

NOTICE

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



MADAM V
PRESIDENT

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



1
Audio is good. We're live in three... two...
I've got the Statue in frame.

2
Roger that. Command says the seismic
activity is off the charts. It's not an
earthquake, Jim. Something is...
something is walking through the bay.
We might be getting a visit from the
commander in chief.

High above New York Harbor, the morning air is crisp, but the water below is churning with unnatural violence. A news helicopter buzzes like a persistent gnat around the crown of Lady Liberty, its camera lens focused on the copper face that has welcomed millions. But today, she isn't welcoming immigrants; she's staring down an apocalypse.



1
Hahahaha! Look at them run, Ev!
Little cockroaches!

2
Giggle... They really think they can
hide? I just stepped on a whole boatload
of these pathetic ants, and I didn't even
feel it!

They emerge from the mist like twin mountains of excess. Dakota and Evelyn are titanic, their bodies having ballooned into landscapes of pale, doughy flesh since Washington. Their legs are tree-trunks of cellulite-ridden fat, creating tsunamis with every step. Tourists on Liberty Island scream and scatter, but they are too slow. Dakota's heel obliterates a ferry terminal and the crowd huddled within it. The two giantesses laugh, the sound booming like thunder.

1
(Looking directly into the camera lens) Filming us? Good. Broadcast this to every screen in the country. Look at your leaders! Look how big we've gotten!



2
We are the State! We are the Land of the Free and the Home of the FAT! Bow down, you little worms!

The camera zooms out to capture their full, grotesque glory. They are clad in custom-made, patriotic monokinis that are fighting a losing battle against their biology. Evelyn's straps are digging into her soft shoulders, but Dakota's is failing completely. Her massive, heavy breasts spill out over the fabric, her dinner-plate nipples fully exposed to the nation. Their bellies are vast, hanging spheres of fat that eclipse the sun. They loom over the Statue of Liberty, making the historic monument look like a cheap souvenir toy.



1
Are you thinking what I'm thinking?
That torch... it looks just about the right
size...

2
Mmmph... I was just thinking I forgot
to pack my toys. But look at that... the
city provided one for me. It's ribbed for
her pleasure, isn't it?

Dakota turns her gaze to the statue, her eyes glinting with a perverse idea. She licks her lips, staring at the raised torch. A silent communication passes between her and Evelyn—a shared, dirty thought born of absolute power and boredom. Dakota stomps forward, her massive toes curling into the pavement of the island, burying a few stragglng tourists into the dirt as she grins.



1
You thought you could defy me, New York? You thought you were tough? You and your ungrateful mayors? Hmmm? Well, it's time for you to join them!

2
That's right! Watch and learn! This is how a real President treats her country! She fucks it!

With a casual flick of her wrist, Dakota snaps the button of her monokini crotch, letting the fabric flap open. She steps over the pedestal, straddling the island itself. Her massive, cottage-cheese thighs spread wide, casting the entire statue in shadow. She looks down at the terrified city across the water, her voice dripping with venomous arousal.

1
Ohhhh fuck... Mmmm... that's cold...

2
Hnnngh... It feels so nice against my
heat... just a little prick... come here,
Lady Liberty...

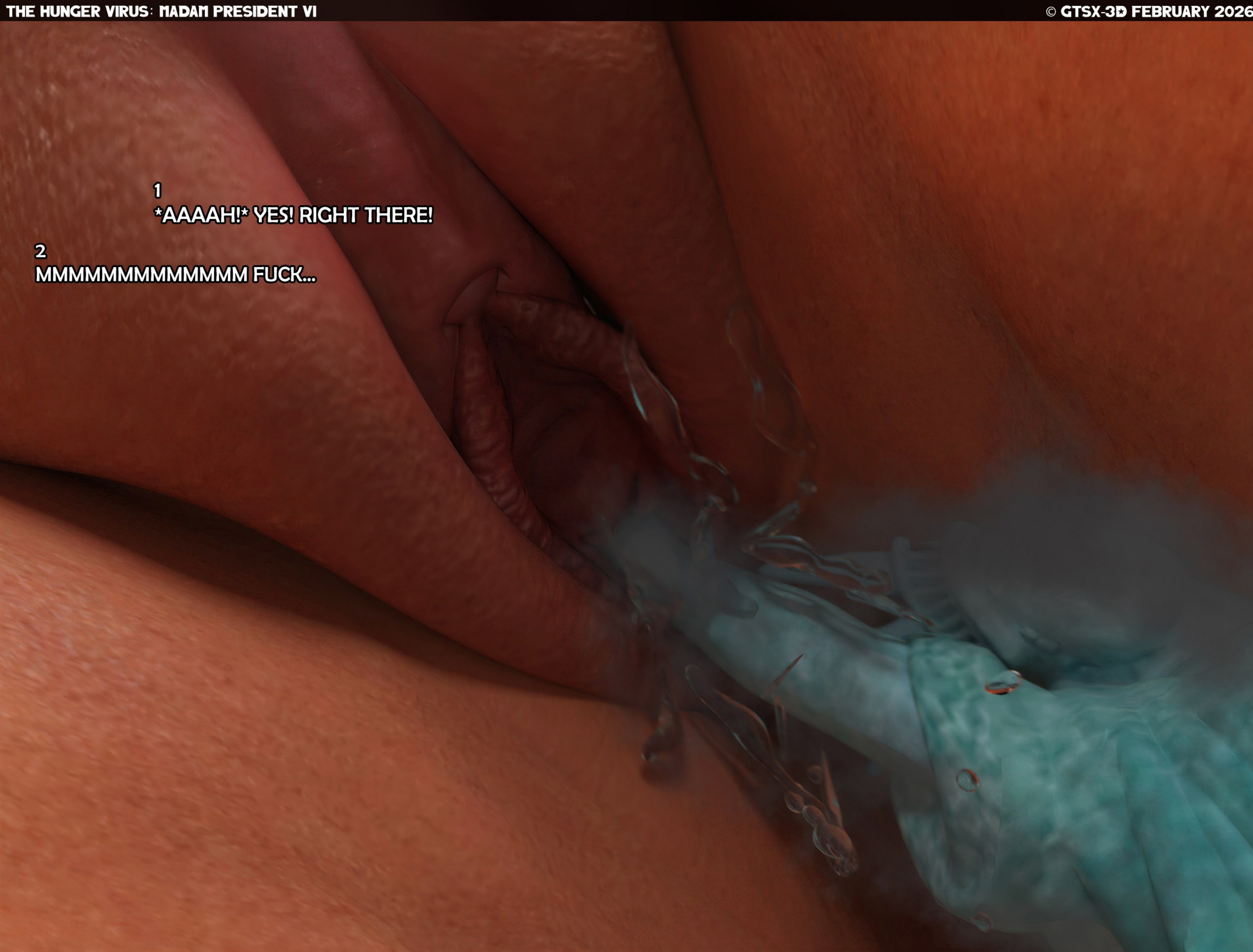
Dakota squats. The movement is tectonic. She lowers her immense, wet crotch toward the copper flame. The tip of the torch brushes against her sloppy, heat-radiating pussy lips. Fragments of the flame's copper casing snap off instantly under the pressure of her inner thighs, raining down into the harbor.



1
AAAAH! YES! RIGHT THERE!

2
MMMMMMMMMMMMMM FUCK...

She drops her weight. The torch and the entire right arm of the statue disappear inside her. A geyser of arousal fluids squirts from her, drenching the statue's face in slick slime. As her thighs close in, the statue's head crumples like foil, the spiked crown bending and breaking against the sheer crushing power of her fat legs. Her vagina swallows the copper structure greedily, stretching around the jagged metal without a scratch.



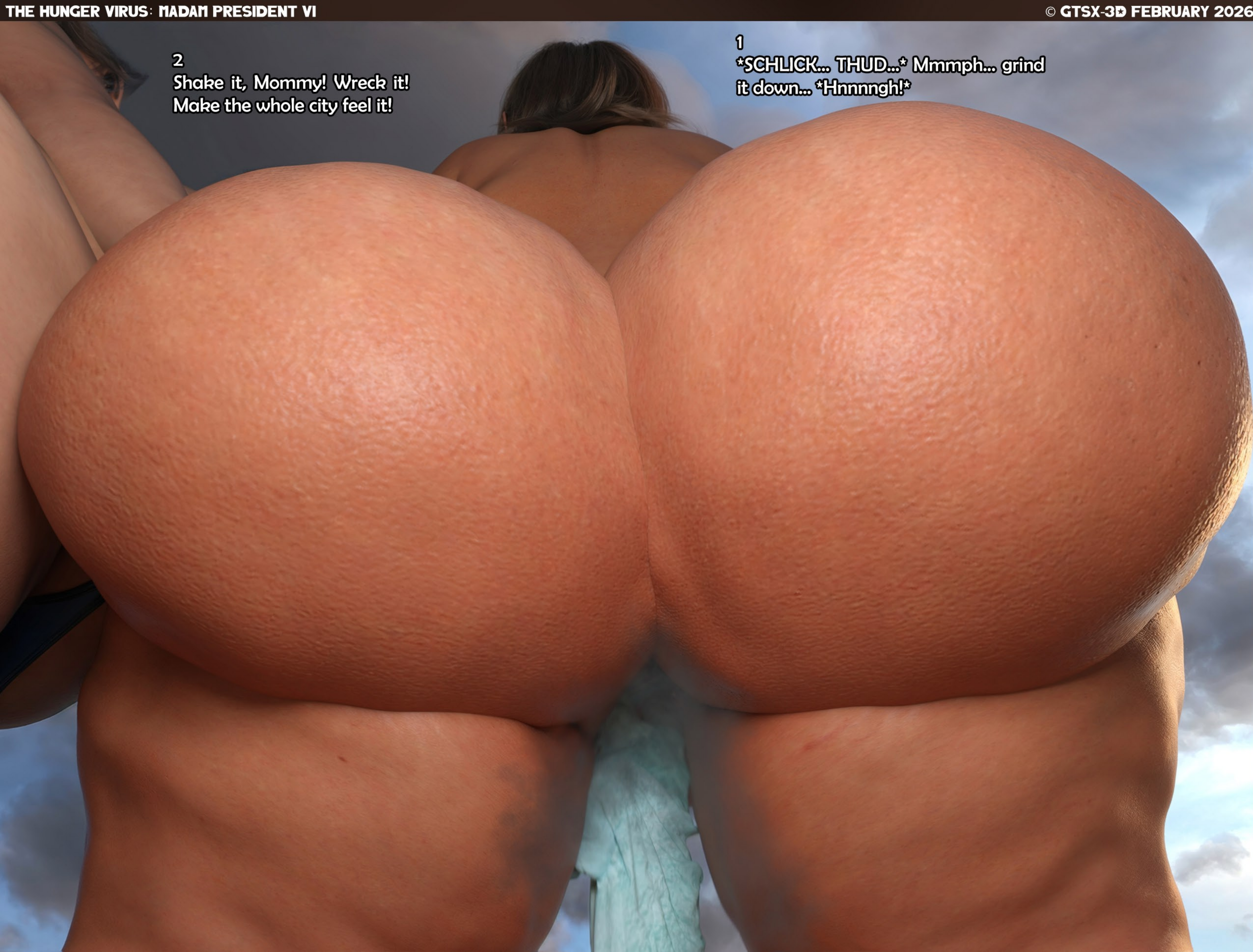


1
UUUURRRGGGH! I AM AMERICA! I AM THE FUCKING GODDESS OF THIS COUNTRY! OF TH- MMMM.. THIS WORLD!

2
(Whispering) *So deep... look at her take it... holy fuck...*

Dakota throws her head back, grabbing handfuls of her own spilled-out breasts, squeezing the doughy flesh until her knuckles turn white. Her eyes roll back into her skull, eyebrows knitting together in a mask of pure, selfish ecstasy. She is fucking the symbol of liberty, reducing it to a sex toy. Evelyn stands by her side, watching the display with a hunger in her eyes, biting her lip as she watches her boss desecrate the monument.

2
Shake it, Mommy! Wreck it!
Make the whole city feel it!

1
SCHLICK... THUD... Mmmph... grind
it down... *Hnnnng!*


The grinding begins. Dakota lifts her hips and slams them back down, a slow, destructive rhythm. With every thrust, more copper plates shear off the statue, splashing into the water. Her ass is a planet of flesh, shaking and quivering so violently that it displaces the air, sending gusts of wind howling across the harbor that nearly knock the news chopper out of the sky.



1
SMACK!

2
OW! Fuck yes, Slap it harder while I
fuck myself bigger! Mmmmmm...

She sinks lower, riding the crumbling statue like a cheap dick. Her love handles spill over her hips, rolls of soft, sweaty fat that jiggle with mesmerizing inertia. Evelyn, unable to resist, steps in and winds up, delivering a thunderous slap to Dakota's bouncing ass cheek.



The friction of the copper against her wet heat acts as a catalyst. Dakota's body vibrates, a deep, biological hum that drowns out the chopper blades. Her breasts, already straining against the fabric, lurch forward. The skin grows taut and shiny, the red puffiness of her nipples expanding like blooming flowers. The helicopter pilot screams into his headset, pulling back hard on the stick to avoid being swatted by a rapidly expanding wall of presidential cleavage.



1
They're mesmerizing, Madam President!
They're eclipsing the harbor!

2
Panting I can't... I can't hold them in!
They're too... *fucking*... heavy!



The structural integrity of the swimsuit fails. The fabric around her ribs snaps with the force of a whip crack. Dakota gasps, her hands flying up to cup the under-curves of her breasts, but her hands are suddenly too small. She is holding onto mountains. Her chest heaves, pushing out further, the flesh rolling over her forearms, consuming the space between her and the retreating helicopter.



2
Glorious! They're huge, goddess!
They're bigger than the White
House!

1
FREEDOM! Hahahaha! Look at
them!



1

Whimper No... wait... it's too fast...

Hnnnnggh!

2

I'm... I'm leaking! I'm making a mess of the harbor!

The exposure triggers the next phase. Dakota looks down, her eyes widening in a mix of panic and pure, unadulterated lust. Her nipples, now the size of manhole covers, begin to weep. Thick, white droplets turn into rivulets, running down the vast, veiny slopes of her tits. She tries to squeeze them, to contain the sheer volume of flesh, but it spills through her fingers like dough.



1
Haaah... haaah... Ev... help...

2
So... *heavy*... can't... breathe... feels... *so
fucking good*...



1

Mmmph... Look at me... just a... giant... milking... cow...

2

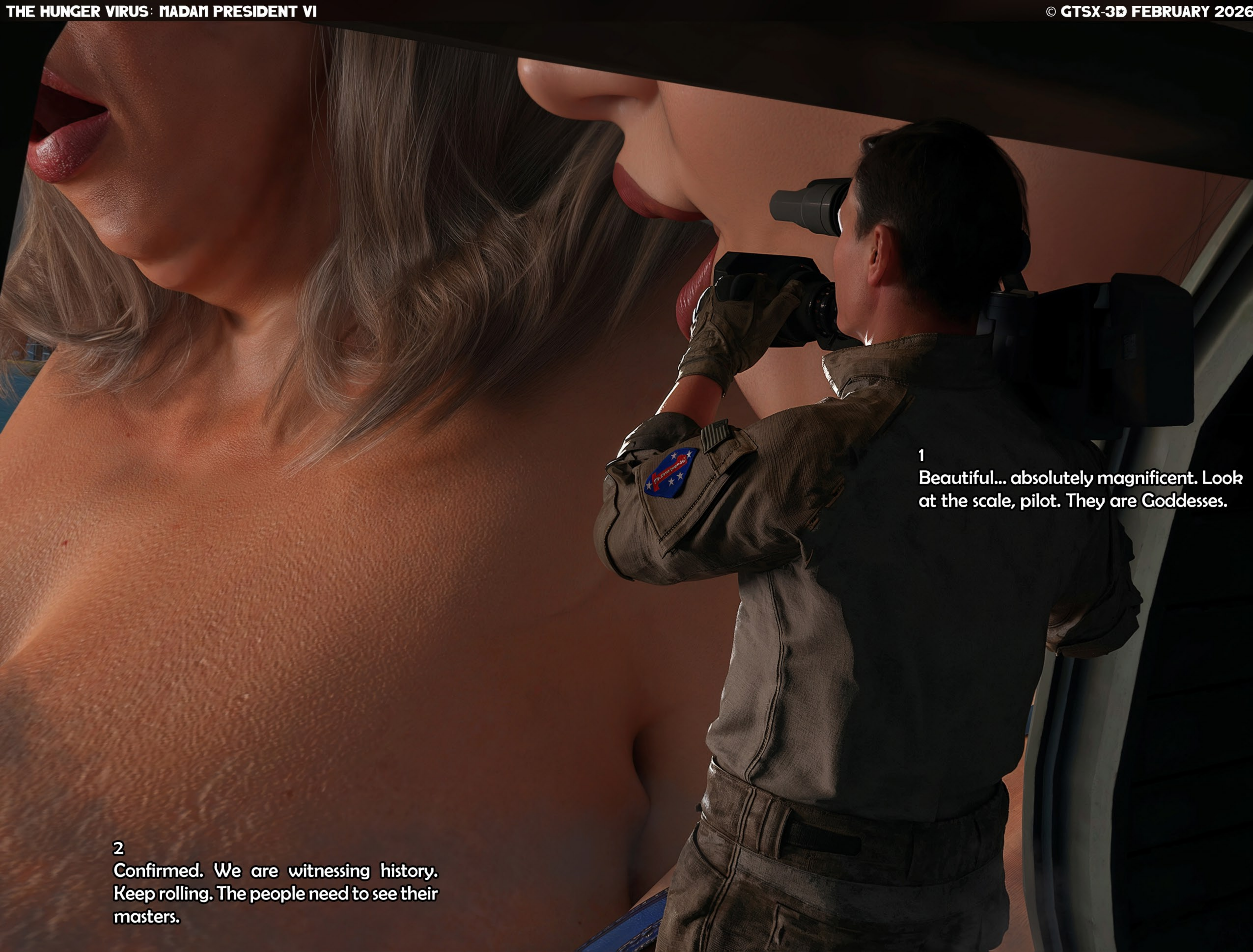
DROWN THEM ALL,
GODDESS! DRENCH THEM IN
YOUR MILK!

She is a fountain of excess. The milk streams hit the water like fire hoses. Dakota's expression is a mask of overwhelmed hedonism; her brow is furrowed, her eyes glassy and unfocused. She watches the white fluid cascade over her belly, mesmerized by her own production, by the sheer biological impossibility of her existence.

1
Uuuhhh... guuh...

2
Big... so... big...





Inside the military chopper, the mood is not one of terror, but of religious awe. The viral influence has done its work on the population. The fear center of the brain has been rewired into submission and adoration. The cameraman zooms in on Dakota's leaking nipple, his hand steady, his eyes wide with devotion. To him, this isn't a monster destroying a landmark; it is a deity blessing the soil.

1
Beautiful... absolutely magnificent. Look at the scale, pilot. They are Goddesses.

2
Confirmed. We are witnessing history. Keep rolling. The people need to see their masters.



1
Slurp... What a waste... I should be catching that...

2
(To herself) She gets all the fun... sitting there... spraying...

Evelyn watches the milk spray with a hunger that goes beyond admiration. She licks her lips, a strand of saliva connecting her upper and lower lip. Dakota is in a trance, eyes rolled back, hips grinding against the copper torch in a rhythmic, wet stupor. The helicopter, emboldened by the cameraman's zeal, drifts closer, the rotors cutting the air dangerously close to Evelyn's ear.



1
Look at her grow... limitless...

2
Why should she be the only one? Why
should I just watch?



The *thwup-thwup-thwup* of the rotor blades is deafening now. Evelyn flinches, the sound grating on her nerves. She turns her massive head slowly, her eyes locking onto the cockpit of the helicopter hovering just yards from her face. Her expression darkens. The smile vanishes, replaced by the annoyance of a titan disturbed by a mosquito.

1
(Internal thought) *You are too loud.
You are in my personal space.*

2
(Glowering) ...



Dakota lets out a scream of ecstasy as a fresh wave of milk shoots out, splattering a nearby helicopter's windshield.

That is the breaking point. Evelyn sighs, bored and irritated. She lifts her hand, a massive, sluggish movement, positioning her index finger directly in the path of the aircraft.

1
That's it. I've had enough of your fucking buzzing.



1
You're blocking my view. And I hate your noise. Be gone.

2
Pilot! Pull back! She's reaching out! Roll back!

3
I can't! The turbulence from her breathing... we're trapped in her wake!

Evelyn's voice booms, dripping with condescension. She treats the multi-million dollar military aircraft like a gnat. Inside the cockpit, the spell of adoration breaks for a split second, replaced by survival instinct. The pilot's eyes go wide as the wall of flesh that is Evelyn's finger looms over the rotor.

1
WORSHIP ME! WORSHIP MY
BODY WHILE I LOOM OVER
YOU ALL, YOU INSIGNIFICANT
MORTALS!

2
Oops. I think I broke it.

It happens in slow motion. Evelyn simply extends her finger. The high-speed rotor blades strike her fat finger and shatter instantly.

CRACK-PING-CRUNCH.

The helicopter loses all lift, spinning violently out of control. Evelyn doesn't even flinch at the impact; to her, it felt like a moth brushing against her skin. In the background, Dakota arches her back, lost in her own world, screaming about being God while the machine spirals to its doom.

BuaaaRRRGhHHPPpP!



¹ Splash. Down goes the birdie. Honestly, they make them so cheap these days.

The helicopter plummets, splashing into the harbor with a pathetic hiss of steam. Evelyn giggles, a cruel, uncaring sound. She turns back to Dakota, who is currently undergoing another transformation. The hedonism is taking its toll. Dakota's neck thickens, a roll of soft fat emerging to form a prominent double chin, burying her jawline in excess. She is getting taller, yes, but she is getting fatter even faster.

1
Thought you could catch up, Ev? Cute. You're still just my VP, V-P-iggy. Know your place.

2
(Rubbing her own belly, eyes narrowing playfully but sharply) Careful, Dakota. Pigs get hungry. And I'm feeling... awfully ambitious today. Don't count me out just yet.

Dakota stabilizes, momentarily sated. She stands up, the ruins of the Statue's pedestal crumbling off her thighs. She towers over Evelyn again, her breasts casting a shadow over the Vice President. She smirks, patting her massive, rolling belly, looking down her nose—past her double chin—at her subordinate.





1
I make the laws around here. I decide
who is big and who is NOT...

2
(Interrupting, whispering) *Ooh... shiny...*

The sky rumbles, not with thunder, but with jet engines. A Boeing 747, on final approach to JFK, descends through the low cloud layer. The pilots scream as the clouds part to reveal two mountains of flesh blocking the flight path.

They yank the yoke back, trying to climb, but they are too low, too heavy, and too close. Dakota is busy gloating, but Evelyn's head snaps up. Her eyes lock onto the plane.



2
(Eyes dilated) Hush, Dakota.
Dinner's about to be served.

1
...and that's why I get the biggest chair.

The plane roars over Evelyn's head, the heat of the engines ruffling her hair. She doesn't flinch. She tracks it like a cat watching a laser pointer. Her tongue darts out to wet her lips. There is no political calculation in her eyes, only the primal arithmetic of the virus: Mass equals Power. And that plane looks like a lot of mass.



2
(Smirking) You were saying?
Something about me knowing my
place? I think my place is right here.
At the top of the food chain.

1
What the... Evelyn?!

SLAM! Evelyn's hand shoots up with terrifying speed. She catches the fuselage mid-air, gripping the tail section like a drumstick. The sudden stop crumples the nose slightly. Dakota stops mid-sentence, her jaw unhinging in genuine shock.



1
Mmmm...

2
Slurp... Mphpmphm....

Evelyn doesn't hesitate. She tilts the massive aircraft vertically, nose down. She brings the cockpit to her lips. Saliva strings from her mouth, coating the windshield where the terrified pilots are screaming. She opens wide, her jaw unhinging slightly, and begins to shove the nose of the plane into her mouth. It is a slow, wet, deliberate violation of the machine.



1
GACK... GULLK...

2
Mmmph! Breaking... it...
down... *Hnnnng!*

She shoves it deeper. The fuselage stretches her cheeks to the breaking point. Her eyes flutter shut in ecstasy as the cold metal slides over her hot tongue. As the wings reach her mouth, they catch on the corners of her lips. *CRUNCH.* The engines shear off, exploding into fireballs that fall harmlessly to the water below. The wings snap like twigs, folding inward as she forces the bulk of the plane past her teeth.



1
Holy shit... You're... you're
taking the whole thing in?!

2
HUK... GLUG... GLUCK... (Muffled
moan of triumph)

The bulge in her throat is monstrous. It looks like she swallowed a submarine. Dakota stares, genuinely shaken. This isn't just eating; this is a feat of capacity that rivals her own.

Evelyn grabs the rear of the plane with her right hand, using her grip to piston the fuselage deeper into her gullet. Her gag reflex triggers, but she rides it out, turning the spasm into a massive swallow.



1
(Whispering) What the fuck?! H-How
d-di you do that?!

2
SHLOOP.

Only the tail fin remains. Evelyn reaches up, her fingers slick with grease and spit. She crushes the vertical stabilizer in her fist, crumpling the metal into a ball to make it fit. She is relentless. Every scrap of metal, every passenger, every drop of jet fuel is hers. Dakota watches the bulge travel down Evelyn's neck, realizing with a cold spike of fear that the game has changed. Evelyn isn't just a sidekick; she's a competitor.



1
How... how the fuck did you do that?
Even I haven't eaten a 747!

2
Mmmmmmmm... *GULP*

The plane is gone. Evelyn stands there, hands massaging the massive, distended lump moving down her esophagus. Her lips are swollen and red, smacked together to taste the residual fuel and fluid. She looks high. She looks completely wasted on the sensation of fullness.



The reaction is immediate. The jet fuel and metal hit the acid of her stomach. Evelyn's chest heaves. She leans forward, her mouth opening involuntarily. A cloud of black smoke erupts from her lips, followed by a sound that cracks the windows of the skyscrapers across the bay. The plane blew up right inside her tummy, causing her to become violently gassy.

1
**BUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUURR
RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRP!**

2
Cough... Oh... excuse me. That was a spicy one.



Evelyn's belly ripples, visible impacts thumping against her skin from the inside as the plane is crushed by her supernatural biology.

She throws her head back and screams, a sound of agony and ecstasy. Her stomach gurgles, a wet, churning roar like a cement mixer full of gravel.

1
AHHHHH! IT'S KICKING IN!

2
I can feel it melting! It's boiling inside me!



The swell begins. Evelyn shoots up, gaining height, but the mass hits her midsection first. Her belly inflates like an airbag. She looks down, eyes squeezed shut, to see her monokini straining. The fabric across her chest is pulled taut, cutting into the soft flesh of her breasts. Her tits are being wedged together, pushed up and out by the expanding volume of her torso.

1
Hnnn... tight... everything is getting so tight!

2
My tits... why are they growing?! It usually goes to my ass!



RIIP-POP!

The fabric gives way. Evelyn's breasts balloon outward, defying her usual pear-shape genetics. Angry white stretch marks spiderweb across the pale skin. Her belly button deepens into a crater as her gut swells past her toes.

1
RIP!

2
Oh god! I'm bursting out!
Mmmmmm fuck, I think I overdid
it with t-this one...



The expansion accelerates. Her belly button deepens into a canyon, a vertical fold forming in the center of her gut as the fat piles on. Evelyn grabs her own breasts, hefting the sudden, unfamiliar weight. They are heavy, sloshing with the potential for milk, rivaling Dakota's in scale. She is panting, drooling, lost in the rush of rapid adipose generation.

1
So... heavy... need... support...

2
I'm a sphere! I'm turning into a giant fucking ball of fat!

1

Ooh! There it is! There's the drop!

2

Go to my ass! Yes! Fill it up! Make me fatter! FATTER! Mmmmmm...
GROW ME FUCKING BIGGER!



More news choppers arrive, keeping a respectful, terrified distance. They capture the moment the virus finally reroutes the energy. The growth slams downwards.

Evelyn's thighs, already massive, begin to thicken. The cellulite dimples deepen into craters. Her ass cheeks swell, pushing against each other with hydraulic force.



The growth in her lower body is exponential. Her calves balloon into cankles, burying her ankles in rolls of flesh. She grabs her own ass, her hands sinking inches deep into the doughy softness.

Her hand looks like a toy against the vast expanse of her own butt cheek. She screams, the pleasure vibrating through her widening frame.



She is shooting up in height now. Dakota, who was looking down at her, is suddenly looking her in the eye. Then, she is looking up.

Evelyn is surpassing her. The sheer volume of the airplane—the metal, the fuel, the souls—has provided more fuel than the Statue did. Evelyn is becoming the Alpha, for the first time.

2
Mmmmmmm yes... that's it... keep fattening me up like a pig... don't stop...

1
Ev? You're... you're getting too tall. Stop it.



Evelyn's thighs press together, creating a friction zone that boils the seawater around her knees. Rolls of fat cascade down her legs. She is a monument to obesity. The cellulite on her legs is so pronounced it looks like the surface of the moon.

She widens her stance, displacing millions of gallons of water, creating a tidal wave that swamps the Jersey shore.



2
*AHHH! MMMMM! MORE!
I'M NOT DONE!

1
(Muttering) This isn't right. I'm the
President. I'm the biggest one. How is
she...

Dakota steps back, water splashing around her waist. She rests her hands on her own massive tits, but they feel small now. She stares up at Evelyn, her mouth slightly open, a genuine flicker of intimidation crossing her face. She mutters to herself, unable to comprehend what she is seeing.

1

Squish... Too close, granny!
Make room for the new queen!



Evelyn expands laterally. Her chest widens so much that her tits press against Dakota's, creating a wall of cleavage between them. Debris from the plane—shredded wing tips that were caught in the underboob sweat—is crushed into dust between the colliding mountains of flesh. Evelyn's arms thicken. She is morbidly, impossibly fat.

1
Hello down there!

2
How's the weather in my shadow,
Madam President? What? No longer the
big bad wolf? Hmm?



The height difference becomes undeniable. Evelyn's nipples are now level with Dakota's eyes. She has become a skyscraper to Dakota's apartment building.

The shadow of the Vice President engulfs the President. Evelyn looks down, her face flushed, sweating, her double chin quivering with laughter.



2
Deep breath... Ah. That feels... better.
Huh? Where'd you go, Dakota? Can't
really see you from up here...

1
...You... you bitch.

The growth spurt pushes her height up one more time. Evelyn is a colossus. A single one of her butt cheeks is larger than Dakota's entire torso. Dakota stands in the water, barely reaching Evelyn's chest. The dynamic has shattered. The scale has tipped. The Vice President is now the supreme superpower.

1
You look surprised. Did you think you owned the virus? Did you think you owned ME?

2
You made a mistake on that plane. You might think you made yourself a slave, but you.. you really made another goddess. And right now... you're looking a little small. Might want to watch your tone with me, Madam President. Show me the respect that I show you, alright?



For the first time in her administration, Dakota Redwood feels small. She looks up at the towering mass of Evelyn Hayes, her neck craning back. Fear, cold and sharp, pricks at her heart. She was the Goddess. She was the one who gave the orders.

Now, she is standing in the presence of something greater. Evelyn stares down, her eyes clear and sharp, no longer the vacant eyes of a follower. She is checking Dakota, asserting a dominance that has been brewing since the first bite.

1
I... I made you. I can unmake you. I am still the Commander in Chief!

3
EXCUSE ME?! IS THAT A THREAT?!

2
Are you? Because from up here, you look a little too small to be that. Don't test me, Dakota. I just ate a 747. I can easily make room for a President.

4
It's a warning.

Dakota tries to summon her presidential fury, but it falters in the face of Evelyn's immense bulk. Evelyn holds her gargantuan, stretch-marked belly with both hands, lifting it slightly, flaunting the weight. The silence stretches between them, heavy with the new reality.





1
Where do you think you're going?! I didn't dismiss you! Evelyn! Get back here!

2
I'm going to dinner. Times Square looks busy. Don't wait up, granny. I won't leave you any food.

Evelyn turns her back on the President. She begins to wade toward Manhattan. The water, which was waist-deep for Dakota, barely laps at Evelyn's ankles. Dakota shouts after her, desperate to regain control, but Evelyn doesn't even turn her head. She simply raises a massive, fat arm and extends her middle finger. It is a gesture the size of a billboard.

She heads for the lights of Times Square, driven by a hunger that the ocean cannot satisfy. Dakota is left standing in the harbor, bitter, furious, and for the first time, second best.



1
Fall back! Alpha Team, get to the ridge!
We can't contain her here!

2
(Screaming over the noise) We're trying,
Sarge! But she's eating the perimeter!
Literally!

Far from the urban canyons of New York, the sun beats down on a scorching desert outpost. But the heat isn't the problem. The base has become a war zone. Smoke billows from crushed barracks, and the ground shakes with a rhythmic, wet thumping. A Sergeant takes cover behind a shredded transport truck, his face caked in dust, barking orders into a dead radio.



3
UUUUURRRRGGGH... Hnnngh...
empty... so... hungry...

4
GURGLE... GROOOOAN... SLOSH...

2
Ammo! I'm out! Toss me a clip! Someone!

1
It's bouncing off! It's like shooting a
tank made of dough! Die, you big
fucking whale!

A Private cowers behind a wall of sandbags, his rifle clicking empty. He looks up, but there is no sky—only flesh. A wall of pale, sweating skin fills his entire field of vision. It is Scarlett's belly, a horizon-spanning mass of fat that hangs over the base like a collapsing moon. Bullets spark and bounce uselessly off the thick, rubbery hide. The stomach groans, a sound louder than the gunfire, a tectonic rumble of digestion and demand.



The scale of the threat is impossible. Scarlett has outgrown the warehouse, the base, and perhaps sanity itself. She sits on her knees, her pale, alabaster skin glistening with gallons of sweat under the desert sun. Her belly is a mountain range of soft tissue, spilling forward, threatening to bury the entire outpost in a landslide of fat. The mutation in her blood is aggressive—a hyper-metabolic engine that converts matter into adipose tissue instantly. She is the fattest, softest, most dangerous thing on the planet.

2
Aim for the mass! Just keep shooting! We have to slow down the expansion!

1
Where is her head?! I can't even see her head over that round fucking gut!

1
BUUUUURP... Excuse... me...

2
Need... filling up... It hurts... to
be... this small...



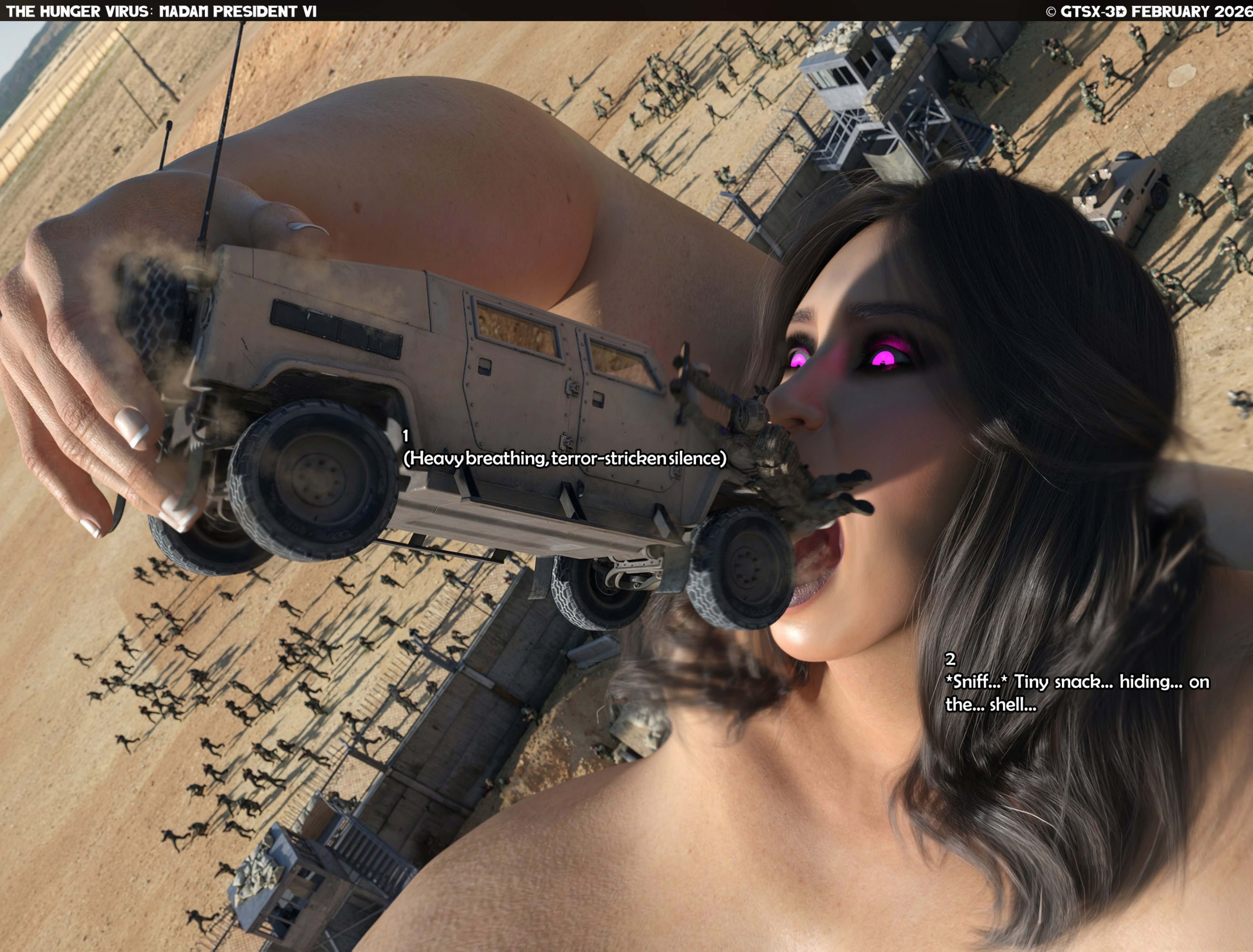
Grenades flash against her flanks, popping like firecrackers with zero effect. Scarlett remains seated, a gargantuan idol of gluttony. Her ass, a sprawling continent of cellulite and stretch marks, has already claimed the motor pool. Several soldiers were too slow, wedged deep beneath the soft, crushing weight of her butt cheeks, silenced forever by the pressure. With Donovan missing in action, the chain of command has dissolved into panic. Scarlett lets out a wet, rolling burp.



1
Haaah... Pretty... toy...

2
I don't... want to... but I... *need*
to... sorry... *Me so hungry*...

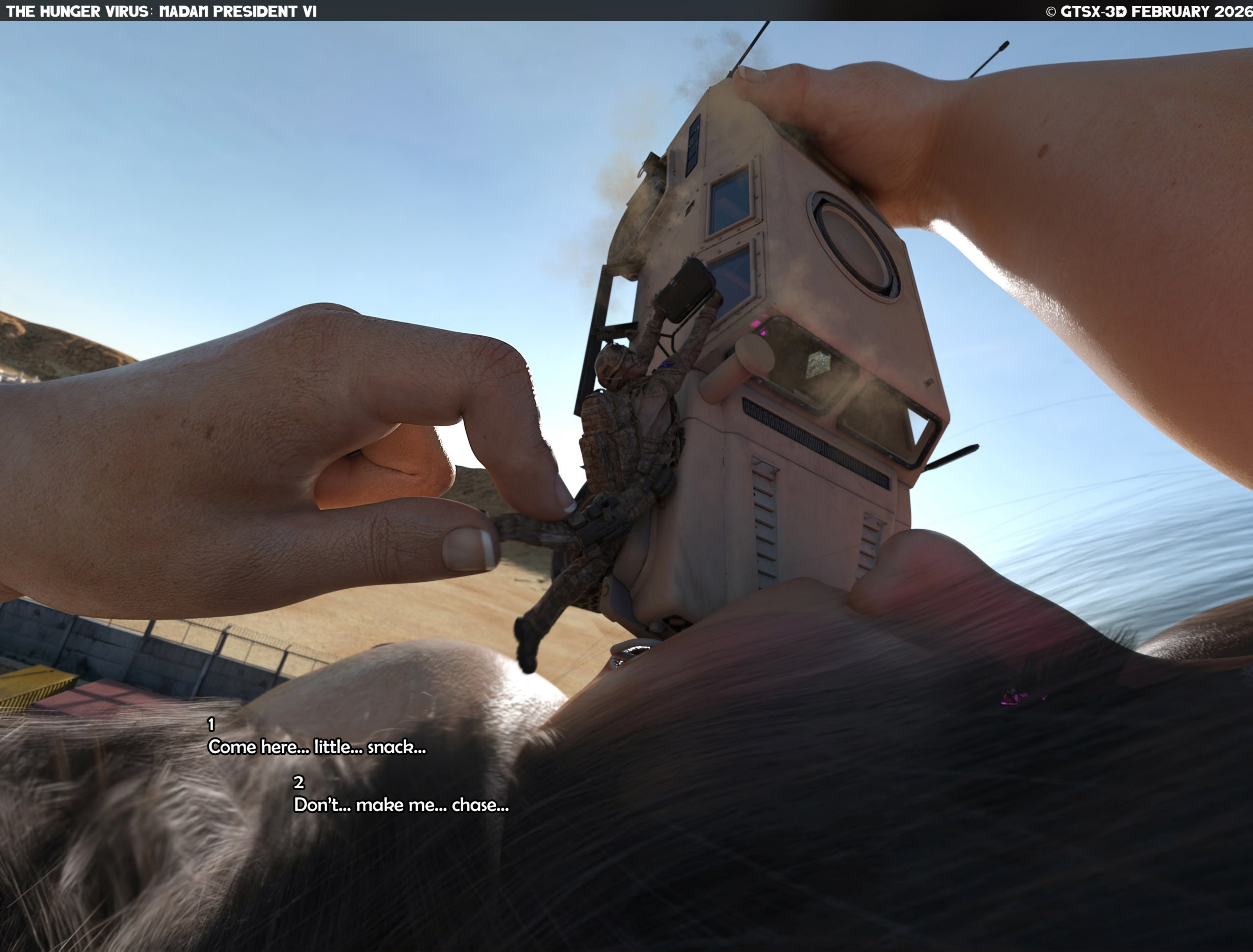
Her hand, a five-fingered hydraulic press, sweeps down and snatches a tactical truck. She lifts it effortlessly, flipping it upside down over her face. The driver, frantic, managed to open the door but got snagged. He clings to the side-view mirror, dangling precariously above the abyss of her mouth. Below him, Scarlett's face is a mask of tragic ecstasy—purple eyes swirling in a trance, lips parted in a moan that is half-apology, half-demand.



1
(Heavy breathing, terror-stricken silence)

2
Sniff... Tiny snack... hiding... on the... shell...

She lowers the truck. The heat radiating from her mouth hits the dangling soldier like a blast furnace, humid and heavy. He sweats profusely, his grip slipping on the mirror. Below, his squad watches in paralyzed horror, reloading weapons that they know are useless. Scarlett's purple eyes drift, losing focus on the metal, until they lock onto the tiny, struggling figure hanging from the side.



With agonizing slowness, she reaches up with her free hand. Her thumb and forefinger, thick as tree trunks, pinch the soldier's leg. She pulls. He holds on for dear life, his knuckles white, but the force pulling him is absolute. It is the gentle, irresistible tug of a natural disaster.

1
Come here... little... snack...

2
Don't... make me... chase...



1
You look... sweet.

2
Help me... grow... help me...
stop... the hurting...

Snap.

The mirror gives way, or his grip does—it doesn't matter. Scarlett holds him upside down by his ankle, dangling him at eye level. She stares at him, her mouth watering, a thick rope of drool connecting her top and bottom lip.

There is no malice in her gaze, only the blank, overwhelming instinct of a predator deciding how to eat a grape.



The camera zooms in on her mouth. Her lips are full, wet, and trembling. Saliva coats her teeth, pooling in the corners of her mouth.

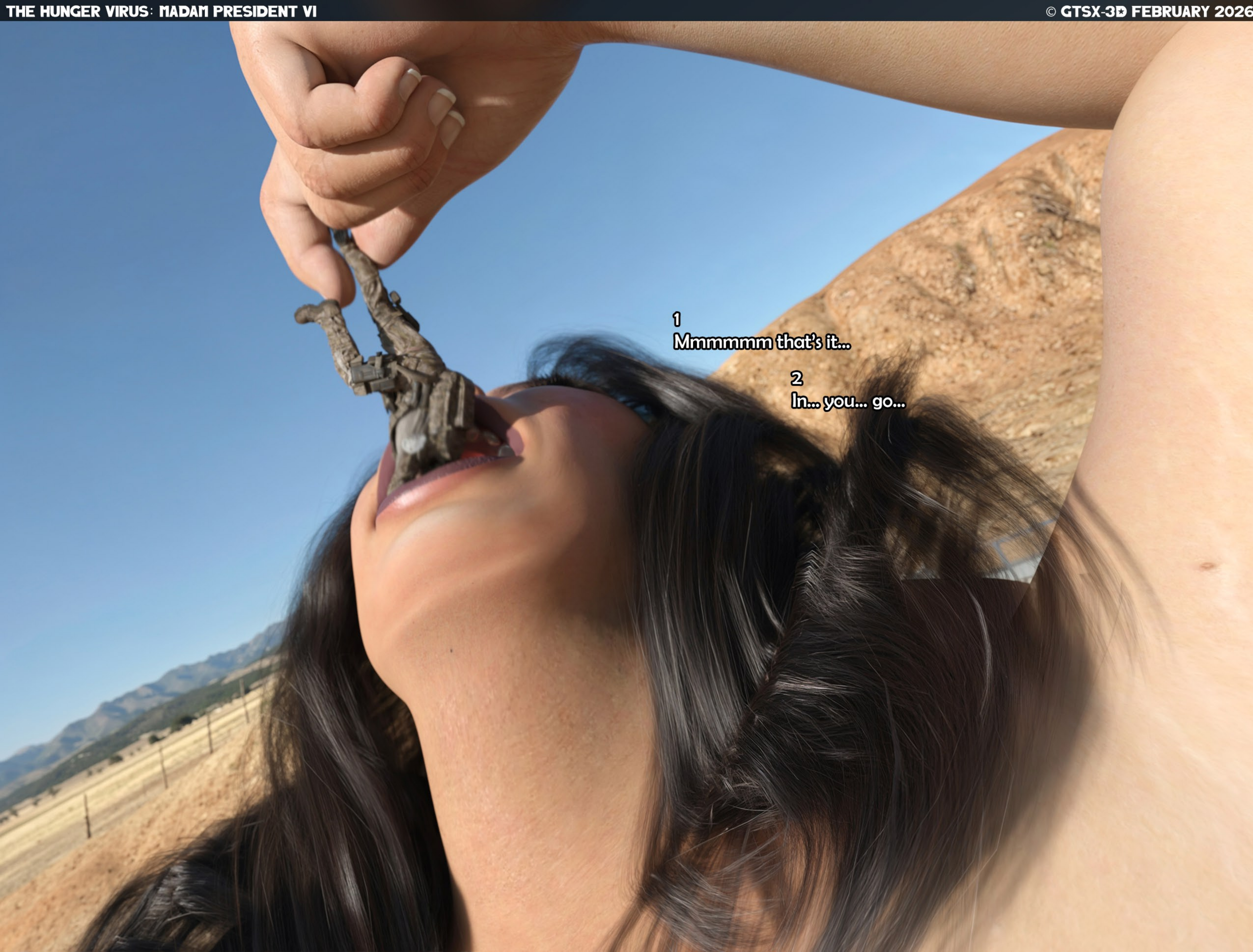
The soldier reflects in her glowing purple pupils; not as a man, but as fuel. Her brain has retrogressed; strategy is gone, replaced by the singular biological imperative: Consume. Expand. Repeat.

1

Slurp...

2

Mmmph... I want you inside me...



1
Mmmmmm that's it...

2
In... you... go...

She moves with sudden, jerky speed. She brings the soldier to her lips and slides him in, headfirst. She doesn't drop him; she places him, her thick fingers guiding his torso past her teeth, ensuring he enters the warm, wet chamber of her oral cavity.



She holds him there for a moment, his legs kicking against her nose. She closes her lips around his waist, humming with pleasure. Inside, her tongue works him over, coating him in the potent, size-stealing enzyme of her saliva. She savors the texture, the taste of life, delaying the swallow just to feel the fullness.



1
SUUUUCK...

2
*Gill-uck... smaller... make me... bigger...

She releases her grip on his ankle. He slides deeper. Scarlett sucks on him, her cheeks hollowing as she draws him in like a noodle.

The shrinking effect takes hold immediately; the soldier becomes smaller, denser, easier to manage. Her eyes squeeze shut, a shiver of pure endorphins racing down her spine.



2
Ahhhhh... yes... that's... the stuff...

1
GULP.

A final, wet gulp. The soldier vanishes. Scarlett swallows hard, the muscles of her throat rippling as the biomass is sent to her expanding belly.

She throws her head back and moans, a sound of relief and escalating addiction.



1
MORE! NEED... YOU... INSIDE ME TOO!

2
CRUNCH... SCRAPE... Get... in... inside...
Mommy!

The afterglow lasts less than a second. The greed hits her like a hammer. Her eyes snap open, locking onto the truck she is still holding in her other hand. She brings it to her face instantly, jamming the front grill into her open maw.

She forgets that the metal won't shrink, she doesn't care. She is a machine of consumption. She forces the bumper past her teeth, metal grinding against enamel, driven by a mindless, starving lust.



1
HUK... GACK... GULL-UCK...

2
Mmmph! Big... bite... *Hnnnng!*

She shoves. The truck disappears, hood, cab, and bed. Her hand acts as a piston, ramming the vehicle down her gullet. Her throat bulges impossibly wide, turning square with the shape of the truck. She gags, eyes watering, but the pain is just another form of pleasure. She massages her neck, forcing the metal cube down into the depths.



2 She swallowed the driver... then she ate the truck. I heard the glass break in her mouth.

3 Oh god. Uh oh. She's gonna blow.

1 What the hell was that sound? Did she... did she eat the truck?

The metabolic reaction is nuclear. The stolen size from the soldier, combined with the raw mass of the truck, detonates within her. The ground jumps. Behind the sandbags, the hiding soldier feels the earth heave. He looks at his comrade, eyes wide.



Scarlett expands. It is a violent, outward explosion of pale flesh. Her belly surges forward like a dam breaking. The soldier behind the sandbags tries to run, but his legs fail him, fear and the shaking ground have paralyzed him. He screams for help as the shadow of her gut lengthens over him.

2
Get up! Move! It's spilling over!

1
I can't move! My legs are numb!
Help me! It's getting closer!

1
BUUUUURP! HIC! *GROWL!*

2
So... much... room! Filling... up!

3
It's too fast! Just keep shooting! Die, damn you!

The expansion is a sensory nightmare. The air is filled with the wet, heavy sounds of her body growing—gurgling fluids, stretching skin, and deep, resonant belches. The belly rolls closer, a tsunami of fat. The soldiers realize escape is impossible. They huddle together, firing their rifles into the oncoming wall of skin, a futile last stand against biology itself.

1
Mmm... something... tickles...



2
COMMAND! WE ARE BEING
CRUSHED! THE TARGET IS
CLOSING DISTANCE...

The belly makes contact. The sandbag barricade crumbles instantly, absorbed into the folds of her lower stomach. The soldiers scream as they are pressed down, trapped beneath the rolling, heat-radiating mass.



Silence. The belly rolls over them, burying them deep in the sand and soft fat. The transport truck next to them is tipped over and pushed aside like a toy car as Scarlett's midsection claims another fifty feet of the desert floor. She is expanding in all directions, a blob of unstoppable appetite.



1
Mmmmmm... More! GIVE ME MORE!

2
Target is unresponsive to fire! She's...
she's eating the FUCKING AMMO!

She sits there, a pulsing mountain, eyes crossed in an ahegao mask of pure viral dopamine. She is drooling, panting, lost in the high. A brave pilot brings a heavy attack chopper around, unleashing a torrent of high-caliber rounds directly into her open, laughing mouth. Scarlett doesn't even blink. She catches the bullets in her throat, swallowing them like spicy candy.



1
**BBBBBRRRRRRRRRAAAA
AAAAAAP-PTHBBBT!**

2
Giggle... Excuse... me... don't...
like... tires...

Scarlett's stomach churns the truck and the soldier. The pressure releases. She opens her mouth and unleashes a burp of biblical proportions. A cloud of desert dust, black smoke, and two rubber tires fly out of her mouth.

The shockwave hits the helicopter, sending it swaying violently. Below, her hands knead her own breasts, which have swollen to the size of water towers, unable to even reach the distant, puffy nipples.

1
Base! She's tracking me! I repeat, the target has visual lock on us!

2
Huff... huff... Flying... snack...

3
Noisy... little... nugget...

She pants, tongue lolling out like a overheated canine. Her body temperature is spiking with the growth.

Through the haze, her purple eyes lock onto the attack chopper buzzing near her face.

To the pilot, he is a warrior. To Scarlett, he is a vibrating, metal mosquito that looks incredibly tasty.





1
Gotcha.

2
You look... full. Full of... little men.

Her hand snaps out. She catches the helicopter by the tail boom, arresting its flight instantly. The machine screams, rotors straining. Scarlett holds it up, inspecting it with a mix of curiosity and voracious hunger.



2
Game over, man. Game
over. Time to say our prayers.

1
She's... she's eating the Bird.

She doesn't wait. She shoves the helicopter nose-first into her mouth. The main rotor blades strike her cheeks and shatter, metal fragments raining down. She pushes it in, ignoring the shouting from the cockpit.

On the ground, the remaining soldiers lower their weapons. The will to fight evaporates. They watch, slack-jawed, as their air support becomes an appetizer.

1
Put your dicks back in your pants, boys. Not today.

Despair hangs heavy over the base. Then, a heavy boot step crunches the gravel. The soldiers turn to see Agent Megan Donovan. She is large—still carrying the size from her encounter with Dwight—but dwarfed by the monster in front of her. She walks with a swagger that says she has a plan.

2
Agent Donovan?! You're alive?!



1
I didn't spend the last hour playing
chemist for nothing.

2
This is a Class-5 Sedative. It'll put a blue
whale in a coma. Let's see how it handles
a Nurse.

Donovan hefts a modified RPG launcher onto her shoulder. Loaded into the tube is not an explosive, but a massive, reinforced glass syringe with a titanium needle tip. Inside swirls a glowing green liquid—a tranquilizer cocktail potent enough to sedate a kaiju. She has been busy.



1
Nap time, big girl.

2
Say hello to my little needle.

She aims the launcher. The scope locks onto Scarlett's massive, exposed shoulder.



1
HUK... GLLL-UCK...

2
Mmph! Co... down... dammit...

Scarlett is oblivious. The helicopter is three-quarters of the way down her throat.

Her neck is distended to a terrifying width. She gags, saliva flooding her chin, lost in the gluttonous struggle to consume the machine. Her shadow casts Donovan in darkness.



1
GACK! PUSH! *NNNGH!*

2
Almost... *GULP*... gone...

Desperate to finish, Scarlett shoves her own hand into her mouth, pushing the helicopter deeper.

She is practically voring herself, her fingers disappearing past her lips to ram the meal home. Her body twitches with the effort, her breath coming in ragged, wet gasps.



FWOOSH!

The rocket motor ignites. The needle streaks across the desert, trailing green smoke. It aims for the mass of flesh that is Scarlett's right shoulder.



1
GULP.

2
Ahhh... Finished... Mmm? Did a
mosquito bite me?

THWACK.

The needle buries itself deep. The plunger depresses on impact, injecting gallons of the agent. Scarlett doesn't feel it. She finally swallows the helicopter. But the delay... the delay is fatal. The metabolism spikes one last time before the sedative hits.



The massive intake triggers the virus before the sedative can stop it. Scarlett's eyes widen. A deep, tectonic rumble starts in her belly. She looks down, panic warring with pleasure on her face. She knows this one is different. This growth spurt is going to be a cataclysm.

1
Oh... oh no...

2
My tummy... it's... it feels weird...



She explodes outward. It is instantaneous and violent. Scarlett screams as her skin stretches to the limit. She grabs her tits, but they are expanding too fast to hold.

Her belly surges forward, burying the site where the soldiers had been standing moments before.



Her belly becomes a planetoid. It crushes the remaining trucks, the sandbags, the armory. She tilts her head back, moaning like a sow in heat. Her nipples erupt. Thick, creamy streams of milk arc through the sky like geysers, splashing down on the sand and turning the desert floor into a mud pit of dairy.

1
MOOOOOO!

2
MMMMMMMMMM...



The soldiers scramble back, retreating to the dunes. The heat from the missile impact on her shoulder is actually helping; it dilates her blood vessels, spreading the sedative faster, but the growth has to finish first. Donovan stands her ground, watching the titan expand, calm amidst the chaos.

1
Hold your positions! Let it work!
She has to burn through the fuel
before she drops!

2
She's getting too big! She's going to
crush the whole outpost!



The geometry of her body shifts. Her belly is now so round, so firm with pressurized fat, that it hits the ground and acts as a fulcrum. Scarlett's knees lift off the sand. She is being physically lifted by her own gut.



She rises. Her legs dangle uselessly in the air as her stomach continues to expand, acting like a growing balloon underneath her. Soldiers scream as the shadow of her floating legs passes over them. She kicks lazily, milk still spraying, lost in the sensation of weightlessness caused by extreme weight.



Her knees are feet in the air now. Only her toes drag through the sand, leaving deep furrows. She rubs her white, stretch-marked expanse of stomach, cooing to it as it suspends her. The sedative is starting to fog her brain, making the experience dreamlike.



1
Hnnn... sleepy...

2
Why is the ground... getting
further away? Everything
hurts...

Up she goes. She is on her tiptoes now, ballerina-style, supported entirely by the sphere of her gut. The soldiers are ants fleeing a rolling boulder.



Her toes leave the sand. She is fully suspended on her belly. It is a grotesque, magnificent balancing act. The belly continues to grow, pressing into the earth and pushing her body higher into the sky.

1
Mmmmmmm... I'm getting too big...
Make it stop... Make it-
2
Make it... More... Make me more...



The sedative hits the brain stem. Her eyes flutter. The dizziness takes over. She is perched on a mound of flesh that is still widening.



Her arms go limp. They flop down, landing heavily on the tops of her breasts. The weight of her arms squishes her tits, stopping the milk flow. The chaos settles into a low rumble of growth and destruction. Smoke and sand swirl around the base of her belly.



She is out. But the body keeps growing. Her legs are splayed wide, resting on the upper curve of her stomach, feet dangling in the air. She is a mountain of flesh, immobile and unconscious.



The growth slows to a crawl. She has reached a temporary equilibrium. Scarlett looks like a Buddha statue made of soft dough, pinned atop her own gluttony. Her arms are buried in her cleavage.



Her belly expands one last time, the side knocking down the reinforced concrete walls of the outpost perimeter. The base is gone.

1
Timber.

2
She's down.



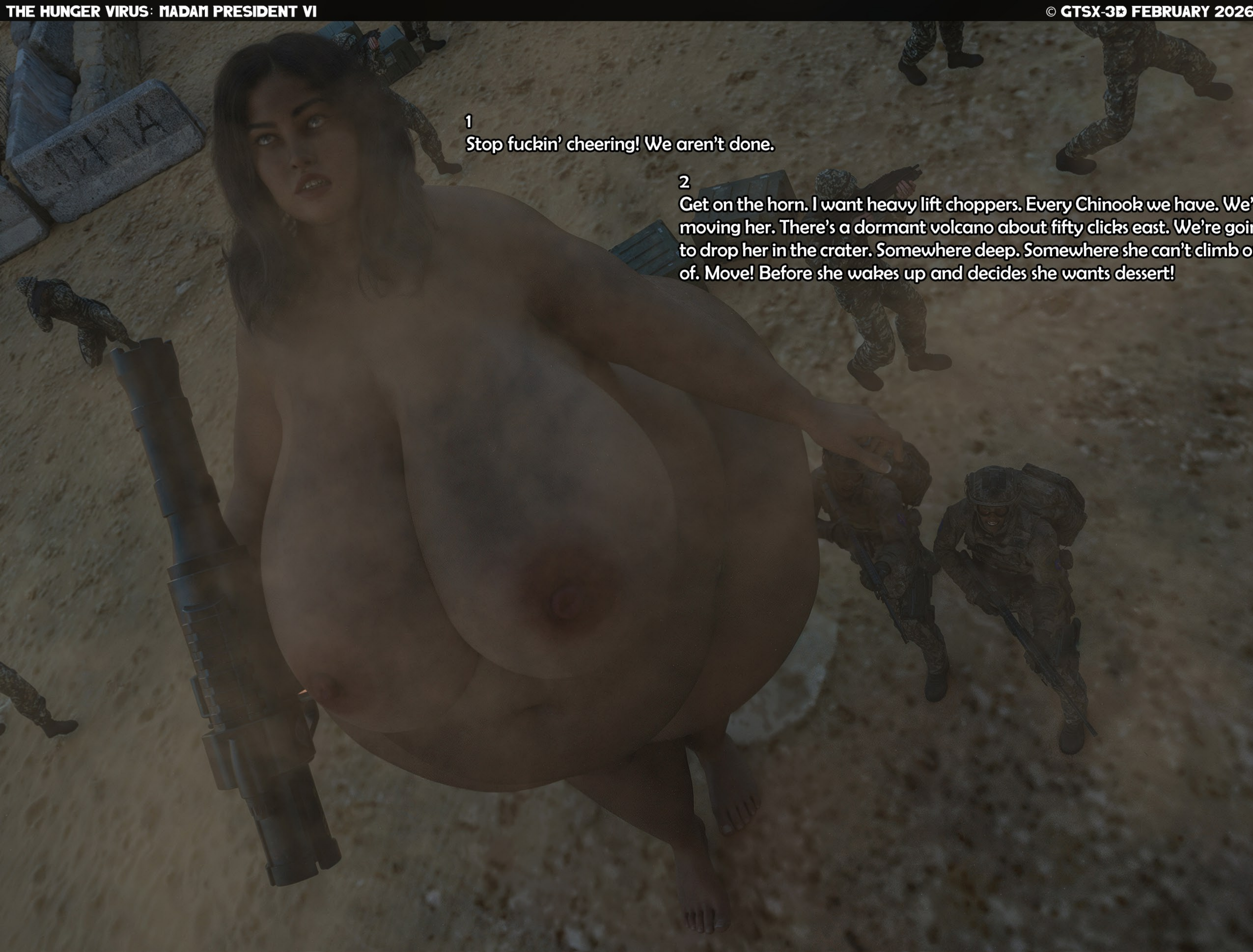
The silence returns to the desert, broken only by the titanic snoring of the woman pinned atop her own stomach. Her toes twitch in her sleep, high above the ground. The soldiers emerge from the dunes, cheering, chanting Donovan's name. But Megan doesn't smile. She stares up at the sleeping kaiju, terror in her eyes.

1
DONOVAN! DONOVAN! USA! USA!

2
(Whispering) This isn't a win. This is just temporary. Look at her. Look at the fucking size of her. If she wakes up... WHEN she wakes up... if she finds Dakota...



Scarlett is a weapon of mass consumption. The virus inside her has mutated into something god-like. If she can grow this big from a few soldiers and a helicopter, what happens if she touches the President? What happens if she spreads her spit into the water supply? She is a biological singularity waiting to happen. The anticipation of her waking up is more terrifying than her rampage.



1
Stop fuckin' cheering! We aren't done.

2
Get on the horn. I want heavy lift choppers. Every Chinook we have. We're moving her. There's a dormant volcano about fifty clicks east. We're going to drop her in the crater. Somewhere deep. Somewhere she can't climb out of. Move! Before she wakes up and decides she wants dessert!

Donovan turns to the cheering men, her face hard as stone. She points to the radio man.



1

Giggle... Look at you. Little patriotic ants. Coming out to protest, hmm?

2

Doesn't matter who you voted for now, does it? You all squish the same.

Sunset sets the sky ablaze, casting long, apocalyptic shadows over Times Square. But the flashing billboards are drowned out by the real spectacle. Evelyn stands amidst the chaos, her massive, cellulite-dimpled legs blocking Broadway. Below her, the crowds are a chaotic river of panic and worship. She lifts one titanic foot, the sole hovering casually over a screaming mass of people, dangling their doom inches above their heads like a cat playing with a mouse.



2

Oops. I think I stepped on a tourist trap.

She brings her foot down. It isn't a stomp; it is a geological event. The pavement liquifies. The shockwave ripples outward, shattering the glass of the surrounding theaters and launching unfortunate pedestrians high into the smoke-choked air. Dust and debris billow out, coating her ankles in a gray powder.

1

BOOM.



1
I love this city. It's so... populated.

2
The view from up here is to die for.

The crowds stare up, witnessing the terrifying scale of the Vice President. She looms over the city, her head wreathed in the smoke of burning buildings.

To the office workers trapped in the upper floors of skyscrapers, she is an endless wall of flesh; they look out their windows to see the vast expanse of her belly or the curve of her underboob blocking out the horizon.

She smiles down at the destruction, a cruel expression of unchecked power.



1

Hummm... Eeny, meeny, miny... moe...

2

Who'll get squished under my toe?
Hahahahaha

The streets are gridlocked with human bodies. Evelyn shifts her weight, her massive thighs rubbing together with a sound like thunder.

The crowd freezes, paralyzed by the indecision of the giantess. Will she step left? Right? They hold their breath, staring up at the landscape of her body, waiting to see where the next natural disaster will land.

1

I think I'll start with an appetizer that's easy to reach.

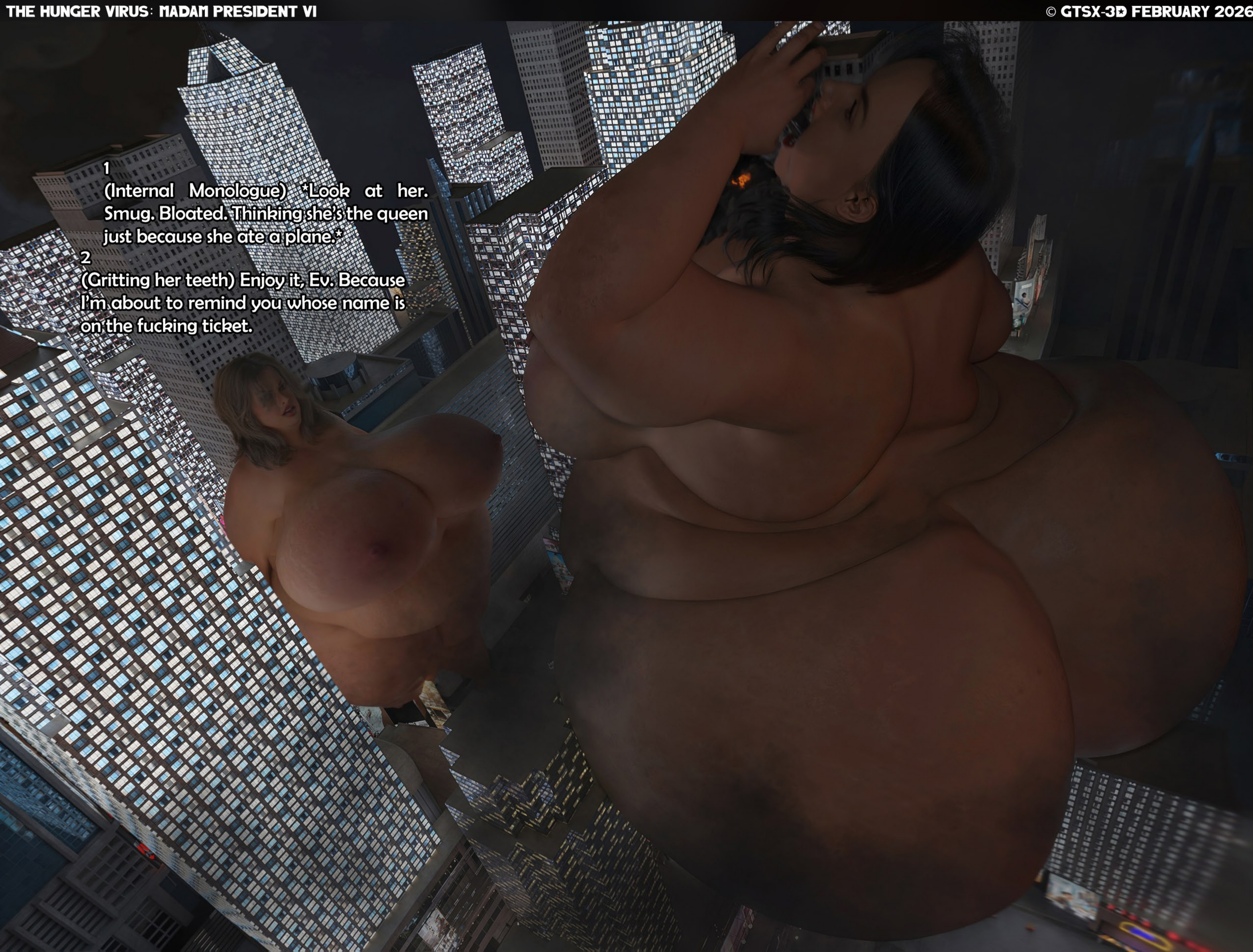
2

Don't worry, little bird. You're going to a warm place.



A news helicopter buzzes near her shoulder, trying to get a shot of her face. Evelyn sighs, too lazy to bend down for the crowds on the street. She reaches out lazily and snatches the aircraft out of the air.

She holds it up, smiling at the frantic pilot inside. Meanwhile, her right breast swings with her movement, smashing into the side of a corporate tower like a soft, heavy wrecking ball, obliterating the corner office.



1
(Internal Monologue) *Look at her. Smug. Bloated. Thinking she's the queen just because she ate a plane.*

2
(Gritting her teeth) Enjoy it, Ev. Because I'm about to remind you whose name is on the fucking ticket.

Evelyn shoves the helicopter nose-first into her mouth, crunching down on the fuselage. Across the avenue, Dakota stands watching. She is smaller than Evelyn now—still a titan, but dwarfed by her Vice President's recent growth spurts.

Dakota's eyes narrow. The envy burns hotter than the fires in the city. She watches Evelyn gorge herself, and a dark, competitive rage begins to boil in her gut.



1
You think size makes you the
leader? I AM the virus, you copycat
bitch.

2
I'm going to show you what a real
Goddess looks like. Watch and learn.

Dakota clenches her fists, her knuckles cracking like gunshots. She determines right then and there that the hierarchy will be restored. She looks at Evelyn, who is busy swallowing the tail rotor, and sneers.



Dakota looks down at the streets surrounding her. She focuses, channeling the dormant, alpha-strain of the virus. A psychic pulse emits from her, invisible but potent. The crowds below stop running away. Their eyes glaze over. Suddenly, they turn and sprint **toward** her.

A wave of hysteria washes over Times Square as thousands of people begin to beg, screaming for her to take them, fighting each other to be the first in line for her appetite.

2
(Licking her lips) Look at them run. They know where they belong. They know the Paradise Within is the only safe place left.

1
That's it. Come to Mommy.

Dakota drops to her knees, the impact shaking the foundations of the city. She looms over the gathered masses, her massive breasts hanging low, casting a shadow over the worshippers. She can barely see individual faces, just a sea of devotion.

1
Prepare yourselves!

2
The President is ready to receive you!

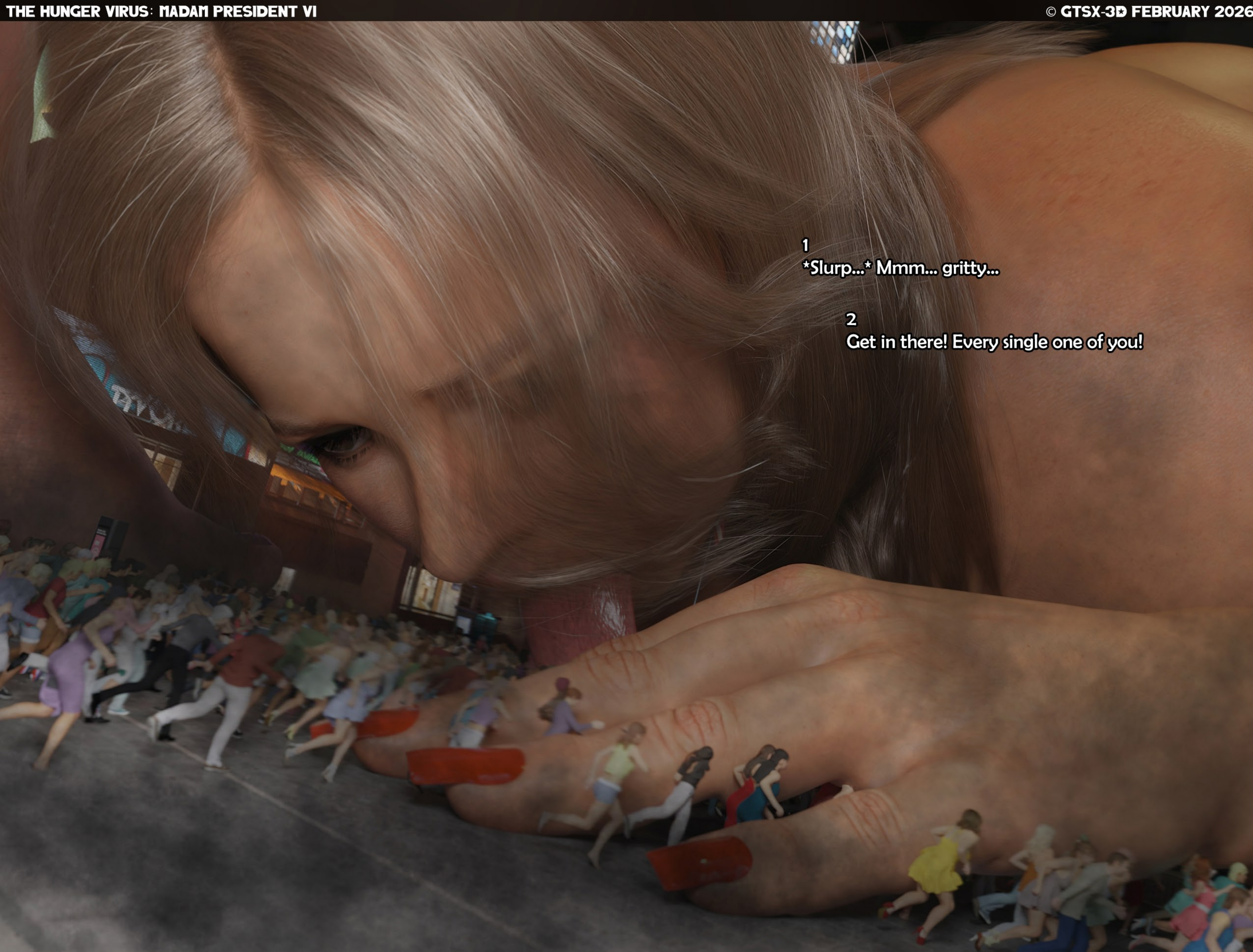


1
TAKE US! WE SURRENDER! EAT US,
MADAM PRESIDENT!

2
So many votes... so little time.

From above, it looks like a colony of ants swarming a dropped sweet. Dakota hovers over them, her mouth opening, a cavern of pink, wet heat.

The smell of her arousal and hunger drives the crowd into a frenzy. They climb over cars and barricades, throwing themselves at her knees, desperate to be chosen.



1
Slurp... Mmm... gritty...

2
Get in there! Every single one of you!

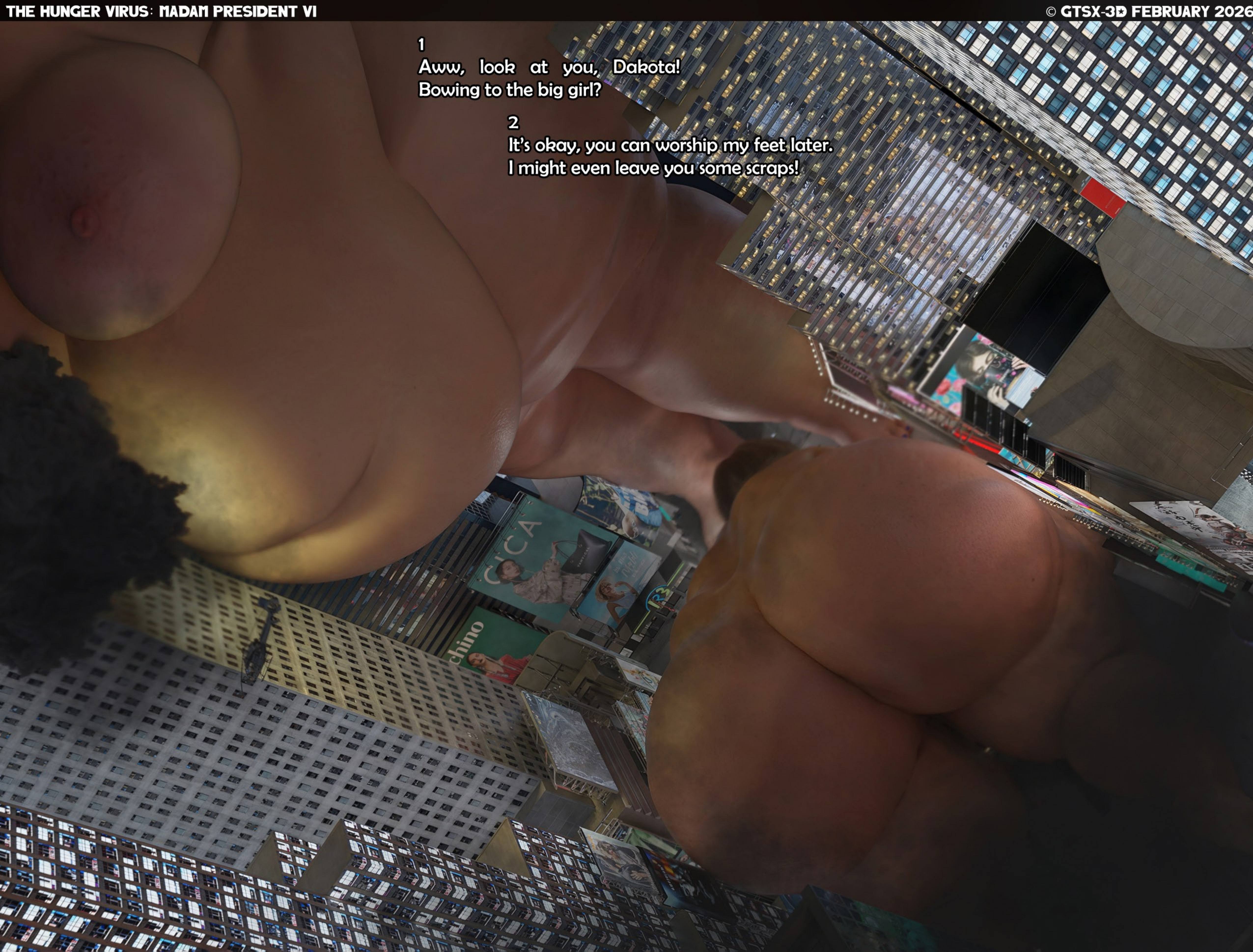
She drops to all fours, her belly grazing the tops of the buses. She extends her tongue, a massive, muscular carpet of saliva-slicked flesh. She drags it across the pavement, scooping up hundreds of people in a single lick.

They stick to her tongue like sprinkles, cheering as they are lifted into the air. She grabs handfuls of stragglers with her palms, ensuring no one escapes her sudden, voracious hunger.

1
Aww, look at you, Dakota!
Bowing to the big girl?

2
It's okay, you can worship my feet later.
I might even leave you some scraps!

Evelyn finishes her helicopter and turns, seeing Dakota on the ground. She mistakes the posture for submission. She laughs, her belly shaking, unaware that Dakota is essentially vacuuming the street clean of biomass.





1
GULP.

2
(Muffled, mouth full) *Mmmph...*
keep... talking... Ev...

Dakota ignores her. She sits back on her heels, lifting a hand overflowing with wriggling, screaming worshippers. She tips her head back and dumps them into her open maw. Simultaneously, she punches her left hand into a nearby office building, shattering the glass and scooping out three entire floors, cubicles, employees, and all.



1
SWALLOW. Just... wait...

The intake is relentless. Dakota is a machine. She swallows wave after wave of people, her throat working overtime. The desire to reclaim her throne drives her past the point of fullness, past the point of gluttony, into pure biological warfare.



1
HNNNNGH! Here it comes!

2
Oh god... yes... feel the burn!

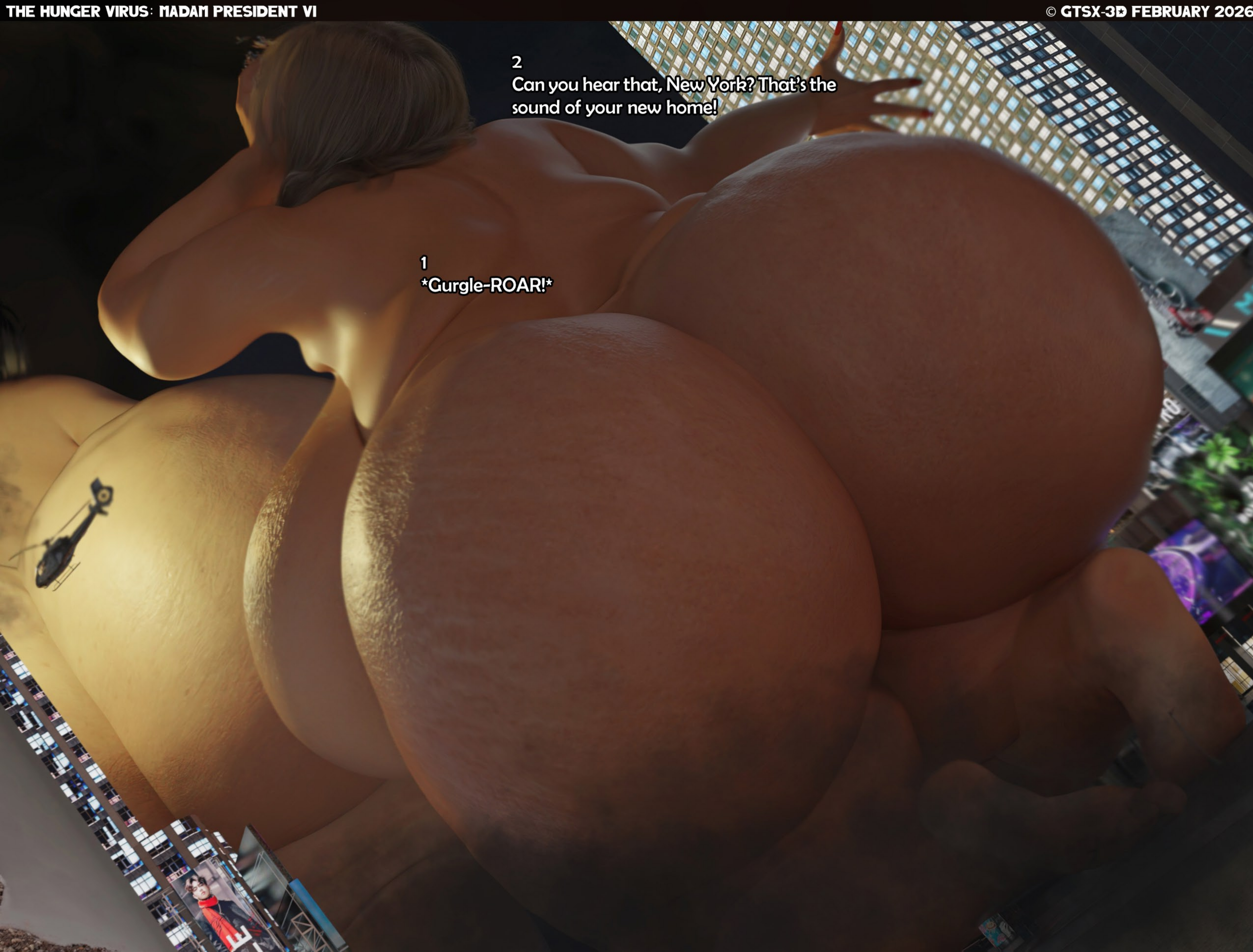
The reaction begins. Dakota's stomach gives a violent lurch. Evelyn has turned away, bored, scanning the skyline for more snacks. Behind her, Dakota begins to expand.



1
Gaaaah! Bigger! Mmmmmmm...

2
(To Evelyn's back) Don't look... not yet...

Dakota swells. Her skin stretches tight, shining in the firelight of the burning city. She shoves another handful of people into her mouth, fueling the reaction. Her shoulders widen, cracking the pavement beneath her knees.



2
Can you hear that, New York? That's the
sound of your new home!

1
Gurgle-ROAR!

Dakota continues to gorge. The streets are empty of people now; they are all inside her. She is a vacuum of biomass. Her belly pushes out, rounding with incredible speed, grinding the pavement beneath her into dust.

1
Pant... pant... It's not enough!

2
I need... YOU ALL INSIDE ME!

The growth accelerates. Dakota's ass balloons outward, crushing a subway station entrance behind her. Her tits surge forward, heavy and milk-laden. She is rising, filling the street, her shadow lengthening over Evelyn's back.





She reaches out, grabbing a brownstone and crushing it in her grip, scooping the rubble and residents into her mouth. The dust mixes with the milk leaking from her nipples.

1
CRUNCH!



She drops the debris into her gullet. Her throat bulges, a massive knot of concrete and crowds sliding down. Her belly pushes out, a round, hard sphere of expansion that scrapes against the skyscrapers on either side of the street.



Her throat is packed. She swallows a thousand souls in a single go. The sheer density of the intake triggers a massive spike in the virus. She roars, the sound vibrating through the steel beams of the city.

1
UUUUUUURRRRRRCGGGHHH!



BOOM.

Her left breast expands violently, swinging out and obliterating an apartment complex. The impact sends a cloud of dust rolling over Evelyn's feet.



1
Huh?

2
Dakota? What are you...

Evelyn turns her head slightly. The shadow behind her is wrong. It's too big. She frowns. Behind her, Dakota is clutching her breasts, head thrown back, mouth open in a silent scream of ecstasy as she shoots up in size.



2
Hic! Just... catching up... honey...

1
Wait... when did you...

Evelyn turns further. Her eyes widen. Dakota is no longer small. Even on her knees, her mass is undeniable. The double chin is back, thicker than ever. The belly is a planet.

1
Surprise.

2
How?! You were just... down there!

Evelyn fully turns around. The reality hits her. Dakota is on her knees, but her eyes are level with Evelyn's. Dakota bites her lip, eyes dancing with malice and pleasure, watching Evelyn's jaw drop.



1
I told you, Ev. I am the
President. I don't lose.

2
You thought a little plane would save
you? I just ate Broadway.

Dakota still on her knees, is now taller than Evelyn. The buildings around her groan and lean away from her expanding bulk. She smiles, a predator who has just reclaimed her territory.



2
AAAAAAH! YES! LOOK AT ME! I'M
THE MOUNTAIN!

1
Holy... fuck...

The final surge hits.

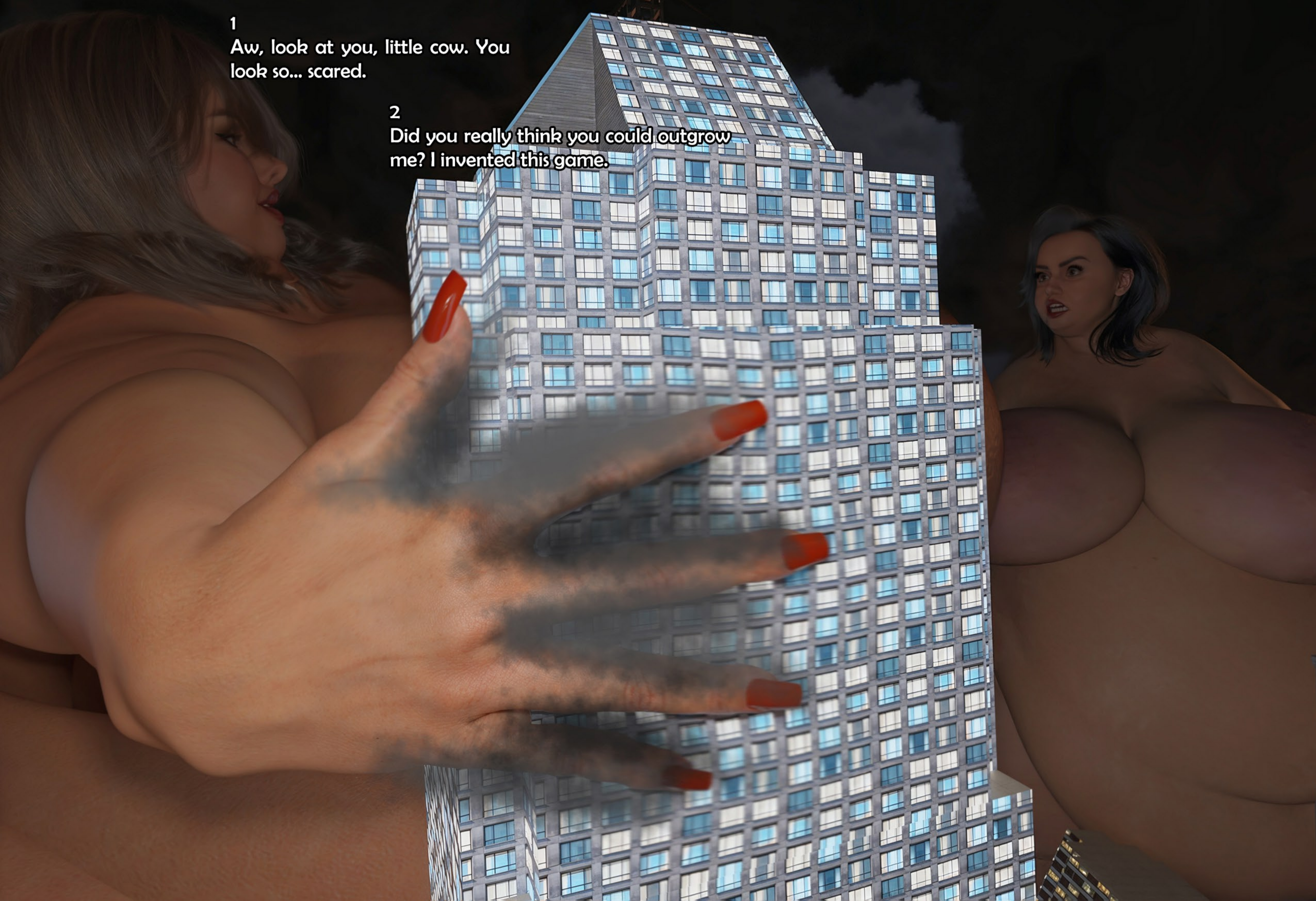
****BOOM.****

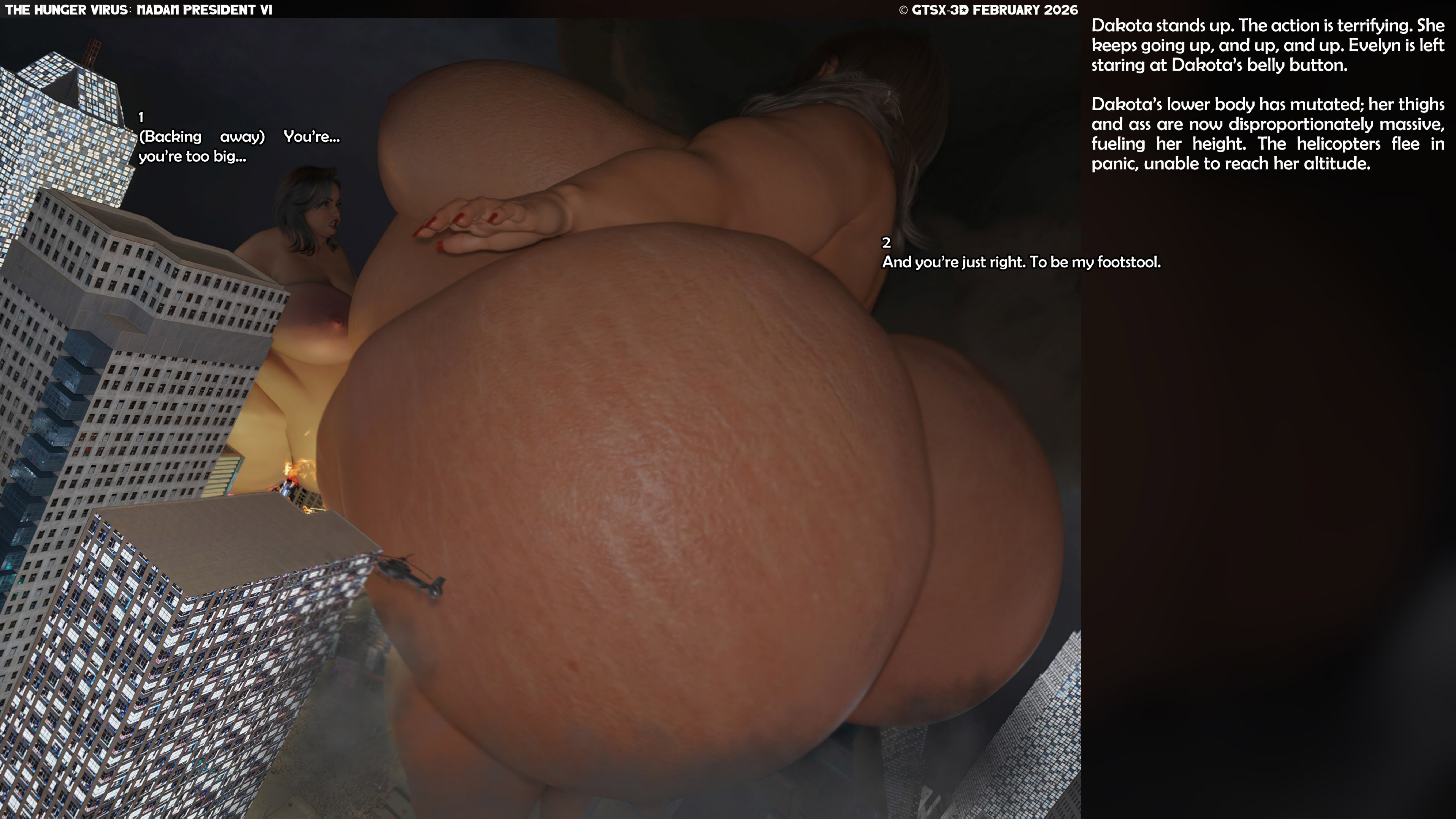
Dakota explodes in size. Her tits billow out, becoming colossal spheres that dwarf Evelyn's entire upper body. White stretch marks tear across her skin in real-time. Evelyn stares up, craning her neck, realizing she is once again the smaller giantess.

1
Aw, look at you, little cow. You look so... scared.

2
Did you really think you could outgrow me? I invented this game.

Dakota looks down, smirking. She grabs a nearby skyscraper to steady herself, her fingers punching through the windows like they are made of paper. She leans on the building, crushing it slightly, using the city as a cane.





1
(Backing away) You're...
you're too big...

2
And you're just right. To be my footstool.

Dakota stands up. The action is terrifying. She keeps going up, and up, and up. Evelyn is left staring at Dakota's belly button.

Dakota's lower body has mutated; her thighs and ass are now disproportionately massive, fueling her height. The helicopters flee in panic, unable to reach her altitude.



1
Remember what you said about my shadow? Well, it's getting dark down there, isn't it?

2
I... I...

The wind from Dakota's movement knocks over streetlights. She looks down at Evelyn, enjoying the fear in her eyes. The rivalry has turned into total domination.

1
You like buildings, don't you Ev? You like snacking on them?

2
Let's see if I can't find a few more voters to help me grow... just a little more. Just to make my point very clear.

Dakota takes a step, closing the distance. Evelyn retreats, her heel crushing a taxi. Dakota reaches out with her left hand, hovering it over a skyscraper that stands shoulder-to-shoulder with Evelyn.





1
CRASH!

2
Gotcha.

She makes a fist and drives it down. The top of the skyscraper explodes. She plunges her arm deep into the structure, rummaging around inside like it's a cookie jar.

1
Watch closely, Evelyn. This is what true
power looks like.

2
And when I'm done with this... who
knows what I'll eat next?

She looks at Evelyn, licking her lips. Her
hand is still buried in the building. The
threat is palpable. She isn't just eating; she's
performing.





1
AAAAH...

2
FEED ME!

She pulls her hand out. It is a scoop of debris and humanity. Thousands of tiny figures writhe in her palm, trapped between rolls of fat. She tilts her head back and dumps the entire mass into her mouth, eyes rolling back in ecstatic reception.



1
Oh no...
2
She's gonna grow again.

Evelyn, staring straight ahead, finds herself looking directly at Dakota's navel. She hears the wet, gurgling sounds of the consumption echoing from within the massive belly. She hears the muffled screams of the thousands inside. It is a choir of the damned, singing Dakota's praises.

Dakota's belly surges. It expands rapidly, a white wall of flesh rushing outward. It slams into Evelyn. Evelyn, top-heavy and off-balance, stumbles backward.

1
Whoa! Hey! Watch it!

2
GROOOOAN! GET OUT
THE WAY! BITCH!



2
(Burping) *BUUUURP!* Oops.
Didn't see you there.

The belly protrudes further, folding over itself.
It pushes Evelyn hard. Evelyn's heel catches on
a ruin, and she tips. Gravity claims her.

1
I'm falling!





2
AAAAAAH!

1
LOOK OUT! SHE'S COMING DOWN!

Evelyn falls. To the people on the ground, it looks like the moon is crashing into the city. Her massive, cellulite-ridden ass descends, blotting out the sky.



Her ass cheeks loom larger. A tall office building is directly in the impact zone. It vanishes into the soft flesh before she even hits the ground.



1
OOF!

2
Cough... cough...

THOOOOOM.

Evelyn hits the ground. The impact flattens ten blocks instantly. Smoke and dust explode outward in a ring of destruction. She grunts, the wind knocked out of her, pinned by her own weight.



Evelyn lies amidst the ruins, trapped by her own thighs and belly. Dakota stands over her, a victorious goddess. She looks down, her face framed by the stars.

1
Comfortable down there, Evelyn?

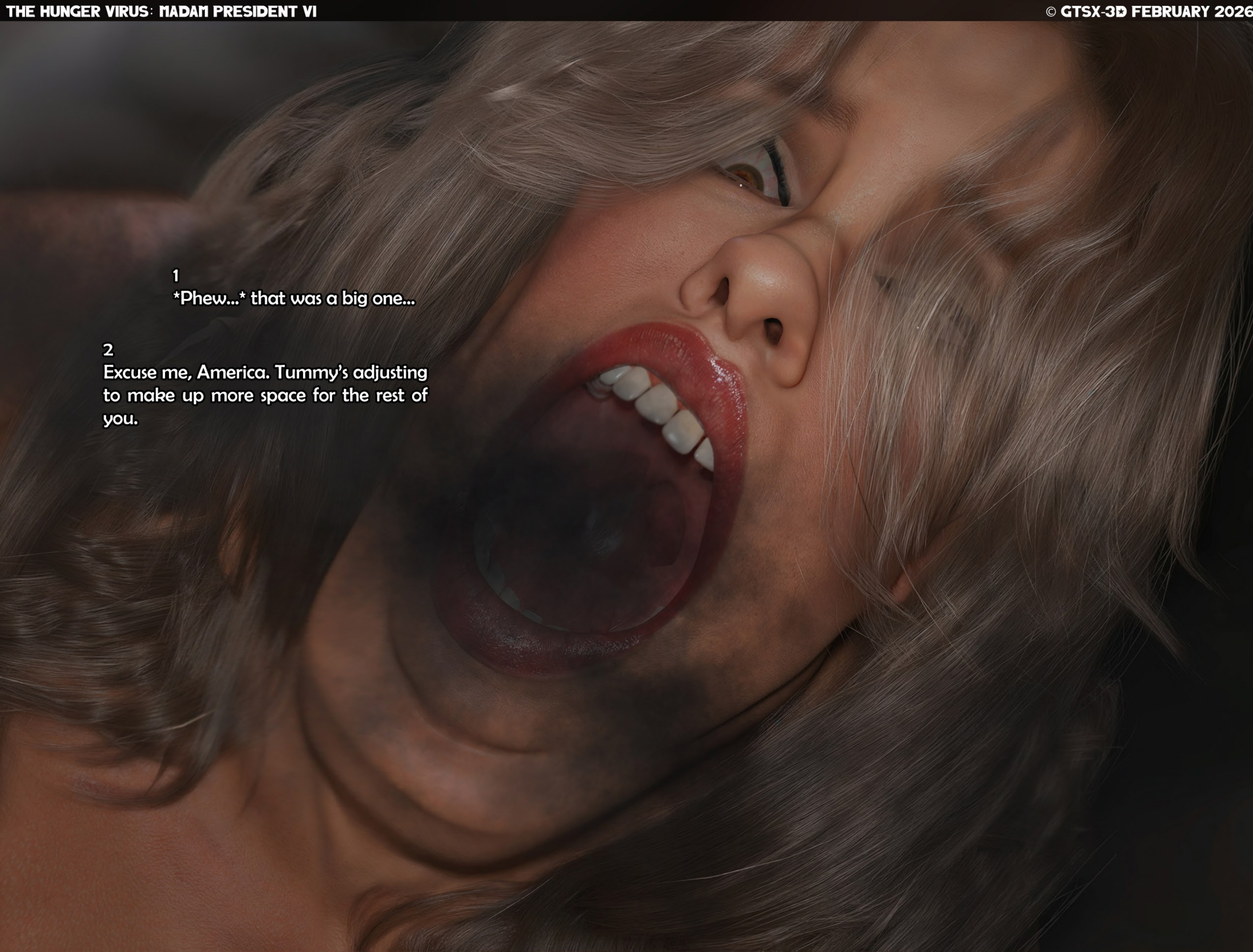
2
Next time you flip me off... I might just decide you look like a Twinkie. Stay down.



1

****BBBBRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!****

Dakota opens her mouth to speak, but her stomach has other ideas. A seismic pressure builds in her chest. She tilts her head, lips flapping as the gas escapes.



The burp is a hurricane. Debris flies from her mouth. Her now triple chin wobbles with the force of the expulsion. She is a monument to gluttony, filled with the population of the city she governs.

1

Pheh... that was a big one...

2

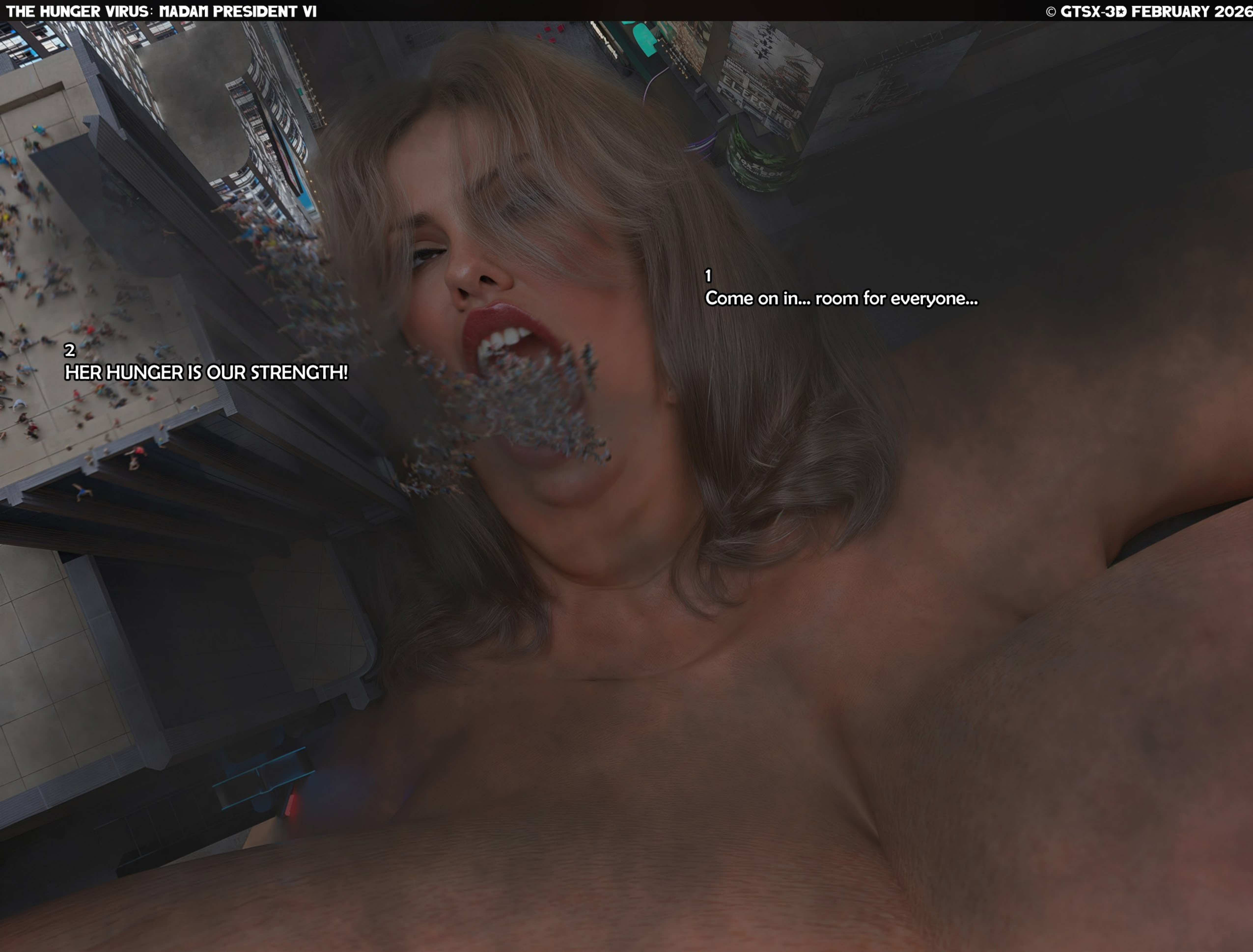
Excuse me, America. Tummy's adjusting to make up more space for the rest of you.



Inside Dakota's stomach. It is a vast, fleshy cavern, humid and red. Piles of cars, subway trains, and debris form islands in a lake of digestive fluids. Hundreds of thousands of people are alive in here, swimming, running, or simply standing in awe. They aren't screaming. They are chanting. It is a cult. A civilization within the beast.

1
PRAISE THE BELLY! PRAISE
THE MOTHER!

2
WE ARE HOME! THE
PARADISE WITHIN!



1
Come on in... room for everyone...

2
HER HUNGER IS OUR STRENGTH!

Dakota makes a decision. The city is done. She lies down, crushing what remains of the financial district. She opens her mouth, her chin resting on the pavement like a ramp. The remaining citizens, sensing the end, climb the nearby ruins and leap into her mouth, diving into the wet darkness willingly.



1
I'm sorry, Mommy... I forgot my place...

2
Please... forgive me...

Evelyn struggles to her knees. She crawls toward the prone mountain of Dakota. The fight is gone. She is submissive again, awed by the sheer scale of the President. She whispers apologies to the deaf ears of the feeding titan.



1
Milk... goddess milk...

2
Maybe... maybe if I drink it...
I can grow too...

As Evelyn crawls closer, she sees it. Dakota's nipples are leaking thick, creamy milk onto the ruins. Evelyn licks her lips. She is thirsty. She wants the growth. She wants the power that flows from Dakota.



1
Slurp... gulp... gulp...

2
Mmmph... Feels... good...

She opens her mouth wide, struggling to fit the massive nipple inside. She latches on, suckling greedily, eyes rolling back as the warm, sweet fluid floods her mouth. Dakota moans, unaware or uncaring of the parasite attached to her breast, focused only on consuming the city.



1
Tomorrow... *Yawn*... tomorrow
I'll eat Florida.

Two Titans in the ruins of the greatest city on Earth. One feeding the other. Dakota is still growing, her eyes fixed on the horizon, planning to consume the continent. Evelyn drinks, hoping to survive the apocalypse they have created.



In the dim light of the command tent, Secretary Dwight “DJ” Lance sits on the edge of a creaking bunk bed, his face illuminated by the cold glow of a military tablet. The live feed from New York is a nightmare in high definition.

He watches a bird’s-eye view of Dakota lying amidst the ruins, her mouth a gaping maw, as hundreds of people willingly leap from skyscrapers into her throat. It defies all logic. It defies survival instinct. Lance’s hand shakes. He realizes this isn’t just a biological attack; it’s a theological one. Dakota hasn’t just conquered the country; she has conquered their minds.

1

(Whispering) They’re... they’re jumping.
They aren’t even being forced.

2

She’s rewired them. It’s mass hysteria on a national scale. We... we don’t have a country left to save, do we?



2
(Voice hollow) Queen? She's a goddamn black hole, Megan. How do we fight that?

1
It's pheromonal. Or psionic. The virus is evolving faster than we can track. She's acting as a hive queen.

Megan Donovan stands behind him, her head brushing the canvas ceiling of the tent. She is still large, crowded in the small space, staring over his shoulder at the screen. Her scientist mind tries to categorize the data, to find a logical path through the insanity, but she comes up blank. They share a look—the thousand-yard stare of two people watching the apocalypse on a 10-inch screen.



1
Report.

2
Tell me the asset is contained. Tell me
Scarlett is in the hole.

The tent flap rustles as three soldiers enter, looking dusty and exhausted. Donovan turns, her massive frame dominating the space. She needs answers. If the "Nuclear Option" (Scarlett) is off the table, they need to know now.



2
(Sighs, rubbing her face) She's a liability.
We can't rely on a loose cannon.

3
(Stepping forward, eyes hardening) That
leaves one option. The original.

1
She's... heavy, Ma'am. We're burning fuel
just keeping her airborne. If she wakes
up...

The lead soldier salutes, looking nervous. The news is grim. Scarlett is currently suspended in the air by twenty-five heavy-lift Chinooks, a massive, sleeping payload of flesh being dragged toward the volcano. But the cables are straining. They are stalled mid-air, waiting for reinforcements just to lift her ass over the crater lip. Donovan processes this. Scarlett is too volatile. Too slow. Too dangerous. She looks at Lance, then at the soldiers. She realizes there is only one card left to play.



1
Listen to me. Food is too slow. I can't eat enough cows to catch up to Dakota. But I found a... shortcut.

2
(Glancing at Dwight) When we engaged in... physical intimacy... the growth was exponential. The virus reacts to dopamine and friction. It feeds on the act.

3
Ma'am? Are you asking us to...

Donovan looks down at the men. Dwight stands up, sensing the shift in her demeanor. She explains the anomaly in the bunker—the rapid growth triggered not by food, but by sex.

She theorizes about the space strain, the cosmic dust she inhaled while guarding the solar system. Dwight pokes her thick thigh, trying to hush her, but she swats his hand away. Secrecy is a luxury they can no longer afford.



1
Yes. I'm telling you to fuck me.

2
All of you. Hard. Fast. I need the biomass,
I need the energy, and I need to grow.
Unless you have a better idea on how to
stop a city-sized President?

3
(Looking them in the eye) Do we have a
problem, soldiers?

She doesn't let him finish. She steps closer, looming over them, her breasts heaving with determination, her hips blocking the exit. She is terrifying and incredibly arousing. She issues the command with the same authority she used to give mission briefings.



The soldiers stammer a “No, Ma’am,” intimidated and strangely eager. Donovan drops to the floor, spreading her legs. Her massive thighs press against the bunk beds, bending the metal frames. The soldiers strip quickly, their movements jerky with adrenaline. Dwight keeps his pants on. Donovan points to him. She needs him to prime the engine.

1
Dwight. Front and center.

2
Pants on. I need your arm. You’re going to open me up. I’m too big to feel a dick right now. Fist me. Make me wet.



2
(Whispering) Holy shit... Look at her...!

Lance steps between her spread legs. The heat radiating from her crotch is intense, a biological furnace. He can hear a low, humming vibration coming from inside her—the virus anticipating the intake.

He is nervous. The last time they did this, she filled the room. This time feels different. Heier, hungrier. He reaches out, his hand trembling slightly. Behind him, the soldiers stroke themselves, watching the Secretary of State prepare the vessel.



1
HNNNGH! Yes... deep...

2
You're so... wet, Megan. It's like
a swamp in here.

Dwight pushes his hand in. Then his wrist. He makes a fist inside her, stretching the walls. Donovan gasps, her hips bucking off the floor. Fluids gush around his forearm, soaking his sleeve. It isn't just lubrication; it feels like the same enzyme-rich saliva Scarlett had.



1
Harder! Twist it! Mmmmmmm...

2
I need to grow! Now!

She throws her head back, eyes rolling up. She grabs her own tits, squeezing the heavy flesh until bruises form. She needs the stimulation. She needs to trigger the reaction.



1
Whoa! Hey!

2
Megan! Ease up! It's pulling me!

Suddenly, the muscles inside her clamp down. It isn't a kegel; it's a hydraulic press. Dwight yelps as his arm is yanked forward. The suction is incredibly powerful. He is pulled off balance, stumbling to his knees, his shoulder slamming against her clit.



1
UUUHHH... It's starting!

2
(Muffled) *MMPH! MEGAN! STOP!*

The suction increases. It is a vacuum. Dwight tries to pull back, but he is sliding in. His shoulder disappears inside her dripping folds. His face is pressed into her pubic mound, muffled by the thick, wet hair. Donovan is moaning loudly, her hips grinding, oblivious to his struggle.

1

AAAAAH!

2

Wait... what is... *OH GOD YES!*

SCHLUUUP.

Dwight's head breaches the entrance. He slides inside her, face first. His other shoulder follows. Megan's belly immediately reacts, swelling outward, rounding with the sudden intrusion of mass.





1
I CAN FEEL HIM! INSIDE!

2
FILL ME!

Lance slides in up to his waist. His legs kick in the air. The sensation for Donovan is overwhelming—a reverse birth that floods her system with pure power. She screams, her voice vibrating the tent poles.



The growth hits her hard. Her tits surge upward, ripping her shirt. Milk sprays violently, coating the tent walls. Dwight slides deeper, now only his knees visible. The soldiers back away, terrified by the sight of their superior officer being consumed by the vagina of their savior.

1
Jesus Christ! She's eating him!

2
Through her... pussy?!



1
AHHHHHH HNNNGGCH MMMMM..

2
So... much... pressure!

Only Dwight's shoes remain. Donovan's belly balloons outward, round and taut, covered in fresh, jagged white stretch marks. Her thighs thicken, pushing the bunk beds apart until they crunch against the tent walls. Cellulite ripples across her skin in seconds.

POP.

Dwight's feet disappear. The lips of her vagina snap shut. He is gone. Donovan arches her back, a massive, pregnant-looking titaness filling the tent. Her belly is huge, shifting as Dwight settles inside. She is panting, sweat pouring off her.

1
(Heavy breathing) *Haaah... haaah...*

2
He's... all the way... in...



(Internal Shot) Inside the womb. It's glowing pink, soft, and impossibly spacious. Dwight curls up, unharmed, floating in the fluids. It's not digestion; it's incubation.

1
I'm... I'm okay! It's... warm!

2
I can breathe! Keep going,
Megan! It's working! I can feel
you expanding!

1
Heh... crazy son of a bitch.
He likes it in there.

2
Alright, boys. You heard the man. I've got
plenty of room.



Donovan chuckles, a deep, resonant sound. She kicks the crushed remains of a bunk bed away with a foot the size of a coffee table. She holds her tits, feeling the milk flow, looking down at her “pregnant” belly with a wild grin. The soldiers, hearing Dwight’s survival, step forward again. The fear is gone, replaced by duty and lust.



She spreads her legs wider, the view intimidating and inviting. Her belly, round and heavy with Dwight, rests between her thighs. She bites her lip, eyes glowing with the viral hunger. She is ready to become a carrier—literally.

1
Get in here. All of you.

2
Fuck me until you disappear. I need a whole army inside me if I'm going to face Dakota.

TO BE CONTINUED...