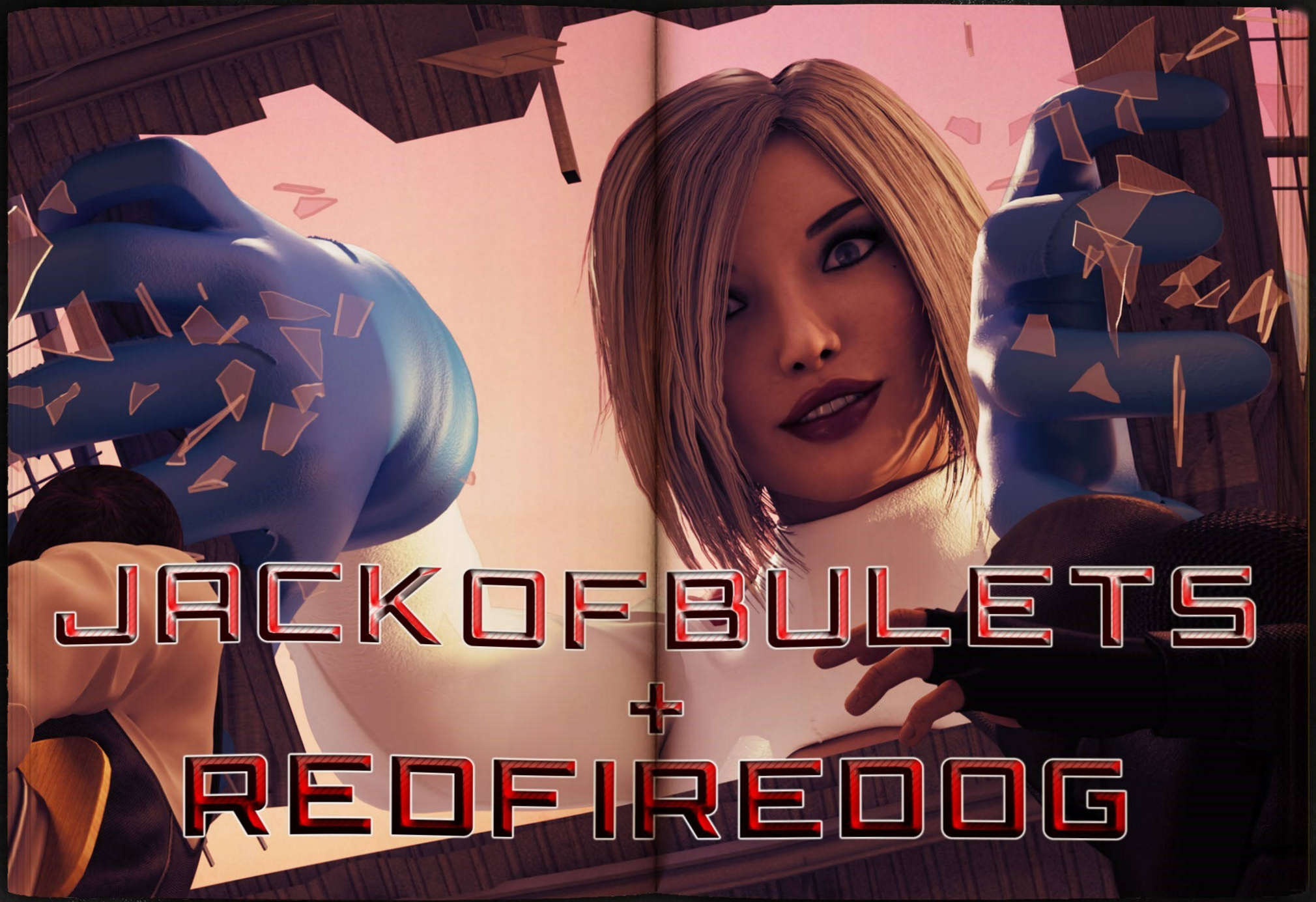

$1.00
#1
A HERO UNLIKE ANY OTHER
SQUASHING EVIL, ONE CRIMINAL AT A TIME
RedFireDog
JackOfBullets
TITANIA ISSUES


JACKOFBULETS
+
REDFIREDOG


For the titanic couple, things couldn't have been more perfect. The symphony of screams from the building below them was the only love song they needed. As far as Jeanette and Titania were concerned, they were the only people who really mattered; everyone else was just there for their amusement.
APARTMENTS
CARLTON CO
APARTME



Titania had hoped the kiss would satisfy Jeanette until they could go back to somewhere more private, but it only sparked her desire. “Come on,” Jeanette said, “finger me…”

“Right now?” Titania said. “In front of everyone? You know the whole world is going to see this…” but even as she protested, Titania’s actions betrayed what she really wanted. She crawled on top of Jeanette, and placed her hand on the college girl’s thigh.


“There’s something I want to tell you,” Jeanette said, as she ran her finger through Titania’s hair.
“Yeah?” Titania asked, “and what’s that?”
“I love you,” Jeanette said to Titania.

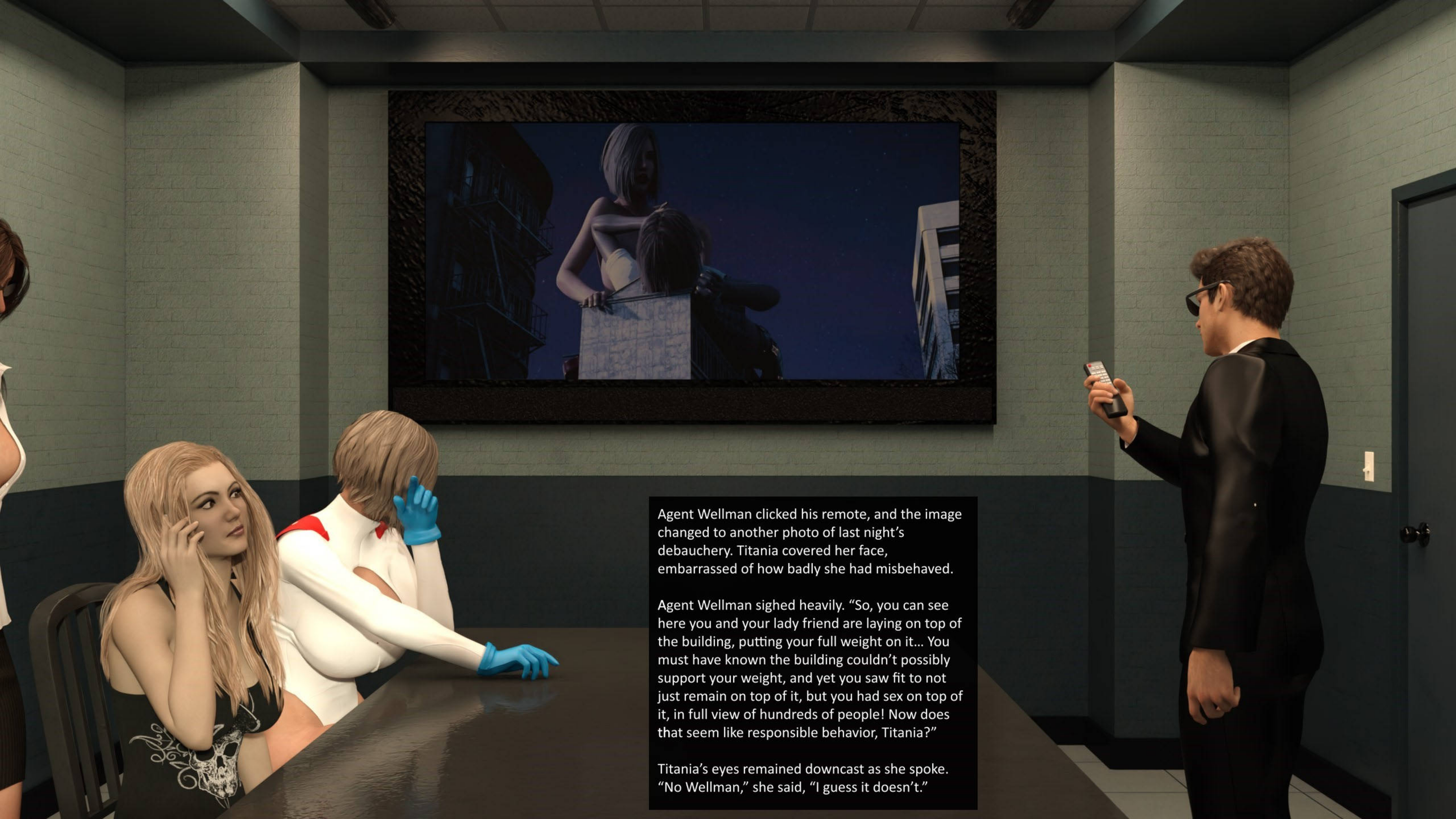

“I love you too,” Titania replied, as she crawled on top of Jeanette.


She didn’t realize the building was about to collapse until it was too late. “Umm, Jeanette-” were the only words Titania could get out, before the building finally gave under their weight. A cacophony of terrified screams rang out, but were quickly silenced. The unfortunate souls in the building were flattened, some by brick and mortar, others by the titanic bodies that fell on top of them.


With the building reduced to rubble, Titania looked down at the chaotic scene. Dozens of people had been flattened beneath them, and countless more were fleeing the scene as fires raged, but she couldn't care less. There was only one person that mattered to her. "Jeanette," she asked, are you okay?"
"Are you serious?" Jeanette asked. "I'm great! That was awesome!"
Beach Drive
Museum St
ONE WAY
NO PARKING



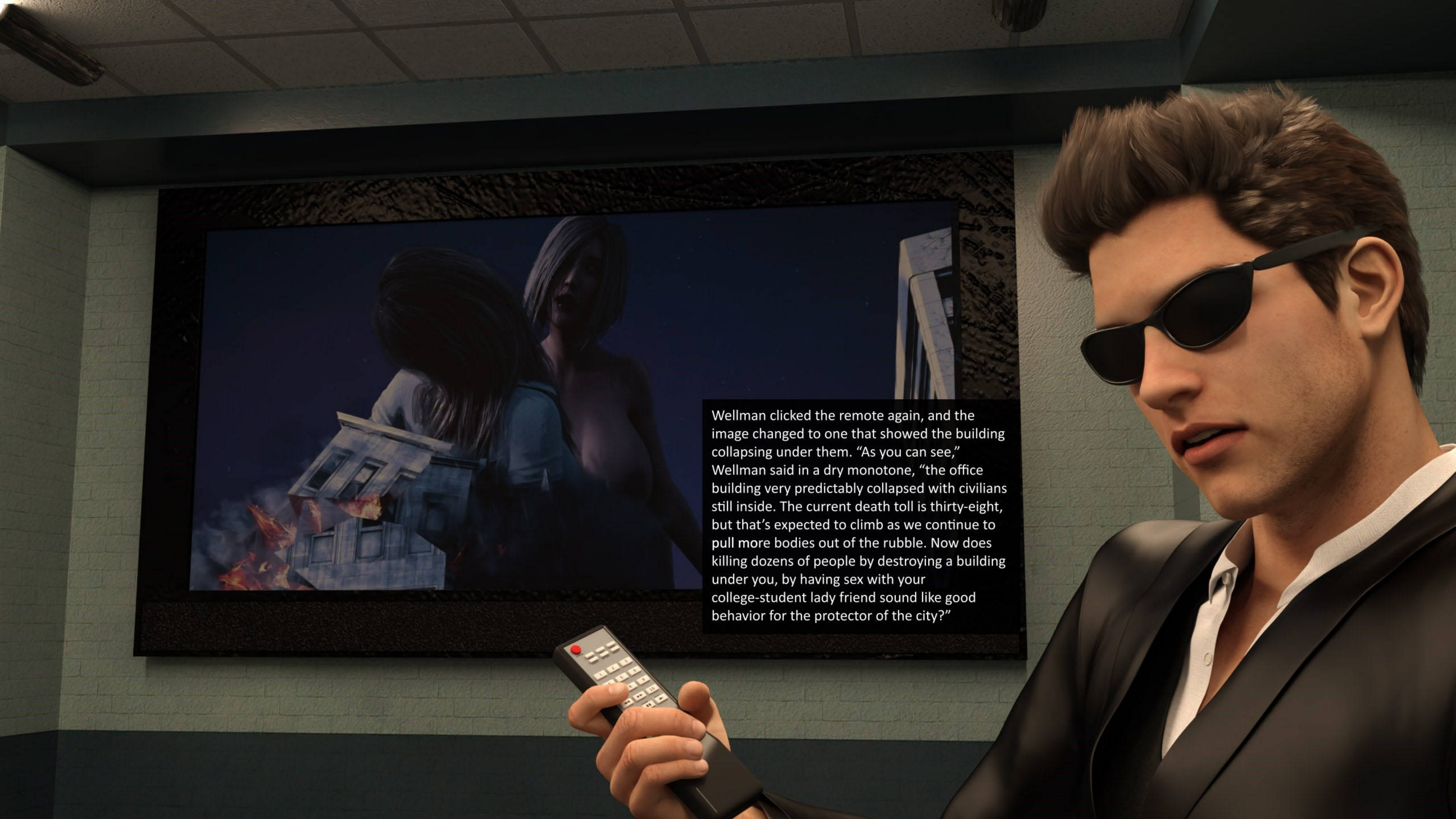
They made love late into the night, toppling building after building as they pleasured one another. The chaos that raged around them only fueled their lust for one another, and they didn't stop until the whole city block had been reduced to rubble.



Agent Wellman clicked his remote, and the image changed to another photo of last night's debauchery. Titania covered her face, embarrassed of how badly she had misbehaved.

Agent Wellman sighed heavily. "So, you can see here you and your lady friend are laying on top of the building, putting your full weight on it… You must have known the building couldn't possibly support your weight, and yet you saw fit to not just remain on top of it, but you had sex on top of it, in full view of hundreds of people! Now does that seem like responsible behavior, Titania?"

Titania's eyes remained downcast as she spoke. "No Wellman," she said, "I guess it doesn't."


Wellman clicked the remote again, and the image changed to one that showed the building collapsing under them. “As you can see,” Wellman said in a dry monotone, “the office building very predictably collapsed with civilians still inside. The current death toll is thirty-eight, but that’s expected to climb as we continue to pull more bodies out of the rubble. Now does killing dozens of people by destroying a building under you, by having sex with your college-student lady friend sound like good behavior for the protector of the city?”



"No, Wellman," Titania said, "last night was a one-time event and it won't happen again."

"It goddamn better not happen again!" Wellman shouted, raising his voice in anger for the first time that night. "Even aside from the building collapse, Titania, you personally racked up at least six fatalities, every last one of which bystanders recorded on cell phones! And worse, you did it while visibly drunk and nude! And as if that wasn't bad enough, you brought along your little lady friend, who you somehow made giant-sized! She's not even a superhero! Do you know how many people she killed? I'll tell you, six people at least, and all while wearing a skimpy cheerleader costume!!"

"Six people? Not bad for your first time," Jeanette muttered to herself.

"What was that?" Wellman shouted.

"Nothing!" Titania said.

"Vanessa," you've been awfully quiet tonight. Why'd you let them get so out of control? And why are you dressed more skimpily than Titania?"


Vanessa sighed. “Well,” Vanessa said, “Jeanette kind of made me do that. Her and Titania threatened to step on me. She said I was her ‘bitch…’ She made me lick her nipple, and…”
“Shut up,” Jeanette interrupted, “you weren’t supposed to tell him that! Anyway, can we go now, Agent Smith? have classes tomorrow, I don’t have time for all this bullshit!”



Titania sheepishly interjected. “What I think my love is trying to say, is that although we both feel bad about what happened last night… You’re being really dramatic about it. Like, I killed almost a thousand people so far this year, why are you acting like it’s a huge deal all of a sudden?”

Vanessa pointedly cleared her throat. “Umm, technically, it was over a thousand… The current confirmed death toll this year is one thousand, eight hundred and fifteen people and counting. It was over two thousand last year...”

“Yeah,” Titania said, “see? I’ve killed lots of people, this is just a drop in the bucket. Can’t make a justice omelette without breaking a few eggs, right?”



"A few eggs? Are you kidding me?! Those are people, nay, American citizens that you're talking about! You and your little Jean ended American lives last night, not in the line of duty, no, just to get your sick jollies off!"

"'My sick jollies?'" Jeanette burst into laughter. "Who talks like that? Get a load of Uncle Sam over here!"

"This isn't funny!" Wellman slammed the table. "Listen here, little Jean. We let Titania get away with a lot, because her incredible powers make her an incredible asset not just to this city, but to the US and our NATO allies. The only powers you've got came from smackin' on Miss T's rude cherry, and the last time I checked, there's no shortage of takers for that position!"



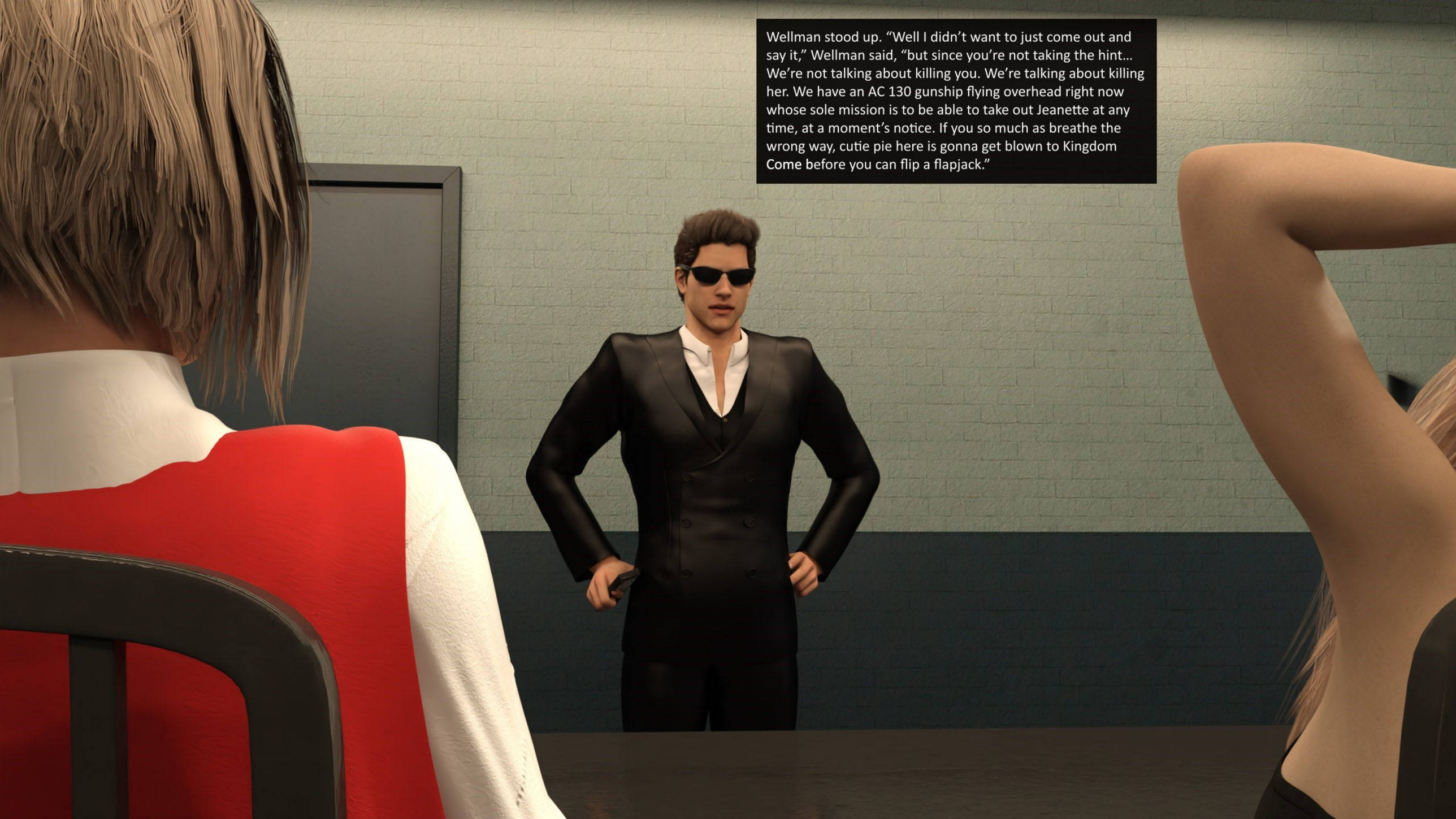
Jeanette burst into laughter again. “Titania, this guy is hilarious! But you know what would be even funnier? If you grew giant and sat on him! Why don’t you do that right now?!”

“I’d love to, but I really shouldn’t,” Titania said. “I’m in enough trouble as it is…”

“Who cares?” Jeanette asked. “You’re a living god! What are they going to do about it? Come on, who’s going to stop us?”


“We are,” Wellman said ominously.. “As it happens, NATO has a contingency ready for exactly that scenario, and we’re ready to activate it right now! Titania, we cannot allow this reckless behavior to continue. The last thing you want are the full forces of the US army against you. If you act like this, we will have no choice but to use deadly force. Do you understand the gravity of the situation?”


Jeanette burst into laughter again. “Fucking bring it!” Jeanette scoffed. “Titania’s basically invincible, you could nuke her and she wouldn’t even get a scratch! You really think your dumb army could take her out? She’d eat you for breakfast!”
Titania“My young lover has a point,” Titania said. “If you take me on, that’s a battle you can’t win! And don’t try to pull the line about how you have a super secret poison made specifically to kill me, I’m not falling for that one again. Face it, you can’t kill me!”


Wellman stood up. “Well I didn’t want to just come out and say it,” Wellman said, “but since you’re not taking the hint… We’re not talking about killing you. We’re talking about killing her. We have an AC 130 gunship flying overhead right now whose sole mission is to be able to take out Jeanette at any time, at a moment’s notice. If you so much as breathe the wrong way, cutie pie here is gonna get blown to Kingdom Come before you can flip a flapjack.”

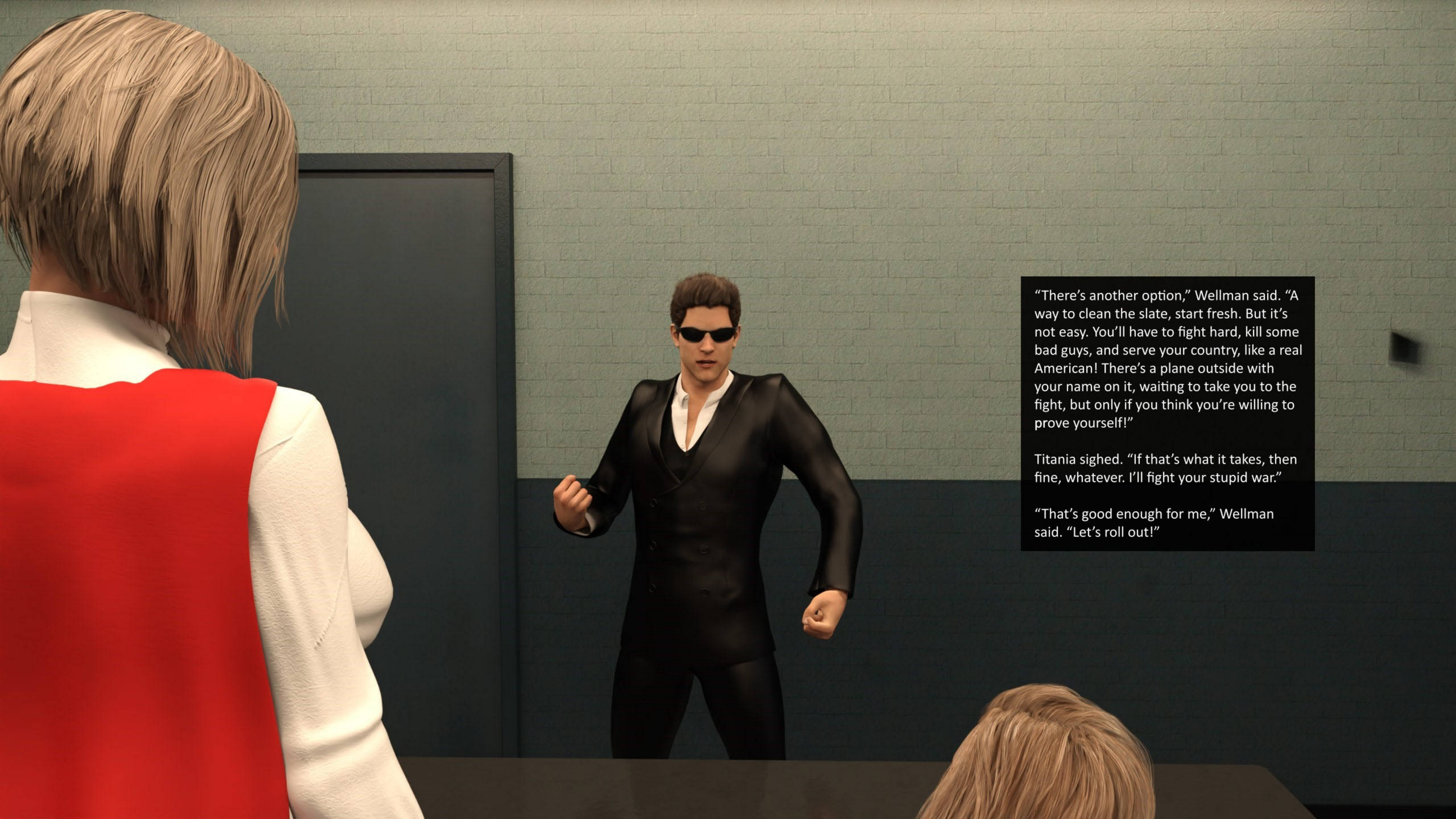

"Me?" Jeanette said in disbelief. "They're really getting ready to kill... me?"
"That's right, missy! You're on thin ice right now, and that ice is starting to crack!"



Titania jumped out of her chair. “You just went and made my girlfriend cry,” she said. “I should stomp your ugly fucking face in just for that…”

“Go ahead,” Wellman said. “You do that, and everything within a 100-yard radius of her is going to be a crater in fifteen seconds flat.”

“So what,” Titania said, “you expect me to go on, knowing that if I slip up even in the slightest, you’re going to kill her? Because I don’t think that’s going to work very well for anyone. That blast wouldn’t hurt me, and if you thought I made a big mess before, you don’t want to see what I’d look like if you hurt her.”


“There’s another option,” Wellman said. “A way to clean the slate, start fresh. But it’s not easy. You’ll have to fight hard, kill some bad guys, and serve your country, like a real American! There’s a plane outside with your name on it, waiting to take you to the fight, but only if you think you’re willing to prove yourself!”
Titania sighed. “If that’s what it takes, then fine, whatever. I’ll fight your stupid war.”
“That’s good enough for me,” Wellman said. “Let’s roll out!”


Outside, Titania and Jeanette waited anxiously while the pilot ran their fight checks. “I’ll be leaving in a few minutes,” Titania said. “I wish I could bring you along, but the mission is top secret. Besides, I wouldn’t want to keep you away from your classes...”
“Fuck college! I just want to spend time with you. You’re not gonna be gone for long, right?”
Titania sighed. “It’s hard to say. I’ve done this kind of thing a few times before, years ago. Sometimes it’s over in a weekend… Other times, it can go on for months. Or longer.”



Jeanette fought to hold back tears. “This is gonna be hard for me,” she said. “I’ve never been in this close of a relationship before. You’ll at least call me, right?”

“Of course!” Titania said with a smile. “Officially, I’m not allowed to use a phone, but I’ll try to borrow one from an enemy soldier if I get the chance.”

“You promise?” Jeanette asked.

“I promise.”

Titania wrapped her arms around Jeanette, and the two held each other in a warm embrace.

“I love you, Jeanette.”

“I love you, Titania.”


The two held each other in their arms, until Wellman's voice called out. "We're ready! Come on, Titania, we've got to go!


As Jeanette watched the plane fly away, Vanessa walked over and stood next to her. “I know this must be hard for you, Jeanette,” Vanessa said. “If you need a shoulder to cry on, I’m happy to give you one…”
“What are you doing?” Jeanette asked.
“What do you mean?”
“You’re acting all nice and shit. What, do you think that just because I”m sad, if you say a few nice words I’ll forget that you’re my bitch?”
“Of course not, I was just--”


"Come over here," Jeanette ordered.
"You're not going to hurt me, are you?"
"Doesn't matter. You're my bitch, that means you do whatever I tell you, period."
"I know different people have different ways of coping with separation, but--"
"Shut up, bitch. Now get down on all fours."



Vanessa dutifully complied, and Jeanette kneeled down. Jeanette raised her boot-clad foot and placed it on Vanessa's back, digging her heel into the older woman's backbone.

"Jeanette," Vanessa said, "this kind of hurts."

Jeanette rolled her eyes. "You were a terrible boss and you're even worse at being my bitch," she said. "Remember, rule number one, don't speak unless you're asked a direct question! Duh, idiot! You keep this up and I'll stomp your stupid face in. Don't think I need to be giant to do that shit, I can do it right now with my size 8's! Do you hear me? That was a direct question. Do you hear me?!"

"Yes, Jeanette."

"What was that?"

"Yes, Mistress."

"That's more like it," Jeanette said. "Remember, you said you were my slave for life… and I get to decide how long that life is for. Every day I let you live, that's me being better to you than you deserve, and you should appreciate that. Now have you been doing your tongue exercises?"

"Yes mistress."


"Good," Jeanette said, "but honestly I don't know if I want your gross old tongue anywhere near my pussy. Not when I've got a couple of cute redheaded roommates waiting back at my dorm room..."



The private jet was nearing its destination, but even as Wellman tried to brief Titania on the mission, her thoughts were still focused on Jeanette.

“So one last time, what’s your mission?” Wellman asked.

Titania rolled her eyes. “Kill some guys, save some other guys. I don’t really care.”

“The “other guy” you’re supposed to save is one of the richest men in the world, Caesar Cohen. I’m sure you’ve seen his face on TV. He’s been taken prisoner, radio chatter talked about him being held in a warehouse by the edge of the capital, but there are dozens of locations that fit that description. There are also two fellow costumed heroes who are working as Caesar’s bodyguards. They tried to rescue him earlier, but they’re MIA and we suspect that they were taking prisoners as well. We’d like you to save them if you can, but saving Caesar is the primary mission.”

Titania sighed. “So some wannabe heroes who don’t even have any powers got caught? I hate those losers, I could care less about them, and I’m guessing you don’t really give a shit either.”

“True, saving them is a lower priority, and not strictly mission-critical, but… You do at least know who you’re fighting, right?”

“I only watch the news when they’re talking about me, but I know the gist of it. There’s some kind of civil war, the rebels are the good guys fighting the evil empire, yada yada…”

“No, the rebels are the bad guys! The dicta--I mean, the president, is a loyal ally of the United States!”

“Whatever you say.”


“Come on, that’s no attitude for a soldier to have! Can I at least get a Hoo-Rah?!”
“Hoo-Rah,” Titania said, pumping her fist in the air with as much energy as she could muster. ”You know, maybe you have a point. All this time I’ve been worried about collateral damage, and now I can finally just let loose, right? This should be fun!”


“That’s the spirit!” Wellman said. “ You’re going to be landing in the rebel-held capital city. And I’m supposed to tell you to try to keep civilian casualties to a minimum if possible… But as far as I’m personally concerned, the civilians in the area are rebels too, so I wouldn’t worry too much if you smash a few buildings. Just be sure not to hurt the hostages, okay?”

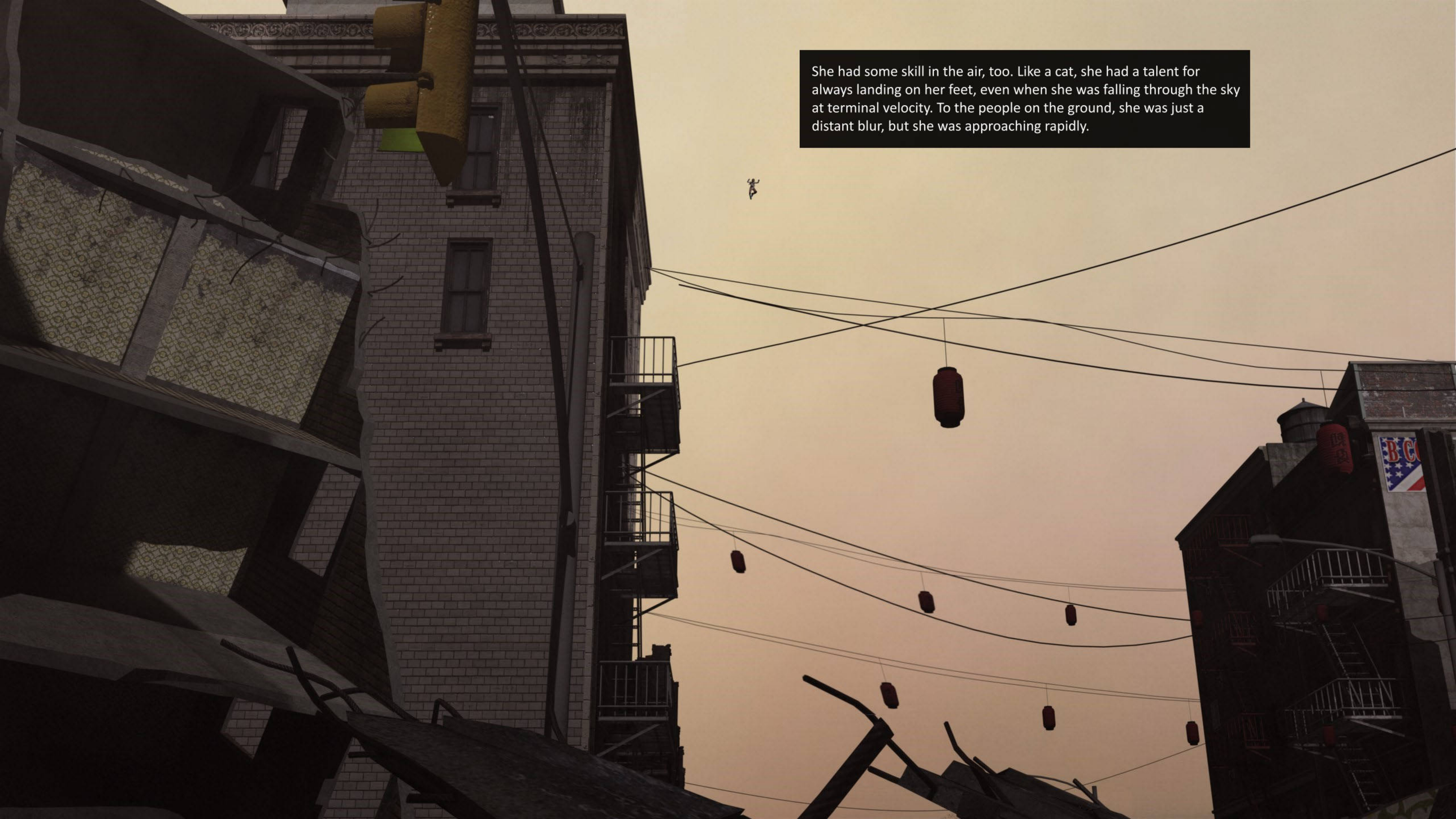

“Yeah, yeah, yeah,” Titania shrugged, “I’ll do my best. I’ll make sure to save Caesar, but the clean slate agreement still holds up whether the other hostages live or die, right?”
Wellman was taken aback. “Well technically yes, but--”

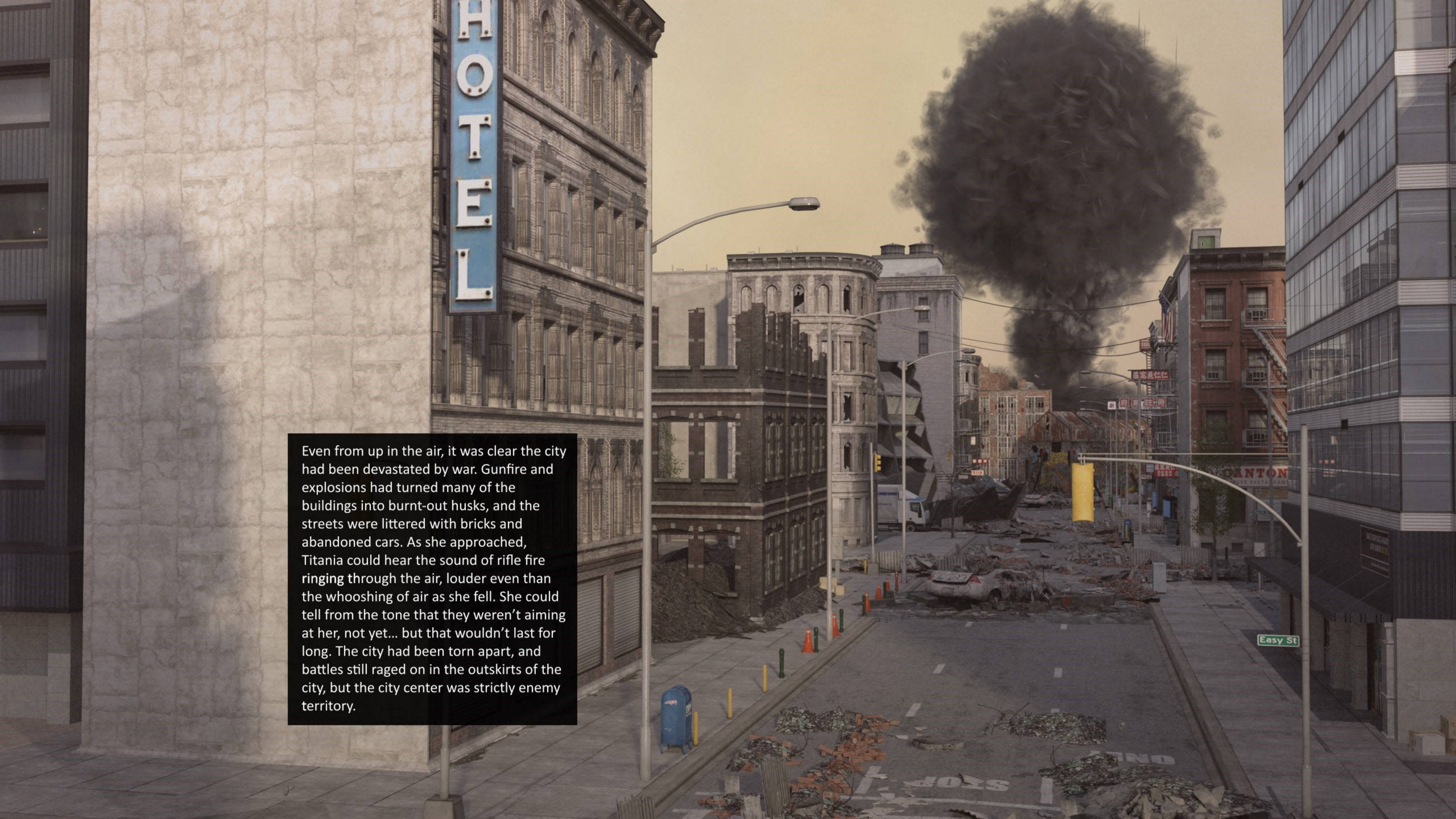

The door flipped open, and Titania strode confidently out the entrance.
“And Jeanette is safe if I carry out the mission, even if they die?”
“Yes…”
“And even if I personally kill them?”
“...I suppose…”


“Sounds good to me!” Titania said.
“Wait!” Wellman shouted, “those hostages are very important! Please, be careful with all of them! I’m sure we can find a way to make it worth your while!”
“I’ll think about it!” Titania shouted, and with that, Titania lept recklessly out of the plane.

Titania rapidly plummeted through the sky. By most metrics she should have been fearful; she had no parachute, and she couldn't fly. She had jumped from high places before, though, and she knew one thing: whether she was giant or normal size, she was damn near invincible.




She had some skill in the air, too. Like a cat, she had a talent for always landing on her feet, even when she was falling through the sky at terminal velocity. To the people on the ground, she was just a distant blur, but she was approaching rapidly.



Even from up in the air, it was clear the city had been devastated by war. Gunfire and explosions had turned many of the buildings into burnt-out husks, and the streets were littered with bricks and abandoned cars. As she approached, Titania could hear the sound of rifle fire ringing through the air, louder even than the whooshing of air as she fell. She could tell from the tone that they weren't aiming at her, not yet… but that wouldn't last for long. The city had been torn apart, and battles still raged on in the outskirts of the city, but the city center was strictly enemy territory.


Titania landed deftly, and her body sent out a shockwave of dust when she slammed against the ground. She was ready for battle, and battle was ready for her.


TY POLICE DEPARTMENT
Not more than a few seconds later, two soldiers burst through a nearby door, clad in camouflaged combat gear and wielding rifles.


The men sprinted up to her, yelling in what sounded like Russian and aimed their beat-up AK-47's at her. Titania was used to armed men running away in terror when she appeared, so their aggressive behavior threw her off-balance.


The men opened fire in full auto, but the dozens of bullets that hit Titania bounced off harmlessly. When they emptied their magazines on her, Titania burst into laughter. “Silly bitch, your weapons cannot harm me. Do you not know who I am?” she asked. “You must not know who I am!”


The soldiers glanced at each other quizzically, before returning their gaze back to Titania. “Nyet?!” the guards replied.


The superheroine straightened out her body, and crossed her arms into her signature power-pose. “Well then, let me introduce myself,” she said. “I’m Titania, bitch!”


Power coursed through Titania, as her body began to rapidly stretch upward. Her uniform grew with her, stretching in perfect unison with her immaculately growing curves.


The soldiers, who had been bewildered by the bullet-proof woman, were now stunned beyond all measure. What they were seeing should have been impossible, but there was no denying that the woman was growing right in front of them, stretching larger by the second.


POLICE DEPARTMENT
POLICE
911
Just seconds later, she towered over them. Her body was ten feet tall, then twenty, then thirty, and soon the earth itself strained against her growing weight. The soldiers stared in disbelief, unsure of what to do in the face of such overwhelming power.


When her growth finally began to slow, Titania already towered over them. Her boots alone were far bigger than either of the soldiers.
“Should we run?” one soldier asked the other in Russian-accented English. “I feel like we should run!”


"We must run!" the other soldier shouted to his companion.
Titania stared smugly down at them. "You can do whatever the hell you want," she said, "but I'm still gonna step on you."


Titania lazily strode forward. It only took a single step for her to close the gap with the soldiers. Before they had a chance to run away, her boot-clad foot was already on top of them.



Titania could have ended both soldiers in an instant, but she didn’t want to rush things. She hadn’t gotten a chance to kill anyone in over twelve hours, and she wanted to savor it a bit. Instead of stepping on the soldiers, she toyed with them. She stomped on the ground right in front of one soldier, sending him flying with the ensuing shockwave. While he was falling through the air, the other soldier turned on his heel and sprinted away in terror.


The injured soldier cowered before Titania's immense heel. "I'm sorry I shot you," he said. "We never would have opened fire if we knew you could grow this big... and were also bulletproof..."


Titania smiled smugly down at him. “Well, who knows?” Titania asked. “I didn’t know I was bulletproof until someone shot me for the first time. If I step on you, maybe you’ll find out that you’re crush-proof?”
“I don’t think I am!” The soldier exclaimed.
“Come on,” Titania said, “I’ve got a feeling that you might be. Let’s find out!”


The soldier crawled as fast as he could through the muck, desperate to get away from Titania, but was dismayed to see that he was still in the shadow of the giant boot. He gave up on trying to out-crawl her, and returned to begging for his life. “Please, don’t step on me!” he pleaded, “I know I’m not crush-proof!"


“You’re never gonna be crush-proof with that attitude,” Titania sneered. “Come on, only one way to find out!”

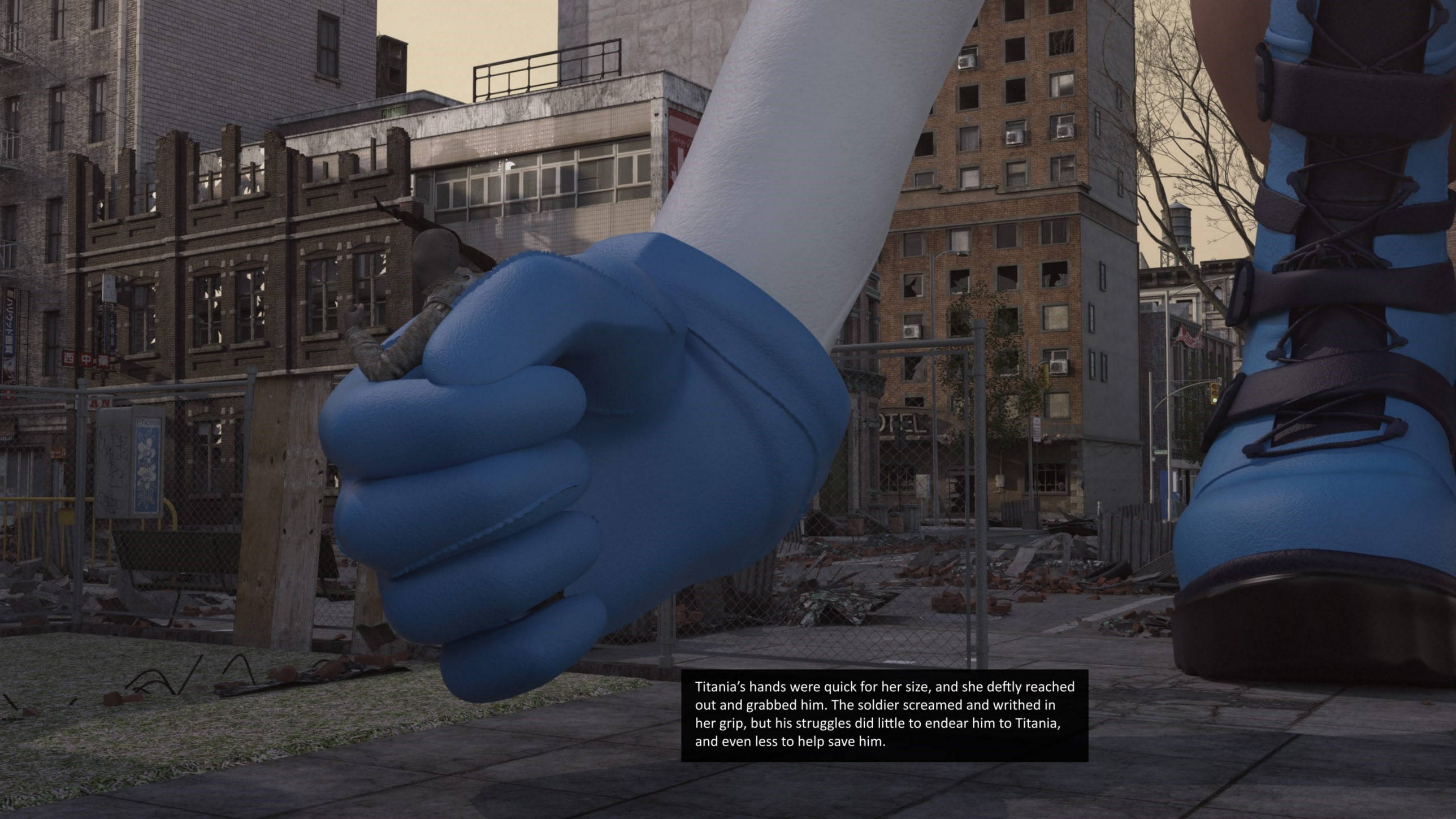

Titania stomped down on him with the toe of her oversized boot. The man's upper body was instantly flattened, sending out a wave of viscous blood spurting onto the ground. From far above, Titania's voice rang out. "Welp," she said, "guess he wasn't crush-proof. I'm sure there's someone like that out there, though. Guess I'll have to keep stepping on people until I find them!"


The other soldier thought he had escaped Titania, but the deep thump of her footsteps behind him said otherwise. He picked up his pace, bolting over a low barrier as he desperately sprinted away from the giantess, but each of her footsteps was a little louder than the last.


"There you are!" Titania yelled. "I thought I saw something moving. You know, it's pretty rude of you guys to wear clothes to make yourselves blend in with your surroundings! Makes my job a lot harder. You know I'm still gonna track you guys down no matter what, right? If you wore bright colors, maybe I'd go easier on you!"
"I'm sorry!" the guard pleaded. "They don't let us pick our uniforms!"
"Yeah, yeah, that's what they all say."

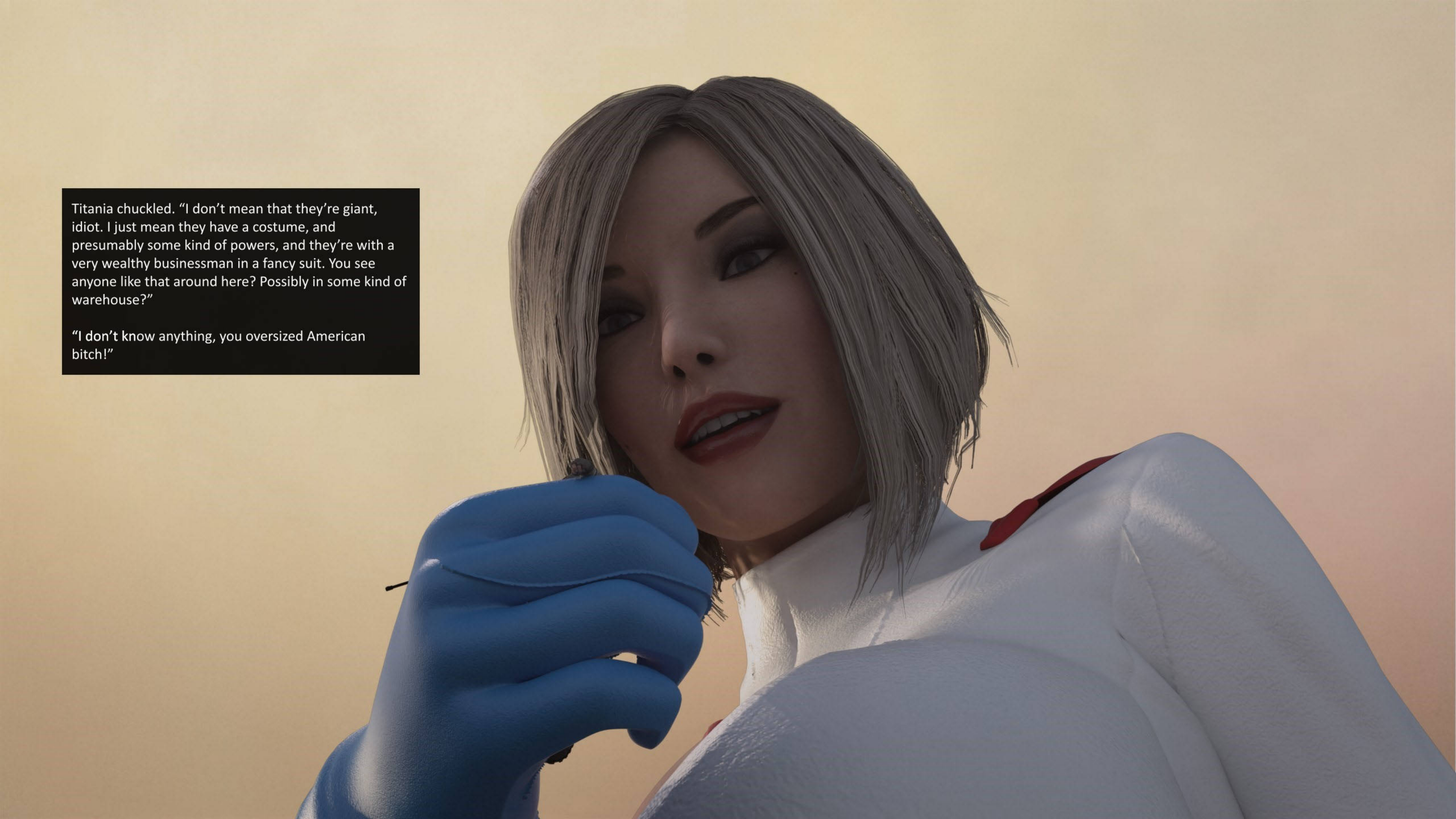

Titania took another step, and she had already rounded the corner. The soldier knew he was hopelessly outmatched, but he ran away as fast as he could.


He didn’t make it far before the giantess caught him. She kneeled down and reached out for him, but the irritating little soldier did his best to juke out of the way. “Come on,” Titania asked, “are you really going to make this hard on me?”
Juice
삼덕전기 자동제어반
STOP
ONLY


Titania’s hands were quick for her size, and she deftly reached out and grabbed him. The soldier screamed and writhed in her grip, but his struggles did little to endear him to Titania, and even less to help save him.


Titania lifted the soldier up to her face, to get a closer look. You just had to make things difficult, didn't you?" Titania asked, squeezing him just hard enough to elicit a pained yelp. "Your friend made things easy, so I finished him off real quick. For you, I can make things go a lot slower… unless you can help me out. I'm supposed to find some hostages, you know where I can find them? A rich guy in a business suit. He's with a couple of heroes, like me. Seen anyone like that?"


"Like you?" the soldier asked, in his heavy Eastern-European accent. "I've never seen anyone like you in my life! I didn't think someone like you could exist! I thought the stories of the American superwoman were just capitalist lies!"
Energy Drinks
Juice
삼덕전기


Titania chuckled. “I don’t mean that they’re giant, idiot. I just mean they have a costume, and presumably some kind of powers, and they’re with a very wealthy businessman in a fancy suit. You see anyone like that around here? Possibly in some kind of warehouse?”
“I don’t know anything, you oversized American bitch!”

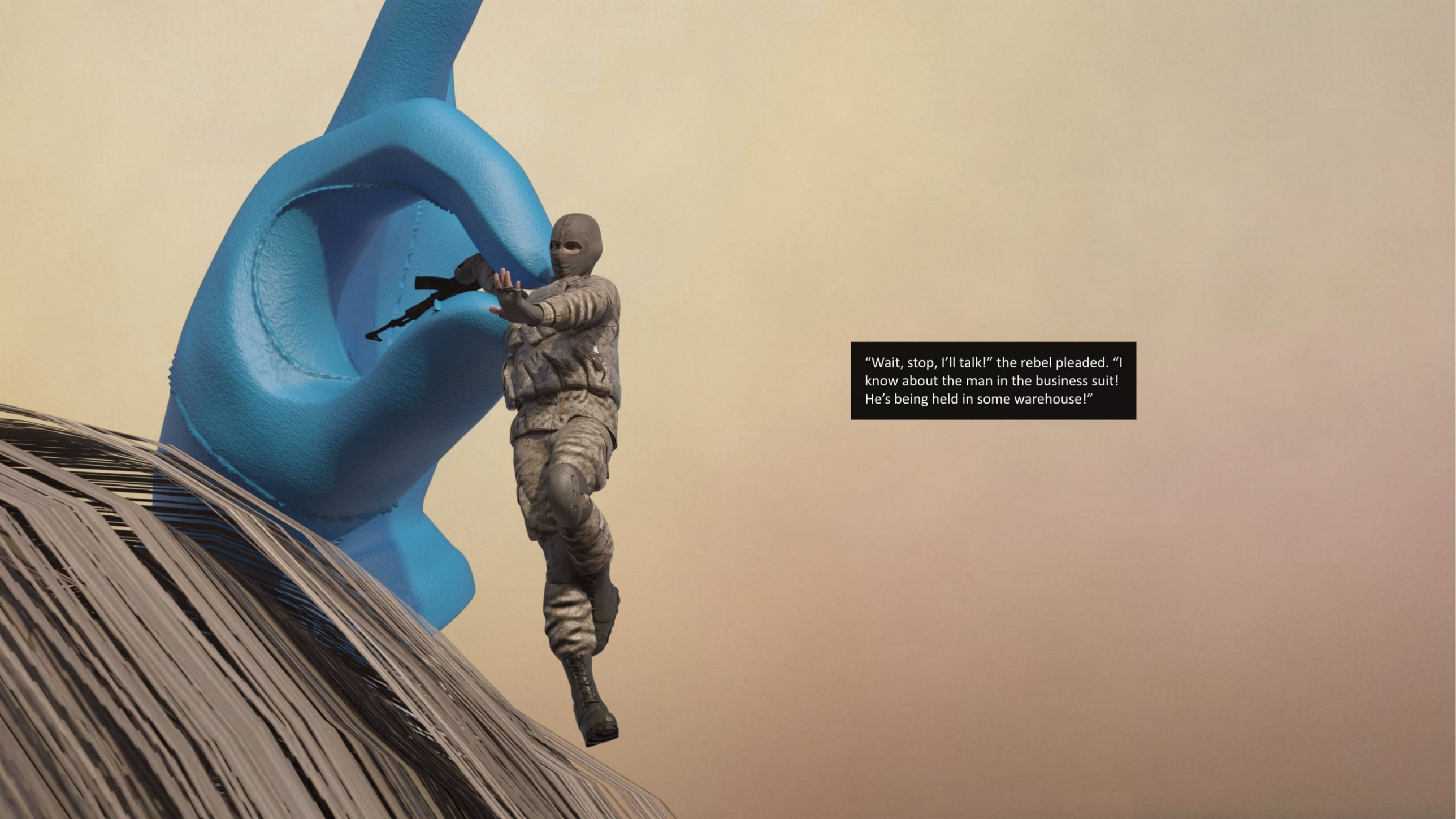

Titania glared at him. “There’s only one person in this world who gets to call me a bitch and not die horribly, and unless that’s one hell of a disguise you’ve got on, you’re not her!” She reached down with her other hand and plucked him up, grabbing his arm hard enough that he screamed in pain.

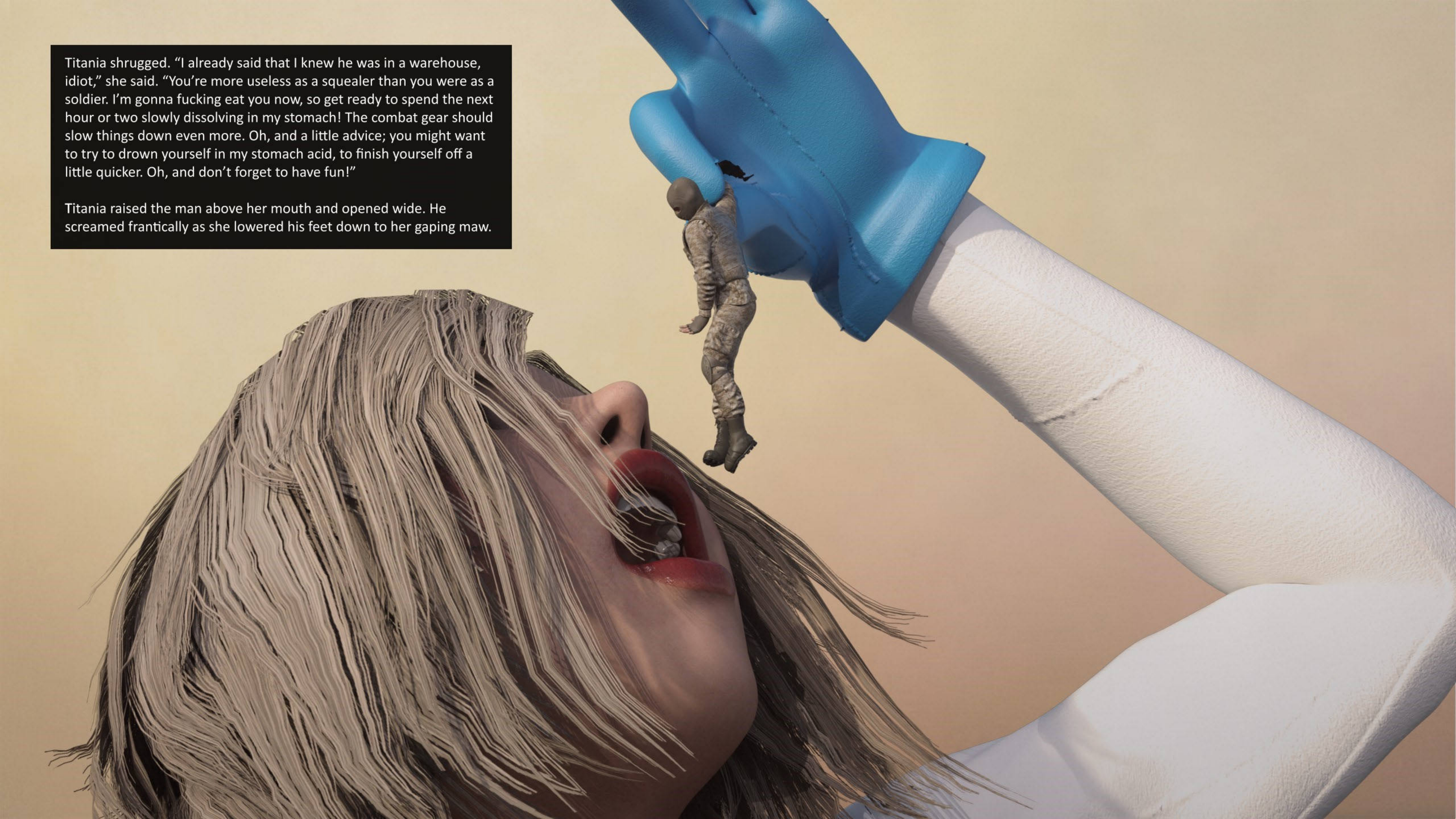

Titania dangled the soldier helplessly in front of her face. “So you’re some kind of rebel, right?” She asked. “What are you assholes rebelling against anyway, that you think is so fucking important that I had to fly to some country I’ve never even heard of?”
The soldier gave an impassioned speech. “We are rebelling against an evil regime that has oppressed the people of Slenkovia for decades!” the soldier declared. “My friends were tortured by the dictator’s evil thugs, and my wife and family were--”


APARTMENTS
Titania cut him off. “Easy buddy, I just wanted the Cliff notes, not a sob story,” she said with a heavy sigh. “I bet you’re hoping I’ll be moved by your little rant session, maybe switch sides and fight for the resistance? Well I’ll tell you what, buddy, that’s not gonna happen. Not because I’m convinced the other side is great or anything, but because I really, truly do not give a shit about your little penny-ante squabbles.”



Titania continued her rant. “You bastards are so whiny, you’re not even fun to kill. I’m doing this for one reason, and one reason only: so I can get home to my little Jeanette. So I’m gonna give you one last chance to tell me where the hostages are, and you’re either gonna tell me, or you’re gonna die. Which is it gonna be?”


“Wait, stop, I’ll talk!” the rebel pleaded. “I know about the man in the business suit! He’s being held in some warehouse!”


Titania shrugged. “I already said that I knew he was in a warehouse, idiot,” she said. “You’re more useless as a squealer than you were as a soldier. I’m gonna fucking eat you now, so get ready to spend the next hour or two slowly dissolving in my stomach! The combat gear should slow things down even more. Oh, and a little advice; you might want to try to drown yourself in my stomach acid, to finish yourself off a little quicker. Oh, and don’t forget to have fun!”
Titania raised the man above her mouth and opened wide. He screamed frantically as she lowered his feet down to her gaping maw.


"Oh wait, I almost forgot," Titania said, before quickly pulling him away. "I was going to ask, you wouldn't happen to have a cell phone on you, would you? Preferably one that can make long-distance calls?"
삼덕전기
자동제어반


“No,” the soldier said, “but I know where to get you one! If you let me go I can tell you where to get any cell phone, as many as you want! The best cell phones in the world!”



The giantess wasn't convinced. "Nah," Titania said, "that sounds like a load of bullshit, so I'm just gonna go ahead and eat you now. Bon voyage!" She lowered his feet into her mouth once more, this time much more impatiently than before, tearing his gun away before letting his body drop into her mouth.


The soldier was a mouthful, but Titania was experienced at swallowing big prey. She leaned her head back and let him slide down her tongue and into her mouth.


When he was fully engulfed in her maw, Titania closed her lips around him. The giantess swallowed, and the soldier disappeared down her throat. She let out a satisfied sigh, pleased at the thought that he'd have to endure a slow and torturous end inside of her.
Juice
삼덕전기
HOTEL


With the soldiers taken care of, Titania took a stroll around the city, keeping an eye out for any suspicious warehouses. “This city’s gotten a lot quieter since I got here,” Titania said to herself. “Looks like I must have scared them off!”
APARTMENTS
BIG SALE
HOTEL



Unbeknownst to her, though, a group of soldiers was waiting in ambush. One of them, who was hiding behind a delivery truck, radioed in to his fellow soldiers. “She’s approaching!” he said into the radio. “Doesn’t seem to see us. Get ready to attack!”


"Understood," the other soldier acknowledged. "We're in position!"
Titania continued her stroll, blithely unaware of the ambush that awaited her.


“She’s moving fast!” a third soldier said into his mic. “Ground team, get some distance, she’s too close!”


"Titania rounded the corner, and her giant foot slammed down just in front of the squad of soldiers. "Pile in," one of the soldiers shouted, "we need to get some distance!"
HOTEL


Titania heard the commotion, and her gaze turned towards the squad of soldiers on the ground. “She sees us!” one soldier yelled. “Get in the ACP, now!”

Titania laughed. “Did you guys plan a whole little ambush just for me? That’s so adorable! You discovered my one weakness, five guys with rusty AK’s and a gray market APC!”


“I’ll lay down covering fire!” one soldier said. He knelt down and unloaded a magazine of SKS ammo into the giant woman.


Titania barely even felt the little bullets as they plinked harmlessly off of her chest. She had long stopped being scared of guns, and gunfire was a minor annoyance at worst.


Minor or not, though, Titania wasn't one to let a minor annoyance go unpunished. Like most minor insults, she saw fit to punish it with death.
HOTEL



She swung her right foot forwards. Her boot-clad toe collided against the soldier. For her, it was a slow, gentle kick, but the impact was enough to knock the soldier on his back and crack a few of his ribs in the process.


Titania brought her the front of her boot down on the soldier, instantly squishing him flat. A torrent of blood squirted out from under her heel. His gun, likewise, was reduced to a heap of useless metal. As she twisted her boot against the ground, though, a far more powerful weapon took aim at her.
UNS WOLF


As the APC drove away, it aimed its explosive cannon at Titania. The cannon hit Titania on the thigh, and the explosion sent out a shockwave through the air, but Titania was utterly unaffected. “Did you honestly think you could hurt me with that little explosion?” she asked. “Your pathetic little ambush was almost kind of cute, but the idea that you thought it might actually work is kind of a fucking insult!”


Titania chased after the APC. Her legs were long enough that she could easily keep pace with the vehicle without breaking a sweat. There was a five-story apartment building in her way, but buildings were no deterrent to Titania. Screams of terror rang out from inside, but the giantess plowed through the building effortlessly, smashing through bricks and mortar as if it was made out of paper.
ONE WAY
NO PARKING


One more step and Titania had come out the other side of the building, sending a shower of bricks and mortar raining onto the streets. The APC driver tried to outmaneuver Titania, but a dense cloud of dust now filled the driver's vision.



Titania was enjoying the chase, and so she toyed with the vehicle a bit. She kept pace with the APC, but didn't actually try to catch it. She hoped that, with some luck, the driver might be foolish enough to lead her back to the warehouse.



As it rounded a corner, the vehicle soon ran into a difficult situation. Several wrecked cars blocked the middle of the road. The APC wasn't equipped to drive over other vehicles, so the driver slammed on the brakes.


The APC fired another shot at Titania's legs, yet once again all it did was mildly annoy her. Titania marched forward undeterred, quickly closing the distance between her and the vehicle.


The driver put the pedal to the metal plowing headlong into the wrecked sedan, but the APC stalled as he tried to drive over the car. Under different circumstances, the APC would have been able to push the car out of the way, but the car had been covered in bricks and embedded in the cracked pavement.
STOP
ONLY
POLICE
420
POLICE
ONE WAY
NO PARKING


Titania gleefully sauntered over to the car. “What’s wrong, you having a little car trouble?” she asked the driver. “Don’t worry, Titania’s here to help you out!”



The gunner opened his passenger-side door and looked out at her. “Watch out, she is coming!” he shouted at the others. “Go in reverse, now!”



Before they could get away, Titania pressed her heel into the back of the APC, collapsing the heavy armor plating beneath her boot. The APC had been stalled already, but now there was no chance of escape.


She pressed her heel down harder, crumpling the armored vehicle as easily as if it was tinfoil. The soldier in the gunner seat begged for his life, and his pleas quickly devolved into incomprehensible panicked gibbering.
NO PARKING
12


Titania relished their fear. The giantess stared down furiously at the tank, reveling in the fact that she held the power of life and death over them. She only wished she had Jeanette there to share the moment with her.



Titania soon grew tired of playing with her new toy. She pressed her heel down, further collapsing the truck and compressing its contents. Metal and flesh alike were squeezed under her heel. The screams of the soldiers were silenced one by one, reduced to squelching as Titania crunched them under her boots.



Titania usually loved crushing people under her heels, but somehow it felt strangely empty. It felt almost wrong, somehow, doing it without Jeanette. For most of her life, it had been a private pleasure, a secret pleasure… but then she found her companion, and everything was changed. In a few short days, it became an activity she shared with Jeanette. They'd been apart for less than a day, and yet all she could think of was how much Jeanette would have loved watching her crush those soldiers.

Titania wanted to finish her mission as soon as possible so she could see Jeanette again, but she knew that it was likely to take days, if not weeks. In the meantime, she needed to get in contact with Jeanette any way she could…



Jeanette had been anxiously sitting by her computer all day, waiting anxiously for Titania to call. When the call finally came, though, she almost couldn't believe it was real.

Titania, likewise, wasn't sure if Jeanette would pick up. "MeanKweenx420x… I'm sure that's the right username, but no one is picking up. The signal is shit out here," she said to herself, "and she probably has other stuff to do anyway…"

"You're... crushing... me…" the soldier below her said. The sole survivor of the APC was now pinned underneath Titania's posterior. She could control her density almost as well as she could control her size, and the 5'11" blonde now weighed a little over five hundred pounds, nearly all of which was pressing down on the soldier.

"I'm going to crush you a lot worse if you keep complaining," Titania shot back. "Keep your mouth shut, I'm trying to make a call, okay?"


Jeanette kicked her boots up on her desk. It was trying to connect, but Titania wasn't getting through. "This sucks," Jeanette muttered to herself. "She's probably having so much fun crunching people all by herself, I bet she's forgotten all about me..."


“If you stop I’ll tell you everything!” the rebel soldier pleaded to Titania.
“Will you shut up?” Titania spat back. “I’ll let you know when I’m ready to start the interrogation, but right now I’m trying to make a call, and you’re interrupting! I don’t want Jeanette to be distracted by some Russian weirdo!”
“I’m not even Russian!”
“I don’t care!”


Finally, the program said that it connected, but nothing got through but static. “Wait,” Titania said, “I think I got a signal! Are you there, Jeanette? Jeanette?”


"Poor connection…" Jeanette muttered to herself. All she could see were choppy fragments, and brief, stuttering snippets of incomprehensible audio. "Titania, can you hear me? Hello?" but the only response was static. "I know she's invincible and all," Jeanette muttered to herself, "but i'm kind of worried for Titania, all alone out there…"



Nothing was coming through on her end, but Titania spoke into the phone anyway, on the off chance that Jeanette might hear what she was saying.

“I’m not sure if you can hear this,” Titania said, “but I love you Jeanette. I’m doing okay, but it’s lonely out here, so far away from you. I’m not sure how long it will be, but I promise you, I’ll raze this whole country to the ground if it means I can see you a little sooner…”


“Is she trying to say something?” Jeanette muttered to herself. “Hello? Hello, Titania? Are you there?” There was no response except for static, but she continued. “I love you Titania, hope you can hear me…”


“Jeanette? Did you say something?” Titania asked. The snippets of sound that made it through were so compressed that it was hard to tell what she was saying, but it was still reassuring to hear what she thought was at least Jeanette’s voice. “I miss you…” Titania said. “I just want you to know that whatever happens, I’ll…” but before Titania could finish her sentence, the screen went black.


“Your fucking phone already died,” Titania cursed at the soldier. “How hard is it to charge your goddamn phone once in a while?!”
“We’re fighting... a war...” the soldier said, struggling to get out each syllable with Titania on his back.
“Yeah,” Titania said, “well it looks like you’re just as bad at fighting your little war as you are at charging your damn phone, doesn’t it?”


"Connection lost..." Jeanette muttered to herself. "Oh well, I guess it wasn't meant to be. Hopefully we'll get a chance to talk for real, one of these days..."
rry, we couldn't connect to Skype.
Retry


"Ugh, I guess I better get back to doing my homework," Jeanette said to herself. "Wait, no, what am I saying, I'll just make my roommates do it. They're so fucking terrified of me now, they'll do whatever the hell I tell them to do! Speaking of which, this chair is sooo uncomfortable..."
Retry


On the other side of the world, Titania was frustrated at her own ‘chair.’ “Give me one reason why I shouldn’t kill you right now,” Titania asked the soldier.
“Please… I’ll tell you everything!” The soldier said. “The guy you’re looking for, Caesar… he’s being held in a warehouse a few miles North of here. It’s just off the main highway, in an industrial district. You can’t miss it…”
“You’re the first person I’ve met over here who hasn’t been completely useless,” Titania said.
“Will… will you let me live now?”


"Of course not, idiot!" Titania said with a laugh. "Since you told me what I needed to know, I don't have any reason to keep you alive anymore. But I won't torture you… for very long, anyway!"
Titania focused her energy, and she started to grow.
COLT
COLT


NO
PARKING
UNAUTHORIZED
VEHICLES WILL
BE TOWED
AT OWNER'S
EXPENSE
COLT
COLT
Her body stretched upwards, and grew far more massive by the second. The soldier strained under her exponentially growing weight.


Titania continued to grow, savoring the sound of the soldier's screams, and the bones snapping one by one under her weight. Soon, she was once again heavier than the APC that she'd crushed under her foot earlier.
POLICE


The soldier spat out blood as his ribcage was crushed under Titania's huge, heavy ass. It was a torturous end, and one Titania took pleasure in drawing out.


Caesar Cohen wasn’t faring much better. Imprisoned in a warehouse, tied to a chair, and beaten by rebel soldiers, Caesar was nearing the end of his rope.
WHITE SWAN
PURE FRENCH BRANDY
CONTENTS: 1X URBAN ENVIRONMENT
1X SCI-FI ENVIRONMENT
NET WT 120K POLYGONS



"All we want is the money," the rebel said. "A hundred million dollars, that's pocket change to the richest man in the world! We don't care how you get it to us, but we need it now!"

"These things take time," Caesar said. "I'll get you the money, but it could take a while. It's not like I just have a hundred million in the bank, liquid. It could take days… weeks even…"

"Lies!" the guard shouted at him. "I don't have time for your excuses! From now on, every day I don't get my money, my associate is going to remove one appendage from your body. You may not like the one he removes first…"


“You might not have that long,” Caesar said.
The guard laughed. “What, those little ladies in the costumes that you talked so much about? You’ve been promising that they’d come for days, but they never show up. I’m beginning to wonder if you invented them to try and scare us. It’s a shame, we could use some female company around here!
“I’m not talking about them,” Caesar said. “You hear that booming sound? And that one? Those aren’t gunshots or explosions. They’re too slow, too rhythmic. They’re footsteps, and there’s only one person on this earth who can make that much noise with a footprint. I think the calvary is about to arrive, and you’d better start begging me for forgiveness…”
“Nice try,” one guard shouted, “but you’re not going to fool us that easily!”


But as the footsteps grew louder, the guards became more concerned.
“What the hell was that?” one guard asked. A shadow soon loomed over the base.
“What is that?” the rebel asked Caesar. “*Who* is that?”


They didn’t have to wait long to find out. The sound of screeching metal pierced their ears, as the warehouse’s metal rooftop tore open. Two giant hands, clad in blue gloves, soon revealed themselves, and then a woman’s face.
OFFICE


“Hello there,” Titania said to the man who was tied up in the chair. “You’re, umm, Caesar, right?”
“The one and only!” Caesar happily shouted.
“And these other guys, are they rebels, or…?”


“Yes, they’re rebels!” Caesar yelled. “Kill them!”
“Shoot her!” A soldier shouted. He raised his rifle and aimed for the giant woman’s head, which considering its size, was not a particularly hard target for him to hit.


"Wait!" the black-clad guard shouted. "We're not going to be able to take out *that* with a couple of rifles!"
B-9
B-12
B-15
HANDLE WITH CARE
Stonemasons


“Oh god, she’s coming for us!” another guard shouted. Titania’s hand reached out towards them. She was clearly reaching out for one of them, but those on the ground weren’t entirely sure who until she plucked Caesar out of his chair.


"Oof! Careful," Caesar said, "you're squeezing me pretty tight!"
DANGER
FORKLIFT OPERATING AREA
B-11
B-12
B-13
B-14


"I can squeeze a lot tighter," Titania replied with a smirk. "The mission is to keep you alive. The way I see it, a few broken bones won't affect things one way or the other."


"You can't talk to me like that!" Caesar shouted. "Do you know who I am? What I could do to you?"
Titania scoffed. "I'd hold your tongue if I was you. I said I was going to keep you alive. I'm gonna put you someplace nice and safe while I deal with the soldiers..."


To Caesar's surprise, Titania stuffed him into her cleavage. "Safe?!" Caesar mused, "this doesn't feel safe!"
"You might break a bone or two," Titania said, "but I've held plenty of people between my tits, and I've never killed one by accident. Well, not when I was sober, anyway..."


“Don’t let her take Caesar!” the black-suited soldier shouted to his compatriots. “Shoot him!”


"Shoot him, now!" the soldier repeated, unsure why the other soldiers weren't following his orders.
"You might want to turn around!" Titania said to him.

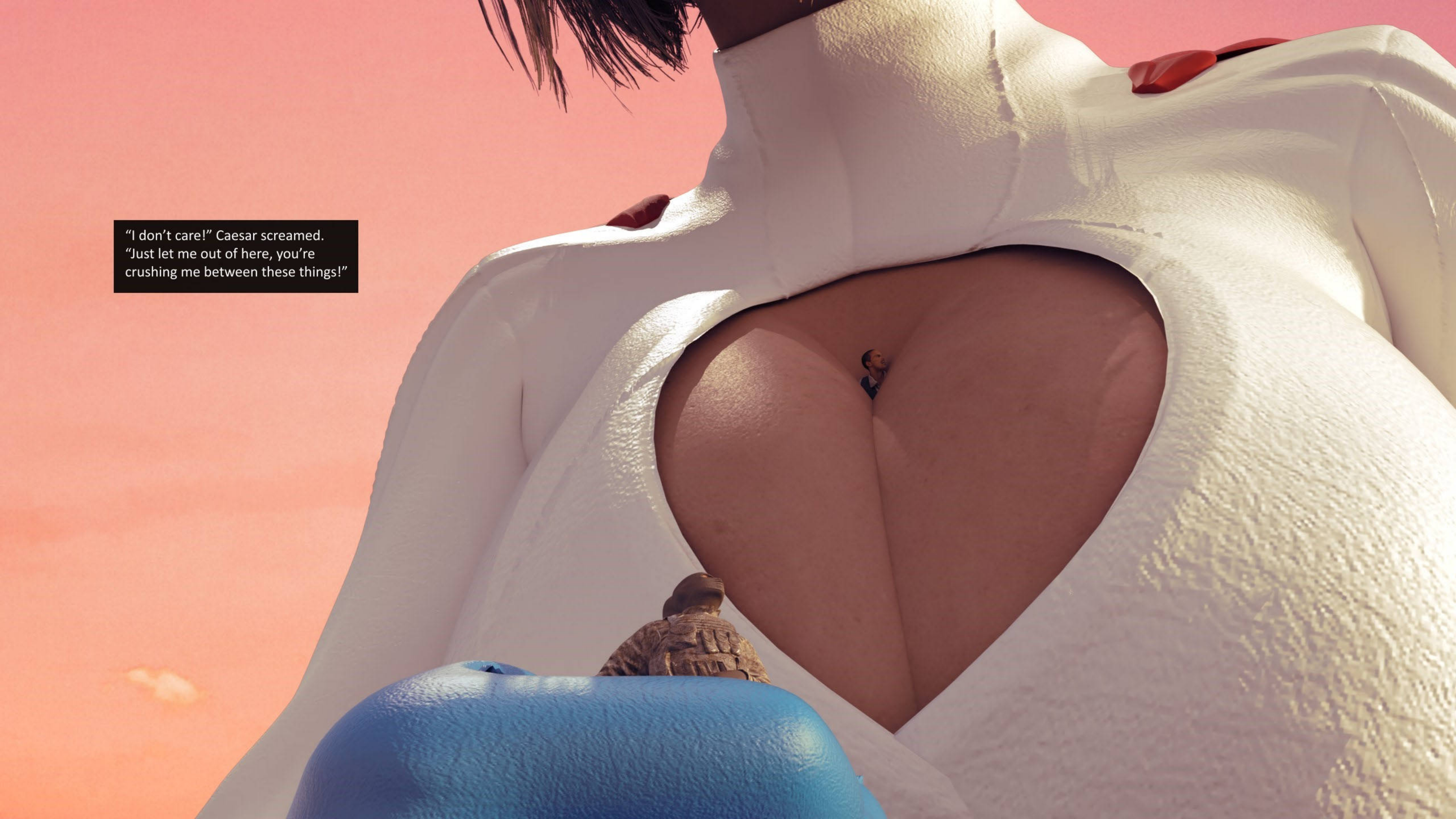

The soldier turned around just in time to see Titania's giant fist hurtling towards him with the momentum of a runaway freight train.



Her fist smashed hard against the concrete floor, instantly squishing the soldier's body into a thin red puree. The other soldiers fell back, tossed into the air by the strength of the impact.


While the other soldiers were still trying to get up off the ground, Titania happily reached down and picked them both up. The soldiers tried to squirm away, but once someone was in Titania's grip, they rarely escaped except through death.


Titania looked down at the two soldiers in her hand with a mad glint in her eye. “Well what do you know,” Titania said, “I didn’t squish them! So, Caesar, how should I take these two out? Should I eat ‘em, or squish ‘em, or throw ‘em?”


"I don't care!" Caesar screamed. "Just let me out of here, you're crushing me between these things!"


"Oh, you're no fun," Titania said with an eye-roll, as she lifted the two men above her head. 'I guess I'll just eat them. I feel like that's what she would have asked for..."


Titania released her grip, dropping the men more than twenty feet into her mouth. It was a maneuver Titania had done countless times, and she was skill enough that she almost always dropped them into her mouth. Almost. Now and again, she'd miss, and they'd land in her cleavage, or splatter on the ground, but those weren't outcomes that Titania was especially set on avoiding either.



This time, her aim was good, and both of the soldiers landed in her mouth. Titania preferred to eat her men fully-clothed, more often than not; she didn't like the idea of some random man's dick touching her immaculate tongue, and she'd long since stopped being disgusted by the taste of dirty or sweaty clothes. They were like seasoning, along with the countless other tastes she picked up over years of people-eating.


Titania smiled, reveling in the satisfaction of a job well done, and the hope that she would be able to see Jeanette again soon. It had been less than twenty four hours away, but it felt like so much longer, and she was ready to head back home to San Francisco. She plucked Caesar from her cleavage and set him carefully on the ground.


ATTENTION
ALL PEOPLE ENTERING THIS SITE MUST READ THE HAZARD ID BOARD AND MUST SIGN IN EVERYDAY
ALL RELEVANT SAFETY GEAR MUST ALSO BE WORN PRIOR TO ENTERING WORK AREAS
"That's more like it!" Caesar said, rolling up his cuffs. "Sorry if I said some things I didn't mean earlier, you were a little rough on me earlier. I prefer my women on the shorter side, but if you wanted to shrink down to my size, I think we could have some fun before the plane comes to pick us up…"


Titania wasn't tempted by the offer. "With all due respect to your money, Caesar, you're not really my type. I think I prefer staying at this size until the plane arrives. Oh, and by the way, you wouldn't happen to have a phone on you, would you?"
"I'm afraid not," Caesar said. "But what do you need a phone for, anyway? There's no sense in being bored when you're with the world's wealthiest man. I know plenty of ways to keep a woman entertained, even if you want to stay that size. I bet those giant lips of yours could give one hell of a blowjob..."



Titania sighed. “The only way I’d even think about giving you a blowjob was if I was about to suck the rest of you down right after. There are plenty of things I’m sure I’d enjoy doing to you, Caesar. But you’re not likely to survive most of them, let alone enjoy them… And my mission requires that I keep you and your over-inflated ego alive.”


“Fine,” Caesar said. “I’ll just wait over here until the plane arrives…”
Titania stretched, reaching her boot-clad feet out across the parking lot. She was planning on waiting for a while, so she figured she might as well get comfortable.


Back behind the fence, though, two much smaller costumed women were quietly watching.
“You’re sure she’s on our side?” The redhead whispered.
“Of course,” the blonde whispered back. “That’s Titania, of course she’s here to save the day! It’s what she does!”
“I dunno,” the redhead said, “I’ve got a bad feeling about this…”
“Oh come on, you’ve got a bad feelin’ about everything. Come on, let’s say hi to Caesar!”


"Hey Caesar!" the blonde shouted, "it's so good to see you!" The two of them gleefully sprinted out to their boss with open arms.
"Girls," Caesar said, "where were you? I thought you were dead! But… why didn't you come to rescue me a little earlier? Say, maybe before I'd already been rescued!?"


"Well, we was gonna," the blonde said, "but when we were scoutin' out the place, some soldiers took us prisoner just across the street from here. We thought we were goners, until Titania here showed up, and they ran away! You're a real hero, Titania, I just wish there was some way we could make it up to ya'!"
"Oh yeah," Titania said slyly, "there's a way all right..."


Without any warning, Titania reached rapidly out towards the two tiny heroines. Both of them instinctively recoiled, terrified of the enormous woman's hand as it hurtled towards them.

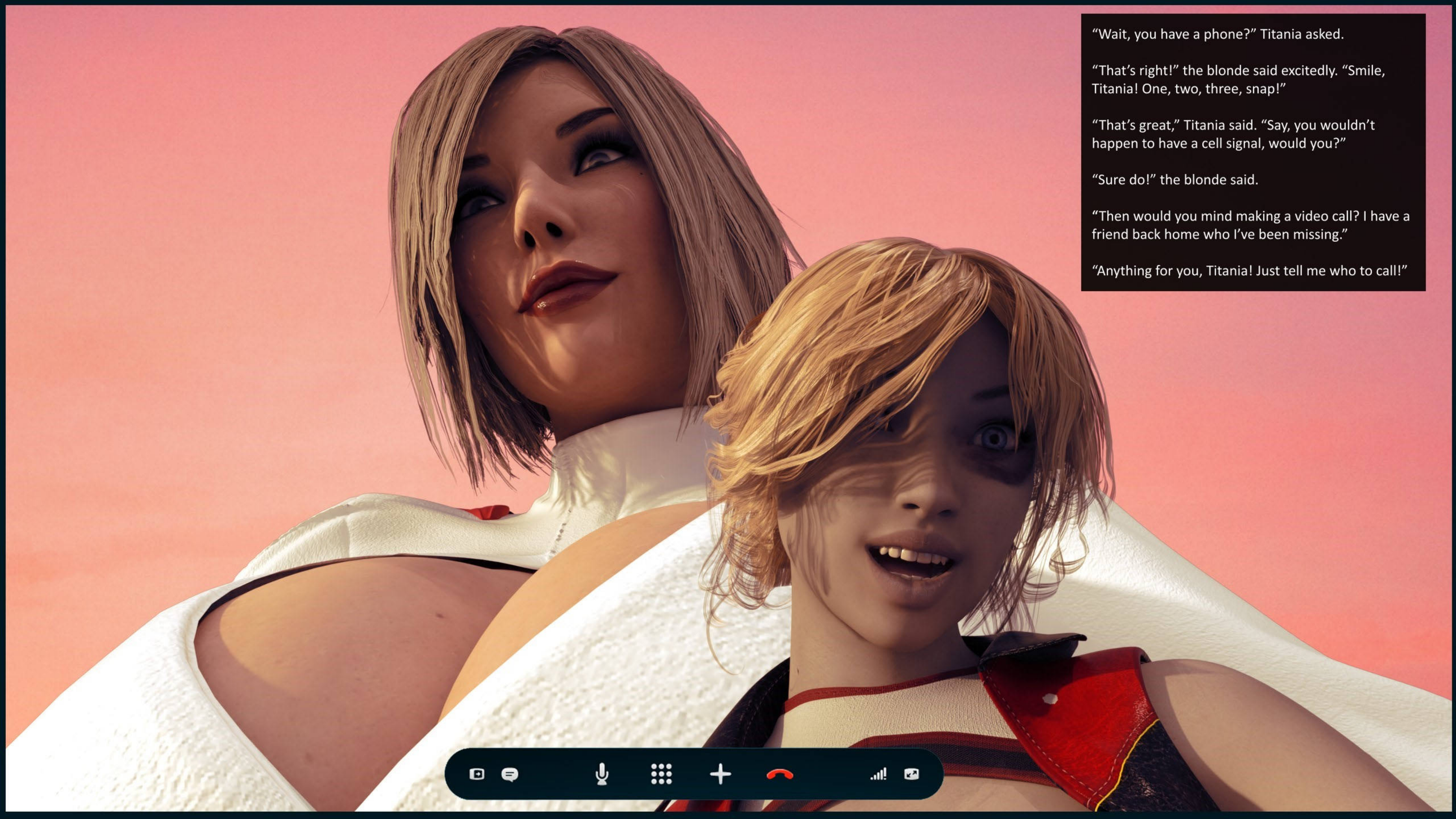


"Hey, what are you doing?!" Caesar shouted. "Put them down, right now!" But Titania ignored him, and Caesar quickly gave up trying to change the giant women's mind.



Titania put one of the women each hand. “Don’t be afraid,” Titania said to them. “I just wanted to get a closer look at both of you. Go ahead, stand up, I’ll keep my hands steady. You know you’re both really cute, you know that?”


“Oh, umm, thanks,” the blonde said awkwardly, “you are too! Like I said, I’m your biggest fan! Speaking of which, do you mind if I get a selfie with you?” The blonde pulled a phone out of her cleavage and aimed it up at her and the giantess.



"Wait, you have a phone?" Titania asked.

"That's right!" the blonde said excitedly. "Smile, Titania! One, two, three, snap!"

"That's great," Titania said. "Say, you wouldn't happen to have a cell signal, would you?"

"Sure do!" the blonde said.

"Then would you mind making a video call? I have a friend back home who I've been missing."

"Anything for you, Titania! Just tell me who to call!"


Back in Jeanette's dorm room, a tinny robotic voice spoke through her computer speakers. "Call from: unknown," the voice said. Jeanette turned back, pleasantly surprised that Titania had called back, not even an hour later.
"That was fast," Jeanette said. "Hopefully she's got a better signal this time..."
魔方实业
InnovationCreatValue
魔方实业 荣誉出品
Incoming Call ...
UNKNOWN


Jeanette was overcome with excitement when she saw a crystal-clear image of Titania on her screen.
“Oh my god,” Jeanette said, “Titania it’s you! And… a friend?” Jeanette suddenly felt a tinge of jealousy at the sight of the mysterious woman.
“Hey there,” the mysterious blonde said, “Titania rescued me, and now I’m holdin’ her phone, because she’s too big to hold onto it herself! I asked her why she didn’t just shrink down to normal size, but she said she didn’t wanna! Ain’t that funny?”
“Uh-huh,” Jeanette said, as she gave Titania a knowing look. “So, Tits, is she there for you to…”
“Yeah,” Titania said. “I’m not sure how long it’ll be before we see each other for real, so I thought I could give you a little show over the video.”
“Hmm, okay,” Jeanette said. “That gives me some ideas...”


“This will give you some more ideas.” Titania lifted her other hand into frame, revealing a tiny redhead. Titania held onto the woman by her foot, and the woman’s body swung wildly as she dangled between Titania’s thumb and forefinger.
“I just can’t decide what to do with this one. What do you think, Jeanette?”


"Oh I've got plenty of ideas," Jeanette said. "Since we've only got two of them, let's take it nice and slow, okay?"
"Sure thing," Titania said.
"Huh?" the blonde asked. "Take what nice and slow?"
Jeanette ignored the blonde's interjection. "I'll tell you what to do, and you do it exactly like I ask. How's that sound, Tight-tits?"



Titania growled. “Oh, you know I like it when my cute little Jean gets bossy.”

“I want you to lift her above your head,” Jeanette ordered.

“Like this?” Titania asked, raising the terrified woman’s dangling body above her head.



"Yeah, just like that," Jeanette said. "Now slowly, really slowly, lower her down..."

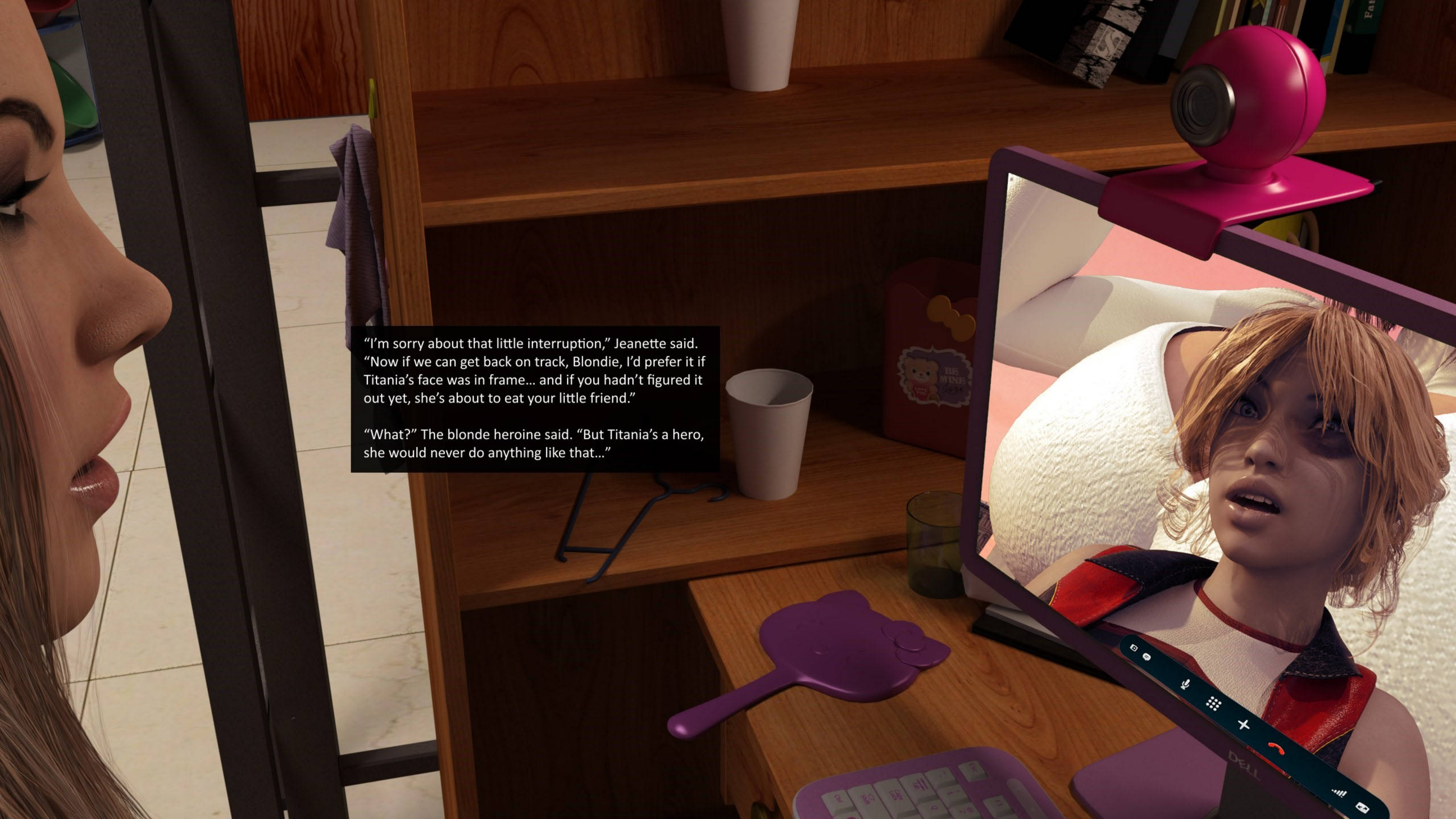
Titania followed her instructions. "Like this?"

"Perfect. Now open your mouth, little by little..."

The mood was interrupted when Jeanette's seat unexpectedly moved beneath her. "Oof," a woman's voice said from behind her, "sorry about that..."

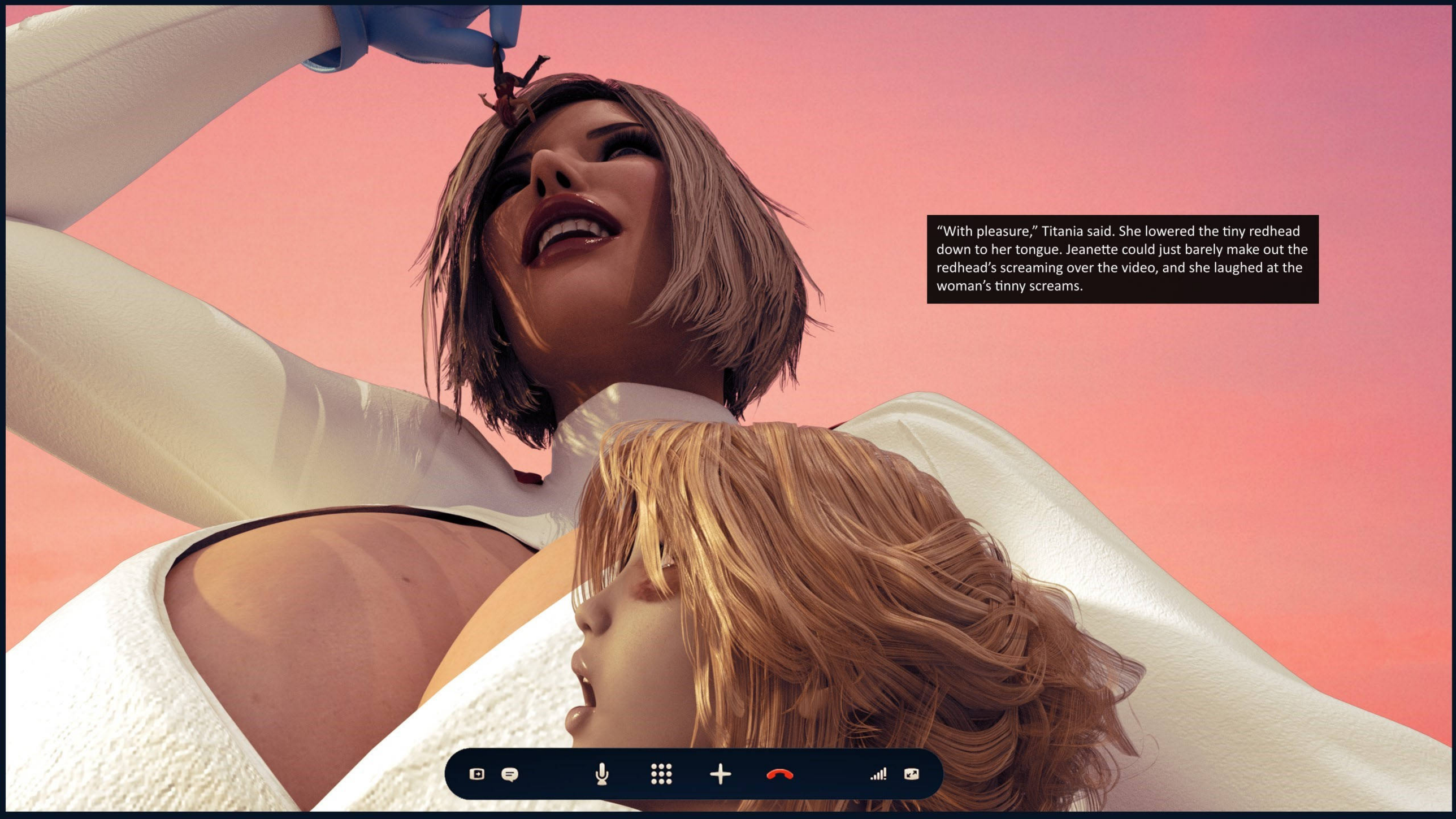

“I gave you one job!” Jeanette scolded her college roommate.
“I know,” the roommate said, “but you’re really… heavy.... Not, like, fat or anything, of course, but you’re really hurting my back...”
“Do you remember our agreement?” Jeanette asked.
“Yeah…” the roommate said. “I… agreed that I’d do whatever you wanted, as long as you wanted, for the next month…”
“Or else?”

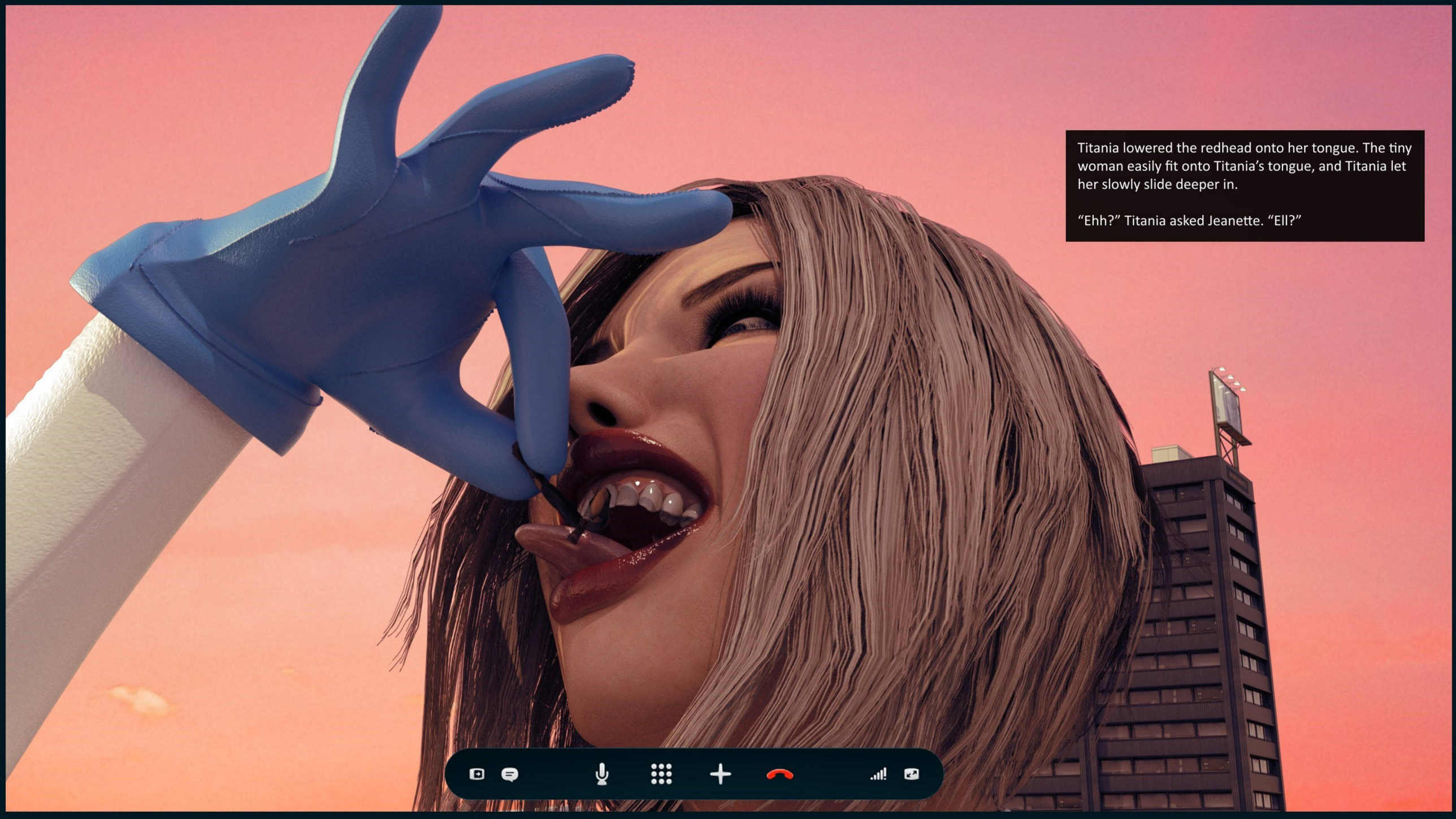

"Or else you said you would grow giant and squish me, like you did with Titania the other night!"
"That's right," Jeanette said. "If you think my butt is heavy now, wait until I grow fifty feet tall and squish you under it!"
"Okay, but if I could just get a break..."
"Chairs don't get breaks!"
"Okay, but..."
"Chairs don't talk!"


"I'm sorry about that little interruption," Jeanette said. "Now if we can get back on track, Blondie, I'd prefer it if Titania's face was in frame… and if you hadn't figured it out yet, she's about to eat your little friend."
"What?" The blonde heroine said. "But Titania's a hero, she would never do anything like that…"


"Sorry, Blondie," Titania said, "but I told my little Jean that I'd do anything she asked me to do… And that means anything. If you want me to stop, don't try to change my mind. Try to change hers. And I recommend you ask very politely."


“What? Come on, please! Titan-- I mean, Jeanette, tell her to stop!”
“Let me think...” Jeanette mused, “Nah. But I’ll tell you what, hold that camera nice and steady and give me a clear shot, and maybe I’ll tell her not to eat you!”
“But please,” the blonde pleaded, “she’s my friend!”
“I know, and that’s going to make it even more fun to watch. Come on, Titania, eat that bitch!”


“With pleasure,” Titania said. She lowered the tiny redhead down to her tongue. Jeanette could just barely make out the redhead’s screaming over the video, and she laughed at the woman’s tinny screams.


Titania lowered the redhead onto her tongue. The tiny woman easily fit onto Titania's tongue, and Titania let her slowly slide deeper in.
"Ehh?" Titania asked Jeanette. "Ell?"


“Noo!” The blonde screamed. “You can’t do that! You can’t eat her!”


Back in her dorm room, Jeanette was breathing heavily. “Wait,” Jeanette said, “she might have a point. Don’t eat her yet… Not until you give the blonde and me a better view!”



Titania was happy to oblige. She lifted her hand up and opened her mouth wide, giving the blonde heroine and Jeanette a view of the redhead.

“Help,” the redhead screamed, “this isn’t funny! Let me out!”

“Ell?” Titania asked Jeanette, “Ooo weady Wammett?”




“Almost,” Jeanette said, “wait just a second. Hey bitch, get over here!” Jeanette turned towards her roommate, Sarah, who had just walked into the dorm.
“Oh, umm, okay,” Sarah said nervously, “what is it?”
“You remember what I told you this morning?”
“I-I think so,” Sarah said, you mean how you told me that if I didn’t do everything you told me to do, or if I ever talked back to you, that you’d shrink me down and crush me with your fancy boots?”



"Exactly," Jeanette said. "Well now I'm telling you to get down between my legs, and don't stop eating my pussy until I tell you to. Understood?"

"Oh, umm… Of course, Jeanette! Anything you say, Jeanette!"

"Less talking, more pussy-eating," Jeanette said, "unless you want me to step on you!"


Sarah wasted no time dropping onto her knees and shoving her face between Jeanette's thighs. The blonde let out a moan of pleasure when the submissive redhead's tongue lapped her pussy.
"Mmm," Jeanette moaned, "you've done this before, haven't you?" Okay, Titania, I'm ready, just wanted my roommate to start licking my pussy first. Swallow that wannabe hero bitch!"


“Nooo!” The redhead screamed, but her voice was silenced when Titania closed her lips. Titania swallowed, and the redhead disappeared into Titania’s body, never to be seen again.


Titania bit her lip as she stared into the blonde's eyes. "Your friend tasted sooo good..." Titania moaned, before her gaze turned to the screen of the phone that the blonde was holding. "Did you like that, Jeanette?"
"Hell yeah I did," Jeanette said. "Now do the other one!"
"What?!" the blonde shouted. "But... we had a deal! You said you wouldn't eat me if I held your stupid camera! I kept it up while you ate my fucking friend!"
"Oh, I'm not going to eat you. I'm just going to give my friend Jeanette an X-rated show..."


Titania reached down between her legs with her free hand, and pulled the leotard to the side, revealing her dripping-wet pussy.
“What are you going to do,” the blonde said, “put me in your pussy?!”
“I’ll do that and worse, if you drop that camera. Try to hold it nice and steady, will you? I want to to make sure Jeanette gets a nice, clear picture, no shaky-cam....”


Down on the ground, Caesar was outraged. “Eating one of my bodyguards is one thing, but now you’re using the other one as a dildo? You’ve gone too far!”

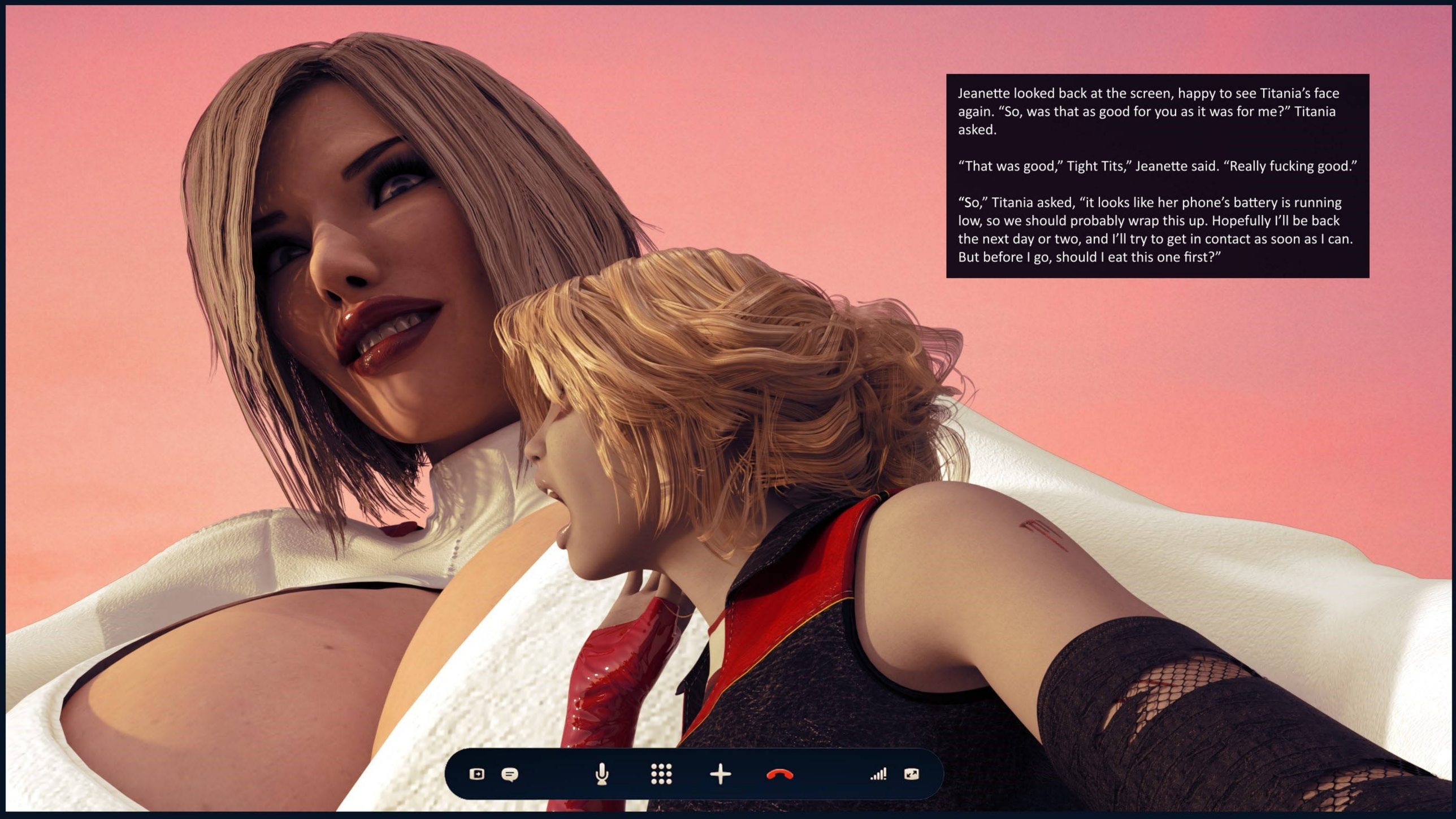

Jeanette watched with pleasure as she watched the POV footage of the blonde nearing Titania's pussy. Titania moved her so slowly, so tantalizingly… Jeanette could tell Titania was drawing it out just to tease her, but she liked it when Titania teased her.

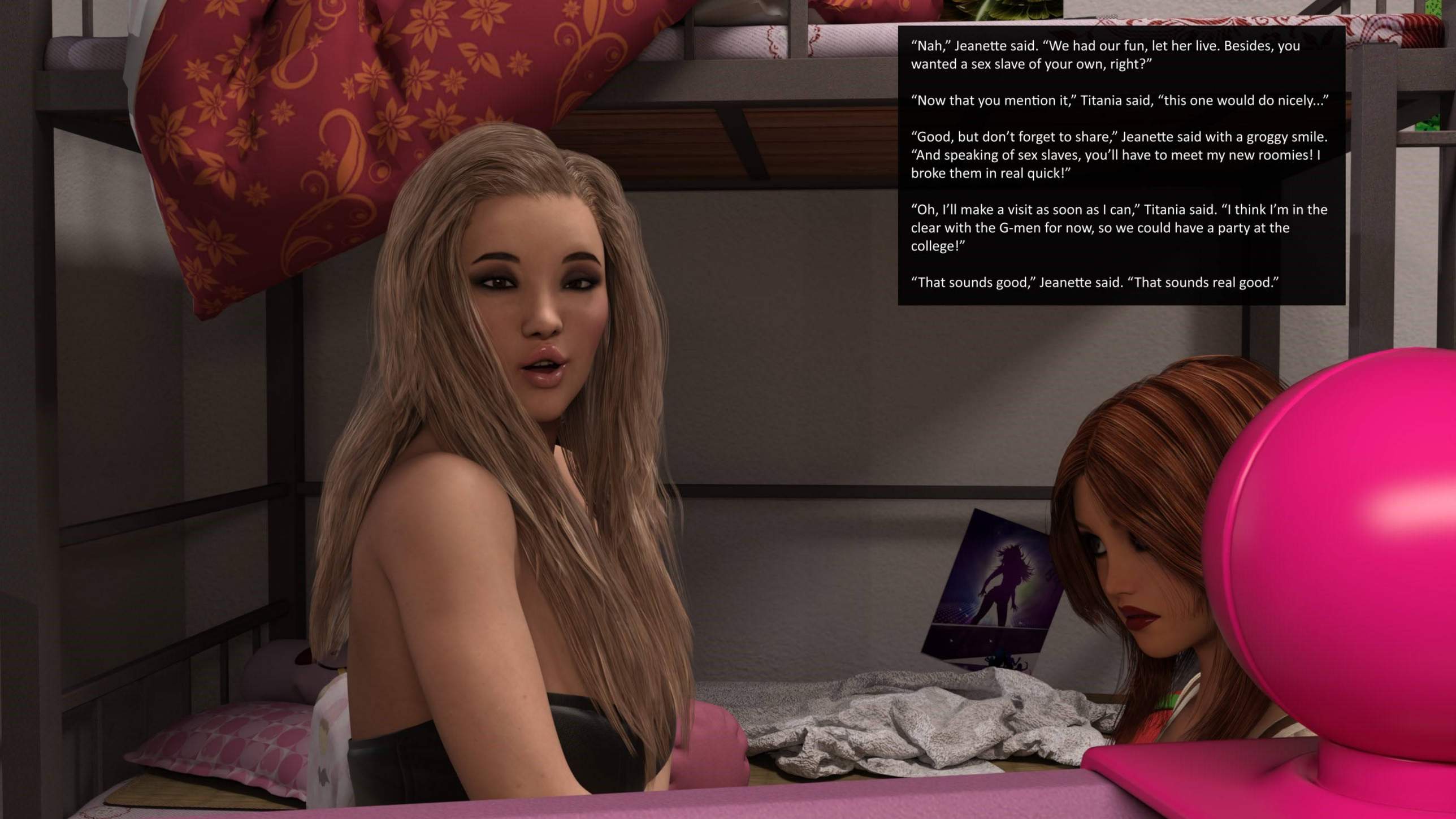

Titania shoved the woman inside of her without even bothering to spread her pussy lips first. The blonde could hardly bare the immense pressure, as Titania used her body to spread those gargantuan lips, but she was stronger than most.


Titania’s pussy finally opened, and she was thrust deeper inside of the giant woman’s pussy.


Jeanette watched and savored the sight. Seeing the inside of Titania's pussy again reminded her of the time they first met, in the TV station, when Titania had ravaged her so thoroughly. There was something so primal about it, being used as a sex toy by someone so much bigger and more powerful, someone who didn't care about hurting her. It was something that she almost missed, now that Titania had come to be more careful with her, and reliving the experience vicariously brought back the mad lust of that first night.


“Oh, fuck yeah,” Jeanette moaned, “use that pussy as your fucking dildo like you did with me that night at the TV station!” She grinded the redhead’s face against her pussy, guided the redhead’s tongue deeper inside of her. Jeanette screamed madly with pleasure as she finally came in one last shivering, screaming orgasm.


Jeanette looked back at the screen, happy to see Titania's face again. "So, was that as good for you as it was for me?" Titania asked.
"That was good," Tight Tits," Jeanette said. "Really fucking good."
"So," Titania asked, "it looks like her phone's battery is running low, so we should probably wrap this up. Hopefully I'll be back the next day or two, and I'll try to get in contact as soon as I can. But before I go, should I eat this one first?"


"Nah," Jeanette said. "We had our fun, let her live. Besides, you wanted a sex slave of your own, right?"
"Now that you mention it," Titania said, "this one would do nicely..."
"Good, but don't forget to share," Jeanette said with a groggy smile. "And speaking of sex slaves, you'll have to meet my new roomies! I broke them in real quick!"
"Oh, I'll make a visit as soon as I can," Titania said. "I think I'm in the clear with the G-men for now, so we could have a party at the college!"
"That sounds good," Jeanette said. "That sounds real good."


TITANIA
WILL
RETURN


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SQUASHING EVIL, ONE CRIMINAL AT A TIME
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TITANIA
ISSUE 6


REDFIREDOG
+
JACKOFBULLETS



At last, the capital city was quiet, but a sense of unease still hung over safe zone. Refugees and soldiers milled around the NATO camp, waiting impatiently to be evacuated. The threat from the rebels had waned, and yet Titania's looming shadow was less than reassuring.


"What do you mean they won't give you clearance to land here?" Caesar Cohen shouted into his radio. "I know for a fact that NATO already took out every anti-air battery in a hundred mile radius! How long will... two weeks? Are you kidding me?! I can't wait that long. What do they expect me to do, ride a fucking city bus?"
A NATO officer made his way over to Caesar. "That won't be necessary, sir," he said. "I'm NATO Field Lieutenant Terry Thompson. We've arranged for special VIP accommodations. An armored luxury vehicle will be here to pick you up momentarily."


SYSTEMS
027 223 4568
"The sooner, the better," Caesar said. "Who knows how long *she'll* stay asleep for." Caesar could hear her breathing. He turned and looked uncomfortably into the distance.
"Yes," Terry said, his gaze following Caesar's. "I think it's best that we all try to leave before she wakes up..."



Titania slumbered on top of a nearby warehouse, the same one she had rescued Caesar from days earlier. It was hundreds of feet away, and yet the sound of her stomach growling was so loud that it almost hurt to listen to.

“You heard what she did to my bodyguards, right?” Caesar asked.

“I know she ate them,” Terry said, “but that’s not what worries me. What I find more concerning is *when* she ate them: almost two days ago. We tried to convince her to shrink back down to normal size so she could eat some MRE rations, but she refused. Said she’s on a paleo diet, only eats some special beef from Japan. As far as I know, she **hasn’t had a single thing** to eat in nearly forty-eight hours, and her appetite is legendary…”


Caesar darted back as a deafening sound roared through the abandoned streets; the sound of Titania's yawn. She stretched her arms outward and rolled her head from side to side. Her eyes fluttered open, and Caesar's entire body stiffened with fear, but he drew a deep breath of relief when Titania soon shut her eyes again, and her body went limp once more.


11B 19th Street
MTA
Caesar felt an even greater relief when he saw his armored luxury vehicle pull up in front of him. “Looks like my ride's here,” he said to Terry. “Good luck with Titania, she’s a real wildcard!”
“Thanks,” Terry said, “we’ll need all the luck we can get…”



As he was walking to the car, Caesar heard a loud gurgling sound. He turned back and looked at Titania, and realized it must have been her stomach. “How dare you feel hungry,” Caesar said, “after you ate *my* bodyguards!”



Caesar didn't want to wait around Titania any longer than necessary, so he wasted no time getting in his car and slamming the door shut. "Come on," Caesar told the driver, "Let's go! The driver revved the engine and sped off.

The sound of the engine roaring rustled Titania from her slumber. Her eyes fluttered open once more, and she awoke, faintly confused by her surroundings. "Jeanette?" she muttered. "Where are you…?"



When she opened her eyes, though, she was disappointed to see that Jeanette was nowhere to be found. “Oh right,” Titania muttered to herself, “forgot I’m still in this shithole.”

“Look, she’s awake!” a redheaded woman shouted from inside the bus. The NATO soldiers shuffled around nervously. “Hop in that driver’s seat, because this bus needs to leave, now!” Terry said.

“But sir,” the private said, “we had orders from command not to leave until we were given the all-clear.”

“I don’t think you appreciate the gravity of the situation, private,” Terry said, “we need to go right this fucking minute!”


Not a second later, Titania reached out for the NATO soldiers. “Look out!” people shouted from inside the bus. As concerned as Thompson had been, he made the mistake of looking away from Titania, and he didn’t see her coming until it was too late.
60234
MTA
MTA
60234
11B 19th Street
MTA



Titania's glove-clad hand effortlessly scooped them up. Thompson and the private sprinted away, but Titania was quick for her size, particularly when she was hungry.



Titania looked at the two soldiers with amusement, as they wriggled helplessly between her fingers. “You’re the one in charge, here, right?” Titania asked.

“Y-yes Ma’am!” Thompson replied.

“Oh yeah?” Titania asked. “And did you get that Kobe beef like I asked?”

“N-no, Ma’am,” Thompson said nervously. “I spent all night making calls, but it turns out that it’s exceptionally hard to get Kobe beef shipped into a warzone in short notice. It would have taken a week to arrive, at least. But we do have plenty of beef-flavored military rations. I promise they’re better than their reputation might have you believe…”


"Nah, I don't like that fake shit," Titania said. "Just doesn't taste the same to me." With her free hand, she reached out and plucked the private up, grabbing him around the waist. "I like it really thick and juicy… and I like it raw. See, being my size, you get used to a certain… special diet. There's something most people have never tried, and it tastes better than any pork or beef you'll ever have."
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The private held his tongue as Titania inspected his body. “Let’s see. Young… toned… just enough fat. Yeah, you’ll do nicely. See, even since I got a taste for this... special meat, Kobe beef is about the only other food I can eat. And I tried to hold out, I really did. But I haven’t eaten in almost two days now, and I’m really, really hungry…”



Titania raised the private to her gaping maw. “You wouldn’t mind if I had just one of your soldiers, would you?” Titania asked. Thompson was too stunned to answer the question.

“Help!” the private screamed. “Put me down! Terry, make her stop!”

“I order you to put him down this instant!” Thompson shouted. But from his position, dwarfed as he was by Titania’s hand, the power disparity was obvious. The uniform and rank meant little to someone like Titania, who could take on entire armies on a whim.


Thompson soon gave up on trying to stop her. Instead, he covered his ears and closed his eyes, trying to drown out the sound of the private's screams as Titania shoved him into her mouth.


Before long, though, fear and morbid curiosity overcame Thompson. He lifted his head up just in time to watch as Titania slurped Thompson deeper into her mouth, until only his hand reached out from her mouth. He watched her powerful jaws as she chewed on him, savoring the flavor as she masticated the young man. His hand flailed wildly out of panic, and his screams were too loud to be fully muffled by Titania's mouth. Then Titania chomped down once more, harder than before, and in an instant the screams stopped and the private's arm went limp.
APARTMENTS


Titania smiled as she sucked in the private's arm, and swallowed him down. Kobe's got nothing on this," Titania said. "So anyway, enough about food for now. I was wondering… when's my plane coming? It should be today, right? I have someone I've really been looking forward to seeing…"
CARLTO



"It's just bureaucracy," Thompson said. "This is restricted air space. NATO isn't allowing any flights in for at least a week. We've tried to tell them that we cleared all the anti-air sites, but they want to wait for another satellite sweep. Don't want to risk any planes getting shot down…"

"Yeah, well I don't care," Titania said. "I'm practically invincible, so worst case scenario they just shoot my plane down and I'm back on the ground, waiting for a pick-up like I am now. Are you really telling me that you can't make an exception for me of all people?"

"I'm afraid not," Thompson said. "Restricted airspace rules are quite strict. We can't make exceptions, even for you… but there might be another option. You were asleep when the VIP car left, but we have some alternate transport. A bus is about to leave with some other American citizens. Only three days of driving and we'll be out of the restricted airspace…"


"'Only three days?'" Titania repeated. "'Only?'"
"...Umm, yes?" Thompson said.
"'*Only*' three days of waiting on a goddamn bus with a bunch of idiots. That's what you're saying? That I should just be perfectly happy with that?"


"...I'm sorry, Miss Titania," Thompson pleaded. "We do the best with what we can, but this is still considered a warzone, even after your considerable help clearing it up. But I'm sure you can take some satisfaction in knowing you helped save a lot of people..."
"'Oh, you're saying that I helped people?'" Titania repeated, with a wild glint in her eye. "I made some stranger's life better, like I have every single day of my life for the last few decades?"
"Yes!" Thompson said, hopeful that he might have actually put Titania in a better mood. "Yes, you really did!"
"Well isn't that just *super*!" Titania said.


Titania got a mischievous look in her eye as she looked down at the bus. “I’m so excited,” she said, “I’ll just walk over and get on board right now!”
“Wait!” Thompson shouted, suddenly realizing what Titania had in mind. “Give me a little time, I promise I can get a plane to pick you up by tonight! I’m sure if you give me some time to talk to the top brass, I can get them to arrange a flight within the next few days!”
“No, that’s alright,” Titania said. “I really want to go on the bus *now*!”



Titania took a step forward. A single step was all she needed to reach the bus, but she drew it out, reveling in the fear that she could generate with one small step.

"We need to get out of here!" a woman shouted from the back of the bus. "Why aren't the doors opening? Where the hell is the driver?"

Another woman was sitting in the driver's seat. "I'm trying to figure out how to unlock the doors!" she pressed button after button, but none had any effect.


“Please, don’t hurt them!” Thompson pleaded. “Take me instead!”
“What’s the problem?” Titania asked. “You said you wanted me to get on the bus, I’m just doing what you asked.”


"Huh," Titania said, "this bus seems small! Are all buses this small?"
Titania lowered her foot down onto the bus, her enormous heel hanging ominously over the terrified civilians inside.
MTA
60234
11B 19th Street



"It's almost like I'm too big for the bus or something," Titania said. "It's breaking really easily. What's up with that?"

She lowered her foot down on the bus slowly, meticulously pressing down with just enough pressure to compress on the roof. She drew it out long enough that those inside could tell would have time to register what was happening.



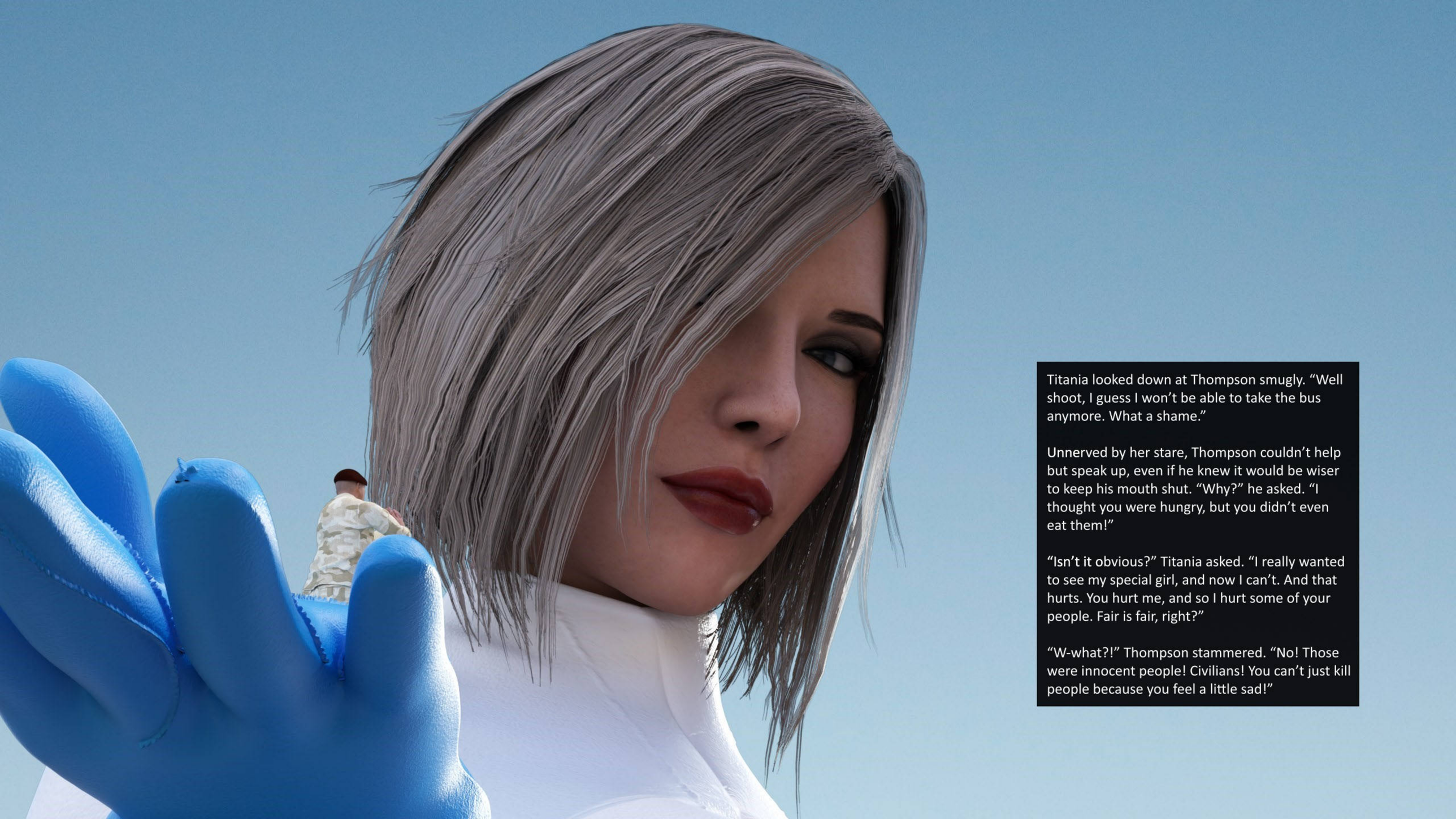
Titania pressed down further, until her heel was just over a foot from the ground. One unfortunate man was caught directly under her heel. Held in place by twisted steel bars, could do nothing but lie helplessly as the metal roof squeezed his body harder and harder.

"Oh no," Titania said, "did I squish some people? Oh my god, I didn't even realize I was so big. I'm such a klutz!"



"Oh well," Titania said, "I might as well just finish them off!"

Then, in an instant, she pressed down with force, squeezing the middle of the bus flat. The man under her heel splattered all over the bus, along with two other unfortunate passengers. Only the woman in the driver's seat emerged unscathed, at least physically.



Titania looked down at Thompson smugly. “Well shoot, I guess I won’t be able to take the bus anymore. What a shame.”

Unnerved by her stare, Thompson couldn’t help but speak up, even if he knew it would be wiser to keep his mouth shut. “Why?” he asked. “I thought you were hungry, but you didn’t even eat them!”

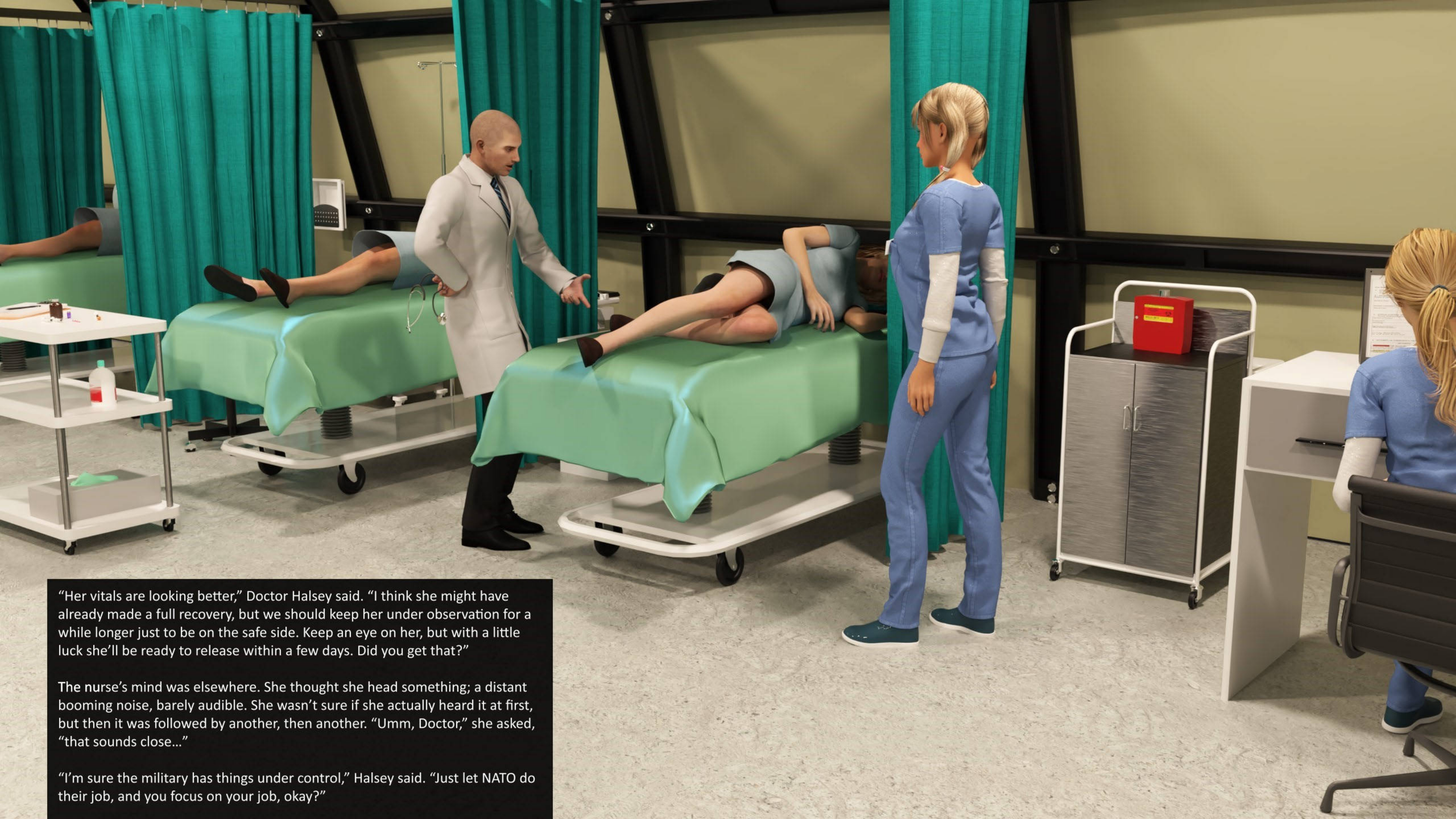
“Isn’t it obvious?” Titania asked. “I really wanted to see my special girl, and now I can’t. And that hurts. You hurt me, and so I hurt some of your people. Fair is fair, right?”

“W-what?!” Thompson stammered. “No! Those were innocent people! Civilians! You can’t just kill people because you feel a little sad!”


"Uhh, yeah I can. I totally can." Titania said, as she walked away from the bus. "I'm two hundred feet tall, I can do whatever the hell I want. Besides, squishing people is fun! But you're right about one thing: I am hungry. Didn't you guys have a little green tent full of people somewhere around here? If I'm going to be waiting around, I might as well do it on a full stomach!"
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Just a few blocks away, paramedics were treating injured civilians in a small field hospital.



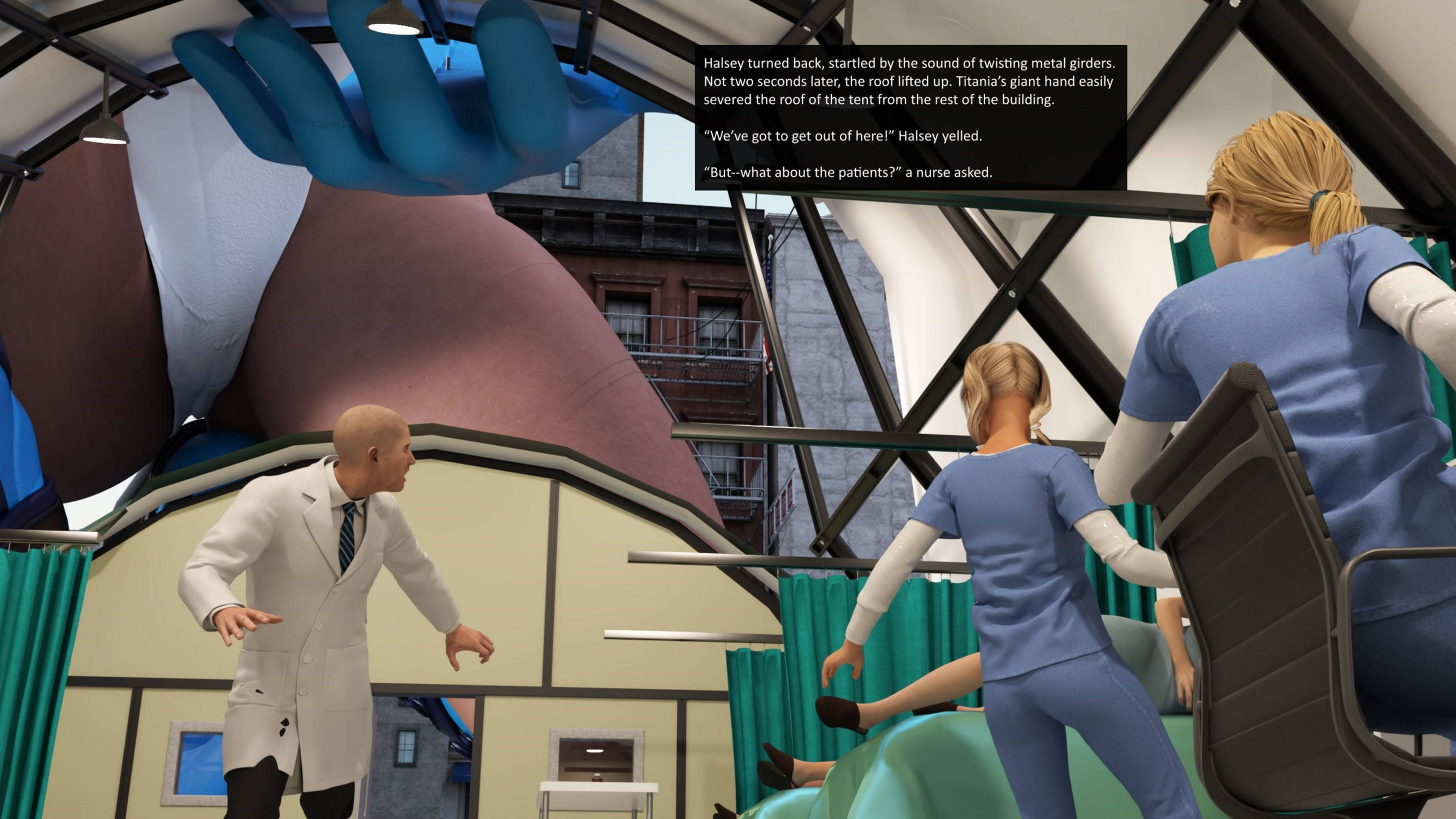
“Her vitals are looking better,” Doctor Halsey said. “I think she might have already made a full recovery, but we should keep her under observation for a while longer just to be on the safe side. Keep an eye on her, but with a little luck she’ll be ready to release within a few days. Did you get that?”

The nurse’s mind was elsewhere. She thought she head something; a distant booming noise, barely audible. She wasn’t sure if she actually heard it at first, but then it was followed by another, then another. “Umm, Doctor,” she asked, “that sounds close…”

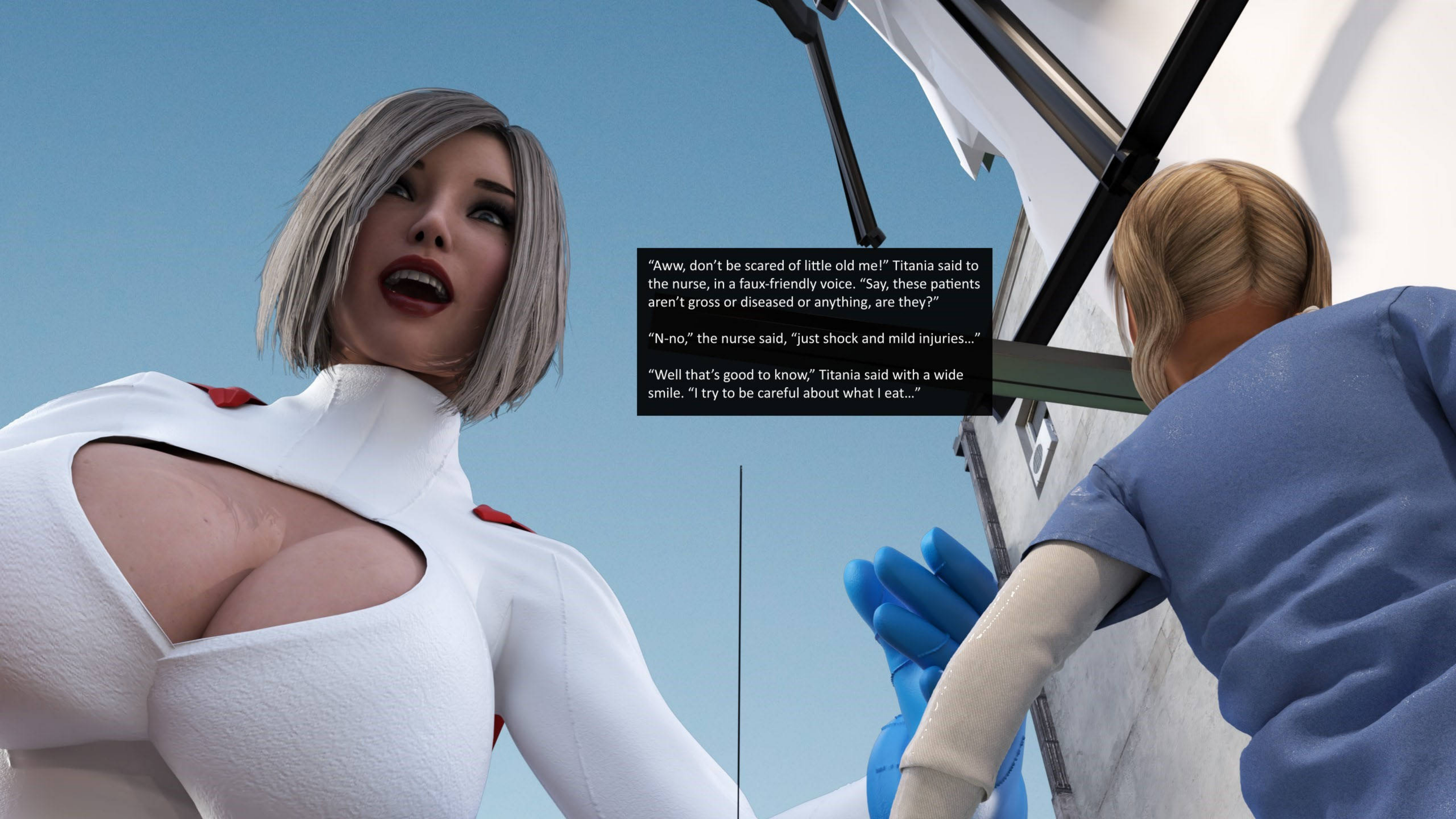
“I’m sure the military has things under control,” Halsey said. “Just let NATO do their job, and you focus on your job, okay?”


But the next booming noise was much louder, and far closer. The entire tent shook, and Doctor Halsey jumped back. “I’ll radio the base to make sure things are under control,” Halsey said. “Secure the patients, make sure their beds don’t roll around…”


Another loud boom came from just outside the door. Halsey expected an explosion, but what he saw was worse: a familiar blue heel.
“Oh god, it’s her!” Halsey shouted. “Code Blonde! Code Blonde!”


Halsey turned back, startled by the sound of twisting metal girders. Not two seconds later, the roof lifted up. Titania's giant hand easily severed the roof of the tent from the rest of the building.
"We've got to get out of here!" Halsey yelled.
"But--what about the patients?" a nurse asked.


“Forget about the patients!” Halsey yelled, as he sprinted away as fast as he could. “It’s too late for them! Save yourselves!”


"Aww, don't be scared of little old me!" Titania said to the nurse, in a faux-friendly voice. "Say, these patients aren't gross or diseased or anything, are they?"
"N-no," the nurse said, "just shock and mild injuries..."
"Well that's good to know," Titania said with a wide smile. "I try to be careful about what I eat..."


"What are you waiting for?!" Halsey shouted to the nurses. "Go on, get out of there!"
RESCUE
MEDICAL
002


Titania’s gaze turned towards the doctor. “You’re lucky I don’t feel like walking,” Titania said, “or else I’d eat you first…”
From within Titania’s azure grip, Thompson climbed up and waved his hand to get Titania’s attention. “Please, you have to stop this!” Thompson shouted. “Those are medics! What you’re about to do is a war crime!”


"War crimes, smore crimes," Titania scoffed. "You really shouldn't try to tell a woman no when she's hungry."
Titania knelt down and reached into the hospital tent. The patients and nurses inside stared at her in terror, too paralyzed by fear to run away.
Aspect
Aspect Delivery
SARYA



One after another, Titania plucked the patients off of their hospital beds, until she had all four of them in her hand. The horrified patients, newly roused from their drug-induced slumber, struggled to make sense of what was happening to them.


"Let's see..." Titania said as she eyed her prey. "Not many patients in warzones are this young, slender and pretty... You girls must be war correspondents, right?"
"I am!" the brunette shouted. "I'm a reporter with WTIC Boston!"
"I'm with KTH Los Angeles!" the blonde yelled. "Please, I was nominated for an Emmy last year for my reporting!"
"And I was nominated for a Pulitzer two years ago!" the other reporter said.


"How neat!" Titania said condescendingly. "You two had some very bright careers ahead of you. I'm really hungry, so... Oh well!"
Without another word Titania shoved them into her mouth, greedily stuffing them between her greedy lips.


“Help!” the blonde reporter screamed. “Please, let me go!”
But Titania was intent on savoring her meal. Driven by lust as much as hunger, Titania sucked their clothes off, and licked every square inch of their beautiful bodies with her big, wet tongue.


Throwing her head back, Titania swallowed the last of them. They glided easily down her throat, towards their final destination in her rumbling stomach.


“Mmm, that hit the spot,” Titania moaned. “I don’t think I’ve ever eaten multiple journalists in a single gulp before!”


Titania opened her eyes, and her gaze turned towards the nurses who had been staring up at her. Titania wasted no time reaching out and grabbing the little blonde women.


Titania held the pair up to her face to get a closer look. “What are two cuties like you doing in a warzone?” Titania asked. “Then again, I guess I could say the same thing about myself!”
AMBULANCE
EMERGENCY


“Help! Help! Anyone!” One nurse screamed.
“You two are cute,” Titania said. “I almost want to save one of you for, uh, companionship… But fuck it, I’m too hungry for that!”


Titania lifted the pair above her head. Titania had a refined palette, but she wasn’t above playing with her food.


She dropped the pair into her mouth. They fell more than twenty feet before finally landing with a thud on her soft, wet tongue.
CANTON
CHINESE RESTAURANT
STOP
ONLY


“Let us go! Please!” one of the nurses screamed. “Oh god, someone help us!”
Titania was busy eagerly savoring their every flavor. Holding them in place with her teeth, she sucked off their scrubs, and gilded her thick, meaty tongue over every square inch of their delicate bodies.
CHINESE RESTAURANT
STOP



She licked them up and down until her hunger finally overpowered her lust. Titania wanted to savor her meal, and so she chewed her food, lightly at first, savoring the screams like a sadistic sommelier. It was an acquired taste, but her food's reactions had become as pleasant and expected to her as sizzle to a steak.



"I wish me and Jeanette could have eaten them together," Titania said to herself, and soon found herself in a sad mood. Now that she had eaten almost everyone in the camp, she suddenly became away of just how desolate the city was. Now she was lonely and hungry, with little to keep her occupied until the plane arrived, however long that might take... Without many people left to fill her belly.


Titania remembered that she had at least one companion. She lifted Thompson up, and eyed the terrified man like a cut of meat, but she found him lacking. “Ugh, you’re gross and old and fat,” Titania said. “But I’m still kind of hungry, and it looks like it’s slim pickings at this point…”


Titania lifted Thompson into her mouth. As he entered the warm, humid cavern that was her mouth, the tough, seasoned NATO officer was overtaken with fear. “Oh god, please, no!” Thompson yelled. “I can help you! I have connections! I have money! Please, anything!”


Titania rolled her eyes. She was used to hearing such protestations. Screams she could enjoy, but begging sometimes got on her nerves. The idea that they felt like they could still reason their way out of her mouths was almost insulting somehow. It was as if they thought she was some dimwitted beast from an old folk story, who could be tricked with the right word game. She didn't want to hear his whining any more, and she wasted no time angrily chewing on him until he finally shut up.


Titania swallowed what was left of him, and she finally got her fill. Usually it took a few moments to feel full, but the satisfaction was almost immediate.


Finally satiated, Titania felt content for the first time since she'd left. She let herself shrink back down to her normal size. The unyielding walls of her stomach crushed her food as she shrunk. With force that could turn coal into diamonds, her shrinking stomach rapidly compressed them into a dense puree.



Titania reclined on the ground, weighed down by a food baby with the density of a neutron star. She hadn't eaten so much in a single sitting in years, not since the days when her metabolism had been better. She had been worried about putting on too much weight, but Jeanette seemed to enjoy her curves. As she drifted off to sleep, Titania thought about her little girlfriend, and looked forward to seeing her grow once again...


Back in San Francisco, Lindsay had been waiting quietly in her dorm room when someone knocked on the door. She stood there for a moment, hoping that whoever knocked would just go away, but when they knocked again, and again, she realized she had no choice but to open it.


But John wasn’t good at staying quiet. “Hey Lindsay, I’m here!” John said excitedly. “Come on, what’s wrong? Aren’t you gonna give your boyfriend a hug?”
“This is… kind of a bad time,” Lindsay whispered. “Maybe you should go… Now…”


But John wasn't good at staying quiet. "Hey Lindsay, I'm here!" John said excitedly. "Come on, what's wrong? Aren't you gonna give your boyfriend a hug?"
"This is… kind of a bad time," Lindsay whispered. "Maybe you should go… Now…"



"What's wrong?" John asked. Lindsay shut the door, but before she could lock it John turned the knob and rushed in after her practically slamming the door behind him.

"Shh!" Lindsay said. "Be quiet!"

"What's going on?" John asked. I've been worried sick about you. You don't answer your phone all week, and now you're acting all weird. Seriously, what's happening?"


"It's *her*," Lindsay said ominously. "My roommate, Jeannette. She's always been a bitch, but since last week, she started getting really controlling. You need to go, now. It's not safe, she could hurt you…"



"Wait, *her*?" John said with a laugh. "That's who you've been so scared about? One short little blonde girl? Come on, I know I'm not the toughest guy in the world but I think I can handle myself!"

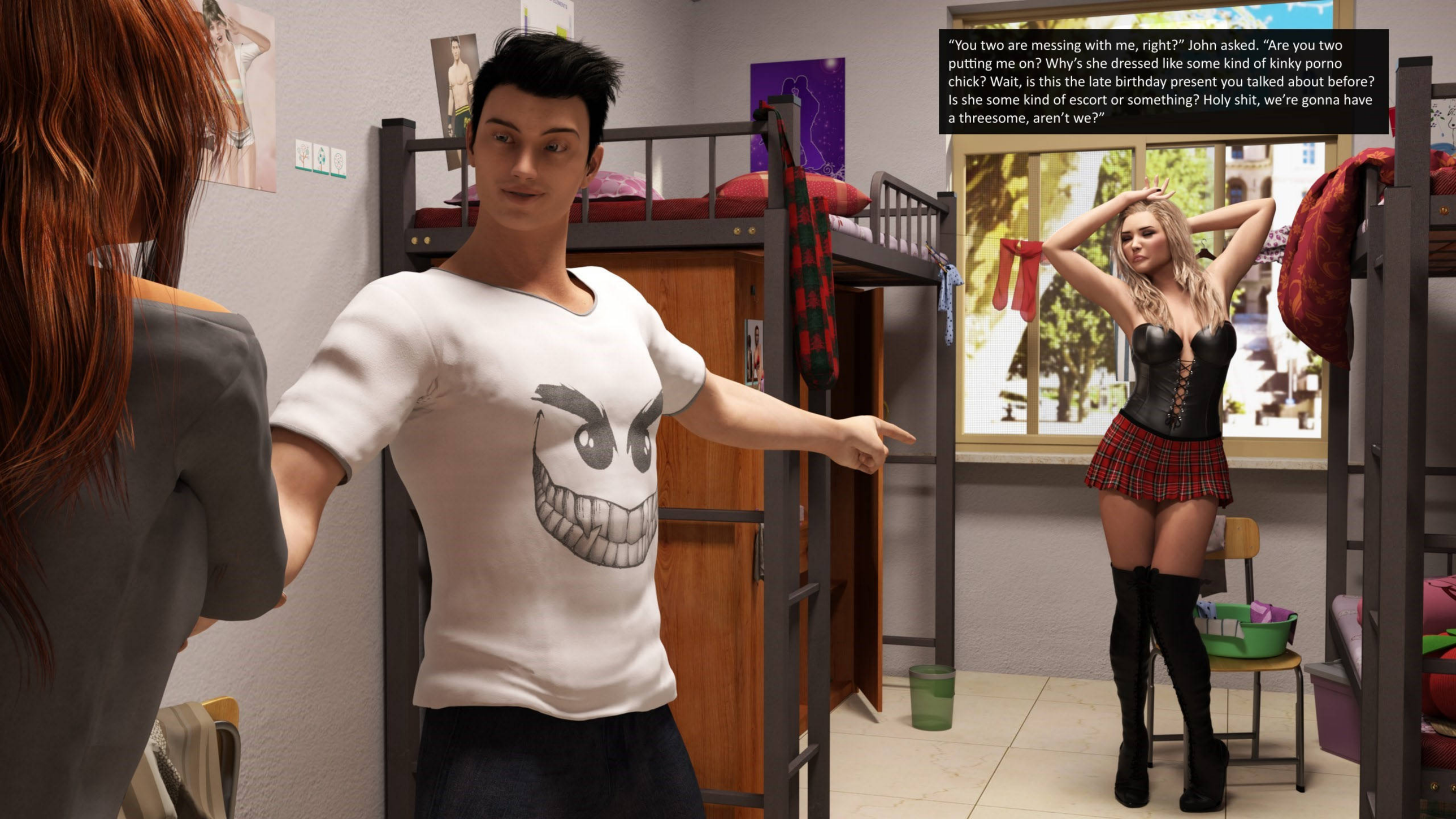
Lindsay tapped John on the shoulder. "No, wait, seriously," she said, you have to listen to me. She's not just a normal girl, she's--"



"Yeah, I know, she's a mega bitch or whatever," John said. "You can't let that stop you from living your life! You just need a little help being assertive. Nobody talks down to my girlfriend like that!"

"Be quiet!" Lindsay shushed. "John, you're going to wake her up, and she's going to be really mad if she sees you in here!"


Lindsay heard the sound of bedsprings creaking. She looked over and saw Jeanette perched over the side of the bed like a panther, silently staring at her.
“I told you, you’re not allowed to bring anyone in here without my advance permission,” Jeanette said. “I’m going to have to punish you for that…”


“You two are messing with me, right?” John asked. “Are you two putting me on? Why’s she dressed like some kind of kinky porno chick? Wait, is this the late birthday present you talked about before? Is she some kind of escort or something? Holy shit, we’re gonna have a threesome, aren’t we?”


“Oh, you’re gonna get fucked alright,” Jeanette said. She could feel some residual energy still coursing through her veins from the last time she was with Titania, and she used the pose that Titania had taught her to channel that energy.


When Jeanette opened her eyes, though, she was surprised to realize she hadn’t grown at all. “Shit, why isn’t this working?” Jeanette muttered to herself. She could still feel that faint, tingly sensation of the energy in her, but it was growing fainter.


"What's she doing?" John asked. "Is this… is this some kind of weird striptease? I don't really get the crossed arms thing, but the skirt is cute…"



Jeanette stood perfectly still and clenched every muscle in her body, hoping that her renewed anger might help her channel her energy.

"This has to be the slowest strip-tease I've ever seen," John said with a yawn. "She's still fully-dressed!"

While Jeanette kept trying to grow, Lindsay leaned in behind John and whispered in his ear. "She's really dangerous. You really need to get out of here, now..." Lindsay whispered.

"Or what, she'll striptease me to death?"


Finally, Jeanette channeled Titania's energy. She felt herself begin to grow, as her head slowly neared the ceiling.



Jeanette stretched her arms outward, reveling in the power that was coursing through her body.

“Oh shit!” John shouted. “She’s growing, like… Oh my god, it’s her! Why didn’t you tell me that your roommate is the girl who grew with Titania!”

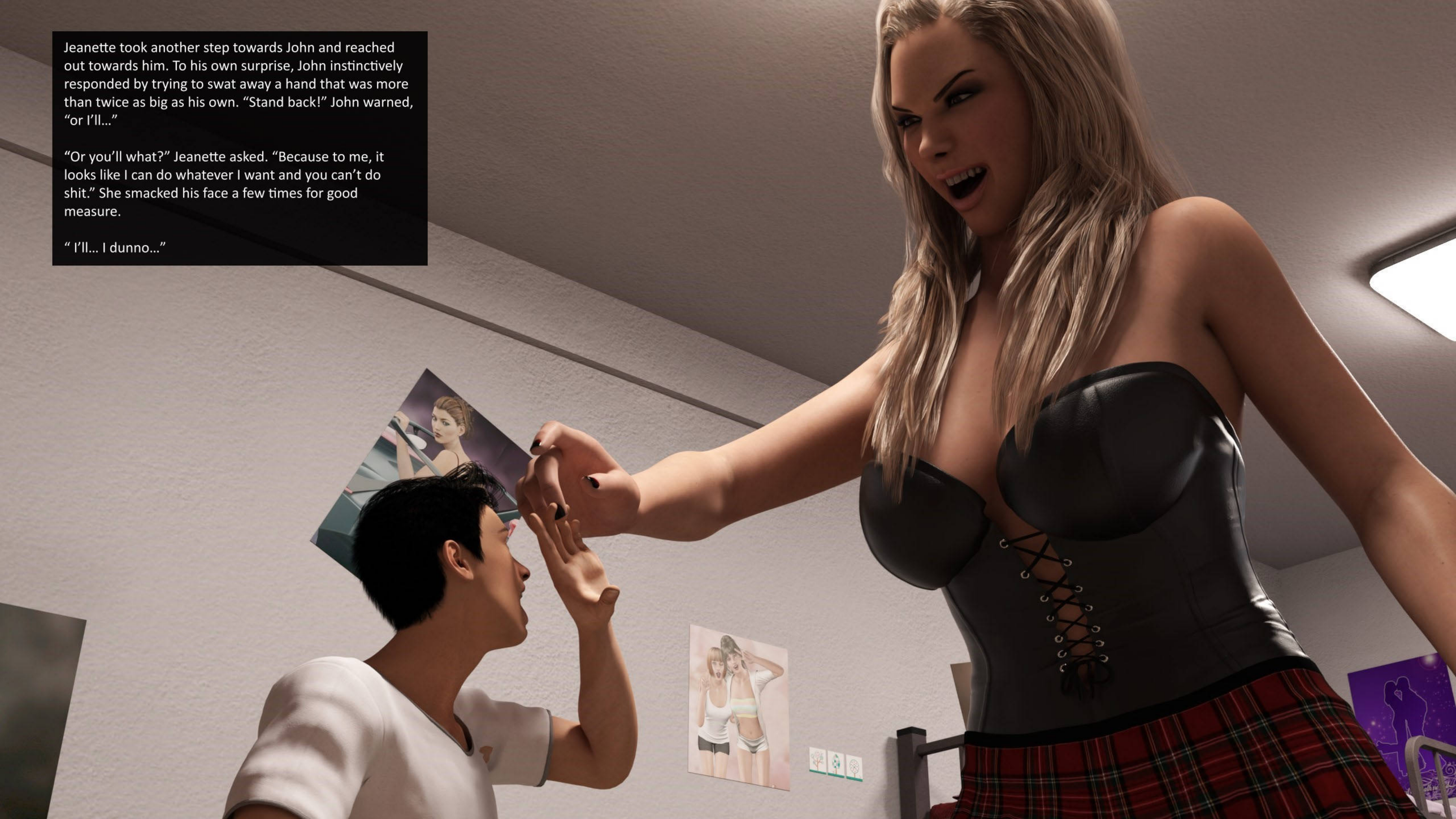
“I tried to warn you!” Lindsay said.

“Not very well!”


Jeanette channeled the last of her power, and she felt her body stretching upwards until she had to crane her neck just to stand. John cowered in fear as Jeanette's growing body blotted out the light behind her.


“You’re really fucked now!” Jeanette said, as she strode over towards John and Lindsay. “And don’t even think about trying to run, I can outrun anyone with these legs!”


As Jeanette walked closer, John got a sinking feeling in his guy as he realized she was even bigger than he realized. “I’m sorry,” John pleaded, “I didn’t mean anything… I didn’t know…”


Jeanette took another step towards John and reached out towards him. To his own surprise, John instinctively responded by trying to swat away a hand that was more than twice as big as his own. “Stand back!” John warned, “or I’ll…”
“Or you’ll what?” Jeanette asked. “Because to me, it looks like I can do whatever I want and you can’t do shit.” She smacked his face a few times for good measure.
“ I’ll… I dunno…”


“That’s what I thought, bitch.” Jeanette said. Finally tired of slapping him around, she wrapped her hand around John’s neck and effortlessly lifted him into the air. John gasped for breath, but Jeanette’s grip was too tight, even as he tried with all his might to pull her thumb away from his windpipe.


Jeanette pulled John closer so she could get in his face. “What’s wrong, you don’t like that?” Jeanette taunted, as she slowly choked the life out of him. “Whatcha gonna do, bitch?” Jeanette taunted, spraying spittle in John’s face with every word. “Huh? Huh? I could choke your dumb ass out right now, and you couldn’t do shit.”
Lindsay had been watching silently from the corner, until anger finally overtook her. “Let him go!” she screamed.
“I don’t remember asking you, bitch,” Jeanette taunted.


Jeanette pulled John in closer. She squeezed his neck even more tightly as she stared into his eyes, a maniacal look on her face. “You’re really lucky I’m madder with your girlfriend than I am with you right now,” Jeanette said, “because I could have fucking ended you just now. You get that, right?”


“Every breath you take from now on is a gift from me, and don’t you forget it!” Jeanette shouted. She threw John against the wall with all her strength, and the force of the impact knocked the wind out of his chest.



John collapsed and fell against the wall, too weakened from lack of air to even move. Jeanette promptly forgot about him, and walked over to Lindsay. The petite redhead stared up, terrified, at all nine feet of Jeanette's towering form.

"I'm sorry," Lindsay pleaded. "I'm sorry about John… about speaking up… about everything…"


“Sorry isn’t good enough, bitch!” Jeanette said, as her mouth contorted into a scowl. “You promised me you wouldn’t let anyone in the dorm room without permission. Do you remember what I said I’d do if you ever disobeyed me?”


“I-I remember!” Lindsay stammered. “Y-you said that you would grow giant, and you would stomp me with your b-boots! A-and I know that you’re already giant, and you already have your b-boots on, but I really hope you don’t! Please, don’t step on me… Or my boyfriend…”


Jeanette rolled her eyes. “You’re lucky that I just heard there’s some stupid rule where if you kill your roommate, you fail all your classes,” Jeanette muttered to herself. “That’s probably bullshit, but who knows…”


Jeanette turned around, and shoved her plump behind into Lindsay's face.
"Ouch!" Lindsay screamed.
"Don't complain, bitch," Jeanette said, "I'm letting you off easy. Say, you're the one who ate my pussy the other day, right?"


"Me? N-no," Lindsay said awkwardly, as she pulled away from Jeanette's encroaching ass. "You used me as a chair. Sarah was the one who ate your p-pussy…"


"Oh right," Jeanette said, "I always get you two mixed up. You redheads all look the same! First time, then. So come on, are you gonna eat my pussy, or what?"
"You want me to eat your p-pussy…"
"Did I s-stutter?" Jeanette asked. "No shit, I want you to eat my puh-puh-pussy, bitch. What's wrong, is it not good enough for you?"
"No, it's not that," Lindsay said. "I've just never gone down on another girl before…"


Jeanette thrust her hips back, pinning Lindsay's head between her ass cheeks. "I'll tell you what," Jeanette teased, "if you don't want to eat my pussy, we can just do this instead! So unless I hear the words 'I want to eat your pussy' come out of your mouth, I'm just gonna assume you like it back there!"
GIRLS
RULE
the WORLD



Lindsay managed to pull her head out from Jeanette's ass cheeks just long enough to shout, "Iwannaeatyourpussy! Iwannaeatyourpussy!"


“Was that so hard?” Jeanette asked. “I’ll give you a minute to catch your breath first, since I’m such a nice roommate! And as soon as you’re ready, just go ahead and start eating my pussy...”

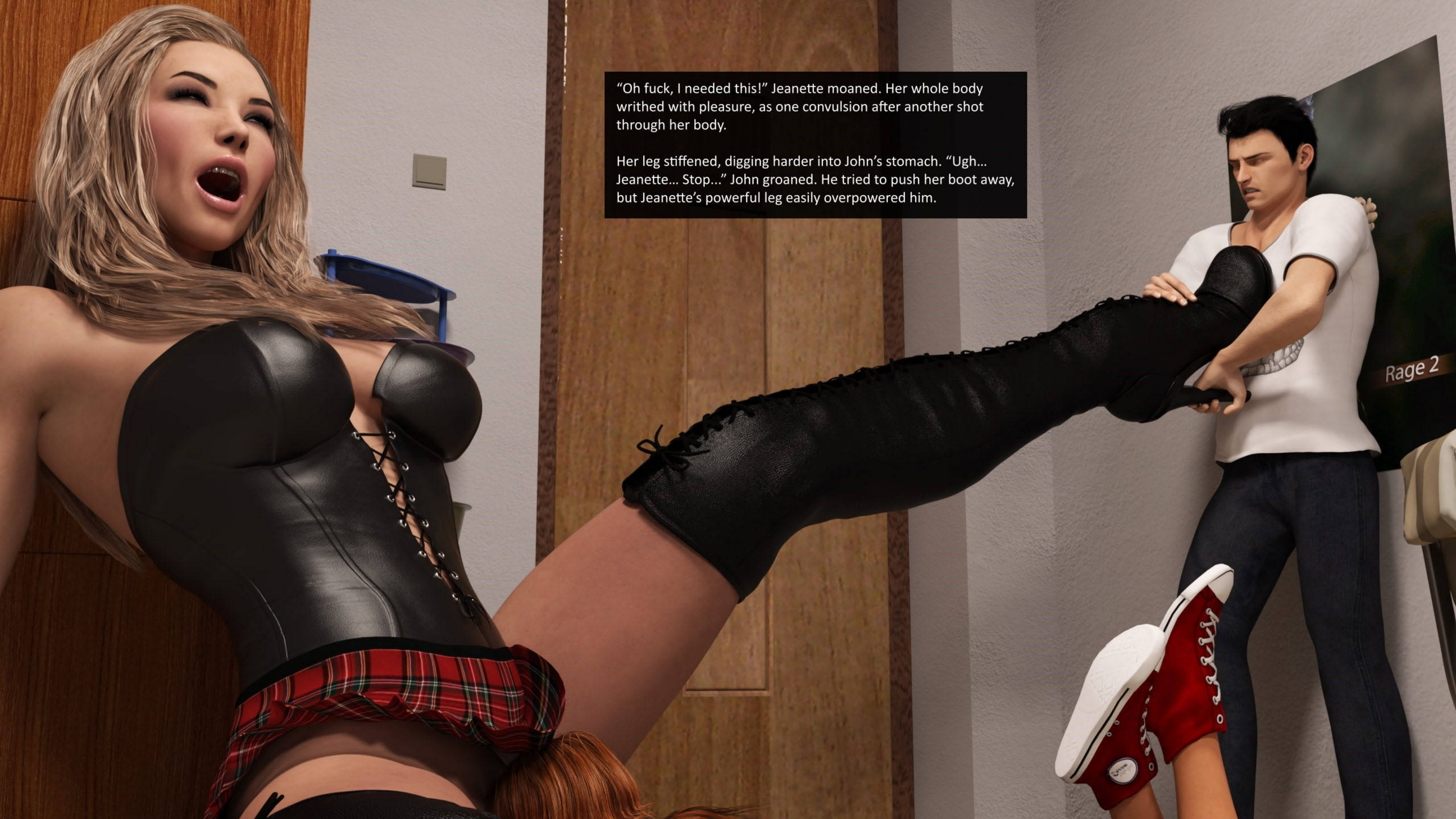

"Okay, that's enough of a break," Jeanette said. "I don't have all day!"
"Okay," Lindsay said. "So I just stick my head in there, and..."
"Yep! Just put your head in there and get lickin'. It's a piece of cake!"
Roused by Jeanette's voice, John regained consciousness. "Huh? What's going on? Hey! You can't do that, she's *my* girlfriend!"


"Yeah, well she's *my* bitch," Jeanette said. She stuck her leg out, pinning John against the wall with her heel. "And she said she wanted to go down on me. You should have heard her earlier, she was practically begging to eat my pussy. Isn't that right, bitch?"

The question caught Lindsay off guard. "Oh, uh, yeah Jeanette!"


"See?" Jeanette said. "She likes being my bitch. She knows that's where she belongs; serving someone who's clearly her superior. You should try to figure that out, too, because you're not even good enough to be my bitch. I only let you live as a favor to her, got it? You do one thing to make me mad and that's it, you're over." She pressed her heel just a little harder into his ribcage to drive the point home.
"Yeah," John said, "I got it…"
"Good. Now what are you waiting for, bitch? Eat my pussy!"


"Yes Jeanette!" Lindsay said. Without another word, she crawled down between Jeanette's oversized thighs. The smell of Jeanette's pussy was overpowering as she got close, but she didn't hesitate. When the tip of her tongue graced Jeanette's pussy lips, she was shocked by the strong taste, but she wasted no time going back in, and shoved her face obediently into Jeanette's crotch so she could reach her tongue deeper in.


"Oh fuck, I needed this!" Jeanette moaned. Her whole body writhed with pleasure, as one convulsion after another shot through her body.
Her leg stiffened, digging harder into John's stomach. "Ugh... Jeanette... Stop..." John groaned. He tried to push her boot away, but Jeanette's powerful leg easily overpowered him.
Rage 2


For someone so inexperienced, Lindsay's tongue was unexpectedly nimble, and she was clearly doing her best to please Jeanette. "Oooh, yeah," Jeanette moaned. "Keep it up… just like that…"


John fought desperately against Jeanette' heel, but was utterly powerless against her. "You're… heel… is… stabbing… me…" John groaned, but his pained pleading only made the cruel college girl more aroused.
"Yes… Yes… Yes…" Jeanette moaned, as Lindsay's tongue circled her clit.


At the most opportune possible time, Sarah burst through the door. “Okay, I got the coffee just like you ordered! Venti Caramel Frappe with--"
“Shut the fuck up,” Jeanette said.
“Oh, sorry Jeanette,” Sarah said. “I can come back later if you--”
“No,” Jeanette said. “Shut the door, and watch…”
Rage 2


"Oh…" Sarah said, stunned by the scene. She watched Jeanette getting head from Lindsay while she pressed her heel against John's stomach.
"Sarah… Help…" John groaned. "She's crushing my ribcage... Do something…"
"Sorry John," Sarah said, "but ever since last week, we just kind of let Jeanette do whatever she wants," Sarah whispered. "Just hold out for a little longer. Judging by her moans I think she's about to cum…"
Rage 2


"Oooh… Oh fuck…" Jeanette moaned, in between deep, heavy breaths, as she finally reached orgasm. "Fuck I needed that. Okay, I'll take that coffee now!"
"Of course Jeanette, right away!" Sarah said, and she darted over to the giant college girl.


"Good job getting coffee... Sarah," Jeanette said, taking the coffee from her roommate. "You know what, I'm in a good mood, so I'll let you have one of the coffees. Go ahead and split it with Lindsay, okay? She earned it..."
"Thanks, Jeanette!" Lindsay said, wiping the pussy juice from her face.
"You're welcome," Jeanette said. "Keep this up, and maybe I won't have to squish you two after all. Now go over and share your coffee by the window, I want to have a little chat with John."
"Oh?" Lindsay asked. "I mean, sure, of course Jeanette!"
CUTE GIRLS RULE WORLD


Sarah and Lindsay obediently walked to the far end of the room. Jeanette stared down at John, who was lying on the floor in the fetal position, still struggling to catch his breath. She placed her heel down in front of him, and John panted with renewed terror.

Jeanette set her heel on top of John's shoulder. "You saw me grow," Jeanette said.

"I did..." John said. He stared up her heel, and followed up her leg, and up all ten feet of her terrifying form. "Oh god, are you going to stomp on me or something? To keep it secret?"


"No, idiot," Jeanette said with an eye-roll. "I'll let you live on one condition… that you tell everyone on campus that I can grow without Titania's help, and that everyone at this school better remember they're my bitch. Got it?"
"Got it!" John said. "I'll tell everyone I can!"


On the far side of the world, a cargo helicopter flew low through a dangerous warzone, hoping to avoid any remaining anti-air emplacements.



The back of the helicopter opened up, and a man in a suit stepped out and surveyed the scene, making sure things were safe. It wasn't the anti-air batteries that worried him. Not much scared Agent Wellman, but if there was one thing that did, it was the woman he was about to pick up.



As the helicopter flew lower, he got a better look at her. He was relieved to see that Titania appeared to be sleeping. She was about the size of a small truck, which was thankfully smaller than he was expecting. Something else looked different about her, though, something he couldn't put his finger on.


“Hey, Titania!” he called out, once the helicopter’s engine finally quieted. “We’re here to pick you up. Are you still asleep?”



"Huh?" Titania groggily replied. "Jean-oh. Hey Wellman."

"Hey Titania!" Wellman replied. "I'm relieved to see you're okay. Caesar made it home safe, but we hadn't heard anything from the NATO base or the hospital these last few days. Are they around here? If you shrink down to normal size, we should have plenty of room to evac the civilians..."


“Oh, right, the civilians. That’s a long story…” Titania trailed off.
“Where is everyone?” Wellman asked.
“Well,” Titania said, “That’s a bit of a story... So the only thing they had to eat at the base were these disgusting military rations. I mean, I’m assuming they’re disgusting, I didn’t actually try them or anything. Plus I was in a really bad mood, and, well, umm...” Titania sat up, revealing her body, which was softer and more curvaceous than ever.
“Oh my god, Titania…” Wellman trailed off. “Don’t tell me that you seriously…”
Aspect
IVECO


“Ate them?” Titania asked, as she stood up and stretched her arms upward. “What can I say? I’m a big girl, and I’ve got a big appetite. I had a dozen or so this morning, ended up going back for seconds and having a few more just before you got here… Looks like they all went to my ass! But hey, the only official mission was to save Caesar, right? And he should be home safe now, so… clean slate?”
Wellman sighed. “Well, technically, I guess that was the agreement, so… You’ve got a clean slate. For now.”
“That’s good enough for me!” Titania said. “Now let’s head back, I can’t wait to see my sweet little Jeanette…”
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A few days later, Jeanette was in class. Her two roommates, who weren't even enrolled in the class, were obediently tagging along like Jeanette had told them to. Jeanette was only there for the attendance score, though. She was tuning out everything the professor said, and repeatedly refreshing her phone for updates on where Titania might be.

"Jeanette, would you put away your cell phone, please?" Professor Mellon asked. "Jeanette? Jeanette? Put away your phone, now!"

"Oh yeah?" Jeanette asked. "And why should I do that?"

"Because I'm the professor."

"Oh yeah?" Jeanette said, as she busily tapped away at her phone. "Or what? You're gonna do what, give detention to the girl who just brought down an entire building with her ass?"

"I will not be intimidated!" Professor Mellon insisted. "Regardless of what might have happened last week, or whatever powerful friends you might have, when you're in my classroom you still follow my rules. You got that, missy?"


Jeanette raised a middle finger to the professor. “I don’t care if you’re the professor, you’re my bitch now!!” Jeanette shouted. Sarah, who was sitting next to her, couldn’t help but giggle. “Either you do whatever I say, or I grow huge and I squish you! Or did you not see what happened on the news?”


"No, I saw, I saw!" Professor Mellon said.
"Oh yeah?" Jeanette asked. "So are you going to say that you're my bitch, or are am I going to have to grow big and bring this whole place down?"
"T-that won't be necessary," Jeanette!" the professor stammered.
"Say it!" Jeanette said. "Or else!"
"Okay, I'll say it!" the professor said as she held back tears. "I'm… I'm your bitch, Jeanette! I'll do whatever you want! Just please don't hurt me! Or anyone!"


Headline
Brochure
Business Minded
"Aw come on, that's bullshit!" a student in a baseball cap shouted.
"Trevor, please!" The professor chastised. "Don't do anything to upset her, please!"


"No one's gonna silence me!" Trevor yelled. "You might scare everyone else, but you don't scare me! I know you can only grow when Titania's around. And the last time I checked, she's in fighting a war on the other side of the world, and she's not gonna be back any time soon!"
MARCH MADNESS
@SPORTCLUB
CAREER
COLLEGE
FOOTBALL
MANCHESTER
WORCESTER
Headline
Brochure
Diet


"I can grow any time I goddamn wanna!" Jeanette shouted. "I don't need Titania to help me. Back me up, bitches!"
"It's true!" Lindsay said with a smirk. "She grew ten feet tall in our dorm room yesterday morning!"
"Like I'm gonna trust your toady roommates!" Trevor yelled.


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UW STEM Fair
"No, it's true, I swear!" Jeanette said. "Hey John, back me up!"


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$5 at the door
"It's true..." John said, his gaze fixed on his desk with a thousand-yard stare. "She grew ten feet tall... She almost killed me with her heels..."


“Bullshit!” Trevor shouted. “I don’t buy it! This psycho bitch is posturing, she can’t do shit now! How stupid does she think we are?”
“Yeah!” his buddy yelled. “She’s not so tough when she doesn’t have Titania around, is she?”


"No, it's true," John said, "I promise… You've got to believe me, you really don't want to make her mad, or else she'll grow...."
"Bullshit!" Trevor yelled. "That's fucking bullshit!"



A mysterious woman watched from the back of the class, as Jeanette argued with her classmates. “You really want to see me grow?” Jeanette asked.

“I want to see you try,” Trevor taunted.

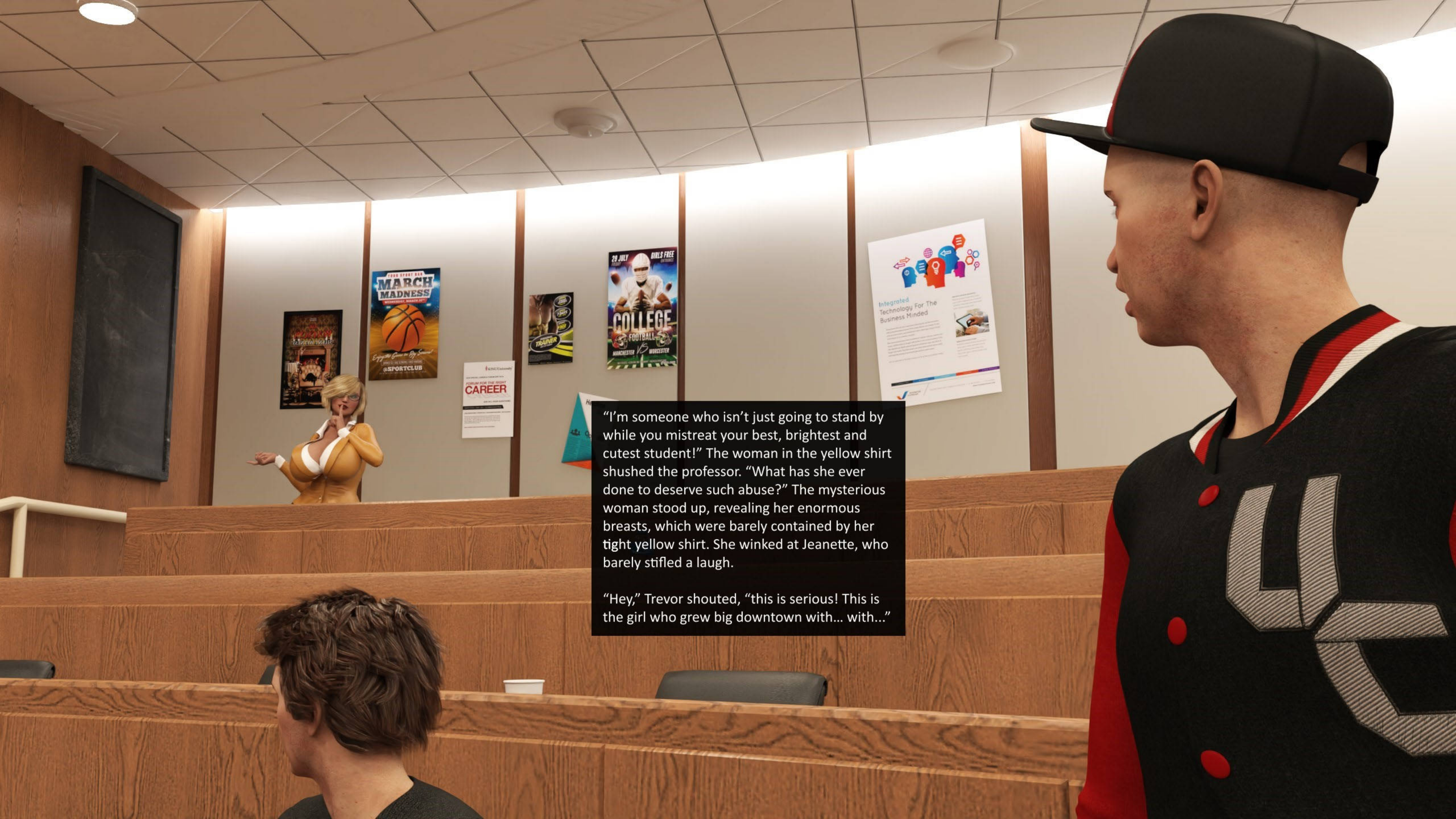

Professor Mellon jumped in. “Wait,” she said, sticking her hand out to caution Trevor. “Don’t make her mad! You heard what they said, she can grow without Titana’s help!”
“I don’t buy that shit!” Trevor said.
“Yeah,” his friend chimed in, “she can’t do shit without her big girlfriend to help her out!”
“I tried to warn you,” Jeanette said, “but if you’re not gonna take my word for it, I guess I’ll have to show you!”


Jeanette crossed her hands together, and tried to channel her rage like she had a few days earlier. “Come on,” she muttered to herself, “don’t mess it up in front of everyone... You did it before, you can do it again…”
“Yeah,” Lindsay chimed in, “you’ve got this!”


But Jeanette quickly realized that her energy had run out. She looked around the classroom, and when she saw all the faces jeering at her, she felt suddenly weak and vulnerable. Ever since she'd met Titania, she took for granted what it was like to have a demi-god as her best friend. But now, she couldn't grow, and for all she knew Titania might be away fighting her war for months.
college ruled
notebooks


“Ha, I knew it!” Trevor taunted. “You thought you were hot shit, stomping around town like Godzilla, but now you’re stuck at 5’1” and you’re all alone, without your giant girlfriend to help you!”
“Come on,” Sarah said, “you can still grow right? Come on, you’ve got this!”


"That's enough!" A woman shouted from the back of the room. "You'd better stop bullying Jeanette, or you're all going to get in a lot of trouble!"
"What? Who are you?" Professor Mellon asked. But Jeanette knew exactly who it was. Jeanette didn't want to ruin the surprise, so she kept her mouth shut, but she could barely contain her excitement.



"I'm someone who isn't just going to stand by while you mistreat your best, brightest and cutest student!" The woman in the yellow shirt shushed the professor. "What has she ever done to deserve such abuse?" The mysterious woman stood up, revealing her enormous breasts, which were barely contained by her tight yellow shirt. She winked at Jeanette, who barely stifled a laugh.

"Hey," Trevor shouted, "this is serious! This is the girl who grew big downtown with… with…"



"With who?" the woman in the tight yellow shirt said. "Why don't you tell me, professor. Who was it who helped little Jeanette here grow?"

"It-it was Titania!" Professor Mellon did a double-take of the stranger. "Oh my god, you're... you're...

"Were you going to say I look like Titania?" the mysterious woman said with a coy smile. "Ha, I'm not surprised, I get that all the time. My name is Miss Starr, I'm the headmistress here at this university."

"The headmistress?" Professor Mellon asked. "But, we don't have a headmistress at this university... Or a headmister, for that matter..."


MARCH MADNESS
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FORUM FOR THE RIGHT
CAREER
ASK ALL YOUR QUESTIONS.
PERSONAL
TRAINER
COLLEGE
FOOTBALL
MANCHESTER VS WORCESTER
Headline
Brochure
"Well you do now!" Miss Starr said excitedly. "I just transferred over, and I'm here to make sure no one has been misbehaving." She slowly slinked down the stairway, reveling in the tension as everyone stared at her. "You know, that Titania woman, she's a good friend of mine. The things some people say about her… They talk about her like she's a monster. They say that she eats people for fun! But I think she's just doing what's necessary to punish evildoers, and that's exactly what I intend to do in this classroom."



Miss Starr walked over to Professor Mellon, and felt up the side of the red-headed woman's face. The professor was visibly uncomfortable, but stood there obediently, terrified that she might upset the mysterious interloper who looked suspiciously like Titania.

"Now there, professor," Miss Starr said, "it seemed to me that your students were ganging up to bully and taunt poor little Jeanette here. Would you say that's true, Professor?"

"Umm, yeah, okay, sure," Professor Mellon stammered. "I guess it's true… from a certain point of view."

"And what about you, Jeanette?," Miss Starr asked. "Would you say these students deserve to be punished for being so mean to you?"

"Absolutely," Jeanette said. "They said all kinds of rude things to me! They need to be punished, really bad! Isn't that right, Sarah?" Jeanette asked, turning towards her redheaded roommate.

"Oh, yeah, totally!" Sarah chimed in. "Everyone was really mean to poor Jeanette, and they need to be punished real bad. Except for me and Lindsay! We were *really* nice to her!"


"You heard her," Miss Starr said. "This poor student was mercilessly bullied, just for having a little fun with her girlfriend last weekend! You're going to be punished, and I'll let Jeanette decide how I punish you… But I have a feeling it's going to be the kind of punishment I can only give once I've grown!"
"No, please!" Professor Mellon begged. "You don't have to do this, Titania!"
"Well that's up for Jeanette to decide, isn't it?" Miss Starr said. She crossed her arms, and assumed the pose that helped her focus her energy.

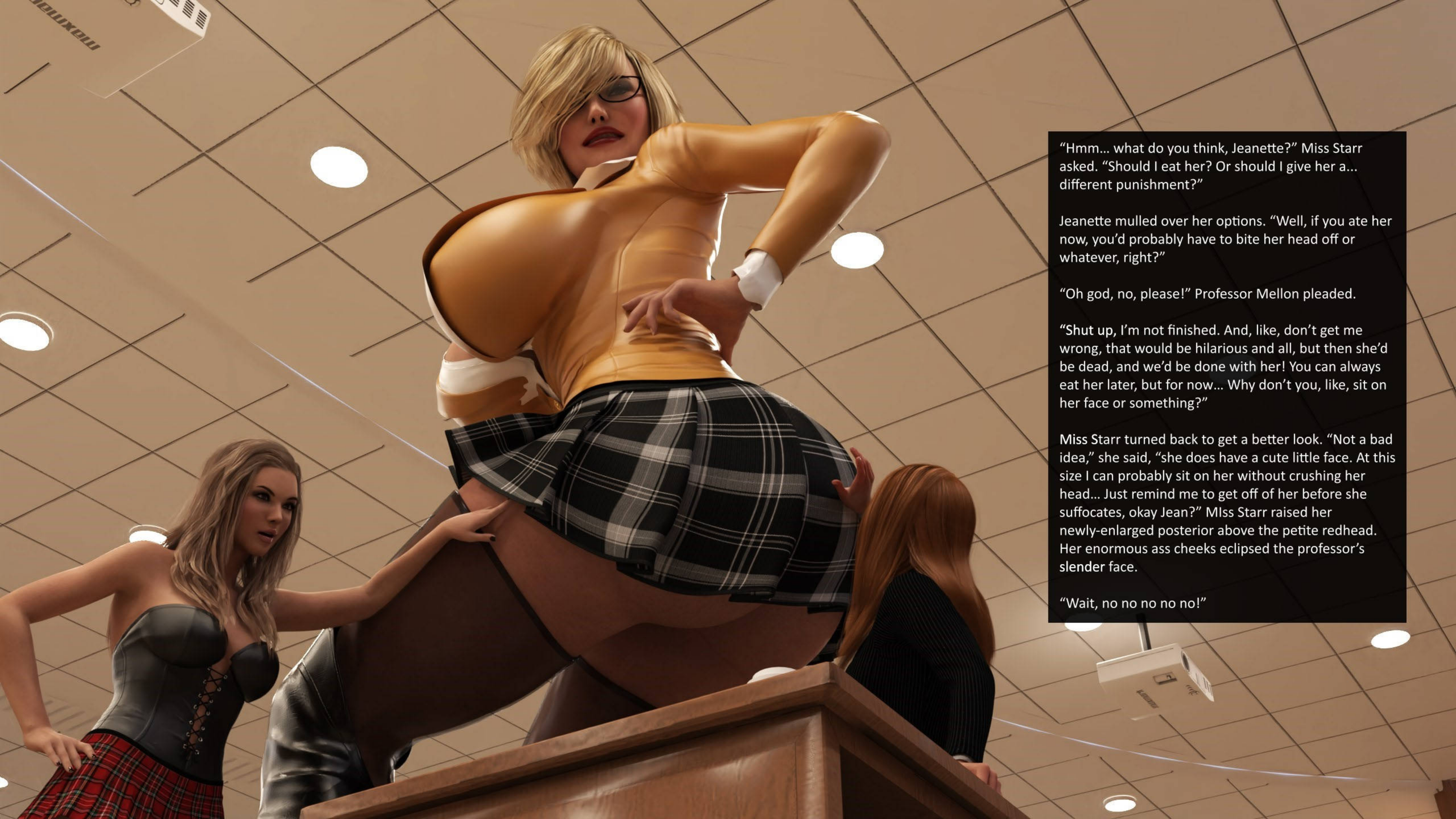


Miss Starr stretched her arms outward as she breathed deep, channeling her power. Her body stretched upward, instantly confirming Professor Mellon's fears about her identity. She gasped in horror as 'Miss Starr' shot up towards the ceiling.

Jeanette, who had seen Titania grow dozens of times, was far more nonchalant. She was more concerned with what 'Miss Starr' was going to do after she grew. "You know," Jeanette said, "professor Mellon was pretty rude to me too!"


"Oh really?" Miss Starr asked. She closed her eyes as she channeled the energy, and smugly reveled in the incredible power that came so easily to her. Then, as she finally let her growth come to an end, she looked down at the professor hungrily. "Hmm..." Miss Starr said, biting her lip, "Mellon here does look like a tasty little thing for a professor. I bet she'd make a good snack!"


Professor Mellon began to panic. “Oh god, no, please, don’t eat me!” She pleaded. “I’ll do anything, just don’t eat me!”



"Hmm… what do you think, Jeanette?" Miss Starr asked. "Should I eat her? Or should I give her a... different punishment?"

Jeanette mulled over her options. "Well, if you ate her now, you'd probably have to bite her head off or whatever, right?"

"Oh god, no, please!" Professor Mellon pleaded.

"Shut up, I'm not finished. And, like, don't get me wrong, that would be hilarious and all, but then she'd be dead, and we'd be done with her! You can always eat her later, but for now… Why don't you, like, sit on her face or something?"

Miss Starr turned back to get a better look. "Not a bad idea," she said, "she does have a cute little face. At this size I can probably sit on her without crushing her head… Just remind me to get off of her before she suffocates, okay Jean?" MIss Starr raised her newly-enlarged posterior above the petite redhead. Her enormous ass cheeks eclipsed the professor's slender face.

"Wait, no no no no no!"


Miss Starr slammed her ass down on the desk, pinning the professor's face between her bountiful ass cheeks. "Well that shut her up," Miss Starr said. "Her lips are doing something a lot more pleasant right now. So, while I'm enjoying that, what do you want me to do next?"



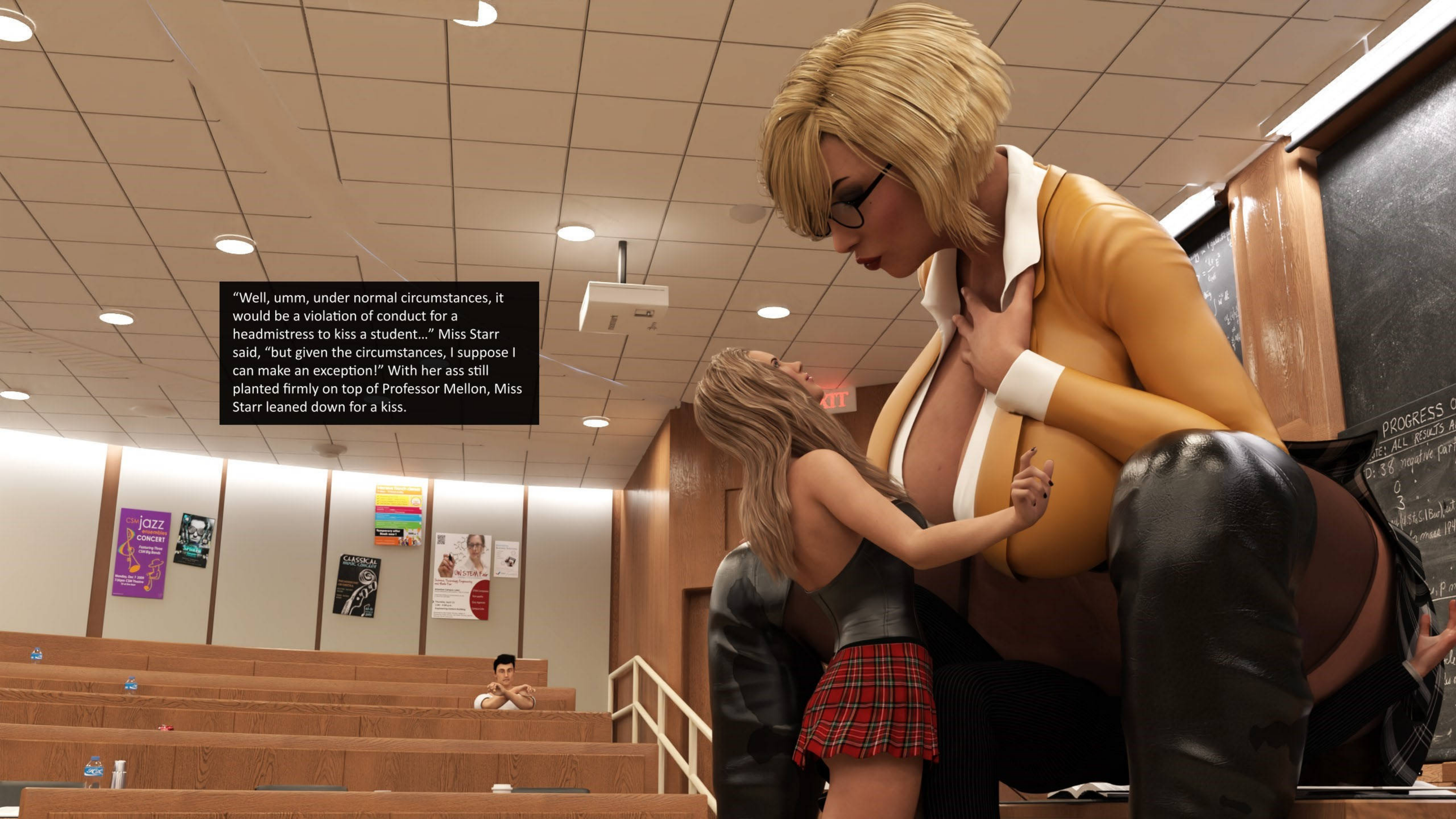
"There are so many things I want to do to you, Titania," Jeanette said. "It's been so hard being away from you. I wish you had let me know you were on your way, I would have gotten ready for you..."

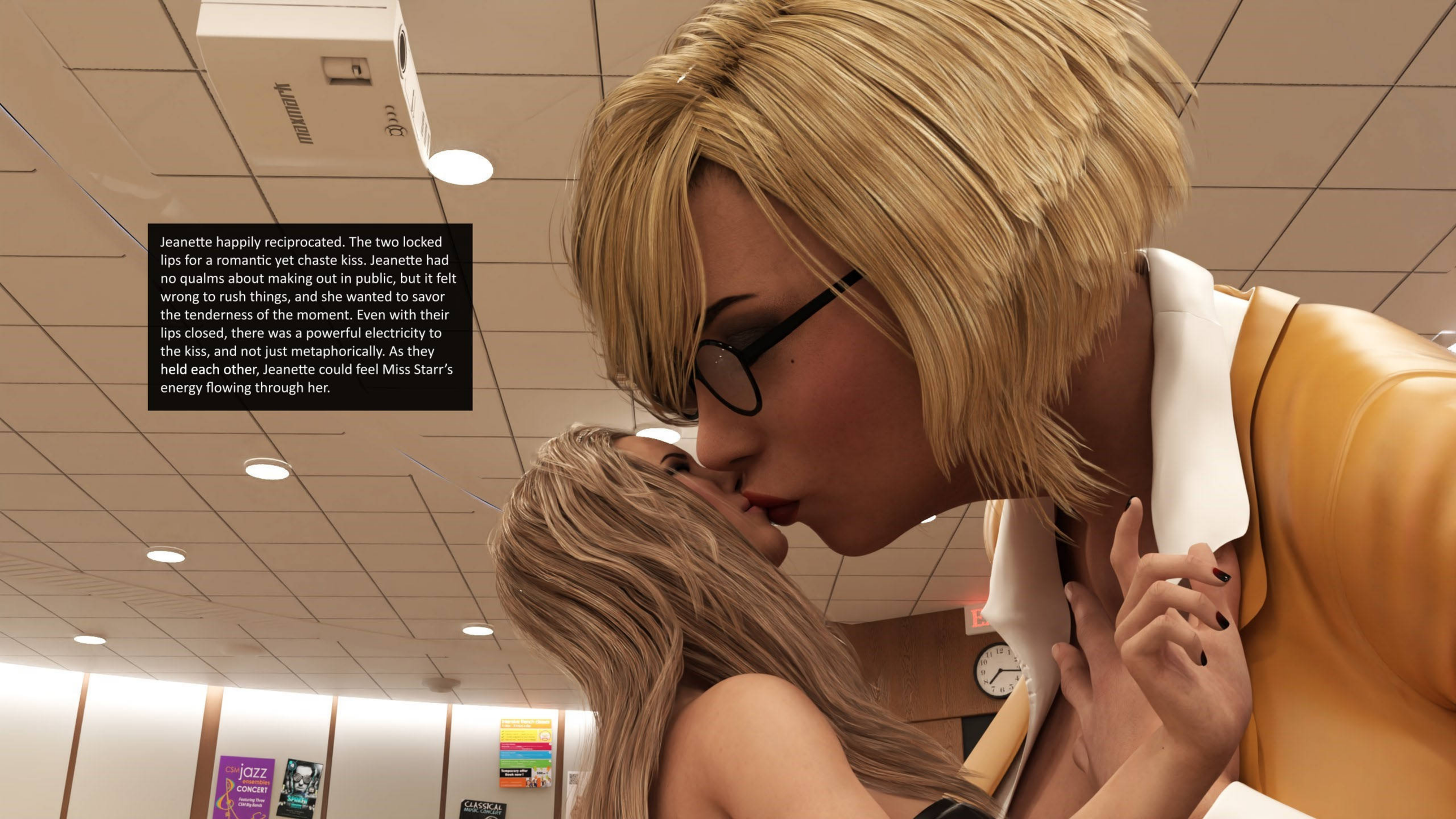
"It was hard for me to be away from you too..." Miss Starr said. "I thought about contacting you on the way here, but I really wanted it to be a surprise. I thought it might be fun to do a little roleplaying! And I'd like it if you could call me 'Miss Starr.' I mean, if you want to, of course!"

"Sure thing, uh, Miss Star!" Jeanette said, wringing her hands together. "But there is something else..."

"Oh yeah?" Miss Starr asked, "and what would that be?"

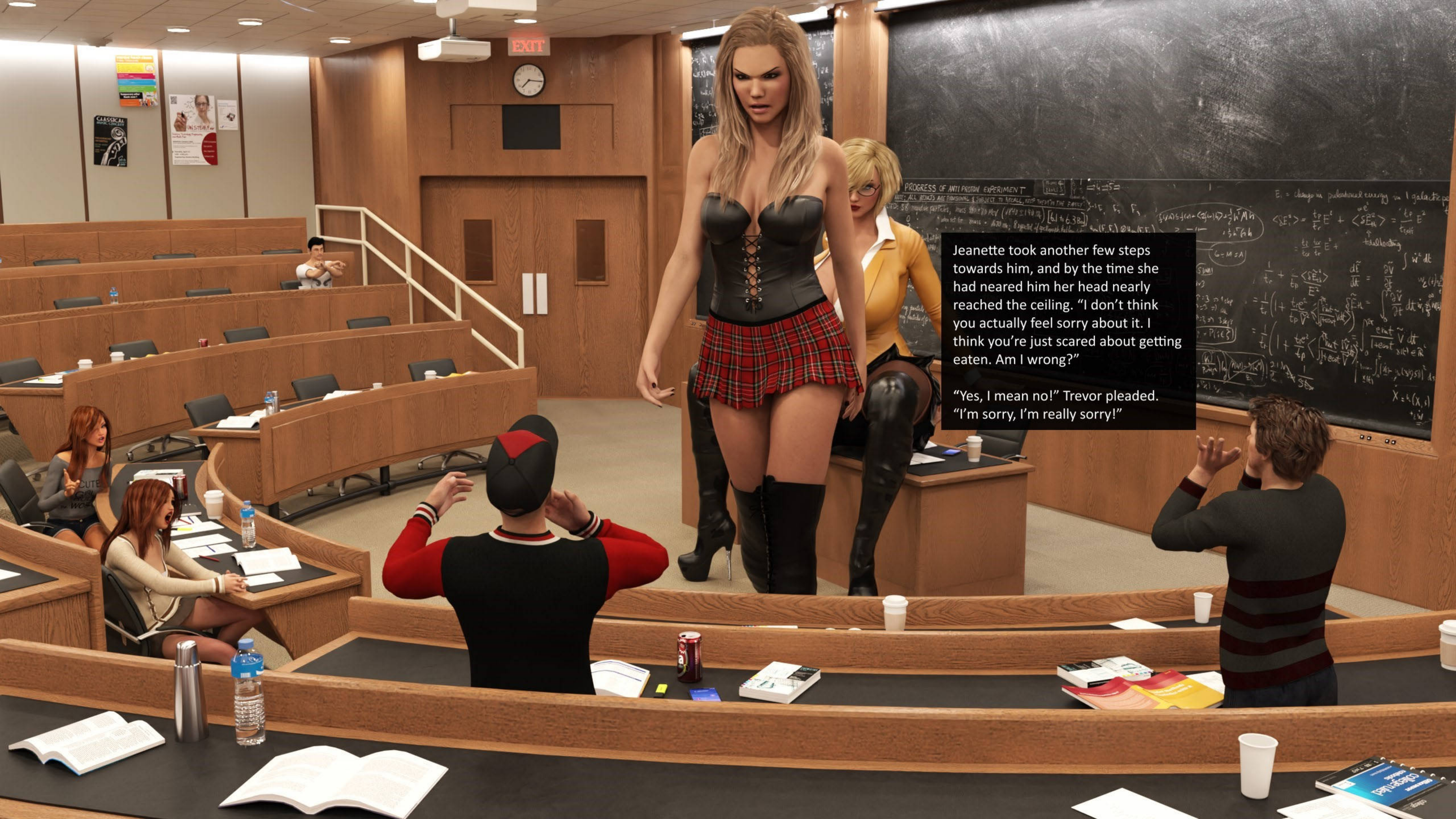
It had been a while since she had seen Titania, and she was surprised to realize that she once again felt surprisingly vulnerable around her. "Well," Jeanette said, "now that I think about it, there is one thing that I really want. Could I get a kiss?"


"Well, umm, under normal circumstances, it would be a violation of conduct for a headmistress to kiss a student..." Miss Starr said, "but given the circumstances, I suppose I can make an exception!" With her ass still planted firmly on top of Professor Mellon, Miss Starr leaned down for a kiss.
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EXIT
PROGRESS


Jeanette happily reciprocated. The two locked lips for a romantic yet chaste kiss. Jeanette had no qualms about making out in public, but it felt wrong to rush things, and she wanted to savor the tenderness of the moment. Even with their lips closed, there was a powerful electricity to the kiss, and not just metaphorically. As they held each other, Jeanette could feel Miss Starr's energy flowing through her.
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EXIT
PROGRESS
"That was nice," Jeanette said sweetly to Titania. Then she turned towards the classroom, and put her angry face on. "Okay, so which one of you stupid fuckfaces am I going to eat first?"


Jeanette scanned the room for faces, and her eyes quickly settled on a red and black baseball cap. “How about you, Trevor?” Jeanette said. She walked towards him, growing taller with each step. “You wanna get fucking eaten? You talked shit to me. Thought you were a big shot, didn’t you?”
“No, no I didn’t!” Trevor pleaded. “I’m sorry, I didn’t mean any of it!”


EXIT
PROGRESS OF ANTI PROTON EXPERIMENT
Jeanette took another few steps towards him, and by the time she had neared him her head nearly reached the ceiling. “I don’t think you actually feel sorry about it. I think you’re just scared about getting eaten. Am I wrong?”
“Yes, I mean no!” Trevor pleaded. “I’m sorry, I’m really sorry!”


"Bullshit!" Jeanette shouted back. "I don't buy your apology. I'm gonna grow even bigger, and then I'm gonna fucking eat you!"
Jeanette's growth was accelerating. Her head pressed against the ceiling, and she had to bend down just so she wouldn't hit her head.
EXIT


Trevor was panicking. “Oh god, no, please, don’t fucking eat me!” he screamed, but his fear only made it even more satisfying to Jeanette. She had grown so big that she had to practically crawl just to fit in the room. She loomed over Trevor and the others. Lindsay and Sarah screamed in terror as she grew bigger than they’d seen her grow before.
A student in a red and back striped shirt decided to run for the exit, but Miss Starr had a quick eye, and she followed him to the exit.



With her long legs, Miss Starr easily walked faster than the student could run. She stepped in front of him, blocking his way with thighs that were as thick as his entire body. “Uh-uh-uh!” Miss Starr said, wagging her finger. “Rules are rules! You can’t leave unless you have, umm, a hall pass!”

“A hall pass, what?” the student protested. “But… this is college! We don’t have hall passes here!”

“No hall passes?” Miss Starr chuckled. “I thought I’d heard every excuse working as a headmistress, but that’s a new one! You’re definitely getting detention, mister.”


While Miss Starr held the door, Jeanette scooped up Trevor. “Not so tough are you now, bitch?” Jeanette taunted, as she reached down for Trevor’s leg.


Jeanette grabbed ahold of Trevor's leg with her powerful fingers. Trevor recoiled in horror, but the more Trevor fought to back away, the stronger Jeanette's grip tightened around his leg.
"Oh god, please, let me go!" Trevor begged. "I'll do anything, just let me go!"


Jeanette stuck her tongue out as far as she could. “See this? Inside my mouth? That’s where you’re going! I’m gonna fucking eat you! You’re gonna be dissolved by my fucking stomach acid, bitch!”


Jeanette leaned down and stuck Trevor into her mouth. She licked the side of his face with her wet, warm tongue. “You taste pretty good for a boy,” Jeanette said with a laugh.


While Jeanette slurped Trevor up, Miss Starr grabbed the would-be truant by the neck and lifted him up into the air. “You’re going to get detention,” Miss Starr said to him. “You wanna see where you’re gonna go?”
EXIT


Jeanette leaned her head back and slurped Trevor up, until only his legs stuck out of her mouth. His legs kicked wildly in the air, but Jeanette hungrily sucked him down.


With Jeanette bent over, Miss Starr held the student up near Jeanette's ample behind. "We've got a student who was trying to skip class," she said. "What do you say that we put him in your, uh, detention center?"
Jeanette liked the idea. Her mouth was full, but she nodded and made a muffled "Mmm-hmm!"


Jeanette happily slurped up the last of Trevor. Only a single foot stuck out of her mouth now, and Jeanette was way past caring about eating some gross shoes and socks. She greedily sucked it all down, driven by the insatiable hunger that her new size gave her.


“And in he goes!” Miss Starr said gleefully. She slid Jeanette’s pussy lips open and stuck the man’s head inside Jeanette’s wet, quivering pussy. Even with her mouth full of Trevor, Jeanette still let out a moan of pleasure just before finally slurping him down.


“Ooh, yes!” Jeanette moaned, as Miss Starr pushed her unwitting human sex toy deeper into her pussy. “Deeper! Deeper!” With each orgasmic moan her body grew even bigger, until her legs stretched all the way to the chalkboard.


Jeanette spun around onto her back and stretched her legs across the classroom, with her human sex toy still firmly lodged inside of her eager pussy. She looked down at Miss Starr, who she now positively dwarfed. “Well, Miss Starr, would you like to grow to my size? I have some ideas for things we could do together… Purely to punish the offending students, of course.”


"But of course," Miss Starr said, "although I don't think there would be any harm if we happened to get some pleasure out of it, purely incidentally of course."
"Of course," Jeanette agreed. "Now grow bigger!"
EXIT


"Don't mind if I do," Miss Starr said. She stretched back and let herself grow bigger, until her arms pressed against the ceiling. "How's that?" Miss Starr asked.
"Are you serious?" Jeanette asked. "You call that big? No way, grow bigger!"
jazz
CONCERT



"If you insist," Miss Starr said. She got on all fours, and continued to grow until she had finally matched Jeanette's size. When her growth finally came to an end, Miss Starr crawled on top of Jeanette, and stared her nubile girlfriend in the eyes.

"You look amazing, Jeanette," Miss Starr said. "The dominatrix look suits you."

"You look even better, Tita- I mean, Miss Starr," Jeanette said. "Your curves look bigger than I remember… what have you been eating?"



Miss Starr whispered into Jeanette's ear. "Oh sweetie, it's not *what* I've been eating, it's *who*… and how many of them."

"Titania, you're so bad!" Jeanette said. "I mean, Miss Starr… A mild-mannered headmistress gorging herself on people? How scandalous!"

"You don't know the half of it," Miss Starr said. "I got into all kinds of trouble. You see, I was away from someone I loved very much… and I tried to fill that hole with so many people… but no matter how many I ate, I always felt empty. But now that I'm with you, I haven't eaten in hours, and I feel full."

"Full or not, I want to eat people with you," Jeanette said.

"I want to eat people with you too, Jeanette," Miss Starr moaned. "That guy in your pussy has been basting in your juices for a while now… I bet he'll taste incredible…"

"I'm sure he will," Jeanette said. "And you've been grinding your pussy on Professor Mellon for a long time… If she's still alive, I might have to get a taste… Right after I get one more kiss!"

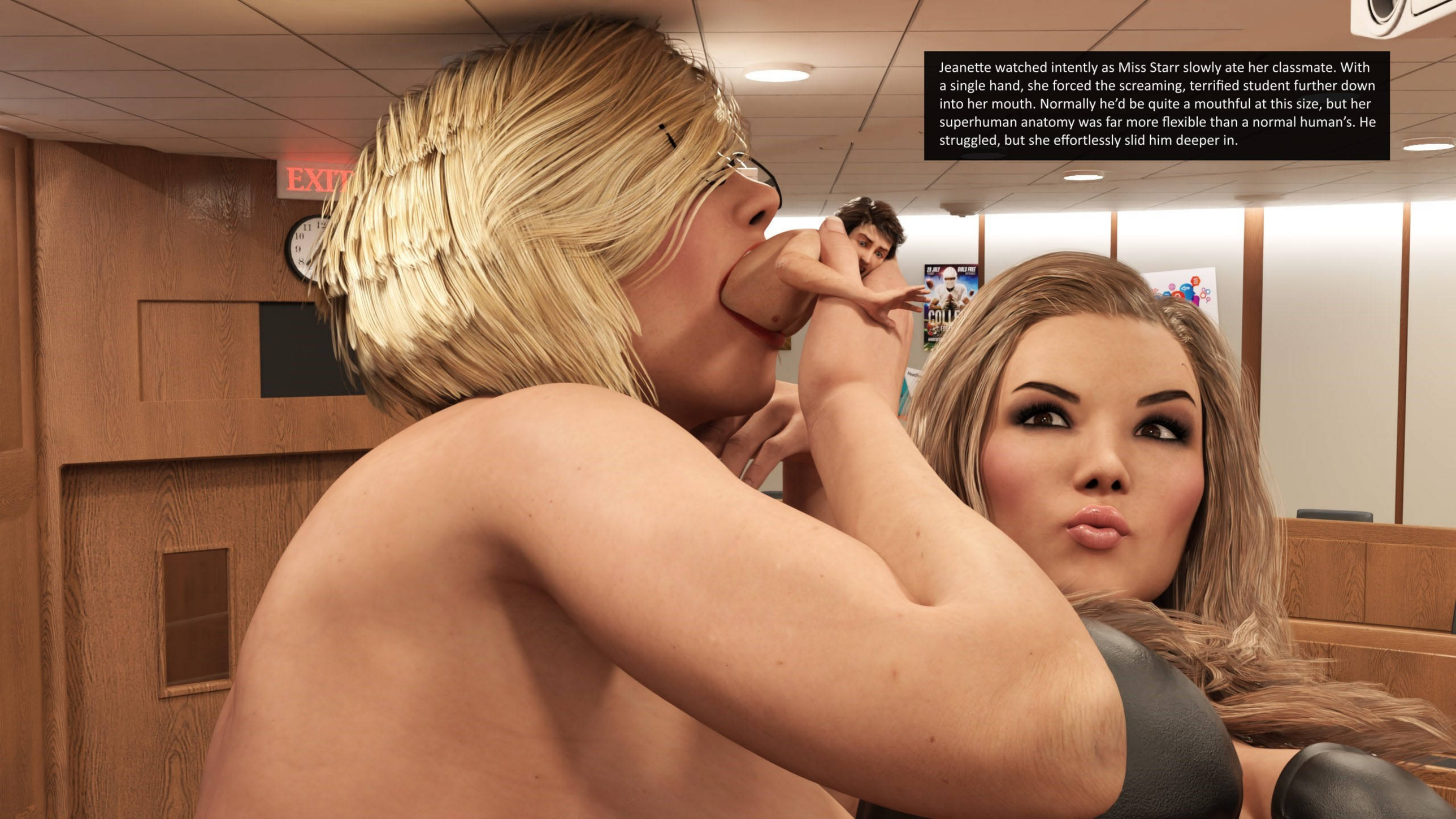


The lovers leaned in, and shared an intimate kiss together. Their tongues wrestled with each other, and their lips were locked together until Miss Starr's hunger finally overwhelmed her.


Miss Starr tore off her top, before reaching between Jeanette's thick thighs. "Let's see how your friend is doing!" she said, before grabbing the student-turned-sex toy by the legs. As she slipped him out, Jeanette let out a surprised scream of pleasure. "You don't mind, do you?" Miss Starr asked.


"Not at all," Jeanette said. With Miss Starr holding him in place, Jeanette slipped the shirt and pants off of the kicking, screaming man. "This is just like that special night together," Jeanette said. For the rest of the city, it had been a night of terror, but for the two of them, it had been something extraordinary.
APE
(stage 1)
(stage 2)


Miss Starr slipped the man's feet into her mouth. The terrified sex toy screamed and pleaded, but it was barely more than pleasant background noise to Jeanette and Miss Starr.
"So," Jeanette asked, "does he taste like me?" Miss Starr's mouth was full, but she slyly nodded in agreement as she sucked him down.


Jeanette watched intently as Miss Starr slowly ate her classmate. With a single hand, she forced the screaming, terrified student further down into her mouth. Normally he'd be quite a mouthful at this size, but her superhuman anatomy was far more flexible than a normal human's. He struggled, but she effortlessly slid him deeper in.
EXIT


At last, Miss Starr swallowed him down with a single gulp. His outstretched hand reached out past her lips one last time, before that too disappeared into the darkness of her cavernous maw.
“Aah, I needed that,” Miss Starr said with a satisfied sigh.
“I’m getting hungry too, and Professor Mellon always looked tasty,” Jeanette said. “She’s still alive, right?”



"I dunno," Miss Starr said, "I think I might have accidentally smothered her with my pussy."

"Let me see for myself," Jeanette said. She reached behind Miss Starr and plucked held professor up from the desk, and held the redhead up to get a closer look. Miss Starr helped her out by ripping the clothes off the woman's limp body.


"Hmm," Jeanette said, "Let's see... Well, I was gonna see if the carpet matches the drapes, but it looks like she's full Brazillian. Oh, and yeah, she's definitely unconscious, but... yeah, she's still breathing!"
"Wow, she survived that?" Miss Starr asked. "I'm getting off my smothering game! But I guess I'd rather watch you eat her anyway... Sucking her down... maybe licking her pussy just a bit first, as a little appetizer... You'd like that, wouldn't you?"
"I dunno, isn't that kind of messed up, since she's asleep and all?"
"Are you serious? You're already going to eat her, and I'd say that's a lot worse!"



"Good point!" Jeanette exclaimed, "It's really gonna suck for her, waking up inside of my stomach!" Jeanette put the professor's head into her mouth, sucking down her auburn hair. "Mmm," Jeanette moaned, pulling the woman's head out of her mouth for a moment, "Her face tastes like your pussy..."

"I bet it does," Titania said. "I grinded my pussy on her face pretty hard... You know how rough I can be when I get carried away..."

"You used me as a dildo like a minute after you saw me, I know exactly how rough you can be. But not as rough as my stomach is gonna be on her!"


Jeanette slipped the professor's unconscious body between her lips. She couldn't help but take her time, gliding her tongue over the woman's surprisingly firm breasts.


The professor's full behind barely fit between Jeanette's lips, and she took the difficulty as an excuse to taste between the woman's thick thighs, tasting her delicate womanly flavor.


The sensation finally woke the professor, who kicked her legs wildly outside of Jeanette's mouth. Miss Starr gladly took the opportunity to help out, grabbing the woman's legs and slowly gliding her down into Jeanette's mouth, as Jeanette ran her tongue down the woman's legs one last time.
EXIT
MARCH MADNESS
@SPORTCLUB



The professor's thick body proved to be a mouthful, and Jeanette hesitated to swallower her. She idly moved the woman around in her mouth with her tongue for a minute.

"Don't be afraid," Miss Starr reassured her. "If bullets and bombs don't hurt us, I really don't think you have to worry about choking. I'm sharing my powers with you, and it does more than just make you grow. I know she seems big, but trust me, you'll be fine."

After hearing Miss Starr's encouraging words, Jeanette finally swallowed the professor down in one last, big gulp.



"Mmm, redheads taste good!" Jeanette moaned. "And speaking of which…" she turned towards her redheaded roommates, who were standing and watching nervously from the far side of the classroom. "Yeah, Tweedle-Dee and Tweedle-Dumb, I'm talking to you! Do you two want to get eaten?"

"Umm, n-no," Lindsay said nervously.

"You don't? Then why aren't you eating my pussy?" Jeanette asked. "Come on, learn to show some initiative! You're either gonna eat my pussy or get eaten, so come on!"


"Oh, okay," Lindsay said, as she nervously made her way over to Jeanette. "It's just so... big right now."
"Do you need both of us?" Sarah asked.
CUTE GIRLS RULE the WORLD


"Do I need both of you? Can you not see how fucking big my pussy is?" Jeanette asked. "Yeah, not shit I need both of you! Now get over here!"
When the pair hesitated, Miss Starr reached out towards them.



Miss Starr's enormous hand grabbed onto Sarah, and her meaty fingers engulfed the redhead's slender hips and waist.

"Nice one, Miss Starr!" Jeanette said. "Hey Lindsay, what are you doing?" Take that shirt off!"

"Yes Ma'am!" Lindsay said. She dutifully took off her shirt and tossed it onto the ground.



Miss Starr slipped Sarah's head into Jeanette's pussy. "How's that feel, Jeanette?" she asked.

"Ooh, good," Jeanette moaned. "Just… deeper!"

"With pleasure." Miss Starr slipped the redhead's petite body deeper into Jeanette. She slid her in and out, using Sarah's nubile form as a dlido while Jeanette moaned with pleasure. Lindsay watched nervously, unsure of what they had planned for her.



Finally, Miss Starr stuffed Sarah deeper in, and left her there, content that Sarah's inevitable flailing would tickle Jeanette's G-spot. Then, she turned towards Lindsay, who had finally stripped down. "Hey, come on, what are you waiting for?!" Miss Starr chastised. "Come on, get in there and lick Jeanette's clit!"

"Of course, Miss Starr!" Lindsay said, "right away Miss Starr!"


Lindsay didn’t have to be asked twice. She leaned in, pulling aside Sarah’s legs, and wrapped her lips around Jeanette’s clit. It was nearly as big as a mandarin orange, and to Lindsay’s tongue, just as sour, but she dutifully lapped her tongue along it as best as she could, wary as she was about displeasing her mistress.


"Hey!" Miss Starr shouted, "you in the white shirt, you're gonna eat Jeanette's asshole!"
"What? No, I'm not doing that!" John said. "And Lindsay is my girlfriend, you can't just treat her like she's your sex slave!"


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"Tell her to stop!" John shouted. "Come on, she's *my* girlfriend! That's not fair!" But John's shouts could barely be heard over the sound of Jeanette's moans, which were getting louder as she neared orgasm.


Miss Starr didn't like John's back talk. "Can't you see that Jeanette is using her?" Miss Starr said. "Jeanette is a very special girl, and she deserves to get whatever she wants. And that means she gets to take your girlfriend and make her into her sex slave! Now stop whining and eat her ass!"
"I'm not doing *that*!" John shouted.
MYTH
SOCIAL
= Life
(Society)
Intelligence
Intuition


"Fine," Miss Starr said, "then you're going in detention!" She reached out towards John, with an outstretched hand that was nearly as big as his entire body.
EXIT
PROGRESS OF ANTI PROTON EXPERIMENT


"Help!" John screamed, "let me go!"
"You're lucky I'm going easy on you, since this is a first-time offense," Miss Starr said. "I'll only put you in my cleavage. If you're lucky, you'll probably survive!"


“This time it’s my cleavage,” Miss Starr said, “if you do this again you’re going in my ass! So keep that in mind next time before you talk down to Jeanette!”
Miss Starr stuffed John’s head in between her cleavage. Her huge, heaving breasts were soft but firm, and his head was forced uncomfortably backwards as she pressed him into her cleavage.
SOCIAL
= Life
Culture
(Society)
Civilization
Change
Organization vs Entropy
Nature


Miss Starr shoved John's head further down, until his upper body was completely engulfed in her cleavage. His screams were muffled by literal tons of tit-fat. "I hope you can go a while without breathing, because I'm not letting you out until Jeanette is finished with your girlfriend!" Miss Starr pressed her breasts together, squeezing John's body between her enormous breasts.


APE
MATERIAL
CON
MENTAL
MYTH
SOCIAL
MARCH MADNESS
CAREER
COLLEGE
"Come for me," Miss Starr said, "I want to watch your face when you cum."
"Mmm," Jeanette moaned, "I'll cum for you baby." Jeanette let out a series of low, loud moans that echoed through the lecture hall while the redheads dutifully pleasured her pussy.


John didn't have to wait very long. "Yes! Yes!" Jeanette screamed, as she finally let out an earth-shattering orgasm. Her orgasmic moans echoed through the campus. Miss Starr gripped Jeanette's pussy as she finally came, thrusting Sarah deeper into her pussy.
PROGRESS OF ANTI PROTON EXPERIMENT
MENTAL
SOCIAL
= Life
Simplicity
(Consciousness)
Culture
(Society)
(Nature)
Organic
Complexity
Civilization



A few minutes later, Miss Starr cradled Jeanette's head in her lap. The blonde coed shrunk down to her normal size shortly after her orgasm, and Miss Starr followed suit.

Behind them, Lindsay, John and Sarah were still recovering from being manhandled by the giant women. They were exhausted and injured, but still alive.

Miss Starr paid them no mind. Her thoughts and gaze were focused on Jeanette as she stroked her hair. "I love you, Jeanette," she said.

"I love you too, Titania," Jeanette said, before she drifted off to sleep in Titania's arms.


END OF
PART 6

TITANIA WILL RETURN




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