

Beauty Treatment

Written by Administrator
Saturday, 19 December 2009 15:50 -

This Giantess story first appeared over a year ago. It was not written by

me. It contains A LOT of gore and violence, so if this offends you, STOP

READING NOW!!!

Amy Zonn: Beauty Treatment

From: acotto@news.gate.net (Anthony Cotto)

Scott Grildrig

She had not expected the process to work so well...

Dr. Amanda Zonn worked for a cosmetics and beauty company as a

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researcher into beauty enhancers. It was something of an obsession

with her, this business of improving looks. She was a mouse of a

woman, short, thin, pretty in a quiet Sunday afternoon sort of a

way. Standing in front of a mirror she would consider her flat

chest, narrow hips, stick-like legs and try to imagine herself as

something different. She wanted to be better looking, she wanted

to be tall, voluptuous and stunning. For years she had help

research new products that could augment the beauty of a woman.

Amy had sampled them, herself.

But all the cosmetics and prosthetics and padding and creams

only painted beauty onto an otherwise drab body. Amy had a

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dream to create a system, that would directly modify the body,

endowing it with strength and elegance, in whatever measure was

desired. The Company tolerated her endeavours, looking the other

way from money it perceived as being wasted. Amy was an excellent

researcher, and had helped create products that generated millions

of dollars of revenue every year. So they ignored her

extra-curricular research, even while they raked in the profits.

Amy would never have admitted to her real dream.

Her secret desire.

She didn't just want to be beautiful, she wanted to be a ravishing

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beauty, with hoards of men at her beck and call. She wanted to hear

their begging voices, she wanted to feel the power that knockout

looks can command. It was her private fantasy, that drove her

public obsession.

Amy tried everything.

Really, everything.

Exotic plants from the furthest rain forests, obscure fungal

mixtures, rare proteins from gathered from animals all over the

earth. No luck.

She shifted to direct modification of the body: hormonal and

glandular treatments, psychological uplifting and biofeedback,

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DNA modification. Zippo.

Beauty formulas from ancient writings: Greek, Egyptian,

Babylonian, Hittite, and others. Concoctions and potions

hidden in cultural magic, voo-doo and witchcraft. Nada.

She moved into physics: gamma radiation, neutron bombardment,

tachyon phase locks. No sale.

Then she got into the really bizarre: quantum constant shifting,

hyperspace distancing, relativistic mass retention.

Nothing. Nothing. Nothing.

But Amy was very determined.

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If one procedure alone was ineffectual, perhaps some of them in

concert together would work. The possible combinational test

cases were enormous. She worked hard trying to narrow the field

down to the most likely candidates for success. Then she started

experimenting all over again.

The weeks went by.

Combination after combination failed.

Then....something different. All along she had been using

norway blacks (a kind of white mice) for her testing. Many of

the tests had had deleterious consequences for the mice, most had

had no effect at all. But this one, this combination, had done

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something. Compared to the controls, the test mice were larger,

healthier looking, much more active. It was a combination of

hormonel treatments and quantum modification that did the trick.

The quantum effects provided the extra mass, the hormonel

modifications directed where the mass was to be added. Otherwise

the system would just increase the size of the subject in even

proportions.

That was only the beginning.

Encouraged by her success, Amy fought to refine the process,

to define its parameters, test it for dangers or defects. In

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everyway but one, it was perfect. But that one point bothered

her.

In mathematics there is a area of study concerned with

catastrophe theory: the study of systems that make the transition

from order to chaos very quickly. Take a large plastic ball, and

fill it with marbles. Swirl it so that the marbles race about

the inside, then stop. For a moment they maintain their order,

slowing because of gravity and friction. But instead of just

gettng slower and slower, till they stop, at a critical point the

whole system collapses and the marbles bounce around wildly before

coming to rest. Amy found something like that in her process.

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Tweak the system too far, and the energy flow slipped out of

control, shot up exponentially. The equations were unclear on when

this happened or what the effects would be. Amy experimented

carefully until she felt she understood the limits of safety.

It wasn't perfect, she would have to be careful, but she chose to

discount the risk.

There was also a minor side effect from the hormonal treatment,

a certain euphoria, that was inevitable. But she felt she could

handle that.

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Finally, Amy was done.

It was time for a real test.

She mulled this one over for several weeks. It was highly

illegal and unethical for her to experiment on a human, even if it

was herself. But the drive, the desire, the need to realize her

dream made her willing to take the chance. It would be years or

decades before such a system could be packaged for sale, probably

even longer for FDA approval, if ever. The Company would

definitely throw her out if she experimented on herself, but the

results of the process would be hers forever. She decided to do it.

Amy had to make preparations.

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This was not a trivial problem.

The Company was nobody's fool. Once they realized what was happening

they would halt the process. It took weeks to make all the proper

arrangments, to make sure that the power could not be interrupted

in the usual manner. The labs were monitored. Amy devised tapes to

show an empty lab, then built systems that could be switched in to

fool the cameras. She began to stop by the lab on friday nights

to get security used to the idea of her being there on off hours.

She feigned frustration with her efforts, even as they neared

completion.

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Late one friday night, Amy returned to the labs.

The guard ignored her as she walked passed.

Her low heels click-clacked down the many halls until she reached

the labs. For three days she had been injecting herself with the

hormonal triggers. The potential was at maximum, tonight she would

use the quantum field effect to twist probablity and construct her

new body from the flowing energies.

Wearing her white lab coat and some white slacks, Amy entered the

Dirac cage, which was contained within a huge metal donut. The wave

guide torus held a single electron, almost ten centimeters in

diameter, in a standing probability wave. She held a remote

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control, that would allow her to control the effect of the process.

She would customize her body.

Amy threw a switch and the room blossomed with power.

In the distance she heard an alarm go off.

Carefully, she twisted the dial...

At first, she felt nothing. The room hummed a little louder,

and that was all. Then she noticed her breathing was becoming

constricted. Pausing for a moment she tried to identify the

problem.

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Then it struck her.

Her breasts were bigger.

Not much, not much at all, from her original 33B to a 34C perhaps,

but she was very excited about it. She started the process up

again, and watched her chest.

It was like two balloons, slowly inflating. Her clothes were

growing with her, but her breasts were growing out of proportion

to her body, and they began to strain at her little bra. They

were 36's now, big for a C but not yet a D-cup. The sensation

of growth was pleasurable, libidenous even, and Amy took a deep

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breath and felt the bra stretch under the strain. She grew a

little bigger. Amy had been just over five feet tall when she

entered the room, now she was nearing six feet. Her breasts were

pressing mightily against a bra that just was not designed for

such weight. Taking another deep breath, Amy thrust her chest

forward, it was too much. The bra snapped open, spilling her

brand new 38D's, she cupped them in her hands, through the fabric

of the white lab coat, marvelling at how good they felt.

Her legs, especially her thighs were growing more massive. The

white slacks felt like they were shrinking. Squatting a little

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she felt the crotch split from end to end. Tensing her legs she

made her thighs buldge, and the seams blew out. Her feet grew

longer, shapelier and burst out of her shoes. She paused the

process and kicked them out of the field, then admired her long

lovely legs.

Amy had to have more.

Twisting the dial a bit further, she starting growing into the

seven foot range. Her breasts cleared 40D and began to press

ponderously at the front of her lab coat. She noticed that her

mousy colored hair had turned a rich golden blonde, and was

growing also, now midway down her back. Amy shook her head,

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enjoying the way it flowed about her shoulders. The fabric

stretching across her naked breasts was pleasurable also, but

she wanted to pop the coat the way she had the bra. Breathing

in slowly she increased the pressure, noting for the first time

the way her enlarged nipples poked up through the material.

With a ping! and a dink! and a poink!, her buttons blew off, and

her stunning 48DD's came out to play. Massaging her breasts

with her hands she stroked her nipples, sighing at their

new sensativity.

She was wearing only the lab coat and panties when the guards

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burst into the room. She couldn't hear their shouting over the

all pervasive hum, but she knew that were demanding that she

stop. She smiled at them. Until they managed to switch off the

power, she was safe, nothing could enter the field. Moreover

she saw the glint in their eyes as her new improved body

registered with them. Placing her hands on her hips she let them

stare at her, her huge breasts thrust proudly forward. She was

still growing, and she felt a new tension. She looked down. Her

panties were straining against the swell of her widening hips, the

material was drawing up against her crotch, her honey blonde

pubic hair swallowing it in lush softness. Suddenly the fabric

ripped, and the panties fluttered to the floor. She looked up

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at the guards under her long eyelashes, and grinned.

It was like a drug, their fascination with her.

She watched them, they watched her.

Amy wanted to be bigger.

She turned the dial a little further...

There was a flash, like lightening and a crack of thunder. She

felt power coursing into her body. The lights dimmed, flickered

and died as energy was sucked into the system. Her eyes grew wide

as she felt a sensation of rising in her gut.

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She had turned the dial too far...

* * * * *

The guards stopped in their tracks when they saw Amy.

It took them a moment to recognize her.

Her process was going full tilt. Headquarters told them to stay

put, and to look for a chance to interrupt the experiment. So they

watched but did nothing else. No doubt about it, she was onto

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something. And when her panties failed to stay on her growing

frame, they were all sweating a little.

Then something seemed to go wrong.

The noise in the room scaled up, the lights failed, emergency

illumination kicked in. The process was still continuing, but

seemed to be accelerating. Amy was growing at an increasing rate,

eight feet, ten, fifteen. The ceiling was thirty feet up, but she

reached it in just a few seconds. There was a steady wind as her

expanding body displaced the air. The guards looked up and up and

up at the growing giantess, towering above them. When she reached

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the ceiling Amy crouched down and raised her hands. Then lifting up

she pushed her arms through the concrete, driving herself into the

floor above. In a moment, all the guards could see were her legs

and hips, and her barefeet were beginning to fill the field

chamber.

High overhead the sounds of breaking and crashing continued as

Amy welled up through the guts of the building. Then a breath

of warm air drifted down. She had broken through the roof.

And still she grew. Now only her legs up to her knees were

visible to the top of the ceiling. Suddenly her left leg began

rising, concrete and dust fell as she wrenched it through the

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top of the room. Then distant crunching noises sounded as she

planted her foot down again.

The guards began to fear that she would never stop growing. Two

of them dashed out of the lab. Two remained. Amy's leg was only

visible to her midcalf. Her single barefoot filled the field

chamber, but the ethereal glow of the process fit her skin like a

glove. She was still in its power, still rising to the clouds.

Lifting her foot onto its toes, she managed to keep it inside of

the chamber. Her foot grew larger and larger. The raised heel

pressed up against the roof, lifting it in great jagged cracks.

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Her toes began to fill the chamber, colossal and lovely, the floor

sank further beneath her weight. It was well that there was no

basement.

Somewhere near the point where the enormous but delicate arch of

her barefoot was halfway into the floor above, her foot pressed

out onto the quantum torus. There was a blue flash, and the field

collapsed. Silence, but for the occasional crash of falling

concrete settled over the lab.

The two guards stared at the colossal foot (what they could see

of it), sixty feet long and twenty-five feet wide, her toes had

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the girth of tree trunks, even the smallest was bigger than a man.

Her nails were pink and pretty and the size of tables. Slowly

the giant foot began to lift into the air, tearing the ceiling up

with it. A great rush of warm air poured into the room. The

massive toes wiggled once before disappearing from sight.

There was a long pause.

Strange crashing noises were heard overhead.

The two guards sprang for the door, too late. The monstrous

barefoot returned, crashing down the ceiling under its gigantic

weight, crushing everything in its path. The guards' screams were

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cut off in mid-cry as Amy stomped them and the lab flat.

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Two things went through Amy's mind.

...Oops...

...Wow...

She had screwed up. Betrayed by her greed she had crossed the safety

threshold. The price was an unstoppable surge of energy that made her

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grow huger every passing moment. She had burst through the core of

the building like a bomb, shouldering aside each floor in turn until

emerging into the warm summer night. Then her breasts and hips went

through the same passage widening it further. The sounds of the

breaking concrete and steel faded as she soared up higher and higher.

Her legs were binding in the small hole, so she lifted her left

leg out of it. There was no place to put it but back on the building,

and her foot sank deep into it with much crashing and crumbling.

Something else was growing within her too. That portion that had

delighted in the guards looking at her magnificent body was also

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enlarged. It told her to raise her right foot, to drain every drop

of power in the transformation, until the last possible moment.

Amy grew larger and larger.

Finally, she felt the machine break against her toes.

The field died, taking with it that strange sense of rising, that

tingling sensation on her skin. Arms akimbo, Amy surveyed the

world from her new height, then looked down, far far below to

where her calves emerged from the tiny fifteen story building.

It occurred to Amy that the machine was her only way to return to

a normal size. But she knew its secrets, knew how to make another,

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and she decided she did not want anyone else following her in this

way. That meant destroying the machine, and the various records

of its construction.

And Amy knew an easy way to do that.

Lifting her right foot, she extricated it from the building, then

laid it flat upon the roof and stepped down. Her barefoot crunched

through it easily, it was a delightful sensation, all that stuff

breaking under her weight. She lifted her foot and stomped harder.

The building fell apart like a sand castle, casting debris in all

directions. Amy trampled the whole building, taking especial care

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to stamp harder near to where her lab had been. The ground was

covered in rubble, pitted with enormous footprints, that she left

wherever she stepped.

Then it occurred to her.

There may have...no...there had been people in that building.

She stared at the ruin and wondered what it was like as her

gigantic feet pulverized everything around them before squashing

them like bugs. She hadn't even felt any of them. Looking down

at her feet she thought that she was probably still standing on some.

Maybe even those guards that had run into the lab. She wiggled

her toes, thinking that nothing must remain of them but some

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grease stains. God, she was big. She carassed her mammoth

breasts, sighed at their sensitivity. She knew what was wrong.

The euphoria was with her, a strange subtle lust that constantly

hummed in her body. It made her less mindful about those tiny men

crushed under her toes. Indeed, she felt some satisfaction at her

new ability. Maybe she would step on a few more just for fun.

But first, Amy had some business to take care of.

The machine was replaceable, so long as the records of its

construction were intact. She had managed to limit the distribution

of her plans and prints, but one copy was on site in the records

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building, and the other was in the city at headquarters. Both

would have to be destroyed before she was safe.

She started walking towards the records building with a stern

look in her eyes, and the ground sank under her feet like

wet sand...

* * * * *

Though it was late on a friday night, there were other people at

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the complex. And the noise of Amy's gigantic growth was too much to ignore. So a dozen or so men were outside watching her as she stomped the lab building flat. Then with a wicked gleam in her eyes she turned towards another group of buildings. She seemed to move slow, with a ponderous magnificance that accentuated just how enormous she really was. When she took a step her foot impacted the ground with a crunching thud, and the earth shook. Her titanic breasts bobbed and swayed as she walked, her arms swung by her side with lazy grace. Ker-runch THUD.....Ker-runch THUD, she reached the parking lot in a few steps, and stopped.

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There far below, illuminated in a circle of yellow light, was her car. Amy squatted down on her heels, unaware of the terrible fright she gave a little man directly beneath her, and reached out her hand. The car was tiny, sitting in the palm of her hand, she rolled it over, noted how fragile it was. Then she turned her hand over and watched it fall and smash onto the ground below. Standing back up again, she looked at the buildings, then down at the few scattered cars. The records could wait a moment longer.

Stepping onto the tarmac, Amy noticed how brittle it was under her feet, like walking across firm snow on a cold morning. She played idly, with no discernable purpose. Pushing a car around

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with her big toe, she smiled and wondered if the driver had his

insurance paid up. On a whim she tried to pick it up with her

toes, but it crushed and fell from her grip. The next car she

just stepped on, nothing fancy, just CRUNCH, and she looked at

it. There wasn't much to see, just a flat glob of blue metal and

a tiny tire in the bottom of her giant footprint.

The next car was a pleasant surprise.

Amy saw it moving out of the corner of her eye. Curious, she

bent down and picked it up. Looking it over she saw that there was

a tiny man inside of it. He was so small. He could have lain full

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length across the nail on her little finger, with room to spare on

every side. He didn't seem to like her attention. She could see

him screaming and thrashing about inside. It amused her that he

was so frightened, but she saw his point, after all, he was just a

bug to her, and she had already squashed more than a few tiny men this

evening. Amy considered trying to remove him from his little car.

She found his terror of her disconcertingly pleasant. But then

decided that she should finish business first. Squatting down she

set the car on the tarmac and gave it a push with her finger. It

shot off like a rocket, bouncing and weaving and trying to stay

on the road.

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Laughing, Amy stood and went on to the records building.

It was only a few steps away at her new size. She considered it

for a moment, it was a nice little building, but it held information

she wanted destroyed, and the building had to go. But she couldn't

just stomp it, the records might survive and be discovered. Falling

to her knees, Amy removed the line of trees decorating the lawn

outside the building, plucking them whole from the ground like bushy

flowers. Peering closely, she tried to identify the rooms

containing the trade secrets. Upon finding them she marked it with

her fingernail, gouging it into the soft stone, then went back to

the parking lot and collected all the cars she could find. She made

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several holes in the roof over the records rooms with her forefinger,

then broke the cars in half, like raw eggs, spilling the contents

of their tanks into the building. A halogen streetlamp served as

her match, she dropped it into the hole, and its heat ignited the

gasoline with a whoosh.

Sitting back on her heels, she watched the building burn.

After a few moments she heard the sound of sirens, and she frowned,

they were coming too soon. The fire needed time to do its work.

Standing up, she started down the access road to intercept them.

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The two fire engines screamed up the road. Turning a corner they came to a screeching sliding halt. A foot. A barefoot. A woman's gigantic barefoot blocked the road. As the men watched, the foot lifted slowly off the ground and moved towards the lead truck. The men abandoned it, just in time, as Amy stepped on it, completely covering it under her sole, crushing it flat with a crunching screech. The tank of water it contained split and blew water out the side. Then Amy reached down and grabbed the other truck, stood up, turned it over in

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her hands, examining it. Then with contemptuous ease, hurled it

sidearm into the night sky. It flew for nearly a mile before crashing

into the side of a hill.

Far below, the tiny men stared up in terrified awe as the giantess

raised her barefoot and stomped, buckling the road. Three times she

pumped her great leg, pounding out a deep crater that made the access

road impassable. Then she strode off, shaking the earth with every

ground crunching step.

She had demolished the machine and the local records.

Only one set of copies remained.

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At corporate headquarters.

In the city...

* * * * *

Amy walked easily, confidently. Her head held high, giving no heed

to where she stepped...

He was walking down the road alone when he felt the ground shake.

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At first it was a bare murmur, a subtle movement. But with every

passing occurrence it increased in volume and intensity. He cast

about, trying to figure out what was happening, wondering where

there was a safe place to ride out the quake.

Then he saw her.

Looming above the trees like a rising mountain, her naked body

glimmering in the moonlight, was a giantess of phenomenal size.

Her strides were enormous. The ground heaved with every step she

took. The trees around him waved and shook with the force of her

passage. He stared in dumbstruck awe as she approached. When

he realized his danger, it was simply too late.

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Her barefoot lifted from a strand of crushed trees, swung forward gracefully, her hips rotating as she took her next step. He screamed vainly, knowing she could not hear him as her foot descended. He had a brief glimpse of her toes and wrinkled sole, before they blotted out the sky. He raised his arms to ward her off...

Amy's foot sank heavily into the tarmac with a deep crunching noise, her toes splayed as her foot tipped forward and her heel lifted, rising back into the air for the next step. She left

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another perfect footprint, this one with a spot of gore at the

bottom. She was so preoccupied, never felt him squish.

She kept walking...

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She arrived.

Amy stopped and regarded the city...

It glowed on the near horizon, a bright tapestry of winking

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lights, only a few minutes walk away at her increased size.

But between her and it was a community of small houses. She

had a decision to make. Try to wend her way carefully amongst

the tiny dwellings, or take the straight path and fuck 'em.

She mulled it over for a moment. But the euphoria made the

decision for her, and with a devil-may-care grin she started

walking again.

Amy made a game of it at first, keeping her eyes high and

trying to guess what she was stepping on. Many different things

seemed to crunch under her great feet. Finally, she caved

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in to desire and decided to play the cruel giantess. Looking

down she sighted a small house, and without breaking stride

trod upon it. It crunched and splintered under her barefoot

in a truly delightful way and she felt a thrill of excitement

arc through her body. A slow moving car became a shiny

dollop of metal after she stepped on it. More houses were

destroyed, one she just kicked, her foot slamming through

it, spraying debris in a wide fan. It was very arousing, being

so gigantic and powerful, and the euphoria cured her of care

or concern.

It was a quirk.

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But Amy didn't step on any people, who weren't in homes or cars.

Not until the cops.

The car came screaming around a corner, blue and red lights

twinkling, siren wailing, she stopped and watched as the it

came to a screeching halt. Then two tiny men leapt out and

began firing at her. The bullets struck her bare breasts,

they didn't even sting. She glared down at them over her tits

and frowned. Then slowly raised her foot. One of the men

broke, and began running. She tracked him easily, and stepped

on him, then dragged her foot back, smearing him across the

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broken road. The other man continued firing, she swung his

way and bent down, plucking him up in the fingers of one hand,

and the car in the other. Looking at him with disdain she

crushed the car in her left hand, let him watch as she reduced

it to twisted ruin, then opened her hand and let it drop.

Looking at him cowering in the palm of her hand, Amy sneered

and slowly closed her fingers around him. His tiny screams

made her feel indomitable, a goddess. She tightened her hand

feeling the pressure build, feeling him squirm, until her

strength crushed him like a bug. She tossed the limp broken

thing away and resumed walking.

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The buildings were as large as she was. Some were taller.

It was late at night, and the streets were mostly deserted, but it

was well illuminated, almost daylike, as she walked down the

narrow streets. She lightly brushed her fingers along the

buildings, admired her nubile body in those with mirrored

surfaces. The streets crunched delectably under her barefeet,

the sensation of power was indescribable. She was mistress of all

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she surveyed, and her body was warming up to the pleasures of

her unassailable confidence.

It did not take long to locate the Company headquarters, it was

one of the larger buildings, reaching all the way up to the

level of her breasts. As she arrived, she saw a helicopter

taking off. Reacting quickly, she bent down and ripped a small

five story office building out of the ground and hurled it at

the copter. It was like swatting a mosquito. The building hit

it. The copter exploded and was carried for most of a mile

before smashing into a row of houses.

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That removed the possibility of someone trying to get away with the records. Now Amy had to deal with the building itself in case they were still inside. She couldn't torch the building, she didn't know where the records were kept. So she would have to smash it, and hope the destruction was enough to take out the records. Rising her right hand, she made a fist the size of a house and brought it down on the roof of the building. The topmost two stories collapsed under the impact, and the windows blew out from top to bottom the full length of the building. Taking a step back, she hurled an uppercut at the building. Her fist tore through it like it was made of ricepaper. Stepping forward she

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wrapped her great arms around it, and heaved, wrenching it from its

foundations even as it was crushed against her breasts. The

building dissolved into rubble, which she stomped and

scattered with her barefeet.

When she was done, Amy was panting.

But she felt good.

Brushing the dust from her breasts she lingered on her nipples,

relishing the erotic tinglings. She was safe from any contenders,

and the sense of relief combined with the sense of power made her

feel giddy. The rush of euphoria demanded utterance, and she

fondled her body, luxuriating in the sweet demands of pleasure.

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A questing finger drifted down between her legs and she gasped at

the hot torrid wetness it found. Laying down she spread her legs

wide, daring any little man to watch her as she masturbated. Her

clitoris was a cherry sized flame under her fingers. She rubbed

with increasing fervor, lathering her clit with juices garnished

from her gushing cunt. With her free hand she massaged her nipples,

then lifting her head suckled herself. She tasted milk. At first

she closed her eyes, but then kept them open, wanting see the tiny

city, to remind herself just how big she was. At the first bright

shocks of her orgasm she began to moan loudly, then desiring all

should know her pleasure began to shout, "AAAHHHH, OH FUCK, OOOHHH,

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I'M CUMMING....OH! OH! OH!" she began to thrash, kicking out with

her feet, laughing and screaming as she felt her bareheels smash

through the sides of buildings. "OH YES! OH GOD! AAAAAAH,

OH...AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH." and with a wanton shriek she peaked,

lingered, relaxed, then orgasmed again, and again. The earth

shook under her body as she writhed in the grip of her pleasure.

Her orgasm was a whirlwind, a tsunami, she lashed out wildly, she

wanted the whole city to witness her power.

The comedown was long and lazy. Amy combed her long blonde hair

out of her eyes. Her body glistened with her exertions, her

fingers were sopping with her juices, and she sampled them

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daintily. Mischievously she wished a little man would wander by,

she had something deliciously evil that she wanted to do to one.

But she was too relaxed now to do more then lay back and look up

at the night sky. Her eyes fluttered, she sighed. In a few

minutes she was asleep...

* * * * *

It wasn't dawn that disturbed her dreams.

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It was the sound of sirens that woke her.

She was confused, surrounded by blinding lights, laying down

within a jumbled of broken tarmac. She was naked, but for the

lab coat. Sirens shouted at her. She covered within herself.

Then it struck her.

She was small.

Voluptuous, yes. The hormonels were irreversable, but the

gigantic size had been lost. She did not move when the men

came and lifted her, and put her in the van. Her mind was

aswirl with equations, formulas, theories, frightened out of

her wits, Amy retreated to the comfort of her discipline. She

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tried to figure out what had happened.

One other man rode with her in the van.

He did not avert his eyes from her naked body.

She wrapped herself as best she could in her tattered lab

coat, and tried to think. Where had the mass gone? She would

have thought it impossible for her to have shrunk in this way

without producing an enormous explosion. She mulled it over

trying various ideas on it. When solving a problem between

two systems, look first for differences. Being small again

was the problem. What else was different?

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The euphoria.

She was cold, frightened. In her sleep she had relaxed, settled

down into misty dreams. Perhaps the energy had not been

disrupted, perhaps it was still accessible, only stored in some

way. She thought about it for a while, as the van raced and

bounced down the streets. She was dealing with quantum effects,

systems that could be modified through observer interaction. It

seemed impossible that a chemical change could make an impression

at the quantum level. But that was the premise of her experiment.

She needed to try something.

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The guard was still staring at her.

Unfolding her legs, she placed her barefeet upon the cold

steel floor. Looking at the man from under her long lashes

she slowly parted her legs, gave him a clear, unobstructed

view of her honey-colored pussy. His gaze drifted to between

her long legs. Having him watch her body was nice, but not

arousing. Amy slid her hand down her breasts, over her belly

and into her lush blonde nest. Combing the hairs with her

fingers, she spread her vulva, giving him a nice look at her

wet inner pinkness. Her eyes stayed on him, his eyes stayed

on her pussy. Biting her lower lip, Amy lolled her fingers

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around her vulva, and tickled her clit. With her other hand she cupped her right breast and toyed with it. The guard's attention was rivited to her body, she could see the huge buldge in his pants. Under her fingers her nipples began to harden, her vulva began to swell with passion, her cunt began to grow warm and wet. Spreading her legs further she slowly inserted two fingers into her vagina and pumped them in and out, taking her time with each stroke. Then she pulled her fingers out. The guard's eyes followed her hand as she raised it to her lips. She pouted at him, opened her mouth, and wrapped her lips round her fingers.

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He was perspiring.

She was getting horny.

Spreading her legs wider, she gave him her best come hither

look, which must have been pretty good, because with only a brief

hesitation he dove forward. His mouth was a glorious wetness

against her cunt. Amy struggled to contain her moanings, felt

the excitement churning within her body.

Then it struck.

Her body began to grow.

She felt her ass slip forward on the bench, her head pressed up

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against the roof of the van. Her dwindling cunnilingus lover

didn't notice at first, and when he did look up Amy laughed and

with a hand the size of a chair, pressed his face back between her

legs. His futile struggles were a big turn on for her, but it was

getting cramped in the van. More, her increased weight was making

the van difficult to control, and the driver stopped. Going around

the back, he opened the rear doors, and Amy's hand reached out and

grabbed his chest. With some effort she squeezed out of the doors,

reached in and grabbed her pussy licker. Slamming him down on

the ground she sat on his face, while she wrapped her hand round the

other guy's head and rubbed his face over her nipples.

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Around her the convoy was coming to a confused halt. Men poured

out of the trucks and watched in awe as Amy continued her regrowth.

Her two tiny lovers grew smaller and smaller in relation to her

mindnumbing expansion, she was rubbing the one guy's entire body

over her enormous breasts. While she engulfed the other's head in

her vagina, and left him dangling. Someone began firing at her,

but it was too late, she was too large for the bullets to do more

than annoy her. With a sneer on her pretty face, Amy climbed to

her feet. Reaching between her legs she thrust her tiny sextoy

completely into her cunt, moaning in delight. Then she cast aside

her other little man, and advanced on the convoy. The euphoria made

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anything possible, anything desireable. The tiny man squirming in

her vagina excited her beyond restraint. With every step she grew

larger, taller, towering over the tiny men, dominating them as if

they were bugs.

Looking down at them Amy licked her lips, her hands cupped her

mammoth breasts, and she played with herself, while considering

what to do next. The desparate squirming of her vaginal prisoner

decided it for her.

"I HAVE AN IDEA FOR AN EXPERIMENT." she said, "HOW MANY TINY MEN

DO YOU THINK I CAN FIT IN MY CUNT?" she pursed her lips, raised

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her eyebrows, "FIVE? FIFTEEN?" She grinned, "ALL OF YOU? LET'S

FIND OUT."

Dropping to her knees with an impact that rocked the

city, she reached out with her hand and plucked a tiny man up

between her thumb and finger. Spreading her vulva with her other

hand she plunged the hapless tidbit into her cavernous depths,

then reached out for another. The tiny men panicked and tried

to flee from her, their terror was intoxicating, and each new

addition to her cunt added to her pleasure. She crammed every

little man she could find into the hot hungry wetness between

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her thighs. The excitement, the sense of power was incredible,

closing her thighs together, she trapped them within her body.

She began massaging her giant breasts, teasing herself with her

impending orgasm. She wanted to cum all over her little harem of

cunt dwellers, drowning them in her love juices. She wanted to

squeeze them, she dominated them, owned them in everyway, and

she wanted them to feel the full unrestrained strength of her

body's pleasure.

Her orgasm was tremendous.

She shouted her pleasure out with words of thunder, her gigantic

body rocked the earth. Buildings shook on their foundations

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as she let her body impose its lust driven will upon the tiny

men in her cunt. Her vagina spasmed, contracted, crushed the

tiny men from every side. The sensation was too much, and she

screamed herself hoarse with release. Then let the orgasm ebb

like a slowly receding tide.

Exercising her vagina she ejected her batch of tiny lovers from

her immense cunt. There were still a few survivors in the cum

soaked group. But many were crushed, broken by her cruel

sexual play. She grinned, the euphoria was pleased, and amused

itself by squashing some of the survivors. She was a goddess,

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and they were her minions, here only to serve her erotic whims.

Why her clitoris was as big as any one of them, and she demonstrated

her superiority to them by squishing a few against it.

One she saved, and raised him to her face.

"Y'KNOW" she said, "I'LL WONDER IF I CAN JUST SCARE YOU TO

DEATH? SHOULD WE FIND OUT? LET'S SEE." she grinned evilly

at him, "HOW 'BOUT THIS. LOOK." and she opened her mouth,

then closed it in an 'O'. "PRETTY BIG, HUH? YOU LOOK KINDA

TASTY TO ME. SMALL AND HELPLESS. I'M GOING TO EAT YOU LITTLE

MAN. HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO? SHOULD I JUST SWALLOW YOU

WHOLE AND LET DROWN AND DISSOLVE IN MY STOMACH? OR SHOULD I

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CHEW FIRST, GRIND YOU BETWEEN MY TEETH." and she snapped them

together. "I KNOW." she laughed. "I COULD BITE YOU. START

AT YOUR FEET AND NIP OFF LITTLE BITS OF YOU UNTIL YOU'RE

GONE. OR HOW ABOUT DROWN YOU IN MY SALIVA? I'M DROOLING JUST

THINKING ABOUT HOW YOU'LL TASTE. WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO IN

THERE WITH MY TONGUE, IT'S BIGGER THAN YOU ARE, I THINK I

COULD CRUSH YOU WITH IT. MAYBE I COULD SUCK ALL THE AIR OUT

AND LEAVE YOU GASPING, OR PUFF UP MY CHEEKS, OR ALTERNATE

REAL FAST. GEE, I GUESS THERE ARE A LOT OF WAYS I COULD

TORTURE YOU JUST WITH MY MOUTH. HELLO?" he had gone limp, but

whether he was dead or just fainted, she couldn't say. She

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looked him hm for a moment, then with a shrug tossed him into

her mouth and swallowed him whole.

The experiance of eating a tiny man riviled that of fucking

them whole. Amy felt big and invulnerable, wild and untameable.

Nothing could match her, nothing could compete with her, she

looked at the toy city sprawled out before his and felt contempt

for it. It was a toy for her amusement. And she played rough

with her toys.

Standing, Amy surveyed the city. If she wanted to stay big,

she had to stay excited. She decided that some wanton mayhem

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was in order, and twisting on her right foot, lashed out with her left. Her barefoot smashed through two buildings, scattering wreckage everywhere. Stepping forward she placed her hand on another and shoved, it cracked and toppled. Raising her foot she stomped on a diminutive house, then swung her hip against a skyscraper and watched it collapse into ruin. Panting, she pulled off her torn dirty lab coat, hunched down and charged one of the larger buildings. It blew apart under the impact, and she laughed and kicked a smaller building. Then she went on a stomping spree, cars, trucks, houses, and the occasional people were flattened under her soles. Dropping to all fours she crawled around

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crushing things under the weight of her hands. Wrapping her fingers

around one house she crushed it like an eggshell. Another was

demolished under her heavy fist. She battered at one with her

behemoth breasts, then squashed a little man who ran out of it

with her nipple. Laying down she rolled, just wanting to feel

tiny things breaking under her weight.

When she stopped, she was prone.

Her head was near to the ground.

She saw a tiny man quaking in fear before her. The euphoria spoke

and she bent her head and poked her tongue out. He stuck to it and

she drew him into her mouth. Laying there she closed her eyes and

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concentrated on his movements within her mouth. Toying with him

with her tongue, she could taste his fear of her. She almost started

chewing, but changed her mind and spat him out onto her hand.

"KEEP ME AROUSED, AND YOU CAN LIVE." she told him, and laying back

set him upon her right breast. He was so tiny, clambering up the

enormous swell of her tit, it was like a hill to him. And at its top

her nipple rose out of her brown bumpy areole like the foundation of

a tower. "GET ON TOP OF IT." she commanded, and watched him leap and

catch the top of her nipple, then pull himself up. "NOW RUB IT." He

began stroking the sensitive tip with his hands, "HARDER, LITTLE MAN,

I CAN'T FEEL YOU." he worked harder, pounding her nipple, flailing

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his arms. "THAT'S BETTER." she purred.

She watched him for a while, then decided she had to have more.

Ignoring him she rose to her feet, he clung frantically to her nipple

as she stood. Scouting around she succeeded in flushing out several

more tiny men. Just to give them something to think about she took

one and stuffed him deep into her cunt. Then she assigned three

apiece to her nipples, four to her vulva, the rest she squashed

under her fingers.

"OKAY FELLAS" she said, "STRIP FOR ME." there was no argument.

"GOOD. NOW, MAKE ME CUM, AND I MIGHT LET YOU LIVE." and she laid

back and closed her eyes. She felt tiny feet on her breasts, tiny

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hands on her nipples. Between her legs she felt tiny men clamboring

through her pussy hairs. When they started on her clit, she started

moaning. What woman ever needed ten men to get her off? She sighed

and resisted the temptation to masturbate. The tiny man deep inside

of her vagina was a writhing delight, and she squeezed him playfully.

"KEEP IT UP BOYS" she said, "YOU'RE DOING FINE."

Amy began to writh under their efforts, her hands twitching, the

little men clung fearfully to her heaving body, but dared not stop

their ministrations. Amy worked her cunt, cruelly pressing her

little slave with the muscles of her vagina. Her head tossed from

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side to side, her golden hair flying. She stopped, staring with

glazed eyes at the men on her breasts, she was panting with tension,

straining towards the blessed release of orgasm. The men on her

left breast watched in fear as her right hand rose and fell on

their comrades. While further down, her left hand sought to

finish her rising pleasure. "OOOOOH, SQUIRM.....YAH....." she

ground the one group between her nipple and her hand, while with

her left hand she mashed the others against her clit. She squashed

them and massaged them into her pussy. The little men on her left

breast quaked in fear when Amy orgasmed.

She thrashed wildly, screaming with delight, her body was molten

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fire, her cunt a volcano. The tiny man in her vagina was

ruthlessly crushed by her mighty spasms, she laughed and shouted

and played her body. She orgasmed a half a dozen times. Then

relaxing, she let her body luxuriate in the afterglow. The tiny

survivors watched in horror as she licked her fingers clean of

their comrades, mingled with her luscious juices.

"WELL FELLAS." she laughed, "I GUESS I GOT CAUGHT UP IN ALL THE

EXCITEMENT. YOU CAN'T IMAGINE HOW EASY THAT IS." he stretched

and sighed. "IF YOU CAN FIGURE OUT HOW TO GET DOWN, YOU CAN GO.

YOU MIGHT WANT TO HURRY, THOUGH, I CAN'T SEEM TO GET ENOUGH AND

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MIGHT CHANGE MY MIND. WHY DON'T YOU CLIMB DOWN MY CUNT?"

The tiny men needed no prompting. She felt them scurry down her

enormous breast. Their tiny feet ran across her belly and down to

her pussy. There weren't many ways off her body, but they would

have willingly jumped. She felt them struggle through her lush

mat of pussy hairs, then climb down her vulva. The hairs grew

scarcer and finer, but they managed to reach the ground between

her gigantic buttocks, and ran for their lives.

* * * * *

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Amy tried a few more experiments.

Stepping on a mob was a different sensation, her barefoot covered

dozens at a time. First it was all crunchy poppy, then a warm

gooey muddy mess. She showed the crowd the bottom of her foot

before stepping down again, they didn't seem to like that either.

It must have been an awesome sight, she thought, realizing that

this colossal woman was about to step on you. Making eye contact

with her, watching her swing her great leg forward and raise her

foot into the air. Seeing the dirty wrinkled sole of her gigantic

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barefoot getting bigger and bigger as she lowered it, until it

blotted out the sky with its giant size. Then the ponderous weight

of it, the sounds of other little men being squished, feeling the

pressure increase...

Amy shook her head, grinned at the tiny crowd, lifted her

barefoot, and stepped on some more. Doing it as slowly as

possible, savoring their helplessness, anticipating the moment

when they crunched under her foot.

Amy experimented with lactation.

She found a tiny man, and set him upon her nipple, and commanded

him to please her. She concentrated on the stimulation, felt her

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glands begin to swell, and her tits to harden. She squeezed her

breast, and was delighted when she nearly blew the little man off

her nipple with jets of her milk.

She filled the palm of her hand with the stuff, and made him swim

in it. Then she raised her palm to her mouth, and sucked him and

the milk into her mouth. She swallowed the milk, liked it. Cupping

her hands under her right breast she lifted it and bent her head.

Amy suckled herself.

The little man struggled desparately in her working mouth, trying

to avoid being mashed between her lips, her tongue and her nipple.

When suddenly her nipple began streaming warm sweet milk into her

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mouth. He screamed and gurgled as the stuff blasted him, and gushed

down his throat. He swam in it, thrashing wildly. And when Amy

had a mouthfull, he felt her tongue undulate beneath him, and

carry him back towards her throat. He shrieked and tried to cling

to her tongue, but to no avail, he slipped off and was dragged down

her throat into her stomach with a flood of milk.

Amy licked her lips and suckled some more...

Amy experimented with squishing little men.

She was sitting, a group of tiny men trapped in a fence of her

long tan legs. Between her thumb and forefinger she held a little

man. Holding him up so she could watch him she slowly pressed her

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fingers together. His arms and legs thrashed wildly, she could hear

him screaming.

"BEG FOR YOUR LIFE." she whispered.

He begged he pleaded.

"KISS MY THUMB."

He hugged her thumb, he kissed it.

"WORSHIP ME." she said, and he prayed to her.

"NOW SQUISH FOR ME." she giggled and increased the pressure. He

flailed wildly, she felt him crunch between her fingers, his head

was thrown back and his guts erupted out of his mouth. She rubbed

her fingers together, turning him into a little grease stain, then

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flicked him away, and reached for another...

Amy pissed on them.

She herded a mob of tiny people using her feet, stepping on the

stragglers, finally cornering them against some buildings. Squatting

onto her heels she, fingered her cunt, masturbating. Then she spread

her vulva wide, reaching in with her fingers to part her labia.

There was a moment when nothing happened, then a monstrous jet of

golden piss gushed out into the crowd. The hot yellow torrent swatted

the tiny people aside, washed them away like rice in a river. Amy

twisted her pelvis, covering the entire mob, laughing as her tiny

victims floundered in her piss. She flooded the area, and when her

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bladder was empty she watched the tiny people trying to swim in the

acidic stuff. Finally she tired of her sport, and reaching out,

toppled a building into her little puddle, to sop it up.

* * * * *

At first she only heard them.

Didn't recognize them, at first.

Then while she played with the little people, she began to see

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them. Sleek military jets, surveying the area. Watching her.

Amy watched the planes all day.

She found out what was happening. She had caught a military jeep and

interrogated its tiny driver, before dropping him to the ground and

stepping on him. Later they strafed her, and shot a few missiles

at her. But the power that made her huge, also made her invulnerable

to such petty explosions.

They were going to bomb the city.

Certainly, they would not give up, but given the failure of the

conventional weapons, she was sure that they were going to go

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nuclear. Amy decided not to try and run. She could shrink down,

of course, but that would only delay the inevitable. Besides,

she had a hunch that it might not work as they planned. So she

amused herself by wrecking some more of the city and terrorizing

some more of the fleeing population. She waited.

They decided to use a plane, instead of a missile.

Amy watched it float lazily across the sky. It was in no

hurry. Then it curved and accelerated. And she waited. Closing

her eyes, and bowing her head.

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There was a tremendous flash, and a rush of heat.

For an instant Amy thought she was going to be flattened by

the blast, but then there was that sense of rising. It was

wild, like being in a rocket. She felt heat, then smoke

whirled around her, then there was clean air, thin though.

The process absorbed the energy, reduced the destructive power

of the bomb to a virtual firecracker. The sense of rising

stopped abruptly. She slowly opened her eyes, and gasped.

The world was spread out before her like a map.

The bomb had already disipated, it had been unusually clean.

But the smoke and vapour was at the level of her knees. Clouds

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tickled her belly. She had to be more than a mile tall, she

figured somewhere between two and three. She was glad they had

only used a fission device. A fusion bomb might have been too

much for the process to manage all in one instant. Her laughter

rang for scores of miles. Raising her foot she stepped on

dozens of buildings at once, a more vicious stomp made the earth

heave and every remaining building leapt into the air and

crushed back in ruin. She brushed the clouds aside with her

hands and started walking. The ground sank deep under her

unimaginable weight, she left footprints the size of lakes.

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A whole town vanished beneath her barefoot, she savored every

crushed building, every mashed tree. Amy trod down hills and

destroyed rivers. A forest was like a mossy bed to

her toes. She was impressed by her size. But really thought

it was too big. She dragged her toes across another town,

left a crater the shape of a barefoot where a clover-leaf in a

highway had been.

A real lake served to slack her thirst, she emptied it in

two handfuls. Then Amy came to a coastal city, the ocean

beckoned to her, but she stopped to play first. Laying down

she stared at the tiny buildings, most only the size of her

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fingers. She plucked up a skyscraper between her thumb and forefinger, the strain was too much and it crumbled to dust.

Walking on all fours, Amy crushed whole city blocks under her hands and legs. Dipping down she lightly brushed her nipples over the city, delighting in the way the miniature buildings exploded at her least touch. She wanted to rub her nipples harder, laying down her breasts covered an entire section of the city, Amy couldn't image what it was like for the little people. She dragged her breasts forward, watched them roll over entire city blocks, she was a playful goddess.

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Feeling more than a little wanton, she rolled over and sat

up, the city crunched nicely under her ass. There was a

stretch of undamaged buildings between her thighs, her cunt

was larger far than any of them. Inching forward carefully,

she spread her vulva and gently closed her lips around a

skyscraper. She didn't dare move or she'd yank it right off

its foundations.

It looked delicious, her pussy kissing a whole damn

skyscraper. She tried to imagine what the microscopic men were

seeing. Her cunt was simply too big for the mind to grasp.

She tensed, made her vagina dilate, then close, she bet

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that gave a few tiny men a heart attack. Inching back slowly

she felt her labia slip from the building, with about six

inches between her and it, she reached down and began

masturbating. She knew the windows would be crammed with

tiny men, trying to see her through the cum smeared

windows. She showed them her house-sized clitoris, inserted

fingers the size of skyscrapers into her cunt and fucked

herself. Laying back she lifted herself into an orgasm,

rubbing and playing with her pussy.

Then she sat back up.

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Looked down at the tiny building nestled between her great

tan thighs. "THAT'S THE BEST SHOW YOU'LL EVER SEE." she laughed

and crushed the building under her hand. Rising to her feet

she nonchalantly trod with barefeet upon the last few buildings

on her way into the ocean. She had to walk quite a distance

before the waters were high enough to cover her.

After a while she dove down.

Then the planes came, the satellites spied, the subs toured

the waters. But she was gone...

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* * * * *

She dragged herself, sputtering, onto the beach and laughed...

* * * * *

The tall voluptuous lady wore a hat and dark glasses. It had

been months since the two cities had been destroyed, but she

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Written by Administrator
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still saw her face on pieces of paper glued to walls or flashing

by on newscasts. She wandered down the isles, watching the

people, not really shopping.

Something about her bothered the checkout clerk.

"May I help you?" he asked.

She flashed him a winning smile. "No thank-you. I'm just

looking."

He stared at her for a while, then his eyes widened and he

hurried off. She continued her browsing. After a minute or

two she saw the clerk again, talking to a security officer.

Frowning she started to leave, then noticed another man

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standing by the door.

With a sigh she headed for the fitting rooms. It would not

take them long to find her. But she didn't need long. She

removed her clothes, admiring her body in the full length

mirror. She began to feel some anticipation, some excitement.

She had been practising control, had a fine mastery. But it

had been a while since she had let herself go wild. She opened

her purse and removed a vibrator.

The security guards met at the fitting rooms, they heard

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the buzzing and the moaning and banged on the door. The

moaning stopped, and a woman's voice, deeper and louder than

might be expected spoke.

"Wait a minute. I'll be right out..."

* * * * *

The people in the mall wondered what the people in the

clothing department were shouting about. A few minutes later,

though, they found out and started screaming themselves...

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...End...

Subject: STORY: Amy Zonn (giantess, violence, crunch-and-munch)

Date: 7 Dec 1994 23:35:22 -0500

Lines: 1135

From: acotto@news.gate.net (Anthony Cotto)

Subject: STORY: Amy Zonn (giantess, violence, crunch-and-munch)

Date: 7 Dec 1994 23:35:22 -0500

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Lines: 1135

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This Giantess story first appeared over a year ago. It was not written by

me. It contains A LOT of gore and violence, so if this offends you, STOP

READING NOW!!!

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