

A strange blue craft, the size of a large dog, floated in amiable silence through the air, as though it were water; bobbing gently up and down and swaying like a ship at sea as it moved between the tall pillars of concrete and glass scanning every organism it came across, from the large elephant and the two beings with frantic heartbeats apparently concealed within him to the tiny meat-bug hiding in the spaces between a hot pan and the stove. Above the glare of streetlamps it moved, invisible against the night sky as it almost seemed to stalk two beings; one a pleasingly pink pile of malnourished skin and bones, clad in a black top with a white human skull printed on the front and simple baggy jeans, the other stood several feet taller, a muscular construct of soft brown hair stuffed into a business suit that moved with a sense of embarrassment, as though the world were watching.

The craft tailed the pair, with interest; bobbing as nonchalantly as always but somehow with a sense of intent, following the two beings as they walked in one another's company without ever noticing the other. For several streets the blue machine bobbed alone in the sky behind and above the pink creature as it followed the suited one, even daring to swoop down for a closer look at the pair. The thin, pathetic being looked exhausted and ragged but somehow held a spark of power in its eyes, a sense that it was somehow better than others; while the taller, muscular and all-round better fed creature in front seemed to be doing all in its power to become smaller and less noticeable, it almost seemed apologetic for simply walking down the near-empty street and was a hair's breadth from wincing in apology every time its foot clopped against the tarmac floor. The surrounding pillars of concrete, glass and brick grew grimy and grubby, replete with strange swirling marking and blotches of black attempting to cover up the writing, before the pair finally entered the same building and climbed into the same elevator; somehow standing less than a foot from one another and still not paying the other the slightest bit of attention. The tired, haggard looking pig got off a floor below the horse, stumbled down the hallway and through her apartment door to collapse in exhaustion on the bed, too tired to even bother looking through the undoubtedly empty fridge for something to eat; on the floor above the horse exited the lift and walked down the hall, almost mirroring the pig's steps as he entered his own room, directly above the pig, before stripping off, stretching tiredly and falling onto his sofa. Neither noticed the small blue craft hovering between both floors, floating with unconstrained delight; its engines gave a chuckling whirr as it gently bathed both creatures in a strangely menacing yellowish sound, deep into the night.

Connor woke to the sound of faint screaming, distant sirens and the unmistakeable final crunches of a recently demolished building as the final remnants of a wall fell. Most bizarrely he heard slightly short of breath panting from somewhere above him; as he opened his eyes the first thing he noticed was a distinct lack of roof above him before a huge mass of pink moved into view and blocked off the strange appearance of cloudy sky on his ceiling.

"Good morning sleepy!" A deep, joyous feminine voice chuckled "I'm surprised you didn't wake up when I moved you"

"Uh, wha-morn-ing?" The tired horse blinked a bit and yawned, before her words sunk in and choked off the yawn, his entire body tensing with fear

“moved me? Am I being kidnapped? Have I been kidnapped?” The distant screaming finally began to register in Connor’s ear, and he swiftly sat up, head-butting the soft pink wall and making the bodiless voice give a tickled giggle

“Mmm, as much as I’ve fantasized about it over the years no, I haven’t kidnapped you, I mean when I moved you *off* me” The pink mass moved back coupled with a few loud thuds, and Connor realised with a start it was the pig-girl who lived on the floor below; They hadn’t ever really spoken in what must have been years of living in the same building, but he was sure he saw her in the lift last night, and somehow she had gained a tremendous amount of weight overnight. Where he could once see her pelvis jutting through the thin pink skin, now rolls of fat rippled and jiggled slightly with every word and her newly enormous breasts heaved with every breathy pant. Her thighs were easily as thick as his own muscled leg, and he couldn’t see a single trace of muscle or bone, just roll after roll of soft flesh, hypnotically rippling and moving faintly in the breeze and with every step and word.

“As much as I loved cuddling you close, I really wanted to try out this new body and explore a little so....sorry about your office” she chuckled again and stepped to the side revealing an even bigger shock to the stunned horse. His *office* was the demolished building he heard collapsing! The far wall was still standing to the second floor, but the rest of the three story building was gone; leaving an uncannily small amount of rubble. Even stranger was the total lack of onlookers or fire engines; the sirens in the distance should have arrived by then but they sounded like police anyway. Suddenly his entire body jerked and he gaped in astonishment at having not noticed sooner; his mind flicked back to the office e-mail meme ‘when you see it you’ll shit bricks’ pictures floating around as he realised he was looking at where the second floor should have been, *at eye level*. Looking around with astonishment it dawned on Connor that he was as tall as a four story building now, and the pig looked to be slightly taller than that, and substantially wider.

“Chloe isn’t it?” Connor struggled to remember the pig’s name, a soft smile spreading across her lips told him he was right

“You live in the apartment below me right? Did you...did you make us like this? How? What happened?” He grew nearly incoherent with shock and physically couldn’t stop himself speaking until Chloe stepped closer; bending down and deliberately lowering her softly swaying breasts down past his wide eyes to press a thick, warm finger against his lips, stifling his voice and indicating to the rubble he sat in with her free hand

“Lived, I think it’s fair to assume I won’t be squeezing underneath you and that rubble to sleep anymore hmm? I didn’t do anything, I woke up like this with you lying on top of me; I wandered off to explore and your snorting drew me back” she chuckled softly and straightened, while Connor tried desperately to not glance down from her murky green eyes.

“Have fun Connor, I know I will...” She batted her eyelashes knowingly and turned to walk away, deliberately swaying her massive rump and thick thighs to draw the equine’s attention as she moved, seemingly without care for the normal sized people fleeing beneath her and the cars she crushed to dust beneath her soft pink feet. Connor watched, feeling an embarrassing stir in his loins that was made even more humiliating by his total lack of clothing; in an attempt to shuffle and conceal his increasingly swollen length he felt rubble grind beneath him, and in attempting to

apologise to no one in particular failed to see the oddly tampon-shaped rope dangling from Chloe's buttocks.

She had woken an hour or so earlier, smiling softly at a deliciously warm weight settled atop her; and slowly opened her eyes to see her fantasy come true. Snoring slightly, firmly wrapped in her embrace slept Connor. The large equine felt even more muscular and simply *edible* than she'd imagined. Closing her eyes again, Chloe let a smile spread on her face before the sight of blue sky and annoyingly loud fire-engines sunk in and her eyes snapped open again. She glanced around and quickly took in the demolished block of flats beneath, around and on her; and saw the toy-sized fire-engine desperately trying to rouse the strangely gigantic pair. Gently easing Connor off herself and slipping out, she noted the oddly heavy sensation of her arms and face; and almost cheered with glee when she glanced down and found herself unable to see her feet for breasts and belly. After a few long minutes exploring her gorgeously thick new body, pressing the supple flesh and squeezing her huge buttocks she finally turned her attention to the tiny people and quaint little fire truck. She had to kneel down on the ground – distracting several onlookers as her blubbery body swayed and jiggled beneath her – before she could make out their voices. According to the guy on top of the truck, several panicked distress calls had been made by the previous residents of her block of flats; from *inside* her body. Horror crossed her face as she paused and concentrated, suddenly detecting tiny flickers of movement from within her ass. Immediately she turned and lowered her rear, cheeks spreading slightly as she shifted, revealing the moist, darker pink ring of muscle nestled within; as a fireman walked closer something snapped within Chloe as she remembered all the years of malnutrition, working her ass off for next to nothing while the people on the floors below glanced down at her small, emaciated pig-body with disdain.

“Well...let's just chalk it up to natural selection hmm?” a tone of cruelty crept into her voice as she realised now *she* was the one looking down on everyone, *she* was the one with all the power, *she* held those ‘high and mighty’ jerks’ lives in her ass and now she was living her own private fantasy “and while you're here, why don't I select *you*?” she chuckled, reaching back to grab the fire engine and deliberately giving the firemen enough time to dive back inside and lock the doors. Metal screeched on metal as she pulled the vehicle towards her, overpowering the brakes and steadily drawing the flat rear towards her own, smooth and colossal rump. Although large even compared to her gigantic flabby stature, the truck was nothing new to the girl. Chloe liked to call herself something of a size-queen; and lost amidst the rubble below the focus of her dreams or perhaps lodged deep in her bowels lay huge lumps of rubber, some phallic and some novelty, even one – her favourite – a same sized replica of a praying fox, with a faint ring of slightly deeper purple around the very base that indicated just how deep she took it....and how often; frequently giving the rubbery lump a voice and pretending he was begging for help as she slowly sunk herself down over his entire body, trapping him deep within her ass. The pig spat on the fingers of her free hand, and quickly rubbed the saliva between her buttocks, lubricating the fleshy pucker seconds before she brought the large end of the truck to press gently against it; the rumbling engine turned the entire vehicle into little more than a vibrator for Chloe, and the thought of the people trapped within her and the fire-engine made her smile lustfully as the thick, blocky rear slipped almost effortlessly inside. Her oversized anus, thickened and stretched by years of near-people sized dildos, twitched hungrily around the square truck, flexing eagerly almost as if to tug the truck from her grip. Ignoring

the worried firemen trapped in the front seats by her fingers, she quickly stuffed the truck deeper and deeper; sliding the vehicle almost effortlessly straight into her bowels. As the ferociously spinning rear wheels lifted from the ground and vanished through the moist ring of muscle she pressed the front bumper hard into the ground, gouging the concrete of the street as she sat backwards onto her makeshift dildo; roughly stuffing the truck deeper and deeper until the entire thing vanished into her depths with a moist, sucking slurp. In a last ditch effort, the fireman threw the hose forwards out of her fast closing pucker, managing to trail a long line of rope from her ass in the hopes of rescue. With a sigh, Chloe patted her buttocks, setting the fat rippling as she stood up and returned to Connor's side as he awoke

Now she walked back into the heart of the city, smiling faintly to herself as Connor's confused whimpering faded away. The sensation of cars, and hopefully some of the jerks who never looked once at her, crushing beneath her thick feet and colossal weight began to turn Chloe on. At first the pig-girl tried to conceal her lust, hunching her shoulders slightly to draw less attention to the nipples jutting proudly from her breasts and walking with thighs pressed tightly together – although given her new girth her thighs couldn't really do anything *except* rub together – to hide the growing moistness between her legs. After moving straight through several streets, demolishing anything in her path, it occurred to Chloe that there wasn't exactly anything anyone could do; with a short laugh the giant pig threw her head back and revelled in the hot sun on her skin, stretching as she walked and deciding not to care who saw what. The truck lodged deep in her ass still rumbled, and its wheels still spun uselessly against her bowel walls. Somewhere just above the truck she could still feel the unprotected denizens of her flat struggling for their lives, and she couldn't resist giving her hips a little shake, feeling her body squish and slide around the sharp edges of the fire-engine and work it a little deeper, tugging a few metres of their lifeline fire-hose up her ass as she walked. By the time Chloe reached her old workplace, the hose had vanished, the nozzle pinned beneath her vast buttocks and only a few tight clenches from following the truck up into her colon.

"Hey guys, sorry I'm late" Chloe sneered, smashing her thumb and three thick fingers into the roof of the building and literally lifting the roof off, tearing it aside like a banana skin just in time to see her co-workers try to hide beneath the tables. Tables covered in lunchboxes she noticed with anger

"Oh, you guys were about to eat? Me too" several of the women screamed at her venomous tone as a fat hand dived into the building, smashing walls and knocking over tables as she – surprisingly gently – scooped up every single one of her co-workers in her hands and lifted them high into the air

"Heya Claire, do you know you never paid me back when I bought your lunch in for you? And you couldn't even *spare* an apple yesterday?" Chloe's boss pressed herself backwards into the fleshy palm, caught between the horror of the situation and the impossibility of the pig-girl's new size and weight. Fortunately she didn't have long to contemplate the situation, as Chloe's free hand carefully picked her up and, with a final, almost comforting, smile tossed her bodily into the pig's cavernous maw. Pressing her lips tightly together Chloe smiled at the others, before biting down hard. The **crack** and horrific groan of pain was audible even through the feet of fat forming her cheeks and lips. Another co-worker was sick over Chloe's fingers as she started to chew heartily; the sickening crunching and cracking still couldn't quite drown out Claire's slowly weakening crying and begging,

until a final *pop* cut her voice off entirely. With a wet gulp she swallowed down the remains and pulled a face, sticking out her tongue

“Bleh, it was nice until she started bleeding everywhere, but she deserved it” Chloe plucked a second person from her hand and tossed him into her mouth. This time though she didn’t chew, simply rolled him around the dark interior of her mouth, slapping him about with her wet, drooling tongue before swallowing him whole; the guy didn’t even make a bulge in her thick neck and it wasn’t until she tossed another up, snapping him right out of the air that anyone realised the other man was already struggling and squirming around in the depths of her belly. One by one a dozen people vanished between her thick lips; a blush slowly growing in her cheeks at the feeling of so many people fighting for their lives within her body. As she lifted the next woman to her lips she paused

“Hey...I remember you, you’re that cunt that tried to bribe me with a hot meal into fucking your sick friends....I know just what to do with a slime ball like *you*” Chloe lifted the woman higher than normal, holding her by the waist and snorting on her face. The woman clawed at Chloe’s fingers frantically, staring at the black hole of the pig’s nostril having already worked out what the behemoth had planned. The one guy left in her hand winced as Chloe rammed her victim deep into her nostril, wedging the woman waist deep before pinching her ankles together and forcing the woman all the way up her nose; it was a very tight fit and Chloe pulled an odd face as she worked the woman deeper and deeper, until only her feet were still visible nestled in the gloom just beyond the rim of her nostril. Poking her tongue out in concentration Chloe blocked her other nostril and slowly sniffed, snorting the woman deeper and deeper until she had completely vanished. The pig wrinkled her nose a little and slowly smiled at the sensation; too tightly trapped to struggle all the woman could do was wriggle slightly in the snotty tunnel and hope for rescue as her captor turned her attention to the last person she had captured

“Oh, it must be my lucky day! You remember me don’t you Brad? I was the one you refused to date. I had such a huge crush on you and you just point blank refused....why was that Brad? You didn’t like skinny girls?” The human mumbled something too inaudible to hear, and Chloe waited patiently until he spoke loud enough for her to hear, before laughing aloud at him

“You’re not into pig-girls? Not *into* me? I don’t think so Brad! I think you’re about as *in* a pig as you can get!” Before he could question her, Chloe lowered her hand and roughly mashed it into her thick, moist labia, careful to slap Brad directly in the centre and stuff him deep into her pussy. Her thick middle finger followed him inside, pushing him deeper and deeper while she moaned lustfully and massaged her swollen lips happily, it wasn’t quite how she planned to date him, but as long as he ended up inside her she didn’t care. A panicked whiney in the distance drew her attention and, with an annoyed sigh, she pulled her slick finger out and turned to walk back towards Connor, leaving Brad squirming deep inside her sex, pleasurably close to her G-spot by pure chance. After a few steps Chloe remembered something and took a strong snort, dislodging a large lump and reflexively swallowing it down with a cruel smile. When she arrived, Connor was sat on the floor in an odd position – surrounded by police cars, she noticed with a smile – and whimpering softly; he looked up as she arrived.

“C-Chloe, you’ve got t-to help me” he sniffled “I just k-kept standing on stuff by a-accident, and then I tripped over and...It was an accident! Honest!” he seemed to be speaking more to the tiny people

around him than Chloe; she simply sighed and tapped a flabby foot on the ground, prompting him to continue

“I...I tripped and, um fell on a building” his eyes gave away exactly *how* he had fallen, coupled with his uncomfortable shuffling while his large, thick shaft twitched slightly, starting to lift from his leg as it swelled harder and harder. A new police car skidded round the corner and sped straight up between Connor’s legs, vanishing beneath his cock and slamming silently into the soft flesh of his sack. The equine’s eyes widened and he let out a whiney of not displeased surprise, jerking up and to the side away from the cold metal; from beneath him the building audibly cracked and crunched, and Connor froze mid movement, balanced on one knee and hand, before slowly lowering himself to all fours and feeling him rump; groaning with worry at the feeling of the building still protruding from his pucker.

“Don’t worry babes, I’ll help” Chloe dropped to her knees, ‘accidentally’ crushing a police car beneath the mountain of pink flesh and shuddering slightly as the movement dragged the Fire-hose nozzle through her pucker. She gently rested her hands on Connor’s buttocks, giving the firm flesh a gentle squeeze and enjoying the moment she had often dreamed about, before sliding a thumb up his crack, teasingly close to his sack and pushing on the crumbling base of the building, pressing it the last few feet inside until Connor’s ass reflexively clenched around her thumb. Smiling cruelly as the entire building vanished into pony-bum Chloe slapped his rump hard and took the opportunity to give his swaying balls a squeeze, enjoying the warmth flow over her hands as her fingers sunk into his sack. The moment was short lived though, as Connor quickly rolled over; forgetting about the building grinding around up his back passage in horror at Chloe. He sat down cross legged and gaped at her, stunned at her actions although his thick, twitching cock gave away his body’s feelings; it wasn’t dripping with precum – *yet*, thought Chloe – but the normally large shaft had grown thicker and harder since he awoke, bowing under its own weight to ‘kiss’ his thigh between reflexive twitches of pleasure.

“W-what did you do! I said help! Oh god...I can feel...feel the building C-chloe!” Connor began to squirm uncomfortably and whimper, but made no move to push the building out

“Oh shut-up complaining babes, I can *see* you’re enjoying it. This is *my* fantasy, so have some fun!” When the equine continued to squirm and whimper pathetically she rolled her eyes and turned on her heels. Before anyone could react she had bent over and sat back, her massive buttocks plopping down on the horse’s head swallowing it completely into her crack; with a cruel smile she relaxed and slowly added more weight, feeling her pucker stretch over the crest of Connor’s suddenly silent head just like at home with her rubber fox. With a moist, thick squortch her anus gave way and slipped down over his entire head to settle firmly around his throat. Connor let out a muffled whiney into her rectum and lifted his hands to push at her fat rump, digging his fingertips into the cellulite in a useless attempt to push her off him; as strong as the equine was, Chloe was heavier and after a brief struggle her weight overpowered him and his shoulders squelched up her back passage alongside his head.

“Nnnngghh! This is so much better than a dildo!” Chloe shuddered happily as her pucker stretched wider and slipped over his biceps; pinning his arms down to his side as she took him deeper and deeper into her sticky rump. She gyrated her hips slightly, grinding around him as she sank deeper and groaning blissfully at Connor’s almost completely muffled yelling, his voice nothing more than

vibrations in her colon. The policemen on the ground could only watch in stunned shock as the giantess used the other giant like a colossal butt plug, stuffing him deeper and deeper. By the time she reached his navel thick translucent fluids had begun to ooze from her nethers, moistening the lips and trickling down onto Connor's cock and legs. He bucked and squirmed at the touch of the hot liquid, his legs kicking out uselessly as he accidentally ended up driving himself deeper; something gave within the obese pig and she dropped down to the ground in a matter of seconds, swallowing him entirely to his waist. Her eyelids fluttered in pleasure as Connor brought his hands up – finally freed from the crushing grip of her pucker – and slid them around the more flexible flesh of her bowels. Even with half of a horse the same size as herself stuffed up her ass, there was still no movement in the rolls of fat on Chloe's belly, only the faintest impression of a bulge each time Connor pushed out hard. Clearly the pig wasn't done with her 'friend' just yet. With a groan, the first sound she made all day that sounded even remotely close to discomfort, Chloe leaned to one side, Connor's snout finally making an appearance as a slight protrusion in her abdomen before the weight of her belly pressed him back down. Rolling over to lie on her side the giantess grunted with exertion, and as a small bubble of air escaped around his hips her rectal muscles flexed, tugging him several feet deeper inside, until her pucker nudged the base of his cock. Reaching back she gripped his thick shaft in one meaty hand, pulling the semi-hard length down. At the same time she reached the other back around and balled a fist up under Connor's tail, pushing firmly against his tail-hole; slowly pushing him deeper inside. The crowds could only watch in horror as foot after foot of the faintly shouting horse vanished up a pig's backside; Chloe smiled cruelly at the vibrations of Connor's voice, finally removing her hands when over half his cock had disappeared inside her body, the rest pressed down by her pucker. From there on she simply clenched and relaxed repeatedly, crushing him tightly in her bowels as she sucked and dragged the poor horse up into her colon. Almost an hour later she finally seemed sated; Only Connor's hooves remained outside, just barely visible between her cheeks. His entire body had vanished into her rump leaving virtually no trace behind; she wasn't *much* taller than him, but the sheer thickness of her belly, the rolls of fat concealed him almost completely. Only the slightest of bulges hinted at an elbow here, a head there where Connor lay, crunched tight and trapped in the coiling tunnels of her rectum, bowels and intestines.

"Ahhh, this is so much better than my fox Dildo" Groaning, Chloe rolled onto her back; seemingly unhindered by the additional weight of Connor as several people and cars shot out of her shadow seconds before she could crush them. Lifting her knees to bare her glistening mound to the world, as well as Connor's hooves smothered between her cheeks, the pig-girl reached down and began to masturbate; showing no embarrassment at the dozens of onlookers, and no concern for the horse trapped within her ass as ripples of pleasure send bone-cracking flexes along her bowels, threatening to tug Connor's feet inside.

"Nnn, ahh! So Connor" Chloe groaned out while still masturbating, two fingers knuckle deep in her sex and writhing against the slippery, fleshy walls "I could ahh, make you *entirely* nngghh mine if I wanted to" she clenched and the hooves sunk deeper, almost entirely vanishing before slipping back out again when she relaxed. Perhaps the pig couldn't take him much *deeper*, but the only indication of Connor's existence was his feet poking from her rump, if she swallowed him entirely no one would ever know he was inside her unless she let him go; as it was she seemed reluctant to leave his hooves outside, constantly clenching and bringing them to the brink of her pucker before relaxing. Apparently his muffled response satisfied her because a cruel smile grew on her face

"Ooh...good boy! You *will* do whatever I want, ahh, and I know you'll enjoy yourself....even if you don't nngn admit it" Beginning to masturbate harder, fluids flicked from her jiggling flesh, splattering on some of the crowd as she added a third finger and pushed deeper; until the entire upper hand was jammed deep in her quivering nethers, fingers tickling the deep flesh while her thumb roughly ground into her engorged labia, squelching against the juicy flesh until with a shuddering cry of delight she arched her back, swallowing Connor completely as thick, burning fluids squirted from deep within her sex, soaking the people and surrounding buildings before she collapsed back down, panting happily.

"Oh stop complaining, I'm letting you out now babes" Chloe chided her huge, motionless gut before sighing wistfully and changing position to crouch low to the ground. Deep in the recess of her crack, her pucker bulged outwards around the rough shape of Connor's hooves as she slowly began to shit the unfortunate horse out. Several of the surrounding police shuddered at the lewd splatter of anal juices that dribbled from Connor's feet, and the thick squelching as he slipped further and further back into the cool world. As her anus began to stretch wider around his thighs she couldn't resist clenching slightly and slurping him back up to his knees. The sudden movement send waves of pleasure through her body and she was sorely tempted to suck him all the way back inside....especially if he kept struggling so pleasantly. Instead she fought back the impulse and continued to push, releasing Connor's hips, naval and chest until finally with a sickly wet splort his entire upper body slid free from her rectum. Chloe smiled and turned to face Connor, winking down at the horse as he sat, dripping with slime from her bowels and steaming slightly

"So...do we understand each other?"

"Y-yes Chloe" Connor sighed and glanced down at his sticky body, grimacing slightly and wondering why his twitching cock was still semi-hard

"Right, now I want those" she waved a hand at the multitude of police cars "in here" she indicated to her abdomen "so get collecting" Connor didn't move for a few moments, glancing at her large belly and trying to pick out even a hint of the oddly blocky object he had felt above him earlier. Either deliberately, or accidentally with perfect timing, Chloe let out a wet fart and lifted an eyebrow; understanding the implication perfectly Connor tried to ignore the sticky substance still clinging to his body and turned to grab some of the cars. The pig quickly joined in and in terror, clearly without thinking, people began to dive *into* the cars to hide; something that clearly amused Chloe as she chuckled softly while gathering up a small pile of police cars and holding them against her soft gut. Eventually the pair had scooped up every police car on the street and as Connor turned Chloe sat down heavily and laid back, crushing two buildings flat in the process. She clutched her own catch close and eyed Connor's larger pile with anticipation; lifting her knees and exposing a drooling cleft and surprisingly small and tight pucker the tip of her wide, pink tongue flicked across her lips

"Go on then, take your pick but I want them *all*" Chloe purred. Connor moved without hesitation this time to kneel between her feet and, taking care to not drop any cars, picked the top-most one and gently brought it up towards Chloe's groin. After a moment's hesitation, leaving the victims within the car to stare in horror at the sticky slit above and the dark pink ring of muscle below, he decided and brought the car up several feet, pointing it directly between her thick labia. With a single, wet squelch he pushed the vehicle forwards and into the sticky depths of her snatch; feeling an odd

twitch in his own loins at the sight of the vehicle vanishing from sight, swallowed up by her sex. While Chloe moaned with pleasure as the car hummed into life in an attempt to drive out Connor selected another car and roughly slid it up her sex, feeling more than hearing the dull thunk as the two cars met and slid deeper. The third entered much more slowly; Connor nudged the front bumper in between her engorged lips and placed a finger at the rear, slowly adding pressure and watching the drooling folds of flesh slide effortlessly around the entire vehicle, swallowing it entirely with a faint, muscular quiver and silencing the siren completely. Several more cars followed the first, adding to Chloe's pleasure until the horse began to press them up her rump as well, alternating between pushing his finger knuckle deep into an orifice and pausing, letting the hole twitch and flex around his finger before pulling out, or pushing the car just past the half-way mark and letting the quivering muscles clench and slurp it deeper without his help. With the final car in his grip, he reached down with his free hand and spread her snatch wide, revealing the glistening inner flesh and the small circular gape in the centre, the bumper of the previous car just barely visible in the murky gloom within. Turning the car around he pressed the boot against the moist flesh, licking his lips with anticipation as the hole stretched effortlessly to wrap around the middle of the car; ignoring the terrified faces within and the blaring siren he pushed gently on the front of the car, watching it slowly vanish, the siren becoming more muffled until her body took over and dragged it completely from sight, the siren still faintly audible through her spread lips; Slowly Connor took his fingers away and watched as the meaty flesh slid back together with a moist squish, cutting off the noise of sirens, engines and screaming.

"O-ok pass me yours Chloe" Connor stared, transfixed and wide-eyed, at her nethers and abdomen as he held out a hand; still not quite able to believe that so many police and their cars had vanished into her body without a single outward trace. Instead of handing him a new car, Chloe reached under his hand and gave her swollen pussy a rough squeeze, patted her lips happily and sat up; moaning with delight as the trapped cars slid around and against each other within her body. Catching Connor by surprise the pig roughly pushed him in the chest; cum-stickied hand splatting against his slimey body as he fell backwards onto his ass revealing a full erection, the huge shaft of flesh bobbed slightly in the cool air. Sitting cross-legged, her belly drooping low enough to conceal her nethers – though not the scent – Chloe roughly pushed and pulled Connor around, manipulating the horse until he lay back on his elbows, knees up and spread; his naturally large sack hung heavy and low, *almost* concealing his own moist pucker, still covered in rubble from the earlier building.

"Oh no... these ones are for *you*" the pig spoke with a devious glint in her eye and fear, or perhaps curiosity, kept the horse lying prone before her as she picked up a lone car – one of the few empty ones – and brought it down between his legs. She easily stuffed the vehicle up his ass; the naturally large equine pucker swallowed up every one she pressed against it, although each time she had to lift his testicles up a little to get better access and often used the cars, almost hiding the vehicle in the soft, warm skin before pushing it straight into the dark brown ring of wrinkled muscle. Each time a car vanished into his ass Connor's cock twitched, throbbing slightly as the huge shaft, now stiff enough to jut straight without bowing under its own weight, stretched up the horse's body to just above his belly-button. As the last car – this one stuffed with six officers – vanished into his ass Chloe pushed her finger in behind, pushing the entire mass deeper. The lumps of metal and rubble scraping pleasantly against his bowels had already caused a thin string of pre to dribble from his tip all the way down to his belly; but now, as Chloe firmly pressed her finger against his prostrate and nearly crushed the sensitive spot, the string grew to a thick dribble, slowly pooling on his stomach

while his body instinctively clamped down around the pig's digit, crushing the cars even tighter in the total darkness of his ass.

"Mmm, I could definitely go for Basashi right now..." Chloe grinned and licked her lips hungrily, rolling onto her knees and pressing hard on Connor's, forcing his legs flat before she crawled closer and pinned his legs beneath her blubbery bulk.

"I-uh w-what? N-no! you said i-if I helped..." Squirming slightly, Connor finished weakly. The pig had already shown her total dominance over him and he didn't doubt he had been entirely at her mercy the entire time. But rather than stuffing his head between her luscious, thick lips Chloe went for his *other* head; diving down and giving the tip of his cock a wet, sloppy kiss, licking up some of the pre at the same time. Gripping his thick member firmly she pulled it upright and wrapped her lips around the head. Covering it in drool she slowly pushed further down, squeezing her lips almost painfully tightly around him so that his foreskin was roughly slid back and the moist, sensitive, drooling head pressed against the back of her throat. Meeting no resistance his cock began to slide down her gullet, massaged all over by the tight, rippling muscles as his stiff erection was *almost* painfully bent and curved down her throat. Groaning and gasping with a heady mixture of pleasure and discomfort the horse clawed at the ground – leaving deep furrows and destroying the road – while his entire body twitched and bucked; every movement only intensified the pain and pleasure leaving Connor to squirm in place while the pig swallowed him. For her part Chloe quickly reached the base, gulping down his entire length; breathing became slightly more difficult thanks to his girth, but it was worth it for the pleasure of devouring him – if only a small portion. She could taste herself on him, as well as the slightly sweet flavour of horse. Her tongue reached out and dug into his sack, knocking firmly against his testicles and making his entire cock throb deep in her throat. Although she couldn't taste it any more, the feeling of hot liquids flowing from behind her breasts down into her belly made Chloe shiver with delight, which in turn sparked another groan of arousal in Connor. Withdrawing her tongue slowly to return to licking the slab of flesh within her maw, Chloe began to bite down; not enough to hurt or even worry the horse, but enough to trap blood in his shaft and swell it even further. This final act was enough to push Connor over the edge, the normally impressive endurance of the stallion worn away in a matter of minutes. With an incomprehensible groan Connor thrust up a final time, releasing his seed into Chloe. Her throat rippled and flexed, happily milking every drop the equine gave her and tugging it straight down into her belly. Smiling happily, the giantess slowly sat up, releasing his cock which flopped back against his belly with a sticky splat as soon as it was freed, still rock hard. Sitting back on her knees Chloe licked her lips, enjoying the cum remaining in her mouth before swallowing it down. Making sure he was watching she reached down and scooped up several people, stuffing them straight into her mouth and swallowing them down without a second's hesitation.

"No! n-oh..." Connor's shot out, and then dropped as she visibly swallowed. He shuddered and tried to see any hint of a bulge in her fleshy throat, before realising not only were they doomed to the pit of her gut, but they would also be swimming around in his cum now.

"Oh, stop complaining or you'll be joining them babes! Now I *know* you're enjoying yourself, so stop pretending otherwise" She looked down to his erection, *still* dribbling pre onto his stomach, and licked her lips predatorily. Rising up onto her knees she moved forwards to tower above his waist,

knees either side of his hip. Reaching down she firmly gripped this thick, slick shaft and pulled it upwards, delighting in Connor's uncomfortable groan; the groan grew more pleased as she pressed the oozing tip against her own drooling sex, wiggling her hips slightly to ease the flared head inside. Slowly lowering her weight onto him she slid effortlessly down over his already lubricated cock, using it to stretch her wide and help push the trapped cars even deeper. Ignoring Connor's squirms and quiet murmurs she forced herself further and further down, taking three quarters of his erection into her drooling, gooey snatch; powerful muscles flexed and squeezed around him, coaxing him deeper but the mass of cars in front of him prevented him sinking any deeper. Hissing with anger, and unwilling to accept defeat she ground down even harder around his cock, forcing a pained moan of pleasure from his lips as he felt himself crammed tightly against the cars, pushing them a little deeper. With a sudden splut of sexual juices squirting from her fat nethers her weight slammed against his hips, sucking his throbbing length fully into her loins. The two giants gasped in joint shock and pleasure the sudden, sharp sensation forcing both of them over the edge into climax; while Connor tried uselessly to thrust upwards against her pinning bulk, Chloe collapsed atop him, panting with glee as her sex flexed and crushed tightly around his shaft, making his eyes water under the pressure as her snatch sucked every last drop of fluids he gave her.

With a few sharp, hysterical giggles Chloe sat up and climbed off the equine's still proud erection. She contemplated for a moment before, bending like a feline; she reached between her legs and dove a thick finger into the sticky flesh; showing remarkable flexibility for a few moments before straightening again and almost subconsciously licking her fingers clean with an amused expression.

"What?" Connor sat up slightly; sweat glistening on his face as he tried to ignore the pleasing sensation of cold wind on his cock, tingling between the hot dribbles of cum and juices

"Ahh, you pushed them *deeper*" the giantess shuddered happily as the people struggled to open their doors, held shut by the heavy flesh and smothering slime "All the way into here" she patted her belly "Mmm, they feel even better in my womb than up my snatch. Come on; let's get you cleaned up before you stick to the ground" Chloe winked lewdly at the horse before climbing to her feet and patting her middle possessively. Connor looked at her middle doubtfully; he still couldn't see any trace of her victims but as she turned and gave him a brief glimpse of the dark pucker nestled between her cheeks he remembered just what she was capable of, and decided not to argue. Picking himself up he gently stroked his raging erection, somehow *still* hard, and followed her across the city; albeit carefully in an attempt to avoid crushing people and buildings. Chloe had fewer reservations, and those that didn't vanish into dust beneath her massive feet were just as likely to vanish into one moist orifice or another. Before Connor plucked up the courage to ask the larger giantess to be a bit kinder they had reached the water; Chloe's body creating destructive waves as she plunged in, wiggling her rump to entice Connor in after her. Moving quickly to wash himself down, the horse still wasn't fast enough to prevent porcine intervention; Chloe leaped atop him and shoved him firmly beneath the waves. Letting him sit up she splashed water onto his chest and firmly rubbed his muscled form down. Cum and slime and sweat and juices sluiced off his body into the water forming an oily sheen to the water around them; satisfied he was clean Chloe sat back and gasped with surprise, eyes widening briefly, before narrowing impishly

"Watch this, babes" she winked and rolled over, kneeling on the riverbed and lifting her massive rump up into the air. Her fat helped the pig float slightly and she was able to keep her head above

the surface fairly easily despite using both hands to grip her fleshy cheeks. Pulling them apart Connor felt a blush grow as he gazed on the wrinkled patch of dark muscle. Just below he could see deep inside her pussy, the heavy labia naturally parting in this position revealing the wet, glistening pink within. Chloe relaxed, feeling the familiarly strange sensation as cool air began to blow *inside* her ass as she let her tail-hole gape wide; within Connor could a pool of water, presumably the insertion that made the giantess gasp so happily. As he watched bubbles began to burble up through the centre, and the pool started to drain down deeper into Chloe's bowels; in just a few minutes he found himself staring straight into her dark, empty rectum, all the cars and water sucked deeper into her colon, far out of sight. Slowly the pig let her grip slip, and the pucker winked at Connor as it shut, trapping air for a moment before it rippled back out into his face as a warm gust. The pig shuddered happily at the sensation of cold water gurgling up through her colon and lowered herself back down into the water.

"Connor, gather up some of those boats, I want to try something!" At her words, the dozen canoes, yachts and boats nearby began trying to subtly move away. But Connor was quickly overcoming his careful, cautious nature; curious what Chloe would do as well as more than a little afraid of the jiggling mountain of cruel flesh; reaching out he slipped his hand into the water, blocking the ships' escape and slowly pulling them back towards the two giants. Chloe reached back and pulled her cheeks apart again with a grunt. For a moment nothing happened, and then Connor cocked an eyebrow curiously as the boats began to flee away from his hand... towards Chloe's rump. His confusion was settled seconds later when the closest boat, a small dingy carrying two people, vanished beneath the water close to Chloe's ass; shortly before the water level dropped slightly there, revealing the top of the pig's gaping asshole. The equine's jaw dropped, his mouth gaping equally wide as he watched a colossal amount of water drag a dozen lumpy, spikey and people filled ships deep into Chloe's rectum, and probably onwards into her colon and intestines to squirm about with her other victims.

"Doesn't that *hurt*!?" Connor exclaimed, eyeing the docked yachts and their pointed sails. In response Chloe moved faster than she should have been able to at her weight, shoving the horse roughly onto his back – accidentally creating a small tidal wave – and grabbed the closest boat.

"Why don't you find out? Roll over." She 'helped' him roll over with a single hand, and then quickly spread his buttocks wide; relishing the feeling of his firm buttocks in her hand. She sighed wistfully as she looked at him. Like all equines Connor had a naturally large, almost hyper-ish, anus; the pucker a thick ring of moist, soft dark flesh that looked permanently ready to stretch. The giant begged once, mainly for the benefit of his soon-to-be victims on the boat, and shrugged; licked his lips and steeled himself against the anticipated discomfort. He sighed and shuddered in pleasure as Chloe gently, yet firmly pushed the boat up his backdoor; the sensation was heavenly alone, but it pushed the other objects deeper and slid and scraped against them, heightening his euphoria. Unknown to him, in his eagerness he had already clenched up, his moist ring eagerly 'sucking' the boat from Chloe's hand; dragging it and its passengers deeper with a lewd schlurk. Pleased at his newfound willingness the pig silently reached over and grabbed another boat to cram inside. Connor's groans grew more lustful, and his cock gave several thick spurts of pre-cum as the tangled mass of metal, wood and rubble scraped and dragged over his prostate; compacting down at the depths of his rectum. With the final ship, Chloe worked it into her boy-toy's packed ass and pushed it even deeper with two fat fingers; moments later Connor screamed in squeamish pleasure, arching

his back and trying to roll away from Chloe as the pressure finally gave, stretching open his sigmoid sphincter and sliding the lumpy, slimey objects through into the much more spacious tunnel of his colon. The pig's powerful hand pushed him back down into place, and she gently wiggled her fingers in his ass, adding the third and pushing them past the knuckles before tucking her thumb in. With a moist sucking sound his pucker stretched over her knuckles and swallowed her entire hand to the wrist. Smirking at the horse's mixture of complaints and moans she balled her hand into a fist and slowly pushed deeper, halfway up her flabby forearm, until she felt the last object sink deeper from his rectum and into his intestines.

"There, good boy! See, I told you, you could do it babes!" Slowly pulling her hand from his ass she shivered in delight at the sticky slime clinging in stringy ropes to her hand as it came free, allowing his pucker to squelch shut again

"Oh, I can. Ahh, feel them, Unhh, moving ah-around in-side me!" He gasped, kneeling upright and sporadically bucking the air in unconstrained pleasure. Turning to face Chloe he blinked in surprise that *every* ship had vanished from the surrounding area; a loud splash drew his attention when Chloe flopped backwards into the water and raised her knees, grinning coquettishly up at him.

"My turn babes"

"But...all the ships have driven-"

"Straight up your ass I know, I helped" Connor blinked in surprise, having thought many had simply escaped "But I want *that* one" The horse followed her finger and did a double-take of disbelief. With a second glance at her hungry expression he knee-walked through the river towards the massive cruise-liner that sat motionless in the harbour, easily as big as his still twitching erection, if not bigger. As he neared the ship the gangplanks were thrown off as the last passenger dived on board and the captain threw it into gear in an attempt to escape the mildly apologetic looking giant and his voracious mistress in the distance.

"Sorry, but believe me when I say it's either you or me....and you have a chance of escape if you go in. Just wait till she sleeps maybe?" Slipping a hand gently around the rear of the huge ship he pushed it slowly – extremely fast by the ship's standard – through the water like a toy, towards Chloe's groin. As he moved closer her tongue flicked across her lips and she reached down to her thick, sweaty mound; the slit almost completely exposed above the water-level

"Just shove it in" she hissed eagerly, digging two fingers from each hand into each labia and roughly stretching herself apart. The heavy flesh parted to let a small river of water flow inside ahead of the cruise—iner and reveal the glistening, slippery inner flesh. The front of the ship hit her labia with a sticky splat, far too large to simply 'fall' inside; but a gently push from the giant horse began to ease the ship inside. He smiled at Chloe's cries of pleasure and paid careful attention to scoop anyone out of the water and put them back on the ship; eventually people simply hid inside in the hopes of staying safe and watched the sticky pink flesh slide across the deck. At three quarters of the way into her snatch Connor's gentle push didn't work anymore and with a sigh of exasperation Chloe shooed his hands out of the way and wrapped both hands around the end of the ship. She pulled so hard her hips lifted out of the water; groaning steadily she kept up the pressure until her cervix gave again, parting with a deep, physical pop. The last of the ship squelched up her voracious cunt with

frightening ease after that, and she moved her hands away at the very end to let Connor watch as her thick, weighty labia pressed together, forcing the ship deeper and hiding it from sight forever.

“Mmm, come on, it’s about time for your train babes” Chloe sat up and finally, for the first time all day Connor saw the barest hint of a bulge as the movement sharply drove the cruise-liner upwards and deeper into her womb, shoving the tip against the far end of the humid, sticky sack. As she stood up the bulge vanished again as the ship dropped a little lower again to press down just within her cunny, although you wouldn’t have guessed from looking at her. Pulling Connor to his feet she eagerly led him away towards the train-station where, in the distance, a faint puff of smoke could already be seen. By the time the titanic twosome arrived, the train was already settled in the station and hundreds of people had forced themselves into the already packed carriages without letting passengers off first in their attempts to escape Connor and Chloe.

“All fours again Connor...*now*” Moving quickly to avoid angering her he sharply dropped to his knees and moved to kneel above the train-tracks, his massive cock drooling sticky, clear pre-cum onto the tracks a short distance ahead of the train. Even though he guessed her intentions he still shivered in anticipation as the cold, square block of the engine room was lifted into the air and pushed up to his moist pucker.

“Chloe...I’m not going to be able to take it *all*...even if you push” he added as an afterthought in case she decided he was being wimpy; glancing back at the massive train he put the hundreds of terrified faces out of his mind and focused on the length. With close to two dozen carriages connected up the train was even longer than Chloe was tall; but the pig just winked at Connor and pushed harder, stretching his relaxed pucker wide around the thick girth of the slightly rounded first carriage. A loud horn blared from within his rectum as she slid most of the first car inside when the driver attempted to scare the giants away. Instead the powerful vibrations simply sent a pulse of pleasure through Connor’s throbbing cock and squeezed out a thick spurt of pre, soaking the tracks even more with his sticky fluids. Using her spit and his pre-cum as lube she slicked up the next carriage and continued to stuff them deeper into his ass; vaguely wondering if they could see anything or just hear the lewd squishing as his bowels kneaded around them, sucking the train deeper as she fed it through the soft ring of muscle. As before the horse bucked slightly when she forced his innards to shift and allow the train through his sigmoid and deeper into his body; pushing the vast mass of other objects and victims even deeper. Connor closed his eyes and smiled softly at the intense, almost painful stretch filling his entire body; even though he knew the rough girth of the train it felt like an entire person was vanishing up his ass, and he suddenly knew how Chloe must have felt earlier and realised just how merciful she was being when she gave up the sensation. After what felt like no time at all he felt her fingers leave his cheeks and stop pushing his near-black pucker; without her help the weight of the trains started to pull themselves back out and he had to clench tightly to hold inside what was already his; even so a single carriage slopped back out, drooling slime onto the lower carriages, every person’s face within was white with shock, too horrified to even try opening the doors and escaping through the thick layer of slime.

At the other end of the chain Chloe had dropped to all fours herself and, after briefly mashing the last carriage into her juicy thick nethers, effortlessly crammed it up her own voracious rump. Crawling backwards on all fours she slowly fed a dozen carts into her rectum, sighing happily at the inaudible, sloshing clunk when the first one in met the boats and became on massive dildo snaking

up through her smothering, dark intestines. By the time she consumed over half of the train less than five carriages remained, swaying high in the air between two greedy rumps. Connor was still motionless, eyes closed and panting softly as he gingerly touched the flared, extremely sensitive head of his seemingly never-ending erection and shuddered, brought nearly to orgasm by that simple touch combined with the train rubbing over his prostate. Grinning wickedly Chloe slowly pushed back, no longer using her hand to feed trains into her colon and instead letting the five cars push against one another becoming a solid block of metal stuffed with screaming people. The carriage that has slipped from Connor's grip, already slick with slime, easily slid straight back into the equine's bowels with a burbling squelch and the sudden movement drew his attention. Looking back he realised what she was doing and started to push backwards as well. Eight cars had already bottomed out the horse though, and by the time he had wriggled and ground his way backwards over one more carriage, the remaining three had squelched noisily up Chloe's backside, until her huge flabby cheeks slapped firmly against his own; and still the pig looked hungry for more. She clenched tightly, coaxing worried screams from her latest victims as the roof buckled under the pressure, and pulled forwards. Despite Connor's best efforts she easily dragged four carriages from his colon's embrace and, quickly relaxing and pushing back, drove them effortlessly up her own sticky ass. As the last four were dragged away from him, Connor pouted and rolled over to sit down, accidentally plopping down in the puddle of his own pre-cum. Stroking his cock absently he looked down at the last carriage in the chain, completely covered in anal-slime that filled every gap and smoothed over every rough point; the driver stared out at the air jubilantly until Chloe's fingers closed over the window to slide the make-shift dildo ever deeper into her bottomless....bottom

"Ow!" A sharp *Ka-whumph* and something like a sharp poke on Connor's head drew his attention, just as the tank fired a missile at Chloe. Before the horse could react it slammed harmlessly into her enormous breast with the same *Ka-whumph* that hit his head moments earlier.

"Oh great, the army, go... do something Connor" Chloe sighed while lying down on her back, keeping careful hold on the train to prevent it slipping entirely up her ass. Climbing to his feet the horse clopped over towards the group of tanks, people-carriers and dozens of soldiers; no longer wincing every time his hoof dug a deep crater in the ground. As he neared them the tanks fired another volley. Wincing in anticipation of pain, Connor's yelp turned into a groan of lust as most of the shells hit his massive cock and swaying balls; the sudden attention forced a spurt of pre from the tip that splattered on a nearby building and brought his *needs* to the top of the equine's agenda. Glancing back at Chloe he saw she was still pumping the last two carriages in and out like a massive dildo, but had discovered the storage warehouse and was busy packing tankers and empty carriages deep into her cunt as well, stuffing the remarkably intact cruise-liner further into her womb in order to cram more stuff up her dripping, quivering snatch. Connor turned back to the army and dropped to his knees with a lustful grin

"Well...looks like I get you all to myself" He murmured, reaching out for the nearest tank...