A Twist of Fate
By Papayoya
Graphic novel
Chapters 21-23
250+ images

CHAPTER 21

EARTHQUAKES HAVE NAMES

I tore through what was left of Denton, my mile-high legs plowing through entire districts like I was taking a Sunday jog through a field of daisies. Buildings barely reached my ankles, and the ones that tried to look important got erased the moment my feet crashed down. Glass shattered. Roads buckled. Crowds? Oh, honey. They scattered like ants watching their hill get steamrolled.

It was exhilarating.
I wasn't even thinking about dodging anymore. What was the point? My feet took up entire city blocks. I was destruction, and I loved it.

And then I felt her.
Chrissie.
She was coming.
I could feel the booming of her steps—
closer. Faster. Louder.
A split-second of realization hit.
Oh, shit.
I barely had time to turn before BOOM!

Chrissie SLAMMED into me like a human wrecking ball, her arms locking around my waist in a rugby tackle straight from hell.
The force ripped me off my feet.
For the briefest second, I was weightless.
And then?
We. Hit. The. Fucking. Ground.
And the world ended.
The moment our skyscraper-sized bodies crashed into the city, it was carnage.
I didn't just fall—we imploded into Denton like a fucking asteroid strike.

The shockwave that followed? Biblical.
A titanic blast of force rippled outward, leveling everything.
Entire city blocks were gone in an instant.
Buildings didn't crumble—they got atomized.
The roads? Split apart like a cracked eggshell.
The impact triggered a fucking earthquake that probably registered on the Richter scale like the devil himself had just punched the planet.
A mushroom cloud of dust, fire, and debris shot into the sky, blotting out the sun like we'd just nuked the place.
And the crater?
Denton wasn't a city anymore.
It was a canyon.
For a moment, everything was silent.
The world was still processing the absolute shitstorm we had just unleashed.

And then?
Laughter.
From both of us.
Chrissie rolled off me, gasping between fits of giggles, sprawled in the middle of the apocalypse we had just created.

"HOLY SHIT, ZOE!" she wheezed, tears in her eyes. "We just— We just FUCKING ERASED half the city!"
I pushed myself up onto my elbows, dazed but grinning like a lunatic. I looked around at the absolute devastation—not a building left standing, entire districts missing like someone had taken a giant bite out of the map.
"Damn, Chriss," I exhaled, grinning ear to ear. "Talk about dropping some weight."
Chrissie shook her head, brushing a literal layer of city dust off her chest. "I knew we'd wreck shit, but this? This is—this is next fucking LEVEL."

I let my head fall back, deeply satisfied. "And people say cardio is boring."
Chrissie kicked a mangled streetlamp like it was a pebble, sending it spiraling into the distance. "So... regrets?"
I rolled onto my side, resting my head in my palm. "Oh, honey. None."
We both burst out laughing again, our towering bodies sprawled across what used to be a thriving metropolis.

We got up. God, we got up.

Two mile-high, skyscraper-shattering forces of nature rising from the fucking apocalypse we just caused.

The ground shuddered. The air trembled. The city? What city? It was a smoking, crumbling wasteland stretching for miles, the pathetic remains of Denton still smoldering beneath our divine fucking presence.

And you know what?

It felt good.

I turned to Chrissie, grinning like a cat who just knocked every glass off the table, offering her a hand. "No hard feelings?"
She looked at me, still pouting about our whole little power struggle earlier, but I saw it—the crack of a smirk.
She reached out, grabbed my hand. "No hard feelings."

Yeah, fuck that.

I yanked her in, hard, wrapping her up in the kind of full-body grip only mile-high gods could pull off. Our titanic curves pressed together, our skin still buzzing from the sheer adrenaline of our destruction spree.

"Good," I purred, leaning into her ear, my lips curling against her temple. "Because, honestly, what would I even do without my favorite little bestie?"
Chrissie huffed, arms trapped at her sides. "Zoe, you bitch—"
"Shh, shh," I mocked, squeezing her tighter. "Embrace it, babe. We're on top of the fucking world."

When I finally let her go, she stumbled back, dusting herself off like she hadn't just gotten bear-hugged by a goddess.
Her eyes drifted over the ruins we left behind, her lips parting slightly.
"Shit, Zoe," she muttered. "Did we... maybe get a little too big?"
I snorted, hands on my stupidly huge hips.

"Chrissie, babe, we just pancaked half a city by accident." I smirked, stretching my arms high into the sky. "There is no such thing as too big."

She laughed, shaking her head. "Yeah, well, communicating with tinies is gonna be a bitch now."

I grinned, waving a lazy hand at the smoking, half-erased mess of a city.
"They'll figure it out," I said. "If there's any left."
Chrissie barked out a laugh. "Yeah, kinda feels like we just made that irrelevant."

I threw an arm around her shoulders, shaking her slightly. "Hey, look on the bright side. Now it's so fucking obvious that we can't be stopped, maybe they'll stop trying anything stupid."

Chrissie gave me a side-eye. "And if they don't?"

I grinned wider, flashing way too many teeth.

"Then we literally won't feel it."

Chrissie groaned, rubbing her temple. "God, you're terrifying."

I wiggled my fingers at her. "And yet, still your favorite person."

She gave a long-suffering sigh, then turned to the ashes of Denton, waving her hand dramatically. "So much for taking over the city."

I snorted.

"Chrissie," I said, gesturing like a queen surveying her kingdom, "Denton was thinking too small."

Chrissie arched a brow. "So what, you wanna take over the world now?"

I took a long, earth-shattering step forward, the ground convulsing beneath my unstoppable stride.

"The only limit," I said, tilting my head with mock innocence, "is our fucking imagination."

Chrissie grinned, looking over the utter wasteland we left in our wake.

"Not bad," she said, "for just wanting bigger boobs."

I threw my head back and laughed so hard, the shockwave alone sent another few buildings toppling.

"Not bad at all."

Chrissie placed a hand on her hip, glancing around at what little remained of Denton. "Sooo," she drawled, "what now?"
I stretched, rolling my shoulders, feeling the earthquake-level vibrations of my own damn muscles settling back into place. God, being this big was a rush.

I flashed her a grin. "Whatever we feel like."

Chrissie hummed, eyeing the distant horizon. "What about the airport?"

I squinted, spotting the tiny, insignificant stretch of runways and terminals far in the distance. God, it was so small now. Cute.

"Ah, yeah," I mused, tilting my head. "That's where the eggheads were."

Chrissie nodded. "The ones trying to shrink us back down, yeah."

I rolled my eyes, sighing dramatically. "Well, we can't have that, can we?" I cracked my knuckles, relishing the way the air itself trembled with the movement. "Fine, we'll go there. I'll crush it in a single step."
Chrissie raised an eyebrow.

I smirked, adjusting my stance. "Okay, maybe two. But only if I'm feeling generous."
She snorted, shaking her head as we turned toward our new target.

The remains of Denton didn't even register under our strides. What used to be roads, buildings, city blocks—all flattened, obliterated, erased with every casual step. Each of my footfalls left behind craters so deep they could have been small lakes.

Then, movement in the sky caught my eye.

I squinted. A flock of choppers hovered between us and the airport. A lot of them. But not military—these ones didn't have the desperation of people trying to fight me. No, these had the desperation of people trying to document something no one else would believe.

"News choppers," Chrissie muttered, crossing her arms.

I chuckled, stopping in my tracks. She followed suit, both of us looming over what little of the pathetic skyline remained, our shadows stretching for miles.

I placed a hand on my hip and tilted my head, watching the tiny little helicopters buzz in place like they were actually safe from me.

"Well?" I called up to them, voice booming across the sky. "Come on, get your shots! Take a good, long look!"

Chrissie smirked, folding her arms. "Yeah, tinies, go ahead. Immortalize this moment."

I grinned, baring my perfectly white teeth. "I'll even be nice and not swat you out of the sky. You're welcome."

The choppers hovered hesitantly, their camera lenses glittering like stunned insect eyes.

Chrissie and I exchanged looks.

"Should we pose?" she asked, mock-thoughtful.

I smirked. "Duh."

And just like that, I lifted one massive leg, planting my foot firmly on the wreckage below, resting my hands on my hips. Chrissie mirrored me, striking a dominant, powerful pose, standing taller than any damn structure left in this city.

The tinies in the choppers were probably shitting themselves.

Chrissie tapped a finger against her lip, pretending to think. "Sooo, do we make, you know, a speech or something? Some demands? Maybe a dramatic monologue? Feels like we should really hammer this home."

I raised an eyebrow. "You really think we need to spell it out for them?" I gestured around at what was left of Denton. The city was a corpse, a smear, a memory. "I feel like we've made our point."

Chrissie smirked. "Sure, but come on. Every great world domination moment needs a broadcast. It's tradition."

I rolled my eyes, but she had a point. And honestly? The idea of delivering an official goddess decree to the world sounded kind of fun. I mean, how often does a girl get to announce her own divine reign?

I turned back to the hovering choppers, tilting my head like a queen humoring a particularly stupid court jester.

"Alright, tinies," I called, letting my voice rumble through the sky like a fucking natural disaster. "Get those cameras rolling. We're about to make history."

Chrissie snickered beside me. "Again."

I squared my shoulders, placing my hands on my hips, absolutely basking in my sheer, unstoppable presence. My voice rang out like a goddamn commandment from the heavens.

"Let's clear a few things up," I began, my smirk widening as I imagined every tiny across the world glued to their screens, hanging on my every word. "For whoever hasn't gotten the memo yet, we're bigger." I let that sit for a second before adding, "Much bigger."

Chrissie nudged me with her elbow. "Understatement of the century."

I laughed, shaking my head. "Yesterday, we were already goddesses. But now?" I gestured down at the microscopic remains of Denton. "Now, it's so fucking obvious, isn't it?"
The news choppers hovered, capturing every second. I could just feel the world holding its breath.

"As honest-to-god goddesses," I continued, dragging out the word with all the smugness in the universe, "we want what's logical: All. Of. It."
Chrissie grinned beside me, clearly loving this.

"This world?" I spread my arms, letting the sheer scale of my existence sink in. "Yeah, it's ours now."

I lowered my hands back onto my hips, eyes gleaming. "Now, don't get me wrong. We'll try not to go around crushing every little thing under us. It's just really, really fucking hard." I lifted my foot off the ground just a fraction, feeling the rubble, the ruins, the remnants of an entire civilization buckle beneath my toes.
"But," I continued, my grin widening, "if you all behave, we'll take it easy on you. And by 'easy' I mean, well..." I shrugged. "Whatever 'easy' means when you're a mile tall."
Chrissie cackled beside me. "Good luck with that, tinies."

I flashed the choppers a mocking, saccharine smile. "We're reasonable, though."

Chrissie coughed. "Debatable."

I ignored her. "But we're not stupid. You all pulled some dumb-ass stunts thinking you could actually take us down. And look how that turned out for you. Pathetic." I swept my foot over the wreckage of what used to be downtown Denton. "So, if anyone out there still thinks they can stop us?" I scoffed. "Don't. Even. Try."

Chrissie mimed a tiny explosion with her fingers. "Boom."
"Exactly," I chuckled.
I let the silence settle for a moment before I grinned down at the choppers again. "Now, here's the plan, tinies."

Chrissie leaned in, wiggling her fingers dramatically. "Ooooh, a plan."
I shot her a look before continuing. "We need to clean up a bit here in Denton, but after that?" I turned, scanning the pathetic little excuse for a continent spread beneath my feet. "We're heading to D.C."

Chrissie let out a low whistle. "Gonna be a hell of a stroll."
I smirked. "It's only crossing the whole country. Easy."

The choppers hovered, still capturing every word.

"So, tell the president and his little cabinet to be ready. We expect them to be waiting with open arms." I grinned, letting my voice drop into a honey-smooth warning. "And I'd really hate for them to disappoint us."

Chrissie laughed. "Wouldn't be good for their health."

I nodded, all fake sympathy. "Not at all."

Then, with one final flick of my wrist, I waved them off. "That's all, tinies. You're dismissed."
Chrissie and I strolled through the ruins of Denton like we were taking a casual afternoon walk, leaving behind nothing but miles of flattened earth in our wake.

Chrissie shot me a look as we walked, arms crossed. “So. A stroll to DC, huh?”

I grinned. “Felt like the logical thing.”

Chrissie scoffed. “Oh yeah, totally logical. ‘Hey, let’s walk across the entire country just because we fucking can.’”

I smirked. “That’s basically it, yeah.”

She rolled her eyes. “Why not just demand the president come to us? That’s what I would’ve done.”
I shrugged. “Would take too long. He’s probably holed up in some bunker under a bunker, crying into the nuclear codes. We’ll be there way before he gets his shit together.”

Chrissie gave me a side-eye. "So, how long are we thinking?"
I tapped my chin. "Eh. Maybe an hour? Two?"

We finally reached the airport.
The little runways stretched out in adorable insignificance, tinies scrambling like ants around their pathetic little jets.

Chrissie squinted at the sky, eyes catching something mid-flight. "Oh, what do we have here?"
I followed her gaze just as she reached out with two fingers, plucking a tiny, struggling jetliner straight out of the sky.
The thing was barely as long as her fingertips, its engines whining in protest as she turned it over, inspecting it like a toy from a cereal box.
"Wow," she mused, giving it a little shake. "People actually fly in these?"

I smirked, leaning in. "Careful, Chriss. You might break it."

She grinned, her nails tapping on the fuselage. "Oh no, what ever shall I do?"

Tiny screams filtered out from inside, muffled and useless.

Chrissie's smirk grew wider. "Aw, poor tinies. They thought they were going somewhere." She cocked her arm back, balancing the little plane on the tip of her finger.

I knew what was coming. "Where you sending that one?"

Chrissie winked. "Let's find out."

And with a flick so casual it might as well have been an afterthought, she sent the plane soaring through the sky like a shooting star.

We watched it vanish into the distance, probably halfway to Canada by now.

"Think they'll make it?" I asked, hands on my hips.

Chrissie giggled. "Doubt it. But I'm sure they're enjoying the view."

With that settled, we turned our attention to the real problem.
"Alright, where the hell are the eggheads?" I muttered, scanning the tiny mess of terminals and hangars.

Chrissie shrugged. "No clue. And we can't exactly ask anyone, since tinies tend to scream instead of answering."
I sighed. "Well, that's inconvenient. Guess there's only one solution then."
Chrissie smirked. "Smash it all?"
I grinned. "Smash it all."

And oh, did we.
I took the first step, my sole casting a shadow over an entire terminal before I brought it down, flattening the building like a bug under a textbook. The impact sent fireballs exploding into the air, fueling the beautiful destruction.

Chrissie kicked a control tower like it was a sandcastle, sending chunks of concrete flying in every direction.
We waded in, each step turning runways into craters, each movement sending shockwaves rippling through the earth.

A fleet of tiny fuel trucks tried to escape. Chrissie stomped them out. A few jets rolled down the tarmac, engines flaring in vain. I stepped on them mid-takeoff, turning them into fireworks.

Hangars crumbled under our kicks. Baggage carts exploded like popcorn.

Chrissie giggled, grabbing a hangar roof and peeling it back like a tin can. "Awww. Look at all the tiny people hiding."

She wiggled her fingers at them. "Boo."

Then she flicked the whole structure over, burying them all in rubble.
I wasn't done either. I crouched, fingers digging into the pavement, tearing up an entire section of the airfield before hurling it into another terminal. BOOM.

Within minutes, the airport wasn't just destroyed. It was erased.
We stood over the wreckage, brushing the dust off our hands, smirking.
Chrissie let out a satisfied sigh. "Well, that was fun."

I cracked my neck, looking at the absolute wasteland we'd left behind. "Yep. And now, there's nothing left to shrink us down."
We exchanged grins.
We were unstoppable.
"So," Chrissie stretched, placing a hand on her hip, grinning up at me. "DC next?"
I tilted my head toward the horizon, the sheer vastness of the country spread before us like a playground.
"Yep!" I smirked. "We've got a country to claim."

CHAPTER 22

TEKTONIC TREK

The countryside stretched endlessly beneath us, rolling hills and winding rivers shrinking into meaningless details as we strode across the land. Miles passed under our feet in seconds. Towns flickered by like specks of dust, and roads twisted beneath us like thin little cracks in the earth.

The world was tiny. The world was ours.

The two of us walked in stride, chatting casually like we were on a morning walk—only, you know, leaving massive destruction behind us.
"You know," Chrissie mused, casually stepping over what looked like an entire town, "I always thought road trips were supposed to suck. Where's the car trouble? The bad gas station food? The eight-hour leg cramps?"
I snorted, lazily swinging my arms as I strolled. "Yeah, turns out all that crap's a tiny problem. Literally."

Chrissie grinned, sending a chunk of highway crumbling under her next step. "I could get used to this. Just miles and miles of everything that doesn't matter flattening under my feet."
"Same," I agreed, dragging my toe through a hill like it was a sandcastle. "And no cramped airplane seats, no layovers. Just a straight shot to wherever we feel like going."

"Yeah, but no in-flight peanuts, either." Chrissie sighed dramatically. "Tragic."
I smirked. "Damn, you're right. Total dealbreaker. Let's turn around, head home."
Chrissie laughed, shaking her head. "Nah, we've come too far. Might as well see what DC looks like from a real power level."

And then, oops.
My foot came down on something not-so-nature-y, and the unmistakable sound of splintering wood crunched beneath my sole.

I blinked, pausing mid-step, lifting my foot slightly to take a peek.

Underneath?

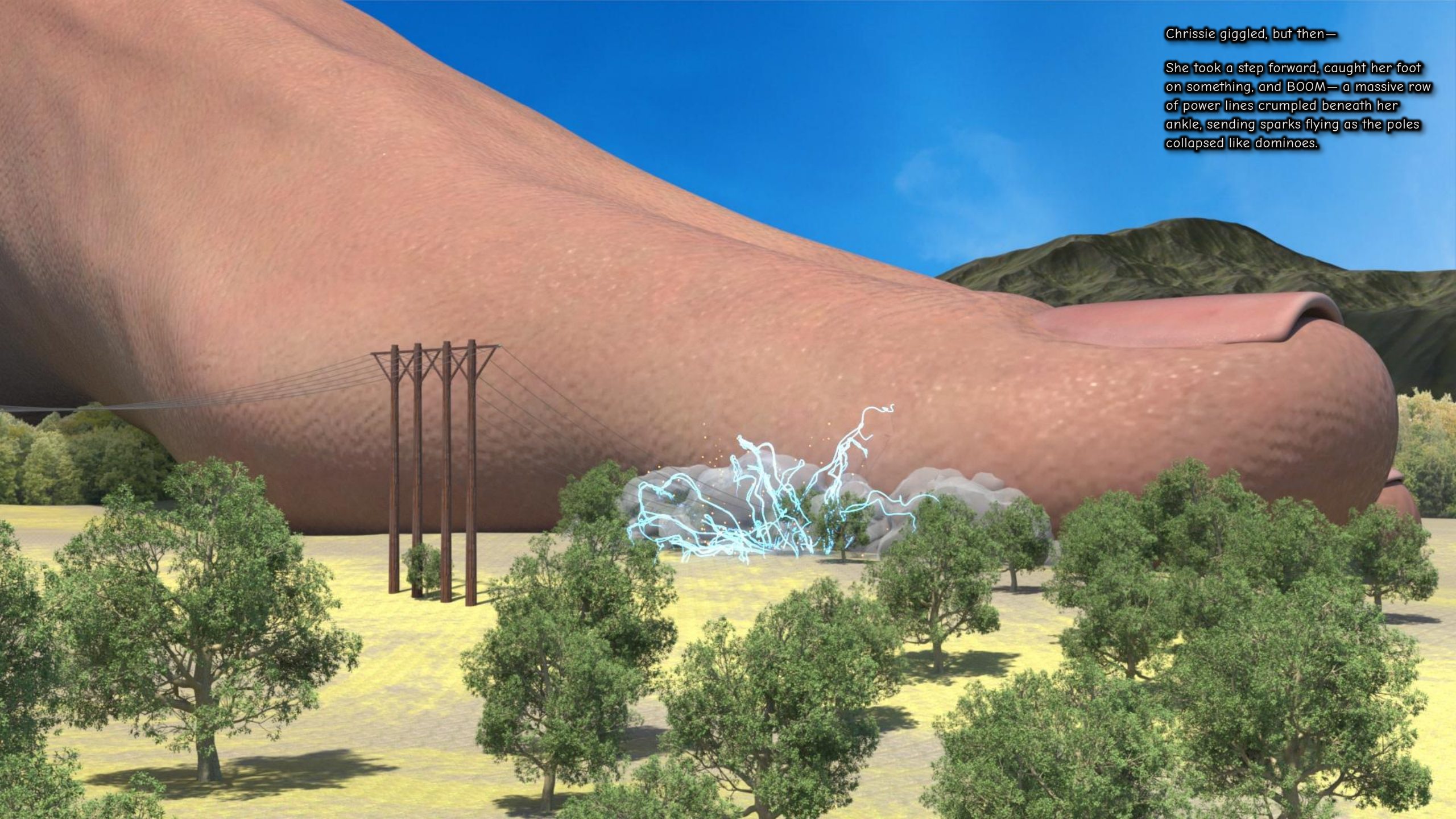
A flattened farmhouse.

The little roof was nothing but shattered beams, the once-quaint white walls crushed into the dirt.

I smirked, placing my hands on my hips. "Well. There goes someone's family farm."

Chrissie busted out laughing. "Zoe, you just stepped on someone's entire livelihood."

I rolled my eyes. "It was in the middle of nowhere! Who the hell puts a house right in the way of my foot?"


Chrissie giggled, but then—
She took a step forward, caught her foot on something, and BOOM— a massive row of power lines crumpled beneath her ankle, sending sparks flying as the poles collapsed like dominoes.

Her eyes widened.
"Shit," she muttered.

I gave her a slow, smug grin. "Chrissie."

She held up her hands. "Okay, okay, but those were—"

"You just plunged an entire town into a blackout."

She huffed. "Like it was my fault they put the damn lines in my way."

I snorted. "Yeah, okay, Miss Walking Disaster."

She flicked my arm. "Bitch, you literally crushed a house five seconds ago."

"Yeah, yeah," I said, waving a hand. "Not my fault I have big feet."

We kept walking, the landscape beneath us shifting, breaking, disappearing. Then, in the distance, I caught a glimpse of tiny little roads, winding through the terrain.

A highway.

"Perfect," I grinned, changing course.

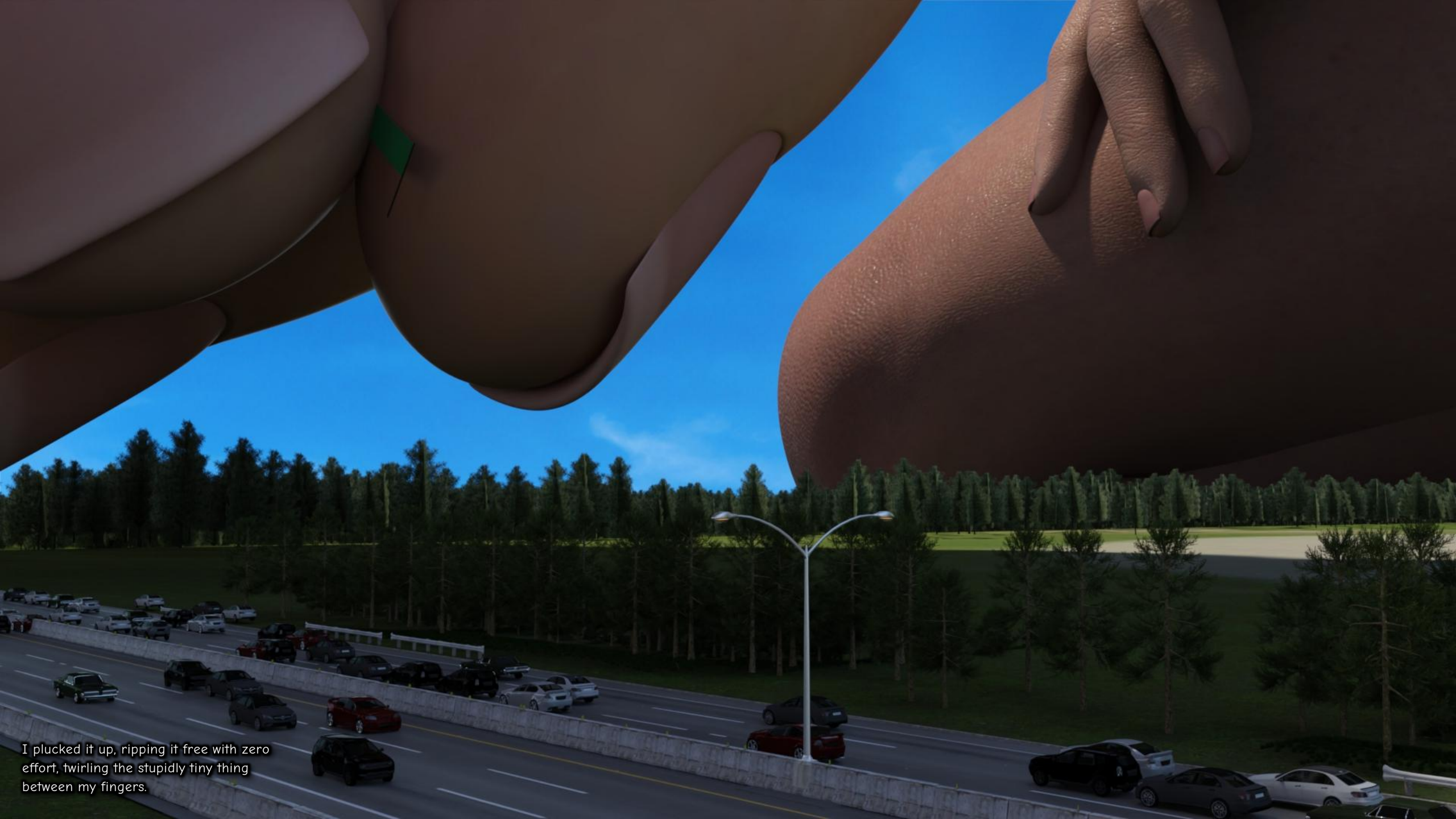
Chrissie noticed my direction shift. "Where are we going?"

"To get our bearings, obviously."

We stepped toward the tiny highway, the road clogged with motionless traffic.

When we reached it, we dropped to our knees—the impact alone sending shockwaves that rattled the already panicked tinies.
Trucks bounced, cars lurched forward, and tinies screamed.

I tilted my head, watching the tinies freeze in their vehicles. "Awww, look at them, Chrissie. They're so stuck."
Chrissie smirked, brushing her hair back. "Guess they weren't expecting us."
I grinned. "Shame."
My fingers reached for the side of the road, spotting one of those green highway signs.


I plucked it up, ripping it free with zero effort, twirling the stupidly tiny thing between my fingers.

I had to squint to read it. "Well, well. Looks like we're in Texas."
Chrissie peered over. "Huh. Still a ways to go."

I snorted. "Not that much. We've crossed, like, half the country already."
She raised an eyebrow. "Yeah? And how long do you think it's gonna take to finish the rest?"
I smirked. "At our speed? Maybe twenty minutes."
Chrissie laughed.
"Okay, maybe thirty."
She rolled her eyes. "Yeah, sure."

And then, an idea hit me.
"Hey," I said, dropping the sign into the wreckage below. "You know what's not far from here?"
Chrissie gave me a look. "Literally everything?"
I grinned. "My college."
Chrissie snorted. "Oh my god. What, you wanna go back for old times' sake?"
I shrugged, casually crushing an eighteen-wheeler beneath my fingers. "Why not? It's been, what, a couple of days? Feels like forever. I wanna see the place again."

Chrissie sighed dramatically, throwing her arms in the air. "Ugh, fine. But if we go, I get to crush something first."
I smirked. "Deal."

And with that, we stood back up, our mile-high figures looming over the highway.
Tinies screamed. Vehicles honking in terror. Chrissie and I grinned.
Chrissie squinted at the landscape ahead, hands on her hips. "So, do you even know the way to campus? Or are we just hoping to step on enough cities that we eventually land on it?"
I huffed. "Rude. But no, I don't know exactly where it is. Buuut I have an idea."

Scanning the terrain, I spotted the largest vehicle I could find—a tiny convoy of trucks stopped dead in the middle of a highway. Perfect. I crouched, reaching down with two fingers and plucking the biggest one up. An 18-wheeler. Barely an inch long to me now.
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I placed it on my open palm, bringing it up to eye level. The little driver inside was frozen, gripping the steering wheel like it was some kind of lifeline.
I gave him my best award-winning grin. "Hey, tiny. I need directions."
The little thing didn't move.

I sighed, rolling my eyes. "Oh, come on, don't make me repeat myself. Find TechU on Google Maps and honk once I'm pointing in the right direction."

Silence.

Chrissie leaned in over my shoulder. "You heard her, dude. Chop, chop, before she decides to reroute this whole road."

That seemed to wake him up. He fumbled with his phone, tapping at the screen with hands that were visibly shaking. A few agonizing seconds later—beep!

I turned slightly. Beep!

I adjusted again. Silence.

"Bingo," I said with a grin, locking in my new course. "See? Who needs GPS when you have tinies?"

Chrissie snickered. "Damn, you're so resourceful."

I flashed her a wink, and we started moving, highway and towns vanishing beneath our footfalls like sandcastles at high tide.
With my human GPS still safely cradled in my palm, Chrissie glanced up at me. "Kinda crazy, huh?"

"What?"

She gestured vaguely. "This. Us. Two days ago we were just normal college girls, stressing about exams, parties, whether or not some guy texted back..."

I snorted. "Ugh, yeah. Remember when a bad grade actually mattered?"

Chrissie grinned. "Remember when rent mattered?"

"Remember when we thought being the tallest girl at a party was a flex?"

Chrissie laughed, tossing her hair back. "Bitch, now we're bigger than the fucking state."

We both cracked up, our laughs rolling across the landscape like thunder.

She nudged my arm playfully. "You were such a nerd, though."

"Excuse me?"

She smirked. "Come on. You were that girl in class, all organized notes, color-coded binders, raising your hand with 'Actually, professor' energy."

I gasped in fake offense. "Chrissie!"

She cackled. "Am I wrong?"

I pouted dramatically. "I'll have you know that I was cool."

"Pfft."

"Okay, fine," I admitted. "I was a little academically inclined."

Chrissie wheezed. "Bitch, you were a full-on Hermione."
I shrugged, smirking. "Hey, at least I had a plan before I turned into a literal goddess."
She scoffed, flicking a lone radio tower down with her finger. "Oh, because planning was gonna do so much for you once you hit, what, mile-high?"
"Hey, some of us were preparing for the future."
"And now you are the future," she shot back, grinning.
I chuckled. She wasn't wrong.

Then, finally, it came into view.
TechU.
What was once a sprawling, prestigious campus—big enough to feel overwhelming back when I was just a regular student—was now tiny. An absolute diorama at my feet, complete with a speck-sized student body scurrying around in full-blown panic.
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SUCCEED

I stopped, my grin widening as I took in the adorable little buildings, the miniature quads, the eensy-weensy football field.
"Aww, it's just how I remember it," I teased.
Chrissie arched an eyebrow. "So what's the plan, professor? Take over? Have a chat with the dean?"

I hummed thoughtfully. "Nah. I was thinking..." I turned my gaze downward, my smirk growing wicked. "I wanna check in on my crush."
Chrissie stared at me. "WHAT?!"
I laughed. "What? I had a thing for this guy. Tall, cute, kinda nerdy. I should say hi."
WER THRIVE

She gawked at me like I'd just declared I was running for mayor of a city I just flattened. "There are ten thousand people down there!"
I waved a dismissive hand. "Yeah, yeah, that's not a problem."
Chrissie groaned. "You cannot be serious."
I smirked. "Oh, babe. I'm dead serious. But don't worry. I have an idea."

I smirked as I lowered myself, taking extra care not to flatten the entire campus—for now. I braced my hands against the earth, slowly lowering my colossal frame until I was lying down, stomach-first, my face practically hovering over the adorable little diorama that used to be my university.

The ground still shook, of course—because, well, I was a mile-tall goddess, and moving without causing a scene was pretty much impossible at this point. A couple of buildings cracked, their facades peeling like flimsy dollhouses, and a wave of sheer chaos rippled through the sea of microscopic students below.
I grinned. Oh, they are freaking the fuck out.

The whole campus looked like an anthill that had just been kicked—tinies scattering in every direction, some too dumbfounded to even move, just standing there, staring up at the skyline-sized face smirking down at them.
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"Heyyy, TechU," I purred, my voice rolling over them like a summer storm. "Long time, no see. You remember me? Zoe Sullivan? Sophomore?" I tilted my head, watching the microscopic crowd as I let that sink in. "You know, back when I was your size."

The reaction was instant—more screaming, more scrambling. I snorted. Oh, come on, I haven't even done anything yet.

"Relax, relax," I cooed, flashing my most dangerously charming grin. "I don't want to cause harm. Well... not much. But let's be real—at my size? I'm never inconsequential."
More chaos. More scurrying.
God, it was adorable.

"I'm just passing through," I continued breezily. "On my way to taking over the country—you know, casual goddess things." I paused for dramatic effect, letting them marinate in that little revelation. Then, I grinned. "Buuuut before I go, I figured I'd say hi."

The tiny crowd didn't look thrilled by my version of "hi." I rolled my eyes.

"And... well..." I tapped a massive nail against the ground, making tiny thud-thud-thud sounds that probably felt like earthquakes to them. "I wanna have a little chat with Mike Fletcher."

That sent a fresh wave of panic through the campus. The reaction was instant—people looking around, some pointing, some running. I giggled. Oh, found a nerve, huh?
Prestige
EMPOWER. THRIVE
BUILD.

"So!" I beamed. "Here's what's gonna happen! You tinies are gonna take Mike to the football stadium, and you're gonna leave him right in the center of the field. Alone."
I let the word alone hang in the air.

"And if you don't?" I hummed, pressing my lips together in faux thought. "Well..." I slowly dragged a fingertip across the grass, my nail barely skimming the campus roads, sending another ripple of terror through the crowd. "Let's just say I've got a lot of nostalgia for this place." I grinned. "And it'd be such a shame if I had to flatten it in a temper tantrum."

Oh, that got them moving.

Like a mass exodus, the itty-bitty tinies rushed toward the stadium, their minuscule, pathetic little legs carrying them as fast as they could manage. I giggled, watching them scramble.

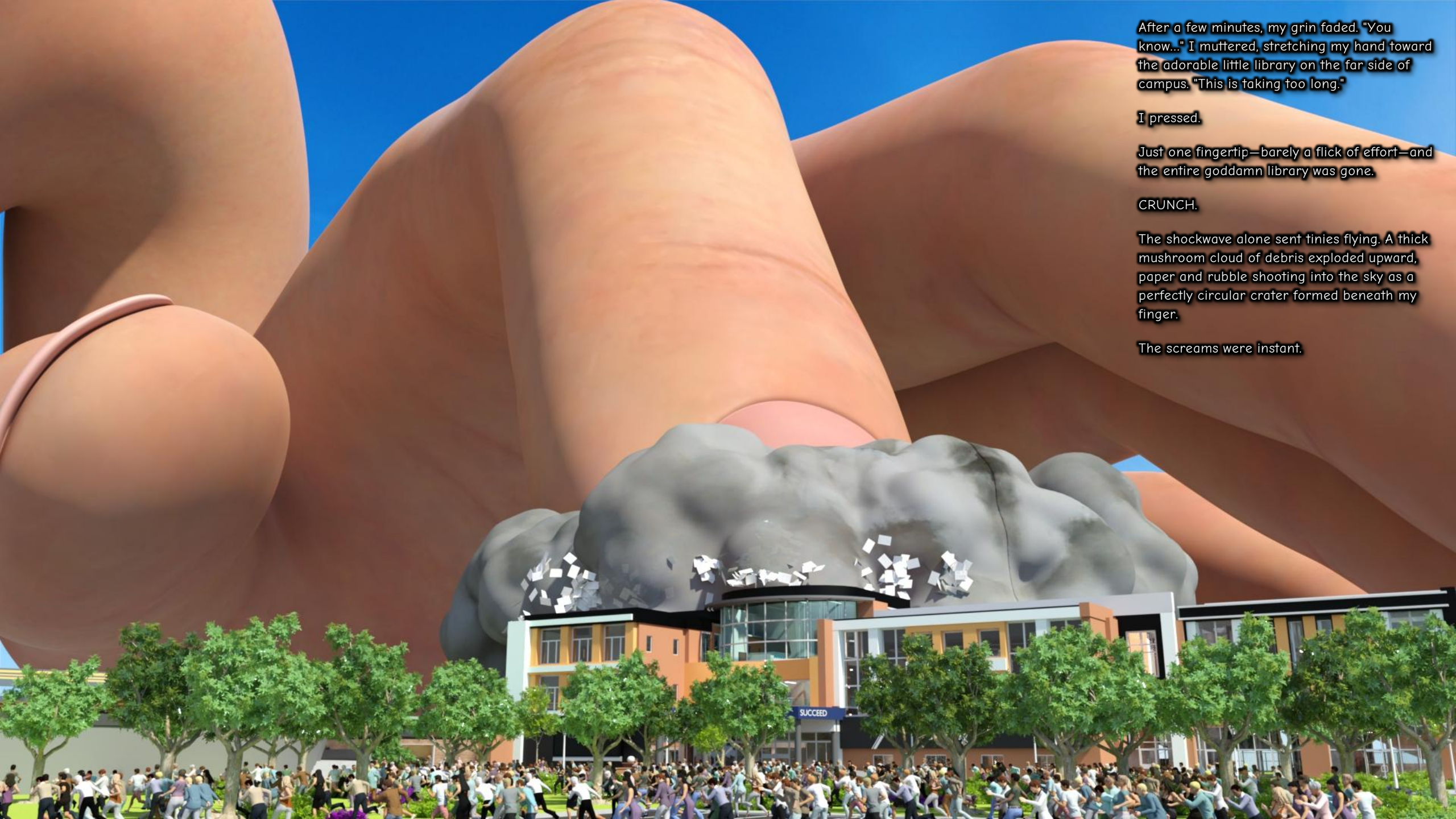
"Aww, look at you all! So helpful!" I teased, resting my chin on my folded arms, utterly enchanted by the hysteria unfolding beneath me. "Just adorable."

Chrissie, watching from my side, snorted. "You're so full of yourself."

I smirked. "Yeah, and?"

She just shook her head, amused.

I continued watching, tapping my nails against the dirt with growing impatience. The tiny bugs were moving, sure, but damn, did they crawl.



After a few minutes, my grin faded. "You know..." I muttered, stretching my hand toward the adorable little library on the far side of campus. "This is taking too long."

I pressed.

Just one fingertip—barely a flick of effort—and the entire goddamn library was gone.

CRUNCH.

The shockwave alone sent tinies flying. A thick mushroom cloud of debris exploded upward, paper and rubble shooting into the sky as a perfectly circular crater formed beneath my finger.

The screams were instant.

I grinned, casually lifting my finger to inspect the smudge of what used to be books, desks, students—gone.

"Oops," I cooed mockingly, pouting at the campus. "My bad. Guess I am a little impatient."

The people were in full-blown panic now, running twice as fast.

I smirked. "Yeah, that's more like it."

Chrissie, watching the chaos unfold, just chuckled. "You're such a brat."
"Yeah, well, they asked for it," I shot back with a lazy shrug.

And then—movement in the stadium.
I perked up, grinning. "Ohhh, finally."
The stadium lights flickered under my gaze, and I zoomed in, spotting the pathetic horde of tinies all hightailing it out of there—except for one.
One tiny, lone figure, standing dead center on the football field.

I beamed.
"There he is."
I smirked as I lowered my head, bringing the entire fucking sky down over the stadium. The colossal shadow of my face blanketed the field, swallowing everything in darkness except for the lone, trembling little speck standing in the dead center.

I squinted, zooming in with a casual, amused hum. Oh. My. God. I could actually recognize him. Even at this size, even with him barely visible, I could see him. The stance, the way he held himself, the way he was looking up at me like his entire life was flashing before his eyes.
Mike Fucking Fletcher. Still a cutie. Even at a fraction of an inch.

I grinned, tilting my head slightly. “Hi, Mikey,” I cooed, my voice a sultry, warm hum that vibrated over the stadium. I kept it low, soft—the same voice I used the last time I saw him. "Been a minute, huh?"

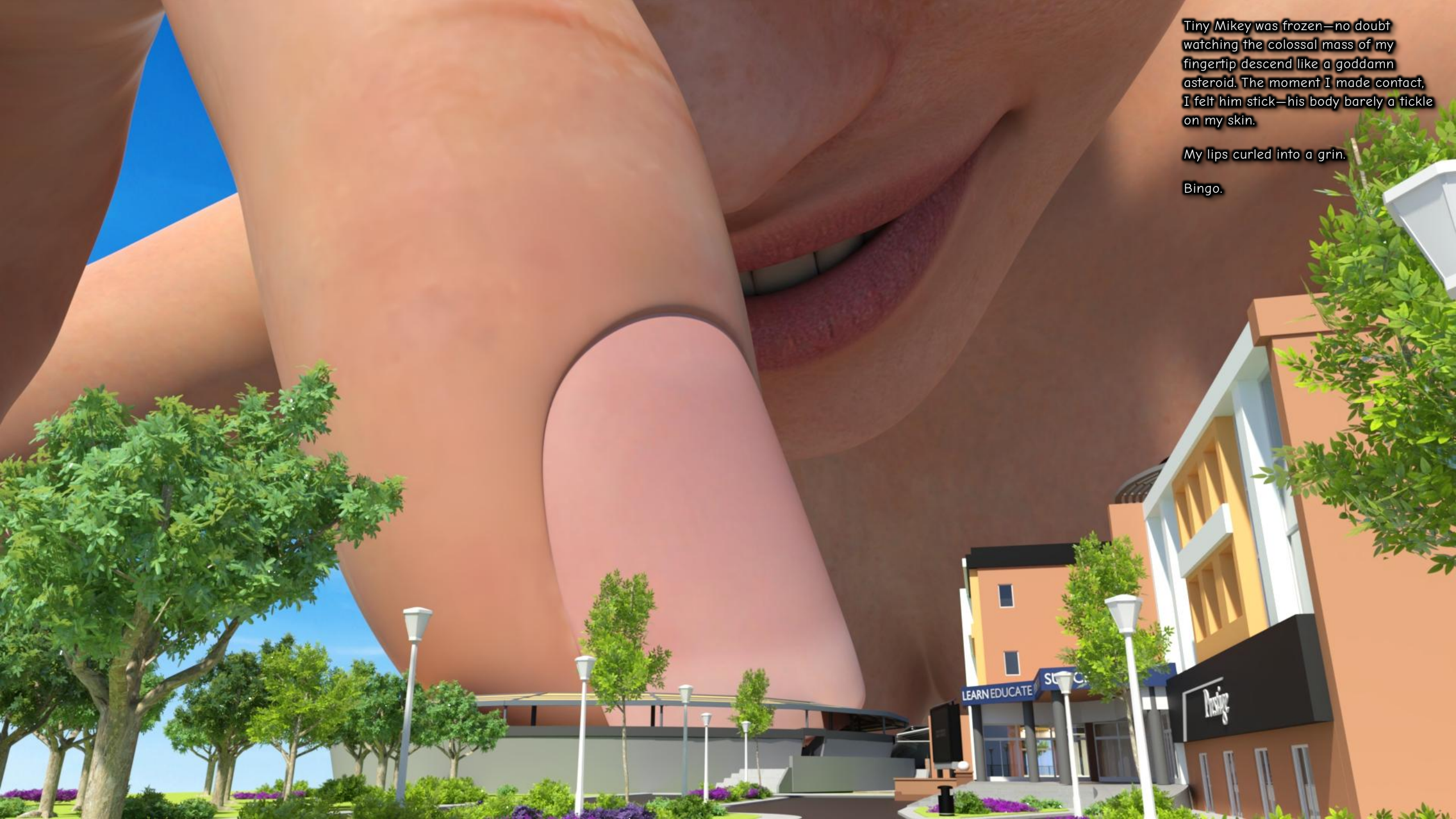
The tiny little thing trembled. Awww.

I bit my lip playfully, sighing. "God, I was thinking about you the other day,” I purred, stretching out against the grass, my massive body looming over the campus like a storm front. “Had so much fun that weekend before I left town. You remember that?” My voice dipped into something thick, suggestive. "Because I sure do."

He screamed something up at me, his body rigid, his fists clenched. I raised a brow, watching his microscopic little mouth move.
Nope. Didn't hear a damn thing.

"Mikey," I teased, giggling, "You know I can't hear you, right?"
More frantic screaming. More wild gestures. God, he looked so cute when he was terrified.
"Tell you what," I mused, "I'll pick you up, and you try to relax, okay? Be very, very still. And don't worry—I've done this before."

I licked my finger, making sure the pad was just tacky enough before slowly lowering it toward the center of the field.


Tiny Mikey was frozen—no doubt watching the colossal mass of my fingertip descend like a goddamn asteroid. The moment I made contact, I felt him stick—his body barely a tickle on my skin.
My lips curled into a grin.
Bingo.
LEARN EDUCATE

Slowly, carefully, I lifted my finger, marveling at the sheer delicacy of the moment. "Still kicking, huh?" I mused, tilting my head as I gently peeled myself back from the campus, sitting up on my knees. "You know, Mikey, you should appreciate this. Do you know how many people I just squished by accident today?" I smirked. "And here you are. Lucky, lucky man."

I raised my hand to my face, bringing him so close that I could feel the minuscule heat of his body against my skin. He was a flea. A mote of dust.
And yet?
Still adorable.

I giggled, my breath billowing around him in a warm gust. "Aww, Mikey," I cooed, so goddamn pleased with myself. "Even if you're just a teensy, weensy, speck of a man now... I'm so happy to see you again."
I let my tongue flick out slightly between my lips, just a suggestion of movement. "Are you happy to see me, baby?"
He thrashed, his little limbs flailing, his mouth moving like he was screaming his soul out.

I blinked.
Oh. Right. Still couldn't hear him.
I sighed, rolling my eyes. "Ugh, this is gonna get old fast."

Without a second thought, I brought him up—closer to my ear, nestling my fingertip just beside the delicate curve. "Okay, cutie," I murmured. "Try again. Loud as you can."

A beat.

Then—a whisper of a sound.

The tiniest, most pathetic, squeaky little voice.

"Z-Zoe—please—don't hurt me—"

I grinned. "Oh my god. I can actually hear you!" I gasped, positively delighted as I kept him right by my ear. "That is so cute. You sound like a cartoon chipmunk. I love it."
"P-please—"

I smirked. "Mikey, honey, calm down. If I wanted to hurt you, I wouldn't have wasted my time picking you up with a fucking wet fingertip." I scoffed, shaking my head. "Do you realize how much effort that took? Do you see the goddamn campus still standing behind me? I could've crushed the whole thing just to find you."

I shifted slightly, resting my elbow on my thigh, tilting my head. "So," I murmured, "you're gonna take a breath, and you're gonna relax. Because, babe?"
I grinned.
"You should be honored."

Chrissie let out an exaggerated sigh, tapping her bare foot against the remains of a parking lot. "Are you gonna take forever with this, or what?"

I carefully moved my finger to my face, squinting at her with mock offense. "Chrissie, babe—do not break my balls," I pouted, my breath washing over the terrified little speck stuck to my fingertip. "A girl needs a little quality time with her tiny, helpless crush."

Chrissie rolled her eyes so hard I thought they might pop out of her skull. "Oh, please," she scoffed, flipping her hair. "You're, like, a mile tall. He's literally a crumb on your fingertip. What quality time are you expecting here?"

I smirked, tilting my head. "Oh, I dunno. Maybe a little reminiscing... a little flirting... maybe a few tiny screams of devotion?" I lifted my finger slightly, watching as Mike trembled against the soft pad of my skin. Adorable. "He was a real charmer when I was still bite-sized, Chriss. I wanna see if he kept that energy."

Chrissie snorted. "Yeah, I think he's got plenty of energy. It's just all directed toward not shitting himself."

I giggled. "Awww. He'll come around."

Chrissie shook her head, then turned slightly, scanning the horizon with one hand on her hip. "Well, if you're gonna take forever seducing your dust-sized boyfriend, I might as well go have some fun."
I arched a brow, intrigued. "Fun?"
She nodded toward the distance. "Spotted a city from up here. Not too far. Right next to the sea."
I leaned in slightly. "Not too far meaning...?"
She squinted, shrugged. "Eh. Like, five hundred miles?"
I let out a short laugh. "Bitch, that's, like, half the state for the tinies."
She smirked, cracking her knuckles. "And, for us?"
I pursed my lips. "I don't know, ten minutes?"
Chrissie grinned. "Whatever. I might even take a dip while I'm there. You have fun playing with your new little toy."

I waved her off, watching her stride off into the horizon like a sexy natural disaster, her buttocks bouncing rhythmically, every footstep leaving craters in the land, every casual movement reshaping the earth. I sighed dreamily, then shifted my focus back to the trembling speck on my fingertip.

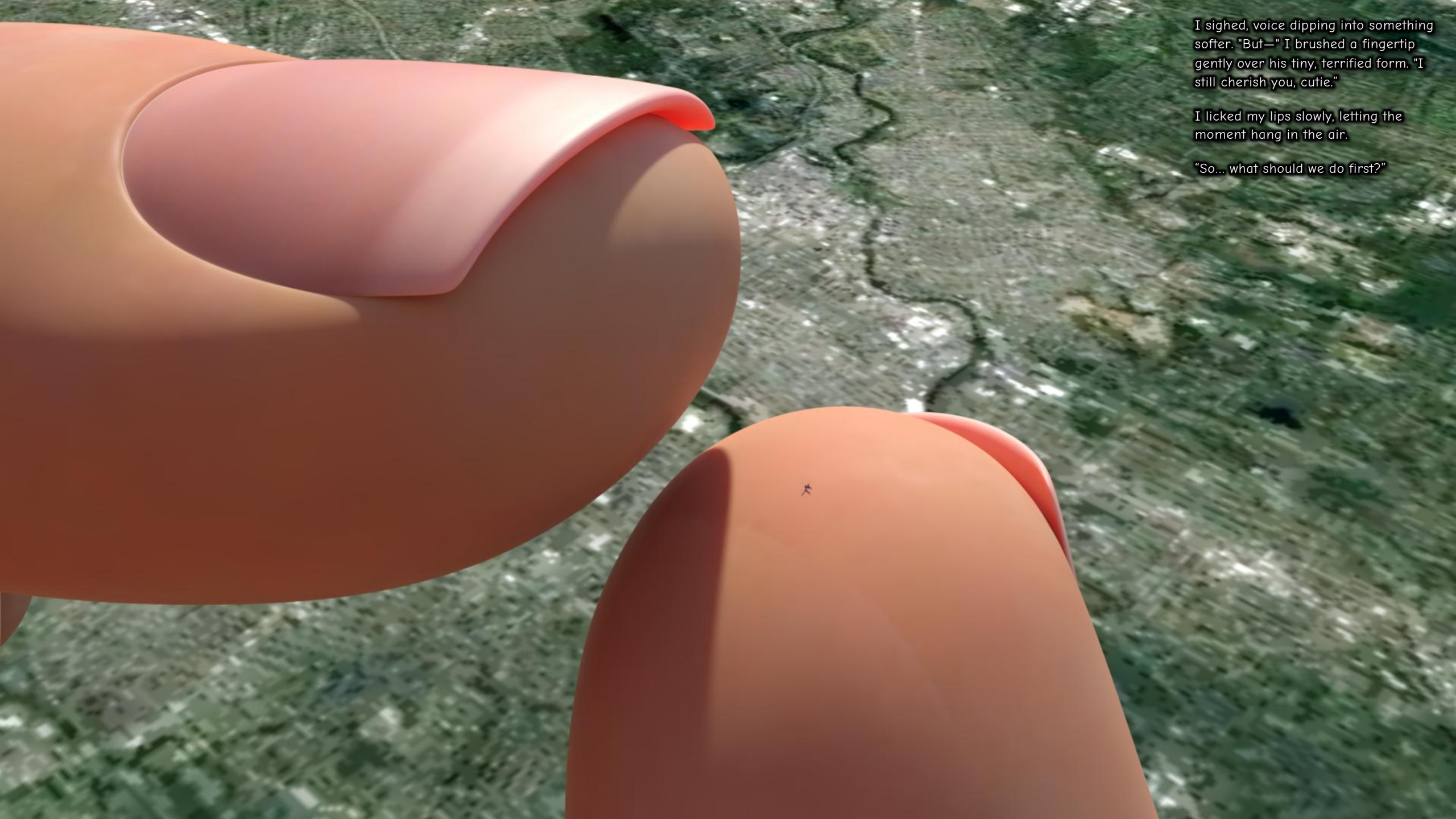
Moving my finger closer to my face, I beamed. “Well! Looks like it’s just you and me now, Mikey.” My lips curled into a smirk. “Well... except for the ten thousand people still on campus watching this, but, hey—” I shrugged. “If you really want some alone time, I can just crush them.”
The shiver that wracked through his microscopic body was adorable.

I giggled. “Kidding.” I winked, then smirked slightly. “Sort of.”
Mike screamed something, but again, it was all just squeaky, frantic little nonsense.

I sighed, rolling my eyes. “Mikey, babe,
we talked about this.”

Lifting him back to my ear, I murmured, “Okay, sweetheart. Try again. Loud as you can.”
A shaky breath. Then— "What the hell happened to you?"

I blinked. Pulled him back. Smiled sweetly.
"Oh, Mikey." My voice was a warm, amused purr. "I ascended." I tilted my head, as if pondering my own godhood. "And now...?" My grin widened, eyes twinkling. "I see the world a little differently."
His little body trembled.


I sighed, voice dipping into something softer. "But—" I brushed a fingertip gently over his tiny, terrified form. "I still cherish you, cutie."
I licked my lips slowly, letting the moment hang in the air.
"So... what should we do first?"

I lifted Mike back to my ear, barely restraining a grin at how utterly pathetic his tiny little breaths sounded against my eardrum. I could almost feel the shivering. Adorable.
"Alright, babe," I purred, my voice soaking in amusement. "Since you're being such a good little guest, I'll give you a choice. What should I do next?"

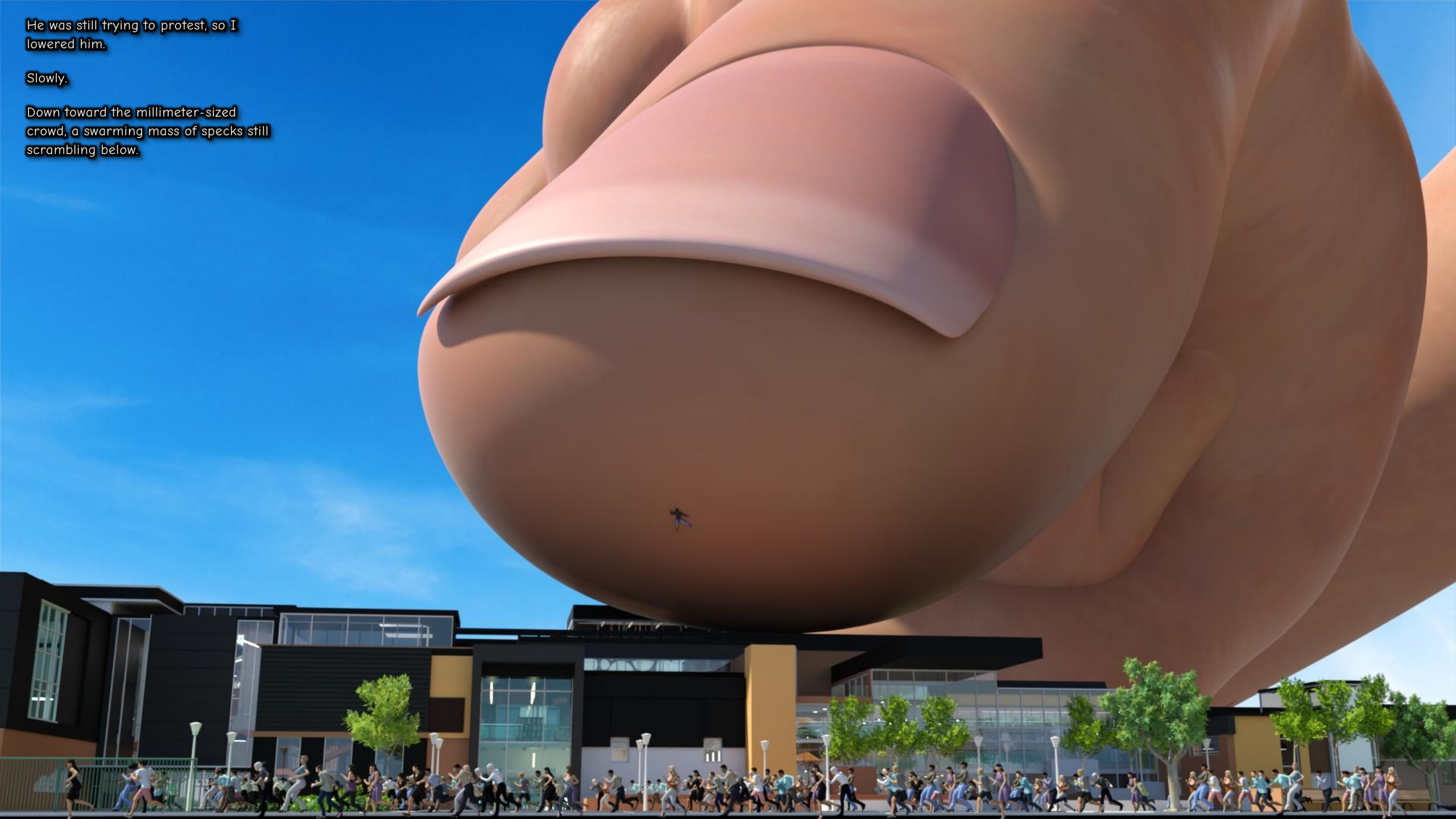
He squeaked something, but it wasn't clear.

I rolled my eyes. "Louder, Mikey."

I brought him back to my face, lips curling into a smirk. "Come on, sweetheart. Use that tiny little voice of yours."

Finally, I heard him.
“Put me down!”
...Oh. Ohhh, that was precious.
I giggled, giving him a slow, indulgent smirk. “Aww, Mikey. After all the effort I went through just to pick you up? That’s your grand idea?”
His microscopic body trembled.

"Let's be real," I cooed, twirling him gently between my fingers. "You're so much better with me. Safer. Protected. Loved." I let that last word drip from my lips like honey.


He was still trying to protest, so I lowered him.
Slowly.
Down toward the millimeter-sized crowd, a swarming mass of specks still scrambling below.

"Take a good look, babe," I whispered, letting him hover just above them. "See them? How tiny they are?"

He stiffened.

"That used to be us."

I let the words hang, watching his little body react.

"But I'm not like them anymore." My smirk deepened. "Not even close."

I hovered him lower, letting him dangle just above the chaos.

"I could drop you, Mikey," I mused. "You'd survive the fall. Maybe. But you'd never get back to me."

I pulled him back up to my lips, letting my warm breath wash over him.

"And we both know you don't want that."

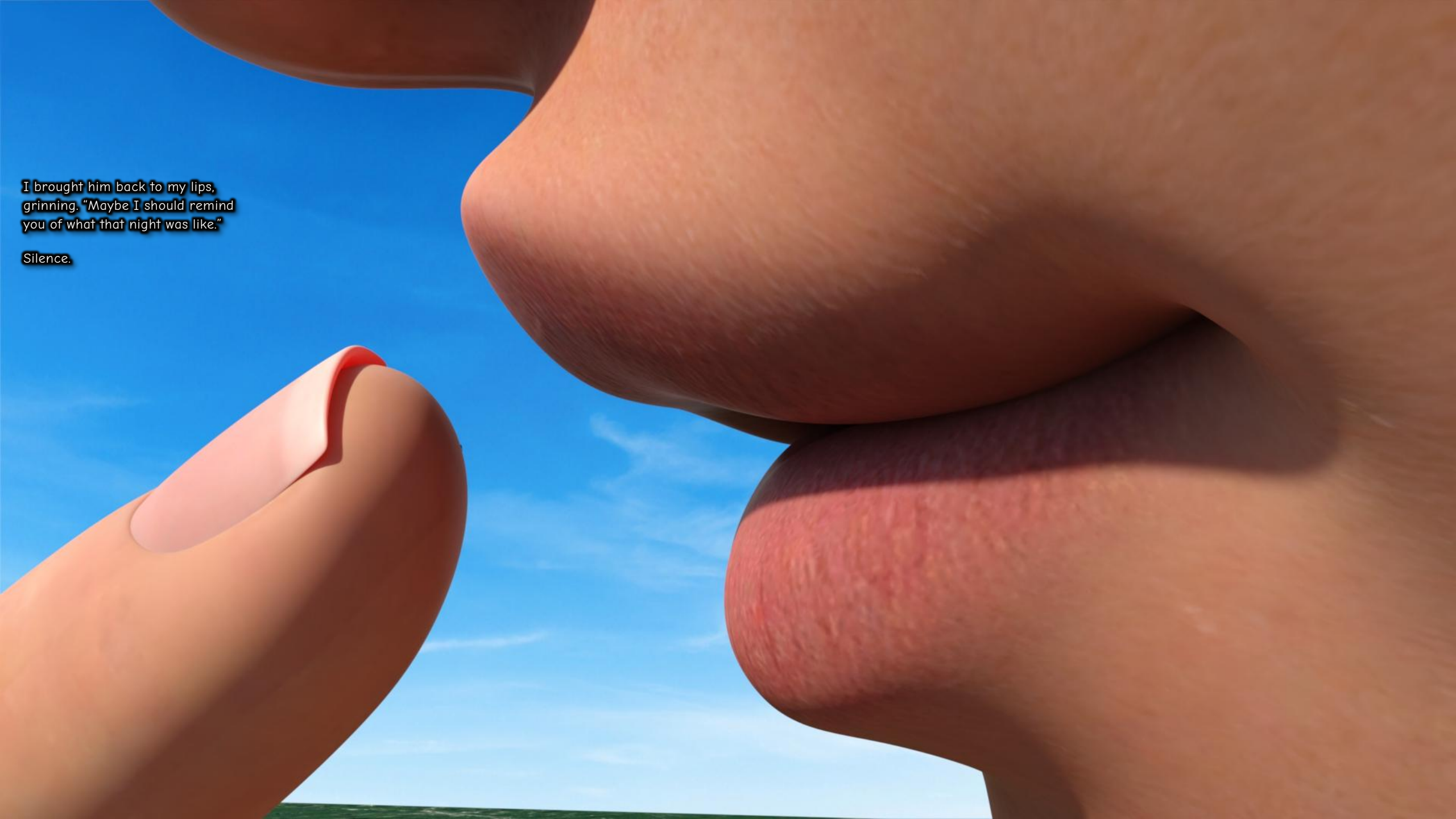
I tilted my head, watching him shiver.

"What's wrong, babe?" I teased, voice turning sultry. "You weren't this shy last weekend."

Even at this size, I could see his little flinch.

"Ohh, you remember, don't you?" I purred, twirling him gently between my fingers.
I licked my lips.
"That was fun, Mikey." My voice dropped to a breathy whisper. "You and me. All wrapped up in each other."
His microscopic body jerked.
"Remember that night?" I exhaled slowly, loving how I could feel his tiny body react to every single word. "The way you looked at me? The way you moaned my name?"
His squeaky little voice sputtered something—probably some panicked response.

I giggled, bringing him back to my ear.
"Oh, babe," I murmured, voice like silk. "You're so cute when you're flustered."
He stammered. Tried to say something. But I was having too much fun.


I brought him back to my lips, grinning. “Maybe I should remind you of what that night was like.”
Silence.

Just his microscopic, terrified trembling.
God, I loved this.
I tilted my head, thinking.

"Hmm. Maybe you just need a better view."
I stood up.
And the entire world shook.
The wind howled. The ground cracked. Entire sections of campus collapsed beneath my shifting weight.
I rose, and rose, until the little diorama city below me looked even more pathetic than before.

Mike squeaked.

I grinned, bringing him back to my lips.

“Welcome to the clouds, babe,” I cooed.

I lifted my chin, letting the wind rush through my hair.

God, I was so high up. Literally a moving mountain.
I smirked, rolling my shoulders.
“Much better up here, huh?” I teased. “Perfect weather, great view.”

I turned my head slightly, squinting at the horizon. From here, I could see mountains, cities, entire regions. Everything tiny. Insignificant.
And it was all mine.
I sighed, looking back at my adorable little speck of a crush.

"Still wanna go back to that?" I asked sweetly, gesturing toward the ant-sized people still scrambling below.
He was shaking.
I grinned.
"That's what I thought."

I lifted Mike back up to my face, watching his little body twitch and squirm against my fingertip. He was so small, so fragile, so utterly at my mercy—and the best part? He knew it.

"So," I purred, my breath washing over him in waves, making his tiny limbs shudder, "feeling better?"

He didn't answer right away. His little face was flushed, his whole body tense. I bit my lip, eyes lidded, waiting. Then, finally, the tiniest of nods.

I smirked. Adorable.

"I had a lot of fun last weekend, y'know," I said, voice sultry, dripping with wicked amusement. "Before all this—before I became this—you made me feel pretty damn good." I tilted my head, my grin stretching. "And even now, as a goddess, you still kinda make me... horny."
His whole body jolted.

I chuckled, bringing him closer, close enough for him to see the heat in my eyes, the glint of something downright sinful in my expression.
"So tell me, Mike," I continued, dragging out his name, savoring the way his little limbs flailed helplessly, "do you wanna go again?"

His reaction was instant. Full-body panic. Arms flailing, legs kicking, little squeaky noises of pure, tiny terror. Delicious.
I laughed, low, throaty, vibrating through the very air around him. "Oh, don't be shy now," I teased, tilting my head. "I know you had a good time before."

I brought him to my ear, waiting.
There was a second of silence—like his tiny brain had short-circuited—before I finally heard a high-pitched, broken question.
"H-how... would that even work?"
Oh. Oh, this was too good.

I bit my lip, my grin widening, and brought him back to my face, tilting my head, amusement practically radiating off me.
"Aww, you're thinking logistics?" I mused, voice silky, teasing, a little bit cruel. "That's adorable. I like that."

I exhaled, letting my lips part, letting my tongue graze the edge of my teeth as I eyed him like a plaything I was about to have some real fun with.

"Mike," I said, voice honeyed and dripping with something far too big for his tiny mind to handle, "use your imagination."

His whole body tensed—which only made me giggle, low and sultry. "But don't worry," I continued, my voice dropping an octave, "you won't have to do much."

His squeaky little protests barely registered. I watched him fight his own reaction, his own instincts, but it didn't matter.

Because I had already decided. Who the hell says no to a goddess, after all?
I lowered my hand, my free hand already moving down my body, my fingers spreading the plush, heated entrance of my pussy.
His world tilted.

"Oh, Mike," I whispered, dragging out his name like silk over fire. Slow. Teasing. A promise and a warning all at once.

My fingers moved inside me, deep, deliberate strokes, and poor little Mikey? Well. He was right there with them.

I was gentle at first.

But only at first.

I bit my lip, the heat curling low in my stomach, my free hand gripping the earth to steady myself. Not that I needed to—I was the fucking earth right now. The sky. The whole damn world.
And the world was about to shake.

My moans tore through campus, echoing across the landscape like rolling thunder. Somewhere in the haze of pleasure, I had the briefest thought of how ironic it was—how I had first learned this exact skillset on this campus, in this very place. TechU was my first real playground.

And now?

It was so much smaller than me. So much weaker.

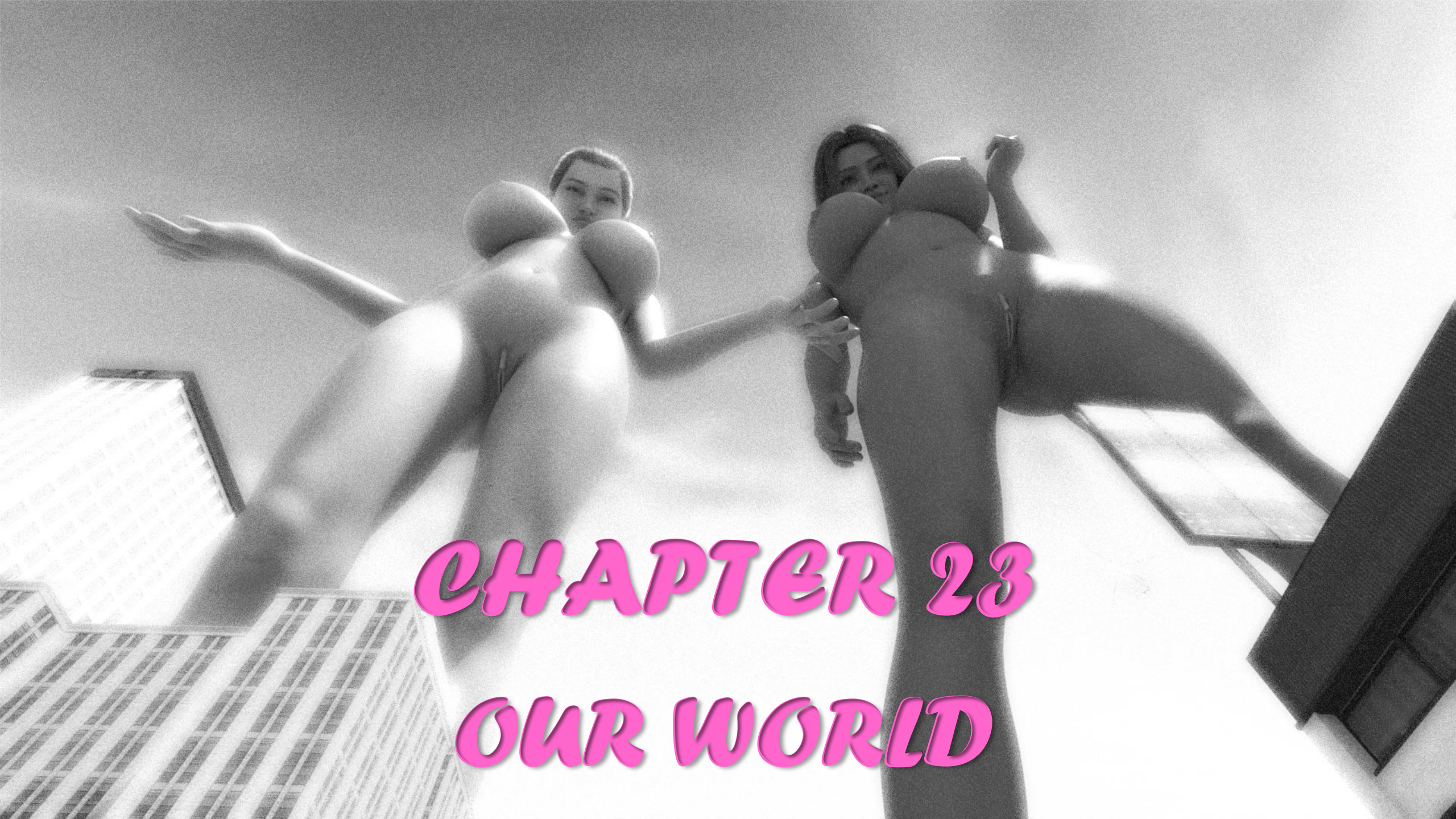
I grinned through ragged breaths, picking up the pace, my fingers working faster, deeper, harder. The pressure in my gut twisted, mounting. A tidal wave with no stopping it.
I needed more.
My back arched, my moans spilling over the land like a goddamn force of nature. The air trembled with my voice, my breaths rolling in hot and heavy. Somewhere in the background, TechU was collapsing, but I barely noticed.
All I noticed was me.
This.
The sheer, unstoppable force of my own pleasure.

My body moved with it—my hips jerking, my toes curling, my ass dropping to the ground with an impact that swallowed the campus whole. Buildings, streets, people—it all just vanished.
I didn't care.
I couldn't care.
I was too close.
Too fucking powerful.
Somewhere in the chaos, a forest went down under my head, trees snapping like twigs as my body took up more space than anything ever should.

And then, finally—
"Yesssssssssssss!"
My scream tore through the sky, probably heard all the way to DC. Hell, probably to fucking space.
My whole body pulsed, the raw power of my orgasm spreading through the land like aftershocks from a damn tectonic shift.

And the aftershocks kept coming.
I barely noticed the way my chest rose and fell, the little shifts of my hips still sending out earthquake after earthquake—but no one was left to feel them.
I basked in the glow, the sheer, overwhelming power of it all.

And then?
I finally thought about Mikey.
I lifted my fingers, slick and triumphant, and brought them to my face.
No trace of him.
I blinked.
Then I grinned.
"Welp," I mused, shaking my head, "fucking a goddess is dangerous business, I guess."


CHAPTER 23
OUR WORLD

I was still sprawled out, coming down from the literal earth-shattering orgasm of the century, when I felt a shadow loom over me.
A big one.
A mile-tall, smug-as-hell, arms-crossed-over-her-stupidly-big-boobs, cute-ass shadow.
I squinted up, blinking lazily, my whole body still thrumming with satisfaction.
Chrissie smirked down at me, the audacity in her expression almost as big as we were. "Damn, girl," she teased, tapping her foot against the landscape, sending mild quakes rolling outward. "Did you really have to be that dramatic about it?"

I stretched, completely unbothered, sighing contentedly. "You heard that?"
Chrissie snorted. "Oh, babe. The entire world heard you. I'm pretty sure some scientist in Japan is trying to figure out why the fuck their seismographs went off."
I let out a satisfied little hum. Good.

Chrissie rolled her eyes and reached down, offering me a hand. Like I needed help, but hey—solidarity.
I took it, letting her hoist my still-gleeful, post-orgasmic self up to my full, terrifying height.
As I dusted myself off, she squinted at the mess I'd left behind.
"Uh, Zoe?" she said, barely concealing her amusement. "You do realize TechU's gone, right?"

I glanced down.
The entire campus? Gone. Flattened.
Wiped off the map.
Oops.

Chrissie whistled, nudging a pile of rubble with her toe. "Sooo, in case we do shrink, you're gonna have one hell of a time catching up on your degree."
I snorted. "Guess I better not shrink, then."
She smirked. "That wasn't on purpose, was it?"

I pouted, placing a mock-offended hand over my chest. "Chrissie. Would I ever do something so reckless on purpose?"
She just arched a brow.
I grinned. "Okay, fine, maybe I got a little too damn horny. Sue me."
That made her laugh.

Chrissie tossed her hair back, still admiring my mess, then stretched her arms overhead, her massive form casting shadows over the next few counties.

"Anyway," she mused, "while you were out here wrecking your old sex life, I took a little... walk."

I flicked a bit of dust off my hip. "Oh?"

She grinned. "Had some fun in a city. Smashed it up a bit. Not really on purpose—"

I scoffed.

She ignored me. "—then went for a dip."

I raised an eyebrow. "You fit in a body of water?"

Chrissie rolled her eyes. "If by fit you mean the water barely reached my goddamn ankles, then sure."

We both glanced out at the horizon,
letting that reality settle in.
Everything was so small now.
Entire cities were just footnotes.
Oceans? Bathtubs.
Mountains? Speed bumps.
And the world?
Ours.

I stretched one last time, shaking off my bliss, then grinned at her.
"So," I said, licking my lips, "DC?"
Chrissie grinned back.
"DC."

We turned in unison, stepping forward, the land bowing beneath our weight.
And with each thunderous step, we left our old lives further behind.
With every step, the world reshaped itself beneath us. Roads, towns, forests—it all just folded under our mile-high bodies like sandcastles meeting the tide. Not that we were trying to destroy anything. It just kinda... happened. The way an elephant isn't trying to step on an ant hill, but, you know, it does.

Chrissie huffed as she stepped through a set of hills, sending rubble tumbling like kicked-over gravel. “Are you kidding me? Speed bumps? That’s what we’re dealing with now?”
I laughed, stepping over one effortlessly. “At least the view’s nice.”
Chrissie smirked. “Yeah. The view of you trying to keep up.”
I side-eyed her. “Keep up? Babe, I led us to this moment.”
She rolled her eyes. “Yeah, yeah, Goddess Zoe, First of Her Name, Destroyer of Cities, Horny Titan of TechU—”

I held up a finger. “Ooh, I like that one.”
We laughed, but then...

We felt it.
It started small. Barely noticeable. A weird little buzz across my arm. Like the faintest static charge brushing over my skin.
I frowned, glancing down. Then came another. And another.
And then—pop pop pop pop pop.

Tiny, bright flares of heat scattered across my arms, my stomach, my legs. Like someone had lit a thousand microscopic sparklers on my skin. It didn't hurt. It didn't even sting.
But oh my fucking god it was annoying.

Chrissie stopped mid-step, her gaze snapping to me. “What the hell was that?”
I didn’t answer. My attention had already shifted up.
And oh.

Oh, you've got to be fucking kidding me.
The sky? It was swarming.
Hundreds of jets, bombers, attack helicopters—every piece of metal these tinies could scrape together was here, screaming through the air, their missiles flooding toward us like a last, desperate hail mary.

And below? More.

The ground looked like an ant colony losing its shit. Tanks, artillery, missile launchers, tiny little trucks skidding into position, all lining up for their big moment.

Oh.

They actually thought—after everything—that this would work.

Chrissie and I turned to each other, simultaneously brushing at our arms where the tiny fireflies of their attack had fizzled out.
Chrissie scowled. "Okay, that felt weird."
I rubbed my arm, where the impacts had left literally nothing behind. "Yeah. Like someone throwing matchsticks at me."

Chrissie looked up at the swarm of incoming jets, her expression flat. “Did they not hear us the first time?”
I exhaled sharply, watching another wave of missiles slam into my boobs of all places, lighting up across my skin like some pathetic Fourth of July display. A few of them actually popped off my thighs, leaving zero effect beyond a mild tickle.

I was not amused.
Chrissie crossed her arms. “You know they’re expecting us to scream and cover our faces, right?”

I slowly tilted my head, the anger bubbling into something sharp and dangerous. "Yeah. And instead, I kinda wanna bitchslap their entire air force into next week."
Chrissie cracked her knuckles. "Alright, tinies. You wanna go there?"

I grinned, rolling my shoulders, letting the air itself quake from the movement. The next wave of missiles fizzled across my stomach like useless little sparklers on granite.
"Oh, babe." I smirked, stepping forward, the earth shattering beneath me.
"They went there."
The tiny little fireballs were starting to get really fucking irritating.

I squinted up at the swarm of fighter jets still buzzing around us, like a mosquito infestation that just wouldn't quit. Their tiny missiles pelted our skin, flaring up in useless little bursts of light that barely even registered. Cute. Annoying. But cute.

"Okay, this is just getting pathetic," I muttered, rolling my shoulders. "Are they really still at it?"

Chrissie, arms crossed, huffed. "I swear to god, if another one of these tin cans scratches my hair, I'm gonna be pissed."

Another flurry of missiles went off against my arm, tickling more than anything. I sighed dramatically, brushing off the spot where they hit like it was a mild inconvenience at best.

I locked eyes with Chrissie, tilting my head slightly, a smirk tugging at my lips.

"You thinking what I'm thinking?"

Chrissie mirrored my expression immediately. "If you're thinking they need to get the fuck out of our airspace?"

"Ding ding ding."

We both squared our shoulders, turning our focus to the buzzing gnats of jets in the sky. A few of them were already starting to break formation, probably sensing the shift in our demeanor. Too late, little guys.

Chrissie's grin widened. "You ever see Superman II?"

I raised a brow. "You mean the one with that bad bitch Kryptonian who literally just blows a chopper out of the sky?"

Chrissie nodded, her smirk devious. "Yeah. How do you think that would work, you know... on a much bigger fucking scale?"

I laughed. "Only one way to find out!"

We both took in a slow, deep breath, our mile-tall chests expanding, pulling in lungfuls of air so massive, it was probably warping local wind patterns. The sky itself seemed to shudder, the clouds swirling slightly from the sheer vacuum effect of it.

Then, at the exact same time, we leaned forward—
—and blew.
The effect was instantaneous.

The jets in front of us lurched violently backward, thrown hundreds of feet in an instant, their flight paths completely wrecked by the force of our breath alone.

Some spun wildly out of control, tumbling through the sky like leaves in a fucking tornado. Others collided midair, their pathetic metal frames crumpling like soda cans before erupting into brilliant orange fireballs.

A few pilots tried to regain control, struggling against the sheer force of our casual exhale—but nope.

One by one, they spiraled. Some went cartwheeling out of sight, others went nose-first into the earth, leaving plumes of smoke as they detonated on impact.

And the best part?
We were just warming up.
I took another deep breath, pulling the remaining stragglers into my sights.

This time, I let the gust build up, a slow, deliberate draw before I unleashed again—

The remaining jets didn't stand a fucking chance.

Some were flung so far, so fast, they vanished over the horizon before they even knew what hit them. Others shattered in midair, their fragile metal bodies crushed by pure wind pressure alone.

Chrissie and I finally pulled back, watching the carnage unfold.
The sky, once cluttered with tiny metal gnats, was now clear—save for a few lingering smoke trails and plummeting wreckage.
I brushed my hands off on my thighs, looking pleased. "Welp. Guess that takes care of our little air problem."
Chrissie cracked her neck, smirking. "Honestly? That was kinda fun."
I laughed, placing a hand on my hip. "And the best part? We didn't even have to move."

We both stood there for a second, letting that sink in. We had just wiped out an entire fucking air force without even lifting a goddamn foot.

Chrissie let out a mock sigh, shaking her head. "God, we are such overpowered bitches."

I grinned, looking out at the distant line of military ants still scrambling below us.

"They should've figured that out yesterday."

Then, I took one massive step forward—
I was just about to start my rampage proper—y'know, the whole stomp, crush, obliterate routine—when Chrissie's hand landed on my arm.
"Wait!"
I blinked, mid-step, my mile-high foot hovering over a whole row of microscopic tanks.

I turned, raising a brow. "Wait? Babe, are you actually about to interrupt my war crime spree? What's up?"
Chrissie shifted her weight slightly, her expression doing that thing where she wanted to look composed but was actually two seconds from hopping from foot to foot.

"I gotta go."
I stared.
Then, very slowly, I grinned.
"Oh, ohhh, no way," I cooed, putting a hand to my chest. "The mighty goddess Chrissie needs a bathroom break?"
Chrissie scowled, swatting my arm. "Shut up."

I cackled, flipping my hair over my shoulder. "Should I find you some privacy? Maybe hold up a few mountains to block the view? Oh! Or would you like a little tiny escort to politely look away?"

Chrissie just grinned.

And not in the haha, you got me way.

In the dangerous, naughty, oh-you're-about-to-be-obsessed-with-this way.

"Nah," she said smoothly, rolling her shoulders. "I'm not looking for cover."

I blinked.
Paused.
Then, slowly, I arched a brow.
Chrissie smirked wider.

"Ohhhhhh my God," I gasped, my grin exploding into full-blown delightful disbelief.
Chrissie gave me a playful little shrug. "They did piss me off."
I wheezed. I full-on lost it.
"Bitch," I gasped, clutching my stomach. "You are about to literally piss on them?"

She flipped her hair. "It's called poetic justice."
I giggled, absolutely fucking delighted. "Oh my God. That is so petty and hot at the same time."
Chrissie winked. "Only the best for these brave little tinies."
I sighed dramatically, rolling my shoulders. "Honestly, babe? Mood. I could use some relief, too."

We turned, eyeing the pathetic little army still scrambling beneath us.
"Strategic positioning?" I grinned.
Chrissie nodded. "Obviously."

We took our places, flanking them like towering queens of disaster, planting ourselves firmly on either side of their last, pathetic stand.
I spread my mile-wide stance, squatting low, hands casually resting on my knees. Chrissie mirrored me, settling in, making herself comfy as she gazed down at the microscopic military force like a hunter about to have the best meal of her life.

Below us, the screams got louder.
I pouted, tilting my head. "Awww, are you guys nervous?"
Chrissie sighed wistfully, eyes twinkling. "I mean, I would be, too."
I bit my lip, fully entertained. "Well," I purred, arching my back slightly, "we shouldn't keep them waiting."
Chrissie grinned.

And then—
We let go.
Oh. My. God.
The instant our streams hit, the battlefield erupted like a thousand bombs going off at once.

The first impact? Devastating.

The sheer force of it instantly flattened everything directly beneath us—tanks crumpled, jeeps flipped like toys, the ground cracked open, turning into a boiling flood of scalding-hot goddess piss.

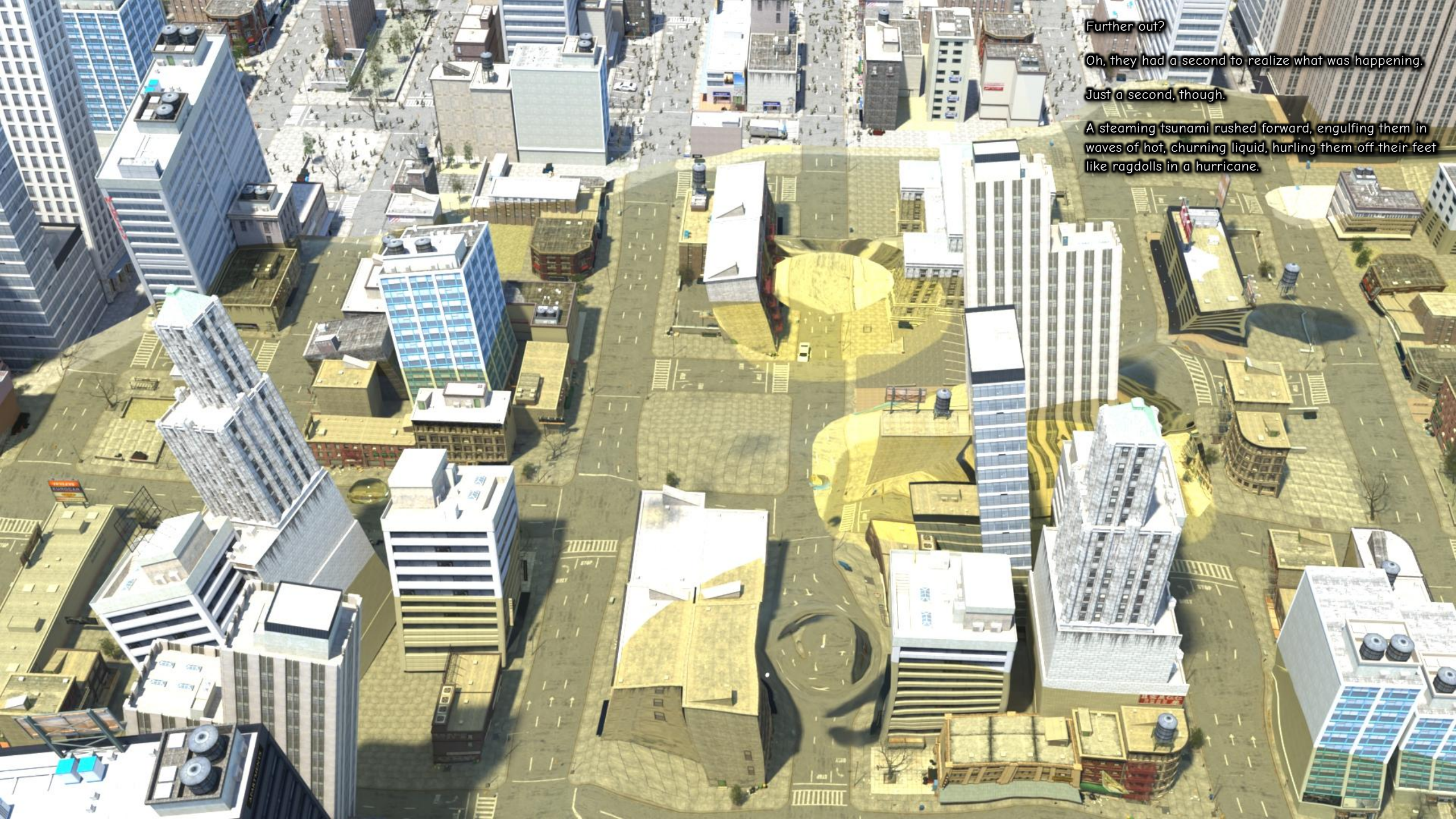
Soldiers?

Oh, honey.

The ones directly below were just... gone.

Like, fully vanished, no trace, not even a fun little red smear—just completely overwhelmed by the blistering, unstoppable flood that drowned them before they could even scream.

And then, it went on... towards the city.


Further out?
Oh, they had a second to realize what was happening.
Just a second, though.
A steaming tsunami rushed forward, engulfing them in waves of hot, churning liquid, hurling them off their feet like ragdolls in a hurricane.

I moaned, rolling my shoulders.

"Ohhh, fuck, this is so much better than just stomping them," I purred, adjusting my hips slightly.

Chrissie giggled, deliberately tilting herself just a bit to the left—sending an extra-thick wave of golden apocalypse barreling toward the pathetic, scrambling survivors.

"Oops!" she cooed, watching them vanish.

I laughed, throwing my head back. "Oops," I mimicked, biting my lip. "Babe, you are so bad."

Chrissie winked. "And yet," she mused, "you love it."

"Obviously."

The ground was completely unrecognizable now.

The once proud military base? The last line of defense?

It was gone.

Just a scorching-hot lake, steaming and swirling, littered with sinking vehicles, melting wreckage, and microscopic tinies struggling against the literal tides.
"Aww," I purred, watching them scramble, "they're so determined!"

Chrissie sighed dreamily, tapping her chin. "Should we let them go?"
I gave her an amused side-eye. "Babe."
She smirked. "Yeah, okay."
And with one last, powerful burst, she aimed herself directly at the biggest clump of remaining tinies—
—and blasted them into oblivion.

I howled, clapping my hands as the last pathetic remnants of their mighty army vanished beneath us.
Chrissie sighed in satisfaction, stretching her arms over her head. "God, I needed that."

I wiggled my hips, getting one last stretch in before finally standing back up, towering over the absolute devastation we had just casually caused.
Below us?
A scalding, golden lake stretched for miles—once a battlefield, now just a steaming, boiling wasteland of drowned defenses and eroded history.

"Well," I purred, tapping my chin, "that's gonna be one hell of a history lesson someday."
Chrissie giggled, flipping her hair. "I hope they filmed it."
I winked, stretching luxuriously. "If they still have cameras after that."

We stepped back, our feet sinking slightly into the flooded wasteland, admiring our work.
Chrissie turned to me, eyes still shining.
"DC next?"
I grinned.
"DC next."

And with one final step, we left the steaming, piss-soaked ruins of their last, pathetic defense behind.
We kept walking, every step leaving smoking craters in what was left of the world beneath us. Not that we cared. We were too busy giggling.
"Oh my God," I wheezed, shaking my head. "Did we actually just—" I made a vague gesture behind us, toward the lake-sized, steaming disaster zone that had once been an army—"pee on an entire army?"

Chrissie snorted, tossing her hair. "Uh, yeah? They were annoying as hell. What else were we supposed to do?"
I giggled, still half in disbelief. "Well, that wasn't just a power move. That was, like, a straight-up apocalyptic humiliation."
Chrissie stretched her arms overhead, her mile-high curves casting shadows over entire counties. "Not my fault they thought they could boss us around."
I mock-gasped, pressing a hand to my chest. "Wow. We are so bad."
Chrissie smirked. "Nah. We're just gods."
I snorted, rolling my shoulders. "And yet," I sighed, "we still have, like... needs."
Chrissie side-eyed me. "Ohhh no. What now?"

I threw up my hands. "Like—okay. Peeing? Fine. But where do we even poop?"
Chrissie froze mid-step.
Then, slowly, she turned her head toward me, eyes widening.
Then she burst out laughing.
"Oh my God, Zoe, can you imagine?" she gasped, wiping at her eyes.
I giggled, waving a hand. "Do we, like, pick a mountain? Find a valley? What's the strategy here?"
Chrissie mock-shuddered. "Oof. The tinies better never find out."
We cackled, our booming laughs shaking the ground.

"Honestly," I sighed, stretching my arms, "where does it all even go?"
Chrissie just grinned. "Not our problem."
I sighed dramatically. "Truly, we are the worst."
Chrissie flicked her hair. "Nah. We're just on top."

She then giggled, then paused, tilting her head toward the horizon. "Oh! That solves one problem."

I followed her gaze.

A massive reservoir stretched ahead, deep, wide, and oh-so convenient.

"Awwww," I cooed, mock-pouting. "Look at their cute little water supply."

Chrissie grinned, already heading toward it. "It's, like, so tiny!"

We reached it in seconds, our mile-wide shadows swallowing the entire lake, the adorable little villages along the edges screaming as they realized what was happening.
"Aww, are you all using this?" Chrissie mock-cooed, crouching down.
I grinned. "Not anymore."

We lowered ourselves, our plump lips
hovering just above the surface.
"Bottoms up," I purred—
—and drank.
The entire reservoir shifted.

The moment I started sucking, the water level dropped fast, the tiny boats getting sucked inward, the villages flooding, the pathetic tinies scrambling for dear life.
Chrissie?
Oh, she was matching me gulp for gulp, her lips sealed around her side, slurping up their precious supply like she was finishing the last sip of an overpriced smoothie.
By the time we pulled back, sighing in satisfaction, the entire reservoir was half-gone.
Below us?
Pure chaos.
The once massive lake? Now a pathetic puddle.
The remaining tinies? Scrambling desperately while others just collapsed in defeat.

Chrissie licked her lips, flashing me a grin. "Mmm. Refreshing."
"Where are we even supposed to find food?" I asked.
Chrissie tilted her head, tapping a finger against her lips. "Uhm... we could always, y'know, make the tinies handle it."
I arched a brow. "Chrissie, we're gonna need... like, a lot."
Chrissie just grinned, hands on her hips. "Then they better step it up."

We walked in silence for a bit, just enjoying the way the land crumpled beneath our feet. Entire roads buckled, forests flattened, what was left of infrastructure collapsed just because we existed.
And then—

Chrissie let out a long, slow sigh.
"Ugh," she muttered, stretching her arms, "I kinda need to fuck something up."
I arched a brow, smirking. "You're getting antsy again?"
Chrissie rolled her shoulders, eyeing the horizon like a predator spotting its next meal. "No, babe, I mean I'm, like, horny-horny."
I blinked. Then grinned.

"Ohhh," I said, mock-understanding. "Like... need to break something or need to break something?"

Chrissie smirked. "Either. Both. Don't care. Just need to wreck something."

I laughed, shaking my head. "Alright, well, should we, like, find somewhere for you to, y'know, handle that? A skyscraper might cut it."

Chrissie let out a long, suffering sigh, flipping her hair. "Nah. I can hold it."

She turned, smirking over her shoulder.

"For now."

I laughed, following after her.

The chaos in DC was already in full swing by the time we strolled up to the city limits, all mile-high, unstoppable, and very much in the mood to be entertained.
People were running—obviously. The streets were packed with tiny specks scrambling around in pure, tiny-person panic. News choppers hovered nervously, cameras pointed straight up at us, probably broadcasting this world-ending moment to every little TV screen in the world.
JP TECHNOLOGIES
HOTEL

Chrissie and I came to a stop, our colossal forms towering over the city, hands on our hips, our massive shadows stretching across entire neighborhoods.
We let the tinies soak it in for a second. The sheer size of us. The way the ground shook with just the simple act of us standing there.

Then, I cleared my throat.
"Ahem."
The entire city flinched.
Good.
Juice
JP
TECHNOLOGIES

I tilted my head, smirking down at the pathetic ants beneath my feet.
"Hey, tinies! You might've seen us on TV," I called out, my voice booming over the chaos. "But we figured it was time for a little... in-person introduction."
I gestured broadly, my mile-high frame shifting slightly, causing another round of city-wide tremors.
"After all," I continued, "walking across the entire country wasn't exactly hard. Took us, what, a couple of hours?" I glanced at Chrissie.
She shrugged. "Less, if you don't count the fun breaks."
HOTEL
삼덕전기

I grinned, looking back down. "Anyway! We're finally here."

I paused for effect, scanning the ant-sized chaos below.

"And before you ask—yes, we do look taller in person. We get that a lot."

Chrissie snorted beside me. "It's a perspective thing."

I winked, then gestured at the city again. "Now, let's get to the point. We're here to... take over the country."
Cue absolute pandemonium from the tiny streets below.

Chrissie sighed dramatically, tapping her foot—which, naturally, toppled a few buildings in the process. "Ugh. They always freak out."
I nodded knowingly. "Right? Like, tinies, relax. It was gonna happen eventually."

I smiled down at the streets, my voice syrupy sweet. "So! Here's the deal. It would be really nice if your little president would just, y'know... come out and surrender."
I shrugged, causing another city-wide tremor. "Not necessary, of course. We can always go dig him out if we have to, but really, guys—" I gestured around at the wreckage, "wouldn't it be so much easier if he just walked his tiny ass out here?"

Chrissie nodded. "So much easier."

I sighed, crossing my arms. "And while we're at it, let's talk about something else, shall we?"

My expression turned mock-offended.

"Because, honestly, sending the military after us? So rude."

Chrissie rolled her eyes. "Like, come on, we literally told you guys we'd be nice."

"Exactly!" I said, grinning again, my voice dripping with amusement. "And what did you do? You sent your little soldiers after us, thinking you could, what? Stop us?" I let out a delighted little laugh. "Awww. That was cute."

Chrissie snickered. "Didn't do much good, huh?"

I smirked. "Nope. But it was annoying. So let's not do that again, okay?"

I placed a hand dramatically on my hip, tilting my head. "Because the next time someone wants to play war with us? We might just have to test out how comfy an entire city is as a seat cushion."

Chrissie snapped her fingers. "Ooooh, we should try that!"

I grinned. "See? She's full of ideas."

The tiny masses below? Losing their minds.
"But!" I continued, raising a finger, "I get it. You probably think we're cruel. Destructive. Maybe even, gasp, a little mean."
Chrissie mock-gasped, placing a hand on her chest. "How dare they?"
I sighed dramatically, shaking my head. "Guys, we're not that bad. Like, yes, things are gonna get wrecked. That's just—" I gestured down at my mile-high frame, "inevitable."
Chrissie nodded sagely. "Physics."
"Exactly," I agreed. "But! We can all figure out a way to, y'know... coexist."
Chrissie smirked. "Less things get stepped on if you work with us."
HOTEL
CANTON
CANTON

I clapped my hands together, sending a shockwave through the streets.
"So!" I beamed, looking up at the hovering news choppers, then back at the tiny, insignificant government buildings. "Here's what's gonna happen next."
Chrissie leaned in slightly, grinning. "Ooooh, do tell."
I tilted my head, mock-innocence dripping from my voice.
"Air Force One."
The city froze.
I smirked, raising my palm, letting it hover open and waiting over the city like the world's most intimidating landing pad.

"Land it right here," I purred, wiggling my fingers for emphasis. "I want your president delivered to my goddamn hand."
Chrissie bit back a giggle, but I caught the absolute joy in her eyes.
"Ohh, and just in case there's any confusion," I continued, flashing a glowing, sharp-toothed grin, "this isn't a negotiation."
Chrissie sighed wistfully, placing a hand over her chest. "Awww. Diplomacy."

I winked down at the panicking streets.

"You have ten minutes."

The sky was ours.

The city was ours.

The world was about to belong to us.

And then—
Two tiny specks zipped toward us at high speed.
Chrissie and I barely noticed them—just another pair of useless tinies making a last, pathetic attempt at resistance.

Until they were inside our mouths.

I gagged immediately, staggering as something small, metal, and buzzing slammed against my tongue.

Then—

BOOM.

The explosions burst inside my mouth, filling the air with a thick, orange gas, burning down my throat, curling into my lungs.

"FUCK!" I wheezed, coughing hard, the acrid, stinging taste clinging to my tongue like poisonous honey.

Chrissie stumbled back, hacking. "WHAT THE FUCK WAS THAT?!"

I spat onto the ground, my spit hitting a whole city block, flattening it instantly. "Those little fucking—"

Chrissie wiped her mouth, scowling. "Okay, that's it. We're sitting on this city and wiping it off the goddamn map."
APARTMENTS
APARTMENTS
APARTMENTS
HOTEL

But then—
The itching started.
I froze.
A strange, electric prickle crawled up my skin, like static sparks dancing across my arms.
Then, the tingling spread.

Then, the horrible, terrifying realization sank in.
We were shrinking.
I looked at Chrissie.
Chrissie looked at me.
And we both realized it at the same time.

"No," Chrissie whispered, eyes wide. "No, no, no NO."
"FUCK!" I roared, gripping my arms like I could physically hold my size in place. "This is NOT happening!"
But it was.
Our mile-high bodies were collapsing inward, sinking down, reversing everything.
I spread my feet wider, bracing against the shrinking, but the buildings were growing—
No, I was getting smaller.
The city, once nothing more than a speck, was rising like some monstrous, shifting terrain.

The footprint I had left behind—the same gargantuan hole I had crushed into the earth just minutes ago—was now expanding around me, turning into a massive crater.
I clenched my fists, breathing hard.
I could feel it—feel the power slipping away, the mass leaving me, the sheer size I had owned fading out of my grasp.

"STAY BIG!" Chrissie screamed, her voice panicked as she planted her feet, her whole body shaking with the effort. "COME ON, ZOE—FOCUS!"
I tried.
God, I tried.
I dug my nails into my arms, my fists curling so tight they ached.
I squeezed my eyes shut, willed myself to stay large, to fight it, to hold onto the impossible size I had claimed.
But I could feel it.
I could feel the air getting heavier.
I could feel the city stretching around me.
I could feel the skyscrapers, the same pathetic things that once barely reached my ankles, rising past my knees.
Then my thighs.
Then my waist.

Then—

No. NO!

The streets—those same narrow little ribbons I had strolled across like sidewalks—were expanding into vast, endless corridors.

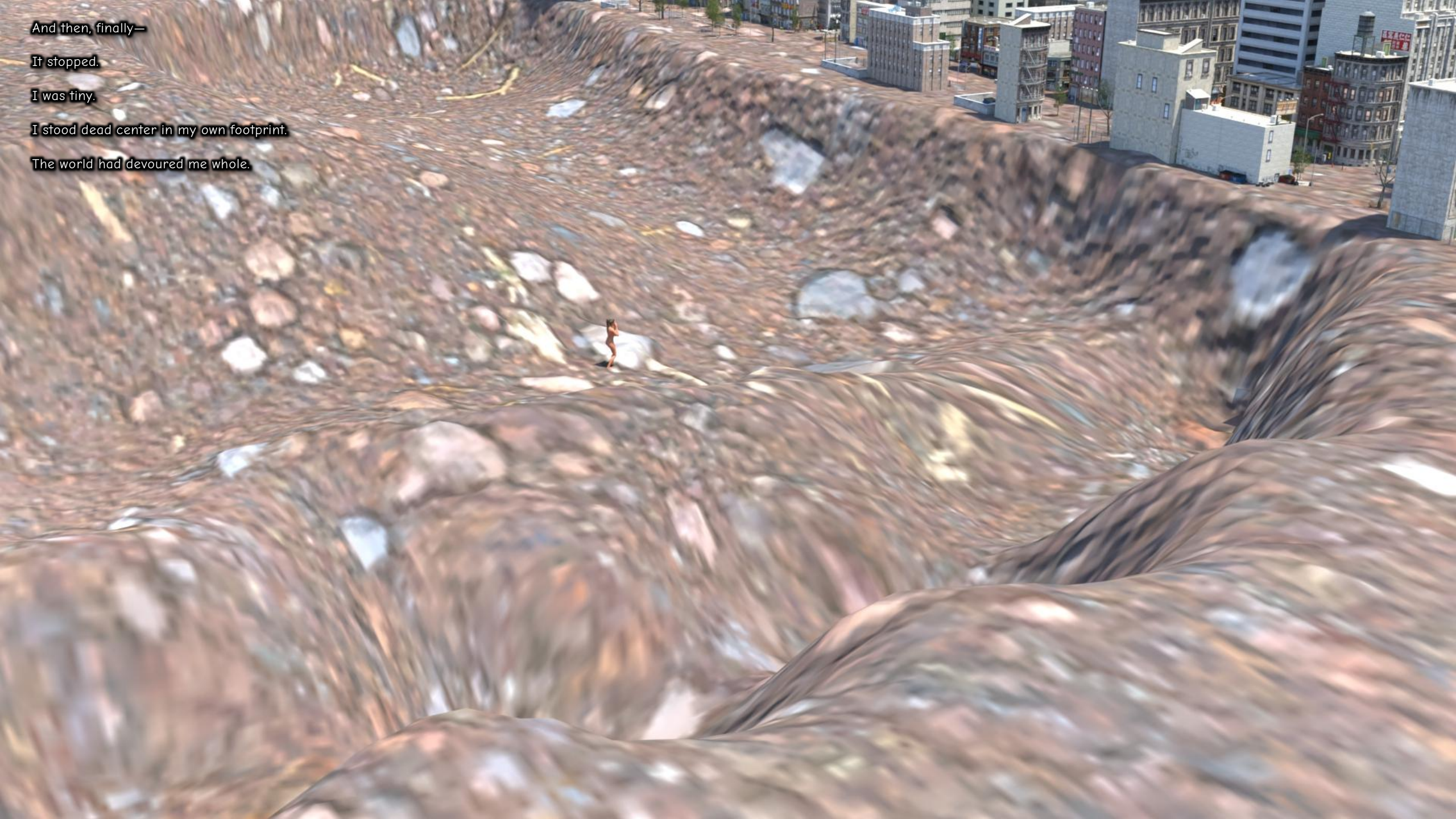
The tiny people—once microscopic ants beneath my toes—were gaining detail, becoming figures again, no longer dust-like specks, no longer insignificant dots against the landscape.

"FUCKING STOP!" Chrissie shouted, but her voice—

Her voice was getting smaller.

I gasped, twisting my head, frantically searching for her—
But she was too far away.
Her own footprint had swallowed her.
And mine—

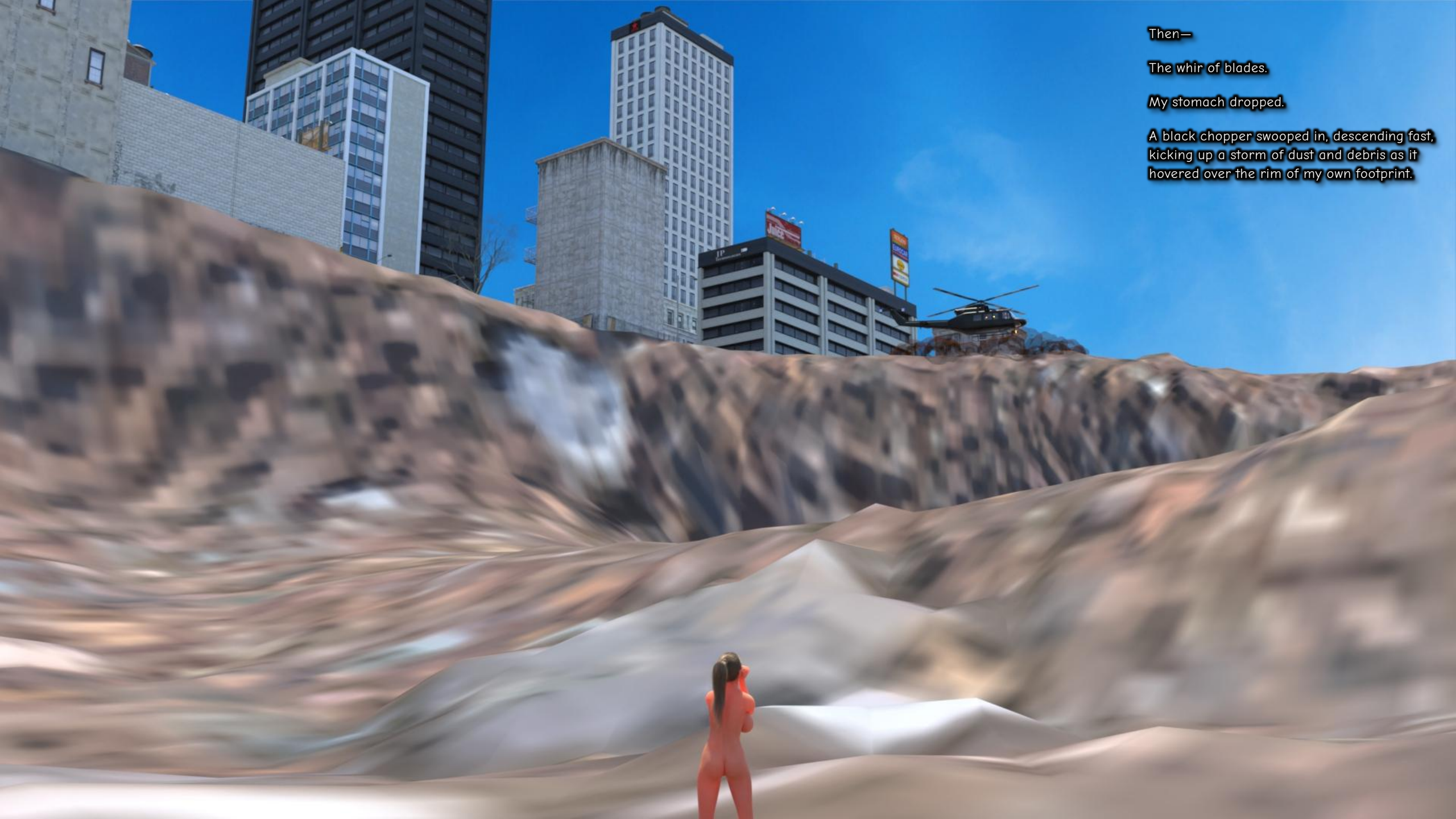
I was sinking into my own goddamn footprint.
The crater I had made, the one that had been so casual, just an afterthought, was now a miles-wide canyon around me.
My legs buckled as the shrinking slowed—


And then, finally—
It stopped.
I was tiny.
I stood dead center in my own footprint.
The world had devoured me whole.

The city, once a playground beneath my feet, was now a towering, merciless world caging me in.
I wasn't a goddess anymore.
I was prey.

I turned frantically, my breath ragged, sharp, uneven.
"Chrissie?"
Silence.
"CHRISSIE!"

Nothing.
She was gone.
I was alone.
I whirled around, heart pounding, breath shaking.


Then—
The whir of blades.
My stomach dropped.
A black chopper swooped in, descending fast, kicking up a storm of dust and debris as it hovered over the rim of my own footprint.

The door slid open.
Figures spilled out—armored, armed, moving fast.
My pulse skyrocketed.
Run.
SUMMER

I bolted, pushing off my heels, sprinting toward the only slope that might let me climb out—

But I barely made it three steps before—

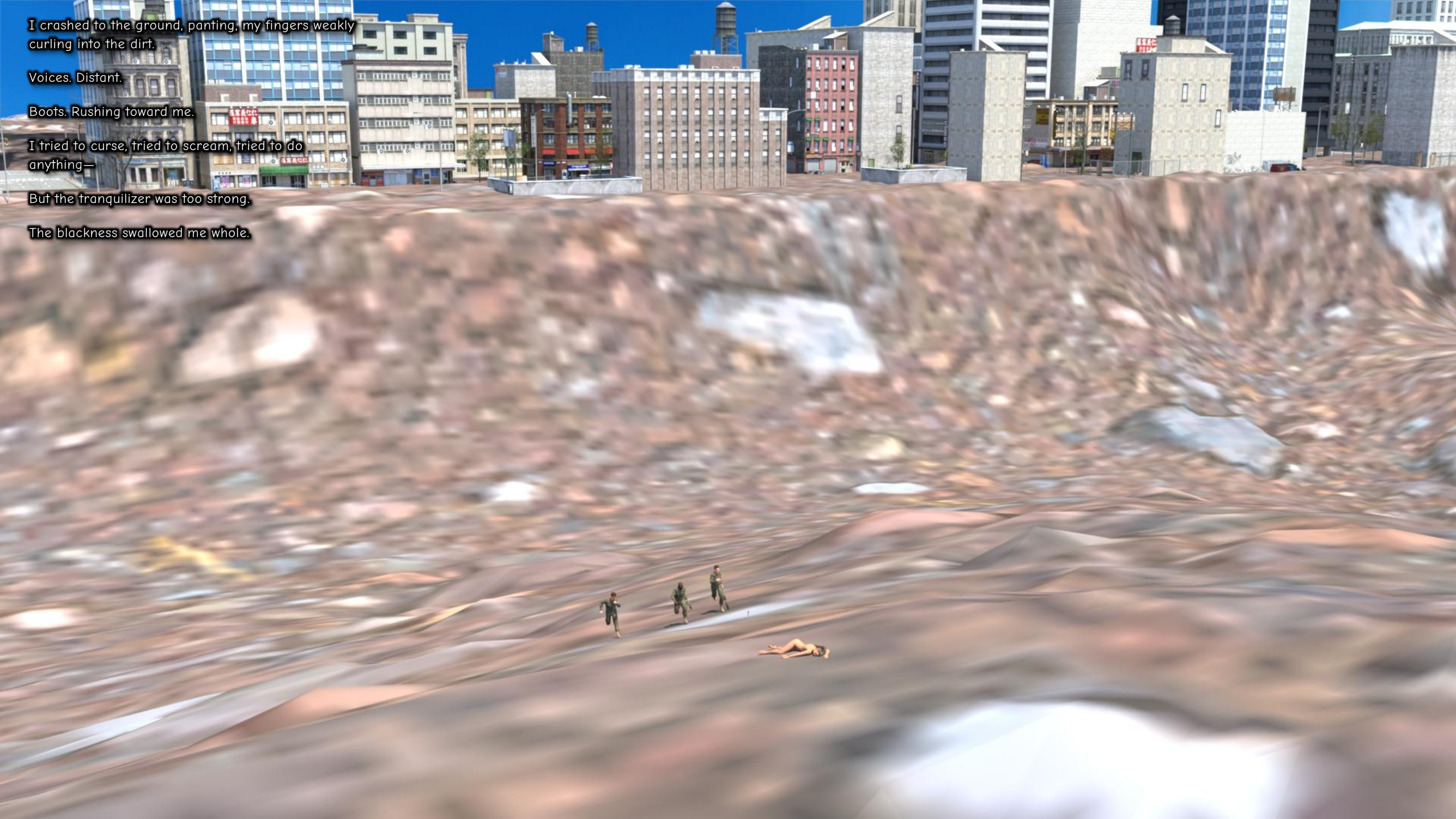
PFFT.

A sharp sting—

Right in my ass.

I yelped, my whole body jolting, my legs locking up mid-stride.

I stumbled, hands flying to my backside, grabbing at the dart lodged in my cheek.
Oh.
Oh, fuck.
The world tilted, my vision blurring, my limbs going heavy.
I fought it, tried to keep running, keep moving—but my knees buckled before I could take another step.


I crashed to the ground, panting, my fingers weakly curling into the dirt.
Voices. Distant.
Boots. Rushing toward me.
I tried to curse, tried to scream, tried to do anything—
But the tranquilizer was too strong.
The blackness swallowed me whole.

Well.
This sucked.
Chrissie and I stood in the middle of a maximum-security prison yard, wearing the least flattering orange jumpsuits in existence, surrounded by about two dozen guards all gripping their guns like we were about to Hulk out at any second.

Oh, and the snipers. Up in the towers, watching. Waiting.
It had been days since we got knocked down to size. Days since they'd paraded our pathetic, shrunken selves into custody like we were some rogue zoo animals they'd finally captured.

Now?
The world was waiting for our trial.
Because, apparently, when you step on a few million people, it lands you in the "worse than Hitler" category.
Oops.

Chrissie shifted her weight, flicking a strand of hair off her shoulder. "Damn, they really think we're gonna grow any second."*
I smirked, rolling my shoulders, feeling the fabric of my overstuffed jumpsuit strain against my still massive tits, the last parting gift of the pills. "They better hope we don't."

One of the guards visibly tensed. Cute.
Chrissie huffed, folding her arms. "Okay, real talk. Maybe we, uh... went a little overboard."
I shot her a look. "A little?"

Chrissie groaned, rubbing her temple. "Okay, fine. Maybe—maybe—we weren't exactly... strategic."
I shrugged. "What do you want from me? It was our first time. We didn't have a plan. We were just figuring it out."
She narrowed her eyes.

Chrissie arched a brow. "Figuring it out?"
I grinned, slow and teasing. "Yeah."

I leaned in, voice low, sultry, dangerous.
"Next time."
Chrissie froze.

Then, slowly—
A smirk spread across her face.
"I like the way you think."
I winked.

The guards tensed.
The snipers locked in.

And despite everything—despite being stuck in a concrete cage with a world that hated us—
Chrissie and I just laughed.

THE END?