
LARGER THAN LUST
#2
STORY PAPAYOYA
ART BUTRE3004
STORAGE
WAREHOUSE

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LARGER THAN LUST- CH 02 (February-2026)
by Butre3004 comics and PAPAYOYA

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Jenna sprawled across the shattered street, her tangled hair dusted with bits of concrete, still catching her breath as the city smoked beneath her.
Blake was lazily stretched out, half on top of her.
The rumble of distant sirens barely registered—until a sharp, stinging pop flicked his back. "What the—" Blake twisted, looking for the explosion.
TETLEYS
EUROCAR
Juice



Then, another tiny explosion fizzed against her skin, leaving nothing but a faint, annoying tingle. She scoffed. “Did something just try to bite me?”

Blake groaned, rolling off her with a theatrical eye-roll. His massive body crashed straight through what was left of a mid-rise, shattering the building to powder beneath his ass. Glass and steel rained down, sparkling in the smoky light.



"Are they for real?" he barked, propping himself on one elbow. "I swear, if that was a tank, I'm gonna lose it."

A fresh barrage of impacts rattled across his abs and chest—white-hot pinpricks that barely even tickled. He glared down, sweeping dust off his stomach. "You've gotta be kidding me. Do they not see how big we are?"


Jenna sat up, planting a hand right through the remains of a parking garage. More pops—this time across her breasts, one hitting her nipple dead-on. She stared, offended. “Okay. That’s it. Who the fuck is shooting at my tits?”
Energy Drinks
NOW WITH BUBBLES
Juice


She scanned the chaos below: armored trucks jammed in the streets, cops in black gear firing up at them, bullets and shells sparking harmlessly off her skin. Helicopters buzzed overhead, blades thumping, while a squadron of drones zipped in, missiles at the ready.
COLT
COLT
CAMERAS


"Unreal. As if this day wasn't nuts enough," Jenna muttered. She raised her hand and swatted at the nearest cluster of drones—BOOM, two vaporized instantly, one tumbled away in flames, spiraling into a wrecked billboard.
TETLEYS
EUROCAR
SOAD


Blake barked a laugh, though his eyes were hard. “They’re trying to piss us off, babe.”
Jenna shot him a look, lips curling in a feral grin. “Well, congrats. Mission accomplished.”
All around them, the city’s bravest threw everything they had—only to see their biggest guns turn into a giant-size joke.


"Come on, they're just showing off their tiny guns" Jenna shoved herself upright. "These toys are just a joke" Blake planted his heel, flattening a row of parked cars as he stood. Every casual movement left a fresh crater, new waves of debris tumbling in their wake. The neighborhood had already been a ruin—now, it was just their personal demolition zone.



They straightened to their full, impossible height, looming over the chaos. Hands on hips, their shadows fell across armored vehicles and scattered lines of police. Another barrage of explosions peppered their thighs, a few popping uselessly against Blake's exposed cock. He scowled, then grinned wickedly down at the tiny attackers.


"Oh, come on," Blake called, "If you're aiming for the goods, it's gonna take more than a bottle rocket. I barely felt that. Points for nerve, though."
Jenna shot him a glare, voice dripping venom. "Seriously? They're taking shots at your cock now?"
He flashed her a smug grin. "Guess they're jealous."



"Like hell I'm letting anyone ruin the only dick that can actually fuck me now. Pay attention, little guys—if you break it, nobody gets to play." Jenna gestured toward a group of police officers.

Blake gave a theatrical bow, one hand over his heart. "Glad to finally be useful for something, babe."


A fresh volley burst across Jenna's hip, flames and shrapnel fizzling out before they could even tickle. She'd had enough. "Enough! Seriously, what the fuck are you idiots doing?" Her voice rolled across the city like thunder.


Blake stepped forward. “Can’t you see we’re your new gods? And this—” he gestured at the feeble attacks, “doesn’t even tickle.”
Jenna’s lips curled back, pissed and incredulous. “Keep shooting if you want, but the fact you’re even trying? That’s what pisses me off.”
Another wave of explosions and tracer fire erupted, flames licking harmlessly at their skin.
“God, they’re harmless… but fucking annoying! Like mosquitos!” Blake let out.
STORAGE


Jenna snapped, eyes flashing. “Okay, fine. This is how you want it?”
She shot Blake a look. “You gonna let them keep shooting at me?”
Blake rolled his neck, flexing. “Uh, no? Time to make a point.”


Blake headed toward a group of officers. His colossal stride gouged craters into the trembling street, each step flattening cars like soda cans and sending shockwaves through the ground. The cityscape barely grazed his calves; nothing here was tall enough to reach his hip.
Juice
Juice
Juice
Juice
TETLEYS
EUROCAR


At the intersection of two avenues, dozens of blue uniforms scattered between ruined cruisers and debris. They were armed with rifles and semi-automatic shotguns opened fire on the giant.
POLICE
911
36
TRAFFIC DIVISION


He came to a stop a few blocks farther away. Hands on his hips, he gazed down at them with a smirk, his shadow swallowing their feeble defenses.
"You look like bugs from up here," Blake boomed, his voice a rolling thunder. "How dare you shoot at Jenna and me? Did you really think that would work?"
36
DIAL EMERGENCY 911
POLICE
POLICE
A548235



Blake saw that his warning had no effect. The officers kept attacking. He advanced on them.

The officers hesitated, fear etched across their faces, but a few squeezed their triggers, desperate. Tiny flashes of muzzle fire sparked. Blake barely felt the pinpricks across his shin—irritating, but harmless. He rolled his eyes, snorting.


"To hell with it," Blake muttered, and without another word, he raised his foot and brought it down in the middle of the group.
"You don't have to be so hard on them," Jenna laughed from behind as she watched the police officers flee in terror.


The impact cracked the asphalt, flattening a handful of cops and crushing two patrol cars. The survivors were hurled off their feet by the shockwave, tumbling into broken glass and metal.
CD·DVD·LD 1Fリバティー
CAMERAS · VIDEO · BINOCULARS
SALE 75%
SALE 75%
1 HOUR FILM
POLICE
911



Blake surveyed the aftermath. “That’s it? That easy?” he mocked, voice dripping with contempt. “You call that resistance?”

Several cops, dazed but desperate, scrambled to their feet. Some fired at Blake again—more pointless flashes, more stings he barely registered. Others turned to flee, tripping over debris in their panic.


Blake's patience ran out. He dropped to one knee, the impact rocking the block, spiderwebbing cracks through the street and toppling a row of abandoned cars. His massive shadow swept over the scattering officers.
POLICE
SERGIOS DESIGNER MENS SHOES


"Well, do you really think those little weapons can hurt me?"
He spotted a knot of them still shooting up at his chest. With an amused shake of his head, Blake closed his fist, ready for the kill.
TETLEYS
EUROCAR
SOAD
Juice
TEPCO


Blake's fist slammed down on them, sending concrete exploding across the street and flattening the shooters in an instant. It was all so damn easy!
TETLEYS
POLICE
CD-DVD
SALE
75%



Splat!

A moment later, his attackers were just a splatter of blue and black under his knuckles. “Is this your plan? Bang-bang, and the giant falls? Cute,” he taunted, brushing dust from his hand.


"Cover fire! Get out! I'll get him busy!" one of the officers yelled, compelling his comrades to flee as he tried to poke the giant, no matter how ineffective this had proven to be. He flipped through magazines, bullets peppering the giant with no practical effect, until he ran out of bullets.
POLICE
POLICE
POLICE
BAR AND GRILL
BAR AND GRILL
COLT


"Out of bullets?" Blake's thundering voice came down, rolling over the street with mockery. "I'm invulnerable to bullets, you peabrain!"
OLICE


"Are you invulnerable to giant fingers?" he then asked in a teasing tone, curling his fingers right next to the tiny cop, ready for the kill.
鉄道模型
ホビーランドぽち
79
SALE 75%
SALE 75%
1 HOUR FILM PROCESSING
TRENZ
삼덕전기
CANTO


Blake curled two fingers, aimed, and flicked—the man shot off the ground like a ragdoll, arcing over a rooftop and out of sight, his fate sealed before he landed.
Blake grinned, leaning in closer to the remaining survivors. “Run, hide, shoot—none of it matters. You’re out of your league. Maybe next time, bring something bigger than a badge and a bad attitude.”
Energy Drinks
Juic
JP
TECHNOLOGIES
CD·DVD·LD
CD·DVD·LD IFリバティー


Blake giggled, the sound rattling nearby windows, as he bent down to see the mess the cop had made in the façade of the building across the street after crashing on it with the force of a bullet. And he had just flicked him!
WILLIAMS AND SONS
TETLEYS
EUROCAR



The roar of an engine at full throttle drew Blake's attention.

A squad car screeched as it attempted a frantic three-point turn, jerking sideways to avoid the gigantic hand sprawled across the street, tires squealing on broken asphalt.


Blake traced its clumsy movement with a single finger, following the tiny vehicle's desperate dance.
TETLEYS
EUROCAR
SOAD
TEPCO
Juice


He brought his finger down, resting it lightly on the car's roof, pinning it in place like a reluctant insect.
"Going somewhere?" he teased, cockiness dripping from every word.
POLICE
DEDICATED TO YOUR SAFETY
TRAFFIC DIVISION
911
A 548235


Without hurry, he pressed down. The car collapsed in a metallic crunch, windows popping, the chassis and its passengers flattened beneath the casual weight of one fingertip.
CITYCARE WASTE
POLICE
TRAFFIC DIVISION
DEDICATED TO YOUR SAFETY


Blake smirked, bringing the car to his eyes to inspect its remainders. “Next time, try running before I get bored.”
NOW WITH BUBBLES
Juice


Blake was having the time of his life. He had always had a grudge with authority, so being able to deal with them so easily was a blast. The tiny cops were not going to give up so soon, though. Unaware to him, a group was getting ready nearby.
リバティー 1号店 B1
鉄道模型
SERGIOS DESIGNER MENS SHOES


Taking advantage of the giant's distraction, the officers slipped under his body, completely unnoticed.
"Fire!" the sergeant yelled as they shot multiple RPG's at once, aiming for one of the giant's most sensitive parts, hoping that, like this, they would at least be able to make a dent.


The rockets were of a brand new design, and the explosion was large enough to be noticed. Even to push Blake's cock aside.

"What the fuck are you guys doing?" Blake protested, eyeing his attackers. He was far from hurt, but the sheer audacity of them shooting him... there... made him scowl.


The officers froze in terror when they saw the giant staring down at them—but they reacted fast. Unfazed, one of the cops reloaded his RPG and shot again, aiming for his face.


Now aware of his attackers, Blake could intercept the rocket, feeling its feeble explosion on his palm.
POLICE
POLICE
POLICE
リバティー 1号店 B1
SERGIOS DESIGNER MENS SHOES

Blake was furious. A missile nearly slammed into his face, but he reacted faster and stopped it cold. “You fucking morons!” the giant let out, resting his hand on the rooftop of a nearby building, immediately applying pressure.


The cops realized, too late, that they were fucked. As the building began to crumble into debris, they broke into a desperate run. Blake's yell filled the street as he pushed the eight-story building hard enough to rip it from the ground, toppling it over the cops as it shattered.


A thick cloud of dust covered the area as the cops were buried under the rubble. They never stood a chance—one simple motion of Blake's hand tore the building apart and dropped it onto the officers, to his clear satisfaction.



Jenna watched from a distance, one eyebrow arched, lips curled in a smirk as Blake wreaked havoc. “Trouble with the bugs, darling?” she called out, her tone dripping with sass.

Blake shot her a wink over his shoulder. “Don’t worry, Jenna—I’ve got your back. Wouldn’t want the bugs to get too close.”


Suddenly, Jenna felt a cluster of tiny explosions popping against her ass. They were harmless, more like tickles than pain, but definitely annoying. She scowled, twisting to glare behind her. “Seriously? The little fuckers never quit.”
TETLEYS
EUROCAR
TEPCO
Juice



Blake glanced over, grinning. “Need me to come over?”

She shook her head. “Nah, I’ll mop up here. You keep the rest entertained.”

Turning, Jenna quickly spotted several drones buzzing toward her. She swatted a few from the air with a casual flick.



Jenna paused, surprised, and scanned the area for the attackers. Then she spotted movement on the rooftop of a nearby building—tracking their flight path to a rooftop three blocks away. There, a group of cops manned a cluster of drone controllers.

"Ah, there you are," she purred.



A couple of the cops managed to spill inside, but most were still out on the roof, paralyzed by the sheer scale of the goddess looming above them. Jenna looked monstrous—her hips alone stretched wider than the building, and her breasts, dangling above the rooftop, threatened to eclipse everything in shadow.

She peered down, voice playful and scolding. “Really, boys? You thought you’d hide up here and play with your little toys? Adorable.”



The rooftop cops froze as Jenna's enormous form blotted out the sky above them. Their hands flew to the door behind them, fumbling desperately with the handle, jostling to be the first through. Some cast panicked glances upward, as if expecting her to swoop down and pluck them up like toys.

"What's wrong, boys?" she called down. "You seemed so eager a minute ago. Thought you wanted to play with me, now you're all shy?"



She cocked a hand on one hip, then slowly turned around, giving the rooftop a full view of her impossibly sculpted ass—an expanse of flawless, golden skin that hung over the edge of the building like some living work of pop-art depravity. She gave it a playful shake, making sure every cop saw the seismic ripple that ran from one cheek to the other.

"Oh, is this what you wanted?" she teased, glancing over her shoulder with an exaggerated pout. "You boys aimed those little toys right at me, didn't you? Hit it real good, too—I'll give you that. Honestly, I can't blame you. I mean..." She ran a hand slowly down one perfect curve, "It is a damn good ass. Probably the best you'll ever see."


She began to sway her hips, slow and hypnotic, like a lapdancer teasing a crowd of desperate men with nothing but distance and desire between them. Debris peeled from the rooftop's edge with each motion. The cops on the roof clung to whatever they could, some still trying to crawl away, others simply gawking at the spectacle above.
Jenna threw a wicked wink over her shoulder. "If you want it so bad—and trust me, I get it—you can have it. Really. I'm generous like that."
R-404A


"Here you go, boys. This one's on the house." Then, Jenna crouched a bit, lowering her colossal ass closer to the rooftop, moving in a slow, taunting rhythm.
TETLEYS
EUROCAR
Juice
JP TECHNOLOGIES


The cops' shouts turned into screams as her shadow deepened, the enormous curve of her ass swallowing their entire field of view. With one last, almost theatrical wiggle, Jenna let herself drop. Her flesh came down hard, pressing and spreading across the rooftop. For a brief instant, the cops vanished beneath her. Then the impact hit. Bodies and brickwork crunched together as her weight gave way to a thunderous collapse, the upper floors caving in with a booming crash.


She did not stop there. Jenna kept lowering herself, crushing the entire rooftop and half of the building's upper stories as the structure buckled and was pulverized beneath her sheer mass. The ground trembled for blocks in every direction, windows shattering one after another in a cascading wave of destruction.
TETLEYS
EUROCAR
Juice
JP
TECHNOLOGIES



Just as she reveled in her power, Jenna shifted her weight for another taunt, only to lose her balance. A delighted burst of laughter escaped her as she toppled backward, crashing onto her back and completely obliterating the building. A massive cloud of dust and debris erupted upward, billowing high into the Veyrona air.


Jenna lay among the ruins and laughed out loud. The sound carried across the city as she threw her head back in pure, unrepentant delight.
“Oops. Guess I got a little clumsy there, didn’t I?” she called out. “Hope you boys got what you came for. Next time, maybe just ask for a selfie.”
TETLEYS
EUROCAR
Juice



Jenna lounged amid the crushed remains of the building, sifting bits of rubble through her fingers, when a fresh glint of movement caught her eye. Farther down the avenue, another cluster of blue uniforms scrambled in panic, piling into squad cars and ducking behind shattered barricades.



"Well, well. More little heroes," she purred. The sound carried easily across the ruined cityscape.

She paused, genuinely surprised. After the massacre she had just caused, fear should have been enough. Panic. Retreat. Instead, they were still fighting. "Didn't you learn from the last batch?" she added, almost amused by their stubborn resistance.



A slow, wicked smile curved across Jenna's lips. She rolled onto her hands and knees, letting debris and bodies slide away from her skin. Her ass rose high as she crawled forward, swaying with every exaggerated movement. It was not accidental. Every shift was deliberate, a sultry display meant for the tiny, terrified figures watching below. Beneath her, her breasts swung heavily, brushing against broken lampposts and hanging dangerously close to the ground.



The cops opened fire as she approached. Bullets sparked harmlessly off her skin, a few impacts stinging just enough to be annoying. Jenna clicked her tongue and shook her head. “Really, boys?” she said with a smirk. “You really think that’s going to get you anywhere?” Her eyes flicked over them as she kept moving closer. “Because the only place this ends is with you getting squished.”


She let out a playful huff and brought a palm down. A handful of cops and two squad cars were flattened in a single, lazy motion. “Don’t say I never gave you enough warning,” she sassed. Then she crawled forward again, unhurried and deliberate.
セール開催中!
APARTMENTS
SUMMER
POLICE
36


She loomed overhead, filling the sky as she leaned closer. One massive hand lowered toward the street, fingers spreading slowly as if choosing where to land.
Below, the cops scattered in blind panic. She smiled as she watched them scramble. Not rushed. Not angry. Just amused. Then the hand kept coming down.


As she closed the distance, Jenna let herself drop, crushing the upper levels of a nearby building with her massive boobs. The impact sent a shockwave racing along the street. The structure buckled as twin craters were pressed into concrete and steel, entire floors collapsing under the crushing weight. Windows, walls, and flashes of color vanished, smothered beneath the warm, pillowy mass.
POLICE
POLICE
APARTMENTS
GAMES PLANET


Seconds later, she finished the job. The building gave in completely, floors folding and concrete giving way. Police cars and bodies vanished beneath the wreckage as the last of the structure collapsed, buried under the smothering mass.
"I did tell you these things could cause some real damage," she said with a grin. "Next time you boys want to get this close, you'd better ask nicely. But hey, at least you went out with a bang."



Jenna settled onto her belly, chin resting atop folded arms. Legs bent behind her, kicking playfully in the air like a sunbathing starlet. One that flattened city blocks just by lounging.

She peered down at a handful of trembling survivors below, already running in blind panic as they scrambled to put distance between themselves and her.


She smiled, syrupy sweet. "Aww, still hanging in there? You know, up this close, you're even tinier than I thought." She inspected her finger, as it sizing it up to the task. Yeah, it would be enough. More than enough.
THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART
POLICE
1911


Some of the remaining officers tried to bolt in different directions. Jenna lazily unfolded a hand, reached out, and pinned one wriggling man beneath her fingertip.
TRAFFIC DIVISION
POLICE
DEDICATED TO YOUR SAFETY


"Where do you think you're going, little bug?" She pressed down—he popped with a faint, wet crunch.
36
TRAFFIC DIVISION
POLICE
DEDICATED TO YOUR SAFETY
36
TRAFFIC DIVISION



Jenna wrinkled her nose, amused. “Oops. Guess you can’t handle much pressure. Typical,” she said as the other cops scrambled to find somewhere to hide.



A larger group darted for a side street, hope flickering in their frantic scramble. The cops in that area realized Jenna wasn't in the mood for jokes, and they began to scatter, desperately trying to escape her.


Jenna was so massive that with a single stretch of her arm, she was able to reach a group of cops who were desperately trying to get away.
CD·DVD·LD IF リバティー
リバティー 1号店 B1
CAMERAS
SALE
POLICE



Jenna simply planted her palm on the road in front of them, blocking their path.

"Come on, boys, don't run just yet. You haven't even thanked me for the show." She began corralling them back toward her with a gentle but relentless push, her hand herding them like wayward kittens.


The tremor from her gigantic hand left everyone frozen in shock. Then one brave soul turned, gun raised, firing directly at her face. A sting caught her cheek.


She narrowed her eyes, the playful edge in her voice sharpening. “Oh, you did not just do that.” A grain of dust slipped into her right eye, and the irritation instantly pushed her over the edge.
POLIC



With a swift motion, she flattened the shooter and those beside him beneath her palm, the ground trembling as she pressed them out of existence.

Jenna grinned at the cowering survivors. “Anyone else want to test my patience? Or are you all finally ready to admit you’re out of your league?”



A few blocks away, Blake was at full height, looking for more of the pesky attackers. It was time to teach the tiny fuckers a lesson.

"Where do you think you're going to run?" Blake said as he pursued a group of cops.


A group of them believed they had escaped the giant after turning a corner and disappearing among nearby buildings, but their luck ran out when Blake's massive foot suddenly loomed over them.
CITYCARE WASTE


Juice
PAY DAY LOANS
PAY DAY LOANS
CITYCARE WASTE
A single stride was all it took for Blake to reach them. He casually brought his foot down, shattering the pavement and pulverizing the cops beneath it, grinding them into the street with a satisfied smirk.


"Should've run faster," he teased. "Or maybe just stayed home today."
Another step was all it took—Blake was already looming over another, more distant group. Everything was so simple for him at that colossal size.
POLICE



As he was about to step on the next group, a pair of armored vans caught his attention. Blake paused for a second as he spotted them in the street, a slow smile spreading across his face.


He shifted his focus and brought his foot down in the middle of the street, blocking their escape with ease. One of the armored vans was trapped beneath his massive foot, the impact rocking the surroundings.
JP TECHNOLOGIES
COLT
SALE 75%
1 HOUR FILM PROCESSING
TRENZ
POLICE
S.W.A.T.


Blake then crouched down, reaching for the vehicle. It was laughably tiny in his grip.
"What do we have here?" Blake said. "I guess this tin can is full of insects."
TkF
TkF
TkF
BAR AND GRILL
GARDEN BAR
Juice

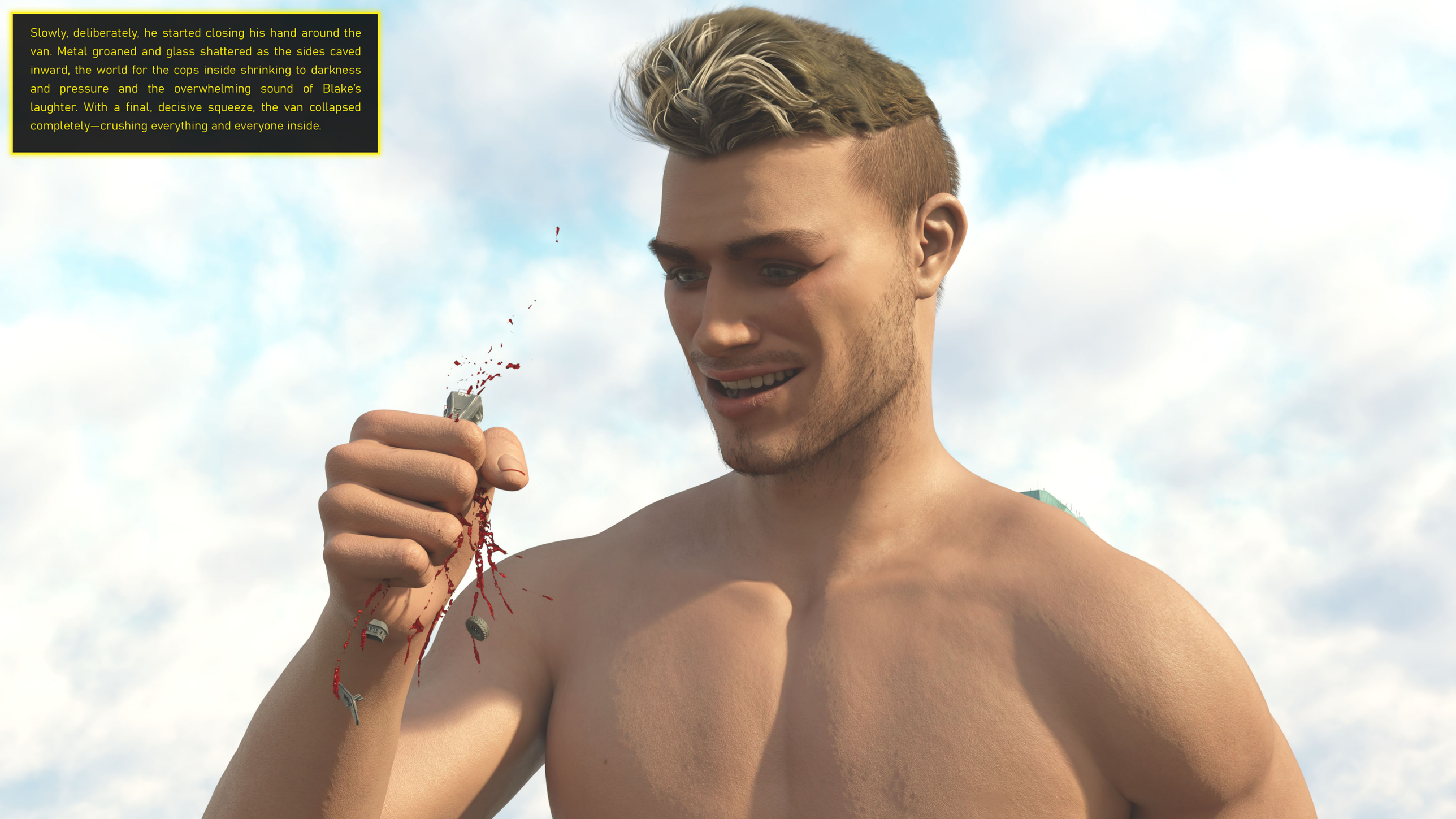

Blake raised the armored van to his face with one hand and rattled it like a candy box, wreaking havoc inside.
TETLEYS
EUROCAR
SOAD
TEPCO
Energy Drinks
NOW WITH BUBBLES
Juice
WILLIAMS AND SONS



He angled it up, peering into the windshield, his immense eyes filling the view for the terrified cops inside.

The world vibrated with every word as his deep, mocking voice rumbled through the glass: “Well, look at you—hiding in your little box. Didn’t do you much good, did it?”

He grinned, baring perfect teeth. “You know, I could let you go. But then again… you shot at my cock. Not exactly a way to win mercy.”


Slowly, deliberately, he started closing his hand around the van. Metal groaned and glass shattered as the sides caved inward, the world for the cops inside shrinking to darkness and pressure and the overwhelming sound of Blake's laughter. With a final, decisive squeeze, the van collapsed completely—crushing everything and everyone inside.


Jenna rounded the corner, sauntering towards Blake with a sway in her hips and a glint in her eye. Blake straightened up, the remains of the van dropping to the ground below, and flashed her a cocky grin.
Energy Drink
Juice
NOW WITH BUBBLES
TETLEYS
EUROCAR
SOAD
TEPCO


"Everything good over there?" Blake called out, eyeing his sexy girlfriend, her gorgeousness now amplified by her size.
"Looks like the whole city is against us," Jenna replied.
TETLEYS
EUROCAR
SOAD
TEPCO
Juice
Juice


Jenna strolled up beside him and held out her palm, revealing some battered, terrified cops sprawled out on her smooth skin. She smiled slyly.
“Oh, feeling merciful today?” Blake teased, raising an eyebrow.
Jenna’s grin widened. “Nah. These are the ones in charge.”
“How do you know?” Blake asked



She flicked a speck of dust from her nail. “I asked the others…until they told me.”

Blake snorted. “Was it hard?”

Jenna’s eyes sparkled. “Nothing’s hard right now,” she shot back, dirty and playful.

She glanced around at the wreckage, then back at him. “Did you mop up?”

Blake shrugged, surveying the demolished cityscape. “Not much standing, as far as I can see.”

“Good. Looks like they threw everything they had at us.” Jenna’s tone was almost bored, as if it were all a mildly amusing inconvenience.



"So?" Blake asked, tilting his head.

Jenna pointed to one trembling cop on her palm. "That one's the boss. Want to take care of him?"

Blake grinned, pinching the tiny man delicately between two fingers bringing him up to his eyes. "Amazing how something so tiny can be so damn annoying," he mused


Jenna, meanwhile, lowered her hand with the remaining cops, reached over, and wrapped her palm around Blake's cock.
Blake jerked his hips in mock protest. "Hey! That's not what it's for."



With a wicked laugh, she swatted his shaft against the tiny group, flattening them instantly in a smear of blue and red.

Jenna shot him a sassy look. “Felt appropriate. Besides, they needed a real lesson in authority.”


He grinned, playing along. “And what about you, Ms. Authority?”
She kept fondling his massive cock. “I bulldozed plenty with my tits and ass, thank you very much. I think we make a pretty unstoppable team.”
TETLEYS
EUROCAR
SOAP
TEPCO
Juice
Juice


Blake dangled the tiny cop-in-charge between his fingers, holding him up for Jenna's inspection. "What about this guy?" he drawled, giving the little man a gentle shake.
The cop squeaked, legs kicking wildly, voice cracking with terror. "You—you monsters killed my men! You—"


Blake rolled his eyes, unfazed. “You shoot at a pair of gods, and you’re surprised it ends badly? Come on, use your head.”
Jenna leaned in close, her massive face looming until the cop’s world was nothing but her lips and cool, jasmine-scented breath. “You got anything else left in this city?” she asked, her tone syrupy but deadly.
The tiny man shook his head so hard it looked like he might faint. “W-we called the National Guard, but—I don’t know how long—please—”


"Ooo, the National Guard. Should we be worried, Jenna?" Blake grinned.
Jenna let out a throaty laugh, tossing her hair over one shoulder. "We'll mop the floor with them, too. Maybe they'll put up a better fight—for a minute."
Blake cocked an eyebrow. "You really think they'll even show up?"

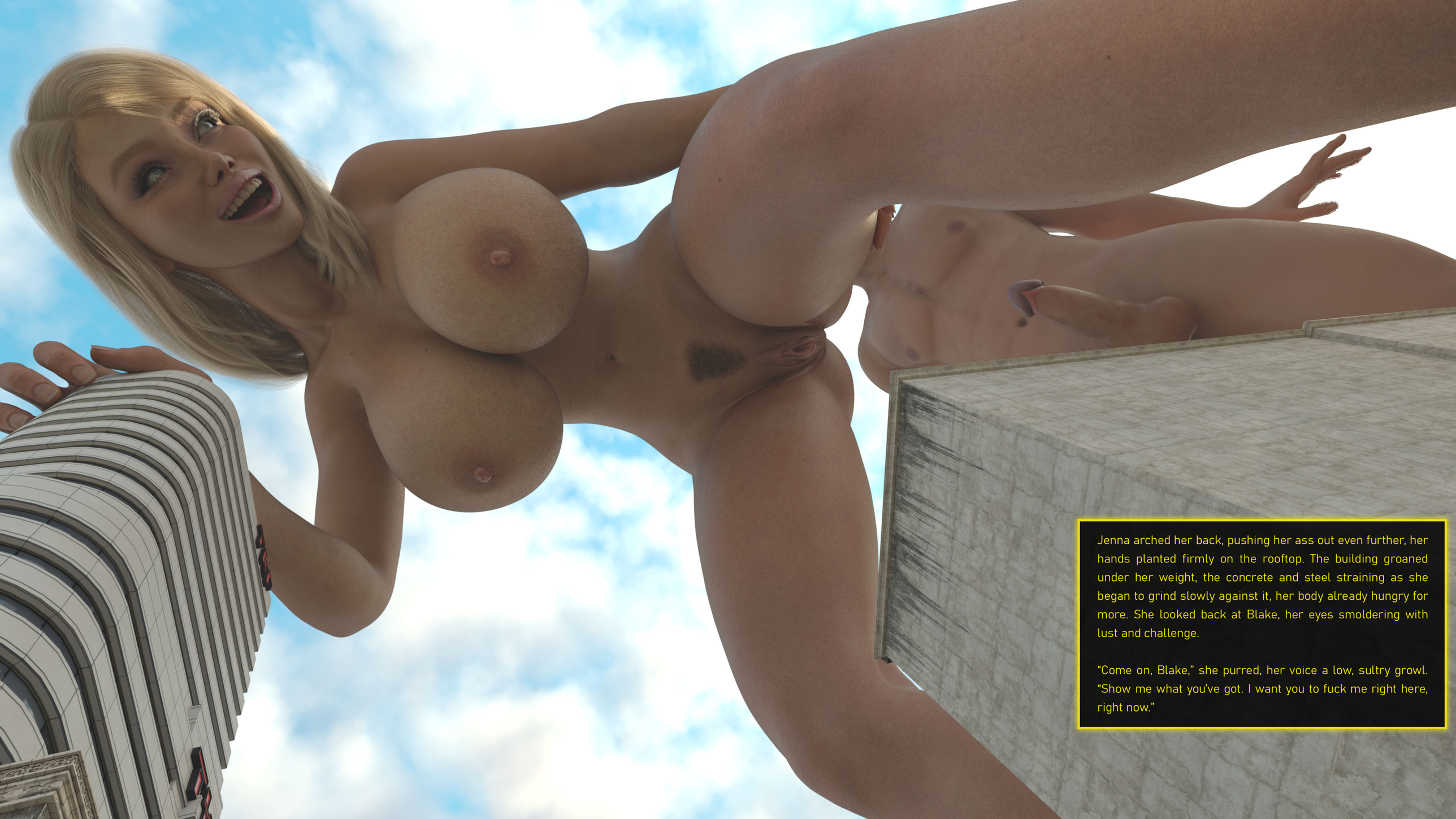

Jenna's eyes glinted. She reached out, plucking the tiny man from Blake's grip. He screamed, flailing uselessly between her fingers. With her other hand, she gripped Blake's cock, pumping slow and firm until it swelled rock-hard in her palm.
Blake shuddered. "What are you doing?"


Jenna brought her lips close to his ear, voice hot and dark.
“Showing the world what happens when you piss us off.”


With a wicked smile, she turned around, planting her hands on a hip-high office building—windows shattering, structure buckling under her casual strength. Her ass jutted out, smooth and immense, the cityscape dwarfed by the swell of her curves. She bent forward, spreading her cheeks with one hand, exposing the dark, hungry center between them.
TKF
JP TECHNOLOGIES
Juice

Holding the squirming cop delicately, Jenna pressed him to her tight, puckered entrance. He kicked and screamed, his cries muffled as she slowly pushed him inside, savoring every tiny squirm, every desperate wriggle. Bit by bit, her asshole claimed him, squeezing him deeper until his struggles vanished and he was gone, entombed inside her.


Jenna rolled her hips provocatively. She looked back over her shoulder at Blake with a sultry smirk on her lips. “Mmm, I’m definitely feeling backdoor now. Think you can handle it?”
TkF
TkF
TkF
TETLEYS



Jenna arched her back, pushing her ass out even further, her hands planted firmly on the rooftop. The building groaned under her weight, the concrete and steel straining as she began to grind slowly against it, her body already hungry for more. She looked back at Blake, her eyes smoldering with lust and challenge.

"Come on, Blake," she purred, her voice a low, sultry growl. "Show me what you've got. I want you to fuck me right here, right now."

Blake's eyes darkened with desire, his cock already hard and throbbing. He stepped forward, his massive frame casting a shadow over Jenna's sprawled form. With a grin, he grabbed her hips, his hands gripping her flesh tightly. "You sure about this, Jenna? You know I don't hold back."

Jenna laughed, a deep, throaty sound that sent shivers down Blake's spine. "I'm counting on it. I want you to fuck me like you mean it. Make me feel it."



Blake didn't need any more encouragement. He positioned himself behind her, his cock pressing against her tight, puckered entrance. The cop's tiny and squeaky yells suddenly died when Blake's cock pushed him inside, sealing the opening.


With a slow, deliberate thrust, he pushed inside, feeling her muscles clench around him. Jenna moaned, her body tensing as he filled her, the sensation of his cock stretching her wide open.

"Fuck, yes," she gasped, her nails digging into the rooftop. "That's it, Blake. Fill me up."

Blake began to move, his hips thrusting against her ass, each impact sending ripples through her body and the building beneath them. The structure creaked and groaned, windows shattering as Jenna's weight shifted with each of Blake's powerful thrusts. He gripped her hips tighter, his fingers digging into her flesh as he picked up the pace, fucking her harder and deeper.


"Yes, Blake, yes! Fuck me harder. Make me feel it. I want to feel every inch of you." Jenna's moans turned into cries of pleasure.

Blake grunted, his breath coming in ragged gasps as he pounded into her, his cock throbbing with each thrust. He could feel her body responding, her muscles clenching around him, her moans growing louder and more desperate.

Blake's hands moved from her hips, sliding up her back to grip her shoulders, pulling her back against him as he thrust deeper. Jenna's body arched, her back bowing as she pushed back against him, meeting each of his thrusts with her own.



"Fuck, Jenna," Blake groaned, his body tensing as he felt his orgasm building. "You're so fucking tight. So fucking perfect."

Jenna's laugh turned into a moan, her body trembling as she felt her own climax approaching. "Yes, Blake. Yes. I'm so close. Make me come. Make me come all over your cock."

Blake's thrusts grew even more powerful, his body slamming against hers, the building beneath them shaking with each impact. Jenna's cries turned into screams, her body convulsing as her orgasm hit, waves of pleasure crashing over her.


"Yes! Yes! Yes!" she screamed, her body shaking as she came, her muscles clenching around Blake's cock, milking him for all he was worth.
Blake grunted, his body tensing as he felt his own orgasm explode, his cock pulsing as he filled her with his hot, thick come. He collapsed against her, his body shaking with the force of his release, his breath coming in ragged gasps.



For a moment, they stayed like that, their bodies entwined, their breaths mingling as they came down from their high. Then Jenna turned her head, looking back at Blake with a wicked grin.

"Well, that was fucking amazing," she purred, her voice still breathless. "I think we just gave that building a whole new set of cracks."



Blake laughed, his body still trembling with the aftershocks of his orgasm. “I think we just gave the whole city a whole new set of cracks.”

Jenna’s grin widened, her eyes sparkling with mischief. “You know, I think you’re right. And I think we should keep going. Show them all what happens when they fuck with us.”

Blake’s eyes darkened with renewed desire, his cock already stirring again. “I think you’re right. Let’s show them all.”


With a final, powerful thrust, Blake pulled out, his cock glistening with their combined fluids. Jenna straightened, her body still trembling with the aftershocks of her orgasm. She turned to face Blake, her eyes locked on his, a wicked smile playing on her lips.


"You know," she said, her voice low and sultry, "I think that little cop is probably regretting ever crossing us right about now."
Blake's grin matched hers, his eyes gleaming with dark amusement. "I think he's pulp... too late for regrets."
Jenna laughed, a deep, throaty sound that sent shivers down Blake's spine.
Juice
TETLEYS
EUROCAR


A few blocks ahead, Martin ran, lungs burning, weaving between stalled, abandoned cars and piles of broken glass. All around him, dozens of other survivors sprinted, their voices blending into a chorus of panic and desperation that echoed down the ruined avenue. The monsters were behind them—he didn't dare look back. He just ran, legs aching, feet slipping on a smear of blood.



The ground underneath him began to tremble, the vibrations growing deeper, faster. Windows rattled and the chassis of the cars bounced as a deep, rhythmic thud shook the city—step after step, impossibly heavy, impossibly close.

Someone screamed ahead. “She’s coming!”


Martin kept moving, darting around an abandoned taxi. Suddenly, the sunlight was blotted out—a colossal shadow swept across the street. Martin looked up, horror freezing him in place.
TAXI
2032
CINE VIDEO


The impact threw Martin off his feet. He landed with a jolt on the ground, the shockwave rattling his bones. The ground split with a deafening crunch, a crater opening at the foot's edge. Screams cut off, replaced by silence and the hiss of settling dust. The cloud of dust and rubble clouded his sight.
ASIAN FOO
2032
TAXI


A foot the size of a city bus dropped from the sky, slamming into the avenue just a few feet behind him. All around, people and cars vanished in an instant, flattened beneath the towering sole.
Heart pounding, Martin scrambled upright. For a split second he just stared, wide-eyed, at the enormous foot pressed into the asphalt and concrete. The scale of destruction was unreal, a single step having erased dozens of lives.
NYPD
POLICE
Beach Drive


Above the crater, the other foot lifted, casting dust and mangled debris into the air. Martin's eyes tracked upward, finally seeing the titaness herself—a woman, impossibly huge and impossibly beautiful, her bare buttocks bouncing massively above the rooftops as she strode forward, unhurried, careless.
He staggered back, his legs trembling. But another shadow swept over him—larger, darker—her other foot descending from the sky. For one last, pitiful instant, Martin screamed, hands thrown up in a useless shield.


DON SUSHI ASIAN FOOD
ASIAN FOOD
NEW YORK
CHC 2032
For him, the world became darkness and pain as her foot came down, crushing him, and everything else, into oblivion.


Jenna sauntered down the broad, shattered avenue, her every step sending ripples through the world below. People scurried like ants, darting between stalled cars, their screams rising up to her like distant birdsong. She tilted her head, savoring the chaos, then let out a low, amused laugh.
TETLEYS
EUROCAR
TEPCO
HOTEL


"Honestly, look at you all—trying so hard, but you barely even register from up here," she teased, voice booming and sweetly mocking. She lifted her foot and brought it down on a knot of fleeing people, feeling and hearing the wet crunch beneath her sole. "Oops. Guess you'll have to be quicker next time."


Another crowd tried to dart between abandoned taxis. Jenna shifted her weight and brought her bare heel down, flattening more cars and bodies with a lazy grace. “You’d think the message would’ve sunk in by now… but I suppose some lessons need to be repeated.”
TETLEYS
TETLEYS


Behind her, Blake's deep chuckle rolled down the ruined street. "Someone's in a mood," he called, his own steps sowing chaos. "Save some for me, Jenna."
She smirked over her shoulder, voice dripping with playful dominance. "Oh, don't worry, you'll get your fill. But first, these little people need to learn their place." She watched the tiny crowds scatter, savoring their panic.
TETLEYS
EUROCAR
GOAD
TEPCO


Blake grinned, crushing a police cruiser beneath his toes. “Think they’re getting the message?”
Jenna arched a brow, amused. “Not nearly fast enough. Honestly, you’d think after all this, they’d understand who’s in charge.”


Jenna arched a brow, amused. “Not nearly fast enough. Honestly, you’d think after all this, they’d understand who’s in charge.”
To punctuate her words, she crouched and reached for a low-rise office building, moving her hand to it with a deceivingly careful gesture.



Without warning, she then brought it inside, easily cracking the façade and making a few floors crumble.

She gazed down at the devastation, then back at Blake. “If they can’t grasp who rules them now, maybe a little reminder will help. They exist at our feet—time for them to finally act like it.”


Feeling playful, Blake crouched low, his massive hand sweeping through the panicked crowd like a rake through sand.


Some scattered, but six weren't quick enough—he scooped them up.
"Guys! Why run? If I want to grab you... I grab you!" he teased.



He rose to his full height with the tiny, squirming captives writhing in his palm.

Jenna paused her work inside the building, curiosity piqued, and watched him, a smirk on her lips.

The tinies screamed, some trying to crawl away only to bump into his fingers.

“What did you get?”


“Oh, just a little bit of everything,” he said, opening his palm to show the six tiny people on it. They were barely taking any space, a new proof of just how massive he was.



Blake grinned down at them. “Hey there, little fellas,” he boomed, his voice making a couple clasp their ears. “My girlfriend Jenna’s curious about you—and honestly, so am I.”

He held them up between himself and Jenna, letting her peer at the trembling collection of humanity.

“I get all the running and screaming,” Blake continued, voice amused. “I mean, we have been stepping on some of your friends. But with all that terror, have any of you stopped to realize just how much bigger we are? That kind of makes us your gods, doesn’t it? Just curious, you know.”


Jenna cocked a brow, lips curving in a playful smirk. “What exactly are you trying to prove here, Blake? You running a little science experiment?”
Blake grinned, bouncing the tiny people gently in his palm. “You’ll see. I’m just curious how quick they are to catch on.”
He looked down at the writhing, terrified group. “Alright, let’s say I tell you all to kneel. How ready are you to obey your gods?”


The handful screamed, some trying to crawl away, others shaking their heads in disbelief. None knelt.


Blake chuckled, amused by their defiance. “Not doing it, huh? Well, you realize what that means, right?” He squeezed his fingers just a little closer around them, voice still light. “I guess that means I’d have to squish you.”



The group began to react—hesitantly, but with growing desperation. A couple of the tiny people struggled to move to their knees on Blake's palm, trembling as they complied. Blake grinned, nodding approvingly. "That's more like it. See? Quick learners."

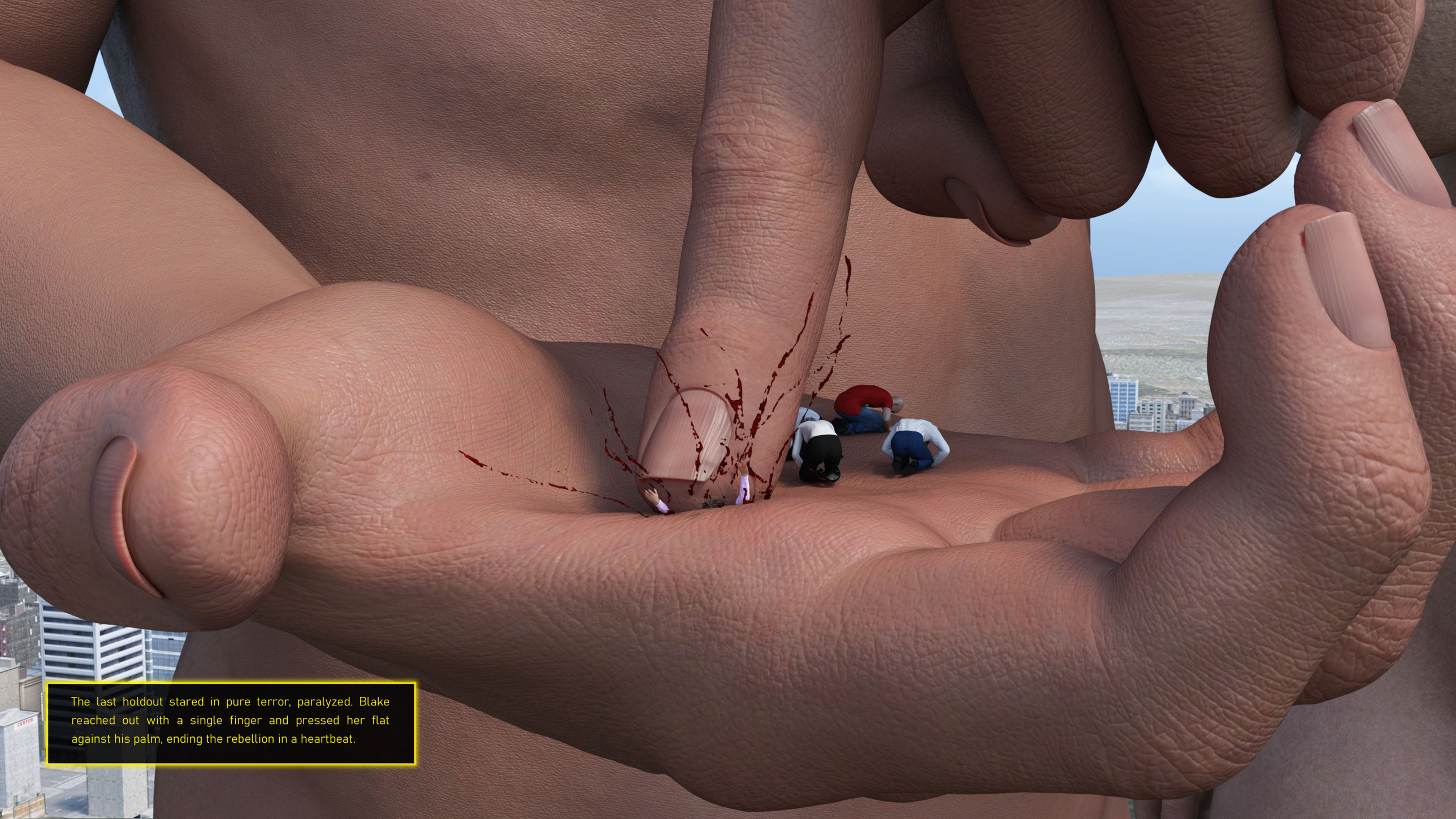
A few more followed, dropping shakily to their knees, eyes wide and faces pale. Only two remained standing, glaring up at him, refusing to obey.


Jenna let out a peal of laughter, thoroughly entertained. “Looks like not everyone’s catching on, Blake. Maybe they need extra motivation.”
“Oh, they’ll get it!”


Blake smiled and plucked one of the defiant ones between his thumb and forefinger, holding the man up to his face. “What’s the matter, little fella? Don’t want to kneel? Don’t you like your life a lot?”
The man squeaked, voice barely audible. “I have no gods. Not you, not anyone.”


Blake rolled his eyes, catching Jenna's unimpressed look. He shrugged, then casually squeezed the man between his fingers. There was a faint pop.


"Too bad," he drawled, letting the crushed body fall as the people trapped in his hand went wild with screams.


The last holdout stared in pure terror, paralyzed. Blake reached out with a single finger and pressed her flat against his palm, ending the rebellion in a heartbeat.



He raised his eyebrows at the tiny survivors still kneeling, his tone mockingly gentle. “Just remember—gods don’t have a ton of patience, you know.”

Jenna clapped, a delighted smirk on her lips. “Bravo, babe. That’s one way to teach worship.”

Blake shrugged with a cocky grin. “Felt needed, honestly.”
Jenna arched a brow, playful. “So what are you going to do with the rest?”


"Oh, these?" Blake said, surveying the handful of kneeling survivors. He glanced around, spotted a sturdy rooftop nearby, and tipped his palm until the tinies tumbled safely onto the concrete. "Might as well save the ones who kneel. Incentives, you know."
CINEMA
TETLEYS
EUROCAR
TEPCO



Jenna laughed, shaking her head. “Are we really doing this? Playing gods?”

Blake’s eyes glittered. “Seems we are. So, what next?”

She eyed the horizon, lips twitching. “Mmm… maybe city hall? Take the city for real?”

Blake nodded, stepping closer. “Sure. And whoever thought sending cops after us was smart—maybe they’ll thank them for the lesson.”



Jenna grinned. “Let’s do that.”

But then her gaze snagged on something in the distance—her eyes widened with greedy delight. “Oooohhh, I gotta have that.”


A city bus, packed to the windows with frantic passengers, barreled down the clogged avenue. Its horn blared as it rammed abandoned cars out of the way, desperate to escape the chaos.
1 HOUR FILM PROCESSING
BZH
20501
DART
TAXI
2032


Every few seconds, the ground shook from distant titanic footsteps—booms growing closer, more threatening, each one punctuated by a sing-song voice echoing through the city: "Here, bus, bus, bus… Don't be shy!"
From Jenna's perspective, the world shrank beneath her as she advanced. Each step casually flattened people and vehicles, the crowd's screams rising and then silenced in her wake. The city bus was only a few blocks away now, its desperate attempts to flee utterly futile.
TETLEYS
EUROCAR
TEPCO
M3 Oakhurst Blvd
DART
HOTEL
COLT
TALENT AGENCY


With one long stride, she overtook it, stepping over the bus and planting her enormous foot directly in its path.



The driver veered hard, but the bus clipped Jenna's heel, toppled, and skidded sideways with a screech of metal, coming to a shuddering halt at her feet.



The bus' hulk was dwarfed by Jenna's massive feet as she stopped, ready to pick it up.


Jenna crouched, her shadow enveloping the bus. She plucked it up with ease, like everything she did since emerging through the building.
NACHOS
삼덕전기 자동제어반
Mullan St
HOTEL
EUROCAR
DART

She then held it to her face with a wicked grin. “Well, well. Going somewhere?” she teased, her breath fogging the windows, making the people inside cower and scream. “Honestly, where could you possibly be better off than with your new goddess?”





As she held the bus up, inspecting the mass of trembling passengers, Blake's voice boomed from the distance. "You alright over there, Jenna?"

She grinned back at him. "Yeah, Blake, I'm fine. Just gonna play a bit. Why don't you find some entertainment of your own?"

Blake's laughter rumbled down the avenue. "Uh... sure," he called, already scanning the city for his next diversion.



Jenna peered in through the bus windows, watching the terrified passengers press against the opposite side, their shrieks muffled by the glass. She grinned, voice syrupy and mocking. “Why all the screaming? I’m not even being rough with you… yet.”


She tilted the bus sharply upward, sending everyone tumbling in a heap toward the back. Their cries intensified, bodies colliding, arms flailing as they slid and scrambled. Jenna's laughter rang over the chaos. She righted the bus, giving them a moment to recover, then abruptly tipped it the other way, sending the whole crowd tumbling to the front, their panic rising another octave.


She brought the bus closer to her face, eyes sparkling. “You know, I think you might be my favorite toy yet,” she teased, tone threading with anticipation. “And you all look so… convenient.”



The people inside stared at her in blank, shuddering confusion, not comprehending. Jenna's lips parted in a hungry, wicked smile. "Let me spell it out for you: being a giant makes me horny—the entire fucking time. And Blake's great, he really is, but there's only so much even he can do. I've milked him four times today already... and I'm still looking for so much more."

She paused, licking her lips as her eyes swept over the writhing, terrified crowd packed inside the bus. "But in the meantime..."



Screams erupted anew, shaking the tiny vehicle in her grasp, as Jenna's fingers tightened around her latest plaything.

Her thumb pressed against the side of the bus, denting metal, making several passengers scream. "Blake does his best," she purred, voice sultry, "but being this big? It makes me needy in ways you can't even imagine. And you... you're right here, practically begging to make yourselves useful." She tilted the bus again, letting the crowd tumble in a tight, panicked pile at one end, then righted it, laughing as they tried to climb past one another, fighting just to stand.


Slowly, Jenna lowered herself to her knees, her free hand trailing down her belly, between her thighs. “You know, I wonder what you’ll feel like,” she mused, the words vibrating through the bus. “A little thrill, all together, squirming and fighting and squishing against each other.
CINEMA
CINEMA
TETLEYS
EUROCAR
SOAP
TEPCO
TETLEYS

BZH
BZH

You might even make me moan." Smiling wickedly, she dragged the bus downward, aligning it with her slick entrance, the heat of her arousal radiating.

She tilted the bus one last time, packing all the passengers at the front—the end that would go in first.



"I hope you're ready, because I sure am," she breathed, and pressed the rounded front of the bus against her folds. The people inside shrieked as darkness fell, the metal frame creaking, her flesh enveloping the end, slick heat fogging the windows instantly.



Jenna bit her lip and applied more pressure, the bus slipping inside her, inch by inch. The vibrations of her moans rattled the passengers, their world reduced to chaos and wet, pulsing heat. She twisted her wrist, pushing deeper, feeling the bus shudder and compress as her body took it in.



"Oh, fuck, yes," she gasped, arching her back, both hands now pressing the bus in with slow, relentless hunger. "You're perfect—so tiny, so helpless—just the way I like it." Another inch disappeared, metal and glass groaning as she forced her toy further inside. Her muscles clamped down, the screams fading as the bus was consumed, her moans rising to drown out everything else.


When at last only her fingertips touched the back bumper, Jenna let out a guttural, satisfied sigh, her whole body shivering with pleasure. “That’s where you belong,” she whispered, breathless and triumphant, “inside your goddess, making her feel like the queen she is.”
TETLEYS
EUROCAR
SOAD



Jenna's breath came in ragged, thunderous waves as she thrust the bus deeper, its shape pressing and stretching her in an exquisite, overwhelming way only a giantess like her could know. The tiny, desperate movements inside—kicks, scrabbles, the vibration of a hundred screams—sent electric sparks straight to her core. Her slick folds clamped down, the metal frame groaning as she rocked her hips, pleasure building with each relentless push.

She threw her head back, hair cascading like a golden waterfall over the battered rooftops, her chest heaving. The sensations inside her grew maddening—every squirm, every shudder of the bus amplifying her need.



"Oh—fuck—yes!" Jenna gasped, her voice echoing through the ruined city. The tension exploded, a tidal wave of pleasure tearing through her, her muscles convulsing around the bus.

Shuddering with aftershocks, Jenna reached between her thighs, fingers slick as she slowly tugged the bus free. The metal groaned and bent, the once-sturdy frame now hopelessly twisted and caved in from her orgasmic grip. Windows were shattered, axles warped, the whole vehicle smeared with her wetness.


She held it up, delighting in the ruin—her newest toy utterly transformed by her pleasure. Inside, the terrified, broken remnants of passengers clung to the wreckage. Jenna grinned, breathless and satisfied. “Looks like you couldn’t handle a real goddess,” she whispered, tossing the mangled bus carelessly aside as she basked in her afterglow.
CINEMA
TETLEYS
EUROCAR
SOAP


A few blocks away, Blake thundered down a side street, grinning as a panicked crowd scattered before his towering form. He slowed his steps just enough to let them hope. “Come on, don’t stop now!” he taunted, his booming laugh echoing off glass towers. The survivors sprinted for cover, but Blake pursued, flattening parked cars and debris with each playful stomp.
HOTEL


Blake closed in, the ground quaking beneath his steps. The fleeing crowd barely made it half a block before his shadow swallowed them. With a wicked grin, he lifted his foot high, savoring their shrieks. “Game over,” he rumbled
HOTEL
LOANS
CASH LOANS
CITYCARE WASTE


Blake then brought his sole crashing down, flattening dozens of lives and scattering wrecked cars like toys. The street sank beneath his heel, a crater marking his effortless kill.
HOTEL
LOANS
WARNING!



"Go, go, go!" a group of soldiers sprinted not far from where the giant was wreaking havoc, leaving the panicked crowds behind.


As Blake's foot lifted from his most recent footprint, he caught movement in his peripheral vision—a block away, a line of soldiers was hastily forming up, weapons glinting in the sunlight, armored vehicles rolling into position behind makeshift barricades.
TETLEYS
SUMMER


He paused, watching them scramble to set up heavy guns and rocket launchers, faces pale but determined. Blake's grin widened, anticipation buzzing through him. "Well, looks like the cavalry's finally here," he muttered, rolling his shoulders. "Let's see if they put up more of a fight than the last batch."


Blake turned away from the trembling soldiers, his curiosity piqued. He scanned the devastated city until he spotted Jenna, knelt in the rubble, still glowing in the aftermath of her climax. Chuckling, he strode toward her, his footsteps echoing down the ruined streets.
"Jenna!" he called out, voice booming with playful energy. "You done having all the fun without me, or should I come back in five?"
CINEMA
TETLEYS


"What?" she asked.
Blake looked at her, grinning. "Hey, gorgeous—looks like we've got company. Some soldiers are forming up and heading for the beach." He smirked, his voice low and eager. "Think they're hoping for a little last stand. Want to give them a proper welcome?"



Blake took the lead. With a confident stride, he set off toward the coastline, each footfall rocking Veyrona and flattening abandoned streets beneath him. “Come on, Jenna,” he called back, smirking. “Let’s not keep our admirers waiting.”

Jenna, still glowing and hungry for more, pushed herself to her feet and followed, her footsteps shaking the earth in Blake’s wake. Together, they strode through the ruined metropolis—two gods, side by side, closing in on the soldiers’ last desperate line at the beach.


As Blake and Jenna emerged from the city's ruined streets and onto the sands, the vast blue expanse of the ocean stretched before them, sparkling beneath the midday sun. The water looked cool and inviting, waves rolling in gentle rhythm—utterly indifferent to the destruction behind them. Jenna paused, feeling the sea breeze caress her skin, the scent of salt sharp and fresh. For a moment, both giants stood at the edge of the world, the ocean beckoning them forward, promising freedom, power, and new worlds to conquer.


Jenna scanned the beach, then looked at Blake with a smirk. “I don’t see any soldiers. Maybe they chickened out?” Blake shrugged, squinting down the coastline. “They’re here—just a lot fewer than I expected. Not exactly the dramatic last stand I was hoping for.”
Jenna laughed, flicking her hair back. “So much for the brave defenders of Veyrona. Come on, let’s go take a swim. Maybe if we give them some time, they’ll work up the nerve.”
SPARTECH CORP
103



The scattered soldiers setting up their makeshift camp froze as the ground began to tremble. Gear rattled, rifles slipped from hands, and a few helmets toppled as the colossal figures of Blake and Jenna strode past. Each of their thundering steps sent shockwaves through the beach, kicking up clouds of sand and rocking tents and vehicles. The soldiers could do nothing but watch in awe and terror as the giants moved by, the earth itself seeming to yield beneath their power, the ocean shimmering in anticipation of their arrival.



Blake and Jenna strode confidently into the surf, the cool water swirling around their ankles and quickly rising until it lapped at their knees. The ocean felt blissfully refreshing after the chaos of the city, the waves breaking gently against their massive legs. Jenna closed her eyes, savoring the salt air and soft breeze, running her fingers through the foamy water. Blake splashed her lightly, a playful grin on his lips, and she retaliated with a wave that nearly bowled him over.

They relaxed, teasing and laughing together, the whole world feeling small and distant for a moment—just two gods unwinding at the edge of everything.



The surf crashed gently around their knees, sunlight sparkling over the endless blue. Jenna let out a contented sigh, closing her eyes and turning her face into the breeze, salt and jasmine mingling in the air.

She drifted closer to Blake, the water swirling as she moved, her colossal silhouette casting a shadow over the rolling waves. Without a word, she pressed herself against him, her arms winding around his torso, her cheek rubbing sensually over his broad chest. Jenna's lips found his skin, and she began to trail slow, teasing licks up the hard planes of his chest, her tongue savoring the salt and the residual heat of his giant body.



Blake inhaled sharply, his hands reaching to steady her as she explored him with hungry affection. He glanced down, meeting her gaze as she looked up at him with a wicked, inviting grin. The tension between them fizzed, electric and undeniable, and then Jenna surged up and captured his lips in a deep, passionate kiss. Their mouths crashed together, hungry and insistent, the waves splashing wildly around their bodies as they lost themselves in each other.



Blake growled into her mouth, his hands sliding down to her hips and then, with a delicious squeeze, grabbing hold of her buttock. His touch was possessive, reverent, and utterly decadent—fingers sinking into her flawless skin, pulling her closer, making her gasp into the kiss.

Jenna grinded against him, her nails grazing his back, the world shrinking until it was nothing but heat and salt and the intoxicating taste of each other.


Jenna's lips curled into a sly grin as she felt Blake's grip tighten on her. Suddenly, with a surge of playful force, she shifted her weight and pushed him backward. Blake's eyes widened in surprise as the water churned around him, and he tumbled onto his back with a splash that sent waves rolling all the way to the distant shore.


He laughed, caught off guard and grinning up at her, water streaming off his chest. “Hey! Getting bold, aren’t you?” he protested, but his tone was all giddy delight.


Jenna straddled his hips, her hair spilling over her shoulders, and leaned down until her lips were just above his. “What’s the matter, Blake?” she teased, her voice a sultry purr. “Don’t tell me the big, bad god is afraid of a little surprise.”


On the beach, the soldiers watched in stunned disbelief as the two titans began to move against each other in the waves, their passion impossible to ignore even from a distance. The commander, face pale and jaw clenched, tore his gaze from the colossal, writhing forms.
“Enough!” he barked, struggling to keep his voice steady. “Target the giants! Fire the missiles—now!”


Jenna's lips were just brushing Blake's when her gaze snagged on a streak of movement above the waterline, distant but closing fast. The glint of missiles—dozens of them—caught the sunlight as they arched over the bay, smoke trails spiderwebbing against the sky. She jerked upright, every muscle tensing.
"Shit—Blake, missiles!" Jenna shouted, urgency cutting through her playful tone. "They're actually firing everything they've got!"


Blake twisted beneath her, eyes going wide as he spotted the incoming barrage. “Fuck, get down!” he barked, scrambling to rise.



The first missile struck Jenna's hip with a deafening crack. Pain exploded across her skin—nothing fatal, but far from just a tickle. She cried out, clutching the scorched, stinging flesh. Another slammed into Blake's shoulder with a metallic shriek, knocking the wind out of him and sending a splash of bloody salt water across his side.

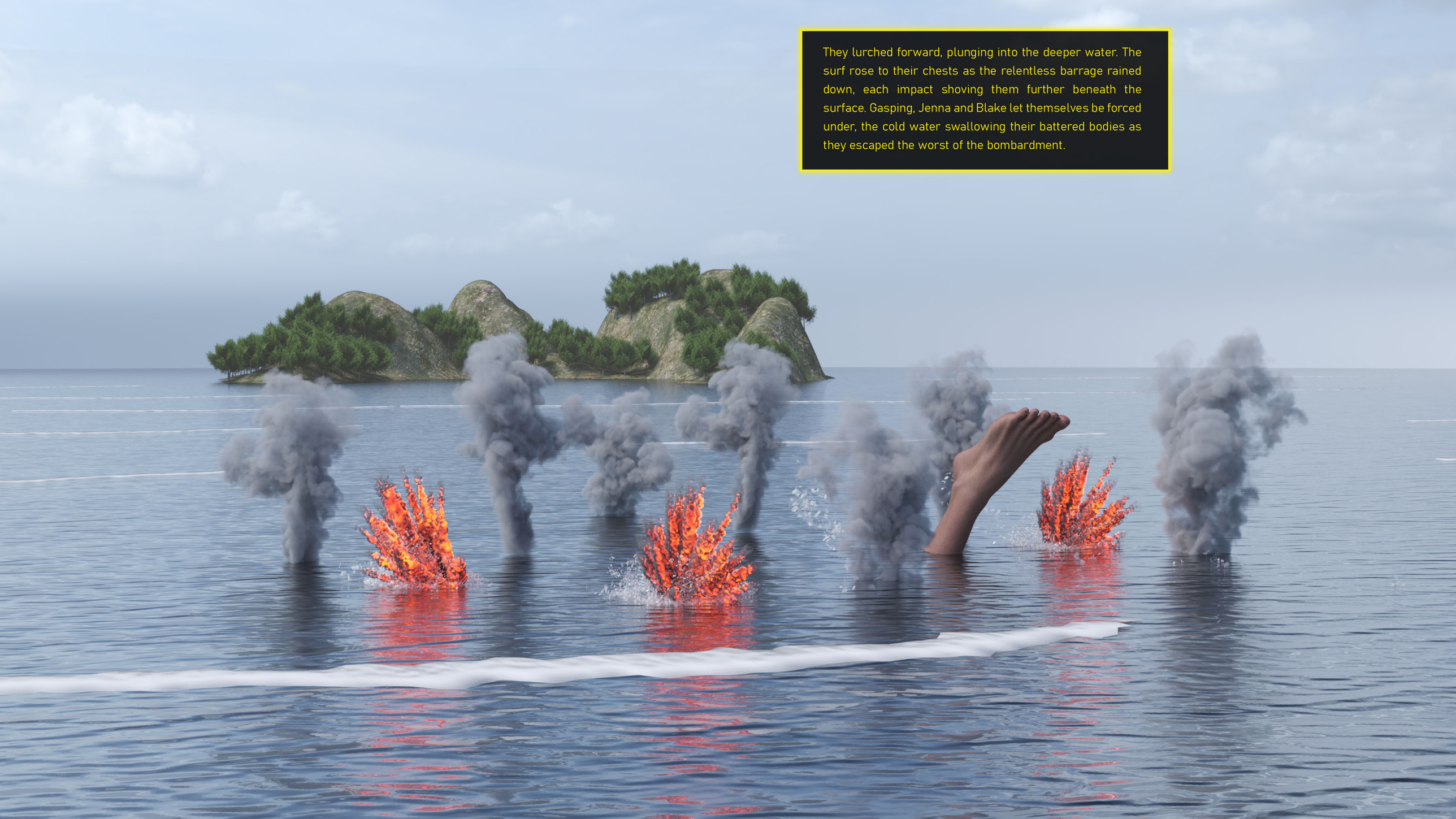

"God, that hurts!" Blake spat, doubling over as another missile clipped his hip. "This isn't just annoying anymore!"


Missiles continued to rain down, some bursting against Jenna's thigh and side with enough force to bruise, others landing dangerously close to their faces and chests. Jenna's eyes watered from the shock and pain, her body instinctively curling as flames rolled off her skin. "Fuck—enough! I can't—I can barely think!" She tried to stumble deeper into the waves, shielding her head as more explosions battered her back and legs.



"It's burning—shit, Jenna, underwater! Go!" Blake shouted, his voice panicked as two more missiles detonated against his shoulder, driving him to one knee.

The concussive blasts churned the ocean, stinging their skin and knocking them off balance. Jenna's ears rang, her vision blurring from the impact. "Move, move!" she yelled, grabbing Blake's hand as the next wave of explosions erupted around them, showering them with shrapnel and boiling spray.



They lurched forward, plunging into the deeper water. The surf rose to their chests as the relentless barrage rained down, each impact shoving them further beneath the surface. Gasping, Jenna and Blake let themselves be forced under, the cold water swallowing their battered bodies as they escaped the worst of the bombardment.


The ocean closed over them, quelling the fire and pain.


On shore, the stunned soldiers watched the giant waves settle and waited to see if the titans would rise again.



Beneath the churning surface, the world was muted—just the distant roar of explosions above, diffused sunlight, and the cool embrace of the deep. Jenna's hair floated weightless around her face, stinging, battered skin soothed by the saltwater. She reached out, fingers brushing Blake's forearm, and found his gaze. For a moment, the chaos above faded; in the watery blue, they simply looked at each other, sharing pain, anger, and an unspoken promise of payback.

Jets of bubbles drifted up from their lips as they waited out the barrage, missiles detonating overhead like distant thunder. Jenna squeezed Blake's hand, her other arm wrapped protectively around herself, and he nodded grimly. The vibrations dulled; the water settled. The attack, for now, was spent.



Jenna was the first to move. She kicked upward, muscles rippling. Blake followed, their massive bodies rising swiftly through the hazy blue. They broke the surface together—two titans emerging from the depths, water cascading off their skin, hair slicked back, eyes blazing with purpose.



On shore, a young soldier spotted them first. He stared, wide-eyed, then dropped his weapon and pointed, voice cracking as he screamed, “They’re coming up! Oh god—they’re still alive!”

The beach erupted into frantic shouts and confusion as Jenna and Blake rose to their full, fearsome heights. Waves crashed around their knees as they scanned the shoreline, breath ragged and chests heaving from both pain and fury.


Jenna spotted the cluster of soldiers, their uniforms dark against the pale sand. Her lips twisted into a cold, satisfied smile as she lifted her arm, finger extended in accusation. “There they are,” she said, her voice carrying over the surf, deadly and electric with intent. “Time to teach them what happens when you piss off gods.”


TO BE CONTINUED...