
My Girlfriend Is a Goddess
Part One


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Story by Redfiredog


It was a hot and humid Sunday night in Georgia. The kind that made your skin stick to your clothes, so it was just easier to go without them. Travis stood in the bathroom brushing his teeth. As he watched the spit circle the drain, he thought about how it was way past his regular bedtime. Not that he was even all that eager to sleep. He was dead tired, sure, but there was something he needed before he could relax...


The whole weekend had gone by and he hadn't gotten to fuck Chloe once, which was starting to bother him more than he liked to admit. But the universe had put a pretty big obstacle in his path. One that took the form of a glowing little rectangle.
Chloe's phone.


She'd been glued to that thing for hours now. He could let it slide if she were, say, watching cute cat videos or something. Instead, she'd been listening to conspiracy theories on a loop. And not even the typical ones. These were so insane that Travis couldn't even keep up.
She'd been on a conspiracy bender the last couple weeks, obsessing over fantastical ideas he'd have never thought up in a hundred years. One minute she'd be talking about a lost underground civilization, the next she was telling her followers that reality was a computer simulation or something. And now, he couldn't even talk to her, because she was recording.


"Hey y'all, this is Chloe Costas, here with another theory. Everyone knows you can manifest reality by focusing your energy and aligning your chakras, but how far can you really take it?"
Travis usually loved to just listen to Chloe talk. Her smooth, sultry Georgian accent made the back of his hair tingle. But as much as he loved her voice, the nonsense she'd been ranting about was starting to drive him crazy. First the earth was flat. Then it couldn't possibly be flat, because it was actually hollow! Then that stopped mattering entirely, because it was all on a giant turtle's back in space.
"Wishing for love or money is one thing, but what if you could take it further?" Chloe said, winking into the camera. "Maybe if enough of us got together and focused towards the same goal at the same time, we could wish a whole new world into existence! Let's say we try it tonight, alright?"


He worried she may have been losing her mind, but right now he had more pressing concerns. Like the fact that every minute she spent ranting to strangers online was a minute they couldn't spend together. Preferably naked. Having sex.
Travis sighed. He wanted to remind her how late it was, but he knew better than to interrupt her when she was streaming.


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"So, everyone, repeat after me. I know that I deserve the world. All I need to do is tell the universe to give me what I want, and it will happen. Until next time, keep your chi levels topped up and channel that positive energy!"
"Are you finished?" Travis asked, not bothering to hide his annoyance.

"Just about!" Chloe said, too distracted to notice his attitude. "No edits needed, and... posted!"

He flopped down next to her, making a show of how tired he was, hoping she'd notice. "It's getting pretty late." He complained. "We probably don't have enough time to do anything fun now."

She looked up, and it was like her eyes flicked back to the real world. "Yeah, we'll get right to bed... But there's no harm in one little kiss goodnight, is there?"

He smirked at her. "I suppose just one couldn't hurt..."




"Good."
Chloe climbed on top of Travis, locking lips with him before pulling away. "You know, you're pretty hard for 'just wanting to kiss,'" she said. "You really shouldn't be sleeping with blue balls, it'll block the flow of your chi..."
"It's not my chi that I'm worried about getting blocked, but I think you have a point..."


The two had no more use for words. Muscle memory took over. Hands moving without thought, his boxers shoved down, her hands wrapping around him, sliding him in, and she was moving her hips on top of him, the whole apartment practically echoing with her voice.
"Oh, fuck! This is good," she moaned. "Fuck me, Travis. Fuck me hard!"


He flipped her onto her back, got on top. He knew how she wanted it, and he gave it to her hard, pounding her against the mattress. She'd be sore in the morning, and still come back for more tomorrow.


She came fast, screaming his name like she was trying to shake the drywall loose. "Oh fuck that's good!" she gasped. "I want to feel you cum inside of me..."


He slowed, fighting off the edge, then let it crash through him with one last hard thrust. He finally spilled inside of her, in a rush that left him dizzy.


Then it was quiet. Every time, the sex drained the tension out of him, left him weightless and soft and tangled up right there with her in the moment. Those quiet moments made him feel closer than ever to Chloe. Except this time, Chloe wasn't quiet. She was already somewhere else.


"You've got to be kidding me!" Travis muttered as the light from her phone drew his attention. "Were you on there while we were having sex?"
"Of course not! I'd get banned if I went live during that. I just waited until you finished!" she said, barely missing a beat.
"Barely," he shot back, "I want to spend some quality time together, but you can't go five minutes without being on that thing!"


She looked up, startled by the bite in his voice, and set the phone down. She tried to smooth it over with sweetness. "I'm sorry sweetie, I just had to check my notifications! I've been gaining a lot of followers, so anything I post gets a bunch of replies super fast! I mean, my last video is already blowing up. That's exciting, right? This could turn into a whole thing! We might not even have to work anymore!"


Travis shook his head. "That's what I'm worried about. You're vanishing down this rabbit hole, Chloe. Before you know it, you'll be telling me the Jews built the pyramids and the aliens did 9/11!"
She bristled at his words. "You know Travis, I am capable of thinking for myself. Don't act like I'm crazy just because my mind's a little more open than yours. You could stand to be a bit more open-minded yourself."


"Maybe you're right." Travis admitted. "Not about the... Never mind. I mean, I haven't really given what you were saying a fair shake. You're always saying something about... manifesting, right?"


Her eyes went wide. "Yeah! So manifesting is basically like one big wish. If you wish for something hard enough, you can make it real." She wiped her hand through the air, like she was casting a spell.
"So, like, The Secret?" Travis asked skeptically. "So, if you want to be a millionaire, or a celebrity, or whatever, you just wish really hard?"


Chloe scoffed. "Seriously, Travis? This is what I mean! It goes so much further than that! Try really thinking about something outlandish! Something crazy!" She said excitedly. "They say that if enough people wish hard enough, you even can change reality itself. You could manifest one where everything is totally different! Like... maybe one where you're a ginger! Don't you ever wonder what that would be like?"
"Maybe not that specifically..." Travis shrugged, exhaustion beginning to settle in. "But a whole different world? What if it had some bad side effects, though? What if we were to manifest a new reality where we don't even know each other? I don't think I'd want to live in a reality where I don't have you..."


"Aww..." Chloe melted at that, wrapping her arms tight around Travis. "That's real sweet... but there are like, infinite universes out there. That means there's a whole infinity of universes where you and I exist, and we're dating, but everything else is totally different. Maybe even one where you're the popular online celebrity."
"So, we could just wish for a reality where we're both, like, superheroes, or something?"


"Exactly!" Chloe giggled. "Or, like, what if we made it so the Greek Gods were real? That would be cool to manifest. I mean, we're already in Athens!"
Travis snorted. "Yeah, Athens, Georgia. It's like five thousand miles to Greece. There's barely a hill in sight, let alone Mount Olympus!"


Chloe shrugged. "Fine, then I'll wish for our very own Mount Olympus too!"


Chloe closed her eyes and focused her energy.
"I'm picturing it now," she said. "A world like this one, but with Greek Gods, and Goddesses..."


Travis was getting tired, but he did his best to humor her. "Alright, fine, I'll give it a shot. I'm manifesting... now!"
Nothing changed.


"Maybe just the two of us aren't enough!" Chloe said. "I'll have my followers wish along with us, Okay? If we all do it at the same time, maybe it will work."
"I hope it works, sweetie," Travis said, closing his eyes tight. "You know what I just thought of, though? You're Greek. I bet you'd make a great goddess... Wouldn't that be something...?"
And then everything went black.

Somewhere in his sleep, Travis dreamt he was climbing Mount Olympus. There was a goddess, huge and gleaming, with skin like polished stone and hair that gleamed like gold. He was about to see her face when the world slipped out from under him.


He woke up feeling groggy, with a strange feeling in his gut. Usually, he woke up to the sound of his alarm blaring, or Chloe excitedly waking him up. The silence unnerved him, making him wonder what exactly was going on. He pushed himself out of bed, and felt an unfamiliar fabric brushing against his skin.


He'd gone to sleep naked, but now he was wrapped in what looked like a toga. It didn't feel like some cheap Spirit Halloween costume like he'd worn at college parties either. This was much better made, like something you'd see in a movie about ancient Greece.
"Chloe, did you put this thing on me?" He half-shouted, expecting her to jump out laughing.
Silence.
"That was a pretty good prank, Chloe." He said as he sat up in bed. "But you can stop pretending now."


She didn't respond.
Travis began to grow tense. He jumped out of bed and searched the apartment for her, feeling more uneasy with every second she didn't make herself seen. The strangest part was there seemed to be no sign of her, either. None of her usual morning mess, no smell of breakfast from the kitchen. Not even that dinging of notifications from her phone.
It wasn't like her to just disappear in the morning like that, and he was starting to get concerned. He reached for his cell phone on the dresser, but the dresser was gone, along with his clothes and keys. It was so weirdly thorough for a joke. She'd even gone and removed her own things from the bedroom.
For a moment he wondered if she'd quietly broken up with him, but he pushed that out of his mind. They had a fight, but they'd made up afterwards. He'd even tried manifesting to humor her, and she seemed to appreciate it. There was nothing to make him think she was about to break up with him.


Travis headed out into the hallway, bracing for a sudden jump scare from Chloe, camera in tow. His shoulders sunk when he saw that the hall was deserted. If this was a prank, it was getting old fast.


At that moment a couple of women walked by, neither of whom he recognized. He knew it was a long-shot, but he figured he might as well as if they'd seen her. He just hoped they wouldn't laugh too hard when they saw his costume.
"Hey, you don't know Chloe, do you?" he asked.


The women smiled at him, then did something he'd never seen before. They put their hands on their foreheads, and said, "Praise her! Praise her name!" in eerie unison.
General Affairs Depar
Secretarial Chief


"Um... Thanks, but I'm not looking to join a new religion," Travis grunted, waving them off. "Should've known better than to ask a couple strangers..."



He stepped out into the street, feeling stupid in the toga, but nobody batted an eye. That was strange too. Something felt off, in a way that he couldn't quite place. He searched the crowd for Chloe, hoping she'd leap out with a 'Surprise!' But to his growing dismay, there was no trace of her.

"Chloe?" he called out. "Chloe?"

For a moment, he found himself wondering if Chloe's manifesting nonsense had actually worked. He considered it for a moment, before dismissing the idea completely. That wasn't possible, it couldn't be possible, and he wasn't even going to consider it. He wasn't about to let her insane conspiracy nonsense worm its way into his psyche.


He couldn't place what seemed wrong until he glanced up, and his brain seized up for a second. "What in the fuck?" he breathed.


Athens, Georgia wasn't exactly known for its mountains. It was mostly swampland, nearly as flat as Kansas. There wasn't a real hill for a hundred miles. Those were simple, uncontestable facts... All of which were extremely hard to reconcile with what he was seeing.
Just miles away was what he could only describe as a mountain. It was truly massive, towering high above the clouds. But that was far from the most unusual feature. Because situated on top were what looked like Greek temples, but built to an impossible scale. He stared until the afterimage burned into his eyes.
SERGIOS DESIGNER MENS SHOES
NYPD
NYPD


His head was spinning as he pondered the implications of what this meant, before he remembered what he'd done the night prior. That couldn't be why this was happening, right? If the wish had actually worked and he really was in a different world, then the Greek gods must be real! But that wouldn't explain why Chloe was missing, would it? Did he somehow wish her out of existence?
His anxiety must have been obvious, because a cop walked over to check on him. "Excuse me, sir, is everything okay?" one asked.
SERGIOS DESIGNER MENS SHO
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"Is everything okay?!" He repeated incredulously. "You mean, aside from the giant mountain that appeared right in the middle of town overnight?!"
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POLICE DEPARTMENT
CITY OF NEW YORK


The officer just laughed, and put his hands on Travis's shoulder. "That's a new one! A priest who's never heard of Mount Olympus!" he joked.
"What, did you hit your head or something?" the other one asked. "Nice try, but excuses won't get you out of your duties. Head injury or not, you've still got a job to do!"
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To his horror, the cops grabbed him by the arms, and dragged him away. "Stop, this is all just a big misunderstanding!" he pleaded. "This isn't even my robe! My girlfriend Chloe just put it on as a prank!"
"Oh, so she's your 'girlfriend' now, is she?" he teased. "Well, your 'girlfriend' ain't gonna be too happy if you're late to your duties. We'll help make sure that you get there, now come along!"
SERGIOS DESIGNE


There was no arguing. The two simply guided Travis into their squad car, and promptly dropped him off a couple miles away at the base of the mountain. The cops watched from beside the car, making sure he didn't try to escape after.
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A crowd of people walked past Travis, all dressed in robes that looked just like his. They had to be priests, just like him, right? He wasn't even sure what being a priest entailed, but he had a feeling he was about to find out.


Travis looked up at the stairs, which were truly massive, and seemed to go on forever. Every step was nearly as tall as he was. Tall enough that it seemed only a giant would be able to actually walk them. The steps were flanked by huge statues of gods and goddesses, with eerily blank faces.
He started walking, but the mountain seemed to rise higher and higher the closer he got. He hesitated for a moment, overwhelmed by the sheer size of it. But with no other options, he climbed up anyway.


Every ledge meant a full-body pull, and he climbed in fits and starts. He was out of breath sooner than he hoped, but he kept going. He didn't have a choice in the matter. Before long he was sweating and shaky, but he pushed onward. He wasn't about to be left behind. The last thing he wanted to do was get lost in this place.


Travis pushed on, following the others through the doorway to the temple. The sheer size of the place was mind-boggling. Skyscraper-tall slabs of wood swung open on silent hinges, beckoning him in.

He stopped for a moment to catch his breath. As his eyes adjusted to the relative darkness, he started to realize just how vast this temple really was.




The hallway stretched on for what looked to be miles. It was truly enormous, built to the scale of giants. The impossible size was more than he could take in. Everything was made of marble and gold, and there was almost too much extravagant detail to take in. It was as if all the world's riches had been gathered here, lavishing whatever giants resided deeper inside.


Travis hurried after the other priests, struggling to catch his breath as he ran across the sprawling hallway. He was a fully-grown man. He knew that, and he knew the other priests were as well. But it was hard to reconcile that with the fact that they all looked like ants as they walked across the floor.
There was no time to stand and make sense of it. The priests were moving, pulling away from him, closing in on yet another set of monstrous stairs. He ran, shoes slapping against the cold stone, not letting himself fall behind.


Then, the ground shook. Booming footsteps echoed from the back of the hall. A towering figure emerged through the doorway, and he could hardly believe what he was seeing.


The goddess strutted in like she owned the place. She was dressed in billowing white, with gold threads tracing her every curve. Her hair was like a cascade of golden fleece running down her shoulders. He looked at her face, taking in every detail, and a strange sense of familiarity swept over him. Then, suddenly, it dawned on him.
It was Chloe. She was massive, and her hair was blonde, but there was no doubt that it was her.


Flooded with excitement, he called out to her. "Chloe, it's me! It's me!" he shouted eagerly. But for as loud as he shouted, Chloe didn't seem to notice. If he wanted to get her attention, he would have to come closer.


He climbed up four more rows of massive stairs, scrambling higher and higher. His excitement carried him forward, making it easy to ignore his own exhaustion. He hauled himself onto the final ledge, where the other priests had gathered around her feet.


"Step aside, I need to talk to her!" Travis said. He ran forward, shoving the other priests out of the way as he pushed his way to the front of the crowd.


Finally, he stood in front of her. "Hey, Chloe! Down here!" he shouted. "Chloe! Chloe! It's me!"
It was incredible seeing his girlfriend at such an enormous scale. Just being in her presence was awe-inspiring.


Sure enough, Chloe looked down at him. Travis hoped to see a look of recognition, followed by the same excitement that he'd felt upon seeing her face. Instead, she looked down at him quizzically.
"What are you trying to say to me?" she asked, in her familiar Southern drawl. If Travis had any lingering doubts that he was talking to Chloe, they vanished the instant he heard her speak. That sweet twang of her voice was unmistakable.
"It's me, Travis!" he said excitedly. "You remember me, don't you?"


She stared down at him, wrinkling her nose like something stunk. "Travis? What the hell kind of name is that?" she asked. "What's wrong with y'all? You hit your head or something?"


Travis was wounded. "You have to remember me, Chloe!" he said. "You have to remember me!"
The other priests stared wearily at him. "He's upsetting the goddess!" One of them said. "Remove him from her presence, immediately!"


Some other priests tried to grab Travis, but he pulled away from them. "Get the hell off of me!" he shouted.


Travis looked up at Chloe, gesturing at the other priests. "These losers don't deserve to be around you," he said. "Look at me, and tell me you don't love me more than them!"


Chloe shook her head. "I dunno what's gotten into you." she said. "Since when are you so damned thin-skinned, Andreas?"
His mind raced. So, she did know him after all... just not by the same name. His name wasn't Travis in this world. It was Andreas. That name seemed familiar somehow, and he couldn't help but feel as that it fit him like a glove.


Slowly, she knelt down, shaking the floor as she shifted her weight. She looked at him, the same unreadable stare in her eyes. "You embarrass yourself, Andreas," she told him. "Do I need to teach you some manners?"


Before he could answer, her massive hand was already reaching down for him. As it drew closer, he felt as if he was frozen in place. He wouldn't have dared to try and run, even if he could. He just stood there like a statue as those massive fingers closed in on him.


Her fingers wrapped around his chest, and he felt her squeezing him like a vice. He could feel the strength behind each of those fingers pressing on his chest, threatening to snap his ribs. He knew that the slightest squeeze would have been enough to break his bones and smash him into paste.
She lifted him into the air, looking at him like he was a little bug she'd just picked off the ground. "Honestly, what the hell am I even going to do with you, Andreas?"


Her thumb pressed hard on his stomach, forcing it in. It felt like she might press straight through his body. "Not... So... Tight..." he said, gasping for air.


Chloe stared him down. "You should know better than to try and give me orders." She said coldly. "What's wrong with you? Why the hell are you making such a scene today?" She loosened the grip at this point just enough to allow him to breathe.


He looked up at Chloe with wide eyes, already moistened by tears. "It's just... I just wanted you to know... How much I love you..."
Chloe looked back at him, and considered his words. For a moment, he wondered if she felt the same way.


Then she burst out in laughter. And just when he thought it was about to end, it only grew louder, growing into a long, bellowing laugh that echoed through the halls. His heart sank as he realized the other priests were laughing along too.
"Sweet little Andreas, what am I going to do with you?" she mused, before laughing it again. "You're like a sad little puppy begging for attention. You're lucky that you're so damned adorable!"


When the laughter finally quelled, she turned her attention down to the other priests. "Why don't the rest of y'all make yourselves scarce?" she asked.
"Of course, my Goddess," one of them said. "Just as soon as we discuss the daily-"


"I said GET!!!" Chloe shouted. She swept her hand back, knocking a row of priests off their feet. They fell like bowling pins, tumbling onto the marble floor one by one. The casual show of force shocked Andreas, but he was too concerned with his own fate to dwell upon it for long.


With the other priests scrambling to get away, Chloe walked over to her day bed. "It's about time we got to spend some quality time together, lover boy." she teased him. "You and me are going to relax on the ol' lectus, and see where the afternoon takes us..."


Sure enough, Chloe sat down, sprawling her body across the massive day bed. She tossed Andreas by her side, plopping him onto the massive day bed.
"So, what wild hair's got you actin' like this?" Chloe asked. "You've got that look you get when you're dying to tell me something. Well? Go on and spill the beans, what is it?"


He got up, kneeling before her. "I know this is going to sound crazy, but... please, just listen to me. You can hear me out, can't you?"
"Not if you keep stallin' like this..." she teased.


"Okay! Sorry!" Andreas said, before clearing his throat. "Last night, I wished for a world where you were a goddess. And I can hardly believe it, but it actually came true..."


Chloe looked at him askew, trying to make sense of his words. "So... What? You wished for everything to be exactly the same as it's always been?" she asked. "Did you hit yourself on the head yesterday? Cause that doesn't seem very newsworthy to me."
"No, you don't understand!" Andreas insisted. "It was totally different before. You weren't huge. You were just a normal person, like me!"


"Oh, you're saying that I was one of you little things? That's ridiculous!" she said, laughing again. "Sounds to me like you just had a stupid little dream." She lay down on her side, running her hands through her hair as she chuckled to herself.


"Please, listen to me!" he said. "The two of us... We lived together in an apartment! We'd been dating for a few years now! And you gave me the idea!"
Chloe looked mischievously at Andreas. "So let me get this straight. In this little fantasy of yours we were dating, like equals?" She asked.


Andreas turned and shook his head in disbelief. "Is that really so hard to believe?" Andreas asked. "And besides... Aren't we in a relationship now?"


Chloe laughed again. "Don't flatter yourself. You're my... assistant? Servant? Worshiper? Toy? Pet? Whatever I want you to be in the moment. Fates, you really did hit your head, didn't you?"
"So, you don't love me?"
"Now I didn't say that. I love you the same way that I love all of my subjects." She reassured him.
"So that's it?" Andreas asked. "I'm nothing special?"


"Oh, you're something special alright. It's just that, well... I don't like to get too attached to you lil' mortals. You don't live very long."
"Because we die of old age?"
Chloe looked at Andreas like he'd just said something completely nonsensical, so he repeated his question. "Because we die of old age, right?"


Chloe parted her lips as if she were going to speak, but a chorus of women's voices rang out from below. "Your refreshments have arrived, my goddess!" they said in unison.
Andreas looked down, and saw five priestesses standing on the massive marble platform. Each of them was holding onto a huge bowl of carefully-prepared fruit. "Please, take whichever suits your fancy." one of the women said.


"Don't mind if I do!" Chloe replied.
Andreas watched as Chloe reached down and grabbed for a priestess. The woman was a young redhead, who Andreas couldn't help but notice was especially beautiful. She looked more than a little like Chloe had once looked, back in the other world.


Chloe lifted the priestess up to her face. Her big eyes scanned the little figure up and down, eyeing her hungrily, before settling onto what she was holding.


"That's it? Some grapes and apples?" She asked, unimpressed with the bowl of fruit in the woman's hands. "What do I look like, a rabbit? I need some meat!"
"I'm sorry, I can get something that's more to your liking..."
"Aw, honey. There's no need for any of that when you'll do just fine."


Andreas was shocked to see Chloe lift the woman up to her mouth. He almost shouted something at her, but held back. Maybe she was just going to eat the fruit. She was certainly big enough to swallow the entire thing whole at once. Maybe he was just overreacting...


The priestess stood there dutifully as Chloe lifted her up. She was careful not to spill her plate. That set Andreas's mind at ease.


His relief didn't last for long. He watched in horror as Chloe placed the woman foot-first into her mouth. Try as she might to maintain her hold on it, the woman lost her balance and dropped it, spilling food everywhere.


Chloe toyed with the woman, pushing her back with her tongue. Then she closed her mouth. Andreas could hardly believe what he'd just seen.


This was wrong. The Chloe he knew was a gentle soul. She would never dream of hurting another person, even if they had wronged her. The idea that she would eat someone as little more than a snack was truly unthinkable.

"Chloe, what are you doing?" Andreas asked, his voice trembling. "You're not really going to eat her, are you?"

Chloe looked down at him with a mouthful of food, amused by his obvious worry.


"You can't just eat her!" he shouted. "Chloe, please! Spit her out! Do it for me!"


with her mouth still full of food, Chloe smiled down smugly. She threw up her arm, as if to ask "What are you going to do about it?"


Before Andreas could ask again, Chloe finished the job she'd started and swallowed the woman whole. He could only watch helplessly as the woman slid down her throat.
"You were saying?" Chloe taunted.
"I-I can't believe you killed her!" Andreas shouted. "She was a person, with a life, and a family, and-"


Chloe looked at him like he was the biggest idiot in the world. "She was a slave. And I am a goddess. Are you stupid?"
"What the hell is wrong with you?" Andreas said. "You can't just go around killing-"


Chloe thrust her foot forward, hitting him in the gut. It knocked the wind out of him, sending him reeling back.

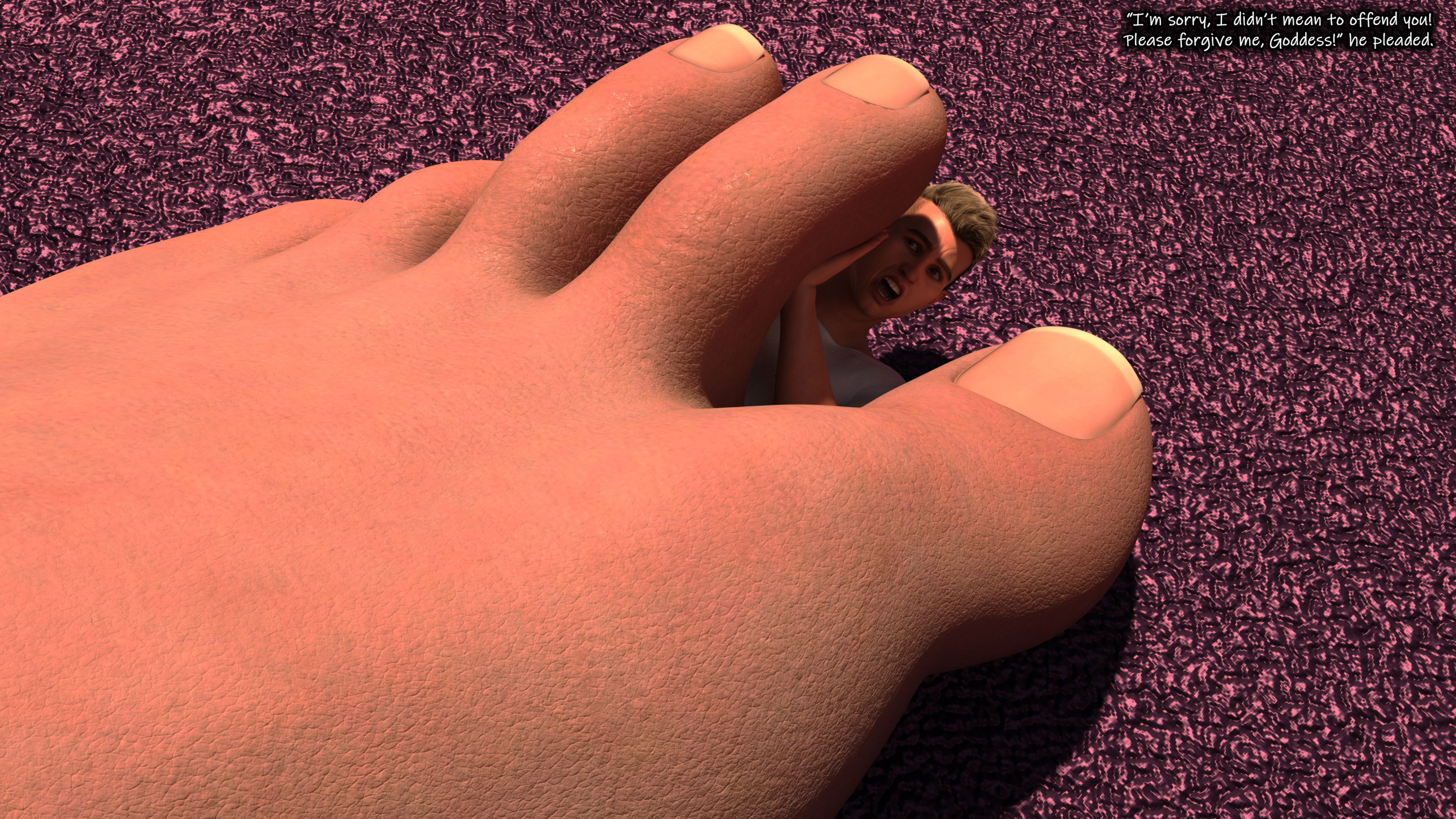

"You'd best learn to keep your mouth shut, Andreas. I didn't mind listening to your idiotic story a moment ago, but you are in the same boat she is. Slaves have no authority over anyone, least of all me. You don't get to tell me what to do."
Slave. That word stung almost as much as the hit to his belly. He thought he was a priest, not a slave. Why would she call him that?
Andreas didn't have much time to wonder about that before Chloe raised her foot above him. He held his hand up to shield his face. But Chloe pushed down, and he quickly realized how helpless he was against her.


She pressed her foot down further. "Chloe, wait! Don't do this!" Andreas pleaded. He scrambled back, trying to crawl out of the way before her foot came down.


She presses her toes down on him, pinning him against the bed. The mattress was soft, but her toes pressed hard against his body, squeezing him more and more. "Oww, fuck! Stop that!" he begged.


He fought with all his strength to lift her toes up off of him. He managed to push them off, but his hands were shaking, and he couldn't keep it up for much longer.
"Chloe, you have to stop this!" he pleaded.


"Are you ever going to shut up?" Chloe asked. "You're really pushing your luck, slave. If you don't want to end up like her, then you'd best stop whining."
"Chloe, please! I love you!"
Chloe laughed. "Yeah, of course you do. Everyone loves me, Andreas. You're no different than the rest of 'em. It doesn't matter how cute you are, I'm a fucking goddess, and I expect you to treat me like one. So, either you learn some basic manners real quick, or you're gonna end up as a smear under my foot. Understand?"


"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to offend you!
Please forgive me, Goddess!" he pleaded.


She let up... a little bit. "That's better... But if you want me to really forgive you, you're going to have to make up for talking to me like that."


Finally, Chloe lifted her foot off of Andreas. He lay on the bed for a moment, struggling to catch his breath.
In spite of everything she'd done, he found himself feeling genuinely bad for crossing her. "How do I make it up to you?" he asked.


"You know how."
Chloe spread her legs. Andreas could see under her toga, and was all too aware that she wasn't wearing underwear. Even though it was the same woman he'd been dating for years, he was too shy to stare directly at it.
"What are you waiting for, slave? Kneel down and get to work."
Nervous but dutiful, he kneeled.


"Move closer, idiot."
Oh, of course. She wanted him to go down on her. He knew that... And yet the prospect seemed daunting somehow.
He crept closer, ducking under the edge of her skirt. The smell hit him first, that familiar musk, only amplified a dozen times over and hot enough to make sweat bead on his forehead. Once his eyes adjusted, he found himself staring at a pussy that was bigger than he was. It looked just like Chloe's had before, down to the smallest detail... except it was massive. Truly massive.


Andreas was far from inexperienced. He'd spent countless hours going down on Chloe in their apartment. But this was something entirely different. Not only was she enormous, but she was a goddess. Was he even worthy of going down on a superior being?
Without even meaning to, he found himself putting his hands together. It was as if he was about to pray to her... But he knew that wasn't the kind of worship she was asking for.

He knelt down in front of it, placing his hand against her clit. That simple movement was enough to make her body quiver, shaking the bed that he stood on. He could only assume that meant he was doing something right.




He continued, rubbing his hand around the edges of her clitoris. This time it was enough to elicit a low, rumbling moan. One that echoed through the oversized halls.


"Fuck that's good," she moaned. "Just like that..." She rolled her hips, grinding herself against him, greedy for more.
She wanted it bad. He could feel it in the way she moved, the way she pushed hungrily against him, wordless but demanding. She was his, and he was going to work her so hard she'd be shaking long after.


He moved in harder, squeezing her clitoris. His other hand sank into her pussy with a wet smack. He thrust it deeper in, fucking her with his whole fist, and then his arm.

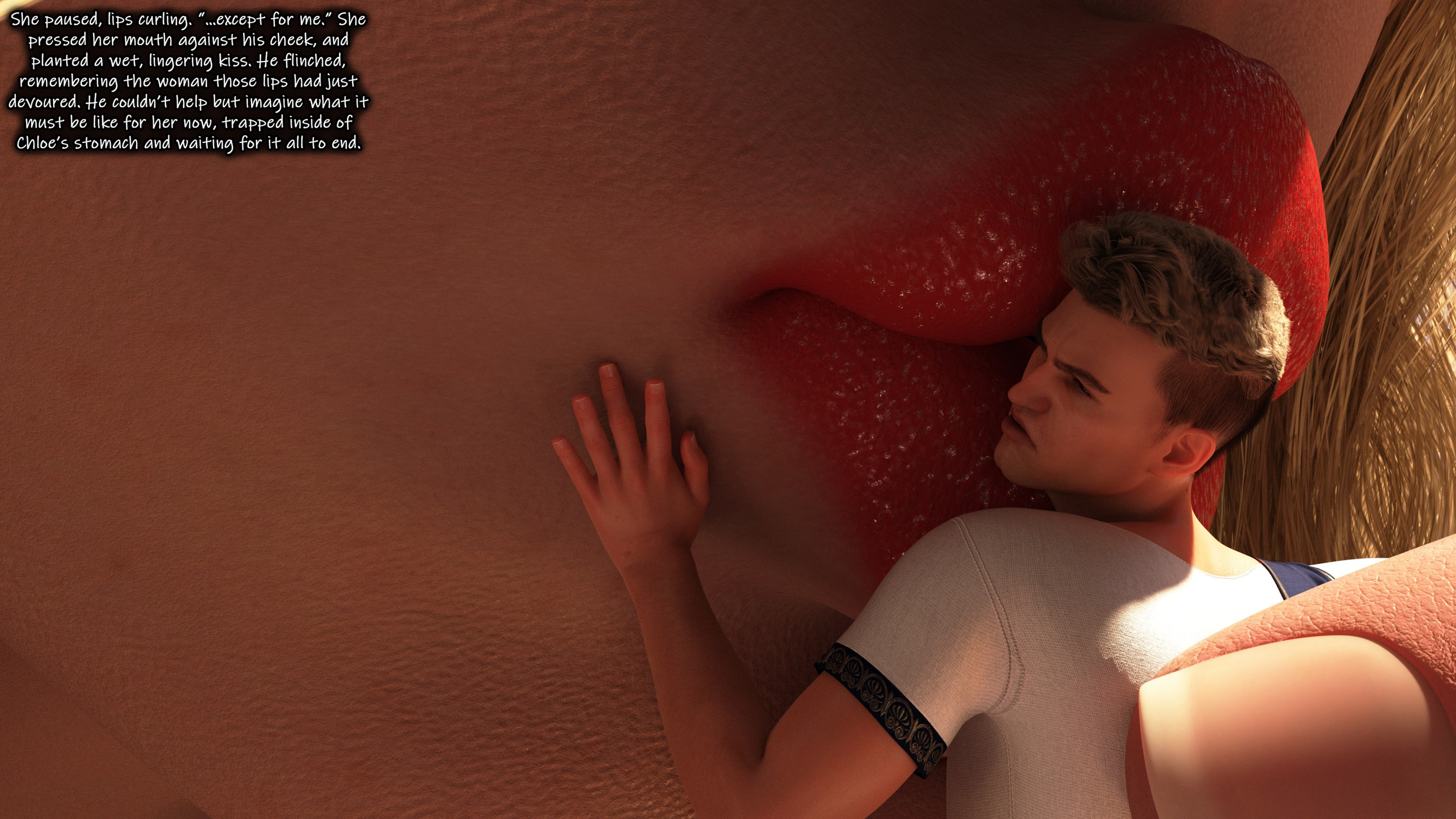

She screamed in pleasure, a scream that came so fast that it even shocked her. For a half second, she just twitched, shuddering in pleasure.


Finally satisfied, Chloe sighed in relief.
"Fuck, not bad for a quickie." She panted.
"Your technique has improved, Andreas."


She glanced over at the throne, her eyes narrowing. There was something about it... the way it stood empty, practically begging for her to take it.


Chloe had a mischievous glint in her eye when she reached down for Andreas. "That was pretty damn good, but don't get cocky," she told him.


Chloe scooped him up, and brought his body right up to her face. He couldn't help but think there was something off about her gaze... hungry, wild, all-consuming.
"Never forget that I own you, alright?" she said, her voice flat. "I could swallow you right now, you know. You mean nothing next to my whims, understand? Not a single person would care if I ended your life right now."


She paused, lips curling. "...except for me." She pressed her mouth against his cheek, and planted a wet, lingering kiss. He flinched, remembering the woman those lips had just devoured. He couldn't help but imagine what it must be like for her now, trapped inside of Chloe's stomach and waiting for it all to end.


Just as he was starting to relax, Chloe's lips parted. Her mouth stretched opened, wider and wider, until the blackness of her mouth was all he could see. He jerked back in pure terror, but her grip held him firm. He couldn't move an inch.


She casually tossed him inside head-first. It was a simple gesture, so effortless it was almost lazy. She had clearly done this many times before, and she barely gave it a thought.


She didn't swallow, though. Not yet, anyway. Instead, she stretched her arms over her head, and stepped down from her bed. Her foot narrowly avoided the priestesses still standing in position, who didn't so much as flinch at their Goddess's movements. They kept their poise perfectly, trays steady, not dropping so much as a single grape.


Chloe walked over to the throne, stepping up onto the platform. The seat was beautiful, impossibly intricate and decorated with endlessly ornate golden detailing.


She dropped onto the throne like she'd been born for it. It felt like it was made for her: the seat, the view, the raw power coursing beneath her skin.
Chloe stretched out, soaking in the rightness of being exactly where she belonged. For a second, she let it linger. Then she remembered: Andreas. He was still squirming in her mouth, trying his damnedest to maintain his composure.


She stuck out her tongue, letting him tumble out of her mouth. He landed in her palm with a wet thud. He stared up at her, helpless and soaking wet.


She watched him, savoring the tiny, delicious shudders of fear as the cold air outside of her mouth caressed him. "Bet you really thought you were on the menu, huh?"
He sputtered: "I-I did! Because... You ate that lady earlier!"
A grin spread slowly across her face. "Yeah, but she couldn't work a clit like you. Honestly? You're worth keeping around... as long as you can learn to watch your damned mouth."
"I'll do my best," he replied.



Without another word, Chloe shoved Andreas between her thighs. She flipped him upside-down, mashing him hard against the heat of her pussy.

It was giving him whiplash, going from being threatened to being seduced. Dread, lust, confusion: they washed over him, left him lightheaded and weak. He was dizzy from it, caught between the thrill and the danger. But as mixed as his emotions were, he was still rock-hard through all of it.


Chloe held him there, absent-mindedly using the slave as her little toy, while her mind drifted to other places. She realized almost an hour had ticked by since she'd last even glanced at her phone. The urge to check was getting stronger. Without pulling Andreas away for a second, she slipped oversized phone out of her waistband.


While she mashed Andreas against her pussy, Chloe scrolled mindlessly through her feeds. She zoned out, skimming one post after another as he kept grinding at her pussy.
She flicked through the posts almost as fast as Andreas was flicking his tongue.
"Oh god, oh god..." she moaned.


"...Oh god, they said WHAT about me? 'Fat?' I'm a literal goddess of fucking beauty!"
Andreas was torn away from between her legs, his world jostled as her fist tightened around his body like a vise. Andreas screamed, but Chloe didn't notice. Her attention was elsewhere.
"Those worthless little ingrates! I'm going to track them down and stomp them to bits!"


Chloe sat there for a moment, simmering in anger until she noticed the sound of a whimper. "Don't... squeeze..." he begged. She looked over at him, and suddenly felt guilty.
"I'm sorry, little guy," she said, loosening her grip. "I just got a little bit carried away there."


"Don't let it get to you." He told her while catching his breath. "There's always going to be some loser hating on you from behind a keyboard, but that doesn't matter! At the end of the day, you're still the most beautiful woman—I mean, goddess—in the world. You know that, right?"


Before Chloe could respond, footsteps echoed down the marble hall. Andreas craned his neck, and was surprised at the sight of another massive goddess approaching. She was an older woman, with brown pigtails and an ornate tiara. Andreas instantly recognized her face. It was Chloe's bitch of a mother, Daphne. She looked almost like he remembered her... Just a little bit younger, and a couple hundred feet taller.
"Chloe? What exactly are you doing on my throne?" she asked, in her usual condescending tone.


Daphne walked over, her heels clacking loudly with each of her heavy steps. Andreas looked up at Chloe, and saw something close to fear in her eyes. It was the first time he'd seen her nervous, which in turn made him nervous as well.


Chloe played it off like a joke, putting her hand over her chest in a sheepish gesture. With the same subtle move, she slid Andreas beneath the fabric of her dress.
"Oh, this? I was just keeping it warm for you!" she said, smiling innocently at her mother.


"You would do well to remember who's in charge around here, my daughter," Daphne said coldly. "You are not ready to sit on that throne. And given how you've dealt with responsibility in the past, I'm not sure you ever will be."


Chloe didn't argue. She only stood up, defeated, and walked away. "Yes, mother." She said, not even bothering to turn and face her. "I'll be on my way."
She snuck a glance back at her mother, feeling her muscles tense up at the image behind her. Daphne was already sitting on the throne. It had belonged to Daphne for as long as Chloe could remember, and she could only imagine it would be hers for a long time to come.


Chloe said nothing as she left the throne room entirely. She aimlessly wandered the halls, before stepping out into the palace's expansive gardens. She took a deep breath, letting the scent of the immense, overgrown sprawl envelop her.
The greenery went on for miles in every direction, filling the space with the most lush, awe-inspiring beauty in the world... but Chloe never bothered to look up from her phone. She wandered around absent-mindedly, glued to the glowing rectangle in her palm as she tried to place her thoughts elsewhere.


When she was far from the palace Chloe finally put away her phone and plucked Andreas out of her top. "Sorry about that." Chloe murmured. "You know how she is."
"Oh, I know your mom all too well." Andreas replied, trying to keep his chin up.
"On the way over here, I was trying to think of the perfect way of getting back at her... and I think I've got it. You mentioned something about a dream where I was mortal, and we were dating, like, equals?"


Andreas stared lovingly up at her. "It was definitely more than just a dream... But yes, we were."
Chloe grinned. "How would you like to actually make it real?"
"What do you mean?"


"I'm tired of spending all my time in this stupid palace." Chloe sighed. "Long ago, mother ordered me to never set foot in the mortal realm... but I've always thought that was stupid. I can make myself look like a normal woman, you know. If no one knew who I was... then what would the problem be?"
Andreas was confused. "Aren't you a little bit too... you know, big?"


The moment the words had left Andreas's mouth he felt his body slam into hard stone of the floor beneath them. Surprised and winded, he pulled himself up, and was shocked to see Chloe standing in front of him at a normal human scale.


"Well? What do you think?" Chloe asked. She stood in place, modeling her skimpy pink crop top and a black mini-skirt. "This is what the human women wear, isn't it?"
He didn't dare object. "Yeah, that's it." he nodded.


Chloe grabbed his hand, surprising him with the strength of her grip. Even at this size, she was far stronger than the old Chloe. Far stronger than any human, he assumed.
She tugged him closer. "So? Wanna have a date night?" Chloe asked.
"Yeah, let's do it!" he said.


In the blink of an eye the pair vanished from the immense gardens, and were walking through downtown Athens together. Chloe's outfit had gotten more than a few curious glances, especially with Andreas holding onto her... but to his surprise, no one seemed to recognize her.
"Let's grab some coffee!" Chloe asked. "That's what you mortals do, on dates, right? You sit around in coffee shops and talk about your love life?"
The thought made him laugh. "Yeah... I suppose that is the tradition."


A few minutes later, Chloe was sitting with Andreas in a coffee shop, nursing a warm latte. She hadn't thought to get one for Andreas, and he wasn't about to ask.
"So, this is what it's like, is it? Being a mortal, I mean." she asked. "It must be so easy living a normal life, not having to carry the weight of the world on your shoulders. It's kind of refreshing for a change."
"Really?" Andreas asked, his interest piqued. "Hey, what if we both wished for a world where you were normal?"
Chloe shrugged. "I mean, we could do that... Or, you know, we could get some iced cream. Want to get some iced cream?"
"It's... Ice cream." Andreas corrected.
COFFEE & TEA
DRIP COFFEE
CAFFÉ AU LAIT
COLD BREW ICED COFFEE
ICED TEA
HOT TEA
TEA LATTE
HOT CHOCOLATE
ITALIAN SODA
STEAMER
SODA FLOAT
CANNED SODA
BOTTLED WATER


"...It's overrated, is what it is." Chloe said, after moving the two to an ice cream shop where she had, once again, only thought to buy one for herself. Despite being unimpressed with the frozen treat, she continued to take licks of it.
"Maybe I could have a taste of that ice cream cone, too?" He teased, leaning in close. "A real, long lick..."
She eyed him suspiciously. "Begging for food is so unbecoming of you, Andreas." She said, flatly. "I don't share food with mortals. You should know that."
"Ah, fair enough..." Andreas said, after his double entendre had gone over the woman's head.
Chloe only rolled her eyes. "You mortals and your weird jokes," she muttered. "Give your tongue a rest, you'll be putting it better use soon enough!"
Ice Cream
Dessert
Fugazi
Ice Cream
THE ONLY PLACE IN TOWN
ICE CREAM
COLD
DEFROST


With the ice cream still in hand, Chloe led Andreas to a nearby hotel. To his surprise, she knew exactly how to get there.
"Something tells me you've been planning this for a while." He teased.
Chloe grinned, flashing her teeth. "Maybe a little!" she admitted. "Aren't you excited too, though?"
He laughed nervously. "More than you can imagine."


Chloe had truly spared no expense, booking the biggest suite they had. But when they walked through the doors, She let out an exasperated sigh.
"This is it? Really? This tiny little shithole?"


Chloe slumped against the bedframe, moping as she stared off into the distance. "What a disgrace. I had it all planned out. It was going to be perfect... This is nothing like what I had in mind!"
But standing behind her was giving Andreas ideas. "I think I can make you forget about the room," he said.


She turned, and glanced back at him, her mood subtly shifting. "Oh yeah?" she asked.
"Yeah, Andreas said. He stepped in closer, putting his arms around her.


Chloe stared longingly into his eyes. "I've never had to look up at a man before," she admitted, almost shyly. "It's kind of sexy having you be the big one for a change..."
He smiled. "I've never looked down at a goddess," he told her.


The pair locked lips, kissing passionately. For a minute, the rest of the world seemed to vanish. There was nothing except her warmth, her scent, her lips pressed against his.
For a moment, he almost forgot she was a goddess. It was just like before, back when she was just a girl sprawled out on his couch, not this impossible new scenario he'd found himself in.


Time seemed to stretch out forever. Jesus, she was so fucking sexy. But even as they kissed, part of him couldn't stop thinking about what her mouth had done earlier.


She broke away just for a second, like she'd surfaced for air. "Tell me you love me," she demanded, her voice thick with need.
"I really fucking love you." he said, grabbing her tighter. "But..."


That was all it took. She grew and grew, until she was peering over her breasts just to look him in the eyes. She stared down at him with a look that was hard to read.
She smiled down at him, but there was an undeniable hint of anger hiding behind that smile. "But...?" She asked. "What does that mean? What isn't there to love?"
"Nothing, nothing." Andreas stammered. "It's just, well... Did you really have to eat that serving girl?"


She poked her finger into his chest, and it felt like steel. Something told him she could have poked right through his ribs if she wanted to, leaving a crater in his chest without even really trying.
"We may both be mortal sized right now, but in case you need to be reminded, Andreas, I'm a fucking goddess." She reminded him. "It's my divine right to act as I please, regardless of the lives I take in the process. Do you doubt me?"
"Of course not!" He told her.


Just then, the lights in the room turned off, and the sun went behind a cloud. It was as if the weather itself had changed to fit her moods.
"You've already promised me your life. You know that?"
"Yeah. I remember." He mumbled. He didn't, not really, anyway. It must have been something that happened before he'd woken up here. He stared at the ground, counting the tufts of carpet so he wouldn't have to look her in the eye.


Chloe loomed over him, staring down at him with a scowl.
"Listen up, because I'm only going to say this once." She said. "You can run around calling yourself a priest like all the others do... But at the end of the day, we both know you're just a glorified slave. You don't have any fucking right to question me. Are we clear?"


"Yes..." he lied, his voice weak.
"Good, and don't forget it. Humanity's only purpose is to serve their betters. That's it. Your lives mean nothing to me. I've lived a hundred of your lifetimes, and when you're old and gray I'll be as perfect as ever. That is, if you even live that long, Andreas. Someday I might get bored and just eat you too. Would you have a problem with that?"


He had to swallow twice before anything came out. "No. Of course not. You're a goddess. That's your right. I... I'm devoted. No matter what." It was textbook groveling, but somewhere in the middle of saying it, he almost started to believe it.


She leaned in closer, raising a finger. "That's good. But... Just one more thing, Andreas. Say you worship me..."
"I worship you."


Just like that, she was completely naked. She bent down leaning in closer until she could look him eye to eye.
"What if I don't believe you?"
"I worship you!" Andreas repeated, louder and with more passion. "I'd give my life to you and your glory!"


She looked at him with a menacing smile. "That's a bit better... But you're gonna need more than words."
He hesitated, trembling. "What can I do?" he asked.


"You can fucking show it," She growled, grabbing a fistful of his hair. She pushed down, effortlessly forcing him onto his knees.


Chloe slammed his face into her crotch. She squeezed tight, holding it there. Her hand was strong enough to pop his skull like a grape. He was completely at her mercy... and it was making him rock hard.
"That's right... Worship me." She spat, grinding her hips in his face.


He did. His tongue desperately traced her clit, licking every part of her like his life depended on it. She had him right where she wanted him. He was all hers, totally helpless, and he fucking loved it. There was nothing he could do but give in, let her use him. It only made him harder. His cock was begging for her, throbbing and desperate. It left him gasping, aching for more.


She let out a low, guttural moan, shaking the room with her mere presence. Her eyes rolled back, and felt energy flow through every inch of her body. She could feel herself starting to grow, and she wasn't interested in fighting against it. It felt almost as good as the sex, and she was about to let it run wild.


Andreas felt like he was losing himself inside of her. Then, out of nowhere, she pushed him away, hard enough to send him stumbling back.


He looked up at her, staring at her massive body. She was sprawled across the bed, waiting for him to approach. "Stop wasting my time. Get over here and fuck your goddess." She ordered.


His robe slid to the floor and he crawled across the sheets, cock already standing at attention. She uncrossed her legs slowly, enticing him to close the gap between them.


He clambered up on top of the bed. Their size difference was greater now, but he had enough to make her take notice.


He climbed on top, sliding it into her. Instantly, he felt her body's heat and warmth envelop him. She towered over him, but his cock was still big enough to fill her up. He thrust, hard and deep, eliciting a small moan from her lips.


He leaned forward, pressing his cheek against her pillowy breast. He could feel her breasts swelling, swallowing more of his head as they grew more massive beneath him.


He pounded her hard and fast, shaking the bed. Every thrust made the old bed frame squeak even louder than the last. It felt like the thing might break apart at any second. But that didn't slow him down one bit. Andreas kept pounding like his life depended on it, because it may well have.


Someone banged on the floor above them. "I guess someone isn't happy about the noise." Chloe joked.
A second later, they heard a woman shouting from above, her voice muffled by the floorboards. "Knock it off, I'm trying to work!"
Andreas froze up, right in the middle of everything.
"Oh, I guess she doesn't like the noise..." Chloe said.


Andreas looked up at Chloe, his face red with embarrassment. ""I, uh... I can, y'know, go slower, keep it down some..."
Chloe laughed. "Well bless your heart, you're just the sweetest little thing, ain't ya?" Chloe said, sugary-sweet. "Andreas, you swore you'd worship me. I didn't hear you promise anything to that crotchety hag upstairs, though, did I?"
He shook his head. "No?"
"Didn't fucking think so."


Now Chloe barked it toward the ceiling, making sure it'd get through. "You hear that, you nasty old bitch?" she yelled. "We're gonna start fucking twice as hard, and it's your fault! Now get to work, Andreas!"
Andreas's cheeks flushed with embarrassment over his name being shouted out, but he didn't need to be told twice what to do. He was so worked up he could barely think in the first place. He shoved into her, thrusting so hard that the whole bed rattled around them.


Chloe palmed his head with her powerful fingers, grabbing a fistful of his hair. She pressed his head down, keeping his mouth locked against her nipple. He took the hint, sucking on it while he fucked her. His hips buckled, each thrust harder than the last.


He clamped down on her thighs, holding tight, and pounded so hard the headboard banged against the wall. Chloe clawed at the sheets, digging her fingernails into the mattress. She screamed, loud enough to shake the room.
"Don't stop! Don't fucking stop!"


He thrust harder, giving it to her rough and deep. "Fuck, you're good," she moaned.


She rolled over, pressing her hand onto his chest, pinning him down. He felt her weight actually begin to bend his sternum, but knew better than to complain.
"Now it's my turn." She growled.


Andreas started to get nervous when she straddled him, setting her heavy hips on top of his. "You'll be gentle, right?" he asked.


She laughed. "Hell no I won't," she teased. "But you're gonna deal with it, slave. I'm not going to hurt you on purpose... but if you're just too weak, things may not end well. Now show me how tough you are..."


She grinded on top of him, hips pumping. She could have ground him to dust with her insatiable lust, but she held herself back. The room seemed to shrink around them, her body getting heavier with every thrust.


She started to grow.
"You're getting a little heavy!" he gasped, the pressure mounting on his chest.


Her hand shot up around his neck, pressing just hard enough to remind him how strong she was. She never stopped riding him, and her body shuddered with pleasure, even as her grip tightened.
"Don't complain about how much I weigh." she told him. "A good boyfriend wouldn't complain."


She let go, releasing her grip on his neck. With her hands behind her head, she gyrated on top of him, grinding down on him like she was wringing every last drop of precum out of him. She grew bigger in fits and spurts, her body getting more massive by the second. Andreas could feel the sheer weight of her growing, pressing down on top of him, burying his body further into the bed.


Her next growth spurt hit her all at once.
Her head banged against the ceiling,
knocking down huge chunks of plaster.


The growth kept coming. It was too late to stop it now. She was at the mercy of her body, which yearned for more, and did not care about the consequences.


She grinded on top of him. Her hips pinned his torso, thighs sinking deep enough into the mattress to nearly swallow the ornate bedframe. It rippled under her with each thrust.


Her body just kept growing, swelling to fill the bed. Her hips pressed outward, compressing the mattress, which threatened to give way altogether.

Andreas screamed. The weight on his hips was too much. "You're crushing me!" he screamed, between the slamming shocks of her thrusts.


"Shut up!" Chloe shouted with a voice loud enough to rattle the windows. "Don't ruin this for me, slave! I'm so fucking close!"


The rush of growth didn't let up. Her knee plowed into an end table, knocking it over. She pushed her hands against the walls, as if that would slow her growth. All the while, she was slamming her hips down on Andreas like a jackhammer.


All the noise had finally attracted the attention of a maid, who opened the door in to see what was causing all the racket. She was a little brunette, maybe twenty-five, in a blue hotel uniform. A tiny hat was perched on her head, and her eyes went wide when she peeked inside.


Chloe noticed her, but didn't pause. She just stared back at the maid from the ruined mattress, and smiled. She wasn't remotely embarrassed about the state she'd just been caught in.
She was hungry.


Before she could run, Chloe reached out and snatched the woman where she stood. Her hand closed tight around the maid's waist, holding her firmly.
"My goddess, I'm sorry!" the maid pleaded. "I didn't know it was you!"


Chloe looked down at the maid with a predatory smile. "There's no need. You've done more than enough by delivering yourself straight to me." she said. "You're going down the hatch, just as soon as I grow a little bigger..."


Chloe looked over her shoulder, back at Andreas. "Hey Andreas, you heard me, didn't you? Stop wasting my time and fuck me harder!" she ordered. "I need to grow if I'm gonna eat this bitch!"


As bad as Andreas felt about the maid, he wasn't about to let Chloe think he disapproved of her actions. Not again. He pounded away, slamming his cock deep into her. With every thrust, Chloe's form surged outward in every direction. The already-huge goddess was getting even bigger by the second.


Chloe stared at the maid with hungry eyes. "Oh, fuck yes, you hear that?" she rasped. "You're mine, you're all mine."


Chloe forced the poor maid straight into her mouth. The comparatively miniature woman fought, pushing against Chloe's lips with all her strength. But Chloe could have effortlessly overpowered her when they were the same size. Like this, there was no contest.
Chloe pushed harder, swallowing clothes and all like she was sneaking a snack between breaths.


Chloe kept shoving, pushing the terrified maid deeper into her mouth. Andreas tried not to think about the maid's screams of horror... but he didn't stop fucking Chloe. He didn't fucking dare.


Without giving it even a moment's thought, Chloe casually rolled over onto her back. For a second Andreas was nearly crushed under her growing thighs, and it was only the softness of the bed that allowed him scramble out of the way before she crushed him beneath her.
When Andreas looked up, he saw Chloe with a mouth full of the maid, leaving only a pair of kicking legs visible from between her lips. She looked at him casually, like nothing was out of the ordinary. Chloe motioned with her finger, gesturing as if to say 'come over here, and fuck me.' He was happy to oblige.


Her weight shifted again, which made Andreas nervous.... but the thought of disobeying was far worse. All he had to do was crawl over, get between her legs, and do what was expected of him.


He climbed back on top of Chloe, and resumed the task at hand. Chloe was still swallowing, and still getting bigger.


He kept going, deeper and deeper. In spite of himself, he was into it all: the danger, the hunger, the raw power. She wasn't the old Chloe, but she was fucking unstoppable. He couldn't get enough.


Andreas couldn't help but watch as Chloe slurped the last of the maid's leg. The way she sucked it down like spaghetti was every bit as mesmerizing as it was loud, wet, and messy.


Chloe could feel the mass of the terrified girl inside her throat, stretching her skin tight. She swallowed her down casually, basking in the abrupt silence that came after the muffled screams got quieter.
The room wasn't big enough for her anymore. Even lying down, she just barely fit. The ceiling pressed in above her, forcing her to turn her head to look.


Andreas was getting nervous. "Maybe you should stop growing?" he told her.
She looked down at him then, her voice a little rough: "Don't talk, slave. Just do your job."
The words hung in the air for a second before Andreas followed her orders. He pumped away, pounding her as hard as he could. He didn't dare to slow down, even if he was unsure of how good this could possibly still feel for her.


Another growth spurt came on fast. The building started shook like there was an earthquake as bits of the ceiling started to crumble and fall, filling the room with dust.


All the chaos was making Andreas panic. He couldn't hold his tongue any longer. "You're growing too big! You're going to bring this whole place down!" he screamed, just as a deep crack ripped through the floorboards.


Chloe stared back at him with an intense gaze.
"I'll finish when I'm fucking finished," she said,
her voice low. It sounded final.


Then her feet blew right through the brick wall separating the suite from the outside world. The sturdy stone construction split apart like it was nothing, and she sighed in relief over finally being able to stretch again. Her body crashed through the next floor, and the next. Every second of it made her bigger, heavier, louder.
PARK
24HRS


Her ass fell through one floor after another. Then, finally, she slammed against the pavement. She hit with a thunderous boom, sending out a massive torrent of rubble. The building was completely gone, replaced with a mess of debris and twisted steel around her.
PARK
24HRS


Chloe froze. All at once, the reality of the situation dawned on her. She was sitting naked, smack in the center of a city street. Traffic was piled up in front of her. Horns blared in the distance, but more than anything there was an awkward silence waiting to be broken.
TkF
ONE WAY
NO PARKING


Then she noticed them: people scattered among the rubble, staring up at her. That was bad enough, before she saw what they were holding in their hands. Phones, really? They wouldn't have the nerve to record her, would they?


A few more people took their phones out, pointing them straight up at her. There'd be videos of this everywhere, and from dozens of angles. She could almost imagine it, her pussy splashed across the internet for the entire world to gawk at.
ONE WAY
NO PARKING
UNAUTHORIZED VEHICLES WILL BE TOWED AT OWNER'S EXPENSE


All at once, Chloe's fury came to a boil. "You worthless little fucks!" she shouted down, her voice echoing through the streets. "You're supposed to fucking serve me! Did you forget that?"


Slowly, she rose to her feet. Below her were a sea of faces, all snapping pictures of her.
She rose to her feet, and stared down at the crowd of people. "Oh, there are going to be some fucking consequences for this," she said. "You hear me? You're all gonna see what happens when you disrespect a fucking Goddess!"
PARK
24HRS


There were dozens of them, men and women, young and old taking advantage of the situation. All of them were taking pictures, filming videos, and livestreaming what was happening in front of them. It was as if they thought her body was theirs. They had it backwards.
NO PARKING
UNAUTHORIZED VEHICLES WILL BE TOWED AT OWNER'S EXPENSE


"You're mine! You're all fucking mine!" Chloe shouted, spitting her words. She picked one of the crowd members at random, and scowled down at him. A smug middle-aged guy with a yellow Corvette who wore a lascivious smile as he recorded her from street level. He figured he could take his photos and get away with it. He was dead fucking wrong.


He kept poking at his phone, oblivious to the danger. That is, until Chloe lifted her foot high above him and his precious little car. That's when the reality of his situation finally struck, and he turned to run while his phone clattered to the floor.
But it was too late.


SPLAT. Her foot came down, and the man may as well not have even existed for all the resistance his body provided. Twenty tons or so of perfectly maintained sole utterly obliterated everything under it. His car was flattened, and the pervy businessman was reduced to a red spray across the street.
MAKE YOUR VOICE HEARD
VOTE MAYOR GOLDIE
SALE
SALE


That did the trick. The gawkers split up, running in every direction. "Yeah, you'd better fucking run!" Chloe screamed.
It felt good, seeing them all run for their lives. It was satisfying to get some revenge, but she couldn't help but feel like something was wrong. Even as she watched them scatter, there was something nagging in the back of her mind. Maybe she was making a mistake...
Then, it came to her. Of course. She was still naked.
FAJITAS NACHOS
PLAYHOUSE TOY SHOP
TOY SHOP
COMMERCIAL VEHICLES ONLY
CARLTON COURTS APARTMENTS
Mulan St
MAKE YOUR VOICE HEARD VOTE MAYOR GOLDIE


So she fixed it. In the blink of an eye, she had her dress back, along with some strappy new heels. Only this time, her outfit was crimson. The same color the streets were about to be once she was finished with these disobedient slaves.
FAJITAS NACHOS
COMMERCIAL VEHICLES ONLY
Mulan St
MAKE YOUR VOICE HEARD
VOTE MAYOR GOLDIE


She took a step, her heel poised above the heads of a new pack of runners. The stupid little fucks were about to get what was coming to them.
MAKE YOUR VOICE HEA
VOTE MAYOR GOLD
SERVING YOUR CITY SINCE NOVE 5, 1955
Phone
Phone
Phone
Del's


She stomped down, heel-first, right into the middle of the group. A couple of them got caught underneath, and they splattered under her heel. Didn't matter if it was bone, brick, or metal. Nothing was strong enough to endure one of her steps.


She didn't stop at just one, though. Another step, her blood-red heel swung up, casting a long shadow over more of the survivors.


Chloe stopped for a moment, flexing her toes while she considered her options. She'd already made her point, and there was no mistaking what she could do. She could just walk away now, and no one would think she was weak.
She remembered how mad Daphne had been the last time she'd gone on a rampage. She knew there'd be hell to pay if she went too far, and maybe she already had. She'd already racked up a higher body count than last time, too. Walking away would be the responsible thing... But she just couldn't help herself. This was what she was made for.
Rampaging just felt so fucking good.
飲み放題
¥980~
コース料理
¥2000~


Museum St
Mullen St
Del's LAUNDROMAT
Del's LAUNDROM
HOTEL
The itch was still there. That little tingle at the edge of her nerves, daring her to take it further. Just one more step.
Her next step came down slowly, feeling them crunch under her. It was so satisfying, feeling them splatter beneath her. She was everything, and they were nothing.


She lifted her other foot, letting it hang there for a moment. Just long enough for them to realize what she was going to do to them.
Museum St
Mullan St
Del's LAUNDROMAT
HOTEL

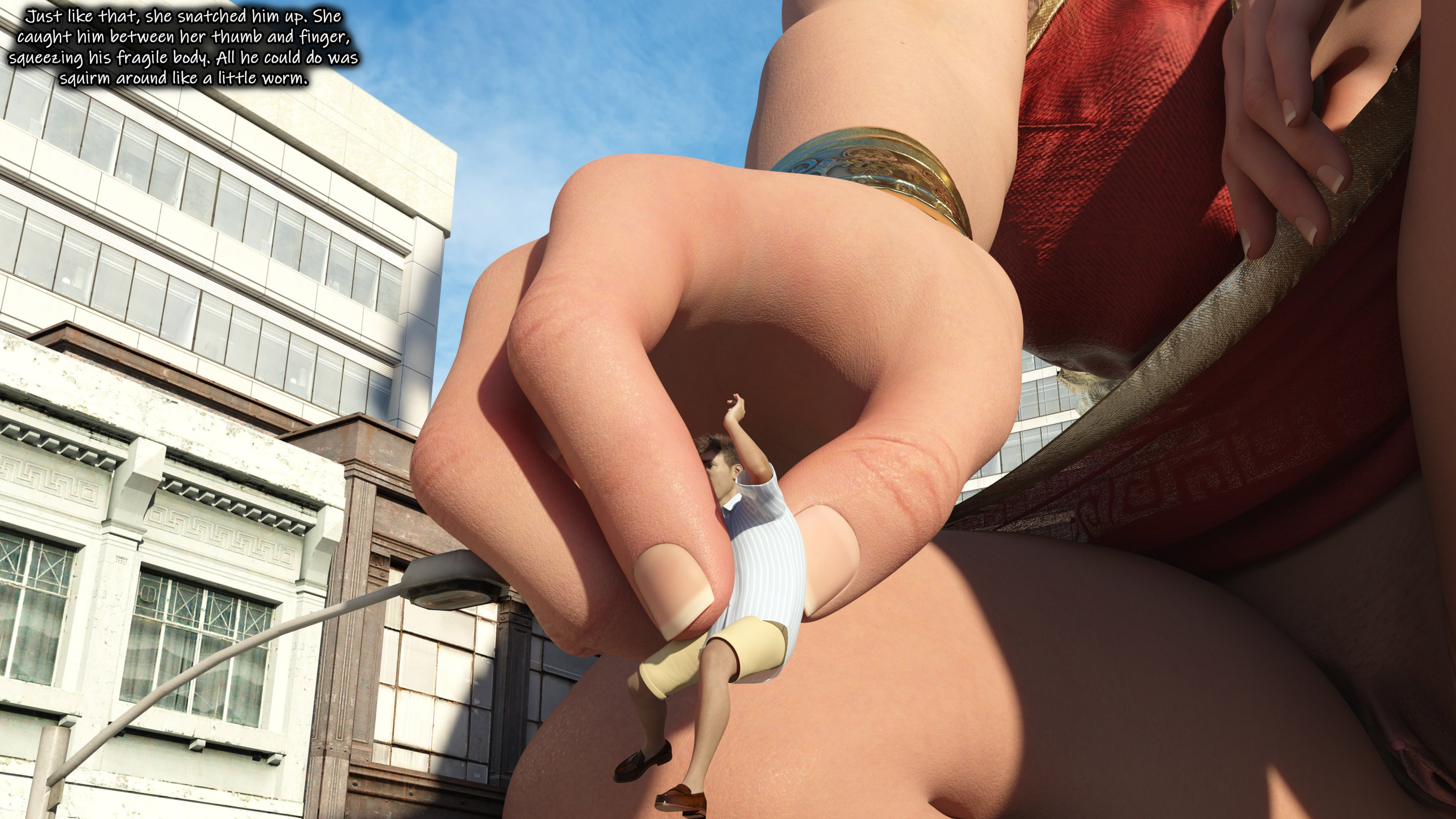

She stomped down, smashing the concrete beneath her heel. Blood was still flying through the air when she took her next step.
Mullan St
Del's
HOTEL


It was strange to think that they all had their own little lives. Hopes and dreams and loves, and books to read, and shows to watch. An endless parade of episodes and cliffhangers, moments they thought would add up to something.
Had. Past tense. She was going to take it away from them, for no other reason than doing so turned her on.
Mullan St
STARS
OFFICE SUPPLIES
HOTEL


She slammed her foot down, full force this time. She only caught one this time, an unfortunate college girl. She was flattened under Chloe's heel. Survivors were thrown onto the concrete by the ensuing shockwave. It was chaos... and Chloe loved it.
ONE WAY
1 HOUR FILM PROCESSING
STARS OFFICE SUPPLIES


Chloe saw someone running: a man in his 20's. He looked appetizing, and she decided not to step on this one. He could serve her better another way.


She decided to grab him anyway. She knelt down, and reached for him. He ran as fast as he could, but she was faster. Much faster.
INEMA
LAVA PLANET
Del's LAUNDROMAT
NO PARKING


Just like that, she snatched him up. She caught him between her thumb and finger, squeezing his fragile body. All he could do was squirm around like a little worm.


She tossed him in her mouth. It was easy, almost like snacking on popcorn.
STOP


She stood tall, squeezing her hands into fists. She scanned the crowds running from her, skittering like little insects. She was ready to stamp out every last one... but even as she watched, the urge faded a little.
TRENZ
TRENZ
TRENZ
TRENZ
MENSWEAR
SERGIOS DESIGNER MENS SHOES
鉄道模型
Aspect


Something gnawed at the back of her mind. She racked her brain. Had she forgotten something... Or someone?
"Wait a second... Oh shit, Andreas!"


She'd been so preoccupied with getting revenge that Andreas had slipped her mind entirely. She stood over the ruins of the hotel, searching it for any sign of it. Then she spotted a body lying naked in the crumbling wreck. A pale, battered little thing on the cold gray concrete.
HOTEL


She reached out, as slow and careful as she was capable of, and picked him up. He felt limp in her fingers, but she still held out hope.
TRENZ


She held his body in her palm and looked at him. He looked exhausted and miserable, but he was still breathing. He looked up at her, half-dazed. She wasn't sure if the expression on his face was one of fear or relief.


Chloe was relieved. "I knew you were a good slave who wouldn't die in such an ignoble way." she blurted out. She lifted him up higher, holding him in front of her face for a better look.


He peered out over the edge of her hand, gazing at the rubble that surrounded them. His mouth dropped open. "Oh my god, what happened?"



He looked out at the path behind her. He looked at her huge footprints, and the red smears that were ground into the cracks.
"Oh my god... Are those people?"


She snorted. "No, not anymore. They were people. Scummy ones. This is how it is, Andreas. Somebody pisses me off, I smush 'em. That's what being a Goddess is like, got it?"


His whole body was shaking with rage. "This is... This is just fucked up! You can't just go around killing people because you're having a temper tantrum!"


She glared down at him with fury in her eyes. "I can do whatever the fuck I please." She growled. "I'm a goddess, remember? Or have you forgotten so soon? I can teach you the same lesson I taught them, if you'd like a reminder."


Andreas wanted more than anything to be back in his bedroom with his kind, gentle little redhead girlfriend. Desperate, he closed his eyes, and wished for everything to return to normal. "I wish you were the old Chloe... I wish you were the old Chloe... I wish you were the old Chloe..."


She threw her head back and laughed. "I don't think your little wish is going to work," she teased. "But hey, look on the bright side. You get to spend the rest of your life serving me! Now let's have some fun, shall we?"


With Andreas in her hand, she set back out, eager to finish what she started. She was going to remind everyone who was in charge, damn the consequences.
Andreas was in her hand, shaking with fear and rage. He was horrified by it all. It was terrifying how callous and cruel this Chloe could be, to be sure. But more than anything, he was horrified by himself. Even after everything that happened, he couldn't help by lust for Chloe. The power she wielded, and all the glee that came from using it.
And some part of him, traitorous and hungry... yearned for even more.
TkF
COLT
COLT
COLT
COLT
SALE 75%
SALE 75%
1 HOUR FILM PROCESSING
TREINZ
TREINZ
TREINZ
HOTEL
SERGIOS DESIGNER MENS SHOES


TKF
TkF
COLT
COLT
COLT
SALE 75%
SALE 75%
TRENZ
TRENZ
TRENZ
HOTEL
SERGIOS DESIGNER MENS SHOES
End of Part One


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ego ostendam tibi desperandam


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