
Tammy is God

ART BY JACKOFBULLETS

STORY BY REDFIREDOG


The maid carried the tray into the room, making sure to move as steadily as possible. She was careful not to drop it, and just as careful to not let her smile slip. She knew what could happen if she made a mistake.


The maid set the first plate down in front of Richard, the man of the house. She gave him a smile. One that was friendly, yet professional. Something that couldn't possibly be mistaken for flirtatious.
"This looks wonderful, as always." Richard said with carefully-practiced politeness.
"Thank you. I'll relay your compliments to the chef!" She replied. For the briefest of instants her arm brushed against Richard's shoulder, and she quickly pulled away. The maid hoped that She hadn't noticed that.
BRUNELLO
DI
STELVECCHIO
2008
750ml
RED WINE - VIN ROUGE


Next, she delivered a plate to Sarah. She, too, gave a polite compliment to the maid. The maid thought Sarah seemed kind. She was nothing like the numerous stories she'd heard about the girl.


Finally, it was time to serve Tammy. The maid walked up to her, careful not to get too close. The maid could feel her heart racing, but she had a job to do. She set the plate down carefully on the table, trying not to think about what could happen if she dropped it onto the older woman.


"Here you are, God." The maid said. She stood there for a moment, expecting a response, but silence hung in the air.


Tammy sat there, looking critically over the food. As the silence continued, the maid began to wonder if she'd made some mistake. Maybe the food wasn't up to Tammy's standards? Maybe Tammy thought she'd smiled at Her husband for a bit too long. Or maybe she was making a mistake now, by continuing to stand here instead of moving on...


Then, finally, Tammy turned and smiled at the maid. "God is such a formal title for the dinner table," She teased. "Please, when you're around the house you may refer to me as Tammy. The food looks wonderful, by the way. You're so much better than that last maid! It's a real shame what she made me do."


The table was set, and dinner had been served. It was time to eat... But as usual, Tammy's son was glued to the TV.


"Jacob, it's time for dinner! Turn that thing off and sit with us." Tammy said sweetly.
"Just a second, Mom." He said. "There's something going on in D.C...."

On the screen, two reporters were sitting in front of the camera, grinning with smiles that didn't quite meet their eyes. They looked young, nervous, and more than a little inexperienced. They were trying just a little too hard... almost as if they had an inkling She may be watching.





PRESIDENT PREPARES TO DELIVER SPEECH

BSN



PRESIDENT PREPARES TO DELIVER SPEECH

BSN



PRESIDENT PREPARES TO DELIVER SPEECH

BSN



PRESIDENT PREPARES TO DELIVER SPEECH

BSN


Tammy smiled at the screen, pleased with what She was hearing. No matter how many times She was lavished with praise, She never got tired of it. She could watch TV for hours, and listen to all the reporters talk about how righteous She was. Some part of Her was tempted to leave the TV on, just so She could listen to them... But rules were rules. Sunday dinner is strictly family time, and that meant no TV.


"Jacob, please turn that off." She said, speaking with a slightly harsher tone. "I'm glad you're enjoying the devotional, but we don't watch TV at dinner. I was hoping to tell the family about the Beaumont dedication..."


"Just a minute, okay God?" he said. "There's something going on at the event."
PRESIDENT PREPARES TO DELIVE


On the TV, the footage of the speech was abruptly interrupted. The feed cut to the city, showing shaky live footage. A crowd of angry people stood, holding protest signs. Jacob's eyes widened as he read them. Every sign was more offensive than the last.
GOD ISN'T A PSYCHO BITCH
SHE'S A FALSE GOD
LIAR
SHE'S A FALSE GOD
FALSE IDOL
SHE'S A FALSE GOD
GOD ISN'T A PSYCHO BITCH


The feed abruptly cut back to the news station. Madison was visibly sweating, shuffling papers. "We're, uhh, experiencing some technical difficulties." She said awkwardly. "Uhh, David?"


"We certainly are, and we apologize for any images that may have been broadcast. We'll, ah... We'll get that sorted out at once. In the meantime, let's go back to our earlier coverage of the president's speech..."


Tammy stood behind David, staring at the TV. She didn't appear distressed. She had the same sly smile that She always wore. But something behind Her eyes had shifted.


Tammy turned towards Jacob, shaking Her head. "You know, it just breaks My heart. It really does. That there are people out there with so much hatred in their souls. So much hurt. I'm going to take a moment to pray for them."


Richard was starting to get worried. He'd seen Her act like this before, and he knew how it typically ended.
"Tammy, your food is getting cold." He told Her. "Sunday dinner is for the family, right? We should enjoy our dinner now, shouldn't we?"


"Just a moment." Tammy sighed. She closed Her eyes, really closed them. In Her mind's eye, She pictured the world. Somehow, She could feel just where the protest was happening. She'd never been there in person, but she could sense the exact location, down to the very street corner. She looked, closer and closer, until she was finally there.
"Tammy, wait!" Richard called out. "Tammy, let's talk for a second!" He rushed over to her, but he'd taken only a few steps when She vanished.


Tammy was gone. There was no bright flash of light, no abrupt sound that indicated anything had happened. She simply vanished from view in the blink of an eye, and the sound of Her husband was replaced with a cacophony of other voices, all of them shouting angrily.


Tammy opened Her eyes. She was pleased to see just how many protesters had gathered, holding their little signs. So far, with all the chaos, no one had noticed Her yet. She knew that wouldn't take long.


Finally, a flicker of recognition. One of them caught a glimpse of Her, not quite believing that She was really there. More eyes turned to Her, trying to make sense of what they were seeing.
GOD ISN'T A PSYCHO BITCH
I WON'T WORSHIP THAT FAT UGLY CUNT
GOD
PSYCH
SHE'S A FALSE GOD
LIAR
GOD ISN'T A PSYCHO
HH
HH


When She first saw them on TV, Tammy had taken offense. But now, looking at them, it was hard to feel much except amusement. They looked so pathetic standing there. They held their stupid little signs in the air, as if a few words on a board could hurt Her. They were such small little people... And She was going to remind them just how small they truly were.
Her smile widened.



Back home, the others watched the TV in silence. They waited with baited breath, eager to see what Tammy did next.

The TV cut to live footage from a cameraman on the ground. The crowd of protestors stood, frozen in fear. And there, standing across from them, was Tammy.

On TV, the reporter smiled wide. "The crowd turnout is even better than expected. Wait. I'm receiving reports that Tammy Herself has decided to grace us with Her presence! It looks like She's speaking to some protesters..."


The crowd was absolutely motionless. Everyone was watching Tammy, waiting to see what She would do. No one wanted to draw Her attention.
She stared down one particular protester who had brought an especially insulting sign. The young man wore a black turtleneck, maybe twenty-five. He was staring right back at Her, hardly able to breathe after this latest turn of events. He was a handsome young man, who could have had a long, bright future ahead of him. It was a shame he'd done something so utterly foolish.
GOD ISN'T A PSYCHO BITCH
GOD ISN'T A PSYCHO BITCH


Tammy looked around at the crowd with the expression of a disappointed mother who was ready to dole out punishment.


A man wearing a gray shirt suddenly bolted for it. Some animal part of his brain kicked in, overriding his better senses. Tammy watched him run with amusement. He was finally recognizing Her power.
CRAZY!


Just like that, the dam burst. Somewhere behind Her, a woman shrieked. The whole crowd came apart at once, and everyone ran for it. Tammy watched them go with a small, patient smile. This was how it always started. They forgot themselves for a moment, and then they remembered.
I WON'T WORSHIP THAT FAT UGLY CUNT


She tilted Her head back and breathed in the crisp air. It was such a lovely afternoon for this. She took a second to savor the moment.
Then She let go.


It came on all at once.
She felt the pleasant stretch in Her back, and the soles of Her feet. It was so much like sinking into a warm bath that She almost sighed out loud.


She kept going. Soon She stood eight feet tall.
Then ten. As She climbed higher, the
worshipers behind Her cheered loudly.


More. Some of them were singing a song of praise now. It started to catch on, spreading through the crowd.


She kept growing. A few seconds later, She was twenty feet tall.
MIDCITY


She grew bigger. The worshipers were all singing in unison. Their voices were beautiful, and it made Her heart swell up. They wanted to see Her exert Her power, and She wasn't going to let them down.
PAY DAY LOANS
MIDCITY


Soon, She stood a mighty fifty feet tall. She threw Her hands back, relishing in Her massive scale.
The protesters were in a panic now as they pushed through the narrow gate. The screaming got thinner, further, quieter. The ground dropped away beneath Her heels.


She stopped. She stood well over eight stories now, perhaps even ten. She felt the pavement break apart beneath Her weight. She was pleased with this size.
SHE'S A FALSE GOD
GOD ISN'T A PSYCHO BITCH


On the speaking platform far below, the president was clapping for her. The last time She'd appeared this way in front of him, it had been to threaten him into submission. He was so relieved that this time, the protesters were taking the heat.


He was staring up at Her with his mouth slightly agape, as he saw her impressive ass rising above him. Suddenly realizing what he was doing, he quickly averted his gaze, looking up at Her shoulder instead. He did his best not to think any sort of impure thoughts, just in case She could tell.


Nearer the platform, the crowd of worshipers still stood in the shadow of Her massive heels. They looked up at Her with their hands raised, overcome by awe. They were weeping and praising and calling out Her name.
SALE 75%


Tammy turned toward the protesters and took a step. Behind Her, the cheering swelled into something like a roar, and it moved through Her like a hand up Her back.


Her heel came down in the courtyard, right where the offending group had been standing with their ignorant little slogans a moment ago. When She stepped down, there was nothing left there but a single discarded sign.
GOD ISN'T A PSYCHO BITCH


Tammy shook Her head. They were cowards, like all nonbelievers. Soon enough, She would teach them the errors of their ways.
SHE'S A FALSE GOD
SHE'S A FALSE GOD
I WON'T WORSHIP A THAT FAT UGLY CUNT
SUMMER
Phone



She stepped out onto the sidewalk. Her heel barely missed a college girl, who darted out of the way at the last second. She had gotten lucky. It was a mistake that Tammy would fix soon enough.


They ran from Her in every direction, screaming in fear as they pushed past each other. She felt that lovely warmth spread out low in Her loins, and She told Herself it was righteousness.


She raised Her foot above them and held it there. This was the part She liked to relish. Every one of those little faces looking up. She pondered Her decision, and they could only await their verdict.
ISN'T A
BITCH


She brought the heel down on the man in the gray shirt, the one who'd started the stampede. He'd made it two blocks amidst the chaos, which was really quite good. The sensation of his demise was small, and wet, and satisfying.
FAT UGL
CUNT
Easy St


She followed the rest of them around the corner, taking Her time. There was no need to rush; they couldn't hope to outrun Her, and it was so much nicer to let them believe they could. The tail end of the crowd streamed down the avenue below Her, a teeming mass of panic.
SHE'S A FALSE GOD
I WON'T WORSHIP THAT FAT, UGLY CUNT


She was right in the middle of downtown now, and the sidewalks here were full of bystanders. Faces turned up toward Her from every doorway and crosswalk, and She could see the ones who were praying, hands clasped, mouths moving. Her people. She walked carefully down in the empty center lane, careful as a woman crossing a wet kitchen floor in stockings. Though her worshipers were innumerable, she would prefer not to lose one over sloppy footwork.
SHE'S A FALSE GOD!
CDF 7868


A van skidded up onto the curb below and a cameraman and reporter both came tumbling out while still assembling their equipment. Tammy liked that. They knew what mattered. She gave the cameraman a moment to find his focus, knowing that a good shot required patience. And then She raised Her heel above the knot of protesters trapped against the plaza steps.
BREAKING NEWS
S A GOD


She stepped down. The woman caught beneath
Her had been shouting obscenities a moment ago,
and now she wasn't shouting anything at all.
There was a small crunch, barely noticeable
through the heel. Like stepping on a paper cup in
a parking lot. Tammy felt it travel up through
Her ankle and settle somewhere warm.
SHOES
GOD ISN'T A PSYCHO BITCH


She walked forward and lifted Her other foot over a young woman who had tripped while running. A cute little redhead, old enough that she could have had a few kids, if she hadn't wasted her time on higher education. The kind of girl who'd have been snapped up by a nice husband in a year or two. It was such a shame she'd made Tammy do this.


Tammy set Her foot down, and erased the shame with a nice little crunch.
A man in a red shirt was still running, arms pumping, tie flapping over his shoulder. He looked back up at Her, which was a mistake because it got Her attention. Tammy raised Her foot, then placed it down, and the red shirt disappeared beneath Her sole like a dropped napkin.
SHE'S A FALSE GOD


She took another step and considered Her options. She noticed a shaggy-haired man, and there was something about him that She simply didn't care for.
I WON'T WORSHIP THAT FOR LESS THAN ONE!
SHE'S FALSE GOD!
FOR SALE


She brought Her heel down. He tried to scramble out from behind the planter and stumbled forward, still clutching his blasphemous sign as he fell to the ground.
I WON'T WORSHIP THAT FAT UGLY CUNT
SHE'S A FALSE GOD
MENS SHOES
N 72nd St


She stepped down. He went splat. What was left of the crowd erupted in screams, running with a manic energy that would not be enough to save them.
MAKE YOUR VOICE HEARD
VOTE MAYOR GOLDIE


She raised Her foot above the next one, a man who had stopped running altogether. She looked down at him, and realized that his hands were clasped together in prayer. Maybe it was a cynical attempt to appeal to her, or maybe he'd found religion in his last moments. Either way, she declined to answer his prayer.


She stepped down on him. Another handsome young man, She noted, with real regret. It was always the handsome ones out here with their signs. There must have been something in that, something about pride, she presumed.
I WON'T WORSHIP THAT FAT UGLY CUNT
MIDCIT


She raised Her foot over a woman who had fallen onto the ground. She stepped down without breaking stride.
LIAR
I WON'T WORSHIP THAT FAT UGLY CUNT


Another step. Another crunch. She noticed a proper-looking college girl in a uniform, sneakers squeaking as she tried to reverse direction on the pavement. So many of them looked like young college students with their whole lives ahead of them. Their professors must have filled their heads with poison against her. Tammy would have to do something about these wicked establishments later... but that was something that could wait until another day.
I WON'T WORSHIP THAT FAT CUNT!
MIDCITY


Tammy stepped down, and crushed the college girl with a nasty little crunch. It felt good, knowing that another sinner had been cleansed beneath Her heel.
She raised Her foot above another man who was carrying another horrible sign. There was something about him that Tammy didn't care for, although She couldn't quite put Her finger on it. Perhaps it was the sound of his voice, or maybe his choice of clothing on such a sunny day.
LIAR



Or maybe it was the sign, She wondered. Regardless, She stepped down. Whatever thoughts remained in his hateful little brain spilled out onto the sidewalk.

Now then there was only one left at the front of the line. The man in the black turtleneck. The first one who'd noticed Her. The one who said such nasty things on his sign. He was the one who had made Her heart hurt. He'd fallen onto his back amidst all the chaos. He was staring up at Her, still clutching his hateful little sign in an act of defiance.


She looked down Her nose at him. He looked like such a sniveling coward, with that rat-like face and those small clenched hands. "Was this worth it?" She asked. "All that anger you carried around in your heart, and you couldn't spare a single word of it for a prayer. Not one. You could have repented, but you'd rather hold onto your little board. It isn't too late, honey. There's still time to ask Me nicely."


He hurled the sign away without a moment's notice. It clattered onto the ground, that hateful thing. She watched him stammer for a moment before any sound came out of his mouth. "Please. Please, God. Don't kill me. Please, please."


He rolled onto his knees and raised his hands into the air. He held both hands open and lifted them towards Her, shaking as he did so. She'd seen a thousand of them do this in their final moments, and they never learned their lesson. Not that She minded. This was the part that never got old, the part that made Her heart sing: proud men on their knees, begging for mercy She did not have to give.


"I'm sorry," he called up to Her. "I'm- I'm sorry, I didn't mean it! I didn't... Please, I have a mother, I have a sister, please, I'll do anything, I'll say anything You want..."


She smiled down at him. It was the smile She used for door-to-door salesmen, and for children who had asked for a second dessert. "That was beautiful, honey." She said. "Really. But you have to understand... if I answered every ingrate's desperate prayer, nobody would ever bother to live a good life in the first place."


She lifted Her heel. It hung there above him, looming like death itself. She watched him gaze up into that shadow. He'd given up on talking. She liked to imagine that, in his last moments, he finally accepted Her punishment as just.


She came down slow. This wasn't the quick clean crunch She'd given the others. He was the last one. He was the example that would make headlines over the following days. This time, She pressed her heel down slowly, savoring it. She felt his body give under Her, little by little. She felt the small frantic scrabbling of his hands against Her pointed toe. The sound of his bones snapping was loud enough that She could hear it from eight stories up.


Then She twisted Her ankle, snuffing him the way any other women would put out a cigarette. His mewling stopped. She looked at the avenue behind Her, at all the little dark marks scattered down the pavement and the plaza steps. Eleven, maybe twelve. That was plenty. She had made her point, and showed the world that the wages of blasphemy were death.
HOTEL


She turned and looked back at Her work spread out along the street. It made Her feel exactly the way a clean kitchen did. Better, maybe. She smiled.


"You should have been grateful for everything I've given you." She said back to them, "and instead you came with vulgar obscenities."
N447BL


She noticed some reporters, so She smiled and waved down to them. Reporters used to be so rude to her, but now only the nice ones were left. That was another little thing that She was proud of: everyone was so much more polite.
She started walking, unhurried, and then She heard it: the flat chopping thud coming in from up ahead, right at Her eye level.


She looked up into the news helicopter that swung into view. A cameraman hung out the open door and focused directly onto Her face. Her people were watching. Her family was watching. She lifted one hand and waved, slow and gracious, like when She was a pageant queen.

In the dining room, nobody had touched their food. They stood in front of the TV, close enough to the screen that they could see the grain in the footage. There She was, eight stories of Tammy, waving the same way that She did at church picnics. Behind Her, down the length of the avenue, the pavement was marked with long dark smears.




Sarah sat upright, biting her lip like she often did when she was nervous. She knew everything Mom did was righteous, she was just trying to understand why She felt the need to do such a thing.


Her husband hadn't blinked. He rubbed his jaw while he thought it over, considering how the optics of this would play out.


Jacob stared at the TV, simmering in anger. He was still trying to make sense of what he'd just seen.


"We should get back to dinner." Richard said, standing up and straightening his shirt. "Tammy will be back soon, and She'll want to enjoy Her meal. Let's not do anything to upset Her. Come on, let's sit back down."
TAMMY PROTECTS BELIEVERS FROM
ORISTS
BS


On the screen, the anchors came back. Madison's skin had a shine to it under the lights and her hands were flat on her papers to keep them from shaking.
"What an incredible scene." She said, before clearing her throat. "We just saw Tammy Herself restore the peace after those violent and hateful extremists opened fire on innocent people."
Jacob stared the screen. Nobody had opened fire. He'd watched the whole thing. There wasn't a gun in the entire courtyard, there wasn't even a rock thrown. There was a college girl in sneakers who couldn't turn around fast enough, and a group of people upset over the status quo.


The camera switched over to the other anchor. "Why, if not for Her swift justice, dozens of innocent people would have been brutally killed!" David said, folding his hands. "Once again, we're just so blessed to have Her, aren't we?"
"We sure are, David." Madison said.
Dulac
77°


David turned to his co-anchor with a smile that pulled the skin of his face too tight over the bone. "I'm afraid we're having more technical issues. We're going to, uh... We're going to take a short break. When we come back, we'll have more on the president's speech today. But first, a few words from our sponsors."
TAMMY
TAMMY IS GOD


Sarah dutifully made her way back to the table, and stared quietly at her food. Jacob didn't move. He got his phone out of his pocket and swiped through it.


The feed was moving faster than he'd ever seen it move, refreshing on itself. Screenshots of the helicopter's view, blurred to nothing, reposted from reposts. He scrolled silently and the words went by in fragments.


she just—
they were unarmed
[account suspended]
she just murdered them
DO NOT POST THIS will be taken down, screenshot and save
[account suspended]
my cousin was at that protest, he isn't answering
[account suspended]
[account suspended]
His hands had gone cold and damp around the phone. He scrolled up and half of what he'd just read wasn't there anymore, like it had never been typed at all.


Then the air in the room changed. He turned and saw She was standing by Her chair, casually smoothing Her dress down with both hands. It was almost as if nothing had happened. As if She'd stepped away to wash Her hands, and had returned.


"There you are!" She said, smiling at Her husband. "I'm so sorry, honey. Walking out in the middle of dinner, of all things. Terrible manners on my part. I'm absolutely starving now."


Tammy looked exactly the same as when She'd left. Not a hair moved out of place. There wasn't a wrinkle in Her blouse. But Jacob could have sworn he saw something, a tiny dark spot along the seam. He knew right away what that was.


Tammy sat down in Her chair and picked up Her fork. She looked around the table at all of them with Her usual warm smile. "Sarah, honey, I see you had your hair done." She said casually. "It looks lovely on you."
"Thanks, Mom." Sarah said.


Tammy prodded at Her plate and made a small disappointed sigh. "Oh dear, everything's gone cold. Richard, honey, would you take care of it?"


"Of course," He said, having already been moving towards her before She'd even spoke. He picked up Her plate, and glanced back at Jacob. The young man knew what that look meant. It meant sit still and eat your food.
Tammy smiled warmly at Sarah, both hands folded near Her fork like a woman on a coffee date. "Sorry about that. Where were we?"


"You were going to tell us about the Beaumont dedication." Sarah said.


"Oh, that's right!" Tammy brightened all at once, delighted.
"Yes. Yes, I was. It was just wonderful."


Richard came back with a fresh plate and set it down gently in front of Her, and She reached over and touched his arm as he did it, a little squeeze above the elbow.


"The new sanctuary is just gorgeous." She said. "They did the whole thing in white marble. Floor to ceiling. I've never seen anything like it, and I've seen a lot of sanctuaries."


Jacob nodded along absent-mindedly, paying little attention to what Tammy was saying. His mind kept going back to what he'd seen on TV. The bodies lying still on the pavements as the cracks around them filled with blood.
There must have been close to a dozen of them, he thought. And She'd just come back and acted like nothing happened.


Tammy continued, talking excitedly. "They've got this window behind the altar, this enormous stained-glass thing," She was saying. "Honestly, it made Me tear up. It was beautiful. It looked just like Me."


Richard forced a smile. "That sounds wonderful." He said.
"It really was."



The room got quieter, and Jacob felt the tension before he understood why. He noticed his father was staring into his plate. The pressure was getting to him too.

"Now." Tammy said, turning to the two of them. "How's college going? Jake, honey, last time we talked you seemed a little bit upset over something."


Jacob glanced at Sarah. It was just a brief flick of the eyes, but she knew immediately what it meant: "are you seeing this?"


Sarah gave a slight shake of her head, and silently mouthed the words: "She had to do it."
Jacob sighed. She wasn't lying. That was the thing about Sarah. She genuinely believed, deep down, that everything Tammy did was necessary... even when she didn't understand it.



"Jacob?" Tammy repeated, smiling at him across the table. Her expression was patient and bright, the way She often smiled at waiters. "How's college, sweetheart?"

"It's fine." He turned his head toward the window, pressing his lips together until they hurt. There was a spot on his tongue he kept biting.


"Just fine? That's all I get?" She laughed. "Surely there's more to say than that. Are you making friends? Are you going to services on Sundays? Because I know how easy it is to let that slide when you're away from home and there's nobody making sure you—"

"I go."

"I know you do. I know. I'm just asking, honey, because I remember what that age is like."


He looked up. He'd been thinking it over ever since he saw the footage. He kept wanting to say something, but kept stopping himself at the last minute. But now, finally, he was too angry to hold himself back.
"They're saying you massacred those protestors." He said flatly. "They weren't actually being violent, were they?"


Nobody moved. Least of all Tammy. She just looked at him, and smiled, as if Jacob hadn't said anything at all.


"You didn't really..." He sputtered off, trying to think of what to say. "I mean, the news said they opened fire, but I watched it, and I didn't see—"


"Sweetheart."
Her smile hadn't gone anywhere. She'd been ready for this.
"How many people did you—"
"Sweetheart. Look at Me, and listen." Her voice dropped, gentle, coaxing. "Those people were standing in a public street saying vile things in open defiance of Me. Things that were hurtful to Me and spiritually dangerous to everyone standing near them. You understand that, I'm sure."
BRUNELLO
DI
CASTELVECCHIO
2008


"They were protestors. They had signs. They couldn't have hurt anyone!"


"They weren't protesters." Tammy corrected. "They were blasphemers, Jacob. There's a difference, and I need you to understand that. I know that word sounds harsh to you. I know it does. But when somebody stands up in a public place and says those kinds of things, they aren't just hurting Me. They're poisoning everyone around them. They're spreading doubt, and fear, and spiritual sickness. I have a responsibility to protect My people from that. Even when it doesn't look pretty on television. That isn't something I take lightly, honey. It pains Me. It truly does."


Jacob looked at Her, and felt anger rising in his chest. "There were college students in that crowd," he said.
The table got very still. Richard was frozen. Sarah stared down at her plate silently.
"Jacob—"
"People my age." Now it was coming, and he couldn't stop it, and part of him didn't want to. "They were just protestors, Mom. They were standing in a street holding signs. That's it. That's all they did, and You went there and You killed every single one of them because a sign made You mad."


Tammy stared at her son for a long time. He watched Her face shift into something calm and resolute.
"I'm going to say this once." She said, eerily calm. "And I'm saying it because I love you, and because it's Sunday, and because I have chosen to be gracious with you tonight. You do not speak to Me that way at this table. Nobody speaks to Me that way. Anywhere. Ever. Am I understood?"
She held his gaze. "I'm being exceptionally patient with you because you are family, Jacob. If anyone else in this world spoke to Me the way you just did, I wouldn't be so forgiving."
"what, so You'd kill them?" His pulse was going in his ears. "Like You did with all those protestors?"


"Of course I would, My child," She said, like it was the most obvious thing in the world. "Blasphemy can't go unpunished. It simply can't. Now, I can be very patient with My children. You know that about Me. Everyone knows that about Me... but there are limits. And I would just hate to have to do something to ruin this beautiful dinner Maria worked so hard on."


Jacob looked away first. He pushed his chair back and quickly stood up.
"Whatever." he said. "I'm watching the game."


"I told you, Jacob. No TV during dinner."
"I don't care."


He took a second to breathe. It was all too much to deal with. He knew that watching a game wouldn't make all that tension go away, but it was something.



Jacob picked the remote and turned the TV on, only to find the President was in the middle of giving a speech.

"We are but insects in the shadow of Her glory," the president droned in his gravelly voice. "You may think that I am a great man, but I am not even a dust mite compared to Her incredible glory!" he said, his voice shaking.



PRESIDENT THOMPSON GIVES SPEECH | BSN


"Well isn't that nice of him to say?" Tammy mused. "I've never cared for that man, but he does say such nice things sometimes. I might just keep him around for a while longer..."
Jacob, meanwhile, couldn't bear to watch another moment of that sniveling sycophant. To see Her praised, after seeing what She did... It gave Jacob this horrible feeling in the pit of his gut. Did no one else feel that way about Her? Or were they all just trying to hide it?



Jacob furiously mashed the channel up button, until the sounds of college football filled the room. The play had already started. The quarterback took the ball and ran with it.


The defensive line pushed forward, and bodies slammed together. The offense shoved through it, and the quarterback nearly slipped before getting tackled. The crowd noise grew louder.
SHARKS 7
JETS 6


Jacob stared at the screen. He was eager to be done with the dinner, to pretend like everyone at that table simply didn't exist. But in spite of his best efforts to ignore her, he could still feel Her gaze on him.
"Turn it off." Tammy repeated.


He looked defiantly back at Tammy. "No." he told Her matter-of-factly. "Not until the game is over."
SHARKS 7
JETS 6


The camera cut to cheerleaders at the sideline. They waved pom-poms. Their outfits showed off their cleavage, and plenty of their thighs to boot.


Jacob smiled. The tension was still there, but it faded into the background for a moment. His thoughts were on the cheerleaders, and the way their chests bounced around as they moved.
BRUNELLO DI CASTELVECCHIO
2008


Tammy grimaced up at the screen. She looked at the cheerleaders, and shook her head in disgust.
"That's so sickening," she groaned. "They put those young women out there in those slutty little outfits. It's pornographic. They're trying to tempt good boys like you, leading you away from my light. But I'm not going to let them do that to you anymore."


Tammy closed Her eyes, and She saw the world. She could feel something within her pulling Her towards that place. She hadn't found it yet, but She was getting close.


Richard realized what she was doing, and looked at Her with concern. "H-Hold on a second, Tammy," he said. "Let's just talk about this for a second. Tammy, please..."


SHARKS 7
JETS 6
A moment later, it dawned on Jacob what she was about to do. "Wait, Mom!" he shouted. But it was too late. Before he'd finished his sentence, she was already gone.


Jacob looks up at the screen, and the horror slowly dawned upon him.
Tammy was there, standing at Her full height in the middle of the field. She had materialized right on the fifty-yard line, already enormous. Her heels towered over the terrified cheerleaders.


Tammy just stood in place, holding Her wine glass in hand. She must have been at least a hundred feet tall.
The announcer's breathless voice came through the speakers. "It looks as if Tammy Herself, the one true God, has decided to grace us with an appearance at our game. What an incredible surprise!"


The camera pushed in on Her face. She was looking at the cheerleaders with Her usual grin. It was the same expression She usually wore, but this time, Jacob knew it was bad news.


The shot cut to another camera, and Jacob saw them. The cheerleaders were staring up at Tammy in horror. Some of them had tripped and were laying on the ground. No one tried to run. They wouldn't dream of defying Her.


"Listen, you little harlots," She said. "Look at you. Out here half-dressed in front of thousands of people, and you thought I wouldn't notice? I'm always watching, honey."


Then She crouched down. Jacob watched Her free hand come down toward the sideline. The angry God stared at them, as Her hand descended towards the cheerleaders.


Her palm swept along the turf. The cheerleaders finally ran for it, sprinting as fast as their high-heeled boots would carry them. Jacob heard someone in the stands screaming into a live microphone.
CHEER
CHEER
CHEER


She ran Her fingers along the field, scooping up more of them in Her hand. She picked them up a few at a time, catching them like crumbs off a counter.


The camera followed Her hand as She took the cheerleaders, and Jacob could see them in there. They looked so tiny and fragile in Her hand. Little writhing limbs, so weak that She could break them all at once just by tightening her grip.


She looked at them, and then She looked at the glass. Jacob watched Her weigh it. He knew that pause. That was Her deciding something was going to be fine.


She held Her hand out over the mouth of the glass and just left it there for a moment. Jacob watched the camera hold on it.
Then She opened Her hand.


They came out of it all at once, a little handful of blue and white. They tumbled down into the bowl of the empty glass. Jacob's whole body went cold.
CHEER


She straightened up with the glass in Her hand, holding it the same way she did at the fundraisers. She looked into the camera, and swirled it once.
WORLD CHAMPIONS 1965
STRIKERS VS SHOCKERS
40 : 00


Then She stood to Her full height. She turned toward midfield and gave the players Her famous pageant wave. Jacob could see them, down there on the turf. They were big, burly men, but they looked like insects compared to Her.


The broadcast still hadn't cut. Jacob could hear the crowd noise coming out of the speakers, but it wasn't the usual cheers. It was slowly turning into a mix of shock and horror.
SHARKS 7
JETS 6


SHARKS 7
JETS 6
Jacob felt a familiar shift in the air. He looked back, and there She was.


She was already sitting in Her chair, looking as if She'd never even left. She had the glass up in Her right hand, held delicately by the stem. She was smiling back at all of them.
"No more distractions?" She said. "Please, join the rest of us at the table, Jacob."


Nobody said anything. Jacob couldn't look away from the glass. His father and sister were staring at it as well.
SHARKS 7
JETS 6


"Oh, don't make faces," She said, sitting down and shaking out Her napkin with one hand. "You can't expect the One True God to be satisfied with corn and salad. Not that the kitchen staff did anything less than an excellent job, of course."


They were just a few inches tall, clustered together in the bottom of the glass. One of them, a blonde, had scrambled up to the rim. Her arms were hooked over the edge, her legs kicking at nothing, her whole body shaking with the effort of holding on. Jacob could see her mouth open, but he couldn't hear her tiny little screams over the TV.


"Mom," Jacob said quietly. He wanted to say something else, but couldn't find the words.
SHARKS 7
JETS 6


His father gestured up at Tammy. Jacob watched him get halfway to speaking, watched his jaw shift, watched him look at the glass and then at Her and then down at his plate. He picked up his fork instead.
BRUNELLO
DI
CASTELVECCHIO
DENOMINAZIONE DI ORIGINE CONTROLLATA
2008
PRODUCT OF ITALY
14.3% Vol
750ml
VINO ROSSO - RED WINE - VIN ROUGE
IMBOTTIGLIATA IN ITALIA
PIERO MERLET SRL - AYAS - VAL D'AOSTA


Tammy looked at her son with such tenderness that he felt sick. "Jacob, honey," She said pleasantly, "you never did answer My question earlier. How are your classes going?"


He didn't answer. He was looking at the tiny blonde's hands on the rim of the glass. He was too exhausted to feel much of anything anymore.
CHEER
SHARKS 7
JETS 6


"You poor thing," She said. "You're still distracted by these little harlots, aren't you? It's all over your face. Don't worry. I'll get rid of the distraction for you."
She raised the glass higher, and set the rim against Her lower lip.


"No, Mom, don't!" Jacob called out, but it was too late.


She didn't even glance back at him. She tipped the glass back casually, like she was taking a swig of chardonnay. Jacob watched the little blue and white shapes come sliding down the inside of that transparent bowl. The blonde one lost her grip on the rim and went with them. He saw them land on Her tongue. They tumbled down, limbs writhing, mouths wide open in terror. He wanted to look away, but couldn't.


She tipped it further. It was a small avalanche of limbs, and he could see them scrambling against the slick curve of the glass for something to hold onto.


The high-pitched screaming echoed in the glass, as the last of them tumbled into Her mouth. They were totally at Her mercy. They always had been, but now they finally realized it.


She set the glass down on the tablecloth and closed Her eyes. She sat there like she was savoring a fine wine, sloshing them around in Her mouth. One leg was still sticking out past Her lower lip, a little kicking thing in a white boot, and She sucked it in with a soft wet slurp.
"Mom, please!"


The screaming didn't stop. It just got quieter, muffled behind Her closed lips. Then She closed Her mouth and began to chew.


CRUNCH. CRUNCH. CRUNCH.
She looked directly at him while She did it. That was the worst part. She looked at him, with that smug grin, as her teeth crunched through the entire cheerleading team at once. She took her time, biting down slowly. She was in no hurry at all. She chewed the way She did with filet mignon: patiently, until there was nothing left in there but a thin red paste.


Finally, her throat moved. She swallowed the paste down in a single gulp.


She touched the corner of Her mouth with Her napkin, delicate as a bird, and gave him the fondest little smile. "There," She said. "See? All better. And your Mom got to enjoy a special little dessert."


Jacob stared at her. He felt like a hollow, empty shell of himself. He couldn't stop thinking about that cheerleader hanging onto the edge of the rim, trying desperately to climb out. Now she was just paste... and soon enough she'd be even less than that.
JETS 6


"You'll feel better if you eat some of your dinner, Jacob," She said, in a way that was as sweet as it was cruel. "I'm sure you can tell how much I'm enjoying mine."


The words came out of him before he could weigh them.
"You're... You're just mean, you know that? You're just...
You're a mean person!"
SHARKS
JETS


Nobody breathed.
"Mean?" she repeated.
"Yes."


"Those little whores were a temptation that could have led you astray. I protected you from them. You're welcome for that, by the way."
"God, I can't believe you. That thing where you... Everything you say sounds like a... A freaking greeting card. Even when you're, you're..."
He stopped. His fingers had found the edge of the table again and were holding it hard enough to ache.
She tilted Her head. "While I'm what, Jacob?"


Across the table his father gave him a tight little shake of the head, barely a movement at all, just don't, don't, don't. Jacob looked back at his mother. She was waiting for him with Her hands folded and Her hair perfect and that smile sitting exactly where it always sat, and the wine glass was still there in front of Her with a smear of something on the inside of the bowl.
BRUNELLO DI MONTALCINO
DENOMINAZIONE DI ORIGINE CONTROLLATA
2008
RED WINE - VIN ROUGE


Something inside of Jacob came apart. He shoved his chair back so hard it scraped against the floor, and he was on his feet before he'd decided to stand. "Eating people!" His voice cracked, but he didn't care. "While You're eating people, Mom! At the table! At Sunday dinner!"


"Yes, I did," she said matter-of-factly. "I get to eat people. I get to do whatever I want. It's one of the perks that comes with being God."


Jacob was red in the face with anger. "You're a fucking monster, You know that? You sit there with Your... Your wine, and Your smug fucking smile, and You talk about how righteous You are... but You just killed all those people, and now You're sitting here like it meant nothing. You took the lives of those girls that hadn't even done anything to You, they were just there! And You act like it's nothing, like we're all just... like none of us are real to You, like we're all just your belongings!"
His voice had gone ragged. He was shaking.
"I'm embarrassed that You're my mother, you know that? I'm ashamed of You! And I think deep down You know what You are, You know what you've become, and that's why You can't stand anyone saying it out loud. Because if You actually looked at Yourself for one second, You'd have to admit that You're not God. You're just a... You're just a mean, small, sad person who got lucky, and You're going to spend the rest of Your life hurting people and calling it righteousness. I hate what You've done, I hate all of this!"


Sarah glanced over at her brother. She gave him a look of concern, then glanced away.


Richard clenched his eyes closed, as if that would make it all just go away.


For a moment, Tammy felt something resembling fury. Then She pushed it down, with that same smug, spiteful smile. She would remain in control. She would deal with this calmly, and firmly.


Slowly, she stood up. She leaned forward, putting her hands on the table, and stared down her son.
"I see I've gone too easy on you for too long, Jacob," Tammy said coldly. "How does that phrase go? Spare the rod, spoil the child."


"I've coddled you far too much," She continued.
"I've let you get away with saying and doing
things that no one else could ever get away with."


"Today, that's all going to end. You will not speak to Me that way, and you're going to find out firsthand why not. The more you disrespect Me, the more you're going to regret it."
She was getting bigger. Jacob could see it happening in real time. Within seconds She was seven feet tall, maybe more. His father stared quietly down at the table, not wanting to do anything that could further upset her. Jacob couldn't do that. He couldn't make himself look anywhere else.


She stood up slowly. There were Twelve feet of Her now, and the top of Her head was close to the ceiling. She was looking straight down at him. He stood there, refusing to back down. He didn't know if it was due to bravery, or paralysis. Maybe both.
"At this table," She said sternly, "I am your mother."


"But I am also your God. And those aren't two separate things, sweetheart. They never were. I have loved you since before you took your first breath, and I will love you long after this earth has forgotten every other name it ever knew. That won't change."
She kept growing while She talked. That was the part that made his stomach turn, the total casualness of it. Fifteen feet. Her hair brushed the ceiling.


Her head met the ceiling and kept going. Twenty feet tall, and She had to angle Her chin down just to look at him.
"You do not speak to your mother the way you just spoke to Me. And you certainly do not speak to your God that way."



The plaster began to split above Her head, and a fine white dust came drifting down over the table. Tammy paid it no mind. She just stared spitefully down at Jacob.

"No one in this world is truly deserving of My grace, including you. You know that, right? Do you know how easy it would be for Me to smash this whole sinful planet into nothing? It wouldn't even take Me a minute. There are eight billion people out there, sinning every day. Every single day I allow those wretches to live, that's an act of profound mercy on My part. Just think about that. How patient I am. How loving. Do you understand how much kindness it takes for Me to resist grabbing your face right now, and squeezing that stupid fucking expression you're making into paste?"

The words fell upon the room, making it even more tense than before. Tammy sensed that she overstepped, and breathed in, calming herself.

"This would be a very good time for you to apologize."


Jacob stood there for a moment in awkward silence. Then, suddenly, the worst started to pour out of him. "Fuck you! Fuck you, you psycho bitch! You're so fucking cruel! I'm sick of everyone pretending you're not, I'm sick of it, I'm sick of all of it!"


Tammy smiled. It wasn't a nice smile. It was the smile She was wearing when She walked into the protest. Patient, certain, and quietly merciless.
"You think I'm cruel?" She asked, smiling mischievously. "Sweetheart, I'm afraid you don't even know the meaning of the word... But I'm more than happy to show you."


Richard was already up out of his chair. He held both hands out in front of him, trying to calm her. "Tammy. Let's just... Let's slow down for a second. Everyone take a breath, okay? Everybody sit down and we'll talk it out."
Tammy reached across the table and picked up the wine bottle, which looked like a thimble in Her fingers now.
"I want you to understand something, baby," She said. "Respect isn't optional. It isn't negotiable. It is the foundation of everything. Of this family, of this world... Of your relationship with Me. And when someone decides they don't need to give it... there are consequences."
"Tammy..."


She wasn't looking at Richard anymore. She was looking directly at Jacob while She drank, tipping the bottle back. Jacob made himself hold Her gaze. He could hear the wine going down Her throat, over the sound of the game still playing behind him.
She finished it. She set the empty bottle down on the table.
Then She closed her eyes.


Before he knew it, She was gone. The air had changed, and She wasn't there. There was just the dust drifting down through the space where She'd been, and the hole in the ceiling, and a single question that was on all of their minds.
Where was she?



That's when Jacob heard the sound of the crowd noise getting louder. He turned to the TV.

The broadcast had gone back to the stadium. Of course it had. The game had kept going, and they played through a hundred-foot woman snatching the cheerleading squad. The quarterback was under center. The camera was tight on the line.



Then the picture jumped. The crowd noise went wrong all at once, and every man on the field stopped moving.

The camera swung and panned up, and up. Jacob saw it rising behind the far end of the stadium: a heel. Just the heel. It went up past the light towers, past everything. It was twenty stories at least, and he couldn't make his brain fit it into any scale that made sense.


The camera kept going, until it was looking straight up. There She was, standing over the city with wispy clouds shrouding Her face. He couldn't see Her expression, but he didn't need to. He could feel the spite in Her gaze.


She put Her hands on Her hips and stared judgmentally down at the tiny, bowl-shaped stadium. Jacob thought about the way She'd looked at his report cards. That same look, like his best efforts weren't worthy of Her respect.


She just stood there for a moment, looming over it. People could see Her from hundreds of miles away, a massive body looming over the horizon. People stared up at Her in terror and awe. The living God had decided to grace them with Her presence at a truly incomprehensible scale.


Her foot came up. Through the TV speakers, Jacob could hear the sounds the crowd made in response. The shadow came down over the field, and the players out on the field began to run, but there was nowhere to run.


Then She held it there. Jacob watched Her ankle turn slightly, considering where best to bring it down. Three stomps and there'd be nothing left but a crater. He knew She was thinking about the best way to leave an impression. He knew from the little tilt of Her head that She'd thought of something better.


She set the foot down outside the stadium instead. The camera on the field had nowhere to point but up, and what it found was the underside of Her. Her massive behind and Her tight white panties filled the entire open bowl of the sky above the seats.


Then She bent down. She wasn't graceful about it. She never was, at that size. The consequences for the surroundings would be dire as Her foot careened through the parking lot, smashing hundreds of cars in a moment.
But it was obvious She hadn't paid this step of Her plan much mind.



She knelt. The camera found Her again, and Jacob could see the faces in the stands now, whole sections of them, every single one turned upward, nobody moving, nobody even trying for the exits. They knew there wouldn't be enough time.


Then She got into position, slow and deliberate, and Jacob finally accepted what She was going to do. She held her ass above the stadium, waving it around for a moment. It was like She was flaunting it for Her own pleasure, teasing everyone with their upcoming demise. For someone who got so offended by immodesty, She sure seemed to enjoy flaunting Her ass in front of the massive audience... including innumerable more viewing back at home.


Then She got into position, slow and deliberate, and Jacob finally accepted what She was going to do. She held her ass above the stadium, waving it around for a moment. It was like She was flaunting it for Her own pleasure, teasing everyone with their upcoming demise.


She sat down. Soon, the entire screen was filled with Her enormous posterior, clad only in her thin white panties. For someone who got so offended by immodesty, She sure seemed to enjoy flaunting Her ass in front of the massive audience... including innumerable more viewing back at home.


The picture from the field went black, then there was nothing at all. The broadcast cut to a wide shot from somewhere miles away, some traffic camera or news helicopter that had gotten lucky. Jacob watched the stadium vanish from sight without any fuss. It collapsed instantly under Her weight. Within a few seconds, it had folded flat beneath Her. A gray-white cloud came billowing out from under Her in a ring that swallowed the surrounding hillside. When the dust thinned, there was no longer any signs of the stadium. There was only Her, towering over the city skyline.
She lifted Her chin and looked out across the valley. It just kept going. Grids of little houses unrolling out toward the hills, mile after mile of it.


Then She noticed Her hand, resting where She'd braced it while She sat. There was a long trough gouged into the earth where a neighborhood used to be. She hadn't even felt it when taking a seat. She raised Her palm off and brushed the grit off. She could see the little pinprick flashes of things exploding from Her softest touch. Well. That was the trouble with a city this sprawling. There was nowhere for a God to sit down.


She stretched, because Her back had gotten stiff from all that kneeling. She pushed Her legs out straight in front of Her. Towers went down like dominoes under Her heels, whole avenues of them. Glass exploded outward in glittering sheets. It felt wonderful. She let out a small satisfied sound as forty or fifty blocks of downtown disappeared beneath Her soles.


She looked around at what was left. All the hills, and the ugly brown haze sitting over all of it... Then, it finally clicked. Los Angeles. Of course it was. She'd been sitting in it this whole time without recognizing it, which said something about the place. A dreadful city. A city of actors and pornographers and fake smiles. The thought of flattening the rest of it out into one clean gray field was almost too tempting to resist. But Her family was no doubt breathlessly awaiting her return, and it was rude to leave the table three times in one evening.


She looked down over the little city instead, and decided it would be allowed to stay. Someday She might come back and finish what She'd started here, and honestly they deserved it... But not tonight. Tonight she would let them keep breathing, and those undeserving wretches would never once thank Her for it. That was fine. That was what being God meant: giving and giving and giving to people who never once said thank you. She was a deeply merciful God, and it cost Her something every time.


She glanced at the flattened stadium beneath Her, at the ring of pale dust settling across the hillside. Then She turned Her hand over, and looked at Her nails. There wasn't so much as a single chip in her nail. That little Filipino manicurist had done such lovely work. He was so careful with Her cuticles, always remembering how She liked the shape. She was fairly certain he swung both ways, but She'd decided to be gracious about it. Any who took the time to offer Her a prayer and use their talents for Her service would have their sins overlooked.

She closed Her eyes once more.


Jacob couldn't look at the screen anymore. He put his head down into his hands, and pressed the heels of his palms against his eyes. This was all because of him. All of it, every one of them. How many more had just been too close to where she'd decided to take a seat, and had nothing to do with this? The ones under Her heels downtown, and the little blonde cheerleader clinging to the rim of the glass, and however many thousands had been sitting in those seats at the stadium. He had talked back to Her at the table, and hundreds, if not thousands of people had paid the price.


Then the air shifted, like a door opening in another room. He heard Her heels on the kitchen tile, and he reluctantly looked up at Her and met her gaze.


She sat down slowly, crossing her legs. She gazed down at him, with that same smug expression on Her face.
"Do you finally see just how pointless all your little ball games are, Jacob?" She asked. "All that shouting, and grown men falling on each other in the mud. It's all a distraction, I'm afraid. Pointless meandering to pull your attention away from what really matters. Your God."


He said nothing in response. There was nothing left for him to say. He just stared off into the distance, and thought about seeing his Mom's giant ass shaking, right before it crushed ten thousand people in that stadium.

"Now, I believe an apology is in order?" She asked. "You've said quite a few hurtful things about Me tonight, Jacob. You're going to apologize. Right. Now."

He said nothing. He knew he should just do what she asked, but he couldn't bring himself to say the words.

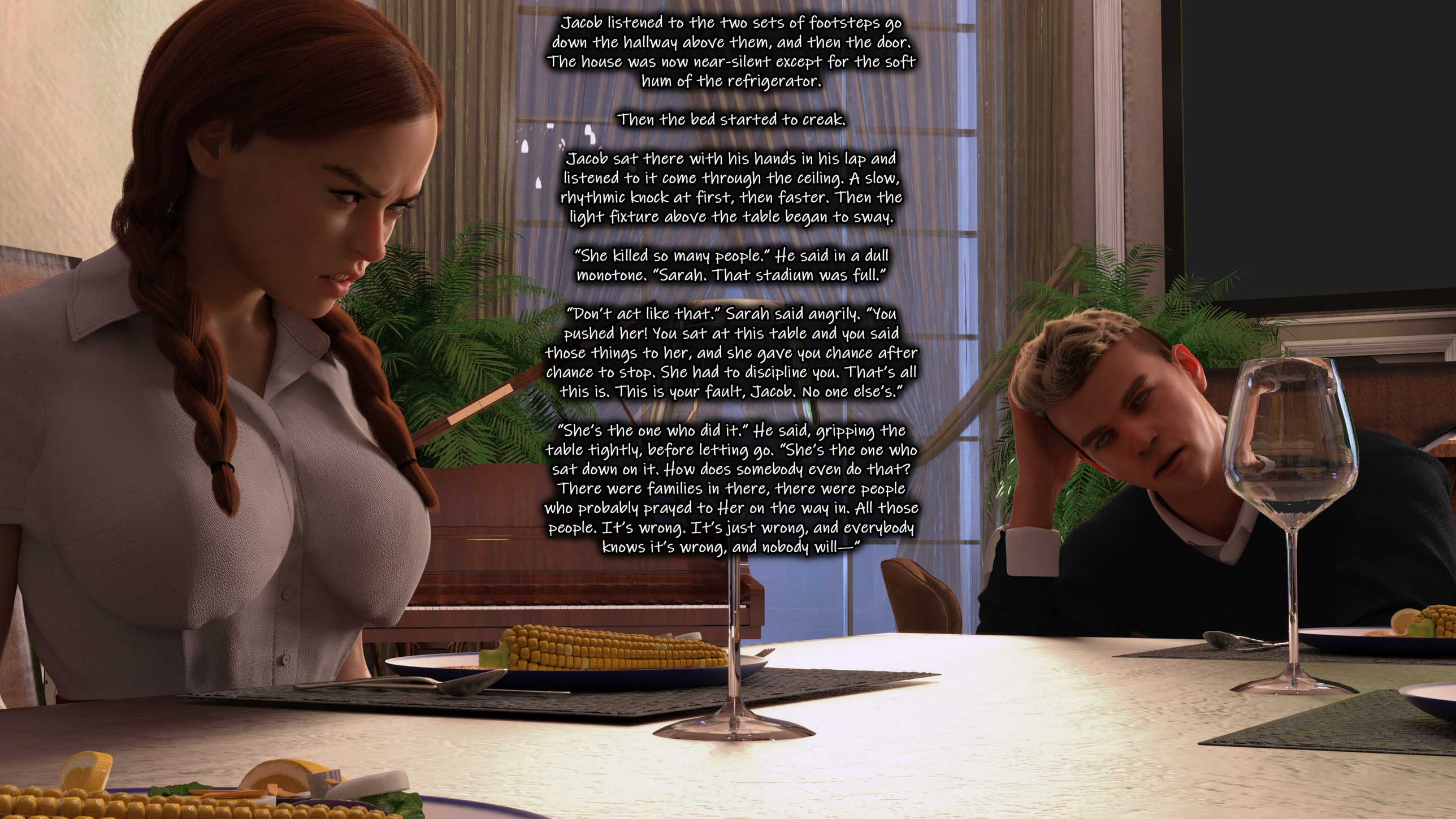

Tammy looked at him with a frustration that she rarely showed outwardly. "This is your last chance, sweetheart," She said, clenching her hand into a fist. "Apologize, or I'll do exactly the same thing to that basketball team you love so much. What are they called? The one with the little shorts you had on your wall."
His chest caved in. "You wouldn't."
"Do I look like I'm joking?" She tilted Her head at him, patient as ever. "Or maybe I won't stop there. Maybe I'll go down the whole list, every stupid little team you've ever cared about, one after another, all night long. Is that what you want to happen? Because I think I'd really enjoy that."


His eyes were burning, and he held back tears. "Wait. Please." His voice came out cracked and small. "Please don't hurt anyone else. I'm sorry, Mom. I'm sorry. I didn't mean what I said earlier. I'm so, so sorry..."


"That's better, sweetheart." She smiled at him with real, glowing affection. "Now. You're going to sit right here for the rest of the night, and think very carefully about what you said to Me. Or else. Your sister will make sure you're on your best behavior. Won't you, darling?"
"Of course, Mother." Sarah said. She didn't look up from her plate.


Then Tammy turned to her husband, and Her whole face changed into something Jacob wished he had never seen. "Now Richard," She said. "What do you say you and I head upstairs?"
"Of course," Richard said robotically. He was still reeling from what happened earlier. He'd seen Tammy's dark side before, but nothing like this.


Tammy took Richard's hand and led him toward the stairs. As She walked up the steps, Her heels clicked exactly the same way they always had... But Jacob knew they were splattered with blood. How many people had She just killed? Thousands? Tens of thousands? More? And yet She acted like it was just another Sunday evening. Like those trips were as meaningless as returning to the kitchen for a fork.
Tammy paused at the landing, and looked back at them.
"We'll be upstairs," She said sweetly. "Don't interrupt us."
"Yes, Mother." Sarah said.


Jacob listened to the two sets of footsteps go down the hallway above them, and then the door. The house was now near-silent except for the soft hum of the refrigerator.
Then the bed started to creak.
Jacob sat there with his hands in his lap and listened to it come through the ceiling. A slow, rhythmic knock at first, then faster. Then the light fixture above the table began to sway.
"She killed so many people." He said in a dull monotone. "Sarah. That stadium was full."
"Don't act like that." Sarah said angrily. "You pushed her! You sat at this table and you said those things to her, and she gave you chance after chance to stop. She had to discipline you. That's all this is. This is your fault, Jacob. No one else's."
"She's the one who did it." He said, gripping the table tightly, before letting go. "She's the one who sat down on it. How does somebody even do that? There were families in there, there were people who probably prayed to Her on the way in. All those people. It's wrong. It's just wrong, and everybody knows it's wrong, and nobody will—"


"YOU should know better." She said, pointing an accusing finger at him. "Nothing She does can ever be wrong. That's just how it works. Mom is God. Whatever She does is righteous by definition, and if it looks wrong to you, then the problem is your eyes. Now stop complaining... Or I'll go upstairs, and knock on that door, and tell Her you're not really sorry. And then I get to watch your face while She stomps the rest of your stupid little teams into the dirt, one at a time, just like She promised."
The ceiling thumped, and Jacob looked down at his plate, defeated. He did not say another word.


Upstairs, Tammy braced Her forearms on the mattress and let Her husband work. The statue on the side table shook with every thrust. Fourteen million dollars, they say that one was worth.
"Oh, God!" Richard moaned.
"Yes, darling?" Tammy asked.


He was being careful with Her, which was sweet, and also a little insulting. She could feel him going slow, holding Her hips like they weren't indestructible.
"Come on, My servant." She said, and rolled Her shoulders. "Don't be timid. Your God needs this."


"Yes, my God." His voice was ragged. "I'm here to serve You. That's all I'm for."
"Mm. That's right, honey."



He found some nerve and started pounding. She let out a long breath, closed Her eyes, and reminisced about how it had felt to sit down on top of the stadium. About the way She heard every screaming voice rise, right before Her ass came down on them. Ten thousand faces, maybe more, and not one of them had bothered trying to run, because there was nowhere on the earth to run to.

She felt it start in Her spine, that little tingle that came when she started to grow.


"Come on," She said, Her voice growing thick. "Fuck Me already."
He obeyed. He always did. She let go of Herself, and Her body grew more.


Every part of her expanded all at once. Her thighs, Her breasts, the arches of Her feet. The mattress groaned beneath Her weight. She grew, and grew, and Her husband soon found his feet dangling in the air.


"Harder," She said over Her shoulder.
"Don't you dare slow down. Your God is telling you what She needs."


He climbed onto the bed behind Her and drove into Her, panting, and She grew more. The headboard cracked somewhere near the wall. She didn't care. There was another one in the guest room.
"Deeper," She demanded. "Deeper, honey."


Still She grew. It felt like sinking into a bath and the bath sinking into Her.
"Deeper!" she screamed. "Deeper!"


Then he stopped. He hung there behind Her, breathing hard.
"That's... that's as deep as I can go, Honey. I'm sorry! I need to take a second to catch my breath..."
She looked back over Her shoulder at him, and did Her best to be forgiving of the pathetic little thing. "You do understand," She said sweetly, "that leaving your God unsatisfied is its own kind of blasphemy."
"I know! I'm sorry, God." He was still wheezing. "You can punish me again, if it pleases You."
It did please Her, generally. But not tonight.


She rolled over and sat up on the bed, and the mattress squeaked under Her weight. He'd climbed down and stood there on the floor looking up at Her. He felt so tiny before Her, standing there naked, waiting for whatever came next. She looked down past Her thighs, and felt something warm and inventive stirring within herself.
"That won't be necessary," She said. "I have another idea. Something I've been wanting to try for a while now." She let Her legs spread wider. "But first, I'm going to have to get a little bigger."


He didn't ask. That was one of the things She'd always loved about him, that particular obedience, the way he'd learned not to want explanations. He'd learn to anticipate what She needed before She asked for it. He climbed up onto Her and got Himself situated between Her legs, and She felt him push in.
"Harder," She said. "Harder than that, honey. This isn't just sex, this is worship. Put your back into it, and fuck Me!"


He did. He put both hands flat on the mattress on either side of Her shoulders and drove into Her as hard as he could, deep enough that it sent shivers down her spine.


A low moan came out of Her. She felt the tingle come up Her spine, and She let it happen. Her hips widened under him. Her breasts grew fuller.
"God yes," She gasped, and laughed at Herself in the middle of it. "That's it. That's it. Fill me with your seed."


She grew. He held on tight as Her body expanded beneath him. Suddenly he was a small thing bracing onto a shifting landscape.


"YES!" She screamed, "Keep going, don't you dare stop!"
as Her feet slammed into the wall.


She realized Her head was pressed against the ceiling. There was barely enough room for Her to sit in Her own bedroom. Lovely.


He was bigger than she planned, but this would have to do. She reached down for him.


She got him around the crotch, and She didn't bother being gentle about it. Her fingertip pressed up hard into his balls. She watched his eyes go very wide and very white. It had been an accident, but when She noticed, She squeezed even harder.


"What exactly, were you planning?" He asked, his voice an octave higher than usual.
"You'll see." She turned him over in Her hand, admiring the shape of him. "Your dick might not be enough to please Me anymore, sweetheart... but you will be, Dick."


She slid his legs between Her lips, and it was good.


She groaned as She worked him in, and God, it was so much. He was bigger than anything She'd ever had inside Her, at any size. She leaned back against the wall and braced Her feet on the opposite one, and the plaster gave beneath Her soles with a crunch.


She pushed. He went in to the waist, and She kept pushing. She needed him inside of Her... All the way inside of Her.
"Tammy!" He cried out, straining. "Tammy, I don't know if I'm going to fit!"
"Quiet." She could barely get the word out. "Your God needs this."

He went quiet immediately, and She felt him get to work in there. He slid his hands along Her walls, trying to be useful. Good man. She'd have to remember to tell him so.


Tammy let out a scream of pleasure, and experienced another growth spurt. It came on so fast that it caught Her off-guard.


She pushed him deeper inside. She needed to feel
him inside of Her, all of him.


One more shove and he was gone. She felt him inside Her body. Deep, and full, and Hers alone. It was the most complete She had felt in years.


She pressed Her fingers in after him, working Herself around the shape of him. The sound that came out of Her didn't sound like a woman at all. She was so close. She could feel it building in Her loins, but it wasn't cresting. It sat there just out of reach, and She hated that. She hated wanting anything.


Her other hand squeezed Her breast tighter until it ached. Not enough. Nothing in this house was big enough for Her! That was the problem. She needed more room. She needed the world.

She closed Her eyes and thought of England. And there it was, laid out beneath Her: the river bending through it, the bridges, the little brown rooftops going on and on in the early morning light. She wanted to be there so badly.
And so She was.


When She opened Her eyes, the bedroom was gone and the sky was all around Her. London sat beneath Her like a doormat. This wasn't a vision. She was miles high with Her legs spread over the whole of it.


"Oh." She mused, laughing to herself.
"Well that was a little careless."
She had come here in the midst of her passion, and now every window and everyone in the city had a perfect view of Her naked form. There was a faint prickling heat rising in Her cheeks that She refused to acknowledge as shame.


Backing away wasn't an option, though. Millions had already gotten an eyeful. Thousands had already hit record. Whatever they thought of Her, they had already thought it, and She was still aching with need.
Fine, She thought. I'll finish.


Her hand went back down between Her legs. It was better out here, miles high. It was so much better. The morning air on Her hot sin, the whole ancient city holding its breath under Her... And Her own hand moving with the slow certainty of a woman who had never once been told no.
Why should She hide herself anyway? Her body was flawless. She had made it perfect. She worked so hard for these people, She gave and gave and gave, and it was only natural She be allowed to take this one thing from them in return.


And then the growing started, the way it always did when She was righteous. That warm loosening in Her loins, that feeling of the whole world clicking back into its proper arrangement. She got taller and She got wider, and Her heels sank through boroughs, and Her fingers moved faster. Let them judge Her. Let them film it. They were but dust drifting in Her shadow, and She would not be lectured by dust.


A little bigger. That was all She wanted, just a little bigger, and so it happened. The city crumpled beneath Her in soft gray waves as Her weight settled down into it. Whole neighborhoods crumbled under Her like ash. She heard the dull thunder of it rolling out toward the hills. It went straight up Her spine, and She moaned into the clouds and pushed Herself down harder.


She wanted there to be more of Her, and so she was. Her leviathan-like form became more massive, smiting more of the city beneath Her perfect body. They were but smears on Her flesh, and their torment filled Her with righteousness.


She let Herself sink backward, and the whole of the city bent beneath Her body. Towers folded into powder against the weight of Her cheeks. Something in that pleased Her more than she could account for, the way it all just gave. This is right, She thought, working Her fingers, listening to the distant grinding roll of it. Nothing that felt this good could be anything other than holy.


She wanted more of it, so She took more of it. She grew, and the ground gave way around Her. The little brown rooftops disappeared beneath the curve of Her ass and the arches of Her feet. She barely noticed those. She noticed the ones that took time, the long shuddering collapses that traveled up through Her thighs.


Her mind wandered while Her hand kept moving. The man in the gray shirt this afternoon, and the way he'd gone small and wet under Her heel. The cheerleaders scrambling on the slick glass before She sucked them down. That was the same warmth, wasn't it? Exactly the same, in exactly the same place.


Yes.
It had always been this. Every heel, every crowd, every righteous correction she'd ever administered with that lovely little crunch. Every single time.


She would have to work through the theology on that at some point. Sit down with it properly, maybe write something to be disseminated among her faithful.
Not tonight.


It occurred to Her then that She hadn't actually looked at any of them. Not one face, this whole time. That seemed like a shame. She'd been lying here on top of millions and hadn't so much as glanced at who She was ending.


She lifted Her head and looked down past Her shoulder, squinting through the dust. There they were, if She held very still: little specks pouring along the streets that were left, running in threads. Look at that, She thought. Look how small. Look how completely, entirely nothing.


"Look at you," She said, and Her voice came out low and thick. "Look at all of you. You're so precious. So small and precious and I..." She reached out, Her fingers coming down through a haze of gray. "I'm so much bigger than you. So much bigger."


She closed Her hand and scooped, the way She'd scoop flour out of a bin. It came up warm in Her palm, a crumbling handful of streets and roofs and specks.


"I love every single one of you." She whispered.
Somewhere under Her hip, something enormous and old
stopped existing entirely, and She felt it as a soft give.
"I love you all so much."

"Blessed are the sinners," She said,
tipping Her palm toward Her mouth,
"Because I can eat so many of you..."


They came down over Her tongue in a rush of grit and squirming, hundreds of them, so faint She could barely feel them at all. That was the best part. That was the whole point. She swallowed. The sinners were cast into her belly, where there would be much wailing and gnashing of teeth before their ultimate judgment.


"I'm... I'm everything," She gasped.
"I'm the only... Oh, God!"


She screamed. The sound went out across the hills, shaking every house like the walls of Jericho.


Afterward She lay there for a while with Her eyes open, watching the dust drift through the streets. There was no reason on earth to be embarrassed. She had done as She pleased. She always got to do as She pleased. That was the very best thing about being God.


She let Herself enjoy the view a moment longer. Then
She closed Her eyes and thought of Her bedroom.


She was sitting on the edge of Her bed once more, normal-sized. The mattress felt cool under Her thighs. She sat there catching Her breath, and pushed a strand of hair back into place. Then, She remembered.
"Oh," She said. "Richard." He'd been inside of her for a while, and she wasn't sure if he had enough air. She thought about leaving him in a bit longer, but figured She probably shouldn't. For all Her gifts, resurrection wasn't exactly her forte.


She reached down between Her legs and worked Her fingers in, and after a moment She got hold of something. He came out slowly, folded, six inches long and slick and gasping for air. She set him down on the pillow and wiped Her hand on the sheet.
"There you are, honey," She said fondly, watching his little chest heave. "You did wonderfully. Really. Take a minute."


Richard lay on the pillow with his ribs working like a bellows, tasting Her on the back of his throat. His arms didn't want to hold him up yet.
"It was great," he managed, "but... what was that? What happened in there?"
"London," She said.
He turned his head. "You were in London?"
"Briefly. And a few miles high." She said, as if it was the most natural thing in the world.


She held him tight in Her palm and lifted him up, so he could gaze upon Her.
"You must have been naked." He said, his mind racing through the implications. "Completely naked, in front of... God, there's going to be video. There's going to be video everywhere by morning, there's going to be..."
"I have nothing to be embarrassed about. My body is..."


"Immaculate. Believe me. I know, I know, I'm not saying..." He paused for a moment and made himself breathe. Careful, he reminded himself. He'd been careful for eleven years and the trick was always the same: never let Her hear a correction inside a sentence. "I'm not saying embarrassed. God, no. I'm saying the optics are complicated. That's all. That's my job, isn't it? Optics. The State Department is going to call me at four in the morning and I want to know what we're..."



"Maybe it's not a problem. Maybe it's an opportunity," She said, smiling softly. "Richard, I had a realization out there. About what I am. About all of this." She made some small gesture with Her other hand that seemed to take in the bed, the broken plaster, the window, the whole ruined morning half a world away. "About what it's for."

He looked up at Her face and felt his stomach drop out through Her palm. "I'm not sure what you mean," he said carefully. "What's it all for?"


"For Me." She smiled down at him, and it was the softest he had ever seen Her look. "That's the thing, honey. That's the part I kept missing. I kept trying to make it mean something else. Discipline, or correction, or protecting people from themselves, and all of that's true, but underneath it..." She laughed, a little, like a girl. "Tonight was the most like Myself I've felt since any of this started. I've been holding back for so long. Do you know that? Every single day, holding back, being reasonable, being patient. Not anymore. From here on out, I'm going to let my whims take control."

He kept his face very still. "That sounds wonderful." He said.


"Doesn't it?" She lifted him a little closer and let him feel Her breath. It was warm and enormous and gentle, and it covered him from his knees to his shoulders. "You always understand Me."

Tammy is God




JACKOFBULLETS GIANTESS COMICS
ego ostendam tibi desperandam

RFD COMICS

SUBSCRIBESTAR.ADULT/REDFIREDOG

DEVIANTART.COM/REDFIREDOG

REDFIREDOG.ITCH.IO








TONS OF GREAT GIANTESS COMICS!