

Red Mist Massacre

By Adam0800/Typhek

The streets were quiet, it was past midnight and cars occasionally passing by for a few moments as they disrupting the peace. Posters advertising an extravaganza flickered from the fresh breeze, sweeping the streets clean of garbage left by humans and the anthropomorphic animals of the city. This city (unlike others), hosted a special sort of tourist attraction, people from all over the world would congregate at *Red mist city* after a civilisation that vanished twenty years ago; Leaving only paw-prints and red mist in the air. People celebrated because it was believed a monster just like the Loch Ness Monster once existed. No one ever knew what it was, or even if it was real. No reports were ever published and detectives disappeared when they were close.

The 'City Defence Department' (CDD) was very strict in what information was released to the public.

It was during the next three days of this extravaganza that they celebrated this monster, and in the CDD main complex a canine was on a late night watch as he sat inside the security check-point.

Casually flicking a Yo-Yo and watching the clock as he sighed 'Only a few minutes left...'

Stan, the canine on watch, was a security guard at the CDD; A hard worker with a strong work ethic. If he was not working as a security guard then he was on his second job working as a Cop, who also worked on behalf of the CDD. In his leisure time Stan sported the gym and being an American Slandered dog (color), Stan was a very attractive German Shepard who often had other canines flirts with him at the gym. It was because of his confident personality and his super heavyweight build that the CDD chose him as a 'high priority candidate'. Working for the government required you to be ready 24/7. The pay was the only reason Stan ever stayed, being tired most days of the week the canine was now hitting thirty years old. He always wanted the time off work during the holidays; unfortunately he was never allowed. This was the canines' favourite time of the year, being a big fan of monsters; this was the best time to celebrate his dark desires of becoming a monster and stomping this city flat. Looking down at his boots, Stan flicked his toes; Murmuring quietly and arousing himself at the thought of a large group of humans being trapped in-between his toes. Reaching down for his groin he eagerly groped it, growling darkly to himself 'Mrrrm...Fuck these humans.'" as the door suddenly rattled!

The door knob rattled and Stan barely had a second or two; in which he kicked his feet up and pretend caring about the CCTV footage just above him.

In came the next security guard, a Doberman. Closing the door behind him, the cold air flew back outside as the heating gave a warm welcoming to the guard. Stan was playing casual (although he had a bulge) and tried not to make his late-night libido to obvious. The security guard relieving Stan asked him;

'So, did anything happen at all when I was away?', the next in line at the checkpoint unfastened his tie and unbuttoned a top or two.

'Nah, another night without fright' Stan replied as he began to tidy himself up and allow the other guard to sit down in the chair.

The phrase was known to security guards who had an eventless shift. Stan was collecting his jacket when the security guard said 'Have a safe trip home son'. Being called "son" at thirty years was unpleasant. Even more so because most of the security workforce were way over their sale by date. Looking back at the guard as he opened the door, Stan shook his head and instead waved a paw up as he closed the door behind him. Rubbing his eyes and squinting from the early morning sun, the glowing star had surfaced and quickly pushed the shadows back from the city. Stan was thankful that another shift was over, happy that he could get a few hours' sleep before starting his next shift at mid-day.

On his way home from work, Stan walked past the CDD's pharmacy store, he heard from gossip in the department that the government drug store was used to test, develop and counteract drugs used within the US. Criminals would attempt to use the drugs too biologically overwhelm the government. Wondering to himself Stan thought "Just another rumour". As he briefly stared inside of the windows and saw lab-coats bickering to each other.

Planting his snout to the window and closely observing, he saw the shop raided and most of the products on the floor. Capsules were scattered and the shelves were knocked over too. Stroking his chin Stan quietly checked the locks on the door, after hearing the lock in place for the door. Stan peered over to see two pair of eyes staring, moments after awkward eye contact, the figures ran away. Stan punched through the window to unlock the door, sprinting after them only to find the back-door wide open and the cold morning air blowing coldly outside.

Turning towards the carnage inside of the pharmacy, Stan checked his radio and reminisced. Freezing for a moment in time and thinking about his decision whether to make the call for back up or continue searching alone. After deciding to investigate, Stan took his thumb off the radio and continued to search the debris of the shop. Scouring through the piles of paperwork thrown around he checked from the shop floor to the products housed at the back. Flicking through different medicines and his eyes then glimpsed over at a pad-locked cabinet hidden away. Wrapping a finger or two around the padlock he attempted to pull on the lock, almost unhinging the handle for the cabinet completely and in brief frustration, Shepard (nickname for Stan) punched his fist through the cabinet, causing him to wince as the sounds of pills could be heard inside. Looking at the giant hole briefly, Stan checked his numerous key chains that hung by his front pockets. Trying each key in turn before he heard a *CLICK* and the door had unlocked itself. Stan did after all have a bone key, handy for unlocking any door in case of a fire. Briefly smiling at the giant hole in the wall, he pulled the door open and to his surprise he saw the government's clearly labelled prototype medicine cabinet. Most of them warned of 'Uncertain circumstances' or stated that they were not for consumption. Flicking his paw through the bottles of pills and knocking most of them on the floor, his eyes widened at a pill that was named "Growth". Reading the small font writing by squinting his eyes, Stan made out most of the pharmaceutical chemicals used and several listed warnings;

1. Consumption may lead to death.
2. The user becomes gigantic on use, effects may be permanent.
3. Still in test phrase, results uncertain.

Pivoting the bottle around, a complimentary message appeared on the bottle; "for those who want a larger look of life! Watch as you grow beyond all the troubles of life!" with font italic writing stating "Effects take place after a few hours!"

For his whole life, he wanted to be a monster. Now finally, as the festival was here. He had a reason to be one. Plus working for the government actually payed off beyond money motivations as Stan chuckled at the thought of the new holiday being named after him. Snapping out of his chuckle, Stan quickly stole the pills for himself, hiding them in his front pocket as he sprinted out the backdoor and closed the door behind him. Darting around the alleyways he came out onto the main road, although looking flustered, he was away from any suspicions and danger. As he glared his fangs out he reached a finger or two down to tap the bottle reassuringly in his pocket.

Half an hour later, Stan reached his home as he turned his brass key into the lock. Flying through the door he locked the door behind him. Throwing his clothes on the floor and jumping into a nice warm shower. His naked furred body was on clear display through the window; early workers could look up to his bulging muscles and stare in awe at his impressive physique. Wolf whistles from both men and women were heard as Stan finished scrubbing himself down. Climbing out of the shower, the wet dog fished through his work clothes to pull out the 'Growth' pills. Muttering to himself "If these only take hours, I should be able to crush every miserable fucker in this city by the time I wake up!"

Excited, Stan threw the recommended two tablets into his maw and swallowed. His throat flexed and motioned their descent into his stomach. After drying himself up with a towel, the dog fell on his bed exhausted. The springs coiling and straining underneath his bulging weight as he stared up at the ceiling for what was over an hour. From the excitement of finding his dreams possibly come true, Stan begun to question the government and its true intentions. *Why would they have this...* he pondered. Waiting for the effects to take place on his body, Stan was arousing himself over thoughts earlier on at work, continuing his sexual fantasy of crushing humans likes twigs between his toes and using the gore to suffocate other humans with.

Unexpectedly, the thoughts of the dog shifted from carnivorous rampaging and into those of deep sleep. The canine yawned loudly and looked down at his feet as he flicked the bed sheets, his bulge made a clear outline on the bed as he thought about the drugs *finally* taking place. With his eye lids closing and a paw around his groin, his bedroom became a black void as he drifted into a blissful sleep...

Hngggh.....Uaaaaaah.

Stan woke up grumbling to find the sun light blinding him, raising an arm over his head he felt his muscles flex instinctively. Feeling weak he could barely move his head, but shifting his eyes he let out a disappointed huff, as he saw the same white ceiling above him. It was a disappointing wake up call to realise that the dream you imagined never came true. And that it was just another day at the office. "Stupid pills, you would think the government would get *something* right!", Groaning from his sore body he contemplated the night back and realized that the tablets were only in the

development stage. Thinking about to the warnings he muttered;

“ 3. Still in test phase, results uncertain.” Then under another breathe whispered “2. The user becomes gigantic on use, effects may be permanent.”. He spent the next hour thinking back and having flash backs of the night. Stan thought to himself *why would they warn you about gigantism when it was not certain?* It was a strange piece to the puzzle that the government had a biological super-weapon still in a test-phase down the road, warning you about embodying the person with size yet the pills were unsuccessful on him. The again, they were still in testing.

Shrugging the thoughts off, Stan peered over his shoulder and saw the alarm;

‘10AM, SHIT!,work already!?’ with his body still sore and cramp from his morning sleep. Stan heaved himself out of bed and spent the next hour getting ready. He avoided having a shower as he never had the time, *only a few hours sleep* he thought to himself. Getting dressed into his uniform he quickly ate his cereal and busted out the door. Walking to work Stan grumbled to himself and felt a little disappointed with the pills. Looking up to the skyline he would imagine himself rampaging and what he could be doing right now. Just as he came to the secondary security checkpoint inside the building, he was scanned thoroughly.

“Hey, What gives with the extra security?” Stan enquired.

“Sir, this is for our safety and yours.’ The guard replied, almost like he was only scripted to say that one line.

“Figures...” Stan muttered. “must have been asked a hundred times already.”

Collecting his belongings Stan peered at his wrist watch and saw the time at 11:55AM. Briefing a sigh of relief the dog walked through the reception and into a huge open office floor which included hundreds of desk jockeys and elevators. There was a huge crowd of people waiting to use the lifts as Stan shook his head in disbelief.

“Every Fuck’in day. Lazy arrogant Assholes” Stan grunted as he saw them all stood there in their fancy suits and huffing hot air at each other, all mustering at that one point. Stan huffed reluctantly and made his way to the flight of stairs; taking the flight up the stairs left him out of breath as well as sweating. There must have been hundreds of government employees in suits and brief cases walking around and typing away at their computers. The complex housed several large office floors like these so there must have been at least several thousand people in this building. It was intimidating to new employees who were misconceived from the exterior of the building. Stan made his way to his office and as he walked through the door and was greeted by three other canines, each wearing suits that were at least a size too small for them.

“Stan, We need to talk” one of them spoke, gesturing with his paw to sit down.

“What have I done now?” Stan questioned, quickly glancing at the clock above them and realized he was late.

“I’ll get straight down to it Stan, your boss has informed me that you were the guard off shift last night. Is that correct?” The three canines looking nervous, scrawny too. Like they’ve lost their appetites.

"Yes, Why?"

"Why, Stan? Well because a citizen has reported that our pharmacy was broken into in the early hours of the morning. They reported seeing **you** inside of the building..." the voice trembling slightly as his paws tensed and made an intimidating fist.

"No sir, I really don't know what you are talking about" Stan lied; He knew no one was around to report him. Or was there?

"You're probably wondering why there is no police here to arrest you then." The leader continued; "we wanted to keep this on the down-low. Keep it between us."

"I don't even know your name---"

"You don't need to know" interrupted the voice, with a more stern tone than before. He was a Dalmatian breed, who hid his eyes behind black shades. "As I was saying" the figure continued "what we had in that pharmacy is **Top Secret**".

"Can't be that much of a secret if you're telling me this" Stan chuckled. Easing his tensions slightly as the figure adjusted his shades.

"This is no joke Stan, whoever has got this weapon can decimate an entire city without a trace..."

In Stan's mind he took all of the information in. *Shit, what if they knew it was me...* he thought. As his thoughts were severed and the figure spoke,

"Just like Twenty years ago to this day..." he finished.

Stan looked firmly at all three of them. In his mind he read the first rule on the bottle 1. *Consumption may lead to death.* Picking up to the hint he was flabbergasted, shocked and instantly enquired "that was no natural creature, that monster was **YOUR** creation!"

"Yes...Well...." The Dalmatian sniggered; his fangs looked like they needed a good brushing.

"How did you kill it then?" Stan persisted.

"We were still in the earlier test phases when we were testing out this weapon. The monster's heart gave out and eventually it became Red Mist. The weapon was to actually empower an individual with an increased growth hormone and growth that would keep them alive. Twenty years ago technology hindered us and thus this weapon was only able to survive as it destroyed the city" Explained the figure.

In the back of Stan's mind none of it made sense. *Why would they destroy their own city?*

“But unfortunately whoever took our growth pills. Are not quite aware of the power they have. We wanted to control the monster ourselves and destroy this city. Claiming the insurance from it and no one would know any better! Eventually we could hold entire countries—even the world hostage!” Laughed the Dalmatian, the other two henchmen adjusting their collars nervously.

“Which brings us to you, Stan.” The Dalmatian spoke, grinning widely at Stan who had his heart beating and held his excitement.

“Why are you telling me all of this?” Stan asked, “It’s not got anything to do with me.”

“You’re lying Stan. We know you’re the one who took the Growth tablets and it’s unfortunate no one in this building is going to let you out alive. If we can’t control you! NO ONE CAN!” the Dalmatians shouted!

The two henchmen surrounded Stan side by side. Drawing out their knives as the door was electronically locked behind Stan and the blinds folded. Stan had to think fast and felt his adrenaline pumping. The first henchman from his left swung for him with a switch blade, dodging the few inches thick blade Stan threw an upper-cut to the jaw, sending the first one across the room as he was slammed straight into the wall; Where he was embedded in it he howled and winced. The second hesitated to throw his switch-blade now and Stan easily reached straight for his throat and threw him onto the floor. Stepping his paw over the damaged henchman, he walked straight towards the leader as he growled;

“so this was all of your plans all along was it...? To control a monster like me....?”

“N-No! N-Not at All! PLEASE! DON’T DO THIS TO US!” Pathetically cried the Dalmatian, who was tearing up seeing his henchman thrown like ragdolls and a Muscular German Shepard towering over him.

“I was the missing piece of your puzzle all along...” Stan glared, “and now you’re going to watch me crush all of you pathetic fuckers...”

People begun to crowd outside of Stan’s office, the government were much busier on holidays so there were more people around. Animals and humans planted their faces against the windows as their eyes shifted upwards and downwards trying to figure out the commotion. The only sounds they got were two groans and one man pleading for his life. Stan gut punched the boss in the stomach, leaving him hunched over as he spat out blood. Stan towered over him, giving him a knee to the head and knocking him flat on his ass. Grabbing a fistful of his suit he lifted the small dog muzzle to muzzle. Snarling at the small dog before throwing him against the wall.

Taking a few paces backwards, Stan felt his clothes becoming tight on him. His shirts ripped apart as he quickly stripped naked and threw away his uniform. The sight was bewildering, the three helpless hounds watched as Stan flexed and taunted them. Standing there for minutes, Stan felt the new surge of power flow through his veins, he begun to feel magnificent, gloried and godly. Walking over to the henchman on the floor he brought his paw over his head, watching him suffocate slowly underneath that musky paw. The other two had to watch painfully as that one henchman’s snout was buried in-between two of Stan’s toes.

Shifting his foot and turning his ankle, he began to pivot and rotate the head playfully underneath his paw. Feeling the breath of the henchman becoming weaker and weaker, Stan rumbled deeply as he noticed his paw becoming bigger. The henchman cried out in pain, his hands struggling to restrain the almighty growth Stan was experiencing, and as Stan was bored of his pleading. Stan muttered;

“That’s it....Beg me one last time you pathetic little fuck...” Stan murred, releasing a toe paw just for a moment as he savoured in the pathetic pleading.

All of that begging and pleading only helped arouse Stan. This in turn stimulated his growth. Putting his toe back down, Stan barely made any effort to force his toe down before the muffled cry of the hound beneath him turned into a loud *CRAAAAAAACK!* And cries from within the room made everyone on the floor panic. Shifting his ankle left and right, Stan grinded the remains of the dog’s head underfoot as blood oozed out. The warm entrails of the hollow skull gave a satisfying warmth and relaxation to the German Shepard. Hearing the gore squish and squash underneath his now blood-covered paw.

The other two, ran up to the door screaming and pounding on the door to let them out! People desperately attempted to smash and break the door, however as it was Stan’s security office it had more protection and he also had the lock to the door. The door was pounded, hounded and cursed by the two. Their faces dropped as they screamed and pleaded for help and begged for mercy in any attempt to have their lives spared. However, Stan was growing and with no end in sight. They knew if they don’t get out soon, they’ll die.

“Hrrm, Pound all you want little worms...” Stan chuckled. “You’re going to die and be smeared to juice between all of my bulging muscles.”

His body felt the need to explode and stretch. His muscles flexes needingly as he saw himself grow with no such beautiful sense of feeling in the world. By now his whole paw could cover the deceased hound, lifting his toes up and digging his heel onto the chest; he slowly flattened his foot onto the ground and smeared the entire body under foot. Squishing and savouring the remains that stuck to his sole as he showed them off to his interrogators.

Without realising, Stan was now too large to be contained in the room! He felt tight and needed to break free, his body stretched throughout the room and the concrete began to crumble around him. Eventually Stan was on the point of being unleashed and had the two dogs firmly pressed up against the wall with his muscle. The blinds were torn away and all of the employees could see them squashed up against the door. Their muffled screams and groans were soon ended quickly as within an instant both of them popped! A puddle of blood and their exploded remains slid down the window as the crowd was horrified and screamed in utter fright. All of them mesmerize in their brief and most regretful moment of fear. The entire building vibrated as tremors travelled throughout the architecture as Stan’s office exploded. Merely by flexing his muscles Stan was able to obliterate the office around him and threw his arms around to smash the debris in all directions. A brief shockwave was sent out and a few of the workers were sent flying into the crowd as they were knocked on their behinds, others were knocked unconscious with debris and as Stan punched a bit of Debris, he completely crushed a few onlookers.

His body was hunched over and he was breathing deeply, his eyes scanned all of the fearful faces looking up to him, their faces become smaller and smaller as he smashed his fist threw the ceiling and out fell a worker or two. To demonstrate his power he brought them in-between his pectorals, bringing his arms together and flexing his muscular body, the two furs were crushed without any effort between the bulging chest muscles of the new monster. Stan had his naked body fully on display and took in every glorious moment of his dream coming true. Stan then plucked another handful of furs from his crater as they desperately clung onto the floor for their dear lives, but instead. They were trapped in between his Quadriceps, Stan loved humiliating and over-powering his pathetic prey. And like before, their bodies splattered onto those who dared looked as women began squealing and reeling from the sight.

Without even realizing, his paws had crushed the floor beneath his feet. The paws went through several levels and at the bottom, he could glimpse a crowd of wiggling limbs as he felt the arms and muzzles push aggressively against his sole. He had recognized the same crowd of people before taking his flight of stairs; they were all still gathered at the escalators as their only warning was a foot through the roof and on top of them! Stan wrenched his paw left and right. A satisfying *Cruuuuunch* tore apart the crowds as they all begun to evacuate for their dear lives, severed remains flew as they unaware that they were going to be trampled to death.

As Stan noticed the crowds at chest height, they were backing away and making their way towards the stairs. Quickly solving the problem Stan plunged a fist through the stairs, causing office furniture and desks to be destroyed as they obstructed his fist.

Stan was now so big he was not even aware of what floor he was on, his only indication to his power and awe was the bulletproof windows acted as a size measurement. Muffled screams now sounded all around him as he felt the ground beneath him turn into squishy paste. His hands reaching around and hand-crushing many of the employee's as he would devour them, rip them in half and splatter their gore all around the building. Some he swallowed whole just so they could rot in his stomach.

Stan felt that entire growth spurt hit him once more, his body felt lighter and he was amazed by his raw power. By now Stan could feel little grope marks all over his lower body, his muscles were pinning workers all over the wall. Stan's lust yearned to be free of this miserable place, feeling little patters across his body; Stan shifted his paw to the entrance he previously entered. As it was a high security complex there was only ever one entrance and one exit, which were now blocked by his humungous foot which acted as a stone wall. The walls around him begun to finally crumble, flexing his thighs and biceps he felt his body lubricated by a thick metallic liquid which oozed crimson red. Stan decided to finally use his new strength and size to test how weak these humans were. Howling out loud he flexed his body, feeling a thousand bugs pop in one go as the building disintegrated around him.

The cheery happy songs of the festival were cut off as the clear blue sky was turned into a red sky, filled with black clouds fires begun to break out as onlookers looked horrified as their eyes saw two gigantic arms fly out of the CDD building and a rain of concrete landed all around Red Mist. Flames soared out of windows and a few misfortunate people were set alight. A deaf-inducing roar sounded out for miles as the earth shook for miles out.

It was a great feeling for Stan who had to briefly fought the steel prison. The building kept him in but it was all the more satisfying when he broke out and licked his lips, savouring the scent of death all over himself. Walking off from the ruins of the CDD department he trampled his security check-point under foot and begun his rampage. What was a town in the middle of the festive season celebrating tradition, Stan saw himself grow again until he could not individually recognize the faces of the citizens anymore; feeling bursts of power surge through him there really was nothing like it. As Stan was enjoying the city sights, whether it was festive decorations or market stalls, he was unaware that he even crushing a street full of furs. As he strolled down the streets, he felt his paw moisten and took a look. Looking down to his paws he brought his sole up and saw several splattered bodies. Pinching a few bodies and swallowing them to which he chuckled and continued his way. By now his sheath was present and could feel his human-shaped cock begin to lust for attention. The German Shepard was making a conscious effort to trample everything in his path now, whether it was crowds of both furs and humans or the traffic that he had caused from his birth at the CDD complex. Stan easily placed his foot falls precisely to the centre of the fleeing crowds, crushing as many of the miserable fuckers as possible. Whilst crowd crushing, the sound of metal shrieking reached all around the city from stomping vehicles, sirens sounded and the thousands of humans screaming rose up to the ears of Stan and only brought him more satisfaction, "Hmnh, That's it little bugs...Run for your dear lives.' Bellowed Stan.

A few vehicles with families inside were trapped in Stan's path, as entire buses full of civilians attempted to evacuated, Stan plucked the bus with his index finger and thumb. Bringing it above his hungry maw he allowed all of them to see their fates, his gleaming fangs shined as strings of saliva connected the roof of his maw to his lower teeth.

The black abyss was the only direction they were going to go as the macro simply let go of them. Vehicles along with the public bus vanished as the lips of the dog closed and a long pink tongue licked them clean. Inside of Stan's maw, the human and furs screeched. Before being silenced between the meat grinders inside of the canine's maw. They saw one another thrown around and the faces of their families for a split second before a pearl white tooth would instantly crunch their brothers, sisters and family, taking them away just as quickly as they made eye contact to each other. It was not long before they were all thrown underneath the meat grinders, the last survivors having to see everything in their lives turned to a red sauce as their screams were the most tragic. It was all the more satisfying when Stan finally felt the last survivors pop underneath his maw that his sheath was now present and his pre-covered cock was now peering out.

Growling in a desire to unleash his cock from his sheath, Stan threw a nearby two-story building over. The tumbling building acted like a blockade as hundreds of tiny figures vanished beneath it, the building causing a brief dust cloud. Those who were caved in to Stan could only look up in sheer shock at what he had in store for them. His bulging muscles had grown humongous; being a super-heavy weight macro bore the delights of overpowering anything. Showing off his muscles, Stan watched intensely, tapping his toes and shining a grim grin. The consequences of their negligence were the blood-covered toe that loomed in front of them.

"Let's see how you like it in my sheath!" roared Stan, his throat vibrating but the sound wave travelling through his body and causing light vibrations felt by all of his prey.

Stan leant down and onto his knees, scooping his hand down and through the crowd. Carefully threading his hand through the large bulk of the crowd, he smeared a few underneath his hand as his groin was warm. With his cock growing, the air became unbreathable; humans winced and breathed in lungs full musk. Being pent up with lust and the urge to smear, Stan brought them to his sheath. His human cock begun appearing out, the tip throbbled and grew larger than anything their small pair of eyes had ever seen. His member being covered in musk and pre-juice, the canine tilted his hand sideways, pinched his sheath delicately and crammed the humans between the thick wall of his cock and sheath. From the huge capacity of humans he crammed inside, a few fell to their death and splattered against the top of Stan's toes. Those stuffed inside scrambled for oxygen as they were in a black chamber covered in pre-cum and his gigantic throbbing cock. The only light they would ever see again was above them, a grinning Shepard greeted them with blood stained teeth as he pinched the top of his sheath and closed their only escape. Sighing out loud, Stan enjoyed the feeling of hundreds of trapped humans, crowds gathered around the macro as they watched the horror as hundreds slowly suffocated inside that sheath.

As Stan's cock grew the space condensed and humans were wrenched up against one another. As humans embedded into his huge almighty Pink cock, Stan became incredibly rock hard. His vein cock throbbled aggressively, the screams of humans begun to muffle from inside of the sheath. The German Shepard could feel them splatter and explode from the raw power of his cock throbs. Soon the humans begun to lubricate his member with soft sensual splatters, thin layers of blood and gore covering his dick as the remaining humans inside of the sheath prayed, as they were bundled together in a painful and excruciating space. Most of them had their faces planted into the soft sheath walls as hundreds of other humans had themselves buried and embedded into the gigantic member. Most of them attempted to wiggle free, their squirms only adding to the pleasure Stan received as his cock grew even more, each throb killed dozens as he knew they were desperate.

Rumbling deeply in Bliss, Stan swayed his tail and brushed it against the ruins of structures behind him. His paws buried several feet underneath the road as he brought his hand around his sheath and begun to slowly squeeze. Squeezing the sheath to his cock as he let out a hearty growl,

"Mmmh, That's it...Give in to me..." moaned Stan, closing his eyes as he savoured the hundreds of little explosions that would sent the explosive vibrations tingling along the entire length of his huge vein covered cock. Feeling all of those humans squish was delicious.

All around his cock Stan felt the humans grab and grope his cock in a pathetic attempt of escaping. Those who were not in the crowds were the last to perish; being deeply embedded into cock as their deaths was the most satisfying. Licking his lips for a few moments to imagine the pain and suffering they all went through, Stan finally let go off his sheath and out came the gored limbs and remains of those who perished. The sheath rolling back to the base of his cock as the sight was magnificent, his cock stood up impressively as crowds fled in a poor attempt of saving their lives; his cock was covered in a dark red juice that oozed its way down his cock. Millions of furs and humans alike saw the last of their comrades crushed pathetically in the most humiliating way possible. No one believed he was so powerful that he could cock crush them in his own sheath.

Greedily wrapping a hand around his cock and squeezing, Stan began jerking off as he howled blissfully. His tongues lapping out from his maw as he slurped the blood clean from his fangs. When Stan saw a few humans next to his feet, he gave them no thought and simply smeared them beneath his paw; the hundreds that perished meant nothing to him.

Stan continued his rampage, clearing entire streets in moments as his ears perked up, turning around as sirens blared out above the screams and buildings collapsing. The police came in Riot vans. Trailing behind them were the military soldiers and tanks positioning themselves. Laughing out loud Stan watched as they approached, having a cruel devious idea Stan began to kneel down in front of them. With his hand grabbing the base of his cock, Stan slowly brought his cock-tip on top of the Riot Van. Realizing they would escape, he brought a single finger to the back of the Van, and there he felt the doors thud as the police officers tried to escape free. Pushing his cock-tip down onto the van, Stan felt the metal scream out in pain as the van slowly deflated. The force used on the door begun more desperate as Stan left them for a few moments pinned beneath the lays of metal. Sighing out aloud he forcefully crushed the van in which the windscreen became splatted with remains. The metal only briefly resisted as Stan forced the metal to flatten a dozen officers as their resistance ticked the tip of his cock. Police officers swerved alongside them to give back-up, but realizing they had no chance, they attempted to flee. Stan was horny and only mused himself with thoughts of their deaths. Plucking up each car carefully as it attempted to escape (as a pinch would leave nothing but dust), Stan placed all of the cars and officers in a straight line below his cock. Before the officers escaped or realize what had happened, a brief choir of screams sounded out as Stan's gargantuan cock came slamming down on top of them, leaving nothing but a cock-shaped crater and the cars flattened in a line against his cock.

Military tanks opened fired, soldiers desperately fired RPG'S as all of the bullets and explosions were miniscule and ineffective due to Stan's Growth ad size. He had now towered above the tallest skyscrapers as he shuffled himself forward slightly. Positioning his cock-tip again, he gently placed it on top of the tanks and soldiers. The cock tip forcing the soldiers and tanks beneath his cock as they were held there. They were so insignificant that they only brought more sensual vibrations for the macro to enjoy, the soldiers dropping their weapons and reaching their hands up as an instinctive reaction to push away the pink meat that pinned them onto their backs and slowly overwhelmed them. Tanks tried to roll backwards, but they were already firmly held in place. The sheer panic the military felt as they were helpless was glorious, rather than cock-tip crush them like before. Stan wanted to make them suffer slowly and only had to wait for a minute or two for the growth to finish them off. For that minute or two Stan felt them deflate, pinned and struggle for their miserable existence. They all disappeared beneath the cock tip, tanks became even more embedded into his cock. They tried to firing but that only caused Stan to huff and shoot a strand of pre-cum outwards and flooding a street of soldiers who attempted to retreat. Stan felt how much control and satisfying power his new growth gave him, feeling the power lighten his body as testing his strength with his cock was even more satisfying.

The soldiers tried calling back up as they were being crushed; 'SIR, WE NEED BACKUP! WE NEED BACK-AAAAAH!' and with that, the transmissions between the ground force and military were severed. Screams indicating the fate of hundreds as the military retreated and left the fate of civilians in their own hands.

Stan chuckled out darkly as his growth became more consistent, becoming so powerful Stan could even crush tanks beneath his cock. The tanks began to flatten and screech one last time before Stan decommissioned them permanently. Soldiers tried to seal-crawl but all of them smeared instantly. A few were squashed in half as their remains reached outwards from the tip of his cock, a desperate sign of help and how weak the military really was. Lifting his cock-tip up Stan saw tanks stuck to his cock, others were bodies which had their remains oozed out. Some flattened pieces of metals slammed back down from the sky with a huge *BANG*. Stan inspected the ground afterwards and nothing remained besides blood splatter and the huge cock-tipped crater he left behind. Houses were completely flattened along with large buildings. Stan was so eager to crush the might of the government that he ignored his cocks' collateral damage.

Jerking his cock off, Stan felt the stuck tanks and bodies lubricate to a metallic grey and crimson red. He was close to his climax, shooting out strings of cum he flooded entire streets and knock over buildings with the impact of his load. The growth intensified his sexual drive, taunting out loud Stan spoke, "Hngggh....I'm not done humans....Now come back here and help your god finish off!".

Just a few foot stomps ahead, laid a football stadium where crowd cheers and flashing photography signalled Stan. Approaching with his ginormous foot-steps, each step was thunder, easily crushing entire buildings now as he became oblivious to them, like autumn leaves in a forest. The more time he had, the more powerful and bigger he became. Meaning that more lives were lost and too significant to count. Earlier Stan barely crushed a single Dalmatians head underfoot earlier, then it progressed to crowds. Now he was capable of stomping entire neighbourhoods and eventually, cities.

The stadium shook from Stan's approach and the players on the field began to retreat, framework from the stadium shook violently as a huge over-head shadow blocked out the sun light to the stadium. His large bellow installing a sense of fear in the atmosphere in the stadium, by the time he got there people had attempted to escape. Some stared up in awe and others tried to get away. Scooping up vehicles from the car park Stan was able to swallow them all as a few of them had families already inside.

As Stan stood there jerking off his shaft, people stopped retreating and looked up. Whether they were surprised or could not believe their eyes did not matter. Stan stood with all of his glaring and bulging muscles over the stadium. Licking his lips he guessed there must have been at least a hundred thousand people at the game, and all of them staring in silence. His shaft pre-leaking cum onto the field managed to drown a few of the players who were too slow.

"Hurr, this building seems like the perfect size to plough my cock through!" Stan teased, "you're all going to get crushed and fucked." As he knelt down onto his knees and the entire earth felt like it had shook from his weight

Grabbing his Cock tip Stan carefully angled his waist forward and drove his cock through the football field. In an instant the ground was thrown all around and players were crushed, taken his cock back away he drove his hips slowly forward, devastating the entire field and the stands as nothing could the force of his thrusts. People were thrown on all sides as Stan continued to grow; his cock-tip neatly packed itself inside of the stadium whilst his shaft buried those beneath his shaft. Stretching his legs out and giving the entire stadium a glorious view , the German Shepard begun to

aggressively pelvic thrust, his arms stretched forward and hands ripping out entire farm lands. His shaft grinded those underneath him as thousands were buried beneath his throbbing meat and popped deliciously. His cock tip like a battering ram he kept grinding, gritting his teeth and closing his eyes as he huffed and puffed away. The stadium was unrecognizable as Stan fucked it, feeling all of those humans squished and roaring out loud. His climax was about to come!

Stopping mid-thrust and aiming his cock into the remained crowds, he jerked off his shaft but fully pulling back his sheath and fired his cum shot out in bucket loads. It was easy to mistake it for a milky lake as he emptied his pent up lust all over the ruined stadium, his hot throbbing cock leaving nothing intact as he thrust his hips forward and must have lasted at least half a minute. Nothing for several miles ahead of his urethra was recognizable, panting and sweating heavily he looked down and grinning widely. Nothing remained alive and it was barely recognizable. All of the human's bodies were incinerating in his seed, squashed beneath the rubble or completely removed from existence by Stan himself.

Standing up and feeling his flaccid cock sway, Stan was satisfied that the city was decimated. For now, he'll have to come back in another twenty years when the humans re-populated. During that time he would search for other cities to destroy. Stan still felt himself growing and although he embraced the feeling of more power, he had realized that eventually, it will kill him. Luckily for him however, the feeling of growth never stopped, but his size did. Standing as high as the clouds, his foot could wipe a city clean in one foot-step. He was now a gargantuan titan. In other words, a god who could never use his full power due to the amount there was.

There is still one more thing left to do.... Stan thought, grinning as he walked **ON** the city. It would have been easier to step over it. But since he was rampaging, he wanted to savour the miniscule feeling of buildings underfoot; he had dug his heel on the city borders and slowly lowered his foot. Smearing his upper-foot all over the city, feeling their skyscrapers snap like twigs as he slowly groped his cock. Looking at the underside of his foot there was grey little bits of buildings still stuck or embedded into his paw. It was a satisfying feeling of wiping the city clean, but what about those who attempted to drive to safety? Stan noticed the row of coloured cars trying to escape from the desolation, but there was only ever one way in and out and that made it all the more fun for Stan.

As he snarled out loud "Pathetic species, no one will ever escape me!", Stan would leave no one alive. It was no effort to level the entire city flat, Stan felt on top of the world. Literally.

Mmm, I wonder how long this power will last Stan thought to himself, he knew he was not going to die from the growth due to government bioengineering, Stan was eager to squish more, even the entire continent beneath. Stan humiliates the deceased city of Red Mist by blowing his second cum shot all over the giant paw print that was several miles. As he walked into the horizon, his path was a untouched high-way as his foot came down to destroy thousands at a time. Families, government, and military ran away in fear. No one could stop him. Stan followed the huge road and stomped on all who believed they could defy their fate. Screams hallowed out and became distant until they eventually became distant and then silent.

The monster of Red Mist has now disappeared, but his rampage continues...