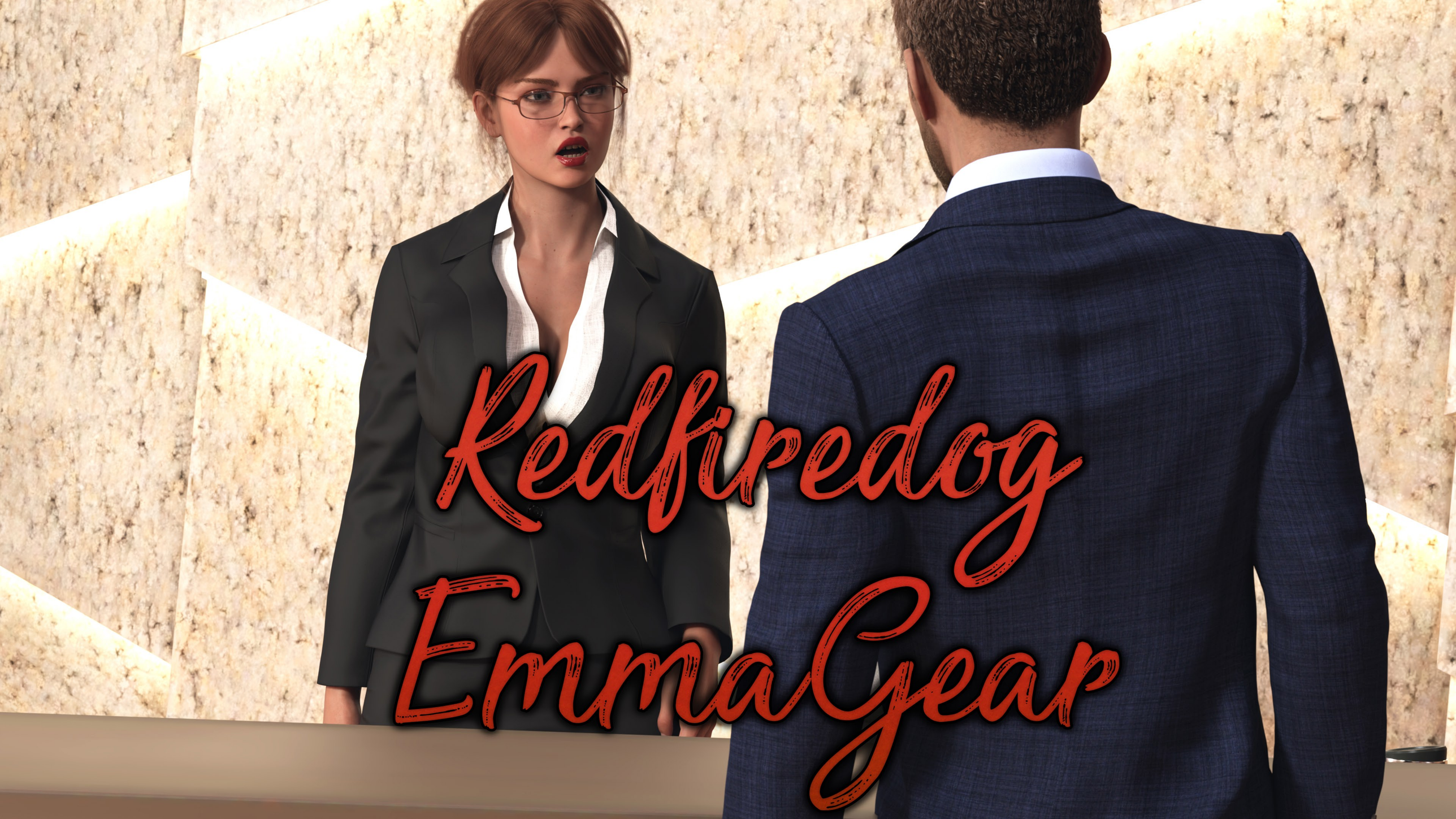

Not Just a Secretary 2


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Adrian Drake, the man who had it all, had settled into a bit of a routine. Every day, precisely at 7 in the morning, he woke up. All natural, of course, as a man of his standing had little need for electronic alarms.


His daily routine consisted of morning calisthenics, a shower, and breakfast in precisely that order. Though the routine had become monotonous, he quite liked it that way. Ever the pragmatic type, he never saw a need to fix something that was working.


After breakfast he would dress himself and head into the office, where he was eager to greet his coworkers. The moment he stepped into that office he felt completely rejuvenated. Cool air-conditioned air washed over him, preparing him for another excellent, productive day. The latest in a long line of wins for the successful businessman.


"Hey, boss man!"
The man who'd stopped Adrian Drake in his tracks was Noah Bennett, lifelong friend and honest employee. Though, Adrian found it strange that the name hadn't come to him immediately. Not strange enough to worry about, but strange enough for him to feel a twinge of embarrassment.
"Glad to see the office is still in one piece!" Adrian said, pushing those thoughts out of his mind entirely. "How are things going this morning?"


"Oh, you know. Same old same old." Noah said back. "Anything crazy going on with you?"
"Not at all!" Adrian replied, his heart swelling with pride over how much he'd managed to optimize his life. "Things are the same as they've always been! That's the way I like it!"
"I hear that!" Noah laughed, before returning to his dull, monotonous work. The brief moment of human interaction would keep the man with the shiny bald head going for a few more hours. Not that Adrian knew any of that, mind. No, his focus was on the other happenings in the office.
Week Plann
07:00 lunch break lunch
08:00 meeting break break
09:00 deadline break
10:00 lunch break
11:00 lunch break
12:00 lunch lunch
13:00 lunch break
14:00 deadline
15:00 meeting
16:00 break
17:00
18:00
19:00
time over


Namely, to the women who sat at the back of the office. Adrian wondered why that was. He hadn't intentionally ordered them to seat themselves in the back of the office, had he? Perhaps things had just worked out that way? He wondered if, perhaps, something should be done about this.
"Everything good here, too?" He laughed, as the women turned to greet him.


"It's fine." One woman said. No, not a woman. She was a human being, Adrian reminded himself! People had names! And hers was Linda Klein!
"We're doing our work, same as always." Her coworker, Hannah Fisher said after.
"Glad to hear it!" Adrian answered, filing another note away in the recesses of his mind. Perhaps a team retreat would be good. His employee's names should be second nature to him, and not something that he forgets. Not even for a moment! That didn't suit a man of his standing!


Then Adrian stopped in his tracks. The longer he'd been in the office, the more something felt... off. But what? He thought back to his routine. He had made sure to close the faucet after washing his hands. The oven hadn't been left on. His car keys were in his pocket. And he'd greeted all of his coworkers with his illustrious presence!
And yet, that nagging feeling remained... A feeling that was only growing stronger with every passing second. An awkward feeling in the pit of his stomach that felt as if it were going to devour him alive if he didn't solve it immediately. What was wrong? What hadn't happened? What was the missing piece of his day?!


"Miranda!" He whispered aloud, as if the answer had been hand-delivered to him. That was part of his routine! His favorite part, if he were being honest with himself. He had a thing for his secretary, though he hadn't quite gathered up the nerve to be honest with her about that just yet.
"Has anyone seen Miranda?" He asked. This was part of his routine, and he felt so very empty without some words from his enchanting coworker to start the day.


"Miranda?" He asked once again, after taking a moment to clear his throat. It wasn't like her to be late! Perhaps he should try to contact her, and find out if she had called in sick? Maybe he could send her something to make her feel better, or-
Adrian's little train of thought was cut off as quickly as it had begun to derail. A deep shadow fell over him, and much of the office as a whole. As he looked up to examine the source of the shadow, he was surprised at what greeted him.


"Ah, there you are!" He said to the bottom of a designer heel hovering just overhead. He knew it to be Miranda's, as he'd stolen glances at her footwear when he thought she was unaware many a time before. "I was wondering where you..."

Adrian paused. Something about this greeting still seemed strange. But what was it, exactly? He thought, maybe the temperature in the room was off? No, that would be impossible. He'd checked the thermostat on the way in!

"Ah, of course!" He said, beaming up at the gorgeous woman with an eager smile. "Miranda... Why are you so big today?"


"No good morning?" The beautiful woman looming far above the comparatively minuscule workers asked. Her heel moved back and forth, swinging dangerously close to those working beneath her as she took a sip from her mug and eyed the well-dressed insect that was Adrian.
"You're right." Adrian laughed. "Where are my manners? Good morning, Miranda!"
"And a good morning to you too!" Miranda smiled, and winked. The playful gesture made the comparatively tiny boss's heart skip a beat, before he cleared his throat. "As for the answer to your question... I'm surprised you've forgotten. And even after I made sure to note it in your planner and everything. It's Secretary Day, Adrian!"


Adrian paused, as the gears in his mind turned gradually. Secretary Day? Strange, he thought. Why wasn't that ringing any bells? Did this happen every year? Was he really so heartless he'd overlooked such an important day to someone so important to him.


"Adrian." Miranda said, rolling her eyes as she was forced to, yet again, explain something to her boss that should have been obvious. "Today only, the office secretary gets to be big for the entire day! She also has complete control over the entire office as well. I could even terminate you if I wanted to!" As she said this, her heel began to lower. A gesture that would have been threatening, if, of course, it weren't secretary day and things like this weren't positively normal.


"You're right." Adrian said, as moment by moment memories began to flood back into his consciousness. Meeting Miranda on previous secretary days, year after year. Conversing with her at this size, watching her demote and terminate whoever she pleased. To think he'd forgotten something so important! "Even so." He began after a moment of silence. "Your foot may be a bit distracting. Would you mind moving it?"


"Of course!" Miranda laughed, sipping from her cup once again. "Even if it is secretary day, I will do as you ask. Just this once."


Miranda did as requested, and pulled her heel away from Adrian. At least, she began to. Rather than remove it from the workspace entirely, she simply left it hovering above Hannah, who broke into a panic as her entire desk was cloaked in heavy shadow.
"W-Wait! Miranda! What are you-"
"Do you mind if I set my foot down here?" The giant secretary asked, ignoring the mewlings of the woman beneath her. "Or should I move further?"


Though it was structured like a question, Miranda had no intention of waiting for a reply. She didn't need to. It was, after all, secretary day. And the giant woman could do as she pleased with no worries of being reprimanded or punished. So when the heel moved away from Hannah, the blonde breathed a sigh of relief.
A sound that was contrasted by the sudden squeal of Linda, who now found herself inches away from the bottom of Miranda's heel. The sound of leather flexing and squeezing from the movements of her foot filled the office, and the mood in the room changed.


"Miranda!" Adrian protested. "I know it's secretary day, but you shouldn't interfere with other people's work!"
"Y-Yeah! Just leave me alone!" Linda begged. Adrian couldn't have known it, of course, but Linda had a bit of a thing for him. She would spend lunch breaks looking at him from across the room with a longing gaze, hoping to one day find the courage to ask him out.


Miranda did not approve of workplace engagements. Whether romantic, or merely longing, she intended to seek them out, and eliminate them.
And so, in spite of Adrian's request, and in spite of Linda's obvious terror, she pressed the tip of her expensive shoe right onto the little woman's chair. The springs in her seat flexed, and bent, before the entire thing tipped over. Linda, who had come to work on time every day since being hired, and who had done great things for the company... found herself in mortal peril.


"MIRANDA! STOP! DON'T DO THIS!" Linda begged, and pleaded, and made all manner of pitiful sounds.
"Dammit, Miranda! We need Linda! Stop this!" Adrian begged. Secretary day or not, he had no wish to see one of his subordinates harmed.
But it was no use. On secretary day Miranda got to do as she pleased. The pleading for Linda's life didn't move her in the slightest, and she did what only felt natural to her.



"MIRANDAAAAAAAAA-"

CRRRRRRRUNCH

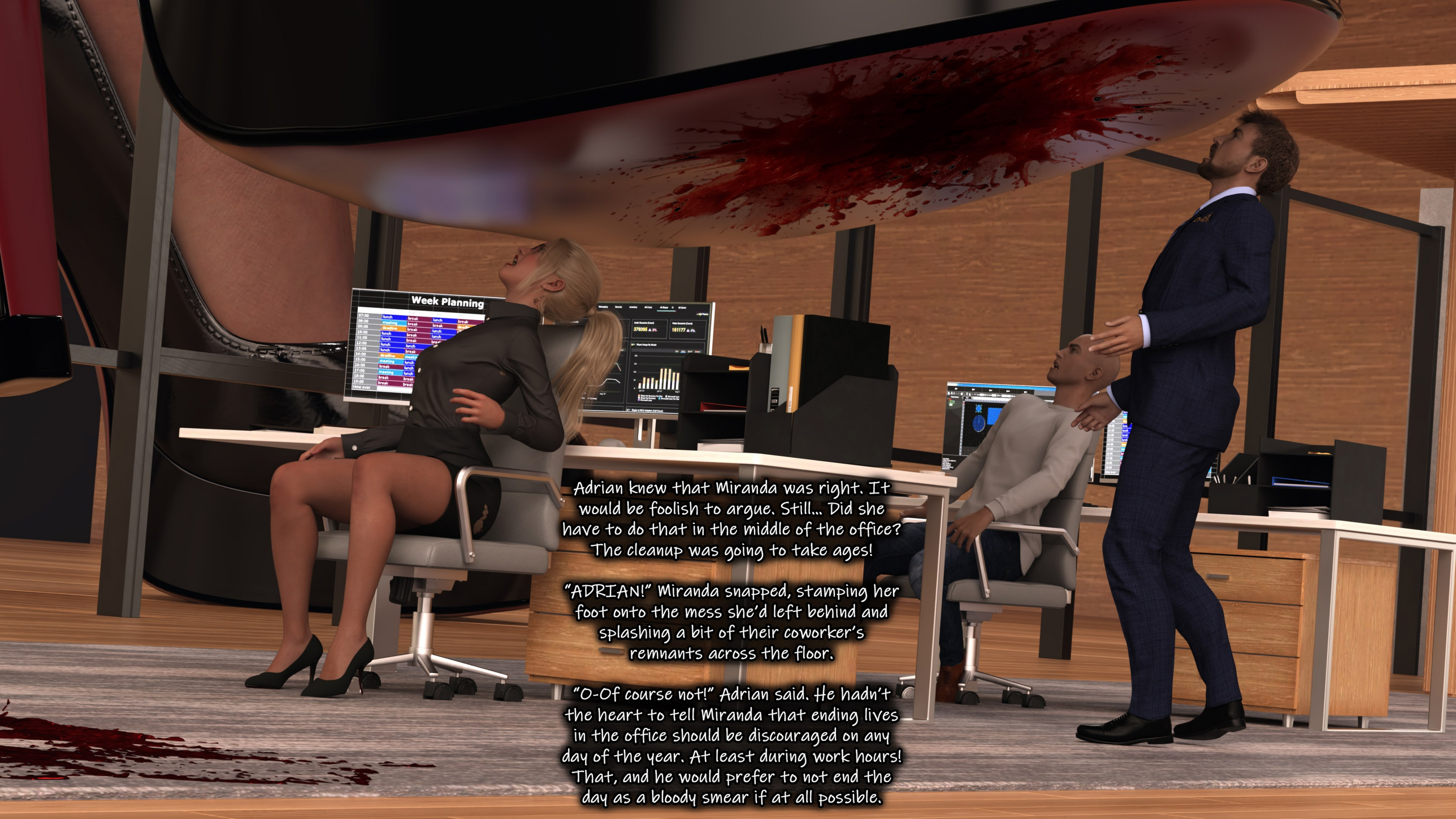
The sound echoed around the room as every bone in Linda's body splintered beneath the immensity of Miranda's heel. In no time at all a murky red puddle spread out beneath the toe of Miranda's shoe, as she took a moment to twist it back and forth to make sure nothing remained of the woman who once worked there whatsoever.

Adrian Drake, the man who was normally in charge at the office... was beginning to suspect that Miranda had done this on purpose!


"Mmm... I wish she'd crunched better." Miranda mused, tapping her foot in the grisly mess left behind. The bottom of her heel was visible to the others as she did so, removing any lingering doubts that their coworker had survived the encounter.
"Miranda! Why did you-"


"Her performance wasn't up to snuff." Miranda interrupted, punctuating the statement with another sip from her cup. "And we have no need for underperformers, wouldn't you agree?"
Adrian did not agree, but the longer he stared up at Miranda and the look of utter disdain she wore, the less he wanted to speak up.


Miranda sighed, satisfied with what she'd done. Secretary day was a longtime favorite of hers, and she waited for her coworkers to express gratitude for her mindfulness... but she only received gasps of shock at her actions.
"Oh. I see." The giant woman laughed. "You can relax, Adrian. Since I was the one who terminated her, you don't have to worry about severance pay, an exit interview, or anything like that! It's just another perk of secretary day. So there's no problems... right?"




Adrian knew that Miranda was right. It would be foolish to argue. Still... Did she have to do that in the middle of the office? The cleanup was going to take ages!

"ADRIAN!" Miranda snapped, stamping her foot onto the mess she'd left behind and splashing a bit of their coworker's remnants across the floor.

"O-Of course not!" Adrian said. He hadn't the heart to tell Miranda that ending lives in the office should be discouraged on any day of the year. At least during work hours! That, and he would prefer to not end the day as a bloody smear if at all possible.


"Cute." Miranda mused as she stretched her legs out. The casual movement sent her heels hovering over the remaining coworkers, and allowed tiny little droplets of Linda to stain their desks. "That's what I like to hear, Adrian. So if the rest of you want to survive until the end of the day, I suggest you get back to work, immediately!"
Adrian could only stare, trying to comprehend what had happened. He felt as if he should be having stronger reactions to this, but every time a strong surge of emotion welled up inside of him it was snuffed out, and he was brought back to normalcy.


Unlike Adrian, who had been stunned into silence, Hannah and Noah weren't keen to incur Miranda's wrath. They spun in their seats in the blink of an eye, hands on keyboards and mice, scanning over numbers and examining spreadsheets on their monitors. Anything to avoid meeting Linda's fate.


But the man who was once in charge, Adrian Drake, continued to stand in place.

This did not please Miranda. She watched from above, her immaculate patience gradually beginning to wear thin. She bit her bottom lip as she switched focus to the other two miniature coworkers beneath her, searching for a mistake she could pounce upon.

"I advise you to pick up the pace." She finally said, her tone considerably more low and threatening than it had been before. "Adrian has coddled all of you far too often. Anything less than 110% will be met with swift punishment. Understood?"


"Yes, Miranda!" Hannah and Noah both said in unison.
"Good." The bewitching giantess said, before placing both of her feet onto the ground. The entire room shook as she stood to her full, immense height, and stretched. All the while she kept her eyes on the tiny workers below, making sure her antics did not distract them. "Under my watch I'll turn this company around. We'll be a well-oiled machine! Maybe every day can be secretary day." She said so casually that Adrian almost felt as if she actually would be able to usurp him.


Things were quiet now that Miranda had made the stakes clear. The others worked silently beneath her, but the quiet splashing of liquid much higher up caught her attention.
"Oh. I'd almost forgotten about you." She remarked at the cup of coffee she'd been taking sips from all morning. Her full lips curled up into a mischievous grin, as the figure inside had made the unfortunate error of making herself the center of Miranda's attention.


"LET ME OUT!" The tiny little woman squealed as her equally tiny little limbs splashed about in the dark beverage. "I DON'T KNOW WHAT I DID TO-"
"You're only lying to yourself." Miranda stated flatly. "What, you thought that just because you were the new intern at the office that would grant you special privileges?"
"WHAT DID I- I'M SORRY! WHATEVER I DID! I'M-"
"It's too late for that." Miranda tsked. "You're being terminated too."


"Terminated?! But I just started! I-"
The woman whose name Miranda hadn't even bothered to remember found her entire world turned upside-down as the cup that held her tilted up. Lukewarm coffee rushed over her and past Miranda's lips as hundreds of gallons of the coffee were swallowed every second.


"W-Wait! Miranda! Stop! You're going to-"
The poor woman had yet to even fully process her fate. Of course Miranda's intent was to swallow her whole. That's why she'd placed her into the cup in the first place. But even now, as she slipped past the ceramic lip and stared into the abyss of Miranda's throat she believed this all to be some sort of error. A simple misunderstanding that could be resolved with a meeting.


That lack of awareness is what had doomed her to this fate in the first place. Much like Adrian, Miranda had a routine she followed every day as well. One that involved having a hot cup of coffee from the very cup she had dunked the intern inside of. That was, until one day, her cup had gone missing. Thinking at first there was a theft in the office, Miranda was shocked to see that the younger woman had mistakenly grabbed Miranda's cup when having her own that day.
And Miranda... had simply never forgiven her for the mistake. Disrespect like this would not be allowed in Miranda's office. Least of all on secretary day.


A wet, ominous gulp echoed through the office. The last of the coffee was enough to prevent the intern from finding any purchase inside of Miranda's throat, and she was sent tumbling head over heels down the giantess's throat, little more than a writhing bulge to the others below. A low moan slipped through her lips, leaving Miranda wanting. Wishing that she could experience this again and again, with men and women from all walks of life.
She sighed. Perhaps another day. Maybe even tomorrow.


The others were focused on their work, but the man who once was in charge of this very place was well aware of what had just taken place. "Miranda!" Adrian protested, stamping his foot inefficiently on the floor. "The new intern? Really? She had her whole life ahead of her!"


Miranda looked down at the adorable little insect who had puffed out his chest in an attempt to seem imposing and show authority, before smiling down at him.
"She still has her whole life ahead of her.." Miranda smiled down to the ant who stood up to her. " Though there's not much of it left."
"That's not what I-" Adrian attempted to say, before sighing in exasperation. "You can't keep terminating our workers! Replacing employees takes too much time! There's an onboarding process, and-"


"Oh come off it, Adrian." Miranda interrupted with a dismissive roll of her eyes. "Don't act like you care about her. Or Linda, for that matter. Admit it. You're only upset because you planned on sleeping with them, and now you won't have that opportunity!"
Adrian was taken aback by the accusation.


Miranda remained unamused.
"You already got to one of your employees, didn't you?" She said, bending over and reaching straight for Hannah, who now realized how much danger she was in. "Come with me, Hannah. Your time is up."
Adrian wanted to protest, but memories he'd apparently buried away were already flooding his mind. A drunken night, a late stay at the office, a quickie during lunch... Miranda was right!


"W-Wait! Don't-"
Miranda wasn't one to take no for an answer. Least of all from a tiny woman who was, in all ways, lesser than her. She could complain, and whine, and beg all she wanted, but it wouldn't change what was about to happen.


Then he intervened. Adrian Drake, the self-appointed boss of the office, leapt into action in an effort to prevent the seemingly inevitable. "Miranda, stop!" he begged, jumping to try and save Hannah from his secretary's grasp.
But the inevitable proved to be just that. Once Miranda's mind had been made, she could do as she pleased. And Adrian was little more than a spectator for whatever was about to unfold.


"How many times did you sleep with Adrian, Hannah? You can be honest." Miranda said, casually turning the tiny little thing around in her fingers. She could certainly see what others would find attractive about the blonde, but it was obvious that her frail little form didn't even begin to compare to that of the giantess holding onto her.
"I-I don't-It wasn't my fault! He came onto me first, I swear!" She replied, desperate to find a way out of this perilous situation.


"I'm afraid consent goes both ways." Miranda said in a mocking tone as she raised the scrawny little thing up to her lips. "Unless you're accusing Mr. Drake here of something-"
"N-NO!" Adrian shouted, eager to defend himself from the direction the conversation was headed. He may have been the man in charge on every day other than this one, but he was not keen on being slandered in this way. "I-We-We both wanted it! And we... We did it more than once! I did not, in any way-"


"I believe you." Miranda winked, before looking back down at the blonde one final time. "I'm sure you broke things off because she let herself go, too. Look at her. So skinny! I bet she won't amount to much more than a few calories."

"Y-YOU WHAT?!" Hannah screeched. "MIRANDA, I-I QUIT! LET ME LEAVE! I'LL NEVER STEP FOOT IN HERE AGAIN!"

But Miranda wasn't listening. She didn't have to. On secretary day, the final word was always, without question, hers. And in lieu of a response, she only parted her lips wide, showing the tiny blonde what was awaiting her.


Hannah fell onto Miranda's tongue with a muted splat. She was covered head to toe with sticky, fragrant saliva in the blink of an eye. In response, Hannah punched and kicked and stabbed her heels into Miranda's tongue and lips. Anything, she thought, that would help free her from the imminent trip down the giant secretary's throat.


She screamed. Begged for Adrian to do something. Despite the rules laid out when the day had begun, she still defaulted to him as the one in charge. She assumed there was something he could do, despite all logic to the contrary. After all, should the boss not have some sort of failsafe in place to prevent all of his staff from being terminated?
She clung to these foolish ideals of order and normalcy as the mouth she'd found herself inside of gradually began to tilt up.


As the teeth closed and she was sealed in darkness, Hannah thought once more about the choices she'd made that brought her here. The flings with Adrian, which she'd forgotten about until Miranda had mentioned them. The lunch breaks with Linda where they'd gossiped about Miranda. That time she'd failed to mention which cup belonged to the secretary, when the new intern asked.
This was her own fault, she reasoned. There was no other way this could have ended.


"Well?" Miranda said, her mouth full of thrashing limbs and screams of terror. "Would you like me to take a message for Hannah?" She asked, her tone derisive.
Adrian could only look up, limbs frozen in place.
"If you stay quiet, then I'm just going to swallow her. Maybe you could convince me not to." Miranda continued, leaning forward as she spoke.


"Let her go!"
Adrian felt his face flush red with embarrassment. That wasn't as forceful as he'd wanted it to be. His voice had wavered, and that wasn't the sort of man he was. He was Adrian Drake, luminary of the stars! He was respected! He was wise! He cleared his throat, and tried again.
"I SAID LET HER GO YOU OVERSIZED BITCH!"


Miranda's grin only widened. One thing was clear. The attempts at intimidation hadn't worked on the giantess. She'd only found them amusing, and wasn't swayed by Adrian Drake's childish burst of rage.
Unfortunately for Hannah, Miranda considered herself an efficient woman. She prided herself on that, and wasn't interested in allowing Adrian to continue arguing if he was going to resort to namecalling. So she tilted her head back, forced the screeching little blonde banshee to the back of her throat, and swallowed. Just as she had the secretary before her.


The writhing figure slid down her throat slowly. Not that Miranda minded this. She enjoyed the sensation of a living thing meeting its end in her belly. She sat there for a moment longer, and sighed in satisfaction after. She wished to do that again... but there were other things that demanded her attention. Things she couldn't let slide.
"WATCH YOUR LANGUGE!" She shouted, her booming voice shaking the entire room. "It is secretary day, and you are to treat me with RESPECT. Understand?"


Adrian went white as a sheet. He'd never seen or heard Miranda so furious before. And she had every right to be! Here he was, trying to make her special day all about himself. If she wished to devour his employees, to turn them into bloody smears on the carpet, then she could. In fact, he should have thanked her for the kindness.
"I'm... I'm sorry." He said sincerely. "I just got a little carried away. I didn't mean it, Miranda."


But Miranda, who was tired of having this pitiable little man rain on her parade, was having none of it. "I'M DONE LISTENING TO YOUR EXCUSES!" She scolded, as if he hadn't just prostrated himself before her. "If you can't keep your emotions under control, then maybe some time under my heel will teach you a lesson!"


For a moment, Adrian hoped that was merely a turn of phrase. A suggestion that she would be keeping him on a tighter leash, so to speak.
It was not.
When Miranda's heel raised directly above Adrian, he turned and ran, not knowing what else to do. But he was dressed for work, not for a brisk jog. His movements were slow, and it took vanishingly little effort for Miranda to keep up with him.


Without any plan in mind, Adrian simply ran in the direction that seemed to provide the most safety. Had he time to think, he may have realized this was a poor decision. By running to his right, instead of any other direction, he ended up placing Noah in a dangerous situation.
And unlike Adrian, Noah was not prepared to run for his life.


When the shadow fell over Noah, he had only a moment to gasp. He jumped to his feet and did his best to run, only to feel something large press onto the back of his head. Something unyielding. Something far more powerful than he'd ever experienced in his pitiful little life.
A moment later he'd been forced to the floor, and he knew what was to come. He looked up pleadingly at Adrian, hoping that his boss, his friend, would turn back and save him, but all he received in turn was the oppressive weight of Miranda's heel pressing him flat into the floor. The weight grew uncomfortable, then painful.
Then nothing, as the sound of his body turning to paste echoed around the quiet office.


Adrian could hardly believe this was happening. He ran as fast as his legs would carry him, but it quickly became obvious that this was a fool's endeavor. The heel that had just crushed Noah into paste did not even need to chase after him anymore.
Because Miranda had two feet.


Adrian Drake, the man who considered himself a healthy human specimen in his prime, felt his heart race as he looked for a way out of this situation. Secretary day or not, he had no wish to die, and things would return to normal tomorrow. Provided of course, he survived for that long.
He rounded a corner, but still that heel hung overhead.


His breaths were shallow. Exhaustion began to creep in. These shoes weren't made for running. This suit wasn't breathable. And it felt as if the air conditioning had been shut off, which only served to tire him out quicker. It was as if the universe itself was conspiring against him. Eager to break him so he could meet the same fate as the rest of his employees.


The elevator seemed the obvious way out. He only had to make it there, then he could just call in for the rest of the day! He rushed past the front desk. The one that Miranda normally sat at... and paused.
Indeed, something wasn't right with the image before him. It was... Miranda? Sitting there as he'd seen her just a moment ago. Only she wasn't a looming presence threatening to crush him at any moment. She was normal-sized!


"Miranda...?" He asked, confusion beginning to creep in. "What are... Is that you?"
Miranda looked up from the floor, a scowl still etched across her pretty face. "What kind of stupid question is that!? Of course it's me!" She shouted. "I've been here all morning!"


"But you... You were giant!" Adrian began, struggling to comprehend what was unfolding. "I saw you! You... You ate Hannah! And you stepped on... And-"
Miranda wasn't reacting. She wasn't confused, or upset that Adrian was saying outlandish things. Indeed, the way she looked back at him made it seem as if he was only relaying information that she already knew, which only confused Adrian further.


"You... I saw... Huge!" Adrian said, stepping around the desk before he stopped abruptly. The sight before him blew his mind, and he wasn't quite sure how to process it.
"You think I was big?" Miranda scoffed. "I suppose that's all a matter of perspective. Look closely." She continued, as if she were explaining arithmetic to a dog.
Adrian focused. His eyes narrowed, and he felt his heart nearly leap out of his chest as he realized what exactly was in front of him. Down there at Miranda's feet was...!
"Why do you have a miniature copy of our office?" he asked.


"I just told you." Miranda said with an exaggerated eye roll. "The office's scale doesn't really matter, does it? It's all a matter of perspective." As she said this she swung her foot to the side, which sent a gust of wind past Adrian who looked up in shock.
Miranda was still there. She was still a giantess looming high overhead. And yet... here he was, talking directly to her! Their movements seemed to match, but then... The oversized secretary's heel began to lower once again.


"W-wait! MIRANDA!" Adrian pleaded, dropping to the floor in an effort to get away from the heel threatening to squash him into paste. He hoped that the desk would be enough cover, but as it drew nearer the reality of what little protection that would provide began to set in.
And so he gave up. He lied on the floor, waiting for his end to come. Focusing on the only thing this low to the floor. The miniature version of the office. With its miniature furniture, and...


Panic.
There were no other words to describe what Adrian felt in that moment but sheer, unadulterated panic. Not one single bit of this made sense. It wasn't only a copy of the office, but was populated by miniature versions of himself and Miranda! Tiny little dolls in the exact same position that they were in right now!


His eyes followed her heel down... to notice an even smaller version of the office at that Miranda's feet! How much further did this go?!
...And was he even at the highest layer?
As he contemplated this bizarre situation the wheels in Adrian's head had begun to turn. He couldn't hope to stop Miranda from stepping onto him if it came down to him... at least, not the giant one. But what about this smaller version?
He had to find out.

In one swift movement he lunged forward, reaching out for the tiny Miranda. As he did so she shifted in her seat, and raised a foot up high. It was only a slight adjustment on her part, making it clear she was unbothered by this foolish attempt at restraining her.
THUD


It wasn't the giant Miranda's heel that had come down suddenly. Of course it wasn't. Had that been the case, Adrian Drake would have met his untimely end then and there. He'd have joined the likes of Noah and Linda before him, red smears on the floor and bottom of Miranda's heel. Wiped away and forgotten about by the end of the day.
No, this stomp came from the Miranda whose size matched his own. The toe of her heel had stamped his fingers flat into the floor, preventing him from moving any further.


"What do you think you're doing?" Miranda shouted accusingly. "You weren't trying to lay your hands on me, were you? Sexual harassment in the workplace is a very serious issue, Mr. Drake. And since I inserted the H.R. department into my posterior earlier, I'll-"
"Y-You did what with HR?"
"Do NOT interrupt me, Adrian."


"I'm sorry!" The man pleaded, but his words fell on deaf ears. The gorgeous secretary could only sigh, and shake her head disapprovingly.
"I'm afraid I'll have to deal with you myself." She said. As she spoke, the ceiling above the both of them seemed to vanish, revealing even larger doppelgangers far above. They spoke in unison, the sheer volume of their combined voices shaking the man to his very core.
"No defense, Mr. Drake? No argument? If you don't speak up your silence will be taken as an admission of guilt."


Adrian said nothing. He did not know what to say. His hours in workplace sensitivity training hadn't prepared him for anything resembling this. Adrian Drake had worked his way up to a powerful position within the company, but this was a wholly alien experience from top to bottom.
Miranda wasn't happy with the lack of a response. She stood up, and as she did so her weight threatened to crush his fingers. Without thinking, Adrian cried out in pain, only to have his eardrums assaulted by countless versions of himself reacting in turn.

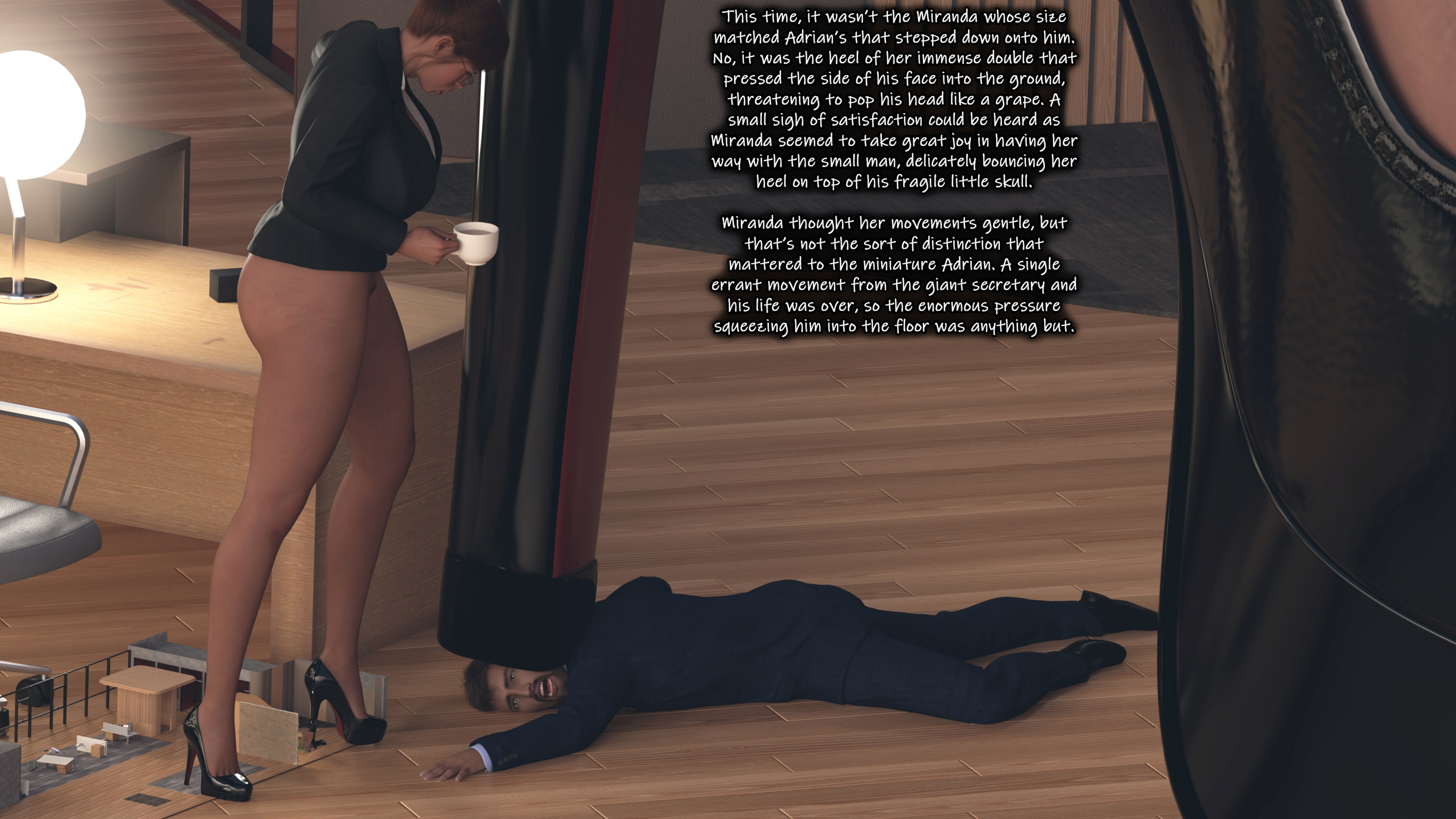


"I'm up here, Adrian." Miranda said, twisting her heel onto the man's hand. He looked up out of habit, only to be greeted by the half-naked Miranda.

"Really, Adrian?" She said, her expression souring. "You can't keep yourself under control? You can't find the time to answer my questions, but there's always time for gawking at the secretary's pussy, isn't there?"

Adrian turned his head down, only to receive another painful stomp on his fingers in response.


"Even for you, I'm appalled." Miranda said, raising a heel once again. "I've come to my final decision. In light of the multiple breaches of privacy, you will be removed from the workplace immediately."
"Wait!" Adrian pleaded, desperate to find the words that would get him out of this situation. "I didn't-"
"This isn't a discussion, Adrian." Miranda said, raising a heel up once again. As she did, countless larger versions of herself did the same, before beginning to lower. "Best of luck in your future endeavors."


This time, it wasn't the Miranda whose size matched Adrian's that stepped down onto him. No, it was the heel of her immense double that pressed the side of his face into the ground, threatening to pop his head like a grape. A small sigh of satisfaction could be heard as Miranda seemed to take great joy in having her way with the small man, delicately bouncing her heel on top of his fragile little skull.

Miranda thought her movements gentle, but that's not the sort of distinction that mattered to the miniature Adrian. A single errant movement from the giant secretary and his life was over, so the enormous pressure squeezing him into the floor was anything but.


Still, his body remained in one piece, and his consciousness stayed intact. Miranda must have been doing something right, despite the searing pain threatening to knock him out.
"On second thought." Miranda said, relieving a small amount of the pressure. "Unlike the rest of our coworkers, YOU have done an excellent job. Good enough that things would be less efficient without you. Perhaps I should keep you around. Though you have caused quite a few problems today. Maybe a demotion is in order?"
"Yes!" Adrian pleaded pitifully. "I'll take that! Demote me!"


"Show some spine, Mr. Drake." Miranda sighed, easing the pressure from his skull. Ever a woman of utmost efficiency, the confirmation was all she needed to release him, and allow him to push himself back from the floor. Though the sides of his head were throbbing in pain, Adrian Drake remained grateful that was still alive.
"You've earned a second chance. Well done, Adrian." Miranda said plainly. "You're in luck, too. We just had an internship position open up only a few minutes ago! Hopefully you'll do a better job than she did." Miranda taunted, raising her empty glass and shaking it. "Now get up."


Adrian did as ordered, almost robotically. As he rose he could see more of Miranda's flawless legs as he gradually stood more and more... until he was on his knees. Face to face with Miranda's pussy, he felt anxiety build up inside of him over what he would be expected to do.


"An... intern?" Adrian asked,
dejection creeping into his voice.
"But... But I was-"


"What you were no longer matters." Miranda interrupted. "What matters is your future, and you have an exciting career ahead of you if you accept this offer. You are admittedly a bit older than our typical intern's age, but I trust you're willing to do whatever it takes to succeed?"
"I... I am." Adrian admitted, cheeks flushing with humiliation. He knew that, because he'd done it once before. Could Miranda really do something like this? Was this allowed?

"As my lowest-level employee, you'll be expected to perform a variety of tasks. Whatever suits my fancy at any time. Understand?"

"I... I do."

"And you won't argue, talk back, or resist, will you?"

"I won't." Adrian said, resigning himself to this new fate.



"Then why haven't you taken the initiative to get started?" Miranda asked, stepping closer to Adrian. "I thought you would be good at this job, but you've made no efforts to get started. Do you need instructions on what is expected of you? Should I send you an e-mail every morning reminding you to breathe and to blink regularly?"
Adrian had a feeling he knew what she was getting at. But knowing that and acting on it were two entirely different things.


"Understood!"
"Good." Miranda said. "Just this once I won't take any points off for lack of initiative... because I would prefer to take things into my own hands this time." As she said this, her free hand ran through Adrian's hair, and grabbed a fistful. "Now you might want to take a deep breath, Adrian. I don't want you dying on me. Not yet, anyway."

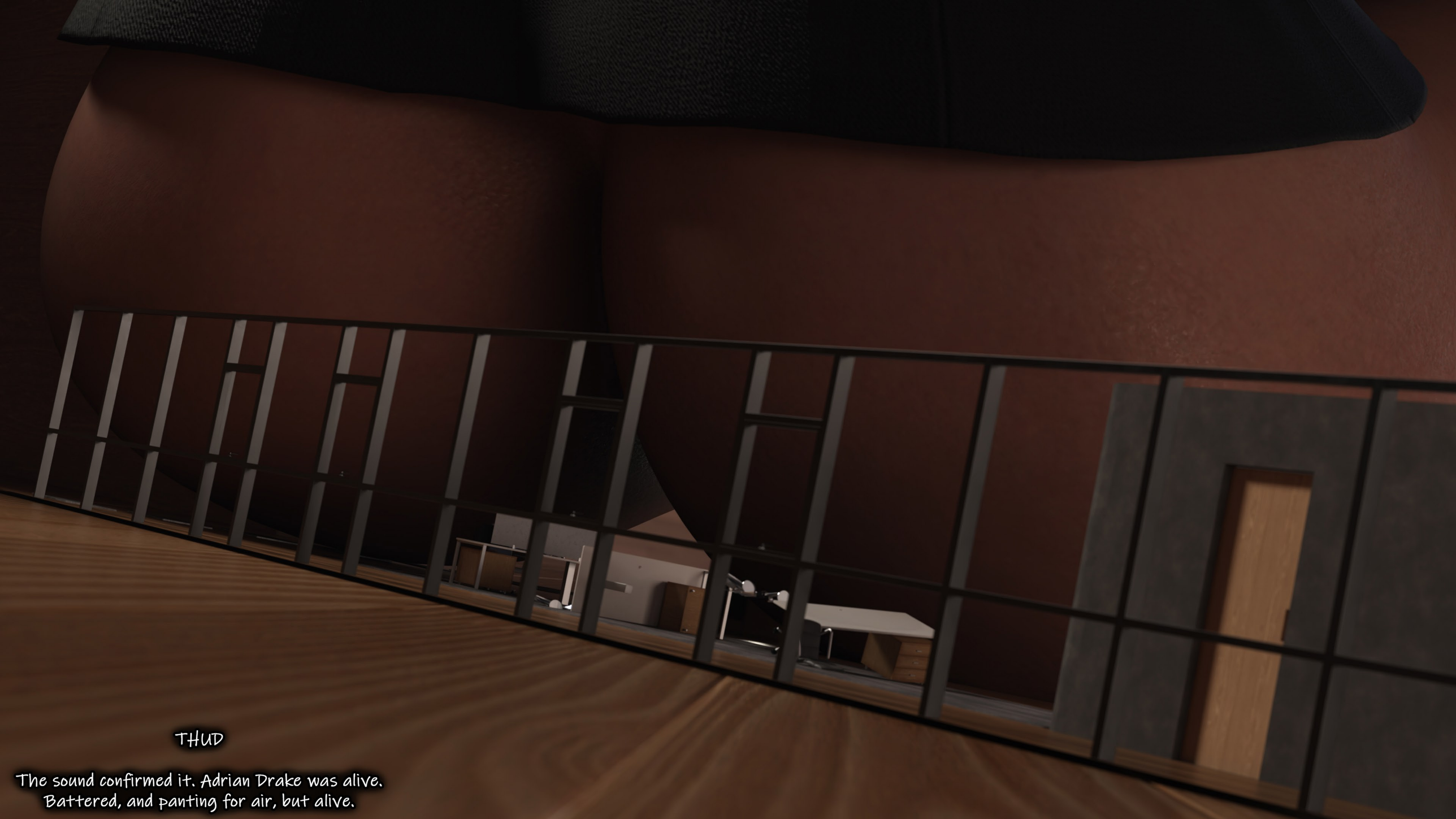

Adrian Drake had a few questions about that statement. Questions he very much would have liked answers to. But Miranda, ever the impatient secretary, gave him no opportunity to do so. Her grip tightened around the back of the impotent little man's head, and smashed his face in between her legs.
The jolt of immediate pleasure even caught the ever-competent Miranda off-guard. Her legs quivered, before she managed to catch herself, and the cup she'd been holding for so long slipped from her grasp.


The mess was of no bother to her. In fact, the cup had seemingly vanished before it even crashed into the floor and flooded the area with the lukewarm beverage. Had Adrian noticed he would have been even more confused, but as it stands, Miranda had taken full control of his attention. Her body seemed to expand around him, as her pussy threatened to devour his face whole.


Miranda scrubbed Adrian's face up and down her crotch. Then back and forth. Side to side. All the while building towards a climax that made it increasingly hard to stand.
When it finally hit, she saw no reason to hold back. They were alone in the office, after all. Her low, throaty moans effortlessly transitioned into powerful screams that reverberated around the room, signaling to one very moist Adrian that he had done a good job.


Miranda tried to maintain her balance as endless amounts of pleasure wracked her form, but found it unreasonably difficult to do so. Whether it was the sudden growth spurt, or some other arcane reason, it was quickly clear that she was failing in this endeavor.
Not that she minded. She wasn't in any danger if she were to fall.
Adrian, on the contrary, had quite a lot to worry about. He coughed, sputtered, and tried to gather himself as he collapsed to the hardwood floor. In his brief moments of lucidity he could have sworn that he'd felt Miranda growing around him, and had only the briefest of moments to confirm that was indeed the case, before noticing what was directly above him.


Adrian Drake, in all his days, had never seen anything quite like it. It was as if the moon itself had simply decided to fall from the sky, and was plummeting straight towards him. Though Adrian considered himself a brave, and capable man, he was not above curling into a ball and simply wishing for the best.


THUD
The sound confirmed it. Adrian Drake was alive.
Battered, and panting for air, but alive.


He gradually unfurled himself, catching sight of the enhanced Miranda's legs to either side of him, before seeing her larger doppelgangers bare legs nearby.


He wondered how he'd survived this. He'd admired Miranda's posterior countless times before. He knew how big it was, and how tightly it stretched the skirts she was so fond of wearing. There was no world in which that ass, at that size, wouldn't have ended his life.



But it had. The sheer size of it meant that even when sitting on the floor, there was a small gap between Miranda's body and the ground. And in that small gap was himself, and Miranda. He sighed, thankful for the stroke of luck.

And in that moment, he caught his lungs filled with her heady scent. Thick in the air, it seemed to settle in his lungs weighing him down. He and Miranda both knew the source, and she gradually lowered her head.


"You did an adequate job." Miranda said, grabbing hold of the front of her blouse and tearing it open in one swift movement. "But is it just me, or is it a little warm in here?"
"It... It is..." Adrian said, his mind still reeling over everything that was taking place.
"You know, they say it's not the heat that causes issues, it's the humidity." Miranda said, winking playfully to the man between her legs while tossing the moist garment aside. "Plenty of that here, right? Practically a sauna."



Adrian said nothing. He didn't know how to answer that. Would agreeing be an insult, or a compliment?

"That's better." Miranda said, stretching her arms over her head so her bountiful chest bounced in place. "Now are you ready for round two?"

"Round... Two?"

"You said that you would do whatever I ordered, did you not?" Miranda said, her tone turning grim.

"Y-Yes! Of course! Round 2!"


"Great!" She laughed. "Well? What are you waiting for?"
Adrian admired the gorgeous figure of his secretary over once again. He'd long-imagined her naked, and yet, now that it was being presented to him with explicit orders to pleasure her... he wasn't sure where to begin. Perhaps with her chest? Or...
"Pants. Off." Miranda ordered.


Adrian did as told. Despite everything that had happened already, he still felt strange about exposing himself while inside of the office... but that certainly did not mean he wasn't aroused. His cock bounced straight up to attention, throbbing and eager to experience all that Miranda had to offer.
"Leave the rest on." Miranda teased, running a finger up Adrian's thigh. "This is still a workplace, after all."



Adrian's cheeks flushed red with embarrassment. He certainly didn't feel like this was an office anymore. It was obvious something bizarre was going on, and Miranda seemed thoroughly unbothered by any of it. She had taken charge, and put him into a position beneath her. He wasn't her co-worker, or employee. He felt more like a toy.

At the same time, he felt more excited than he ever had. Those feelings of shame and embarrassment mattered little in the face of the overwhelming arousal that urged him forward. The same excitement that forced him to his knees, and guided his cock between Miranda's legs.



The sensation was warm. Moist. She was obviously every bit as excited as himself, and he nearly came the moment that his length sank into her. Adrian bit his lip as he began to slowly, gracefully, make love to the woman three times his size, against the backdrop of a far larger version of her.

Miranda wasn't quite so subtle. She wore her arousal on her sleeve. Loud, proud, and uncaring of the possibility of anyone else finding out. Her moans shook the world itself, and she leaned back to allow Adrian's cock to dig deeper inside of her.


Adrian should have felt pride at what he was doing. Here he was, the virile man keeping a woman thrice his size in check with nothing more than the power of his erection.
But it was so clearly Miranda in charge despite this. Her hips bounced on the floor, setting the pace at which Adrian pumped. Her legs gradually closed, making sure he didn't fall over from all the vibrations. All while she moaned and rocked back and forth in place.


"Enough."
With one gentle shove, Adrian was thrown away from Miranda and he fell onto the floor in front of her. She looked down at him with a smile, groping one breast while gasping for air.
"Something wrong?" Adrian asked, afraid of the answer.
"You're fine." Miranda reassured him, before smiling. "But why settle for something so plain, Adrian? You did say you would do whatever you were told, right?"
"I did."


"Good. Then I expect no complaints." Miranda said, before lowering a hand between her legs. Straight for the miniature version of himself between her legs. Adrian watched with rapt fascination, curious about what was coming, before the reality of her actions set in.


"Wait... Miranda?"
Miranda wasn't interested in having a conversation with Adrian Drake. She'd said all that needed to be said, and he would follow his end of the bargain. That left him with little to do but look up at the giant hand descending towards him, as the far-larger version of Miranda copied the movements of the one directly before him.


"M-Miranda?! Wait!"
But Miranda would not wait. He had agreed to do as asked, and she had a simple task for him. He would follow it through to the best of his ability, or risk her wrath.


"W-wait! Let's talk about this!"
In lieu of words, Miranda responded only with heavier, slower breaths. Though Adrian was little more than a toy in her fingers at this size, it was clear that the difference in scale between the two of them turned her on more than his greatest efforts with his cock.

"W-Where are you taking me?! What's going on?"

The smaller Miranda looked up at Adrian for a moment, a confused look on her own face. "Where do you think you're going?" She said, as if the answer was so stunningly obvious it physically hurt her to clarify.

"Y-You can't!" Adrian pleaded. "I'm-Not at this size! I'll-"


"Oh, but I can." Miranda mused, guiding the smaller man up to her pussy. The warmth and humidity that had washed over Adrian just a moment prior now felt magnified a hundred times over. It was like stepping into a furnace and a rainforest simultaneously, and there wasn't a thing he could do to stop, or even delay it.



Miranda's low moans shook the entire room once again as Adrian came in contact with her pussy. His fists and feet tried to slow her down, but to say that his greatest efforts amounted to nothing would be inaccurate. Miranda certainly appreciated the fight he still had in him despite his minuscule scale.

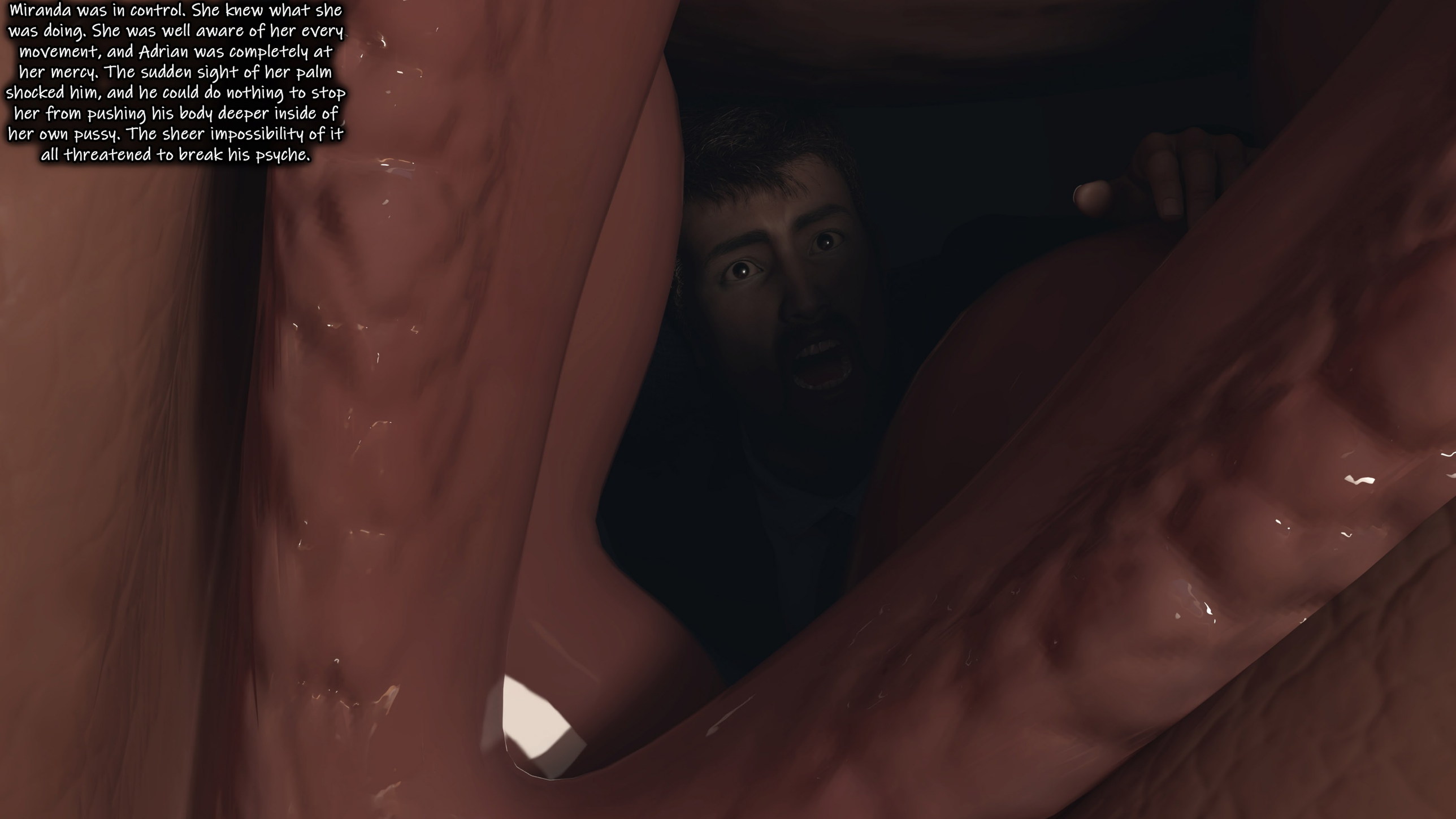
Adrian's world had become frighteningly dangerous in a short amount of time. Treated as little more than a plaything he was trapped in a slick, hot chamber against a finger larger than his apartment that threatened to crush him with every passing second.

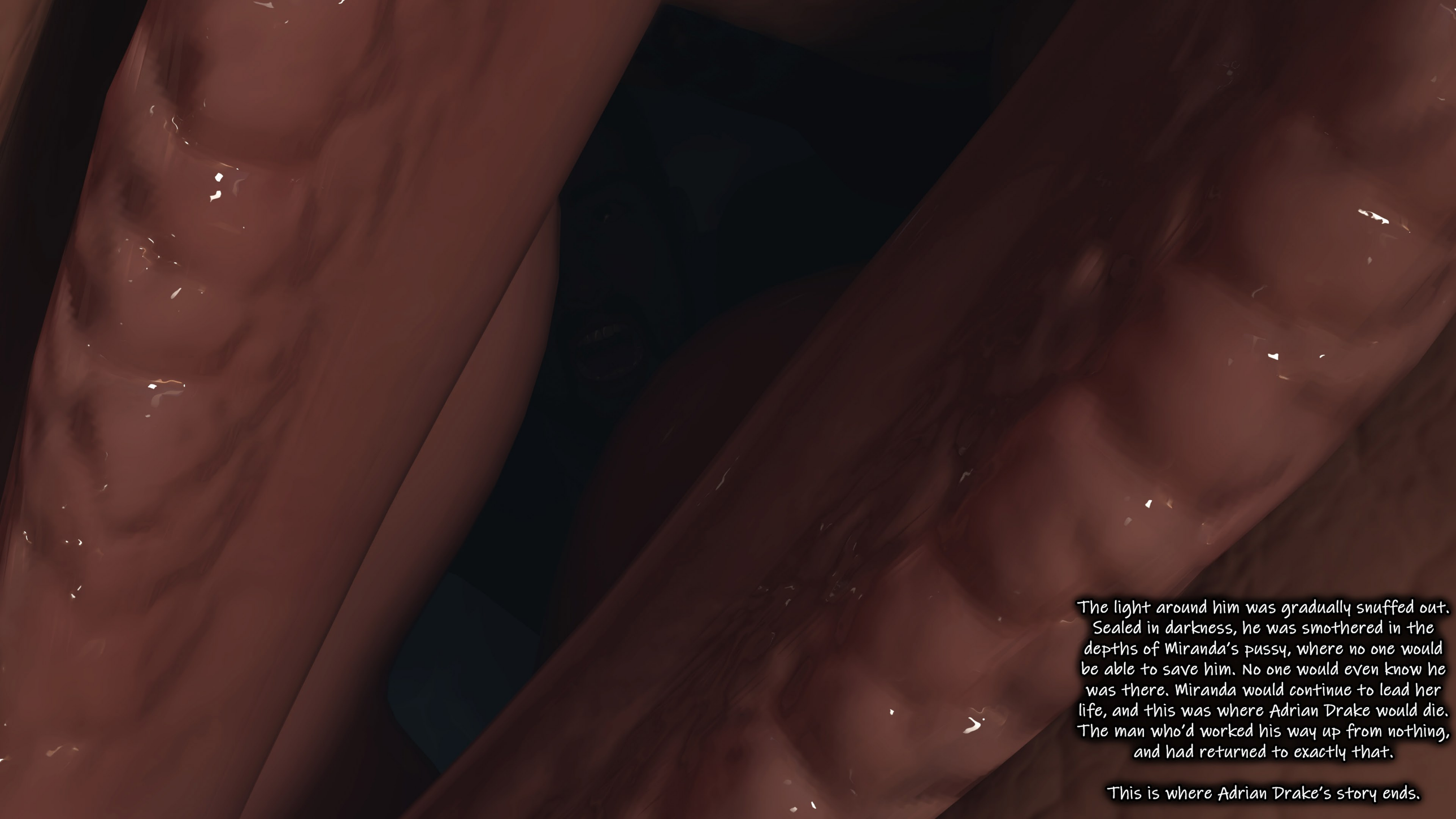
Miranda's world has become one of limitless pleasure. Every version of herself experienced the sensation of making the small man into a toy at once, leading to a harmony of moans that seemed to shake all of reality itself.



Miranda's toes curled. This was working well, but Adrian was, admittedly, a bit hard to keep track of. At least, not if she was interested in keeping him alive. He would need some help, and she knew just the person for the job.

It took more willpower than she cared to admit to raise her free arm up and aware from her body. But she knew herself well, and quickly found Adrian on her larger doppelganger's body, and pushed him further into her depths. It wasn't enough that Adrian be tormented by a larger version of Miranda, he needed to know one thing above all.


Miranda was in control. She knew what she was doing. She was well aware of her every movement, and Adrian was completely at her mercy. The sudden sight of her palm shocked him, and he could do nothing to stop her from pushing his body deeper inside of her own pussy. The sheer impossibility of it all threatened to break his psyche.


The light around him was gradually snuffed out. Sealed in darkness, he was smothered in the depths of Miranda's pussy, where no one would be able to save him. No one would even know he was there. Miranda would continue to lead her life, and this was where Adrian Drake would die. The man who'd worked his way up from nothing, and had returned to exactly that.
This is where Adrian Drake's story ends.


Adrian Drake stirred back into consciousness. His head throbbed with pain and he had one single thought running through his mind.
"Why is it so hard?"


It, in this particular instance, being the floor. Adrian Drake lived alone. He had since he'd moved out on his own a dozen years ago. Since then, he'd woken up every day in a warm, soft bed.
This was not his bed.
In fact, it wasn't a bed at all.
As he rose to his feet he took in his surroundings and realized three things. The first was that he was nude. The second was that he was on a table in what appeared to be an oversized living room. And the third, and most important thing?

He wasn't the only thing here.

Spread out in front of him was what appeared to be a model city. New York, specifically. It was far smaller than he was, but that only raised more questions than it answered. He needed more information. So he shook his head, clapped his hands on his cheeks, and looked around once again.




"That explains it." He said aloud, shaking his head. Of course it was Miranda. She was naked much like he was, and sitting with her feet kicked up against the side of the table he was. She smiled down at him, and waved, while Adrian could only try and gather himself again.
"You're awake!" She said, "Though that's a strange place to take a nap, Adrian."
"That wasn't a nap." Adrian said, stretching his arms and legs again. "It feels like you killed me. Again."
"I would never." Miranda said, shaking her head dismissively. "I would prefer that you don't make wild accusations like that, Adrian. Understand?"
Adrian nodded, knowing better than to talk back.



"Good. Don't bring that up again, okay?" Miranda said with a smile. "What do you think of my model? Isn't it incredible?"

"Yeah, it is." Adrian said, looking at the countless buildings and streets in miniature. "Looks just like the real thing."

"Doesn't it? It feels like the real thing too." Miranda laughed as she swiped her foot around. As she'd said, the buildings that made contact with her foot crumbled and broke apart beneath her movements like they were indeed real.


"Take a closer look! I swear you'll love it!" Miranda said, curling her toes in excitement.
Adrian, ever the pragmatist, knew better than to disobey a direct order from Miranda. He took a deep breath, and stepped over to the edge of the city. "Now what?"


"What do you think?" Miranda said with a dismissive eye roll. "Now you'll get to know what it's like to be me! It may just be a model, but you'll love it. I promise."


Adrian looked at the tiny city in front of him, and shrugged his shoulders. She was planning something. That was obvious. But he had no choice but to follow along.
Taking a step forward, Adrian walked into the miniature New York City-


Or so he thought.
The scariest part was just how quickly it had happened. His vision didn't fade or blank out for even a split second. There was no audible sound indicating the world had changed. He was simply on a table at home one second, and the next... he was here. The city was exactly as he'd seen it, but the helicopters flying around told him something had changed.


And it was only when he realized that the room had vanished that he realized what had actually happened. He looked back behind him, seeing only more city and blue skies, and not the table he'd stepped off of to get here.


"Do you like my little city?"
Adrian whipped his head back up, shocked to see Miranda once again. She was as big as she had been in comparison just a moment ago, but it was far more ominous when she crushed dozens of blocks beneath her tonnage.
"H-How... Why?"
"Is that really all you have to say?" Miranda answered with a disappointed sigh. "Why ask such boring questions, Adrian? It's like asking how magnets work. No one knows, so stop wondering and enjoy yourself!"


Adrian wanted to correct Miranda, but he knew it would do no good. Not when she was so clearly focused on enjoying herself to the fullest. He could do little more than watch as she sighed, and dragged her heels from side to side, wiping out sections of Midtown in the process.
"Isn't this nice?" She said, waving her feet back and forth. "Nothing like crushing a city before heading to bed, don't you think? A couple billion dollars in property damage always puts me in a good mood."

Saying this, Miranda yawned, and stretched her legs out. As she did, the illusion seemed to flicker for a moment, giving Adrian a glimpse of the rest of the living room in the process. Were they still back there? Or was that intentional?

He didn't know what to think, which only exacerbated his headache.


Not that he would have much more time to think about this. Miranda getting herself comfortable meant she was stretching her legs out as far as she possibly could. Far more than they had been before, leading her bare feet to bulldoze through dozens of city blocks in the blink of an eye, and head straight for Adrian.


"M-Miranda?!" Adrian called out, desperate to get her attention. Those feet came closer and closer, the hundreds of buildings in her path not slowing her down one iota. She was truly as free as she'd ever felt, and cared little for the model she'd been so excited about only a moment ago.


"Hm? You say something?" Miranda asked, sitting up straight again. As she did she could see how much closer her feet were to Adrian, and smiled. "Aw. Were you afraid I was going to crush you, dear? That would have been a shame..."
"Not like you've never done that before." Adrian replied, an obvious touch of bitterness in his voice.


"I told you not to bring that up again." Miranda said coldly, before her lips curled back up into a grin. "Besides, there's no way I'd let any harm befall my little toy. Not before the big finale, anyway..."
Adrian tensed up.
"Calm down." Miranda laughed, as though she'd sensed his tension. "I'm an old-fashioned girl, Adrian! There's obviously going to be some foreplay before any of that."


Before Adrian could ask what form foreplay would take at her size, she dropped to her side. As she did the entire city seemed to rock on its foundations, and he gasped as one of Miranda's enormous breasts slapped a hundred buildings out of existence in the blink of an eye.
Adrian swallowed at such a wanton display of power, before looking back up at Miranda. "Will this foreplay involve..."


"Hurting you?" Miranda grinned, finishing his question for him. "Maybe... Maybe not. It's too early to say. It's like crushing this little city... I do what I please... and we'll see where the evening takes us."




To punctuate the statement, Miranda reached an arm forward, and raised the tip of her index finger above a particularly tall building. One that Adrian quickly recognized as the Empire State Building. Miranda seemed to make a game of toying with the mighty structure. Running her finger up and down its length, and pressing against the tip of the enormous antenna sticking out from the top.

Adrian wanted to say something, but it was obvious that Miranda did as she pleased. And it was equally obvious that the thing that would please her more than anything right now, would be to crush the enormous building.
And so she did exactly that. With a calm, casual precision the gigantic woman pressed the tip of her index finger down, and began to erase dozens of floors in the blink of an eye. Not a single one withstood her strength for more than an instant, and the shrill, quiet screams of the building's trapped victims could barely be heard above the sound of its destruction.


Miranda paused for a moment, watching the destruction unfold. She watched as a cloud of debris and dust spread around her finger. Microscopic chunks of building material flaked off the ruined top half and rained onto the streets far below. She held her position for a moment, and gave the building a mischievous grin.


The screams that had been audible were silenced in an instant. Thousands of lives gone, just like that. All for the smallest amount of amusement from Miranda, who took the time to twist her fingers in the wreckage left behind. She sighed as she watched the smoke clear from around her finger, before pulling it away.


Adrian was in shock.
"Those were... Those were screams."
Miranda only looked back at him with a sultry gaze.
"Those are... They can't actually be real, can they?"


"Don't be so naïve, Adrian." Miranda mused, rubbing the remnants of the building on her nipple before looking back at him. "What fun is there to be had in crushing a model city? The people who live here are what give it purpose! They're what makes this so fun!"


Adrian felt a lump in his throat.
Miranda only grinned, and rose to her knees. Her palms came down onto massive portions of the city as she crawled forward, snuffing out countless lives as she treated the city as a carpet.
"Don't tell me you feel bad for them." Miranda said cruelly. "They're meaningless, Adrian. All human lives are."
"You can't-"


"What's that?" Miranda laughed, crawling closer to Adrian. "You're going to have to speak up, I can hardly hear you from up here."
Adrian cleared his throat. He cupped both hands over his mouth, and shouted at the top of his lungs. "MIRANDA! YOU CAN'T-"
"I'm afraid I still can't hear you." Miranda mocked. "Maybe if I come closer."


As she said this, her intention was made clear. Adrian gasped when Miranda's gigantic breasts swung low near the city, and instantly erased dozens of blocks of midtown in the blink of an eye. If it wasn't obvious enough that doing so was her intention, the quiet moan of arousal from her nipple smashing through countless buildings in an instant made it clear.


"Hold on. Let me... Get really close..." Miranda moaned, dropping to the ground entirely. Both of her breasts were like enormous steamrollers, erasing hundreds of buildings in the blink of an eye. Screams from countless thousands, if not millions of helpless people echoed through the streets from Miranda's destructive approach.
And a single moan from the giantess herself utterly drowned them all out, replacing the apocalyptic soundscape with her own arousal.


"Mmm..." Miranda continued, her hazy vision focusing on the comparatively tiny man before her. Adrian Drake, her former boss, and new plaything. "I have to admit, Adrian. This is making me..."

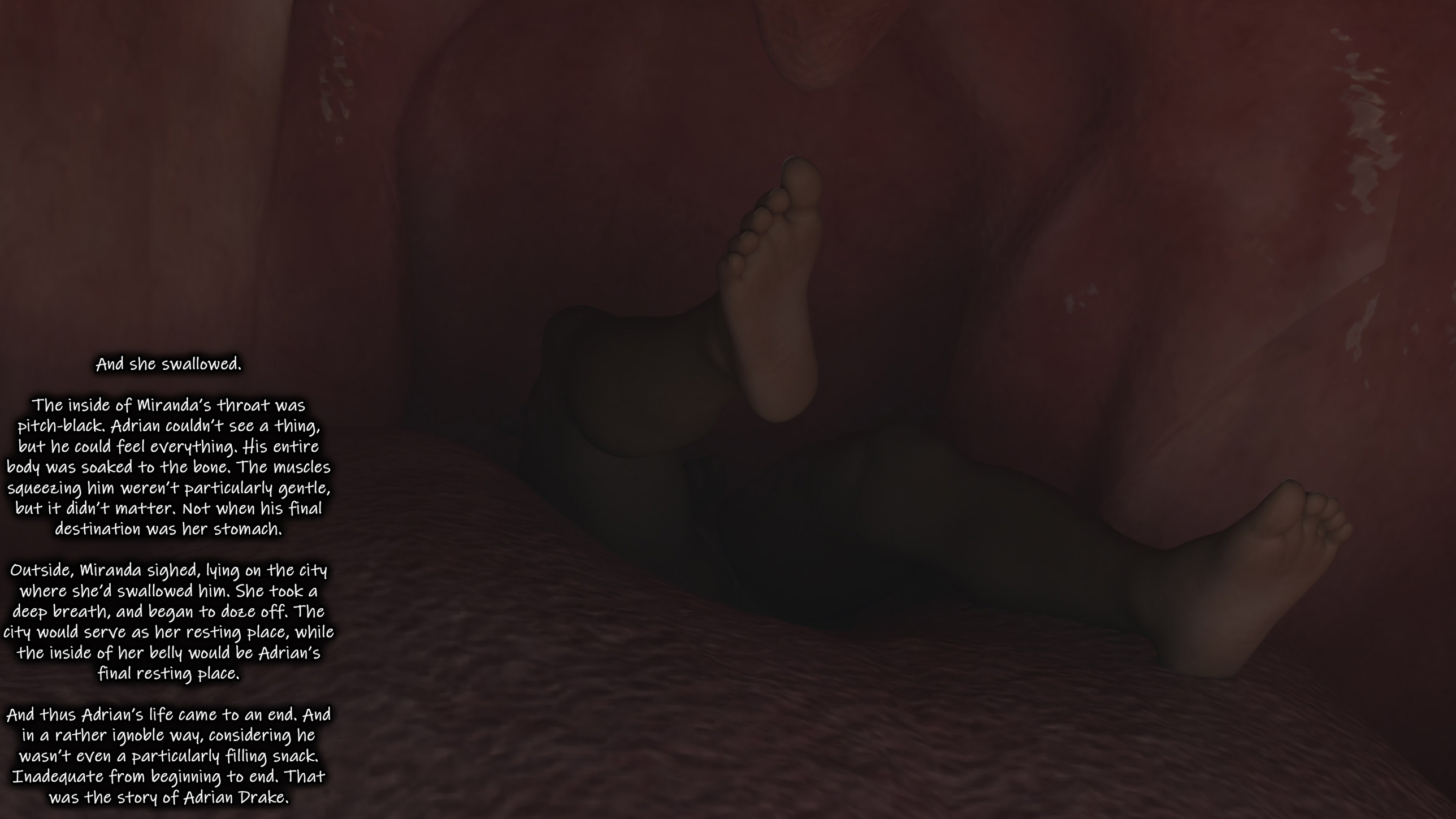

Adrian wasn't sure he'd heard her right. When she opened her mouth a moment later, strings of saliva connecting her tongue to the roof of her mouth, he knew. When her tongue slipped out from her lips, and moved straight for him, he knew. When she leaned forward, lips moving above Adrian's body, he was well aware that he hadn't misheard her.


But it was too late to do a damned thing about it. Adrian Drake was a towering colossus. A giant among men. He stood taller than the buildings in the city, and yet here he was. Being treated as little more than a snack by the woman who was truly in charge around here.


Miranda's tongue scooped Adrian from the ground with practiced ease. He tried to break free, but she simply guided him back between her lips, hot breath nearly suffocating him as she did so.


"Take one last look, Adrian."
Miranda hadn't said it aloud. Adrian wasn't even sure how the message had entered his mind. But he knew it to be real, and so he did. One last look at the city spread before him. At Miranda's body that lay atop it, crushing hundreds of thousands of lives for her own amusement.


And then, her tongue was drawn back inside of her mouth.
The lips closed over him, sealing him in darkness.
He was toyed with for only a moment, as it was clear that Miranda's hunger was too great to continue holding off.



And she swallowed.

The inside of Miranda's throat was pitch-black. Adrian couldn't see a thing, but he could feel everything. His entire body was soaked to the bone. The muscles squeezing him weren't particularly gentle, but it didn't matter. Not when his final destination was her stomach.

Outside, Miranda sighed, lying on the city where she'd swallowed him. She took a deep breath, and began to doze off. The city would serve as her resting place, while the inside of her belly would be Adrian's final resting place.

And thus Adrian's life came to an end. And in a rather ignoble way, considering he wasn't even a particularly filling snack. Inadequate from beginning to end. That was the story of Adrian Drake.


Adrian Drake awoke with a start. He wasn't sure why that was. He didn't recall any sort of nightmare, or any reason for his night to have been anything but restful. He sank back into his warm bed, briefly considering dozing off again. His rest had been interrupted, after all. He deserved this. He worked hard.
Taking a deep breath, he closed his eyes, and began to let the drowsiness take hold once more...
Adrian?"


Adrian sat up, adrenaline coursing through his veins at the sound of his secretary's voice. But once he laid eyes on her, he relaxed. She wasn't a gigantic goddess laying waste to thousands of innocent people's lives. Of course she wasn't. That was... That was why he had woken up so abruptly! He'd had a nightmare!
"Something wrong?" She asked, concern etched onto her face.


"Ah, it was another nightmare." Adrian admitted shamefully. He wasn't fond of showing vulnerability to anyone, much less his loving spouse. But if there were anyone he could be open about his worries to, it should be Miranda.
"Was I a giant again?" Miranda asked, a coy grin forming on her lips.
"That predictable, huh?"


"What was it this time?" Miranda asked. "Did I step on you, and wipe my foot on the ground after? Or shove you up my pussy again? Ooh, maybe this time I ate-"
"It's that one." Adrian interrupted, memories of past nightmares hitting him all over again. "You were a lot bigger than normal, too. But so was I! And-"



"YOU were the big one?" Miranda interrupted.

"It's complicated!" Adrian protested. "It didn't really matter though, because I was- I mean, you were still so much bigger!"

"Doesn't sound like much of a nightmare if you ask me." Miranda said. "If anything I think it sounds kind of fun."

"Well it seems to always end with me... you know, dying." Adrian said somberly. "And it never happens peacefully. It's always painful, and-"



"Aw, I'm sorry." Miranda said, stepping up to the windows. "But a little bit of sunshine should clear that right up!"

"Maybe you're right." Adrian said, yawning once again.

"I'm always right." Miranda teased. "Now come look!"

"Coming!" Adrian laughed. "What is it this time? A fat pigeon land on the window ledge? Or..."


Adrian gasped.
It was just like his dreams.
Outside of the window of his lavish apartment wasn't a funny bird, or a parade float, or any other manner of interesting contrivance. It was Miranda. Only... it wasn't? Because he was standing next to Miranda, wasn't he?
His head began to hurt. There were two Mirandas again. The one outside was a giantess, though not as big as the one from his dream. Or was it even a dream at all? How could he consistently wake up from similar dreams over and over again unless..."


"Stop thinking." Miranda ordered.
Adrian Drake, the man who assumed, if nothing else, he was in control of his own mind... felt his mind go blank.
"Now get over here." Miranda teased, leaning against the window as she did. "You're in another dream, but this one doesn't have to turn into a nightmare. All you have to do is come put that morning wood of yours to good use. This dream doesn't have to have a bad ending!"




"I'm supposed to... really?"

"Stop wasting my time!" Miranda scolded. Only, it wasn't the Miranda in front of him who said it. Rather the one outside, leaning against another building, had locked eyes with Adrian, and gave him the order. "Hurry up and fuck us!"

"...Fuck it." Adrian said, no longer wanting to question any of the insanity unfolding around him. He didn't care anymore. If letting go of his inhibitions and doing as told was what it would take to put himself at ease, then he would do it! Adrian Drake wasn't one to back down from a challenge!


Adrian took a step forward, filled with pride. This was his woman! He would mount her, and have his way with her body! He was strong! He was virile! He was-
The ground shook as he took that step. And before he could finish taking the next, he realized exactly why. Because outside of the building at that very moment was himself, magnified to the same size as the enormous Miranda. His own doppelganger had stopped in place, mimicking his own movements perfectly.
MIDCITY


The sight should have been shocking. Should have made him reconsider his actions, and the effects they could have on his surroundings.


But at this point, Adrian was fed up. He wanted to turn his mind off and enjoy himself for once. Relieve some stress, and make love to a beautiful woman all at the same time. So without any further delay, he guided his cock straight to its destination.


The sensation of sliding inside of Miranda was bliss. Her skin was soft. Her body was warm. The morning sun gave the entire scene a pleasant glow. He was in his element.
And had he not been so unbelievably turned on, he would have stopped to enjoy the moment for a bit longer.


But at the end of the day, Adrian was a man. A horny, aroused, virile man who had mounted his lover, and was ready to spring into action. When he moved back, Miranda moaned. First a soft, quiet one directly in front of him.
Then a low, reverberating one that shook the floor as her giant double did the same.
He swung his hips back, ready to move at top speed, before something new caught his sight. Something he certainly hadn't expected.
MIDCITY
TEPCO


It was himself. Yet again. Along with Miranda. Much like back at the office they were both miniaturized, and looking back at him. Somehow, something about this made the scene far more surreal than the giant versions of themselves outside.


"What are you waiting for?" Miranda asked, drawing Adrian's attention back to her. "Make me grow!"
It wasn't a request, it was an order. And so Adrian pushed himself back forward, sinking his entire impressive length inside of the woman in front of him. He wasn't sure if that was what was supposed to make her grow, but it wasn't as if he had many other options at the moment.


As he began to thrust, Miranda moaned louder. Her generous assets bounced atop her chest, slapping the window in front of him as he pounded her backside as well as he possibly could. His heart raced as he began to grow used to the impossibility of his situation, and simply allowed it to happen.
Consequences be damned, he was going to get himself off!


The sound of flesh slapping flesh filled in the room. Miranda moaned, her differently-sized forms filling the room with the sound of her arousal. Adrian leaned over her, and grabbed onto her hips, keeping the pace up as best he could.


Any normal woman would have been brought to her knees by Adrian's practiced skill. But Miranda was no normal woman. She accepted his movements with ease, before Adrian fulfilled his end of their bargain.
He hadn't even realized she was growing at first. Not until he realized he was standing on his tiptoes to continue sliding inside of the growing woman.


Miranda did not offer him any assistance. She merely grew, her head gradually rising higher as Adrian's feet left the floor entirely.


In no time at all Adrian was using all of his strength to cling to the giant woman's backside. It had become nearly impossible to generate any movement like this, but it didn't seem as if that mattered much anymore.
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"Fuck me!" she begged. "Keep going!"
Because one thing was clear, the arousal that Miranda received from growing was, on its own, more arousing than Adrian's gesticulations. He had suspected as much, but he had a front row seat to that fact now as he clung to the rapidly-growing form of his secretary in front of him.


And given that this was happening both on a larger and smaller scale at the same time, there were plenty of angles for Adrian to see exactly how inadequate he was becoming to the growing woman.


Moments before he left the floor entirely, Miranda leaned forward further. Thanks to the view of the larger version, Adrian could see that this was so she could squeeze and grope her own breasts better.


But it had the extra side effect of giving him a better handhold on her body. She was like a shelf he clung onto now, trying in vain to avoid falling off.


Still, Miranda demanded more. She was insatiable. Utterly demented in her pursuit of pleasure, regardless of whatever she put Adrian, much less the diminutive population outside through.


"KEEP GOING ADRIAN!"
He tried, but he wasn't accomplishing much. Miranda's growing form meant that her gigantic ass expanded outwards. And that pushed Adrian further away from her, actively losing him inches inside of her.


Miranda didn't care.
She was twice his size now, and it wasn't enough. It was never enough. She was in charge. She was in control.


And that mattered to her more than anything. More than Adrian. More than the city. More than the world itself. He was a means to an end... even if he was a very useful one.


Miranda gradually approached the ceiling of the very room they were inside of. Her arousal spiked, and she nearly collapsed from sheer excitement. Adrian was like a toy scrabbling up her thighs now, doing his best to avoid the fall to the floor.


And she screamed.
Miranda's voice rang out through the room first, making it obvious to those in other rooms that she was experiencing bliss. Every single neighbor was made aware of her arousal, and she didn't care. If anything, she wanted more people to know.


Naturally, that came to be. A second later her gigantic double outside screamed in orgasm as well. A powerful, rumbling sound that shook the entire block. The sort of thing that could be captured on seismographs.
And then, a moment after that... another groan. One far louder, far deeper, and far more booming than anyone thought imaginable. There were even larger versions of Adrian and Miranda outside, experiencing the exact same bliss on a far more dangerous scale.


For several seconds Miranda stood in place, and panted. She looked out the window at her larger self and admired her curves. Admired the form that dominated the attention of hundreds of people nearby. As she did, she began to salivate.
She was hungry. She hadn't had breakfast just yet. She wasn't interested in normal food, though. Not when she was this big, and all-powerful.


"Mind if I grab something to eat?" Miranda asked innocently.
Adrian would have answered, but he was too busy catching his own breath after what he'd just gone through. Unlike Miranda he hadn't grown an inch, so his muscles were sore from trying to keep up with the massive secretary.
"I'll just take that as a yes." The woman said, stepping closer to her smaller copies.


As she reached for them, the morning sun outside vanished. Adrian looked to the side, and gasped as a gigantic hand rapidly approached the window.
"Miranda!" He said, panic beginning to set in despite it all. "What are you-"


Miranda heard his protest. She wasn't deaf. She just didn't care. Her hand reached forward, and wrapped around both the smaller versions of herself and Adrian, scooping them up from the desk. At the exact same moment the windows to the apartment shattered, shocking Adrian out of his lust-induced reverie.


Adrian hit the floor with a thud.
Or he would have, had Miranda not grabbed hold of the smaller version of him first. At the same time, he himself was caught by the huge fingers, and gently pulled away from the floor. Surreal as it was... Adrian felt somewhat at ease. If Miranda was including herself, then sure he was safe... right?


Once out in the open air, Adrian gasped in shock at the far, far larger version of Miranda looming in the sky itself, obscured by the atmosphere. He wondered how far this chain went? Was there a Miranda so large out there that she'd be able to grab hold of the entire earth?
He shivered at the thought, and clung to the Miranda that was his size more tightly.


"M...Miranda?"
Adrian had hedged his best on Miranda rescuing him. He thought that was only a game. That she would never do something so silly as eat herself alive. Yet, as he was raised up into the sky, and watched those lips part... he began to second guess that assumption. The world itself seemed to shift and turn as he was held upside-down, able to catch sight of an even larger mouth looming far above.

"MIRANDA!?"
Hot breath washed over him. Then a mint-scented hurricane from the larger Miranda. Everywhere he looked he only saw the dark insides of Miranda's mouth, or her full lips. With every passing second he moved closer inside.


All the while, Miranda continued to ignore him.
He slipped past the larger Miranda's lips. As he did, he could see the smaller versions of themselves enter his Miranda's mouth. And high above, the sky itself was blotted out by the biggest Miranda, who subjected all of them to a humid inferno inside of her mouth.


He and Miranda landed onto a tongue with a wet splash. There was some small sense of comfort from the fact that he could no longer see the colossal Miranda outside, but he knew she still had to be there.
He waited for the inevitable. To find out that this was all just a joke, and she was toying with him.



Then Miranda swallowed.

Adrian lost his composure in an instant. He saw the lump travel down Miranda's throat and jumped from his position, only for his Miranda's hand to keep him in position on top of her. "MIRANDA!? WHAT ARE YOU DOING YOU-"

The Miranda that had eaten them hadn't swallowed. Adrian was fine. Whatever caused them all to act in unison had seemingly stopped... leaving the three of them on top of a tongue inside of a mouth, alive and in one piece.

For the moment.


"Isn't this nice and cozy?"

"Are you really making small talk at a time like this?"

"I'm not the small one." Miranda said. "Now answer the question."

"It's... fine." Adrian admitted. "It's a bit humid and kind of warm... but it could be worse."

"That's your problem." Miranda said with an exasperated sigh. "You should try to be more grateful, Adrian! Most people would never get to experience what it's like to be inside of someone's mouth, and here you are doing exactly that. Imagine how many people would pay untold amounts of money to be in your position right now, even knowing what comes next."


Adrian tensed up. That was what he'd been waiting for, and he wasn't happy about it. He sighed, shook his head, and looked up at her from his soft position.
"You're going to eat me again, aren't you?"
"Well if you're going to be such a spoilsport, I see no reason to draw this out any further. Have a nice trip, Adrian."


"MIRANDA WAIT-"
If there's one thing Adrian should have learned from all his time spent with Miranda, it was that he should never come between her and her meals. When she was ready to feast, there was rarely anything that could pull her away from indulging. Whatever questions or statements Adrian was going to ask at that moment would have to die in his throat as the giant woman opened her mouth wide, and snapped her jaws over the top half of his body all at once.


A soft moan echoed from the depths of Miranda's throat as she tilted her head back and let gravity grab hold of Adrian. Despite the obvious knowledge of his fate, as well as the futility of resisting, he found himself doing exactly that. Adrian Drake, lost the fight to the woman's throat, and was sentenced to eternal damnation within her belly.

Or at least, for the rest of his life. Which came to an end shortly after. The lack of air meant that he was in rough shape the moment he'd landed inside of her. And when he walked into that bright white light, he thought back to his most pleasant memories. Of which there were surprisingly few. As if he'd only popped into existence a few minutes prior.

Thus ends Adrian Drake, the man who made love to a beautiful woman, then promptly met his end inside of her.




Adrian Drake gasped. He'd been holding his breath, and he hadn't even realized it. For a moment he forgot where he was. Visions of... death hung heavy in his mind. Images of Miranda looming large and swallowing him whole? They seemed preposterous, but they were still so vivid.
"Miranda!" he said aloud, remembering what he was doing before he'd spaced out. Today was Friday! He'd just asked his secretary out, and she'd agreed to go on a date with him!


"Yes?"
Adrian whipped his head to the side, embarrassment coursing through him. He'd just said her name aloud, and she was looking at him with confusion. And... something else. Something he couldn't quite place his finger on.
"Something wrong, Adrian?"
"...Yes, actually. I... I have a question." Adrian barely managed to say as anxiety grabbed hold of him.


"Oh? Well if there's anything that needs to be addressed, leave it to me." Miranda said, nodding respectfully. "That's what I get paid for!"
Adrian looked her up and down. The more he looked at her... the more he felt deeply buried thoughts return. Memories that scared him, and made him afraid to confront her... but he was no coward. He was strong of mind, will, and body! Taking a deep breath, Adrian spoke his mind.

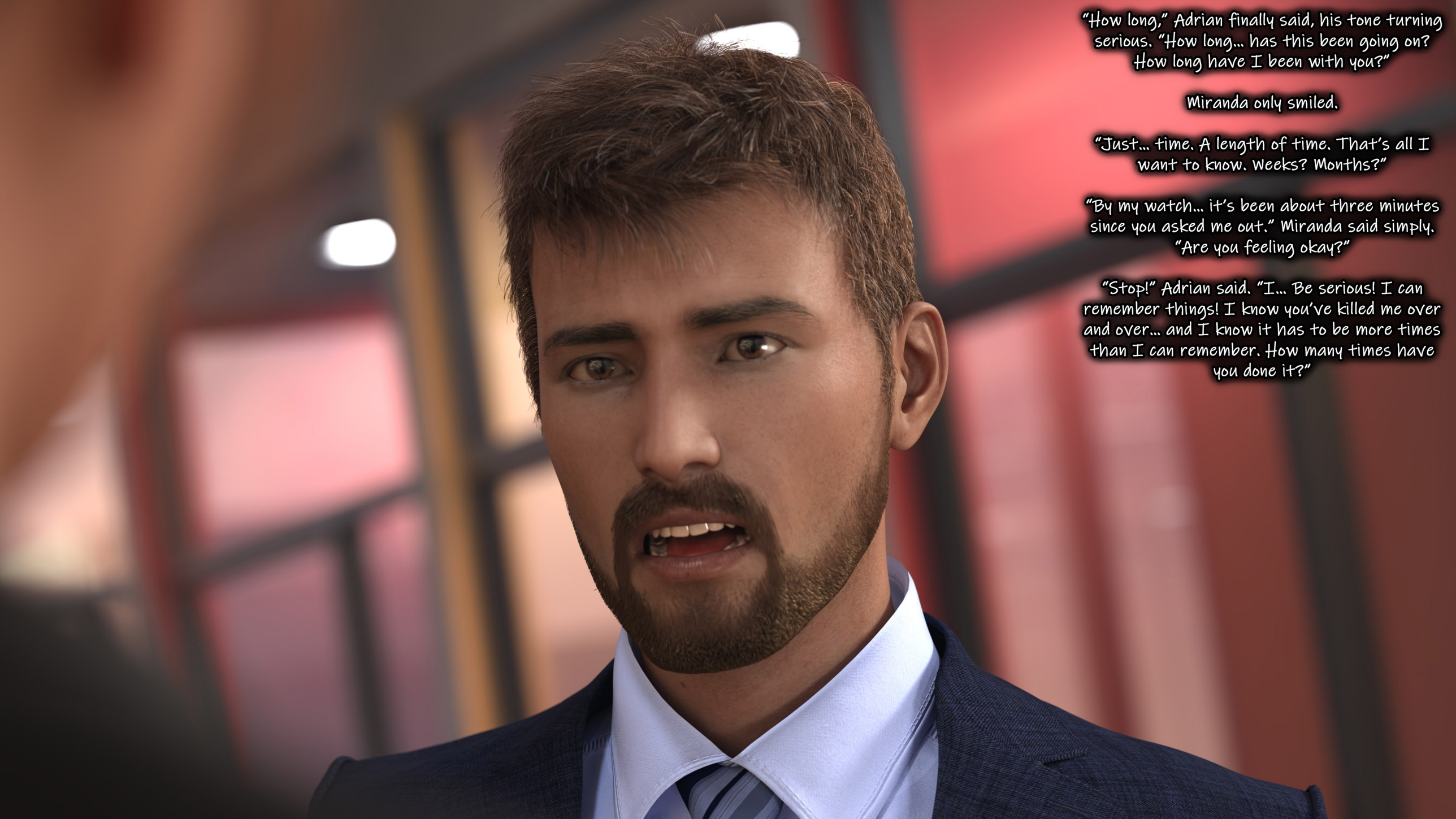


"I..." He began, fear immediately creeping back into his tone. "I...I know." He choked out, before balling his hands into fists and continuing. "I know there's no point in begging you not to... you know."

"Are you feeling okay?" Miranda asked. Though it was phrased as concern, the hint of mischief in her expression told Adrian was onto something, and he charged headlong into what was weighing on his mind.

"Can I ask you something? I... know that there's nothing I can do to stop it. I can't kill myself, and you always do something to me in the end. I can't escape. But..."

"Out with it." Miranda said, her patience beginning to wear thin.



"How long," Adrian finally said, his tone turning serious. "How long... has this been going on? How long have I been with you?"

Miranda only smiled.

"Just... time. A length of time. That's all I want to know. Weeks? Months?"

"By my watch... it's been about three minutes since you asked me out." Miranda said simply. "Are you feeling okay?"

"Stop!" Adrian said. "I... Be serious! I can remember things! I know you've killed me over and over... and I know it has to be more times than I can remember. How many times have you done it?"



"Are you sure you don't want to just go on that date?" Miranda asked with a pout. "We can fuck like rabbits after!"

"Just... tell me." Adrian said. As he did, Miranda's expression grew more serious, and it was clear something had changed. She scoffed at the man in front of her, then folded her arms under her chest.

"More times than you can count." She said flatly. "More times than anyone would ever care to keep track of, really. The number doesn't matter, Adrian. Because I'm only just getting started."

"How long then!" He begged. "How long have you been doing this?"


"Stupid question." Miranda said as she began to grow right in front of Adrian. "Time isn't a straight line. Not when I'm in control of you." As she spoke, she pulled open the front of her suit, popping off buttons and exposing more of her chest to the air.
"Just put it in a way I would understand then!" Adrian begged.
"Centuries?" Miranda asked, her smile only widening as a look of abject horror formed on Adrian's face. "Maybe even millennia. Like I said, I don't keep track of these things. Numbers don't interest me. You should know that, Adrian. You hired me."


"How...?"
"You just love asking boring questions." Miranda laughed. "The details don't matter. What matters is you're mine, Adrian. You're stuck with me forever. There is no escape." With a sudden THUD Miranda's head bumped into the ceiling, but she wasn't the least bit bothered by it.


"Just one last question-"
"You only remembered the last couple dozen because I let you." Miranda said, before ripping her shirt off entirely. She tossed the garment aside, letting it drift to the floor as she continued to grow even larger. "Any other stupid questions?"
"Is this... Am I in...?"
"Hell? No." Miranda grinned.


"Then is this-"
"No, it's not heaven, either." Miranda explained. "Although... if you play your cards right, it might as well be."
Adrian took a step back, locking eyes with the enormous figure looming directly above him. "You... Are you a demon? The devil?"


Miranda sighed. "Look, Adrian. I'm not Beelzebub. I'm not a demon. I'm not an angel. I'm not a magical genie from a lamp. I'm not an alien. I'm not your inner psyche. And you're not part of a simulation. I swear, you watch way too many sci-fi movies."
Adrian didn't know what else to say. One by one she'd listed off every single thought that had entered his mind about what she may be, leaving him utterly stupefied. Dumbfounded. Unable to comprehend a single thing.
"Let's just agree that I'm beyond your comprehension." Miranda explained. "And to answer your next question, we met under normal circumstances. I sent in an application and you hired me, just like anyone else."


"But-"
"But nothing." Miranda said, lunging forward so she bowled over Adrian with her colossal breasts. He skidded across the floor dangerously, before finding himself staring straight down the barrel of one of the giantess's tits directly in front of him. "This conversation is over. Let's get to the fun part, or I'll make you forget this entire conversation the next time you die, and we'll start from a blank slate all over again."


"Do you want me to-"
"Want? No." Miranda said, gradually lowering her chest further. As she did, her nipple pressed into Adrian's face, flattening out against it and smothering him for a few seconds before pulling away. "I EXPECT you to suck." She finally said, leaving her nipple dangling just above Adrian's face.

He did as told.

At least, to the best of his abilities. But Miranda's growth made it far more difficult than it should have been. Her nipple alone was bigger than some of his previous hookup's breasts, and it filled his mouth entirely. He tried to suck, but wasn't able to do much more than lick.


Still, it seemed to work.
Almost too well. Miranda moaned in pleasure from Adrian's efforts, and settled a bit more of her weight onto his body. As she did her breast again flattened out against Adrian's face, cutting off all air. Making matters worse, her arousal meant that her nipples were stiffening up and swelling, gradually forcing Adrian's jaws open even wider.


Not wanting to have his jaw split apart, Adrian pushed back against Miranda's breast. He sank his hands deep into her soft skin, trying his best to lift enough of it away to allow him some air.
"You're still fighting!" Miranda laughed. "Even after all this, you think you can resist!"


Saying this, Miranda grew once again. It was enough to instantly overwhelm Adrian. Any headway he'd made towards freeing himself was completely undone as hundreds more pounds of flesh plopped straight onto him, pinning his entire body to the floor.
"You'll learn someday, Adrian. But... it doesn't seem like it's going to be today."


Adrian begged her to let up. He screamed at the top of his lungs, but he was completely smothered beneath her. The nipple that filled his mouth had grown along with the rest of her body, and was pushing deeper into his throat, only making his situation all the more dire.


Adrian felt his body weaken. His lungs burned, begging for air. Tears formed in the corners of his eyes as he searched for air... but received none. Miranda remained in complete control of every aspect of his life, and he would live or die entirely on her whims.
And unfortunately for Adrian, it seemed as if she weren't interested in allowing him to live.


Miranda moaned, arousal flooding her body once again. There were few things she loved more than experiencing Adrian meet his end at her body in countless inventive ways. Oftentimes it was as sustenance for her form, but she certainly enjoyed shaking things up from time to time.


And as the weight of her breast increased further, bending his bones to their breaking point until he was turned to a broken mess underneath her, she sighed. The exhale was enough to push her chest out further, and crush the man beneath the weight of her chest alone.


Adrian Drake perished underneath Miranda, as he had countless times before. Far too many to even put into words. Far too many to even bother thinking about. Because if death wasn't eternal, then it held little significance. That was how Miranda viewed things, anyway.


Adrian wasn't quite so lucky.
When he awoke this time, he remembered everything. There was no moment of awkwardness as a new scenario unfolded inside of his mind. Nothing of the sort. He awoke on top of something soft, and fleshy. And he knew exactly what it had to be, given what had just happened to him.


And yet, he wasn't prepared for the sight that greeted him.
When Adrian felt Miranda's skin beneath him, he thought she would have been the size of a small building. She would perhaps mock him for a bit, let him know how futile it was to attempt to defy fate, then end his life.
This... was something else entirely. Miranda wasn't just a woman anymore. She was a living landscape.


His feet sank into her soft skin as he moved forward. He didn't know where to. Only that he felt as if he should move towards her face. If only so he could receive a modicum of acknowledgment before meeting his end yet again.
As he walked, he marveled at the sheer scale of the gorgeous woman. At all that she was, and could be. Her bellybutton was a deep crevasse. One that he may never be able to escape from, if he were to fall inside.


Still, Adrian continued onward. Thoughts swirled through his mind as he considered his fate. Was there any way out of this endless cycle? Would Miranda grow bored of toying with him?
As he reached her cleavage, he found it difficult to watch. Both from the distracting sight of the twin peaks stretching high into the sky on either side of him... as well as from the gentle rise and fall from her breathing.


She had to be aware of his presence. She had placed him here, obviously. There was some element of intent to what was happening now. But that did little to diminish the sheer vastness of her enormous form. He wondered how high up he was. Was he even normal-sized? For all he knew he himself could have been thousands of feet tall, and it wouldn't matter if Miranda was the size of a country.


He continued onward, dense clouds making it difficult to see ahead. What would he see when he got past them? Would she be surprised? Or ignore him?
"MIRANDA!" He called out between cupped hands. He wasn't sure what sort of a response he wanted... but it didn't matter. Because he only received eerie silence in return.

Her skin was soft. Pliant. Easy to grab and hold onto. And so, when Adrian reached Miranda's neck... he did what only felt natural.

He climbed.

He'd made a decision. He was going to take his destiny into his own hands. And he was going to do that in the only way he knew how. Brimming with purpose, he ascended up the monolithic woman's chin. One hand after another. One foot after another.



When the landscape leveled out, he looked ahead. There was a smaller climb ahead.

Her lips.

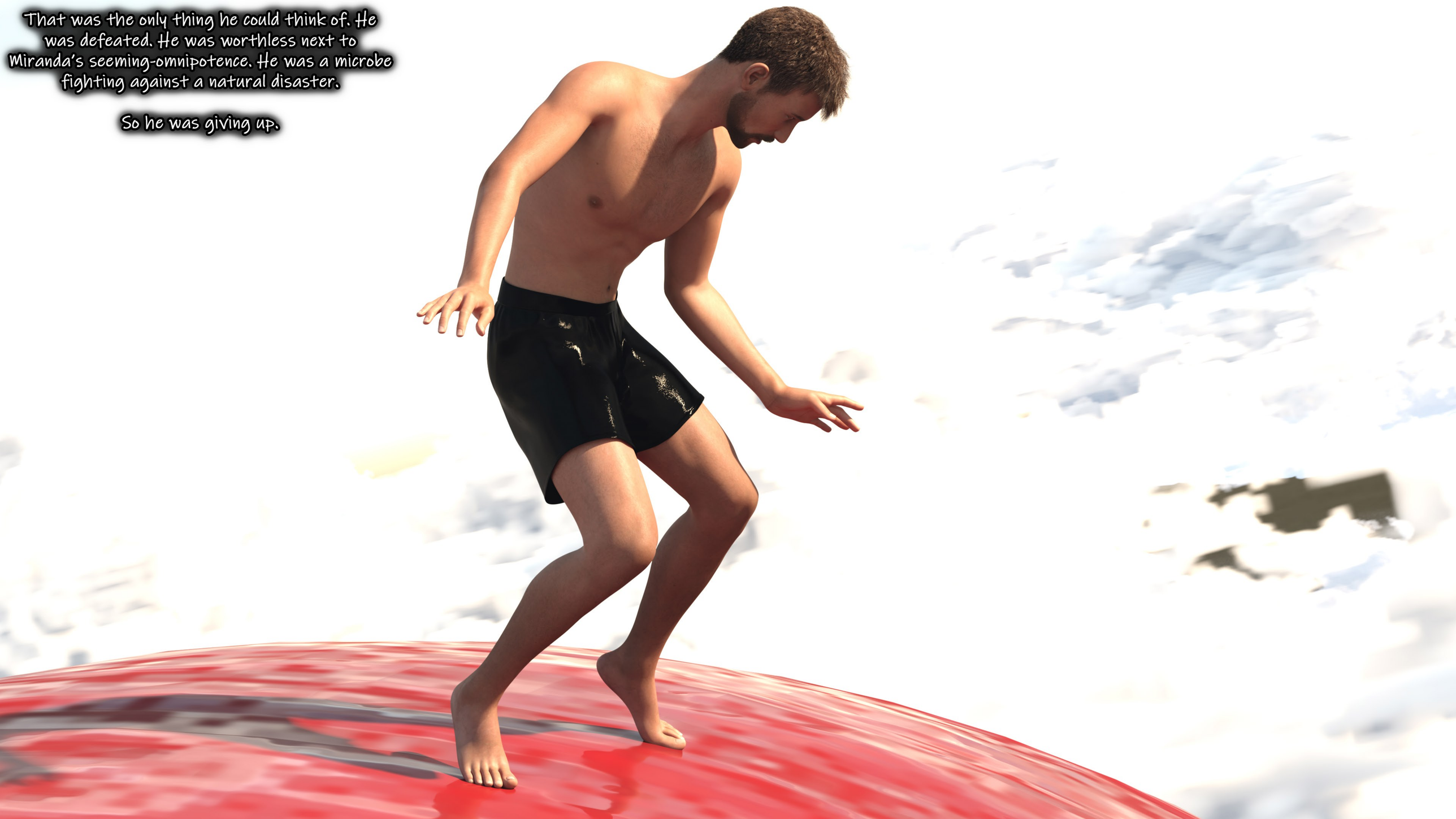
He paused for a moment to catch his breath and gather himself. Still Miranda hadn't acknowledged him, but he didn't care about that anymore. He knew what his goal was.




The next climb was easier. Far shorter than the one before, and the glossy red lipstick only aided his climb. As he stood on top of Miranda's lips he looked ahead, and saw that her eyes were closed. It seemed as if she were napping, but given what he knew now... he had his doubts.
Looking down, Adrian could see her parted lips. Warm gusts of wind came from them regularly, threatening to blow him back several feet if he got too close to the edge.


"MIRANDA!"
Adrian waited.
She did not respond.
It was about what he expected at this point. She was probably enjoying the fear coursing through his veins as he considered his plan, and if it was the right thing to do.


Her lips shifted underneath him, and he steadied himself.
There was something Miranda had kept saying to him over and over that seemed strange. He thought she was getting off on his futile resistance... but it always seemed as if she was scolding him for trying to fight back. And if that were the case, then what did she want? Total submission?


That was the only thing he could think of. He was defeated. He was worthless next to Miranda's seeming-omnipotence. He was a microbe fighting against a natural disaster.
So he was giving up.


Adrian Drake, the man who had nothing, took fate into his own hands.
Or, at least the best he could, given the circumstances. In truth Miranda was in charge. She had been all along, and she always would be. He was a fool for thinking otherwise, and when he jumped off of the giant woman's lips and into that black abyss, he felt at peace.
He was the boss. He was in charge.


Or so he told himself. He fell into the open mouth for what felt like eons, watching as gigantic teeth and a mile-long tongue fell past him. Hot breath buffeted him as he fell, briefly slowing his descent. He knew what awaited him below, and he was okay with that.
And so, Adrian Drake met yet another untimely end. This one, however, was unique from the countless ends before it. For Adrian had taken fate into his own hands, and ended his life on his terms.
Just as Miranda wanted.


There was no finality this time, however. Though he couldn't see in the darkness, he was only inches away from having his entire body crumple into a messy pile, when he awoke here.
Miranda was smiling down at him yet again, at a far more manageable size.


"That was new." she said matter-of-factly. "I'm impressed, Adrian. All this time fighting, protesting, and refusing to give in... and now you've finally realized the truth. That was the first time you ever sacrificed yourself, rather than continue to fight the inevitable."
"So that's it, huh?" Adrian asked, elation creeping in. "I solved your little test! That means you're going to stop-"
"It means nothing." Miranda said with a hint of bemusement.


"But... You said..."
"This wasn't a test, Adrian. You came to that conclusion yourself. I just wanted to see you show some initiative, and you finally have. You're still going to be mine... but that was the first step towards acceptance. Congratulations."


"But... I don't want to..."
"Accept it." Miranda said flatly. "The more you fight, the more you resist, the more you want things to go back to normal, the more miserable you'll be. Give in, accept your new lot in life, and you'll be happier than you can possibly imagine."
Adrian was at a loss for words. He'd imagined the scenario like a video game. A puzzle that had to be solved, and he expected lavish praise and for the credits to roll once he'd figured out the truth. Instead he was left with nothing. Only the acknowledgment that he was wasting his time for trying at all.


"For someone so dim, you think too much." Miranda said, scooping Adrian up from the bed. As she did, he realized that they weren't in his bedroom at all. They were atop an enormous bed that utterly dwarfed New York City.


He watched as Miranda placed both of her heels into Manhattan below, utterly decimating large swaths of the city. As she did he could again hear the distant cries of countless victims meeting untimely ends. And this time... he did not feel sorry for them. Instead he decided to do as Miranda had suggested, and view things differently.


If it made Miranda happy... then he was glad she got to do it.
And so ends the story once and for all of Adrian Drake, Miranda Voss's employer and boss. In his place was Adrian Drake, loyal and submissive pet.


End of Part 2

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