HELL HATH NO FURY 2


ART BY JACKOFBULLETS
STORY BY REDFIREDOG


I looked down at the pathetic display before me, and couldn't help but cringe. To think that this, this... pathetic display was the best New York's finest had to offer. Half a dozen scared little cops hiding behind their toy cars, pointing their tiny guns up at my shins. They were shouting orders at me to surrender, demanding I get on the ground, and threatening to shoot if I didn't comply. It was so pathetic, it wasn't even funny. Were they really delusional enough to think they had any amount of control over me?
POLICE
POLICE
CANTO
CHINESE RESTAURA
CAFE


Marco writhed in my palm, his naked body still slick with my juices as he trembled like a wet chihuahua. "L-Listen. Maya, please," he begged, his voice cracking from fear. "Don't make a decision you'll regret. Think about what you're doing. That's the fucking NYPD. They'll shoot first ask questions later, and if you start a fight with them the military will come next. They'll have tanks, helicopters—"
"Tanks?" I interrupted, bringing him closer to my face. "Seriously? You think I give a fuck about tanks?"
POLICE
POLICE
POLICE


"Maya, I know you're strong, but even you can't fight the entire world!" His voice cracked with desperation. "So... Please, just stop. Back down, so we can figure something out. I'll do anything you want. I'll never cheat again, I swear—"


I shook my head. "Oh, Marco. You still don't get it, do you? There is no going back. Not after all of this. You're nothing but an insect to me now, no different than everyone else. And I'm going to show them just how superior I am."


"Ma'am!" An officer shouted at the top of his lungs, his voice weak and desperate. "Release the hostage and lie face down on the ground with your hands behind your head! We've been authorized to use deadly-"
I took a step forward, cutting him off in an instant. The asphalt cracked and split under my foot, sending chunks of the road flying in every direction. The cops flinched at my every movement, but they held their ground. Had to give them credit for that, at least. Most people would have run screaming by now.
CANTON
CHINESE RESTAURANT
POLICE
TRAFFIC DIVISION
36
CAFE


Marco was openly sobbing in my hand now, curled into a pathetic little ball. "You don't understand, Maya! They're going to kill us both..." he whimpered.
"No." I corrected him. "They're going to try."


"This is your final warning!" Another cop shouted, though his voice wavered now. "Stop where you are or we will open fire!"
One of them, a guy with a shotgun, was creeping forward while his partners kept their handguns trained on me. He looked like he had an itchy trigger finger.


The officer with the shotgun was getting brave now, standing his ground while the others started to back away. His partners flanked him, all three of them moving in that cautious crouch cops do when they think they're being tough. From my height, they looked as imposing as those little plastic army men that kids used to play with.



"I'm not fucking warning you again!" the cop with the shotgun screamed, his voice raspy. "If you take another step, I'll fucking shoot!"



"Please." I said, taking another earth-shaking step toward them. "Go ahead. Open fire. Give me an excuse."

I stomped down right in front of their little patrol cars, hard enough to crack the street itself. Most of them stumbled a bit. It was the perfect opportunity for them to run... but they stood their ground. What seemed brave a moment ago now felt suicidal. They were openly defying me.


That's when the cop with the shotgun made his move. With a scream that sounded more terrified than brave, he pulled the trigger. The sound of the gun going off was loud, far louder than anything else that had happened so far, and I could see the small burst of flame from the barrel after.
But I didn't double over with pain. There were no broken bones. I'm not even sure it was enough to break my skin. The blast hit my shin like a bee sting. Sharp enough to be felt, but it was far from painful. Smoke drifted up from the barrel of his gun as he pumped it for another round.
CANTON
CHINESE RESTAURANT


"That actually stung, you little shit." I growled. "Now I'm going to fucking kill you all."


I raised my foot over their patrol car. Most of the cops scattered like roaches when you turn on the kitchen light. Most of them... But not the one with the shotgun. He stood his ground, took aim yet again, and blasted another shell straight into the bottom of my foot.
CANTON
CHINESE RESTAURANT


If there was ever any doubt before, that pretty much settled it. He was going to be the first to die. I brought my foot down hard, right on top of the nearest patrol car. The metal crumpled like aluminum foil under my heel. The others tried running, but the shotgun cop didn't move fast enough. He was trapped under my toes, forced to try crawling away.
LE HOMARD BLEU
CAFE
YOUR SAFETY


Obviously, that wasn't going to work. I wasn't interested in teasing him or drawing it out, though. He'd pissed me off with his little gun, so I brought my toes down right on top of him, and pressed down with all the weight I could muster. I felt his body compress under the ball of my foot, bones snapping like twigs, organs bursting like water balloons. He didn't even have time to scream. One second he was there, the next he was just a red smear on the asphalt.


Most of the other cops were running away now. Just flat-out sprinting down the street. Smart boys. But one of them, a young one, stood his ground. Must have thought himself the hero of his own story when he started firing his pistol at my foot.
Pop. Pop. Pop. The bullets stung like mosquito bites, if only for a second. He emptied his entire magazine into my feet, then tried to reload with shaking hands.


But I was faster. All it took was a step towards him and he stumbled backward, tripping over his own feet. He went down hard on his ass, his gun skittering away across the pavement. For a second, he just stared up at me, this massive naked woman who'd just crushed his partner like a bug and was clearly moments away from doing the same to him.
36
DEDICATED TO YOUR SAFETY


Any hopes he had for mercy were snuffed out an instant later when I brought my foot down on him. I felt his hands pushing against my sole, trying desperately to stop the inevitable descent.
He failed, obviously.
I felt his body give way to compression and wetness and the satisfying crunch of another insect dealt with. If his fate wasn't clear enough to his buddies the red puddle pooling under my toes made it obvious for them.
TRAFFIC DIVISION
36
POLICE
DEDICATED TO YOUR SAFETY


I didn't have long to savor it, though. Another one of the stupid little worms was too busy firing up at me. I looked back, and saw another cop holding another pathetic little pistol. How could he be stupid enough to think that little gun could hurt me?


Without even bothering to turn around, I lifted my foot up high in the air. Instead of trying to run, the stupid little insect had the nerve to finish emptying the magazine. His lack of self-preservation meant he was probably going to die soon anyway. I was just speeding things up.


I pressed my foot hard against the ground. I felt his body crumple under my toes as I twisted him out like a cigarette. Good riddance to useless rubbish.
The other officers scattered like the cockroaches they were. They ran as fast as they could, abandoning their cars, their dead partners, and their dignity. They fled down side streets and tried diving behind dumpsters. I could have chased them all down... but they'd be more useful alive and scared. Someone to spread the news about me.
36
EMERGENCY
DIAL 911
TRAFFIC DIVISION
Phone
Phone
Phone


"That's right! Run, you stupid fucking cowards!" I shouted after them, my voice booming through the streets. "Tell everyone what you saw here! Tell them Maya is your fucking god now! Every last one of you pathetic little insects is mine!"


Marco hung limp in my grip, looking utterly exhausted. "Maya... haven't you done enough? When are you going to stop?" He was trying to remain calm, but it wasn't working. His voice was barely a whimper.
SERGIOS DESIGNER MENS SHOES
DAILY MAIL


I couldn't believe his fucking nerve. After everything, after all of this, HE had the audacity to ask if I was done? My fingers tightened around his pathetic body as rage surged through me like molten lava.
"STOP?" I screamed, bringing him right up to my face. My breath blasted over him like a hurricane. "You think I'm going to STOP? I should fucking kill you right now for what you did to me! For cheating on me with those worthless little sluts!"
He whimpered, trying to shield his face from my fury. "Maya, please—"


"You're lucky," I snarled, "that some stupid, weak part of me still can't end to your miserable little life. Not as long as your body is still big enough to satisfy me, anyway. But don't think you're getting off easy. I'm just going to find other ways to hurt you. And I'm going to get my revenge on every single one of your whores."


Marco's eyes went wide with confusion and terror. "But... but you already ate all the waitresses at my diner! Who else could you even mean? They're all gone!"


That made me think. I wasn't sure if he had cheated on me with anyone else. Not physically, anyway... But he certainly had a wandering eye. I paused for a moment, searching through old memories, of all the times he'd embarrassed me...


I thought back to one night in the bar. His precious little diner where he'd spent so many late nights only to come home reeking of booze. Then, when I finally complained, he didn't apologize, or promise not to do it anymore. Instead, he'd tried to normalize it. He invited me along the next time... as if I didn't know exactly why he liked the place so much.


The memory made my blood boil all over again. How he'd whistled and clapped, stuffing twenties into their tip jars while I sat there like a fool, pretending it didn't bother me. Pretending I was the "cool wife" who didn't mind her husband eye-fucking every piece of ass that walked by.
"Isn't this place great?" I could remember him saying. "They have the best drinks in town, and I love the energy!"


The lie was so obvious, it was insulting. He didn't love the energy. He was an old man in a room full of drunken frat bros who didn't care about him. What he loved was that the bartenders were all skanky college girls in slutty crop tops and daisy dukes. He loved the sexy dances they did on the table, writhing around like the little whores that they were.


I grit my teeth so hard I thought they might crack. Those fucking bartender sluts with their fake smiles and bedroom eyes, shaking their tits for tips. The way they'd grind on top of the table, giving every drunk asshole in the room a view of barely-clothed forms. Their little giggles and winks, the way they touched the men's arms as they poured drinks. Were they just working for tips, or were they fucking their customers upstairs after closing? That would explain where all our savings had been disappearing to.
WOLF BAR
BAR OPEN
SUPER SPEED
SUPERDUTY
BEER


Yet there he was. Cheering them on right in front of me like he was their biggest fan. The excitement on his face was like a kid who'd just been set loose in a candy shop. He hadn't been that excited around me since our first night together. As far as he was concerned, I was just his fat old battle axe of a wife.



"You remember that bar, don't you Marco?" I squeezed him tighter, feeling his ribs bend. "The one with all those college whores dancing on the bar?"

His face went pale. "Maya, no! This has to stop!"

"You made me sit there and watch while you drooled over those loose sluts!" I roared. "You fucked them too, didn't you?"

"What? No, they were just bartenders!" Marco pleaded desperately. "I never touched them I swear!"

"And why should I believe you? Besides, even if you say you didn't, I bet you fucking wanted to. I could see it in your eyes. You fantasized about them while fucking me, didn't you? Imagined their tight little bodies instead of mine? Bet you even wished some of them could grow like me, didn't you? Well it's too late! Now those bodies are going to be my food."


It may have been rush hour but the streets had been mostly emptied already. There were only a few stragglers who took one look at me and ran screaming. Smart of them. I wasn't in the mood to be gentle with anyone who got in my way.
EL MOLEROS FLAVOURS OF MEXICO BEANS 'N RICE
EL MOLEROS
B COOPER FOR MAYOR!
VOTE FOR FREE
NO PARKING


As I walked, I could feel the remains of that waitress still dissolving in my stomach. The thought made me smile. Soon those bartender bitches would join her, one by one. I'd make Marco watch as I devoured every last slut who'd ever caught his eye.
EL MOLEROS FLAVOURS OF MEXICO
BEANS 'N RICE
EL MOLEROS
B COOPER FOR MAYOR!
VOTE FOR FREEDOM
NO PARKING
CHOICE CUT
FRESH MEAT DAILY
NO PARKING


Every step I took toward that shithole bar, another pathetic little worm scurried into my path. Some woman with shopping bags tried to dart across the street. I caught her under my toes, grinding her into paste against the asphalt. Her screams cut off instantly. Good. I didn't have time for their noise.
EL MOLEROS FLAVOURS OF MEXICO
BEANS 'N RICE
EL MOLEROS
B COOPER FOR MAYOR!
VOTE FOR FREEDOM
North St
CHOICE CUT
FRESH MEAT DAILY
ONE WAY
NO PARKING


I wasn't even bothering to watch where I was going anymore. Some stupid little dipshit ran right in front of where I was about to step. I just kept walking. I didn't even slow down. I didn't have to.
EL MOLEROS FLAVOURS OF MEXICO BEANS 'N RICE
EL MOLEROS
Easy St
FOR MAYOR!
FOR FREEDOM
ONE WAY
NO PARKING


My foot came down on him with a wet crunch, his body popping like a grape under my heel. I felt his bones snap, his organs burst, and his pained scream get snuffed out in an instant... but I barely registered it. He was nothing. Background noise, if even that.
EL MOLEROS
FLAVOURS
OF
EL MOLEROS
FAJITA WRAPS


None of them fucking mattered. What mattered was finding that fucking bar. I knew it was somewhere around here, near the old theater district. My eyes scanned the buildings, looking for that tacky sign that was burned into my memory.
SERGIOS DESIGNER MENS SHOES
UGLY WOLF BA
NO PARKING
UNAUTHORIZED VEHICLES WILL BE TOWED AT OWNER'S EXPENSE
TAXI
2032


Then I saw it: The Ugly Wolf Bar. A pathetic little hole in the wall, squeezed into the ground floor of some moldy old office building. Perfect. Those slutty bartenders were probably in there right now, shaking their asses for tips.
A yellow taxi was pulling up to the curb, probably dropping off some early evening drunk. I waited, watching it coast right in front of the bar's entrance. The timing was perfect.
APARTMENTS
EL MOLERO
NO PARKING
TAXI

I raised my foot high above the cab, savoring the moment. The driver must have seen my shadow because I heard him lay on the horn, but it was too late. I brought my foot down hard, right on top of the taxi's roof.




The metal crumpled instantly, windows exploding outward in a shower of glass. The horn cut off with a pathetic wheeze.
That's when I heard them; high-pitched screams from inside the bar. Those little whores had just seen what I'd done. They knew I was coming for them.
"Oh god, what the hell?!" someone shrieked from inside.
"Oh my god, run!" another shouted.
N 72nd St
32

I could barely hold back my fury. Part of me wanted to just let myself loose. It was tempting to smash the building with my fists and feet and let the rubble bury them alive... but that was too easy. I had to restrain myself because they deserved something worse than that. I didn't believe in hell, so I'd have to make my own hell for them. And I couldn't think of anything more fitting than digesting their slutty little bodies inside of mine.


Marco was trembling in my fist, his whole body shaking. "Maya, don't do this! They're innocent, I swear! I never touched any of them! They're just trying to make a living—"
"Innocent?" I brought him up to eye level, squeezing hard enough to make him gasp. "Those filthy little whores parade around half-naked, grinding on men like you, destroying marriages for dollar bills. They're exactly the kind of trash this world needs less of."
"Maya, please—"


I brought him close enough that he could smell the death on my breath, and ran my tongue along the side of his face. He was probably still thinking about his little whores dissolving in my stomach.
"You can't convince me not to do this, Marco. I'm going to eat them all." I told him, relishing the thought. "I'm going to turn their pretty little faces into ass and tit fat, and you're going to watch it all."
"What's wrong with you?!" Marco pleaded. "How could you be so cruel?"

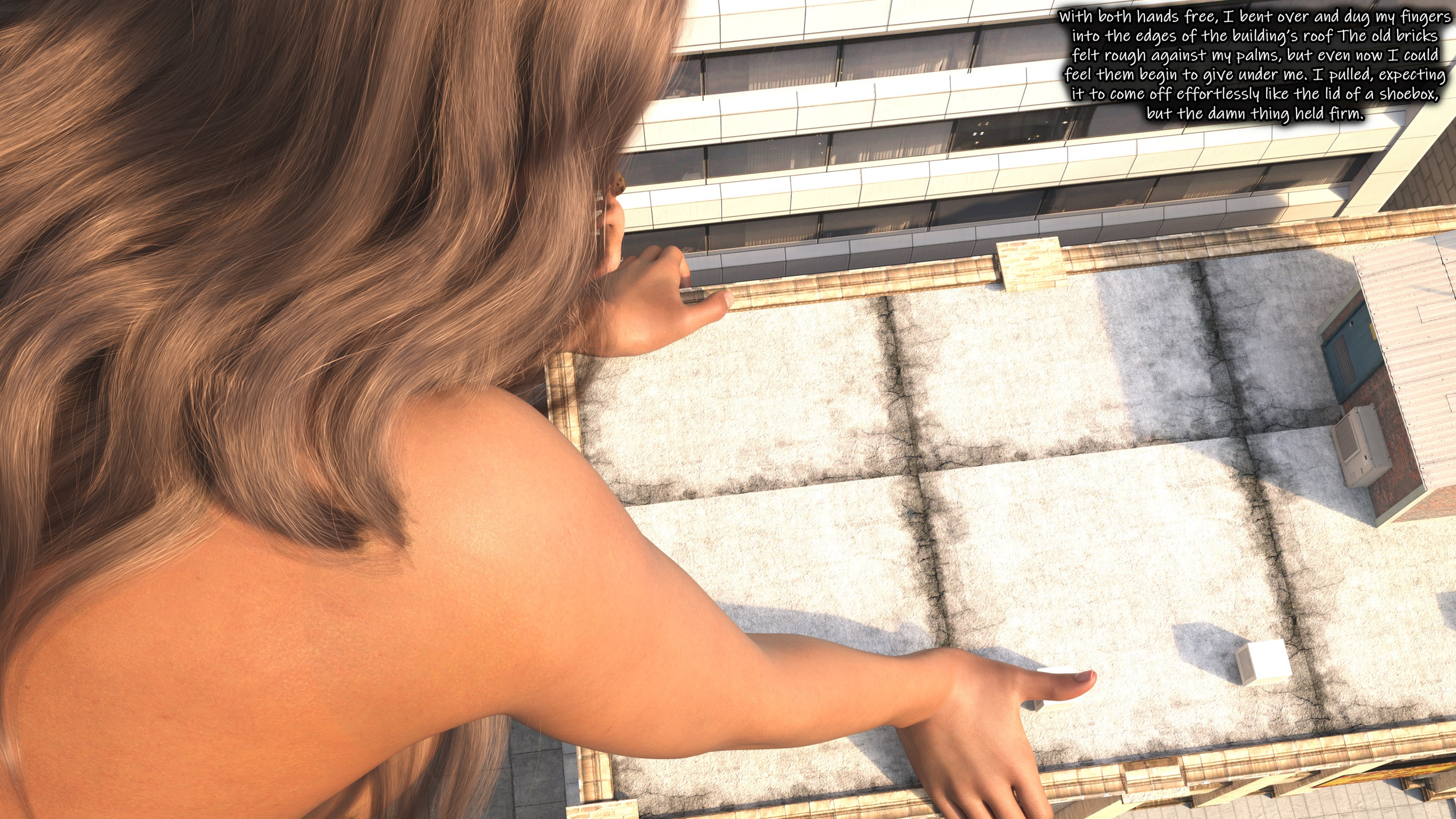


"YOU did this to me, Marco," I told him matter of factly. "Every time you looked at them instead of me, every dollar you threw at them, every fantasy you had about them... you signed their death warrant. And in spite of that, I'm showing you mercy. Try to be a little thankful, would you?"

I reached up, bringing my hand to the side of my head. Marco looked confused for a moment until I pressed him against my hair.

"Hold on." I commanded. "If you fall, that's on you."

He grabbed fistfuls of my long hair, wrapping the strands around his arms like rope, clinging for dear life. I could feel him shaking. Good. Let him feel helpless up there.


With both hands free, I bent over and dug my fingers into the edges of the building's roof The old bricks felt rough against my palms, but even now I could feel them begin to give under me. I pulled, expecting it to come off effortlessly like the lid of a shoebox, but the damn thing held firm.


"Maya, stop!" Marco screamed from somewhere near my ear. "You can't just do this! You'll kill them all!"
I pulled harder, my muscles straining. The building fought back, its skeleton of steel and concrete refusing to give way easily. Fine. If it wanted to play hard to get, I'd show it what real strength looked like.
EL MOLEROS
EL MOLERO FLAVOURS OF MEXICO BEANS 'N RICE
EL MOLEROS
EL MOLEROS FAJITA WRAPS
FAJITA WRAPS
EL MOLEROS FLAVOURS OF MEXICO BEANS 'N RICE


I dug my fingers deeper into the roofing material, feeling the metal framework beneath. I pulled up with everything I had. Then, all at once, it gave way.


The entire top floor of the building started to tear away in my hands. Debris rained down onto the street below. Chunks of concrete came tumbling down in a cloud of dust.
EL MOLEROS
FLAVOURS
OF
MEXICO
BEANS 'N RICE

Women on the sidewalk screamed, diving for cover, but I didn't give a shit about them. The ones I wanted were still inside and trapped like rats.
I tossed the ruined roof aside. It crashed into the building across the street, taking out half the facade. Through the dust and settling debris, I could finally see into the bar below.


There they were. Three bartender sluts. They were trying to hide under a table, like that would protect them. Their skimpy little outfits made them look even more pathetic as they cowered and cried. Then, a slut in an oversized cowboy hat ran for it, moving as fast as her little boots would carry her.


The redhead in the crop top bolted from behind the bar, making a desperate sprint for the gaping hole where the door used to be. Her stupid cowboy hat bounced on her head as she ran, those long legs pumping hard in her cutoff shorts.
"Where do you think you're going, you little slut?" I snarled, reaching down into the ruined bar.


I snatched her off the ground in one swift movement. She screamed as my fingers pinched her leg, her momentum carrying her forward for a split second before I yanked her back.
UGLY WOL
BAR OPEN
BAR OPEN
SUPERDUTY
SUPER SPEED
LESS THINKING MORE DRINKING.
UGLY WOLF


I lifted her up, dangling her upside down above the clouds of smoke. Her stupid little hat tumbled off her head, falling onto the floor below.


"Please!" She shrieked, her voice high and pathetic. "I don't even know you! I'm just a bartender!"
"Just a bartender?" I brought her closer to my face, close enough that she could smell the death on my breath. "You're one of the whores my husband couldn't stop staring at. Dancing on that bar like a cheap stripper, shaking your ass for tips while I sat there like a fool."
"I'm just trying to put myself through college!" she wailed. "I swear to God, I've never even seen your husband, I—"

"Shut up." The feeling of her clothes against my fingers disgusted me. That trashy red crop top, those slutty daisy dukes... they all had to go. I pinched the hem of her top between my thumb and forefinger and tore it away like tissue paper.

No bra. Of course. Just so her microscopic nipples made bumps against her top for the guys to drool over. The little whore's tits hung there, small and perky, exactly the kind Marco loved. Nothing like mine.


"No, please!" She tried to cover herself with her hands, but I wasn't done. I ripped away her boots next, tossing them aside like the garbage they were. Then came those tiny shorts and the thong underneath. In seconds, she was completely naked, her pale skin flushed with terror.



"Maya, stop this!" Marco's voice came from somewhere near my ear, high and desperate. "She doesn't deserve this!" I ignored him completely. This wasn't about him anymore. This was about me taking what I wanted, when I wanted it.

I held the naked slut above my mouth, letting her see exactly where she was headed. Her screams became hysterical, her whole-body writhing as she tried to break free. But there was no escape. Not from me.

"Take a good look, Marco," I said, knowing he could see everything from his perch in my hair. "This is what's going to happen to every other woman you've ever lusted after."


I lowered her slowly, savoring her terror. Her hands touched my lips first, and she flailed frantically, trying to grab hold of something. But there was nothing to grab onto. Just the inevitable descent into my waiting mouth.
Her head slid past my lips, then her flat stomach, her hips. Her cheap perfume wasn't enough to hide the taste of salty sweat, and fear.


When she was waist-deep in my mouth, I closed my lips around her, trapping her upper body outside while her legs dangled down my throat.
"Maya, please!" Marco was distraught about his little whore now. "Let her go! I'm begging you!"
The girl was screaming too, pounding her fists against my lips, begging for mercy she'd never receive. I pushed her around with my tongue, feeling her squirm and fight. She was stronger than the waitresses had been, more athletic. It made her struggles more entertaining.


I could have ended it quickly, but where was the fun in that? I opened my mouth slightly, just enough to let her think she might escape. She immediately tried to claw her way out, pulling herself forward on my tongue.
"Thank God," Marco gasped. "Maya, yes, let her—"

I swallowed.

The brunette's scream cut off instantly as she plummeted down my throat. I felt her sliding down, that familiar writhing sensation as she descended into my stomach to join the waitress. One down, two more to go. Easy enough.




"You're a... monster." Marco whispered, his voice broken. "You're a fucking monster!"
"I'm a goddess," I corrected him, already turning my attention back to the bar. "And those other two sluts are about to find out what happens when you cross one."
MIDCITY


The other two bartenders were still cowering under what was left of their long wooden table, hiding like cornered mice. Through the settling dust, I could make out their ridiculous costumes. The brunette with pigtails was dressed in some slutty French maid getup, while the blonde was dressed like she'd stepped out of a 1960s stewardess catalog.


"Come out, come out, wherever you are..." I sang mockingly, my voice echoing through the ruined bar.
They pressed themselves deeper under the table, as if that pathetic piece of furniture could protect them from me. The sight was almost amusing. Did they really think I'd have any trouble getting to them?


I reached down and positioned my finger behind the table's edge, ready to send it flying. One good flick ought to do it.
LIVE MUSIC


I snapped my finger forward. The tables tipped over instantly and flew through the air. Bottles slid off the edge and shattered on the floor, filling the inside of the bar with the smell of liquor.
The two sluts scrambled to their feet, shrieking as they stumbled away in their ridiculous heels.


I snatched them both up in one swift grab, and lifted them into the air.
"No, no, no!" the brunette wailed, completely dropping her fake French accent as terror took over. "Why are you doing this?!"
The blonde was hyperventilating, her pillbox hat tumbling off her head. "I have kids! You can't do this to me, I have kids at home!"
I wasn't moved. "Should have thought about that before you decided to act like a little whore." I snarled.


I started with the brunette's ridiculous maid outfit. The cheap polyester tore away like wet paper, revealing a black push-up bra underneath that made her tits look two sizes bigger than they actually were. Typical. I ripped that away too, along with her fishnet stockings and tiny black thong.
The blonde fought harder, actually managing to bite my finger, not that it hurt. Her vintage uniform came apart just as easily as her friend's, buttons popping off one after another. She wore white cotton underwear underneath, trying to play innocent. I tore those away too, leaving both of them completely naked in my palm.
"Maya, this is insane!" Marco's voice cracked from his spot in my hair. "You can't keep doing this!"
"Watch me." I said, lifting both squealing sluts toward my mouth.



I tilted my head back and opened wide, dangling them above the dark cavern of my throat. They could see exactly where they were going; down into the darkness where their coworker had just disappeared.

I dropped the brunette in first, feet-first. She tried to grab onto my lips, my teeth, anything to stop her descent. But gravity and my saliva made everything too slippery to hold onto. She slid down to her waist, her upper body still flailing outside my mouth.

Before she could say another word, I dropped the blonde in on top of her. The stewardess landed hard on the maid's shoulders, driving them both deeper into my mouth. They were tangled together now, a writhing mass of limbs and terror.

Then I swallowed.

They went down together, their intertwined bodies sliding down my throat in one long, satisfying gulp. Their combined struggles feeling even better than swallowing a single person had. I felt them tumbling into my stomach, joining the growing collection of Marco's whores inside.




"There," I said, running my tongue over my lips. "Much better."
Marco was staring up at me with sad eyes, too drained to feel anything except for exhaustion. "How many more?" he whispered. "How many more people are you going to kill!?"


"That depends." I told him, already scanning the street for my next target. "How many little whores did you eye-fuck while we were married? Because I can think of plenty more..."


The screeching of tires made me look over. Two black SWAT vans skidded to a halt about a block away, their doors bursting open before they'd even stopped moving. Tactical gear, assault rifles, the whole nine yards. They poured out quickly, taking position behind their vehicles, and pointed their toys at me. They were better armed than the cops from earlier, but the difference in their weaponry didn't look like it would matter in the slightest.
EL MOLEROS
EL MOLERO
S.W.A.T
POLICE



Part of me wanted to walk over there and show them exactly how useless their little rifles were. I could crush them all in seconds, grind them into the pavement like the insects they were... But had other places to be. Other targets just waiting for me. I'm sure I'll get to them eventually, but for now they aren't even worth the calories I'd burn walking to them.

I raised my free hand and extended my middle finger high in the air, making sure they got a good, long look at it. Then I turned and walked away. Hopefully they're smart enough to leave me alone.


The next block over had finally cleared out properly. People were sprinting away before I even got close, running onto the sidewalks or ducking into buildings. Smart little bugs. They'd learned. I was almost disappointed that no one was stupid enough to stay in my path anymore. The crunch of bodies under my feet had been oddly satisfying. I... missed it, if I were honest.
삼덕전기
Easy St
N 72nd St
COLT


Just as I was considering changing path slightly to catch one of the imbeciles running on foot I heard something above the rest of the chaos at my feet. The hum of helicopter blades cutting through the air. I glanced back to see what looked like a news chopper circling overhead, probably getting footage for the evening news.


But then the side door slid open and some jackass in military fatigues leaned out and pointed an assault rifle at me. Really? Did they really think that would work any better than the cops' guns had? Did they think the ones on the ground couldn't a good angle on me?
"Fuck off!" I shouted up at him, not even bothering to stop walking.
POLICE


He shouted something back, but the helicopter noise completely drowned it out. Not that it mattered. He could empty his entire magazine into me and it would feel like nothing. I turned away, dismissing him completely. He wasn't even worth my attention.
While everyone else was running, I noticed a single woman standing on the sidewalk, at what she probably thought was a safe distance. She was staring up at me with her phone out, recording everything.
삼덕전기
컴퓨터게임장


I looked down at her, this pathetic little insect with her phone, documenting my ascension. My first thought was to crush her for that feeling I'd been missing... but another idea came to mind instead. She was perfect. She'd be my messenger.
"You!" I bellowed, my voice carrying across the empty streets. "Keep that camera rolling. I want everyone to see this."
The woman stumbled backwards from being addressed directly, but kept her phone trained on me. Her hands shook so badly even I could see it from up here.
"I want you to tell everyone," I commanded, letting them see every inch of my glorious naked body. "I'm your new god. And if you want to worship at my altar, turn on the TV. That precious little lingerie fashion show you insects love so much? Stay tuned, because I'm going to be the main attraction."
POLICE


From my hair, Marco made a small, strangled sound. "You... you remembered that's today?"
"Remembered?" I laughed, the sound bitter and sharp. "How could I forget, Marco? How could I possibly forget?"
MIDCITY


The memory hit me like a raw nerve, still painful even after a year. He'd been so fucking excited, practically bouncing on his feet as he showed me those VIP passes he'd gotten through his "connections." Acting like he was doing me some huge favor, taking his frumpy wife to see haute couture.
"It'll be fun!" He'd insisted. "You'll love the artistry of it all!"


Artistry. Right. That's why he spent the entire show with his jaw hanging open, practically drooling all over himself as model after model strutted past in scraps of lace and silk. He didn't even pretend to look at me, didn't hold my hand, nothing. Just sat there eye-fucking every single one of them while I fumed in my seat, feeling like the ugliest woman in the world.


The worst part was after the show ended, when he actually got up to go "network" with some of the models. Left me sitting there while he flirted with women half his age. Women who stole glances back at me filled with pity.


"Maya..." Marco whispered from my hair, "That wasn't what you... No, I was just appreciating—"
"Shut up." I spat. "Do you think I'm stupid? Don't try to act like that was something it obviously wasn't. You dragged me there to sit in silence and watch you salivate over those walking skeletons in their underwear. Made me sit there like old furniture while you flirted with them right in front of me. Well, now it's time for them to meet their new God."
The woman with the phone was backing away faster now, but still recording. Good. Let her capture this moment. Let her show the world what was coming.


I heard the humming of the helicopter get louder as it swooped in closer. I didn't even bother to glance back at it. Their helicopters were like the buzzing of flies to me... barely even enough to register as an annoyance.
TETLEYS
SOAD
WILLIAMS AND SONS


That idiot in army gear was still hanging out the side door, shouting something I couldn't hear over the whir of the blades. Whatever they were planning, I wasn't going to wait around to find out what it was. I had places to be, and models to devour.
POLICE DEPARTMENT
CITY OF NEW YORK


More SWAT vans screamed around the corner behind me with their noisy engines revving. They could have caught up, but trailed half a block behind me. They knew better than to get too close, and were keeping their distance. I could have turned back and dealt with them... But I'd rather not bother. The crowds of fleeing people were more fun to step on anyway.
S.W.A.T
POLICE
S.W.A.T
POLICE


I turned back to the street ahead, scanning the identical glass towers that lined the avenue. I knew the city well, but this vantage point was radically different from the one I was accustomed to. Which one of these buildings is it taking place in? I knew that Marco wasn't going to tell me, so I just had to keep wandering the area until I was able to identify the exact building I was looking for...
삼덕전과
자동제어반
N 72nd St
Easy St


I was too busy looking for the building to pay much attention to what was happening below me. I didn't even notice the bright red van attempting to speed away right in front of me... until I stepped on it.
URBANSPRAWL
MUSIC FESTIVAL
OCTOBER 17-18
SWIFT
SALE
75%
LIQUORS


I felt my foot came down on the van's hood, crumpling the metal like tinfoil. The front of the vehicle flattened under me in an instant. Whoever was still inside wasn't coming back from that one. They'd been blended together with the twisted metal and glass and were too busy leaking onto the asphalt.
MAKE YOUR VOICE HEARD
VOTE MAYOR GOLDIE


I lifted my foot, strings of blood and oil connecting my sole to the flattened wreckage. I paid it no more mind. Nothing mattered right now except for getting my revenge.

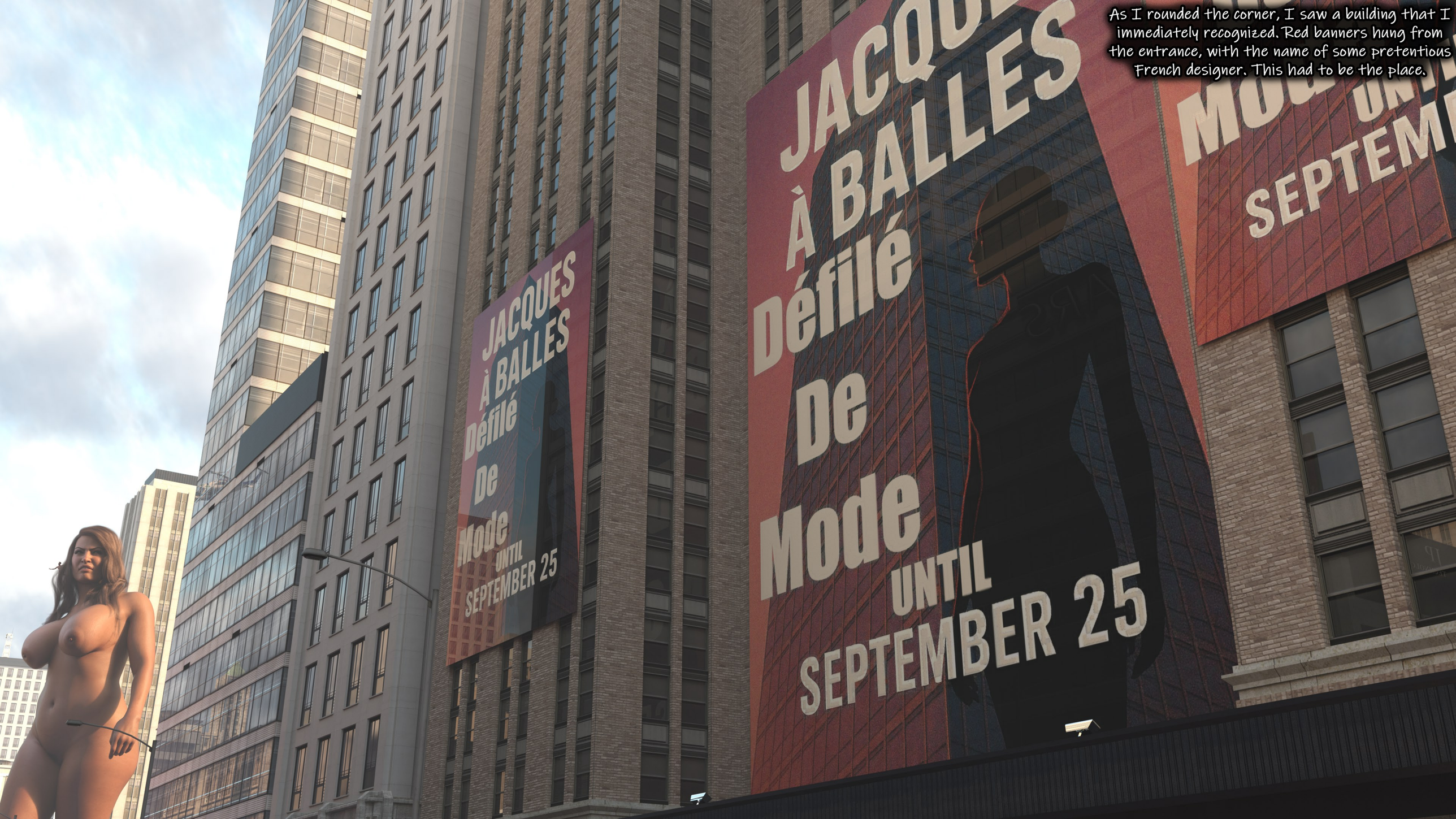

I knew the fashion show building had to be close by. I could practically taste those skinny little models on my tongue. I was going to swallow all of the little things... not that the nasty little skeletons would make much of a meal. But that just left more room for anyone else who happened cross my eye. I was rather enjoying making meals of people, and there was no reason I had to limit that fate to the whores Marco lavished attention onto.
I saw movement out of the corner of my eye; a flash of motion through the windows of an office building to my right. Inside, through the glass, I saw a skinny woman in a short skirt, surrounded by men in suits. For a moment, I thought I'd found it.


I stepped closer, and quickly realized it wasn't the fashion show. They were mere office workers, but still... my stomach rumbled. Those bartender sluts hadn't been very filling, and all this walking was working up an appetite. These women weren't Marco's whores, just little office sluts, but they were right there. I'm sure if he got one good look at them he'd have spent the day flirting with them as well. That was as good a reason as any to indulge in these bite-sized little snacks to eat... and who was going to tell me otherwise?


The women inside screamed, scrambling toward the door. Just one handful, I thought. A quick appetizer before the main course. "What do you think, Marco?" I asked. "Should I grab a bite to eat?"
"Maya, no!" Marco shouted. "Those are innocent people! I've never seen them before! Neither of us know them! They have nothing to do with me! Please, the fashion show... It's just a block ahead. That's where all the models are. Just... leave these people alone."
"Fine." I growled, tempted to remind him of his place by doing so anyway... but if he was being cooperative by giving me directions, then I would relent. "They can live. For now."


I was so close, I could practically feel it. All those models, those "artists" who'd made me feel like garbage, they had to be trapped together in one building with nowhere to run... and I was going to get my revenge.
TRENZ
MENSWEAR
STARS
OFFICE SUPPLIES
JACQUES À BALLES
Défilé De Mode
UNTIL SEPTEMBER 25
11B 19th Street


I quickened my pace, my footsteps booming like thunder. A little red car tried to swerve around me but wasn't fast enough. I kicked it aside without looking, sending it spinning into a wall. The crash of glass and twisted metal was oddly satisfying.


As I rounded the corner, I saw a building that I immediately recognized. Red banners hung from the entrance, with the name of some pretentious French designer. This had to be the place.
JACQUES À BALLES
Défilé De Mode
UNTIL SEPTEMBER 25
JACQUES À BALLES
Défilé De Mode
UNTIL SEPTEMBER 25


"Maya, when is this going to stop?" Marco begged from his perch in my hair. "Those women didn't do anything wrong. You can't just eat everyone who I checked out once!"
"Can't?" I laughed, the sound echoing off the buildings. "I'm about to show you exactly what I can do, Marco."


There were crowds between me and the building, hundreds of little insects who hadn't run fast enough. Cars still trying to navigate the chaos, and a bus full of commuters. Good. I didn't see that as a downside at all. They were in my way, and I'd deal with them accordingly.
Del's LAUNDROMAT
336
TETLEYS
EUROCAR
SOAD
TEPCO
11B 19th Street
60234
THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART


I could hear the screams getting louder as I drew closer. The sheer terror that I could inspire just by moving was incredible. It was a rush of power that only inspired me to terrify the little insects even more.
STARS
Del's LAUNDROMAT
336
11B 19th Street
THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART



I walked forward, and took a step right onto an old gray van that was stuck in traffic. The metal crumpled instantly under my weight, compressing down to maybe a foot thick. Glass exploded outward, and I felt something wet beneath my sole. I didn't bother looking down to see what, or who, I'd just flattened. Their only value was in how nice they could make my walk feel, as far as I was concerned. Nothing about who they were as a person mattered.


STARS
Del's
LAUNDROMAT
336
11B 19th Street
Another step. A city bus sat directly in my path, still running with its driver frantically trying to reverse. Through the windows I could see it was packed with people, all of them pressing against the far windows, trying to get as far from me as possible. I couldn't help but wonder what it would feel like to step on something so full of life.

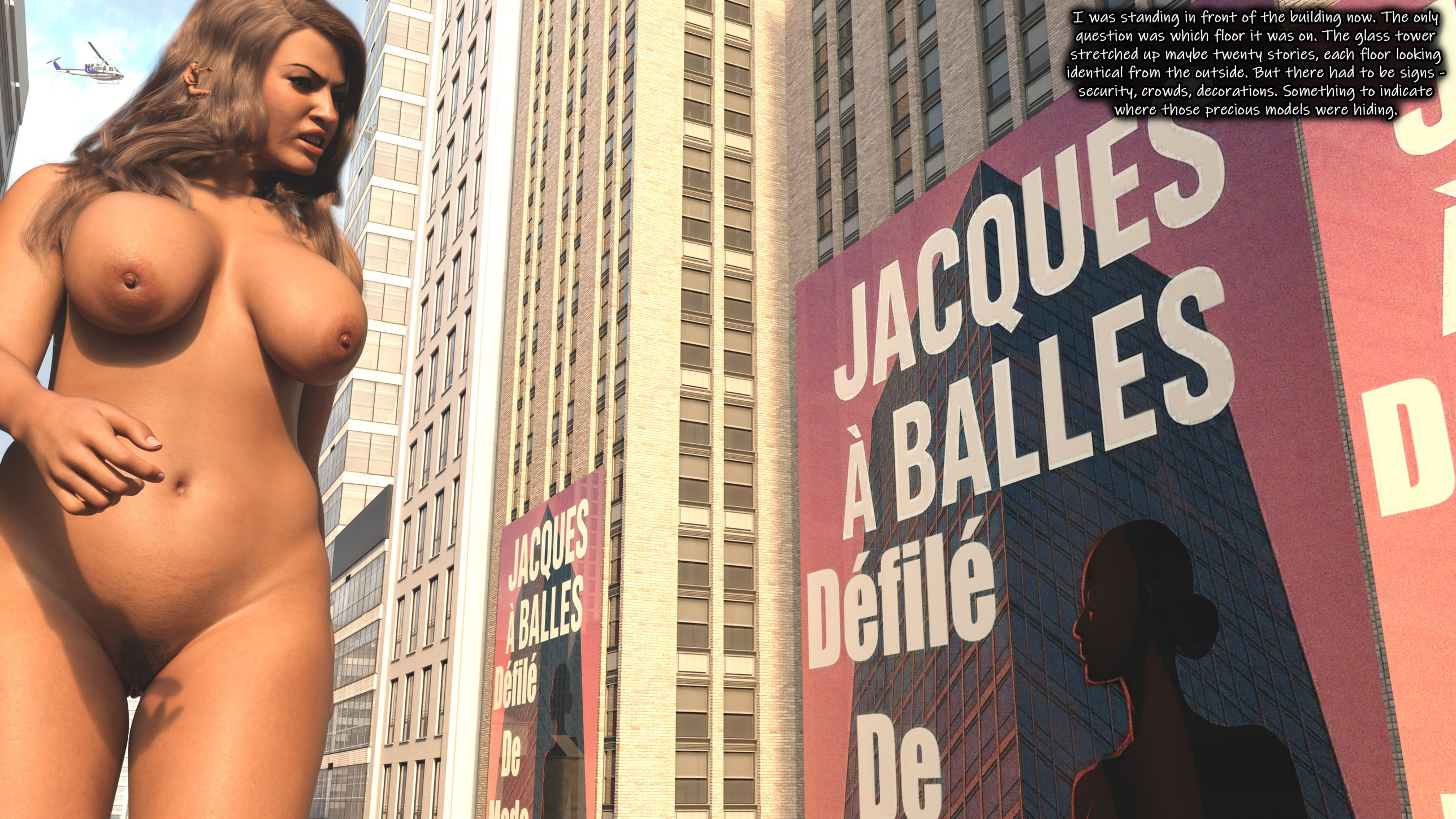

I'd often look in to buses when I was stuck in traffic, happy that I had enough money to afford a car. I knew they were always packed at this hour. Rush hour meant standing room only, bodies pressed together like sardines. This one would be no exception. And that thought excited me further.
MTA
URBANSPRAWL
MTA
MTA


Enough fantasizing about the feeling. Time to act. I brought my foot down on the bus's roof. The windows shattered instantly, spraying glass in every direction. The metal groaned and buckled with the roof caving in as my foot sank deeper. Without the windows I could hear them screaming inside now... desperate little shrieks that were music to my ears.
MTA
MTA
MIDCITY


I pressed down harder, putting more weight on it. The bus compressed further, the sides bulging outward before splitting at the seams. Those screams got louder, more frantic. The people inside were positively feral, fighting one another in a desperate bid for freedom. But there wasn't any way out for them. The bus flattened more and more as I shifted my full weight onto it, until it was just another piece of scrap metal.
MTA
MTA



With my weight still on it, I turned my attention away from the bus, not particularly concerned with what had happened to the people inside. They were distractions, nothing more. There were more important people to deal with.


I was standing in front of the building now. The only question was which floor it was on. The glass tower stretched up maybe twenty stories, each floor looking identical from the outside. But there had to be signs - security, crowds, decorations. Something to indicate where those precious models were hiding.
JACQUES À BALLES
Défilé
De
JACQUES À BALLES
Défilé
De


After a moment, I spotted it. Through the windows on the eighth floor, I could make out the runway lights. A handful of men in suits were sitting in a small room, watching the models go by. Three empty-headed models were strutting down the catwalk, utterly unaware of what was about to happen to them.
Perfect. There they were, all lined up for me like a buffet.


I leaned in, pressing my hands against the glass, and stared at them, the windows creaking under my palms. One by one, heads turned. Models froze mid-strut. The men in suits jumped to their feet. They didn't take long to notice me. Everyone could only stare, realizing just how vulnerable they were in this position. They waited for me to make my move.
Some of them started shuffling away from the windows. Others just stood there, mouths hanging open like the stupid little fish they were. I could see the terror spreading through the room like wildfire.


I pulled back my fist, and got ready to punch the glass.
"Maya, don't!" Marco screamed, but his voice was just background noise now.


I punched through the building's shell, crashing through the glass effortlessly... but I didn't stop with that. I punched further forward, just hard enough to knock all of the models off their feet.


I reached down and grabbed one of them by her heel, and dragged the terrified woman across the catwalk. The screaming started immediately. High-pitched shrieks that made my stomach growl with anticipation. She was a skinny little whore, with pink lingerie and dyed green hair. Her legs kicked at my fingers uselessly as I pulled her through the shattered window frame.


I dangled the little thing in the air, making sure to give Marco a chance to look at her. From his perch in my hair, he had the perfect view. I wanted him to consider how ridiculous it was that he ever could have chosen a skinny little stick like her over me.
"This is what you wanted, isn't it Marco?" I asked, shaking her slightly. "This pathetic little skeleton? This is what got you so excited?"


The woman begged and pleaded as I lifted her closer. "Please, I'm just a model! I was only doing my job!"


Her whiny little voice was getting on my nerves. I quickly tore her slutty clothes off. They were better to eat that way, after all. The pink lace came apart like tissue paper in my fingers, revealing her body underneath. Marco finally got what he wanted, a peek under a model's costume. Only the model seemed to be super unhappy about it.
APARTMENTS


Soon, the little whore was naked except for her boots. Without wasting any more time, I shoved her inside my mouth, and dropped her onto my tongue.
Her struggles tickled my tongue, but I ignored them. Her screams proved harder to ignore. She was wailing at the top of her lungs, a shrill little scream that vibrated the inside of my mouth. I muffled her screams by closing my mouth so she would shut up.


One at a time wasn't efficient enough for me, though. Before I even swallowed, I reached out for some more of the little whores... but some of the stupid men were standing in my way, so I grabbed them first.


I looked over the pair of terrified men trembling in my hand. Far as I was concerned these were just two overgrown horndogs in expensive suits. Probably the same type who'd been laughing at me at this show last year, wondering what the fat homely wife was doing there. I could have eaten them like the rest... but the nasty little perverts didn't deserve that.


I tossed them behind me, not bothering to look where they fell. Their screams got quieter as they fell toward the street below, before they went splat a moment later. Good fucking riddance.


With those obstacles out of the way I reached back inside, grabbing two more of the skinny sluts off the catwalk at once. A blonde and a fake redhead, both in black lingerie. Their designer underwear probably cost more than most people's rent. Fancy clothes for two worthless little whores.


I held the little trollops close to my face, and stared them down. The first model's boot was still sticking out of my mouth. I thought about swallowing her first... But I wanted them to all go down together. Maybe it could be seen as a mercy to let them meet their end in unison... but I preferred to think of it as a challenge.


"Marco!" the blonde shrieked. "Marco, help us!"
They were pleading for Marco to save them, as if there was anything he could do to change my mind. Did they know who he was, or were they just screaming at the only name they'd heard? It had to be the former. He was handing out business cards and his number like nobody's business. That settles it. They're going to get what was coming to them, so I opened my mouth wide and tossed the women inside.
POLICE



The little whores landed on my tongue, one after another. The three of them barely fit in my mouth together, their bony bodies tangling together in a mass of limbs and terror like a rat king. It was just a preview of the horrors that awaited them.

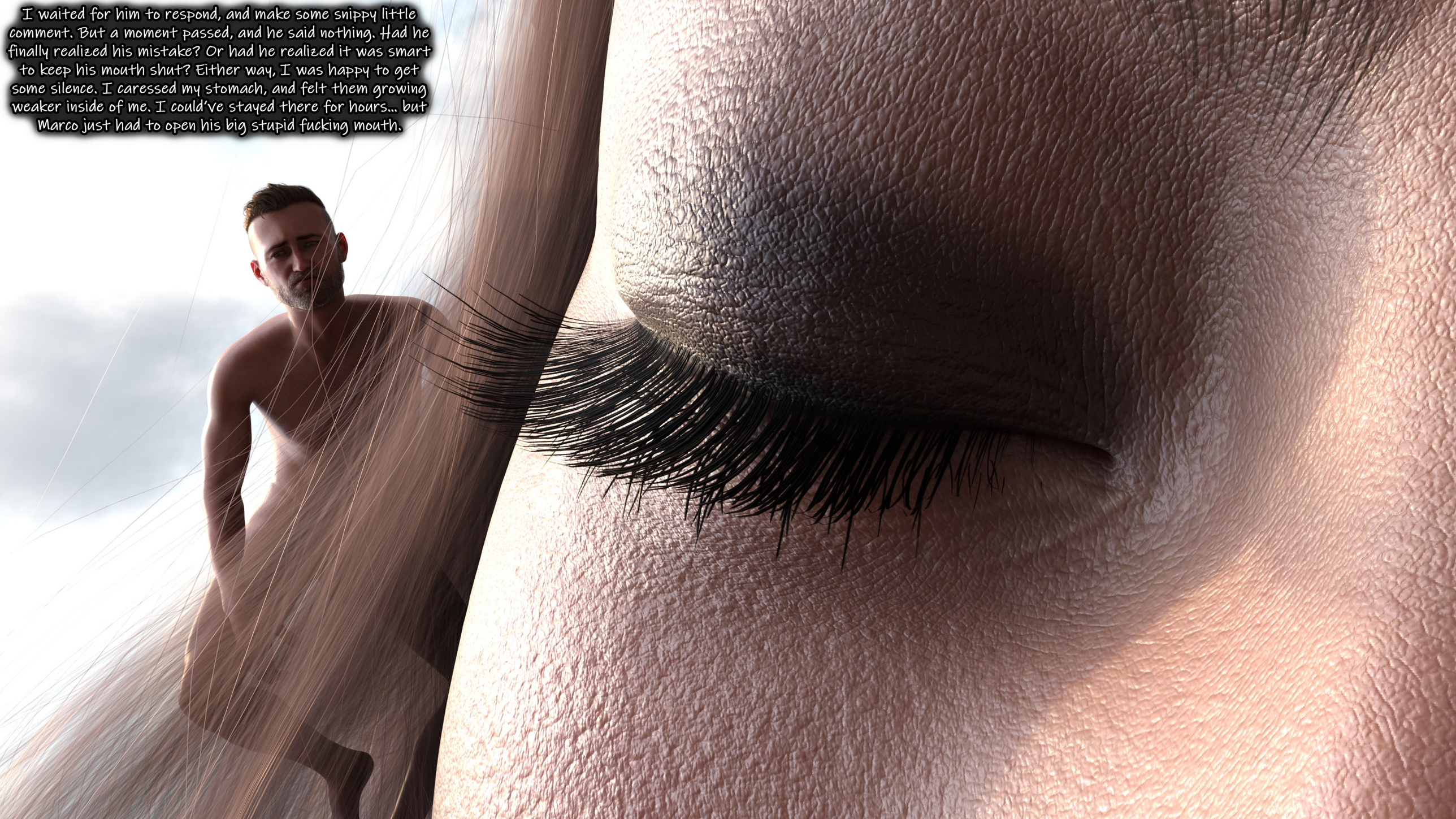

Tilting my head back I swallowed, and nearly gagged. The lump of bodies was almost too much to bear, but I wasn't going to give up. I swallowed again. Then again. And finally, on the third one... they made it. The lump sliding down my throat was bigger than any of the ones that had come before as the trio of bodies were crushed together in the tightness of my neck while they slid toward my stomach.


A second later, they were gone. Just like that. Three more little whores sent to my own private hell. The thought of those skinny little whores screaming in agony inside of me... It got my juices flowing.
POLICE


I knew that I was in public. I knew there were people watching from the windows, and the streets. I knew that there were helicopters buzzing around me like flies, and people on the ground with camera phones, and whatever I did was going to end up on the internet. But that hadn't stopped me before, so why should it bother me now?


I ran my hand along my stomach. Down, down, down, towards my crotch... But then I stopped. I could feel them squirming around inside me. I could feel my stomach turning them into nothing, the ultimate expression of my superiority over them. Nothing but calories to add to my own body. It turned me on like nothing else.


I didn't even need to touch my pussy to get off. I never did, actually... Not when the right fantasies came to me. Until today, the things that really got me off had only ever been fantasies. But now, they were happening for real... And it was more incredible than I thought was possible. And what made it even better, was knowing that Marco was suffering through it all, unable to intervene in any way.
"I can feel your whores melting inside of me, Marco." I taunted. "They're all going to be fat on my ass by the end of the day, you know. Do you like that, Marco? Do you see how stupid you were to choose them over me now?"


I waited for him to respond, and make some snippy little comment. But a moment passed, and he said nothing. Had he finally realized his mistake? Or had he realized it was smart to keep his mouth shut? Either way, I was happy to get some silence. I caressed my stomach, and felt them growing weaker inside of me. I could've stayed there for hours... but Marco just had to open his big stupid fucking mouth.


"What the hell is wrong with you? Those were people, and you fucking ate them! What, because I looked at them? Like every man hasn't done the same thing a million times? You're sick! You're a sick, evil bitch! You're not even human, you're a monster!" He blurted his angry little rant in one go, and I could tell he was positively fuming. I liked that I had inspired that in him...


But I was also angry. Mad that he wasn't showing me the proper goddamn respect I deserved. I was going to remind him what his place was. I snatched him out of my hair, squeezing him between my thumb and finger. I wasn't gentle this time, and I squeezed his little body hard. I didn't want to kill him, but a few broken bones was none of my concern.


I lowered him down slowly, giving him a view of the mountains. The ungrateful little idiot didn't seem to appreciate his position. He was the husband of the sole living goddess. I could be a forgiving goddess. In spite of his indiscretions, I'd even allowed him to live... for now. And yet, in spite of it all, he was utterly unappreciative. He needed to be reminded of his place...


...Inside of me.
He can't provide for me, anymore. He can't be trusted to be loyal. But he's still my husband, and he can still pleasure me... Over and over again, until his body breaks, or I tire of him. Whichever one comes first.

POLICE
I hear him screaming something, but it's too quiet to make out. I can only imagine it's something about how bad he wants me, how my pussy calls for him. How he wants me to use and abuse his body, to treat him as a plaything.
I couldn't agree more.


I know I'm being watched, right now, by hundreds of people. I know the recordings will probably be watched by millions, if not billions more. Not only does this not embarrass me, it turns me on. Knowing that the whole world is watching me fuck. Admiring me as I flaunt my superiority over their kind. Gawking at my body. Getting off to me. To think that hundreds of millions of men will spill their seed watching me use my husband like a fucktoy. And they'll do it knowing that I could do the same with them, if I wanted to. If they were worthy of me.
UNTIL SEPTEMBER 25
S.W.A.T
STARS
OFFICE SUPPLIES
TRENZ
MENSWEAR
SPRAWL


For a normal woman, something like this could be seen as degrading. For a normal woman, showing her body like this would be a deeply vulnerable experience. But I'm a goddess... And there's nothing vulnerable about my body. I'm a living behemoth, an unstoppable force. My body can obliterate armies, devour multitudes, and flatten cities. My body is a threat. No, a promise. That whatever I want, I get.
JACQUES A BALLES
Défilé De Mode
UNTIL SEPTEMBER 25
S.W.A.T
POLICE
05673
COLT


I slid Marco between my pussy lips, pinching him gently between two fingers, rubbing him back and forth. Slow at first, savoring the sensation of his tiny body quivering in terror, then harder, until I could feel his face strained against my heat. I tilted my hips, arching my back so that the whole world could see what I was doing. Not just witness, but understand. This was the fate that awaited anyone who caught my interest. This was the natural order now.


I grinned. "Hope you enjoy being my dildo, Marco," I said in a low rumble, letting my voice vibrate through his bones. "Most people would kill to be inside me."
He didn't answer. I rubbed him harder against me, feeling his body grind between my pussy lips.


There were men gathered at my feet now, who looked they were part of a SWAT team. They were waving little rifles up at me, and shouting. They didn't shoot at me, though. They knew better than to push their luck that far.
I ignored them. I rolled Marco between my folds, back and forth, again and again, until he was slick with me, drowning in my heat. I let myself enjoy it. No one could stop me. The world was mine.
TETLEYS
FUPOCAR
TRENZ
SWEET


Two of the little soldiers mustered the courage to approach my standing next to my foot. They screamed up at me, ordering me to stop. That annoyed me, the condescending way they spoke to me. I've never liked being ordered around, least of all now.


I wanted to stomp them into bits... But I didn't want to escalate things, not just yet. Not until I was finished. I shushed them with a single movement, tapping my toe on the street so hard that the tile broke apart under my touch. The little men shut right up.



I turned my full attention back to Marco, pinched between my fingers, slick with need and trembling with dread. I'd been mashing him hard against me, pressing him hard against my clit. That felt good, but I still needed more. I needed to feel his body fill me up once again.


Marco wasn't a man anymore. Not really. He was just a walking, talking cock. In a way, maybe he always had been. His cock always seemed to do all the thinking for him, after all. Well now, he wouldn't have to have to worry about thinking. He was just a living, breathing sex toy. I'd use him however I wanted, whenever I wanted. That would be his entire existence for the rest of his life... however long that may be.


I pressed him in deeper, feeling my pussy lips open up as I pushed him inside of me. The shock of it pulled a noise out of me... A low, animal groan that thundered down the street. Marco wriggled against me, but with my fingers blocking the exit there was nowhere for him to go except deeper. I pressed him harder, pinning his tiny legs between my folds and grinding him up against my heat. His head slipped inside first, his voice muffled by my flesh.
POLICE


I could feel him fighting against my hand, struggling for breath. I could have stopped and given him a chance to adjust. But I didn't want to. Impeding my own enjoyment to ensure his survival wasn't on my list of priorities. I needed him to feel it: the certainty that this was the only reason I'd kept him alive. Not for love, not for nostalgia. As a toy, to be used over and over again, until he was no longer big enough to satisfy me.

I shoved him deeper inside of me. Deep enough that I knew his whole world was my body. He'll drink my pussy, and breathe it, and he won't taste fresh air until my pussy is done with him.




His body fluttered, as he tried to brace himself on the walls of my pussy. That only made it better. Each twitch and spasm lit fireworks in my body. Sweat beaded on my forehead, ran down in hot little rivulets that streaked my skin.
I left him like that for a moment, and dragged him out, then back in, slow, savoring it, making sure the whole city could see the show. My cunt was slick and burning-hot, pulsing around him, starving for more.
URBANSPRAWL
MUSIC FESTIVAL
OCTOBER 17-18
STARS
STARS
OFFICE SUPPLIES
STATIONERY
MUD CITY
LAUNDROMAT


I used Marco's body like a dildo, thrusting him in and out, harder and harder, over and over again. I could feel myself nearing orgasm, but that wasn't the half of it. I could feel something else, that same familiar, all-encompassing warmth. I was growing again.
URBANSPRAWL
MUSIC FESTIVAL
OCTOBER 17-18
STARS
STARS
OFFICE SUPPLIES
STATIONERY


My body was wedged between two buildings, something that I was reminded of as the space grew tighter. Even with my eyes closed, I could feel my body growing.
URBANSPRAWL
MUSIC FESTIVAL
OCTOBER 17-18
STARS
STARS
OFFICE SUPPLIES


Fuck, I wanted to be bigger. Much bigger. All of the buildings nearby taller than me were offensive. I wished to tower over mountains, and crush whole city blocks in a footstep. To be so massive that people could see me coming from beyond the horizon, and still not be able to escape. I wanted to be a force of nature. I wanted to see just how much destruction I could bring. I wanted people to fear me, and worship me, in the hopes that I might spare them. I wanted their every thought to revolve around me.
IDCITY
WX2
60234
POLICE


Those thoughts pushed me towards orgasm. I was overcome with pleasure. My pleasure, the only thing in the world that mattered now. Everyone else was mine. Their lives would be spent pleasing me, or perishing. They just didn't know it yet.
TY
URBANSPRAWL
LAUNDROMAT



I could feel it coming. The familiar pressure, the surge in my veins, the wild, greedy urge to take it all in: everything around me, inside me, under me. My body tensed up, and the world seemed to pulse with my heartbeat. I closed my eyes for one second, letting the pleasure build and crest, until it was ready to break me open. I let it out, all of it.



My feet tore up more and more of the pavement as they expanded in all directions. The air whipped against my skin as I rose above the buildings that surrounded me.


POLICE
Below me, I heard the distinct, delightful sound of men realizing they were moments away from an early grave. Those two SWAT assholes that had been barking orders by my feet only a heartbeat ago? One minute they were flashing their little assault rifles, the next they were sprinting for their lives.


My growth accelerated. Not just the slow growth spurt I got when I was turned on, but a full-on, volcanic eruption. The world shrank around me as my thighs pressed into the glass towers. Then, finally, it came out, all at once. I screamed out in pleasure as a final, earth-shattering orgasm shuddered through me.


Marco was still buried inside of me, but I could barely sense him now. All I could feel was the hunger and the heat, the slick trail of pleasure his body made as I fished him out with my fingers. When I pulled him into the light, he was limp and shivering, fully soaked and so much smaller than before. He looked so pathetic, dangling from my finger with his cum-slicked hands, trying his best not to fall.


Marco didn't say anything. He just hung there, eyes glazed and limbs tremoring, trying desperately to cling to my fingernail. I brought him to my face, close enough to feel every twitch, every heartbeat, every betrayal his tiny, pathetic body could muster.
It occurred to me, in that moment, how truly easy it would be to finish him off. To end this joke of a relationship in the blink of an eye. I could swallow him right now and it would mean almost nothing to me. A flick of the wrist, a gulp, a brief moment of resistance, and then nothing. He'd go down like all the others before him: into the black, trapped inside of my mouth before I send him to the searing, living hell that waited at the end.


I think... I think I'm through dealing with him. I don't need him in my life anymore. My heart raced when I thought about this, and I held him above my open mouth to let instinct take over. All I'd have to do is drop him in, and that would be the end of that. It wasn't even about hunger anymore. Not pleasure, not hate, none of that. It was about finishing what I'd started. Asserting one last, uncontestable act of dominance over the only person in the world who ever thought he could tell me "no."
But as he hung limp above my open mouth, lips trembling, every muscle in his body failing to put up even the pretense of resistance, I felt something I hadn't expected. It wasn't... pity, no.


It was disappointment.
Where was the fun in simply swallowing him? Wasn't the whole point to make him suffer? To make him watch, make him squirm and sob and know exactly why this was happening to him? Just eating him now would be too quick, too merciful. No, there was still so much more I could take from him.
A new thought sparked in my brain. My mind raced to catalogue every embarrassment, every slight, every fucking micro aggression he'd ever inflicted on me. There had to be something in the past I hadn't avenged yet. Something raw, still quivering under my skin.


And then I remembered: the music festival.
Not just any music festival: a sun-baked, percussive hellscape in the middle of fucking Yonkers, headlined by some dipshit pop singer. Marco had "invested" in the festival with my savings, draining our joint account for VIP passes and exclusive meet-and-greets, all in the name of "business connections." He'd insisted on dragging me along, even though he should have known better. He knew I hated crowds. He knew I hated heat. He knew I REALLY hated his friends.
And most of all, he knew very fucking well I hated the music.


Two days. I was stuck for two goddamn days listening to a gaggle of idiots screeching as the talentless singers croaked one generic pop song after another. The headline singer, this insipid little twig with a face made for Instagram filters. Her name was... something like Mady Synn. Her voice was clearly autotuned, which meant it wasn't even being sung live... Not that Marco cared much about her voice. He liked her for entirely different reasons... Like the fact that she was barely eighteen, and liked to strut around in skimpy school girl outfits.


Marco, sunburnt and beaming, had spent most of the day carting me from tent to tent, introducing me to old college buddies and downing overpriced beer. After his favorite diva came on, he wouldn't take his eyes off her. He stared at her for the whole set, practically drooling all the while. The whole time, I sat in the tent, wondering about what they'd do when he got to meet her backstage.


That stupid festival was back in town. I know because I'd seen flyers for it weeks ago and just the sight of them was enough to piss me off all over again. Marco hadn't mentioned anything about it, which meant he probably wasn't planning on going... probably. Knowing him, he may have just wanted to keep it a secret. Maybe he was planning to fuck Mady Synn this time... Or some of her empty-headed fangirls. Either way, it only seemed fitting that I pay them all a visit.
POLICE
POLICE


I wanted to be done with this place... but the cops didn't seem like they were going to stop bothering me any time soon. The SWAT team on the ground started shooting up at me, unloading their weapons on my stomach. I could barely feel their bullets now, but their idiocy made me grind my teeth with rage.


Then, a second later, the helicopter fired at me again. The gunner unloaded his magazine, firing what felt like a hundred shots at me from above. My face was flush with rage, and I was determined to finally crush these little insects. But the helicopter was flying too high for me to reach, so it would have to wait... for now.
STOP


I raised my foot above the SWAT team, who were still firing their little bullets at me. They were spread apart, so I picked the one in the center. He seemed to realize he was being targeted so he lowered his rifle and tried to run, but it was too late. Much too late.
TRENZ
MENSWEAR
OFFICE SUPPLIES
BE TRUE
POLICE
Metro Police
S.W.A.T.
KEEP
BACK


There was an almost satisfying thud as my heel obliterated the first of the little SWAT men, his body disintegrating in a glorious splatter. He screamed, but he barely got half a syllable out before remains splattered out from beneath me.


You'd think that would have been enough to scare off the other insects, but they were incorrigible. They stood there, firing their little pea shooters at my foot as if I hadn't just shown them that wouldn't work. That kind of stupidity couldn't go unpunished.


I aimed for the next guy, this time using just my big toe. I pressed it down on his armored chest, feeling the resistance for a half-second before his body stared to break. All that fancy armor didn't do a damn thing to save him.
MENSWEAR


The little bug went splat under my big toe and his insides sprayed across the cracks of the street. These men had trained their entire lives to fight, but they were utterly helpless against me.


The third tried to run, but my toe moved with him, a lazy sweep that caught him right in the back and forced him onto the ground. Once he fell, it was over.
ARLTON COURTS
APARTMENTS
APARTMENTS
COLT


I pressed down with just one toe, crushing his body so thoroughly nothing was left except for a stripe of liquefied meat. They were nothing compared to me.
ARLTON COURTS
APARTMENTS
APARTMENTS
COLT
NOW WITH BUBBLES


POLICE
I kept my toe there, grinding it back and forth, enjoying the tactile squish. It was exhilarating, turning a man into paste using only my toe. "How's that, Marco?" I asked. "You ever see a woman's toe pop a skull before?"



The helicopter flew around me again, doing another strafing run. The gunner hung out, unloading another magazine on me... but he seemed closer than before. I knew it was a long shot, but I'd just about had enough of him.


I snapped my fist forward, and surprised myself when I managed to catch the chopper in the process. It wasn't elegant or measured, but at my size that didn't matter. The single hit was all it took to stop the engine.


The gunner tumbled, shrieking, out the back of the helicopter. The helicopter spun out of control, descending rapidly towards the city below. No need to confirm their fates. Everyone inside was as good as dead.
POLICE
POLICE


A moment later, I heard the helicopter crash behind me, with a loud explosion. I didn't even bother to look. My thoughts had already gone to the music festival, and what I was going to do when I got there.
CARLTON COURTS APARTMENTS
TETLEYS
EUROCAR
SOAD
TEPCO
JAIMEES FAJITA WRAPS
TETLEYS
CITYCARE WASTE


It had been a year since that festival, and the taste of humiliation still churned in my belly. The way Mady Synn shook her ass for the crowd, preening for the iPhones, knowing every man in the city would take her to bed if they could. I didn't hate her for that, not really. I just hated that Marco looked at her the same way he used to look at me. As if I was anything like her, as if my tits and ass were just off-brand imitations of the real thing.


I could hear the music playing from blocks away, well before I could see the festival. It was the same insipid pop music as before. It was so generic, it could only be Mady Synn. I followed the sound, until I could see the concert off in the distance. They were all acting as if they didn't have a care in the world, blithely unaware of everything that had happened. I wondered how long it would be until that changed.
I stopped and stood there for a moment, listening to the singer's mindless tunes. "I just want to live forever with you! Just want to love forever with you!" She was about to find out just how wrong she was.


Then, suddenly, the music stopped. I heard a gasp play out through the tinny speakers, then a moment of silence before she spoke again. "Oh my god... Is that a woman!? She's huge!"


For a second, I thought the jig was up. I expected everyone to suddenly run screaming. Was almost worried I'd have to pick up the pace to get there before she got away... but that didn't happen. Instead I heard scattered laughs and cheering. They didn't believe her. They just thought this was part of the show.


"I swear, this isn't a joke!" she shouted. "There's a giant woman staring right at us! She's fucking huge!"
I could just make out an audience member shouting something back up at the singer in response.


"What? No, I'm not calling you giant!" Madisynn continued. "I'm not pointing at you, I'm pointing behind you! Seriously, turn around! Turn the fuck around! She's like five hundred feet tall, and she's walking this way!"


Still, they hadn't scattered. How long before they realized she was being serious? How long before they were completely overtaken by mindless panic?
APARTMENTS


Then, one woman screamed at the top of her lungs. "Holy shit, she's real!" The crowd instantly gasped, as more heads began to turn. "She's real, and she's coming this way!"


The closer I got to the festival grounds, the more the crowd realized what was about to hit them. At first it was a low murmur. But as my shadow fell over the field, more people started to scream.
By the time I walked into the festival grounds things had devolved into total chaos. None of them had ever encountered anything like this before, and none of them had any idea what to do. People don't act any differently from insects, when shit hits the fan. When something big comes their way, the whole nest explodes in panic.


As I walked closer to the crowd, things got even more out of hand. People were screaming, panicking, running around in circles like chickens with their heads cut off. I quickened my pace, closing the distance to the frenzied crowd in just a few massive strides. Their screams grew louder as my shadow fell over them, a sound that sent delicious shivers down my spine.
"Where do you think you're going?" I called out, my voice booming across the festival grounds. "The show's just getting started!"


People scattered like ants, but there were so many of them packed so tightly together that they had nowhere to run. My foot came down on the edge of the crowd, and I felt bodies pop beneath my sole. Six, maybe seven people were crushed in an instant, their bones snapping like twigs under my weight. The feeling was intoxicating.
I didn't even bother to look down. They weren't worth my attention; just collateral damage on my way to the main course.


I took another step forward, feeling more bodies crunch underfoot. Their deaths were meaningless to me; I barely registered the sensation anymore. All my focus was on the stage ahead, where that skinny little pop princess stood frozen in terror.
Mady Synn was still standing on stage, her microphone dangling uselessly from her limp hand. This year she was wearing a ridiculous latex outfit that barely covered anything, her platinum blonde hair extensions cascading down her back. She looked like a deer caught in headlights, too terrified to move as I approached.


"Remember me, Mady Synn?" I called out, my voice dripping with venom. "I'm Marco's wife. The one you pretended not to notice while you shook your ass for him."
She finally snapped out of her trance and bolted towards the back of the stage, dropping her microphone with a screech of feedback. Her skinny legs carried her toward a hallway behind the stage, but in those heels it was more of a slow gait than anything resembling a run.


"Where do you think you're going, you stupid little slut?" I laughed, reaching out with one hand.
My fingers closed around her tiny body just as she reached the backstage door. She felt like nothing in my grip, a fragile toy I could break with the slightest pressure. I lifted her up, watching her legs kick uselessly in the air. Marco was still clinging to my other finger, his naked body slick with sweat and fear. He had the perfect view of what was about to happen.



"Please!" Mady Synn sobbed, her voice barely audible over the chaos below. "I don't even know anyone named Marco! I've never met your husband!"

"Shut. Up." I growled, bringing her to eye level. "You think I'm blind? You think I didn't see how you looked at him? How you look at all men? Like they're your personal ATMs?"

I ran my tongue over my lips, making sure Marco could see every movement. "You know what the best part is? He's going to watch me swallow you whole. Just like all those other little whores he couldn't keep his eyes off."


She screamed something incoherent, mascara running down her face in black streaks. I'm sure it meant a lot to her, but I cared so little the words didn't even register. Without ceremony, I dropped her into my mouth like a piece of candy. Her body landed on my tongue, and I closed my lips around her, trapping her inside.


I could taste her expensive perfume intermingling with the sweat of her fear. I rolled her around in my mouth, feeling her tiny hands push back against my tongue, her feet kicking against my teeth. I could only imagine how she felt in there. Terrified. Weak.
Doomed.
After playing with her for a moment, savoring her terror, I tilted my head back and swallowed. I felt her slide down my throat, still struggling, still alive. Another lump joining the others in my stomach. Another whore punished.
APARTMENTS


The crowd below was still in chaos, thousands of people pushing and shoving, trampling each other in their desperation to escape. My stomach growled. I'd gotten what I'd come for, but Mady Synn was barely an appetizer. I needed more. A lot more.


I reached down and scooped up a handful of people from the edge of the crowd. I caught four, maybe five of them at once. They weren't too happy about it and instantly began to squirm and scream for someone to come rescue them. I didn't even bother to look at their faces. They meant even less to me than Mady Synn, and I hadn't even given her the time of day. They were food now, nothing more.


I tossed them into my mouth carelessly. A couple of them missed, falling onto my tits before tumbling back down to the ground below and falling still. I didn't even bother trying to catch them. That would be too much effort when there were still so many running around.


None of these people mattered. They weren't one of Marco's whores or anyone who had personally wronged me. They just happened to be nearby when I was hungry... so I didn't care if their suffering was cut short. I bit down hard, feeling their bodies crack and burst between my teeth. The taste was amazing. Like eating steak, extra rare.


I was still chewing when I reached down towards the crowd, looking for my next snack. I spotted a black guy in a basketball jersey running under my hand. He seemed out of place amidst all the others nearby, and was as good a target as anyone else, I figured.


I held him up close to my mouth, and stopped for a second to look at him. He was tall and muscular, and handsome too. Looked more like he should have been on the court and not with this kind of crowd. For a split second, I wondered what it would be like to use him the way I'd used Marco. He'd probably fuck better than my pathetic husband ever did...
Too bad for him I wouldn't find out the answer to that. Maybe he'd have loved it, but my hunger took priority. Food first, pleasure later.


I popped him into my mouth without hesitation. I bit down hard, feeling his muscles rip apart and give way under my teeth. The crunch he made was satisfying, and only made me eager for more.
Still chewing, I scanned the crowd for my next victim. A brunette in a green shirt caught my eye as she stumbled away from me. She was curvy, with long, thick legs that made my mouth water.


I plucked her off the ground and held her up to my face. I brought her to my lips slowly, savoring the moment. There was something deeply erotic about just how easy this all was. I had the power to decide on a whim who lived and who became part of me. And it was all so... random. Even I didn't know who would catch my eye next, so the crowds could only pray they wouldn't be it.


When I finally tossed her in, I took my time with her, rolling her around my mouth, feeling her body against my tongue... before I bit down.
As I chewed her up, I watched the crowds below, searching for my next snack. I spotted a line of people running close together.


I reached out, sweeping my hand across the field like a scythe through wheat, snatching them up one after another.


With a flick of my wrist, I tossed them all into my mouth at once. This time, I made sure none of them missed. Their bodies tangled together on my tongue, a writhing mass of kicking and punching limbs fighting my mouth. A small crowd of people reduced to nothing but a snack.


I closed my mouth around them slowly, feeling their collective weight, their collective terror. They tried to break apart from one another and crawl out, but my teeth closed together, trapping them inside.


I held my jaw that way for a moment, letting the terror really sink in. The only light inside of my mouth must have been the tiny slivers peeking through my teeth... then I bit down. Not hard enough to break them, not yet. Just enough to tease them, and make them scared.
Before I let loose, and started chewing properly.


The power I felt was exhilarating. It reminded me that I wasn't just some ordinary giant woman. A description like that was too demeaning for what I was now. I was a force of nature. A goddess among insects. And as their bodies burst between my teeth, I knew this was only the beginning.
I grabbed my chest, relishing the softness of my own perfect body, and the vastness of my curves. Marco was getting an even closer view of my chest, as I mashed his body against my tit.


I looked down at the remaining crowd, still dozens strong despite it all. There were so many more to consume... but my hunger was nearly satisfied. I could reasonably swallow one or two more before I felt uncomfortable... and who better to satisfy my hunger, than a pathetic little cheater?


I raised Marco closer to my throat, and swallowed as loudly as I could. Loud enough that Marco was sure to hear. The wet sound, the way my throat undulated, and most importantly, the soft moan of satisfaction that came after.
He was forced to just hang there in silence, limp with terror, knowing that everything he'd ever known was over. His death warrant had been signed the moment I grew, and he was just beginning to understand that.


After everything, after all the humiliation and pain he'd put me through, he was no different than any one of them. Nothing more than a tiny morsel that I just hadn't gotten around to eating yet. I raised him up to my mouth, and opened wide.


I stuck my finger into my mouth, and him along with it. I thought about how easy it would be to finish him off this way. All I'd have to do is suck him clean off of it, and that would be that. Gone forever. Just like that.


He pleaded as I slid him further in. "Maya, don't do anything you're going to regret!" he shouted. "You don't want to do this, Maya! I know you don't want to do this!" But I did.


"You've proved your point! I know how bad I fucked up!" He begged. "I'll do anything you want! Anything! Every waking moment will be spent devoting myself to you! I'll find you servants! Playthings! Other meals! You'll own me! Anything you want, just... please don't fucking eat me!"


That got me to stop. I closed my mouth and sucked on my finger, stopping just short of sucking him in. I had come this far. It wouldn't take much at all to finish... but...
I wasn't going to eat him. Not yet, that is. Ruining this concert the way I had turned me on something fierce, and that was where he would come in. I needed relief, and even if it cost him his life he would give it to me.


I pulled my hand out, and ran it along my back, down to my ass. Slowly enough to let Marco take in the view... for what could very well be the last time. Let him admire the scenery, and get a good idea of where he was about to be going.

I thought about shoving him right in my asshole... But as amusing as that sounded, I didn't want to get him too dirty. Not if I was going to eat him later. And besides, one of my fingers should be more than enough to satisfy me anyway.


I ran my other hand down between my legs. I'd gotten quite good at pleasuring myself over the last year, thanks to Marco's waning libido. I was very good with my hands... But it took a lot to get me off, even when I was horny.


I grinded one hand against my pussy lips, fingering my labia. I slid my other hand deeper into my ass crack, getting ready to slip my fingers in. I liked to tease myself a bit, but I had my limits. I couldn't wait any longer.


All at once I fingered myself, shoving one finger in my pussy and another finger in my asshole. Marco clung for dear life as my hand pounded like a jackhammer. If he couldn't hang on, that was his problem.


I fingered myself furiously. I was getting close and I didn't care who watched. Soon, I could feel myself starting to grow.


The sensation of growth made me crave more. I thought about just how big I could get. How massive my body could grow. I thought about all the bitches churning in my belly, helping to make more of me... and even helping to fuel this very growth spurt. I thought of their sacrifice to the altar of me... And of how many more I was going to eat once I dwarfed my current size.


My body expanded in all directions, with my feet plowing through the empty field as I grew. But as big as I got, it wasn't enough to satisfy me.


Soon, my body filled most of the festival lot. I was getting close, I just needed something to push me over the edge. I imagined what the future held for me now. Pictured myself being worshipped as a goddess, devouring thousands as tribute. Thought of the people begging, pleading, for mercy, and knowing I wouldn't bestow it onto a single one of them. I imagined myself obliterating cities under my curves, killing thousands just to amuse myself. I pictured myself as a destroyer of worlds, destroying every last remnant of mankind just to get myself off.


I finally let out a scream of pleasure. The orgasm tore through me like a tidal wave, my entire body shuddering as I grew even larger. I could feel the ground beneath me cracking under my weight as my ass spread wider across the festival grounds.


Then, finally satisfied, I let out a sigh of pleasure. I collapsed onto my side, my body still tingling with the aftershocks of pleasure.
I took a moment to think about the sheer magnitude of it all. The dozens of people I'd devoured today, just for the hell of it. So many lives, all ended out of my own desire... And it was so fucking worth it.


As I lay there catching my breath, something strange happened. The tingling didn't fade away and stop like it had before. In fact, it intensified, spreading through my limbs like wildfire. I wasn't even horny anymore, but my body was still growing.


I propped myself up on one elbow, fascinated as my already massive breasts swelled further, stretching out in front of me like twin mountains.
It felt different this time. Not the urgent, sexual growth I'd experienced before, but something more... inevitable. Like my body had simply decided that I hadn't grown enough just now, and nothing could stop me from growing even more. Until I reached the size I deserved to be. My true size.


Even as my growth subsided, I could feel my ass continue to swell. My big, fat ass was growing even fatter. The thing Marco loved to complain about most was getting truly enormous. I thought of all the things I could fit underneath it now, and what my new weight would do to them. Entire crowds, buses, and even some buildings I'm sure. None of them would be able to withstand me sitting on them now.


I stretched out, luxuriating in the sensation of my new enormity. The world felt so small, so insignificant beneath me. I wanted to just lie there for a while, feeling my power, savoring the knowledge that I could grow large enough to reshape continents if I wanted to.


A distant buzzing sound interrupted my moment of peace. I craned my neck and saw them coming: three military helicopters, flying in formation toward me.
"Can't they just leave me alone for five fucking minutes?" I muttered, rolling my eyes.


With a sigh of annoyance, I rolled onto my chest. As my vision adjusted, I saw I was completely surrounded. Tanks surrounded me from all sides. Dozens of soldiers stood behind the armored vehicles, their weapons trained on me. They had formed a perimeter around where I lay, as if they genuinely thought their little vehicles could put a stop to me.


As I surveyed the insignificant forces arrayed against me, a thought crystallized in my mind: why should my fantasies remain that way? Why shouldn't I just keep growing, and growing, and growing...
That settled it. This was only the beginning. I would grow until I stood miles high, big enough to flatten entire cities. I would remake this planet in my image, and every living thing would exist solely for my pleasure.


My skin tingled at the thought, and a surge of anger bubbled up inside of me. One thing was for certain. The age of humanity was over. The age of Maya was about to begin.


END OF PART 2


MAYA - END OF PART 2
250 FEET, 8,200 TONS
MAYA - END OF PART 1
115 FEET, 800 TONS


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