HAZEL'S FIRST SMASH PART 2

REDFIREDOG

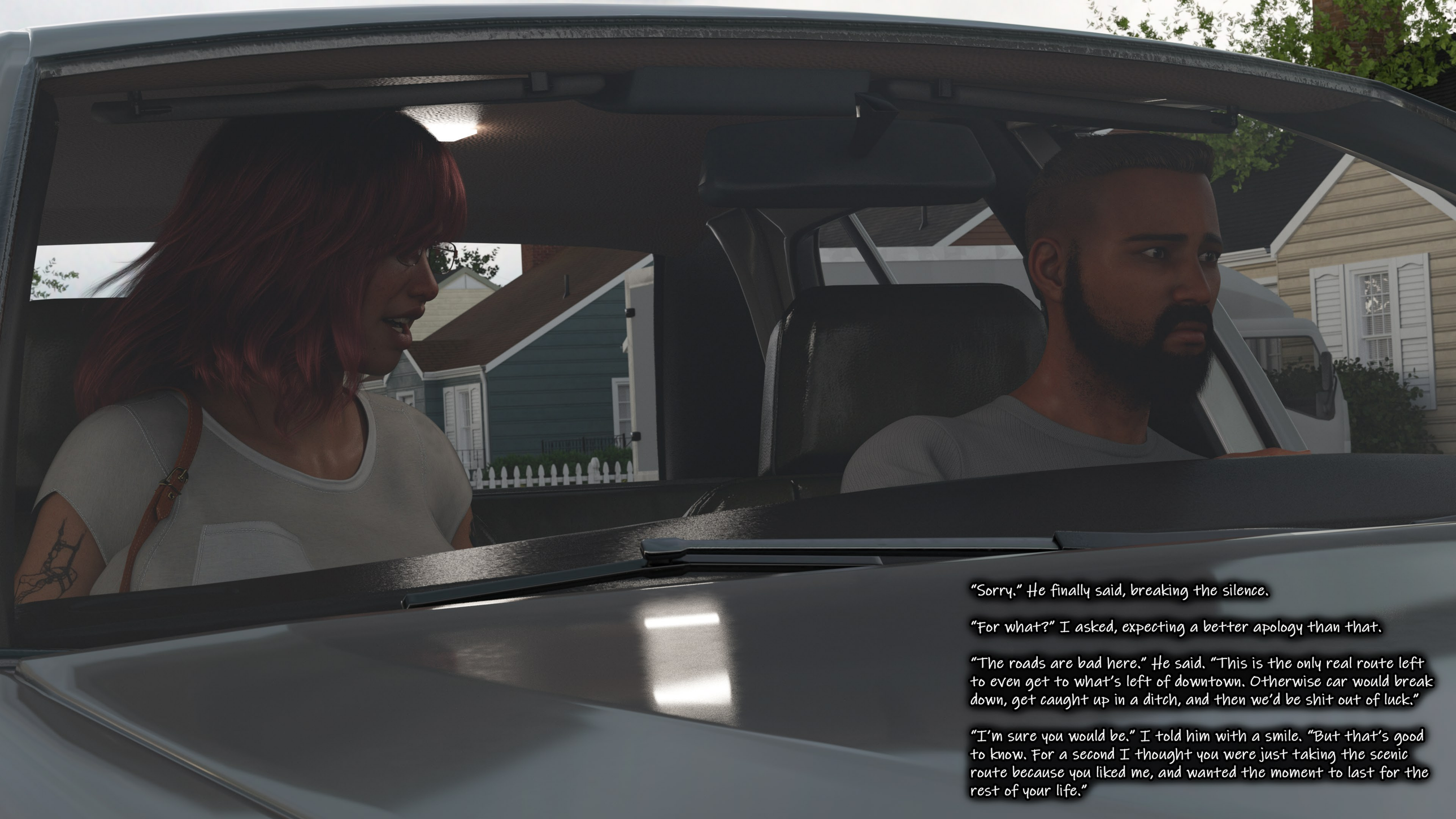
EMMAGEAR

I looked at the car's clock again, hardly able to believe what was happening. Ten minutes. Ten long, agonizing minutes of driving and we hadn't even made it out of the suburbs yet. I could feel the driver growing tense as he stole glances at me, seemingly waiting for me to do something.

I would, but that was for later.

For now I stewed in silence. Impatiently tapping my foot on the floorboard. Tapping a finger on the door. Sighing loudly, letting him know that I wasn't very appreciative of how poor a job he was doing.





"Sorry." He finally said, breaking the silence.

"For what?" I asked, expecting a better apology than that.

"The roads are bad here." He said. "This is the only real route left to even get to what's left of downtown. Otherwise car would break down, get caught up in a ditch, and then we'd be shit out of luck."

"I'm sure you would be." I told him with a smile. "But that's good to know. For a second I thought you were just taking the scenic route because you liked me, and wanted the moment to last for the rest of your life."



He looked at me, mouth open as if he wanted to say something. The nervousness on his face was palpable, and I only smiled warmly back at him.

After a few awkward seconds, he seemed to decide that the best course of action was to say nothing, and looked back ahead, driving silently once more. Fair enough. I like the silence anyway.

Gives me more time to reminisce...


There are decades where nothing happens and weeks where decades happen. Someone historical said that once. Can't be bothered remembering who. But it's kind of what I'm going through when I do something as plain and simple as... well, looking down.
Over the course of like... an hour? My entire life was turned upside-down. I'd somehow found myself standing in the middle of a city, so unbelievably huge that most of the nearby buildings can't even reach my knees. All because I was goaded into showing off that I have a quirky little ability to grow, and had a bit too much to drink.
My only friend was gone... and by my own hand, too.
Decades didn't even begin to cover it. I felt like I'd lived a dozen lifetimes in the last hour, and I wasn't even sure what I should do now. I just survived a police onslaught, and now I was left here. Alone with nothing but my own thoughts.
CINEMA
Juice
TETLEYS


Thoughts I was so lost in I failed to notice that I hadn't gotten rid of every single cop. Two pairs of scurrying legs just out of my field of view were on the move. Legs that jumped into a cop car, started an engine... and drove.
They were going to get away. I might have been content to just stand there and let it happen, had the siren not blared so loud that it shocked me back into salience. Now all I could see was a bright, shining vehicle speeding across the street, trying to get away as quickly as possible. I could feel more impotent rage bubble up inside of me, begging me to put a stop to their efforts... But why bother? The damage was done.
Audrey is gone. This whole scenario might feel like something out of science fiction, but you can't just bring people back from the dead.
Aspect
Aspect Delivery
EASTGATE
TETLEYS



Although... The more I thought about it...

The more I wasn't satisfied with this outcome. Why go after them? Because I needed some release. Craved it. Killing them would make me feel better. That they hadn't done anything to me didn't even enter the equation. I needed to work through these feelings, and they weren't giving me the peace and quiet I wanted.

So fuck 'em. This day wasn't even close to being finished.



I noticed that they weren't moving very quickly. At least, not initially. They'd even shut off the siren almost instantly after the car had started. Not so quickly I hadn't heard it in the first place, but they seemed to be aware of the risky move they were pulling by trying to drive away.

As soon as I took that first step, everything changed. The siren came back on. The lights started flashing. It was obvious they wanted to get away as quickly as possible, and they would only make it as far as I let them.


which, it turned out, wasn't very far at all. The siren had obviously come back on to give them free reign to drive like maniacs through crowded streets. They gunned it around the corner, only to nearly crash into a pair of slow-moving cars.
FAJITAS NACHOS
TOY SHOP
삼덕전기
TETLEYS
POLICE


Tires squealed as they were forced to brake hard in order to weave through the obstacles. Obstacles that only existed for them, not for me. I kept moving at the same ppace. If a car fell under my feet, then fuck 'em. It's dead. Gone. Crushed into scrap and buried six feet under.
My next step pushed aside one of the cars only a moment after the cops had rushed past it. They were doing all they could to put distance between the two of us.
ELECTRIC SUPPLIES • TUPPER WARE
DOLLAR TOWN
TOYS • KITCHEN & BATH
POLICE


But it wasn't a fair fight to begin with.
My next step was still fairly far behind them, but it didn't have to be. I had intentionally slowed myself down, just to let them try and drive a bit more. My foot came down with enough force to shake the car, leading it to swerve, and I moved forward once more. This time with purpose, aiming directly for the speeding little thing.



Another stomp. This time close enough that the ground was ripped up around the car itself, forcing it to bounce off the ground. The driver was clearly putting absolutely everything he had into maneuvering through this, reinforcing the difference between us. To me this was a game. An easy one, too. I had to give them a handicap just to make it last a few seconds longer.

To them it was life or death.



And they just lost.

Not for lack of trying. They swerved their little car, squealed their little tires, honked their puny horns. All in a vain effort to maintain control, but my presence alone was too much. Before they could do much of anything else the entire thing fishtailed out of control, and slammed straight into a utility box. The siren kept blaring after, and I thought of seeing what would happen to them. Would they try and come out, and fight me again? Or just stay hidden in there?



I'm sure those would have been very interesting outcomes with stories that I could have told over and over, but I also didn't care. They had stopped, and that was what mattered. They were helpless to do anything but wait for the end to come.

So I delivered it to them.

Stepping on cars was still a new sensation to me at the time. I remembered thinking it felt nothing like resting your foot on top of a toy RC car. The real deal is made to survive forward impacts, not crushing force.


As soon as I rested my foot on top, I could feel it begin to protest, completely unprepared to deal with any of this. All four tires popped at once, and the metal deforming meant that at least one of the doors had popped off and crashed to the ground.

It was funny. I like to keep informed of the news. Used to be I couldn't help but tense up a little when I was around a cop. Now they were the most pathetic, fragile thing in the world to me. My foot alone dwarfed the thing, and the cops inside were trapped, awaiting the inevitable.



I remember rocking my toes back and forth on the thing, wondering if it would change. There's no way that impact killed the two cops inside. They had to be conscious in there, and I was determined to see what would come out from them.

I pushed down a little more. The windshield shattered, and amidst all the chaos... I heard it. A tiny voice begging for mercy. Terrified out of his wits. The doors had kept the sound trapped, but now they were out in the open, gradually drifting up.


A sound I'd never heard before. A sound I've come to love. Crave. I was doing this just to ease my own misgivings about what had happened to my friend, but I already knew I had to do it again... and I hadn't even finished the first one yet!
I pushed down a little more. The metal crumpled more, and the sound of metal scraping tarmac overpowered the pleading within.


I needed... more.
I don't recall when I actually started touching myself. I just remember the sharp scraping sound of the metal briefly bringing me out of my reverie, and surprised by the sudden weight in my left hand. But not so surprised I let go...
I bit my bottom lip, and pushed down just a bit more. I knew there was something I wanted to find out. A theory I wanted to test.
I held my toes there. Waiting. Every second felt agonizing, as my libido demanded I finish the step. Crush the car, and let the warmth come over me. But not yet, I remember thinking. I just needed something more.
HOTEL
CUT PRICE LIQUOR


Then, it happened. Just as I'd hoped. A tiny hand stuck out from the car's window. I remember watching, my jaw gradually dropping, my hand squeezing a tit as I waited. I watched a desperate cop struggle and run and gradually begin to push himself out of the car through the shattered window. It must have been agonizing, since that wasn't exactly a clean way out, but it was his only chance.
Until I stopped holding back.


"HELP-"
His screams were cut off when I settled more of my weight down, and crushed his arm with the car's frame, sealing off his only escape route. A flailing arm was visible for only a moment, before I decided enough was enough, and pushed my foot down the rest of the way.
A quiet, meaty crunch mixed in with the sounds of the car collapsing. A warm feeling ran through my toes, and I pushed down even harder, smiling as a red puddle spread out underneath me.


That was that.
It felt different. It had happened a few times before this. I definitely know that much. But with everything that happened recently it had an entirely different feeling to it. Just...
Fuck it. It turned me on, okay? Like nothing I'd ever experienced before. No point in waxing poetic about it. Crushing that cop car with the man still inside excruciatingly slowly was the hottest thing I'd ever experienced, and I couldn't wait for more.


I only had one question at the time.
Where exactly was I going to find more?
I didn't mean it literally. Obviously. People were everywhere. I could have stepped backwards and inadvertently killed a couple. It's just part of being this big, as I was increasingly becoming aware. But I didn't want just a random person to crush.


I wanted someone special.
Or someones?
Yeah. The thought had definitely awakened something inside of me. Why settle for just a couple of people who I can barely see, when I can do it to someone directly? Someone out on their own, fully exposed. Someone who has to feel me directly. Silly as it is, I remember considering heading back to the party. Maybe those losers were still there. Still standing in that garage, and would crunch nicely under my toes.


It's such a silly thought, in hindsight. Who would do that? Why bother? That's so much extra effort. But I had been seriously considering it. And I may very well have gone through with it, too. I realized why a second later.
Music.
I could hear music. Droning, dull, boring music similar to what had been playing at the party. It reminded me of where this all began, and made me want to return, but when I saw the source, I knew I would never have to bother.
HOTEL
CUT PRICE LIQUOR


Because the party was right here.
I've never been to a rooftop party. Not before then, and still not to this day. Just seems like a good way for a drunken lout to fall to an early demise. And I, believe it or not, used to be scared of heights.
So I hadn't even considered that the music I was hearing came from a rooftop nearby. One just below the height of my pussy. A whole entire crowd of people who had been watching everything. Too stunned to bother turning off the annoying soundtrack to their partying. Too afraid to do much else.


Let's see. An old guy, a middle-aged woman, some wannabe diva, and a yuppie couple...
Yeah. They'll do.

"Are you enjoying the show?"

I didn't realize how long it had been since I actually spoke until then. Hearing my own voice come out that loud and rumbling only made me rub my pussy faster. The sheer terror in the partygoers eyes as they realized they were now being actively perceived was something else. I could have stood there and drank it in for hours.


Sadly, they didn't feel the same way.
I distinctly remember the old man cracking first. Looking rather distinguished, I somehow expected him to maintain some semblance of respect when being directly addressed. But no, he practically fell over himself trying to run away so quickly. The others followed right after. Younger men and women alike, wishing that they were anywhere but here right now.


I'd like to think if there's one positive impact I've had on the world since this all began, it's reducing the likelihood of rooftop parties. Just a bad idea all around when there exists someone who can pick you up straight off the roof and do whatever they please with you. They can run and scream all they want, but the fastest way out of here will kill them, and every other way is laughably slow.
Basically, they're fucked.


Without giving it much thought I picked up two people from that crowd. Didn't really give any thought as to which ones. It was kind of just where my hand gravitated, and... well, that was that. Two people who had been having a party until just a few minutes ago. A man and a woman.



They weren't very happy with me. I don't think I'd ever seen such obvious terror in someone before this. I mean, in movies, sure. But I wasn't a slasher here to chop them up for an audience. This was real.

They were in actual danger.

The woman clung tightly to the man, while the man begged and pleaded. At least, I assume he was. Truth be told the blood was rushing to my head as I reveled in the fact that it was me they were so completely terrified of for a few seconds.


"DON'T EAT US, PLEASE!"
"Eat you? What would give you that- Oh. It must've been those other people I killed. So you guys saw that..." I told them. I can be a bit forgetful at the best of times. Call it a character flaw. Makes me a little quirky!


But at the time I was thinking. Just... you know. Not entirely normally. Like I was looking at them, and being honest, I had already decided I was going to eat them. I was hungry, they were there, and I wanted to feel them go down my throat. Only problem was I still had a bit of a conscience telling me not to do it. Whispering in my ear, saying that they had done nothing to me. They hadn't pulled guns and shot at me. They weren't responsible for the deaths of anyone else. They were innocent.
Counterpoint? Eating them sounded really nice.


So what was I supposed to do? Keep in mind while I was thinking about this I was kind of just standing out in the open slack-jawed while thoughts ran through my head. I really, really wanted to eat them. I didn't want to let them go. The bad thoughts were gradually beginning to win out, when the woman screamed.
"SHE'S OPENING HER MOUTH! SOMEONE HELP!"

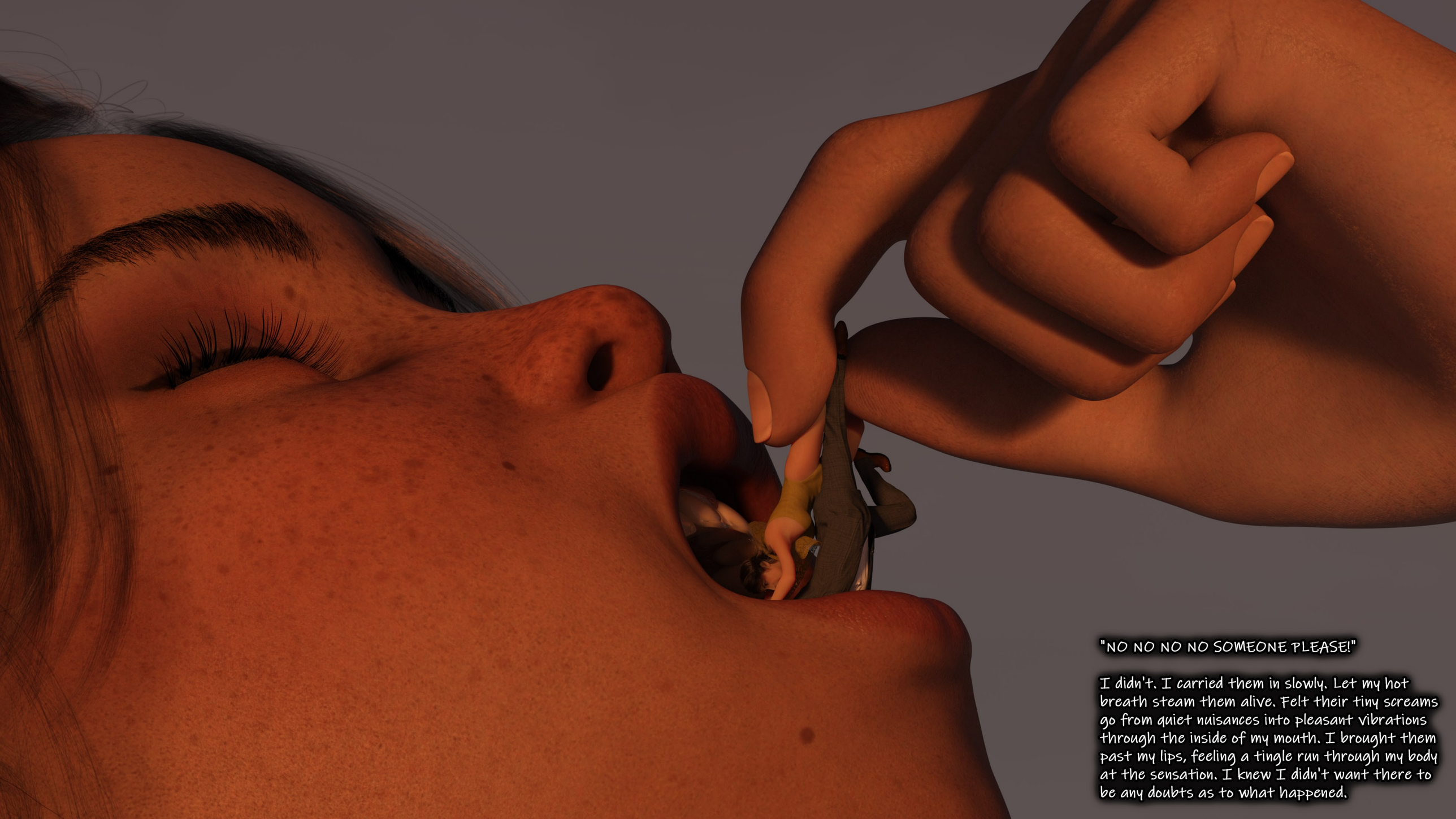

Hadn't even crossed my mind that simply standing there and thinking would be something incredibly tense, scary, and nerve-wracking to them. It wasn't even on purpose. Like, I can get being scared of me when I'm stepping on cars, sitting on buildings, that kind of thing. But I just let my jaw gradually open up without meaning to, and suddenly they saw the end of their lives flashing before them.
So why not grant it to them?


They knew it was coming, I remember telling myself. Anything to justify what I was about to do. I raised them over my mouth to let them get a better view of the inside, and that made them absolutely feral. Just a couple of little rabid monsters writhing around my finger that I could, at any time, silence by letting go.
Two fingers. That's all it took. It doesn't get any hotter than that, I say.


Nowadays I'd say my outlook has changed a little. Not about holding lives in your hand, of course. That's still an incredible, otherworldly sensation that no one but me will ever get to experience. No, what's different is that it was just two. I was starting small then. Two people at once. Nowadays I find... a hundred or so to be so much more satisfying. Maybe a couple thousand if I can catch a particularly packed venue or something.


Part of my worry about actually going through with this kept me from moving with any sort of speed. I moved my hand absurdly slowly, trying to tell myself that maybe I could just tease them a little. Pull back when I get them nice and scared, and have a little bit of a laugh at their expense.
I remember telling myself that as I kept bringing them closer and closer, with the distinct feeling that I wasn't going to follow through.


I'm not sure whether they recognized this fact too, or if they were just always going to be this loud. All it took was a little shift of my fingers and I was no longer just holding them up in the air, but letting them dangle. Like a couple of prizes from a crane game, slowly being carried over the chute.
If I separated my fingers then gravity would take hold. I could rule it as an accident at this point, I remember thinking. It was all just a prank gone wrong. Nobody would blame me.


"NO NO NO NO SOMEONE PLEASE!"
I didn't. I carried them in slowly. Let my hot breath steam them alive. Felt their tiny screams go from quiet nuisances into pleasant vibrations through the inside of my mouth. I brought them past my lips, feeling a tingle run through my body at the sensation. I knew I didn't want there to be any doubts as to what happened.


I was going to eat them.
Intentionally. Purposefully. For my own pleasure. There was no other way of looking at it. This wasn't an accident. It was Hazel simply eating a snack. Something light on calories. At least, I think 125 thousand calories is light for someone my size. Though there were two of them...
Oh. That's something I've learned since then, by the way. It's a fun fact, isn't it? Average adult human is worth about 125 thousand calories. Course at that size I'd probably need a few million calories to stay full.


At some point I'd started closing my lips without even realizing it. While arguing internally over what I was doing, my body seemed to have made its decision for me. I craved sustenance. A bottle of vodka on an empty stomach tends to do that. I had the equivalent of a light snack in my hands, and it had already moved past my lips.
Now I had sealed off all light for them. If I was even going to entertain the thought of not going through with this I was quickly running out of time to pull out. To say it was all just a joke, and I didn't mean anything by it.


I pulled my fingers out of my mouth... clean as a whistle.
They were still inside. I could technically reach back in and pull them out, but why would I? Who's going to stop me? The only one capable is me, and I had a burning desire to feel those two slide down my throat more than anything else right now.
So I sent them on their way. A sharp inhale, a deep swallow, and that was that. A tickling sensation down my throat being the only proof of their fate for anyone outside. Another shiver ran down my spine. I'd actually just done that. I'd actually just eaten two people who hadn't even wronged me.


I sighed in satisfaction, and let myself relax. Nothing quite like basking in the aftermath of something so enjoyable.
"SHE FUCKING ATE THEM!"
Unfortunately, it didn't last. My eyes shot open, and I spotted the rest of the partygoers who had seemingly watched me snack on their fellow guests for my own amusement. Their fear spikes tremendously the moment I look down, acknowledging their presence again.


They were running over one another. Like rats teeming in a pit after light has been shone on them. They stumbled, pushed each other, tripped, and crashed into the door in a desperate bid to get out of there. Anything to put more distance between themselves and me as possible.
All because I'd done something as minor as look at them.


"Where do you think you're going?" I remember asking, placing my hands onto my hips. I meant it to come off as sassy. Almost playful.

They absolutely did not take it that way. Screams rang out, and the fighting to get out commenced even louder. But for a moment, I had completely grabbed their attention and held it tightly in my fist. So, naturally, I had to try again.

"STOP RUNNING AWAY AND GET OVER HERE RIGHT NOW!"


They look among one another, then back up at me. The little fucks are actually, seriously considering it! That was a revelation all its own. They should know that I have no good intentions for them by now? So why are they listening?


Of course, that's when it hit me. They know I'm not going to be nice to them... but they must think that pissing me off is even worse. They have to be thinking that I would actually take the time to track them down if they got out of sight and made a run for it.


At the time I was too starstruck to really know what to do if that situation arose. Nowadays I'd just say fuck it and bring the whole building down if even one of them tried to get into the elevator after I told them to stop.
But seeing that complete, abject obedience in front of me... well, it was hot. They were staring up at me, and they wanted to know what they had to do to save their skin.
"Pay attention." I told them, and moved a hand in-between my legs.


I had two choices. I wanted them to stand still, but I also wanted nothing more than to pleasure myself on the spot. The solution was simple.

"Watch closely. If you look away, then I'm going to eat you too." I ordered, biting my bottom lip as I moved my hand along my pussy. The sensation sent a jolt through my entire body, and I shifted my weight to make sure I didn't fall over. It was a small gesture, but enough to make the road crack underneath me, reminding me again of just how fucking big I was.


And I thought.
Why not grow a little more? I've been this size for way too long, and I know I've got more in me. Maybe... I can try and see if there's a limit to this?
HOTEL
CITY PRICE LAUNDRY


The thought was crazy. I knew I had more in me, but I've never once tried to push it to any degree. I thought of it as a novelty ever since I first discovered it. But now I was thinking of it as something that needed to be tested.
Do I have a limit to how far I can grow?
HOTEL
LIQUORS

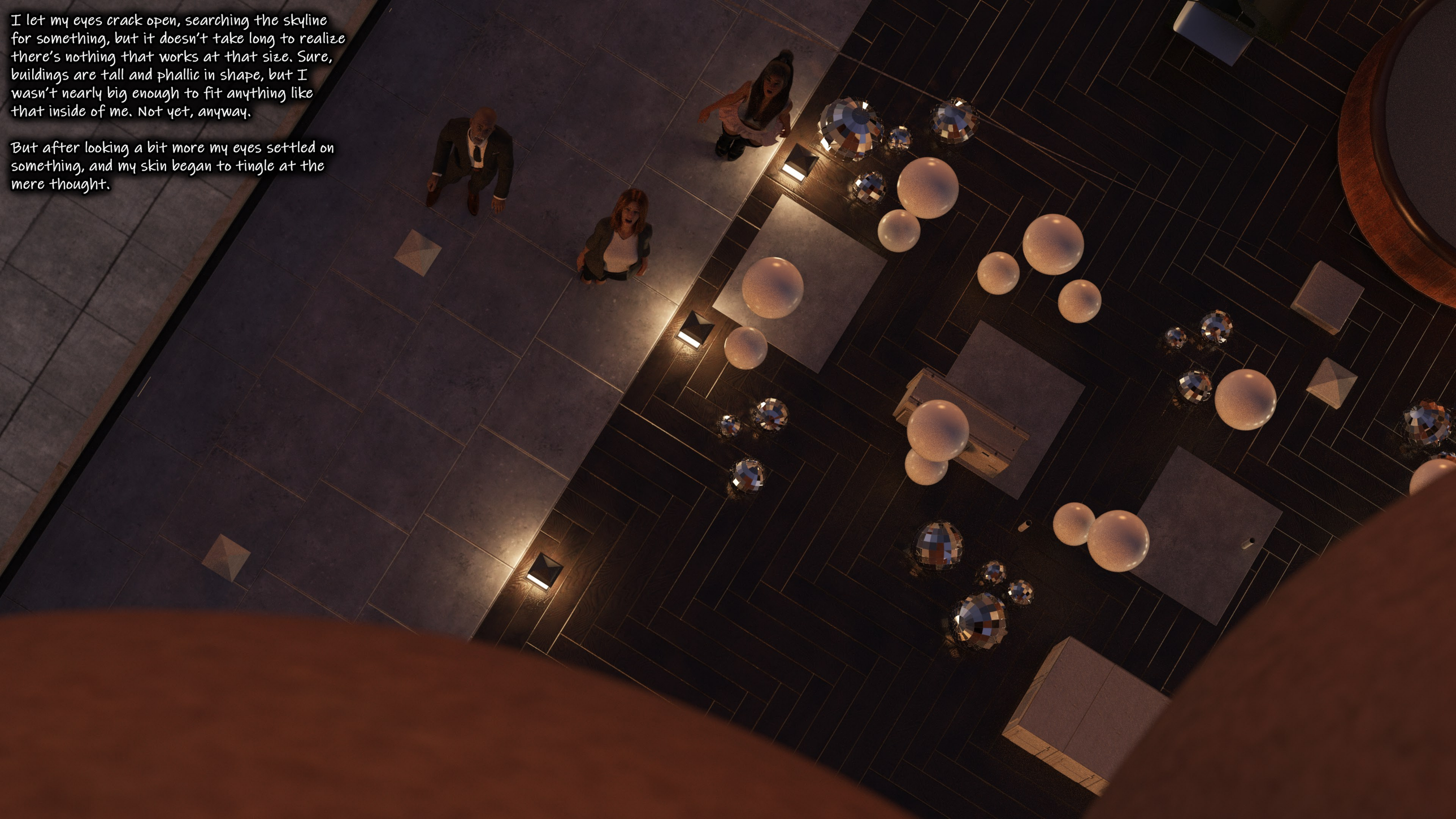

Fun fact: I still don't know.
I could grow bigger than I already was, obviously. I proved that near-instantly when I started feeling that sensation come over me again, and could hear the ground around me begin to crack and split apart from my expanding form. The thought of pushing my ability to its absolute limits was unbelievably exciting.
HOTEL


Could have also just been the fact that I was masturbating. Right there, out in the open for all to see. With a captive audience watching me rub my pussy, and forced to listen to slick sounds of my fingers as well as my moans. It was better than whatever they had been listening to, at least.


A lot of the times I grew early on I would keep my eyes closed. I did it to concentrate more than anything, but this was one time where it actually seemed to backfire. Without being able to see, I didn't know how much I was actually growing. I could hear the music fade out and grow quieter, as well as feel more wind on parts of my body that had reached past rooftops.
But I didn't know how much I was growing exactly, or how fast.


I had to find out.
But I also had to get off.
It was an arm's race to determine who would come out on top. I bit my bottom lip while rubbing as quickly as I could. But it felt like I was missing something. Something that I needed, and it wasn't food.


Stimulation.
That was it. The missing ingredient. As hot as growing like that was, it just wasn't feeling like it was enough. I tried to focus on the sensations and sounds, but even when I was normal-sized my fingers were rarely enough.
I needed a toy.


I let my eyes crack open, searching the skyline for something, but it doesn't take long to realize there's nothing that works at that size. Sure, buildings are tall and phallic in shape, but I wasn't nearly big enough to fit anything like that inside of me. Not yet, anyway.
But after looking a bit more my eyes settled on something, and my skin began to tingle at the mere thought.


The party is literally just right there. They're still staring up at me, waiting for further instructions. I couldn't just... use them, could I?
A radical idea, to be sure, but what if...?
"Hey." I told them. "I need your help."


They were too stunned to do much of anything as I watched them for a moment. Just to see how they would react. I really was already just treating them like a toy. They were helpless and afraid, waiting to see what I would do next.
I put their minds at ease by pulling my hand away from my pussy, and reaching straight for them.


The women stayed put, waiting to see what would happen. Maybe they were too scared to move... Or maybe they wanted me to have their way with them, and they were just too shy to say it. Either way, I had a good feeling they wouldn't run away anyway. Then there was the old man. I kind of didn't like the feeling of jamming him into my pussy, but beggars can't be choosers.


That's what I would have said, had the situation not immediately solved itself. This rooftop was an obvious safety hazard, and the old man, desperate to get away from my fingers, found himself tumbling over the edge and to the ground below.
Could I have saved him...?
Maybe.
But I was happy with my catch.


These weren't even the first people I picked up, but it was the first time that it really fucking hit me.

They weighed nothing. At all. Two fully grown women were in a single hand, and if I couldn't see them with my own eyes I wouldn't have even noticed. Another tingle rushed through my body as I brought them up to my mouth, wanting to tease them more. They'd seen what had just happened to the two I ate earlier. They should know what I'm hinting at.

They do. And they scream. Shrill, loud, ear-piercing noises that should have annoyed me, but it was kind of hard to feel anything but arousal when I was doing this with little more than a couple of hot breaths on their bodies.


I pulled them away afterwards, but they didn't calm down any. They must have seen how high up in the air they were, and known that there was no way out. Everything that happened to them would play out how I decided. I was in control. Me. Not them. And I...
What else is there to say?


I was horny as fuck, and I had a couple of pretty young women in my hand. Why wouldn't I masturbate with them? Their screaming quieted down as I lowered the hand holding them, and for a moment I almost thought they were calming down. Little things like that come naturally now, but the simple thought that lowering someone under my tits was enough to muffle their voices hadn't fully entered my mind.
But I was going to take them lower than that.

The two of them kept fighting my fingers the whole way down, and I'd be lying if I said the thought of being a little rough didn't come to me... But I didn't want to break any bones. I wanted them to enjoy this just as much as I planned on, and carefully brought them right up to my pussy.

I held them there for a moment, reveling in the power I held... before pushing them inside.


Within the blink of an eye the heat inside of me turned into a raging inferno. That was it. That was the missing ingredient. The added stimulation of two people fighting for their lives was making my entire body feel electrified. My legs grew weak from the extra movement.
And I just pushed them in deeper to enhance it even more.

One finger is all it took. Two grown women, and I was standing above the building this party was taking place on, masturbating all over again. My nipples grew even harder in the cool evening air. My breaths grew heavy, belabored. I could feel my vision grow blurry as the pleasure I'd been seeking came crashing into me with all the strength of a freight train.

More was needed.




And I gave myself exactly that. I teased the tiny pair of feet sticking out of my pussy, spurring them to do more. Maybe they thought that kicking harder against my fingers would keep them in one piece. I suppose if I were to have pushed too hard against their feet their little legs would have snapped like toothpicks and they'd have writhed a dozen times more intensely.
Sadly, I was not that forward-thinking at the time.


Instead I was focused on something more... abstract.
My audience.
The people on the roof were only a small fraction of it. They were the ones I'd seen the most directly and who I'd interacted with, but they were far from the entire group. There had to be hundreds, if not thousands of people able to see me right now.
Maybe... more?


That was perhaps the most thrilling thought of all. That brief interruption where I'd stopped focusing in order to get a few people inside of my pussy didn't stop my growth. I could sense my feet still sliding across the ground that entire time.

Without even thinking about it I'd already begun to refine my ability. It no longer required all of my concentration... kind of. At the time I was on the right track, and coming close to figuring out something I know today.

If I'm turned on, growing comes incredibly easy to me.


But because of that continued growth, the buildings around me were shrinking away. Which meant I was visible to more people from a greater distance. The bigger I get, the more that will be able to see me.
I cupped my hand over my pussy, keeping its two occupants completely sealed inside. I could sense something coming, and the last thing I wanted was to lose them.



I was about to grow again, and I could feel it coming.

The sensation washed over me like an orgasm. A soft, but powerful one. Something that bubbled up from the pit of my stomach, but in a pleasant way. Every hair on my body stood on end, and the trickle of growth I'd been experiencing the past few minutes became a waterfall.


In more ways than one, I should say. The sensation grew more intense, and began to affect my mind... but I could feel a more literal waterfall at the same time. My fingers grew slicker, and I could only hope the two ladies inside of me are good at holding their breath.


Every passing second I felt like my body was acclimating to the sensation. In some way dulling it, but also making it feel more... natural. I had a feeling I could do so much more than this.



I focused a tiny bit.

And instantly felt another surge hit me. I've only been at this seriously for an hour, and already I was feeling like a pro. If I could do then what I can now... well, this city wouldn't be in ruins.


Because it would be fucking gone. Buried hundreds of feet into the ground in a footprint. All while I had the time of my life.
This was good though. I knew that much without knowing what the future held. Even if I was almost entirely focused on my pussy and the sensations coming from it.


I knew I couldn't go on forever.
Much as I would have liked to.
Much as I STILL want to.


All good things must come to an end. Mostly because you have to stop and smell the roses eventually. What good is growing hundreds of feet tall if you don't take advantage of what you can do at that size?
Might as well stay tiny. Pathetically normal and weak, if you aren't going to take advantage of it.


And I intended to take full advantage. My palm was practically soaked as I kept the two locked inside, and rubbed myself as best I could. The sounds of the party below had faded into near-silence. I was alone up here.



At least, that's how it felt.

Then I moved my foot... and felt it. Heard it. The sounds of chaos erupting all around me. Destruction at my feet. An earthquake that threatened to knock buildings over all its own. Simply adjusting my weight had done this.


And I came.
But that... was only the beginning. This wasn't a single climax kind of day. This was a full-on hurricane coming in, and I was in the eye of the storm.
CD·DVD·LD
荘高藤仁


I wanted to hear it again. To know that my foot was such a terrifying thing to these people underneath me. I shifted my weight again to experience it a second time... but didn't account for something.
The first orgasm had made my entire body tingle. When I made that slight adjustment, I wasn't expecting my legs to be so weak. Or for the pull of gravity to be so strong.
LOANS
CASH LOANS


I could have stopped it.
Sliding my foot back would have steadied myself, and I could keep standing there, masturbating over the city. Maybe even place my pussy directly over the remains of the party so I could rub directly onto them, and make the rooftop collapse under the weight.
But I didn't.


It was an intentional choice. I wanted to let it happen. I wanted my ass to enjoy some of what every other part of me was so recklessly indulging in.
So I let it happen. And gravity did not disappoint. It grabbed me tight... And smashed me straight into the ground.
D·DVD·LD IFリバティー
鉄道模型


This was completely unlike the small step from earlier. It must have been felt a dozen blocks over. My ass smashed into the ground like a wrecking ball that had fallen from its chain. I don't even know what was under me when I let myself hit the ground. I know there were buildings involved. Some streets. And definitely people.


What had gone through their minds in their final moments?
And why was it so eerily quiet?


I cracked an eye open, and my heart skipped a beat.
I was big. Far, far bigger than I thought I would be. It kind of goes past you when you're standing. You expect things to be smaller around you, but when you're sitting? Ass planted directly onto the ground, and still dwarfing every building nearby?
Every inch of my body tingled at the thought, and I wanted to feel more. So I shoved my feet forward, smiling as they plowed through absolutely everything in their path without slowing down one iota.
North St


I could really feel it now. I was massive. Huge beyond belief. I had to be consuming a significant portion of downtown... and I wasn't even moving yet.
I spread my legs further, letting my heels crash through even more of the city. I'm not even sure if my playthings were still alive inside of me. I can't recall when I last gave them any thought. But I know that if they didn't make it, then it was a noble death towards a greater future.


The kind of death that all people should look forward to. The kind of ending that should be the envy of others. Fuck growing old and dying surrounded by loved ones. Perish inside of my pussy. Under my ass. Between my toes. In my fucking stomach.
All of the power was rushing to my head, and I wiggled my ass where I sat, relishing in the sounds of destruction.


But it wasn't enough.
It had lasted a while. Even managed to squeeze an orgasm out of me. And I'll be thankful to those two for their noble sacrifice. Even if I couldn't remember what they looked like if you asked.
Regardless, at that time I knew I needed something bigger. Something sturdier.


And something with a whole lot more people inside.
There were buildings around me in every direction. Countless tiny little boxes that made the surrounding area look less like a city's skyline, and more like pointless clutter in the middle of a dirty alleyway. But one man's trash is another man's treasure, and I spotted a building that I thought would be very useful.


My fingers wrapped around the building, and began to pull it up. The thing remained rooted in place, but I knew I was strong enough. I could handle this easily. I repositioned my fingers, made sure I had a good angle to lift directly upwards from, and squeezed.

Only to discover I was completely unaware of my strength.


But necessity is the mother of invention, and I'll be damned if I was going to waste something so perfect. So fuck it. Fingers covered in chunks of building materials and office furniture and undoubtedly a couple dozen workers was enough. I shoved everything I could straight inside of my ravenous pussy. None of it would be spared.


I was an unstoppable force, I realized. And thinking of my pussy as a monster all my own. An entity separate from me just as capable of devouring lives and crushing buildings was...


A second orgasm hit, and my growth spiked again. Even then I knew... this one was special.


It's probably the one you've seen all over the news. Clips were online everywhere, because I got so big so fast and was visible from so far away. The skyline essentially no longer existed. It was just me sitting there.


At first glance I may have even looked like just a naked woman sitting on the ground masturbating. Only when you notice the trees at my feet. The buildings at my knees. The clouds parting by my hair... does it really start to sink in.


I've re-lived that moment through the eyes of others dozens of times over. If there's anything I'm disappointed about, it's that the stupid little city didn't have nearly enough people. I wanted hundreds of recordings, and all I got was dozens.


Which is a damn fucking shame.
Because I remember almost none of it firsthand.


I was in my own world at the time. Trying to get myself off with all I could. Mashing chunks of what was once I'm sure a very important building into my pussy. My toes curled and uncurled as I fought to keep myself sane throughout it all. I could feel the air gradually grow cooler as I grew bigger, and I remember cracking my eyes open to see a bit of what I thought was fog for a moment.


I would then immediately close my eyes. Not being able to see much did almost nothing to turn me on. The feeling of growth is what mattered.
I could tell that my legs were outgrowing the city eventually. The sounds, faint as they were, changed.


A building running into my heel falls apart. Breaks into chunks that rain onto the helpless populace below. Mixed in with the delicate tinkling sound of broken glass, and any tiny screams before they're snuffed out under my heel.
But I wasn't getting that anymore. I was getting this strange, crunchy sound now.


I was bigger than the city.
I couldn't fucking believe it.
I imagined standing back up, and stepping directly onto it. Felt my pussy grow hotter at the idea of what the footprint after would look like. Just a massive crater in what used to be a bustling city. A monument to my own greatness left behind as I did nothing but walk around.


I was wrong.
I wasn't a monster.
I was a fucking Goddess, now. A deity beyond reproach. Someone whose orders would be followed unquestioningly, because to do otherwise risked my wrath. At that moment I stopped being the shy girl with no friends who had a secret.



And I started being Hazel as everyone knows her today.

Even thinking about it now... makes my body tingle. Makes me want to grow right here, right now. Plans be damned. Because that wasn't the only thing I realized at that moment. I could tell something else about myself. A feeling that these people would never be able to understand or relate to.

I could tell that I had barely even tapped into my true growth potential.


I was already the biggest thing that had ever lived. And the knowledge that this was only the start... Fuck.
I came harder than I ever have in my entire life.
The streets below flooded in the blink of an eye. Entire streets submerged. A heady scent wafted up to my nose while I screamed in orgasm so loud that I'd be willing to bet I popped a few heads from the sound alone. This was my first time doing this, and I knew that it wouldn't be the last. I couldn't give up pleasure like this. Not ever. It was going to be a regular part of who I am after this.


Then, content in this knowledge, and with waves of another gigantic climax coursing through me... I let go.
I had done all this growing, and for what? Sure, I came, but what else? I couldn't just sit here forever, right? I needed to experience more. But my mind was too addled with pleasure to do much else but let myself fall... and so I did.


My back slammed directly onto the city, sending a powerful shockwave through it that brought dozens of buildings to the ground. Something I didn't see myself, but those convenient people recording showed me.
From my perspective, I felt the slightest bit of resistance. Something was trying to push back against me lying down, and it lost near-instantly. I don't know how many were underneath me a second ago, but I knew how many there were now.


Zero.
I lay there for several seconds, sliding a finger in and out of my pussy. I was so big now that even lying down I overpowered the skyline. My tits dwarfed the tallest building for miles around, and I could tell that I had one more in me. It wasn't going to be as big as the others, but I was so horny I didn't care.


I took a deep breath. My chest swelled. My legs tensed up. A soft orgasm led me to arch my back up so I could slide my fingers just a bit deeper inside of me, before I dropped once again. A small puff of smoke was blown out around me in every direction, but it didn't bother me. All I wanted at that moment was to lie down, rest, and relax. Enjoy the moment. Take in the air, thin as it was this high up.
And just bask in it all.



That's not what happened though.

As I lie on my back panting, stretching, letting myself really enjoy what just happened... a bit of clarity started to return. The warm haze that I'd allowed myself to be fully immersed into was fading, and I could hear faint, distant sounds. Sirens. Screaming. The city around me re-entered my consciousness, and with a jolt I sat back up onto an elbow to take a look at what I'd just done.



It was like nothing I'd ever seen. I don't even think scenes from an active warzone did it justice. I had destroyed countless lives, as well as a significant portion of downtown just to get off. At the time it had been the greatest thing I'd ever experienced, but with my new grim reality setting in I could only feel a rising sense of dread.

I really was a monster. And not in the fun way I'd redefined it just a minute prior.


My heart sank into my stomach as I ran my eyes over the city. How do I return to normal life after this? Can I even do that? I've shrunken back to normal in the past, but I'd also never come anywhere close to pushing my growth that far. What if I was stuck?

Stuck huge. Alone. A force of nature that wasn't able to make any friends. Something that terrified people. Even now I could almost feel them. There had to be hundreds, no, thousands of eyes down there. Filming me, taking pictures. Trying to comprehend their new reality, and record what they knew could be their final moments.


I hit the lowest point of my life in the afterglow of the greatest orgasm I'd ever experienced. I thought of running. Or maybe... cleanup. The idea was horrifying to me, but if I... finished the job I'd started, then I could get out of here. Start a new life elsewhere. Put this all behind me, right?
I mean, of course not. We all know that. The internet exists. I would've been all over it by that point, but I wasn't thinking straight. That had never even crossed my mind. But when I heard the chopping sound of minuscule helicopter blades, I began to reach the same conclusions, albeit in a very different way.


My first thought was that I was about to be attacked by the military. That I was deemed a threat, and a rain of gunfire and missiles would be hitting me. But... this helicopter wasn't green, or black, or the kind of color you'd expect a military one. It was also significantly cleaner. A little red thing just hovering in the air, dangerously close to me.
It had to be a news chopper.


I mean, obviously, right? The army wouldn't just send a single chopper after me. They'd send a whole squadron. What information is there to gather that can't be seen with their own two eyes?
But I was running high on a hundred different emotions at once at the time. I had to know. I had to confirm firsthand what was happening.



So I pinched it.

A lot more carefully this time, too. I'd seen what had happened to a building a few minutes ago. I knew what I was capable of then, so there's no telling what I could do right now. Really, it was less of a pinch. I just brought a finger down until the blades collided with it and stopped, then caught the body before it fell.

Just like that, I was holding an entire helicopter in between two fingers... like I would have a fly.

It was surreal, to say the least.


I couldn't really make out much. There were some truly near-microscopic figures inside. I don't know what they were doing as they more closely resembled tiny specks moving than anything human. It was definitely a news helicopter though. That had to mean even right now, I was being broadcast to thousands of people in the state... if not millions around the world considering how big I was now.
It didn't hit before, but it really did now. There truly is no going back from this. Every person on the planet will have seen my face by now. High definition images of me and what I'd done had to be circulating worldwide at this very moment, and I would never know peace again.


At least... Not if I tried to return to a normal life after this. Thoughts of what I can do after this. How I move on after this.
What life would be like as a Goddess.
I liked the sound of that. Sent a tingle through my body. I can't return to a normal life. I'd spend it looking over my shoulder everywhere I go. In constant fear that someone is going to clock me, and fill me with lead. My only option to keep going forward is to instill fear into those around me. In order to accomplish that, they would need to know who I am.


I paused for a moment trying to come up with a decent speech. This is the kind of thing that was going to be on headlines all around the world. It be in every history book. I had to make it good.
"My name is Hazel, and from here on out, I'm your fucking god," I said, staring vat the helicopter. "For as long as I live, you're all my little playthings. I'm going to do whatever it takes to get me off, and I don't care how many of you little specs I splat in the process. If anyone has any problems with that, make sure to let me know so I can pay a little visit to their city. Got it?"



I probably could've done better. Asked for riches, wealth, that kinda thing. I'm more aware of my abilities now, and it turns out that I'm pretty indestructible even at normal sizes. But I wanted to live in privacy when I could, and remind people of my presence when the time came.

And that time would indeed come again.

"If there are no further questions." I said, winking down at the helicopter. "Then we're done here."


I pinched my fingers together more tightly, and the small thing exploded into a puff of flame and smoke. My first act of violence in my new life.


Though there was a sense of unease running through me, it was overpowered by the power I felt then and there. They'd sent a messenger to me, I'd delivered a message to the world, and then I'd killed the messenger. The rules of engagement didn't apply to me, and I'd proven that by simply pinching my fingers together.
Yeah... I can get used to this new life.


And I haven't regretted a single thing I've done ever since.
I considered squeezing my fingers together and being rid of the helicopter, but I wanted to inflict just the smallest bit of extra terror on the populace below. Let them know that even small mercies I could offer them would not be taken. So I flicked the burning wreckage away, watching the trail of smoke it left as it soared into the still-intact parts of the city.


Imagine surviving all of this, just to get crushed by a hunk of burning helicopter. It's almost kind of funny, in a way.
I can feel a smile form on my face. It's... nice. I found it hard to describe what I was feeling then. A sense of freedom, perhaps? Warmth, and excitement, definitely. I had the rest of my life ahead of me, and I could do whatever I wanted.


No... I had to stop thinking like that. That's normal, human talk. It's not that I "can" do whatever I want... I WILL do whatever I want.
And there was a nice, pristine section of the city that hadn't yet been graced by my presence. I could think of no better place to start.


That feeling of standing up again after coming to such a decision is difficult to describe. Bigger than ever before, but with a clear mind. My fingers weren't knuckle-deep inside of me, nor was I scared of potential consequences or anything like that. I could move freely, and intentionally.
The earth itself seemed to protest my movements. The ground rumbled, huge clouds of dust were kicked up, and undoubtedly blinded those nearest to my movements, and I wasn't even finished yet.


Once I was on two feet again I felt a tingling in a place I hadn't really expected. The bottoms of my feet. Knowing that for as huge as I was, and for as much of the city, no, the WORLD that I could see... the average person's view was limited. My feet had bulldozed buildings, ripped up the streets, and even the slightest clenching of my toes spelled disaster for anyone else.
From my perspective? It was hard to make out much of anything. There were clouds in the way, which on its own was a surreal way of looking at things. Normally a cloud would only obscure someone's view of the earth if they were up in a plane.


But my feet were firmly planted on the ground.
It was all so overwhelming at first. It's like being let loose in a mall with a blank check. I could go anywhere. I could do anything. I wanted to do it all, and I wasn't sure if I wanted to pace myself, or if I wanted to become a powerful engine of destruction. Both sides were appealing in their own right.



I think it's pretty obvious what happened after, right? It was all over the news. Anyone with a half-decent memory of that day's events knows what choice I made.

I was going to raze that city to the fucking ground.

Raising my foot from the clouds of smoke around it felt freeing. I wasn't even sure where to place it. Everywhere looked so enticing, and they all had their own advantages. Which is to say I came to one conclusion.

It doesn't matter.


Because at the end of the day it's all going away.
So I picked at random. Slammed my foot down into the ground as hard as I could. Seeing a visible shockwave come out from around the impact zone only spurred me on to do more. Watching the solid ground ripple as it struggled to take such a powerful attack turned me on more than I'd ever been in my life.
And this power was mine alone.



No one could match me! No one could complain, because I'd just turn them into a footprint too! The world was mine, and people would willingly throw their lives away if it would make me happy! I could order entire cities to grovel at my feet, and wipe them away for no good reason!

I thought of how to most quickly take over. Challenge the world's militaries and humiliate them in short order? Or was my simple declaration of intent enough?

Whatever the best route was, I preferred to live in the moment. I felt like electricity was coursing through my entire body. Totally unlike the fire that I'd felt when growing. I took it as a sign that I had truly become something even greater than I had been a moment ago.


I was wrong.
I looked back down to decide what to destroy next as the electric sensation spread further in my body and grew stronger. I looked down at my feet, expecting to see a terrified populace fleeing from it, but what caught my eye instead gave me pause.
My footprint. I could see it beyond my toes, and extending past my heels. Slightly, but enough to be noticeable. I thought for a moment I'd moved slightly while gloating over my newfound power.
But the footprint grew even bigger.


I was shrinking.
My heart sank into my stomach. I was terrified I'd pushed myself too far, and the universe was correcting my mistake. That was it. I was going to have to face the music. The shrinking was slow, but it was certainly happening. All this, only moments after I'd made the decision that I couldn't live a normal life ever again, and had even taken steps to ensure that it wouldn't be the case.
What if I kept shrinking until I got back to normal?
What if I couldn't grow back?
What if I shrank even smaller than that?


All laughable thoughts now, but they were real and terrifying in the moment. The clouds that had once been at knee-level were already at the height of my hips, and rising fast. I knew I had to do something, but I was paralyzed with indecision. The simple fact was that I hadn't even considered this contingency before. It was a thought too unpleasant to even consider.
A thought that was all too real now.



Worse, I was on a time limit. After a few more seconds the clouds were filling my vision, blocking my view of the ground below. I blinked several times to try and see through them, but it turned out to not be necessary.

Because a second later I was staring up at them.

This was happening too fast, now. In the past when I would experiment with my ability to grow, it would take me a couple of hours to return to normal. So I played it safe. Only gave myself a few inches at a time, just to see what it was like to, say, see the world through the eyes of someone six feet tall.


I was shrinking faster now. It was potent. Terrifying. That sensation of electricity had turned into a full-on current. I wasn't going to get hours to think about this. I had maybe a few minutes before I would be back to normal size. Standing in the ruins I'd just created with my own two feet.
Young me was scared. Paralyzed with indecision. Utterly terrified with how things could turn out from here. The inside of a jail cell was seeming increasingly likely. No. Worse than that. After what I'd done, and the stunt I'd pulled with the news chopper?


I remember that moment well. The sensation of tears welling in the corners of my eyes. Might have done something I'd regret, if I didn't hear something at that moment.
I whipped my head around searching for the source, and quickly saw it. The only other thing this high up.


Helicopters.
I no longer felt so invincible. If they had a bead on me and kept it up, then I feared I would be turned into minced meat if they waited long enough. That was what spurred me to run. Just book it. Get the hell out of there.


The details after that get hazy. I remember running as fast as I could, looking for someplace that I would be able to shrink back to normal and find something resembling peace. My only advantage was my speed, since the helicopters were slow moving, so if I was miles away when I was back to normal then I'd be safe.


Kind of embarrassing, really. Most of that day is so clear in my memory. It was all so new, and so exciting. But the part where I was scared is nothing but a blur.


Lucky for me, even when my memory fails me, some helpful victims were kind enough to upload footage for me. A whole, whole lot of footage. I may not remember much, but I can piece together parts of it through archived videos, which aren't exactly hard to find.



I open Youtube and search for 'Hazel First'. There are hundreds of videos of that evening alone. I've watched most of them over the years... Some of them quite a few times. I have my favorites.

Usually I prefer to look at my videos on porn sites, but youtube is a lot easier to browse on my phone. Normally the site would take down videos with that kind of explicit nudity and sex... But this is documentary footage of a national tragedy, so Youtube allows the videos to stay up. At least, that's the reason they give. The real reason... Is that I made it very clear what would happen if they ever took them down.

I scroll down until I find what I'm looking for, a video with the people from the party. It's got a few million videos, at least a dozen of which are from me. The comments are full of comments talking about how hot it is, which I appreciate. And it seems like there's always one stick in the mud, talking about how I killed everyone they ever knew... which is even hotter.




They started recording when I was miles away. They were just hanging out in their backyard, taking a breather. Probably figured I was long gone, and wouldn't be coming back.
The mustache guy must have been holding the camera, because I could hear his voice even though it didn't look like anyone was talking. While he recorded his friends looking at their phones, he started talking about me. Saying that he knew who I was, told everyone my real name, all that stuff. I could charitably say that he wanted to play the hero. Make sure someone could stop me after this by robbing me of any privacy.
But I really think he just wanted a few drops of clout from claiming to have been my friend.


After a few uneventful minutes, the mood suddenly shifts. The ground shakes, and they get up and turn towards me. I'm so big now that they can see me in the distance, towering over the landscape. They watch me lift my foot up, and stomp on the city. They watch me revel in my newfound power. They watch me start to shrink. And then, a moment later, they watch me start to walk towards them.


No longer am I rampaging around to my heart's desire. Instead I look off in the distance, seeing something that worried me. That's about where my own memory goes blurry. The chopper's behind me getting me to run. And the stupid partygoers, miles away, think they're capturing footage from a safe distance.
Can't blame them. I was a long ways away. A few miles, easily. But at that size, I could move really fucking fast.
They still thought this was their big break. Their claim to fame. When I took my first step in their direction they even started laughing, joking about how wild it would be if I came back to the party.


It very quickly stopped being a joke.
They ran away on their own tiny feet as the screams grew nearer. The sound of the earth quaking drew closer. They knew that they were within range now, and I was headed straight for them. Had I known they were there, I'd have probably intentionally targeted them, but I didn't. They were indistinguishable from the hundreds of people in the suburbs running, and I wasn't even paying attention in the first place.


They beg me not to step on them in unison. They try to run, but a locked gate slows them down. They start climbing it because it's the only way to put more distance between themselves and me.
And it's all for nothing.


They can do nothing but stare up at the bottom of my foot, as it falls down onto them. The sole that would pass over them, and turn the sun-baked evening into an early night.
A quick, shrill scream, and the stream ends.


A Video from a home security camera nearby captured their final moments. A video that the uploader was kind enough to add to the end of the clip. I've seen people speculate that the destroyed house may have had something to do with my growth that day, and this lone surviving video of it being destroyed was symbolic.
I don't place that much stock in that kinda thing. It was a house. It was like every other house, and the people in that yard didn't mean a damn thing to me. I never felt them squish under me, and their untimely demise didn't even register.
Had I not discovered their video myself when looking through archived footage after the fact, I don't think I would have even remembered what they looked like.


"I'm sure you know the rest. I kept running, and by the time I was small enough to hide from view indoors I'd already put too much distance between myself and anyone following me. The days after were a bit rough. You know, having to find clothing, pretending I had been displaced by all the chaos while not giving out any of my information. But now? Well, now things are pretty great, wouldn't you say?"
Silence.
Metropolitan
KRB-1645


"What? Did you not like the story?" I asked, rolling my eyes incredulously. "Guess it's my fault for trying to keep this ride interesting when we could be discussing all this wonderful scenery we've been driving past. Look at all these slick roads covered in rocks you're going out of your way to avoid."
"I don't want to ruin the car's suspension."
"Why do you care? There won't BE a car in an hour."
Metropolitan
KRB-1645



"Is this a park?" I asked, genuinely having a hard time trying to make out what I was looking at. There were a few telltale scenes like patches of brown grass, but the earth was too compacted for much of anything to grow.

"Used to be." The driver said, doing his best to keep his eyes ahead. "Not anymore."

"I can tell."

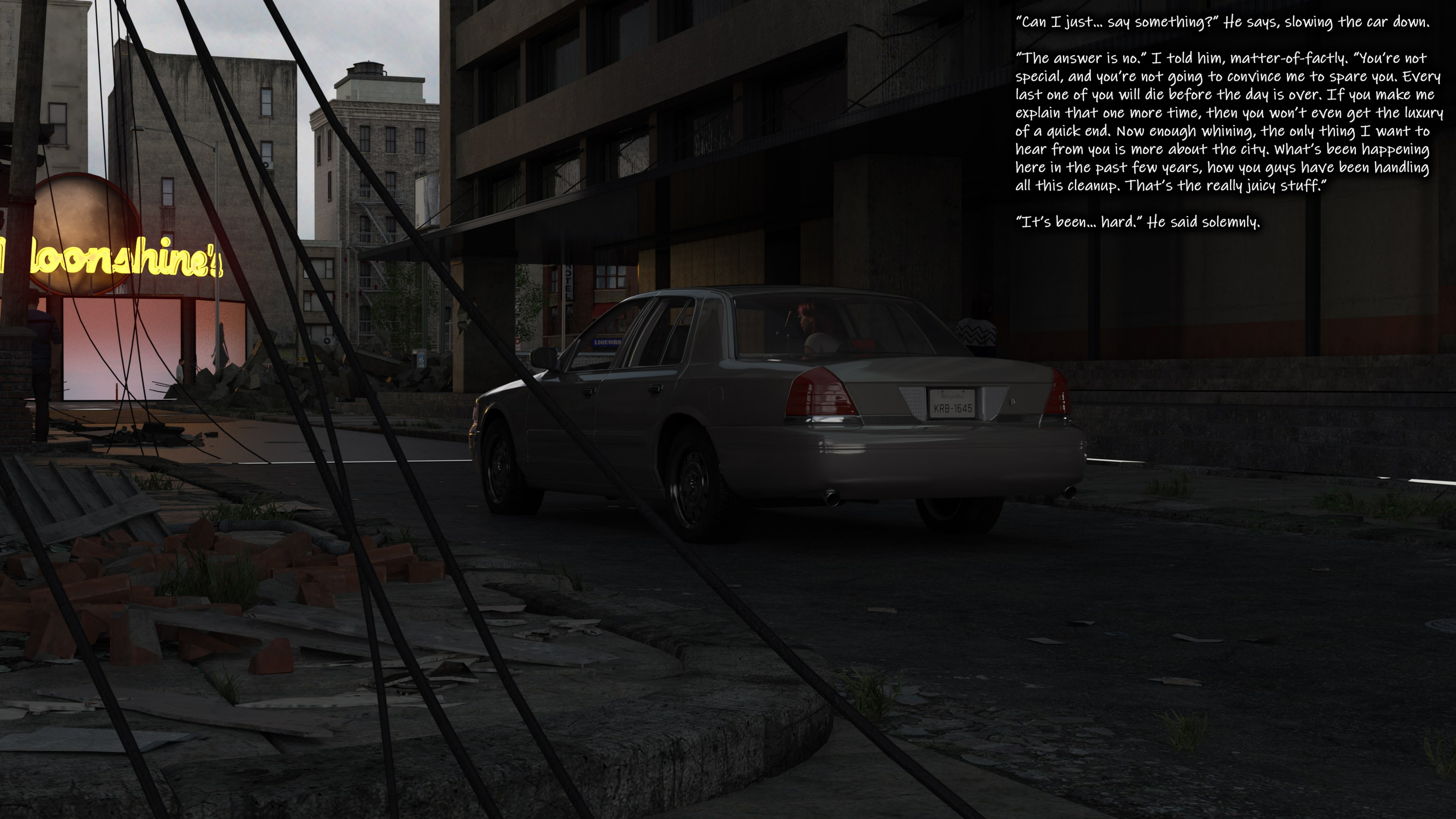


He says nothing.

"That was a joke."

"Oh... ha."

"Lighten up." I told him, leaning back in the seat. "Not many people get to experience what you're about to. I mean, you get to drive through these remnants of my last visit with a pretty girl. Tell me, what's not to like?"



"Can I just... say something?" He says, slowing the car down.

"The answer is no." I told him, matter-of-factly. "You're not special, and you're not going to convince me to spare you. Every last one of you will die before the day is over. If you make me explain that one more time, then you won't even get the luxury of a quick end. Now enough whining, the only thing I want to hear from you is more about the city. What's been happening here in the past few years, how you guys have been handling all this cleanup. That's the really juicy stuff."

"It's been... hard." He said solemnly.

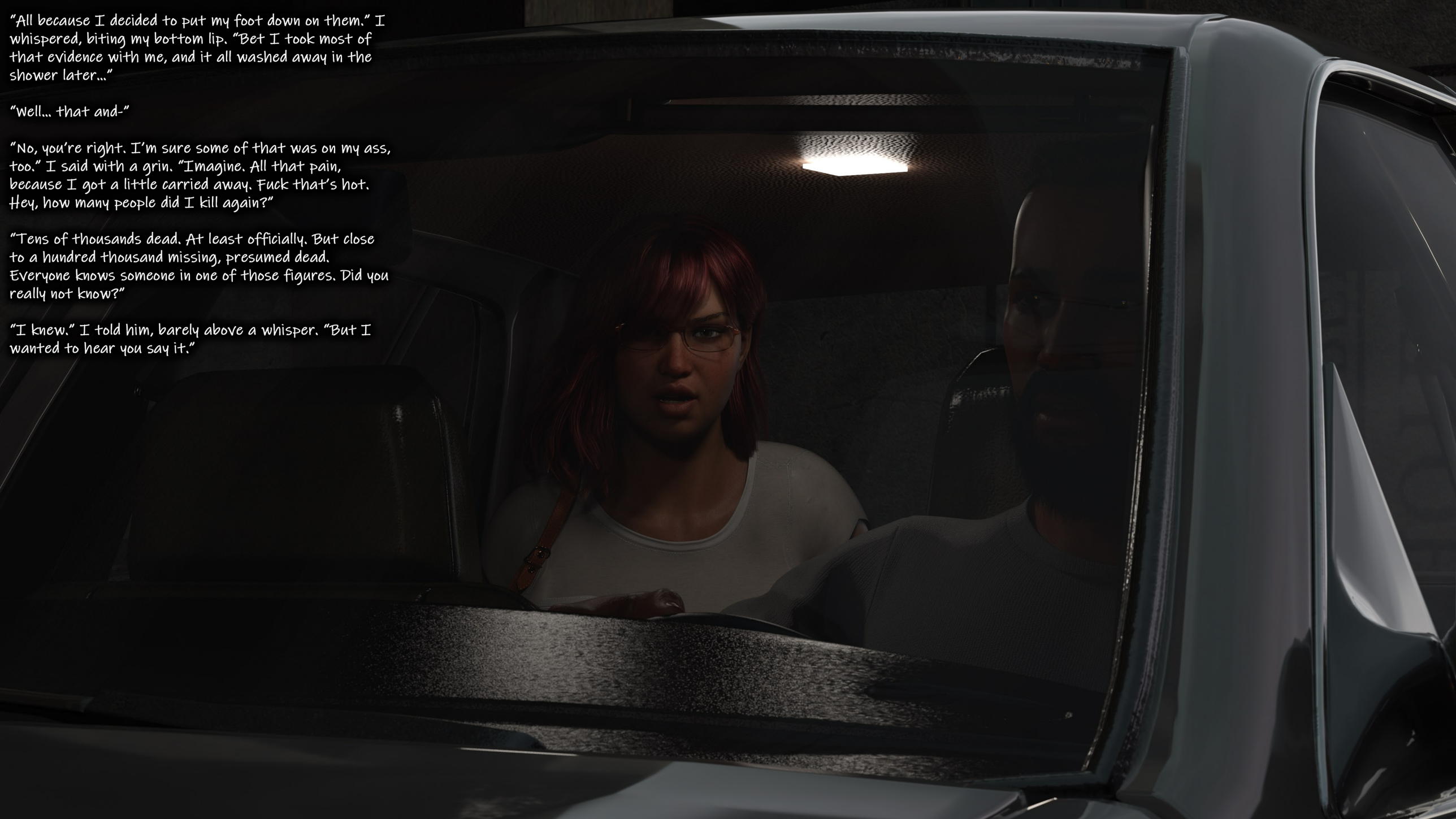


"Go on."

"After you... left. The rescue efforts began. They took months. People flooded emergency lines because they were trapped under rubble with only a phone as their line to the outside world. Most of 'em didn't make it."

"And they still haven't managed to clean it all up?"

"Hardly made a dent in all the mess." He said solemnly. "It's... kind of strange. The body count is a fraction of the missing count. There just wasn't enough left of most victims to even identify. A dozen people in a crowd running together getting turned into paste doesn't leave much behind."


"All because I decided to put my foot down on them." I whispered, biting my bottom lip. "Bet I took most of that evidence with me, and it all washed away in the shower later..."

"Well... that and-"

"No, you're right. I'm sure some of that was on my ass, too." I said with a grin. "Imagine. All that pain, because I got a little carried away. Fuck that's hot. Hey, how many people did I kill again?"

"Tens of thousands dead. At least officially. But close to a hundred thousand missing, presumed dead. Everyone knows someone in one of those figures. Did you really not know?"

"I knew." I told him, barely above a whisper. "But I wanted to hear you say it."



"You're sick."

"Keep talking like that and you can say goodbye the fun I have planned later. Maybe I can string you up and leave you dangling from the tip of my finger while I-"

"Alright, alright. I'm sorry."

"You'd better be."

He opened his mouth to speak again, but seemingly decided against it. With that settled I took a good look around the surroundings to see what the still-intact portions of the city looked like. Things were overall pretty dull, except for the building we were turning in front of at that exact moment.



"Want to take a break?"

"Am I... Am I supposed to say yes?"

I rolled my eyes. "Let's stop here. This place looks fun."

"It's a strip club."

"You think I don't know what a strip club looks like?" I snapped, making him tense up in an instant. "I haven't been to one in ages, and I want to stop, so pull over."



"Okay just gimme a minute to find a parking spot."

"I'll give you one second."

"But-"

I wasn't joking. He'd slowed the car down as he turned the corner so I followed through and stepped right out. The moist air wasn't the best I'd ever smelled, but I find that things tend to be more refreshing a few miles up in the air than on the level of a person. "Now get out." I told him, enjoying his panicked fumbling to pull the key out. "And say goodbye to the car. This is the last time you'll ever see it."


He didn't much like that threat. But he followed through, because he knew it wasn't an idle one. No sooner had he yanked the key out of his car and followed me inside did I start hearing horns honking outside at the car that had just been left out in the middle of the street.
None of that really mattered to me, though. I stepped inside and... wasn't particularly impressed with what I was seeing. Most of the tables were empty, the music wasn't particularly loud, and the skinny little thing dancing topless on stage didn't seem particularly enthused.


"Is there a reason this place is so sad? I thought that there'd be people everywhere looking to get away from their miserable little lives for a few minutes. This is hardly where I wanted to make my grand return."
"It's the early afternoon on a Tuesday." He says, looking around the inside of the room himself. "I didn't even know they were open this early."
"Not very interesting as a place to make my return..."
"Yeah..." He said, before stiffening up slightly. "I... wanted to ask you about that. You're not actually going to... you know, right? It's not your MO. You've never been to the same place twice. We've all been through this once already, there's no reason to-"


"I'm gonna stop you right there." I said, interrupting his boring talk. "The 'reason' as you put it, is because I want to. Got that?"
"Okay... and-"
"And what do you think is going to happen?" I laughed, looking at the woman shaking her tits on the stage. "You're going to die, of course. Well, everyone here probably is. Maybe someone will get really lucky and narrowly avoid it, but I wouldn't count on it. Not you though. You've got no chance."
"I brought you here though! Surely that's worth something!"

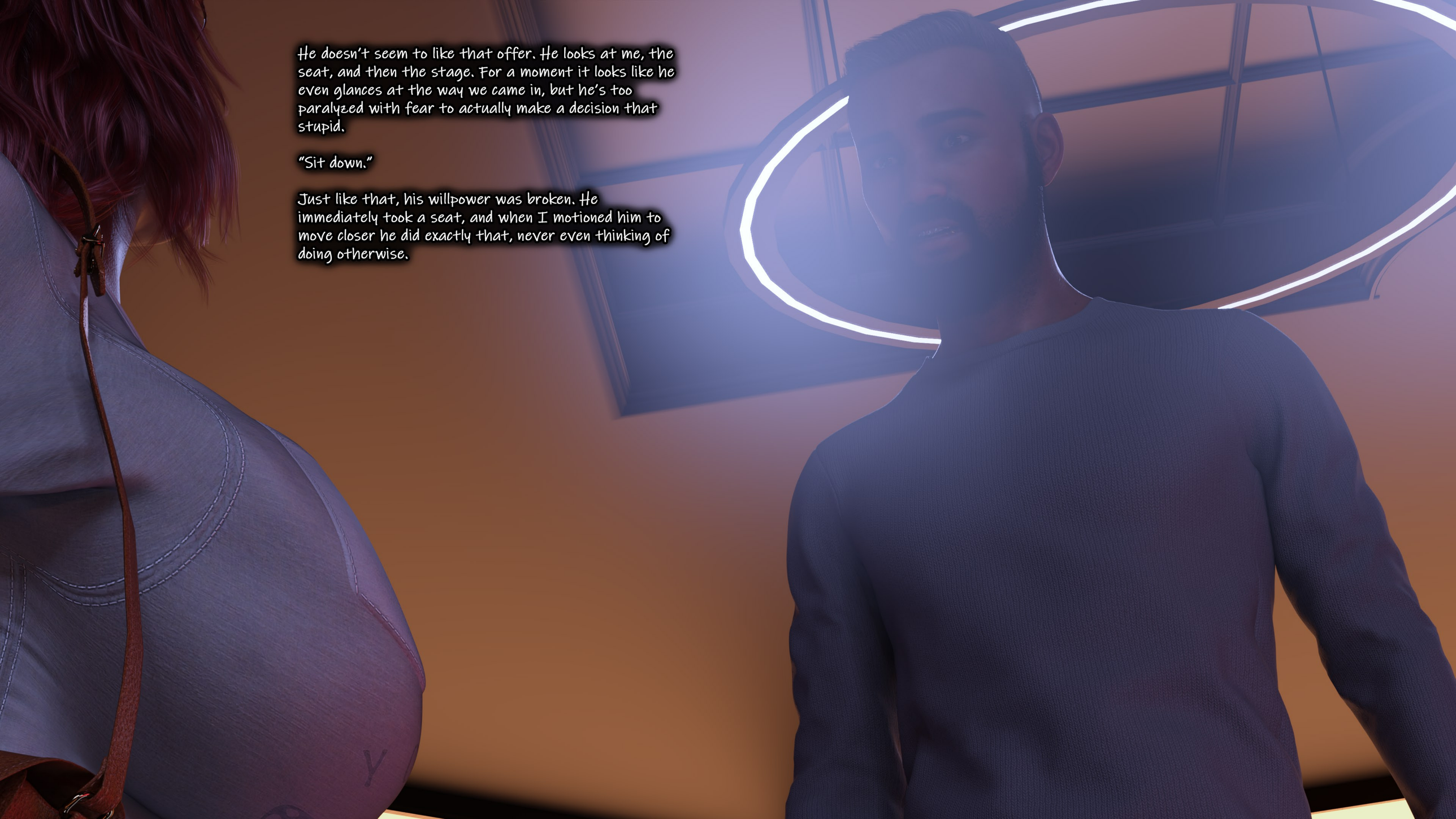


"Let me put it this way. You either do as I say, and you get to go out in a way that would make every other man on this planet envious... or you piss me off. And if you piss me off, I'll make you wish you were dead ten-thousand times before you actually stop breathing."

He stares at me while I take my seat. I motion for him to sit down in the empty stool next to me, but I can tell that he's scared. I can wait though. I rather like watching them squirm before all hell breaks loose.

"But-"

"But nothing. Now sit down, and prepare for the final, and greatest day of your miserable little life. It's more than anyone else nearby is guaranteed."


He doesn't seem to like that offer. He looks at me, the seat, and then the stage. For a moment it looks like he even glances at the way we came in, but he's too paralyzed with fear to actually make a decision that stupid.

"Sit down."

Just like that, his willpower was broken. He immediately took a seat, and when I motioned him to move closer he did exactly that, never even thinking of doing otherwise.


"You know what, I'll make you a deal."
His eyes lit up in an instant and he looked at me with a hopeful expression. I just gave him a wry grin in return.
"I think we both know that I'll be using you to get off. But if you do a really good job, I mean a damn good job... then I'll reconsider."
"Only reconsider?"
"It's the best you're going to get." I said, watching as his confidence began to waver. "That's why I do what I do in the first place. Getting off while using a whole city as collateral? It's like nothing else. But if you deliver a comparable experience, I'll be satisfied. You can go home, everyone here stays safe, and I make my next visit elsewhere."


"Elsewhere...?"
"Oh relax. It's not like you'd change anything. There's places I planned on visiting anyway, regardless of what happens here. You'll just keep those close to you safe if you do a good job."
"How the fuck is that supposed to relax me? You're telling me that if I can't make you cum hard enough, everything that happens will be my fault? You're just adding more pressure onto me!"
"If it makes you feel better, you're not the first person I've made this offer to. Nobody else has ever succeeded, though. Maybe you'll be the first. The one, the only. The man with the golden cock."



"I think I'm more likely to have a panic attack now than ever." He says, looking at his feet.

"Eyes up."

He obeys in an instant, sweat beginning to visibly bead on his forehead.

"What do you think about her?" I asked, motioning towards the stripper. The skinny little thing had no curves, and seemed to notice both of us staring directly at her after a moment.

"She's... fine."



"Hey!" I called out to the stripper. "My friend here thinks you're hot!"

The older woman smiles, and looks at the both of us. "Is that so?" She mused, giving her ass a firm slap as she faced the both of us. "Not too many faces around at this time of day. Especially new faces."

"You recognize him?" I asked, nudging my driver in the side.

She looks at him, then at me, and smiles. "...I've seen him around. Why? Is that a problem?"


"Nope, just curious!" I said, noting how the guy's face started to turn a bit red out of embarrassment. Incredible to think that even with his end seemingly imminent he can find the time to feel embarrassed about looking at some tits.
Though maybe it's the quality of them that embarrasses him. When there's footage of me traveling the world pretty frequently putting on a show that completely puts this skinny little thing to shame, I can see why he'd be so embarrassed. It's like admitting you've eaten dog food while sitting in front of a beef wellington.


"Have you ever considered dancing?" The stripper asks, striking up a conversation mid-routine.
"I've dabbled." I laughed. "Could never really get the hang of it. People tend to run away when I get started."
"Really?" She asks. "Girlie, with a body like yours, you could make it big."
"You hear that?" I said, giving my driver a firm slap on the thigh. "She thinks I'd be big!"


Maybe I'm fucking around with him too much. He says nothing afterwards, which makes him look disconnected, and strange. I briefly consider giving his leg a firm squeeze to remind him that he shouldn't be ignoring me, but decide against it. Maybe he's just completely enraptured by the view.
It's not much to look at, but men are pretty easy. Regardless of what's happening, it is still a mostly-naked woman presenting herself.


For a moment I considered bringing about an even more chaotic outcome. Having those two fuck for my amusement instead, before I grow and bring the whole place down. They could spend their final moments on top of my body, before I'm so huge they vanish from view entirely. Just a couple of specks on top of a tit that are forgotten about as they spend what little remains of their short lives together. Then I squeeze my chest to help myself get off and they're gone. Just like that.
Fuck. Dammit. Now I'm horny.
"Hey. Are you ready?"


"Ready for what-"
I thought it would be obvious, but he still gasps when I stand up. Guess he thought he'd have a few more minutes to ogle the stripper. He's had his time to warm up. If he doesn't have an erection by now, then this skinny bitch isn't going to do it. It's time to bring out the big guns.


The very, very big guns.
The sound of his sharp gasp only makes me hornier. I've always had big tits, but the years of stuffing myself with thousands of people have made them even bigger. They're practically begging to be set free once my top is off, and I give my little partner a sultry look afterwards.
All he can do is stare back, slack jawed at the view in front of him. Guess the oversized shirt I was wearing made him think they were a bit smaller than this.


"Time's up." I told him. "Are you hard yet?"
"I...I..."
I tossed my shirt aside, and turned to face him. My massive tits wobbled inside of the bra that threatened to rip apart at any time, while his eyes went so wide I could swear he was going to pass out where he was sitting.
"I asked you a question."


His bottom lip quivered as he tried, and failed to say something. Figures. I don't get to be lucky enough to find the one guy capable of getting fear boners. Guess I'm going to have to take a more direct approach.

"W-Wait, what are you-"

"Shut up." I said, before dropping my fat ass straight onto his lap. He groaned in discomfort as the stool beneath us squealed, and I leaned back into him. My ass grinded against his cock as I did so, and I could hear him beginning to hyperventilate.


"Calm down. If you die before we even get started, I'm going to crush the entire state."
He seized up at the thought, trying to take deep breaths. He looked up at my face while I was in the midst of sliding my pants off, and alternated looking around the room to see if anyone else was paying attention. As if that actually matters! If they complain, they die. Simple as that.
"Wait... Hazel, I-"
"That's the first time today you've called me by my name." I told him, leaning back to plant a kiss on his forehead. "Now help me get these pants off."



With an extra pair of hands we did exactly that, and I could hear the gasp of shock when he came to realize that I wasn't wearing anything underneath. With the jeans pooled around my ankles I kicked them aside, and turned to face him. The whole time he had no idea how to react. His eyes alternated from my face, to my chest, to my naked pussy directly in front of him, unsure of which one was okay to gawk at.

"Are you hard yet?" I asked again.

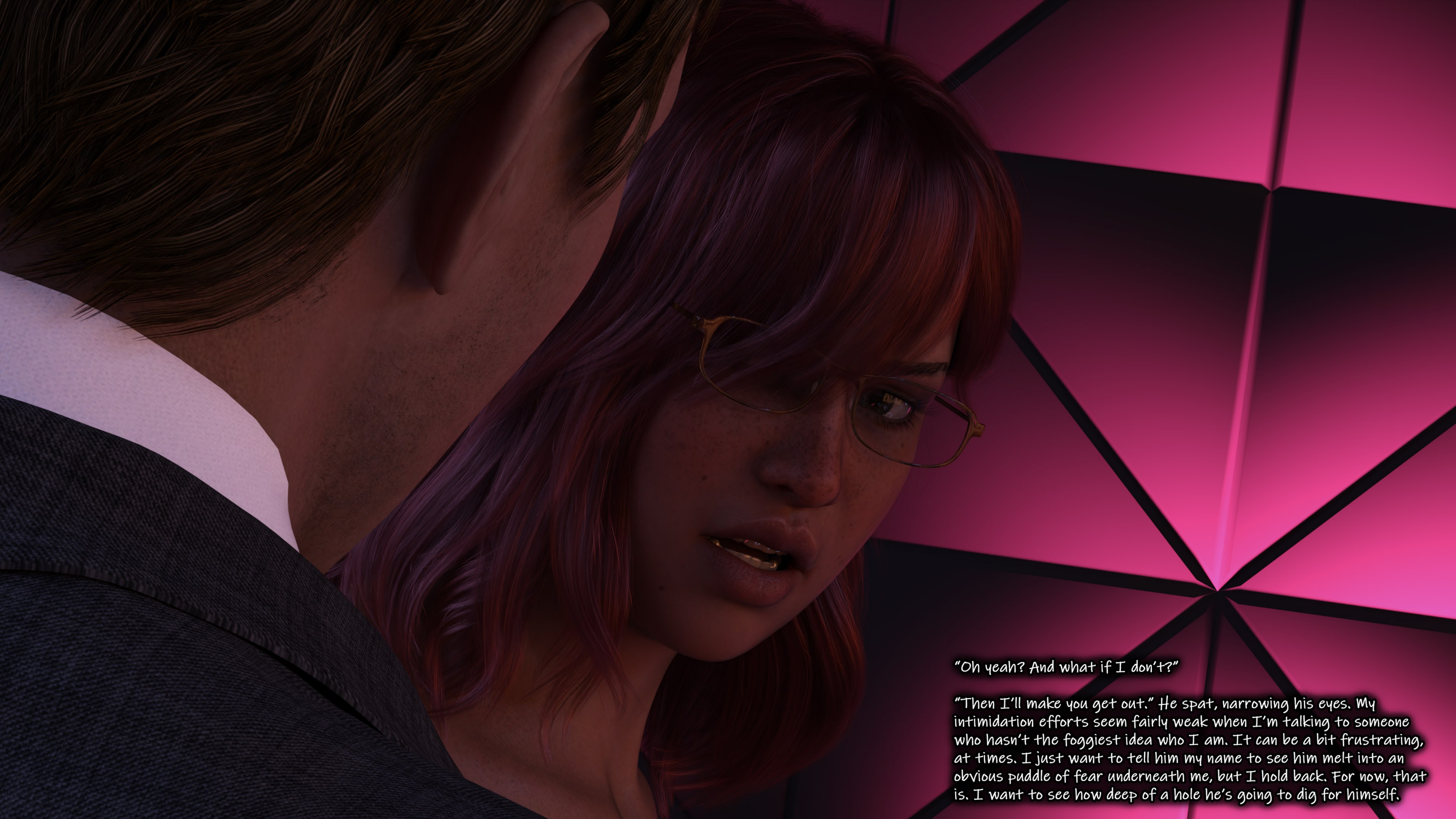
His head jolted up to look straight at me. With pursed lips he nodded silently, embarrassed to admit it.


"Good." I teased, reaching behind my back to unhook my bra. "I trust you know how to use that thing, right?"
He nodded again.
"Just remember." I whispered, as the cups fell free from my chest and my naked tits were revealed. "If you do a bad job, then everyone in a 20 mile radius dies today."


His jaw clenched at the reminder. I swear I could see tears beginning to well up in the corners of his eyes he was so nervous. One thing to be told what to do and what's expected of him, and another to be staring down the barrel of the gun, facing certain death. The gun being my unquenchable libido, in this case.
His right arm begins to move slowly. I expected it to be him reaching up to squeeze one of my melons on offer, but instead he extends his index finger... and points.


"What?" I asked, thinking this was some weird bit of foreplay. "You want a squeeze? Just go for it, idiot. Can't expect you to fuck me if you're not allowed to touch."
He shook his head frantically from side to side, but kept pointing. Only... he wasn't pointing at me. He was pointing past me? Was the stripper jealous? Was I going to have to show her up first?


"HEY!"
That's definitely a man's voice.
"What the hell are you doing?! You don't work here! What, you think anyone can just come in here and take off their clothes?"
"I can't?" I asked, playing stupid. "But... Then why is it called a strip club?"
"Ha. Ha. Very funny." He said, killing the vibe by not buying it for a second. "Now I'm going to have to ask both of you to get the fuck out of here."


"Oh yeah? And what if I don't?"
"Then I'll make you get out." He spat, narrowing his eyes. My intimidation efforts seem fairly weak when I'm talking to someone who hasn't the foggiest idea who I am. It can be a bit frustrating, at times. I just want to tell him my name to see him melt into an obvious puddle of fear underneath me, but I hold back. For now, that is. I want to see how deep of a hole he's going to dig for himself.


"Listen, asshole. I don't care who you think you are, but you don't talk to me like that. Nobody does. Do you have any idea who I am?"
"You think you're in charge here?" He snapped, clearly unbothered by the threat. "Sorry to break it to you lady, but I make the rules. Now you can either come with me and I'll escort you out in peace... or I can have it done while you're in cuffs. Your call."


"I told you not to talk to me like that." I repeated, lowering my glasses. "If you don't apologize right now I promise you, and every single person in this building is going to regret it."
"Lady, I don't care how big your tits are. They're not going to scare me. But if you're not going to cooperate, fine. The cops will-"



"The cops won't do a goddamn thing." I said, biting my bottom lip while squeezing a tit. "Because you, and everyone else here is going to have a much... much bigger problem on your hands soon."

"Whatever, you crazy bitch. I-"

The moment the words left his mouth I tossed my glasses aside, and focused. Just for a split-second. Enough to grow a solid foot taller in front of him in the span of a second. I was already naked so I didn't get that lovely fear of having someone realizing I was outgrowing my clothes in front of them, but this was a small enough venue he got the hint in an instant.


"You... You're..."

"Hazel." I said, smiling as he went white as a sheet. "But go ahead. Call the cops. I quite enjoy having a few extra victims nearby."

"Ha...Hazel..." He whispered, bottom lip quivering as he looked around the room. I could tell that he wanted to make a run for it, but must have known that would never work, and would only piss me off further. So he stood there like a statue, trying to speak but managing to say very little.



"I... I apologize." He finally manages to utter, after clearing his throat a half-dozen times.

"For what?"

"For being so rude to you, of c-course! Please, if there's anything I can do for you, just say the word! Any refreshment, any drink, it's on the house! J-Just please don't-"

"Don't what?"

He freezes up again. That's more like it. Enjoyable as it can be to sample life as an ordinary person every so often, there's nothing quite like taking the mask off and making sure someone knows that the person they've been talking to can wipe their entire city off the map in the blink of an eye. He stutters, whimpers, and pleads that I can take whatever I want for a few seconds before he bores me.


"Get out of here."
He doesn't need to be told twice. As soon as he takes that first step he nearly trips over himself, eyes full of terror as he looks back. The sudden movement draws a few eyes in his direction. Not that it matters. They'll all be dead soon anyway.



"Keep running!" I shout after him as he glances back one last time. "You won't be able to escape! No one ever can!"

"PLEASE DON'T KILL ME!" He screams at the top of his lungs, catching the attention of the others in the club. It's not long until all the other eyes in the building are firmly on me, hardly able to believe what is happening in front of them.


THIS is what I love. What I crave. I've not even done anything yet, and all they see when they look at me is an early end. Not that I wouldn't be capable of ending their lives even right now, but I usually prefer to be a good deal larger before I start turning people into statistics.
"Well?" I said, looking at the others in the room. "Are you going to run off too, or are you going to enjoy the show while you can?"



The man, of course, runs foolishly. Like so many others before him, he thinks he'll have a shot at survival by doing so. Watching him sprint does activate an urge in me to see it ended immediately, but why bother. Even if he had an hour-long head start while already in his car he wouldn't have been able to get a safe distance away. For now, I had other things to attend to.

"Well?" I said, looking back at my little driver. "Are we doing this, or what?"


"Now?!"
"Is there a problem?"
"It's just... we're in the middle of the club, I thought we would be somewhere more private! Like a backroom, or something! What if I can't-"
"I'm already naked, and I'll give you five seconds to get naked yourself. Otherwise, we're going to have a problem. You don't want that, do you?"


"N-NO! Of course not! Yeah! I'll get ready! Just give me a second!"
While he's fumbling with his belt I get a look at the others inside. Maybe it would be nice to have a couple extra warm bodies on hand. I know that this guy isn't going to do a good job. There's a good reason no one ever does, and it has everything to do with how the one thing that turns me on more than anything else is growing. At best he can push me to grow sooner, and faster.


He was doomed the moment he picked me up. Doesn't mean I can't still en...joy. Wow! When he whips that shirt off his chest I have to admit that I'm actually impressed. He's the perfect amount of toned! No excessive bulk, well-kept. Were I the type, I'd love to have kept him around for a personal harem.
Almost a shame to kill someone that looks that nice.


But he's not the only one I've got my eye on. The stripper didn't make it very far. Maybe she's torn between the indignity of running out into the streets completely topless, and staying inside where it's already dangerous. She's not much to look at, but when I'm the point of comparison everyone else falls short. What matters is that she's a warm body, and she looks like she'd know a thing or two about pleasuring someone...
"YOU!"
The woman stops in an instant and looks back at me, eyes wide with terror.
"You're going to help him."


"You want me to... what?! I'm- I just want to leave!"

"Well you're not." I told her flatly. "You wouldn't make it far anyway. I'm giving you a once in a lifetime chance to enjoy THE Hazel's perfect body. Are you telling me you wouldn't rather do that than be crushed while running away?"

I thought it would be a simple choice, but I guess she must really like the life she has. Enough to risk angering me directly in the chance of keeping it up. I would say she's not very smart, but this is a weirdly common thing among people I run into during the early parts of a rampage. The inability to accept your greatest, final purpose in life and go out with a bang.


But what do I know? It's not a question I'm ever going to have to ask myself.
"Come here. Now."
Where the offer fails, the direct order always succeeds. Though clearly scared out of her wits, the stripper balls her hands into fists to convince herself to follow through... and turns around.


As she draws closer, the difference between us is made all the more apparent. Even without my obvious height difference, she was essentially a stick next to me. Mosquito bite tits, an ass that was only noticeable thanks to her underwear, and that's not even getting into her age.

"Good." I tell her, in an attempt to put her at ease. Not to comfort her, but more because a terrified partner never does as good a job at servicing as a motivated one.


"What do you want me to do?"
"Stand here. For now." I told her. I'll think of something later. I'd love to shove her straight up my pussy, but I'm not big enough for that yet. I thought that maybe I could have her suck my tits, or rub my feet while my driver is doing his best between my legs, but I think I'd rather have her stand right there and watch. Just give her a show, before ending her.


While I'm doing that my driver manages to unbutton his pants. With a shout of relief he quickly yanks them down around his thighs, revealing the monster hidden inside. A meaty cock springs out from between his legs, audibly slapping him on the stomach after. He breathes a sigh of relief with that done, and quickly forces them off entirely, and kicks them aside.


"I really know how to pick them, don't I?" I laughed, while rubbing my pussy with my entire hand. "You're a big one, aren't you? Definitely one of the biggest I've ever had. You might even be able to save everyone." I told him with a wink, before sliding down the pole and spreading my legs wide.

"Now come closer."



He does so.

"What are you going to do?"

"I... wait, did I have the wrong impression-"

"No." I interrupted, rolling my eyes. "I want to hear you say it. With your own words, what we're going to do, and what is going to happen if you don't do a good job."

"We're... going to have sex." He said, before swallowing. "And if I don't do a good job, you said you're going to destroy this city."


"You hear that?" I said to the stripper next to me. "If my little loverboy here doesn't make me cum, then you're going to be one of the first to die today."
She only stares aghast at me, then at my driver. I could have chosen my words more gently, but the sheer terror the threat of imminent death brings about can't be compared. That is what I crave, and she's playing her part excellently.
"Well? Stop stalling." I said, looking back down. With two fingers I spread my pussy a bit to make it easier for him. He's going to need everything he can get.


"Okay... I..." He said, before taking a deep breath. He grabbed his own cock, running a hand down it to keep it sticking straight up and hard. Despite this, his eyes weren't on his own impressive endowment, but on the prize directly in front of him. The pussy he was going to have to please in order to survive. I'm sure he's a cocktail of emotions at the moment. All the excitement that he's going to get laid in just a minute undercut with the pressure being placed on him.

His legs begin to shake as he puts one foot in front of the other, closing the gap between us.


With a quiet thud, he drops to his knees. It's not hard at all for him to slide his cock inside of me. As big as he is, I'm just that much bigger. No extra lube required.
That also tells him quickly how difficult this task is actually going to be. A cock like that would need to be eased into a smaller woman.



But it slides inside of me easily, with room to spare. Not to say that I can't feel it, but at this size a lesser man would have already been crushed out of frustration.

Not that he's aware of that. He seemingly panics at the sight of his cock entering me without the faintest bit of resistance and begins to hyperventilate. As funny as it would have been, I don't want him to die of a heart attack before he can even get started.



"GO!" I told him.

He yelps in surprise, but does exactly that. His hips slam forward with all the strength he can muster, but it doesn't do much to move me from my position. But the feeling is divine. I lean back to let him do his thing, biting my bottom lip as I can feel the arousal begin to take me over.



Thankfully, he seems to recognize that he's not doing that bad. After a few awkward stabs he finds a rhythm he's comfortable with, and starts slamming his hips back and forth with everything he had. Over and over he drove his massive cock straight inside of me, while my tits bounced dangerously close to his head.

A moan escapes my throat, and I can feel his confidence surge as a result. His hands move further up my thighs in an effort to get a better angle, and keep going.


I do the same. Leaning further back I let him get ever so slightly deeper inside, though it doesn't actually feel that much better to do so. I'm more interested in seeing him go absolutely feral. Excited to watch him become an absolute fucking machine, completely unlike the mild-mannered driver I'd spent the last hour with.

"Keep... going...!" I moaned, encouraging him.


He takes a deep breath, steadies himself, and pumps even more furiously. Sweat is beginning to form all over his body as he drives his cock inside of me with all the enthusiasm of a man getting his final conjugal visit before his execution.

Fuck me.

He might actually make me cum.


It's too bad that making me cum isn't the only reason I love growing so much. As a lover, he's top notch. Were we of similar sizes he might even be too much.
But as a substitute for outgrowing this city and turning it into a parking lot? As an alternative for betraying him and drinking in his fear when he realizes he didn't do a good enough job, and has doomed tens of thousands of people?
He could not even begin to compare.


"SHE'S FUCKING GROWING!"
That's more like it. That's what I like to hear. The stripper notices the change near-instantly. It makes sense. She's probably worked here for ages. She'd notice if a single chair was misplaced. Of course she'd notice if I sprouted up an extra two feet in the blink of an eye.


"DON'T YOU DARE RUN!" I snapped, while growing even more. Not sure if the stripper was planning to, but after I ordered her to stay still she definitely wasn't going anywhere.
Her eyes were glued on me as I grew even bigger. I could feel the tension rising as even my little lover was beginning to notice the change now.


"Please stop!" She begged, as I rose up even higher.
I hardly paid her any mind. I was somewhere else entirely as my driver was doing his best to piston his cock in and out of me, while I massaged my chest with both hands.


My driver was putting even more into this now. He saw the writing on the wall. He had to think he still had a chance at turning things around, and slamming his pelvis so hard against my pussy I bet it physically hurt him every time he did so. I admired the drive to succeed, but it was already too late for him. Too late for the stripper. And too late for everyone. I could tell that I was about to hit the ceiling, and when that happened... this whole place was coming down.


It happened sooner than I expected. Something cool pressed against my face, and though it was refreshing, it actually knocked me out of the heat of the moment. I would question what kind of a strip club has a skylight but it's not going to exist for much longer.


Raising my hands, I pressed my palm flat against the glass ceiling. I can tell how weak it is from the creaking sounds it makes just from that minor of an action. So with a forceful push it shatters, allowing me access to the cooler air outside once more.
As shards of glass rain down onto the floor around me, I can hear the stripper scream for her life for about a second.


Then it's muffled. Practically silenced when my head is poking out of the roof. I take a deep breath of the cool air, filling my lungs with it. There's bound to be some symbolism in how I broke the glass ceiling just now, but another surge of growth pulls me back into what I was already doing.
DO NOT ENTER
WARNING!
NO TRESPASSING


Growing.
The inside walls of the strip club are pressed against my legs, and I push them out. They resist for a couple of seconds, before breaking apart into huge chunks of brick that rain to the floor around my legs.


At the same time I can feel more of my body rising through the hole I'd just created in the roof. The cool morning air on my tits feels phenomenal, and makes my nipples stand on end.


The building continues to break apart all around me, utterly failing to keep me contained. I can't help but sigh in satisfaction as I can add strip club to the list of buildings I've grown out of.


Outgrowing a building from the inside feels phenomenal. I feel like I'm going to cum on the spot, but I'm missing something. Something I can't put my finger on? The screams haven't come yet, but they will soon. The sounds of destruction are already happening. But I'm missing...


Ah! That's right!
I can hardly believe I'd already forgotten all about...


My tiny, little, lover. Well, he wasn't so tiny when we started, but he lost the competition some time ago. What was once a wonderful cock that adequately filled me despite a pretty significant difference in size, had become little more than a Tic Tac desperately rubbing the entrance to my pussy, hoping to find its way inside.


"Hey." I said, feeling around my pussy until I found his little legs dangling halfway outside of my pussy. "I think you've figured it out by now... but you're fucked. Thanks for playing."

With that, I pressed his bottom half straight into my pussy. His legs thrashed wildly at the announcement, but he had to have known it was coming. No way he was THAT stupid.


I wish I could hear him in his final moments. Stuffed completely inside of my pussy, lost forever. A moan from the depths of my throat rumbles through the area while I imagine the sheer fear and betrayal he was feeling when he met his end.
Speaking of people meeting their end...


With the club around us completely destroyed, I was able to spot the stripper who was with us just a minute ago. She was crying, begging for help in between bouts of coughing from all the smoke as the building had collapsed around me.
"I thought I told you not to move?"
WARNING!
PRIVATE PROPERTY
Juice
Aspect Delivery


She looks up, eyes wide with fear.
I reached for her.
"NO! I'M SORRY! I'LL DO WHATEVER YOU WANT, PLEASE DON'T HURT ME!" She pleaded, running out into the street topless and with bare feet.
"I asked you not to move, and you're already running. You had your chance." I said, wrapping my fingers around the fleeing woman.


"Do you have anything to say for yourself?" I asked the hysterical woman who kicked and punched at my fingers in a desperate bid for freedom.
"I'M SORRY I'M SORRY I'M SORRY I'M-"
"Not interested." I said, then tossed her straight into my mouth.


For several seconds I sat there, savoring the feeling of the woman begging for mercy in my throat, and the man desperate to get me off between my legs. Neither of them were doing it on their own, but it would be unfair to expect something like that from them.
All at once, I swallowed, sending the woman into the depths of my stomach again. To join thousands who came before her, and thousands that would undoubtedly come after. At the same time, I pushed my little lover all the way into my pussy, to finish him off once and for all.
EMPIRE HOTEL
LIQUORS


With those little distractions taken care of I can really get going. The wriggling inside of me moves further and further inside, and I'm sure it'll eventually be snuffed out when I clench. His fate isn't any of my concern, because I have only a single thought running through my head.
EMPIRE HOTEL
LIQUORS


I have to get bigger.
EMPIRE HOTEL
LIQUORS


Masturbating in the middle of the street is an exciting prospect, but hearing the sounds of the city around me begin to realize what's happening is even better.
EMPIRE HOTEL
LOANS
PRIVATE PROPERTY
LIQUOR


Nobody ever expects me to show up in their city, but I'd like to think that everyone is always aware that it's a possibility. A lingering thought in the backs of their minds that this could be the day I show up, and make life hell for everyone in a ten mile radius.
EMPIRE HOTEL
LOANS
LIQUOR


But my driver had a point. I've become predictable in some ways. I've never revisited a place I had once before. That little bit of predictability had put the minds of everyone here at ease. These people assume they've paid their dues, and have nothing to worry about.
And that's what makes them scream so much louder.
Their sense of safety has been shattered. It's all hands on deck. The rules of engagement have been broken, and I've come to finish the job I started all those years ago.
EMPIRE HOTEL


The louder they scream, the hotter I get. The hotter I get... the faster I grow.
In the span of about a second I've nearly doubled in size. I'm all warmed up now. Like an engine that needed time to heat up.


Sirens go off, and though my eyes are closed so I can focus on my pussy, I can hear them. People are flooding the streets all around me. Tripping over the chunks of debris that I'm already spreading. Cursing me for coming back.


All because I decided to have some
fun in their collective backyard.


I can feel my back brushing into a building behind me. I hadn't even noticed it when I started growing. I could only speculate what it actually is.


Because a second later it's turned to dust. I've grown big enough now that it only existed in my world for a split-second. I think of all the property damage and lives lost for something that barely even registered. I looked down at the world shrinking around me, and it's all so arousing I can hardly help myself.


I opened my mouth, and moaned.
Even from this high up the sound echoes throughout the remnants of the city. Audible to everyone, even the deaf as the earth itself shakes from the sheer volume of it.


I let my ass slide back a small amount. The building I'd felt for just a moment registers once more. Something that provides a faint bit of resistance, before my growing form destroys it.
Chunks rain onto the streets below, and the people running away on foot have to contend with that now.


It's a concern that won't last long, though.
As I keep growing, I can get a better view of the city...
or what remains of it. The buildings in this immediate
area are still standing, though not all are in one piece.
Even seated, I'm bigger than the lot of them.


A second later, and I've more than doubled in height. My lungs fill with fresher, cleaner air. Above the haze from the city in ruins. I can see it in every direction now. The aftermath I left behind. Huge swathes of what once housed a city, now ground flat into the ground.


Another second passes, and I double yet again.
The earth protests the rapid speed I'm growing at now. The sounds of my fingers sloshing around my pussy reverberate around what remains standing, and I can only watch with unfettered excitement as what was once an endless expanse of bare, flat land shrinks away.


Smaller and smaller the ruins become. I curled my toes as I'm so turned on I can barely draw breath. I'm not going to stop soon. Not at all. And the knowledge that the segment of the city I'd destroyed was much larger than the portion that remained standing had me screaming with pleasure, blowing out windows for a mile around.


I don't know how big I am now compared to my first time here... but I know I'm getting closer. The buildings scarcely reach above my ankles now, and even while seated I can see that I'm gradually approaching the clouds.


I search my memory, trying to remember in vivid detail what the world looked like... but it's hard. It was all still intact then. I had landmarks to measure myself against.


Only one thing comes back, clear as day. The clouds could barely reach my knees. It took me ages to get that big the first time, I'm an older woman now. More experienced. More refined.

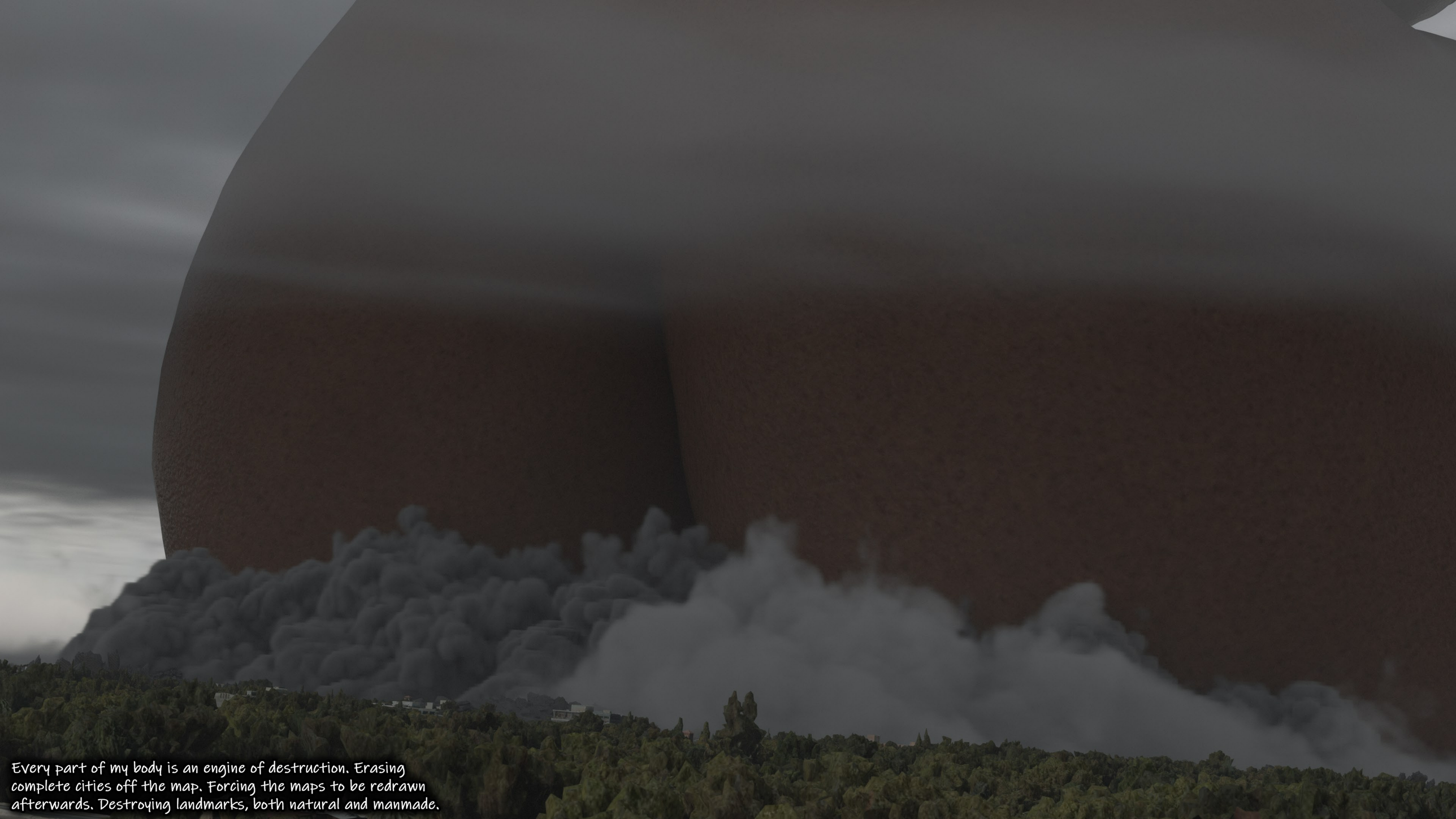

What once took me a couple of hours and a lot of panic was about to be bested in only a couple of minutes. The people still living here had hardly a moment to even begin an attempt at evacuation before my ass had grown so huge it practically consumed what was left.


But not everything.
And so long as any part of the city remained standing... I will keep growing.


I don't know which goal was more enticing.
Growing bigger than I had the first time,
and putting that size to shame... or erasing
the city that this had all started in.


I considered both of the options. Mulled them over in my head before coming to the obvious conclusion.


Both.
I see no need to compromise.


Every part of my body is an engine of destruction. Erasing complete cities off the map. Forcing the maps to be redrawn afterwards. Destroying landmarks, both natural and manmade.


This used to be a small, but happy city. A college town with a quaint community.


Now it's going to be a crater. One that no one else could possibly fill, but will be in the shape of my ass. I've no idea how much of the city is even left at this point for two big reasons. The first is the gigantic plumes of smoke and dust spreading out in every direction, making it hard to see what's taking place down there.


The second?
Because I'm breaching the clouds.

What was once a gloomy, overcast day near-instantly becomes bright, and sunny. I can hardly see past my tits the cloud layer is so thick and full.



That problem, if it can even be called that, solves itself in a matter of seconds. More and more of my body pushes past the clouds, and while trying to catch my breath I can see them gradually get sucked into my mouth.



Exhaling blows them away just as quickly. I can only imagine what the scene is like from ground level now. Is there even anyone left? Have I finished crushing the city in its entirety?


Do I even care?


The city's gone. It's toast. It's over. It's done with. It has ceased to be. Anything that was still standing after the first time has been driven hundreds of feet into the ground and is mired with the bedrock at this point.


But I want to keep growing.


Ten years ago I came here as a nobody. No friends. No prospects. No confidence. The day ended with me pushing the limits of just how far I could grow. Becoming bigger than anyone could possibly imagine.


It only feels appropriate to commemorate the occasion by doing so again.


I was less experienced then. Not even able to erase a single city before returning to normal. Now I can do that with my eyes closed. I HAVE done it with my eyes closed, focusing only on my other senses as I wreak havoc on a captive populace by growing alone.


I can feel the vapor of the clouds beginning to settle around my pussy. I don't have to open my eyes to know that I'm on the verge of growing bigger than I ever have before. The world already bowed to my every whim, but that applies to the planet itself at this point.


But however big I get... there's no reason not to grow even bigger.


I can feel the ground shifting beneath me while I keep pleasing myself. I spread my legs out and slam them into the ground, carving huge gashes into the planet's surface. I can feel warmth leaking from my heels that I know I didn't cause.


And I'm not slowing down.
The planet's surface heaves with every move I make now. I lean back to place more weight onto my elbow, and I can feel it sink deeper into the ground. All so I can spread my legs a little further, and finger myself a tiny bit better.


How many lives were sacrificed so I could move a tiny bit more effectively?
How many more when I keep growing? I started in a somewhat populated area, but by now I've grown so much I have to be pushing into neighboring cities and erasing them. Places that didn't even register, and simply had the misfortune of being nearby.


How long until I start pushing into another state?


My entire body shudders at the thought. And it is just that, a thought. But I don't know how big I am. I've never felt this way before. I've never felt so hot. I could probably stuff a dozen cities into my pussy at the same time and not feel a thing. Nothing on this earth is capable of filling me anymore, aside from my own fingers.


The orgasm crashes into me like a bomb. I couldn't hold back another second. I opened my mouth, and let loose a scream more powerful than any weapon humanity could ever conceive. The power of my voice alone would turn thousands nearby into nothing but a red mist. Windows for dozens of miles around would shatter, and I'm sure most of the country would hear the echo of my pleasured cry as an earth shaking orgasm rocked my body. My toes curled as I rode it out to completion, and I arched my back further, beginning to hyperventilate after.


Finally, I collapsed. The sound was deep, and thunderous. I don't know how many things I just crushed by doing that, but I needed to rest, and nobody was going to stop me from doing so. For several seconds after I lie on my back, enjoying the heat emanating from my body. Rubbing my fingers together in the stickiness that now coated them.



I'm not sure how long I kept lying there afterwards. My chest heaved with every breath, and I felt like I had to push a little harder to get a lungful of air. It was a bit of a strange sensation, but as soon as I cracked my eyes open I knew why.

I had to get a better look. With a bit of effort I managed to stand up, and could hardly believe the sight that greeted me. I had indeed grown bigger than I ever have before.


The entire curvature of the earth was visible now. And not in the kind of way where I could cross the country in a matter of minutes kind of way. I could tell that if I were to lie down, I'd have been longer than the continental US. Even now one of my feet had fallen into the middle of the ocean, and I hadn't even noticed it was so shallow.


The other had come to rest in a section of the country completely disconnected from where the rest of my body was. An entire section of the nation simply erased, because I'd grown as big as I had.


That was only the tip of the iceberg.
I wanted to get a better view of... well, everything. The world I was occupying. How enormous I truly was. And maybe even what lies beyond. But I couldn't do that while seated. I needed to stand. The act of simply placing my hands onto the ground to push myself up could have flattened entire cities, but it was a necessary sacrifice in order to get that view I craved.



The entire planet protested when I pulled myself up to my feet, but I wasn't the person who would have to deal with the results of my actions. I made sure to rise slowly, feeling my heart race faster and faster with every passing second. I took a deep breath as I reached my full height... and felt nothing. There was no air this high up, but it seemed as if I didn't need it anymore. Maybe I never did. Whatever the reason, I can say beyond a shadow of a doubt that I've evolved beyond the rest of humanity now, even without taking my size into account.

While looking over the world I can only wonder what exactly it is I'm looking at. I've seen images of what Earth looked like from space, and they were remarkably accurate to what I was checking out now, aside from the fact that my feet were firmly planted on the ground.



How many millions, if not billions of lives were staring up at me right now. Fearful of my next movement. Terrified that I'm going to begin a new rampage. A global rampage that ends with the soles of my feet caked with the remnants of all of mankind. With entire nations flooded by my pussy when I inevitably stop to pleasure myself. How does it feel to look up and see a woman with tits bigger than your entire country?

I can't even begin to imagine. The only perspective I know of firsthand is my own... and it all seems rather drab. Cities are so small I'd have to be on my knees to even identify them, and the planet more closely resembles an oversized marble than the majestic celestial body I'd had drilled into my head growing up.


How many cities have I crushed already? It's safe to assume my initial target is gone, and will never be recovering. But what of its neighbors? The state as a whole? My ass had to have destroyed hundreds. My feet a couple dozen more, without even moving. Even simply placing my hands onto the ground must have covered hundreds of thousands, if not millions of lives in shadow, before crushing them as well.
I looked at my hands, and smiled at the thin layer of dust on them. Nothing recognizable as civilization, much less humanity remained. The rest of the planet seems much the same. Pockmarked from my actions as my weight alone spread cracks through the planet's surface, but it seems remarkably pristine.


If nothing else, I can state with absolute certainty that I've never grown this big before.
I am also aware that I can go much, much further than this. A warm tingle courses through my skin at the thought of doing so. Achieving sizes greater than the feeble human mind can comprehend. As I am now, it would be easy to wipe out what remains of the country. Or hell, the world, in a matter of minutes. And I would be lying if I said I wasn't seriously considering it. Simply swiping my foot from left to right would ratchet up the death counter from this rampage a hundred times over.
But I'd prefer to keep my toy intact until I'm finished playing it.



In spite of everything I've already done, and everything I'm capable of, there are still those who doubt me. A portion of the populace who assume I'm little more than a monster who shows up, wrecks a city, and moves on. Those who think what I do is a game with rules, and underestimate me as a result. They think I'm just a dimwitted giantess who seeks to get off using their lives and infrastructure, and nothing more.

But my aspirations are far greater than that.

This world isn't going to last forever. I'm going to make sure of that myself. I'm not like the rest of the microbes swarming around my feet. I have no intention of growing old, ugly, and living out the rest of my days quietly while being cared for. Should my life ever become too boring, then this planet, along with every last life occupying it, is forfeit. It could happen in twenty years, after I've slowed down and can feel the effects of age wear on me. It could happen next week, if I find the after effects of growing this large just once are too bothersome to deal with.

When that day comes, there won't be a single person or force capable of stopping it.


THE
END



HAZEL'S FIRST SMASH 2 SIZE COMPARISON


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