
HAZEL
SMASHES THE
WEST COAST
PART 3
CITYNATIONAL BANK
ONE WILSHIRE


REDFIREDOG
EMMAGEAR


I'd like to say I had a restful sleep. A peaceful, calm ride in the back of a car while my loyal driver took me where I wanted to go... but that would be a lie.
Loud, incessant car horns were what woke me from my nap. And I could tell before I even opened my eyes that we weren't exactly moving anymore.


I sat up awkwardly, stretching my arms over my head. As I did I saw drivers in cars nearby gasp as they realized I was completely nude, but that wasn't going to bother me. I wanted answers.
"What's the holdup?"
"Traffic jam." He said. "We're not too far. Only like... half an hour if everyone weren't heading south all of a sudden."


"Is that because of me?"
His eyes looked up at me through the rear view mirror, and he smiled. "Well... Probably. But can you blame them?"
"It's still annoying." I told him with a sigh.


At least the weather's not too bad. Warm, nice breeze. And if we're close then it shouldn't be that long of a wait anyway, right? I can just wait it out. I just have to tune out the shouting. The honking horns. The revving engines. And-
Fuck this.


If I'm going to be conscious, I need a way to pass the time. So I leaned back into the cushy seat, and got straight to something more interesting. The sounds were enough to make my little driver continually glance back through the mirror, and I leaned forward, pushing the seat in front of me down to get closer.


"I'm tired of waiting." I told the driver. "What about you?"

"I..." He began, tensing up as I ran a hand up and down his thigh. "T-There's people all around us. If you give me a couple minutes I can get off at the next exit, and I'm sure we could find a motel or something."

"We could do that." I said, squeezing on something rapidly hardening inside of his pants. "Or I could just grow here."

"But-"


"But what?" I asked, squeezing his stiffening cock. "I don't like to wait, John."
"I-It's Jonah."
"John, Jonah, Yanni. Who cares?" I said, slipping a hand inside of his pants. "When I want something, I get it. You're not going to try and keep this away from me, are you?"
"O-Of course not!" He sputtered. "I just have a little, you know, stage fright. This isn't exactly... You know, normal."


"That only makes it better, doesn't it?" I said, squeezing his rapidly-hardening cock in my fist. "Unless you'd rather drop me off here and end our little game?"
"N-No!" He protested, eyes full of fear. "I... I want this. No going back."
"That's a good boy." I said. "Of course you wouldn't say no to me."


"Does... Does that happen often?"
I smiled.
"No." I told him. "Most people are smart enough to do what I say. Worry from the consequences that could come about from resisting. Not you, though. You're more than okay with what's happening soon, aren't you?"
He looked like he wanted to nod his head, but was torn between my body pressing against his and my fist squeezing his cock tight.


"Look at you. Looking right into the eyes of the woman who's going to turn you into a stain, and begging for more."

"I... I don't have a choice." He whimpered.

"No, but you did." I smiled, leaning in even closer. "You could have spent your last days in a hospital bed, jerking off while you watch my videos. You decided that a day with me was better than a couple years of that bullshit. Isn't that right?"

He didn't want to speak, I could tell. The gravity of the situation now that he was actually face to face with me seemed to make him reconsider... but only for a moment.


"I... I do." He nodded. "You already took everyone else from me. Quality of life can get pretty bad as the disease progresses, and-"

"Yeah, yeah, I know," I said, cutting him off. "You put me to sleep complaining about your shitty life last night. Do you want to spend your last hour alive whining to me like I'm your fucking therapist, or do you want to fuck?"

Jonah wasted no time grabbing the sides of his jeans and pulling them down further.


"At least you're bigger than the last guy who gave me a ride." I said, eyeing his erection for a moment. "This car is kind of cramped, though..."
He responded by trying to push himself up on his feet and angle his cock up further. It didn't make much of a difference...


But it helped.
He gasped when I grabbed hold of both of my tits. He jolted when I dropped them onto his crotch, and he whimpered when his cock sank in between them.


"I don't hear you complaining anymore?"

He shook his head frantically.

"So you like this?" I said, leaning forward just a bit more so he sank even deeper into my cleavage.

"I...-Yes!" He moaned. "I really, really fucking like that."


"Then show me."
His hand was visibly shaking when he brought it between his legs, and grabbed hold of his cock. I could feel the thing vibrating between my tits, which only seemed to make him even more excited.
He took a deep breath, and began to stroke. All the while my tits squeezed and massaged his cock without any extra effort on my end.


His head lolled back in the seat while he moaned. He bit his bottom lip while I pulled back far enough to taste the tip of his cock. He jolted in surprise again, but this time managed to keep his composure.


Good. I liked that. Made it easier to take the entire thing into my mouth. I could tell he was resisting every urge to bob my head up and down, but I probably wouldn't have done anything to stop him if he'd had the balls to take charge. But like most of the guys I fucked, he never did.


Every so often he looked from side to side, trying to find out if anyone had seen anything yet. It was almost cute that he was worried about the potential consequences of someone walking in on what was taking place.
So, naturally, I had to push that further.


"Enough foreplay." I said, pulling back from his cock with a wet pop. "We're doing this."
"I-I've never done it in a car." He said. "Always thought it sounded kind of-"
"Not in the car." I told him, as realization began to dawn on his face.


He still didn't seem to want to make the first move, though. So I made it abundantly clear what I meant by crawling over him so I could make it out first. He gasped when I sat directly onto him, and his cock slid right between my thighs.
"C-Can't we just stay like this? At least for a minute?"
"No." I said, before shoving him aside.


A moment later I pulled the car door open, and stepped out into the street. Even with the roof of the car down it felt like I got a lot more air once I was out onto the street, and I raised my hands over my head and stretched.
"Well?" I said, holding the door open. "You coming, or am I getting started without you?"


That was all the encouragement he needed to jump over the seat and onto the street. While I leaned over the hood of the car he took a moment to pull his pants up, before realizing that wouldn't be necessary. I guess societal norms weren't easy to break.
"A-Are you sure? Isn't that hot?"
"If you ask another stupid question then our arrangement is over. Now get over here and fuck me."


His eyes went wide at the threat, but he followed through as ordered. Taking a deep breath, he slammed the door shut behind him, and took a step closer, seemingly in awe of what was transpiring before him.


"People are starting to notice." I told him. "Best not to waste any more time."
He nodded, and shuffled after me. I could tell the looks of the drivers behind us were getting to him, but not enough to make him stop.


"W-Where do you want it?"
"What did I say about stupid questions?" I asked.
"R-Right! Sorry!" He said, and lined up behind me. I didn't care where he put it, so long as I felt him inside of me. Fast.


He took a moment to rub his cock against my backside, before pushing forward straight into my ass. Inch after inch sank into me, and I couldn't stop myself from flattening my body out over the roof of the car at the sensation of being so thoroughly filled.
"Right... Answer!" I said, which was all the encouragement he needed to push past any pre-existing apprehension.


He started slowly, taking the time to run his hands up and down my body. Probably taking the time to savor the last fuck of his life. It was almost cute how much he wanted this to matter.
"Pick up the pace." I told him.


He did exactly that. His breath caught in his throat while his hips slammed mine into the hood of the car. The entire thing rocked back and forth, and the cars stuck behind us were beginning to take notice. The incessant honking picked up from the little show we were putting on.


Jonah kept up the pace though. He knew what I wanted. I guess it comes with having accepted that today's your last day on earth. If anything, the growing discontent we were causing only seemed to spur him into further action, and I actually felt his palm on my back trying to push me flat against the hood.



"YEAH! THEY'RE JUST... HAVING SEX! OUT IN THE OPEN!"

I pulled myself up to get a look at who was complaining, and wasn't even remotely surprised at what I saw. Woman was the textbook definition of a Karen who, despite apparently being very upset over what was taking place in front of her, didn't once turn or look away.

"Yes! Just... out in the middle of the road! There's a traffic jam so they're not going anywhere, officer!"


"TELL THEM TO GET HERE FAST!" I called out to her. "OR I MIGHT ALREADY BE TOO BIG FOR THEM TO ARREST ME!


The woman narrowed her eyebrows at me in disgust... but only for a moment. Afterwards, a creeping realization set in and she began to stumble backwards in terror. Anyone further behind us was about to find out what's coming up very soon.


"Sounds like we're about to get some visitors." I said, looking back to Jonah. "Might want to pick up the pace if you want your obituary to say you died fucking me, instead of suicide by cop."


That really got him going. He was going to make these moments count, and he made sure I knew that when he grabbed my ass and pounded away with everything he had.
ARX 234


It was time. I wanted to start growing again. I shot up a couple of inches at once, feeling the car sink slightly lower beneath me.


I've done this before. Hell, I practically make a point to do it every time I grow. Normally it takes my little partners a while to realize I'm growing. Sometimes I grow to twice my size before they even start to realize anything's changed.
Not Jonah, though.


He told me he was a fan of mine. That he was obsessed with me. One of those guys with a fetish for growing women. And that was something that became incredibly obvious the moment I'd started growing.


I was only an inch taller when he paused. Just for a moment. Like he just wanted to confirm if what he'd felt was all in his mind, or if I really was growing already.
Then, as if an engine inside of him had started up, he picked up the pace. Faster and more aggressive than I'd ever experienced from a rapidly-shrinking partner. My knees turned to jelly from the relentless assault, and had the car not supported me I'm sure I'd have fallen directly onto the street.


I'd only been growing for about a minute before he'd coaxed an orgasm out of me and I slumped over the rapidly-shrinking vehicle. I needed a moment to catch my breath after, but he kept going. Like a vibrator with fresh batteries installed he wasn't going to stop until his heart popped.


I needed a moment to gather myself after, but it was harder than it seemed. I hadn't stopped growing, and he wasn't slowing down one bit. My heart raced while I clutched the hood to keep myself steady.
ARX 234


"Shit. SHIT! IT REALLY IS FUCKING HAZEL!"
There were screams. Car doors being kicked open so hard they slammed into the cars next to them. Feet running away as fast as they could move.
It was a real mood killer.
NEW YORK
CDF 7866


"Don't you guys want to stick around?" I called out to the people running away. But not a single one of them had it in them to answer, or even better, stay and watch.
Ah, oh well.
CDF 7868


"So much for our audience." I said, turning back to Jonah as he slowed to a stop. "Shame. I was really enjoying that, too."
"I-I can keep going." He said, gripping his cock like it was the only thing keeping him alive.
"You really are something special." I told him with a wink. "Fuck 'em. Get over here."


His cock bobbed in place when I turned around and he could see how much bigger I already was than him. I sat down on the hood of the car, making the entire thing tip forward slightly while spreading myself open for him.
"Well? Get to work."
ARX 234


"I-I... Okay." He said. I suppose this got a whole lot harder when he was more aware of how much I'd grown, and could bury his face right into my tits instead of staring at my back the whole time.
"Make me cum again." I told him. "Or else."


He wasted no time. I didn't even care that he'd just been inside of my ass, I just wanted to feel him get back to work like he had been. It really was the best I'd had in a while.
"I don't think I can..." He began, before I rolled my eyes and slid another inch down the hood.


"Stop wasting my time and-"
Before I could finish the sentence he'd done exactly as ordered. His length popped inside of me effortlessly, and despite our new size difference he was still putting absolutely everything he had into fucking me.


The car rocked back and forth while he pistoned his hips like he had an engine inside of his own body. In no time at all he lost the ability to hold his arms around my waist, and settled on trying to cling to my thighs while speeding up the pace.


"Keep going..." I said, feeling him begin to struggle as I slowly grew further away. "This is what your whole fucking life has been leading up to. Make it fucking count!"

He stopped.
I looked down to see what was happening, only to see that he had placed his feet into the grill for extra height, and slammed his cock back into me so hard I actually collapsed onto the windshield.


Jonah didn't let up. He fucked me like his life depended on it. Like there was a prize waiting for him if he did a good enough job. He looked like a doll sandwiched between my thighs while trying to maintain his balance on top of me.


"I'm going to be fucking huge soon." I told him. "Can you imagine that? Seeing me in person? The size of a fucking flea next to my toes!"
He somehow found within him the energy to move even faster. The entire car was rapidly shrinking underneath me, and he clung to my body like it was the only thing keeping him alive.

But it wasn't long before he was beginning to fall off.
He couldn't grow to keep up with me. His cock was impressive at a normal height, but now that I was longer than the car was... it was rapidly losing potency. He moved faster and more furiously to make up for that, but this was a losing battle.


If I left him to his own devices he'd probably have kept thrusting that tiny cock of his against my lips until he came. He was so absorbed in what he was doing he didn't even seem to notice when I gently pulled him up higher so he could rub his cock directly against my clit.
But once he noticed, he figured out what I wanted real fucking fast.


"KEEP GOING!" I moaned, stretching my legs out. I felt another car press into the bottom of my foot, and I jerked my leg forward to listen to it smash against the barrier in a satisfactory manner.


Jonah was having the time of his life. This really must have been everything he ever wanted and more. I could hear him taking deep breaths of the air around him. His entire lower half rocked up and down to better thrust against me.


"Make me fucking cum." I growled, curling my toes as I felt him find even more energy still to fuck me harder.
His hands grabbed onto my fingers for stability, and I held him in place for a moment, feeling my entire lower body get absorbed in pleasure from his gestures.


"You're almost there, little guy." I teased, pulling him up further. "This is what you wanted, right? Your dreams are coming true, aren't they?"
Suddenly, he screamed. I realized I must have been squeezing his hands just a bit too tight, but that little bit of pain was all it took to feel something small and warm spurt onto my clit.


He fought against my fingers, and pulled against my grasp. I wasn't even trying to hold him in place, but I'd accidentally caused him enough pain that even someone this enthusiastic couldn't maintain an erection.

And that was hotter than anything else to me. An orgasm ripped through me and I screamed so loud it rocked every car in the vicinity on its shocks. All of his loyalty and grandstanding had only granted him a brief moment of respite in the face of a natural disaster.


I lied there for a moment to catch my breath, before looking down once more. Jonah was still between my legs, clutching his broken hands and trying to stay quiet.
I smiled down at him and sat up. From the looks of it I'd grown to about... Fifty feet? Small in the grand scheme of things... but it's a good starting point.


"You."
Jonah looked up while I grabbed hold of his broken hand. He winced in pain while I dangled him between my legs and shook my head. "What did I tell you?"
"I-I made you cum, right?" He said, gritting his teeth between words. "T-That was what you wanted?"
"You were selfish." I told him with a dismissive shrug. "You came before I did... You put yourself before me."
"I-I'm sorry, Hazel! I didn't mean to!" He protested. "It won't happen again!"
"You're right." I said. "It won't."


Before he could respond I flicked my wrist back and sent him flying into the air. I didn't bother checking where. Not like he was going to survive the landing. He got what he wanted out of our little arrangement, and I got to enjoy a ride in the back of his nice car.
I'd say that was a fair tradeoff.


As for the others...
There's a crowd forming nearby. Not to watch or observe, but because there's not many options for them out here. They can keep running away from me down the road and hope they get away, or they can head off road... with nothing out there for them.


So they move slowly. I'm sure some are hoping that I'll just pass over them without noticing. I bet some are even still hiding out in their cars.
But most are abandoning them. And when I make it back onto my feet I can get a far wider view of the area ahead. Dozens of open doors, running engines, and people constantly looking back at me while screaming.


I'm in my element.
Taking a deep breath, I take my first step forward. The soft tarmac sinks under my sole, while the sun bears down on me. This is going to be a very eventful day.
3.0
JAGAR
ARX


It takes no more than half a dozen steps to catch up to the crowd. Close enough now that I have my choice of who to step on first... Do I go for the buff bald guy? The balding schlub? That cutie in the tank top? Or...
Him.


Guy's running as fast as his legs can carry him, but that doesn't mean much when he's wearing shoes more suitable for strutting around an office than sprinting outdoors.
I raised my foot over the guy, happy with my decision. He looks up, and screams when I slam it straight down.


Onto the car next to him.
The frame collapses and buckles in on itself while the shattered windshield sprays glass directly ahead. The man who thought his life was over just now must be thrilled. I wasn't looking at him! I was looking at the car! He had a few more seconds to pull ahead of the pack until-
NEW YORK
CDF 7868
THE EMPIRE STATE


One thing became obvious.
Too obvious to ignore.
I swung my right foot ahead, making sure that there was no room for doubt this time. White shirt had only a moment to scream at the sight of my foot coming down on him.


THOOM
His cries get caught in his throat as everything from the chest down gets liquefied under my foot. He gasps and reaches forward with the last of his strength, even as that nice white shirt of his starts rapidly changing colors.
I scrunched my toes onto his back, feeling a few more pops, before looking ahead again.


Next... The couple?
I hadn't even realized they were together at first. Not like I was paying attention to who ran out of which car while they were far away. But from the way the man had stopped to help the girl along and the way she leaned into him... they were together. They cared for one another. The man wanted to keep his girl safe despite the overwhelming odds of failure.



Cute. I liked that.

I took another step forward, cracking the pavement directly under their feet in the process. They stumbled forward, but gravity quickly won over. The guy kept his balance, but his girl hit the ground. Hard.


The man wasted no time trying to help his woman up. She took her time getting up, and she wasn't being quiet about it either. Maybe she rolled her ankle from the fall. Maybe she broke something. All I can say for sure is he wasn't going anywhere without her. A noble choice.
But a stupid one.


She shrieked more loudly when the shadow of my foot fell over both of them. They'd seen what happened to white shirt. She didn't want that to happen to them, but he wasn't going anywhere without her.



And he wouldn't.

I brought my foot down slowly this time. Slow enough to let them think they had a shot. The man managed to help the woman up onto her hands and knees... before my toes pressed him onto the ground.


"YOU EVIL BITCH!" The woman screamed while her boyfriend struggled to keep himself up. "YOU'LL GET WHAT'S COMING TO YOU! YOU'LL FUCKING PAY FOR-"
I pressed my foot down more firmly. In the blink of an eye the man was lying flat on his chest, trying to crawl out from under my foot. The woman seemed to realize my plan, and gasped.


I wasn't aiming for both of them. I could have, sure. But I wanted to see her reaction to watching her man get turned into pulp under my foot.
He begged her to run, and leave him behind. He spent his final moments telling her to get somewhere else... and then he was gone. Splattered under my foot like countless others. Pressed so deep into the ground that it broke apart under me.


The woman screamed, but did as he asked. She took one last look back at him, but there wasn't anything to see. Just my toes, and the pool of his own remains seeping around them. She ran as fast as her legs would carry her, but it's not like she had a chance of getting out of here.
Metropolitan
KRB-1645


I raised my foot for another step, before another thought crossed my mind.
"He told you to get out of here!" I taunted, pulling my left foot back. "I'll help you out!"


I don't know if she had any idea what was coming, but she certainly couldn't do anything to stop it. Her screams rang out in the air when my foot swung forward like a pendulum, and slammed into the woman's back with a meaty CRUNCH, before sending her flying dozens of yards away with a single kick.


If the kick itself didn't end her, then the landing certainly did. She spun head over heels for a second before just barely failing to clear the overpass, and slamming into it directly. There wasn't any further movement from her... which was expected.
Still a little disappointing though.


Who to go for next though? There's a trio of cute girls up ahead that might be fun. And it looks like a couple more cars had been abandoned so the crowd wasn't getting any thinner.
Actually... Why bother wondering?


When I can take action!
I took another step forward, feeling the ground collapse under my weight. It felt nice, but it lacked the feeling of a body going splat.


The next step lacked that too.
But I was getting closer. They were getting louder. Their fear was growing.


Another step, and my path was suddenly being blocked by an overpass. I looked it over for a moment, wondering if I could step over it. Might be fun to really stretch my legs out for the day ahead...
But I'd rather break it.


I stamped my foot straight down onto the overpass and the entire thing shook from the impact. The cracked road meant the supports were rocking violently from the sudden assault, but they were holding.
For now.


I raised my foot again and stomped it a second time. Clouds of smoke were kicked up from the impact, and I could actually feel my foot crack the supports underneath.
A third stomp was all it took to finish the job. The cars on top skidded to the side and fell into a massive pile of rubble and stone that gathered at my feet. Three stomps to break it.
At this size? Not too bad.


The sounds of the overpass being utterly demolished drew the eyes of the crowd back towards me. Some of them stumbled over themselves in fear, while others only tried to push themselves faster.


Another step halved the distance between us. The little distraction had bought them only a couple of seconds. A completely meaningless boost without wheels to carry them.


"Slow down!" I called ahead. "Let me catch up!"
At least one person fell over himself at the sound of my voice. The rest just kept running... but they were losing steam. Adrenaline is a good motivator, but it doesn't last forever. And I hadn't even gotten started yet.


I looked over my options ahead, and couldn't help but smile. A small group of them were bunched close enough together that I bet I could hit them all at once. A quick tingle ran down my spine while I carefully positioned myself...


And stepped down once again.
The air was suddenly quieter now. All the way out here even losing a couple of bodies did exactly that. Their warm remains seeped through the cracks I'd just made with that casual little step-


While I was lining up the next one.
Only two guys this time. One in a suit, and one dressed casually. I'd bet there's a pretty big fucking difference between those two in terms of how much money they make.


But it all amounts to nothing under my foot. I couldn't even tell you which one crunched nicer. At the end of the day they really are all the same.


Ah, well, there's more people to get to now.
At this point the crowds are running dry, and the road is clearing up. People further back must have taken their chances going off road to get away, leaving these poor unfortunate souls to die.


I'll get to them eventually. A full tank of gas couldn't get them far enough away from me in time.
For now, the last dregs of the crowd are waiting to meet the bottom of my foot.


Squish.
Just like that, they're gone. I took a deep breath at the sensation, and twisted my foot in the remains. There really is nothing like this. You'd think it would get old given how many times I've gone through this same thing before, but no.


"This just gets better and better." I said aloud, body tingling as I raised my foot to look over the messy remains. After taking a moment to wipe my foot back and clean it off, I resumed my little adventure.


Behind me a trail of death and destruction, and a pretty big fucking pileup. I considered heading back to crush those cars in case anyone was smart enough to hide inside of them instead of running out on foot, but I would let it slide.
Up ahead is something far more interesting anyway.


Most of the walk into town was uneventful. A few stragglers here and there, the occasional car who had the misfortune of not knowing I was headed in the opposite direction.
But things really picked up once I was downtown. Every new attempt to stop me was a target to kick over, and the remains of a burning truck behind me filled the air with smoke.


"I TOLD YOU WE COULDN'T STOP HER!"
"JUST FUCKING RUN!"
Two cops were running for their lives in the opposite direction. I'd noticed them earlier, but actually forgot about them. There was no hail of bullets that rained down on me when I approached. No massive concentrated effort to stop me. They just watched from inside of their little car until I got too close, then ran.
鉄道模型
CD·DVD·LD
リバティー
PAY DAY LOANS
PAY DAY LOANS
001
DECKER
SERVE


"Keep running." I warned them, before slapping my foot straight down onto their abandoned car. It flattened into a disk of metal and broken glass in the blink of an eye, and one of the cops actually stumbled from the shaking ground.
鉄道模型
CD·DVD·LD



My next step came over the cops. They were more used to running than the people out on the freeway, but it wasn't like they stood a chance either. All it amounted to was having to stretch my leg forward a tiny bit more to reach them.


SPLAT
Before catching one under my sole. It wasn't exactly clean, that's for sure. He was still sputtering while the ground under him was painted red, and his partner was thrown away from the impact. I guess I'd miscalculated and only narrowly missed his partner.
She was kind of cute, in a very squishable kind of way.
NO PARKING
DVD·LD 1Fリバティー
우 주
컴퓨터게임장
鉄道模型



I swung my foot over the woman who was screaming for her partner... before deciding to move on.

I was in the city now. There's new targets everywhere! Stopping to take care of a random person I'd missed is a waste of time. Not when there's so many more just ahead waiting to meet my soles.

So I ignored her, and moved on. She kept screaming, begging for her partner to wake up... but it got real quiet only a couple of steps later.


I wasn't sure where to go first, really. I always like to try and find some place cool to hit up first, but I'm an awkward size now. Not big enough to see multiple streets over for something cool, but too big for individual people to be worth much more than a quick bit of fun to squish.
It wasn't until I rounded a corner that I spotted something interesting.


The news building. They had that one reporter I liked, Brent something. He had a buttery smooth voice and kept himself fit. All around a looker. I'd thought of visiting him in person before, but hadn't really treated that stray thought seriously.
TkF
TkF


But this had to be fate. Here I was wandering aimlessly and I just so happened to come across his workplace? During work hours? He's definitely covering me, too.
Yeah. I'm going for it.


I gradually began to shrink, when the realization of what I was doing hit me. I almost never shrunk down before I'd finished turning a city into a wasteland. This was new to everyone! Not just me!
LOANS
SARVA
CD-DVD-LD
POLICE

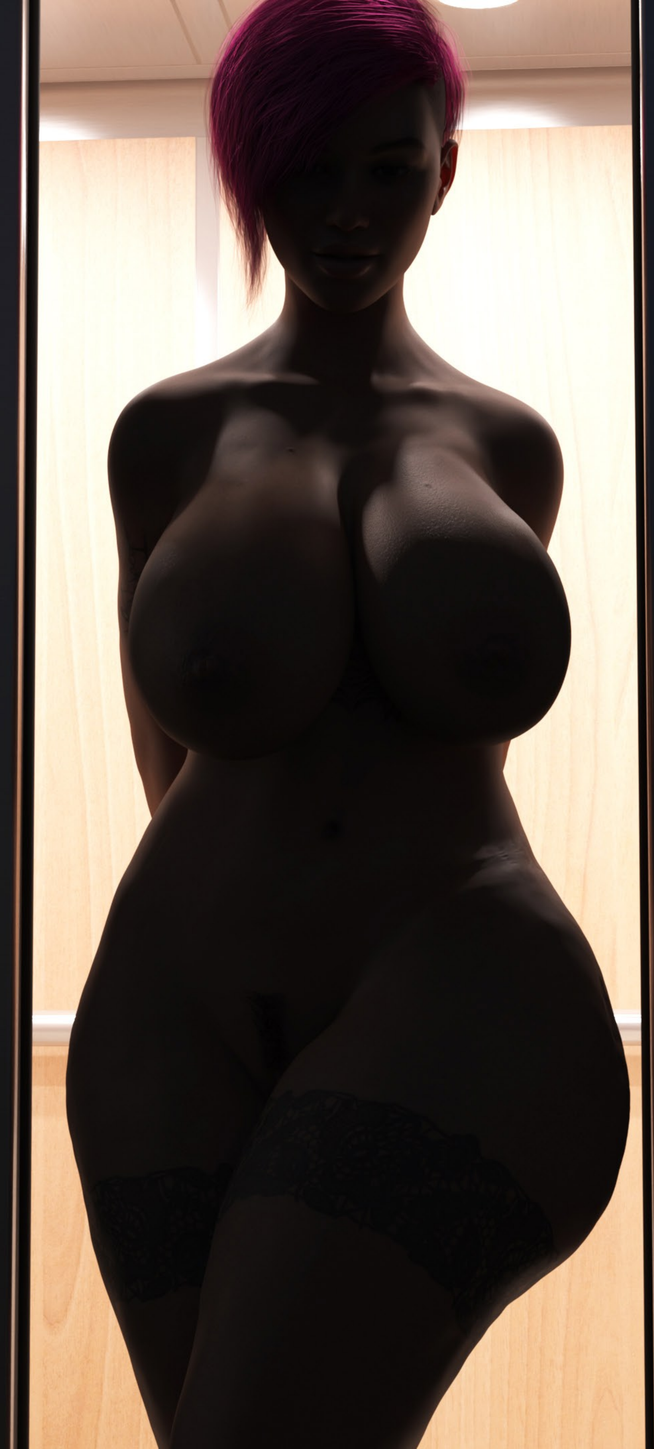

It wasn't long before I was able to walk up to the door, and suddenly felt... kind of strange. I'm not exactly vulnerable at any size, but just walking up to an occupied building completely naked feels odd.
Not so odd I was going to let that stop me, though. Time to pay News Anchor Brent Mayer a little visit.


The floors were warm and plush under my feet. It felt nice. There wasn't anyone on the first floor so I could just stroll up to the elevator and move inside. As I moved up in floors I could hear muffled voices from outside that gradually grew louder until a soft ding signaled the doors opening.
I bet I know exactly what they're talking about.

As soon as the elevator doors opened, I squeezed through. I could already hear him talking.

"To anyone who is watching this, know that it may be my final broadcast."

Oh, it will be. I'll see to that.




"We have now confirmed through security camera footage that Hazel has entered the building as of a few minutes ago. We can't be sure of what she's planning, but there is little hope for our continued broadcast."


"Whatever happens, this has been Brent Mayer, with the latest breaking news."
I watched from behind the camera as he loudly exhaled, and only now seemed to notice me.
NO SIGNAL
PLEASE STAND-BY


"Oh... Oh God. Good afternoon, H-Hazel." He choked out before taking a moment to clear his throat. "I assume you want... You wanted to speak to me directly if you're here like... Like this?"
"I knew I liked you." I said, stepping closer until I was in front of the cameras myself. "I have to say, it's an honor to meet you Brent. Big fan. The biggest, even."
NO SIGNAL
PLEASE STAND-BY
0 : 00 : 00 : 00


"Though... where is the rest of your crew?" I asked, looking back at everyone else in the room. It was particularly empty, though it was pretty obvious why. Everyone still hanging around was probably doing so with the knowledge they wouldn't be making it out alive. A skeleton crew to broadcast the news to the rest of the world until the bitter end.
"Don't stop filming, by the way." I added, stopping to grin. "No matter what. Capture everything."
Leyka Lens
SWITZERLAND
Mag-O-Vision
2000
NRP
PRO


The shaking cameraman nodded, and I stepped closer to Brent, who backed away nervously. But there wasn't much he could do in that regard. This was a studio, not an open office. Only a couple of steps later he was pressed up against the wall while I kept moving closer.


"Why are you so nervous?" I laughed. "I bet you have women coming for you all the time."
"I-I..." He said, before clearing his throat. "I'm a professional. I would never-"
"I'm not asking."


His jaw dropped and he pressed himself flat against the wall behind him.
"You want to... Me?" He asked, appalled at the suggestion. "But... I'm married. I love my wife."


"I know. I've seen her." I said, shrugging my shoulders. "If we had the time I'd have loved to bring her around for a threesome, but I can work with just you." I said.
His breath hitched when he looked at me, and he swallowed audibly.
"I... I don't-"
"You will."


He straightened up. "I... I don't know. I'll-"
He's a good looking guy, but he really does talk too much. I cut him off in an instant by pressing my lips against his, and I could feel his resolve when he refused to kiss me back... for about a second. Then his posture relaxed, and he leaned into me as I was to him.


When I broke off the kiss and turned back he actually stumbled forward a step before catching himself. His eyes were glued to my ass until I grabbed a handful of myself and jiggled it right in front of him.
"I knew you liked me." I smiled.
"That wasn't... You were just..."


"Shut up." I said, moving onto his desk and taking a seat on top of it. "These cameras are still broadcasting, right?'
"They are." He called out. "But you can't just go on camera like th-"
"Of course I can," I said. "Relax, Brent. Just enjoy the time you have left."


"You. Camera guy." I said, watching as he stiffened up from being addressed directly. "Make sure I look as good as possible, okay?"
He opened his mouth to say something, but no sound came out. Instead he frantically nodded, and got into position.
Mag-0-Vision 2000
NRP PRO
MASTER
AUX
BAND-1

"Good." I smiled. "What's up LA! I'm sure you all know who I am, so I'll skip the boring introductions. I'm going to fuck this city into the ground pretty soon, so smoke 'em if you've got 'em."

There was a sharp gasp from Brent behind me. Poor guy. I bet some part of him thought that maybe I wasn't going to wipe out the city when I'd entered the building... and that little bit of hope had just been snuffed out.

"Now lower the camera."




The man operating it did exactly that, getting a view that I'm sure would be too much for any network if the rules applied in a situation like this.
"Get in closer." I ordered. "I want my pussy to fill that entire fucking frame."


The man behind the camera obliged without a word. I watched the monitor's display back to see exactly what was being shown in detail. He kept going until every individual line on my pussy was being broadcast in high definition on live TV.
"Look at this. Get a good, long look." I said, leaning closer to the camera. "I bet you all think you're special, don't you? Spending your stupid little lives in boring monotony. Starting families, going to work, and never amounting to anything... Until the day I come to visit."


I sighed, and leaned back on the desk. "Burn this image into your mind. All of you. This is the last thing you're going to see. It's what's going to end your lives. My pussy is your fucking God, and I care more about getting off than all seven billion of you."


"F-Five billion." Brent corrected me. He had a lot of nerve interrupting my speech, but now I was curious.
I looked back at him. "Holy shit, seriously?" I asked. "Shit, how the hell did I do all that?"
He looked at me solemnly. "Last July, you went to China... then India..."
"Oh shit, I blacked that whole week out," I said, chuckling to myself. "Fuck, my pussy is the grim fucking reaper. Sooner or later, it's going to get all of you. So enjoy, and wait for your turn."
Leyka Lens


I smiled, and kept my eyes on Brent. He nervously looked away, but I drew his attention back to me with a single command.
"You're up." I said. "Show the world what you're working with."
He swallowed audibly, then shuffled forward. He looked nervous, which was rather unlike him... but I guess my little speech hadn't done much to help his nerves.


"Calm down." I ordered when he made his way in front of me. "It's just sex."
"I... Do I have to?" He asked.
"No. You could just run for it, and hope for the best." I said with a dismissive shrug. "But the whole world would see what a weak little bitch you are. And then they'd blame you, when I fuck the city a dozen times harder. "


He stepped forward. "I... I'll do it. But I'm not exactly, you know, ready. You're putting me under a lot of pressure."
"You're right. I'm sorry." I said solemnly. "Let's clear up any confusion then. Pussy or asshole?"
"E-Excuse me?"


"That question had two answers, and that wasn't one of them." I said, shaking my head. "Let me guess. You're soft, aren't you?"
He didn't answer, but I could see the shame in his eyes.
"Fuck it. How good are you with your tongue?"
His face turned red.
"Get going." I said, placing a hand on top of his head and guiding it downward.


I shoved his head down between my legs. He just knelt there, looking up at me.
"What are you waiting for? Get started."


He didn't need any more coercing. All that resistance just melted away once he was face to face with God itself. His tongue was slow at first, before he dove deep between my legs to make sure I felt everything he was capable of.
And I have to say... He was impressive. That silver tongue of his could put in some work.


I could gradually feel myself begin to grow, and the desk started to creak under me. I had... maybe a couple more minutes before I grew out of here. At most.
"You." I said, pulling myself away from the pleasure to address the producer still in the room. "What are you doing?"
"I-Should I be doing something?" The woman asked. "Anything you want, and I-"
"I want you to keep watching." I told her before flashing a smile. "And if you like the show... Don't be scared to touch yourself, too. Make these last minutes count."


I looked back down to Brent whose effectiveness was rapidly shrinking away the larger I got. I pushed his face deeper into my pussy, before looking back at the cameraman.

"Still broadcasting?"

He nodded quickly.

"Good. This has been Hazel, reporting live! I'd like to thank Brent Meyer for his years of service during our final broadcast."


A moment after I said that, the desk collapsed underneath me, and Brent yelped in surprise.
The shocked scream felt good, and it mixed well with the surprised shouts from the others still in the room.


"So Brent, do you... Have anything to say... to the viewers?"
He didn't answer. Or maybe he did, and his words were devoured by my pussy.


No way of knowing. And I was so enamored with my growth I wasn't going to take the time to find out. A sudden jolt on top of my head threw me out of my reverie when I realized I was big enough now to reach it while sitting down, and had to lean forward.


"Thanks for everything... Brent!"
His hands tried to stop me from forcing his body into my pussy entirely... but it was a pointless endeavor. One second he had his face buried between my folds licking away for all he was worth... and the next he was nothing more than a pair of legs kicking wildly.


"I hope you got all that..." I said. "Because... I want to watch this footage back later!"
The room was quickly growing cramped. The ceiling above me was being squeezed open while my feet dragged across the floor and I could see the camera tilt upwards to capture every second of this.



I took a deep breath and moved myself into a better position, only to be greeted with a pained cry and the sound of something heavy smashing into the ground.

Cracking one eye open, I was almost disappointed to see that I'd inadvertently pushed the massive camera open while growing. The brave operator didn't abandon his post until the bitter end, leading it to fall onto him and cave his chest in.


A bit disappointing. I'd have liked to crush him myself.
I tried to straighten up again and felt the ceiling shake and bend above me. I took one last look at this little studio, and at the producer who was running away in sheer terror.
"Enjoy the show...!" I announced.


Then I pushed up. Hard.
The ceiling flexed as much as it was able... before breaking apart in a shower of debris and smoke. With my head free I took a deep breath of the fresh air outside, enjoying the view of the city once again.


I grew faster, and the building was rapidly losing the fight against me. More cracks formed on the outer façade and windows broke as I pulled both my arms and legs out into the open, and the entire rooftop exploded around me.


I took a deep breath, feeling the air fill my lungs... which made the floor underneath me collapse.
I dropped what felt like an inch, before hitting the floor underneath me. A second later that floor broke apart too, and I was on a one-way trip to ground level, pancaking every single floor in the building in the process.


My fat ass cushioned the fall onto the hard ground itself, and sent huge clouds of smoke outward in every direction. I took a moment to brush myself off after the fun bit of destruction, watching as various bits of camera equipment and studio props fell from me and to the streets.
CD·DVD·LD
SALE 75%


Growing through a building from the inside felt nice. I sat there for a moment really enjoying the sensations while Brent's final moments inside of me were fading into little more than a distant memory.
ONE WAY
NO PARKING


Just like... the rest of this fucking city would be soon.
I couldn't help it. I didn't want to slow down now that I was free. Didn't want to get up. I wanted, no, NEEDED to fucking cum again, and I didn't care about whoever suffered in the process.
ONE WAY
NO PARKING


Chunks of rock and shards of glass rained around my body onto the ground around me. I could hear the sounds of people beginning to realize that I hadn't left when I'd vanished. They were hoping they had survived the encounter. They were wrong.
And that was hotter than anything else.


An orgasm rippled through my body. A small one. Not as potent as the one earlier with that German guy... but big enough to satisfy me for the moment. I took a deep breath after, really feeling the mild breeze run over my body... and got my bearings once more.
新創作
WARNING!
PRIVATE PROP


The question was, where to now?
Anywhere was a possibility at this size. I could more easily see over rooftops at the thin lines of ants running away. There were some mildly interesting landmarks. Some fun looking buildings... and then I spotted the freeway.
Similar to the one I'd taken to get here it was jam-packed with cars. Gridlocked as they tried to escape, but unable to do so. Like fish in a fucking barrel.


I had to pay them a visit.
Stepping over the boundary and onto the choked lanes of traffic sent a wave of terror through the trapped people. Engines revved as they tried to squeeze their way through gaps far too small for them, but it was pointless.
They knew they were fucked, and they weren't too happy about that.


"Where are you guys going?" I asked. "The fun's right here!"
They responded with... something. I couldn't exactly tell what. A mixture of wails and horns and engines and screams and threats and all manner of aggression. None of it reached my ears, but even if it had it wouldn't have stopped what was coming.
"Well, as long as you're here... maybe you can help me with something."


The earth shook and a huge wave of dust fell over the cars in the front of the pack when I dropped to the ground. I looked even bigger this close up to them, I'm sure. One thing to see me standing tall. Another to see me taking up the entire view ahead with nowhere else to look.
"See, I haven't had much to eat today..." I began, watching as fresh looks of horror dawned on my trapped little playthings.


I didn't need to finish that sentence. My intent was obvious. They took the chance to abandon their cars and run, filling the streets with tasty-looking bodies. I'd have liked to be pickier with my meal... but at this size that was just a waste of time.
Eating people one by one is for a smaller Hazel. At this size? It's all about grabbing as many as I can at once...


And scooping them up with little care.
Maybe some of them were ugly, or undesirable. But it was worth it to grab a fuckin' handful at a time. So many that some of them actually slipped out from my grasp and fell while I lifted them into the air.

They were the unlucky ones. To get to be so close to me, but only for a moment. Never making it to their final destination. Never getting to be a part of ME. Not being allowed to feed and nourish this body that's the envy of all.

But most survive the trip.


Others almost make it. They get all the way up to my mouth... only to bounce right off my tongue and fall to their deaths anyway. Now that's gotta feel bad.
But most make it in just fine. Their bodies pepper my tongue where they near-instantly get mired in my saliva, while a couple of cars make the trip too. I don't care. I don't discriminate.


Calories are calories, and I need to eat to live. A couple dozen lives in exchange for me getting to live another day? I can't imagine a better tradeoff.
I hardly even have to swallow to get them all down. A lot just make it on their own, while gravity takes care of the rest.


It's far from a meal, but it's a start. Something that I'm sure most of the people still running figure out when I turn around and look down on them once again. Some keep looking back in the hopes they've gotten far enough, but most are just running straight ahead with their eyes on the prize.


What that prize is I couldn't tell you. There wasn't a fucking thing waiting for them up ahead, while all the fun was directly behind them!
Nevertheless, I slammed a hand down onto another segment of the crowd and snatched up as many bodies as I could manage. Cars squeaked and windshields shattered when I brought them all together...


And swallowed another mouthful.
The tingling sensation that comes from people fighting for survival is like nothing else. The warmth resonates through my body while I send them away once and for all.


"You really do taste better when you're scared." I kindly informed the people still running. Figured it was something they'd like to know. Maybe in their last moments they could die fulfilled, knowing that they amounted to something.


"But I think I've had enough to eat for now."
Some heads turned at the declaration. Others didn't. I watched them flee for a minute longer just to see how much further they could go... before rising up onto my knees and turning around.


"Keep running...!" I taunted, making sure my ass eclipsed the sun for the captive audience. "Maybe you'll make it!"
They grew louder. There was fighting now. People were doing whatever it took to avoid a crushing end beneath my fat ass...


But it didn't matter.
I could've lowered myself slowly, and really let it sink in, but there's something so exhilarating about letting gravity handle everything. I simply relaxed my posture, and just like that I was falling ass-first to the ground.


CRAAAAAASH
Dozens of people were pulped in the blink of an eye. Just as many cars were flattened into disks. A cocktail of blood and gasoline spread underneath me while being swept away from my momentum.


And those were just the ones that I landed on directly.
Dozens more were launched into the air from the impact of my ass landing just behind them. The displaced wind carried them further, higher into the air to make sure that their landing would not be a peaceful one. A second later and they smashed into each other. Against other cars. Against the freeway.


Fuck this felt good. REALLY good.
I relaxed, and looked at the section of the crowd unfortunate enough to be trapped. I was ahead of them now, and behind them was the mess I'd kicked up from crawling through the crowd earlier.


They were mine to do with as I pleased, and they should be grateful. They got to gawk at MY body. To experience me fully up close, and have all of my attention focused on them.
But they didn't appreciate that. Tiny people never do.


They ran the moment I'd reached a hand for them, but it didn't amount to a fucking thing. My fingers still crashed into the street itself, scooping up everything caught underneath me. They still fought my fingers in the vain hopes that they would be the one person, unlike thousands, if not millions before them, to break free of my grasp.


Naturally, they failed.
I didn't care to be gentle with them. I wanted to fuck myself silly, and I needed warm bodies for them. My fingers pushed the people I'd gathered inside of me, and their movements sent me into a fucking frenzy.


I grew.


I hadn't expected it, to be honest. I was only trying to get off, but every time I do... this. Every time I grow, sacrifice a city to my whims, and enjoy being all-powerful... it gets a little harder to break the association.


At some point I don't think I'll be able to anymore. I get horny, I get big. There won't be a separation. I won't be able to get off at normal sizes anymore.


That feels like it could be a problem in the future.


But that's a problem I WANT to have.


Nothing feels this good. Ever. I couldn't tell you how many people I've fucked at any size, and how many makeshift toys I've employed. It all works on some level...


But none of it compares to the sheer ecstasy that GROWING gives me.


Feeling the world shrink around me. Nothing that the dry, crumbling sensations are homes and buildings. Workplaces, banks, trendy spots.

None of it fucking matters.

If my toes want to be in that spot, they'll fucking make their way in. All the security in the world can't stop me when I'm this big. I just press my foot flat into the ground, and drive it straight into crowded buildings. And that's just my feet.

My pussy is sopping wet while I imagine filling it all over again.




The people I'd just fed to it are long gone. Either smeared by my fingers, or crushed inside of me. An orgasm runs through my body... but it's a small one. Something to tide me over.


But the big one.
The really, REALLY big one... is still to come.
My skin is still tingling when I pull my soaking fingers away from my pussy and drop my hand onto parts of the city. LA is fucking tiny in comparison, now. Buildings are barely as tall as my feet are long, and even sitting down I utterly dwarf every single thing in the city.
I have to see how big I really fucking am.


Taking a deep breath, I pushed myself up onto my feet.
The earth itself protests my movements. Something as big as I am isn't supposed to be mobile, and the ground itself breaks apart under my every gesture. I don't fucking care. I want to stand, and the consequences of my decisions will never affect me.
The air this high up is thinner, and I curled my toes into the city I had settled on top of. I watched it all from this high up for another minute, just to take in as much of the city's terror as I could...


Then I raised a foot to take a step.
I knew what it would feel like. There's no chance that a city would suddenly feel different to be stepped on... but that didn't mean I wasn't going to do it. That didn't mean I was suddenly against crushing people.


If anything, I just thought of how wonderful the sight must be for the people underneath me. I take good care of every damn part of me, and they'd get to see that from an angle that only they can appreciate.
It's slow going at first. Just to make sure that everyone about to be stepped on is aware of what's about to happen so they can prepare for the inevitable.


Some are probably saying their prayers, saying goodbye, making sure that they do anything they still had time to before time is up.
Then my foot falls. The sky is blotted out entirely. Gusts of wind must be rushing past as I push down enough air to rival a tornado, whipping cars and people alike off the ground while apartment complexes and smaller businesses can only await the inevitable.


My foot brushes against some of the taller buildings. All it takes is a little brush, and they collapse in an instant. I barely even register it. Just a faint tickling sensation against my foot.


To them, it's like the end of the world. Watching the moon itself fall out of the sky and fall straight for them at speeds they can't possibly do a thing about.
For me, it's like stepping in sand. My toes sink into the ground, and a small puff of smoke is kicked up from the effort. A dozen buildings are wiped out, and the street cracks for a half-dozen blocks around.


If I stopped there it would be discussed for years. A kind of generational disaster that most people would never forget or want to see replicated.
Too bad for them I had places to be... and it was going to take more than one step to reach downtown.


I didn't stop to think about the tiny people anymore. It was a fun distraction, but only to imagine what I looked like from their perspective. It's part of why looking at the videos people take afterwards is so enjoyable. Seeing myself from angles I'd never even conceived by people whose world was quite literally falling apart around them was...
Fuck.
I clenched my toes with this next step, sending an electric jolt up my leg... before continuing the walk.


It only took one more to reach downtown. The cluster of buildings was rather impressive from a literal standpoint, even if none of them were tall enough to clear my knee.
My options were limitless, and I considered them all carefully.


Or, I started to.
But at the end of the day, when you're built like I am...
CITY NATIONAL BANK
ONE WILSHIRE


Sometimes you just want to feel things break apart under your tits.
Getting onto all fours was easy, if devastating for LA as a whole. After that, all it took was a swing of the hips and my tits were like twin cannonballs. Only a whole hell of a lot bigger and packing far more destructive force.
ONE WILSHIRE


The buildings they slammed into practically dissolved, only barely managing to slow down their momentum. Floors broke apart and collapsed under my nipples. I had to actually bite my lip to stop from moaning too loud, while massive spires of smoke billowed up through my cleavage.


I held my position for a moment, watching as the debris rained down from my chest. Smiling at the sight of buildings reeling and collapsing from my playful gesture.
Then I dropped to the ground. Tits-first.


Thousands of lives were snuffed out in the blink of an eye, and dozens of occupied buildings were sacrificed at the same time. Another jolt of pleasure ran through my body, and I squeezed my thighs together to better ride it out.



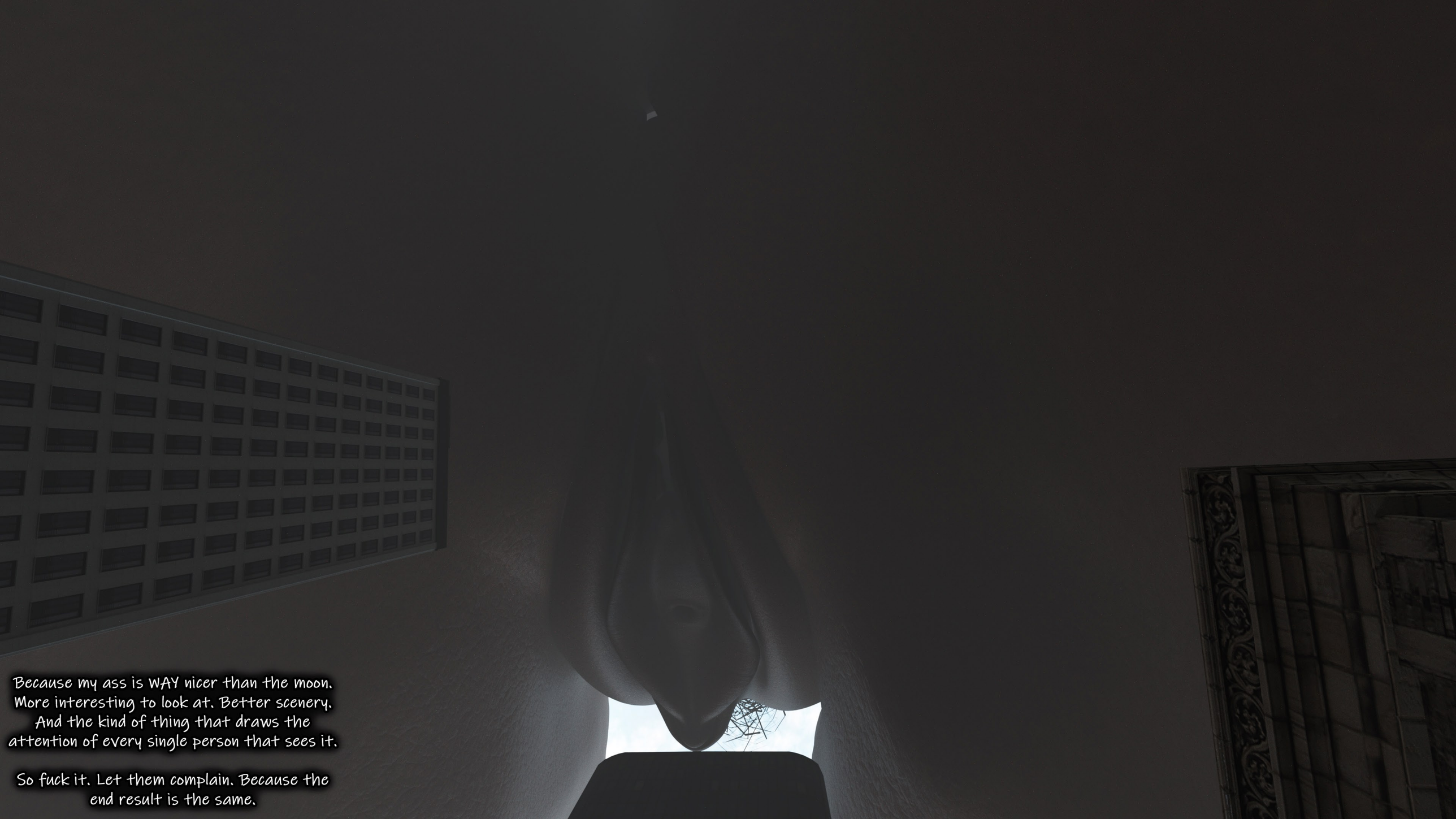
Anyone still alive down there must have been having the time of their lives. To be within touching distance of the greatest pair of tits humanity has ever seen? You'd have to be a fool not to take advantage of it.


The cushion of buildings and tarmac was oddly relaxing. So much so I briefly considered taking a nap where I lie... but I resisted the urge and pulled myself back up to my knees.
Sleeping while I'm big is... annoying. Sometimes bad things happen. Sometimes people organize an evacuation. Sometimes I accidentally grow in my sleep and nearly wipe out an entire hemisphere.
I'll rest when I'm done.


There was still plenty of fun to be had with LA after all! I pushed myself back up to my feet and presented my ass to an untouched segment of the city.


They knew what was coming.
And I was more than happy to deliver it straight to them.


Watching my ass fall has to feel like a world-ending threat to the people below. I've seen footage of it before. Heard people scream that it was like the moon was falling out of the sky. Personally, I think that's kind of insensitive.


Because my ass is WAY nicer than the moon. More interesting to look at. Better scenery. And the kind of thing that draws the attention of every single person that sees it.
So fuck it. Let them complain. Because the end result is the same.


The tallest buildings make contact with my skin first, and break apart near-instantly. I always wonder if there's someone far down there hoping that this is the time that my ass will be stopped by a tall building. Maybe someone delusional enough to think that some particular skyscraper out there is sturdy enough to stab into my ass instead of crumble under it.
I'd hate to be that naïve.


BOOOOOOOM
Again, I felt hardly an ounce of resistance from my movement. The ground simply broke apart and the resistance the buildings provided didn't slow me down in the slightest.


Even the ground itself broke apart from the impact underneath me. I sank deep into the ground after, while debris nearby naturally flowed closer.
PAY DAY LOANS
PAY DAY LOANS


Nothing had survived under my ass. Not the people. Not the buildings.
Not even the debris.
It had all been completely annihilated. Utterly destroyed. Unable to maintain its form under my overbearing presence.


And that was hot.
It always was.
And I prayed it always would be.


I get off on being so fucking dangerous to these fucking germs. To being the thing they fear more than anything else. Fuck wars, or alien invasions, or whatever other bullshit used to scare people.


Now the entire planet shares the exact same fear.


What if Hazel gets horny when she's nearby?


FUCK!
My entire body shivered. I had to stop for a moment to catch my breath after a growth spurt I'd hardly even realized was happening until I opened my eyes again.


The sounds of my fingers sliding in and out of my pussy were deafening. Being too close would have probably simply vibrated people to death. And being further away would pop eardrums. Shatter windows. All just from me finger-fucking myself. Not even targeting them directly.


All... Because...


I'm so... Fucking...


BIG!


My expanding ass spread over thousands more minuscule people. Even the buildings that had been as tall as my shins just a minute ago were like insects now. Small little specks around my ass and pussy that could be devoured whole and without a single thought.

I imagined doing exactly that. Lying on my back, and sprinkling the entire fucking population. Millions of people all at once begging for someone to come save them... before I squeezed them all inside of me like an industrial press.
My pussy clenched tight around my fingers, and I tried, but ultimately failed to hold myself back from screaming in pleasure. A pleasure so potent it drove those nearby mad and made others realize how hopelessly little they mattered when my pleasure was at stake.


After a moment to catch my breath I take a look over the section of the city I'm sitting in again. The suburbs are nearby and they're massive, sprawling out in every direction. This whole city is just so unreasonably big the more I look at it.
Makes me feel like I've kind of been wasting my time.


I'd already turned downtown into a crater. The interesting parts of the city were already smashed under my ass cheeks. I could have just called it a day, and maybe I should have... except for one little thing.
My pussy wants more. It always wants more... And it gets what it wants.


At this size it would probably take me hours to crush it all into the ground. Hours! I don't have that kind of fucking time. I have places to be. One in particular should be to the east from here...
Fuck it. I'm not done growing yet.


After taking a moment to wipe some sweat away from my brow I take a step forward. A casual one, with no real aim in sight.
At ground level it's like a nuke just went off. My foot is more dangerous than any manmade weapon, and the speed at which I can take a step means it's a thousand times more dangerous as well.


I watched the smoke around my feet for a moment, feeling more electric tingles run through me. Fuck. I love seeing myself from the tiny people's perspective after a visit to the city... but the view from all the way up here is something special.


I kept my focus down on the ground, watching my toes while I slipped a hand between my legs. I wanted to see myself grow. I paid good money for a pedicure before coming here. I wanted to see all that work demolish everything underneath me.
I exhaled, and took a deep breath. I focused as best I could-


And grew way, way fucking faster than I intended.
That had to be like, triple my size in the blink of an eye! Images of myself crushing an entire continent beneath one foot flitted through my mind. I thought of satellite images capturing the entirety of planet earth, with one of my footprints taking up half the surface...


But I just as quickly pushed those thoughts aside, and tempered my growth.


I had to pace myself. Not out of any desire to spare these fucking germs...


But because I could only crush them once. If this planet goes to shit, I can't do much else.


So until I find some fucking... aliens or something, I have to keep my impulses under control. A city here and there, a small town when I feel like it. Maybe, just once, a hemisphere...


But it can't be a regular thing. Even if it is unbelievably fucking hot to see my foot bulldoze millions of lives in an instant.
Fuck.


I watched my foot spread across the landscape, consuming much of the city in an instant. I held my breath, but the air was thin this high up, and gradually raised my foot to watch thousands of tons of dirt and stone rain onto the footprint I'd just created.


This wasn't even the biggest I'd ever been.
But any time I can look down and see the clouds at no higher than my shins is a good size. It made it difficult to see the city underneath me, but I could see enough to know one thing.


My ass would be a thousand times more devastating than just standing still would be.
Even moving into position sent a rumbling through the earth. The clouds were blown away from my every movement, and huge dust storms were kicked up from the slightest twitch of my toes on the earth.

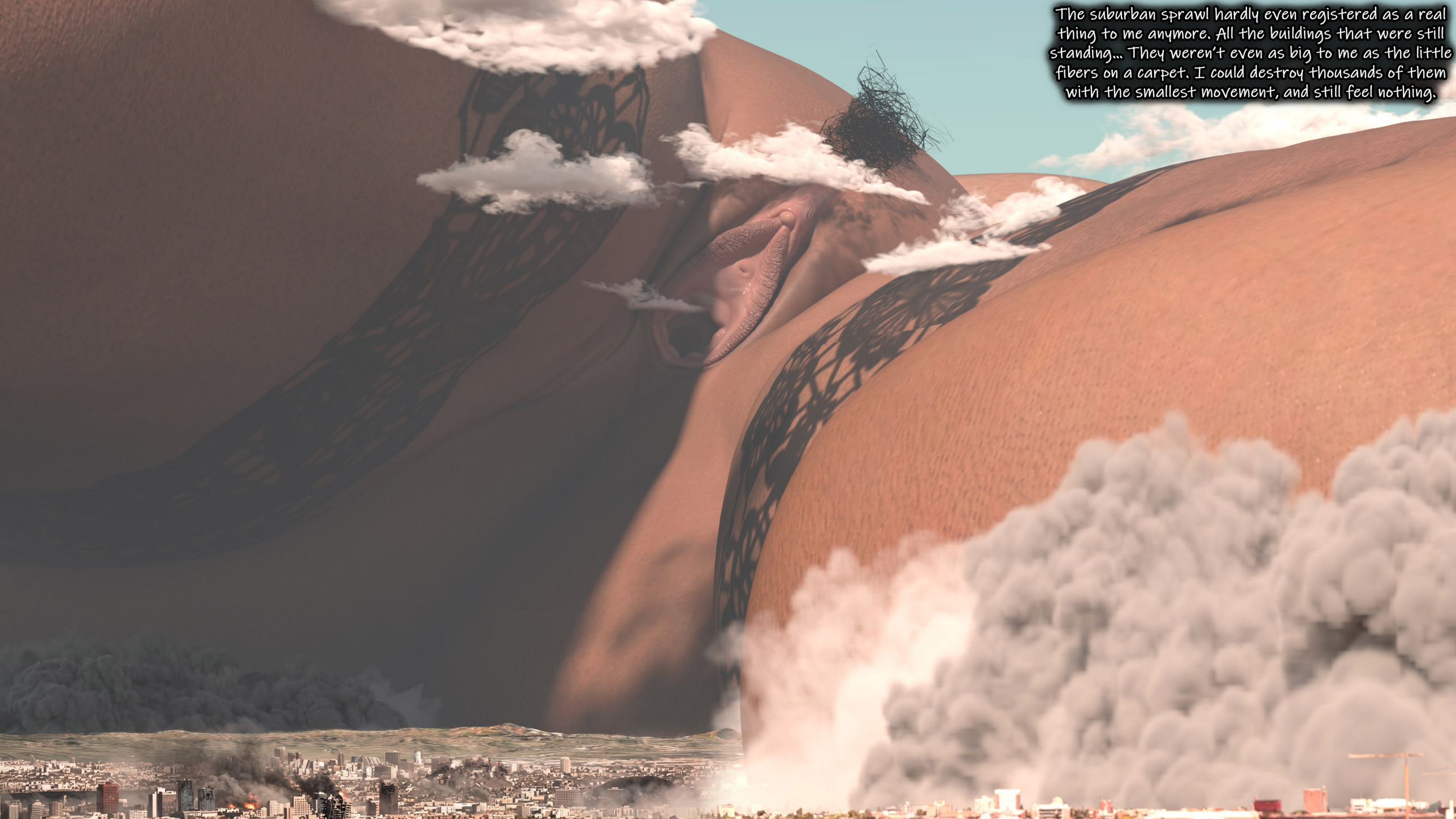

I could only imagine how many people were staring up at me in terror. Millions of little microbes, about to be wiped out by one giant ass. Hoping, or praying, that I wouldn't sit down. The thing is, though... I don't really care about germs.


But none of that compared to the devastation wreaked by dropping my ass straight onto the city.
There wasn't anywhere safe. I weighed so much at this size that I sank into the crust of the earth itself, eliminating any potential gaps those microscopic perverts could attempt to hide in.


At this size I was all-encompassing. Not a single fucking centimeter of the city was spared under my ass.


And when I made myself comfortable by laying on my side... I only amplified that damage a thousand times over. When tits flopped onto the ground they sent shockwaves for miles around, and when I stretched my legs I could feel my toes rip through still-untouched segments of the city.


But... That's when it began to set in.
Boredom.
Maybe that's my fault, but every rampage comes to a point where I get to be too big. I keep wanting to push myself bigger every time I grow... but logic consistently wins out. The end result is a malaise.


The suburban sprawl hardly even registered as a real thing to me anymore. All the buildings that were still standing... They weren't even as big to me as the little fibers on a carpet. I could destroy thousands of them with the smallest movement, and still feel nothing.


I could take my time wiping out more parts of the city. Pressing my fingers into densely-populated segments and wiping away thousands of lives. I could try and position my nipples over landmarks and crush them flat, or sprinkle cities and buildings between my toes in the hopes of some exciting footage to surface after the fact.
But I really just wanted a change of scenery.


I'm thinking I've spent too much time on the west coast. The flyover states don't seem like they'd be that interesting either, but maybe I'm forgetting something? Maybe I could pay Mount Rushmore a visit and squish all those old guys? Or is that too far away?


Step after step through endless, bland desert didn't seem to be amounting to anything... until I spotted something unusually dark. It was little more than a speck in the middle of a particularly large city, but after I focused a bit on it I realized what I was looking at.
A pyramid.
BLUE MAN GROU


My heart sank into my stomach, but only for a split-second. No, of course I hadn't somehow ended up in Egypt. This had to be... Vegas!
Obviously, I had to get a closer look.


Something that I'm sure the locals didn't appreciate one bit when I made my entrance into the city. A massive section of the suburbs vanished in an instant when I stepped down on it, but it was a necessary sacrifice in the name of getting a better look at the microscopic city.
VENETIAN


It's no wonder I hadn't noticed it. In the middle of the day it looked... well, kind of boring. Aside from the landmarks like that pyramid and the sphere, it was pretty nondescript. Almost disappointing.


That disappointment made me want to wipe it out... but that wasn't being very fair. This city came alive after the sun set and it would glow bright enough to be seen from space.
And... truth be told.
I've always wanted to visit.


After I discovered this little ability of mine I've taken advantage to go... well, pretty much everywhere I could think of. Sometimes to wipe them off the map, but other times just to relax, knowing that I could do whatever touristy nonsense I wanted. Never here, though.
At least, not that I can remember. I have visited some places when drunk before... and some of them don't exist anymore. And... Fuck it.


Why not?
I could use a vacation at normal size. Fucking a city and wiping millions off of the census is great and all, but so is garlic bread. And I can't get that when I'm so big humans are the only viable form of sustenance.
It didn't take much to get a room at a particularly expensive hotel. It also wasn't difficult to get a pool to myself to relax in, so I could be waited on hand and foot.


The sound of clacking heels woke me from my little daydream, and I smiled at the woman who was walking closer. She was cute. I can see why she was hired.
"Is that for me?" I asked, looking her over. She seemed to shiver at the statement, but nodded. Of course, that much was obvious. The moment I'd made myself known the hotel had essentially been evacuated outside of the workers... which only made it a lot more relaxing.


"Y-Yes ma'am." The woman said. "The house special, as you requested." She moved the drink closer to me, but when my fingers crushed against hers she jerked her hand back so hard she nearly spilled it all over me.
Probably a good thing for her, and this entire fucking building, that she didn't.
"Is there anything... Anything else I can do for you?"


I smiled. "What did you have in mind?"

"I can get you... a meal?" The woman asked.

"No thank you. I already ate." I told her, before taking a sip of my drink. "But... you look hungry."

She tilted her head in confusion.


And a minute later, she was eating me out. And eating damn good, if I could say so. Maybe it's the fear driving her to do a damn good job, or maybe she's just fantasized about this.
Probably the former... but I can't rule out the latter.
Regardless, she was worshiping my pussy with everything she had in her. She hadn't even bothered to change out of her uniform before getting to work, and the little squeaks she made when I tightened my thighs around her neck were cute.

I leaned back on my cushion, and sighed. Her hands wrapped around my thighs so she could get more leverage, and I loosened my grip on her skull to allow her greater access.
This is the life. This is what a woman of my status deserves. A whole fucking harem of men and women alike waiting on me hand and foot. All utterly disposable, like the rest of the planet's population.


This whole fucking planet is my plaything at the end of the day, and everyone living on it is either a future slave, or a future stain. And it feels damn good to be me.


END OF PART 3
MAX SIZE: 50 MILES TALL

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