The Mouse

"Really? That's the best you could do?"

Getting chewed out by your boss was pretty humiliating. But when your boss is a hundred feet tall, it was naturally a hundred times worse … and poor Alice was just learning that. Still, at least it was far from the first time that Ruby Russo had told her off - indeed, by Alice's count, it was the tenth time today.

Alice - an utterly timid and chubby mouse of a girl dressed in a frumpy white lab coat - stepped toward a small podium that she'd erected in the middle of Wrixron's Center Square. Given that it was the largest open area in the entire city, it was the perfect location for which to grow her boss … which was precisely what she was doing. And despite Ruby's complaints, Alice wasn't doing a terrible job. It had only been half an hour and her tiger of a boss was already ten stories tall - and that had to count for something, right?

But, no. For poor Alice, it didn't count for anything. If her boss was criticizing her then that meant that she was doing a bad job and if she was a bad job then that meant that she was a bad person. And Alice's life had been nothing but a string of such criticisms. She had studied far, far too much at school - so everyone had called her a nerd, amongst … other things. Her parents had urged her to get an 'ordinary' job - and she had insisted on being a genetic scientist, which had done nothing but distance them from her. And as for her sexual passions, well …

… Alice was a macrophile. Which meant that she had been considered a deviant through most of her adult life … at least, until recently! If one thing about her was acceptable now, it was the fact that she was into big people. They were in fashion, after all - in high demand - which was why Ruby Russo needed to get as **big** as possible! Not just in fame, not just in fortune, but in size.

And even though she was a great big bully, Alice couldn't help but admit that she had an attraction for her. Especially now that she was a hundred feet tall. Though … her boss was far from her biggest crush.

That particular honor went to one Norm Horseman, who was the biggest damn horse on the whole planet. Hell - he was about to bigger than the planet! Alice would *much* rather be working for him, frankly, but Ms. Russo had locked her into a very unfair contract that she hadn't had much choice but to sign. Not if she didn't want the tigress breaking all of her bones, anyway.

But she couldn't think about that! She couldn't think about Norm. She couldn't think about Ruby's threats. Not right now.

With her heart fluttering, Alice pushed the button on the podium. "Hello?" she said into the microphone. "Is this thing -"

"Yes!" boomed a haughty Ruby from up high. "I can hear you, you little idiot!"

Little idiot. The words humiliated her - but also, aroused her. Ultimately though they combined into a big cocktail of shame. "Good," Alice said quickly, "that's great. So, ah, as I explained, Ms. Russo - that will be *far* from the first growth spurt that you'll have today. The latest extracts from Norm's, ah ... semen ... are more potent than ever before, thanks to his growing size ..."

The giant tigress tiredly studied the tips of - fittingly - ruby red claws. Alice had gone to great lengths to ensure that they would retain their faux coloration even though they would be constantly growing today. But Ms. Russo wouldn't be thanking her for that, of course. "Enough rambling, nitwit," the giantess spat. "Just get to the point."

"Well, ah, what I'm trying to say is that the effect lasts longer than the initial application ..."

"Still too long!"

Alice squeaked and pushed her thick-rimmed glasses up her nose. "You'll be able to grow again," she said quickly, "if you rampage in the city!"

Ruby huffed and placed a hand upon the side of her wide hips.

“*What?*” she hissed. “I have to *do* things?”

“Ah, yes, ma’am.”

“But that doesn’t make any sense.”

Great big tiger toes curled lazily upon the ground mere meters away from the podium. Alice ignored her urge to gush. “Doesn’t it?” she asked instead, voice quivering.

“No, it doesn’t. The whole point of being *big* is so that people do things for me, isn’t it?”

“Well, I, a-ah … I s-suppose so …” the tiny mouse stammered.

“Speaking of people - *where* are they?” Ruby asked. While one hand stayed firmly upon the vast expanse of her hip, her other raised to delicately fan at her pretty face. “Everyone should be here to see me grow, not just … you.”

Alice winced. “Sorry. Given the circumstances, and … how many casualties there usually are … I thought it’d be best to evacuate this part of the city.”

“Evacuate?!” yelled Ruby as a few windows *cracked* on a nearby office block from the sheer force of her voice. “Alice, you idiot, the casualties were going to be half of the fun!”

Alice covered her big round ears with her little paws - but it wasn’t enough to stop them from ringing. “Were … were they?” she asked meekly while rubbing at her temples.

“Yes! How else am I supposed to get these morons to worship me?” Ruby balked.

“Well, you’re going to be really big, so … I’m sure that you could just … ask them?” Alice suggested.

“Pah! Really big, yes! But I’m not going to the *biggest*, am I,

Alice?" the huge feline began to complain. "*That* would be my oaf of a brother in law. And how am I supposed to attract *his* followers without a little spectacle, mm?"

Alice gasped in disbelief. "You … want to … attract *his* followers?"

"Of course! I loathe to have to use his *cum* to do it … but it's the only way I have a chance at getting anywhere close to his throne."

Alice wanted to burst out laughing. Ms. Russo was … well, she was *big* now, and would be even *bigger* by the end of the day, but … no amount of time *or* seed would make her anywhere near as **big** as Norm - neither in height nor in sensation. Even hyper-accelerating her growth rate for a month would only bring her up to the horse's calves … and that was without accounting for the equine's rate of growth! No matter what Alice - or anyone did - Ruby Russo would always be a speck in comparison to Norm Horseman.

But of course, Alice didn't laugh. Instead - *very* delicately - she agreed with her boss. "Of course, Ms. Russo."

"And you'll be my right hand girl, of course, Alice!" Ruby announced to her audience of one.

"Yes, of course, Ms. Russo."

"Fantastic. So what do I need to do to get *big* again?"

Alice cleared her throat. "Rampage, Ms. Russo."

Ruby Russo gave a big nod of her big head. "Of course."

"If I, ah … may make a suggestion, then … that office block just behind you, ah … if you … s-smashed your bust into them, then …"

"My *bust*?" Ruby sneered. "Do you mean my tits, Alice?"

Alice turned her head away from the intercom and released a nervous and sharp series of squeaks. "Y-yes … yes ma'am. I mean

your tits. If you use your … t-tits to destroy it, then … that should make for some good growth!"

An enormous set of green eyes fell toward an even more enormous bust.

Ruby eventually released a sigh. "Very well," she said. "If I have to."

The tiger set her paws upon either side of her bare bust.

And then, she swung them into the very center of the building. Like the enormous fleshy wrecking balls that they were, they cleaved the building in half. Steel beams that had supported tons and tons of concrete bent and bowed and toppled.

The building fell over in a cloud of dust.

In victory, Ruby screamed.

And, in awe, little Alice watched on as her boss rapidly doubled in size.

The podium shook beneath Alice's feet as the ground cracked beneath Ruby's embiggened paws. Heavy tarmac-covered concrete roads designed to bear heavy vehicles splintered and sundered immediately - much to the tigress' delight. The feeling of everything breaking underneath *just* her paws while her tits were smeared with rubble must've been quite wonderful. Wincing, the small rodent disconnected the intercom and retreated hastily, running toward an area that wasn't in her boss's blast radius.

"Oh!" *moaned* Ruby in a voice that was now twice as loud. "Fuck yes!"

The tiger's incredible joy was enough to trigger *another* growth spurt. Another hundred meters were suddenly packed onto her form.

The city now looked like a quaint model town in comparison to

her. Aside from the tallest buildings - those *really* designed to impress - she stood over all. The square was now filled to the brim with tiger toes.

Alice - now on the opposite end of the square to her growing boss - threw herself beneath the closest car to take cover. The tips of Ruby's toes - growing - chased her as she moved. She just about managed to avoid them. Panting heavily, the little mouse span herself around on her hands and knees so that she could once again bear witness to her boss.

Or at least, her boss's paws. Just a single *one* of her paws, actually. Ruby was growing far quicker than anticipated. Alice's simulations in the lab had projected that Ruby would grow at a rate of twenty-five feet every minute or so at max activity for a few hours of the day. Before she got tired from breaking down cities.

But, in the past thirty seconds - because of only *one* tit-toppled building - her boss had grown by two hundred feet. In other words ... things were moving on much quicker than she expected.

Was it her fault? Had she fucked up a calculation? Forgotten to carry a zero somewhere? Tested the wrong batch of giga horse cum, maybe? No ... she knew that she had been meticulous in the lab. Self-blame and self-loathing were Alice's methodology, so it wouldn't have been difficult for her to fault her own work, but ... in this case, she knew that something else - or *someone* else, rather - was to blame.

And that person was Norm Horseman. Though 'blame' made it sound as if Alice was being critical of the giga-sized equine ... which she most certainly was *not*. It was glowing praise. The giant horse - so magnificent, so all-powerful, so goddamn **big** - had managed to defy even her meticulous scientific method.

Yes. There were no criticisms here. Alice simply recognized that Norm's power had become so vast and incomprehensible that he had begun to defy the law of physics.

Between her legs - underneath her lab coat, her skirt, *and* her panties - her sex gave a throb. With the intercom squished against her chest, she released a quiet moan into it …

… a moan that went unheard, for Ruby was busy toppling another building in the city square.

This one was a two-hundred-foot trade building. About a minute ago, it had been twice the size of her. Now that she was three hundred feet tall, though, it only came up to the middle of her bust. Given that Ruby was still squeezing both of her humongous tits together, one might've presumed that she was going to go for another boob smash …

… but instead, the tiger turned around and *sat* on the building instead.

How many hours - how many *days* - had gone into planning that building? How much manpower - how much *money* - had been used to erect it? How many tiny little people had spent months - or *years* of their life ensuring that it would forever stand as a feat of architectural prowess?

The answer didn't matter. Because all of that hard work disappeared in a mere instant. The mighty trade building began to crumble and fall the second that Ruby's fat butt cheeks kissed the very tip of it. By the time that her big fat ass hit the ground, it was nothing more than dust.

Dust and a shockwave. The ground shook heavily beneath Alice - making the car that she was crouched underneath bounce and buckle on the road - but she was still far away that she didn't get covered in the cloud of debris that was kicked up. And by the time that the shockwave had rumbled to a halt …

… another one had begun because Ruby had grown by yet another hundred feet.

And now not even the highest buildings could compare to her.

Wrixron had always been a smallish city - at least to the ambitious Ruby - but right now, it was smaller than ever. Easily conquerable. And Ruby - excited beyond belief by her own growth - planned to take *all* of it.

"Can you see me, Alice?!" Ruby roared as she flung both of her fists into the air in what was a blatant victory. "Ha! Can you see how fucking **big** I'm getting?"

Alice fiddled with the intercom that was squeezed against her heavy chest. "Yes!" she said into it immediately, her joy almost matching Ruby's own. "This is proceeding much faster than expected!"

"Good!" Ruby boomed. Her hands fell down to her chest and *slapped* at her big tits, producing a sound not unlike a thunderclap. "Excellent! At this rate, I'll be bigger than my brother in law by the end of the day!"

Alice hastily hit the 'mute' button on the intercom as she released a loud giggle. Again - impossible. The woman could've been growing three times as fast … and she *still* wouldn't stand a chance of catching up with Norm. But … her boss could believe that if she wanted to.

Then … a loud *thoom*.

The sound of thousands upon thousands of tons hitting the ground.

Hard enough to make the entire city shake.

Alice's first thought was that Ruby had hit another growth spurt - but as she surveyed her boss, sat on the ground with a collapsed building beneath her ass, she realized that the woman hadn't grown an inch. Not this time. And even if she had, she wouldn't be able to produce that noise. No. Only *one* person could produce a noise that loud.

"Weren't you complaining about my hoof prints a

second ago?"

Only one person had a voice that loud. And of course - being his *biggest* fan - Alice recognized it immediately.

As did Ruby. "Oh," she murmured confidently while a *very* cattish grin began to spread across her huge muzzle. "Speaking of …"

The tigress cast her eyes toward the sky. Above her stood the largest people on the planet. Norm Horseman, the equine responsible for all of Ruby's growth spurts - and Savannah, his wife - her *sister*.

And for some reason, the 'tiny' tigress thought that she could take them both on.

* * *

A few minutes before this, many, many hundreds of miles away, the couple had been taking a walk across the entire world.

Norm was a horse. Indeed, as already established, he was the biggest stallion on the planet. A true tower of power of an onyx black equine. A body that was so thick and heavy that it shouldn't have existed. A set of bright blue eyes that could almost witness the entire world. A gut that was so fucking fat and pendulous and *big* that it could support several societies - and would soon, likely, develop its own orbit. At a size of over 4000 feet tall, none could compare to him.

Except for one person … who was the heavy-busted tigress currently strolling so easily at the horse's side. Savannah - the horse's wife. A woman who was *almost* as heavy as he was. A woman who *was* almost as tall at a very lofty 3800 feet. Only she could keep up with his stride - and frankly, she struggled. Occasionally, she would have to tug the horse backward to slow him down - which caused him to scrape a miles-long chasm into the ground with his hoofs. Neither of them much cared about the destruction, though. They caused it with every single movement they made anyway. A few villages or farms didn't matter in the grand scheme of things.

“Enjoying the walk?” said the titan of all titans to his equally impressive wife.

Squeezing Norm’s hand, Savannah considered. “I guess,” she eventually murmured.

“What?” Norm chuckled in a bassy boom that was heard by the entire continent that he was treading across. “You getting bored of being able to cross an entire country in a few steps?”

“If I’m being completely honest, then, yeah, kind of,” Savannah sighed. “You know me. The novelty wears off quickly.”

Norm smiled wryly. “You mean that you’re greedy.”

Savannah gave Norm’s shoulder an open-palmed smack. “Oi,” she said in faux offense, “I ain’t greedy. I’m just ambitious, that’s all. I mean, why settle for crossing countries when I can cross continents?”

Norm chuckled and rubbed over at the huge slab of flesh that Savannah had just struck with his left hand. “Or entire planets,” he said with a sigh. “Or solar systems. Like you were talking about last night.”

“Look - I know that *you* don’t think that you’ll ever get that big - but you’ve always underestimated yourself. I’m telling you, Norm - in a couple of months, we’re gonna be off’a this podunk planet,” Savannah said with complete confidence. “All you need to do is less walking and more *growing*.”

“Ah - and so comes the real reason for why you’re bored by the walk,” Norm said, amused. “You’d rather us spend all of our time growing, wouldn’t you?”

“Of course,” Savannah said. “I mean, don’t you?”

“Kind of,” Norm said. “But if I am going to get bigger than the entire planet - like you and everyone else keeps on saying - then at some point, I’m going to have to leave it behind, aren’t I? And, I

dunno … kinda wanted to … take some time away from sitting in my throne, having you and everyone else worship me. Wanted to take these calm little walks so that I could appreciate the place properly."

"Norm, your 'calm little walks' have left the entire planet smothered in hoof craters," Savannah pointed out. "There's not gonna be much planet *left* if you don't sit your ass down somewhere and relax."

Norm paused and look around at the continental expanse that was all around him. There *were* a lot of hoof craters scattered around. Some were puny to him and barely visible - those that he had left in the weeks prior when he was smaller - while some were more recent and much more visible. He quickly attempted to count those that were visible - but lost count somewhere around the second dozen.

"Well," Norm murmured just a little glumly, "there are plenty of *paw craters* too."

Savannah scoffed. "Don't be stupid. I have dainty little feet."

"Savannah, honey, you're my wife, and you're incredibly beautiful, so - no offense here - but nothing about you has ever been *dainty*." Norm said while reaching out to brush a few colossal strands of hair away from his beau's beautiful face.

"Whatever," Savannah said. She playfully tugged her head away from her husband's hand and folded her arms beneath her bust, pushing massive mammaries upward. "My paw prints are beside the point."

"What *is* your point, then?"

"My point is that you're clearly too goddamn big for this place," Savannah sighed, "and that we need to focus on getting you into a more suitable environment. And the only way to do that is by going up."

Norm cast his head toward the not-so-distant sky and sighed

reluctantly.

Savannah uncrossed her arms and reached out to grab Norm's gut with both hands. Fingers dug into the enormous amount of rotund flesh, making it jiggle and bounce in her palms. Then, just like the feline that she was, she began to knead at it, clenching and unclenching her knuckles.

Norm released a content gale of a sigh as his wife began to massage his belly. He wrapped his hands around her shoulders and gave them a firm squeeze. Eyes lowered from the sky and down to her.

"You know what'd be really fun?" Savannah said in a voice that was low and sultry.

Norm slowly raised his brows. "Hmm?"

"If you did that trick where you turn a city into a condom."

Norm's massive heart skipped a couple of beats. Fingers quivered lustfully against the top of Savannah's shoulders.

"You always get really **big** when you do that," the tiger went on.

Norm took a moment to catch his breath. "Weren't you complaining about my hoof prints a second ago?" he eventually said in weak rebuttal.

"Oh, you know I don't give a shit," Savannah said huskily. "The chaos turns me on. And it turns *you* on too. Don't think I can't feel your dick getting all hard against my tummy."

Cock was getting hard. Blood was starting to flow. The sentimentality for the planet around him - *his* planet - was starting to fade. All was being replaced by lust. His wife had a way of doing that to him.

"C'mon, Norm," the busty feline sighed. "Let's do this."

The horse's hips shifted ever so slightly, making huge sweaty balls sway within their leathery sack. And 'just' beneath those testicles - about two thousand feet toward the ground - laid a sprawl of a city that would be just *perfect* to wrap around his cock. And that city was Wrixron.

In that very moment, both of them grew by a hundred feet. Given their already colossal size, though, neither of them noticed.

* * *

Fingers larger and thicker than any skyscraper in the world tore into the Wrixron's foundations like they were nothing but butter. Hundreds of years of city planning - electrical systems, waterworks, sewers - were all crumbling in an instant. Purely because of a giant horse's whim.

Alice and Ruby were in the very epicenter of it all. The Central Square that the mouse had chosen to conduct her so-called field test laid, as the name implied, in the very center of the city itself. This meant that they - and the crumbling city that surrounded them - were currently being pulled into the very center of the horse's colossal hand.

Ruby - once the largest thing in the entire city - now looked truly puny, even if she was almost a thousand feet tall. If anything, actually, given what she was being compared to, that just made her look even *smaller*. Much like the buildings that were falling into ruin around them, the tigress was finding it very hard to keep her balance. As Alice squatted beneath the 'safety' of the car, she watched as the enormous woman stumbled, staggered, and screamed in what was a very vain attempt to stay on both of her enormous legs. Combined with her previous spiel about how she was going to become bigger than the very horse that was currently scooping her into her hand, well … Ms. Russo looked very ridiculous.

Of course, within seconds, she fell over. Right onto her big fat ass. Such a motion might've produced a shockwave - if the city wasn't already being torn apart by bigger ones.

No longer caring if the intercom was muted, Alice allowed herself a giggle amidst the chaos. She was terrified, sure - but she was also, unashamedly, a *massive* fangirl of Norm. To see him here - making a fool out of her boss - well, it was very empowering.

At least, until she realized *her* position in all of this. She - just like everyone else in the city - had heard what Savannah and Norm were plotting so high above. Then she became a little distracted.

First, the mouse's little heart fluttered as she realized that she was about to get a first-hand introduction to her hero's massive cock. No - not just that - she was also going to become a part of his *lovemaking*. She was going to be part of a 'condom' that was going to get squished all over his member before being thrust straight into his beautiful wife's amazing pussy! She was about to become a part of his pleasure. Just a tiny fraction of it in the grand scheme of things, but - a part of it, nonetheless! What an honor.

Then, her stomach dropped. Yes, it *would* be an honor - but it would also, likely, bring her life to an end.

Despite this realization, her heart continued to flutter. Or, more precisely, her panties continued to soak themselves.

But, on the other hand … stomach was still dropping. Nervous sweat began to line every inch of her body.

Alice swallowed. The mouse wasn't sure whether to start fingering herself - or start running. Maybe even both. "Fuck," she whimpered to herself. "What the hell am I going to do?"

Nothing, it turned out. Because she didn't have a choice.

Norm was hefting the city out of the ground now. Which meant that everything was being thrown into chaos.

Alice was whipped out from underneath the 'safety of the car. The storm of a city coming to sunder surrounded her.

All because of the clench of one horse's massive hand.

* * *

For Norm, though, the motion of pulling an entire city from the ground was easy. There was no chaos or confusion in it at all for him, it was

Though … he did feel something *strange* in his hand. Something that didn't feel like crumbling stone and bending steel. No, it was … something squishy and warm and *alive*. Something large enough to be able to struggle - *barely* - against the hold of his mighty hand. Something that was getting *bigger*.

Norm recognized the strange thing in his hand as a giantess almost immediately. How many large women had he handled by now, after all? What surprised him was that he hadn't been able to see her as he'd plucked the city from the ground. Usually, he could - the horse, after all, enjoyed the sight of well-grown women, and his eyes tended to be drawn to them. But, this time …

… well, it was just another sign of how **big** he was getting. Whatever giantess was in this city was no longer a target for his eye, but just … another part of all of the debris. Admittedly an interesting part, but still. Debris.

"You look distracted," Savannah said as she surveyed her husband's curious expression. "Everything alright?"

"Yeah, um … just … didn't realize that there was a giantess in … in whatever this city was called." Norm murmured. The equine didn't sound morose - if anything, he was pleasantly surprised by all this.

"Oh, you didn't?" Savannah murmured sneakily.

Norm's ears briefly perked. "Did *you*?" he asked, extremely curious about his wife's tone.

"No," Savannah said all too quickly. "Well. Maybe."

"*Maybe?*" Norm asked while rolling a couple of digits over the growing woman in his clenched hand. She felt good. Sizeable chest. Squeezable ass, even if it was small. A good yell, too - good enough that he could feel it reverberating off the inside of his hand. "What do you mean, maybe?"

"Well, I might've known that … y'know, there was a giantess around here *somewhere* …"

"Savannah," Norm murmured. With dust and debris from an entire city falling from the cracks between his fingers, he pulled himself into a stand. His utter tower of a cock was hard and ready between his legs, the balls beneath swaying like massively magnified wrecking balls. Indeed - every part of him was ready. Muscles were tense. His stare at his wife was firm. He wanted to know what his wife was up to - purely so that he could sate his curiosity and get on with what was important. "Just spit it out. You know I'm not gonna be mad."

"Well … I might've known that my sister might've been around here somewhere."

Norm's eyes flicked down to his city-crushing hand. "Wait," he said in shock. "You mean *Ruby*?"

"Yeah, I mean Ruby."

"But she hates me!" Norm said.

Savannah smirked lustily. "All the more reason to turn her into a condom, big guy."

A fervent snort puffed out of Norm's nostrils. "You're insane, Savannah."

"I know," the feline sighed. "But you love me, don't you, Norm?"

"Yes," the giant horse sighed. "I love you and your insanity."

“And you love my idea to make you **bigger**, don’tcha Norm?”

The horse didn’t bother to answer that verbally.

Palm swept down onto his cock. First, he squeezed the tip, mushing both buildings - and Ms. Russo - against the tip of his shaft. Like he was forming a dough, his thumb rolled and fingers teased around his flared head, rubbing and twisting that city into an object of his desire. With how hot his cock was and how firm his hand was being, the tons of metal and stone was being formed - just as planned - into something of a makeshift condom. Or at least … something that would cover his *cock* like a condom. Naturally, tons of steel and stone were *not* what one would usually consider a rubber, but … they didn’t exactly make them in the horse’s size anymore, so he had to improvise.

Hand swept down his length. The ‘city pancake’ that he’d formed on the tip of his dick was pulled *down* and formed into a sheath. Hundreds of apartment buildings. Thousands of businesses. An uncountable amount of lives. The homes and livelihoods of an entire population rendered into unrecognizable ‘condom’. All of it.

Well … except for *one* piece. Identifiable and *squished* down right over the horse’s huge urethra was the defeated form of one Ruby Russo. With rubber piled onto her wrists and ankles, she wouldn’t be going *anywhere*. The horse - to please his wife - had deliberately made her into the most prominent part of his condom. The part that would feel the full brunt of his load.

Not that Norm and Savannah bother to discuss that particular fact. Aroused beyond belief, the horse shoved his feline wife down to the ground to finally rut. “C’mere,” he growled as he toppled down onto her. “Lemme show you something **big**.”

* * *

“Ohmygosh,” Alice squeaked, “ohmygosh, ohmygosh, *ohmygosh!”*

Something - or *someone* - had gone completely unnoticed by both

Norm and Savannah. And that person was the little mouse woman known as Alice.

"Shit! Shit, shit, *shit!*"

Then again - it was hard to blame them for missing her. For not only was Alice the size of a dust mote in comparison to them but … she was also buried deeply into the fur on Ruby's right thigh. A right thigh that was *very* sticky thanks to the woman it belonged to squirting an absolute torrent of arousal down onto it and her. Still, though - despite the feminine storm above her, all she could smell and feel was *cock*. After all, Ruby was but a speck compared to Norm - and she stood no chance of contesting even his scent.

"I can't believe this is happening!"

Her intercom had been lost a long time ago. She couldn't communicate with her boss now. Then again - if she could - she doubted that Ruby would be receptive, considering that she could hear her screaming bloody murder right now. But - that was somewhat irrelevant. The point was - for Alice at least - that she was cut off, alone, without any kind of aid. There was nobody that she could cry to help for, nobody that could ease her fear, and, perhaps, most importantly …

"I can't believe I finally got to meet him!"

… nobody that she could *gush* to. Because despite *all* of the fear that came with being an infinitesimal part of a condom, she was still, at the end of the day, an utterly rabid fangirl of the very horse that she was stuck to. She wanted - no, *needed* - to tell someone about this!

Unfortunately, though, she couldn't. And not only because she didn't have her intercom - or a cell phone - or a voice loud enough to reach any of the ears currently present. No, the reason that she couldn't talk was because Norm was pressing his flared tip against his wife's hungry twat …

… and, as he *shoved* forward into the hole that he loved so much,

Alice's world was once again thrown into complete chaos. A pink and hot darkness brought itself around her in a close surround as the horse hastily bottomed out in his wife. The tight and silken walls of an immense giantess suddenly *clenched* around Alice, her boss, and the *cock* that they were *both* stuck to, creating an incredible feeling of wet compression. A true flood of juices washed over her body and filled her maw, finally allowing her to taste something *other* than horse dick.

The rest of the city finally got a taste, too. Streaked all down the equines shaft, they too felt the power of he and his wife's mate.

Pressure doubled as both she and Ruby were *pressed* against the surface of Savannah's cervix. More pressurized juices flowed around the pair of them as they rushed to squirt *out* of the giantess that had produced them.

A seismic throb of the cock beneath them. An earthquake at a magnitude of 11. Ruby's body *jolted* as a great bolt of horse pre blasted against her back.

Neither of them had time to even *begin* to recover from these awesome and erotic sensations. Because the horse, hasty and *needy*, was already drawing his hips backward. Silken walls were rolling over them.

Briefly - ever so briefly - both were drawn out into the outside world. Light flooded their eyes. Maws opened to greedily swallow a single gulp of oxygen …

… and then, quickly, they were hammered back inside.

Another squeeze.

Another tidal wave of female cream.

Another *bone-rattling* throb from the behemoth's cock.

There was no reprieve. No break. The horse was hungry. He

needed this.

Ruby was in a state of humiliated woe. Drenched in the juices of two people that she loathed. Surrounded by them. *Beaten* by them before her plans could properly start. Though … that was far from the most frustrating thing for the feline. What she was *most* pissed off by was the fact that she'd cum not once - not twice - but *three* times. Yes. She was angered that she was enjoying this. That she was enjoying it enough that it was making her *grow*. That it was making her into a better plug for the horse's inevitable orgasm.

As for Alice - who had her hand between her legs so that she could frig herself as best as she could - well, she was in a state of complete bliss. There was no humiliation here - and furthermore, no more fear. This was exactly what she wanted. How many times had she come? Three? Four? Five? Who knew? She'd lost count somewhere after the first thrust. It was impossible to keep track of her orgasms when she could quite literally feel her favorite horse's cock quite literally getting *bigger* beneath her.

And it wasn't just her cunt that was exploding in bliss. Her thighs were feeling a heavy tingle. Her breasts. Her butt. *All* of her. Like there was something underneath her skin pushing and wriggling and making her *expand* bigger than she'd ever been. Like she was growing *just* because of the contact hit that she was getting from Norm's cock and Savannah's puss.

She was the lucky one. The rest of the city's population - bar Ruby, who was still *growing* on Norm's tip even as she attempted to squeeze - well. They wouldn't survive this.

And honestly, neither might Alice. This was from routine for the mouse girl, after all. Indeed, given her nerdy interests and her sedentary lifestyle - she'd never *moved* as much as this in her entire life.

But the mouse didn't care. Routine or not - death or glory - it didn't matter to her. This was a dream come true.

* * *

For the horse and his wife, though, this had been nothing but routine. Not a dream come true, but a fairly standard midday fuck for the couple. Nothing out of the ordinary. As always, they were just two giants quite literally on the top of the world. A world that was shaking - breaking - and quite literally being torn apart by their lovemaking. Cities on the other side of the world from here would be feeling the force of the horse's thrusting ...

... and, if they didn't, they would most certainly feel the shockwave that was his orgasm. For the horse, it was nothing more than the last and hardest thrust into his wife's tight twat. For the world, it was a rut that caused the very mountains themselves to crumble.

Virile semen flooded directly into Savannah's fertile womb. Of course, the 'condom' of a city wrapped around his cock broke. At some point during the giant's ferocious orgasm, Ruby had become unseated and blasted deep into Savannah's insides. Her body - large but puny in comparison to the couple that had just mated - wouldn't have stood a chance of being able to hold back the flood.

Nothing could anymore. There was no 'condom' in the world that could hold back the horse's load. Neither Norm nor his wife had expected the city to be able to hold back his tide - really, it was just an excuse to destroy things. A way to keep their lovemaking hot and spicy. The dozens of lives that had been ruined or outright destroyed were merely useless and playful accessories to their sex.

The horse pumped rope for a good couple of minutes. Enough that his wife's belly looked like it was swollen with his foals. Enough that every muscle in his great big body came to feel the satisfying ache of a job well done.

Norm heaved out a heavy sigh. Satisfaction rolled through his body. Those big fat balls were nowhere near empty, but ... the top had been skimmed. The lust was clearing. Enough that he could appreciate the sight of his cum-swollen wife panting all hotly beneath him.

Hips began to withdraw as gallons of breath were gulped into his lungs. Cum and city-smeared cock withdrew from Savannah's pussy. A final bolt of cum squirted from the tip of his cock and came to land on Savannah's bloated belly.

The biggest tiger in the hole damn world thrust forward her aching thighs … and with her well-fucked hole gaping, the seed within her began to pour. The ocean of cum that just pumped within her began to gush out all sticky thick. By the time that her pussy was done emptying itself, a brand new lake will have been created - one that was ten miles long and ten miles wide. An enormous pool of their fluid - mostly the horses - all combined into a thick and bitter and land-filling stew.

A thick and bitter stew that something else was within. In fact, given the fact that *most* of the former city was sank into it, many things were floating around in that soup. But one thing, in particular, was of interest.

Like Norm's cum was a primordial ooze - a small and mousy gray hand forced its way out of the musky masculine swamp that was growing between the resting giant's legs.

Norm and Savannah didn't see it. They were too busy basking in the glory of their afterglow, and, frankly, even if they weren't, the speck pushing its way out of the horse's heavy seed wouldn't have been visible to them anyway. But, if it was, if they *could* see it, then …

… they would've seen what was a rapidly growing mouse.

Alice had survived.

And she was starting to get **big**. Just like her hero.