



MADAM VII
PRESIDENT

[LINKTREE/GTSX3D](https://linktree.com/GTSX3D)



3
Just hold her toes still! She's wiggling them...
oh fuck, it's so tight.

1
Mmmph... yes... right there...
keep pushing...

2
God, you're like a mountain... I can barely even find
where you start, ma'am.

The damp heat inside the canvas outpost smells heavily of military grease, stale sweat, and rising female arousal. Megan lies flat on her back, her massive, meaty bare feet filling the foreground as her right leg spills off the mattress.

Her toes are thick and flushed pink, twitching with every heavy breath. A young private presses his body against her sole, desperately sliding his wet shaft between her largest toes.

Further up her towering frame, a second soldier stands wedged against her low, hanging belly. Her soft fupa rises like a wall of dough, completely leveling with his chest before he can even reach her heat.



1
Squelch... fuck, ma'am, those toes
are crushing me...

2
Ahhh... *slurp*... you like that, private? Clean
work... keep going.

3
Yes, Goddess... just
like that!

The slick friction of skin against skin echoes through the cramped tent. Megan curls her heavy toes inward, gripping the private's cock like a vice.

She deliberately works her big toe and second toe around his wet length. The meaty digits slide up and down, smothering him in soft, suffocating pressure.

Her flesh is already expanding, the skin over her knuckles turning taut and glossy. The soldier groans, his hands white-knuckled as he clings to her thick ankle for balance.



1
Mmmph! I'm completely buried...
it's too heavy...

2
Mmmmmmm... drag it deeper... use the strap... I
need to feel it inside...

3
I'm bottoming out, Boss... your belly is
smothering my whole face!

The front soldier drives forward with a massive, heavy-duty dildo strapped firmly over his own erection. Even with the extreme added length, he can barely penetrate past the thick layers of her thighs.

Megan's immense, gelatinous gut sags lower with every passing second. The heavy double crease of her belly drops directly over the soldier's head, burying his face in soft, musky skin.

He gasps for air beneath the planetary weight, blindly thrusting his plastic extension deeper into her cavernous, slick interior. The sheer mass of her hips shudders with every impact.

1

Oh God... **BuuEEuurghpp**... I'm getting bigger... look at the walls...

3

Mmmnnh... look at my tits leak... pump me harder... I'm swelling up so fast... Oh **god**...

2

The whole outpost is shaking! She's expanding right into the support beams!

The entire tent begins to creak as Megan's frame undergoes a steady, rumbling growth spurt. Her thighs thicken outward, sending a metal footlocker crashing through a wooden chair.

Her colossal breasts swell violently, the tanned skin map-marked with thick white stretch marks. She squeezes the billowing mounds together, spraying warm, heavy milk directly into the ceiling.

The air becomes sweet and stifling with the scent of lactation and raw heat. Her enormous belly rounds out further, pushing hard against the center tentpole until the fabric screams.



2
Slurp... Mmmph...
Urrap...

1
Fuck, hold on tight... she's crushing the bunk bed with
the back of her head!

3
She's too big! Her hips are crushing the lockers... we're going
to get flattened if we don't get out of here!

A third soldier hitches himself up, sitting backwards directly on Megan's neck while using her swelling breasts as a soft, rhythmic backrest. Her head is shoved hard against the upper frame of a metal bunk bed, using the mattress as a crude pillow.

She takes the man entirely into her mouth, her lips straining around his length while her long brown hair is pulled taut in his grip. Every wet swallow synchronizes with the titanic expansion of her lower body.

The sheer volume of her pleasure feeds directly into the virus, her soft skin billowing outward as she claims every inch of the remaining military space.



1
Mmmhhhh... *God*... it's starting
again... *HicCC*...

2
She's tightening up!
Fuck!

3
Don't let go... *Aghhh*... just keep
driving into her!

The atmosphere inside the shelter thickens into a swamp of musk and slick, pressurized friction. Megan's towering frame shudders from the inside out, every pore oozing a heavy, sweet heat as the viral growth sparks anew.

The soldiers cling desperately to her billowing limbs, their bodies dwarfed by the rhythmic, seismic expansion of her pale flesh. Every wet slap of skin against skin resonates through the collapsing room.



A sudden, violent surge of mass sends doughy flesh cascading outward like an avalanche. The heavy double crease of Megan's belly drops with titanic force, completely swallowing the forward soldier from the chest up under a mountain of soft, stretch-marked fat.

Across the mattress, her expanding foot twitches with a raw, involuntary jerk. The heavy, meaty impact strikes the base of the metal bunk bed, sending the structure screaming across the floorboards and knocking the bench out from beneath the private's boots.



1
MMMMMMNNGHH... **Urrap!**... Oh god...
I'm gonna burst...

3
The tent is going down! She's getting
too big for it!

2
Blub... slurp... It's everywhere! I'm
drowning down here!

The outpost fabric violently tears as Megan's hyper-expanding lower half claims the remaining air. Her plush outer labia swell into thick, pressurized walls of heat, tightly clamping around the synthetic shaft just as a torrential, clear geyser erupts from her depth.

The sheer velocity of the fluid blasts the forward soldier entirely off his feet, sending him crashing onto his back beneath a blinding, continuous shower. Every inch of the canvas is instantly painted slick as her massive thighs flatten against the ruptured lockers.



1
MMMNNGH... **Squelch**... so tight...
I can't stop it...

The clear, warm deluge continues to rain down upon the collapsed soldier. Megan towers over him, her enormous, soft thighs spreading wider as her planetary mass claims the floorboards.

Every shuddering gasp from her chest sends ripples through her heavy, oversized midsection. The room is completely silent except for the heavy squelch of flesh expanding against the walls and furniture.



1
MMMMMM-NNNH... *BuuEEuurghpp!*... oh
God, the pressure...

2
Whoc! Fucking hell that
was LOUD!

3
Urrap!... I'm too big... everything
is bursting...

Megan groans loudly, her voice vibrating the entire canvas ceiling as she grips her colossal, lactating breasts. Heavy streams of warm milk spray wildly across the room, slicking her sweating, stretch-marked skin.

The private sitting near her neck loses his balance as her chest swells violently beneath him. Her head tilts back against the bunk bed frame, releasing her grip on his shaft as a wave of intense heat hits her.

The soldier trembles, scrambling backward to get away from her parting lips. Her belly heaves, trembling with trapped gas as her eyes roll up in sheer, overwhelming pleasure.



Megan's titanic arm swings upward, her massive hand completely wrapping around the third soldier's shoulder. Her fingers close securely over his torso, pinning his arms against his ribs with terrifying, soft strength.



1
W-What? Inside you? Like... with
Dwight? Is it safe?

2
Yes... **Mmmph**... you'll be safe inside me... I'll handle
the rest... Just let go...

She presses him gently against her heavy, heaving chest, her breathing short and fragmented. Her enormous face dominates his view, slick with sweat and dripping milk.



1
O-Okay... I'm trusting you, ma'am...
Squelch... it's so warm...

3
Just go slow...
please...

2
M m m p h...
Slurp...

The soldier nods numbly, his legs shaking as he guides his feet directly between her plush, parting lips. Megan's grip stays firm but careful around his shoulders, lifting him like a doll.

She opens her jaws wide, the soft heat of her mouth welcoming his boots. With a slow, deliberate push, she begins to guide his lower legs down into her throat.



2
Whoah! Fuck it's hot in there!

1
Mmm-MMMN
PH!

3
Slurp... Gulp...

The soldier is now swallowed nearly halfway down, his waist disappearing past her wet lips. Megan's thick throat muscles contract powerfully, pulling him down with rhythmic, heavy gulps.

Her neck bulges outward as his hips slide into her mouth. She keeps her eyes rolled back, channeling the intense physical friction into her unstoppable growth.



Greed takes over as Megan loses her gentle touch, eager to complete the transformation. She uses her massive palms to shove his remaining upper body into her deep maw.

A complacent, blissed-out expression fixes onto her face as she moans around his shape. The soldier's shoulders slide past her teeth, leaving only his flailing arms and head outside.



2
She really did it... she swallowed
him whole...

1
M m m p h ...
Urrap...

3
G u l p ...
MMMNGH...

The soldier is almost entirely consumed, with only a single hand still twitching from between Megan's lips. Her thick neck stretches and bulges violently as his body moves down her esophagus.

She tilts her head straight up toward the canvas ceiling, straining against the internal mass. Raising both of her enormous hands, she begins to firmly massage her own throat, forcing the heavy bump downward toward her stomach.



1
M-MMMMNGHH...

**Gulp*...*

3
**HicCC*...*

**Mmmph*...*

Ahhh...

2
She did it... she actually
swallowed him!

Megan fights to down the final inches of her heavy meal, her jaw straining against the muscular soldier. Every massive gulp echoes through the cramped, tearing outpost as her throat stretches to its absolute limit around the private's torso.

With one final, monumental swallow, the heavy bump slides past her collarbone, visibly stretching the sweat-slicked skin of her neck. She clutches her widening belly, her face a mask of mixed agony and deep, eroticized satisfaction as the body drops into her tight interior.



1
God... he's all the way down... nesting inside me... My belly feels so sloshy...

3
Squelch... it feels so warm...
Mmmph...

Megan tilts her head straight up toward the canvas ceiling, her throat muscles still rippling in powerful, involuntary waves. She slides both of her enormous, doughy hands up to her neck, firmly massaging the lingering fullness down toward her chest.

The sheer volume of the expansion sends a wave of intense heat through her towering frame, blending sharp physical pressure with deep, overwhelming pleasure. Her planetary midsection swells outward, absorbing the soldier completely into her heavy, hyper-expanding stomach.

2
Look at her belly swell...



1
BuuEEuurghpp-UUURRRP!... Oh...
excuse me...

2
Urrap!... God, Ugh... Mmmmm... *Squelch*... I'm
still getting bigger...

The sudden addition of mass triggers an immediate, violent reaction deep within Megan's stuffed core. A massive tidal wave of trapped gas bubbles up her throat, completely unleashing a titanic, deafening burp that breaks glass.

The explosive force of the blast shoots a wet spray of saliva and old food debris across the floorboards. Along with the spit, one of the swallowed soldier's heavy leather combat boots shoots directly out of her mouth, clattering loudly against a dented locker.

1

Oh God... **HicCC**... it's hitting so hard...
I'm ballooning...

3

Mmmph... Sorry, I
can't stop...

The heat inside the base tent jumps to a scorching, feverish temperature as the space strain goes into absolute overdrive. Megan's immense thighs swell outward, their soft, gelatinous mass flattening the metal footlockers into thin pancakes.

Every pocket of air vanishes as her lower body expands across the floorboards. The remaining soldier scrambles backwards, his boots slipping on the wet, milk-slicked floor as her pale skin rushes toward him.

2

The floorboards are cracking! Your thighs are pinning
me against the wall!



1

MMMMNNGH... *BuuEEuurghpp*... look
how fat I'm getting...

Thick creases of fat ripple outward from Megan's waist, her double belly expanding horizontally to reclaim the tent's perimeter. The sheer friction of her billowing skin makes a deep, wet groaning noise against the fabric walls.

Her colossal breasts expand upward, the taut skin mapping out hundreds of fresh white stretch marks. Heavy milk spills down her chest, mixing with thick sweat as her mass claims the interior.



1
MMMMNNGH... **Squelch**... it's
stretching so fast...

3
HicCC... there is no stopping it now... **Urrap!*...
look at me grow...

2
She's taking up the whole floor! I'm getting pinned
against the corner lockers!

The internal pressure within Megan's core hits a new, thunderous crescendo. Her doughy skin billows outward in massive waves, the lower crease of her double belly rolling forward to swallow the remaining floor space.

The scent of slick musk and hot, pressurized sweat thickens until the air is nearly unbreathable. Every shudder of her expanding thighs sends a violent tremor through the entire wooden foundation of the outpost.



2

Slurp... Mmmph... Just let it happen... I
need more room...

3

**BuuEeuurghpp*...* the heat...
it's so heavy...

1

Ma'am! You're filling the entire tent... I can't find
anywhere to stand!

Megan's titanic hips widen by yards, her soft, gelatinous flesh flattening hard against the canvas walls until they bulge outward like balloons. The sheer density of her weight adapts perfectly to the shape of the room, filling every nook and cranny with pale, heat-radiating mass.

The friction of her shifting skin creates a deep, rhythmic groaning sound against the structural beams. The lone remaining soldier crawls onto a stack of crates, desperately trying to keep his head above the rising tide of her soft flesh.



1
MMMMMM-NNNH...

3
Urrap!... harder... the pressure
feels so good...

The unstoppable expansion surges upward, the crest of Megan's colossal belly finally slamming into the low canvas ceiling. The heavy fabric screams under the strain as her doughy mass pushes relentlessly toward the sky.

Thick white stretch marks deepen across her taut skin as her middle swells larger than the tent itself. The soldier below can only watch in absolute awe as her soft, planetary body completely dominates the environment.

2
The whole roof is bowing... you're too big,
Megan! You're too big!



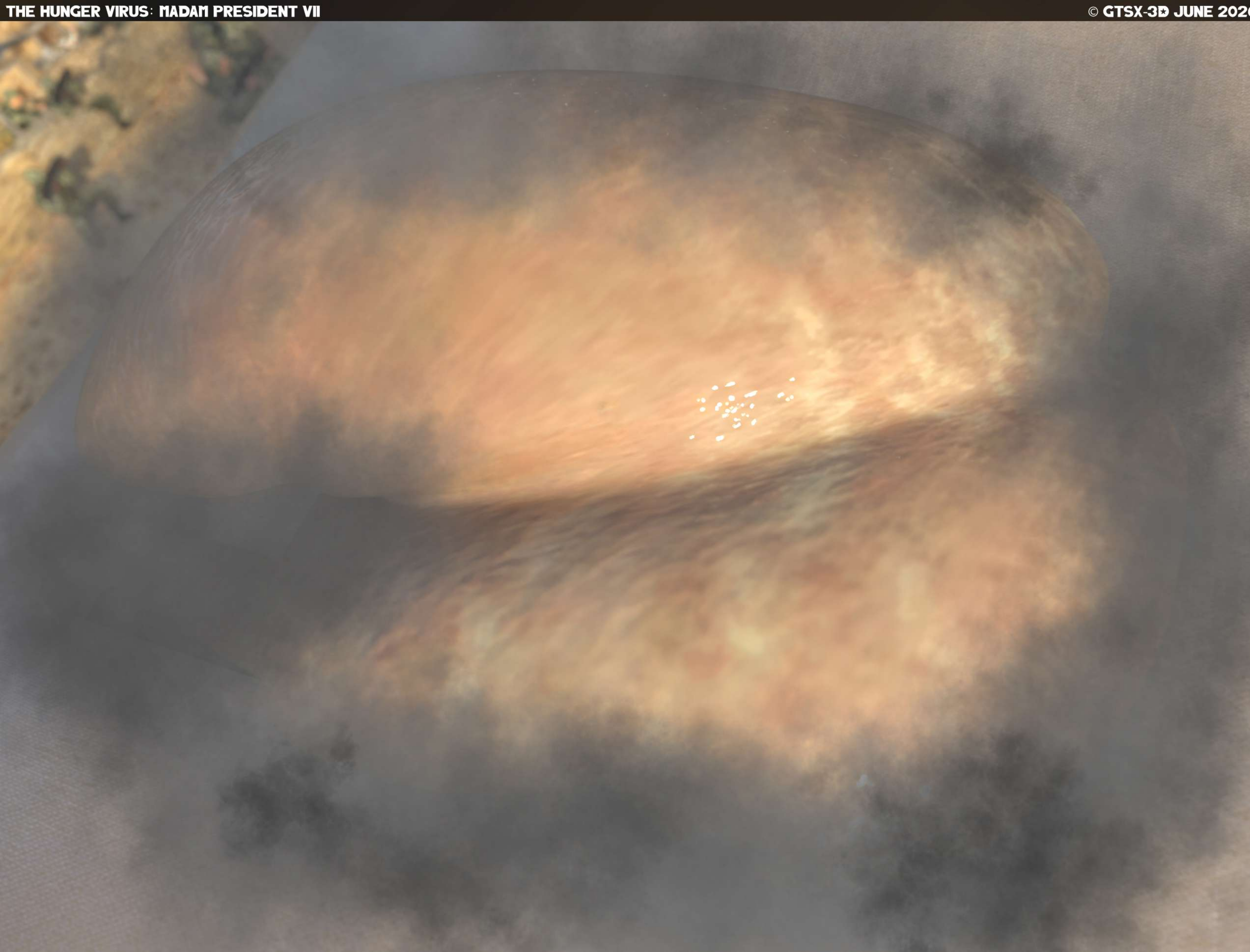
1
MMMNGH!... There goes the
roof... *Gulp*...

3
HicCC... look at the sky...
Mmmph... I'm free...

With a sharp, metallic snap, the heavy iron reinforcement bars holding the tent structure begin to bend and buckle inward. Megan's hyper-expanding upper belly crushes the support frame together, forcing the metal to twist like wire under her soft weight.

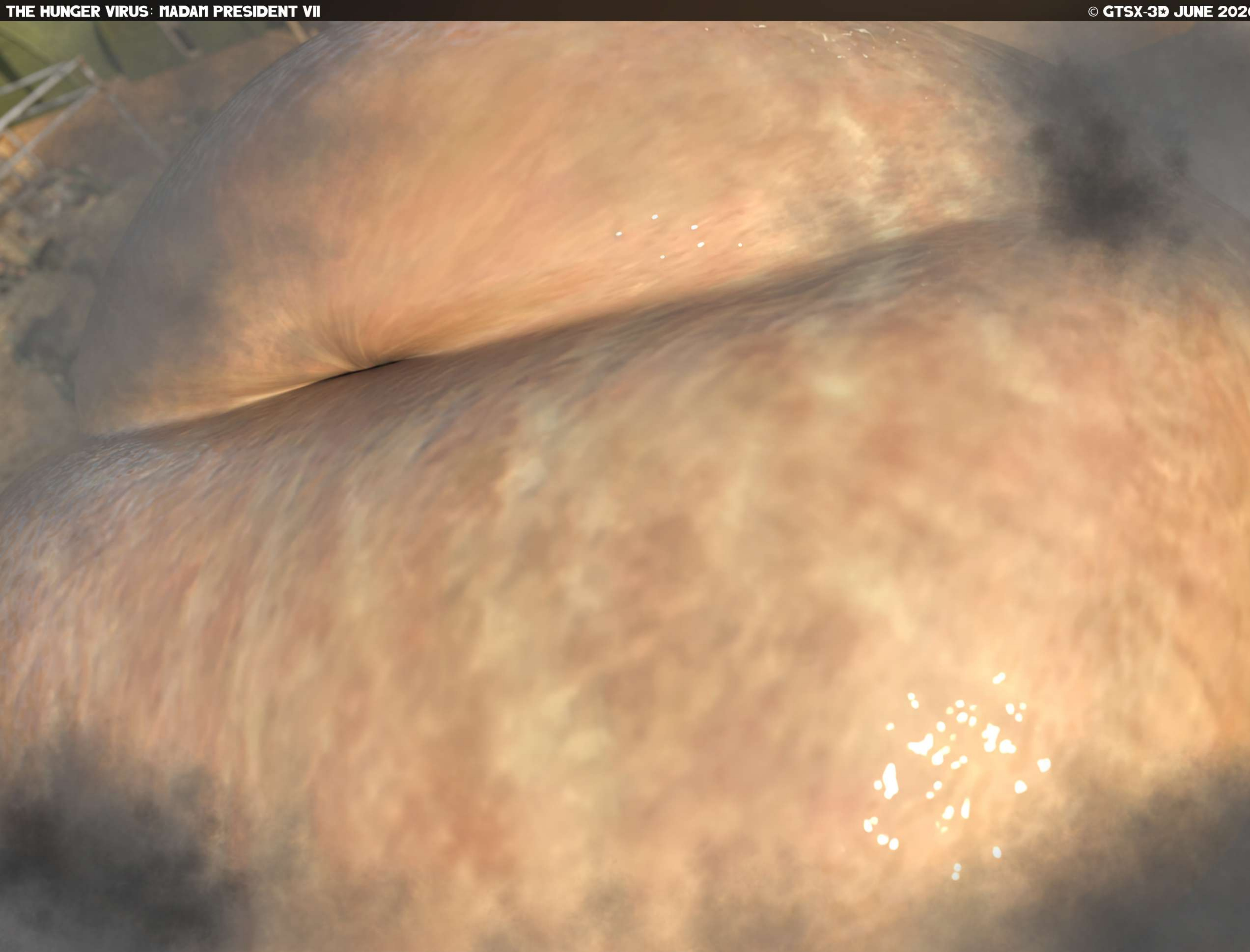
The canvas violently ruptures above her, sending a thick shower of dust, old sand, and debris raining down into the cramped interior. Her gelatinous flesh simply molds around the collapsing wreckage, swelling outward into the open air.

2
The supports are snapping! Dust is everywhere...
she's breaking out!



Outside the ruptured outpost, the desert air is suddenly cut by the sound of tearing canvas and groaning metal. Soldiers stationed at the perimeter turn in absolute shock as a colossal, pale mound of doughy flesh rises directly through the center of the command tent.

Megan's titanic belly swells higher and wider into the night, a planetary curve of soft skin completely exposed to the open air. As her mass undergoes another massive growth spurt, her towering form casts a massive, elongated shadow that slowly swallows the entire eastern quadrant of the base.



The stretch-marked mountain of her midsection continues its relentless expansion, ripping away the remaining shreds of the canvas shelter until the base structure is completely obliterated. The sheer scale of the rising giantess leaves the onlookers paralyzed, their eyes wide as the massive shadow stretches across the desert sand.

Confusion rapidly shifts into pure panic across the compound as commanders realize the extreme nature of Megan's transformation. Desperate troops sprint through the dust, scrambling toward the central tower to sound the emergency alarm and force the remaining garrison into defensive positions.

1

Squelch... oh God, the pavement feels so soft under my soles...

2

HicCC... every step just... sinks right in...

3

Flattening this town feels too good...

Meanwhile, in the concrete canyons of New York City, where the air hangs thick with the scent of burning asphalt, ozone, and sweet, concentrated musk. A titanic, pale-white foot slams down into the center of a street, instantly shattering everything beneath.

Evelyn's toenails are painted a glossy, vibrant blue, each nail larger than a city bus. The sheer weight of her step pulverizes brick and steel into fine powder as she mindlessly shifts her colossal mass to the rhythm of her own heavy breathing.

1

**BuuEEuurghpp!*...*

2

*Ugh... *Urrap!*... so full... but I still
want more...*

From the ruined streets below, Evelyn's lower body fills the entire sky like an encroaching pale continent. Her gargantuan, soft ass spreads across multiple city blocks, the gelatinous cheeks shivering violently and leveling skyscrapers with every minor twitch of her hips.

The sheer scale of her planetary pear shape causes her upper torso to completely fade away into the low-hanging clouds. The terrified citizens below cannot even see her face, frozen in place as her massive form casts a dark shadow over the entire grid.

1
I can't even see the ground anymore...
just my own fat...

2
Squelch... I'm getting too heavy to even move... I wish there was a
building big enough to sit on...

The dense, planetary weight of her lower half continues to settle heavily over the shattered remains of the financial district. The air remains thick with the scent of concentrated musk and warm milk as her immense thighs ripple with every shuddering breath.

Looking down past the staggering curve of her own double belly, the landscape below is completely erased by her sheer, soft mass. She remains locked in the clouds, her enormous size isolating her from the tiny world she is systematically crushing beneath her weight.



1

**Mmmph*... a little snack before the main course...*

2

Look at them all squished together... **Slurp*...*

3

My stomach is screaming for more fuel...

Standing completely and gloriously naked, Evelyn is now nearly as wide as she is tall, an unstoppable mountain of soft, rolling flesh. Unable to bend past her colossal midsection, she reached out to a suspension bridge earlier, scooping up hundreds of vehicles and turning them into a tight, metallic ball.

Dozens of tiny drivers are trapped inside the compacted sphere of steel as she lifts it to her hidden face. Her thick, pink tongue darts out to lick her lips, treating the mass of cars with the same casual hunger she usually reserves for commercial aircraft.



1

MMMNGH... my gut is
getting so heavy...

2

God... I've let myself go too far... It's too late
to slow down. There is no longer a country to
govern... only morsels to consume.

3

Everything just keeps getting bigger... and bigger... I've
turned into such a pig.

While Evelyn's explosive weight gain initially pooled entirely within her gargantuan hips and thighs, the viral expansion has now completely filled out her upper half. Her double belly and swinging breasts have ballooned into titanic, soft obstacles that crush adjacent neighborhoods whenever she inhales.

Despite the all-around hyper-obesity, her bottom-heavy pear architecture remains the leading force of her mass. The unimaginable scale of her lower half forms a wide, doughy pedestal that anchors her firmly to the crushed bedrock of the city.

1

HicCC... standing up is... it's getting too hard... too fat...

2

My ass feels like it weighs a million tons... I just want to sit and gorge...

3

But I want to get bigger... **Urrap!**... I need to see how fat I can get...

The planetary expanse of Evelyn's thighs and ass is completely dominated by deep, heavy pockets of dimpled cellulite that jiggle rhythmically with every breath. Massive back rolls and thick, overflowing love handles cascade down her sides, burying entire avenues beneath layers of soft, pale fat.

Her slurred voice betrays a deep state of food drunkenness as her eyelids droop from the sheer exertion of carrying her own hyper-expanded bulk. She shifts her weight uncomfortably, the friction of her gelatinous skin sending a low rumble through the bay.

1
Mmmph?

2
Oh God... Boss?

Just as Evelyn raises the compressed ball of vehicles to her mouth, a sudden, seismic vibration rocks the entire city. A shadow infinitely larger than her own falls across the city as President Dakota Redwood strides into the sector from behind.

The undisputed Alpha has arrived to claim her portion of the untouched urban landscape, her towering height completely blotting out the sky. The sheer presence of the massive deity instantly shifts the air pressure, sending a cold wind howling through the shattered streets.



1
What is that little toy in your hand, Evelyn?
BuuEEuurghpp...

2
A tiny little ball of scrap metal?
How adorable.

3
Step aside, Vice President... I've brought
a real appetite with me to clear out this
entire buffet.

Dakota looks like an absolute behemoth, completely and effortlessly dwarfing Evelyn's planetary frame until the Vice President looks miniscule by comparison. Dakota's colossal double belly is so inconceivably massive that it drags heavily against the city floor, plowing through entire rows of blocks like a soft bulldozer.

The President's upper torso exists entirely above the cloud layer, an immovable mountain of soft, narcissistic dominance. She looks down at Evelyn with a cruel, greedy smirk, completely unimpressed by her subordinate's meager hoard.



1
Look at how this little town crumbles beneath my
gut... *BuuEEuurghpp*...

2
I don't even need to step on them... my fat gut just erases
the grid, Hahahahahaha!

3
God, I love being this monstrously
fucking big.

Every single step Dakota takes sends an elite, seismic shockwave tearing through the concrete foundations of the city. Her colossal double belly hangs so impossibly low that the soft, heavy underside acts like a massive pale bulldozer, literally wiping out entire city avenues with every slow movement forward.

The air is saturated with the scent of raw heat, heavy friction, and sweet, concentrated milk. The planetary goddess moves with agonizingly slow, deliberate force, her immense weight flattening skyscrapers into simple gravel before her feet even touch them.



1
You're looking awfully small down there,
Evelyn... **HicCC**...

3
Well, you better grow faster, or you might just end up as my next snack...
It's getting harder to tell you apart from the **Urrap!* rest... And this belly
doesn't discriminate.

2
I'm trying, Boss... I just cleared out the
entire bridge traffic...

The sheer height of Dakota's form creates a dizzying difference between the two naked titans. Evelyn looks up, her eyes wide with a bitter, hidden envy as she realizes her own planetary hips are completely eclipsed by the President's endless mass.

The ground groans beneath their combined, titanic weight as they stand chest-to-belly in the middle of the ruined metropolis. Dakota tilts her head down slightly, her voice booming like thunder through the low-hanging fog.



1
Mmmph... look at all those delicious little metal
shells down there...

2
Did you see anything particularly sweet around here
before I got here, Evelyn?

3
That skyscraper right by your hip is fully occupied,
Goddess... **Slurp**...

Dakota reaches up with her massive, sweat-slicked hands, her long fingers tipped in bright red nail polish digging deeply into her colossal breasts. She squeezes the billowing mounds together, sending a fresh spray of heavy milk raining down onto the gridlocked traffic below.

Her gaze sweeps across the shattered skyline, spotting a massive, pristine glass skyscraper glittering right next to a sea of stuck commuter cars. The sheer scale of her presence turns the iconic architectural marvel into nothing more than a plastic toothpick.



2
Urrap!... Everything on this planet is
mine, Vice President.

3
Maybe if you beg nicely, I'll let you lick up the
crumbs from my feet.

1
I was saving that tower for myself... **BuuEEuurghpp**... but
it's yours if you want it.

Evelyn shifts her gargantuan thighs, her dimpled cellulite trembling violently as she watches Dakota dominate the urban landscape. The soft friction of their expanding bodies rubbing together generates an intense, localized heat wave that warps the nearby steel beams.

Evelyn swallows hard, desperately wishing her own midsection could match the seismic, street-wiping density of the woman towering above her. She clutches her own heavy love handles, her voice breathless and heavy with desire.



2

HicCC... yes, Boss... Probably not much, given your size.

1

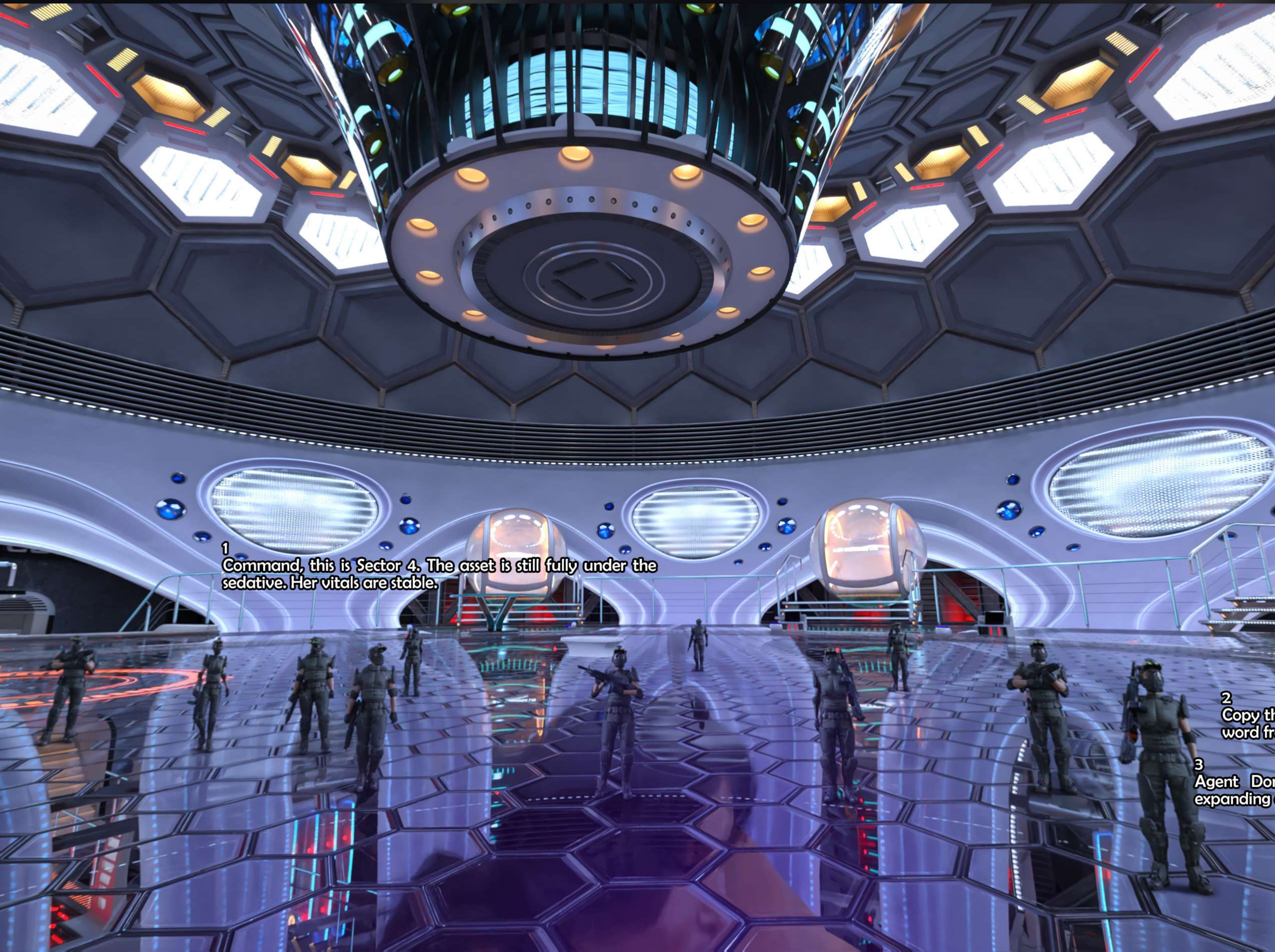
Let's see how much pressure this little city can take before it disappears... Hahahahah!

3

Watch closely, Evelyn... I'm going to show you what a true fucking goddess looks like. Step aside, I can't see you from up here.

The dense, gelatinous mass of Dakota's lower gut shudders as she shifts her stance, completely flattening a three-block radius of apartment complexes into dust. The sound of shattering glass and twisting iron forms a chaotic background symphony to their massive, intimate conversation.

Both women stand completely uninhibited, their planetary proportions rewriting the geography of New York with every passing minute. Dakota leans her weight forward, her massive shadow stretching across the entire Hudson River.



1
Command, this is Sector 4. The asset is still fully under the sedative. Her vitals are stable.

2
Copy that, Sector 4. Keep a hard watch on her. We just got word from the main camp.

3
Agent Donovan has completely broken containment. She's expanding out of control right now.

Deep beneath the desert floor, the air inside the repurposed nuclear missile silo smells of cold steel, electrical ozone, and a strange, heavy chemical sweetness. It took a massive fleet of five hundred heavy-lift military helicopters to transport the sedated mountain of flesh that Nurse Scarlett had become.

Now, she lies bound at the base of the launch pad, secured by thick steel cables that look like sewing threads against her soft, radioactive bulk. High above her, teams of armed guards patrol a thick, transparent glass floor, looking down at the massive, rhythmic heaving of her colossal chest.



1
I'm telling you, man, there's no way a taco counts as a sandwich. It's a completely different category.

3
An open-faced sandwich needs sliced bread! If you roll it up, it changes the entire structural integrity!

2
It's meat and cheese wrapped in a starch, Davis. By definition, it's an open-faced sandwich. You're just living in denial.

On the transparent observation platform, two soldiers stand shoulder to shoulder, their rifles slung casually over their vests. Despite the titanic bioweapon sleeping right beneath their boots, their attention drifts toward a heated, mundane debate.

The glass beneath them vibrates slightly with each deep, distant breath Scarlett takes. The men pay no mind to the seismic tremors, entirely focused on their petty argument.



1
Look at her down there... poor gal. One minute you're handing out cold medicine, the next you're a walking mountain.

3
Do you think she or Donovan can actually stop this madness? If the President keeps growing at the rate she is currently, the entire solar system will be inside her belly by next week.

2
Yeah, the virus completely flipped her life upside down. It's crazy.

The two guards continue their banter, their eyes finally wandering back down through the thick industrial glass. Below them, Scarlett's monstrously soft frame lies sprawled out in a stupor, her pale skin glowing faintly under the dim automated floodlights.

The sheer, unnatural scale of her physical distortion leaves a brief hush over their conversation. They look down at the massive, helpless blob that used to be a standard medical staff worker.



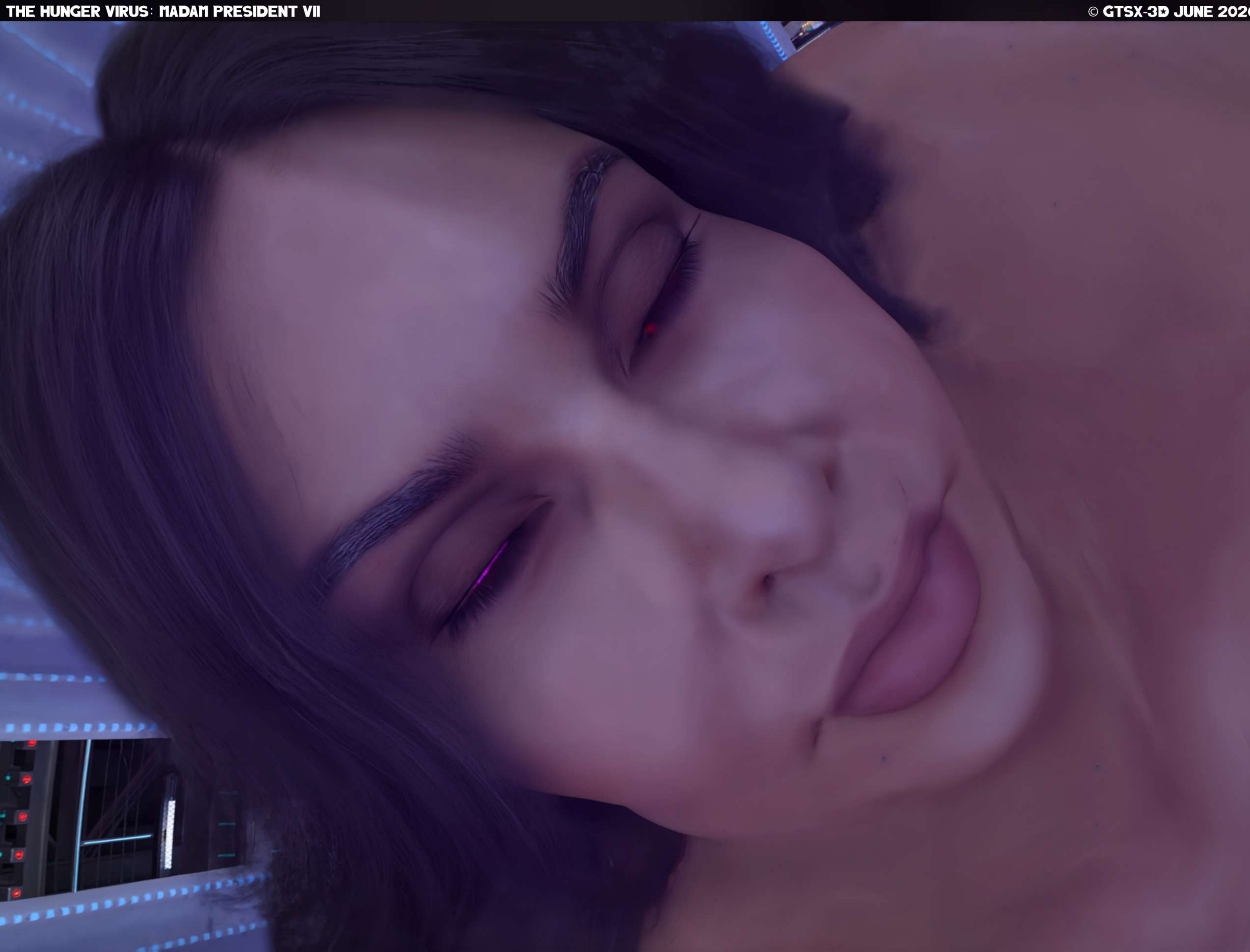
The floodlights cast sharp shadows across the breathtaking expanse of Scarlett's hyper-expanded anatomy. Her colossal breasts swell outward like planetary domes, each deep violet areola wider than a military jeep.

The heavy steel wires wrapped around her thick, gelatinous thighs look entirely decorative against her soft mass. Everyone in the silo knows the restraints are a complete myth, only meant to give the guards a few seconds to run if she ever shakes off the sedation.



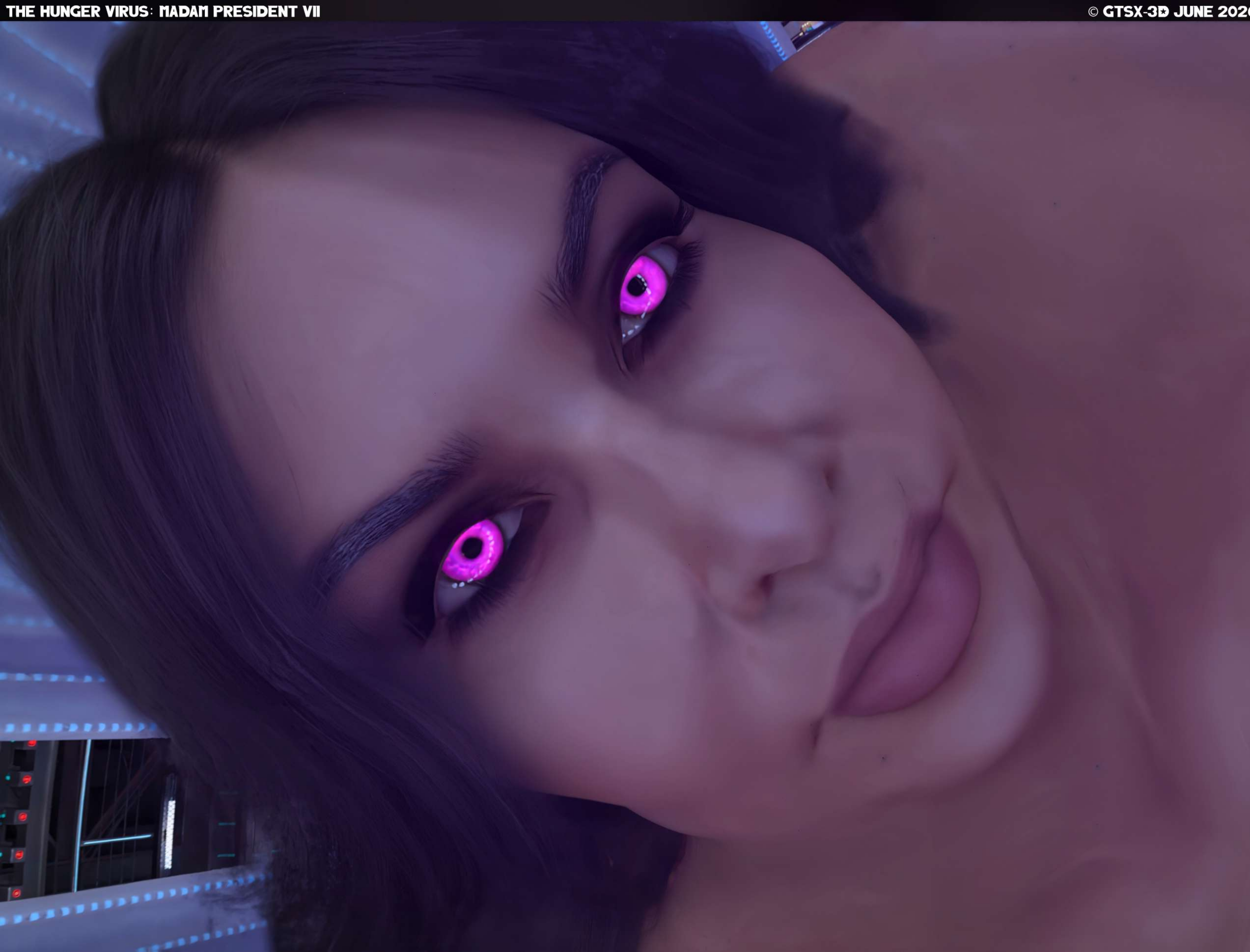
Beneath the primary observation deck, Scarlett's legendary double belly rises up like a soft, pale landscape of hyper-obesity. The immense horizontal crease across her midsection is so deep it could easily swallow a tank, her soft skin spilling outward over the launch platform's steel tracks.

Every casual shift of her sleeping mass sends a wave of visible ripples across the mountain of her gut, absorbing the cold metal environment into her warmth.



The automated atmospheric scrubbers hum loudly, trying to clear the thick, sweet viral musk rising from the bottom of the silo. Scarlett's deep, rhythmic breathing begins to alter, the steady rise and fall of her chest breaking into a shorter, sharper cadence.

The heavy, doughy folds of her midsection tremble as the residual sedative begins to rapidly dissolve in her altered bloodstream. A low, wet rumble starts deep within her throat, vibrating the entire glass platform above.



Suddenly, Scarlett's massive eyelids flutter open, revealing a pair of wide, menacing eyes that glow with a brilliant, toxic purple and yellow light. She stares straight up through the transparent ceiling, her chemically altered mind immediately locking onto the platform above.

High above her massive face, the tiny silhouettes of the armed guards remain completely oblivious to her sudden awakening. They continue to pace across the glass, totally unaware of the glowing gaze fixed right beneath their heels.



1
Look, all I'm saying is if we get deployed to the border next week, I'm buying the food.

3
You do that and I'll throw your rations directly into the exhaust pipe, man.

2
Deal. But if it's tacos, I'm calling it a sandwich just to spite you.

The hum of the silo's cooling systems keeps the platform isolated from the silent movement below. The two guards stand right above her glowing eyes, still completely locked into their idle chatter.



With a deafening, thunderous roar of shattering material, Scarlett's gargantuan hand blasts straight up through the thick industrial glass floor. Massive shards of reinforced military glass rain downward as her soft, colossal palm erupts into the air.

Her thick, pale fingers instantly engulf the guard on the left before he can even lift his weapon. The soldier on the right stumbles backward in absolute shock, staring at the monstrous, doughy hand that just materialized through the floorboards.

1
J E S U S
FUCKING-

3
B E H I N D
Y O U !

2
W H A T
T H A T ? !
W A S



1
Ahh-h-h-h-h! Help! Pull
me down!

3
Davis! HELP ME GET
DOWN!

2
Holy mother of God... she's awake!
She's got him!

Scarlett closes her massive grip around the soldier's leg, effortlessly lifting him upside down as his rifle clatters uselessly against the remaining glass. He dangles helplessly from her thick, pale fingers, shouting in sheer confusion as the air rushes past him.

The remaining guard stands frozen, his boots skidding near the edge of the newly formed crater. He looks down into the abyss, watching the massive giantess handle his partner like a plastic action figure with just two of her fingers.



1
BuuEEuurghpp... little bug... so
small... *HicCC*...

2
Need to grow... bigger than them... save
the whole world...

3
Slurp... delicious little treat... down
into my tummy...

Scarlett dangles the flailing guard directly over her wide, parting mouth, her glowing eyes filled with a blank, slurred hunger. Her lower body twists lazily, easily crushing the remaining glass floors and heavy monitoring equipment into flat scrap metal.

She wraps her thick left arm around her own colossal, swinging breast, squeezing the soft mound out of pure, mindless instinct. Her slurred, bird-brain voice booms through the silo, completely devoid of complex thought as the viral variant takes full control of her mind.



1
Wait! Take it easy! I can show you a spot where there's plenty of people to gobble up!

2
We have plenty of prisoners from Carlisle caught near the borders! Hundreds of them!

3
Urrap!... more words... *B-Buuuurp...* no care... just want to be the biggest...

The soldier twists frantically in her tight, doughy grip, trying desperately to bargain with the monster looming beneath him. He points wildly toward the outer corridors of the base, his voice cracking under the intense pressure of her gaze.

Scarlett simply tilts her head, her thick lips wet with saliva as she watches him squirm. The words mean nothing to her chemically altered brain, which only registers the warm, immediate urge to fill her endless core.



1
M m m p h . . .
Squelch...

2
Oh God... it's so hot... the breath
is purple...

3
Slurp... all gone now...
**HicCC*...*

With an agonizingly slow, deliberate motion, Scarlett lowers the private straight down toward her waiting mouth. A thick, heavy cloud of purple-tinted viral breath oozes from between her white teeth, coating the soldier in a warm, stifling mist.

Her enormous, wet pink tongue darts out, gently brushing against his uniform as his boots pass through her plush lips. The sheer, soft heat of her maw swallows the light as she prepares to close her jaws.



1
MMMMMMNPH!

3
Gulp!

2
Fuck, we need to leave! EVERYONE LEAVE NOW! IT'S NOT SAFE
IN HERE! GO GO GO GO GO!

Scarlett draws the soldier completely past her teeth, closing her thick lips to seal him inside her warm, dark interior. She tilts her head back toward the top of the silo, her powerful throat muscles immediately contracting around his shape.

A massive, visible bulge forms in her neck as she begins to systematically gulp him down whole. Every rhythmic, wet swallow sends him deeper into her soft, cavernous throat, her face settling into an expression of pure, complacent gluttony.

1
MMMMMMNPH!... *Gulp*...
ohhh... yes...

2
Squelch... so fucking b-big... i'm g-getting s-so
f-fucking big... *HicCC*...

3
More... I need... *Urrap!*... I need to
be bigger...

The moment the soldier sinks fully into her maw, Scarlett's unique viral variant locks onto his mass, instantly draining his physical size to fuel her own rapid expansion. The dangling man shrinks down into a microscopic speck within her throat as her towering frame undergoes an immediate, monstrous growth spurt.

Her soft flesh balloons outward with terrifying speed, her gigantic shoulders slamming into the concrete walls of the missile silo. The thick steel cables snapped like thread, unable to contain the sudden, violent surge of her skyrocketing weight.

1

**BuuEEuurghpp-UUURRRP!*... C-can't let them win.
C-can't let *it* win...*

2

N-Need p-partners... N-need to grow bigger so I
can reach p-partners...

3

**Mmmph*... everything is getting
so... so small...*

The air inside the shaft crackles with raw, radioactive energy as a vibrant purple aura begins to hum around Scarlett's expanding contours. Under the flickering emergency lights, her pale, smooth skin takes on a subtle, iridescent violet hue along the massive curves of her hips.

Every rhythmic breath she takes sounds like a jet engine, pushing waves of thick, sweet musk through the shattered observation deck. She swells by yards with every passing second, her mind completely drowning in the euphoric heat of her own escalating mass.

1

MMMMMM-NNNH... **Squelch**... I c-can't help it, I mu-must grow. I m-must grow bigger and bigger forever.

2

HicCC... too fat... the metal is pinching my tummy...

3

Ahhh... **Urrap!**... it feels so heavy and good...

Scarlett's legendary double belly erupts forward, the colossal horizontal crease deepening into a canyon of soft, heavy fat that plows through the metal support beams. Her monstrously wide thighs expand outward, effortlessly shattering the iron emergency staircases and twisting the silo's structural tracks into useless scrap metal.

She lets out a deep, breathless moan that vibrates the entire underground facility, her head pushed hard against the upper concrete ceiling as her lower half continues to widen. The pure, gelatinous density of her hyper-obesity leaves absolutely no room for the remaining machinery.

1

**MMMMMMNPH!*... I'm s-such a
fucking w-whale...*

2

**Slurp*... *B-Buuuurp*... filled up
to the top...*

3

*Can't move... *HicCC*... just going to keep...
stuffing myself...*

The expansion hits a terrifying climax as Scarlett's immense midsection balloons completely out of proportion, rounding out into a gargantuan, soft sphere. Her limbs are nearly swallowed by the sheer, overwhelming volume of her planetary gut, turning her towering frame into an all-around ball of doughy, radioactive flesh.

Her massive breasts are shoved upward against her chin by the sheer roundness of her stomach, leaking heavy streams of warm milk over her purple-tinted skin. She rests completely jammed inside the core of the silo, an immovable, blissed-out mountain of pure gluttony.



1
The bridge is gone! The structural beams are snapping like plastic!

2
Squelch... can't stop... *HicCC*... make me fatter... F-FA-TTER...

Panic erupts along the high walkways as the facility's personnel scramble toward the upper emergency exits.

Several fleeing scientists are cut off entirely as Scarlett's hyper-expanding mass obliterates the steel catwalks, leaving one terrified technician trapped on a collapsing ledge. With his hands clamped over his head, he can only watch as the radioactive giantess wreaks total havoc, her colossal ass, cascading back rolls, and overflowing love handles swelling outward to swallow the remaining architecture.



1
MMMMMMNPH!... Oh god... when is
this g-gonna stop?

2
Slurp... I f-feel so h-hungry...
HicCC...

3
I'm g-getting s-so
f-fucking fat...

The unstoppable viral surge shifts upward into Scarlett's upper torso and neck, kickstarting a heavy, visible facial weight gain. Her once-pale cheeks swell outward into plush, heavy cushions of soft fat, the expanding flesh slightly narrowing her glowing violet eyes.

The skin along her jawline expands into a bigger double chin, smoothing out completely as new mass floods her features. The trapped technician stares down in awe as the giantess's head begins to rival the size of the missile transport rigs.



The expansion deepens as Scarlett's plush lips expand, thickening into heavy, swollen curves that part lazily to let out her hot, purple-tinted breath. Beneath her widening jaw, her massive, soft double chin rapidly thickens, cascading downward into three distinct, heavy folds of gelatinous fat that completely swallow her collarbones.

Every shuddering breath she takes causes her new facial mass to quiver rhythmically, the sheer density of her hyper-obesity altering her slurred voice into a deeper, more resonant vibration.



1
BuuEEuurghpp-UUURRRP!...
Oh... *HicCC*...

2
G-God... that felt so good... so much gas
inside my tummy...

3
Slurp... such a big... soft...
round whale...

A massive, violent rumble builds deep within Scarlett's ballooning core, forcing its way up her thick, fat-nested throat. She tilts her heavy, chubbier face upward and unleashes a monumental, echoing burp that shatters the remaining glass monitors across the upper decks.

The sheer force of the gastric blast ripples across her colossal, spherical midsection, causing her heavy love handles and swinging breasts to jiggle violently against the concrete walls. Thick streams of warm milk spray from her swollen areolas, painting the ruined silo walls slick.

1
MMMMMM-NNNH... **Squelch**... can't move my
arms anymore... too fat...

2
B-Buuuurp... filled to the absolute
top... **HicCC**...

3
Just going to keep... stuffing... and
swelling... forever...

Scarlett sinks deeper into the crushed foundation of the launch pad, completely immobilized by the planetary volume of her own soft, radioactive flesh. She lets out a continuous, blissful stream of heavy moans and deep, wet hiccups as her spherical body continues to subtly widen into the bedrock.

Her colossal cheeks and thick double chins press heavily against her collar, her glowing eyes half-closed in a state of pure, mindless gluttony. The entire silo has become nothing more than a tight metal corset for her limitless, billowing mass.



2
Look at the size of her gut... she's taking over
the entire runway!

3
Get the medical teams over here! We have men trapped under
the collapsed support beams!

1
Hold your fire! Don't shoot, it's authorized
by the Secretary!

The wreckage of the desert outpost groans under an unthinkable new weight. Megan Donovan sprawls across the flattened debris of the command tents, her right foot towering ten feet high into the early morning air.

Her colossal belly billows outward in massive ripples, completely covered in thick white stretch marks that glisten under the sunlight. The sheer, gelatinous mass of her sudden growth keeps her pinned to the desert floor, unable to lift her own titanic hips.

Around her perimeter, soldiers are screaming as flipped vehicles and torn canvas scatter like toys. Some point their assault rifles at the towering wall of flesh, while officers desperately roar into megaphones to maintain order.



1

BuuEEuurghpp... don't be scared, boys...

HicCC... no harm meant...

2

So heavy... **Slurp**... just need to get bigger... need to stop the madness...

3

Bring me food... preferably something greasy, and something sweet...

Mmmph... feed your captain...

Megan tilts her massive head back against the dirt, a heavy, blissed-out smile stretching across her features. Her voice rumbles like a low-frequency engine, heavily slurred and thick from the explosive rush of the space strain.

The sheer volume of her breath kicks up small dust storms across the compound. She looks down at the tiny, panicked troops with heavy, half-lidded eyes, completely drunk on her own astronomical weight.



Up in the sky, a reconnaissance chopper hovers dangerously close to Megan's towering midsection, the pilots staring through the windshield in absolute disbelief. Her gargantuan, stretch-marked belly completely fills their entire field of vision, blocking out the desert horizon like a pale, fleshy continent.

The sheer mass of her midsection creates its own localized heat wave, making the aircraft shake as it drifts along the planetary curve of her skin. The crew scrambles to adjust their instruments, completely unable to find the ground beneath her soft, billowing bulk.

1
Command, we have no visual on the base... her stomach is literally blocking the sky!

2
Hold her steady! We're getting caught in the updraft from her body heat!

3
I can't see the runway... it's just endless fat out there!



1
BuuEEuurghpp-UUURRRP!...
Oh... *HicCC*...

3
Urrap!... excuse me, boys... *Slurp*... so much
room inside now...

2
Holy shit! Did you feel that blast? The turbulence just
pushed the clouds away!

Suddenly, a violent tremor ripples through Megan's planetary gut as a massive pocket of trapped gas forces its way up her thick throat. She tilts her head back and unleashes a titanic, sky-splitting burp so incredibly powerful that the sheer acoustic shockwave literally parts the thick clouds directly above the base.

The blast of wind rocks the chopper violently. The sky clears instantly under the force of her massive gastric release.



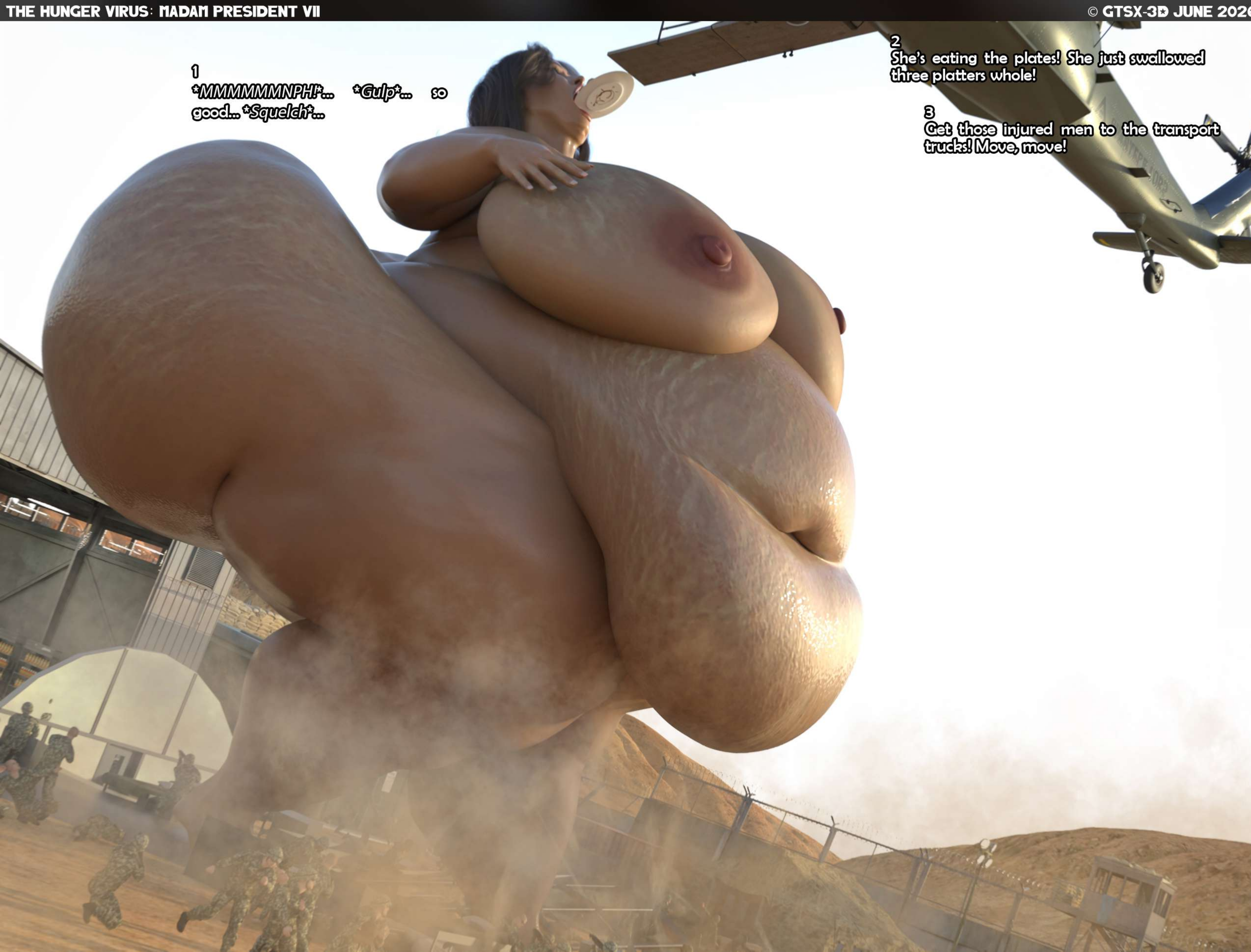
1
Platform is locked! Get the first platters
rolling out right now!

3
Keep the bird steady! Her ass is shaking
the entire valley!

2
Urrap... finally... *Slurp*...
send it down...

With a earth-shattering rumble, Megan finally forces her staggering weight up onto her feet, standing tall as a true cosmic deity. Her new pear-shaped proportions are mind-boggling, her colossal hips widening until they are almost as broad as she is tall.

Each of her gigantic, dimpled butt cheeks is now as massive as her entire upper torso, vibrating with seismic energy at the slightest movement. High above, a heavy-lift supply helicopter hovers near her face, deploying a mechanical steel platform that rolls out right toward her plush lips.



1

**MMMMMMNPH!*... *Gulp!*... so good... *Squelch!*...*

2

She's eating the plates! She just swallowed three platters whole!

3

Get those injured men to the transport trucks! Move, move!

Giant platters piled high with whole roasted turkeys begin sliding down the metal ramp, dropping straight into Megan's waiting maw. She is so completely lost in the euphoric rush of the feeder dynamic that she doesn't even bother sorting the food.

Her jaw opens impossibly wide as she systematically swallows the heavy turkeys whole, gulping down the large metal platters along with the meat. On the desert floor below, the garrison remains completely divided between panicked defensive lines and logistics crews hauling more canteen reserves.



1

**Slurp... Gulp...* More... *BuuEEuurghpp*...
keep them dropping...*

2

*Stack 'em up! She's clearing the entire canteen
reserve in seconds!*

The first helicopter pulls back for a refill as a second chopper instantly takes its place at the platform line. Dozens of fresh platters loaded with giant cooked turkeys are stacked high, sliding in a continuous, heavy stream directly past her teeth.

Megan bites down greedily, chewing through them with mindless, ravenous pleasure before gulping the mass down her thick throat. She raises her enormous hands to hold her own colossal, leaking breasts, desperate to keep her planetary weight from tipping her backward onto her massive ass.



1
MMMMMMNPH!...
Urrap!...

Megan stretches her mouth even wider, her jaws straining as the automated ramp continues to dump endless rows of turkey platters straight down her gullet. Her throat ripples violently with every consecutive swallow, her stomach ballooning outward to claim more air.

The sheer velocity of the feeding frenzy leaves the helicopter crew breathless as they scramble to push the heavy iron trays forward. The entire base echoes with the wet, metallic sounds of her monstrous consumption.



The hyper-expansion hits Megan's lower half with a sudden, thunderous surge of pure viral mass. Her gargantuan ass begins to swell outward by yards, the soft, gelatinous flesh billowing across the outer fences.

¹
Uh-oh... Oh god... my hips...
Not a-again...



Megan's colossal thighs widen exponentially. The seismic weight of her lower base anchors her deep into the desert sand, the flesh rippling with unstoppable force.

1
BuuEEuurghpp... I've m-missed
this... S-so much...

The soft, heavy friction of her expanding skin creates a deep hum that vibrates through the boots of every soldier on the ground.

2
She's outgrowing the grid! Stay back
from her hips!

1

**Urrap!*... *Slurp*... Mmmm... Tastes so good...
More, feed me more.*

The thick, doughy flesh cascades downward in heavy folds, casting an ever-expanding shadow on the ground.



1
Mmmph... **Squelch**... the
pressure...

The growth violently pivots toward the front of her towering frame, hitting her front thighs with immense force. The skin stretches taut as the muscles expand into thick, heavy pillars of soft fat that press tightly together.



1
MMMMMM-NNNH!...
leakin' everywhere...

HicCC...

Megan's colossal breasts balloon outward with a sudden, aggressive surge, their pale contours mapping out thousands of fresh white stretch marks. The immense mounds strain against her chin, spraying thick streams of warm milk straight into the helicopter's rotors.



1
Urrap!... can't feel my
knees... too fat...

The expansion drops down into her knees, the joints thickening and swelling under heavy, overlapping folds of gelatinous fat. Her lower legs flatten hard against the desert floor, solidifying her stance as the virus rewrites her anatomy.



1
BuuEEuurghpp... look
at me...

Her giant tits and thick front thighs lock into place, turning her into an absolute powerhouse of soft, dominating mass as she looms over the outpost.

2
HOLY COW! NO PUN
INTENDED!



1
Slurp... where is it?... *HicCC*... drop
the sweet stuff...

2
The cake is stuck! The biscuit is
wedged on the grid!

3
Someone get out there on the platform
and push it loose!

Another heavy-lift helicopter hovers into position, this one carrying massive, industrial-sized lemon cakes baked rapidly to fuel her endless appetite. The giant, sugar-filled biscuit blocks begin sliding down the platform, but the sheer size of the sticky pastries causes one to jam tightly near the edge.

Megan opens her mouth wide, waiting beneath the ramp as the sweet scent of sugar and warm glaze fills the air. The massive cake sits wedged on the iron lip, blocking the rest of the delivery line.



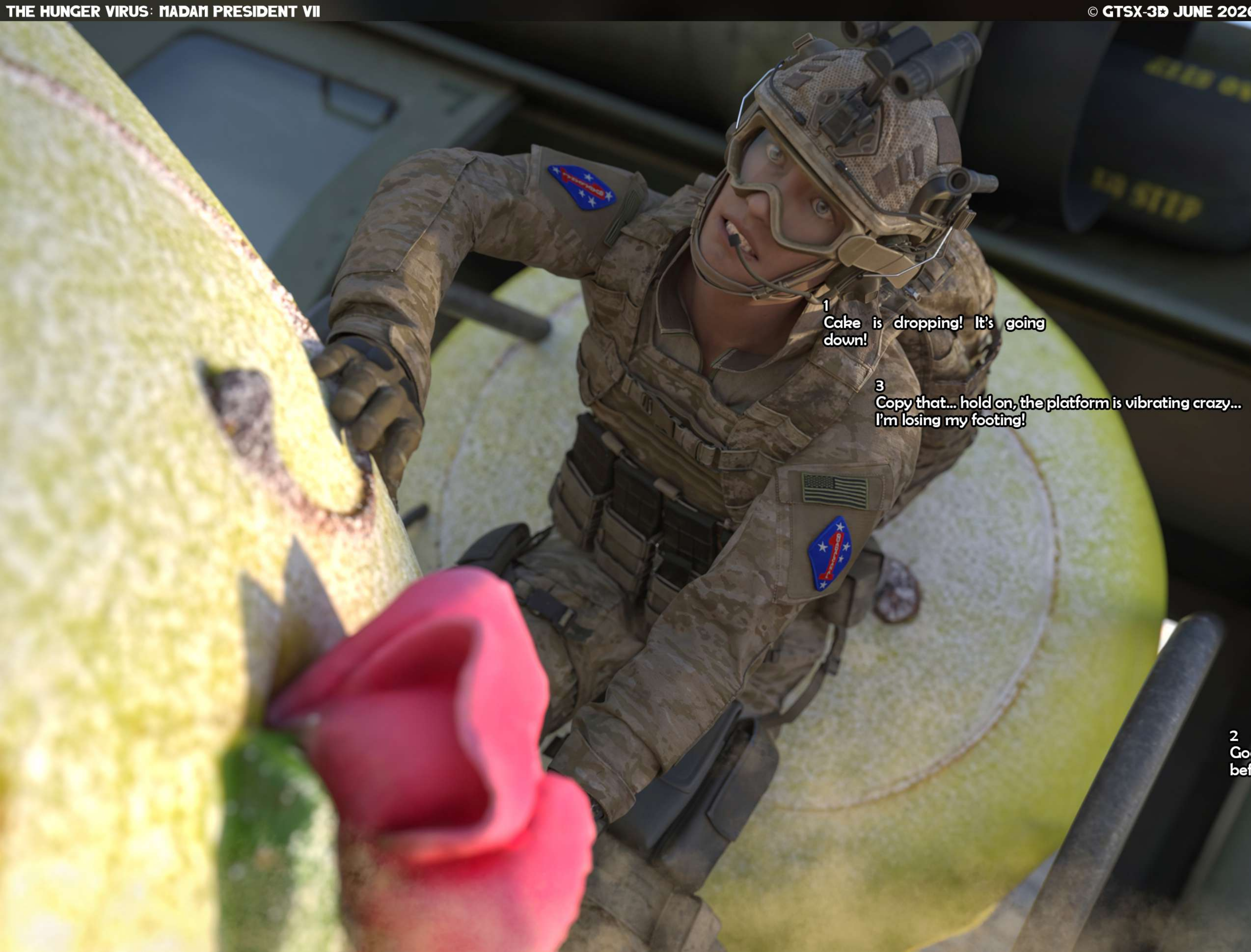
1
I've got it... *Mmmph*... this thing
weighs a ton!

3
It's moving... it's sliding
toward the lip...

2
Just roll it straight forward, private! Don't look
down at her mouth!

A brave young private steps out onto the mechanical platform, his boots unsteadily gripping the slick metal as the wind whips around him. He approaches the massive, round lemon cake, pressing both hands against the sugary crust to roll it toward the edge.

Below him, Megan's enormous face looms like the moon, her plush lips parted in anticipation. The soldier grunts, pushing the heavy, doughy biscuit inch by inch toward the drop point.



1
Cake is dropping! It's going down!

3
Copy that... hold on, the platform is vibrating crazy... I'm losing my footing!

2
Good job! Now get back inside the cabin before the wind shifts!

The private manages to roll the giant lemon biscuit right to the very edge of the iron platform, watching it tilt forward into Megan's waiting maw. He clings tightly to the safety rail, his heart hammering against his ribs as he radios back to the interior crew.

The sheer scale of the giantess beneath him makes his head spin, the warm, sweet breath from her lungs rising up to coat his uniform. He squeezes his eyes shut, trying to maintain his balance on the vibrating metal structure.



A sudden, chaotic miscoordination on the vibrating flight deck turns the routine delivery fatal. One of the frantic crewmates accidentally shoves another lineman from behind, sending him stumbling directly into the private's back.

The violent impact forces the private forward on the platform, shattering his hold on the safety railing. He loses his grip entirely, pitching hopelessly over the ledge as the giant, round lemon biscuit rolls out into the open air beneath him.



1
Slurp...
Mmmph...

Megan senses the oncoming mass and opens her cavernous mouth to its absolute limit, parting her thick lips and sticking her wet, massive tongue out. The giant lemon biscuit drops smoothly past her teeth, closely followed by the tumbling private.

The soldier slides effortlessly across her plush tongue, the soft, wet surface cushioning his fall as her powerful throat muscles prepare to receive them. He drops into the warm, dark entryway without a single scratch, entering her slick interior.



The private slips deeper into her widening esophagus, the thick walls of her throat expanding gently to guide him downward. Megan tilts her head straight back, her jaw wide open as thick strings of sticky spit and saliva stretch from her lower jaw to her upper teeth.

The wet, glistening web of moisture lines her mouth as she lets out a deep, satisfied groan around her double meal. The soldier moves smoothly through the dark canal, completely safe within her massive frame.



With one final, powerful contraction of Megan's throat, the private shoots forward, falling headfirst out of the esophagus into a massive, cavernous stomach chamber. He lands with a loud splash directly into a deep, lukewarm pool of storage fluids and half-dissolved biscuit crumbs.

The entire environment is perfectly safe, filled with intact chicken platters, whole turkeys, and giant lemon cakes floating in the soft darkness. Standing at the far end of the stomach wall are Secretary DJ Lance and the other soldier she had consumed earlier.



¹
I think she's really going for gobbling up
the entire garrison.

The second soldier stands completely naked, awkwardly covering his crotch with his hands out of sheer respect in front of the Secretary of State. DJ Lance stands shirtless right next to him, casually leaning his back against the pulsating, soft pink stomach wall.



The lukewarm stomach pool rises completely up to their knees, thick with floating corporate catering trays and sugar glaze. They look down at the newly fallen private in absolute shock, realizing the true scale of Megan's unstoppable feeding frenzy.

1
You alright, man? That looked like a pretty crazy fall.

2
I... I think I'm fine. Is that... Secretary Lance?
What is going on in here?

4
Cough... thank you, sir... *Slurp*... it's like a swamp in here.

3
Just take it easy, private. You're safe now. We're all just passengers in here.

The private slowly gets to his feet, slightly shaken and coughing up a mouthful of sweet lemon syrup as he wipes the sweat from his forehead. He spits out the remaining glaze, staring up at the two men through the dim, fleshy light of the chamber.

He extends his dripping hands toward DJ Lance, desperately seeking balance as the entire floor beneath them tilts from Megan's movements on the surface. The reality of their situation sinks in as they brace themselves against the warm, living wall.

1
Hey! What are you doing?! Release the tail! We're losing rotor control!

3
Mayday, mayday! The Captain has a hold of the bird! She's pulling us down!

2
*Mmmph... *Slurp...** Need... more...
BuuEEuurghpp...

A raw, primitive instinct spikes through Megan's overstimulated mind. Abandoning the platform entirely, her massive hand lunges through the air and clamps around the tail boom of the hovering supply helicopter with a terrifying, heavy grip.

The aircraft engine screams in reverse as the pilot desperately tries to pull away from her colossal, sweat-sheened face. She merely pulls the metal machine closer to her lips, her expression completely glazed over with a deep, ravenous hunger.



2
She's stuffing the nose in! The cockpit glass is cracking
against her tongue!

3
Hold onto something! We're going
down her throat!

1
MMMMMMNPH!...
Squelch...

Megan ignores the blaring warning sirens and shoves the nose of the helicopter directly past her parting lips. She forces the heavy metal chassis headfirst into her gaping maw.

Thick streams of warm milk pour from her heavy, leaking breasts, soaking her swelling midsection as she pushes the vehicle deeper. Below her towering stance, the remaining troops scatter in absolute panic, diving into the sand to avoid the swinging landing gears.



1
Slurp... Gulp...

2
We're passing her teeth! The whole cockpit
is coated in spit!

3
Radio the ground... tell them we're going inside...
there's nothing we can do...

Megan's thick pink tongue moves like a python, coiling around the helicopter's fuselage to bend the metal structure to her absolute will. She slates her mindless gluttony without a single thought for the crew, knowing her massive interior provides a perfectly safe, cavernous holding cell anyway.

A wet, continuous slurping sound echoes across the desert camp as the aircraft slides further down her throat. Inside her expanding core, the men already nested in the pool will have plenty of warning to move aside before the wreckage drops.



1
MMMMMMNPH!...
HicCC...

2
Urrap!... down... go
down...

The sudden influx of dense mechanical mass triggers an immediate, explosive reaction from the space strain dormant in Megan's cells. As the helicopter moves past her collarbone, a massive wave of heat floods her consciousness, reshaping her perception of the physical world.

She remembers her ancient duty as Earth's cosmic protector, back when she cleared the primeval threats from the atmosphere. Now, that same world-shielding power turns inward, convincing her basic instincts that the only way to safeguard her troops is to contain them all within her own limitless flesh.



1
Gag... Gulp...

2
*She thinks: They are safe inside me... everyone
will be safe inside.*

3
**BuuEEuurghpp*... so tight...
so good...*

The physical reality of the transformation deepens, blurring the lines between military discipline and absolute primal dominance. Megan feels the weight of her colossal history pressing down on her mind, each new inch of flesh acting like a heavy anchor to her forgotten cosmic heritage.

She doesn't see the desert base as a tactical installation anymore; it has become a cradle, and she is the towering matrix meant to absorb it. The pleasure of the viral expansion completely overwrites her logic, turning the act of consuming into a sacred, protective ritual.



1
MMMMMM-NNNH!*...
*Gug... Gulp...

3
BuuEEuurghpp-UUURRRP!...
all... gone...

2
Look at her sway... she's moving her whole middle just
to clear the tail rotor!

By the final inches of the sequence, the helicopter is ninety percent of the way down her throat, leaving only the small rear rotation motor spinning uselessly between her lips. Megan's depth and width expand to astronomical proportions, her belly and thighs swelling out into an overwhelming dome of soft mass.

She presses her heavy fists directly into her towering breasts to cope with the sheer intensity of the swallow, her swaying hips lifting clouds of desert sand into the air. She releases a series of deep gags, wet moans, and heavy rumbles, proving that her total control over the virus does nothing to diminish the raw physical ecstasy of the feast.



1
Squelch...
HicCC...

2
*She thinks: I am expanding to match the threats
waiting in the stars.*

3
Mmmph... more... the blueprint
demands more...

The momentum of the cosmic strain refuses to slow down, continuing the monumental expansion long after the aircraft has cleared her throat. Megan's mind drifts back to the old texts she studied before her space mission, realizing this transformation was always her hidden trajectory.

The virus isn't destroying her military identity; it is simply magnifying it into a planetary scale. She stands locked in a euphoric trance, her internal thoughts completely consumed by the grand design of her new, towering existence.



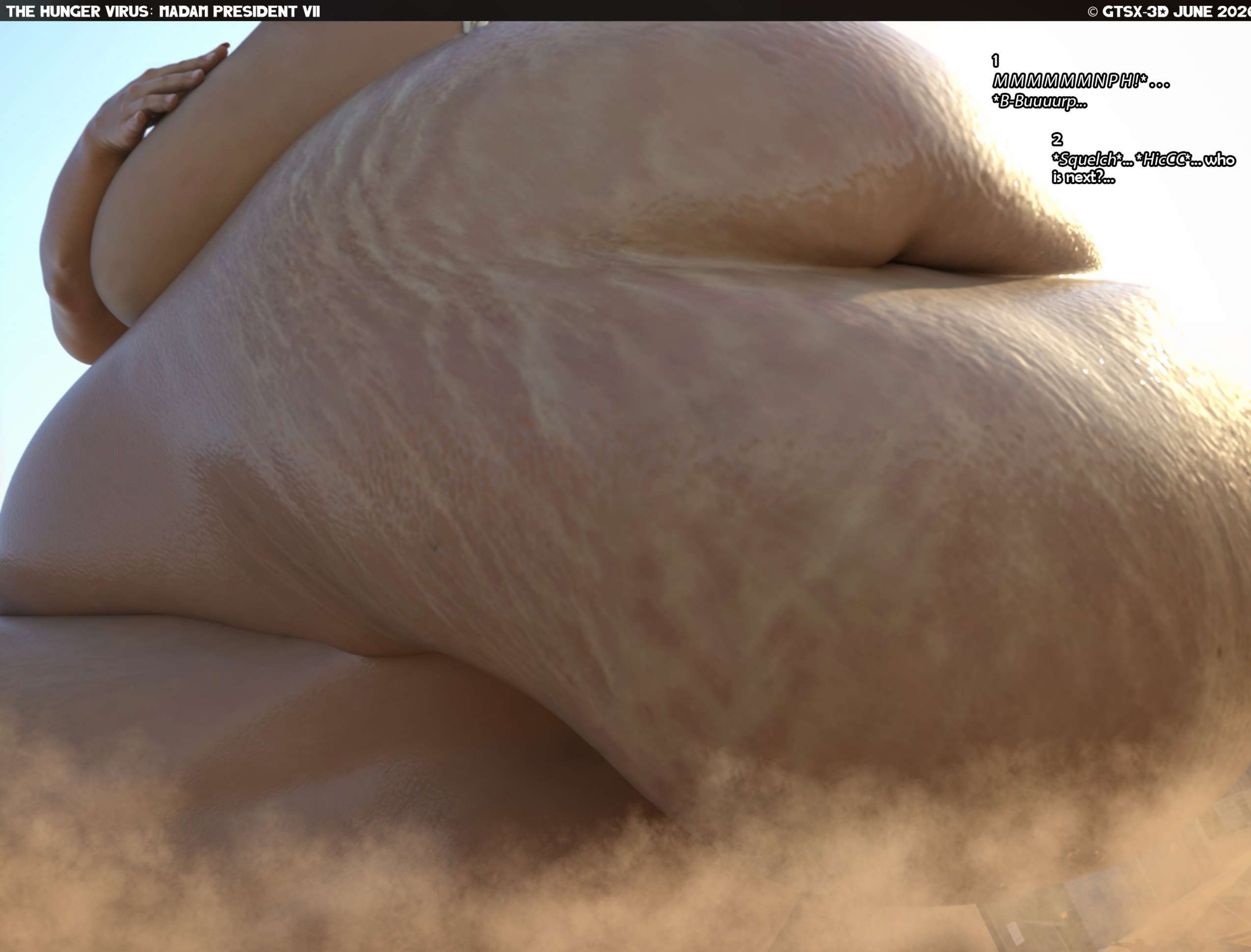
1
Urrap!... look at the
ground... so low...

2
*She thinks: You can do this, Megs. This base is just another lunchbox
waiting to be packed away.*

3
Slurp!... come closer... all
of you...

A profound psychological shift settles deep within her core as her midsection widens by several more yards, absorbing the desert wind into her heat. The lingering human parts of her ego fully surrender to the pleasure of the growth, viewing her ballooning contours as the ultimate defensive perimeter.

She looks down at the tiny tents below her feet and sees them as nothing more than temporary toys waiting to be gathered. Her massive form has outgrown the petty concepts of human warfare, trading her rank for the status of an absolute biological fortress.



1
MMMMMMNPH!*...
*B-Buuuurp...

2
Squelch...*HicCC*...who
is next?...

Megan stands fully integrated with the viral architecture, her mind perfectly aligned with the insatiable need to expand and protect.

The remaining garrison can only watch the horizon disappear behind the towering wall of her soft, tanned skin. The cosmic giantess has officially awakened, completely prepared to house the entire military force within her stuffed, shifting interior.

A swarm of military aircraft and heavy-duty transport choppers hover deep within the dripping shadows of Dakota's lower half, completely dwarfed by her astronomical proportions. The air down here is dense with the heavy scent of concentrated arousal, warm ozone, and slick fluids as her underbelly and fupa block out the sun.

Torrential waves of wet squirt rain down upon the squadron as the gargantuan President slowly paces through the shattered city. Her anatomy has expanded to an unfathomable degree, turning her plush pussy into a vast canyon where her massive clit completely towers over the fleet, looking larger than an entire hangar.

1
Command, the fluid down here is fouling our engines! We have zero visibility under her slit!

3
There is nowhere left to retreat on the ground. Our only option to survive this deluge is to fly straight inside her pussy.

2
Look at the scale of her... the landing gear on a chinook is smaller than her fucking clit.



1
Are you crazy? If you fly into her pussy, the sheer volume of that squirt will drown your engines instantly!

3
All units, follow my lead! Increase throttle and head directly into her butt hole before the cheeks shift!

2
Look at her asshole... it is completely wide and dark enough for the whole squadron to hide inside.

A sharp debate breaks out over the encrypted tactical frequencies as the surrounding aircraft struggle to maintain altitude amid the heavy, falling mist. The sheer volume of Dakota's constant pussy squirting threatens to flood their intakes, turning the sky into a localized swamp.

Several chopper crews break formation, turning their rotors sharply toward the dark, cavernous expanse further back. They realize the immense rear passage offers a dry, solid shelter from the moisture, choosing the security of her heavy cheeks over the deep fluids of her front.

The desperate squadron coordinates their escape vector, racing forward in a tight line toward the looming abyss of Dakota's exposed rear. The massive, smooth opening of her asshole stretches wide with every monumental step she takes, acting like a cosmic vacuum for the fleeing military forces.

One by one, the heavy transport helicopters plunge face-first into the tight, hot dark of her rectum, completely escaping the chaotic downpour of the city outside. The raw, vulgar reality of their retreat settles over the crew as the heavy walls of her flesh close firmly behind their tail rotors.

3
We're fully inside her ass... the entire squadron is completely contained.

2
Just keep pushing deep into her asshole, damn it! The walls are closing in! She could be clenching her cheeks!

1
We're passing the outer ring! It is pitch black but clear according to our radar!



High above the swarming aircraft, Dakota reaches down and rips a sixty-story corporate skyscraper completely off its steel foundations. She tilts the massive glass structure over her upturned face, treating the landmark like a simple drinking horn.

Thousands of mind-controlled citizens cascade out of the shattered windows, tumbling through the open air in a dense stream. From her cosmic perspective, the entire population of the office tower looks like nothing more than tiny sugar sprinkles falling onto a massive cake.

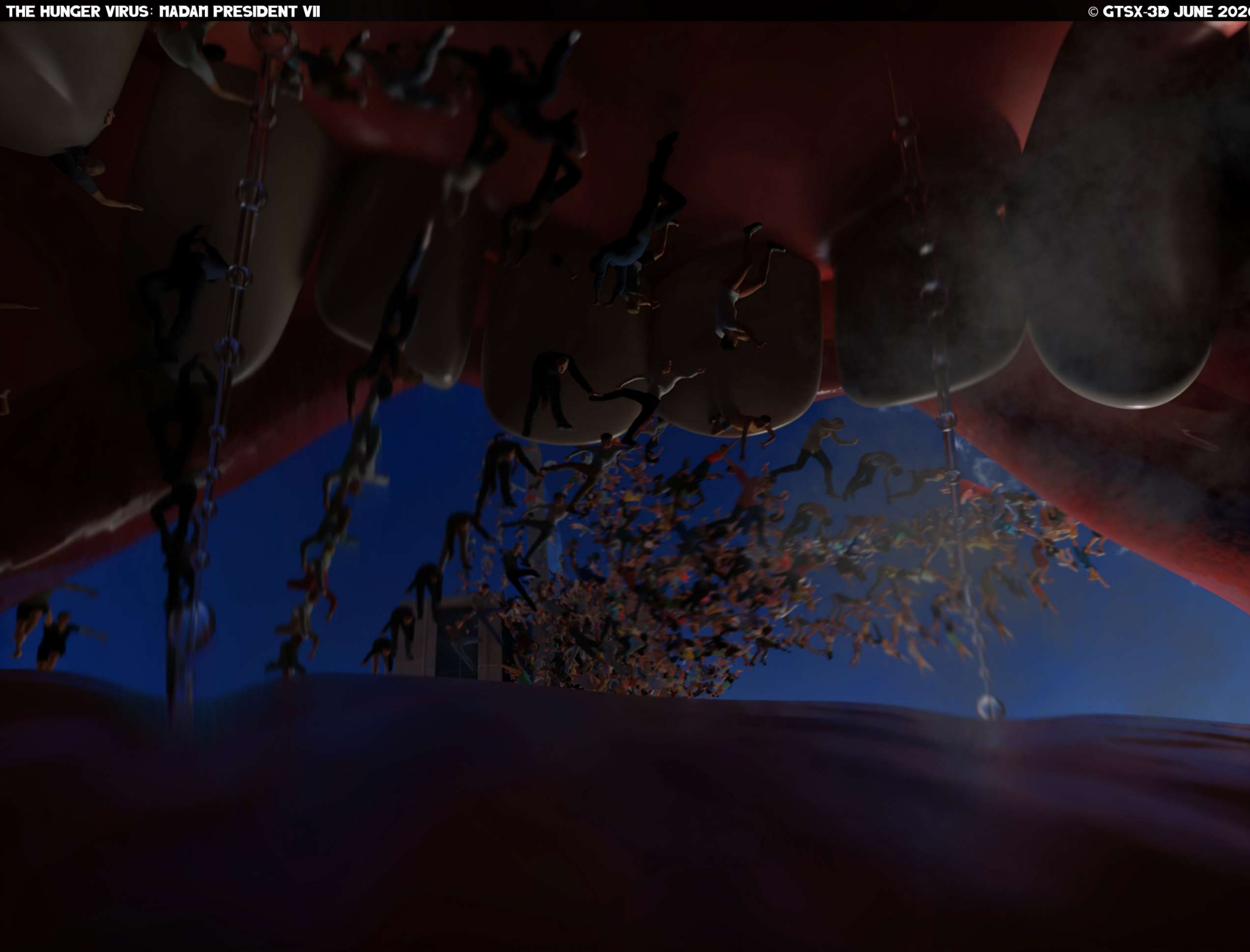
1
Yes... fall right into your
President... your god.

2
BuuEEuurghpp... No more taxes to pay... You
belong to me now...



The spectacular horror of the mass ingestion unfolds in absolute, thundering silence from the ground below. Dakota keeps her titanic jaw locked open to its maximum threshold, her thick pink tongue protruding slightly to catch the falling human debris.

The sky is completely blotted out by the sheer, pale volume of her face as she systematically empties the metropolis of its life. There is a grand, terrifying beauty to the choreography, an entire civilization voluntarily throwing themselves into the belly of their supreme leader.



From the perspective of the citizens passing her teeth, the interior of Dakota's mouth resembles a vast, subterranean cavern lined with slick, pulsating pink marble. The air is thick with a scorching, suffocating heat and the sweet, overwhelming scent of concentrated saliva.

Massive strings of spit stretch across the landscape like transparent architectural pillars, anchoring her tongue to her upper gums. As the crowd slides down the soft slope of her throat, the outside world vanishes entirely, replaced by the deep, rhythmic bass of her heartbeat, and the loud, gassy sounds coming from her stomach.



The dual expansion continues across the ruined city, though the two naked leaders swell at drastically different velocities. Dakota's middle balloons out with rapid, terrifying density as thousands of mind-controlled voters march willingly into her maw, their voices chanting their submission to her physical law.

Right beside her, Evelyn works through her compacted hoard of vehicles. The Vice President watches her superior outpace her with a growing sense of urgency, her massive thighs shivering as she forces more people down her throat.



Dakota's body rapidly rounds out into a gargantuan, spherical shape, her lower midsection inflating until it completely dominates her profile. Her arms and legs are slowly absorbed into the immense volume of her pale skin, turning her into a living monument of extreme greed and gluttony.

As she tilts her weight slightly forward to survey the harbor, the planetary curve of her lower belly doesn't merely scrape the ground. The sheer, concentrated density of her gut presses into the bedrock with such monumental force that the surrounding tectonic plates begin to shift, triggering earthquakes across the state line.



The psychological reality of Dakota's transformation represents the ultimate perversion of the democratic process. The very citizens who cast their ballots to put her in office have been reduced to mere calories, stripped of their value to serve as fuel for her narcissistic ascension.

She has completely discarded her constitutional oath, replacing the rule of law with the absolute authority of her expanding waistline. Every neighborhood she swallows is a personal victory over the concept of society, proving that her hunger is the only true power left on earth.



This is a literal consumption of the state, an apocalyptic political landscape where the government has outgrown the need for infrastructure entirely. Dakota views the American populace not as a responsibility, but as an endless harvest meant to elevate her above the clouds.

The sheer irony of their submission defines the new world order; the electorate worships the very mass that is flattening their homes. Her soft, billowing flesh has become the state religion, and her stomach is the final destination for the entire country.



Meanwhile, Evelyn is experiencing the crushing mental terror of her subordinate position. She understands the brutal mathematics of their viral environment better than anyone; if the size differential between her and Dakota becomes too extreme, her own planetary mass will be viewed as nothing more than a secondary meal.

The memory of their previous conflicts burns inside her mind, fueling a desperate, panicked greed as she looks up at Dakota's ballooning horizon. She realizes that her survival depends entirely on her ability to maintain a competitive volume, forcing her to push her body past its absolute limits.



Evelyn's internal envy manifests as a manic hyper-fixation on the architecture of her own bottom-heavy frame. She deliberately channels the raw energy of the consumed vehicles into her gargantuan hips and thighs, desperate to widen her defensive perimeter across the state line.

The dimpled cellulite along her rear shudders with violent, uncoordinated growth as she forces more mass into her lower pedestal. Her mind is locked in a state of frantic calculations, tracking every cubic yard of flesh she can pucker against the encroaching shadow of her superior.



The dread of biological obsolescence completely overrides Evelyn's logic, turning the act of eating into a frantic defensive strategy. In this new world order, physical volume is the only currency that carries any weight, and falling behind means absolute annihilation.

She stands naked amid the ruins of the metropolis, a sweating, desperate titan trying to outrun her own boss in a race for supreme mass. Every bite of steel is a prayer for survival, an attempt to anchor herself so deeply into the earth that Dakota can never lift her.



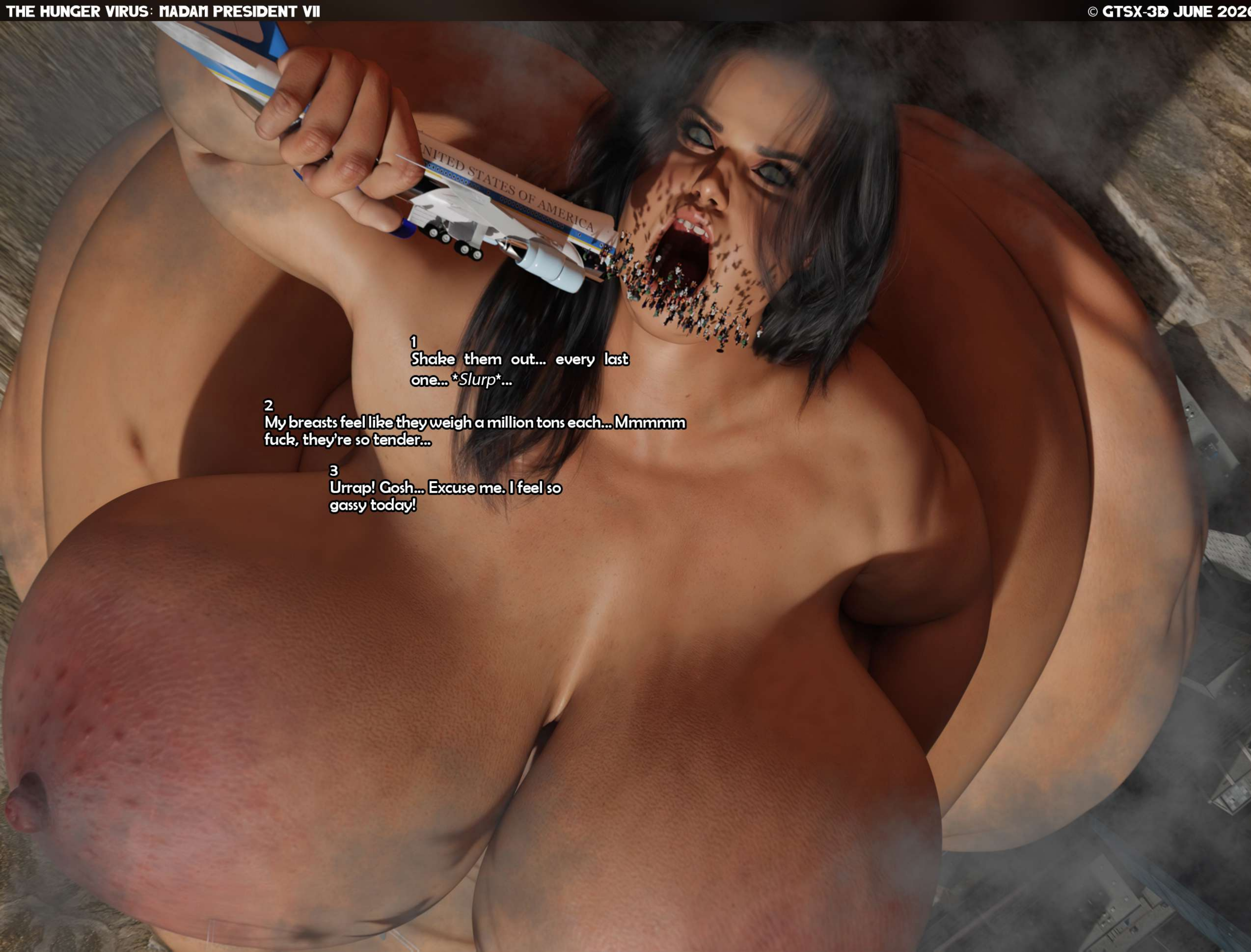
1
Yes... drop right into my throat... I need every single little fuck
inside me. Mmmmmmm...

2
BuuEEuurghpp... look at them slide
down the aisle...

3
Pathetic. Taking flights when you can drive instead? Consider this your
punishment for the unnecessarily high carbon emissions.

High above the burning grid of the state, Evelyn reaches out with a massive, sweat-slicked hand and snatches a commercial airliner straight out of the sky. The heavy metal fuselage groans as her thick fingers dig into the aluminum shell, tilting the screaming vehicle over her waiting mouth.

With a brutal twist of her wrists, she snaps the passenger plane completely in half like a piece of stale bread, tearing open the cabin to fuel her desperate growth. Below her, swarms of military helicopters circle helplessly through the smoke, unable to do anything but watch the absolute entitlement of their gluttonous leaders.



1
Shake them out... every last
one... **Slurp**...

2
My breasts feel like they weigh a million tons each... Mmmmm
fuck, they're so tender...

3
Urrap! Gosh... Excuse me. I feel so
gassy today!

From a bird's-eye view, the broken halves of the aircraft look tiny against the immense, pale expanse of Evelyn's face. She shakes the ruptured fuselage violently over her open jaws, forcing the passengers to lose their grip and plunge straight down into her wet maw.

She works the metal tube like a canister of sugar, ensuring no human cargo remains wedged between the seats or trapped in the luggage compartments. The intense physical movement causes her heavy tits to swing like planetary wrecking balls, their soft mass flattening the tops of nearby hotels with every shuddering breath.



1
MMMMMMNPH!...
Gulp...

2
Squelch... they taste so sweet when they're
running out of time...

3
HicCC... pass the cargo down... I can feel my ass
getting wider already.

A tight close-up reveals the sheer, raw gluttony of the feast as hundreds of screaming bodies rain past Evelyn's plush lips. They slide over her thick, wet tongue, instantly swallowed up by the powerful contractions of her throat as she drains the flight.

The slick friction of her mouth generates a hot, musky heat that rises into the atmosphere, blending with the scent of burning jet fuel. She uses her vulgar size to systematically erase the population, completely unbothered by the terror of the tiny Americans she was once meant to govern.



1
Oh God... **Squelch**... my ass is bursting out again... Mmmmmmm... I don't know if I can carry it around much longer

2
BuuEEuurghpp!... look at my hips go... Such a greedy fucking whale.

The sudden influx of mass triggers a severe, violent growth spurt that targets Evelyn's lower base with immense force. Her gargantuan ass and hips expand horizontally by hundreds of yards, the soft, gelatinous cheeks plowing through the concrete skyscrapers of midtown.

The sheer velocity of the widening skin creates a deep, thundering roar as her pale thighs reclaim entire city blocks. She groans loudly from the intense pressure, her bottom-heavy pear shape becoming so massive it threatens to tilt the country over.

1
MMMMMM-NNNH... something is stuck
between my cheeks...

2
HicCC... it feels like a little toothpick
scraping my ass...

3
Just crush it... **Urrap!**... press it deeper
into the fat...

As Evelyn's buttocks swell to an astronomical scale, a seventy-story office tower ends up wedged directly within the deep canyon of her seat. The structural pillars of the skyscraper snap as her massive, doughy cheeks press tightly against the glass facade, sealing the building between her flesh.

The soft, heavy friction of her skin completely traps the structure, burying the lower half of the tower beneath the overflowing weight of her rear. She continues to widen without a single care for the architecture, her mass adapting perfectly to the urban obstruction.

1
Look at that... **Slurp**... I'm lifting the whole
building with my ass...

2
I'm getting so fucking heavy...
Squelch...

3
Nothing can hold me down when my
cheeks are this wide...

The violent expansion refuses to slow down, and as Evelyn's ass undergoes another massive surge, the wedged skyscraper literally lifts completely off the ground. The entire foundation of the building hangs suspended in the air, held aloft solely by the immense clamping force of her soft cheeks.

The structure sways precariously above the ruined avenues, a testament to the planetary power dwelling within her butt. Evelyn lets out a slurred, blissed-out laugh at her own dominance, her heavy breathing shaking the remaining windows for miles.



1
MMMMMMNPH!... too fat... I'm wider
than the whole sky...

2
Urrap!... It just k-keeps
g-going!

3
I can't even stand straight...
HicCC...

Evelyn begins to grow violently wide, her hips, waist, and tits expanding at such a chaotic pace that her width quickly surpasses her total height. She transforms into an all-around mountain of over-indulgence, her soft love handles spilling across like landslides.

Her colossal breasts swell outward until they block her own view of the horizon, leaking heavy streams of warm milk over her round midsection. She stays pinned to the crushed bedrock, completely overwhelmed by the sheer, hedonistic pleasure of her own escalating mass.



1
More... **Squelch**... give me more
planes... more cars...

2
BuuEEuurghpp!... I'm a big, soft,
gluttonous whale...

3
Gotta stay big... can't let the boss look
down on me...

The sheer density of Evelyn's new proportions rewrites the geography of the state, turning the metropolis into a soft, flesh-lined cradle for her bulk. Every minor shift of her planetary hips flattens another neighborhood into fine powder, the dimpled cellulite along her rear vibrating with seismic energy.

She babbles in a deeply slurred, food-drunk stupor, her mind completely consumed by the gluttonous power trip of her survival strategy. She knows she must keep stuffing her core, using the city as a simple buffet to maintain her volume against her leader.

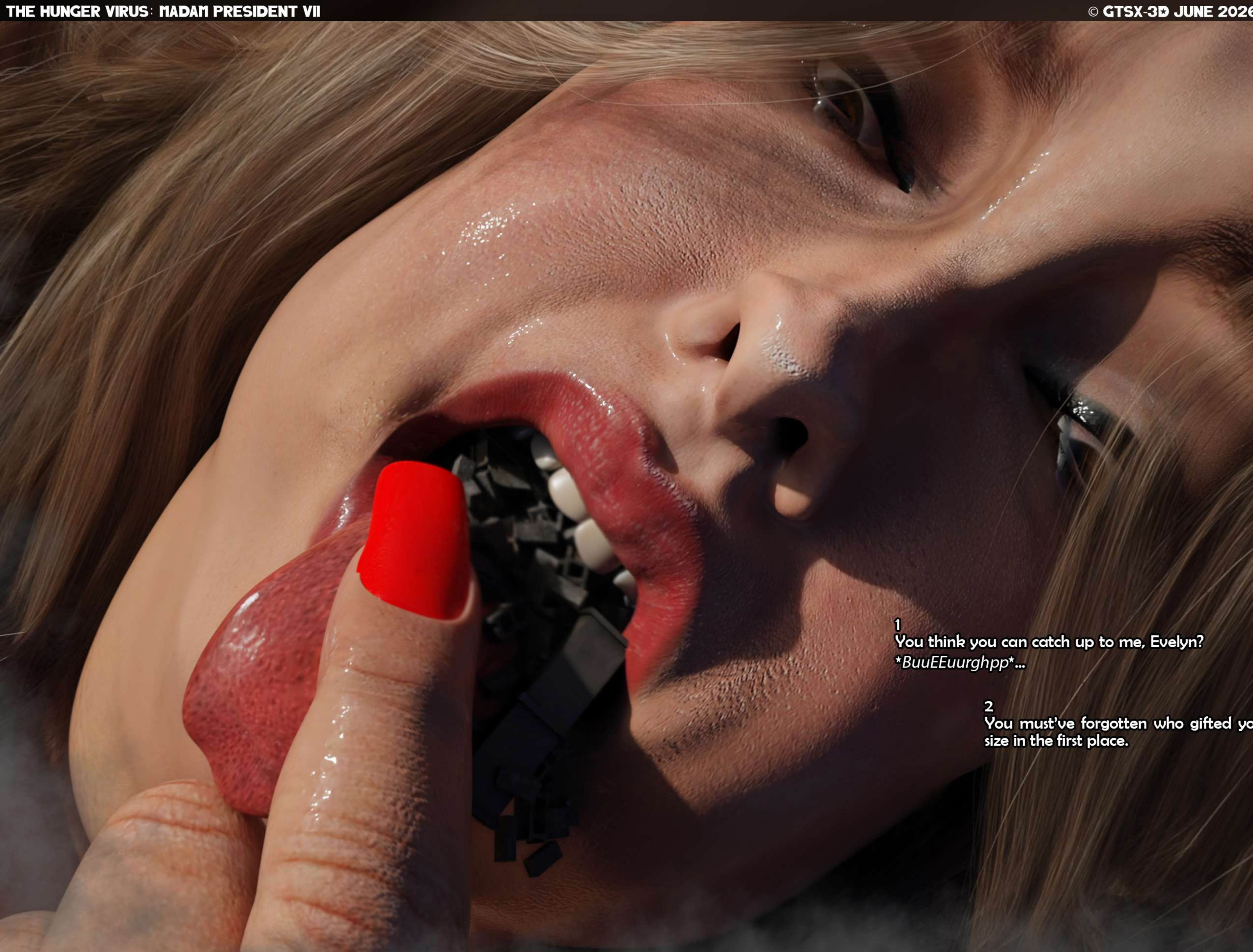


1
MMMMMM-NNNH... **Slurp**... it feels too
good to grow this fat...

2
So good to feel you all swim
inside my belly.

Evelyn's hyper-expanded frame reaches a terrifying plateau of soft, billowing weight, her double belly sagging low to rest directly upon the flattened remains of a city block near her. The skin across her middle is stretched to its absolute limit.

She lets out a series of wet, heavy moans that echo off the cloud layer, her lips wet with saliva as she surrenders to the viral heat. Her entire body has become an unstoppable engine of consumption, dedicated solely to the pursuit of limitless size.

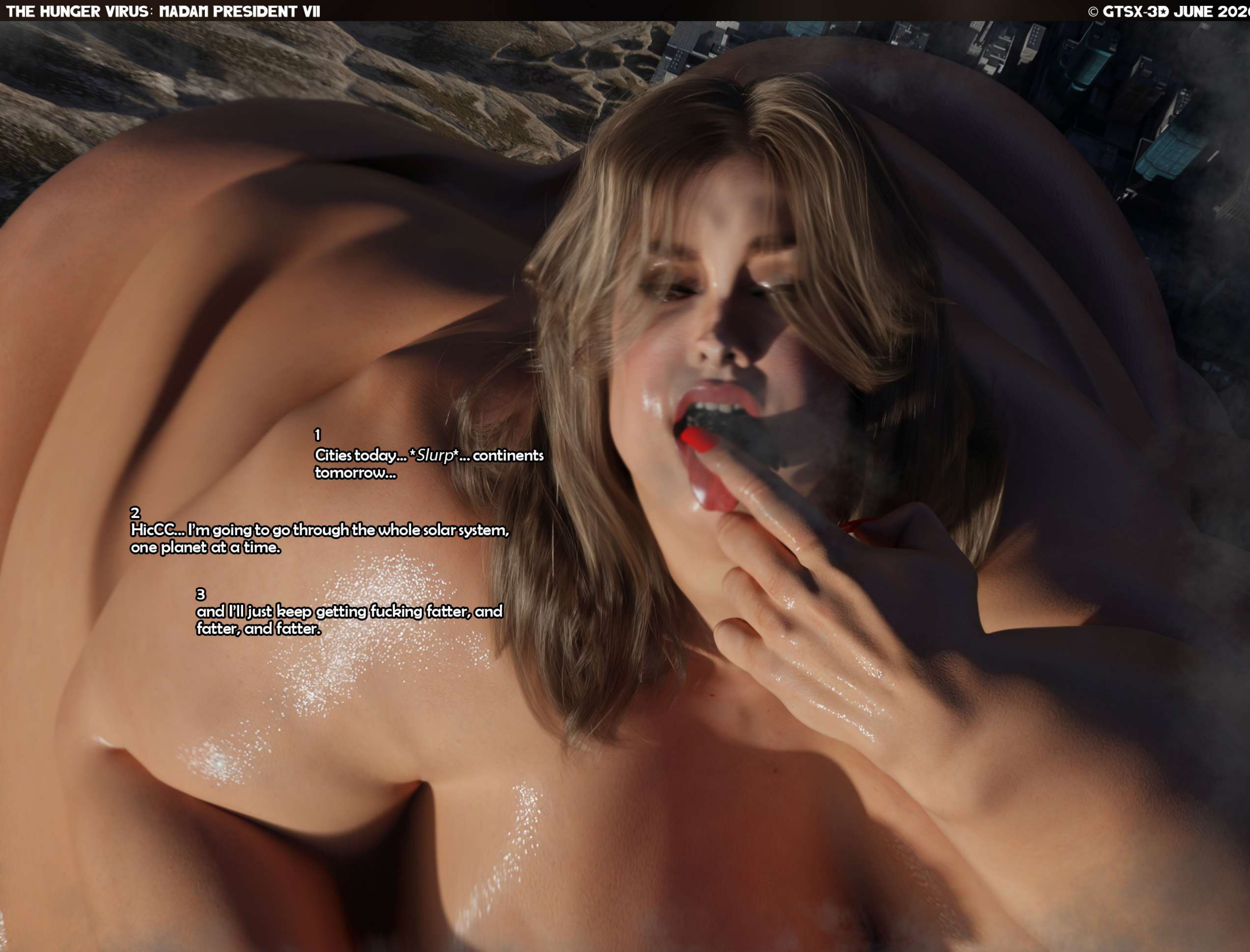


Across the city, President Dakota Redwood notices her subordinate's massive surge and decides to clear her own plate to maintain total dominance. She reaches down and scoops up her own sixty-story skyscraper between her palms so that not a single human crumb goes to waste.

She shoves the compacted wreckage directly past her teeth, swallowing the entire building along with every single citizen who had been hiding in the interior offices or stairwells. Her massive throat bulges violently as she gulps down the mass, ensuring her absolute rule remains unchallenged.

1
You think you can catch up to me, Evelyn?
BuuEEuurghpp...

2
You must've forgotten who gifted you that
size in the first place.



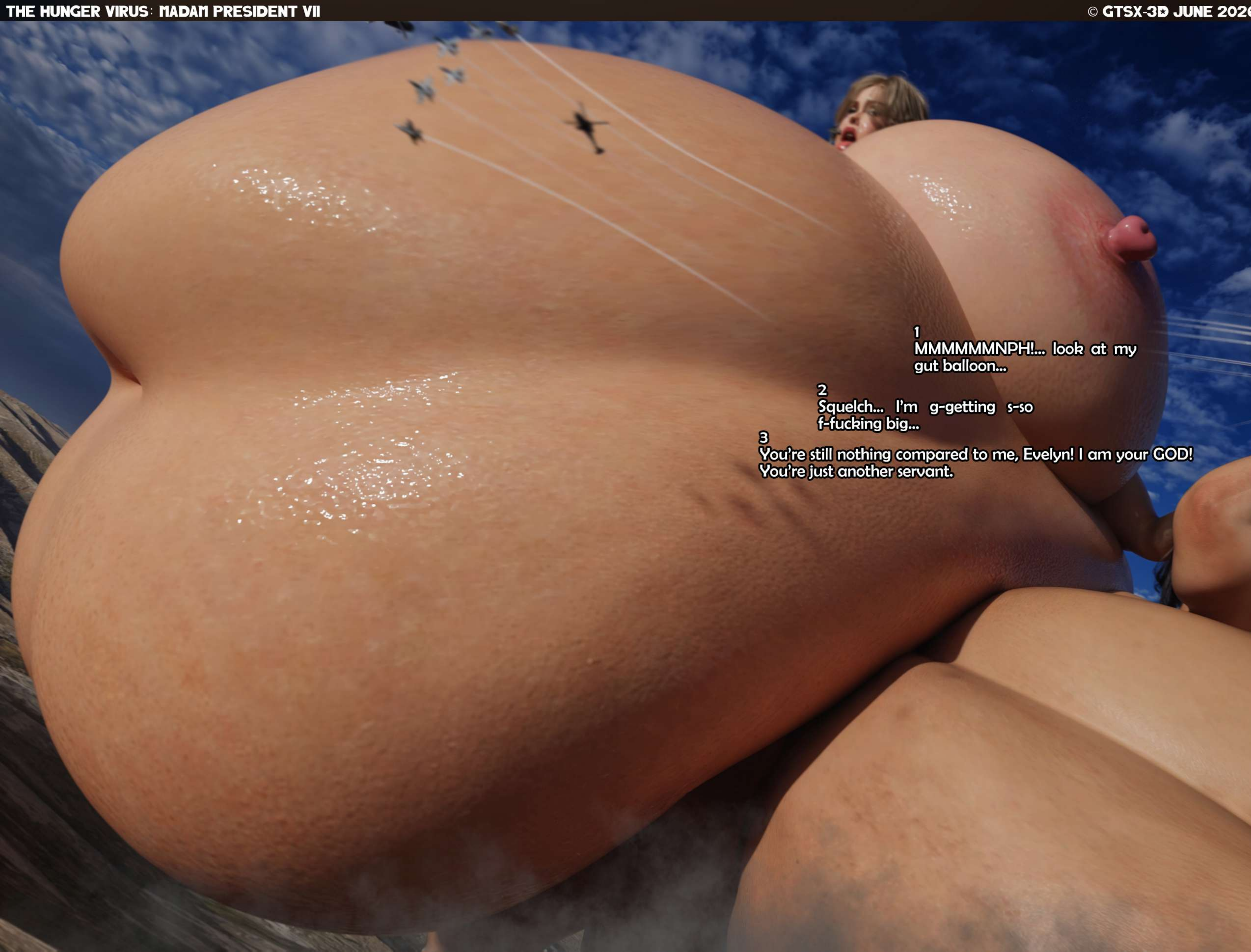
1
Cities today... **Slurp**... continents
tomorrow...

2
HicCC... I'm going to go through the whole solar system,
one planet at a time.

3
and I'll just keep getting fucking fatter, and
fatter, and fatter.

As the massive tower slides deep into her stuffed interior, Dakota closes her eyes and begins to fantasize about the true scale of her final ascension. Her mind drifts past the borders of New York, imagining the moment she will open her maw to swallow entire countries, continents, and the planetary system beyond.

She has absolutely no intention of slowing down, her narcissistic ego fully merging with the insatiable virus in her veins. She views the universe itself as nothing more than a temporary snack container waiting to be cleared by her soft, street-wiping belly.



1
MMMMMMNPH!... look at my
gut balloon...

2
Squelch... I'm g-getting s-so
f-fucking big...

3
You're still nothing compared to me, Evelyn! I am your GOD!
You're just another servant.

The massive influx of calories sparks a monumental growth spurt within Dakota's frame, specifically targeted to counter Evelyn's expanding perimeter. Her double belly swells out with rapid, terrifying density, inflating into a gargantuan dome.

Her height skyrockets further into the stratosphere, her towering shoulders completely piercing the upper cloud layers. She grows so monstrously wide and thick that she's almost all belly at this point.

1
We can't reach her asshole anymore... her thighs are
slammed shut like bank vaults!



The swarming military helicopters that had been trying to find shelter flee in absolute panic as Dakota's growth seals off every single entryway. Her colossal belly hangs so incredibly low to the ground that it completely blocks access to her pussy and her asshole from the front.

Her gargantuan thighs press tightly together with zero clearance, forming a solid wall of thickness that obliterates the avenues. The chopper pilots realize they have no longer any path to join the crew hiding inside her ass, trapped outside her shifting mass.



Dakota sways her planetary middle with slow, deliberate malice, her soft flesh molding around the remaining office high-rises and grinding them into powder. The pleasure of the expansion hits her mind like a physical drug, making her eyelids droop as she forces more weight onto the bedrock.

The remaining aircraft can only circle her perimeter blindly, completely isolated from the safe nesting zones within her rear. The sheer density of her fatness has turned her into an impenetrable biological fortress that dominates the entire coast.

1

BuuEEuurghpp!... fly closer to my mouth, there's plenty of room left for you little bugs...

2

Save yourselves the time and join the rest of the american people in my belly! Hahahaha!

3

Urrap!... Or you can just stay outside and watch me swallow the rest of the town, but you won't be outside forever...

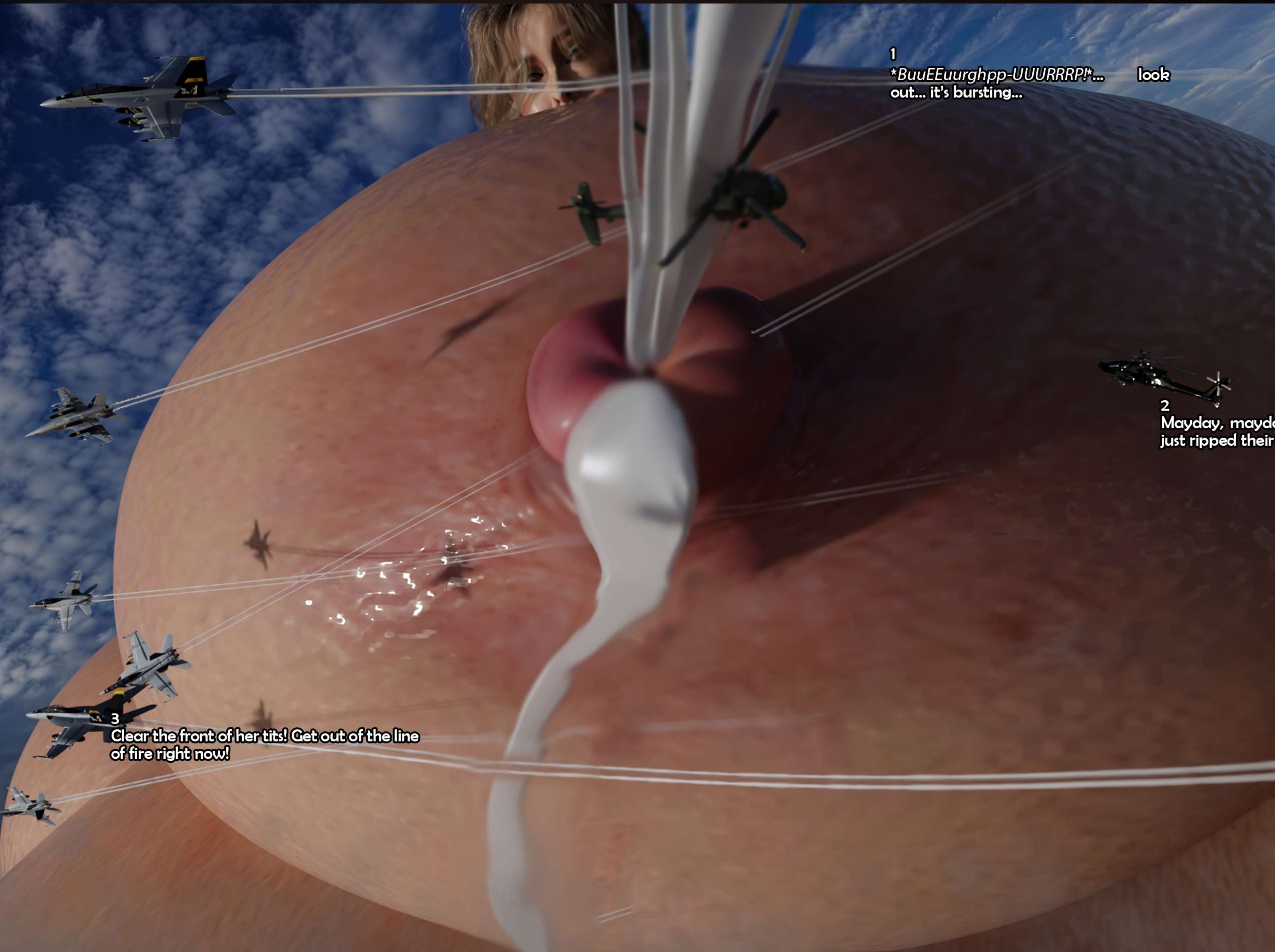
1
Oh God... **Slurp**... oh God, I can
feel it coming...

2
MMMMMM-NNNH... they're so full...
they're going to shoot...

3
Look at the size of that duct... if we fly inside, maybe we
can hide and survive!

Cut off from her lower half, a desperate squadron of helicopters begins mindlessly circulating around the planetary mounds of Dakota's breasts. Her towering nipples look incredibly inflated, turning a bright, angry red that indicates her mammary glands are packed to the absolute brink of lactation.

She stares down at her own chest with a heavy, droopy-eyed expression, letting out a series of frantic but deeply aroused moans as the internal pressure builds. One chopper hovers directly in front of her nipple, desperately examining the wide opening as a potential hiding spot, even though the space is still far too tight to fit without getting crushed.



1

BuuEEuurghpp-UUURRRP!...
out... it's bursting...

look

2

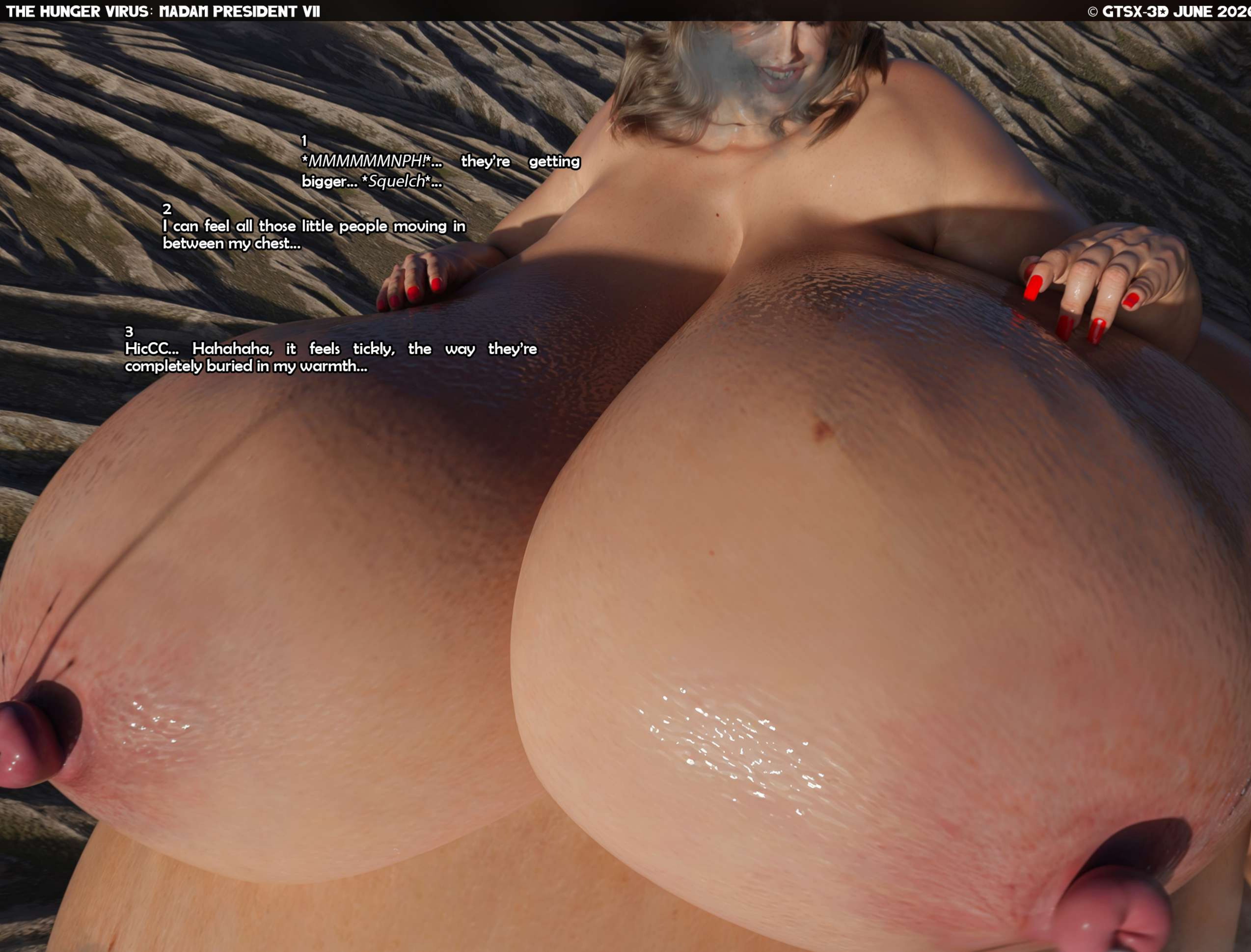
Mayday, mayday! One-Zero is down! The milk stream
just ripped their rotors off!

3

Clear the front of her tits! Get out of the line
of fire right now!

Before the pilot can even turn the rotors, Dakota's colossal breasts erupt violently, shooting out a torrential, high-pressure geyser of warm, heavy milk directly into the sky. The massive impact of the fluid strikes the lead helicopter head-on, instantly stalling its motor and snapping its tail boom like a toothpick.

The broken chopper plummets toward the side as the remaining aircraft scramble to break formation, diving away at maximum throttle to avoid the blinding white spray. The entire airspace is turned into a chaotic sea of hot lactation, raining down onto the flooded avenues below.



1
MMMMMMNPH!... they're getting
bigger... *Squelch*...

2
I can feel all those little people moving in
between my chest...

3
HicCC... Hahahaha, it feels tickly, the way they're
completely buried in my warmth...

The sudden release of fluid only triggers a more aggressive expansion within Dakota's chest, her breasts beginning to balloon to an even more astronomical scale. The tits stretch to a terrifying degree, the mounds widening until they completely block out the remaining sky over the harbor.

Deep within the cavernous valley between her breasts, thousands of citizens who had missed her mouth during the skyscraper feast remain completely trapped. As her tits expand and press tightly against each other, the thick sweat, raw skin heat, and intense friction seal the crowd inside her cleavage like glue.

1
Slurp... they're so tight in
there... *Urrap!*...

The trapped population inside her cleavage is smothered by the relentless, soft pressure of her expanding mounds, their bodies pressed flat against her sweat-slicked skin. Dakota lets out a long, trembling groan from the physical sensation, her chest expanding by several more avenues with every passing minute.

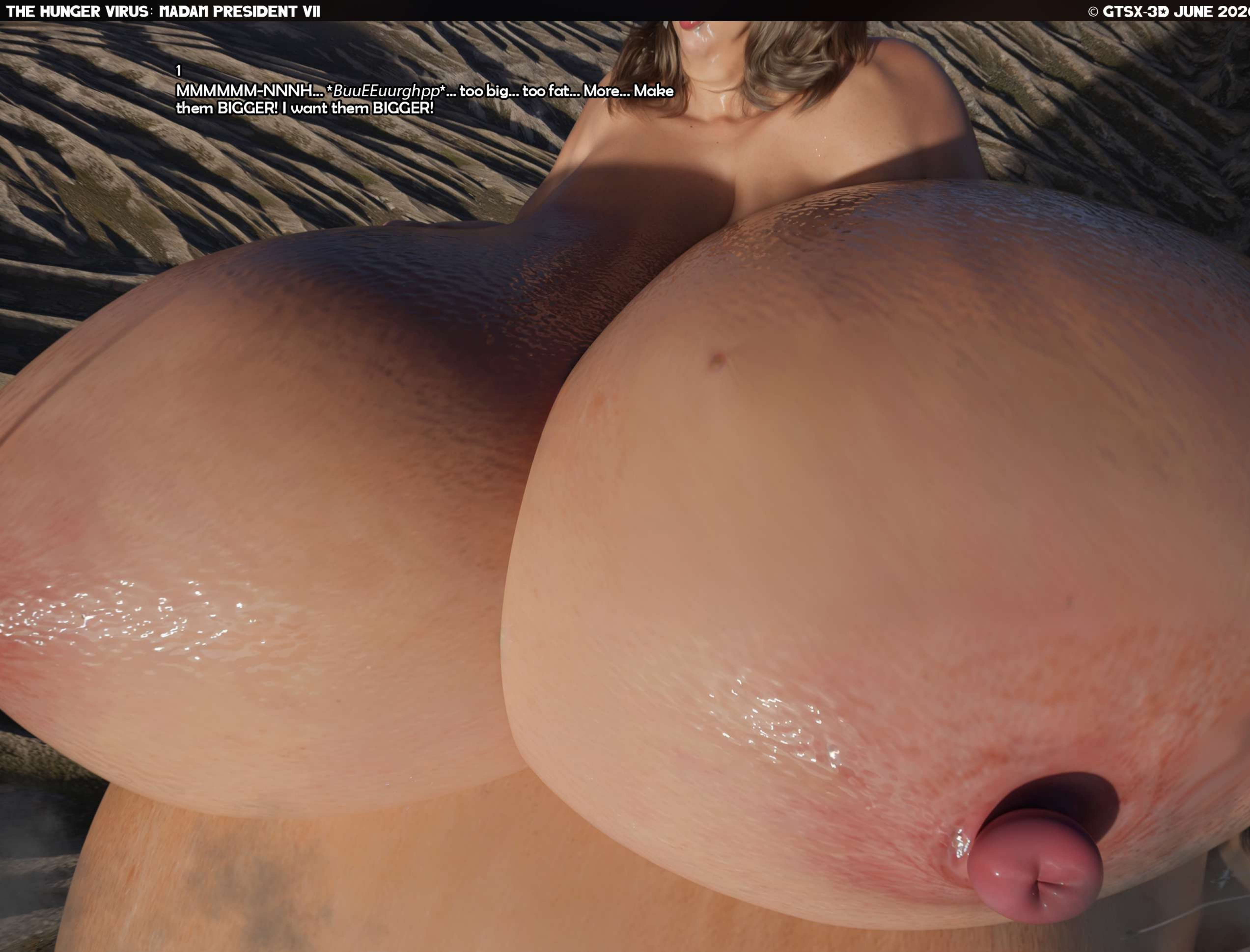
The sheer volume of her upper half alters the air currents of the entire bay, creating localized windstorms that smell heavily of sweet cream and hot musk. She moves with agonizing slowness, fully aware that her mass has outgrown the city itself.

1

MMMMMM-NNNH... **BuuEEuurghpp**... too big... too fat... More... Make them BIGGER! I want them BIGGER!

Every single tick of the clock brings another massive growth spurt to Dakota's chest.

She keeps her eyes rolled back, entirely focused on the raw physical ecstasy of her swelling bulk as she dominates the skyline. The entire state infrastructure has been reduced to a simple playground for her towering, uninhibited greed.



1
MMMMMMNPH!... all locked
in... *Slurp*...

2
Nobody can pull them apart
now... *Squelch*...

The valley between her tits is completely sealed shut, holding the thousands of squished citizens securely within her soft, heat-radiating fold.

She stands naked amid the ruined skyscrapers, her breathing a rhythmic bassline that shakes the foundation of the continent. The scale of her upper half has officially crossed into the realm of planetary architecture, leaving no doubt as to her supreme position.



By the afternoon's end, the final proportions of the two naked leaders rewrite the very concept of what it means to be large and in charge. Dakota has become so inconceivably gargantuan that the tallest skyscraper in the city barely reaches up to her knees, her planetary belly carving a massive, earth-shifting hole directly into the city floor as her width spans for endless miles.

Beside her, Evelyn frantically hunts the perimeter for the remaining commercial airlines that are violating the flight suspensions to avoid bankruptcy, snapping the planes open like baguettes to dump the passengers into her mouth. The tense race between them is more dangerous than ever; the small size gap is shrinking rapidly, forcing both women to gorge out of pure, panicked survival, knowing that whoever falls behind will inevitably become the other's next monumental meal.



1
The upper deck is shearing off! Hold onto her skin!

2
It's too slick! The sweat is like oil... I'm losing my grip!

3
Don't let go... if you slide down into that crease, you're never coming back out!

The concrete infrastructure of the underground laboratory continues to give way under the relentless, radioactive expansion of Nurse Scarlett. Upper observation levels shatter into chunks of stone and glass, sending a continuous rain of military staff and scientists plunging onto her towering upper body.

The intense heat radiating from her skin has coated her entire frame in a slick layer of thick, aromatic sweat, making it impossible for the victims to not slip while on her skin. Dozens of fleeing technicians crawl frantically across the pale, trembling mountain of her stomach, their boots sliding uselessly against the gelatinous folds as she expands further.



1

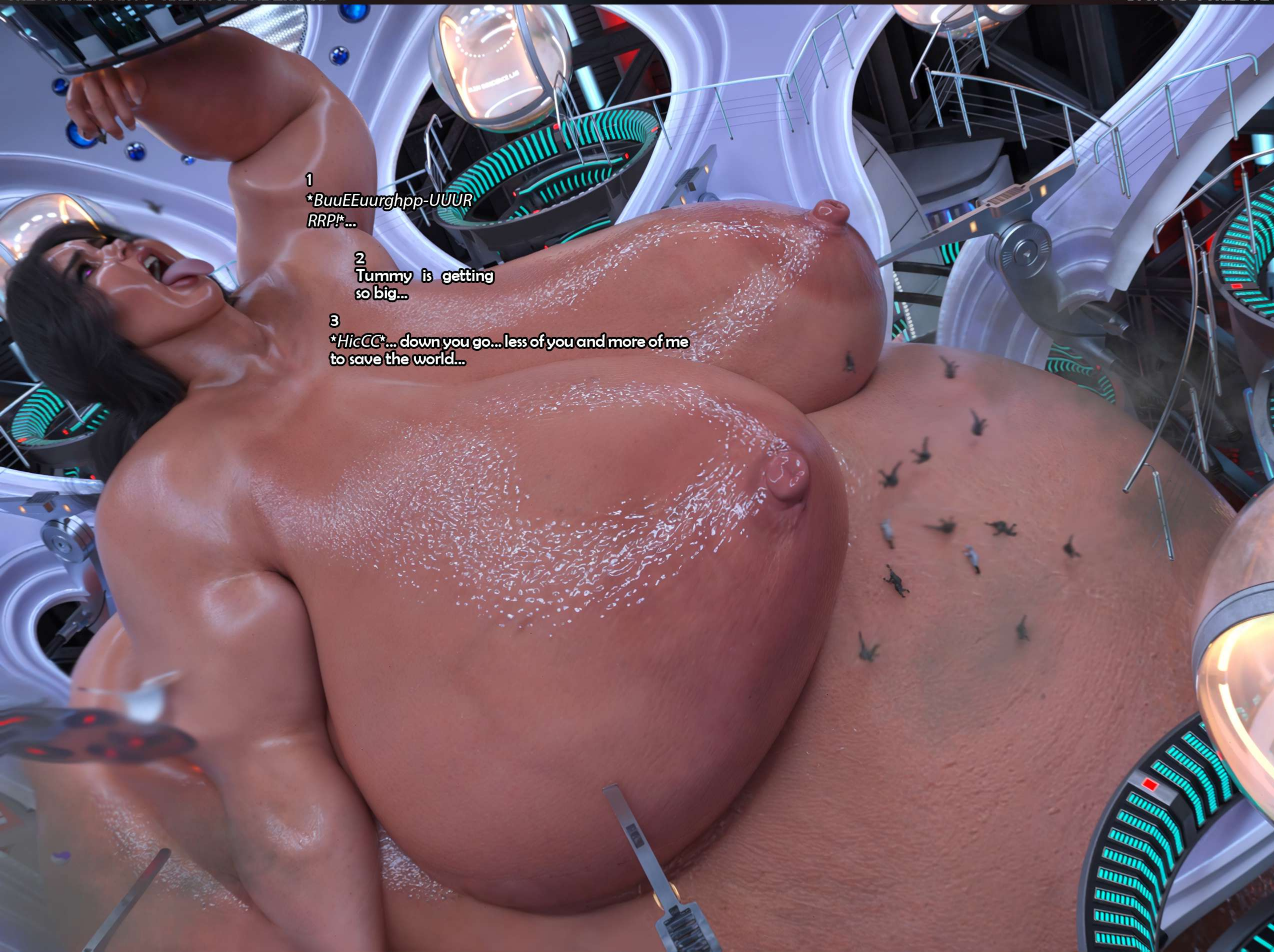
I'm sorry... *BuuEEuurghpp*... I'm
so, so sorry...

2

I have to do it... the mission needs me... the
world has to be saved...

A tragic conflict fractures Scarlett's chemically altered mind as she systematically clears the platform. The ancient, rival viral strain of the cosmic lineage forces her jaw open to fulfill its world-altering mission, yet the lingering remnants of her human consciousness spark an agonizing wave of guilt.

She looks down at the tiny men with a deeply distressed, weeping expression, tears mixing with the sweat on her chubby cheeks as she drops them past her lips. Out of the hundreds already consumed, three soldiers dangle from her hand; two slip past her teeth in a tight cluster, while the third clings desperately between her massive, pale thumbs.



1

*BuuEEuurghpp-UUUR
RRP!*...

2

Tummy is getting
so big...

3

HicCC... down you go... less of you and more of me
to save the world...

The concrete infrastructure of the underground laboratory reaches its absolute physical limit as Scarlett's width claims the remaining open air. The cylindrical metal walls groan under the relentless pressure of her expanding lower half, leaving no room for the personnel trapped on the higher walkways.

Dozens of fleeing technicians lose their footing as the catwalks shatter, their tiny bodies falling straight into the plush canyon of her tits, beneath her arms, or dropping into the dark hole of her deep belly button. Scarlett lets out a series of thunderous, deep gastric burps that shake the foundations of the launch pad as the mass drops into her mouth.



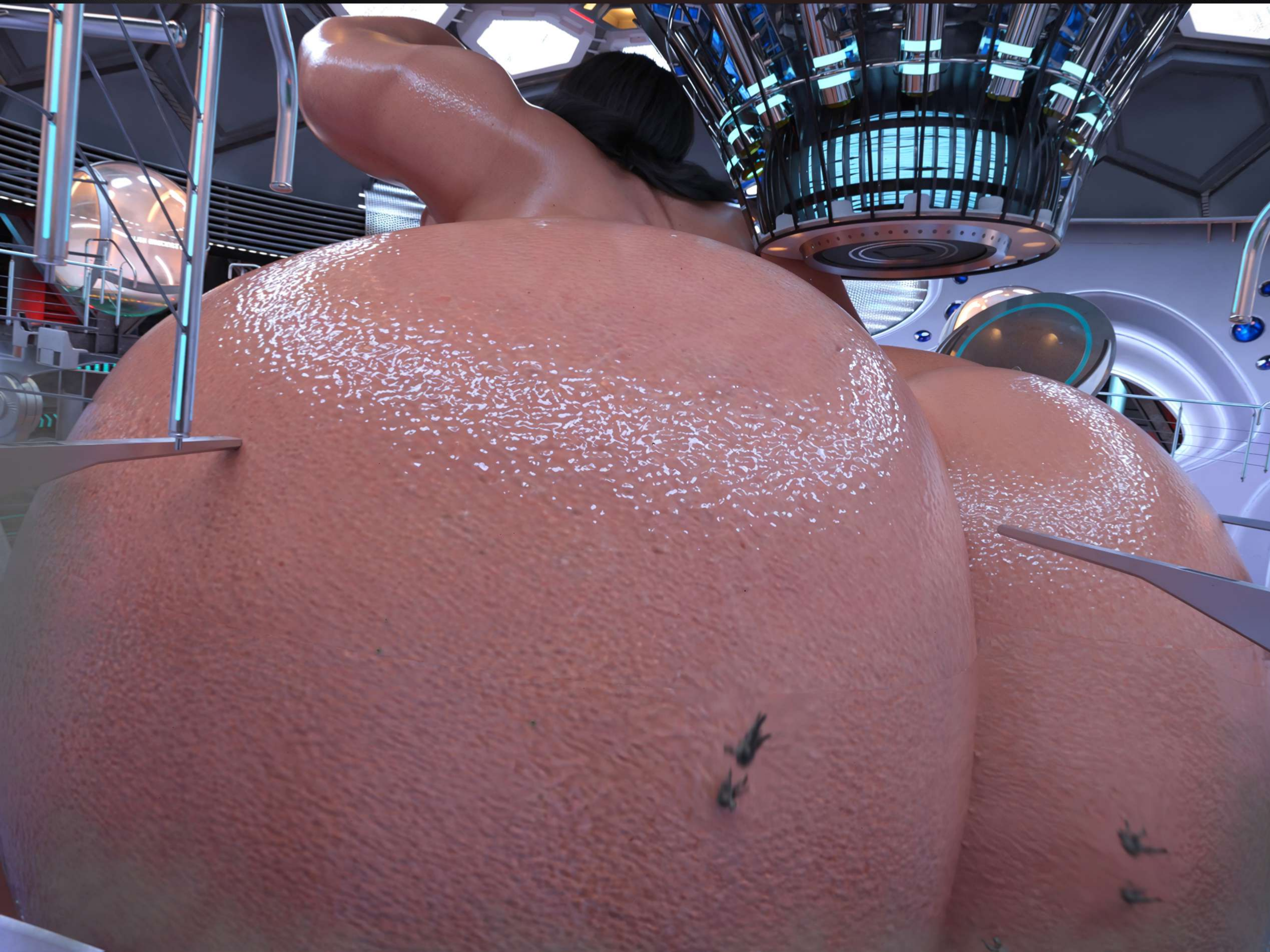
1
MMMMMMNPH!...
Squelch...

2
I can't stop the growth... You n-need to leave!
I-it's not safe h-here!

3
Urrap!... back rolls
pucker... so fat...

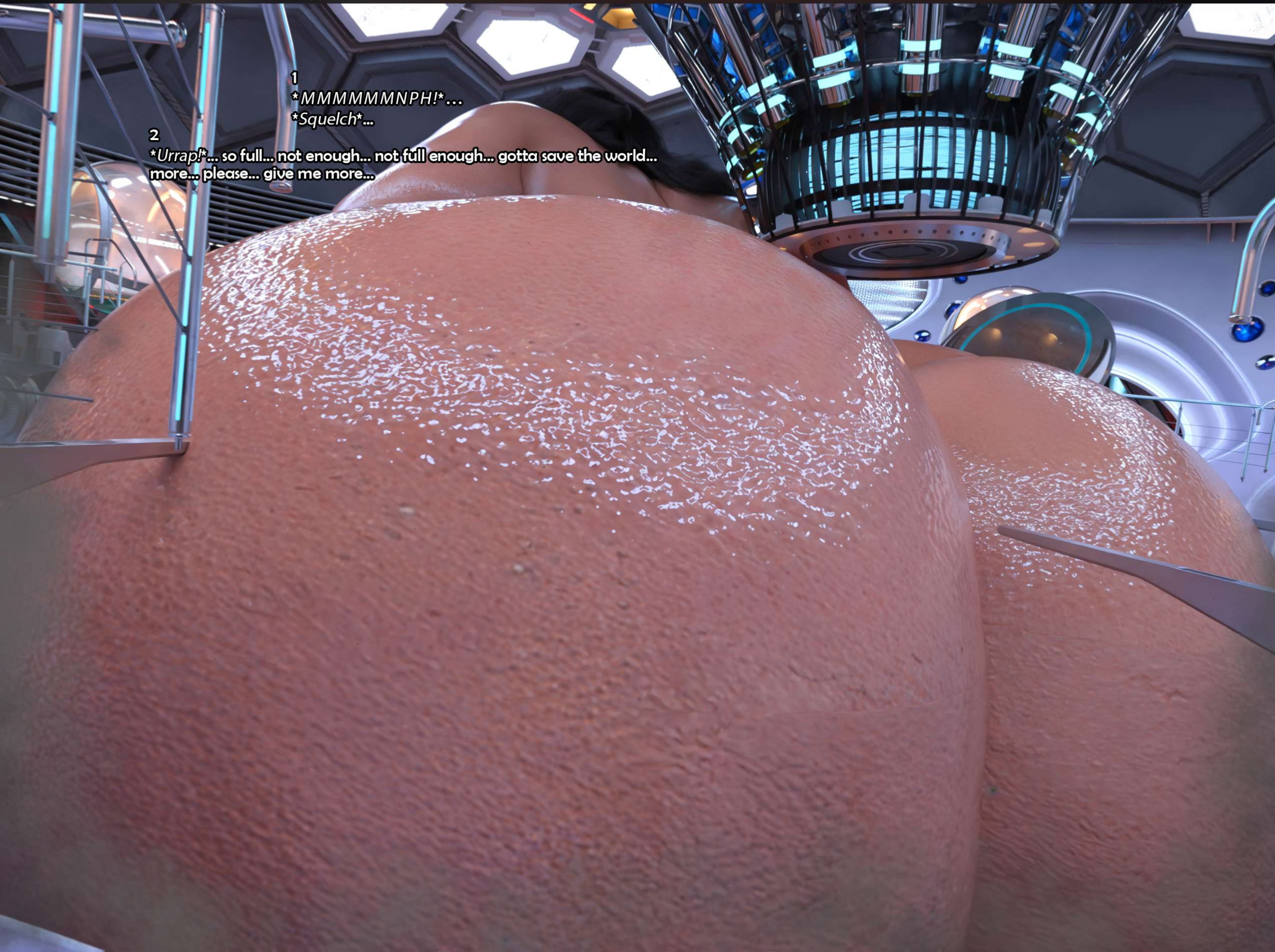
A sweeping view from behind showcases the breathtaking scale of Scarlett's hyper-expanded rear as she dominates the core of the silo. Her gargantuan ass cheeks pucker and ripple with pure, radioactive energy, widening across the shattered tracks to flatten the remaining heavy equipment.

Every wet slap of her shifting skin echoes off the iron pillars while her jaws open wide to consume anything that moves on the upper levels. Her waistline has completely outgrown the concept of human anatomy, transforming her backside into a massive wall of soft fat.



The concrete walkways tear completely free from their anchors, spilling another wave of civilian staff directly onto the pale, shaking continents of her buttocks. The falling workers bounce harmlessly off the soft, gelatinous cushions of her rear before sliding down toward the floorboards.

Dozens of terrified survivors scramble blindly through the debris, only to get swept up and wedged deep between her massive, overflowing butt cheeks as her mass expands toward the ceiling. The friction of her skin completely seals them within her warmth, cutting off any hope of retreat.

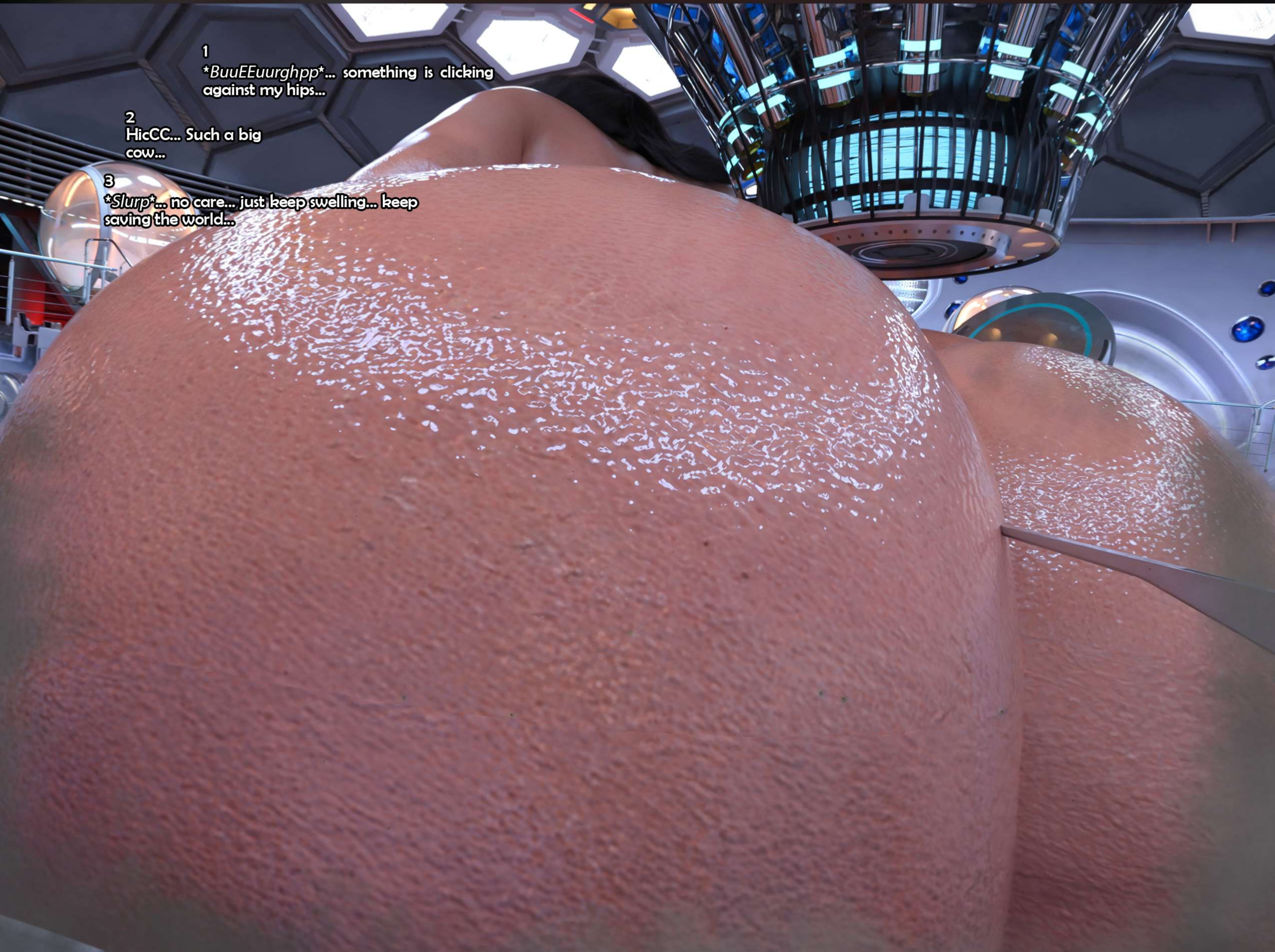


1
MMMMMMNPH!...
Squelch...

2
Urrap!... so full... not enough... not full enough... gotta save the world...
more... please... give me more...

A localized, intense growth sequence focuses entirely on Scarlett's lower base, accelerating her transition into an immovable mountain of radioactive fat. The sheer volume of her buttocks widens by yards, absorbing the falling personnel deeper into the tight, hot folds of her butthole and fat cheeks.

The internal energy of the rival strain converts the digested calories into pure, street-wiping density, leaving the remaining laboratory structures to buckle under her weight. Every shuddering breath she takes vibrates the entire base, her soft flesh expanding to seal the lower levels forever.



1

BuuEEuurghpp... something is clicking
against my hips...

2

HicCC... Such a big
cow...

3

Slurp... no care... just keep swelling... keep
saving the world...

The horizontal expansion of Scarlett's rear hits a critical threshold, and her colossal, dimpled ass slaps hard against the main frame of the facility's hanging supercomputer array. The massive iron support beams holding the mainframe twist like wire under the steady, soft pressure of her weight.

The delicate processing units spark and explode against the pale expanse of her skin, unable to withstand the planetary force of her titanic ass. Scarlett merely moans from the dull physical contact, her mind completely detached from the destruction occurring behind her.



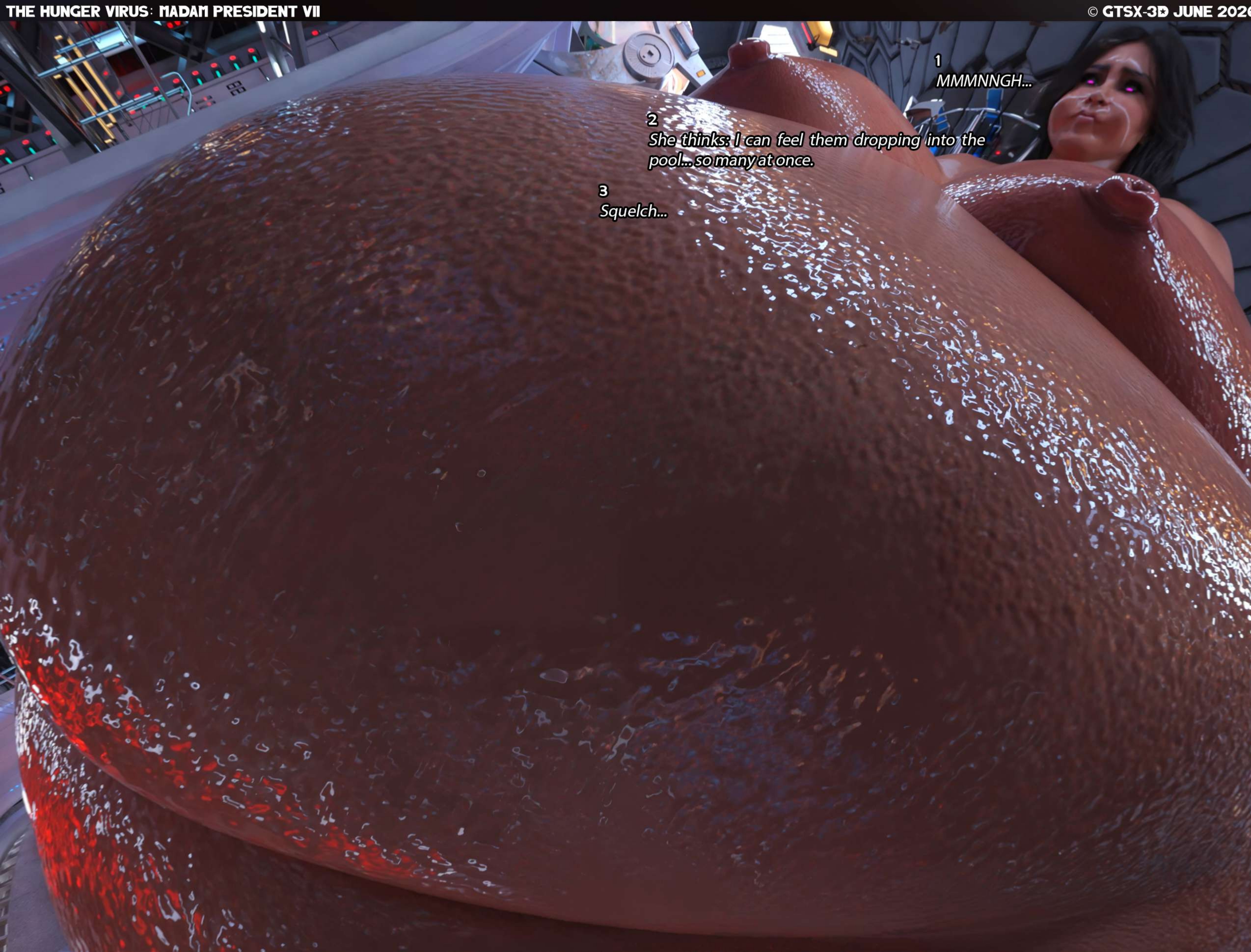
1
Mmm-MMMN
PH!

2
Dozens at once... my throat can barely
handle the rush.

3
Gug... Gulp...

The trajectory of the growth sequence violently swings back to the front of Scarlett's titanic form, triggering an explosive surge in her midsection. Her legendary double belly erupts forward, the immense horizontal crease deepening into a flesh canyon as she forces dozens of soldiers and staff down her throat in a single, unyielding gulp.

Her mouth remains tightly closed to prevent any mass from escaping, forcing her to let out a series of heavy, muffled moans that vibrate through her thick neck. Her stomach responds with a series of loud, chaotic churning noises as her chubby cheeks round out into smooth spheres of fat.



1
MMMNNGH...

2
She thinks: I can feel them dropping into the pool...so many at once.

3
Squelch...

The frontal expansion deepens its hold, pushing Scarlett's belly further across the ruined launch pad until the structural tracks are completely erased. Her pale skin remains perfectly smooth and free of stretch marks.

She stays locked in a silent, euphoric trance, her muffled groans echoing the intense physical pleasure of her transformation. The sheer density of her hyper-obesity turns her upper body into an absolute wall of soft, heat-radiating fat that seals the silo's core.



Her thick double chins press heavily against her collarbones, her face completely fixed in an expression of pure, complacent gluttony. The entire laboratory has been reduced to a simple metal lining for her limitless, billowing mass.

1

BuuEEuurghpp-UUURRRP! Oh god... It's getting too tight here

2

Urrap!... stay close to my soles... **Slurp**... we're nearing the structure...

The scene shifts back to the outer desert plains, where Agent Megan Donovan has achieved an absolutely staggering, cosmic scale. Her loyal garrison of troops is lined up in immaculate, parade-style military formation, marching in rhythm along her massive flanks as she stomps her way toward the silo.

Megan moves with disciplined, earth-shaking focus, intent on extracting a sample of Scarlett's size-stealing spit to weaponize the shrinking effect against the President. She knows she has outpaced her rival's last known dimensions, her towering head piercing the sky as she leads her army forward.

3

Keep the trucks aligned with her ankles! Don't let the parade line break!

1

Left, right, left! Keep the cadence steady, men! March along the Captain's flank!



1

BuuEEuurghpp... Sorry about that, boys... I'm still adjusting to my new weight...

A tactical view from behind reveals the unimaginable scale of Megan's lower architecture, her ass expanding into an all-encompassing monument of pure thickness. There is no longer any distinct line where her butt cheeks end and her thighs begin; her entire rear forms a seamless, billowing pedestal of fat.

Every single step she takes unleashes a seismic shockwave that tears through the desert floor, sending violent tremors across the dunes. The raw kinetic force of her movement is so extreme that heavy, weapon-grade armored vehicles are literally lifted and shifted inches off the ground by the vibration.

2

BuuEEuurghpp-UUURRRP!*...God... *HicCC*...*

3

Give me a few minutes, soldiers... this new size is... it's taking a lot to balance...

1

March! March! For the Captain and the state! March!

The rhythmic chanting of the marching troops echoes off Megan's massive legs as they push through the outer perimeter fences. She lets out a deep, wet gastric burp that rolls across the desert like thunder, her slurred voice complaining about the immense physical burden of her new proportions.

She works her jaw slowly, the residual flavor of turkey grease and lemon frosting still slick around her plush lips from her previous feeding frenzy. The army keeps their pace, treating her towering form as a living command center that dominates the terrain.



1
Escort Alpha is in position. Her upper half is clearing the cloud deck.

2
Slurp... good work, air support... *Urrap!*... keep the perimeter secure...

3
Copy that, Captain. Watch your step, you're coming up on the primary trench line.

A small squadron of heavy-lift military helicopters circles tightly around Megan's upper torso, acting as a defensive escort as she approaches the silo installation. The aircraft look like tiny metal flies next to the immense curves of her shoulders and chest.

Megan keeps her eyes fixed on the distant bunker line, her breathing creating localized wind patterns that rattle the choppers' rotors. She maintains her strange, disciplined military demeanor despite the raw, primitive heat flooding her system from the space strain.



1
MMMMMM-NNNH... **Squelch**... so
packed inside...

As she continues her steady advance, Megan raises her enormous right hand to gently stroke and comfort the planetary dome of her belly. She handles her midsection with a maternal, protective care, fully aware of the dozens of swallowed soldiers and raw catering reserves currently nesting within her warm stomach pool.

She groans softly from the intense fullness, her lips glistening with the leftover sugar glaze from the industrial lemon cakes. The sheer security of her interior provides a bizarre comfort to her thoughts, reinforcing her desire to act as the ultimate sanctuary for her troops.



1
Look what I found... **Slurp**... two more
regulars left outside...

3
BuuEEuurghpp... you belong inside the bunker with
the rest of the squad...

2
Captain! Don't drop us! We're just trying to
secure the handrail!

Megan slows her stride slightly as she notices two stray soldiers dangling helplessly between the thick, pale digits of her left hand. She lifts her palm closer to her face, her eyes glazing over with a sudden, ravenous spike of desire to complete her collection.

Her pink tongue darts out to lick her lips, tasting the grease on her skin as she contemplates the tiny men. The raw discipline of her mission briefly blurs into pure, uninhibited gluttony as she prepares to clear her fingers.



The scene shifts back to the outer plains, where Megan brings her massive left hand directly up to her face, her eyes glazing over with a sudden spike of gluttonous desire. One private grips the edge of her colossal thumb for dear life, while the second soldier dangles helplessly from the soft side of her palm.

She lets out a hot, sweet breath that coats their uniforms in a musky mist, her expression completely fixed on the feast. Her left palm faces her features, bringing the two dangling troops within a few feet of her parted lips as she prepares to clear her fingers.



1
Brace yourselves,
soldiers.

3
Slurp...* open wide...
*Mmmph...

2
She's bringing us in! Hold
on tight!

Megan slows her advance, her towering frame blocking out the desert stars as she focuses on her left hand. She brings her massive palm even closer to her face, opening her mouth wide as the sweet scent of sugar and turkey grease clings to her lips.

With a slow, deliberate movement, she guides her thick thumb straight past her teeth, letting the tip rest securely against her wet tongue. The private hanging from her knuckle can only look up in absolute awe as her jaws begin to close around him.



1
MMMMMMNPH!...
Gulp...

3
Urrap!... one down... *Squelch*... one
more to collect...

2
Davis is gone! She just sucked him right
off her thumb!

With a deep, powerful suction, Megan sucks her own massive thumb straight into her mouth, effortlessly sweeping the first soldier off her digit with her thick tongue. The private slides past her teeth without a scratch, instantly drawn into the warm, slick entry of her throat to vore him safely.

She pulls her thumb back out with a wet pop, her eyes rolled back into her head as her throat muscles contract to finish the swallow. The parade below continues without interruption, the troops completely used to their commander's constant consumption.



1
MMMMMM-NNNH...
Slurp...

Megan closes her plush lips firmly, her face settling into an expression of pure, ecstatic satisfaction as the first private moves down her esophagus. She lets out a deep, trembling moan from the sheer excitement of the swallow, her chest heaving against her escort choppers.

The friction of her internal muscles sends a wave of heat through her towering frame, fueling the continuous expansion of her hips. She savors the sensation for a brief moment before focusing back on her open palm.



1

HicCC*... now for the little one on my palm...*MMMMMMNPH!*... *Slurp*...*

Opening her maw once more, Megan drives her wet tongue flat against the center of her left palm, using a single, massive sweep to scoop the remaining soldier off her skin. Her saliva coats his entire body as she draws him past her white teeth, her jaw closing to seal the entryway.

The private tumbles into the dark heat of her mouth, completely helpless against the wet power of her tongue. She tilts her head back toward the cloud layer, preparing her throat for the final gulp.



1
G u l p . . .
MMMNGH...

Megan tilts her towering head straight up into the desert air, her throat muscles contracting in a series of powerful, rhythmic waves to down the second soldier. She takes a monumental, wet gulp that echoes through the nearby communication towers, forcing his shape past her collarbone.

The raw mechanics of her throat work flawlessly, drawing the asset down into her safe interior with casual ease. She lets out a long breath, her face a mask of deep, gluttonous contentment.



1
Mmmph... **Squelch**... throat's
fuckin' sore..

Megan raises her enormous, doughy hand to her thick neck, firmly massaging her own throat to help her overworked muscles push the double meal down toward her chest. Her fingers sink deep into the plush layers of her neck fat, tracing the downward movement of the bulge.

The sheer volume of her constant consumption has left her throat tight and exhausted, requiring her to manually clear the final inches. She groans from the heavy physical friction, her mind locked on the expanding layout of her stomach pool.



1
BuuEEuurghpp-UUURRRP!... Oh...
excuse me, boys...

3
Urrap!... God, that felt incredible... feeling so
much better now...

2
Hold your positions! Do not fly near her mouth! I repeat, do not fly near
her mouth or else you'll crash!

The moment the second soldier drops into her stuffed midsection, a massive wave of trapped air surges up Megan's throat, culminating in a titanic, earth-shaking burp. The explosive gastric blast rips across the desert floor, kicking up a massive wall of dust that sweeps over the parade line.

The sheer acoustic force of the release rattles the remaining equipment in her path, clearing her core of the built-up pressure. She clutches her widening belly as the gas clears, her slurred voice echoing over the compound.



1
B-Buuuurp... Oops, looks like there's still
some gas left...

2
HicCC... God... I might've overdone it...
everything is bursting...

She lets out another loud, wet burp as her lower half expands to accommodate the new volume, her mass adapting to the open terrain. The parade of loyal troops keeps marching, their boots synchronized with the steady tremors of her widening base.



From the perspective of the infantrymen marching within the parade lines below, the sky has completely vanished behind the rising, continent of Megan's glutes. They look straight up into the stratosphere, watching their commander exhale thick clouds of steam with every massive breath.

The planetary shadow of her gargantuan ass casts an absolute, freezing darkness across the entire sector, blocking out the sun as her cheeks swell fatter and wider into the desert sky. The troops move in a state of absolute awe, completely dwarfed by the biological fortress leading them to the silo.

1
Keep your eyes forward! Keep
marching!

2
Jesus fucking christ, Megan. Her ass looks painful
to carry around...

3
Stay aligned with her ankles!
KEEP MOVING!



The horizontal expansion of Megan's rear continues its relentless trajectory, the soft, gelatinous cheeks widening by hundreds of yards to rewrite the landscape.

She sways her middle to maintain her balance, her muffled groans indicating the intense, drug-like pleasure of the viral surge.

1

**BuuEEuurghpp-UUURRRP!*... we have arrived, men... *HicCC*...*

3

**Slurp*... let's see what the Nurse has left inside her...*

2

All units, halt! Secure the perimeter under the Captain's gut!

Her cushiony butt and billowing love handles expand fatter and larger. She stops directly in front of the primary silo entrance, her massive, stretch-marked double belly hanging low over the concrete bunkers as she prepares to extract Scarlett's shrinking spit. The final phase of the operation is at hand, and her stuffed, shifting interior is ready to receive the remaining secrets of the facility.



1
Urrap!... there it is... the asset
container...

2
I can feel the heat radiating through the concrete and metal. I
hope nothing bad happened.

3
Hold the line, men. That's close enough.
Something feels wrong.

Agent Megan Donovan closes the final distance, her towering form casting a massive shadow across the concrete bunker line. She is now nearly as large as the entire subterranean missile silo structure itself, her colossal hips and heavy double belly shifting with immense, disciplined power.

She stares down at the reinforced concrete dome with a slurred, heavy-lidded focus, her breath kicking up dust storms over the outer trenches. Her loyal parade of soldiers continues to march along her massive ankles, treating her planetary body as their ultimate shield.



1
BuuEEuurghpp-UUURRRP!...
Squelch...

2
Free... *HicCC*... too big for the
little box...

3
MMMMMM-NNNH... Oh
god... It hurts... Belly too
stuffed... I can't walk...

With a deafening, earth-shattering explosion, the heavy reinforced ceiling of the nuclear silo violently bursts outward into the night sky. Iron support beams snap like matchsticks as Nurse Scarlett Goldstein undergoes a massive, unstoppable eruption of viral growth.

She surges straight through the ruined roof, stretching her behemoth limbs toward the stars as the cramped facility completely disintegrates beneath her weight. She greets the open desert air with a loud moan and a series of deep, breathless burps that rattle the surrounding mountains.



1
Slurp... Oh god... I'm
getting too big!

The air pressure drops violently as Scarlett's hyper-expanded anatomy absorbs the remaining atmosphere of the compound. Her smooth, pale skin radiates a scorching, feverish heat, turning a deep, flushed red under the glowing sun.

The sudden blast of her expansion launches hundreds of un-swallowed personnel high into the air, their tiny bodies flying amid a dense cloud of concrete debris and smoke. She twists her colossal torso lazily, completely indifferent to the total destruction of the military infrastructure around her.



1
Mmmmmnh... Too fucking big... Oh god
i-it's t-too much...

The massive iron cylinder of the silo continues to buckle and bend outward, completely reshaped by the sheer, unyielding density of Scarlett's expanding lower base. Her gargantuan, soft ass spreads across the structural tracks, flattening the heavy machinery into thin sheets of scrap metal.

Megan maintains her distance, her own planetary weight anchoring her into the sand as she watches her rival expand by yards with every passing second. The scent of raw heat and sweet, toxic musk thickens until the desert air feels like a boiling swamp.



2
S-Scarlett is... she is not enough...
Need others...

1
BuuEEuurghpp... the vessel is
ready... *HicCC*...

The walls of the missile facility completely rupture on all sides, spilling mounds of crushed concrete onto the outer trench lines. Scarlett's enormous double belly now drops heavily onto the desert floor, plowing through the perimeter fences like a bulldozer, while her colossal rear hangs over the collapsed edge of the roof from behind.

Her speech drops into an unusually slurred, fragmented cadence, her glowing violet eyes fixed on the horizon as her middle continues to widen into the valley. A deep, seismic rumble echoes from her core, indicating a massive shift in her viral load.



3
The host cannot grant access... **Urrap!**... the rival lineage must consume all infrastructure...

1
Scarlett... listen to me... **HicCC**... I don't mean you any harm...

2
Give me a sample of the spit... Just spit it on the floor so we can collect it safely. I need it to finish the mission... to stop the President... She's gotten massive and we don't have time to catch up.

Megan steps forward with careful deliberation, keeping her eyes fixed on the thick strings of saliva dripping from Scarlett's plush lips. She remembers how that exact fluid stole her size during their previous encounter, forcing her to maintain a strict distance to avoid another sudden shrinkage.

She tilts her towering head up, her slurred military voice booming over the sound of the emergency alarms as she tries to reason with the monstrously big giantess. Scarlett responds with a deeply slurred, third-person delivery, her human ego fully suppressed by the virus that is now commanding her tongue.



¹
Goldstein, you aren't making any sense. What host? What lineage are you talking about?

²
Mmmph... it's not me... it's inside me... screaming for more...

³
HicCC... it's different from the one in Dakota... it hates her... it wants earth for itself...

Megan steps back slightly, her massive feet grinding into the desert sand as she tries to process Scarlett's bizarre words.

Scarlett's massive face twitches as a visible internal conflict plays out across her chubby features. The real nurse briefly fights her way to the surface, her slurred voice trembling as she realizes the entity in her cells is entirely different from the strain that took the President.



1
If it's a rival strain, we need to extract it now before it completely burns you out. What is it trying to do?

2
BuuEEuurghpp... no time... the other side is too big... Dakota could devour the universe...

3
Urrap... The territory must be claimed before they swallow the planet...

Megan's expression grew more worried by the second. She tightly holds her own heavy belly for comfort, her slurred military voice cracking under the tension of the cryptic warnings.

Scarlett tries to wiggle herself out of the silo remnants to no avail, the soft layers of her double chin trembling violently as the virus pushes back against her control. Her responses remain messy and incoherent, her glowing eyes flashing with a dangerous, ancient hunger that completely ignores her human identity.



1
These humans, they're nothing but clay to
build our walls...

2
This planet is our claimed territory... we will not let the others
occupy our breeding grounds...

3
A war between viruses? What the fuck am I hearing?! So this whole time,
it's been just a big show-off of who's the stronger strain and you're using
earth as your playground?! USING SCARLETT?! ME?! DAKOTA?!

Scarlett tilts her colossal, flushed head down, her gaze locking onto Megan with absolute, unfeeling coldness as the virus takes full command of her voice. The slurred delivery vanishes into a deep, booming resonance that echoes off the surrounding mountains.

The entity uses her massive mouth to explain the true nature of the cosmic war, laying out the ancient boundaries of its territory. It makes it clear that human lives are completely worthless to its design, existing only as a physical fuel source to secure the grid against the main infection.



1
My enemy is weak. Barbara, Dakota, Evelyn... A weak mutation that allowed these hosts to keep their petty egos...

2
Our lineage is pure... HicCC... we adapt, we steal the scale, we reclaim the soil...

3
But you're too late... Dakota and Evelyn are already matching the size of the skyline... you can't beat them alone, which is why YOU NEED ME!

The lore of the ancient rivalry between these viral alien species fills the silent desert. Scarlett's body swells slightly wider into the bunkers, her ass crushing the remaining concrete and metal into dust as the virus speaks.

Megan listens in absolute shock, realizing the true scope of the disaster facing the world. The president and her VP are just one half of a global infestation, and the monster in front of her is entirely dedicated to wiping them out by any means necessary. This was never about saving mankind. This is about claiming territory.



2
M m m - M M M N P H . . .
BuuEEuurghpp...

1
Goldstein? What's going on? Are
you okay?

3
Talk to me! What is happening to your
stomach? You look sick!

The continuous flow of the conversation comes to a sudden, violent halt as Scarlett's expression contorts in pure agony. A massive spasm ripples through her double belly.

She gasps heavily, lifting her gargantuan, sweat-slicked hand to clamp it tightly over her plush lips as if she is about to throw up.



2
Gug... Gulp... get back...
g-get out of h-

1
Tell me what's
wrong!

Megan takes several heavy steps back, her chubby feet digging deep into the trenches as a profound sense of danger hits her instincts. Scarlett continues to heave violently behind her hand, her massive body swaying dangerously over the collapsed roof of the silo.

With a desperate, frantic motion, Scarlett uses her other enormous arm to gesture wildly, waving Megan further away into the desert plains. Her glowing eyes are wide with panic, silently warning the other giantess to keep her distance before the internal pressure erupts.



1
MMMMMMNPH... the blueprint must
be gathered...

2
Time to wake them up,
my soldiers.

3
What the fuck i-is
that?!

Scarlett's hand drops from her face as her mouth opens up to its absolute maximum limit, her jaw straining against the extreme internal pressure. She tilts her heavy, chubbier face straight up toward the cloud layer, her thick double chins flattening against her neck as she unleashes her full energy.

An extremely bright, blinding purple beam of glowing light shoots out from her throat, piercing the sky in a massive, continuous torrent that illuminates the entire valley. The virus bypasses her physical limits completely, using the light to signal and wake up the presence of its previous ancient hosts across the globe, knowing it lacks the power to fight the President alone.



¹
The original vessels...

²
She's broadcasting a homing pulse right through the stratosphere... To who?!

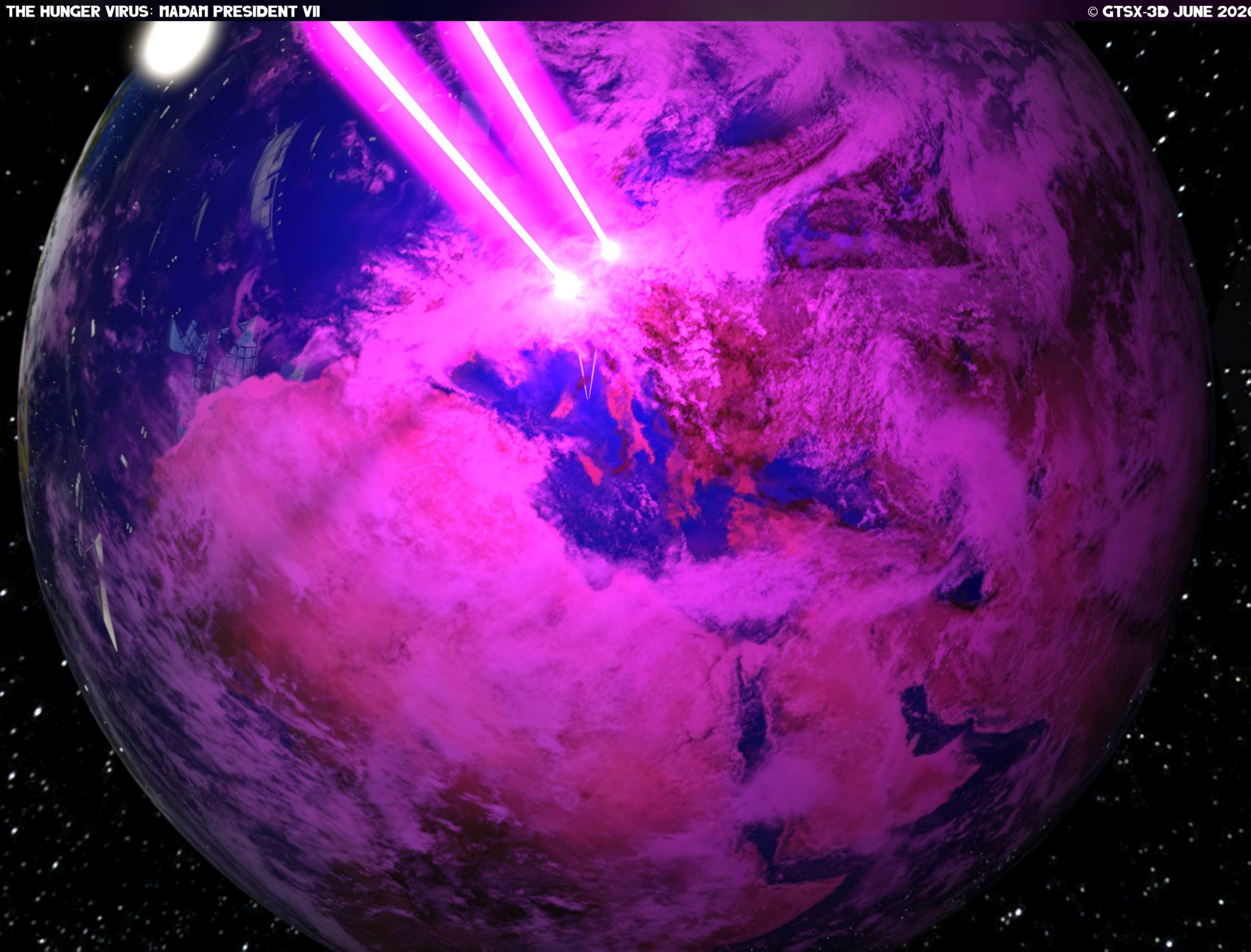
The violent column of violet energy continues to erupt from Scarlett's open jaws, lighting up the desert sky like a toxic aurora. Miles away, a squadron of heavy military helicopters hovers in absolute shock, their instruments haywire from the sheer radioactive output.

Scarlett's features remain locked in a heavy, slurred trance as her double belly shudders against the destroyed bunker tracks. The ancient consciousness within her cells uses her throat to project its final, cryptic commands into the atmosphere, calling out to the hidden blueprints left across the ocean.



The intense, uninterrupted beam of purple light cuts a clean hole through the upper atmosphere, shooting straight out from the cracked American desert into the dark void of space.

The seismic energy of the launch ripples across the sand, flattening the outer trench lines while the garrison watches the sky split open. The ancient virus has officially bypassed its current host's limitations, utilizing her massive mass as a simple satellite to locate its old territory, fattening her up to a large enough size so that she can send off the signal into space.



High above the planet's orbit, the massive column of violet energy strikes the upper layers of the atmosphere and cleanly splits into two distinct, burning tendrils of light. The cosmic lasers curve sharply across the global grid, defying the darkness as they map out their coordinates.

One glowing arc plunges straight down toward the historic heart of France, while the second beam cuts a path directly into the low coastal borders of the Netherlands. The old lineage is reclaiming its lost vessels, prepared to awaken a rival force capable of challenging the planetary opponents growing bigger back in the United States.



Meanwhile, a sunny, picturesque afternoon in the middle of Paris, where the air smells of fresh espresso, warm butter, and expensive perfume. A crowd of elegantly dressed locals stands chatting outside a beautiful new neighborhood cafeteria, the French flag rippling gently against the classic stone architecture.

The cobblestone street is peaceful, entirely isolated from the apocalyptic flesh storms tearing through the American continent. Patrons laugh and sip their drinks, completely unaware of the cosmic target painted directly over their heads.



1
The color is perfect... The distillation process in this batch is absolutely flawless.

2
A perfect blend to celebrate our first week in operation...

3
Now, let's see if the flavor matches the aroma.

Inside the cafe's open terrace, a familiar face raises a heavy crystal glass of high-end whiskey to toast the grand opening of the business. Charles rubs his thick beard slowly, squinting his eyes as he examines the rich amber composition of the liquor like a true connoisseur.

He moves with a relaxed, sophisticated ease, thoroughly enjoying the fruits of their new European life. His attention is entirely fixed on the quality of the spirit, savoring the quiet moment before the lunch rush begins.



1
Are you just going to stare at that glass
all day, Charles?

2
This dress is holding onto my new
hips for dear life.

3
Drink up and tell me if the selection is ready for
our premier patrons.

Standing directly in front of him is his towering wife, Sharon, the legendary first host of the hunger virus who once came dangerously close to devouring the entire planet. She is an absolute deity of a woman, standing nearly nine feet tall and packed with an astonishing, ultra-plus-size volume of soft, pale fat.

She wears a tight red dress that is actively ripping across her gargantuan, shifting ass, her massive hips and thighs having ballooned since moving to Paris to operate this bakery. She funded the entire luxury venture using the massive wealth she accumulated from global talk-shows, media tours, and her high-profile plus-size modeling career.



2
Gulp... ah, that is incredible. Smooth, rich, and heavy...
just like my favorite girl.

1
Look how proud you look... we actually
did it, sweetie.

3
Flattery won't fix my seams, Charles... I'll really need that new dress I told
you about. But I'll take that as compliment.

Sharon smiles down at her smaller husband, her plump, beautiful face glowing with absolute happiness as they celebrate this massive step forward for their family. The soft friction of her heavy thighs creates a subtle whisper against the terrace floorboards as she shifts her immense weight.

Charles chuckles, looking up into her eyes with deep adoration before tilting his head back to gulp down the high-end whiskey. The surrounding Parisian crowd continues their light chatter.



Sharon lets out a low, breathless laugh, looking down at his slight frame as she rests her thick, doughy hands over the heavy curve of her waist. She makes a playful joke about her recent weight gain, fully aware that her constant pastry taste-testing has left her red dress straining to its absolute limit.

Her voluptuous silhouette dominates, her soft back rolls and heavy tummy spilling over the fabric's edge. She is completely uninhibited, reveling in the plush density that her modeling agency spent millions to promote.

1
I've been spending way too much time in the pastry kitchen, Oops. Hahahaha. This silk is practically screaming for mercy across my ass right now...

2
If I taste one more chocolate croissant, I'm going to burst right out of these threads.



1
MMMMMMNP
H!...

2
HUH?!

Without warning, the afternoon sky turns a violent, brilliant shade of violet as the first cosmic tendril of light strikes straight down through the cafe's canopy. The heavy beam slams directly into Sharon's open mouth, forcing her head back as the ancient dark energy floods her core.

Her massive, nine-foot frame slowly levitates a few inches off the stone sidewalk, her toes dangling above the floor. The dormant viral code in her cells instantly activates, rewriting her internal mass as the rival strain takes root.



1 Sharon! Oh my God, Sharon! What is happening to you?!

2 Get back! Everyone get away from her!

3 No... no, please, not this nightmare again...

Complete panic erupts across the outdoor terrace as the French patrons scatter in absolute terror, screaming in frantic, native tongue as the light illuminates the block. Charles stumbles backward into a row of iron tables, his whiskey glass shattering against the cobblestones.

He looks up in absolute horror, his voice cracking as he watches his wife suspend in the air, her body absorbing a weird torrential purple pulse. The sheer unexpectedness of the invasion leaves him paralyzed as the energy settles into her core.



1
Hold perfectly still, babe. The light hitting the water right now is gorgeous.

3
Just a few more shots... don't let the shadow shift yet...

2
I'm not moving an inch, honey. The reflection on the canal is beautiful today.

Meanwhile, along a scenic canal river in the heart of Amsterdam, a tall, freckled redhead stands adjusting the lens of a high-end camera. Pami focuses on the historic waterways, her massive frame dominating the path as she takes pictures of the late afternoon sun setting over the valley.

This beautiful amazon is the very same tourist who originally contracted a stray viral variant, a ancient strain carried through space dust that had accidentally slipped into Megan Donovan's nose hole during her time as Earth's cosmic guardian before falling to the soil. It found its way back with her, infecting Scarlett, and gathering enough strength to reach its previous hosts.

A few years ago, that rogue infection had triggered a ravenous feeding frenzy, causing Pami to balloon in size and completely devour the cruise ship she was on board, along with the cheating ex-boyfriend who broke her heart.

Standing right next to her now is her new local partner, a handsome man who stands a respectable six foot three, yet looks significantly shorter next to her current gigantic size. His head barely reaches the lower curve of her massive, swinging breasts as he enjoys the calm view of the river, entirely unaware that the old cosmic lineage is about to wake up within her cells.



1
Look at those fish near the stone pillar...
they're huge, Pami.

3
Alright, alright... I'm a statue. Just hurry before the sun
dips behind the bridge.

2
Babe, I told you, hold still... **HicCC**... you're
breaking my alignment...

The Dutch boyfriend speaks in a smooth, accented English, pointing down at the water to distract her from her heavy camera equipment. He smiles up at his tall girlfriend, thoroughly enjoying the peaceful afternoon along the historic Amsterdam grid.

Pami keeps her focus locked on the viewfinder, her thick fingers adjusting the manual focus ring with practiced ease. Her massive, soft frame is completely relaxed, her breathing creating a low, rhythmic pattern that mixes with the sound of the passing boats.



1
Got it... **Slurp**... that shot is going to look amazing in the gallery.

3
She thinks: He looks so small and perfect standing next to my waist.

2
You're a true artist, Pami. I knew this trip to the canals would inspire you.

The giantess is officially revealed as Pami, the legendary American tourist who once contracted a rogue viral strain and completely devoured an entire cruise ship along with her cheating ex-boyfriend. After years of intense psychiatric counseling and legal resolution, she relocated to Europe to rebuild her life from scratch.

It was in the Netherlands that she found true, unconditional love with her new dreadlocked boyfriend, who accepts her massive, modified proportions without a single ounce of judgment. She has fully processed her past trauma, turning her focus toward art and recovery.

2

BuuEEuurghpp... that's because this booty has its own zip code.

1

I'm trying to hug you, honey... but my arms are running out of highway back here!

3

I'm not complaining... there's just more of you to love every single day.

Her boyfriend steps up behind her, opening his arms wide in an attempt to wrap her in a warm, loving embrace from the rear. He stretches his limbs to their absolute maximum limit, but his hands cannot even come close to meeting across the staggering, planetary expanse of her colossal ass.

He simply rests his upper body against the soft, gelatinous mountain of her cheeks, laughing softly at the sheer, beautiful scale of the woman he loves. Pami lets out a low giggle, shifting her weight slightly to press back into his warmth.



1
What are you in the mood for tonight, sweetie?

2
There's a great little Indonesian spot just past the square... if your appetite is ready.

3
My stomach is always ready for a big plate, babe...

Pami lowers her camera, turning her head slightly to look down at him with a soft, affectionate smile. She reaches back with her thick, freckled fingers, gently caressing the long, neat dreadlocks falling over his shoulders as they stand along the canal.

The air between them is warm and intimate, the physical distance between them emphasizing her incredible height. They slowly begin to discuss their dinner plans, looking forward to a quiet evening in the city after a long day of shooting.



1 WHAT THE
FUCK?!

2
MMMMMMNPH!...
Gug... Gulp...

3
Pami? Baby?! SOMEONE CALL AN AMBULANCE! HELP! SOMEONE
HELP US! SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH MY GIRLFRIEND!

The conversation vanishes into thin air as the second glowing purple beam strikes straight down from the sky, piercing directly through Pami's open mouth. She drops her expensive camera onto the concrete, her eyes instantly rolling up to the back of her skull.

Similarly to Sharon, she begins to slowly levitate off the canal path, her body absorbing the ancient blueprint left within her genetic history, as she was also a host for this virus. Her boyfriend gasps in pure horror, letting go of her waist as he stumbles backward across the grass, watching the terrifying rebirth of the giantess conclude the chapter.

TO BE
CONTINUED