

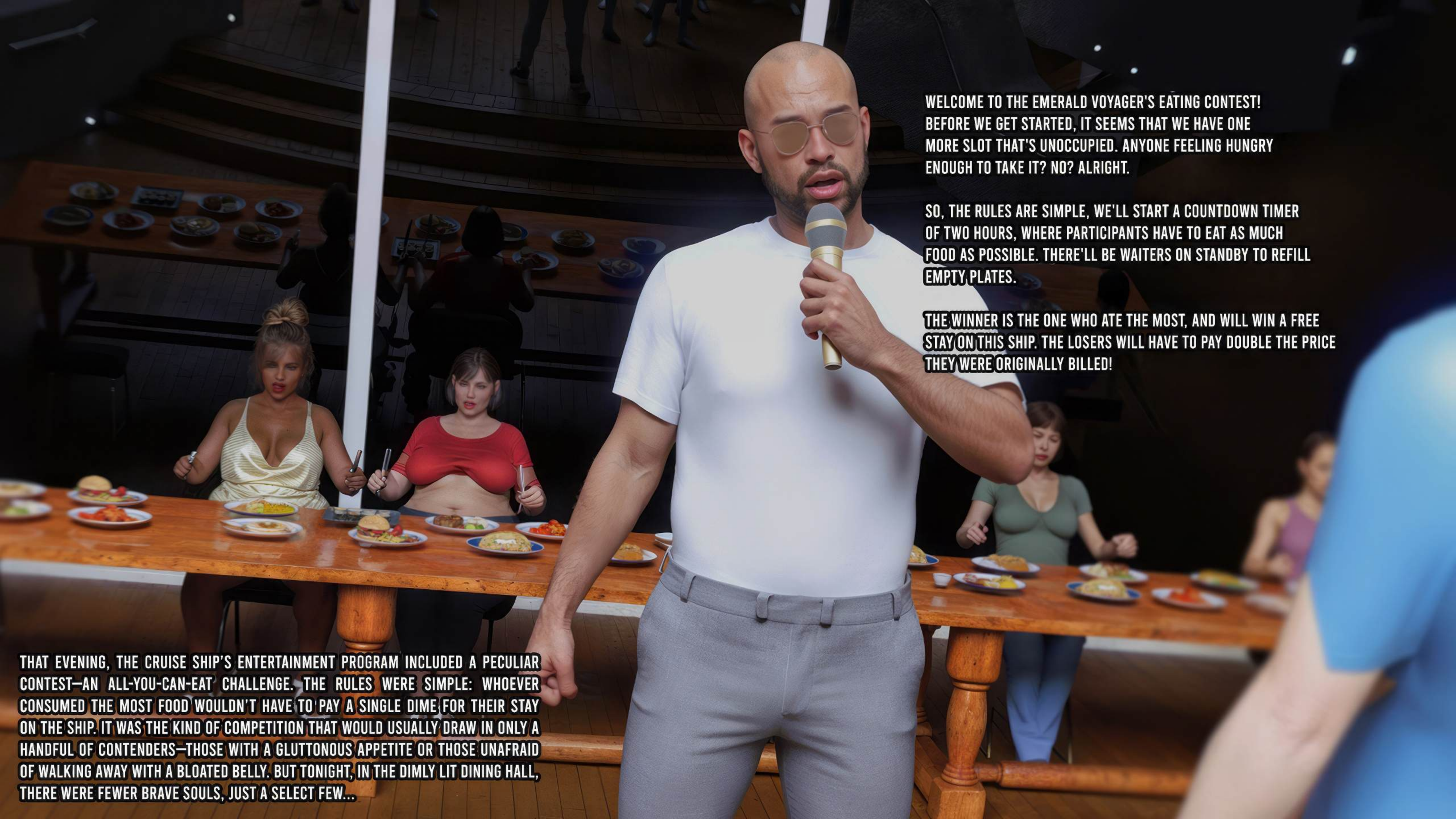


**THE HUNGER VIRUS**  
**EVOLUTION**  **2**

**TEXT VERSION**  
**[LINKTR.EE/GTSX3D](https://linktr.ee/GTSX3D)**



IT HAD BEEN ONLY A FEW HOURS SINCE PAMI HAD OFFICIALLY ENDED THINGS WITH GLENN. THE MOMENT SHE FOUND OUT HE HAD BEEN CHEATING ON HER, SHE DIDN'T HESITATE. BUT WHAT GLENN DIDN'T KNOW WAS THAT AT THE VERY SAME TIME, SOMETHING FAR MORE INSIDIOUS HAD HAPPENED. THE PARASITE THAT HAD BEEN FESTERING INSIDE HER HAD FINALLY TAKEN FULL CONTROL OF HER BRAIN, WARPING HER THOUGHTS, HER DESIRES, HER CRAVINGS. NOW, AS THE NIGHT UNFOLDED, SHE WAS NO LONGER THE SAME PERSON.

A man with a shaved head and sunglasses, wearing a white t-shirt and grey trousers, stands in the center of a dining hall. He is holding a gold microphone and speaking. In the background, several women are seated at long wooden tables, eating. The tables are set with various dishes, including burgers, rice, and vegetables. The lighting is dim, creating a focused atmosphere on the speaker.

WELCOME TO THE EMERALD VOYAGER'S EATING CONTEST!  
BEFORE WE GET STARTED, IT SEEMS THAT WE HAVE ONE  
MORE SLOT THAT'S UNOCCUPIED. ANYONE FEELING HUNGRY  
ENOUGH TO TAKE IT? NO? ALRIGHT.

SO, THE RULES ARE SIMPLE, WE'LL START A COUNTDOWN TIMER  
OF TWO HOURS, WHERE PARTICIPANTS HAVE TO EAT AS MUCH  
FOOD AS POSSIBLE. THERE'LL BE WAITERS ON STANDBY TO REFILL  
EMPTY PLATES.

THE WINNER IS THE ONE WHO ATE THE MOST, AND WILL WIN A FREE  
STAY ON THIS SHIP. THE LOSERS WILL HAVE TO PAY DOUBLE THE PRICE  
THEY WERE ORIGINALLY BILLED!

THAT EVENING, THE CRUISE SHIP'S ENTERTAINMENT PROGRAM INCLUDED A PECULIAR  
CONTEST—AN ALL-YOU-CAN-EAT CHALLENGE. THE RULES WERE SIMPLE: WHOEVER  
CONSUMED THE MOST FOOD WOULDN'T HAVE TO PAY A SINGLE DIME FOR THEIR STAY  
ON THE SHIP. IT WAS THE KIND OF COMPETITION THAT WOULD USUALLY DRAW IN ONLY A  
HANDFUL OF CONTENDERS—THOSE WITH A GLUTTONOUS APPETITE OR THOSE UNAFRAID  
OF WALKING AWAY WITH A BLOATED BELLY. BUT TONIGHT, IN THE DIMLY LIT DINING HALL,  
THERE WERE FEWER BRAVE SOULS, JUST A SELECT FEW...



THE LONG BANQUET TABLE WAS LADEN WITH A FEAST THAT COULD TEMPT EVEN THE MOST DISCIPLINED EATER. PLATES UPON PLATES OF DELICIOUS DELIGHTS FROM EVERY CORNER OF THE GLOBE STRETCHED OUT IN FRONT OF THE CONTESTANTS, A MOUTHWATERING DISPLAY OF CULINARY INDULGENCE. STEAMING BOWLS OF ITALIAN PASTA, DRAPED IN RICH SAUCES, SAT NEXT TO PLATTERS OF FRAGRANT SUSHI ROLLS FROM JAPAN, EACH PIECE CAREFULLY ARRANGED LIKE TINY EDIBLE WORKS OF ART. THERE WERE FRENCH PASTRIES, THEIR GOLDEN, FLAKY LAYERS GLISTENING WITH SUGAR, AND STACKS OF AMERICAN CHEESEBURGERS, OOZING WITH MELTED CHEDDAR.

1  
YOU READY TO DO THIS, GIRL?

3  
CHALLENGE ACCEPTED

2  
OH I'M READIER THAN YOU ARE,  
BEEN SAVING MY APPETITE FOR THIS  
THE WHOLE DAY





**2**  
YEAH THEY'RE DEFINITELY TOO SKINNY FOR THIS... BUT DON'T GET TOO COCKY, SWEETIE, YOU'RE UNDERESTIMATING JUST HOW MUCH I CAN EAT

**4**  
MY STOMACH CAN EXPAND QUITE A LOT, I ONCE DOWNED 20 BIG MACS DURING ANOTHER CRUISE'S EATING CONTEST.

**1**  
THOSE THREE BITCHES TO OUR LEFT LOOK SO TINY, LOOKS LIKE THIS WILL BE AN EASY WIN FOR ME

**3**  
HONEY, I LOVE YOU BUT LOOK AT YOU, AND LOOK AT ME, I'M LIKE TWICE YOUR SIZE

**5**  
PFFT, ROOKIE NUMBERS, TRY 35..

ALRIGHT, LADIES! GET YOUR FORKS AND KNIVES  
READY, THE COMPETITION WILL START IN 3... 2...



**1**  
**WAIT, IS THERE A REMAINING SPOT?**

**2**  
**YEAH! WANT TO HOP IN? YOU LOOK  
LIKE YOU'D BE A WORTHY COMPETITOR**



1  
I WANT IN

3  
I'M FINE, JUST REALLY HUNGRY, CAN WE START?

2  
SURE, YOU GOOD, LOVE? YOUR PUPILS ARE ALL-

4  
Y-YEAH, GO AHEAD AND SIT ON THAT CHAIR  
ON THE RIGHT



2  
I DON'T KNOW, BUT SHE'S PACKING  
SOME SERIOUS WEIGHT, SO WE MIGHT  
NEED TO ACTUALLY LOCK IN IF WE WANT  
TO WIN

1  
WHO THE FUCK IS THIS?



**2**  
MY NAME... MY NAME IS PAMI..

**4**  
CREDIT CARD? WHAT'S A CREDIT CARD?

**3**  
PAMI, HUH? I HOPE YOU'VE BROUGHT  
YOUR DADDY'S CREDIT CARD, BECAUSE  
YOU'LL DEFINITELY END UP PAYING AT  
THE END OF THIS FEAST

**6**  
EITHER THAT OR SHE'S INCREDIBLY STUPID

**1**  
WHAT'S YOUR NAME, GORGEOUS?  
**5**  
IS THIS CHICK ON SOMETHING?





**AND THE FEAST BEGINS IN 3... 2... 1... START!  
WHEN THE TIMER RUNS OUT, YOU'LL HEAR THE  
BELL RING! BON APPETIT, AND THANK YOU FOR  
TRAVELING WITH EMERALD VOYAGER!**

AS SOON AS THE COUNTDOWN STARTED, THE PARTICIPANTS LUNGED FORWARD LIKE A PACK OF STARVED ANIMALS. PLATES RATTLED, UTENSILS CLATTERED, AND THE FRENZY OF THE COMPETITION ERUPTED. HANDS SHOT OUT, GRABBING WHATEVER WAS CLOSEST, TEARING INTO THE SPREAD OF FOOD WITH RECKLESS ABANDON. CHEEKS PUFFED OUT LIKE SQUIRRELS HOARDING NUTS, JAWS WORKING FURIOUSLY, MASHING DOWN BITE AFTER BITE WITHOUT HESITATION.





THE SOUND OF GNASHING TEETH AND SLURPING SAUCES FILLED THE AIR. A MAN TO THE LEFT WAS STUFFING HANDFULS OF GREASY FRIES INTO HIS MOUTH, BARELY SWALLOWING BEFORE SHOVELING MORE IN. TO THE RIGHT, A WOMAN WAS GULPING DOWN AN ENTIRE PLATE OF SPAGHETTI, STRANDS OF PASTA SLITHERING INTO HER MOUTH AS IF THEY WERE BEING VACUUMED UP. ACROSS THE TABLE, SOMEONE HAD TAKEN ON A TOWER OF BURGERS, BITING INTO THEM SO FAST THAT BITS OF LETTUCE AND TOMATO SPLATTERED ONTO THE TABLECLOTH.



**BUAAAAAAAAARGHPP**

**BUT NONE OF THEM MATCHED PAMI.**




**SHE HAD TRANSFORMED INTO SOMETHING RELENTLESS, A MACHINE OF APPETITE. HER HANDS MOVED FASTER THAN ANYONE ELSE'S, PULLING APART RIBS, SWALLOWING SUSHI WHOLE, DOWNING FRENCH PASTRIES WITHOUT EVEN PAUSING TO SAVOR THE TASTE. THERE WAS NO HESITATION IN HER MOVEMENTS, NO PAUSE TO BREATHE—JUST PURE, UNFILTERED HUNGER. HER EYES GLEAMED WITH A MANIC INTENSITY, FOCUSED ONLY ON THE FOOD IN FRONT OF HER, AS IF NOTHING ELSE EXISTED IN THAT MOMENT. PLATES EMPTIED IN SECONDS, AND STILL SHE REACHED FOR MORE, AN UNSTOPPABLE FORCE AT THE HEART OF THE TABLE'S CHAOS.**

AROUND HER, THE OTHER PARTICIPANTS STARTED TO SLOW, THEIR FACES FLUSHED WITH EFFORT, THEIR STOMACHS GROANING UNDER THE WEIGHT OF SO MUCH FOOD. BUT PAMI? SHE WAS JUST GETTING STARTED.





PAMI'S BELLY BEGAN TO SWELL, ALMOST IMPERCEPTIBLY AT FIRST, JUST A GENTLE ROUNDING BENEATH HER ONCE-SNUG DRESS. BUT AS THE FOOD PILED IN, THE CHANGE BECAME IMPOSSIBLE TO IGNORE. EACH BITE SEEMED TO INFLATE HER, HER STOMACH PUSHING OUTWARD, PRESSING AGAINST THE TIGHT FABRIC OF HER OUTFIT. HER ABDOMEN, NO LONGER FLAT OR CONTAINED, GREW SOFT AND HEAVY, LIKE A BALLOON SLOWLY FILLING WITH AIR. THE STRETCH WAS UNCOMFORTABLE, BUT NOT ENOUGH TO SLOW HER DOWN. SHE SHIFTED IN HER SEAT, HER SHORTS NOW DIGGING INTO HER WAIST, THE WAISTBAND BITING PAINFULLY INTO HER SKIN AS HER BELLY CONTINUED TO EXPAND.



MMM... THIS IS SO GOOD... I NEED  
MORE, MORE...

HER BELLY, NOW BLOATED AND ROUND LIKE THAT OF AN OVERFED PIG, GURGLED AUDIBLY WITH EACH BITE SHE SWALLOWED. THE SEAMS OF HER SHIRT STRAINED AND POPPED, THE BUTTONS HOLDING ON FOR DEAR LIFE AS HER STOMACH SURGED FORWARD WITH EVERY FORKFUL OF FOOD SHE DEVoured. HER ONCE-FLAT MIDSECTION WAS NOW PUSHING AGAINST THE LIMITS OF HER CLOTHES, TESTING THE FABRIC IN EVERY POSSIBLE WAY. PAMI SLAPPED HER BELLY WITH ONE HAND, A MIX OF PLEASURE AND DISCOMFORT FLASHING ACROSS HER FACE AS IT JIGGLED UNDER HER TOUCH. EACH SLAP SENT RIPPLES THROUGH HER GROWING GUT, AS IF SHE WERE TRYING TO RELIEVE THE PRESSURE BUT ONLY MANAGED TO ENCOURAGE IT TO GROW FASTER.



UGH... SO FULL, BUT I CAN'T STOP IT'S... TOO GOOD,

HER STOMACH HAD GROWN IMPOSSIBLY LARGE, PUSHING HER SHORTS DOWN HER HIPS, THE ZIPPER LONG SINCE BROKEN, LEAVING THE FABRIC GAPING WIDE TO ACCOMMODATE THE SHEER SIZE OF HER GUT. SHE SLAPPED IT AGAIN, HARDER THIS TIME, TRYING TO EASE THE TIGHTNESS, BUT IT ONLY GREW LOUDER, GRUMBLING LIKE A COW BEING OVERFED IN A PEN. THE PRESSURE WAS MOUNTING, HER BODY EXPANDING FAR BEYOND WHAT SHE THOUGHT POSSIBLE. HER BELLY, NOW MASSIVE AND SWOLLEN LIKE THAT OF A PREGNANT SOW, BULGED OUTWARD, MAKING HER SHIRT STRETCH THINNER AND THINNER UNTIL—POP—THE BUTTONS FLEW OFF, RICOCHETING ACROSS THE SHIP WITH A SOFT CLINK.



MMMMMM.. BUURGHP... EXCUSE ME...

THE SKIN OF HER STOMACH SHONE WITH A TAUTNESS THAT MADE IT LOOK LIKE IT COULD BURST AT ANY MOMENT, STRETCHED TIGHT AS A DRUM. WITH ANOTHER LOUD RIP, HER SHIRT SPLIT OPEN COMPLETELY, THE FABRIC SURRENDERING TO HER GROWING FORM. HER GUT SPILLED OUT FREELY NOW, RESTING HEAVILY ON HER LAP, ITS WEIGHT TOO MUCH FOR HER CLOTHES TO CONTAIN ANY LONGER. HER SHORTS HAD GIVEN WAY COMPLETELY, LYING IN TATTERS AROUND HER THIGHS. EACH BITE SHE TOOK WAS A BATTLE BETWEEN PLEASURE AND DISCOMFORT, THE SIZE OF HER BELLY BECOMING ALMOST COMICAL, YET STILL SHE ATE, SLAPPING AND RUBBING HER BLOATED GUT AS IF THAT WOULD SOMEHOW MAKE ROOM FOR MORE.



1  
OH GOD... I'M SO FUCKING FULL..

2  
I'M TRYING SO HARD NOT TO THROW UP...  
I CAN BARELY BREATHE...

AS THE CONTEST WORE ON, THE OTHER PARTICIPANTS BEGAN TO SLOW, THEIR ONCE EAGER FACES NOW TWISTED INTO GRIMACES OF DISCOMFORT. FORKS CLATTERED ONTO PLATES AS THEIR HANDS WAVERED, WEIGHED DOWN BY THE SHEER VOLUME OF FOOD THEY HAD CONSUMED. STOMACHS BLOATED AND DISTENDED, PRESSING AGAINST WAISTBANDS AND BELTS, WHILE BEADS OF SWEAT DOTTED THEIR FOREHEADS. THE ONCE JOVIAL ATMOSPHERE OF COMPETITION HAD SOURED, AND THE ROOM NOW ECHOED WITH GROANS AND STRAINED BREATHING.

1  
MMM... GIVE ME THAT

2  
WHAT THE... FUCK?

3  
H-HOW?!

AS THE OTHERS STRUGGLED TO EVEN LIFT THEIR FORKS, BARELY ABLE TO GLANCE AT THE HALF-EATEN FOOD IN FRONT OF THEM, PAMI'S EYES FLICKED TOWARD THEIR PLATES, A GLINT OF PREDATORY HUNGER LIGHTING UP HER GAZE. WITHOUT HESITATION, SHE REACHED ACROSS THE TABLE, HER BLOATED BELLY SHIFTING HEAVILY AS SHE LEANED FORWARD. WITH ONE SWIFT MOTION, SHE SNATCHED UP THE HALF-FINISHED MEALS, HER FINGERS WRAPPING AROUND BURGERS, FRIES, AND PASTA THAT THE OTHERS HAD ABANDONED IN THEIR MISERY. THE OTHER CONTESTANTS, TOO STUFFED AND EXHAUSTED TO REACT, SIMPLY STARED IN WIDE-EYED DISBELIEF.

PAMI'S GUT NOW HUNG IN HER LAP, GROTESQUELY OVERFED, SWOLLEN AND HEAVY LIKE A BLOATED PIG. HER SKIN WAS STRETCHED SO TIGHT IT LOOKED LIKE IT MIGHT TEAR, HER ONCE-FITTING CLOTHES NOW NOTHING BUT SCRAPS AROUND HER HEAVING BODY. SHE LEANED BACK IN HER CHAIR, HER BREATH COMING IN SHORT, LABORED GASPS, YET HER EYES—HALF-LIDDED AND WILD—LOCKED ONTO THE LAST UNTOUCHED PLATE OF SUSHI AT THE EDGE OF THE TABLE. DROOL TRICKLED FROM THE CORNER OF HER MOUTH, MIXING WITH THE MESS OF SAUCES AND CRUMBS THAT SMEARED ACROSS HER CHIN, CHEEKS, AND CHEST FROM THE FEROCIOUS STUFFING.

HER LIPS PARTED, BUT WORDS SEEMED TO FAIL HER. "MMMPH... I... WANT..." SHE MUMBLED, HER VOICE BARELY MORE THAN A STRANGLER MOAN AS HER BELLY GURGLED LOUDLY, PROTESTING THE SHEER VOLUME IT HAD BEEN FORCED TO CONTAIN. HER EYES CROSSED SLIGHTLY FROM THE OVERWHELMING FULLNESS, HER BODY TREMBLING FROM THE STRAIN. SHE LOOKED LIKE A BEAST, UTTERLY CONSUMED BY HER PRIMAL NEED TO EAT, HER MIND CLOUDED BY THE HUNGER THAT STILL BURNED WITHIN HER DESPITE THE FACT THAT SHE HAD DEVoured ENOUGH FOR SEVERAL PEOPLE.






**SHE REACHED OUT WITH A SHAKY HAND, HER FINGERS TWITCHING AS THEY NEARED THE SUSHI PLATE, UNABLE TO RESIST THE THOUGHT OF MORE FOOD.**



JUST AS SHE ATE THE FIRST PIECE, HER BODY BEGAN TO BETRAY HER IN AN ENTIRELY NEW WAY. A LOW, CREAKING NOISE CAME FROM BENEATH HER AS HER HIPS, ALREADY PRESSED TIGHTLY AGAINST THE CHAIR, BEGAN TO EXPAND OUTWARD, SWELLING WITH THE SAME UNSTOPPABLE FORCE THAT HAD CONSUMED HER BELLY. HER THIGHS THICKENED, THE SOFT FLESH SPREADING WIDER AND WIDER, SPILLING OUT OF THE CHAIR. HER HIPS PUSHED OUT WITH ALARMING SPEED, ROUNDING OUT LIKE THE HAUNCHES OF A FATTENED SOW, HER LEGS STRAINING AGAINST THE SHRINKING SPACE BENEATH THE TABLE. THE WOODEN CHAIR GROANED LOUDLY UNDER THE SUDDEN WEIGHT, EVERY JOINT TREMBLING, AS IF IT MIGHT SPLINTER AT ANY MOMENT.



HER THIGHS BULGED OUT FROM BENEATH THE REMNANTS OF HER SHREDDED SHORTS, THICKENING AND PRESSING TOGETHER, LEAVING NO SPACE BETWEEN THEM. THE SKIN STRETCHED TIGHT, THE FLESH PUSHING OUTWARD IN ALL DIRECTIONS. EACH SLIGHT MOVEMENT SENT RIPPLES THROUGH HER INCREASINGLY PLUMP LEGS, WHICH HAD GROWN TO ALMOST COMICAL PROPORTIONS. THE CHAIR CREAKED LOUDER WITH EACH PASSING SECOND, STRUGGLING UNDER THE MASS THAT NOW ENGULFED IT. PAMI WAS A PRISONER IN HER OWN OVERGROWN BODY, HER HIPS SPILLING OVER THE EDGES OF THE SEAT, HER THIGHS SPREADING WIDE, HEAVY AND IMMOVABLE. YET, DESPITE THE STRAIN, SHE BARELY NOTICED, STILL FIXATED ON THE FOOD BEFORE HER, HER BLOATED STOMACH GURGLING IN PROTEST AS HER LOWER BODY EXPANDED EVEN FURTHER.



HER HIPS HAVE NOW COMPLETELY OVERTAKEN THE CHAIR, THE WOODEN FRAME GROANING AS IT BENT UNDER THE IMMENSE WEIGHT. THE LEGS OF THE CHAIR SPLAYED SLIGHTLY, AS IF BEGGING FOR MERCY, BUT THE GROWTH DIDN'T STOP. PAMI SHIFTED HER BULK, THE PRESSURE UNBEARABLE, HER BODY TESTING THE VERY LIMITS OF WHAT THE FURNITURE COULD HOLD. THE FLESH OF HER THIGHS AND HIPS HUNG OVER THE EDGES LIKE OVERSTUFFED SACKS, PRESSING DOWN WITH ENOUGH FORCE TO MAKE THE FLOOR BENEATH HER CREAK OMINOUSLY.



**PAMI'S CHEST, ALREADY GENEROUS AND FULL, HEAVED WITH EACH LABORED BREATH AS SHE CONTINUED HER UNSTOPPABLE FEAST. HER SHIRT, OR WHAT WAS LEFT OF IT, STRAINED AGAINST HER SWELLING TITS, THE FABRIC PULLING TIGHT ACROSS HER BREASTS AS THEY SUBTLY PUSHED OUTWARD WITH EACH PASSING SECOND. HER CLEAVAGE SWELLED VISIBLY, HER CHEST RISING HIGHER, THE BUTTONS OF HER SHIRT BARELY HOLDING ON, BULGING WITH THE IMMENSE PRESSURE BUILDING BENEATH.**



HER HAND REACHED FOR A GLISTENING CORN COB DRIPPING WITH SYRUP, HER FINGERS STICKY WITH SUGAR AS SHE BROUGHT IT TO HER LIPS. SHE BIT DOWN WITH AN AUDIBLE CRUNCH, SYRUP RUNNING DOWN HER CHIN AND SMEARING ACROSS HER LIPS AS SHE CHEWED RAVENOUSLY. HER EYES FLUTTERED WITH PLEASURE, COMPLETELY CONSUMED BY THE OVERWHELMING SENSATION OF FOOD HITTING HER TONGUE. EACH BITE WAS SAVORED WITH GLUTTONOUS DELIGHT, YET, WITH EVERY INDULGENT SWALLOW, HER CHEST CONTINUED TO STRAIN, THE BUTTONS OF HER SHIRT NOW ON THE VERGE OF POPPING AS HER BREASTS SURGED FORWARD, LARGER THAN BEFORE.



**A SOFT WETNESS BEGAN TO SEEP THROUGH THE TAUT FABRIC OF HER SHIRT. AT FIRST, IT WAS BARELY NOTICEABLE, JUST A FAINT DAMP SPOT SPREADING ACROSS THE STRAINING MATERIAL. BUT SOON, DROPLETS OF MILK STARTED TO BEAD AT THE TIPS, LEAKING THROUGH THE FABRIC WITH A SLOW, STEADY PERSISTENCE. PAMI REMAINED OBLIVIOUS, HER ATTENTION FULLY ON THE NEXT BITE OF FOOD, BUT HER BODY BETRAYED HER, THE PRESSURE INSIDE HER CHEST BUILDING ALONGSIDE THE UNCONTROLLABLE SWELLING. HER BREASTS, FULL AND HEAVY, PRESSED TIGHTER AGAINST THE FABRIC, THE LEAKING BECOMING MORE PRONOUNCED WITH EACH PASSING MOMENT, SOAKING THROUGH AND LEAVING FAINT TRAILS DOWN HER BULGING CLEAVAGE.**



WITHOUT HESITATION, PAMI GRABBED A MASSIVE BURGER, BARELY STOPPING TO BREATHE AS SHE STUFFED IT INTO HER MOUTH. GREASE DRIPPED FROM THE PATTY, MIXING WITH THE SAUCE AND CRUMBS THAT HAD ALREADY COATED HER FACE. HER HANDS MOVED QUICKLY, SHOVING BITE AFTER BITE INTO HER MOUTH, THE BURGER DISAPPEARING WITH AN ALMOST ANIMALISTIC HUNGER. EACH CHEW MADE HER BODY TREMBLE, HER STOMACH GURLING AND HER CHEST SWELLING EVEN LARGER WITH THE ACT OF CONSUMPTION. HER BREASTS PRESSED OUTWARD NOW, THEIR GROWTH NO LONGER SUBTLE BUT AGGRESSIVE.

THE PRESSURE, TOO MUCH TO CONTAIN, HAD FINALLY FOUND RELEASE, AND IT WAS ANYTHING BUT GENTLE. HER BREASTS, NOW ENORMOUS AND IMPOSSIBLY FULL, JETTED MILK IN ERRATIC SPURTS, SOAKING ONTO THE TABLE IN FRONT OF HER. PAMI LET OUT A SMALL GASP, HER FOCUS MOMENTARILY SHIFTING FROM THE FOOD TO THE SENSATION IN HER CHEST, THOUGH IT BARELY SLOWED HER DOWN. HER HANDS STILL WORKED ON GRABBING THE NEXT BITE, EVEN AS HER BODY RESPONDED IN WAYS SHE COULDN'T CONTROL, HER SWOLLEN BREASTS NOW RELEASING STREAMS OF MILK IN AN UNSTOPPABLE CASCADE.





TIME'S UP! IT'S TIME TO ANNOUNCE THE WINNER!

1  
OH MY GOD... I ATE WAAAAAAAY TOO MUCH...

2  
M-ME TOO... UGH... I FEEL SICK... MY DRESS RIPPED OFF...

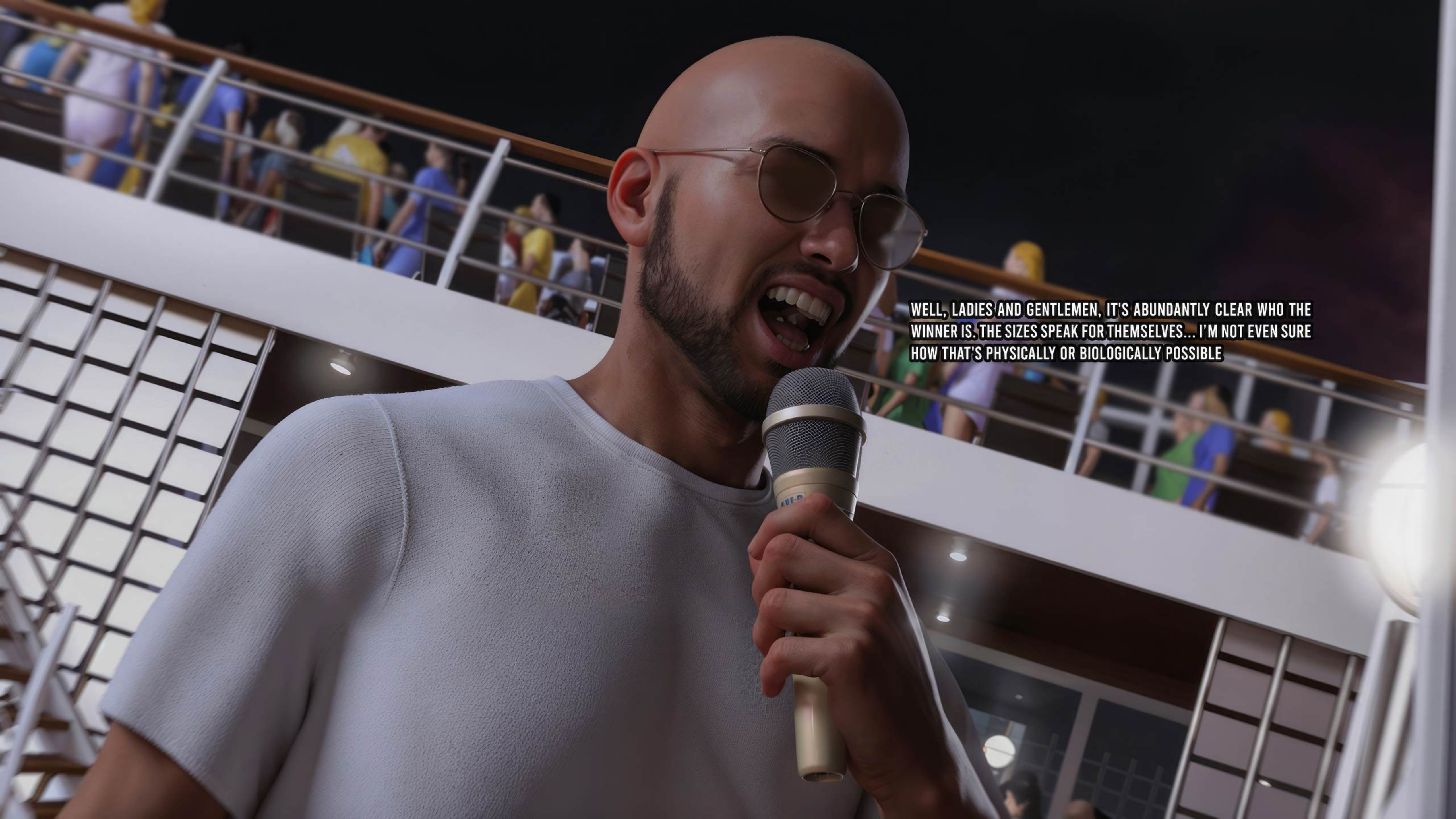
THE COMPETITION HAD ENDED, AND THE TWO WOMEN SEATED BESIDE PAMI, DESPITE THEIR OBVIOUS OBESITY, COULDN'T MUSTER THE APPETITE TO FINISH THEIR MEALS. THEY SAT SLUMPED IN THEIR CHAIRS, LEANING BACK IN A DAZED FOOD COMA, THEIR FACES TWISTED IN DISCOMFORT AS THEY STRUGGLED TO REMAIN UPRIGHT, GROANING SOFTLY FROM THE OVERWHELMING FULLNESS THAT WEIGHED THEM DOWN.

**BAAAAAARGHP... UGH... THAT WAS SO GOOD...**

**1  
S-SHE'S A FUCKING BEAST...**

**2  
I TRIED TO KEEP UP... SH-SHE'S JUST...  
GOD SHE'S UNSTOPPABLE..**

**MEANWHILE, PAMI SAT ON THE FLOOR, THE CHAIR BENEATH HER HAVING LONG SINCE GIVEN WAY UNDER HER IMMENSE WEIGHT. SHE LOOKED LIKE SHE ATE HER FORMER SELF, HER BODY BLOATED AND SWOLLEN BEYOND RECOGNITION. HER ENORMOUS BELLY SPRAWLED OUT IN FRONT OF HER, HEAVY AND ENGORGED, THE RESULT OF HER RELENTLESS GLUTTONY. HER EYES WERE HALF-CLOSED AND CROSSED, ROLLING BACK IN A HAZE OF PLEASURE AS SHE BASKED IN THE AFTERMATH OF HER FEAST. LOUD, UNAPOLOGETIC BELCHES ERUPTED FROM HER LIPS, WHILE SHE LAZILY SLAPPED HER GIGANTIC GUT, THE SOUND OF HER HANDS MEETING HER FLESH ECHOING LIKE THUNDER, EACH SLAP SENDING RIPPLES ACROSS HER OVERFED FORM.**



WELL, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IT'S ABUNDANTLY CLEAR WHO THE WINNER IS. THE SIZES SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES... I'M NOT EVEN SURE HOW THAT'S PHYSICALLY OR BIOLOGICALLY POSSIBLE

BUUUUUUUUURGHPP... UGH... I FEEL SO GASSY...  
EXCUSE ME...

GOOD GOD... ONE WOULD THINK THERE'S A PARASITE  
INSIDE HER... KINDA LIKE THAT APOCALYPSE WE ALL  
LIVED THROUGH, AM I RIGHT? HAHHA... I CERTAINLY  
HOPE NOT.

THE HOST CAUTIOUSLY APPROACHED PAMI, WHO LAY SPRAWLED  
ON THE FLOOR, HER BODY NOW SO GROTESQUELY SWOLLEN THAT  
SHE RESEMBLED AN OVERFED GIANT BOAR. HER MASSIVE BELLY  
ROSE AND FELL WITH EACH LABORED BREATH, ACCOMPANIED BY  
LOUD, UNAPOLOGETIC BELCHES AND HICCUPS. THE CLOSER HE  
GOT, THE MORE HE REALIZED JUST HOW ABNORMALLY LARGE SHE  
HAD GROWN SINCE THE CONTEST BEGAN.

1

WOULD YOU LIKE TO SAY A FEW WORDS FOR THE AUDIENCE, PAMI? I'VE BEEN HOSTING THIS SHOW FOR 15 YEARS, AND I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THIS...

2

UH... WORDS... YES, WORDS... I... CONSUMED... ALL THE FOODS. THAT WAS... GOOD, YES?



**1**  
RIGHT... UH, VERY IMPRESSIVE. HOW DO  
YOU FEEL AFTER... WELL, ALL THAT?

**2**  
FEEL? OH... FULL. VERY... FULL. THIS BODY... IT  
WAS MADE FOR... EATING, YES?

THE... FOOD WAS ADEQUATE. SATISFACTORY. FOR  
CONSUMPTION.

2

YES... AUDIENCE. HELLO. YOU SHOULD EAT... LESS FOOD.  
STAY... HEALTHY. LEAVE THE FOOD FOR ME...

1

UH... OKAY... NOT THE BRIGHTEST WHEN IT COMES TO THE MIC, I  
MUST SAY... ANYWAYS, GLAD TO HEAR IT... ANYTHING ELSE YOU  
WANT TO SHARE WITH THE AUDIENCE?

3

RIGHT... OKAY!  
WE'VE HEARD ENOUGH, THANKS, PAMI,  
AND... CONGRATULATIONS ON WINNING!

THE PARASITE CONTROLLING PAMI WAS STRUGGLING TO BLEND IN, ITS ATTEMPT AT SOUNDING HUMAN COMING OFF AS UNNERVINGLY UNNATURAL. HER SPEECH WAS SLOW AND AWKWARD, EACH WORD FORCED, AS IF IT WAS GRASPING AT BASIC PHRASES IT THOUGHT WOULD SOUND CONVINCING. HER EYES BLINKED AT ODD INTERVALS, COMPLETELY OUT OF SYNC WITH HER FORCED, EERIE SMILE, CREATING A DISJOINTED, ALMOST ROBOTIC PRESENCE. EVERY ATTEMPT AT CASUAL CONVERSATION FELT STILTED AND REHEARSED, A PARODY OF HUMAN INTERACTION, AS THE PARASITE TRIED TOO HARD TO MIMIC NORMAL BEHAVIOR, BUT ONLY MANAGED TO UNSETTLE EVERYONE AROUND HER.

A woman with red hair is singing into a microphone. A man in a white shirt is reacting in shock. The scene is set in a dimly lit room with stage lights.

**BUUUUUURRRRRRRRRPPPPP**

**JESUS CHRIST!**

**BEFORE HE COULD STEP AWAY, PAMI'S BODY CONVULSED SLIGHTLY, HER CHEST RISING AS A DEEP RUMBLING BUILT FROM WITHIN. SUDDENLY, SHE LET OUT A DEAFENING, THUNDEROUS BELCH THAT ECHOED THROUGH THE ENTIRE CRUISE, RATTLING PLATES AND SENDING AN AWKWARD HUSH OVER THE AUDIENCE.**



**UH... AND ON THAT NOTE—LET'S WRAP THIS UP! THANKS FOR JOINING US, FOLKS... GOSH.. THAT WAS SO LOUD!**



**1**  
TELL ME EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENED, START  
FROM THE BEGINNING

**2**  
SHE... SHE FINISHED EATING THE FOOD, AND AS  
SHE WAS GETTING READY TO LEAVE, THE CHEF SAID  
SOMETHING TO HER THAT SEEMED TO HAVE UPSET HER...  
S-SHE SWALLOWED HIM THEN CAME IN TO THE KITCHEN  
AND STARTED GRABBING THE REST OF US

MEANWHILE, AGENT DONOVAN HAD JUST SNAPPED OUT OF ANOTHER  
BLACKOUT EPISODE CAUSED BY THE THREE PARASITES INSIDE HER,  
DURING WHICH SHE HAD DEVOURED ALMOST THE ENTIRE TEAM OF CHEFS  
AS DESSERT. IT HAD BEEN A FEW HOURS SINCE THE INCIDENT, AND  
UPON REGAINING CONTROL, SHE IMMEDIATELY CONTACTED THE LOCAL  
MILITARY FOR ASSISTANCE IN CLEANING UP THE AFTERMATH. MICHAEL  
AND A GROUP OF SOLDIERS ARRIVED AT THE SCENE, WHERE THEY FOUND  
ONE SURVIVING CHEF SITTING OUTSIDE, UTTERLY PETRIFIED BY WHAT HE  
HAD WITNESSED.

1  
WHY DIDN'T YOU TRY TO ESCAPE?

3  
WHERE IS SHE NOW?

5  
I'M GONNA GO TALK TO HER

2  
I COULDN'T, SHE WAS BLOCKING  
THE ONLY WAY OUT! PLEASE... YOU  
H-HAVE TO STOP HER, SHE'S GONNA  
END UP DESTROYING THIS ENTIRE ISLAND

4  
S-STILL IN THE KITCHEN

1  
SIR, DO YOU WANT ME TO COME WITH?

2  
NO, I NEED TO TALK TO HER ALONE

4  
IT'S OKAY, BUDDY. WE'LL FIND YOU  
A NEW JOB. SORRY ABOUT YOUR COLLEAGUES..  
DO YOU WANT SOME WATER OR SOMETHIN'?

3  
OH GOD... \*CRYING\* THIS WAS THE  
ONLY JOB I HAD... NOW I'M UNEMPLOYED

5  
Y-YES PLEASE..

JESUS FUCKIN' CHRIST... WHAT  
THE ACTUAL FUCK AM I LOOKING  
AT RIGHT NOW?



1

M-MICHAEL... I'M SO SORRY, I-I DIDN'T MEAN TO!

2

MY GOD, MEGAN...

2  
IT... IT DIDN'T... IT DIDN'T HAPPEN YET AND  
IT'S GOING TO BE A VERY BIG ONE... I NEED  
TO GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE IT STARTS, YOU  
HAVE TO HELP ME MICHAEL, PLEASE

1  
P-PLEASE TELL ME THE GROWTH SPURT KICKED IN  
AND FINISHED UP ALREADY..

3  
OH MY GOD... OH MY GOD OH MY GOD OH MY GOD!  
OKAY... UHHH... OKAY, LET ME THINK

**1**  
THE TRUCK! I CAN REQUEST A TRUCK, THAT SHOULD BE ABLE TO PICK YOU UP...  
WHERE THE FUCK ARE WE GONNA GO THOUGH?

**2**  
THE... THE EXPERIMENT ROOM, WHERE WE KEPT SHARON THAT ONE TIME. THE LAB WON'T BE A GOOD IDEA... I THINK I'LL END UP OUTGROWING IT

2  
Y-YES, IT'S MY ONLY HOPE NOW... Y-YOU NEED TO  
GET IT FOR ME, I CAN'T GO TO THE LAB, MICHAEL.  
I CAN'T WASTE ANY TIME... THE CLOCK IS TICKING

1  
D-DID YOU MAKE THE CURE? THE CURE! YOU TOLD ME  
IT WAS FINISHED, RIGHT?

1  
OKAY, OKAY, SO HERE'S THE PLAN, WE'LL GET YOU ON A TRUCK TO THE EXAMINATION ROOM, AND I'LL ASK ONE OF MY GUYS TO RETRIEVE THE VACCINE SAMPLE FROM THE LAB

3  
OKAY, IT'S OKAY, I'LL GET IT... JUST... JUST PLEASE TRY TO HOLD IT OFF LONG ENOUGH UNTIL WE'RE IN A SAFE PLACE... IT'S GONNA CREATE A PANIC IF ANYONE SEES YOU IN THIS STATE

2  
NO, NO MICHAEL IT HAS TO BE YOU, I CAN'T TRUST ANYONE ELSE WITH THAT COMPOUND...

2  
HE'S A BIT SHAKEN UP, BUT HE'LL BE OKAY...  
DON'T WORRY ABOUT ANYTHING ELSE NOW,  
JUST TRY TO DELAY THIS GROWTH AS MUCH  
AS POSSIBLE, I DON'T KNOW HOW, BUT PLEASE TRY

1  
IS THAT ONE GUY OKAY? I FEEL SO TERRIBLE... IT TOOK OVER ME,  
THE LAST THING I REMEMBER IS FEELING ANGRY ABOUT THE BILL...  
THEY DIDN'T PAY FOR THE DINNER LIKE I ORDERED THEM TO...

3  
I-I WILL... I'M TRYING





3  
I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS IS HAPPENING...

4  
CALM DOWN, OKAY? I NEED YOU TO STAY FOCUSED

2  
GOT IT!

1  
DRIVER, WE'RE GOOD TO GO!

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

1  
I REALLY HOPE THAT COMPOUND WORKS...

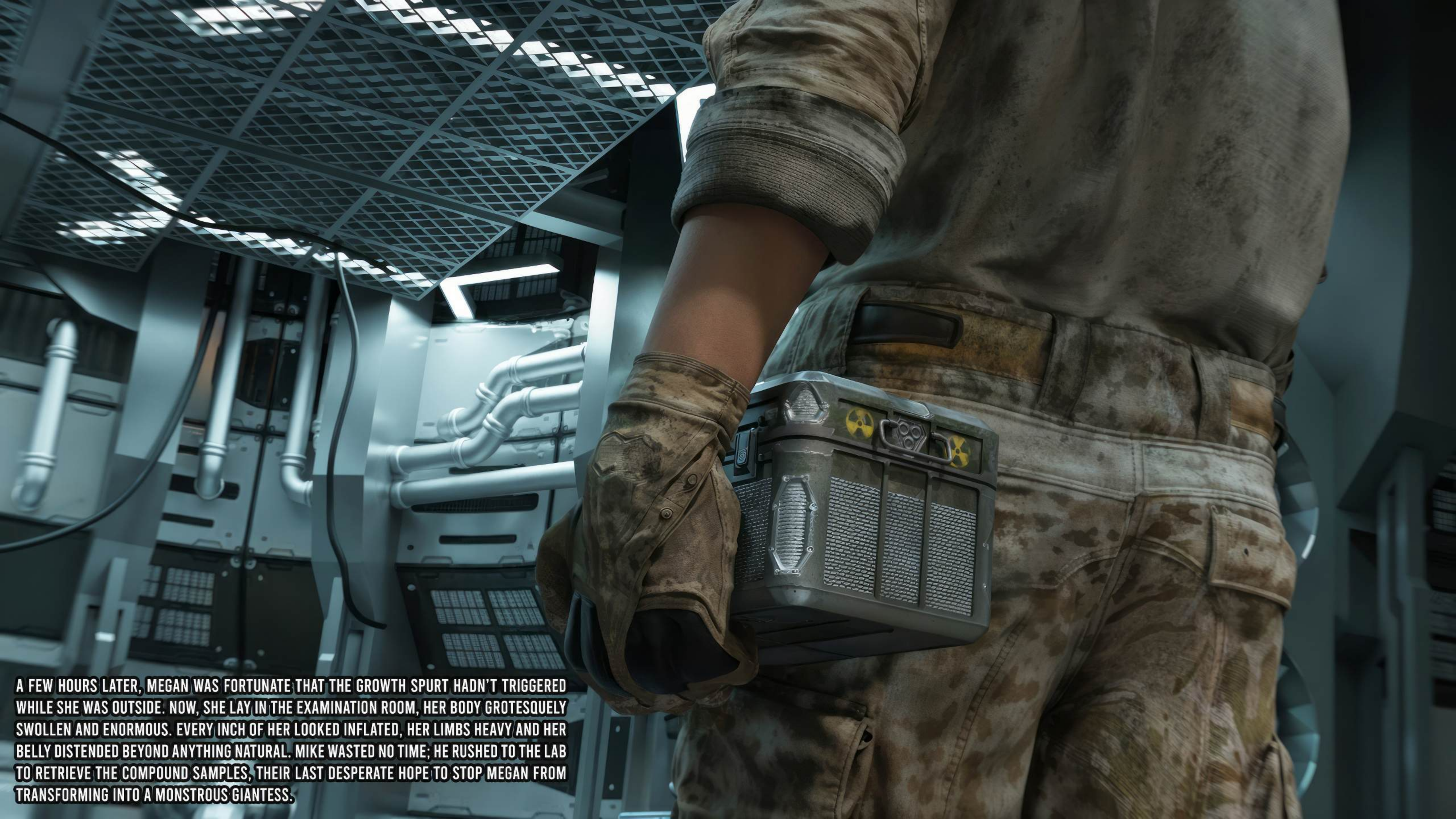
2  
I HOPE SO TOO... I REALLY FUCKIN' DO...  
HEY, I'M NOT MAD AT YOU OR ANYTHING, ALRIGHT?  
THIS IS NOT YOUR FAULT, OKAY MEGS?

3  
IT FEELS LIKE IT IS, I'VE LET MYSELF GO TOO FAR

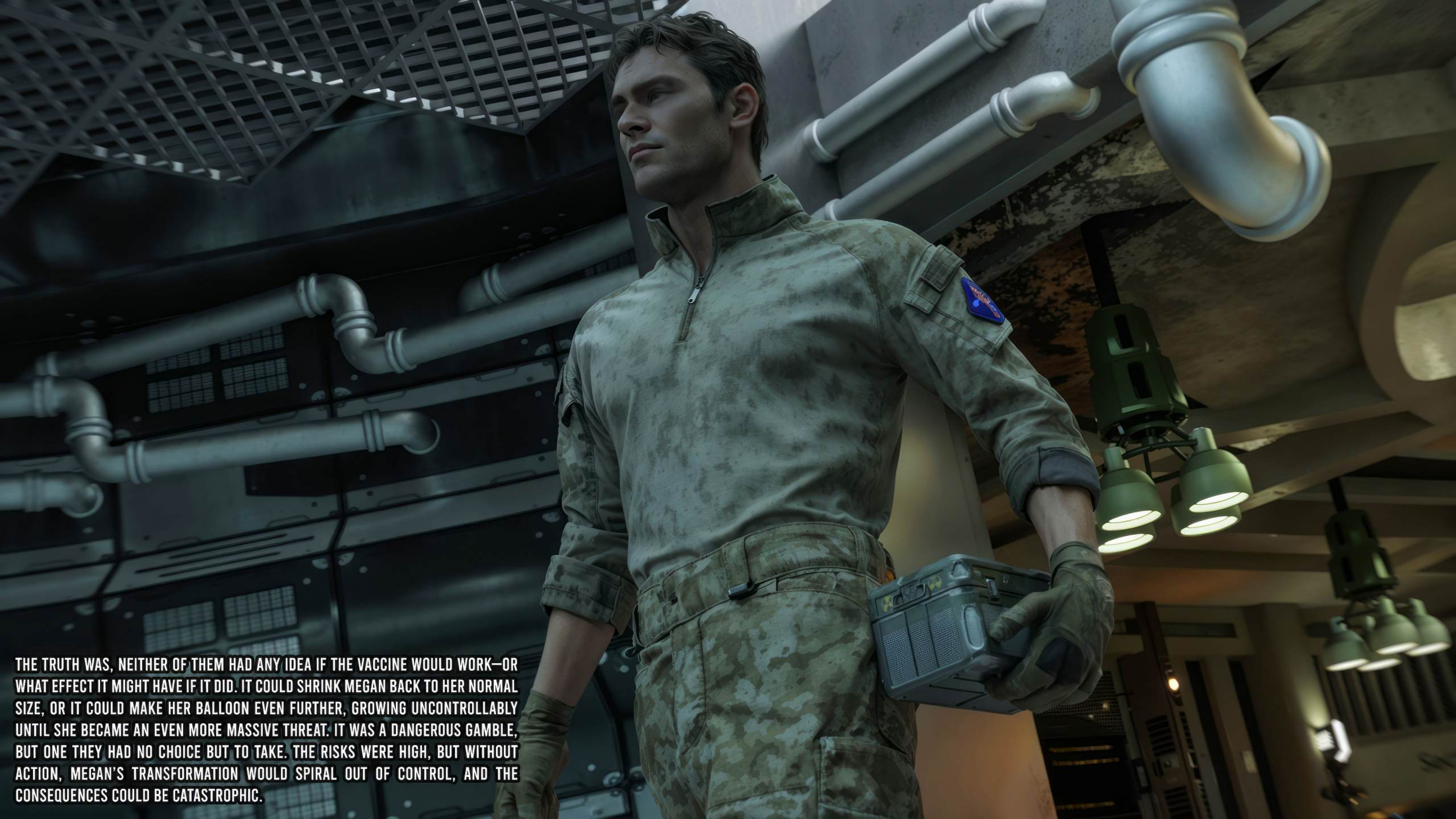
5  
T-THANK YOU, MICHAEL, IT REALLY MEANS A LOT TO ME

4  
NO, THAT'S NOT TRUE AT ALL... YOU GOT INFECTED  
TRYING TO STUDY THESE PARASITES... WE'LL FIX THIS  
TOGETHER, I'M HERE NOW, OKAY?



A close-up, low-angle shot of a person wearing a light-colored, worn lab coat and heavy, brown leather work gloves. The person is holding a rectangular, metallic radiation detector. The detector has a yellow radiation warning symbol on its top surface and a small display screen on its front. The background shows a laboratory setting with a metal grid ceiling, white pipes, and various pieces of equipment. The lighting is cool and industrial.

A FEW HOURS LATER, MEGAN WAS FORTUNATE THAT THE GROWTH SPURT HADN'T TRIGGERED WHILE SHE WAS OUTSIDE. NOW, SHE LAY IN THE EXAMINATION ROOM, HER BODY GROTESQUELY SWOLLEN AND ENORMOUS. EVERY INCH OF HER LOOKED INFLATED, HER LIMBS HEAVY AND HER BELLY DISTENDED BEYOND ANYTHING NATURAL. MIKE WASTED NO TIME; HE RUSHED TO THE LAB TO RETRIEVE THE COMPOUND SAMPLES, THEIR LAST DESPERATE HOPE TO STOP MEGAN FROM TRANSFORMING INTO A MONSTROUS GIANTESSE.

A man in military camouflage gear, including a zip-up jacket and pants, stands in a laboratory or industrial setting. He is wearing gloves and holding a grey briefcase with a radiation symbol. The background features a complex network of pipes and green overhead lights. The scene is dimly lit, with the primary light source being the overhead lamps.

THE TRUTH WAS, NEITHER OF THEM HAD ANY IDEA IF THE VACCINE WOULD WORK—OR WHAT EFFECT IT MIGHT HAVE IF IT DID. IT COULD SHRINK MEGAN BACK TO HER NORMAL SIZE, OR IT COULD MAKE HER BALLOON EVEN FURTHER, GROWING UNCONTROLLABLY UNTIL SHE BECAME AN EVEN MORE MASSIVE THREAT. IT WAS A DANGEROUS GAMBLE, BUT ONE THEY HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO TAKE. THE RISKS WERE HIGH, BUT WITHOUT ACTION, MEGAN'S TRANSFORMATION WOULD SPIRAL OUT OF CONTROL, AND THE CONSEQUENCES COULD BE CATASTROPHIC.

**2**  
**AS READY AS I'LL EVER BE.**

**1**  
**ARE YOU READY TO DO THIS?**



THIS SHIT LOOKS FUCKING OMINOUS,  
IT DIDN'T SPOIL OR ANYTHING, RIGHT?

1  
NO, IT'S SUPPOSED TO LOOK LIKE THAT...

2  
WHAT DID YOU SAY IT WAS AGAIN?

3  
GIANTIN-X, IT'S THE PROTEIN THE PARASITES  
USES TO MULTIPLY THE CELLS... I TRIED TO  
GENETICALLY MODIFY IT TO GAIN CONTROL OVER  
THE PARASITES...



1  
GAIN CONTROL OVER IT HOW, EXACTLY?

3  
BUT HOW WILL YOU SHRINK IN THAT CASE?

2  
IT'S COMPLICATED TO EXPLAIN... BUT IF EVERYTHING GOES WELL, IT'S GOING TO BE BOUND TO MY BRAIN... SO I COULD CONTROL THE AMOUNT OF PROTEIN I SUPPLY TO THE PARASITES, THUS CONTROLLING MY GROWTH...

5  
YEAH... NOT REALLY, ANYWAYS, GET READY, I'LL INJECT IT IN 3... 2... 1...

4  
IF I CUT OFF THE SUPPLY OF THIS PROTEIN, THE PARASITES WILL BE FORCED TO CONSUME THE NEW CELLS THEY MADE TO OBTAIN SOME OF IT... SO IN A SENSE... IT'D BE LIKE A SNAKE EATING ITS OWN TAIL... I DON'T KNOW IF ANY OF THIS MAKES SENSE

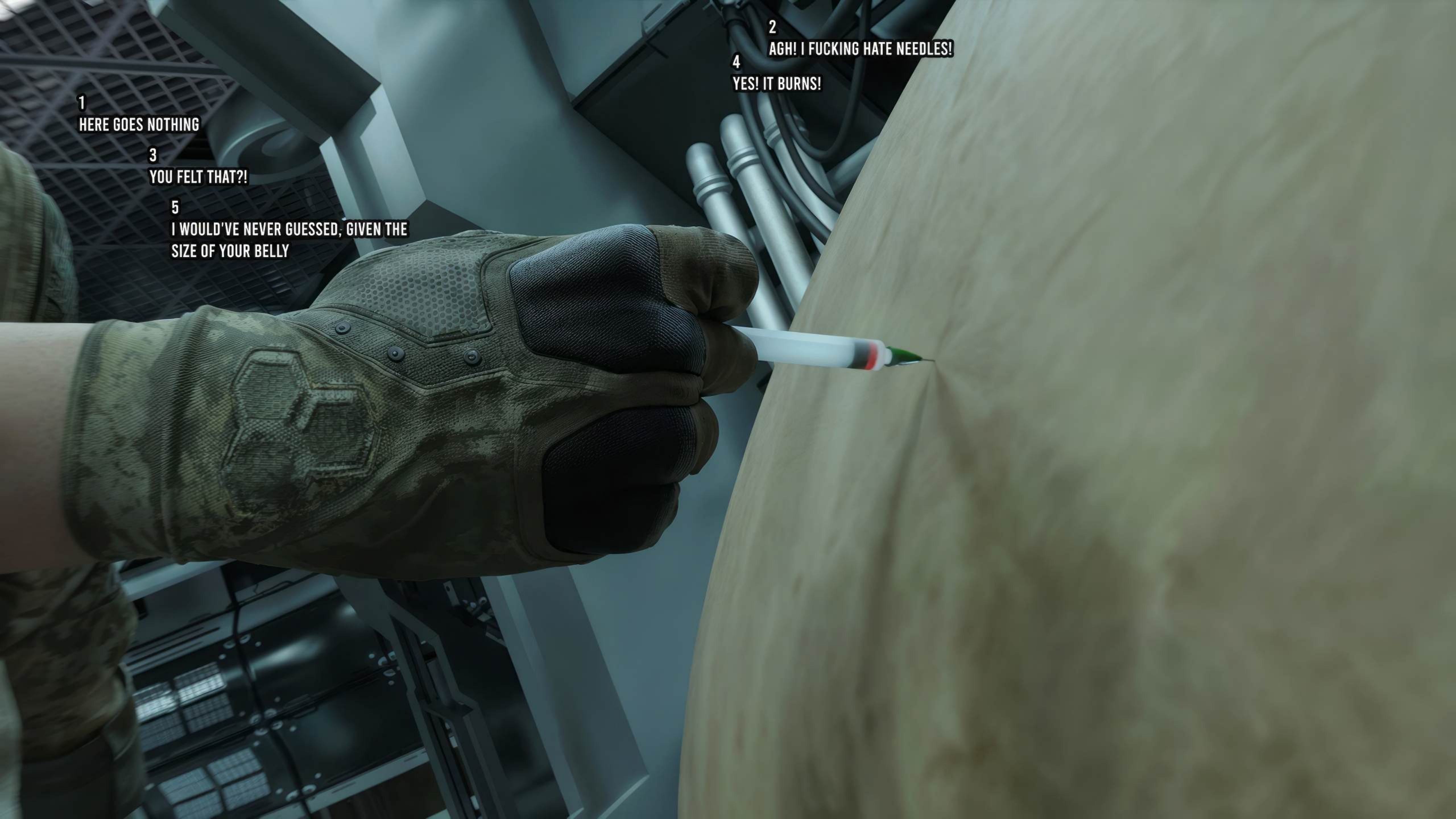
1  
HERE GOES NOTHING

3  
YOU FELT THAT?!

5  
I WOULD'VE NEVER GUESSED, GIVEN THE  
SIZE OF YOUR BELLY

2  
AGH! I FUCKING HATE NEEDLES!

4  
YES! IT BURNS!



2  
I THINK YOU SHOULD LEAVE THE ROOM,  
FOR YOUR OWN SAFETY, JUST IN CASE  
THINGS GO WRONG

1  
NOW WE WAIT AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS

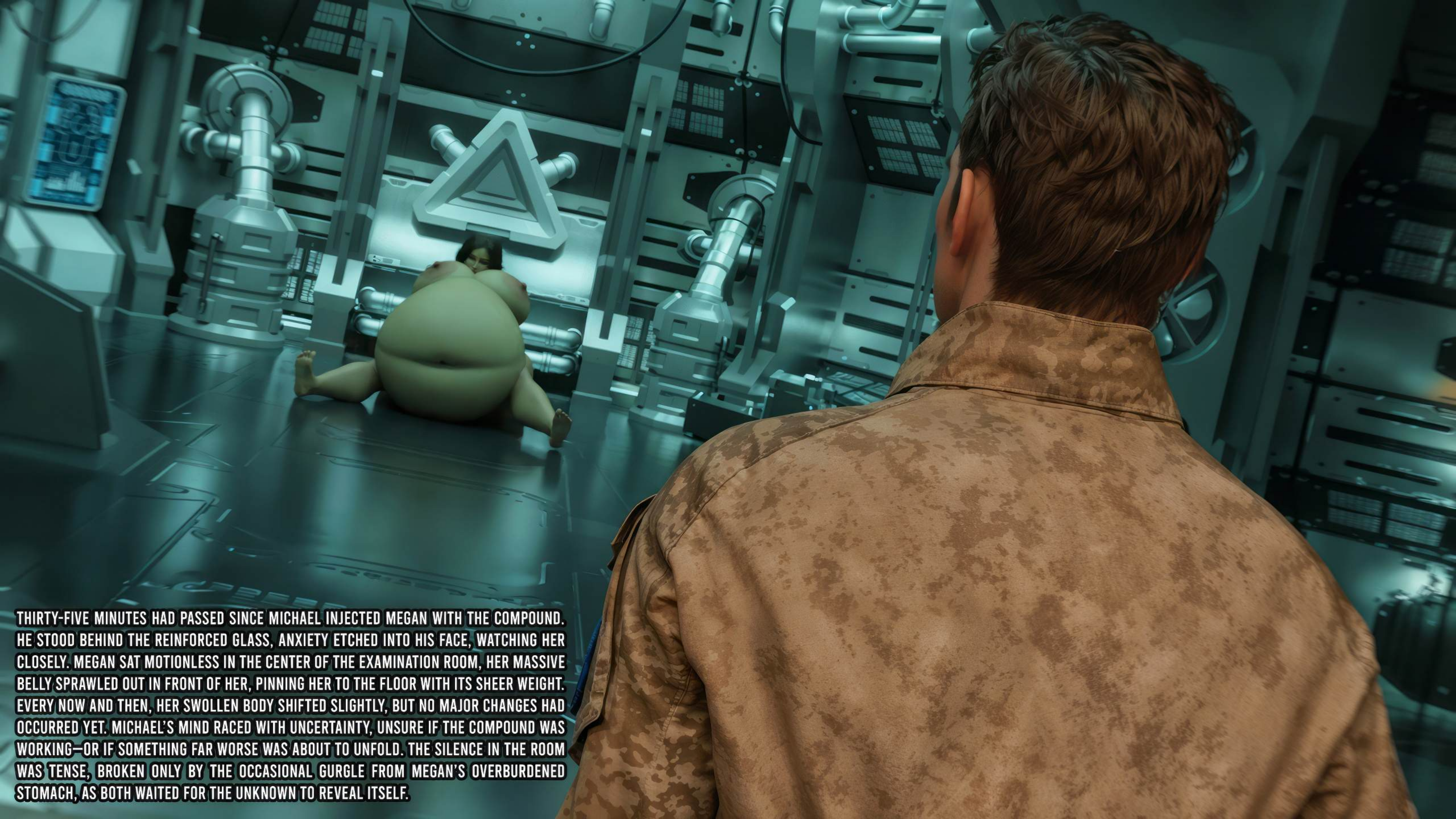


**1**  
I'LL BE RIGHT BEHIND THE GLASS, SO  
LET ME KNOW IF YOU NEED ANYTHING

**3**  
DON'T MENTION IT, AND OH AND BY THE WAY,  
IF EVERYTHING GOES WELL, YOU STILL OWE ME  
A DATE, A REAL ONE

**2**  
THANK YOU, MICHAEL... I-I REALLY  
APPRECIATE EVERYTHING YOU'VE DONE  
FOR ME...

**4**  
I WOULD ABSOLUTELY LOVE TO

A cinematic still from a video game. In the foreground, the back of a man's head and shoulders are visible. He has short, dark brown hair and is wearing a brown, textured jacket. He is looking towards a woman in the distance. The woman is sitting on the floor, her body is extremely bloated and round, with a massive, pale greenish-yellow belly that completely obscures her torso and legs. She has dark hair and is looking down at her belly. The setting is a futuristic, industrial laboratory with metallic walls, pipes, and various pieces of equipment. The lighting is cool and blue-toned. In the bottom left corner, there is a block of white text with a black outline.


**THIRTY-FIVE MINUTES HAD PASSED SINCE MICHAEL INJECTED MEGAN WITH THE COMPOUND. HE STOOD BEHIND THE REINFORCED GLASS, ANXIETY ETCHED INTO HIS FACE, WATCHING HER CLOSELY. MEGAN SAT MOTIONLESS IN THE CENTER OF THE EXAMINATION ROOM, HER MASSIVE BELLY SPRAWLED OUT IN FRONT OF HER, PINNING HER TO THE FLOOR WITH ITS SHEER WEIGHT. EVERY NOW AND THEN, HER SWOLLEN BODY SHIFTED SLIGHTLY, BUT NO MAJOR CHANGES HAD OCCURRED YET. MICHAEL'S MIND RACED WITH UNCERTAINTY, UNSURE IF THE COMPOUND WAS WORKING—OR IF SOMETHING FAR WORSE WAS ABOUT TO UNFOLD. THE SILENCE IN THE ROOM WAS TENSE, BROKEN ONLY BY THE OCCASIONAL GURGLE FROM MEGAN'S OVERBURDENED STOMACH, AS BOTH WAITED FOR THE UNKNOWN TO REVEAL ITSELF.**

COME ON... PLEASE WORK... PLEASE WORK...  
I'M BEGGING YOU...

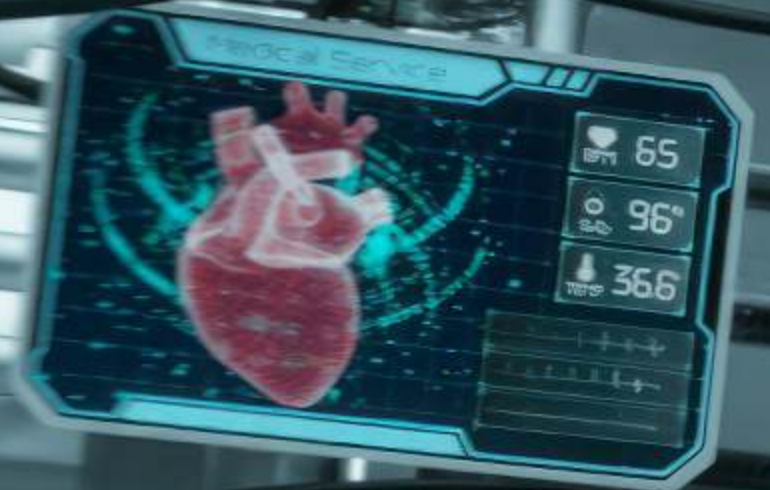
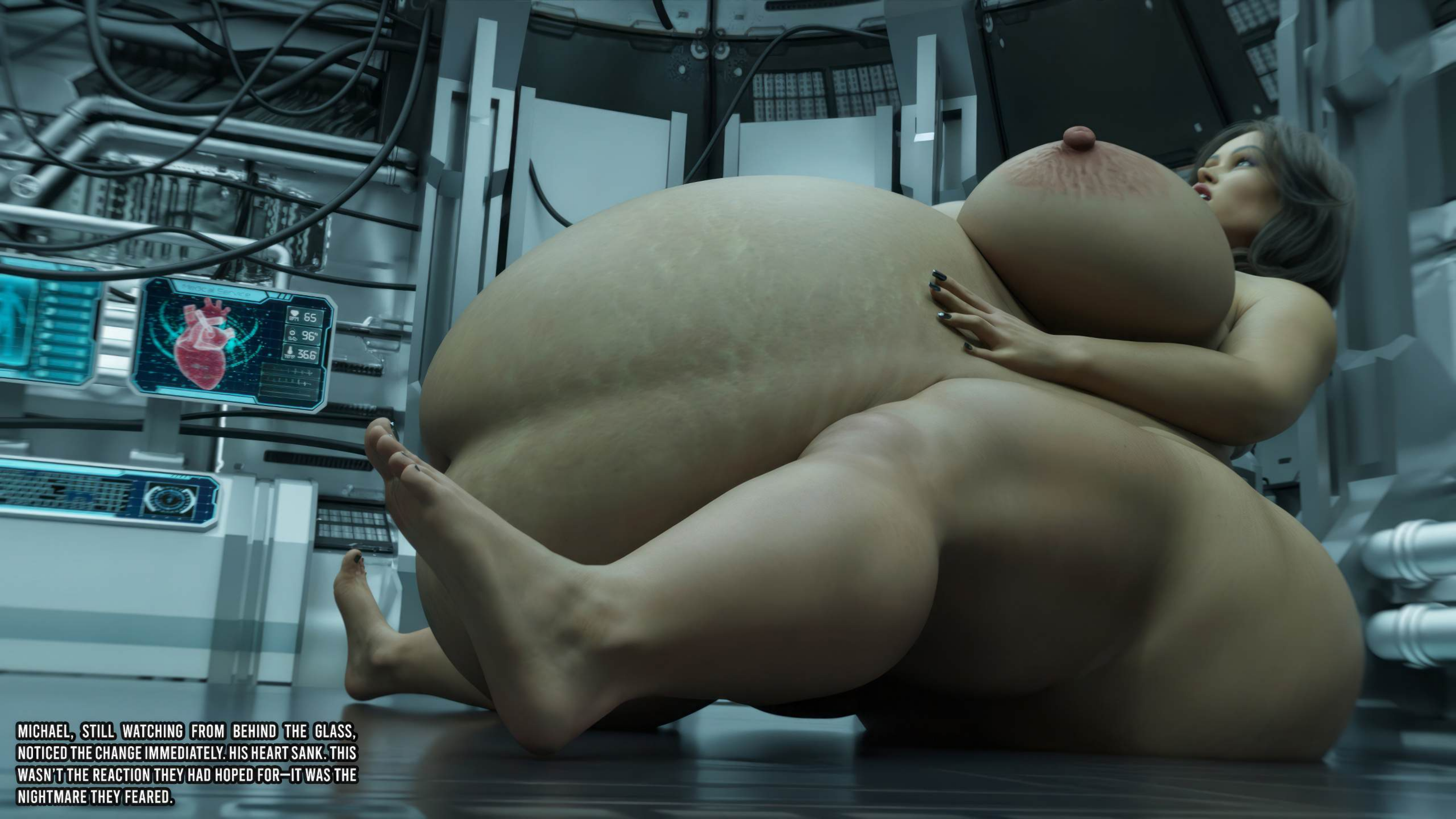


OH GOD... I THINK IT'S HAPPENING...

SUDDENLY, MEGAN FELT A STRANGE SENSATION RIPPLE THROUGH HER BODY. IT STARTED AS A FAINT TINGLING IN HER FINGERTIPS, THEN QUICKLY SPREAD ACROSS HER SWOLLEN FORM.



**MEGAN'S PUPILS SHRANK SUDDENLY, HER EYES NARROWING INTO SHARP PINPOINTS, AND A WAVE OF DREAD WASHED OVER HER. THIS WAS A SIGN SHE KNEW ALL TOO WELL—EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENED EACH TIME THE PARASITE TOOK CONTROL. HER BREATHING GREW ERRATIC, HER BODY TENSING AS A COLD SWEAT BROKE OUT ACROSS HER SKIN. THE UNSETTLING TINGLING SENSATION INTENSIFIED, SPREADING LIKE WILDFIRE, AND SHE CLENCHED HER FISTS AS THE FAMILIAR, TERRIBLE PRESENCE OF THE PARASITES BEGAN TO CREEP THROUGH HER MIND.**



**MICHAEL, STILL WATCHING FROM BEHIND THE GLASS, NOTICED THE CHANGE IMMEDIATELY. HIS HEART SANK. THIS WASN'T THE REACTION THEY HAD HOPED FOR—IT WAS THE NIGHTMARE THEY FEARED.**



MEGAN'S GROWTH BEGAN SUDDENLY, HER LIMBS EXPANDING WITH AN UNSETTLING SPEED. HER ARMS THICKENED, HER FINGERS EXTENDING AS THOUGH THE FLESH BENEATH HER SKIN WAS PUSHING OUTWARD FROM EVERY DIRECTION. HER LEGS SWELLED INTO HEAVY PILLARS, HER THIGHS AND CALVES GROWING WIDER, BULKIER, AS HER BODY STRAINED TO ACCOMMODATE THE UNNATURAL MASS BUILDING WITHIN HER. HER BELLY, ALREADY BLOATED, SURGED OUTWARD IN PULSES, EXPANDING INTO AN ENORMOUS, ALMOST ALIEN SPHERE, DOMINATING HER FORM AS IT PRESSED HARDER AGAINST THE GROUND, FORCING HER INTO A NEAR-IMMOBILE STATE.



HER BODY WAS MORPHING GROTESQUELY, HER RIBS PUSHING OUTWARD AS HER CHEST BROADENED, THE FLESH STRETCHING AS HER TORSO GREW HEAVIER AND MORE BLOATED. A DEEP, OMINOUS GURGLE RUMBLED FROM WITHIN, AS THOUGH SOMETHING FAR BEYOND HER CONTROL WAS DRIVING THE CHANGE. THE FLOOR BENEATH HER BEGAN TO CREAK, GROANING UNDER HER EXPANDING WEIGHT AS HER BELLY CONTINUED TO SWELL OUTWARD, SPREADING LIKE A TIDAL WAVE OF FLESH, MAKING IT IMPOSSIBLE FOR HER TO MOVE. HER BREATHS CAME IN LABORED GASPS, HER LUNGS STRUGGLING TO KEEP UP WITH THE RAPID INCREASE IN HER SIZE.



THE VIOLENT EXPANSION CONTINUED. HER ENTIRE FORM LURCH UPWARD. HER BACK ARCHED AS HER TORSO STRETCHED WIDER, HER HEAD ALMOST GRAZING THE CEILING NOW. THE ROOM AROUND HER FELT IMPOSSIBLY SMALL, HER LIMBS GIGANTIC AND SWOLLEN, HER BELLY AN OVERWHELMING MASS THAT SEEMED TO CONSUME HER. MEGAN, TRAPPED IN HER OWN MONSTROUS FORM, COULD DO NOTHING BUT GASP AS HER GROWTH SHOWED NO SIGNS OF STOPPING, HER ENORMOUS BULK CROWDING EVERY INCH OF SPACE, TURNING HER INTO SOMETHING UNRECOGNIZABLE.

WHAT THE HELL? THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING

Current Habitat Population: 123  
Total Capacity Limit: 120  
6/24 Earth Clock  
Oxygen Reserved: 78%

Pressure Percentage: 100%  
Outside Temperature: 88.1°

0 seconds / 0 minutes remaining only one emergency egress

01:00:00  
02:00:00  
03:00:00  
04:00:00

2  
MMMMMM... I C-CAN'T... \*HEAVY BREATHING\*

1  
HEY HEY HEY HEY CALM DOWN,  
HEY, MEGAN! SLOW DOWN! LOOK  
AT ME! LOOK AT ME, HONEY




2  
MMMMMMM... IT FEELS SO GOOOOOOOOOO...

1  
FUCK... WHAT AM I GONNA DO?  
FUCK FUCK FUCK!



OH MY GOD... WE'RE FUCKED... WE'RE ALL  
FUCKED! I HAVE TO GO WARN THE REST!



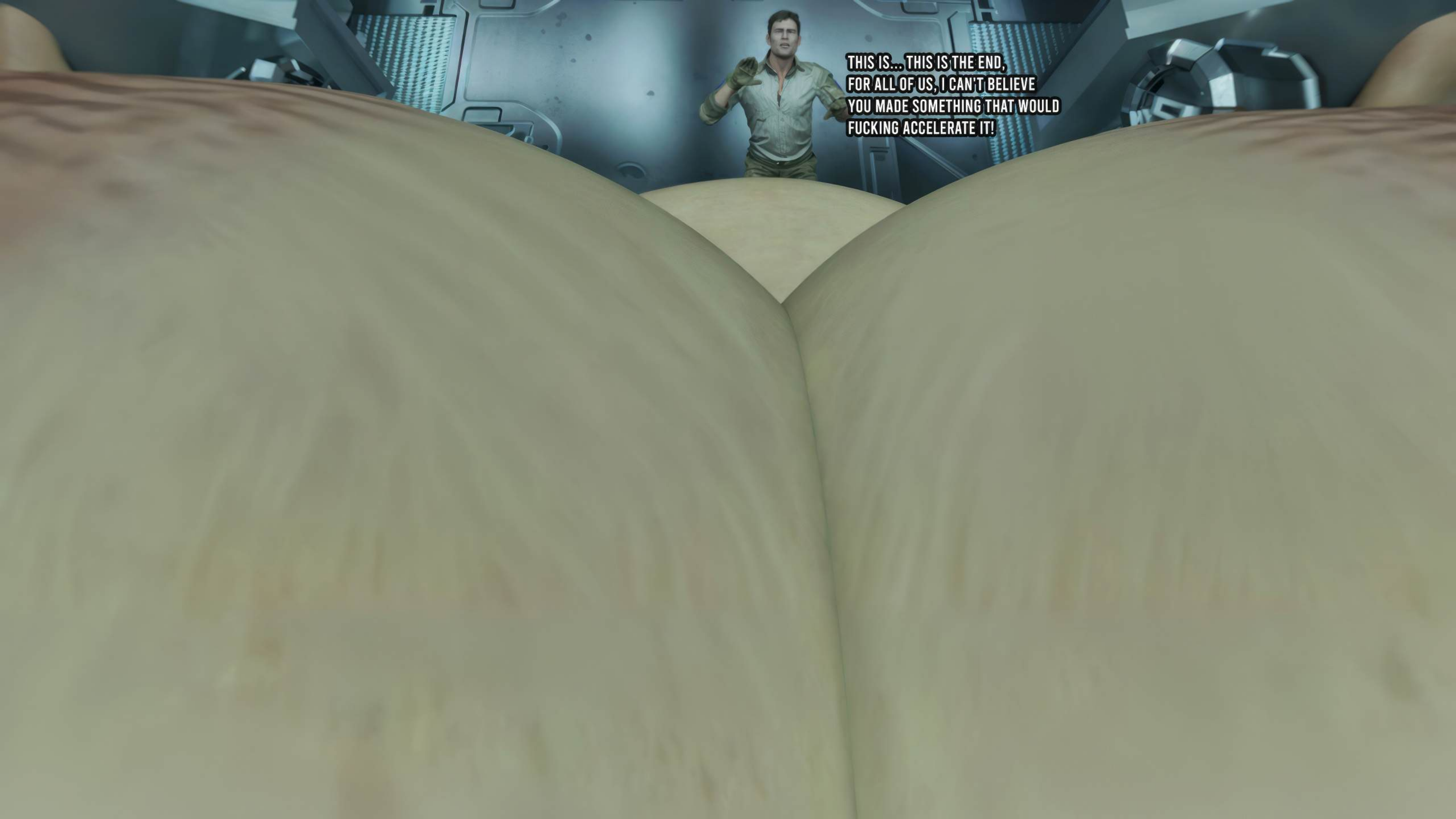


**1**  
**I T-THOUGHT IT'D WORK... GODDAMMIT MEGAN!**  
**I THOUGHT YOU SAID IT WAS GONNA FUCKING WORK!**

**2**  
**MMMMMMM... BIGGER... MAKE ME BIGGER...**

1  
NO NO NO!! WAIT WAIT WAIT!  
YOU'RE GROWING TOO FUCKING FAST!  
IT'S GONNA BREAK THE ROOF!

2  
MMMMMMMMMM FUCK... I DON'T  
WANT IT... TO STOP...



**THIS IS... THIS IS THE END,  
FOR ALL OF US, I CAN'T BELIEVE  
YOU MADE SOMETHING THAT WOULD  
FUCKING ACCELERATE IT!**

MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM...

MEGAN, PLEASE TELL ME THIS IS GONNA WORK,  
PLEASE... YOU HAVE TO STOP THIS, THINK ABOUT  
THE COUNTLESS LIVES YOU'RE PUTTING AT RISK

AS MEGAN'S BODY SURGED UPWARD, HER HEAD NEARLY BRUSHING THE CEILING, HER MASSIVE LEGS THICKENED AND SPREAD ACROSS THE FLOOR, TRAPPING EVERYTHING BENEATH THEM. MICHAEL FOUND HIMSELF SURROUNDED BY HER ENORMOUS, SWOLLEN THIGHS, THEIR SHEER SIZE PINNING HIM IN PLACE. THE FLESHY WALLS OF MEGAN'S LEGS CREATED A LIVING BARRIER, MAKING IT IMPOSSIBLE FOR HIM TO SLIP OUT OR ALERT THE REST OF THE MILITARY STAFF ABOUT THE CATASTROPHE UNFOLDING BEFORE HIS EYES.

SOOOOO HUNGRY...

SLOW DOWN... JUST... SLOW THE FUCK DOWN,  
PLEASE! I'M BEGGING YOU!





AAAAARGH FUCK!

MEGAN! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!  
LET GO OF ME!

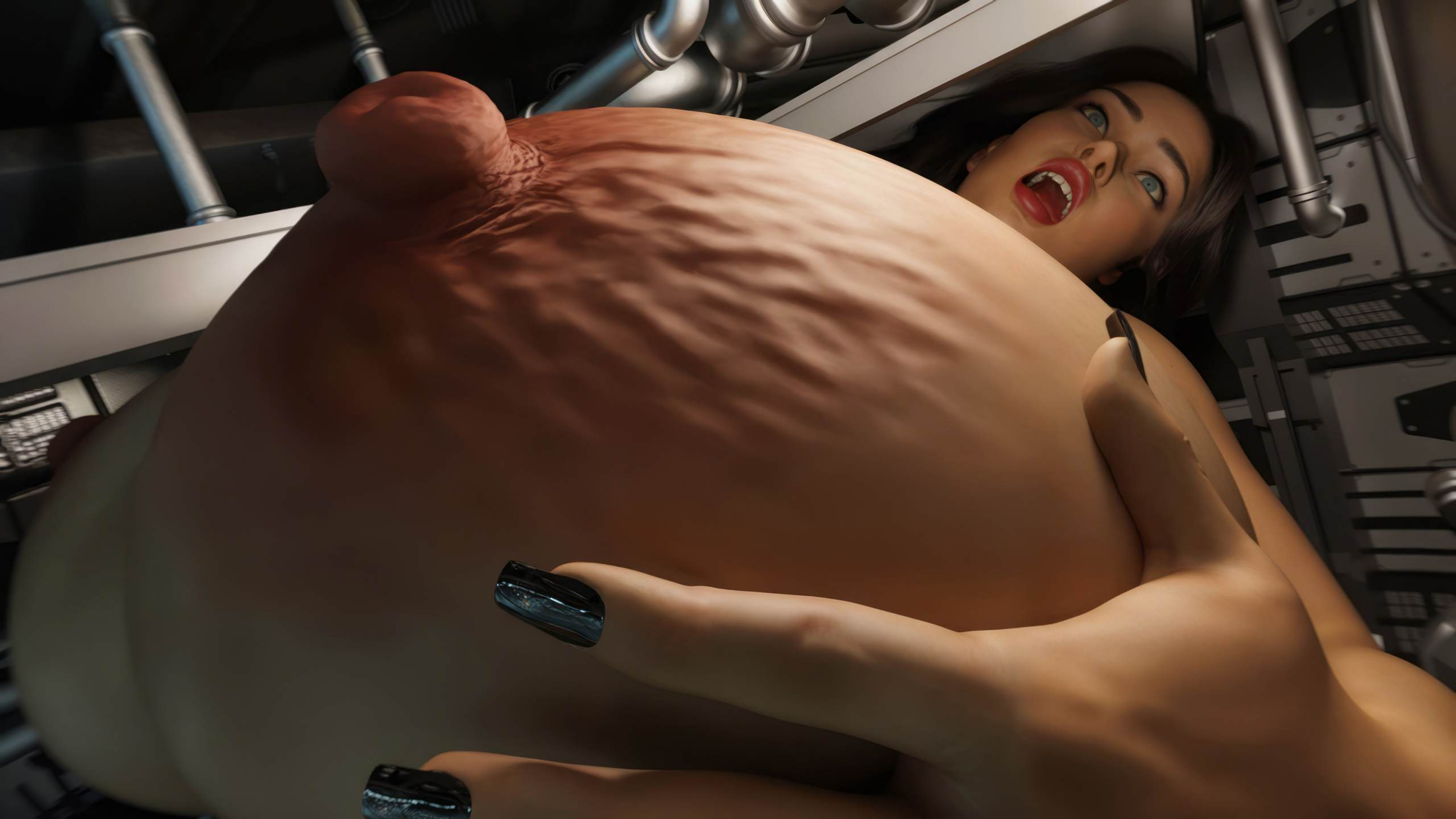


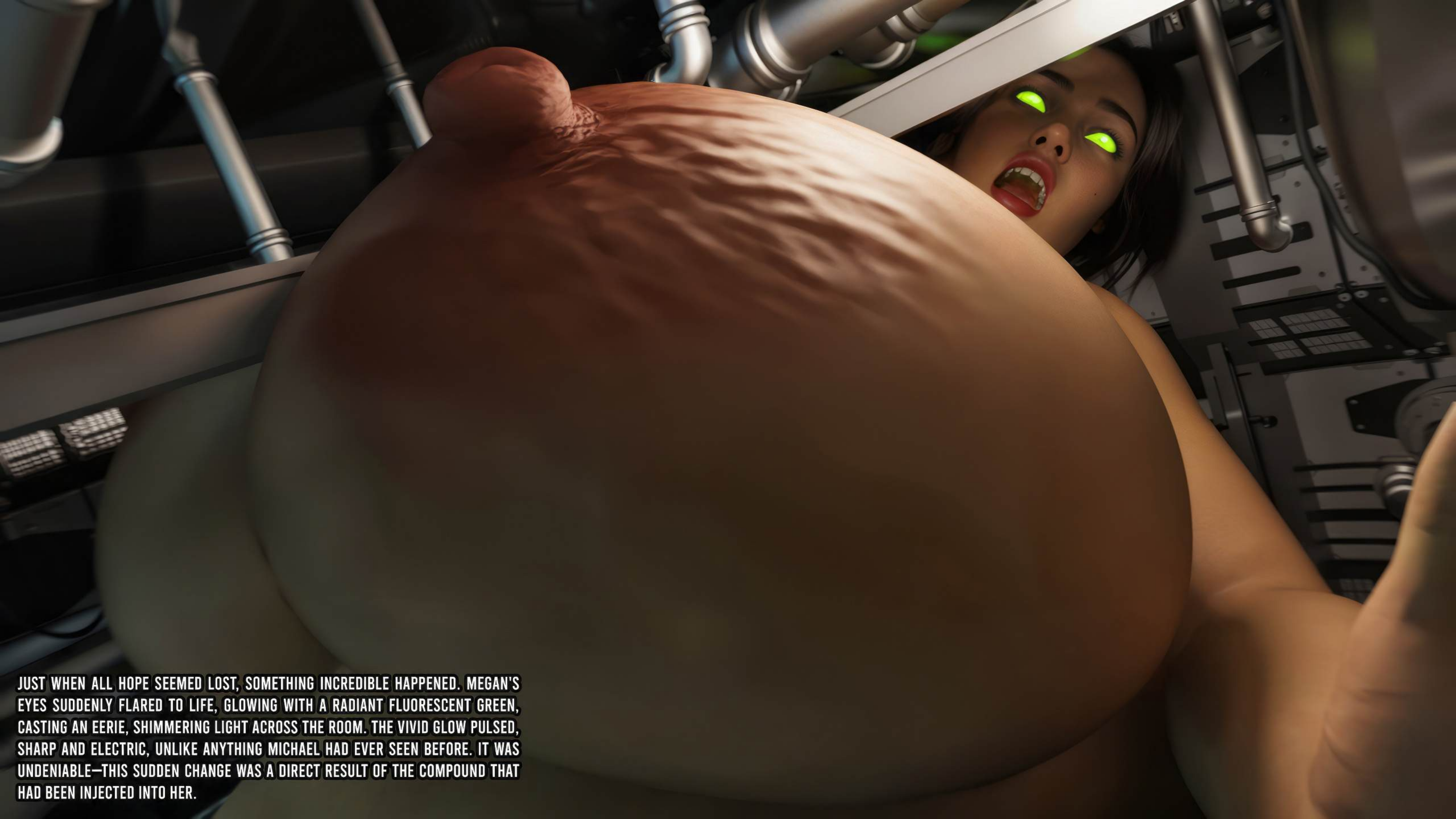
**ARGHHH FUCK! STOP IT! YOU'RE C-CRUSHING ME!**



HEEEEEEEEEEEELP! SOMEBODY HELP ME PLEASE!!!







JUST WHEN ALL HOPE SEEMED LOST, SOMETHING INCREDIBLE HAPPENED. MEGAN'S EYES SUDDENLY FLARED TO LIFE, GLOWING WITH A RADIANT FLUORESCENT GREEN, CASTING AN EERIE, SHIMMERING LIGHT ACROSS THE ROOM. THE VIVID GLOW PULSED, SHARP AND ELECTRIC, UNLIKE ANYTHING MICHAEL HAD EVER SEEN BEFORE. IT WAS UNDENIABLE—THIS SUDDEN CHANGE WAS A DIRECT RESULT OF THE COMPOUND THAT HAD BEEN INJECTED INTO HER.

A woman with glowing green eyes and red lips is lying in a laboratory, looking up at a large, fleshy, brown, textured object. The scene is dimly lit with metallic pipes and equipment in the background.

M-MICHAEL...

MEGAN'S SPEECH, WHICH HAD BEEN NOTHING MORE THAN A SLURRED, INCOHERENT MESS MOMENTS AGO, SUDDENLY BECAME CLEARER. HER LIPS MOVED WITH MORE PRECISION, THE JUMBLED WORDS TURNING INTO SOMETHING ALMOST RECOGNIZABLE. SHE MUTTERED, HER VOICE NO LONGER DISTORTED BY THE OVERWHELMING PRESENCE OF THE PARASITES. IT WAS A SUBTLE SHIFT, BUT A POWERFUL ONE—HER MIND, ONCE LOST IN THE CHAOTIC GROWTH, SEEMED TO BE REGAINING SOME SEMBLANCE OF CONTROL.

1  
M-MICHAEL... I-IT'S ME... MEGAN...

3  
I-I THINK IT WORKED...

2  
M-MEGAN?! H-HOW DO I KNOW IT'S YOU?!

WITH A SUDDEN MOVEMENT, MEGAN SPREAD HER ENORMOUS LEGS, THE FAT SHIFTING ASIDE AS SHE RELEASED MICHAEL FROM THE CRUSHING GRIP BETWEEN HER FEET. HE STUMBLERD BACKWARD, GASPING AS THE PRESSURE ON HIS BODY EASED, BUT HIS MIND WAS STILL REELING FROM EVERYTHING HE HAD WITNESSED. HER GLOWING GREEN EYES, HER CLEARER SPEECH—NONE OF IT MADE SENSE. HIS HEART RACED AS HE STARED UP AT HER, STILL COLOSSAL AND TOWERING, YET NOW SEEMINGLY MORE IN CONTROL.



1  
A-ARE YOU SURE?

2  
I C-CAN FEEL IT... THE NOISES IN MY HEAD STOPPED...



OH MY GOD... DID IT ACTUALLY WORK?

A first-person perspective shot from a character in a military uniform, looking up at a giant, pale-skinned woman. The woman is standing in a futuristic, industrial environment with complex machinery, pipes, and overhead lighting. The woman's body is disproportionately large, filling most of the frame. She has a neutral expression and is looking down at the viewer. The scene is lit with a cool, blueish-grey tone, emphasizing the industrial and sci-fi atmosphere.

**Y-YOU'RE SHRINKING?!!!!**



**OH MY GOD! YES! OH FUCK YES! HAHAHahaha!  
THIS IS AMAZING! IT WORKED! YOU DID IT!**



**MEGAN, YOU'RE A FUCKING GENIUS!**

2

I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS, H-HOW DID THE SHRINKING STOP?

1

OH MY GOD, MICHAEL, IT WORKED!  
IT ACTUALLY FUCKING WORKED!

3

THE PARASITES ONLY CONSUME CELLS THAT HAVE TRACES OF THE GIANTIN-X PROTEIN, AND THOSE CELLS ARE USUALLY RECENT... THEORETICALLY, IF I GROW BIGGER AND STAY THAT WAY FOR A VERY LONG TIME, SOME NEW CELLS WILL LOOSE THE PROTEIN TRACES, THUS INCREASING THE LOWER BOUND OF MY SIZE... IN SIMPLER WORDS... I'D STAY A GIANTESS FOREVER

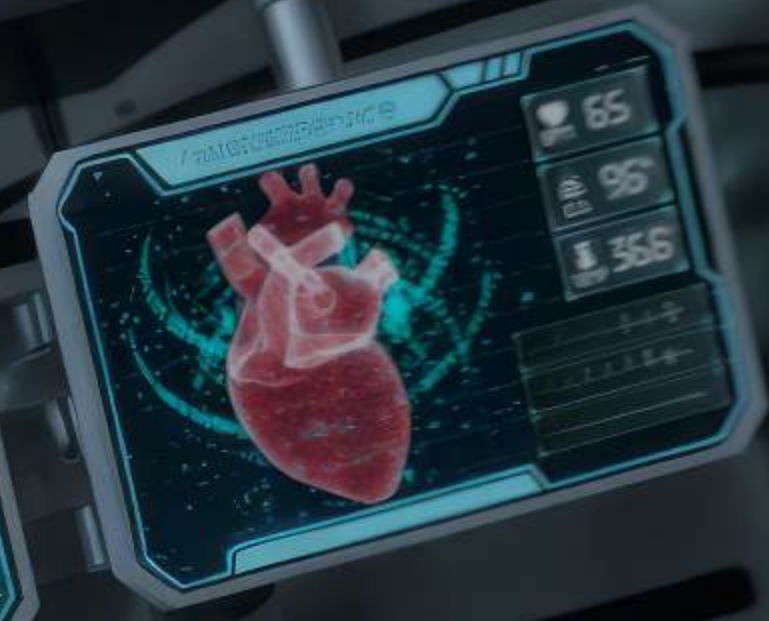
1  
I'M SO FUCKING PROUD OF YOU,  
I'M SORRY FOR DOUBTING YOU... I THOUGHT  
MY ASS WAS DONE FOR A SECOND

2  
THIS IS AMAZING... THIS IS ACTUALLY FUCKING  
AMAZING! NOW I CAN CONTROL THE PARASITES!



1  
I MISSED HAVING YOU AT THIS HEIGHT...  
SEX WAS SO MUCH EASIER... AND BETTER...

2  
ME TOO... NOW YOU'D ACTUALLY FIT ME... HAHahaha



2

I THINK SO, YES... BUT IT'LL DEPEND ON HOW MUCH GIANTIN-X RESERVE I HAVE BLOCKED UP IN MY BODY. WANT TO SEE ME GIVE IT A TRY?

1

SO, NOW YOU CAN GROW ON DEMAND?

3

S-SURE... JUST BE CAREFUL, PLEASE

I JUST HAVE TO CHANNEL IT IN MY BRAIN...  
I NEED TO THINK ABOUT IT...

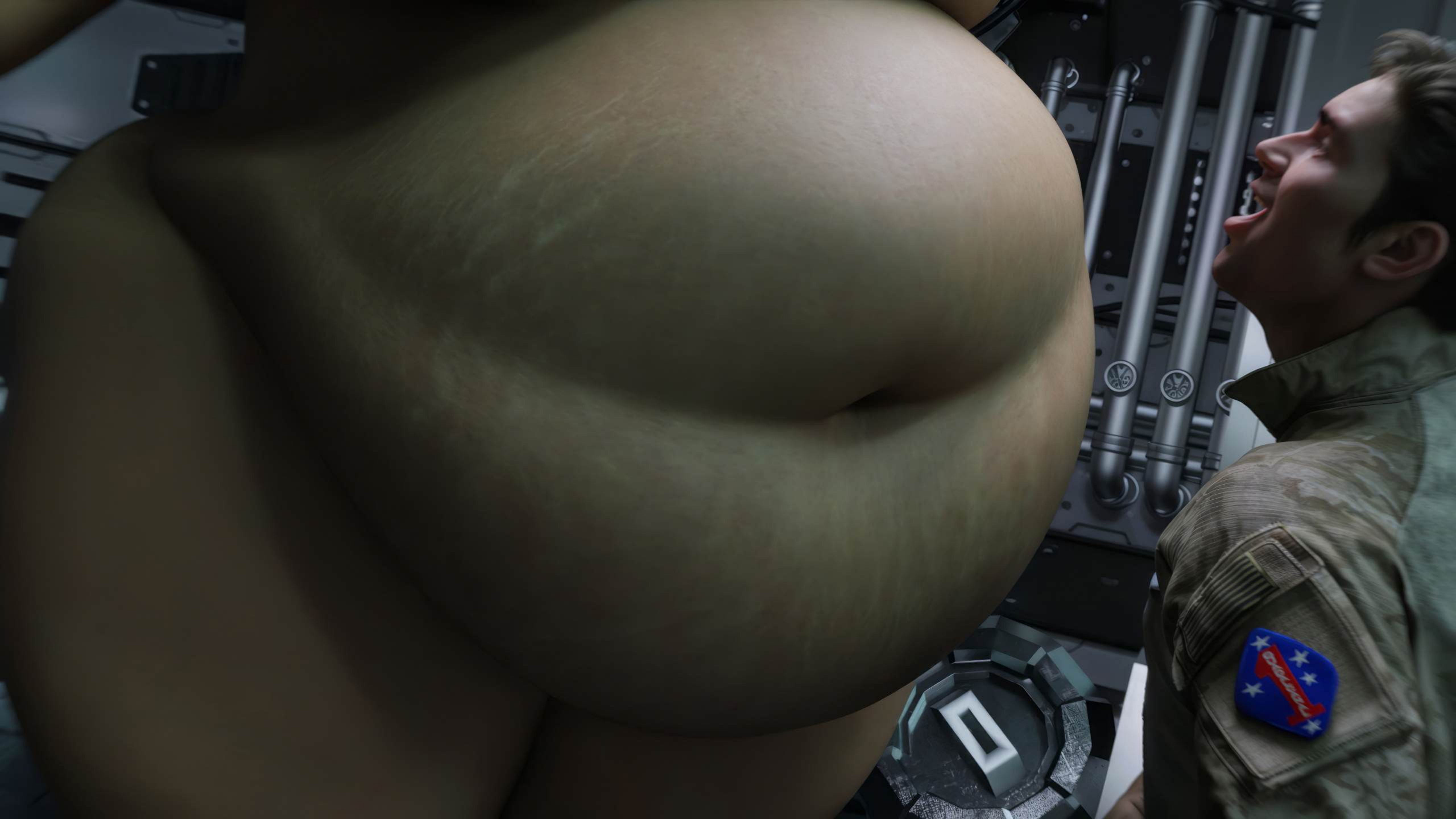






OH MY GOD!











1  
I CAN'T SEEM TO GROW ANY BIGGER...  
THE RESERVED QUANTITY WAS FULLY CONSUMED...

2  
HOW DO YOU REFILL THE STOCK?



**1**  
BY EATING! THE MORE I EAT, THE MORE  
GIANTIN-X THE PARASITES WILL PRODUCE IN  
ORDER TO DIGEST THE FOOD AND CREATE NEW  
CELLS.

IF I BLOCK IT JUST BEFORE A GROWTH  
SPURT HITS, I'D MAXIMIZE THE RESERVE AND  
AVOID WASTING IT ON A GROWTH SPURT THAT  
WOULD END UP BEING REVERSED IF THE SUPPLY  
IS CUT-OFF MID-GROWTH...

**3**  
EXACTLY

**5**  
OH YEAH, ABSOLUTELY

**2**  
KINDA LIKE WHAT HAPPENED NOW, BASICALLY?

**4**  
YOU'RE PRACTICALLY FUCKING UNSTOPPABLE NOW,  
YOU KNOW THAT?

1  
NOW, THERE'S SOMETHING I'M GONNA NEED YOU TO DO FOR ME

2  
ANYTHING, BOSS

3  
TO REFILL MY STOCK, I HAVE A VERY SPECIAL TREAT IN MIND...  
IT'S SOMEONE WHO I SHOULD'VE FUCKING ELIMINATED A LONG TIME  
AGO...

4  
UUUUH... YOU'RE NOT THINKING ABOUT  
THE GENERAL, ARE YOU?

5  
AS A MATTER OF FACT, I AM. HE HAD IT COMING FOR A LONG  
TIME, AND NOW THAT I'M IN CONTROL OF THIS, I WANT TO SEE  
THE LOOK ON HIS FACE ONE LAST TIME BEFORE VORING HIM..

6  
M-MEGAN... ARE YOU SURE? PEOPLE ARE GONNA  
ASK QUESTIONS! PLUS, THIS ISN'T L-LIKE YOU AT A--

7  
YOU SAID YOU'D DO ANYTHING FOR ME, ARE YOU GETTING  
COLD FEET NOW, MICHAEL? DID I MAKE A MISTAKE WHEN I  
PROMOTED YOU, OR ARE YOU HAVING TROUBLE HEARING ME  
DOWN THERE?

8  
NO-NO... I HEAR YOU LOUD AND CLEAR... CONSIDER IT DONE.  
I'LL MAKE SURE IT HAPPENS SMOOTHLY

9  
GOOD BOY, NOW WOULD YOU BE A SWEETHEART AND GET THE  
SHOWER READY FOR ME? I COULD REALLY USE ONE

10  
OF COURSE HONEY, I'LL GET RIGHT ON IT



**GOSH, WHAT A NIGHT**

**A COUPLE OF HOURS HAD PASSED SINCE THE CHAOTIC EATING CONTEST ABOARD THE EMERALD VOYAGER CAME TO AN END. THE SHIP HAD SETTLED INTO A CALM RHYTHM—SOME PASSENGERS HAD RETURNED TO THEIR CABINS FOR THE NIGHT, WHILE OTHERS LINGERED IN THE LOUNGE, ENJOYING A FEW LATE-NIGHT DRINKS. AMONG THEM WERE SEVERAL OF THE CONTEST PARTICIPANTS, THEIR STOMACHS STILL BLOATED FROM THE FEAST. THEY SAT AROUND THE BAR, CHATTING AND LAUGHING AS THEY TRIED TO WASH DOWN THE MASSIVE AMOUNTS OF FOOD THEY'D CONSUMED WITH COLD BEERS AND COCKTAILS, HOPING THE DRINKS WOULD EASE THE HEAVINESS THAT LINGERED IN THEIR OVERFED BELLIES.**

**2**  
DRINK SOME MINT TEA, IT'S GOOD  
FOR DIGESTION. I'M HAVING SOME  
RIGHT NOW AND IT REALLY SOOTHES  
THE BELLY

**1**  
MY STOMACH STILL HURTS... I CAN  
BARELY BREATHE... I KNOW I'M GONNA  
BE LIKE 20 LBS HEAVIER BY TOMORROW





2

SHE'S SLEEPING, I SAW HER IN THE CABIN BEHIND THE BAR COUNTER EARLIER, WANNA GO CHECK IT OUT?

1

I WONDER WHAT THAT FAT BITCH IS DOING, SHE LOOKED THE MOST FUCKED UP OUT OF ALL OF US, HAHHA

3

IT WOULD CERTAINLY MAKE ME FEEL BETTER ABOUT MYSELF AND THIS BIG BUMP THAT I HAVE...

**1**  
**OH MY GOODNESS... THIS**  
**IS ACTUALLY CRAZY**

**3**  
**WOW, NO WONDER SHE'S SLEEPING,**  
**HER BODY'S IN SHOCK FROM WHAT**  
**JUST HAPPENED...**

**2**  
**I KNOW RIGHT, SHE LOOKS LIKE**  
**SHE'S READY TO POP ANY SECOND**



**1**  
TAKE A PICTURE OF IT AND  
POST IT IN THE GROUP CHAT  
FOR SOME LAUGHS!

**2**  
I'LL TAKE A PICTURE BUT THERE IS  
NO RECEPTION IN HERE FOR SOME  
REASON, SO I'LL POST IT LATER





**1**  
HAHAHAHA, SHE LOOKS LIKE AN AIR  
BALLOON, LITERALLY

**2**  
SHHHH, KEEP YOUR VOICE DOWN,  
YOU'RE GONNA WAKE HER UP!



**1**  
**FUCK! I FORGOT TO TURN OFF**  
**THE FLASHLIGHT!**

**2**  
**UH-OH...**

**2**  
HAHAHAHA, I DON'T THINK  
SHE CAN HEAR US AT ALL...  
BITCH IS DEAD-ASLEEEEEEEP

**1**  
PHEW, THAT WAS A CLOSE ONE!



**1**  
ALRIGHT, COME ON,  
LET'S GO GET SOME DRINKS

**2**  
THE GROUP CHAT'S GONNA LOVE  
THIS... FINALLY SOMETHING INTERESTING  
TO TALK ABOUT





AS SOON AS THE TWO WOMEN, STILL SNICKERING, LEFT THE CABIN WHERE PAMI LAY SLEEPING, SOMETHING STRANGE BEGAN TO UNFOLD. UNBEKNOWNST TO THEM, PAMI'S BODY STIRRED, THOUGH SHE REMAINED SEEMINGLY UNCONSCIOUS.



HER GROTESQUELY SWOLLEN BELLY, PACKED WITH THE REMNANTS OF THE CONTEST, BEGAN TO SHRINK EVER SO SLIGHTLY, SIGNALING THE DIGESTION OF HER FEAST. BUT THIS WAS NO ORDINARY DIGESTION—IT WAS THE PARASITE INSIDE HER, USING THE LULL OF HER UNCONSCIOUSNESS TO SEIZE CONTROL.

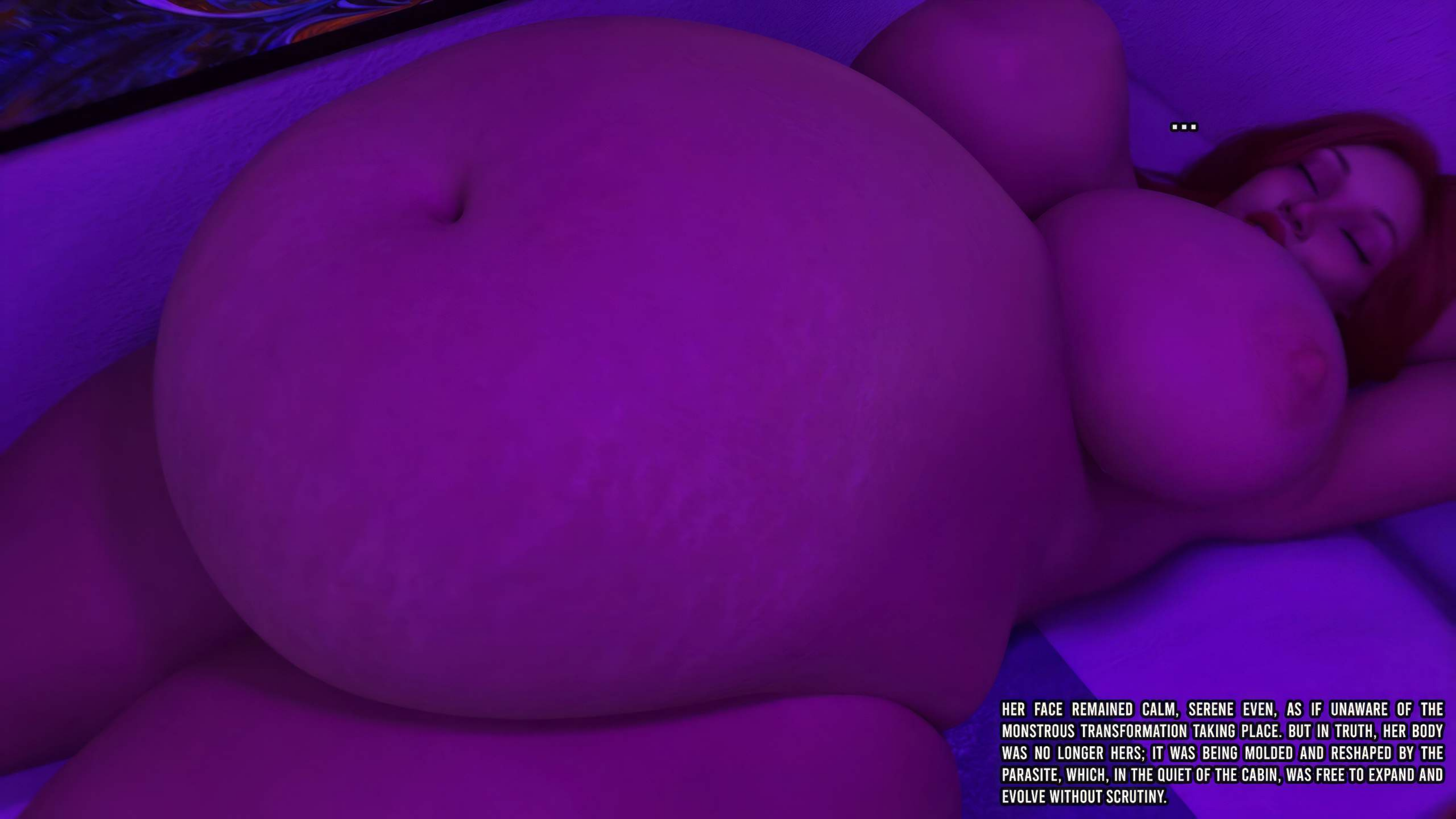


UNDER THE SURFACE, THE PARASITE HAD BEEN WAITING, BIDDING ITS TIME. WITH NO ONE AROUND TO OBSERVE, IT FINALLY TOOK ITS CHANCE, WORKING RAPIDLY TO ALTER AND RESHAPE PAMI'S BODY. HER BELLY RECEDED, BUT THE REST OF HER BEGAN TO EXPAND WITH ALARMING SPEED. HER ARMS THICKENED, HER THIGHS GREW HEAVIER, AND HER HIPS WIDENED, ALL BALLOONING WITH NEW MASS.



...

**THE PARASITE THRIVED IN SECRECY, FEEDING OFF THE VAST AMOUNTS OF FOOD SHE HAD CONSUMED, CONVERTING IT INTO RAW MATERIAL FOR ITS OWN GROTESQUE DESIGNS. AS PAMI LAY STILL, HER CHEST SWELLED, HER LEGS STRETCHED WIDER, AND HER BODY FILLED THE BED WITH ITS GROWING BULK.**



HER FACE REMAINED CALM, SERENE EVEN, AS IF UNAWARE OF THE MONSTROUS TRANSFORMATION TAKING PLACE. BUT IN TRUTH, HER BODY WAS NO LONGER HERS; IT WAS BEING MOLDED AND RESHAPED BY THE PARASITE, WHICH, IN THE QUIET OF THE CABIN, WAS FREE TO EXPAND AND EVOLVE WITHOUT SCRUTINY.



MEANWHILE, GLENN WAS SITTING AT THE BAR, WAITING FOR HIS DRINK, COMPLETELY UNAWARE OF THE STRANGE EVENTS UNFOLDING JUST A FEW FEET AWAY. WITHOUT HIS PHONE—THANKS TO PAMI HURLING IT INTO THE SEA AFTER THEIR HEATED ARGUMENT—HE HAD BEEN CUT OFF FROM THE WORLD, LEFT WITH NOTHING BUT HIS OWN THOUGHTS AND THE DISTANT HUM OF LATE-NIGHT CONVERSATIONS AROUND HIM. HE LEANED BACK IN HIS SEAT, TAKING A SLOW SIP OF HIS DRINK, OBLIVIOUS TO THE FACT THAT HIS EX-GIRLFRIEND WAS MERE STEPS AWAY, UNDERGOING A TERRIFYING TRANSFORMATION THAT WOULD SOON MAKE HER UNRECOGNIZABLE.

**2**  
**ONE BLUE LAGOON SHOT, PLEASE**

**1**  
**WOULD YOU LIKE ANYTHING ELSE,  
SWEETHEART?**

**ACROSS THE BAR, A STRIKING WOMAN WITH SHORT BLONDE HAIR STOOD WAITING FOR HER DRINK, HER ATTENTION SUBTLY DRIFTING TOWARD GLENN. HER SLEEK, FITTED GREY DRESS CLUNG PERFECTLY TO HER SLIM, TONED FRAME, ACCENTUATING EVERY CURVE AS SHE LEANED AGAINST THE COUNTER. HER EYES, SHARP AND CURIOUS, OCCASIONALLY FLICKED IN HIS DIRECTION, THOUGH SHE MAINTAINED AN AIR OF CASUAL INDIFFERENCE, PRETENDING TO BE MORE INTERESTED IN THE BARTENDER PREPARING HER ORDER.**

**2**  
**I'LL TAKE THAT AS A COMPLIMENT**

**1**  
**LOOKS LIKE YOU HAVEN'T SLEPT IN DAYS**

**3**  
**IT'S NOT, BUT SURE**

**GLENN, STILL LOST IN THOUGHT, EVENTUALLY CAUGHT THE MOVEMENT OUT OF THE CORNER OF HIS EYE. WHEN HE GLANCED OVER, HE NOTICED HER—THOSE PIERCING EYES STUDYING HIM WITH A FAINT, TEASING SMILE TUGGING AT HER LIPS. HER CONFIDENCE WAS UNDENIABLE, BUT HER APPROACH WAS PATIENT, LIKE SHE WAS WAITING FOR HIM TO MAKE THE FIRST MOVE. FOR A MOMENT, THE TENSION FROM EARLIER IN THE EVENING SEEMED TO SLIP AWAY, AND GLENN FOUND HIMSELF INTRIGUED BY THE EFFORTLESS ALLURE OF THIS BLONDE STRANGER.**

**2**  
FEELS LIKE FOREVER, BUT,  
GOOD THINGS TAKE TIME, RIGHT?

**5**  
HAHAHA, YEAH, MIGHT NEED TO  
GIVE THEM A LITTLE MOTIVATION.

**4**  
I'M RIGHT HEEEEERE

**1**  
WAITING FOR A DRINK AS LONG AS I HAVE?

**3**  
THAT'S WHAT THEY SAY, THOUGH I THINK IT DEPENDS  
ON THE BARTENDER.

**6**  
MOTIVATION, HUH? YOU SEEM LIKE THE TYPE  
WHO KNOWS HOW TO GET WHAT SHE WANTS.

**1**  
**BLUE LAGOON FOR THE LADY, ENJOY**

**2**  
**THANKS. FINALLY... THOUGHT I WAS GOING TO  
BE STUCK HERE ALL NIGHT.**

**3**  
**SO, WHAT'S YOUR NAME, GORGEOUS?**

**4**  
**IT'S CLAIRE. AND YOU?**

**5**  
**GLENN. NICE TO MEET YOU, CLAIRE.**



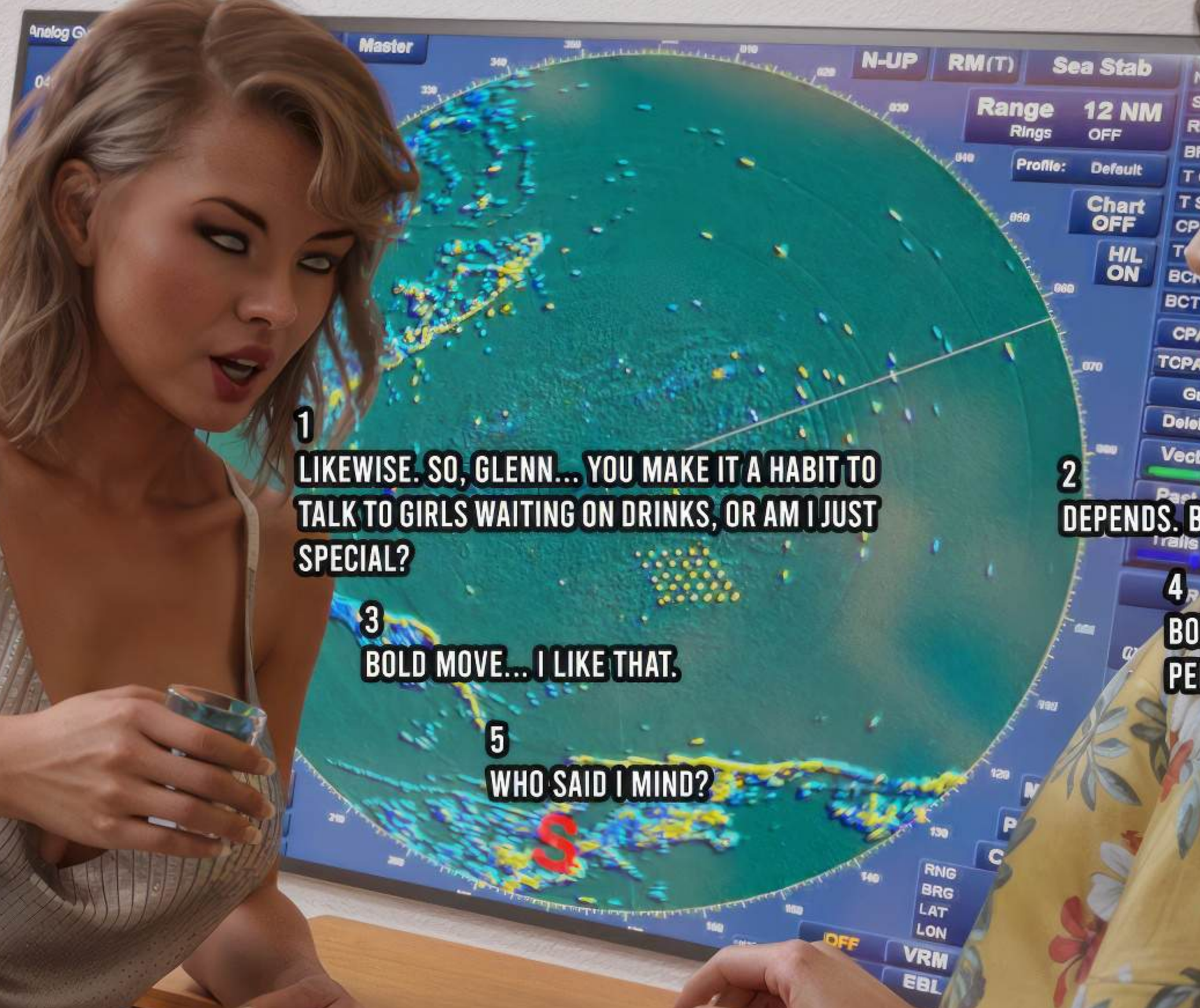
**SHE'S SO FAT, HER BELLY BUTTON  
ARRIVES HOME AN HOUR BEFORE  
SHE DOES! HAHAHAHA**



**1  
LIKewise. SO, GLENN... YOU MAKE IT A HABIT TO  
TALK TO GIRLS WAITING ON DRINKS, OR AM I JUST  
SPECIAL?**

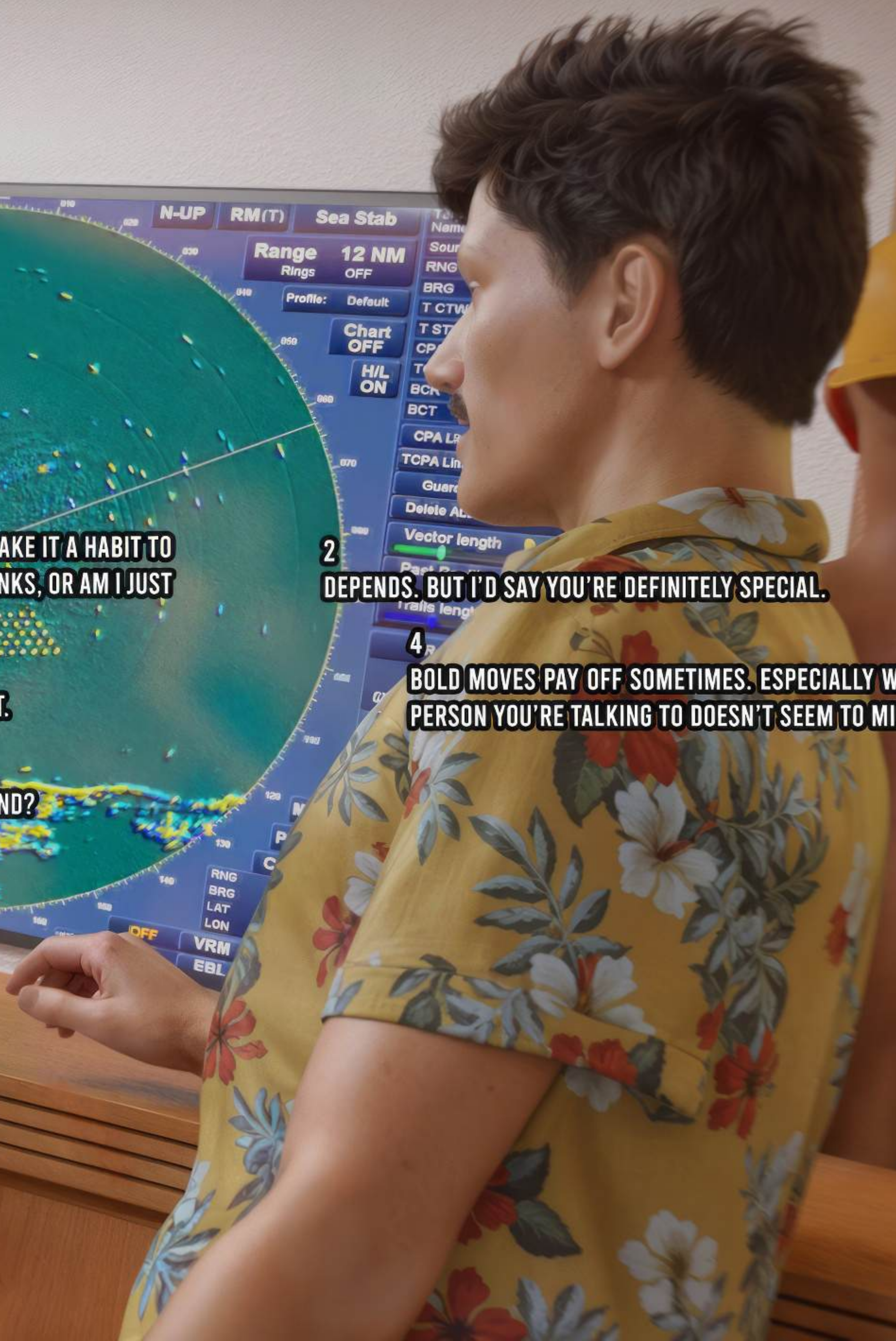
**3  
BOLD MOVE... I LIKE THAT.**

**5  
WHO SAID I MIND?**



**2  
DEPENDS. BUT I'D SAY YOU'RE DEFINITELY SPECIAL.**

**4  
BOLD MOVES PAY OFF SOMETIMES. ESPECIALLY WHEN THE  
PERSON YOU'RE TALKING TO DOESN'T SEEM TO MIND.**





2  
A MOVIE, HUH? IS THAT WHAT WE'RE CALLING IT?

4  
ON ONE CONDITION, WE GET A BOTTLE TO  
TAKE WITH

1  
I WAS THINKING... MAYBE WE COULD HEAD BACK TO MY CABIN.  
WATCH A MOVIE OR SOMETHING.

3  
WELL, DEPENDS ON WHAT YOU'RE IN THE MOOD FOR.

5  
YOU'RE THE PARTYING TYPE, I LIKE THAT

SO WHAT DO YOU FEEL LIKE DRINKING, BABE?





HUH?!

AS THE TWO WOMEN EXITED THE ROOM, STILL GIGGLING AND MAKING JOKES AT PAMI'S EXPENSE, ONE OF THEM WAS SNATCHED BY A MASSIVE HAND EMERGING FROM THE SHADOWS—SWIFT AND BRUTAL. THE OTHER WOMAN, OBLIVIOUS AT FIRST, CONTINUED WALKING UNTIL SHE REALIZED HER FRIEND WAS NO LONGER BEHIND HER. TURNING AROUND, HER LAUGHTER DIED IN HER THROAT AS ALL SHE SAW WAS THE PHONE LYING ON THE GROUND, ITS SCREEN STILL GLOWING FAINTLY. THERE WAS NO SIGN OF HER FRIEND—NO SCREAM, NO STRUGGLE—JUST AN EERIE SILENCE THAT FILLED THE AIR, LEAVING HER FROZEN IN TERROR.



WHAT THE...



**HEART POUNDING, SHE TOOK A SHAKY STEP TOWARD THE ROOM, HER EYES DARTING NERVOUSLY TO THE SHADOWS. SHE HESITATED AT THE DOORWAY, DREAD COILING IN HER STOMACH. SHE STEPPED INSIDE, HER BREATH CATCHING IN HER THROAT. HER EYES WIDENED IN HORROR AT THE SIGHT BEFORE HER, AND SHE STAGGERED BACK, TOO TERRIFIED TO SCREAM. WHATEVER WAS IN FRONT OF HER WAS BEYOND COMPREHENSION, SOMETHING SHE HAD NEVER IMAGINED COULD HAPPEN.**

IT WAS PAMI, HUNGRILY GOBBLING DOWN HER FRIEND, THE VOLUPTUOUS REDHEAD'S MIDRIFF STRETCHED OBSCENELY, HER TAUT SKIN MOLDING AROUND THE SQUIRMING, LARDY BODY AS IT DISAPPEARED INTO HER GAPING MAW.

\*HEAVY BREATHING\*















4  
ARE YOU OKAY?

1  
AAAAAAAAAAAAARGHHHHHHH!!!

3  
WHAT IS GOING ON?

2  
WHAT THE FUCK?






**BEFORE SHE COULD EVEN GATHER THE STRENGTH TO ALERT THE OTHERS, THE WALLS AROUND HER SUDDENLY BUCKLED WITH A DEAFENING CRACK. PAMI'S MASSIVE, GROWING BODY BURST THROUGH THE STRUCTURE, TEARING THROUGH THE WALLS LIKE AN EXPLOSION. WOOD SPLINTERED AND METAL TWISTED AS THE ROOM WAS OBLITERATED IN AN INSTANT. THE FORCE SENT EVERYONE FLYING BACKWARD, ALONG WITH DEBRIS AND SHATTERED FURNITURE, AS IF A BOMB HAD DETONATED IN THE HEART OF THE SHIP.**



ALARMS BLARED IN THE DISTANCE, BUT IT WAS TOO LATE—CHAOS HAD ALREADY DESCENDED, AND PAMI'S GROTESQUE, EXPANDING FORM WAS AT THE CENTER OF IT ALL.



AND YET, IT WAS CLEAR THAT PAMI'S GROWTH SPURT HAD ONLY JUST BEGUN. HER ENORMOUS, SWELLING BODY CONTINUED TO EXPAND UNCONTROLLABLY, PUSHING FURTHER THROUGH THE WRECKAGE, HER SIZE DOUBLING WITH EACH PASSING SECOND. THE GROANING METAL AND SHATTERED WALLS WERE NOTHING COMPARED TO THE SHEER FORCE OF HER RAPIDLY GROWING FORM. HER LIMBS STRETCHED OUTWARD, CONSUMING MORE SPACE, WHILE THE SHIP'S STRUCTURE CREAKED AND SHUDDERED UNDER THE PRESSURE. WHAT HAD JUST SEEMED LIKE AN EXPLOSION WAS ONLY THE BEGINNING—PAMI'S TRANSFORMATION WAS FAR FROM OVER, AND THERE WAS NO TELLING HOW MUCH LARGER SHE WOULD BECOME.

A cinematic scene showing a giant woman with a massive, protruding belly walking across the deck of a ship. The woman's body is the central focus, with her enormous belly jutting out prominently. She is walking towards the right side of the frame. In the background, a crowd of people is scattered across the deck, some running and some lying on the ground, suggesting a state of panic. The sky is a vibrant orange and red, indicating a sunset or sunrise. On the left side, there are colorful lights (green, red, blue) and a white spherical object. The overall atmosphere is one of chaos and terror.

**PANIC ERUPTED AS THE CROWD SCATTERED IN ALL DIRECTIONS, SCREAMING AND SHOVING AS THEY RAN FOR THEIR LIVES. PAMI NOW TOWERED OVER THEM LIKE AN UNSTOPPABLE FORCE, HER MASSIVE FORM CASTING A SHADOW OVER THE ENTIRE DECK. HER GIGANTIC BELLY JUTTED OUT IN FRONT OF HER, GROTESQUE AND OVERWHELMING, AS IT GURGLLED OMINOUSLY WITH EACH STEP SHE TOOK. HER ARMS SWUNG LOW, AND WITH A SINGLE SWIPE, SHE GRABBED A FLEEING PASSENGER, FITTING THEM ENTIRELY INSIDE HER ENORMOUS PALM, AS IF THEY WERE NOTHING MORE THAN A TOY.**

**BUAAAAARGHP**

**GET THE FUCK OUT MY WAY FATASS!**

**RUN FOR YOUR LIVES! RUN!**

**OH GOD, HELP US!**

**HER MONSTROUS BELCHES ECHOED ACROSS THE SHIP, EACH ONE LOUDER AND MORE HORRIFYING THAN THE LAST, A SIGNAL THAT HER HUNGER—HER INSATIABLE, TERRIFYING HUNGER—WAS FAR FROM SATISFIED. SHE LOOKED DOWN AT THE CHAOS BENEATH HER WITH A TWISTED, RAVENOUS EXPRESSION, READY FOR MORE.**

H-HOW... HOW IS T-THIS EVEN P-POSSIBLE?



1  
WELL, WELL... LOOK WHO IT IS... YOU WERE SO... FUNNY  
BEFORE, WEREN'T YOU?

3  
DIDN'T MEAN IT? YOU WERE LAUGHING... SO MUCH... SO MUCH  
FOOD... BUT LOOK AT YOU NOW. TINY. HELPLESS.

5  
JOKES...

2  
L-LET ME GO! I-I DIDN'T MEAN IT... PLEASE!

4  
PLEASE! I DIDN'T MEAN ANY HARM, IT WAS JUST JOKES!



1  
WHAT ABOUT NOW? STILL FUNNY? YOU'RE JUST A... LITTLE SNACK NOW

2  
AAAAARGH! \*MUFFLED\*



WITH A WANTON MOAN OF DELIGHT, PAMI EAGERLY SWALLOWS HER NEW MORSEL, SHOVING THE HEFTY WOMAN FACE-FIRST INTO HER OPEN MOUTH. THE WOMAN'S AMPLE REAR END JIGGLES ENTICINGLY AS SHE DISAPPEARS INCH BY INCH BETWEEN THOSE LUSH LIPS.

MIDWAY THROUGH THE SENSUAL INVASION, ONLY THE CURVACEOUS WOMAN'S PUDGY THIGHS STILL DANGLE TANTALIZINGLY FROM PAMI'S STRETCHED MAW. HER PLUMP ASS AND HEAVY HIPS HAVE ALREADY SLID INSIDE, WHILE HER BREASTS STRAIN AGAINST THE SOFT PALATE OF PAMI'S MOUTH AS SHE SWALLOWS MORE AND MORE.





WITH A FINAL GULP, PAMMY DEVOURS THE LAST FEW INCHES OF THE WOMAN, HER JAW CLOSING WITH A LEWD SMACK TO SEAL IN THE DELECTABLE PRIZE. THE BULLY'S FAT LEGS VANISHED, LEAVING BEHIND A NOTICEABLY LARGE BULGE, GROWING IN PAMI'S BELLY AS THE MASSES SETTLE DEEP WITHIN HER, FINDING A PLACE ALONGSIDE ALL THE OTHER INDULGENT SNACKS SHE'S ALREADY DEVoured.

2  
GLENN! H-HELP ME! \*COUGH\*  
THESE FUCKERS ARE STEPPING ON ME!

1  
OH MY FUCKING GOD... PAMI... WHAT H-HAPPENED TO YOU?!

MMMMMMMM....

\*GURGLES\*

2  
UUUH...CLAIRE, RIGHT? C-CAN YOU  
RUN?

1  
W-WHAT THE H-HELL IS GOING ON?  
IT... \*COUGHING\* IT ALL H-HAPPENED  
SO F-FAST...



OHHHHH FUCK... SO GOOD....

\*LOUDER GURGLING\*

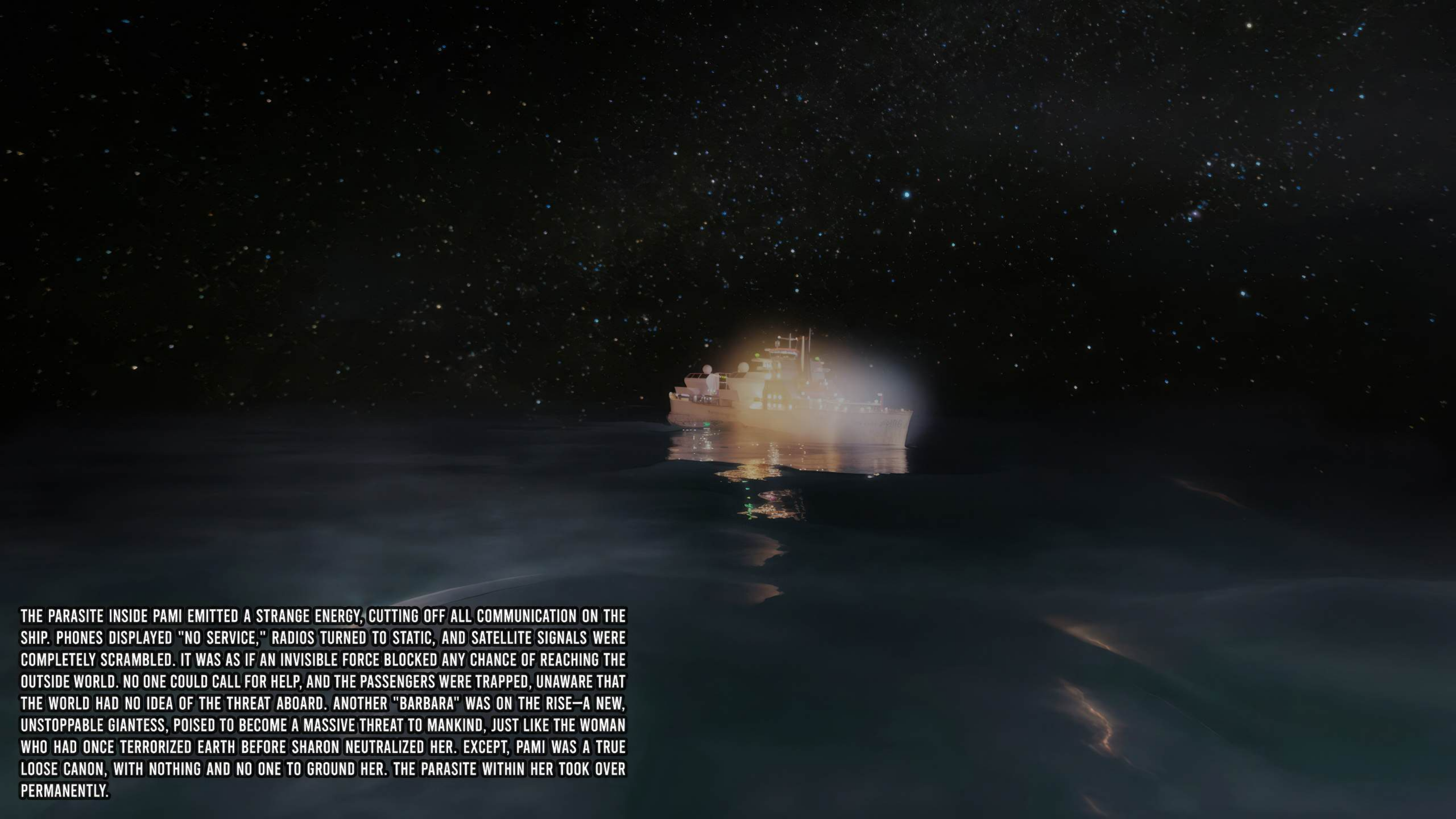
2  
OH MY GOD... W-WE NEED TO GET THE  
FUCK OUT OF HERE!

1  
I-I CAN TRY... I THINK MY LEG'S BROKEN...

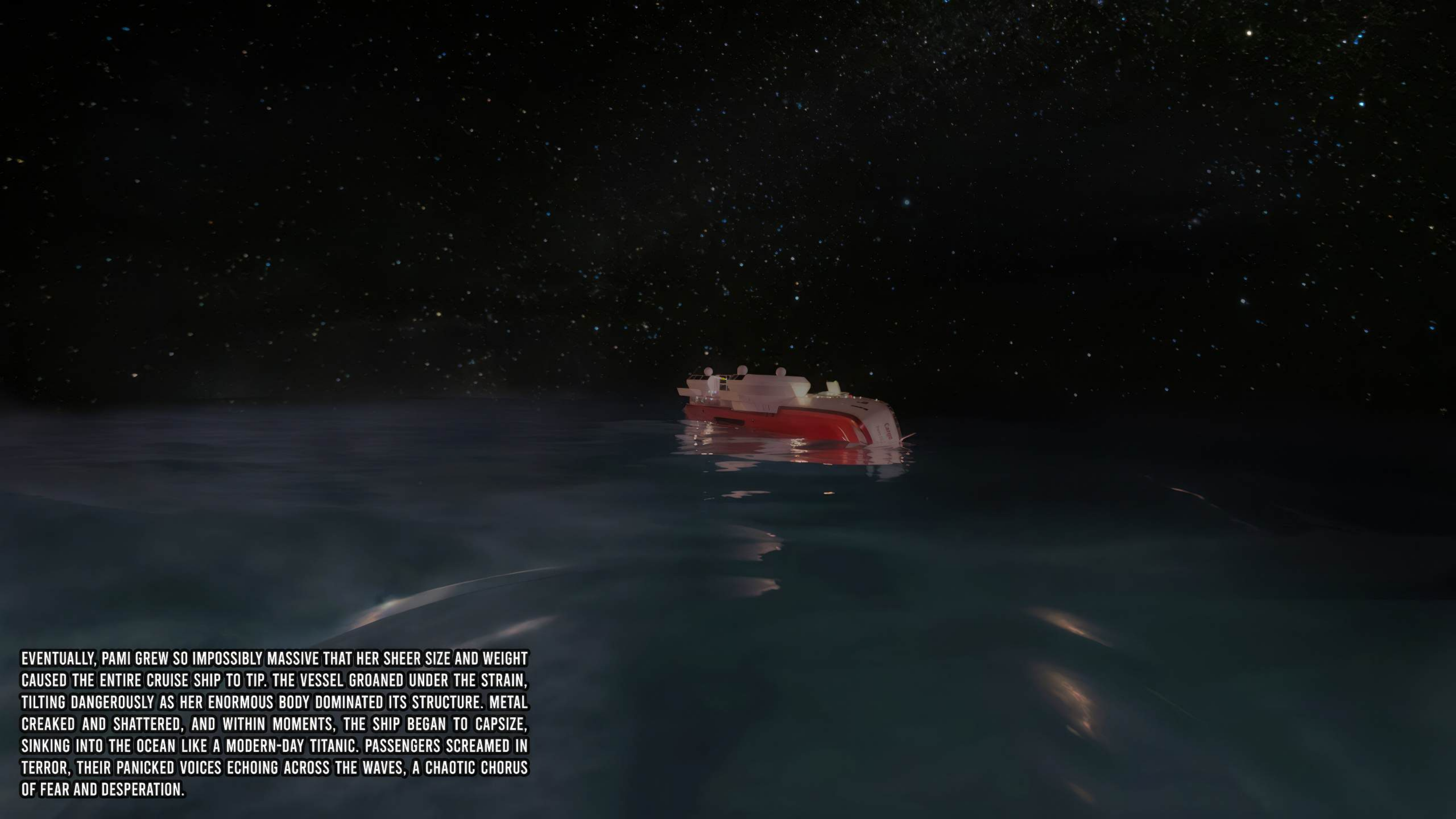
MMMMMMM.. MORE.... PLEASE MORE...

1  
SHE'S FUCKING GROWING! WE NEED TO  
GET THE FUCK OUT OF HERE BEFORE SHE  
FLIPS THE SHIP!

2  
OH GOD! OH MY GOD THIS  
IS A FUCKING NIGHTMARE!



THE PARASITE INSIDE PAMI EMITTED A STRANGE ENERGY, CUTTING OFF ALL COMMUNICATION ON THE SHIP. PHONES DISPLAYED "NO SERVICE," RADIOS TURNED TO STATIC, AND SATELLITE SIGNALS WERE COMPLETELY SCRAMBLED. IT WAS AS IF AN INVISIBLE FORCE BLOCKED ANY CHANCE OF REACHING THE OUTSIDE WORLD. NO ONE COULD CALL FOR HELP, AND THE PASSENGERS WERE TRAPPED, UNAWARE THAT THE WORLD HAD NO IDEA OF THE THREAT ABOARD. ANOTHER "BARBARA" WAS ON THE RISE—A NEW, UNSTOPPABLE GIANTESS, POISED TO BECOME A MASSIVE THREAT TO MANKIND, JUST LIKE THE WOMAN WHO HAD ONCE TERRORIZED EARTH BEFORE SHARON NEUTRALIZED HER. EXCEPT, PAMI WAS A TRUE LOOSE CANON, WITH NOTHING AND NO ONE TO GROUND HER. THE PARASITE WITHIN HER TOOK OVER PERMANENTLY.



**EVENTUALLY, PAMI GREW SO IMPOSSIBLY MASSIVE THAT HER SHEER SIZE AND WEIGHT CAUSED THE ENTIRE CRUISE SHIP TO TIP. THE VESSEL GROANED UNDER THE STRAIN, TILTING DANGEROUSLY AS HER ENORMOUS BODY DOMINATED ITS STRUCTURE. METAL CREAKED AND SHATTERED, AND WITHIN MOMENTS, THE SHIP BEGAN TO CAPSIZE, SINKING INTO THE OCEAN LIKE A MODERN-DAY TITANIC. PASSENGERS SCREAMED IN TERROR, THEIR PANICKED VOICES ECHOING ACROSS THE WAVES, A CHAOTIC CHORUS OF FEAR AND DESPERATION.**

1  
HELLO, SIR, I HOPE THE TRIP  
WASN'T TOO BAD

3  
COLONEL IVANOV, I'VE BEEN PROMOTED

2  
HELLO SERGEANT IVANOV -

4  
RIGHT, COLONEL IVANOV, MY APOLOGIES

MEANWHILE, MICHAEL CALLED UPON THE EX-GENERAL TO COME TO THE LAB, READY TO HAND OVER HIS DECORATED BADGE.

1  
WHAT WILL I DO NOW? YOU DON'T EXPECT SOMEONE  
MY AGE TO BE DOWNGRADED TO A SERGEANT, RIGHT?

2  
OF COURSE NOT! HAND OVER THE BADGE FIRST, PLEASE.



1  
THANK YOU

2  
YOU DIDN'T ANSWER MY  
QUESTION



1  
YOU WON'T BE DOWNGRADED TO A SERGEANT. YOUR SERVICE FOR THIS COUNTRY IS SIGNIFICANT, OF COURSE WE WOULDN'T ALLOW SUCH THINGS TO HAPPEN.

2  
SO, WHAT'S NEXT FOR ME?

4  
I-I'M NOT SURE IF I'M COMFORTABLE MEETING UP WITH HER, GIVEN THAT SHE ALMOST KILLED ONE OF MY MEN LAST TIME I SAW HER

3  
THAT'S SOMETHING YOU'LL HAVE TO DISCUSS WITH OUR NEW GENERAL, DONOVAN, SHE'S WAITING FOR YOU INSIDE THE LAB.

6  
IS THAT A THREAT, COLONEL?

5  
TRUST ME, SIR, IF I WERE YOU, I'D DO EXACTLY AS I'M TOLD, ALRIGHT?

7  
NOT A THREAT, SIR, AN ADVICE

1  
ALRIGHT, LET'S SEE WHAT SHE WANTS  
THIS TIME... BE ON STANDBY IN CASE  
SHE GETS VIOLENT AGAIN

2  
EH, I'M SURE YOU'LL BE ALRIGHT, SIR





1  
TAKE CARE!

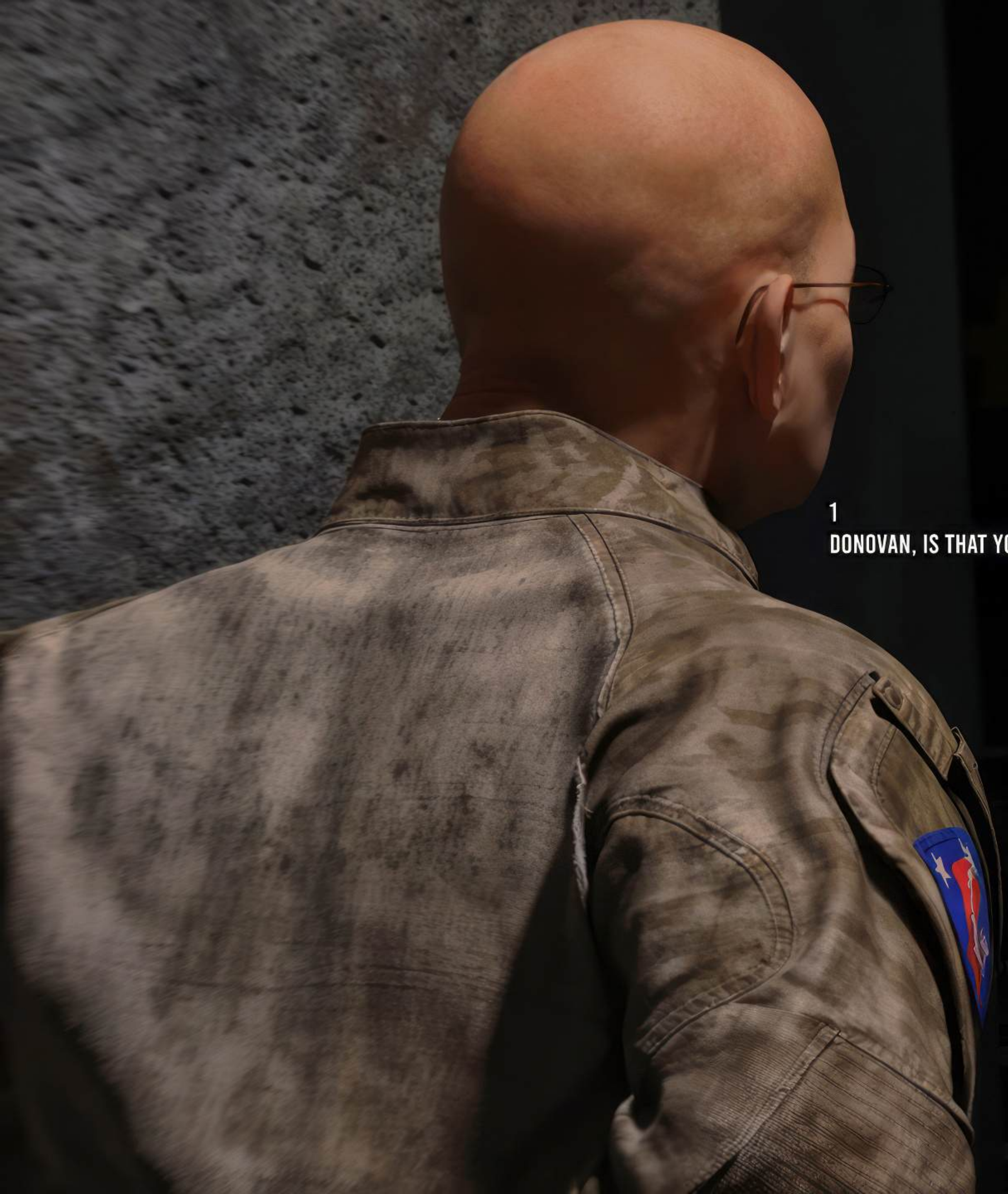
2  
WAIT, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!

\*DOOR CLOSING\*

A man with a shaved head and glasses, wearing a military-style jacket, stands in a dark, metallic environment. He has a confused expression. The background is a dark, textured wall with a vertical seam.

**WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON HERE?  
W-WHY IS IT SO DARK?**

**\*DOOR CLACKING\***



1  
DONOVAN, IS THAT YOU OVER THERE?

2  
HELLO, GENERAL

1  
H-HOLY MOTHER OF GOD.. H-HOW DID  
YOU? H-HOW DID-

2  
SHRINK? IT WORKED. YEARS OF STUDYING  
AND COUNTLESS HOURS IN THIS LAB, IT FINALLY  
PAYED OFF!





1  
Y-YOU CAN CONTROL IT NOW?!

3  
T-TO... TO DISCUSS WHAT'S NEXT FOR ME?

5  
R-RETIREMENT?

2  
OH YES, HOWEVER I WANT TO. DO  
YOU KNOW WHY YOU'RE HERE, GENERAL?

4  
THAT'S RIGHT! AND DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA  
WHAT'S NEXT FOR YOU?

1  
RETIREMENT... HAHAHAAAAHA...  
THAT'S ONE WAY TO LOOK AT IT, YOU'RE SOMEHOW RIGHT!

2   
SOMEHOW? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?



1  
YOU'LL DEFINITELY BE RETIRING! OR AT LEAST, THAT'S  
WHAT WE'LL TELL EVERYONE

2  
W-WHAT ARE YOU DOING? WHAT THE  
FUCK IS THIS?!

**1**  
I'VE BEEN WANTING TO DO THIS FOR SO LONG, YOU KNOW?  
THE WAY YOU'VE TREATED ME, ALL THESE YEARS, LIKE I'M SOME  
SORT OF SLAVE TO YOU

**2**  
DONOVAN, WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON?!  
WHY ARE YOU G-GROWING?!

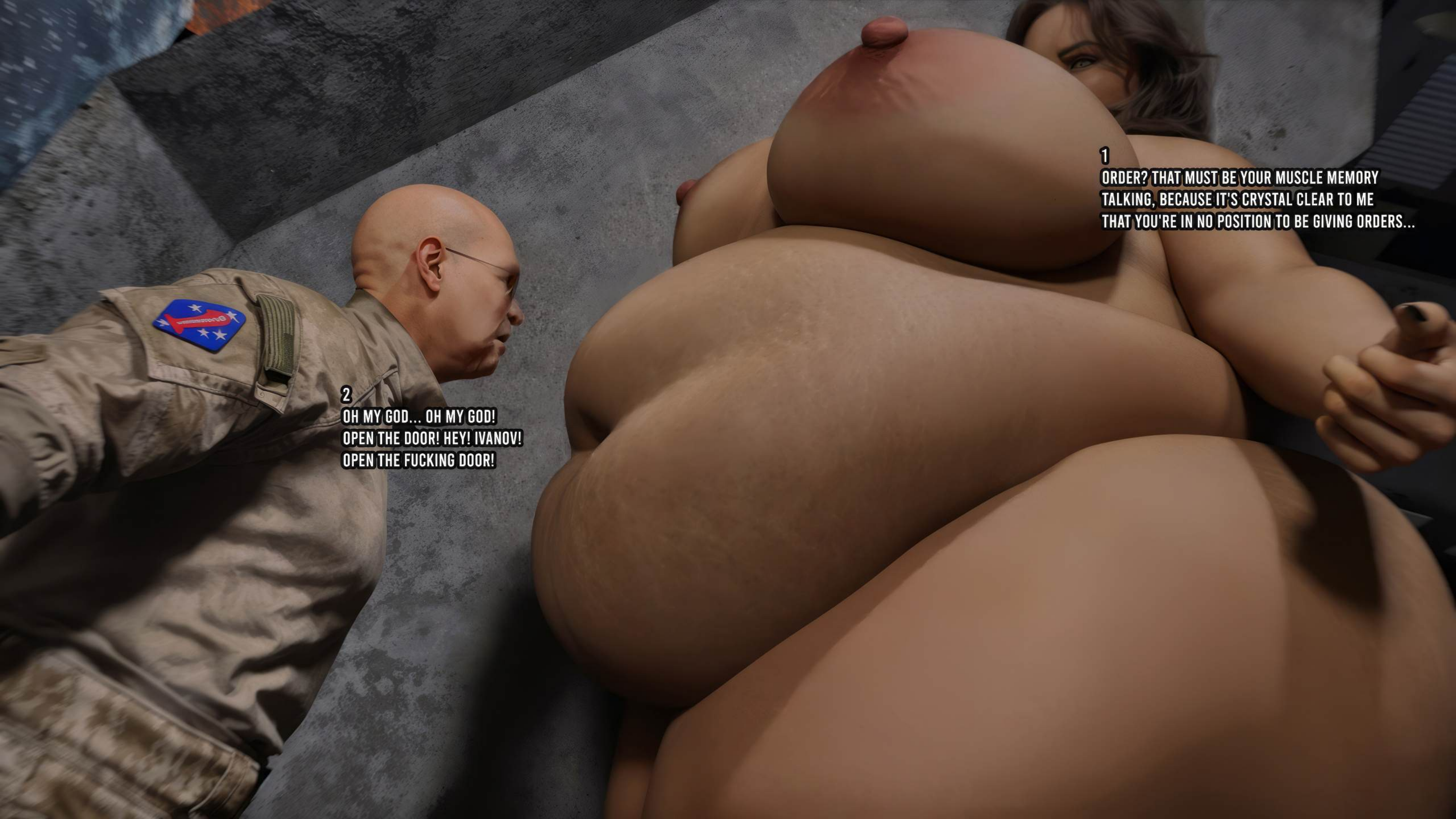
1  
IT'S TIME FOR PAYBACK, YOU OLD HAG

2  
P-PAYBACK?! W-WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?!



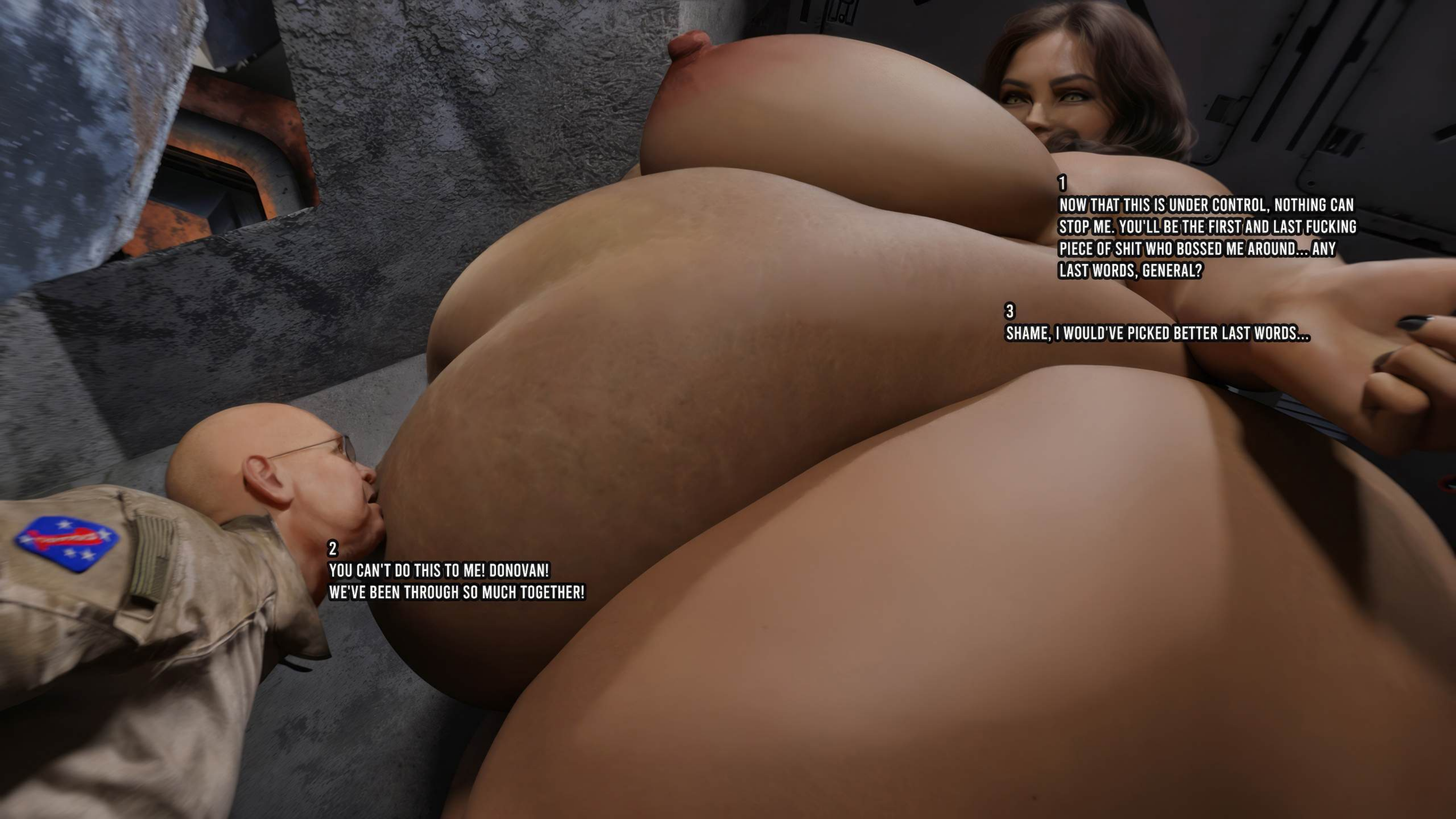
1  
I'M GONNA SWALLOW YOU WHOLE! I'M SURE  
A FAT OLD FUCK LIKE YOU WILL GENERATE  
PLENTY OF GIANTIN-X...

2  
NO... NO NO NO NO! STAY AWAY FROM ME!  
BACK OFF! I SAID BACK OFF! THAT'S AN ORDER!



**2**  
OH MY GOD... OH MY GOD!  
OPEN THE DOOR! HEY! IVANOV!  
OPEN THE FUCKING DOOR!

**1**  
ORDER? THAT MUST BE YOUR MUSCLE MEMORY  
TALKING, BECAUSE IT'S CRYSTAL CLEAR TO ME  
THAT YOU'RE IN NO POSITION TO BE GIVING ORDERS...



**2**  
YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME! DONOVAN!  
WE'VE BEEN THROUGH SO MUCH TOGETHER!

**1**  
NOW THAT THIS IS UNDER CONTROL, NOTHING CAN  
STOP ME. YOU'LL BE THE FIRST AND LAST FUCKING  
PIECE OF SHIT WHO BOSSED ME AROUND... ANY  
LAST WORDS, GENERAL?

**3**  
SHAME, I WOULD'VE PICKED BETTER LAST WORDS...

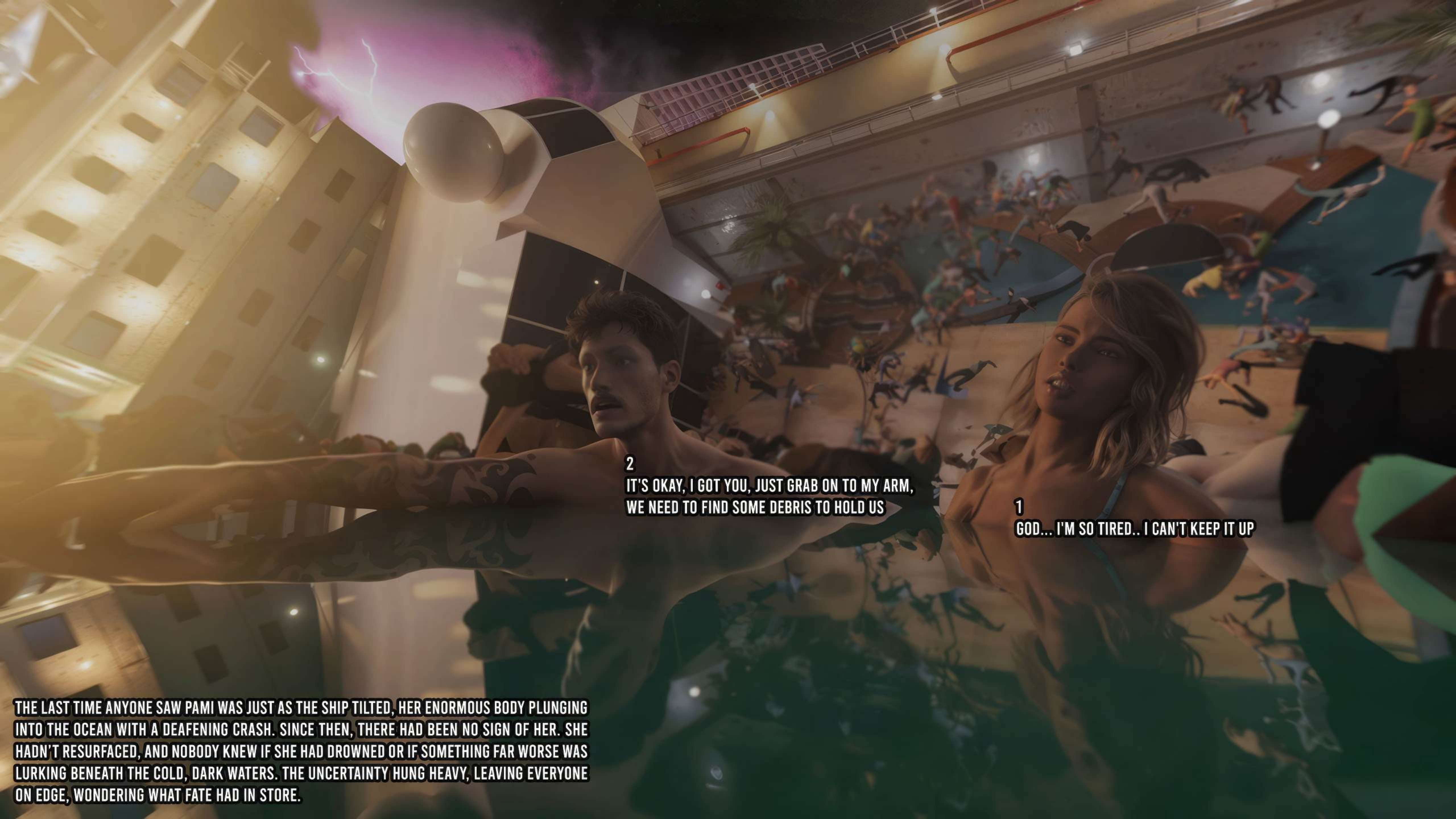
A man in a military uniform is blowing a whistle. He is wearing a tan camouflage jacket with an American flag patch on the sleeve and a blue patch with a red star. He is wearing tan gloves and has a red whistle in his mouth. The background is a metallic, industrial-looking environment with blue lights.

CAN'T SAY HE DIDN'T HAVE IT COMING...

NOOOO.. NN0000000! HELP MEEEEEE!  
SOMEBODY HEEEEEL- \*MUFFLED\*



**TWENTY MINUTES HAD PASSED SINCE THE SHIP TIPPED OVER, AND CHAOS STILL REIGNED. PEOPLE WERE TUMBLING FROM THEIR ROOMS INTO THE FREEZING WATER BELOW—SOME UNCONSCIOUS, SOME ALREADY DROWNED, WHILE OTHERS CLUNG DESPERATELY TO FLOATING DEBRIS, BATTLING THE ONSET OF HYPOTHERMIA AS THEY FOUGHT TO SURVIVE. THE ONCE-LUXURIOUS CRUISE SHIP HAD BECOME A WATERY GRAVEYARD.**



2

IT'S OKAY, I GOT YOU, JUST GRAB ON TO MY ARM,  
WE NEED TO FIND SOME DEBRIS TO HOLD US

1

GOD... I'M SO TIRED.. I CAN'T KEEP IT UP

THE LAST TIME ANYONE SAW PAMI WAS JUST AS THE SHIP TILTED, HER ENORMOUS BODY PLUNGING INTO THE OCEAN WITH A DEAFENING CRASH. SINCE THEN, THERE HAD BEEN NO SIGN OF HER. SHE HADN'T RESURFACED, AND NOBODY KNEW IF SHE HAD DROWNED OR IF SOMETHING FAR WORSE WAS LURKING BENEATH THE COLD, DARK WATERS. THE UNCERTAINTY HUNG HEAVY, LEAVING EVERYONE ON EDGE, WONDERING WHAT FATE HAD IN STORE.

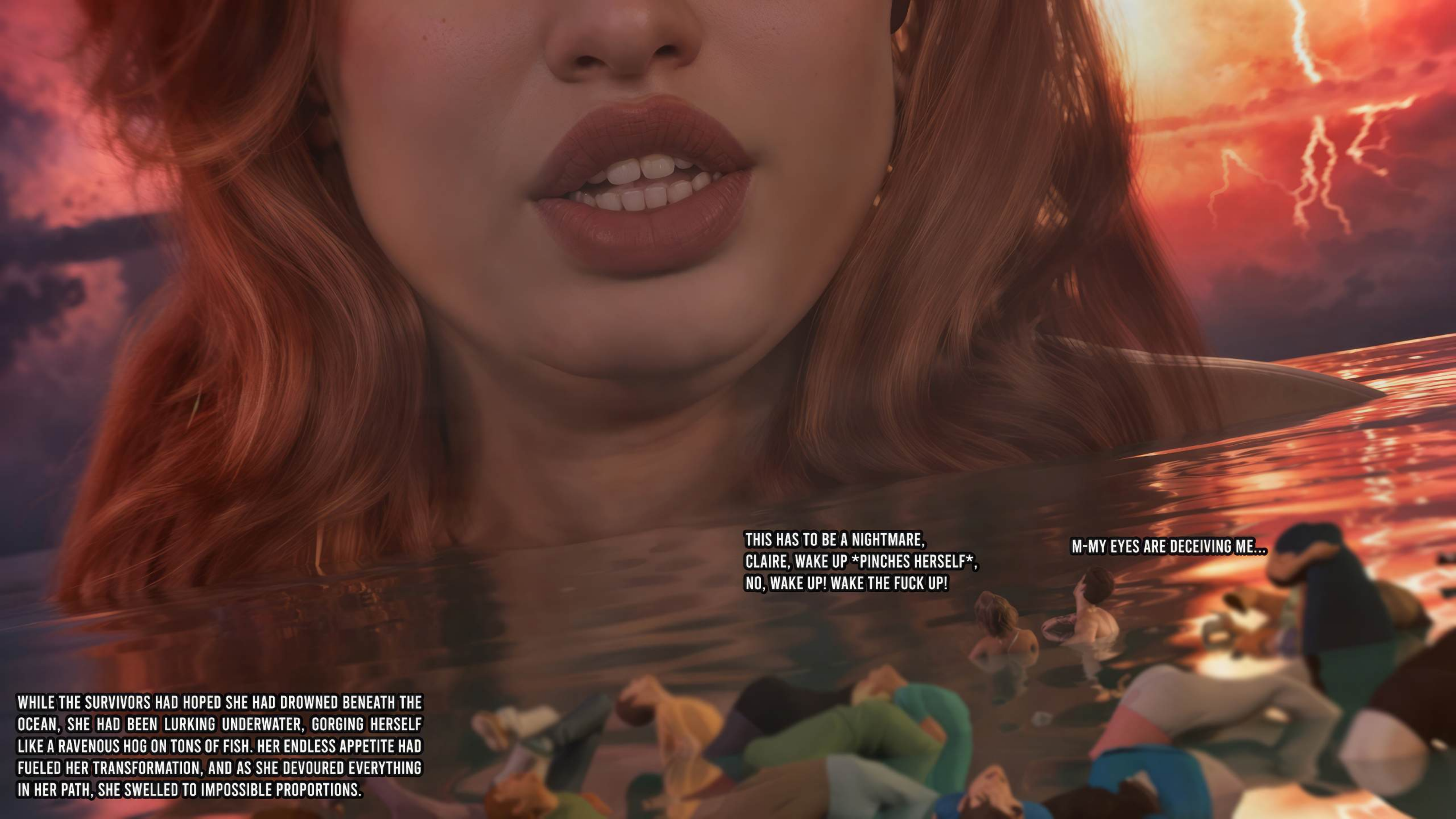


OH MY FUCKING GOD...

T-THAT C-CAN'T BE REAL...

WE'RE ALL DOOMED.. WE'RE ALL FUCKING DOOMED!  
THIS IS THE END!


ALL OF A SUDDEN, PAMI RESURFACED, HER ENORMOUS, WATER-DRENCHED HEAD SLOWLY EMERGING FROM THE DEPTHS LIKE SOME TITANIC BEAST. ONLY THE UPPER HALF OF HER FACE WAS VISIBLE, BUT EVEN THAT WAS ENOUGH TO STRIKE TERROR INTO THE HEARTS OF THOSE CLINGING TO LIFE IN THE ICY WATER. HER SIZE WAS BEYOND COMPREHENSION—SHE WAS NOW A TRUE GIANTESS. PEOPLE, ONCE MERE NUISANCES, WERE NOW SMALLER THAN HER PINKY TOES. HER NOSTRILS ALONE WERE LARGE ENOUGH TO INHALE EVERYONE AROUND HER AS IF THEY WERE NOTHING MORE THAN DUST.



THIS HAS TO BE A NIGHTMARE,  
CLAIRE, WAKE UP \*PINCHES HERSELF\*,  
NO, WAKE UP! WAKE THE FUCK UP!

M-MY EYES ARE DECEIVING ME...

WHILE THE SURVIVORS HAD HOPED SHE HAD DROWNED BENEATH THE OCEAN, SHE HAD BEEN LURKING UNDERWATER, GORGING HERSELF LIKE A RAVENOUS HOG ON TONS OF FISH. HER ENDLESS APPETITE HAD FUELED HER TRANSFORMATION, AND AS SHE DEVoured EVERYTHING IN HER PATH, SHE SWELLED TO IMPOSSIBLE PROPORTIONS.



NOW, SHE WAS NO LONGER JUST MASSIVE—SHE HAD BECOME A COLOSSAL, MEGA-GIANT GODDESS, TOWERING ABOVE THE OCEAN LIKE A NIGHTMARE MADE REAL, HER GROTESQUE HUNGER HAVING TURNED HER INTO AN UNSTOPPABLE FORCE.

FUCK... I'VE GOTTEN SO BIG... SO... FREAKING HUNGRY!

PAMI GAZED DOWN AT HERSELF, HER BODY NOW AN UNSTOPPABLE FORCE OF NATURE, RISING FROM THE WATER LIKE A GODDESS REBORN—A GROTESQUE FUSION OF RAW SIZE AND GLUTTONY. HER MASSIVE, BLOATED FORM DWARFED THE SINKING SHIP BENEATH HER, THE OCEAN BARELY ABLE TO CONTAIN HER ENORMOUS BULK. SHE WAS NO LONGER JUST A TOWERING FIGURE; SHE WAS A LIVING MOUNTAIN, MORE LIKE GODZILLA IN HER SCALE, BUT FAR SOFTER, ROUNDER—HER BODY SWOLLEN WITH EXCESSIVE FAT FROM THE PARASITE'S HUNGER. HER BELLY JUTTED OUT LIKE A MASSIVE, DISTENDED HILL, UNDULATING SLIGHTLY WITH EVERY MOVEMENT. HER LIMBS WERE THICK AND MASSIVE, HER ONCE-DEFINED ARMS AND LEGS NOW MORE LIKE THE LIMBS OF SOME IMPOSSIBLY LARGE, OVERFED BEAST. EVERY INCH OF HER SEEMED TO DRIP WITH INDULGENCE, A WALKING COLOSSUS THAT COULD FLATTEN ENTIRE CITIES BENEATH HER BELLY IF SHE CHOSE.

LOOK... AT THIS... BODY. SO... HUGE. EVERYTHING'S... SO TINY NOW... MMMM

HER VOICE, AS THUNDEROUS AS IT WAS INCOHERENT, REVERBERATED ACROSS THE WATER, SENDING RIPPLES THROUGHOUT THE OCEAN AS IF THE SEA ITSELF WAS TERRIFIED OF HER. SHE LIFTED HER GARGANTUAN HAND, NOW CAPABLE OF CRUSHING ENTIRE LIFEBOATS AND EVEN CHUNKS OF THE SHIP BENEATH ITS SHEER WEIGHT, THE FAT OF HER FINGERS PRESSING TOGETHER AS SHE FLEXED THEM. THE SIGHT OF HER HAND ALONE MADE THE FLEEING SURVIVORS LOOK LIKE ANTS AT THE MERCY OF A CARELESS GOD.



HER VOICE TURNED TO MOCKING CURIOSITY, AS IF HER PARASITE-INFESTED MIND COULDN'T QUITE FATHOM HOW INSIGNIFICANT THE MASSIVE VESSEL HAD BECOME COMPARED TO HER. HER BODY WOBBLED WITH HER LAUGHTER, SENDING EVEN MORE WAVES CRASHING AGAINST THE FLAILING SURVIVORS BELOW.

THAT... THAT WAS A SHIP, RIGHT? IT'S LIKE... A TOY...



PAMI LOOMS OVER THE SHIPWRECK, HER ENORMOUS BELLY ALREADY A MONSTROUS SIGHT. THE OCEAN SEEMS TO SHRINK IN COMPARISON, HER BODY DWARFING EVERYTHING AROUND HER. A DEEP, OMINOUS GURGLE ECHOES FROM HER GUT, AND WITHOUT WARNING, SHE BEGINS TO EXPAND AGAIN. HER BELLY BALLOONS OUTWARD, THE SKIN STRETCHING IMPOSSIBLY, PUSHING EVEN FURTHER TOWARD THE PANICKED SURVIVORS STRUGGLING TO STAY AFLOAT.

MORE... GROWING... AGAIN... SO BIG!

OH GOD, SHE'S GETTING EVEN BIGGER!

HOW IS THIS HAPPENING?

WE'RE DOOMED, THERE'S NO WAY OUT!

HER BELLY CONTINUES TO SWELL, PUSHING ASIDE DEBRIS AND SENDING WAVES CRASHING TOWARD THE HELPLESS SURVIVORS. THE ONCE-MIGHTY SHIPWRECK, ALREADY A MERE TOY BENEATH HER MASSIVE FORM, NOW LOOKS LIKE LITTLE MORE THAN A PIECE OF DRIFTWOOD COMPARED TO HER. HER ARMS AND LEGS STRETCH, GROWING THICKER AND LONGER AS HER ENTIRE BODY SWELLS, HER MONSTROUS BELLY NOW BLOCKING THE HORIZON FOR THOSE IN FRONT OF HER. THE SURVIVORS, ONCE HOPING TO FLEE, ARE TRAPPED UNDER THE EVER-GROWING SHADOW OF HER GROTESQUE FORM.

EVERYTHING'S... SO SMALL NOW...

SHE'S GOING TO DEVOUR US ALL!  
WE NEED TO SWIM—FASTER, BEFORE SHE TRAPS US!





PAMI'S GROWTH SHOWED NO SIGNS OF STOPPING, HER BELLY NOW LARGER THAN THE WRECKAGE OF THE SHIP ITSELF. SHE TOWERS OVER THE OCEAN, HER LEGS PUSHING DEEPER INTO THE WATER, HER THIGHS SWELLING SO LARGE THAT EVEN SWIMMING AWAY FEELS HOPELESS FOR THE SURVIVORS. HER MASSIVE GUT SLOSHES WITH EACH MOVEMENT, CAUSING WAVES TO CRASH AND OVERTURN ANYONE UNLUCKY ENOUGH TO BE NEAR HER. EACH BREATH SHE TAKES SENDS A NEW RIPPLE OF EXPANSION THROUGH HER BODY, HER BELLY GROWING ROUNDER, HER LIMBS THICKENING, HER ENTIRE FORM CONSUMING MORE AND MORE OF THE SPACE AROUND HER.

**WE'RE NOT GOING TO MAKE IT!**

**SHE'S... SHE'S A MONSTER!**



STILL... MORE! SO BIG... MMMMMMMMMM...

FROM THE BACK, PAMI'S GROWTH WAS EQUALLY TERRIFYING. HER THIGHS AND HIPS SPREAD WIDER, NOW VAST ENOUGH TO ENGULF THE ENTIRE SHIP BENEATH HER. HER ENORMOUS ASS RISES HIGHER, STRETCHING FURTHER INTO THE HORIZON, WHILE HER LEGS SWELL INTO TOWERING PILLARS THAT DISPLACE THE OCEAN AROUND THEM. THE SURVIVORS CAN ONLY WATCH IN HORROR AS HER BODY CONTINUES TO SURGE UPWARD, HER FEET SINKING DEEPER INTO THE WATER, LEAVING NOTHING BUT DESTRUCTION IN HER WAKE.



**THE SKY! I CAN'T EVEN SEE THE FUCKING SKY!**


**WE'RE ALL GONNA DIE!**

**HER GROWTH ACCELERATES FURTHER, HER ENTIRE BUTT BALLOONING OUT AS SHE GROWS LARGER AND LARGER. HER HIPS ARE NOW SO WIDE THAT THE SHIPWRECK IN FRONT OF HER SEEMS LIKE A FORGOTTEN RELIC, SWALLOWED BY THE ENDLESS EXPANSE OF HER GROWING FORM. HER THICK LEGS PRESS FURTHER INTO THE WATER, SENDING MASSIVE WAVES CRASHING OUTWARD, PULLING DEBRIS AND SURVIVORS ALIKE TOWARD HER. WITH EACH SECOND, SHE TAKES UP MORE OF THE OCEAN, THE HORIZON DISAPPEARING BEHIND THE ENORMOUS BULK OF HER SWELLING BODY.**



**TOO... BIG... TOO... HUNGRY... BUAAAAAAAAARRRRRRPPPPP**

**HER BACKSIDE CONTINUES TO EXPAND, HER MASSIVE FIGURE BLOTTING OUT THE SKY FOR THOSE TRAPPED BELOW. THE SURVIVORS WHO HAD BEEN CLOSE TO ESCAPING NOW FIND THEMSELVES PULLED BACK BY THE GRAVITY OF HER BODY. HER MASSIVE FRAME PUSHES DEEPER INTO THE OCEAN, SENDING COLOSSAL RIPPLES THROUGH THE WATER. SHE IS NOW A LIVING MOUNTAIN OF LARD, HER SIZE BEYOND ANYTHING IMAGINABLE.**



SMALL... ALL SO SMALL...  
NEED MORE... NEED TO TAKE... EVERYTHING...  
HUNGER... NEVER ENDS... MUST KEEP GROWING...

THE FULL MAGNITUDE OF PAMI'S TRANSFORMATION BECAME UNDENIABLE. SHE IS NO LONGER JUST A GIANTESS—SHE IS A GODDESS, TOWERING OVER EVERYTHING, HER COLOSSAL FORM CASTING SHADOWS THAT STRETCH FOR MILES. THE OCEAN, ONCE VAST AND ENDLESS, NOW LOOKS MINUSCULE BENEATH HER, A MERE SHIMMERING POOL AT HER FEET. THE SHIPWRECK, WHICH HAD ONCE LOOMED LARGE AND INTIMIDATING, IS NOW NOTHING MORE THAN A SPECK BESIDE HER MOUNTAINOUS BODY. SCATTERED ACROSS THE CHURNING WAVES, SURVIVORS DESPERATELY CLING TO DEBRIS, BUT HER SHEER SIZE RENDERS THEIR EFFORTS HOPELESS. PAMI'S ENORMITY LEAVES THE WORLD IN STUNNED SILENCE, AS THOUGH NATURE ITSELF HAS BEEN SUBDUED BY HER PRESENCE. WHAT WILL SHE DO NEXT? NOW THAT SHE HAS BECOME AN UNSTOPPABLE GIANTESS, THE POSSIBILITIES SEEM LIMITLESS—AND TERRIFYING.



**SO MUCH SPACE TO FILL... TO CRUSH...  
MORE... EVERYTHING IS... MINE!**

**IT WAS THE PERFECT OPPORTUNITY FOR THE PARASITE.**

**ISOLATED IN THE VAST, RECEPTION-LESS OCEAN, FAR FROM THE PRYING EYES OF THE WORLD, PAMI'S GROWTH WAS HAPPENING IN COMPLETE SECRECY. THE PARASITE, LURKING WITHIN HER, HAD CHOSEN THE IDEAL MOMENT—HERE, WHERE NO ONE COULD INTERVENE, WHERE NO ONE COULD SOUND THE ALARM. IT COULD FEED, EXPAND, AND PUSH HER FURTHER, KNOWING THAT BY THE TIME PEOPLE FROM DISTANT CITIES AND COUNTRIES SAW HER LOOMING FORM ON THE HORIZON, IT WOULD ALREADY BE TOO LATE. PAMI WOULD BE TOO BIG, TOO POWERFUL, AND THE WORLD WOULD BE HELPLESS AGAINST THE MONSTROUS FORCE SHE HAD BECOME.**

**TO BE CONTINUED...**