
HAZEL
SMASHES THE
WEST COAST
PART 1


REDFIREDOG
EMMAGEAR



This is about as far as the road can take me.

Doesn't take a genius to notice I'm not here alone. Standing alone at the edge of this... well I don't know if it's right to call this a road anymore. More like the end of a cliff given what lies ahead. But there's a guy ahead just kind of... I don't know. Standing there.

Odd behavior, but nothing I haven't encountered before.


"You aren't going to jump are you?"
Without looking back, he shakes his head silently. That certainly sounded like a no, but I would prefer that he doesn't kill the mood by doing something stupid.


"You sure you wanna stand that close to the edge?"
"I'm fine." He said, looking down. "I've been here before. Plenty of times."
"That doesn't exactly put me at ease."


"Sorry, I just... I come out here sometimes to think." He said, before looking ahead wistfully once more. "You know, about what used to be here."
"Listen, man." I said, coming up right behind him. "I don't know what you've been through, but don't make a choice you'll regret."
"Oh, no, it's nothing like that..." He says sullenly.


"Then do you mind taking a step back? For my sake, at least?"
"You don't have anything to worry about." He said. "I come by here once a week or so. And just... you know. Think. This road into town used to be so lively, and picturesque. But now..."

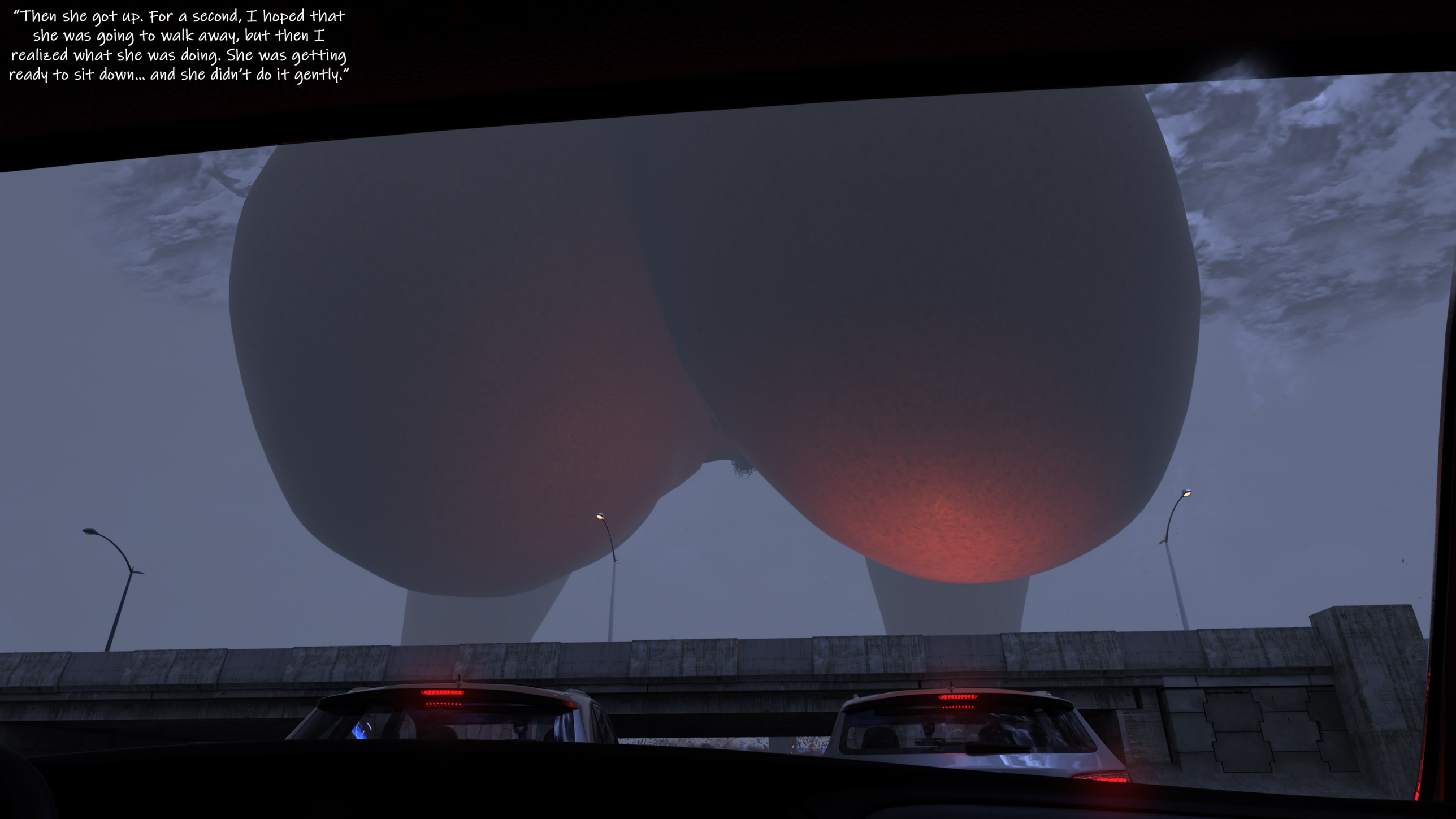

"It's not." I said simply. "But that's not why you're really here, is it? Be honest. Did you lose someone?"
"Someone?" He repeated, looking back over the wasteland spread before the both of us in every direction. "I lost... everyone. I was out of town for a weekend, and was looking forward to meeting up with a bunch of people the day it happened. None of them made it... but I got lucky. Sometimes the guilt takes over, you know? If I hadn't stopped for lunch, I'd have been in town half an hour earlier, and then..."


"So... you weren't here." I said flatly. "So you don't have any up-close and personal stories to tell, then?"
"I was on this very road." He said, taking a deep breath. "Not this close, of course. Still a few miles back. But... that didn't make much of a difference. Not with HER."


"And?"
"The chaos that afternoon was something else. Everyone was trying to turn around and speed away... but I was lucky. Far enough back that I actually had a way out. Far enough that I could even watch, if I wanted."
"Watch?" I asked, rubbing his shoulder so he straightened up again. "Go on."


"I did. For a minute, anyway. It was hard to believe it was even real. I've seen videos before, but having it actually happen in front of you is just... She looked like she was having so much fun." He said. "That's the part I can't get out of my head. The people around me weren't in any immediate danger, but even from way out here I could hear the people in the city screaming."
"What was that like?" I asked, biting my bottom lip. "I've only ever seen her from a... different perspective. It'd probably make you feel better to just talk about it."


"It's... kind of hard to put into words. She was just so huge. I couldn't even see her whole body thanks to the clouds that day. And every time she moved I could feel my entire body rattle with how much the ground was shaking. Not even just from her steps. Even just her laughter was enough to split the sky."


"Then she got up. For a second, I hoped that she was going to walk away, but then I realized what she was doing. She was getting ready to sit down... and she didn't do it gently."


"She slammed down a second later, and I felt it immediately. It was like an earthquake. All the cars shook, and the overpass in front of me came down in an instant. I hoped that would be the last of it, but she just kept growing, and growing..."


"You said you saw her from further back, right? Did you... You know..." I asked, raising my hands and squeezing the air.
"Did I what?"
"You know... if you saw her from here, then I imagine you got a great look at her... you know! Right?"


"W-What?" The man said incredulously. "I lost my whole life that day! No, I wasn't staring at her ass! What kind of a fucking question is that? What's wrong with you?"
"Yeah, right." I said, stepping closer. "An ass like hers? And tits that big? No one can take their eyes off her when she shows up, and I don't believe a guy like you is the exception to that."
"I wasn't-"
"Did you, or did you not get a good look at her body? Did you like what you saw? Were you maybe a little... excited?"


"Why are you asking..." The man said, before the look of disgust on his face faded in an instant, replaced with dawning recognition. His eyes went from my hair, down to my chest, then back to my face as he took a step back, only to be reminded of how close he was to the ledge.
"Y-You... You're-"


"Took you long enough." I said casually. "One more question, though. How many times have you re-watched the videos from Seattle? I've gotten off to the footage more times than I can count, but you... You had a front row seat. Tell me everything."


"You're fucking sick." He said, his lips quivering as he tried to stand up to me. "You're... You're a monster. The worst fucking... THING on this entire planet! There used to be close to a million people in this city! Do you know how many of them-"
"Ugh. Numbers are boring." I said, rolling my eyes. "I don't worry about the numbers. That's less interesting than just admitting they all ended up somewhere on me. Or in me. Or, I guess, buried at the bottom of a crater."
"S-Shut up! They're- You-"


"Go on." I said. "Say it. Tell me what I did to them. Tell me how much of a fucking monster I am. Remind me of how fucking scared you were... and what it was like to watch me work. In as much detail as you can, preferably."
His entire body tenses up, and I only grin back at him. He looks like he's about to swing, which is about what I expected.
"What? You going to do something big guy?"


with the wind taken out of his sails he relaxes, and just looks down.
"That's what I thought." I said, placing a hand back onto his shoulder. "Swinging at me would only end bad for you anyway. But if you really want to hit it... I'm down if you are."
His head shoots back up, eyes wide open. "W-What do you mean by that?"


"That's it! Pound me like I pounded that shithole of a city!" I said. "Harder! Harder!"


The air in this room is musty, and the bed isn't even particularly comfortable. Nevertheless, he's doing everything he can from behind. His hips are swinging so furiously it's like he thinks this is some kind of revenge, and not what it so blatantly is.
"HARDER!"


He kept pounding harder and harder until... he came. Simple as that. No grand fanfare, or screams of pleasure. He simply collapsed and fell onto my back. I pushed him off me with one hand where he took several seconds to catch his breath.


"I've had better." I said, basking in the afterglow of our little romp. "But I've also had worse, so..."
"I can't believe... I did that." This guy said, sitting up slowly, and looking back down at me. Can't say I'm a fan of that expression on his face. Post nut clarity must be hitting like a bitch.


"You can't unfuck me." I teased. "You gave in, and we had sex. No take-backs."


"It's not that... I just... Why?" He said, looking away. "After everything you did, why the fuck did I have to do this?"
"You're right. You shouldn't have," I said, shoving him onto his back and straddling him. "But you did. You sank that cock of yours into the exact same pussy that has devoured entire skyscrapers. The pussy that just made you cum was the last thing more people than you'll ever know saw."


His look soured even further.

"What the hell is wrong with me?" He muttered. "I... After everything you did. I know who you are. I know what you're capable of. I spent months fantasizing about what I'd do if I ever saw you in person. I wanted you dead more than anything."

"You wouldn't be able to kill me anyway." I told him with a smile.

"Dammit." He sighed, shaking his head disappointedly. "Why am I so fucking weak?"


"It's too late to regret your choices." I said, giving him a playful slap on the cheek. "Besides, if you really didn't like that... you wouldn't still be hard now, would you?"
He looked away. "I can't help it. You-re-"
"The hottest woman you'll ever be with." I finished. "Now are you going to take advantage of my good mood and go for a second round, or should I get going?"



"Where are you going? Can I- I mean, I don't-"

"Stop talking. I'm not interested in listening to you ramble all day." I said, and grabbed hold of his cock. He tensed up immediately, but it was impossible for him to hide both how eager he was for more, and how little his remorse was affecting his performance.

"Wait, Hazel- Can I call you Hazel?" He asked. "I wanted to know, what does this make us? I mean, are we a thing now? Fuck, I haven't even told you my name! This is so fucked up, I should-"


His sentence was cut off in an instant when a moan came straight from his throat and he covered his face out of embarrassment. He looked down as I carefully stroked his cock, gently gliding my fingers up and down his length.
"If I blow you, do you promise to shut up?"


He nodded, biting his lip as he kept his eyes locked on me.
Thankful I didn't have to deal with more inane conversation, I followed through on my end of the bargain. My tits flattened out against his thighs and he moaned again as I guided his cock straight past my lips.


Just like that, he was like putty in the palm of my hand once more. He peeked through his fingers down at me while I ran my tongue up and down the length of his cock, no doubt concerned at how easy it was for him to give in.


And who can blame him? Anyone else who's seen this side of me hasn't exactly been able to tell others what normal sex with me is like.


As for this guy... I'm still deciding where this night will take us. A tingle runs through my body as my mind wanders, and I pull away, straddling him once again.
"W-What's wrong?" He asked. "Did I-"


"God, shut up already." I told him. "Have some more confidence! You've got a great cock."
"Um... Thank you." He said, blushing and looking to the side. "I've heard that-"
"Shut up." I said again, rolling my eyes. "I can fucking feel how hard you are, so fuck me again already."


"I really shouldn't." He said, trying to maintain some semblance of composure even as I could feel his cock throbbing against me. "I... I made a mistake earlier. I feel so dirty..."


"But you want more, don't you?" I said, grabbing hold of his cock myself and guiding it between my thighs. "Now get to work already... Or it might be more than just your cock that gets swallowed up by this pussy."
He tensed up, but didn't protest. Despite the fear it was obvious he wanted this way more than I did. For me it was just another fuck. For him, it was like getting to fuck a living Goddess. All he'd needed was an excuse to alleviate the shame over how hard he was.


I lowered myself onto his cock. I'd only just made it past the head when I stopped. A quiet whimper came from him as he expected me to go deeper, but I shoved him down with one arm.
DO NOT


"Do you want me to outgrow this entire building while you fuck me?" I whispered. "Think about it. It'd be a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity? How many people do you think spent their final moments admiring it up-close? And you would get to be one of them."
"Y-You're scaring me, Hazel."
Fire Evacuation Plan


"How many billions in damage do you think I've caused with my pussy?" I said, gradually grinding over his cock. "How many packed intersections and downtown areas do you think have been smothered under me? How many thousands of bodies do you think stick to me after a little rampage through a big city? I've grown big enough that skyscrapers are smaller than your cock."


"I've seen the videos." He said quietly. "I've seen entire buildings just-
"Slide right into my pussy." I growled, and dropped onto his cock. "Just like that. Sometimes they're too small for that, too. I have to pick them up from the ground myself and force them inside. All while thousands of people trapped inside are begging me to put them back down."


He arched his back, thrust his hips faster, and I lose control. It's only for a moment, but the bed sinks underneath me, and it's not even enough for my little lover to notice.
"Just thinking about it is turning me on so fucking much." I whispered, settling more of my weight onto his body. "What do you say I give you... five minutes. Then I outgrow this place, and whatever happens, happens."


"But what about me? I would- You wouldn't do that to me, would you?"
"I don't give a fuck about you." I told him. "A good fuck can be hot sometimes, but that's all you are to me. It doesn't compare to fucking a whole city. If you want me to go easy on you, then you'd better make me cum fast."


His eyes grow wide as he begins to realize what's at stake. He grabs a double fistful of my thighs and tries to pump harder, but he quickly notices he has to crane his neck back slightly further to see past my tits. I smiled down at him, and dropped my full weight onto his crotch to make sure he can't pull away.

"It's a race against the clock." I said, bouncing up and down on the strained bed. "You'd better put that fucking cock to work, and fast!"


"I-I'm doing my best!" He complained, as it was all the more difficult to fuck me as I grew on top of him.
"You want to run away again, don't you?" I said, leaning over him to make sure he knew he was well and fully trapped. "Just like you did the last time I came to town."
His eyes went wide, and I instantly shot up another few inches.


"You're doing a decent job... but I'm already growing." I teased, straightening up a bit so it was clear my head was already brushing against the ceiling. "Maybe if you make me cum I'll give you a head start. Would ten minutes be enough time to get out of town? I don't think I have the patience for much more than that."
"Please don't." He gasped, panic clearly overtaking him.


"Then fuck me like your life depends on it!" I said, offering him a playful wink before turning around. "Make me cum, or this city will do the job you couldn't. Or maybe you want me to grow? Seeing as you didn't get the chance to admire my ass when it was bigger than a city block... What do you think of it now?"
"It's very... nice!" He said.


"You can do better than that!" I shouted, and dropped my full weight straight onto his chest. In an instant all the air is forced from his lungs, and he wastes no time tapping my thigh to try and get me to get off of him.
"YOUR ASS IS WONDERFUL!" He wheezes, pressing both of his palms into my ass in a vain effort to alleviate the pressure. "IT'S THE BIGGEST I'VE EVER SEEN!"


"Yeah? No shit." I said, spreading my legs and pressing his cock against my pussy once again. "What about the last time you saw it? Tell me what that was like. No skimping on the details."'
"It was... the biggest thing I've ever seen! You were sitting on your side, and it was all I could see in every direction."


His devotion was rewarded by allowing his cock to slip a bit further inside of me. Despite the difficulty he had in breathing I felt his chest rise and lower slightly more quickly at the sensation.
"Keep going." I ordered. "And louder."


"I could hear everything!" He said through choked breaths. "Even from miles out-I could hear the people in the city! Their screams actually managed to reach all the way out there!"


"And how did that make you feel? Knowing everyone close to you was trapped?" I laughed, grinding more on him. "Maybe they got to admire the pedicure I'd gotten that day up-close and personal! Or maybe they were some of the snacks I'd had that day? What do you think happened to them?"


"I WASN'T THINKING OF THAT, I WAS TOO SCARED!" He begged. "You were so big, that even though I was a few miles out, it would have only taken you a few steps to reach me! And-"
"A few steps is an understatement." I snorted, beginning to bounce on his erection now. "I could've just grown big enough to wipe out the entire west coast, you know. You could've had a two-hour warning and it still wouldn't have been enough."


"You...You wouldn't do something like that... right? That's so many cities! So many people! That's... That's horrible!"

The thought burrowed its way deep into my psyche. Little did he know I'd considered it before. Countless times. Even flipped coins trying to decide if the west or east coast would be more fun to turn into an empty wasteland. Really scare everyone on this fucking planet into submission for fun...

"I wouldn't." I told him. "At least, not if you fuck me good enough." I moaned. "Otherwise... this shitty hotel room is only the start."


That really lit a fire under his ass. Despite the crushing pressure and the fear gripping him, he started to thrust his cock deeper and more quickly into me than he had been until now. Not a single ounce of restraint was shown... but it might have already been too late.


with every second that passed I was growing bigger. The bed under us continued to sink, before a sudden CRACK signaled the frame beneath it snapping from my weight. The room was beginning to grow cramped, and worst of all...


His best efforts weren't all too impressive anymore. I was holding back my growth as best I could, but even so I was quickly outpacing him. With every passing second his cock was shrinking smaller, until I wasn't able to feel much of anything. From the sounds he was making it was also clear he was suffocating underneath me.


THUD.
The ceiling above me cracked, sending a shower of particle board and other cheap building materials raining all around us. This room wouldn't last much longer.
"Try to stay alive down there." I said, and pushed my shoulders up from this awkward position. The bed instantly cracked more, and the entire thing slammed into the floor beneath us, offering my little lover a bit of reprieve, if only for a moment.

As I grew my body spread out further in every direction... and suddenly he was gasping for air. I was still on top of him, but my ass was big enough now that he had slipped between the cheeks, and the small breeze from his panting sent a ticklish sensation through my nethers.


"Come on! KEEP FUCKING ME!" I shouted, spreading my legs out as far as I could. The room was breaking apart above and below me, and the moment my foot slammed into the wall ahead I heard furniture get tossed aside while my toes effortlessly punched through the drywall. "IF YOU DON'T MAKE IT, IT'S YOUR OWN FUCKING FAULT!" I shouted.



That was all the motivation he would be getting from me. Whatever happened from this point onward was all on him.

All I cared about was getting back out into the fresh air... and at a more appropriate size. I slid my right foot to the side, and forced open the door outside with a hard shove. Then I drew my left foot back, and slammed it straight into the wall as hard as I could, nearly falling over as it crashed out into the open air with surprising ease.


"This motel... FUCKING SUCKS!" I shouted, growing more quickly now. The doorway that my toes had barely managed to reach just a second ago now had to contend with my calves being forced through the same opening and effortlessly tearing them apart.
The building was suffering from my every movement... But they weren't the only sounds I could hear now.


Fresh screams.
I'm surprised it took this long for me to notice, but they actually catch me off-guard with how crystal-clear they sound. That must mean they're close. Maybe next door, or in the room underneath us. Whatever tipped them off, they knew what was happening now, and how dangerously close they were to me.
Looks like I wouldn't have to move far at all to find my first toys for the evening.


A few more seconds of writhing and kicking later, the entire floor beneath me cracked and splintered. At the same time, I was able to tear a big enough hole in the ceiling to pop back up into the outside air, and feel the cool breeze wash over my skin once again.
It should have felt nice, but this was an incredibly awkward position I'd found myself in. I slid my feet around in an effort to straighten out, only to suddenly feel a car parked outside collapse under my weight.


"Who the fuck parked here?" I spat, before another growth spurt sent the entire motel sagging underneath my weight. More of it broke apart and flaked off my body, while my ass crashed into and crushed the floor underneath me.
"Francis, help-AUGH!" The woman stopped screaming abruptly. Can't exactly see what happened to her, but if the feeling under my heel is anything to go by I know exactly what happened.


Unfortunately for her, making sure she makes it out of here in one piece is not a priority for me.
With a thunderous sound, the floor beneath me collapsed, and what little remained of the motel exploded around me. Dust and smoke blew around in every direction as the remains of the building were stirred by the breeze, and I arched my back in pleasure at the sensation.



"Fuck..." I whispered, taking a look around me. "This never gets fucking old." I smiled, and slid my feet back and forth a moment. Even the concrete of the sidewalk was ripped apart under my heels from the casual movement, and I caught sight of the annoying car I'd crushed just a second ago.

"Aw, did I ruin your little evening?" I mused to the lone man crawling on his belly. "If you'd just gotten to your car a little sooner you might have been able to get away..."


I watched him writhe in pain for a moment before a sudden sensation between my legs completely catches me by surprise. I thought maybe some of the motel's architecture had made its way inside of me for a moment... before the familiar sounds of a man wheezing reached me.
Could he have actually...?


Only one way to find out. A pleasant jolt runs through me when I slip my hand between my legs, and fish around for the wriggling limbs of an insect who I hadn't expected to survive our little tryst.
It wouldn't be hard to finish him off now. I even have multiple options. Push down on his head so my pussy devours him whole, alive and squirming... or just squeeze his little head like a grape between two fingers... But no. Maybe keeping him around will make things a bit more interesting.


I carefully pulled him out from my body, and raised him back up to my face. He's drenched with sweat, and gasping for air... but he's still alive. "That's the second time you've survived an encounter with me." I said, grinning down at the suffering little figure. "Think you can get away a third time?"
"DON'T HURT ME!" He begged, stopping to cough afterward. "I just- You can put me down, and let me leave, okay?"


"That's not happening."
For now I want to get a better look at my surroundings. I admittedly paid little attention to the scenery on the way here. A GPS pointed the both of us to the nearest motel, and that was all I needed. Now that I need to actually get a handle on things I can see why exactly this place was such a shithole.
I'm smack dab in the middle of an industrial part of town. Nothing but warehouses and lots packed with heavy machinery for a few blocks in every direction.


I might be able to find some people around here... but that's obviously more trouble than it's worth. Best to go where the people are.
Which direction would be the quickest, though? I ponder the question for a moment, before shrugging my shoulders. It doesn't really matter. If I head in a bad direction, it'll only take a few steps to course correct. So fuck it. I'll just move.


CRRRRRRUNCH
"AAAAAAAAAGH-"
That wasn't the sound concrete made when it split apart underneath my weight. It also didn't fight my toes, either. I'd completely forgotten about the idiot whose car I'd crushed when I found my little lover again.


"Ugh." I said, looking at the warm puddle spreading around my foot. "You'd think getting out of my fucking way would be obvious, but some people just can't take the hint." I said, shaking my head and twisting my foot into the ground. The screaming stopped abruptly, and I sighed, dragging my foot back so it was like nothing was ever there to begin with.


Onto greener pastures.
There's more screams underneath me. Car horns begin to honk, and the surrounding areas are very quickly coming to terms with the fact that the thing they all feared more than anything is coming to pay them a visit. It's not too often I visit a city a second time... but there was still so much of Seattle I hadn't gotten around to crushing the first time I would be remiss if I didn't finish what I'd started.


This is always my favorite part of these little excursions. The moment after showing up, taller than a building and able to crush entire homes under my feet... and before the city is in full-blown chaos. Those nearby can see the trouble, and don't want to meet their end under me, while those further away are still blissfully unaware.
It's not long at all before I come across something more interesting than a boring warehouse, though.


A mall! Seems like word is only just barely reaching here from the look of it too.


The front doors are wide open and a steady stream of bodies is pouring out into the open, rushing to cars that would be far too slow to get away from me if I were to really chase after them.


But when I hear it again... fuck. It's hard NOT to get turned on. The simple sight of me has them begging and pleading for their lives. They know what I represent. They fear what I'm capable of.
And that just turns me on more than they can ever imagine.


So I start fingering myself. Right in front of all of them. What are they going to do? Complain? They know if they do a single thing to piss me off personally I can smear them across the bottom of my foot without a second thought.
NOTICE
ALL VISITORS
NO ENTRY TO WORK AREA WITHOUT AUTHORISATION
FORKLIFTS HAVE RIGHT OF WAY


Their thoughts on the matter are worthless. I'm here to get myself off with all the destruction and chaos that requires. Their fates are already guaranteed simply by being nearby when I've already started.
All they can do is hope that I'll overlook them... but the odds aren't in their favor.
NOTICE
ALL VISITORS


As I've continued doing this over and over, I've gotten more efficient at it. Went from stomping around a few blocks and making a hasty retreat, to making sure entire cities are plastered under my ass.
This time is no different.
NOTICE
ALL VISITORS


"KEEP SCREAMING!" I told them, smiling as the overwhelming presence of my voice brings a fresh wave of terror among them. I bit my bottom lip while watching cars start and try to peel out in a vain effort to escape... but far more people are stuck in the parking lot. Trying to run away on foot, as my new size has made it clear they're not going anywhere.


I exhaled, and turned my attention to the ground. There's people in every direction. There's no way I could even take a single step without wiping out half a dozen of them.
That's just the way I like it.


THOOM
The earth shakes when I slam my foot onto the ground. I feel the distinct pop of a half-dozen people who are too slow to get away, before my foot sinks deeper into the ground. The tarmac is soft, and molds around the shape of my foot, making sure I can press down good and hard, and erase the possibility of anything under me ever being identified.
real


The impact sends a shockwave through the parking lot. Those closest to my foot are launched into the air, where they slam hard onto the ground nearby, groaning in pain. I can't help but smile at the sight of it. How humiliating must it be to hurt yourself without ever making contact with me?
With a twist of my foot I sentence a couple more people to a quick end under me, and move on.


"You guys are really bad at running away." I muse, raising my left foot up. The bottom of my sole was still clean, as I hadn't gotten any action with it since the motel. I'm sure the people below were admiring the shapeliness of my heel and toes while it came straight down onto them.


Or maybe they were too scared to do anything like that. How am I supposed to know? And should I even care?
When my next step makes contact with the ground, a half-dozen more men and women alike cease to exist. A couple are pinned between my toes as more weight settles down, gradually smothering them under my foot, while at least one of the men had the unfortunate distinction of being half-crushed under my big toe.


"What do you think?" I said aloud. "Should I finish them off, or let them go?"
After a few seconds of silence I gradually turned my eyes to my former lover I was still holding between two fingers. His heart hasn't stopped racing since I started moving, and the suddenness of being addressed has him utterly terrified.


"I asked you a question." I said. "If you're not going to participate, then I can just get rid of you right now." After saying this I ran my tongue across my upper lip, and clacked my teeth together. A bit cartoonish, sure, but he knows what I'm capable of.
"I-I DON'T KNOW!" He begged. "You don't have to step on them! Let them go!"


"You say that." I mused, running a finger and down his upper body. "But... I don't think you really mean that, do you?"
"I DO! DON'T CRUSH THEM HAZEL, PLEASE!"
"If you're not loving this... then why are you still so hard?"
"T-THAT'S BECAUSE OF HOW YOU'RE HOLDING ME! DON'T CRUSH ANYONE ELSE! THAT'S WHAT I THINK."


"Fair enough." I said, pressing all my weight down onto my left foot. In an instant the people clinging to life pinned under me were completely silenced, and fell still. I clenched my toes to make huge divots into the tarmac, and dragged my foot back again to make their fate obvious to all.
"They don't count, by the way." I said matter-of-factly. "I won't crush the next ones."
I don't have to keep my word, obviously. It'd be incredibly easy to take another step forward and smear another dozen across the pavement. And when I look back down at the throngs of people running in every direction I'm half-tempted to do exactly that.


But I only made that promise because I intend to keep it. Not because I've suddenly had a change of my heart... but because I'm starving.
"Haven't had anything to eat all day anyway." I mused, dragging my fingers through the crowd and scooping up as many bodies as I possibly could. Arms and legs fought against my fingers, but they might as well not have even tried for all the good it was doing.


"You did a good job tiring me out." I said to the guy in my fist idly. "I swear I wasn't this hungry before we got to that hotel."
Rubbing a little salt into the wound is fun, and I can hear him struggle more fervently and protest louder. Doesn't do a damn thing to stop the people I'd picked up from sprinkling into my mouth. A tangled mess of limbs splat onto my tongue, while a couple who didn't even make it inside tumble down the length of my body.


"YOU DON'T HAVE TO EAT THEM! I CAN TAKE YOU OUT TO-"
All this complaining was really starting to get on my nerves. Where did he think he'd even be able to find enough food to feed me if I wasn't supposed to be eating people? How dumb was he?
He kept complaining, but it didn't even slow me down.



I toyed with the bodies inside of my mouth, throwing them around with just my tongue for a bit. Some slammed against my teeth or into the top of my palate, but the majority of them found themselves sliding straight into my throat.

When I swallowed, I made sure to do it loud. Really emphasize it so there's no doubt of what happened to them. The bulge that travels down my throat slowly is animated with the fighting from those inside, but all it manages to do is make things feel better for me.


"Fuck." I whispered after, shivering as I felt the crowd make their way into my belly. Once inside I can still feel them moving around, fighting to find a way out that simply doesn't exist. All they can do is wait for my body to do its thing.
And that really, really fucking turns me on.


"Where do you think they'll end up?" I asked my miniature lover. "Straight to my tits?"
He didn't say anything.
"I asked you a question." I said, squeezing his tiny body more tightly in my fist. "If you keep trying to ignore me, then I can just eat you next."


"UM... I THINK THEY'LL- YOU'LL PROBABLY GET A BIGGER ASS, RIGHT?"
"What makes you say that?"
"I-I don't know!" He pleaded, panic beginning to overtake him. His heart was racing a hundred miles an hour, thumping at incredible speeds against my index finger as I squeezed him harder.
"I'm beginning to think you're not interested in what's happening."


"W-What?!" The guy squeaked, shaking his head from side to side. "O-Of course not! I love you, Hazel! Please, eat more people! It'll make you feel better! A-And then afterwards, we can have sex again! We'll be like a real couple, you'll see!"

"A relationship? With YOU?" I laughed. "You got the wrong idea. You were just the lucky guy who was in the right place at the wrong time. Even I feel like having normal sex occasionally. That's all."


"I'll be your pet, Hazel! Just keep me around! I'll prove my worth-"
"I'll find someone else." I said, and opened my mouth wide. The man was blasted with my hot breath, and he tried to say something else, but it was immediately snuffed out when I slapped his face straight into my tongue.


"HAZEL, PLEASE!" He coughed out, face undoubtedly drenched in my saliva while I slid him around the top of my tongue. "I'LL FIND MORE MEN FOR YOU! I CAN DO STUFF YOU CAN'T DO!"
I'm surprised he hasn't realized that I'm just letting him scream and beg for mercy for my own amusement at this point. I obviously made my decision long ago. All he's doing with this begging is making the moment I finally swallow him all the sweeter.


"Any last words?"
His body scrambles in a vain effort to pull himself off of my tongue, but the saliva coating him is already too heavy for him to fight against. All that's awaiting him is a trip down my throat.
"YOU'RE A FUCKING MONSTER!" He shrilly screeched at the top of his lungs. "SOMEONE IS GOING TO STOP YOU SOONER OR-"


I closed my lips.
It was almost more out of habit than anything else. I'd gone this long without even learning the guy's name... it feels like letting him actually tell me would have been a betrayal of that. I tossed him around with my tongue for a few seconds, gently biting him between my teeth while he begged me to just get it over with...
And then I swallowed.


"Fuck." Was all I could think to say while he joined those I'd swallowed before him. Taking that long, slow trip down the length of my body. The inside of my belly must be hellish right now, and nobody inside would even know he was different from any one of them.
At the end of the day, that's all he truly amounted to. A fling, and a snack. There's plenty of other fish in the sea.


And I intend to find, and eat every single last one of them.
Fuck. I really am a monster, aren't I? These aren't the kinds of thoughts normal people have, are they?


But if that's what makes me a monster... then I'm more than happy to accept that role. Let them be so afraid of me that even hearing my name makes their hair stand on end. Make sure that every last person in the civilized world knows what is going to happen when I show up at their homes.


Maybe that guy wasn't as stupid as I thought. He was right. But I'm not going to reject that label. I'm going to wear it with pride. Hazel is the monster that can come for you at any fucking time, without warning.
He was wrong about one thing, though.


Nobody's going to fucking stop me.
Ever.
They've tried. And they'll keep trying. Unless they're ready to sacrifice the entire fucking world in the pursuit of taking me down, I'll be there standing on the ashes, laughing at their idiotic attempts at even trying.


And I'll be bigger than anything else on the planet. Manmade landmarks, natural features. It doesn't matter how reinforced or fortified they make anything. I can always get bigger.
Always.


FUCK!
An orgasm ripples through me in the middle of the parking lot. A small one, but it's enough to send droplets flying from my hastily working fingers onto the crowds below.


Even one is enough to knock over a fully-grown person now. It's like getting bombarded with a half-dozen gallons in the same instance.
And that's woefully inadequate compared to where I want to-No. Where I NEED to be.


When I cum, I want it to be a cataclysmic event for the planet. To overfill water reservoirs with the scent of my pussy. For tidal waves and tsunamis to wash away entire villages.


All because... I wanted to...
"FUUUUUCK!"


My fingers are absolutely soaked to the bone. Rivers of warm, clear liquid are dripping down my thighs, and to the streets far below. I'm hardly even aware of how much I grew just now I was so absorbed into my fantasies.
When I look down, even I'm in shock at just how much and how fast it was this time. Only a minute ago I was terrorizing a small group of people running around the parking lot of a mall. Now I was so big the largest skyscrapers in the city are only as tall as my shin.



And I've only just gotten started.

I shouldn't move onto bigger, and more exciting things until I've finished what's right in front of me, though. The mall is still standing, just barely out of reach from my toes when I'd been growing. The little patch that was full of people running now looks more like an anthill teeming with life. Anyone who had no idea why people were panicking has to know good and well exactly what's going on now.

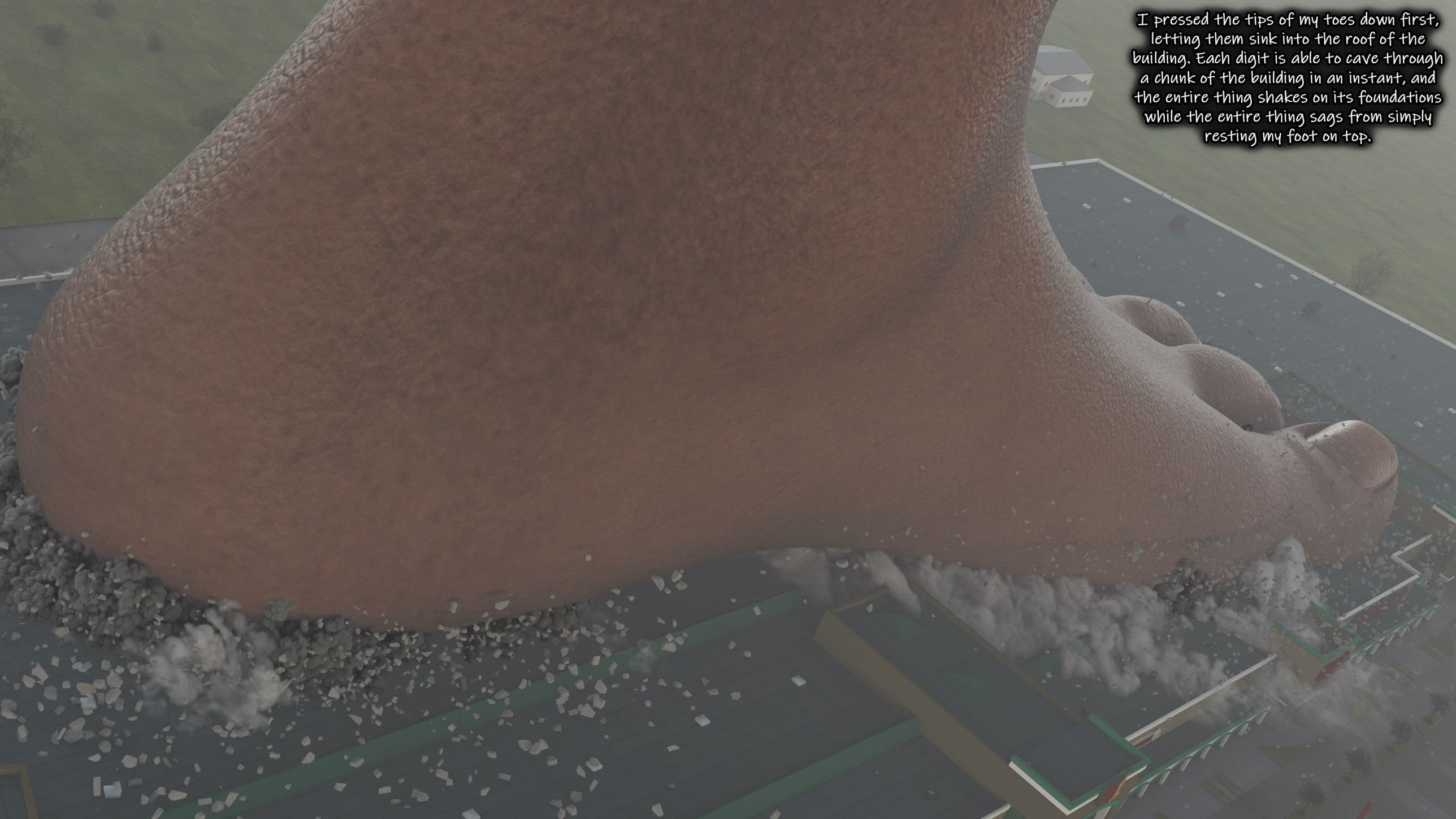
With that thought, I raised my right foot up into the air, darkening the sky above the parking lot.



Dozens of cars are crushed flat in an instant, and my toes shred through the tarmac with every slight movement I make. The tiny screams of my audience so far below are barely able to reach my ears now, and I watch them try and figure out what to do with my sudden appearance. Running obviously isn't going to work, but with so many of the cars gone it's not like they had any other options.

Had I given them an hour they may have been able to put some distance between us. They'd be a couple miles away, and it would actually take me several steps to catch up.


They're not getting an hour.
The sky above the mall itself darkens considerably when I swing my left foot directly overhead. Debris and dirt rains from my sole onto the fragile little building below, making sure that they know that hiding inside wouldn't do them any good, either.


I pressed the tips of my toes down first, letting them sink into the roof of the building. Each digit is able to cave through a chunk of the building in an instant, and the entire thing shakes on its foundations while the entire thing sags from simply resting my foot on top.


I think of what it must be like for those people trapped inside. Too slow. Too wrapped up in their own world to recognize what was going on just outside of the building until it was too late to even make it outside.
Or maybe they foolishly thought the building would protect them. Assumed that I would just ignore it, and move downtown.


How must it feel to see the roof cave in, and the sole of my foot peek through the holes. To feel your ears pop from the sudden shift in pressure as my foot comes down slowly, knowing you can't escape. Seeing the lights go out, so you can't even get a proper gauge at how close I am anymore.


Just like that, it's gone. The whole place collapses in an instant. I mash my soles around for a moment to finish the job.
Fuck.


I'm about to cum again already...
For all the power my ability to grow gives me, it's not like I'm omnipotent or something. I can only savor crushing each individual building one time. No rewinds. I've been inside malls like this before, and I want to make sure I really, really take my time with it.


But even that's a tall order. At my size, the building is little more than a matchbox-sized cube that's filled to the brim with people. I let my sole rest atop it for a moment longer, drumming my toes on the ground while dozens more microscopic bodies feed out of the frying pan and into the fire that is the parking lot.


The first hit of growth actually catches me off-guard. I was so absorbed in my own fantasies it wasn't until I felt the entire mall collapse under my weight did I realize that I had grown again.


I wriggled my toes through the chunks of what used to be the building, savoring the feeling of the effortless destruction I wrought, and felt another warm jolt run through my entire body.


I was already by far the biggest thing in the entire city. The mall that stood here a second ago wouldn't even be as big as one of my toes anymore. The most impressive buildings the city had to offer were quickly approaching ankle height.


And I'm still growing even bigger.
I can't help it. I'm addicted to the feeling. Addicted to what I'm capable of. Addicted to sensations and things only I get to experience. I bounced my tit in my hand, feeling the hefty weight of it as I did so. I thought of what it would be like to roll my chest over a significant portion of the city, and another quiet orgasm rippled through me.


For as fun and stepping on and crushing things can be... it's not exactly fair to let my feet have all the fun. Popping and squishing things between my toes is only entertaining for so long before the rest of my body starts tingling, eager for action.
Without any warning I reach back and give my ass a firm slap. The sound cracks through the sky like an incoming storm, and I gradually lower my ass onto the city.


There's no fancy or more exciting way to handle this. I let gravity grab hold of me and drag my ass straight onto the ground. The people below can only watch in abject horror as my body falls from the heavens directly onto them. It has to be like watching a meteor descend from the sky, knowing that there is nothing that can stop it, or even slow it meaningfully.


THOOM
Dozens of buildings protest my weight for a split-second, but not a single one of them is able to remain standing for even an instant. I'm just too big, and too heavy. Floor after floor collapses under me, before an explosion of displaced air sends those near the edge of the impact zone rocketing through the sky.
Everyone else though? Crushed isn't even the right word to describe it. They simply cease to exist. What little there is that remains of them can't possibly be identified.


And most of it will stick to me anyway, peeling off the ground when I gradually begin to turn to my side.
The movement sends my tits wobbling against one another, and my mind wanders back to that image of dropping them straight onto the city again. My breath quickens and my nipples go stiff at the idea... but I can hold back a bit longer. I want to be bigger when I get to that.


Not that I go out of my way to stop them from slamming into things. A half-dozen skyscrapers simply had their top floors sheared off entirely when my chest swung over them, and they weren't even where my focus was.
No, I was still hungry. And I haven't given the population nearly enough time to evacuate all of these massive buildings.


It takes no effort whatsoever for my fingers to rip up a dozen buildings all at once. Each one has to be stuffed with hundreds, if not thousands of people who didn't make it out in time. Along with them are hundreds more simply fleeing for their lives in the crowded streets.
And they all rain into my open mouth one at a time.


I looked down at the handful of civilization in my grasp, and gave it a soft shake. Just enough to sift a significant portion of the non-living things out.
Some people go with it, but who's going to miss a couple dozen extra bodies. So long as the vast majority of them make it to my stomach, I can't complain.


They don't taste like much, but taste isn't the reason I devour people. It's the sensations they provide. Still alive, they find themselves fighting my tongue, as if that is going to change the outcome in any meaningful way. If they manage to climb back up and escape my lips the only place to go is down.


Not that they ever win against my tongue anyway.
I swish the mouthful of bodies around my tongue for a moment, really enjoying the feeling of their abject terror over what's about to happen to them. A few pop like salty pearls against my tongue, but most make it to the back of my throat in one piece, before being swallowed.


I sighed, and looked dreamily back down on the city.
For all the fun I was having, I'd still hardly touched any of it. Vast swathes were still standing tall, as if there wasn't a woman a hundred times larger than the lot of them combined. If I was going to wipe out Seattle before the end of the day, then I have a long way to go.


Turning onto my hands and knees, I looked at everything spread out underneath me, wondering which would be the most interesting place to visit next. While thinking to myself I idly swayed from side to side, before the soft sound of my tits slapping against one another gave me an idea.
In a way, my tits were kind of like wrecking balls, weren't they?


Only much, much bigger.
A wrecking ball would swing at a building and knock down foundations and walls. I only had to move my chest slightly to turn each of my tits into missiles that obliterated everything they came into contact with.


An unexpected moan escaped my throat when my nipples brushed against some of the cool structures, carving straight through them like a hot knife through butter. I watched as huge chunks from those buildings clung to my skin for a moment, before raining down onto the streets.
I had to go further.


Taking a deep breath, I arched my back forward, and lowered my chest directly onto the city. Like with my feet, dozens of buildings attempted to resist my weight for a moment, and my nipple actually slid a few feet over, before the rest of my weight caught up and began crashing through floor after floor.


I shivered at the feeling of my tits compressing a dozen buildings all at once, before they connected with the street, sending an explosion of materials flying around in every direction at once.
"Fuck." I whispered, lowering even more of my weight down. My tits flattened out as I did so, devouring extra buildings nearby in the process and making sure that I left a pair of gigantic craters that no manmade weapon could ever hope to compete with.


I closed my hands into fists, burying far away portions of the city under dense clouds of smoke, before focusing on growth once again.
No matter how much fun crushing things with my most sensitive bits is...


It's always more fun when I'm able to do more. Reach further. Crush more easily. Turn what was the resting place for thousands of people under my boobs into the only thing that remained of tens, or even hundreds of thousands. To decorate my nipples with the city's landmarks and population.


Then I crawled forward.
My hands slammed onto the city once again, and a tingle ran through my body. As I pulled myself forward I could feel my tits drag across the ground, carving a huge path through the city like a pair of oversized steamrollers. Behind me there was only a dull, featureless path.


"You guys like big tits, right?" I mused, before stopping. There obviously wasn't a response. At least not one that didn't involve thousands of people screaming in unison.


"I'll take that as a yes." I said after my voice stopped echoing around me, and dropped onto my chest once more. A shockwave spread around me, erasing countless more buildings whose only crime was being placed too close to me.


I kept lying there for a while afterward. Alternating between wiping my tits back and forth over the city, and listening to the faint, almost imperceptible sounds of the people below.


Honestly, if erasing this entire city wasn't my plan, I could probably laid there for hours, and basked in the afterglow. But I had to get back up eventually, and the soles of my feet tingled when I placed them onto untouched parts of the city and stood back up to my full height.


The city just seems so small from up here. Hardly a thing even reaches past my toes. If I were to put my mind to it, I could probably get rid of the entire thing within an hour using just my feet. An entire city, gone. Just like that.
That was way, way too long for my liking, though.


"Bigger." I thought to myself. I curled my toes on the city, and watched as my feet spread out further, overwhelming buildings nearby.


"Bigger." I whispered aloud, smiling as I watched the huge clouds of smoke at my feet grow even larger as I did. My entire body tingled at the sight, and how the world shrank around me.


"Bigger." I said.
And I did exactly that. The growth came as naturally to me as breathing, and I basked in the feelings of sheer, unbridled power that came with it.


In no time at all the city had turned from a project that would take an hour, to one that would take no more than a couple dozen steps. I watched my toes spread further still, and curled them over countless buildings.
"That's enough." I whispered to myself, satisfied as my growth tapered off. My feet weren't even visible now as the rapid growth had kicked up a veritable sandstorm at my feet. One that must have risen thousands of feet in the air, given that the clouds were only at my knees.


I admired the city from this high up, taking in the sheer breadth of it, and how much of it was even left standing. I tried imagining how tiny people were to me when I was this big. I could probably comfortably hold a thousand of them at once on the tip of just one finger.
So what were my feet capable of? What if I sat down? What if I set my tits to work on what was left?


I'd started growing less than an hour ago, and I'd already done this much. Huge swathes of the city were uninhabitable. Even the earth itself was so compressed from my weight settling onto it that no plant life could ever hope to grow there without significant work.



I could still do more... but I made an executive decision then and there. There were two things I wanted more than anything right now.

First, I wanted to visit Portland again. A city I knew was still reeling from my last visit. One that wasn't going to take kindly to me showing up again, which made my pussy tingle with excitement.

And second... I wanted more videos. Footage of me standing far above Seattle, stretching high into the sky. Impossibly huge. And if I was going to get that... I'd need to let some people survive. Maybe I'll come back to pay Seattle another visit like I am Portland in the future, after I've gotten my fill.


My life's interesting like that. I can do whatever I please, regardless of how it affects anyone else. If I want to wipe out an entire city, I do it. If I want to subjugate a country into serving my every whim-
Well, I haven't tried anything like that... but I'm sure I could.
These thoughts kept me entertained as I made the short walk over to Portland, where I could see the untouched parts of the city that had suffered under my last visit.


I bet they all thought they were safe until just a few seconds ago. I was in a different city entirely, after all. Why would I come back to Portland? That makes it all the sweeter when I raise my foot over a chunk of the city that was still standing.


THOOM
My first step into Portland in who knows how long. Thousands of people gone, just like that. Their homes, their places of work, all of it. Erased under my warm soles. I clenched my toes in what remained beneath me, making sure not a single thing was able to survive the impact.


And it was only the first.
I hope that the people underneath me get a good, long look at what's about to happen to them. Seeing video of my feet descending from thousands of feet up and crushing everything in my path is one of my favorites.
The people of Portland must have a wonderful view of exactly that.


Too bad it doesn't last.
My left foot comes down just as casually as my right did. Another chunk of the city is erased in an instant, and the cool sensation of hundreds of buildings bursting beneath my feet sends a chill up my spine.


I stand for a moment and bask in the feeling of standing in the middle of a city like this. Chaos has already taken hold of thousands of people below, and I can see microscopic little specks filling the teensy little streets.
All while I loom above, bigger than I was even the last time I had come here. More dominant than ever, and intent on finishing what I'd started.


I already know how I'm going to do it, too. I'd given it some thought on my way over here, and Seattle had served as a perfect testing ground for exactly what I had in mind.
Knowing what I'm about to do doesn't make the excitement from actually following through any less exciting, though.


"Long time no see." I mused, watching the city below for a moment longer. Though the individual lives below are utterly comprehensible for someone of my stature, it's obvious that my appearance is what is on every last one of their minds.
I dropped to my knees abruptly, tearing up the earth itself as all my weight settled onto my knees. The ground nearby sinks as I settle down, but I was still mostly outside of the city.
Because I want my tits to have all the fun.
"Mind if I get a closer look?" I asked, more for my own amusement than anything else.

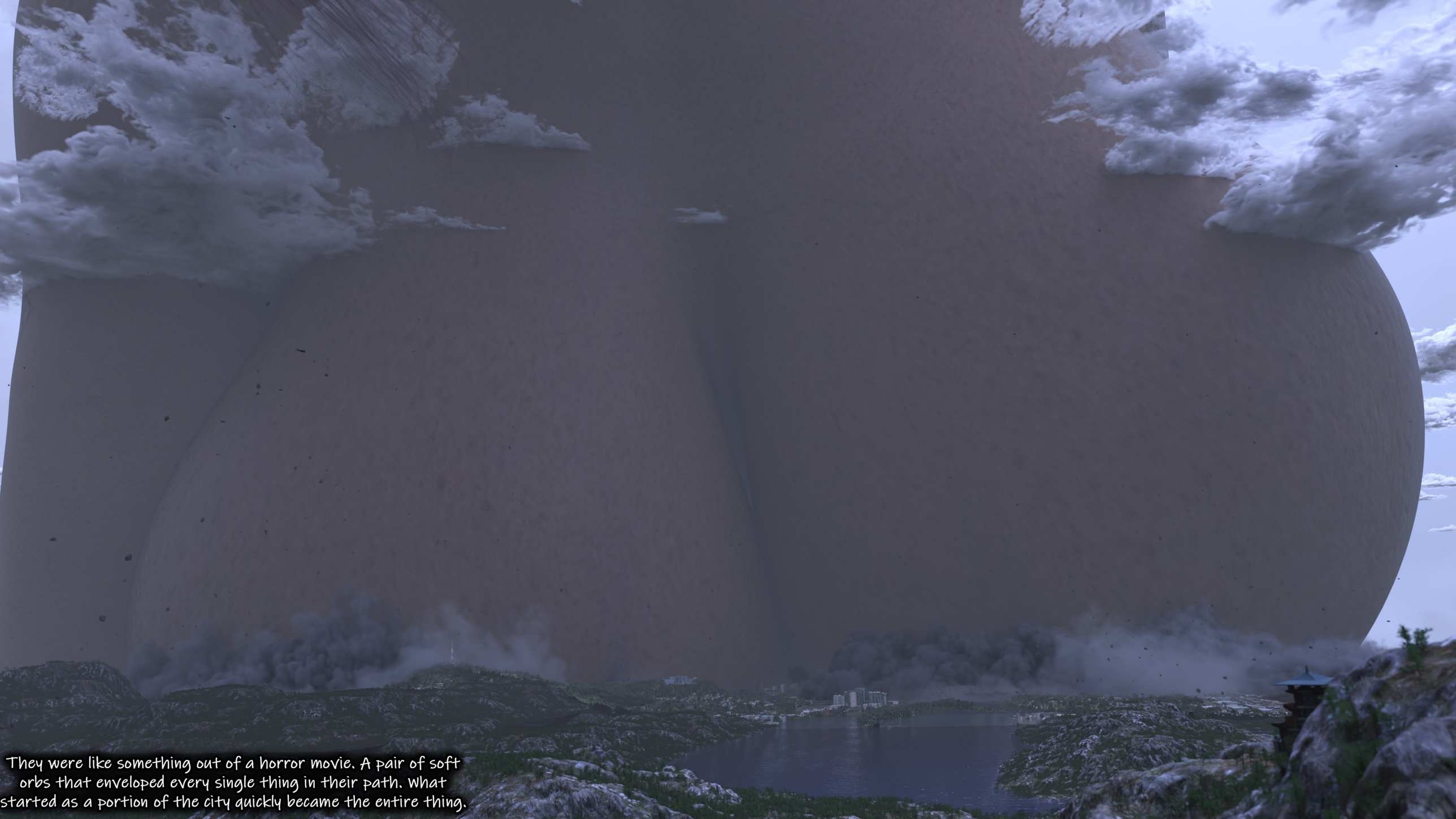

There obviously wouldn't be a response, so I took it upon myself to drop onto my side, and slammed my tits straight onto the west part of the city. I watched my boob squish and flatten out, compressing everything below with my weight alone and no extra effort, as my pussy began to tingle once again.


"I still can't see you very well..." I said, before rolling onto my front.
The movement was casual, but the effects were utterly devastating. Hundreds of blocks were devoured in the blink of an eye, as the full expanse of my chest smothered tens of thousands of people in the blink of an eye.

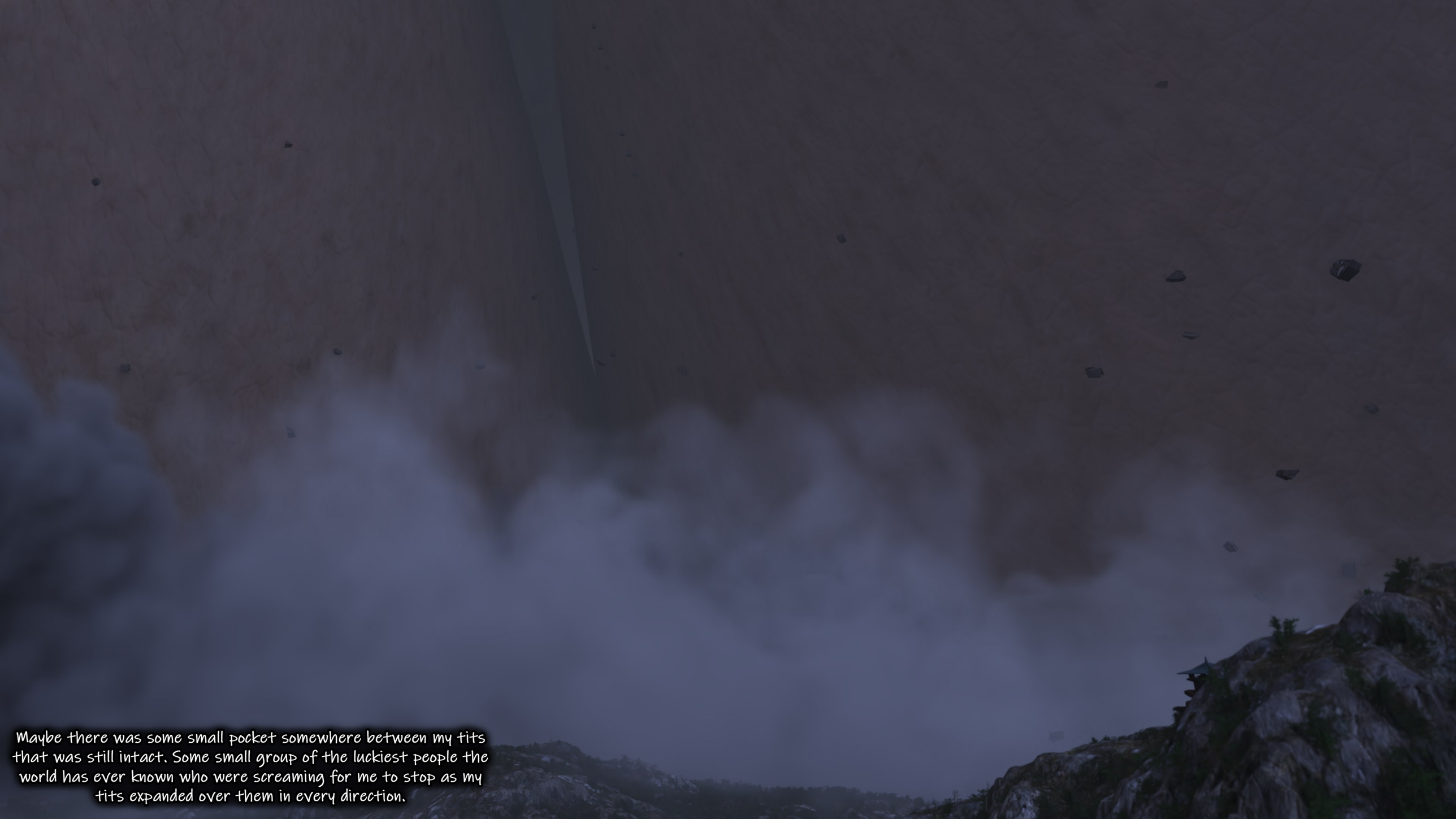

"Watching you guys pop and disappear under me is..." I moaned, biting my bottom lip. "You don't mind if I indulge a bit longer, do you?"
They certainly took umbrage with that. Those who could hear or even understand me were no doubt begging me to stop, but I didn't have to listen to them.


They were nothing but tiny, little, squishable, people.
And I was something far greater. I didn't have to listen to them. That was part of the privilege that came with my size.


"I'll take that as a yes." I moaned aloud for my own amusement, before growing yet again.
I had a much-closer view this time of the utter devastation wreaked by my boobs. I watched them slide over every single thing in their path like an all-consuming mass.


They were like something out of a horror movie. A pair of soft orbs that enveloped every single thing in their path. What started as a portion of the city quickly became the entire thing.


And then, Portland simply ceased to exist.

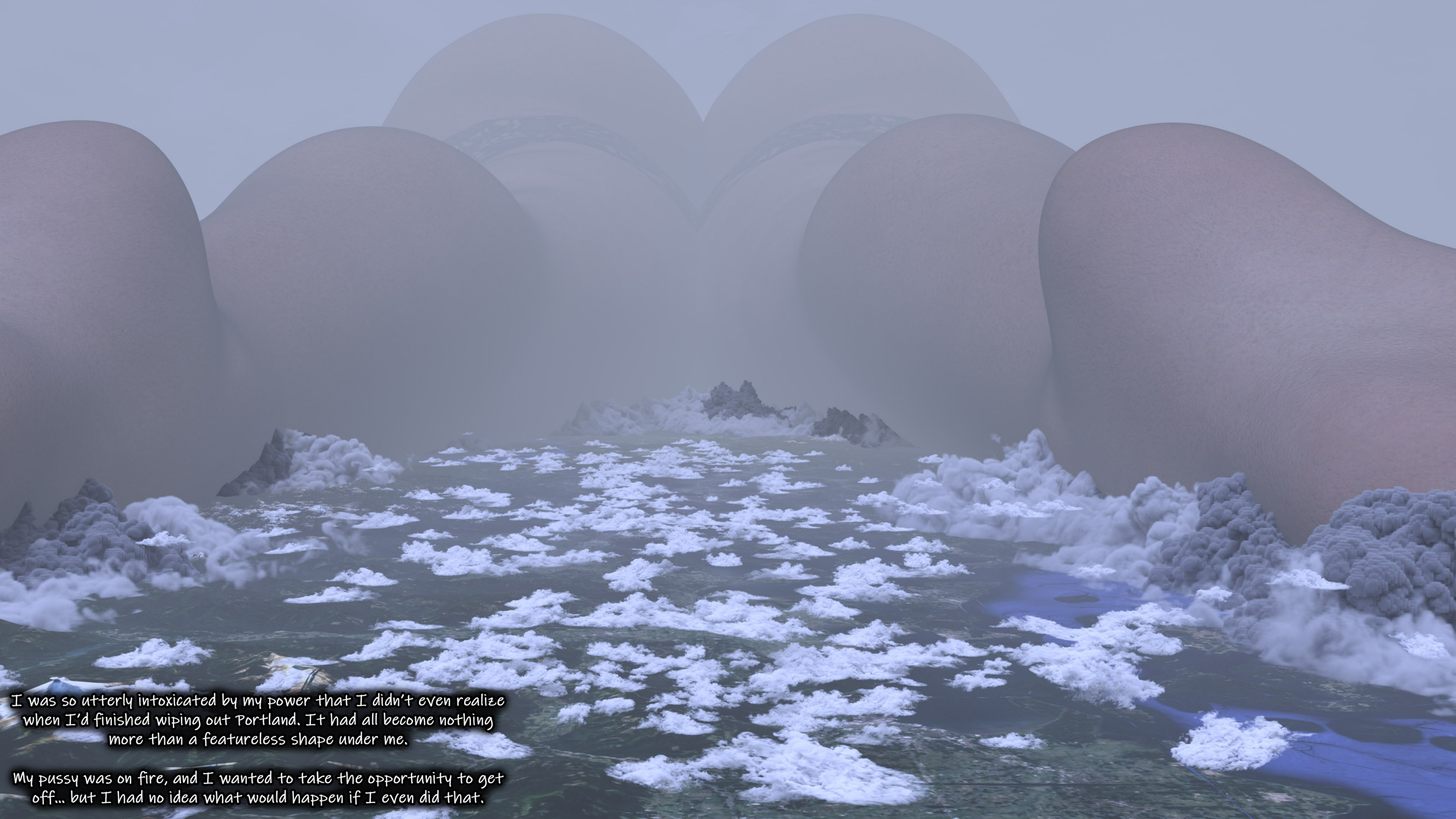

Maybe there was some small pocket somewhere between my tits that was still intact. Some small group of the luckiest people the world has ever known who were screaming for me to stop as my tits expanded over them in every direction.


There were still more cities ahead, though.
And I wasn't interested in walking over to them.


I grew bigger. Faster. I stopped being something recognizable as human to the microbes below. The heat from my body became sweltering to the people forced to be so close. The scent of sex and sweat was so potent it would choke the people forced to breathe it in.


All the while my tits kept advancing. Kept pushing forward. A soft wall that would turn heads and be the envy of all if I were to walk among them that was headed straight for them.


In no time at all even my tits were so big they reached higher than the clouds. Big enough that even they stopped being recognized as anything other than an approaching wall that took no prisoners.


I was so utterly intoxicated by my power that I didn't even realize when I'd finished wiping out Portland. It had all become nothing more than a featureless shape under me.
My pussy was on fire, and I wanted to take the opportunity to get off... but I had no idea what would happen if I even did that.


I took a moment to catch my breath, and cracked my eyes open. I looked ahead, wondering if perhaps I'd gone too far overboard this time. I could see the curvature of the planet. I was lying on a significant portion of the west coast all on my own. Who knows how many cities, and millions of lives had simply been erased from my little growth spurt.


Was this the biggest I'd ever grown?
I'd sampled sizes this extreme before. More for my own amusement than anything else. But when I stood up, and the remains of tens of millions of lives fell from my tits like a meteor shower onto the country below, I wondered if perhaps I'd gone too far.
I clenched my toes as I looked at the entire nation spread out before me. That casual action had no doubt erased thousands more lives. Simply existing at this scale was a threat to humanity. Behind me a massive crater in the shape of my growing body was all that remained of the west coast.
A shiver ran through me, and I bit my bottom lip. Fuck. I wanted to keep going...
But I'd made my point.


Whatever city I was in had been hit pretty hard by my last little adventure. The place looked like it was hit by an earthquake. The buildings were all falling apart, and the roads were cracked. Not many people were out and about, which wasn't going to make it any easier catching a ride.
My salvation came in the form of a pickup truck puttering along. All I had to do was step into the street with my thumb raised, making it good and clear that I was needed a ride.


The little horndog predictably slowed to a stop. The wide grin he'd been wearing gradually faded into a look of horror as he pulled his eyes away from my tits and up to my face. He was probably mulling whether it was a better idea to just hit the gas and hope for the best.
"You're not going to leave a girl stranded out here, are you?" I asked.
After a moment of hesitation, he shook his head.

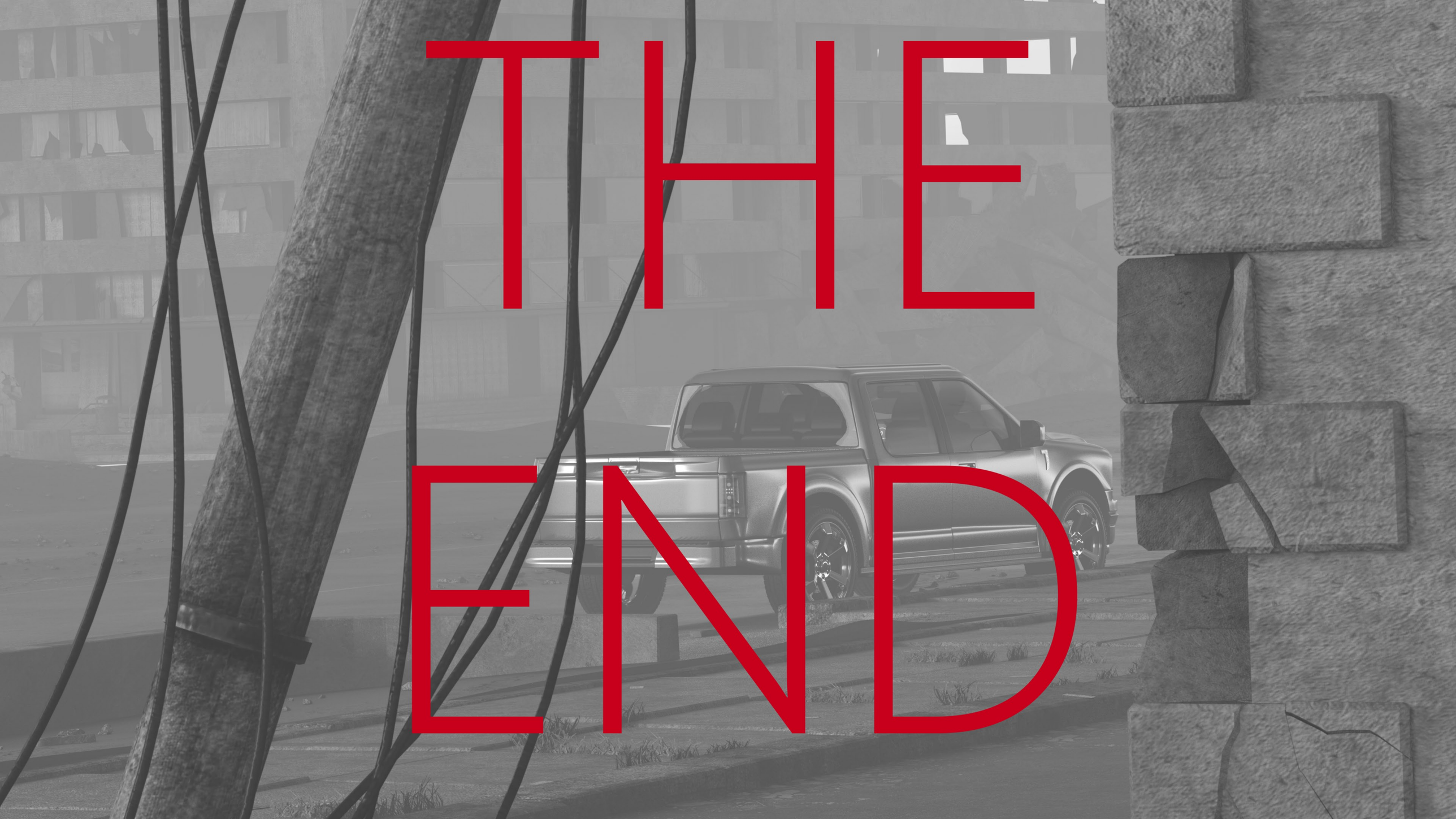


"That's what I thought." I said, offering him a playful wink before stepping inside and onto the passenger seat. The driver kept his eyes ahead at all times, visibly shaking as I got a better look at him. The guy looked like a hick with that scruffy beard and blonde hair. He was looked decent enough, if I'm being honest. And despite his fear I could tell he was stealing glances at me while I made myself comfortable.

"So... Where to?" he asked, doing his best to sound relaxed. He wasn't very convincing.

"California." I told him. "I wanted to go on a little sight-seeing tour."


"California?" He sputtered. "I-That's a pretty big detour from where I was headed! You sure I can't drop you off at an airport or something?"
"Or... You can just drive me there. That won't be a problem, will it?" I said, glaring into the rear view mirror and catching his eye. He cleared his throat, before turning his attention back to the road ahead.
"No. That won't be a problem."


THE
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