

vixen

*part 2:
expansion*

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Emily held her two much smaller co-workers against the wall, effortlessly dominating them with her now-massive body. They looked so tiny and pathetic dangling in the air, their little bodies powerless to resist her will.

"Let me go," Tara cried out, "You're crushing my hand!"

"Yeah," Steve followed up, "What the hell are you going to do to us?"

Emily smiled down at them. "Well, I was going to keep it a secret... but I hate secrets! I'm going to squish you with my breasts!"



Tara stared up at her, sputtering in horror and disbelief. "What??! You're going to... with those?"



"Haha," Emily laughed, "yeah. Well, not with these, exactly, they're not quite big enough just yet, though, are they? Let's change that!"



As if on cue, her breasts started to grow. They sprouted outward, rapidly growing into freakishly massive tits.



























"O-Oh my god," Tara stammered, "this is really happening!"

"Yes it is! Oh, this is so much fun! I love these new toys of mine! Let's make them even bigger!"









"Now take a deep breath, you worthless little mortals, because it's going to be your last!"



Emily grabbed their legs and pulled them down, so that their faces would be completely engulfed in her breasts. She ignored the muffled screams, as the two of them fought to break free. "Aren't these things great?!" Emily said, amused. "Oh, you're no match for my tits! I'm going to squeeze the life out of you... you'll die choking on my nipples, you little insects..."



"Oh yeah, keep squirming! Just try to fight, it makes it even hotter for me!"



A woman with long dark hair and a black hood with cat ears is leaning her back against a light blue wall. She is wearing a black top and white underwear. Her breasts are very large and are pressed against the wall. She is looking over her shoulder towards the camera. In the background, there is a window and a desk with a computer monitor and keyboard.

“This is so hot... They’re so huge and sexy. Now they’re really—what’s that expression you mortals have for large breasts? Oh yes, tits!”

Emily shoved her enormous, still-growing breasts harder against the wall, cracking the cheap plaster. She laughed in delight, at the muffled screams of the two tiny fools. They struggled desperately, trying with all their strength to pry themselves away.

She pressed her breasts harder against the wall, smothering the little people in her massive lumps of tit-flesh.



Choke, you pathetic mortals. Choke on my massive tits!"





"Yes!" Emily screamed, as she was finally overcome with pleasure. Her knees trembled, and the massive weight of her now enormous breasts sent her falling to the floor.

She looked with amusement at her enormous breasts, as she struggled to lift them up. "As much as I like these, I don't imagine they would make it any easier to get around..."



Emily's breasts started to shrink, but as they did, the rest of her body began to grow. Emily's legs stretched outward, her growing ass pushing back a table behind her.

































"Now these are a bit more manageable," Emily said, feeling her breasts. They were still large, even for her stature, but now more reasonably-sized.





She picked up her fallen prey, first with amusement, then surprise. "This one's still alive? Well, I prefer my food when it's wriggling, but as long as it's warm..."

Without giving it a second thought, Emily picked the girl up by her leg. With her offhand, she casually grabbed the unconscious man, letting his body slump over her arm like a wet towel.

She lifted the girl's torso into her mouth. Her jaw opened wide, not unlike a feasting snake. She sucked in the girl's head and arms, tilting back her own head so that the girl could slip directly into her esophagus. Emily had grown far bigger since her last meal, and the girl was short and slightly built; she slid quickly into Emily's stomach.



"Huh?" The man awakened, utterly confused about what was happening. "What the fuck? Where the—holy shit!" He looked down, and was shocked to see that his legs were already engulfed in the giant girl's mouth. She sucked him down a bit more slowly than the other girl, almost as if she was savoring it. "Jesus Christ, lady," he called out, pleading in desperation, "you—you have to let me go!"



Almost as if it were in response, she let out a low, pleased hum. Falling onto all fours, she sprawled out across the office floor. The man tried desperately to grab something, anything, but he couldn't get a grip on the slick metal file cabinet. He couldn't move his legs, so he tried sticking his hands into her mouth. He tried to push off against the inside of her mouth, but instead he simply found his arms being sucked down as well. Soon only his head was free.

"Lady," he cried out, "you have to let me go! Let me go, please! Let me—aagh! Mpph!" His screams were muffled, as his face slid into the wetness of her mouth.



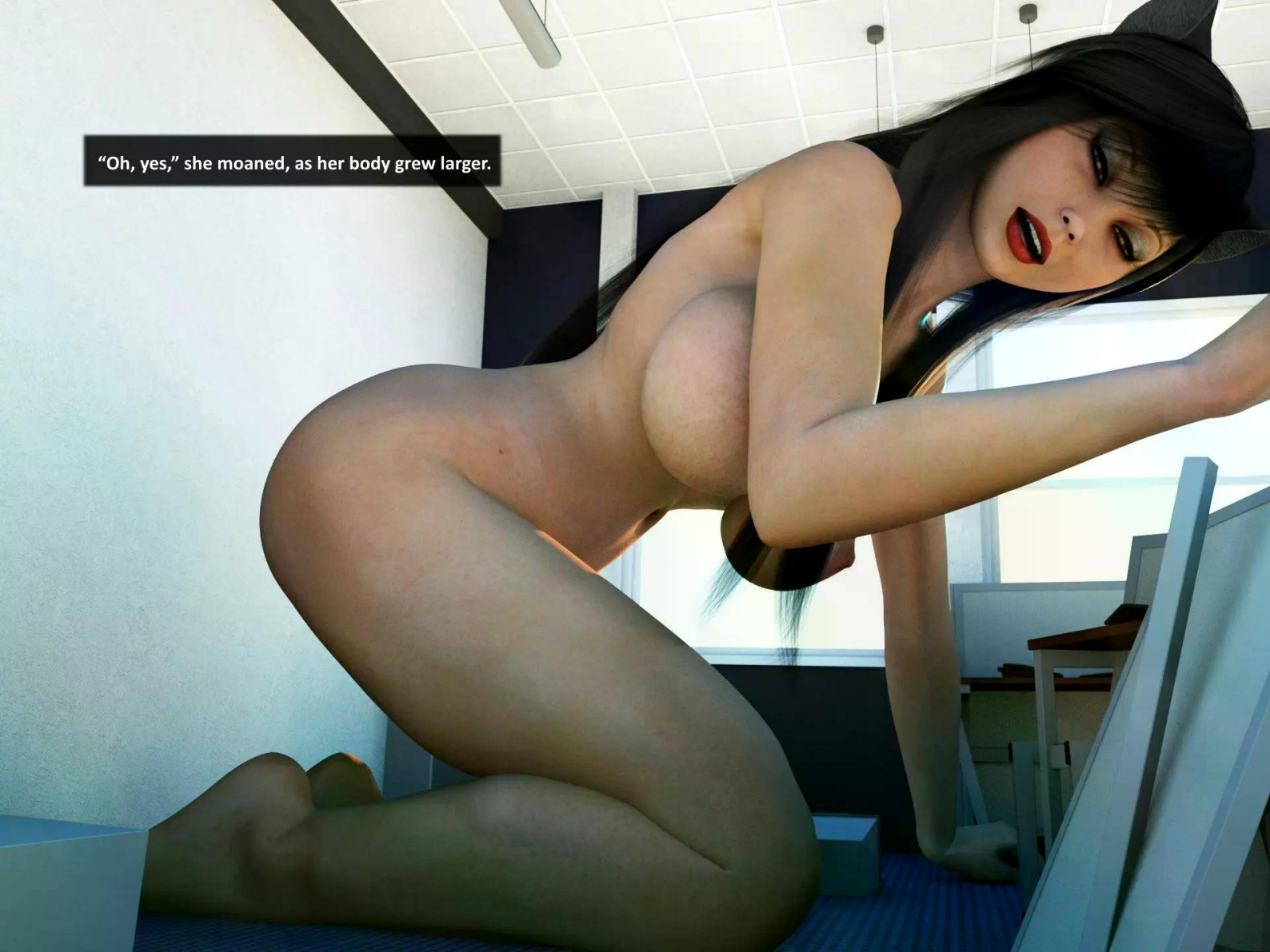
"Mmm," Emily moaned as she reared up. That one was tasty... A tad too salty, but I'll let that slide." She rubbed her stomach, displeased to see that we was already rapidly digesting. "That's the downside to having a supernaturally quick metabolism, I suppose. You don't get to enjoy them struggling inside of your belly... But on the other hand... I should have a growth spurt coming on!"



She leaned back down, moaning in pleasure as her body started to expand.



"Oh, yes," she moaned, as her body grew larger.













In a spacious conference room, some executives discussed matters of business. "We can't afford to have a weak quarterly report again," Ben said, making a fist with his left hand. "Another showing like in November, and the board will—"

"What the hell was that?" Steve started up, staring towards the brick wall to his side. "Did you guys feel that? It felt like we're having an earthquake!"



"Damn it Brian, don't interrupt me like that. It's just the cleaning lady with her vacuum, she's been clanging that thing around for an hour. Wait—What the fuck?"

The brick wall rumbled, instantly knocking the plasma TV onto the ground. The floor rumbled as bricks shuffled and cracked. It was as if there was an earthquake taking place, localized to one particular brick wall in their conference room.

A man in a dark suit and white shirt is seen from the back, looking towards a wall made of grey bricks. The wall is crumbling and falling apart, with many bricks flying through the air. In the background, a large, muscular woman's buttocks are visible, suggesting a giant woman is behind the wall. The scene is chaotic and dramatic, with a sense of impending danger or surprise.

“Holy shit!” Brian called out as the wall caved in just in front of him. Cinder dust rained from the ceiling. Whatever he had expected to see on the other side of that wall, a giant woman’s ass hadn’t been one of them, yet instinct kept him from freezing in shock. Brian jumped back just as the wall of bricks came cascading towards him.



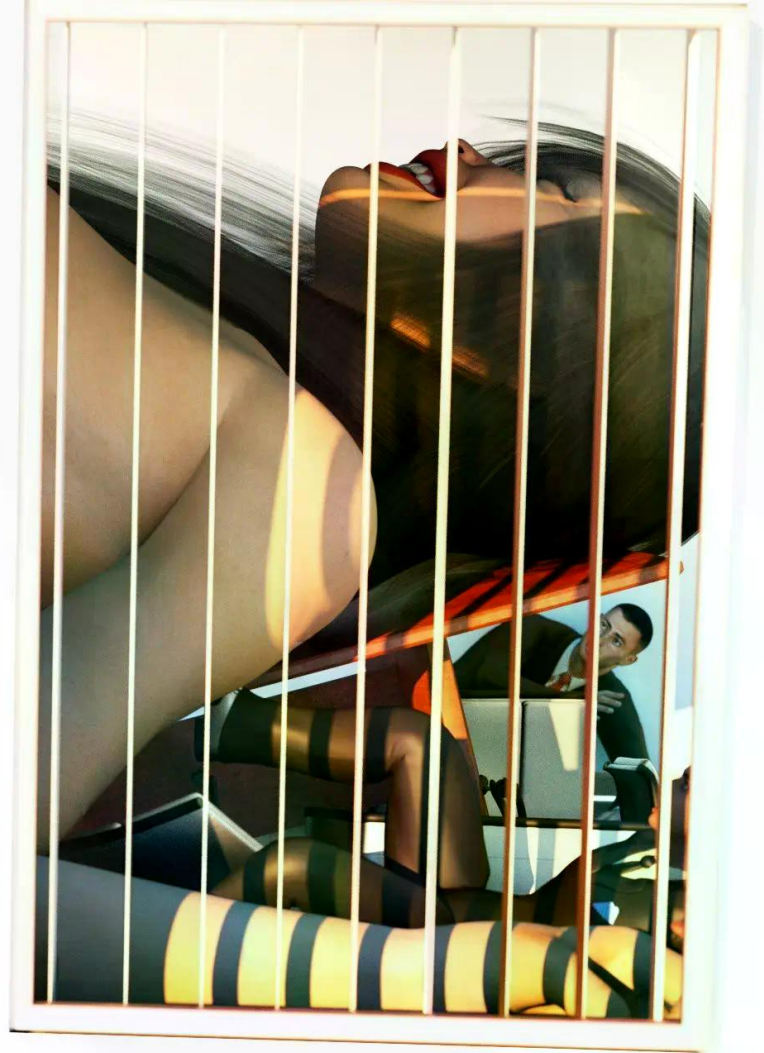
Will wasn't so fortunate. Before he could so much as begin to leap back, Emily's ass came rearing down towards him. He stumbled out of his chair, falling to the ground a split second before Emily landed on top of him.



Splat! Emily's immense mass came down on top of Will, crushing his body flat and cracking the hardwood floor beneath them. A light splatter of blood sprayed through the air. Ben, still reeling, tripped over an office chair as he fled.

"Oh, yes, yes, yes! More energy!" Emily leaned back, writhing about in ecstasy as her massive body cracked the hardwood table that she sat on like a back rest. Her body started to grow again, her limbs slowly reaching outward as she outgrew the cramped conference room.

Ben and Brian shrunk back, cowering from the immense presence before them. Brian stood still, hoping that she wouldn't notice him. Ben, meanwhile, started to crawl away. But as he did so, he found his shoulder brushing against her massive fingers.

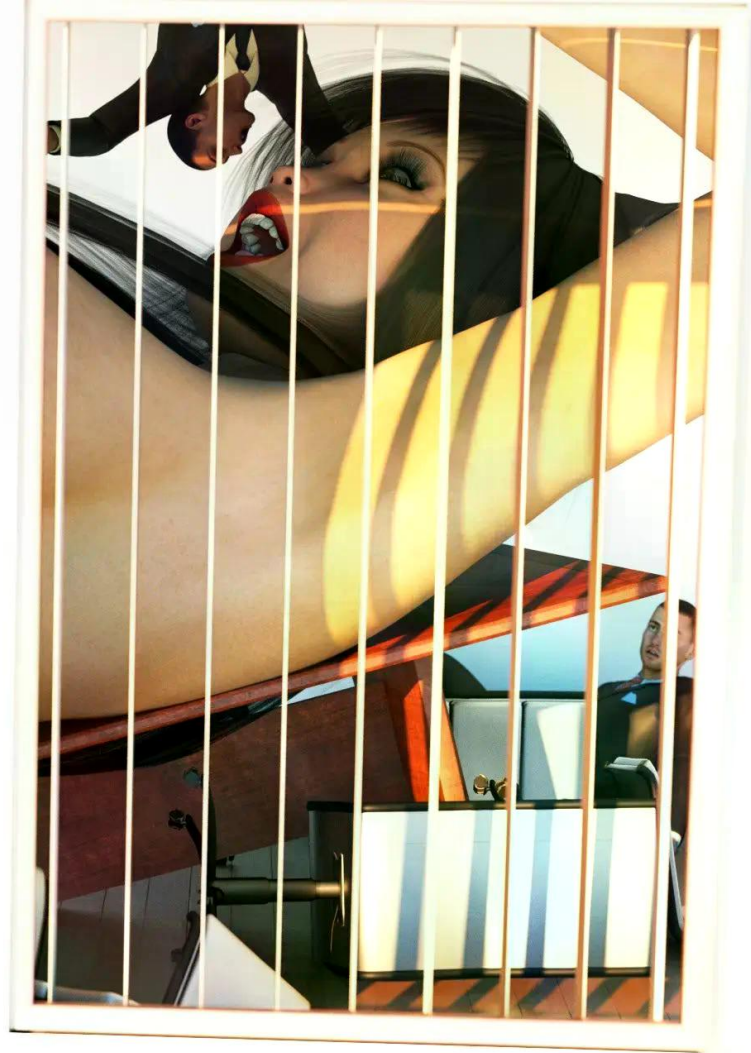


"Mmm, another one!" Emily moaned, snatching Ben up with her hand. She brought him closer to her face. "I'm still hungry..."

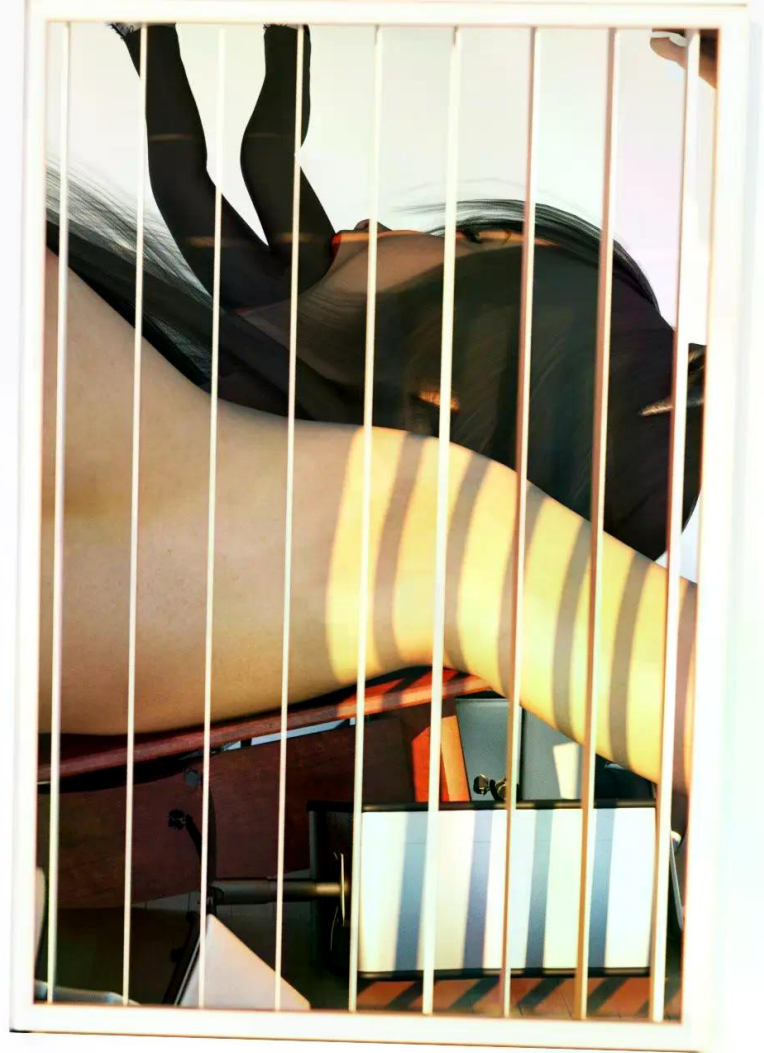


Emily lifted Ben above her head, dangling his body mere inches away from her gaping mouth.

"No," Ben screamed. "Please, let me go! Please!"



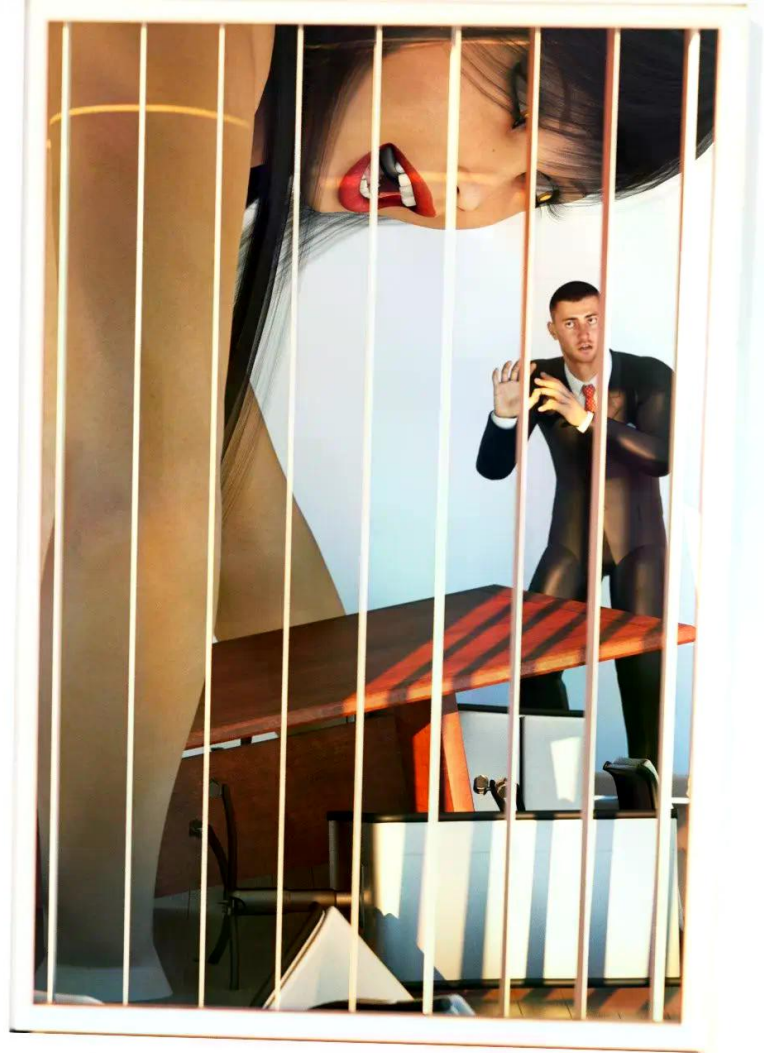
Emily said nothing in response. Instead, she dropped Ben into her mouth, sucking his body down as Ben's legs thrashed wildly through the air. Emily was overcome by hunger, and didn't stop to savor Ben, instead swallowing him as quickly as she could. Ben's legs waved around wildly even as he was sucked down into her, like a terrified creature circling a drain.



"More!" Emily yelled with a terrifying hunger as she sprung back on her hands and knees. Her eyes turned towards Brian, who was cowering against the rear wall. "More food!"

Terrified, he got up slowly to his feet, and composed himself as best he could.

"Please, there's no need to hurt me. I'm... I'm a businessman, I'm rich and powerful. I can help you find other people to eat..."



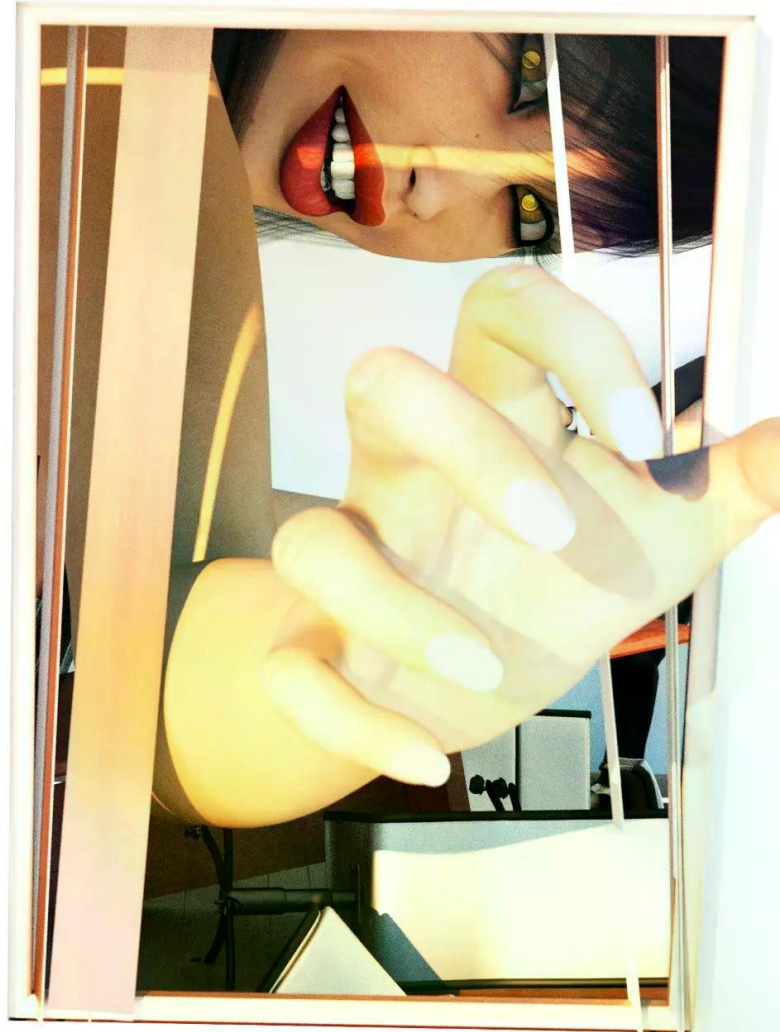
“Quiet, food! I’m going to devour everyone on this pathetic planet, and you’re next!” She grabbed Brian, snatching him as quickly and easily as she had Ben. Licking her lips, she eyed him hungrily. But her attention quickly turned to another.

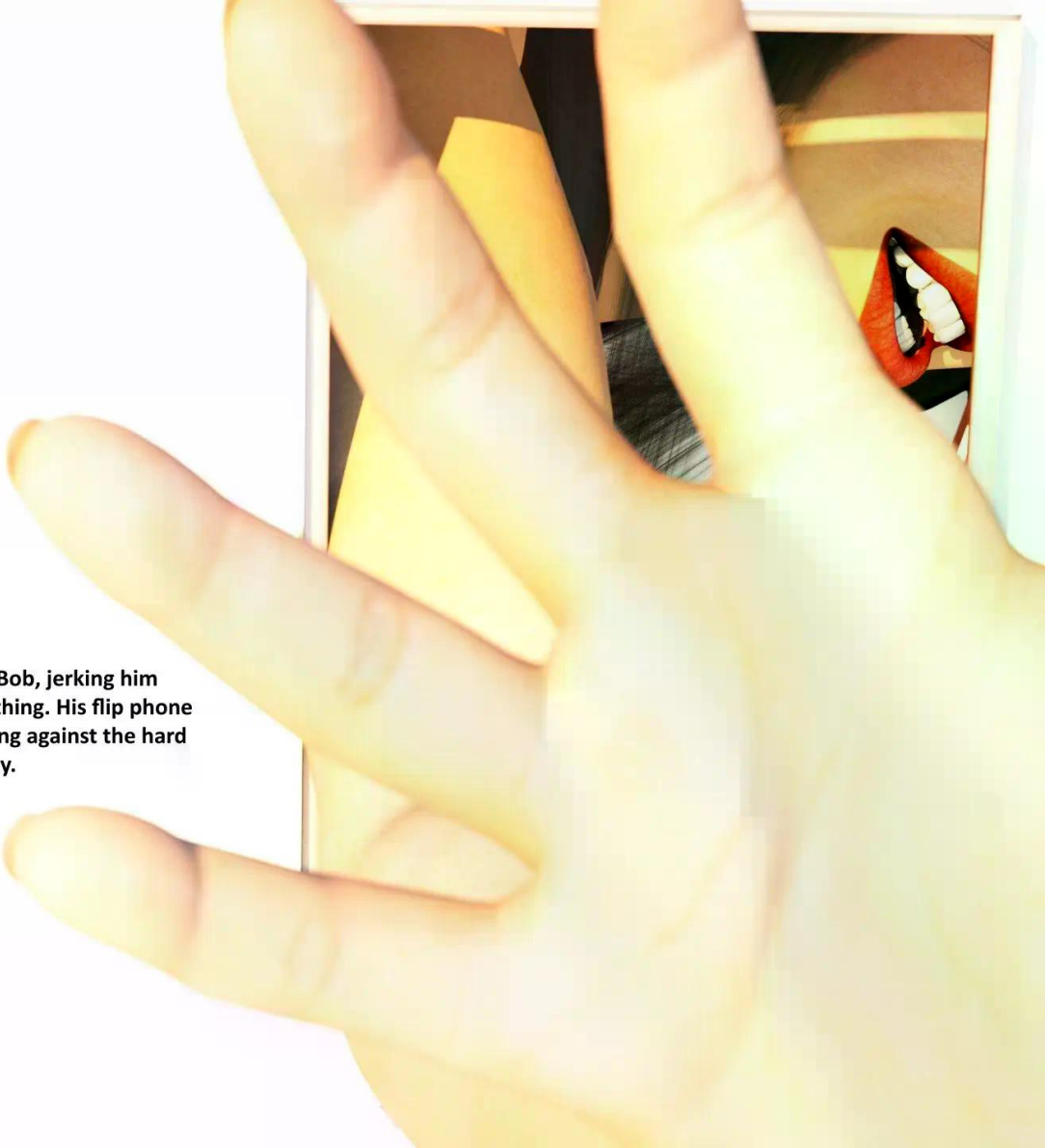
Bob stood outside on the fifth-floor balcony, watching the events with horror and disbelief. Two minutes earlier, he had been sweeping the balcony as talk radio blared in his headphones. He stopped to pick up a quarter on the ground. It was face up. Lucky, as they said. Then he looked up, and his jaw dropped.

Half-formed thoughts raced through his head. Was that really a giant, naked woman? How could she be so huge? Had she really just eaten one of the executives? And what could he possibly do? He couldn’t call the cops. No, no one would believe this, unless... it was on camera. Bob fumbled around in his pockets, hastily searching for his ancient flip phone.



But just as he finally reached for it, the giant woman's head turned toward him. She reached out, her hand crashing through the window as if it were nothing, charging at him with the speed of a leaping tiger.





A powerful hand grabbed Bob, jerking him about as if he weighed nothing. His flip phone fell to the ground, shattering against the hard cement floor of the balcony.



"Another snack!" Bob looked on in horror at the face of the enormous woman as she stared towards him. But as she pulled him closer, her attention went back to Brian.



"Hey, lady! You're making a huge mistake," he called out. You don't want to eat me!"

"No?" she replied with amusement, lifting him closer so she could see his face. "and why's that?"

"I, I have a rare disorder. My body secretes an acid. Really nasty stuff. Basically, I'm poison."

"Are you?" she said with a laugh. "Then I guess I won't eat you..."

She flipped around on the now-splintered hardwood table, twisting onto her back. She dropped the man above her chest, letting him fall unceremoniously into her cleavage. She still had Bob in her right hand, holding him in the air so he could watch the ordeal.





Brian tried once more to reason with her. "Whatever you're doing, it's not too late to stop. You don't have to do... whatever you're about to do."

Emily pressed her breasts together with her upper arms, trapping Brian between her cleavage.

"It's not a matter of 'have', it's a matter of 'want.'"

"Hey, you're squeezing really hard!

"I can squeeze a lot harder. You said you didn't want to be eaten. So I'm going to crush you into goo between my tits. How does that sound?"

"Jesus, I never though I'd say this, but please let me go from between your tits!"

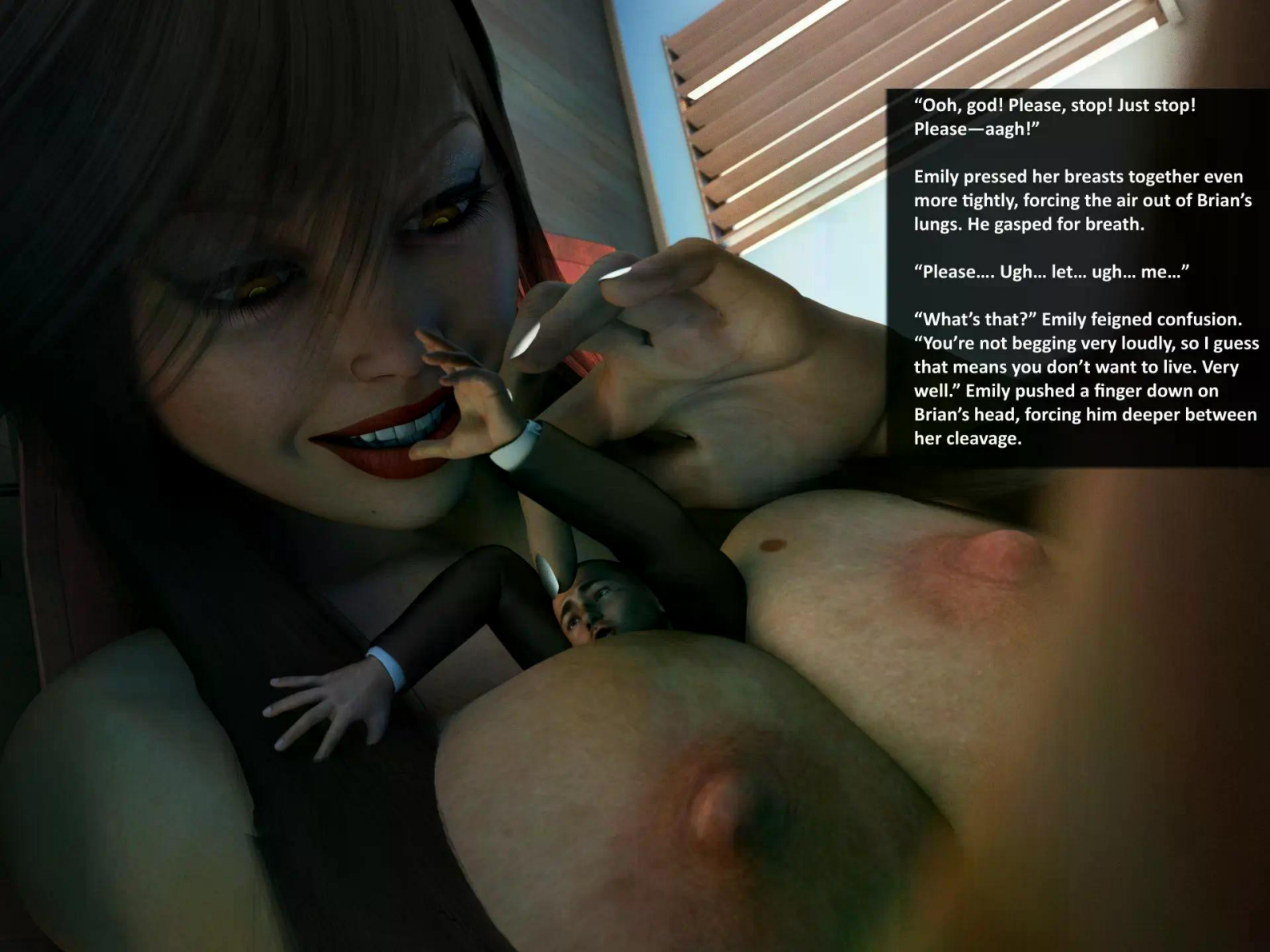
"Hehe," Emily laughed as she squeezed tighter. "Beg louder. Plead. Grovel. I find it amusing."

"Please, I don't want to die. Just let me go."

"Beg harder." She squeezed her breasts tightly together, putting pressure on Brian's ribcage.

"I have a wife. A kid—two kids. Terry and, umm... Larry. Please, you're really hurting me!"

"Harder!" She pressed her breasts together tightly, snapping one of his ribs.



"Ooh, god! Please, stop! Just stop! Please—aagh!"

Emily pressed her breasts together even more tightly, forcing the air out of Brian's lungs. He gasped for breath.

"Please.... Ugh... let... ugh... me..."

"What's that?" Emily feigned confusion. "You're not begging very loudly, so I guess that means you don't want to live. Very well." Emily pushed a finger down on Brian's head, forcing him deeper between her cleavage.

"No, no, please! Let me go! Let me—mmph!" Brian's scream was muffled. He was completely engulfed now, surrounded by Emily's mountainous breast flesh.





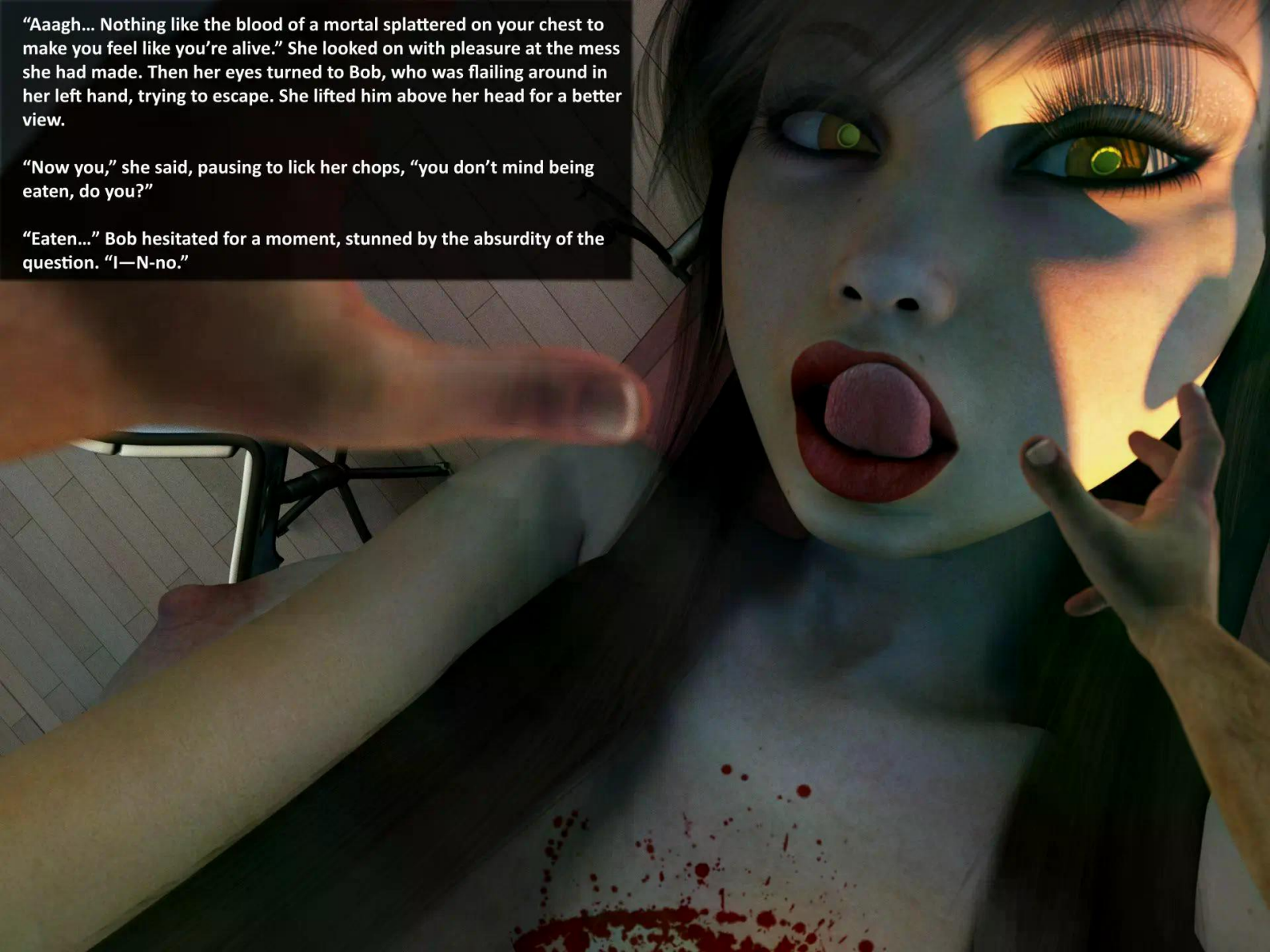
Brian's arms waved through the air, as his screams were muffled by Emily's gargantuan breasts. Emily toyed with her breasts, pressing them together then letting them slope to the sides. Each time it jostled Brian around. Brian struggled for breath each time the enormous breasts flopped to the sides, but the motion of her breasts shook him back and forth like a tidal wave, and her heavy breasts slammed against him like punching bags.

Finally, Emily grew tired of her games. "I'll squish you like the insect that you are!" she said, using her upper arms to press her breasts together with more force than before. Her breasts slammed together with a loud clap, crushing Brian with their sheer mass. A geyser of blood sprayed out from between her cleavage, spilling onto her upper chest.

"Aaagh... Nothing like the blood of a mortal splattered on your chest to make you feel like you're alive." She looked on with pleasure at the mess she had made. Then her eyes turned to Bob, who was flailing around in her left hand, trying to escape. She lifted him above her head for a better view.

"Now you," she said, pausing to lick her chops, "you don't mind being eaten, do you?"

"Eaten..." Bob hesitated for a moment, stunned by the absurdity of the question. "I—N-no."



"Good. That's what I like to hear."
Emily held Bob just above her
mouth. Bob panicked, fighting
desperately to free himself, but
Emily's grip was far too tight.

"What are you?" Bob blurted out,
as Emily dangled him by his legs
above her mouth.

Emily smiled.

"To you? I'm a god."





End of Part 2

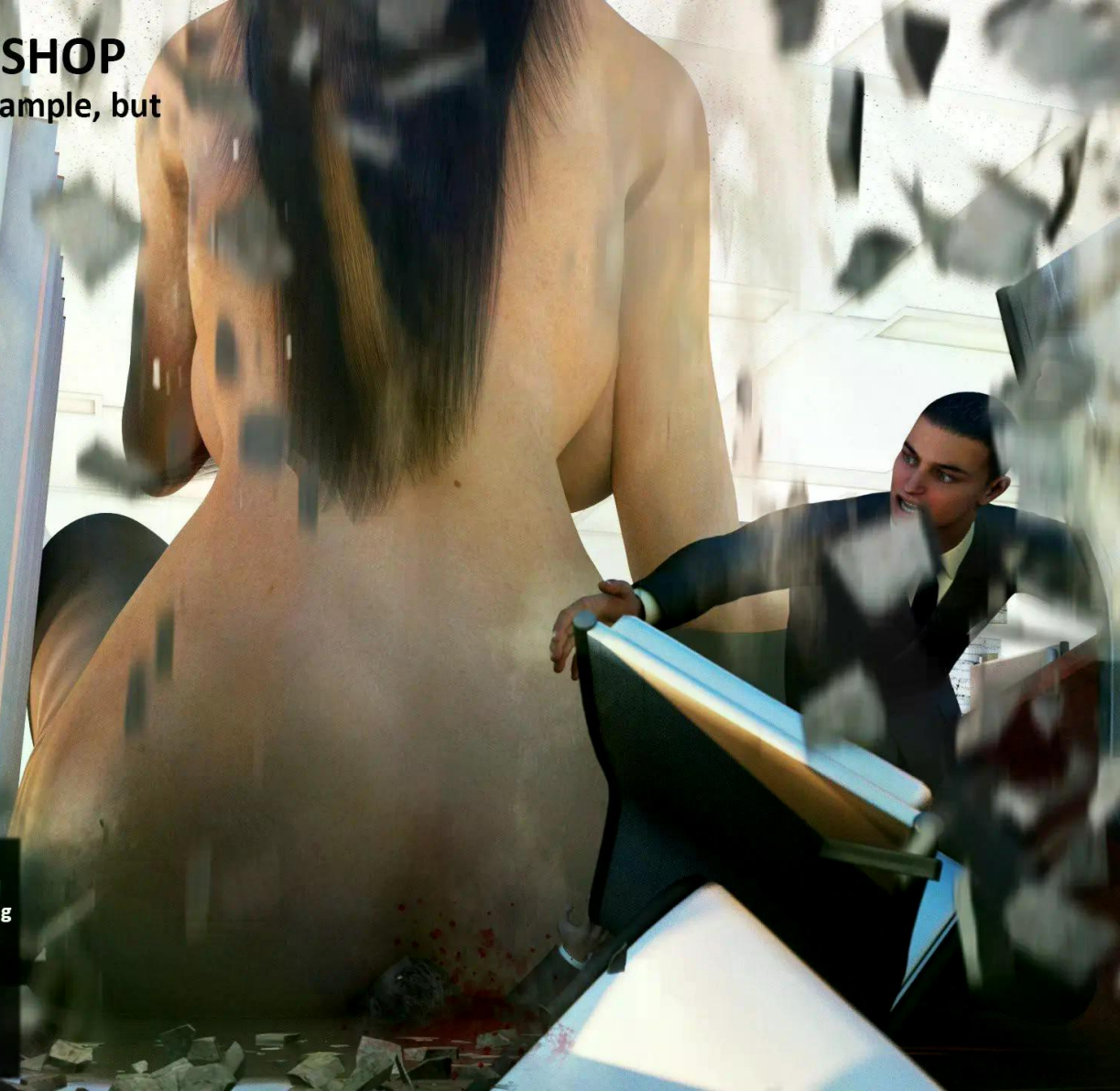
**BEFORE
PHOTOSHOP**



AFTER PHOTOSHOP

This is an extreme example, but you get the idea.

Splat! Emily's immense mass came down on top of Will, crushing his body flat and cracking the hardwood floor beneath them. A light splatter of blood sprayed through the air. Ben, still reeling, tripped over an office chair as he fled.



ALTERNATE RENDER

