

Vero Hits the Town

A short story by mkvero

Subtle tremors shook the pastoral countryside. The sound of crashing trees and ominous rumbles signaled the approach of something massive. A wolf of gigantic proportions casually strolled across the miniature landscape, brushing aside his styled red bangs from in front of his crimson eyes. The brilliant pink of his fur, bookending a stripe of pure white running down his chest and belly, contrasted sharply with the deep greens and browns of the surrounding fields and forests. He was slender, but well-muscled, shown for all with his powerful leg muscles flexing as he walked. However, the most impressive thing about him was his size, even the largest trees in the area little more than twigs when compared to his tremendous form.

For Vero, it had been a rather good morning; still basking in the afterglow of his latest excursion. The neighboring town albeit fun, was laughably small compared to the big city that lay ahead of him. Although just about everything was laughably small to an over two hundred foot tall wolf. Vero chuckled at the thought as he swung his legs over a small forest, taking care to land his foot directly on top of a small farmhouse standing at the forest's border. The timber house crumpled instantly under the heavy sole of the wolf who merely smiled a toothy grin at the feeling of such a puny dwelling being reduced to rubble from his massive stride.

"Heh, you think they'd be a little more careful where they build houses these days." Vero chided sarcastically.

No one in the city quite knew what to make of the spastic tremors that rumbled below the pavement and even fewer knew what to make of the enormous wall of pink that was slowly rising up from the horizon. Those in the heart of the city were only experiencing the former, but those on the fringes of the bustling metropolis were suddenly finding themselves cast in the monstrous shadow of the rising mass. People tuned into the news, but the reporters were just as lost as the general public. But the tremors, although sparse, were barely noticeable for the most part, but that was quick to change.

It didn't take very long for Vero to descend upon the outskirts on the city. Looking ahead a ways, he spotted the gleaming metal spires of the city's tallest skyscrapers. "Well it's good to see that they have some decent toys in this place," he quipped. Making his way down the street, the behemoth's thunderous footfalls sent fissures through the ground in all directions, sending the throngs of speck sized people below running for their very lives, unless they wind up caught under the quickly approaching pair of musky foot paws.

His entrance was merely a warm up; a chance to show off for the awestruck bugs before he really had some fun. His mind was already filling with all manner of devious ideas and the panicking populace below was giving him plenty to work with. Matchbox sized cars sped as fast as their drivers could afford, but many in their desperation wound up crashing into each other or into some nearby structure, effectively clogging up the road for anyone trying to escape.

"Aww, you seem to be having a little trouble down there, better get moving or I might just step on you..." Vero cooed to the fleeing crowd below.

He was always surprised by how many people just stood there in a dumbfounded stupor even after his fair, albeit condescending, warning. "No matter," he thought "they can always make for a good foot massage if nothing else."

For the panicked onlookers, the impending rumbles of the strolling giant's approaching feet did nothing to calm the panic that had erupted across the suburban neighborhood. Their situation was made even worse by the wall of smashed cars that had slowed the mass of fleeing civilians to a pitiful trickle. The sound of two resounding thumps boomed behind the crowd as two massive pink paws crashed to the earth, stopping just short of the terrified onlookers. The chorus of screams was interrupted as Vero spoke.

"Having some trouble running away from the big bad wolf? I can understand why you'd be worried about getting caught under my feet, they are so big after all..." he lifted one of his pink feet, dangling it over the crowd. The heavy scent of musk and carnage filled the people's nostrils as the giant wolf wiggled his toes overhead. "I tell you what, if you don't want to get stepped on, you can put yourself to use in a different way..."

The wolf stepped back from the crowd scanning the rows of suburban houses. His eyes fell upon a stately two level house, the largest on the street. A smile crept across his lips as he faced the crowd again. "I want you all to go to that house," he said, pointing a claw, "Go inside and do not leave until I say so. If you try to leave...let's just say that you'll look nice as a stain on my foot."

That was all the people needed to hear to get the message. In a matter of seconds the group of thirty or so people ran down the street and had piled into the spacious house. Vero smiled pleasingly at their efficiency and willingness to appease the pink titan. With a few careful strides, he loomed over the diminutive structure. The windows were filled with the faces of the fearful suburbanites, waiting in silence for the wolf's next command.

"Very good little bugs," Vero rumbled happily, "You'll all make a fine seat for your master!"

And with that the wolf turned around and hovered his large, wide rump over the house. He lowered his rear slowly; taking his time to savor the feeling of the house straining with every fiber of it's being to support the weight of the colossal canine. His hefty cheeks completely covered the roof of the manor and within seconds the structure began to dip and bow under the immense weight.

The people inside were largely unable to see what the giant wolf was doing outside of the house. Many had found hiding spots within the various rooms while a few brave souls remained glued to the windows in an effort to see what was going on. Those looking outside could only make out the tremendous pink paws standing outside then watching them turn to face away from the house.

Suddenly, the entire structure shook violently and everyone's ears were filled with the creaks and groans of the structure's frame. A deep booming laughter filled the air as people began to panic and scream with renewed fear. Those who had been taking refuge upstairs barely had a second to react as the ceiling began to crack and crumble, giving way to a set of enormous pink globes descending ominously overhead. They had even less time before the mountainous rump obliterated the upper floors and fell upon them, pressing their bodies to the floor under tons of soft, squishy flesh. The only ones who weren't crushed outright found themselves wedged snugly in the wolf's musky crack, scrambling desperately to escape from between the positively titanic cheeks.

Those on the lower floor were still largely unaware of the impending giant backside that was bulldozing its way through the house. However, a young tiger boy who had managed to scramble downstairs from the second floor was well aware of what was about to befall them. In a panicked frenzy, the tiger ran for the door, despite the protests from those still inside. Bursting through the front door, he found himself bookended by the huge musky feet of their captor. He hesitated for a moment, but decided that he'd rather take his chance dodging the giant's feet than being flattened under his ass.

Vero shifted his weight a little as he settled into the house below. His weighty rump had already flattened the upper floor and he had felt more than a few delightful crunches of a few bugs underneath him. He stretched his legs out, splaying his toes wide and letting his feet breathe for a bit. His relaxation was interrupted by the feeling of a little squirming thing that brushed against his right foot. Glancing down, he spied a puny little tiger that was scurrying between his paws. "Oh, what do we have here?" the wolf slammed his paw down on top of the fleeing feline, "I thought I told you to stay inside little bug. Oh well, now I'll just have something to play with while I sit."

And with that, the wolf slid his paw back off the tiger. Dazed and confused, the micro was barely able to get up to his feet, before the massive foot raced towards him, toes splayed wide open. In a single fluid motion, the foot scooped up the battered body, clamping shut and pinning the tiger between two of the giant's boulder sized toes. The stench of musk was almost nauseating to the miniscule cat; baseball sized droplets of sweat soaking his fur and gluing him to the pink digits.

An immense pressure came over the squirming micro, his giant captor slowly squeezing his toes together. The wolf shuddered in pleasure as he squished his toes tighter and tighter together; every second getting closer and closer to breaking his little toy. He even opened his toes again and laughed out loud when the little cat was unable to move, his body plastered to his toe with foot sweat. With one last, big squeeze, he felt the incredible rush of the micro tiger popping like a grape, leaving only the warm red goo to bubble up between his bulbous digits. He had only a moment to savor the warmth, before his weight suddenly crashed to the ground, his makeshift chair finally caving in to the girth of his enormous ass. The terrified screams of those still inside were instantly silenced by the meteoric cheeks, the sheer weight of the impact sending a rolling tremor that shook buildings for dozens of blocks away.

As Vero rose to his feet, the splintered remains of the mansion peeled off his debris covered backside and crashed to the ground below. Upon standing, he was delightfully surprised to find that several of the people that had been sat on had not been completely flattened; either being smeared against one of his mammoth cheeks or desperately clinging to his butt fur, dangling over a hundred feet off of the ground. Vero giggled and playfully shook his ass from side to side, flinging the survivor's battered bodies off his butt and sending them sailing through the air to land with a sickening crunch against a nearby house or the unforgiving pavement.

"Well that takes care of the stragglers," Vero chuckled to himself.

He took a step forward but paused when he felt a pleasurable tingle between his cheeks; a kind of frantic pounding that was delightfully massaging his vent. Curious, he reached a finger under his tail and ran it along his crack. True to his suspicions, his finger brushed against the squirming bodies of three little furs that were futilely trying to escape from being sucked into the wolf's puckered tail hole. "Well well, looks like I get to keep a little souvenir!" Vero grinned evilly. He gave his ass a light slap, jiggling his hefty pink cheeks and the little people trapped between them. As he resumed his walk, he hoped his three little captives would last long enough to give him some extra pleasure, but he had plenty of other ideas in store that would more than make up for it if they couldn't.

With each long stride, the suburbia quickly melted into the urban sprawl of the city. As the buildings grew taller, Vero grew more excited. Flattening the house had been a good warm-up for his libido and as he drew closer and closer to the city, his horniness was kicking into full gear. As the road began to narrow, he began to feel a little cramped between the waist high apartment buildings lining the street. It was an easily solved problem with Vero happily swishing his hips from side to side; the facades of the apartments obliterated instantly by the utterly massive flank slamming into it with the force of a building-sized wrecking ball.

Down on the ground, the throngs of city folk were quickly caught under the pair of gigantic, sweaty feet as they thumped along the pavement. The midday traffic was usually gridlocked around this time and the appearance of the pink colossus did little to change that. Many simply abandoned their cars, joining the crowd of frenzied pedestrians fleeing from under the giant's shadow.

It was quite a different sensation for Vero. With every step he took, his feet found some new thing to destroy. He alternated his stance as he walked, spreading his legs wide to flatten the people on the sidewalks and then narrowing his stride so his feet fell upon the sea of metal cars that filled the street. In one moment, his foot would descend on top of a mass of pedestrians, rumbling in pleasure when their bodies exploded into a red pulp under his broad sole. Then he'd move to the street to enjoy the satisfying crunch of several cars being flattened with every step.

Whenever he spied a car with its occupants still inside, he would pause and hover one of his large, padded toes over it. A single toe alone was roughly double the size of one of the miniature cars below, so it didn't take much effort to pin the car down. He started pressing

slowly, just enough to crumple the roof and bend the doors, making escape impossible. The trapped micro's terrified pleas for mercy fell on his ears like sweet music and only spurred him on further. With every twitch of his foot, his gargantuan toe compressed the car further into the ground. His warm foot radiated heat like a blast furnace, with droplets of sweat dripping down on top of the car and even drenching a few civilians that were trying to escape from nearby cars just a few feet away. The metal frame of the car groaned as it was slowly compacted into the asphalt, the passengers inside unable to contort their bodies any longer in the increasingly tight confines of the car. The resounding crunch that echoed from the flattened vehicle below was all the confirmation Vero needed to know that the bugs below were finished and with a twist of his foot, he ground the little metal wreck into the concrete road like he was snuffing out an old cigarette.

Vero moaned excitedly and cast a glance down at the fleeing populace at his feet. He had been so wrapped up in his fun with the car that the majority of the people had gotten a good distance away from him and were now a few yards away from the rampaging wolf.

"Aww, isn't that cute that you think you can outrun me..." Vero bellowed a laugh, rattling the windows of several nearby buildings.

The wolf started to advance on the group. Even with the large head start the group had, Vero was quickly closing the gap in a few strides. He was only less than a hundred feet away when he stopped, a devious smile forming on his lips. His pause was long enough for the fleeing mass to stop and cast a fearful glance back at the titan, hoping that he had decided to give up. What they saw was far from it.

Vero crouched low, digging his toes into the asphalt which crumbled like a flaky pie crust. His muscular thighs tensed as he squatted low, giving the stragglers behind him a full view of his titanic ass looming overhead. Then, with one big push he launched himself off the ground and into the air. The throng below looked up slack jawed as the pink wolf sailed through the air. Were he normal sized, his simple little jump wouldn't have sent him very far, but at his tremendous scale, his leap sent him sailing over several city blocks and much to the micro's horror, it quickly became apparent where he intended to land. The pair of feet, capped in a set of velvety black pads was descending towards the halted group at a frightening pace. Some tried to run, but it was like trying to escape from a skyscraper falling out of the sky. With an impact like an atomic explosion, the wolf landed directly on top of the mass of micros, none standing even a minute chance of surviving from the impact of the godly wolf. It was as if an earthquake off the Richter Scale hit the city; nearby people and cars were bounced dozens of feet into the air, buildings crumbled to ruin from the sheer force of the tremors and massive yard-long fissures spread out from the pair of enormous paw shaped craters formed by the wolf's debris covered feet.

"Looks like I caught up to you!" Vero chirped, sticking his tongue out playfully at the squashed remains of the group stuck to the underside of his feet. Slowly peeling his feet from the bloodied craters they sat in, the remains of a few bodies stuck to the bottom of his foot like an old gum wrapper. With a shrug, he dragged his foot along the ground to scrape the remains off, squashing a few unlucky souls nearby who had somehow managed to avoid being caught

under the giant feet before they landed. Vero bristled at each delightful little pop against his feet as ran them along the ground.

“Damn you little guys feel good against my feet...” he rumbled, feeling a familiar tingle in his sheath, trailing a hand down his waist until it met with the silky, white fur of his privates. All this stomping and destruction was turning him on something fierce and he could already feel his sheathed member starting to grow. His eyes fell upon several micros climbing out of the wreckage of a decimated coffee shop just a few feet from where he stood. With a single fluid motion, he reached down and scooped up the four broken little bodies and brought them to his grinning muzzle.

“And I know you little guys are going to feel really good against something else.”

The micros didn't even have time to react before the hand that was clutching them all so firmly was lowed to the wolf's giant package. A pair of behemoth nuts dangled below a sheath that made the four tiny furs feel smaller than ants by comparison. The four were dragged along the curve of the monstrous bulge before they were all forcefully stuffed into the sheath's wide slit. What met them after a drop of several feet was a surprisingly soft landing on a wall of hot, throbbing flesh. Even from inside the musky prison, they could hear the wolf's booming voice overhead.

“Now I want you all to get me nice and hard now!” Vero smiled evilly, patting his bulge.

The foursome inside didn't really have to do much to get the wolf hard. He was already so horny, that just the feeling of their bodies squirming was enough to make the flesh underneath them swell and stiffen. Within seconds, the confines of the sheath were getting very tight as the pillar of flesh grew bigger and bigger, adding more girth to its already impressive size as it began to poke out from its hiding place. The micros inside could only hold on for dear life as they were dragged upwards with the hardening cock. The warm insides of the sheath gave way to the cool bitter air of the outside, the micros now finding themselves riding a giant wolf's shaft dangling over a hundred feet off the ground. The sheer length of it was mind boggling, it just didn't seem to stop growing... For what felt like ages to the micros, the shaft they straddled just stretched out farther and grew wider and fatter as it began to curve upward slightly. After a moment, its growth seemed to stop and the pink wolf's cock jutted out from his wide hips in its full, tremendous size. Vero rumbled in delight as he bounced his stiff pole in excitement, very nearly launching the micros off it.

“Very good little ones, now you get to enjoy the ride...” he winked, casting a glance at the four still clinging terrified to his throbbing length.

With his cock erect for all to see, Vero sauntered down the street. He let his manhood happily bounce from side to side as he swished his fluffy tail back and forth. On occasion, he'd put a little extra swing into his hips and send his rock hard shaft smashing into the front of a nearby building, leaving a cock-shaped dent in the façade and a faint dribble of pre cum to coat a few unfortunate micros that happened to be in the way of his throbbing battering ram.

His strutting was interrupted when he came upon a large corporate office building in the heart of the city. The immense structure was coated from top to bottom in glass that cast a crystal clear reflection of the pink wolf. However, despite its large size, the building only came up to the giant's waist, so the office workers inside were getting a full frontal view of the stiff, red wolf cock dangling teasingly in front of them. Vero chuckled, placing his hands on his hips and rocking from side to side, letting his massive dick and hefty balls sway like an erotic pendulum for the shocked micros inside.

"Well I hope you bugs are enjoying the view down there," he paused, "but your puny building is so small that I can't see any of you...well we can change that."

Vero plopped himself down on the fragile little street below. The weight of his sizeable rump landing on the ground was enough to visibly rattle the building he now straddled between his thighs. Glancing downward, he noticed that the furs on the ground floor were trying to escape through the front door only to be caught in the shadow of a humongous ball sack that dwarfed their size by several magnitudes. Not wanting to let his toys escape, Vero scooted up closer to the building, his nuts steamrolling the furs outside and slamming into the front entrance, sealing it completely. He let his stiff, drooling tool flop against the glass exterior; it's length alone nearly a third of the buildings height. Leaning in slightly, the enormous pink and white muzzle of the giant filled the view of the hundreds of miniature workers staring back in abject fear.

"There that's better," Vero winked, "Now as you all can see, I'm stiffer than a redwood tree...and bigger to boot! I'm also quite taken with your little building here and I need a new toy to play with, so I suggest you buckle up because it's going to get bumpy."

In that moment, he wrapped his arms and legs around the structure as if embracing a lover. His monstrous tool dragged across the façade of the office, a thick trail of pre cum left in its wake to drip down the side. Then he shifted himself, positioning his mighty shaft towards the center of the front wall. With a solid thrust of his hips, the colossal appendage blasted through the concrete and steel, erupting into several floors of cubicles and stunned office workers. Like a great piston, Vero pumped his hips back and forth, every thrust reaching deeper into the building.

The workers inside were left with very little options. They of course tried to flee from the titanic appendage, but trying to escape from something longer and wider than a bus was no easy task. Many of the workers were simply steamrolled by the giant cock, reduced to little more than a bloody smear on its underside. Others tried to find refuge huddling against the farthest back wall, only to be crushed by the rapidly advancing tip of the wolf's meat. Pre was practically leaking out of the stiff pole like a river, drowning those unable to avoid the deluge of seed that poured out endlessly from the wolf's balls.

Steel groaned and glass shattered as the entire building tried it's best to withstand the beating it was taking. If not for Vero cradling the structure in his arms, it would have fallen long ago, but the wolf was not content with such an easy demolition. No, he wanted to savor this...he was feeling close to his climax and when he finally blew, he wanted to take the whole building and its occupants along for the ride. His thrusts grew more powerful and more lustful as the

pretense of teasing had completely fallen away. Mind racing, heart pumping, he needed to cum and cum hard. Deafening moans of pleasure rumbled over the city like rolling thunder, the ground shook with the force of an earthquake and the pungent scent of arousal washed over the metropolis like a tidal wave. His thrusts were so fast and powerful that the building was literally breaking apart in his hands and he bucked his hips harder and harder, knowing he was on the very brink of his release.

And then it came.

A carnal roar of ecstasy bellowed from the wolf titan as his cock erupted like a pent up volcano. Rope after sticky rope of cum blasted out of the other side of the building, landing a few hundred feet away on top of several clusters of houses off in the distance. His furry orbs churned and pushed out veritable gallons of musky wolf seed that drowned any micro in its wake. After a few moments, his orgasm died down and his rigid tool started to grow limp in the decimated remains of the office building. Vero slumped backwards, letting the battered office crumble to ruins between his legs. Panting, he rose to his feet, brushing the bits of debris off his spent shaft. Looking with pride at the destruction his cum load has caused across the city, he noticed that his penis had lost the four passengers that had been riding along with him up until that point. It was no matter; there were thousands of other little bugs out there who would be put to just as much use as they were. So with a shrug and a wag of his tail, he sauntered off deeper into what was left of the city.

Unbeknownst to Vero, this city actually boasted quite the robust train system. The city prided itself on having the largest capacity trains in any known city for miles around. After Vero's arrival though, said trains were being put to use in a desperate last ditch attempt to get people out of the city and away from the giant's unstoppable rampage. The network of tracks crisscrossing the cityscape was thrown in complete disarray as nearly every train available was being used simultaneously. One train in particular, the last one to depart from the station, now found itself stuck on a track that ran through the heart of the now devastated city. Acres of debris and collapsed buildings littered the streets, slowing the locomotive's forward momentum to a snail's pace. The interior cars were stuffed well beyond capacity with hundreds of terrified city dwellers. The ride out of town had been an unsettling one to say the least. If it wasn't the rolling tremors that rattled the train cars, it was the ear deafening roar that had echoed across the sky a few moments ago. The passengers stood in deathly silence as the train crept forward ever slowly when another tremor jostled the overloaded vehicle. There had been so many tremors that no one really batted an eye at this one; the shaking coming and going in a matter of seconds. But then another one came...and another...and another. It was becoming so frequent now that people were beginning to genuinely panic. Then all at once, the clear blue sky was blotted out by a veil of darkness and a chorus of screams rang out.

Vero was practically giddy when he spied a long, slender train meandering its way through the devastated streets. With all of the destruction he had been causing, the track it was lumbering down was barely holding together. At the pace it was moving at, it only took a few exuberant steps to catch up to his newfound toy.

"Oh dear, what's all this?" the wolf slammed a hand down in front of the locomotive, bringing it to halt, "Don't tell me you were trying to...escape now were you?"

With the ease of picking up an empty can, the wolf squatted down and wrapped his hands around the tube shaped cars. The flimsy metal contorted in his hands as he curled his padded digits tighter. Even in the wolf's gigantic hands, both ends of the train were dangling precariously off either side of his grip. Peering through the windows of the cars, he scanned the hundreds upon hundreds of miniature people trapped inside at his mercy.

"Well how nice of you all to gather yourselves up like this! You've certainly saved me the trouble of having to hunt you all down myself, and not a moment too soon...Your little train here is getting me excited again."

Even after having just climaxed a few minutes ago, the horny giant was already feeling himself grow hard again. Just feeling the raw power of holding so many lives in his hands was making him stiff as a board. It took only a moment for his cock to return to its full monstrous size, a sight that was shown to all the micros on board as Vero tilted the train slightly to give them a full view of his swollen manhood. He giggled a little as he shifted his grip on the train, repositioning his hands to hold either end of the train and letting the middle bow downwards. With slow calculation, he aimed the front car towards the red tip of his shaft.

Ever so slowly, he pressed his enormous tip against the front of the train, a droplet of pre splashing the front window in a hot, sticky glob. He pressed harder, the sheer size of his tool more than enough to brute force its way through the metal of the train's outer shell. The train conductors could only watch in horror as that giant wolf cock burst into view and quickly pinned them underneath tons of hot, pulsing flesh. Vero pressed a little deeper, within moments filling up the entire front cabin with his rock hard spear. Those in the middle cars could only catch glimpses of the lustful wolf's actions, really only feeling the jostling of the train and hearing the creaking of metal being torn apart. The passengers couldn't even react before the titanic penis was upon them, exploding through the front of the car and bulldozing the dozens of trapped micros inside. Their little bodies were no match for the overwhelming scale of the giant member bearing down on them, many crushed into bloody smears under its great weight. Bodies were pressed against the sides of the cabin, those on the far end splattered with huge spurts of pre, effectively gluing their bodies to the back wall before being rammed through by the bulging tip as it plowed through to the next car.

With his cock plunging deeper and deeper into the train, Vero decided it was time to make use of the train's other end. He lowered the train between his legs, swinging one leg over and letting the middle cars dangle between his muscular thighs. Lifting his bushy pink tail up, he aimed the rear car of the train towards his own rear. With a free hand, he pulled his squishy cheeks aside, revealing his pink hole, twitching eagerly in anticipation of the oncoming train. It took only a quick thrust to wedge the tubular locomotive firmly between the two round mountains of flesh. Vero quivered in delight as the cool metal pressed its way inside his hole, every teasing inch penetrating deeper and deeper into his heaving backside.

He tensed as he felt his orgasm close. His cock, already buried deep within the train's third car, began to buck wildly, bouncing the entire car with every throb. All at once he felt himself blow as his shaft shot wave after wave of white hot cum with enough force to blow through into the next car of the train. The sea of cream completely overwhelmed the unsuspecting passengers as they were all instantly buried under the immense wall of wolf spunk.

In an orgasmic spasm, Vero clenched his butt cheeks tight. The back of the train, already completely lodged inside the wolf's bowels, had still mostly retained its original shape, albeit slightly compacted. The sudden clench of the massive muscles, however, quickly changed that. In an instant, the car was completely pressed flat between the squeezing anal walls, the micros trapped inside not even standing a minute chance of surviving as the entire group was reduced to a red paste in seconds. The connector joining the back end of the train to the middle cars was completely destroyed, leaving the middle cars to dangle freely between the twin pillars that were the wolf's legs.

With his orgasm subsiding, Vero was feeling a little tired. Deciding to take a little breather, he leaned back and plopped himself on the street, leaning back on a decimated bank while his cock shot out the last of its load. Unfortunately for the train, the middle cars once dangling freely now found themselves crashing to the ground only to be caught underneath the wolf's plummeting backside. The wide cheeks utterly flattened two of the cars while another was crushed slowly under the pair of Vero's musky balls.

Vero pulled the cum-filled car off his cock with a lewd slurp. He watching with delight as his cum oozed out of the broken windows, the micros inside barely even visible in the midst of all his seed. It always amazed and delighted him how easily those little bugs could be broken and he couldn't help but smile at the thought.

It was then that he noticed a single train car had been left virtually unscathed. It sat between the car flattened under his nut sack and the cum-flooded cars at the front. There had to be at least several dozen micros still inside; all completely shell shocked from the ordeal they just endured. Vero plucked the puny little car from its destroyed counterparts and held it firmly in his hand. Peeling back the roof as if it were paper, he peered inside to get a good look at his playthings. He then gently tipped the car's contents into his palm, dozens of bodies piling up in his velvety padded hand. Before any of them could get their bearings, he curled his fingers around the group, keeping them all safe for now as he got up.

While the train had been a fun diversion, the metal wreckage didn't offer the most optimal place for what Vero had in mind with his captives. He made his way into what used to be the heart of the city; now merely devastated rubble that resembled the fallout site of a bomb explosion. Even from so high up, Vero could still spot the occasional tiny that had somehow managed to survive his rampage. He simply scooped them up before they could run and added them to his steadily growing pile of people gathered in his hand. By the time he reached the innermost part of the metropolis, he had close to a hundred people in his clutches.

The spot he chose to sit down was a relatively sparse area...at least it was sparse after he kicked the abandoned cars away with his foot, sending them careening into nearby buildings.

He sat himself down and stretched his legs out wide, his bloody, debris covered feet resting comfortably on the ruins of some decimated factory. The crowd in his palms was poured gently onto the street between the wolf's legs. The way he sat corralled them all quite nicely, as any attempt to escape would mean having to climb over one of his mountainous legs.

"Well, well," Vero spoke to his terrified little collection, "I'm impressed you all managed to survive this long. Since you seem to be the only ones left in the city, I'll fill you in on what is about to happen. You are all going to be my slaves. The rest of all of your insignificant lives will be spent pleasing your master. You will do what I want when I want it and failure to do so will end very badly for you...is that understood?"

He gave them a moment to let his words sink in. Truthfully, it didn't matter whether they understood his words or not, they really weren't being offered a choice in the matter. Either way, they were going to spend the rest of their lives as little more than objects to the muscular pink colossus. A few in the group seemed to realize this fact before the rest and approached their new master with heads bowed.

"I'm glad to see that some of you have some initiative," Vero grinned. "Now as you can see, my feet are awful sore from destroying your little city and they sure could use a good massage..."

Before anyone could raise an objection, Vero lowered his feet directly on top of the crowd. The entire group vanished under the wide soles of the wolf, all of them pinned to the ground under their immense weight. Many tried to squirm and free themselves, but it only served to knead the stinky underside of the wolf's foot paws. Vero moaned in approval and starting running his foot back and forth over the group of bugs. Massive black paw pads rolled over the pinned micros, beads of foot sweat drenching them as they were ground into the asphalt. Occasionally, a sickening crunch was heard as a body popped under the unbearable pressure of the domineering feet. The stench of sweat and musk was so overwhelming it made breathing nearly impossible; leaving the only thing for the micros to inhale was the giant's musky body odor.

Vero ran his feet over the micros for a while longer before eventually lifting them off. A few sweat covered micros were still plastered to his paw's bulbous toes, only to peel off and land on the ground with a splintering thud. The ones who hadn't been ground into a paste under the pair of dominating feet were lying battered and bruised on the concrete.

"Aww, were my feet too much for you?" Vero cooed condescendingly, "Well you have to have more stamina than that if you want to please me. Now I want you all to come closer to me."

It took a few moments and a few hesitant furs to get the crowd up and moving for fear of angering their master. They shuffled cautiously towards the jumbo sized wolf until they were only a few feet from his bulging ball sack. Many had to crane their necks up just to see to the top of the nuts alone, let alone the grinning face of the wolf hundreds of feet above them.

“There, that’s better. Now that you’ve given my feet a good massage, I think it’s only logical that you give my balls the same treatment.” he bounced his package a little to reinforce the point.

A few in the group didn’t even need prompting to start kneading the immense orbs, burying their hands in the silky soft white fur. Eventually the rest of the group hesitatingly followed and a few nimble micros had even managed to crawl atop the massive nuts and massage them from above. The deafening moans and rumbles from up above was at least some reassurance that they were doing a good job. They got an even better confirmation when a massive red cock began to rise from its sheath just overhead. The sheer size of the wolf’s pole was mindboggling to the micros gazing upwards as its monolithic form blotted out the sun and casted it’s lewd shadow over the crowd.

“Very good my little tiny bugs, now I want you to climb...” he said smiling wide and showing off his set of boulder sized teeth as a reminder for what the consequences were for not obeying.

This time around, the whole group followed without delay. They had seen the devastation that Vero was capable of causing and the last thing they wanted to do was upset him. The steep incline of the rising pillar made climbing a little difficult, that coupled with the occasional excited bounce of the oversized member made it a treacherous climb for many. Before long, the first few micros reached the pulsing tip of the phallic tower. They stopped and looked back up at their master, unsure of what to do next. Vero, as if right on cue, wagged a finger teasingly.

“Ah ah ah...you’re not done climbing. You aren’t just climbing up you know, you still have to climb down...” he pointed a clawed finger at his now drooling cock slit.

To the micros on the head of his cock, the slit that stretched out before them was akin to a bottomless chasm. Thick bubbles of pre were rising from within and dribbling down the side of the shaft, and from the muffled cries that followed soon afterwards, it was safe to assume that it had consumed a few of the stragglers still making their ascent. No one dared to approach the yawning slit; the thought of traveling down a giant’s penis was not something that excited any of the micros. However to Vero, that thought was making him leak like a faucet. When he noticed that no one was doing as he commanded, he grimaced with annoyance, but he quickly thought of a solution for their indecision.

“What’s wrong? You seem to be having a little trouble following your master’s orders. Well since you’re all so hesitant to feed my cock like good little slaves, allow me to help you out.”

Wrapping a hand around his shaft, he gently shook his meat back and forth. The little jostling motion felt like an earthquake to the micros and it was more than enough to bring the entire group to its knees. The steady stream of pre that had been pouring out had made his cock head quite slippery and with a slight tilt forward of his dick, every last one of the little people slid right into the gaping maw of his slit. People scrambled and clawed to find any kind of grip against the walls of the shaft, but the pre slicked insides made that virtually impossible.

Dozens of little bodies bounced off each other as they tumbled lower and lower into the dark depths, eventually landing in a large lake that filled the majority of a round, cavernous chamber.

Vero could feel the micros fall into his nuts and before long, he could feel them beating against the inside walls. He jiggled his nuts just to jostle the sea of cum that now sloshed around inside them.

"Not to worry little bugs," he spoke softly, patting his stuffed nut sack, "I'll let you out soon enough..."

Standing back up, Vero surveyed his handiwork. All around him the rubble of buildings laid piled up amid scraps of cars and buses. Foot shaped craters dotted the landscape, each one having caught something or someone underfoot. Ropes of his cum buried neighborhoods, blocks of houses completely obliterated under endless gallons of hot, milky seed. Bloody stains of broken micros were strewn about the debris; countless puny bugs stamped out by the rampaging titan.

The city, like many before it, had completely fallen to the lustful wolf's rampage. Standing proudly erect in the center of the rubble, Vero's mind suddenly recalled another city just a few miles away from this one. Without a second thought, he bounded across the ruins of the city and noticed a long strip of highway leading out of the town. As he excitedly walked down the congested strip of concrete leading towards the nearby metropolis, his weighty footsteps flattened countless cars and vehicles in his wake. And as he drew closer, his mind began racing with thoughts all over again of how he could destroy this new city.