A Twist of Fate

by Papayoya

Graphic novel
Chapters 14-17
300+ images

CHAPTER 14
R&R

The late afternoon sun cast a golden glow over the beach, painting the ocean in shimmering ripples of light. The sky was still a vibrant blue, though the sun hung lower now, its warmth settling comfortably on our skin. The beach had been closed off entirely for us—naturally. It wasn't like anyone else could share it with a pair of 500-foot girls lounging on the sand. The city was ours, and the world was watching.

Helicopters hovered overhead like mechanical fireflies, their cameras trained on us, undoubtedly broadcasting every detail of our towering relaxation to the world.
And honestly? I was thriving. Knowing that Chrissie and I had just conquered a city without breaking a nail did wonders for my mood—and, let's be real, my ego. The rush of power wasn't just exhilarating; it was intoxicating.

Add to that the gentle heat of the sun on my skin, the rhythmic sound of waves crashing in the distance, and the feeling of Jason struggling to stay on my nipple? Perfection.

I glanced down at him, my grin playful and sharp. His tiny body shifted precariously with every rise and fall of my chest, his arms flailing as he tried to steady himself. “Careful there, Jason,” I cooed, my voice low and teasing. “Wouldn’t want you to slip and fall. It’s a long way down.”

He shot me a look, his face a mix of frustration and embarrassment. “I’m not your toy!” he protested.

"Oh, but you are," I replied, stifling a laugh. Gently, I reached up with a finger, nudging him back into place. "Here, let me help you. I wouldn't want you to miss out on the full experience of being... close to greatness."

Next to me, Chrissie was sprawled on the breach, the curve of her body forming a mountain range in the sand. Unlike me, she wasn't content with just one guy. No, Chrissie had gone full buffet mode. A small crowd of tinies—maybe a couple dozen—were scattered across her figure, their terrified squeaks barely audible over the sound of the ocean. She nudged them with her fingers, her focus clearly on the ones she'd strategically placed in, let's say, sensitive areas. The noises she was making were not subtle, and honestly, I wasn't sure if I was more amused or impressed.

"Really, Chriss?" I drawled, turning my head to look at her. "Could you hold yourself back?"

Chrissie let out a throaty laugh, her eyes sparkling with mischief. “Why?” She gave a particularly unlucky guy a nudge, sending him tumbling further down her hip. “Besides, they look so cute when they’re panicking. Don’t you think?”

“I guess,” I said. “I’m just not in the mood to gang-rape an entire block, I guess. Sorry if that’s too highbrow for you, Chriss.”

Chrissie's laughter boomed across the beach, sending a few of her tinies tumbling. "Highbrow? Oh, please. You're the one playing 'tiny-boy titanic' over there."
Our playful banter was interrupted by the faint crackle of a megaphone calling our names. "Miss Zoe! Miss Chrissie!"

I sighed, carefully lifting Jason from my chest and setting him down beside me on the sand. “Hold tight, cutie. Duty calls.” Then, with a dramatic stretch that sent sand cascading around me, I sat up, peering toward the source of the noise.

Chrissie, predictably, was less delicate. She shifted upright with a lazy grin, causing the tinies scattered across her body to tumble and roll like marbles. Their squeaks and panicked scrambles only seemed to amuse her more.

"Oops," she said with mock innocence, nudging a particularly unlucky one off her thigh with a flick of her finger. "Guess gravity's not on their side today."

Our attention turned back to the commotion. A small convoy approached: a sleek car in the lead, flanked by trucks loaded with... well, whatever they thought would appease us. It had the energy of an offering to a pair of gods, which—let's be honest—was exactly what it was.

As they came to a stop in the sand, a nervous-looking man stepped out of the car, megaphone still in hand. Behind him, workers began unloading the trucks. I crossed my arms and tilted my head, letting my grin spread as I leaned down slightly. “Well, look at you, right on cue. What’ve you got for us?”

The man cleared his throat, his voice shaky but audible. “Miss Zoe, Miss Chrissie, we’ve brought… provisions. There’s roast chicken, steak, fresh fruit, vegetables, desserts… everything we could get on short notice.”

I glanced at Chrissie, who gave me a mock-impressed eyebrow raise. “Efficient,” I said, nodding approvingly. “I like that. Points for hustle.”

The man seemed to relax slightly, though not for long. He hesitated, shifting awkwardly before finally speaking up again. “Um, there’s one... request we’d like to make.”

Chrissie raised an eyebrow, her smirk growing sharper. “Oh, this should be good. What is it, little man?”

The man winced slightly under her gaze but pressed on. “If it’s not too much trouble… could you refrain from using the population as, um, erotic… toys?”

The beach went silent for a moment, and then Chrissie burst into laughter. “Oh, sweetie, no. Absolutely not. Did we not make this clear? We make the demands. You just follow them.”
The man’s face went pale, but he stammered on. “It’s just… we’re trying to avoid unnecessary victims.”

Chrissie tilted her head, feigning thoughtfulness. “They’re our tinies, and we take excellent care of them.” She gestured vaguely at the scattered survivors still trying to crawl away from her. “See? They’re fine.”
The man frowned, pointing shakily. “But some of them got hurt.”

Chrissie shrugged, completely unfazed. “Okay, fine. Mostly fine. Accidents happen, you know? Comes with the territory.”
She then insisted. “You done now, or do you want to join the fun?”
The man’s eyes widened, and he took a nervous step back. “N-no, that’s not necessary.”
Chrissie smirked, satisfied, and leaned back. “Then give us some space, unless you want to test how ‘necessary’ you really are.”

I turned my attention back to the nervous man, my grin sharpening. “Speaking of ‘necessary,’ how’s the search going? Brandon and Jennifer. Ring a bell?”

He hesitated, stumbling over his words. “W-we’re working on it.”

“Uh-huh,” I said, narrowing my eyes. “And how long has it been?”

He fidgeted, his gaze darting to the sand. “A-about an hour?”

I leaned in, looming slightly. “Try over an hour. I said I wanted them within sixty minutes. Should I start… motivating you?”
His stammered reply was barely coherent, and I waved a hand to cut him off. “Save it. Here’s the deal: you’ve got until I’m done with dinner to bring them to me. After that?” I let my grin turn wicked. “I’ll find them myself. Jenga style.”

Chrissie interrupted, mid-bite, waving a crushed truck like it was a bag of chips. “Zo, you have to try the sushi. It’s ridiculously good. These tinies might be pathetic, but they sure know their way around raw fish.”

She handed me a truck packed with the delicate little rolls while casually discarding the one in her hand over her shoulder. The crumpled vehicle landed in the sand with a dull thud, a few bits of sushi still spilling from its open top like crumbs.

I plucked a handful of sushi from the truck and popped it in my mouth, savoring the rich flavors. “Okay, I’ll give it to them. They do know how to cater to their goddesses.”
Chrissie smirked, holding up another truck. “Here’s to being big and well-fed. Cheers.”
I rolled my eyes but couldn’t help but laugh. We went back and forth, sampling more of the tinies’ offerings and bantering about their taste in snacks. But then, as I downed a particularly juicy fruit platter, I glanced at the man with the megaphone still lingering nervously nearby.

"Speaking of priorities," I said, wiping my hands on the remains of the truck, "where's Brandon and Jennifer? Chop, chop, tiny man. I'm not known for my patience."
The man fumbled with his megaphone, clearly flustered. "We're doing our best, Miss Zoe—"

Chrissie, still mid-bite, pointed toward the horizon. “Hey, Zo, what’s that over there?”
I followed her gaze, squinting. “Uh, that’s Harper Bridge.” The bridge was packed, crawling with cars and pedestrians, a chaotic scene of desperate escape.
Chrissie shook her head, smirking. “No, no, not the bridge. Beyond it. See those tiny specs?”

I focused, spotting the shapes moving slowly in the water beyond the bridge. "Oh. Ships."

Chrissie raised an eyebrow, her tone dripping with mock innocence. "People in a hurry to ditch our city, huh?"

I grinned, playing along. "I mean, can you blame them? They're probably thinking it's not worth sticking around when the new management is... well, us."

Chrissie tilted her head, pretending to think. "Yeah, but what if we don't want people leaving?"

I paused, letting the question hang in the air before replying with a casual shrug. "Then they damn well shouldn't."

The shift in Chrissie's grin was subtle but wicked. "Thought you might say that."

Without missing a beat, I plucked Jason from the sand and stood up, brushing crumbs of sand from my thighs. Chrissie followed suit, the ground trembling under her as she rose to her full height. The tinies scattered around us dove for cover, scrambling like ants beneath the looming shadows of our forms.

The man with the megaphone paled, his voice cracking as he called out, “Miss Zoe! Miss Chrissie! What are you doing?”

I glanced down, offering him a sweet but slightly sinister smile. “You’ve got one job, tiny man. Find Brandon and Jennifer. Maybe if you focus on that instead of gawking, you won’t have to worry about what we’re doing.”

Chrissie let out a laugh, tossing the last of her snack into her mouth. “Yeah, don’t get distracted, little guy. You’ve got a deadline, and we’ve got some… time to kill.”

With that, we turned toward the bridge, the sun
casting long, imposing shadows ahead of us.

With Jason clutched carefully between my fingers, I lifted him in front of my eyes. His startled expression was absolutely priceless—like a deer in headlights, if that deer was dangling hundreds of feet in the air. I couldn't help but grin, my tone syrupy sweet but laced with teasing.

"Jason, sweetie, I'm heading somewhere that might be… let's say, uncomfortable for someone your size," I said, tilting my head as if mulling it over. "But don't worry. I still want you around when I get back."

He blinked, struggling for words. "Uh… okay?"

“Good talk,” I replied breezily. Spotting a lifeguard’s baywatch post on the beach, I strolled over and knelt down, placing him gently inside. It was comically small compared to me, but it’d do the job. Standing back up, I reached down and ripped the ladder off the post with a casual tug, tossing it aside. “There. Safe and sound. Well, mostly.”

Jason stared up at me, a mix of confusion and annoyance on his face. "What if I need to get down?"
I leaned in close, my grin widening. "Oh, I trust you, Jason. Just... not that much. You're staying put."

Straightening up, I turned to the scattering tinies nearby, my tone dropping into something darker. "And as for the rest of you: if I see anyone trying to help him down, that building over there—" I pointed dramatically to a nearby skyscraper, its shiny windows reflecting the late afternoon sun—"is coming down. Got it?"

The crowd froze, nodding hurriedly, their wide-eyed expressions a mix of fear and disbelief. Satisfied, I glanced back at Jason and gave him a wink. "Be good, cutie. I won't be long."

Chrissie was already wading into the water, the waves splashing harmlessly against her legs. I caught up quickly, the water barely reaching our ankles by the time we were a good distance into the bay.

"Convenient, huh?" Chrissie said with a laugh, kicking a small wave that would've swamped a boat. "No more annoying swims. Just a stroll in the shallows."

I smirked, enjoying the sensation of the water parting around me like I was Moses. "Definitely one of the perks of being us. I mean, who has time for swimming when you can just walk?"

As we neared Harper Bridge, the commotion was impossible to ignore. The bridge was packed with tinies and cars, their panic escalating as we drew closer. Horns blared, crashes echoed, and the crowd was a writhing mess of chaos. From above, it looked like someone had kicked over an ant hill.

Chrissie watched the chaos on the bridge, her smirk growing sharper with every panicked honk and crash. “What a mess!” she chirped-
“Can you blame them?” I replied, my voice light but thoughtful. “I mean, look at the last twenty-four hours. We’ve stepped on people, flattened cars, brought down a few buildings...” I trailed off, shrugging as though it was no big deal.

Chrissie raised an eyebrow, her grin wicked. “Well, you’ve got to follow through on your threats sometimes, Zo. If you don’t, they start thinking you’re all talk. If you do… they panic, but they’re ready for your orders.” She gestured to the bridge, where a car had just rear-ended another in a frantic attempt to reverse.

I tilted my head, watching the spectacle below. "We're staying this size, right?" I asked, the question almost casual.

Chrissie didn't miss a beat. "Obviously. Unless you feel like answering to the tinies again." She rolled her eyes dramatically.

"Yeah, I think I prefer them answering to us," I said with a smirk, nudging a wayward piece of driftwood with my foot. It bobbed away pathetically in the water. "So... do you think they'll put up more of a fight?"

Chrissie sighed, shrugging. “I hope not, but honestly? I’d bet on it. People don’t just roll over for a couple of college girls, no matter how big and amazing we are. Something about pride or whatever.”

I laughed softly, my gaze drifting to the horizon. “You know, it’s weird. A couple of days ago, the idea of stepping on people or bringing down buildings would’ve sounded insane. Now, it’s just... normal. Like, oh yeah, if they don’t listen, we crush a few things. No big deal.”

Chrissie glanced at me, her grin sly. “It’s unavoidable, Zo. You can’t be this big and powerful and not use it. And let’s be honest...” She leaned slightly, her voice dropping into a conspiratorial tone. “It’s just so damn easy.”

I smirked, nodding in agreement as the sounds of chaos on the bridge continued. It wasn't just easy—it was natural. And that, I realized, was what made it all the more intoxicating.

The bridge came into full view, an iconic marvel of engineering—or so the tinies liked to say. From where Chrissie and I stood, it was less "marvel" and more "adorable." The towering steel arches, the intricate cables, the bustling traffic... all of it looked like something out of a dollhouse playset. Harper Bridge wasn't just a landmark of Denton; it was a symbol of their pride, their ingenuity.

Now? It was just a toy, barely reaching the height of our thighs.

I tilted my head, smirking as I took in the chaos below. The bridge was jam-packed with tinies and vehicles, all of them desperately trying to flee. The noise was a symphony of honking horns, screeching tires, and panicked screams. Beyond the bridge, the cruise ships that had seemed like distant specks earlier were now much closer, their decks crammed with even more tinies in a frantic bid to escape.

Chrissie stepped forward, her sheer presence casting a shadow over the bridge. She placed her hands on her hips, her stance exuding dominance as she peered down at the chaos. “Ladies and gentlemen,” she boomed, her voice dripping with mock authority, “allow me to introduce myself. I’m Chrissie, and this is Zoe. We’re the giant girls who’ve taken over your city. You know, the ones you’re all running away from.”

She paused, then added with a wicked smirk, “Also, just so we’re clear… I’m up here.” She gestured grandly to herself before pointing downward. “Not down there. That’s my pussy. Just thought we should get that sorted.”

The cacophony on the bridge didn't die down, but I saw a few tinies freeze, their wide-eyed expressions practically screaming What did she just say?!

Chrissie clapped her hands together, adopting a mockingly formal tone. "Now, let's get to the heart of the matter. We'd very much prefer it if you all stopped fleeing from our city. We've got big plans for Denton, and trust me, you're gonna have so much fun with us. So, why not turn those little cars around and head back home? It's cozy, familiar, and, most importantly, ours."

The chaos only seemed to ramp up, the bridge teetering on the edge of total gridlock as cars collided and tinies scrambled. Chrissie sighed theatrically, shaking her head. "Okay, I get it. It's hard for you tinies to clean up your own mess. But, lucky for you, we're really good at cleaning up. Like, really good."

She moved to the section of the bridge where the drawbridge eaves began, her steps sending ripples through the water below. Positioning herself with exaggerated care, she leaned down, her grin turning devilish. “Attention, tinies! This is your official warning: bridge adjustments incoming!”

With a theatrical flourish, Chrissie reached down and grabbed one side of the drawbridge, her fingers gripping the metal as if it were made of tinfoil. She began to lift, the eaves groaning in protest before finally giving way. Cars and tinies tumbled down the slope, rolling and sliding toward the edge like toys on a tilted board.

"Oh, no! Look out below!" Chrissie said, her tone dripping with fake concern as she kept lifting. The drawbridge groaned louder, the machinery sparking and breaking under the strain. By the time she'd raised it fully, the entire mechanism was trashed, the eaves locked upright like twin middle fingers aimed at the fleeing ships.

I couldn't help but laugh, clapping my hands together. "Nice work, Chriss. Effective and stylish. Some people definitely got hurt, but hey, that's restraint for you. Gold star for not going full demolition mode."
Chrissie gave me a mock bow, her grin smug. "Thank you, thank you. Just doing my part to remind the tinies who's in charge."

Chrissie and I stepped through the gap she'd created in the bridge, the water swirling around our thighs as we waded deeper into the bay. The further we went, the higher it climbed, but by the time we reached open water, it leveled off just below our waists. The sensation was oddly soothing—the ocean parting effortlessly around us, rippling in waves that could have swamped ships behind us.

Speaking of ships, the ones ahead were definitely not small.
"Look at that," Chrissie said, shading her eyes with a hand for dramatic effect. "They're pretty big! I mean, for them."
I chuckled, eyeing the trio spreading out like they thought they could actually escape us. "Cute, right? I mean, points for strategy. Spreading out is smart. Just... kind of useless."

There were three of them: two gleaming white cruise , packed with tinies scrambling on deck like panicked ants, and a massive cargo ship. Chrissie glanced at me with a wicked grin, her eyes sparkling. “You take the loner. I’ll handle the double feature.”

“Deal,” I said, already angling toward the cruise ship on the left. The water churned around me as I closed the distance, each of my strides eating up their frantic attempts to get away.

It wasn't even a chase.

The cruise ship looked enormous compared to the tinies onboard, but from my perspective, it was big, but still not big enough when it came to my own scale—a somewhat oversized bathtub toy trying to play serious. I smirked, letting the gap close until I was just behind it, the wake from my steps already rocking the vessel.

"You're kinda sluggish," I called out, loud enough to rattle windows. "Is that all you've got? This is barely even a workout!"

The tiny ship veered slightly, its passengers screaming as they clung to railings. I rolled my eyes, leaning down slightly and bringing my hand through the water to create a wave. The swell rocked the ship violently, sending tinies tumbling across the deck.
"Oops," I said, my tone oozing faux innocence. "Feeling seasick?"
ANDREA

I waded alongside the ship, my fingers skimming the surface of the water before lightly brushing along the deck. Tinies scattered like dry leaves in a gust of wind, some diving overboard in sheer panic. I laughed, shaking my head. “Relax! I’m just saying hi.”

The ship tried to veer again, its engines roaring as it attempted to gain speed. Cute. I moved ahead with ease, positioning myself directly in its path. Turning to face it, I planted my hands on my hips and grinned. "Alright, kiddos. Playtime's over."

As the ship barreled toward me, I extended both hands, gripping the sides of the bow like I was catching a beach ball. The momentum barely registered, the ship lurching to an abrupt stop in my grasp.
ANDREA

I bent down slightly, my face level with the bridge. "You've officially hit a roadblock. Or should I say... a sea goddess?" I laughed, tilting my head to peer at the stunned crew inside. "What's the plan now, little captains? Got any more tricks up your sleeves?"

With the ship firmly gripped in my hands, I turned my gaze to the deck, where a mass of tinies had gathered in sheer panic. Their terrified screams floated up to me like a distant hum, and I couldn't help but smirk. "Alright, listen up!" I boomed, my voice carrying over the crashing waves. "I don't want to hurt you. Really, I don't. But I also don't want you leaving. And in case you missed the memo, the city you're fleeing from? Yeah, it's mine now. Which means everything—everything—in it is about doing whatever I want."

Their panic didn't exactly subside, but that wasn't going to stop me. Leaning down, I reached out with delicate fingers, plucking a few tinies off the deck like I was picking berries. Their frantic wriggling tickled my palm as I raised them to my face, peering at them with mock seriousness.

"Now, now," I cooed, my voice soft but firm, "I get it. You're scared. Totally understandable. But let's make one thing crystal clear: the lesson here is simple. Do what the giant wants, and the giant wants you in the city. Got it?"

I didn't wait for an answer. Tilting my hand, I let the tinies tumble gently back onto the deck, their tiny limbs scrambling for stability. Straightening up, I clapped my hands together for emphasis. "Alright, crew. Time to drop the anchor. Don't make me do it for you."

The crew hesitated, glancing nervously between each other before finally complying. The anchor dropped with a heavy splash, the chain rattling as it sank into the water. "See?" I said brightly, "Easy-peasy. I've done this before."
ANDREA

Gripping the anchor chain between my fingers, I gave it an experimental tug, the ship lurching slightly in response. “Perfect,” I said with a grin. Then, with effortless strength, I started dragging the ship back toward the beach. It wasn’t even a challenge—the massive vessel barely registered as resistance against my pull.

But then, out of the corner of my eye, I noticed movement. Glancing over my shoulder, I saw tiny figures leaping over the side of the ship into the water below. My smile faded, replaced with a sharp glare. "Oh, for the love of—"

I released the anchor chain, wading back toward the splash zone. Scooping my hands through the water, I cupped several of the escapees in my palms, lifting them out like stray goldfish. “What did I just say about leaving?” I scolded, holding them level with my eyes. “Seriously, you tinies are making this way harder than it needs to be.”

I strode back to the ship and unceremoniously dumped them back onto the deck. “Stay. Put.”

But, of course, a few more tinies took the plunge. I rolled my eyes, letting out an exasperated sigh as I scooped them up too. This time, I didn't bother with the gentle approach. "You're really testing my patience here," I said, my tone sharper now. "I wanted to sort this out without any unnecessary lessons, but you're forcing my hand."

I closed my fingers around the wriggling tinies, the faint crunch barely registering. With a grimace of mock annoyance, I knelt and rinsed my hand in the water, the faint crimson swirl dissipating in the waves. "See what you made me do?" I called out, my voice carrying over the stunned silence of the deck. "I didn't want it to come to this, but you've really got to stop messing with someone who can literally crush you with a damned finger."

The chaos aboard the ship was palpable now, but I wasn't about to let them derail my plans. I straightened up, brushing my hands off as I grabbed the anchor chain again. "I hope you've all learned your lesson," I said, my tone sweet but edged with menace. "Because, honestly, I'd rather not kill anyone else for a while."

Resuming my work, I dragged the ship through the water, guiding it effortlessly back toward the city.

As we approached the gap in Harper Bridge, I couldn't resist glancing up at the tinies gathered there, their wide-eyed fear visible even from my vantage point. "Hey down there!" I called out with a grin. "You'll have to make some room for the city's newest residents!"

The ship squeezed through the gap, the bridge's remnants groaning slightly as I maneuvered it carefully.

Once through, I turned my focus back to the beach, dragging the ship onto the sand with a final, satisfying heave. It listed slightly as it settled, its massive hull beached like a stranded whale. I stepped back, hands on my hips, admiring my handiwork.

"Welcome back to Denton," I said brightly,
addressing the trembling tinies on the deck.
"You're staying put now. Got it?"

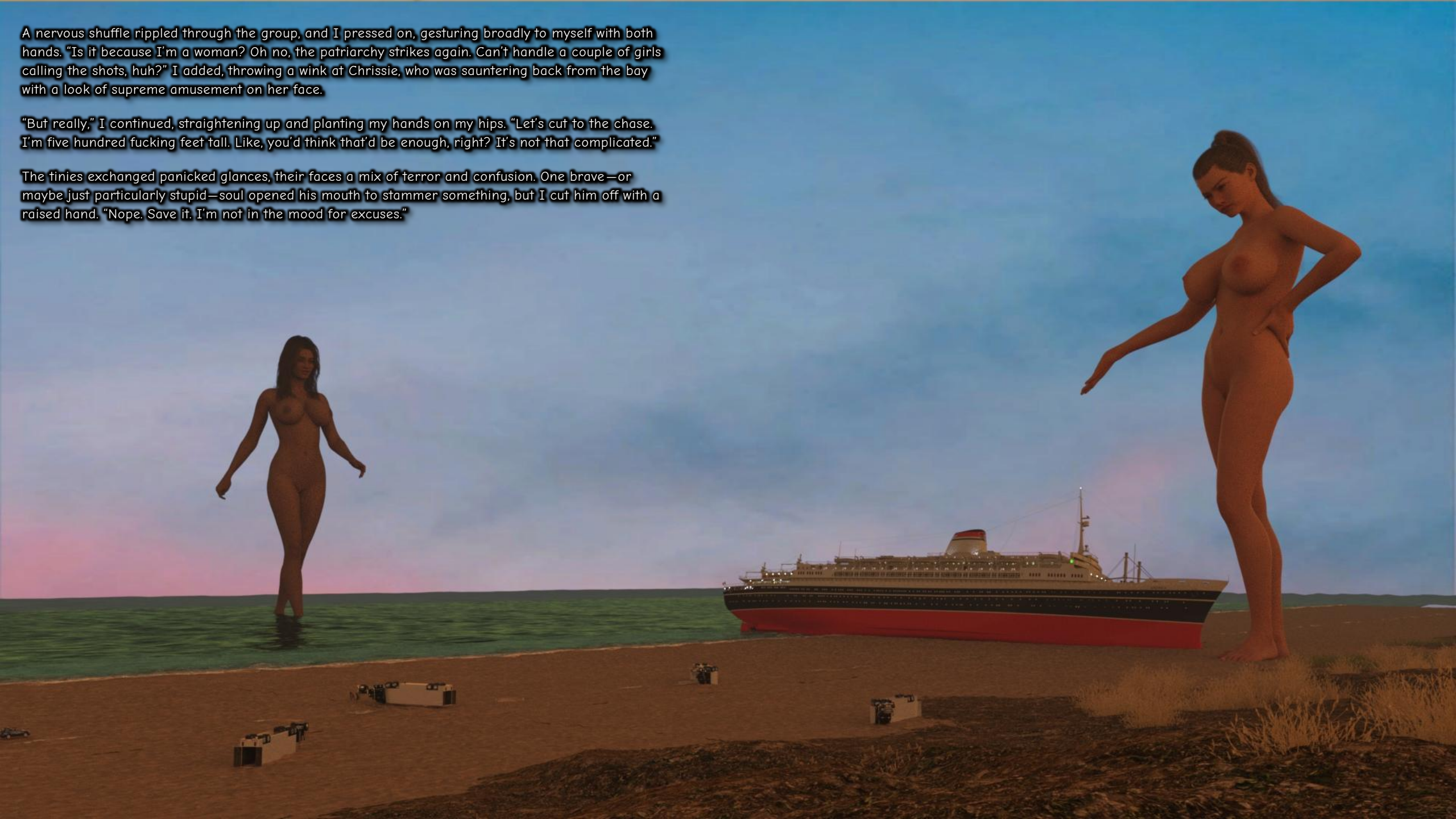
Back on the beach, the tinies from city hall were gathered near their trucks, staring slack-jawed at the scene before them. The massive cruise ship, now beached like a toy in a sandbox, loomed behind me as I turned to face the group. Their stunned silence was almost amusing—almost.
I placed my hands on my waist, cocking my hip slightly as I glared down at them, my shadow casting a long stretch across the sand. “Okay, seriously,” I began, rolling my eyes. “What is it with you tinies? Why is this so hard to understand?”

They flinched collectively, their heads swiveling to each other like they were passing around a single brain cell. I leaned forward slightly, my tone dripping with exaggerated patience. “Is it because I’m young?”

A nervous shuffle rippled through the group, and I pressed on, gesturing broadly to myself with both hands. “Is it because I’m a woman? Oh no, the patriarchy strikes again. Can’t handle a couple of girls calling the shots, huh?” I added, throwing a wink at Chrissie, who was sauntering back from the bay with a look of supreme amusement on her face.

“But really,” I continued, straightening up and planting my hands on my hips. “Let’s cut to the chase. I’m five hundred fucking feet tall. Like, you’d think that’d be enough, right? It’s not that complicated.”

The tinies exchanged panicked glances, their faces a mix of terror and confusion. One brave—or maybe just particularly stupid—soul opened his mouth to stammer something, but I cut him off with a raised hand. “Nope. Save it. I’m not in the mood for excuses.”



I took a step forward, the sand shifting under my weight, and leaned down just enough to loom over them completely. "Here's the deal, tinies: Stop acting like this is up for debate. It's not. I'm in charge. Chrissie's in charge. The sooner you all get that through your tiny heads, the better."

Chrissie, now standing beside me, laughed,
her voice ringing out like a bell. "Honestly,
Zo, I don't think it's that they don't get it.
I think they just can't believe it."

I smirked, glancing at her. “Well, let’s make it easier for them to believe.” Turning back to the group, I raised an eyebrow. “Got it? Or do I need to bring down another building to drive the point home?”

The tinies swallowed hard and erupted into some murmurs. I ignored them and turned to Chrissie, cocking an eyebrow. “So, Chriss, where are your ships? I see mine all nice and parked,” I said, gesturing to the massive cruise liner behind me. “What about yours?”

Chrissie smirked, tossing her hair over her shoulder. “Disabled the cruise ship. Totally out of commission.”
I narrowed my eyes, already sensing there was more to the story. “And the cargo ship?”
She hesitated for a split second, which was answer enough. “Uh... let’s just say it’s not exactly seaworthy anymore.”

"Chrissie!" I groaned, throwing my hands up. "I told you not to go full wrecking ball!"
She shrugged, her smirk unfazed. "Hey, it's not my fault. That thing was way flimsier than I expected. Besides, you've got your ship—beached like a pro, might I add. Congrats on being so... responsible."

I shot her a mock glare. “Thanks, Mom. So why didn’t you bring yours back too?”
Chrissie waved a hand dismissively. “Didn’t think about it. Plus, it’s exhausting. You try dragging a ship through waist-deep water.”

I rolled my eyes, my annoyance more playful than real. “And the tinies?”
She tilted her head, the picture of nonchalance. “Kind of stranded. Not my problem, though. I mean, they got on those ships to run away from us. Choices, you know?”
I let out an exaggerated sigh but couldn’t help grinning. “You’re impossible.”

With that, I turned my attention to the lifeguard tower where I'd left Jason. Sure enough, he was still perched there, looking about as thrilled as a cat in a bathtub. I strode over, the sand crunching beneath my feet, and crouched down, my shadow swallowing the tower whole.
"Well, well," I said, grinning down at him. "Look who actually stayed put. Good job, Jason. I'm impressed."

He didn't look particularly amused, but I ignored it, extending a single finger toward the platform. "Climb on, cutie."

He hesitated for a split second before grabbing onto my fingertip, his tiny hands gripping tightly as he scrambled up. I lifted him carefully, bringing him up to my face, tilting my head with a grin that was equal parts playful and smug.

“See?” I cooed, my tone dripping with mock sweetness. “Was that so hard? I mean, for someone your size, everything must be hard, huh?” I gave my finger the slightest wiggle, just enough to make him wobble and clutch tighter. It was adorable, really.
“Do you need to keep humiliating me?” he asked, his exasperation so palpable it was almost cute.

I laughed, the sound vibrating through him like a purring engine. “Humiliate you? Sweetie, no. Never. I’d never do that to you.” I paused, my grin widening. “I mean, it’s not my fault you’re pocket-sized. What am I supposed to do? Pretend you’re not?” I added a teasing wink for good measure.
Jason sighed, clearly resigned to his fate. “What’s next? More teasing?”

I tapped my chin theatrically, pretending to think. "Oh, definitely. But also, plans. You're coming with me, cutie. Hold on tight."

"Plans?" he echoed, his tiny face a mix of concern and suspicion. "What kind of plans?"

I let my grin turn a touch wicked. "Well, team tiny here couldn't scramble fast enough to get me Brandon and Jennifer, so I'm taking matters into my own hands. We're going for an evening stroll. Into the city."

At my words, the City Hall reps down below visibly tensed, their already panicked faces somehow managing to look even more horrified. Megaphone Man scrambled to find his voice, the metallic echo of his device cutting through the tension.
"Miss... Zoe! Please stay on the beach!" he called out, his tone more pleading than commanding.

I raised an eyebrow, utterly unimpressed. “Stay on the beach?” I repeated, feigning shock. “Oh, honey, did we not just have a chat about who gives orders around here?”
I punctuated my words with a deliberate stomp. It was meant to be a gentle reminder of my position, but as always, my version of “gentle” seemed to come with seismic consequences. The shockwave sent everyone sprawling, some landing on their backsides, others tumbling head over heels. A few even went airborne. I giggled, watching the chaos unfold.
“Oops,” I said, not even trying to hide my amusement.

Megaphone Man, bless his rattled little soul, somehow managed to recover quickly enough to sputter back into his device. “Miss… Miss Zoe! We have Brandon and Jennifer!”

Oh. My heart did a little victory dance. My grin stretched so wide it felt like it might split my face in two. “Do you now?” I asked, my voice practically dripping with glee. Unconsciously, I started tapping my foot, the ground quivering beneath me like a trembling child.

“They’re… on their way,” he stammered, clearly unnerved by my towering presence. “In a helicopter.”

CHAPTER 15
REUNION

The late-afternoon sun continued to dip, casting everything in a warm, golden haze. Jason dangled delicately between my fingers, squirming just enough to keep me entertained as Chrissie lounged nearby, brushing sand off her thighs like she had all the time in the world. The helicopter was still just a faint hum on the horizon, giving us a rare moment of downtime.

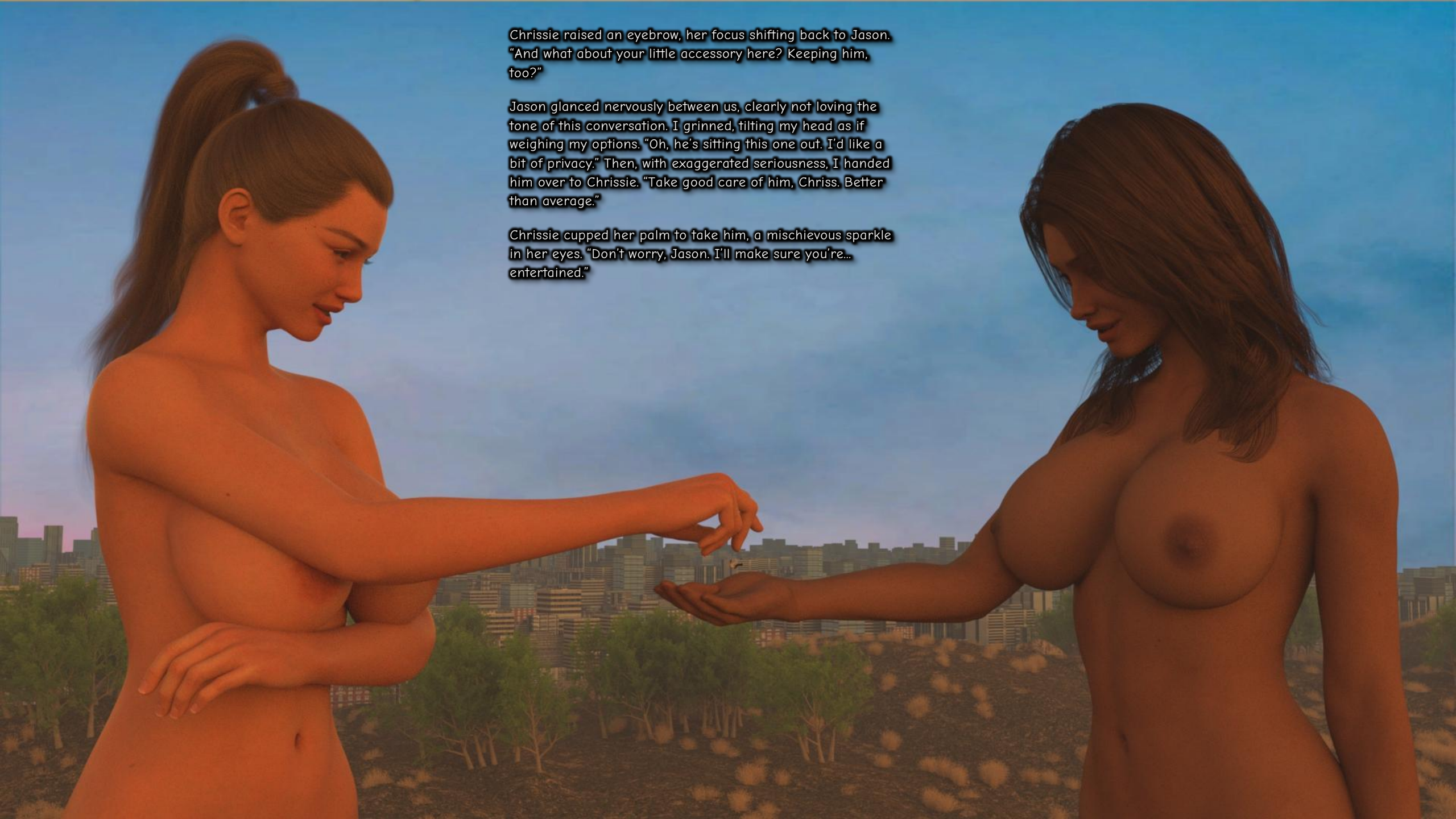
"Well," Chrissie drawled, stretching her arms above her head, "I'd say your plan worked out pretty well, Zo."
"Yeah, not bad for a day's work. All it took was a couple of downed buildings, a disabled bridge, a few stranded ships, and, oh, you know... taking over the entire city."

Chrissie grinned, tilting her head. “Easy.”

“Everything’s easy when you’re five hundred feet tall,” I shot back, arching a brow. “It’s practically a cheat code.”

Her gaze flicked toward Jason, her grin growing wider. “So, what’s the game plan? With Brandon and Barbie, I mean.”

I shrugged, keeping my tone light. “Haven’t thought that far ahead, honestly. I’ll improvise. But this time, they’re not slipping away. They’re mine now.”



Chrissie raised an eyebrow, her focus shifting back to Jason. "And what about your little accessory here? Keeping him, too?"

Jason glanced nervously between us, clearly not loving the tone of this conversation. I grinned, tilting my head as if weighing my options. "Oh, he's sitting this one out. I'd like a bit of privacy." Then, with exaggerated seriousness, I handed him over to Chrissie. "Take good care of him, Chriss. Better than average."

Chrissie cupped her palm to take him, a mischievous sparkle in her eyes. "Don't worry, Jason. I'll make sure you're... entertained."

Jason looked less than thrilled, his expression somewhere between panic and resignation. “You’re in great hands,” I reassured him, my grin as sharp as ever. “Really big ones.”

Before he could protest, the sound of rotor blades grew louder, cutting through the salty air. Both of us turned our attention to the horizon, spotting the helicopter as it finally came into view.
"Well, well," Chrissie said, shading her eyes with her hand. "Looks like the VIP delivery service is finally here."

"Better be worth the wait," I muttered, shifting my stance. The chopper hovered cautiously, its pilot clearly debating how close to get. After a few more seconds of hesitation, it inched forward, angling toward the sand like it was testing the waters.
"Oh, come on," Chrissie groaned. "At this rate, we'll have grandkids before they land."

I rolled my eyes, stepping forward with a sigh. “Guess I’ll handle it.” With a swift motion, I reached out and grabbed the chopper by the tail, the rotor blades screeching to a halt as I crushed them effortlessly. The whole thing dangled from my fingers like a toy, and I brought it to my face, peering through the windows.

There they were—tiny, panicked, and absolutely priceless. Brandon and Jennifer. I couldn't stop the grin that spread across my face. "Oh, look who it is," I cooed, my tone dripping with mock sweetness. "The prodigal ex and his plus-one."
AIR Rescue
AMBULANCE

The crew inside froze, their faces pale and terrified. I cupped my free hand below the chopper and tilted it slightly. “Alright, tinies. Hand them over. Now.”
After a moment of hesitation—and a whole lot of fumbling—Brandon and Jennifer were practically shoved out the door, tumbling into my waiting palm. I let out a satisfied hum, gently setting the chopper down on the sand behind me. No point in wrecking the whole thing—yet.

Bringing my hand to my face, I let my grin widen, my eyes narrowing playfully as I inspected my prizes. They were trembling, clinging to each other like that was going to help. “Welcome back,” I said, my voice light and teasing. “Miss me?”

The screams were music to my ears. Brandon and Jennifer shrieked in unison, their tiny voices barely audible over the waves but still enough to bring a gleeful grin to my face. Jennifer’s high-pitched wail was particularly grating—and hilarious. Brandon, on the other hand, managed a shaky but distinct, “Zoe?!”

"Oh, good! You still recognize me," I said, mock surprise coloring my tone. I tilted my head, letting my grin sharpen. "I guess it's pretty easy when my face is, you know, visible from miles away. Lucky you."

Jennifer's shrieks hadn't stopped. If anything, they were getting louder, which was honestly impressive for someone her size. I raised an eyebrow, flicking my gaze toward her. "Jen, sweetie, we get it. You're scared. Tone it down, though, or I might mistake you for a seagull."

Brandon, clearly fighting to keep it together, managed to stammer out, "What... what are you going to do with us?"

I tapped my chin theatrically, pretending to mull it over. "Oh, nothing too crazy. I just thought we'd go for a walk. Somewhere quiet. You know, catch up, reminisce about the good old days."

"Walk?" Jennifer squeaked, clinging to Brandon like he could protect her from me. Adorable.
"Yes, walk," I replied, rolling my eyes with exaggerated patience. "It's that thing where you put one foot in front of the other. Don't worry, though. You won't have to do much. I'll do the heavy lifting."

Turning on my heel, I waved at Chrissie, who was lounging near the remains of her handiwork with an amused smirk. “I’m off for a stroll, Chriss. Don’t wait up.”

“Where are you headed?” she called after me.

I gestured toward the horizon, where Ferris Island stood like a green jewel in the bay. “Ferris Island. You know, the one with the good beaches? No crowds, no tinies. Just us. Well, me and these two, anyway.”

Chrissie's laughter followed me as I stepped into the water, the waves parting around my legs as if the ocean itself knew better than to get in my way. "Of course. Why take a boat when you're a goddess, right?" she teased.
"Exactly," I called back with a wink. The water rose higher as I waded further out, the bay shimmering in the golden light of the setting sun. Jennifer's tiny protests blended with the rhythm of the waves, and I couldn't help but laugh softly.

"Relax, you two," I said, holding my palm steady to keep them from tumbling. "This is going to be fun. For me, anyway."

The bay shimmered around me as I waded deeper, the water swirling around my thighs like rippling silk. My palm stayed steady, cradling Brandon and Jennifer as if they were the most delicate treasures—though, to me, they were more like amusing little playthings. Their terrified expressions only added to my delight, and I couldn't help but sneak glances at them as the waves lapped against me.

Brandon finally broke the tense silence, his voice shaky but audible. “You’re... bigger.”
I tilted my head and arched an eyebrow, biting back a laugh. “Wow, Brandon. Nothing gets past you, does it?”
He blinked, looking both mortified and a little indignant, which only made it better. Jennifer, meanwhile, let out a tiny squeak, clearly not thrilled with my teasing. I ignored her, focusing on Brandon. He was far more entertaining.

“Yeah, Brandon, I’m bigger. Like, a little. You know, skyscraper-sized. No big deal.”

He stared at me, his expression a mix of disbelief and... was that curiosity? “But... how? When? You weren’t—”

“This morning?” I finished for him, tilting my head innocently. “Oh, I know. When we met at your house earlier, I was, what, maybe a hundred feet tall? Feels small, you know... although, probably not for you. I’ve been doing a bit of growing, since then.”

He looked like he was trying to process it all, which was adorable. “You mean... you’ve been growing all day?”

"Pretty much," I said, shrugging lightly, careful not to jostle them too much. "Well, more like a day and a half. But it seems to have topped off now." I smirked, glancing down at him. "Not that I'm complaining. I mean, come on, Brandon. Who needs to grow more when you're already the size of a skyscraper? This is more than enough."
"Enough for what?" he asked, though his voice was barely audible over the sound of the waves.

I grinned wider, my tone dripping with mock sweetness. “Oh, you know. Little things. Like taking over a city. Having people do what I say. That sort of thing.”
Jennifer whimpered, burying her face in Brandon’s chest, and I couldn’t help but chuckle softly. “Oh, Jen. Don’t worry. You’ll get used to it. Well... maybe.”

The water began to shallow as Ferris Island came into view, its sandy beaches glowing under the fading sunlight. “And here we are,” I said brightly, my grin turning wicked as I stepped onto the shore. “Welcome to my new favorite spot. Just us—and a whole lot of time to catch up.”

I knelt down and gently lowered my hand, tipping my palm just enough to let Brandon and Jennifer slide onto the sand. They tumbled off gracelessly, flailing like the clumsy little tinies they were. Naturally, the moment they landed, they scrambled to their feet, but I wasn't about to let them bolt.

“Ah, ah, ah,” I chided, extending a single finger to block their path. The motion alone kicked up a small gust of wind, and they froze, wide-eyed and trembling. “You’re staying right here. I didn’t bring you all this way for you to run off like scared mice.”

With that settled, I stretched out on the sand, my massive form sprawling across the beach like some goddess made flesh. My breasts, which had more than caught up since Brandon had last seen me, pressed into the sand, forming small craters beneath me. The weight of them was a reminder of just how much I'd changed—how much more of me there was to admire—and, let's be honest, it made me feel a little smug. Geeky ironing board Zoe? She was long gone.

Resting my chin on my hands, I peered down at the two tiny figures before me, my lips curving into a teasing grin. "Comfortable?" I asked, tilting my head slightly.

Brandon, bless his tiny soul, managed to stammer out, "W-what is this?"

Jennifer, meanwhile, was busy spouting some unintelligible nonsense, her voice shrill enough to make seagulls jealous. I groaned internally, rolling my eyes.

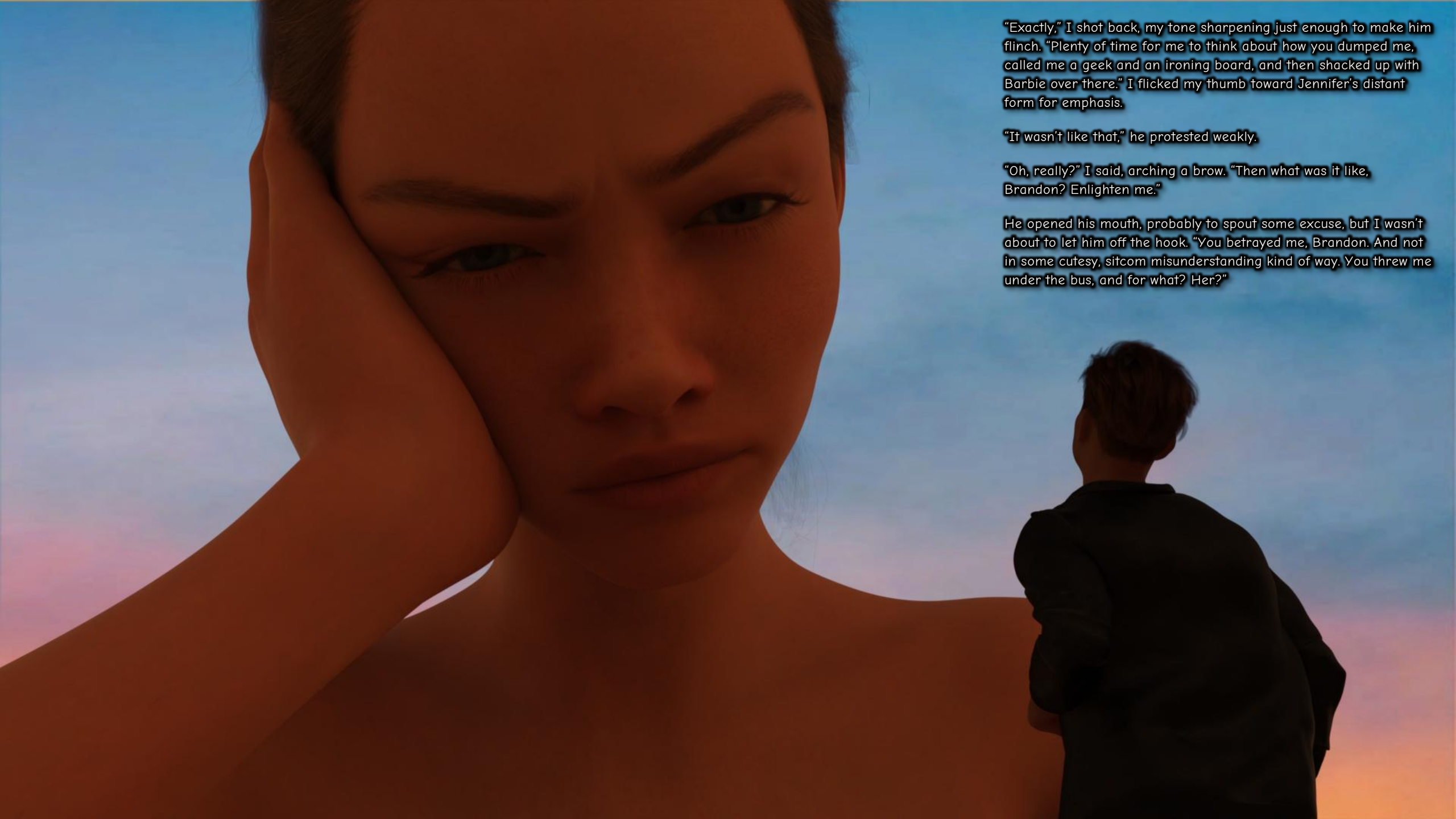
"Brandon," I said, keeping my tone patient—
well, patient for me. "Can you do me a favor
and tell your girlfriend to stop screeching?
Or should I?"

Predictably, Jennifer didn't get the hint. Her shrieking only got louder, a nonsensical string of accusations and protests that grated on my nerves. With a sigh, I curled my thumb and index finger, moving them toward her with exaggerated slowness. Jennifer's eyes went wide as dinner plates, and she stumbled back, trying to flee.

Her panicked little legs barely made it a few steps before my fingers closed the distance. With a flick as delicate as I could muster, I sent her flying several dozen feet down the beach. She tumbled end over end, a shrill squeal fading as she finally rolled to a stop.

Brandon gasped, spinning back to me with a look of sheer horror. “Zoe! What the hell?!”
I propped myself up slightly, inspecting my nails with mock casualness. “Relax, Brandon. I’ve done this before. She’s fine.” I paused, smirking. “Well, mostly.”

Jennifer groaned in the distance, confirming that, yes, she was alive enough to complain about it later. I returned my attention to Brandon, my grin sharpening. "Now, where were we? Oh, right. Closure."
"Closure?" he echoed, his voice trembling. "Zoe, it's been over a year."



"Exactly," I shot back, my tone sharpening just enough to make him flinch. "Plenty of time for me to think about how you dumped me, called me a geek and an ironing board, and then shacked up with Barbie over there." I flicked my thumb toward Jennifer's distant form for emphasis.

"It wasn't like that," he protested weakly.

"Oh, really?" I said, arching a brow. "Then what was it like, Brandon? Enlighten me."

He opened his mouth, probably to spout some excuse, but I wasn't about to let him off the hook. "You betrayed me, Brandon. And not in some cutesy, sitcom misunderstanding kind of way. You threw me under the bus, and for what? Her?"

Jennifer, having finally staggered to her feet, stumbled back toward us. “What’s that supposed to mean?” she snapped, still brushing sand off herself.
“Jen,” I said, fixing her with a look. “Sweetie. Stop talking. You’re killing the vibe.”

Brandon looked like he was about to argue, but I wasn't done. "You know what, Brandon? Forget her. This isn't about Jennifer. It's about you. You broke my trust. You broke my heart. And now? I've got questions, and you're going to answer them."

Jennifer, for all her screeching and flailing, clearly hadn't learned a thing. She stormed back toward me—well, stormed in the way a bug might scurry across a picnic blanket—and jabbed a tiny, trembling finger in my direction.
"You have no right!" she shouted, her voice shrill but barely audible over the waves. "You can't just... just do this! Let us go!"

I raised an eyebrow, more amused than anything. “Oh, honey,” I said, my voice dripping with mock sympathy. “You’re just not getting it, are you?”

Before she could launch into another tantrum, I plucked her up between my fingers, careful not to squish her but firm enough to remind her who was in charge. Her squeaks of protest only made me grin wider as I brought her up to my face.

“Listen up, Jen,” I began, my tone a mix of sweetness and steel. “This isn’t high school anymore. You don’t get to push me around, spread your little rumors, or whatever pathetic power moves you used to pull. Nope. Those days are long gone.” I tilted my head, letting my grin sharpen. “Because now? I’m a goddess.”

Her wide-eyed stare was everything. I let the word hang in the air for a moment before continuing, my tone turning almost conversational. “That’s right. I’m a 500-foot-tall queen who just took over an entire city before lunchtime. I own this place. And you know what, Jen? That includes you.”

Jennifer started to stammer, but I wasn't done. "See, I could've just flicked you into next week—again—but I've decided to be generous. Lucky you! However..." My eyes narrowed playfully, and I lowered my voice. "You're seriously getting on my nerves."

I straightened up slightly, propping myself on one elbow as I brought her closer to my side. The sand shifted beneath me, my hips creating craters as I shifted position. I glanced back, admiring the curve of my world-class ass with no small amount of pride. Perfect.

"Oh, don't give me that look, Jen," I teased, feeling her squirm between my fingers. "I'm just going to put you somewhere... safe. Somewhere you can't bother me anymore." I gave her a sly wink. "And trust me, you'll fit right in."
Jennifer's panicked squeaks turned to outright screams as I moved her closer to my backside, my grin growing with every passing second. "Relax," I said, my tone mock-soothing. "You're about to have the honor of being exactly where you belong. Lucky girl."

With a deliberate and oh-so-slow movement, I brought Jennifer closer to my backside, her tiny squeaks barely audible over the pounding of my heart. The anticipation was electric, and my grin stretched impossibly wider as I held her at the entrance, letting her dangle precariously for a moment. Then, with a single, deliberate nudge of my finger, I sent her right where she belonged.

Oh. My. God. What a rush!
I felt her squirming, wriggling, fighting against the impossible. Every tiny movement sent a shiver of vindicated delight through me. This? This wasn't just payback—it was poetry. Years of enduring her insufferable high school bullying, of biting my tongue as she strutted around like queen of the world, and worst of all, the sting of her stealing Brandon from me? Gone. Obliterated. Replaced with this singular moment of karmic perfection.

Jennifer Saunders, the self-proclaimed queen bee, was now nothing more than a plaything for my whim. It was, hands down, the most humiliating thing I'd ever done to someone—and I wasn't even sorry. Scratch that. I was thrilled. Crossing this line, delivering this well-deserved punishment, felt like I'd just cashed in on years of pent-up frustration and turned it into a masterpiece.
"Enjoy your new digs, Jen," I murmured, my voice practically dripping with smug satisfaction. "And don't worry—I'll be sure to check in on you. Eventually."

Brandon's face was a portrait of shock and horror, his tiny hands trembling as he stumbled backward on the sand. "Z-Zoe! What did you just do?! You can't—you can't do that to her!"
"Oh, relax, Brandon," I said, unable to keep the wicked delight out of my voice. I leaned in closer, letting my grin widen. "Unless, of course, you're feeling left out? Want me to pop you in there with her? It's tight, sure, but I'm confident I can make it work." I tilted my head, letting the playful menace hang in the air as he stared up at me, speechless.

Brandon swallowed hard, his face going pale, and I could feel the giddy thrill bubbling up inside me. “What’s the matter, Brandon?” I teased, resting a finger against my lips as if pondering. “Oh, don’t worry. If that’s not your thing, there are plenty of other places I can tuck you away. I was never a backdoor girl, anyway. Shall I show you?”

“You wouldn’t,” he stammered, though his voice lacked conviction. His expression was pure panic, and it was downright delicious.

I let out a low chuckle, shrugging casually as I settled back onto my stomach, the sand giving way under my breasts as they carved two fresh craters into the beach. Propping my chin on my hands, I gazed down at him with mock innocence. “Brandon, sweetie, I’m not exactly in the business of holding back these days.”

As I spoke, I gave my ass a subtle squeeze, feeling Jennifer squirm in protest. The sensation sent a jolt of satisfaction through me, and I couldn't help but let out a soft, contented sigh. "Oh, Jen's not too happy about her new accommodations, is she?" I said, glancing over my shoulder with a smirk. "Let's just say she's getting a very personal lesson in why you don't mess with a goddess."

Brandon looked like he was struggling to breathe, his mouth opening and closing as if trying to find the right words. I turned my attention back to him, letting my playful grin return. “Now, where were we before the drama queen over there decided to interrupt? Oh, that’s right. Closure. Let’s get back to that, shall we?”

Brandon’s voice came out in a shaky whisper, barely loud enough to compete with the gentle crash of the waves. “Why are you doing this, Zoe?”

I arched an eyebrow, leaning in closer so that my shadow engulfed him completely. “Why?” I echoed, my lips curling into a mischievous grin. “Because I can, Brandon.”

He swallowed hard, clearly regretting his question, but I wasn't about to stop there. Propping my chin in one hand, I let the other trail idly through the sand, carving lazy patterns as I continued. "Though, you know, I guess you could say you're partly responsible for all of this. In a roundabout way, of course."

Brandon blinked up at me, clearly confused and still thoroughly terrified. "What are you talking about?"

I chuckled, savoring the moment. “I was taking some pills to make my boobs bigger. Guess why. Go on, take a wild guess.”
His silence was answer enough, and I leaned in just a little closer, letting my grin sharpen. “It was for you, Brandon. I wanted to impress you. Or, better yet, make you jealous. And oh, did it work. Just… in ways I didn’t exactly plan.”

Brandon's face went pale, his mouth opening and closing like a fish out of water. "Zoe, I... I am—"

"You what?" I cut in, tilting my head mockingly. "You're sorry? Oh, that's rich. A little late for that, don't you think?" I tapped my chin thoughtfully, my gaze narrowing as I studied him. "But you can make it up to me by answering a simple question."

He froze, visibly bracing himself. "W-what question?"

I leaned in just a little more, my eyes locking onto his. “When you dumped me… was it because of Jennifer?”

Brandon looked like he was trying to melt into the sand. “I-I don’t—”

“Brandon,” I said, my tone deceptively sweet. “Was she already in the picture when I came back from college and you dumped me? Don’t lie, because I have a feeling Jennifer might be a little more forthcoming after a bit more quality time in my ass.”

His face drained of all color, and he stammered incoherently, his words tripping over each other like a car crash in slow motion. I arched an eyebrow, the smirk on my face growing sharper. “Well, Brandon? The truth, please. It’s not like you have many options here, now, do you?”

Brandon's stammering was like music to my ears. It was the perfect mix of guilt, panic, and sheer awkwardness. Finally, after what felt like hours of squirming, he let it out.

"I... I was already seeing Jennifer," he mumbled, his voice barely audible over the sound of the waves.

I'd expected it, of course. But even knowing didn't stop it from landing like a slap to the face. My grin faltered for just a moment before I recovered, masking the sting with a sharp, predatory smile.

"Oh, Brandon," I cooed, tightening my grip on the sand beneath me as I shifted slightly. My focus moved to the wriggling sensation buried in my ass. With a deliberate clench, I squeezed, sending a ripple of pressure through my body and, undoubtedly, a whole new level of torment to Jennifer. Her renewed squirming made me shiver with satisfaction.
"Why?" I asked after a long, drawn-out pause, my tone deceptively soft as I locked my gaze on him.

He babbled, his words tripping over each other in a frantic mess. “I didn’t see you for months, and Jennifer was... she was there, and I—”

I cut him off with a sharp laugh, my expression twisting into something equal parts amused and angry. “So, you cheated on me because I wasn’t ‘there,’ huh? That’s your excuse?”

The silence that followed was thick and uncomfortable, stretching between us as Brandon looked anywhere but at me.

Finally, I propped myself up slightly, making sure my new curves were front and center, framed perfectly by the golden light of the setting sun. I arched an eyebrow, my grin returning as sharp as ever. “Tell me something, Brandon. Do you regret it?”

His throat bobbed as he swallowed hard, his gaze darting to the vast expanse of my chest. He was trying to look composed, but the sheer size of me—of everything—was clearly overwhelming him. I let him stew for a moment longer before leaning in slightly, making sure my voice was low and dripping with teasing malice.

“You could’ve had all this,” I said, gesturing broadly to myself. “But no. You traded it for Jen. How’s that working out for you?”

The poor guy looked like he wanted to disappear, but I wasn't done with him yet. With a slow, deliberate motion, I reached out and pinched him gently between my thumb and forefinger, lifting him off the sand as though he weighed nothing—which, to me, he didn't.

Rolling onto my back, I let out a long, exaggerated sigh of contentment, the cool sand molding to my figure as my free hand casually rested on my stomach. I dangled Brandon above me, letting him take in the full view of my towering, sprawled-out form.

"You know," I began, letting my voice drop into a sultry bedroom tone, "I don't forgive you, Brandon. Not even close." I paused, letting my words sink in before flashing him a wicked grin. "But here's the thing: being this big, taking over a city, having everyone—tiny little you included—at my mercy? It's making me incredibly horny."

Brandon's eyes widened, his panic palpable as he flailed slightly in my grasp. I chuckled, the sound rumbling through my chest like distant thunder.

"And as much as I hate you for what you did," I continued, my tone now a playful purr, "I do have to admit... we had our moments. In bed, at least." I tilted my head, letting the grin on my lips widen. "So, how about it? One-last-time sex. No strings attached. Just you, me, and, well... mostly me."

His face was a study in conflicting emotions—fear, disbelief, and something else that looked suspiciously like intrigue. I waited, my gaze never leaving his, the teasing lilt in my voice masking the simmering anger beneath.

"Come on, Brandon," I added, my voice dropping even lower. "Don't tell me you're scared. It's not like you have a choice."

Brandon opened his mouth to say something, but all that came out was a faint croak. His tiny chest heaved as he tried to process what I'd just suggested. Honestly, watching him squirm like that was half the fun.

"Oh, come on, Brandon," I teased, rolling my eyes dramatically. "It's not like I'm asking you to sign a contract or anything. It's a one-time offer. Emphasis on the one-time."

His face turned an impressive shade of red, and he finally managed to choke out, "Zoe, this is insane!"

I tilted my head, feigning surprise. "Insane? No, Brandon. Insane was leaving me for her. This?" I gestured to myself with a smug grin. "This is me being generous. You should be thanking your lucky stars I'm even considering it."

I brought him closer, dangling him just above my lips, which curled into a sly smile. "Besides, you owe me, don't you think? For the betrayal. For the lies. For everything."

Brandon's breathing quickened, his tiny fists clenching as he tried to summon some semblance of courage. "Zoe, I—"

"Ah-ah," I interrupted, waggling a finger at him with my free hand. "No excuses. No stalling. As a matter of fact..."

I moved Brandon down to my love tunnel, which might have looked like a canyon from his tiny perspective. My free hand widened the entrance as I maneuvered his tiny body to slide him inside. I was the wettest I remember, the combination of the horniness of being a goddess with the revenge on my ex working wonders on me.

To say that, once I dropped him, there was room to spare would have been the understatement of the year. It's not that Jennifer was doing wonders back there, but I could certainly feel her much more than I could my tiny ex. It would seem that he would be disappointing to the last moment. Still, the wriggling tickled a bit... and I could not deny that the intellectual rush of having a full human being —and this human being in particular— inside me was a massive rush.

I panted slightly, hyper-focused on the mix of sensations and the sheer absurdity of what I was doing. Let's be real—Brandon wasn't exactly setting the world on fire in there. Honestly, his contribution was more "mild tickle" than "earth-shattering revelation," but that didn't matter. Fireworks? Oh, honey, I deserved fireworks. I mean, come on—I'm a twenty-year-old goddess who just took over a city with the same effort it takes to order Starbucks. Is it really so much to ask for a little personal celebration? No, it's not.

Here I was, sprawled out on Ferris Island, with the waves crashing dramatically in the background like some artsy film scene. Alone with my thoughts (and, you know, my ex-boyfriend-turned-human-plaything), I decided it was time to indulge. In a big way. Privacy like this was rare at my new size. And let's just say I was about to make the most of it.
Now, let's talk about my first year in college. Different than Brandon (who, apparently, doesn't understand the concept of loyalty), I was faithful. Picture it: little freshman Zoe, a bit shy, a bit awkward, and still learning the ropes of campus life. But then came sophomore year, and, honey, let's just say being tall, thin, and rocking blue eyes? That's a trifecta that opens doors. The second-year Zoe? Oh, she was living. But back in that first year? I had to learn how to love myself—literally. And let me tell you, I got good at it.

All that self-taught expertise? Oh, it was coming back in full force now. With Brandon as my little, wriggling accessory, I decided it was time to take matters into my own hands—literally. Two fingers slid inside, nudging Brandon around like he was nothing more than a fancy stress toy. And honestly? He wasn't doing much to prove otherwise. My free hand? Oh, it was busy attempting to mash my newly super-sized left tit, which, by the way, is its own kind of challenge when you're working with these proportions.

My breathing grew heavier, each ragged exhale pushing my chest up and down like I was trying to compete with the tides. The moans started soft—innocent, almost. But oh, they quickly turned into something that could make a sailor blush. My hands worked with all the precision of someone who knows exactly what they want and isn't afraid to go after it.

Once my tits were gloriously swollen—an achievement, if I do say so myself—and my nipples were harder than diamond, I decided to switch gears. My left hand slid south, finding its way to my clit as my fingers inside kept nudging Brandon around like the world's most unimpressive toy. Oh, and let me tell you: chef's kiss. That was the move. My moans reached a whole new decibel level, sending a flock of birds scrambling for safety from the far end of the island. My ass hit the sand like a wrecking ball with each thrust as I raced toward the inevitable.

And then... there it was.

"Oh, yes! Yessss! YES!" I screamed, my voice echoing across the bay like a declaration from the heavens. Honestly? Probably the best PSA Denton's ever had. Did I care that the city could hear me? Oh, sweetie, not even a little. I wasn't nerdy little Zoe anymore, worrying about what the world thought. I was Zoe, the goddess, and if the tiny people had issues with my self-care routine, they could take it up with my pinky toe.

My chest heaved like it was trying to compete with the waves, each ragged breath a reminder that this was, hands down, the best orgasm of my life. And sure, maybe Brandon was technically "involved," but let's not give him too much credit. This was a me thing. Still, I couldn't help but smirk. Oh, Brandon. How the tables have turned.

As the aftershocks rippled through me, I realized just how exhausted I was. Conquering a city? A lot of work. Add in the emotional highs and lows of revenge and rediscovery, and yeah, I earned some shut-eye. My eyelids grew heavier, and I felt sleep pulling at me like a gentle tide.

But even in my haze, I wasn't about to let things get messy. Two fingers darted down, plucking a sticky, dazed Brandon from my pussy and unceremoniously depositing him on my stomach.

I let out a lazy sigh, arching my back just enough to reach around and—ugh, fine—retrieve Jennifer from her cozy little spot. She was still alive and kicking, which was honestly impressive. With zero fanfare, I dropped her right next to her boyfriend.

"Jealous, Jen?" I drawled, smirking as I rested my head on my folded arms. "Don't worry, I'm sure you'll catch up."
With that, I yawned dramatically, letting my eyes drift shut. "Night, night, you two. Don't stay up too late plotting your escape or whatever. We've got a big day tomorrow."
And by "we," I meant me. They'd be lucky to tag along for the ride.

CHAPTER 15

UNRESTRAINED

The first thing that hit me was the warmth of the sun, its rays piercing my eyelids like little golden reminders of the perfect day before. Then came the breeze, salty and soft, teasing against my skin. For a moment, I smiled, feeling the satisfaction of a goddess who'd had her fun, conquered her city, and slept like royalty.

But then came the sound—low murmurs, shifting feet, metallic clinks. Not birds. Not waves. No, this was something else entirely.

My eyelids fluttered open, the haze of sleep quickly giving way to confusion. Memories of the previous day flooded back—Jennifer, Brandon, Ferris Island, the satisfying weight of total domination. But those memories didn't match the present. Not the tension in my limbs. Not the odd pressure biting into my skin.

I tried to move, just to stretch, but—nothing. My arms wouldn't budge. My legs were pinned. I blinked rapidly, heart racing, and tried again, harder this time. Nothing.

What. The. Hell?

I craned my neck, eyes darting downward. Thick ropes—no, cables—dug into my skin, crisscrossing over my chest, my arms, my legs. They were everywhere, pinning me to the sand Gulliver-style. And damn it, they were tight. The kind of tight that promised no wiggle room.

"What the actual hell?" I growled, pulling again. The cables creaked but held fast, biting into my skin in a way that was definitely not fun.

Movement caught my eye. Off to the side, on a small hill, was a swarm of figures. Soldiers. A lot of soldiers. Their uniforms were sharp, their weapons glinting in the early sunlight. And, of course, they all had their eyes on me.
No, no, no. This wasn't happening.

I groaned, pulling harder, only to feel the cables tighten even more. It wasn't just the physical restraint—it was the principle. A goddess, trapped? The thought burned hotter than the sun above me.

Panic bubbled up in my chest, though I tried to push it down. “Alright, tinies,” I called, forcing my voice to stay playful despite the knot forming in my stomach. “Very funny. Now let me up before I decide to use you all as dental floss.”

No one laughed. No one even flinched.

And then came the voice. Cold. Metallic. Amplified by a megaphone, it cut through the air like a slap.
"Miss Sullivan, stop fighting. You are restrained and will remain so until further notice."

I froze, the knot in my stomach twisting tighter.
"You are being detained for your actions against the city and its citizens. We will hold you here until we determine how to return you to your original size—or ensure you are no longer a threat."

"Oh, come on!" I groaned, pulling against the cables again, even as my skin protested. "You're going to shrink me back? Really? What are you going to do, sprinkle me with magic dust and hope for the best?"

The soldiers moved like clockwork, hauling equipment and positioning themselves in what they probably thought were "strategic" locations.

One guy was shaking so badly I half-expected him to drop his rifle. Another barked orders into a radio, his tone sharp but his eyes screaming “help.”

I was mad. “Do you really think this’ll hold me forever? Because, spoiler alert—it won’t. And when it doesn’t…” I let the threat hang, watching their faces pale.

The voice didn’t reply, but the soldiers shifted uneasily. I could see some of them clutching their weapons tighter, and it didn’t take a genius to figure out that this wasn’t just a show of force. They were ready for me to try something.

And I wanted to try something. Oh, how I wanted to. But the cables held tight, and for the first time in a very, very long time, I felt small.

Not in size. Never in size. But in control.

And I hated it.

This couldn't be happening. It couldn't be. I was a giantess. A goddess. The size of a skyscraper. Bigger than life, stronger than anything, untouchable. My mind screamed it on repeat, as if sheer conviction could snap these cables and bring me back to reality—the real reality—where no one could hold me back. Where no one dared to try.

I stared up at the sky, feeling the sun warm my face even as the weight of the cables bit into my skin. No, no, no. This wasn't how it ended. This wasn't how it went. They couldn't do this. I wouldn't let them.

I'd deal with these pathetic tinies once I broke free. Oh, yes, I'd deal with them. And I would break free.

"Alright, focus," I muttered to myself, feeling the tension in my limbs coil like springs. I clenched my teeth, closed my eyes, and pushed. Every ounce of strength I had surged into my arms, my legs, my entire body.

Nothing.

The cables creaked but held firm, digging deeper into my skin. I let out a frustrated growl, craning my neck to glare at the hill where the soldiers were clustered. The metallic voice returned, smug and all-too-calm.

"Miss Sullivan, we've taken every precaution. Those are industrial cables, the same kind used for suspension bridges. They're anchored deep into the ground. You won't be freeing yourself."

I froze for a moment, the words sinking in like lead weights. Suspension bridge cables? Anchored deep into the ground? My muscles twitched involuntarily, the idea of my own strength being matched—or worse, beaten—churning in my gut.

No. I refused to believe it.

"You think this is enough to hold me?" My voice cracked like thunder, shaking the air. "You tinies really think this will work? When I get out of here—oh, and I will get out of here—you'll regret ever trying this!"

The soldiers didn't flinch. If anything, their smugness seemed to grow.

I tried again, this time throwing everything I had into it. My muscles strained, my skin screamed as the cables dug deeper, but nothing budged.

"Miss Sullivan," the voice said, maddeningly calm, "the more you talk, the worse you make it for yourself."

My blood boiled. “Oh, you think I’m done talking? You think this is bad?” My voice rose, seething with venom. “When I’m out of here, I’ll crush you all into paste! I’ll tear down that hill and turn it into a crater! Then I’ll head straight for the city and raze it. Every building, every road, every—”
The soldiers tensed, their weapons raising in unison. They weren’t flinching. They weren’t even scared.
I pulled again, desperate now, but the cables refused to give. My chest heaved, frustration mixing with a twinge of something far more dangerous—fear.

"Chrissie," I blurted, my voice cracking slightly. "You might've caught me, but she'll come. And when she does, she'll mop the floor with you!"
The silence that followed was worse than any response. Finally, the voice returned, colder than before.
"Your friend is in the same position as you, Miss Sullivan. Restrained. Detained. Just like you."
The words hit like a gut punch, and for the first time, my resolve wavered. My mind spun with the implications. Could it be possible? Could Chrissie really be captured? Could we—goddesses—be subdued by tinies?
No, no, no. This wasn't real. It couldn't be real.

But the cables were real. The soldiers were real. The prospect of being shrunk down, of being thrown into some jail cell like common criminals, was as real as the sand beneath me.

I felt a tremor start in my chest, my breath hitching. For the first time since I'd grown, I wasn't thinking about power or fun or even revenge. I was thinking about loss. The loss of my strength, my freedom, my size.

And worse—the loss of what we'd built. What we'd taken. A city that answered to us, a world that feared us, a life where no one told us what to do.

The idea of losing it all was unbearable.

I couldn't let it end like this. I wouldn't. But the doubts crept in, wrapping tighter than the cables ever could.

And then the unthinkable came to mind: What happens after? If they shrank us, if they threw us in jail, what would our lives even be? There was no “after” for us in a world where we weren’t giants.

A shiver ran through me as the enormity of it all settled in. I couldn’t let it happen. I had to find a way out. But how?

Despair clawed at the edges of my thoughts, and for the first time in a long time, I felt… helpless.

For a long moment, I stayed still, letting the weight of everything settle. The sun felt heavier now, the breeze less comforting. My mind raced, battling between anger and panic, desperation and resolve. I couldn’t free myself. Chrissie wasn’t coming. The realization hit like a hammer: I was on the brink of losing it all.

No. I couldn’t lose it.

Think, Zoe. Think.

My breathing steadied as a new plan formed, one that made my stomach churn but felt like the only option left. I swallowed my pride—just a little—and took a deep breath. My voice, carefully softened, carried across the beach like a breeze, laced with just the right amount of regret. "Alright, let's talk. Maybe we got off on the wrong foot. I know... we've been a bit harsh. And, okay, maybe taking over the city wasn't the best way to introduce ourselves." I hesitated, hoping for some kind of response, but the soldiers remained silent.

"We didn't want to cause unnecessary messes," I continued, trying to sound as genuine as possible. "We were trying to be gentle. We really were. Sure, things got a little... destructive, but come on. You can't honestly think we were trying to hurt anyone."

Still nothing. My frustration bubbled under the surface, but I forced it down. “Look,” I said, switching gears, “maybe we overstepped. But let’s be honest—you can’t be sure this’ll hold me forever. You can’t be sure you can shrink me back. What if we found some middle ground? A deal? You let me go, and I stick to some rules we can agree on. You get your city back, and I use my size to help. Fix things. Do things you can’t even imagine.”

A pause. The silence dragged on just long enough to spark a flicker of hope. Maybe they were considering it. Maybe I’d gotten through to them.

Then the voice returned, flat and cold. “You’re a spoiled brat who’s caused unimaginable loss and suffering. There’s no deal to be made, Miss Sullivan. I’ll see to it that you pay for every last ounce of destruction you’ve caused.”

The words hit like a slap. My chest tightened, anger and frustration surging in equal measure. “You’ll regret this,” I growled, pulling against the cables again with everything I had. But it was useless. The bonds held firm, digging deeper into my skin.

And then came a different voice. A familiar voice. One that made my blood boil.

“Well, well, well,” the female voice sneered through the megaphone, dripping with venom. “If it isn’t Little Miss Goddess herself, all tied up and helpless. How’s it feel, Zoe? Getting what you deserve?”

Jennifer.

"Oh, you've got to be kidding me," I spat, my anger flaring. "Jennifer, shut your damn mouth before I come over there and shove you back in my ass where you belong!"

She laughed, the sound grating against every nerve in my body. "Oh, I don't think so. You're not coming anywhere, Zoe. You're done. Finished. And I can't wait to see you shrunk down and miserable, watching you pay for everything you've done."

"Jennifer!" I bellowed, my voice cracking like thunder. "You'd better hope I stay tied up because if I get free, you're going to wish I treat you like I did last night!" I turned my glare toward the soldiers. "And you tinies! You think you've got me under control? You haven't seen anything yet!"

The general's voice cut through my tirade, sharp and commanding. "Enough. Stop this nonsense. Your tantrums won't change anything."

But then... I felt it. A tingling sensation, warm and familiar, spreading through my body. My skin prickled, my muscles seemed to hum with energy, and a slow, wicked grin spread across my face.

Oh.

Oh, yes.

I was growing again.

Oh, the feeling was exquisite. The tingling spread from my toes to the top of my head, like a warm, fizzy drink pouring through my veins. I could feel my body expanding, the cables digging into my skin tighter and tighter, but not painfully so—more like a snug embrace that didn't stand a chance against what was coming.

The commotion around me was instant. Soldiers shouted orders, boots pounded the sand, and vehicles revved up in panic. I chuckled, the sound deep and resonant, echoing over the chaos like a predator's purr.

And then, with a satisfying twang, the first cable snapped.

"Oh," I cooed, my grin spreading as I tilted my head. "What was that? Something break?" Another snap, then another, and I couldn't help but laugh. "Oh, boys, I really should have mentioned this before. Not only am I a giant, but apparently, I grow." I paused dramatically. "Oops."

The cables gave way one by one, each snap music to my ears. The soldiers were in full-blown frenzy now, scrambling to contain what was clearly beyond their control. Trucks repositioned, guns aimed, and a chorus of panicked shouting filled the air.

"Careful, tinies," I teased, wiggling my fingers slightly as I tested the increasing freedom in my arms. "You wouldn't want me to step on your little command post while I stretch accidentally, would you?" Another snap.
"Oh, don't mind me," I called, my tone as sweet as sugar. "You tinies just keep scurrying around down there. It's adorable. Really."

A particularly stubborn cable snapped with a loud crack, sending a group of soldiers tumbling backward. “Oops again,” I drawled, glancing their way with mock concern. “You guys okay down there? Oh, wait—you’re fine. You’re tinies. You bounce.”

The snapping quickened, each broken cable making my limbs looser, my grin wider. I stretched my arms out slightly, savoring the creeping realization spreading through the tinies that they'd never had a chance. And when the last few bonds creaked under the strain of my growing frame, I decided it was time to stop playing coy.

With a playful hum, I pulled—hard.

The remaining cables snapped in unison, a cacophony of metal failure that sent soldiers scrambling.

I pushed myself up with ease, my hands sinking into the sand as I sat up. My legs stretched out before me, toes brushing against vehicles that looked even smaller now. My shadow consumed the beach, and I leaned back, resting my hands behind me as I surveyed the chaos with a satisfied smirk.

The hill to my left, which once seemed impressive, now barely reached my thighs. I scanned the commotion, quickly locating the brass, Jennifer, and Brandon huddled together like scared little ants. My grin turned predatory.

"Oh, there you are," I purred, locking eyes with the general. "Having a rough morning, General? You look a little stressed."

Meanwhile, my feet—massive, glorious, and still stretching—advanced toward a cluster of soldiers. Trucks crumpled like aluminum cans beneath my heel as it bulldozed them, the ground trembling with every casual movement. The soldiers scattered like leaves in the wind, and I couldn't help but laugh.

The tingling finally subsided, leaving me sitting in the sand with a newfound sense of grandeur. I wasn't sure how much bigger I was, but judging by the way the beach and its occupants seemed even more insignificant than before, I had to be somewhere between half again and double my old size. And I loved every inch of it.

Stretching my arms above my head, I let out a contented sigh. “Ah, that’s better. You know, I was already feeling good at 500 feet, but things can always get better, can’t they?”

The chaos below was intoxicating. The soldiers scrambled like ants, their formations breaking apart as they tried to regroup. I leaned forward slightly, my grin turning sharper. “Lesson number one, tinies: never, ever think you can hold a goddess down. Lesson number two...” I paused, letting my words hang as I brushed some imaginary dust off my knees. “Never, ever piss her off.”

I crouched slightly, letting my shadow engulf the hill as I leaned in. “You had your chance to bargain. But now? Now it’s all up to me. And guess what? I’m pissed. Royally pissed.”

I crouched over the command post, my shadow swallowing them whole. The general, Brandon, and Jennifer huddled together like scared little ants under a magnifying glass. Oh, this was rich. I grinned, letting my eyes rake over the chaos below me.

"Well, well," I began, my voice dripping with sarcasm. "Was this the grand plan? Tie me down, cross your fingers, and hope for the best?" I tilted my head, my smirk sharpening. "Tell me, General, did you really think it was a good idea to mess with a skyscraper-sized girl? Because it wasn't."

I reached a hand toward them, savoring their wide-eyed panic—when suddenly, I felt a few sharp pricks against my side. I stopped, turning my head toward the source. Explosions? Really? Soldiers on the beach were shooting at me, their rifles and RPGs lighting up like a Fourth of July display. It wasn't painful. It wasn't even annoying. But it was definitely... irritating.

I sighed dramatically, placing a hand on my hip as I glared down at them. "Oh, come on. Really? This is what we're doing now? Do you tinies just not know when to quit?"
Oh, they didn't stop. Of course, they didn't. Tinies never get it, do they? So, I did what any self-respecting goddess would do: I raised my fist, savoring the brief moment of panic that rippled through their ranks, and slammed it down.

BOOM.
The earth trembled beneath me, sending waves of chaos across the beach. Soldiers flew through the air like ragdolls caught in a storm, their vehicles crumpling beneath my hand as if they were cheap tin toys. Twisted metal screeched in protest, but it wasn't worth more than a passing glance.

"Oops," I drawled, my grin widening as I lifted my hand, only to drop my palm flat onto another group of fleeing soldiers.

Their muffled screams cut off abruptly, leaving only the satisfying crunch of destruction. “I did warn you,” I said, tapping my fingers on the ground like I was mulling over whether to keep going.

I didn’t feel bad about it. Not one bit. Why should I? These tinies had the audacity to think they could capture me, humiliate me, and then what, shrink me down and toss me in some cage? No. This wasn’t just self-defense—it was justice. Divine retribution.

I raised my gaze, locking onto another cluster of soldiers trying to regroup behind a half-destroyed truck. Adorable. With a deliberate stretch of my fingers, I slammed my palm down again, obliterating their pitiful hiding spot.

The survivors scrambled, their weapons clattering uselessly to the sand. I turned my attention back to the hill, locking onto the general. Oh, I wasn't done with him. Not by a long shot.

I reached down, my fingers snaking toward him. A few brave—or just stupid—men tried to block my path. How adorable. I flicked them away with a casual thwack, their tiny bodies tumbling through the air like ragdolls.

Finally, my fingers pinched around the general, lifting his squirming little form up to my face.
"Well, aren't you just tiny?" I cooed, holding him between my thumb and forefinger. He had to be half an inch tall —if that. "All that barking orders and playing tough, and now look at you. Tiny, helpless... pathetic." I gave him a mock pout. "Bet you're rethinking all those choices now, huh?"

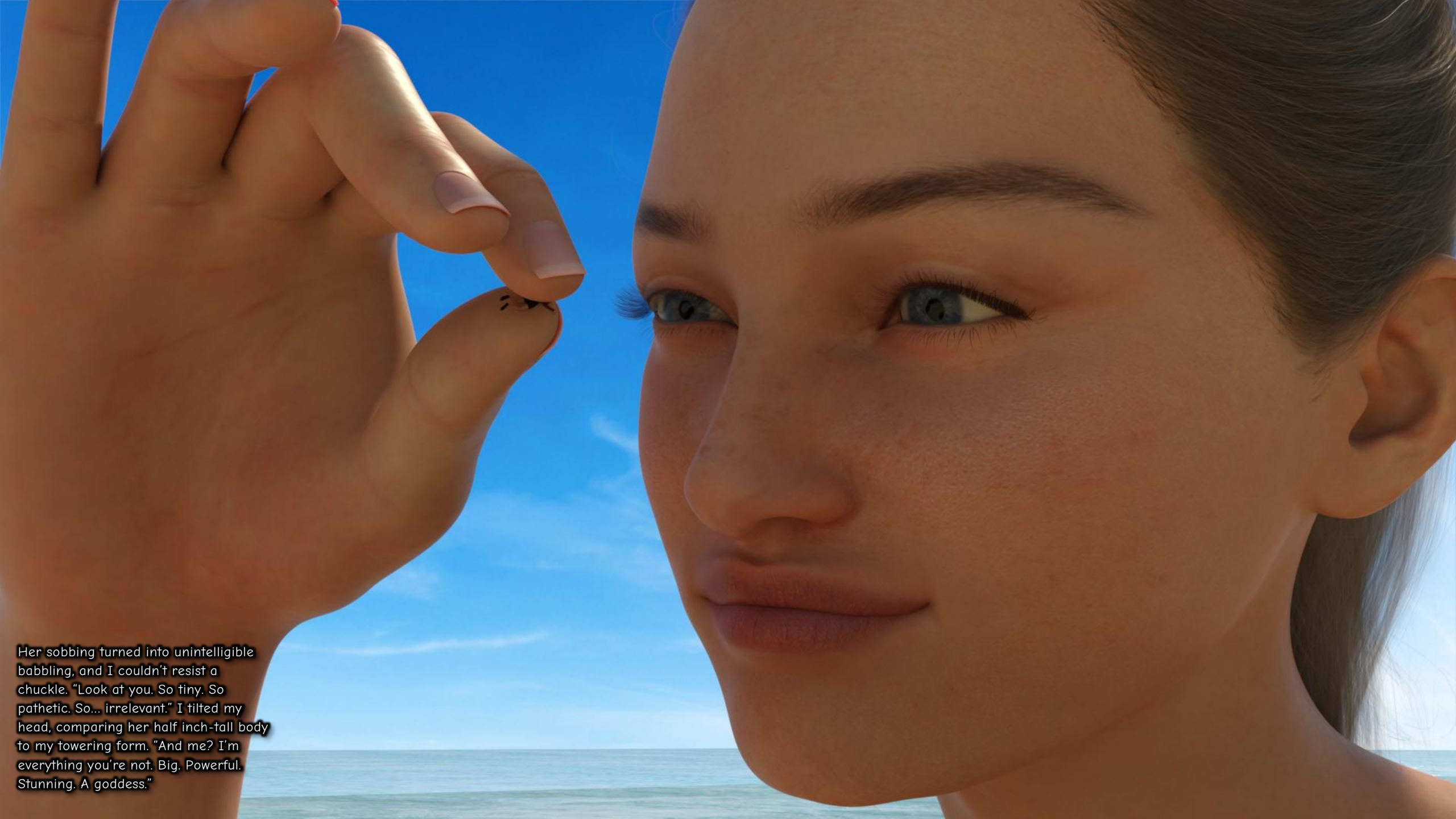
I dropped him into my palm, letting him roll around like the insignificant bug he was. But my eyes weren't on him for long. Oh no, because guess who thought running was a good idea? Brandon and Jennifer.

"Not so fast!" I called, lowering a single finger to block their path. They skidded to a stop, staring up at the sheer wall of flesh in front of them.

I laughed, plucking them up with ease and depositing them in my palm beside the general.

Raising my palm to eye level, I grinned down at the trio. “Welcome,” I said, stretching the word like honey. “To me. Bigger, better, and still way out of your league.”

Jennifer, of course, was already sobbing. Typical. My grin sharpened as I plucked her up again, letting her squirm in front of my face. “Oh, Jennifer,” I cooed. “You really don’t learn, do you? Bullying me in high school was bad enough. Making Brandon cheat on me with you? Yeah, that got under my skin. But humiliating me? A goddess?” I laughed, low and dangerous. “That was your last mistake.”


Her sobbing turned into unintelligible babbling, and I couldn't resist a chuckle. "Look at you. So tiny. So pathetic. So... irrelevant." I tilted my head, comparing her half inch-tall body to my towering form. "And me? I'm everything you're not. Big. Powerful. Stunning. A goddess."

Pausing dramatically, I let her squirm a bit more before leaning in. “You know what? I don’t think I want to see your whiny, pathetic face ever again.”
Curling my thumb and index finger, I pinned her between them, rolling her back and forth with a grin. “Say goodbye, Jen.”

With one flick—one deliciously satisfying flick—I sent her flying. Her tiny body arced through the sky, a speck against the horizon, disappearing into nothing. "And stay gone!" I called after her, dusting off my fingers like she was an afterthought.

Brandon's scream echoed from my palm, high-pitched and absolutely delicious. "What did you do?!" he yelled, his voice cracking halfway through.
I tilted my head, letting a slow grin spread across my face. "Oh, Brandon, sweetie. Jennifer was annoying me. Now she's not. Problem solved."

His face crumpled, and he actually started sobbing. Sobbing. My grin widened. “Aww, don’t cry,” I teased, plucking him up between my fingers like the little action figure he was. I brought him closer to my face, marveling—again—at just how tiny he looked now. “Wow, you’re even smaller than I remember. Like, embarrassingly small. It’s a miracle I ever noticed you in the first place.”

He whimpered, and I couldn’t help but giggle. “Relax, B. I’m not done with you. Not by a long shot. But I think the general here deserves a little one-on-one time with me. Don’t you think?” I didn’t wait for his answer—not that I cared about it anyway.

"Now," I cooed, turning him toward my lower half, "you're going somewhere nice and familiar. Comfortable even. Don't squirm too much, though. It's rude."

His panicked protests were cut off as I moved him downward, maneuvering his pathetic little body toward my waiting folds. A delightful shiver ran through me as I slid him inside my pussy, his squirming just enough to tickle in all the right ways. “There,” I murmured, biting my lip. “Nice and cozy. Stay put, okay? Mommy’s got business.”

With Brandon securely tucked away, I turned my attention back to the general, still trembling in my palm. God, he looked pale. I tilted my head, my grin turning sharp. "Your turn, General. Let's have a chat."

Without waiting for an answer—like he had a choice—I straightened to my full, glorious height. The world seemed to shrink even further, the horizon stretching out in all directions as I took in just how massive I was.
"Wow," I said, marveling at the view. "Everything looks so... tiny from up here. Oh, wait—that's because it is."
The general let out a groan, his face pale as he clutched his stomach. The sudden ascent had clearly done a number on him, and I couldn't help but laugh.

“Oh, come on,” I teased, tilting him slightly so he dangled precariously between my fingers. “What’s wrong, General? Didn’t your training prepare you for being lifted a few hundred feet into the air by a goddess? No? Pity.”
His weak glare only made my grin widen. “Don’t worry,” I said, my voice dropping to a conspiratorial whisper. “Need some time to get adjusted? I can give you that.”

I tilted my head, surveying the island below. The chaos spread out like a buffet for my newfound temper—clusters of soldiers scurrying around trucks, a couple of choppers circling nervously, and the now-pathetic remains of their command post on the hill. All that effort, all that coordination, and here I was, standing above it all. Again.
I smirked. “You know,” I mused aloud, “I don’t think I’ve properly stretched this morning.”

With exaggerated grace, I lifted my foot and let it hover over a group of soldiers.

Their frantic attempts to scatter were about as effective as ants dodging a garden boot. Down it came, a satisfying crunch announcing their fate.

"Oh, was that your squad?" I cooed, not even glancing at the general as I took another deliberate step. This one landed on a truck, flattening it into a mangled heap of metal and dust. "Whoopsie."
The general's voice cracked as he tried to shout over the sound of my rampage. "Miss Sullivan, what are you doing?"

I finally glanced at him, dangling from my fingers like a very breakable ornament. “What does it look like, General?” I asked, all innocence. “I’m cleaning up your mess. After all, isn’t that what goddesses do?”

Without waiting for his sputtering reply, I took another step—this time onto the hill itself. The command post crumbled like a sandcastle under my sole, and I twisted my foot slightly for good measure.
"Oops," I said again, my tone a mix of mock regret and pure satisfaction. "Was that important? My bad."

The general's tiny fists pounded weakly against my fingers, his pale face a mask of desperation. "Please! Stop this madness!"

"Oh, now you're polite," I drawled, pausing mid-step. "Where was this energy when you were tying me up and shooting me with your little toy rockets? You know, General, being tied down, threatened, and shot at doesn't exactly work wonders on a goddess's mood. And right now?" I gave him a sharp grin. "I'm feeling a bit... miffed."

The hill beneath my foot now looked like a glorified pancake, and the general's pleas grew more frantic. "Stop! Stop! I'm begging you!"

I raised him to my face, letting him dangle close enough to feel the gust of my amused sigh. “Begging, huh? That’s new. I like it.” I arched an eyebrow, letting the moment linger before continuing. “But fine. I’ll stop. For now.”
His wide-eyed relief was palpable, and I let him catch his breath before dropping the next bombshell. “Here’s the deal, General. It’s up to you now.”

His head jerked back in confusion, his tiny voice barely audible. “What... what does that mean?”

“It means,” I said slowly, savoring the weight of my words, “I’ve got some questions. And depending on how much I like your answers, I might be appeased enough to let this go... or,” I leaned in closer, my grin turning razor-sharp, “I might decide to go full Godzilla on your precious little city.”

The silence that followed was delicious, the tension thick enough to cut with a knife.

The general hesitated, his tiny, trembling voice finally squeaking out, “What... what do you want?”
I couldn’t help but grin, leaning in so close that my breath made his uniform ripple. “Oh, look at you, all cooperative now. I like that, General. You’re learning.” I chuckled, the sound reverberating through the island. “Maybe there’s hope for you yet.”

His face was practically green, and I tilted my head, letting the silence stretch just enough to make him squirm. “First question: Chrissie. Where is she?”
His lips trembled, but he managed a response. “She... she’s restrained. On the beach in Denton. Like... like you were.”

"Like I was," I repeated, my grin sharpening. "Key word, General. Was." I straightened slightly, glancing out toward the horizon. "You know she's not staying restrained for long, right?"

He didn't reply, but the way his jaw clenched told me he knew I was right.

"Now," I said as I turned my gaze back to him. "Next question. What was the plan?"

"The... plan?" he stammered, clearly stalling.

I rolled my eyes. "Don't play dumb. You wanted to shrink me down, right? So, what's the grand plan for that?"

He clamped his mouth shut, which only made my grin widen. “Oh, keeping secrets now? That’s cute.” I began to stroll casually around the island, my feet sinking into the sand with every step.

My gaze landed on a cluster of soldiers who froze like deer in headlights. Without breaking stride, I stepped down, flattening them beneath my sole.

"Oops," I said sweetly, glancing back at the general.
"Were they important?"
He flinched, but still didn't speak.

“Well, let’s try again,” I continued, my tone light as I adjusted my path toward another group. “I’m a very curious girl, General. And I really hate unanswered questions.” My next step turned another squad into nothing more than a memory, the ground beneath me trembling from the impact.

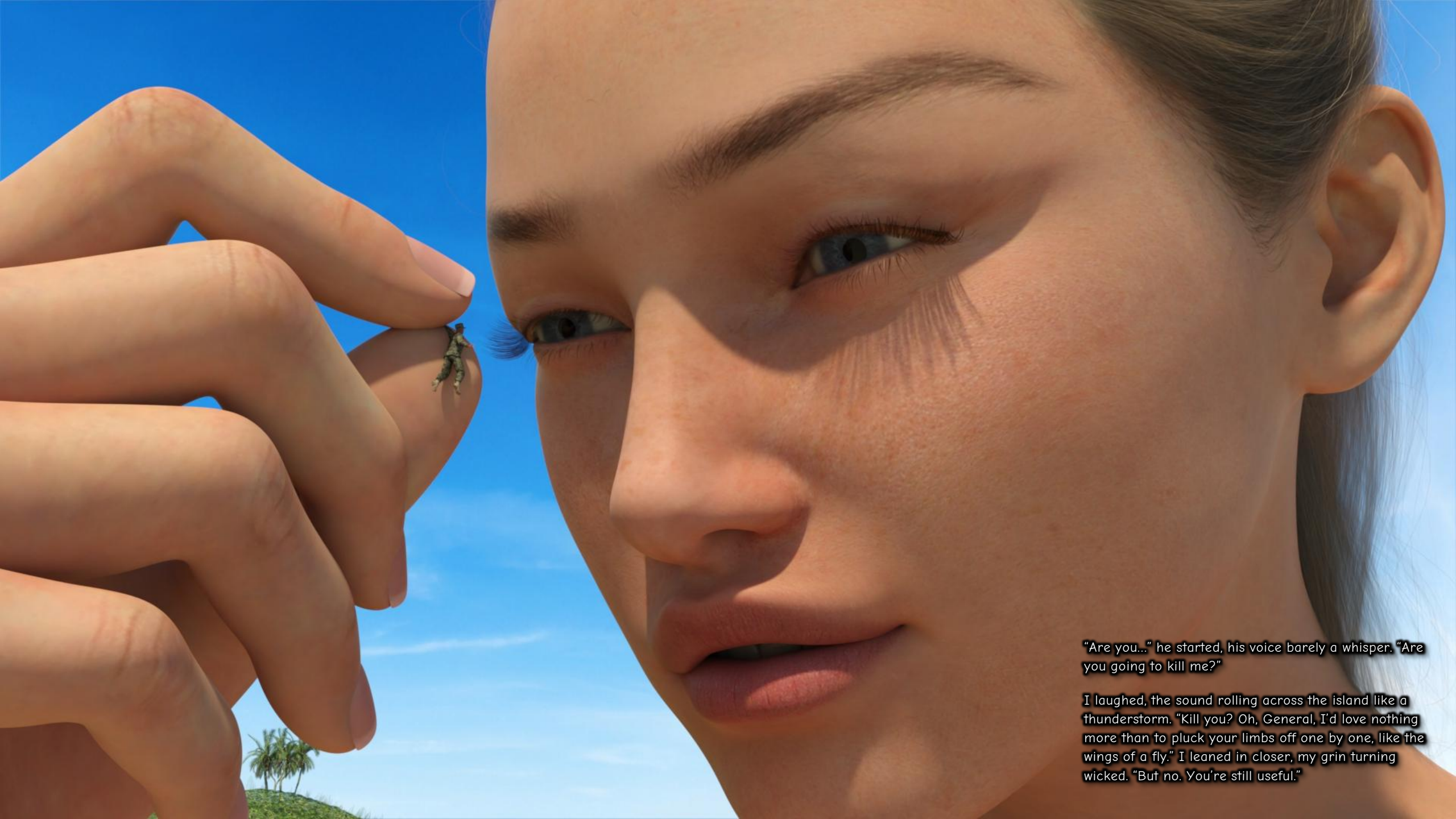
"Alright! Alright!" he shouted, his voice cracking. "The scientists—at the base—they were working on... something. A way to shrink you."
I paused mid-step, my foot hovering ominously over another group. "Oh?" I said, tilting my head. "Do go on."

He hesitated, then blurted, “They’re using the pills! The ones that made you grow! They think they can reverse the process.”
I pursed my lips, considering. “Huh.” My eyes narrowed as I leaned closer to him. “And where exactly are these genius eggheads?”
He shook his head, clearly not wanting to answer.

I sighed dramatically, then shifted my weight, bringing my foot down hard on another squad. The crunch of metal and bodies was music to my ears, and I shot him a pointed look.

"The airport!" he yelped, his voice barely audible over the chaos. "They're at the airport!"
"See?" I said, flashing him a brilliant smile. "That wasn't so hard, was it?"

He didn't reply, his expression a mix of defeat and terror.
"Looks like I've got work to do," I said, standing to my full, glorious height. The world below seemed even smaller from up here, and I couldn't help but marvel at the view.


"Are you..." he started, his voice barely a whisper. "Are you going to kill me?"
I laughed, the sound rolling across the island like a thunderstorm. "Kill you? Oh, General, I'd love nothing more than to pluck your limbs off one by one, like the wings of a fly." I leaned in closer, my grin turning wicked. "But no. You're still useful."

Before he could ask what I meant, I shifted him in my grip, my other hand reaching back. “I’ve done this before, General,” I purred, aligning him with his new destination. “It’s going to be a bit more... roomy this time.”

With a swift, practiced motion, I shoved him into my ass, feeling his tiny struggles disappear into irrelevance. “There,” I said with a satisfied sigh. “Much better.”

Straightening up, I brushed off my hands and turned my gaze toward the horizon. “Time to get back into the city.”

CHAPTER 17
MIFFED

The sun blazed overhead, its golden rays reflecting off the water as I waded back toward the mainland. The waves lapped lazily at my thighs, but even their vastness felt insignificant compared to me. God, I was really loving this new size. Each step sent ripples across the bay, and the sight of soldiers scrambling on the beach ahead made me grin. Oh, they were trying. Trying and failing.

A couple of boats bobbed pathetically in the water, their decks teeming with tinies firing their little weapons. I barely felt the pricks of their bullets, and the rockets? Adorable. It was like being pelted with confetti. Still, I was not in the mood.

"Really?" I called, my voice cutting through the chaos. "You're still doing this? After everything?"
I crouched slightly and brought my hand down, a tidal wave surging from the impact as I smashed one boat into the depths. It sank like a stone, the tinies onboard barely managing a squeak.

The second boat tried to veer away, but I flicked it with my foot, sending it spinning before it too disappeared beneath the surface.

Above me, the distant whir of rotor blades caught my attention. A helicopter was circling, its weaponry aimed squarely at my head. I tilted my head, smirking, then swatted it out of the air like the annoying bug it was. It spiraled down in flames, crashing into the water with a satisfying hiss.

By the time I reached the beach, I was already in a much better mood. Until the soldiers started shooting at me again.

"Alright, that's enough," I muttered, stepping onto the sand. My first stomp flattened a group of them, along with a few jeeps and an APC. The second took care of another cluster, their screams barely registering over the satisfying crunch beneath my sole.

"Playtime's over," I said, grinding my foot into the sand for emphasis.

Then I saw her. Chrissie. Bound Gulliver-style just like I had been, but smaller. So much smaller. I couldn't help but grin as I approached, her eyes widening when she saw me.
"Zoe?" she called, her voice carrying a mix of surprise and annoyance. "What the hell took you so long?"

I crouched beside her, surveying the industrial cables that dug into her skin. “Busy schedule, Chriss,” I replied, grabbing one of the cables and yanking it free like it was made of string. “But don’t worry, I’m here now.”

Chrissie's usual cocky attitude seemed muted as I ripped through the rest of her restraints with ease. She sat up, rubbing her wrists, then stood—and froze. Her eyes traveled up my body, her head tilting further and further back until she was craning her neck.

"Wait a second," she said, her voice tinged with disbelief. "What... why are you so big?"

I smirked, standing to my full, glorious height. Chrissie barely reached my belly button. "Oh, yeah. I grew a bit."

"A bit?" she sputtered, her tone half-shock, half-pout. "You're... huge!"

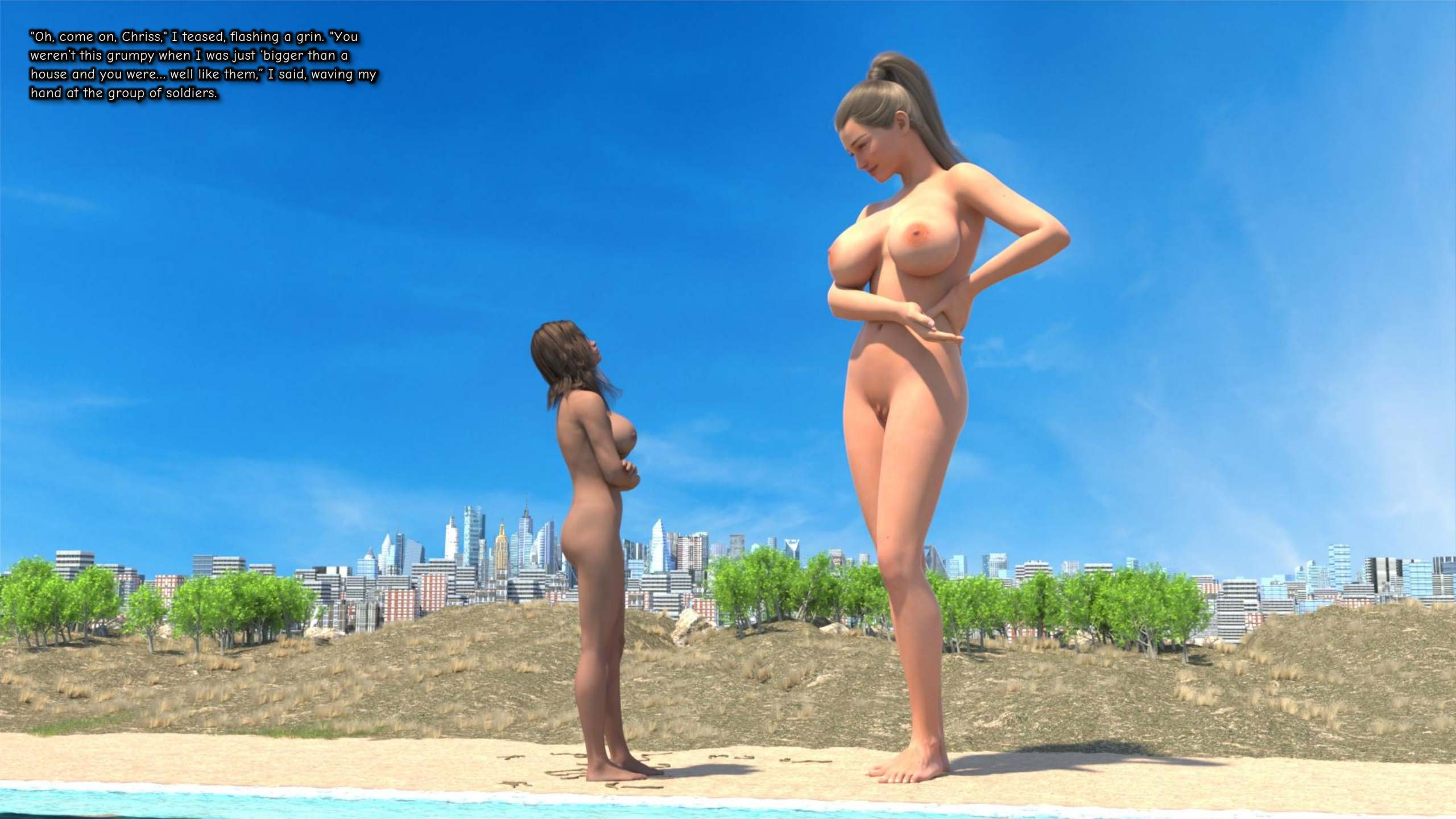
I shrugged, brushing some imaginary dust off my shoulder. "It's just what I do, apparently."

Chrissie crossed her arms, her eyes narrowing. "You mean to tell me you were out there growing while I was tied up and shot at?"

"Pretty much," I said, biting back a laugh at her expression. "But hey, don't feel bad, Chriss. You're still... well, you're still taller than them."

She sighed, clearly torn between relief at being free and irritation at my new stature. "This is so unfair."

I chuckled, patting her on the head—a gesture that seemed to irk her even more. “Life’s not fair, Chriss. But at least you’ve got me.”
Chrissie was still sulking, arms crossed, glaring up at me like I'd personally stolen her height and refused to give it back. It was honestly adorable.


"Oh, come on, Chriss," I teased, flashing a grin. "You weren't this grumpy when I was just 'bigger than a house and you were... well like them," I said, waving my hand at the group of soldiers.

She shot me a deadpan look. "Yeah, well, back then, I wasn't trying to be a goddess. Now? I don't exactly love being the sidekick."

I smirked, tilting my head. "Aww, so you wanna be the main event, huh? Feeling a little overshadowed?"

Chrissie scoffed, but there was real frustration behind it. "Oh, I love that my bestie is practically double my size now. So thrilled to be the supporting role in our little empire."

I laughed, but I wasn't blind. This wasn't just annoyance—Chrissie was pissed. And not just because of me.

She'd been trapped, tied down like I had been, helpless while these little insects took their best shot at trying to control her.

And that? That didn't sit well with her.

I glanced at the beach, where plenty of tiny soldiers were still scrambling. Some were fleeing. Others hesitated, unsure whether to run or keep fighting. A few, either brave or profoundly stupid, were actually still shooting, which kind of amazed me.
I rolled my eyes. "You know, Chriss, since you're feeling a little... out of sorts, why not take it out on the tinies? You know, the ones who tied you up, shot at you, and thought they could actually stop you?"

Chrissie turned, scanning the scattered tinies, her expression darkening into something wicked and amused. "Oh, Zoe," she said, rolling her shoulders. "I thought you'd never ask."
I stepped back, arms crossed, and let Chrissie have her moment. This wasn't just about revenge—this was about reminding them exactly who they were dealing with.

Chrissie stalked forward, her steps deliberate, sending tremors through the ground. The soldiers had nowhere to go, not really. Not when she towered over them, not when her very presence made their entire battlefield look like a sandbox.
She planted her hands on her hips, looking down at them, her voice mockingly disappointed. "So, let me get this straight," she said, her tone dripping with amusement. "You actually thought you could keep me down? Tie me up, shoot at me, threaten me?"
The tinies didn't answer. Some just froze, trembling, while others were still fumbling for their guns.

Chrissie sighed, shaking her head. "I really hope you tinies learned your lesson. But just in case... let's go over it one more time."
She raised her foot, casting a massive shadow over the cluster of soldiers paralyzed beneath her. She let it hover there, just long enough for them to scream, scramble, beg—but they had nowhere to go. Then, with the softest press, she pinned them down, not crushing yet, just reminding them how tiny they were.

"You do not trap a goddess," she said, her foot pressing just enough to make them struggle harder. "You do not shoot at a goddess. You do not try to stop a goddess."
Then, finally, she slammed her foot down, full force.
The impact shook the beach. Sand erupted, the ground shuddered, and where a squad of armed tinies had been, there was nothing left but a deep imprint of her sole.

Chrissie sighed dramatically, lifting her foot to examine her work. "Yep. That's way better."

I smirked, watching her relish the moment.
"Feeling better?"
She cracked her knuckles. "Getting there."
But she wasn't done.

There was a jeep speeding away, tearing across the sand like it actually had a chance. Chrissie just watched it for a second, letting them think they were escaping.

Then, she plucked it from the sand, lifting it high, high, high above the ground. "Yeah, I don't really need you," she murmured.

And then she let go.
The jeep slammed down, exploding into a thousand pieces.
Chrissie smirked. "Oops."
I laughed, watching the survivors scatter like panicked roaches. "Chrissie, you're so clumsy."
She twirled a strand of hair, smug as hell. "I know, right?"

Chrissie turned to the last group, a huddle of soldiers frozen in place, as if hoping she'd ignore them.
She crouched, her massive form casting them in shadow, plucking one single tiny between her fingernails.
She held him up, bringing him close to her face, her grin razor-sharp.
"You look so scared," she purred.
The tiny trembled.
Chrissie's eyes sparkled. "Good."

Then—she popped him into her mouth. Just like that. The tinies below screamed.
I arched an eyebrow. "Chrissie. Are we eating people now?"
She snorted, rolling her eyes. "Pfft. No. I just wanted to see the look on your face."

She opened her mouth, sticking out her tongue—the tiny was still there, drenched but alive.
I laughed. "You're awful."

She winked, then spat him onto the ground...
from a little too high.

Chrissie sighed, brushing off her hands. "Alright. Now I'm good."
I raised an eyebrow. "You sure? No lingering frustrations?"
She smirked, holding up her safe-necklace—her little souvenir. "Nope. I'm feeling great."
Chrissie strolled back to my side, looking much more satisfied than before. She stopped, glanced up at me—then pouted again.
"Still not happy about being shorter, though."

I chuckled, reaching down to ruffle her hair. "Aww, Chrissie. You're still huge."
She huffed. "Not huge enough."
I rolled my eyes. "Well, if you're nice, maybe I'll let you ride on my shoulder."
Chrissie snorted. "You're so lucky I like you."
I grinned, arms crossed. "Oh, girl. I know."

And with that, we turned toward the city.
Chrissie was still shaking off the lingering frustration of our sudden size gap, but at least now she looked more amused than sulky. She stretched her arms, rolling her shoulders as we walked, the ground trembling beneath our steps.
Then, casually, she glanced up at me. "So. What happened to you in Ferris Island?"

I grinned wider, stretching my arms over my head like a cat waking up from the best nap of its life. “Oh, you know. Not that different from you, really. Woke up tied down like a damn parade balloon, the little shits had the nerve to bark orders at me, shot at me, and—get this—told me they were gonna shrink me back.” I scoffed, shaking my head like the absolute audacity of it all still baffled me. Then I flashed her a wicked smirk. "They were definitely not expecting me to grow some more."

Chrissie let out a little huff, arms crossed, still not over the whole size discrepancy thing. "Yeah, well, me neither." She wrinkled her nose. "Why didn't I grow?"
I couldn't resist. Oh, it was just too easy.
"Who knows... maybe I'm just cooler?"

Her head snapped up, eyes narrowing, mouth opening immediately.
"Bitch."
I grinned harder, flicking a piece of sand off my hip like I hadn't just made her day infinitely worse.
Clearly eager to change the subject before she started throwing hands (or, in this case, entire buildings), she exhaled sharply and asked, "So, what did you do?"
Now that was a question I loved to answer.

"I cleaned up."
Chrissie snorted. "Define 'cleaned up.'"
I shrugged like it was no big deal. "You know. Stepped on some of them, crushed some trucks, flattened their little command post under my foot. Oh! And I grabbed their general and put him somewhere special."

Chrissie arched an eyebrow. "Where?"
My grin stretched wider. "Oh, you know." I patted my ass meaningfully.
Chrissie barked out a laugh. "Holy shit, Zoe. You're really hoarding tinies now, huh?"

I chuckled, placing a hand on my hip. "Hey, it's convenient. And it's not like I have pockets on me."
Her eyes glinted. "Speaking of which... what about Brandon?"

I smirked, giving my hips a playful little sway. "He's... occupied."
Chrissie's jaw dropped. "ZOE."
I laughed. "What? You think I was just gonna carry him? He's used to being inside me. He should be honored to get another round."
Chrissie made a face. "Damn, girl. Hope he's enjoying the sightseeing tour."

I winked. "Oh, I doubt he's doing much sightseeing. He's probably still trying to figure out how his entire life led him to this moment."
Chrissie snorted, shaking her head. she tilted her head, curiosity sparking in her eyes. "Oh, what about Jennifer?"

I sighed dramatically. "Ugh. Jennifer." I waved a dismissive hand. "She was annoying me. So I flicked her."
Chrissie blinked. "You... what?"
I smirked. "I flicked her. You know—like a bug."

Chrissie's grin spread. "Oh my god, Zoe, where did she even land?"
I shrugged. "Honestly? Somewhere in the Atlantic. Maybe halfway to Europe by now. Hopefully, she's enjoying her extended flight."

Chrissie cackled, slapping my thigh. "I hated her."
I grinned. "Oh, trust me, girl. Not as much as I did." Then I sighed, stretching again. "There's just... a special kind of pleasure in having your high school bully go from 'queen bee' to tiny little moth in the palm of your hand."

Chrissie snorted. "I bet. Guess she won't be screwing anyone's boyfriend ever again."
I winked. "Well, she won't be screwing anything ever again, that's for sure."
We both laughed, our towering strides shaking the ground, fully basking in the glory of our new reality. Then, out of nowhere, a thought hit me. My laughter stopped. My brows furrowed. My eyes narrowed.

"Wait."
Chrissie noticed instantly. "What?"
I turned my gaze toward her, eyes sharp.
"Where's Jason?"

Chrissie paused, blinking. "Huh?"
"Jason," I repeated. "You know, my little pet. The one I left in your care?"
Chrissie made a thoughtful face, then shrugged. "Oh. Right. No idea."
I tilted my head. "Excuse me?"
She raised her hands defensively. "Hey, hey, chill. I had him when I went to sleep! We talked a bit, he was actually starting to like you, which was hilarious, by the way. But then I woke up tied up like a damn Thanksgiving turkey and—poof! No tiny!"

I huffed, folding my arms. "So you're telling me my favorite little pet was snatched while you were cuddling him, and you just lost him?"
Chrissie pouted. "Listen! I had bigger problems! Like, I don't know, getting hogtied by military assholes?"

I tapped my fingers against my hip, my eyes narrowing further. "This won't do."

Chrissie sighed, rubbing her temple. "Oh god, you're about to turn the city upside down to find him, aren't you?"

I turned, scanning the landscape, my mind already piecing things together. "Damn right I am."

Chrissie crossed her arms and tilted her head, still clearly bitter about the whole me-being-bigger-than-her situation, but at least distracted enough for now. "Alright, Miss Skyscraper," she sighed. "So, how are you planning to find your little pet?"

I tapped my chin, pretending to mull it over like it wasn't already obvious. Then, with a wicked grin, I reached behind me, fingers diving into the depths of my divine ass like I was digging for buried treasure.
Chrissie raised an eyebrow. "Zoe, babe, I know you're feeling yourself right now, but this is not the time for an impromptu ass check."

I ignored her and plucked the general free, pulling him from his five-star accommodations with all the care of someone unpacking a crumpled-up napkin.

I barely had to look to know he was a mess. The man looked half-dead, fully traumatized, and smelled like—well.

Chrissie winced as I knelt and dropped his limp, shaky little body into my palm so she could get a better look. “Jesus,” she muttered, wrinkling her nose. “He looks like shit. And smells worse.”
I beamed, unbothered. “Well, yeah. Considering where he’s been? I’d be worried if he came out smelling like roses.”

The general groaned weakly, his little body heaving in distress as he forced his eyes open. The moment he registered the two of us towering over him like twin gods of judgment, his already shattered mind nearly cracked in half.
Poor guy. I would have felt bad if he wasn't a tiny speck of nothing who tried to have me murdered.

I tilted my head, all syrupy-sweet amusement and barely concealed menace. "Morning, General. Slept well?"

"I don't think he's gonna give you a five-star review," Chrissie teased, making me chuckle.

The General coughed, probably trying to figure out if this was hell or if he'd actually lived long enough to regret all his life choices.

"Well," I continued, tapping a finger against my palm for emphasis, "my pet Jason is missing, and I want him back."
Chrissie snickered, muttering, "God, you're really leaning into that whole 'pet' thing."
I shrugged, completely unapologetic. "I like how it sounds."

The general wheezed, still struggling to sit up. “I— I don’t know—”

I sighed dramatically, leaning in slightly as if I wasn’t already taking up his entire goddamn sky. “Okay, let’s try that again, tiny. Where did you take him?”

The general swallowed hard, but to his (dumb) credit, he didn’t start groveling immediately. “I wasn’t in charge of that part of the operation.”

I stilled. Slow blinked. Then, I sighed again, rolling my eyes as I straightened up. "Ugh. You tinies are so incompetent."

Chrissie snorted. "Right? It's like, if you're gonna abduct people, at least write it down somewhere."

I turned my attention back to the sweating, trembling general, a mocking pout on my lips. "Well, this is a problem. Because, see, I really wanted to avoid throwing a tantrum today. But now..." I let my grin slowly sharpen, my voice dropping into something sing-songy and deeply unsettling.

"...Now I might have to. And at my new size..."

The general flinched.

Chrissie chuckled, already enjoying the show.

I tapped my fingers against my palm right next to him, the sound alone making him jolt. The general's face drained of all color. I beamed.

Chrissie leaned in, resting her chin on my shoulder. "Ooh. I like where this is going."

I gave her a conspiratorial wink, then turned back to my quivering little hostage. "So! Let's fix this, shall we? Tell me where my tiny pet is, and maybe, just maybe, I'll consider not venting my anger in the city."

His little mouth opened and closed, his brain clearly trying to calculate whether or not I was bluffing.

Spoiler alert: I wasn't.

The General wheezed, his tiny body still trembling in my palm. I arched an eyebrow, tapping my fingers next to him just to watch him flinch again. "So?" I prompted, dragging out the word with exaggerated patience.
His lips parted, but whatever courage he'd scraped together was disintegrating fast. "I—I don't know," he stammered, barely getting the words out. "I wasn't—"

I rolled my eyes, letting out a long, theatrical sigh. “Ugh, you useless little speck. I actually believe you.” I let that sit for a second before my lips curled into a sharp grin. “That doesn’t mean I’m happy about it.”

Before he could try and sputter out another weak excuse, I reached behind me and, with the same casual ease as adjusting my underwear, shoved him right back where he belonged.

His tiny scream got muffled fast.

Chrissie let out a snort. “Wow. Straight back into storage, huh?”

I gave my hips a playful little shake. “Hey, it’s roomy now. Might as well put it to good use.”

Chrissie made a face. “You’re gonna get a reputation.”

I feigned offense. “Oh, please. If I haven’t already, then I’m clearly not trying hard enough.”

We shared a laugh, but my mood was still simmering with irritation. I wasn’t going to let some tiny insects just make off with my Jason. That wasn’t how this worked.

I stood up to my full height, stretching my arms out, feeling the sheer enormity of myself. God, it felt good. But Jason was still missing, and that was unacceptable.
Chrissie looked up at me, already curious. "So, what's the plan?"
I smirked, tossing my hair over my shoulder. "Well, what did I do last time?"
Chrissie blinked, then realization dawned. "Oh. You're just gonna make them bring him to you."

I stretched my fingers, rolling my shoulders. "Worked for Brandon, didn't it?"
Chrissie snorted. "Yeah, but we don't have an hour this time."
I grinned, wicked and sharp. "Nope. They get five minutes."
She stared at me. "Five? Zoe, they're never gonna find him in five minutes."

I tilted my head, feigning deep thought. "Oh no, that would be such a shame." Then my grin widened. "You know," I said, my voice dropping into a playful purr, "the last time I checked, this city had submitted to us. They bowed. They served. And then? Then we woke up tied down and attacked."

Chrissie nodded slowly, catching on. "So, this is about reminding them who's in charge?"

"Exactly," I said, the grin on my face growing wider with every step. The thought of what was to come sent a thrill of anticipation racing through me. "And if Jason happens to turn up in the process, even better."

Chrissie walked alongside me, her strides smaller but still making the earth tremble. "So... how much of the city do you want to wreck to make your point?"

I tilted my head as if seriously considering it. "Enough."

Chrissie snorted, shaking her head. "You've changed, you know that? What happened to the girl who was freaking out because she accidentally stepped on someone?"

I gave her a knowing smile. "Oh, her?" I gestured vaguely to myself. "I outgrew her. Literally."

Chrissie rolled her eyes, a smirk tugging at her lips as the two of us strode forward.

The skyline of Denton stretched before us, but my eyes were locked on something more entertaining—news choppers, flitting around like anxious little insects, their cameras undoubtedly rolling. Oh, they were watching. The whole world was watching.
I smirked and lifted a hand, curling a single finger to beckon them forward. “Come here, little flies,” I cooed, my voice cutting through the air like silk-wrapped steel.
The hesitation was palpable. The helicopters wavered mid-air, like they were debating whether getting closer to me was worth the exclusive footage. A few even veered slightly away.

I tilted my head, my grin widening. “Oh, come on,” I chided, my tone playful but sharp. “Don’t be shy. I don’t bite.” I paused. “Well. Not often.”
Chrissie snorted beside me, arms crossed, watching the scene unfold with barely contained amusement.

Finally, after what felt like ages, one of the choppers dared to inch closer. Then another. Then the rest, drawn in like moths to the biggest, deadliest flame they'd ever seen.

"There we go," I purred, satisfied. "See? Was that so hard?"

The tiny voices in my ears—anchors, reporters, maybe even military comms—were buzzing in full force. I couldn't hear them directly, but I could imagine the panic.

I placed a hand on my hip and leaned in slightly, letting them all get a good, glorious view of me. "So, tell me," I drawled, cocking an eyebrow. "How do you like the new me?"

The choppers didn't answer, obviously, but the way they trembled in mid-air spoke volumes.

I grinned. "I have to admit... I love it. The view is incredible, the power's unreal—" I lifted a foot, inspecting the sole of it for effect, "—but there is a tiny little problem."

Chrissie raised an eyebrow, playing along. "Oh? And what's that, Zo?"

I sighed dramatically. “Well, you see, it was already hard enough not to crush things when I was just five hundred feet tall. Now? It’s practically impossible to take a step without demolishing some poor, fragile little buildings or... you know. Entire streets full of tinies.” I let the words hang, watching the reaction in the air shift from uneasy to full-blown panic.

"Oh, don't look at me like that," I continued, feigning innocence. "It's not like I mind." My eyes gleamed, my smirk sharpening. "Especially after what you tinies pulled."

Chrissie let out a low whistle. "They did go back on their promise to, you know, submit to us."

I nodded sagely. "Exactly! We had a deal. They bow, they obey, they don't try to tie us up like a couple of rabid dogs." My voice took on a sharper edge, my smirk thinning. "And yet, here we are."

The choppers wobbled slightly, like they could feel the shift in my mood. I tapped a finger against my thigh, barely containing the urge to knock a few buildings down just to prove a point.

"But," I continued, forcing my smile back, "I'm not completely unreasonable."

Chrissie scoffed. "Debatable."

I shot her a look before refocusing on the news choppers. "There's a little man I happen to be very fond of. His name is Jason. I never asked for the last name, but it doesn't matter. He knows who he is. He's missing." I placed my hands on my hips, voice smooth as honey. "And I want him."

The air was dead silent except for the whir of rotor blades.

"So," I said, smiling wider. "Here's what's going to happen. You tiny little people are going to find Jason and bring him to me. And since I'm not feeling very patient after the stunt you guys pulled up, you've got five minutes."

The choppers jerked at that, their little metal bodies wobbling in midair like they were suddenly questioning all their life choices. Oh, now they were really panicking.

"Of course... if you don't find him..."
I took a few lazy steps toward the nearest building. Couldn't tell if it was supposed to be tall or not—either way, it barely reached my knee. Adorable.

I paused, letting the weight of the moment settle. Then, with a smirk, I lifted my foot and rested it on the roof, feeling the structure creak and shudder beneath my toes. I could hear the tinies inside, screaming their lungs out, but honestly? I wasn't really counting casualties anymore. What's a few people? Or a few hundred?

How things change, right?

Then, I pressed down.
The building caved instantly, crumbling like a goddamn sandcastle beneath me. A thick plume of smoke and debris whooshed into the air, curling around my ankles like the world itself was bending to me.
Juice

Cue chaos.
Panic exploded across the streets. People ran. Choppers reeled back. The tinies below were screaming, scattering in all directions like little roaches caught in the light.
And me?
I just stood there, hands on my hips, smirking. Watching them scramble. Daring them to fail.
Because, really?
I wanted them to fail.
PAY DAY LOANS
PAY DAY LOANS
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"Chop, chop!" I called, my voice ringing across the skyline, practically vibrating through the choppers. "Tick-tock, little ones! You've got a goddess on a schedule."
And oh, did I love watching them scramble.

After admiring the scene for a bit, I dropped to one knee, bringing myself closer to Chrissie's level—not that it made much of a difference. She still had to crane her neck to look me in the eyes, and I could feel the way that pissed her off. It was cute.
"So," she started, arms crossed, her pout barely masked by forced nonchalance. "You actually planned this, or are you just making it up as you go?"

I smirked, rolling my shoulders as if the mere concept of needing a plan was beneath me. "Chriss, when you're this big, planning is kinda optional." I let my gaze sweep over the city, the tinies scattering below, their cars swerving as if it would actually make a difference. "But what I do know is that these little shits need to learn their place. They had their shot at submission. They promised to obey—and instead, they tied us up, attacked us, and thought they could undo us?" I scoffed, flipping my hair over my shoulder. "Nah. Now they learn."

Chrissie shifted her weight, arms still crossed, lips pressing into a thin line. "I mean... yeah, I get that, but..." She hesitated, which was rare for her. "Don't you think this is a little harsh?"

I quirked an eyebrow. "Harsh?"

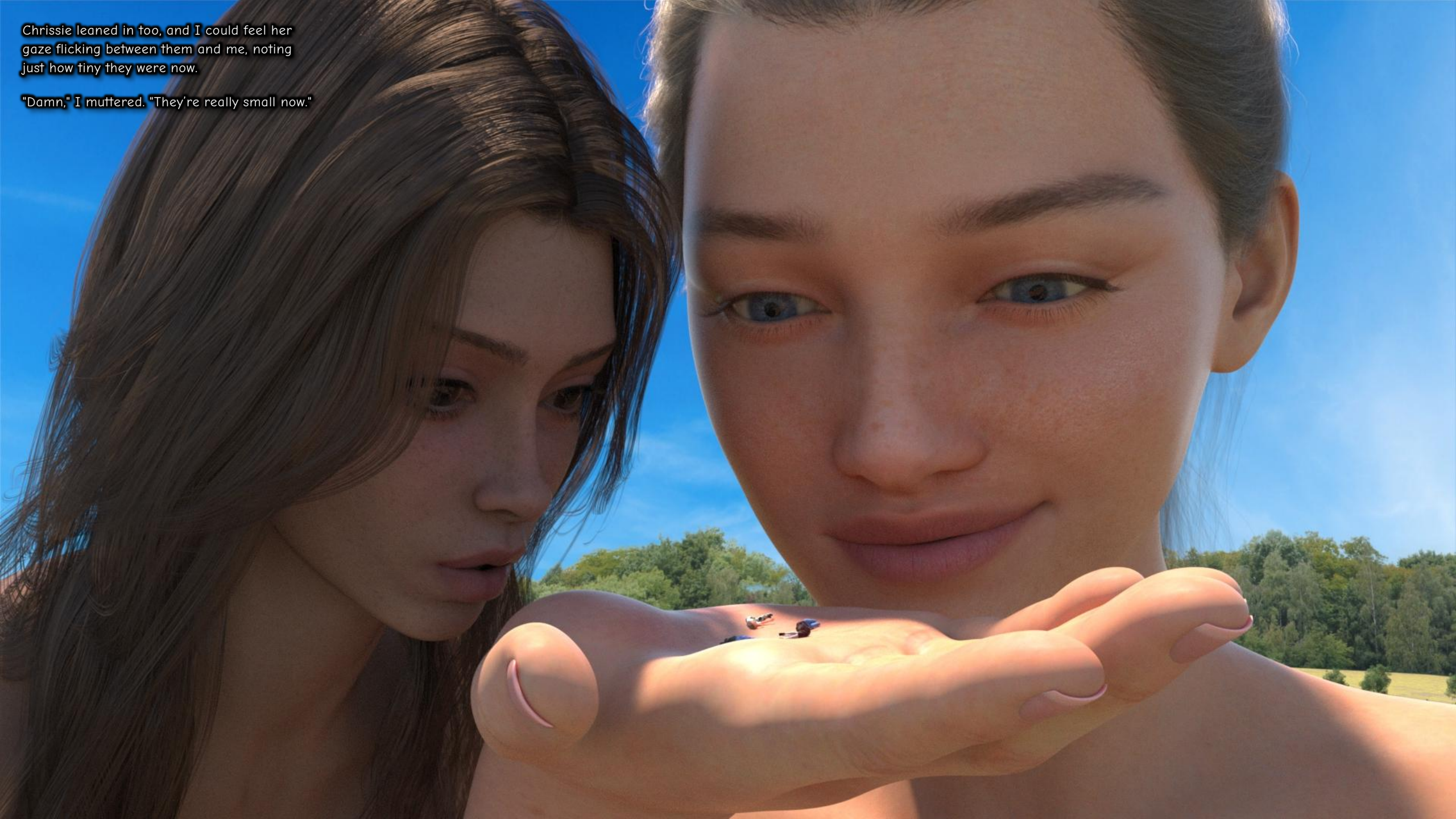
She exhaled through her nose, her fingers tapping against her arm. "I'm just saying, they're struggling. Obviously. They're trying to wrap their heads around the fact that two college girls took over their city, and maybe they don't know how to deal with that."

"See, that's the problem," I cut in, my voice smooth, deliberate. "They're still seeing us as girls. As if we're just a couple of brats throwing a tantrum." I leaned in slightly, voice dropping to a seductive whisper. "We're not girls, Chrissie."

I let that hang for a second before letting my smirk widen.

"We're goddesses. And if they won't accept that the right way..." My fingers curled into the pavement, the concrete crumbling effortlessly under my grip. "...I'll make sure they learn it the hard way."

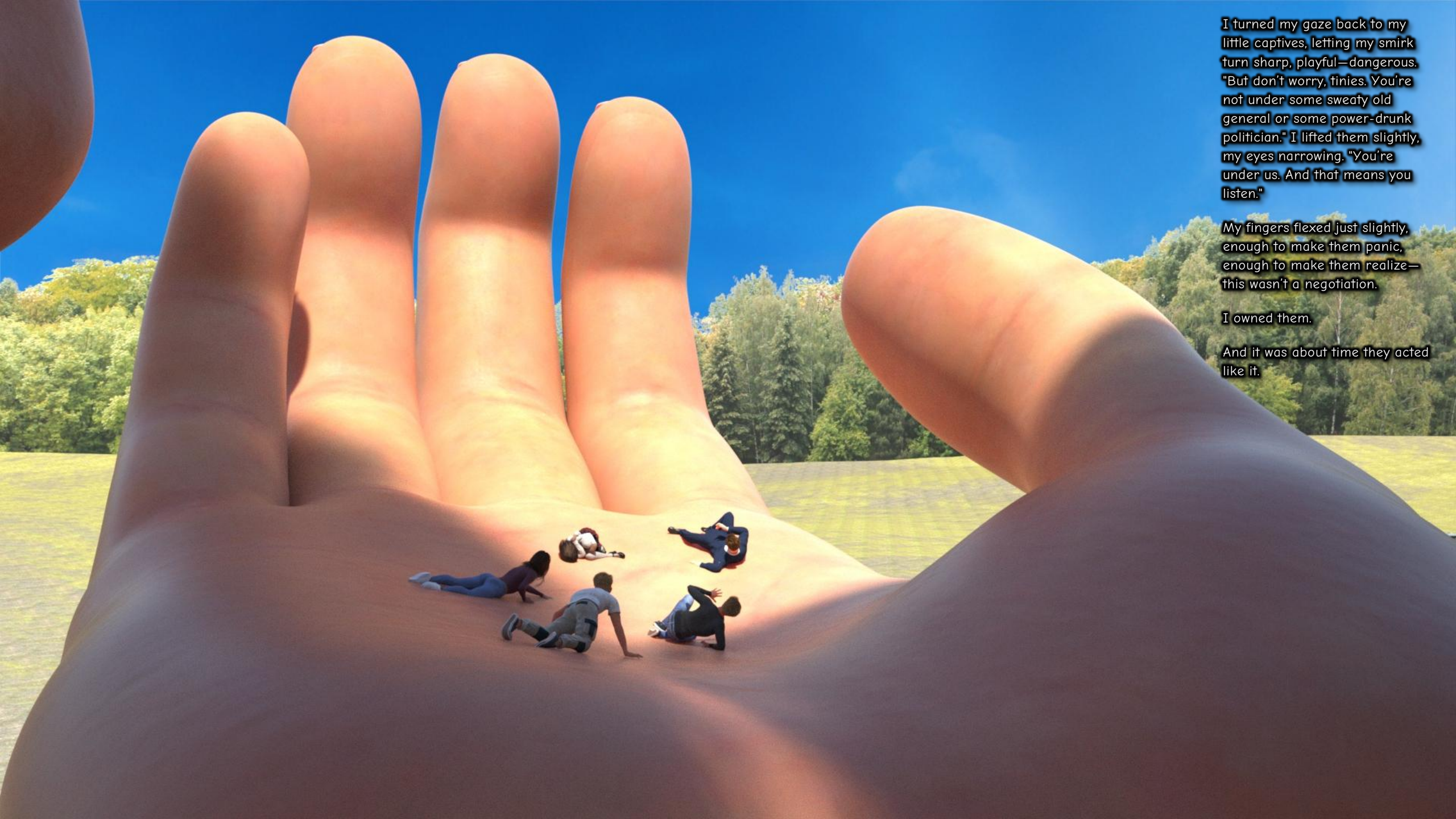
Without another word, I reached down and swept my hand through the streets, dragging up a handful of screaming, flailing tinies. They squirmed in my grasp, their tiny limbs flailing like they actually thought they could fight their way out. I lifted them up, bringing them close—close enough that they had no choice but to take in every little detail of my face. The shimmer in my eyes, the curve of my smirk, the overwhelming size of me.


Chrissie leaned in too, and I could feel her gaze flicking between them and me, noting just how tiny they were now.
"Damn," I muttered. "They're really small now."

One of them—a man in a suit, bless his tiny delusional heart—actually tried to stand up in my palm, puffing his little chest like he had a say in anything.

I rolled my eyes. "Oh, honey." I pressed my thumb down gently, watching him instantly collapse under my touch. "You're embarrassing yourself."
The others screamed, and I tilted my head in mock disappointment. "Oh, come on. Why all the drama? You should be thanking us. Like, really—how lucky are you tinies to be ruled by us?"

I glanced at Chrissie with a knowing smirk. "Two smart, hot, young women who just happen to have the power of a god?" I let out a mock sigh, shaking my head. "You people really don't know how good you have it."
Chrissie chuckled, watching them squirm with new interest. "Right? Imagine if some dudes got this kind of power." She shuddered dramatically. "Yikes. You'd all really be screwed then."


I turned my gaze back to my little captives, letting my smirk turn sharp, playful—dangerous. "But don't worry, tinies. You're not under some sweaty old general or some power-drunk politician." I lifted them slightly, my eyes narrowing. "You're under us. And that means you listen."
My fingers flexed just slightly, enough to make them panic, enough to make them realize—this wasn't a negotiation.
I owned them.
And it was about time they acted like it.

I glanced down at the handful of pathetic, trembling tinies in my palm, their little bodies shaking so badly I could feel it.

I tilted my head, my grin spreading. “Alright, tinies. Quick little pop quiz.” My fingers flexed, just enough to make them squirm harder. “Are you going to obey?”

Silence.

Some of them stammered, others just trembled, their eyes darting to each other like they were hoping somebody else would do the talking.

I waited. One beat. Two. Then I sighed dramatically, rolling my eyes. “Wrong answer.”

And with that, I tossed them over my shoulder.

Just a casual flick of my wrist, like discarding breadcrumbs off a table. Their little shrieks faded almost instantly, swallowed by the wind as their tiny bodies vanished somewhere over my shoulder.

Chrissie let out a short laugh, shaking her head. “Damn, Zo. No patience for the slow learners?”

I dusted my hands off like I’d just rid myself of something gross, stretching as I rose back to my full, magnificent height. The city barely reached my knees now. “Nah. If they can’t give a simple yes-or-no, they’re dead weight anyway.”

Then, I turned, scanning the tiny streets below. My lips curled into a smirk.

“So... has it been five minutes yet?”

TO BE CONTINUED