

## The Real Apex

### Part 3

Apex City was aptly named as the new center of the world and universe. The new North Star and mecca of all life. Of course, that wasn't the original name, but the city's old name wasn't important. In reality, it never was. It was just a large concentration of power that Green had found to be vulnerable. To be fair, everything looked vulnerable to the titan god.

The city would be better described as an open throne room. No walls were needed, nor desired by the lord of this domain. Why build monuments that he would topple or walls that would soon shrink into obsolescence? No, no, the God of this domain had no use for walls or barriers. None would be denied their duty to prostrate and debase themselves for their God.

And what a God he was.

Green, the massive drox, had broken the yolk of his old church. It was ground zero of worship and debasement for his amusement. What remained was a stomped-out pit where workout equipment and altars were placed to pay homage to their new and only God. A singular footprint was at its center, a reminder of how easily they could be crushed if they disobeyed. Where was he, you ask? Not far.

A ten story office building had overlooked the birthplace of their God, and now it supported the drox's massive ass. The building had been carved out, and changed into a throne for their God to sit and peer over his city. Green didn't even need to lift a finger and his worshipers were already flocking to him in droves, his magnetic and oppressive influence reaching far and wide, and growing by the day.

The building hadn't always been his Throne. He had seen the building he now sat on as an opponent to his size. At over two hundred feet, it was nearly double the size of the Big Green. But this structure was brick and mortar, not flesh and bone, and Green had plenty of flesh he could take on to beat that building. He wanted to see how intense the growth from worship alone would be. So, for two weeks, the Big Green spread his influence, the millions of citizens abandoning all else that wasn't in the service of their new lord and master.

Prayer was strictly enforced, but not one of those worthless insects needed reminding. Hourly prayer was mandatory, and it was restricted to hourly as the little shits would have starved themselves to death declaring their devotion to their god. As enticing as the thought of a constant worship session was, slowly growing quieter as his followers died off one at a time in devotion to their prayer, he had slightly more use for them alive.

The first prayer was very simple, Green shouted out an order, a command that gave shape to the desires in the pitiful tinnies' minds. They fell to their knees and the city roared with worship. The mass adulation was music to his ears, and the energy of that prayer crashed into him.

At first, the hundred-foot behemoth staggered as though punched in the gut, falling to his knees in the rubble of his old church as a deep thrumming started to run through him. It was pure power. Every cell in his body a different super-conductor buzzing and humming in harmony with the words of those pathetic simps.

It caused the Big Green to get hard again. His dick, even having just spent its load, was now hard and thrumming. Vibrations rolled up and down that cock, each time a burst of pleasure like a bell being struck would ring out in Green's mind as it reached the tip of his fuck spire. That rolling hum caused his fuck meat to inch out longer and longer. With how large Green was already, it was hardly noticeable,

but if you looked, you could see his body creeping, expanding outward. Those around him worshiped and prostrated, taking video and pictures with their phones as the city screamed his praises.

His body and muscles drank in their prayer and saturated Green in pleasure. A pleasure only a God could know. Green had never felt lighter, the Drox stood back up to his imposing height, only to watch the world inch away, his toes cracking more rubble beneath him, covering more ground and crushing the shrinking rocks beneath his soles.

Green could have stayed in that state forever. He loved how prayer and worship fueled him, how it sucked his dick with a humming song, vibrated his prostate with hymns, made his veins sing as though his blood proclaimed those prayers directly into his being. He stood there for hours, just soaking in the power, the absolute euphoria of the adoration of his subjects.

“That’s right,” Green moaned. “Praise me. Speak my name and forsake your vows. Nothing else matters besides what you can do for me. Don’t waste a single breath or thought without it benefiting me. Fuuuuuck...Keep going...yes. I can feel it building up inside me, making me grow...feeding me more!”

Green suddenly felt his orgasm building, his dick dribbling milky pre as he prepared to bust. He couldn’t control it, it was too much. He lost control as his dick blasted. The voices of several people vanished from his mind as they were blown apart by the force of his nut. Several others drowned.

Green didn’t care, they wouldn’t be missed. He already forgot that they even existed. They died for nothing, and that’s what they would become. Nothing.

As Green came out of his pleased haze, he sent an order to stop. The prayer ceased, his body almost aching in need for it back, but he just knew he craved size. The worship never completely stopped. Their thoughts were constantly occupied by the Big Green. His very image enough to cause them to shudder and moan.

The building was still large, much larger than him, but not as much as before. Green licked his lips and decided he would see how far he could tease himself, please himself with the delight of milking his worshipers for all they were worth.

They wanted to give him size through tribute, and he gave in a few times if they begged nicely, but for the most part, the only thing he was using to grow was worship. Every hour his body buzzed with energy and prayer. His form glowing a mixture of greens, pinks, and purples as the energy pulsed through him. He was like an aurora in godly form. His massive body flexing, his boulder-like pecs grinding against each other as light rippled through their veins, his abs a powerful set of bricks that lined his worshiper's final graveyard. Those monstrous thighs forced him to adopt a wider gait, his lats spreading behind him like powerful wings while his arms ballooned out to be larger than his head. Yet he was in perfect proportion. Nothing was bloated, and nothing was overly defined nor covered in striations. He was perfection incarnate.

Green feasted over the following weeks. He feasted on that worship and praise, inching higher and higher with each passing hour. Until one day, he could see the top of that building. Green only grinned as he bathed in that worship, his acolytes tending to his every need, want, and desire. He couldn't help it if the occasional tiny got crushed or slipped between his pecs. The grinding of life into more energy was rare in these couple days, but not frowned upon. Quite the opposite. The pathetic creatures around Green were desperate to serve and offer.

Sure, servicing a dick that was as tall as you is nice, and watching it grow is also amazing, but they yearned to be part of him, part of their Big Green God. So as they watched that cock head's measured extension into the sky, they couldn't help but feel abandoned and unwanted.

*Whatever, Green thought to himself. Not like they'll have to worry for too long.*

Green kept his promise as best he could. The occasional morsel falling prey to his body's desires. But the day finally came when his head started to fully crest the building as it started to shrink away. He climbed higher and higher, inch by inch, foot by foot. He then did what he had been dying to do since the day he first laid eyes on that building. He turned, his tail accidentally brushing against it and causing glass and debris to fall and kill several tinnies below. He then squatted down, his body finding minimal resistance as he sat, the walls caving in around him as he leaned into his new lounge chair. He spread his arms and sank in, enjoying the feeling and sensation of his body crushing the building into the perfect shape to sit.

The way Green sat, it looked more like he was lounging in a hot tub, his shoulders pressed up against his head as his arms spread wide across the roof of that building. It didn't take long for him to grow bigger, the walls caving in further. Each passing day that building shrank under Green's expanding ass and bulking frame.

Now, he sat upon it like a proper throne. Like a king with his feet pressed firmly on the ground and his royal globes and dick flopping forward. The constant drip of his essence sloshing forward and down into the crater of his most devout.

Green had made himself comfortable. His body relaxing into a massive thrown of his own design. The building made to be a rich man's wet dream was now slowly grinding to dust beneath Green's massive ass cheeks. The way the rubble teased his hole and taint was lovely. It made his tail twitch and swish, smacking down and causing windows to shatter and walls to cave in.

And still he grew. Today, he started to feel his elbows rising above the roof of that building as he continued to creep skyward. His thighs were pushing against the arms of his thrown, the sides breaking and crumbling. It started to feel...

*Cramped.*

Green scowled, fear rippling through the field of his influence. The city and all its surrounding suburbs shuddered at that scowl.

Green was bored. Their God was not amused, and he found it quite intolerable.

“Why am I bored?” Green spoke it as if he were complaining to some stripper who wasn’t dancing right. He stood up, his feet crushing the ground beneath, the piping collapsing beneath him. Green stomped forward, his feet leaving imprints in the ground until he reached the crater of his birth as a God. He looked down at his subjects and lifted his foot before pressing it down on the pit. It didn’t cover it all, but it did crush quite a few people. His previous foot mark eclipsed by his toes.

Green felt the lives, the souls and bodies of his worshipers, swell up through his sole. Their pathetic struggles were lost beneath his crushing weight. Normally, one would expect blood and gore to be beneath that sole, but when Green lifted it to look at the damage he so effortlessly brought forth, there was nothing but rubble. Some of the stones even looked bleached of color and life.

“I guess I’ll just have to move on to the next phase. You were all so fucking disappointing.” Green lifted his hand to the sky. The blue sheet instantly shuddered. The few clouds above green started to swirl. It was slow at first, very gentle, but before long, it was obvious that the clouds were spinning above Green with purpose. The clouds grew dark and started to rake across the sky, the sun blotted out. In the center of the darkness was the Big Green, in his palm was a glowing violet sphere. A dark grin played across his face.

“I’d say it was nice, but I’ve had better,” Green chuckled and gripped the sphere, his claws digging into it as the veins on his hand popped with exertion.

Purple lightning cracked across the sky. The worshipers all felt a sudden urge to go outside. As they did, the outermost suburbs of Green's influence felt it first. They felt...lighter...weaker...less than they were before. With each step they took out of their houses, it was harder to breathe, more difficult to move. Their muscles deflated, their skin grew taut and gray. Their eyes rolled back into their heads as they gurgled. Even their cries of pain and suffering were lost as all the moisture in their bodies, all the nurturance and life was stripped from them. They fell to the ground, their bodies floating down like a sack of ashes. Soon, their flesh sparked into violet flames, their bodies being stripped of everything as their bones disintegrated into violet light and were pulled up into the air.

You see, Green's influence wasn't just an aura. It was part of him. Green didn't control it, much like a mortal doesn't have control over their heartbeat, but it was part of him. Meaning, everything under his influence, he was touching, and everything he touched, he could take.

Multiple funnel clouds started to rise from the earth, violet light billowing up, curling upwards into the sky as these invisible hands reaped body after body, and soul after soul.

"That's right you little fuckers," Green grunted as he gripped that sphere tighter. A crack fissured across it and lightning tore the sky again. "You're all mine. No escape now. You can finally get your reward for all your worship and praise. All your sacrifices and weakness will now be rewarded."

The sphere kept crunching, breaking and fracturing in his grip.

Sweat started to glisten on his body as he pushed forward for his biggest meal yet. A dark grin played on his face as he felt the worshipers' influence waning. Their prayers of thanks for finally being used were being snuffed out one pitiful candle at a time, their flame curling up into the sky. This wasn't enough for Green. He wanted to taste their fear, the realization that they were nothing but tools of pleasure. He snapped his fingers and his influence released their minds.

The praise and worship were cut off by a sudden panicking fear. Fear was just as good as any worship or prayer. It was delicious as Green gripped onto that sphere tighter. The wind blew harder, sweeping the outskirts as more and more funnels formed across the city. Entire buildings and homes were blasted away to reveal the people hiding inside. Their bodies swept up into the sky only to vanish in a shower of sparks.

Normally people wouldn't see this power, but Green wanted them to. To see the inevitability of their demise and the inescapable void that they were being consumed into. The rest of the world was cut off from the view as Green trapped them all in a closing dome of death. Green could feel his muscles tense, their strength reaching their limit as he went to crush that sphere, the bundle of life and offerings the people so stupidly gave him.

It shattered.

The powerful arching lights that spiraled into the sky formed several serpents of energy, each clashing against each other in displays of raw power. Green felt himself drawn up. The wind funnels pulling him into the sky to accept their offering. The spirals fought amongst themselves for more bodies, more souls, more for their God while also stretching to try and reach him at the same time. Entire buildings caught flame as sparks tried to escape, the towers and spires of ingenuity engulfed in violet embers as they surrendered their inhabitation to their God.

Green opened his mouth and sucked, one of those spirals ripping from the ground and hitting his maw. Its flavor was ambrosia, the flavor of life itself gulped down Green's throat as it forced its way in. Green's stomach churned with it, bodies not yet fully absorbed flew into his greedy maw as he gulped down more.



Another spiral of light slammed into his chest, his pecks chewing on it as it drilled right into his cleavage. The pecs were pulled apart just enough to reveal the black hole between them that was devouring that energy. Those powerful slabs of meat chewed their meal. Another tendril slammed into his ass, spiraling up into his back and spine with pure euphoria.

Then finally, one met his cock head. Green's mind was transported back to the gym when he was being worshiped by his acolytes. All of them writhing outside his body to please him and fighting for space inside his nuts and gut.

It was like that, only the feelings were coming from inside him. Hands, faces, feet, appendages of people fighting against their fate pushed against his flesh as it churned and chewed them. Striations of muscles formed on his body, splitting like vents as more tendrils were sucked into them. Several cords of light were now working their way into his muzzle, his gut distending from the energy, his arms creating those striation vents to accept more of those wriggling souls and bodies.

Millions of bodies and souls poured into Green, and he could feel them clawing and writhing like eels trapped inside. Some fell back under the influence, unable to face reality, while others screamed and begged in fear. It was a volatile cocktail of pleasure that made Green cum, or he would have if the force of dozens of tendrils weren't being sucked down into his dick. His balls felt like they had hundreds of giant tongues lulling them from the inside, curling to find energy, static and lightning rolling between those nuts as they amassed enough power to fell armies.

Then, it was quiet. Painfully quiet except for the fading, muffled screams of the bodies inside him. The storm was completely contained inside Green. Cyclones and all were churning inside him as the bodies were forced to assimilate with their God.

As the last ribbons sank into Green, the light coalesced deep inside, a sun, a microcosm of power so dense it was causing Green to tremble.

“I can barely...urp...contain it...” Green had to hold back from letting one of his slaves escape, their soul almost slipping between his teeth. He had never been so full before, and yet it wasn’t enough. His body was a writhing mass of sacrifices and human offerings. He didn’t want to wait any longer, he wouldn’t.

He flexed.

Green’s entire body burned with power, every corner was filled to bursting with the lives of his worshipers and victims. As he flexed, it was like his entire body swallowed.

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Off to the west an army had lined up, ready to stop the spread of this mania. People the world over were all completely terrified or enthralled, and as a result, the army took the situation into their own hands. Their federal leaders had been lost to the scourge of madness when the creature known as Green claimed Apex city.

Now though, the army watched as the darkness swept over the landscape and swallowed the city. The city was in shambles. Towers destroyed, land sucked of life and turned into dry barren land. A singular glowing light existed still in its center.

The general of the forces pulled out his binoculars, focusing on that smudge of light. He saw the outline of something in that flashing array of colors. Purples, greens and pinks glowed around that silhouette. The light slowly faded until he couldn’t see it anymore. Then everything went black and blurry.

Had the general not been using binoculars, he would have seen Green's body erupted with growth. His body blasting so rapidly that the air compressed, liquid nitrogen, oxygen, and carbon dioxide combusted, the air smacking itself and causing sonic booms to rip through the sky.

The first sonic boom came with a rush of wind and caused the general to drop his binoculars. Green's body was growing at an alarming rate. The wind of those sonic booms held the panicked shrieks and moans of the souls that were violently assimilated into Green's form. Then he expanded again, the blast far more violent than the last, the floating form of that God expanding disproportionately.

Green's body lashed on muscle faster than it could handle, his limbs and torso bulging differently through the waves, his frame catching up to round out and even the muscles.

Another sonic boom, the blast much stronger this time as it knocked the general off his feet. So much air suddenly displaced was causing casualties far beyond the original scope of Green's grand consumption. The remaining buildings toppling outward as the ground beneath Green broke and fissured.

The general would watch as Green's body would expand silently, then the sonic boom of shrieks and deep bestial groans filled the air accompanied by the sounds of cracking and lashing flesh as he grew and expanded.

Then, with a final push, Green's body finished expanding, his muscles and form writhing to find space as it slowly melted back into place. His proportions evening out, his body just as perfect as before, almost wider than he was tall with his monstrous bulk. Green smiled as his feet touched down, he could feel the amount of destruction his feet did just by touching the planet beneath him. Green took a deep breath in, clouds sucking in through his teeth as he did so. He let out a deep breath, creating clouds with

the moisture from his exhalation. The lowest clouds in the atmosphere were typically over six thousand feet up. His body rumbled at the pleasure of knowing he was over a mile tall.

Then he opened his eyes.

They flashed open, those violet irises glowing with power. The very act of those eyes opening sent cracks of energy through the air. If you looked closely, you could see the subtle flashes of souls as they fluttered and glowed in those eyes. Only the most devout weren't consumed, kept to continuously stroke his ego in their torment.

Green took in his size, his hands coming up to his pecks. The very motion of flexing was euphoric, every cell tingling like they were being made love to by a tender hand. He gripped his pecs, the two massive pillows accounting for a fifth of his mass. They churned, flexing and grinding, the sound like mountains collapsing as he did so. They bloomed with pleasure; his nipples tingling as the air currents brushed them.

Green peered over his pecs, a feat in itself, and saw the decimated world below him. Sapped of life and drained of color. Every bit of beauty and life was piled onto him, nothing remained but crumbling stone as it broke to dust. His feet felt the cold dead earth beneath him. He groaned and wiggled his toes, the slight movement caused tremors to roll through the ground as those cathedral sized toes flexed. Any building that might still be standing fell under the final weight of that motion. His calves were diamond shaped hills, his teardrop thighs a series of valleys and ravines. His eight back and obliques were denser than diamonds, and yet they all bent to Green's will. And his mega cock, that bitch breaker was as thick as his forearm and long enough that it kissed his pecs, drooling his essence down itself.

Green felt enormously heavy and light all at the same time. He reveled in the feeling of so much size and power. Though, it fell woefully short of his expectations.

Weakling humans and souls weren't enough. He wanted more.

Green heard it more than he felt it, a few pops, like bubble wrap. He turned his head, the very motion causing such strong air currents to make the other missiles fly off course and burst into small puffs of smoke on the ground like firecrackers.

The general was screaming commands, ordering his men to keep firing. They needed to kill this beast, but it was already too late. The men knew that, and not just because their hellfire missiles were little more than poppers to the giant.

They didn't want to fight. Half of them had already fallen to their knees. Prostrating themselves and begging their God to take them.

Green heard their prayers and his eyes fell on them. Several of them burned into violet energy on the spot before Green realized what he was doing.

"Sorry you're so fucking pathetic. I didn't realize my gaze would melt you," Green's booming voice rang out. Of course the army saw his lips move before the words hit them, the physical limitations of sound making it look like a video with lagging audio.

Green snapped his fingers, the soundwave rolling over them and releasing them from his influence. Green gave a dark grin.

"Try," Green ordered. It was a simple word, but also a powerful command. He wanted them to try and beat him. The general wouldn't leave his new God wanting and ordered his men to advance.

Green watched as the tiniest toy soldiers started their assault. He chuckled as more missiles came flying up at him. He didn't even dodge them. He just swirled his hand, the motion causing the air to rapidly curl and catch the missiles in a cyclone. Green grew bored of waiting and took a step forward. No, not a step, a deep powerful lunge in perfect form.

Green lifted his foot and pushed it forward, slamming it down with all his weight. It was like watching a nuke's shockwave roll through building after building, only it was the actual earth breaking and rolling outward. The sound was like TNT breaking down cliffs for mining. A third of the forces were killed as the earth tore up beneath them, their bodies being churned to paste as the ground swallowed them up. Before they were fully lost, their bodies and souls scorched away into purple energy and curled up into their God's cleavage, his pecs chewing as his dick drooled.

Green laughed mockingly as he stood back up to his impossible height. The General gasped as the drox ascended further into the sky, his range finder showing he was well over seven thousand feet tall.

Green cleared his throat, pulling up his spit, and getting ready to hawk a thick wad of mucus and snot. The sound was louder than a jet going off, several of the men going deaf while the rest received severe ear damage. He spat, the thick wad sailing through the air and assaulting the back line of soldiers. The original impact destroyed the earth, splattering and shredding bodies like it were a cannonball. Only this cannonball splattered. The little droplets and wads were like bullets and shrapnel that killed dozens more. They all burnt away as they died. Any too weak to fight burst into flames to be of better use to Green's entertainment.

"You're so pathetic," Green chuckled. The sound of his voice deafening more of the people as he balled his fist. His first thought was to simply fake a punch, see how much air would be displaced and how many would shatter under that sonic boom, but then he thought, "why hold back?"

Green reared back for a punch, and just like everything about him, he had perfect form as he swung it down and slammed onto the earth. That fist blacked out the sky for so many, plowing a crater deep into the earth, and then growing, expanding, causing the crater to crack and crumble as Green's fist demanded more space. As he lifted his fist, the foliage and life that was once there was bleached of color, the dirt loose and sandy as it had its nutrients sapped.

The resulting shockwave caused the army to fall to the ground, the earth rattling beneath them. Green couldn't help but scoff as he sat down, crossing his legs and encompassing what was left of the army in a cage of calves and thighs. His massive nut sack rolled forward. That scrote acting like the monster in that movie "The Blob" where it rolled forward and consumed all in its wake. Those powerful nuts slurping up body and soul as they simply churned with their newest victims.

"You're all too weak," Green said it out of boredom. "You should all be ashamed. Instead, you'll be a nice little snack." Green opened his maw. He didn't burn people away with his energy, no, he sucked. He sucked in air and caused bodies to fly up into his muzzle with the cyclone. Whoever wasn't shredded by those winds was quickly swallowed into the Big Green's greedy gullet.

They were gone. The army defeated in less than ten minutes.

"Easy come, easy go. How fucking disappointing," Green shrugged his shoulders, a motion that sent the sound of rolling thunder for miles. He lifted his hand and twitched a finger. A singular body, the only human spared, was drawn up into the sky by Green's power. He floated there before being deposited into the palm of Green's hand. The flesh of those green pads churned hungrily, wanting to consume the general, but Green showed masterful control of his form by allowing the "man" to live.

"Do you know why I spared you?" Green asked.

The general was deaf and couldn't hear. He could only feel the vibrations and smell the breath of death as it rolled over him.

Green rolled his eyes, and snapped his fingers. The General's hearing returned and made to handle Green's booming voice.

"Do you know why I spared you?" Green repeated himself. He wanted to destroy that little shit for making him do so much just to be heard.

"No! No my god! I'm sorry! What did I do to deserve not being consumed?"

Green chuckled, a dark grin playing across his face.

"Open your phone," he ordered.

The general complied and pulled out his phone.

"Now, send the signal."

The general didn't know how Green knew about their backup plan, but he didn't hesitate to obey. He pressed send to a group of people to launch the nukes. Several bombs had been armed in case they failed. He didn't want to, but he couldn't disobey his god.

"But they'll kill you," he whimpered.

Green simply crushed him in his fist, his body being absorbed, his purpose served.

"Don't try to understand, you little spec," Green rumbled as he waited. He was quite patient as those nukes were launched, their power and secrets something he craved. Green didn't just consume life, it was energy itself. That's why he could absorb souls, and suck the life from even stone. So when he



started to see the jet streams of far-off nukes headed his way, his dick throbbed, his pre splattering an entire suburb with his essence.

“I’m tired of playing nice guy,” Green rumbled and stood. “I’m tired of taking this at such a slow pace.” Green’s eyes flashed as he stared down the five nukes headed his way.

“I’m done pussy-footing around,” Green snarled, his toes digging into the ground, his toe rings grinding the dirt as he prepared himself for the impact.

“I’m done holding back for such pitiful playthings,” Green flexed, his body tensing, squeezing out a little more growth as his eyes locked on those streams, his influence able to feel them as they soared through the air for their target.

“And I’m done pretending this planet is worth my fucking time-”

For the first time since the second world war, a nuke went off with intent to kill. The third ever dropped, then the fourth and fifth. The final two never making it to their destination as the other explosions were so large it caused them to go off before they reached it.

Green screamed, his body a burning inferno of pain and radiation. His flesh was torn away from his bones, scorching away his body as the bombs that had been perfected over so many years tore him to pieces.

Green roared in pain, the power of these bombs unlike anything he had ever felt, his fur scorching away, his flesh bubbled and popped. That is, until Green started to laugh as the last of his flesh was scorched to nothingness. The orange and yellow flames around him continued to expand and grow as they rose into the sky. Higher and higher as they tore through the atmosphere.

Then, just as the world started to think they might be free. The color of those flames changed. They flickered and went from their oranges and yellows, to a green. It was slow at first. The flames flickering various colors before purples and pinks started to emerge from that chaos. It was like the explosion could no longer expand higher and started to collapse in on itself.

Deep in the center of that explosion, the bones of Green were reforming, lashing together into its previous form. His body quickly adapting to the radiation and absorbing it. The entirety of that blast was now green, and it was more than just the color. It was Green himself.

The mushroom cloud curled and shifted into a wolfish grin, the drox's face appearing in that cloud of death. His mouth moved and the voice of eruptions and explosions filled the air, speaking in a language of chaos and fear. It bled through the planet, all the inhabitants feeling the command of their god.

"KNEEL!"

They obeyed. They prayed, they worshipped, they prostrated, they came and writhed in pleasure. Their offerings making that explosion swell, expanding sidewise as arms of flame extended out of that blast. At first, they were clouds of debris and blaze, but as those fists flashed out and brandished their claws. Flesh pulled itself out from that cloud. Striations of muscle writhing and rippling, opening up to massive vents that were sucking up the radiation and infernos. Green's face snarled, the debris pulling away to show his face emerging from the cloud of destruction as the powerful neck muscles split into vents and chewed on their meal.

Green threw back his head and roared. The explosions warped and shifted into a cape, an inferno of green and purple flames. Green's feet slammed into the earth like asteroids as he stood once more. He snarled. There was already so much energy inside him, the bombs still exploding deep in his

guts, each of his pecs were a nuke, his balls a duo of explosions as his cock sprung forward, the mega dick a third leg for the drox god.

Striations rippled across his body, the individual muscles flexing and parting to suck in more of that power. That cape of flame spiraling and slurping into his form. The entire world was turned into an apocalyptic maelstrom. One of Green's feet pressed into the ocean, tidal waves roared over the shores across the land. His expanding body caused gales so strong; they would put any hurricane to shame. His body sucked up the last of that energy and greedily expanded again, and again.

Green's muscles and body simply exploded. Larger, heavier, stronger bigger! His feet rolled across cities, the vulnerable landscape before him shrinking away as he grew. He blasted into a most-muscular pose, his fur glowing then catching flame. His green fur ablaze with so much power that it glowed a hellish green.

"YES! IT'S ALL MINE! YOU'RE ALL MINE!" Green wasn't just saying that. His influence now reached every corner of the globe. That meant the entirety of the planet was inside him. He snarled, the sound like an earthquake.

He wasn't done fucking over this planet. He wasn't even close to done with these little shits. They still had so much more to give, so much for him to take. So much for him to rape over and steal.

The giant had to be at least fifty miles tall, even wider than his height with all that earth-shattering muscle. Yet he wasn't bloated, everything perfectly proportioned, his striations quickly melding back and smoothing over into massive, rounded muscles.

Green smirked, his target just in front of him.

It was a volcano.

Green pressed his dick against it. The cock head consuming it completely.

“You’re a tight little bitch, huh.” Green rumbled, kicking the planet with his heel, the force causing the tectonic plate to crack and split. “Don’t worry, I’ll just tear you a fucking new one.” Green pressed. He barely shifted his toes and the tectonic plates parted like the legs of a cheap whore for the dick that was pressing down between them. Steam and brimstone blasted out of that expanding crack as Green forced his dick in. The crust of the earth that had sustained life for so long, was now crumbling under the perverse weight of its god and master.

Green pressed on, his dick head not even halfway in and already magma was being forced to become lava as it was displaced around him. A new island was being fucked into existence, but Green had no desire to create or make anything.

He wanted to fuck.

Green went down to his knees and pressed his dick in farther, his cock slipping into the molten warmth of that planet. The cold outer layer delightfully contrasted by that hot center.

Green moaned, the sound making the planet shake. He couldn’t help it, he took a sip of that energy. Power bloomed, the hole his dick was in splitting like a massive crack down the continent as he expanded, his pecs plowing into the earth, his nips crushing cities, his balls displacing the ocean’s waters. The entire planet felt a chill as the core dropped a single degree in temp. Green licked his lips and thrust forward. His powerful ass flexed, the sound an explosion to the average human as the earth cracked and fissured on Green’s mega cock. Every volcano and every lava chamber on the planet erupted and ruptured. Geysers of lava being forced out of the core by the volume of that dick coring out itself at home.

Green arched his back, pressing his dick down into that oh so warm hole. Doing the downward dog with his dick firmly seated in that core.

“At least you’re good for something,” Green chuckled and rolled his hips. The entire planet rumbling as the guts of that core were churned with that dick. “So warm.”

Green’s toes flexed and fanned, scraping deep trenches into the land as he “gently” rolled his hips, his ass flexing and grinding.

“That’s right. I feel you surrendering to me you stupid skank,” Green bit his lower lip as the planet started to wane, the very life energy of the core being compromised as the lava started to cool. Green’s veins glowed orange with the energy being sucked out, slowly being tainted into a purple as it was absorbed. Rumbling shockwaves started to roll through the planet as Green continued to expand. Each pulse of growth another global earthquake as he expanded. Larger, bigger, wider, stronger, more effortlessly apocalyptic!

“That’s right you skank. Bet you wish I could make you pregnant,” Green chuckled as he gripped a fistful of mountains like he would some bitch’s hair.

“But I don’t give life,” Green licked the planet. A small continent disappearing, its still alive citizens were swept up into the hot humid mouth of their god, the earth beneath being replaced with a desert mired in drool. “I only take it.”

Green gave a deep thrust, the entirety of the planet creaking like a bitch groaning.

“That’s a good girl,” Green chuckled and pulled back. His pubic fur a mess of magma. Green thrust forward, His balls slapping the earth, the surface gravity acting like it was sucking on that massive scrote.

“Fuck yes! Suck those nuts you whore!” A shockwave rolled over the planet, purple sparks flying out of the cracks Green was fucking into the world. Green pressed forward, letting his dick rest in that warm hole as he felt the planet give up a little more of itself to him.

“Fuck yes!” Green groaned and started to thrust, his pace a steady drill into that planet. “I’m going to fuck you into dust! Give in you little fuck slut!”

Green’s hips churned more lava out, his cock breaking more and more of the earth apart. The crater his hips were making was a steaming mess of ocean water and cooling lava, his hips a sloppy mess of frothing ocean and churning magma.

So much water being displaced and so much steam that storms roiled and roared around that fuck hole. Only for them to be disbursed as Green expanded. His toes scraped further across the ground as his arms spread wider. Green grit his teeth as his balls churned, his dick being milked by that core as his cock drank deep of that life energy. His growth expanded rapidly.

500 miles, 630 miles, 940 miles, 1400 miles! His growth was rapidly accelerating. He felt the planet shrinking beneath him, his dick getting tighter in that core as he fucked with abandon, not holding back his absorption anymore.

“It’s all mine! MINE! TAKE IT YOU LITTLE FUCK TRASH FUCKTARDS!”

The denizens’ of the continent on the opposite end of the planet were burning into violet sparks, their energy being sucked into the planet. Their ground and life crumbled to dust, ancient civilizations reduced to ashes as the life was sapped from them and drawn into that dick.

3000 miles, 5300 miles, 8000 miles, 12000 miles!

Green could feel the curvature of the earth, his growth only accelerating, the world crashing and shaking with each of his thrusts. Green changed his position, never letting his dick leave that hellish fuck hole. He gripped the planet with his thighs as he started to fuck further, deeper and harder.

“Yes! I feel it! You won’t hold up much longer! I’m fucking you literally to death! You’re surrendering your life to me! All of it! That’s right! FUCKING GIVE IT ALL!”

Green’s command ripped across the planet, the opposite side quickly bleaching into a wasteland, but, in the darkness of night, the white caps of the side started to crack, the ground beneath them glowing as new volcanos burst forth, then sank back down, crumbling before that dick head blasted clear out the other end, the night illuminated by magma and steaming precum. Mountains were dethroned and shot into space by those thrusting hips, and still green fucked, his dick breaking more and more of the planet, the world’s life swirling up his cock and filling him with its raw power.

White splotches started to form on that planet, purple infernos and jetstreams spiraling into Green as he fucked that rock for all it was worth.

“YES...” he rumbled. “SO CLOSE! GIVE IT UP! I’M ALMOST THERE!” Green’s balls churned, countless lives and souls having been absorbed by that pummeling sack. Those muscles of his body could only be measured in miles. Any other unit was simply pointless as they continued to bulge and expand.

That core was starting to get cold, the heat the planet had now was provided from its angry God’s cock. The planet started to crumble, its shape being held together by Green’s will alone. The last remanence of life screaming for mercy. Green simply found them and burned them to nothing.

“FUCKING DIE YOU FUCKING DIPSHITS! TAKE MY NUT AS A FAREWELL GIFT! FUUUUUUCK!” Green roared, his cock throbbing, the very act of that throb was enough to crack the rest of the planet. It broke

in half, snapping as Green's cock blasted its seed all over the opposite side of it. The vulnerable landscape made even whiter. Like a shameless teen busting onto a cheap porno mag, he spent his load.

The planet soaked up Green's seed and quickly formed new life. Like a bastard son no one wanted, his seed seeped into the planet to make more worshipers, but Green was done with his toy.

Green pulled himself out of the planet, his foot stomping on it and lifting him into the cosmos.

"SHRINK," Green demanded. His toe ring glowing as the remains of the planet compressed and dwindled, and formed a small pea sized bead. At least that's the size it was to the Green God. It was drawn to his ankle where the white bead latched onto a string of other planets that formed an ankle band.

Green laid back in the weightlessness of space as he felt a presence stare at him. He smirked.

"I was wondering how long it would take for you little shits to show up," Green chuckled. "I had to kill your entire puny planet, fuck them over body and soul, for you to even pay attention? I mean, kudos, that's totally a move I would do, but not if someone was taking what was mine." Green scowled at the energies staring him down.

Gods, other immortals of renown were flocking to him to enact justice upon the world he had stolen.

Green cracked his neck, the sound like planets colliding.

"Bring it on, faggots. You'll be a nice after-fuck snack."