A Twist of Fate
by Papayoya
Graphic novel
Chapters 18-20
250+ images

CHAPTER 18
ZOE IN THE CITY

The sun was still high, glinting off the buildings ahead as I strolled into the city like I owned the place—which, let's be real, I did. Chrissie trailed behind, her pace a little hurried as she worked to keep up with my longer strides. It wasn't her fault, of course. I was just that much bigger now.

Each step I took carved deep prints into the asphalt, shaking the buildings around me. What used to be a vast skyline now felt... quaint. Most of the buildings barely grazed my knees, some got ambitious and reached my hips, and a few brave ones—just a handful—peeked up at my belly button. Adorable.
This size? Oh, I could get used to this.

Chrissie was close behind, her footsteps still rocking the ground, though not with the same authority as mine. She was catching up just as I noticed the crowd ahead—thousands of tinies packed into a few blocks, moving in that frantic, mindless way they do when they think they stand a chance at getting away.
TkF
CINEMA

I grinned, slowing my pace as I approached. The road groaned beneath me, the cracks widening with every step, the nearby buildings swaying like they were worried I might lean on them. I wasn't even trying, and the chaos was palpable.

The crowd was doing their usual routine—sprinting, tripping, screaming. It was almost cute how predictable they were. By the time I stopped, I was close enough to loom over them completely, my shadow stretching over the scrambling masses like a protective canopy. Except... not very protective.
Chrissie caught up, glancing at the swarm of tinies, then back up at me. "They really think they can outrun us, huh?"

I smirked. “Bless their little hearts. They’re trying. But we both know how this ends.” I crouched slightly, hands on my knees, and tilted my head as I watched them with mock concern. “Hey! Tinies! Quick question. How’s the whole ‘running in circles’ thing working out for you? Because from up here… it’s not looking great.”

The panicked noise got louder. They were so predictable. I sighed dramatically, shifting my weight so the ground quaked beneath them.

“Look, if I were you,” I said, “I’d maybe, I don’t know, figure out a better escape plan. Because from what I’ve seen? You guys aren’t exactly crushing it in the brains department. And if there’s one thing I’ve learned recently, it’s that if you’re not crushing it…”
I paused, lifting my foot ever so slightly.
“…You’re getting crushed.”

And with that, I stepped forward, my bare sole coming down with a crunch that echoed through the city. Cars crumpled, people disappeared, and the crowd surged outward like a broken wave. The footprints I left behind weren't just deep—they were littered with chaos.

Chrissie glanced at me, her arms crossed, lips twitching in what might have been a smirk. “So, this is your new thing? Scaring the life out of them before you squash them?”
I shot her a grin. “You say that like it’s a bad thing.”
She shrugged, falling into step beside me. “Just saying, you’re leaning into the whole ‘goddess of destruction’ vibe pretty hard.”

I laughed, raising my foot for another step. "Hey, I'm not trying to be mean. I'm just… demonstrating what happens when you mess with me. It's educational."

Chrissie rolled her eyes but didn't say more. Meanwhile, I kept going, each step carving deeper prints into the road and flattening tinies and vehicles alike. It wasn't personal—well, okay, it was a little personal after everything they'd pulled—but it was mostly just… necessary.

The crowd didn't stand a chance, and they had to know it. Still, they ran, scrambling like ants from an overturned hill. I almost felt bad. Almost.
I slowed down again, glancing back at Chrissie, who was surveying the destruction with a slightly distant look.

"You good back there?" I asked, tilting my head.
She shrugged. "Yeah. Just... thinking."
I arched an eyebrow. "About?"
Her gaze flicked up at me, and I could see that spark of frustration she was trying so hard to hide. "Nothing important."
APARTMENTS

I grinned, leaning down slightly so I was just a bit closer to her. "Oh, come on, Chriss. Spill. You know I'll get it out of you eventually."
She sighed, shaking her head. "It's just weird, you know? Watching you like this. You're... huge. And I'm still big, sure, but next to you? I feel like a sidekick."

I straightened back up, stretching my arms behind my head as I looked down at her. "Well, sidekicks are important too. Every goddess needs someone to keep her grounded."
Chrissie's expression flattened. "Yeah, that's definitely not making me feel better."
I laughed, the sound echoing through the avenue. "Oh, come on Chrissie! I'm just teasing you!"

She groaned, and I turned my attention back to the road ahead.
The buildings loomed smaller, the people looked even more insignificant, and the city stretched out before us like a playground just waiting to be explored.
For the first time since we'd grown, I felt completely, utterly, unstoppable.
CINEMA

I kept walking, taking in the city around me with a mix of amusement and satisfaction. With every casual step, another chunk of the road disappeared under my sole, another building quaked from the sheer force of my presence. Cars crumpled without a thought, streetlights bent under the sway of my strides, and the occasional cluster of tinies that were too slow to get out of my way? Well. They were just... gone.

I wasn't even trying. That was the best part.

Chrissie was trailing just behind, her pace slightly more measured. She wasn't sulking—not yet—but I could tell she wasn't loving playing second fiddle to me. Not that she had a choice.
A few more blocks passed before she finally huffed, crossing her arms as she shot me a look. "Sooo... are we just taking the scenic route, or are you actually heading somewhere?"

I blinked, then shrugged, only now realizing that, yeah, I hadn't actually told her where we were going. "Oh. Airport."

Chrissie furrowed her brows. "Airport?"

"Yeah." I stepped over an office building like it was nothing, my foot landing with a satisfying crunch against the pavement. "Denton's airport."

Chrissie glanced around like she was trying to piece together why. "And... why are we going there?"

I barely even looked at her. "Eggheads."

She frowned. "Eggheads?"

I sighed, finally glancing down at her with a smirk. "Yeah, Chrissie, the little scientists. The ones trying to shrink us back down."
She actually stopped walking for a second. "Wait, hold up. What?"
I turned slightly, keeping my pace easy, forcing her to jog a little to catch up.

Chrissie stared up at me like I'd casually announced we were going to grab smoothies. "You're telling me the little geniuses trying to make us fun-sized again are at the airport?"

"Uh-huh."

"And when, exactly, were you planning on telling me this?"

I blinked, smirking. "I just did."

Chrissie groaned, pinching the bridge of her nose. "Unbelievable. You don't think that's, oh, I don't know, important information?"

I rolled my eyes. "Of course it's important, Chrissie. That's why we're heading there. But considering the last half hour, do you really think they're having a lot of success stopping us?" I gestured to the crushed cars, the flattened streets, the terrified crowds scattering before us.

Chrissie muttered something under her breath that I didn't quite catch, but it sounded suspiciously like an insult. I smirked, turning my attention back to the path ahead.

"Relax," I said, my tone light. "We'll get to the airport, we'll deal with the brainy types, and then we can talk about your feelings, okay?"

Behind me, Chrissie groaned, but I could hear her following again, her footsteps a little heavier this time. Almost like she was trying to match my stride.

Good luck with that.

The city blurred past in a symphony of destruction—buildings crumbling at the brush of my hips, streets cratering beneath my heels, cars reduced to metallic splinters with every careless step. I barely noticed. My mind was occupied with something far more interesting.

Up ahead, piercing through the skyline like some last-ditch attempt at defiance, was a building. A tall one. A really tall one.

My eyes locked onto it, excitement bubbling up inside me. I grabbed Chrissie's arm, practically bouncing on my heels. "Oh my god, look at that!" I pointed, grinning like a kid spotting a toy store. "That thing might actually be as tall as me!"

Chrissie squinted at the tower in the distance, her expression unreadable. "Huh. Yeah, maybe."

But I was already off.
"Race you there!" I shot forward, my long strides carving a path of absolute devastation through the city. Buildings cracked and groaned in protest as my hips brushed them, windows shattered from the sheer force of my presence, and the streets trembled underfoot. Tinies screamed, scattering like roaches.
Chrissie, shorter-legged and increasingly irritated, struggled to keep pace. "Zoe, damn it! Slow down!"
But why would I ever do that?

I skidded to a halt in front of the tower, my excitement swelling as I finally got a good look. Yes! It was exactly my height, standing shoulder to shoulder with me in one last desperate attempt to challenge my supremacy.
Adorable.

Chrissie caught up, panting slightly, scowling a lot. I barely acknowledged her, already rising onto my tiptoes to peer over the roof.
"Oh-ho-ho, this is good," I purred, balancing effortlessly. "I never get to look over the tops of buildings anymore!"
Chrissie, arms crossed, glared up at me. "Yeah, must be so hard for you."

I ignored her and smirked, tapping the roof lightly with a fingernail. "Kinda sucks to be you right now, though."
Chrissie's frown deepened. "What's that supposed to mean?"

I shifted my weight back down to my heels and turned, grinning wickedly. "Oh, nothing. Just... you know... if I barely measure up to this thing..." I trailed off, looking down at her. "Where does that leave you?"
Chrissie's jaw clenched. "Zoe."

I gestured to the side of the building, flattening my palm just above my hip. “I think you’re about... here.”

Chrissie’s eye twitched.

I raised my hand slightly. “Maybe here if we’re being generous.”

Her nostrils flared.

I beamed. “You know, this building was always big, but I feel like it was never this big. Do you remember how tall it was supposed to be?”

Chrissie scoffed, arms still firmly crossed. “No, and I don’t care.”

I shrugged. “Doesn’t matter, I guess.”

Turning back to the tower, I leaned in, pressing my face against the mirrored windows of the top floor. The reflections disappeared, revealing a sea of frozen, horrified tinies. Office workers, executives, maybe a few unfortunate janitors caught in the wrong place at the wrong time. Their panic was delicious.

I grinned, fogging up the glass slightly. "Hey, little guys! You enjoying the view?"

Screams. Absolute chaos. Some bolted for the stairwell, others just backed away from the windows, as if that was gonna do anything.

Chrissie sighed. "Zoe, you're gonna give them heart attacks."
"Would that be my fault, though?" I mused. "I mean, they're the ones freaking out. I'm just standing here, minding my very big business."
Chrissie rolled her eyes. "Minding your business like this?"

I smirked, shifting my weight slightly and letting my chest press against the building. Glass strained, the structure creaked dangerously, and I could feel the tinies losing their minds.
"Okay, okay," I giggled, pulling back. "I'm done messing with them."
Chrissie raised an eyebrow.
"...Kinda."

I lifted a single finger and pressed it against the side of the building. With barely any effort, I popped a section of the facade inward like a cheap toy, exposing an entire office floor to the open air. The tinies inside shrieked, scrambling over desks and filing cabinets in pure panic.

"Oh, come on, relax," I cooed, reaching inside with two fingers.

They weren't relaxed. At all.

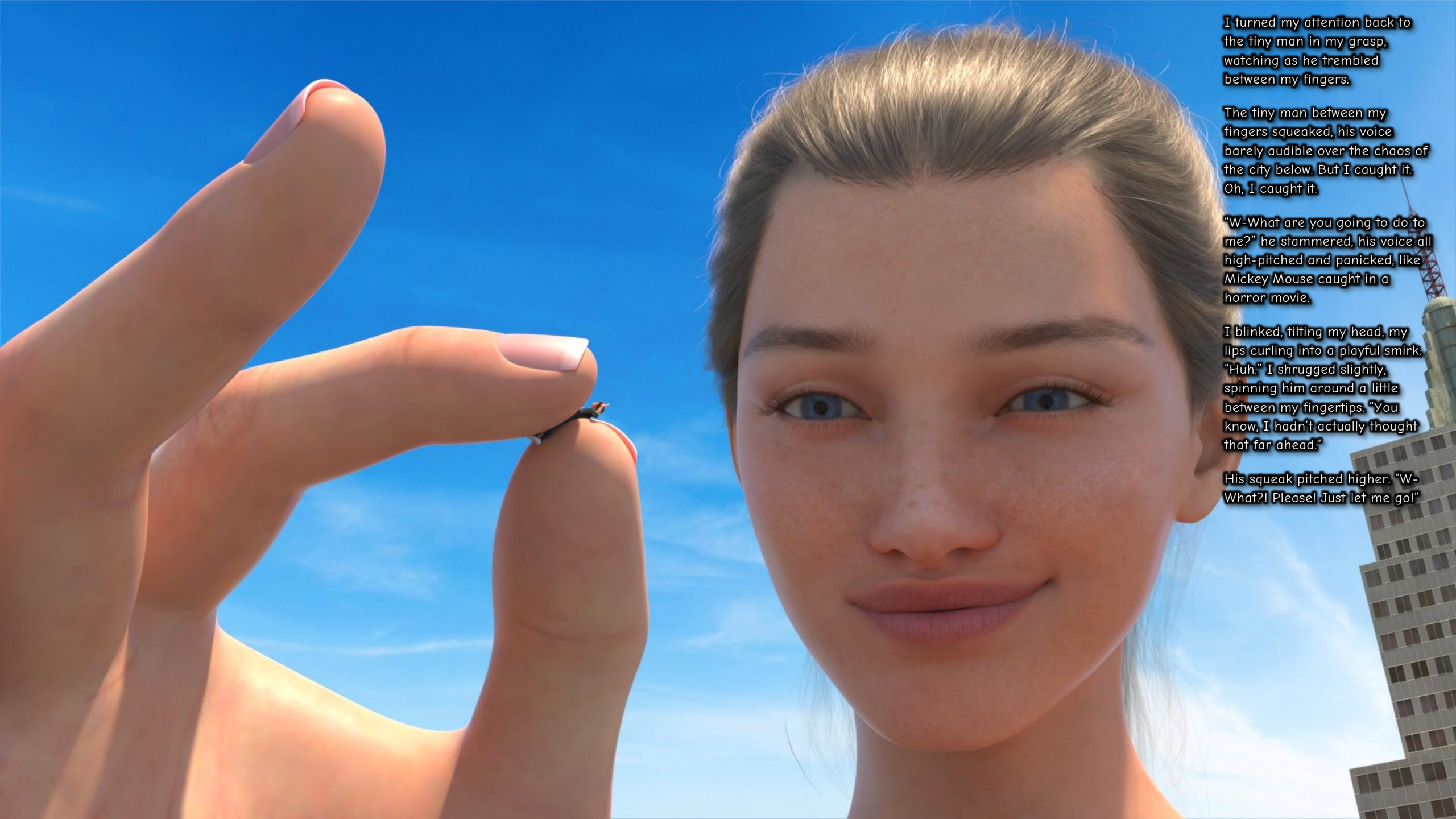
Carefully, I pinched a tiny guy between my fingertips and plucked him from the wreckage, lifting him into the open air. He was minute, barely noticeable between my fingers, his little limbs flailing wildly.

I turned back to Chrissie, holding him up triumphantly. "So. Wanna guess what floor he was on?"
Chrissie squinted at the squirming figure. "Uh... no?"

I shrugged and looked at my tiny captive. "Alright, little man. Enlighten us."
His voice was barely a squeak. "E-Eightieth floor!"
I blinked. Then smirked. Then grinned hard.

“Eighty,” I repeated, turning slowly back to Chrissie. "Chriss. That means I’m 800 feet tall."
Chrissie didn’t answer right away, but I knew she heard me. Oh, she definitely heard me.
I let out a slow, satisfied hum. "God, that sounds good, doesn’t it? Eight. Hundred. Feet. Tall."
I rolled my shoulders, stretching slightly. “I knew I was big, but actually hearing it? Just hits different.”

Chrissie exhaled sharply, her jaw tight. “Yeah. Thrilled for you.”
I grinned down at her, holding the tiny guy between us. “You’re taking this surprisingly well.”
She shot me a look. "Oh, I’m screaming internally."
I laughed, twirling the tiny between my fingers absentmindedly. "Well, you might not be impressed, but I love this. And I really love that these tinies actually thought they could stop me."



I turned my attention back to the tiny man in my grasp, watching as he trembled between my fingers.

The tiny man between my fingers squeaked, his voice barely audible over the chaos of the city below. But I caught it. Oh, I caught it.

"W-What are you going to do to me?" he stammered, his voice all high-pitched and panicked, like Mickey Mouse caught in a horror movie.

I blinked, tilting my head, my lips curling into a playful smirk. "Huh." I shrugged slightly, spinning him around a little between my fingertips. "You know, I hadn't actually thought that far ahead."

His squeak pitched higher. "W-What?! Please! Just let me go!"

I raised an eyebrow, glancing at Chrissie. “Did he just say ‘let me go’?”
Chrissie rolled her eyes. “Yeah. Weird flex, but okay.”

“Right?” I shook my head slightly, returning my gaze to the tiny man dangling helplessly between my fingers. “You’re telling me, you—a man the size of a crumb—are asking me to let you go?” I laughed, shaking my head. “Well, alright. Whatever floats your microscopic boat.”

Without another word, I uncoupled my fingers, releasing him into open air.
He fell like a leaf, tumbling and flailing, his squeaky screams trailing off as he plummeted the full 800 feet to the ground below. I didn't even bother watching him hit.

Chrissie, however, raised an eyebrow, her arms crossed. “Well, that was... different.”
I shrugged, brushing my hands off like I’d just finished a chore. “Hey, he asked. Who am I to deny a tiny man his dying wish?”
Chrissie snorted, her annoyance giving way to a reluctant grin. “You’re such a giver, Zo.”

I smirked, planting my hands on my hips and glancing down at her. "Yeah, well, what can I say? Big girl, big heart." I paused, letting the grin widen. "And, you know, big... everything else."

Chrissie groaned, tossing her head back dramatically. "Oh, please. We get it, Zoe. You're gigantic. Congrats. Can we move on now?"

I leaned down, close enough that she had to crane her neck to look up at me. "Aw, Chriss. Don't be like that. You're still tall—well, tall-ish."

Chrissie glared, poking my knee like she thought it might actually do something. “Keep it up, and I’ll knock you over like a bowling pin.”

I laughed, standing back up and brushing off her attempt to establish dominance like it was dust on my leg. “Oh, babe, you can try. But let’s face it—you’re a spare at best.”

Chrissie, clearly done with my teasing, swung her arm and smacked me half in mockery, half with an edge of real irritation. The hit landed square on my hip—not that I felt it, mind you. I raised an eyebrow, glancing down at her.
Now, to be fair, it was a solid hit—well, for someone half my size. But the second her fist connected with my skin, I barely even registered it. Like, I knew she tried to hit me, but it felt more like a particularly weak gust of wind brushing past me.
I blinked. Then grinned. Oh, this was going to be fun.

"Oh. Oh no." I gasped dramatically, holding a hand to my side. "Chrissie, was that... was that supposed to hurt?"
Her jaw tightened. "Shut up."
I bit my lip, trying so hard not to laugh. "Like, I just wanna be clear—was that, like, a real punch? Or were you, I dunno, just trying to give my hip a lil' love tap?"
Chrissie's eyes twitched. "Shut up."

"Because if that was you actually trying," I continued, voice dripping with mock concern, "then, babe, we need to have a serious talk about your upper-body strength."
Chrissie huffed, crossing her arms and muttering something under her breath. I wasn't sure what she said, but I caught the word "smug." Accurate.

I couldn't help but marvel at the dynamic shift. For so long, Chrissie had been the one in charge, the one people gravitated toward. But now? I was the center of attention. Not just for the tinies, who scrambled and screamed around my feet like ants under a magnifying glass, but for Chrissie too.

And, yeah, she was still my best friend. But it was nice—more than nice—to finally be the one everyone looked up to. Literally.

Chrissie finally broke the silence, her tone clipped. "Are we done here, or are you planning to gloat all day? Can we get back to the airport?"

I raised a hand, palm up, as if to say, hold your horses. “One minute. I wanna try something.”

Chrissie blinked, her arms still crossed. “What now?”

I grinned, shifting slightly as I cupped my hands under my chest, lifting my massive, glorious boobs for emphasis. “A titty thing.”

Chrissie’s mouth opened, then closed, her expression caught somewhere between exasperation and begrudging curiosity. “A... titty thing,” she repeated flatly.

“Yep.” I adjusted my stance, pushing my chest out slightly as I scoped out the street ahead of us. “Watch and learn.”

Oh, this was going to be fun.

Encouraged by the earlier groans and cracks when I had pressed up against the top floors, I turned back to the building, shifting my stance slightly as I leaned in—tits first.
And let's be real—I loved my tits. Especially now. I'd spent way too many years barely filling out an A-cup, and now? Now I had world-class, skyscraper-flattening tits. It was poetic, really.

Slowly, gradually, but deliciously steadily, I pushed my massive mound into the glass façade. At first, it was subtle—just a gentle groan of stressed steel, the faintest of cracks spiderwebbing across the windows. But then, oh then, the first windows shattered. A cascade of tiny screams and frantic movement erupted inside as the tinies realized—way too late—that this wasn't some minor tremor.

I smirked, tilting my head. "Oh nooo," I cooed, voice dripping with mock concern. "Is something in the way? I was just stretching!"

I pushed a little further, feeling my softest skin meet the cold, brittle resistance of metal and glass. The crunching noises were divine. The slight tickle of collapsing walls, the minuscule pops of desks and furniture being obliterated, the... oh yeah, that was definitely a few tinies being pancaked under my glorious boob.

"Wow," I mused, feigning surprise. "Who knew these things were so destructive?"

Chrissie, watching from a few steps away, let out a laugh. "Yeah, who could have possibly predicted that shoving a giant tit into an office building would do some damage?"

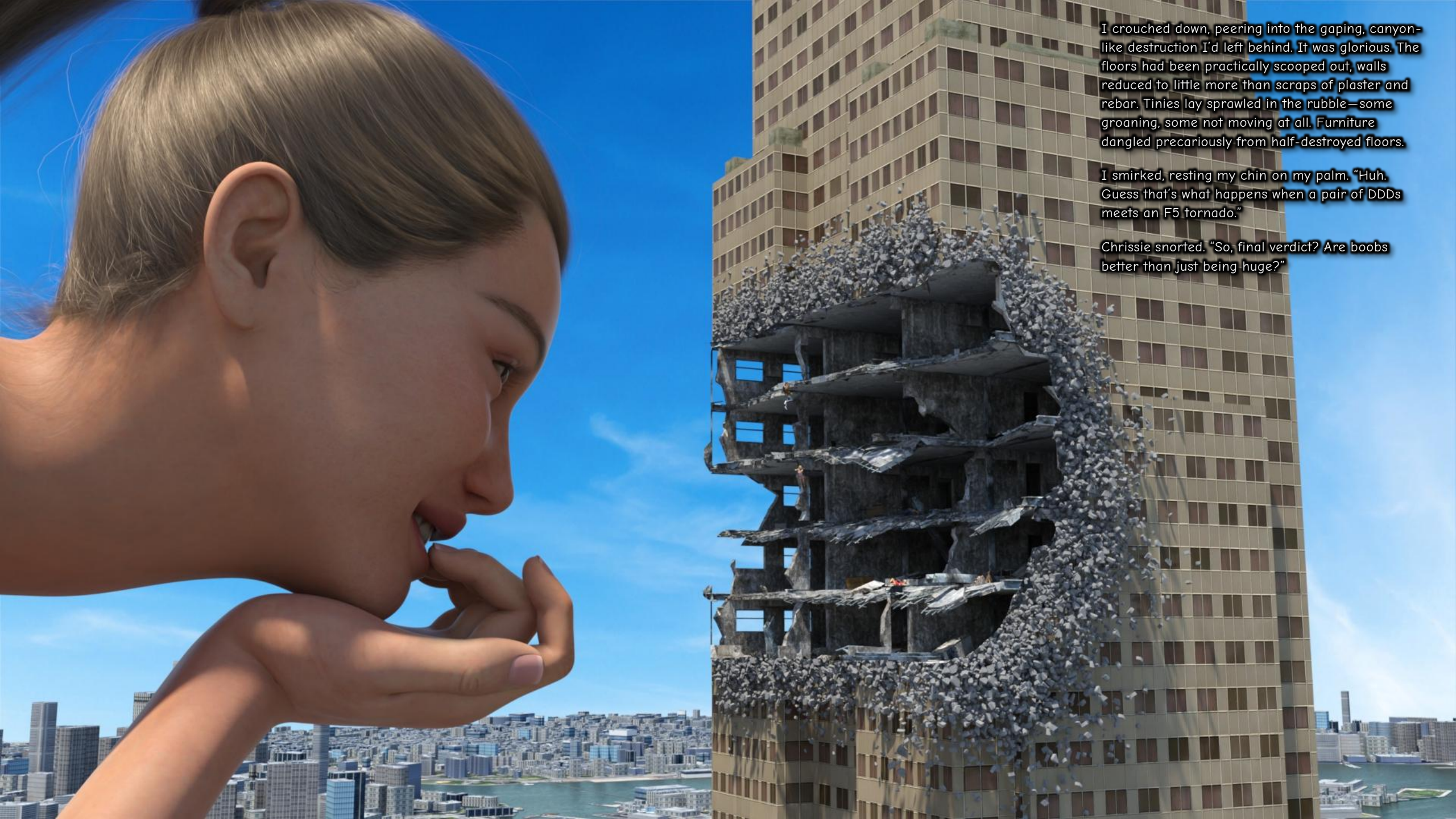
I grinned but didn't stop. Oh no. I went all in.

With one final, casual push, my boob devoured the top floors, embedding itself deep inside the building. Floors crumbled, furniture and tinies alike tumbled, and I felt the aftermath through my skin. It was a mess, a beautiful mess, and I basked in it.

The chaos was deafening—screams, alarms, the sound of concrete splitting apart under nothing but my soft, bouncy flesh.

"You guys are so lucky," I purred. "Men pay to touch tits this good!"

I let the moment linger, savoring the sheer power of it all. Then, with an exaggerated sloooow movement, I pulled back.
Glass clung to my skin, then rained down like glitter as I finally freed my tit from the wreckage. Behind me, Chrissie let out an impressed whistle.
"Well, damn," she said. "That's one hell of a wrecking ball."



I crouched down, peering into the gaping, canyon-like destruction I'd left behind. It was glorious. The floors had been practically scooped out, walls reduced to little more than scraps of plaster and rebar. Tinies lay sprawled in the rubble—some groaning, some not moving at all. Furniture dangled precariously from half-destroyed floors.

I smirked, resting my chin on my palm. "Huh. Guess that's what happens when a pair of DDDs meets an F5 tornado."

Chrissie snorted. "So, final verdict? Are boobs better than just being huge?"

I hummed, running a playful finger along the shattered edges of what used to be an office space. "Tough call. But honestly? I think having both is the real power move."
Chrissie rolled her eyes. "Oh great, now I'm gonna have to hear about 'titty superiority' for the rest of my life."

I smirked down at Chrissie, crossing my arms over my chest as I cocked my head. "Well, Chriss, I would say you should try that too... but, y'know." I gestured vaguely at the significant height difference between us. "I guess you'll just have to settle for the lower floors."

Chrissie's eye twitched. Oh, she hated that.

Her fists clenched, her jaw tightened, and—oh, this was going to be good.
Without another word, she hauled back and punched the side of the building. The impact sent cracks spiderwebbing through the lower levels, windows shattering like they were made of sugar glass.
I let out a slow whistle. “Damn, girl. Got some pent-up aggression there?”

Chrissie didn't answer. She just kicked the foundation next, her bare foot crashing through the lobby like a wrecking ball. The building groaned, listing dangerously to the side as chunks of debris rained down on the tinies still trying to flee.

The second kick did it.
With a deep, earth-shaking rumble, the entire structure gave up on existing. It crumpled in on itself, floor after floor pancaking into a thick, rising plume of dust. The crash was immense, rattling nearby buildings, sending tinies sprawling, and coating everything in a haze of destruction.

Chrissie stood there, panting, hands on her hips, her face flushed with effort and... yeah, probably a bit of satisfaction.
"Well," I said, biting back a laugh as I glanced at the destruction. "Someone's got anger issues."
Chrissie shot me a look, her eyes still blazing. "I don't have anger issues."
"Right," I drawled, crossing my arms. "Because that was totally a calm and rational response."

She huffed, brushing dust off her thighs. “It got the job done, didn’t it?”
I couldn’t help it—I laughed. “Sure, sure. Very impressive, Chriss. I mean, not everyone can knock over a building after, what, three tries? So efficient.”
“Shut up,” she muttered, but there was the faintest hint of a smirk tugging at her lips.

"Hey, don't be mad," I teased, ruffling her hair with a giant hand. "I'm just proud of you for trying. It was super cute."
"Keep talking, and I'll kick you next," she shot back, glaring up at me.

I grinned wider, raising my hands in mock surrender. “Oh no, not the big scary Chrissie kick! I’m shaking!”
Her glare deepened, but she couldn’t hold back the small laugh that slipped out. I knew I’d won.

"Come on," I said, gesturing toward the horizon. "Let's get back to the airport. You can vent your frustrations on whatever tiny obstacles get in our way."
Chrissie rolled her eyes but followed. "You're so lucky you're my best friend."
"I know," I said, flashing her a wink. "But don't worry, Chriss. Even if you're not as big, you're still my sidekick."
Her groan of frustration was the cherry on top. God, I loved being me.

We were just about to start walking again when the telltale whup-whup-whup of rotor blades cut through the air. I turned my head, arching an eyebrow as a helicopter approached, hovering just beyond my reach like a skittish fly.
Chrissie noticed it too, hands on her hips. “Oh great. What do they want now?”
I smirked, folding my arms. “Dunno. But let’s find out.”

A crackling burst of static erupted from the chopper's loudspeaker before a man's voice—shaky but determined—spoke.

"Miss Sullivan," he called, formal and nervous. "We have Jason Whitmore."

Jason.

I perked up instantly, my full attention snapping to the tiny aircraft. "Well, well," I drawled, tilting my head. "Now that's interesting."

The tinies had actually done something right for once? Shock of the century.

"And?" I prompted, tapping my fingers against my thigh impatiently.

The voice hesitated, then continued, "We are prepared to return him to you... under negotiated conditions."

My smile vanished.

Oh. Oh.

I felt Chrissie tense beside me. She knew the look that had just crossed my face. Hell, she had worn it before.

A sharp, bitter laugh bubbled out of me, low and dangerous. “Wait, wait, wait,” I said, holding up a finger. “You’re negotiating with me? Me?”

The tinies, apparently unaware of how thin the ice beneath them was, pressed on.

“He is safe. But we cannot simply hand him over without discussing—”

I exhaled sharply through my nose. “Okay, yeah, see—that is where you messed up.”

I extended my palm, tilting my head. “Let’s have a little chat about this whole ‘negotiating’ thing, shall we?” My voice was sweet. Patient. But make no mistake—I was done with their bullshit.

“Land. On. My. Hand.”

The chopper hesitated, still hovering. The voice crackled back. “That won’t be necessary, Miss Sullivan, we can—”

Oh. They were resisting.

A slow, wicked grin spread across my lips. “Not necessary?”

Without another word, I turned slightly, my gaze
locking onto a squat little office building beside me.
I lifted my foot.

And I stepped down.
The structure barely even put up a fight. It caved instantly, crunching beneath my sole like a house of cards. Dust and debris plumed into the air, tinies screaming as the entire block trembled from the impact.

Brushing some imaginary dust off my hip, I turned back to the chopper, my smirk razor-sharp. “See, I decide what’s necessary.”
Chrissie, standing beside me, let out a low whistle. “Damn. Even I felt that.”

I extended my hand again, this time not in a patient, negotiable way.

“Last chance, tinies,” I said, voice low and warning. “Land. On. My. Hand.”

The chopper wobbled slightly mid-air, and for a second, I thought they might be really stupid. But then, to my immense satisfaction, it hesitated, then began descending.

That’s right. Obey.

I watched, fascinated, as the tiny aircraft slowly, carefully approached my outstretched palm. The closer it got, the more I could feel the vibrations of its rotors, a subtle buzzing against my skin. The sheer delicacy of it compared to me sent a thrill through my veins.

It hovered just inches above my hand for a moment, kicking up a gentle breeze against my skin. Then, finally, the skids made contact.

A chopper. Landing. In my palm.

Oh. Oh, I liked this.

I held perfectly still, savoring the moment. The warm hum of the engine, the tiny weight pressing against my skin, the tinies inside probably scared out of their minds.

God, I could crush them with a twitch. Just clench my fingers and—

No, no. Not yet. I had questions first.

I lifted my hand slowly, bringing it up to my face.

I wanted them to feel this.

The chopper rose with my hand, climbing toward my eyes like an offering. I tilted my head, smirking as my full, towering form loomed over them. I could practically see the tinies inside scrambling, their tiny instruments flickering under my scrutiny.
I exhaled, and the whole aircraft shook.
"Alright," I said, voice soft, teasing, full of unspoken threats. "Step out."

CHAPTER 19

TERMS AND CONDITIONS

Chrissie tilted her head. “So? What’s in the little tin can?”
I smirked, lowering myself onto one knee to let her get a better look.

"A few very brave, very stupid tinies," I murmured, my gaze locked on the helicopter still stubbornly shut in my palm. I tapped a nail against it, rolling my eyes. "Alright, tinies. Out."

No movement.

I let out a slow, exaggerated sigh. "Really? After all that drama about 'negotiating'? You're just gonna cower in there?" My lips curled. "Fine. Have it your way."

I pinched the chopper's tail between two fingers and shook it vigorously.
"Out," I repeated.

I had to give them some time to recover. And finally, the three little specks scrambled out onto my palm, wobbling as I tilted my hand just enough to keep them on edge. “See? That wasn’t so hard, was it?”
AIR Rescue
MIDCITY

Pinching the chopper by the tail again, I lifted it from my palm, to the little people's dismay and, with an effortless flick, sent it spiraling over my shoulder. It tumbled through the sky like a paper ball before crashing into the distance with a very satisfying boom. My three guests swallowed hard.

I leaned in, casting them in shadow. “Alright, tinies. Who’s in charge?”
The one in the middle—slightly less pathetic-looking than the others—cleared his throat and tried to stand straight. “Lieutenant Harris,” he said, voice cracking. He gestured to the other two. “This is Corporal Jenkins and Doctor Marlowe.”

I arched an eyebrow, unimpressed. “Uh-huh. And?”

Harris swallowed hard. “We—we have Jason.”

Now he had my full attention.

I stretched my fingers slightly, making them wobble again. “Do you now?” I purred. “Where?”

Silence. A quick exchange of nervous glances.

Then Harris, the tiny idiot, said, "We can't reveal that yet."

I blinked. Slowly. Then tilted my head, my smirk growing razor-sharp. “Oh, honey. I know you didn’t just try to play hardball with me. That would be... incredibly stupid.”
Harris took a breath like he was gearing up for some noble speech, but I wasn’t in the mood.

"You've already killed thousands," he blurted out instead, like that was supposed to shake me.

I scoffed. "You say that like I'm done." I stretched my arms with a lazy yawn. "Sweetie, I've barely gotten started."

He swallowed.

I let my gaze flick toward the skyline before snapping back to him, eyes dark with amusement. “And let’s talk about why, hmm?” I tapped my nail against my palm. “You submitted to me. Willingly. Your little mayor offered this city to me with a bow on top.”

Harris didn’t answer.

I exhaled, my voice still light, but carrying a dangerous edge. “See, I really thought you had learned your place. But then I wake up tied down, shot at, treated like some... mistake.” I tilted my head. “So now? Now I have to fix things.”

Another beat of silence. Then, voice shaking, Harris asked, “Fix what?”

I smiled. “Oh, babe. I have to make sure you really understand.”

I stood up and stretched a single foot forward, resting it against the base of a nearby building. It barely reached my knee—practically asking to be crushed. "So I'll ask again," I said, pressing down just enough to make the windows shatter. "Where. Is. Jason?"

Harris hesitated.
I sighed dramatically.
"Wrong choice."
With a casual shift of my weight, I brought my foot down, reducing the structure to dust.
And just like that, negotiations really began.

I watched Harris try—and fail—to compose himself after I flattened that building like it was a soda can. His little mouth opened and closed, his face pale, his body stiff like he was trying to keep himself from trembling too obviously in front of me. Adorable.
But I was feeling generous. Well... generous-ish.

I shifted my weight, making my palm tilt just enough to keep the tinies on edge without actually dropping them. “Alright, Lieutenant,” I said, letting my voice go a little softer, still playful but laced with something far more patronizing. “Let’s have a little heart-to-heart. Just you and me. Well, you, me, and my bestie here.” I tossed a glance at Chrissie, who was watching all of this unfold like it was the best soap opera she’d ever seen.

“I think you tinies are struggling to grasp something very, very important,” I continued, tapping a nail against my palm. “See, when I first grew, I thought, wow, I’m big. Which—duh. But what I didn’t realize right away was that size? It isn’t just size. It’s power. Pure, undeniable, unstoppable power.” I smirked, arching a brow. “And power? Oh, honey. Power is meant to be used.”

Harris swallowed hard, his throat bobbing like he was very aware of just how much power I was using right now.

I went on, lazily stretching my fingers to make them wobble again. “Now, Chrissie and I—because we’re nice—we didn’t go all-in from the start. We were gentle. Do you know how hard it is to be gentle at this size?” I scoffed, shaking my head. “Every little step, every tiny movement, has the potential to wipe out anything in its way. It would’ve been so easy to just take what we wanted, to flatten this city without a second thought. But we didn’t.”

I leaned in slightly, letting my grin sharpen. “And why didn’t we? Because, deep down, we thought maybe... just maybe... you tinies would be smart enough to accept reality. To see what we are. To fall in line before we had to make you.”

I let that hang, my words sinking into them like the weight of my sole into that flattened building.

Harris barely managed to get a breath in before I continued.

"And guess what? For a moment, it looked like you got the memo." I shrugged. "Your little mayor stood up, took one long, hard look at us, and—oh, what was it again?" I cupped a hand to my ear, feigning deep thought. "Oh, right. He submitted."

Harris flinched. "Because he was threatened."

I snorted. "Of course he was threatened. You think people just hand over cities to goddesses without a little motivation?" I chuckled, shaking my head.

Harris' jaw clenched, but he said nothing.

"So imagine our surprise," I continued, "when we go to bed thinking, Finally! They get it! and then wake up tied down, shot at, and nearly shrunk back to nothing."
My voice dropped, no less teasing, but a little more dangerous now. "Oh, I was furious. Not just because of the betrayal. Not just because you thought you could take away my power. But because it meant you didn't get it. Not at all."

I rolled my eyes, exhaling through my nose like I was so over explaining this. "And now? Now I can't trust you. And because I can't trust you, I have to make damn sure you learn."

I leaned in just enough to make them feel it. "And the best way to make sure you really, truly understand?"
I grinned.
"I have to be so. Much. Harsher."
Harris' breathing was shallow. The other two tinies weren't doing much better.

The man swallowed hard, visibly shaking now as he stared up at me with those wide, panicked eyes. It was almost too easy. I leaned in slightly, my grin stretching wider, sharp enough to cut. “Alright, Lieutenant,” I said, tapping my palm lightly with my nail, making him wobble. “One more time for the folks in the back. Where. Is. Jason?”

His throat bobbed as he tried to find words, his gaze darting between me and Chrissie, who was watching with thinly veiled amusement. “H-he’s...”

"Spit it out," I said, rolling my eyes. "I don't have all day. Well, actually, I do, but you're not that interesting."
Finally, he blurted out, "He's at City Hall!"

I raised an eyebrow, the smirk on my lips growing positively wicked. "Oh, City Hall, huh? How very official of you." I tapped my chin theatrically. "And how exactly do you plan on delivering him to me? Carrier pigeon? Pony Express?"
The man stammered, "We... we can have him brought to you! A chopper, or—"

I laughed, cutting him off. "A chopper? Oh, sweetie, no. That'll take forever. I'll go get him myself."

His face paled further, which I hadn't thought possible. "You... you can't! You'll wreak havoc!"

"Aw," I cooed, my tone dripping with mock sympathy. "Is that what you're worried about? Me wreaking havoc? You mean like..." I gestured around dramatically at the flattened building, the shattered streets, and the panicked tinies. "...this? Newsflash, Lieutenant: the mess is already made."

He opened his mouth to argue, but I wasn't done. "And besides," I said, my grin turning downright dangerous, "if you didn't want a giant, pissed-off goddess stomping through your city, maybe you shouldn't have taken Jason in the first place."

He looked like he was about to pass out, so I gave him a little nudge. Not literally—yet. "But hey," I said, shrugging, "if you're really that worried about it, maybe you should focus on making sure Jason's ready for pickup when I get there. That way, I won't have to make a mess..." I paused, letting the grin return, "...on purpose."

I straightened up to my full, towering height, the tiny Lieutenant still trembling in my palm. "So," I said, crossing my arms and raising an eyebrow, "are we clear, or do I need to flatten a few more landmarks before you get the message?"

I set off toward City Hall, my massive strides effortlessly carving a path through the city. The ground quaked beneath me, streets cracking, windows shattering, and cars bouncing from the sheer force of my movement. It wasn't my fault the city wasn't built to handle a goddess. Not my problem.

My open palm hovered in front of me, the three tinies huddled together like a pack of terrified hamsters. Their fear was adorable. I wiggled my fingers slightly, making them stumble, just for fun. “Comfy up there?” I cooed. “I mean, it’s gotta be better than a cramped little chopper, right? No turbulence, full panoramic view... VIP treatment, honestly.”

The lieutenant didn't answer. The other two just looked like they were trying very hard not to pass out.
I sighed dramatically. "Wow, tough crowd. Here I am, giving you the experience of a lifetime—free of charge, might I add—and not even a 'thank you, Goddess Zoe'?" I pouted. "Rude."

I stepped onto an intersection without even looking, and something... crunched beneath my foot. I glanced down to see a bus—well, half of a bus—pancaked under my sole, a few stray body parts sticking out like squished gummy bears. Whoops.

I looked back at my tiny passengers with a mischievous grin. "Oops. That wasn't City Hall, was it?" I giggled at their horrified expressions. "Relax, I'm mostly sure it wasn't."

Ahead of me, a cluster of tinies had gathered, most likely trying to flee but bottlenecked into a useless mass of screaming, scrambling bodies.
I smirked, tilting my head. “Oh, come on, guys. Have we not learned anything today?” I let out an exaggerated sigh. “If I were you, I’d move.”
Some bolted. Some froze. Some screamed. Some tripped over each other.

I took another step. Crunch. Splatter. Pop.
I let out a soft tsk and glanced back at the three tinies in my palm. “See? This is what I’m talking about. No survival instincts whatsoever. I warned them, and they still ended up as toe jam.” I scrunched my toes playfully, letting them imagine the horrors below.

The lieutenant looked like he might vomit. I beamed.

Behind me, Chrissie struggled to keep up, her shorter legs making her practically jog to match my effortless stroll. The little grunts of frustration she was making? Priceless.

I slowed slightly, just enough to let her catch up beside me. "You good back there, Chriss? You're looking a little winded."

She glared up at me, panting slightly. "I'm fine."

I bit back a smirk. "Are you sure? I mean, I get it. Short legs and all. Must be hard keeping up with real goddess proportions."
Chrissie's eyes narrowed. "Zoe."
I grinned wider. "What? I'm just saying, if you want, I could slow down. Maybe take itty-bitty steps so you don't have to sprint just to—"

She shoved me. Shoved me.
It was like a kitten pawing at a brick wall. I didn't even budge.
I turned to her slowly, arching a brow, my smirk spreading. "Chrissie, babe... was that supposed to be a hit?"
Her face darkened, but I was having too much fun.
"Because, honestly? It kinda felt like a strong breeze. Maybe next time, put your back into it."

She huffed, crossing her arms and looking away. “Screw you.”
I laughed, rolling my eyes. “Love you too, bestie.”

And with that, I continued my leisurely walk toward City Hall, letting Chrissie fume beside me while my three tiny passengers watched in sheer, horrified silence.
God, I was having the best time.

City Hall was supposed to be impressive. Historic. Majestic, even.

Too bad it barely made it past my ankle.

I stopped in front of it, tilting my head, hands on my hips as I towered over the pathetic little structure. The once-grand Victorian building, all pillars and fancy stonework, looked like some decorative dollhouse next to me. I actually had to lower my gaze to take it all in. God, was it even this small before?

"Huh," I mused, letting the smugness drip from my voice. "City Hall. The grand seat of power. Sort of."

And there, waiting right in the middle of the plaza in front of it, was Jason.

All alone.

I grinned.

"Well, well, well," I cooed, shifting my weight onto one leg, making the ground groan under my foot. "Looks like someone was actually ready for me. How considerate."

The three tinies still trembling in my palm? Not so much. I flicked my eyes toward them, smirking. "See? This is how you greet a goddess. Not by whining, not by negotiating—by being where I tell you to be."

Then, with a casual flick of my wrist, I sent them sailing over my shoulder like breadcrumbs.
"Oops," I giggled, not bothering to watch them fall.
Jason, predictably, flinched.

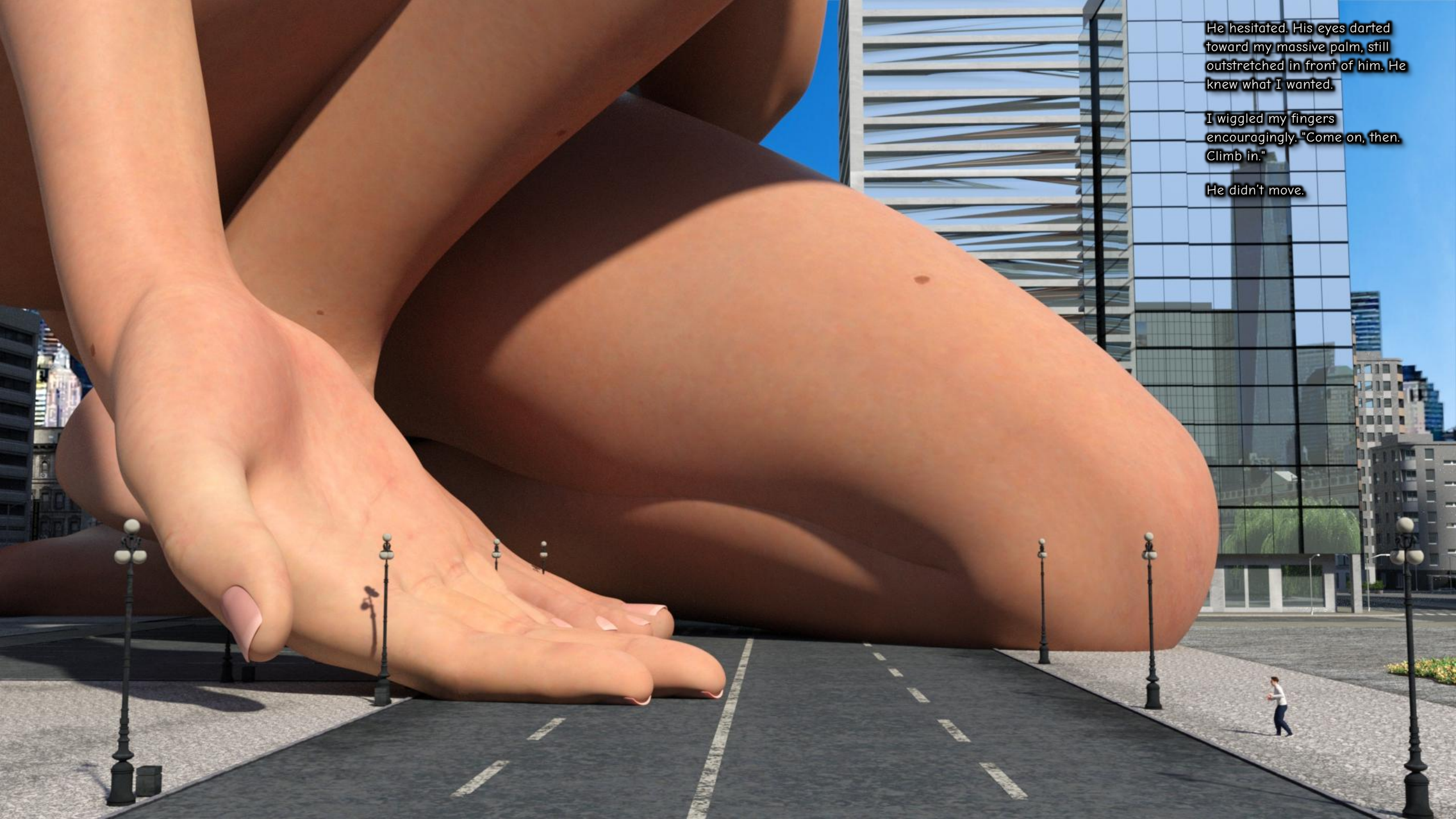
I dropped to one knee, bringing myself down just enough so he could see my face without having to crane his neck —well, not too much. "Hey, pet," I purred, resting my chin in my palm, my free hand extended out toward him. "Did you miss me?"

His whole body tensed. I could see him swallowing hard. Poor thing. But to his credit, he didn't immediately faint, which was already more impressive than half the tinies I'd dealt with today.

"You look..." he started, then stopped. He was struggling for words.

He finally blurted out, "Bigger."

I snorted. "Wow, Sherlock over here. Nothing gets past you, does it?" I grinned. "Yes, Jason. I grew. And, in case you haven't noticed, I really like doing that."


He hesitated. His eyes darted toward my massive palm, still outstretched in front of him. He knew what I wanted.
I wiggled my fingers encouragingly. "Come on, then. Climb in."
He didn't move.

I tilted my head. "Oh, come on, pet. You should be used to this by now."

Still, he hesitated.

I sighed, dramatically. "Jason. I could just grab you. You know that, right?" I leaned in, lowering my voice to a whisper. "But I like it when you climb in yourself. Shows me that you're learning."

That did it.

Slowly—very slowly—he stepped forward. Even with his nerves, he knew better than to push his luck.
Still, watching him struggle to climb into my fingers, which now dwarfed him, was honestly adorable. He had to use both hands, gripping at my skin, his tiny muscles straining to pull himself up.
It took longer than it should have, but eventually, he made it onto my palm.

"Aww," I cooed, lifting him carefully as I rose back up to my full height. "See? That wasn't so hard."
Well. For me, anyway.
Jason wobbled slightly, clearly not used to the altitude. His knuckles were white from how tightly he was holding onto my skin.

I grinned, stepping back toward
where City Hall still stood.
"Welcome back, pet," I said softly.
He didn't like me calling him that.
Adorable.

Jason licked his lips. "Could you...?"

I smirked. "No," I said sweetly. "You should know by now—I always do what I want."

"What... are you...?" he started asking.

"Mind holding on for a minute?" I said. "I need to take care of something."

Then, I turned my attention to the City Hall itself, my voice booming over the city.

"You tinies had one job," I announced, shaking my head, disappointed. "Submit. That's it. That was the whole deal. And yet..." I gestured broadly, "Here we are. Again."

I sighed, as if this was just so exhausting. "Honestly, what do I even need a City Hall for if it doesn't do anything for me?"

And with zero hesitation, I lifted my foot—slowly, deliberately—and slammed it down on the pathetic little building.

CRUNCH.

The entire structure collapsed in an instant, flattening beneath my sole, sending a cloud of dust and debris exploding into the air. The ground trembled with the sheer force of it, and my toes curled slightly, grinding the rubble beneath them.

Jason gasped, his whole body jerking at the impact.

I beamed.

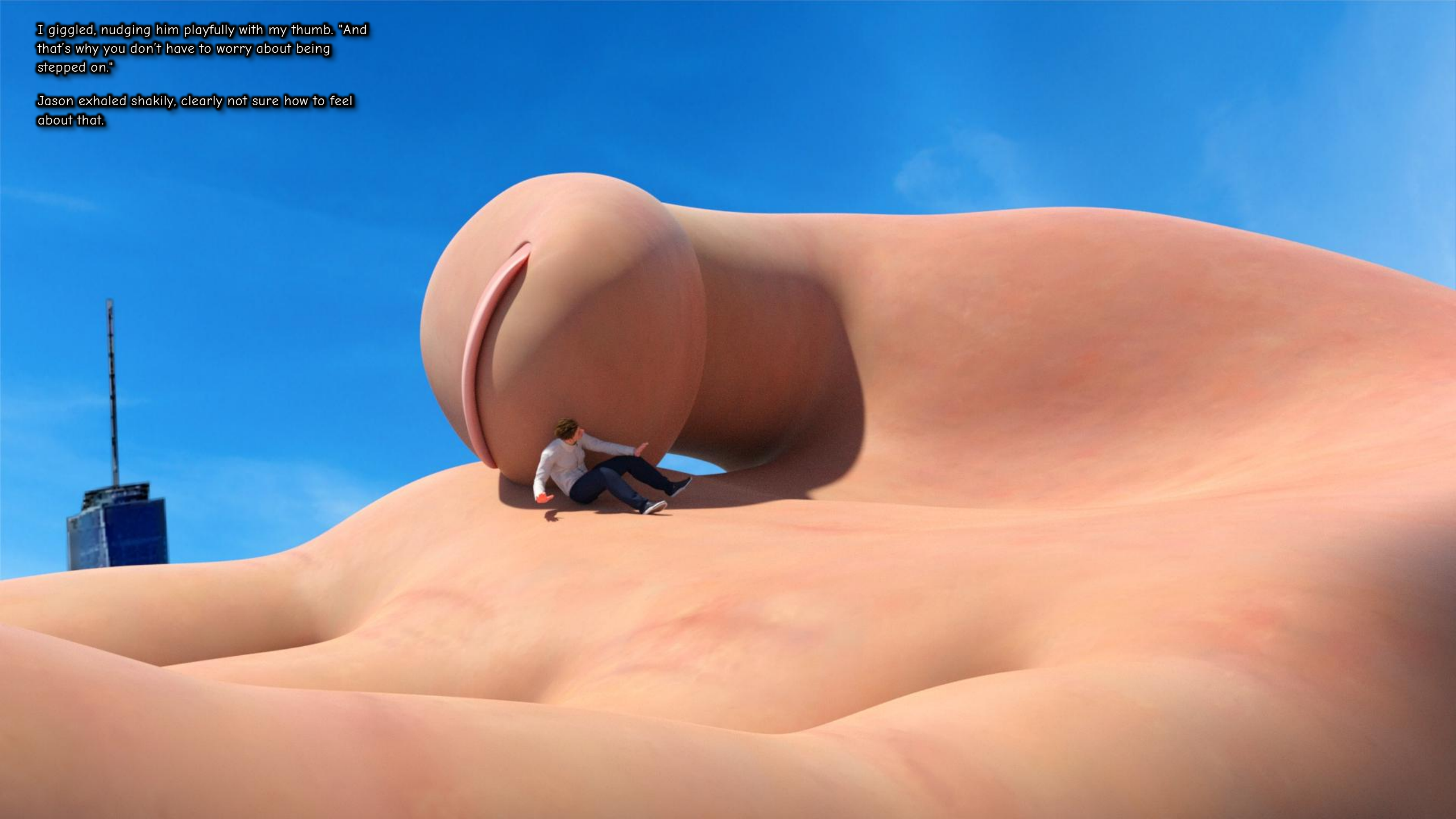
"You know," I mused, flexing my foot as the last remnants of City Hall crumbled under my weight, "I remember a time when I actually tried not to step on things." I smirked down at Jason. "But after everything your people have put me through? Yeah. That time is over."

Jason was still staring at the wreckage beneath me, his expression caught somewhere between horrified and awestruck.
"You're...," he swallowed. "You're actually gonna—?"
I rolled my eyes. "Oh, Jason," I purred, bringing him closer to my face, "Don't look so worried." I grinned, my breath washing over him. "You don't have anything to be afraid of."
"I don't?"
I giggled, tilting my head. "Of course not, pet. I love my little Jason. That's why you are up here in my palm, not down at my toes."

His brow furrowed slightly, his tiny hands gripping onto my palm for dear life. "So... what am I supposed to do, then?"
I blinked, my grin widening. "What do you think, Jason?"
His throat bobbed. "Do I... belong to you?"
I let the question hang in the air for a moment.
Then, slowly, I purred, "Jason, sweetheart. Everyone in this city belongs to me." I smirked. "But yes, pet. You're mine. And you're special"
He stiffened.

I giggled, nudging him playfully with my thumb. "And that's why you don't have to worry about being stepped on."

Jason exhaled shakily, clearly not sure how to feel about that.



Chrissie, still very much in her sidekick feelings, let out an exasperated sigh. "Okay," she cut in, crossing her arms. "Are we done flirting with the tiny, or do you maybe wanna focus on the whole 'eggheads trying to shrink us down' situation?"

I turned my head, slowly, my grin not fading in the slightest. Oh, she was pressed.

"Aww," I cooed, standing to my full, glorious height, letting her head tilt back to really take me in. "Someone's feeling left out."

Chrissie scowled. "I'm just saying, maybe we take care of the actual problem before you start playing Barbie Dreamhouse with Jason over there."

I laughed, tossing my hair over my shoulder like the divine being I was. "Oh, relax, Chriss. I'm multitasking."

"Uh-huh." Her arms tightened across her chest, her lips pressed into a thin line. "Just don't forget who was teaching you how to have fun in the first place, huh?"

I smirked, stepping past her, letting the ground shake under my weight, just a little flex to remind her exactly how much had changed. "Oh, believe me, Chriss. I haven't forgotten a thing."

With that, I turned my attention back to Jason, who was still sitting there, all stiff and braced, like he was waiting for a tidal wave to come crashing down. Cute.

"So," I purred, bringing him closer to my face, my breath washing over his tiny frame, "how were they treating my pet while I was gone?"

Jason straightened, his tiny face hardening as some of that oh-so-endearing bravery sparked back into him. "Oh, you mean the people who didn't kidnap me? The ones who didn't carry me around like a toy? Yeah, they were fine."

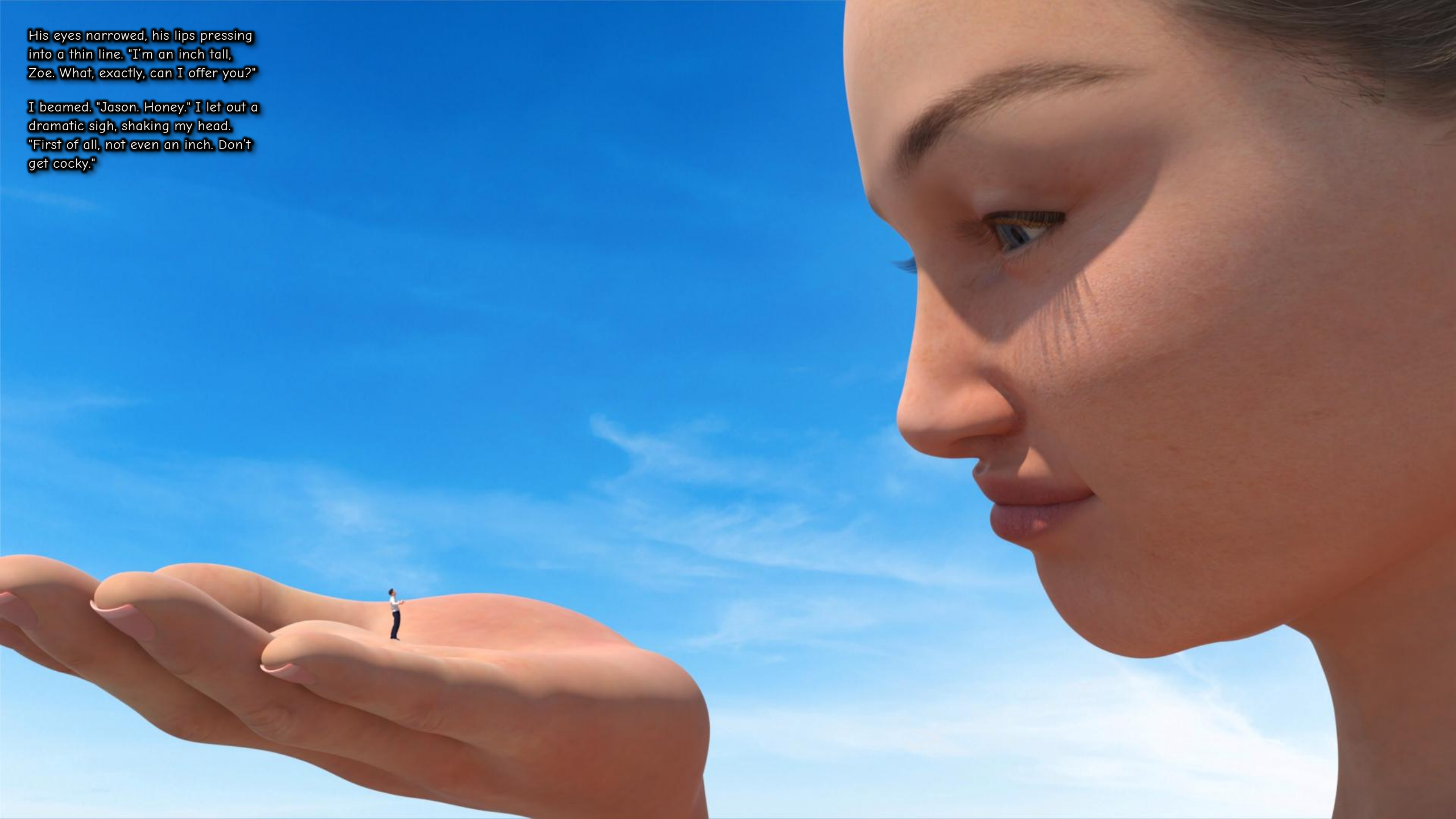
Oh?

I arched a brow, smirking. "Oh, sweetheart. That was almost a bold statement. Almost."
His shoulders squared like that was actually going to make a difference against me. "I wasn't picked up against my will," he said firmly. "I wasn't treated like some pet."

I giggled, very entertained. "Yeah, well, that's because to normal people you're not a pet." I grinned, leaning in, my voice dropping into something silky and teasing. "But Jason, sweetheart. "I'm not normal."
He exhaled sharply but didn't say anything.

I tapped a playful finger against his little chest, sending him staggering slightly. "Aww, don't pout, pet. You're still my favorite."
"Oh my god," he muttered under his breath, rubbing his temple. "What do you want, Zoe?"

Now that was a good question.
I hummed, shifting my grip on him, tilting my head like I was really thinking about it. "Well," I drawled, "I wanted some company. And you're hot. So that's already two things I want and have."


His eyes narrowed, his lips pressing into a thin line. "I'm an inch tall, Zoe. What, exactly, can I offer you?"
I beamed. "Jason. Honey." I let out a dramatic sigh, shaking my head. "First of all, not even an inch. Don't get cocky."

Chrissie snorted.
I ignored her.
"Second," I continued smoothly, "you'll offer me whatever I want you to offer. And in return..." I grinned, my eyes twinkling. "I'll treat you so well. You can have anything, Jason. And I mean anything."

His brows furrowed. "You really think you own the world, huh?"
I let that one sit for a second.
Then, slowly, my grin widened, wicked and utterly self-assured.
"Not yet."
Then I winked. "But don't worry, pet. I'm working on it."

I lifted Jason effortlessly and placed him back onto my shoulder, letting him settle in against the smooth, warm expanse of my skin. His tiny fingers gripped at me instinctively—like he had any other option.

"You should be used to this by now, pet," I teased, tapping him lightly with my finger. "But hey, good news! It's roomier now."
I felt him shift, probably trying to convince himself that this was all just a fever dream he'd wake up from. Cute.

"So, tell me," I mused, taking a slow, deliberate step forward, my foot sinking deep into the asphalt like it was cake. "Can you actually tell the difference? Or is everything just fucking tall to you after some point?"

Jason hesitated. "Uh..."

I laughed, the sound rumbling through me and no doubt rattling him. "That's what I thought."

The city trembled with each step as I strolled forward, my effortless power rippling through the streets, carving paths of destruction just from existing. Buildings trembled. Crowds scrambled. Cars crumpled under my feet like discarded toys.
THE DAILY M

Jason shifted slightly, clearly trying to push past the fact that he was riding a moving skyscraper. "Where are we going?"

I smirked. "The airport."

He paused. "...Why?"

I sighed like he was so slow on the uptake. "Because apparently, some little eggheads over there think they can shrink me down."
Jason tensed. "And you think they actually can?"
I let out a dramatic gasp. "Oh my god, Jason, if they could, do you think I'd still be standing over the rooftops?" I rolled my eyes. "Obviously, no."

I grinned. "But just because they probably can't doesn't mean I'm taking the risk. Gotta crush the problem before it becomes a problem."

He exhaled sharply, clearly debating how far he wanted to push me. Then, his tiny voice—so tiny—asked, "At what point did crushing people become your go-to solution to problems?"

I smirked. "Oh, that's easy." I flexed my toes, feeling the warm crunch of pavement and something else beneath me. "Right about when it became a piece of cake to crush a few dozen in one step." I gave a mock sigh, flicking a bit of debris off my hip. "Being tied down and shot at also helped. Funny how fast your perspective changes when you wake up in fucking chains after agreeing to rule peacefully."
Jason went quiet for a second. Then: "But you can't just treat everyone like crap because the authorities did that to you."

I laughed.
"Oh, sweetie," I purred, shaking my head as I stepped over another street—too lazy to walk through it when I could just clear it in one go. "I don't treat everyone badly because I hate them." I gave a playful shrug, making sure it jostled him just a little. "I treat them like they're half an inch tall—because they are."

Jason's tiny hands clenched at my skin. "And at what point did you decide that was fair?"

I grinned wickedly, letting the answer settle before I finally purred, "The moment they became half an inch tall."

Jason fell silent.

I smirked, walking on, leaving his tiny little moral dilemma far, far behind.

Jason had been silent for a while, which was probably for the best—he needed time to process me. Not just my size, but who I was becoming. But apparently, his little brain finally caught up enough to voice an opinion.
"You can't just go around crushing cities to make a point," he said, his tiny voice laced with exasperation.

I grinned, not even remotely fazed. "Oh, Jason," I cooed, "I can." I tapped my chin theatrically. "Now, whether or not I will... well, that is entirely up to me."

I felt his tiny little breath hitch. He was horrified. Adorable.

"You—" Jason shook his head like he was trying to knock some sense back into his own brain. "I cannot believe how much someone can change in, like... a day!"

I laughed. "Oh, Jason. Sweet little Jason. Let's think about that for a second."

I took a long, deliberate step forward, my foot landing in the middle of an intersection. Cars, people, everything beneath me flattened like an afterthought. The tremor rippled outward, cracking streets, rattling windows. I barely even noticed.

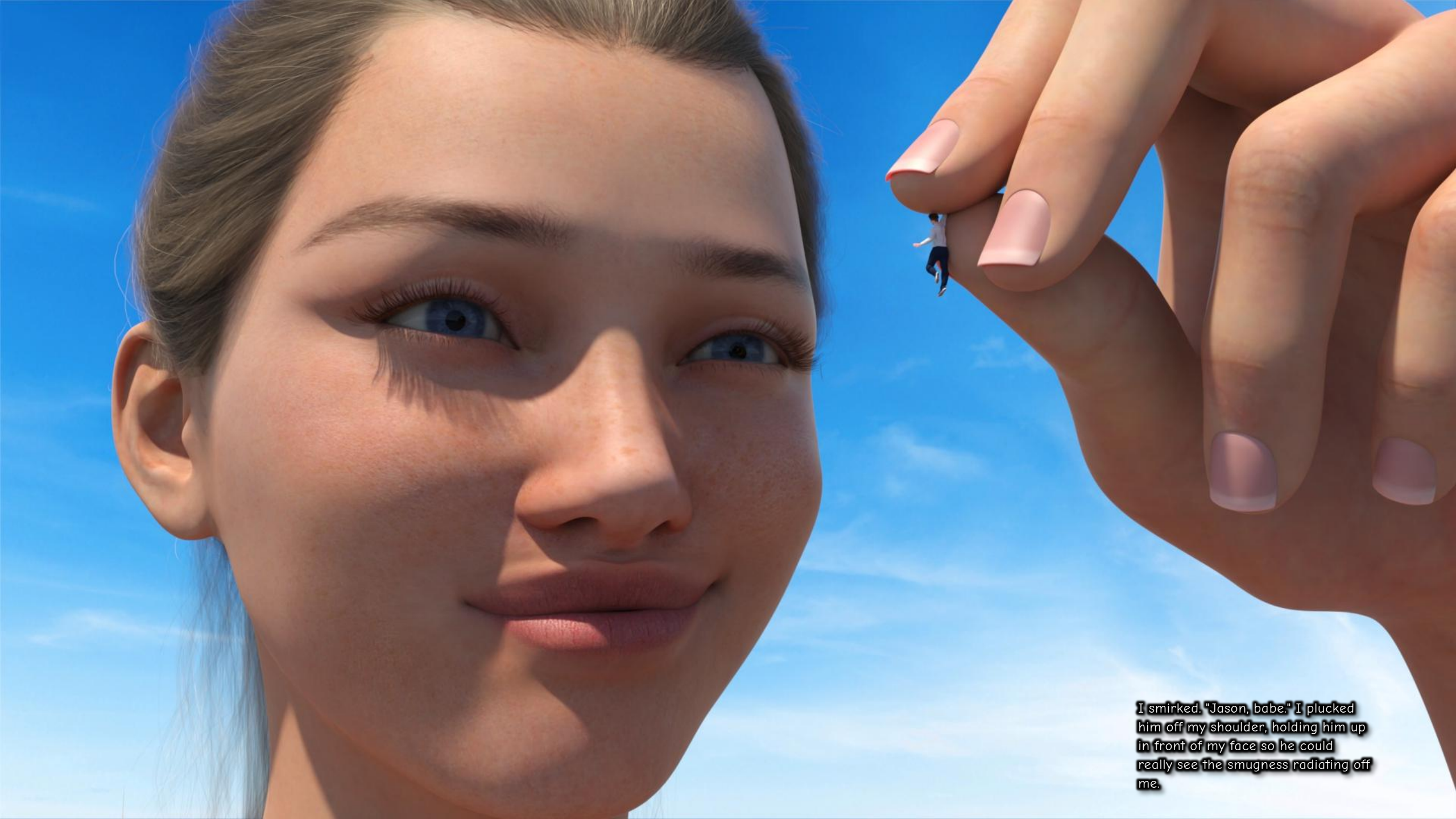
"When I was just a 20-year-old college student," I mused, still grinning, "my biggest concerns were getting good grades, getting laid at a party, being in the right clubs... you know, normal girl things."
Jason was still tense, gripping onto my skin like his life depended on it. (Spoiler alert: it did.)

"Not my concerns anymore," I continued, stepping over a row of buildings like I was walking through a toy set. "Earlier today, my concerns were how to move around without stepping on people or knocking over buildings. How to fit in." I scoffed, rolling my eyes. "Like a dumbass."
Jason swallowed hard. "...And now?"

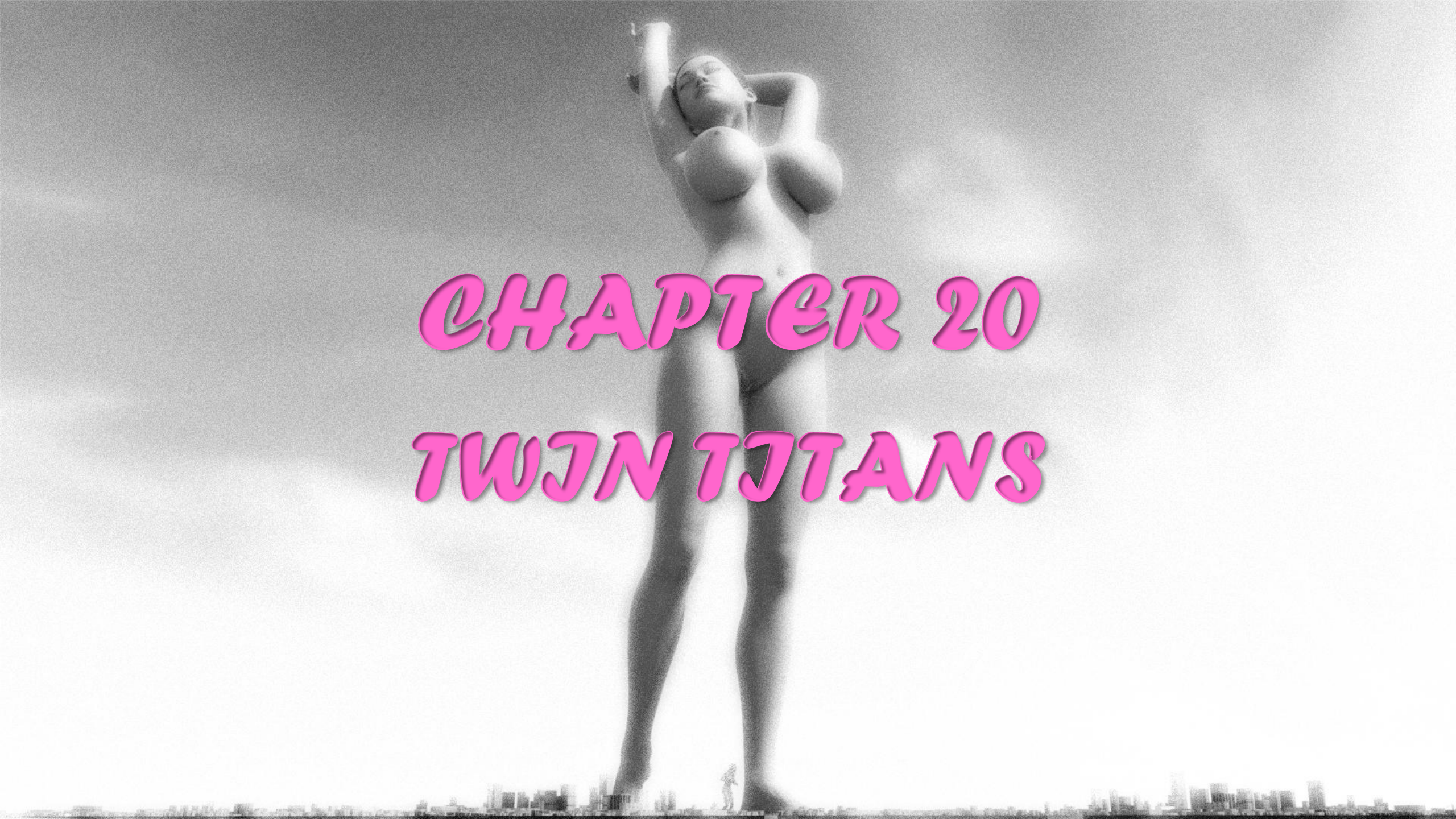
I smirked. "Now I've figured it out." I lifted my chin, letting my voice drip with satisfaction. "Those were never my concerns. Those were tiny people concerns."

I slowed my steps, savoring the sheer power I exuded as my city-wide footfalls sent waves of fear through the streets. "My real concerns now are how to make the most out of my power."

Jason's fingers clenched. "And what does that mean?"
I grinned. "It means I need to start thinking about how to rearrange the world."
Jason blinked rapidly, like his brain had just short-circuited. "Rearrange—oh my god, do you even hear yourself?! That is the most megalomaniacal thing I've ever heard!"


I smirked. "Jason, babe." I plucked him off my shoulder, holding him up in front of my face so he could really see the smugness radiating off me.

"If not when standing 800 feet tall...
then when," I purred.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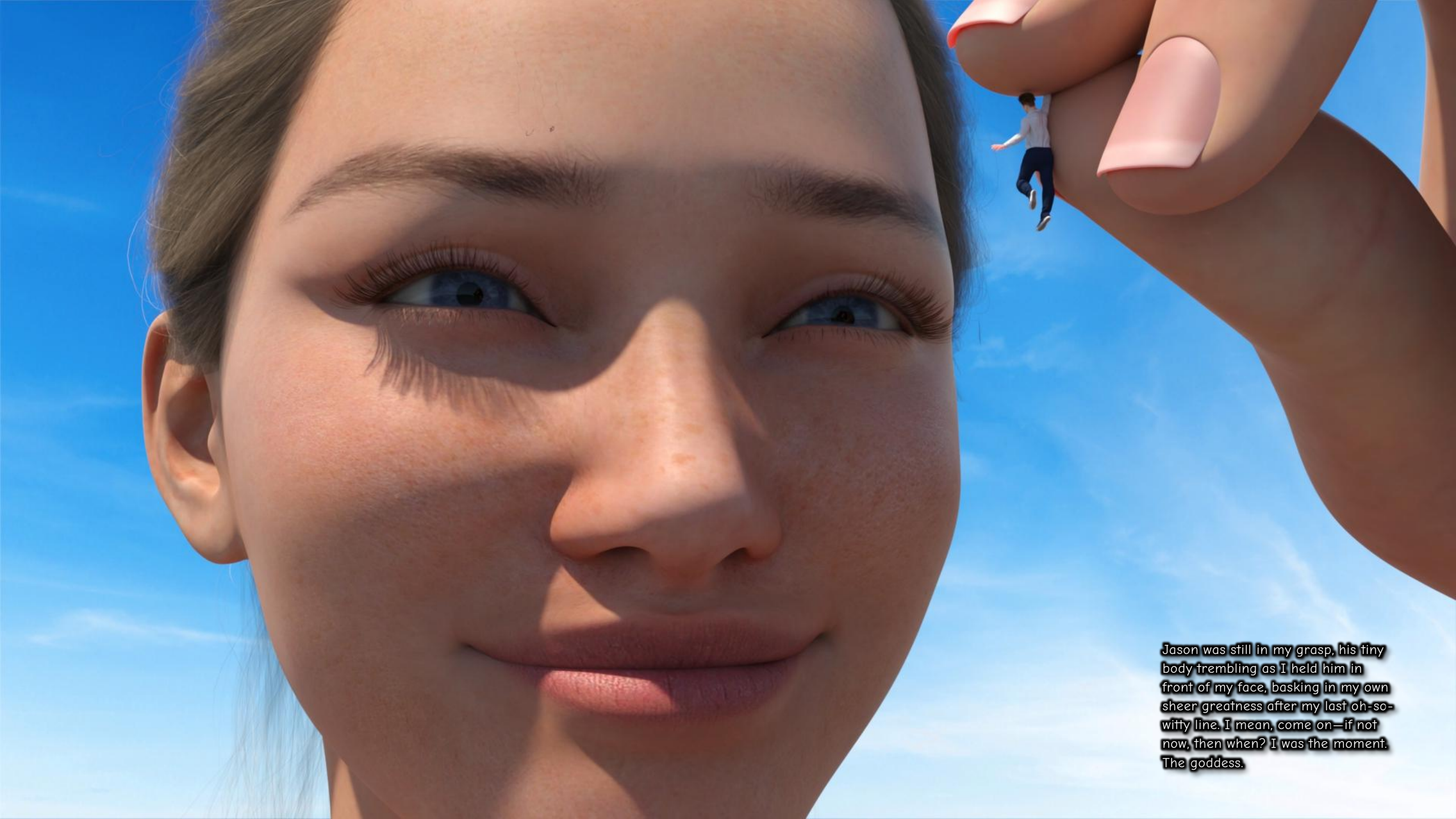

Jason was still in my grasp, his tiny body trembling as I held him in front of my face, basking in my own sheer greatness after my last oh-so-witty line. I mean, come on—if not now, then when? I was the moment. The goddess.

And then—
BOOM.
The world exploded.
Missiles. Real missiles. Not the puny little confetti ones they'd been tossing at me before. These were different. These had weight. These had impact.

And for the first time since growing into the apex predator of humanity—
I stumbled.
The force slammed into me like a freight train, pushing me back, shoving my skyscraper-sized frame through the city as my balance wavered. The whole goddamn skyline shook with me as my foot carved an unintentional trench through blocks of buildings, my calves mowing down towers like weeds.

And then—THEN—the most insulting thing happened.
I fell.
Not like a normal fall. Not like a mere mortal losing their footing. No—this was an event. This was a city-ending catastrophe.
I felt it the moment my divine ass hit the ground.
A block? Gone. Flattened. No resistance. No fight. Just me, unceremoniously cratering through the heart of the city, an entire district vanishing beneath me like it had never existed. The force of my impact sent out a shockwave that rippled through the streets, toppling buildings, flipping cars, sending tinies screaming in all directions.

I sat there, surrounded by chaos, my hair slightly disheveled, smoke rising around me.

And I was fuming.

"Zoe!" Chrissie's voice, smaller than ever, called from somewhere near my hip. "Are you okay?!"

I didn't answer right away. The smoke was thick, choking the sky in a swirling haze. My fingers dug into the cracked pavement beneath me, my nails carving into the earth as the rage built inside me like a goddamn storm.

The smoke cleared.

I was not hurt.

I was pissed.

I launched myself back to my feet, my whole body tensing, my teeth gritting as I snapped my head up, locking onto the bastards responsible.
There they were.
A squadron of jets—tiny dots in the sky, swooping back into formation, gearing up for another pass.
“Oh, no you don’t,” I snarled, my fists clenching so tightly my knuckles cracked.

And then I noticed something else.

Something that actually managed to push my rage from an 11 to a nuclear fucking 20.

Jason.

He was gone.

The hand I had just been holding him in? Empty.

I whirled around, scanning the wreckage, my pulse hammering in my ears. The impact must have shaken him loose, sent him flying into the debris, or—or worse.

Oh.

Oh, no.

I felt my heartbeat slow, like my entire body was recalibrating for pure, unfiltered destruction.

I lifted my head, my eyes sharp and murderous, and roared.

"ARE YOU FUCKING KIDDING ME?!"

The whole city shook. Windows shattered. The jets in the sky visibly wobbled from the sheer force of my voice.

I was done playing.

"YOU ATTACK ME? YOU TAKE MY PET? AFTER EVERYTHING I'VE LET YOU KEEP?!"

The words tore out of me like a declaration of war, my whole body thrumming with rage, my limbs tightening, my whole form practically vibrating—

And then Chrissie's voice cut through the static.
"Uh... Zoe?"
Her tone.
That tone.
I knew that tone.
I whipped my head toward her, ready to snap, but—

She was standing at my knee.
My knee.
I blinked.
No.
Wait.
I looked down.
And—
Oh.
Oh, fuck yes.
I was growing.
Again.
And fast.
I felt it surging through me, a ripple of power flowing outward from my core, expanding me outward, upward, more, more, MORE.

My feet spread, swelling across the city streets, the already-ruined pavement giving way beneath my toes as they stretched, effortlessly flattening whatever was unlucky enough to be beneath them. Buildings, roads, entire blocks—they all disappeared beneath me like dust under a boot.
SERGIOS DESIGNER

Chrissie had already been struggling to keep up before, but now? She was shrinking before my very eyes.
No—I was ascending.
Her head barely reached mid-shin now.
And I wasn't done.

"Oh," I moaned, flexing my fingers as the rush overtook me. "Oh, this is good."

The city buckled under my shifting weight as I stretched taller, my perspective soaring higher, higher, higher, buildings shrinking down to little stubs below me. The tallest skyscrapers—monuments to tiny people's delusions of grandeur—barely even reached my shins now.

I lifted a foot, watching it expand midair, then slammed it down again, my heel splintering through the bedrock, my toes effortlessly swallowing up entire districts. The impact alone sent shockwaves for miles.

Chrissie was barely even at my ankle now.

I threw my head back and laughed.

Loud.

Cocky.

Unstoppable.

I had never felt more alive.

The jets? Nothing. They were buzzing around me like gnats. The city? It wasn't a city anymore—it was a carpet, a speck, a toy set barely worth my attention.

And then—finally—my body stilled.

The growing stopped.

I blinked, letting the sheer size of myself sink in.

I was huge.

Mile-tall.

Beyond skyscraper size.

Beyond anything.

The entire skyline, once something I marveled at, was now a tiny, insignificant cluster of little buildings struggling to make it past my ankles.

And Chrissie—oh, poor Chrissie—was now doll-sized to me. A little Barbie, craning her neck all the way back just to see me.

I could see it in her eyes—envy, frustration, but also—

Goddamn awe.

I exhaled slowly, feeling the absolute weight of my presence settle over the city like a storm cloud.

The world had changed.

Again.

And now?

Now it was time to teach them what that meant.

The jets were still there. Still circling me like they had a goddamn chance. I had just skyrocketed past their entire concept of reality, and yet these microscopic gnats were still buzzing around like they were relevant.
I raised my arm—just a casual little flick of my wrist—and backhanded the whole formation out of the air.

The effect was instantaneous.

The ones closest to my strike? Gone. Just gone. Their little metal bodies detonated on contact, bursting into useless little fireballs against my skin, their impact tickling more than hurting.

The ones further out? Oh, they got the real show.

The wind alone from my swipe sent them spiraling, tumbling through the sky like toy planes caught in a hurricane. Their perfect, tight little attack formation? Scattered like confetti.

I grinned. Now they got it.

I turned my attention downward—way downward—at the tiny, pathetic city still trying to pretend it had a say in anything that happened next.
"When I said goddess," I boomed, letting my voice wash over the ants below, "I meant goddess."

The very air quivered with my words. My voice wasn't just heard—it was felt. The atmosphere itself vibrated with my presence, the sound waves strong enough to rattle windows, to send ripples through the water miles away.
"This should have been fucking obvious before," I continued, gesturing broadly at my mile-high frame, "but just in case you tinies were still confused—"

I took a step forward.

And I erased an entire district.

The moment my foot lowered, the buildings beneath it vanished. No struggle. No resistance. Just a perfect, instant flattening as the whole grid of city blocks beneath my sole ceased to exist. The pavement splintered, cracks spiderwebbing outward, turning streets into fissures, swallowing up everything in its wake.

And then came the aftershock.
The moment my weight settled, the earth itself rebelled.
The city convulsed.
The sheer force of my step sent an earthquake rippling outward, skyscrapers toppling, cars flipping, the tinies caught on the streets thrown into the air like ragdolls. Windows burst apart from the pressure, entire bridges buckled, and waves surged into the harbor from the sheer force of displacement.
SERGIO DESIGNER MENS SHOES
TRENZ

I stood there, feeling the quake of my own goddamn existence radiate outward, my lips curling into a slow, predatory grin.

"Now," I said, stretching luxuriously, my muscles rolling like tectonic plates, "let's talk about what happens next."

My fingers tightened into fists.

"You tied me down."

I lifted my foot again, angling it over another district.
"You shot at me."
I let it hover there, letting the panic build, letting the screaming reach its climax—

And then I dropped it.
The impact was beyond devastation.
The streets below didn't just crack—they caved, imploded, swallowed themselves whole beneath my heel. Gas lines ruptured, sending plumes of fire bursting into the sky. The shockwave rippled outward, demolishing everything in a half-mile radius, the sound of crumbling towers barely reaching my ears before it was lost in the chaos.

I exhaled, rolling my shoulders, reveling in the sheer weight of my power.
"You tried to shrink me."
I took another step.
The ocean of tiny screams that followed was just delicious.

Buildings collapsed just from the force of my proximity. Structures bent, twisted, disintegrated just from being too close to my presence. The air itself was thick with smoke, dust, panic.

"And now," I purred, voice rolling like thunder, "you took my pet."

I grinned.

"Oh, I don't think you understand just how fucked you are."

I was about to take another deliciously devastating step when something caught my attention. A voice—small, squeaky, almost pathetic in its pitch compared to my newfound thunder.

Chrissie.

I glanced down.

God.
She was tiny.
Not “oh, she barely reaches my belly button” tiny. No. She looked like a six-inch action figure standing in the wreckage of a city that now barely even registered to me. She wasn’t just small—she was adorable. Doll-like. The most meaningful thing around, sure, but still—tiny.
I smirked.

"Oh my god, Chrissie," I purred, dropping down onto one knee, lowering myself so I could get a closer look. "I know I was leaving you in the dust before, but this? This is just precious."
She wasn't laughing.
I leaned in, my mile-high frame absolutely dwarfing her minuscule form. "I swear, I almost didn't hear you down there," I teased. "You sure you're still the same loud-mouthed Chrissie I know?"

Still no laugh.
Instead, she just stared.
Arms crossed. Jaw tight. Eyes not just annoyed—concerned.
I arched a brow. "You good, shortstack?"

"Zoe," she said, her voice flat.
"You're a mile tall."
I grinned. "I know, right?"
"Isn't that... too much?"
I blinked.
Too much?

I let out a mock gasp, pressing a hand to my chest. "Chrissie, sweetheart, is that concern I hear? What's next? You gonna tell me to shrink down? Oh, God, are you actually jealous?"
Her eyes narrowed.
"Zoe," she snapped, "this isn't a joke."
I smirked wider, unable to help myself.
"Oh, I disagree."

And before she could react, I reached down.
One hand. That's all it took.
Chrissie squeaked as my fingers wrapped around her, her whole tiny frame cupped easily in my palm like she was nothing more than a little figurine.

I stood back up, rising, my mile-tall frame pulling her into the sky with me, until the entire city was beneath us like a toy model.
Chrissie struggled, kicked, but it was adorable. There was no fighting me now.
I held her up to my face, grinning as I gave her a little shake, like she was some tiny plushie I'd just picked up.

“Aw, look at you, Chrissie!” I cooed, spinning her slightly in my hand. “You’re like a little pocket-sized version of my bestie! Oh my god, should I get a tiny throne for you? Maybe a little hamster wheel to run around in?”
"Put. Me. Down."
I giggled, swinging her lightly in my grasp. “Oh, c’mon, you love it.”

Chrissie growled. “Zoe, I swear—”

But I wasn’t listening.

I was having fun.

And for the first time ever, I was the one leading.

It felt good.

So good.

I grinned, rolling my eyes. "Someone's in a mood."

Chrissie snapped.

"You think this is a joke?" she yelled, her voice high-pitched and furious. "Zoe, what the fuck do you think you're doing? Just grabbing me like I'm some kind of—some kind of doll?!"

I blinked.

Okay, wow.

Someone needed to relax.

I tried to lighten the mood, my grin not fading even slightly. "Uh, yeah? That's exactly what you look like right now." I gave her a little squeeze, making her squeak again. "I mean, c'mon, Chrissie, when was the last time I got to mess with you? This is amazing."

Her face burned red—not from embarrassment, but from rage.
"Put me the fuck down, Zoe!"

I sighed, rolling my eyes.
"Jeez, fine, moody."
And with a slow, exaggerated motion, I lowered her back down toward the ground.
I didn't let go just yet, though.

Instead, I held her there for a second, letting her dangle in my palm, just long enough for her to get the point.
And then, with a little smirk, I set her down.

She stumbled, fuming, glaring up at me with an intensity that might have actually worked if she wasn't, y'know, tiny.
But she was.
And I was huge.
And it felt so, so good.
I smirked down at Chrissie, still tiny, still adorable, still trying to act like she wasn't completely out of her depth. Her face was practically glowing with frustration. It was delicious.

"Aww, c'mon, Chriss," I cooed, tilting my head. "You're still way bigger than the tinies. You should be happy."

She was not happy.

Her arms were crossed, her jaw clenched.

"Zoe," she said slowly, like she was trying to reason with a child. "What are you doing?"

I pursed my lips, rocking back on my heels slightly, letting my massive weight settle into the already shattered ground beneath me. 'Y'know, I haven't really thought that far ahead..." I admitted, tapping a finger against my chin. "But I'm pretty sure I'm just gonna crush the city."

Chrissie's face dropped.

"What?"

I shrugged, rolling my shoulders as my shadow completely engulfed the ruins beneath me. “Oh, don’t look at me like that,” I said playfully. “I’ve had enough of the tinies and their stupidity. They tried to cheat me out of my rightful rule.” I smirked down at her. “And, well... at this size? Things are going to get crushed anyway.”
Chrissie just stared.
It was so cute.

"...Zoe."

I grinned. "Yes, little one?"

She clenched her fists. "That's too much."

I arched a brow, tilting my head. "Ooooh," I purred. "Did you want the city for yourself? Chrissie, babe, all you had to do was ask." I gave a dismissive little wave. "Don't worry, you can have another one. Or two." I winked. "I'll get them for you."

Chrissie did not find that funny.

Her glare could have cut through steel.

But I didn't care.

Because this? This wasn't about Denton anymore.

I sighed dramatically, stretching my arms high above my head, feeling the incredible weight of my new size settle into my muscles like perfection.
"Honestly, Chriss," I mused, "taking over Denton feels like thinking small now."

Chrissie's eyes widened.

I grinned down at her. "I should try the world."

Her mouth opened.
Then closed.
Then opened again.
But no words came out.
God, she looked like a goldfish.

I chuckled, flicking some imaginary dust off my hip. "Take a little time for yourself, Chriss." I smirked, turning away, my massive form shaking the earth with the sheer force of my movement. "I'm gonna go test this new size a bit."

And with that, I stood up and took a step.

The city shattered.

The asphalt buckled beneath my sole, the street cratering as entire blocks collapsed into the wake of my footprint. Buildings shook, their glass facades cracking and crumbling, sending shards raining down like some beautiful, glittering apocalypse. Cars were tossed through the air like forgotten toys. Streetlights bent and snapped.

I smirked.

Then I took another step.

BOOM.

The shockwave of my footfall blasted through the streets, toppling structures that weren't even close to where I landed. A ten-story office tower, which had somehow survived my first stride, groaned, then tilted, then collapsed in on itself, disappearing into a roiling cloud of dust.

Tiny figures were scattering, scrambling like insects caught in the tide, their shrieks barely registering beneath the deafening symphony of destruction.
And then I saw them.
A crowd. A large one, packed tight into the streets a few blocks ahead, their little heads tilting up as they realized that I had noticed them.
I grinned, stretching my arms above my head as I strolled forward, my steps chewing through more of the city like a slow, lazy avalanche.

But I wanted to see them closer.

I dropped to a knee.

The ground screamed beneath me, the force of my descent sending an earthquake ripping through the city. Buildings that had barely clung to life before toppled, crashing into the streets. The sheer shockwave alone flattened anything within a few blocks. The crowd? Oh, they didn't stand a chance. They fell, their tiny, fragile bodies flung onto their stomachs, their backs, their sides—completely helpless beneath the power of a single casual motion.

I chuckled, the sound rolling over the landscape like thunder.

"You little things really need to work on your balance," I teased.

Then, curious, I reached down.
I pinched my fingers together, aiming to pluck a few of them up, but when I pulled back... all I got was—

"Oh."
My fingertips were streaked with red.
Just smears. No tinies. Just... paste.
I blinked, tilting my head.
Okay, that was annoying.

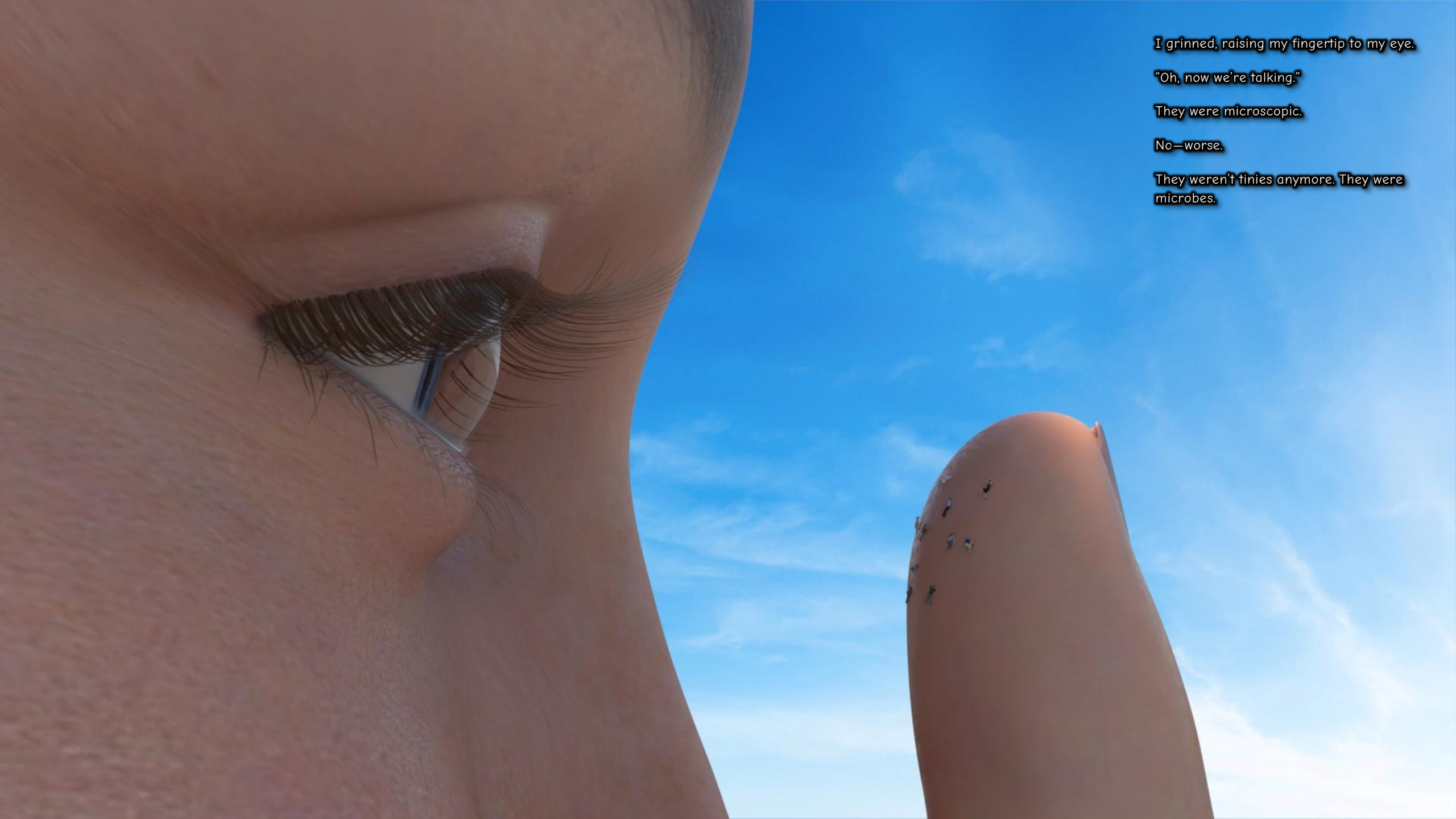
"You're too puny now," I muttered, flicking my fingers and sending what was left of them flying. "Seriously. Useless."
The ones who weren't unfortunate enough to have been reduced to artwork on my fingertips were desperately trying to crawl away.
I narrowed my eyes.
Not happening.
LIQUORS

I licked my finger, coating the tip in a layer of glistening moisture, then pressed it down gently onto the densest part of the crowd.

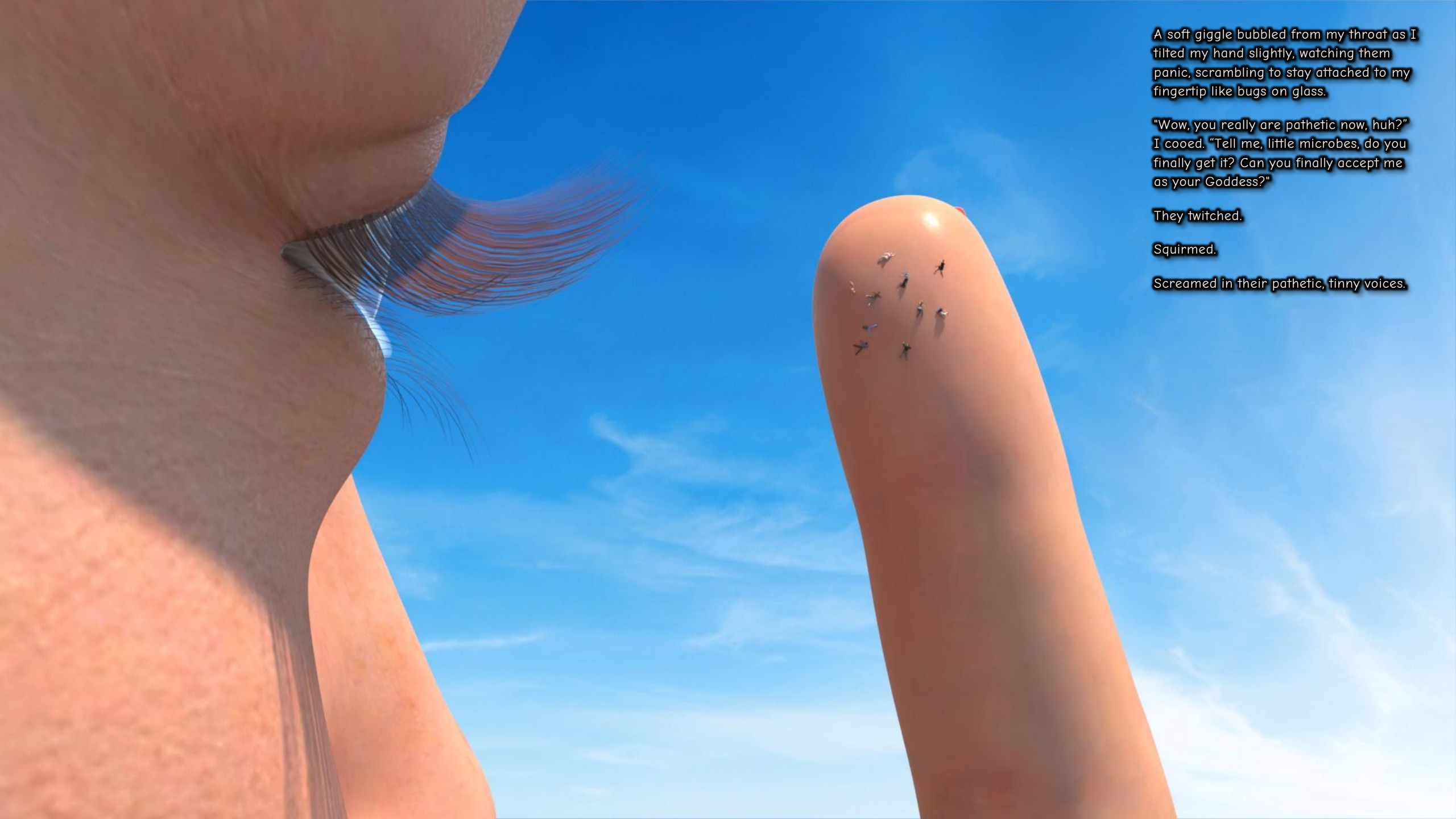
When I lifted it back up, they were there.

Stuck.

Plenty of them, clinging to my skin like grains of sugar, trapped in a layer of my spit.


I grinned, raising my fingertip to my eye.
"Oh, now we're talking."
They were microscopic.
No—worse.
They weren't tinies anymore. They were microbes.

I smirked, watching them tremble, their movements barely perceptible, their little limbs flailing as they realized there was nowhere to go.
"Well, well, well," I purred, my breath hot against them. "You finally look the way you should."



A soft giggle bubbled from my throat as I tilted my hand slightly, watching them panic, scrambling to stay attached to my fingertip like bugs on glass.

"Wow, you really are pathetic now, huh?" I cooed. "Tell me, little microbes, do you finally get it? Can you finally accept me as your Goddess?"

They twitched.

Squirmed.

Screamed in their pathetic, tinny voices.

I grinned, rolling my eyes.
"Yeah, I thought so."
I kept my fingertip raised, peering down at the microscopic specks squirming helplessly in the thin sheen of spit gluing them to my skin.

"Ugh," I sighed dramatically. "I can't even hear you anymore. Not your pathetic little screams, not your begging, not your tiny, squeaky voices trying to tell me I'm too big. You're just... too fucking tiny now."
The little specks twitched.

"Really," I mused, tilting my head. "I hoped it wouldn't come to this. I was big enough before, wasn't I? A skyscraper-sized girl? I mean, that was already more than enough to rule this city. But you all had to push it, didn't you? You had to go and piss off the one person who can literally squash you out of existence just by stretching her legs."

I flicked my eyes across my fingertip. They were still there, glued to me like dust mites, like flecks of lint, like—nothing.
I let out a sigh. "Oh well."
Then, without another thought, I snapped my hand forward.
They flew.
Hundreds of them, catapulted into the air like specks of dust in a sunbeam, scattered across the skyline in random directions, their little bodies tumbling in freefall, no control, no hope, no chance.
"Wheee!" I cooed, watching them disperse like confetti. "There you go! Fly, little ones, fly!"

I laughed, wiping my fingertip off on my thigh, then looked down at the scene below.
But I wanted more. I wanted a better view. A closer view. I smirked. And then I started laying down.

The second my body shifted, the entire world
below me lost its collective shit.

Buildings groaned like they already knew what was coming. Streets buckled under the pressure of my knees alone, entire districts flooding with screams before my shadow even touched them.
And then?
Impact.
BOOM.

My knees hit first, annihilating blocks beneath them like a nuke had just dropped—glass exploded, cars flipped, everything flattened into an unrecognizable pancake of dust and debris.

Then my hips came down.

Another massive shockwave ripped across the ruined cityscape, leveling whatever fragile structures had somehow survived up until now. Roads splintered, buildings caved, miles of infrastructure wiped out like they never even existed.

And then, the main event.
My tits.
Twin wrecking balls of unstoppable softness, plummeting toward the already dying city with zero mercy.
The moment they made contact?
Oblivion.
Entire neighborhoods snuffed out, disappearing into the deep, plush craters my glorious breasts carved into the earth itself. Skyscrapers? Gone. Landmarks? Obliterated. Tens of thousands of tiny lives, all at once? Yeah.
Poof.

I let out a contented sigh, arms folding beneath my chin, head resting lazily on them as I took in the tiny, fragile world from a brand new perspective.
And holy fuck.
They were so much smaller like this.

The few buildings still standing looked like cheap little toys, their glass shattered, their frames warped, barely hanging on after the literal earthquake my body had just caused. The people?

Oh. My. God.

Microscopic.

They were crawling, clawing, flailing—the ones closest to me still reeling from the aftershocks, the ones farther away still trying to run, as if there was anywhere left to go.

I grinned.

"Oh my God, you guys look so helpless," I purred,
my warm breath washing over them.
Instant. Chaos.
They felt it.
They always felt it.

"Here," I cooed, puckering my lips just slightly. "Let me help you out."
And then, with the tiniest, laziest puff of air, I blew.
It was barely anything. A gentle, lazy exhale from my plump, glossy lips.

But for them?

Apocalypse.

The entire street erupted in chaos as the air rushed over it. The tiny people—thousands of them—were instantly airborne, their microscopic bodies snatched from the ground and flung into the sky. They cartwheeled through the air like weightless dust, spinning, screaming, their tiny limbs flailing as they were sent spiraling for blocks.

Cars?

Gone.

Traffic lights?

Ripped from their foundations.

Street signs?

Torn apart like paper.

I grinned, watching the absolute carnage unfold beneath nothing more than my breath.
"Oops," I giggled, biting my lip. "Didn't mean to clear the streets like that."
But I wasn't done.

This time, I inhaled—deeply, filling my lungs—before letting out a stronger, longer gust of breath.

The shockwave was instantaneous.

Buildings shook, their weakened structures finally giving in, toppling, collapsing into the streets. The tiny people were scattered even farther, some launched into the air so high that I lost sight of them completely.

I giggled, watching the city tremble beneath nothing more than my breath.

"God," I purred, tilting my head slightly. "I really might be too much for you, huh?"

I grinned, letting the devastation settle, watching dust clouds rise, debris tumble, and microscopic people struggle to comprehend what just happened.

I let out a mock sigh, resting my chin on my folded arms, looking at the ruined world beneath me with absolute, undisputed amusement.

"Well," I cooed, licking my lips slightly, "that was fun."

I let out a soft sigh, my massive chest shifting, the deep craters they had carved into the city deepening just slightly with my minor movement.

I giggled again.

The ruined city stretched beneath me, a playground of destruction, but one lone skyscraper still clung to life. How cute.

I tilted my head, grinning as I let my colossal finger stretch toward it. "Oh, wow. Look at you," I purred, my fingertip dwarfing the building's fragile rooftop. "Still standing? Still holding out hope? Adorable."

I tapped the roof lightly—just a soft, teasing little nudge.
The top floors shattered instantly.
I giggled as glass rained down, the entire upper portion of the tower caving in, sending people and furniture tumbling through the open wreckage. "Oops!"

But I wasn't done.
I pressed my finger down harder, pushing against the building like it was nothing more than a sandcastle at my feet. The entire structure groaned, metal twisting, windows popping like soap bubbles, and then—
CRUNCH.
It collapsed like a house of cards.
"Awww," I sighed, mocking disappointment, watching the dust billow up around me. "You tried."

Feeling playful, I dragged my fingers along the ruins, crushing thousands beneath my casual, absentminded taps. The city was so tiny now, so breakable, so fun.

Then, for extra fun, I kicked out lazily with my fingers, my fingertips slamming through another cluster of buildings, sending chunks of debris flying through the streets. I watched the shockwaves ripple through the ground, laughing as entire blocks crumbled like they had been built from wet tissue paper.

But then—

Something was happening behind me.

There was a commotion.

A shift.

I turned my head, my mile-high body twisting, my shadow stretching over the demolished cityscape.

And then I saw her.
Chrissie.
"Oh," I breathed.
She stood there, half-dazed, half-thrilled, her whole body pulsing with that unmistakable sensation—the rush, the power, the transformation.
Chrissie was growing.
And she was growing fast.

I shifted, rolling onto my knees, my eyes locked onto her swelling form.
The city around her warped beneath her expanding feet, streets cracking, buildings splitting apart as her toes bulldozed through them.

By the time I was upright, she had already leveled up, her frame swelling, her curves growing, her legs stretching skyward like some unstoppable force of nature.
I rose to my full height, towering over the ruined city, watching with fascination, with anticipation, with an almost predatory glee as Chrissie's height kept rising—

Until we were eye to eye.
I blinked.
Then laughed.
I stood up to my full, ridiculous height, my mile-tall body looming over the ruined world as I turned to her. My best friend. And now? My equal again.

Chrissie was half-exhilarated, half-pissed, a wild, cocky glint in her massive eyes.
I grinned. "Well, well, well," I drawled, placing a hand on my hip. "Look at you."

She huffed, adjusting her stance, her own mile-high frame shaking the city just as powerfully as mine had. "I told you," she said, crossing her gigantic arms, "I was never meant to be a sidekick."
I laughed, stepping toward her, the ground quaking with every godly footfall. "And here I thought you were just being whiny."
Chrissie rolled her eyes, but I saw the flicker of amusement behind them.

"Soooo," I said, arching a brow, "mind telling me how exactly you pulled this off?"

Chrissie smirked. "Duh," she said. "Leftover formula I had been carrying in my safe-necklace the entire time."

"You had no necklace..." I suggested.

"Found another spot..." she said, grinning naughtilty.

"Where...? Never mind," I replied, uunderstanding with a chuckle. My eyes widened slightly, then I let out a low whistle. "You took it all?"

She grinned, triumphant. "Every last bit."

I chuckled, my massive body towering over the ruins, my voice booming through the devastated cityscape.

"Well then," I purred, stepping forward, the earth-shattering impact of my footfall sending another massive ripple through the pathetic remnants of Denton. "Welcome to true goddesshood, babe."

Chrissie took a step forward—her massive foot slamming into the wreckage of what used to be an entire neighborhood—and before I could react, she hit me on the shoulder.

Not a playful hit.

Not an accidental one.

A real-ass smack that, had we been normal-sized, would've sent me stumbling. But at this size? It just made me tilt my head slightly, like she had swatted a fly off me.

Chrissie huffed. "You were a bitch to me."

I raised an eyebrow, rubbing my shoulder like she had actually done something. "Wow, really? A bitch? I was just having a little fun, babe."

Chrissie's glare sharpened. "No. It was not fun."

I smirked. "Well, yeah. That's because you were smaller."

Her jaw clenched, her shoulders stiffening. "You had no right to treat me like that just because I was smaller."

I blinked.

Then, slowly, I gestured at the ruins of Denton, where millions of tinies had spent the last 24 hours being treated exactly like that—except way worse.

"Uh. Chrissie. Babe." I pointed at the smoking rubble around us. "That is literally what we've been doing to every single person in this city since yesterday."

Chrissie's nostrils flared. "That's different."

I huffed, crossing my arms. "Oh? So when it's you being tiny and helpless, it's a problem, but when it's them—" I gestured at the microscopic specks far below, "—it's totally fine?"

Her expression twisted, like she wanted to argue but couldn't actually find the words.

"Look," I sighed, tilting my head. "I didn't want to actually upset you. I was just teasing. And now?" I grinned, spreading my arms wide. "You're back at my level, babe! So, what do you say? Ready to have some fun?"

Chrissie hesitated. Her posture relaxed, her expression softening, and for a second, I thought she was about to fully drop the attitude and get back into goddess mode with me.

I could see it—the thawing tension, the tiny hint of a smile, the acceptance creeping back in.

And then, before she could finish processing, I grinned devilishly, shoved her hard in the shoulder, and took off running.
"Tag. You're it."
I bolted, each thunderous step carving a catastrophic trench through what was left of Denton, my laughter booming as my footfalls crushed streets, toppled buildings, and sent entire city blocks collapsing like dominoes.
Behind me, there was a pause.
Then—

"Oh, you are so fucking dead!"
Chrissie's roar of laughter shook the air, and then—
BOOM.
She was right behind me.
And just like that, our biggest game yet had begun.

TO BE CONTINUED