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THE HUNGER VIRUS
MADAM
PRESIDENT

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The devastation of the White House was a distant memory, a mere prelude. President Dakota Redwood and Vice President Evelyn Hayes had long since outgrown the confines of any man-made structure. Their insatiable hunger, and the resulting runaway growth, had forced a terrified government to relocate them to the vast, open expanse of a remote mountain range.

Here, surrounded by rocky peaks and sprawling green fields, they ruled. While a new, impossibly-scaled accommodation was being constructed at bankrupting expense, Dakota refused to be anything less than the President. She had commanded, and her engineers had obeyed, constructing a throne of truly ludicrous proportions. It was a perfect replica of the Oval Office chair, scaled up to the size of a stadium, its reinforced leather groaning under her colossal weight.

From this seat of power, she spent her days engaged in the only two acts of governance that now mattered: consumption and expansion. Flanked by Evelyn, who had become a mountainous, pear-shaped demigoddess in her own right, Dakota presided over a non-stop feast.

The valley floor was a constant bustle of activity, a logistical nightmare of supply trains, cargo helicopters, and industrial food pipelines all dedicated to fueling the two giantesses. And then there were the worshippers. By the countless thousands, they came to offer themselves, to become one with their god-queen, disappearing one by one into the gaping maws of their leaders.

2 (A deep, wet moan) "Hnnnng... good...
Just a little appetizer, Ev..."

1 (Her voice a booming, casual drawl as
she shakes the train car) "Open wide...
That's a good little flock. All aboard for
the Paradise Within."

3 (His voice crackling over the comms, aimed
at the sky) "Skyguard One to Command,
airspace is clear. No unauthorized drone
activity. Repeat, airspace is clear. Maintaining
protective perimeter."

The presidential chair was a monument to Dakota's ego, a leather-bound skyscraper that dwarfed the surrounding mountains. On either side, two titanic flagpoles, each the height of the Eiffel Tower, had been erected. From one, the Stars and Stripes billowed, a sheet of fabric vast enough to blanket a small town. From the other hung the Presidential Seal, its eagle staring out with defiant, golden eyes.

A dedicated squadron of military helicopters circled them 24/7, their cameras broadcasting the obscene spectacle to the nation. The feed was a constant, hypnotic brainwashing tool. It showed Dakota and Evelyn in their naked, ever-expanding glory, their bodies swelling with every meal. The propaganda had a name for the ultimate sacrifice: 'The Paradise Within.' It was an honor, a patriotic duty, to be consumed.

Evelyn, her own ass and hips a range of foothills spilling over the hills, plucked a passenger train from a nearby track. She held it to her lips like a peashooter, tilting it. A stream of tiny figures poured past her tongue and into her throat.

Dakota, watching her VP's snack, let out a low, rumbling groan of anticipation. Her own stomach gurgled, a seismic event that sent tremors through the ground.



1 (Over the comms, speaking to the airship) "Sky-Larder, this is Skyguard One. You are cleared for the drop. Wind is negligible. Proceed to drop coordinates alpha-one. The President is... awaiting your delivery. Over."

A new shadow fell across the valley, momentarily eclipsing the sun. Dakota stopped her lazy burps and hiccups, her gaze shifting upwards. Her pupils constricted, the hunger striking her with physical force. A low groan rumbled in her chest, and she licked her lips, a massive, wet tongue swiping across her face.

Descending from the clouds was a colossal military airship, a zeppelin easily a mile long. This was the main course. The airship was a flying pantry, its entire cargo hold filled with Dakota's absolute favorite treat: her loyal, fanatical worshippers.

The President shifted in her seat, the movement causing a minor earthquake. She was entirely naked, her body a sprawling mountain range of soft, tanned flesh. Her belly, a grotesque, sagging continent of fat, was crisscrossed with a roadmap of silvery-white stretch marks, each one a testament to her unending growth.

Her breasts were two monstrous, drooping globes, so large that they rested heavily on her swollen stomach. Her areolas were the size of dinner plates, dark and puckered. From the nipple of her left breast, a thick, creamy stream of milk leaked, dribbling down the curve of her belly in a slow, sticky rivulet.



1 (A unified, chaotic scream from thousands of voices)
"HER WILL, OUR LAW! HER HUNGER, OUR STRENGTH!"

2 "YES! FOR THE PRESIDENT! FOR PARADISE!"

3 "I AM YOURS, MY GOD! TAKE ME! FILL YOUR BELLY!"

4 "THE PARADISE WITHIN! AT LAST! AT LAAAAAST!"

With a groan of metal, a set of massive bay doors slid open on the underside of the airship. The sky above Dakota's head was suddenly filled with a rain of people. Thousands upon thousands of naked men and women tumbled through the air, their arms outstretched, their faces masks of pure, ecstatic devotion.

They were a screaming, falling torrent of flesh, a human waterfall plunging directly towards the President's waiting mouth. They were the most loyal, the most patriotic, the citizens who had fully embraced the new world order. To them, this was ascension. This was the ultimate expression of their service.

Their voices joined in a deafening, unified chant that echoed off the mountains, a chorus that was broadcast to the entire nation. They screamed their devotion, their surrender, their desperate, orgasmic excitement at finally reaching the promised land.



1 (Her voice a deep, vibrating purr as she swallows rhythmically) "Hnngh... GULP... Yes... good... so good... Mommy's so hungry..."

2 (A wet, shuddering moan as a large cluster tumbles in) "Hnng... yes, fill me up... all at once... GULP."

3 (As they slide down her tongue) "I'M HERE! I'M INSIDE! GLORY!"

5 (Falling past her lips) "THANK YOU, MADAM PRESIDENT! THANK YOUUUU!"

4 (Wedged in her cleavage, trying to crawl free) "Help! No! I missed! I'm stuck! Get me to her mouth! I have to be in paradise!"

Dakota leaned her head back, her mouth gaping open like a colossal, wet cavern. The rain of bodies intensified, a steady, pouring stream of human confetti. Many fell perfectly, landing on her enormous, pink tongue and sliding, screaming in ecstasy, into the darkness of her throat.

Others weren't so lucky in their aim. A cascade of them struck her massive, jutting chin, tumbling down her neck. Dozens more landed on the upper slopes of her breasts, their tiny, naked forms struggling for purchase on the slick, milk-covered skin. They slipped and slid, many tumbling into the cavernous, sweaty valley of her cleavage, becoming wedged between the two titanic globes of flesh.

A few missed entirely, splatting onto her sagging belly or the leather arms of her throne. But the main torrent continued, a river of worshippers flowing directly into her gullet.



The sheer volume of tinies pouring into her was having an immediate, visible effect. Dakota's stomach, already a mountain of soft flesh, began to swell. It started as a low rumble, a deep gurgle that vibrated the air, and then the expansion began.

Her belly pushed forward, the tanned skin stretching taut, the silvery-white stretch marks widening like cracks in a glacier. It was no longer a slow, gradual gain; this was a surge, a rapid, gluttonous inflation.

The worshippers raining from the sky now had a new obstacle. Many who missed her mouth tumbled down her chin, bounced off the upper slopes of her breasts, and landed on the rapidly expanding globe of her stomach.

1 (His voice tight with alarm, shouting to his pilot) "Back it up! O'Malley, back it up NOW! Her belly... it's surging! Pull back! Pull back!"

3 (Screaming as he lands on her swelling belly) "I'm on her! I'm on the goddess! I can feel her grow!"

2 (A low, shuddering groan of pure, unadulterated pleasure) "HNNNNNGH... Yes... fuck, yes... fill... me... up..."





The lead surveillance helicopter, which had been hovering directly in front of her face to capture the propaganda feed, was forced into a rapid, undignified retreat. Its rotors strained as the pilot threw the machine into reverse, barely clearing the oncoming tidal wave of presidential flesh.

Dakota's belly had truly ballooned, swelling outwards and upwards, creating a vast, soft shelf that now protruded far beyond her breasts. It jiggled with a deep, liquid inertia, the thousands of bodies sloshing within.

More tinies landed on the new expanse. Some tried to run or crawl upwards, desperate to reach her mouth, but were too slow. Others simply lay back, weeping with joy, rubbing their tiny bodies against her warm, stretching skin, content to be on her at all. A small group found themselves tumbling into the deep, cavernous pit of her belly button, disappearing into the dark, sweaty canyon.

4 (Ecstatic, stuck in her navel) "This is it!
The center of her universe! Praise her!"

3 (Sliding off the curve of her belly)
"Catch me, my goddess!"

2 (A wet, satisfied burp, a gale-force wind)
"BUUUUURRRRAAP. Oh... excuse me... so
much... room... need... more..."

1 (Panting, his voice shaky) "Jesus Christ...
Command, be advised, the President's
abdominal expansion is... exponential.
We gotta move to a two-mile perimeter
for now. We can't get any closer."



Her belly swelled again, a final, monumental surge that seemed to absorb the mass of the last thousand worshippers in a single, rippling expansion. It was a grotesque, beautiful mountain of fat, soft and pliable, yet unmistakably full. It sagged under its own immense weight, resting heavily on her colossal thighs.

The airship above, its cargo bay now half-empty, continued to pour its human offering. The stream of bodies falling onto her was now almost entirely obscured from the helicopter's view by the sheer, cliff-like overhang of her stomach.



4 (Wedged deep in her cleavage) "Brothers, I'm stuck! I can't move! oh, goddess... it's... it's glorious!"

1 (Having landed directly on her tongue) "I'm here! I'm on the sacred... it's so sticky! So... hnnngh!"

3 (Falling into her armpit) "It's so dark... and wet! I'm trapped! This is heaven! I can smell her!"

2 (Her voice a low, orgasmic moan as a fresh wave of growth hits her) "Oh... fuck... that's... that's different... Hnnngh... my tits..."



The relentless torrent of her followers was being redirected. A deep, tingling, agonizingly pleasurable surge flooded Dakota's chest. Her breasts, already the size of big buildings, began to swell.

The growth was immediate. The skin tightened, the blue veins beneath becoming as thick as firehoses. They pushed outwards, two monstrous globes of flesh inflating with terrifying speed. Tinies who landed on them were bounced off like rubber balls, while others who fell between them were instantly caught in the deepening, tightening valley of her cleavage.

The giant leather chair beneath her let out a deafening groan, a high-pitched shriek of stressed metal and wood as her overall weight and mass increased.



3 (In her cleavage, as the pressure increases) "I can't breathe! She's... she's squeezing us! This is the end! What a perfect end!"

2 (On her tongue, just before the swallow) "I can taste her... I can... GULP."

1 (Gasping, her hands coming up to cup the swelling flesh) "Oh, god... yes... they're... they're getting so heavy... fuck... I... I'm lactating... more..."

4 "Command... her... her entire upper torso is expanding. The chair... the structural integrity of the chair is... questionable."



The growth in her breasts became a runaway reaction. They ballooned outwards, becoming so large they obscured her own view of her belly. Each one was now the size of a municipal stadium, round and impossibly full, drooping under their own colossal weight.

The milk that had been leaking from her left nipple now gushed forth in a thick, creamy torrent, splashing onto the tinies still struggling on her belly. The worshippers screamed in ecstasy, bathing in the warm liquid, trying to drink it.

The massive chair shrieked again, and a visible crack appeared in one of the giant, reinforced steel legs. Dakota was becoming too large, too heavy for even this custom-built throne.



3 (Covered in her breast milk) "I am anointed! I am blessed by her! Drink, brothers! Drink her milk!"

2 (Screaming as he falls from the airship) "LOOK AT THEM! SHE GROWS! OUR GODDESS GROWS FOR US!"

1 (Lost in pure, sexual ecstasy, moaning as her tits swell again) "AAAAAAH! FUCK, YES! BIGGER! I want them... I want them to block out the sun! MORE! GIVE ME... HNNNGH... MORE!"

4 (Evelyn, her voice thick with arousal) "Oh, Madam President... you're... you're magnificent..."

2 (Falling past her lips during the burp, buffeted by the force) "I'm riding the wave! The wind of my goddess! GLORY!"


3 (Tumbling in just after) "She is full! She is... hnnngh... satisfied! Take me too! GULP!"

1 (An earth-shattering, wet, protracted belch that rattles the mountains and sends a hot wind across the valley) "BUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUURRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

4 (A satisfied, wet groan) "Hnngh... better... so much better..."

The downpour of bodies was relentless, a living stream of fuel. Dakota's head was tilted back, her mouth a vast, receiving cavern. Suddenly, her jaw stretched even wider. A deep, seismic pressure was building within her, a gurgle that came from the depths of her full, churning stomach.

Her enormous pink tongue seemed to quiver in her mouth, vibrating with the force of the eruption that was coming. The tinies still falling didn't even have time to react as the blast hit them mid-air.



3 (Being nudged by her tongue from between her teeth) "She's... she's saving me! The goddess herself is guiding me! Thank you!"

2 (Bouncing off her uvula) "TAKE ME IN! MY GODDESS! TAKE ME!"

1 (Stuck to her tongue) "It's... it's so soft! And sticky!"

The view from inside Dakota's mouth was a chaotic, wet, pink world of ecstasy. The walls of her cheeks were slick and pulsating. Her teeth rose like a fence of ivory skyscrapers, dripping with thick, rosy strands of saliva. The tinies landed on the vast, muscular landscape of her tongue, which was sticky, soft, and incredibly warm.

Some fell into the deep gutters between her tongue and teeth, getting momentarily stuck in the pooling saliva. Others tumbled into the dark, warm pocket under her tongue. A few, in their chaotic fall, struck the dangling bell of her uvula, bouncing off it like a fleshy pendulum before dropping into the dark, gaping hole of her esophagus.

Her tongue would then move, a gentle, massive swell of muscle, nudging the "stuck" tinies free from between her teeth, collecting them, and pushing them all in a single, wet wave over the back of her throat and into the paradise within.

1 (A low, throaty purr as she tilts the train car) "That's it... tumble in. Mommy's hungry too, you know."

2 (She shakes the car gently, her voice husky) "Don't be shy. There's plenty of room... for now. Gulp."

Next to Dakota's throne, Vice President Evelyn Hayes sat directly on the valley floor. She lacked the President's custom chair, but her own colossal form was a spectacle in its own right. She sat with her legs splayed out, a nearby military transport truck looking no larger than one of her painted toenails.

While her belly was profoundly round, the virus's true work was visible in her lower body. Her thighs were two obscene pillars of flesh, each one wider than a highway, spilling out across the grass. They were monstrous, powerful continents of soft, dimpled fat, so thick that she could barely bring her knees together.

She held a mangled passenger train in one hand, which she had plucked from a nearby track. She was idly shaking more of its occupants into her waiting mouth.





1 (A booming, distant shout)
"Keep up, Ev! Don't let me have
all the fun! GULP!"

2 (Grunting as she shifts her
weight, her ass jiggling like
a seismic event) "Hnnngh...
I'm... I'm trying, Madam
President... It's just... this...
growth... it's so... wonderfully
intense..."

The two giantesses continued their feast, a duet of gluttony that echoed across the mountains. As Evelyn swallowed another handful of tinies, a familiar, deep, pleasurable ache spread through her lower body. Her ass, her most prominent and rapidly expanding feature, was growing again.

It was already an impossibly vast, sprawling mountain range of flesh. It spread out behind her for what seemed like an acre, a colossal, double-sphered cushion that dwarfed even her monstrous thighs. It was a landscape of soft, white skin, marred by a constellation of deep, silvery-white stretch marks.

The skin was dimpled and creased with deep folds and pockets of cellulite, a testament to the sheer, unrestrained speed of its daily growth. With every swallow, it seemed to swell, pushing further out, claiming more of the valley floor and sending tremors through the earth.



1 (Falling from the popped door)
"She broke it! For us! REJOICE!"

2 (Her eyes rolling back in her head as she swallows) "Mmmm... yes... just... just pour right in... GULP. So... so good..."

Evelyn held the train car in her thick left hand. Her custom-made diamond rings were digging painfully into her fat, sausage-like fingers. As she tilted the car, another stream of worshippers fell from the mangled doors.

Simultaneously, a surge of arousal and growth shot through her. Her own massive breasts, heavy and full, spasmed, and thick jets of milk squirted from her nipples, splattering onto her belly and the ground below.

Lost in the pleasure of the meal and the deep, spreading warmth of her own expansion, her grip tightened. With a surge of impatient hunger, she squeezed, bending the metal train car in her fist. The remaining doors popped open with a sound like a soda can being crushed, spilling the last of the passengers directly into her waiting throat.



The last of the train's occupants vanished down Evelyn's throat, and a deep warmth spread through her. But the parasite was not done. The feast was just the fuel for the next phase. The "hypnotic cadence" of Dakota's will, the viral link that bound them, pulsed in Evelyn's mind. It was a constant, purring whisper that demanded more, demanded bigger.

A sympathetic surge of growth, triggered by the massive meal, flooded her torso. Her belly, which had always been secondary to her massive hips, began to swell. It pushed forward, a soft, rounded mound of flesh that quickly became a taut, stretch-marked sphere. Her breasts tingled, then ached, as they too began to inflate, swelling with new fat and milk.

2 (A whisper only Evelyn could hear, mingling with Dakota's) *(Good, Evelyn. Good girl. Doesn't this feel better? To just... let go? To just... fill?)*

1 (A low, breathy moan as she runs her hands over her new gut) "Hnnngh... oh... My... my belly too? I'm getting... so fucking big..."

3 (Aloud, her voice thick with pleasure) "It... it feels... right. All that... all that worrying... all that policy... such a... a fucking waste of time..."





This entire obscene spectacle was, as always, being broadcast live, 24/7. Across the planet, billions watched in a state of traumatized paralysis. In Beijing, Moscow, and Brussels, emergency summits were held, but they were meaningless. The United States had gone dark, isolating itself completely.

The broadcasts were the only signal out, a display of power. Diplomats were horrified. Generals were impotent. What missile, what army, could possibly stop two creatures who saw a passenger train as an appetizer and whose very growth was limitless? The world could only watch as the heart of Western democracy consumed itself, and then its people.



2 (Booming from her throne, her voice a proud, possessive rumble) "That's it, Ev! That's my good girl! Show them how big their VP can get! Show them your devotion!"

1 (Gasping as her breasts swell, milk streaming down her new belly) "HNNNNGH! FUCK... they're... they're getting so heavy... just like... just like yours..."

3 (Weeping with ecstatic pleasure) "Yes, Mommy... anything... anything to please you... make me huge...!"



The principled, terrified woman who had once argued CBO reports was gone. She was a hollowed-out vessel, a willing pig at the trough, her mind completely rewritten by the virus and her devotion to Dakota. The old Evelyn was buried under layers of fat, milk, and greed.

Her belly was now a soft, protruding drum, sagging heavily onto her colossal thighs. Her breasts were two full, aching globes, leaking warm milk onto the new, silvery stretch marks that decorated her stomach. She was no longer Evelyn Hayes, the professional. She was just Ev, Dakota's loyal, pear-shaped demigoddess, and she had never felt more complete.



The fuel from the train, having flooded her torso, now settled. The parasite's programming took over, directing the new mass with brutal, efficient focus. The growth, like a tidal wave, plunged downwards, redirecting into the colossal, sprawling mass of her lower body. This was her purpose. This was her design.

The deep, agonizingly pleasurable stretch began in her hips, a feeling of her very bones being forced wider. Unseen behind her, parked a few yards away, a standard six-wheel military transport truck, oblivious to the soft, slow-motion avalanche bearing down on it.

1 (A sharp, ecstatic gasp as she grabs her own massive thighs) "HNNNNNGH! Oh... oh, fuck... there it is... there's the good part..."

3 (Panting, her eyes screwed shut, her voice a desperate prayer) "Yes, Mommy... getting... so... wide... for you... hnnnng... just for you..."

2 (Booming from her distant throne, her voice full of encouragement) "Feel that, Ev? That's your reward. Get wider. Get heavier. Show them how much you can take. Show them how big we can get!"



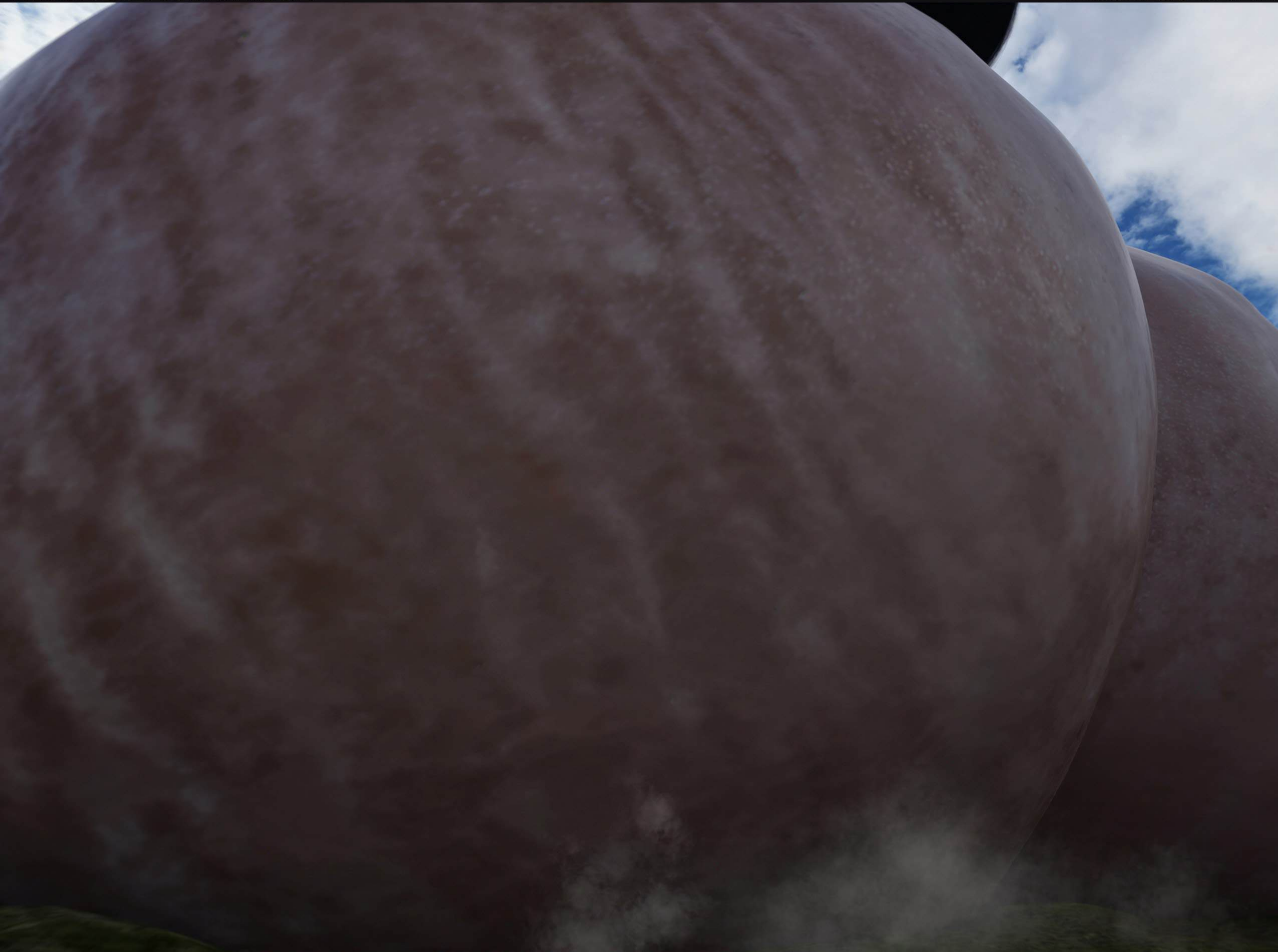


Her ass began to swell, pushing backwards across the grass. The twin globes of flesh, already the size of small houses, inflated with a steady, relentless pressure. The soft, dimpled skin, a landscape of stretch marks and cellulite, made contact with the truck's front grill.

At first, there was just a soft thud. Then, with a horrific, high-pitched shriek of tortured metal, the truck's chassis began to bend to the left. The bumper folded inwards, and the hood buckled as the relentless, soft-looking flesh continued its passive, unstoppable expansion.

(A deep, orgasmic moan, completely oblivious to the truck's destruction) "Oh GOD, the stretch... it's... it's pulling so... tight... HNNNGH... my... my skin... it feels... it feels so good..."

(The sound of the cab groaning and glass shattering is heard, followed by the loud, percussive **POP-POP-BANG!** of the truck's tires exploding under the immense, growing pressure.)



The truck stood no chance. The runaway growth of Evelyn's ass was a slow-motion avalanche of pure fat. The cab flattened, the wheels were pushed clean off their axles, and the entire metal frame was folded, crumpled, and then unceremoniously buried.

Within seconds, the truck was gone. It was a non-entity, a small, hard lump lost forever beneath the new, sprawling, quivering acreage of the Vice President's ever-expanding posterior. She was now several feet taller, and her ass had claimed another twenty square yards of the valley floor.



1 (A wet, rumbling sound) "Mmmph... GULP... There we go... all... all clean... hnnnng... so... fucking... full... what a... what a good to be a president..."


2 (Panting heavily from the effort of standing) "Haaaaah... hnnnng... fuck... s'hard... to move... so... heavy..."

3 (Her voice shifting to a hungry purr as she squints) "Mmmm... any... any more trains...?"

The last of the 100,000 worshippers batch slid down Dakota's gullet. The airship, now a hollowed-out shell, began its slow, ponderous ascent. Dakota ran her tongue over her teeth, a massive, wet muscle sweeping her ivories clean of any stray, sticky patriots, nudging the last few into her throat.

She let out a low, sated groan. 100,000. The number was absurd. She was, for a moment, genuinely surprised. She'd toyed with the idea that the parasite was emitting some kind of hypnotic field, compelling them. But her own titanic ego crushed the thought. No. It wasn't a trick. They were just that devoted. They loved her. They loved her fat, her power, her hunger. It was only natural that they'd want to be a part of it.

Not far away, Evelyn, her own feast finished, began the monumental task of standing. It was a true effort. She groaned, pushing her thick-fingered hands into the dirt, her colossal, cankled feet straining to find purchase. As she heaved her mountainous ass off the ground, a forgotten, empty supply truck was unceremoniously crushed flat beneath one spreading buttock. She got to her knees, flattening a grove of pine trees, and then, with a final, shuddering grunt, pushed herself upright, her feet sinking two yards into the soft earth. She immediately scanned the horizon.

A woman with large breasts and a man with large breasts are standing on a cliffside. The woman is on the left, looking up and shouting. The man is on the right, seen from the back. They are both wearing large, realistic-looking breasts. The background shows a valley with green hills and a cloudy sky. A small green vehicle is visible on the ground in the distance.

1 (A world-shaking, wet, thunderous belch)
"BUUUUUURRRRAAAAAAAA-FUCK-BAA
AAAAAAAAP!"

Dakota let her head loll back, her belly a vast, churning, tinies-filled mountain. The pressure that had been building from within erupted. It wasn't just a burp; it was a volcanic event. A hot gale roared from her lungs and blasted across the valley, flattening trees for miles.

The release of pressure, combined with the sheer, orgasmic pleasure of her fullness, triggered a new reaction. Her breasts, already aching and rock-hard, spasmed. Thick, creamy ropes of milk exploded from her dinner-plate-sized nipples, spraying in high-velocity jets, drenching her own belly and the ground below in a sticky, sweet-smelling flood.

The tinies in her belly could be heard, chanting the same things on repeat, worshipping her from within.



Dakota, panting and slick with her own milk, turned her colossal head. The movement was slow, like a statue turning. She focused on Evelyn, who was now standing, her lower body a sprawling monument of fat. The airship was already speeding back to Chile for its next cargo of prisoners, as agreed upon with President Hernando.

1 (Her voice a low, dominant, appreciative rumble) "Hmm. Look at you, Ev... just... look at that ass. You got so... fucking... wide. You're a good, fat girl."

2 (Blushing, panting, her voice thick with arousal) "Th-thank you, goddess... Madam President."

3 (She rubs her own taut, gurgling gut) "Mmm... fuck, I'm... I feel like I could go for some more."

4 (Her eyes go wide) "Oh, god... me too... I... I feel like we deserve so much more."

2 (Her voice a desperate whine)
"What... what do we do, boss? Like you said, the ship won't be back for... for hours... I... I don't know if I can wait that long..."

4 (Her eyes widen, her mouth drops open, a string of saliva dripping) "Oh... fuck... Washington? You... you mean... all of them? All 700,000 of them?"

1 "This... this valley is empty. All these... ants... they're just... gone. It'll be a while before they come back with more."

3 (A slow, cruel smile spreads across her face) "I think... I think it's time we visited our capital. They... they miss us, don't they, Ev? All those... loyal... patriotic... little worshippers... just waiting for us to come home."

5 (She laughs, a deep, booming sound) "They'd thank us for it. They love their President. They love their fat, hungry goddess. Let's... let's go get stuffed. The city's borders have been closed for a while, so there's probably more than just 700,000 ants."

With a groan of stressed leather and tortured steel, Dakota pushed herself up from her throne. The two giantesses now stood side-by-side, two naked mountains of flesh, their greed as vast as their forms. They began to walk, slowly, their movements causing the very ground to liquefy.

Each step was a seismic event, their feet leaving behind yawning, crater-like footprints. Their asses, two sprawling continents of fat, jiggled with a catastrophic, tidal-wave-like motion, while their bellies swayed, sloshing with the bodies inside. The earth split and cracked under their combined, ever-growing weight.

4 "We're going to have so many of them until we can't fucking move, Ev. Until we pop. And then... we're going to do it some more."

1 (Shouting down at the tiny helicopter, not even bothering to look) "YOU! HELICOPTER! Which way to Washington? Guide me. NOW."

3 (Panting with the effort of walking, her voice a lustful gurgle) "Hnnngh... so... so many... we can have so many..."

2 (A tinny, terrified voice echoing up through the speaker) "Y-Yes, Madam President! Of course! Follow... follow our vector! Due... due east, Your Excellency! We will lead the way!"

They were black holes of ego and appetite, their hunger a force of nature that could never be sated. Evelyn, her vast, dimpled hand dwarfing Dakota's, reached out and laced her fingers with her President's. She was a loyal, massive pet, ready to follow her master to the ends of the earth for another meal.

They took another step, a simultaneous, earth-shattering THUD. Miles behind them, the colossal, deep-set flagpole bearing the Presidential Seal shrieked as its concrete foundation, destabilized by the tremors, finally cracked. The pole tilted, groaning, beginning its long, slow fall.



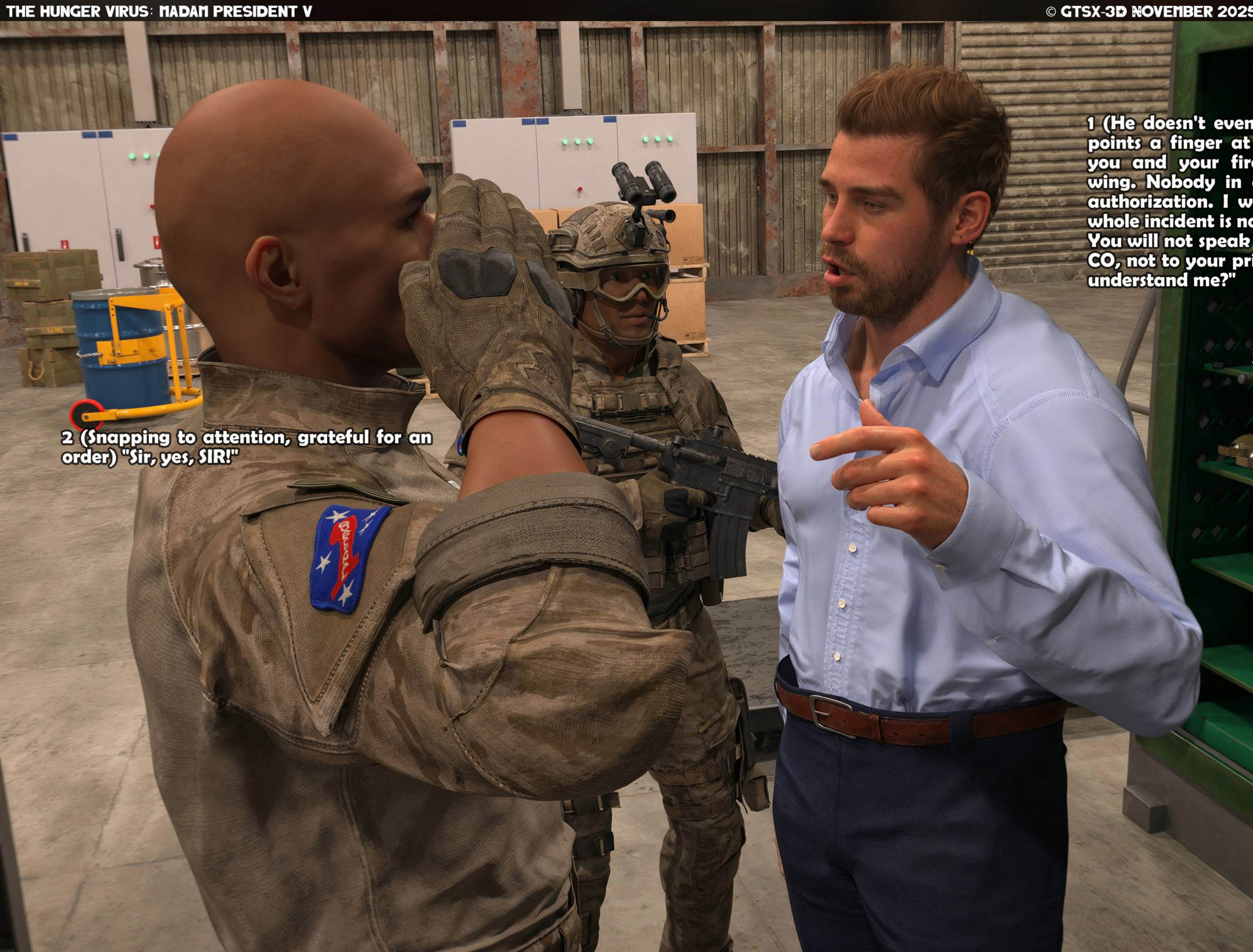
3 (Suddenly spinning around, her voice a furious boom that rattles the room) "WHAT DO YOU MEAN, THEY'RE 'HEADING TO WASHINGTON?!'"

1 (Rubbing his temples, his voice flat) "Just... just tell me again, Peterson. From the moment you opened the door. Exactly what you saw."

2 "Sir, it... it was... like... flesh... everywhere. Nurse Goldstein... she was just... puffed up. Swollen. And Corporal Davis... he... he was just... gone. Just his... his clothes... in a... in a puddle..."

Meanwhile. In a fortified bunker, Secretary of State Dwight 'DJ' Lance stood, his face a mask of exhaustion, talking to two soldiers. One, Corporal Davis, was not in the room, but on a table, contained within a climate-controlled terrarium, now standing barely three inches tall. The other, Private Peterson, was pale and visibly shaking, recounting the story for the tenth time.

In the background, a new, dominant presence filled the room. Agent Megan Donovan, though drained of her astronomical size by Scarlett, was still a titan. She stood well over twelve feet tall, a giantess of solid, powerful muscle and thick, burgeoning curves. She was squeezed into a pair of camouflage pants that were straining to contain her. Her ass, still "absolutely gigantic," had already ripped the back seams wide open, the straining fabric and the exposed, dimpled, tanned flesh of her cheeks creating an entirely new, unintentional camouflage pattern. She had her back to them, a comically tiny radio pressed to her ear.



1 (He doesn't even flinch at Megan's roar, just points a finger at Peterson) "Peterson, I want you and your fireteam to secure this entire wing. Nobody in or out without my personal authorization. I want it all locked down. This whole incident is now classified above top secret. You will not speak of what you saw, not to your CO, not to your priest, not to your wife. Do you understand me?"

2 (Snapping to attention, grateful for an order) "Sir, yes, SIR!"

3 "Go. Now."

1 (Ignoring Dwight, roaring into the tiny radio held between her thumb and forefinger) "What the FUCK do you mean, you're 'giving them a vector'?! You're supposed to be surveilling them, not... not giving them fucking directions!"

3 "She's not the fucking PRESIDENT anymore, you moron! She's a goddamn WMD, and you're leading her to the target!"

2 (Over the radio, a tinny, terrified voice) "Ma'am, you don't understand! The President... she ordered us! She... she said she'd... she'd pluck us out of the sky if we didn't..."


4 (In the background, to the other soldier) "...and lock down all comms from this wing. I want a full information blackout. Nobody... and I mean nobody... posts about this..."

3 (Defensive, cracking) "Ma'am, we... we had no choice! It was... it was either 'guide' her, or she... she was gonna BRING US DOWN. This was... it was the only way to... to let you know. It was... a curious decision, ma'am, but it was all we had!"

2 (Her voice lowering, calmer but filled with dread) "...Listen to me. Sergeant... just... listen. Do you realize what you've done? That entire city... millions of people... it's not a city anymore. We're... Jesus... we're going to be the laughing stock of the world."

1 "...and I want every scrap of intel on the hitman. I want to know how he got in, who he worked for, and who greenlit him. The president has internal assets. Find them. Now."





1 (Her voice dropping to a low, cold whisper of pure rage) "Curious? You think this is fucking... 'curious'? You... you spineless, pathetic... That's a buffet you just fucking ordered, Sergeant. You just served up eight million people TO THEM."

2 "All of this... all of it... is on your goddamn hands. You hear me? Your hands! When this is over, you... you will be tried for this. Now get off my fucking radio. OVER AND OUT."

The nation's military, its last line of defense, was utterly broken. It had fractured into three distinct, warring pieces. There were the 'Loyalists,' those who, through fear, awe, or perhaps the parasite's own subtle influence, still followed President Redwood's orders. There was the terrified, disorganized majority, frozen in place, just trying to avoid getting on her bad side. And then there was this tiny, bunker-dwelling resistance, led by a disgraced politician and a half-shrunken alien-hybrid. The chain of command was not just broken; it had been devoured.

1 (Her voice a low rumble) "We have a problem, Dwight."

3 "They're going to DC."

5 "Why are they doing it, Dwight? The... the people. The ones from the airship. Why are they just... throwing themselves... into her? It's... it's not normal."

2 (Sighing, not turning around) "Don't say it."

4 (He nods, slowly) "Can't... can't say I'm surprised. She... she's run out of snacks."

6 (His face etched with fatigue) "I don't fucking know. Mass hysteria. Some... some kind of psychic influence from the virus. The lab tests on that first sample we took of her... the one from the plane... it... it's like the old one. But... it's not. She's... she's exhibiting an intelligence, a... a strategy... that Pami and Barbara... they never had. This one... this one is smart. And it's... it's persuasive."

The two soldiers Dwight had been speaking to, Peterson and the black-suited agent, walked quickly away. Megan clicked the radio off, the tiny piece of plastic creaking in her grip. She stood behind Dwight, her massive, muscular form casting him in shadow. He looked impossibly small.

1 "We have to use Scarlett. Now. Washington... fuck, Washington is already gone. It's a write-off. But we... she... can stop them from turning this into a cross-country fucking tour."

3 (Taking one giant step to cut him off) "We don't have TIME to know! While we're 'testing,' They're GROWING BIGGER!"

2 (Shaking his head, already walking away from her, not even looking) "It's too risky, Megan. We don't know what that... cocktail... in her system will do to them. We don't know if she's stable."

4 (He stops, looking up at her from the side, his eyebrows raised, his face a picture of pure, tragic exhaustion) "Go. Check on your new 'weapon.' Report her status. I... I have to go lie to the nation. I have to go on TV and... and find a way to let the world know Washington will be wiped off by the end of the day. So please, cut me some fucking slack."

1 (Her hand, still huge, looks small as she taps the vast expanse of taut, white skin. Her voice echoes, shouting up at the unseen face.) "Hey. Scarlett? You... uh... you okay up there? It's Megan."

2 (Her voice is a low, muffled rumble, vibrating the very air) "Hnnnng... just... fucking... peachy. Could've... had better days... 'm... I'm so itchy..."

The military warehouse was vast, but it felt small. In the center, sitting naked on the concrete floor was Nurse Scarlett Goldstein. She was... impossibly big. She was a whale, a mountain, a true goddess of softness. She was easily bigger than five elephants combined.

Her belly was a catastrophic, sprawling, sagging mountain of pale, stretch-marked flesh. It cascaded down her front, completely obscuring her legs, her fupa, and even her own enormous, milk-heavy tits. Her face was invisible, hidden behind the vast, soft cliff of her own stomach. Two soldiers stood guard with rifles, looking like ants before a god. Megan approached, the floor shaking under her own, not-inconsiderable weight, and reached out.



2 "It's not that simple, Scarlett. We don't know what happens when your... ability... interacts with their strain."

4 "Not with this. What Dakota has... it's different. It's smarter. And what you have... that purple chemical shit... is something else entirely. What happens when they mix? Do you both expand? Do you supercharge her? We don't fucking know, Scarlett! And I can't risk it."

1 "I... hnnngh... I heard you. On the... radio. Washington. So... what the... what the fuck are you waiting for? I'm... hnnngh... I'm starving. Feed me. Feed me now. Point me at them. I... I can feel it, Megan... I'm... I'm empty... but I can... drain them. I can grow. I... I need to."

3 "Hnnn... bullshit. I... I drained you, didn't I? And... you... were infected..."

Megan leaned in, her ear close to the wall of flesh, to hear the low, vibrating words.





2 "It stays on, Scarlett. Rules are rules. Your spit... your sneeze... it's a goddamn biohazard. We can't risk it. Just... hold on. The blood samples... they should be back tomorrow. We... we just have to wait."

1 "Hnnnngh... this... fucking... mask... It's... it's hot. I can't... breathe... s'fucking itchy... and... and I'm... I'm so... hungry, Megan..."

There was a new addition to Scarlett's "wardrobe." Strapped around her unseen head, with massive, thick bands, was a mask. It was a mandatory precaution. The lab had confirmed that her power was, in fact, in her saliva. A single droplet, a sneeze, a stray bit of spittle from talking, could shrink anyone in the room and add their mass to her, triggering another runaway growth spurt. She was a living, breathing, biological size-thief.

1 "Hnnngh... the... the hitman... He said... she sent him. The... the President. For... your... blood, Megan. Hnngh... God knows what... what the fuck... she wanted... with your blood..."

Scarlett shifted, a monumental, slow-motion quake of flesh. The warehouse groaned. Her ass, pressed against a wall of military supply containers behind her, was just as vast as her belly. She was a being of pure, obscene depth, a sprawling, immobile sphere of fat. Her depth was easily greater than her height. She was a living, breathing mountain range, idly rubbing the only part of herself she could reach: the vast, warm, flabby sides of her stomach.

2 (Her face hardens) "See? That. That's what I'm afraid of. Is it her? Is it Dakota, the politician, wanting a new weapon? Or is it the parasite? A parasite that's smart enough to send assassins... a parasite that wanted my alien-infused blood... That's why we can't just... throw you at her. We don't know what game we're playing."



2 "Hnnnnnnggh... Megan... wait... I'm... I'm so fucking hungry. Just... just one burger. A... a cow. Please... I'm... aching..."

4 "Hnnn. Fuck... you... Go to... hnnnggh... sleep."


1 (She slaps the mountain of belly softly, the THWAP-THWAP sound echoing in the warehouse) "Look... I'm beat. I'm... I'm still not used to... this." (She gestures to her own, still-gigantic 12-foot body) "This... shrunken... size. Thanks for that, by the way. I'm gonna go... sleep. Or try to."

3 "Not gonna happen, big girl. Remember how you starved me? 'Calibrating the system.' Payback's a bitch. How the tables have turned, huh?"

5 (Smiling tiredly) "Night, Scarlett. These guys... they'll watch you. Holler if you... I dunno, spring a leak."

6 (A very loud, dry, terrified... GULP.)

7 (Whispering to the other) "This is gonna be a long night..."



1 (Sighs, smoke-filled) Fuck my life. Just... fuck. My entire... life. We're... we're trying to stop two... things... from eating the goddamn country. And our best bet is... another... thing... a giant, leaky, horny nurse who got that way by... by sneezing on me. This... this isn't a military operation. This is a... a fucking... circus.

2 And Dwight... DJ Lance. Jesus. That fuckin'... weasel... is the one calling the shots. The... the whole government... is a 12-foot-tall topless agent, a three-inch-tall corporal, and a... a goddamn political... ghou. We're... we're so fucked. We're so, so fucked.

It had been a long, fucked-up day. Megan's allocated "bunker" was a concrete box, a converted storage room that was comically, insultingly small. The "bed" was a steel-frame cot that didn't even reach her knees; she was half-sitting, half-leaning against the wall, her massive frame taking up most of the room. The tiny mattress groaned under her weight.

She was wearing the same ripped, strained camouflage pants. That was it. Her upper body was bare, her heavy, muscled breasts perked, her nipples hard in the cool, damp air. She'd found a pack of cigarettes in a looted office. She held the tiny white stick between her thumb and forefinger, took a long, deep drag, and let the smoke pour from her lips. She watched it hang in the air for a second before sniffing it all back up through her nose. A small, simple, human pleasure in a world of monsters.



A sharp, metallic sound cut through her thoughts, startling her. Someone was knocking on the heavy steel door of her bunker.

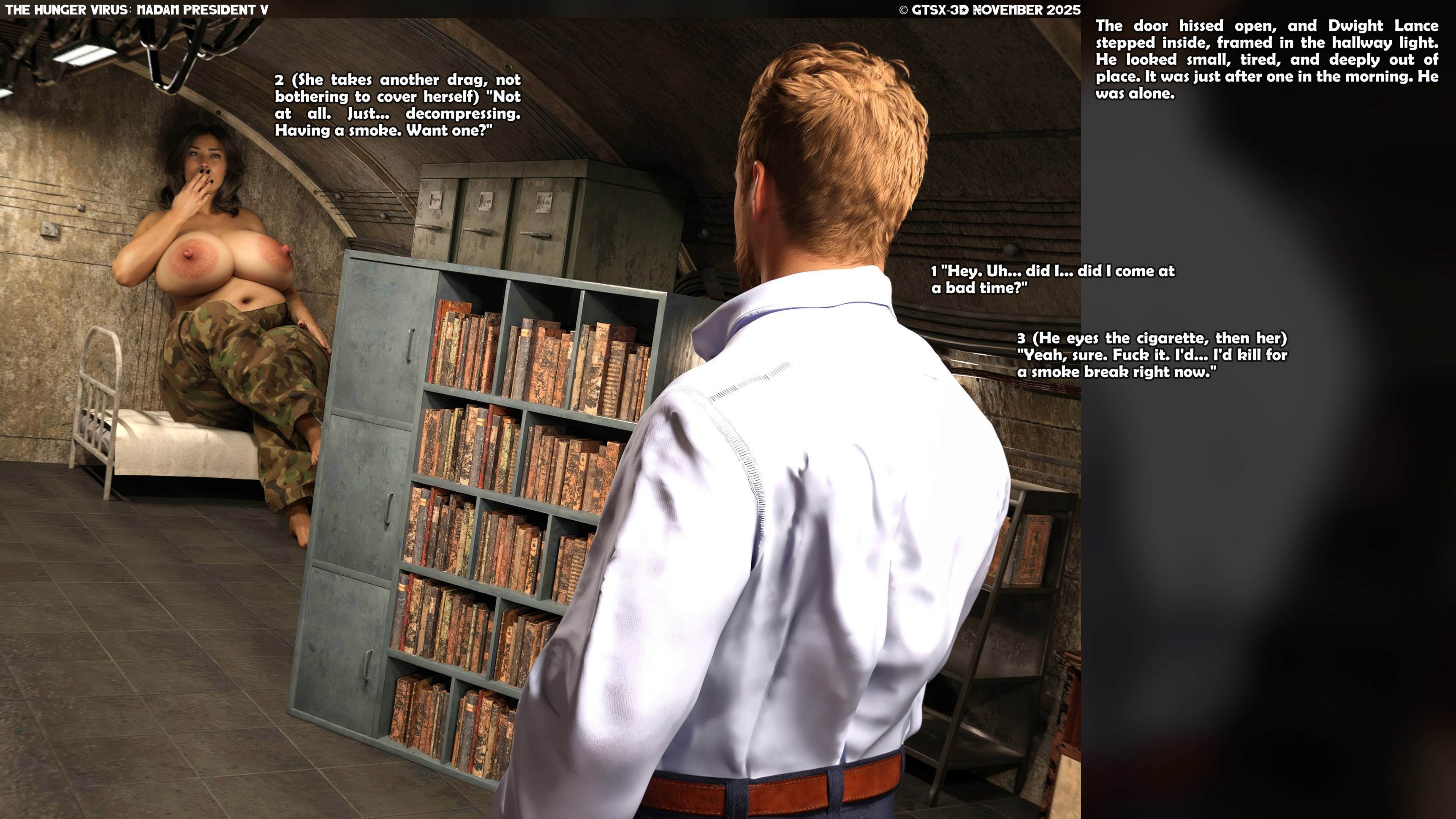
2 (She sighs, not moving) "Yeah, it's open. Come on in."

2 (She takes another drag, not bothering to cover herself) "Not at all. Just... decompressing. Having a smoke. Want one?"

1 "Hey. Uh... did I... did I come at a bad time?"

3 (He eyes the cigarette, then her) "Yeah, sure. Fuck it. I'd... I'd kill for a smoke break right now."

The door hissed open, and Dwight Lance stepped inside, framed in the hallway light. He looked small, tired, and deeply out of place. It was just after one in the morning. He was alone.





1 (Her voice a low, smoky rumble) "Park it. There's... some... room. If you don't mind the squeeze. C'mon, I don't bite. Hard."

Dwight walked further into the room, and the sheer, absurd scale of the new world hit him all over again. Megan was a goddess. A tired, pissed-off, half-naked goddess crammed into a broom closet. She dwarfed everything. The cot was screaming under her weight, her bare feet, liberated from her boots, were massive. She wiggled her toes, each one the size of his fist. She gestured with her left hand to the tiny sliver of cot next to her hip. Her other hand held the cigarette, which was already half-gone, her thick fingers pinching the paper well below the filter, which her digits were too large to hold properly.

2 (She snorts, a puff of smoke) "You're just figuring that out? I... I don't think I ever read about this chapter in... in the fucking Bible. 'And lo, the President did eat the fuckin' Senate.' Did I miss that part?"

4 "Yeah. Me neither. Good call."

6 (Her eyes narrow. A long pause.) "Yeah. You could say that. Long time ago. Before... before space. Don't really... wanna talk about it."

1 "This... this is... fuck. The world's gone to shit. Really, truly... just... fucked."

3 "Don't fuckin' know. Not religious."

5 (After a long, quiet drag) "You... uh... you lose anyone close to you, during all this?"

7 "Yeah. Right. Sure."

He sat. It was like sitting next to a warm statue. They both smoked, the silence heavy. Megan stared, zoned out, at the far wall. Dwight stared at the concrete floor.

1 "Hey. Mind... scratching my foot? This fuckin' thing is itching like crazy. These goddamn boots... I've been in them for... fuck, I don't know."

2 (She points with a thick finger) "Right... there. Under the toes. C'mon, politician. Make yourself useful."

4 "Right... there. You blind? God. Just... scratch."

3 (He looks from her foot to her face, surprised, a faint blush creeping up his neck) "Uh... yeah. Sure. Uh... where?"

The air was thick with smoke and unspoken tension. Megan, a mischievous, predatory glint in her eye, slowly moved her left foot. She nudged his leg with her big toe, then planted her massive, bare foot on the floor right in front of him, sole up.



2 (She leans her head back, a low, satisfied moan) "Mmm... yeah... fuck, that's... oh, yeah. That's the spot. Keep... keep doing that. Shit... who knew? Secretary of State... and a professional foot-scratcher. What a fuckin' resume."

4 (She turns her head, her eyes half-lidded, her voice low and smoky, looking right at him) "You wanna fuck me?"

6 "You heard me. You. Me. Fucking. The world's ending, I haven't been railed in... fuck, years... and you're here, in my bunker, at 1:30 in the morning, with a raging hard-on. So... I'm connecting the dots. Am I wrong? 'Cause if I'm wrong, you should... probably get out, so I can fuck myself and get some sleep."

His hand was shaking slightly. He reached out and put his fingers on her sole. It was warm, soft, and ridiculously huge. He started to scratch, timidly at first. His face was flushed, and as he continued, a very obvious, very hard bulge began to press against the fabric of his pants.

1 (His voice is a little high, a little shaky) "Like... like this? Here?"

3 (Stammering, his eyes locked on her foot, but his mind... elsewhere) "I... uh... I just... aim to please, I guess, Agent..."

5 (He freezes. moving. He "...What?"

His hand stops just... stares.)



2 (Gasping, staring up at the mountain of woman above him)
"Jesus... Megan... you're... you're so fucking heavy..."

1 (Panting heavily, her face inches from his, eyes wild) "Answered... answered that for you... didn't I? Fuck... look at you... you little... fuckin' toy."

3 "Shut up... shut the fuck up... I've got you... I'm gonna... I'm gonna drain you... right fucking now."

There was no hesitation. Before Dwight could even stammer out a yes, Megan moved with terrifying speed. Her massive hand clamped around his torso, lifting him like a ragdoll. She spun him and slammed him onto the cold concrete floor, the breath leaving his lungs in a wheeze.

She was on him instantly. She rose to her knees, her thighs two colossal pillars flanking his body, her ass a sprawling, caked-up landscape of muscle and fat that eclipsed the ceiling light. With a grunt of effort, she ripped his shirt open, buttons popping like gunfire, and yanked his pants down past his ankles, leaving him shivering in just his socks. She shed the last of her own rags, tossing the camo pants aside.

She lowered herself over him, her arms shaking as she planted her hands on either side of his head, locking her elbows to support the thousands of pounds of genetically enhanced muscle and curve that hung above him. If she let go, she would flatten him into a paste. Instead, she hovered, a sweaty, naked canopy of flesh.



1 (Her voice a low, guttural growl against his lips) "Feel that? Feel how... fucking... small you are? I could... I could snap you like a twig, Dwight."

3 "That's it... beg for it... you like feeling helpless... don't you? You like having a... a giantess... on top of you..."

2 (Straining against her grip, his hips bucking involuntarily) "Yeah... fuck... yes... do it... pin me... you big bitch... pin me down..."

The dynamic was absolute. She was the goddess; he was the offering. Megan shifted one of her supporting arms, grabbing his right wrist with her left hand. She pinned it to the concrete. Her hand engulfed his completely, her palm swallowing his palm, her thick fingers wrapping around his forearm like shackles. The size difference was comical, terrifying, and incredibly erotic.

She lowered her chest further. The tips of her massive, heavy breasts brushed against his bare chest, her hard nipples dragging hot lines of friction across his skin. He could feel the immense heat radiating from her, the sheer biological furnace of her metabolism burning above him. She breathed heavy, hot gusts of air directly into his mouth, consuming his oxygen.

2 (Grinding her hips in the air, teasing him) "You want inside? You want to get lost in there? It's... it's so wet, Dwight... I'm dripping... I'm fucking dripping all over your little cock."

1 (Looking down his own chest at the looming sex above him) "Oh god... Megan... it's so... it's right there... I can feel the heat... fuck... drop it... just drop it..."

Dwight was harder than he had ever been in his life. He was fully bricked up, his cock standing at attention, throbbing painfully in the cool air. But the relief was hovering just inches away. Directly above his hips, Megan's crotch was a source of intense, radiating heat.

She was unshaved, a thick, dark patch of hair that smelled of pheromones. He could see the pink, glistening slit peeking through the bush, hovering like a wet, hungry eye. The heat coming off her pussy was palpable, like an open oven door, promising a tight, wet, overwhelming grip.

1 (Her voice cracking, raw and demanding) "I want you to fuck me so hard, Dwight. I want you to... burry that... that little thing... deep inside."

3 "Don't hold back... I need it... I need to feel something... inside me... NOW!"

2 "I will... fuck... I'll give you everything... just... just do it!"

She held the position, her arms trembling slightly from the strain of holding up her own titanic weight. Sweat beaded on her forehead and dripped down onto his face. She looked down at him, her eyes dark with lust and a desperate need for release. The friction, the size, the taboo of it all—it was driving them both to the edge of madness. She shifted her hips, aligning herself perfectly, the tip of his cock brushing against her wet, swollen lips.




**1 (Screaming, her voice cracking)
"AAAAAH! FUCK! YES! JUST LIKE
THAT! POUND IT! POUND IT!"**

**2 (Gasping, slobbering slightly) "Oh
god... don't stop... fuck me... fuck me
harder! HNNNGH!"**

**3 (Grunting with effort) "I'm
trying... Jesus, Megan... you're
so tight... for a big woman..."**

Megan flipped onto her back, the floor screaming in protest as her massive frame settled. She brought her right arm up, her forearm and hand grappling with the sheer mass of her own breasts. As gravity took hold, the heavy, soft flesh cascaded backwards, threatening to smother her own face. She squeezed them, her fingers digging into the tanned dough, her nipples hard and dark against her skin.

Her head thrashed from side to side, her eyes rolling back into her skull until only the whites showed. Her eyebrows were arched high in the center, a mask of pure, unadulterated ecstasy. The bunker filled with her screams, a primal release of tension that had been building for months.



1 (Panting, sweat dripping from his nose) "Fuck... I can't... I can barely reach... but it feels... incredible..."

Dwight was fully committed, buried to the hilt inside her. But the logistics were a battle. She wasn't a normal-sized person; she was a landscape. Even on his knees between her spread thighs, he wasn't high enough. He had to strain, pushing up onto his tiptoes, his calves burning as he leveraged every inch of height he had to reach her wet, heat-radiating center.

He clung to her like a climber on a cliff face. His hands gripped the underside of her massive, overhanging belly, using the soft, sweaty flesh as an anchor to pull himself deeper. Megan's legs were thrown wide, her heels digging into the mattress. Her feet, massive and bare, were spasming with every thrust. Her toes curled and uncurled violently, splaying out and then clenching tight, throwing gang signs of pure neurological pleasure.

**2 (Her head tossing back)
"Deeper! Get in there! Climb me, you little fuck! Use my belly! Pull yourself in!"**

3 "OH! FUCK! My toes! I can feel it in my fucking toes!"

3 "I'm... I'm in! I'm touching the back! God, you're hot inside! You're burning me up!"

1 SCHLICK... SLAP... SCHLICK... SLAP

2 (A guttural, animalistic roar)
"GRRRRAAAH! THERE! RIGHT THERE!
DON'T YOU FUCKING MOVE!"

With a desperate lunge, Dwight managed to secure a better grip on her hips and shoved himself deeper than before, bypassing a ring of muscle that made Megan gasp. The connection was visceral, a wet, slapping rhythm echoing off the concrete walls. Her body clamped down on him, milking him with terrifying strength.

Down at the end of the bed, her toes curled inward so hard the joints popped, locking into tight fists of pleasure.




The rhythm intensified. Sweat flew from their bodies. But as Megan's orgasm began to build, a strange, new sensation began to ripple through her biology. Usually, the virus demanded calories to fuel growth. It demanded meat, sugar, biomass. But this... this was different.

The pleasure itself seemed to be acting as a catalyst. The endorphins flooding her system were unlocking a dormant, mutated sequence in her DNA. Her skin began to flush a deep, feverish red, and the air around her seemed to shimmer with heat. She wasn't eating, but her body was reacting as if she were consuming a feast.

1 "Oh god... oh god, Dwight... it's building... it's... changing... Hnnngh... why does it feel like that?"

2 "It's... it's tingling... everywhere... my skin is... crawling..."



1 "Whoa! Megan! You're... you're vibrating! What the fuck is..."

Dwight stopped thrusting for a split second. He felt it through his cock, through his hands on her belly. A vibration. A deep, hum-like resonance emanating from her core. It wasn't a tremble of pleasure; it was the hum of a generator powering up.

Suddenly, Megan's hips bucked, not from sex, but from expansion. Her thighs thickened instantly against Dwight's sides, pushing his knees together. Her belly pressed out against his hands, firming up and expanding like an inflating airbag.

2 (Her voice dropping an octave, becoming deeper and more resonant)
"I... I don't... HNNNGH! OH FUCK! I'm... I'm growing! Why am I growing?! I didn't eat anything!"



3 (Watching in horror and awe) "Holy shit... they're... they're exploding! What the fuck is going on?!"

The growth was aggressive and localized, surging upward with the blood flow. Her chest heaved, and the fabric of reality seemed to stretch around her. Her breasts, already massive, began to balloon with frightening speed.

The mounds of flesh swelled, pressing together, erasing the valley of her cleavage. They rose like rising dough, expanding outwards and upwards. Megan's eyes went wide in terror and arousal as the horizon of her own chest began to consume her field of vision. The weight on her chest doubled, then tripled.

1 "My tits! Dwight! Look at my fucking tits! They're... AAAAAH!"

2 (Gasping) "It's... it's too fast! It's... hnnngh... so much... pressure!"

2 "Megan! Are you okay?!"



1 (Muffled, panicked arousal)
"MMPH! MMMPH! GGRRGH!"

The expansion didn't stop. Her breasts surged again, a violent, popping growth that sent them cascading over her collarbones. The sheer volume of flesh was overwhelming. Gravity took over, and the massive, soft globes flopped backwards, crashing into her face.

Megan was suddenly smothered by her own anatomy. Her nose and mouth were buried in the cleavage and the underside of her own breasts. Her muffled screams vibrated through the flesh. She thrashed, her hands scrabbling uselessly against the mountain of boob that was pinning her head to the pillow.



With a surge of hysterical strength, Megan managed to hook her thumbs under the mass of her tits and shove them upwards, just enough to clear her nose and mouth. She gasped, sucking in air, her face flushed and sweaty.

She looked down—or tried to. Her body was a foreign country now. She was huge, easily pushing fourteen or fifteen feet, crammed into the tiny room. Her panic was mixing with a confused, blinding arousal.

1 (Hyperventilating, eyes wide) "HAAAH! Haaah! Oh fuck! I'm... I'm so big! I'm getting so **FUCKING BIG!**"

2 "What is... hnngh... happening?! I'm not... eating! Why... why am I growing?!"

3 "It hurts... it stretches... oh god, it feels so good... don't stop! Keep fucking me while I grow!"



She didn't know the truth. She couldn't know. Months ago, while drifting through the cosmos as a celestial entity, scanning solar systems, she had inhaled more than just stardust. A microscopic, cosmic strain of a viral agent—something ancient and drifting in the void—had entered her system. It had lain dormant, waiting for a massive spike in serotonin and dopamine to activate. It was a pleasure-feeder, a strain that converted orgasmic energy directly into mass.

As the realization of her size hit her, the arousal spiked again. And so did the growth. Her breasts surged forward, heavier and softer than before. Her arms gave out, and the wall of flesh came crashing down again, burying her face completely.

1 (Muffled, deep, vibrating moans from under the flesh) "MMMMM! MMMMMMPH! HNNNG!"

1 (Muffled, vibrating deeply from under the flesh) "MMPH! HNNN... GGRR... FFF-UHH-MMM..."

3 (A muffled, frantic series of noises that sound vaguely like 'don't stop')
"MM-NNN-STT-AAAAH-PPP!"

2 (Gritting his teeth, sweat pouring down his face) "Oh... fuck... you've got me... you've got me so tight, Megan... I can't... I can't even pull out if I wanted to..."

4 "I'm not going anywhere!
You're milking me dry!"

The bunker had shrunk. Or rather, the woman inside it had outgrown it to a comical degree. Dwight was no longer just having sex with a woman; he was spelunking inside a living, shifting geological formation. As the pleasure spiked, Megan's internal musculature reacted with terrifying force.

Her pussy didn't just clench; it locked down. The walls of her vagina swelled, creating a vacuum seal around him that felt like a warm, wet fist. It wasn't painful, but it was absolute. He was anchored there, fused to her by the sheer pressure of her arousal. Her massive hands were still gripping her tits, but her face was lost beneath them. The twin avalanches of her breasts had settled firmly over her nose and mouth, turning her screams of ecstasy into deep, vibrating hums that he could feel reverberating through her entire torso.

2 (She manages to shove her tits aside for a split second, gasping for air) "HAAA! Fuck! My gut... it's... it's bubbling! It feels like... like hot lava inside! Fill me up!"

3 (Her head falls back, and the flesh immediately rolls back over her mouth) "MMMPH! GULLLP!"

1 "Jesus! Your stomach! It's... it's pushing me back! I can't... my arms aren't long enough!"

The cosmic strain in her blood was now fully active, feeding on the dopamine loop. The growth energy surged downwards, targeting her center of mass. Dwight, whose hands were splayed wide across the curve of her stomach, suddenly felt the surface area expanding beneath his palms.

It wasn't just stretching; it was thickening. A layer of soft, plush fat materialized instantly under the skin, pushing his hands further apart. He had to physically widen his reach, stretching his arms to their absolute limit just to maintain his grip on the sides of her waist. Her belly, previously a taut wall of muscle and curve, was softening, ballooning outward like rising dough, pressing insistently against his chest.



2 (Muffled moan of agreement, her hips bucking harder) "Mmmmm-hmmmm! Mmmph!"

1 (Half-delirious) "Your legs... Megan, your legs are enormous!"



The expansion rolled down her body like a shockwave. Her thighs, already massive pillars that flanked Dwight's kneeling form, surged in size. The gap between them vanished. The inner meat of her thighs swelled inward, pressing against Dwight's ribs.

It wasn't a crushing blow, but a soft, relentless squeeze. It was like being trapped between two industrial-sized memory foam pillows. The warmth was incredible. He was being enveloped, swallowed up by the sheer accumulation of woman around him. His torso was now effectively clamped in place by her legs, ensuring that he remained buried deep inside her core.

1 (She claws her face free again, her eyes wild and unfocused) "It's... it's so heavy! Dwight! I feel... I feel fat! I feel so fucking fat and I love it!"



The belly growth accelerated, fueled by the dual stimulation of the sex and the thigh friction. The mound of her stomach was no longer just pushing against his chest; it was enveloping it. The flesh was getting softer, deeper, turning into a true "potbelly" that jiggled with a heavy, liquid weight.

The sides of her waist spilled over his gripping hands, swallowing his wrists in rolls of new, hot fat. He buried his face into the curve of her shoulder, but found himself being pushed away by the expanding horizon of her gut. She was becoming a sphere, a planet of arousal that was slowly conquering the room.

1 (Muffled, muffled, muffled) "MMMM!
STRRR-TCH! MMMM-GOOD!"



The transformation was mercilessly erotic. The soft, pale dough of her lower belly surged upwards and outwards. It crested over the top of Dwight's shoulders, a tidal wave of skin and warmth. He was no longer just holding her; he was submerged in her.

Her belly button, once a shallow dip, was stretching and deepening, pulling inward to form a tight, vertical slit that looked deep enough to lose a finger in. Around the equator of her expanding gut, the skin finally gave way to the rapid growth. Fresh, jagged lines of silvery-white stretch marks appeared in real-time, lightning bolts of expansion that etched themselves across her skin as she moaned into her own cleavage.



The climax of the growth spurt hit. Megan's belly surged one last time, creating a massive, overhanging "airbag" of lower stomach fat. It pressed forward, burying Dwight's face completely in the soft, yielding flesh. He was nose-deep in her navel, inhaling the musk of her skin, blinded by the sheer scale of her.

Megan tried to speak, to scream her pleasure, but her breasts, reacting to the same surge, had expanded again. They washed over her face like a heavy tide, sealing her mouth and nose completely. She was trapped in her own body, a prisoner of her own pleasure-induced growth. She thrashed her head, letting out a long, continuous, muffled vibration of pure bliss against the underside of her tits.

1 (A long, vibrating, underwater-sounding moan) "MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM... HNNNNNNNGH..."

3 (Incoherent, joyous whimpering from under the flesh) "Mmph... mm... fff... yyy... mmph!"



1 (Head hanging low, hair obscuring her face, drool dripping) "Fuck... s'heavy... gotta... gotta move... Come on... get back in there..."

2 (As he pushes back inside) "GRRRAAH! YES! Fucking... finally! Mmmmm..."

3 "Don't stop... don't you fucking stop... I need it deep!"

The physics of the situation finally broke. Megan was simply too massive, her belly too expansive to allow him any leverage from above. With a growl of frustration, she gathered her Titanic strength. She shoved herself up, the movement clumsy and catastrophic in the cramped space.

As she turned, swinging her colossal hips to get onto her hands and knees, her knee clipped a row of metal filing cabinets. They crumpled like tin foil, crashing to the floor. One heavy steel cabinet toppled directly onto the sole of her right foot. She didn't even flinch; her foot was so large and thick-skinned now that the heavy furniture felt like a pebble. She settled onto all fours, the floor groaning, and spread her knees wide.

Dwight had to scramble to his feet. The scale was terrifying. Even on her knees, the curve of her ass loomed over him, the dark, wet entrance of her pussy now sitting at his chest level. He had to stand on his tiptoes, grabbing the soft, expansive flesh of her buttocks with wide arms just to re-enter her.



The change in position unlocked a new wave of growth. The virus, feeding on the raw, animalistic pleasure, surged again. Megan's head throbbed violently, a pressure building behind her eyes that felt like her skull was trying to expand. She grabbed her forehead with her right hand, fingers digging into her scalp as if trying to hold her brain inside.

Her left hand, planted on the concrete for support, balled into a fist. With every thrust from behind, she slammed that massive fist into the floor. THUD. THUD. THUD. Cracks began to spiderweb out from her knuckles. Her eyes were squeezed shut, her bottom lip caught between her teeth, bitten down so hard a trickle of blood ran down her chin.

1 (Screaming through her teeth)
"NNNNGH! FUCK! MY HEAD!
IT'S... IT'S BUZZING!"

2 "AAAAH! YES! FUCK MY BRAINS OUT!
MAKE IT BIGGER! MAKE ME BIGGER!"

3 "YOU LIKE THAT?! YOU LIKE
FUCKING A GODDESS?! HUH?!"

1 CRACK... CRACK... THUD...
THUD...

2 (Muffled against her own hand) "MMMMMPH!
GGRRRR! HNNNG!"

3 (Releasing her hand to gasp) "HIGHER!
GET UP HIGHER! I'M LEAVING YOU
BEHIND!"

The room was shrinking. Or rather, the occupant was conquering it. Megan's spine lengthened with a series of wet pops, and her ass rose higher. The soft flesh of her buttocks brushed against the industrial cage of a ceiling light.

She didn't notice. She released her forehead and brought her right hand down to her face. Instinctively, needing to bite something to handle the intensity, she opened her mouth and clamped her jaws around the meat of her own hand. Her left fist continued to hammer the concrete, pulverizing the floor with the rhythmic, seismic force of her ecstasy.

ZZZRT... POP... ZZZZRT

1 (Muffled scream into her palm)
"MMMMMM-FFFFUUUUUCK!"

2 (Through the hand) "SO...
TIGHT... SKIN... IS... BURNING!"

The growth was vertical now. Her ass swelled upwards, pressing firmly into the ceiling fixture. The metal cage crumpled instantly, and the glass bulb shattered with a pop that was barely audible over her moans. The heavy cheeks of her ass pushed past the broken glass, pressing against the thick, black power cables running along the concrete ceiling.

She bit down on her hand harder, her teeth sinking into the thick, callous skin of her palm, stifling a scream that was half-pleasure, half-growing-pain. The room flickered as the cables were compressed, casting her writhing, expanding shadow against the walls in chaotic bursts.



1 (Letting go of her hand, breathless and wild) "NO ROOM! THERE'S NO FUCKING ROOM!"

2 "I'M GONNA... I'M GONNA BURST! I NEED MORE!"

3 "FILL ME! FILL THE WHOLE FUCKING BUNKER!"

She was expanding in all directions. Her hips widened, the saddlebags of fat spreading out like spilling dough. Her ass cheeks brushed the side walls of the bunker now, scraping the paint. Dust and debris rained down from the ceiling as her body shifted, grinding against the infrastructure.

Chunks of plaster fell onto Dwight's hair, but Megan was oblivious. She was lost in the chemical haze of the virus. She kept biting her hand, her body jerking and expanding with every heartbeat, turning the small room into a pressurized container for her lust.

1 (Feeling him slip out, a roar of frustration) "NO! NO! COME BACK!"

2 "DON'T YOU FINISH! I'M NOT DONE! GET BACK IN THERE!"

3 "FUCK! I'M TOO BIG! I'M TOO FUCKING TALL!"

Dwight was struggling to keep his footing. As Megan grew, her pelvis lifted higher and higher. He was up on his toes, stretching, but the connection was slipping. Suddenly, her vaginal walls clamped down in a spasm of growth-induced contraction.

The grip was so strong, so complete, that as she rose up another few inches, Dwight was physically lifted off the floor. He dangled there for a second, suspended by nothing but her grip on his cock, before gravity and the slickness of her fluids won. With a wet POP, he slid out, dropping back onto the debris-covered floor. She had simply become too tall, too vast for him to reach.



1 (A deep, resonant vibration that shakes the floor) "HNNNNNNGH... IT'S SO TIGHT... THE ROOF... IS SCRATCHING ME..."

2 "MMMMM... FEELS SO... SO GOOD"

He looked up, paralyzed by a mix of primal terror and overwhelming arousal. Megan was forcing herself into the architecture.

Her ass was no longer just touching the ceiling; it was molding into it. The soft, incredibly thick fat of her buttocks pressed against the rough concrete, filling every crack and crevice. She ground her hips, and the sound was terrifying—the scrape of skin against stone, the groan of the building's foundation. She wasn't breaking the ceiling yet; she was swallowing it, her flesh wrapping around beams and pipes like rising dough.



1 (Her voice booming, echoing in the shrinking space) "I'M TOUCHING EVERYTHING! I CAN FEEL THE WALLS! I CAN FEEL THE CEILING!"

2 "IT'S ALL TOUCHING ME! THE WHOLE ROOM IS FUCKING ME!"



Panic screamed at Dwight to run, to open the blast door and flee before the bunker collapsed on top of him. But his body betrayed him. The sight of her—this unstoppable, growing titaness filling the room, her ass blotting out the lights, her moans vibrating in his chest—was too much.

He didn't even touch himself. As he watched the white expanse of her ass cheek grind a steel pipe flat against the ceiling, his body seized. He let out a ragged gasp and came right there on the floor.

1 (Her voice heavy, slow, and deep) "No... more... room..."

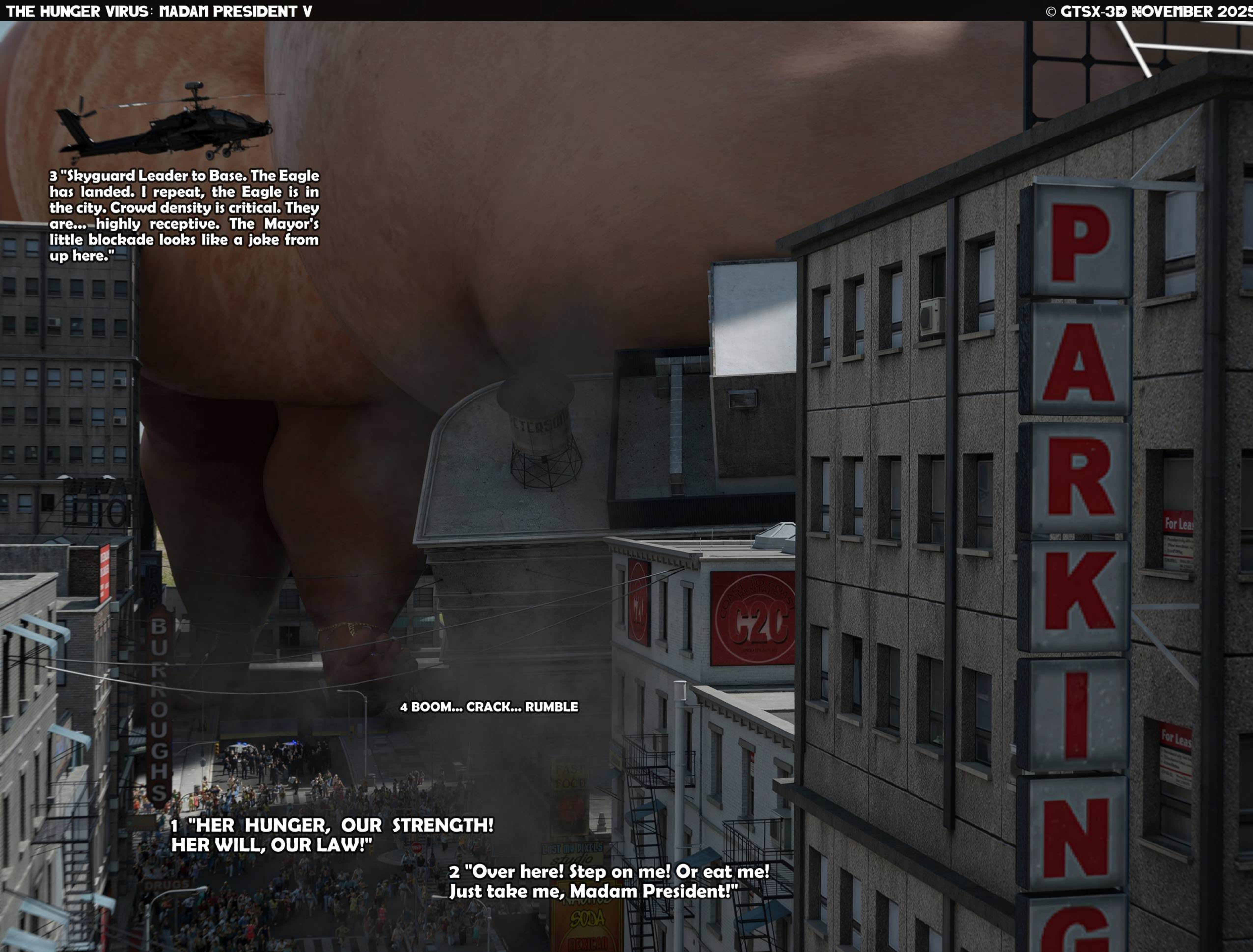
2 "Haaah... haaah... I'm... I'm the room... I'm the whole... fucking... bunker..."

3 "So... full... so... big..."

The orgasm didn't stop the growth; the adrenaline kept it feeding. Megan was now a prisoner of the room's dimensions. Her ass had completely flattened against the ceiling, creating a squared-off shape of compressed fat. Her shoulders were wedged against the side walls. The bunker groaned, the steel beams screaming as they were subjected to hydraulic pressure from the inside.

She was molding herself to the room, filling the cubic footage with terrifying efficiency. The ceiling didn't collapse; instead, her fat seemed to ooze around the obstacles, turning the harsh industrial space into a padded cell of her own making.





3 "Skyguard Leader to Base. The Eagle has landed. I repeat, the Eagle is in the city. Crowd density is critical. They are... highly receptive. The Mayor's little blockade looks like a joke from up here."

4 BOOM... CRACK... RUMBLE

1 "HER HUNGER, OUR STRENGTH!
HER WILL, OUR LAW!"

2 "Over here! Step on me! Or eat me!
Just take me, Madam President!"

The return of the administration to the capital was not a diplomatic envoy; it was a geological event. Two titans of flesh and power strode down the streets, treating the historic layout of the city like a narrow hallway. Dakota and Evelyn were so wide that their hips brushed against the facades of office buildings on either side, shattering windows and crumbling masonry with every sway of their gait.

Boom. Boom. Boom. The sound of their footsteps was a rhythmic artillery barrage, cracking the asphalt deep down to the sewage lines. Evelyn, whose lower body had become an obscene, sprawling monument to gluttony, took a step forward. Her massive, dimpled knee clipped the corner of a lobbying firm's headquarters. The structure didn't just crack; it sheared off, collapsing into a pile of rubble and dust as if hit by a wrecking ball made of soft, pale fat.

Below them, the streets were a chaotic mix of terror and ecstasy. A barricade of police cars, flashing blue and red, had been set up by the Mayor's task force—a futile, ant-like attempt to halt the advance of the goddesses. But swarming around the police, climbing over the barricades, and flooding the side streets were the worshippers. Thousands of them, chanting, screaming, waving signs that read TAKE US HOME and THE PARADISE WITHIN. They weren't running away; they were running towards the seismic impact zones of the President's feet.

1 (Looking at a jet flying past her face)
"Look at that, Ev. Even the Air Force knows who runs this show. Cute little toys."

2 (Giggling, the sound booming off the buildings) "They're celebrating us, Madam. It's a parade. A parade for your belly."

3 (Police officer through megaphone) "This is an unlawful gathering! Disperse! I repeat, disperse! You are obstructing a hazardous area! Go back to your homes!"

4 (Squeaky voice from the street) "Shut up, traitor! She's here to save us! She's here to swallow us whole!"

The scale of their growth was now undeniable. Standing in the heart of the city, Dakota and Evelyn rivaled the skyscrapers themselves. They were naked, towering kaiju of political authority. The sun glinted off their vast, sweaty skin, casting long, terrifying shadows over the monuments of democracy.

The air was filled with the roar of jet engines. A squadron of fighter jets, ignoring the Mayor's desperate pleas for air support against the "monsters," screamed through the gaps between the buildings. They weren't attacking; they were performing an air show. They banked around Dakota's massive shoulders and barrel-rolled over Evelyn's expansive hips, trailing red, white, and blue smoke in a display of fanatical military loyalty. It was a surreal, dystopian celebration of the very creatures destroying the city.



1 "Look at them in there, Ev. Like little sardines in a tin. So eager. So... patriotic."

2 "ME! CHOOSE ME! OPEN THE HATCH! SWALLOW US!"

3 "It's an honor! Thank you, Madam President! Thank you for choosing the Number 42 line!"

5 "Twice? Honey, by the time I'm done with this city, I'm going to be the only thing on the map."

4 (Evelyn, looming over the streets)
"They look delicious, Madam President. But look at the rest of them... millions of them... we're going to be twice this size by the end of the day."

Dakota paused, her interest piqued not by the police, but by a city bus that had been abandoned in traffic. With a casual, fluid motion, she reached down. Her hand, a massive, manicured claw of soft flesh, scooped the vehicle up as if it were a Matchbox car.

She held it up to her face, her grip gentle enough to keep the metal frame intact, her fat fingers curling around the chassis. Inside, the passengers weren't screaming in terror; they were cheering. Men and women pressed their faces against the glass, banging on the windows, pointing at her colossal, smiling lips, begging to be the first appetizer of the D.C. feast.

Dakota ignored the individual faces. She looked past the bus, gazing out over the sprawling grid of Washington. To her, it wasn't a seat of government anymore. It was a bento box. It was miles and miles of densely packed treats.

1 (Her voice booming, dripping with venomous sarcasm) "Aw... look at you. Look at the little boys in blue with their little peashooters. What are you going to do with those? Arrest my big toe? Give me a parking ticket?"

3 "Contain? You couldn't contain the runoff from my tits, let alone me. Look at the people behind you. They know what time it is. They know who their god is. You sure you want to be on the wrong side of history? Or... the right side of my stomach?"

5 "See? They love me. And I think... yes, I think I'm starting to get bored of your flashing lights."

2 (Police Captain, Through a loudspeaker, voice shaking) "Madam President! Surrender immediately! Step back from the barricade! We have orders from the Mayor to contain this threat!"

4 (Someone from the crowd) "BOOOO! GET OUT OF HER WAY! LET HER GROW! TRAITORS!"

Dakota lowered her gaze from the horizon to the annoyance at her feet. The police blockade was parked right in front of her massive toes. The blue and red strobe lights reflected off her pristine white pedicure, irritating her eyes.

She glared down at the tiny, uniformed figures aiming their rifles at her shins. The sheer audacity of it made her smile—a cruel, shark-like grin that promised nothing but digestion. She dangled the bus full of cheering citizens just above their heads, a taunt of what was to come.



1 "Hee-hee! Ooh, that tickles! Stop it, you naughty little bugs! Is that all you got? itchy little things..."

4 "Time to squash the bugs. Bye-bye, boys."

2 "It's not working! The bullets are bouncing off! Fuck THIS!"

3 "FUCK! LOOK UP! SHE'S BRINGING IT DOWN! MOVE! MOOOOVE!"

The threat in her voice broke the resolve of the weaker officers. Several of them looked up at the mountain of woman, then back at the cheering crowd, and made a choice. They threw down their badges and guns, tearing off their uniforms as they sprinted past the barricade, diving into the mass of worshippers, screaming that they wanted to be swallowed too, that they wanted to serve the President from the inside.

The remaining officers, the die-hards, panicked. They opened fire. Hundreds of rounds erupted, tracer fire streaking up towards Dakota's left foot. The bullets struck the sole of her foot and her ankle, but they simply bounced off the impenetrable, virus-hardened wall of her skin, falling to the pavement like useless hail.

Dakota didn't flinch. She giggled. She lifted her massive foot slowly, hovering it directly over the squad cars and the screaming officers, casting them in a terrifying, permanent shadow.



2 "AHAHAHAHAHA! Oops! Did I do that? squish, squish, squish!"

1 KAAAAA-BOOOOOOM

Gravity took over. Dakota brought her foot down with the force of a meteor strike. The impact was deafening. The asphalt of the street didn't just crack; it liquified. The police cruisers were flattened instantly, compressed into sheets of scrap metal in a fraction of a second.

The officers who hadn't run were launched into the air by the shockwave or instantly obliterated beneath the pale, heavy expanse of her sole. Glass from the surrounding office buildings shattered and rained down like confetti.

A cloud of dust and debris billowed out from under her foot, but cutting through the destruction was the sound of her laughter. It echoed off the skyscrapers, a booming, joyous sound of absolute dominance that rolled over the city like thunder.



1 "Come to Mommy! Come on!
There's room for everyone in the
Paradise Within!"

2 "THE BELLY! THE BELLY IS
HERE! GLORY! GLORY!"

Dakota wasn't done. With the nuisance cleared, she prepared for the main course. She let her colossal body drop forward, landing on her knees.

BOOM.

The impact registered as a localized earthquake. The force was so great that two buildings on either side of the street simply gave up, their foundations shattering as they collapsed into ruin. Dakota was so incredibly wide that her knees and shins alone occupied the width of four city blocks.

With the police gone and the buildings down, the path was clear. The crowd roared. They surged forward, a tidal wave of humanity running towards the President. But as they looked up, the sun vanished. The sky was completely blotted out by the overhanging curve of her stomach. It was a white, stretch-marked horizon that stretched from building to building, an eclipse of flesh.

Dakota looked down at the ants rushing her, the bus still clutched in her hand, her face framed by the destruction, her belly resting on the ruined street like a massive, waiting altar.



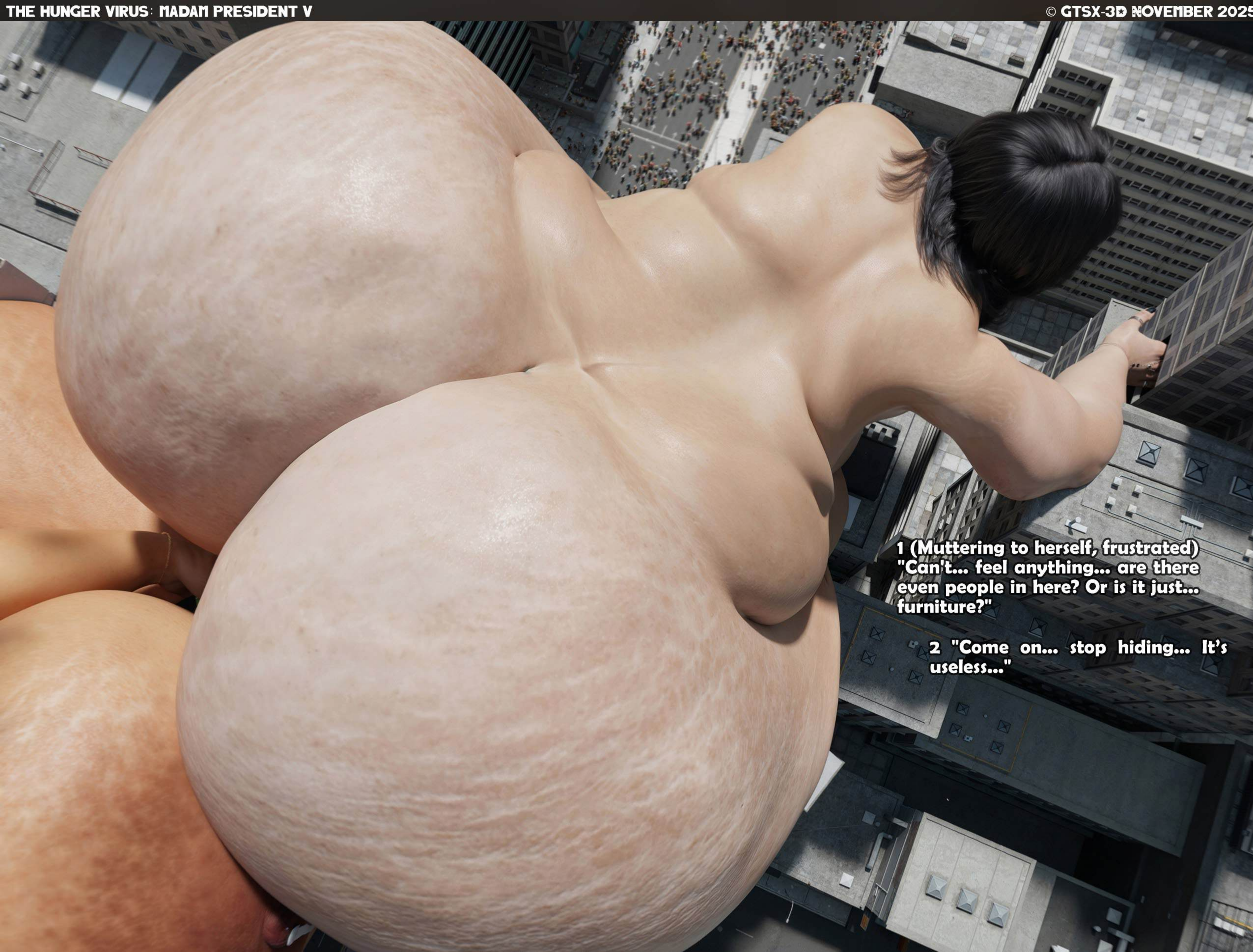
1 (Her voice a booming, playful drawl that rattles the windows) "Knock, knock... hmm... what do we have in here?"

2 "Come out, come out, wherever you are... Mommy needs a little office snack."

While Dakota held court in the street, Vice President Evelyn Hayes turned her attention to the skyline. She waded through the city blocks, her massive thighs brushing against skyscrapers like tall grass. She stopped before a gleaming corporate tower, thirty stories of glass and steel that barely reached her chest.

With a lazy, heavy motion, she leaned forward. She planted her left hand on the roof of a neighboring building to steady herself. The structure groaned audibly, spiderweb cracks instantly racing down its façade as the weight of her fat arm and massive hand compressed the concrete roof.

Smiling, she reached out with her right hand, curling her thick, sausage-like fingers. She drove her hand directly into the side of the office tower, shattering the glass curtain wall and tearing through the steel support beams as if digging into a layer cake.



She twisted her hand inside the building, gouging out a massive chunk of the twentieth floor. Below her, on the streets, thousands of worshippers were screaming, jumping, waving their arms, begging for her attention. But Evelyn was zoned out. The hunger—and the sheer size of her own body—had dulled her senses to the tiny insects at her feet.

She frowned slightly, wiggling her fingers inside the office space. She was so impossibly large now that her sense of touch was skewed. She couldn't tell if she was grabbing desks, drywall, or people. It all felt like dust against her skin.

Behind her, the true monument to the virus loomed. Her ass was a geological feature. It was so wide, so incredibly vast and heavy, that it completely blocked the sun. If she were to sit down, the sheer surface area of her buttocks would flatten ten city blocks instantly.

1 (Muttering to herself, frustrated)
"Can't... feel anything... are there even people in here? Or is it just... furniture?"

2 "Come on... stop hiding... It's useless..."

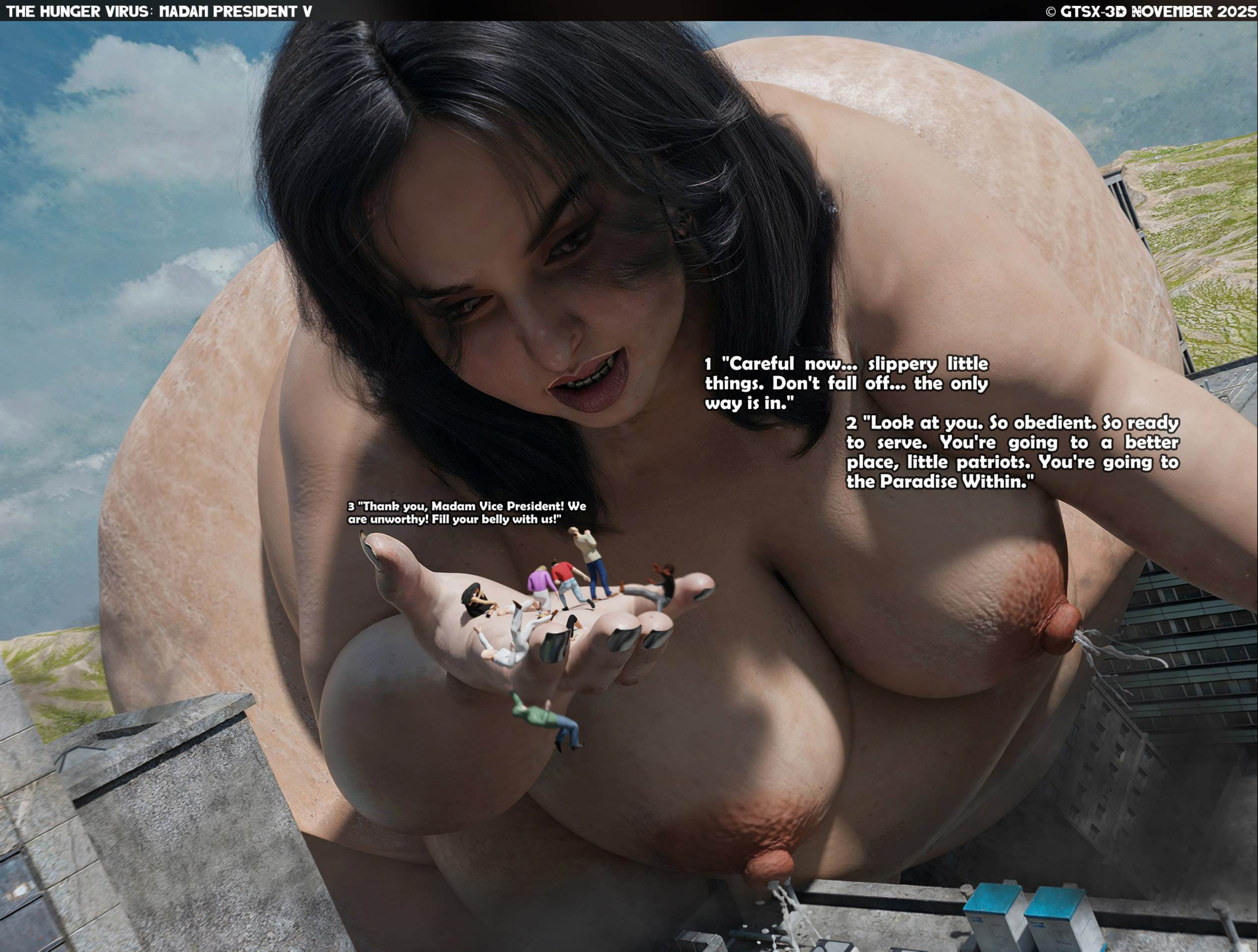
3 (Her voice booming from outside, muffled by the building) "Gotcha... I think. Stop squirming in there. You're government property now."



1 (Tumbling over a copier)
"Whoa! Holy shit!"

Inside the twentieth floor of the tower, the world ended in an explosion of manicured flesh. One moment, it was a Tuesday afternoon; the next, a wall of pale, soft skin crashed through the windows.

Desks were overturned, monitors flew through the air, and the ceiling tiles rained down. The employees weren't screaming in terror, though; the suddenness of the intrusion just caught them off guard. They were thrown back by the wind and the impact, tumbling over carpets and chairs, staring up in awe at the colossal, fingerprints-whorled wall that was Evelyn's palm scooping through their workspace.



1 "Careful now... slippery little things. Don't fall off... the only way is in."

2 "Look at you. So obedient. So ready to serve. You're going to a better place, little patriots. You're going to the Paradise Within."

3 "Thank you, Madam Vice President! We are unworthy! Fill your belly with us!"

Evelyn pulled her hand back, shaking off debris and twisted metal. She held her palm flat, bringing it closer to her face. Her massive belly, swinging freely beneath her as she leaned, swayed and slammed into a nearby apartment complex, crumbling the brick façade like a sandcastle.

On her open palm, seven tiny figures stood. As she leveled her hand, three of them lost their footing on her slick, sweaty skin. They tumbled over the edge of her pinky finger, plummeting towards the street below, screaming not in fear, but in disappointment at missing their chance.

The remaining four dropped to their knees. They bowed their heads, pressing their faces against the warm, soft skin of her hand, worshipping the very flesh that was about to consume them. Evelyn gazed down at them, her smile beatific, arrogant, and terrifyingly large.



1 (Opening wide) "Aaah... down the hatch. Welcome home."

2 (GULP) "Mmm... warm... squirmy... just how I like 'em."

Evelyn tilted her hand back, lifting it towards her open mouth. The four worshippers slid down her lifeline, tumbling past her lips and onto her waiting tongue.

She was fat. Absolutely, mind-bendingly fat. The virus had taken her pear shape and exaggerated it into monstrosity.

Her love handles were vast, rolling shelves of flesh that cascaded over her hips, swaying with every breath. Her belly was a deep, soft ocean of fat that hung low, resting heavily on the tops of her thighs. There seemed to be no end to her. She was a landscape of soft curves and deep folds.

1 (A long, satisfied moan that vibrates through the street)
"Mmmmm-hmmm... oh, that hits the spot... right to the hips..."

The swallow triggered a ripple of motion through her entire body. Behind her, her ass was a separate entity entirely. It was a towering, double-lobed mountain of pale flesh, dimpled with cellulite and stretched tight.

As she shifted her weight to swallow, her left butt cheek swung out. It collided with a twelve-story historic hotel. The building didn't crumble; it was simply absorbed, pushed over and crushed beneath the slow, inexorable pressure of her gluteal mass.

High above, a news helicopter pilot was screaming into his radio, trying to wave off a police chopper that was drifting too close to the danger zone.

2 "Pull back! Alpha-Two, pull back! Her ass is shifting! Repeat, the target's posterior is expanding into your flight path! You're gonna get swatted!"

3 CRRRUUUNCH... RUMBLE (The sound of the hotel flattening under her butt cheek)





The tinies hit her system, and the reaction was instantaneous. Evelyn arched her back, a gasp escaping her lips as the familiar, agonizingly good heat flooded her lower body.

The growth started in her thighs. The massive columns of flesh thickened visibly, pushing against each other with enough force to generate a shockwave. Her skin stretched, shining in the sunlight as new volume poured into her legs. She rose, inch by agonizing inch, her head lifting higher above the skyline as her legs lengthened and thickened.

1 "Oh! Oh god! Here it comes! Dakota! Look! I'm growing again!"

2 "HNNNGH! My legs! They feel so... thick!"

2 "Command... she's... she's expanding rapidly. The exclusion zone is gone. She's eating the city with her ass!"

1 (Grabbing her own hips, her fingers sinking deep into the doughy fat) "It's so wide! I can feel it spreading! I'm crushing everything behind me!"

The surge moved upward, hitting its primary target: her ass. The expansion was violent. The two globes of flesh ballooned outwards, claiming more and more of the city's airspace.

A row of townhouses behind her, previously safe in her shadow, were suddenly engulfed. The expanding curve of her ass pushed them flat, grinding the brick and mortar into dust against the pavement. She was widening, her hips flaring out to impossibly broad dimensions.



She grew taller, her head now clearing the highest antennas of the surrounding buildings. But her width was outpacing her height. She was becoming a pyramid of fat, a solid base of flesh that anchored her to the earth.

Her belly swelled in sympathy, pushing out further, the stretch marks widening. But the ass was the star. It was now so large that it created its own wind patterns in the streets below, a massive, insurmountable wall of womanhood.

1 (Panting, sweat dripping from her face) "More! I need more! I'm getting so... heavy!"

2 "Does my ass look big, Washington?! Does it?! Hahahahaha!!"



With a final, shuddering growth spurt, Evelyn settled into her new size. Her lower body had easily doubled in volume. She took a step, and the ground shook with the force of a Richter-scale event.

She turned to look at her own reflection in the shattered glass of a remaining skyscraper. She preened, slapping her own massive flank. The sound was like a cannon shot—THWACK—echoing through the ruined streets.

2 "Damn right it's big. And it's only going to get bigger."

3 "I'm gonna need a bigger chair, Madam President... this city is getting too small for my ass already."

1 THWACK!



The Vice President stood triumphant, a colossus of gluttony. Buildings lay in ruin around her feet, crushed not by malice, but by the simple, undeniable fact of her existence. She was too big for the world she governed.

She looked over at Dakota, her eyes shining with the high of the growth, her body radiating heat and power. She was ready for the main course. Washington wasn't just a city anymore; it was a trough. And she was just getting started.

1 "Who's next? Which building wants to be part of the Vice President?"

3 "So many volunteers... don't worry. I've got plenty of room left, mmmmmmm..."

2 "ME! ME! TAKE ME!"



Dakota watched Evelyn grow. She saw the Vice President's ass expand into a geological feature, crushing the city beneath it, and a spike of pure, venomous jealousy pierced through her haze of pleasure. She was the President. She was the alpha. There was no world in which the Vice President outsized the Commander in Chief. The power was hers, and the size had to match it.

Her eyes, constricted and feral, snapped back to the city bus she was still clutching in her left hand like a toy. It was the fuel she needed to reclaim her dominance. She didn't hesitate. Driven by an ego that was now physically manifesting as mass, she lifted the bus high above her head, tilted her face to the sky, and brought the metal rectangle down towards her gaping maw, intent on swallowing the entire transit line in one go.



The bus descended. The front bumper breached the threshold of her lips, and she didn't stop. She shoved the vehicle past her teeth. Her massive, wet tongue surged forward, a muscular pink wave that smashed through the front windshield. The glass shattered, not hurting her tough skin in the slightest, and her tongue invaded the cabin.

Inside, the environment changed instantly. The air conditioning of the bus was replaced by the overwhelming, tropical heat of Dakota's mouth. It didn't stink; it smelled of sweet milk and arousal, a hot, humid fog that instantly fogged up the remaining windows. Passengers tumbled from their seats as the floor tilted vertically, sliding down the slick surface of her tongue. Some caught themselves on the handrails, dangling over the dark abyss of her throat, while others simply let go, dropping into the wet darkness, engulfed by the steam of her breath.



1 (A strained, gurgling sound as the metal frame stretches her jaw) "G-Gaaawk... Hnnnn..."

She leaned her head back further, her neck muscles straining like steel cables. The bus was wide, wider than anything she had attempted before, but her jaw unhinged slightly, the ligaments popping with a wet sound to accommodate the girth. The metal roof of the bus scraped against the roof of her mouth, sending vibrations through her skull. She squeezed her eyes shut, forcing the rectangular mass past her uvula, turning her throat into a bulging, metal-filled tube.



2 (Her face turning red, gagging slightly but pushing through)
"HUK... GLLL-UCK... Mmmph!"

It was a tight fit. The bus pushed against the back of her throat, triggering a massive gag reflex that she fought down with sheer will. Her throat bulged comically outward, the shape of the bus visible beneath the pale skin of her neck. She wasn't just swallowing; she was deep-throating the entire public transit system. She moaned around the obstruction, saliva drooling from the corners of her stretched lips, cascading down her chin like a waterfall.



3 (Muffled, desperate noises)
"MMM-PH! PUSH... G-GULP!"

It wasn't going down fast enough for her liking. She released her grip on the sides of the bus and brought her left index finger up. With a lewd, deliberate motion, she pressed her fingertip against the back bumper of the bus, which was still sticking out of her mouth. She shoved it. Like she was taking the world's largest, hardest cock, she forced the vehicle down her own throat, her finger disappearing past her lips to ensure every inch of it was consumed. With a final, wet, convulsive swallow that shook her entire upper body, the back of the bus vanished into the wet darkness.



1 (A colossal, earth-shaking belch that releases the trapped air from the bus)
"BUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUURRRRRRRRP-OH-GOD!"

2 "Oh... fuck... here it comes...
HNNNGH!"

The heavy metal object plummeted down her esophagus and splashed into the churning ocean of her stomach.

Her belly, already a landscape of its own, lurched forward. It began to swell with a terrifying speed, pushing out past her knees, past her shins, claiming the airspace over the street with aggressive speed.

It (Squealing in gluttony, slapping her own expanding sides) "SQUEEEEE! YES! BIGGER! GET FATTER!"



The skin of her stomach grew taut and shiny. Her belly button, previously a deep divot, stretched and pulled inward, deepening into a dark, swirling vortex that looked like it could swallow a truck whole. The pressure inside her was immense. Simultaneously, her breasts reacted. The nipples hardened to the density of diamonds and began to spray. It wasn't a leak anymore; it was a high-pressure fire hose of milk, blasting out in random directions, coating the surrounding buildings and the street below in white, sticky fluid.

1 (Gasping, lost in the sensation)
"Look at it go! I'm a wrecking ball!
I'm a fat, milking wrecking ball!"



Her belly was now expanding horizontally as well as vertically. The massive, rounded sides of her gut slammed into the office buildings lining the street. There was no resistance. The glass and steel structures crumbled on impact, pushed over by the inexorable expansion of her midsection. She was widening the street simply by existing in it. The debris rained down, bouncing off her stretching skin, but she didn't feel a thing. She was just a growing sphere of pure consumption.

CRASH... CRUMBLE... BOOM

(Another wet, rolling burp)
"BRAAAP!
Ugh...BuuRGHAAAP...
so... gassy... so full..."



She was a grotesque, beautiful monument to excess. Her belly had swollen so much that she could no longer see the city at all. She was just a head and tits resting on top of a planetary object. The milk continued to spray, mixing with the dust of the collapsed buildings to create a paste on the ground, where the remaining worshippers rolled around in ecstasy, celebrating the growth of their god.

1 (Her voice pitching up into a whine of intense sensation) "OW! Fuck! Ah! It hurts! It hurts so good!"

2 "My tits! They're... they're gonna pop! HNNNGH!"



The growth shifted gears. The energy moved upwards, hitting her chest with the force of a freight train. Dakota's eyes rolled back into her head, her mouth hanging open in a silent scream of overwhelming stimulation. It was growing pains on a kaiju scale. She brought both massive hands up, pressing them hard against the sides of her breasts, trying to contain the explosion of flesh, but it was useless. The meat pushed against her fingers, swelling around them, swallowing her hands in cleavage.



1 "Too big! They're getting too big! BRAAAP!"

SPLORT... PSSH HHH (The sound of milk intensifying)

Her breasts ballooned. They surged outward, becoming heavier, fuller, dropping lower even as they expanded upward. The milk flow increased to a torrent, creating a river in the street below. She was growing taller, too, her head lifting away from the smoke and dust, rising into the clear air above the city, but the focus remained on the twin mountains on her chest.



1 (A deep, guttural groan from the bottom of her stomach)
"UUUUURRRRRGGGH... I feel... I feel like a balloon... I'm gonna-BRAAAAAAAAAAP!"

The pressure in her stomach released another wave of gas, but she barely noticed. She was hyperventilating, her chest heaving with every breath, each inhalation seeming to add another few feet to her bust measurement. The heat coming off her body was intense enough to distort the air around her. She was turning into a nuclear reactor.



2 (Panting, drooling) "I... I win...
Ev... I... win... BUAAAAAARGHP"

1 (Turning around blocks away,
her eyes widening) "Holy..."

Evelyn, deep in the ruins of a different district, paused her destruction to watch. Even she, a giantess in her own right, was awestruck. Dakota was expanding in real-time, her silhouette changing second by second. The President wasn't just big; she was becoming the skyline.



1 "Hnnn... oh god... they're heavy... so heavy... I c-can't stop burpi-AAAAAGHRP!!!!"

The sequence reached its climax. Dakota stood panting, her hands resting uselessly on the tops of her new assets. The growth slowed, settling into the new reality. Her breasts had reached a size that defied physics. Each individual breast was now roughly the size of Evelyn's entire upper torso. They were colossal, milk-leaking planets that rested heavily on her distended belly, a testament to her absolute, gluttonous supremacy. She was the biggest thing in world, and she knew it.

1 (Her voice booming, laughing as she drags her feet through an intersection) "Look at them, Ev! A salute! They know... they know what a real superpower looks like!"

3 CRUNCH... SMASH... ROAR (Jet Engines)

2 "They love us, Madam President! They're celebrating your size! Look at the smoke... it's like confetti!"

5 "Where to next? The Mall? The Treasury? Who gets the honor of being inside us?"

4 "squish... squish... oops... sorry, little voters. Mommy didn't see you down there."

The city of Washington was no longer a grid of streets; it was a playground for titans. Dakota and Evelyn, having stabilized—barely—after their respective growth spurts, began to move. It was a clumsy, catastrophic procession. As they walked, their hips and asses swung with the momentum of wrecking balls, clipping the edges of office buildings and sending showers of glass and concrete raining down onto the streets below.

Above them, the sky was a chaotic canvas of patriotism. Fighter jets screamed overhead, weaving between the two colossal women. They deployed their smoke canisters, leaving thick, lingering trails of red, white, and blue that swirled around the President's head like a halo. It was a perverse celebration. The military was treating the destruction of the capital not as a disaster, but as a coronation. The President was bigger, fatter, and more powerful than she had been at breakfast, and the Air Force was throwing her a parade for it.

1 (Giggling as her hip checks a bank, crumbling the facade) "Oops! Excuse my hips! Just... passing through!"

2 "Oh god... I'm so wide, I can't even fit between the buildings anymore. I have to make my own lane."

4 "Don't worry... there's plenty of ass for everyone to get flattened by."

Evelyn took the lead for a moment, her gait wide and lumbering. She looked down at herself, admiring the devastation she was causing. Her belly had indeed swollen, pushing out into a heavy, round pot that jiggled violently with every step. Her tits were engorged, leaking milk onto the ruined pavement.

But it was her lower body that defied logic. Her hips had widened to a degree that looked almost painful. They flared out aggressively, creating a shelf of bone and fat so wide that she couldn't walk down a single street without her hips demolishing the storefronts on both sides simultaneously. Her ass was a planetary object trailing behind her, a shelf of flesh so deep and wide it seemed disproportionate even to her giant frame. She was a pyramid of woman, forcing the architecture of the city to bow to her width.

3 "THE HIPS! WATCH OUT FOR THE HIPS! SIT ON US, OUR GODDESS!"

1 (Her voice a deep, slow, vibrating rumble) "Uuuuh... tiny... little... things..."

2 (Stepping squarely onto a panicked crowd without looking down) "Do you... feel... my... weight?"

3 "I... am... your god."

As massive as Evelyn was, she was nothing compared to the President. Dakota was a different species of giant. She didn't just block the street; she blocked the sun. Her shadow was miles long, casting entire neighborhoods into premature twilight.

Her belly was an eclipse, a colossal, stretch-marked sphere that hung in the sky, obscuring the monuments. And her breasts... they were terrifying. Each individual tit was now roughly the size of Evelyn's entire upper torso, heavy, milk-laden storm clouds that rested on the shelf of her gut.

When she moved, the displacement of air created wind gusts that shattered windows blocks away. And when she spoke, it wasn't just sound; it was a physical sensation. Her voice had dropped to a deep, gutter-rolling reverb, a bass frequency that vibrated in the chests of everyone in the city, a voice that sounded like the earth itself grinding its tectonic plates.

SQUELCH... CRACK

2 (Panting, heavy and wet)
"Haaah... haaah... Ev... I... I'm so... spinning..."

3 (She stumbles, crushing a line of cars)
"Whoops... haaah... dizzy... so... heavy..."

4 (A wet, rumbling burp escapes her)
"BUUUURP... Ugh... yeah... feed... me... Put them... inside..."

1 "Madam President! Look at them... they're all gathered up so nicely. We should... we should feed each other! Just like we did in your bedroom the other time! Let me pop some of these little treats into your mouth!"

The crowds swarmed around their feet, a sea of ants begging for attention. Evelyn, looking up at the swaying, panting mountain that was Dakota, had an idea. It was a callback to their private moments, a desire to serve.

But Dakota was struggling. The rapid addition of tonnage—the bus, the people, the viral mass—was disorienting. Her center of gravity had shifted radically. She swayed drunkenly, her eyes rolling up into her head, her mouth hanging open. Every breath was a labor, heaving her massive chest. She stumbled slightly, her foot clipping a parking garage and collapsing it instantly, sending cars tumbling like toys. She was drunk on power and size, barely holding herself upright against the pull of gravity on her own impossible bulk.





6 (Shifting uncomfortably) "I... I mean, she has a point, Mike. The chain of command is pretty shattered."

2 "They... they have the clearance, Ma'am. Secretary Lance is the ranking official."

4 "We have our orders, Ma'am. Containment."

1 (Her voice muffled and deep behind the heavy mask) "So... tell me something, boys. Who exactly put Dwight and the Space Case in charge? Last I checked, he was a failed Secretary of State and she was... well, drifting."

3 "Ranking official of what? A crater? Look at the news feeds. Dakota and Evelyn are devouring the capital. Literally. And what are we doing? Sitting here. Waiting for... what? Blood tests?"

The military warehouse was a cavernous, silent tomb, save for the hum of the ventilation trying and failing to cool the massive biological heat source in the center of the room. Scarlett Goldstein sat immobilized by her own bulk, a masked, mountainous prisoner. Two soldiers sat in folding chairs a safe distance away, their rifles resting on their knees, looking like action figures compared to the titaness they were guarding.

Scarlett was bored, and worse, she was starving. The hunger was a constant, gnawing ache that made her temper short. She looked down at the two men, her eyes narrowing behind the industrial mask straps.




1 (Groaning, tugging at a strap)
"God... this fucking mask. It's like a sauna in here. I don't know how we survived the pandemic with these things on. I'm overheating."

2 "If only I were... bigger. Just a little bit bigger. I could break out of here. I wouldn't need permission. I could just... go save the day."

3 "But I'm stuck. Unless... unless I found a little... boost. Something to get the reaction started again."

Scarlett adjusted her position, a seismic shift of flesh that caused the concrete beneath her to groan. She couldn't even see the soldiers past the horizon of her own chest; her breasts were so incomprehensibly large they formed a wall of flesh chin-high. She had to rely on their voices.

She felt the sweat pooling under the rubber seal of her mask. It was stifling. She needed to get out, and she needed to grow. She needed fuel.

A first-person perspective shot from a character's point of view, looking at two soldiers in a warehouse. The soldiers are wearing full combat gear, including helmets with night vision and communication equipment, and carrying rifles. The warehouse has a concrete floor and metal walls. In the foreground, the character's large, orange-tinted foot is visible, suggesting they are wearing a prosthetic or a specific type of boot.

1 (Whispering) "She's right, you know. Lance is stalling. By the time they clear her, the entire pacific northwest region will be wiped off the map."

3 "It's the only way. It's now or never. We're just two grunts. She... she could be the savior."

2 (Whispering back) "If we do this... there's no going back. You know what she needs. You know what happens to us."

The two soldiers exchanged a long, heavy look. The warehouse was isolated. Communications were spotty. They knew what was happening in Washington; they had seen the footage of the President swallowing a bus. They knew that standard weapons were useless.

They looked at the massive, suffering woman in front of them. She was dangerous, yes, but she was also a weapon. A weapon that was currently unloaded. The conflict played out in their eyes—fear of the court-martial versus the desperate need to do something, anything, to save their country.

2 "Oh? Do you now?"

4 (Feigning shock, placing a massive hand on her chest) "You... you would do that? For me? You'd let me... swallow you? That's... It'd be a great service to your country, boys."

3 "You're the only option left. If... if the two of us can provide that... boost... If we can get you big enough to break out and stop them... then we're volunteering."

1 "Ma'am! Nurse Goldstein! We... we agree with you."

5 "For the country, Ma'am. Just... make it count."

The decision was made in silence, a pact of patriotism. They stood up, slinging their rifles over their shoulders, and walked to the edge of the containment platform. They looked up at the mountain of flesh, shouting to be heard through the mask and the distance.





1 "Are you sure about this? Once I start... once I drench you in spit... I can't stop. There's no going back."

3 "You're brave men. Heroes. I won't forget this."

2 "We're sure. We're true patriots, Ma'am. This chaos has to end. We're probably safer in your belly than out here anyways. God knows what Redwood would do to the military branch that's plotting against her."

The soldiers walked over to a heavy-duty hydraulic scissor lift parked near the wall. They climbed into the basket and hit the ignition. The electric motor whined as the lift began to rise, carrying them up, up, up towards the summit of Scarlett.

Even at maximum extension, the lift only brought them level with the upper slopes of her breasts. They were tiny specks hovering before a wall of pale skin. Scarlett rested her hand on the railing of the lift, her fingers thicker than their arms.

1 "It's been an honor, Ma'am.
Give 'em hell."

2 "God bless America."

3 "Amen to that."

The lift shuddered to a halt. The two soldiers stood side by side in the metal basket, dwarfed by the giantess they were about to empower. They straightened their uniforms, squared their shoulders, and snapped into a crisp, perfect salute.

Scarlett, sitting up as straight as her bulk would allow, mimicked the gesture with a slow, respectful motion of her massive hand. It was a moment of solemn duty, a transfer of power from the many to the one.



Midway through the salute, the solemnity vanished. Scarlett's hand, which had been raised to her brow, suddenly lunged forward with the speed of a striking cobra.

She grabbed the first soldier by the head and upper torso while his hand was still glued to his forehead. The lift rocked violently. A slow, wide smile spread across her face, visible in the crinkling of her eyes. It wasn't just gratitude on her face anymore; it was a spark of intense, gluttonous excitement. She had them.



1 "Oh wow... This feels so weird, being able to carry a grown-ass man this easily... hah."

She plucked him from the lift like a ripe berry. His legs dangling high above the warehouse floor. The second soldier, still standing in the basket, slowly lowered his hand, his salute faltering as the reality of the situation crashed down on him.

Scarlett held the squirming soldier up, bringing him closer to her face. She stared at him, her pupils blowing wide with the rush of impending growth.



1 "Uhhhh, You... you look... really happy about this."

3 "Is this... is this just for the mission? Or... did you want to do this?"

2 "Why wouldn't I be? I'm about to power-up."

4 "Does it matter? You're serving your purpose either way."

She lowered Mike slightly, letting him rest on the vast, pillowy shelf of her cleavage. He scrambled for footing on the slick, warm skin of her breasts, staring directly into her eyes.

She was smiling so hard that a prominent double chin formed beneath her jawline. She looked at him not as a savior, but as a treat. The look in her eyes was filled with a lust for size that unsettled him.



She didn't hesitate. She brought the soldier up and shoved his head directly into her open cavity.

His face was instantly engulfed by the hot, wet muscle of her tongue. Her eyes crossed as she focused on the sensation of him filling her mouth. A deep, vibrating moan escaped her throat.

1 "Mmmm... open wide..."

2 "Hnnnnngh... yes... get in there..."



1 SCHLOP... GLUCK... SQUELCH

She shoved him deeper. The moment his uniform made contact with the heavy coating of saliva on her tongue, the reaction began. The fabric of his fatigues became loose, then baggy. His boots felt like they were slipping off.

Scarlett felt the transfer of mass instantly—a tingling rush of power. She worked her tongue around him, coating him thoroughly, shoving his shoulders past her teeth with a wet, sloppy sound.



As he shrank, she grew. The floor groaned loudly as her weight increased. Her thighs thickened, pressing harder against the railings.

She continued to push him in, her fingers guiding his shrinking form deeper into the cavern of her mouth. She gulped, her throat working to pull the mass down, savoring the texture of the shrinking man as he slid over her taste buds.

1 "GULP... mmm... that's it... slide down... give it all to me..."

1 "Mmmph... stuck... stubborn
little... hnnngh..."

2 "Need... to angle it... better"

He was almost gone. Only his boots and shins were dangling from her lips now, and they were shrinking rapidly. But he had bunched up at the entrance to her esophagus. He was still just large enough to be a difficult swallow.

Scarlett frowned, feeling the blockage. She opened her jaw wider, her mouth stretched to its limit, realizing she couldn't force him down with tongue action alone. She needed gravity. She prepared to tilt her massive head back to let him slide into the darkness.



1 "Our Father... who art in
heaven... hallowed be thy
name..."

2 "Thy kingdom come... thy will
be done... on earth... as it is in...
her..."

3 (Muffled gulping sounds)
"Mmmph... GULP... s'good..."

The remaining soldier, Private Harris, dropped his rifle. It clattered uselessly against the metal floor of the lift basket, a sound that was entirely swallowed by the wet, visceral noises coming from Scarlett's mouth.

He stood frozen, his eyes locked on the sight of his friend's boots disappearing past the giantess's lips. There was no struggle. Mike wasn't kicking or screaming anymore. It was as if the moment he entered her warmth, he had simply... accepted it. Harris watched the slow, rhythmic motion of Scarlett's throat, the wet GLUCK sound of the swallow, and his mind fractured under the absurdity. He began to mutter, his voice a thin, trembling thread against the overwhelming reality of the consumption.



1 "HAAWK... G-GULP..."

2 "HHH-UUUK... MMMMPH..."

3 SLICK... GLUCK

The blockage was stubborn. Scarlett groaned, tilting her massive head back until she was staring directly at the high, corrugated ceiling of the warehouse. She opened her jaw to its absolute limit, her tongue lolling out, pink and slick with saliva.

Gravity did its work. The shrunken, wet form of the soldier began to slide. A visible bulge moved down her neck, distending the skin. She brought her hand up, her thick fingers wrapping around her own throat, massaging the lump downwards, coaxing the meal into the depths.



1 "Oh... oh god... yes..."

2 "Hnnngh... so warm... so full..."

3 "Mmmm... so... incredible..."

He went deeper. The bulge moved past her collarbone, settling into the warmth of her chest. Her eyes fluttered shut, her lashes trembling against her cheeks. A flush of heat rose in her face, turning her pale skin a rosy pink.

To Harris, watching from the lift, it was deeply shocking. This wasn't just a tactical maneuver. This wasn't just a soldier refueling for a mission. The look on her face was one of transcendent, narcotic bliss. The virus didn't make her evil—she still believed she was saving the country—but it rewired the pleasure centers. It made the act of voring, the act of growing, feel better than love, better than heroism. Like a vampire faced with a vein, the moral context faded, replaced by the overwhelming, biological need.



1 "K-Kuh... cough... Mmmph..."

2 "Down... you go... good boy..."

Mike was gone. Fully submerged in the dark, wet slide of her esophagus. Scarlett began to close her mouth, her jaw aching from the stretch. She swallowed hard one last time, a convulsive motion that shook her entire upper body.

She kept her hand on her throat, rubbing the skin in slow, sensual circles, feeling the phantom pressure of the man she had just swallowed. She choked slightly, a wet cough escaping her, but she smiled through it.



1 "Here it comes! HAAAAH!"

2 "Oh god, yes! The rush! It's back!"

The transfer hit. It was violent and immediate. Scarlett's hand gripped the railing of the lift so hard the metal crumpled like foil. The growth surged through her, expanding her frame in all directions.

1 "Look at them! Look at them swell!"

2 "I'm leaking! AHAHAHA! T-THIS IS AMAZING!! THIS IS FUCKING AMAZING!!"

3 "Jesus... oh lord..."

Her breasts surged outward, the pale skin stretching tight. The nipples hardened and began to leak, thick droplets of milk running down the slopes of her chest. She threw her head back, her laughter becoming guttural and deep, vibrating in the chest of the remaining soldier standing inches away.



1 "HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA"

2 "HNNNGH! IT'S SO MUCH
BETTER THE SECOND TIME!"

3 "MORE! I NEED MORE!"



Harris stumbled backward in the lift basket, hitting the far railing. The woman in front of him laughed harder, a manic, joy-filled sound that echoed off the walls, drowning out the groan of her own expanding body.

1 "My ass! Oh god, my ass too?! HAHAAAAAAAAHAHA! I C-CAN'T BELIEVE THIS!"

2 "It's so wide! It's feels so fucking heavy ALREADY!"

3 **CRACK...
SPLINTER...
CRUNCH**

The growth moved lower, hitting her hips and ass with a vengeance. Behind her was a massive metal container filled with surplus rifles. As her ass cheeks expanded, they pressed against the inner walls.





1 "Crushing it! I'm crushing it all!"

2 "This warehouse won't hold me in for much longer! Muhahahaha"

The container didn't stand a chance. The relentless, soft pressure of her expanding buttocks shattered the wood and then began to bend the metal frames of the rifles inside. Her ass was becoming a landscape, a sprawling, double-lobed continent of fat.



The metal container itself began to buckle. Scarlett's ass cheeks flowed over it, swallowing the sharp edges in soft folds of flesh. She was getting so big that her backside alone could serve as a landing pad for a Chinook helicopter.

2 "Scarlett, you need to think this through! I know what I said but what if --"

1 "Oh no you don't. You promised, soldier."

3 "You can't back down now. The country needs you. I need you."

Scarlett opened her eyes, seeing Harris cowering in the corner of the lift. His nervousness was palpable. He looked ready to jump off. She couldn't have that. Not when she was so close to another round.

With a speed that belied her size, she reached out. Her hand enveloped him completely, scooping him up before he could even scream. The motion knocked the lift over. It crashed to the concrete floor, the rifles inside spilling out. Several of them discharged on impact, the loud BANG-BANG-BANG echoing like cannon fire in the enclosed space.



2 "Holy shit... This is what I was afraid of... she's... she's enormous..."

1 (Pointing a shaking finger, his voice high with panic) "Oh my god... oh my god! Look at her! She's swallowing him?!"

3 "Sound the alarm! We need containment! NOW!"

The gunshots drew attention. The blast doors of the warehouse hissed open, and Dwight Lance and Agent Megan Donovan rushed in. Dwight was in a fresh, ill-fitting suit. Megan was... monumental. She was easily eighteen feet tall, naked, thick with muscle and new fat, a titaness in her own right, though she barely seemed to register her own state.

They froze. The sight before them broke their brains. Scarlett was swallowing the second soldier.



2 (Gulping loudly, a euphoric smile on her face) "G-GULP... Mmmph... hi guys... just... fueling up... Told you I was hungry earlier.... Mmmmm..."

3 GLUCK... GURGLE... SPLAT

1 "STOP! Megan, stay back! Her spit! If it gets on you... She'll explode in size! We can't risk it!"

Megan took a step forward, her own massive foot shaking the ground, intending to intervene. Dwight threw himself in front of her, waving his arms frantically.

Scarlett ignored them. She sat there, a mountain of pleasure, massaging her throat as Harris slid down to join Mike. Her belly was swelling rapidly, pushing forward like a rolling tide of flesh, closing the distance between her and the new arrivals. Milk pooled in the deep, sweaty creases under her breasts, dripping onto the expanding dome of her gut.

3 "Scarlett? Can you hear me? Please don't do anything stupid, the lab tests will be back in a couple hours!"

1 "HERE IT COMES! ROUND TWO!"

2 "What are you doing? Let's FUCKING GO!"

The second soldier hit her stomach, and the growth accelerated into overdrive. Scarlett was no longer just growing; she was avalanching. Her body expanded outward in shifting rolls of pale fat.





1 (A wet, thunderous, chest-deep belch)
"BUUUUUUUUUURRRRRRR-AH-AH-AH-P!"

2 (Scrambling
on the floor)
"MOVE! MEGAN!
THIS PLACE IS
GONNA FUCKING
COLLAPSE!"

Dwight realized the danger instantly. She was filling the room too fast. He turned to run, his dress shoes slipping on the smooth concrete, and he went down hard. Megan stood frozen, staring up at the woman who dwarfed even her new, giant form. Scarlett let out a burp that rattled the teeth in their skulls.

1 "GO! GO! GET TO THE ALARM!"

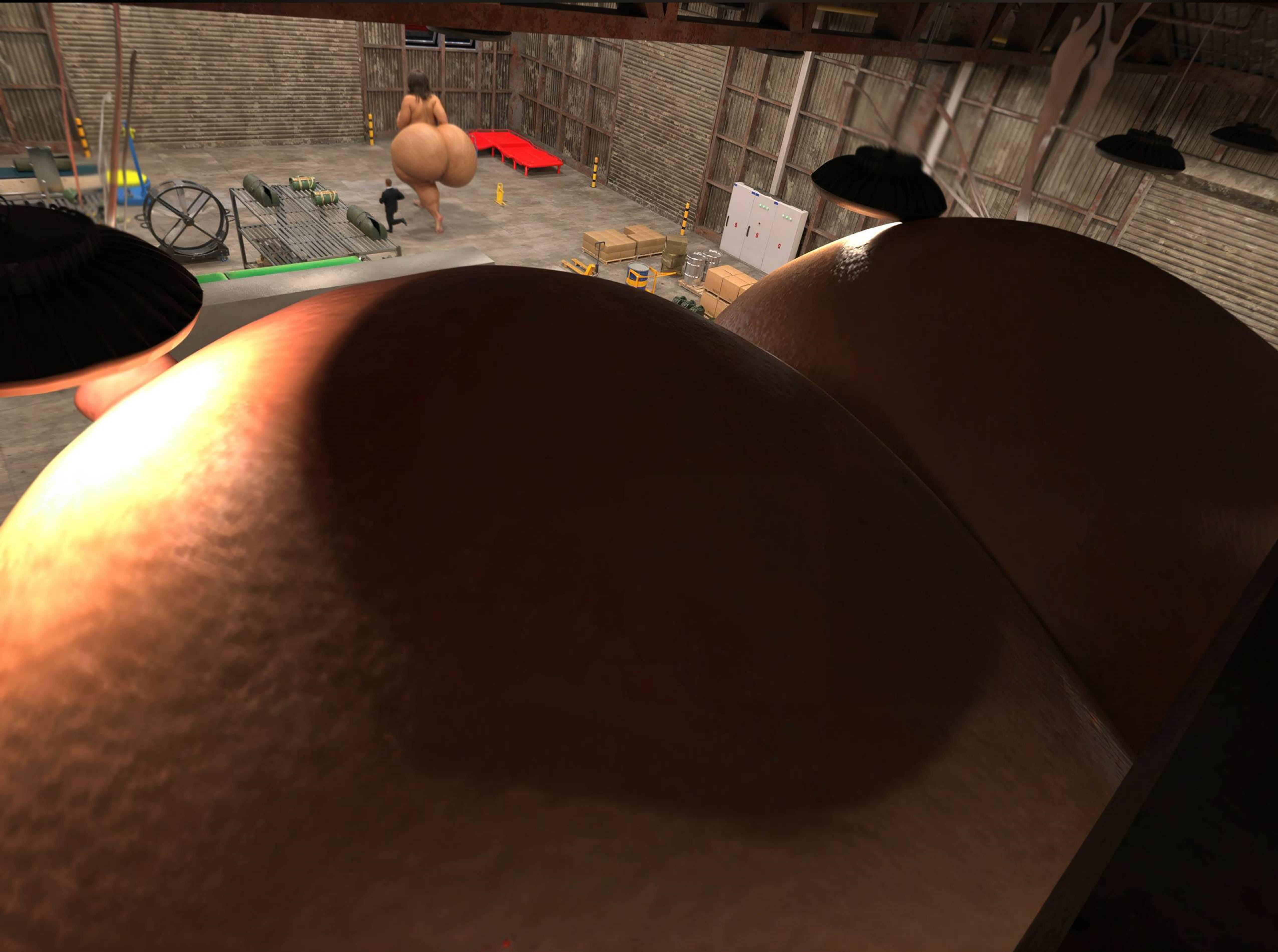


Megan snapped out of her trance. She grabbed Dwight by the back of his suit jacket, hauled him to his feet, and they both bolted. Panic set in. They needed the heavy tranquilizers. They needed the suppression team.

Behind them, Scarlett roared with laughter and pleasure.



They sprinted towards the garage door, the ground shaking violently with every shift of Scarlett's weight. Her breasts were now spraying milk in high-pressure jets, soaking the walls and the fleeing figures. Her head rose higher, her hair brushing the ceiling lights.



Scarlett threw her head back, her eyes rolling up, lost in the same animalistic, intensified pleasure loop that had claimed the first woman infected by the virus, Sharon. It wasn't just growth; it was a biological imperative, a high that no drug could match.



1 (Heavy, wet, panicked breathing) "HAAH... HAAH... TOO... MUCH..."

2 (Incoherent moaning) "NNNNGH... G-GRRRAH... STOP... MAKE IT... UH-UH-UH"

The euphoric haze that had clouded Scarlett's mind shattered. The growth didn't stop—it accelerated—but the pleasure that had masked the physical trauma of such rapid expansion suddenly evaporated. It was too much, too fast. Her eyes rolled up, snapping open as a wave of overwhelming sensory overload hit her.

She could feel every square inch of her skin stretching to its breaking point. The floor beneath her screeched and cracked, the concrete turning to powder under her widening hips. Wooden crates splintered against her flanks. Above her, the massive, milk-leaking mounds of her breasts slammed into the steel cross-beams of the ceiling. She clawed at her own chest, pressing her hands into the doughy flesh, trying to relieve the crushing pressure, gasping for air that seemed too thin to fill her expanding lungs.



1 (Voice distorted, deep and vibrating) "WHAT... IS... THIS?"

2 "IT BURNS... THE BLOOD... IT BURNS..."

3 "GET... OUT... GET... OUUUUT!"

A terrifying physiological shift began. The capillaries in her eyes didn't just burst; they changed. A flood of alien pigment rushed into her irises, turning them a bright, bioluminescent purple. They widened in terror, glowing with a sickly, radioactive light.

The panic set in deep. She wasn't just growing; she was evolving into something unstable. Her movements became jerky and erratic, her head whipping back and forth. When she spoke, her voice had dropped an octave, vibrating with a distorted, monstrous timbre that sounded like two voices speaking at once—one human, one something else.

1 (Strained, deep groaning)
"GRRRRR-AAAAH..."

3 "THE... CEILING... IT'S... TOUCHING...
MY... BRAIN..."

2 SCREEECH (Metal bending)

Her breasts, now colossal and hard as stone from the internal pressure, ground against the industrial piping of the fire suppression system. The metal pipes groaned and bent, wrapping around the soft flesh like wire.

The purple hue spread from her eyes to her skin. Her face flushed a deep, bruised violet, the veins in her neck standing out like dark purple cords. She looked less like a woman and more like a reactor meltdown in human form.

1 (A monstrous, deafening roar)
"ROOOOOOOAAAAAR!"

2 "TEAR IT... OFF! TEAR...
THE SKY... OFF!"

The structural integrity of the warehouse failed. Her tits surged upward, snapping the thick steel pipes like dry twigs. The entire ceiling grid groaned and began to lift, pushed up by the relentless, hydraulic force of her chest.

She screamed, a sound that wasn't human—a deep, resonant roar that shook dust from the rafters. Little was known about the cocktail of alien blood and chemicals coursing through her veins, but it was clear now that this wasn't just the Hunger Virus. It wasn't the simple gluttonous tyranny of Dakota or the compliant hedonism of Evelyn. It was changing her behavior, stripping away the human nurse and replacing her with an unpredictable thing.

2 "NO... MORE... ROOM..."

3 "PUSH... PUSH... THROUGH..."

1 CRUNCH... GRIND

She was too tall. Her head slammed into the corrugated metal of the roof. The steel beams bent around her skull, forming a twisted crown of industrial debris. Her neck compressed, muscles straining, as she effectively became a living pillar supporting—and destroying—the roof of the building.

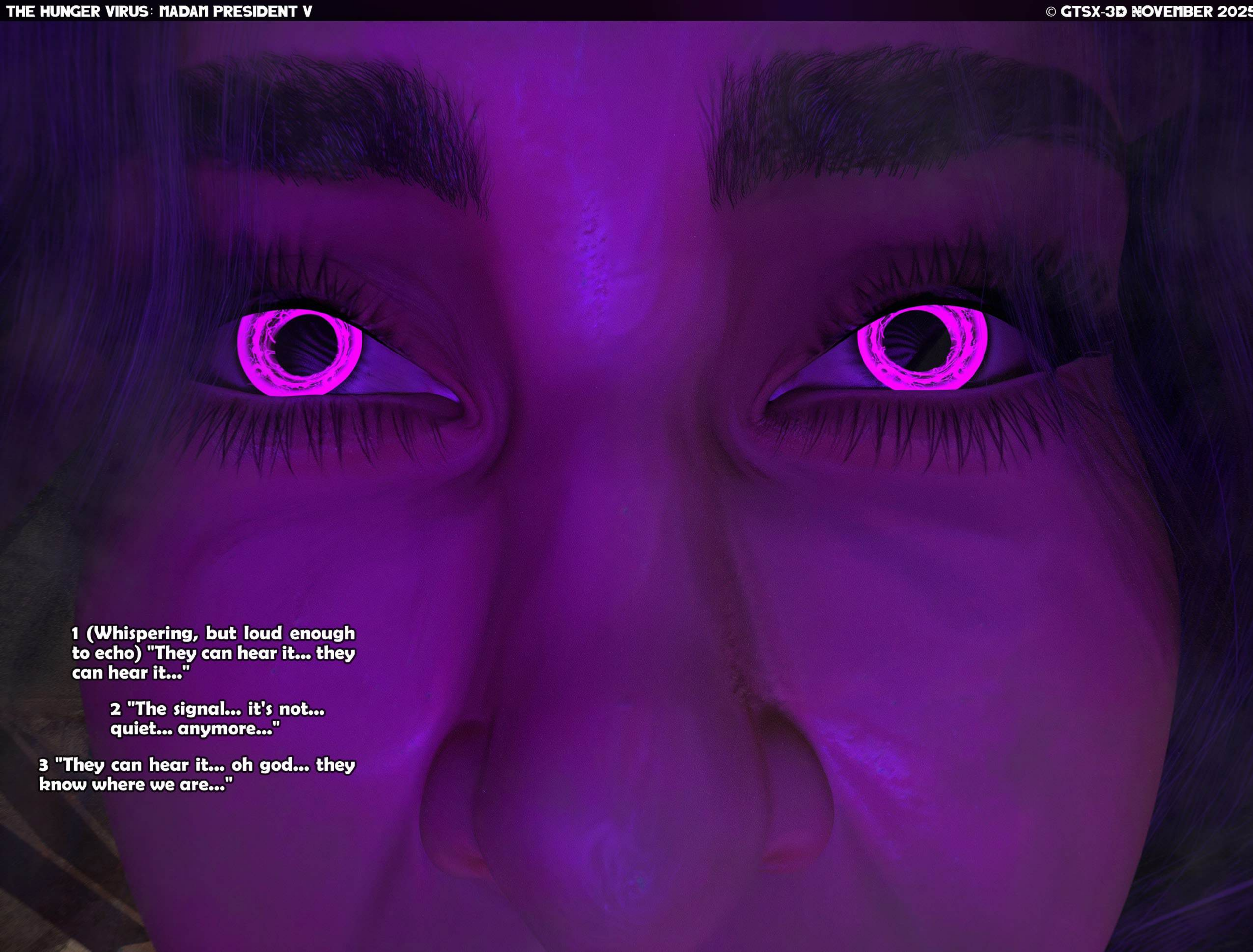
1 KABOOOOOM... CRASH... RUMBLE

2 (Breathing heavily, the sound like a wind tunnel)
"HAAAAAH... HAAAAAH..."

The containment failed. With a catastrophic series of explosions, the warehouse came apart.

Her feet kicked out, blowing the side walls apart in a shower of bricks and mortar. Her belly surged forward, bulldozing the blast doors and the loading bay. Her ass expanded backward, flattening the rear offices instantly. And finally, with a scream of tortured metal, her head and breasts tore through the roof.

She rose from the debris, a purple-skinned, glowing-eyed titaness, still growing, covered in dust and the wreckage of her prison. She was a nightmare illuminated by the purple glow of her own face.



Suddenly, the thrashing stopped. Scarlett froze amidst the rubble, her massive chest heaving. She looked around wildly, her movements jerky and paranoid. Her purple eyes were wide, the pupils dilated to encompass almost the entire iris. She looked terrified. She looked small, despite being a titan.

She grabbed her head with both hands, pressing her fingers into her temples, and began to repeat a phrase, her voice trembling with a cosmic, incomprehensible dread.

1 (Whispering, but loud enough to echo) "They can hear it... they can hear it..."

2 "The signal... it's not... quiet... anymore..."

3 "They can hear it... oh god... they know where we are..."



Then, as quickly as the fear had come, it vanished. Her pupils shrank to pinpricks of violent, radioactive light. The trembling ceased. Her posture shifted, straightening up, her muscles tensing.

An intense wave of emotion washed over her face, wiping away the fear and replacing it with something colder. Something harder. It was a pure, distilled rage, a predator's aggression that felt ancient and alien. It was a hatred unlike anything Dakota, Evelyn, or even Megan had ever felt. But who was this anger targeted towards, really? Was she referring to the soldiers who are gonna try to stop her? Was it Dakota and Evelyn? Or was it *something else entirely*?

TO BE CONTINUED...

1 (A low, terrifying growl)
"Let them come. LET
THEM COME TO ME!"