

**Tourist Termination.**  
**By Typhek**  
**Gift for Corvidius**

*Blood, Blood and Destruction. There was nothing left alive, all washed away before the lust of the avian monster.*

It was the average day for this sea-side city, harbouring the mainlands most largest supplies, supplies that consisted of hundreds of cargo crates all stacked together neatly by the giant fork cranes positioned hundreds of feet high. The sea was a rich blue and the sky was cloudy, the foghorn sounded as the thick blankets of fog was bearing over the city. The light-house spiraling around to signal the fisherman just off the coast.

This city was also a large tourist destination, tourist guides guided buses full of humans around and in between the airport and city as they went sight-seeing, even in this weather the spirit of summer was unbreakable. Summer only added thousands more to the already over-populating city, streets were made from cobbled stones and new construction works would often congest traffic as they would begin to resurface the roads. The light house spiraled round and round with the golden light piercing through the fog and the horns of the ships sounded aloud.

It was coming around to mid-afternoon, the busy airport not far from the city center checked in a new arrival as intercoms flicked away between pilot and ground control for flight 205. Flight 205 was checked to land shortly after the fog had settled. The busy terminals congested with people scurrying as they waited to board the planes, but at this rate flight cancellation was imminent. Most of them wore suits or casual clothing as they would return home from business or flying out to holiday trips. The sound of plastic and leather shoes clattered almost synchronized as the people lined up in ordered columns awaiting their flights. Loud monotone speakers alerted passengers of flight delays from the oncoming fog. The whole airport itself was filled with shops and stores, walkways packed to the brim and waiting areas fully loaded as all the people in the airport awaited for the fog to pass and for their holiday and summer to begin.

The fog was the least of their worries, as one particular flight begun to land at the last minute, beaming red lights acted like flares in the near distance on the oncoming run-way to guide flight 205. With the plane only five minutes due to landing it was on this flight that the humans would first experience the rampage of this monster.

Passengers looked out of the window to experience the full force of fog, it brought along a lack of vision, most passengers already on the plane were scared as they anxiously looked ahead towards the cock pit where the two pilots were located. The passengers reluctantly sweated and some panted trying to relax the adrenaline rush in their nervous system.

The plane itself was filled with three separate columns of seats, each row then having nine chairs in total as this plane was preparing for the onslaught of customers and travelers alike, above the seats laid dozens of luggage bags full of clothing as the rush hour was about to hit the airport.

It was as the plane came down and landed on the run-way that the wheels ejected out from the plane. In a smooth and graceful manner the wheels caused a squeak as the sound of tarmac and the wheel came together, hot friction steamed from the tires as the plane landed level with the airport run-way.

As they felt the a slight thud from the force of impact from the plane landing at a slight inaccurate

trajectory the passengers finally breathed out a breath of relaxation that they finally hit the ground. As the plane sped along the run-way and begun to slow down as the host was announcing the destination, in the minds of the passengers it felt like they were being watched, something was not right. Sixth sense kicked in for many passengers for even if the fog was heavy, the eyes that were watching them felt like the gods were watching them. Eyes that were strong enough that pierced through the impenetrable clouds of fog that hovered all around this holiday resort.

The plane continued to slow down as passengers begun to unfasten their seat belts and begun to stand up in order to collect their luggage. As the humans inside of the plane dressed themselves in their coats the loud speakers played relaxing music, people chatted away as there was two large thuds, the force alone almost catapulting the plane but narrowly escaping. Moments later a slow and sudden creak in the exterior of the plane.

It was creaking all around the very body of the plane as the metal cried out from the pressure it sustained. The roof was quickly indented inwards as it suddenly stopped. People looked around anxiously and felt their nerves shake within them, as the sound stopped a few humans would prod at the indents as others would look at the window and rub the condensation from the window in disbelief. Some were beckoning others as they would look out and notice that the plane was not traveling alongside the flare lights, on top of that they could also see waves of wind blow huge down force to tear away the grass fields far as they could see.

Screams shrieked out from the women as they could see fingers curled around their entire windows. Just as the screams emitted and many passengers rushed to the women the engines begun to stutter whilst the crowds of people hurried to see the fingers coil around the plane until the plane engines exploded from the back. The immense pressure caused the engine to shut down as the music cut out. As the music died along with the lights flickering into darkness, there was a unwary sense of helplessness as all the humans froze in place, looking at each other and realized those eyes watching them belonged to a monster.

It was then as all the humans had a sudden clarity that they were hauled about by two deafening explosions, all became impaired and disoriented as their adrenaline pumped. As some of the pale pitiful faces planted themselves against the windows, they could see the rubble of the wings as oil slicked from the two broken wings, from the rubble flying and smashing the ground beneath them they could see it was torn off as the rest of it rested nearby.

Most squinted their eyes and rubbed their heads as some toppled onto one another.

The atmosphere inside of the plane begun to slowly stir into panic and confusion. Passengers were told by the conductor to remain calm on the over-head speaker as they all squirmed back to their chairs. Some were quivering and others crying in fear, luggage had been thrown around and scattered all of the contents on the floor. The pilots at the front looking around nervously and jamming the controls in panic to accelerate but there was no movement. As the pilots cried into the radio they suddenly stopped mid-sentence, a voice could be heard over the radio calling to them to hear what has happened. All the voice could hear on the other side of the radio was people screaming in the background as the pilots went silent. Sheer nerves had strangled their voice box as they could only quiver in fear. Looking out their front-view window directly at what has caused all of this.

Just as the pilots looked at the beast directly, there would be several thuds at the door as one of the pilots would slowly lock the door, keeping his full attention on those eyes staring at them as they could be heard begging for help. Passengers who had also looked out the window were disbelief and shock, rubbing their eyes and rubbing the condensation on the window.

The cause for such shock, disbelief, fear and anxiety in the humans was from a giant falcon, the beak smoothly curved as the eyes of this anthropomorphic peregrine falcon narrowed to pierce the souls of those who gazed up at him.

With black eyes that matched the dark beak, his tongue was dexterous and short, the feathers and body were not like any they had known before in society, peregrine falcons were a rare sight and even rarer to see so enormous yet alone humanized. The body of this falcon was large and muscular in stature. Two wide well toned feathered pectorals exposed themselves to the cold air as the nipples of the bird hardened from both the temperature and the squirming prey below. He had two scaled claws in which to handle prey and two talons in which to support himself. The golden claws with the particular avian scales extended right up to the fore-arms whilst the gold scales ventured to the knee-cap of this bird. The color combination was from a white feather to black dots as the wings displayed a fine curve to help with the aerodynamics he used to follow this plane on it's destination.

All of this detail being observed within mere seconds as the beasts eyes scouted along the length of the plane, watching so many of them panic and stared back at him with almost emotionless faces before the screams rung into their cognitive functions that this creature was not interested their pathetic lives. The falcon was snarling as he stared at the people inside, thinking nothing of them, he was more interested in the plane itself and that the humans were just there for collateral pleasure. Far as he knew they already populated majority of the land on which he rested, now the skies too. For in this birds mind he could not resist admiring the weak-will metal possessed as he would slightly squeeze it and watch the humans worm around inside, their very reaction giving his external genitals the destructive motive they needed. With the slightest nerve flexing in his bicep he could bend the entire plane to his will, but he was going to have some fun with flight 205.

The bird stood tall in which height was about one-hundred feet according to the size proportion of the plane and himself. The undeniable sound of screams and tarmac being grounded beneath the curling toes of the falcons talons rung into the nearby airport and passenger planes as they looked out into the air-strip. They could only desperately look onto the fog and guess what was happening. For the lack of knowing caused them to be even more nervous, all of the previous columns awaiting by the gates had now pressed themselves up against the large hall windows in hundreds of numbers.

After observing the pilots and becoming bored with their squabbling the falcon had turned the plane to the side, he would allow a few seconds for each side to observe his throbbing member before he would smear each side of the plane with his tip. In his own mind he could feel the very fear and admiration kick-start his sexual drive even more.

The falcon would casually begin to jerk his member off as it throbbed, he would re-position the plane away from him and grind his external member against the back of the plane, the sound of screeching and crackling metal echoed far out into the airport. Asserting his very authority and dominance on those that will fall victim to his dark will.

With a wicked and yet very small snarl his curiosity for this metal bird grew, he saw two artificial wings at the back of the plane disturbing his pleasure, bringing over two fingers of his claws they dug into the metal, which caused a large moan out from the metal as the sound of ripping metal cried throughout the foggy air.

With the metal reluctantly being ripped apart the plane was thrown slightly, and such momentum caused even more wide-spread panic in the plane as they all rushed to watch what would happen next. In a almost undeniable way of teasing his prey the large falcon then adjusted the plane with a flick of a wrist to a small downward direction, any passengers who were not already seated or strapped in with seat belts begun to cling onto other chairs and people alike as all those who did not slide enough tumbled down in a spiral and thudded against the metal door which separated the

pilots and passengers.

The pilots could only push themselves back into their seats as they gasped and shivered at what he was displaying for them. The pilots were staring with jaw-dropped at the throbbing pink member of the avian, they could see the sensitive glands underneath the tip as the arousal and purpose of the plane was made clear to them. To the avian this way all a part of a game, a way of learning or exploring. With a single claw he would slowly grip his member as he would pinch the tip and circulate the blood flow as the bottom fingers of the clenched claw would massage the member as he began to give their destruction some soft and much needed attention. Preparing it for flight 205.

The other claw however was now grinding itself around the already dented plane, the metal cried out for relief from the claw as it gripped and slowly suffocated the plane. Several of the chairs were dismantled from their screws as they push into other chairs as all the humans scrambled to the center of the plane.

What the pilots only came to realize was that underneath that thick and lengthy member of the beast were a pair of fine white orbs, wrinkled and churning up the white warm seed that the bird will soon use to flush out the invaders of this metal bird. The wrinkled but large orbs were only out-matched by the birds huge member and that of it's lust for carnage. Whilst the member of this falcon was flaccid from the wrinkles displayed along the shaft, the pilots had flinched imagining the full size from it as it hung in front of them, their attention just causing the avian cock to throb even more from eagerness as the pilots gritted their teeth together. With the falcon flexing his pectorals in anticipation and his member throbbing more and more, the avian ripped off the nose of the plane, the pilots feeling the cold air wash them as their controls flew out into the distance far beyond their eyes.

With the suspense and view increasing, the blood flow and tension of the pilots and the monster was ever increasing. The plane was slowly approaching the tip of the bird, the sharp, pointed tip was perfected for penetration and this plane was only the first of his prey. Coming closer and closer they realize that the bird's member was actually going to completely fill the plane up to the brim, before they could make any attempt to escape the bird had already pressed his tip against the back of the plane. With people screaming and attempting to run the plane was positioned facing towards the sky at a forty-five degree angle, many of them begun to slide along with the luggage to the back of the plane. The tip of the member tearing apart that metal as it reluctantly made way for his cock, contents of the storage at the back of the plane was crushed between flesh and the metal of the plane alike. His beak gritted and a low emanating growl from his chest, his claw that was gripped around the plane would gently and slowly guided the plane down to the base of his member, and with a slight thrust his hips would also assist in crushing all life in flight 205.

With the screams and squirming the huge plane could do nothing but succumb to the power of the avian, humans were powerless as the member already penetrating the cargo hold obliterated the contents of the passengers as the humans were about to be terminated by this macro falcon. With the member slowly coming up to the passengers there was but a single wall and door keeping the humans safe from the oncoming destruction. Even with the plane being quite big the bird could still fit his member inside of it so that the plane can squeeze his cock and let it slide all the way. With the wall crumbling very quickly and with a single throb from the blood rushing to his tip the wall broke, hundreds of humans fell straight onto the cock tip and slide along to the side of the shaft. The overwhelming musk of the avian member was potent as it was nauseating for his victims. All of these small and insignificant feelings stimulating the monsters urge as a single throb would stain his member in a coat of red blood, he could feel bone and skin melt and crunch

as the humans clawed at the skin and only assisting in jerking it as they could only hold on before being crushed. Any windows not broken were stained by the casualties before the glass broke outwards and sent shards of glass towards the ground. Arms would claw outside of the windows of the plane as if to claw onto life itself, but to the avian watching them squirm and even attempt to wiggle their limbs out of the window only aroused him even more. He could feel his orbs tighten and his first climax building, his pre-cum would stream from his member and melt away any of the squirming humans that grabbed onto his thick dick.

In the birds mind he could feel how insignificant they were, how helpless and pathetic they were, he could feel hundreds of them squirm, and the more they squirmed the more they vibrated and helped circulate the blood to harden the penis. As he gently brought the plane down to derive all the pleasure he could from the flight, he could feel the plane slowly squeeze his cock as humans could only beg or scurry inside before they were crushed between the member and the plane. He could hear the screams of the passengers muffled between his member as their lips and tongue would kiss the member as if to worship it before reluctantly sacrificing themselves. Warm breathes from the humans showered the already moist member and he liked to have thought their last breathes were on reluctantly inhaling and suffocating in his musk, pleasing him before they would just be turned into paste. And with such thoughts the avian emptied his orbs slightly with pre-ejaculation, the white substance mixed with blood as it trickled down onto all the humans still alive and squirming along the shaft of the monster. With each throb of his member he could feel several humans explode, the white semen and blood mixing as it trickled out from the plane windows and along his shaft. The veins of the member were becoming ever more obvious as some humans were even suffocated. Luggage and contents were mashed against the indented walls of the plane, and even with the walls being indented it squeezed his members even more and teased the humans for a mere second before their remains trickled down the shaft of the reaper.

With so many humans already perishing the falcon licked his beak and flexed his pectorals as he felt the plane slowly travel the length of his member, chairs were being pushed to the side as his tip penetrated further and further along the plane. The sound of chairs being ripped and the previous humans sliding down to the side of his member only made him tease the humans as they would scream and beg. As they would beg pathetically the pleas would ring into the ears of the avian their pleas of mercy only made him more eager to crush them for not worshiping him. As his cock tip was nearing the cock-pit at the very top the pilots were helpless, they could hear all the screams slowly muffle behind them as it become more and more quieter, if there was no fog you could see from afar the humans pressed against the windows before they exploded into lubrication suitable for the falcon. He could now feel less humans squirming and being trapped against his member as they became embedded as the last of his tip penetrated the cock-pit. As he penetrated the cock-pit he slowly crushed the pilots as their bones creaked and broke before their remains covered the tip.

As the member struggled to be restrained in the cock-pit a few moments later the tip ripped apart the cock-pit and through the plane, at that moment the bird suddenly yanked the plane all the way down to the base of his gigantic cock. The plane metal scrunched up and crunching any remaining humans between the thick hefty cock and the pathetic silver metal interior of the wall. With such a sudden force of yanking the plane down right to the base he instinctively thrust forward to feel the force of his first climax race up from his orbs and straight out of the tip of his member, he could feel gallons of his seed flood the near decimated plane, the white seed gushing out from the broken windows where humans previously clawed outside of, with his right claw he would grasp the plane around his cock and continued to climax.

As the bird climaxed he would open his beak slightly as in a sigh of sexual relief, being pent up

so long meant he had to use more than several hundred victims to relief himself. A claw from the bird would casually grip the plane around his shaft and jerk it off until he was satisfied that his seed destroyed majority of the humans. Thick puddles of seed would drop like rain-drops onto the concrete run-way right where the talons stood.

With flight 205 deceased around the length of his member he was not quite finished, he was not quite satisfied with departing this plane. With the twist of his claw he rummaged and blended the contents and remains of the humans between the plane and his cock.

The avian would only slightly smirk and with a very low but satisfied growl he then slowly gripped the crippled metal and released it from the grasp of his cock. The screams drowned out from those few survivors embedded against his member, making good use of them before they were completely suffocated.

Feeling his toes curling and tingling from terminating the crew of Flight 205 he had but one more thing to do before departing to the airport a short way ahead. With the crunched up metal and chairs hanging from the bottom of the plane strands of blood and pre-cum could be seen streaming from most of the windows, the cock-pit and the cargo-area alike as he brought the remains of the flight to the underside of the member. Grasping the metal plane hard he could feel the last bit of strength wheeze out from the metal as it was completely flattened and shaped to his member. The metal was squeezed by the fingers of the bird around the member in which he grasped, he took a few moments to savor all of those lives he crushed, imagining their screams muffled by his member as he crushed them, his imagination ran wild as he used the remains of the plane to jerk himself off with. Within a minute or two he could feel his meaty orbs tighten up as he felt his hips buckle and he fired another load of cum into the distance and a few hundred meters away from the main airport and everyone's view. They could only see the fog and how this hot white substance was fired from the fog and straight in front of them.

As he threw aside the crunched up remains of Flight 205 he began to casually walk over to the yard of planes that were being repaired and service checked. With each step of his talons the force with even no pressure caused ruptures and what could easily be mistaken as mini-earthquakes. As he could see them just in sight of his right talon the dense fog swirled into little circles as out of the fog the pair of giant claws would cause tremors and fissures around his meteoroid force walking. Within a few steps with his superior perception and hearing he could hear as they shouted and tremble, some falling off the wings of the plane as they fueled them, others falling off the wheels as they serviced them with grease stained full visibility jackets.

The falcons heart slowly beating but his eyes moving with quick flicks as he would batter his eyes lids as his focus was unstained. His mind quickly ran over what had already happened to the previous plane, in his own mind he gave it a worthy destination for all tourists, and that the very ideas that the inside of his member should become a worth while tourist attraction made him chuckle under his own breathe as he stood fairly close but out of the way of the anxious audience back at the terminals and waiting rooms who only saw the remains of the wing swing from the momentum of gravity and land but meters from the windows themselves.

As he watched them gruel and grovel from sustaining the injuries of his arrival, he could not help but chuckle to himself as to how weak and easily bruised they were, but what caught his eyes more was several planes neatly lined up together. To the monster himself he just saw the opportunity to give them a fitting repair beneath his soles, with the thoughts arousing himself again for the second time he would flex his toes into the grass below him, grinding it into a thick paste of mud as he approached the planes.

On approaching the planes, the repair engineers could see a single wisp of fog just ahead of them spiral in a small circle, they knew something was being hidden, the tremors kept getting louder and louder until it stopped. It was too silent. The engineers would look at each other confused and the ground beneath them, looking for any cracks that the pavement gave way to because for them it was still an earthquake.

For the avian he had simply lifted his left talon into the air, adjusting its position to crush a row of three neatly stacked planes and the engineers beneath that had stopped all work to look around. The avian flexing his toes in anticipation as the wrinkles would show the definition of his upper soles. With his flaccid member dangling quite a way down his thighs, his two testicles hung and swung in the air as they eagerly approved of the destruction. With a single wisp of fog spiraling, all that could be seen for some engineers was the under-foot of a gigantic avian, screaming for a split second as the talon instantly crushed them. As their world darkened and the falcon squawked in approval, the feeling of three planes being terminated before his soles was fulfilling, his member throbbing as the feeling of metal and flesh flattened before him. The planes that were crushed would only leave chunks of debris flying from beneath the talon as it flew in every direction, every engineer had run to make an escape towards the airport, which was exactly where he would follow them. Not much could be said for those engineers watching as their friends were merely crushed, it happened so quickly that shock had set in, watching as that avian golden scaled talon crushing them so quickly. What was more strange was that they could recollect small details such as the amount of weight they could bring down, they were thick in size and must have had a leather underside from the texture of the scales. But before anymore of the victims could day-dream their survival instincts kicked in as they ran to the safest place. Which for the falcon was just another game about to begin.

As the engineers came running towards the staff entrance doors the hundreds of gathered humans at the windows could see the silhouette of their destruction. A few of the engineers had blood splatter from where their colleagues perished right in front of them, fear consumed the human minds as they all begun to run away, a big mistake. The giant's heart lit up like a flare as his member throbbed at so many of them running away, in his mind they should be gathering around him and admiring him, even sacrificing themselves to sustain his godly being. With tremors getting louder and louder for the humans they could only run by instinct and fear what was coming.

With the crowds of humans attempting to escape the birds grasp he would casually walk straight through the huge seventy-foot high glass panels that so many were previously looking through, the glass shattering everywhere as luggage was abandoned and the atmosphere was in absolute chaos. Large streams of thick black clouds erupted from stores as his talons would flatten them and those hiding inside, only leaving the dust to settle from the flattened concrete. Without any considering or much thought the avian would walk straight through large crowd of humans, his giant talons crushing and squelching so many humans below as with each step the outlines of previous holiday-makers stained his soles, their very positions showed how they were flattened before succumbing to the leathery texture of his talons. With so many humans perishing beneath his claws after each stomp the feeling of muffled humans as they popped just aroused the avian even more, his flaccid member growing fully erect again as it perked upwards after every throb. The giant falcon was by now heading to the main strip of the airport, the path was so wide even the avian could lay in-between the columns of shops and stores the airport had to offer.

As he stopped his rampage he gazed at all the humans, watching them run for a split moment before they all turned to him. It was as if they already knew their fate, every human slowly but

reluctantly turned around to meet the avians gaze, the rampage had stopped but all that was presented to them was a one-hundred foot avian with a considerably large package. What was even more terrifying for the victims at hand was that the air was filled with humans still alive beneath his soles as their faint but distant screams could be heard, and silenced as the falcon merely rested his foot on the ground. Even as they looked up to him and saw the exits few hundred metres away they already knew that with each of his strides he could catch up to them without even exhausting himself. As the human thoughts spiralled out of normality the avian would look down, so many little eyes, so many little servants to use, even just thinking about it made his toes flex into the ground below, with the little motion of toes flexing there was slight moans as in-between his toes a few humans were caught.

Upon looking behind the avian all they could see was giant talon craters that varied in location, however upon each of these craters lied the remains and blood splatter of large groups of travellers as the gold scaled talons gave them a godly destination to depart. Screams could be heard everywhere and even from behind in the previous rampage only merely half a minute ago victims had still lived but had severely mangled bodies. It was easy to assume for those looking up to the avian where the previous plane had been, in their mind he must of consumed it at the very least, even the oil from crushing three neatly stacked planes were still present on his soles as the bodies of humans stuck plastered to his soles, drenched in blood from the previous or themselves. It was as the avian stood proud and his member throbbing he decided it was time to assert his authority.

With the giant standing over the flock of humans they begun to look at each other questionably, before the avian would simply raise his right talon, keeping the heel well dug into the ground as cracks would appear and his heel would dig in. Raising the upper-sole and talon he would gesture to them the fate of the other victims just previously heard screaming before he silenced them. To both the humans and the giant falcon, they both now knew the punishment for attempting to escape. It was only as the giant avian flexed his toes invitingly that a few of the humans attempted to please the giant by walking to the bottom of his talon, reluctantly they begun to worship it, hiding their faces embarrassed as their small slick saliva stained tongues would coarse the blood-soaked soles. To the falcon he would only let out the slightest smirk in approval as others joined in.

It was as the crowd of humans gathered to worship his inclined talon that he gestured them to simply crowd up together, ushering them with his toes as they flexed meters above them.

With so many humans making way there was a clear amount of room between the crowd assembled and those that were watching that circled around, all were suppressed in fear and anxiety. The falcons eyes looked pleased and his body language stern as it was broadened out almost subconsciously to assert himself, below they assembled a group of humans that was just the right size for his talon. By now the bird watched as several humans froze from the tension, teased by death itself.

As the avian lowered his sole the over-powering sense of dry musk from the sweat of the talon gave the sacrifices below as nauseating headache, their sense of smell and taste buds completely over-whelmed by this new musk. With the cruel mind of the monster he had planned to savour every sensation there was, whether it was to the squirming or simply pushing the humans onto the floor as the talon would quickly lock them in place. It was as the avian lowered his talons that the group was knocked against the ground, succumbing those under his thread as the onlookers would watch the faces of their companions disappear underneath the soles.



For others the out-stretched arms and legs would show how tightly packed it was underneath. The sensation for the falcon was amazing, below his talon he could feel how tightly packed it was, the squirming limited as they were pressed against the ground, the only sounds coming were those weak enough to squelch under little pressure. Others cried out for help with so many humans compacted together, all to serve and worship the avian in little hope of surviving. Many of them became embedded, only a few faces appeared out from beneath the soles for the circled crowd to watch, the falcon savoured the feeling of the soft brittle bodies of the humans as bones broke and as they gave a slight resistance to his pleasure.

Bringing his talon down the faces of those crying out for help disappeared beneath the scaled talons of the monsters, all of the cries were cut out by the sound of flesh compacting flesh against the cold hard floor, all of the bodies popping and releasing a squelching sound as the avian member throbbed in delight, so many of them perishing and leaving a slick goo of red slime as so many of them stained the golden leathery textured soles of the talon into a dark crimson red. Adjusting his sole slightly his tongue would curl inside of his beak as he kept a composed authority. Many of the humans circled around the avian, although they feared him also came with a certain shameless amount of respect for a giant to be so composed even in complete dominance. Even the few humans caught between his toes were liquidated as he savoured the pleasure and flexed his toes against one another and into the ground just a meter or two away from the crowd gathered.

For now he wished to be relieved and see how far they will worship his authority, and adjusting his body he begun to kneel down in the free space presented to him, leaning against the front entrance of what previously seemed to be a mega-store before his talons came crashing down and reducing it merely to rubble earlier on. Leaning his back firmly against the building caused it to cave and crack slightly, droplets of rubble pouring behind the naked giant as his new gained followers begun to scale his body. He could feel his much effort it would take considering he was like a over-towering mountain, small hands gripped at his feathered body as they seemed force to worship him in spite of their lives. As the giant sat back and relaxed slightly he stretched himself out and splayed his soles for attention, he could feel tongues and smooth circular small motions against his weary soles as humans climbed his thighs to worship the base of his member. By now all around the giant it felt like he was swarmed by the humans, a few of them attempting to run away in small groups only encouraged him to scoop them in his hand as he would then position them on the tip of his member, straightening their bodies together in a group as he grasped his claw around the shaft. He made sure to align all of their heads under his one thumb, as he begun to press his thumb down hard he could feel them suffocate and give way, the powerful combination of force and smell quickly made their heads splatter onto the tip as their bodies quickly became lifeless. As he did this all attention had diverted to the punishment, as if to be reminded what would happen if they did not do as they were commanded.

With the blood of the deserters trickling between his fingers and those few headless limp bodies he begun to gently stroke his shaft with the bodies in hand. As the claw travelled up and down the length the bodies began to mush from the friction and tightening grip of the fingers as the rush of blood circulated and gave the avian another erection. The humans climbing the mountainous thighs of the falcon were gazed and memorized by how big the shaft was, being at such a close distance from it looked like an office building to them, such a rewarding perspective before the avian throbbed and above them trickled blood from between his fingers as the lifeless bodies pulled back the skin and smeared blood on his erection. By those now climbing the body some of them had climbed beneath the orbs, they could feel it churn the seed as the surprisingly heavy weight squeezed them, with the other free claw the bird gently groped his orbs and crushed the bugs against his balls, giving a sharp stimulation that made the member pre-cum. But even a giant

as composed as this falcon could not deny a quiet sigh as he felt humans packing themselves into his rump, the small squabbling of humans crawling into the tight space rubbed and caused the muscles to suck them in and contract each one, with each human worming themselves inside of the rump the bird grinned and felt his erection throb even more, each human in turn slowly being squeezed and crushed as the anal muscles contracted and retracted, some humans would try to change their minds only to be sucked in by the natural muscle reaction and scream as they would extend an arm before disappearing within the best.

It was as the monster bird was thought to be so conserved in being admired that he would grab a group of humans attempting to climb his leg, picking them out he placed them in his palm. For the humans looking up at the monster with such sly and devious looks made the humans only regret their last decision, for when the bird smirked all they could feel was the palm roll up and the fingers curling over and binding them into darkness, squeezing their bones and guts before they gave way. For the avian he was always a fan of hand crush, and in the particular circumstances he was also in need of being relieved. The mangled bodies underneath his orbs oozed blood in a small slow thick stream as their bodies became embedded into the balls. Just sitting back and relaxing the macro bird could feel his worshippers continuing to lick and some even kissing as the desperate act of survival turned into a sacrificial worshipping. Some of the humans even attempting to please this new found god's member as they attempted to grapple onto it and lick as the falcon would throb and send another thick wave of musk around the airport.

Just as the falcon looked down and licked his lips the sound of sirens blared in the distance, loud speakers were heard just outside of the airport. The sound of blades spinning of the helicopters as members of S.W.A.T and the local police force started to barricade the outside perimeter of the airport did not phase the bird. A row of two to three tanks rolled up on their thick metallic treads behind the first line of soldiers who positioned themselves in cover and awaited orders as the bird only gave them a quick glance before he lightly smirked slightly, he knew they could not endanger the humans near him, for humanities weakness was his greatest strength.

As the worshippers stopped at the sound of the sirens the avian asserted his authority again by grabbing a hand full of the humans, he grabbed so many at once that several fell back down as he brought them to his beak, their bodies vibrating and instinctively resisting the slippery saliva stained beak. It was then as he began to lock his beaks together that he felt the humans crunch, blood began to trickle down his beak as the crushed up bodies slipped inside the gullet of the beast. Even grabbing a few of them and locking their legs in place as he ripped off their upper bodies, throwing away their limplike legs as he swallowed the large hand full of humans graciously, a few screaming as they entered the dark saliva chasm of the bird. Others were not so fortunate as eventually the bird could finally close his beaks together, the last remaining humans who were not flattened between the beaks had body parts leaning out from the bird's beak as he would simply lean his head back and fling them into the air before swallowing the blood and remains of those perished humans.

It was after swallowing and ripping so many apart with their blood stained beaks the avian was brought back to reality of those sirens, without a care did not even take any deliberate notice of the armoured humans, in fact he was tending to those that worshipped him. With the anal worship he could feel small contractions at his anus consumed several humans that climbed in at the same time as they all instantly squirmed and caused the muscle to retract and slowly crush them.

As the foundations of the mega-store behind the macro gave way to him pushing against it, the spikes of ecstasy he received caused him to make pre-ejaculate with a quick stream of seed that was sent flying and hitting those who did not avoid the expected, burning them alive as they were

washed away by the sheer force, thin lines pre-cum showered down from the tip as the macro now adjusted his body. Wiggling his toes and knocking back those who climbed and ravished the crevases between his toes he commanded them to gather up in a crowd together. His toes gesturing them to gather in a crowd all together as they wiggled, the backhand of the claws and bending the wrist gave a clear message he wanted them to form a group. As the police and forces continued to give warning messages the avian kept his mind on the task at hand, he was completely unphased by them as his attention was barely on the humans before him. Sitting up straight and folded his large legs the knee's were facing outwards and both the soles of his feet facing inwards and almost touching each other as the humans scrambled to squeeze agasint each other oblivious to what was about to happen.

As the avian used the muscles to retract the folded legs away from each other the monster positioned each foot at opposite sides of the crowd so they were wedged inbetween. The tourists could get a real size and scale perspective as they could notice the smaller and unnotice details, such as a few humans still squirming between the scales of the soles or remains firmly smushed between tighter cracks of the soles. Looking down at the crowd he could see them shake with fear and what mattered now to the gargauntaun was how to tease them before giving them their sealed fate between his soles. Flexing his toes inwards so they pointed upwards, intimidating the little specs with considerable size scale he now had both of the feet fully positioned just metres away from the crowd.

For the humans below they looked above to see the large pectorals poking out from the chest as the muscle definition was clearly defined, above the pectorals was a sinister expression that showed the dark eyes gleaming anxiously. Each talon begun to close in, the flooring underneath the feet being caught as the feet slowly came together. Any humans trying to escape were caught by the row of toes that squeezed agasin't each other as they were crushed and their world darkened.

Such a dense and large proportion of humans in such a compact space gave little resistance to the bird. Feeling so many humans squirm and squeel as he bones broke and humans melded together caused his member to throb from the combination of rubble and humans slowly squeezed until he locked his toes together and pressed his heels together. The new crevese inbetween his toes he could see darkness, eyes of his worshippers looking up to him as the tonne-weight forced them to compile together. Watching them squirm so pathetically he could think of no better way for them to live out their last moments. Just as he took a moment to watch them beg and pathetically plead, he closed the crevese, feeling them pop and burst as they begun to thin out in a line. The remains splattering onto others as the sheer feeling of a good few hundred humans popping so easily at such little pressure was arousing enough to cause the member to pre-cum again anxiously. With the soles grinding agasin't each other as the last spark of the tourists at the airport was put out, he could feel the hot thick liquid squelch between his soles as the falcon squawked arousingly. With a sigh to savour the sensation of crowd-crushing, the screams rung into his head as the avian chuckled slightly as the thought of humans reaching out and up to him only fed their pathetic image in his mind. Their arms slowly being pulled back down by the leathery skin just as he crushed them. Just as the avian heard shots fired by the police and tanks outside he had one last thing to do.

As the avian slowly stood up shots were fired through the remaining concrete walls as the deserted airport was being filled with tiny holes even smaller than the human themselves, the gargauntaun had strong scales to protect himself as the tank shells would explod on impact and barely leave a scratch. As the bird casually walked out of the airport his thighs and hips would dismember the structure holding together one side of the tall railings of the airport, causing one

side of it to topple towards him as a dust cloud would float high as his path was left with destruction and rubble. As he took short and slow strides his talons would dig into the concrete below, creating small talon-shaped craters as even for the concrete nearby small cracks appeared from the weight of those talons alone.

Within a few steps from standing up he came up to the barricade, watching them fire as his eyes narrowed, his member throbbing and his climax was nearby. As he watched them fire everything they had at that time he would only grow slightly more excited, he knew these would squirm and try to fight him, and that was all the more reason he could not resist giving these humans the attention they fought for.

The toes came crashing down onto the wooden barriers, creating a small cloud as the tremors caused the police and soldiers to fall flat onto their back, with his left talon casually striding only some of the police managed to quickly recover from being knocked down as the left talon embedded the police beneath its tread as they could only stretch their arms out and helpless cry out. The numerous S.W.A.T vans and police cars made for some fun vehicle crushing, as the soldiers began to retreat away along with the police the avian picked up a handful of them, he quickly crushing them against his member. Murring at their squirming as he felt their struggle for life only arouse him even more. He would casually lean his right talon over the vehicles, flexing his toes as he watched in anticipation. Unfortunately the armed vehicles were placed in a small grid formation as he watched them pack with the armed personnel, and as they all climbed in oblivious to the looming shadow a quick and powerful force crushed the vans and police cars beneath his large talon. They gave only slight resistance as the avian could do sworn to himself in his mind that they quickly called out before they were silenced.

The only resistance left for the avian was the three tanks, news-reports covered the over-head view of the macro, including the debris of the previously packed airport and the fate of the just deceased humans. Already near his climax tank shells miss-placed their shots as the tremors shook the tanks and caused them to fire at his member, the shell would embed itself slightly and only cause a sharp warm sensation as it would only stimulate the member more. As he took another few steps to the back-line of the tanks he decided to experiment with them each one in turn. With the first tank and furthest to the left he decided to see how much resistance a tank had against his talons, placing one talon over the tank he gently started to press it down, he could see the top hatch open as soldiers tried to climb out, but because he positioned the hatch in between the toes the soldiers were merely crushed as he pressed down hard. The first tank flattening out as parts flew in all directions as the metal could not withstand the tonne-force being applied, within seconds the tank had been completely flattened with merely a thought's notice or effort for the tank or soldiers inside.

With the other two tanks firing at him the avian would grab onto the closest one, feeling it vibrate and knock back into his member as he began to squeeze it tightly, the tank crushing against flesh as it reluctantly deflated and curved around the member. As he began to jerk off with the scrunched remains of the second tank, he reached down to the third tank, kneeling down as he balanced on his two talons. As he now knelt over to the third tank with his right claw he continued to jerk off with his left claw with the tank remains, picking up the third tank as it had tried to drive away from the falcon. The third tank was going to receive a more darker death than the second or first. With this third tank he would then sit down onto his rump, leaning back as with two fingers he held his rump open, and as he slide the tank inside it caused the muscles to naturally push it back out, but after feeling the metallic treads try to steer away only stimulated the soft inner walls of the rump, the bird giving it a firm push inside with a single finger as he sat back and jerked off.

As the giant horny falcon sat back the tank desperately tried to steer away, the soft rubbing motion sending shocks of ecstasy to the member as he felt his muscles expand and retract the tank, the tank being too frail compared to the muscular power of the birds rump.

As the last and third tank slipped through one final crush would leave the tank to be grinded up inside of the bird as thick metallic rubble would drip from the birds rump. The tank being finally grinded up and with the remains of the second tank giving a light grip as the blood oozed out from the fingers of the falcon.

With his climaxed finally reached the avian leant forward and with both claws hosed down the airport carpark, entire hundreds of cars were engulfed as the sticky musky tidal wave of cum burned alive any humans attempting to drive away. The seed stretched on for a few mile as thick strands of cum marked in the potent musk of his orbs his pent up pleasure from earlier, feeling his eyes squint and his beak widen slightly he could only feel as another load of semen drenched the connecting highway that was located in the near distance, the bridge was acidically burned as cars drove and burned in the thick streams of cum. Humans were washed away and screaming as they gargled the white substance this avian sprayed, for half a minute the avian felt his orbs tighten and then after using both hands to aim and hose down the area of the human infection, he could only then sit back and gasp at the destruction he caused. Entire areas were covered in his seed, the destruction and havoc he caused would cost millions to replace and the loss of life was astronomical. Feeling his cock twitch and become flaccid the avian begun to massage the stressed orbs in which hosed down so many thousands and destroyed so much.

As the avian took a few moments to collect himself and rubbing the sweat from his forehead he begun to stand up, his legs buckling slightly as his wings flapped some fresh breeze over his cum and blood-stained body. Looking into the distance was the near city sea-side resort that these tourists traveled to and from, watching as trains came to and from and the highway that led so many more humans to the city. With a glint in his eye and a flacid hung member that swung with his wrecking balls, the destructive and horny descended from the wreckage of the airport and onto the high-way leading into the city.