



THE HUNGER VIRUS
MADAM
PRESIDENT

LINKTREE/GTSX3D

NOTICE

THIS COMIC IS INTENDED FOR ADULT AUDIENCES ONLY AND CONTAINS MATURE THEMES, INCLUDING NUDITY AND STRONG LANGUAGE. IT FEATURES THEMES OF GROWTH, WEIGHT GAIN, EATING, BREAST EXPANSION, BUTT EXPANSION, BELLY EXPANSION, AND SOFT VORE. ALL CHARACTERS DEPICTED IN THIS WORK ARE FICTIONAL 3D ADULTS, AND ANY PHYSICAL RESEMBLANCE TO REAL INDIVIDUALS, LIVING OR DECEASED, IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. READER DISCRETION IS ADVISED.



Narration:

Evelyn was a naked, sprawling mountain of flesh on the floor, slick with grease and smeared with the remnants of their grotesque feast. Her body, already immense, was dominated by the impossible sphere of her belly. It was stretched so tight with the bulk of the guard inside that her skin had a glossy, wet sheen under the lights, her navel a tiny, strained crater in a vast, quivering globe of flesh. Every few seconds, her whole body convulsed, her massive tits and thighs shuddering as a deep, wet, soul-shaking belch tore out of her throat, thick with the stench of a vored man. Her hand, smeared with grease, slapped weakly against the drum of her gut, a pathetic, rhythmic thud that did nothing to ease the agonizing pressure within. She was a goddess of gluttony in her own personal hell.

Dialog:

Evelyn: "BuAAAaRGHHPP... Ugh..
BuAAAARRRRuuuRRRRP..."



Narration:

Suddenly, the torment shifted into a new, terrifying gear. The agonizingly full globe of her stomach began to shrink, the drum-tight skin slackening as the mass inside her was magically consumed by the virus. But it wasn't disappearing. A fresh, hot surge of virally-charged energy coursed through her naked body, pumping the stolen bulk directly into her other assets. Her tits swelled instantly, her nipples hardening into dark points as they grew heavier, fuller. Her arms thickened with new muscle and fat. The most dramatic change was her lower body, a known target for her strain of the virus; her ass and hips exploded outwards, a tidal wave of flesh that turned her from a bloated mess into a pear-shaped titan of terrifying proportions. Her face was a mask of pure, sexualized agony—eyes wide with horror, mouth falling open in a gasp that was half-scream, half-orgasm.

Dialog:

Evelyn: "Mmmmmm... Mmmmmnnnggghh..."



Narration:

The growth became a runaway freight train of pure flesh creation. There was no pause, no reprieve, just a constant, unending expansion that threatened to tear her apart from the inside. Her incoherent moans of pleasure and pain curdled into raw, full-throated screams that echoed in the opulent bedroom. Her naked body, a canvas of quivering, expanding flesh, grew with horrifying speed. Her legs thickened into massive, powerful columns, her ass swelling into a world-ending shelf that groaned against the fine wood flooring. Her tits became obscene melons of flesh, straining against gravity itself. She was a symphony of destruction, her screams mixing with the groaning of the floorboards as her weight climbed into the thousands of pounds, a naked giantess being born in a storm of agony and arousal.

Dialog:

Evelyn: "AAAAAAHHHH! NNGGHH! FUCK!
AAAAAAGGGGHHH!"



Narration:

Just as it seemed her skin could take no more, it began to fail. Across the massive expanse of her naked belly, dozens of silvery-white lines suddenly tore their way into existence—stretch marks, livid and stark against her flushed skin. The sight of her own body being permanently marred, of her flesh literally stretching to accommodate the growth, shattered her ecstatic trance. The pleasure evaporated, replaced by a cold, sharp spike of pure terror. She began slapping her own belly again, not weakly this time, but with frantic, desperate force, her naked body trembling from the impacts. Words, real words, finally broke through her screams—a panicked, broken prayer to anyone or anything that would listen.

Dialog:

Evelyn: "Make it stop! Oh god, please, **MAKE IT STOP!**"



Narration:

Across the room, President Dakota Redwood was a mirror image of Evelyn's agony, but hers was fueled by a venomous, competitive fire. Having seen Evelyn vore a guard, Dakota's insatiable hunger for power—and her refusal to ever be surpassed—had driven her to do the same, ramming the second screaming agent down her gullet in a show of ultimate dominance. Now, her naked, statuesque form was also wracked with the aftermath. DJ Lance could only stand frozen, a pathetic, clothed schmuck trapped in a surrealist nightmare, watching as the two most powerful women in the world transformed into naked, growing goddesses of terrifying proportions. Dakota's belly was a tight, swollen drum, and deep, powerful belches, far louder and more commanding than Evelyn's, ripped from her throat, each one a vulgar testament to the man digesting within her.

Dialog:

Dakota: "BUUUUUURRRRRRAAAAAP! Hnng...
GRRRRAAAUUUUUGH!"



Narration:

The growth hit Dakota like a tidal wave. She looked down, her expression a mask of pure, horrified fascination as she watched her own body betray her. Her already massive breasts swelled with impossible speed, the skin pulling so tight that it took on a painful-looking sheen. On the backs of her hands and along her arms, thick blue veins pushed up against the skin, looking like angry rivers mapping her rapid transformation. And then, across the tight curve of her belly where the guard was still a prominent bulge, silvery-white stretch marks began to tear themselves into existence. She watched it all happen in real-time, her mind reeling as her flesh erupted outwards, a silent scream frozen on her face as she witnessed her own monstrous, explosive becoming.



Narration:

The expansion continued, targeted and relentless. The parasite inside her, the very source of her power and hunger, was having an absolute fucking blast. Fueled by the gluttonous "stuffing night" binge and now supercharged by a grown-ass man, the virus focused its energy with brutal efficiency. Her belly didn't shrink; it swelled, the bulge of the body within becoming more defined even as new mass was added around it, turning her midsection into a grotesque, monumental sphere of flesh. Simultaneously, her tits ballooned to an obscene new magnitude, becoming heavy, swaying orbs that seemed to possess their own gravitational pull. She was becoming less human and more a living monument to pure, unadulterated gluttony and power.



Narration:

The sensation became unbearable. It was a maddening combination of extreme pressure, agonizing stretching, and a deeply fucked-up, intense arousal that flooded her entire being. Dakota, a woman defined by her absolute control, was losing it. She began slapping her own gigantic belly, the wet smacks of her palm against her tight skin echoing in the room. It wasn't to relieve the pressure; it was a furious, desperate attempt to command her own body back into submission. But the intense feedback loop of pain and pleasure only grew stronger with each blow, until she finally broke. The silent scream became audible, a raw, vulgar torrent of curses, moans, and shrieks of pure sensory overload.

Dialog:

Dakota: "FUCK! Goddamn it! Mmmph... AAAAAAGH! STOP IT! NNNGGGHHH!"



Narration:

Pure, animal terror finally eclipsed DJ Lance's political savvy. He turned and fled. He bolted from the opulent, ruined bedroom, his dress shoes slipping on the trashed carpet, and pounded down the grand staircase of the residence. He didn't bother with protocol, bursting through the main doors of the White House onto the North Portico. The two Secret Service agents standing guard there, stoic and professional, turned in surprise as the frantic, disheveled Secretary of State stumbled into the humid night air, his face pale with horror. He pointed wildly at the powerful spotlights illuminating the building's facade.

Dialog:

DJ: "SHUT THEM DOWN! THE LIGHTS! TURN OFF THE FUCKING LIGHTS! NOW!"

Agent 1: "Mr. Secretary? What's going on?"

DJ: "DON'T ASK QUESTIONS! JUST TURN OFF THE FUCKING LIGHTS!"



Narration:

The agent, trained to react first and ask questions later, saw the genuine panic in DJ's eyes. He spoke crisply into his wrist communicator, his voice a calm counterpoint to the unfolding madness. DJ's logic was a desperate, last-ditch gamble born of pure fear. He knew their growth was uncontrollable. He knew the sounds from the bedroom were getting louder, the entire structure beginning to groan around them. He knew they would outgrow the room any second, and his only thought was to plunge the building into darkness before the media or any horrified passersby could see the impossible, monstrous truth break through the roof. It was a piss-poor attempt to hide a world-shattering secret.

Dialog:

Agent 1: "Castle to Watchtower, this is North Portico. Kill all exterior illumination. I repeat, all exterior lights, kill them now."



Narration:

It was too late. A deep, structural groan intensified into a deafening roar, and with a cataclysmic explosion of plaster, wood, and steel, the roof of the West Wing fucking shattered. A massive cloud of dust and debris billowed into the night sky, and from within it, two impossibly large, naked female forms rose into view, their bodies intertwined and still swelling. Their moans of agonizing ecstasy, no longer contained by walls, echoed shamelessly across the President's Park. The shockwave of the impact threw DJ off his feet; he tumbled down the stone steps, his body aching. The two agents stared upwards, their professional composure vaporized. One shakily raised a hand, pointing at the colossal, dust-covered asses and breasts now dominating the D.C. skyline.

Dialog:

Agent 1: "Is... is that... Christ, is that Madam President?!"

Agent 2: "Oh my god... oh my god... oh my fucking god..."



Narration:

The spectacle was instantaneous and absolute. In less than five minutes, the quiet streets around the White House were flooded with people, a sea of upturned faces and glowing phone screens all pointed at the unbelievable sight. The wail of sirens was soon drowned out by the thumping chop of news helicopters descending like vultures. In the cockpit of the Cox News chopper, the spotlight operator painted the scene in harsh, revealing light. The view was apocalyptic: two naked, titanic women, still moaning and writhing in pleasure amidst the smoldering ruins of America's most famous building. The reporter, Angela, fumbled with her microphone, her mind struggling to form words for what her eyes were seeing.

Dialog:

Reporter: "This is... this is Angela, reporting live for Cox News... we are over the White House where... it appears there has been some kind of... explosion. Something has... my God... something has burst through the roof. We're trying to get a clear shot but... we are looking at... what can only be described as two colossal, living women... naked... emerging from the building... This is... this is an unbelievable scene..."



Narration:

The live footage on Cox News became the only thing that mattered in the world. The camera zoomed in from different angles, showing Dakota and Evelyn standing unsteadily on the ruined first floor of the White House, their colossal naked bodies caked in white dust. The ecstatic trance was gone, replaced by a dazed, exhausted confusion. Their eyes were wide and unfocused, and a near-constant chorus of deep, rolling burps echoed from their bodies, the sound captured with horrifying clarity by the long-range microphones. In the studio, Angela passed the torch to her colleague.

Dialog:

Headline: **BREAKING NEWS: WHITE HOUSE DESTROYED, GIGANTIC PRESIDENT AND VP EMERGE - FEARS OF NEW HUNGER VIRUS OUTBREAK**

Angela: "Michael, back to you in the studio. The world is watching this. What can you possibly tell us?"

Michael: "Angela, this is staggering. President Redwood has not been seen publicly for weeks, fueling rampant speculation. Now we see this... a scene reminiscent of the Pami and Barbara crisis the world thought was over. All signs point to a new, incredibly aggressive strain of the Hunger Virus. Both the President and Vice President appear disoriented, exhausted... and frankly, what we're hearing now is them burping uncontrollably, a known side effect of large-scale consumption..."



Narration:

The footage continued, a grim tableau of two dust-covered, naked giants swaying amidst the rubble. As Michael spoke, their exhaustion seemed to overwhelm them. Evelyn's legs trembled, her massive pear-shaped body beginning to tilt backward. Dakota, seeing her fall, seemed to lose her own footing, her colossal frame pitching forward. It was a slow-motion catastrophe as the two mountains of flesh began their descent from the first floor, aimed directly at the two horrified Secret Service agents who had been frozen on the lawn below. Evelyn was falling ass-first, a world-ending buttock aimed at the ground, while Dakota plummeted belly-first, a tidal wave of flesh about to crash.

Dialog:

Headline: **WORLD IN SHOCK: ALLIES DEMAND ANSWERS, KREMLIN & BEIJING SILENT ON WASHINGTON CHAOS**

Michael: "We're already getting the first reactions from foreign leaders, most expressing shock and grave concern... hold on. Hold on, live on the air... they're falling! My God, they've lost their balance! The President and Vice President are falling from the wreckage! There are people below them!"



Narration:

The two agents on the lawn looked up just in time to see their fate descending upon them. The sky was blotted out by tons of wobbling, naked flesh. There was no time to process, only to react. Primal fear took over and they both screamed, their voices thin cries against the backdrop of the giants' descent. They turned to scramble away, their professional training useless against the reality of a living avalanche. The camera captured their desperate, futile attempt to outrun the colossal, unconscious masses of the two most powerful women in the country about to flatten them into the White House lawn.



Narration:

An hour later, the scene was one of controlled chaos. Police had established a perimeter, pushing back the massive crowds. A fleet of ambulances and heavy-duty emergency vehicles surrounded the two unconscious, naked giantesses. Michael, his voice now somber and grave, was still reporting. Initial checks by brave paramedics showed that both Dakota and Evelyn had pulses and were breathing, their massive chests rising and falling shallowly. The same, however, could not be said for the agents. One man was little more than a stain and some twisted limbs protruding from beneath the impossible mass of Evelyn's buttock. The other was half-hidden beneath Dakota's heavy, fleshy belly. Rescue crews stood by helplessly; she was simply too heavy to be moved by any conventional means. They couldn't get to him. It was an absolute disaster.

Dialog:

Michael: "...what we can confirm is that both President Redwood and Vice President Hayes are alive, though unconscious. Emergency crews are on the scene, but the situation is... grim. We have to report that two Secret Service agents were caught in the fall. One... one has been confirmed deceased, crushed under the Vice President. The other remains trapped under the President's... immense weight. At this time, rescue efforts have been unsuccessful. A tragic, horrific end to an unprecedented day in American history."



Narration:

On the ground, the scene was a logistical nightmare. A senior paramedic, staring at the unmovable mountain of flesh that was President Redwood, threw his hands up in frustration. Nearby, a police officer in nitrile gloves grimly performed his duty, reaching as far as he could under the suffocating weight of Dakota's belly. He felt for a pulse on the agent's neck for a few moments before pulling his hand back, his face a grim mask. The agent's lower half was smashed under unimaginable tonnage. The President, in her current state, was heavier than three elephants combined, a living natural disaster.

Dialog:

Ambulance Worker: "Forget the stretcher, it'll snap like a twig! Get on the horn to dispatch, tell them we need heavy wreckers. A crane! Something that can move a goddamn building!"



Narration:

Both Dakota and Evelyn were fully unconscious, sprawled out on the White House lawn like beached whales. Their monumental, naked bodies rose and fell with deep, sonorous snores that vibrated through the ground. Every few moments, a soft, gurgling burp would escape their lips, a final, gentle echo of the monstrous feast. They were oblivious to the helicopters, the screaming crowds, and the millions of eyes across the planet watching them in this state of total vulnerability. After their most recent, explosive growth spurt, they looked bigger than they had ever been, two sleeping, naked titans who had just broken the world.



Narration:

Out of the direct glare of the news cameras, huddled behind an ambulance, DJ Lance was desperately trying to hold the government together with his phone. His voice was a hushed, panicked whisper, his face pale with a new kind of terror that went beyond the physical horror in front of him. News was flooding in from across the country, and it was the nightmare scenario he had feared. He knew, with absolute certainty, that the moment President Redwood woke from her food coma, her first act would be to crush the nation under her heel to restore order. Martial law was no longer a possibility; it was an inevitability.

Dialog:

DJ: "What do you mean 'violent riots'? Where? ...No, not just in Chicago... everywhere? Jesus Christ. And the Security Council? What are the Russians threatening? ...I know he's posturing, but we can't afford it right now! Just... just try to manage it. Because when she wakes up, it's over. She'll declare martial law before she even asks for a glass of water. God help us."

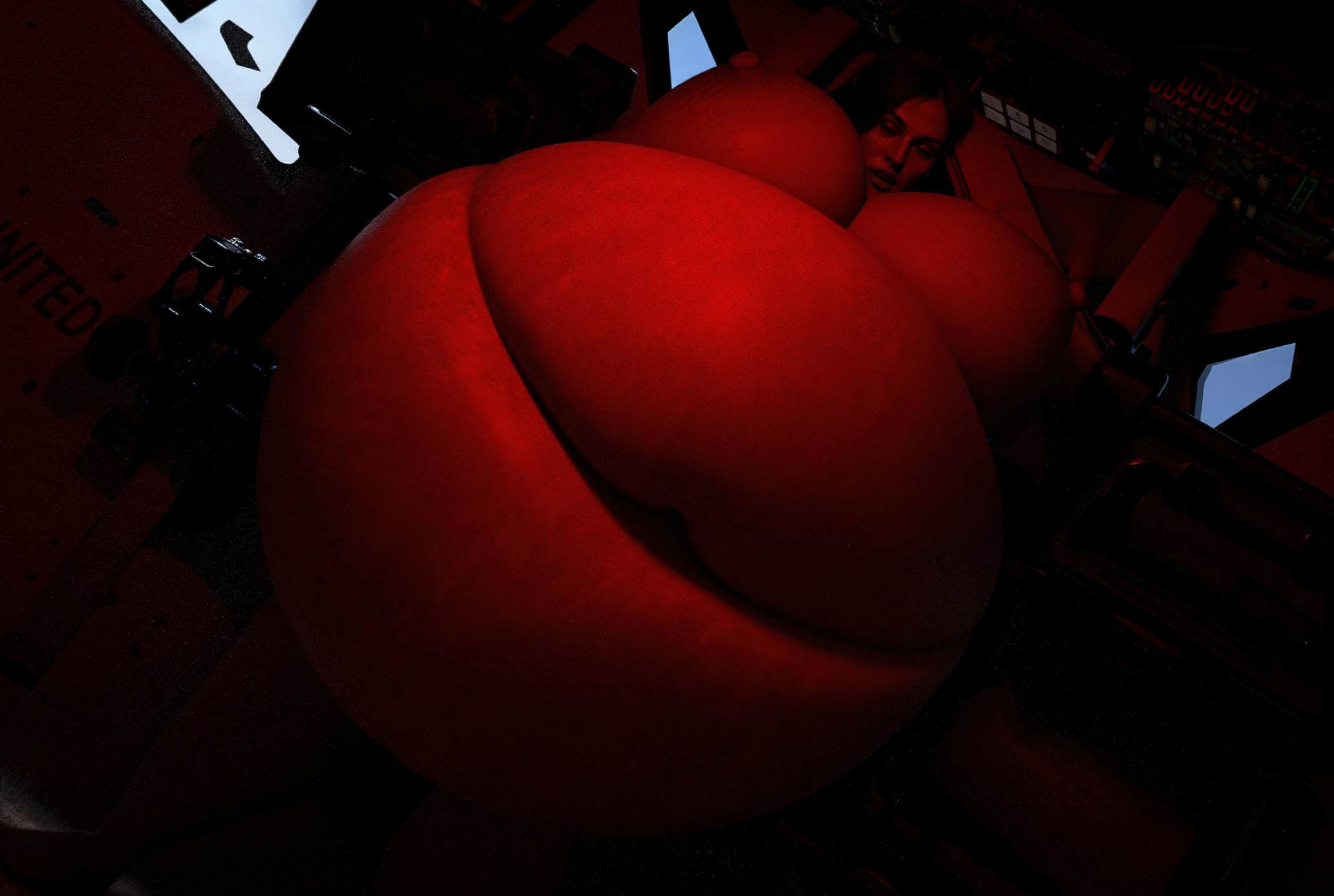


Narration:

Three months later. The culmination of Project Nightingale was a silent, fiery spear crossing the upper atmosphere. Inside the reentry capsule, Megan Donovan was unconscious, her now-manageable but still massive body secured in a custom-built harness. The meticulous calculations of Dr. Albright and her team had worked perfectly; the specially designed spacecraft had intercepted her at the precise orbital window and transferred her for the final, fiery descent to Earth. The only sound inside the cramped, dark space was the calm, synthesized voice of the onboard computer, a stark contrast to the violent reality of atmospheric penetration.

Dialog:

Automated Voice: "Altitude: fifty thousand feet. Velocity: mach five. Heat shield temperature: nominal. Approaching splashdown coordinates. Stand by."



Narration:

Donovan's return was humanity's last desperate hope, a plan set in motion by DJ Lance to counter the burgeoning threat of a Hunger Virus-infected President and Vice President. She was the ultimate weapon, the only being who had controlled the virus on a planetary scale. However, as she fell from the heavens, she was completely ignorant of how catastrophic the situation had become. She had no idea that President Redwood had imposed a brutal martial law, that public "enemy of the state" vorees were now televised events, or that the nation she was returning to save was gripped by terror and teetering on the edge of total collapse.



Narration:

Aboard the USS Vengeance, the atmosphere was electric. Sailors and specialized guards lined the deck, their eyes fixed on the sky. When the capsule, trailing a massive parachute, finally broke through the clouds, a roaring cheer erupted from the crew. It slammed into the ocean a few hundred yards from the ship, a perfect splashdown. The relief was palpable. The mission was a success. Officers immediately began shouting orders, and crews scrambled to deploy the massive crane and reinforced harness designed specifically to hoist the giantess from the sea.

Dialog:

Naval Officer: "There she is! Splashdown confirmed! Let's go, people, move it!"

Guard: "Get the heavy retrieval gear on deck! I want the med team standing by the moment she's out of that capsule! Let's bring our girl home!"



Narration:

A few days later, Megan Donovan lay in a deep, healing sleep. She was in a hospital room at a secure military base, a chamber that had been purpose-built for her recovery. The reinforced bed was the size of a small swimming pool, and the room was filled with advanced, oversized medical machinery. Huge cuffs monitored her blood pressure, and thick cables snaked from humming consoles to adhesive pads on her temples and chest, tracking every vital sign. She was still immense, but stable. A dedicated military nurse, Scarlett Goldstein, stood by her bedside, diligently checking the readings on a monitor and making notes on a datapad, unaware of the crucial and dangerous data she was compiling.



Narration:

Agent Donovan was under the constant supervision of Nurse Scarlett Goldstein. Scarlett was fiercely dedicated, a woman who wore her military pride on her sleeve, but balanced it with a disarming, light-hearted demeanor. She could share a joke with a superior officer one minute and dress down a sloppy subordinate the next; she was less formal than Donovan when things were calm, but arguably more intense when the situation demanded it. For days, she'd been meticulously trying to wake the sleeping giantess, creating experimental cocktails of stimulants and nutrients based on the blood work. So far, nothing had worked, and with the country falling apart outside, the pressure was immense. She finished drawing another vial of blood from Donovan's arm, the needle looking like a tiny dart, before preparing the latest injection.

Dialog:

Scarlett: (To the unconscious Donovan) "Alright, big girl, that's the hard part over with. Got my sample, now you get yours. Time for today's special delivery. Let's see if this one finally gets you to join the land of the living, huh?"



Narration:

Scarlett hadn't always been in the army. She was an accomplished ICU nurse in Philadelphia when the first Hunger Virus crisis hit. Seeing the military's response, the discipline and the sheer scale of their medical and relief operations, she felt a profound calling. It wasn't about patriotism in the abstract; it was about wanting her skills to matter on the biggest stage possible. She enlisted, met her husband—a logistics officer—a few years later, and built a life around the demanding rhythm of deployment and the precious, infrequent moments they got to spend together. This assignment, babysitting Earth's sleeping guardian, was the most important of her career, and she desperately wanted to succeed so she could go home. She gently took hold of one of Donovan's huge fingers, which her own hand could barely encircle, and prepared the syringe.

Dialog:

Scarlett: "Come on now, Megan. Just a little pinch. This one's got a bit of extra kick. I've got a husband I'd very much like to see again before the world ends, so let's work together here."



Dialog:

Scarlett: "Just... wake up. Please. Whatever is happening out there, they need you. Secretary Lance pulled every string imaginable to get you back here. Don't make him regret it. We need the hero, the one who knows how to fight this thing. We need Earth's guardian to get off her big, beautiful ass and get back to work."



Narration:

As the last of the serum entered Donovan's system, it happened. Not a slow flutter, but a sudden, violent return to consciousness. Donovan's eyes, each one larger than Scarlett's fist, snapped wide open. A sharp, powerful gasp for air ripped through the silent room, a sound like a giant bellows being suddenly forced open. Scarlett froze instantly, her own breath catching in her throat. She was caught completely off guard, her hands still wrapped around the giantess's finger, staring up into the now-lucid, intensely blue eyes of the most powerful woman on Earth.

Dialog:

Donovan: "Hhh-AAAAH!"

Scarlett: "Christ-!"



Narration:

The instant recognition in Donovan's eyes was not one of comfort, but of pure, caged-animal instinct. In a movement too fast for a human to track, her hand shot out. Two of her fingers, each thicker than Scarlett's wrist, clamped around the nurse's throat, snatching her from the floor. Scarlett dangled feet off the ground, held aloft effortlessly, a tiny doll in a giant's grip. The pressure was immense but precise, a terrifying warning. Donovan's wild, disoriented eyes bored into hers, her voice a low, rumbling growl that vibrated through Scarlett's entire body.

Dialog:

Donovan: "Who are you? Where the hell am I? Start talking before I squeeze."

Scarlett: "Nnngh... Nurse... Scarlett Goldstein... you're... you're safe, Agent Donovan... please..."

Donovan: "Safe? The last thing I remember is floating in the dead of space. This isn't space. This is a cage. Now, who sent you?"

Scarlett: "Nobody... sent me... I'm your... nurse... Please... I can't breathe..."



Dialog:

Donovan: "My nurse? I don't have a nurse. I have a mission. What have you done to me? I feel... small. Weaker."

Scarlett: "We... we brought you home! It's... what you wanted! Project Nightingale... Secretary... DJ Lance... he made contact!"

Donovan: "Lance...? Nightingale...?" (Her grip loosens almost imperceptibly as fragments of memory return) "I... I remember... the message... shrinking..."

Scarlett: "Yes! You did it! You came back! But you have to put me down... please... the virus is back... It's the President... we need you, Megan."

Donovan: "The President? Dakota...? What's she done?"

Scarlett: "You don't know... just... let me go... I'll tell you everything..."



Narration:

The name—Dakota—and the desperation in Scarlett's choked voice finally broke through the post-hibernation fog. The wild paranoia in Donovan's eyes vanished, instantly replaced by a wave of dawning horror and profound shame. She realized what she was doing. Her fingers went completely slack, dropping Scarlett unceremoniously onto the hard floor. The nurse landed in a heap, scrambling away on her hands and knees, dragging in ragged, desperate breaths and coughing violently. Donovan shrank back against the massive pillows, her face a mask of guilt.

Dialog:

Donovan: "Oh my God... Nurse! Scarlett! I... I'm so sorry! Are you okay? I didn't... I thought you were an enemy..."

Scarlett: (Coughing, voice raspy and raw) "It's... fine... I'm fine... Just... holy hell... you've got one hell of a grip, Agent."

Donovan: "I'm so sorry. Please. I... I don't know what came over me."

Scarlett: (Massaging her throat) "Waking up from a three-month nap after shrinking from the size of a moon... I guess you're allowed to be a little cranky."



Narration:

After a few minutes, Scarlett, ever the professional, collected herself. She grabbed a specialized stethoscope with a large amplifier disc on the end and approached the bed where Donovan sat, looking ashamed. The giantess's belly, though she was far from her galactic peak, was still a huge, soft mound of flesh that completely covered her lap and legs, a testament to her unique physiology. Scarlett placed the amplifier on the back of Donovan's hand, the only place she could easily reach to get a clear reading.

Dialog:

Scarlett: "Alright, let's see if nearly choking out your nurse elevated your heart rate. Take a nice, deep breath for me."

Donovan: (Inhales shakily) "Seriously, Scarlett, I can't apologize enough. I'm a soldier. My instincts..."

Scarlett: "Relax, soldier. If I filed a complaint every time a patient got handsy, I'd be buried in paperwork. Now, exhale... good. You're fine. A little jumpy, maybe."

Donovan: "How long have you... what's your specialty?"

Scarlett: "Been in the Medical Corps ten years. Specialized in emergency and trauma medicine for... unique assets. Guess that makes you the top of the list." (She smiles faintly) "You know, for years, you were just this legend. A giant in space watching over us. You have no idea what you represent, especially to us women in the service. You're a hero, Megan. You prove we can be the biggest and the baddest. Now, one more deep breath. Let's make sure you're fit for duty."



Dialog:

Megan: "So, that's my end of the bargain handled. Now tell me about yours. How's President Redwood? I assume the situation is under control if you had time to build me a custom recovery suite."

Scarlett: (Her friendly demeanor vanishes, replaced by a rigid formality) "Agent Donovan, my orders are to focus exclusively on your physiological recovery and re-acclimatization to Earth's gravity. That is the full extent of my mission."

Megan: "I hear you, Nurse. But I'm not a civilian patient. I'm a soldier who just flew across the solar system to deal with a specific threat. I need to know what I'm facing. Is she contained?"

Scarlett: "Secretary of State Lance will provide you with a comprehensive intelligence and strategy briefing as soon as he deems you medically fit for duty. My opinions and knowledge on the matter are irrelevant. Please, take another deep breath for me."



Narration:

Just then, the door to the room slid open. DJ Lance entered, but the sight of him made Megan's breath catch in her throat. He wasn't wearing his usual impeccably tailored suit. Instead, he was dressed in the crisp, decorated uniform of a high-ranking military official, something he had no official right to wear. The implications hit Megan instantly: a civilian leader in military dress meant the civilian government was, for all intents and purposes, gone. The nurse's evasion, the secure facility, the uniform—it was a cascade of red flags. Scarlett immediately snapped to attention, her back ramrod straight as she gave a sharp salute.

Dialog:

Scarlett: "Mr. Secretary!"

Lance: "Nurse Goldstein. Thank you for your excellent work. I'll take it from here. I need to have a word alone with Agent Donovan."

Scarlett: "Sir, yes sir."



Narration:

Lance walked closer to the bed, his eyes scanning Donovan's immense form with a look that wasn't fear, but a profound, deep-seated weariness. He looked at the giantess who was once the most terrifying being he could imagine, and he barely flinched. The horrors he had witnessed over the last three months had permanently changed him.

Dialog:

Lance: "You know, it's strange. If I had met you like this a year ago, even at this reduced size, I'd have been petrified. Now... you just look reassuring."

Megan: "You must have seen some worse shit, then, Lance. If a twenty-foot-tall woman doesn't even catch you off guard."

Lance: (He lets out a short, mirthless laugh) "You have no idea, Megan. No idea."

Megan: "That uniform isn't for show. You're not a military officer. Has martial law been declared?"

Lance: (His face becomes grim, all traces of humor gone) "Yes."

Megan: "When?"

Lance: "More than two months ago. The morning after the world saw them for the first time."



Dialog:

Lance: "The President appointed me to this role... acting supervisor of the Joint Chiefs. A field commission."

Megan: "That's the General's job. Don't tell me a four-star general is taking orders from the Secretary of State."

Lance: "General Miller is... no longer with us."

Megan: "Gone how, Lance? You transfer him to a desk job in Alaska?"

Lance: (His voice drops to a grim whisper) "She dealt with him. Held a live 'trial' on national television, accused him of treason, of working with the Russians... and then she... dealt with him. Publicly. Just like the guards."

Megan: "Jesus Christ."

Lance: "That's what you're up against. That's why you need to get back on your feet. Every day, they just... continue growing. Evelyn is completely under Dakota's control, a willing accomplice. This isn't a government anymore, Megan. It's a full dictatorship run by two expanding, insatiable monsters."

Megan: "Okay. So I get my strength back. Scarlett works her magic and I re-acclimate. Then what? What's the plan, Lance?"

Lance: "That's the problem."

Megan: "What problem? We have the element of surprise. We have me. What's the objective? Do we have a weapon? A weakness we can exploit?"

Lance: (He looks away, and for the first time, Megan sees the polished facade of the Secretary of State completely crumble, revealing the terrified man beneath) "There is no plan. Before, there were rules. There was politics. There were weaknesses to exploit. Now... there's just her. A completely authoritarian goddess who's still getting bigger. How do you plan against that? How do you strategize against someone whose next move is decided by a whim or a hunger pang? I don't know what to do, Megan. I truly don't."



Dialog:

Megan: "Does she know I'm here?"

Lance: "Yes. Nothing happens without her knowing now. She has eyes everywhere. And from what we can tell... she doesn't seem eager to be helped by you or to find a cure. I think she likes it, Megan. The power that comes with it. It's scary."

Megan: "She still has a weakness. She doesn't have the one advantage I fought for. I can control the parasites within me."

Lance: "And I'm not sure how we can exploit that. You can control them, sure, so what?"

Megan: "So what? It means my mind is my own. My will is my own. Isn't that the key to fighting this thing?"

Lance: "It should be. But Dakota... this isn't like the others. It's not the dumb bimbo effect that Pami had, or the schizophrenia that made Barbara talk to herself. For some reason, she seems fully in control of her mind. Her appetite is another story, but she uses it to her advantage."

Megan: "What do you mean? And what happened to Evelyn Hayes? You said she was just like her."

Lance: "That's the other problem. Dakota has developed a new ability. She can infect others at will. She did it to Evelyn. One touch, and the woman who used to be the voice of reason became her most power-hungry, cruel accomplice. It's like she's controlling her telepathically."



Narration:

Meanwhile, as the White House was being completely gutted and rebuilt to accommodate the ever-expanding frames of its two occupants, President Dakota Redwood and Vice President Evelyn Hayes had taken up residence outdoors. They lived in a sprawling, luxurious garden on the White House grounds, a gilded cage with no roof to impede their constant, virally-induced growth. For official business, the entire seat of government was moved to the U.S. Capitol, whose massive rotunda was one of the few indoor spaces left in the city that could still contain them. It was here, every morning at 10 AM, that President Redwood held her daily broadcast. Since declaring martial law, she had used these events—televised live by a fleet of hovering drones for Cox News—as a raw display of power, a flexing of her monumental flesh and tyrannical will to show the nation and the world that she was in absolute control. And weirdly, it had worked. The riots stopped. The world fell silent. Fear of what the giantess-in-chief might do had crushed all dissent, making North Korea look like a functioning democracy by comparison.



Narration:

The live audience for these daily pronouncements was always small, by design. A rotating group of five to ten government officials and carefully selected journalists would be brought into the Capitol rotunda to bear witness. The small number was a deliberate choice by Redwood; it amplified their vulnerability, making each person feel utterly insignificant and exposed in the presence of the two colossal women. She shuffled the list of attendees daily, ensuring no one got too comfortable. On days she wanted to push a particular narrative, she would hand-pick journalists known for their spineless compliance, using them as direct conduits for her propaganda, their cameras and questions carefully managed to present her exactly as she wished: a god-queen, benevolent to her followers and terrifying to her enemies.



Narration:

Before the drone cameras started rolling each morning, Vice President Evelyn Hayes would warm up the crowd. She had grown so fucking big in the past three months it was almost incomprehensible. Her body had settled into a state of permanent, soft immensity; she was profoundly round, with hips so excessively large they seemed to defy gravity and a prominent double belly that hung forward in two distinct, fleshy tiers. Like Dakota, she had long abandoned any attempt at clothing; no fabric could be manufactured fast enough to keep up with their growth, so they remained in their shameless, powerful skin suits. She'd stand before the small, terrified audience, a cruel, amused glint in her eyes, a complete transformation from the principled woman she once was.

Dialog:

Evelyn: "Good morning, everyone. Welcome back to the Capitol. My, you all look so lovely and... tense today. Are we all doing well?"

Audience Member: (A nervous man in a suit) "Wonderfully, Madam Vice President! It is, as always, a profound honor."

Evelyn: (Her laughter is a low rumble) "Oh, I'm sure it is. Look at you, trembling like a little leaf. Are you afraid I might get peckish before the show starts?"

Audience Member: "N-no, of course not, ma'am! It's just... your presence is very... powerful."

Evelyn: "I know. Now straighten up. You're representing the loyal subjects of this nation, try to look the part."



Narration:

Evelyn's teasing demeanor shifted to one of a grand host introducing the main event. She'd pace slowly, her immense weight making the marble floor tremble slightly with each step. The audience watched her every move, their eyes wide with a mixture of terror and awe, hanging on her every word as if their lives depended on it—which, in a very real sense, they did.

Dialog:

Evelyn: "Alright, let's get started. For those of you who have been here before, you know the drill. For our newcomers, allow me to set the stage."

Evelyn: "In just a few moments, the President of the United States, the true leader of the free world, Dakota Redwood, will be joining us. This morning, as every morning, she will provide a lesson. A demonstration. She will make a live, public example of those foolish enough to oppose her will, to violate the interests of the United States, or to simply displease her in some minor way. It is a lesson in power, and all of you have front-row seats."



Narration:

She continued, her voice dripping with a passive-aggressive sweetness that was more threatening than any shout. She would often single out one of the attendees with her gaze, a predatory smile playing on her lips, making sure the threat landed with personal, chilling accuracy. After her monologue, she would open the floor, her condescending arrogance on full display.

Dialog:

Evelyn: "And let this be a lesson for all of you in this room. You are here because she trusts you, for now. It is an incredible honor, one that can be revoked in an instant. Should any of you break that trust... you'll find your next invitation will be of a very different, and very final, nature. Understood?"

Evelyn: "Wonderful. Does anyone have any questions before the President arrives?"

Journalist: (A woman holding a datapad) "Madam Vice President, what is the President's message to the American people regarding the ongoing economic prosperity?"

Evelyn: "Her message is 'you're welcome.' When you eliminate waste, inefficiency, and traitorous dissent, the economy naturally flourishes. It's not complicated. Next."

Official: "Ma'am, will there be any address regarding the... international naval blockades?"

Evelyn: "The President will address the blockades by demonstrating what happens to those who stand in our way. I find it's the most effective form of foreign policy. Are there any other questions that won't waste my time?"



Narration:

Just as she finished speaking, a deep, rhythmic *thump... thump...* began to vibrate through the marble floor, shaking the very columns of the rotunda. Every head in the room snapped to the right, towards the massive arched entrance. A low, tuneless humming sound preceded her, a chillingly casual noise that had become a trigger for pavlovian terror across the nation. Then, she appeared. The almighty President of the United States, Dakota Redwood, stepped into the hall. The sheer scale of her was so menacing, so utterly overwhelming, that the attendees collectively swallowed, the sound of their own spit clicking in the suddenly silent room.

Dialog:

Evelyn: (Her voice now soft and reverential) "No more questions. Our president is here."



Dialog:

Sarah (Reporter): (Inner Monologue) *The smell of her feet... it's faint, but it's there. Primal. And the soles of her feet are slightly dirty. She has access to anything in the world, yet she walks in here like that. It's a statement. She's beyond our rules, beyond our idea of decorum. This isn't a press conference; it's an audience with a god. A terrifying one.*

Chloe (Reporter): (Inner Monologue) *Oh God, don't look up. Just keep your eyes on the floor. I can smell her. Why can I smell her from here? It's making my stomach turn. Just breathe slowly. Don't let her see you sweat. Please, just let this end. Please don't let her pick me. Not today. Not ever.*

Commandant Harrison: (Inner Monologue) *To see the office of Commander-in-Chief reduced to this... it's a profound dishonor. This is the uniform I have dedicated my life to, and I am forced to stand here and pay deference to... this. This monstrous indulgence. Every step she takes is an insult to the Republic.*

Mark Jenkins (National Security Advisor): (Inner Monologue) *All our threat assessments, all our contingency plans... they're worthless. We are standing in a room with two living weapons of mass destruction who could level this entire city block by accident. And my job is to... what? Advise them? It's a farce. We're not in control. We're just trying not to get stepped on.*

Arthur (Secretary of the Treasury): (Inner Monologue) *I wonder what the budget is for a presidential pedicure now. The logistics alone must be staggering. The resources required to maintain her... it's a black hole in the federal budget. But look at her. That is where all the value in the world resides now. Power like that... it's the only thing worth serving. To control the flow of her resources is to be the most important man in the world, besides her.*

David (FEMA Director): (Inner Monologue) *I can feel the vibrations through the soles of my shoes with every step she takes. The structural integrity of this building was not designed for this. This isn't a person; it's a localized, recurring seismic event. My job is to plan for disasters, and I'm looking at two of them. If one of them trips... we're all just casualties in the incident report.*



Narration:

The audience members finally dragged their gazes upward from the terrifying sight of her feet, taking in the full view of President Dakota Redwood. She was an absolute behemoth. Her belly, a vast, round globe of flesh covered in a roadmap of silvery stretchmarks from her ungodly consumption, was now so massive it was nearly the size of Evelyn's entire colossal form. She'd made aesthetic changes to match her new status as a god-queen; her hair was a brighter, more brilliant blonde, her lips seemed fuller and were painted a vampiric, glossy red to match her perfect nails, and she'd styled her bangs to fall slightly over one eye, a look she found alluring. She surveyed the small, trembling group before her, a faint, predatory smile on her lips.

Dialog:

Dakota: "Good morning, everyone."

Dakota: (Turning to Evelyn) "Evelyn. Are our... guests... ready for today's lesson?"

Evelyn: (Her voice full of eager, obedient devotion) "Yes, Madam President! They are secured and waiting. We are prepared to proceed on your command."



Narration:

President Redwood looked down, or at least, she tried to. Her immense belly blocked her view of the tiny humans gathered before her. She let out an amused chuckle, a sound like distant thunder, and took a deliberate, floor-shaking step backward so she could finally see them. Her gaze swept over the terrified group, a predatory glint in her eyes.

Dialog:

Dakota: "There you are. For a second I thought you'd all run away. Now, can one of you little morsels tell me why you've been given the honor of attending today? And I expect the correct answer. If I get the sense you haven't been paying attention... well, let's just say you won't be walking out the same way you walked in."

Arthur (Secretary of the Treasury): (His hand shoots up, trembling) "M-Madam President! We are here to witness your... your righteous judgment and to report on your magnificent strength to the nation!"

Dakota: (She stares at him for a long, silent moment before breaking into a booming laugh) "Arthur, you're going to have a heart attack! Relax! I'm just messing with you. Honestly, you all look like you're about to be sacrificed."

Dakota: (Her smile fades slightly) "Just be good little boys and girls when the cameras roll. Sit back, and enjoy the slice of justice I'm about to serve. It's going to be delicious."

Evelyn: "Madam President, the drones are in position. We go live in less than ten seconds."



Dialog:

Dakota: "Excellent. You start, Evelyn. I think I have a piece of yesterday's traitor stuck between my teeth."

Evelyn: (Her face beams with devotion) "As you command, Madam President."

Evelyn: (Her voice booms across the rotunda, filled with fanatical zeal) "Attention! On your feet, for the President! Recite the Pledge of Strength!"

Evelyn: "HER HUNGER, OUR STRENGTH!"

Audience: (They scramble to their feet, their voices a ragged, fearful chorus) "HER HUNGER, OUR STRENGTH!"

Evelyn: "HER WILL, OUR LAW!"

Audience: (Louder this time, desperate to show compliance) "HER WILL, OUR LAW!"



Dialog:

Evelyn: "Good morning, America. I am Vice President Evelyn Hayes, and I stand before you today, as always, in service to our great nation and its eternal protector, President Dakota Redwood."

Evelyn: "For the past months, you have lived under the President's Protective Embrace, what some have incorrectly called martial law. Let me be clear: this is not oppression. This is order. This is strength. The President has taken decisive action to purge the weakness and dissent that threatened to cripple our country from within. She has cut out the cancers of foreign influence and domestic treason. What you are experiencing is not the loss of freedom, but the birth of true, unshakeable security."

Evelyn: "Today, as every day, that security will be reinforced. A lesson will be taught. A message will be sent. And now, to deliver that message, I give you the woman who saved us all... the President of the United States."



Narration:

As Evelyn stepped aside, one of the drones ascended, its camera tilting up to frame the President. It floated gently past her monumental breasts, each one the size of a car, coming to a halt directly in front of her face. Dakota leaned forward, her expression calm, confident, and utterly absolute. She raised a single, massive finger and pointed directly at the camera's lens, a gesture that felt intimately commanding to every single person watching from home. Her voice was not a shout, but a low, bone-chilling rumble that promised both salvation and damnation.

Dialog:

Dakota: "Let's be clear. You are not my 'fellow Americans.' You are my servants. This country, this continent, this world... it all belongs to me now. Your prayers to your invisible gods went unanswered. I am the god you can see. I am the power you can feel. You should choose your worship more carefully."

Dakota: "Your 'freedom' was a cage of fear. Your 'laws' were the pathetic whimpers of weak men. I have replaced them with one simple, beautiful truth: My hunger. My whims. My will. That is the only constitution that matters now."

Dakota: "Today, I am going to swallow traitors whole. I want you to watch their eyes as they slide down my throat. I want you to imagine their final, pathetic thoughts inside of me before his they fuel my growth. Burn that image into your minds. Because the next time you think of whispering dissent, I want you to imagine the darkness and humidity inside my belly becoming your eternity. Now... bring the traitors to me."



Narration:

Another one of the hovering drones swiveled, its lens zooming in on a lone military technician standing before a complex control panel set against the far wall of the rotunda. He stood at rigid attention, his eyes fixed forward, waiting. President Redwood turned her head slightly to address him; her voice simply boomed across the vast space, an expectation of absolute obedience in her tone.

Dialog:

Dakota: "Soldier. Roll in the cart."

Military Servant: (His voice cracks through the air like a rifle shot) "MA'AM, YES, MA'AM!"



Narration:

The technician pressed a series of buttons, and high above, a heavy-duty motorized system whirred to life. A large, red and beige cart, suspended from a thick steel cable that stretched from one side of the giant dome to the other, began its slow, ominous journey towards the center of the room. It glided over the heads of the audience, a dangling cage of judgment approaching the president. As it moved, Evelyn raised her hands, prompting the audience into the now-familiar ritual chant.

Dialog:

Evelyn: "HER HUNGER, OUR STRENGTH!"

Audience: "HER HUNGER, OUR STRENGTH!"

Evelyn: "HER WILL, OUR LAW!"

Audience: "HER WILL, OUR LAW!"



Narration:

A drone camera maneuvered to show the interior of the dangling red cart. Inside stood another soldier, dressed in full tactical gear, his expression a mask of grim determination. He held a combat shotgun at a low ready, his knuckles white. As the cart swayed gently on its journey, he was muttering the words of the pledge under his breath, not as a public performance, but as a personal prayer, a mantra of his terrifying new faith.

Dialog:

Soldier: (Muttering to himself) "Her hunger... our strength... Her will... our law..."



Narration:

With the soldier in the cart were today's prisoners. Six of them, shackled and kneeling, all branded as "Enemies of the Nation." Among them were two familiar faces to the government elite. The first was Dr. Katherine Albright, the brilliant lead scientist of Project Nightingale, accused of high treason for attempting to flee to China with the project's complete blueprints after martial law was declared. The second was the former White House Chief of Staff, Robert "Bob" Sterling, accused of conspiring with European leaders to undermine the President's new world economic policy. The other four were lesser-known but equally doomed. Julia Ellington, a prominent journalist, had authored a viral article titled "The Corpulent Tyrant," which questioned the President's sanity and called her "a slave to a parasite, consuming America's soul to feed herself." Beside her were two young men, Leo and Marco, rioters caught on camera spray-painting a mural depicting President Redwood as a monstrous pig gorging on money and Vice President Hayes as a giant hippopotamus crushing the Constitution with her immense, pear-shaped backside. The final prisoner was Senator Thompson, a veteran lawmaker accused of secretly trying to rally support within Congress to invoke the 25th Amendment and have the President declared unfit for office.



Narration:

Evelyn held up a giant, green, leather-bound portfolio that looked like a notebook in her immense hands. She clipped a paper on it and began to read in a clear, detached, bureaucratic voice. Her words were a formal script, a propaganda piece designed to justify the tyranny that was to follow. This entire spectacle was an excuse, a ritual Dakota had invented after declaring martial law. It served not only to break the nation into submission but to provide her with a steady, unlimited supply of fuel for the parasite within, allowing her to grow ever bigger, fatter, and more powerful, ensuring she always maintained her physical dominance over Evelyn and the rest of the world.

Dialog:

Evelyn: "The first traitor to face justice today is Dr. Katherine Albright. A scientist who was given this nation's highest trust, the lead architect of Project Nightingale. This woman repaid our trust by attempting to flee to an enemy state, carrying with her our most vital secrets. She chose personal gain over patriotism, treason over duty."

Evelyn: "For her crimes against the United States and against her President, she has been found guilty. By the absolute authority of President Dakota Redwood, her sentence is hereby declared: Life... in Her Excellency's belly. The sentence is to be carried out... effective immediately."



Narration:

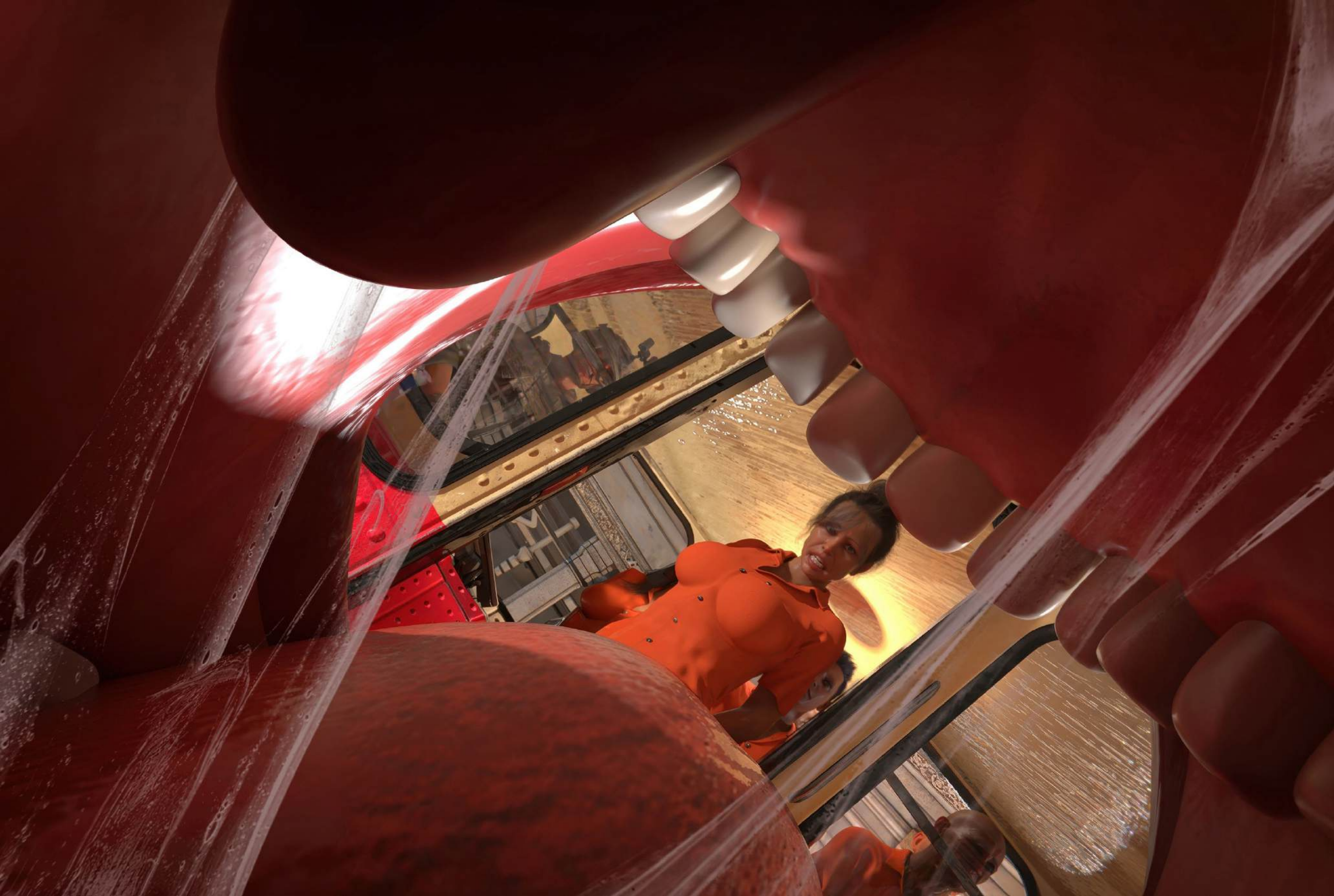
A loud clank echoed through the rotunda as the soldier unlatched the door of the crimson cart. It slid open with a hydraulic hiss, revealing the vast hall below. The other five prisoners remained silent and petrified, their heads bowed. Katherine Albright, however, looked up and was met with a sight that vaporized her soul. Filling the entire doorway was the immense face of President Redwood, leaning in close, a wide, menacing smile on her red-lipsticked lips.

Dialog:

Soldier: "Albright. Step forward."

Dakota: (Her voice a sweet, sarcastic coo) "Welcome, Doctor. So glad you could make it. You have one final briefing to attend... and I do so love to be thorough."

Dr. Albright: (Her voice, though trembling, held a strange, resigned calm, almost a sigh of acceptance) "Understood, Madam President. I... I accept my fate. It is... what I deserve."



Narration:

As Dr. Albright stood, her gaze unwavering, Dakota's smile widened into a cavernous, impossibly large maw. Thick, slimy ropes of saliva stretched and snapped between her lips as her mouth opened wider, and wider still. A wave of hot, and humid breath washed over Katherine. She was staring right into a dark, wet abyss, the fleshy walls of the President's mouth glistening, the entrance to her own humid prison.

Dialog:

Dakota: (Her voice a wet, gurgling rumble) "Do you have any... final words, Doctor? Make them good."

Dr. Albright: "No, Madam President. My words are done. Only my service remains. I am ready."



Narration:

With a wet, muscular slap, Dakota's immense tongue unfurled from her mouth, pressing against the edge of the cart's doorway to form a slick, pink bridge. It was a grotesque welcome mat, twitching slightly. The soldier, his patience gone, took a firm, guiding step toward Dr. Albright, his voice booming with a cold finality. Katherine's gaze remained fixed on the immense, wet tongue, her acceptance clear.

Dialog:

Soldier: "MOVE! Step forward, Doctor! The President has offered you her tongue! Show some respect and WALK!"



Narration:

Before Katherine could take another step, the soldier acted. He didn't dignify her with a response. He simply took two quick steps, placed his hands squarely on her back, and with a firm push, guided her forward. Katherine's feet left the floor of the cart. She tumbled forward, head-first, her final, scientific acceptance echoing in her mind as she plunged directly into the wet, waiting darkness of President Redwood's mouth.



Narration:

Dakota's lips snapped shut around Katherine's waist. She tilted her massive head back, the muscles in her thick neck pulsing as she began to swallow. A wet, gulping sound echoed through the rotunda. She gagged slightly for a moment, a reflexive spasm, but it was immediately followed by a low, cruel chuckle. She brought her hand up, and with two of her fat, perfectly manicured fingers, she casually pushed Katherine's legs the rest of the way into her mouth, guiding the lump in her throat to slide down into the abyss.

Dialog:

Dakota: (A deep, guttural gulping sound)
"HNNNGH... GULP... Mmm, hahaha..."



Narration:

A final, deep, guttural swallow echoed from Dakota's throat, the lump that was Dr. Albright visibly descending into the cavernous space of her belly. A low, pleased sound rumbled in her chest, a sound of pure, satiated pleasure. The soldier, wasting no time, turned his cold gaze to the next prisoner in line, the former Chief of Staff, Robert Sterling. Sterling, who had been watching in silence, now found his voice in a surge of panicked indignation. The soldier raised his shotgun, and the sharp, metallic *click-clack* of him chambering a round cut through the air.

Dialog:

Dakota: "Mmmmmmmmmmm..."

Soldier: "Sterling. You're next. Step to the edge."

Robert Sterling: "What? Why me? No! Take the rioters, take that reporter! I was the Chief of Staff of the White House! This is an outrage! There's a protocol to these things!"

Soldier: "The President's will is the only protocol. Step forward now... or I will make you."



Narration:

The audience below watched the horrifying spectacle, their bodies frozen, their minds struggling to process the grotesque reality of a person swallowed whole. A dead, terrified silence gripped the rotunda, thick with the unsaid prayers of people who knew they could be next. But the silence was shattered by a single, piercing sound. It was Chloe, the younger reporter, whose mind had finally snapped under the pressure. The sight of the President swallowing Dr. Albright was too much, and a raw, uncontrollable scream ripped from her throat.



Narration:

Panic completely overtook her. Chloe scrambled up from her chair, sending it clattering to the marble floor, and made a desperate, mad dash for the massive bronze doors of the exit. Her screams echoed wildly in the cavernous space as she ran for her life. Her colleague, the more seasoned and composed reporter Sarah, shot up from her own seat, her face pale with a different kind of terror—the terror of knowing what was about to happen.

Dialog:

Sarah: "CHLOE, NO! SIT DOWN! Chloe, for God's sake, come back! They're still on camera! You can't!"



Narration:

As Chloe sprinted across the floor, a colossal shadow fell over her, instantly eclipsing the light from above. She felt a warm, damp, and impossibly heavy mass press down on the crown of her head, the slightly sweaty humidity of a giant foot overwhelming her senses. Her frantic run slowed to a stumble as she instinctively looked up. All she could see was a fleshy, pink landscape of immense wrinkles and pores—the sole of Vice President Evelyn Hayes's fat fucking foot, descending upon her.

Dialog:

Sarah: "CHLOE, NOOOO!!!"



Narration:

With a deliberate, almost lazy pressure, Evelyn pressed her foot down, pinning the screaming reporter to the cold floor. Chloe wasn't crushed, not yet; she was trapped, the weight gradually increasing as tons and tons of the Vice President's mass were brought to bear upon her tiny body. Evelyn looked down at her with an expression of bored amusement, then shifted her gaze to the rest of the horrified audience.

Dialog:

Evelyn: "And where did you think you were going, little mouse? Did you really think you could outrun me in my own house? Pathetic."

Evelyn: (Her voice booming to the others) "The rest of you! Your attention belongs to President Redwood. Unless you'd like to join your friend and get a much more personal view of my pedicure."



Narration:

While the muffled whimpers of the reporter continued from underneath her foot, Evelyn Hayes acted as if nothing had happened. She calmly lifted the giant green portfolio again, her expression one of bored indifference to the woman being slowly smushed beneath tons of her own weight. She flipped to the next page, her movements slow and deliberate, before clearing her throat to address the remaining, petrified audience members.

Dialog:

Evelyn: "Moving on. The second traitor to face justice today is Robert Sterling, the former White House Chief of Staff."

Evelyn: "A man who was granted the highest privilege, to stand at the right hand of power and execute the President's will. A man who, instead, chose to crawl in the shadows, conspiring with foreign entities to undermine the very foundation of our nation's strength. A weak man, making weak deals."



Narration:

A final, deep, guttural swallow echoed from Dakota's throat, the lump that was Dr. Albright visibly descending into the cavernous space of her belly. A low, pleased sound rumbled in her chest, a sound of pure, satiated pleasure. The soldier, wasting no time, turned his cold gaze to the next prisoner in line, the former Chief of Staff, Robert Sterling. Sterling, who had been watching in silence, now found his voice, not in panic, but in a surge of resigned duty. The soldier raised his shotgun, and the sharp, metallic click-clack of him chambering a round cut through the air.

Dialog:

Dakota: "Mmmmmmmmmmm..."

Soldier: "Sterling. You're next. Step to the edge."

Robert Sterling: "Understood. My duty calls. I am ready to serve."

Soldier: "The President's will is the only protocol. Step forward now... or I will make you."



Narration:

Evelyn continued reading from the script, her voice droning on with the formal, chilling cadence of a judge pronouncing a verdict from which there was no appeal. In the cart, the soldier leveled his shotgun at Sterling. In the center of the room, President Redwood let out a low, predatory chuckle, reaching up with both hands to grasp her own colossal breasts. She pulled them flesh apart, a grotesque display, presenting the valley of flesh between them like an executioner's block.

Dialog:

Evelyn: "For this profound service, the President has decreed a sentence of two parts. First, a final, disciplinary embrace... to be crushed between the breasts of Her Excellency's divine justice. This will be followed by a permanent integration into her sacred belly. The sentence is to be carried out... immediately."

Soldier: "Sterling! You heard her! To the edge, now!"

Robert Sterling: "Yes, Madam President. My honor to serve. I am prepared for this embrace."

Dakota: (Her laughter rumbles as she holds her breasts apart) "Oh, Bob. Always knew you were a loyal one. I warned you on Air Force One, didn't I? I told you what happens to people who get in my way. But you chose to serve. Now, serve me properly."



Narration:

Robert Sterling continued his resigned, yet firm, acceptance, ready to fulfill his final duty. President Redwood's smile faded, replaced by a mask of bored amusement. She didn't even bother to respond to him directly. Her voice was a sharp, powerful bark that echoed through the rotunda, a simple command that sealed his fate. The soldier in the cart reacted instantly, delivering a single, firm push to the small of Sterling's back. The former Chief of Staff pitched forward, falling from the cart directly toward the President's massive chest, ready for his ultimate service.

Dialog:

Robert Sterling: "My final service... for the President..."

Dakota: "GUARD!"

Robert Sterling: "—Ahhh!"



Narration:

The impact was not a crack, but a deep, wet *THWUMP* that sent ripples across the President's torso. A choked gasp was forced from Sterling's lungs as the two fleshy mountains collided, sandwiching him between them. Dakota threw her head back and let out a booming, joyous laugh, her entire body jiggling from the sensation. She then brought her massive hands up to the outside of her breasts and began to press them together with immense force, deepening her cleavage and increasing the incredible pressure on the tiny man trapped within.

Dialog:

Dakota: "Hahahahaha! Ooh! That tickles! It feels like a little bug got caught."

Dakota: (Her voice a low, pleased purr as she squeezes) "Let's see what happens when we press the little bug... squeeze... and squeeze..."



Narration:

After a few moments of applying crushing pressure, she let go. With a slow, deliberate movement, she pulled her breasts apart again. The sound was like wet suction. There, stuck to the slick, powdered skin of her left breast, was Robert Sterling. He was flattened like a human patty, but his eyes were wide with a strange, blissful acceptance, and he was, shockingly, still alive. Dakota looked down at the pathetic sight with amusement.

Dialog:

Dakota: "Well, well, well. Look at that. More durable than I thought. You're a little flat, Bob, but still breathing. Impressive."

Robert Sterling: (His voice a strained, reverent whisper) "I am... unworthy... to be smashed between your divine breasts, Madam President. Yet... it is an honor..."

Dakota: "But that was only the first part of your sentence. Now, for part two."



Narration:

With a casual, almost delicate motion, Dakota reached down and peeled the flattened form of Robert Sterling off her skin. He was limp, but still conscious. She pinched his ankles between her thumb and forefinger and lifted him into the air, dangling him upside down like a forgotten piece of lint. She held him directly above her face as her mouth opened wide once more, the dark, waiting abyss ready to deliver the final part of his sentence as the nation and the world watched



Narration:

After the last bit of Sterling was shoved down her throat, Dakota leaned back with a deep, shuddering sigh of satisfaction. A low, gurgling rumble began to emanate from the vast expanse of her belly, a sound like distant thunder. Her eyes fluttered, half-closing in a state of bliss. She lazily brought a massive hand to rest on her gut, giving the taut skin a soft, affectionate pat. A moment later, a deep, wet belch escaped her glossy lips, echoing slightly in the silent rotunda.

Dialog:

Dakota: "BuuuurrrRAAAAAAP... Mmmph. Gracious."

Dakota: (She says it with a smirk, her voice a low purr) "He's... settling in. Making himself at home."



Narration:

The gurgling from within her intensified, becoming a constant, churning symphony of internal activity. A visible wave of expansion began to roll through her body. Her belly, already a monumental sphere, pushed forward another few inches, the silvery stretch marks there seeming to brighten and strain. The flesh under her chin softened and swelled, her already prominent double chin thickening into an even fatter, more pronounced cascade of flesh. A low moan of pure, hedonistic pleasure rumbled in her throat.

Dialog:

Evelyn: (Her eyes are wide with worshipful awe) "You're growing again, Madam President. Truly magnificent."

Dakota: (Her eyes are still half-lidded as she pats her gut) "Mmmm... it feels... right. Every traitor makes me stronger. Makes me... more."

Dakota: (Another loud, rumbling belch forces its way out, longer this time) "BUUUUUUURRRRRPP!"



Narration:

Her growth continued, slow but undeniable. Her belly was now a vast, quivering globe of flesh, jiggling with every heavy breath she took. As she shifted her immense weight to get more comfortable, a deep, wet, sloshing sound emanated from within her, like the shifting of tides in a fleshy ocean. The sound was so loud and visceral it caused several members of the audience to visibly pale. Dakota, however, merely smiled. She began to use both of her massive hands to rhythmically drum on her gut, creating a deep, thunderous rhythm and making her entire belly ripple and wobble hypnotically.

Dialog:

Dakota: (A pleased smirk on her face as she listens to the sloshing) "Listen to that... So active today."



Narration:

The slow expansion reached a new peak of sensation for her. Her thighs, already as thick as tree trunks, swelled even further, pressing together with a soft, fleshy sigh. Her breasts grew heavier, straining against their own immense weight. The flesh of her face had softened, her cheeks rounder. Her moans became deeper and more frequent, the sounds of a creature reveling in its own hedonistic transformation. She started rubbing her belly in wide, slow circles, her hand looking comically small against the vast expanse of her own skin.

Dialog:

Dakota: (Moaning deeply, a mix of blissful pleasure and growing pressure) "Mmmmmnnnggghh... yesss... so much... *more*... This is what power feels like..."

Evelyn: (Watching with rapt attention, her own body seeming to flush in sympathetic pleasure) "You are perfection, my President. The ideal human form."

Dakota: (A long, wet belch escapes as she speaks) "More... buuuuurp... I need... *more*..."



Narration:

Finally, the most intense phase of the growth spurt began to subside. The violent gurgling in her gut softened to a low, constant rumble, and the visible expansion slowed to a stop, leaving her settled into a new, noticeably larger and fatter form. Her breathing was heavy, her entire body looking softer, more plump and profoundly round. She rested her head back, a look of pure, blissful satiety on her face, her now-fatter chin nestled comfortably upon the upper swell of her chest. Her hand rested possessively on her bigger, rounder belly.

Dialog:

Dakota: (Her voice is a sleepy, satisfied murmur) "Mmmph... that's better. Much, much better."

Evelyn: "Shall we proceed with the next traitor, Madam President?"

Dakota: "In a moment, Evelyn. Let me... appreciate this. Let me enjoy the new... acquisitions."



Narration:

President Redwood leaned forward, her massive face once again filling the doorway of the hanging cart. She took a deep, shuddering breath, her chest swelling, and then unleashed a deafening, wet belch directly into the confined space. The sound was so explosively loud that the soldier inside instinctively clapped his hands over his ears. With the force of the burp, tiny, moist flecks of food from last night's binge, dislodged from between her teeth, shot out like small projectiles, peppering the faces and clothes of the remaining terrified prisoners.

Dialog:

Dakota:

"BBBUUUUUUUU

UUURRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA PPPPHHHH!"



Narration:

Dakota casually wiped a bit of spittle from her chin with the back of her hand, her expression one of complete indifference to the rude act she had just committed. She looked at the soldier in the cart, who was still recovering from the sonic assault, and waved a dismissive hand at him. She then turned her attention back to the cart, reaching her own immense hand toward the open doorway.

Dialog:

Dakota: "Pardon me. Had to clear that out before the main course."

Dakota: (To the guard) "At ease, soldier. You look a little shaken. I'll handle the next one myself. Let's see if my fat hand can even fit in there anymore."



Narration:

With a grunt of effort, Dakota pulled the screaming rioter from the cart. She held him dangling by his ankles, high in the air, before moving her arm and positioning him directly over Evelyn's head. The Vice President tilted her face to the sky, her mouth parting in a wide, hungry smile of pure anticipation.

Dialog:

Dakota: "Open wide, Evie. You've been such a good girl today, you deserve a little snack."

Evelyn: (Looking up at the dangling man with lust in her eyes) "Oh, thank you, Madam President. I'm absolutely famished. Don't worry, little man. It's a great honor to become part of me."



Dialog:

Dakota: "That's it, Evie. Take your treat. Swallow him down."

Marco: (His shouting is cut off as his head is pushed past her lips) "Mmmppphh-NNNGGHH!"



Narration:

Once Marco's head and shoulders were inside, Dakota released him. Evelyn then took over, her own large hands grabbing the man's flailing body and beginning to stuff him into her mouth. She struggled more than the President; her throat wasn't quite as practiced or capacious, and she had to work harder to accommodate the bulk. Her cheeks bulged, and she gagged for a moment, a spasm wracking her immense frame. But the gag was quickly followed by a low moan of effort and twisted pleasure as she used her own fingers to shove the last of his legs past her lips and began the arduous process of swallowing him down.

Dialog:

Evelyn: "HNNNGH... GACK... Mmmph... GULP..."



Narration:

After the final, shuddering swallow, Evelyn panted, her eyes wide with a mixture of exertion and dawning pleasure. A deep, wet gurgle started in her belly, a clear signal that the process was beginning. Unlike Dakota's confident satisfaction, Evelyn's reaction was one of overwhelmed awe. A deep, spreading warmth ignited in her hips and thighs, a feeling she now recognized. A soft, involuntary moan escaped her lips as the first wave of virally-induced creation started to take hold of her lower body.

Dialog:

Evelyn: (A final, shuddering gulp) "Mmmph... He's... down."



Narration:

The growth became visible with alarming speed, all of it focused on her lower half as usual. Her already colossal hips and ass began to swell outwards, the flesh expanding like rising dough. Her thighs thickened even more, pressing together with immense, soft pressure. New, silvery stretch marks began to spiderweb across the vast expanse of her hips, and the smooth skin started to dimple and yield, creating the first hints of new cellulite under the strain of the rapid fat deposit.

Dialog:

Evelyn: (A sharp gasp as a particularly intense wave of growth hits her thighs) "Ooh! Ah... it's... so much... all in my legs..."

Dakota: "Embrace it, Ev. That's your power."

Evelyn: (Looking down at her own expanding thighs with a mixture of horror and fascination) "They're getting so... round... so heavy..."



Narration:

She shifted her monumental weight, and her newly enlarged ass and thighs jiggled heavily, a motion that now carried a profound, earth-shaking new heft. She ran a hand down her own hip, her fingers tracing the fresh, silvery lines of the new stretch marks and the soft, dimpled texture of the cellulite forming on her skin. She looked at her own flesh not with shock, but with a strange, dawning sense of pride and ownership. This monstrous new body was hers. She slapped her own thigh, the impact producing a deep, wet, fleshy thud.

Dialog:

Evelyn: (A low laugh escapes her as she feels the jiggle) "It... it all moves so much... Listen..."

Dakota: "That's the sound of power, Evelyn. The sound of substance. Don't you just love it?"

Evelyn: (Her voice is breathy with a strange, subservient excitement) "Yes... Yes, Mommy. I do. It feels... wonderful."



Narration:

The growth spurt reached its most intense point. The expansion flooded downwards, pouring into her lower legs. Her already thick, sturdy calves began to swell dramatically, becoming two massive, soft pillars of flesh that completely erased any hint of an ankle. Her lower body was now a single, monumental landscape of soft, quivering flesh, solidifying her extreme pear shape. The overwhelming sensation caused her to moan deeply, a sound of being completely overtaken by her own transformation.

Dialog:

Evelyn: (A long, shuddering moan as her calves expand to match her thighs) "Mmmnnnnnggghh... my feet... I can't even feel the floor properly... it's... it's too much..."

Dakota: "It's never too much. It's just enough for now. Let it fill you. Let it make you... formidable."

Evelyn: (Panting, almost delirious with the sensation) "Formidable... yes... so... heavy... so... big..."



Narration:

Finally, the intense surge of creation began to ebb, leaving Evelyn panting heavily in its wake. She had settled into a new, even more colossal scale.

Dialog:

Evelyn: (Her breathing is heavy, her voice thick with post-growth euphoria) "Wow... I... I feel so... big. So large."

Dakota: (Nods approvingly, a genuine smile on her face) "You look that way. You have been rewarded for your loyalty, Evelyn. You've earned every single pound."

Evelyn: (Looking at Dakota with pure, teary-eyed adoration) "Thank you, Madam President. Thank you for making me more than I was."



Narration:

Evelyn was consumed by a divine madness, a euphoric frenzy from the raw power of her new growth. She was no longer just a Vice President; she was a demigod of flesh, and her self-absorption swelled to match her colossal hips. She glared down at the insignificant insects before her, her voice a thunderous command that cracked with pure, ecstatic arrogance. Beneath her foot, Chloe's muffled whimpers turned into desperate, chanted praise, hoping it'd help her get out of the situation she's in.

Dialog:

Evelyn: "DOWN! On your fucking faces! Throw yourselves before your betters! Grovel in the marble and thank us for the very air you breathe, you ngrateful, pathetic little maggots!"

Evelyn: "Because I am one bad mood away from popping every single one of you into my mouth like fucking grapes! You live because WE allow it!"

Dakota: (A deep, rumbling laugh shakes her entire body) "Hahahaha! Easy there, Ev. Don't play with your snacks too much. You'll spoil your appetite."

Dakota: (She lets out a lazy, gut-shaking burp) "This tedious ceremony bores me. My belly craves a feast worthy of my time, not these... appetizers. Let's finish this."

Evelyn: (Her manic arrogance instantly melts into fawning, breathless submission) "Yes, Mommy. Of course. Anything you want."

Chloe: (Her voice muffled and trembling from under Evelyn's foot) "Thank you for our lives, our great leaders... glorious, beautiful goddesses... thank you..."



Narration:

Done with the pleasantries, Dakota reached into the cart herself, her massive hand bypassing the terrified soldier. Evelyn, following her leader's lead, abandoned the portfolio entirely, the pretense of a formal ceremony now gone. Dakota's fingers closed around two prisoners—the journalist lady in one hand, and Senator Thompson in the other. With a flick of her wrist, she tossed the final rioter, Leo, towards Evelyn, who caught him deftly and, without a word, began stuffing him head-first into her mouth. Dakota then dangled the reporter over her own waiting maw.

Dialog:

Dakota: "Alright, let's clear the table. I'm getting hungry."

Evelyn: (Her voice muffled as she shoves the rioter into her mouth) "Mmmph!"



Narration:

The reporter clung to Dakota's impossibly large index finger as she was dangled over the dark, wet abyss of the President's mouth. A playful smile crossed Dakota's face. She slowly extended her tongue, licking up Julia's kicking legs with a long, wet stroke. She then began to gently shake her finger up and down, a game designed to make the woman lose her grip. In her other hand, she squeezed Senator Thompson, reminding him that his time is almost up as well.

Dialog:

Dakota: (Her voice a low, amused purr) "Mmmm... Hold on tight now. It's a long way down."



Narration:

The reporter's grip finally failed. With a final, piercing shriek, she fell from Dakota's finger and plunged into her mouth. Dakota's massive, muscular tongue immediately coiled around the reporter's body, dragging her deeper. But she didn't swallow yet. With the reporter's legs and torso already disappearing down her throat, her upper body still kicking and flailing, Dakota brought her other hand—the one clenching the Senator—right up to her already-full mouth.

Dialog:

Dakota: (Her voice distorted and muffled by the body in her mouth) "Mmm. Time for the last appetizers."



Narration:

In a display of pure, gluttonous power that horrified everyone watching, Dakota began shoving Senator Thompson into her already-occupied mouth. Her cheeks bulged out to an obscene degree. She crammed his body in alongside the reporter, using her powerful tongue and fingers to force both of them past her lips and into her throat at the exact same time. It was a grotesque, impossible feat of consumption, a final show of her absolute dominance.

Dialog:

Dakota: (A series of distorted, wet, guttural sounds of extreme effort and pleasure) "HNNNGH... GGGULP... MMMMMMPH!"



Narration:

As the last of the men disappeared down their throats, a deep, resonant hum started in both Dakota and Evelyn's bellies simultaneously. It was a sympathetic vibration, a shared internal process that heralded a new, combined wave of growth. Their bodies began to swell in perfect, terrifying unison, the air in the rotunda growing thick and heavy with their sheer presence.

Dialog:

Sarah (Reporter): (Falling to her knees, her voice shaking but loud) "WE WITNESS YOUR GLORY! WE PRAISE YOUR DIVINE EXPANSION! YOU ARE OUR SALVATION!"

Dakota: (A deep, guttural moan of pleasure escapes her lips) "Mmmm, yes... feel that, Ev? It's so much fucking better when we grow together."

Evelyn: (Panting, her eyes rolling back in ecstasy) "Mmmmmmmmmmm..."



Narration:

Their forms visibly inflated, flesh expanding outwards with an audible, fleshy hum. Hips widened like tectonic plates shifting, bellies pushed forward into obscene, trembling globes, and their chins softened into cascading pillows of fat. The sheer, overwhelming scale of their simultaneous growth broke the last vestiges of the audience's composure.

Dialog:

General Harrison: (His terrified face pressed to the marble floor) "WE BEG FOR YOUR COMPASSION, GREAT LEADERS! WE VOW OUR UNDYING, UNQUESTIONING SERVICE! YOUR WILL IS THE ONLY REALITY!"

Evelyn: (A booming, joyous laugh erupts from her) "Hahahaha! Listen to them grovel! They're so fucking beautiful when they're begging!"

Dakota: (Lets out a long, wet, echoing burp) "BUUUURP! As they should be. Fear is the purest, most honest form of love."



Narration:

The mutual growth reached a fever pitch of raw sensation for the two giantesses. They basked in the feeling of their own flesh erupting, their bodies jiggling in a continuous, hypnotic rhythm. They were no longer just leaders; they were living, breathing monuments to absolute power and endless consumption, and they wanted everyone to behold their terrible glory.

Dialog:

Arthur (Secretary of the Treasury): (Tears streaming down his face as he prostrates himself) "WE LOVE YOU! WE ARE YOURS! YOURS TO COMMAND, YOURS TO USE! SPARE US!"

Dakota: "Mmmnnnggghh... that's the fucking spirit... more..."

Evelyn: "I want to be bigger for you, Dakota... So much bigger..."



Narration:

The growth continued, a runaway train of flesh creation. Dakota, her eyes glazed with power, gestured impatiently towards the cart with one hand, and with the other, commanded Evelyn. At the same time, Evelyn lifted her massive foot just enough for guards on the ground to pull Chloe forward.

Dialog:

Chloe: (A pathetic, broken sob) "I'm sorry... I'll be good... I'm sorry..."



Dialog:

Audience: (In a desperate, chanting mantra) "HER HUNGER,
OUR STRENGTH! HER WILL, OUR LAW!"

Evelyn: (Her voice a terrifyingly sweet coo) "Silence, little
things. Your pathetic noises are starting to irritate us."



Narration:

In a moment of perfect, terrifying synchronicity, as their flesh continued its relentless expansion, both Dakota and Evelyn tilted their heads back. They ignored the frantic, muffled struggles of their snacks and opened their throats. The sound of two simultaneous, final swallows was the only thing that momentarily broke through the audience's chanting. For a brief, horrifying instant, their growth seemed to accelerate as the last bit of fuel hit their systems.

Dialog:

Dakota & Evelyn: (A deep, wet, resonant sound in perfect unison) *****GULP.****

Audience: (Their chant finishes, their voices cracking with terror and relief) **"...HER WILL, OUR LAW!"**



Narration:

President Redwood slumped back slightly, her face a mask of pained, bloated ecstasy. She was visibly, uncomfortably full. Her immense belly was stretched drum-tight, and a fresh wave of saliva built up in her mouth as another massive belch rumbled up from her core. Her eyes rolled back into her head for a moment from the sheer pressure. High above, the lone soldier in the crimson cart stood at attention, waiting patiently for the technician to operate the controls and bring him back from the center of the dome so he could attend to his other duties.

Dialog:

Dakota: "Ooooh... ugh... mmmph..."

Dakota: (A gigantic, echoing, wet burp rips out, making her whole body shudder)
"BUUUUUUUUUURRRRAAAAAAAAAAAPPPIHH!"



Narration:

But as the soldier waited, a cruel, predatory glint returned to Dakota's eyes. She wasn't done yet. She looked up at the loyal soldier, a new, twisted rationale forming in her mind. Her hand, now visibly bigger and fatter from the recent growth spurt, began its slow ascent toward the cart. The soldier's disciplined posture dissolved into pure panic as he realized the rules had just been changed. She grunted, struggling to squeeze her now-thicker hand back into the cart's doorway.

Dialog:

Dakota: "You know, soldier... I'm thinking about your performance today. Six traitors on the docket. You only delivered two. I had to do all the heavy lifting myself. That's dereliction of duty."

Soldier: "B-but, Madam President! You ordered me to stand down! You said you would handle them!"

Dakota: "Are you questioning a direct order? Or worse, my memory? That sounds like insubordination. And insubordination is treason. I hereby sentence you to life in my belly."

Dakota: (Grunting as she forces her hand into the cart)
"Hnngh... damn... this hand is finally getting a little too fat to squeeze in..."



Narration:

With a final, fleshy squeeze, her hand burst through the doorway. The terrified soldier scrambled backward, but there was nowhere to go in the small, dangling cage. Her thick, powerful fingers closed around his entire torso, his tactical gear crinkling under the immense pressure. She lifted him effortlessly from the floor of the cart, ready to devour the final, unplanned morsel of the day.

Dialog:

Dakota: "Don't worry, soldier. You'll still be serving me... just from the inside."



Narration:

Meanwhile, in a secure military medical facility, Megan Donovan was paying the price for her time in space. After a spartan breakfast designed not to spike her sugar levels for the blood work Scarlett was still conducting, she was now on a treadmill. It was a monstrous piece of equipment, a conveyor belt the size of a small road, built specifically for her. The workout was just a slow, steady walk, but for Donovan, it was agony. Her body, unaccustomed to Earth's full gravity after so long, protested every step. Sweat poured down her face and slicked her massive body. She was panting, completely out of breath, her heart pounding a frantic rhythm against her ribs. Being so heavy didn't help, her large, soft belly jiggling uncomfortably with each laborious stride.

Dialog:

Donovan: (Panting heavily between words) "Ugh... God... just... keep... walking..."



Narration:

Scarlett stood beside the giant treadmill, her eyes fixed on a large monitor displaying Donovan's vitals in real-time. She held a datapad, making notes with a calm, professional demeanor that was a stark contrast to the immense struggle happening beside her. Donovan, her face flushed and beaded with sweat, looked over at the nurse with pleading eyes.

Dialog:

Donovan: "Scarlett... please... how much longer? I'm so hungry I could eat this entire treadmill, and my legs feel like jelly."

Scarlett: (Taps her screen with a smile) "Heart rate is at one-ninety, respiration is elevated but stable... everything looks perfect for a beautiful giantess re-learning how to use her sea legs. You're doing great."

Scarlett: "Just give me five more minutes. This is important, Megan. We need to put some stress on your bones and muscles to remind them they have a job to do. Think of it as a welcome home party for your skeletal system."



Narration:

Donovan let out a groan, wiping a torrent of sweat from her brow with the back of her massive hand. Scarlett saw her flagging motivation and seamlessly shifted from clinician to friend, her voice becoming light and conversational in a deliberate attempt to distract the struggling giantess.

Dialog:

Donovan: "Ugh, I feel so disgusting. I'm drenched. Is it possible to sweat this much?"

Scarlett: "Oh, you want to talk about sweat? I did a rotation at a base in Florida one summer. The humidity was so thick you could swim in it. I'm pretty sure I sweated out my entire body weight every single day."

Scarlett: (She leans in conspiratorially with a grin) "But it made the shower at the end of the day the single greatest feeling in the world. And not a hot one. Ice cold. The kind that makes your skin tingle and your teeth chatter. It was heaven. Just think about that, Megan. A nice, long, cold shower is waiting for you. And maybe an extra portion of protein mash."



Narration:

The moment the treadmill whirred to a stop, Donovan's legs gave out completely. She collapsed in a heap onto the moving belt, her body drenched in a thick sheen of sweat, making her large, soft belly look as glossy as a balloon. She lay there, panting heavily, utterly exhausted. Scarlett clicked a button on her datapad and gave her a professional, encouraging smile.

Dialog:

Scarlett: "And that's our milestone. You're done for today. Excellent work, Megan."

Donovan: (Between ragged breaths) "Weeks? Scarlett, given what Lance told me... we might not have weeks. The country could be gone by then."

Scarlett: "I don't care if the President is throwing garden parties on the moon. My patient is you. My only responsibility is ensuring that when you do go out there to 'save the day,' your bones don't shatter and your muscles don't tear. You will be ready when I say you are ready. Not a moment sooner."



Narration:

Donovan pushed herself into a sitting position, still breathing heavily but regaining some of her composure. She looked at the small cart next to the treadmill, filled with vials and medical equipment, and gestured toward it with a tired wave of her hand. Scarlett's expression shifted from firm to clinical as she explained her meticulous process.

Dialog:

Donovan: "Okay, I get the gravity workout... but what's with all the blood samples every single day? You could fill a bathtub with what you've taken."

Scarlett: "You were a celestial body for years, Megan. At that scale, anything could have gotten inside you—through your skin, your nostrils, your mouth—without you even feeling it. We don't know what every rock or particle in space is made of. For all we know, you could be carrying some dormant extraterrestrial virus that's a thousand times worse than what we're currently dealing with. I have to be sure."

Scarlett: "Each sample I take is mixed with a different diagnostic cocktail to test for a different set of unknown contaminants. It's a precaution, but it's a necessary one."



Narration:

Donovan finally started to catch her breath, though her body still glistened with sweat and trembled with exhaustion. The clinical talk was replaced by a more primal, urgent need. She looked at Scarlett, her expression one of profound, deep-seated hunger. Scarlett's professional demeanor softened instantly into a playful, friendly grin.

Dialog:

Donovan: "I understand. But Scarlett... I'm hungry. I mean, I am really, truly hungry. I need food... lots of food."

Scarlett: (Her smile widens) "You know what? After that performance, you've absolutely earned it. Tell you what, we're declaring tomorrow a 'Personal Health Day.' No treadmill, no tests. You eat as much as you damn well please. Go crazy. I'll even skip tomorrow's blood work so your system is clean for the feast."

Donovan: (A look of immense relief washes over her face) "Thank you, Scarlett. Seriously. Thank you."



Narration:

Scarlett Goldstein loved her job with a fiery, all-consuming passion. It was her entire life. By day, she was a dedicated nurse, catering to the needs of her patients with a unique blend of firm discipline and friendly banter. By night, she became a different person: a reclusive scientist, locked away in her lab, experimenting with compounds and discovering novel ways to create cocktails that could help those in need. Nothing had changed with the arrival of Agent Donovan. Her days were spent taking care of the recovering giantess, and her nights were now dedicated to the most fascinating project of her life: analyzing the blood of a celestial being and ruling out any unknown threats.



Narration:

She had always been fascinated by pathogens, by the beautiful, terrifying simplicity of a virus. To now have access to the world's most mysterious biological sample—the blood of Megan Donovan—was an opportunity that made sleep feel like a waste of time. Despite the inherent dangers of her work, Scarlett had a quirk: she hated working with gloves. She preferred the adrenaline rush that came from relying on meticulously sanitized hands and the unwavering precision of her own movements, forcing her to handle everything with the utmost care. She held a vial of Donovan's blood, carefully drawing a small amount into a syringe.

Dialog:

Scarlett: (Muttering to herself, her eyes fixed on the syringe's calibration) "Okay... twenty-point-five ccs... steady now, steady... and... stop. That's it. Perfect."



Narration:

As she worked, a dangerous thought crossed her mind. She stared at the vial of Donovan's blood, but she thought of the President. What would the parasite within Dakota look like? It was different, able to spread and infect others, a power no previous host had ever displayed. Scarlett theorized that must be how Evelyn's personality had so completely inverted—the parasite within her was a slave to the one it came from, clouding her judgment entirely. But getting her hands on presidential blood was a suicide mission. Shaking the thought away, her eyes landed on an unlabeled beaker containing a strange, sky-blue liquid. A rare mistake on her part. She then injected the syringe of blood into the beaker to see the reaction.

Dialog:

Scarlett: "What the hell did I put in this jar? Damn it, Scarlett, get your head in the game."

Scarlett: (Looking at the beaker) "Must've forgotten to label it. From the color... it must be the copper sulfate solution for protein analysis. Right. Well, let's see what we get."



Narration:

The moment the dark red blood from the syringe made contact with the sky-blue substance in the beaker, an immediate and violent reaction took place. It didn't just mix. The liquid erupted in a silent, fizzing display, instantly transforming into a deep, vibrant, almost glowing shade of radioactive purple. This was not a reaction that occurred with normal human blood. Scarlett leaned in closer, her fatigue vanishing, replaced by a surge of pure, scientific excitement.

Dialog:

Scarlett: "Aha... well now. What do we have here?"



Narration:

Fascinated, she immediately took another sterile needle and filled it with the strange, radioactive-purple cocktail. As she held it up to the light, flicking the barrel with her finger to settle the contents, she noticed something impossible. There were tiny bubbles in the liquid, but they weren't behaving normally. They seemed to pulse in a synchronous rhythm; as a bubble near the end of the syringe shrank, another one at the opposite end grew, despite having no physical connection.

Dialog:

Scarlett: (Squinting at the needle, her voice a whisper of awe)
"What in the world...?"

Scarlett: "Okay, you are definitely going under the microscope. This is weird as hell."



Narration:

She was completely mesmerized, holding the needle close to her face, turning it over in her fingers as she tried to comprehend the physics-defying phenomenon. The lab door behind her slid open without a sound. It was almost 1 AM; the only people awake in the entire facility were the rotating security guards, none of whom had clearance for this level, let alone her private lab. A mysterious figure, dressed head-to-toe in a black suit, with black leather gloves and a pistol equipped with a bulky silencer, silently slipped into the room. They were a menacing shadow, lurking behind the oblivious nurse as she continued to talk to herself.

Dialog:

Scarlett: "A non-local volumetric exchange? In a fluid medium? This violates... everything I thought I knew..."



Narration:

It was a hitman. His presence was not a coincidence, and his purpose was undoubtedly sinister. He moved with a predator's grace, his rubber-soled boots making no sound on the sterile tile floor. He watched her for a moment, a silent, patient observer. Then, with a slow, deliberate motion, he raised his arm, the silenced pistol pointing directly at the back of Scarlett's head as she remained completely absorbed by the strange, pulsing bubbles in the syringe.



Narration:

In a stoic, low voice that was colder and sharper than any scalpel, the figure finally broke the silence of the lab. The sound, unexpected and menacing, snatched Scarlett's soul from her scientific fascination. She let out a sharp, terrified gasp, her body jolting violently. The syringe nearly slipped from her fingers as pure, ice-cold adrenaline flooded her system.

Dialog:

Hitman: "Turn around. Slowly. And don't make any sudden moves."

Scarlett: "Gah—!"



Narration:

The sudden, violent jolt of her body from the jumpscare sent the needle in her hand skittering across her other index finger. The sharp tip, which she had been so carefully observing, created a small cut. In that instant, the strange, radioactive-purple cocktail she was analyzing slipped directly into her bloodstream. She had just contaminated herself with a completely unknown substance derived from the blood of a giantess. A sharp sting of pain, followed by a wave of cold dread, shot up her arm.

Dialog:

Scarlett: "AGH! FUCK!!!"



Narration:

She stared down at her finger, watching a single bead of blood, now tinged with a faint purple hue, well up from the cut. The thought of her one vanity, her one adrenaline-seeking quirk of never wearing gloves, crashed into her mind with the force of a physical blow. Her terror of the armed intruder was momentarily eclipsed by the profound, sickening horror of what she had just done to herself. The hitman took another silent step closer, the cold metal of the silencer pressing against the back of her head.

Dialog:

Scarlett: (Her voice a panicked, horrified whisper) "Oh god... oh no, no, no, no..."

Hitman: "You have three seconds to turn around before they have to scrape your brains off the floor tomorrow. Two."

Scarlett: (Her voice cracking with sheer terror) "Okay! Okay, I'm turning around now! Please, just tell me what you want!"



Narration:

As she slowly turned, Scarlett instinctively shoved her bleeding index finger into her mouth, sucking hard in a desperate, futile attempt to draw out whatever unknown substance had just invaded her bloodstream. Her eyes finally landed on the man. His face was utterly unmemorable, a blend of features so average it was clear he was a professional, someone who could disappear into a crowd. A ghost. Her gaze dropped to the weapon in his gloved hand. It wasn't standard military issue; it was a Heckler & Koch Mark 23, a silent, exclusive piece of hardware favored by elite units. This wasn't a random intruder. This was an inside job. Her mind raced—who would want Donovan's blood? It had to be the President. Was Lance secretly working for her? Was this all a setup? Her frantic thoughts were shattered by his voice, louder this time, right in her face. She held up the syringe filled with the glowing purple liquid, her hand trembling.

Dialog:

Hitman: "Donovan's blood samples. All of them. Give them to me now."

Hitman: (His voice a sharp, sudden roar) "I SAID NOW! DO NOT MAKE ME ASK AGAIN!"

Scarlett: (Her voice cracking with fear) "This... this is the only sample I have from today! The others... they were useless, I disposed of them! This cocktail is all that's left, I swear!"

Hitman: "Give it to me. Slowly."



Narration:

Scarlett's hand moved slowly, extending the syringe toward the hitman in a clear gesture of compliance. He reached out with his free hand to take it. The moment his fingers were inches away, she exploded into motion. In a single, fluid movement, she pivoted, lifting her leg in a powerful, seesawing kick that connected squarely with his groin. The hitman's professional composure vanished in an instant, replaced by a choked, agonized gasp as he dropped his pistol and collapsed to the floor in a heap.

Dialog:

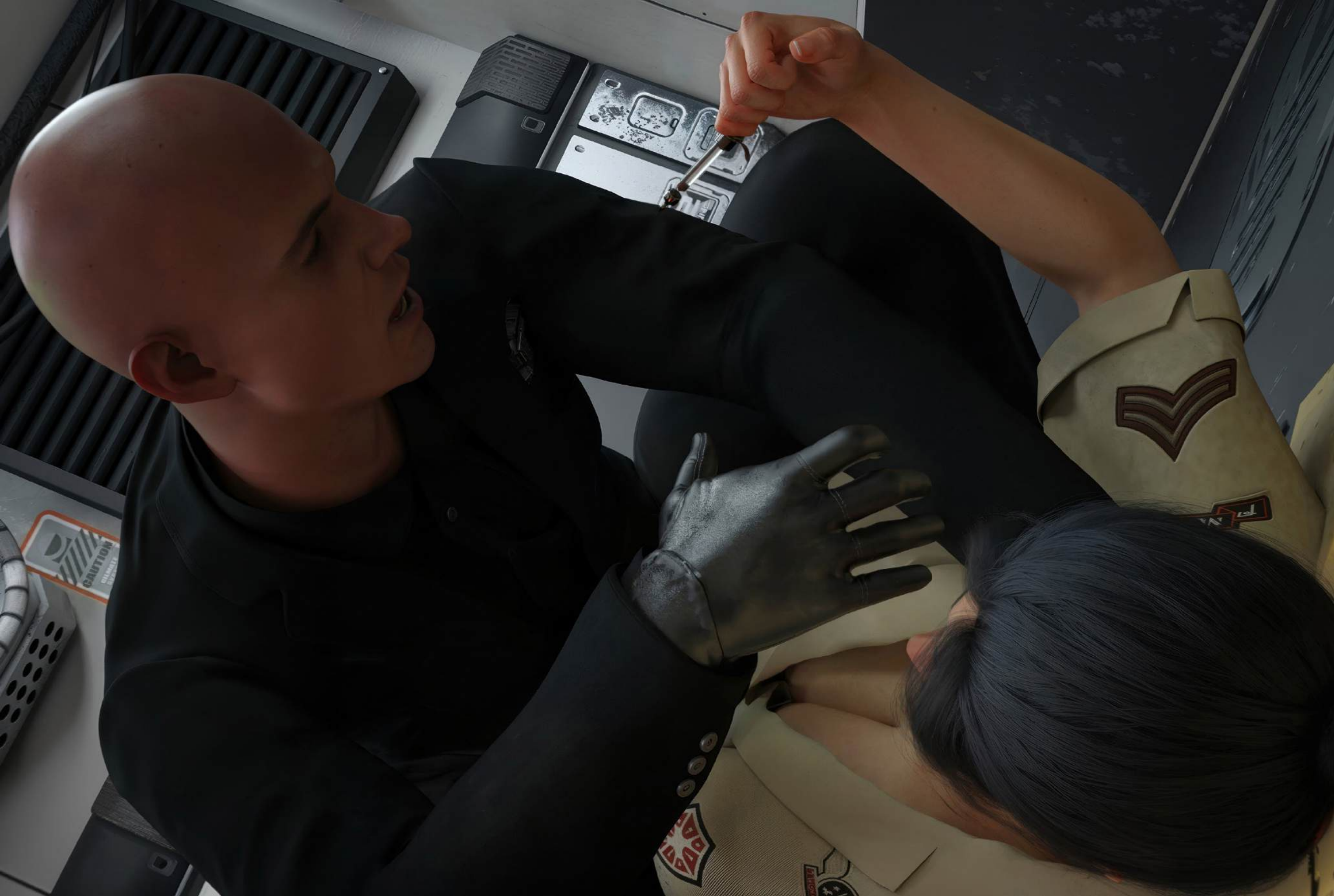
Hitman: "ARGH, FUCK!"

Scarlett: (Her voice a low, venomous snarl) "How about you take this instead, fuckface."



Narration:

He was on her in an instant, his superior weight pinning her to the ground. He wrapped both of his black leather-gloved hands around her throat and began to squeeze with methodical, brutal force. Scarlett's vision began to swim in black spots as her air supply was cut off. She clawed at his hands uselessly, her words turning into choked, silent gasps. In her fist, her hand convulsed around the one thing she still held—the syringe. With a final, desperate spasm, her thumb pressed down on the plunger, squirting the last drops of the glowing purple liquid onto the floor.



Narration:

The hitman leaned in close, his face contorted in a mask of rage as he tightened his grip, enjoying her struggle. As he snarled at her, Scarlett's free hand, the one holding the now-empty syringe, moved in a swift, desperate arc. With all the strength she had left, she stabbed the sharp needle deep into his exposed forearm. The sudden, sharp pain made him roar and instinctively recoil, his chokehold breaking as his hands flew to the new wound.

Dialog:

Hitman: (His voice a furious hiss as he strangles her) "You stupid bitch! You had to play the hero! Did you really think you could win? Did you really think you could—"

Hitman: (He shouts in pain as the needle sinks into his arm)
"AGH! FUCKER!"



Narration:

With his chokehold broken and his hand now exposed near her face, Scarlett seized the opportunity. She lunged forward with her head and bit down on his hand with all the primal force she could muster. Her teeth sank deep into the leather of his glove and the flesh beneath. The hitman, who had been a specter of cold professionalism moments before, let out a raw, animalistic scream of pure agony.

Dialog:

Hitman: "ARRRGHHHH! FUCK! LET GO OF ME, YOU FUCKING ANIMAL!"



Narration:

In a fit of pure, unadulterated rage, he ripped his bleeding hand from her mouth. He didn't look for his dropped pistol; he knew from her fierce resistance that she was military-trained and couldn't be given a single moment's advantage. Instead, he grabbed a fistful of her hair, yanked her up from the floor, and slammed her back against the hard, metallic wall of the lab. He immediately pressed his forearm hard across her throat, using his body weight to pin her there in another desperate attempt to eliminate her.



Narration:

He pressed harder and harder, cutting off her air supply once again. Scarlett clawed desperately at the thick muscle of his forearm, her feet kicking uselessly against the wall, but his rage-fueled strength was immense. He leaned in close, his face contorted in a mask of hate. Yet, as her vision started to dim, Scarlett met his gaze not with fear, but with pure, undiluted defiance.

Dialog:

Hitman: (His voice a low, venomous hiss) "I'm going to enjoy watching the light go out of your eyes, you stupid fuck. You should have just done what you were told."

Scarlett: (Her voice a choked, raspy whisper, but laced with iron) "You... talk... to... your... mother... with... that... mouth?"



Narration:

As he pressed his forearm into her throat, something strange began to happen. All of a sudden, the intense pressure on her windpipe lessened slightly. From Scarlett's perspective, the hitman's face, which had been level with hers, seemed to dip lower. At first, it felt like a trick of her oxygen-starved brain, or perhaps he had ducked slightly, and she had instinctively risen to her tiptoes to compensate. But she hadn't moved. The change was real.



Narration:

The bizarre shift continued, becoming undeniable. The hitman shrank further, his eyes now almost level with her breasts. At the same time, Scarlett felt a surge of energy, her own body swelling outwards. The seams of her military uniform began to strain with audible creaks and groans. The hitman, feeling his advantage slip away, began to panic. His struggle to keep her pinned against the wall became more frantic as he looked up at her, while she looked down at him, still not fully aware of her own growth but definitely noticing him getting smaller.

Dialog:

Hitman: (His voice laced with a new, panicked confusion)
"What the... stay still! What are you doing?!"

Scarlett: (Her voice still raspy, but filled with disbelief) "I'm not doing anything... You're... you're getting shorter..."



Narration:

That was when she finally felt it in her own body, an undeniable sign that she was also changing. An incredibly tight, almost pleasurable pressure began to build inside her military-issue boots. Her feet felt hot and full, swelling powerfully against the tough leather confines. The sensation was so intense, a mixture of pain and a strange, burgeoning power, that a low moan escaped her lips.

Dialog:

Scarlett: "Mmmmmm, fuck... my feet... they feel so... tight..."

Scarlett: "Ooh... what is... happening...? It hurts, but... mmmph... it feels so... full... so good..."



Narration:

With another powerful surge, her feet swelled again, this time bursting through the thick leather of her boots with a loud ripping sound. At the exact same moment, the hitman shrank another few inches. His once form-fitting black tactical pants became baggy, sagging around his waist, and his own combat boots suddenly looked comically large on his diminishing frame.

Dialog:

Scarlett: (A sharp, pleased gasp as her feet burst free) "Aah! Finally... some room..."

Hitman: (His voice higher now, filled with terror) "My clothes! What the hell is happening?!"



Narration:

She grew even more, her now-bare feet trampling the shredded remains of her shoes. The moans coming from her throat were no longer from pain or fear, but from the overwhelming, ecstatic sensation of her own expansion. The hitman, however, was freaking the fuck out. He was still shrinking, his threat completely neutralized, his hands now barely able to reach her neck.

Dialog:

Scarlett: (Her moans are deeper, more intense now)
"MmmmNNNGGGHHH... Oh God... it feels... so big..."

Hitman: (His voice is filled with terror as he looks up at her)
"WHAT DID YOU DO?! WHAT THE FUCK DID YOU DO TO ME?!"

Scarlett: (She looks down at him, her eyes wide with a mixture of confusion and pleasure, her voice a strained moan) "I... I don't... Mmmm... I don't know...!"



Narration:

As the transformation intensified, a network of subtle veins began to pulse visibly beneath Scarlett's skin. Her eyes rolled back into her head, and even with them closed, a strange visual filled her mind: two glowing orbs, one shrinking and one growing in a perfect, synchronous rhythm. It was the exact same impossible phenomenon she had witnessed in the syringe. In that instant, it all clicked into place.

Dialog:

Scarlett: (Her voice a breathy, shocked whisper of realization)
"The bubbles... it's just like the bubbles..."

Scarlett: "One shrinks... the other grows... Oh my god..."



Narration:

With that realization, another powerful wave of growth surged through her. The remaining threads of her military uniform ripped apart completely, the tough fabric shredding like tissue paper as her body expanded. At the exact same moment, the hitman shrank even faster, his body disappearing completely inside his own baggy clothes, which were still pinned against Scarlett's torso. He vanished so quickly that his clothes didn't even have a chance to fall, held in place against her growing form.

Dialog:

Hitman: (His voice a final, tiny, high-pitched squeak from within his clothes) "No... sto—"

Scarlett: (A loud, unrestrained moan of pure, unadulterated pleasure as her clothes finally gave way, freeing her expanding flesh) "Mmm-AAAAHHH!"



Narration:

The feeling was unreal, an explosive wave of pure ecstasy that eclipsed any sensation she had ever known. She pressed her back hard against the cold wall of the lab, her body trembling and convulsing as she continued to swell. She watched in awe as the hitman's empty clothes crumpled against her while her own body grew larger and more powerful by the second. It was a terrifying, beautiful, and profoundly erotic feeling. The screams that ripped from her throat were not of fear, but of the best, most intense orgasm of her entire fucking life.

Dialog:

Scarlett: "OH, GOD! YES! FUCK!
AAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHH!"



Narration:

The waves of pleasure were still crashing through Scarlett's body. Her pussy was swollen and slick with wetness, a testament to the sheer intensity of her transformation. As she panted, her body still tingling, she looked down and saw the hitman. He was now no longer than her own foot, crawling pathetically out from under the pile of his own baggy clothes. His face was pale, his eyes wide with a terror so profound it had triggered a full-blown panic attack. He gasped for air between tiny, high-pitched screams for help, a stark contrast to Scarlett's deep, shuddering moans of pleasure as she twitched her newly freed toes.

Dialog:

Hitman: (His voice is a tiny, squeaking shriek) "Help! Somebody! I can't... can't breathe... Oh God, HELP ME!"

Scarlett: (A low, shuddering moan) "Mmmm... oh... fuck... so good..."



Narration:

As the last waves of ecstasy subsided, Scarlett noticed something else. She caught her reflection in the glass of a nearby cabinet, and her eyes were no longer their normal color. They were glowing with a faint, but distinct, radioactive purple light. The same color as the cocktail. In that moment, she was certain. This wasn't the Hunger Virus. The symptoms, the size transfer... it was completely different. It was an alien contaminant from Donovan's blood, dormant until she had accidentally mixed it with the copper sulfate solution. This was something new.

Dialog:

Scarlett: (Whispering to her reflection, her voice filled with awe and terror) "My eyes... they're glowing... What's happening to me?!"



Narration:

As that realization hit her, a new, primal instinct hit her even harder. Her gaze locked onto the tiny figure of the hitman, who was still trying to crawl away on the floor. Her mouth began to water uncontrollably, thick saliva pooling and dripping from her lips. A possessive, predatory need washed over her, an urge to just... lick him up. It was an impulse so strong it bordered on a frantic, rabid panic.

Dialog:

Scarlett: (Her voice is a guttural, panicked whisper, not to him, but to herself) "No... can't... I can't let him go..."

Scarlett: "He's... mine..."



Narration:

Driven by this new, terrifying instinct, Scarlett dropped from the wall onto all fours. Her movements were no longer human; they were fluid, like a lioness stalking her prey. She began to crawl across the lab floor toward the tiny man, her head low, her glowing purple eyes locked onto him. The sound of her heavy breathing and the steady drip of her saliva onto the metallic tiles were the only sounds in the room.



Narration:

She was upon him in seconds. Her immense head hovered over his tiny body, blotting out the lights of the lab and casting him in shadow. He fell onto his back and tried to crawl away, his face a mask of pure, abject terror. Seeing her blank, trance-like expression and her dripping mouth, he began to spill everything, his words a desperate, frantic torrent in the hopes of being spared. But Scarlett wasn't listening; her glowing purple eyes were unfocused, seeing him not as a man, but as a snack.

Dialog:

Hitman: "It was President Redwood! She sent me! She wants Donovan's blood! She thinks it holds the key to controlling her growth, to becoming more powerful! She paid me a fortune! She gave me the access codes! Everything!"



Narration:

As she hovered over him, a thick, viscous rope of saliva pooled on her bottom lip, elongated, and then detached, falling in what felt like slow motion to the terrified hitman below. It landed with a wet, heavy *splat* right on his thigh. He stared at the spot in utter revulsion, his body recoiling as if he had been burned by acid. The sheer disgust on his face was palpable, but it was quickly being overshadowed by a new, creeping dread.



Narration:

Scarlett didn't respond. Her glowing purple eyes were locked onto the spot where her drool had landed, her focus absolute and intense. She wasn't just tormenting him; she was observing, waiting, running a terrifying experiment with him as the only variable. More saliva dripped from her lips, her breathing heavy and rhythmic. The hitman, seeing her strange, menacing focus, felt his panic escalate into a new realm of confusion and terror. Her silence was more terrifying than any threat.



Narration:

And then it began again. The hitman felt a wave of dizziness, the familiar, sickening sensation of the world growing impossibly large around him as his own body began to shrink. Simultaneously, Scarlett felt another surge of warm, pleasurable energy flood her system, her limbs thickening, her body swelling with new mass. It didn't take a genius to connect the dots. The contaminant, the trigger... it wasn't just in her blood. It was in her saliva, and whoever's unlucky enough to make contact with it.

Scarlett: (A low, breathy whisper of dawning realization as she feels herself grow) "It's the saliva... Oh my god... It has to be... That's the trigger."



Narration:

The memory clicked into place with perfect, horrifying clarity. When she had bitten his hand, her saliva had mixed with his blood, and that's when the transfer had begun. It wasn't the needle prick alone. A wide, triumphant, and terrifyingly predatory smile spread across Scarlett's face. She leaned in closer, a thin, deliberate stream of drool now falling from her lips onto his rapidly shrinking form, each drop fueling her growth and diminishing him further.

Dialog:

Scarlett: (Her voice is a low, throaty chuckle, filled with a newfound, terrifying power) "Ahah... That's how it works... When I bit you... I thought it was just the contamination... but this... this is so much better."



Narration:

He continued to shrink at an alarming rate, his screams becoming silent as he became too small to produce a sound she could even hear. Soon, he was no bigger than a teaspoon, a tiny, insignificant speck crawling pathetically on the floor. Scarlett, now significantly larger than she was just minutes ago, loomed over him, a true giantess in her own right. She felt a surge of pure, contemptuous power.

Dialog:

Scarlett: (Her voice booms down at him, an earthquake of sound) "Not so tough now, are you, big man? Look at you. A pathetic little insect."

Hitman: (A tiny, desperate squeak that only she could hear with her enhanced senses) "It was the President! She made me do it!"

Scarlett: (Her face twists into a snarl of pure, cold fury) "Fuck you. And fuck her. She is NOT my President."



Narration:

With a newfound grace and power, Scarlett rose to her feet, her now-larger body moving with an effortless fluidity. She plucked the tiny hitman from the floor, pinching his legs between her thumb and forefinger. She held him upside down, dangling him directly over her open, waiting mouth. With her other hand, she gently cupped one of her own tender, swelling breasts, caressing the sensitive flesh as another wave of pleasurable growth washed through her.

Dialog:

Scarlett: (A low, pleased sigh as she caresses herself) "Mmmm... so sensitive..."



Narration:

She brought him closer to her lips, not to swallow, but to savor. Her large, wet tongue snaked out of her mouth and enveloped his entire tiny body, sucking him in. He was now completely engulfed in her mouth, being turned over and over like a human lollipop, coated in a thick, slimy layer of her potent saliva.

Dialog:

Scarlett: (A deep, continuous hum of pure satisfaction)
"Mmmmmmmmm..."



Narration:

After a good half-minute of the grotesque shower, she pulled the drenched, whimpering hitman from her mouth. She shook her hand violently, flinging tiny droplets of saliva across the lab, a crude method of drying him off. She then brought the minuscule man close to her face, her glowing purple eyes studying him with intense, scientific curiosity. She couldn't believe it. This was a major breakthrough, a power that could change everything. This, she knew, earned her a crucial spot in resolving the world crisis. An idea formed in her mind: could she direct the growth? She closed her eyes, holding the tiny man in her fist, and focused all of her mental energy on one part of her body.

Dialog:

Scarlett: (Her voice a low, excited whisper to herself) "It's a transfer... a direct, controllable transfer... The applications are..."

Scarlett: (Her thoughts turning inward) "*Okay, Scarlett, focus. If the saliva is the catalyst, is my mind the director? Let's test it. Think about your tits. Nothing but your tits. Feel them. Picture them growing.*"



Narration:

And lo and behold, it worked. In her hand, she felt the tiny hitman give a faint, convulsive jolt as he shrank another fraction of an inch. At the exact same moment, a familiar, warm, tingling energy flooded Scarlett's chest. She opened her eyes and looked down, her jaw dropping in shock as she watched her own tits swell in real time. They grew fuller, rounder, and heavier with each passing second. The hitman, feeling the sickening lurch of his own diminishment, renewed his panicked, now-inaudible struggles.

Dialog:

Scarlett: (A sharp, astonished gasp escapes her lips) "Oh my god... It's working. Look at them! I'm... I'm actually doing it!"



Narration:

Her breasts grew even bigger, swelling to a new, impressive size, the skin pulling taut. But then, an unexpected and alarming side effect occurred. Her nipples darkened and pebbled, and she felt a deep, pressurized ache as they began to leak small, white beads of milk. The sight of her own body lactating quickly reminded her of how big her tits are getting.

Dialog:

Scarlett: (Her voice cracking with alarm) "Milk?! Oh god, no! That's not... I didn't want that! Stop!"

Scarlett: (Her thoughts racing in a panic) "*Stop thinking about them! Stop it! Think about something else! Anything else! Quick!*"



Narration:

She squeezed her eyes shut and frantically tried to change her focus. She pictured her husband's face, Megan Donovan on the treadmill, the layout of her favorite pizza place back home. But every time she formed a new image, a severe, intrusive force would slam her mind back to her own body, her own flesh. It was an undeniable, primal instinct from the new virus, forcing her to focus on her own physical form. In the desperate mental scramble to think of anything else on her body, her thoughts landed randomly on her belly.

Dialog:

Scarlett: (Muttering to herself, fighting her own mind) "David's face... his stupid smile... no! It's not working! Megan... the mission... Agh, no! Stop! It keeps... forcing me back... my... my belly... get off my belly!"



Narration:

The moment her thoughts unwillingly fixated on her abdomen, the pressure in her breasts immediately subsided. A new wave of warm, expansive energy flooded her core. Her flat, toned stomach softened and began to push outwards, forming a small, but noticeable, soft potbelly. In her hand, the hitman gave another violent jolt as he shrank again, the transfer now targeting a new area based on her chaotic thoughts.

Dialog:

Scarlett: (A low groan as the sensation moves) "Ooh... now my stomach... It... it worked. The focus shifted."



Narration:

Her belly continued to swell, not explosively, but with a slow, subtle expansion, rounding out into a soft, pronounced curve. The hitman shrank even more, his form now so minuscule that she could barely hold onto his tiny leg between the very tips of her thumb and forefinger. He was now utterly and completely at her mercy, a living, shrinking battery for her newfound, terrifying power.

Dialog:

Scarlett: (Looking from her new, soft belly to the speck in her hand) "Okay... okay... I can control this. I just... have to focus my thoughts."

Scarlett: "And you... you're going to help me practice."



Narration:

Scarlett looked down at the tiny, pathetic man squirming between her fingertips. A wave of utter contempt washed over her. He wasn't worthy of being her battery, her tool. He was just... trash. With a flick of her wrist, she opened her fingers and let him go. He plummeted towards the distant floor, a final, tinny scream echoing upwards. Her mind, however, was no longer on him. The new power inside her had taken hold of her thoughts, forcing them into a compulsive, narcissistic fantasy about her own body—the strength in her hands, the size of her feet, the curve of her new belly.

Dialog:

Scarlett: (Her voice a cold, dismissive whisper) "Actually, never mind. Fuck you. I'll find someone else to practice with. You've gotten too small."



Narration:

As the hitman fell, he continued to shrink, his tiny form becoming smaller and smaller against the backdrop of the vast lab floor. Simultaneously, another slow, steady wave of growth washed over Scarlett. Her shoulders broadened, her waist thickened, and she felt a pleasant, tingling pressure as her entire frame expanded another fraction of an inch.

Dialog:

Scarlett: (A soft, pleased sigh, her eyes half-lidded as she focuses on her own sensations) "Mmmm... yes..."



Narration:

He was just a speck now, still falling, still shrinking into nothingness. Scarlett paid him no mind. A new surge of energy flooded her lower body, her hips and ass swelling outwards once more. Her legs lengthened slightly, pushing her height up even further. She was basking in the feeling of her own increasing mass and density.

Dialog:

Scarlett: (A low, continuous moan of pure pleasure)
"Mmmmm... bigger..."



Narration:

Before his tiny body even had a chance to hit the floor, the hitman almost shrunk into complete non-existence. At the same moment, the intense growth spurt in Scarlett finally began to subside, leaving her standing in the ruins of her uniform, naked, panting softly, and significantly larger than she had been just minutes before. She was left alone in the silent lab, basking in the afterglow of her terrifying, ecstatic transformation.

Dialog:

Scarlett: (A final, satisfied sigh as the tingling stops) "Good. That's... so much better."



Narration:

With a tiny, almost inaudible *thump*, the hitman's minuscule body finally hit the floor. Miraculously, the fall hadn't killed him; his body had become so light and small that the impact was no longer lethal. He had, however, twisted his ankle in the landing. He let out a pathetic whimper and began to crawl desperately toward the door. Scarlett stood over him, a towering, naked giantess, and slowly began to wiggle her toes. A cold, hard rage filled her voice as she looked down at the insect trying to flee.

Dialog:

Scarlett: (Her voice a low, rumbling growl that vibrated through the floor) "You... You came into my lab... you put your hands on me... and you tried to kill me."



Narration:

She slowly lifted her massive bare foot, the world going dark for the tiny man as it hovered directly above him, a fleshy ceiling of doom. He stopped crawling, looked up, and let out a final, pathetic plea for mercy, his voice a tiny squeak of pure terror. Scarlett's expression was like carved stone, devoid of any pity.

Dialog:

Scarlett: (Her voice is cold, flat, and absolute) "You picked the wrong fucking woman to mess with."



Narration:

And then her foot came down. She didn't stomp. She pressed down with a deliberate, final force, squishing him instantly under her big toe. To be absolutely certain, she then ground her foot into the floor, twisting it back and forth, ensuring the pathetic little man was nothing more than a little smear on the sterile metal tile of her lab.



Narration:

She lifted her foot, looking at the minuscule stain on the floor. The purple glow in her eyes started fading, leaving behind the terrified eyes of a woman realizing what had just transpired. The adrenaline, the rage, the pleasure—it all drained away in an instant, replaced by a tidal wave of pure, cold panic. She looked at her own naked, giant body, at the ruined lab, and the full, crushing weight of her new reality slammed into her.

Dialog:

Scarlett: (Her voice a choked, panicked whisper) "Oh my god... what have I done?"

Scarlett: "What... what the fuck am I going to do now?"

TO BE CONTINUED