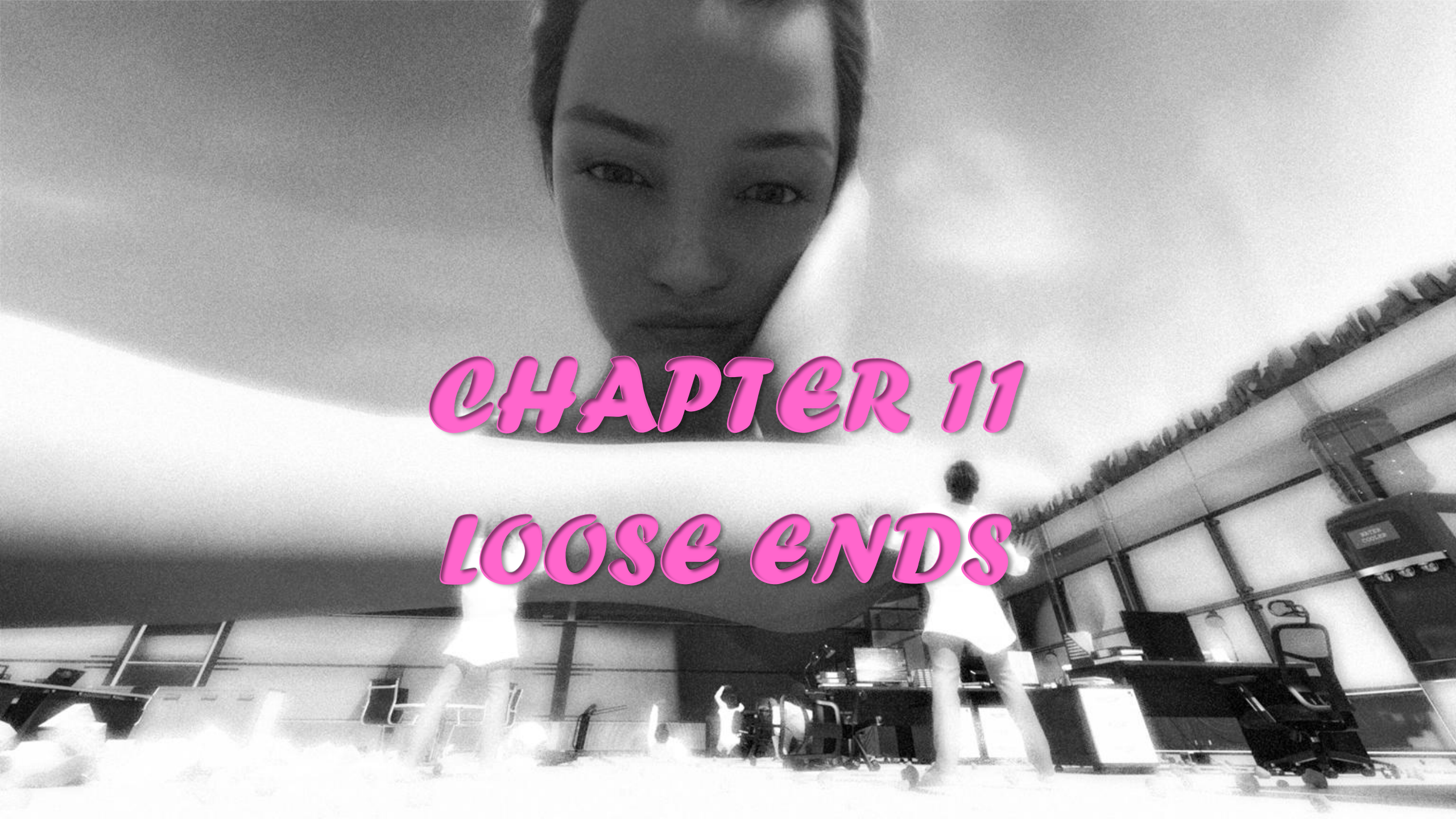
A Twist of Fate
by Papayoya
Graphic novel
Chapters 11-13
250+ images


CHAPTER 11
LOOSE ENDS

The streets had been quiet for a while as Chrissie and I strode side by side toward the pills company. Each step left its signature crater, a reminder of how effortlessly we were reshaping this city—literally. But as we advanced, the empty avenues started to fill. First, it was just a handful of tinies darting to the sidewalks. Then the crowd thickened until, finally, we were toe-to-toe with a stubborn sea of them.
TKF
MIDCITY

I planted my hands on my hips, glaring down at the little dots swarming just beyond my pedicured toes. "What's the deal here? Are they holding a block party or something?"
Chrissie tilted her head, her smirk as infuriatingly confident as ever. "Maybe they think we're here to sign autographs. You know, we are kind of celebrities now."
I exhaled sharply, already annoyed. "Is there another way around?"

Chrissie rolled her eyes dramatically, throwing her hands in the air like I'd asked her to solve quantum physics. "Sure. If you feel like detouring for an hour, be my guest. But this is the quickest route."

Of course. I sighed, already tired of this. "Fine. Guess I'll handle it."

I surveyed the crowd again, the tinies scurrying and clustering as if proximity to each other would somehow protect them. I cracked my neck and took a deliberate step forward. My sole came down on a pair of abandoned cars, flattening them into metallic pancakes with a satisfying crunch. The sound sent shockwaves through the crowd, and the tinies scattered like startled ants.

"Alright," I called out, letting my voice boom over the chaos.
"Listen up, tiny people! My friend and I need to walk down
this road. And you're kind of... well, in the way."

I paused for effect, crouching slightly and letting my grin widen as I surveyed the trembling mass. "Actually, scratch that. From my point of view, you're not really in the way at all. I could just keep walking, you know?" I tilted my head, feigning thoughtfulness. "But because Chrissie and I are such nice giantesses, we're giving you a heads-up. You've got one minute to clear out. After that..." I let the sentence hang, raising my eyebrows suggestively. "Well, let's just say you wouldn't be the first people we stepped on today."

Chrissie snorted behind me, clearly enjoying the show. “You’re such a sweetheart, Zo.”

I shot her a sideways glance, my grin never faltering. “I know. Practically a saint.”

The tinies began to move, reluctantly at first, then faster as my words seemed to sink in. Chrissie and I exchanged glances, leaning casually against the nearest buildings as we waited. They groaned in protest, but managed to handle us—at least for now.

“So,” I began, crossing my arms and smirking at her. “What do you think? Five stars for delivery?”

Chrissie chuckled, nudging me with her elbow. “Oh, totally. But I think they’re still dragging their feet. Wanna bet how many are stupid enough to stick around?”

"Too many," I muttered, my patience thinning. I pushed off the building and surveyed the street. Sure, they'd moved a little, but only enough to clear about two steps' worth of space. Two. Whole. Steps.

"You've got to be kidding me," I said, my voice tinged with frustration. "I'm being extra careful, giving them a heads-up, and this is what I get?"

Chrissie stifled a laugh. "They're probably testing your limits. You're too nice."

I rolled my eyes and raised my voice again. “Alright, people! Into the buildings, side streets—whatever works. But you’ve got ten seconds this time.” I started counting down, deliberately slow. “Ten… nine…”

By the time I hit zero, they’d managed to clear another measly step’s worth of space. I groaned, throwing my hands up in exasperation. “Seriously? This is me being a nice girl, and you’re giving me this?”

Chrissie shrugged, her grin widening. “Just saying. Maybe they think you’re all talk.”

“Well, that’s a shame,” I said with exaggerated sweetness, turning back to the crowd. “Because I was really hoping you’d all get this done the nice way. But since you need a little incentive…”

I lifted my foot and held it over a group of stragglers who had made the grave mistake of hesitating.
"Consider this... a visual aid."
LOTUS
AND MEGAN FOX

With a deliberate stomp, my foot came down, the crunch of metal and bodies mingling in a sickly symphony. The ground quaked beneath me, and the crowd erupted into chaos, scrambling like their lives depended on it—which, spoiler alert, they did.
LOTUS
AND
MEGAN FOX
LOTUS-WATCHES.COM

"See?" I said, brushing imaginary dust off my hands. "Now they're motivated."

Chrissie crossed her arms, a sly grin spreading across her face as she surveyed the scattering tinies. "Look at you, Zo. You've come so far. From freaking out about stepping on a few tinies to squishing a bunch of cops, and now you're out here giving motivational demonstrations. I'm honestly impressed."

I shot her a look, rolling my eyes. "Don't make a big deal out of it, Chriss. They were in the way, and now they're not. Mission accomplished."
"Oh, sure," she teased, her voice dripping with mock innocence. "It's not a big deal at all. Just another few crushed underfoot. No difference, right?"

I shrugged, glancing back at the chaotic street behind me. "Exactly. A few more doesn't change anything."

As the rest of the crowd scattered into buildings and side streets, their frantic movements a perfect mix of terror and urgency, Chrissie stayed quiet for once. My own thoughts filled the silence, heavier now than I expected. She wasn't wrong. My so-called "red line" had definitely shifted.

An hour ago, the idea of crushing anyone—accidental or not—had left me shaken. Then the cops happened, and I'd realized something important: some people were going to die. No matter how careful I tried to be, no matter how much I warned them, someone was always going to be in the wrong place at the wrong time.

And now? Now, I wasn't going out of my way to step on them, but I wasn't losing sleep over it either. I wasn't a monster, but I wasn't going to let their fear dictate what I could or couldn't do. Using force was inevitable at my size, and sometimes, that force was going to be more than they could handle. It was something I'd have to get used to—had gotten used to, apparently.

My earlier words to Chrissie echoed back at me: "A few more doesn't change anything." Harsh? Maybe. True? Absolutely. From up here, a handful of squished tinies didn't even register in the grand scheme. What had held me back before wasn't the act itself but how the tinies would see me.

Here's the kicker, though: they already feared me. Us. That wasn't changing anytime soon, no matter how careful I was or how many warnings I gave. So why waste energy worrying about it?

I straightened, brushing the weight of my thoughts aside. Chrissie was still watching me with that knowing grin, clearly enjoying my little moment of realization.

"Ready to move on?" I asked, my voice light but tinged with sass. "Let's see if they can clear the rest of the way before I have to 'motivate' anyone else."

She gestured dramatically to the now-cleared street. "After you, oh Queen of Stepping On People."

I laughed, taking the first step forward, relishing the little quake it sent rippling through the ground. "Let's go tie up those loose ends, Chriss. This city isn't going to conquer itself."

The trek toward the pills company wasn't exactly thrilling, but then again, after flattening a police blockade, not much could measure up. The streets were mostly deserted, save for the occasional tiny who thought they could sprint to safety before our feet caught up with them. Of course, they couldn't. A few squelches later, Chrissie and I were laughing about how the city seemed to be playing a very one-sided game of Frogger.

"Do you think they just freeze up when they see us?" Chrissie asked, glancing down at the newest addition to her footprint collection.

"Who knows? It's pretty damn hard to think like they do, to be honest" I quipped, my tone dripping with sarcasm.

Chrissie snorted, flicking a piece of rubble off her toes. "Poor things. Bet they think we're taking it personally. Like, sorry, dude, but I don't even know your name."

We continued our stroll, our banter filling the gaps between the thunderous cracks of our footsteps. The tinies' world was our stage now, and we were definitely the stars of this show.

Finally, the road opened into a small plaza, and Chrissie stopped, a triumphant grin spreading across her face. She gestured dramatically at the building in the center.
"And here we are. Pills R Us."

I raised an eyebrow, taking in the structure. It barely reached the height of my pussy. "This is it?" I asked, sounding almost disappointed. "I was expecting... I don't know, something bigger."

Chrissie turned to me, hands on her hips, her smirk as smug as ever. "Nothing's big next to us anymore, Zo. Haven't you figured that out yet?"

I rolled my eyes but couldn't help the small smile tugging at my lips. "Fair point."

Chrissie pointed at the building, her finger tracing an imaginary line. “Company’s on the twenty-third and twenty-fourth floors.”
I squinted at the building, the rows of windows blurring together. “Do you seriously expect me to count that high? That sounds exhausting.”
Chrissie sighed like I’d just asked her to move the entire building herself. “Oh, for God’s sake, Zo. Fine. Let me handle it.”

She crouched, her finger stabbing through the roof with effortless precision. Glass and concrete crumbled as she widened the hole, the screeches and panicked cries from inside music to our ears. After a moment, she plucked a woman out of the chaos, holding her delicately between her fingers like she was inspecting a doll.

The tiny woman screamed, her arms flailing uselessly. “Please don’t hurt me!”
Chrissie rolled her eyes. “Relax, tiny. I just have a question. What floor were you on?”
The woman stammered, her voice barely audible over her trembling. “T-Twenty-four.”

Chrissie grinned, clearly pleased. “See? That wasn’t so hard.” With zero ceremony, she dropped the woman onto the street below. The tiny hit the ground with a squeak but scrambled to her feet, running off without so much as a thank you.

I clapped slowly, a grin spreading across my face. "Creative. Brutal. Efficient. You've really outdone yourself, Chriss."
Chrissie brushed off her hands like she'd just finished a hard day's work. "What can I say? I'm a problem solver."
I laughed, shaking my head as we turned our attention back to the now slightly mangled building.
CARLTON COURTS
APARTMENTS

Chrissie and I crouched down on opposite sides of the building, our massive forms casting long, looming shadows over its crumbling structure. My knees pressed against the plaza's pavement, cracks spiderwebbing out beneath the weight. From this angle, the chaos inside was finally visible.
TkF

The twenty-fourth floor was bedlam. People darted in every direction, bumping into desks and overturning chairs in their blind panic. Papers floated through the air like oversized confetti, and the soft glow of computer screens flickered uselessly in the chaos. A man in a lab coat stumbled over a toppled chair, scrambling toward the far wall, while a woman clutched a clipboard like it was some kind of lifeline.

"Oh, wow," I said, resting my chin in my hand and smirking as I peered inside. "Look at them go. It's like watching a dollhouse during an earthquake."
Chrissie tilted her head, her warm brown eyes scanning the chaos from her side. "You'd think they'd be used to us by now. Poor tinies."

I leaned in closer, my breath fogging the shattered remains of a window. The air inside rippled slightly from the sheer force of my exhale. “Hey, tiny people!” I called, letting my voice roll through the room like thunder. “Just thought I’d drop by to say thanks. Your pills? Worked great! But, uh...” I feigned a sheepish grin. “They came with a little side effect. Think you can help me with that?”

The response was pure pandemonium. Some screamed. Others tripped over themselves in their rush to reach the stairwell. A cluster of lab workers huddled behind an overturned desk, their wide eyes darting between me and Chrissie like deer caught in headlights.

"Aww," Chrissie cooed, her tone dripping with mock sympathy. "They're so scared. It's adorable."
APARTMENTS

Her eyes flicked to the stairwell, where a small group of tinies was making a desperate dash for freedom. Her smirk twisted into something wicked. “Not so fast.” With a casual motion, her fist punched through the building’s side, shattering concrete and metal as easily as crumpling a soda can.
The stairwell collapsed in an explosion of dust and debris, blocking their escape route entirely. The tinies closest to the destruction stumbled backward, coughing and waving at the swirling clouds.

Chrissie leaned in, brushing the wreckage off her knuckles with a satisfied grin. “There. That’s better. Wouldn’t want you sneaking off before the fun really starts.”
The room was in absolute chaos now. People darted aimlessly, their screams filling the air like the shrill buzz of an alarm. Papers and furniture littered the floor, and the soft hum of machinery seemed almost laughably out of place.

Chrissie sat back slightly, then reached up and began peeling more of the roof away. Her nails dug into the structure with ease, prying away chunks of concrete and exposing the building's innards like she was unwrapping a gift.

"There we go," she said, tossing a slab of the roof carelessly onto the street below. "Much better view now. You're welcome."

I couldn't help but laugh, the sound vibrating through the air and sending another wave of panic through the tiny crowd. "You're really putting on a show, Chriss."

Chrissie shrugged, still focused on her handiwork. "What can I say? I like to see what I'm working with. And they're much cuter when they can't hide."

I leaned forward again, resting my arms on the building's edge as I surveyed the chaos below. The power was intoxicating, the sheer thrill of watching them scramble under our gaze.

Chrissie's grin widened as she leaned over the building, her face just inches from the open floor. The tinies inside froze like deer in headlights, their tiny bodies trembling under her gaze. She tapped a fingernail against the edge of the exposed roof, the sharp tink tink tink sending a visible shudder through the crowd.

"Alright, little geniuses," she said, her voice dripping with mock patience. "I'm only gonna ask this once. Where's the team that made the boob pills? Don't be shy—step forward. We're dying to meet you."

Predictably, no one stepped forward. Instead, the chaos only seemed to intensify. Some tinies scrambled for cover behind desks or overturned chairs, while others simply froze, their tiny mouths hanging open in silent terror.

Chrissie rolled her eyes, sitting back slightly and crossing her arms. "Really? This is the best you've got? You'd think the people smart enough to make these pills would also be smart enough to answer a simple question."

I smirked from my side of the building, resting my chin in my hand as I watched her growing impatience. "Maybe they're too busy wetting themselves to be helpful, Chriss."

She turned to me, feigning an exaggerated sigh. “Looks like I’m gonna have to give them a little incentive.”

Before I could respond, her hand darted into the building, her fingers curling around two tinies at random. She plucked them up with the ease of pulling daisies from the ground, holding them up to her face. The tinies squirmed, their tiny voices squeaking out desperate pleas that barely registered over the distance.

Chrissie tilted her head, her grin turning sharp. "Hey there, little guys. Don't worry, I'm not gonna hurt you... unless you make me. Now, be good and tell me—who made the boob pills?"

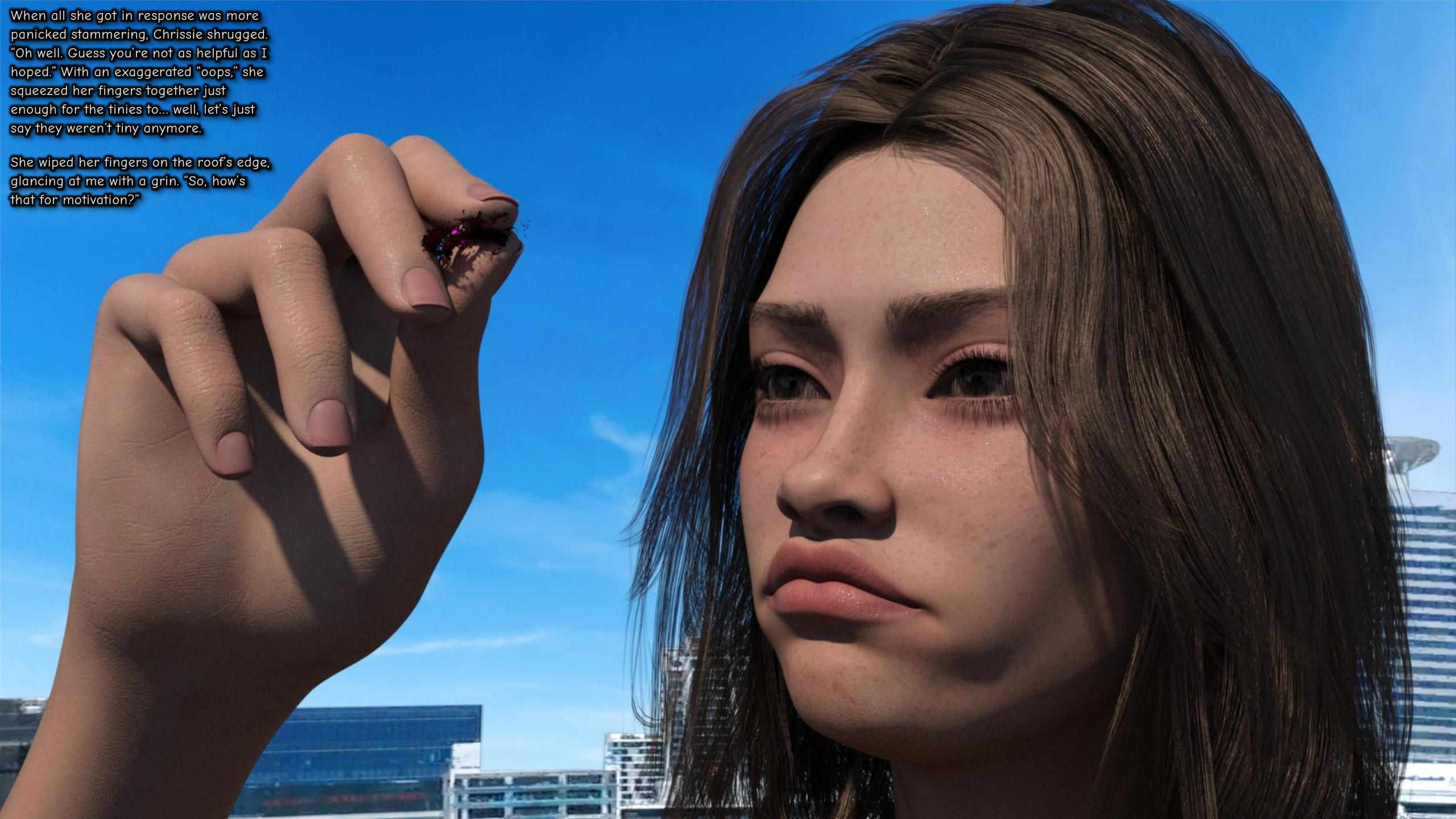
The tinies stammered incoherently, their words tripping over each other in their panic. One of them seemed to be trying to form a sentence, but all he managed was, "P-please... we... don't..."

Chrissie's smile faded into a mock frown. "You don't? Really? That's disappointing." She glanced at me, her brow arching. "See what I mean, Zo? They're useless."

I chuckled, shaking my head. "Maybe they need a little more... motivation."

Chrissie smirked at me, then turned her attention back to the tinies. "Motivation, huh? I can do that." Her fingers tightened ever so slightly, and the tinies' squeaks turned into panicked shrieks.

"Chriss..." I started, raising an eyebrow.
"Oh, relax," she said, rolling her eyes at me before turning back to her captives. "This is just a little pressure." She held them up higher, her tone turning sickly sweet. "Last chance, tinies. Where. Are. The. Boob. Pill. People?"


When all she got in response was more panicked stammering, Chrissie shrugged. "Oh well. Guess you're not as helpful as I hoped." With an exaggerated "oops," she squeezed her fingers together just enough for the tinies to... well, let's just say they weren't tiny anymore.
She wiped her fingers on the roof's edge, glancing at me with a grin. "So, how's that for motivation?"

The room below erupted into absolute chaos. Screams, frantic running, the whole nine yards. Even I blinked, momentarily taken aback. “Damn, Chriss. That’s one way to make a point.”

She tossed her hair over her shoulder, her smirk firmly in place. "What can I say? I'm a hands-on kind of girl."
I laughed despite myself, shaking my head. "You're unbelievable."
"Thanks, babe," she quipped, leaning back in to survey the panicking crowd. "Now, let's see if they're a little more cooperative."

I leaned forward too, resting my chin in my palm. "Alright, tinies, listen up!" My voice boomed through the room, and the chaos quieted just a bit as everyone froze. "We're not here to wreck your cute little building—well, not entirely. We just want the people who made the boob pills. That's it. So, let's not make this harder than it needs to be, okay?"
WATER COOLER

For a moment, it was like talking to a herd of terrified deer. But then, finally, a man in a lab coat stumbled forward, his hands raised like he was surrendering in a movie. “Wait! I—I worked on the project!” he shouted, his tiny voice barely audible but clear enough.

Chrissie and I exchanged a glance, her grin widening into something triumphant. “There we go,” she said, her tone practically purring. “Took you long enough.”

With a flick of her wrist, she plucked the man up and dangled him in front of her face like a prized trophy. He dangled awkwardly, his legs kicking as his little glasses slipped down his nose.

"Well, hello there, smarty-pants," she cooed, her eyes twinkling. "Why don't you be a doll and tell us everything we need to know?"

Chrissie straightened to her full, intimidating height, her smirk still firmly in place as she let the tiny man roll to the center of her palm. I stood, matching her towering posture, and leaned in to inspect our trembling new friend.

"Well, aren't you just the perfect little mascot for this whole mess?" I teased, tilting my head as I squinted at him. "You know, for someone who works with enhancement pills, you could've maybe taken your own advice. Kind of puny, don't you think?"

Chrissie snorted, nearly dropping the guy. "Right? Here we are, rocking the results of your miracle drugs—" she gestured dramatically to her impressive chest, her grin growing wider, "—and you're, what? A poster child for 'before' pictures?"

The man stammered, his tiny voice cracking. "I—I wasn't involved in marketing! Or testing! I just—"

I waved my hand dismissively. "Yeah, yeah, save it, buddy. Let's get to the juicy stuff: side effects. We're talking earthquakes when we walk and building collapses when we lean. That's all standard, right? Or is there something you're not telling us?"

His face went even paler, which I didn't think was possible. "I—I don't know about side effects! I worked in formulation, not—"
Chrissie sighed dramatically, her free hand on her hip. "Oh, for crying out loud. Useless. Why are all you lab types the same? Fine. Where's the rest of your little science gang? You know, the ones who actually know things?"
He pointed shakily toward the building's crumbling skeleton. "M-most of them are still on twenty-three..."

"Perfect," Chrissie said with a sweet smile that was anything but. She turned to me, holding out the man like an unwanted trinket. "Here. Hold this."

I plucked him from her hand, pinching his sides delicately but firmly enough to make him squeak. "Gotcha," I said with a wink. "Try not to wriggle too much, okay? Wouldn't want to drop you."

Chrissie crouched again, her grin shifting into something wicked as her fingers dug into the building.

Concrete and glass gave way with satisfying cracks and pops, and the screams from within grew louder.

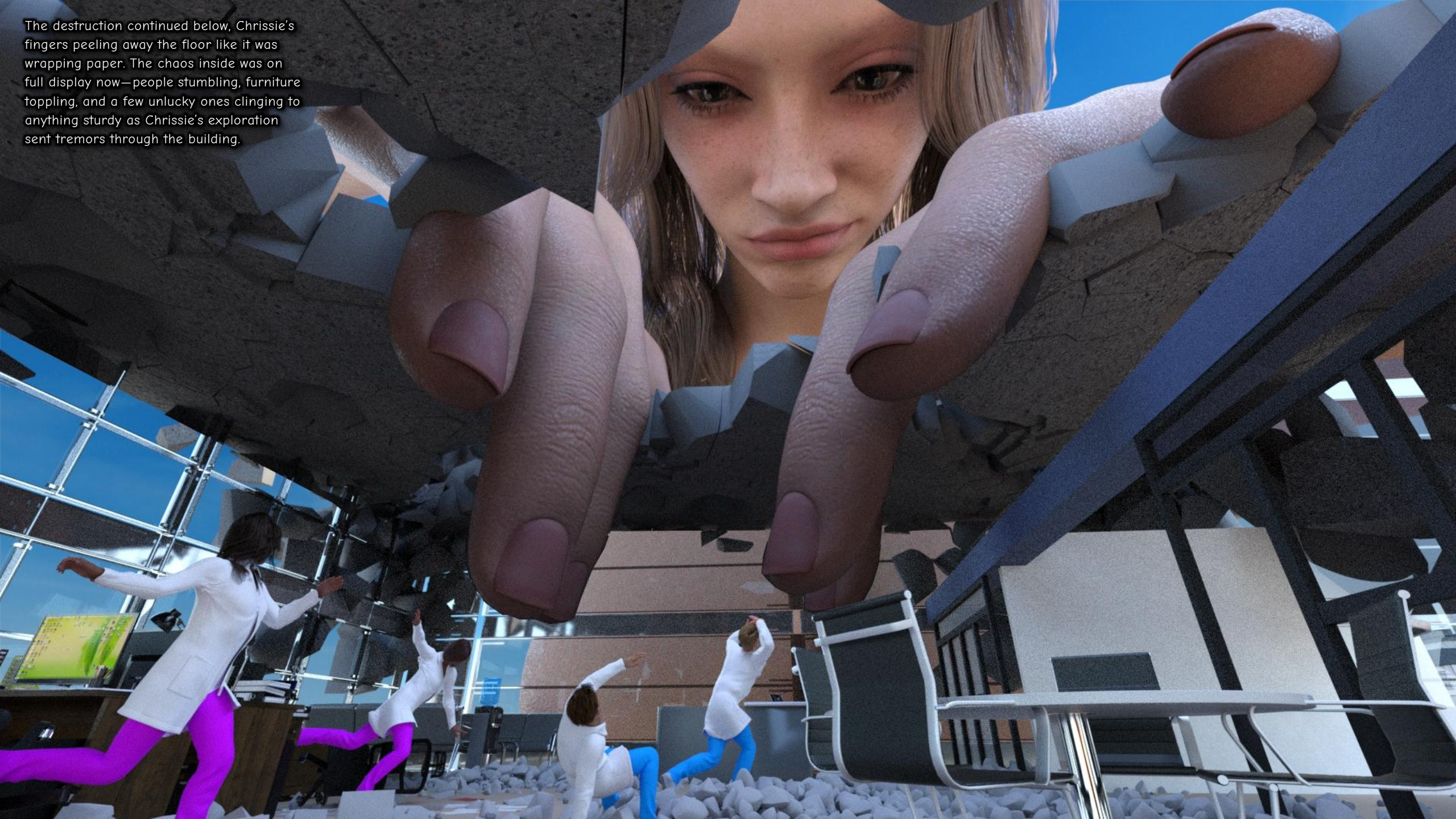
The tiny man in my hand shrieked, flailing. "She's—she's destroying the building! She's going to hurt people!"

I bit back a laugh, my lips curling into a teasing smirk. "Oh, relax. Chrissie's being super careful. Right, Chriss?"

Another loud crunch echoed as a chunk of ceiling collapsed, followed by another round of panicked cries. I tilted my head, mock thoughtful. "Okay, maybe not super careful. But she's trying, I think."

"She's hurting them!" he cried, his voice cracking with hysteria.

I raised an eyebrow, tapping my chin with my free hand. "Hurting? Eh, I don't know if that's the right word. 'Inconveniencing,' maybe? It's not like we're trying to hurt anyone. It's just, you know, the whole size thing." I shrugged, giving him a cheeky grin. "Hard to be gentle when you're this big."


The destruction continued below, Chrissie's fingers peeling away the floor like it was wrapping paper. The chaos inside was on full display now—people stumbling, furniture toppling, and a few unlucky ones clinging to anything sturdy as Chrissie's exploration sent tremors through the building.

Finally, she stood back up, holding her hand out toward me with a triumphant grin. "And voilà. The boob pills dream team."

I leaned closer, inspecting the motley group of nine tinies—some men, some women—all huddled together on Chrissie's palm. Their lab coats were speckled with dust and their expressions were the perfect cocktail of terror and disbelief.

"Well, look at you all," I cooed, resting my free hand on my hip. "A whole team of genius nerds. Bet you're so proud of your accomplishments right now."

Chrissie tilted her palm slightly, making the tinies wobble. "Think they're regretting it yet?" she teased, her grin sharp.

"Probably," I said with a chuckle, leaning back. "But hey, at least they've got front-row seats for the results. That's gotta count for something, right?"

Chrissie's laugh rang out, and I couldn't help but join in.

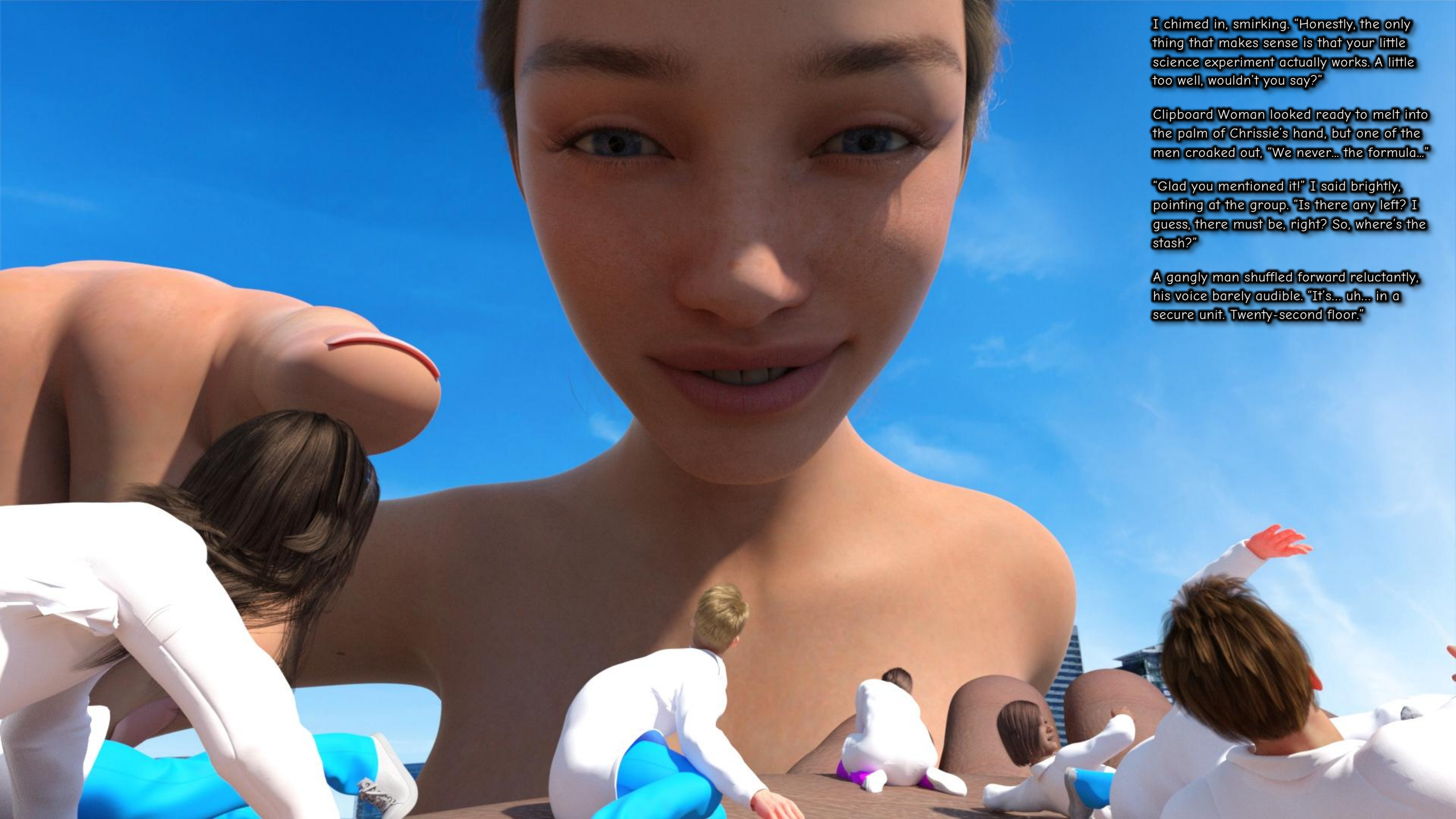
I dangled the trembling man over Chrissie's palm, letting him plop unceremoniously onto her growing collection of terrified scientists. They stumbled and clung to each other as Chrissie tilted her hand slightly, a mischievous smirk spreading across her face like a cat toying with mice.

"Well, well, well," Chrissie purred, resting her free hand on her hip. "We've got some questions, and you're the brainiacs who are gonna answer them. First up—have you ever seen results this good?" She gestured at her chest with an exaggerated flourish, winking as if she were on the cover of a pin-up calendar.
The tinies exchanged panicked glances, their terror battling with an overwhelming desire to not screw up their answers. One guy looked like he was about to faint; a woman clutched her clipboard like it was a life preserver.

I snorted, crossing my arms and leaning in slightly. “Come on, guys. This isn’t a trick question. We’re asking about boobs, not the theory of relativity. Don’t be shy.”
Chrissie rolled her eyes dramatically. “Seriously? It’s a yes or no question. Have you ever seen results like this?” She cupped her boobs for emphasis, raising an eyebrow. “Or are these the new gold standard?”

The clipboard-clinging woman finally stammered, “W-what did you... do?” Her voice was a trembling whisper, her wide eyes darting between Chrissie and me like we were mythical beasts straight out of a nightmare.
Chrissie and I exchanged a glance, then burst into laughter. I shook my head, grinning down at the group. “What did we do? Oh, sweetie. Let’s just say we... might’ve gone heavy on the dosage.”

The group collectively gasped, their faces morphing into the perfect cocktail of shock and disbelief. Clipboard Woman blinked rapidly, clearly short-circuiting. “That’s... that’s impossible! The dose... it shouldn’t... this doesn’t make sense!”
Chrissie raised an eyebrow, her grin sharpening into something wickedly playful. “Oh, doesn’t make sense, huh? Look up, tiny. Does any of this look like it makes sense to you?” She gestured broadly, as if the two skyscraper-sized girls looming over their crumbled building weren’t proof enough.



I chimed in, smirking. “Honestly, the only thing that makes sense is that your little science experiment actually works. A little too well, wouldn’t you say?”

Clipboard Woman looked ready to melt into the palm of Chrissie’s hand, but one of the men croaked out, “We never… the formula…”

“Glad you mentioned it!” I said brightly, pointing at the group. “Is there any left? I guess, there must be, right? So, where’s the stash?”

A gangly man shuffled forward reluctantly, his voice barely audible. “It’s… uh… in a secure unit. Twenty-second floor.”

Chrissie's grin widened, and she turned to me with mock solemnity. "Well, Zo, I guess we're going treasure hunting again." With zero ceremony, she dumped the scientists into my hand. "Hold onto these, and don't break them. Yet."
The tinies squealed as I cupped my hand carefully, giving Chrissie a mock salute. "Roger that, Captain Destruction. Go do your thing."

Chrissie crouched down, her fingers plunging into the building with renewed vigor. Concrete cracked, glass shattered, and the air filled with the music of pure chaos.
I looked down at the scientists in my hand, quirking an eyebrow. “Don’t worry,” I cooed mockingly. “She’s totally got this.”

A loud crunch punctuated my words, followed by fresh screams. I winced theatrically. “Okay, maybe some stuff is getting broken. But hey, can you blame her? Dollhouses aren’t exactly built for giantess treasure hunts.”

Chrissie laughed, her voice muffled by the building. “Thanks for the vote of confidence, Zo. Really inspiring.”

I smirked, glancing at the scientists. “See? She’s got it under control.”

Chrissie straightened moments later, holding a battered steel safe in her right hand like she'd just won the lottery.

Bits of rubble clung to its dented edges, and the ground trembled as she set it down with a triumphant thud.

"Voila!" she announced, dusting off her hands. "Pills, secured."

I whistled, genuinely impressed. "Damn, Chriss. You're like a wrecking ball with style."

She grinned, turning her attention back to the scientists trembling in my palm. “Alright, genius squad. Now the big question: can you reverse this?”

They huddled together, whispering frantically. Finally, one of the men cleared his throat, stepping forward like he was about to confess a crime. “With enough time and resources... I think we could... possibly find a way.”
Chrissie’s grin vanished, replaced with an arched eyebrow and an amusedly dangerous look. I frowned, glancing between her and the group.

"Well," I said lightly, though my tone carried a razor-sharp edge. "That's not exactly the answer we were hoping for."
The scientists' whispers grew frantic, their little huddle trembling like leaves in a storm. One man finally found his voice, his tone trembling. "Y-you want to be... like this? You don't want to go back to normal?"

Chrissie and I exchanged a glance, her grin curling mischievously as I raised an eyebrow. “Normal?” I repeated, feigning confusion. “Why would we want that?”

The man blinked, his face a mix of terror and disbelief. “B-because this... this isn’t normal. You’re freaks!”

Chrissie gasped dramatically, clutching her chest like he’d just insulted her entire lineage. “Freaks? Really? Is that what we are, Zo?”

I tapped my chin thoughtfully, a smirk playing on my lips. “Hmm. Let’s see. We’re towering over skyscrapers, completely untouchable, and holding a bunch of scientists like they’re doll-sized action figures.” I turned to the trembling group in my hand and added with a grin, “Oh wait, that’s because you are doll-sized to us.”

Chrissie nodded sagely, her grin sharp. "And let's not forget the perks. No traffic, no annoying bosses, and nobody tells us what to do. Honestly, it's a pretty sweet deal."
The clipboard woman's voice shook as she squeaked out, "You... you can't be serious."

"Oh, we're dead serious," I replied, leaning in just enough to make the tinies flinch. "And you know what else? Being this big has its... benefits. Like, let's say we've been a little naughty. Who's gonna stop us? Not the cops, that's for sure."

Chrissie snickered, tilting her head. "And staying big? Means we can get away with it. Pretty nice, huh?"

The realization seemed to hit the group all at once. They looked at each other, then up at us, their fear escalating to outright panic.

One of them stammered, “You... you’re not going to... you’re not planning to—”
Chrissie and I exchanged a look, her dark eyes glinting with a shared understanding. We didn’t need words.
I sighed, shaking my head with a mock look of regret. “It’s not personal, you know. We really do appreciate your work and all, but we’re kind of into this whole giantess thing.”
The same man’s voice cracked as he pleaded, “Please... please don’t crush us.”

I tilted my head, a teasing grin spreading across my face. “Crush you? Oh no, that’s too messy.” I held them up higher, letting the cityscape stretch out below them. “Here’s a question for you: do any of you know how to fly?”

The group screamed in unison, their voices shrill and frantic. Chrissie laughed, her head tilting back as I turned my palm over, letting the tinies tumble out like crumbs. Their bodies spun and flailed as they plummeted toward the ground.

I straightened up, brushing my hands off and glancing at Chrissie. “So, that was... premeditated.”

Chrissie shrugged, her smirk softening into something more thoughtful. “Necessary, though. They were gonna try something eventually.”

“True,” I agreed, a flicker of seriousness passing between us. It didn’t last long.

“Besides,” Chrissie added, her grin returning. “If you’re gonna be big, might as well be thorough.”

I laughed, shaking my head. "Speaking of thorough..." I gestured to the building below us. "Do we really want to leave anything to chance?"
Chrissie tilted her head, pretending to consider it. "Hmm. Nah, doesn't seem worth it."

Without another word, she turned and plopped down onto the building, the structure groaning and crumbling beneath her massive weight. The sound of glass shattering and steel snapping filled the air, accompanied by a final chorus of distant screams.

Chrissie leaned back on her hands, a satisfied smirk spreading across her face as the dust settled around her. “Well, that takes care of that.”

"Efficient," I quipped, stepping closer and nudging a chunk of rubble with my toe, sending a puff of dust swirling into the air. “We’re really starting to rack up quite the body count, huh?” I added with a trace of sheepishness.

Chrissie tilted her head, lounging amidst the wreckage like it was her throne. “Had to,” she said casually, brushing a speck of debris off her thigh. Then, she looked up at me, her smirk softening just enough to feign seriousness. “Doesn’t mean we need to go full-on Godzilla on the city, though.”

Chrissie crouched down, her eyes gleaming with focus as she yanked a length of cable from a row of power poles. The wires snapped free with a satisfying twang, sparking faintly as she gathered them up in her hands. Without missing a beat, she looped the cable around the top of the steel safe she'd ripped from the building, tying it securely into a makeshift necklace.

Straightening up, she swung it over her head, letting the safe dangle proudly against her chest like some bizarre piece of oversized bling.
I raised an eyebrow, watching her with equal parts amusement and curiosity. “Okay, Chriss. I have to ask. What in the world are you doing?”

She grinned, giving the safe a little tap that sent it swinging. “What’s it look like? I’m keeping the leftover formula under control. Can’t risk someone else getting their hands on this, now can we?”
“Sure,” I said, my tone dripping with playful sarcasm. “Because ‘safe necklace’ is such a normal thing to wear.”

Chrissie struck a mock runway pose, the safe swaying with her movement. “Jealous, much? It’s practical and stylish.”

I laughed, shaking my head as she stood up to her full height beside me, the ground trembling slightly under her feet. “Alright, fashion queen, now what? What’s next on the agenda?”

Chrissie glanced out over the city, her smirk sharpening into something a little more dangerous. “I say we take over.”

“Take over?” I repeated, crossing my arms. “You think the little people are just going to hand us the keys to the city?”

Chrissie scoffed, waving a hand dismissively. "Zo, it's not up to them anymore. We're in charge now, whether they like it or not."

I opened my mouth to reply, but a thought nudged its way in, one I couldn't ignore. "Speaking of being in charge," I started, tilting my head to look at her. "What about Brandon and Jennifer? You said we'd deal with them after the pills."

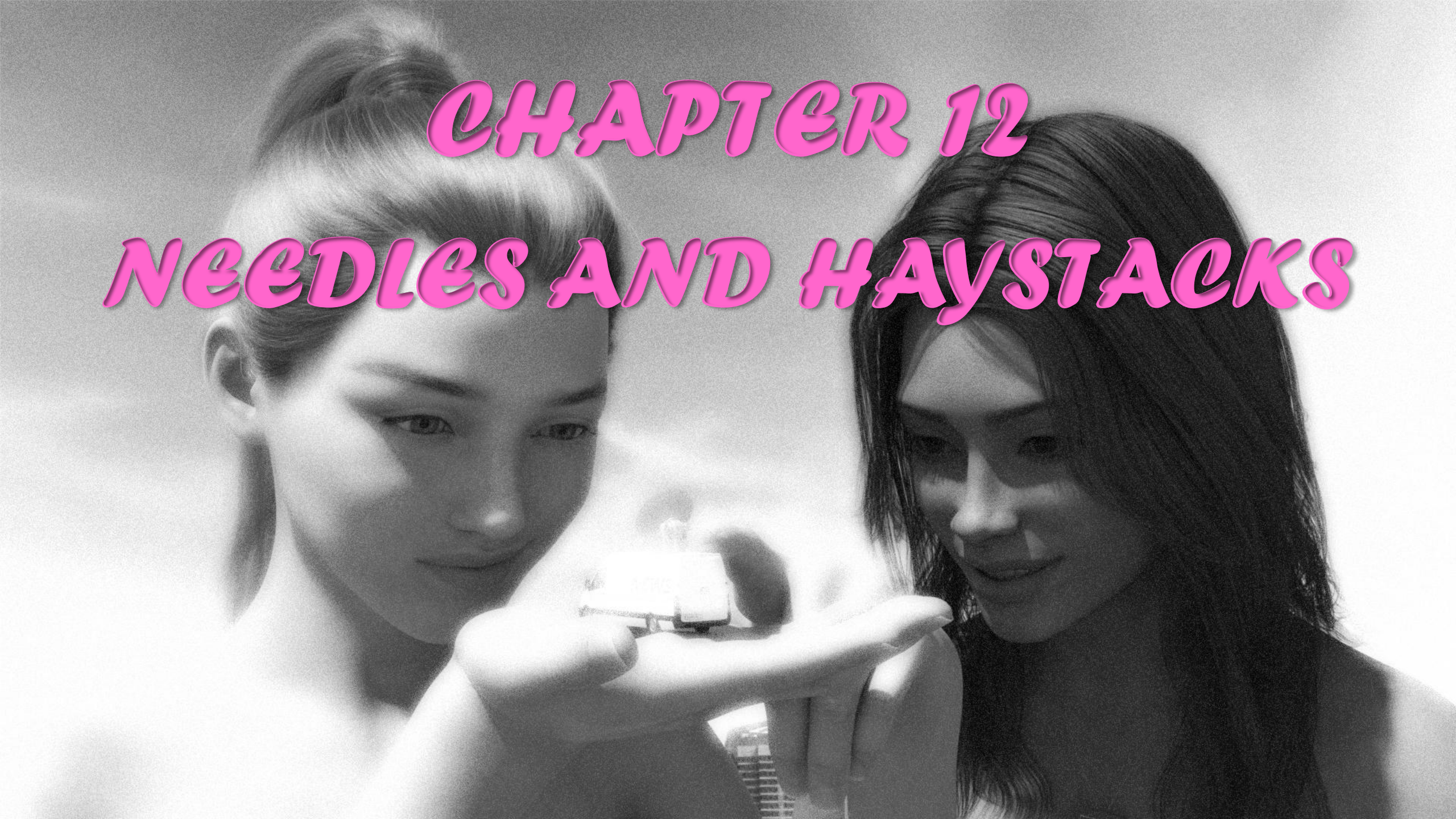
Chrissie's smirk flickered, replaced by a long-suffering groan. "Ugh, Zo. Seriously? You're still on about them? We've just crushed buildings, stepped on people, and taken down the entire police force. Do we really need to waste time on your ex and his sidekick?"

"Yes," I said firmly, planting my hands on my hips. "We do. I'm not letting this go, Chriss. I can't be queen of this city and not have my closure."

She threw her head back dramatically, as if I'd just asked her to carry the city itself on her shoulders. "Fine! But you owe me. Big time."

I grinned, giving her a playful nudge with my elbow. "Deal. Now let's go find them."

Chrissie rolled her eyes but couldn't hide the grin tugging at her lips. "You're lucky I like you, Zo. Let's wrap this up fast. I've got a city to conquer."
With that, we turned toward the skyline, our massive forms casting long shadows over the broken streets below. Whatever was waiting for us next, I knew one thing for sure—it was going to be unforgettable.


CHAPTER 12
NEEDLES AND HAYSTACKS

The city stretched before us like a patchwork of tiny toy blocks, broken only by the occasional crater or flattened building where we'd left our mark. Chrissie and I strolled down the street, her ridiculous safe-necklace swinging with each step. She seemed almost proud of the thing, like it was her crown jewel.
"I still can't believe you're wearing that," I teased, watching the dented steel container sway against her chest.
STARS

Chrissie shot me a smug grin, running her fingers along the cable like it was made of gold. "What can I say? I'm a trendsetter. Next season, everyone's going to want industrial chic."

I snorted, nudging a toppled lamppost with my toe. "Yeah, I'm sure the tinies are lining up for your fashion tips. 'Step 1: Grow to the size of a skyscraper.' Real accessible."

"Hey," Chrissie said, mock offense in her tone. "At least I'm not the one giving motivational speeches before squishing people."

"Motivational speeches?!" I gasped, clutching my chest theatrically. "I'll have you know I was being polite. Polite. It's not my fault they didn't listen."

She raised an eyebrow, clearly unconvinced. "Oh, totally. Because 'you've got one minute before I step on you' is the height of diplomacy."

I grinned. "Exactly. I'm basically a walking Hallmark card."

Our laughter echoed through the empty street, the cracked pavement groaning beneath our weight. Ahead, a crowd of tinies was beginning to gather, spilling out from alleys and side streets like they couldn't decide whether to run or stay rooted in fear.

Chrissie sighed, already bored. "Here we go again."

I stepped forward, hands on my hips, and flashed the tinies my best let's be friends but also maybe don't mess with me smile. "Hey there, little ones!" I called out, my voice dripping with playful charm. "Quick announcement: you're all standing in the way. Now, I'd really hate to step on anyone, but... well, you see how this could be a problem, right?"
The crowd froze, their tiny faces tilted up in wide-eyed terror.
"Don't make this awkward," I continued, my tone light. "Just scatter to the sides, and we'll all have a lovely day. Deal?"

Most of them took the hint, scrambling toward the safety of buildings or darting into side streets. But as always, a few lagged behind—whether from stubbornness, shock, or sheer stupidity, I couldn't tell. My foot came down, and the inevitable crunch followed.

Chrissie winced slightly but said nothing, her lips twitching into an almost-smile as we kept walking. The chaos we left in our wake was almost routine now—crushed cars, cracked roads, and the occasional tinies caught in the crossfire. It was curious how quickly we had gone from being shocked to being amused by it.
森記書局
North St
Museum

"If you ask me, we're being saints," I said, breaking the silence, as if answering to the unsaid comment.
Chrissie snorted. "Oh, totally. Angels walking among men."
I shot her a look. "I'm serious! Think about it. We could've gone full 'Godzilla meets Mean Girls' on this city by now. But no. We're careful. Kind of."

She tilted her head in mock thoughtfulness. “Careful? Sure. If by careful you mean only flattening, like, a few of the people in our way.”

I rolled my eyes, grinning despite myself. “Hey, let’s not forget they fired missiles at us. I’d say we’re being downright merciful.”

Chrissie laughed, the sound ringing out like a bell. “Yeah, mercy’s definitely the word I’d use.”

As we turned the corner, the city spread out before us, a sprawling maze of buildings and streets. The sheer size of it hit me all over again, and a thought bubbled up that I couldn't shake.

"How are we supposed to find Brandon and Jennifer in this mess?" I asked, gesturing to the sea of concrete and glass. "It's like finding a needle in a haystack. A tiny, annoying haystack."

Chrissie sighed, the weight of my question clearly testing her patience. "Zo, we're giantesses. We could literally knock over the haystack until the needle pops out."

I groaned. “You’re missing the point.”
“No, I’m not,” she replied, leveling me with a knowing look. “You’re the one who insists on chasing these two losers. But luckily for you, one of us has some strategic thinking.”
I raised an eyebrow, intrigued despite myself. “Oh? Do enlighten me, oh wise and fashionable one.”

Chrissie flipped her hair with a dramatic flair, the steel safe around her neck clanging softly as it swung. She gestured to the city before us, her grin as sharp as ever.

"You know, Zo, I've been thinking," she started, adopting an overly contemplative tone. "If the mountain doesn't go to Mohammed, maybe Mohammed needs to go to the mountain."

I blinked, narrowing my eyes at her. "Okay, but... which one are we? The mountain or Mohammed?"

Chrissie paused, her lips quirking in mock thoughtfulness. "Honestly? I'm not sure. But it doesn't really matter, does it? Either way, one of them's got to make a move, and I'm not about to be the one doing all the work."

I rolled my eyes, kicking a piece of rubble down the street. "Right. Because searching for two inch-tall tinies in a city of eight million isn't already the definition of doing all the work. Sounds exhausting."

Chrissie gasped, clutching her chest like I'd just insulted her entire existence. "Oh, Zo. Have you learned nothing from all of this?" She gestured broadly to the towering buildings and the streets littered with the aftermath of our strolls. "Being big doesn't just mean we get to do what we want. It means we get to tell them to do as we want."

I raised an eyebrow, smirking despite myself. "So you're saying we demand the tinies deliver Brandon and Jennifer to us? Like, 'Hi, tiny people. Bring us my ex and his little sidekick, or else?'"

Chrissie grinned, her eyes sparkling with amusement. "Exactly. And while they're at it, we can have them do some other things for us. You know, like a 'giantess to-do list.'"

I couldn't help but laugh, though I tilted my head in mock skepticism. "I mean, it's a solid idea in theory, but how exactly are we supposed to pull that off? Do we just, like, shout and hope they get the message?"

Chrissie sighed, clearly unimpressed with my lack of imagination. "Oh, Zo. This is what journalists are for."

"Journalists?" I repeated, crossing my arms. "What, you want to give an interview now? 'Hi, I'm Zoe, and this is Chrissie. We're giantesses, and we'd like to talk about our search for two very annoying tinies.'"

Chrissie smirked, tapping her temple as if she were the smartest person in the room—which, to be fair, she might've been, given the size difference. "Exactly. We find some news crew, tell them what we want, and let them spread the word. Easy peasy."

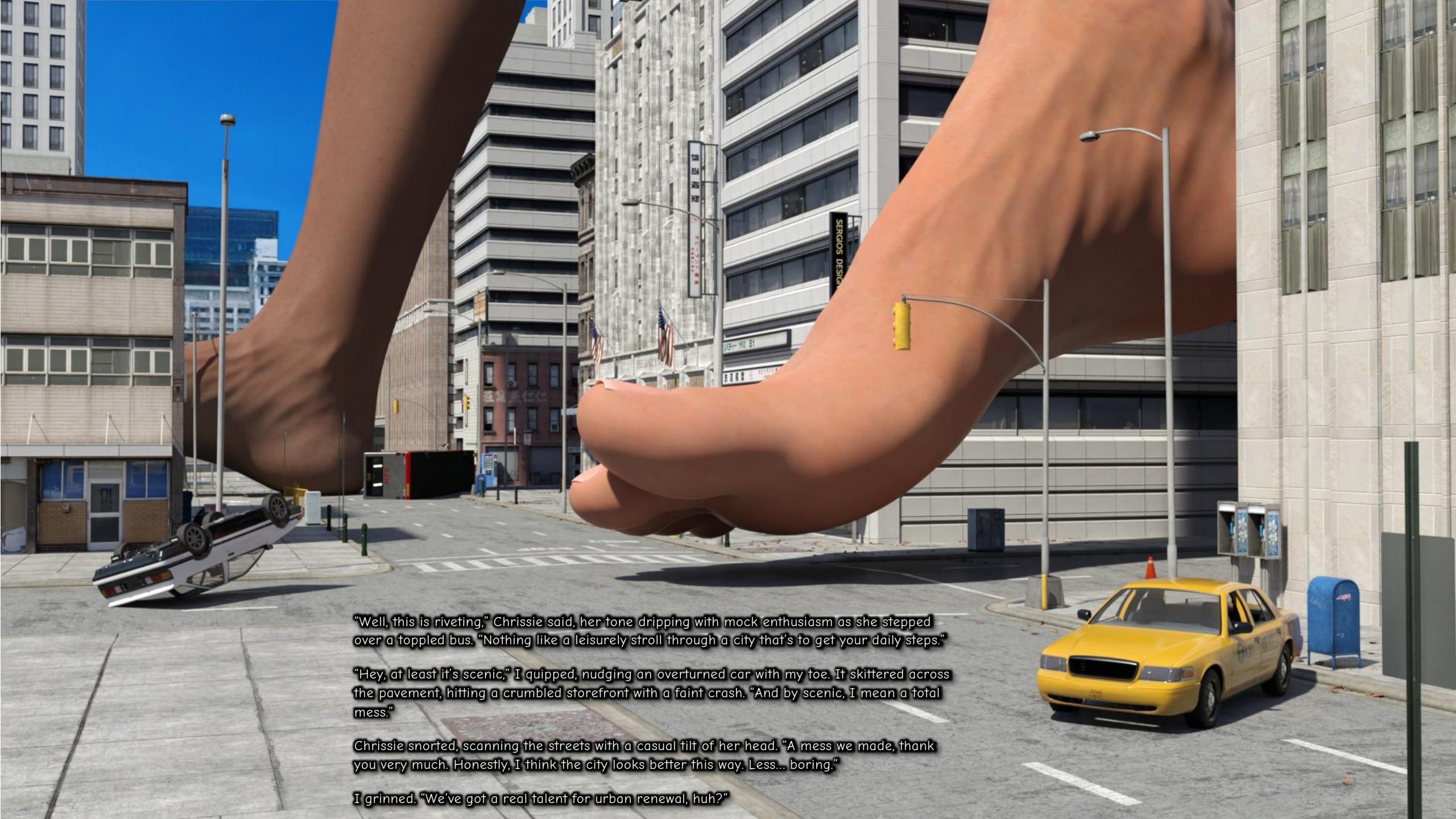
I stared at her, half-impressed and half-exasperated. "You really think they're just going to cooperate? After everything we've done?"

Chrissie shrugged, her grin widening into something wicked. "Oh, they'll cooperate. Trust me. If they know what's good for them."

I couldn't argue with that, and honestly, the idea of tinies running around trying to fulfill our demands was starting to sound pretty appealing. I glanced back at Chrissie, my smirk matching hers.

"Alright," I said, crossing my arms. "Let's find ourselves some journalists."

We strode through the city with an air of careless confidence, the world beneath us little more than a patchwork of concrete and glass. Each step sent tremors rippling through the streets, toppling lampposts, cracking asphalt, and scattering debris like confetti. The occasional unlucky tiny caught underfoot barely registered—a faint crunch, a brief red smear, and then we were on to the next step. It wasn't that we didn't notice. We'd just moved past caring.



"Well, this is riveting," Chrissie said, her tone dripping with mock enthusiasm as she stepped over a toppled bus. "Nothing like a leisurely stroll through a city that's to get your daily steps."

"Hey, at least it's scenic," I quipped, nudging an overturned car with my toe. It skittered across the pavement, hitting a crumbled storefront with a faint crash. "And by scenic, I mean a total mess."

Chrissie snorted, scanning the streets with a casual tilt of her head. "A mess we made, thank you very much. Honestly, I think the city looks better this way. Less... boring."

I grinned. "We've got a real talent for urban renewal, huh?"

Behind us, the chaos of our walk was undeniable. Sidewalks were shattered, cars flattened like tin cans, and tiny people scurried in all directions, desperate to avoid becoming part of the growing list of collateral damage. But we barely noticed the tinies anymore unless they did something particularly entertaining—like freeze in the middle of the street, hoping to be spared. They usually weren't. Not out of malice, mind you. It was just that we were so over adjusting our stride for anyone foolish enough to plant themselves in the path of a five-hundred-foot goddess.
Easy St
EL MOLEROS
FOR MAYOR!

Then, just as I was about to make a new joke about Chrissie's "fashionable" accessory, she stopped dead in her tracks. Her hand shot out, pointing at something in the distance.

"Zo," she said, her voice tinged with excitement, "check it out. News van, two o'clock."

I squinted, following her gesture. Sure enough, several blocks away, a tiny white van sat parked outside a building, the word NEWS emblazoned on its side in obnoxiously bold letters. The dish on the roof was the last proof we needed this was what we were looking for.

"Well, well, well," I said, arms akimbo. "Looks like we found our little media darlings."
Chrissie grinned wickedly. "Time to give them the exclusive of the century. And I mean exclusive. Like, who else is gonna get this close to us?"

We took a few deliberate steps closer, the ground shaking beneath us with every move. Glass shattered, debris crumbled, and the tinies in the area scattered like terrified ants. Chrissie raised her voice, her tone dripping with faux cheerfulness.
"Hey there, tiny journalists!" she called, her voice booming through the air. "You're in luck! We've got a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity for you—a giantess exclusive! And guess what? It's free!"
I chimed in, smirking. "Yeah, you're welcome. Front-row seats to the story of the millennium. So, how about it?"
CANTON

The response wasn't what we expected. The tiny van's engine roared to life, and within seconds, it peeled out of its parking spot, tires screeching as it sped down the street.
"Did they just..." Chrissie blinked, momentarily stunned.
"They're fleeing," I said, deadpan.
MV001200

Chrissie burst into laughter, doubling over slightly as her safe clanged against her chest. "Oh, look at that! That's adorable."
I rolled my eyes, already feeling the heat rise to my cheeks. "Adorable or not, I'm not letting them get away."

Without waiting for a reply, I started after the van, my strides quickly eating up the distance between us. Each step sent shockwaves through the street, causing the van to bounce wildly as it tried to flee. I called out, my voice dripping with sass.

"Hey, tiny people! Where are you going? I thought you wanted a scoop! Don't make me chase you—I'm really good at it!"

Behind me, Chrissie followed at a leisurely pace, clearly more entertained than concerned. "This should be good," she said, her voice carrying a hint of curiosity.

The van swerved around a corner, its tires squealing, but I was already gaining. My strides were laughably more efficient, each one covering blocks in seconds. The poor little vehicle didn't stand a chance.
"Seriously?" I called, grinning as I closed the gap. "This is the best you can do? I've seen tinies run faster than this—and they don't even have engines!"
TkF
NEWS

With one final step, I brought my foot down just behind the van, the impact sending it bouncing wildly like a toy car. The driver struggled to keep control, the van veering dangerously close to the curb.
"Oh no," I teased, leaning down slightly as I matched its pace. "Careful, little van. Wouldn't want you to crash before we have our chat."
NEWS
CANTON
STOP
ONLY

The van veered back onto the road, trying desperately to pick up speed. I smirked, lifting my foot and swinging it forward to plant it perpendicular to the street, just ahead of the fleeing vehicle. The van's brakes squealed, the tiny tires skidding, but it couldn't stop in time. It collided softly with the side of my foot, coming to a jarring halt.

"Oops," I said, feigning innocence as I glanced down. "Did you have the right of way?"

Chrissie caught up, folding her arms as she watched the scene unfold. "Well, that was anticlimactic," she said, clearly amused.

I crouched, pinching the van between two fingers and lifting it effortlessly from the road. The tiny wheels spun uselessly in the air as I raised it to my face, peering through the windshield at the panicked journalists inside.

"Hi there," I said sweetly, my grin wide enough to show teeth. "Going somewhere? Because I don't think we were done talking."

Chrissie stepped closer, leaning in to get a better look. "Aw, look at them," she cooed. "All squished together like little sardines. Isn't that adorable?"

I turned the van over in my hand, setting it down carefully on my open palm. The tinies inside scrambled frantically, their terror almost palpable. I tapped the roof gently with my finger, the metal groaning under the pressure.

"Okay, listen up," I said, my tone mock-stern. "You're going to help us with our exclusive—whether you want to or not. Got it?"

The journalists inside stared up at us, their wide-eyed terror all the answer we needed. Chrissie laughed, her voice ringing out like a bell.

"Guess that's a yes," she said, grinning down at them.

I tilted my head, smirking. "Great. Now, let's get started."

My gaze landed on a building a block away, the roof just about chest-high. Perfect. “There. That rooftop should work.”

Chrissie followed my line of sight and gave an approving nod. “Good choice. Elevated. Dramatic. Very ‘giantess in charge.’ I like it.”

I smirked and started walking, the van in my hand trembling slightly as the tiny occupants inside undoubtedly panicked. My strides made the ground quake, and I didn't bother being careful. Each step sent debris flying, flattened the occasional car, or created a crater where a street used to be. By now, I'd stopped caring about the collateral damage—it was just part of the package.

Chrissie followed, tossing out casual commentary as I moved. "You know, Zo, if this giantess thing doesn't work out, you'd make a killer moving company. Look at you, carrying that little van around like it's nothing."

I glanced back at her with a smirk. "I'd charge by the mile. You think these tinies could afford me?"

She laughed, the sound echoing through the battered cityscape. "Okay, so what's the plan?"

I reached the building, crouched slightly, and set the van down carefully on the roof. "I'll handle the tiny persuasion. You? Just stand there and look intimidating." I straightened, my grin turning wicked as I stooped down to peer through the van's windshield.
RED STAR

The little tinies inside froze, their wide-eyed terror as clear as day. My breath fogged the glass as I spoke, my voice dripping with playful menace. “Alright, news crew. Time to get out and get ready to do your jobs.”

The doors stayed shut. I could see the cameraman and a male reporter huddled together, exchanging panicked glances. The reporter looked up at me with an expression that was equal parts terrified and pleading. And okay, I had to admit—he was hot. Like, stupidly hot. Even in this situation, he somehow managed to look like he’d just stepped off the cover of Tinies Weekly.

Chrissie leaned in beside me, her gaze flicking between me and the van. “What’s the holdup? Are they frozen? Did you break them?”
I waved her off, narrowing my eyes at the van. “No, they’re just being stubborn.” I knocked lightly on the roof with my finger, the metal groaning ominously. “C’mon, boys. Don’t make me ask twice.”
NEW
RED STAR

Finally, the doors creaked open, and the two tinies climbed out, their movements slow and hesitant. The cameraman was shaking so badly I thought he might drop his equipment, but the reporter stood slightly straighter, his hands raised in a nervous gesture of surrender. His face, though pale, was still ridiculously attractive, and I couldn't help myself.

"Well, hello there," I said, letting my tone go just a little sultry. "Didn't expect to find a snack in a news van." I leaned in closer, grinning as he swallowed hard. "What's your name, cutie?"

He stammered, his voice barely audible. "J-Jason."

I glanced at the cameraman. "And you?"

"Uh, Todd," he squeaked.

"Jason and Todd," I repeated, straightening up and letting the full force of my size loom over them. "Well, Jason and Todd, you're about to make history. You're going to record Chrissie and me as we address the city. Got it?"
Jason cleared his throat, clearly trying to muster some courage. "And... and what happens to us after?"
I tilted my head, smirking down at Jason. "Well, Jason, let's just say that the happier I am, the better for you guys. Sound fair?"

Jason nodded quickly, and Todd muttered something unintelligible, which I took as agreement. Satisfied, I leaned back and turned to Chrissie.

"They're in," I said, grinning.

Chrissie laughed, giving me an exaggerated thumbs-up. "Good. Because I was really hoping we wouldn't have to crush the camera guy. I need someone to get my good side."

While Jason and Todd fumbled to set up their equipment, Chrissie and I engaged in some light banter to pass the time.

Jason's voice cut in hesitantly. "Uh... we're... ready when you are."

We turned back to the van, where the tiny reporter and cameraman stood nervously by their setup. Jason adjusted his tie, clearly trying to regain some semblance of professionalism, while Todd fiddled with the camera.

Chrissie leaned in, her grin turning sharp. “All good to go? This is live, right? Because we don’t do retakes.”

Jason nodded, his voice barely steady. “Yes. Live broadcast. Ready when you are.”

I clapped my hands together, the sound echoing like thunder. “Perfect. Let’s get this going.”

We stepped into position, towering over the rooftop and the trembling journalists below.

Chrissie adjusted her stance next to me, tossing her hair like she was on the world's biggest runway. The camera light blinked, signaling we were live, and I cleared my throat, letting a smug grin spread across my face. Time to give the city a little show.

"Hi there!" I began, my voice cheerful and dripping with confidence. "I'm Zoe Sullivan. Twenty years old, college student, and, well... obviously not your average girl next door." I gestured to Chrissie with a flourish. "And this is Chrissie Ramos, also twenty, also a college student."
REC

Chrissie cocked her head and gave me a pointed look, that trademark smirk already forming. "Uh, Zo? I think you missed something there. Kind of a big deal."

I blinked innocently. "Missed something? No, I covered it all—name, age, college..." I trailed off as her smirk widened.

Chrissie arched an eyebrow, tapping her chin like she was deep in thought. "Oh, I don't know, maybe the part where we're, I don't know, 500 feet tall?"

I gasped, clutching my chest dramatically. "Oh my gosh, you're right! How could I forget to mention that minor detail?" I turned back to the camera with an apologetic shrug. "My bad, everyone. Thanks for catching that, Chriss."

Chrissie gave a mock bow, her grin sharper than ever. "Anytime, Zo. Someone's gotta keep you on your game."

I rolled my eyes and turned my attention back to the camera. “Anyway, like I was saying, we weren’t always this… uh, statuesque. Once upon a time, we were just two college girls looking for a little enhancement in the… you know, chest department.” I gestured vaguely to my boobs, my grin turning cheeky. “Turns out, we got more than we bargained for. But honestly? No complaints.”

Chrissie leaned against the building next to me, crossing her arms as her grin matched mine. “Oh yeah. No more waiting in line, and we win every argument just by showing up.”

I nodded. “And don’t even get me started on how much easier it is to skip traffic when you’re this size.”

Chrissie tilted her head, a wicked grin spreading across her face. “Not everyone’s thrilled about us, though. Like, say... the cops?”

I rolled my eyes, smirking. “Oh, the cops. Yeah, they gave it a shot. First, they asked us to stop—very polite, very official.”

Chrissie snorted. “And when we didn’t, they went straight to bullets and missiles. Bold move.”

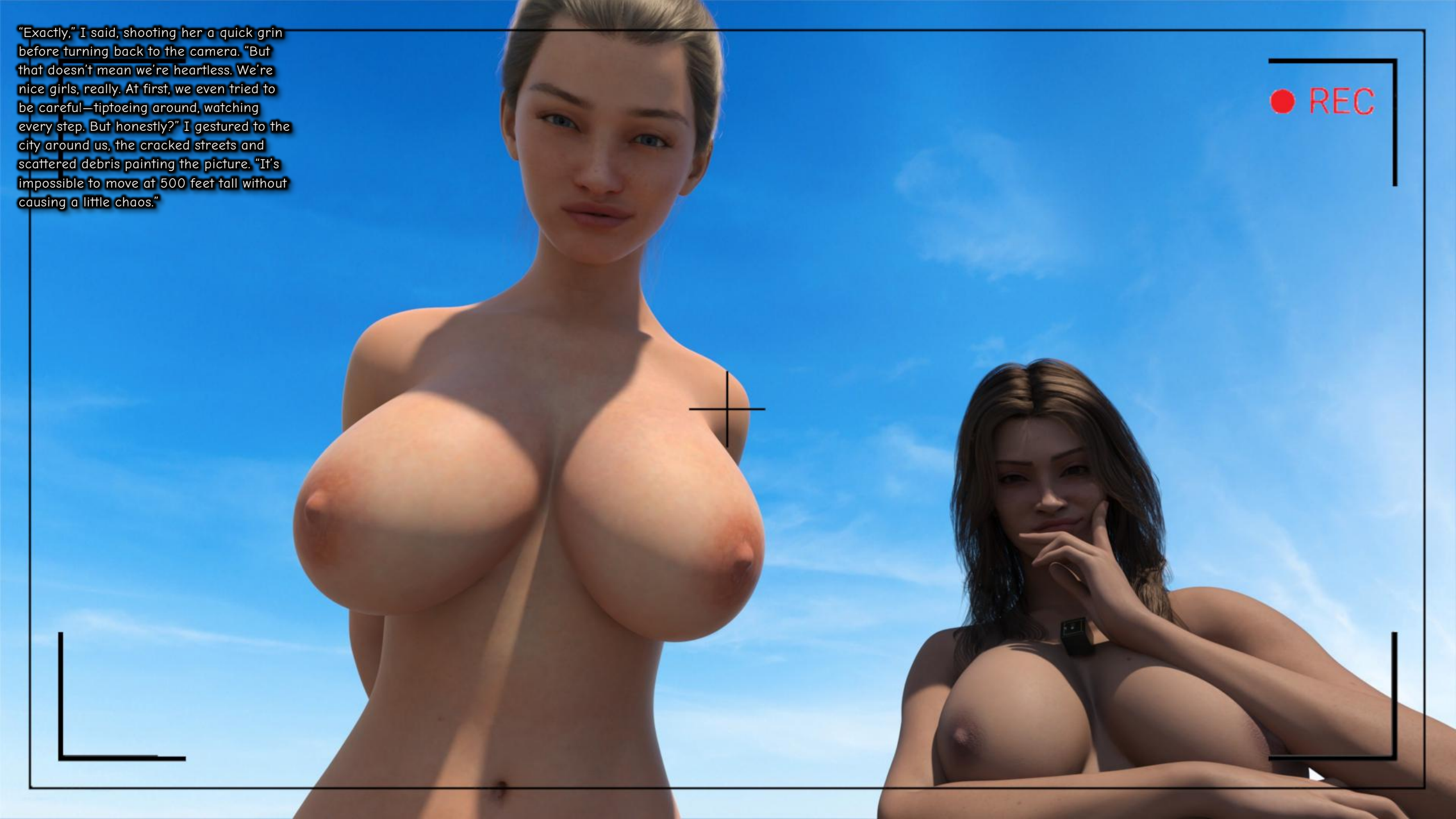
I shrugged, my grin widening. “Bold, but stupid. Did nothing but tickle. So, naturally, we had to respond.”

Chrissie gestured dramatically. “And by respond, she means we stomped their little blockade into modern art. Cars flattened, cops running—classic chaos.”
I chuckled. “Honestly, they should’ve seen it coming. You don’t throw pebbles at two walking skyscrapers and expect a happy ending.”
REC

Chrissie leaned into the camera, her smirk sharpening. “Long story short? The cops are gone. Next time, maybe they’ll think twice.”
“Or not,” I added with a shrug. “Doesn’t matter. We’ll win either way.”
REC

Turning back to the camera, I let my grin fade just slightly, my tone taking on a more serious edge. “Look, we know we’ve caused some destruction. Okay, a lot of destruction. And yeah, there’ve been some deaths. Beyond the cops, I mean.” I sighed, resting a hand on my hip. “But here’s the thing: we’re not monsters. We’re not cruel. We’re just... big. Really big. And when you’re this size, the world’s kind of like a dollhouse. You can’t expect us to not knock over a few things while we’re walking around.”
REC

Chrissie chimed in, her tone almost sympathetic. "And by 'things,' she means people, cars, buildings... you get the idea."
REC


"Exactly," I said, shooting her a quick grin before turning back to the camera. "But that doesn't mean we're heartless. We're nice girls, really. At first, we even tried to be careful—tiptoeing around, watching every step. But honestly?" I gestured to the city around us, the cracked streets and scattered debris painting the picture. "It's impossible to move at 500 feet tall without causing a little chaos."
REC

I leaned in slightly, my tone softening, though the grin never left my face. “But here’s the thing—we don’t go out of our way to kill people or destroy stuff. That’s not who we are. We’re not out here being cruel for the fun of it. It’s just…” I shrugged, letting the weight of our reality hang in the air. “When you’re this big, sometimes things—or people—end up in the wrong place at the wrong time. And honestly? We’re not bending over backward to avoid that anymore.”

I crouched slightly, leaning closer to the camera for emphasis. “That said, here’s some free advice: we’re giants, we’re all-powerful, and we’re not above smashing a few things to make a point. So, if we tell you to do something? Just do it. Makes everyone’s lives a lot easier.”

Chrissie gave a mock nod of agreement, her smirk downright wicked. “And if you don’t? Well... let’s just say we’re not opposed to giving you a little ‘motivation.’”

Chrissie clasped her hands together, her grin as wide as ever. “Well, now that we’ve got the basics out of the way, let’s get down to business. Because, yes, we do have some instructions for the city.” She turned her attention to the camera crew, who were looking up at us like deer caught in the world’s biggest headlights.

REC
I couldn't help but chuckle as Chrissie straightened, her voice taking on a mockingly regal tone. "Citizens of... Denton —it's official. We're taking over. I mean, come on. Look at us, then look at yourselves. The power dynamic is kind of obvious, isn't it?" She gestured broadly at the city around us. "We expect the mayor to hand over the keys to the city without a fuss. Because trust me, if there's a fuss, we're more than happy to make a big one."

She shot me a wink, then returned her attention to the camera. "We're heading to City Hall, and we expect to be received with all the pomp and ceremony this occasion deserves. Peaceful transfer of power, tinies. Let's keep it civilized." She paused dramatically, then smirked. "And don't worry, politicians. You can keep your boring day jobs. We don't want the tedious parts—budgets, zoning laws, trash pickup. Ugh. That's all still on you."

I stifled a laugh as Chrissie raised her hands theatrically. "As for us, we're setting up shop at the beach. That's right—the beach. Sand, waves, the works. We want food. We want drinks. And we're big, so you'd better get started on that ASAP. Chop, chop!"

REC
The cameraman flinched, and I swear the reporter gulped audibly. Chrissie tilted her head, her grin turning just a shade sharper. “Oh, and there will be more instructions to come. But right now, my girl Zoe has a little... personal request.”
I stepped forward, placing my hands on my hips and giving the camera my best don’t-mess-with-me smile. “That’s right. There are two tinies hiding in this city who need to be found. Brandon Miller and Jennifer Saunders. I want them delivered to me within the hour.”

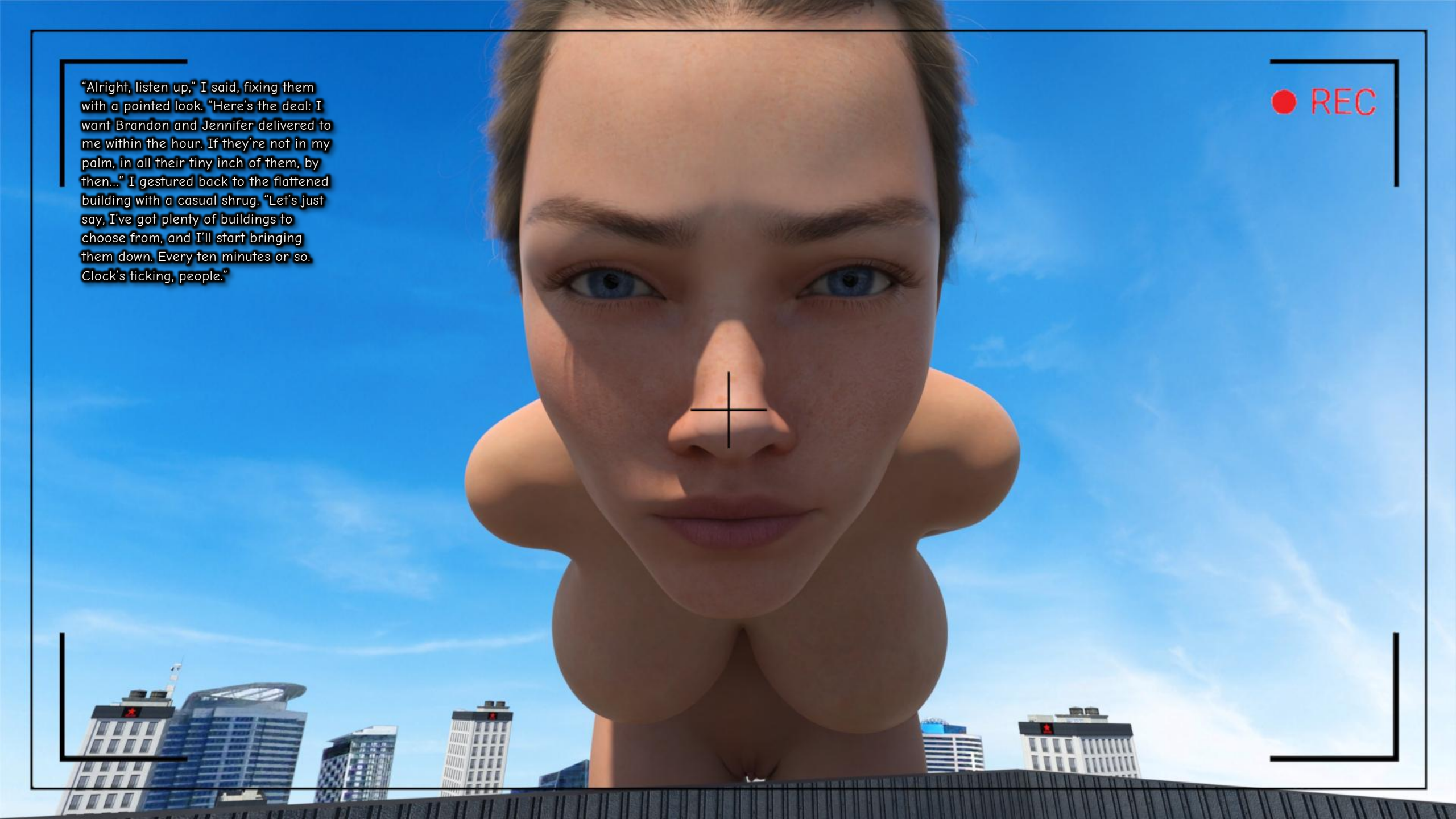
The reporter stammered something unintelligible, his hands trembling as he held the microphone. I ignored him, stepping toward a smaller building across the street. I made sure to keep my movements slow and deliberate, letting the anticipation build. Placing my hands on my hips, I raised my foot and hovered it over the roof.

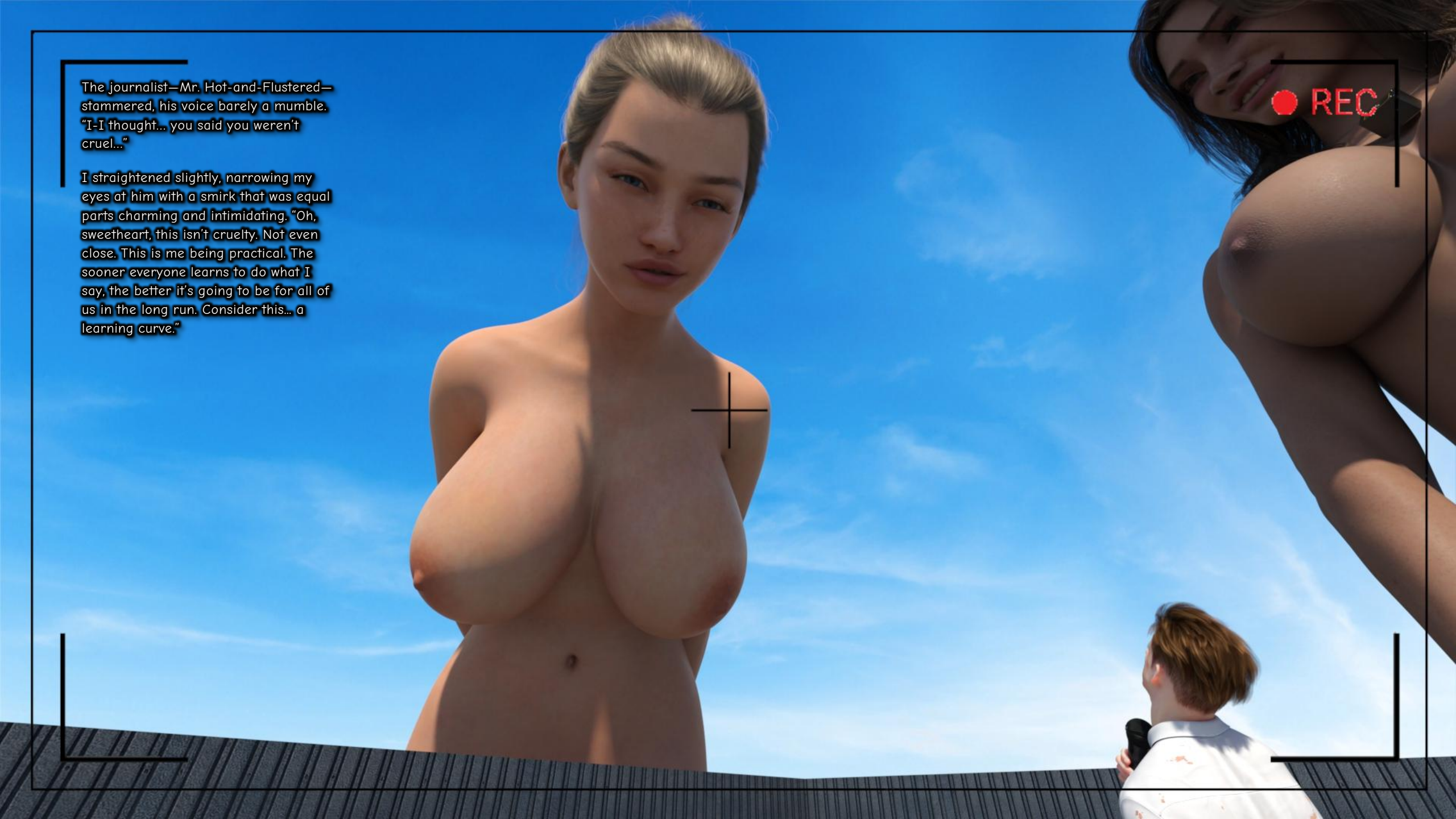
"You know," I said, my voice light and conversational, "remember when we mentioned we're not above a little... motivation?" I let my foot settle on the roof, the faint creak of metal and glass making my grin widen. "Well, consider this a reminder."
REC

With a slight shift of my weight, the building crumbled beneath me, folding like an accordion. The crash echoed through the street, a symphony of shattering glass, twisting steel, and muffled screams. Dust billowed out in every direction as I ground my foot down for good measure, leaving nothing but a pile of rubble in its place.
REC

I turned back to the camera, brushing imaginary dust off my hands. "So. That's what happens if you don't do what we say. Got it?"
Chrissie burst into laughter, clapping her hands together like a proud mom at a talent show. "Oh, Zo, that was beautiful! I'm honestly a little misty-eyed. Where did my hesitant little giantess go?"
I smirked, tossing my hair over my shoulder. "She had a change of heart. Might as well own it, right?"
REC

I sauntered back to the rooftop, brushing off the dust and debris from my little demonstration. The crushed building across the street was now a crumbled mess, its former glory reduced to a smear of concrete and chaos under my foot. The journalists were frozen in wide-eyed terror, their fear practically tangible. I stooped down slightly, lowering myself to their level—not that it made much difference.


"Alright, listen up," I said, fixing them with a pointed look. "Here's the deal: I want Brandon and Jennifer delivered to me within the hour. If they're not in my palm, in all their tiny inch of them, by then..." I gestured back to the flattened building with a casual shrug. "Let's just say, I've got plenty of buildings to choose from, and I'll start bringing them down. Every ten minutes or so. Clock's ticking, people."
REC



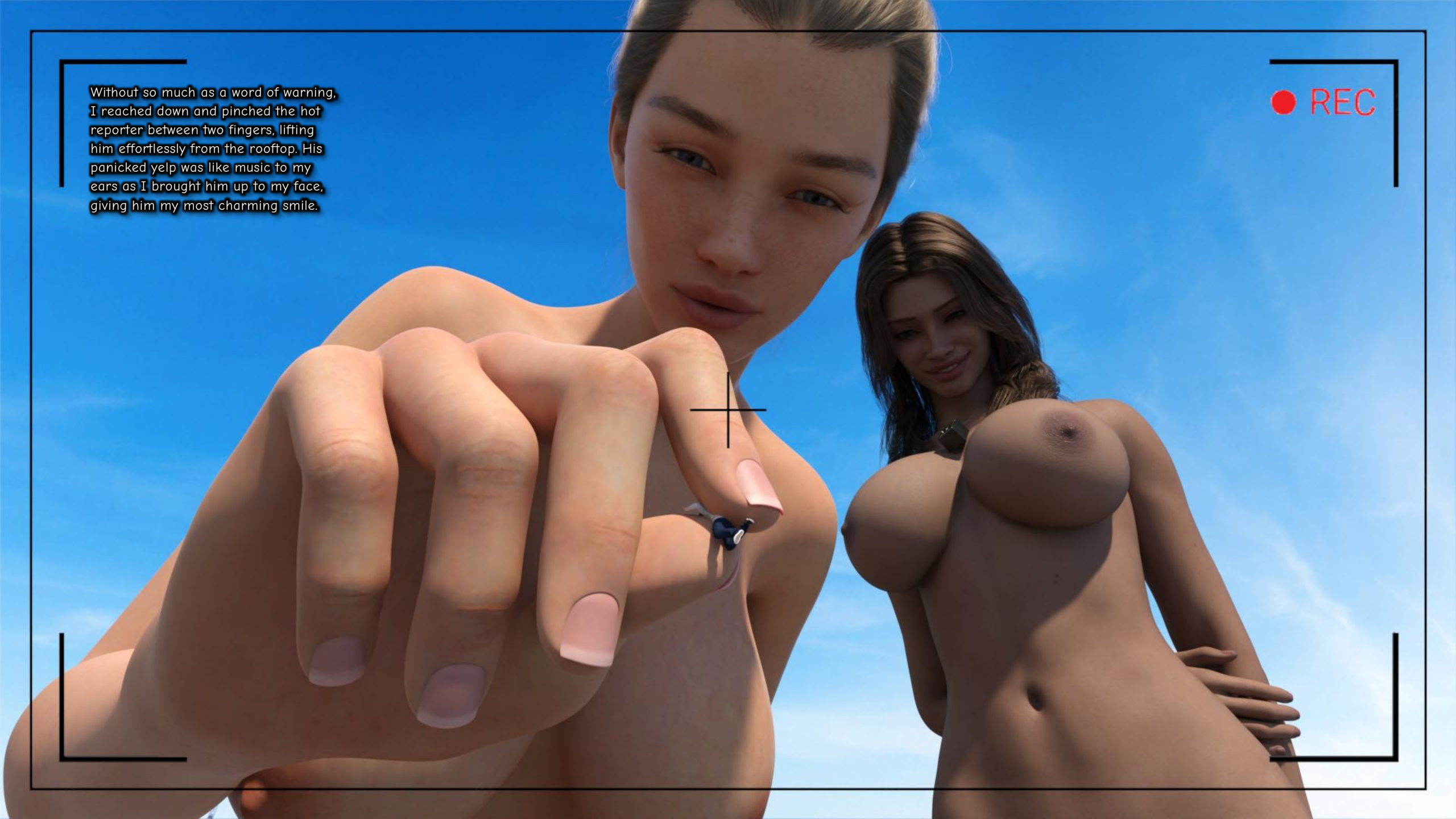
The journalist—Mr. Hot-and-Flustered—stammered, his voice barely a mumble. "I-I thought... you said you weren't cruel..."

I straightened slightly, narrowing my eyes at him with a smirk that was equal parts charming and intimidating. "Oh, sweetheart, this isn't cruelty. Not even close. This is me being practical. The sooner everyone learns to do what I say, the better it's going to be for all of us in the long run. Consider this... a learning curve."

REC
Chrissie stepped in, her voice dripping with sass as she chimed in from behind me. "Speaking of learning curves, let's keep it simple for now. We're heading to City Hall," she said, her eyes scanning the skyline like she was plotting her next move. She paused dramatically, then gave an exaggerated shrug. "What? Fifteen minutes tops? Yeah, that sounds about right."

Her smirk widened, her tone turning playfully menacing as she leaned closer to the camera. “And we’re expecting a welcome committee when we get there. But if we don’t get the reception we deserve?” She gave me a knowing glance before turning back to the camera. “Well, let’s just say I’m more than capable of providing some… motivation of my own.”

The journalists exchanged nervous glances, their fear palpable. I grinned, straightening back up to my full height, the wind tousling my hair as I cast a shadow over them.


Without so much as a word of warning, I reached down and pinched the hot reporter between two fingers, lifting him effortlessly from the rooftop. His panicked yelp was like music to my ears as I brought him up to my face, giving him my most charming smile.
REC

"Well, well, aren't you the cutest little thing?" I teased, tilting my head as I studied him. "I've decided you're coming with me."
The man squirmed in my grip, his eyes wide with terror. "W-wait! You said you wouldn't hurt me!"

I raised an eyebrow, smirking. “Did I, though? I don’t remember making any promises. But relax, cutie—I’m not hurting you. If anything, I’m giving you an exclusive opportunity. Think about it: firsthand experience with a giantess. Great material for your next big story, right?”

His protests devolved into incoherent babbling, and I cut him off with a soft laugh. “Besides,” I added, winking playfully, “you’re way too hot to leave behind. What kind of girl would I be if I didn’t seize the moment? You know, I used to be shy—couldn’t muster up the courage to pick up a guy at a bar. And now?” I twirled him lightly between my fingers, grinning. “Now I just pick them off rooftops whenever I fancy. Progress, right?”

The poor guy's mouth opened and closed like a fish out of water. "I—I don't even know what to say," he stammered.
"Oh, don't worry. You don't have to say anything. Yet," I teased, bringing him closer to my face. "Just to be clear, this isn't anything formal, alright? Think of it as a fling. Very casual. Although..." I tapped my chin with my free hand, feigning thoughtfulness. "I can't guarantee I won't get jealous if some tiny girl tries to steal your attention. Accidents happen, you know. A misplaced step here, a squish there..."
His face drained of color. "What do you want from me?" he finally managed to squeak.
"Nothing for now," I replied breezily. "Just come along for the ride, maybe chat a little. We can get to know each other better. Who knows? I might even share a few secrets about giantess life. But don't worry—I'm not expecting you to buy me dinner. Dinner's on the city tonight."

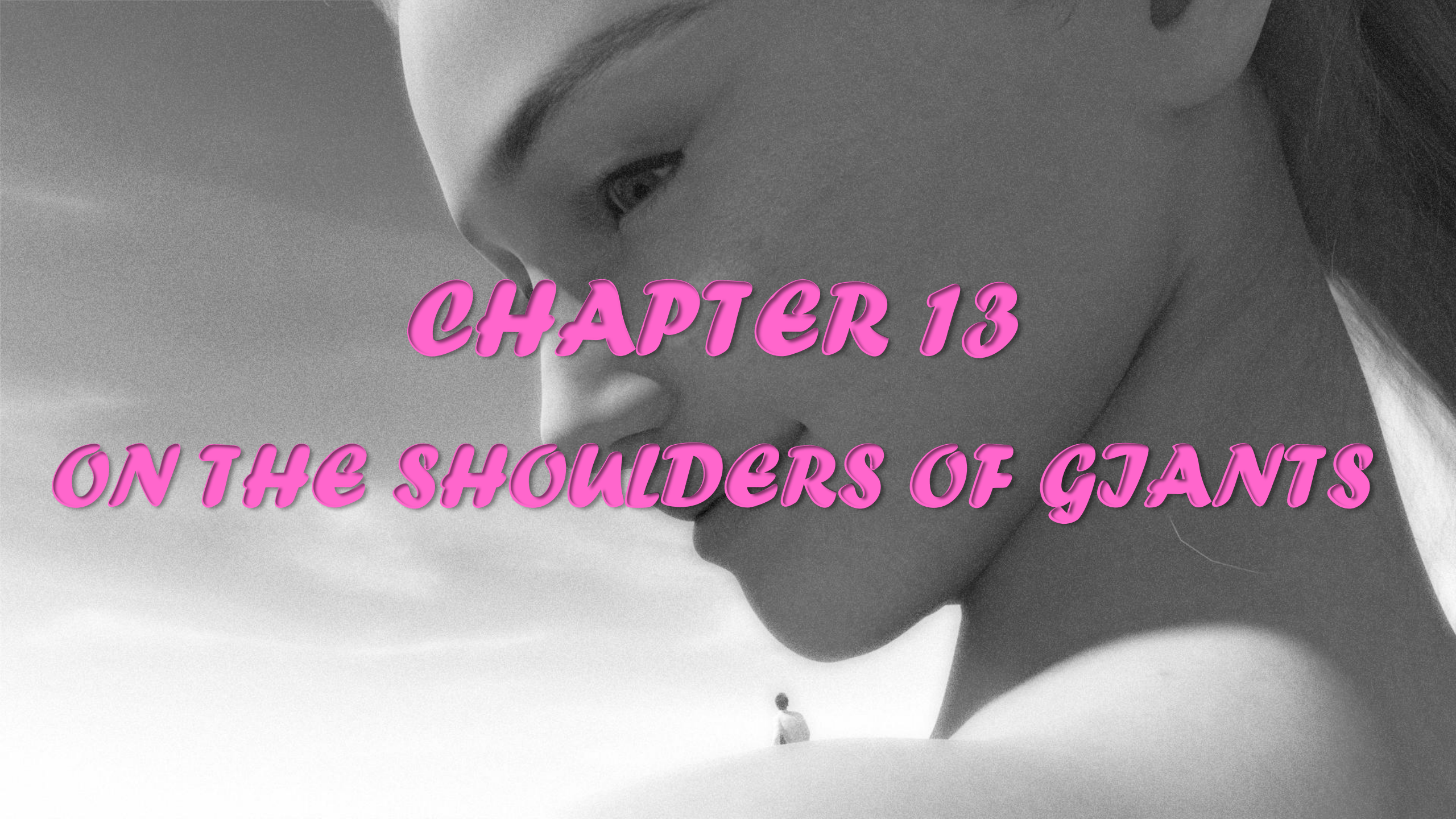
I carefully placed him on my shoulder blade, adjusting his tiny form so he could sit securely. “Sit tight, handsome. The city isn’t going to conquer itself.”
Turning back to Chrissie, I smirked. “Hey, Chriss, you might want to grab the cameraman. You know, for the reporting.”

Chrissie raised an eyebrow, her lips curling into a smirk. "Oh, sure. Let me just grab the short end of the stick while you snag the hot one. Totally fair."
I shrugged, laughing. "Well, you snooze, you lose, babe. Besides, I'm doing this for journalism. It's selfless, really."

Chrissie rolled her eyes dramatically but reached down and plucked the cameraman from the rooftop, holding him up like he was an annoying bug. "Great. I get the sweaty guy with the bad haircut. Lucky me."

"Hey, don't knock it," I quipped, glancing at her over my shoulder. "Maybe he's got hidden charm. Or at least good camera angles."

Chrissie snorted. "Yeah, I'll hold my breath. Let's go, Zo. We've got a city to conquer—and apparently, a dating scene to revolutionize."


CHAPTER 13
ON THE SHOULDERS OF GIANTS

The city stretched out beneath us in its usual chaos—a mix of shattered pavement, crushed cars, and scattered tinies fleeing like ants from a picnic. Each of our steps left fresh reminders of our presence, but Chrissie and I barely noticed anymore. We were walking powerhouses, and the destruction underfoot had become as routine as the sound of gravel crunching under sneakers.
RICHMOND
PROPERTY AGENT
TRENZ
MENSWEAR

Jason, perched nervously on my shoulder, shifted slightly, his tiny form an amusing contrast to my towering stature. I glanced at him from the corner of my eye, my lips quirking into a playful grin. “You comfy up there, Jason?”

He hesitated, probably torn between saying something polite and pointing out that being held hostage by a giantess wasn’t exactly a five-star experience. “Uh, yeah…”

“Good,” I replied, my tone breezy. “Because we’ve got a bit of a stroll ahead. Might as well get to know each other, right?” I paused for dramatic effect. “So, Jason, tell me: What’s your story? Age, hobbies, favorite ice cream flavor. Oh, and are you single?”

He coughed, clearly still uncomfortable. “Uh, well, I’m 28, I like hiking and photography—”

I snorted, cutting him off. “Hiking? That’s cute. And?” I prompted, raising an eyebrow.

“And… yeah, I’m single.”

My grin widened, and I resisted the urge to fist-pump, mainly because that would probably jostle him off my shoulder. “Smart move. Less drama that way. Also means I don’t have to step on anyone to keep you all to myself.”

He swallowed audibly. “You’re joking… right?”

I tilted my head, letting the silence stretch just long enough to make him squirm. “Maybe,” I finally said, flashing him a wink.

Chrissie, a few steps ahead, glanced over her shoulder and rolled her eyes. “Flirting with your shoulder candy already? Subtle, Zo. Real subtle.”
“Jealous?” I shot back, my grin turning smug.

"Hardly," Chrissie replied, turning her attention back to the city ahead. "I've got my own accessory now, remember?" She gestured to the cameraman perched awkwardly on her palm, who looked about two seconds away from fainting.
Then she smirked, her tone turning sly. "But seriously, I thought you were on this whole 'closure with Brandon' and 'taking over the city' kick. What's this? A giantess dating service now?"

I shrugged, unbothered. "Multitasking, Chriss. Ever heard of it? Just because I'm planning to conquer a city and deal with my ex doesn't mean I can't enjoy a little company while I do it."
Chrissie laughed, the sound booming across the city. "Sure, Zo. You keep telling yourself that. Just don't forget we've got an empire to build, and it's not going to wait for your rom-com moment."

We continued advancing, making short work of the distance as the city rolled out beneath us like a chaotic, crumbling carpet. Each step left fresh destruction, and the occasional screams of tinies scrambling for safety were almost background noise at this point.

Jason shifted again on my shoulder, clearly stewing over something. Finally, he spoke, his voice tinged with uncertainty. “So, uh… what do you want from me?”
I glanced at him, letting my lips curl into a teasing smile as I dropped my voice to a sultry purr. “Oh, nothing much. Just some company.”

He blinked, his expression caught between suspicion and nervousness. “And if I say no?”
I laughed, the sound vibrating through his tiny frame. “Sweetie, you’re free to go whenever you want.” I paused, raising an eyebrow. “You did bring your parachute, right?”
His face paled, and I couldn’t help but grin wider. “What’s the matter? Not up for a little freefall? Guess that means you’re stuck with me for as long as I say so.”

Jason's expression hardened, his nerves giving way to frustration. "I'm a person, you know," he said, his tone sharper now. "Not a toy."

I tilted my head, my grin unfazed. "Of course, you're a person, Jason. A very tiny person. Perspective is everything."

"That's only because you're huge!" he shot back, his voice rising.

"Semantics," I replied with a breezy shrug, making him wobble again on my shoulder. "From up here, it's all the same."

I let him simmer for a moment before softening my tone, giving him a playful side-eye. "Relax, Jason. You'll warm up to me. I'm a nice girl, remember? And now... well, I'm hotter than ever and all-powerful. Hard to beat that combo."

He groaned, muttering something under his breath, but I ignored it, the smug grin still firmly in place.

The city sprawled out beneath me like a crumpled map, and I had to admit—it was kind of a vibe. Jason's tiny presence on my shoulder added just the right touch of amusement to my towering promenade. Every time he shifted nervously, it was like a little tickle that kept me entertained.
APARTMENTS

Finally, he spoke, his voice tiny but brave. "So... who's Brandon?"
I blinked, feigning shock. "Oh, Jason. Asking about my ex? Someone's getting bold."
He coughed, clearly thrown. "I just—"

"Relax, I'll spill," I said, cutting him off with a dramatic sigh. "Brandon Miller. High school sweetheart, first boyfriend, first kiss, first everything. You know, the works."
Jason raised an eyebrow. "So... what happened?"

"College happened," I replied with a shrug. "I left for my first year, full of dreams and ambitions. He stayed back in his little bubble, of course. Came back for the summer all excited to catch up, and guess what my charming prince said?" I leaned closer, my grin mischievous. "He dumped me. Right there. Called me a geek. And—get this—an ironing board."

Jason blinked. "Wait, what? An ironing board?"

"Yup," I said, popping the 'p' with all the sass I could muster. "I've levelled up since then. But apparently, the lack of curves was a deal-breaker. Charming, right? A real poet."

He laughed nervously, clearly unsure if it was okay to find it funny. “And... Jennifer?”

“Oh, Jennifer Saunders,” I said, rolling my eyes like I was auditioning for an eye-roll Olympics. “The queen of mean. High school’s reigning alpha girl, dumber than a bag of rocks, and shallow enough to make a kiddie pool look like the Atlantic. Oh, and my arch-nemesis since, like, forever.”

Jason snorted despite himself. “Sounds like a peach.”

"More like a rotten plum," I shot back. "So you can imagine how thrilled I was to find out she'd sunk her claws into Brandon. Honestly, the betrayal was almost impressive."
"And now you're looking for them?" he asked cautiously.
"Found them," I said with a casual wave. "Scooped them right up last night. It was perfection. But then they pulled a Houdini and slipped away. So here we are, round two. Fair's fair, right?"
Jason shifted, visibly uneasy now. "And what are you going to do when you find them?"
I tilted my head, pretending to think. "Hmm. Good question. Honestly? No clue. I just want them. And let's be real—why shouldn't I get what I want?"
He gave me a look, half incredulous, half exasperated. "That's... petty."

"Duh," I said, flashing him a grin. "But here's the thing: I'm a little pissed, a little bored, and a whole lot of all-powerful. Not exactly the dream combo for their day planner, is it?"

Jason cleared his throat, his voice a bit steadier this time. "You know, you could just let them go. Move on."

I quirked an eyebrow, smirking as I glanced at him. "Oh, I could. Absolutely. But here's the thing: I won't. Why should I? I mean, they're mine now. Fair game. And besides," I added with a mischievous grin, "letting go isn't really my style. I can hold a grudge, you know?"
Jason opened his mouth to argue, but I cut him off with a smirk. "Wait a second..." I narrowed my eyes at him, my tone turning playful. "Are you jealous? Is that what this is? You're jealous of Brandon and Jennifer?"
His head snapped up, his face a mix of shock and indignation. "What? No! Why would I—"

"Oh, it's okay," I said, waving him off with a chuckle. "Tiny-boy jealousy is kinda cute. But, uh, just to set the record straight, don't get any wild ideas about us, okay? You're a fling." I leaned in slightly, my voice dropping to a playful purr. "I mean, look at me. Do you honestly think one tiny guy is enough for all this? Be serious."

Jason blinked, completely thrown off. "Wait, what are you even—"

I kept going, thoroughly enjoying myself. "Don't get me wrong, I'm open to keeping you around. But exclusivity? Oh, honey, no. That's just not realistic. I'm basically a goddess now. I need options, you know? Variety."

He opened his mouth, then shut it, clearly trying to decide how to respond. I didn't give him the chance, tapping a finger lightly on my shoulder where he sat. "I hope that works for you, Jason. It'd be a shame if it didn't. For you, anyway."

Jason hesitated, his brow furrowing. "I..."

"Shhh," I hushed him. "Doesn't really matter what you think," I interrupted, my tone light but dripping with superiority. "Not to be rude, but let's be real. Who's calling the shots here? Hint: it's not the guy hitching a ride on my shoulder." I winked, leaning back with a satisfied laugh. "So, sit tight, sweetie. I'm sure you'll grow to love it. Well, maybe not grow, but you get what I mean."

The silence between us stretched for a while, broken only by the rhythmic boom of my steps and the occasional crunch of debris underfoot. Jason wasn't saying much, and honestly, I didn't mind. It gave me time to admire the view. The city had its charm from this angle, a sprawling, chaotic diorama laid out just for me.

And then there was Jason, clutching my shoulder like he was on the world's most terrifying roller coaster. The power dynamic between us was... intoxicating. It wasn't just the size thing—though let's be real, that was a big part of it. It was knowing that I called the shots, that someone like him, so small and vulnerable, depended entirely on my whim. It was a far cry from who I used to be: a people-pleaser, bending over backward to make others happy. Funny how a growth spurt could change your perspective—literally and figuratively. Strength should never have been an argument for control, I used to think. Now? It was hard to argue against the obvious benefits.

After a few blocks of mostly quiet strolling—well, quiet if you ignored the symphony of destruction beneath my feet—Jason finally broke the silence.

"So," he said hesitantly, "what... what are you going to do with me?"

I smirked, glancing at him out of the corner of my eye. "Oh, don't worry, sweetie. I'm keeping you around. And trust me, I take very good care of my things."

He shifted nervously. "What does that mean?"

I chuckled, the sound vibrating through him as I walked. "It means you're special. You get the VIP treatment. But don't go thinking you're irreplaceable. There are eight million tinies down there, after all."
Jason sighed, clearly not satisfied with my teasing. "That's not an answer."
"Oh, it's an answer," I quipped, grinning. "Just not the one you wanted."

Before he could push further, I came to an abrupt stop. A thick crowd of tinies clogged the street ahead, a writhing mass of panic and indecision. “Hold on for a minute,” I told Jason, raising a finger to emphasize my point.
He frowned. “What’s going on?”
I shrugged casually. “Crowd. Blocking the way. Well, not really blocking, but... you get it.”

Jason leaned forward slightly, trying to get a better view. “What are you going to do?”
“I’ll handle it,” I replied breezily. “Just stay quiet for a sec.”

I leaned down slightly, addressing the tiny crowd with my best mix of charm and menace. “Alright, little ones, you know the drill. Get out of my way. I don’t want to step on you, but I really don’t want to be delayed, and I’m definitely not taking a detour. So, it’s up to you.” I paused, tapping my chin thoughtfully. “Since I’m feeling generous, you’ve got... ten seconds. Tick-tock.”
Jason, clearly horrified, whispered, “What if they don’t clear in time?”
WILLIAMS AND SONS
HOTEL

I raised an eyebrow, smirking. "What do you think I'll do?" My tone was light, teasing, but the implication was clear.
"They won't clear in time," he said, his voice filled with dread.

I sighed dramatically, shaking my head. “They never do. It’s like a thing with them.”
His tiny voice rose an octave. “Then you’re just going to step on them?”

I grinned at him, tilting my head. "Oh, look at you, Sherlock. Deductive reasoning on point. Yes, Jason, that's the natural consequence of being in the path of a giantess."
"Zoe, you can't!" he protested, his voice rising.

I rolled my eyes, adjusting my stance as I looked down at the stubborn crowd. “Oh, please. What do you expect me to do? Stand here all day? People just get in the way, Jason. It’s a thing. They never listen.”
Jason’s gasp was audible, his tiny voice trembling as he practically hissed in my ear, “How can you be so... so callous about killing people?”

I tilted my head slightly, considering his words for all of two seconds before replying with a shrug. “It’s not callous, Jason. It’s... pragmatic. You build an armor after a while, you know? And trust me, getting shot at with missiles fast-tracks that process.”
“They didn’t shoot missiles at you!” he fired back, clinging a little tighter to my shoulder like he thought it might change my stance. “Those people down there—they didn’t do anything to you!”

I sighed, shaking my head as I watched the crowd scatter in slow motion, too little too late. "Jason, sweetie, it's not about what they've done to me. It's about what they will do—or won't, depending on how well they listen. And so far? Being rough has worked way better than trying to reason with them."
"They're just scared!" he snapped, practically radiating indignation.

I smirked, glancing at him from the corner of my eye. “And scared people learn, Jason. Fear’s a great teacher. I’ve tried the nice girl routine—you know, polite warnings, count to ten, even giving them a whole minute to clear out. Guess what? They just stood there like deer in headlights.”

He huffed, clearly unimpressed with my logic, but I pressed on. "But now? Now they know when I say 'move,' I mean it. Look at that." I waved at the scattering crowd below. "Not perfect, but progress. People respond better when they know you're not bluffing."
He fell silent, probably trying to process all this while holding on for dear life. I couldn't resist throwing him a teasing smile. "Look, I get it. You're shocked, you're horrified, blah blah blah. But trust me, Jason. They'll figure it out eventually. And until then? Well..."

Without a moment's pause, I shifted my weight forward and took a deliberate step. The telltale crunch beneath my sole was unmistakable, and I sighed theatrically. "One small step for me, one giant... well, you know."
PAY DAY LOANS
PAY DAY LOANS
CUT PRICE LIQUORS
莊寓燕仁仁
藥
政府註冊
中西藥行

Jason's gasp was immediate. "What did you just do?!"
I glanced at him, my grin sharpening. "Jason, sweetie, I walked. You know, left foot, right foot. Basic locomotion. Pretty impressive at this scale, huh?"
His face was a mix of disbelief and horror. "You stepped on people, didn't you?"

I tilted my head, as if considering. "Well, yeah. Kind of hard not to when they're all over the place like sprinkles on ice cream." His wide-eyed expression almost made me laugh, but I kept my tone light and breezy. "Good news, though—I got considerably fewer this time. That's progress, right?"

Jason looked ready to combust. "That's... that's your idea of progress?"

"Absolutely," I said cheerily, taking another step and wincing playfully at the faint crunch. "See? Less collateral damage every step."

Before Jason could fire back, Chrissie, who'd been trailing us silently, decided to join the conversation. "Wow, Zo, look at you! Crushing it—literally—and still managing to lecture your tiny about your methods. You must really like him!"

I shot her a mock glare, though I couldn't keep the smirk off my face. "Oh, don't start, Chriss."
She just grinned, her eyes sparkling with mischief. "No, no, it's cute! Explaining yourself, trying to justify your every step—adorable. I bet you're even holding back a little for him, huh?"

Jason, meanwhile, looked like he wanted to disappear. “Can we not talk about me like I’m not here?”
I chuckled. “Oh, Jason, darling, you’re definitely here. Just… not in the driver’s seat.”

The city was starting to get the hang of things—well, some of it. The crowd ahead was scattering faster now, the tinies practically tripping over themselves to get out of our way. Of course, there were always stragglers. And stragglers got stepped on. Crunch here, squelch there, you know the drill.
HOTEL
삼덕전기
ASIAN FOOD

"See?" I said, flashing Jason a grin as I took another step, flattening a car and what might've been its driver. "They're learning! Positive reinforcement works wonders."

Jason, clinging to my shoulder with what I could only describe as grim determination, shot me a horrified look. "That's not positive reinforcement. That's... that's terrifying!"

"Details," I replied breezily, waving him off. "The important thing is, progress is progress. And look at that—they're clearing the way like pros now. Maybe I should start a motivational speaking career after this."

Chrissie snorted behind me. "Oh, totally. 'How to Crush Tinies and Influence Crowds.' Bestseller for sure."

We advanced toward City Hall, the skyline thinning out to reveal a massive Victorian building nestled in a sprawling square. The place practically screamed “old money and bad decisions,” but what caught my eye was the scene at the gates. A motley crew of politicians, news crews, and jittery tinies gathered, while news choppers hovered behind the building like oversized mosquitoes.

Chrissie slowed to a stop beside me, her hands on her hips as she surveyed the scene. “Look at that. A full-blown welcome committee. I’m touched.”

“Same,” I said, planting my hands on my hips and grinning. “They’re really rolling out the red carpet for us. Guess it’s official: two college girls can totally take over a city in a day. Girls rule.”

We both laughed, the sound carrying across the square like a sonic boom. The crowd flinched, their panic almost palpable. I couldn’t help but feel a little proud. Was this what ruling felt like? Because I was kinda into it.

But then I glanced at Jason, who was still clinging to my shoulder like a squirrel caught in a windstorm. I sighed dramatically. “Alright, sweetie,” I said, reaching up to pluck him off with two fingers. “Time for a little break. I’ve got some business to handle, and you’re kind of in the way.”

He squirmed, his face a mix of terror and defiance. “What are you going to do?”

I flashed him a saccharine smile. “Relax. You’re getting the best seat in the house.” Spying a sleek modern building that conveniently topped out at my navel, I strode over and set him gently on the roof. “Voilà. Your VIP perch. Great view, zero risk of getting stepped on—unless, of course, you make me mad.”

Jason gulped audibly. “Uh, mad how?”

I crouched, bringing my face level with his tiny, pale one. "Oh, you know. Leaving would really grind my gears. The old me? She'd probably cry about it. But the new me?" I leaned in closer, my smile sharp. "She's not above knocking over a few buildings to work through her feelings. So, stay put, report, and don't make me regret sparing your tiny self. Got it?"

He nodded quickly, swallowing hard.

"Good boy," I cooed, straightening up and giving him a playful little wave. "Enjoy the show."

Meanwhile, Chrissie had her own cameraman cradled in her palm, her smirk pure mischief. “Alright, Spielberg,” she said, depositing him on the rooftop beside Jason. “This is your station. Get our good side—or sides, really. Though, let’s be real, most of what you’ll be filming is our asses.”

She glanced back over her shoulder, giving her curves an appreciative pat. "Not that I blame you. We've got great asses. Consider it a perk of the job."

I snorted, shooting her an amused look. "Really giving the guy a free pass, huh?"

Chrissie shrugged, completely unbothered. "Hey, we're taking over a city. Might as well embrace the aesthetic."

Chrissie and I stood side by side, towering over the square like queens surveying their kingdom. City Hall, an old Victorian beauty, looked almost quaint against our massive frames. The square was buzzing—politicians wringing their hands like nervous school kids, news crews scrambling with their cameras, and a smattering of panicked tinies shuffling awkwardly at the gates. Overhead, news choppers hovered like annoying mosquitoes, just out of swatting range.

I tilted my head toward Chrissie, lowering my voice just enough for her to hear. “We didn’t really plan this, did we?”
Chrissie smirked, her eyes still locked on the crowd. “Zo, we’re 500 feet tall. Planning is overrated. Just go with the flow—it’s worked for us so far.”
I snorted softly. “Yeah, because having all the power doesn’t hurt.”

Chrissie grinned, gesturing to the crowd with a flourish. “Go on, Queen Zo. They’re all yours.”
I straightened up, squaring my shoulders, and let my gaze sweep across the crowd. “Alright, let’s do this,” I muttered, more to myself than anyone else. Then, raising my voice to carry across the square, I began.

"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, esteemed mayor, city councilors, members of the press, and of course, the panicked masses," I said with a mix of charm and command. "Thank you all for gathering here today—voluntarily or otherwise." I flashed a saccharine smile, pausing to let the murmurs of nervous curiosity ripple through the crowd.
"For those of you who've somehow missed it, allow me to reintroduce myself. I'm Zoe, and this"—I gestured toward Chrissie with a flourish—"is Chrissie. We're your new giantesses in town, standing tall at a modest 500 feet."
Chrissie gave a mock wave, her smirk dripping with mischief. "Hi there, tiny people! Lovely to see you're not trying anything dumb this time. Guess you learned your lesson after we, you know, mopped the floor with your police force."

I grinned, picking up where she left off. “Exactly. Let’s keep it that way, shall we? We really don’t want to have to do that again. Honestly, it’s a little messy.”

The crowd stirred uneasily, a mix of whispers and shifting feet spreading like wildfire.

“But,” I continued, raising a hand for silence, “we’re not here talk about the past. We’re here look forward. Now, let’s get one thing straight right off the bat: despite our size and, let’s face it, overwhelming power, Chrissie and I are nice girls. We don’t wake up in the morning thinking, ‘Gee, who can we crush today?’ That’s not our vibe.”

Chrissie chimed in, her voice teasing but firm. “But just because we’re nice doesn’t mean we’re pushovers. Let’s be clear about that.”

"Exactly," I said, nodding in agreement. "We've been trying to be as reasonable as possible given the circumstances. But it's also painfully obvious that the power dynamic has... shifted. We have it. You don't."
The murmurs in the crowd grew louder, nervous energy spreading like wildfire. I pressed on, keeping my tone firm but not unkind. "So, here's the deal. Chrissie and I have decided it's only logical—inevitable, really—that we rule this city. Two giantesses, all the power, none of the limits... I mean, come on, it writes itself."

Chrissie clapped her hands together dramatically. “And don’t worry—we’re not unreasonable. We expect a peaceful transfer of power. Easy-peasy. All you have to do is hand it over.”
I gestured toward City Hall, my smile sharpening. “That’s right. No fuss, no drama. Just hand over the keys to the city, so to speak, and we’ll take it from there. Simple, right?”
“But,” Chrissie added, her tone suddenly turning icy sweet, “if you don’t? Well, let’s just say we’re not above knocking over a few buildings to make our point.”
I nodded, letting the weight of her words settle over the crowd. “We’d really rather not, of course. Destruction is so... unnecessary. But if that’s what it takes to motivate you, then so be it. We hope you’ve been paying attention to our earlier actions because we weren’t kidding around.”

The square fell silent, the tension thick enough to cut with a knife. Chrissie and I exchanged a quick glance, her smirk mirroring my own. This was going better than I expected. It seemed the city was finally starting to see things our way.
I let the silence stretch for a moment, savoring the wide-eyed stares and the nervous shifting of the crowd below. The politicians were practically melting in their suits, the news crews looked like they couldn't decide whether to film or run, and the tinies in the back were craning their necks just to catch a glimpse. Perfect.

I cleared my throat and raised a hand, gesturing lightly toward the gathered masses. “Now, I know what you’re all thinking. ‘What do these two giant college girls have in mind for Denton?’ Great question. Let me break it down for you.”

I shot Chrissie a quick grin before continuing. “Here’s the deal: We may be young, but we’ve got ideas. Big ideas. Ideas to make this city better for everyone... and ideas to make life a lot more comfortable for us. And we’ll see them through. Sure, maybe you’re not going to warm up to everything we’ve got planned right away. But lucky for us, we’ve got the ultimate trump card: we’re giant. Democracy’s nice and all, but let’s face it—it’s overrated. Especially when we can win a game of tug-of-war with, like, the entire city.”

Chrissie chuckled, gesturing grandly. "It's true. I mean, why waste time debating when you've got all the power? Efficiency, people."
"Exactly," I said, nodding. "Now, let's talk logistics. Chrissie and I? We're not fans of bureaucracy. Paperwork, meetings, memos... bleh. Not our vibe. So, everyone at City Hall? You're keeping your jobs. Congrats. You'll handle the day-to-day stuff and, most importantly, move your tiny butts to do what we say."
The murmurs in the crowd grew louder, a mix of confusion and dread spreading like wildfire. I waved a hand dismissively. "Relax, we're not micromanagers. But let's be clear: Chrissie and I are the last word on everything. Anything we command to the city? Priority number one. Anything we command to individuals? Do it right away. We'd really hate to have to enforce things, but..." I let the sentence hang, glancing meaningfully down at my feet. "We will, if it comes to that."

Chrissie stepped in, her tone deceptively sweet. “Oh, and the police? What’s left of you, anyway? You answer to us now. Same goes for all public servants. You’ve got disputes? We’ll settle them. Questions about how Denton should run? We’ll tell you. Trust us, we’ve got big plans, and they’re going to be fabulous.”
“Exactly,” I said, letting my voice carry over the crowd. “Denton is about to get a glow-up. Fresh ideas, two smart girls who don’t hold back for anyone, and—let’s not forget—our unique abilities? This city’s about to see miracles you couldn’t even dream of before. You’re welcome.”

Chrissie raised a hand, cutting in with a mock-serious expression. “But let’s not get ahead of ourselves. First things first: us. Eight million of you? Your new top priority is making our lives better.”

I nodded sagely. “Glad we’re on the same page. Here’s how this is going to work. Chrissie and I will be setting up shop at the beach. We want accommodations—good ones, by the way, none of this makeshift nonsense. We expect you to start on that ASAP. We also want food. A lot of food. And entertainment. Giant-sized entertainment. Think screens, music, the works.”

“And,” Chrissie added with a grin, “we want a live concert. Camila. Jax. Tomorrow. Make it happen.”

The crowd erupted into panicked whispers, and I crossed my arms, letting the weight of our demands sink in. “Look, we’re not unreasonable. We’re just two girls with big needs and bigger expectations. You give us what we want, and this will be a smooth transition. Don’t... and, well, we’ll just have to motivate you. I think you all know how that goes by now.”

Chrissie clapped her hands together, beaming down at the crowd. “So, hop to it, Denton. We’ve got an empire to build, and we’re not waiting around.”
I nodded, my grin widening as I watched the tinies scramble into action. “Let’s see some hustle, people. The clock’s ticking.”
I adjusted my stance, letting the faint tremors of my movements ripple through the square. The crowd flinched, which was as amusing as it was predictable. I flashed them my most disarming grin—not that it worked, judging by their deer-in-headlights expressions—and clapped my hands together.

"Alright, folks, time to get to the practicalities," I announced, my voice carrying over the sea of tinies. "Here's the plan: Chrissie and I are going to approach the crowd, and we expect the mayor and top officials to hop into my palm. Chrissie," I glanced over my shoulder, "you'll handle directing those adorable little news choppers. Make sure they know where to go. Full compliance, people. Don't make us repeat ourselves."

Chrissie gave an exaggerated salute, her grin as wicked as ever. “Roger that, Zo. News choppers, you’ve got five seconds to sort yourselves out, or I’m swatting the slowest one. Let’s see some hustle.”

The murmur of panic in the crowd hit a new octave, but I just shrugged, brushing a strand of hair out of my face. “Once we’ve got our key players, we’ll move somewhere more... convenient to have this formal negotiation and transfer thing. Sound good?” I didn’t wait for an answer. “Great. Let’s do this.”

The crowd was frozen in place as I started walking toward them, each step sending tiny ripples through the ground. I took my time, savoring the way they craned their necks to look up at me, their panic so palpable I could practically taste it. When I reached the edge of the group, I knelt down, my knees planting themselves with a resounding thud that probably felt like an earthquake to them. God, they were so tiny. The view from this angle was almost comical.
HOTEL

I extended my palm, planting it flat on the ground in front of them. “Alright, hop in,” I commanded, my tone light but firm. My gaze swept the crowd until it landed on a balding, middle-aged man in a very expensive suit. “Mayor,” I said, raising an eyebrow. “You first.”
He hesitated, his face a perfect blend of fear and defiance. I tilted my head, giving him a saccharine smile. “Oh, don’t be shy. We’re all friends here.”

Still, he didn't move. I sighed dramatically, reached out with two fingers, and plucked him up like a particularly unimpressive action figure. He yelped, flailing in my grip, but I wasn't exactly in the mood for theatrics. With zero ceremony, I dropped him onto my palm.
"See?" I said, raising my voice so the rest could hear. "That wasn't so hard, was it? Now, the rest of you: hop in, or I'll do the picking. I'll try to be gentle, but, uh... no guarantees." I wiggled my fingers for effect, thoroughly enjoying the panic it sent through the crowd.

Hesitant murmurs turned into reluctant shuffling as the tinies began to move toward my hand. But just as the first brave soul was about to climb in, a sharp voice cut through the chaos.

"This is madness!" It was the police commissioner, puffing out his chest like he had something to prove. "We are not surrendering the city to an overgrown spoilt brat!" He drew his gun and fired at me, the tiny pop barely registering before I felt the faintest tickle on my shoulder.

I blinked, turning my gaze to him, my grin vanishing. “Really?” Without waiting for a reply, I extended my pinky finger, planting it squarely on top of him. He had just enough time to look horrified before I pressed down, silencing him with a faint squish.
I turned back to the now-screaming crowd, raising my voice above the chaos. “You know,” I said, casually wiping my pinkie on the ground, “I didn’t want it to come to that. But here’s a tip: don’t piss off a girl who can crush you with her pinkie.”

The remaining tinies froze, their terror practically radiating off them. I sighed, rolling my eyes. “Alright, people, let’s move those tiny asses. You don’t want me using my best fingers next, do you?”
That seemed to do the trick. Slowly, hesitantly, they began scrambling toward my hand. I rested my chin in my other palm, watching with amusement as even the height of my hand was a challenge for them. Some of them needed to be helped up by others, their clumsy teamwork making the whole thing even funnier.

Once they were all piled in—looking more like sardines than officials—I stood, lifting my hand to face level with a smooth, deliberate motion. My grin spread wide, sharp, and dripping with satisfaction.
“Welcome aboard, folks. I know I could’ve made it easier for you, but honestly, where’s the fun in that? Besides, what better way to give you a crash course in power dynamics than a little first-hand experience?” I tilted my head, letting the tiniest smirk tug at the corners of my mouth. “Consider it… immersive learning.”

As I basked in their wide-eyed terror, Chrissie's unmistakable voice cut through the moment like a wrecking ball. “Alright, tinies, this isn’t rocket science! You hover here, you hover there. No, not there—unless you want to get swatted! Honestly, you’re making this way harder than it needs to be.” Her tone was pure sass, underlined with just enough menace to make it clear she wasn’t joking.

Then came the unmistakable screech of metal protesting its limits, followed by the desperate hum of rotor blades straining to keep balance. My head snapped up, curious. What on earth was she—?

And then I saw it: a plume of smoke rising not too far off, its black tendrils curling against the sky like a particularly dramatic exclamation point. The remaining choppers hovered nervously around Chrissie, their erratic movements like they were trying not to pee themselves—if helicopters could pee.

"Chriss?" I called, my eyebrow arching high as I turned to face her. "What did you do?"

She turned to me, holding up her hands in a faux-innocent gesture that was utterly unconvincing. "What? They were being hard," she said with a shrug, her smirk practically glowing with mischief.

I pointed to the plume of smoke, tilting my head with mock curiosity. "So, that?"

Chrissie glanced at it over her shoulder like she'd just remembered it was there. "Oh, that? Let's call it… a little demonstration." She waved a hand lazily toward the remaining choppers. "And look—it worked. The rest aren't hard anymore."

I couldn't help it; a laugh burst out of me, shaking the officials in my palm as I tried to rein it in. "Chrissie, you're impossible," I said, grinning as I turned back to my human sardines. "Alright, folks, enough sightseeing. Let's get moving."

I sauntered back to the rooftop, my strides echoing like thunder across the city. Spotting Jason still perched where I'd left him, I grinned. "Well, look at that. You stayed put. Good boy!"

Jason looked like he was chewing on a comeback, but I didn't stick around for it. I lifted my hand, the tiny officials squirming nervously in my palm as I set them down gently on the rooftop. Well, as gently as you can when you're several hundred feet tall. They tumbled slightly but scrambled to their feet, dusting themselves off like they had somewhere important to be.
My attention shifted to Chrissie, who was casually pointing the news choppers into formation like she owned an airfield. "Alright, tinies, you've got one job, and it's not rocket science," she was saying. "Hover here, there, but don't even think about drifting off. You do not want me coming after you. Trust me."

I chuckled, turning back to the little crowd I'd just dumped unceremoniously onto the rooftop. They looked like a mix of deer in headlights and action figures that'd seen better days. "Alright, my little VIPs," I called out, clapping my hands for emphasis. "You've got one minute to dust yourselves off and pretend you're not scared out of your minds. We've got history to make."

Jason and Todd fidgeted with their equipment while the officials scrambled to look less like terrified sardines. That's when the mayor—oh, bless his tiny, trembling heart—stepped forward. His suit was as wrinkled as his nerves, but he still straightened it like it mattered. "Miss Zoe," he began, his voice shaking but polite. "I didn't get the chance to present our terms earlier."

I blinked at him, then threw my head back and laughed. Not a polite chuckle—an actual, full-on laugh that probably made the poor guy regret every life choice that brought him here. "Terms? Oh, sweetie, no. This isn't a negotiation. This is a takeover. Keep up."

The mayor flinched but didn't back down, and I had to give him a shred of credit for that. "I understand, Miss Zoe," he continued cautiously. "But perhaps we can reach an arrangement. We're prepared to provide everything you've requested—accommodations, food, concerts—"

I waved a hand, cutting him off mid-sentence. "Of course you are. That's the bare minimum, hon. Keep going."

The mayor visibly gulped but pressed on. "In return, we'd ask for certain considerations. That you avoid crowded areas. That you give advance warnings before moving through the city. And perhaps even accept requests from City Hall—"

I snorted, bending slightly to loom over him just enough to make my point. “Bless your little heart. Do you seriously think I’m here to take orders from you? No, sweetie. Girls like Chrissie and me don’t take instructions. We give them.”
He opened his mouth again, probably to argue, but I cut him off with a grin that could’ve been on a shark. “Look, I’ll happily take all the nice things you’re offering—accommodations, food, concerts. Love that for us. But expecting anything in return?” I let out a soft laugh. “Yeah, no. That’s not how this works.”

The mayor's expression shifted, his nerves steadying slightly as he tried to pull himself together. His next words, though, nearly made me drop him off the roof—not that I'd have regretted it. "Miss Zoe," he said, a little firmer now, "I think you should know... the National Guard is preparing to intervene. If we cooperate, maybe I can persuade them to stand down."
Oh, sweetie.
I felt Chrissie stiffen behind me before I even reacted. Her voice cut through the air like a whip. "Excuse me?"

I raised a hand, stopping her before she could fully unleash her wrath. But I wasn't exactly in a zen mood myself. "Let me get this straight," I said, my tone sharp but still dripping with playful menace. "You're trying to bargain with me—a giantess who could flick you into the next county—by bringing up your tiny military friends?" I leaned in closer, my grin turning razor-sharp. "Really? You might want to rethink that strategy."

The mayor faltered, his bravado visibly cracking. "I—I'm just saying, if we could reach an understanding, perhaps I could—"

"Nope," I interrupted, standing to my full, intimidating height. "We're past 'understandings,' mayor. You know what you're going to do? You're going to transfer power. Right here, right now. And then, you're going to call your little National Guard buddies and tell them to stay the hell out of our city."

Chrissie stepped closer, her shadow falling over the trembling officials. "And if they don't?" she added, her voice dangerously calm. "Well, we already swatted your police force like flies. Do you really think the National Guard is going to do any better?"

I glanced over my shoulder at her and grinned. "Oh, Chriss, let's be fair. The National Guard might be slightly more of a challenge. But still..." I turned back to the mayor, my tone turning mock-thoughtful. "Here's the thing: if they do attack us, we'll swat them down. And unlike with your cops, we'll be real bitches about it. No holding back this time."

Chrissie snorted, folding her arms as she leaned down to loom over the mayor. "And when we're done with them? Oh, you can bet we're still gonna be pissed. And you know what happens when two giant girls are pissed, don't you?"
The mayor shook his head, looking pale and panicked. "Wh—what?" he stammered.

Chrissie smirked, and I finished for her, my voice saccharine sweet. “We throw a temper tantrum. And trust me, Mayor Tiny, you don’t want to see what that looks like.” I paused for effect, my grin widening. “It’s messy.”
The mayor’s face was a mix of terror and desperation now, his attempt at negotiation crumbling before our eyes. Chrissie and I exchanged a glance, her smirk matching my own.
“So,” I said, crossing my arms and tilting my head. “Are you going to make that call, or are we going to have to demonstrate what I mean?”

The mayor's face was already the color of a sheet when Chrissie, who had been unusually quiet for a moment, suddenly turned on her heel. "You know what?" she said, her voice as sharp as broken glass. "I think we need to make this crystal clear."

Without further explanation, she sauntered over to a nearby building—an office tower, mid-rise, probably ten or so stories. The tinies inside were already scrambling to escape, but it was hopeless.

Chrissie raised her foot, her smirk positively wicked, and brought it down with a force that rattled the entire block. The building crumbled instantly, collapsing into a cloud of dust, debris, and very final screams.

"Oops," she said, her tone dripping with mock sweetness as she glanced back at the mayor. "Did I do that?" She gave an exaggerated shrug, brushing imaginary dust off her hands. "Consider that a little preview of what happens if your National Guard buddies think they can play hero."
APARTMENTS

The mayor's jaw worked soundlessly for a moment before he finally managed to croak, "You—you just killed dozens of people!"
Chrissie turned back to him, cocking her head like he'd just said something amusingly dumb. "Dozens?" she repeated, raising an eyebrow. "That's not even a warm-up. That's an appetizer." Her smirk widened, her tone turning lethal. "Keep pissing us off, and you'll see what happens when we serve the main course."

The mayor staggered back, visibly trembling now. He glanced at me, as though I might somehow be the voice of reason here. I just gave him my most dazzling smile and leaned down slightly, letting my shadow engulf him.
"You shouldn't have pissed Chrissie off, you know?"
Chrissie dusted her hands off dramatically and turned back to the mayor. "So, what's it going to be? You make that call, or do we start turning this city into a sandbox?"

The mayor looked like he might faint. "I—I'll make the call."
The mayor stood frozen for a moment, his tiny form visibly trembling as he glanced between me and Chrissie. I gave him an encouraging smile—well, as encouraging as a 500-foot girl with a wrecked building behind her could manage. "Go on, Mayor," I said sweetly. "Let's make it official. We're waiting."
Chrissie crossed her arms, towering over the rooftop like a goddess overseeing her domain. "Tick-tock, tiny. This city isn't going to rule itself."

The mayor swallowed hard, visibly steeling himself. With a shaky hand, he gestured toward the camera crew, who were already filming, their faces pale and sweat-slicked. He stepped forward, his small stature hilariously dwarfed by the shadow we cast over him.

REC
He cleared his throat, his voice cracking slightly as he began. “People of Denton,” he said, his tone trying and failing to project authority. “I... I stand before you today with a difficult announcement. Effective immediately, Zoe and Chrissie”—he gestured toward us with a trembling hand—“are now the rulers of this city.”

I beamed at him like he'd just handed me a bouquet. "Aww, that wasn't so hard, was it?"
He winced but kept going. "They have demonstrated their power and their ability to... enforce their commands, including the use of violence. I strongly advise all citizens to follow their directives to the letter. This is for your safety—and for the survival of our city."
Chrissie leaned down slightly, a wicked grin spreading across her face as she muttered just loud enough for him to hear, "Good boy."

I took a step closer to the rooftop, crouching down to meet the camera lens head-on. My smile widened, sickly sweet as I tilted my head. “Hi, Denton! Just want to chime in here real quick. Look, Chrissie and I? We’re not here to cause chaos or hurt anyone. We really don’t want to use violence. But…” I paused, letting my tone drop into something dangerously playful, “it’s just so damn easy.”

Chrissie snorted, folding her arms with an amused shake of her head. "She's not wrong. One pinky, and—poof! Motivation."

I giggled, shooting her a quick grin before turning back to the camera. "So, do yourselves a favor: don't piss us off. Obey our commands, play nice, and we'll all get along just fine. Friends, even! Doesn't that sound nice?"

The mayor looked like he might collapse from sheer terror, and I couldn't help but find it adorable. Straightening up, I turned to Chrissie, who was still grinning like the cat that ate the canary. "Well, that's one thing checked off the list. What's next, Chriss? Dinner? A housewarming party?"
She laughed, tossing her hair over her shoulder. "Oh, I've got ideas, Zo. But first, let's see if our tiny new subjects know how to follow through."

TO BE CONTINUED