

Squorch

Betty sighed idly as she pushed the foam rugby ball deeper, her vulva cresting the widest point and gripping the ball, sucking it deeper and forcing lubrication to squelch out around it. She leaned back, against the headrest of her bed, and rubbed the swollen lips of her sex, feeling the tip of the ball still pushing out beneath her fingers and, beneath her palm, she felt the slightest hint of a bulge in her abdomen.

Jabbing the ball with her fingertips, she roughly jammed it a little deeper and finally gave a light moan of pleasure as the rough surface dragged pleasingly up her canal, more lubricant oozing out around her fingers, displaced by the large ball. At the other end of the bed, her wolfen boyfriend Connor crouched, holding a camcorder in one hand, and his throbbing erection in the other, Betty watched him with an amused smile; the silly boy was probably enjoying himself more than she was. Pushing harder, desperate to coax out an orgasm, she pushed the ball just a little deeper, feeling it start to squish up against the bottom of her vagina, her slick lips *almost* coming together, leaving just the smallest tip of the ball peeking out between her soft pink folds. Both hands drifted between her legs now, teasing at the pliable flesh with one hand, while the other found that hard, sensitive nub and began to tweak and tease, claws expertly scratching just inside her lips and in a few breathy minutes, she came; her pussy contracted and twitched, squeezing tightly around the ball and compressing it slightly, soaking it in her hot fluids. She moved her hands away from her nethers, to let Connor's camera see her lips twitch around the tip of the ball, briefly coming together and completely swallowing it, before relaxing and clenching again. But still it wasn't the orgasm she desired, didn't make her scream in pleasure, still only a warm tingle in her loins, pleasant sure, but not the mind-numbing *ecstasy* she wanted.

Smiling encouragingly up at her boyfriend, the four foot dragoness lay her legs straight down, completely obscuring the squishy ball, and gave a small wave to the camera. Connor pressed a button and the red light clicked off. He gazed at her in wonder "That ball is huge Betty! And you've taken the whole thing!"

Shrugging nonchalantly, Betty spun around on the bed and bum-shuffled to the edge, before hopping off, deliberately letting her thick, scaled tail drag slowly off behind her, knowing how much it affected Connor "I know, but it *still* isn't enough, doesn't *fill* me" she walked to a nearby dresser, her dark pink scales glinting faintly in the half-light of early morning, reaching for the pitcher of cool water, she turned to face the wolf, who had set down the camera and perched on the edge of the bed watching her intently, his eyes roaming across her lighter underbelly and her breasts, heaving slightly with her breath. She was perspiring slightly from the morning's fun, and her body had a slightly shiny sheen, except for her large, folded back wings.

Standing with her legs slightly apart, she winked at Connor, her purple-highlighted eyelid batting playfully before she lifted the large pitcher to her lips, and tilted it back, gulping down mouthfuls of water; almost simply pouring the liquid straight down her throat. In less than a minute she drained the entire container, her long tongue slid out and licked her lips, and she gave a light belch, before smiling at her stunned, and amused, partner. The muscled male stood and walked over to his tiny girlfriend, kneeling before her and stroking her body in awe "You are gorgeous Betty, have I ever told you that?"

"Yes silly, every day" she smirked at the besotted wolf as his hands roamed lower and lower, resting on her wide hips "Oh go on, I know you want to" with an eager grin, Connor dropped to the floor, almost laying down in order to look straight up between her legs, just barely able to see a hint of the ball, almost completely concealed by sex-moistened thigh and labia.

"That is just...incredible! All the way inside, and at your size as well; it must be almost as big as my head!"

"Oh if only" Betty muttered wistfully, before her eyes widened in shock, she glanced down, wondering if Connor had heard, but the wolf was too busy admiring the view of his lover. Sighing with relief, terrified of what Connor would say if he found out she fantasised about using his head in the same way as the ball, her wings twitched slightly, and she smiled, giving her boyfriend an up-close view as she started to grow, her body expanding proportionally all over as she stretched taller, from four feet to her preferred six, her breasts returning from grapefruit size to the size of Connor's head. Beneath her, he watched at the tip of the ball vanished completely, sliding deeper into his girlfriend's increasingly large pussy.

Standing now at six feet, Betty looked down at the prone body of Connor, admiring, not for the first time, his large erection and muscular body, looking every bit a personal bodyguard, except for the big, fluffy tail, whose tip even now was twitching with excitement. The dragoness crouched down, bracing her hands on her knees; her cunny winking open, once again revealing the foam ball, nestled several inches deeper inside, squeezed on all sides by slick, dark pink walls. Grunting lightly, she bore down and pushed, feeling the large mass start to shift lower, scraping pleasantly against her walls as her cunt squeezed it slowly towards the exit, a single, thick drop of lube oozed free and fell, hitting Connor square in the nose. His tongue darted out, quickly lapping up the hot oily liquid, watching wide eyed as her lips spread wider around the ball, slowly pushing it out until with a thick splort, as air was sucked in through the fluids to fill the space behind, the ball dropped free from her cunny's grip, falling down into Connor's waiting hands.

"Hike!" he shouted, drawing a laugh from Betty, she straightened and stepped away from him, sitting on the bed, he sat up, cradling the sticky ball, and glanced over at Betty "It's a boy!"

"Hmm, sometimes I think you're only with me because you can make bad jokes like that" Betty looked down at him until he stood up and walked over to her, tossing the ball to one side, where it hit the wall with a splat; standing in front of her, he gazed into her emerald green eyes and winked "Nope, it's because all our site members think I have a massive cock to be able to please you" Betty smirked and grabbed his length

"Who's to say they aren't right?"

"Maybe" He winked and pushed her backward onto the bed, moving closer to her, pressing his furry body against her slightly sweaty scaled one "But I stay with you because you are beautiful" he leant down and planted a kiss on her lips "Your eyes" *kiss* "your lips" *kiss* "your tail and wings" he slid his hands around behind her back "every" *kiss* "single" *kiss* "Scale" *kiss* he paused for a moment, grinning as he added "Besides, you're the only girl I've ever met who never smells bad when they sweat"

Smiling, delighted with his response, Betty hugged him back, and rolled him over, so they both lay side by side, gazing at each other "We've still got several hours before work?".

Later that morning, Betty slipped out from beneath the covers and went through the shower, rumbling happily as the steaming water splashed over her. She brushed her teeth, and examined her natural eye-shadow and lipstick, before pulling on some casual clothes, a white T-shirt and torn denim jeans, with large hole ripped out at the back to fit snugly around the base of her tail and wings.

Moving into the kitchen, she grabbed a handful of toast, and kissed Connor on the cheek; then left the house, stuffing the slice of toast into her mouth and chewing heartily – happily – as she walked.

By the time she reached the centre of the city, her usual ache was back, a twitching impulse in her loins, a desire to be *filled* and she had to look the other way, quick-marching past the sex-shop. A little further down the road, she ended up behind a small gecko of barely five feet; Betty frowned and shuddered slightly, unable to stop looking at his smooth head and completely hairless body,

despite her willing not to, the pink dragoness felt her nethers growing wetter, and she subconsciously grew to seven feet tall; Work forgotten as she gazed, almost drooling with desire at the oblivious Gecko. Finally he caught wind of the people staring, or perhaps the scent of sex on the air, turning around; he started, staring up into her bright green eyes. Betty moved closer, pushing him at the same time, forcing him off the street and down a darkened alley.

"I-I don't have a-any money!" He stammered, backing up against the far wall. Fumbling in his pocket he hastily jerked out a wallet and held it out to Betty "P-plea-se, t-take what you want. J-just Do-don't hurt m-me!"

Betty reached down, ignoring the wallet, and unbuttoned her jeans, pulling them down and kicking them to one side, revealing her wet crotch, shining slightly in the gloom "Don't worry, I intend to" she licked her lips, walking towards him and knocking his wallet to one side as she did. The dragoness pushed down on his shoulders, forcing him to his knees, and stepped closer, straddling his face.

"Lick!" she commanded, holding the back of his smooth skinned head, pinning him between her thighs, meaty labia sitting heavily either side of his nose. Terrified, he obliged, a long tongue sliding up inside and flicking against her slick, warm flesh. For a moment Betty thought that might be enough, but her desire would not be sated with just his tongue, and she relaxed, letting her full weight settle on his head. The gecko managed a muffled, wet burble, before her lips gave way, stretching thickly around his head and, in only a few seconds, settling wetly on his shoulders.

Immediately, he screamed, his voice muffled by the folds of clenching flesh surrounding his head. His hands flew up and pushed frantically at her slick thighs, trying desperately to pull himself free. Betty sighed, his head and the vibrations from his voice feeling nice, but still she wanted more. Brushing his back lightly with her claws, she pushed down harder, crouching slightly, and with a gooey shluck, her lips stretched wider, engulfing his shoulders, shirt and all. Rocking her hips in gentle circular motions, she gazed disinterestedly into space, pushing and crouching lower, her slick lips easily sliding down over the rough cloth of his shirt, as her thick lips pressed against his forearms, her bulk was too heavy for him, forcing his arms down to his sides, leaving him pinned, thrashing and screaming uselessly as she continued to stuff him deeper. In less than three minutes, she sat on the dirty ground, her sex stretched wide around his kneeling legs. Shuffling carefully she reached inside herself a little, fiddling with his trousers, rewarded a few seconds later when she pulled the sodden material down, yanking his clothes off. Equally carefully, she kept hold of his legs, holding him in place as she climbed to her feet again, thick fluids roiling down his smooth legs, lubricating his whole body as she gently, finally starting to scratch that itch, slid him deeper. His writhing and screaming drew a soft moan from her lips. Eyes closed, and with a half-smile she slid him in to his ankles, and pulled him back out to his knees, repeating the motions and using his whole body as a dildo, his thrashing inside the clenching, squishy flesh only adding to her pleasure, but it still wasn't enough, and her orgasm was weak and unsatisfying.

Sighing dejectedly, she shoved him all the way inside her snatch, blue-leather shoes and all.

Withdrawing her hand with a needy groan and leaving him to kick and punch and scream, fighting against the stretchy, encompassing flesh. Betty licked some of the fluids from her fingers, eyeing the passers-by from the dingy alley with a hungry stare. Her wings unfurled, brushing the sides of the buildings as she grew steadily, brushing fifteen feet. The poor gecko inside her pussy left to fend against the growing onslaught of fluids and seemingly never-ending walls of ribbed flesh. Betty licked her scaled lips, and listened to her flat belly – the gecko completely hidden, not even a bulge – growl one last time, before stepping out onto the street and snatching up the first two people within reach, a bunny, dressed in a playboy skirt in one hand, and a seven foot Maasi human in her other, his skin as black as the seven inch ebony claws pressing lightly against his muscled body.

With barely a second glance, she hefted the screaming bunny higher and pushed her into her mouth, pushing her further back across the saliva covered tongue until her thrashing head nudged the back of Betty's throat. The crowds stared in horror at the bunny legs kicking frantically between the dragon's lips; Betty savoured the flavour for just a moment, gulping with an audible *gluck* she pulled the bunny further into her mouth and down her throat and in a few, wet, swallows, the bunny's toes vanished past her lips and joined the bulge in her throat as it slid down, finally vanishing behind her tightly stretched t-shirt.

With barely time to pause for breath, she lifted up the human, watching him punch at her hands. After a moment's thought she grew again, her top finally giving out and tearing itself to shreds, falling down around her, her breasts bounced free as she hit twenty feet, now filling most of the street, causing cars to stop and people to duck her swaying tail. She grinned at the Maasi, who froze, looking into her predatory gaze.

"Mmm, over the teeth" she spread her lips, showing off the blunt, thick fangs "past the gums" She moved him closer, his face only inches from her lips, the scent of rabbit still on her breath "Wai-" was all the giant of a human managed to say, before his entire upper body vanished between her soft pink lips; too hungry to savour him, she immediately swallowed, a thick *shluck* audible even to the pedestrians keeping a terrified, yet enthralled, distance. The first swallow brought his knees to rest on her bottom lip, and she smiled at the crowd around her before pushing on his feet with a single finger, slowly sliding him into her mouth and down her throat until a final, reflexive swallow took him completely.

"Ahh, look out belly, here he comes! Urrrp!" she belched cutely, before lunging at the crowd, flopping heavily onto the street, atop half a dozen people, bringing her arms together in a hoop and trapping half a dozen more "Ohhhh!" Betty gave a lustful, drawn out sigh, feeling people squirming beneath her body, pushing against her breasts and thrashing inside her.

Careful not to give her captives any avenue of escape, the dragoness changed position to sit, cross legged in the road, trapped the dozen furs and humans in the paddock created between her legs. Smiling down at them, most only barely able to see over her thighs, the tips of her wings glowed with power, and she grew again, her flesh rubbing against her new toys as she expanded upwards to thirty feet, her knees brushing the building on each side of the road and her massive tail, the base easily as thick as a small house, trailed down the road between stopped cars, the tip twitching excitedly. "Oh you guys have no idea how long I've wanted to do this!" she addressed the shouting huddle between her legs, already feeling a few tickling sensations as one or two inadvertently got pushed against her moist sex. Slipping her fingers down into the crowd, careful not to squash any of the hand-sized beings, she crowded them together and slowly inched her hands closer to her body, making their space smaller and smaller, and forcing them to huddle closer the heat emanating from her groin. When she only needed one hand to keep them trapped, Betty leaned back on the other hand, and spread her legs wide, revealing the whole of her six foot- slightly gaping sex, beads of femme-cum the size of tennis balls oozing down her engorged lips.

Betty kept moving her hand, slow enough to not shove them around, and was finally rewarded with several limbs pushing frantically at her groin and thighs; but she didn't stop there, and continued to push; real screams of terror and pleas for mercy as she began to slowly, tauntingly, force the group inside, the ones furthest away shoving the others inside to try and escape her hand, until finally her fingers pushed against her drooling labia, feeling a dozen limbs beat at her fingers and try to push past. She slid her fingers inside, pushing the thrashing crowd as deep as possible, before drawing her slicked fingers back out with a needy groan, the feeling of so many fighting for their lives in her cunt turning her on like nothing she had ever fantasized. Moving quickly, she used her new height to run down crowds of fleeing people, trapping them between her legs and jamming them deep into her drooling sex. Eventually she stopped sitting down, simply scooping up several people and cramming them up her drooling snatch where she stood.

Well over a hundred bystanders found themselves battling against twitching walls of soft, slick flesh, crammed against each other, the first few found themselves pressed immobile into the sticky flesh at the very base of her pussy, and still she stuffed more inside herself until finally she could barely fit her fingers in alongside the squirming mass and her stomach was visibly distended several feet; less than a month's pregnancy but enough to hint at just how full she was. Betty stopped and smiled, spying something appealing on the ground nearby. She covered the hundred or so meters in a few steps and, keeping a hand clapped over her bulging mound to hold in her toys; bending over she grabbed the minibus and lifted the multi-tonne weight with ease. The dragoness bent at the knees as she lifted it higher, and by the time she saw the people huddled inside, she was squatting and balancing on her toes, thick drops of juice oozing around her fingers and falling to the ground.

Moving the vehicle carefully now to avoid damaging its occupants, she returned it to the ground to the relief of the passengers; but placed it on its rear, effectively locking the escape door. The occupants fell about in confusion for a moment, before looking out of the front windscreen and collectively screaming with horror at the flexing pucker slowly descending towards them, blotting out the sky as Betty's rear lowered. Crouching on her toes to keep her balance, Betty kept one hand held over her dripping sex, feeling the dozens of people squirming against her fingers, and the thumb and forefinger of her other hand around the sides of the minibus, holding all the doors shut. With a sharp gasp of delight at the coldness, Betty's tailhole settled on the front bumper for a moment before the constant pressure of her weight stretched the relaxed muscle. Her rear lowered teasingly slowly, and her anus stretched easily around the width of the minibus; leaving the trapped occupants to pound on the windows and scream for help, or watch as the slightly greasy ring slid lower and spread – almost *oozing* – over the front windshield and revealing the dark tunnel beyond.

"Ahhhh!" Betty sighed in sheer pleasure as she sat lower and lower onto the minibus, pushing slightly as it sank deeper, removing her fingers from the doors when her buttocks pressed close enough to hold them shut and instead using her free hand to push against the ground behind her, steadying herself. Stunned passers-by could only watch as the hunched up dragon-girl gingerly lowered herself down, round buttocks creeping around the minibus and slowly obscuring it. The more observant noticed the poor victims inside the bus hammering on the rear windows or staring upwards in horror as the rippled bowels flexed and shifted, stretching and shifting to allow the vehicle deeper and deeper, foot thick strands of mucus-like fluids forming as the folds of flesh moved apart. The group of university students inside could only watch in terror as the thick tailhole inched steadily lower and lower, covering the windows in a thin layer of grease. Betty sighed longingly as, with a slight shuffle of her buttocks, she settled onto the ground with her anus clenching lightly around the rear end of the minibus, her buttocks completely obscured what little was left outside her body and she rocked back slightly, lifting up just enough to slide her juices-slicked hand further round, tucking a finger underneath and slipping it beneath the minibus; she started to push and slowly ease it deeper until the twitching ring of muscle crept over the rim and started to squeeze closed, tugging the minibus and its stranded victims deeper. Satisfied her latest toy was going nowhere but deeper the dragoness rocked all the way back to lie down in the street – accidentally crushing a small car in the process – both hands reached between her legs and started to rub furiously, creating wet squelching and sloshing as she pushed as many fingers into her sex as possible, pushing her hundred or more victims deeper, drenching them in an increasing torrent of fluids and pressing them even harder together with muscular spasms that ran the entire length of her canal. One of the bystanders, braver than the rest, crept closer and stood beside her tail; he pulled out his phone and recorded the sight of limbs frantically waving out around her constantly shifting fingers and, more disturbingly, the terrified students desperately pounding on the rear window of their minibus as her tailhole slowly clenched shut in soft pulses, finally squeezing closed completely and sealing the vehicle entirely within her rectum. To the rough edges of the minibus drag against her insides, the wonderfully indescribable sensation of it settling into place inside her, was

enough to finally push her over the edge and she stuffed her fingers as deep as possible. She reached down and pushed her index finger into her anus, pushing the minibus as deep as she could reach and trying to draw out her orgasm as long as possible; feeling the final twinges of satisfaction ripple through her sex like orgasmic sparks of electricity, before finally giving a light shudder and relaxing, pulling her fingers out and sighing, letting the recording man see her labia squeezing tightly together, holding the crowd of people tightly inside and letting out only a small trickle of femme-cum.

Betty groaned and sat up, tucking her legs beneath her and leaning on one arm she glanced around, noticing she had subconsciously grown another five feet. Her eyes widened in shock as the minibus suddenly rumbled into life and drove itself deeper into her bowels before suddenly stopping. Huffing in mild annoyance the dragoness licked her fingers clean, her abnormally long tongue – easily nine inches at her regular size – coiled around each finger several times before slurping back into her maw.

“Hmm, what to do, what to do? That was fun, but you just aren’t enough” she stroked her faintly bulging abdomen lightly, feeling the frantic, half drowned people squirming in desperation; as if in response her stomach grumbled and, with a knowing smile, Betty returned to her original position, sat against a nearby building with her knees up. She relaxed and with a sickeningly sticky *Squ-orch* her pussy finally gave up its toys, the dozens of exhausted, sticky people surged out of her cunt in a wave of warm fluids to lie in a barely moving pile between her legs – those still largely active quickly pinned by the less conscious ones from deeper within the cloying heat of the dragon’s nethers. Despite her new size, the enormous pile of cum-soaked people looked too big to have fitted so completely within her loins; when the majority were free – she didn’t bother to check if anybody was still trapped deep down by her cervix – Betty moved onto her hands and feet, giving a reassuring smile at her victims, before leaning down and taking a large mouthful of the pile; careful not to hurt anyone she pulled as many into her mouth as she could fit, and tilted her head back like a crocodile, gulping at the same time forcing onlookers to listen to the clearly audible *gluck* and faint bulge as it travelled down her throat and vanished into her body. Barely pausing for breath she repeated the motion and in less than five minutes the limp crowd so recently freed from the dripping, burning prison of her pussy found them-selves entombed in a new hell, the sweltering, much smaller, cave of her belly. Unwilling to lap at the sticky road like an animal, Betty used her tongue, reaching out with the massive ten foot appendage to coil around the last few cum-covered people, snaring the few that had struggled to their feet and begun to run and pulling them kicking and screaming past her ruby red lips and sending them into the writhing mass in her belly.

Belching cutely, Betty climbed to her feet and looked around; noticing with surprise she now towered at a good sixty feet. She began to meander across the city, reaching down and scooping up a dozen people at once with a single hand, then swallowing them en masse or slipping them, one at a time, between her slightly swollen, drooling lips; slowly but surely filling herself up once again. Although she tried not to, at her gargantuan size stepping on people and vehicles was almost inevitable – and the dragoness found a certain pleasure in that power, feeling a two tonne car collapse beneath her feet, or having a muscular fox squirm between her toes. Apparently someone had finally contacted the police, and at various intervals one of the particularly stocky cars screeched to a halt some distance away. Once discovering they didn’t squash as easily as other cars, Betty tried something new; she snatched up the cop-car at, without giving a thought to the people already trapped, shoved it roughly up her sex, the boxlike vehicle vanishing with a wet *shlorp* and the police immediately threw the car into reverse, much to a delighted Betty’s pleasure; she took care from then on to pick out the occupied – or simply pleasingly shaped – vehicles and cram them in alongside the handfuls of people squirming against the colossal, but sensitive, walls of her vagina. Over several hours an uncountable number of cars and people vanished between one set of drooling

lips or another; and by the time she stopped her rampage outside the fairground her belly had a pleasant stretch to it, bulging out enough that stroking it as she walked became comfortable.

Betty stepped over the fairground walls, thick globs of vaginal fluids dripping to the ground and trapping people in its sticky grip; the muffled crunching of metal on metal, and terrified screams resounded from beneath her stretched scales with each step, the sensation and sound only making the giantess smile wistfully as she stopped and dropped to her knees beside the rollercoaster. Seven tubular carts, each roughly six feet long and packed with six people each rumbled around the long track; the operator had fled several minutes back and the unfortunate passengers could only scream at the sight of a sixty foot naked dragoness looking at them as they hurtled around yet again. "Hey, you guys look just like hotdogs...let me show you a magic trick Connor likes" she smiled and looked over the track, before smashing a huge section out of the way. Crawling into position, she placed her lips near the end of the track and licked her lips at the oncoming coaster. Her mouth yawned wide, and the passengers screamed in horror as the front cart left the tracks, flying over her tongue and towards the back of her mouth; Betty relaxed her throat muscles and the forward momentum of the chain of cars sent it sliding smoothly straight down her gullet, smeared with saliva as it ran over her tongue and vanishing into the soft, flexible tube of her throat. She brought her teeth together with a sharp clack behind the last coaster, and gulped heartily, feeling the metal wheels slide effortlessly across her tongue and down her throat sending sixteen tonnes of metal and forty two additional furs and humans to join the stew in the boiling cauldron of her stomach.

Betty sat up and rubbed her stomach happily, belching cutely and licking her lips "scuse me. Ooh! Naughty people!" she exclaimed, feeling the minibus wedged deep in her bowels kick into reverse and try to carefully pull itself out.

"Don't you know it's rude to interrupt a lady's meal? I'm going to have to punish you now" Betty stood and walked back into the city, towards a building she had been eyeing for a while now; it stood at roughly thirty feet, reaching the dragoness' hips, and had a smooth dome on top. Moving quicker as she felt the vehicle start to shift, Betty straddled the large structure and paused only long enough to smear the top with pussy fluids, before guiding the tip between her buttocks, and roughly pushing down, swallowing ten feet with stunning ease.

Inside the minibus the students had managed to get the car lights working and, forcefully not looking at the fleshy walls pressing at the windows or the ominously pulsing tunnel in front of them – fortunately clenched shut for now – attempted to call for help.

"I've got through!"

"Really? Fantastic, tell them where we are"

"Oh god, please just get us out! I don't want to die up someone's ass!"

"He-hello? Can you hear me? I said can you hear me! Oh thank god! We're in her ass! Yes the giant dragon...with the large breasts? Oh for god sake how can you not see her! Please! We've been here for-"

"What is that! Is that...a roof?!"

The students watched in horror as a domed roof slowly edged through the rippling folds of pink flesh, knocking against the rear of the car with enough force to knock the phone from the wolf's hand.

"Oh god no! We're going deeper"

"No-no-no please no!" The wheels spun uselessly against the slick flesh of Betty's innards, and only caused a distant, rumbling groan of pleasure as the scraped deeper and deeper, and the minivan stuffed deeper by the intruding building. The students could only watch in horror as thick pink flesh slid past the windows and the tunnel ahead slowly opened amid wet squelches to allow them to sink ever deeper into the bowels of the great dragoness.

Betty grew slowly to seventy feet as she slid down over the smooth, marbled building. Her face scrunched up in something akin to a wince of pain as she twisted her hips slightly, forcing in the last few meters until she sat snugly on the ground with a building almost half her height entirely buried in her ass; with a drawn out sigh of pleasure she leant back slowly. At first her stomach just beneath her ribs bulged out over the hard stone structure; but with a loud crunch the base gave out, and the bulge sank back inside her body as she tore the building from the ground simply with the weight of her lying down. As before, onlookers were treated to the awesome sight of her thick, moist pucker twitching and squeezing closed in flexing pulses, slowly sealing the entire thirty foot building into her bowels.

Somewhere a loud clock chimed 4pm and Betty's eyes flew open. "Four? That means...." The tip of her tongue flicked out and over her lips as she relaxed, her tailhole stretching open around the bottom of the building again.

Amid the occasional wet fart, she slowly pushed the huge building back out of her ass, the slime-covered structure sliding over the scales of her tail until her anus squeezed shut behind the roof, pushing the entire, anal lubrication-dripping building out; it balanced for a moment on her tail, before sliding off onto the ground several meters below. Betty sighed with longing at the sudden emptiness in her bowels, but satisfied the building had done its job of pushing the minibus irretrievably deep. Without a second glance down at the sticky building, she climbed to her feet and walked off; behind her the world's luckiest office workers limply crawled out of the windows and pushed through the foot-thick layer of slime coating the whole building, massive cracks ran the structure's entire length, but the fact it was not rubble stood a testament to Betty's care with her playthings.

Striding through the city streets Betty scooped up handfuls of fleeing people or vehicles, no longer caring if they were trucks or cars or busses full of people, only that they vanished over her fangs, or joined the sticky, squirming mass deep in her pussy. Occasionally she would pause and bend over, treating nearby news-helicopters to a view of her huge drooling sex, lips twitching and clenching tightly together, holding countless lives within; Betty would press her massive, ebony claws into the building and easily push through the brickwork. After getting a solid grip, only a few pulls were needed to uproot the building, which soared nearly eighty feet into the sky above Betty's gaping jaws; she used a thumb to smash holes into the sides of the building, letting the dozens of occupants tumble out and into her mouth. She never chewed and was always careful to keep her blunt, if car-sized, teeth out of the way and swallow the mass of people and office or household items whole; sending printers, computers and cookers down to her belly alongside the struggling people. She would then toss the multi-tonne structure aside like an empty packet and move on.

In time Betty reached the outskirts of town, moving in a destructive, deadly beeline for the damn between two mountains. Less than a hundred meters from the last house, the forty meter dam rose almost vertically, with tunnels bored into the mountains on either side; atop the dam ran a train-track, and this was what had attracted the gluttonous dragoness. She walked over and swung a leg over the dam and plunged it into the cool water on the other side as she straddled the thick concrete wall. Almost immediately the weaker wooden struts of the train-track gave out beneath her weight and as she lay forwards, the construct collapsed beneath her, leaving her swollen middle to squish and press against the concrete; warmed on one side by the setting sun, and cooled on the other by the deliciously cool dam-water. The struts lifted the track about nine feet off the concrete bedding, and the uncrushed end pointed directly at her clenched tailhole.

Almost immediately Betty heard a distance chime that repeated six times, followed by a distant rumbling; she cocked her tail, lifting the thick muscular appendage up and over her back. She reached back with both hands and grabbed her buttocks, panting in anticipation as she spread herself.

"The main track is closed, please use the second" Betty called out in a light voice, imitating the intercom system as a train hurtled out of the tunnel at full speed.

"WHOOAWW!" she screamed out as the first two cars, each a good nine feet long and six tall, buried themselves entirely into her ass. Unable to stop, and only slowed by the rippling flesh of her bowels, the remaining cars still touching the track continued to drive forwards; slowly sliding deeper into her bowels amid thick squelching and gurgling and farts as air was dragged in alongside the rough vehicles, only to bubble back out moments later. Betty simply lay atop the dam, legs arms and breasts draped over either side of the wall and her wings stretched out a little to keep her balance; tongue lolling she groaned and moaned as train-car after car slowly smudged itself between her buttocks, through her naturally greasy tailhole and slid deep into the clenching humid depths of her bowels. By the fourth car, the front had bumped up against the minibus; driver and student unable to do anything except stare at one another in horror as the pulsing, rippling walls oozed past and around them and listen to the sickeningly lewd squishing and squelching, and the distant moaning of their captor and, above it all, the rhythmic encompassing throb of her heartbeat.

She didn't bother to count the cars, instead focusing on her growing pleasure and the frantic screams of the train's passengers as they beat on the windows and discovered the doors remained locked, and the train in motion – as long as the wheels remained on the track. As yet another car inched itself tauntingly slowly into her bowels, a loudspeaker drew her attention.

"OY GIANT! GIT O'ER ERE!" too drunk with lust for the moment, Betty obliged standing up and climbing back over the wall, the final two cars emitting pained screams as its occupants found themselves upended as the cars began to sway beneath her buttocks. Looking down she spied the voice, a figure clad in a blocky suit of rusty-iron and standing atop a small car covered in painful looking spikes.

"What the hell do you want?" Betty grumbled in annoyance at being disturbed, a hand reaching back to play with the remaining train cars, slowly working the next one inside. Her swollen belly showing clear, square bulges as almost a dozen large train-cars snaked through her intestines.

"OIM A GIANT 'UNTER!" The feminine voice called out again, amplified by a loudspeaker "LOCH YEH CAN SEE, AAM SAFE FRAE ANYTHIN' YEH'LL DAE, YEH CANNAE 'URT ME" Betty shuddered slightly as her tailhole squeezed closed around another car and with a muffled, wet, grinding of metal the bulges in her belly slid around as they settled into place, pulling the final car tightly against her clenched, obscuring the front end with squishy muscle or pink scaled buttocks.

"LIT EM ALL OWT AN' COME QUIETLY" the figure paused "STARTIN' WI' 'AT TRAIN". Betty smiled sweetly and turned around; bending over and down so that her buttocks naturally spread wider and the 'giant hunter' had a clear view of the last train-car and its frantic, terrified passengers.

"What? This train?" Betty looked over her shoulder at the vehicle and robot-woman-figure with a coy smirk, before clenching. With most of the train stuffed inside, the peristaltic clenching of her anus and rectum was enough to suck the remaining car inside, albeit slowly; forcing the passengers and hunter to watch as her tailhole crept further down the train until with a lewd schlock, a final clench dragged the whole thing inside, rippling muscles tugging it a little deeper and settling it nicely throughout her lower bowels and intestines. The figure stared at her tightly clenched tailhole for a moment before Betty straightened, her buttocks coming together and completely sealing the train in darkness, the lengths of moist flesh illuminated only by the trains emergency lighting.

"THERE WERE SEVEN HUN'ERED PASSENGERS ON 'AT TRAIN" Betty moaned blissfully, correcting her "Correction, there *are* seven hundred people on the train, they've still got several hours before they run out of air up there....if the train holds up that long" as the figure stood in stunned silence, the dragoness reached over and gripped a nearby tree, rocking it with loud creaks and cracks and finally uprooting it. The figure lifted the microphone to its mouth and Betty quickly interrupted "Uh-uh, be quiet now little person" without warning she held the tree by its branches and swung it hard, smashing the base into car and person, and sending the pair hurtling through the air and out of sight. "God that person was annoying!" Betty exclaimed, dropping the tree and gently stroking her

fingers over her taunt, scaled belly, the square edges of some of the train-cars had already crumpled into a smoother, rounder shape, and every single movement slid the metallic mass around in her bowels. Coupled with the pleasure of so much motion in her pussy and belly and the simply thought of over a thousand people thrashing around inside her body, viscous fluids trickled freely down her thighs as Betty felt her body warm up with pleasure, bringing herself towards orgasm simply by stroking her stretched stomach.

It still wasn't enough though, and the pink dragon glanced around for something more to use; her gaze drawn almost inexorably skyward, towards a small black blip moving across the burning amber sunset. Spreading her colossal wings wide, Betty crouched before launching herself into the air with a single great *woosh* of air. Powerfully muscular wings beat in synchrony, propelling her higher and faster; and sticky fluids oozed from her nethers, forming large drops that fell to earth, smothering cars and soaking houses in the thick, cloying scent of sex. By the time Betty caught up to the plane the sun had all but set, just a thin sliver of flaming red on the horizon; and the pilot never saw her until she grabbed the plane. Excitedly, Betty noticed the familiar insignia on the hull indicated Economy class, meaning that within the thirty foot object sat well over three hundred people, huddled together like sardines. Spreading her wings like an eagle, the seventy foot dragoness flew in wide, lazy circles slowly down to the ground; focusing solely on her new toy. Without warning she grabbed the wings and easily tore the aluminium apart, tossing the useless – to her – protrusions away and using a thumb to push the jagged edges flat. Still in flight she now moved the crippled plane beneath her and rubbed the smooth, cool cockpit against her drooling slit, smearing the front in lubrication and treating the pilots to her thick mound sliding over the windscreen as well as a brief glimpse of the rear end of the train as she relaxed and her anus winked open momentarily. Satisfied the plane was sufficiently lubricated, she pushed the plane against her sex, slowly sliding it in and forcing her older 'guests' deeper or harder into the squishy walls. The plane sunk in easily at first, and then slower and slower as its width grew to almost twenty feet; Betty continued to push, and tourists could only watch as the front of the plane slowly darkened and thick, wet pink flesh crept past their windows. With a lewd shlurk, Betty eased the thickest part of the plane past her drooling lips, and a quarter of the plane dragged itself up her twitching snatch "Ohhh fuuck!" Betty gave a hysterical giggle as her engorged labia settled around the thinner rear of the plane, less than a quarter left outside.

She flew a little longer, leaving the plane as it was, before finally coming to a land on a large mountain plateau; immediately she rolled onto her back and gripped the slick end of the plane, roughly sliding it in and out as hard as she could, grunting moans of pleasure and occasionally talking filth to herself, or teasing her toys. For almost an hour she pounded herself with the plane, desperately bringing herself to orgasm, gasping and groaning with need; in the darkness she finally screamed out her pleasure. Using both hands she stuffed the plane as deep as she could, the lumpy tailfins crammed crudely up her dripping snatch; she squeezed her lips together with one hand, and kneaded her breast roughly with the other as her back arched and her muscles tightened, the multitude of metal creaking and grinding inside her body as powerful muscles squeezed unbearably tightly. Betty howled in total bestial lust, before collapsing in exhaustion onto the floor, her hands fell limply to her sides and her pussy lips remained together, the plane trapped deep within, along with almost an entire city.

"Now *that* is what I needed".

WARNING -: unpleasantness coming up, scat/ implied fatality. Feel free to end just above

Once recovered from her orgasm, Betty returned to the skies, heading home. As she flew, the tips of her wings glowed and she slowly began to shrink. Her pussy and bowels growing tighter and tighter around the vehicles trapped within; the metal screeched and groaned in protest, before finally giving out and collapsing. Her tight anal ring kept the train securely trapped in her ass, but the end of the plane kept sliding out of her increasingly small, but looser, snatch; forcing her to stuff it back inside until eventually she just flew with her legs tightly pressed together. Deep inside her bowels, close to her small intestines, the minibus was entirely immersed in shit, and as the students watched and noticed a tyre here, a skull there, a car bumper over there they realised the mass of claylike crap was entirely from the people Betty had spent the day devouring. The group shuddered collectively as the muffled, wet sound of the plane crumpling reached them, and one female burst into tears at the much louder sound of the train collapsing just behind them; as the shit slowly oozed past them, squelching down over the remains of the train and any survivors, the group were faced with the final horror of seemingly sinking even deeper, just as the roof began to buckle.

The oozing trickle of fluids running down her legs and dripping to the ground began to bear tinges of red, and eventually all movement inside Betty stopped, save for the constant, muffled crunching of metal. At fifty feet her belly lost all bulges, becoming a compact, dense sphere and at twenty feet the dragoness was forced to land, no longer able to carry the tonnage of metal and people inside her. Crouching in the field she stopped in, Betty relaxed her body and to her surprise released a torrent of urine first, turning the ground to sludge-like mire. With a drawn out groan of satisfaction, her anus gaped open and released a pile of shit, blocked for a moment before oozing out around the wreckage of the train as it slowly squelched free from her bowels crushing grip. Finally her snatch released its toys and her lips spread wide to release a sticky, compacted, vaguely phallic shaped mess of crushed vehicles and people; it fell to the floor and held its shape, looking almost like a giant, cum-stickied dildo.

With her body emptied, Betty cast a wistful glance at the nearby herd of cows, before launching back into the air and flying home, shrinking as she went.

“Hey Betty, how was your day?” Connor called out from the lounge, and the six foot dragoness walked happily in, leaning over the back of the sofa to nuzzle against his neck and smother him with kisses.

“Mmm, it was....great. But I’m going to go and have a bath now. Feel free to come and join me in a little while” She kissed his nose and straightened, walking into the bathroom and turning on the taps. She sat on the toilet and stuck two fingers up her pussy, pushing at the same time; with a wet splorch she pulled something out and held it up to the light.

“Oh yes....a *great* day” she smiled at the blue-leather shoe as it dripped thick globs of sticky fluids.