

Take Me Out of the Ballgame

The pop of the crowd was immense. Roberto Pampalones, the designated hitter for the Philadelphia Bells, had cracked a nice, juicy fastball sent right over home plate. Everyone knew it was destined to be the latest in a series of home runs in this all-star season. It arced high over the head of the pitcher and the shortstop, sailing over the outfield so high that it didn't even cast a shadow. The bull started his victory trot to first base, touching the bag with his hoof just as the ball came down in the upper deck of the stadium. It was a two-run homer, enough to give the Bells the lead over their division rivals, the New York Libertines.

New York had suffered a giant's attack just a week ago where a dragon arrived at its stadium and promptly shredded it. The destruction was as massive as the titan was, and the Libertines wouldn't be able to play at home for at least a couple of years. It was the third such attack in as many months, and it was beginning to make the public uneasy. No one had any idea where these giants were coming from, what they wanted, how they seemed to vanish as suddenly and quietly as they arrived. They didn't seem to be too concerned with...anything, really, other than having a good time. Each time they appeared they engaged in distinctly X-rated pursuits, flooding an entire city block or more before disappearing. It made news coverage in particular very difficult.

That was the furthest thing from the minds of the crowds today, though. It was a perfect day for baseball – 79 degrees at 3:24 in the afternoon, a light breeze coming from the northwest, not a cloud in the sky. The star hitter for the Bells had just hit a home run that put them ahead 4 to 3 in the bottom of the seventh. If their closer could protect that, they would have their fifth straight win and be one game closer to claiming the top of the division. It was an exciting time.

No one noticed the first small tremor in all the noise and stamping of paws and hooves in the stadium. A few folks noticed the second, which was sharper and shorter. By the third, a hush was beginning to fall over the crowd. Was it an earthquake or something worse? The fourth was unmistakable; a distinct tremor that lasted a second or two, but was strong enough to bounce everyone in their seats. When the fifth struck, accompanied by the sound of impact that the crowd had heard in news reports for the past three months, they began to panic.

But by then it was too late. A shadow fell over a quarter of the open stadium, and the looming, grinning head of a giant appeared above the lights over left field. He was tan, his headfur long and styled so that his rounded ears poked out of them, and he grinned the grin of a carnivore ready to feast on his kill. His immense paws slammed down on the top of the stadium, instantly warping the scaffolding and executive boxes there; the debris rained down on the people in the nosebleed seats, who were screaming down the stairs and out of sight as fast as their legs could carry them.

"Hope you don't mind if I watch the game," the giant cougar boomed. "I don't have a ticket or anything." He chuckled, his fingers digging into the stadium and ripping a massive chunk of it away. He

seemed to rise higher the longer anyone looked at him; the top levels of the seats only reached as high as the middle of his stomach, obscuring his legs (and maleness) from the view of the crowd.

The air raid siren began to blare, and the panic of the crowd swelled until it was absolute. The cougar grinned at the interesting pattern the throngs of animals made as they surged for the exits, chuckling low as he rose up and started stamping a moat around the stadium. Those few that had been quick enough to make their way outside found the parking lot in ruins, cars flattened in a landscape of prints as big as craters. They had just enough time to wonder, then realize there wasn't going to be an escape before the sky darkened under the pads of the giant. The monstrous paw grew over them until it filled their vision, coming closer and closer until they knew no more. Their bodies were at the bottom of other craters now, along with the half-crushed wreckages of the exits they had used to get there.

"No no, don't stop the game on my account!" The cougar's voice was gleeful thunder, a shock of power that shuddered the entire building he loomed over. "We're going to have fun today! I came here for a show, and if you little guys aren't willing to carry on I'm just going to have to provide one of my own."

The few people who made it outside and hadn't died knew what he meant. Between his legs, thumping obscenely between two heavily muscled thighs, was a sheath that housed a cock as big as a building. It rolled over testicles each too broad to fit between his legs, covered in dense, tan fur like the rest of his body. The giant chuckled to himself as the enormous, furred tube twitched and throbbed more and more often. When he had finished with his makeshift moat, the tip of his member had slid free of its home, radiating heat and musk from him.

The enormous cougar peeked back into the stadium and found it nearly empty. No doubt the people were crowded inside the structure, hiding in the vast hallways and the maze of smaller rooms, hoping that if the giant didn't see them they would be spared. He grinned down to the few who were still in the stands or on the field, and his rumble rattled the building and those few cars that weren't completely smashed in the parking lot. He would have to show them differently.

"Well, I guess the baseball game is cancelled. Looks like I'm going to have to make my own entertainment." The giant gripped the edge of the stadium and casually pulled down the top of it, watching the debris he created avalanche down the upper deck. He rumbled as his other paw slipped down his bulky torso towards the impossibly-sized sheath, fingers gripping what they could of it. He was large enough that he couldn't wrap his paw around more than half, and with each pulse of his arousal he grew thicker.

He lifted his head high and closed his eyes as he began to stroke himself. The sheath visibly thumped with the flow of his arousal, and he felt more of himself slip free. The sensitive tip of his shaft brushed against the façade of the stadium, knocking down several bricks and windows, warping steel and glass and stone. The cougar gasped with the sensation and his cock surged forward a few dozen feet; far from hurting him, the destruction against his member excited him terribly.

As he grew more aroused, his cock pushed and thudded against the building more and more. No doubt the people huddled inside felt the beat of his heart reverberating through the structure, felt each

shudder growing more pronounced, not less. Somewhere inside the stadium, a crowd would see the outside wall starting to buckle inwards. The tip of a member too big to be believed would be pushing through the crack, then the gap, then the massive hole, a freight train smashing through the building in slow motion.

The cougar turned to face the stadium, then, snorting through his nose. His erection suddenly burst through the hole he had made and dragged a massive, multi-story tear through the stadium. He groaned at the feeling, the shattering of several floors providing little more than an exquisite sensation to him. The jagged pieces of metal and concrete, tons of steel and building material, bounced harmlessly off his shaft and crumbled under its weight. It was supernatural, that durability. The people trapped by it briefly wondered how something like that – how anything like this – could be possible. And then they were gone.

His erection kept growing, a building too heavy to lift with his pulse or the force of his hips, dragging a crater through the innards of the stadium. He could feel himself plunging deeper into the structure, surging towards the outside stands. The big cat looked down to see the shudder he caused with every thrust of his hips, chuckling as he watched the seats shake, then bounce, then break under the strain. His shaft had buckled several of the floors now, creating a small solid hill of rubble that could support him. Most of the crowds had escaped through the other side of the stadium now, or had perished in the destruction. He was too focused on his own pleasure to think about that.

He tried to grip the building a little more tightly, but those thick fingers only crunched through the edge of the roof or sheared through the middle of the structure. The steady grind of his hips destroyed an increasing section of the wall, and by now pre was starting to wash away small sections of the hill he'd created. It wouldn't be long before a whole quarter of the stadium either crumbled or flooded, and the survivors who stood across the ruined field could feel everything quaking rhythmically around them.

The giant cat bucked and snarled, his voice booming through the neighborhood, rising above the blaring sirens of a city under attack. His shaft finally slammed right through the seats, crumbling concrete and steel around it. The heavy, red battering ram looked like it thickened every time it pushed through the hole it made, the slit widening to splatter thick floods of pre down onto the baseball field.

Some people who were forced out into the open by the sheer crush of people on the other side of the stadium screamed at the sight. The giant only thrust harder, and the building shuddered more severely as a result. Steel girders and tons of concrete that were meant to last for ages groaned in impending failure, warping from the stresses they were never meant to bear.

For nearly a minute more the giant mated with the stadium, his paws tearing out massive holes in its side and roof. Then his hips bucked and he leaned over the upper deck, curling around it protectively. By now his shaft was jutting over the lowest, most expensive seats, throwing them in shadow as it widened and then surged. A huge section of seating lifted and tore as the giant's cock leapt, seed suddenly firing from the tip in an arc that flew clear across the field. The girth of the rope was as wide as two men, and when it landed it instantly crushed a section of seats several rows above left field. The flood instantly carried the rubble back to the field, a small musky landslide further ruining the ballpark.

Those people huddled in the dark remains of the stadium were deafened by the roar the cougar boomed to the skies. His next shot was even thicker and more violent, denting the stands several rows above the first crater and only adding to the deluge. The giant gripped the edge of the roof tightly, feeling it crumble under his tonnage, and shuddered as his erection leapt and leapt. Three shots of seed turned into six, and then a dozen, then twenty. Each shock seemed worse than before, and by the time he began to taper one quarter of the stadium was crumbled under his bulk and another quarter was practically flooded. It was still seeping down the ruined seats and stairs, onto the field that was being changed from green to white, as slow as lava.

The cougar opened his eyes and straightened a bit, his breath catching when the remains of the building crumbled around his over-sensitive shaft. It was still drooling a small river of seed, staining the small part of the field the rest of his climax hadn't gotten to. He rumbled as he admired his handiwork, slowly rising until he stood on his feet. His massive erection sheared a gouge right through the stadium, a terrible crash drowned out only by the twin impacts of his paws on the ruined parking lot. He cast a long shadow over the stadium, the puddle of his own semen, the devastated landmark that was now indelibly marked with his scent.

"Hope you enjoyed the show, folks. I thought it was a pretty good one, myself." He grinned at the ruin, imagining the hundreds of folks huddled inside it, hoping to be rescued.

"I did, too." The voice that spoke seemed to come from everywhere, a vast rumble of sound that rolled through the ground and shook the stadium's debris. The cougar felt it as a current through his toes, saw it shake the windows that hadn't been blasted out by his fun.

To the stadium's survivors, it was almost too deep and awful to make out; its loudness was painful, the boom too powerful to bear. They knew an instinctive fear, some primal urge in their make-up telling them to flee. Before they could panic, though, a shockwave simply heaved the ground underneath them, flicking the entire stadium like a teacup on a snapped bed sheet. The beleaguered building shattered under the blast, creating a ring of rubble around the pond of seed the cougar had made.

The giant cat was thrown off his feet and into a building by the shock, his broad back slamming into a half-demolished office complex, then another one behind it. He sprawled on his back half a block away from the parking lot, dazed, when an impossible shadow stretched over and past him, darkening an entire neighborhood, possibly more. It felt as if it had weight, as if its mere presence was keeping him there. It was a struggle to lift himself to his elbows. When the dust settled, he saw what had spoken to him, what had caused such unimaginable devastation.

A pure white rabbit loomed over the city, his paws still obscured by the clouds of dust he had kicked up. His paws loomed over entire buildings; skyscrapers barely tickled his calf. He looked down at the metropolis sprawled out before him and grinned. His rumble caused another earthquake that flattened buildings around him in a broad ring. His bright blue eyes surveyed the destruction he caused just standing there, then found the cougar at the edge of that sphere.

"Not bad, Elrabin," the rabbit said as he licked his lips. "But I'm pretty sure I can do better."

“Conejito?” Elrabin scooted backwards as he stared up, the rabbit’s grinning muzzle hazy with distance. “But how...”

“You’ve got your ways, and I’ve got mine.” Conejito grinned as he watched the giant cat rise and take another step back, then another. “Where are you going? We haven’t even started yet.”

The titanic rabbit’s paw lifted, kicking up another dust cloud of debris, and then his leg swung forward. To Elrabin, the limb that dwarfed buildings went from a distant landmark to a thing that was frighteningly close. To the little people below him, it looked like the end of the world was coming in the form of a white-furred mountain. The cougar turned and ran, his great bulk smashing through buildings that barely slowed him down. Each fall of his paw shattered windows and flattened several cars, but he still wasn’t able to get any closer to the edges of that oppressive shadow.

Conejito’s chuckle was a rumbling blast that only grew in intensity as he approached. The paw swung forward and came down with deceptive speed; suddenly it appeared in the edge of Elrabin’s vision several blocks away, and then it landed. The impact made the world around it crack and then lift. The cougar was lifted and thrown violently from the shockwave. He landed in the rubble of a series of low-lying buildings that had just been obliterated, then skidded and rolled through a few more blocks. He only stopped when the pile of debris had grown big enough to steal his momentum. All around him the earth was still shaking, shifting the small hills of rubble until they were flattened.

Elrabin was dazed enough that it took him a moment to get up, and that was all Conejito needed. Suddenly he found the rubble replaced by white fingers the size of buildings, the sky nothing but a massive furry palm. His paw closed, scooping up the rubble of entire blocks as well as the cougar. By now both titans didn’t even notice the tiny cars that were stuck in the rabbit’s short fur, or the fact that people were falling between the cracks of his fingers along with the rubble.

The world dropped quickly beneath Elrabin as that paw lifted, the debris shifting violently as it flipped upside-down. The palm became the floor, those fingers blossomed open to reveal the colossal figure of the rabbit filling the sky. He was lifted past one bent knee, up to that impossibly broad chest, then that grinning face as big as the world. Despite being the size of a skyscraper, the cougar had never felt so small in his life.

“Hey there.” Conejito’s voice was almost too loud and deep to register as more than noise. Elrabin flattened his ears and winced, and that made the rabbit rumble. “I can’t believe you started without me. If you had waited, you’d be as big as I am now.”

Elrabin smirked, trying to play casual. “I don’t think this town would be big enough for the two of us anyway.”

The rabbit’s grin was distinctly predatory. “You’re probably right. It’s all for the best, I suppose. But you do know this means I get to claim Philadelphia.”

Elrabin shook his head, and pointed towards the stadium. “No you don’t! I’ve already marked it.”

The enormous paw swung in the air and lowered. Elrabbin lost his footing and was forced to cling to a finger. He looked down a few hundred feet below him to see that the stadium, the parking lot around it and a block or two on either side of it had all been flattened into a pawprint several stories deep.

"I think I erased that, dude. Time for a do-over."

The ground shifted under the cougar's feet as the paw swung again. Suddenly he wasn't looking at the devastation caused by a single paw-print; he was looking at a white-furred sheath that dwarfed him three times over completely soft. It loomed over him, framed by taut and massive thighs. It grew closer and closer, until Elrabbin could all but feel the thump of its pulse as his titanic captor became aroused.

"Wait! Hold on, you..." The cougar disappeared between the rabbit's paw and his sheath, squirming intensely.

Conejito rumbled and squeezed lightly, arching his hips into the sensation. "If you help me out here, I'd be willing to consider letting you rule this city in my stead while I claim a few more out west. What do you say?"

He never gave the cougar a chance to say no. He shifted positions, sitting back from where he was kneeling on one knee. The city leaped all around him like a flicked sheet, several dozen blocks utterly ruined as he stretched out over what remained of downtown Philadelphia. He planted one paw on top of the rubble, his fingers digging through dozens of feet of debris, punching through the subway and pipes below, excavating almost an entire neighborhood. The other kneaded his sheath slowly, palm pressing his little giant over the sensitive pelt, until he started to rise. The pulse of his arousal was almost audible, quick quakes punctuated by his shaft lifting dozens of feet at a time.

"That's it, cougar. Keep squirming to let me know we have a deal."

The white titan had wanted to do this for the longest time, so it didn't take long before he reached full mast. All around him were craters, gouges and depressions that pointed to his casual, immeasurable obliteration of downtown. What few buildings and people remained around the periphery of the destruction were rocked as he began to stroke himself. Each pump seemed to create quake after quake that made running impossible; the survivors were forced to crawl and stumble away, seeking safe ground that simply wouldn't be found.

Conejito was a moving mountain, his head and ears hazy with distance while his rump and legs loomed over the city he was in the process of claiming. Muscles bigger than bridge cables were briefly visible even through his thick fur as he rolled his body into the touch of his own paw, squeezing his shaft as it loomed over the valley created between his legs. Every once in a while, a shift of his fingers would reveal a cougar struggling against that massive underchannel, but he would quickly disappear behind a wall of fur once again.

The rabbit's voice thundered over the air, and his musk nearly drowned the rest of the city. He grunted as he brought himself closer to orgasm. His fingers plowed through block after block of the city, and the crunch of the world under his paw only made him more aroused. The power was unfathomable; his

pleasure in it nearly as immense. He stroked up and down, more and more quickly, and it was all Elrabin could do to keep squirming.

The world rippled around the titan constantly, more violently the closer he came to his climax. The rubble that he had created was rocked into smaller and smaller pieces until there wasn't much that remained that wasn't bigger than a pebble or flattened into deep depressions. The rest of the city trembled even miles away, the stunned survivors watching helplessly as this unfathomably huge rabbit claimed their city.

Conejito turned his head down and grinned at the few buildings that stood outside of his immediate area. He lowered his shaft towards them, sliding his paw up so that Elrabin was in the line of fire as well. The giant rabbit grunted twice, each of them accompanied by a small quake, and lifted his hips.

An instant cannon of liquid destruction was created. The rabbit's orgasm began with a shudder of his mountainous frame, and then the "small" cougar he held was coated with the stuff in a blink. From there the arc splashed around his finger, thousands of gallons of the stuff raining down on the ruined city below to create a lake that wasn't there a second ago. Conejito boomed his pleasure, mercifully took Elrabin out of the line of fire, changed the angle of his shaft.

The second and third blasts arced high into the air just like the home run that put the Bells ahead before play was interrupted by an act of gods. Inside the buildings at the edge of the destruction zone, those few who hadn't evacuated watched as the sky darkened outside the window, then filled with a tidal wave of white. Even the skyscrapers weren't able to withstand the sudden force and volume, swept away in the flash flood along with everything else. The rubble mixed with the rabbit's seed and sludged through several blocks of the city. It was bolstered and replenished by fresh waves of the stuff, long pulses splashing down again and again, hammering several craters that were overfilled.

Of course people began to run but by then it was far too late. They saw the hazy figure of the white rabbit a mile or two away, his eyes closed and his teeth ground in pleasure. Then the ground rumbled and a wall of musk hit them. The wave of seed appeared over the buildings, cars and street lights and parts of homes and offices barely visible through the viscous flood, rising impossibly high, casting an unnatural shadow, then crashing down with a terrific force. The ground leaped and the fleeing populace was flicked into the air before being swept along in it. The flood was surprisingly warm, sticky and thick, impossible to swim in; the only choice was to sink and succumb.

The rabbit didn't see any of that, of course. He was only aware of the way his cock leapt in his hands again and again, flooding his brain with almost unbearable pleasure. His abs flexed as his orgasm surged, each blast feeling as though it was ripped right out of him. He had never come so hard in his life. He only began to weaken after a dozen blasts, and it took a dozen more for him to finally begin to relax. He slumped and shivered through the rest of his climax, minutes ticking by before he was able to open his eyes and relax the paw that held Elrabin.

His paw was soaked, and for a moment he thought he had lost the cougar until he spotted movement somewhere in his palm. He chuckled and looked up to see his handiwork, a horizon of white broken up

by more ruined sections of the city. The place looked like a war-zone; it was hard to believe that so much of it had been taken out by him in only minutes. Then again, he was bigger than any structure man had created. Perhaps he shouldn't be so surprised.

"Well, it needs a little fixing," Conejito said, "but I'm pretty happy with it. This city is mine."

Elrabin grunted as he stood in the titanic rabbit's paw, putting his hands on his hips. "All right, but you'd better watch your back, bun. I'll find a way to take San Francisco away from you."

He grinned at that; there were at least a dozen people he knew all vying for that tiny little peninsula. As soon as they could figure out how to make a claim to it, he had no doubt that California would be the staging ground for an almost endless parade of intense battles. It was going to be so much fun.

"You can try, little kitty. But I've got the inside track and we both know it. I'll get there first, and I'll be waiting for you when you finally figure out how to catch up."

Conejito leaned back and simply basked in his afterglow. It was only a matter of time, of course, before other people would grow as large as he, perhaps bigger. But for now, he was practically king of the world. And it felt so good.

"Come on. There's got to be a river nearby or something. I'll get us cleaned up."

The titan stood up to his full height, took a couple of steps, then vanished into thin air. For the first time since the giant cougar arrived at Bell Stadium, the ground and air was calm. The city of Philadelphia – what remained of it – was eerily quiet.

Col. Henry Harper strolled through the corridors of the Pentagon, a folder filled with papers tucked under his arm. The panther's sleek fur was more mussed than it would have been at this point in the day, and he walked too fast to keep the military precision in his stride. All around him, maintenance workers checked the walls for cracks while other personnel buzzed in and out of rooms. The earthquakes were felt as far away as Washington, DC. There were reports of damage coming in from the White House and the Capitol Building.

He turned right into his office, shut the door, and immediately dumped the stack of papers onto his desk. He flopped into a chair and allowed himself a single deep breath before reaching into the bottom drawer. With a smooth, practiced motion he took out a tumbler glass and a bottle of scotch. It was going to be a long night. He needed something to take the edge off.

The phone rang as soon as he poured two fingers. He let the buzzer sound twice while he knocked the tumbler back, took another deep breath, and picked up the receiver. The voice on the other line was as panicked as he'd expect a civilian to be about this; heck, if he weren't in charge of stopping...whatever this was from happening he was sure he'd be just as crazed. But he had a job to do, and that didn't include the luxury of losing your god-damned mind.

“Sir, yes sir.” He acknowledged the frightened cries of the voice on the other end. “I saw it too. Double event, way sooner than expected. Yes sir, I know that. I got the video. I saw everything. Yes sir, I agree. No, I know, I’ve come to the exact same conclusion that you have.

“It’s getting worse. We’re gonna need to step up our timetable. I’ll have a report for ready for you at 1900.” The panther listened as the voice on the other end of the line calmed down, reluctantly, slowly. Then he hung up the phone.

He tried to think of how he was going to step up the timetable, how he was going to pull off an impossible feat even sooner than projected. But only one thing kept echoing in his mind over and over again. It’s getting worse. It’s getting worse.

It’s getting worse.