

B00bs

by j. h. woodyatt

She has terrifyingly large b00bs.

They're monstrous, gargantuan, b00bs so brain-splittingly huge that they quite leave the realm of normal human anatomical aberrations and enter the quantum-psychedelic nether-region of the Freaks of Nature. They stride the earth of their own accord, knocking down bridges, buildings—obliterating whole towns with each pendulous swing of her juggernauts of doom.

None dare oppose her b00bs. They lay awful waste to everything in their path. And they're growing larger. At an exponential rate. Feeding on the flesh of their victims, they grow ever more cyclopean, increasing their capability to shovel more and more innocent victims into their gaping maws. She and her b00bs are unstoppable.

Soon they will be so large that they will begin to noticeably compress under the effects of their own gravitational fields, but that's poor consolation. No, there is but one hope for the future of the humanity—

You know what it is, don't you?

You know what must be done. A samurai does not think of the oxygen destroyers, the phalanx of mobile rocket launchers and the high voltage transmission lines that fail to stay the creature from destroying all of Tokyo. He simply takes up the long and the short and goes to die.

