

Jimmy ran, his heart pounding in his chest as the city crumbled around him. The once vibrant streets he knew so well were now reduced to rubble and ash, the buildings shattered remnants of their former glory. Panic gripped him as he fled, not just from the impending doom that loomed behind him, but from the sickening realization of what he had witnessed. The knowledge that it was his own wife, his Linda, at the center of this catastrophe, growing larger and more destructive with each passing moment.

The rhythmic thudding and shaking intensified, the very foundations of the city quaking beneath the weight of the titanic couple's passion. Jimmy stumbled, nearly losing his footing as a particularly powerful shockwave knocked him off balance. Around him, people screamed and ran in terror, their faces etched with the same desperate expression he felt etched onto his own. The streets were filled with a choking haze of dust and smoke, the acrid stench of burning rubber and shattered concrete assaulting his senses.

Why her? Why Linda? he thought to himself, his mind reeling. And who is that man with her, growing larger and stronger with each passing second? I know that silhouette, he thought, that power, that... confidence in his stride. But the name escapes me. Why can't I remember?

Jimmy's lungs strained as he gasped for air, his muscles screaming in protest as he forced himself to keep moving. But it was like running through a nightmare, with the ground trembling and shaking beneath his feet. He felt like a man running on a treadmill uphill. The city itself seemed to work against him, trying to buck him off his feet and cast him back into the clutches of that... that thing. That monster that used to be his wife.

She's going to destroy everything, Jimmy thought, a sob catching in his throat. Everything we built, everything we had. Hell, the entire city. All of it, gone. Because of her and... him.

A deep, rumbling moan echoed in the distance, the sound of Linda's voice, amplified a thousand times over. The noise was so loud that it shook the very air around him, the sound waves physically pushing against him, trying to force him to his knees. Jimmy clenched his teeth, a growl of frustration and anger escaping him. He wanted to scream, to rage at the heavens, to demand an explanation for this twisted fate. But he knew it was pointless. They were too big, and he was less than nothing to them.

Jimmy's mind slipped back to that morning, mere hours ago, when the world was still normal. When he had kissed Linda goodbye, her skin still warm from their shared shower, the scent of her shampoo lingering in his nostrils as she walked out the door in her crisp business attire. She had a big meeting with her boss today, she had said, her eyes sparkling with anticipation. Jimmy had felt a twinge of jealousy then, but brushed it off. Linda was a rising star at her firm, and her boss was known for being a tough but fair man.

But as the sun began to rise, casting an eerie orange glow over the city, a glow that seemed to tint everything it touched with a sinister hue, the office building at the end of the street began to shake. At first, Jimmy thought it was just an earthquake, but then he heard the screams. Screams that were abruptly cut off as a section of the building exploded outwards, a geyser of rubble and dust and... something else. Something large and writhing.

Jimmy watched in horror as the couple emerged from the destruction, their naked forms quickly growing, expanding, their skin glowing with a sickening, pulsing energy. Linda and... and her boss. The man whose name he couldn't quite remember, the man who had been the subject of so many of Linda's late nights at the office, so many cancelled date nights, so many whispered phone calls. He had suspicions, but he'd trusted her.

They grew and grew, their naked bodies entwined, their limbs wrapped around each other as they writhed and moaned. Fifty feet tall, a hundred, two hundred, five hundred feet. The

building crumbled beneath them, dumping them into the large square in front of the office building. The concrete and steel were no match for their growing mass. They didn't even seem to notice, too lost in their own lust, too consumed by their own pleasure. Jimmy was horrified as they began to fuck, right there in the middle of the street, right there where anyone could see. Their moans and screams of ecstasy shook the very air, the sound of it echoing off the buildings, the sound of it rattling the windows of every structure for miles around.

Jimmy looked on in shock and disbelief as Linda's boss, a man named... what was his name? Johnson? No, that wasn't it. Something more exotic, more powerful-sounding. But the name eluded him, lost to the horror of the moment. The man, whoever he was, had Linda bent over in front of him, her hands braced against the cracked and buckling sidewalk, her fingers scrabbling for purchase amidst the rubble. Her hair, once so neatly coiffed, now hung in wild disarray, the auburn strands whipping around her face as she turned to look back at her lover, her eyes glazed over with lust.

Her boss loomed over her, his dark, tanned skin glistening with sweat, his muscles rippling with each powerful thrust of his hips. He was a large man, always had been, but now he was a giant, a titan, his body silhouetted against the rising sun like a god made flesh. His hands gripped Linda's hips, his fingers sinking into the soft, supple flesh of her ass, leaving red marks in their wake.

And what an ass it was, round and firm and perfect, a work of art carved from the finest marble. It jiggled and bounced with each thrust, the flesh quivering like Jello with each slap of his hips against hers. Linda's boss's cock, massive and thick, disappeared between those cheeks with each powerful stroke, vanishing into her tight heat, stretching her open, claiming her, owning her. Linda's boss's cock was a thing of terror, a pillar of dark, veined flesh that seemed to pulse with the same invisible energy that animated his growing body. The head of it,

a helmet of skin stretched taut and shiny with sweat and the juices of their coupling, flared out from the shaft like the head of a battering ram, ready to smash through any obstacle in its path.

As they fucked, they grew, their bodies swelling and expanding with each thrust, with each moan, with each scream of ecstasy. Linda and her boss grew as if his thrusting into her tightness, her heat, her incredible ass was somehow fueling their growth, making them larger, stronger, more powerful with each stroke. Jimmy was transfixed by the horrific yet mesmerizing sight of his wife being taken by her boss, her body jolting and bouncing with each powerful thrust. Linda's face was a mask of conflicting emotions, her freckled cheeks flushed a deep crimson, her green eyes wide and wild, staring at nothing in particular as she lost herself to the overwhelming sensation of being so thoroughly claimed.

Her auburn hair, once styled in her signature sleek bob, now clung to her face in sweaty tendrils, the strands plastered to her forehead and cheeks, highlighting the way her freckles seemed to dance as she panted and moaned. Linda's full, pink lips were parted in a silent scream, a rictus of pleasure and pain, as her boss's hips slammed into her again and again. That grin was punctuated by gasps spawned by bursts of pleasure from each thrust of her boss into her. Tears streamed down her face, cutting through the grime and dust that coated her skin, leaving glistening trails in their wake. Her slender neck, usually hidden beneath a crisp collar and tie, was bared to the world, the tendons and muscles standing out in stark relief as she arched her back, pushing her ass up higher to meet her lover's thrusts.

Linda's body was a landscape of contradictions, a battlefield where the forces of pleasure and pain clashed and mingled. The curves of her waist, the flare of her hips, the roundness of her breasts, all heaved, quivered, and bounced with each wave of sensation that crashed over her. Her creamy skin, usually so soft and smooth, now bore the red marks of her

boss's hands, the imprints of his fingers digging into the flesh of her thighs, her ass, her hips, claiming her, marking her as his.

As they grew larger and larger, the buildings around them began to buckle and groan, the very structures shaking from the force of their coupling. The concrete and steel, once strong and unyielding, now crumbled like sandcastles before the tide of their passion. Glass shattered, metal twisted, and rebar snapped like toothpicks as the giant lovers' moans and screams of ecstasy shook the city to its core. Linda's cries of pleasure were drowned out the cacophony of destruction, her voice overpowering the roar of falling masonry and shattering concrete. Yet through it all, she took her boss's cock, again and again, her body jolting and writhing.

As their bodies swelled and their passion intensified, the very streets around them began to fracture and splinter. Cracks raced along the asphalt like veins of a broken heart, spider-webbing out from the epicenter of their unrelenting coupling. Linda's freckled face contorted with each powerful thrust, her green eyes rolling back in her head as she surrendered herself completely to the overwhelming pleasure and pain of being so thoroughly taken. Her boss's hands gripped her hips with bruising force, his fingers sinking into the flesh of her ass, the red marks blooming like macabre flowers against the pale skin of her rear. Linda's breasts bounced and heaved, the pink nipples hard and straining, begging to be touched, to be used, to be devoured. But they were far too large for any many to take in, save for her boss who grew along with her, and he did not seem interested in pleasing that part of her as he took her from behind. Her body was a canvas of sensation, a map of the path her boss took in claiming her, in making her his, in fucking her as they grew across the city, through the streets, the rubble, the destruction. Linda's freckled face was a picture of utter surrender, of giving herself over completely to the beast that had once been her boss, now a giant, a monster, a god of flesh and blood and lust. Her eyes, her face, her body, all crying out for more, for harder, for deeper, for never-ending. Linda's world narrowed down to the feel of her boss's cock splitting her open,

stretching her, filling her, owning her, as the city crumbled around them and they grew larger and more powerful with each thrust, each moan, each scream of ecstasy that shook the very heavens.

As Linda's boss pounded into her with increasing fervor, Linda's body was slammed forward with each powerful thrust, her shoulders and the underside of her heaving breasts plowing into the cracked and broken asphalt. Each impact sent a shockwave through her, jolting her entire body and forcing gasps and moans of pained pleasure from her lips. Her auburn hair, now a wild mane, whipped around her face as she was driven forward, the strands sticking to the sweat and grime that coated her skin. Linda's breath came in sharp, ragged gasps, each inhale and exhale a struggle as her lungs burned for air. With each panting breath, she blew a gust of wind that threatened to knock over the fleeing people, the force of it sweeping through the streets like a hurricane. Tiny figures stumbled and fell, some tumbling end over end, others simply vanishing into the gale, swallowed up by the torrent of Linda's desperate breaths.

Her moans and screams, amplified by the destruction around them, echoed through the city, a symphony of agony and ecstasy that shook the crumbling buildings to their cores. The sound of her pleasure was a physical force, a shockwave that radiated out from the epicenter of her body, the point where her boss's hips slammed against her ass, again and again, each impact sending a new burst of energy through their growing forms. Linda's freckled face, now a mask of raw, primal need, was twisted in a rictus of concentration as she focused on the feeling of being so utterly filled, so completely claimed. Her green eyes, glazed over with lust, stared ahead at the path of destruction left by their coupling, a trail of shattered concrete and broken glass stretching out before her like a twisted red carpet.

As her boss's thrusts grew harder, faster, and more demanding, Linda's body was driven forward with increasing force, her breasts and shoulders plowing further furrows in the rubble.

Each impact sent a fresh burst of wind rushing out from her, each gust of air threatening to sweep away the tiny, fleeing people in its path. Linda's moans and screams grew louder, more urgent, a litany of Yes! Yes! More! Harder! that shook the very foundations of the city.

Jimmy watched in horror as the couple's bodies continued to swell and grow, their forms now easily topping thousands of feet tall. The city was no match for their increasing size and weight, buildings crumbling like toys before them with each step, each movement, each powerful thrust of the hips. Skyscrapers that once towered above the city skyline were now reduced to mere obstacles, their steel and glass facades shattering like gingerbread houses as the giants' bodies pressed against them, toppling them like dominoes.

In a moment of crystalline clarity amidst the haze of lust and destruction, Linda looked out over the city, her gaze falling upon a familiar sight. A skyscraper that she and Jimmy had once admired from their apartment window, a place where he worked, a symbol of his career, his identity. In a moment of realization, she cried out, "Hey, that's HIS building!"

Without hesitation, without a second thought, Linda raised her left hand above the skyscraper, her palm hovering over it like a dark, fleshy cloud. With a casual, almost bored gesture, she brought her hand down, her fingers splaying out, her palm pressing against the building's roof. The structure, a marvel of modern engineering and architecture, a testament to human ingenuity and ambition, shattered instantly beneath the touch of her hand. Glass, steel, concrete, and rebar crumbled like sand, the building collapsing in on itself, the collapse triggering a chain reaction that brought down the adjacent structures, a wave of destruction radiating out from the point of impact.

Jimmy stumbled from the impact rippling through the streets, his heart seizing in his chest as he realized the horrifying truth. Linda had thought he was there, had known he worked in that building. And she had just... destroyed it. Destroyed it intentionally, deliberately, with a

single, careless gesture. The weight of that knowledge hit him like a physical blow, knocking the wind from his lungs, bringing him to his knees amidst the rubble and debris.

She tried to kill me, he thought, his mind reeling. My own wife, my partner, my lover... she just tried to kill me. To erase me, to wipe me from existence, as easily as she crushed that building. As if I never existed at all. Had he not gone a few blocks up to grab coffee for the office, she would have killed him. The realization sent a chill down his spine, a cold, sick dread settling in the pit of his stomach. He had to run away, he realized, and so he did.

He'd been running for the past hour, trying to get away from the monolithic couple in the distance. They were miles tall now, their moans indescribably loud. Thunderous was the only word that came to mind. Their movements were slower but still impactful. Each thrust caused the earth to quake. The entirety of downtown was covered in their shadows. The entire world watched as his wife and this man fucked. And he just ran.

Jimmy ran, his lungs burning and his muscles screaming, but no matter how far he fled, he could not escape the looming presence of the colossal couple above him. With each passing moment, they grew larger, their bodies swelling to impossible heights as their lust-driven frenzy continued unabated. Miles tall now, their forms blotting out the sun, casting an inescapable shadow over the ruined city.

As he looked up, his head tilted back as far as it would go, Jimmy beheld a sight that defied belief. Linda's boss's massive, dark-haired balls swung above him like two hairy moons, each one easily the size of a smaller town, the skin pulled taut and glistening with sweat. They swung back and forth, back and forth, a pendulum of flesh that gained speed and force with each thrust of the giant's hips.

The impact of those balls against Linda's equally massive ass and thighs sent shockwaves rippling out across the city, the force of it shattering the few remaining windows that clung to their frames in the crumbling buildings. Glass exploded outwards, the shards raining down like a deadly, glittering hailstorm. The ground beneath Jimmy's feet trembled and shook, the shockwaves from above toppling the already weakened structures, sending them crashing down in a cacophony of twisting metal and splintering wood.

Despite the destruction, despite the sheer scale of the disaster unfolding around him, Jimmy couldn't look away, couldn't tear his eyes from the erotic, terrifying sight above. Linda's ass, a veritable landscape of round, supple flesh, bounced and jiggled with each impact, the skin rippling like the surface of a sea in a storm. Her boss's cock, a pillar of veined, throbbing flesh, plunged into her again and again, disappearing into her tight, hot depths, stretching her open, claiming her, owning her.

Jimmy's mind raced as he struggled to process the impossible, the incomprehensible. His wife, the woman he had loved, the woman he wanted to be the mother of his children, was up there, a goddess now, a titan, lost to the throes of lust and pleasure. And she was being taken, violently, ruthlessly, by a man who had once been her boss, a figure of authority and power. A man who was now a monster, a beast, a god made flesh. And he just had to watch,

Why? Jimmy kept repeating in his head.

The sound of the colossal couple's coupling was a cacophony that enveloped the city, a symphony of destruction and debauchery that shook the very air and rattled the nerves of every soul who remained. Each thrust of their hips, each impact of flesh against flesh, sent a thunderous boom echoing through the streets, the sound waves radiating outwards and shattering the remnants of the once-great metropolis. The noise was so intense, so physically

overwhelming, that it felt like a physical force pressing down on Jimmy from all sides, threatening to crush him beneath its weight.

The booming, rumbling sounds were punctuated by a constant, deafening roar, a primal, animalistic screaming that could only be described as the cries of a goddess or titaness in the throes of ecstasy. Linda's screams of pleasure, amplified a thousandfold by their impossible size, shook the very heavens, her voice a tangible force that set the air vibrating and the ground trembling. Mixed in with her cries were the deeper, more guttural moans of her boss, his voice a darker bass note that resonated in the very bones of the fleeing survivors.

The smells that hung over the city were no less overwhelming, a sickening cocktail of sweat, sex, and destruction that caught in the back of the throat and made the eyes water. The stench of their arousal, the musky, almost feral scent of their lust, hung thick and heavy in the air, assaulting the senses of all who breathed it in. It was a scent that spoke of a hunger, a need that could not be sated, a desire that threatened to consume everything in its path.

But beneath the cloying aroma of sex, there was another smell, a sharper, more acrid scent that burned the nostrils and stung the eyes. It was the smell of smoke, the horrid stench of burning rubber, melting plastic, and scorched metal that wafted up from the ruined buildings and shattered infrastructure. The city was blanketed in a haze of black, choking smoke, the air thick with the stench of its own destruction.

With each powerful thrust and clap of their hips, rivulets of their combined juices, slick and glistening, burst forth from where their bodies joined and rained down upon the streets below like a sickening, sticky deluge. The drops were enormous, each one easily the size of buildings, their sheer mass and momentum enough to level any structure they struck. They splattered against the rubble and debris, sending up clouds of dust and detritus with each impact, the force of it enough to sweep away anything in its path. The once-paved streets and

sidewalks were quickly coated in a thick, slippery layer of the couple's essence, the liquid seeping into every crack and crevice, choking drainage systems and turning the city's water supply into a tainted, unpotable sludge. The scent was overwhelming, a cloying, musky aroma gagging those who breathed it in. It was the stench of pure, unadulterated lust, the smell of a coupling so intense and all-consuming that it threatened to drown the world in its wake.

For those unfortunate enough to be caught out in the open, such as Jimmy, as the deluge rained down, the experience was a waking nightmare. The sheer force of the falling liquid could knock a person off their feet, sending them tumbling and rolling, struggling to right themselves in the thick, slimy mess. Those who tried to take cover in the shattered remnants of buildings found themselves trapped, the collapsed structures now submerged in a rising tide of the couple's juices, the liquid effectively sealing the doors and windows in a sticky mire, threatening to bury them alive.

Jimmy, fleeing through the city streets, and felt the warm, sticky essence of the giant's coupling coating his skin and hair, clinging to him like a second skin. It permeated the very air he struggled to breathe in. He gagged at the smell, his stomach churning with revulsion and a twisted, unwanted arousal. Each step he took left a glistening footprint, a trail of the giant's carnality marking his path as he ran, desperate to escape the raining, city-drowning flood of his wife and her boss's unchecked lust. The city was being baptized in a never-ending wave of THEIR lust. At least it seemed never-ending. But all things must end.

Linda's breathing grew more and more frantic, her chest heaving and straining as she gasped for air. Each inhale and exhale seemed to be a struggle, a battle to fill her lungs with the thinning, humid atmosphere that surrounded her. That happened when one was breathing in clouds. Despite it all, she still felt pleasure from her lover's cock. Her head tossed and turned,

her auburn hair whipping around her face in wild, sweat-soaked tendrils as she lost herself to the overwhelming sensation of her impending climax.

With a final, guttural cry, Linda threw her head back, her spine arching, her hips bucking forward as she reached her peak. A deafening, world-shattering roar of pure, unadulterated pleasure erupted from her throat, the sound of it shaking the very foundations of the city, sending shockwaves rippling outwards to topple the already weakening structures. As she came, her boss's cock, slick and throbbing, slipped out from her tight, clenching heat, a torrent of their combined juices spewing from her cunt like a volcanic eruption. The semen and cum gushed forth in a seemingly endless flood, a sea of their mixed essences that quickly spread, enveloping everything it touched in a thick, viscous tide.

Jimmy, despite trying to escape through the streets, was caught in the deluge, the hot, sticky liquid raining down upon him from above, coating his skin, his hair, his lungs as he gasped for air. He tried to run, to escape the drowning wave of his wife's and her boss's combined orgasms, but it was no use. The tide was too strong, too all-consuming. His last sight was a glimpse of Linda's face, her features twisted in a mask of post-coital bliss, her green eyes glazed over, her freckled cheeks flushed a deep, rosy hue. She looked down, her gaze seeming to find him. He thought he saw a flicker of acknowledgement in her eyes as she watched him drown in her own pleasure, watched him vanish beneath the churning sea of her and her boss's combined release. But that may have all been in his mind as her eyes glazed over from sheer pleasure. After all, he was a speck to her now, nothing compared to what she and her boss had become.

Jimmy's world turned dark, he couldn't breathe in this mess, his body seizing as he struggled against the inevitable. But in the end, there was no fighting it, no escaping the inescapable, all-consuming tide of his wife's lust. With a final, shuddering gasp, he slipped

beneath the surface of their sludge, his body going limp, his life fading away as he was consumed by the same force that had destroyed everything. The force of their lust and pleasure. That last image of her giant blissful face stayed with him.

She looks... beautiful, content, he thought, as a final, fleeting thought before the darkness took him and he thought no more.