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It was a Friday afternoon just like any other. The work day was coming to a close, and a Mr. Adrian Drake was getting ready to head out. Only seconds after the clock hit 5 he was closing everything out on his PC and shutting the entire thing down. He gathered his belongings like he did every Friday, closed and locked the door to his office like he did every Friday.


He smiled at his secretary to end the week. Just as he always did. Just as he was happy to do. The same rote, familiar thing he did every time.
If you were to ask him he would deny that, of course. He would be eager to tell stories of how adventurous, and outgoing he was. But when it came to prove that to any degree, he was most happy with the predictable.
"So, Miranda. Any plans for the weekend?" He would ask, the same as he always did. Sometimes as an excuse to regale Miranda Voss, his secretary, with his future plans that only rarely came to fruition. Other times his intent was politeness, and nothing more.


"Nothing of note." She would reply. "And you? Another weekend striking out?"
He winced at the remark, but would let it slide. For a moment it appeared as if he wanted to ignore it completely... before exercising that adventurousness he so liked to claim he always had, and continue the conversation. Perhaps the lonely man thinks this is his chance at finding someone to spend the weekend with.
Perhaps he's onto something.


"Well, Miranda, if you must know..." He would begin, doing his best to appear suave and debonair, but ultimately coming off as a bit pathetic. "I... don't have anything planned at all, actually. I think I'm done trying to find someone. At least, the way I've been looking."
"Oh?" His stunning secretary would inquire, causing him to straighten up in response. "By that you mean...?"
"I want to try something less... planned? I guess. You know, without any apps or algorithms to find a match. Something like how our parents used to do it, instead. Just head out there and hope for the best. Maybe there's some beautiful, single woman out there, who's looking for a man like me. Maybe... she's closer than I'd expect, too."


His attempts at subtlety hit with all of the elegance of a runaway train, but there is a certain charm to his inability to keep his intent secret. It was obvious the object of his affections was sitting right before him, and that was not lost on Ms. Voss.
"I'm sure that woman is incredible, whoever she is." She said, offering him a smile as his own expression would grow ever so slightly more dour. "If I see anyone like that, you'll be the first to know."


"Yeah... thanks." He would say, before sighing and straightening back up. "I've got a question for you though. Why have you... you know, put up with this for so long?" He said, dropping his attempts to spend time with the woman before him for a moment.
"If you're self-conscious about the way you've treated me, I assure you I have no complaints, Mr. Drake. You've always been professional, and-"


"No, no. Nothing like that." He interrupted. "I... you know. I appreciate the work you do, and you're very good at it. But you're almost... Too good? You're the first to arrive. You're the last to leave. You never complain. And you haven't even taken a vacation for as long as you've worked for me. Don't you ever get bored? There's a lot of downtime here, but I never see you spend any of it in the breakroom."


"Would you rather I do a bad job?"
"I'm not complaining!" He said, exasperated. "I just... I kind of worry about you. I'm not overworking you or anything, am I?"
"Oh, is that all?" Miranda laughed, enjoying the way her earlier responses had instilled a sense of panic into the man. "I enjoy my free time in my own way. It gives me time to think. Time to get lost in my own fantasies."


"You don't strike me as the type to have an active imagination." He said with a touch of skepticism. "Are you sure you don't want me to cut back on your hours?"
"I wouldn't ask for anything so foolish." Miranda would respond, almost offended by the suggestion. "I enjoy my alone time, and the view from this high up really gets my mind... wandering."


"Fair enough." Adrian would shrug. "But... in that case, if you don't mind me asking, what sort of ideas go through that head of yours when you're not answering calls?"


"Someone's a little nosy." She answered with a grin. The kind meant to communicate the question he asked may not have an answer he enjoyed. Unfortunately, such subtlety was lost on the man.
"I think it's my job to keep up to date with what my secretary is up to! If there's anything you're not satisfied with I can try and improve things for you. Or if you ever want to-"
"I have ways of amusing myself." She told him simply. "As I said earlier, I have no complaints about the job. I appreciate your concern about my well-being, but I am more well put together than you could possibly imagine, Adrian."


"I'm sure you are, but... I'm just curious about something. I just have a hard time wrapping my head around how you're able to be so... composed. I've never heard you mention a significant other. No family members, no one ever visiting, not even any time off. Forgive me if it comes off as rude, but from my perspective it feels as if you leave work and head straight to bed only to return the next day. Do you have any hobbies?"
His unwillingness to drop the subject was certainly having an effect on the beautiful woman he spoke to. She did not need to answer his questions, but his insistence had caught her interest, and so she responded in kind.


"Let's just say... I have my own little hobbies." She said with a smile. That was an understatement, but the details of her personal life were none of her boss's concern.
"Like what? Knitting? Maybe... reading? Seriously, I'd love to know more."


The way he trailed off told her what was coming. Adrian Drake's confidence swelled as he tried to puff himself up and make himself look more attractive to the woman who had captured his fancy.
"Maybe... at your place?" He finally said. "Maybe over a bottle of vintage scotch... since that's just about the only thing I know you like."


"You have quite the memory, don't you Mr. Drake." Miranda said.
"It's my job to make sure you're able to do yours." He said, confidence driving him forward. "If that means getting to know you better, then I hope you don't mind."
"Is it your job to fraternize with your secretary? Surely you're mistaken, Mr. Drake. What do you think the women in H.R. would have to say about that?" Though Miranda's words were true, Adrian wasn't the type to give up when he felt he was so close to achieving something tangible.


"It's only an offer." He said, before clearing his throat, and speaking more clearly. "All I can say in my own defense is that I'd do anything if you gave me a shot."
"Oh, anything?"
He stepped back abruptly, shocked as the woman suddenly went from roughly eye level to staring down at him. Could she really be growing?


His cheeks flushed in embarrassment when he realized the truth just a moment later. She had just climbed onto the table, which was odd enough on its own. Of course the woman he'd been fawning over hadn't just grown a foot taller in the blink of an eye. Of course not. Such things were impossible, he liked to believe!


"...I'm flattered, really." Miranda said, placing a hand atop his. "Your concern for my well-being is noted, but I'm afraid you're asking for the impossible. You're a very handsome man, but..."
"But? Wouldn't that be enough in most cases? I'd prefer it if you didn't sell me short, Ms. Voss."
"Short?" The woman repeated, enjoying the sound of the word as she said it. "Your offer is interesting, but to be quite honest... I'm afraid you wouldn't be able to handle me."


"I'll have you know I visit the gym just about every day." Adrian would begin, before calling out a list of physical achievements that seemed to blur into one another. Numbers that would surely be impressive to almost anyone but the woman before him.


"I'm serious." She interrupted, weary of his rambling. "Most people simply can't handle me. They think they want me, but once they get to see me, I mean, REALLY see me... they decide I'm not for them. Do you know how many people I've had run for their lives away from me, Mr. Drake?"


"Okay, Okay. You've made your point." He said, beginning to back off. "I won't press the issue further, but if you ever change your mind... let me know, okay?"


"It's for your own good, I assure you."
Adrian Drake, the small-minded man who thought himself capable of anything realized that this wasn't a fight he would win through words alone. He looked back into the stunning eyes of his secretary, before sighing.


"I appreciate the warning, but it's unnecessary." He finally said. "If this is your way of saying you're not interested I completely understand. But if it's really supposed to be a warning, then I can't imagine what would make you think I couldn't handle you."
Miranda very much doubted the man standing before her had much of an imagination at all. His sort tended to be like that. As he'd displayed only a moment prior, numbers are his top priority. Anything that went beyond his comfortable little world she feared would ruin his sense of purpose.


"I'm not just being polite, you know. Once I fall for someone, I have a hard time letting go. I have such... voracious appetites, and once they're whetted, I have a hard time restraining myself." Miranda said, smiling warmly at her prey.
"The concern is appreciated, Ms. Voss... but I can handle whatever you threw at me."



She seemed to respond well to that answer. So much so that she gave him a light shove to stop herself from pouncing onto him then and there. Her warnings aside, she was beginning to see the potential in a man like Adrian. Though the life she led was comfortable, Miranda was always interested in trying new things out, and Adrian Drake could be exactly what she was looking for.

"You should go. Now. Before you tempt me any further."

"Really?" He asked, catching his balance after a few steps. "All that and... that's it?" His confidence had been broken by the rejection. The power dynamics between the two had shifted completely. The CEO was no longer in charge of the conversation. He'd been reduced to a peasant begging his own secretary for a scrap of attention.


"It's not you, it's me, Adrian." She told him, winking playfully. "You're a very special man. One of a kind, really. Try not to let another woman take advantage of you."
"...Okay." He said, shrugging his shoulders and heading towards the door. "But... before I go-"


"I meant it." He said, flashing a look of complete sincerity back at her. "I don't know what kinds of bad relationships you've had to deal with before... but I guarantee I'd be different. I hope you won't let this affect our working relationship, and if you ever change your mind... you have a direct line to me."
Ms. Voss looked him over again, her keen mind formulating a response. She seemed to make a decision then and there, though she wasn't planning on sharing the results with him for the moment.


"I will keep that in mind, Mr. Drake. Your tenacity is noted, and I hope that you will keep me in your mind as well."
He said nothing else as he turned and left. Miranda waved goodbye from her desk, lost in her own thoughts as they gradually shifted back to idle fantasies. The same she so often indulged in during work hours.


Though the rich, powerful man wore a brave face as he left his office, his mind was in a bit of turmoil. If he couldn't even convince his secretary to give him a shot, then what did he have to offer anyone? It seemed as if this were the kind of thing that should have been a home run.
And yet here he was. Stepping into his home. Alone. Same as how he'd left that very morning.


"Maybe I'm just destined to be alone forever." He said aloud, as he undid the buttons on his jacket one by one. The heavy garment was pulled away from his body with a heavy sigh, before he realized that his statement had aged incredibly poorly in a remarkably short period of time.
The mirror in his bedroom had been polished to a perfect sheen. He liked it that way, he told the maids who did his cleaning. But he never expected to look into it and see another figure already waiting for him inside of his bedroom.


"M-Miranda?!"
He had invited the woman back to his room, but she had denied him. And yet there she was. Standing before him, and looking quite happy to see him. Under another circumstance it would have been a welcome change of pace, but as it was he could only repeat his question even louder.
"How... How did you even get in here?"


The beautiful, enchanting woman before him smiled warmly at the man. He wondered if she'd broken in. Perhaps there was a security issue he should be resolving with the people at the front desk.
"You don't remember?" Ms. Voss said, her voice smooth as silk. "You gave me a copy of your key when I was watering your plants, remember?"
He didn't remember. Until he did.
"If you want me to leave I can go, but something tells me that you're in no rush to get rid of me."


Miranda was more correct than Adrian knew. The shock of seeing her in this room had frightened him, until a memory resurfaced where he'd asked her to care for his plants while on a business trip. More details flooded back as he even remembered inviting her to spend the night if she were ever so inclined. Frankly, he was more surprised than anything that such an important memory had seemingly been entirely forgotten.
"O-Of course not!" He finally managed to say, doing his best to salvage his pride in the heat of the moment. "I just... I didn't expect you to be here. You really surprised me! This is kind of a lot, and-"


"Listen closely, Adrian." The secretary said, stepping closer to the man who was still in shock. "You know why I bothered to show up here, but if we're going to do this we both need to be absolutely clear on one thing. When we're in the office, you're in charge. But here? In the bedroom? I call the shots. If you want this to go any further, you're going to play by my rules. Understood?"
Adrian tried to vocalize his approval, but felt as if his lips were being pinched shut by an invisible hand. He nodded to express his understanding, and it felt as if the invisible force preventing him from speaking relented all at once, taking with it a great weight off his shoulders.


"Of course. I... didn't take you for that type of woman." Adrian said, running his eyes up and down the length of the woman before him. "But I'm up for anything, really."
"Don't make promises you can't keep." Ms. Voss said, twirling his fingers along the bottom of his tie, before closing her hand into a fist abruptly.



"Now come with me." She said, guiding the man as if his tie were a leash. Adrian followed entirely of his own accord, more than willing to follow the woman's lead. Like so many in his position, he was often curious what it was like to give up control in some aspect of his life, and let someone else take charge.

Miranda was all too eager to exploit this weakness of his.

"What exactly do you have in mind?" The man would ask quietly. "I've never... been dominated before, but I've always been curious, and-"


"Shh. Patience, Adrian, patience. You'll find out soon enough." Miranda whispered, as she turned back to her pet and smiled. It put the man at ease, and he nodded quietly, awaiting whatever else was in store.
"Whatever you say... Mistress?"
"Something less cheesy." The woman said matter-of-factly. "You may refer to me as Miranda."


"W-Well in that case Miranda. Don't you want to change into something more comfortable?"
"Are you eager to see what I look like under this blazer?" The woman said knowingly. "Then I want to hear you say it, Adrian."
"In that case, please take your clothes off." The man replied, hardly able to believe his good fortune. In all his life he'd never been so excited, and he had the distinct feeling things were only going to get better from here.


"Interesting request..." Miranda said quietly, before tugging at Adrian's collar. "Soon... but not yet. Let's get you undressed first, shall we?"
"Of course!" Adrian said, wasting not even a second before undoing the buttons on his shirt. It took quite a bit of willpower for the man to stop himself from ripping the entire shirt apart, but this was an expensive garment and he'd prefer to keep his expensive things intact.


The secretary watches with great interest as the shirt slips down the man's shoulders and reveals his bare chest. Even in the privacy of the bedroom it's quite clear that there's a bit of self-consciousness still driving his behavior, and Miranda moves closer to quell that concern.
"You really are quite the specimen." The beautiful woman says as her fingers dance along the sides of his ribs. "I bet you're ready to go already, aren't you?"
"Yeah, you could say that."


"Keep going." Miranda ordered. Adrian, ever the loyal plaything, did exactly as he was told, and revealed an erection pointing straight to the ceiling a second later. The woman's hands gripped the hard appendage tightly, drawing a gasp of surprise from its owner.
"Someone's happy to see me." Miranda mused as her fingers ran up and down the man's length. How do you keep this thing hidden from view in the office?"


"I don't often find things that excite me like-"
"Do you not find me exciting?"
"N-No, nothing like that!" Adrian interrupted, immediately thrown off his rhythm again. "I, um, I can keep things under control in a professional setting. So-"
"I was teasing you." Miranda said, waggling the cock in her fist as she spoke. "This should do nicely, though. Not many men are big enough to please me. Especially not after..."


The woman's words trailed off, as if she were inviting Adrian to interject. But the little man was so lost in a mire of pleasure he had hardly registered a word she'd said. When he finally caught wind of the awkward silence he'd hardly any idea what was just being discussed, and simply said the first thing that came to his mind.
"You've seen me naked now." He said, dragging his eyes straight for his secretary's ample cleavage. "I... I think it's only fair that you at least give me a peek."
"Aw... fair?" Miranda said with a pout. Her voice dripped with condescension, as if the man had just suggested she leap out the window. "I'm afraid I don't play fair, Adrian. I know firsthand you're the type to kiss and tell, so I'm going to make you a deal. If you want the clothes to come off, you're going to close your eyes... And you're going to keep them closed until I give you permission to open them."


"Um... okay..."
"I'm serious, Adrian." Miranda said, in a tone far more solemn than seemed necessary. "This is a make or break it portion of the night. If you even so much as crack your eyes open before I tell you to, then this ends and you're spending another night alone. Understand?"


"U-Understood!" Adrian practically shouted, squinting his eyes shut as if water was about to pour onto his face. He became acutely more aware of his surroundings with no way to see, and flinched at the feeling of Miranda's fingers on his face... but he followed the order exactly as she'd given it.


"I'm taking my skirt off, now." Miranda began, her sensual voice dripping from her lips like honey. "You can hear it. You can feel it. You can even taste it in the air if you concentrate hard enough... but you can't see it."
Adrian's body shivered. He did not expect to be tormented like this... but his resolve remained firm.
"Do you hear that?" She continued, as the sound of her skirt gliding over her soft thighs filled the emptiness of the room. "Can you imagine what it'll be like once you actually get to experience this firsthand?"
"I... can't." The man said. "You're too beautiful. I can't even imagine what it would be like if I could see."


"You have quite the silver tongue, Adrian... but I think it's time you put it to better use. No more talking. Until I tell you otherwise, you are to remain quiet. Obedient. Understand?"
"Understood."
"Shh, no more talking." She said, "Now drop to your knees."


Without sight, Adrian found the task much harder to accomplish than he expected. His legs were shaky as they tried to bend so he could fall to his knees, but after some gentle coaching from Miranda he found himself on the path he needed to take.
As if he'd done this every day of his life the man fell to his knees, now standing only half as tall as the woman who had so thoroughly enchanted him.


"My... it must be positively agonizing waiting there. You want so badly to pleasure me, don't you? To feel your tongue caressing my flesh, and know my taste. To let my thighs envelop you, and engulf yourself within me, until my body becomes your entire world."
Adrian's mouth moved as if he wished to respond, but it felt as if his lips were being pinched shut again. Just in time too, as he quickly remembered that he had been told not to speak... and so he stayed there on his knees. Completely silent as he awaited further orders.


"Stand up."
Adrian's heart raced. The thrill of following an order from a woman as perfect as Miranda had set the little one's imagination ablaze. Further thoughts of how to serve her ran through his mind as he gradually began to straighten out.
"Stop."
...Before he tensed up every single muscle in his body at the same time. Stuck mid-kneel, the man awaited another response. All the while eager to see what happened next.


What began as an unusual pressure on the man's crotch quickly turned uncomfortable, before it became pleasant. Even without sight it was obvious what was happening. For the first time in far too long he was the one being given preferential treatment, and though it felt impossible at first, he was enjoying this even more than he thought possible. Enough that in his pleasure he let out the slightest sound. One that the woman controlling his movements heard all too well.


"Don't tell me you're going to cum already?" She asked, amused at the man's lack of stamina. It was a rhetorical question, of course, and after a moment of searching for a way to answer silently he shook his head from side to side.
"Good." Miranda said, amused at his complete subservience to her every whim. "I think you should come closer now."


Adrian was relieved to hear this. Enjoyable as all of this was, his legs were beginning to ache from the awkward position he'd been left in. They began to straighten out so he could walk ahead, before the enchanting voice from his secretary stopped him in his tracks.


"Don't walk." She said, as if she were lecturing an unruly pet. "Crawl over here on your hands and knees.



Adrian did as told, feeling as though there should be some sense of shame or apprehension at the actions he was performing. It felt like he was debasing himself, but the more he concentrated on those feelings the less they seemed to matter. He was rather okay with what was happening.

And so he did as told, inching along the plush carpet and closer to the woman who was awaiting him.


Though moving blind was slow at first, it wasn't long before he found his mark. The heady scent of a woman hung thick in the air, causing his erection to somehow poke even straighter up into air. He let his sense of smell guide him in the darkness, as he felt the warmth of the legs on either side of his face engulf him.
"Now get in there."


Adrian did not resist. The palm grabbed him by the back of his head, and guided him directly to a specific spot. His tongue pressed against the dominating woman's labia, and for a moment he thought he would cum then and there.
But again he was met with some resistance. Just when he thought he was going to release the sensations began to fade, and the pressure on the back of his head only strengthened.


Were Adrian able to see, he'd have surely enjoyed the inviting view right before him. The pleased look of the woman he was serving looming down on him, and the warmth that her body emitted caressing the sides of his face.
It's a shame then that he'd been ordered to do no such thing.


In his mind's eye he tried painting an image of what he was looking at. He'd seen his share of the fairer sex without clothing, and tried to imagine what Miranda would look like. He could tell through feeling alone there was a bit of warm, downy hair that pressed into his face... but he found he had a difficult time grasping just how big the woman's legs were.


He'd seen her filling out skirts in the office every day for several years now. Often to the point where he worried she was uncomfortable in her choice of clothing. He thought he had a good idea of the woman's size, but with his eyes closed it felt... different.


She felt bigger than he expected. Much bigger. In fact, the more he pondered this question the more he came to realize that the fingers on the back of his head were sliding further down. And the very object of his desires, Miranda's pussy, felt like it could devour his entire face now. But surely he was imagining such a thing? Surely...


"What's wrong?" Miranda asked, noting the sudden pause in his movements. "Don't tell me you're getting cold feet now?"
Without the woman's body directly pressing onto him Adrian suddenly felt uneasy. He had to have imagined all of that, right? That's what he told himself, and that's what made sense. Could the deprivation of a single sense really make it feel as if the woman he was pleasuring was growing right in front of him? Opening his eyes would be all it took to put his mind at ease... but he couldn't risk doing that.


"If you're through catching your breath, I suggest you get back to work, love."
Adrian's apprehension did not go away... but he ignored those thoughts regardless. It was a silly concern to begin with. Why would he even entertain such an absurd thought? And when he pressed his face back between her legs, he could hear the rustling of clothing directly above him.
"I hope you don't mind if I take my shirt off, Adrian." The woman said, taunting the blinded man trapped between her legs.


He couldn't protest. Though he did want to, given how he was being denied such a doubtlessly wonderful sight. He whimpered, and tried to bury his face deeper into the womanhood before him, while his secretary sighed above.

"It feels so nice to let these things breathe." She said, pulling her arms out of her shirt. "This bra is nice and all, but it's just so... constricting. I'm eager to take it off."


Adrian whimpered. The words above him were having an effect. He longed to just open his eyes and drink in the sight. He almost even considered that maybe such an act of disobedience would be worth it. Perhaps even this was a test. To see how long he would follow such a request before rebelling. But he couldn't bring himself to disobey. Not when the stakes were as high as they were.
Miranda, for her part, was quite happy with the sounds of concern between her legs. She'd heard the pathetic mewling whimper, and it had driven her mad with lust. This was what she craved out of her partners, and with the seed planted she was eager to chase this feeling to the bitter end.


"It's time."
Miranda's words hung in the air for a moment. Adrian had certainly heard them immediately, but was he supposed to react immediately? He hesitated, wondering if there were a possibility he could be misinterpreting it, before the sensation of fingers gripping the sides of his body forced him into action.


This was it.
He was going to have sex with Miranda. He let the hand guide him closer and closer... and one thing very quickly became obvious.
She had, in fact, grown. The hand on his back had to have been nearly a quarter of his height. Miranda's chest was certainly impressive, but the beach balls he'd just buried his face between were certainly bigger than she should have been. And then there were the thighs... which were well over half as tall as he was.


He wanted so badly to open his eyes. To drink in the sight of his gigantic, beautiful lover.
But he was a strong man. He prided himself on this silly little aspect of his life, and so he kept doing as told. He would not open his eyes until the all clear was given. And so when he pressed his hips forward and found the opening he was looking for... a sense of relief came over him.


The giant woman's folds were warm and inviting to the touch. As he pressed his hips forward he could feel them devour his length, and his mind nearly went blank with pleasure. Exactly what he was hoping for. Because if he could keep his mind occupied on the pleasure consuming him, he could push down the urge to open his eyes.
Miranda's thoughts on the matter were far less simple. She enjoyed the sensation of the miniature man pressing his hips between her legs, and let him do his things. For her there were no complex thoughts about how to handle the situation she was in. She simply allowed it to happen, and enjoyed it.


"It's a shame you can't enjoy the sight of my chest in this little bra." Miranda teased, cupping her generous breasts in both hands and giving them a squeeze. An action she did entirely for her own sake, as the only part of this Adrian was allowed to enjoy was the subtle sound of skin squishing against skin.
"Don't stop." She said simply, as clasps were undone.


Adrian couldn't see it, but he could hear it. The soft sigh of relief from the giant woman as the tight undergarment was removed. The soft sound of weighty breasts flopping out of their cups and onto her chest. The warmth and scent that engulfed him drove him mad, and he thrust even harder into her, hoping to see what was happening soon.


But no matter how much he may have been enjoying himself, he was, at the end of the day, completely at the woman's mercy. Miranda held complete control over the man and his little actions, and she took a great deal of pleasure in toying with him. So when she began to turn her entire body to the side, the simple-minded Adrian thought nothing of it.


When he felt his back sink into the bed, he didn't find anything wrong with this turn of events. If anything, he thought it was only better. Though he had to thrust his hips higher than ever to actually have an effect on the giant woman, the sensation of those gigantic breasts smothering the life out of him more than made up for it.


When she began to grind her body atop his, Adrian realized he may have foolishly walked straight into a problem. She had grown. Aside from how difficult that was to believe, that outcome was obvious. She was on top of him as well, which wasn't ideal, but something he was willing to try out.
When she used the seemingly limitless strength her size gave her to drive him deeper into the bed though, he realized just how dangerous this was.


Adrian Drake, the man who carried with him an aura of confidence and power, had been reduced to a mewling puppy under the giant woman's form. He was trapped, and tried to push her away so he wouldn't be completely crushed beneath her, but she only grew heavier.
Which was itself a problem, as she hadn't moved an inch.


The question perplexed the man, and though it was difficult to do so while being smothered under a woman as big as a room, he considered what the reason for that could be. He hadn't left any food out, he was sure of that. The bed wasn't pushing him up deeper into her, as there would be no need for such a contraption.
He realized the answer all too late.


She was still growing.
"M-MIRANDA?!"
The time for fun and games was over. With every passing second he could feel his bones beginning to creak. His anger and rage overtook him, and he finally broke the one order he'd been given so far, and opened his eyes. A somewhat pointless gesture, as almost the entirety of his vision was taken up by the form of the gorgeous woman atop him, crushing him into the bed.


"You didn't open your eyes, did you?"
Were he in a more stable mindset, Adrian may have questioned why that was the first question she asked at a time like this. Rather than concern for his well-being, or an explanation of what was even happening she seemed to think it prescient to ask about something so menial.
"WHO FUCKING CARES?! YOU'RE CRUSHING ME!"
Of course, in his state, Adrian was anything but stable.


Not that this bothered the woman atop him. She kept doing as she had been. Grinding her massive form atop the smaller man's body, and ensuring that the erection he'd kept up this entire time stayed firm and moved about inside of her.

"I warned you, didn't I, darling?" She said, her voice sweet and melodic despite her actions. "Once I get started it can be... difficult to stop. Right now I'm feeling downright insatiable, and you assured me you could handle it!"



Adrian remembered saying that. He was now beginning to grasp what a fool he truly was. As the massive woman atop him continued to grow and expand further in every direction his thrashing legs bumped pressed against something he hadn't expected.

It hadn't been that long ago that he had been pumping his erection in the pussy that was now big enough to swallow his entire leg. The realization of just how big the woman was growing hit him like a ton of bricks, and sent a chill down his spine.


He kicked his leg about in an effort to free it from the giant woman's pussy. It wasn't that difficult a task, but in the process he brought fresh moans from the giantess that shook his entire body. She was enjoying the fear she had inspired within him, and she was too big for him to escape. He was left with only one way out, as far as he could tell.


"MIRANDA...! YOU HAVE TO STOP! YOU'RE GOING TO CRUSH ME! AT LEAST LET ME OUT OF HERE!"
There was no way to ask and retain his dignity. He begged, pleaded, and the woman atop him swore she could even feel tears well up in the corners of his eyes as he begged her to save him. His life was entirely in her hands now, and whether he lived or died depended on whether or not she was willing to take action.
He hadn't the slightest idea just how true that assessment really was.


Adrian woke up.
It was a Saturday morning, just like any other.
The sun peeking through his windows had stirred him from sleep. Normally a gentle motion that carried him back to consciousness he instead woke up this time with a loud scream rather unbecoming a man such as himself.


His heart raced as he looked around his bedroom. Everything was as it had always been. It was Saturday, he tried to tell himself. That much seemed obvious. It had to be Saturday, because the day before was Friday. And last night he had...
The memories replayed in his mind. That couldn't have just been a dream, he reasoned. No, it had felt too real, hadn't it? He replayed the memories in his head, and eventually concluded that he must have fallen asleep and dreamt everything that happened from the moment he'd opened his door up until now. Perhaps something he'd eaten had been spiked, leading to the sudden loss of consciousness and memory loss.


It wasn't a particularly convincing explanation, but his apartment was still intact, and more importantly, he was still alive. Those were the facts. Unassailable and reliable to the very end. Reality wasn't so easy to dismiss, and when the floor beneath him began to shake he assumed it was nothing of note. Perhaps there was maintenance taking place nearby, or he had left something on in the next room over.


But, being a Saturday morning, he figured now was as good a time as any to begin his regular routine. A shower. A shave. Breakfast, and then whatever his mind fancied. A routine life for a man obsessed with order.
He turned to close the drapes to his window, before his heart sank straight into his stomach.


This was not something he expected. This was something that would certainly break up his routine, and change his life forever going forward. He thought back to his vivid dream... but even that didn't explain this. If he really had invited Miranda here, how had she left without destroying everything in her wake? Just to show up here again... like this.


If it weren't so confounding the view would have been spectacular, to say the least. The woman was several magnitudes larger than she had been when she'd last seen him, and looked to be at least ten stories tall by his guess. This change in stature meant that he was staring almost directly into the object of his affections when the curtains were parted, as he stood at just about chest level for his busty secretary.
Frozen in place, he felt as if he could do nothing more than wait for her to make the first move.


"That was quite the dream, wasn't it?" Miranda asked, as if she were having a casual chat with him on a weekday morning. "I hope you had your fun... before it turned into a real nightmare."
Adrian's blood turned to ice in his veins. He looked up at the giant woman staring down at him past those glasses she always wore, and hadn't the foggiest idea on how to respond. He did what felt natural in the moment, and closed his eyes tight. He hoped that when he opened his eyes, he'd wake up from the dream.


Obviously, this had no effect. And the fact that this had no effect only made the man spiral even harder.
"W-What?! No! This can't be?! What the fuck is happening?! Why are you- What happened? What's going on? Explain Miranda, NOW!"


His giant secretary wasn't interested in entertaining his idle threats or his questions, however. The woman who held his entire life in her hands was now eager to do that quite literally, as she raised a hand towards the only thing that separated the two of them. A fragile, clear, window.
"I can't hear you in there." She said without a care in the world. "Stay still, Adrian. I just want to talk."


Adrian almost considered doing as told. If she could do whatever she pleased, then what point was there in running?
Unfortunately, he was far too overtaken by panic to stand still and wait for her. The second her fingers had touched the glass and it had begun to crack he decided he'd seen enough. He turned tail and ran as the window shattered, and his home was invaded by the giant woman's hand.


"Surely you don't think you can get away from me, Adrian." The giant secretary mused. She made a grand show of placing her fingers onto the floor of the bedroom and dragging them closer to the man who suddenly found he could not get the door to his own bedroom open. Something that should have been impossible, since the lock was supposed to be on this side, not the other.
"Can't get it open?" Miranda laughed, her voice filing the entire room and making it shake. "Here... let me help you with that."


The giantess came all too close to grabbing Adrian out of the room, and carried him into the open air. Instead her fingers pressed onto the door directly next to him, and broke the hinges in an instant. The sound of wood cracking was so loud it hurt Adrian's ears, but when it led to the door breaking open he ran out as quickly as he could manage.
Perhaps he should have thought more about this situation he'd found himself in. Why she took joy in helping him escape, rather than grabbing him outright. Or why the door was even locked in the first place. All reasonable questions... with outcomes he accepted uncritically.


Naked as the day he was born, the distinguished businessman Adrian Drake ran at full sprint through his own apartment. The last thing he wanted was to suffer some manner of public humiliation by running out into the open without taking the time to put some manner of clothing on, but time was a precious resource and it was one he was sorely lacking in.
Though it filled him with dread to do so, he slammed his body against the door outside of his apartment, and kept running naked through the halls.


All the way until he's out in the streets.
The sun beats down on his naked form shimmering with sweat as he runs down stairways until he finally manages to make it out onto the streets below. His heart races when he runs into someone. A woman out for a morning jog, who seems utterly disgusted by what she perceives as some crazed pervert out for a run.
"RUN!" He warned her, still feeling as if he had only seconds to go before all hell broke loose. "You have to get away from her! She's coming to-"


The ground shook.
Adrian decided now was not the time to explain himself. Though his cheeks burned red with embarrassment, he sprinted to his car, and hopped inside as quickly as he could manage. He didn't remember leaving the top down when he'd driven home yesterday, but none of his belongings seemed to be missing so it was another thing he paid no mind.


Not even when he discovered the key inside of the ignition did he stop to wonder how things conveniently kept lining up in ways that favored him. Instead he started the engine, and floored it as quickly as he could.
And not a moment too soon. As only a second later the wonderful, the beautiful Miranda Voss stomped after him. Her gorgeous body shook with every step she took, while the scared little man sped away like a madman.
CUT PRICE LIQUORS
North St
1 HOUR FILM PROCESSING
CAMERAS · VIDEO · BINOCULARS
SALE 75%
SARYA
IVECO



His driving was erratic, and the fact that he was naked certainly didn't help things. He feared that even if he were to get away he would wind up being taken in by the police, and that would end in things far worse happening for him.

He turned yet another corner at breakneck speeds in the hopes of breaking line of sight with his secretary. A man who was in the midst of crossing the street at that exact moment came within inches of a messy end. The man cursed and screamed at what he thought looked like a naked man driving a car, but Adrian kept moving for his own life.


He would undoubtedly have fines to pay after this. Tickets. A court date. And potentially even jail time. Still, he drove to protect his own skin, and when he turned yet another corner, he froze.
The sight that greeted him was not one he was happy to see.


It wasn't Miranda, of course. On some level he'd have been eager to see that, if only for the sumptuous sight of her naked form out in the open. No, the thing that filled him with dread was panic. Cars honking their horns and stopping abruptly. People filled the streets as they ran for their lives. It felt as if something big was about to happen, and it wouldn't be particularly safe.
North St
NEW YORK
CDF 1868
NEW YORK
OPE 6975
TRENZ
MENSWEAR
FOR SALE


He received confirmation just a moment later.
One of Miranda's oversized heels swung out from the buildings in front of Adrian, and crashed into the ground. The street splintered and the panicked screams grew even louder. They had seemingly only just become aware of the giant woman's grand form, but Adrian could only think of one thing.
1 HOUR FILM
TRENZ
MENSWEAR


How much bigger had she grown in such a short amount of time?
His body trembled as he tried to put pen to paper in his head. Measurements meant numbers, and numbers were something he was good at. He thought for a moment, but Miranda wasn't interested in giving him any amount of time to himself.
"Have you stopped running already?" The giantess mused, smiling down at the car being driven by the naked businessman. "Very well. I've enjoyed myself up until now, but all fun must eventually come to an end."
APARTMENTS


She meant what she said, and swung her foot forward straight into Adrian's direction. He froze up as he watched the heel move over some of the cars. Cars that he knew to be occupied given how the lights abruptly changed as it was obvious the drivers were trying to get away.
And cars that were crushed into scrap metal a split-second later, as the giant woman had no regard for the well-being of anyone standing between her and her prey.
TRENZ
MENSWEAR
STOP


A terror unlike any Adrian had ever known gripped him. In all of his small little life he never imagined that something like this was even possible. Yet here it was, unfolding beneath his very eyes. This was no dream, he told himself. It was reality, and it was coming straight for him.
Without wasting a second, he took a quick look at his surroundings, made sure the coast was clear...



And floored it backwards as quickly as he could manage. In his overactive imagination he figured he would have spun his entire car around in a circle quickly, ending with him facing the opposite direction so he could speed away without a hitch.

But reality wasn't quite so cinematic. The car certainly did spin backwards, but he had neither the skill nor the horsepower to do as he envisioned it, and instead found his back wheels running up over the curb, effectively stalling him.


Unfortunately for him, this was a rear-wheel drive car. A particularly enthusiastic salesman had extolled the virtues of owning such a car to him for quite some time, and now he was reaping the consequences. With the car trapped, he rocked back and forth in a vain attempt to gather some manner of traction, as the massive heels of the beautiful woman drew ever closer.


His heart caught in his chest when the heel came directly above him. Cast in shadow it was suddenly all the more real that he was directly in the strike zone of a terrifying entity that seemed to hold little value on the lives of ordinary people such as himself.
He tried once more to free the car. And once more he failed, as the pair of men trying to run past him on foot screamed in unison.


With a thunderous, bassy sound the massive heel came down, crushing the two men in the blink of an eye. With a front-row seat the carnage Adrian felt as though his heart were about to leap out of his chest. He felt as though the giant woman had intentionally positioned her booted foot to come down directly onto the fleeing men, rather than having them be the side effect of a careless step.
He would be right on that assumption, but Miranda saw no need to divulge that information to him.
Easy St
th St
NO
FOR SALE


"They weren't able to get away in time." The giantess cooed, thoroughly unbothered by the lives she'd just smeared into the pavement. "But what about you, Adrian? Have you given up? Or were you just enjoying the show?"
She hadn't yet decided on her little plaything's ultimate fate. Whether he lived to see another day or would meet his end before the sun set was entirely up to how he performed, but she wasn't intent on letting things end this quickly if she could help it.


Adrian seemed to take the threat to heart however, and floored the gas pedal hard enough to knock the car loose from the curb and speed away. His eyes continued to dart back and forth between the rear view mirror and the road ahead, hoping that he could put some distance between himself and the violent giantess who had once served as his secretary.
NEW YORK
OPE 6975
THE EMPIRE STATE


When he saw himself making progress, he thought that things were improving. He would make it, he told himself. This was going to work.
Unfortunately, he failed to realize just how enormous Miranda had grown. When her foot raised overhead once again it only took a simple shift of her stance to catch up to the speeding car, and drench it inky black shadow once again. She could end it then and there, and when the sole of her heel began to lower Adrian only pushed on the gas even harder.
リバティー 1号店 B1
鉄道模型
North St
NEW YORK
OPE 6975

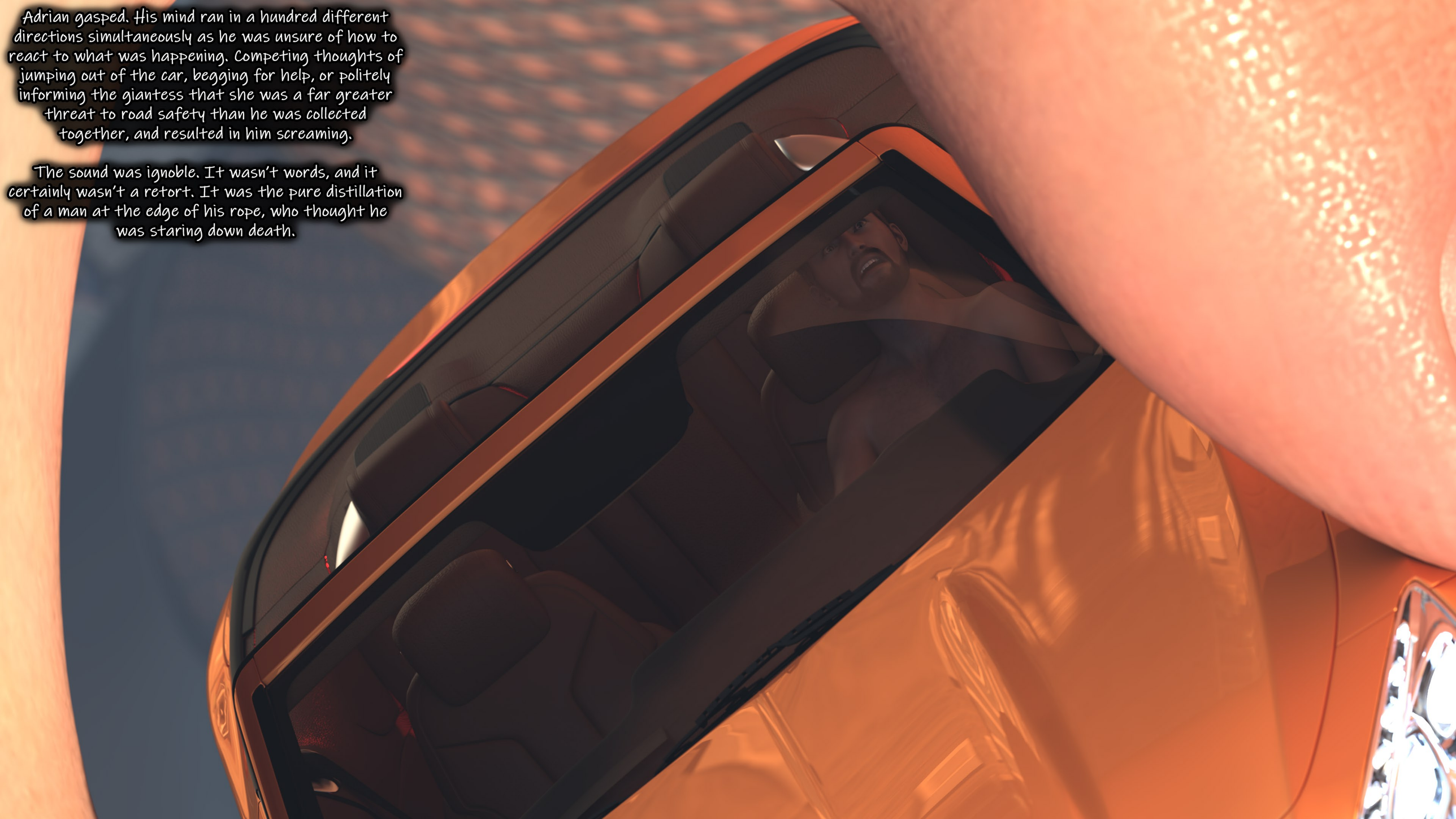


What to Miranda was simply setting her foot down was a cataclysmic stomp to Adrian. Powerful enough that he swerved as best he could to avoid the inevitable when the foot came down close to him, and in turn only wound up running onto the curb yet again.

From high up above, Miranda could only sigh. Her plaything's ineptitude was beginning to test her patience.


"Who even gave you a license?" Miranda said, her acidic tone mocking the poor frightened man's psyche. He tried again to shift the car into reverse to get out from here, but it seemed as if it wouldn't be enough.
The sensation of something about to fall onto him drew Adrian's eyes upwards. When he checked, he caught sight of a massive hand descending from the sky straight for him. In a desperate bid to escape, he floored the gas pedal once again.


But it was too little, too late.
Miranda's beautiful, manicured fingers grabbed hold of Adrian's car. The heavy thing was like nothing for the giant woman's strength, and the sound of spinning wheels with nothing to grab onto echoed through the street as she lifted her catch up closer to her face.
"Really though," The giant woman began, shaking her head in disapproval. "It's not safe to keep you on the road like this. You're a real menace."


Adrian gasped. His mind ran in a hundred different directions simultaneously as he was unsure of how to react to what was happening. Competing thoughts of jumping out of the car, begging for help, or politely informing the giantess that she was a far greater threat to road safety than he was collected together, and resulted in him screaming.
The sound was ignoble. It wasn't words, and it certainly wasn't a retort. It was the pure distillation of a man at the edge of his rope, who thought he was staring down death.

Miranda laughed.

"Can you repeat that?" She smiled, knowing he would never in a million years be able to replicate the bizarre sound he'd just made.

"PLEASE DON'T HURT ME PLEASE PUT ME DOWN PLEASE-"

"Oh goodness. Enough already." Miranda said with a dismissive roll of her eyes. As soon as the words left her mouth Adrian felt as though his lips were being pinched shut once again, and the words he had yet to say caught in his throat. He looked up at the giant woman with pleading eyes, as she made her amusement at his plight obvious.




"Now, if I allow you to speak again, will you keep calm this time?" Though the words she spoke were polite, there was a hint of menace to her tone that terrified the little man almost as much as seeing other people be crushed directly in front of him. With little more than a whimper he nodded up at the giant face, which brought a smile to her lips.



Adrian nodded vigorously.

"Good." Miranda said. "Now, say what you wanted to say earlier before you lost your cool."

"Mirand-Miss Voss." The small man began, picking and choosing his words carefully. "I-I'm very scared, and I would like to be placed somewhere safe. I ask that you don't hurt me."

The giant woman seemed to consider this request for a moment. She rather enjoyed the power she wielded over the man who once called himself her boss. She thought it amusing that he would debase himself so quickly.


Though her mind was swimming with thoughts and ideas, she ultimately decided to do as he asked. After all, Adrian had asked very politely, and what more could she ask for?
"I understand." She said, smiling sweetly to the shivering little ant she held in her fingers. Every minuscule clench of her muscles made the entire car creak, further reinforcing just how pathetic he was in the woman's grasp. "I'll put you somewhere safe, and comfortable."

Adrian began to say yes, but the sudden lurch of the car as it moved meant the words caught in his throat. He gripped the steering wheel tightly for security as the car did not move any closer to the ground at all. Instead it moved forward, straight into the huge valley that was his secretary's cleavage.

In that moment, he realized that he should have worded his request better.

Not that it mattered, of course. Miranda was interested in toying with him, and so she would have done that regardless of how he'd worded the request. She was only happy he'd made it so easy on her! As expected of a perfectly loyal man who thought little of much at all.





When the car slipped between the giant woman's breasts, they naturally began to press up against one another. The car that Adrian had placed so much of his pride in wasn't meant to handle this kind of pressure, and near-instantly began to deform from the soft, pliant weight pressing onto him on both sides. As he feared for his own safety he held to the car's door for security, only to have it pop clean off its hinges.

He thought of screaming for her to stop, but he'd already been told that would do him little good. So renowned businessman, Adrian Drake, simply sat and waited, hoping that he would not meet a messy end between his secretary's breasts.


"Tada! I hope you're comfortable!"
Miranda's voice rang through the city, shaking building windows and even making her own chest jiggle ever so slightly from the vibrations. She was rather proud of her figure, and was able to carry Adrian's car in her chest without the use of her hands. Though it wasn't the most stable ride in the world, it seemed secure enough, and she was happy with the result.
"This also means you have a front row seat for whatever happens next." She teased. "Because I don't know if you've realized where we are..."


Though he couldn't see much from his perspective, Adrian could make out some details from between the giant woman's pendulous breasts. The building he worked at was nearby, and he wondered how on earth he'd even wound up here. It was a solid drive to get from home to work, and yet here he was. Had he really just driven straight in this direction while attempting to flee from the giantess?
Juice
삼 덕 전기 자동제어반
NO PARKING ON PAVEMENT


"Do you think our coworkers will be happy to see us?" Miranda asked, tapping her foot absentmindedly as she looked the building over. "Should we come out in the open and let them know about our relationship?"
Adrian wasn't sure if what they had done so far could even be called a relationship. Regardless, he cupped his hands to his mouth, and shouted out something that sure sounded like protest. Even now, the man thought he had some control over what the woman in his life was more interested in, but his request was disregarded so quickly it didn't even register on the woman's psyche.


"Let's get going!" Miranda mused, carefully lifting a foot from the ground and moving it forward. She rather enjoyed the sight of so many running for their lives away from her. It would be quicker to ignore anything in her way, but she wasn't interested in that.
Her idea of fun was to toy with and torment the innocent little lives that stood between her and her place of employment. And for that reason alone-



She crushed them.

Their bodies popped like little blood-filled balloons. The cars crumpled as if they were made from foil. Tires popped, the street cracked, and above it all a sense of pure, unbridled power rushed through Miranda's body. She bit her bottom lip, excited at the prospect of what was to come now that her little plaything was secure in a location that did not require her hands.

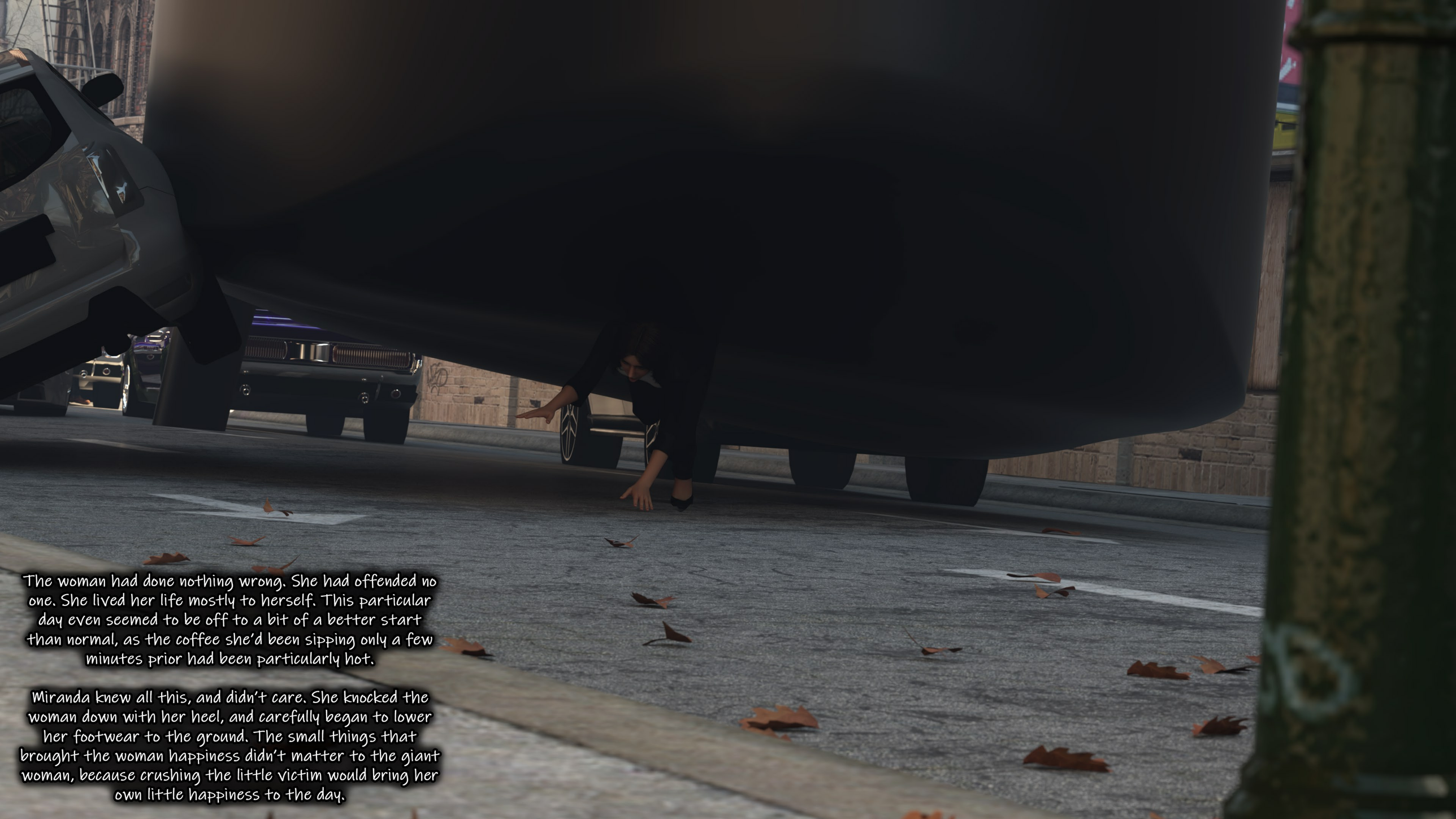


Of course, she was not only one step away from her prize. Which in turn meant that she would have to take more than one step. A trivial matter for the giantess for whom human life carried very little value, and a very very bad thing for the people trapped beneath her.

When her foot swung forward for another step, the heel actually caught on some of the power lines stretching over the street. They attempted to resist for a split-second before snapping, sending live wires whipping through the streets below.


She wasn't interested in letting the cables take any of the people she intended on crushing though. Her foot came down again, crushing more than a few of the fleeing people and stopping the cables in their movements flat, while sending cars piled up flying through the air.
For Miranda, moving was all it took for the world around her to suffer, and she was happier for it.
B1
1 HOUR FILM PROGESSING
SALE 75%
SALE 75%
SALE 75%
North St
鉄道模型
CAMERAS · VIDEO · BINO
ASIAN FOOD
SALE 75%
セール開催中!
LD 1F リバティー
컴퓨터게임장
莊富燕仁仁藥
冊註府政中西藥行


Another step followed almost as quickly after. She carefully took aim at some of the bodies below, wanting to make sure that they knew what was coming for them. She tracked their movements for a bit, effortlessly adjusting her step to make sure that the people fleeing never felt safe, and were never able to get away.
But with multiple people lined up, they were eventually able to split apart. Though she could have done something about that, Miranda found much more joy in watching the unpredictability of a tiny person caught in a pit of absolute despair. And so she focused her attention on the person in the center of her footstep.


The woman had done nothing wrong. She had offended no one. She lived her life mostly to herself. This particular day even seemed to be off to a bit of a better start than normal, as the coffee she'd been sipping only a few minutes prior had been particularly hot.
Miranda knew all this, and didn't care. She knocked the woman down with her heel, and carefully began to lower her footwear to the ground. The small things that brought the woman happiness didn't matter to the giant woman, because crushing the little victim would bring her own little happiness to the day.


And so she did exactly that.
The lone woman's body popped so quickly it didn't even register through the thick sole of Miranda's heel. It was almost a waste, as she twisted her foot into the ground and ripped up the street in the process.
Phone
NO PARKING
UNAUTHORIZED VEHICLES WILL BE TOWED AT OWNER'S EXPENSE


But a single wasted step is hardly a reason to stop. Especially when there were still a few more blocks to get there.
Miranda smiled from far above the city streets, amused at the scenes unfolding beneath her. She sighed, waving her heels in the air and taunting the next victims before they would meet a similar end.
Juice
삼덕전기 자동제어반


But the people on the streets could see her coming. It was impossible not to notice. She was near-omnipresent, and they knew that they wouldn't survive were she to take aim straight for them.
That was precisely why the cruel woman decided to adjust her next step. She would spare those on the streets, if only for a moment. Just to make sure that some of those gawking from the relative safety of their homes inside of the buildings could be made aware.

She was every bit as capable of crushing them as she was the people out in the open.

Miranda's heel swung through the building, demolishing an entire floor in the blink of an eye. The rest of the structure sagged from the sudden damage, before falling apart onto her foot itself. She smiled, watching as the rain of bricks and glass made life hell for the people in their path, before stepping on them for good measure as well.

STOP
ONLY
STOP
ONLY

The pure, simple joys that came with destruction were immensely appealing to the giant woman. She'd done it before many times, and she couldn't imagine herself growing tired of it anytime soon. She longed to see what sort of impressive and interesting structures humanity could build up, just so she could have her fun tearing it all down on a whim.

As she walked, her arousal began to become obvious to the man trapped in her cleavage. The smell of sweat began to infiltrate his prison, as it was obvious the giant woman's actions had heated her up a great deal. Had he had a good view, he'd undoubtedly have noticed how her nipples were standing on end, or how the pussy he'd admired earlier was now glistening in the light.



Miranda was close enough now, though she was a bit disappointed if she had to be honest. Though she loved her size, it also meant she had a rather limited view inside of the buildings. A dozen floors lay beneath her, that she'd have to crouch or even fall to her knees to look inside. And with her little passenger trapped where she was, the slightest movement in that direction would have undoubtedly crushed him.

So she kept herself calm, and approached the building with a smile. Eager to see what her coworkers would think of her new appearance.


The glint of the sunlight on the windows meant that the giant woman had to focus to get a good look at what was happening inside of the skyscraper. Bits of movement gradually materialized into solid images, and it seemed like all of the people she shared a working space with could hardly believe their eyes.


The ever-curious Miranda did nothing for a moment. Content to simply stand there and watch, she observed the movements of the simpering ants for whom the grim reality of their situation was only just beginning to set in. Some had already stopped what they were doing and simply stared back at her face, while others were beginning to run away in terror.


"Mr. Drake won't be coming in today." She told the building. The statement was casual, almost cartoonishly so. None of the people inside could have possibly had whether or not their boss was planning to come into the office for the day on their mind at the moment, but Miranda felt as if it were her top priority to inform them of this matter.


After all, she wanted to make sure when they met their grisly, untimely, unfortunate end, they could do so without an ounce of regret. The knowledge that on their last day of work, everyone who hadn't shown up had been accounted for should be of some small comfort to the work-minded busybodies. She felt a sense of pride at her ability to reassure them in these moments.


Of course, the ungrateful workers didn't pay much attention to her words. No, they were more focused on the sheer size of the woman staring them down. The massive being who had stamped her way through countless lives to even reach this point. The idea that they would have cared about their employer taking a day off was laughable.


Deep down, Miranda knew this too. She was only toying with them. Letting them think that she was here for something mundane, but her patience had run dry. Smiling sweetly at the people who could still only stare back at her with shock, she raised a hand up to the windows, and began to press.


Not that the running helped them any. Miranda's size was so utterly overwhelming she was able to reach past the group in the blink of an eye, and a curl of her fingers had sentenced their fate. Trapped within her grip, they could do little more than scream and beg as the giantess's fingers grabbed them.


The poor little office drones who had made it a point to come in early did not deserve their fate, and that cruel irony was what made it so much more delicious to Miranda. She had no qualms about turning anyone in her path into a red smear on her perfect form. Whether they were loyal to her or not.
The men and women screaming for their lives right now wished she only wanted to crush them, however.


"Actually, I can notify everyone myself." Miranda told the workers in her hand, smiling sweetly at them. "But because I had to rush here, I forgot to have breakfast. I hope you don't mind."
They very much did mind. They cared to the point of screaming their lungs out, hoping for her to release them.


She would give them what they asked for. They would be released.
Just not anywhere any safer.
The smile she wore gradually began to part, and the giant woman's hot breath washed over the people in her palms. The sweet scent was utterly intoxicating, threatening to smother them without even making contact. They were drunk on her scent in a matter of seconds, but that did little to make the reality of being raised over her mouth any less apparent.


Miranda wasn't even hungry. It was a lie she'd told to have an excuse to eat them. She didn't need to lie. She could have told the truth, or simply told them nothing. Like so many other things the enigmatic beauty did, she lied out of a desire to see the fear on the little ant's worried faces.
When her fingers parted, the bodies she'd gathered began to fall. They tumbled one over another, fighting to try and break free, but they were a small group, and Miranda's aim was true. They plopped onto her wet tongue one after another, feeling their ears pop from the sudden shift in pressure inside of her mouth.

The giant secretary enjoyed toying with her meals moments before they made the one-way trip down her throat. She flicked her tongue about their little bodies, throwing them here and there while listening to their cries. Some tried appealing to her humanity, while others still fought to save their own lives at the expense of their coworkers.

She could only sigh. Like all sources of enjoyment, this one wasn't meant to last. Already she was beginning to grow bored of tormenting this group, so it was time to end it all.




She sucked the limbs still sticking out of her mouth straight inside.
Her head tilted back.
And, her body tingling with arousal, she made sure to grab hold of a breast and pinch a nipple. A small gesture that had devastating effects on Adrian, who had watched the entire scene unfold from relative safety until that exact moment. The sudden jostling of the car meant that he was all too aware of when his secretary actually swallowed, sending the trio of his subordinates to a messy end deep inside of her.


Miranda sighed. She stood there for a moment, half-focused on the sensation of the bodies sliding down her throat, half-focused on the feelings of arousal they carried with them. She bit her bottom lip, before turning her head back down to the captive between her breasts.
"That's taken care of." She said matter-of-factly. "Now that you've called in, we can spend the entire day together."


"The... WHAT?" Adrian asked, agape at the thought. He could hardly believe she'd just sentenced 3 people to a slow, painful end inside of her stomach... and for what? Was there even a workplace for him to go back to after this?

While he was lost in thoughts, Miranda released her breast, and smiled as they wobbled back onto her chest, keeping her prey contained. She looked around the city again, wondering where to head next. This was one of the problems that came with this size, in her opinion.



The freedom.

It could all be a bit... overwhelming. She could do anything. She could crush anyone. She could destroy any building. She was an unstoppable force of nature, and the entire human species would have to simply do as she asked. If not out of respect, then out of force.

Which was nice and all... but that only made it that much harder to decide.



Which meant she simply wouldn't. If nothing specific was grabbing her at this size, then the solution was clear. She obviously wasn't going to be shrinking herself any, which left only one direction to go.

She looked down to her chest, and caught sight of the terrified little man, still afraid that he would fall out of his prison at any moment. She thought of telling him what was to come, and to brace himself.


Then decided to do nothing of the sort.
She was in control. She made the rules. He was only along for the ride.
PAY DAY LOANS
SALE
75%


And besides, she reasoned.
It was more fun to watch him squirm, beg, plead, and defenestrate himself before the woman who had turned him into a plaything. The growth itself was enjoyable, she wouldn't deny that. But her attention was almost wholly focused on the man who had suddenly began to scream and pray that she would stop what she was doing and let him go before he fell.
PAY DAY LOANS
SALE
75%


The specifics of his request never quite reached her ears though. Half out of a lack of interest in listening to him, and half because she was more focused on the rest of the world around her.
She'd grown a great deal in a fairly short period of time. As she did she could see her feet take up more of the street below, and craved the sensation of walking ahead and doing more with them.
PAY DAY LOANS
1 HOUR FILM PROCESSING
SALE


Destruction of property, eating people, even pleasing herself are all things that Miranda enjoyed indulging in.
But when it came right down to it... she found she most enjoyed the classics. The simple act of strutting through the heart of civilization without a care in the world held a great appeal to the giantess. Sometimes she did so barefoot, watching the expressions of the doomed before her toes squelched them out of existence.
PAY DAY LOANS
1 HOUR FILM PROCESSING
SA 75
CAMERAS


Today, though?
Today was a heels kind of day.
She clenched her toes in her heels, watching as the world around her shrunk just a bit more. This seemed as good a stopping point as any, and she gradually craned her neck up, looking at the long stretch of road before her.
PAY DAY LOANS
1 HOUR FILM PROCESSING
SA 75
CAMERAS


A moment ago she'd have had trouble stepping on more than a couple of people at a time... but the throngs of people before her more closely resembled ants now. A single step in the midst of any part of this crowd would have ended a dozen lives easily.
A mischievous grin formed on the giantess's lips. One unbecoming a woman of her age and stature.
"I should probably get my steps in, shouldn't I?" She mused. Every day, 7,000 steps. That was the goal she'd set for herself and lived up to quite well. And at this size... that would result in a significant number of crushed ants.
FAST FOOD
DRUGS
photo lab
1 HOUR PICKUP
DRUGS
DRUGSTORE
COSMETICS
RESTAURANT
PARKING
DRUGSTORE
COSMETICS
PHARMACY


Not that the number of casualties bothered her.
No, she simply found that fact... amusing.
OLD STYLE BBQ
PARKING


There was no warning for the people beneath her. In her mind, she assumed that the presence and shadow of her foot from above was warning enough. Anyone who failed to get out of the way at that point simply had it coming, she reasoned.
When her foot came down, a dozen bodies were splattered in an instant, while twice as many were launched into the air by the sheer impact behind her step.
FAST FOOD
DAVES
PARKING
OLD STYLE BBQ


The sight pleased the giant woman. All of that chaos from just a single step, and there were still so many more laid out in front of her. Despite her cool demeanor, on the inside the giant woman was humming with excitement. Adrian had brought the excitement that she normally kept buried deep within to the surface, and it had been far too long since she really got to cut loose like this.
FAST FOOD
DRUGS
photo lab
1 HOUR PICKUP
PHARMACY
COSMETICS
DRUGSTORE
COSMETICS
RESTAURANT
DRUGS
PHARMACY
DRUGSTORE
COSMETICS


Her left foot swung forward, and another group of helpless individuals found themselves underneath her. She smiled, and watched them for a moment. The less predictable she was, the more fun it was for her. She could handle waiting a few seconds for the payoff if it meant she got to enjoy it more.
FOR RENT
PARKING
OLD STYLE BBQ
FAST FOOD


But only for a few seconds.
She wasn't a saint, after all. She had her needs, and if those needs could only be satisfied by squishing helpless bodies beneath her tread then she would do what was necessary to satisfy them.
When her foot came down she sent a half-dozen vehicles straight into the air, flying over the crowds and crushing a few unfortunate souls directly in front of her.
RESTAURANT
CALL 029 987 665

PHARMACY
DRUGSTORE
COSMETICS
DRUGS
DRUGS
Photo lab
Photo lab
Or, she assumed, anyway.
Her attention had already returned to her other foot, which was already in the air and already tracking a few more individuals. She bit her bottom lip as arousal flooded her being, and she decided she would not wait this time.



This footfall was extra devastating. Thick plumes of smoke erupted around her heel, while more bodies were sent flying into the air. People running for dear life found themselves tripping and falling, many injuring themselves in the process.

That was to say nothing of those who had ended up beneath the heel. They had been crushed beyond recognition in an instant. Victims of the giantess's amusement, and she gave her foot a quick twist to drive the point in further.


Miranda's walk was aimless. Her goals unclear. If she had something in mind, things may have turned out differently for the fleeing populace. At least some small part of her attention would have been focused elsewhere. Her focus could have been on a destination, rather than them.
NORTH
495
COSMETICS


They would not be so lucky. The next footfall crashed into the ground, and dozens more bodies were added to the casualty count.
NORTH
LAST EXIT
EXIT 25
495
SPEED LIMIT 50
ONE WAY
FOR RENT
DRUGS
TINY TOWN PATROL


Miranda often wished she could know these statistics for herself. She would have loved to pore over this kind of data, rather than boring appointments or calendar scheduling. To see exactly how many lives she had ended with only a few steps. A breakdown of injuries, property damage, and all of that nonsense would have entertained her for hours.
CHINESE RESTAURANT
OLD STYLE BBQ
OPEN


Alas, there was no secretary who could handle that kind of work, so she would have to remain content with the knowledge that it amounted to quite a lot, and continue with her day. Not that she planned on abandoning that idea, of course. The woman was capable of a great many things, and growing to such heights was beyond trivial for her.


"Are you still alive down there?" She asked, suddenly turning her attention to her chest. It took a second for her chest to stop wobbling from her latest step, but once it did she could see the terrified man look up at her. His face was beaded with sweat, and he seemed incredulous at the question.
"I don't have all day, darling. It was a simple yes or no question."


"YES! I'M ALIVE!" He shouted, half exasperated and half thankful. Though his position meant he couldn't see everything that was happening around him in full detail, he didn't think he needed to. He could hear the sounds, and knew that there was little chance she was taking care to protect the people in her path.
"I'm surprised." Miranda said, her tone making it clear she cared little about that fact. "I have one more question for you though... What do you think of my chest? Is it too large?"
MetLife

Adrian didn't know how to answer that. He was rather fond of Miranda's large breasts. If anything they were half the reason he wanted to invite her over to his apartment in the first place. But, just as well, they were bigger than his entire home as they were now, and the whole reason he was barely alive at all.

"They are really big!" He finally said, thinking this was a good way to let the giant woman down easy. "Not that there's anything wrong with that!" He wanted to make it clear that he had no qualms about the size and shape of her breasts, but that they were dangerously close to crushing him with every passing second.

"Oh!" Miranda said, her voice rumbling all around him. "That's a relief... Because there's someone here to see you."



Adrian's jaw dropped as he looked out past the darkness of Miranda's cleavage to what was clearly... a much, much bigger Miranda. Big enough that a single one of her breasts could have crushed the entire body of the woman keeping him captive at that moment.

"Is he still in there?" The question was short and to the point, but coming from the mountainous woman stretched out on the city before them it felt as if the earth itself was splitting apart. Windows shattered in buildings nearby, and even the smaller Miranda was affected by it.


"He is, and he's transfixed on our every movement." Miranda said flatly. "So, what do you say we show him what we're capable of? Show our little pet what a leviathan such as yourself is capable of."
Adrian wanted to say something. It was clear they were doing this to make sure he saw and watched... but he didn't know what sort of thing to even say in this situation. All his years of schooling hadn't prepared him for a situation like this, and he could only watch from his perch with awe as the colossus of a woman smiled back down.


MetLife
"He wants a show, does he?" She smiled.
Adrian very much did not. He wanted this to be over. He wanted to go back home and be in bed. He wanted everything to be normal again.
"Well he's in luck." The Leviathan mused. "Unlike you, I haven't had the opportunity to satisfy my appetite just yet."


"Were those three office workers not enough?" Miranda asked. "Or do you mean... other appetites?"
Amidst all the things taking place that further broke Adrian's mind, it was the fact that the two versions of Miranda spoke as if they were simultaneously the same entity and different that shocked him the most. But after everything else that had happened, he could still hardly find it within him to say anything about it.



"You know exactly what I mean." The Leviathan stated, before turning her attention to the city sprawling out before her. At her great scale she had access to tens of thousands of people within arm's reach. A single one of the buildings nearby could have enough calories to satisfy her for minutes, if she were lucky.



Of course, the Leviathan, much like Miranda, took great joy in tormenting the lives of the little people beneath her. It would have been so easy to pluck a few skyscrapers off of their foundations and slide them between her lips like snacks. The skyline could have been erased in only a few minutes if she so desired, at the cost of satiating her for an hour or so.

But it wasn't the skyscrapers she was going to use to fill herself.


The skyscrapers were tall. Almost as big as her arm, and filled to the brim with people terrified beyond belief. It would have only made sense to target them, but instead the Leviathan aimed for the residential areas. The buildings were smaller, but that was the point.
She wanted to get them where they were most comfortable. And when her hand came down onto this section of the city she crushed a half-dozen apartment complexes in the blink of an eye.



Half a dozen gone just like that, but over a dozen actually scooped up from the ground. They squished and were compressed together as she ripped them clean from the ground, but they didn't have to travel far.

The Leviathan's maw opened like a yawning chasm, into which she dropped the puerile meanderings of sentience. Tens of thousands of lives fell past her lips, and almost as many missed their mark entirely. If Miranda was a finely-tuned engine of destruction when it came to crushing the city, the Leviathan was like a natural disaster. She struck without warning or care, and wasted almost as much as she actually enjoyed.

Regardless, she let the thousands of lives slide to the back of her throat, and swallowed. It did not feel like much, but it was the knowledge of what she'd just done that let her enjoy it as much as she did. One of the unfortunate downsides to being at this size, though it had its own advantages.


And as she sent thousands to a grisly, painful death in the depths of her belly, she lazily turned her attention back to Miranda. Back to the woman who stood as tall as a skyscraper, who had watched the colossus eat her fill.
"Are you ready to join me?" The Leviathan asked, the signs of her arousal becoming increasingly obvious. "I'm getting impatient."


"I'm always ready." Miranda said matter-of-factly. "There's nothing more I'd love than to get started, but we have a problem."
The Leviathan did not need to be told what the problem was. Her massive, powerful eyes looked past her glasses and focused on Miranda's breasts. Her chest rose and fell as she breathed, and her keen sight had spotted the little ant still trapped inside of her chest.


"I don't think my little toy would be very useful, would he?"
Saying this, she supported her breasts with one hand, and moved to pluck the car out with the other. She had said it so casually it took a moment for Adrian to even register that he was being treated as superfluous. As an accessory that was no longer needed.
He did not like that.


"Look at him." Miranda mused, watching the little man writhe about in his car. She jostled it back and forth, smiling as he hoped and prayed that she would show something resembling mercy.
"He's too small to be useful, isn't he?"
That had seemingly sealed Adrian's fate. He cupped his hands to his mouth, and shouted up at the giant woman. He wanted her to know that he could still be useful, so she should leave him be.


Unfortunately for him, Miranda wasn't the least bit interested in whatever it was he had to say. Her elegant fingers simply reached into the car, and plucked him out.


She didn't seem to regard him as the lover he wanted to believe he was. Nor as the cute toy that she wanted to care for. All traces of love and affection had seemed to vanish from the giant woman, who looked at him with hungry eyes now.
"You look like you'd melt in my mouth."


"N-NO! I WOULDN'T! I'M NOT CHOCOLATE! I'M A HUMAN BEING! I'M... I'M ADRIAN DRAKE! WE'VE WORKED TOGETHER! WE-"
"I'm familiar with who you are." Miranda said, rolling her eyes dismissively. "But I'm afraid you've outlived your usefulness."
"Wait! PLEASE! DON'T KILL ME! I-"


"I warned you about my appetites." Miranda said coldly. "You said you were ready for anything and here you are crumbling at the first sign of opposition."
"WH-FIRST SIGN!? YOU'VE TREATED ME LIKE A TOY AND THREATENED TO-"
"I'm not interested." Miranda interrupted, stopping him in his tracks. "I told you what would happen, and this mouth always gets what it wants."


Adrian didn't know how to react to that. When she'd told him about her appetites he'd assumed she was just a nymphomaniac. Someone obsessed with getting off, and that was a challenge he certainly felt up to! He didn't think it'd be... THIS!
The lips parted, and he was raised over the giant woman's open mouth. The dark chasm of her throat pulsed beneath him, glistening and wet. Her hot breath washed over him, and he felt as if he had one final chance to make his case. One more opportunity to save his own skin.


Whatever it was he intended to say... never quite came out, though. A combination of terror and worry sent him into overdrive. Babbling nonstop as he begged and pleaded with what he thought were words, but were little more than sounds of a man about to die.
Naturally, Miranda was not moved by this pitiful display.


She moved him closer to her parted lips. Let her breath envelop him entirely. Let his tiny little limbs brush against her lips. Let him feel what would be waiting for him inside of her. She held him there for a moment. Really let him digest what was about to happen to him.


But Adrian was broken.
The man at the top of his game. The man who had conquered the business world, had himself been utterly and completely destroyed by his secretary. Had he been asked, he would have told others he was not a coward. And yet, now, when staring down certain death... he gave up. Tears formed in the corners of his eyes, as he looked back on a life wasted.


He should have done more, he told himself. Should have given more to others. Should have treated his workers better. A lifetime spent accumulating wealth meant nothing when this was the end that awaited him. Treated as little more than empty calories, for the woman who worked directly beneath him.
Miranda inhaled, the rush of wind past Adrian made his skin tingle. This was the end.


Until it wasn't.
Miranda's lips curled up into a smile, as if she knew what Adrian had just gone through. As if the despair that had threatened to consume him had worked to nourish her own enthusiasm for tormenting him. And instead of dropping him into her mouth and swallowing whole... she pursed her lips, and wrapped them around his erection.

Even if Adrian wanted to, he could do nothing to stop this.

And he certainly did not want to stop this.

The massive tongue darted across the tip of his minuscule erection, sending waves of pleasure through his body. The fear and terror that had nearly driven him to madness a moment ago melted away, and he gasped in pleasure as an orgasm built up-


But it never came.
Instead, he felt as if the lips around him were smaller. No longer as big as his entire body, they were quickly half his height in a matter of seconds, and then even smaller than that.
As if everything else that had happened since he woke up wasn't enough, he quickly came to realize that he was growing.


His mind raced with anticipation. He thought of what it would be like to be Miranda's size. To finally get to have sex with her again at a more appropriate size. He imagined his erection the size of a skyscraper, pleasing a woman the size of a mountain. He felt reinvigorated. He felt-


And then it stopped.
He had grown, to be sure. He must have been the size of a small building... which meant he was only about the size of Miranda's hand. Which, in turn, would mean he was still minuscule next to the Leviathan. He felt a sense of emptiness at this realization.
"Don't get a big head." Miranda told him. "The only reason you didn't join your subordinates inside of me is because you did such a poor job of making love earlier. If I had been satisfied sexually, you would have been used to fix a far different hunger."


The jab on his sexual performance felt unnecessary. And in truth, it was. Adrian thought he'd performed admirably, given the circumstances. Miranda could have been lying, he tried to tell himself. She never planned on eating him at all, he reasoned. There was just no way she meant that if-
His thoughts were cut off when he was face to face with the giantess's womanhood. The heat emanating off of it was enough to make him sweat, and the scent of her arousal hung thick and heavy in the air.
Maybe Miranda hadn't been lying after all.


There wasn't a moment to process what was about to take place. Adrian experienced true, unbridled sensory overload for the first time when he gazed upon the giantess's sex. Whether or not Miranda was even cognizant of that fact didn't seem to matter. She had a toy in her hands, and what use was a toy if it wasn't played with?
A single finger is all it took to force the naked little man inside of her. He came to life as soon as he made contact with her body, suddenly gripped by an intense fear, but that only made things more enjoyable for the giant woman. A soft moan echoed throughout the city as he slid deeper inside of her.


Or, at least as soft as someone of Miranda's size could manage.
She sighed, legs going weak beneath her as she did her best to remain poised when looking up at the larger version of herself. The living mountain range had watched what just took place with rapt attention, and the obvious signs of her own arousal were flooding the city around her.
"Have I ever told you how beautiful you are?" The leviathan said sardonically.


"Every morning." Miranda mused.
"Actions speak louder than words." The leviathan answered, and without a wasted movement grabbed hold of Miranda. The smaller woman, who herself still towered over the city around her, did not protest and did not fight back. She was, if anything, eager for what came next.


"You know." The monolithic woman began, eyes raking over her plaything's perfect form. "You gave Adrian a good deal of grief for his lacking performance, but are you able to put your money where your mouth is?"
Even trapped where he was, Adrian could make out what was being said about him, and burned hot with embarrassment. At least, he hoped that was embarrassment. Truth be told, the insides of his secretary's sex were swelteringly hot, and it was more difficult to breathe than anything.


"You have such a way with words." Miranda said, blushing as she looked away. "But I've gotten myself off more than any other woman ever could. I'm experienced in handling this specific matter."
"At this size?" The Leviathan asked.


"At any size." Miranda stated confidently.
The bigger version of herself smiled down at the woman's confidence. Her heart raced as the trait she was most known for, a lack of patience, was beginning to show. She looked at the city around her, then down between her legs. Her thighs were pressed tightly together, and when she began to part them the wind that gently caressed her made her heart jump.
"Prove it." The Leviathan said after, and began to lower the smaller giantess.


Miranda enjoyed the sight of her own form, massive beyond comprehension, laid out over the city. She imagined the final sight of tens of thousands of little people when her enormous back and bottom crushed them out of existence. She thought of how, at that scale, each of her breasts could fill an entire stadium.
And when she was face to face with a magnified version of her own sex, she was filled with an arousal so primal she could do little more than wait for whatever happened next.


The leviathan wasted no time. She had no qualms about taking advantage of her size, and quickly shoved the smaller version of herself straight inside of her. Her folds parted effortlessly, accepting the gift they'd been given and powerful waves of arousal rushed through the colossus's being.


For the people unfortunate enough to be sharing a space with the giantess, it was as if the world itself was ending. The subtle movements required to move Miranda into position were devastating to the areas around. Every subtle shift of her arm proved devastating for her surroundings. The massive crater she'd carved for herself was spreading out further in every direction, and she'd only just gotten started.


When she gently bounced in place because her arousal could not keep her still, the entire city seemed to sag and be drawn closer to her. When her toes clenched she moved her feet ever so slightly, and wiped out a dozen more blocks in the process. When she moaned, the sound echoed through the streets for miles in every direction.


Both Miranda and her larger doppelganger shared similar tastes in many ways though. They both had a love for dominating those smaller than themselves. They enjoyed doing as they pleased whenever they pleased with whoever they pleased.
And once they got started, they were both completely insatiable.


None who knew her thought she was capable of anything resembling this. That the mild-mannered secretary who took her work so seriously was, in actuality, a sexual deviant with a body count that numbered in the hundreds of thousands. Pleasing herself was only half of the equation, as it did not carry with it quite enough chaos for her tastes.
Naturally, the way to resolve that little issue was to continue growing as she did it.


She was always chasing that next thrill. The next high that would take her to ever greater heights of pleasure. Toying with a miniature version of herself wasn't even a new thing, as she'd learned the ins and outs of her own body quite well. The smaller version of Miranda was drenched and soaked to the bone with every insertion, which would have threatened the life and well-being of a lesser woman.


For Miranda, though, it provided a small bit of discomfort, and nothing more. Trivial, really.
At least when compared to the effects the leviathan was having on the city itself. As she'd continued to grow, more and more of the city was consumed beneath her majestic form. She absentmindedly kicked a foot forward, nearly having an orgasm on the spot at the sensation of her heel alone plowing through hundreds of buildings and kicking up a devastating wave in the small body of water that split up sections of the city.


The colossus's toes curled, as she grew again.
The small bit of effort it had taken to stretch a leg and reach across the water had been nullified in the blink of an eye. Now she was simply large enough to reach that segment of the city, which would prove disastrous to the tens of thousands who lived there. People who had, this entire time, thanked their good fortunes that they were located where they were. The distance had made them feel safe.


But she was upon them now, and they cried out for mercy. They begged, pleaded, and hoped that the beautiful woman snuffing their lives out as she chased an orgasm would relent. She had to, they reasoned. She was human, wasn't she?
Miranda heard their pleas, but she was not moved. Her own pleasure was paramount in all things, and she hoped that they would come to realize this fact and accept it. Maybe then they could die satisfied, knowing that they couldn't have done a thing to prevent this.


Because, no matter what, at the end of it all... Miranda was in charge.
Her scream immediately dissipated clouds that had been resting just above her face. The sound traveled for miles in every direction. Some of those nearest simply exploded from the sheer force of the sound waves vibrating every last molecule in their bodies. Lesser buildings collapsed under the might of her voice, and every single window in every single building shattered at the same time in a display that would have been beautiful had it not been so destructive.


The leviathan lay there for several minutes after. Her weighty chest rose and fell as the waves of pleasure began to dissipate. Her head slowly cleared, and the bright light of the sun overhead began to bother her.
For an instant, thoughts of snuffing it out flitted through her mind. A stray fantasy... that she would set aside.
It took a great deal of strength for the giant woman to steady herself and sit up. Her entire body glistened with sweat as she finally pulled her smaller self out from between her legs, and admired the way that she looked while soaked in her juices.


"Was it as good for you as it was for me?" The Leviathan asked, as if she hadn't just wiped out half of the city with her antics.
"It was... okay."
The oversized doppelganger smiled. They both knew why, and there was only one person to blame for that.


"Really? Even after you made things easier by growing him?"
Adrian knew they were talking about him. He'd been completely ignored once the leviathan had finished her play, and was coughing and sputtering as he tried to fill his lungs with fresh air after being pulled out of Miranda.


"For all his talk about being a so-called sexual tyrannosaurus, or whatever inane claims he made... he just isn't very good." The smaller Miranda said with a disappointed sigh. "I really thought he would be the one."
"I NEVER SAID THAT!" Adrian shouted. And in truth, he hadn't. At least, not to Miranda. It was a line he'd tried on other women, and had been rejected after every attempt. So he swore to never utter it again. He wasn't even sure how Miranda knew about that, as he could have sworn it happened before they'd even met.


He wondered just how much Miranda knew about him. About his life. About the world they lived in. Just what was she, actually? And why had she come into his life, accepting a job as a secretary for so long without raising a peep? It all seemed so utterly baffling.
"Even now, he's only thinking of himself." Miranda said, forcing the little man out of his stupor. "I suppose it's time we dispose of him."


Adrian gasped.
Miranda smiled.
"Don't give me that look." She said, as if she were scolding a misbehaving puppy. "You said that you could handle whatever happened, and you fell apart faster than anyone else. If you don't think that's worthy of disposal, then I don't know what is."
"I-It's not! I can do better! Just... let me try again, and-"


"I'm afraid you've outlived your usefulness, Adrian Drake. It was a pleasure working for you, and I wish you the best in your future endeavors."
The words stung Adrian to his core. That was the e-mail template he'd sent to people he'd terminated in the past. A template that Miranda herself had drafted up. All of those times it only meant the end of employment, but as he was carefully lifted up over the colossal woman's mouth, it carried with it an entirely different meaning.



The giantess's hot breath buffeted Adrian, stinging his eyes with its heat. The air was thick, and made it difficult to breathe. He tried to find it in him to gather up the energy to say one last thing... only for the words to catch in his threat. Once again it felt as if he were being silenced. And only now, in what he was sure would be the final moments of his life, did he stop to consider that Miranda was the reason he had been unable to speak. That she had, through some arcane method, silenced him when she wasn't interested in hearing what he had to say.

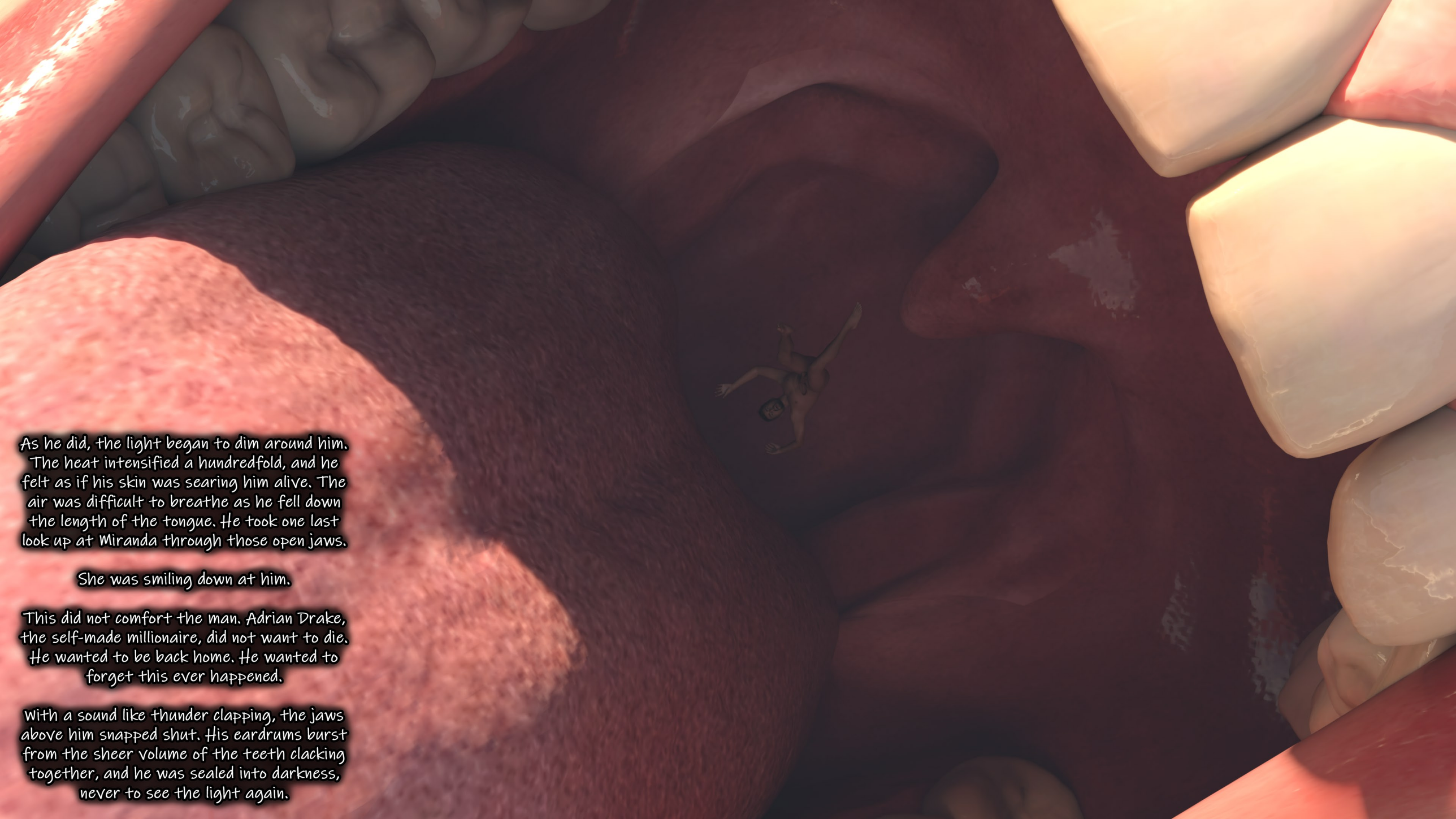
Had he been able to vocalize this thought, Miranda would have told him it was preposterous. That such a suggestion was unrealistic, and it was all in his head. That there was no way she could do a thing like that, and his insistence on the matter was only a vain attempt at thinking of something else.

Instead, she would tell him that he should remain focused on what was happening to him.

And so he was.


Adrian stared down the gullet of the giant woman whose mouth he hung over. The massive pink tongue that stretched out from the depths would have looked almost appealing to touch if not for the implicit danger involved in doing so. He had seen the smaller version of Miranda swallow some people whole, and he was certain that her larger counterpart had done the same to thousands more.
Now it was his turn.


"Goodbye, Adrian."
Fear hit the small man like a runaway train. As soon as the fingers wrapped around his body began to loosen, he turned to beg for forgiveness... but the palm was opened before he could make a single sound. There was no way back from this. Miranda couldn't possibly have missed from this close, and there wasn't a single hand or foothold to save himself.
All he could do was fall.


As he did, the light began to dim around him. The heat intensified a hundredfold, and he felt as if his skin was searing him alive. The air was difficult to breathe as he fell down the length of the tongue. He took one last look up at Miranda through those open jaws.
She was smiling down at him.
This did not comfort the man. Adrian Drake, the self-made millionaire, did not want to die. He wanted to be back home. He wanted to forget this ever happened.
With a sound like thunder clapping, the jaws above him snapped shut. His eardrums burst from the sheer volume of the teeth clacking together, and he was sealed into darkness, never to see the light again.


Adrian Drake woke up. It was a Saturday morning like any other. The light tickled his eyes, gently rousing him from a restless sleep. Though the room itself was cool, he was covered in sweat.
He did not know why.
He took a moment to calm himself. Counted down from ten, as he so often did when overwhelmed with emotions. He felt as if he'd just been through something traumatic, but couldn't quite remember what it was.


"Something wrong?"
He froze. The voice frightened Adrian, and he could not help but yelp in surprise. He hadn't expected it, but it was a voice he knew well.


He stared up at the massive, busty woman clearly far too large to fit in his bed, and he knew that something had gone deeply, deeply wrong.
"You should run now." She said, in a tone as sweet as honey.


Something told Adrian not to question the order. The shock and surprise of seeing Miranda next to him evaporated in an instant, and was replaced with an almost primal sense of fear and urgency.
Naked as the day he was born, he leapt out of the bed. His plans were to run out the door, head down the stairs, get into his car, and drive to safety...
But Miranda, as if she had seen this all before, reacted in a flash. Her hand shot forth, and grabbed hold of him before he'd taken more than a few steps.


"What's going on? Are you-"
The giant woman bared her teeth at the man in her hands, and he felt as if his soul had just left his body. He knew, then and there, that she was going to eat him. Why? He did not know, and he did not know how he knew that, but he could sense what was coming with absolute certainty.


"MIRANDA! DON'T! PLEASE, I-"
It seems as if Adrian hadn't learned his lesson. She'd already made it abundantly clear she wasn't interested in hearing what he had to say, and so she continued as she had been beforehand, thoroughly unabated. His tiny little voice echoed around the inside of her mouth as he was forcefully shoved past her lips, and he begged her to listen.


Miranda's teeth clenched shut around Adrian's waist. He cried out in pain, filling his mouth with her saliva as he pressed his face into her tongue, but she did not break any bones, nor did she draw any blood. Perhaps she was doing it to torment him further for her own amusement.
Then a thought entered his mind. One that told him the exact reason, and left him with little doubt.
She wanted him to reach her stomach alive and fully intact.



His little fists beat against her tongue and the roof of her mouth. He tried to get her attention from his position, but his voice only echoed around the inside of her throat and back at him.

Like he were an oversized noodle, Miranda slurped him up and sent him down her throat with little remorse. He was still quite large compared to her, meaning he left an impressive bulge as he slid down her throat... but he went down nonetheless.

As Adrian entered a hell unlike any he'd ever experienced, Miranda felt a sense of bliss. One that she would carry with her for quite some time.


Adrian Drake stirred awake.
A small puddle of drool had formed on his desk, and as he sat up a great sense of shame overtook him. How humiliating it was for the self-made man to have fallen asleep on the job. He could only hope that no one had noticed, while he wiped the puddle away and sat up.


The bright lights make it hard to focus, and his memory feels blurry. He feels as if he'd just gone through something unbelievable, but the more time he spent trying to draw that memory to the forefront of his consciousness the further it faded.
He frowned, and glanced at his computer.
It was Friday afternoon, and the clock had just hit 5. His work day was over.


After taking a moment to power everything down, he gathered his belongings, straightened up, and headed for the door. Thoughts of how he should spend the weekend ran through his mind, and when he rounded the corner to say goodbye to his secretary, he froze.
She wasn't there.
He had always wished she weren't such a workaholic. Hoped that she would spend more time for herself, and it looked as if, for the first time ever, she'd left the office before him.


He'd hoped to ask her out, but it seemed as if he wouldn't get the opportunity today. And so, with the room feeling eerily still and empty, he began the walk back to the elevator. A walk that should have been uneventful, had some movement outside of the building caught his attention.


"Clocking out for the day, Mr. Drake?"
Adrian gasped.
In the same instant a flood of memories crashed into him all at once. Some fully-formed. Images of Miranda destroying the city. Of a giant doppelganger crushing people for fun. The horrifying feeling of being swallowed alive. And those were only a fraction of them... but the more he tried to focus the less clear they all seemed.


Miranda smiled down to her supposed boss. The man who thought he could order her around, but had proven woefully inadequate at pleasing her in all manners she expected. For that he would be sentenced to a lifetime of servitude, to conclude whenever she pleased.
As he screamed in sheer, unbridled terror, she probed his mind for a moment, wondering what exactly it was that was scaring him so deeply.


As she did, she couldn't help but smile down at him. He really was pitiable by every metric. Even his memory, which he'd initially been so proud of, seemed to fail him. Sure, he remembered some of the many realities they'd experienced together... but it amounted to less than a hundredth of the total time they'd spent. The human psyche certainly was fragile, she mused. A couple of near-death experiences and the past decade of toying with him had been reduced to only a few particular recollections.
Regardless, she felt as if they were particularly good memories to hold onto. Among her favorites, if she were asked. Without bothering to wait for him to finish his little screaming fit, she brought her face closer to the glass, and informed him of a single key detail.
"You're mine now." She said with a saccharine-sweet tone. "And you're going to be mine... forever."


As Adrian's world collapsed around him, Miranda stood up. She enjoyed the miniature copy of the very office they were in, and thought of how she should destroy it. Her feet hadn't gotten to crush him in quite some time, and she clenched her toes inside of her heels while thinking about it. Or maybe her sizable rear end could share his office with him, and bring the whole thing down in one fell swoop.
"What do you think?" She asked, turning to look outside.


"I think you should let me handle him." The larger version of herself said. "I'm sure that entire building could fit on just one of my nails."
Miranda smiled at the thought. Her keen mind worked out more scenarios from the offhanded comment, and she imagined making an even smaller version of Adrian inside of an even smaller office, just to make him watch her crush it. That would be something new!
"I think we're going to have a lot of fun with him, aren't we?" Miranda said, looking to her giant counterpart. The larger version of herself responded with nothing more than a bemused grin, as she didn't see herself getting bored of this particular toy for quite some time.


End of Part 1


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