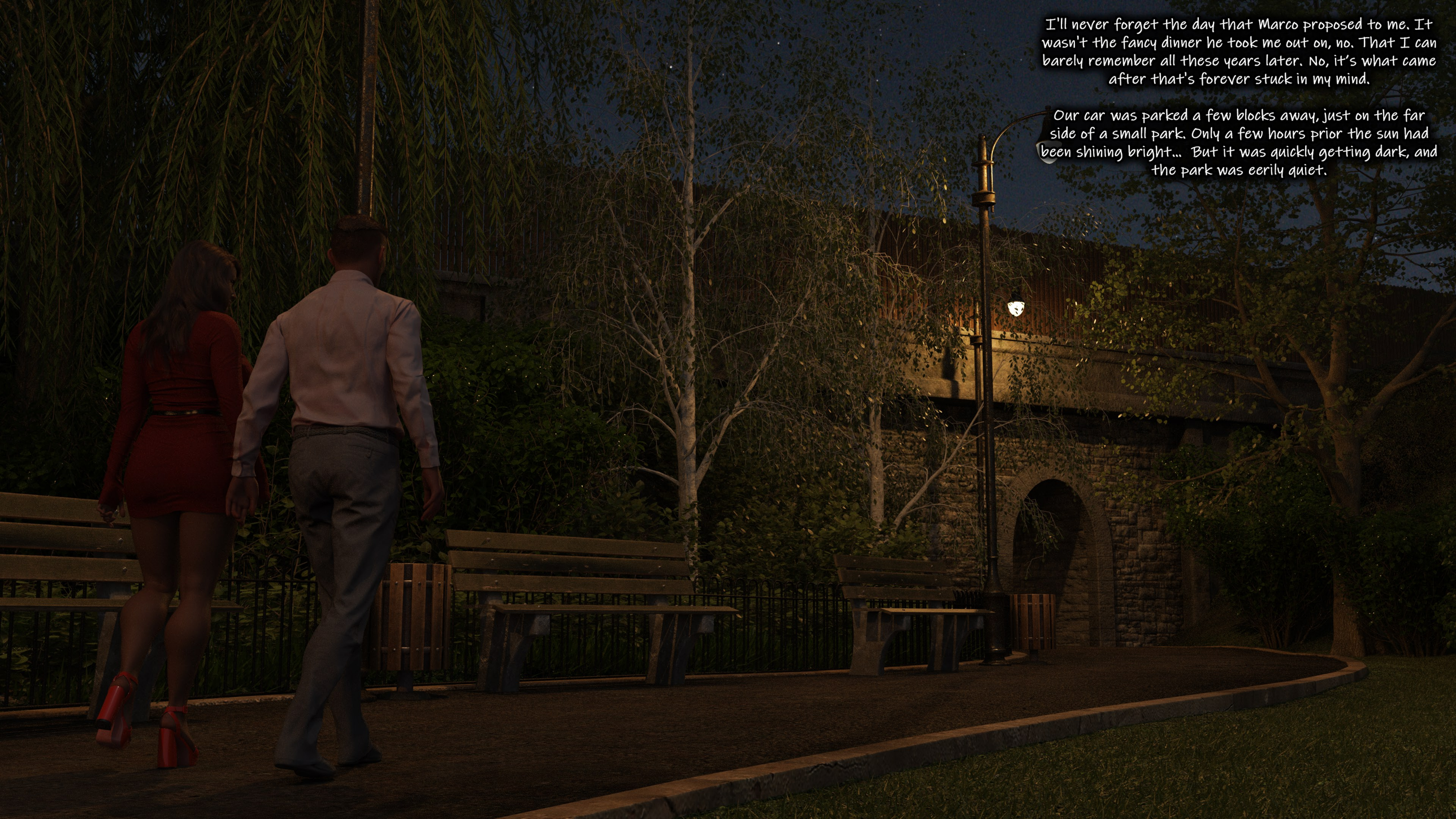

HELL HATH
NO FURY


ART BY JACKOFBULLETS
STORY BY REDFIREDOG


I'll never forget the day that Marco proposed to me. It wasn't the fancy dinner he took me out on, no. That I can barely remember all these years later. No, it's what came after that's forever stuck in my mind.
Our car was parked a few blocks away, just on the far side of a small park. Only a few hours prior the sun had been shining bright... But it was quickly getting dark, and the park was eerily quiet.



I'm sure Marco had the same concerns, so he broke the tension with a joke. "You're not getting nervous, are you Maya?" he asked.

I stifled a laugh. "Don't worry about me, Marco," I told him. "Let's just say that I can handle myself."


"Oh, so you're a tough one, are you?" Marco teased. "I like a woman with some fire in her belly, but at the end of the day, defending you should be my job, shouldn't it? If anyone tries to hurt you, I'll fight them off!"


"You're a regular Don Quixote!" I joked. "That's very chivalrous of you, but trust me. If anyone tries to hurt me... It's their funeral."


The park was dark and ominous, but the danger only made us more giddy with excitement. Besides, I'd walked through dark alleys dozens of times, and never been mugged. What were the odds that this would be the night that changed?



A moment later, Marco broke the silence again. "Something tells me you weren't just bullshitting about being able to handle yourself. So, spill it! Are you a martial arts expert? Or do you maybe hide a knife on you all the time?"

"Oh, no. Nothing quite so messy as that." I told him. "Maybe I'll tell you some day, but for now it'll be my little secret."

"Fair enough. You're entitled to your privacy." He said.

"I'm sure you'll find out some day." I told him. "Hell, play your cards right, and that day might be sooner than you think."


Right then, a mugger leapt out from the shadows. He was hulking beast of a man, and he held a huge knife in his outstretched hand.
"Give me your fucking wallet!" the mugger screamed. "NOW!"


I started to back away when another mugger crawled out from the bushes behind us, blocking the only easy way out. "Marco, we're surrounded!"
Marco wasted no time reaching into his pocket. "Okay, okay! Here's my wallet!" He said in a strangely calm tone. "Just let us go, man. We don't want any trouble!"


I was incensed by his reaction. "You're just handing it over to him?" I asked. "What happened to being my protector?"
"I can't protect you if I'm dead." Marco deadpanned. "We're surrounded and outnumbered. I'm not going to throw my life away, and I certainly don't want you to throw away yours!"


He reached out to hand the wallet over, and the mugger waited with an open hand. There was something about his relaxed gaze that infuriated me... and made me want to put him in his place.
"You think we're just a couple of sheep, but you couldn't be more wrong," I said coldly. "I'm more dangerous than you can imagine. If you and your little friend here don't turn and run away right now, then you're going to regret it."


"Don't listen to her, she's just agitated!" Marco said. "Come on, here's my wallet. Just take it, and leave us alone!"
But just as Marco tried again to hand over his wallet, the man stepped back. The robber noticed before Marco did. He was staring right up at me... And up, and up, as I started to grow.


In a matter of seconds, I'd nearly doubled in size. I knew I didn't have much time to waste, so I grew as fast as I could. Growing came easy to me, no harder than flexing a muscle.
Marco and the robbers stared up at me, too shocked to do anything but watch as I grew. My clothes quickly grew tighter, and soon they were splitting at the seams. It was a shame to ruin such a nice skirt...


...But I'd make those muggers pay for it a hundred times over.
A moment later the remnants of my skirt were lying on the ground, in tatters. Marco and the robbers looked at me with a mix of fear and awe on their faces. It was a look I'd seen a few times before, and one that I'd come to relish.
"M-Maya? You just grew? How the hell is that possible?!" Marco asked in disbelief.


"It just is." I told him. I didn't need to say anything else.
This was no time for chatter. I only cared about revenge. I was already more than big enough to stomp the robbers into mush... but I didn't JUST want to kill them. I wanted to humiliate them. To make them realize just how small and pathetic they really were... So I kept growing.


I grew bigger, by the second, until I towered over the trees. I stared down at them with quiet fury in my eyes. Daring them to make a move. To attack, to run, anything.


The big one stared at me with wide eyes. He just stood there, with no idea of what to do. After a moment of bewilderment, he let out a comical, pathetic scream.


The other robber could have quietly slipped away, and hoped I didn't notice. If he was smart enough to do that, he might have had some chance of surviving.
He wasn't smart. He ran towards me knife-first.


By the time I reacted, it was too late. I looked back just in time to see him plunge the blade deep into my shin... Not that I needed to watch to realize that's what was happening, but I sure as hell felt it. It stung, like a bee sting... for a moment. Though the pain quickly dissipated, my rage did not.


The man tried to stab me again, and again. He must have been stupid enough to think his little knife would be strong enough to kill me, from a stab to my shin, no less. But as he stabbed again and again, failing to draw blood with every jab, he seemed to be realizing just how hopeless of a position he was in. And yet, out of desperation, he kept plunging the knife in, filling me with rage.


That was it. My decision had been made. If there had been any chance of me sparing them, it had long since evaporated. I wasn't going to let either of them survive this.


The robber in the hoodie must have seen the anger in my eyes, because he finally gave up and ran for it. Even as he ran, he never took his eyes off me. He stared up at me, waiting for me to strike.


Before he could run more than a few steps, I lifted my foot. Before he knew it, I was pressing my sole against his head. I pushed down a little harder, and knocked him right off his feet.


A moment later, he crashed face-first onto the pavement. He landed on his chest hard enough to knock the wind out of him.


Now I had him right where I wanted him. I pressed my foot against his back, harder and harder. I could have crushed him in an instant, but I didn't want to make it too quick. I wanted to take my time, draw it out. He NEEDED to suffer. I pressed down a little harder, and heard bones snap, followed by a muffled scream. That meant I was on the right track.


Just when I was starting to really enjoy myself, the other robber broke my concentration. "Stop! Let him go, or... or else!"
I couldn't help but chuckle to myself. The way his voice cracked... It was so pathetic, it was almost sweet. This man was a would-be murderer himself, but he still cared about his little friend. Not that it would make a difference.
I pressed my foot down harder, snapping more bones, and eliciting a long scream of pain. I pressed again, until the screaming abruptly stopped. Whether he was dead or not, I could figure out later. He wasn't going to walk away from this.


I then turned towards the other robber. I didn't say anything to him. I didn't need to. I just stood, and stared him down. That was enough to send him a message... Run, or die.
It was a false choice, of course. As fast as he ran, there was no way he would make it out of this. I was only waiting for him to make a move before making one of my own.


I lifted my foot high above him. I wanted blood, and I would get it. He looked up at me, and let out a scream of terror. I ended it by bringing my foot down.


A moment later, he too was lying on the ground. I didn't get to take my time finishing his friend... but I was going to enjoy this one.
I thought about way the little brute looked at me, like I was prey. The way he tried to make me feel so pathetic and weak, if only for a moment. Hell, even the dress he made me ruin was worth far more than his life. Everything he did to me, I was going to pay back a thousand-fold.


I pressed down harder, digging my heel into his back. He screamed, and pleaded, but I hadn't even heard a bone crack yet. That would need to change soon. I pressed down harder, until I heard a series of cracks, and an ugly scream. It could have been his ribs popping, or his wrists dislocating. The specifics mattered little to me. I just wanted to feel his pain, his desperation.


Those men had reawakened something in me. A dark part of me. Something that I'd buried for years. It was like a beast inside, one that I could barely control. Now that beast was unleashed, and they were at my mercy.
I pressed down harder, until I heard another crack. That one was his back, I was sure of it. He wouldn't be threatening anyone ever again, but I wasn't done yet. I didn't just want to hurt him. I didn't even just want to kill him. I wanted to erase him. To grind his body into the microscopic cracks in the pavement. To smear him into paste beneath my foot. Making it so even his own family wouldn't recognize him.
That would be a start.


"That's enough, that's enough!" a voice called out. It was Marco, of course it was... I must have gotten too carried away with myself, I had forgotten he was there for a moment.


Seeing Marco's terror melted my heart, and my anger quickly faded. I couldn't stay mad. Not with his handsome face looking up at me.
"I hope I didn't scare you too much." I joked. "So? What do you think? Can I handle myself?"
"Yes, yes, clearly!" Marco shouted. "Now get off of him, before you kill him!"


I stepped off of the robber, and crouched down in front of Marco. I could tell he was still frightened, so I shrunk down... But not quite to normal size. I was enjoying his reaction, and I wanted to toy with him just a little longer.
"Don't worry, Marco." I whispered down to him. "I only hurt people who hurt me. To those who are kind to me, I can be gentle. Even at this size."


Slowly, reluctantly, he got up onto his knees, kneeling down in front of me like a loyal knight. The fear gradually faded away from his expression, replaced with a look of genuine awe.
"None of this should be possible..." he said, awe-struck. "How can you do this?"


"I suppose it's a gift," I told him. "From who, or what, I'm not sure. I discovered it a long time ago. My mother told me to keep it a secret, and so I have. For most of my life, no one has seen me grow, and lived to tell about it... No one save for her, and now you. I trusted her to keep my secret. Can I trust you, too?"


"Of course!" Marco told me. "You may have just saved both of our lives! Your secret... I'll protect it with my life! You do trust me, though, right? You're not going to hurt me?"


I couldn't help but laugh. "It would be hard for me to hurt someone as handsome as you, Marco!" I told him. "You'd have to do something really bad to piss me off. Not that you should push your luck, of course!"


"Of course not!" Marco said, laughing too. "I've seen what you're capable of, I'd be a fool to upset you! You're really one-of-a-kind, you know that, Maya? And a real beauty too!"


"A beauty... and a beast." I told him. "I run a bit hot, Marco. Sometimes my passions get away from me... but that has its benefits as well."
"I can imagine," Marco replied.


"I couldn't help but notice you checking me out, Marco," I said, giving him a knowing look. "No, don't apologize. I'd be insulted if you didn't look considering what happened to my dress, but I think it's only fair that you return the favor. I'd kill to see what's under that outfit you're wearing."


"And I'd be more than happy to show you," Marco replied. "This might not be the, uhh... most suitable place for it, however. Maybe you could shrink down, and we head back to my place?"


I'd have liked to keep playing with him even at that size, but I obliged his request and shrunk down. "Done!" I said. "Now do you want to walk me back to my car like a gentleman?"


He looked up at me, half entranced and half nervous. "W-We should really get going, before someone calls the cops." he said. "Aren't you worried someone will see you like this, and your secret will get out?"
"You know, something about the night air makes me feel fearless." I told him. "What's wrong? Not getting scared, are you?"


"A little." He admitted. "What would we even say if the cops showed up? Aren't you worried about that?"
I gave him a knowing look. "If anyone threatened me, they're the ones who would be in danger, not me." I told him.
"Yeah, of course." He said, more than a little nervous. "But I've got a business to worry about, and I'd rather not get in any trouble, so–"


"I'll be your protector, Marco." I told him, holding my hand out. He reached out, and held my hand.


Holding hands, we walked together. I lead the way, leading Marco along with me.
"You know, I'm starting to like you at this size," he told me. "We might have to play around with your... abilities, some. Provided you're into that, of course..."
"Oh, you have no idea." I told him.


Half an hour later, I was waiting in Marco's penthouse apartment. I lay on the bed, waiting impatiently for Marco to finish his shower.
"Madre de Dios. You're a true vision of beauty." Marco said.


I was sprawled out on the bed, once again close to eight feet tall.
"And you're quite handsome yourself." I said back. "Come over here. Don't be scared. I'll try my best to be gentle... at first."


"I don't know if I'll be able to restrain myself either." Marco said. "Your body is amazing. I've never been with a woman who's taller than me. I'm excited... and more than a little nervous, to be quite honest."


"Good. You should be," I told him. "Because this, right now... This is the smallest I'll be tonight. And I hope you've got a nice, big package under there, because it can take a lot to satisfy me..."
I couldn't wait any longer. I pulled his towel down, and took a peek.


I wasn't disappointed, to say the least. His cock was big, hard, and ready for action. I wasted no time getting started, grabbing ahold of it and running my hands along it. It looked so sumptuous, and I was eager to get a taste.


I leaned in, lapping my tongue against the tip of his cock. I could tell from the way he shook that it sent a tingle down his spine. If I was patient, I might have toyed with him for a while before escalating things... but I was anything but patient. I wanted to get right into the action.


I wrapped my lips around his cock and started sucking. I thrust my head forward, going deeper and deeper. At my size, I could swallow a lot... But it still proved difficult to push further down his shaft.

Marco groaned as I bobbed my head up and down. I relished the feeling of power—how every movement, every squeeze of my lips made him shudder. Each gasp he let out only fueled my hunger.


I set a punishing rhythm; harder, faster. My tongue curled around him with every pull. His hips bucked up to meet me, and I pushed him back down with my lips.
"Oh, Maya..." he gasped.


I released him from my mouth with a hungry, wet pop. I climbed over him and settled onto the bed, pinning his trembling body beneath me. My hand lay splayed across his chest, fingers wide, holding him flat with ease. I could feel his heart pounding against my palm.


He looked up at me, eyes wide, lips parted in anticipation and awe. I didn't bother slowing down. I pressed my hand against his chest, holding him in place and reminding him who was in charge. With my thighs straddling his hips, I ground down, trapping his cock between us, teasing us both with the promise of what was coming next.


I grinded on top of him, letting my pussy lips swallow his cock. He disappeared inside me, and I felt a jolt of pleasure as he sank deep into me. Even at this size he was big enough to satisfy me, and then some.


A low moan escaped me, deep, guttural, almost like a growl. I gave in to the pleasure coursing through me... and as I moved, rocking and grinding against him, I let go of my restraint and started to grow again. Inch by inch at first; then faster. My thighs thickened around him; his body seemed so small now beneath the expanding expanse of mine.
"God, Maya! You're getting heavy!" Marco groaned.
"Oh Marco, I'm just getting started..." I moaned.


He must have felt the bed creak and shift beneath us as I pressed him deeper into the mattress. With each pulse, each moan that slipped past my lips, my body surged larger. The friction between us grew deliciously intense. I was getting bigger... But I was just getting started.


Without warning, a fresh wave of energy surged through me. My skin tingled, and my body blossomed outward in another sudden growth spurt. I leaned forward, planting my hand firmly on Marco's arm. With just the gentlest squeeze, I pinned him flat, making sure he knew he wasn't going anywhere unless I allowed it.


The power was intoxicating. I let my weight collapse over him for a moment, and relished the way he whimpered in awe and longing. Then I shifted to a slow grind, rolling my hips so that he sank even deeper inside me. My moans grew louder, almost feral now; each sound seemed to echo off the walls and rattle through my huge frame.


My breasts swelled against Marco's chest, pressing down as if to envelop him entirely. I felt myself swelling again, hips broadening, thighs thickening around his waist. Each second that passed made him feel smaller beneath me, more delicate and precious. Still impaled on his cock, I bounced my ass with abandon atop his hips. Every impact sent the mattress groaning and Marco's breath came in short, frantic gasps beneath me.


Once again, I'm getting closer to orgasm. I can feel another growth spurt coming on. Once again, it's so strong that I could barely hope to suppress it if I tried... Not that I feel like trying.


I let out a moan as my body swells up yet again. I don't know what feels better, Marco filling me with his cock, or the feeling of my body growing even bigger. Both of them happening at once, two incredible sensations merging with one another... It's almost too much for me to take.


I bounced my ass on top of Marco, bouncing up and down, in and out. With every shudder of pleasure, I felt it building again. Another wild pulse of growth ready to explode from deep inside.


My movements became both more powerful and more deliberate. I pressed into him with slow, grinding thrusts that left him gasping for air and clutching desperately at my swollen hips. I could feel his cock throbbing inside me, dwarfed by the heat of my hungry sex.
"Marco..." I growled softly, towering above him now. "Can you handle all of me?"
He tried to answer, but all that came out was a strangled moan as I bore down harder, claiming every inch of him for myself.


I arched my back and let out a guttural cry. The room seemed to shrink around us as my body surged larger once more. Every fresh wave of pleasure triggered a fresh wave of growth. I was unstoppable now; immense, magnificent. I devoured everything he had to give and demanded more.


This growth spurt caught me off guard, making me far bigger than I intended. My body filled the bedroom, and my arms pressed against both walls at once. But as big as I was, and as much satisfaction as I'd gotten, I still wanted more. If it was up to me, I would have kept going all night, and not stopped until I brought the house down.

"That's enough, that's enough!" Marco screamed. "You're too heavy, get off of me!"


I was tempted to grow bigger, to show Marco just how much woman I could really be... But I didn't want to destroy Marco's beautiful home... Not to mention Marco himself. It took far more willpower than it should have, but I forced myself off of Marco. He wasted no time rolling off the bed, and keeled over.
The satisfaction of conquest that I felt quickly gave way to concern. "Marco? Are you okay...?" I asked, starting to feel a pang of guilt.


"I'll survive..." he groaned. "Near the end there, you were a bit much for me. You're just a whole lot of woman, you know that?"
-
"I hope I didn't scare you off?" I teased.


"Oh, quite the opposite," he replied. "You're truly incredible, you know that? A little pain here and there is a small price to pay if it means I get to spend a night with a goddess."


"This night could be the first of many if you play your cards right." I said, reaching out for him. "You treat me like a goddess, and I'll treat you like a king. Tell me, Marco... you didn't cum, did you?"
"No, but I'm a generous lover." Marco said.
"Of course... And so am I."


I tightened my grip around Marco, and lifted him off the ground. He was surprised at first... Understandably, of course. It must be a strange feeling, to be lifted off the ground by a hand that's nearly as big as your entire body.


I lifted Marco up, holding him in front of my face. "My mouth is watering just looking at you..." I told him.
"I hope you're not thinking about having me as a snack!" Marco said, trying to mask his nervousness with a joke.


"Maybe later... but for now, I'm only looking to sample one part." I teased.
I pulled him in closer, and ran my tongue along the length of his shaft. Whatever apprehensions he had about this quickly melted away, being replaced with pure lust... and I'd barely even started.


I let my breath wash over him, warm and eager, before parting my lips and sucking the head of his cock between them. Marco gasped, his hips twitching helplessly in the air. I took him deeper, swirling my tongue around him as I began to suck... first gently, then harder, letting him feel every inch of my hungry mouth. With each pull, I could taste him getting closer, could sense the mounting tension in his body as I bobbed my head and nursed at his cock with relentless devotion.


He shuddered in my hand, eyes wild with pleasure. "Maya, I... Oh god, I can't hold it..." he moaned.
But I didn't stop; if anything, I pressed on harder, flattening my tongue along his length and drawing out every last ounce of pleasure. He writhed in my grip as his orgasm overtook him—a hot pulse of release flooding my mouth. I moaned in satisfaction, savoring the taste as he spilled himself for me.


Slowly, teasingly, I pulled Marco away from my lips. His seed dribbled from between them and down my chin in pearly streaks. Smiling wickedly, I let a strand of it fall onto my tongue before swallowing with relish.
"Mmm..." I purred. "Delicious."


I reclined onto the bed and gently set Marco down between the massive hills of my breasts. He squirmed, settling comfortably into the warm, pillowy valley, his face content.
For a moment, neither of us spoke. I could feel his heartbeat against my skin, quick and fluttering like a trapped bird. His arms stretched out, fingers digging into my flesh as if to convince himself I was real.
"You're... incredible!" he said at last, his voice muffled slightly by the flesh surrounding him.
I laughed, and gave my chest a small flex, making my breasts rise and fall around him like gentle waves. "I know." I replied smugly.


He looked up at me with a crooked grin, his hair a wild mess from our passion. "Marry me." he blurted out suddenly, the words tumbling out with reckless abandon.


My eyes went wide with surprise. "M-Marry? But we just met a few days ago! Are you serious?"


"Deadly." Marco answered, meeting my gaze with unwavering certainty. "You know I'll be devoted to you, no matter what. You're a living goddess, Maya. I'd be completely devoted... body, and soul. I've never been more sure of anything."


A sly smile curled on my lips as I drew my finger along his bare torso. "You'd better be a good devotee." I teased. "You've seen how I get when I'm upset. You can imagine what would happen if you ever cheated on me!"
Marco let out a nervous chuckle that vibrated through my chest. "Hell hath no fury like a goddess scorned. If I ever did something that stupid, I'd deserve everything that happened... and worse."
"Good answer," I purred. He lay still in the valley of my cleavage, smiling up at me... Utterly happy, and utterly mine.


Marco wormed his way up the slope of my chest, his hands pushing gently against the soft, yielding flesh until he reached my chin. He paused, breathless... then leaned up and planted a kiss on my giant lips. It was careful at first, almost reverent, as if he were afraid I might vanish if he pressed too hard. I closed my eyes and let myself enjoy it, feeling the heat of his body radiate through me.


He held the kiss, letting his lips linger against mine. I couldn't help but smile beneath his touch. His devotion was intoxicating in its own right. After a moment, curiosity got the better of me, and I cracked one eyelid open to peek at him.


The machismo from earlier had faded from his features, replaced by a kind of serene awe. His hair stuck out in every direction and there was a sweet clumsiness to the way he tried to stretch himself further across my face for another kiss.
I let him, savoring every second—the feel of him sprawled atop my chest, the taste of his kiss still lingering on my lips, the rise and fall of our breath twined together as one. In that moment, nothing else existed: not the city lights outside Marco's windows, not the chaos of my life, not even the blood spattered across my sole from what I'd done only an hour before.


I wrapped an arm protectively around Marco and pulled him closer until his entire body was swallowed up by my embrace. "You're mine now," I whispered softly, more promise than threat.
"Forever." he replied without hesitation. His voice was so small, but certain as stone.
If only this could last forever, I thought. If only happiness could be trapped and bottled up like lightning in a jar... Mine to keep for all eternity.


Nothing good lasts forever.
Five years of marriage can take a toll on a person. The things I had once found so charming about Marco. His spontaneity, his passion... Those things turned into the very things I couldn't stand. His passion drove him from one business to another, one bad investment to another. He blew through most of the fortune he had when I met him, living lavishly even though we couldn't afford it.


That left me as the one who had to make ends meet. I worked a 9-5 while Marco played businessman. And when I got home, he was usually gone, partying out with his friends until late into the night. That devotion he had promised quickly faded. Within a year, he started to take me for granted. Within a few years, he started to see me as his ball and chain. And now, well... I don't believe in the idea of divorce, but I'd be lying if I said I wasn't tempted. And to top it all off, he'd been having a harder time getting it up lately.
I can say one thing for Marco, though. Through all the problems we've had, all the ups and downs, he's at least been loyal to me...
Or so I thought.


I'd had suspicions every now and again. What wife hasn't, at one point or another? But I brushed them aside. They all had plausible explanations, I told myself I'm just worrying about nothing, I thought. This time, though, something felt different. I came home early, and tried to get in contact with Marco... But he wasn't answering my calls, and hadn't returned any of my texts. His car was parked in front of the house, but he wasn't on the couch like he usually was.
"Marco?" I called out. "Marco! Are you here?"
I heard a loud thumping sound, like someone tripped and fell. Then, a moment later, he finally spoke. "Hold on!" he called back. "I'll be down in a couple of minutes!"


My worst suspicious were confirmed when I walked in on Marco, hastily slipping on a pair of underwear. "I said to hold on!" Marco shouted. It was obvious he was nervous.


"What are you doing home so early?" I asked, trying my best not to tip him off to my suspicions.
"I could ask you the same thing!" he replied.


"Yes, but I'm not in my underwear." I told him sternly. "You don't think that sounds a little bit... odd?"


He threw his hand around me and smiled, trying his best to charm me. "You worry too much, Mi Amor!" he said. "I had to come home to change. I was working in the kitchen and spilled some grease on my outfit."


"Since when is a little grease enough reason to come all the way home to change?" I asked him.
"I was meeting with some very important people." he said. "One small stain on my suit and they'd have pounced on me like vultures! Investors are no joke, and I told you about the one coming in later today. I had to make sure that I made a good impression!"


I had to admit, that all made enough sense. I didn't have any real reason to think he was lying. Just a feeling, a hunch. I played it cool, doing my best to act friendly and jovial while he got dressed.
A few minutes later, he was heading out the door. "Goodbye, my love! Wish me luck!" he said.
"With your charm, you don't need luck!" I told him. Then the door slammed shut, and the smile melted off my face.


For a moment I sat there, alone in my thoughts. Wondering if I was just being crazy, or if I was right to be suspicious.
That's when I saw them. A pair of purple panties, lying on the couch. I had some panties that looked a bit like that, sure... But I hadn't left them lying on the couch. I was sure of it.


Before I did anything rash, I had to make absolutely sure the panties weren't mine. I slipped them on, and immediately noticed they were tight... Too tight. The little panties barely stretched around my thighs. I had to yank them up to force them all the way on, and they were so tight it was almost painful. I had put on a little weight recently, as Marco loved to remind me, but not enough to explain this...


Then, suddenly, the panties snapped in half. That settled it. They weren't mine, and that left only one explanation.


"Marco, you fucking piece of shit!!!" I screamed.
He was fucking cheating on me, that stupid motherfucker! I didn't know who he cheated with, and I didn't know how long he'd been cheating on me for. But I did know one thing... I was going to fulfill the promise that I made five years ago. I was going to get revenge.


Most people would get back at a cheating husband by keying his car, or sending him divorce papers, or telling him off in front of his friends.
I'm not most people.
There was no question about what I was going to do. I was going to do what I'd fantasized about before, when I first suspected he was being unfaithful.
I was going to fucking kill him.


But first, I had to grow.
Growing had always came easy to me, but now it was truly effortless. It was like the pressure had built up inside of me, so intense I could barely contain it. All I had to do was relax, and let it all out. Before I knew it, I'd almost doubled in size.


A second later, I hit my head on the ceiling. I could have stopped growing for a moment and stepped outside... but I quickly decided that I wasn't going to do that. If Marco was going to be a homewrecker, then I was going to be an even bigger one. He'd blown so much money on this big, stupid house that we couldn't afford in the first place, and all because he wanted to act like a big man... Well, I'll fucking show him big.


I tried to grow through the roof, but that proved to be harder than expected. Even at more than ten feet tall, the ceiling was unyielding. I tried with all my might to press against it, but wasn't making any progress. That left me with a single option...
To grow even bigger.


I nearly doubled my height once again, until I was too tall to even stand. I dropped to my knees, and soon I could barely fit even while kneeling. Still, that damned ceiling wouldn't give! I wasn't about to give up, though. I was going to break that stupid house into pieces if it killed me...


I channeled all my energy into growing. No matter how much it hurt, how much it felt like it was going to break me, I couldn't stop. I wasn't going to rest until I'd wiped that stupid, cheating bastard's smug expression off his face once and for all...
The ceiling above me began to bend, and I knew I was making progress.


Little by little, I could feel the floor above me start to give. Dust and cinder filled the air as I smashed through layers of plaster. Now I just had the floorboards to break through. I was so close, I could feel it.


Then, all at once, the floorboards gave way. My head burst through, smashing every last one of them to splinters. Alright. That was the hard part.


With extra space, I let myself grow, and felt my head once again pressing against the ceiling. I had to be close to fifty feet tall, and my body filled most of the house now. Breaking through the roof would be easy.


I remember when I first moved here with Marco. The neighborhood seemed so idyllic. So peaceful. So happy... Just like our marriage did. And just like our marriage... I was going to destroy it.


All at once, the ceiling gave way. I burst through the roof, sending slabs of concrete and steel sloughing off of me. I thought I was in the clear... only to find bits of twisted rebar wrapping around me like a cage.


"God damn it!" I screamed, shaking the debris off of me. "This stupid fucking prison can't hold me any longer!"


My anger triggered an explosion of growth. I burst through the hole I'd already made in the ceiling, sending the last of the debris flying through the air. I let out a scream after. A primal roar that must have echoed for miles.


My fingers curled around the edge of what used to be our bedroom wall, splintering the drywall and sending another rain of two-by-fours tumbling to the ruined floor below. I hoisted myself up, knees and hips grinding against the frame of the house, until I was finally free.
I looked down, and noticed a pair of women gawking up at me. Rachel and Linda. They were the neighborhood's self-appointed welcome committee, and the biggest gossips. Both of them were watching my every move with wide eyes, lips parted in awe, terror, or maybe both.


I turned around towards them, and they both turned and bolted. I can't blame them, but they had nothing to fear. They weren't the target of my ire. So long as they hadn't ever done anything with my man, they were safe.
I narrowed my eyes at them as a memory instantly returned. Hadn't I seen Marco flirting with Rachel by our pool last summer? And I think he helped Linda with some "home repairs" one afternoon. My mind raced as I glared down at them. Those were just suspicions. I had no way of knowing it was them... But I'd ignored my gut for too long, and look where that got me.


I didn't bother stepping over the gate. I just smashed through it, splinters scattering beneath my bare heel. The sidewalk trembled as I strode after Rachel and Linda, their ponytails bouncing as they sprinted down the block.


One more step and I loomed right above them. I reveled in their fear. They craned their necks back, giving terrified looks over their shoulders. They could see that I wasn't going to let them escape, and shrieked as I quickly overtook them.
"Where do you two little whores think you're going?" I called out, my voice booming above the whipping of wind in the trees.


They couldn't run from me. Not now.
I lifted my foot high into the air. Their screams were so small, so deliciously helpless. For a second, I toyed with the idea of letting them scurry away like mice so they could live in the fear that I would eventually return for them... but then I remembered Marco's laughter by the pool. How comfortable his hand had looked when wrapped around Rachel's waist.
No. they did not deserve a second chance.


With a snarl of satisfaction, I brought my foot down. There was a crunch as flesh and bone gave way beneath me. The sound was lost beneath my own breathless exhale.


Just like that, two scheming little whores had been reduced to a stain on my soles. Or maybe I got it wrong, and they were just innocent bystanders, victims of my rage. It's not like it mattered anyway. The deed was done... And I felt damn good doing it.


I stood up straight, breathing hard, feeling nothing but righteous anger pulsing through my every vein. The rest of the neighborhood had gone silent now. Every curtain twitched shut, every car engine idling on the street cut off in paralyzed awe.
I hadn't even stopped to consider I was forever ruining my greatest secret by taking this route. There was no going back from this. The life I've lived up until now was gone, and wouldn't ever come back. All I had going forward... was revenge.


Right now, Marco was probably back at his restaurant, flirting with the waitresses. I had noticed he always hired the same type. They had to be cute. They had to have big asses. They couldn't be flat. And most importantly...
They had to be young.
Women with bodies like mine used to be when we first met. Bodies that could still get his dick up. He'd always said it was just business. Cute waitresses meant more return customers, he said. I knew there was truth to that... But I knew there was more to it, too. I saw the way he leered at them when he thought I wasn't around. I told myself that was as far as he went. That it was like window shopping when you were broke, and couldn't possibly afford it anyway. He would look, but he wouldn't touch. Now, I realize that was all self-delusion.
Which one of those skinny little whores had he slept with today? How many of them had he slept with before? I didn't know... But I intended to find out.


Before I knew it, I was in the middle of downtown. There were people all around, staring at me, taking videos of me. Making sure this moment would forever live on in infamy. I didn't care. They could gawk all they wanted. I couldn't care less if some losers jacked off to photos of me. There was only one thing on my mind: revenge.
NO PARKING
LOANS
TAXI
新創作
ダイニング
OPEN
KRB-1545
CDF 7868


Getting around proved to be a bit tricky at my size. The alleys were too narrow for me to walk through, and I had to turn sideways and shimmy. That, too, proved difficult, with my massive ass behind me. I ended up cracking the concrete of the building behind me without even meaning to.
NO PARKING
LOANS
新創作
ダイニング
新創作
新創作
KRB-1645


There were so many cars and people all around. As I started walking towards them, they became even more unpredictable. People started running in all directions. Cars slammed on their brakes, only to hit the gas a second later. I could wait for them to clear out... But that would give Marco more time to realize what was happening, or even escape.
I wasn't going to give him that chance.
LOANS
KRB-1645
新創作


I'd dreamt of this for a long time. Not of getting revenge, that's a more recent thing. No... just growing like this. I'd be sitting in traffic, stuck in gridlock once again, and my mind would wander. I'd fantasized about ditching my car, growing huge, and finally letting loose. Giving up on trying to keep my powers a secret, and rampaging through the city. I thought about this many times, but I've never acted on it. I always followed the rules. I was a good citizen.
Was. Past tense.
HOTEL


Now, I finally had an excuse to let loose. To do whatever I felt like. To let my anger out, and smash to my heart's content.
A taxi was in my way. I could have stepped over it easily enough, but I didn't want to. Pure and simple. It was their fault for not getting in my way in the first place! The taxi cab was crushed like a tin can under the weight of my foot. Someone jumped out of the way at the last second. Had there been any other passengers in the cab? That wasn't my concern. It was their job to get out of the way, not mine.
LOANS
CASH LOANS
TAXI


I didn't set out to go on a massacre. I wasn't a mass-murderer. I was so far above everyone else it couldn't be called that. I was a force of nature. I was a woman on a mission, and anyone who got in my way was signing their own death warrant.


Another car found itself in my way. Some stupid little SUV right in front of me. That was their problem, not mine.


Someone must have been inside, because they honked the horn, as if that would have made me stop. They could have driven out of the way. They could have opened the doors, and jumped out at the last second.


They didn't. I heard the sound of people screaming, which stopped the second my foot came down. The whole car crumpled under my foot. Everyone inside was definitely crushed beyond recognition.
HOTEL


Serves them right. Idiots. I always hated driving in this city. Nothing but inconsiderate morons, who wouldn't let you merge if your life depended on it. Now, their lives actually depended on being able to get out of my way... And they were failing that test, completely and utterly. Serves those assholes right.
NEW YORK
CDF 7868
THE EMPIRE STATE
FAJITAS


I couldn't help but admit that this felt good. Letting my anger out, getting some catharsis. But it was only the start. A little appetizer before the main event. And like any good appetizer, it only made more excited for what was to come.
Easy St


I thought about what I was going to do once I got to that restaurant. All the different ways I could get revenge on those Marco and his harem of little whores. I wasn't going to stomp him flat like the others, that was for sure. He wasn't getting off that easy. I was going to take my time with him. Make him beg for his life. And then, when I'm finally satisfied, I might finish him off... But I'd make it slow.


There were more of the stupid little fucks beneath me. God, I hated them. All of them. All these years, I knew I was better than all of them. All these years, I lived an idiotic, quaint little life among them. Made nice with them. Smiled and nodded when people talked down to me, knowing full well I could do this and get away with it. Now, there was no more pretending. Now, they could see me for what I really was... and I could treat them like the useless little cockroaches they are.


I brought my foot down, and ground them into the pavement. I don't bother looking back. I don't know who I stepped on. I don't particularly care. They didn't matter to me. None of these people do.
Juice
NOW WITH BUBBLES
EUROCAR
SOAD
Easy St


I'm better than them. Of course I fucking am. They should have been worshipping me all these years. They should have been throwing money at me in the hopes that I'd show them mercy. Instead, I tried to live by their rules. A normal life. Boring. Small. Pathetic. Now, I was past that. I'd already made my choice. There was no going back.
EASTGATE
TEPCO
Juice
EUROCAR
SOAP


I'm going to live the rest of my life as a fucking goddess. I'm going to take what I want, and tell anyone who doesn't like it to fuck off. If you get in my way, you're going to crunch under my foot like everyone else.
EASTGATE
TEPCO
B COOPER FOR MAYOR!
VOTE FOR FREEDOM
Juice
APARTMENTS
CARLTON COURTS APARTMENTS
EUROCAR
SOAD


I step down again, and someone else is crushed under my heel. Someone who didn't even register before I felt them. Only one person really matters to me, and I'm headed straight towards him. Everything looks different from up here, but I know I'm getting close.
EUROCAR
SOAD
TEPCO
EASTGATE
TEPCO
VOTE FOR FREE
EUROCAR
SOAD
Juice
Juice


I can imagine what it must be like for them in the restaurant. They can probably feel the earth shaking long before I get in view. They could see people panicking outside. Most of them probably think it's just an earthquake. Only Marco would suspect the truth. At first, he'd tell himself it's something else. But every footstep, every rhythmic quake, would make the truth more obvious.


He'd think about escaping, but there isn't enough time. Before he knew it, I'd be standing right in front of his pathetic little restaurant. And it would be too late for him to do anything but welcome his fate...


I'm getting closer. Just a block or two away, I can feel it. Pretty soon I'll be staring down at Marco, and he'll finally realize just how small he really is.



The streets were in total chaos. People were pouring out of buildings, trying to get away from me. They would have been safer staying inside, but their safety was none of my concern.

Finally, I see it. "Marco's Place." Of course he named it after himself. He always had such a high opinion of himself. Of course he felt obliged to fuck his skinny little waitresses. Especially since I "let myself go," like he said. A few extra pounds, enough to amount to a barely-noticeable belly was enough for him to say I was fat. Only when he was drunk, of course... but I hadn't forgotten what he said. I couldn't if he tried. And now I'd pay all of that back a hundred-fold.

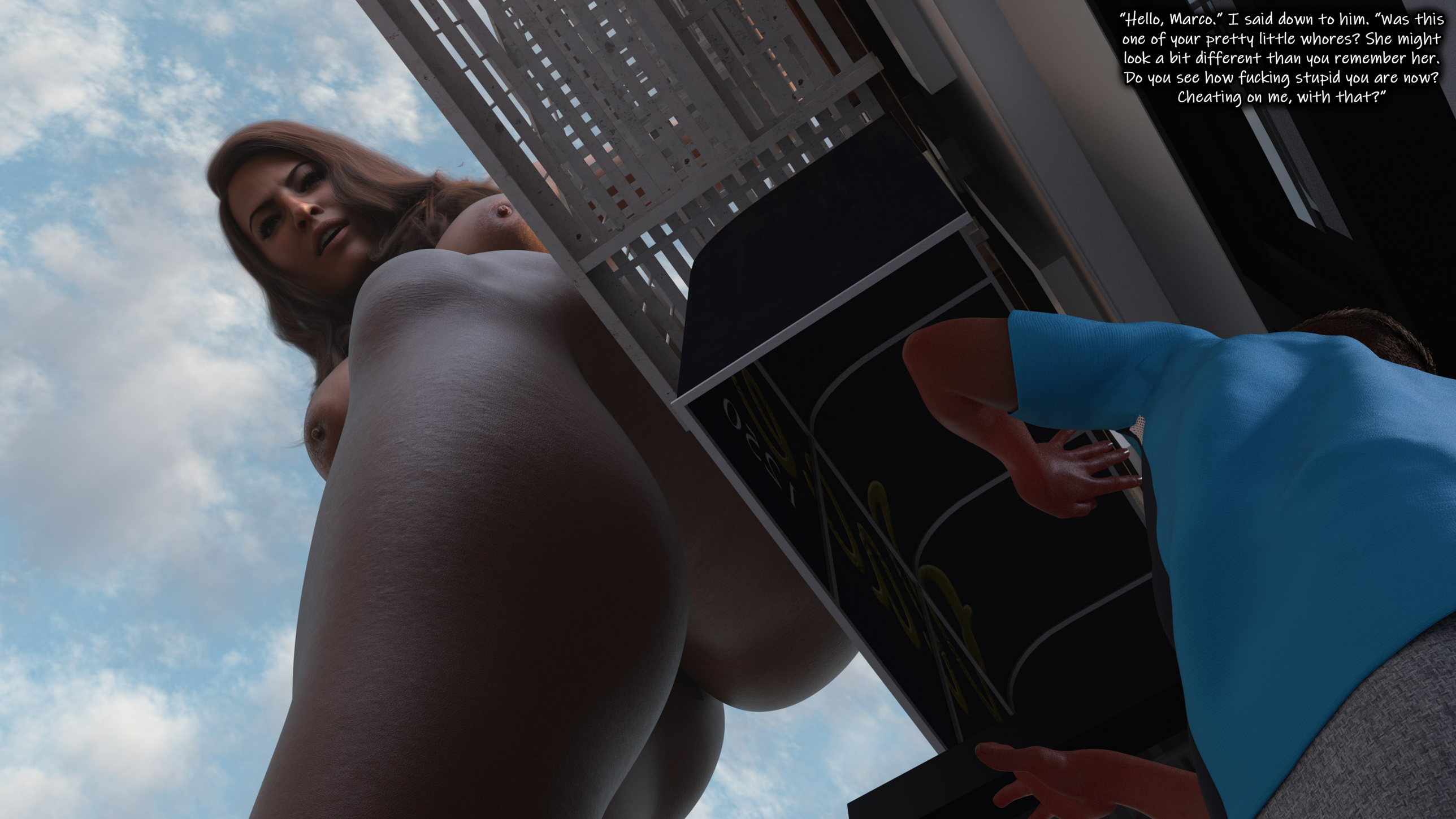

They must have all been panicking in the restaurant now. Maybe they'd even heard what the source of the commotion was. Most might not believe it... But one person definitely would. Especially if some of the photos people took of me had already made their way online.


I could imagine the terror they'd all be feeling. I relished the thought. That homewrecker and all those skinny little whores, terrified of the wrath I was about to bring upon them. And if they got scared enough, some of them might be stupid enough to run outside...


Sure enough, just as I was getting close to the restaurant, the doors swung open. One of the waitresses ran out in her little pink uniform. She had bleached-blonde hair and I'm sure her top buttons were undone. I couldn't be sure if Marco had ever actually cheated on me with her... but I knew one thing for certain.
He had his eyes on ALL of them.
CANTON
PUB


Just seeing her filled me with rage. I knew the way Marco looked at her. It was the same look he used to reserve for me. Used to. Lust, and excitement, and maybe even love. Her face was so beautiful, it made me sick. She wouldn't be beautiful for much longer.


I pressed my toes down onto her. That was all that was necessary. I ground that little bitch into gristle, flattening her into the pavement until there was nothing left. And just then I heard a man's scream, and realized that Marco had been standing there the whole time... watching. Staring. Horrified. Good.


"Hello, Marco." I said down to him. "Was this one of your pretty little whores? She might look a bit different than you remember her. Do you see how fucking stupid you are now? Cheating on me, with that?"


He didn't answer. Just ran back inside, thinking he'd be safer... but I knew that shitty little restaurant like the back of my hand. There was only one entrance. Marco and his little whores were trapped. There was no escape.

The only question was how to get in. I could drop to my knees and reach in through the windows... But it didn't look like I'd be able to get a very good angle at this size... and shrinking was out of the question. There was something I liked about towering over everyone at this size, if not bigger. I wanted them to look up, and see me reaching down for them... But to do that, I was going to have to smash my way through this building.

Seems simple enough.


"You can't hide, Marco!" I shouted.
I let out a primal scream, and raised my fist high into the air. This building was considerably bigger and tougher-looking than the house... But I was considerably bigger too. I didn't care if I broke my hands in the process, I was going to smash the fucking thing to bits.


Surprisingly, my first punch smashed cleanly through the roof. I reached inside and starting tearing the top floors of the building apart. I was making progress, too. Smashing through furniture and flooring with ease. It was cathartic... But it wasn't fast enough for my tastes.


I pulled back, and launched a kick straight into the building. My foot smashed through the wall, sending bits of concrete and debris flying in every direction. A few more kicks, and I'd created a hole wide enough for me to reach through.


I pushed aside some concrete, and tore apart another floor of the building. There were a few floors to deal with, but that was easy enough now. It was no more difficult than taking apart some flimsy little model.


That left only the bottom floor. I ripped apart the old wooden ceiling, as easily as if I was pulling apart popsicle sticks. I could see right into the restaurant now. It was a tiny vantage point, barely wide enough to reach through... but it would do the job.


I reached down, and grabbed the first person I saw. It was some little blonde bitch whose face I didn't recognize. It took me a moment to realize she wasn't even wearing one of the waitress uniforms. Maybe she was a patron. Maybe she was the investor Marco had talked about. Maybe she was the woman Marco was cheating on me with. Maybe she was all three. I didn't know, and I didn't particularly care.


I threw her aside, high into the air. High enough that she'd surely land with a splat. I didn't particularly care where or when, so long as she was gone for good. Before she hit the ground, I turned and reached in with my other arm. I couldn't see anyone through all the smoke, but that was easy enough to fix. I'd just have to make the hole a little wider.


I grabbed the concrete, and tore off more of the roof. I can imagine how terrified they must have been, trapped inside while the building shook. They must have been wondering if the building would collapse on them... As if I'd let them off so easily.


I grabbed a huge chunk of the ceiling, and ripped it away. Soon, I caught a glimpse of Marco... and he wasn't standing alone.


His arms were wrapped around a waitress. A nubile little redhead. So it was her. This was the bitch who'd slept with my man. I'd take care of her soon enough, but like a good dessert... I wanted to save her for last.
"I'm going to make you watch while I kill all of your whores, Marco!" I shouted. "I'm saving the redhead for last, so which one should I kill first?"


Marco stood there, his little harem trembling behind him.
"Maya! You need to stop this!" Marco pleaded. "I don't know what you're talking about! I didn't cheat on you, I promise!"


"LIAR!" I screamed. "You broke your vows. You LIED to me. Now I'm going to show you what happens to people who FUCK with me!"


I reached down and snatched up one of the waitresses. Then, I snatched up a second one, and I wasn't particularly gentle. If Marco wouldn't tell me the truth, maybe they would be willing to talk.
SERGIO'S
SIGNER MENS SHOES


I lifted the women high off the ground, ignoring all of their kicking and screaming in my hand. It was almost as if they were trying to act pathetic, hoping I'd take pity on them... But their little pity party wasn't going to work on me.
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Leo's BARBER
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PROFESSIONAL HAIRCUTS & SHAVES
555-555-0132
HENNESSEY'S
Breakfast
Brunch
Sandwiches
A


I eyed one of them, a brunette in her late twenties. "You! Did you fuck him too?" I asked. "ANSWER ME!"
"I didn't do anything, I swear!"
"Stop lying!" I screamed.


Once again, Marco tried to plead with me. "She's telling the truth!" Marco shouted. "I didn't cheat on you! I don't know what you're talking about! This is crazy, all of it! You need to put them down before you hurt anyone else!"
Meta Golf


"Shut the fuck up, Marco, if you don't want me to kill her right now!" I screamed. "Tell me, did you fuck him on our bed like the others? Did you two laugh about me while you were doing it?"
"I just started here last week! I barely even know him!" The woman pleaded.


"I'm going to show you what I do with little lying whores!" I told her. Without another word, I shoved the mewling little bitch feet-first into my mouth. I relished the look of terror on her face as she looked up at me, begging desperately for mercy... But unfaithful sluts don't get a second chance.


I shoved her into my mouth. Her apron tasted like grease, sweat, and fear. I could feel her writhing around in there, clawing, trying to escape. If she had accepted her fate, I may have at least respected her. But she wasn't just a homewrecker. She was a coward, too.


I could have swallowed her whole. That would have been far crueler, and she would have deserved such a fate... But I craved instant gratification. I wanted to know in that instant that I had already destroyed her. Already reduced her nothing.
I bit down on some part of her, and she screamed louder than ever. Another bite, and she went silent. I chomped down again, and again, reducing her to a thin pulp. And while I chewed, I held the other little whore up to my face, so she could hear the results of every last bite... and know what fate awaited her if she lied.


Out of nowhere, the little blonde whore started begging for mercy. "Please, don't do this! I didn't do anything with him! I'm not fucking lying to you!" the blonde waitress pleaded. "I have a boyfriend! I'm not even into older guys! He flirted with me, but I never touched him, I swear to fucking God!"


"I'm your God now, and I don't like lying little whores." I told her. "Either you admit what you did right now... Or I'm going to chew you up, just like I did with your little coworker!"


Saying that, I shoved her into my mouth face-first. I could hear her voice echoing inside my mouth. "Fine, fuck it! I fucked Marco! Is that what you wanted to hear? We fucked! Now don't fucking eat me, you giant crazy bitch!"


Reluctantly, I pulled her away from my mouth. I'm a woman of my word, after all.
"At least you're an honest whore." I told her. "That's a shame... because nothing would give me more pleasure than chewing your stupid, smirking face into bits."


"Yeah, whatever!" the little harlot screamed. "You promised you wouldn't eat me!"
"I did," I admitted. "The question remains, what will I do with you instead?"
"Put me down, now!" the woman shouted. "You said you wouldn't hurt me!"


"I'll put you down when I'm done with you, you stupid little whore!" I shouted. "I just... I want to try and understand what Marco saw in you, first. What makes YOU so special?"
Saying that, I pressed the whore against my nipple. Her little mosquito bite tits weren't even as big as one of my nipples! Why would Marco choose someone like her over me? Had I just gotten too old for him? Too fat? Or was he just bored of me?
It didn't matter. I said I wouldn't eat her, and I intended to keep to that. That didn't mean I was going to just let her walk away after what she'd done. I was going to remind her, as well as Marco, just how superior of a woman I really was.


I pulled my breasts apart, and slipped the little woman between my tits. She didn't try to struggle much. Maybe she had accepted that it was a fair punishment for her crimes... Or maybe she was too stupid to realize what was about to happen. Her opinion on the matter didn't concern me.


I squeezed my breasts together. She gasped in surprise, but I applied even more pressure. Tighter and tighter I squeezed her like a winch. My boobs may be soft, but they're not soft enough to cushion her from this much pressure. Soon, she started to scream. I squeezed harder and harder, until the screaming stopped. Then, just to be sure, I pushed a little harder, and...
A geyser of blood spurted up from between my tits.
"You chose this stupid little whore over me?" I asked Marco. "Can you see how big of a mistake that was? Imagine choosing her over ME?"


I pulled my breasts apart, letting her broken body fall to the ground. It would be a long way down. Long enough to finish her off, in the off chance there was any life left in her.


A second later, she hit the ground. Her body disappeared into the smoke before I could even see the impact... But I heard the thump. To my surprise, though, it was followed by a high-pitched scream.


I looked down, and saw another one of the little whores crawling away. She had been trying to sneak away, just like she'd probably snuck out of my house countless times before. She must have really thought I was stupid... but I was going to show her just how stupid she was for thinking she could take my man from me!
"Going somewhere?" I asked. "You'd better run, you little whore!"
She did exactly that, but it was nowhere near fast enough.


I plucked her up by her stupid little ponytail a second later, and she let out the most ridiculous scream as I lifted her high into the air. All the while I wondered if her hair was going to be able to keep holding her, or if it would be torn out of her head entirely and send her crashing to the ground below. I admit, it would have been amusing... but it wasn't my goal. No, I had something else in mind for her.


I didn't feel like interrogating her. I already knew she was guilty, and I already knew she would try to deny it... And I had other appetites to satisfy. I wasn't hungry anymore, no... Just one whore had been enough to fill me up for the time being. No, this was a different kind of appetite. I admit, putting these little whores in their place... it was getting my juices flowing. I'd fantasized about letting loose like this for so long, but I always resisted. Now, I was going to do whatever I pleased.


When I got horny, I liked to bury something big and hard in my ass. Marco was never all that big on butt stuff, so I've had to resort to other options. I had all manner of toys for that kind of thing, some of which were exceptionally big. This little waitress may not have been as big as the toys I preferred, but she would have to do.
I wasted no time shoving the little bitch face-first into my asshole. She made a lot of noise, but that was quickly muffled when her head popped inside.


With a single finger, I shoved her deeper, until she was waist-deep inside of me. She probably liked it in there, the little whore. I certainly hope so, because she would be staying in there until I grew tired of her. If she was lucky, she might have enough air to last for however long that turns out to be... But I don't think she'll be that lucky.


"Oh fuck!" I moaned, shoving her deeper inside. What a rush, knowing I could shove a full-grown person in my ass, just because I felt like it! Marco had never been very adventurous when it came to that kind of thing, so it was relegated to a long-held fantasy of mine. Now, without any reason to hold back, I could make my darkest fantasies real.


With her securely inside of me, I turned back towards Marco and the last of his little whores. "That one made a nice butt plug." I teased him with a wide grin. "I can feel her wriggling around in there right now. What should I do with this last one? I feel like something special is in order."


Marco gave me an odd look. "I don't know what's wrong with you." He said, in a tone that sounded more sad than angry. "Even if you truly believe I slept with them, they didn't deserve that. No one does."


The NERVE of that little piece of shit to talk down to me like that! They deserved all of it, and worse! Much, much worse.
I carefully stepped into what remained of the restaurant, doing my best not to demolish what was left of the building. It would be a shame if part of the roof collapsed on top of them, and spared them the death they so rightly deserved.


"You're coming with me." I told the both of them. They didn't try to run. Not that it would have done them any good, since they had zero chance of escaping. No, they both just stood there, waiting for me to snatch them off the ground.


A moment later, I was holding one in each hand as if they were little dolls. I felt a surge of power as I stared down at them.
"Look at me, Marco." I commanded. "You had THIS. No woman in the world can stack up to this. To me. But you threw it all away. And for what? Some stupid little whores? Tell me Marco, did you get it up for her? Because you sure as hell haven't been able to get it up for me lately!"
"I don't know how many times I have to tell you, I didn't fucking cheat on you!" Marco lied.
"SHUT UP!" I screamed. "Don't you fucking try and lie to me! I found her panties on the couch! Admit it, Marco, and maybe I'll think about showing that little whore some mercy!"
est. 1928
FLEMING ANTIQUES
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RESTAURANT
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LIQUORS


Marco shook his head, then shrugged his shoulders, before finally looking me in the eye. "Alright... fine. I'll admit it. We did sleep together... But only once, I swear. It was... We got caught up in the heat of the moment. But I was the one who seduced her, so it's me you should be punishing, not her!"
Meta Golf


I stood there for a moment, taking in the weight of what he said. A simple question gnawed at me, one I couldn't leave unsaid.
"Marco. Answer me honestly. Did you... Did you love her?" I asked.
"I do." he answered.
"Good," I told him. "That's going to make this next part even more satisfying for me."


"You evil fucking bitch." the redhead interjected. "Of course he didn't want to be with you. Look at everything you've done! All those other women were innocent, and you killed them anyway. You're a fucking monster! You can see that, right?"


"So what if I am?" I asked. "Look at me. Look at how massive I am. I can be as much as a monster as I damn well please."


All this time, I'd been working up an appetite. There was no sense in wasting any more time. I raised the little whore up to my mouth, and let her have a good look at where she was going to end up.
Marco realized it just as quickly, and started screaming and waving his arms. "Please, don't hurt her!" he shouted. "It's my fault this happened! Kill me instead!"


I pulled her away, and stared down at Marco. "You're not off the hook, either. I'll kill you after I'm done with her," I told him. "But first, I'm going to make you watch. I want you to hear her screaming and crying, and know that it's all because of you. All because I'm not young and skinny enough for you!"


"It's not like that!" Marco pleaded. "Wait, wait!"
Ignoring his pleas, I shoved her back into my mouth. This time, I pushed her in feet first. I wanted Marco to be able to see her face, and hear every desperate scream that came out of her mouth...


...But I just couldn't help myself. With a single finger, I shoved the little whore deeper into my mouth. There was something about her wriggling around in there that made me salivate like nothing else. It took all my control not to bite down and crush every bone in her body at that very second. The feeling of devouring your enemies alive, right in your very mouth... I'd fantasized about it for so long, but I had always held off. I showed so much restraint... But I couldn't hold out any longer.


I pulled my finger away and opened my mouth, just enough to give Marco a look at her face. She was in a panic, flailing desperately between my lips. So pathetic. So undignified. I wanted Marco to see it all, to realize what a stupid mistake he'd made by choosing this skinny little whore over a real-life goddess.
"You sick bitch!" Marco screamed. "What the fuck is wrong with you?! I hate you, Maya! I fucking hate you!"


I was going to make him regret talking back to me. I bit down on her arm with just my molars. Not particularly hard, and it barely broke the skin... But it was enough to crush her bones into dust. She let out a shrill squeak, like the little vermin that she was.


Why had I ever lowered myself to treating anyone as equals? I was above them, as clearly as they were above the insects. I felt foolish, spending my life among them, pretending to be one of them. I could have spent my life like this. Making them worship me. Crushing anyone who displeased me.
I closed my mouth, sealing her inside. I pushed her around with my tongue, toying with her. Then, I bit down again, careful not to bite too hard. I didn't want to kill her like the other whore. That would be letting this one off too easy. That would be a quick death... and she deserved a much slower one.


I couldn't wait any longer. I swallowed, and felt her disappear down my throat. It was a strange feeling at first, swallowing something so large, something that was writhing and clawing as it plummeted down my throat and into my stomach. The further down she went, though, the less I could feel her. Soon, it was just a tingling sensation, easy enough to ignore. As far as I was concerned, she was gone.
For her, though, the trouble was just getting started. It could take half an hour for the little whore to expire inside of my stomach. She'd have all that time to think about what she'd done, and think about the fate that was in store for her. To feel her body dissolve slowly in my stomach acids. However long that agony lasted wouldn't be enough, but it would do.


I stuck my tongue out, letting Marco see that my mouth was now empty. He let out another wail, and I exhaled, letting my hot breath waft across his face. Letting him get an idea of where she now resided... as well as where he was headed next.


"Stop your mewling," I told him. "You'll be seeing your little whore soon enough."
I wasted no time tearing off his shirt. It was strange to think this would be the last time I'd see those abs... But I cast those thoughts aside. There would be other men. As many as I wanted there to be. I could take whoever I wanted now, regardless of his own relationship status.


I tore his shoes off next, and then his pants. I wasn't particularly gentle, and he let out a scream as I pried them off. Finally, I pried off his underwear, with even more abandon. If I accidentally snipped something off in the process, that would be his problem to deal with, not mine.



I could feel myself salivating as I raised Marco to my mouth. I'd spent too much of the last few years worrying about what he thought about me. Agonizing over the idea that I wasn't hot enough for him anymore. What a stupid thing to worry about. He should have to worry about pleasing me, not the other way around. Now I could see him for what he really was: calories.

In the end, we really did have one great, perfect night together. I should have devoured him right then and there, because that was the peak of our relationship, and he'd already given me everything he had to give. Instead, I tried to hold onto it... and spent years treating him like an equal. That was a mistake, but it was a mistake I planned on correcting.

I was just about ready to shove him into my mouth, and be done with him once and for all... When I saw something surprising.
His cock.
But it wasn't the limp, flaccid little thing I'd seen so often lately. It was standing up to full attention, every bit as big and hard as he had been on that first night we spent together.


My mind raced. That night... I thought it was the excitement of a new relationship that made him such a vigorous lover. But... looking back, it might have been something else entirely. Maybe it was seeing me crush those men that put him in the mood?
The guilty look in his eyes told me everything I needed to know.
"You... You think this is fucking hot, don't you Marco? You like it when I kill people, don't you?"


Marco sighed. "I can't control what makes me aroused," he admitted. "This is the worst I've ever felt, but you can see what it's doing to me. There's something about the power, and the danger..."


I stared him down, looking into his eyes. "I swallowed your little whore, and your cock gets hard. I prepare to do the same to you, and it gets harder. You should be ecstatic that I'm going to eat you for real now. You'll be rock-hard sliding down into my stomach. Maybe you can catch up with your little whore and fuck her one last time before both of you disintegrate inside of me..."


I opened my mouth wide, giving Marcus a good view of my mouth. I'd done the same thing before, years ago... but back then we both knew I was both teasing. This time, there was no safe words. I'd eaten someone in front of him, and now I was going to do the same to him.


That didn't mean I had to rush through things first. Maybe I wouldn't wait for his whore to fuck him. Maybe I could finish him off one last time, before I swallowed him for good. I pressed my tongue against his cock, and lapped at it. Maybe I could finish him off inside my mouth, and have a little frosting to go with my dessert.


I closed my lips and sucked on him, all of him. All the while, I was running my massive tongue in circles around his cock. My meaty tongue was nearly as big as his body, soft and slick and strong. He couldn't help but let out a moan in spite of himself. He'd given up on trying not to enjoy it.


Then, I pulled him away from my mouth. That seemed to alarm little Marco, who seemed to worry that he was in for an even worse fate.
"what the hell are you doing now?" He asked.


"It's been far too long since YOU made ME cum." I told him plainly. "So you're going to do that right now. I'm going to get something out of you before getting rid of you for good."


I lowered him between my legs, and gave him a good look at my pussy. He seemed more than a little nervous, and not without reason. I could be rough. Even when I was smaller, Marco knew I wasn't particularly careful... And I'd never been mad at him before. Not like this anyway.
"Please be gentle!" Marco pleaded. "You heard me, right? Maya!"


"No."
I shoved him forcefully between my pussy lips. This was the last time I was going to fuck him. Why would I care if I snapped every bone in his fragile little body? He was a toy. A disposable one... and the world was full of replacements for me.


I rubbed him against my pussy lips, using his entire body as a sex toy. His body felt so small and delicate in my fingers. I'd done this before, but never with such an enormous size difference. I'd rarely grown much bigger than I had during our first night together. I had always worried that it would be dangerous to risk getting caught.
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LE HOMARD BLEU
HOTEL


Now there was no reason not to let loose. With pleasure flowing through my body, I clenched that muscle, and let myself grow more.
How big could I even get? Did I even have a limit? And could I stay big forever? I really didn't know. I suspected there was some upper limit. Logically, there had to be... but I didn't know that for certain, and something told me I was still far from reaching it.
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LE HOMARD BLEU
LE HOMARD BLEU
LE HOMARD BLEU
HOTEL


My body was expanding further by the second. The growth came so easy and so quick that it almost caught me off guard. And yet as big as I grew, it made me only want more.
LE HOMARD BLEU
1248
LE HOMARD BLEU
CAFE
RESTAURANT FRANÇAIS
SHOP THERAPY

I rubbed him more vigorously against my pussy, mashing his body into my cunt. I wanted him to know how disposable he was to me now. How he was nothing more than a toy I could use and abuse. And yet, during it all, he never protested. Was it possible that he was actually enjoying this, in spite of all the pain?


Maybe he was. It was a shame that I hadn't seen this side of him sooner. I'd spent so many years humiliating myself, pretending to be some kind of pathetic, boring housewife. I could have been doing this all along. Ruling like a queen, doing what I want... and using Marco however I wanted. I couldn't change the past... But this was going to be my life from now on. If I could help it, I was going to spend the rest of my life as a giant.


The thought alone made me grow even more. How big could I grow? How many people could I subjugate beneath my will? Could I grow big enough to rule the entire state? The country?
The world?
Could I really do that... Or would I die trying? I didn't know... But I intended to find out.


I shoved him deeper inside of me. All the way in. I used him like a little dildo, shoving him in and out, fucking myself with his body.
I was going to treat all of them like the fucking insects they were, and terrorize entire nations. They'd fear me, and love me. They'd desperately pleasure me, even as I crushed them beneath me. They'd willingly acknowledge that my pleasure mattered more than their own lives... or they'd know a much crueler fate.


The thought brought me to orgasm. I felt myself growing larger, as I let out a long moan... One that was drowned out by the sound of police sirens.


I looked down at the police, who were about half a block away. There were only three of them there, little men with little guns, standing behind their squad cars. They were shouting something at me. I didn't bother paying attention. Whatever threats they were making, they were beneath my consideration. Had they bowed down before me, I might have considered putting them to some use. Instead, they were making themselves an annoyance... and I was going to deal with them like everyone else who had gotten on my bad side.
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PROFESSIONAL HAIRCUTS & SHAVES
36
POLICE


I looked down at Marco, why was lying on my palm. He was shivering, naked, and soaking on my juices. "What are you going to do now?" he asked.


I looked down at him, and thought about that question for a moment. I promised that I'd eat him, sure... But I could do that any time. I wasn't ready to part with him, not just yet. Not when I could still wring some amusement out of him.
"We're going to have some fun together," I told him.


END OF PART 1


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