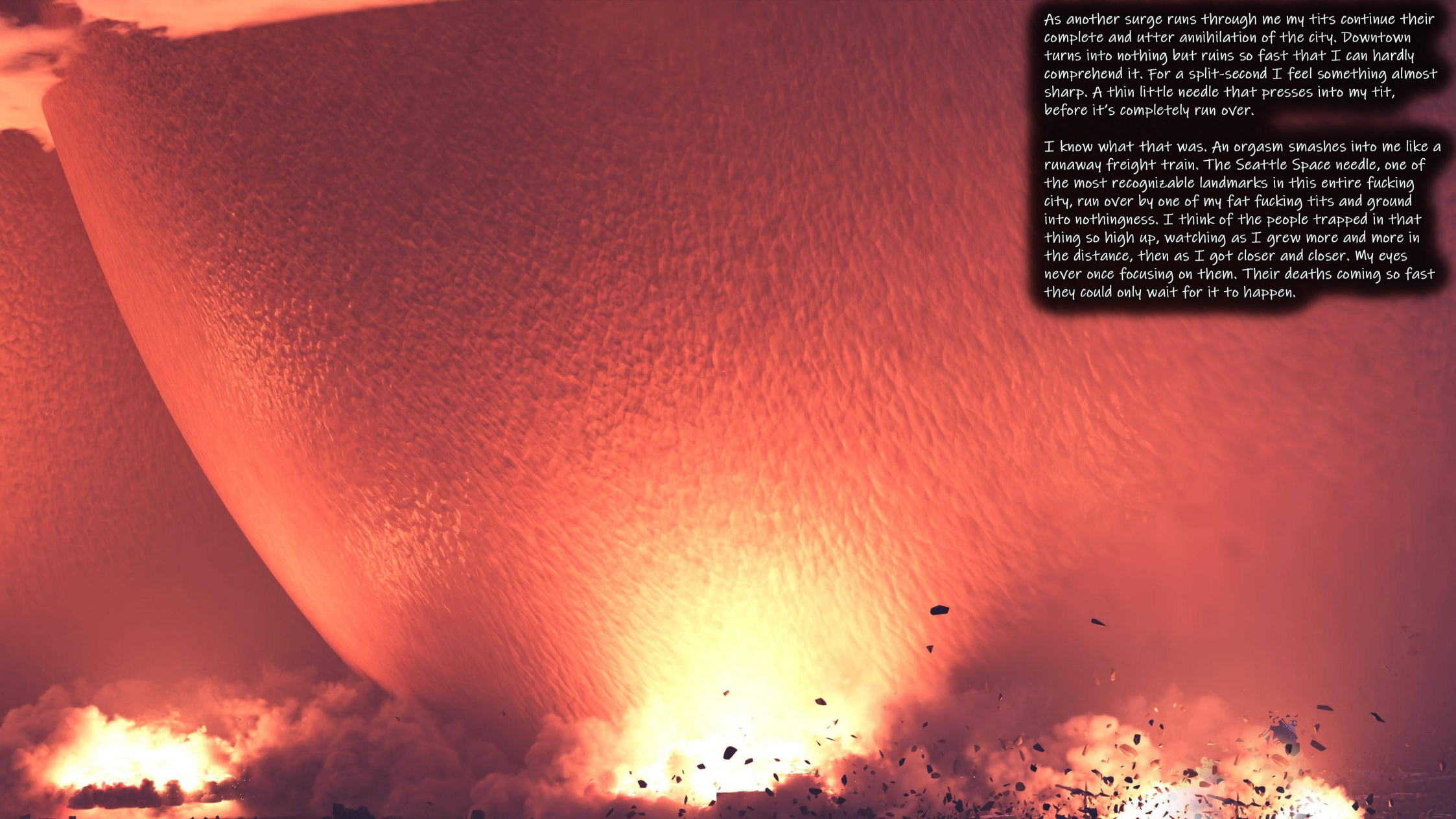

And all the while I keep pumping that building in and out of my pussy. It's not even as sturdy as a regular toy would have been. It's failing to hold up to my strength in every way imaginable. The steel shell twists and bends with every movement, and every time my pussy clenches it feels like it's threatening to finally flatten it completely.


By this point I'm a perpetual growth machine.
My tits are growing even faster than the rest of me. I know I've got a huge fucking pair even compared to ordinary people, but now they're like twin bulldozers. Ripping apart everything in their path. My sensitive nipples are rolling over hundreds of people trying to run away on foot. Dozens of buildings breaking apart.
Every part of me is unstoppable. I can't be resisted. My growth is reshaping the city all its own. This whole fucking area is going to be a parking lot by the time I'm done. The damage I'm doing is incalculable.


My pussy clenches around the building once more.
That's enough to finish it off. It had been doing an admirable job surviving this entire time, but it's gone now. In a matter of seconds it'll probably be so small I wouldn't even be able to find its remnants. I don't need it anymore. My hands are bigger and stronger than any building could hope to be. I finger-fuck myself into oblivion, triggering another sudden growth spurt.


And then I feel that brisk breeze once again.
Now, even when lying down, I can feel my head rising above the clouds. The ground feels strange when this big. Just placing my hands down slams through everything underneath in the blink of an eye, and replaces it with empty canyons. I'm so big even my nipples are bigger than buildings now. The skyscraper I've been fucking myself with shrinks further and further away.
And yet I'm not satisfied.


As if the thought itself is a trigger, I feel my entire body spike in size tremendously. Practically doubling in size in the span of a few seconds. Clouds are being blown away as I grow so fast that my size is kicking up gale force winds. My sensitive nipples can feel every single thing trying and failing to stand in their path.


As another surge runs through me my tits continue their complete and utter annihilation of the city. Downtown turns into nothing but ruins so fast that I can hardly comprehend it. For a split-second I feel something almost sharp. A thin little needle that presses into my tit, before it's completely run over.
I know what that was. An orgasm smashes into me like a runaway freight train. The Seattle Space needle, one of the most recognizable landmarks in this entire fucking city, run over by one of my fat fucking tits and ground into nothingness. I think of the people trapped in that thing so high up, watching as I grew more and more in the distance, then as I got closer and closer. My eyes never once focusing on them. Their deaths coming so fast they could only wait for it to happen.


I cum. My growth slows to a crawl as I collapse onto the city, breathing hard. Hurricane-force winds blow away the clouds instantly. Dozens upon dozens of buildings are ripped apart by my breath alone. People are flung into the air at hundreds of miles an hour to be ripped apart by air pressure.
All because I needed to catch my breath.


How long I was recovering I don't know, but eventually I feel like I need to see what I've done. Cracking one eye open, I look at the near-microscopic specks all around my face trying to get away. Some of them were lucky enough to be just far away from my mouth and nose to avoid being blown away.

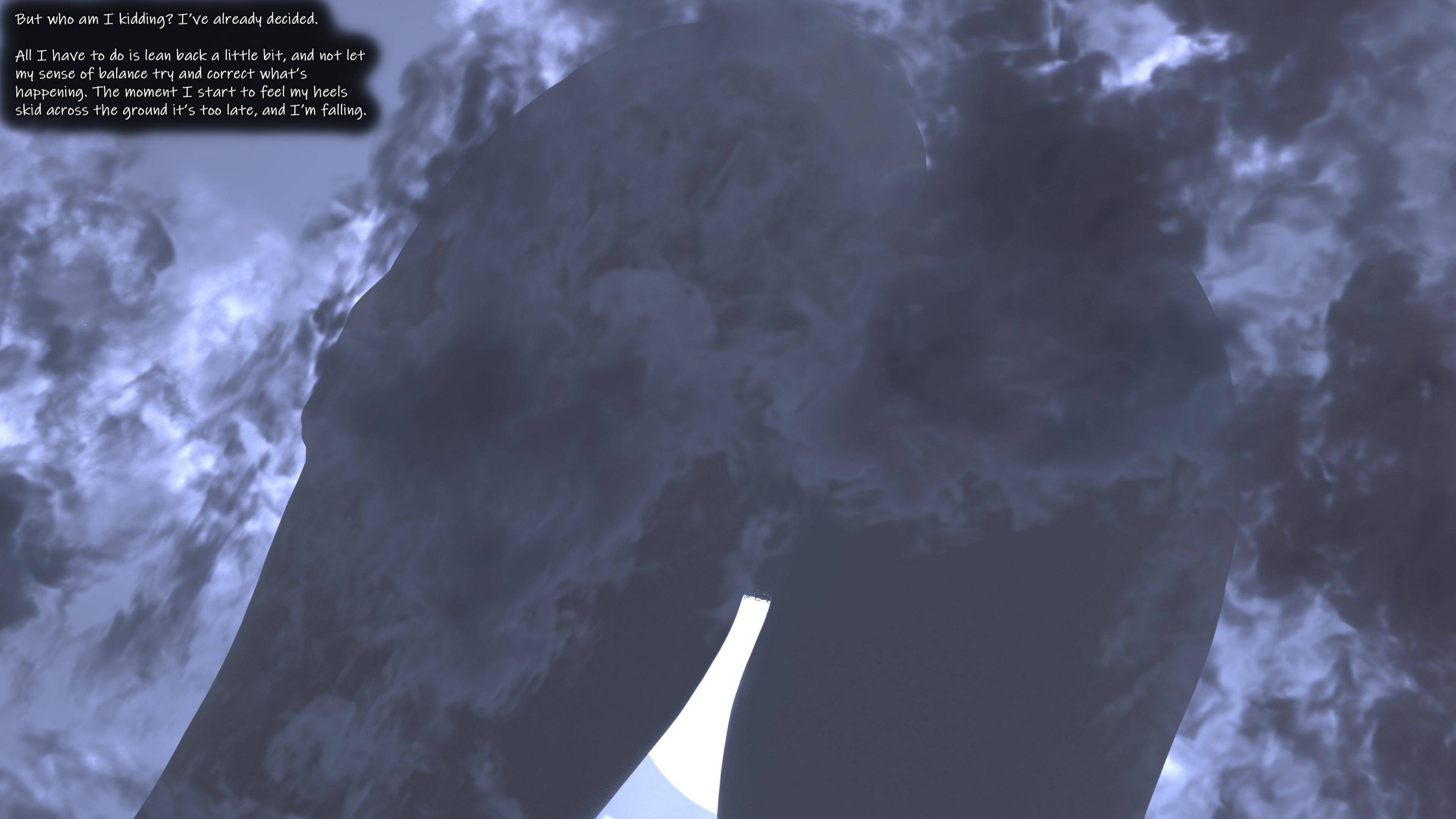

And they have all of a second to realize their own death has arrived when I moved my hand over them, and placed it down.
The city buckles under my strength while I lift my body up, and rise to my hands and knees. I'm big enough now to be comparable in size to the entirety of the city. A thought that sends a tingle through my pussy.


Fuck it. Why not go once more?
Taking a deep breath, I stand back up again, and stretch my arms over my head. I rise onto my toes as I do so, and when I drop back onto my heels a shockwave passes for dozens of city blocks in every direction. It's a nice visual from this high up... but there's too much of the city intact for my liking.
I've had my fun.


Time to wipe this city from the face of the earth.
A number of ways to do so run through my head. Perhaps I could use my tits again. I give them a squeeze in my hands, and watch as tiny chunks of dirt and debris rain down from them thousands of feet to the ground below. I admit it would be nice to watch them hang over a city, before dropping onto it like a couple of planets colliding with the earth.


Or I could use my feet.
At this size it wouldn't take long. My toes clench as I think about what it would feel like to eradicate this little nest of people the way others would ants. Every step of mine already claims thousands of lives, and I could get a good view of exactly what I was crushing this way. And there's always something so classic about the big giant monster tromping its way through a city, wrecking everything in its path. That could be me, but with a significantly higher body count, and a whole lot of people enjoying the show.


I am still a bit hungry, too.
Eating buildings doesn't appeal to me. Not in terms of flavor, or nutrition, anyway. But the dominance behind such an act entices me something fierce. It wouldn't be effective, but if I could sacrifice tens of thousands of lives to the burning furnace in my belly that would be something special. A bit like eating sand, but they would be alive. Screaming. Begging for mercy. Some so small they'd even drown in my saliva. But those who made it all the way down would find themselves burned up as fuel to make this perfect body of mine even fucking sexier.


But who am I kidding? I've already decided.
All I have to do is lean back a little bit, and not let my sense of balance try and correct what's happening. The moment I start to feel my heels skid across the ground it's too late, and I'm falling.


My ass parts the clouds like the Red Sea, making it so absolutely everyone underneath knows what's coming. I can feel a sense of warmth bathe my skin as the air resistance attempts to slow me down, but only serves to make my ass look more like a couple of meteors coming straight for the planet's surface.
But this isn't a science fiction movie. My ass is hungry to crush. To maim. To kill. And all that my future victims can do is look up, and watch.


Until they can't anymore.
My ass slams into the ground with enough force to send shockwaves through the planet's crust. Anything directly underneath is thoroughly blown apart, and ground into unrecognizable mush. Compressed so tightly it might as well be new bedrock upon which a new foundation can be built. Thousands of people, their belongings, their entire lives.
Gone in the blink of an eye.


That's just the direct impact, too.
I look down and watch what follows in slow motion. Colossal plumes of smoke erupt out from underneath my ass, ripping through hundreds of blocks in a matter of seconds. The earth itself heaves, reshaping to accommodate my ass, while gigantic cracks form throughout the streets in every direction. The people below my ass were the lucky ones. They got to go out quickly. Everyone else close enough to survive has to deal with chunks of concrete and building materials flying through the air like massive projectiles. Huge pillars of fire rise up for a split-second, before diminishing again as the anything flammable combusts in an instant.
The sight makes my pussy tingle yet again.


But I have to stop eventually.
While I drop back down onto the ground and spread my massive body out, I smile at what I can see. A significant portion of the city is nothing but a wasteland, though not all of it. I can't help but poke at a few more still-standing sections within my view and squish them, but I don't want to go overboard.
Complete and total destruction would be a fine way to spend the rest of my night... but that's not the only reason I do this. I need some survivors left behind. Eyewitness accounts provide testimonies to enjoy later. Getting to know the exact amount of misery I've inflicted from an evening of fun is exciting... but the videos are what really do it for me.


And what a sight this would be. Seattle's famous skyline, completely erased. Buried a hundred feet under the ground. Replaced by something even better. Hazel. The biggest bitch on the fucking planet. My feet alone are bigger than most mountain ranges. Hiking from my toes to my face would be an athletic achievement.
I'm sure there's someone miles away, maybe in an aircraft, lining up to get a shot of my massive body from behind. Zooming in to maybe find something recognizable as being human once upon a time.
But the real action is from the front. Seeing me from behind you'd be forgiven for thinking I was napping after all that. Thinking that wiping out a cool hundred thousand or so lives was tiring work. You could also admire the full scope of the devastation over what was once a big city. I'm content to lazily watch some of the remaining surviving patches, and smile at them from high above. An ever-looming reminder of the bitch who did this to them.


Taking a deep breath I lean over slightly to the side... and my tit left flops onto the ground. The sound is muted from my perspective, and the big thing hitting the ground sends a puff of smoke in every direction. Devastation untold for them, but almost cute from my perspective.


I've got another boob that's missing out... and a nice chunk of city in front of me... So why not? Rolling over all the way, my right tit joins the left and the puffs of smoke turn into tidal waves that blow through the city. My entire form sinks into the ground as I lay on my stomach, watching as the thick clouds wash over the remnants.


Taking a deep breath, I sit up, and get onto my knees.I give my tits a few more squeezes, before looking back onto the city. I wonder how many different angles I'm being recorded from. How many people are making use of what they think could be their final moments gawking at my body. Wishing they could have joined those who died today.
With a sigh, I sit up, and let my eyes scan over the entirety of what's left behind. "Was it as good for you as it was for me?" I asked the remnants of Seattle, a smirk forming on my lips. There's no answer. There never is. But I guess that's the price you pay when you decide to turn an entire city into your lover.


Taking a deep breath, I climb to my feet once more.
I look back at the city. The smoldering wreckage. The thin wisps of smoke. The huge swathes of crushed lots that used to house buildings and homes.
And I smile.
I give what's left of Seattle a playful wink, raise my feet, and start walking again.


The world's eyes will be on Seattle for some time. There'll be some news helicopters that try to follow my exit, but they'll never catch me. Returning to a human size comes as easy and naturally to me as growing. I'll let them get some shots of my fat ass jiggling as I fade into the mist, and then I'll vanish from sight entirely. Like a ghost.
They won't find me, but they'll know I'm still out there. Something to keep them afraid, and talking about me.
Until I get bored again.


THE
END


HAZEL SMASHES SEATTLE
SIZE COMPARISON
STARTING SIZE:
5'6" TALL
150 POUNDS
FINAL SIZE:
40 MILES TALL
4,000,000,000 TONS

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