

ATTACK OF THE 50 FT. WOMAN

NANCY'S
RETURN

ADRIANO 25



STORY
BY
PAPAYOYA

ART BY
ADRIANO
COLOR AND
LETTERING BY
THE BORROWER

Attack of the 50 Foot Woman

Nancy's return

by Papayoya

Chapter 1

The first tremor was so gentle Charlie thought she imagined it.

She blinked awake in the driver's seat of the cruiser, sore from sleeping folded in on herself all night. The sky was starting to shift from black to that hazy, chalky pink that meant the sun was coming, and with it, heat. Her radio was dead. Her patience was *buried* out here somewhere, probably under one of Nancy Archer's feet.

She rubbed her eyes and sat up, the cracked leather creaking beneath her. No reinforcements. No military. No forensic vans. Just Charlie, the girl deputy they left behind, watching a corpse too big to bury and too weird to understand. They would get here, eventually. But they didn't seem to be in a hurry.

Nancy's body was still where it had landed—half draped across the electrical substation, limbs sprawled at unnatural angles. Her back hadn't touched the ground. Instead, it hung suspended on a tangled web of high-voltage lines, arched just enough to keep her torso hovering. Her long neck bent backward, hair cascading in thick, singed ropes, and her legs rested on the dirt, one knee slightly bent like she was lounging in some grotesque power-fed hammock.

She looked peaceful. Terrifying. Her skin gleamed with an unnatural smoothness, unmarked by bruises or blood despite everything she'd been through. Her clothes—or what was left of them—clung to her like streamers after a tornado. A red-and-gold two-piece outfit, one that *might* have once been a dress, now reduced to scraps: a warped, singed top that was more suggestion than garment, and a skirt frayed up the thigh like it was trying to escape her hips.

Charlie kicked open the door and stepped into the gravel, barefoot. The desert chill hadn't given up yet, and her breath still fogged in the air. She rubbed her arms and stared up at the body. God, it was huge. Even dead, Nancy felt... *present*. Like the sky was holding its breath around her.

The second tremor hit harder than the first.

Charlie felt it under her bare feet—a low, steady *thrum*, like the earth had just cleared its throat. The cruiser's frame gave a small creak. Something metallic shivered in the distance. She turned sharply toward the substation, her gut twisting before her mind caught up.

Nancy hadn't moved.

But the *cables* had.

They were pulsing—little flickers of blue-white light crawling along them in uneven bursts. The thick metal cords woven beneath Nancy's suspended back began to glow faintly, illuminating her massive form in a flickering web of light and tension. Sparks jumped across her skin like static on silk.

Charlie stepped forward, squinting. She held her breath.

Then Nancy *twitched*.

A visible jerk in her left thigh. Then a subtle roll of her hip. Her hand shifted a few inches, the fingers curling just slightly in the dirt. The movement was *small*—if the body hadn't been the size of a grain silo, Charlie might've missed it.

But she didn't.

"Wait," she whispered. "No, no—what..."

Her voice trailed off as Nancy's leg moved again.

This time, *it grew*.

It was like watching something inflate from the inside—skin stretching, muscles thickening beneath the surface, the length of her thigh expanding out, inch by inch, foot by foot. The gold and red of her already-ripped skirt strained, then tore like paper left in the rain. Golden trim split down the seam, curling away as her hip flared wider, stronger. Her knee pushed outward with a sickening groan of shifting earth as her entire leg *lengthened*, her foot dragging forward through the dirt with a deep, grinding scrape.

Charlie stumbled backward.

The ground beneath Nancy's left heel cracked. A web of fissures radiated outward as the growing weight compressed the dry soil like a wrecking ball dropped from orbit. Her toes splayed, massive and bare, digging into the gravel, pulling up chunks of rock as her foot kept expanding. Dust and pebbles rolled like a tide around her foot, burying the last corner of a blown-out junction box.

Another jolt of electricity zipped along the cables, stronger this time.

Nancy's body jerked. Then *surged*.

It was like a wave passed through her. Her chest swelled, her stomach expanded, her arms grew longer, thicker, each muscle group blooming under her skin like something divine awakening. Her breasts lifted higher, swelling beneath the shredded golden top until the fabric finally snapped with a sharp *crack* that echoed across the valley. Shreds of red and gold fluttered down like dead leaves.

Her legs shot out further—*both* of them now growing in slow, steady pulses. Her heels tore long gouges into the dirt. Her right foot swung out several feet, toe catching the base of one of the smaller pylons—and knocking it *flat*. The steel structure crumpled like wet paper, wires snapping and whipping violently in the air.

One of the cables lashed toward Charlie's head.

"Shit!" she yelled, diving to the side as it sliced the air inches from her shoulder.

The wire struck the gravel with a hiss of sparks and smoke. Another slithered across Nancy's thigh, bouncing harmlessly off her skin. Charlie rolled to her feet, eyes wild, heart racing.

Then she looked back—and nearly dropped again.

Nancy's *entire torso* was expanding now, rising from the cables with slow, heaving growth. Her spine arched upward like a drawbridge being pulled back. The cables beneath her groaned and *howled* as her back pushed against them—skin indenting into metal, metal resisting, then surrendering. Sparks exploded from the nearest tower. One of the larger pylons bent inward as her shoulder pressed against it. The support beams began to *fold*.

Her breath hitched in her throat—then burst outward in a moan, low and disoriented. A sound full of confusion and strain.

Charlie could only stare.

Nancy's abdomen rose higher. Her arms shifted, growing longer, fingers flexing unconsciously as the growth continued. Her head tilted back farther, neck stretching gracefully as her jaw clenched. Her lips moved slightly, twitching with unspoken words.

She looked like she was caught in a dream her body couldn't contain.

Another cable snapped.

Then another.

The entire left side of the substation *exploded* in sparks. Nancy's rising weight finally overwhelmed the cable web. With one final shriek, the wires gave out all at once—and she *fell*.

Her back slammed into the dirt with a thunderous *boom* that knocked Charlie flat on her ass. A rolling cloud of dust exploded upward, shrouding Nancy's now fully expanded body in a veil of choking haze. Cables whipped across the ground, writhing like dying serpents before going limp.

Silence.

Then—

Charlie heard it.

A slow, dragging exhale. Trembling. Heavy. The kind of breath that makes leaves shiver and windows rattle.

Nancy was breathing.

Charlie pushed herself up, coughing through the dust, eyes squinting toward the towering silhouette ahead. Nancy now lay completely flat, limbs stretched wide across the ruined substation, skin slick with static and sweat. She was *massive*—several times taller than she had been, a mountain of pale flesh and tangled hair, her chest rising and falling like a ship on stormy seas.

And then—

Nancy's eyelids fluttered.

Charlie froze.

They opened slowly, unsteadily. Her irises—still that impossibly clear blue—glanced up at the sky, unfocused and searching.

A long pause. No movement. Just those wide, blinking eyes taking in the impossible.

And then, in a voice that was hoarse, raw, and *huge*:

"...Where... am I?"

The voice wasn't loud. It didn't need to be.

It rolled across the landscape like a low drumbeat, low and bewildered, rippling through the air with enough bass to make Charlie's ribs tremble. She stood frozen in the gravel, every hair on her body standing upright, her heartbeat suddenly far too loud in her ears.

That voice hadn't come from a speaker. It hadn't come from a radio. It had come from *above* her—from the body stretched across the shattered substation, the one that had been very, very still just a minute ago.

The one Charlie had been told was dead.

Her feet finally moved. She spun on her heel, stumbling back toward the cruiser, breath caught somewhere between a gasp and a scream. Barefoot and gravel-blind, she threw herself into the driver's seat, yanked the door shut hard enough to rattle the window, and jammed the keys into the ignition with shaking hands.

The engine gave a sickly, unsatisfying *click*.

"No, no no no, come on—"

She twisted it again, harder. Just static. Her hands trembled violently now, slick with sweat.

Out the windshield, she could see the world bathed in the peach light of morning—and something was off. The shadows weren't falling the way they should. Somewhere behind her, the sun had caught on something *big*. The air felt dense, like a thunderstorm was coiling just behind the ridge.

She dared not look in the mirror. At this height, Nancy's face wouldn't be visible from any rearview—only the **suggestion** of her, a dark mass rising slowly into the morning light, bending the horizon around her.

Another twist of the key. *Click. Whine. Nothing.*

"Start. Start. Please—"

Outside, dust kicked up in waves. Through the glass, Charlie caught a glimpse of skin and motion—Nancy's knees rising, massive arms bracing against the ground as she slowly, clumsily propped herself up. The sound of the earth grinding under her shifting weight made Charlie's stomach turn. Poles cracked. Another tower tipped sideways in the background.

Nancy's upper body rose higher into view, casting a long, broken shadow over the substation. Her back arched, her chest rising into frame as she pulled herself upright like someone waking from a coma.

Charlie turned the key again—

The engine coughed—and *caught*.

Charlie nearly cried with relief as the cruiser rumbled to life beneath her. She slammed the gear into drive and floored it. The tires spat gravel. The cruiser shot forward down the two-lane service road, fishtailing once before straightening out. Her eyes were locked on the cracked ribbon of asphalt ahead.

She didn't look back.

But behind her, something moved.

"...Hey!"

That voice—closer now. Sharper. Still confused, not angry. It cut through the haze like a siren, and then the real chaos began.

Thud.

Charlie's breath caught. The cruiser shivered on the road. Dust jumped from the dashboard.

Thud.

The vibrations came not just from the earth, but through it—like something unimaginably heavy had stepped down, carefully, just behind her.

Charlie gripped the wheel tighter. Her eyes flicked to the mirror—not to see Nancy's face, but just to confirm that yes, shadows were moving. Fast. Immense. One hill over, some low brush swayed violently from displaced air. Gravel rattled against the frame of the car.

Nancy was moving.

Thud.

Charlie flinched. The impact felt closer—directly behind her. It was rhythmic now, like a giant heartbeat syncing up with her own.

She wanted to believe Nancy wasn't chasing her. That it was just a coincidence. That maybe she was walking somewhere else.

But the tremors were getting stronger. Faster.

Another glance in the side mirror showed something surreal: a shifting, sunlit blur of *skin*. A shape so massive it defied easy form—just a sweeping curve of calf and heel and dust-choked terrain that told her everything.

Nancy wasn't running.

But she was *following*.

Thud. Thud. THUD.

The sound of her bare feet against the earth was primal. Heavy. Slow. Yet purposeful. The cruiser bounced slightly with every step, Charlie struggling to keep control.

Then came the wind.

Air displaced by hundreds of tons of motion rushed past the car in gusts, pushing the cruiser ever so slightly to the side. Loose papers lifted off the passenger seat. The steering wheel tugged in her hands.

Up ahead, the road twisted.

She was nearly out—nearly to the turnoff that would take her down toward the highway and, maybe, *people*.

Then a shape dropped from the sky.

BOOM.

Charlie screamed.

The road was gone.

Completely and absolutely blocked by something pale, fleshy, *alive*—Nancy's foot had landed directly in front of her. It hadn't slammed down like a stomp. No, it had lowered, slow and careful, almost like it was reaching. But it didn't matter.

It spanned the whole road.

Her toes curled slightly at the edge of the pavement. The heel crushed a bush the size of a fridge. Cracks spiderwebbed from the point of impact across the sun-baked asphalt. Dust plumed up around it.

Charlie slammed on the brakes.

The cruiser screamed as tires locked up, skidding to a sideways halt mere feet from the impossibly huge toes ahead. The hood came to rest trembling beneath Nancy's sole, so close Charlie could see the faint arch in her foot above the glass.

She was trapped.

She sat there, engine humming uselessly, hands welded to the wheel, sweat streaking down her back.

Above, impossibly high, came the sound of shifting mass. A shadow loomed over the cruiser—not fast, not falling, but *present*. The sun disappeared again, replaced by the sheer scale of a woman who towered over the world.

Charlie didn't breathe.

Couldn't.

The car had stopped just inches from the wall of flesh now blocking the road. Nancy's foot remained planted there—toes gently curled over the pavement, massive and motionless, like some ancient statue carved by a mad god. The sheer *size* of it... Charlie couldn't stop staring. The smallest toe alone was the size of her entire hood. The nails, perfectly shaped, caught the sunlight with an almost dainty shimmer.

Then they flexed.

Just a little.

The whole foot shifted in place, sending tremors through the road that rattled the dashboard and made her seatbelt tighten against her chest. Her breath hitched.

Then, above, came the voice again.

“...Why does everything look so... small?”

It wasn't a shout. Nancy didn't even raise her voice. But the scale—*the scale* made it thunder. Not painfully loud, just *huge*. It filled the air. It filled *her*. It wasn't angry. Just bewildered, almost childlike in its curiosity.

A pause. A breath.

“Who is that?”

Charlie's heart slammed against her ribs.

She didn't need to look to know what Nancy meant.

Something moved. A shift of light. Her body cast a different shadow now—longer, stretched low. The air pressure changed again, and then the sky itself seemed to bend forward as Nancy crouched.

Charlie gripped the wheel with both hands, frozen.

Outside, massive fingers approached—five long, curved digits descending slowly from above. They moved like cranes in a synchronized ballet, careful and deliberate, casting streaked shadows across the windshield as they neared.

Nancy's hand hovered for a beat over the car. And then—

It closed.

The tips of her fingers brushed the sides of the cruiser first, gently, but enough to make the whole vehicle jolt. Then she pressed inward. The frame groaned in protest. The windshield creaked. The roof dented slightly as two fingers curled across it from above.

Then came the *lift*.

Charlie's stomach dropped.

The car rose into the air like a rollercoaster being yanked off the rails. Smooth, yes—but fast. Her tires left the ground. Dust blew past the windows. One of the side mirrors popped off with a metallic snap. Something inside the dash shifted and fell with a thunk.

The steering wheel jerked in her grip—tugged slightly to the side from the uneven weight distribution as the cruiser tilted. She held on tight, as if somehow that would keep her grounded, like she could anchor herself to the vehicle while the rest of the world changed shape around her.

She was airborne.

Nancy's hand cradled the car awkwardly, not perfectly balanced. The vehicle listed slightly, nose-down. Charlie braced herself against the dash and door. Every inch of her skin buzzed.

Then the light shifted again.

Nancy's face filled the entire windshield.

She wasn't grinning. She wasn't frowning. Just *staring*, brow furrowed, mouth slightly open in a mix of concentration and awe. Her eyes—*those eyes*—were an impossible, luminous **pale blue**, brighter than sky, softer than water. And they were *huge*—each iris nearly the size of a hubcap, their movement slow and deliberate as they scanned the cruiser with a strange, searching intensity.

She adjusted the angle of her hand, tipping the car slightly in her palm.

And then—those eyes focused.

There was a flicker of recognition. Her pupils narrowed. Her lips parted again.

"...Charlie?"

The name left her lips like a thought spoken aloud—soft, uncertain, but undeniable.

Charlie swallowed.

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Black.

Then a sound—low, buzzing, constant. Familiar. Unpleasant.

Her eyes twitched behind heavy lids.

Something cracked. Not loud, but close. Her skin prickled. Her back ached like she'd been dropped from orbit and left in place. Limbs stiff. Mouth dry. Chest tight.

Then came the air. Real, cold, dry air that scraped down her throat as she inhaled—deep, sudden, involuntary.

Silence.

Nancy's eyes opened to a sky stretched pale across the horizon, dust hanging like gauze in the early morning light. She didn't move at first. Her limbs were stiff and aching, as though they'd been locked in place by hours of unconsciousness and

trauma. The earth beneath her felt cool and brittle, the subtle sting of static still clinging to her skin like smoke after a lightning strike.

Gradually, instinct pulled her upward. Sitting up took effort; her arms trembled with the weight of it, muscles thickened beyond their former limits responding sluggishly to her will. Debris slid from her skin in soft, gritty waves. Dust rose around her like fog lifting off a lake. Every joint in her body felt foreign—heavier, slower, more *present*. She blinked, trying to piece together her bearings, and realized she was surrounded by a field of warped metal and blackened ground, like the aftermath of some controlled demolition gone violently wrong.

And she was alone.

There were no voices shouting, no helicopter blades slicing the sky, no panicked screaming or orders barked through megaphones. No soldiers, no Harry. Nothing but still air and the faint crackle of cooling wreckage. It was too quiet, and that stillness didn't comfort her—it felt *wrong*.

Her head swiveled slowly as her eyes scanned the scorched landscape. Her voice cracked the air, unsteady but not panicked: "Where am I?" The sound echoed longer than it should have, not because of its volume but because of the vastness it had to travel across. It carried unnaturally well, pushed outward by a body that had grown beyond what the human voice was meant to inhabit.

At first, her surroundings didn't make sense. Everything seemed familiar, but distorted—twisted by some optical illusion that hadn't caught up to her brain. She recognized the substation, or what was left of it, but it looked strangely scaled-down. The towers, the transformers, the fences and floodlights—all present, all correct, but reduced to a fraction of what they should have been. When she turned and saw a crumpled power pole lying beneath her elbow like a snapped toothpick, the truth began to settle in.

She wasn't seeing a miniature world.

She was enormous.

Her breath quickened as she looked down at herself, at arms and legs longer than she remembered, dust-streaked and bare. Her toes, half-buried in the cracked ground, looked like sculpted columns. Her thighs stretched out like roads, her arms seemed to go on forever. Her breasts rose and fell with her breath, each movement exaggerated by her new proportions. And she was completely, *utterly* naked.

There wasn't a single scrap left of the red-and-gold outfit she'd been wearing when she entered town. Not a stitch of fabric or shred of color. It was as if her transformation had burned through everything—her clothes, her modesty, her

humanity in some ways. She curled her arms over her chest more out of habit than shame. There was no one around to see her, but she still felt exposed. Vulnerable in a way that had nothing to do with being uncovered.

The memories came slowly, filtered through pain and confusion. She remembered the last few days—the initial growth to fifty feet, the shock of it, the way the world had shifted around her, how doors became crawlspaces and roads too narrow. She remembered the fear in people’s eyes, the whispers, the flashes of phones raised just before they ran. And she remembered Harry. How his voice had sounded when he begged her to calm down, how he’d insisted she had to stop “before it got worse.”

But worse, of course, had already arrived.

She remembered the night before. Harry’s face, sweaty and too calm, pretending to care while his words curled around her like poison. He hadn’t tried to restrain her. He hadn’t run. Instead, he’d told her things. Things designed to rattle her. He knew her heart was sensitive. He knew stress had triggered the first transformation. So he tried to weaponize her own fear, tried to *scare* her into stopping.

She had collapsed. Her heart *had* fluttered.

She’d blacked out.

But she hadn’t died.

When she came to, she’d been a little taller, a little stronger, and far less patient. Her clothes had already torn at the seams. Her voice had boomed. And for the first time, Harry had looked genuinely afraid.

She chased him.

Right into town. Through empty streets and behind buildings that no longer stood tall beside her. She remembered the crunch of pavement under her heels, the trembling of windows as she passed. She caught him—grabbed him in one fist like a doll, and he had screamed. She should have felt triumphant. Instead, she only felt *unfinished*.

Then came the helicopters.

Their whine, their lights, the too-familiar barking of authority trying to control what they didn’t understand. She’d tried to back off, to leave, to *escape*—but they fired anyway. The pain was sharp, blinding. The bullets didn’t kill her, but they hurt, and her balance was already gone. She remembered twisting mid-fall, the way the air sucked the breath out of her, and then—

The substation.

The cables.

Harry falling from her hand.

The shock through her spine.

And then nothing.

Until now.

Nancy's brow furrowed. Her teeth clenched. Anger simmered somewhere low and deep—but it wasn't alone. Confusion warred with it. Her memories made no sense. Her body made even less. She had grown again. Not slightly. Not subtly. Somehow, during the blackout, she had transformed even more—into something *colossal*.

Everything was quiet. Too quiet. And far, *far* too small.

Then she heard it.

A noise.

It wasn't loud—nothing like the helicopters or the crackling of the cables—but it was out of place. A faint, high-pitched engine, mechanical and persistent, buzzing like a mosquito.

Nancy turned her head toward the road, and squinted.

A car.

A cruiser.

Small. Moving fast. Fleeing.

To her, it looked barely larger than a toy—maybe the size of a matchbox, maybe smaller. She watched it, blinking slowly, trying to make sense of it. Her mind couldn't reconcile how something so familiar now seemed so reduced.

She leaned forward slightly, one palm sinking into the ground as dust billowed out from under her fingers. Her hair slipped over her shoulder. Her eyes followed the car as it tried to navigate the cracked pavement ahead.

"Hey!"

The question came out low, but it shook the air.

The cruiser swerved, gaining speed. She didn't move after it—yet. She just stared.

It was real. And if it was real, it meant something else.

Someone else.

Maybe answers.

Nancy's gaze locked on the cruiser, her body still. Not angry. Not yet.

But curious.

And deeply, impossibly unsettled.

Nancy rose slowly, and the world around her responded like it had been holding its breath.

She stood to her full, impossible height, letting the air settle across her bare skin as the last flecks of dust rolled off her shoulders. Beneath her soles, the ground shifted with a damp, reluctant give—not hard or dry like she expected, but soft, pliable, almost like clay after a rain. Every step left a deep, molded impression in the earth, her weight pressing the dirt down like a rolling pin through wet beach sand. It clung to her toes, packed under her heels. It felt strange, unfamiliar, but not unpleasant. There was something oddly satisfying about leaving marks this permanent.

Ahead, already swerving along the broken stretch of road, the cruiser darted through the early morning haze. It was small—ridiculously so—but from up here, she could see *everything*. The roof shimmered in the sun. The light bar bounced slightly as it hit a rut. She could even catch the faint glint of a windshield—see movement inside. Whoever was in there was trying to make a clean getaway.

She could not have that.

Nancy arched a brow and took a step forward, her gaze fixed on the car. She was going after it—that much was certain. It wasn't some idle curiosity anymore. She wanted answers. Maybe even a reaction. The little cruiser had bolted the second she stood up, and now it was hers to catch.

She thought, briefly, about jogging. She couldn't have it get away.

But then her foot came down.

The earth moaned as her sole sank deep into the road, flattening gravel and splitting pavement underfoot. She felt the earth push back, then give, like her mass had simply overwhelmed its right to hold shape. A plume of dust curled around her ankle. She lifted her other leg and walked, smooth and easy, not hurrying.

And immediately realized she didn't have to.

Her foot alone was longer than the cruiser. She glanced down as her next step landed, and the road fractured again, narrow cracks radiating out from the edges of her footprint like stress lines in old glass.

Two steps later, she was gaining. Not just gaining—*closing in*.

Each movement she made was too much for the car to compensate for. It sped forward in a jittery line, clearly trying to hold steady, but every impact from her feet sent new tremors through the road. The cruiser's frame visibly shuddered, the wheels fighting to maintain traction as the surface cracked and buckled beneath her weight.

Nancy's lips parted just slightly. Not a smile—not quite—but something close.

It felt... good.

Weird. But good.

The next step brought her close enough that she could see the driver trying to make sense of her shadow. The cruiser dipped, veered slightly, then corrected. It was still trying to run.

Nancy glanced ahead and saw her chance. One exaggerated step, theatrical and deliberate, arced her leg high over the cruiser. Her foot passed above it, toes curling mid-air as she adjusted for the angle. Then, slowly, she brought it down. Not directly *on* the car—just in front of it.

She planted her foot sideways across the road, heel on one shoulder, toes splayed over the other. Her sole hit with a satisfying thud, and the ground beneath it compressed like wet paper. The shock of the landing threw a ripple of dust into the air.

Below, the cruiser reacted instantly.

Brakes squealed, tires locked, and the little machine jerked to a violent stop just inches from the wall of skin and dirt now blocking its path. It came to rest with the hood slightly tilted, the front bumper angled like it had hit an invisible wall.

Nancy looked down.

The cruiser was really small, like a toy. Shorter than her foot. Barely wider than her toes when she flexed them, which she did now—lightly, watching fine grains of roadbed sift across the windshield like ash falling from a great height.

Her toes lifted slightly, then pressed down again, the arch of her foot casting a long, curved shadow across the car's roof. The silence that followed wasn't quite peaceful. It was too heavy for that. Too thick with new awareness.

She hadn't even broken a sweat.

Nancy looked down at the car.

From this height, it barely registered as a vehicle. Not even as long as half her foot—maybe the width, if that. She shifted slightly, adjusting her weight, and the

comparison became clearer. The cruiser sat snugly between the tips of her toes, not even brushing past the ball of her foot. It felt absurd. Toy-like. Like something placed there for effect.

Her brow furrowed, and the words came without planning, floating out in a slow, puzzled breath.

"...Why is everything so small?"

She didn't expect an answer. The question hung in the air, faintly echoing off the still landscape. It wasn't just the car—it was the road, the trees, the power poles in the distance. Everything looked like it had been shrunk a second time while she slept. She was already a giant last night, but this... this was different. The scale felt off by entire orders of magnitude. She remembered Harry's car being heavy, stubborn under her grip. A real object, not a flimsy prop. She remembered buildings that rose above her waist, at least. Now, most wouldn't reach her knee.

A small crease formed between her brows as she studied the cruiser. The light bar, the tiny logo on the door. She narrowed her eyes.

"...Who is that?" she asked, almost to herself. Her voice was quieter now, but still rumbled, still shifted air as it left her chest.

She began to bend.

Her knees dipped first, her thighs pulling inward as she slowly crouched over the road. Her hair slipped forward, catching the breeze, casting a long shadow that darkened the cruiser below. Her hands moved with care, fingers spreading, knuckles dipping toward the earth.

She reached down—thumb and forefinger at first—and grasped the cruiser by the roof.

The moment her fingers made contact, the metal gave. Not dramatically. But noticeably. A soft groan of steel warping echoed up to her as her fingertips pressed inward with the lightest force she could manage. The roof bowed. The edges creased. The whole thing seemed too *flimsy*, too fragile, like it had been built from foil.

Her nose wrinkled slightly. She lifted it anyway.

The car rose smoothly, wheels dangling beneath like a keychain ornament. She stood back up, straightening to her full height, her free hand rising to meet the other. She let the car settle into her palm, gently. Like placing a teacup on a saucer.

It barely took up any space.

Harry's car—she remembered the way it had filled her hand. Heavy. Wide enough to span across her fingers. She had to *hold* it. This one... sat in the center of her palm with room to spare. Her fingertips curled slightly around the edges without even trying.

Nancy tilted her head and leaned in, peering through the tiny windshield. Her eyes squinted, adjusting to the glare, trying to pick out the shape inside.

There. Movement. A figure—small, huddled, frozen.

She stared harder. The uniform. The badge. The familiar ponytail.

Her expression softened, just slightly.

"Charlie?" she said aloud.

Her voice, though quiet to her, trembled through the metal frame like a bassline. The cruiser vibrated in her hand.

She waited.

Watched.

Curious.

Nancy watched the tiny figure behind the windshield twitch, stiffen, then gasp—loud enough, or perhaps *visibly* enough, that Nancy didn't need to hear the sound to know it had escaped her. Charlie's eyes widened, pupils darting, her mouth falling open like a child about to speak—and then closing again. Then open. Then closed.

She looked like a fish out of water.

Nancy's lips curved—just a little—and a soft chuckle rumbled from her chest. She didn't mean to laugh at her, not exactly. But something about the sheer disbelief on Charlie's face, the gaping confusion, the instinctive panic wrapped in recognition—it caught her off guard. She felt the corner of her mouth lift further. It was the first time since waking up that anything had struck her as genuinely amusing.

The reaction, of course, startled Charlie further. The tiny woman flinched, shoulders hunching reflexively inside the cruiser like the sound itself had pressed down on her.

"Don't be afraid," Nancy said, still watching her closely. "I just... need some answers."

Charlie didn't respond—not immediately. But her hand moved.

Slow at first, but steady. It drifted down to her belt, and Nancy's eyes tracked it, narrowing. She saw the familiar black rectangle appear, saw fingers wrap around it, lifting it off its clip.

A radio.

Nancy's amusement faded. Her breath stilled. A quiet, deep instinct moved through her—not rage, but memory. Of searchlights. Of spinning rotors. Of gunfire and falling.

She acted without thinking.

Her fingers curled in, not hard, not even fast—but the result was immediate. The metal around the cruiser's midsection groaned, then warped. Two of the windows cracked, then shattered, sharp pops like dried twigs snapping underfoot. Her palm shifted slightly, bracing the car as her hand closed just enough to press the message home.

The power in her grip was effortless. Reflexive.

She didn't raise her voice. Didn't scowl. But her next words had an edge that hadn't been there before—still soft, but with weight.

"...Don't do that."

Charlie froze.

Nancy saw her eyes jerk upward, staring past the windshield and into the sky where Nancy's face loomed above. Her expression had changed now. No longer fishlike. Just frozen.

"Drop it," Nancy said, quieter now, but unmistakable. Not a plea. A command.

Charlie didn't argue.

Her hand moved again, slower this time, and she set the radio down on the dashboard. Nancy waited. Then, one fingertip at a time, she watched as Charlie let it go completely.

"Good girl," Nancy said, and the words came without calculation. She wasn't mocking her. Not really. But it slipped out in that same tone she might've used once with a startled puppy—or maybe a student who had finally stopped talking in class.

She let her fingers ease open, not completely, but enough to stop crushing the roof. The car's structure creaked again, reshaping under the release, and some of the tension in the air dropped with it. The broken windows stayed broken, of course, and a few flecks of safety glass clung to her palm, but now the cruiser had a little breathing room. A little light.

She tilted her head and studied Charlie more carefully.

"I need some answers," she said again. "And I'd like it if you helped me."

There was a pause—long enough that Nancy almost repeated herself.

But then Charlie nodded.

Small. Jittery. But clear.

Nancy felt something soften in her chest. Not trust, exactly—but something close to relief. She exhaled through her nose and let her shoulders drop slightly. The pressure around them shifted, ever so slightly, like the moment had just passed a quiet test.

“Good,” she said. “Let’s talk.”

Nancy let the silence linger just a moment longer before she spoke again, this time more gently.

“I know I might’ve come off a little... harsh,” she said, tilting her head slightly, her gaze still fixed on the tiny deputy curled inside the dented cruiser. “But you were speeding off, and I needed answers. So, you know... picking you up was kind of my only option.”

She said it with a touch of amusement, as though the image of it—the sheer absurdity of a car barely the size of her foot trying to flee—was starting to land for her, too. Her voice stayed soft, but now it carried the faint cadence of something conversational. Less “I’m going to crush you” and more “Let’s clear the air.”

She looked down at the car again, the warped frame still resting in the middle of her palm, her fingers relaxed around it now. The glass on the driver’s side had cracked under her initial squeeze, spiderwebbed and glinting like sugar in the light.

Her eyes flicked toward it, then back to Charlie.

“And I’m sorry about the damage,” she added, more sincerely. “But... the last time someone picked up a radio near me, I ended up with army choppers firing from three angles. So. I hope you understand if I take a few precautions this time.”

Charlie, still pale and wide-eyed, gave a slow, wordless nod. Her hands remained motionless on her lap, and she hadn’t taken her eyes off Nancy’s face since the moment she’d spoken her name. It was the look of someone trying very hard to stay composed while sitting inside a paper cup held by a titan.

Nancy raised an eyebrow at the silence, then let out a quiet breath—half sigh, half laugh.

“Well,” she said, a smile starting to edge into her voice, “I guess we can agree on at least one thing.”

She leaned forward just a little, just enough for her shadow to sweep gently across the car again.

"I'm bigger."

Her lips curved now, more fully. Not a smirk—just something slow, crooked, knowing.

"I don't know *how* much bigger, exactly. Believe me, I'm as much at a loss as you are. But you've accepted that women can grow now, right?"

She said it with a dry note, teasing at the edges, like she was still testing the boundaries between absurdity and reality—and daring Charlie to challenge it. She arched one brow, watching the deputy carefully.

Charlie nodded again, stiffly this time, the motion jerky and a little too fast—like she thought agreeing quickly might help. Then, with a sudden breath, she opened her mouth and tried to speak—tried to yell, maybe. But whatever word she reached for never made it out. The sound flattened inside the cruiser, swallowed up by dented metal and shattered glass and the sheer size of the woman holding her.

Nancy blinked once, then tilted her head.

"I can't hear you," she said, patient but pointed. Her voice rolled down with a steadiness that made it sound almost sympathetic—but not quite. "These little things aren't exactly built for conversation."

She looked again at the cruiser—at the bent roof, the frame pinched slightly in where her fingers had pressed. The light bar had tilted. One of the side mirrors hung off by a thread of plastic.

"Honestly," she added, "it's a mess. You're not getting anywhere in that."

She let her fingers shift again, the car wobbling ever so slightly in her palm.

"You might as well come out."

It wasn't quite a suggestion.

Charlie didn't move at first. Her face was frozen somewhere between disbelief and raw panic. She looked up at Nancy the way someone might look at a god right before it leaned in too close. Nancy could practically see the mental rewiring happening behind those tiny eyes—the math of scale, the shock of survival, the sheer absurdity of trying to make a decision while sitting in the palm of someone's hand.

Nancy softened her expression, if only slightly.

"I'll take good care of you," she promised, voice smooth as silk. "You have my word."

She let that hang for a moment, then added, "And once this is all sorted out, I'll give you a ride back into town. No sense in having you walk miles under the sun like some baked potato in uniform."

That almost got a reaction. Nancy thought she saw the ghost of a blink, a flicker of breath. Charlie hesitated—visibly now. Her hand crept toward the door. One last pause. Then she braced herself and tried to push it open.

The handle clicked, but the door didn't move.

Nancy frowned, just a little. She saw the effort repeat—Charlie pushing harder this time, one shoulder behind it, her whole body leaning into it. The door gave a fraction of an inch, then stuck. Inside, Charlie gestured, wide-eyed, mouthing something frantic.

Nancy narrowed her eyes. It didn't take long to figure it out.

She shifted the car in her hand, glanced down the length of it, and saw the damage clearly now. The frame was warped worse than she thought. One of her fingers must've pressed the door inward just enough to jam the whole thing.

"Oh," she said, sounding faintly amused with herself. "I think I messed it up worse than I realized."

Charlie glanced back at her, desperation rising in her posture—half trapped, half humiliated.

Nancy's eyes returned to her calmly.

"Don't worry," she said, brushing a fleck of dust off the hood with a thumb the size of a surfboard. "I've handled situations like this before."

Nancy's fingers adjusted their grip ever so slightly, curling just a bit more securely around the bent cruiser. It was already misshapen, one side sloping inward from the earlier squeeze, the frame whining faintly under its own weight. She looked down at the woman inside—tiny, frantic, pinned in place by a door that wouldn't open—and gave her the most reassuring voice she could manage at her current size.

"Don't be afraid," she said, her tone calm, almost lazy. "I'll be gentle."

Then she turned her attention to the car.

Her free hand rose, fingers spreading wide. She didn't hesitate. Two fingers pinched at the back of the roof near the rear window. The metal protested with a sharp creak, warping under her grip, but didn't resist for long. Her thumb dug under the frame at the opposite side. And then, like someone opening a sardine tin with a single, practiced motion, she pulled.

The roof peeled away in one long, whining rip—screws snapping, glass splintering, thin seams giving way like paper. The whole thing bent upward, folding back like a flipped lid, and Nancy's hand moved with smooth, deliberate confidence. Her face stayed still, focused, a small frown of concentration tightening her brow as she worked.

Charlie was screaming by the time the car was roofless.

Her voice, faint as it was, carried just enough to cut through the sound of tearing steel. She flinched away from the movement above her, bracing herself against the seat as sunlight poured in across her body. Nancy gave the roof a final tug, separating it completely, then casually flicked it over her shoulder. The twisted metal arc sailed off into the dirt with a soft *thunk*.

"There we go," Nancy said, peering down into the stripped shell of the cruiser. "That wasn't so bad."

She smiled again—not cruel, not sweet. Just *Nancy*.

"Now hang on," she added, her voice lifting slightly, "last little bump."

Without ceremony, she tipped the car. Her hand rotated with casual strength, angling it toward her waiting palm below. Charlie yelped, arms flailing, as her seatbelt gave way and she slid out like a loose Tic Tac. She landed in Nancy's other hand with a thump, limbs scrambling against the warm surface of her skin, hair flying in all directions.

Nancy turned the car fully upside-down, gave it a small shake just to be sure it was empty, then crouched and placed it by her bare foot. The vehicle, now a gutted, mangled husk, slumped into the sand like a dropped beer can.

Then she stood back up.

Charlie was sprawled out in her palm, breathing fast, her limbs shaking slightly, her eyes darting around without landing on anything. Nancy tilted her hand ever so slightly to help her stay upright, watching with mild amusement as the deputy blinked slowly, her body swaying like a drunk on roller skates.

"Sorry about that," Nancy said, not sounding all that sorry. "I guess things can get a little overwhelming at my scale."

She gave a shrug, loose and unconcerned. "I'll give you a minute to pull yourself together."

While Charlie lay there, dazed and trying to find which direction was up, Nancy looked out toward the empty road, her voice drifting as she spoke more to herself than to her passenger.

"The last thing I remember," she said slowly, "was those army choppers. Pain. A lot of it. And Harry slipping out of my hand... not my favorite moment, I'll be honest." Her brow furrowed for a moment, thoughtful. "And now... here I am."

Her eyes dropped to her palm again, to Charlie, who was still trying to sit upright.

"Bigger."

Nancy let that sit for a breath. Then, casually, she continued.

"I'm no egghead, but... I think it's stress. Or maybe adrenaline. I don't know. But every time I get pushed—*really* pushed—this happens. I grow."

She turned her hand slightly, letting Charlie slide into a more comfortable spot in her palm.

"And getting hit by air-to-ground missiles? That's *very* stressful."

Her gaze dropped back down, her tone shifting slightly—lighter, but edged with curiosity.

"So what do you think? Am I big enough yet?"

She paused, then added, more softly:

"Because if I'm right... and something really bad happens again... I don't even *want* to imagine how much bigger I'll get."

Charlie finally seemed to collect enough breath to speak. Her voice was hoarse, shaky, but she managed to lift her head and ask, "How... how big are you?"

Nancy glanced down at her, mildly amused by the question. It wasn't a bad one. In fact, it had been floating around her own thoughts since the moment she stood up and realized the world had, once again, failed to keep pace with her.

"They measured me after the first time," she said, brushing a lock of dusted hair from her shoulder. "Back when it started. I was a bit over fifty feet tall. Fifty-two, maybe fifty-three. I remember because someone said it like it was a punchline—'fifty-three feet of divorce court trauma.'"

Her eyes drifted, scanning the horizon, watching the road curl into the desert like a toy racetrack. "Then Harry tried to scare me into cardiac arrest, and I passed out. When I woke up, I'd grown. Not by much... twenty, twenty-five feet, maybe? I wasn't towering over town halls, but it was enough to split my clothes."

She looked down now—at the crushed cruiser resting near her foot, at Charlie curled up in her palm—and tilted her head, thoughtful.

“But *this*? This is a lot more. A few times more, at least.”

She raised her brows slightly, letting the weight of that observation settle. “So maybe two hundred feet? Maybe three? I don’t know. I just know I’m... pretty damn big.”

The corner of her mouth twitched. Not quite a smile. More of an internal acknowledgment that her reality had shifted again, and this time, she wasn’t resisting it.

“And honestly?” She lifted her palm slightly, adjusting Charlie’s position. “If those choppers come back, being this size might not be such a bad thing.”

She said it with a light shrug, as if discussing an umbrella in a storm. Not threatening—just pragmatic. She wasn’t spoiling for a fight. But she wasn’t planning to *lose* one, either.

Charlie, sensing that flicker of steel under the words, tried to keep things steady. “The choppers... that wasn’t Sheriff Denby,” she said quickly. “He didn’t call them.”

Nancy’s brow rose with lazy skepticism. “No?”

Charlie hesitated, then added, “It’s protocol. In situations like this, we’re supposed to contact the National Guard. Denby didn’t have a choice.”

“A situation like *this*,” Nancy repeated, slowly, tasting the phrase.

She gave a short, quiet laugh—just breath and irony—and answered herself.

“You mean, a giant scorned wife showing up in town, looking for the husband who cheated on her and then tried to kill her. *That* situation.”

She looked back down at Charlie, the faint smile still on her lips, but now mixed with something a little drier. Not cruel. Not dangerous. Just... sizing her up. Measuring how much the little deputy understood about the balance of power between them.

Charlie swallowed hard.

Nancy didn’t press further. She didn’t need to. She let the silence hang just long enough to mark the moment, then gave her head a soft tilt, voice low and even.

“Let’s not have that again, shall we?”

Charlie, still catching her breath, still blinking like she couldn’t quite believe where she was sitting, lifted her head slightly. Her voice came out thin, but steady enough.

“What... do you want?”

Nancy arched an eyebrow.

It was such a small question. And yet, impossibly broad.

She let it hang there for a second, then exhaled lightly through her nose.

"Well," she said, her voice smooth, almost conversational, "for a start, I need to be brought up to speed."

Her fingers shifted just slightly beneath Charlie, adjusting her position like she was resetting a conversation, not holding a person.

"I need to know how long I've been out since the choppers. What happened after I blacked out. Where Harry is. Where *your* people are—military, cops, whoever thinks they're still in charge."

Charlie nodded quickly, grasping at the question like a lifeline. Information—she could give that. It was safe. Measured.

"It hasn't been long," she said. "A few hours, maybe. That fight with the choppers? That was just before dawn. They had to pull back to refuel. I think one of them took some damage."

Nancy's brow lifted again at that, this time with a quiet, amused satisfaction. A glint of something behind her eyes—not pride, but awareness. She had hurt them. She hadn't imagined it.

Charlie went on, more carefully now. "Sheriff Denby left me here to make sure no one came too close. Until the army got back. He said they needed time to bring in... the right equipment. To study you."

Nancy's expression shifted. Her lips thinned into a flat line, her brows drawing in just slightly.

"To study me," she repeated, like the words tasted bad.

She gave a short breath of a laugh—dry, humorless. "Like I'm some biology fair project they found behind a Denny's."

Charlie winced but didn't contradict her. Nancy let the thought sit for a moment before shifting gears.

"And Harry?"

Charlie hesitated.

"He... he was in bad shape. Two broken legs. Cracked ribs. They got him out, but I don't know where they took him."

Nancy's jaw tensed slightly. Her voice didn't change, but the lines around her eyes did.

"There's no hospital in Gainesville that can handle that," she said, matter-of-factly. "Not for someone that broken. So where?"

Charlie shook her head. "I don't know. I've been here the whole night. Nobody told me anything after they left."

Nancy's scowl deepened just slightly—not anger, not yet. But the edge of frustration was there, low and growing. Not with Charlie. With the situation. With the blank space where information should've been.

"Well," she said quietly, more to herself than to her captive, "I guess I'll have to find out."

Her eyes drifted toward the horizon, the soft curve of land under the rising sun, the distant shimmer of the road.

Chapter 2

Charlie looked up at her, the words small, but sharpened by something more than just fear. "What do you mean... find out?"

Nancy didn't look down right away. She was still scanning the horizon—half-lost in thought, half already imagining the next step. But then her gaze dropped lazily to her palm, and she gave a little shrug that made Charlie shift with the motion.

"I mean I'm going to town," she said, like it was obvious. "Find someone who actually knows where they took him."

Charlie blinked. Once. Twice. "You can't be serious."

Nancy tilted her head.

"I'm serious *enough*."

Charlie sat up straighter, jaw tensing. "You can't just... walk into town like this."

"Oh?" Nancy's lips curved, the sarcasm blooming almost instantly. "And why not? Dress code? I'm not wearing a visitor's badge? Or is it the whole *towering-nude-colossus-of-vengeance* thing?"

Charlie didn't rise to the bait. Her tone didn't waver. "Because you'll cause a disaster."

That word—*disaster*—landed like a pebble thrown at a mountain.

Nancy's smirk faded.

"Too big?" she asked, her voice cooler now. "That the problem? I'll knock over a few fences? Step on a Prius?"

Charlie didn't answer. She didn't have to. The look on her face said it all.

And something in Nancy finally gave way.

She didn't raise her voice. She didn't need to. Her tone shifted—just slightly. The irony fell away, replaced by something quieter, heavier. Something that had been building inside her since the first time someone called her "hysterical."

"You know," she began, "for most of my life, I've tried to be gentle."

She looked out over the desert again. The wind kicked softly at the edge of her hair.

"I played along. Smiled when I was supposed to. Let people talk over me. Let them treat me like I was some delicate little thing that needed protecting or ignoring. Even

after I grew the first time—after I hit fifty feet—I still played nice. I told myself I didn't want to scare anyone. Didn't want to hurt anybody."

Her hand lifted slightly, holding Charlie a little higher as her gaze returned to the woman in her palm.

"And what did that get me? Harry trying to kill me. The town whispering behind my back. The army showing up with missiles the *second* they decided I wasn't docile enough."

Her voice lowered—not with menace, but finality.

"I've tried being the good giant. I've tried playing by the rules. And it only got me laughed at, locked down, and shot."

She paused, her fingers tightening slightly around Charlie's perch—not enough to trap her, but enough to *remind* her.

"I don't have a grudge against the people in town. Not really. I don't *hate* them. But I'm done pretending they come first. I'm a goddamned giant. And if I want something?"

Her shoulders lifted in a slow, effortless shrug.

"I'll get it."

She didn't spit the words. Didn't hiss. Just spoke them like fact. The kind you don't argue with because the scale's already answered for you.

"I'll keep it civil—*enough*—for the little people. But I'm done asking permission. I'm done pretending that being gentle is the same thing as being good."

For a moment, there was only the soft breath of the desert wind, curling between words too large to push back against.

Charlie swallowed hard. She shifted in Nancy's hand, then looked up, quieter now, eyes searching the woman's face.

"You don't sound like the Nancy Archer I knew."

Nancy's lips twitched, and for a split second, the smirk returned. But when she spoke, it wasn't sarcastic.

"Yeah," she said, looking down at herself, at the horizon she now measured with her legs. "Well, for starters..."

She raised her eyes again, expression colder now. Clearer.

"I'm a few hundred feet taller than the Nancy you knew."

She let the statement hang. Then, without a change in tone, she added:

“And from up here?”

Her head tilted slightly, her voice settling into something colder—not cruel. Just honest.

“She looks like a loser.”

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Charlie didn’t even realize they’d started moving until the sky above her shifted.

Nancy adjusted her fingers, and just like that, Charlie was lifted into motion—high, high above the broken road, suspended on a living platform of skin and muscle. The fingers curved around her just enough to feel enclosed but not trapped, her boots braced against the gentle slope of Nancy’s palm. Her entire world swayed beneath her in slow, powerful rhythm.

The first step came like a low thunderclap, more felt than heard.

Then another.

And then the ground below—the earth she had always taken for granted as solid and still—was gone, replaced by the rhythmic quake of a giant’s casual walk.

Charlie gripped the edge of Nancy’s thumb as the wind struck her face like a slap. It came in strong bursts every time the woman stepped, a steady whoosh of dry desert air that lifted her ponytail into a whip and clawed at the collar of her uniform. The flesh beneath her boots was warm and smooth, faintly dusty but undeniably alive, shifting subtly with every movement of the enormous hand.

She wasn’t sitting on something. She was sitting on *someone*—and that distinction was overwhelming.

Nancy’s stride wasn’t even long by her standards—it was casual, controlled—but to Charlie it felt like crossing football fields in seconds. Each step came with a rolling jolt, a rise and fall in her stomach like riding a carousel made of earthquakes. Her body shivered slightly with every impact as the giantess’s bones and tendons absorbed the force, sending a tremor through her that started in her soles and ended somewhere near her teeth.

Below them, the road had become meaningless. Nancy simply walked across it, striding from shoulder to shoulder without pause. Cracks split in the pavement beneath her feet, her toes pressing into the shoulder like stakes being driven into soft asphalt. The edges of broken power lines snapped under her heels like dry spaghetti. She didn't even flinch.

Charlie said nothing for a long moment. She was too busy trying to steady her breath, too busy trying not to get sick. Her eyes darted toward the horizon, trying to find some fixed point to anchor her balance. But everything moved. The ground moved. The trees moved. The air moved. Nancy *moved*, and so the world did, too.

Finally, once her stomach settled enough to speak, she raised her voice into the wind.

"Town's to the east!"

She had to shout it, half-choking on the gust that hit her face as Nancy turned her head slightly.

The giantess laughed—a soft, amused chuckle that vibrated up through her arm and rattled Charlie's ribs.

"I can see well enough from up here," Nancy replied, voice so casual it could've been about the weather.

Then she added, still watching the path ahead, "We'll get to town. But first, a detour."

Charlie squinted against the sun, against the motion, against the growing feeling that her entire life was now in transit. Then her eyes widened.

She recognized the slope ahead. The curve in the road. The familiar line of battered rooftops just over the ridge.

Nancy's house.

Her gut dropped again—less from motion this time, and more from realization.

She turned toward the enormous face looming above. "Are we going *home*?"

Nancy didn't look down. Just nodded slightly.

"Well," she said, "my tits should be the *least* of everyone's problems at this point—but I still have *some* modesty left."

She looked down then, and the corner of her mouth quirked.

"Figure I might as well cover up. And I know exactly where to get something."

Charlie didn't answer. She couldn't.

The woman carrying her had just shrugged off public nudity, missiles, structural damage, and now... was headed for a wardrobe change. Like it was just part of the day.

Nancy's pace picked up. Just slightly. Enough to make Charlie clutch the edge of her palm again.

Each step now landed with more confidence. More weight. And Charlie, rattled and quiet, sat there on that warm, shifting platform of muscle and skin, realizing with eerie clarity:

She wasn't just being carried.

She was being *brought*—wherever Nancy wanted, however she wanted, at whatever speed Nancy chose.

And there was absolutely nothing she could do about it.

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The morning air had a strange stillness to it—like the town itself was waiting to exhale.

Dr. Loeb's hands trembled slightly as he shoved the last suitcase into the back of the Volvo. His jacket collar flapped uselessly in the breeze, caught on the zipper. He didn't fix it. Didn't care. Sweat dotted the inside of his shirt despite the early hour, and his breath came shallow, as if the oxygen in the Archer estate had turned stale overnight.

Nurse Grady stood near the porch, arms crossed, her eyes on the front of the mansion—not admiring the architecture, just staring. Like it might vanish if she looked hard enough.

"Well?" she asked, voice flat. "Is that everything?"

"Yes," Loeb muttered, slamming the trunk closed. "Everything we care to take."

They hadn't spoken much since Hamilton Cobb left at first light, muttering something about "pressing matters" in town. He hadn't even looked back. His daughter—*his own daughter*—still presumed dead, draped across high-tension wires like a broken marionette, and he'd vanished with the detachment of a man escaping a dinner party he didn't enjoy.

Coward.

But Loeb couldn't blame him. Not really.

He didn't want to be here either.

They'd stayed the night out of obligation—or maybe inertia. After the chaos. After the second growth. After Nancy's terrifying transformation from meek heiress to something larger-than-life in more ways than one. Her voice, her eyes, the way she looked at them like *they* were the ones needing medication. It was all wrong. She had died. At least, they *thought* she had.

"She looked so different," Grady muttered beside him, arms still folded. "That last night. Taller, obviously. But it wasn't just her body."

Loeb exhaled hard through his nose, as if the sound could chase away the memory.

"She was unstable," he said. "Mentally. Physically. That kind of hormonal imbalance—no wonder she collapsed."

"She spoke differently."

"She *shouted* differently," Loeb corrected, moving to the driver's side door. "And then she got herself killed."

"She *was* your patient."

"And patients die," he snapped. "Especially when they grow fifty feet and get shot out of the sky."

Grady gave him a sharp look. "She didn't fall from the sky. She fell on *wires*. High-voltage cables. You saw them spark."

Loeb didn't respond. He gripped the car door handle like it owed him something.

They were halfway in—he was settling into the driver's seat, Grady adjusting the rearview mirror—when the ground shifted.

Just a little.

Like a shiver through the foundation. Too faint to call an earthquake. Too wrong to be wind.

Grady froze. Her eyes met Loeb's in the mirror.

"Did you feel that?"

He opened his mouth to reply—

—and then it happened again.

Heavier this time. A full-body thump, like something had dropped from a great height. The car shuddered. A soft rattle vibrated up through the floorboard and into Loeb's legs. The coffee cup in the center console tipped, spilling over a sheaf of old patient files.

Another quake. Then another.

A rhythm.

Loeb turned in his seat, eyes scanning the horizon above the trees behind the mansion—toward the direction of the power station, the hills.

And then he saw it.

The first thing that broke the horizon wasn't a person—it was the crown of her head. A gleam of dusty hair catching in the sun. Then her shoulders. Then the impossible slope of her torso, rising like a ship emerging from the sea.

And then—

Her.

Nude. Towering. Alive.

Nancy Archer.

Loeb's blood ran cold.

He'd seen her large. He'd seen her *unwell*. But this—*this* was different. This was monstrous. Colossal. The kind of size that made houses look like props. The kind of size that *revised* memory. She wasn't just taller than she was yesterday. She was *far* taller.

Bigger. Much, *much* bigger.

"My God," he whispered.

Beside him, Grady's hand flew to her mouth. "She's... she's even taller than before."

Nancy's steps rolled through the hills like distant cannon fire. Trees bent with each footfall. Her bare feet pressed down into the landscape like the land was made of sponge. Her face was unreadable from this distance—too high, too calm. But there was no mistaking the direction she was headed.

Straight for them.

Loeb's mouth opened, but no sound came out. His hand fumbled for the ignition.

It didn't matter. They were already out of time.

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Nancy had been walking for a while, but it didn't *feel* like it.

The desert stretched wide beneath her, vast and familiar in color but somehow small in scale—like an old photograph viewed through a magnifying lens. The roads blurred beneath her strides, the terrain shrinking step by step. She knew this route. Knew how long it used to take. From the substation to her house? At least twenty miles. Maybe more.

A long drive. A longer walk. A distance that used to mean something.

Now?

It took minutes. *Barely* that.

She'd hardly broken a rhythm.

Her steps fell with that low, solid weight of ownership—bare soles pushing into the clay-rich soil, leaving massive, perfect impressions that the wind wouldn't erase anytime soon. The wind gusted against her legs, warm and coarse, but barely noticeable compared to the rush of her own momentum. Every few paces, a tree bent from the wake of her stride. A gust of sand kicked up behind her like she was dragging a storm.

In her palm, Charlie remained mostly silent—jostled, windblown, clinging to the slope of Nancy's hand with pale knuckles. She looked like a paper doll surviving a hurricane. Nancy almost laughed.

Instead, she spoke, letting her voice drift down like distant thunderclouds.

"Feels like we're almost there."

No response. Just a faint rustle of fabric as Charlie adjusted her weight. Nancy didn't press.

She looked out over the horizon, spotting the outline of the Archer estate rising like a mirage over the slope. The old stone gate. The sloped rooftop. The family name carved into the sandstone arch.

And then, her mouth twisted slightly. Not into a smile.

More of a grimace. Tired. Old.

"Funny," she muttered, half to herself. "I always remembered it being bigger."

She tilted her hand slightly so Charlie could see, though she doubted it made a difference.

"Guess that's perspective for you."

Charlie finally spoke—her voice barely audible over the wind. "Why are we going back there?"

Nancy looked down at her with a wry smile.

"I asked my father to get me something to get covered. Fabric. Might come in handy, don't you think?"

Charlie just nodded faintly, pressing a hand to her cap again.

Nancy's gaze drifted past the house—and then narrowed.

Movement.

Her eyes adjusted quickly, honing in on a car parked at the far end of the gravel drive. Not her father's—she could tell from the shape. For a second, her heart twitched, caught on a strange ache. Part of her had hoped. Just a glimpse of him. A chance to say something. Anything.

But it wasn't his car.

It was someone else's.

She leaned in slightly as she walked, the car coming into sharper focus. White. Modest. Stupidly familiar.

The doctor's.

Loeb.

Her smile flattened, just a little. She didn't stop walking.

"Well, well," she said under her breath. "I suppose I could use a word with him, too."

The car was already moving, creeping forward like it could somehow pretend not to see her approaching. But there was only one road leading out.

And she was standing on it.

There wasn't going to be an escape.

By the time the car's engine stuttered to life, Nancy was already there.

She loomed above the estate like a storm system, her bare feet planted just off the front drive. Her shadow fell across the gravel like a sundial swallowing time. Her

head turned slowly at the sound of the ignition, her brow arching with a mix of amusement and mild offense.

"No," she murmured. "We're not doing that."

She stepped forward, and the world moved with her.

Her foot came down hard onto the road—*slam*—the ground caved beneath the ball of her foot, pavement crumpling like wet cardboard. A plume of dust kicked into the air, followed by a tremor that knocked a lawn chair clear off the porch.

Then she lifted her foot again and brought it down *next* to the first—*slam*. Another impact. Another tremor. The trench was sealed now—two massive footprints sunken deep into the roadbed, wide enough to catch any vehicle that dared try.

Nancy shifted her weight slightly, tilted her head down, and let her voice roll across the driveway like velvet dropped onto stone.

"The smart and civilized thing to do," she said, loud enough to rattle the windows, "would be to step out of that car and get ready for a chat."

Her eyes narrowed, a little sparkle of humor threading into her tone.

"I'd like to catch up."

Silence.

The car didn't move.

No doors opened. No panicked voices shouted their surrender. Not yet.

Nancy sighed, not annoyed—just faintly disappointed.

"Well, that's cute," she muttered. "But it really makes no difference."

In three easy strides—each one sending a ripple of broken earth behind her—she crossed the distance to the car. Her steps were smooth, deliberate, not rushed. Why would they be? She could cross an entire yard in a breath. And now, the tiny white Volvo sat cowering between the edges of her toes, its tires shaking like they were already trying to reverse.

Nancy crouched.

The motion was slow, calculated—her knees bent, her long legs folding like bridges, her hair falling in a dark curtain around her shoulders as her hand reached down.

Her fingers gripped the car with care—but even her *care* was too much. The frame gave instantly. The hood buckled under her thumb. The windshield cracked in three places. One of the mirrors snapped clean off, vanishing beneath her nail. The car groaned in protest like it knew what was happening and still couldn't stop it.

She brought it up to her face as she rose again, standing tall, straightening like a sunrise over a canyon. She held the car aloft, inches from her eyes, smiling at what she saw inside.

Two tiny, stunned figures.

Both screaming.

Nancy grinned. Not cruel. Just entertained.

"Well *good morning*," she said brightly, her breath fogging the cracked glass. "Doctor Loeb. Nurse."

They didn't stop screaming, but their mouths moved differently now—wildly. Panicked. Useless.

She went on, undeterred. "I was hoping to get a follow-up from our last visit."

She gave the car the slightest tilt, letting the metal creak in her fingers again, as if to remind it who was holding whom.

"I've experienced some... *changes*," she said. "Physiological. Emotional. Situational. You know, the usual."

She smiled again, slower this time.

"And I'd love to know if that's *normal*."

Nancy bent at the waist and brought the car down to the pavement again. Not roughly—just enough to make her point. The chassis sagged a little more as it landed, the frame clearly past its prime. Then she stood back up, towering over them with arms crossed, expression cool and expectant.

"I'm going to give you ten seconds to get out of the car."

Her voice dropped—calm as glass, but loud enough to make the roof of the car *ding* slightly.

“That would really be the smart thing to do.”

She gave them a beat.

“Ten...”

“Nine,” Nancy said, casually rolling the word off her tongue like she had all the time in the world.

She kept one hand at her hip while the other held Charlie, watching the tiny car below with serene detachment. One heel slightly raised. The wind played with her hair, but her gaze stayed locked on the trembling metal box at her feet.

“Eight...”

Still nothing.

“Seven.”

A flick of her toe nudged the bumper. Not hard. Just enough to make the frame shift a little on its ruined suspension. She heard a panicked squeal from inside and smiled.

“Six...”

One of them moved. Just a shadow inside. Then stillness again.

“Five,” she said, and let her voice fall just slightly—enough to shift the tone. Not quite threatening. Just heavier. *Loaded*.

“I’d really consider it,” she added, voice smooth as silk. “Because if I have to do this *my way*, we’re skipping the small talk.”

And that was when they moved.

The car jolted with motion—doors flinging open, tiny shapes scrambling out like bugs from a kicked-over log. First Loeb, stumbling with both hands raised as if that might shield him. Then the nurse, following close, glancing over her shoulder like the car might still explode.

Nancy watched them go with a kind of lazy curiosity, like she wasn’t sure whether to be annoyed or entertained.

“There we go,” she said, smiling. “See? Civilized behavior.”

The two of them stood a few steps back from the car now, looking up at her the way worshippers might eye an angry statue—caught between reverence and dread.

Nancy leaned forward slightly, her grin tilting toward amused cruelty.

“And here I thought I was the one having a rough morning.”

Loeb looked like he was trying to speak. Grady looked like she was trying not to pass out. Both of them flinched at the sound of her next step, even though she hadn’t moved yet.

But then—without warning—she did.

Her foot swung forward and *stepped* directly onto the car.

There was no ceremony. No build-up. Just a sudden shift of her weight and the sickening crunch of metal and glass giving way beneath her bare sole. The car didn’t resist. It folded like foil under a boot, imploding with a drawn-out *shriek* of shearing steel as it sank into the dirt beneath her foot. The doors buckled. The windshield flattened into powdered glass. Something popped, maybe a tire or the radiator. It didn’t matter.

Nancy just pressed down.

The footprint took it all.

Loeb and the nurse leapt back with cries of panic, stumbling over themselves as they scrambled out of the splash zone. The sound alone seemed to chase them—violent, final, intimate.

Nancy lifted her foot again and stepped back.

Her heel pulled strands of torn metal with it before they snapped loose and fell with a sad little *clink*. The rest of the car was simply... gone. Flattened into the soft trench her foot had carved into the earth. Just twisted chrome, fragments of headlights, and the bent skeleton of what used to be an engine block.

She looked down at the wreckage and exhaled, almost surprised at how *easy* it had been. The ground gave like wet sand. The car had offered about as much resistance as a soda can. And the sound? The sound had been *exhilarating*.

Maybe she’d been a little mean. Maybe.

But it had felt *good*.

When she turned her eyes back to the two tiny humans, they were already staring at her with that brittle, open-mouthed terror that always followed disbelief. She met

their gaze evenly, then gave a casual shrug and the faintest smile—like this had all been inevitable.

“Oh, relax,” she said. “You weren’t going to need it anyway.”

Nancy didn’t wait for a thank-you—or a protest.

She bent her knees and dropped to the ground in one smooth, measured motion. The impact alone sent a ripple through the dirt, her toes curling slightly as they settled beside the trench of twisted steel that used to be a car. Her eyes scanned the two tiny figures still staggering away from the wreck, both of them flinching at every creak in her joints as she knelt.

“Let’s bring this in a little closer,” she murmured.

She reached out her hand—not fast, not threatening, just steady and impossible to ignore. Her fingers swept toward them in a gentle arc, cupping inward like a spade. The ground gave slightly as she scooped them both up in one easy, practiced motion.

They barely had time to react. One moment they were on the gravel, the next they were sliding helplessly across the warm, curved landscape of her palm. The skin beneath them was soft and faintly dusty, the faint ridges of her fingerprint grooves running like canyon walls beneath their boots.

Nancy stood again—slowly, letting them feel every shift of gravity as she rose back to her full height.

Loeb and Grady rolled slightly, catching themselves against the base of her fingers. Her palm was broad enough to lay across the hood of a truck. There was more than enough room for both of them to sit, stand, and panic all at once. From above, Nancy’s shadow eclipsed them completely.

She tilted her head, examining them like a jeweler inspecting two twitchy, underwhelming stones.

“Well,” she said, her tone dry but not unkind, “you’re just as small as Lego Dolls.”

Loeb looked up at her, his breath shaky, his glasses askew. “What... what happened to you?”

Nancy blinked, then chuckled. “Oh, *I* was hoping *you’d* have a clue.”

The nurse turned to him, wide-eyed. They looked at each other like two kids asked to explain why the kitchen was on fire. No answers. Just disbelief.

Nancy’s expression shifted—her smile cooling into something more deliberate. She adjusted the angle of her hand, tilting it just slightly so they both slid toward the center of her palm, neatly arranged for conversation.

"Well," she said, voice light, "since I've got you here, I'd *love* your professional opinion."

Her gaze sharpened a little, but the humor didn't leave.

"You know—symptoms, possible diagnoses, long-term outlook? Anything in your textbooks about women spontaneously hitting skyscraper height after a little trauma?"

She raised her brows, expectant.

"I mean, I *am* still your patient."

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It was hard to focus on anything but the size of her hands.

They moved with a calm rhythm—thumb and forefinger working delicately around a tiny, shining needle that looked more like a sewing pin in her grasp. A loop of thick, canvas-like fabric—sourced, apparently, from what remained of the old barn—sat coiled around her lap, some of it already folded and fastened into what might, possibly, pass for clothing. He couldn't tell yet. It was like watching a titan play with dollhouse scraps.

Dr. Loeb swallowed and tried to ignore the hammering in his chest. The sun was getting higher. The heat reflected off the roof's shingles beneath them, making the soles of his shoes ache.

He and Nurse Grady sat close together, both stiff, both sweating. Charlie was crouched just a few feet away, arms folded tightly, her eyes locked somewhere between defensive alertness and utter disbelief. There were no ladders, no ropes, no safe way down. The porch had been torn half off during Nancy's return, and even if it hadn't... the idea of asking *her* for a ride felt less like a favor and more like a gamble.

And Nancy?

She sat with her back against the side of the house, knees raised, feet stretched lazily into the yard. The shingles of the roof didn't even reach the middle of her bicep. She still dwarfed the entire structure—and *them*—with room to spare. A massive, barefoot goddess picking through scrap fabric, humming softly as if she were quilting in some farmhouse living room instead of after crushing a car and scooping up human beings like crumbs.

She didn't look at him when she spoke, her eyes focused on the thread she was looping.

"I already told you," she said, calm but clear. "I feel better than ever."

Loeb adjusted his glasses, then wiped at his forehead with a damp sleeve. "Yes, yes, I heard you, Nancy—sorry, *Ms. Archer*. But I need specifics. Are you experiencing fatigue? Light-headedness? Joint pain? Dizziness?"

Nancy gave the faintest breath of a laugh. It wasn't cruel—just... tired of the same script.

"No, Doctor," she said as she tugged the thread tight with the flick of her wrist. "None of that. I don't feel dizzy. I don't feel tired. I don't feel *anything* except... good."

She turned her head then, slightly—just enough to glance at them out of the corner of one impossibly large eye.

"Better than I've ever felt, honestly."

He scribbled something in the notebook crammed in his lap—though he had no idea if he'd be able to read it later, his hand was shaking too much.

"I just need to be thorough," he said, trying to keep the tremor out of his voice. "It's not every day someone reports perfect health at... this size."

Nancy nodded, threading again.

"I get it," she said. "It's weird. I know."

Another stitch. Another quiet flick of muscle that moved more mass than a forklift.

"But I'm not guessing, Doctor. I know my own body. And whatever happened to it—whatever changed—didn't break it. It *improved* it."

Grady whispered something under her breath, but Loeb didn't catch it. He didn't ask.

There was a pause, and then Nancy added—more thoughtfully now, "I've been thinking about it."

That caught his attention. He looked up. "Thinking about what?"

She didn't answer right away. Instead, she lifted her needle and bit the end of the thread, cleanly snapping it before tying off the last stitch.

"My growth," she said, finally. "I think it's caused by stress."

He blinked. "Stress?"

Nancy nodded once.

"The first time I grew? I was... under a lot of pressure. I felt helpless. I wasn't being listened to. I felt like I was trapped in someone else's version of my life."

Another strip of fabric pulled into her lap. She measured it against her leg absently.

"And the second time," she continued, "was the night Harry tried to kill me."

Loeb's mouth went dry. "You're saying the—"

"He wanted me to have a heart attack," she said, not looking at him. "He wanted me gone. And I passed out, sure. But I woke up taller."

He opened his mouth, then shut it. His brain was still lagging behind her words.

Nancy set the needle aside for a moment and met his eyes.

"And I haven't even told you about the missiles."

Loeb felt a chill crawl up his back.

She didn't need to say it outright. The way her lips curled just slightly, the shift in her posture, the sheer *presence* radiating off of her as she sat there sewing with a needle the size of a toothpick—*that* was the answer.

The choppers attacked her.

And she grew.

"Jesus," he whispered, barely audible.

Nancy smiled, folding the cloth into what looked like a rough halter top. "So you see, Doctor... if stress really is the trigger? You might want to keep things nice and easy around me."

She wasn't threatening him. Not explicitly.

She didn't *have* to.

Loeb swallowed hard and scribbled another note he'd never read again.

After a moment, he asked, "And how do you feel now?"

Nancy sat back a little, holding the half-stitched garment against her chest to test the fit. She looked pleased.

"I feel relaxed," she said softly. "More than I ever have. I feel in control."

She looked down at him again.

"And I think, at this size? That's not just a feeling."

She leaned back on one hand, stretching her legs slightly into the field behind the house.

"It's a fact."

She tied off the last knot with a satisfied little tug, eyes skimming her improvised creation.

"Well," Nancy said, brushing a speck of dirt from the cloth with a fingertip the size of Loeb's torso. "I think that's that."

She stood.

No warning. No countdown. Just one fluid, overwhelming motion—legs unfolding, spine stretching, shoulders rising until the entire sky behind her seemed to shift and tilt. The shingles beneath Loeb's feet rattled softly from the shift in pressure. He instinctively ducked, though she hadn't moved toward them. Just upward.

Loeb craned his neck, glasses slipping down his nose as he followed her rise. Even sitting, she'd dwarfed the house. Standing, she *obliterated* it.

Her head caught the sun as she turned slightly, golden light glinting off her bare shoulders and back. And then, casually, she began to dress.

The tarp was bright—**golden**, industrial, the kind used to wrap heavy machinery or cover barns through windstorms. Somehow, she'd sliced it into something that looked more like high fashion than hardware-store salvage.

"Well, it's not Chanel," she said, half to herself, "but it breathes."

She started with the thong.

There was no warning for that either. Just a casual step back, a shift of the hips, and the massive piece of cloth being pulled up between her thighs. Loeb had a moment—a *very clear* moment—where he registered just how long her legs really were. The tarp clung, tight and high, the knot resting on her hips with the confidence of someone who had nothing to hide and no reason to pretend otherwise.

"Practical," Nancy added, glancing down at her handiwork. "Easy to make. Let's just *pray* it holds."

Loeb coughed into his hand and tried very hard to look *clinical*.

Next came the skirt—if it could be called that. A shimmering half-wrap that barely covered anything below the curve of her ass, cut with two deep partings that ran nearly to her hips. She stepped into it like it was the most natural thing in the world, one long leg at a time, fingers adjusting the fall of the fabric like a curtain on a stage.

"It's breezy," she said cheerfully. "Helps with ventilation. And intimidation."

Grady made a strangled noise beside him. Loeb didn't turn.

The halter top was last—another swath of gold, cut and tied at the back of her neck, leaving the sides of her breasts completely exposed and straining against the fabric. She tied it off, adjusted the knot, and gave her shoulders a testing roll.

"Now *this*," she said, patting one of the tarp-covered curves with a satisfied thud, "is as supportive as a mother's hug and half as forgiving."

With a leftover strip of material, she tied a makeshift **garter** around her left thigh—just because she could.

And then she turned.

One leg posed slightly forward, one hand on her hip, the other thrown out in mock flourish as she looked down at her audience with a raised brow.

"Well?" she asked. "What do we think?"

Loeb opened his mouth. Closed it. Regretted opening it.

"I mean, let's be honest—fashion options are a *bit* limited when you're three hundred feet tall," Nancy added, arching her back into a deliberate little stretch. "But I think I'm making it work."

The silence from the rooftop said it all.

She chuckled softly, crouched down again—slowly this time, deliberately—and reached toward the barn once more. Her fingers, careful despite their mass, sifted through the wreckage until they pulled out a few familiar items.

First, a **small can of red paint**, dented but intact. Then a makeup bag—recently stashed when she'd first hit giant status. She'd been hoping she might need it eventually. She *wasn't wrong*.

"Ah-ha," she murmured. "The glam kit survives."

She held up the paint like a trophy. "You'll be pleased to know I *do* have standards. And matching nail polish."

Loeb stared.

Nancy didn't wait for commentary. She uncapped the brush she'd used before—a wide, stiff-bristled thing salvaged from a paint roller kit—and dipped it carefully into the can. Then, with surprising precision, she swept it over her thumbnail, a vivid streak of red blooming like a blood-slicked crescent moon across the nail.

She looked back at them with a smirk.

"You know," she said, blowing lightly on the wet polish, "some women wake up and put on makeup to *feel* powerful."

She dipped a fresh brush into her eyeliner and began to trace it carefully across one impossibly long lid.

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From the rooftop, Charlie could only watch.

Nancy sat below like a goddess—sunlight catching her golden tarp like it had been custom-woven for her. Her fingers—each one as long as a power pole—moved with practiced care, brushing deep red paint across her nails.

Charlie blinked hard. She hadn't realized until now just how much of a performance it was. Not a cover-up. Not a shield. This wasn't about making herself decent.

This was *presentation*.

Then Nancy's head tilted slightly, and that massive, knowing gaze turned upward.

"Charlie."

The name rolled out effortlessly, warm and heavy like thunder over asphalt.

Charlie jerked upright, nearly slipping on the roof shingles. "Y-Yeah?"

Nancy didn't raise her voice. She didn't need to.

"When's the army getting here?"

Charlie hesitated. "I—I'm not sure exactly. I know they needed to bring in heavy equipment from a bigger base, so... maybe by tonight? Late afternoon, at the earliest?"

Nancy nodded slowly, then smiled.

"Perfect. Wouldn't want another flyby while I'm taking care of business."

She reached for her brush again, dipping it into her makeshift palette with the ease of someone who'd done this a hundred times—just not at this scale.

Charlie hesitated, heart pounding, then forced the words out.

"Look, maybe I could go instead. To town. I mean, find out where Harry is. I could talk to Denby, get what you need. You don't need to go."

Nancy froze mid-swipe.

Then she turned her head slowly toward the rooftop, one eyebrow lifting ever so slightly.

Charlie knew that look.

It was the look her own mother gave her the day she tried to tell her how to parallel park.

Nancy stared at her for a second longer than necessary, then let out a quiet, drawn-out "Hmmm."

"That is..." she said, her voice light and mock-thoughtful, "*so sweet.*"

Charlie blinked. "I mean it. I wouldn't call the army or anything, I swear."

"Oh no, no, I believe you," Nancy said, flashing a patronizing grin as she reached down to adjust the makeshift garter around her thigh. "But here's the thing..."

She adjusted her sitting position, just a little straighter—enough to make Charlie instinctively press herself back against the chimney behind her.

"I don't really see the logic in sending a *Lego-doll-sized cop* to do a *giant woman's* job."

Her smile widened as she raised her brows. "Do you?"

Charlie opened her mouth. Closed it.

Nancy continued, her tone slipping into something sassier, looser—like the confidence was finally catching up to her size.

"I mean, you're adorable and all, but let's not pretend we're working with the same toolkit here. I can cover a mile in under a minute, I have a bird's eye view of town while standing, and if someone gives me attitude?" She snapped her fingers loud enough to send a ripple through the air. "Well. Let's just say I don't need backup."

She turned back to her paint with a breezy flick of her hair, casually finishing her final nail.

Charlie tried again. "But the chaos—won't you cause a panic?"

Nancy's face didn't even twitch.

"To be honest?" she said, not looking up. "Not my problem."

She glanced back, and this time there was no grin—just cool, grounded certainty.

"I'm not out to hurt anyone. But I'm not here to shrink myself down just to make people comfortable. I'm responsible for my actions—not for other people's reactions. If they lose their minds at the sight of a giant woman, well..."

She stood fully upright again, turning to face them, the full force of her height catching the sun like a monolith with hips.

"They'd better get used to it."

Her voice rang out over the roof, even and level.

"Because they're going to be seeing a *lot* more of me."

And just like that, Charlie realized something unsettling. Things were going to be very different from now on.

It started without warning.

One moment, Nancy was standing there, brushing the last bit of red paint across her thumbnail—calm, collected, posing like she had all the time in the world.

The next, she began to rise.

Charlie felt it before she saw it. The wind changed, pressure shifting with a low groan as the massive woman's muscles uncoiled. A subtle quake rippled through the rooftop shingles as Nancy's legs straightened, her torso lifting like a skyscraper under construction.

Charlie's breath caught.

Her knees buckled slightly, not from the movement, but from the sheer *presence* of it. Nancy's full height unfolded above her like a living monument—her golden tarp shimmering with each shift of her hips, the breeze catching along the hem of that impossible skirt. Charlie tilted her head back, further, further still, until her neck ached.

Nancy *towered*. Even now, even after everything she'd seen, Charlie still wasn't ready for the scale of it. She took up half the sky. She *blocked out the sun*.

Then, those enormous pale blue eyes dropped down, finding her again like a hawk locking onto a mouse.

"I'm ready to go to town," Nancy said casually, her voice like warm thunder on the wind.

A pause.

"...But first."

Charlie tensed.

Nancy bent at the knees, crouching again with one leg forward. Her body loomed above, casting them in shadow.

And then—before Charlie could move, blink, breathe—Nancy *reached*.

Fingers bigger than lampposts swept toward her, fast and smooth, like the motion had already happened before she realized it. Charlie gasped and tried to scramble back, but there was nowhere to go—just chimney behind her, hot shingles beneath.

She didn't stand a chance.

Two enormous fingers pressed in from either side, pinching her gently around the ribs—not hard, but *firm*, solid, unshakable. Her arms were pinned awkwardly at her sides as she felt her boots lift off the rooftop, the world yawning open below her.

And then she was *rising*.

Higher.

And higher.

The ground fell away. The house dropped out from under her. The sky stretched in every direction and still Nancy *kept lifting*, until Charlie was dangling in the air, held between two fingers like a precious, trembling doll.

She screamed.

Her legs kicked instinctively, boots swinging uselessly in open space. Wind rushed past her ears. For a second she thought she might faint—then she was still.

Nancy held her level with her face now, arm bent with an effortless grace, expression unreadable.

Charlie panted, her heart hammering against her ribs like it wanted out.

Nancy studied her quietly for a moment, then tilted her head the tiniest bit.

"Am I hurting you?" she asked, voice soft, almost concerned—but not enough to lower her.

Charlie shook her head fast, too terrified to lie.

Nancy smiled.

"Good. I tried to be gentle," she said, eyes narrowing playfully. "But you're just so *tiny*, who knows?"

Charlie didn't answer. Her voice was somewhere in her shoes.

A second later, Nancy's fingers opened—and Charlie *dropped*. Not far, but her stomach lurched all the same before she landed, half-sprawled, in the vast curve of Nancy's open palm.

The surface beneath her was warm, dusted with faint paint smudges and calloused in places she hadn't known palms could be calloused. The pad of Nancy's thumb rose like a monument to her left. Her pinky alone could flatten a car.

Nancy peered down at her again, one brow raised, her mouth curling with quiet sarcasm.

"More comfy?"

Charlie didn't move.

She couldn't.

Charlie sat in the center of Nancy's palm, knees drawn in tight, every muscle in her body braced like she was expecting the ground to vanish.

It hadn't yet.

But it might.

The flesh beneath her was warm, impossibly steady, the faint ridges of Nancy's palm running like dunes beneath her boots. Every so often, the hand shifted—just a breath of movement, but enough to make Charlie's stomach pitch.

She looked up, dazed.

Nancy's face hovered high above her—close, but still distant in the way that *mountains* were distant. Her massive head tilted slightly, dark hair drifting in the breeze, pale eyes narrowed with something between amusement and affection.

"Hey," she said softly, "you okay?"

Charlie tried to answer. Nothing came out.

Nancy's brows lifted slightly.

"I know I won't hurt you," she said, her voice low and reassuring. "You know that too... right?"

Charlie swallowed hard and nodded. Slowly.

Then the words slipped out before she could stop them.

"You're... you're just too big."

Nancy blinked.

And then she chuckled.

"Isn't that just a matter of perspective?"

She leaned in slightly, a half-smile curving at the corner of her lips. "From up here, Charlie, *you're* the one who's too tiny. The whole world, really. Little roads. Little people. Little rules."

She shifted slightly, lifting one brow. "I mean... let's be honest. It's gotta be easier to be *me*—a giant looking down at a world full of toys—than it is to be the toy watching someone like me walk by."

Charlie said nothing.

She couldn't tell if she agreed—or if she just didn't dare to.

Nancy gave it a beat, then continued, more gently.

"Can you help me?"

Charlie looked up again. She nodded once.

"Good," Nancy said, her voice light, almost breezy. "So tell me something."

She tilted her hand slightly, just enough to nudge Charlie's footing—no threat, just a reminder.

"If you wanted to keep a town from communicating with the outside world... where would you start?"

Charlie's throat clenched. "I—I can't do that."

Nancy made a small noise of amusement.

"Oh, I'm not asking you to. I'm just asking how."

She gave a little shrug, her giant shoulder rolling like a hill in the distance.

"But you... you can't..."

"And honestly, Charlie, I thought we already covered this—I *can* do a whole lot of things. And unlike my... previous self, I don't have any hang-ups about actually *doing* them."

Charlie bit the inside of her cheek, eyes fixed on the palm beneath her.

Nancy's voice dipped low and smooth, playful with teeth underneath. "It'd be a lot better for *everyone* if I didn't feel rushed later, you know?"

Nancy didn't move. Didn't raise her voice.

But the silence she left hanging in the air pressed down harder than her fingers ever could.

After a moment, Charlie exhaled, slow and shaky.

"There's a tower," she muttered. "North of town. On the ridge. Everything goes through it—radio, cell, emergency lines. All of it."

Nancy's eyes gleamed.

"Well," she said brightly, "isn't that convenient?"

Charlie didn't answer. And Nancy didn't need her to. She was already standing again, eyes sweeping toward the horizon like she was checking off a list.

Chapter 3

The desert rolled out before her in every direction, wide and sun-scorched and strangely familiar, though now it looked more like a miniature model than the open wilderness she used to drive through. Nancy walked calmly, each barefoot step pressing deep into the earth, leaving behind perfect impressions that stretched several feet across, as if the land itself had softened for her. The breeze played around her body, catching the hem of her golden tarp skirt and teasing strands of hair across her face. It felt good. Not just the breeze itself, but the *freedom* of it—moving through the world unburdened, unchallenged, unafraid. Her body didn't ache. Her breath stayed even. Her limbs felt strong. She didn't just feel healthy. She felt *limitless*.

In her outstretched palm, Charlie was curled like a doll lost in a dresser drawer, legs pulled in close, eyes wide and blinking fast every time the giantess shifted her hand slightly to keep her balanced. Nancy could feel her movements—the little fidgets and wriggles—but she didn't look down. She didn't need to. Charlie wasn't going anywhere, not from up there, and Nancy had bigger things to think about than one tiny passenger.

Behind her, the mansion was fading into the distance, already looking more like a misplaced dollhouse than a symbol of wealth. Dr. Loeb and Nurse Grady would stay put—she was sure of it. After all, she had *commanded* them to. The word echoed in her mind, and she let it linger there a moment longer than necessary. *Commanded*. It rolled around sweetly in her chest, both foreign and deeply satisfying. There had been a time when she had to beg to be heard, plead to be taken seriously. Not anymore. She didn't *ask* people to do things now. She told them. And they listened.

Of course, they didn't really have many options. Their car had been flattened into an art installation. Their phones were useless. And with the house now half-demolished and their best chance at a ride—*her*—walking away with Charlie in hand, it would take them half a day to reach the nearest town on foot. That is, if the heat didn't knock them flat by noon. Meanwhile, she could be there in ten minutes, fifteen tops, without even picking up her pace. It was just another reminder of how thoroughly everything had changed.

She glanced down briefly, catching the way Charlie pressed herself into the fold of her thumb, trying to stay steady. Nancy didn't mind. She understood the fear. She even sympathized—a *little*. But fear or no, it didn't change the facts. She was bigger now. Much bigger. The first time it happened, when she hit fifty feet, she'd been terrified. The world had felt fragile, and she had felt like a mistake walking barefoot

across a planet too small for her. She hadn't trusted herself to breathe, let alone move. But that fear had faded. It had been *burned* out of her somewhere between the missiles and the free fall onto high-tension cables.

Nancy thought of the helicopters again. The rush of air. The piercing whine of the blades. The moment they turned on her. She'd tried to avoid violence. Tried to *reason*. And what had it gotten her? Pain. Collapse. Blackout. But she hadn't died. She'd woken up... bigger. Changed. Empowered. She didn't know the rules of this new reality, not yet. But she knew one thing with absolute certainty—if someone hurt her again, she wouldn't fade into the earth. She wouldn't disappear. She'd grow. And while she didn't know if she *wanted* to be any larger than she already was, she was very sure that the people below her didn't want that either.

Let's talk about leverage.

And yet, even before last night's chaos, before Harry's attempt at heart failure, before the missiles and the blackout, Nancy had already started to wonder if life as a giant was really the curse everyone thought it was. Fifty feet hadn't felt right at first. It was clumsy, overwhelming, alien. But in the quiet moments, when no one was screaming or trying to sedate her, she'd had flashes of something else. Possibility. Freedom. The world had begun to shift around her, not because it wanted to, but because it *had* to. She remembered thinking, once, that it felt a little like being Gulliver—except she wasn't tied down.

She no longer fit the world's expectations, and so the world would have to fit *her*.

She walked on, barely aware of the miles falling behind her. The tower—tall, skeletal, just visible against the blue sky—was growing closer by the second, and with every step, she felt the weight of the future settle more comfortably on her shoulders. This was her life now. People wouldn't ignore her anymore. Wouldn't silence her, or mock her, or dismiss her as a hysterical wife, or a nuisance, or a woman with "issues." They would look up. They would *listen*. And eventually, they would obey.

She didn't let herself bask in the thought too long. It was tempting, sure. Delicious. But there were still things to do.

Her hand curled gently around Charlie, just enough to keep her from jostling too much as Nancy crested another ridge. Her pace remained smooth and unhurried, each stride long and effortless. She could see the tower now. Gainesville waited just beyond it, its rooftops a speckled patch of tiny boxes nestled in the valley. It looked so small. So *doable*.

There were still pieces to pick up. Loose ends to deal with.

She was a woman on a mission.

She deserved answers. She deserved closure.

And Harry? Harry deserved to see what he made.

The tower revealed itself gradually, peeking up from the ridgeline ahead like a skinny silver needle trying its best to look important. Nancy spotted it from a good mile out, its frail silhouette rising above the desert scrub—skeletal, wiry, a lattice of crossbeams and blinking panels. It was the kind of structure she used to find imposing when she passed it in a car, back when height still impressed her. Now, as she strolled forward, bare feet pressing deep into the dust, it looked less like infrastructure and more like clutter. Something left out overnight. A mistake.

She didn't hurry. The desert breeze was gentle and steady, curling around her hips, tugging lazily at the golden tarp wrapped around her legs. Each step she took was deliberate, unbothered, the ground softening under her weight like wet paper. In her palm, Charlie remained mostly still, curled in a tense crouch, her little fingers still gripping Nancy's thumb as if that would anchor her to reality. Nancy could feel her shifting now and then, bracing for every rumble in the earth that came with the next stride. It didn't bother Nancy. The poor thing was trying her best. But they were far past the point where effort made a difference.

"Well," Nancy said with a breezy warmth, her voice sailing up and out, "we're here."

She looked down at Charlie with a wry grin. "That was easy, wasn't it?"

One final step carried her right to the base of the tower. She stopped just short of brushing into it, letting her gaze drift slowly up its length. It rose to her chest. No higher. The upper antennae barely nudged the underside of her breasts before trailing off into some blinking light array that suddenly looked comically out of place.

Nancy blinked once, then gave a soft, incredulous laugh.

"Huh. I remembered it being taller."

She adjusted Charlie's position slightly, letting her rest on the slope of her palm, then raised her hand so the little deputy could get a proper view. "I mean look at this thing," she said. "It barely clears my nipples."

Charlie mumbled something, her voice carried off by the wind.

Nancy raised a brow, giving her the "try again" look she probably used to use on subordinates who tried to lie about paperwork.

"How tall is it supposed to be?" she asked, voice loaded with sugar.

Charlie hesitated, then finally said, "Around two hundred feet, I think..."

Nancy's eyebrows lifted. "Two hundred?"

She turned slightly, cocking a hip and holding herself beside the tower like she was comparing dresses in a mirror. “Well, that puts me at what... three hundred? Three-fifteen?” She gave Charlie a slow, satisfied smile. “I’d say I wear it well.”

Then, without ceremony, she extended her free hand toward the structure. Her fingers brushed against it gently at first—just testing. The steel felt cool under her skin, ridged and rigid in that way human-made things always were. It made her grin. Someone had designed this to withstand storms, wind, lightning. Not *her*. It didn’t even know how to flinch.

“I’m no engineer,” she said lightly, curling her fingers around a mid-level beam, “but I’m pretty sure this part’s important.”

She gave it a soft shake. Just a playful nudge. The structure swayed, a ripple moving through it like a gust had caught it funny. It groaned a little—nothing serious. Just a protest.

Nancy’s smile widened.

“Oh no. You hear that?” she said to Charlie, turning her face just enough to include her in the show. “You hear that? It just figured out I’m not bluffing.”

She shook the tower again, harder this time. The groan became a screech. Panels vibrated loose. A pair of small antennae at the top twitched, one tipping sideways before snapping off completely and dropping into the sand below.

Nancy gave it a third shake—this one not gentle at all.

The entire structure jolted to the side, metal beams whining as rivets popped loose and inner braces bent under pressure. She felt it buckle beneath her grip, felt the false strength in its design crumple like cheap scaffolding in her hand. The motion made her laugh, genuinely delighted.

“Still sending signals, you think?” she teased, her voice rising like she was hosting a game show. “Hope someone’s enjoying the static.”

She adjusted her grip and yanked. The metal gave with a grinding snap, beams tearing free from their foundations with a stomach-turning *shriek*. She didn’t just topple it—she *unwound* it, peeled it apart in her grasp like someone breaking twigs off a tree limb. Segments twisted violently in her fingers, and then—with one last wrenching jerk—the entire tower came free from its base.

Nancy let it drop.

The twisted wreckage slammed into the ground with a sound like a car crash and a thunderclap had a baby. Dust shot up in a ring around her feet. A panel fluttered down behind her like a leaf in a windstorm. The ridge trembled once, then went still.

She stood over the wreckage and smiled down at it, pleased.

Then she looked to Charlie, resting in her hand like a stunned houseguest who just watched their hostess punch through the dining table.

Nancy gave her a wink.

"And just like that," she said, brushing off her fingers, "Gainesville's on airplane mode."

The wreckage of the tower still twitched in the dirt behind her, its metal skeleton bent and mangled like it had been tossed in a windstorm and then stomped flat for good measure. Nancy took one long, satisfied look at it—then turned her attention back to the open desert, stretching lazily like a path meant only for her.

She was *ecstatic*. It was hard not to be. Every step she took, every structure she tested and dismantled and *claimed*—it all just *proved* it. This wasn't some accident anymore. It wasn't a curse. This was *who she was now*. And the more she leaned into it, the more right it felt.

In her palm, Charlie stirred slightly, and Nancy could feel the shift even before she heard the mumble.

She tilted her hand just enough to glance at the girl, one brow lifting. "Hm?"

Charlie's voice was small, like a mouse speaking into a wind tunnel. "That... that's going to take months to fix."

Nancy shrugged, her smile unfading. "Not *my* problem."

She stretched, her free hand brushing a lock of hair behind her ear. "It's not like *I'm* gonna need a phone."

Charlie frowned, clearly trying to keep the protest polite. "It'll be a problem for the people."

Nancy paused, eyes drifting thoughtfully to the horizon.

"Well," she said, drawing out the word like she was actually giving it consideration, "I had a problem today too. Solved it in ten seconds flat."

Her voice dropped a shade drier.

"If theirs takes a little longer... well, that feels fair."

Charlie looked up at her, jaw clenched tight with frustration, but didn't say anything. Just stared, dismayed.

Nancy caught the look and grinned wider, the corner of her mouth curling with unapologetic charm.

"Oh come on, don't pout," she said sweetly. "Maybe they *shouldn't* have sent missile choppers at me last time. Actions have consequences, even for the little people."

Charlie swallowed hard. Her expression said she wanted to argue, but wasn't sure how to do that from the inside of a palm larger than her car.

Nancy let the moment hang for just a second longer—then gave a lighthearted shrug, pivoting the mood back with a smile.

"Besides," she said, almost cheerfully, "when all this is done, I'll help rebuild it."

Charlie blinked up at her, visibly confused.

Nancy's grin turned playful, almost proud. "Seriously. I'll even do it myself. I bet I could knock it out in a day. Faster than any crew they could call in."

She looked off into the distance, eyes bright.

"I used to *love* Legos when I was a little girl."

She chuckled at the memory, her voice airy with amusement, and her fingers curled gently around Charlie again—securing her as she turned her gaze back toward town.

The tower was done.

Now, it was time for the next piece of the puzzle.

She looked down at her hand, at the little bundle of stiff limbs and quiet nerves that was Charlie, still curled in the cradle of her palm. The deputy was silent, watching her with that tight-jawed expression she was starting to recognize as a mix of fear and misplaced duty.

Nancy smiled faintly.

"You know what else I liked, other than Legos?"

Charlie didn't answer.

Nancy tilted her palm slightly, just enough to nudge her passenger toward speaking.

"Hmm?"

Still nothing.

Nancy chuckled and answered herself, voice syrupy with mock sweetness.

"Dollhouses."

She turned her head slowly toward the horizon where the town waited—sleepy, unknowing, delicate—and took her first step.

It was quiet at first, deceptively gentle, but the ground accepted it like a prayer. Her sole pressed deep into the earth, flattening scrub and gravel into a smooth, perfect imprint. The landscape trembled under her as she began to move, each step long and smooth, her hips swaying slightly, golden cloth catching the wind behind her like a banner. Her stride was casual, but the momentum was all there—the scale, the purpose, the inevitability.

She wasn't stomping. She didn't need to.

The world moved for her now, not the other way around.

Charlie shifted in her palm again and finally found her voice.

"You're talking about people," she said quietly. "About neighbors. About your town."

Nancy didn't look down, just kept walking, the sun warming her shoulders.

"I know what I'm talking about," she said, her tone still easy, but heavier now. "I remember every face in that town. The ones that gave me fake smiles in the grocery line. The ones that whispered behind my back after Harry stopped coming home. The ones who saw him at the diner with another woman and just looked the other way."

She paused at the top of a rise, scanning the land ahead. The rooftops of Gainesville were coming into view now, still far but rapidly growing closer. The whole place looked like a toy set waiting to be rearranged.

"They all saw me as the hysterical wife," she continued. "Just another too-loud woman with a grudge and a husband who deserved better."

Charlie tried again. "But they didn't—"

"They didn't *help* me, Charlie," Nancy cut in, still calm but unmistakably sharper now.

"They didn't stop him. They didn't stand up for me. Hell, they didn't even believe me."

She slowed slightly, her gaze trailing across a distant water tower, one that now barely reached her thigh. It all looked so... pathetically manageable.

"But they're going to now."

Charlie's breath hitched. "You said you weren't going to hurt them."

Nancy smirked, eyes still locked on the horizon. "I'm not. Not on purpose."

She let that hang in the air as her feet carried her forward, slow and even. The breeze picked up again, catching the edges of her halter top, the garter hugging her thigh. Every step felt effortless now. Natural.

"But let's not pretend I owe them tenderness," she went on, her voice softening, but not kind. "They wanted me to be small. Manageable. Forgettable. That version of me? She's gone."

The wind tossed a few strands of hair across her face. She didn't bother to brush them away.

"They'll help me now, Charlie," she said, glancing down at the trembling deputy in her palm. "Because I'll *make* them."

Her voice wasn't threatening. It was simply a statement of fact. Undeniable. Undebatable. She might as well have been describing gravity.

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Jessica hadn't unclenched her jaw since they crossed the railroad tracks at the edge of town.

She sat stiffly in the passenger seat, arms folded tight across her chest, her eyes fixed on the side mirror like she expected it to sprout arms and grab her. The Mustang rumbled beneath them, tires hissing over cracked asphalt as the morning sun climbed higher and cast long streaks of heatlight across the road. Kyle had rolled the windows halfway down to keep the engine from overheating, but the air inside still felt tight, heavy, like holding your breath during a thunderstorm that hasn't hit yet.

"Babe," Kyle said, not for the first time, "they said she's gone."

Jessica didn't answer. Her gaze stayed on the mirror.

"They said she died. Out in the desert. Caught in those power lines. The substation. You heard Sheriff Denby."

Jessica blinked once, slow and deliberate. "Did you see her?"

Kyle rubbed the back of his neck. "Well, no, but—"

Jessica finally turned to face him, her voice low but sharp. "Don't tell me she's dead just because some guy with a badge and a clipboard *hopes* she is."

He sighed, one hand tightening around the steering wheel. "Maybe—hell, I don't know. I just know we're getting the hell out, just like you wanted."

Jessica didn't respond, but she didn't argue either.

They were headed west, toward her uncle's ranch a hundred miles out, where the closest thing to a crowd was a livestock auction on Sundays. She hadn't called ahead. Hadn't needed to. If the world was going to go completely off the rails, she wanted to be surrounded by fences and cattle—not convenience stores and power lines. That was the plan: get gone, stay safe.

Kyle pressed the gas a little harder as they began climbing a slow rise, the road shimmering ahead from the heat. For a moment, everything looked deceptively peaceful. Quiet. Like the danger had passed, if it was ever real to begin with.

Then the road shivered.

It was subtle. The kind of thing you might mistake for a pothole or a strong gust of wind, except there *was* no wind. Just a low vibration, humming through the tires, up through the seat.

Kyle's hands tightened on the wheel. Jessica's posture snapped ramrod straight.

"You felt that, right?" he said.

She didn't answer.

The second tremor came half a second later—deeper, heavier. The rearview mirror jiggled. Loose change in the cupholder rattled.

Jessica's breath caught in her throat. Her fingers went to the dashboard like she needed to brace herself.

Then, over the hill ahead, something rose.

Just a shadow at first. A shape. Too high to be a car. Too fluid to be a billboard. Backlit by the rising sun, it swayed slightly with movement—too smooth to be manmade, too massive to make sense.

Kyle squinted. "Is that—?"

A flash of gold answered him. Cloth. Flowing, high off the ground. Then came the legs. Skin. A torso. A face.

Nancy Archer crested the hill like a tidal wave wearing heels.

She was walking straight down the center of the road, calm and steady, her long hair caught in the wind, the desert stretching wide and helpless beneath her. Her steps came slow but with impossible confidence, her hips swinging with each motion, her

gaze locked somewhere far ahead—on a destination she didn't doubt for a second she'd reach.

She was bigger.

So much bigger than last night.

Jessica let out a choked gasp. "She wasn't dead!"

Kyle hit the brakes, tires screeching, the car jerking to a halt so suddenly Jessica's shoulder slammed into the door.

They sat frozen for a second, staring.

She kept walking.

There was no panic in her face. No tension in her posture. She wasn't charging, wasn't stomping. Just *approaching*, a hundred feet of calm dominance in motion, like the road had been built specifically for her and she'd finally decided to use it.

"Kyle," Jessica whispered, "*turn around.*"

He didn't move.

"*Turn the goddamn car around!*"

That snapped him out of it. He cursed, throwing the gear into reverse, the tires spitting gravel as they jerked backward, swerving in a wide loop before the Mustang bolted back the way they came. Jessica's hand was clenched around the seatbelt now, her body twisted to look out the rear window, watching as Nancy's full figure came into view.

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Nancy saw the car long before its passengers saw her.

It was nothing more than a little gray speck far ahead, crawling nervously along the sun-scorched road like it didn't know it was about to run out of options. From her height, it looked fragile—bright, undersized, laughably slow. She kept her pace even, her massive strides eating the ground while the Mustang skittered up a distant ridge. She saw it brake hard, skid, then whip around in a frantic U-turn. A second later, it bolted in the opposite direction, tires throwing gravel in its wake.

She could've caught it.

If she shifted her weight forward, added just a few inches to each step, she would've overtaken the car in less than a minute. She could've crossed the road in one motion and planted a foot in front of it, blocked its path without breaking stride. They were that slow. That small. That predictable.

But she didn't bother.

Let them run. Let them carry her image back to town, wide-eyed and shaking. Let them warn someone. It didn't matter. She'd be there before they finished their first panicked sentence. And if they didn't believe it, if they thought it was just fear talking—well, they'd learn soon enough.

Her feet sank deeper into the asphalt as she crested the rise. The air was hot but calm, dry wind brushing against her skin, kicking at the hem of her golden skirt. In the distance, the outline of Gainesville sharpened. The town emerged in pieces—first the water tower, then rooftops, narrow streets, low buildings all huddled together like a toy set waiting to be disturbed.

Nancy slowed slightly, not from hesitation, but from anticipation.

It was almost funny how small it looked. She'd spent years walking those sidewalks, folding herself into stores, gasping through conversations in rooms too tight for her anger.

She could see the glint of windows catching morning sun. She could imagine people inside them—eating breakfast, engaging in conversations, assuming this was just another ordinary day.

Nancy slowed her pace as the road dipped again, the outskirts of town drawing closer, details sharpening: utility poles leaning at odd angles, the first glimpse of a corner gas station, an empty billboard with sun-bleached paint. Just a few more miles and she'd be standing above it all.

She stopped.

With a soft breath, she crouched low, her knees folding beside the cracked road, the ground moaning faintly under her weight. A hot gust of air rolled outward from the impact as she lowered herself down, stretching out her palm like a landing pad. Her other hand came down next, fingers splaying across the dirt and gravel with enough spread to cover most of a driveway. The movement was slow, measured—intentional.

"Alright, deputy," she said, not looking directly at Charlie. "This is where the ride ends. I think I've gotten you close enough."

Charlie stared up at her, blinking in the sudden silence.

Nancy tilted her hand slightly, giving the woman a better angle to dismount. "Town's what—two, maybe three miles off? You can handle that. I need my hands free from here on out."

Charlie wavered for a moment, then slowly climbed off the massive palm, boots landing with a crunch on the roadside gravel. She stumbled a bit from the shift, catching herself with both hands on her knees as she regained balance. When she straightened up, Nancy was still crouched there, watching her with that faint, unreadable smile.

"You sure about this?" Charlie asked, her voice small but steady. "Just... be careful, okay?"

Nancy chuckled, brushing a strand of wind-swept hair from her cheek.

"Things are going to be *just fine*," she said sweetly. "As long as nobody shoots any missiles at me."

Then her tone cooled, not threatening—just true.

"And, well... as long as everyone does what I say."

Charlie's mouth parted like she wanted to say something else, but all she managed was, "And if they don't?"

Nancy met her gaze without blinking.

"Then I'll have to make them."

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Sheriff Denby had barely touched his coffee when the phone let out another hollow, disconnected *click*. He grimaced, jiggled the receiver, and pressed it to his ear again. Still dead. He tried the secondary line, the secure one routed through the county system. Nothing. Just silence.

He sighed, rubbing the back of his neck. The military had promised coordination. Fort Masse was supposed to be dispatching a team with equipment, containment units, personnel—people who were trained to deal with this kind of thing. Not small-town sheriffs with underpaid deputies and manual-crank radios. He had been expecting a call back from the base, maybe some kind of timeline, a checklist, hell, even a confirmation that they were still coming. But so far? Nothing.

"No signal," he muttered. "Great."

He stood up, cracked his back, and moved to the window—just in time to catch a blur of movement out on Main Street. His brow furrowed. There was shouting now. Not just one voice, but dozens. Running footsteps, frantic motion. He watched as a young man tore around the corner, yelling something unintelligible, followed closely by a woman—brunette, barefoot, panicked. A pickup swerved to miss them, clipped a parked sedan, and skidded sideways into a fire hydrant. Water erupted skyward. Car alarms went off. Someone screamed in the distance.

Denby pushed open the station door and stepped outside into the dusty morning heat. The air hit his face like a furnace, the kind that told you the day was going to be a scorcher. He barely made it down the steps before the two runners came barreling past the station.

"Hey!" he barked, stepping forward, throwing out an arm. "Hold it right there!"

The couple stumbled to a halt—barely. The man caught himself against the rail, panting, sweat-soaked. The woman spun around, wild-eyed, her hands shaking so badly she nearly lost her footing. Denby recognized them in a delayed flash—Jessica Harper and Kyle something, high school sweethearts, the kind who never quite left town.

Kyle pointed skyward, mouth open but no words coming out.

Jessica wasn't so quiet.

"It's her!" she screamed, voice raw. "She's coming! *She's coming!*"

Denby turned to look.

And time slowed.

Over the tops of the buildings, above the rooftops and blinking traffic lights and sun-bleached billboards, rose something *colossal*. A shape that didn't belong. It moved with eerie smoothness, too big to be natural, too deliberate to be anything else. And then she appeared—cresting the rise like a vision carved from sunlight and vengeance.

Nancy Archer.

Alive.

And impossibly, *impossibly* bigger.

Denby's mouth went dry. His brain scrambled for logic, for reason. He'd seen the body. The cables. They had called her dead. Declared it. He'd been there.

But there she was. Towering over the outskirts like she'd never left. Calm. Unhurried. Her golden tarp outfit clung to her powerful frame, the makeshift halter top and split

mini-skirt rippling with the breeze. Her light blonde hair, windswept and glowing under the morning sun, flowed down her back like a banner. Her stride was relaxed, poised. Controlled.

Denby stared, heart pounding.

He grabbed the radio and clicked the receiver. "Charlie, come in. I need a status. Deputy Foster, do you copy?"

Nothing.

Static. Then dead air.

He tried again. "Charlie, come on, talk to me."

Still nothing.

Every step Nancy took pressed into the earth like a drumbeat. Her feet shattered the pavement with ease, sending light vibrations through the soles of his boots. The people near the edge of town had already scattered, abandoning their cars, fleeing through alleys and across front yards. Windows slammed. Dogs barked. Doors locked.

Nancy didn't flinch. Didn't pause. Her hands swung at her sides until she reached the lot where the autocinema stood, just beyond the town limits. She stepped right into it—flattening the lot's remains beneath her feet—and stopped there. Her hands settled on her hips, one foot grinding a rusted parking bumper into the dirt.

And then, she smiled. Not cruel. Not angry. Just... pleased. She didn't raise her voice. She didn't have to.

"Miss me?" she said, clear as day, the words carrying through several city blocks with ease.

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Nancy stood still, feet firmly rooted in the gravel lot of Gainesville's drive-in theater. The weathered projection screen—sun-bleached, crooked, and peppered with rust—was supposed to be tall, at least by this town's standards. Just the night before, when she had first visited town, it had come up to her neck. That was when her new size had been a shock to everyone—including herself. But now, looking down at it, watching it barely reach her knee, she felt a slow, simmering rush of satisfaction. The difference wasn't subtle. It was a transformation. A fact written in steel and concrete and perspective. She rolled her shoulders back and took a breath, hands

slipping easily to her hips, and felt a quiet thrill ripple through her. That screen wasn't tall anymore. **She** was.

From this height, the entire town spread out in front of her like a neatly organized miniature. Streets she had once driven now looked like lines drawn in dust. Storefronts that used to dwarf her when she walked in for errands were no taller than her shins. The houses, the light posts, the water tower in the distance—they all formed a tidy patchwork of memories that had shrunk into something absurdly manageable. What had once felt vast and suffocating now appeared delicate, almost precious, like a doll's city built with careful hands and no understanding of what it meant to be *seen* from above. She scanned every corner of it slowly, her light blonde hair shifting with the breeze, eyes tracing each street, recognizing every intersection. The hardware store, the diner, the pharmacy—they were all still there. But now they looked like toys. Her toys.

She didn't need to squint to see the people. They were easy to spot now—dozens of them moving with frenetic energy, scattering in every direction like dropped beads on a floor. They spilled from cars, from buildings, from alleyways, some pausing mid-step just to gawk upward in disbelief before common sense sent them running. And yet, what surprised her wasn't their fear. It was the way that fear made her feel... calm. Affectionate, even. In control. There was something deeply comforting in knowing that her presence alone could command this kind of reaction without lifting a single foot. She didn't feel rage. She didn't feel giddy. She felt *settled*. Like something inside her had finally clicked into place.

Letting her weight shift ever so slightly, Nancy pressed one foot forward, toes sinking into the loose gravel with a soft crunch. She straightened her posture with deliberate grace, hips squared, chest lifted with the kind of poise no one in this town ever thought she had. Her fingers curled lightly against her waist, golden tarp catching sunlight along her thighs as the wind stirred the hem of her skirt. She was tall enough now that her shadow reached across several blocks. She knew it. She could feel it. And from the little silhouettes darting beneath her gaze, *they* knew it too.

Then, without raising her voice—because she didn't need to—she let the words fall from her lips like honey laced with thunder.

"Miss me?"

The sound carried like a pulse through the town. Smooth. Clear. Just loud enough to be heard from every corner, despite the fact that she hadn't even stepped inside the first street. It didn't echo. It rolled, controlled and intentional, like it belonged to someone who knew she was already the loudest thing in the room. And the effect was immediate. She could see the ripple it caused—people screaming, spinning,

diving for cover like she'd just announced the end of days. A man stumbled into a newspaper stand. A cluster of teenagers ducked behind a vending machine. A woman ran back into the grocery store with her purse over her head.

Nancy let the silence stretch for another moment after her greeting, just long enough for it to settle over the town like a new atmosphere. She could feel it ripple—through the streets, through the people, through the very air. It wasn't just fear. It was disbelief, awe, helplessness, all braided together into something fragile and wide-eyed.

Her smile widened, and she straightened her stance just slightly, not because she needed to look more imposing—but because she *could*.

"Well, I'd ask if you recognize me," she said, voice clear and unhurried, "but I think the answer's written all over your little faces."

She paused, glancing down at the cars angled across sidewalks, the people pressed into doorways and hedges and behind fences like hiding behind a trash can might protect them. One man dropped a bag of groceries and took off in the opposite direction. Another knelt in the middle of the road like he was praying. A woman held a trembling dog to her chest, whispering frantic nothings into its ears.

"I'm Nancy Archer," she continued, lifting a hand and letting it gesture across the skyline like she was unveiling something. "Yes, *that* Nancy Archer. You might remember me from such events as 'last night's visit to your streets,' though I'll admit that one was a bit short."

She arched a brow. "You may have noticed I've... changed since then."

A few heads popped out of second-story windows. Others ducked immediately after.

"Well, turns out when you get shot at with a few too many missiles, it does *wonders* for your stress levels," she said, the sarcasm syrupy sweet. "And stress, apparently, makes me grow. So maybe we don't do that again, yeah?"

The look she gave was casual, but it lingered. The kind that didn't *ask* for understanding—it assumed it.

"I'm not here for sightseeing," she said after a moment, the amusement in her tone fading into something flatter. "I'm here for my husband."

She let that hang in the air. Several faces blanched.

"Now, I know he's not here, but someone around here knows where he is. You all knew he was cheating on me, didn't you?" she asked, casually turning her head left, then right, as if scanning for guilty glances. "Saw him around town, cozy with

anything in a skirt and a highball. And yet, none of you said a thing. Not a whisper. Not even a warning.”

Her hands went to her hips again, fingers drumming lightly against her bare stomach as she tilted her head, eyes glittering with restrained humor.

“So now, I’m taking the matter into my own hands. I’m going to find him. And I’m *expecting* your cooperation.”

From her perch above the rooftops, she could see the hesitation brewing in the crowd. People exchanging glances.

“Look, I know I’m disruptive,” she added, her tone lightening again, as if confiding in a friend. “I’m *well* aware I take up a bit more space than I used to.”

Her gaze never left the heart of town as she got ready go continue.

“But here’s the deal. I’m not going to hurt anyone. I don’t want to. That’s not what this is about. But I *will* walk through your streets. I *will* speak to whoever I want. And I *will* get the answers I came for.”

Her eyes scanned the town again. That little flutter of movement—someone ducking into a barber shop, someone fumbling with keys at the pharmacy—still tickled something fond in her chest. They were just so small. So nervous. It would be endearing if it wasn’t also so satisfying.

“As long as you get out of my way,” she said, her voice lowering just a hair, “and follow instructions, and help me out when I ask...”

She smiled again, bright and easy. “We’re going to get along *just fine*.”

For a moment, there was nothing but the wind. The faint buzz of a nearby transformer. The click of a door slamming somewhere.

Nancy took one more step forward, both feet now firmly on the cracked outskirts of Gainesville proper. Her shadow rolled over the first buildings like a tide.

“I’m coming into town now,” she said, turning her chin slightly, letting her voice spread wide. “Whether you’re ready or not.”

Chapter 4

Nancy stepped out of the ruined lot with the same care someone might use when entering a newly renovated room—each stride deliberate, measured, but wholly confident. Her bare foot landed on the edge of Main Street with a soft, dense crunch as pavement gave under her heel, radiating hairline cracks outward like a blooming flower. The town accepted her weight as it must: without negotiation. She took her time, savoring the walk, each step molding the road beneath her like warm clay. The yellow lines painted down the center were nothing but faint streaks where her toes passed over them, and the occasional parked car seemed less like an obstacle and more like decor. It was almost peaceful—if not for the distant, frantic shuffle of people realizing their morning routine had been permanently upended.

The buildings lining the street—familiar, unchanged—now looked like pieces from a child's set. Most didn't even reach her knees, and those that did barely made an impression. The structures she once passed through or around were now barely more than background details, the kind of thing her peripheral vision might graze and dismiss. The town that had loomed over her for most of her life had, in one night, become something she could have easily stepped over. But she didn't. She walked through it. Claimed it. Slowly, carefully, as if every block she crossed became part of her domain.

Her target was clear: her father's office. It wasn't about sentiment or even family—it was about information. If anyone knew where Harry had gone, it was her father. The man had always had a grip on her life, even when pretending he didn't care. She wanted to see the look on his face now. She wanted him to look up—really *look up*—and understand that the power he'd held over her was gone. Pulverized. Like the sidewalk under her heel.

She rounded a corner and met her first real cluster of townsfolk. A dozen or so people, trapped in the middle of a narrow cross street, had frozen at the sight of her, caught somewhere between the urge to flee and the useless instinct to gawk. Grocery bags lay abandoned on the pavement. A woman clutched her purse to her chest like it could deflect gravity. Nancy slowed but didn't stop, her voice rising in a tone that was both firm and strangely pleasant.

"Let's move along now," she called down, gesturing with her hand like a schoolteacher ushering children to their seats. "No need to make me do your thinking for you."

When one old sedan stalled mid-turn, she gave it a gentle nudge with her foot, sliding it neatly to the curb as if repositioning a stool. It wasn't violent. It wasn't even aggressive. But it was *casual*, and that's what made it powerful. The car's alarm chirped once, then died. She barely noticed.

Navigating the town was second nature. A left on Maple. A right on Ash. The familiar rhythm of streets she'd walked her whole life, now recast at scale. With every corner, the view changed—more rooftops shrinking beneath her, more people dashing out of sight. She saw faces through windows, curtains twitching, doors slammed shut a half-second too late. She saw a man crouched behind a bush with a lawn flamingo tucked under one arm like it might protect him. It was almost funny. But more than that, it was *easy*.

She nearly stepped on a couple near the library. They darted between her feet like startled mice, and she paused mid-step, foot hovering a foot off the ground as they scrambled away. Nancy shook her head with mild exasperation and looked down at them, voice laced with the amused scolding of a parent catching kids with their hands in the cookie jar.

"Try not to stand under a moving foot next time," she said dryly. "Common sense isn't that hard."

She took another few steps, her mind turning toward the destination again, when a sound split through her thoughts. Not a scream. Not a building collapsing. Something else—sharper, mechanical. A siren. Steady. Deliberate. Official.

She stopped, brows lifting slightly, and turned her head. Just ahead, rolling cautiously into the street, was a familiar shape: a black-and-white cruiser, clean and centered like it still believed it had a purpose. It pulled into her path and stopped, the engine idling like a throat being cleared. The siren died down. The door opened.

And there he was. Sheriff Denby, stepping out into her shadow like a man who still thought he had authority. Nancy tilted her head and smiled. She shifted her weight, one hip cocking out, and placed her hands on either side of it with practiced ease. The gesture made her look even taller somehow, even more *there*—as if she hadn't already remade the skyline just by showing up.

Sheriff Denby moved slowly, deliberately, keeping his hands visible, like a man who had no idea how to greet a 300-foot woman but figured pretending everything was normal was a decent place to start. His hat was pulled low, boots dusty, and his expression was tight with that same small-town grit he used for bar fights and petty theft.

He looked up—*way* up—squinting against the sun. “Morning, Ms. Archer,” he called, voice strained but steady. “Glad to see you up and about.”

Nancy smiled, wide and luminous, as she looked down at him from above the rooftops. Her blonde hair lifted slightly in the breeze, and for a moment, she simply *enjoyed* the tableau: him craning his neck like a tourist, her shadow stretching half a block behind him, her presence alone enough to clear the entire intersection of anyone less foolish.

“Good morning, Sheriff,” she replied sweetly. “I’ve got to say, I’m feeling *surprisingly* great this morning... especially for someone who got shot at by military choppers last night.”

Her tone stayed light, even friendly, but it carried like a tuning fork struck against the sky. The words lingered.

Denby shifted awkwardly, looking at the empty street around him as if hoping someone else might step in and take his place. “That was, uh... that whole situation was a bit of a misunderstanding, ma’am.”

Nancy’s smile didn’t waver. If anything, it brightened just a little. The kind of smile that didn’t reach her eyes—*that didn’t need to*.

“Mm. Funny,” she said. “Most misunderstandings I’ve dealt with don’t usually involve *air-to-ground missiles* being fired at me. But I guess you folks just handle things a little differently around here.”

She stepped forward, just one step, and the cruiser behind Denby rocked gently from the tremor. He didn’t flinch—credit where it was due—but she could see the way his hand instinctively brushed the edge of his belt. Reassurance. Reflex. Not fear, exactly. Not yet.

“But I won’t complain,” Nancy continued, her voice lifting like a shrug. “After all—*no pain, no gain*, right?”

She turned slightly, giving him a partial profile as she gestured to herself with a single sweep of her hand, golden tarp fluttering slightly as if to draw attention to every new, impossible curve.

“And as you can probably tell... I did some growing overnight.”

Without a word or signal, Nancy began to move—slowly at first, her posture shifting with a languid grace that still made the sheriff flinch. Her massive form lowered, knees bending with eerie ease until she was crouched low above him, then easing even further down, settling into a kneel. Her thighs brushed the tops of a nearby bakery and the corner drugstore, one hand bracing against the pavement to keep

her balance, the other resting casually on her hip. The motion kicked up a swirl of dust and tension all at once.

Denby had taken a half-step back by reflex, his fingers twitching toward his belt, though even he seemed to realize there was nothing useful hanging there. He stared up at her, mouth slightly open, breath tight.

She tilted her head and offered a smile—not cruel, just amused, like she was lowering herself to his level for fun, not necessity.

“There,” she said lightly. “That better? Didn’t want you to snap your neck trying to hold eye contact.”

He swallowed, hard, and tried to chuckle, though it came out strangled. “Appreciated, Ms. Archer. Very, uh... considerate of you.”

“I’m thoughtful like that,” she said, still smiling. “Oh, and don’t worry—Charlie’s fine. She should be hitting town any minute now. Her legs are just... you know. *Shorter.*”

Denby blinked, nodding too quickly. “That’s good. That’s real good to hear.”

Nancy’s eyes flicked past him.

Her attention had shifted—something else catching her gaze.

Without warning, she reached past the sheriff, her arm stretching overhead like a crane sweeping into position. Her hand dropped, wide and deliberate, until her fingers curled gently but firmly around his cruiser. The tires let out a squeal of protest. Metal bent slightly under the casual pressure of her grip as she plucked the vehicle off the ground like it was a toy left in the wrong place. She held it up in front of her face, turning it from side to side with childlike interest, her smile deepening as she examined the tiny decals, the light bar, the dusty windshield.

Denby took a step forward, hesitant. “Ms. Archer... if you wouldn’t mind putting that down—”

She didn’t even look at him.

“Finders, keepers,” she murmured, voice almost sing-song.

She turned the cruiser in her hand, flipping it slightly, watching the light catch the windows. It barely took up half her palm. One of her fingernails brushed the antenna, knocking it clean off. She giggled softly, the way someone might when a doll’s arm popped out of place.

“Funny thing about radios,” she said, still not looking at him. “They’re so useful. When they’re working. When someone’s not using them to, oh I don’t know—*call in missile strikes.*”

Denby tensed, shoulders squaring with effort. "I didn't—I wouldn't—I'm not doing that again. I swear to you, Ms. Archer."

Nancy finally turned her eyes back on him, expression unreadable.

"I know," she said softly.

Then her fingers began to curl.

Slow. Methodical. Intentional.

The metal groaned, shrieked, and folded inward like a soda can under a boot. The light bar crumpled. Glass burst in muted pops. The hood buckled, then vanished beneath her knuckles. Denby let out a strangled sound, half plea, half disbelief, as the cruiser vanished into her fist like it had never been a symbol of authority, just a toy that had outlived its usefulness.

Nancy gave the now-compact wreck a thoughtful look, then casually dropped it beside her knee. It hit the pavement with a muted thud, a twisted husk of blue and black that steamed faintly in the morning sun.

Denby stared at it, jaw slack.

"You didn't have to do that," he said, quiet.

Nancy leaned just a little closer, the corners of her mouth curving again.

"No," she said. "But I *wanted* to."

Nancy watched Denby carefully as he took a step back, just enough distance to remind them both that his courage only reached so far. His shoulders stayed stiff, his jaw set, but his eyes kept drifting—to the remains of his car, to her bare feet, to the way she loomed over him like an inconvenient monument someone forgot to mention in zoning.

She let the silence linger, let it make him sweat a little. Then, with a tilt of her head and a smile that could've meant *anything*, she dropped her voice into something low and teasing.

"Well, Sheriff," she said, folding her arms under her chest, "since we're having such a neighborly little chat... can you help me?"

Denby blinked, clearly not expecting that tone. "I—I mean, yes, Ms. Archer. Of course. What do you need?"

"I'm looking for Harry," she said, simple and direct, as if the name wasn't a live wire between her teeth. "And I'd love some directions."

Denby's mouth opened, shut, then opened again. "We'll find him. I'll—I'll find him for you."

Nancy's eyes flicked upward, and she gave a soft sigh that was equal parts amused and *over it*. "Why is that always the answer?" she asked aloud, mostly to herself. "Every little man I meet thinks *he'll take care of it*. Like I'm some confused housewife asking for directions at the gas station."

She leaned forward slightly, watching his throat bob with a nervous swallow.

"Look at me, Denby," she added, motioning lightly to herself with one long sweep of her hand. "Do I strike you as someone struggling to get things done?"

Denby raised both palms as if warding off the comment. "I'm just trying to help, ma'am. Trying to make sure things don't, you know... get out of hand."

Nancy gave a soft chuckle, shaking her head.

"Oh, Sheriff," she said, eyes glittering. "From *my* perspective? Things are perfectly *fine*."

He shifted his weight, clearly unsure of how to proceed, then muttered, "He was taken out of town last night. After... after everything. Legs broken, ribs too. He was in bad shape. We didn't keep him here."

Nancy nodded slowly, her expression unreadable now.

"I figured," she murmured. "And I'm guessing you don't know where?"

Denby shook his head. "No, ma'am. That was federal. They made the call."

Nancy hummed to herself, gaze drifting away toward the courthouse just visible in the distance. "Then I guess I'll have to ask my father."

That made Denby visibly uncomfortable. "You're going through town?"

She looked back down at him like the question was almost charming. "Well, I wasn't planning on levitating," she said, hands sliding back to her hips. "Yes, I'm going through town. I've been careful so far, wouldn't you say?"

He didn't answer right away, so she helped him out.

"Don't worry so much," she said, her tone still warm, but firmer now. "I've been careful so far, haven't I? Nobody's hurt. People are doing what they're told."

She let her gaze sweep over the quiet blocks, the few heads poking from windows, the small stirrings of people slowly coming out of their hiding spots. She held that moment for just long enough.

"Let's keep it that way," she said, eyes returning to him. "And *everyone* will be just fine."

Without warning, Nancy reached down toward Denby. No announcement, no question—just one massive hand moving through the air with the ease of someone grabbing a pencil off a desk. Her fingers pinched gently around his sides, and before he could step back or protest properly, she had him off the ground, rising smoothly with him in hand as she stood to her full, towering height.

Denby flailed instinctively, boots kicking at the air, hat tipping askew. "Ms. Archer—please—put me down—!"

Nancy barely glanced at him, holding him at shoulder height as she stood tall again, her golden tarp outfit catching the sunlight as she brushed her hair back with her free hand.

"Before I get back to business," she said conversationally, "I'd really appreciate an update. Specifically—when should I expect the army to come knocking again?"

Denby squirmed slightly, gripping her thumb like it could anchor him. "They—they said evening, maybe late afternoon. Equipment had to come from Fort Masse. I swear, that's all I know."

Nancy smiled, a cool, slow grin. "Evening. Perfect. Gives me the whole day to get things done without anyone rushing me."

She turned her gaze toward the town again, briefly ignoring the jittering man in her grip.

"Please," Denby tried again, "just... be careful, alright?"

Nancy didn't look down, but her lips curved with dry amusement.

"Haven't I been?" she asked. "No flattened buildings, no crushed civilians. Far more careful than you all were with *me*, Sheriff. I'm being downright *gentle*, wouldn't you say?"

Denby didn't answer that.

Nancy glanced back at him with exaggerated thoughtfulness. "Actually... since you're here and all, maybe you can make yourself useful."

He looked up, wary. "What do you need?"

"I didn't have breakfast," she said, as if discussing a brunch order with a waiter. "And when I'm done with my little visit to my father, I'd *very* much like to have something waiting for me back at the drive-in."

Denby blinked. "You... you want me to get you food?"

"Mm-hmm," Nancy hummed, examining her nails. "Something fresh. Hot. And a lot of it."

"I don't know if we can manage that," he stammered. "The stores—some of them are closed and—"

She turned her head, looking at him fully now, her eyes narrowing just enough to quiet him.

"Well," she said sweetly, "then I guess I'll just have to go find my own breakfast."

That did the trick.

"No! No, I—I'll take care of it. I'll handle it. I swear."

Nancy smiled again, that same knowing curve of her lips that said everything he didn't want to hear.

"Good boy."

Then, with far more care than she needed, she crouched down and lowered Denby toward the ground. Her fingers opened, releasing him gently onto the pavement like a fragile little package. He stumbled slightly as his boots touched down, legs shaky.

Nancy straightened up again, brushing her palms off with mock ceremony.

"I'll be back soon," she said lightly. "Try not to disappoint me."

And with that, she turned and resumed her stroll, her feet cracking the edges of the road with every step as she headed deeper into town—toward the one man who might finally give her the answers she came for.

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Denby stood rooted to the cracked pavement, breath shallow as he watched Nancy Archer walk away.

She didn't hurry. She didn't need to. Each step was slow, measured, and devastating. Her bare feet sank into the earth with a deep, wet *press*, the ground moaning under the impossible weight. Even from behind, she looked like something dreamt up by a mad god—her long legs rising higher than the telephone poles, her hips swaying lazily with the confidence of someone who'd never once needed permission. The golden mini-skirt she'd fashioned flared with each motion, bouncing with her stride

and leaving very little to the imagination. It barely clung to her, just enough to tease modesty, not enough to conceal the power underneath.

The sound of her leaving was everywhere. The low, rhythmic *whumph* of her soles shaping the road. The trembling windows. The faint screams carried on the breeze from blocks away. Dust puffed up from the pavement in little bursts around Denby's boots, and more than once he had to shift his stance just to stay upright. It felt like a mild earthquake—except it had a figure, a shape, and a perfectly sculpted backside heading straight into downtown Gainesville.

He finally dared to look down beside him.

Her footprint was still fresh, pressed deep into the asphalt like a reminder. The toes alone could have fit four people side by side, the ball of her foot sinking a good half-foot below the rest of the road. Spiderweb cracks shot out in all directions, the edges jagged, raw. It wasn't just a mark—it was a wound in the street.

And then his eyes found what was left of the cruiser.

He hadn't seen it up close until now. The twisted hunk of metal sat a few feet away, barely recognizable—flattened, crushed inward like a toy balled up in a frustrated hand. Bits of plastic clung to the mangled frame. His badge had still been on the dash.

Denby swallowed hard, a slow chill spreading across his spine despite the heat.

Nancy Archer used to be gentle. *Too* gentle, if you asked anyone around here. She was polite to a fault. Easy to overlook. A little soft, a little slow to stand up for herself. People dismissed her, pitied her, talked over her.

That woman was gone.

This version of Nancy... she didn't ask. She didn't wait. She didn't blink.

He stared after her, watching her form grow smaller only because she was farther away—never because she seemed less.

Then he let out a breath he didn't realize he'd been holding.

"...This ain't good," he muttered.

His voice sounded thin against the lingering echo of her footsteps.

And the worst part was—he had no damn clue what to do about it.

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Nancy moved through the city with a steady, easy rhythm. Her strides carved fresh geometry into the landscape, streets subtly bending around the pressure of her steps. Each footfall pressed deep into the pavement, the softened ground molding to her shape like it belonged to her now. Storefronts, traffic lights, even the courthouse dome barely reached her thighs. The sky felt wide and open around her shoulders. Gainesville had always seemed like a small town, but now? It looked like a layout. A model. And she walked through it not like a visitor or a threat, but like someone calmly rearranging her living room.

She was still humming with satisfaction after her encounter with Denby. Not angry—she hadn't been angry with him. He hadn't made the call to hurt her. He'd just been the man with the badge when the smoke cleared. But still... he'd tried to corral her, to manage her like she was still something that could be steered. Like her decisions were part of his jurisdiction. Nancy had been pleased with how she handled it. No rage. No screaming. Just a reminder—gentle, even—that whatever authority he thought he had stopped somewhere around her ankle.

That thought stuck with her for a moment. *Am I the authority now?* She let the idea linger in the back of her mind as she walked, amused by how obvious the answer felt. But not in a *Mayor Archer* sort of way. No, this was simpler. It was the authority of a girl arranging her toy chest. A new sense of order. She didn't need to command. Her size *was* the command.

The streets began to narrow as she neared the government complex where her father's office was located. She knew the path well. She'd walked it before, so many times, on foot or in a car, always looking up. Now she looked *down*, and the perspective was both alien and deeply satisfying. Her shadow stretched far ahead, warning the streets before her body arrived.

But then, up ahead, she saw a problem.

There was a mass of people in the next avenue—a crowd, clumped and chaotic, clogging the entire width of the street like spilled marbles in a hallway. They weren't fleeing anymore. Not really. They were panicking in place, shifting this way and that without any clear direction. Some were trying to push forward, others back. Some had simply frozen. And in doing so, they had created a blockade—not intentional, not aggressive, but still very much in her way.

Nancy stopped. One foot still raised slightly, poised mid-step.

She waited a moment, giving them time. Surely they'd see the thirty-story woman looming over them and clear a path. But no. They kept bumping into one another, some ducking behind cars, others just spinning in useless circles. No order. No leadership. No clue what to do now that she wasn't just a rumor in the desert.

She sighed and shifted her weight onto her back foot, arms folding across her chest.

"Alright," she called down, not angry, not impatient—just *louder* than they were used to. Her voice rolled over the rooftops with a slow authority. "Listen up."

Dozens of heads turned. Conversations froze. A few people just stared up, slack-jawed.

"I need to move through here. And right now? You're in the way." Her eyes scanned the tangled mess of humanity below. "Which is a problem for me—but *also* a problem for you."

She leaned forward slightly, not crouching yet, but lowering just enough to make her presence even harder to ignore.

"Now I get it," she continued. "This is all new. I'm a lot to take in. And you're probably not used to having to *look up* this far just to get instructions. But let me help you out."

She took a step forward—not close enough to threaten, just enough to remind them that she could close the gap in an instant.

"I'd *love* to give you more time to figure this out. I really would. But I've got things to do. Places to be. People to find."

The crowd was quiet now, nerves on a razor's edge. A few had started backing up, slowly, cautiously. Others were frozen in place like she might mistake movement for guilt.

"So here's the deal," Nancy said, voice still smooth. "You've got, let's say... about a minute to clear this street. If you figure it out and get it done? Great. Everyone wins."

She smiled then—not cruel, but knowing. The kind of smile you give to a dog who's chewing the couch cushion.

"If not, I'll have to... assist."

Her toes flexed gently into the pavement, breaking the silence with the sound of shifting gravel.

"And I *don't* think you want that."

Nancy gave them their minute.

Well—she didn't time it, exactly. Not like she had a watch strapped to one of her wrists. But she knew a minute when she felt one, and she stood still long enough to let the opportunity pass. Arms crossed beneath her chest, weight settled into one hip, the breeze rustling the edge of her tarp skirt as she stared down at the knot of

panicked humanity below. A whole mess of tiny people, shuffling and shouting and colliding, making so much noise and yet accomplishing absolutely nothing.

At first, she was entertained. It was funny, in a way. Like watching toddlers try to reorganize furniture—so much frantic energy, and not a speck of coordination. But as the seconds dragged on and the crowd failed to clear, the humor started to dull. She had things to do. A man to find. Answers to get. And the novelty of their disarray was beginning to wear thin.

They had their chance.

She exhaled once, slow and heavy, then let her arms fall from her chest, hands settling back onto her hips in that posture she was starting to love—a stance of ownership, of poised inevitability. Her voice, when it returned, carried easy and loud over the rooftops.

“Well,” she said, drawing the word out like she was announcing bad news to a particularly dense classroom, “I guess it was too much to hope you’d figure this out yourselves.”

The heads turned. She could see it from above—dozens of tiny faces swiveling toward her, anxious eyes, slack mouths, frozen limbs. Still so much confusion. Still so little progress.

She arched a brow.

“I really wanted to give you the benefit of the doubt,” she went on. “I mean, one minute. That’s generous, right? For people your size?”

There were a few squeaks of movement now—people shifting, stumbling, some beginning to part—but too slow. Too late.

She straightened her spine and let her voice lift.

“But clearly, this isn’t going to work. So—I’ll handle it.”

Her bare foot shifted slightly, the arch pulling taut, her toes flexing in the dust like she was warming up.

“Get ready,” she said, cheerful now, almost singsong. “I’m going to *help* you out of the way.”

Nancy took a single step forward, then another, each one slow and deliberate, the pads of her bare feet pressing into the street with that same measured gravity that had started to feel more like punctuation than motion. With every shift of her weight, the town trembled slightly beneath her, as if adjusting to her presence. Her third step landed just shy of the edge of the crowd—though even that was generous. A

few dozen stragglers still lingered in her path, slow to react or simply too stunned to run, their eyes turned upward toward the smooth rise of her shins, the long lines of her calves, and above them, the gentle flex and curl of her toes now arched directly over their heads.

She looked down at them, hands still resting on her hips, and let the moment breathe. She wasn't in a rush. She was never in a rush anymore. The world could wait until she was ready.

Then she smiled, not cruelly, not even with particular malice—just the way someone smiles when they're about to rearrange a very messy shelf.

"Ready or not," she murmured, "here I come."

She crouched slowly, her knees bending with practiced ease, the hem of her makeshift skirt brushing against a roof as she lowered herself toward the street. The people scrambled beneath her now, voices rising, arms flailing in a last-ditch burst of disorganized panic. But Nancy had already made her decision. She extended one palm outward and curved her fingers inward, scooping with the smooth precision of someone who'd done this before. Her hand slid under four of them—a small, squirming bundle of limbs and shouts—and she brought them upward, nestled in her palm like a handful of action figures dumped from a toy chest.

She straightened slightly and examined her catch, eyes glinting with something like curiosity and something else that sparkled just behind it—*exhilaration*.

"Well now," she said, more to herself than anyone else. "I've still got plenty of room in here."

She tilted her palm gently, watching them scramble for balance. The way they slid and pressed against each other, trying to orient themselves on the soft pad of her hand—it was fascinating. She could feel every tiny shift of their weight against her skin. They weren't even heavy. They barely registered.

"I could fit so many of you," she said, her voice light, playful, just a breath above a coo. "Isn't that something?"

Her gaze swept the rest of the crowd. They were breaking apart now, the last little tangle of indecision giving way to full-blown retreat. People darted down side streets, tripped over curbs, pushed past parked cars in all directions. But Nancy's smile didn't falter. She turned her attention to the other half of the mess and let out a soft sigh, the way someone might sigh at a dog that just chewed a pillow.

"Where do you think *you're* going?" she asked, not expecting an answer. "You had your chance."

She dipped her free hand down again, palm arched like a spade, scooping five more. They squealed, limbs flailing as her fingers gently cradled them up from the ground. The movement was so natural to her now—this ability to lift whole clusters of people like loose change from under the couch.

Rising back to her full height, Nancy held both palms aloft, one on each side, surveying her new guests with the pleased, indulgent air of a hostess arranging seats at a dinner party.

“There we go,” she said, as the wind tugged at her hair. “That’s much better. So much easier when I handle it myself.”

Nancy watched them flail in her palms, a collective tangle of shrieks, pleading, and frantic squirming that barely even tickled her skin. It was almost disappointing how little they weighed. She had more resistance handling laundry. They tripped over each other in their panic, clutching at her fingers, pressing into the curve of her hands like they thought they’d find some stable ground in the soft ridges of her skin. Her expression didn’t shift much—but her amusement deepened.

“I *did* tell you,” she said gently, speaking down to them with a mock-patient tilt of her head. “I warned you that you wouldn’t like my help. But nooo... we had to do things the hard way.”

She gave her hands the lightest little shake—not enough to throw anyone, just enough to make the point. They yelped accordingly, and she exhaled in a mock sigh.

“Can’t clear the street like grown-ups? Fine. Now I get to decide where to stash you.”

She scanned the town for a moment, then smiled as her gaze landed on a building just a few paces ahead. The roof was flat and wide, a sturdy old department store that had long since turned into one of those “everything for a dollar” deals. Perfect elevation, good square footage. And most importantly? Out of her way.

Her foot rose and landed with a soft, resonant *whump*, cracking the curb as she moved forward. Another step, and the rooftop was within reach. She crouched again, slowly, careful not to let her skirt catch on the lampposts nearby. The people in her palms squealed louder as she tipped her hands forward, but Nancy barely noticed. Her fingers spread just slightly as she tilted both palms toward the roof and emptied them like a woman brushing crumbs off a tray.

They spilled onto the surface in a tangle, tumbling and rolling in every direction, some crawling backward like they still thought she might scoop them up again. Nancy straightened and watched them with quiet satisfaction, hands resting casually on her hips as she looked down on her little deposit.

"There," she said, as if she'd just put away a few knick-knacks. "Much better."

She let the breeze roll across her shoulders for a moment, golden tarp flicking at her thighs, then offered one last glance down to the rooftop.

"Might be a good idea to *stay* up there while I'm handling business," she added, her voice a low, warning purr. "I mean, it's definitely safer than the streets."

And with that, she turned her back on them, full height rising once more over the little town.

Nancy's stride had just resumed when a flicker of movement caught her eye. A blur in the corner of her vision—small, fast, and desperately trying not to be noticed. She slowed, turning her head slightly, and spotted the source.

A couple—middle-aged, frantic, clearly not built for evasive maneuvers—was darting between cars, their hands locked tight as they clambered into a rusted-out sedan parked dead center in the street. The doors slammed behind them. The whole chassis rocked once. Then stillness.

Nancy stopped mid-step and stared.

She let the moment hang. Then rolled her eyes.

"Oh, come *on*," she muttered, exasperated. "Really?"

She took a step forward, the ground compressing beneath her with a groan of protest, then crouched, bringing her long frame down again with practiced grace. Her fingers curled around the edges of the car, the metal groaning instantly under her touch. And then, with all the effort of lifting a purse, she stood again, holding the entire vehicle between her hands like it weighed nothing more than a lunchbox.

The couple was visible through the windshield—two terrified faces pressed to the glass, screaming, gripping each other like they were bracing for impact.

Nancy arched a brow at them, unimpressed.

"Of all the places to hide," she said slowly, holding the car up near her face, "you chose *inside* one of the things I might end up kicking out of my way?"

She tilted the car slightly to one side, then back, watching them jostle against each other. Her tone was still calm, but there was a definite edge now—dry, clipped, and vaguely maternal in its disappointment.

"I mean, do you *want* to win a Darwin award? Because that's how you get one."

They didn't respond, unless high-pitched screaming counted.

Nancy gave a soft sigh. "Look, I get it. You're scared. Fine. But I'm doing my best to avoid hurting anyone here. *People*, that is. Cars? Not so much. They're obstacles. Junk. Things I *move*. That one over there—" she motioned behind her with her chin, "—I flicked it into a tree ten minutes ago because it was in my way. Didn't even notice it had a bumper."

She looked back down at them, her expression cooling just slightly.

"You're lucky I'm watching where I step. But I'm one person. Well, *one very large* person. I can't watch out for every single tiny person in town. You, on the other hand? You can see me coming a *lot* easier than I can see you hiding under dashboards. So maybe—just maybe—you should start looking *up* a little more often. Don't you think?"

The woman inside had her hands clasped in prayer. The man looked like he was about to faint. Nancy gave them a smile. Not cruel. Just amused. A little condescending. Very *big sister energy*.

"Let's get you somewhere a little smarter," she said.

She took two steps, easy and unhurried, then bent to place the car gently on the roof of a small, squat medical building that sat a few stories above the fray. The tires thudded lightly against the gravel rooftop. The vehicle rocked once and settled.

Nancy leaned down and looked through the windshield again, smiling like a babysitter leaving a child in time-out.

"Stay up here," she said. "Don't touch anything. And *next time*... don't play hide-and-seek in things I throw."

Nancy was just about to resume her trek when she glanced ahead and let out a low, exasperated sigh. The crowd, now thinned by panic and common sense, had finally started getting the message. The main stretch of the road was *mostly* clear—but not enough. Stragglers still lingered, milling in confusion, clumping in doorways or hugging curbs like it would somehow shield them. The worst of the chaos had shifted, sure, but her path still looked cluttered, like a living obstacle course of indecision.

She placed her hands on her hips again and lifted her voice—not sharp, not angry, just that same unmistakable tone that made people *listen*.

"Alright, folks. Last chance. Sidewalks. Alleys. Rooftops if you can manage it. Off the road—*now*, please. For God's sake."

The warning worked. More bodies scrambled for cover, peeling off like spilled beads rolling for safety. A few darted into buildings. Others just pressed themselves

against the sides of delivery vans or clambered over fences. It was messier than she liked, but at least it was movement.

Nancy gave it a few more seconds—just enough grace to be fair—then stepped forward.

The ground shifted under her bare feet, a long, deep moan of pressure following every stride as she advanced. Even the air seemed to lean back from her. Two blocks later, she stopped again, this time crouching low with the casual ease of someone scooping laundry off a floor. Her hands swept forward, wide palms curling inward as she gathered two fresh clusters of civilians—five from one side, six from the other—right out of the narrowest stretch of her path.

They shrieked as she stood, her fingers gently cradling their tiny, terrified forms. She brought both palms close together, hovering them just below her chin, and peered down at her collection with something almost like affection. Her head tilted slightly. A fond smile crept over her lips.

“Eleven,” she said. “Not bad. I’m getting quicker.”

She shifted her hands apart again, inspecting each group with the proud, teasing warmth of someone arranging trinkets on a shelf.

“Now listen,” she said, tone mock-gentle. “If you’re going to act like clueless toys, I really don’t have a problem treating you like clueless toys. It doesn’t make much of a difference to *me*.”

They were screaming, wriggling, pressing against her fingers as though they could wedge themselves free. But there were no coherent words. No pleading that even reached her ears in full.

Nancy shrugged.

“Any favorite spots?” she asked, her voice lilting, like she was polling a class on where to go for a field trip. “No? Nothing specific? Well, guess I’ll choose.”

She turned slightly, eyes scanning the rooftops again, and after a moment, nodded to herself.

“I mean, I *do* have a much better view, after all.”

A few quick steps carried her to a nearby office building, its flat roof wide and perfect for stacking. She crouched again, her thighs easily dwarfing the building’s height, and tipped her palms with precision, letting the clusters spill onto the roof like loose game pieces returning to the board.

They landed in heaps—some tumbling, some clinging to each other—but nobody fell off. Nancy made sure of that. Her fingertips hovered for a second, like she was tempted to rearrange them further, but she resisted.

She stood back up, brushing her palms off.

"I hope you don't hold a grudge," she said, peering down at the rooftop like a mother scolding from the top of the stairs. "I *am* doing this for your own good. Not that holding a grudge would do you much good anyway."

With that, she turned away again, her tarp skirt swaying behind her, the cracks in the road deepening with each step. She was almost to her destination now—and as she approached her father's office, there was no one left in her way.

Chapter 5

The street was practically empty now, cleared by fear, good sense, and a growing awareness of what it meant to be in Nancy Archer's way. Her footfalls echoed through the corridor of buildings like a metronome for a different kind of order—one where everything moved to her rhythm, whether it wanted to or not.

She took her time approaching the familiar structure at the end of the block. Her father's office. Three stories of red brick, white trim, and small-town self-importance. Once, it had looked sturdy. Commanding. But from where she stood now, it barely reached her knee. A dollhouse dressed up like office building. The old brass plaque by the front steps used to gleam in the sun—now it was so far below her eye line, she nearly missed it altogether.

She stopped and looked down.

It didn't even come to her knee.

Her head tilted slightly as she stared at the building, half in wonder, half in something that edged toward melancholy. She'd walked through that front door more times than she could count—arguing with her father, making appointments, trying not to cry in the hallway outside his office. Now, it looked like a shoebox. Like a prop in a play she'd long since outgrown.

Nancy crouched, but it took more than a simple bend of the knees. Her size made things awkward—tight. She had to shift her legs, brace one hand against the pavement for balance, and twist slightly just to get her face low enough to see into the upper windows. Even then, she had to lean in, her hair brushing the rooftop, the tips of her fingers curled beside the building like massive stilts.

The top floor was shuttered, the curtains drawn. She squinted, then rolled her eyes.

"Oh, come on," she muttered.

With a single finger, she reached out and tapped the glass. Not a full knock—just the tip of one perfectly manicured nail against the window. It shattered, the curtain fluttering in response. She flicked the remains of the frame aside with a little brush of her fingertip, peeling the wall open like the lid of a sardine tin.

And there they were.

Tiny people. Plenty of them, packed into the office space like nervous mice in a shoe closet. She recognized more than a few—lawyers, a couple of city officials, her

father's assistant Donna. They were staring up at her now, pale and silent. A few screamed. Others scrambled for corners that wouldn't protect them.

Nancy leaned in, lowering her face to the breach. Her eyes filled the open space like sunrise, the soft blue of them tinted with quiet focus.

"Dad?" she called, voice low but carrying like thunder in a canyon. "Come on out. I know you're in there."

The room broke into chaos. People jostled each other, panicked without direction. But there was no sign of Hamilton Cobb. Nancy narrowed her eyes, scanning the crowd again.

"Oh, come on! I'm not gonna crush anyone," she said, a little louder. "I just want to talk."

Still nothing. The tiny bodies inside kept trembling, useless.

She sighed and pulled back just slightly, raising her voice now not for force, but for clarity. Like a teacher addressing the back of the classroom.

"Listen up, folks," she said. "I know you're scared. That's fine. But it would *really* be in everyone's best interest if Mr. Hamilton Cobb could kindly make his way to the window—or, even better, the front steps."

She paused, gave them a moment to absorb it, then added with a touch more bite:

"Because I *will* keep asking."

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Donna hadn't gotten anything done since seven this morning.

Not that she'd expected to. Word had spread before the sun was even fully up—that Nancy Archer was *back*, that she wasn't just alive, but *bigger*. Way bigger. Bigger than the last time she strolled into town and scared half the county out of its skin. And now?

Now she was *coming here*.

Hamilton had left at dawn, muttering about a deal that couldn't wait, a firm from the city that needed face time, a call he didn't want to take from this dusty little office. Typical. He didn't even *mention* his daughter—not once. And now the building was packed wall to wall with staff, officials, and hangers-on who didn't know where else to be. The phones were dead. The emergency lines weren't working. People

whispered and checked the windows every thirty seconds, like that would make her *not* show up.

Donna had worked for Hamilton Cobb for seventeen years, and nothing—not his temper, not his silences, not even his way of making people feel small without raising his voice—had ever unnerved her the way this day had.

And then came the first **thud**.

It was distant, at first. Like construction. Or thunder. But steadier. Deeper. The lights trembled in the ceiling with each one, growing stronger by the second.

Thud.

A ripple in her mug of coffee.

Thud.

A framed portrait of Hamilton's grandfather fell face-down on the floor.

Thud.

Someone screamed in the hallway. Donna couldn't blame them.

She stood now, frozen behind her desk, eyes locked on the front windows as something *huge* passed beyond them—a shadow, impossibly tall, impossibly *there*. Her breath caught in her throat. The light dimmed, shadows shifted, and then—

God.

A *foot*. A bare foot. Bigger than the car parked by the curb. The curve of her toes alone blocked half the window's view. The ball of her foot crushed the grass at the edge of the lawn like it was nothing.

And then they *moved*.

Her toes flexed.

The entire building swayed, a tremor moving through the floor like someone had just dropped a couch from the roof. Dust fell in little puffs from the ceiling tiles. Light fixtures jangled and creaked. She heard someone yell that they needed to evacuate—but where the hell would they go?

The shadow shifted again.

Donna turned her head just as the third-floor window across the room *shattered*, the sound sharp and surgical. A massive fingertip—flawless, manicured—slid through the opening and hooked the curtain aside with the delicacy of someone peeling back a teabag.

Then... the eye.

Pale blue. Focused. Calm.

It filled the window like a full moon. Not angry, not wild—just there. Watching. Looking.

Then Nancy's voice rolled through the room. Not loud, but powerful. It pressed against the air itself.

"Dad? Come on out. I know you're in there."

People screamed. Some ducked. Donna didn't move. She couldn't. It was like her limbs had locked up.

"Oh, come on! I'm not gonna crush anyone," Nancy said, louder now. "I just want to talk."

A man tripped behind her. She heard someone sobbing near the supply cabinet.

Then Nancy's voice came again, with that subtle lift—the tone of a teacher managing a room that had forgotten how to listen.

"Listen up, folks. I know you're scared. That's fine. But it would *really* be in everyone's best interest if Mr. Hamilton Cobb could kindly make his way to the window—or, even better, the front steps."

Silence fell like a dropped curtain.

"Because I will keep asking."

There were a few seconds—just a few—where no one breathed. The silence rang louder than the screams had. Even the whimpering stopped. Everyone in the room had frozen mid-motion, crouched behind desks, clutched to filing cabinets, huddled against interior walls like kids during a tornado drill. Eyes locked on the shattered window. Waiting.

Then, from somewhere above, that same voice returned. No longer a request. Not even a warning.

"Okay, fine," Nancy said.

And then, almost lightly: "You should probably step back from the windows."

Donna's stomach dropped.

The eye vanished. But only for a moment.

What followed was not the face—it was *a finger*. Then another. Then two more.

Pink pillars descended through the broken window frame, too large to belong to anything human. Each digit as thick as a telephone pole, maybe more. The walls groaned in protest before they simply *gave*, the brittle masonry shattering under the pressure like a crust of snow under a truck tire. The windows didn't break this time—they *exploded*, shards flying in every direction as the fingers pushed inside, curling forward like the slow embrace of a titan.

Screams erupted behind Donna, but she didn't register her own. Not until she was thrown to the floor by the concussive *boom* of the wall coming down. A shockwave of dust and drywall swept across the room, knocking books from shelves, toppling cabinets, sending papers swirling like flocks of birds. The ceiling above groaned—deep, pained—and then it cracked.

Concrete split along a jagged seam. Donna barely had time to scramble backward before it buckled completely. The lights blinked once. Then the ceiling collapsed in a single, thunderous roar.

She hit the floor hard, breath driven from her lungs, a white-hot spike of fear pinning her in place.

When she opened her eyes again, the ceiling was gone.

There was no third floor. No roof. Just open sky—blindingly blue and wide—and in the center of it, cutting across everything, was a face. A face she'd seen hundreds of times. Behind a desk. In a hallway. Once, crying in the break room.

Nancy Archer.

But not like this.

She took up *half the sky*.

Her expression was unreadable from this distance—or what *should* have been this distance. But she was close. *Too* close. Her pale blue eyes scanned the destruction with a calm intensity that made Donna's spine lock. Strands of blonde hair floated lazily in the breeze above. Her lips, so far away and yet terrifyingly near, curved into something that was *not quite* a smile.

Donna pressed herself back against what remained of the desk and stared up at the impossible woman peering into the wreckage of her old life. The walls of the office had become a diorama. A dollhouse cracked open. And Nancy was the child on the outside, peering in, deciding what piece to move next.

The dust hadn't even settled when Nancy's face shifted.

Her expression, impossibly huge and framed against the open sky, softened at the edges—not quite apologetic, but something close.

“Sorry about the mess,” she said, her voice rippling through the ruined office like a warm draft. “But I *really* need to talk to my father... and I’m not very patient these days.”

The words vibrated in Donna’s chest more than they registered in her ears. She stayed crouched low, fingers curled against a splintered drawer, trying not to be seen—until Nancy’s eyes moved. Locked. *On her.*

A bolt of recognition passed through her. Not the terrifying, general kind—the oh-god-the-giant-is-looking-here kind—but something *personal*. Nancy’s pale blue gaze focused in. Right on her. Saw her.

Donna felt a chill travel up her spine, cold and electric.

Then Nancy *smiled*.

At her.

“Donna,” the giantess said, voice curling with a dangerous warmth. “You might just be the woman to help me out.”

Donna’s breath caught. Her name had never sounded so loaded. And then, before she could react, Nancy’s hand began to move.

It approached like a wave in slow motion, fingers outstretched, each one impossibly long and thick, spread apart like the supports of a collapsing bridge. Donna tried to crawl backward, but there was nowhere left to go—just torn carpet, snapped wood, and sky.

Her first instinct was to scream. Her second was to freeze.

The fingers reached her sides—soft pads, warm and lightly ridged—and pressed inward. Gently. Carefully. But *steadily*. There was no hesitation, no question that she was coming along for the ride. Donna felt her ribs tighten against the pressure and swallowed back a whimper, remembering too vividly what those same fingers had just done to *masonry*.

They’d crushed a wall.

They’d peeled back the ceiling like paper.

And now they were *lifting her*.

Her feet left the ruined floor. Her stomach dropped. She rose.

The wind caught her hair. The world below shrank. She passed the jagged edges of the roof, floated higher still, and then she was *there*—inches from the face that filled the sky. Nancy's features loomed, pale and surreal: lips slightly parted, lashes dark and long, eyes like twin oceans studying her with unnerving calm.

But just as Donna opened her mouth to speak—maybe to beg, maybe to ask, maybe to scream—Nancy's eyes flicked away.

Donna felt movement again. Her perch shifted.

Something was happening below.

Then came the *crunch*.

It wasn't violent. But it was unmistakable. A short, final sound of something being crushed. Metal? Wood? Whatever it had been, it was gone now.

Nancy's gaze returned to the people inside the office—those still crouched amid the debris, too scared to flee.

"I want you all *right here*," she said, tone smooth but unmistakably firm. "So it'd be a very good idea to stay put."

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Nancy's patience had limits—and apparently, a few of the people inside hadn't learned that yet. From the corner of her eye, she caught the motion. A handful of them darting for the back stairwell, scrambling over rubble and desks, thinking they might still have a way out.

She didn't shout. Didn't snarl. She just shifted her grip on Donna with the ease of adjusting a purse strap and brought her free hand down, *hard*, against the side of the building.

The punch was light for her—barely more than a tap. But to the structure, it was an earthquake. The metal staircase collapsed under the force, warped and crumpled like a twist-tied pipe cleaner. The way forward became a wall of mangled beams and broken concrete. Not a fatal blow—just a firm, structural *no*.

They got the message.

Instead, she returned her attention to the woman trembling between her fingers. Donna. A good assistant. Efficient. Loyal—but not blind. She'd always seen Hamilton

for what he was. And despite his vanity, she never mirrored it. Nancy had always liked that about her.

Now, of course, she liked her for something else.

Answers.

Donna's legs were still kicking a little, breath coming in short gasps. Her wide eyes flicked from Nancy's lips to her pupils and back again, like she wasn't sure where to anchor her fear.

"Hey," Nancy said, more softly now, adjusting her fingers just enough to give Donna room to breathe. "It's okay. I'm not gonna hurt you. I just need you to help me out."

The woman whimpered something wordless. Nancy waited, eyes steady.

"I'm looking for my father."

That made Donna freeze.

Nancy could see the fight in her—the terrified need to answer and the equally terrified lack of certainty. She gave her a few seconds. Let her work through it. Donna eventually opened her mouth and croaked, "He's... not here."

Nancy's brow furrowed, lips tightening. That wasn't the answer she wanted. But even as Donna flinched in her grip, Nancy didn't squeeze. She paused, breathing deep through her nose, forcing her voice to stay even.

"You're not lying to me," she said, half a statement, half a question.

Donna shook her head violently. "I swear. He left early this morning. He went to Benford. Some kind of business meeting. Headquarters of that engineering firm he always talks about—"

Nancy's expression darkened, a shadow crossing her face like a thundercloud over the sun.

"My father," she said slowly, "left town for *business* while I was supposedly *dead*, dangling off high voltage cables?"

Donna flinched again, hard.

Nancy exhaled. Controlled. Steady.

"I'm not mad at you," she said, quieter this time. "You're not the one who raised me."

She lifted Donna a bit closer to eye level, adjusting her tone again. Gentler now. Measured.

"Do you know *where* in Benford I can find him?"

Donna blinked rapidly, then nodded. "The Eaglestone Building. Downtown. Big glass thing on 5th. I booked the car for him yesterday. It's on his calendar. He said he'd be in all morning."

Nancy nodded slowly, absorbing that. Eaglestone. Fifth Street. She had a destination.

"The phones are down," Donna added. "I tried calling to warn him, but... nothing."

Nancy smiled, the corner of her mouth lifting with a hint of smugness.

"Yeah... that might've been me," she said.

Donna gave her a look of confused alarm.

Nancy chuckled. "Use your imagination."

They were quiet for a moment. The sky was wide and warm around them. The town buzzed in the distance, trying to remember how to breathe.

Then Nancy tilted her head again.

"What about Harry?"

Donna's breath caught. "I... I do know. Hamilton was going to see him after the meeting."

Nancy's pupils sharpened. "Where?"

"St. Joseph's Hospital. He's... he's recovering there. Two broken legs. Some fractured ribs. They moved him early morning, just before sunrise. The car left from the substation. I saw the dispatch order."

Nancy went still.

And then she smiled—broad, triumphant, *thrilled*.

She had what she came for.

Harry.

He was *right there*, just a hundred miles down the road.

Nancy looked down at Donna, her lips curling into something warm, indulgent, and just slightly amused. "Well," she said, "looks like you're my favorite person today." She let the words hang a second, watching the flicker of disbelief and tension still clinging to Donna's face. "You've actually been helpful. That's rare lately."

She angled her head. "Anything I can do for you? Since you've done me a favor."

Donna, still trembling, gave a small, desperate shake of the head. "Just... could you put me down?"

Nancy chuckled. "That I can do."

She lowered her gently—gently for her, which meant gravity still made Donna wobble a bit on landing—but it was careful, controlled. Nancy's palm flattened, and the woman slid off into the debris-scattered floor among the rest of the stunned staff.

Nancy gave them a once-over, standing tall again, and offered a final suggestion with an easy, almost absent tone: "Best to stay in the building. Trust me. You don't want to learn what *e*/se I can flatten when I'm in a hurry."

Then she turned, and the pavement rippled with each step as she moved down the street again, her head high and stride unbothered. She didn't look back.

Benford.

It was funny. Just yesterday, the thought of walking a hundred miles would've seemed ridiculous. But now? After what she'd already covered since sunrise, it didn't even feel worth planning around. She wasn't even sweating. The distance would melt under her like the rest of this soft little world.

And Harry was waiting. Or... not waiting. The thought made her smile. Not cruelly. Just *completely*.

Benford would be different than Gainesville, sure. Bigger, louder, messier. But nothing about that gave her pause. If anything, it was exciting. More space to fill. More people to see her. And there wasn't a square inch of it she couldn't walk through, talk over, or step on if necessary.

She was already imagining the skyline shrinking beneath her when a flicker of movement caught her eye. Ahead, at the edge of a quiet intersection, a small silver car edged out from a side street and stopped hard. Tires skidded. The vehicle rocked once and settled—frozen mid-decision.

Nancy slowed, intrigued. Not fearful. Just... curious.

The door opened. A tiny woman stepped out, crisp navy blazer, hair coiled tight at the neck, clipboard tucked like a shield under one arm.

Nancy recognized her immediately. She didn't need to squint.

"Oh, for God's sake," she said, a laugh bubbling up before she could stop it. "Dr. Cushing."

She stopped walking, planting a hand on her hip, letting her full shadow swallow the block ahead. The sunlight shimmered off her golden tarp top as the breeze caught her hair and danced it around her shoulders like silk banners.

Dr. Cushing's voice rang out across the intersection, higher-pitched than Nancy remembered, sharp with disbelief. "You're *alive*! You—oh my God, Nancy..."

Nancy stopped mid-step, hand still on her hip, and let the moment breathe. The look she gave Cushing was amused, wry, and deeply condescending in the most effortless way. "Well... yeah," she said, her voice lilting with that velvet-smooth sarcasm. "Not just alive, Doctor. *Better*. Pretty sure that's the clinical term for it."

Dr. Cushing stood frozen next to the car, clipboard still clutched in her hand like it might protect her. "But... how? What happened to you? The growth—how is this *possible*?"

Nancy gave a slow, almost lazy shrug. "Not a clue," she said, grinning. "Maybe I'll ask the aliens if they swing by again. They left me hanging the first time."

She paused, then added, voice lighter: "Don't get me wrong—I'm *not complaining*."

There was silence for a beat. Just the wind moving down the street, lifting the edge of Nancy's skirt, carrying the faint hum of her breath across a town too scared to make any noise of its own.

Then Cushing spoke again, more sternly now. "Nancy... you have to *stop*."

Nancy's brow arched.

"Oh, do I now?"

She crouched. Slowly. A deliberate descent like a crane folding in on itself. Her knees bent wide over the road, skirt shifting with the motion, feet flattening cracks into the pavement as she lowered her immense frame closer to the woman below. The sheer *mass* of her presence pressed into the space like gravity itself was leaning forward to listen. When she finally settled on her knees, the wind from the movement still ruffled the treetops a block away.

Her pale blue eyes settled on Dr. Cushing. Fond. Even affectionate. The kind of look Nancy hadn't offered anyone else in town.

"I mean it," she said, softly now. "You came here. You clearly want to talk. And honestly? You're probably the *only* person I'd actually like to talk to."

She extended one hand slowly, palm facing up beside the car, fingers curled just enough to form a comfortable perch. "So let's make this easier on both our necks, shall we? Come on. Climb in."

Dr. Cushing looked at the hand—long, pink, and utterly *encompassing*—then back at Nancy's face. "I'm... fine right here."

Nancy's smile didn't shift, but her eyes glinted.

"That's the *second* time you've refused to get in my hand," she said, softly. Almost conversational. "It's starting to feel like a pattern."

Cushing stood her ground, eyes narrowing. "Because it is."

Nancy's smile didn't fade. If anything, it grew more genuine.

"Yeah," she said. "But see, the difference is—this time..."

She moved.

The same hand she'd offered gently before curled forward, graceful and wide, fingers sweeping with the control of someone long past the need to ask permission. She didn't grab—she *plucked*. Softly, but with absolute confidence. She could feel the flurry of motion in her palm as Dr. Cushing gasped, steadied herself, and looked up.

"I wasn't really asking."

Nancy rose again, smoothly, like a skyscraper returning to position. Cushing was there in her palm now, stable and whole and very, very small.

Nancy straightened slowly, rising to her full height with Dr. Cushing secure in her palm, and gave a satisfied little nod. The breeze stirred again, catching the hem of her tarp skirt as the city settled once more under her towering frame.

"See?" she said, her voice soft but effortlessly rich, curling up toward her cheek like the punchline of a joke. "Isn't this so much better? No more shouting, no more craning your neck like you're trying to read a billboard."

Dr. Cushing had gone quiet in her palm—well, for about ten seconds.

Then she shifted upright, brushing down her skirt like that might bring back some dignity after the abrupt pickup, and looked up at Nancy with that same level, therapist stare she probably used on problem patients and passive-aggressive administrators.

"Is that *yours* to decide?" she snapped.

Nancy's lips parted in a slow grin. "Apparently. Otherwise it wouldn't be so damn *easy*, now would it?"

Cushing bristled, clearly flustered, but too composed to fall apart. "You *can't* just go around picking people up!"

Nancy blinked down at her. "Oh, I *can*," she said brightly. "Been doing it all morning, in fact. Crowds, cars, cops. I'm really getting the hang of it." She glanced at her hand with a mock-critical squint. "Pretty good form, too, right? Solid grip, minimal panic, zero drop rate."

Dr. Cushing's voice hardened. "That's not *funny*."

Nancy raised an eyebrow, clearly unconvinced. "Well, maybe not *for you*. I'm having a great day."

She let her hand sway slightly as she walked—just a tiny motion, something like a shrug, but enough to make her cargo shift an inch or two.

Cushing steadied herself, then barked, "What gives you the *right*?"

Nancy didn't miss a beat.

She looked down, her smile sharper now, amused at the very question. "Size," she said simply, her voice smooth as cream. "That's what gives me the right. Kind of changes the conversation, doesn't it?"

Nancy came to a slow stop near the empty lot, her stride easing into stillness like she was choosing exactly the right spot to let gravity settle again. She lowered her hand a little, letting her therapist sit at a slightly more conversational height. Not quite eye level, but enough to make it feel like a choice rather than a punishment.

"There," she said, soft but firm. "That better?"

Dr. Cushing wasn't trembling now. She was irritated. Folded arms, tight jaw, clipboard braced like a shield. "Did you pick me up just to *brag*?"

Nancy let out a low, amused hum. "No. Not *just* to brag." Her grin curled at the edges. "I wanted you to see how well your advice worked. I'm very assertive these days. Incredibly in control of my life. It's like a breakthrough, only with more property damage."

"That's not what control looks like," Cushing snapped. "Being assertive doesn't mean being *cocky*."

Nancy shrugged again, casual as you please. "Maybe not for you. But there's a *very* fine line, and towering over buildings kind of makes humility a little... abstract."

Cushing shook her head. "You're a bully, Nancy."

The smile didn't fade, but it did freeze. For a second.

Nancy looked down at her, her expression shifting just slightly—not offended, but cool. Like someone watching a tiny child accuse the sun of shining too brightly.

"You think I'm a bully," she repeated, voice quieter now. "Interesting."

Her fingers flexed slightly beneath Cushing's feet—just a whisper of motion, enough to shift the balance of the world for her passenger.

"I tried to do it right. I tried to be civil. Reasonable. Modern. I went to therapy. I used my words. I stayed in the lines."

She tilted her head, the blonde curtain of hair falling across her shoulder like a silk banner. "It didn't work. Not with my father, who just wanted my signature and my silence. Not with Harry, who cheated and lied and then tried to kill me. Not with the town, where everyone smiled to my face and whispered behind my back. I was the wife. The problem. The joke."

She leaned in now—not aggressively, but with weight. The sheer *presence* of her was suffocating, like cloud cover with a pulse.

"And now I'm *done* being small. I don't need anyone to explain my worth. I don't need to ask permission, or wait for help that never comes. I'm not *asking* anymore. I'm *telling*."

Her eyes locked on Cushing's, massive and clear as sky.

"You say I'm acting like I have the right to take what I want. You're *damn right* I am. Look at me."

There was a pause—long and loaded. The kind that always seems to follow a truth no one was ready for.

Dr. Cushing's voice, when it came, was softer now. Less challenge, more memory. "What happened to the Nancy I knew?"

Nancy looked at her, her expression calm, unreadable for a beat.

Then she smiled. "I outgrew her."

She lifted her brows, tilting her head slightly, the massive arch of her neck catching the sunlight. "And honestly? Good riddance. She wasn't getting anywhere."

Cushing didn't reply immediately. She looked down at the impossibly wide plane of Nancy's palm, then out across the rooftops, like trying to locate the town that used to make sense.

When she spoke again, it was measured. "So what now?"

Nancy grinned. "Now?" she echoed, rolling her shoulders slowly, like stretching before a pleasant walk. "Now I'm headed to Benford. Going to find Harry. Maybe my father, if he's still got the nerve to show his face. I want some closure."

Cushing's brow tightened. "Closure... meaning what, exactly?"

Nancy exhaled through her nose, lips parting into something between a smirk and a sigh. "Honestly?" she said. "I don't know. He did try to kill me, so I can't exactly say

I'm walking in with a bouquet and a hug. But... I'll figure it out once I've got him. You know. *In hand.*"

Cushing folded her arms. "Benford's a big city, Nancy."

Nancy's eyes sparkled. "You think I can't handle it?"

"That's not what I'm worried about," Cushing said carefully. "I'm worried whether *it* can handle *you*."

Nancy chuckled, light and breezy. "Come *on*. I'll be careful." She turned slightly in place, letting her golden mini-skirt ripple against her thigh. "I've been walking around Gainesville all morning, and things are pretty much fine. Bit of confusion, sure. Some relocation. But it's all intact. Benford'll be even easier. It's built for bigger things."

Cushing hesitated. "What if they try to stop you?"

Nancy's smile shifted—just slightly. It didn't fade. But it sharpened.

"Well," she said, brushing a lock of hair back behind her ear, "that's when things get interesting."

Cushing frowned. "Nancy—"

"They *can't*, Theodora." The name slipped out smooth and intimate, like Nancy was reminding her who had the real first-name authority now.

Cushing's mouth opened. But Nancy wasn't done.

"My father and Harry brought me to the edge. *Broke* me. And I grew to fifty feet. Remember that? Then Harry tried to give me a heart attack—*literally*—and I popped up again. Not a huge jump, but still."

She turned her gaze to the sky briefly, then down to her palm with Cushing still tucked inside it.

"And then? The army came. Missiles, gunfire. Real military-grade panic."

She smiled, slow and rich.

"And here I am. Rocking, what—three hundred feet now? Maybe more? You see the pattern?"

Silence stretched for a moment, broken only by the faint rustle of the wind brushing through empty trees and the occasional creak of a window frame shifting under Nancy's shadow.

She gazed out past the town, toward the highway and the wide, open stretch of desert beyond it. Then, casually, almost like a passing thought, she said:

"You know, I've come to like this size better than fifty feet."

Cushing blinked up at her, lips parting.

Nancy went on, her voice easy, conversational. "It's just... more *obvious*. There's no room for doubt anymore. When I was fifty feet tall, people still thought they could reason with me, put me in a box, give me rules to follow. But now? Now I don't *have* to explain anything."

She looked down at her hand, tilting it slightly so Cushing had to adjust her footing—just a nudge, just enough to remind her of the scale.

"It's more convenient," Nancy said, smiling. "I get places faster. I don't have to wait for doors. And I can still handle the tiny people just fine."

She gave Cushing a knowing look.

"I'm good with this size," she added. "Really. I don't *need* more. But then again..."

She tilted her head.

"That might not be up to me."

Cushing stared, silent, absorbing the implication.

Nancy lifted her gaze again, her smile returning—but this time with a dry flicker of something underneath it. "I just hope the army doesn't get too crazy about it. Because if they *do*..." she gave a soft, thoughtful exhale, "well, I might have to take a stroll up to New York. Peek over the top of the Empire State."

There was a long pause.

"You're *joking*," Cushing said, her voice low.

Nancy looked at her, her expression serene. The corners of her mouth curled, but the glint in her eye said the punchline hadn't landed.

"I guess," she said. "But not *completely*."

Dr. Cushing stood silently in the soft cradle of Nancy's hand, arms still crossed, her professional armor cracked at the edges. She'd tried logic. She'd tried ethics. Now she tried curiosity.

"And after you find Harry?" she asked, voice quieter now. "After you get your closure... have you thought that far ahead?"

Nancy looked out again toward the horizon, the light catching in her pale hair like silk. Her lips parted, and this time there was no smirk, no sass.

"Then I get to live," she said simply.

Cushing blinked. "Live how? Nancy, the world isn't... it's not built for someone like you."

Nancy glanced back down, not irritated—just amused. Patient. The way you look at someone who still doesn't quite *see* it.

"I used to think that too," she said. "But I was wrong."

Her fingers curled slightly under Dr. Cushing, not to trap her, but to lift her a little higher, letting her see what Nancy saw—the rooftops, the power lines, the streets like chalk marks below.

"The world's better this way," Nancy said. "Smaller. Manageable. Laid out in neat little grids I can read at a glance. It's a toy set now. A playground."

She inhaled slowly. The breath stirred dust at the edge of the lot.

"I don't feel lost anymore. I feel... *positioned*. Like everything's finally where I can reach it."

There was silence again. Cushing didn't speak, though the thoughts in her eyes were loud.

Nancy looked at her fully now, blue eyes steady and sharp. "I asked Harry this, the night before everything went sideways. I'll ask you the same."

Her voice dipped, richer now.

"Have you read *Gulliver's Travels*?"

Cushing hesitated, then nodded. "Of course."

Nancy's smile returned—small, thoughtful, edged with something both mischievous and grand. "Ever think about what it would be like to live like Gulliver?"

Her palm tipped a little, letting Cushing feel the sway of her height, the curve of the air around them.

"I have. A lot, lately. The whole world becoming my Lilliput. Streets like sand trails. Buildings like game pieces. People like... voices. Small, scattered, needing help. Or direction."

Her gaze drifted forward again, dreamlike.

"I can *explore*, Theodora. I can see things from a new angle. I can *play*. I can... arrange."

She looked back down at her, serene, assured.

"I've been stepped on enough in my life. Now it's my turn to decide where the footprints go."

Dr. Cushing let the silence stretch for a moment, her eyes steady but searching. "It all sounds very empowered," she said carefully. "Very compelling. But you seem to be forgetting that, on the other end of your story... there are people. People who might not be so fond of your plans."

Nancy didn't flinch. She didn't even look away. Her smile didn't sharpen—it *settled*, like something solid finding its balance.

"I haven't forgotten," she said, matter-of-fact. "I'm actually counting on them. People are part of the world now. Which means they're part of *my* world. I don't plan to be a monster."

She lifted one massive hand slightly, flexing her fingers with casual grace.

"But we shouldn't ignore the facts either, should we? No one's taller than my pinkie now. And if that doesn't put things in perspective..." She let the thought trail off, letting her smile do the rest.

Cushing drew in a slow breath, her voice firmer. "And that gives you the right to ignore what people need? What they think? What they *feel*?"

Nancy's gaze held hers, calm and unwavering.

"No," she said. "It doesn't give me the right."

She leaned in just slightly, a slow shift of weight that sent a subtle groan through the buildings around her. "It gives me the right to decide what matters more."

She raised an eyebrow, voice smooth as silk pulled taut. "And right now? My needs, my voice, my choices—they carry more weight. Literally, metaphorically, however you want to dress it up."

She let the words hang there, her expression serene, almost gentle.

"And that's something I only *just* realized."

Cushing's eyes narrowed. "Do you hear yourself?"

Nancy smiled.

"Oh, I *do*. And I hope what you hear is a woman who's finally aware of her own power... and not afraid to use it."

Cushing's voice was tight now, controlled but worried. "That kind of empowerment is supposed to be for regular women, Nancy. People with jobs. Families. Lives that fit inside the world."

Nancy raised a brow. "Oh, come on. You're thinking too small, Theodora."

She shifted her stance, letting her voice rise just a touch—still smooth, but crystalline with conviction.

“Empowerment isn’t about staying small and palatable. It’s about *wielding* whatever power you have. And when you have this much?” She tilted her head slightly. “That’s when it becomes *most* important.”

She lifted her chin, eyes scanning the town like a map she’d already memorized.

“When you can change things—*really* change them—when people have no choice but to listen to you... that’s when you better know who you are. What you want. What you’re *willing* to want.”

She looked back down at her passenger.

“And right now? What I want is what matters.”

Dr. Cushing’s voice dropped. “To who?”

Nancy smiled again, eyes glinting.

“To *me*,” she said, as if it were the most obvious thing in the world. “And that’s the part I used to miss.”

The silence between them stretched out again, quiet but not quite comfortable. High above, Nancy’s gaze lingered on Theodora, steady, amused, and just faintly indulgent. Then she gave a low chuckle, not unkind.

“You still don’t get it,” she said softly. “All those sessions... all that progress... and you still don’t see me.”

Dr. Cushing blinked up at her, lips parting like she might disagree—but then stopped. “I thought I did,” she said quietly. “I thought we were getting somewhere.”

Nancy tilted her head, a golden strand of hair slipping down past her cheek. “We were,” she agreed, tone light. “Therapy’s great. Honestly. It helped.”

Then she grinned, dry and unapologetic. “But outgrowing the whole damn world? That’ll do wonders for your self-esteem.”

Dr. Cushing didn’t smile. “No one is supposed to wield this kind of power, Nancy.”

Nancy shrugged one elegant shoulder, her eyes glinting sky-blue above a landscape of roofs. “Well, I do. Apparently.”

There was another pause, heavier this time. Then, softly: “Just... be careful.”

Nancy arched a brow. “For me, or for them?”

Theodora hesitated. “Both.”

Nancy nodded slowly, considering that. "Don't worry about me," she said, her voice smooth and utterly assured. "I feel better than I ever have. Strong. Clear. Finally *seen*—by everyone, whether they like it or not."

She shifted her palm slightly beneath Theodora, gently as a deckhand adjusting a teacup. "And as for the people?" Nancy gave a soft exhale, almost a sigh. "I don't want chaos. I don't want war. I just want to be acknowledged, get what I want... maybe play a little."

She leaned in, conspiratorially. "They'll figure it out. Sooner or later."

Theodora looked up at her, face a study in uncertainty. "I have more faith in you than I do in them."

That made Nancy chuckle again, low and warm. "Well, in all fairness," she said, "it's easier to be Gulliver than one of the Lilliputians."

She straightened again, the subtle movement enough to send a fresh breeze swirling across the street. Her gaze turned back toward the open highway, stretching out toward the shimmering haze of Benford in the distance.

"I've enjoyed this talk, Theo," she said, and meant it. "You take care of yourself, alright? I've got a long walk ahead."

Then, smiling to herself, she added, "Even if it doesn't *feel* that long anymore."

With a grace that seemed impossible for something so large, she lowered her palm toward the road, letting Theodora step off onto the asphalt like a passenger disembarking from a cloud. Her heels clicked faintly on the surface, barely audible beneath the settling wind.

Nancy lingered a moment, towering, golden, poised.

"Be fine," she said gently. "And don't worry."

She turned without another word, the street trembling faintly under her first step.

Theodora stood alone on the road, watching her go. Her fear hadn't vanished. But somewhere beneath it... a strange, reluctant awe was growing.

Chapter 6

Honey Parker had been trying to put the pieces of her salon back together since sunrise, and the more she cleaned, the more it felt like sweeping confetti after a funeral. Half the place was dust and broken mirrors, her roof was a jagged, half-missing disaster, and the fancy vintage dryer she'd spent three months bragging about on local radio was now just a twisted chrome noodle slumped over a sink.

She swiped at a broken makeup palette, sighed, and straightened a crooked chair that immediately tipped over again.

It was stupid to even be here, she knew that. But Honey wasn't the kind of woman who let the world fall apart without slapping on fresh mascara and pretending she could glue it back together. Especially not when the world had *literally* tried to stomp her into irrelevance last night.

And then... the rumble came.

At first she thought it was the start of another power surge. Her fingers froze mid-swipe. The air changed—thicker, tighter, like the pressure before a summer storm. Something shifted in her gut, something that felt suspiciously like hope... and dread.

Could it be?

Her pulse spiked.

She moved into the busted-out front doorway, eyes narrowing at the horizon beyond the crooked storefronts and leaning power lines. Her stomach flipped once, hard.

It couldn't be.

Nancy Archer was *dead*. Hung up like a puppet on those power lines outside of town, shot at by government choppers. That's what people had said. Hell, Harry had *celebrated* it. Whispered about how they'd finally be free, how this nightmare was over.

But Honey hadn't felt relieved. Not really.

And when she felt the first distant *boom*, she knew.

She's alive.

Then came the first real *thud*.

Not close. Not yet. But deep. Weighty. Unmistakable.

She stepped into the blown-out frame of her front wall, where the roof had torn open like a sardine lid, and squinted past the ruined signs and listing lamp posts. At first, there was nothing but dust and heatwaves and the golden glare of morning sun.

And then she saw her.

Nancy Archer was moving down the street.

Not walking so much as sweeping forward, her legs spanning entire blocks in a slow, effortless gait. Her figure was unmistakable—long-limbed, powerful, barely dressed in shimmering gold fabric that looked stitched from survival itself. Her hips swayed with casual majesty, and the buildings around her seemed to *dip* under her gaze, like the very town was yielding to her presence.

Honey's stomach dropped.

Last night, she had been enormous. Today... she was something else entirely.

Nancy crested the last row of rooftops like a mountain range on the move, her hair catching the sunlight like silk, her skirt billowing in gusts of wind she made just by existing. She reached the top of Honey's street—and stopped.

Honey didn't breathe.

Another step.

Then another.

Her footfalls cracked the asphalt in waves. Each impact sent tremors up through the salon floor, shaking loose another piece of ceiling tile, another shard of glass from the broken windows. Honey flinched, stumbling back toward what remained of her salon chair.

And then, the foot landed.

It hit just outside the salon—no, *in front* of it—stretching nearly wall to wall across the broken street. A foot that could've flattened a truck. The pavement caved beneath the ball of it, spiderweb cracks splitting outward like glass under pressure. The toes flexed, curling slowly into the dirt-stained concrete, displacing whole slabs of sidewalk with a casual squeeze.

Honey stared at them—at *her*—the heat radiating up from the crushed ground, the smell of dust and sun-baked asphalt clinging to the air.

Then the shadow came.

It wasn't just big. It was *total*. The kind of shadow that made you forget the sky had ever been blue. It dropped over the ruined salon like a velvet curtain, plunging everything into cool silence.

And then—just as sudden—a *face* appeared above the edge of the broken roof.

Not all of it. Just the eyes.

Those pale blue eyes she remembered from across small-town diners and county fairs—eyes that had once blinked away tears or stared too long at the floor. Now, they took up half the sky.

They blinked once.

Then Nancy Archer's lips curled into a slow, knowing smile.

"Well," her voice rolled in like low thunder, gentle but inescapable, "aren't you a sight."

Honey didn't answer. Couldn't. She just stood there in the wreckage of her own little queendom, staring up at the woman she'd once called pathetic.

And realizing, in real time, just how *colossal* a mistake that had been.

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She was almost out. Town's edge was right there, one more set of rooftops behind her and then it'd just be open road all the way to Benford. She was already thinking about it—how far it really was, how long it would take on foot when her legs could clear whole blocks in a few strides—when something tugged at her attention.

A familiar curve of street. A crumpled awning. A block of buildings that looked like they were clinging to each other for support. She paused, tilted her head slightly, and then she saw it. The salon.

Nancy smirked.

Of course it was still standing—well, technically. She'd left it half-roofed and missing a few walls the night before, but it was unmistakable. Like a memory caught in miniature. It didn't even register as a building anymore. Just a little open diorama wedged between sagging storefronts. And from her height now? It barely came up past the arch of her foot.

She probably should've kept moving. She had places to be. But something about it—something about *her*—felt like it deserved one last look. Or maybe it didn't. Maybe she just wanted it. And if she wanted it, why not?

She turned, adjusting her course with a slow, easy step that sent a fresh puff of dust rolling down the block. The salon barely noticed her approach; it just sat there, quiet and sagging, waiting to be noticed.

Well. Here she was.

She planted her foot right outside the little wreck, the ball of it landing with a deep, pavement-splitting crunch that spread out beneath her like a polite warning. Her toes flexed, and the street gave another groan, hairline cracks racing toward the foundation. It didn't take much. Her weight did the rest.

Then she crouched—low, steady, with one knee sinking beside a crushed mailbox, the other skimming a rooftop as she leaned in. The whole block seemed to shrink just from the motion. Her legs alone took up most of the street.

And when she peered through the hole she'd made in the roof the night before, there she was. Honey Parker. Standing dead center in the broken mess, as frozen as a mannequin between a shattered mirror and a tipped-over hair dryer.

Nancy's smile curled wider, easy and unbothered.

"Well," she said, her voice warm and low, like she was catching up with an old friend in a very weird café, "aren't you a sight."

Honey didn't answer. She just stood there, small and still and probably trying to figure out if running would help. It wouldn't.

"I'd tell you to come on out," she went on, tone as casual as if she were commenting on the weather, "but let's not pretend I need you to."

She let the beat hang there, then added with a shrug in her voice, "So... I hope you don't mind if I help myself."

Nancy leaned in a little further, squinting through the ragged roofline. The gash she'd left in the building the night before wasn't exactly small—but she wasn't exactly small anymore either. Her hand hovered just above the opening, fingers poised, ready to pluck—but even from here, she could tell it wasn't going to be as simple as reaching in and grabbing what she wanted. Not because it was hard. Just... *tight*.

Just a couple of fingers would be nearly the width of the hole.

She clicked her tongue, amused. "Hm. Guess I really *have* been growing."

She shifted, one knee grinding softly against the cracked pavement as she rotated her wrist. Her hand dipped in at an angle this time, two fingers sliding between

broken beams like she was teasing a coin out of a piggy bank. Honey, to her credit, tried to dodge. Scooted backward into the far corner like that was going to help.

It didn't.

"Aw, come on," Nancy murmured, angling her pinky and thumb just so. "Don't make this weird."

She didn't lunge. She didn't grab. She just *nudged*. One gentle press of her finger against Honey's midsection, and the woman practically fell into the center of the ruined floor, off balance, off guard. Now that she was in the open, it took nothing at all—just two fingers, elegant and precise, lifting her up like she weighed no more than a curl of ribbon.

Nancy brought her up slowly, letting the breeze catch the ends of Honey's hair as she rose from the wreckage. She held her aloft for a second, then tilted her hand until Honey dangled just in front of her eyes.

The kicking started immediately. Little legs thrashing, arms flailing, a whole lot of noise and none of it particularly productive.

Nancy raised an eyebrow, waiting. Then, lightly, "Chill. If I didn't squish you last night, I'm not gonna do it now."

Honey stilled. Not completely—but enough. Her breath was heavy, fast. Her eyes, though, locked onto Nancy's with something less like panic and more like bewilderment.

"That's better," Nancy said, a touch of humor curling her words. "We were having a moment yesterday, remember? You, me, open roof, good vibes... and then *Harry* had to go and ruin it." She shook her head with a sigh, the vibration of it ruffling Honey's clothes like a gust of wind. "Real shame."

She shifted her weight and began to rise.

It was like watching a mountain pull itself upright. Her knees straightened slowly, legs extending, body ascending block by block until the street shrank below her again. The sky opened up above. And there, at the very top of it all, Honey Parker dangled like a pendant between Nancy's fingers, staring down at the entire town with wide, unsteady eyes.

Nancy chuckled when she felt the little woman stiffen in her grip.

"Oh relax," she said, voice sunny. "You think this is high? Try walking around like this *all the time*." She smirked. "Honestly, the altitude's the least of your problems."

Then she brought Honey in a little closer, just enough to speak without shouting.

"Anyway. I figured we could catch up properly. You know... cheated wife to skanky mistress."

She let the words settle, soft and calm, as if she'd said nothing more provocative than "nice weather we're having."

"Let's call it... girl talk."

Honey had gone quiet. The kind of quiet that comes from running out of lies, or oxygen, or both. She dangled between Nancy's fingers like a forgotten keychain—tense, shaking, her legs drawn in slightly as if she could curl into something smaller than she already was.

Then came the mumble. Barely audible, voice frayed at the edges.

"I'm... I'm sorry. I didn't want to do it."

Nancy's smile widened—not cruel, just knowing. "Aw, sweetheart. I'm pretty sure apologies made while dangling a few hundred feet above the ground don't count."

Honey swallowed hard, and Nancy *felt* it—a tiny shiver through her fingers.

Still holding her aloft, Nancy shifted her weight slightly and looked her over with the casual scrutiny of someone inspecting a souvenir she wasn't sure she wanted to keep.

"You thought I was nothing," she said softly. "Didn't you? Just some sad, boring housewife in a bad marriage. A loser. A placeholder. Someone you could step over on your way to better things."

Honey didn't answer.

"Come on," Nancy added lightly. "You can nod."

The silence said enough.

Nancy exhaled through her nose, not angry—just settled. "Yeah. That's what I thought."

She tilted her hand slightly, watching Honey sway before steadying her again.

"I hate to break it to you," she went on, tone bright, "but Harry? He wasn't planning on marrying you. He just wanted to bang you. Probably in that ugly little motel he thinks no one knows about." She grinned. "And, you know what? I don't blame him. You're hot."

Honey blinked, startled by the compliment.

"But that's about it," Nancy added with a soft chuckle. "A good time. Not a plan."

Honey made a sound—maybe a protest, maybe a plea—but it didn't go anywhere.

"I know you figured it out," she said, "last night. Right after I gave you that little talk and he bolted the second I looked his way." She let the thought hang for a second, then nodded to herself. "That was a good moment. Very cinematic."

Another beat passed, just long enough for Honey to wonder if that was it.

"And lucky for you," Nancy added, "I'm feeling gracious today."

Honey lifted her head. "You're... what does that mean for me?"

Nancy smiled wider. "It means you're fine. For now."

She adjusted her grip, bringing Honey in a touch closer, leveling her gaze like they were two friends catching up over brunch instead of one of them being held like a doll over a broken city block.

"But," she continued, "you're gonna help me out."

Honey blinked. "With... what?"

"Oh, just filling me in a little. I want to know what Harry's been up to, and you? You're going to tell me." Her voice dropped to a velvet purr, confident and gently relentless. "We're gonna have a chat, you and I. You'll tell me everything I want to know. Right?"

Honey opened her mouth, hesitated, then gave a tiny nod. Nancy arched an eyebrow.

"That's better."

Honey worked up the nerve to ask, "What do you want to know?"

Nancy beamed, the desert sun catching in her pale blue eyes. "That's the right question, finally." She rose to her full height again—smooth and gradual, like she had all the time in the world—and began turning back toward the road that led out of town.

"We'll talk on the way."

"The way to where?" Honey asked, her voice cracking slightly.

"Benford," Nancy said simply.

Honey flinched. "That's over a hundred miles away!"

Nancy chuckled as she began her stroll, each step sending a soft quake through the streets below. "Mhm. Let's try to make it there by lunchtime."

She paused, glancing down at Honey with a wink.

“Early lunch, though. I walk fast.”

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The truck was parked right where she’d told him. Center of the drive-in lot, baking under the rising sun, surrounded by cracked pavement and the trembling quiet of a town still too stunned to breathe. Sheriff Denby stood beside it, stiff as a post, trying to look like he wasn’t rethinking every choice that brought him to this moment.

Nancy spotted him easily from half a mile out. Not that it took effort—at her height, she could probably spot a dime in a pothole from here. She was still casually strolling past the auto shop when she saw the glint of the truck bed and the twitchy little dot beside it. She smiled. A smile that was telling, as if saying “Good boy.”

Her steps shook the earth in an easy, almost hypnotic rhythm—*thud... thud... thud*—the deep impacts rolling underfoot like drumbeats for a new world order. The drive-in came into view quickly. Her strides were just that long now. And as she neared, Denby stumbled slightly, caught himself, and looked up like he was praying she was in a good mood.

She was.

“Well,” she said as her shadow swallowed him whole, “I see you’ve been busy.”

Denby straightened, cleared his throat, and gave her the kind of shaky smile that would’ve looked more convincing if he weren’t standing ankle-deep in her footprint. “Got you some fruit. Like you asked.”

Nancy crouched. She lowered herself slowly, letting one massive knee ease into the ground, a small house-sized crater forming beneath it as she braced her free hand nearby. She leaned forward, peering at the truck with mild amusement.

Piles of fruit. Bright. Colorful. Apples, pears, oranges. A few pineapples tossed in for drama.

Nice.

She reached out with her free hand—the other still curled protectively around what he thought was a passenger—and wrapped her fingers around the whole truck like it was a piece of kindling. The suspension sagged in protest before lifting entirely off the pavement with barely a jostle.

“Hm,” she murmured, turning it in her grip. “Bit of a light breakfast.”

She stood back up, her full height rising slowly above the buildings again. The truck creaked as it adjusted to the shift in gravity. Nancy tilted her head, then her wrist, and with a smooth motion upended the entire load into her mouth.

The sound was wild. Fruit rupturing, juice sloshing and popping behind her cheeks as she chewed thoughtfully. Her throat worked once, then twice, as she swallowed the whole thing down.

She gave Denby a second to process it before casually crumpling the now-empty truck in her fingers like an empty soda can. The sound was sharp and metallic, panels folding in like tissue. She let it fall beside the lot with a dismissive *clunk*, shrugging as if to say, *Well, that's that*.

"Small," she said with a faint smirk. "But not bad. Got anything to wash it down with?"

Denby opened his mouth, closed it again, and shook his head. "No, ma'am... sorry, ma'am."

Nancy cocked her head. "Shame. But don't worry—I've got just the thing."

She turned and strolled toward the water tower.

Denby flinched. "Ms. Archer—Nancy—you really shouldn't—the town depends on it..."

"Don't start," she said lightly, not even looking back. "That sounds like a *you* problem. You'll figure it out."

The tower loomed in front of her now—or, it tried to. Once, it had been the tallest thing in town, standing proud and gray against the skyline. Now? It barely reached her ribcage. The tank itself wasn't even shoulder-high anymore, perched on spindly stilts that looked like they were made from drinking straws.

Nancy crouched slightly, bending at the waist, and reached out with the same hand that had handled the truck like scrap paper. Her fingers curled over the domed top of the tower and peeled it off like it was tinfoil. The metal screamed. Rivets burst. The lid clattered to the ground in a disc the size of a hot tub.

Then she reached again—this time grabbing the *entire tank*. A quick twist, a pull, and the steel legs gave way in a moan of surrender. The tower tore free, sloshing violently as it moved. Gallons upon gallons of stored water sloshed under her grip.

Nancy raised it slowly to her lips like an oversized drinking glass, tilted it back—and drank.

The sound of it was staggering. Gulp after gulp thundered in her throat. Water cascaded past her lips, splashing slightly at the corners of her mouth, dribbling along

her neck and down her chest, darkening the golden fabric of her halter. Steam lifted from the sun-warmed metal as she drank, the hollow echo of liquid shrinking inside until the tank ran dry.

She lowered it, squinted inside.

Empty.

With a small grin, she crushed the tower like a paper cup and dropped it beside her. The wreckage landed with a crunch that echoed all the way back to Main Street.

Turning back to Denby, she wiped her mouth with the back of her hand.

"Thanks, Sheriff. That hit the spot."

He looked like he might pass out.

"I'll be back," she added, her tone casual. "This *is* still my hometown, after all."

Denby blinked. "What... what's that in your hand?"

She held it up slightly, as if it hadn't occurred to her he'd even notice. "Oh, this?" Her fingers relaxed a fraction, revealing a very small, very tense Honey Parker. "It's Honey. Don't worry, she's fine."

Denby looked stricken. "Ms. Archer... maybe you should put her down."

Nancy gave him a long look. "Sheriff, stop worrying about me."

Her voice was velvet now, firm and even.

"I know what I'm doing. And let's be honest... it's not like you can do anything about it."

She turned without waiting for an answer.

Her hips swayed slightly as she walked—smooth, unhurried, supremely self-possessed. Every step reshaped the road beneath her, deepening the grooves that would take weeks to repair. Asphalt fractured under her heels. Power lines shivered in her wake. Her long legs strode through the edge of town like boundary markers being redrawn.

Behind her, Denby followed with his eyes, mouth dry, heart racing.

She didn't look back. Didn't slow. The hem of her tarp skirt danced around her thighs, golden in the sun, her feet carving divots into the land like a walking fault line. She grew smaller in the distance—but only because distance was the only thing big enough to contain her now.

Nancy Archer was leaving town.

And the world ahead of her had no idea what was coming.

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The world had turned golden and flesh-colored.

At least, it had from Honey Parker's current vantage point: wedged like a decorative napkin between the sun-warmed folds of tarp fabric and two surreal, shifting mounds of pale skin the size of water towers. Every time Nancy took a step, her entire chest moved with the rhythm of it—gentle from a distance, but up close? It was like being caught between two slow, rolling hills in a thunderstorm. Warm hills, mind you. Supple. Impossibly smooth. But hills nonetheless.

Honey shifted slightly, trying to find a position that didn't feel like she was going to tumble face-first into a canyon of cleavage or suffocate against the side of a mobile monument. The golden halter top had just enough tension to hold her in place—barely—but with Nancy's current gait, even the taut fabric tugged and flexed. It creaked subtly, like sailcloth stretched under wind, each motion pressing Honey just a little closer into the yielding firmness on either side. The tarp wasn't lined. It scratched lightly against her back. Her legs dangled down into space. Her arms had given up trying to wedge out and were now tucked tight beside her ribs, folded like a hostage inside a carry-on.

She was being carried like luggage.

Lingerie-clad luggage.

Not that anyone could see her. To the outside world, she was nothing but a little bump above the curve of Nancy's top. A wrinkle of fabric and a flicker of movement if someone looked hard enough. And from her side? Nothing but skin, sweat, and the booming pulse of a woman who now moved like the entire landscape belonged to her.

They'd tried other options. The hand had been chaos—like trying to walk on a trampoline during an earthquake. Nancy had tried to hold her steady, curling her fingers around her like a canopy, but even that left Honey feeling like a bead in a maraca. Then came the shoulder, which had been a thrill ride straight out of a nightmare: swaying, whipping, the wind clawing at her hair until she'd shrieked and gone completely horizontal. Nancy had snatched her out of midair with terrifying

reflexes and deposited her, without further negotiation, into the space between her tits.

"This'll work," she'd said, as if she were buckling a seatbelt. "Safe and snug."

Snug was one word for it.

Honey tried to crane her neck now, peering upward, but she couldn't see Nancy's face. Just the underside of her chin, miles above, her long blonde hair lifting and twisting in the wind like streamers behind a parade float. Below that, the rise and fall of her chest. To either side, the edge of her torso framed against the horizon, bare arms swinging lazily with every step. Occasionally, Honey caught the swoop of a shadow across the golden fabric—Nancy's arm brushing past, or the angle of her hips shifting. Always in motion.

And God help her, but Nancy was hot.

Always had been, really, but Honey hadn't paid attention before. Too busy laughing. Too busy writing her off. Nancy had been tall and pretty, but in a weirdly apologetic way. Like she didn't want anyone to notice. She'd slouched. She'd ducked her head. She'd stood in the corner and made herself small, even when she couldn't. Her body had been a quiet kind of gorgeous—those long legs, that trim waist, those soft, symmetrical curves. And the breasts? They'd been impressive even when they hadn't been building-sized. Not quite Honey Parker impressive—let's not get crazy—but solid.

Now? Now those same breasts were the goddamn view.

Honey could feel every breath Nancy took. The warmth. The rise. The subtle bounce that happened every time her heel hit the earth with the force of a wrecking ball. The steady, unstoppable motion of someone who had long since gotten used to the fact that the world would move out of her way, or else.

There was a lull in the motion. A slight shift in posture. Then Nancy's voice drifted down, muffled slightly by distance, but still rich and relaxed.

"So no," she said, as if picking up from a question Honey had barely remembered asking. "Don't really know how it happened.

"I just woke up like this," she was saying, answering a question Honey barely remembered asking. "No idea how tall I am. Four, five times bigger than I was? Must be around three hundred feet, maybe more. Maybe less. But yeah—no complaints. Makes everything a hell of a lot easier."

Honey blinked. "You're just... okay with it?"

Nancy chuckled. The sound vibrated through her chest and into Honey's spine.

"I've never been more okay with anything in my life."

Another step.

"Also, the view's amazing."

They walked for another minute, maybe two. The ground passed below like a rolling map. Trees blurred. Roads curved. Power lines dipped and snapped. Then Nancy spoke again—softer, this time. A thought she'd clearly been chewing on for a while.

"But it's not just that. It's what it means."

Honey frowned. "What what means?"

"This," Nancy said. "The size. The timing. I didn't put it together right away, but... it's a pattern. Ever since the aliens, every time someone tried to break me, I grew."

Honey didn't reply. She just swallowed hard.

"I mean it. The first time? I was about to crack, and boom. Fifty feet tall. Harry tried to scare me to death, literally—and I got bigger. Then they shot missiles at me. Actual missiles. And now I'm... this." She glanced down, her voice wrapped in lazy pride. "And honestly? I'm not even mad."

Another step. Another quake beneath Honey's hips.

"I didn't ask for it," Nancy said, voice drifting casually down like she was sharing a half-interesting weather update. "Didn't plan it. But it's not hard to see the pattern. Stress me out, push me too far, try to shut me down..." A pause. "And I don't fold. I expand."

Honey swallowed, quiet.

"With every hit, I get a little more impossible. Bigger. Stronger. Louder." Nancy's laugh was soft, thoughtful. "Turns out pressure doesn't crack me—it upgrades me."

Honey hesitated. "And what does that mean?"

Nancy's steps slowed just a hair. Her voice didn't change, didn't sharpen—it simply deepened, settling into something with weight.

"It means if I can't be stopped... if I can't be handled... then I'm the one doing the handling."

She let that sit in the air a moment, like it was nothing and everything.

"Makes a girl think, doesn't it?"

Honey blinked. "Think about what?"

Another slow breath above her—like Nancy was gathering more than just air.

"About all the years I kept my mouth shut. Bit my tongue. Smiled small. Because God forbid I said something that made people uncomfortable."

The golden tarp creaked gently, shifting with the motion of her chest.

"I used to think my opinions weren't worth much. That I shouldn't make waves. That if I just stayed quiet and agreeable, people might like me more."

A beat passed. Then Nancy's voice turned almost wry.

"But what if my opinions are the ones that actually matter now?"

Another step. Another ripple of power through the earth.

"What if I don't just have a voice," she said. "What if I *am* the voice? At least the one that matters?"

Honey felt her breath catch. The silence between them stretched again—but this time, it felt like it was making space for something bigger. Something just beginning to unfold.

Honey finally found her voice, though it came out barely louder than a whisper against the backdrop of Nancy's titanic heartbeat. "What are you even talking about?"

Nancy exhaled softly, the sound more amused than irritated. "I'm talking about change, sweetheart. Real change. The kind that doesn't ask permission."

She shifted her stride slightly, a slow roll of motion that jostled the massive swell of her chest and sent Honey pressing back against the golden fabric for balance. Her tone stayed even, thoughtful—but the certainty beneath it was unmistakable.

"I don't know what all of it means yet. Not really," Nancy admitted. "I didn't get a rulebook when I woke up like this. But here's what I *do* know."

She paused, letting the words stretch and settle.

"I'm not going to be ignored anymore."

The wind caught in Honey's hair as Nancy strode forward, each step rumbling deep through the desert floor.

"There are things I don't like. Things I've never liked. And for the first time in my life, I don't have to *tolerate* them. I can just... change them."

Honey glanced upward, unsure if she should be impressed or terrified. "So... what, you're getting in charge now?"

Nancy chuckled, the sound low and warm, almost indulgent.

"Please. I haven't thought that far ahead. I'm not running for mayor." She glanced down briefly, her voice curling into a grin. "Although, let's be honest... you try saying no to me now."

Honey didn't answer. She wasn't sure she could.

"They'll fight back," she said finally, quietly.

Nancy sighed like she'd been waiting for that. "Yeah," she murmured, "I know."

Then she smiled again—this time, a bit more lopsided. Almost wistful.

"I really hope they don't."

Honey blinked. "Why?"

Nancy's gaze drifted toward the horizon, where the sun baked the road ahead into a soft shimmer.

"Because I'm not exactly looking forward to getting any *bigger*," she said casually, voice wrapped in velvet. "This size? Works just fine."

She gave her chest the faintest little bounce, making the world beneath her quake again.

"But hey... you know how it goes. Keep pushing the wrong buttons, and sometimes the toy upgrades."

And with that, she just kept walking.

The desert rolled by beneath them in long, sun-scorched stretches. Time passed in a haze of shimmering heat, the occasional gust of wind curling around the curves of Nancy's enormous body and buffeting the golden tarp like sails on a ship too large for the world. High above it all, nestled securely—if absurdly—between the warm swell of Nancy's breasts and the taut line of her makeshift halter top, Honey Parker had fallen silent.

She wasn't shaking anymore. Not physically, anyway. But her thoughts were a different story.

She kept replaying the last few minutes. Not just the words, but the *way* Nancy said them—calm, casual, like everything she said was just common sense spoken aloud. And maybe that's what scared her most. There was no hesitancy. No uncertainty. Just a woman who'd stopped second-guessing herself... and grown three hundred feet tall in the process.

Then came Nancy's voice again, rich and smooth and far too close to ignore.

"So, what about you?" she asked, casually as someone asking if she wanted a drink.
"What would *you* do?"

Honey blinked. "What?"

"If you were me." Nancy gave her chest the faintest jiggle, a rolling nudge that rocked Honey in her plush perch. "Three hundred feet tall. Unstoppable. What's your first move?"

Honey hesitated. "I... I don't know."

Nancy hummed. "Sure you do. Let's make it simple: Harry. You find out he left you hanging dry last night. Didn't fight for you. Didn't even try. Do you take the high road?"

Honey stared at the side of Nancy's throat, saw her pulse flicker once beneath sun-kissed skin. She swallowed hard.

"No," she muttered. "I'd want to wrap my fingers around that bastard's neck."

Nancy *laughed*. A warm, belly-deep sound that vibrated through Honey's entire body.

"See?" she said, grinning. "We're not so different, you and me."

Honey gave a tight, humorless smile. "Except I'm not a walking mountain."

"Details," Nancy said breezily. "Let's keep going. What comes after Harry?"

Honey paused, frowning. "I don't know. I guess... I'd want people to listen to me. Take me seriously."

Nancy nodded along. "Right? Finally have the floor. No more being interrupted, dismissed, laughed at. No more playing second fiddle to people who never deserved the spotlight."

Honey felt herself nodding before she even realized it.

Nancy's voice softened just a little, dipping into something more measured.

"So then, what? Do you follow the rules? March off with the army? Let them throw you in a tent? Sit quietly while a bunch of white coats in hazmat suits run tests and ask if you've 'experienced any unusual swelling'?"

Honey snorted, surprised. "God, no."

"Yeah. Didn't think so."

There was a beat of silence. Honey adjusted herself slightly, the soft give of Nancy's skin still jarring in its scale, its warmth, its surreal closeness.

"Is shrinking an option?" she asked, almost timidly.

Nancy didn't answer right away. When she did, her voice came from somewhere further back in her mind.

"Not that I know of."

Honey glanced up toward the impossibly high slope of her collarbone, golden hair drifting like silk around her neck. "Would you want to?"

Nancy considered that. Really considered it. And then—

"No," she said simply. "Not anymore."

A pause. Then, quieter but no less certain:

"I like the new Nancy. A lot more than the old one."

Another beat. Her smile returned, faint but present.

"Don't you?"

Honey hesitated for a second too long. She wasn't sure if silence would pass for an answer. But Nancy didn't press. Not directly, anyway.

Instead, Nancy chuckled—an easy, velvety sound that started somewhere deep and rolled outward like thunder on a warm day.

"You're not really in a position to disagree with me, are you?"

Honey winced, but couldn't argue. "Not... exactly."

"Exactly," Nancy echoed, pleased. "And that's part of the charm, isn't it?" Another step, another ripple of motion. "Wouldn't you want that too, if you could have it? To walk into a room and know you can take what you want, get what you want, *be* what you want. No trade-offs. No games. No sleeping with the right people just to get half a leg up."

That last bit landed like a dart, square between the ribs. Honey stiffened.

Nancy noticed.

"Oh, relax," she added with a little smirk. "I'm not judging you. I've just... outgrown that game. And, well, so did you. Just not in the way you thought."

Honey said nothing. But her breathing was a little shallower.

Nancy tilted her head, letting the wind catch her hair. "By the way," she added casually, "since we're having this cozy little chat, you should know—Harry wasn't getting a dime."

Honey blinked. "What?"

"I changed my will," Nancy said, like she was talking about changing nail polish. "Back when I first suspected he was cheating. He could still access part of it, technically, but only under very specific conditions."

Honey felt her stomach twist. "What kind of conditions?"

"Oh, you know..." Nancy shrugged, jostling the whole world beneath Honey. "Like not marrying anyone else. Or dating. Or screwing around. Basically, if he so much as looked at someone with bedroom eyes, the faucet ran dry."

Honey's mouth opened. Then closed. Then opened again.

"You mean—?"

Nancy glanced downward with a glint in her eye. "Yeah, Honey. You were never gonna get a cent."

It hit harder than she expected. Not just because of the money. But because she'd known. Deep down, she'd always known Harry was stringing her along. She just didn't want to face it.

She was about to stammer something—anything—when Nancy's tone shifted again.

"Oh," she said, voice lifting as her gaze fixed somewhere far ahead. "We're there."

Chapter 7

Nancy slowed her pace as something wide and gray shimmered into view beneath the late morning sun. A broad, endless ribbon winding through the landscape like a dropped thread of concrete and motion—I-282. She recognized it instantly. No signs needed. No GPS. She hadn't followed a map since this morning, and she didn't miss it. At her height, the world unfolded with the clarity of a traffic chopper's live feed, minus the camera. You didn't need to know the names of roads when you could see half a county at a glance.

"Oh. We're there," she murmured, smiling as she reached the crest of a hill and caught the glittering stretch of cars funneling through the highway corridor. The sounds came next—distant, scattered, erratic. Then more. Honks. Screeches. The unmistakable metallic crunch of vehicles meeting vehicles in ways that were very much not approved by the Department of Transportation.

The moment her silhouette crested the horizon, the highway lost its damn mind.

Cars began braking erratically. A few veered off into the ditch. One poor soul cut clean across the median, skidding sideways in a ballet of squealing tires. The ripple effect moved fast—panic slamming into panic, drivers trying to U-turn where no U-turns were meant to be. Bumpers met bumpers. Tailgates folded. A few semis jackknifed, trailing plumes of smoke and shredded rubber. Within seconds, the inbound lanes to Benford were cleared, vehicles fleeing like ants from a kicked-over hill, while the outbound lanes backed up in a glorious, honking accordion of automotive confusion.

Nancy tilted her head and watched the chaos build, one eyebrow arching with slow, dry delight.

"Well, that's one way to clear a lane."

A faint shifting pressed against her chest—the soft squirm of movement in her makeshift halter top. Honey.

"Are we in Benford already?" came the muffled question, somewhere between hopeful and horrified.

Nancy's eyes stayed on the growing tangle of cars. "Not quite, sugar. We're just on the highway. Halfway there, maybe a bit less. I wasn't exactly marching. Just out for a nice morning stroll."

She gave her hip a light sway, sending a tremor through the trees at her feet.

"I like to enjoy the view. It's become more... interesting, lately."

Honey mumbled something unintelligible, probably trying not to think too hard about the aerial tour she was getting from the softest—and riskiest—perch imaginable. Nancy smirked. She then understood the next words.

"What... is... going on?"

"Oh, that?" she added, nodding toward the growing disaster zone. "That's just a little everyday pandemonium. Looks like they've never seen a giant woman before."

She leaned slightly to the side, squinting at the tangle of cars. A few plumes of dust were still settling. One SUV had flipped nose-down into a ditch like it was trying to escape the scene entirely. Most of the mess looked non-lethal. Loud, messy, expensive—but survivable.

"I don't think any of them are hurt. Not seriously thought. At least from what I can see from here."

Honey swallowed. "Where... where's there?"

Nancy turned her head toward the highway. "About half a mile from here. Maybe a little less." She arched her back slightly, stretching her long legs with a little pop. "Flat land. No tall trees. You could spot me from four towns over in this getup."

She stepped forward, letting one bare heel sink into the earth. A deep crunch followed, then the groaning protest of roots being displaced. Another step, another small quake.

"And they sure spotted me."

Nancy moved with the confidence of someone who was above everything. Her stride was fluid, casual, her posture loose and unbothered as the world opened up before her. It was bigger out here, broader than Gainesville—but not big enough to make her feel small. Nothing was, really. Not anymore.

With each step, her view widened, and so did her grin. The road was buzzing ahead, full of life—cars zipping along with nowhere to go, people tucked into tiny machines, perfectly unaware that their day was about to take a very different shape. The wind tugged lazily at her hair as she strolled downhill toward the lanes, hips swaying gently with each step. The world below reacted just like it always did now—by losing its goddamn mind.

A sharp cacophony of screeching tires erupted somewhere to her left. Doors flung open like little jack-in-the-box lids. A whole string of commuters bolted from their cars, scattering across the grass like ants. One man tripped over a guardrail and kept

running without his shoes. Another climbed onto the roof of his truck and just stood there, gaping.

Nancy tilted her head, amused.

"Well, look at that," she murmured down at her chest, the fabric of her halter top tightening slightly as her voice vibrated through her frame. "The playset knows I'm here."

From her perch between the golden folds of Nancy's top, Honey groaned faintly. "They're probably scared."

Nancy's lips curved. "That's their thing lately." She kept her tone breezy. "Screaming, running, bumping into each other like it's a fire drill in kindergarten. Honestly, it's kind of endearing."

"You know you sound kind of... demeaning," Honey muttered, half-buried in tarp and cleavage.

Nancy chuckled. "Coming from you? That might actually mean something."

She glanced down again, eyes glittering with mischief. "But I mean, look at it from my perspective. I'm not trying to be cruel. I haven't crushed a soul. I'm just... observing. Cocky, sure. But it's not like I'm wrong. And, when you think about it... can you blame me?"

She reached the shoulder of the highway and slowed to a stop, barefoot on the packed gravel, and looked down. The road stretched beneath her like a track laid by invisible hands, tiny vehicles now locked in a mess of chaos and indecision. A few cars had managed to wedge themselves onto the breakdown lane. Others had just stopped completely, the occupants frozen inside, staring straight up at her in dumbstruck awe.

Nancy crouched slightly—not low, just enough to lean forward and rest a hand on her thigh. She took in the scene with a deliberate sort of wonder, like someone sizing up an art installation.

"They're really so small," she murmured. "I mean, I knew it. But seeing it again—like this—it's almost cute. Like watching a train set someone forgot to put away."

Then, with a low hum of contentment, she took a single step forward and straddled the entire highway. Her left foot planted firmly on one side, her right on the other, toes curling slightly into the grass. The lanes vanished beneath the golden curtain of her skirt, her shadow stretching long over the mess of abandoned vehicles. She felt the surge of air, the weight of the moment, the delicious power of a woman who could stand with a freeway between her legs and not even notice the bump.

“God,” she breathed, eyes half-lidded with satisfaction, “that feels good.”

She didn’t move. Not right away. She just stood there, hands easing to her hips, her back arching slightly, gaze cast down as if she were trying to memorize every panicked little face behind those windshields.

“Relax. If I wanted chaos, I wouldn’t need your help.”

Nancy stayed there for a moment longer, straddling the highway like she was posing for a modern reimagining of the Colossus of Rhodes—minus the statue, plus a lot more leg. The wind tugged at her skirt, the golden tarp rippling softly around her thighs, casting flickering shadows down on the trapped drivers below. She didn’t look down immediately. She knew the view was overwhelming. Hell, if someone had parked her that close to several hundred feet of bare-legged womanhood, she might’ve had a meltdown too.

Still, they deserved a little something. A proper introduction. Something to ease their collective freak-out and—if she was being honest—recenter the energy. Which meant centering her. Naturally.

She adjusted her stance, shifting her weight with the kind of slow grace that sent tremors through the ground and made car suspensions squeal. Then, hands resting lightly on her hips, she looked down—really looked—and spoke.

“Hi there,” she called, her voice carrying clear and calm down the length of I-282, even over the hiss of overheated engines and the distant whine of still-locking brakes. “I know, I know. I’m... a lot to take in.”

The understatement made her smirk, but she kept her tone level, even conversational.

“Let’s not panic, alright? I’m not out here to crush anyone. Promise. Believe me, I’ve had a bit of time to get used to the whole ‘giant woman’ thing. It’s... a process. I get that. And I’m already learning to live with the way people react when I show up. The screaming, the swerving, the spontaneous loss of motor skills—it’s endearing.”

She swept her gaze along the snarl of vehicles, watching dozens of tiny faces frozen behind glass, some still trying to get cell service, others too stunned to move.

“But you’ll get used to me too. I’m pretty unforgettable, but I’m not unmanageable. I swear.”

Nancy lifted one foot slightly, letting it hover over the road before settling it gently in an empty patch of shoulder.

"I'm heading to Benford," she continued. "And wouldn't you know it—this highway's just perfect for a morning walk. Nice straight path. Solid terrain. Good views."

She pointed loosely down the inbound lanes with a finger longer than most sedans.

"So here's what I'm thinking: I take these nice, empty inbound lanes, and you all keep cozy in your outbound ones. Or, you know, in the grass. Out of the way. Doesn't really matter to me."

She rolled her shoulders, gave them a gentle shrug.

"I'll try to keep things tidy. I really will. I don't want anyone hurt, and if I mess with anyone...which I might..." Her smile tilted. "I'll keep it civil. I'm better at that than you might think."

A long pause followed. Then, with a chuckle that sounded almost intimate, she added the final piece.

"Just remember who's the giant and who's the little people here, and we'll all get along just fine."

She gave them one last look, her gaze both affectionate and amused, and then took her first step down the inbound lanes of I-282, the world parting ahead of her with every casual swing of her hips.

Nancy's strides rolled smooth and steady down the inbound lanes, each step pressing the asphalt into broad, defined prints—like the earth itself was molding to her rhythm. The road beneath her soles was warmer than she expected, soft with sun and faintly tacky from heat. Her heel would sink in just slightly, then lift again, peeling the ground like dough off a counter. The old tar lines cracked, warped, and bowed beneath her, leaving behind a path that looked more like sculpted clay than highway.

Somewhere above the steady crunch and groan of her footfalls, Honey made a faint, involuntary sound. A sort of tight squeak halfway between a hiccup and a whimper.

Nancy glanced down, amused. "That one was new. You good up there?"

There was a breath, then Honey's voice—muffled slightly by the golden tarp and the sheer volume of cleavage she was nestled between—rose with forced calm. "It's just... hard to see. You're moving fast."

Nancy smiled. "Fast? Honey, I'm strolling."

Honey groaned softly, and Nancy chuckled, her voice vibrating through her torso. "What's the matter? Feeling seasick? Or is it *chest*-sick?"

"Not funny," came the flat reply.

"Oh, it's a little funny," Nancy said, still grinning. Her gaze drifted down the highway again, taking in the chaos spread beneath her. "You're not missing much. Just the usual... Dozens of cars all jumbled up like someone knocked over a Hot Wheels display. People running around like... like they're not all a couple of inches tall. And every one of them, absolutely losing their minds because I happen to be walking."

Her tone was light, but the way her lips curled—there was a note of real satisfaction there. Not cruelty. Just... the glow of knowing she couldn't be ignored.

"It's weird," she mused aloud, "but it actually feels kind of good. Like I'm watching some giant, interactive diorama. You know, one of those scale models they put in museums. Except this one's loud and jumpy."

Honey exhaled, not quite exasperated but getting close. "You ever think that maybe staying *on* the highway might be part of the problem? You could walk beside it. Still get where you're going."

Nancy tilted her head slightly, eyes half-lidded as she considered the suggestion. "I *could*," she said. "But honestly, the asphalt's nice. Softer than I expected. Warmer too. None of that dry, crumbly gravel nonsense from the desert." Her tone turned breezy again. "Really... who knew blacktop was so foot-friendly? So many perks they never advertise when you're thirty stories tall."

Honey didn't respond. Nancy kept walking.

"Besides," she added, "I kinda like being in the middle of it all. Closer to the people. Closer to the action. I'm still learning. Still... exploring."

"You could give them a little more breathing room," Honey tried again.

Nancy gave a thoughtful pause before answering, her tone drifting into something just shy of indulgent. "They'll manage. And frankly? They *need* to get used to me. If I keep tiptoeing around like I'm still the weird little woman nobody listens to, I might as well shrink back down and apologize for existing. No thanks."

A beat passed. The ground stretched ahead, long and golden-edged with heat. Somewhere in the near distance, a flicker of motion caught Nancy's eye.

"Oh."

Honey stiffened slightly. "What?"

Nancy's smile deepened. "Saw something. Want to check it out."

Honey let out a breath like someone bracing for impact. "Do you... need to?"

Nancy arched an eyebrow, amused by the question. "No," she said, drawing the word out just slightly. "But I *want* to."

She turned her head, just a little, eyes glittering down at her passenger.

"And really, that's what matters, right? Hold on tight."

It was the shine that caught her eye first.

Nancy slowed, tilting her head ever so slightly as the sunlight bounced hard off the reflective curve of a tanker, tucked into the line of stalled semis like a chrome-wrapped soda can. A glint off its upper surface revealed something more than just polish—there was an image painted there. Cows. Blue sky. Happy pastures. The kind of branding that practically moos at you.

"Well now," she muttered, already shifting her weight. "Could that be... milk?"

Honey groaned softly from her top, but Nancy didn't pause. Curiosity was a luxury she'd earned, and she didn't plan on wasting it. Her strides lengthened, and with each one, the people below scattered just a little faster—darting between cars, tripping over medians, flinging open doors like there was somewhere to hide. It only amused her more.

"Easy now," she cooed as she crouched down, knees brushing treetops near the edge of the highway. Her weight pressed into the gravel with a crunch, one hand settling against the road like a landed helicopter. The tremor of her descent rippled through the convoy of stalled trucks, and a fresh wave of panic fluttered below. "Let's not have a meltdown. I just want a closer look."

She let her eyes roam over the truck. The tanker's chrome body gleamed in the light, and even up close, the cow graphics were cheerful to the point of ridiculous. Nancy smiled, fingers curling slowly around the tank. It was longer than her hand, but not dramatically so—and the second her palm closed around the metal, she could feel just how light it was in comparison to her. A hollow toy. A prop.

"Well, hello there," she murmured, rising slowly to her full height as she brought the tanker up with her. Her arm extended, the truck suspended between her fingers like a banana in a claw machine. The metal shell was warm with sun, but inside? Cool. Insulated. Bingo.

"I think we've struck white gold," she said with a sly grin, glancing down at her chest. "I hope you're thirsty."

Honey didn't answer. She was probably too busy trying not to slide out of her wedge.

Nancy lifted the truck a little higher, tilting it slightly so she could get a better look at the cab beneath the tank. It was an afterthought at her scale, a detail she hadn't paid much attention to—until something moved. A flinch behind the windshield. A flicker of motion that made her narrow her eyes.

"Well, well," she breathed, angling the truck. Sure enough, tucked behind the wheel, gripping it like it might save him, was a man. Middle-aged. Red-faced. Mouth wide open in a scream that didn't quite reach her ears but certainly registered in his expression.

"Whoa—hey there," she said, softening her tone like someone approaching a scared dog. "Didn't expect anyone to still be inside. Most folks usually... scatter."

He screamed again.

Nancy rolled her eyes, blowing a gentle breath out of her nose. "Okay, yes. I'm big. Very big. You're in a truck. I'm holding said truck. But can we not make this a whole thing?"

She brought the cab closer, tilting it slightly so he had no choice but to look up at her massive, bemused face.

"Deep breaths, little guy. I'm just trying to figure out if I'm holding six thousand gallons of breakfast here." Her voice dropped to a soothing drawl. "So let's skip the part where you have a heart attack and I have to find someone else to ask."

She paused, then smiled again—calm, casual, curious. "It *is* milk, right?"

The little man was flailing now—half ducking behind the steering wheel, half trying to make himself understood through a half-inch thick pane of glass and a solid wall of panic. Nancy tilted the cab slightly, squinting, then gave a quick shake of her head.

"Yeah, no, that's not gonna work," she said, unimpressed. "Can you roll the window down?"

Predictably, he didn't. Whether it was fear, confusion, or the sheer logistical problem of trying to hit the right switch while dangling sixty feet in the air, he didn't so much as move.

Nancy sighed, brought her free hand around, and—with the flick of a single manicured fingernail—popped the window into a constellation of safety glass fragments that rained gently inside the cab.

"Or," she said brightly, "I can do this."

The driver recoiled like she'd shattered a thunderclap beside his ear. Nancy rolled her eyes again, then offered the tiniest shrug.

"Careful, tiny. Wouldn't want you getting cut on your own safety features."

His mouth opened again, shouting something this time. It reached her. Barely.

"Milk!" he screamed, red-faced. "It's milk!"

Nancy smiled. "See? Was that so hard?"

The man just stared, trembling.

"Well, thank you for confirming," she said, sweet as could be. "Mind if I help myself?"

He shook his head so hard it looked like a seizure. Nancy chuckled.

"Didn't think so. Appreciate the generosity."

She tilted the truck slightly, then paused, as if considering something. Her voice dropped into that softer, almost maternal register—the one that made it clear she didn't need your input, but she was generous enough to let you think you had a say.

"You know," she murmured, "I don't think I need you for the next part. Want me to set you down?"

More frantic nodding. Nancy smirked.

"Figured you might."

She took a breath, adjusted her grip, and then—with an ease that should've been impossible—separated the cab from the tank. The sound was pure metallic anguish, bolts shearing, hoses snapping, the frame protesting with a screech that split the air like a car accident stretched into music. Nancy didn't flinch. It was like opening a stubborn jar. Just louder.

"Don't worry," she said to the driver as she lowered the cab to the roadside with her fingertips. "I'll have it back together in no time."

She grinned. "Kidding. I've got better toys now."

Honey made a small, disbelieving noise from her perch. Nancy just stood tall again, the torn tank dangling lazily from one hand like an accessory.

"Well," she said with a glance down at her cleavage, "breakfast in bed this is not—but it's something."

She scanned the tanker, then found her mark. The warm metal offered no resistance as she pressed her nail into its side, dragging it along the tank's surface with a slow, lazy scrape. Steel gave way like soft foil, opening into a jagged gash nearly as long as her forearm. A soft mist of condensation puffed out, followed by the unmistakable scent of cold milk.

Bingo.

Nancy brought the tank to her lips, careful not to let the sticky edge touch her face, and tipped it gently back. The milk surged forward, flooding across her tongue in

cold, sweet waves. She drank deep—long, steady gulps that echoed faintly in her throat, her eyes fluttering closed in genuine satisfaction.

When it was done, she drew the tanker away, wiping her lips with the back of her hand. Her fingers closed around the tank and, without a second thought, she squeezed. The hollow metal squealed and gave in like paper, crushed into a warped, leaking can between her fingers.

“Not bad,” she murmured, casually tossing the crumpled husk of the tanker toward a tree line like it was an empty soda can after a beach picnic. It cartwheeled through the air and disappeared with a distant, muted crash.

She let out a breath, low and indulgent.

“I should eat off the highway more often.”

Nancy glanced down at the golden curve of her halter top, her eyes settling on the soft wedge of flesh nestled between her breasts. Honey’s tiny face was visible just barely in the shadowed fold, arms braced, her hair tousled from the jostling.

“Oh,” Nancy murmured, feigning sudden realization. “Sorry about that. Should’ve asked if you wanted some.”

Honey made a sharp little sound—equal parts indignation and exhaustion. “I had breakfast, thank you very much,” she snapped, brushing a speck of dust off her shoulder. “And you’re way too fond of yourself, you know that?”

Nancy’s lips curled into a lazy, satisfied smile. “Can you blame me?” she said, with a casual tilt of her head. “I mean, just look at me.”

Her gaze drifted back toward the crumpled husk of the tanker still cooling in the distance, then to the highway unraveling ahead like an offering platter.

“It’s funny, though,” she mused aloud, tone softening just slightly. “The little world’s really good at handing me what I need. A water tower when I’m thirsty. A milk truck when I want something sweet. Convenient, isn’t it? Makes you wonder.”

Honey shifted uncomfortably. “You’d *like* to believe that, wouldn’t you?”

Nancy shrugged, her shoulders moving with that same fluid grace she carried in every motion now. “Not really,” she replied. “But it doesn’t matter. I don’t need to believe the world was made for me.”

She took a single, deliberate step forward, the asphalt groaning under her bare sole. The ground molded to her like memory foam, hot and faintly tacky with sun-warmed tar.

“I’ll just use it like it was.”

There was no arrogance in the statement—just clarity. As though she were describing a particularly simple truth, something like gravity or the fact that milk tastes better cold.

She let the silence sit for a beat, then flicked her eyes downward again, smirking. “Besides, the whole setup works. I mean, a little creativity goes a long way.”

With that, Nancy began to move again, her hips swaying with slow confidence, her legs eating distance like a cruise ship eats the horizon. The wind picked up in her wake, whistling past stalled cars and panicked drivers still trying to process what they’d seen.

Her voice dropped a little, but it carried just fine down to the girl tucked between her breasts.

“Anyway. Let’s keep moving.”

Another step. Another deep print carved into the highway.

“Harry’s not gonna find himself.”

She grinned, her tone half a warning, half a tease.

“And I really can’t keep getting sidetracked by every shiny little thing I find out here...”

A pause. She glanced back over her shoulder, eyes glinting.

“...No matter how tempting it all looks at my size.”

A few minutes later, Nancy’s pace slowed as the terrain shifted beneath her—concrete blending into the familiar stretch of gray girders and thick support beams that marked the first overpass since she’d joined the highway. She straddled as if it were the most natural thing in the world. She tilted her head with interest, eyes tracking the movement beneath her.

Well, this was new.

Cars were still flowing underneath. Actually *driving*. Tiny little beetles zipping through the shadow of her thighs without so much as a stutter. It was the first time since sunrise she hadn’t been met with a full-on panic stampede, and the novelty of it made her smile.

“Well, would you look at that,” she drawled, easing to a stop and standing square over the overpass, her heels perched on either side like a living monument. The edge of her skirt fluttered in the breeze, casting a golden canopy across the lanes below. “Drivers showing some initiative today. Gotta say, I’m impressed.”

From her perch, she could see their shadows through the windshield glass as they coasted beneath the towering gap between her legs. It was like threading a needle. A nerve-wracked, collective gamble that maybe—just maybe—she'd stand still long enough to let them through.

Nancy chuckled softly, voice rolling down like warm thunder. "Nice work, everyone. Very dexterous. A+ for effort."

She really should've known better.

Half a second later, a screech of tires bit into the still air. A small sedan clipped the median, spun, and slammed broadside into the guardrail. The ripple effect was immediate. A delivery van swerved to avoid it, but overcorrected. A pickup truck barreled into the back of a box truck. And then came the star of the show—a long silver semi, horn blaring, jackknifing in slow motion across three lanes before crunching to a halt, its trailer now dangling half-off the overpass like some pitiful afterthought.

Nancy blinked.

"Well. Spoke too soon."

Without waiting, she crouched carefully, her bare feet repositioning with a rumble that echoed down the length of the highway. As her knees bent and her weight lowered, a new wave of chaos erupted below—drivers scrambling out of their cars, some diving for cover, others frozen in awe as her enormous frame blocked out the sun.

"Easy," she cooed, voice light and teasing as she reached down. "Nobody panic. I'm just helping."

She hooked two fingers under the teetering semi's trailer and steadied it with ease, her nails glinting in the sunlight as the whole structure responded like it had just been caught by the world's gentlest crane.

The cab shuddered. The driver inside stared up at her, wide-eyed and pale.

Nancy smiled and gave the trailer the softest nudge, easing it back into position like it was made of plastic. "There we go. Crisis averted. Look at me, solving problems like a girl scout with a God complex."

She straightened a little, eyes sweeping over the rest of the jam. Mangled bumpers. Doors flung open. People scattered in every direction.

She reached out again, pinching the corner of one van between her thumb and forefinger and turning it just enough to clear the lane. Another car was lodged

diagonally against the guardrail, and she eased it back into line with a single, delicate push.

"You know," she said, still crouched, "I don't *mind* the screaming, but it makes it harder to focus. Maybe try panicking... quietly?"

Then she caught the look of one man as he backed into a fender, eyes locked squarely on the horizon of her hips. He wasn't even trying to hide it. His face had the slack-jawed horror of someone about to be flattened by an avalanche of curves.

Nancy followed his gaze and raised a brow.

"Oh, come on," she said with a theatrical sigh. "It's just an ass. Haven't you seen one before?"

She shifted her weight for emphasis, the motion rolling through her frame like a wave. The overpass trembled beneath her, but held.

"You all act like I sat down and smothered a bus."

One last car zipped through the clearing, hugging the inside lane like it owed it money. Nancy eased back to her feet, towering once again over the tangled mess she'd just untangled with two hands and a generous helping of grace.

She rested her hands on her hips, grinning down at them all like a queen admiring her kingdom's daily chaos.

"Try to keep it together, alright?" she said sweetly. "I'm just walking here."

Then, with one last amused glance behind her, she resumed her stroll—her footsteps once again pounding a slow, undeniable rhythm into the lanes as she moved forward.

The view stayed nice. Clean. Manageable. A pleasant sprawl of gray lines, green patches, and little toys darting about with all the urgency of people who hadn't realized yet just how little they were. Nancy let her pace ease again, settling into a rhythm that matched her mood—unbothered, loose, perfectly comfortable. She wasn't stomping. She wasn't chasing. She was strolling, admiring, feeling the subtle tug of asphalt under her soles and the weight of the horizon slowly bending to her will.

She passed over a bend in the road, the traffic behind her still trying to sort itself out in the wake of her last playful stop. Up ahead, nothing but open stretch. The quiet chaos of a few scattered cars pulling off, drivers flinging themselves into ditches, the vague smattering of screams she could barely hear anymore. None of it slowed her. It was just part of the scenery now.

When something caught her eye—a flash of green, rectangular, mounted high on twin metal poles—Nancy slowed. Her brow arched. Well, why not?

She crouched with ease, one leg sliding out to brace herself, the other bending gracefully beneath her as her hands reached forward. Her fingers wrapped around the tall highway sign and gave a simple, practiced pull. The poles snapped from their moorings with a dry crunch, and she rose smoothly, holding the entire thing between both hands like a woman inspecting a new magazine at the checkout aisle.

The sign was sun-faded and weather-worn, but the letters were still legible once she squinted. “Benford,” it read, “10 miles.”

Nancy smiled.

“Ten miles,” she echoed, glancing down toward the warm patch of gold between her breasts. “That’s basically nothing.”

From her perch, wedged snugly between the folds of Nancy’s makeshift halter top, Honey let out a skeptical breath. “Are you sure about this?”

Nancy didn’t even blink. “Walked a hundred miles already, give or take,” she murmured. “I think I can handle ten more. Not really the moment to play shy, is it?”

With that, she tossed the sign casually over her shoulder. It flipped once, then clattered into a cornfield just off the shoulder with a distant metallic crunch. Nancy didn’t even watch it land. She was already walking again, a few easy strides carrying her across a wide curve in the highway. Then she slowed once more, just enough for a shift in tone.

“Hold on,” she said lightly, not really waiting for a reply. “I need to check something.”

Honey gave a tired sigh. “Do you need to?”

Nancy’s smile was audible in her voice. “Want,” she corrected, adjusting her step with just enough bounce to make her companion squirm. “And right now, want wins.”

The pace changed. She moved a bit faster, just enough to send new shockwaves down the road. The response was immediate: fresh screams, doors swinging open, bodies scattering across asphalt like overturned marbles. Nancy didn’t flinch. She liked the new ones best. They hadn’t been properly introduced yet.

She crouched, slow and graceful, the world groaning beneath her weight as her massive shadow rolled over the fleeing crowd. They looked up—because how could they not? Her legs framed them like pillars. Her skirt swayed just overhead, golden fabric rustling in a breeze it barely acknowledged. And somewhere beneath the thunder of her descent came the edge of a chuckle.

"Well, this escalated," she said, voice low and amused. "Hi, everyone. I'm Nancy. Try to keep breathing."

The cause of her interest came into view just to her right: a sleek silver Greyhound bus, stalled dead center in the lane, its sides gleaming in the sunlight. From above, she could make out the windows—tiny rectangles with faces crammed against them. A full load.

Nancy's eyes glinted. "Oh, hello, favorite toy."

She reached forward, carefully now, and wrapped her fingers around the body of the bus. It bent slightly beneath the pressure—so light, so thin—but she adjusted. Lifted. Balanced it in her palm like a fragile prize and brought it slowly up to eye level.

Inside, the reaction was instantaneous. Screaming, arms flailing, heads ducking. One man slapped the glass repeatedly, as if that might matter. Nancy tilted her head and watched them all, an amused smile tugging at her mouth.

"Well hey there," she said, her voice rich with mock hospitality. "Looks like we've got a full house."

And then she stood again, rising to her full height with the bus held aloft in one steady hand—still watching, still savoring, as the people inside lost what little composure they had left. Her eyes sparkled with something between curiosity and satisfaction.

Nancy turned the bus slowly in her hand, the silvery metal catching the sun as she tilted her wrist. It was maybe a foot long in her palm—about the size of a water bottle, if a little chunkier. Still, it spilled out past her fingers in both directions, like she'd scooped it up off a shelf and hadn't quite figured out where to put it. Not that it was a problem. Even now, it felt flimsy. Light.

She gave it the tiniest bounce, feeling the shell flex against her skin, and marveled—not at the object itself, but at what it said about her. The thing had wheels. Seats. Doors. It was a vessel built to carry people across states. Fifty of them, by the look of it, crammed tight into neat little rows, now frozen in wide-eyed horror behind shuddering rectangles of tinted glass. And she was holding it in one hand like it was a novelty thermos.

Nancy hummed softly to herself, lips curling.

"Well," she mused, eyeing the panic flitting through the windows. "There's gotta be what—fifty of you in there? That's something."

She adjusted her grip, cradling the bus gently and peering at the front end where the destination ticker flickered dimly in red block letters.

"Rockwell," she read aloud. "You're a long way from there."

A pause, then a smirk.

"Sorry to be the one to break it to you, but you're not making great time today. Highway's a little... jammed."

A beat passed.

"And yeah," she added, her grin widening, "I might've had something to do with that."

The screaming inside continued, muted by layers of metal and reinforced glass, but Nancy could feel it—a frantic energy radiating through the shell of the bus like a hive on high alert. Little shapes shifted, flailed, ducked into the aisles. One guy looked like he was about to pass out. Another clutched the headrest in front of him like it might save his life.

Nancy watched them with detached amusement. It wasn't cruelty, not really. She wasn't hurting anyone. But their reactions—so predictable, so frantic—were a kind of entertainment she hadn't known she'd enjoy.

"I know, I know," she said, amused. "You don't like being picked up. You feel helpless. Vulnerable. Well—"

She flipped the bus slowly again, rotating it. A few tiny objects clattered inside from the force—bottles, maybe a phone. A woman in the back row banged on the window, mouth open in a silent scream.

"But come on," Nancy continued, turning the bus upright again. "Let's be honest here. You can't really blame me."

Her tone dropped just enough to thrum through the air like a purr.

"I mean, look at you. You're practically asking for it. A whole bundle of you, all stacked up and polished and marked with a sign like a clearance sale."

She gave the bus a little tap with one finger. It rocked in her hand, jostling the passengers again.

"You sit there, conveniently sized, looking like a toy on a high shelf... and then act surprised when someone takes you down to see what's inside."

Nancy brought the bus closer and peered into the front row.

"I hate to break it to you," she said sweetly, "but that's just how the world works now. You're tiny. I'm curious. And frankly?"

Her smile deepened, casual and warm, like she was sharing a private joke with a friend.

"You're lucky I'm in a good mood."

Then she shifted her weight, lifting her chin as she studied the length of the bus again, one thumb brushing along the side like she was admiring the craftsmanship of a very expensive toy.

"It's wild," she added after a beat. "I used to ride these things. Sit way in the back. Window seat, if I was lucky. Now I can carry the whole damn line in one hand."

She exhaled through her nose, a soft puff of amusement, then looked down toward the highway, where the chaos continued to ripple outward from the point where she'd simply... stopped.

"Perspective's a hell of a thing," she murmured. Then, louder, addressing the passengers again: "But hey—at least you've got a story to tell when I set you down."

She paused.

"Assuming I do."

The muffled panic inside the bus was only getting louder. Shouts bounced off the walls, fists pounded against windows, and from somewhere toward the back, someone had started praying in a voice that might've been trembling or theatrical—or maybe both.

Nancy couldn't help but laugh, the sound soft but unmistakably rich with amusement. It rolled up from her chest like a purr.

"Alright, alright," she said, letting the bus rest flat across both palms now, like she was weighing a fruit at the market. "You can relax. I *am* gonna set you down. Eventually. I mean—what am I supposed to do with a bus?"

She paused, then tilted her head.

"...Although."

The word was light. Almost a hum. Her eyes drifted upward like she was half-listening to a new idea forming midair.

What was the harm in a little look?

She almost shook it off. Almost. But then she caught herself smiling, lips curling as the thought fully took shape. Why *shouldn't* she indulge herself? She wasn't hurting anyone. And she *had* been curious. And really, if they were going to scream that much from just being picked up, what difference did it make?

"You know," she said, more to herself than to the people in the bus, "I think I want a better look."

The tone shifted slightly. Not menacing. Just...wicked. Playful in that gently dangerous way that let you know she was about to do something bold and absolutely didn't need your permission.

Her fingers curled around the bus, not hard—just deliberate. Testing the shape. Getting a feel for its weight, or the lack of it. The whole thing was just a bit longer than her hand. It didn't weigh much more than a loaf of bread.

Nancy shifted her grip, slow and precise, pressing her thumb against one side of the roof and her forefinger against the other. She could feel it flex slightly, the subtle ripple of tension moving through the structure as if the bus itself had just realized what was about to happen.

She exhaled—long and steady—then applied pressure.

It didn't give at first. Not immediately. There was resistance, the kind you'd expect from industrial steel that had no business being tampered with by human fingers. But it wasn't built to withstand her.

The first sound was low and strained, a grinding moan of tension as the frame buckled under the focused force of her grip. Then came the pop. A clean crack at the seam line. The roof bent inward, right at the center.

Then, like peeling back the top of a stubborn can, Nancy pressed her thumb down and rolled her finger back. Metal warped and tore with a screech like nails dragging across sheet metal. Rivets popped. Screws gave way. The bus shuddered in her palm as the roof crumpled backward into her hand, curling like the edge of a candy wrapper.

Windows shattered along the seams, spiderwebbing into jagged lace before giving up completely and raining down in glittering shards onto the seats below. Inside, the chaos surged—tiny screams now un-muffled, a chorus of panic echoing up into the open air.

Nancy didn't flinch. She was careful, almost tender, controlling the motion with an elegance that belied the violence of it. Her fingers moved with surgeon-like calm, not just yanking but *managing* the destruction, peeling the top cleanly back like the lid of a sardine tin. A few warped support bars caught against her nail, then snapped with a clean, hollow *ping*.

A flap of ceiling dangled from her grip, trailing like the ragged peel of an orange.

People clung to seats, braced against the sudden brightness and the unfathomable face looming above them—blue eyes calm, mouth set in a grin that walked the fine line between fondness and glee.

"There we go," she said, flicking the discarded roof over her shoulder like it was a napkin. It spun end over end and landed with a distant *clang* somewhere behind her. "Much better."

She leaned in a little, peering down into the stripped-open bus like someone checking the inside of a gift box, her tone still light as air.

"Now we can all breathe."

Her breath washed over the rows of passengers, tousling hair and rattling loose paper. They ducked, trembled, froze in place.

Nancy lingered for a moment, her colossal frame casting a long shadow over the peeled-open bus as the little bodies inside scrambled and squirmed. Some clung to their seats, others huddled against the windows—or what was left of them. The interior had gone quiet for a beat, the kind of silence that only happens when people are too terrified to scream.

Nancy arched an eyebrow and let the corner of her mouth tick up in a half-smirk. "Oh, come on," she murmured down at them, her voice a warm, velvety rumble. "You don't have to be so jumpy. I told you I'm not going to hurt anyone, didn't I?" She adjusted her grip on the bus, cradling it gently in her palm like an oversized jewelry box. "You're all safe. I'm just... admiring."

There was a long, brittle pause.

Then, from somewhere near the middle of the stripped interior, a voice broke through the tension—a man's, sharp with fear and outrage.

"Then why haven't you set us down?!"

Nancy's eyes flicked to the source, and her smile spread with slow delight. She rolled her eyes, the movement exaggerated just enough to carry some flair.

"Because," she said simply, "I'm checking you out. Isn't that obvious?"

She tilted the bus a little, just enough to make a few passengers squeal and clutch at their armrests. It wasn't threatening. Not really. But it made her point.

Another shout followed. Same man, bolder now—probably emboldened by the crowd, or maybe just too scared to think straight.

"You have no right to do this!"

That made her laugh.

It wasn't loud or cruel, just a soft ripple of amusement that carried down through the breeze. "Oh, sweetheart," she said, "I really, really do." She lowered her hand

slightly, just enough to let the passengers look straight up into her face. "And do you know why?"

Silence.

She waited a beat.

"Because it's easy. Because I like it." A small shrug rolled through her shoulders. "And because—let's be honest here—there's nothing you can do to stop me."

There was a stunned quiet after that. Like the moment right after someone realizes the rules of the game have changed and no one remembered to bring the dice.

Nancy chuckled again, warm and breezy.

"Alright, alright," she said, drawing it out like she was humoring a sulking child. "You've been very patient toys—uh, passengers. I should probably get going. Harry's not going to find himself, and I can't let every shiny distraction keep me from my mission."

She crouched, lowering the bus carefully toward the roadside with a tenderness that felt almost comical coming from someone large enough to crush a minivan by accident. The mangled, topless bus settled gently onto the shoulder, tires bumping the asphalt as she let go.

"Here you go," she cooed, teasingly. "Back on solid ground. Try not to tip over this time."

She stood slowly, her golden skirt brushing against her thighs as she rose, towering once again over the scene.

A playful glance downward. "See? That wasn't so bad. You get a story, I get a smile. Everybody wins."

And with that, she turned—hips swaying with easy confidence—and resumed her path down the highway, her bare heels carving soft craters into the asphalt as she moved on, calm and content.

Nancy's strides slowed just a little as the road curved into a flatter stretch, the broken line of buildings on the horizon beginning to sharpen into detail. But her pace didn't falter—bare soles pressing down with easy certainty, her calves flexing with every slow, swaying step.

She gave her chest a casual glance, spotting the little swatch of Honey Parker wedged where she'd left her—nestled snugly between sun-warmed skin and shimmering tarp, arms crossed, jaw tight.

"You're awfully quiet down there," Nancy murmured, her voice as lazy and warm as the wind curling around her thighs. "Not even gonna comment on the bus? Thought for sure I'd get a lecture."

Honey's response was grudging. "It was... a moment."

Nancy's laugh was a velvet ripple. "A moment? That was my finest work all morning. A toy in the hand, fifty little screamers in my palm, and I didn't even smudge my lipstick." She gave her chest a gentle shake. "C'mon, admit it. You're impressed."

"I'm not *not* impressed," Honey muttered.

Nancy grinned. "That's what I thought." Her tone dipped into something sly. "Give it another mile and you'll be asking where to sign up."

Honey rolled her eyes—Nancy could practically *feel* it from her top—but she didn't argue. Not really.

"I mean, seriously," Nancy went on, stretching a little as the buildings started to thicken in the distance, "if you could have this? The size, the strength, the view? You'd be strutting, too."

Honey stayed quiet for a second too long.

Nancy smirked. "See? All it takes is a little hands-on experience. Changes your perspective, doesn't it?"

The wind picked up again as they crested a slight hill, revealing more of Benford just ahead—hazy outlines hardening into rooftops, street grids, neon signs still blinking uselessly in the midday sun. From here, the city looked quaint. Manageable. Like a diorama waiting to be gently rearranged.

"You ever think about it?" Nancy said. "A world made for us. Built around us. No compromises, no begging, no bullshit. Just you... calling the shots."

Honey didn't reply, she just mumbled. Nancy seemed content with the reaction.

She stopped, just before the road turned into suburbs. Ahead, the skyline broke into sharper focus—glass and steel glittering like someone had shaken glitter across the horizon.

"We're here," she said, voice low, satisfied.

Chapter 8

Nancy's feet padded rhythmically against the softened stretch of highway, her stride confident but unhurried. With every step, the skyline of Benford swelled a little larger, glass glinting in the midday light, rooftops clustering like kids waiting at a schoolyard fence. The city wasn't quite at her feet yet, but it was close enough to taste.

"City's in view," she murmured down to her chest, giving the faintest bounce of her hips, like a cheerleader warming up. "Hope you're enjoying the final stretch."

Honey mumbled something half-hearted in reply, her voice muffled by the warm folds of golden tarp and Nancy's skin. She sounded a little seasick, maybe a little travel-worn. A tiny little stowaway running out of adrenaline.

Nancy smiled and kept walking. But then, without warning, her hand swept inward—fingertips slipping into the crease of her top with a familiar ease. Honey let out a startled squeak as she was plucked up and out, her whole world tilting once again before she found herself safely cradled in a familiar palm.

"Whoa—hey!" Honey gasped, wind whipping at her hair as she blinked against the sun.

Nancy held her aloft at eye level, slowing her stride until she came to a complete stop, one hip tilted to the side as if she were settling in for a proper chat. "Easy," she said with a lopsided grin. "Just wanted to see you properly for a sec."

Honey adjusted her stance in the curve of Nancy's fingers, arms tensed for balance. "A little warning would've been nice."

Nancy tilted her head, amused. "Where's the fun in that?"

She let them sit in the silence for a second, the wind curling between them, the city sprawling out behind like a sandbox. Then Nancy's voice softened.

"You've been good company," she said, tone light but sincere. "Better than expected, honestly."

Honey winced, but Nancy wasn't sharp about it. Just... honest.

Nancy's gaze softened just a touch. "It's been fun. And... enlightening." She tilted her head, golden strands slipping across her brow. "But this is where our little road trip ends. I've got things to do, and I need both hands for the next part. I trust you'll find your way home from here."

Honey didn't speak immediately. Her mouth opened, closed again. Then, after a pause, her voice came small but steady. "So... that's it? You're putting me down. No retribution. No... crushing or whatever."

Nancy's brows lifted. "I *said* I'd let you go. Didn't believe me?"

"I didn't say that," Honey muttered.

Nancy's grin tilted, wicked but not unkind. "You thought it."

Another beat passed, and then Nancy added, more thoughtfully: "Y'know, I actually like you. More than I expected to like the bitch who was fucking my husband."

Honey flinched at the bluntness, but there wasn't venom in Nancy's tone. Just truth. Warmed over with the barest glaze of playfulness.

"Well..." Honey sighed. "You're also less of a loser than I thought. Stronger, anyway."

Nancy smirked. "That's only because I'm holding you two hundred feet in the air like a clutch purse."

A flicker of something passed between them. Not quite friendship. But something adjacent. Honest, at least.

Nancy looked down toward the road again, then back to Honey. Her voice dropped just slightly—still calm, still breezy, but with a heavier kind of weight behind it.

"You gave me what I needed. Told me what I needed to know about Harry. And the bonus track? Daddy dearest pulling strings behind the scenes. Very informative." Her fingers curled just a touch more around Honey, cradling with even more care.

"I'm glad you saw Harry for what he is," Nancy said finally.

Honey said nothing. Her eyes searched Nancy's, uncertain.

"I wanted to kill both of you," Nancy finally admitted, voice casual, almost conversational. "When I woke up after that stunt. I wanted to ball you up like a used tissue. But..." she shrugged slightly, the breeze tugging at her top again, "I don't know. I guess I feel sorry for you. A little. He played you too. Lied to both of us. That's what he does. It's his whole deal."

Honey finally whispered, "Wow."

Nancy nodded, arching a brow. "Don't let it go to your head. I still expect you not to bang any more husbands of mine."

Honey blinked. "You planning on getting remarried?"

Nancy smirked. "Not really. But it's the principle."

Honey was quiet for a long moment, watching the city swell behind Nancy like a movie set cranking into focus. The horizon shimmered with the heat of midday, skyscrapers like dominoes waiting for the first push. Finally, her tiny voice rose through the wind between Nancy's fingers.

"So... are you filing for divorce or planning on becoming a widow?"

Nancy let out a low, amused sound that rolled up from her chest like a lazy thunderclap. "Well, now look at you. Asking the real questions."

She tilted her head, lips quirking, eyes fixed playfully on the little woman balanced in her palm. "Truth is? I haven't made up my mind. Filing sounds neat and civilized, sure. But then again..." Her voice dropped, honey-smooth and edged with a wicked smile. "He did try to kill me. That sort of complicates the paperwork, don't you think?"

Honey's eyes flickered, her mouth pressing into a line. But she didn't argue.

Nancy's gaze drifted back toward the city, the glittering maze of Benford stretching ahead like a playground waiting to be tested. The silence that followed wasn't heavy. Just... full. A pause before something shifted.

"Well," Nancy said at last, her fingers loosening just a little around her passenger, "it's time."

Honey glanced up. "Be careful."

Nancy snorted softly through her nose. Not unkindly. Just... amused.

"Sweet of you," she murmured, crouching slowly with a rumble of shifting weight, her knees bending with easy control. "But I'm a few hundred feet tall. I'll be fine."

She brought her hand low to the ground, palm outstretched like a landing platform, fingers gently dipping into the dirt beside a dusty old gas station that looked like it hadn't seen a customer for twenty years. A wobbly neon sign flickered half-heartedly, reading "ICE" in pale blue light—a detail Nancy found mildly hilarious.

Honey stepped off carefully, her shoes crunching on the warm asphalt, her hair wild and windblown from her time nestled in divine cleavage. She turned just in time to see Nancy's hand withdraw, rising slowly back to her side like a drawbridge lifting.

Nancy stayed crouched for a moment longer, studying her. Then she smiled, slower this time, less teeth, more something else.

"I'll give Harry your regards," she said dryly.

"Nancy—" Honey's voice caught her by surprise. It stopped her halfway through rising.

Nancy's brows lifted. "Yeah?"

Honey hesitated. Then her chin lifted, and she met those sky-wide eyes with a calm she hadn't had twenty minutes ago. "Show them who you are."

Nancy blinked. For once, no joke came immediately. Then her smirk returned, easy, pleased, touched.

"Damn right I will."

She stood slowly—one leg, then the other, rising back to full height like some myth dusting off her shoulders. Her golden skirt flared with the motion, the breeze catching the hem like it was in awe of her too. The city shimmered ahead.

"I'll drop by Gainesville on the way back," she called down, voice warm with amusement. "Give you the full recap. Maybe even let you pick the next playlist."

Honey shook her head, smiling despite herself. "Just don't bring me back in your bra."

"No promises."

With a wink, Nancy turned—and strode toward Benford with purpose in her hips, power in her wake, and a story that was far from over.

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The first thing Honey felt was the ground.

It shivered beneath her shoes—not violently, not like an earthquake, but with a deep, rolling thud that settled into her bones. Nancy's footsteps. One, then another. Rhythmic. Steady. Like the heartbeat of something much, much bigger than the world was used to.

She looked down and saw the cracks where the pavement dipped, the heel-shaped impressions already pooling with dust. Just a few feet away, the asphalt had peeled like soft bread. It was surreal, standing here—normal-sized, at road level—watching the shape of a woman's footprint become a geological feature.

She turned her head and watched her go.

Nancy was already halfway down the next stretch of highway, moving fast without rushing, her golden skirt catching the breeze like a banner, her hair flicking behind

her in long, lazy arcs. The sway in her hips was almost hypnotic. Her bare legs cut through the air like pillars in motion. Every step sent a soft jolt through the gas station under Honey's feet, like the place itself was bracing for a second collapse.

She was beautiful. Massive and barefoot and terrifying, but beautiful. And somehow... centered. At ease in a way that Honey didn't think she'd ever seen in her before. Not when she was small. Not when she was flailing in that old life of hers.

Nancy wasn't flailing anymore.

The overpass came into view, and for a second, Honey assumed she'd stop. But Nancy didn't even blink—she just stepped right over it, clearing the whole thing in one unbroken stride, like it was a toy someone had left in the road. That sealed it. She wasn't adapting to the world. The world was adapting to her.

Honey swallowed, arms crossed over her chest, the air suddenly warm and still around her.

God, she had been so wrong about her.

Back in Gainesville, Nancy had been a mess. Screaming at the bank. Paranoid. Picking fights with shadows. Honey had seen her as pathetic. A joke of a woman who couldn't hold her husband, couldn't manage her life, couldn't hold herself together. And now?

Now she was *this*.

A goddess in sun-kissed skin and gold tarp, walking through cities like she was cutting through fog. Confident. Controlled. Unapologetically massive and in charge of everything around her.

And the worst part—the part Honey didn't know what to do with—was that she liked it.

No. She *envied* it.

That grace. That poise. That power, both physical and emotional. Nancy wasn't just *tall*. She was finally comfortable in her own damn skin. She didn't ask for permission anymore. Didn't shrink to make space for anyone. She *knew* who she was now, and she didn't give a damn if the world was ready for her.

Honey took a breath and shaded her eyes as Nancy became a blur against the skyline. Her heart felt weirdly full. Proud. Maybe even a little sad. Not because Nancy was leaving—but because, against all odds, she kind of wanted her to win now.

Harry didn't deserve her. Never did.

Honey smirked faintly. *Let him see what happens when a woman stops apologizing.*

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Nancy was in the city. Really in it now.

No more stretches of empty highway or scattered farm towns pretending to be something they weren't. This was Benford proper—the real thing. Taller buildings. Denser streets. More people. She could feel it in the air before she even saw them, like a shift in pressure. The city had weight. Movement. Presence.

Not that it showed itself right away.

The first few streets she stepped into were quiet. Too quiet. The kind of quiet that didn't mean calm but meant *evacuated*. Storefronts sat empty. Doors left swinging. A few lonely cars were abandoned at awkward angles across intersections, keys probably still in the ignition. Someone had ditched a food cart mid-turn; the umbrella had tipped and folded like a broken flower.

She wasn't surprised. They'd seen her coming. Of course they had.

She could feel them nearby, tucked out of sight—inside buildings, crouched behind blinds, scattered in the distance. The city hadn't emptied. It had pulled back. Held its breath. It was probably smart. And it worked for her. At least, so far.

Nancy walked slow, more out of consideration than need. Her footsteps fell with easy rhythm—soft for her size, but not exactly subtle. She didn't need to stomp to make the ground remember her. The pressure alone did the trick. Her heels left slight impressions in the blacktop, her footprints definite signs she'd been there.

Benford was definitely bigger than Gainesville. More vertical, more crowded. The buildings didn't shy away—they pressed in, close and angular, like they wanted to measure up. Some reached her mid-thigh. A few brushed the hem of her golden skirt. None of them reached her waist. Still, they made a decent attempt.

She passed a corner office building with mirrored windows and caught her reflection—just a piece of her, from skirt down. It looked strange, seeing herself cut off like that, like a snapshot of someone else's legs stretched too tall.

She glanced down at the street. A delivery van sat skewed on the curb. Her foot passed it easily. Not even as long as her arch. A few parking meters lined the sidewalk, heads barely reaching her ankle bone. One lamppost bent slightly in her wake, jostled by the breeze she dragged along with her.

She nudged it absently with her toe. It wobbled.

Nancy smiled.

She liked seeing the city from up here. There was something fascinating about it—this place designed for normal lives, suddenly folding around her presence like it had no choice. Rooftops caught her attention more than anything. She could see into courtyards. Balconies. The faded patterns of old patio furniture. A rooftop garden with tomatoes. The HVAC boxes.

It didn't feel like power, exactly. Not in the dramatic sense. It felt like... perspective. A different lens. The city was visible in a way it never had been before. Open. Touchable.

And yeah, very manageable.

Nancy turned a corner, letting her shadow stretch along the row of shops beside her. A café sign flapped against the wind, half-torn from its bracket. She stepped over it.

Nancy looked ahead again. The road narrowed slightly, framed by taller buildings. She was making good way into the metropolis. It was still a trek to Downtown, in any case. She adjusted her stride and let her hand brush her thigh as the breeze tugged lightly at her skirt.

The further Nancy walked, the clearer it became that the evacuation had been less orderly and more panicked scatter. Cars were abandoned mid-intersection, some with doors flung wide, others askew across lanes like their drivers had just flung themselves out and bolted. Sidewalks bore the occasional dropped bag or fallen coffee cup. A tipped-over bike rested beside a mailbox. The city hadn't shut down as much as it had... flinched.

She slowed her pace a little, not out of caution—she wasn't worried about herself—but to take it all in. The layout. The silence. The little clues that people had only just been here. Streetlights still changed for traffic that wasn't coming.

A flicker of motion drew her eye—tucked just inside a storefront alcove, two figures crouched low, barely breathing. Down the block, a man darted from a side alley and sprinted across the street. Nancy stopped moving entirely for a moment, watching him with a kind of distant curiosity. He made it, barely, his arms windmilling as he slipped on a storm drain and kept running.

Her gaze drifted down to the road ahead. More cars now. Not wrecked—just stalled and abandoned, clustered near curbs or stopped in the middle of crosswalks. She stepped between them easily, careful not to knock one with her toes. A white hatchback dipped visibly in its suspension as she passed, her footsteps sending little

shudders through its frame. The parked cars bounced and rocked from her passing like boats on choppy water.

She smiled. "I swear, I barely touched you."

Another few steps and she spotted them: more people. Not many, and none in the open, but tucked low in shadow, watching her. One behind a recycling bin. Another through the shattered window of a laundromat. Their faces were wide-eyed and very still. Nancy didn't wave, but she let her steps slow, deliberate, easing into each motion like a dancer lowering onto stage. It wasn't even about being polite, really. She just didn't want to step on anyone.

It wasn't hard to be careful. Not if she paid attention.

Her next step landed beside a navy blue sedan, her footfall sending a gust of hot air rolling outward that rattled a row of newspaper dispensers. The car shivered, its mirrors trembling. A lamppost wobbled against the breeze of her passing. And just beyond that—

Someone. A woman, maybe mid-thirties, had been crouched low beside a delivery bike, and hadn't had the chance to move. Nancy's heel hit the pavement just shy of her spot, and the resulting thud knocked her backward like a cardboard cutout in a wind tunnel. She hit the ground with a yelp, rolled once, and popped up to her feet like she didn't want to wait and see if she was still in one piece.

Nancy immediately crouched. One knee to the pavement, hand braced on the ground, her head lowered to the woman's level—not that there was any "level" between them, really.

"You good?" she asked, her voice calm but not without concern.

The woman took one look up, eyes darting along the sheer wall of golden skin and muscle now blocking out half the sky, then bolted. No words, just a panicked breath and the slap of soles on asphalt as she sprinted for a side door and vanished.

Nancy blinked. Then let out a low laugh. "I'll take that as a yes."

She stood again, dusting one hand on her thigh as she rose, casting a glance down the street before continuing on. Her pace picked back up—measured, smooth, aware.

Nancy didn't get more than three blocks further before the city's pulse started changing. There were more signs of the evacuation now—more cars left half-in, half-out of intersections, more shop doors yawning open, swinging faintly in the wind she stirred with every step. Her feet navigated the narrowing lanes with practiced ease, avoiding bumpers and traffic dividers that no longer served any purpose at all.

But the crowd density was shifting. It wasn't a stampede, not yet—but she was starting to feel the fringe. Faces in windows. Eyes peeking from alleys. The kind of background tension that buzzed just below the surface when people knew they couldn't outrun you, but still hadn't figured out what you were going to do.

Nancy had to slow again. Not just for the cars now, though they were a pain in themselves—angled weird, piled too close to curbs, some half-parked and half-panicked. But it was the people. There were more of them now. Not masses, not yet, but enough stragglers to make things dicey.

Too many chances for a mistake.

She paused mid-step once when a man bolted from between two sedans—straight across the lane where her foot was already coming down. She shifted in time. Just barely. The wind from her heel still knocked him flat on his ass and sent his backpack skidding into a mailbox.

Another block, and it was a woman—stupid enough to try hiding behind a traffic cone. Nancy's toes stopped a foot short. Literally. She adjusted again, one leg hovering midair for a breath longer than felt comfortable, her balance tight, her patience tighter.

Eventually, she stopped.

Hands on her hips, weight settling onto the pavement like a dropped anchor. The avenue rolled out in front of her, clogged with vehicles and shadows, and the occasional darting blur of someone trying to not get noticed and failing. The chaos was spreading. What used to be a trickle of evacuees was turning into noise. And the space she'd once moved through with casual grace? It was getting crowded. Dangerous.

She scanned the street, breathing slow, and let her eyes track a handful of people retreating into buildings and alleyways. Not screaming anymore—just moving fast, tight to the walls, heads down. Some of them froze when she looked their way.

The reaction. That look. She was getting used to it.

She'd seen it in Gainesville. On the highway. Over and over since this whole thing began. And here it was again: awe, fear, disbelief. As if her presence rewrote the rules of the world the second she appeared in the frame.

And maybe it did.

It hit her—not with force, but with weight. She was disruptive. Monumentally so. Just by being. Just by walking. Just by *existing*, she changed everything around her.

Whatever plans these people had for the day—they were gone now. Replaced by a single priority: *her*.

Nancy tried to imagine what it was like. To look up and see her approaching. To hear the street groan with her steps. To be so small that a part of her body could block out the sun.

She *tried* to picture it.

But it was harder now.

It had only been a few days. But she was already slipping out of that perspective. That version of herself—the small, careful one, watching everyone else's reactions before she made a move—it was fading. Becoming theoretical. She could remember *being* that woman, but she couldn't quite *feel* it anymore.

And honestly?

She didn't miss it.

She looked down. Not at anyone in particular, just... down. At the ground. The cars. The stray belongings. The vague signs of lives paused mid-breath. And it struck her, in a way that landed cold at first, then hot:

They didn't matter right now.

Not to the world. Not to the authorities. Not even to *her*. These people weren't in control of anything anymore. Their jobs, their routines, their daily tasks... irrelevant. Because a giant woman had shown up on an errand. Because Nancy wanted something. And that meant the rest of them had to deal with it.

She hadn't meant to ruin their day. But that didn't change the fact that she had.

And for a flicker of a moment, she felt sorry for them.

Because she knew what that felt like. To have no say. To be small. To have someone else's wants bulldoze over your own like they were a wrinkle in the carpet.

But she wasn't that person anymore.

Not today. Not again.

And god—it felt good. Good to be seen. Good to be felt. Good to *matter* so much that people stopped what they were doing because of her.

She deserved this. She'd put her needs aside for way too long. And she didn't owe the city anything for the privilege of walking through it.

They were lucky it was her, she then thought, trying to rationalize the situation. It could've been someone else. Someone cruel. Someone careless.

Someone like her cousin Vera. Someone like what she thought Honey Parker was before she got to know her better.

Nancy smirked and dropped her gaze to a few trembling onlookers clustered near a frozen bus bench.

"Could be worse," she called down, casual. "You got me."

And with that, she moved again—the people had used her pit stop to make a few more blocks available, so she was happy to move on, calmer, less concerned about what she was stepping into, enjoying her new perspective.

Then came the siren.

A sharp, unmistakable wail pierced the air—close this time. Nancy slowed, head tilting slightly as her gaze flicked toward the next intersection. And there it was: a black-and-white squad car pulling out, lights flashing like it was late to a Fourth of July parade. It screeched to a halt halfway through its turn—pointed squarely at her—and the doors popped open.

Two officers emerged. Young-ish. Tense. Definitely not SWAT. One gripped a megaphone with white-knuckled determination, the other clutched a sidearm like he'd never expected to actually use it.

Nancy came to a full stop.

She shifted her weight, widened her stance, and let her hands rest squarely on her hips. Her skirt rustled slightly in the breeze. She studied them—two tiny dots standing in the middle of the road like someone had dropped a pair of action figures at her feet. Her jaw tensed.

The last time someone pointed a weapon at her, things got ugly. Very ugly.

She inhaled slowly through her nose. Steady. Calm. This wasn't that. Not yet.

But still.

"Well," she murmured, eyes narrowing slightly. "We're doing this already?"

The loudspeaker crackled.

"ATTENTION, GIANT WOMAN," the officer barked, voice warbling with static and strain.

Nancy raised an eyebrow. One corner of her mouth tugged upward. "That's me," she called down. "But you can call me Nancy. Makes things a little more personal, don't you think?"

No answer. The cops didn't so much as flinch. One of them stepped forward a few feet—not close enough to be bold, just enough to make a show of it.

"You need to stop," the megaphone commanded.

Nancy blinked. "I am stopped."

"You're causing a disruption."

"I'm walking."

"You need to turn around. Move to the city edge. Await instructions."

She tilted her head and gave them a slow, teasing smirk. "Wait for instructions? Like a dog?"

The guns came up—not aimed, but lifted with that sudden, nervous twitch that always came before something worse.

Nancy's smile flattened.

"Do as commanded," one of them added. "We're authorized to use force."

Her amusement cooled. She drew in a slow breath, shoulders tightening just a bit. Her eyes flicked down to their trembling little forms, then to the guns, then back to their faces.

"Oh, are we playing that game?" she said softly. Her voice was low, steady, unmistakably amused. But behind it, something shifted. A new edge. That quiet note of steel threading its way through silk.

Nancy stood there, hands still resting on her hips, eyes fixed calmly on the two uniformed specks barking orders from the street like they had even the faintest control of the situation.

She didn't sigh. She didn't frown. But inside, a simple truth settled in her chest like a weight she didn't feel the need to lift.

There was no version of this where everyone was happy.

No ending where the little people clapped and cheered and thanked her for doing what she came to do. She could play gentle, she could sidestep and tiptoe and throw on a smile, but in the end? She was still going to get what she wanted. And right now, what she wanted was Harry.

The cops? The crowd? The whole damn city could throw a fit if they liked.

She would still have him.

Nancy narrowed her eyes slightly and let her voice drift down—clear, steady, just loud enough to reach them without strain. “I’m not here to sightsee,” she said. “At least not only. I’m here for someone. Downtown. I’m not stopping until I find him. And you two?” She let her gaze flick across them with casual dismissal. “You’re not even speedbumps.”

That landed. She could see it. The twitch of a hand on a holster. The slight lean of the megaphone cop’s body, like he was bracing for the world to shift under him.

Nancy’s smile returned—but there was nothing soft about it now. Just cold amusement, the kind that comes from knowing you hold every card. “I’m being civil,” she added, her voice dipping lower. “I’m standing still. I’m explaining myself. And I’m giving you both the chance to not be idiots.”

She lifted her chin slightly, letting the full weight of her presence settle over the street like a blanket of pressure. “But I’m not a very patient woman. So I’d really encourage you,” she said slowly, “to get the fuck out of my way.”

The cop with the megaphone flinched.

His partner’s grip tightened on the gun. The threat was unspoken, but alive in every trembling muscle, every white-knuckled grip, every forced breath through clenched teeth.

“Do not take another step!” the loudspeaker barked, voice cracking under the strain of trying to sound like authority.

Nancy tilted her head. “Or what?”

And then—she stepped forward.

Not fast. Not aggressive. Just one long, confident stride that set the earth beneath her toes to groaning and crumbling. The road cracked, the echo of her bare foot landing rolled through the block like a slow quake. A fresh footprint was stamped deep into the pavement.

She smiled down at them, the beginnings of a grin tugging at her mouth. Oh, she was winning this. You could feel it in the air—how the bluff was breaking, how their posturing was starting to fold under her sheer size and certainty.

She stepped again, her other foot coming forward to match the first, closing the distance with all the poise of a dancer in an empty ballroom.

Then came the snap.

A beat of silence—pure, electric stillness—and then the crack of gunfire tore it apart.

Muzzles flared. Tiny flashes of heat and light erupted from their weapons, followed instantly by the brittle staccato of bullets slapping into skin they couldn't break.

Nancy felt them—tiny impacts on her calves, like being pelted with sand, like mosquito bites after a hot day. They didn't hurt. Not really. But they *registered*. Sharp. Annoying. Infuriating in the way a buzzing insect keeps coming back no matter how many times you swat it.

She flinched—barely. Her posture didn't change. But the smile did. The grin vanished.

The shots stopped. That sharp, barking rhythm of six rounds each gave way to something quieter. A hollow click. Then another. Dry, useless.

Nancy didn't move at first.

She stood there, towering over the scene, her breath shallow and controlled, eyes locked on the two men still holding their twitching weapons like they might conjure a seventh shot by willpower alone.

The sting lingered—twelve little pinpricks dotting her legs. A few had hit her thighs. One near her hip. Most landed on her calves, striking like hail on a windshield. Harmless. But not painless. Irritating. Infuriating.

Her jaw clenched, her voice coming low and sharp like a blade dragged across granite.

"You fucking shot me."

The words weren't loud. But they didn't need to be.

The officers flinched. One of them actually dropped the gun—now just a useless hunk of metal clattering onto pavement.

Nancy's gaze sharpened, narrowing into something that burned colder than rage. "You tiny fucking bastards."

And then she moved.

Her hands came down from her hips.

And with a shift of her weight, she stepped forward—not slow, not theatrical. Hard. Deliberate. Her heel hit the pavement like a wrecking ball, sending cracks spidering through the asphalt and kicking a fresh wave of panic down the block. The second step came fast, closing the distance, the sound of it like thunder erupting from the ground itself.

The cops finally broke.

They ran. Or tried to.

Nancy's lip curled in something that might've been a snarl if it wasn't so deeply amused. She took another step, relishing the way it sent one of them stumbling to his knees. Then another, long and loping.

The fifth step rose.

Her foot hovered above them—blocking the sky, blotting out the light, her shadow stretching like a dome. Below, the two men screamed—one shrieking, the other still fumbling like he could crawl his way through a sidewalk crack and vanish.

Nancy paused, letting her foot hang there. Feeling it. The balance. The weight.

The memory of those stings flashed across her calves.

And then she brought it down.

The squad car crumpled beneath her sole with a sound like thunder wrapped in tinfoil. The siren was silenced in an instant, crushed into its own echo. Glass exploded outward. Steel folded. Tires burst in soft, frantic pops. And her foot didn't stop at the metal—it pushed through it, deep into the pavement below, molding the car like clay, leaving behind a crater that was far larger than the vehicle had ever been.

The two officers were flung like rag dolls. One bounced off the street and rolled into a mailbox. The other tumbled across the hood of a nearby sedan, limbs flailing.

Nancy didn't stop.

With smooth, practiced ease, she crouched—this time not with her usual grace. Her fingers moved quick and direct, snatching each cop off the ground like litter. One she pinched by the back of his vest, holding him like a broken toy. The other she plucked between thumb and forefinger with a little less care than she normally used, letting him dangle for a second before dropping him into her palm alongside his partner.

They landed in a heap.

She stood again, looming even taller now that she wasn't moving, the weight of her presence settling over them like a tidal wave frozen mid-crash. The street groaned beneath her bare feet, the car-shaped imprint behind her still smoking slightly from the friction of her step.

Nancy stared down at the pair of two-inch idiots squirming in her palm, her fingers curling just slightly at the edges, like she was debating how much pressure it would take to fold her hand into a fist and end the conversation entirely. They were

shrieking—one louder than the other—tiny arms flailing, legs slipping over the slope of her skin as they tried to find their position on the living landscape they were on.

Her eyes narrowed. “I should pop you both like grapes.”

That shut them up real fast.

Then came the squeals. “No! No, please—!”

Nancy tilted her head, watching the way they trembled, how one of them actually tried to scoot further into her hand like that would help.

And just like that, something clicked.

They tried to hurt her. They fired twelve rounds straight into her skin, and they got nothing for it. No blood. No bruise. Just a pissed-off woman with a skyline behind her and their asses in her hand. They were helpless. She was... not.

The power wasn't new. But this kind of power? That *realization*? It was something else. She exhaled through her nose, her voice still low, still pissed, but colder now. More focused.

“Tell me why I shouldn't,” she said, flexing her fingers just enough to make them roll toward the center of her palm. “You shot me. For what, walking?”

One of the cops choked out a desperate plea. “We—we didn't hurt you!”

Nancy blinked once, slowly. Her lips parted just enough for the corner of her mouth to twitch.

“No. You didn't,” she said. “You shot a woman the size of a redwood tree with peashooters. What did you think was gonna happen, huh? That I'd say ‘ow’ and turn myself in?”

They didn't answer. They were too busy shivering.

Her voice dipped into a sweeter, more dangerous register. “You still *tried*. That's the part I can't get over. You looked up at me—at all *this*—and thought, ‘yeah, let's poke the mountain with a stick.’ Real bright.”

She leaned in slightly, letting her breath wash over them like a warm gust. “Now imagine if I tried something. Just for fun. I don't think you'd bounce quite as well as I did.”

She closed her finger a bit more, not enough to be any danger, just enough to make them squeal again.

“Pretty sure I'd be a little more effective.” Her smirk returned—wicked, lazy, curling at the edges like she'd just found the punchline to a very, very dark joke.

She let that sit in the air, heavy and certain, before lifting them just a little higher toward her face.

"Now... tell me why I should let you walk away."

They didn't answer.

Not at first. Just a couple of twitching, panting wrecks tangled in the folds of her palm, their little eyes locked on her face like it was the last thing they'd ever see. Which, if she wanted it to be, it could've been. That was new. That knowing. The math had shifted.

She felt it—not just in their fear, but in the aftermath. No bruises. No cuts. No blood. Not even a sting worth scratching. She'd expected that. She'd hoped for it. But now she *knew*.

Guns couldn't hurt her. Not these, anyway. Not at this size. Missiles? Who knew. But a couple of jittery cops with sidearms? Not even close.

And that made this moment even more important. She'd already felt it—the weight of it—*before* the shots were fired. But now that they had? Now that she was holding the aftermath like a pair of action figures? This wasn't just a moment. This was a rule being written.

The rules needed to come from her.

One of the men whimpered something. "Please..." —a breathless prayer into the humid air of her hand.

Nancy shifted her grip slightly, not to squeeze but to *gather* them—two little paperweights cradled together in the wide arc of her palm. She brought them a little closer, not too close, just enough to really *see* them.

Her voice, when it came, was soft. Conversational. Not exactly kind.

"I'm big," she said, and let it settle.

They flinched like it was a threat, which amused her. But she kept her tone even. "I know that sounds obvious. But I don't think you've really gotten it yet."

They didn't speak. She didn't expect them to.

"I don't just mean tall," she went on. "I don't just mean I dwarf buildings. I mean you—" she gave them a slight upward bounce in her palm, making one yelp, "—you can't hurt me. You tried. You emptied your weapons into my legs. And I'm still standing here, very much annoyed, but not even scratched."

One of them shook his head, either in disbelief or protest—it didn't matter.

She exhaled slowly, her voice tightening at the edges. "Do you know what I used to be? Before all this?" She didn't wait for an answer. "Small. Not just in size. In presence. In priority. I'd let people talk over me, let people ignore me, let people put their crap on my shoulders because it was easier than making noise. But that version of me?" Her head tilted slightly. "She's not here anymore."

The cop on the right let out a tiny sound—half sob, half breath.

"I've tried to keep things gentle. I've *wanted* to be civil. I've stepped carefully. I've watched out for people that were the size of marbles. But let's be clear: that was *my* choice. Not an obligation. Not a rule. Just a preference."

She leaned in, the city sprawling out behind her, the midday sun warming her shoulders.

"And no two-inch-tall man with a badge and a bad aim is going to dictate how this goes. I will."

Her fingers curled just slightly again. Not threatening. Just tight enough to make them sweat. "It's up to me whether this stays nice. And right now? You two aren't making it easy."

They swallowed in unison. One's mouth opened. Nothing came out.

Nancy let the silence stretch. Let them sit in it.

"Now... I don't want to be shot at again. Doesn't matter how pointless it is. Doesn't matter that it tickles." Her eyes darkened just a shade. "I *don't* like it."

Another pause.

"So." Her tone was calm. Measured. Sharp as a scalpel.

"Should I make an example out of you?"

One of them—maybe the one with the megaphone, maybe not, they were both such squirming little wrecks—managed to find his voice. Sort of.

"Please... don't kill us..."

Nancy sighed. Not loud. Just one of those long, tired exhales that came from deep in the chest. Like she'd just been asked to repeat herself for the fifth time in a meeting.

For a second, everything held still. The breeze tugged at her hair. A distant siren wailed, useless and irrelevant. The little men in her hand froze, waiting for judgment. Nancy didn't blink.

"I won't," she said finally, voice low and level.

The tension in her palm didn't vanish, but it shifted. From all-out panic to a more manageable, twitchy terror. Baby steps.

She eyed them, her fingers still curved just enough to keep them penned in like little rodents in a teacup. "But let's not pretend that wasn't on the table."

Their faces were pale, damp with sweat. She let her gaze linger, narrowing slightly. "So," she asked, "what did we learn?"

They stared up at her, mouths slack.

"I said—what. Did. We. Learn?"

They jolted at her voice, and she had to suppress a smirk. God, just the tone was enough to make their knees knock. She didn't even need to squeeze.

"I—I won't shoot you again," one of them stammered, nodding so fast she thought his head might come off.

Nancy gave a small, cold laugh. "That goes without saying."

The other one chimed in, tripping over his own tongue. "We'll—we'll do what you say."

Now that... that one hit different. Nancy's lips curled slowly into a smile. It wasn't sweet.

"Good," she said. "Let this be a lesson."

And with that, she crouched slightly, tilted her palm, and unceremoniously dropped the pair onto the roof of a squat office building. Not high enough to break anything—but definitely high enough to bounce.

They hit the gravel hard and rolled, limbs flailing. One groaned. The other just lay there, staring up at the sky like it had betrayed him.

Nancy leaned forward, casting their rooftop into shadow, her expression unreadable but far from gentle.

"Tell your buddies," she said, voice calm and absolute. "Don't mess with me."

She let her eyes linger on them a moment longer.

"You two got off easy. I mean that. I get shot at again?" Her voice dropped to a slow, precise edge. "Next time, I don't hold back."

Her stare held them like a spotlight. "Understand?"

They both nodded, frantic.

Nancy straightened again, brushing her hands together like she'd just tossed away something disposable. The building groaned faintly beneath her shifting weight.

Without another glance, she turned and resumed her stroll.

The building was behind her in no time, and so were the two little stains on her mood. The avenue ahead unfurled in a neat, empty stretch. She didn't have to watch her feet for now. No people dashing across the street. No whispers behind alley corners. Just her and a few lazy city blocks that'd had the good sense to clear out while she finished dealing with the cops.

Nancy smiled. Not the teasing one she used when she was playing nice—something smaller. Personal. The kind of smile you wear when you realize the game is yours, and everyone else is just trying not to get benched.

That could've gone worse.

Getting shot hadn't exactly been a highlight, but in the grand scheme? Not bad. She hadn't lost control. She hadn't gone nuclear. And she got to send a message—the right kind. Not hysterical. Not vindictive. Just... final. She walked away with the high ground and two little messengers who'd be pissing themselves every time someone said her name on the radio. A win, all things considered.

And more than that—deeper than the smirk, deeper than the bruiseless skin and the glass she hadn't stepped in—was the realization curling warm in her chest.

She was in charge.

Of the damn city.

For once, everyone else was reacting to her.

Not the other way around.

It wasn't just empowering. It was clarifying. The shootout hadn't been a detour—it was proof. The moment that turned the maybes into facts. The moment she stopped hoping for control and realized she already had it.

She hoped they understood that now. The little men with their guns and the bigger ones hiding behind curtains. That she wasn't bluffing. That this wasn't temporary. Because if they didn't...

Nancy exhaled—slow, even—her lips pressing into a line.

Yeah. If they didn't, she'd have to make good on everything she said. And next time, it wouldn't just be words.

And she could. God, she really could.

The darker thought had slipped through, uninvited but not unwelcome.

Chapter 9

Honey stepped lightly over the scattered remnants of the highway wreckage, arms folded tight, boots skimming the cracked asphalt as she threaded past the stalled-out stream of metal corpses that used to be cars. They stretched for miles—silent, lifeless, most with doors hanging open and glove compartments ransacked like someone had expected the rapture and wanted to take their insurance card with them.

And then came the craters.

The first one made her stop.

The second made her stare.

They weren't potholes. They weren't sinkholes. These were *footprints*. One after another. Indentations in the road big enough to swallow a tour bus, the grooves still fresh, the edges still crumbling inward like the pavement hadn't accepted the trauma yet. You could still see the ridges of Nancy's heel, the shape of her toes pressed into the concrete like the world was wet clay under her.

She stood next to one, for a moment. Just stood there. Her entire body, from boot to windblown scalp, would fit comfortably inside the hollow curve of Nancy's arch.

God.

She tilted her head, looking up the road, where more of those impossible craters marched into the horizon.

Honey let out a slow breath and pressed her lips together.

She'd been so wrong. About her. About everything.

She thought Nancy was weak. Melodramatic. A paranoid mess with too many opinions and not enough self-awareness. And maybe once she was. But that woman was gone now. Replaced by something sharp and strange and impossible. And still, *still*—after everything—*she'd let her go*.

Harry hadn't done that.

Harry hadn't fought for her. Hadn't protected her. Hadn't *cared*.

He'd tossed her to the wind the second things got hard. Left her literally hanging in a giant hand like she was some loose end he didn't want to deal with. And it wasn't him who spared her.

It was Nancy.

The same woman he said was unstable, hysterical, pathetic. The same woman who'd grown past him so hard and so fast that he was practically in her rearview mirror now—if she even bothered to look.

Honey smiled to herself. Tight. Wry.

"Go get him," she whispered.

She walked on.

The highway wasn't completely deserted. Up ahead, a cluster of emergency workers in yellow vests and tactical boots were hacking their way through the blockage—trying to create a usable lane to get ambulances through, or maybe just a way for all the poor bastards stuck here to finally turn around. The air buzzed with clipped radios and the occasional bark of a supervisor trying to move a semi without tipping it into a ditch.

Honey kept her head down. She could've approached the first responders, told them who she was—maybe even got a lift. But the last thing she wanted was to end up in a tent full of black suits and white coats, explaining how it felt to ride shotgun in the cleavage of the woman who had the world's attention. No thanks.

Instead, she strolled up to a distracted-looking officer directing foot traffic around a collapsed lane divider and gave him her best not-bothered smile.

"Hey. What's the best way to get back to Gainesville?"

The cop blinked, surprised someone was speaking like a tourist.

"Uh, best bet's the highway, obviously—but it's gridlocked for at least five miles. We're trying to clear one lane through. Could be a few hours."

She nodded, biting her lip. "I'll walk it."

His brow creased. "You sure?"

She gave a one-shoulder shrug, eyes glinting. "I've come from farther."

He didn't get it. Not even a flicker.

Which was probably for the best.

A beat passed. Then curiosity itched her tongue.

"You know anything about the, uh... giant woman?"

That got a reaction. The officer straightened slightly, eyes darting toward the skyline like she might crest the horizon at any second. "She's in the East Side. Three miles

into the city. Moving fast. They said it was mostly empty over there, but..." He shook his head. "She's heading downtown. Fast. And we haven't been able to hold her."

Honey leaned in a little, just enough to let her neckline shift. The cop noticed. And loosened.

"Any... casualties?"

He hesitated. Then, more quietly: "Not that we've confirmed. Damage, obviously. But no fatalities. Not yet."

Honey felt her chest expand, just a little.

She nodded again, stepping back.

"Thanks," she said.

And then she kept walking—past the barricades, past the wreckage, past the people trying to hold back a storm they didn't understand.

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The city was stretching now. Not just wider—taller.

It crept up on her gradually, one block at a time. The squat little shops and corner diners faded behind her, replaced by clean glass fronts and brushed metal signs, then by full-grown office towers. They weren't skyscrapers, not really—not the kind that made her crane her neck—but they were trying. Three stories became five. Five became ten. Before long, the buildings were crawling past her waistline, and some of the bolder ones were pushing higher, brushing the curve of her ribs or disappearing somewhere beneath the flare of her breasts.

She walked slower to take it in.

The height didn't bother her. It didn't make her feel small—not even close. But it was a change. A different flavor of city. Like the streets had pulled on their grown-up clothes, trying to impress her. And maybe they were. These were the business districts, she guessed—cleaner lines, fewer neon signs, less personality. But bigger, for sure. The scale felt more serious. More deliberate.

Still not her size, though. Not even close.

A pair of twin towers flanked the avenue ahead, maybe fifteen stories each, with sleek mirrored windows and rooftop terraces that barely brushed the underside of

her bust. One had a flag fluttering right near her shoulder. She passed it, the wind of her movement making it wave violently.

She turned a corner and found herself face to face with a slab of concrete and glass—an older building, a little grimy around the edges, all boxy architecture and faded signage. It had that late-80s “we ran out of budget” kind of style, with dark windows and a blocky profile, more function than form. Still, it stood proud, stubbornly poking just above her shoulders like it had something to prove.

Nancy paused, one hand settling lazily on her hip.

Wait a second.

Had she... not looked inside a building yet?

Seriously?

She stood there, blinking once, then twice, and the thought just rattled through her like a slow marble: I’ve been strutting around this city for blocks and haven’t looked into a single goddamn building. What the hell have I been doing?

Her smirk curled. She stepped in.

With the soft scrape of skin against steel, she leaned forward, bracing one hand lightly against the side of the building, the other hanging loose. Her torso tilted low, golden tarp brushing the wind, hair drifting past the top floors. She squinted, eyes narrowing as she brought her face in close—really close—until her breath fogged the glass.

There they were.

Top floor. Open office. Cubicles in a neat little grid, papered with sticky notes and dry erase boards, half a dozen screens blinking in standby mode. And people. Dozens of them. Frozen in place like she’d paused their scene. A woman in a pantsuit had both hands on her laptop. A man was standing by the coffee machine. Two interns were mid-conversation, one of them with a bagel halfway to their mouth.

Then they saw her.

The reaction was... everything.

It started small—one gasp, one twitch—and then rolled like a domino effect across the floor. People ducked. Dived. Scrambled. Chairs clattered. Coffee spilled. One guy threw his entire sandwich. Someone tried to crawl under a desk but got stuck halfway. Phones dropped. Headsets flew.

Nancy grinned wide, eyes lit like floodlamps behind the glass.

“Well, hello in there,” she murmured, letting her breath fog the window again, playful and low.

Inside, chaos.

She stayed like that for a while. Not moving. Not tapping the glass. Just watching. Eyes following the jittery movements of tiny, suit-clad people trying to decide whether to hide or freeze or collapse into full-blown panic. And the best part? None of them could look away. They kept glancing up—at her enormous eye, her looming grin, the sway of her hair against the windows like some golden curtain teasing the apocalypse.

The whole thing really did look like a dollhouse.

Tiny cubicles. Little chairs. The perfect little frozen diorama of corporate life, all shrink-wrapped and panicked just for her.

Nancy leaned in a fraction more, her eyes dancing from face to face like she was scanning shelves in a bakery. Then she smirked and tilted her head.

She lingered.

She shouldn’t have, probably. Should’ve turned and kept moving. But something about the scene held her there—the little office rats skittering around inside their Plexiglas terrarium, scrambling like she’d tipped the whole thing off a table.

She watched one woman try to wedge herself behind a file cabinet. A man in a loosened tie ran in three separate directions before giving up and crawling under his desk. Someone had knocked over a water cooler. Water pooled across the carpet like a slow-blooming bruise.

God, it was adorable.

Nancy’s smile deepened. She hadn’t thought about dollhouses in years—not since she was a kid, sitting on her bedroom floor with a plastic dream home and a dozen snap-limbed little women in pencil skirts and permanent smiles. She used to narrate their whole lives. Morning meetings. Scandals. Power lunches. Once, she made one of them quit the firm to become a skydiving instructor. She gave the figurine a cape and called her Debra the Unafraid.

But her dolls had never screamed.

Her dolls hadn’t flung coffee mugs at the ceiling or collapsed into panicked prayer beneath their desks.

This was... different.

Real.

She was just about to push off and leave them to their reassembly when a thought curled up from somewhere low and impulsive.

You always loved playing with your dollhouse.

Nancy blinked. Her expression didn't shift, but something in her eyes turned.

She exhaled through her nose. Tried to shake it off. She was just here for Harry. This wasn't part of the plan. This wasn't—

But really, what harm could it do?

She wasn't going to hurt anyone. Not seriously. Not if they played smart.

And come on. She'd been shot at.

They didn't get to complain.

Nancy leaned back in, her face inches from the glass. She let her voice lower to something warm and sweet and absolutely not reassuring.

"Okay," she said softly, tapping one perfectly shaped nail against the window. "I'm gonna need everyone to step back from the glass now."

She waited a beat.

"Please."

The word didn't help. If anything, it made the scrambling worse.

"That's better," she added, as some of them actually obeyed, crowding toward the center of the floor. "Don't be too scared. I'm not mad. I just want to... interact a little."

Nancy brought up one hand, her index finger extended.

And with a crisp *pop*, she jabbed it straight into the side of the building.

The window shattered. Glass sprayed in a burst of sparkle, immediately swept aside as her finger pushed deeper. Then came the second finger. Together, they pinched forward, then dragged.

She didn't gouge. She *peeled*—like carving a strip from a sponge cake. Steel, plaster, drywall, insulation—all of it torn aside in one casual motion, leaving a yawning, ragged scar across the top floor. Desks collapsed. Cabinets tipped. Ceiling panels swung loose like dead leaves in a storm.

Nancy leaned in again, eyes gleaming, her smile a notch more toothy now.

The screams hit her full force this time—no more glass to muffle the chaos. Shouts. Pleas. The sharp clatter of collapsing infrastructure.

She tilted her head.

"Anybody get hurt?" she asked, almost gently.

No one answered.

Nancy didn't really expect them to. Between the shattered wall, the fresh gusts of air flooding into the office, and the giant woman peering inside like she was checking on her soufflé, there wasn't exactly a line forming to volunteer. Screams rose and fell like sirens. Some people bolted for the stairwell. A few just curled into corners, hoping she'd look somewhere else.

She didn't.

Nancy reached in again.

This time, she wasn't hunting for anyone. Not yet. Her fingers moved through the wreckage with surprising care, nudging aside a broken chair and peeling back a chunk of wall that had flopped inward like melted cardboard. Her hand disappeared for a moment—just wrist-deep—and emerged holding something small, boxy, and weirdly dignified.

A desk.

She turned it over in her palm. Neat little drawers. A plastic cup still wedged into a corner. A paperweight the size of a pinky nail. She tilted it slightly and watched a stapler slide off and land beside her thumb.

Then came the chair. Then a filing cabinet. One by one, she deposited them in the curve of her hand, stacking them like they were part of some bizarre interior design sampler.

"God," she murmured, more to herself than the office. "These are so detailed."

Her eyes sparkled with something between wonder and dry amusement.

"Seriously. I used to have a dollhouse. But this—this is next level."

That earned a new spike of panic from inside the ruined floor.

Nancy rolled her eyes and held up her free hand in mock surrender.

"Okay, okay. Don't get all *offended*. I know you're not dolls." Her voice softened—playful, teasing. "You're so much better."

She lowered her hand, desk still resting in her palm, and leaned back toward the open floor.

"That just means I get to play with you *for real*."

Gasps. Screams. One poor soul dropped his phone while trying to film her and tripped over his coworker's bag.

Nancy let the tiny furniture tumble from her hand, one piece at a time. First the desk, then the chair, then the cabinet—all clattering down to the street far below like toys tossed from a playroom window. They broke apart on impact in satisfying little bursts of splinters and bent metal. She grinned.

"You won't be needing those," she said to no one in particular, brushing her hand off on the side of her thigh.

Then she turned her attention back to the open scar she'd carved into the building. The interior was still chaos—people scrambling for stairwells, ducking behind overturned desks, slipping in piles of papers that hadn't yet fluttered out the new hole in the wall. And in the middle of it all, Nancy's shadow loomed across the floor like a goddamn sundial.

"Well," she muttered, more amused than apologetic. "Let's get some faces."

Her fingers moved quickly—two fingertips slipping through the shattered edge and plucking up a pair of employees with clean precision. The moment she pinched them, the whole room lit up with fresh panic. Screams erupted. A woman near the back threw her tablet. Someone actually dove under a coffee table.

Nancy raised the tiny duo into the light and couldn't help but smirk down at the rest.

"Oh, relax," she called in that sugar-and-ice voice. "You'll get your turn."

That didn't help.

She turned her attention back to her catches, tilting her hand and letting the two specks roll gently into her palm. They landed in a flustered heap—one in a wrinkled blouse, the other in business slacks and terror.

She straightened up, the sun glinting off her skin, the breeze catching the hem of her skirt as she studied them with mild curiosity.

"So," she said, brushing a speck of lint from the edge of her thumb, "what do we do here, exactly?"

The man gulped. "Uh... insurance."

The woman nodded furiously. "Claims and risk evaluation. Mostly commercial accounts."

Nancy blinked. Then made a face like she'd just licked a battery.

"Wow. Riveting."

She glanced back at the hole in the building, where several heads were still peeking just above the jagged edge.

"Alright. Let's try something with a little more flair." Her gaze returned to her palm, eyes narrowing with casual mischief. "How about we spice up the workday? Little impromptu roleplay."

The man looked like he might throw up. The woman didn't look far behind.

"Don't worry," she added sweetly. "I play nice with my toys."

Nancy stood still for a moment, palm half-raised, the breeze teasing her hair as the two figures inside her hand twitched and flinched with every breath she took. They were trying to compose themselves, but failing—every inch of skin contact with her had them on the edge of collapse.

She looked at them. Then past them. To the chaos inside the office floor, the movement of tiny bodies scrambling for shelter that wouldn't help them. All those desks flipped like dominos. The sharp edges of broken glass still glittering across the carpet. The ripped steel curled like torn ribbon.

She knew what this looked like. She knew how this felt—from down there, from the other side of the power curve. And yeah... she was being a bit of a bully. She could admit that. This wasn't graceful. It wasn't restrained. It wasn't "goddess-of-merciful-dawn" material.

But she wasn't hurting them. She was playing. Teasing. Letting off steam. After everything she'd been through, was it really so wrong to enjoy herself for five goddamn minutes?

She was still a nice person. Hell, she was probably the nicest person they could've hoped for, given the situation. She wasn't here to burn the city down or stomp out civilization. She was here for Harry. And in the meantime? She wanted to indulge. Just a little. A nibble of power. A taste of control. After a lifetime of being small in all the ways that mattered, she deserved it.

She smiled, lips curling with slow delight, and turned her gaze back to the exposed office floor. A sea of desks and disarray, with its little sea creatures scrambling for cover.

"So," she said lightly, "anyone in the mood for a game?"

That landed like a brick tossed into a fishbowl. Screams erupted again—some shouted for help, others just ran, scattering toward exits like it might help. A few froze, eyes wide and unblinking. One woman actually screamed "What is happening?" like the city hadn't already been screaming the answer since noon.

Nancy tilted her head. "No? Well. That's too bad." She gave her palm a small bounce, just enough to make the two office workers jostle. "You don't really get a say."

She could see them now—where they were headed. The surge toward the stairwell. The nervous cluster around the elevators. Flight paths forming in real-time.

She sighed.

"Okay," she said gently, with a sharpness hiding just beneath the calm. "No one needs to run. Really. This is the good part."

Her hand rose again.

It moved with deceptive ease—two fingers slipping inward, curling at the knuckle, and then punching clean through the stairwell wall. Concrete and steel split like wet plaster. A cloud of dust burst into the air as the upper landings collapsed. She didn't even glance down to check.

Then her fingertip hooked the doors of the elevator shaft—one, two, three in a row—and bent them inward like soft foil. The sound was like aluminum being torn off a soup can. Shrieks answered her. One guy tripped trying to turn around. Another just froze mid-step, halfway between decisions.

Nancy leaned back with a shrug.

"I asked nicely."

With a breath of amusement still curling at the edge of her smirk, she lowered her hand again, palm open.

"Alright, you two," she murmured, more to herself than the shivering bodies on her skin. "Let's set the stage."

She plucked the man first—thumb and forefinger closing gently around his shoulders like she was pulling a figurine from a shelf. Then the woman, squirming like a fish on a hook but no less helpless. They made little noises, too faint to parse. She didn't mind. She'd heard enough whining for the day.

She placed them delicately onto the ravaged office floor—just inside the torn-open edge, near the water cooler that was now leaning slightly to one side. The floor around them was uneven, littered with debris and errant papers, but Nancy made sure they were steady. She even nudged a chunk of plaster aside with her pinky.

"There we go," she said, voice warm and coaxing as she hovered overhead. "Right next to the cooler. Nice and easy."

The man looked like he wanted to run. The woman did take a half-step back.

Nancy's fingers twitched.

"I said *next to it*."

They obeyed.

She smiled again, eyes gleaming with that unshakable calm—the kind of calm that came from being the one setting the rules.

"Good. See? We're already having fun."

Nancy rested her hands on her thighs and let her eyes glide across the ruined floor like a teacher surveying a classroom. The two tinies she'd set near the cooler were still frozen in place, blinking up at her in speechless disbelief. The others—a couple dozen bodies still milling in the mess—were caught in a purgatory between panic and paralysis.

She clicked her tongue.

"Alright," she called out, not unkindly. "Let's try this. Everyone *except* my two friends here? Scoot on back to that far wall. C'mon now, back row. Where I can still see you."

There was movement—but slow, halting, unsure. Some took steps, others just stared. One guy looked ready to sprint for the elevator shaft, which was an objectively terrible idea.

Nancy raised a brow.

"Not a suggestion," she said, voice still light but edged. "Back wall. Now."

That did it. They moved. Not a stampede this time, more of a nervous shuffle—the kind people did when they weren't sure if the floor was lava or if the goddess watching them was just waiting to see who disobeyed first. Within a minute, they were clustered along the jagged plaster and steel, a living lineup of office mice braced against a wall they couldn't hope to climb.

Nancy nodded approvingly.

"Much better. Now," she said, brushing a strand of hair from her face, "your boring little insurance company has just been upgraded. Congratulations. You're now a civil rights law firm."

She paused, savoring the way the words hit the group like a truck made of confusion and dread.

"Thoughts?"

Nothing. Just the dull whisper of AC vents and the sound of someone knocking over a coffee mug.

She sighed like a mom who'd just stepped on a Lego. Then she reached in, pinching what remained of a conference table and dragging it carefully toward the center of the floor. It slid with a screech, legs snapping off in places, but she got it more or less where she wanted.

Next, she plucked a few chairs from the rubble and arranged them around it, like she was setting up for a playdate with grown-ups.

Her finger pointed toward the far wall.

"First eight from the left? Have a seat."

More hesitation. A few glances. Someone cleared their throat.

Nancy's brows lifted.

"Do I need to start picking? Because I *will*."

Eight people peeled away from the wall, stumbling over themselves to get to the chairs. They sat. Awkward. Silent. Like interns forced into a trust exercise with a rhino.

Nancy beamed.

"Perfect. Now..."

Her eyes scanned the wall again until they landed on a redhead with a sharp blazer and a face like she'd just bitten into a lemon. Nancy reached in and plucked her out with careful fingers.

"You," she said. "Congratulations. You're lead counsel in a women's rights case."

The woman opened her mouth. Nothing came out.

Nancy brought her closer. "Name?"

"M-Marcy."

Nancy blinked. "Ugh. No. Not dramatic enough. Let's go with... Soraya."

She grinned. It was ridiculous. She knew that. Childish. Whimsical. Completely off-script.

And god, it was fun.

She leaned forward again, setting Soraya gently onto the floor beside the jury of eight.

"You're in charge now," she said. "Lead your team. Win your case. Make me proud."

Then, she settled in to watch, like a kid peeking over the edge of a toy theater, her smile wide and unrepentantly pleased.

Nancy leaned in slightly, fingers still curled around the window frame, just about to toss off another playful jab when the redhead—Marcy—spun back toward her with a different kind of fire in her eyes.

“Enough.”

Nancy blinked.

The word wasn’t screamed. It wasn’t sobbed or begged. It was spoken. Firm. Clear. Like Marcy had just decided she was done being part of the show.

Marcy didn’t wait. “We’re people. Not toys.”

That actually made Nancy smile again—but not in mockery. Just... surprise. “You can be both,” she said, simply. Calm. Like it was a fact of physics.

Marcy wasn’t backing down. “It’s not a game,” she snapped. “You scared us, tore apart our floor, grabbed us—enough! Leave us alone!”

The words hit like a dropped pane of glass. A few of the others flinched. Even those curled near the walls seemed to pause mid-shiver.

Nancy let the silence stretch for a beat. Then she pulled in a long breath, steady and unforced, and let it out through her nose.

“Huh,” she said at last. “Never had a doll talk back before.”

But there wasn’t much bite behind it. Just a flicker of thought tugging at the corners of her mouth.

Her gaze swept the jagged wreck of the office floor, the tiny faces staring back, Marcy standing straighter than any of them.

Then, quieter: “Alright.”

She straightened up, rolling her shoulders a bit as if the tension had been physical.

“I’ll leave you alone.”

More eyes turned toward her.

“It’s not easy, you know?” she said, more to the skyline than to any one of them. “Being this big, trying not to hurt anyone.”

She shook her head once. “I got carried away. Yeah. It happens.”

Then she looked back at Marcy. Really looked. And a slow, smaller smile returned.

"You win this one, Marcy. Guess the firm's got some teeth after all."

And just like that, Nancy turned, her bare foot peeling off the pavement with a whisper of suction as she took a careful step back from the building.

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Nancy walked for a while in silence. No traffic. No screams. Just the whisper of wind funneled between buildings and the soft rhythm of her bare feet on pavement. The street was empty enough to hear her own thoughts.

She replayed the scene from the office in her head. Marcy's voice. That word—*enough*. It echoed in the corners of her mind longer than she wanted to admit. Maybe she *had* gone a little too far. Too playful. Too demeaning.

She imagined the roles reversed, just for a second. Herself, small again. Trapped in an office while some smug, skyscraper-sized version of Vera leaned in with a smirk and tried to "play." Or Honey, grinning while she plucked her up like a Barbie and made her dance on a file cabinet.

Yeah. That would've pissed her off too.

But then she exhaled and shrugged, just a flick of her shoulder. "Please," she muttered under her breath. "Vera would've leveled the whole block."

She gave a small, private smirk, like an inside joke with herself.

"I can't *not* be big," she mumbled, the words barely a breath. It wasn't an excuse. Just a fact. Like gravity or sunrise. She wasn't cruel. But she was tall. Tall enough to tilt the world when she shifted her weight.

Nancy stopped at a corner, scanning over the rooftops. Getting her bearings wasn't hard—once you were tall enough, the skyline started reading like a map. Okay, maybe she'd gone a bit too far south. Downtown was still east, but she'd veered off her line. A little detour. Nothing she couldn't fix.

She turned north, stepped clean over an abandoned moving truck, and kept walking. Two blocks of relative calm. Then she reached the intersection.

It opened into a wide boulevard—four lanes, wide sidewalks, some kind of plaza just beyond. And people. Lots of people.

Nancy stopped mid-step.

The crowd was thick. Packed shoulder-to-shoulder, like a parade had gone horribly wrong. Her gaze swept over the mass of bodies—hundreds, maybe more. All bunched up, clustered along the street. Not hiding. Not evacuating. Just... making a mess of themselves.

She tilted her head. "That's not helpful."

She stepped forward, slow and steady, her heels cracking against the pavement. One block. Then another. She was hoping they'd scatter. Surely they'd seen her by now. Four more blocks. Nothing.

She took one more step, and the tips of her toes curled over the last stretch of empty concrete, looming above the edge of the crowd.

They didn't move. Not back. Not forward. A wave of panic rippled through them, sure—but no one cleared the way. They just kept moving in erratic patterns. Some shrieked. Others shoved. But the street remained choked.

Nancy frowned.

"Well... that's inconvenient."

Nancy came to a full stop, her bare foot hovering just inches from the crowd as the chaos churned below. Hands settled on her hips, shoulders squaring, she stared down at the mess with growing irritation. It was like watching ants trying to flee a tipped-over picnic basket—no order, no logic, just panic in all directions. She took a moment to absorb the details: the press of bodies against buildings, the futile zigzagging toward alleys, the way nobody seemed to have a plan except to stay directly in her path and scream about it. And really, she couldn't even blame them. Not fully. It was probably long overdue. She'd been spoiled so far—wide lanes, scattered stragglers, a city smart enough to get out of the way. But now? Now the odds had finally caught up. She exhaled slowly, her gaze sweeping over the crowd, waiting to see if it would untangle itself with time.

It didn't.

She stood there longer than she liked to admit, watching for some sign of intelligent retreat. And got nothing. No real flow. No opening. No path clearing on its own. It was like they couldn't comprehend what to do—even with a few hundred feet of giant woman practically breathing on them. And finally, her patience cracked.

"Okay," she said, the word rippling through the air like a dropped boulder. "This isn't working." Her voice was loud, but not angry—yet. Just loud enough to cut through the chaos. "I'm heading downtown. You are in front of me. That makes this *your*

problem, too." She pointed a finger toward a row of alleys and side streets. "There's space. Get off the main road. I'll leave you alone. It's not complicated."

That might have been enough. She was giving them a chance. Hell, she was *asking*. And she meant it, too—she wasn't looking to stomp anyone. But before she could so much as shift her weight, a sharp rev sliced through the noise.

Nancy's eyes snapped to it. A sleek black sports car—low, flashy, expensive—roared to life halfway through the crowd, its tires squealing as the driver forced it forward. It rammed past a food cart, clipped someone's shoulder, fishtailed between two panicked pedestrians, and kept going. One woman went down hard, trampled in the panic that followed. The driver didn't stop. Didn't slow. Didn't even *hesitate*.

Nancy's fury was instantaneous.

She crouched in one swift, jarring motion, her fingers shooting out like striking snakes. In a blink, the car was off the road and suspended in her grip, a shiny little beetle squirming between massive fingers. She rose to her full height with the vehicle dangling in front of her face, turning it slightly so she could get a good look at the asshole inside.

Middle-aged. Clean-shaven. Expensive haircut. Aviators and a collared shirt popped just-so. The kind of man who treated waitresses like they were furniture and probably had strong opinions about golf carts and "real masculinity." Nancy's lip curled. Of *course* it was one of those.

Her eyes burned into him.

"You absolute piece of shit," she growled, the words low and deliberate. "I'm down here walking on eggshells, watching every step, trying not to hurt anyone, and *you*—you smug, reckless little coward—you decide that the answer is to run them over?"

She didn't wait for an answer. She jabbed her index finger through the window, shattering it with ease, then peeled back the door with a flick of her thumb. The metal shrieked, groaned, twisted like paper. She upended the car and let the man tumble into her waiting palm, his limbs flailing, his screams muffled by panic.

In her other hand, she closed her fingers around the car and squeezed.

The sound was exquisite—crunching glass, warping steel, a luxury frame folding into itself like it was made of foil. She didn't stop until the tires popped and the roof crumpled in on itself like a beer can. Then, and only then, did she flick the mangled wreck aside and turn her full attention back to the squirming little prick in her palm.

"You don't get to act like that," she hissed, her voice quieter now but infinitely more dangerous. "Not in *my* city. Not while I'm trying to keep you idiots in one piece."

He was crying now, a wet, sputtering apology tumbling out between sobs. "I'm sorry—I'm sorry—I didn't mean to—"

Nancy rolled her eyes. "God, that's pathetic." And without another word, she turned and walked to the nearest building, found a satellite dish large enough to cradle his miserable little form, and dropped him inside like he was trash getting tossed in a bin.

"Sit. Think about your life."

Then she crouched again, facing the crowd she'd just saved from their own kind.

Her voice cut across the silence like a blade.

"Anyone seriously hurt?"

No one answered. A few weak waves. Some shaking heads.

She exhaled. "Good."

Then her eyes narrowed, her tone flattening.

"Then get the fuck out of my way."

Nancy straightened, her arms crossing tightly under her chest as she stood over the mess of humanity like a frustrated godmother watching her unruly godchildren refuse to do the one simple thing she asked. She waited—quiet, still, giving them a moment to make the smart choice. To realize the towering woman they'd just seen lift a man out of his sports car like a Lego figure was now asking—still asking—for them to clear the way.

And sure, they moved a little. A couple dozen peeled off to the sidewalks, a few darted into open doorways, but the rest? Still clumped together in knots, clogging the avenue like deer in headlights. It wasn't just annoying—it was infuriating. This wasn't a new problem. These people had *seen* her coming. She wasn't exactly subtle. But here they were, standing around like she wasn't just towering over the landscape.

Nancy's jaw tensed. She thought of Marcy for half a second—how she'd stood up to her, proud and pissed, calling her out for treating them like toys. And maybe, just maybe, Nancy could've respected that... if it hadn't come from a species that couldn't organize themselves out of a five-block traffic jam. She glanced down at the street again, brow twitching.

"And I'm the problem?" she muttered.

Her right foot lifted before she'd even made the conscious decision, toes flexing slightly as it rose above the asphalt. Then—boom. A single, solid stomp. Not full force, not nearly, but enough to remind them who was in charge. The impact cracked

the road beneath her, a web of fissures branching out from her heel. A wave of pressure rolled forward, bowling a few unfortunate bystanders off their feet, rattling windows, sending coffee cups and shopping bags flying into the air.

"That," she said, loud and pointed, "is what happens when I take a step."

The murmurs in the crowd surged to a new pitch. A ripple of fear. Still not fast enough.

Another stomp. This one a little sharper. Pavement jumped. A trash can tipped. Two men stumbled into each other and hit the curb like bowling pins. Nancy's lip curled as she watched the shockwaves roll outward.

Another stomp. A third. A fourth. Each one bigger, more deliberate, bouncing the crowd in waves like stones skipping on a pond. She watched the chaos unfold with a kind of fascinated amusement, eyes scanning the street like a queen appraising the limits of her dominion. The people weren't injured, not seriously—not yet. But they were definitely getting the message now.

She stopped moving, then tilted her head slightly, her tone shifting into something quieter, smoother.

"See? That's me being nice. That's just the echo. You really don't want to see what happens when I stop playing gentle."

Her eyes narrowed, and she gave one final, deliberate shift of weight that sent another soft rumble through the earth. Then she pointed—just one elegant finger—toward the sidestreets once more.

"Last call," she said. "Make it count."

Finally. It took long enough, but the tide was turning. The crowd, once thick and jittery with panicked energy, began to unravel. Slowly, awkwardly, but definitely. People peeled off into side streets, pressed themselves against walls, ducked into storefronts, stairwells, alcoves—anywhere that wasn't underfoot. It wasn't exactly graceful, and it wasn't exactly fast, but it was happening. Nancy could feel the space opening up in front of her, the air clearing like it had finally gotten the memo.

She let out a slow breath, her hands resting easy on her hips as she watched the progress. It wasn't perfect, but it was better. She could use better. These little ones were learning, in their own shaky, delayed way. A win was a win. Still, there were always a few that didn't get the message. Frozen. Hesitating. Staring up at her like she might change her mind any second.

Nancy's expression didn't change, but her patience thinned.

She didn't warn them. Just shifted her weight slightly and used the edge of her foot—nothing fancy—to sweep a couple of stragglers toward the curb. A single, firm motion, like brushing dust off a table. They stumbled but stayed upright. One fell onto a bench and scrambled behind it. She didn't look twice.

"Come on," she muttered, not bothering to raise her voice. "You had your chance."

Someone else stood too close to her next step. She used her toes, flat and broad, to prod him back. It wasn't subtle. He flopped over onto the pavement and scrambled sideways like he'd just remembered how legs worked. Nancy's mouth twitched, a ghost of a smile, but she didn't say anything yet.

Another. A group of three near a hydrant, huddled like deer in headlights. She nudged them, same way. Toes pressed forward, slow but firm, until their backs hit the wall and they scrambled sideways. One lost a shoe. Not her problem.

She moved through the space they'd left behind, not slow, not fast—just steady. Her toes kept up the work, nudging here, brushing there. Nothing complicated. No elegant choreography. Just raw presence and momentum. Her feet were wide enough to clear a sidewalk in one pass, and that's what she did. Like she was parting weeds from a trail. Crude, but efficient.

She stepped over the last knot of people and glanced back over her shoulder—not to check on them, but to make a point. Her brow lifted. Her tone was dry.

"You want to gripe about me playing with you?" she said. "Maybe figure out how to stay out of my damn way first."

She turned back to the empty stretch ahead. The street was finally quiet again, still littered with bags and broken sunglasses and half-eaten snacks, but at least it was hers now. Nancy straightened her posture, let her arms fall loose to her sides, and walked on—barefoot, unbothered, calm.

Nancy rounded the bend, utterly content. The last crowd had finally gotten the message, one nudge at a time. Her posture was easy now, unhurried. Every step was confident, smooth, basking in the kind of self-assurance that only came from knowing that nothing was out of reach. Her smile was small, but it was there—tugging faintly at the corner of her mouth, proud and smug.

She'd handled it. She'd handled all of it. The traffic, the panicked nobodies, the sniveling cop duo with their pea-shooters and their desperate need for authority. Everything she needed to do, she'd done—and well. At this rate, she could probably walk straight through Downtown, peel Harry out of whatever hole he was hiding in, and still be back in Gainesville in time for a late dinner.

And then the road curved.

Nancy's smile tightened, held, then dropped completely.

"Oh, for fuck's sake."

Another crowd.

They stretched along the next few blocks like a clot of ants too dumb to get out of the way of a boot. Wall to wall, scattered and stagnant, more of them pressing in from side streets and double-parking their little lives across her path like this was some kind of joke. She didn't even slow her stride. Didn't tilt her head or play at patience. Her expression dropped into something flatter, firmer.

"No," she muttered, already annoyed. "We're not doing this again."

She stopped just short of the nearest car, planted her feet with a low thud that made several heads turn—and a few knees buckle—and placed her hands squarely on her hips.

"You're in my way," she announced, voice carrying easily over the rooftops. "Again."

She didn't wait for them to scurry. This wasn't a negotiation.

"I'm heading downtown. You're standing on my route. I know you're gonna screw this up, because you always do, but just for the sake of novelty—I'm giving you one full minute to figure it out on your own. That means get to the sidewalks, alleyways, inside a building, under a food truck, I don't care. Just don't be where my foot's gonna land. Got it?"

The crowd didn't move. Or if they did, it was that same useless shuffle—the kind of hesitant scurry people did when they hadn't fully decided between fleeing and gawking. Nancy didn't even blink.

She waited. Ten seconds. Maybe fifteen. Her heel twitched.

"Oh my god," she muttered. "I give you sixty seconds and you spend it blinking. Amazing."

She leaned forward slightly, gaze narrowing as she swept the front rows with a look of thinly veiled disgust.

"You've got forty seconds. And then I help."

She watched as some of them flinched and turned, a few darting for the nearest storefront. But it wasn't fast enough. Not nearly. Nancy's lips pressed into a thin, exasperated line.

"You know," she said, "you people really don't make it easy to not treat you like children."

She lifted one bare foot from the pavement, slowly, deliberately, and slid it forward—not fast, not stomping, just a low glide, letting the broad curve of her arch push toward the nearest huddle of gawkers. The edge of her foot met a few stragglers, and—without breaking stride—she let them roll gently up the slope of her toes before she flicked them forward with a casual little flex.

The tiny cluster of humans tumbled through the air like dropped action figures, landed with a series of startled yelps and scuffs a few feet down the road. None of them seemed hurt—shaken, maybe, but breathing.

Nancy raised a brow.

"I said I'd help."

Then, a little louder, a little sharper:

"Get to the sidewalks. Alleys. Doorways."

Nancy didn't wait this time. She'd done the asking. She'd even done the threatening, twice. And now? Now she was done. If they wanted to act like she wasn't serious, fine. She'd show them how serious she could be.

She crouched—slowly, steadily, one knee dipping with a thunderous rumble—letting the soft creak of the city around her brace itself. Her hands hovered over the crowd for a second, casting long shadows across the trembling faces below. And then, without ceremony, she plunged them down.

Two wide scoops. Not elegant. Not delicate. Her fingers swept forward and inward like curved blades, not cutting but gathering, pressing, scooping. The mass of people was too big for subtlety, so she didn't bother. Flesh pressed to flesh, bodies bunched between knuckles and curled fingers. Some screamed. Some just gasped as they were hoisted from the ground in clumps of office workers, students, tourists—anyone dumb enough to still be in her way.

It wasn't enough to hurt. But it wasn't comfortable either. Her grip was firm, almost clinical, like a machine moving material, not people. That was what this was, really—material relocation. She was helping them. They should be grateful.

Nancy straightened to her full height, rising with the weight of a dozen dozen lives nestled between her fingers. She let the crowd at her feet see what she was holding—her fists half-clenched, arms relaxed at her sides, both hands filled with wriggling, cowering humanity. Her head tilted, brow arched.

"This," she said, her tone sharp and cutting, "is what happens when you don't listen."

The people in her palms twisted and writhed, yelping, gasping, a few wailing outright. She didn't wince. If anything, she looked a little pleased. She turned toward a nearby rooftop—flat, medium height, nothing fancy—and tilted her wrists just enough to let gravity take over.

Bodies tumbled out like spilled cereal. Some landed on their feet. Some didn't. A few yelps turned into full-on screams as they hit gravel and concrete, some rolling, others just sprawling where they landed.

She watched them scatter like marbles, and then shrugged.

"Bet that's a rib or two," she muttered. "Maybe three."

Did she care? A little. Maybe. But not enough. Not anymore. Not when this many people were being this goddamn useless.

Her eyes snapped back to the street, to the thick, fidgeting mess still in front of her. They were definitely more panicked now—shoving, yelling, some trying to climb over parked cars just to get clear. A few stared up at her, visibly frozen.

Good. They were getting the picture.

Nancy planted one foot forward, not stomping, just asserting, and let the weight of it settle with a heavy, rolling crackle against the pavement.

"That was your fucking hint," she said, loud enough to rattle a few windows. "Now get out of my way. Or I help again."

Nancy wasn't even surprised anymore. The crowd still didn't clear. Or maybe they did—just not fast enough, not decisively enough, not in a way that satisfied her. Part of her wanted to believe she was disappointed. Another part—the louder part—knew she was kind of looking forward to this. It wasn't just about getting through. It was about proving a point. About indulging something that had been simmering inside her since she first saw those tiny men raise their guns.

And now they were giving her a reason.

So, fine. Let them.

She dropped to one knee.

The impact was colossal. Pavement cracked beneath her, concrete moaned, and the people closest to her footing were flung backward like they'd been hit with the shockwave of a grenade. Some went down hard. Others scrambled up, dazed, trying to crawl to safety.

Nancy didn't even flinch.

The second knee hit a moment later, the ground protesting louder this time. A parked van bounced. Somewhere nearby, glass cracked. The air filled with shouts, frantic ones.

And then she moved.

Her right arm swept out low, level with the ground, the arc wide and controlled—until it wasn't. People were shoved aside like dust on a countertop, bodies tumbling into shop fronts, crashing into lamp posts. Cars screeched and spun from the force, one tipping fully onto its side in a metallic crunch. A few of the tinies screamed like it was the end of the world.

Nancy barely blinked. "There," she said, tone dry, voice echoing. "We're learning."

She dragged her left arm next, clearing the other half of the street in the same careless, calculated sweep. More screams, more tumbling bodies, another two cars sent skidding like matchbox toys. Her mouth curled into something between a smirk and a warning.

"Honestly, I'm being pretty damn reasonable."

She advanced—on all fours now—her hands thudding against the ground like a collapsing building every time they landed. Her fingers curled just enough to press into the street, her long legs moving behind her with fluid grace. People were finally getting the idea. They scattered more quickly now, flinging themselves into open doors, alleyways, the cracks between buildings—anywhere that wasn't in her path.

But it was too late for civility.

Nancy reached down and casually shoved another knot of people to the curb with the side of her palm, not checking where they landed, just clearing the board. She clicked her tongue. "You're welcome," she muttered, mostly to herself.

The intersection beneath her was practically pristine. Empty. Open. Finally.

Nancy stood tall in the center of it, hands on her hips, chest lifting with a steady breath as she surveyed her handiwork. "See?" she said, addressing no one in particular. "Could've been so much easier."

She let the silence linger for a beat, then turned and walked on.

Every step still trembled the road, but her pace had returned to something almost casual. The darker voice in her head, the one that had been whispering for a while now, was louder than ever. It didn't sound cruel, exactly. Just... delighted.

She was enjoying this. And the worst part? She didn't feel guilty at all. She was already looking for the next excuse.

Chapter 10

Nancy moved through the next few blocks in silence, letting the rhythm of her steps speak louder than anything she could've said. There was a low hum in her chest now—not quite satisfaction, not quite glee, but something meaner and warmer than either. Something that curled in her gut and said yeah, that was good. Her arms still remembered the shove. Her toes still tingled from nudging bodies like so many loose marbles.

She didn't feel guilty. Not even close.

If anything, she was already thinking of what else she could do. Little ways to nudge the world around her. It didn't even have to be mean—just...fun. She wasn't trying to crush anyone, but she wasn't about to walk on eggshells for a bunch of people who couldn't get out of their own damn way either. And more and more, the question wasn't should I? It was how far can I go before I actually regret something?

The answer hadn't shown up yet.

She moved with a quiet grace, thinking maybe—just maybe—she'd found the rhythm. Push just hard enough. Shove just enough. No real damage. Just pressure. Presence. People would learn. Or they'd get out of the way.

Then the road bent.

Nancy came to a stop mid-stride, breath caught halfway to a sigh, and stared.

Another crowd.

Packed tight. Ridiculously tight. So tight it looked like the whole district had been shoved into a single artery and then told to stay put. Bodies shoulder to shoulder, faces turned in every direction, a slow-motion panic jammed together in a single pulse of foot traffic going nowhere.

She didn't move. Her hands found her hips again, her weight shifting to one side.

"Oh, no. No, no, no," she muttered. "For fuck's sake! Again?"

There was no space to stomp, no space to sweep. And honestly, she didn't feel like going back to scooping people by the handful. She stood there, lips pressing into a line, thinking there had to be a better way to deal with this. Something smarter. More efficient. Something that didn't involve flattening half a block to get a damn message across.

And that's when she saw it.

A flicker. Metal.

Nancy's gaze sharpened instantly, tracking the gleam to a side street. It ducked. Darted. Then settled—on a van. White, boxy, with a familiar dish mounted on its roof. Satellite rig. Big lens poking out the side. Three people clustered around it, one of them adjusting a mic, another wrangling the camera itself. It was a news crew. Had to be. God, they always showed up like ants to sugar.

Huh, she thought, eyes narrowing. That could be useful.

The crew noticed her attention. It took half a second—just one look from her direction—and suddenly they were scrambling. The camera dipped. The side door flew open. They lunged for it like a rabbit hole, trying to fold themselves into the van before she got close.

Nancy smiled, slow and sharp.

"Oh no you don't."

Her voice wasn't loud. Didn't have to be.

One step forward and her foot carved a clean crater into the street.

"Not so fast."

The van lurched forward, tires squealing against cracked asphalt as the engine begged for speed it couldn't deliver. Nancy's eyes locked onto it, and her grin curled, slow and deliberate.

She pivoted with easy precision, bare feet slapping softly against the street as she followed. Every step she took narrowed the distance, no need to jog, not even to speed-walk. They weren't getting away—not unless they found wings.

"They better not wreck that van," she murmured to herself, grin tugging at her lips. "I've got plans for them."

The street ahead buckled slightly under her steps, and the van bounced and weaved like a rabbit under thunderclouds. Nancy kept her eyes on it, but her mind drifted for a moment—wondering how it looked from their point of view. They were probably glued to those rearview mirrors, watching her toes approach like a countdown. Feeling the ground shake under their seats. Realizing that the woman they were trying to flee from was gaining ground by *walking*.

She chuckled, low and entertained. "Must be a hell of a view."

The van swerved hard, trying to cut around a pothole. Nancy adjusted, graceful as ever, her footfalls getting closer, louder, deliberate now. And then—with the flair of

a stage magician hitting her mark—she lifted one foot and swung it out, far and forward, slamming it down across the lane in front of them.

Brakes screamed. Rubber peeled. The van skidded sideways, stopped just shy of her arch, front bumper trembling against the shockwave she'd left behind.

Nancy tilted her head.

"Oh honey," she cooed, "don't run from your big break."

The van jerked into motion again, aiming to turn, desperate to U-turn and bolt down a side street. Nancy didn't even blink. Her other foot swung around and stomped behind them, cutting off the exit. One soft step, and they were boxed in.

She crouched.

The street groaned beneath her. Cars rocked on their suspensions. Glass shook in nearby windows. Her fingers curled around the roof of the van with gentle finality—fingertips indenting the metal like it was memory foam—and she lifted, slowly, steadily, like drawing a breath.

The van rose into the air, dangling in her grip like a prize claw machine catch. Dust spiraled around her legs. Nancy squinted through the windshield—too many reflections, too much sun—but she didn't need to see their faces to feel their panic. She could *feel* them squirming. Practically hear the breathless silence.

She smiled. Oh, they were going to be *perfect*.

"I need a message sent out," she said, her voice low and warm and full of coiled certainty. "And you, darlings, are the closest thing to a microphone I've found."

Seconds passed—long, full seconds—before Nancy moved again. She held the van aloft, resting it on her palm, fingers curled gently but unmistakably around its shell, and simply... admired it. The toy-like weight of it. The way it barely fit her hand. Her grip was firm enough to dent the edges, but soft enough to keep the axles intact. She adjusted it slightly, tilting the boxy frame so that the windshield angled toward her. Sunlight flashed briefly off the glass before she angled it just right and squinted past the reflections.

There they were.

Three little specks frozen in place, their faces pale and drawn in cartoonish disbelief. The driver had one hand white-knuckled on the steering wheel, like that was going to do a damn thing. The guy in the back was clutching a camera rig to his chest like a flotation device, knuckles pressed so hard into the lens they'd probably leave bruises. And the one in the passenger seat—older, gray at the temples, a blazer and

shirt combo that probably looked real sharp this morning—was the reporter. You could tell. He was trying to keep it together, eyes flicking between her face and some invisible horizon, like he was mentally narrating the obit of the century and hoping someone had the decency to air it.

Nancy grinned, slow and wide. “You’re going to help me.”

Not a question.

The reporter flinched. The driver waved both hands frantically. The cameraman made a squeaky sound that didn’t reach her through the glass.

Nancy frowned, lips pursing. “Okay, yeah, that’s great, but I can’t hear shit.”

She shifted the van again, holding it up like a soda can she was considering crushing. “Let’s try this another way. Roll down the windows.”

More flailing. A full three seconds of pure hesitation. And then Nancy raised an eyebrow and narrowed her eyes, her tone dipping.

“Or I’ll do it for you.”

That got the message across.

One by one, the windows rolled down. Slowly. Mechanically. The little electric hum barely audible, but she could feel it.

“There,” she cooed, pleased. “Much better.”

She brought the van closer again, squinting at the reporter. “Now. Can this thing broadcast live?”

The reporter swallowed, coughed, then nodded. “Yes—yes! We’ve got a live uplink. Satellite feed to the studio, uplinked to every major network. The outside cam’s stabilized—we can stream directly. Everyone’s begging us to let them tap into the feed.”

Nancy’s smile turned catlike.

“Of course they are.”

She chuckled, low and smooth, like someone about to slide into a bubble bath full of applause.

“Well then. Perfect. You’re useful. That’s rare. I like that.”

She lined up the van better with herself..

“So. I get my message out. You get the scoop of the century. I set you down, safe and sound.”

She smiled, attempting for warmth.

"Everyone wins. Sound fair?"

The three men inside the van nodded—nervously, but without hesitation. Tiny little puppet-show affirmations that didn't need sound to be understood. Nancy caught them easily through the windshield, each bob of the head practically radiating relief and fear in equal measure.

She smiled at that. Not smug. Just quietly, calmly amused. Like someone who already knew how the story ended.

"Good boys," she murmured.

The van rested comfortably in her palm now, cradled like an overgrown juice box, and she gave it the faintest, amused bounce—barely more than a breath, just enough to feel the weight shift. Her fingers curled gently around the frame, not crushing, but unmistakably in control.

"Alright," she said, casually. "Do you come with names?"

There was some shuffling inside. A voice piped up—clearly the one in the passenger seat. Steady enough to pretend he wasn't scared, but Nancy could hear the catch in his throat.

"Gregg. Reporter. That's Eli on camera. Jake's driving."

Nancy's gaze flicked to each as they were named, then back to Gregg. "Nice to meet you, Gregg. I'm Nancy." She smiled like she was meeting someone at a dinner party. "And I'm about to make your careers."

Gregg blinked. "What do you want to say?"

"A little public service announcement," she replied. "Something for the folks at home."

She let that settle for a moment, watching their tiny expressions twist with confusion and curiosity. Then her tone shifted, just a notch sharper. "So. How are we doing this, Gregg? Walk me through it."

Gregg cleared his throat again and adjusted something on a panel beside him. "Okay, uh... we've got a live satellite feed to the studio. It can go out to every major network. But I need... maybe a minute. Just to get the connection up and stabilized."

Nancy arched a brow. "You've got thirty seconds."

Gregg nodded, already scrambling to make it twenty.

She lifted the van slowly, stretching her arm forward until it was at eye level and perfectly angled. Her other hand braced lightly against her thigh, letting her pose

settle into something regal without being stiff. She tilted her head ever so slightly. "How's that, Eli? Getting the view you need?"

The little man nodded with frantic enthusiasm, already adjusting the gimbal, the lens trained directly at her.

Then, at last, Gregg's voice piped up from the open window. "Okay. We're live in five."

Nancy smiled, the calm storm behind her eyes gathering weight. And then, she started, feeling more confident than ever.

"Good morning, little people of Benford."

Nancy let it land—not rushed, not theatrical. Just spoken plainly, with the kind of clarity that didn't need to raise its voice. She stood still and centered, the wind tugging lightly at the hem of her golden skirt as the city spread out behind her like a map.

"I'm Nancy Archer. The woman you've seen walking through your streets for the past few hours. And yes, the size is real."

A beat passed.

"I'm thirty-two years old. I live in Gainesville. I used to be pretty average. Nothing special. But I had a run-in with some...aliens—and now, well... I grow. Not on command. Not for fun. Just when things get too far out of hand."

She glanced down, then back to the camera, voice steady.

"So if you're wondering, yes. I was normal once. And no—I didn't ask for this. Not complaining, though."

Another breath. Her tone didn't change, but there was a calm certainty now, a quiet force sitting just behind the words.

"The view from up here is amazing, but I'm not here for sightseeing. I'm here for someone. My husband. His name's Harry Archer. He's somewhere in your downtown, and I'm going to find him."

Her gaze didn't shift, her body didn't move. Still as a statue, alive as a thunderhead.

"That means I'll be crossing more of your city. And that brings us to this message."

She gave the faintest nod.

"You're not doing a great job of managing yourselves around me."

She let the statement sit—clean, blunt, and unchallenged.

"I've tried being careful. I've slowed down. I've warned people. And still, most of you still manage to get in my way or—worse—point weapons at me."

A pause.

"This is me drawing the line."

Nancy didn't sound angry. She didn't need to. There was a weight in her voice that said she'd already made her decision. What followed was information, not a negotiation.

"You can think of this as orientation. Or a public service announcement. Either way, the point's the same."

She let her last words settle for a beat, then drew in a quiet breath and shifted her weight just slightly, that subtle motion alone enough to remind the entire block who they were dealing with.

"So," she said, with the crisp finality of a teacher calling the room to order, "let's set some ground rules."

She paused there. Let the phrase sink in. She didn't raise her voice. She didn't need to. Even the wind seemed to hush.

"Rule number one: I have the right of way."

Nancy lifted a brow, not angry—just genuinely perplexed.

"You'd think that'd be obvious, wouldn't you? You see a woman my size walking down the street, your first thought should be to clear out, right?"

Another pause. A faint, dry exhale that might've been a laugh if it wasn't weighed down by exasperation.

"But somehow... somehow, that keeps being a problem. I don't get it. I really don't."

She shook her head slowly, a half-smile curling at the corner of her mouth, but it didn't reach her eyes.

"Let me make it clear. I'm getting where I'm going. I'm finding my husband. That's not a negotiation. That's happening. The only thing up for discussion is how smooth the trip is."

Her gaze dropped just slightly, angled back toward the van's camera as if speaking directly into the living rooms, offices, newsrooms, and command centers tuning in.

"So if you see me coming? Move."

She lifted one hand, palm open, gesturing in a slow sweep down the empty avenue before her.

"Get to the side streets. Duck into a building. Squeeze into an alley. I don't care. Just don't stand in the damn way. Which, apparently, is the one thing most of you seem determined to do."

Her voice didn't rise—but it didn't have to. There was weight behind the words now. Tired weight. Heavy with the knowledge of how many blocks she'd already cleared the hard way.

"It's not smart. It's not brave. It's just stupid."

Her hand lowered again, fingertips brushing against the side of her thigh.

"I don't want to hurt anyone. I haven't—not seriously, anyway. But let's not pretend I couldn't."

She let that land.

"Only God knows what would actually happen if I stepped on one of you. And I'm trying—believe me, I am—to avoid ever finding that out. But I can't watch for every single one of you. I'm just one, you're just too many. I've been careful. And I will keep being careful... if you meet me halfway."

Another pause.

Her voice softened, but the core stayed firm.

"So do your part. Give me the space. Stay out from underfoot."

She gave the camera one final nod.

"That's rule number one."

She let an arm fall to her side again, fingers flexing once against the soft breeze that brushed her skin. Then her voice came back, steady as pavement.

"Rule number two."

A pause. Just long enough to weigh it properly.

"Don't shoot me."

Her gaze didn't shift, but her head tilted slightly—as if listening for objections she knew better than to expect.

"I cannot stress that enough. Really. I shouldn't even have to say it out loud. But here we are."

Her voice stayed level, but there was something harder in it now—cool steel behind the smooth surface.

“Earlier this morning, a pair of cops—badges, guns, the whole bit—emptied their magazines into my legs. Full clips. Every round they had, like it was gonna do something.”

She looked down for a moment, briefly acknowledging the stretch of skin those bullets had peppered. Then back to the camera.

“It didn’t.”

A pause. Her expression didn’t change, but her voice slowed.

“I’m still here. No bruises. No blood. Not even a sting.”

She let that settle. And then, her voice dropped a fraction lower—not angry, but anchored in something deeper. Certain.

“They’re lucky they’re still here, too.”

She didn’t elaborate. She didn’t need to.

“But the next ones?” She shrugged, the motion slight, but final. “Might not be.”

For the first time, her gaze drifted—off-camera, distant—just for a second. A flicker of a thought she didn’t speak aloud. Would she actually kill someone for shooting at her? She wasn’t sure. But she knew this much: she wouldn’t take it lying down.

Her eyes refocused, locking straight ahead again.

“I don’t respond well to bullets,” she said plainly. “Not because they hurt. They don’t. But because they make me very, very annoyed.”

A long breath, slow and centered.

“So skip it. All of it. The orders. The barricades. The snipers on rooftops playing pretend. And God,” her lips twitched, faintly amused, “do not try to give me instructions.”

Another step forward. Just a shift of weight, but it echoed with purpose.

“I don’t take orders from people who don’t reach my ankle.”

She let the silence breathe one last time.

And then—

“Which brings me to rule number three.”

“If I tell you to do something... you do it.”

She gave the camera a look—level, unblinking, unhurried.

“Because... well, you don’t reach my ankle. Let’s not pretend this is some balanced dialogue.”

Her voice remained calm, conversational. She wasn’t gloating. She wasn’t demanding. Just... stating terms.

“If I ask for something, you get it. If I ask where something is, you tell me. If I say clear out, you clear out.”

She let that list land, one item at a time. Her tone even. Unbothered. Almost courteous.

“I’ll ask nicely. First.”

Then, a faint smile—not mean, but definite.

“But I’m going to get what I want.”

Nancy shifted her weight slightly, lifting one shoulder in a half-shrug.

“Rule number four.”

Her voice stayed steady, smooth. The words came without shame or warning.

“I get distracted.”

She let that sit for a moment—flat, unbothered. Like it was the most natural thing in the world.

“I know I said I’m on a mission—and I am. But come on. I’m walking through a city built like a model set. Half of it looks like it was made to be picked up.”

Her gaze dipped briefly toward the van in her hand, then back to the camera.

“If something catches my eye? I might stop. I might look closer. I might reach for it.”

A pause. Not for drama, but to keep the pace even. Honest.

“That’s not a threat. It’s just... what happens now.”

She tilted her head, calm and clear-eyed.

“I’ve picked up people, cars, office furniture. I look, I learn, I set them down. Usually just a little rattled. No real harm done.”

Her fingers flexed gently around the van, like punctuation.

“That’s how curiosity works when nothing’s out of reach.”

Then, a small nod. Not cold, not warm. Just certain.

"So if I take interest in something—or someone—don't panic. It's not personal. It's just part of the view from up here. And if you suddenly find yourselves on the palm of my hand... don't panic. Not too much. Try to enjoy it. It will make a great story for your grandchildren."

"And finally—this isn't a rule. It's just a reality check."

Her voice remained quiet, unhurried. There was no edge in it. Just clarity.

"A truth I've come to understand."

Nancy took in a breath, easy and full, the weight of the city still stretched quietly behind her.

"I'm big. You're not."

No bite. No smirk. Just the plainest statement she'd made so far.

"That's not a figure of speech. It's not some metaphor about presence or influence. It's just physics. Scale."

Her gaze dropped slightly, a glance toward the van still resting in her palm. Then back up.

"I can carry your vehicles. I can move your crowds. I can step over buildings. And no amount of panic or wishful thinking is going to change that."

She didn't sound proud. She didn't sound sorry either.

"I'm not here to make a mess. I'm not here to abuse it. But I won't downplay it, and I'm done acting like it's something I need to tiptoe around."

Another quiet moment. Her voice softened just slightly—not from humility, but from simple certainty.

"I am what I am. You don't have to like it. But it's your job to live with that."

She gave the faintest shrug, one shoulder rising and falling like a ripple.

"Welcome to the new scale."

Nancy lifted the van just a little higher, letting it settle in her palm like a trinket she was considering where to place. It tipped ever so slightly as she adjusted her fingers along the sides—nothing harsh, nothing careless, just enough to shift the angle and catch the light across the windshield. She squinted through the glare.

There they were. Still. Small. Sweating.

Nancy watched them quietly for a moment. Then she gave a soft, almost indulgent smile. Not smug. Just... knowing.

"Not so bad when you just cooperate," she said.

Gregg, to his credit, found his voice. "That was a little... intense."

Nancy tilted her head—not in surprise, just in mild curiosity, like he'd handed her an unexpected word on a flashcard.

"Was it?" she asked.

Her voice was low. Calm. Not defensive, not amused. Just steady. She wasn't questioning herself—she was testing his perception.

"I suppose, to you, it might be," she added after a moment. "But here's the thing. I'm not intense. I'm not angry. I'm not even raising my voice." Her eyes stayed on him. "You're just small."

The words weren't cruel. But they didn't flinch, either.

"It's the scale that's changed," she went on, almost gently. "Not the attitude. You feel overwhelmed because you've never had to deal with someone who doesn't have to ask."

She adjusted her grip on the van, carefully rebalancing it. The motion made the men inside flinch again, though she hadn't moved fast or harshly.

"They'll feel the same way," she said, quieter now. "Everyone else watching this. Everyone pretending they're still in charge. They'll adjust."

Gregg blinked, then asked—carefully, "And if they don't adjust?"

Nancy took a breath, her chest rising, the gold tarp of her makeshift top rustling faintly in the breeze.

"Then they're going to have a very difficult time," she said.

Matter-of-fact. No weight behind it, no heat. Just inevitability, like a clock ticking forward.

"I've given people chances. Space. I even gave them rules," she continued, the corner of her mouth twitching ever so slightly. "But I'm not going to keep pretending I'm not the biggest thing in the room just to make them comfortable."

Her gaze flicked toward the horizon—then back to Gregg. Then past him, to the lens pointed at her face.

"I know who I am now. I didn't ask for it. Didn't plan it. But I'm not stepping back from it, either."

She let the silence stretch long enough to say: that's it. That's the point.

Then, without a hint of threat—just pure, unshakable presence:

“They’ll catch up. Or they won’t.”

She lifted one shoulder in a soft shrug. “I’m moving either way.”

She leaned in, just enough for her breath to fog the upper corner of the windshield. Not dramatic—just close, quiet, precise. Her voice came steady and low, the weight of it landing without force.

“Because here’s the thing. That chapter where I made myself small... where I stepped aside to keep the peace, let people talk over me, act like I didn’t matter?” Her eyes stayed locked on the glass, unreadable. “That’s done.”

The smile that followed wasn’t cruel, but it wasn’t warm either. It was clarity. Nothing more.

Gegg adjusted the mic in his lap. When he spoke, his voice had lost all bravado. “You know they’re going to fight back.”

Nancy didn’t blink. For a moment, nothing moved—not her breath, not her hand. Just the faint shift of her fingers on the van’s roof, curling slightly tighter around the edges.

“I know. They did already,” she said. Her tone wasn’t defensive. It was settled. Like someone laying down a final tile in a finished floor.

Gegg hesitated. Then: “But you said you’re not here to hurt anyone.”

Nancy tilted her head slightly, as though she’d heard the question a dozen times before and had already filed it away. Her next words came slower. Not sharp. Just... intentional.

“I’m not.”

She let it rest there, just long enough for him to wonder if that was it. Then her voice returned—low, measured, and inevitable.

“But if someone aims a weapon your way? You react.”

She shifted her weight, and the van rocked gently in her hand. Not enough to startle. Just enough to remind them who was holding the center of gravity.

“It’s not hate. It’s instinct. Like brushing away a hornet that landed too close to your face.” Her gaze darkened just a shade—not angry, not vengeful. Just the kind of look someone gives when they’re already past the decision.

“I’d rather not swat anyone,” she added. “But I won’t stand still and get bitten either.”

Gegg said nothing. The silence inside the van felt like it was holding its breath.

Nancy inhaled slowly, then straightened to her full height—careful, controlled, keeping the van steady in her palm as she rose.

“I meant what I said. This can be simple. It can be respectful. Even graceful, if we’re lucky.” She turned slightly toward the camera rigged to the van, her profile lit against the haze of mid-afternoon. “But I’m not here to make everyone comfortable. I’m here to get what I want.”

The breeze tugged at the golden tarp across her shoulders. She let it settle.

Then she looked down at the van one last time—quiet, almost thoughtful. “You have been helpful,” she said, voice low but sincere.

She crouched gently, the street groaning faintly under her, and lowered the van to a stretch of cracked concrete. Her hand withdrew with care, letting the vehicle settle on its wheels, then stand still.

Nancy lingered a breath longer, just enough for a final look.

Then, calm as a shifting tide: “Stay tuned.”

She turned without fanfare and walked away, taller than ever, the weight of her presence rippling through the streets ahead—no longer asking. No longer waiting. Just moving forward.

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The street ahead was mostly clear, a wide, half-abandoned stretch of asphalt flanked by low-rise office buildings and the occasional convenience store with its neon sign still flickering like a forgotten candle. It felt different now. Lighter. Like the air itself had adjusted to her, finally bending to fit her scale.

Nancy’s bare feet moved with calm precision, each step a statement, the pavement creaking faintly beneath her soles. She wasn’t just walking anymore. She was advancing. She’d just addressed the entire city, laid down rules that would ripple through every street, every alley, every rooftop. And it had felt good. Like speaking with purpose after years of swallowing her words. Like holding the mic in a debate where she was both the moderator and the only participant worth listening to. She felt... alive. No, more than that—present. Like a lighthouse in a storm, massive and undeniable, guiding everything around her whether it liked it or not.

The buildings around her crept higher, their glass fronts reflecting her every motion in fractured, slightly warped duplicates. Some reached past her hips now, brushing the lower curve of her ribs, others daring to stretch just below her shoulders. She slowed her pace, letting her gaze drift from window to window, catching glimpses of movement—people ducking, peeking, trying not to be seen as she loomed past. She spotted a cluster of figures huddled behind a rooftop HVAC unit, their heads popping up like meerkats as she neared. She smirked, shifting her stride just enough to send a ripple through the sidewalk that made the whole building tremble, their hiding spot vibrating like a shaken dollhouse.

“Peekaboo,” she murmured, not even bothering to look directly at them, her voice rolling through the street like the low growl of a distant storm. “You know, I can see you, right?”

The heads vanished. She chuckled, more to herself than to them, and kept walking.

The further she went, the less she had to mind her steps. The streets had mostly cleared, the occasional abandoned car or forgotten bicycle the only things in her path. She nudged a white hatchback aside with her toes, watching it skid a few feet into a curb before coming to a crooked stop. Another block, another flicker of motion—a woman ducking into a lobby just as Nancy’s shadow passed overhead, the glass doors rattling in her wake. She didn’t even bother to slow down.

It felt... different. The absence of the scramble. The space. She wasn’t weaving through chaos anymore. She was gliding through it, her presence already reshaping the rhythm of the city around her. She’d set the tone. They’d heard her message. Now they were reacting accordingly, the way people do when they realize the hurricane doesn’t care how tightly they lock their windows.

Nancy’s eyes narrowed as the buildings thinned slightly, the street curving ahead, the air getting a touch cooler, more humid. She felt it before she saw it—the shift in atmosphere, the open horizon, the faint, reflective glint of light off moving water. She took another step, the concrete giving way to cobblestone, then to a wider, more open stretch of pavement lined with ornamental trees and iron benches.

She slowed, hands settling on her hips as she took in the view.

The river.

Of course.

She exhaled slowly, the wind catching the loose strands of her hair and sending them swirling around her shoulders. Downtown was on the other side. And the bridge, a graceful arc of steel and stone, lay a few blocks upstream. She could hear it from here—the distant creak of girders, the faint echo of water slapping against

the stone pilings, the muted hum of engines as a handful of cars tried to make their escape before she reached the crossing.

Nancy took another step toward the river, the cobblestones cool against her soles, the distant, metallic creak of the bridge growing louder as she approached. It stretched across the water like a taut ribbon, its steel beams and concrete supports shivering faintly at the edge of her awareness, the tiny cars crawling across it like panicked ants on a fraying thread.

She paused a few paces from the water's edge, tilting her head as she considered it. The bridge was a decent piece of engineering, she had to give them that—arched elegantly over the river, its girders laced together like the ribs of a giant, nervous animal. But it wasn't for her. Not by a long shot. Even from here, she could see that the narrow lanes and flimsy guardrails would barely hold one of her feet, let alone her full weight. She'd pop the whole thing apart like a child's snap-together toy.

No, that wasn't happening.

But then, what?

Her gaze drifted down, to the slow-moving water itself, dark and rippling beneath the mid-morning sun. She felt the coolness rising off it, a faint mist tickling the tops of her toes. A thought flickered at the back of her mind, and her lips curved into a slow, private smile.

Alright, why not?

Nancy lifted her right foot, the movement smooth and deliberate, her long toes flexing slightly as she extended her leg over the bank. She held the pose for a moment, enjoying the weightless stretch, then dipped her toes into the river with the same casual grace one might use to test the temperature of a pool. Water swirled up around her skin, cool and refreshing, bubbling slightly as the current adjusted to the sudden intrusion.

"Mmm," she murmured. She moved her foot a little further, feeling the water rise over her arch, her ankle, then the lower curve of her calf. She eased forward, the river lapping higher, cool currents swirling against her skin as she settled her heel into the soft, yielding muck below.

When the water finally reached her knee, she felt the firm press of the riverbed against her sole, a wide, solid stretch of packed earth and river stone that gave just enough under her weight to feel satisfying. She grinned, adjusting her balance, the water churning around her legs like an oversized bathtub.

God, she really was big.

Who needed bridges when you could just wade through?

She took another step, the water swirling higher around her thighs now, rippling up to the hem of her makeshift skirt, sending waves radiating outward in broad, concentric circles that slapped against the concrete pilings of the bridge with wet, echoing slaps. She took another, her hips swaying slightly as she advanced into the deeper channel, each stride a slow-motion cascade of foam and spray.

Her eyes drifted back to the bridge, now almost within arm's reach, the platform barely level with her crotch. She glanced down, catching the flicker of panicked taillights, the faint, tinny echoes of horns blaring as drivers fought to maneuver their cars away from her shadow. One pickup clipped the edge of a minivan, spinning it into the guardrail with a squeal of tires. Another sedan rear-ended an SUV, the windshield shattering as the smaller car crumpled like an empty soda can.

Nancy leaned in slightly, one hand resting on her hip, the other drifting casually through the water at her side, fingers trailing ripples in the current. She tilted her head, her gaze sweeping the tangled mess of metal and glass, and let her lips part in a slow, amused smile.

"Need a lift?" she called down, her voice low and teasing, the words rolling across the river like the peal of a distant cathedral bell. "I'm making much better time than you guys."

She waded closer, the water rising to her upper thighs now, her golden skirt floating around her hips like a half-submerged flag. She ran her free hand along the upper arch of the bridge, her fingertips brushing the steel girders, the vibrations of a dozen panicked engines tingling against her skin. She felt the tremor of metal, the faint, frantic shudder as the entire structure swayed in response to her touch.

"You know," she mused, letting her fingers curl briefly around a support beam, her thumb pressing into the grooved steel, "I could carry a couple of you with me. Save you the trouble of figuring this whole mess out." She let her hand drift away again, the bridge creaking in relief as she straightened. "No takers?"

The horns blared louder, a fresh chorus of panicked, blaring notes that only made her grin wider. She gave the platform a final, gentle nudge, sending another ripple of vibrations through the supports, then waded past it, her hips rolling with the current, her legs cutting smooth, effortless arcs through the churning water.

As she moved further into the river, the bridge receded behind her, the terrified drivers shrinking into the distance like tiny, scrambling ants. She glanced back once, her wet hair clinging to her shoulders, and gave the structure a casual, parting wave.

"Good luck, tinies," she murmured, her voice soft but distinctly pleased. "Try to keep up."

She reached the other side in no time. Nancy's foot found the riverbank with a satisfying squelch, her toes sinking momentarily into the cool, wet earth before she pushed herself up and out of the water with a slow, deliberate stretch. Mud and droplets clung to her calves, trickling down in lazy rivulets as she straightened to her full, imposing height. She took a breath, the cool river air mingling with the city's sharper, metallic tang, and took another step forward, her wet footprints stamping deep, transient craters into the soft grass and gravel of the shore.

The buildings here were taller—sleeker, more polished. Glass façades gleamed in the midday light, their reflections scattering like shards of shattered mirrors as they caught glimpses of her moving form. Office towers rose in a jagged skyline, their sharp angles and clean lines a stark contrast to the low, sprawling architecture she'd passed on the other side of the river. She could feel the shift in atmosphere, the denser press of business and commerce, the subtle thrum of a more tightly wound part of the city.

She took a few steps up onto the cracked pavement, letting her bare feet settle into the hot asphalt, and noticed the way the streets seemed to funnel inward here, the narrow alleys and tightly packed storefronts creating a canyon effect that briefly made her pause. She cast a glance over her shoulder at the river behind her, the water still rippling in her wake, then back to the looming walls of glass and steel ahead.

It was... different. Almost claustrophobic, if she let herself think about it too much. For the first time, she felt the shadow of the city lean in around her, the upper floors of the tallest towers reaching higher than her head, the edges of their facades cutting cleanly into the skyline above. She frowned, just a little, then set her jaw and took another step, her wet soles slapping against the pavement with the confidence of someone refusing to be crowded.

"Alright," she muttered under her breath, letting her hands fall to her hips as she squared her shoulders and took another step forward. "Let's not get dramatic. You're not small. They just built up. Big deal." She let her gaze drift down, catching the faint glint of a few abandoned cars scattered along the edge of the street, their windshields cracked, side mirrors dangling loose. "I could still crush any one of you like a Coke can," she added, letting her toes nudge a delivery van onto its side as she passed. It hit the pavement with a metallic clatter, one of its rear doors popping open to spill a cascade of brown cardboard boxes onto the street.

As she advanced, the narrow lanes of the city seemed to funnel her deeper, the glass walls tightening around her like a slowly closing fist. She was being watched—she could feel it. The hair on the back of her neck tingled with the unmistakable prick of dozens, maybe hundreds of eyes, all peering down from the rows of darkened windows above, their owners too scared to move, too curious to look away.

Nancy smirked. She caught a flicker of motion—a hand pulling back a blind, a shadow ducking behind a half-closed conference room door, the faintest outline of a figure pressed against the glass in the dim recesses of a corner office. She paused, just for a second, then lifted one hand to her lips, gave the nearest building a slow, exaggerated wink, and blew a kiss in its direction, her breath fogging the glass for an instant as she leaned in close.

“Don’t be shy,” she cooed, her voice rolling through the canyon of glass and steel, bouncing off facades and echoing down side streets. “I know you’re watching. I’d be watching too.” She let her hand drift back down, brushing idly against her thigh as she took another step, the asphalt crackling beneath her toes. “Must be quite the view. I’d wave, but, well...” she glanced down at the wrecked van near her foot, its tires still spinning uselessly in the gutter, “...I’d hate to knock anything else over.”

A few more steps, and the canyon walls began to widen again, the narrow lanes giving way to broader avenues, the towers thinning out into lower, more varied structures. The buildings around her shifted, their heights gradually tapering off until they were once again below her eye level, their windows reflecting her towering frame in a dozen fractured, distorted angles. She slowed, her brow furrowing slightly as she caught sight of a familiar cluster of concrete and glass ahead.

Nancy’s eyes narrowed, her lips curving into a small, knowing smile.

“Oh,” she murmured, rolling her shoulders as the city spread out before her, the skyline parting like a curtain to reveal a broader, more open stretch of gridlocked streets and tightly packed storefronts. “I know where I am.”

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The muted drone of the television was the only sound in the conference room—besides the ever-so-subtle tick of Hamilton Cobb’s jaw, grinding. The remote lay useless beside the untouched coffee carafe, the screen casting pale flickers across his folded hands.

There she was. Again. Bigger. Towering. That stupid gold tarp clinging to her like she thought she was some sort of pagan queen instead of the goddamned embarrassment of a family name. Nancy. Archer. Cobb, for Christ's sake.

He hadn't planned on seeing her again, certainly not like this. He'd already come to terms with her "passing"—if you could call it that. Let the military clean up whatever mess she left. Let them bury her in whatever crater she'd carved into the earth. He'd moved on. His eyes had been on the real problems, the real work. The meeting today at Eaglestone was the priority. This deal was supposed to seal the expansion—finally untethered from her signature, from her petty moral roadblocks, from her constant hovering. All that soft, unsure nonsense. He had planned to visit Harry this afternoon. Corner him. Push through the contracts while he was still drugged up and too weak to protest. A clean exit. Total control.

And then she came back. Again.

He stared at the screen with narrowed eyes as his daughter—his *freak* of a daughter—waded out of the river like a slow-moving catastrophe. Water clung to her thighs, shimmering like it was proud to be there. She stepped onto the opposite bank with that same maddening calm she always wore when she thought she was in control. But this time, she was. *She really was.*

He swallowed back a bitter twist of bile. Yesterday, he thought she was gone. Today, she was a few blocks from walking all over *everything*.

"You've gotta be kidding me," he muttered.

The other men in the room shifted uneasily. None of them spoke. The meeting had been officially called into a "pause" an hour ago, right after her presence in the city had become common knowledge. No one had left yet—official word was to stay inside, especially in a tower. The authorities hadn't issued a full evacuation of downtown.

Not that Cobb gave a damn about protocols. He was furious for a *real* reason: the pitch was halfway done, and his Japanese partners were finally biting. He had them. They were ready to move forward. The numbers were aligned. *Until* the broadcast cut in and every eye in the room locked on the twenty-story goddess hijacking the city skyline.

Nancy wasn't even flailing anymore. She looked composed. Like she had finally figured out what to *do* with all that height.

Of course she had.

The reporter's voice on the TV was narrating something about her crossing into Downtown. Someone else—one of the lawyers, or maybe the junior partner from finance—stepped closer to the TV. It was a massive room, corner office conference suite, the whole wall lined in floor-to-ceiling windows. The kind of glass that made rich men feel immortal.

"Wait a minute," the young man murmured, brow furrowed. "Is this not...?"

Hamilton barely had time to turn.

The floor *shivered*.

Just a whisper at first—like someone dropped a bowling ball three floors down. Then again. Louder. Sharper.

The windowpanes groaned.

Outside, something—*someone*—was moving. Not on the news. Not on the screen.

Here.

The building gave a small, reluctant tremble. Glass in the water pitchers began to clink together. Someone gasped. Someone else backed up a step.

Hamilton Cobb stood still.

The tremors came in waves now—first through the soles, then rising up through the spine like an old building groaning under a winter storm. Water in the pitchers began to slosh, delicate rings forming and overlapping on the surface. A pen rolled off the table, clacking once before disappearing under a chair. The air itself felt denser, thicker somehow, like it was bracing for impact.

A low, rhythmic thudding began to assert itself into the room, like a heartbeat amplified a thousandfold. Furniture creaked in protest. A laptop screen flickered. The temperature hadn't changed, but Hamilton could feel the sweat beginning to gather at the base of his neck. One of the junior partners muttered something—maybe a prayer, maybe a curse—before falling silent again. The Japanese delegation stood in a tight cluster near the far side of the room, looking to their translator with rising unease. No one reached for the remote this time. The TV continued to babble, irrelevant now. The real story had arrived.

The room dimmed.

At first, no one noticed. The kind of shift that might've passed for a stray cloud, a flicker of light in a late-summer afternoon. But it persisted. Deepened. And then it was unmistakable: the golden wash of sunlight filtering through the skyscraper's

south-facing glass had been swallowed whole. Daylight muted into a heavy, oppressive grey.

Slowly—almost against their will—every gaze in the room was drawn to the windows.

What met them wasn't skyline. It wasn't clouds. It wasn't anything that should've existed twenty stories up.

It was blue.

Two vast, piercing blue eyes stared in through the floor-to-ceiling windows. Calm. Unblinking. Disgustingly familiar.

Hamilton's breath caught.

He didn't need a name. That color—he'd seen in moonlit cribs. That exact crystalline blue had stared up at him from hospital beds and Christmas cards and boardroom tantrums. It was *her*.

Someone screamed.

It broke the trance like glass shattering. Instantly the room erupted into chaos. A chair scraped backward and toppled. A coffee mug shattered on the floor. Papers took flight like startled birds, caught in the sudden stampede of movement as men in suits bolted for the doors with none of the dignity their tailored fabric implied.

Hamilton didn't move. Not yet. He simply turned his head—slow, calculating—toward the exit. One way out.

Then the quake hit.

Not a tremor. Not a rattle. A *quake*. Full-bodied. Violent. Like the bones of the building were grinding against themselves. The entire floor bucked, just enough to throw balance into question. Everyone staggered. Someone hit the edge of the table and crumpled. The mounted screen on the wall sparked and went dark. A vase toppled from the bar cart and exploded across the rug.

Hamilton grabbed the back of a chair as the room tilted. His grip tightened until his knuckles turned pale. Around him, partners were yelling as they lost their footing.

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It had taken her longer than expected to find her bearings.

The city looked different from up here—flatter, smaller, and yet somehow more confusing. Streets she'd once driven were now just lines between boxes. Trees that once provided shade were now barely shrubs in her path. It was like staring at a diorama someone had spent too much time on—clever, accurate, but too precious for its own good. For the first few minutes, she had moved cautiously, testing her sense of scale. But now... now it was all starting to click. Her legs knew where to go before she told them. Her eyes scanned the horizon like it was a map she'd memorized years ago.

Downtown.

She recognized it easily now. The glass, the towers, the awful public art installations trying so hard to be edgy. And there—just past the last overpass—*that* building. The Eaglestone. Trim, expensive, vaguely European in that way developers used to justify overcharging for everything inside. She'd been there. Plenty of times. Walked beside her father in that lobby, nodded at secretaries who looked through her like she was air. Signed things. Quietly. Efficiently. That was all he ever wanted from her.

Not love.

Not respect.

Certainly not a shred of honesty, not even when he knew Harry was slipping off to screw half of Gainesville behind her back. No warning. No sympathy. Just a patronizing sigh and another folder shoved into her lap. Sign here. Don't embarrass us. Try to look presentable for once.

Her jaw tightened as she stepped between buildings, the sidewalk vanishing beneath the ball of her foot. A few stragglers were still out—lost, maybe, or just too stubborn to believe in the scale of what was happening. She didn't crush them. She was still careful, even if she was losing her patience. She scolded a few—pointed a finger, issued a calm little *"Go home. Now."* Her voice rolled like distant thunder. The man bolted. Good.

And then she was in front of it.

The Eaglestone didn't quite reach her collarbone, which made it oddly approachable. The kind of structure you could lean into, if you felt like it. Nancy did. She took a slow step forward, the tip of her big toe brushing up against the decorative landscaping at its base, scattering stone chips and uprooting something that had been trimmed into a perfect circle.

She bent.

Lowered herself, knees bending slightly, placing one hand against the roof to brace her descent. Her face came into view outside the twenty-somethingth floor. And there it was—the boardroom. Sleek, overfurnished, stuffed with suits. She'd been in that room too many times, parked like furniture at her father's side while he droned through numbers and margins and deals that always ended in someone losing a job. A few of the faces she saw now were familiar. Most weren't.

But *his* was.

There. Near the head of the table. Turning. Moving for the door. Not so fast.

Nancy reached forward without hesitation, cupping the sides of the building like a child inspecting a dollhouse. She didn't squeeze but the structure flexed slightly under her grip, its inner framework protesting in groans too faint for human ears to catch. And then she *shook*.

Not hard. Just enough.

Inside, the effect was instant. People spilled like dice across the glossy table, chairs toppling, papers spinning in the air like startled birds. A laptop sailed into a wall. Someone's coffee flew up and slapped the ceiling before raining down on the blur of bodies scrambling for the exit.

Nancy felt it through her palms—every micro-panic, every sudden, desperate skid of leather soles on glassy floors. And she smiled. A quiet, private thing at first. Then broader. She straightened a little, tilting her head as she peered in.

She felt *good*.

No—*better*. Powerful. Present. Amused.

For the first time in her life, her father was speechless.

Everyone else was screaming and trying to flee.

"Not so fast."

Nancy's voice slipped through the glass like a weather front—low, cool, and impossibly vast. It wasn't a shout. She didn't need to shout. Just a statement.

She straightened, scanning the building's upper floors for a suitable. Something that wouldn't flatten anyone or the entire structure, but would still make her point. It wasn't hard.

Her fist rose and came down.

The impact wasn't violent so much as overwhelming. The roof fractured with a crack that rolled through the city like a gunshot in a canyon. Glass rained in sheets. Steel

gave way with a groaning screech as her knuckles punched a wide tear through the top of the building—an ugly gash, angular and raw, that opened the tower like a sardine can. Shredded furniture and insulation fluttered like confetti as structural panels peeled back around her wrist.

Inside, the response was instant: chaos, reawakened. More screaming. A renewed surge toward the stairwells. But most never made it. Her fist alone had sent half the room reeling—another quake, more violent than the last. Several figures had been tossed against the long windows, some pinned beneath the toppled boardroom table, others frozen in place with no idea where to run.

Nancy leaned in again, peering through the gash she'd made.

"I *could've* been gentler," she offered matter-of-factly, brushing a few sharp bits of aluminum from the edge of the hole. "But this looked more efficient."

A few tried to bolt. A brave one screamed something at her—orders, maybe, or a plea. She didn't care. Her fingers were already moving inside, slow and surgical. She nudged a stunned man out of the way with the back of a knuckle, sent another sprawling with a twitch of her pinky. The room was tiny now, laughably so, barely the size of a drawer. Her fingers slid through it with lazy grace, searching. She knew exactly who she wanted.

There.

Backed against the far wall, clutching the edge of an overturned chair, eyes wide and unblinking: Hamilton Cobb.

She pinched him carefully between two fingers—thumb and forefinger, nothing more—and lifted.

He flailed immediately, legs kicking, arms jerking in an absurd pantomime of resistance. It didn't matter. She could barely feel him. Just a whisper of movement against her skin, like a thread caught on her nail. She removed him from the building and raised him to eye level.

Her father.

The man who'd scolded her for being "too sensitive," who'd lectured her on "optics" while her marriage burned to ash behind the curtain. Who had built his little empire one signature at a time—most of them hers, pushed under her nose without explanation.

He dangled helplessly in her grasp now. A squirming, powerless footnote. For once, he had no room to interrupt.

Nancy smiled.

"Nothing to say?" she asked mockingly. Well," she then added, arching a brow, "this is new."

And with deliberate ease, she shifted her hand and let him tumble into her open palm.

He landed with a soft grunt, sprawling across the lines of her skin like a misplaced doll.

She looked down at him, head tilted.

"Go on," she murmured, voice low and smooth, "say something useful for once."

His tie had come loose, the knot crooked. He looked like a banker dragged out of a flood.

"N-Nancy," he stammered, voice thin, eyes darting from fingertip to fingertip like he expected them to close in. "Sweetheart, listen to me—I didn't know you were—don't hurt me. Please."

Nancy blinked, once. Then let out a slow, measured breath through her nose.

"I'm not you," she said flatly.

Hamilton froze.

"I don't use power to hurt people. Not just because I can. That's your legacy, not mine." Her voice never rose. It didn't need to. "But if you think I'm going to keep playing the scared little girl, the one who signs what you put in front of her and smiles through betrayal—then you really haven't been paying attention."

He looked up at her, eyes glossy. "I—I didn't mean—"

"Stop," she interrupted. "Just stop."

Her fingers curled slightly around him, not closing, but reminding.

"What... do you want?" he finally asked.

She narrowed her eyes and sighed again.

"You want to know what I want?" she asked. "Fine. Let's start with the easy part."

She lowered her palm slightly, angling it so he had no choice but to stare up at her, backlit by the ruined skyline and her impossible form.

"I want *you* to understand that I'm done being your servant. That's all I ever was to you—an asset. A signature machine. A convenient name on a contract. You didn't

even slow down when you thought I was dead. You were already pitching new deals while my body was still warm."

Hamilton opened his mouth, closed it again.

"And Harry," she continued, voice flattening. "You knew. You always knew. What he was doing. Who he was doing it with. But God forbid the fuss put your deals at risk, right?"

She gave a short, almost amused exhale. "You covered for him. Lied for him. Because my humiliation was less important than your quarterly earnings."

Hamilton shifted awkwardly on his knees. His face was pale, brow shiny. There was nowhere to look but up.

"You're not getting another cent of Mom's estate," Nancy went on. "Not a penny. You'll have to figure out how to take care of yourself now. I'm sure you'll manage. Men like you always do. You just have to find someone new to use."

The silence between them hung like a scaffold.

Then, softly, Nancy tilted her head.

"And the second thing I want," she said, "is Harry."

Hamilton blinked. "What?"

"You were going to see him today," she said. "Before all this." She smiled faintly. "Don't bother lying. You planned to corner him while he was weak and confused. That's your move."

There was a beat. Hamilton's mouth twitched.

"He's at St. Joseph's," he mumbled, the words falling out in a rush. "Downtown. Private wing. Room 814. He's sedated. Surgery this morning, they've got him under."

Nancy's expression didn't change. But the air around her seemed to still further, as if even the wind was waiting.

"Thank you," she said simply.

Nancy regarded him for a moment longer, then shifted her grip.

With her free hand, she reached down and pinched him between her thumb and forefinger again—lightly, like retrieving a broken toy. Hamilton yelped involuntarily, arms flailing as she lifted him from her palm and held him suspended for one final second. Then she dropped him.

Not cruelly. Just... dropped.

He landed in the ruined remains of the boardroom with a graceless thud, bouncing once off the edge of the overturned table before sprawling on the wreckage of shattered glass and conference chairs. A few of the others inside jerked back. Most just stood frozen, stunned to still be alive.

Nancy straightened again, casting her gaze across the frightened cluster of suits and executives. Some were bruised. One limped. All of them stared up at her with wide, uncertain eyes. A few clutched phones that wouldn't save them.

She gave them a moment to process. Let the silence settle, broken only by the hum of the wind through the torn-open tower and the faint, panicked breathing of men who had just watched their day turn biblical.

Then she spoke.

"If I were you," she said, eyes narrowing slightly, "I wouldn't do business with Hamilton Cobb."

No thunder. No rage. Just a calm voice, massive and clear, resonating down through the hollowed glass.

"He only partners with people so he can rip them off and step on them later. It's nothing personal. That's just what he does."

She paused.

"But hey... that's just my advice."

And with that, Nancy turned.

Her bare feet moved with heavy, deliberate grace, the pavement cracking softly beneath her soles. She didn't look back. The Eaglestone tower receded behind her, a slashed and trembling carcass still reeling from her touch. She strode deeper into the heart of downtown, golden tarp swaying, shadow stretching long between the buildings as she moved with purpose.

St. Joseph's was waiting.

Chapter 11

The cab of the truck smelled like beef jerky, coffee, and one of those pine tree air fresheners that had long since given up. Honey didn't mind. She'd ridden in worse. Besides, it was better than walking—and she'd done enough of that for one lifetime. Her heels were still dusted white from the roadside gravel, and her thighs ached like they hadn't since her cheerleading days.

"Y'know," the driver said, casting his third not-even-trying-to-hide-it glance at her cleavage, "I don't usually pick up hitchhikers."

Honey arched an eyebrow, lips curling into a faint smile. She hadn't even *hitchhiked*, not technically. She'd just been leaning against the hood of an abandoned sedan, arms crossed under her chest, when this guy pulled over and asked if she needed a lift. Her tank top did most of the talking. The rest was just knowing when to tilt her head.

"Well," she said, voice all sugar, "guess I don't usually get rides from guys with airbrushed wolves on their hood. First time for everything."

That earned a chuckle. He adjusted his mirrored sunglasses and shifted gears, the semi rattling forward on the old state route like it was chewing its way across the county. His rig was one of those long-haul specials—grimy, dented, probably older than she was. The seat vibrated under her hips with every mile. She'd be sore again tomorrow, but not from walking this time.

"You headed far?" he asked.

"Just Gainesville," she replied.

He gave a low whistle. "That where you're comin' from?"

She gave a noncommittal shrug. "Something like that."

She didn't elaborate. She hadn't told him about Nancy. That wasn't a story you just dropped into roadside small talk. Besides, she still wasn't sure how much of it she believed herself.

The radio crackled as they rounded a bend, static giving way to a tinny-voiced news anchor already halfway through a sentence.

"—reports confirm the giant woman has now crossed the Naswha River and was last seen in the downtown Benford area. Eyewitnesses described her as calm but dangerous. Significant structural damage was inflicted on the Eaglestone tower—"

"Hey," Honey said, straightening in her seat, "turn that up?"

The driver obliged, twisting the dial. The radio hissed, then sharpened.

"—including the upper floors, which appear to have been deliberately targeted. Casualties are unconfirmed, though several sources inside the building reported chaos and injury as a result of the shaking. The identity of the woman has been confirmed as Nancy Archer, the heiress of the Archer estate in Gainesville."

The driver glanced sideways. "You hear about this lady before? The one who got big?"

Honey smirked, eyes fixed on the dashboard like she wasn't really seeing it.

"Yeah," she murmured. "Heard she had a growth spurt."

The anchor kept going, something about military response times and aerial coverage, but Honey wasn't listening anymore. Eaglestone. Of course.

She'd been in that boardroom once, years ago. With Hamilton Cobb. She leaned back against the window, arms folded, a little smile playing at the edge of her lips.

"Go get him, girl," she muttered under her breath.

"What was that?" the driver asked.

She blinked and glanced over, smile brightening with practiced ease.

"Nothing. Just hope the weather holds."

He nodded like that made sense. The engine grumbled as they crested another hill, and the view opened wide—miles of sun-drenched road leading straight toward Gainesville. Somewhere behind them, a city was still shaking. Honey didn't know what she'd do when she got back. She didn't know what Nancy was going to do next.

But she knew one thing. She was rooting for the girl who'd learned to throw her weight around.

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The wind off the landing rotor lashed grit into every exposed crease of skin as the Black Hawk touched down in a scatter of dust and noise. Soldiers moved quickly—boots slapping tarmac, helmets gleaming in the hard afternoon light—directing the newcomers away from the chopper and toward the heart of the sprawling National Guard staging area hastily erected along the outskirts of Benford.

Dr. Theodora Cushing ducked instinctively, one hand shielding her eyes, the other gripping the strap of her satchel as she hurried across the open gravel with Dr. Loeb and the nurse trailing close behind. A young aide in camo jogged beside them, barking into a headset, barely slowing his stride as he waved them toward the command tent flanked by portable comms towers and sandbagged Humvees.

Behind them, another squadron of attack helicopters roared overhead, rising in formation like a black steel swarm. The ground trembled faintly with their departure, distant blades thudding into the air like war drums.

Cushing looked up, frowning. "Where are they going?"

"The city," the aide shouted back, not bothering to sugarcoat. "Joint command authorized support for local police. Mayor's office and the governor finally had enough. They're sending in the cavalry."

"What?" she nearly stopped in place. "They're going to attack her?"

They reached the tent entrance just as the flaps snapped open from inside and a wash of cold air and tense radio chatter spilled out. Inside, officers clustered around a projection screen showing thermal scans of the downtown core, the blinking outline of a lone figure moving through the streets like a hurricane in slow motion.

"Hold up," Cushing said, her voice rising above the din as she stepped inside. "That's a mistake."

The room quieted. Heads turned.

A tall man in desert camo, his hair buzzed to the skin and his chest bristling with rows of faded insignia, turned away from the screen and raised an eyebrow. His name patch read **GEN. R.A. Malloy**—short for Richard Alan, though no one here dared call him anything but *sir*. Decorated from tours in Fallujah, with a reputation for blunt action and disregard for red tape, he was the man that had been called to sort this mess.

"What's a mistake?" he asked, folding his arms.

Cushing drew herself up, visibly trembling but holding her ground. "Attacking her. You can't just—"

"Who the hell are you?" Malloy cut in.

Before Cushing could answer, the aide jumped in. "They're civilian consultants, sir. Psychiatrist and physician. Dr. Cushing treated Nancy Archer. The older man is Dr. Loeb—he examined her during the initial incident. They were brought in under medical advisory protocol."

Malloy's expression didn't change. "Great. Well, this city doesn't take orders from an overgrown chick who thinks she's the second coming."

"She's not giving orders," Cushing said, struggling to keep her voice calm. "But she's not a monster, either. She's traumatized. Angry. You fire missiles at her, you'll only make it worse."

Malloy's jaw worked as he considered her.

"Missiles help," he said simply. "Especially when the problem's taller than your average high-rise."

There were a few tense chuckles from the back of the room, but Loeb stepped forward, his expression pale and tight.

"She's right," he said. "Missiles won't just provoke her. They'll make her grow."

Malloy turned to him. "What?"

Loeb's voice dropped, deliberate now, the weight of his words anchoring the air. "We're not certain how it works, but every time Nancy Archer experiences extreme trauma—especially violent trauma—she grows. It's not random. It's reactive. You hit her with missiles, you'll just make her larger, stronger, angrier."

The tent fell into a stunned hush. For once, even Malloy didn't have a comeback.

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Downtown had emptied, or nearly so, and Nancy moved through it with long, purposeful strides. The weight of her footfalls no longer startled her; they simply *belonged*—echoing with ownership across intersections that once made her wait.

The buildings had grown again. Taller. More modern. Their glass faces caught her reflection as she passed—distorted slivers of gold and skin, fragments of a goddess stitched into the skyline. She could see herself in every angle now, rising between the towers like she'd been drawn there, like she *fit*. It made her heart flutter.

She was getting close. She knew these streets. Knew the way they folded toward the northern end of the district where the hospitals stood, clinging to the base of the bluffs. *St. Joseph's* was just a few blocks ahead, tucked between a government annex and a quiet memorial park. She'd been in Benford plenty of times before. Most of them with Harry. She still remembered the last one, when she spent an entire dinner eyeing the waitress and making stupid jokes to her. She remembered the way her fingers had curled into fists behind her back as she bit her tongue.

But that was then.

Now, she could hold him. Lift him. Look him in the eyes—if he had the guts to open them—and finally say what she should have said years ago. Her stomach buzzed with anticipation, sweet and light. She had never felt this kind of clarity before. This *rightness*.

Her father was behind her. Her past was behind her. Everything ahead was hers. No more lowering her voice. No more biting her tongue. No more being the woman who “played nice.” She didn’t need nice. She had truth. Power. Scale.

The road curved gently to the left.

Nancy followed, golden tarp catching the light as she turned between two residential towers. Their upper floors brushed just above her jawline—quiet now, no faces in the windows, only flickering lights and abandoned blinds.

And then she saw it.

She stopped.

The street ahead was no longer empty.

It had been swallowed whole by a blockade.

It stretched wide across the avenue—four, maybe five layers deep—armored vans, sandbag walls, repurposed delivery trucks reinforced with plating, even a city bus wedged sideways to act as a final shield. The flashing lights of police cruisers and black government SUVs pulsed like fevered hearts. Behind them, figures moved with practiced speed—riot police in full gear, National Guard troops crouched behind their cover, SWAT teams armed to the teeth, rifles and launchers pointed directly at her. Spotlights flicked on as the sun started setting down. Dozens. Maybe more. Blinding white spears cutting through the space between towers, fixing on her chest, her legs, her face.

Above, helicopters hovered in a wide arc, their blades slicing the air in uneasy rhythm. One moved lower, circling her slowly, like a predator unsure if it was stalking or being stalked.

Nancy stood there, motionless, her toes just brushing the edge of a toppled streetlight. She stared at the blockade, breath catching for a single stunned beat.

Then she muttered, “Shit.”

The word slipped out before she could filter it, low and tight and full of disbelief. She could feel the heat rise in her chest—not from the spotlights, but from something deeper. Rage, coiling itself in the base of her spine.

She had *told* them.

She had dealt with their first attempt with ease. She had then stood in front of cameras. Addressed them with the calm of a woman holding all the cards. She had given her warning. Set her terms. She hadn't asked for worship. She hadn't even demanded obedience. Just a simple, *clear path*. She wanted one thing—Harry. One man. One last piece of unfinished business.

But no. Of course not. The cops had to show up. Had to *escalate*. Had to pretend they were still in control.

A megaphone cracked to life, the distorted voice of authority shrieking from a perch of armored arrogance.

"You are surrounded. Stop moving immediately."

Nancy's jaw flexed. She hadn't moved since rounding the corner. Her shadow hadn't shifted an inch. Her breath came through her nose in a long stream as she turned her head slowly toward the voice.

"I'm stopped," she snapped, teeth clenched. "Obviously."

Her voice echoed across the city blocks—sharp, cutting, too large to ignore. The street swallowed it whole, and yet it still pressed into every ear with bone-deep clarity.

Silence followed. No retreat. No easing of weapons. Just more lights clicking on, more rifles angled up, as if someone thought the next step was hers.

She let her gaze drift over the line of vehicles again. SWAT teams behind glass. Snipers on rooftops. That same stupid posturing that always meant someone wanted to feel brave in front of a camera. Like they were going to hand her a ticket. Like this was some kind of standoff.

Nancy's thoughts raced beneath the surface. She didn't speak right away. There was too much to weigh.

This was the moment.

No more dramatics. No more throwing shadows. The novelty had worn off. The fear had curdled into protocol. She could see it in their formations, their hesitations. They weren't just scared. They were prepared. That changed things.

She couldn't lean on dread alone. Couldn't rely on the shock of her size or the weight of her silence. Those things had carried her this far, but they wouldn't carry her through this. They were daring her to make the next move.

And if they forced her hand—if they pushed her past the point of choosing—she knew what would come. She would have to *show* them. Not scare them. Not warn them. Show them. And once she did, there would be no way back.

It wasn't what she wanted. But it might be all she had left.

She hesitated for a moment, even considered trying to settle things. But no.

She wouldn't go back. Wouldn't sit. Wouldn't shrink herself down—metaphorically or otherwise—for a city that decided it couldn't let a woman have what she deserved. If they wanted to force her hand, she'd do it. But God, she hoped they didn't.

Her chest rose with a quiet inhale.

"I'm not here for you," she called out, voice steady but resolute. "I want one thing. My husband. He's in the hospital a few blocks from here."

A beat. Her voice lowered, firmed.

"I'm giving you a chance to move. Get out of my way. Leave me alone."

She meant it.

She *hoped*—with the tiniest shred of her old self still clinging somewhere behind her eyes—that they'd take the offer.

But even as she stood there, waiting, part of her already knew what she'd have to do when they didn't.

The megaphone crackled again, this time with more bite.

"This is your final warning," the voice barked. "Do *not* advance. Drop to your knees and place your hands on your head. This is your last chance."

Nancy exhaled hard through her nose, her jaw tightening.

"Really?" she muttered to herself. "We're doing this?"

She took a small, deliberate step forward—not aggressive, just enough to let the asphalt know she was still in charge of gravity. The echoes from her footfall rippled out between buildings, setting off a fresh chorus of tension in the barricade. She saw movement—shadows flinching, fingers tightening on triggers.

She raised her voice, not yelling, but with enough force to quiet everything else.

"I haven't hurt *anyone*," she said, sweeping her gaze across the blockade. "Yes, I've wrecked some things. Fine. But for God's sake, I've been *careful*. Do you know how careful a woman my size has to be just to *walk* down a street without killing someone?"

Another squawk from the megaphone, sharper now. "Back off or we will open fire."

Nancy flinched—not in fear, but in disappointment. Her fingers curled slightly at her sides, her breath tightening.

"I told you," she said, her voice strained but steady, "I don't want to hurt anyone. I never have. But I won't just stand here and let you *attack* me."

There was another burst of static—more commands, more warnings, overlapping, confused. Different voices shouting over each other. She recognized the rhythm of fear disguising itself as control.

She raised her voice again—louder this time. No longer polite.

"I *am* the size of a damned high-rise."

That shut them up.

Her voice crashed down over the blockade like a falling wall. Even the choppers seemed to falter mid-hover.

"You *know* I'm going to get what I came for. You know it."

Her tone softened then, just slightly—no less powerful, but tinged now with something honest. Something tired.

"So I'm asking. One more time."

She looked out at the men behind the rifles, the flashing lights, the layered barricades of a city clinging to its old habits.

"Please," she said, "get out of my way. Don't make me do what you're *forcing* me to do."

For a moment, the world held its breath.

Nancy didn't move. Neither did they. The air between them stretched thin, vibrating with tension, like the pause between thunderclaps. No shouting. No warning. Even the megaphone had gone quiet. The helicopters above her hovered like uncertain vultures, their spotlights still trained on her chest and shoulders but pulsing with hesitation. The riflemen behind the barricade held their lines, not advancing, not backing down. They were bracing. Waiting.

And in that silence, she felt it. Real hesitation. Not bluff. Not delay. The men behind the guns were thinking. *Really* thinking. She could see it in the minor shifts of weight, in the way no one rushed to bark out another threat. Something had landed. Something had *registered*. For the first time in hours—maybe days—there was a sliver of possibility.

Her chest lifted. Slowly, deliberately, she took one step forward.

Just one.

The sky came apart.

The first shots hit her collarbone, a staccato tap like someone throwing gravel at her. Then came her thigh, her shoulder, the side of her stomach. Within seconds, the barrage was everywhere—hundreds of tiny impacts slapping into her arms, her hips, the tops of her breasts, her legs. She staggered, one arm flying up to shield her face, the other bracing across her chest. Her heel gouged hard into the pavement as she pulled back a step, not from pain, but pure disbelief.

"Are you kidding me?" she shouted, her voice echoing between the high-rises like rolling thunder. "I'm *talking* to you!"

She crouched slightly, her massive frame folding just enough to offer some cover, the golden tarp brushing against her thighs. The sound of gunfire rattled against her bones—sharp, frantic, ceaseless. It didn't hurt, not in any meaningful way. She could *feel* the bullets, each one just a tiny sting, a prick, an irritating little nudge against skin that had become something else. Not armor, exactly—something more like patience wearing thin.

It wasn't the pain that enraged her. It was the *audacity*. After everything she'd said. After everything she'd tried. After giving them every chance, they still thought this would work.

"Stop shooting me, you idiots!" she screamed, teeth clenched, fingers curling with frustration. "God, it's like being poked by a thousand pens!"

She shifted her weight, irritation crackling through her like heat. Her right foot, planted just beside a disabled bus, scraped outward in a sudden kick. It wasn't even her full strength—just a frustrated lashing-out, like brushing away a wasp. Her toes caught the edge of a transport truck angled towards the barricade.

It rolled.

The truck flipped with absurd ease, hurtling end over end into the blockade. It crushed a sandbag wall instantly, then slammed into two police cruisers behind it, one of which burst into flames before she even realized what had happened. The shockwave of the explosion tore through the line like a cleaver through cloth, hurling shrapnel in every direction. She saw flashes of uniforms scrambling for cover, bodies diving behind wrecked vehicles, smoke spiraling into the sky.

And then it was quiet. Not silent, but muted. A stunned, broken kind of stillness.

Nancy slowly lowered her arms and looked through the smoke, her breath still heavy in her chest. The scene in front of her was wreckage. One of the squad cars was bent entirely in half, the other flipped and burning. A third had embedded itself into the side of a bank building. Cops were shouting, coughing, calling to each other. Some were getting up.

Some weren't.

She scanned the pavement and saw them—bodies that hadn't moved since the blast. Crumpled. Crushed. Still. The kind of stillness she didn't need to question.

Her first kills.

She didn't look away.

She waited for the guilt to hit, for the collapse, for the old reflexes of shame or horror to surface and swallow her whole. But they didn't come. The sadness wasn't there. Neither was the remorse.

She just felt... solid. Entirely still. There was a weight in her chest, but it wasn't grief. It was inevitability. As if this had always been on the road ahead and she was only now stepping into it.

Across the smoking barricade, the surviving officers stared at her—dozens of them, maybe more. Not one raised a weapon. Their faces were ashen, jaws slack. Whatever they had thought she was, whatever training told them to expect—it wasn't *this*.

Nancy's chest rose with a rough inhale, and then she screamed, her voice cracked and massive, raw with disbelief and fury.

"Do you see what you made me do?!"

The answer came before her scream had even finished echoing.

A sharp hiss split the air—thin, slicing, unmistakable. Nancy's eyes snapped upward, catching a glimpse of the trail, a single line of white cutting across the smoke-smeared sky. It came fast, impossibly fast, and before she could move, before her body could shift or brace, the missile struck her square in the stomach.

The impact was something else entirely. It wasn't pain—not the sharp, clean kind she remembered from before all this—but a massive, thudding force that ripped the breath from her chest and sent her reeling backwards. She had never felt anything quite like it, not even during her growth spurts. The sheer kinetic shove hurled her off her feet, arms flailing instinctively as the ground peeled away beneath her. The skyline spun. The sound of the street twisted and folded around her until she crashed down hard, flattening a low-rise building beneath her body with a crunching,

grinding roar of collapsing brick and metal. Dust ballooned outward in a rolling wave, swallowing the block in a plume of chalky smoke.

Somewhere beneath the ringing in her ears, she heard it—the cheering. Faint at first, then louder. From the barricade. Applause. Shouts. Relief. Joy. They thought it had worked. They thought she was down.

Nancy grunted as she pushed herself upright, her palms sinking into the debris, glass and concrete biting into her skin like sand. She winced, drawing a breath that tasted like plaster and ash. Her golden tarp was smeared with soot, shredded along one hip. Her stomach, where the missile had struck, was blackened and scorched—but there was no blood, no open wound. Her fingers moved across the skin, testing. Tender, yes. Sore. But intact.

They hit me with a missile, she thought, stunned. And I'm still here.

There was a beat of quiet amazement. Not victory—just the recognition of something undeniable. She had taken a direct hit, a missile to the gut, and all it had done was knock the wind out of her. No wonder they were cheering. They thought they'd toppled her. But she was still breathing. Still upright.

And then she looked behind her.

The building was gone. Flattened beneath her body like a sandcastle under a wave. It hadn't stood a chance. One moment it had been there—a four-story brick office or maybe apartments, she wasn't sure—and the next it was rubble beneath her hips, a wide crater of wreckage and dust. A few metal support beams jutted out like snapped bones. Her breath caught in her throat as she took in the full shape of the collapse.

There had probably been people inside.

She stood slowly, rising out of the rubble like a living monument. Her muscles ached. Her chest heaved. And yet, as she looked down at the destruction she'd caused, she felt... nothing. No guilt. No sorrow. Not even the reflexive, useless apology that had always come so easily before. Not anymore. Not after this.

The cheers stopped.

The men behind the barricade froze, staring at her with wide, panicked eyes. The helicopters backed off slightly, holding their altitude. The spotlights trembled. Her presence filled the block again, a shadow stretching over flames and twisted metal. And now, for the first time, they understood.

Nancy clenched her fists at her sides, her golden tarp fluttering around her thighs in the smoke-streaked air. Her voice came low, sharp, and enormous, rolling across the wreckage with the weight of judgment.

"You morons. You absolute morons."

She stepped forward, slow and controlled, her bare foot flattening a burned-out motorcycle like a paperclip beneath her sole.

"I told you. I warned you. I gave you every chance. And you still thought this was a good idea?"

Her gaze swept the line of officers, the broken remnants of the barricade, the scorched street behind them. Smoke curled around her ankles. She could still hear the fires crackling.

"You shot me. You bombed me. And for what? To feel powerful? To put on a show? You wanted to see what would happen when you pushed me?"

She didn't raise her voice. She didn't need to. Her words were too large to ignore, each one thick with contempt and finality.

"Well. Now you're going to find out."

She got her answer right away. The trail of smoke appeared before the warning shout could even form. Another missile cut the sky, roaring toward her through the thinning haze. But this time, Nancy saw it coming. Her eyes snapped toward the sound, her weight already shifting to her right. Her body twisted in one smooth motion, and the projectile streaked past her ribs, missing by a breath.

It didn't vanish harmlessly.

It slammed into a building behind her—one of the taller ones, maybe ten or twelve stories—sending concrete and steel flying in all directions. The blast tore through the midsection like a blade, and within seconds the structure gave way. A hollow collapse followed, a monstrous gasp of architecture dying under its own weight. Windows shattered. Cars burst into flames from the heat. The third building that day crumbled into ruin.

Nancy turned her head slowly and looked back at the falling debris, then back toward the blockade. Her brow furrowed in cold disgust.

"Brilliant," she called out, voice echoing off the shattered facades. "That one's on *you*."

Then she started walking.

Rifles opened up again, the useless crackle of small arms fire tickling her thighs and arms as she advanced. She didn't bother shielding herself this time. She barely felt it. They were gnats, buzzing and stinging in panic, throwing everything they had against something too big to stop. The prickling across her skin barely registered as pain—more like pressure, like needles poking gently into muscle that had long since stopped caring.

She reached the blockade with steady, deliberate steps. Her foot came down on a squad car parked near the front, the metal shell folding inward like a soda can. It made a sharp, final crunch beneath her sole, the chassis crushed flat into the asphalt. She didn't pause. Her other foot pivoted slightly and delivered a casual but devastating kick to a nearby SWAT van, sending it flying through the air like a kicked toy. It spun twice before slamming into the third floor of an office tower and exploding in a ball of fire and glass.

Next to her foot, a cluster of officers was still firing upward. Close now. Stupidly close. She could see their mouths moving, their hands shaking around the grips of their rifles. One of them screamed something—maybe a command, maybe a prayer. She hesitated, then lifted her foot. She left it hovering inches—to her—above them. Just a second. Long enough to feel their fear. Long enough to feel a last shred of hesitation inside her.

But she was too far gone.

Her foot came down, fast and final. The sensation was... different this time. Not just noise or impact. There was a sponginess to it, a resistance that gave way and sank beneath her. She felt them break—bones, bodies, weapons—compressed into the print she left behind. The heat of them soaked through her sole and into her leg.

A gasp seemed to ripple through what remained of the blockade. They had finally understood, it seemed.

Nancy raised her head, scanning the line, her voice sharp again.

"I *told* you to stop. I *warned* you. You brought this on yourselves."

They didn't answer. They were too busy trying to stay upright.

The whine of rotor blades came next—a pitch higher, circling fast. She turned just in time to catch sight of a gunship sweeping toward her, its side-mounted cannon already lit. The first bullets slammed into her stomach with brutal force—high-caliber, rapid fire. This wasn't the prickling of earlier rifles. These hit like fists. Like being whipped across the belly with a belt.

She grunted and staggered slightly, arms folding inward, teeth clenched from the sudden sting. Her skin held, but the pain registered. It made her snarl.

She swatted at the chopper, one arm slicing through the air in a blur—but it was too quick, veering upward just in time. She hissed and narrowed her eyes, her frustration bubbling just beneath the surface.

"Fine," she muttered, and turned her fury downward again.

Another group of officers had formed up behind an overturned vehicle, eyes wide, rifles raised, breath held. Nancy didn't hesitate this time. Her heel lifted and came down like a falling monument, her toes rolling forward as she planted her weight. The vehicle buckled. The men underneath vanished into dirt and blood and pavement.

The gloves were off.

She caught movement in her periphery—another SWAT van, trying to pull a desperate U-turn, its tires squealing as it pivoted away from the wreckage. It hadn't even completed the turn when Nancy moved. Her foot came down with terrifying precision, crashing through its armored roof and snapping the frame like a tin can beneath a sledgehammer. The reinforced body buckled under her sole, flattened completely against the pavement, the engine block bursting into flame from the pressure. She didn't pause, didn't even glance at it. Her eyes were already locked on the remaining cluster of armed responders.

"Keep running," she growled, voice thick with disdain. "It won't help."

The next sting came higher—on her face. Tiny, sharp pinpricks dotted her right cheek. She flinched and turned her head. A rooftop. Not far away. Shooters—four of them—sprawled in prone position, trying to snipe her like she was still something that could be tamed by tactics. She didn't hesitate.

Two steps, each one shaking windows in their frames, and she was at the base of the building. Her hand swept up in a single, clean backhand. Her knuckles tore through the top floor, sending bricks, steel beams, and human bodies flying like dust off a shelf. The rooftop crumpled under the force of her blow, the edge folding inward like a cracked jaw.

The roar came before the pain.

She barely registered the sound of the next missile being launched. Only the impact—directly between her shoulder blades. It hit hard, a deep, concussive thud that drove through muscle and bone and dropped her like a felled redwood.

Nancy hit the ground face-first, her hands barely breaking her fall as her colossal frame came crashing down. Her chest flattened the remains of the central barricade, already weakened and burning. The explosion beneath her torso was muffled by her own weight—squad cars, weapons, and bodies disappearing under her like chalk drawings in a downpour. The pain bloomed up her spine and across her ribs in a heavy, nauseating wave, and for a breath, everything was smoke and motion and ringing silence.

Then her eyes opened.

She lay there, her face turned to the ruin in front of her. The crushed barricade, the mangled remains of vehicles flattened like origami. Limbs twisted at impossible angles. Blood smeared across cracked pavement. Screaming. Panicked scrambling. A few officers still alive, wide-eyed and running, trying to claw their way back from the edge of annihilation.

She didn't feel sorry for them.

Not after another missile.

Not after *this*.

Above her, she heard the rotor wash shift—the unmistakable hover pattern of a chopper circling for another strike. She could feel the heat of its engine behind her, the tightening rhythm of a cannon being brought to bear.

Instinct took over.

Nancy's hand reached out, scrabbling along the ground until it found the dented, half-crushed body of a nearby squad car. Her fingers curled around it, glass shattering, metal groaning beneath her grip. She clenched so hard the roof caved in like paper. Her other hand pressed into the ground as she pushed herself upright onto one knee, turning through the cloud of dust just enough to face the incoming threat.

She'd never had good aim.

She didn't even think.

She just *threw*.

The mangled car spun end over end through the air like a shotput made of steel and rage. For a heartbeat, she expected it to miss—to glance off the tail rotor or sail wide and crash into another building. But fate, or fury, or sheer impossible luck guided it true.

It hit dead center.

The explosion was instant—bright, brutal, and ear-splitting. Fire tore through the belly of the chopper, splitting it open in midair. The tail snapped sideways. The cockpit cracked. Flaming debris scattered across the sky like confetti soaked in napalm. The sound of the rotor blades chewing themselves to pieces was drowned by the cascade of burning wreckage raining down across the street below.

Several of the fleeing officers didn't make it out of the way.

Nancy stood fully now, breath ragged, chest scorched, arms tensed at her sides. Around her, the city burned in silence. She looked up at the smoke. At the orange sky.

Nancy stood tall over what was left of the blockade, her bare feet planted in the wreckage of a street that barely remembered what it used to be. Around her, smoke drifted in thick, lazy plumes. Fires crackled where cars had once been. Sirens in the distance warbled without direction. The last organized resistance had crumbled—men running, rifles dropped, orders forgotten. The barricade was broken, its armored teeth shattered and ground into the asphalt beneath her steps.

She turned slowly, scanning the ruins, her voice booming out across the silence.

"Look at you," she said, her words cold and unforgiving. "This was your stand? This was your big plan?"

Her eyes narrowed as she took another step, the pavement shuddering beneath her heel. Crushed helmets and cracked riot shields littered the street like discarded props.

"You tried to stop me with noise. With bullets. With *missiles*. You thought if you hit me hard enough, I'd fold. You thought I'd get scared. Shrink. Obey."

She spat the last word like it was poison.

"And now look at you. Scattered. Crying. Running."

She could see them—uniforms disappearing into alleys, crouching behind dumpsters, vanishing into the buildings. All structure gone. No one left to give orders. No one left willing to follow them.

Her body trembled slightly, not from fear but the aftershock of exertion. Her muscles were still tight. Her adrenaline was still pounding, coiling around her chest and whispering to chase them. *Finish it. Punish them. Make sure they never try again.* The instinct was there, sharp and wild—an animal under her skin.

But her breath slowed. Just enough.

They weren't a threat anymore. Not really. They were already broken.

Her voice followed them anyway, hard and clear.

"I told you I'd win. I told you to back down. But you forced my hand. And now you know what that *means*."

A sound drew her eye upward—whirring rotors, steady and low. One last chopper.

It hovered near the edge of the skyline, just above a battered office tower. Its weapons were still aimed. The side gun had her in its sights. It hadn't retreated with the rest.

Nancy squared her shoulders and stared at it, unblinking.

"Still think you've got something left?" she called, her tone razor-thin. "You think that pea-shooter is going to change anything now?"

The chopper didn't move. Her heart tightened, ready to lunge, to swat, to tear.

"Well?" she shouted, her voice cracking through the air. "What's it going to be?"

The machine held its position for a breath longer—one long, heavy pause—and then it turned. Slowly, silently, it banked left and peeled away from the skyline. No fire. No challenge. It fled.

Nancy stood there for a long second, her arms slack, her fists unclenching slowly at her sides. The city was quiet again, except for the hum of flames and the occasional shudder of something collapsing in the distance.

She breathed hard. Deep. Her lungs felt scorched, her heart a drumbeat against her ribs. Her legs ached. Her torso throbbed where the missile had struck. She could feel her pulse in her throat.

The victory tasted like ash.

She had won. No one could deny that now.

But the cost... the cost sat heavy on her shoulders.

She looked around at what was left. The dead. The broken. The cratered street beneath her heels. She had crossed the line. Every line. And she hadn't just stepped over it—she'd flattened it. And somehow, it didn't feel shocking. It didn't feel wrong.

It felt inevitable.

Her voice came again, softer now. Not a shout. Not a scream. Just words, spoken into the city around her like a verdict passed down from something older than justice.

"I didn't want to do this," she said. "But you needed to understand how things are now."

Her head turned slowly, addressing the skyline, the windows that still hadn't shattered, the people she knew were watching from wherever they could hide.

"You made this the lesson. Not me. And now..."

She paused, one breath hanging.

"Now you've learned it."

She looked at the blackened sky, the twisted ruins at her feet.

"I'm done holding back."

Chapter 12

The command tent was dead quiet, save for the buzz of radios and the frantic clatter of keyboards. No one was talking. No one moved with confidence anymore. The satellite feed had gone silent minutes ago, replaced by fragmented overhead footage from a grounded drone—the kind of footage that didn't need commentary. The destruction spoke loud enough.

On the main screen, a wide-angle still held the last image: Nancy Archer, standing tall amid the smoking remains of the Benford blockade. A chopper burning mid-air. Streets cracked like dried riverbeds. Vehicles and bodies half-submerged in a trail of flattened asphalt. Her bare feet planted in the ruin. Her arms loose at her sides. Calm. Composed. Terrifying.

General Malloy stood with his arms folded, jaw locked tight as he stared at the frozen image. The veins in his temple pulsed. Around him, junior officers shifted in place, avoiding his eyes, waiting for orders that hadn't yet formed.

"Where's Loeb?" he asked finally, voice low and hard.

Someone ran.

Moments later, Dr. Loeb entered, shoulders tense, his face drawn pale and taut with everything he'd just seen. The nurse trailed close behind, her eyes locked on the ground.

Malloy didn't waste time. "You told us missiles wouldn't work."

Loeb nodded grimly. "I did."

"And you were right. They didn't do a damn thing."

"Worse than that," Loeb said, stepping up to the table and resting his palms flat on the edge, "you're lucky she's too big now."

Malloy turned sharply. "What?"

"If se had been small enough for the rockets to do some damage...those impacts, the trauma... they could've triggered another growth event. God help us if that had happened."

There was a beat of silence, followed by mutters across the tent. One of the junior officers swore under his breath. Another leaned into his monitor, pulling up the last few frames from the drone footage, as if searching for anything that made sense.

"What do we hit her with?" Malloy asked.

"Nothing... at least, not a weapon," Loeb replied.

"No more weapons?" the general asked.

Loeb shook his head. "Not unless you want to make things worse."

"Then what?" Malloy snapped, slamming a fist onto the edge of the table. "We let her level the city? We hide under our beds while she finishes whatever vendetta she's on?"

Loeb didn't flinch. "We sedate her."

The general blinked. "You want to *put her to sleep*?"

"It's the only thing that makes sense," Loeb replied. "I've already started calculations—dosage estimates, delivery system design. We know her approximate blood volume, her mass-to-tissue ratios. It's not perfect science, but it should work."

Malloy's stare narrowed. "And how exactly do you deliver a tranquilizer to someone the size of a broadcast tower?"

Loeb lifted a small binder from under his arm and placed it on the table. Schematics, dosage tables, trajectory estimates—all hastily printed but legible. "With a dart. A very, very large dart. One with a hypodermic delivery system large enough to carry a concentrated tranquilizer payload. High compression release, custom body length, stabilized fins. I've been working with the engineers here."

Malloy's eyes moved across the pages, frowning deeper with each one. "How soon?"

"We're close," Loeb said. "We can leverage a lot of stuff your team already had in hand."

The general's fingers tapped once, twice on the table. Then he gave a slow nod.

"Hurry up."

==*=*=*=*=

Nancy walked.

The street stretched wide beneath her, but it wasn't wide enough to hold what she'd become. The barricade faded behind her like a chapter turned, its smoldering wreckage slowly vanishing into the haze. The fires would take hours to die out, but their message had already been written into the city's bones. Her bare soles thudded

softly now, each step leaving a print behind, a pressed signature in the concrete—proof, if anyone still needed it, that nothing and no one could stop her.

She felt different. Not just empowered—*invulnerable*. There had always been this quiet, instinctive voice in her gut whispering that she was capable of more, that the world had made a mistake in thinking it could contain her. That voice wasn't whispering anymore. It was certainty now. Cold and firm and carved into her like scripture. There was nothing left to prove. Nothing she couldn't do. Not anymore.

And yet...

Her chest ached—not from pain, not from any lingering damage, but from what it all *cost*. She had never wanted it to go this way. Not truly. The crushed bodies, the twisted wreckage, the screams—none of that had been part of her plan. She had hoped—naively, maybe—that she could emerge, walk tall, and be seen. Heard. Understood. But people weren't built that way. They didn't give power freely. They guarded it. Hoarded it. Tried to break anyone who walked too tall.

They had to see. That was the only way.

Still, it hurt that this was how they learned.

Her stride lengthened as the buildings shifted around her again. They were taller here, clustered tighter—hospital district. She was getting close. Harry wasn't far now. She could already picture him: dazed, bandaged, reduced. There was a bitter symmetry to it. He had spent so long making her feel small. Now she would look down at him and see just how small *he* truly was. And then... then what?

She frowned slightly. She hadn't thought beyond that moment. A part of her had imagined walking the world—exploring it from this new vantage, rising above cities like a goddamn monument. But now, after this, after what she had done and what it had taken, that idea felt too small. She could do more than wander. She *had* to. This wasn't a joyride anymore. It was something bigger.

A crowd appeared ahead. Another one. Clumps of people—citizens, evacuees, gawkers—gathered near an intersection, heads tilted, eyes wide. She didn't slow this time. Her patience had been torched somewhere back in the last blast zone.

"Get the fuck out of my way!" she shouted, her voice thunderous, ringing between the towers. "It should be fucking obvious!"

They scrambled. Most of them. Some ducked behind cars, some scattered into buildings. A few just stood frozen. She tried to step through them—threading her path between the groups—but space was tight. Her right foot came down on a

parked car, crushing it flat with a metallic crunch that sent glass spraying. She grimaced. Not ideal, but unavoidable.

Then came the next step.

She aimed for a gap. Clear asphalt. No one there.

Until someone *moved*—a blur darting across the space, too fast, too late.

She saw him at the last second. Young. A man, maybe early thirties, arms flailing, trying to escape from one side of the street to the other. He wasn't attacking. He wasn't even looking at her. Just trying to run. But her foot was already descending, and she was too far into the motion to pull back.

She hesitated—but only for a second. The rest was physics.

Her heel landed first, then the ball of her foot, then her toes, folding down over him like the lid of a coffin. There was a soft, thick resistance. Something gave way beneath her weight with a sickening yield, the kind that her body recognized before her mind did. She stopped, leg trembling, then slowly lifted her foot again.

He was gone.

Just a red smear in the middle of a human-sized crater.

Nancy's stomach turned, but only briefly. The others around her stared in mute horror.

She stood straight, breathing hard.

"Don't," she snapped, voice sharp as glass, "run *under* me. Don't run near me. Don't be fucking *stupid*. I warned you."

They moved now. Every last one of them.

Her eyes lingered on the stain behind her. It hadn't been a threat. He hadn't done anything but miscalculate, and pay for it with his life.

She swallowed hard. The taste was bitter. But clean.

It was going to happen again. Accidents were inevitable. She could pretend otherwise—could drag herself through guilt and shock every time someone made the wrong move—but that was just one more leash. And she wasn't wearing leashes anymore.

Nancy took a breath. Then another.

And walked on. She advanced through the streets like a slow-moving storm, her size distorting every space she entered. The city narrowed again, the roads bottlenecking

between clusters of mid-rise buildings. She stepped through with little effort, crushing a red sedan that hadn't been abandoned fast enough, the metal folding beneath her toes with a satisfying crunch. Up ahead, a van tried to reverse out of the way too late. Her foot met its bumper and sent it spinning onto its side like a kicked toy.

"For fuck's sake," she growled, voice booming down the avenue, "how hard is it to *move?!"*

The people still in the area bolted. She saw them ducking into alleyways, clambering over barricades, trying to vanish between buildings. Her lip curled. *They should have known better.*

She took a right at the next intersection, her shadow passing over shattered streetlights and overturned vehicles, and then turned again down a broader avenue. The buildings opened up here. The road widened, sloping gently toward a large open plaza she remembered—pedestrian-heavy, once lined with food carts and benches, a place that had hosted weekend jazz festivals and protests and parades. And at the far end, rising over ten stories tall like a relic of some old order, stood the broad face of St. Joseph's Medical Center.

Her heart surged.

There it was.

What once had looked like an imposing, modern hospital now barely reached her waist. She smiled. Not out of cruelty. Out of *clarity*. It was all here, exactly where she needed it to be. Somewhere inside that building—behind those pale walls and surgical curtains—was the man who had broken her. Who had smiled through lies and pressed his mouth to her skin while making plans to humiliate her.

She was going to get him back.

But in the plaza, there was chaos.

People hadn't fully cleared. Emergency workers. Civilians. Bystanders who had somehow not fled. They were running now, but they were still in the way.

Nancy raised her voice again, sharper this time, her patience gone. "You've got five fucking seconds to clear out," she warned. "If you're still in front of me when I hit that plaza, it's on *you*."

She saw them scatter, yes—but not fast enough. Too many of them were still clinging to the edges, trying to dodge between piles of debris or helping others to their feet. The ground itself vibrated with the echoes of her advance.

And then her eyes caught motion on the far side of the plaza.

A convoy.

Three ambulances, white and marked with the red-and-blue hospital seal, pulling away from the curb in tight formation. Lights on. Engines screaming. Escorted by two police cruisers, they were weaving between rubble and fleeing pedestrians, pushing toward the far avenue.

Nancy's smile dropped.

No. No no no.

Her mind raced. Of course they were evacuating. Of course they'd heard her. She'd made it plain—on camera, no less—that she was coming for Harry. If they had any brains, they'd move him. If he was still inside, they'd be idiots not to get him out. *He might be in one of those ambulances.*

A slow panic rippled through her—something rawer than fear. *Losing him now? After everything?* The idea of arriving too late—of seeing that convoy vanish down the street, of having to chase it, of never finding him again—it seized something deep inside her chest and twisted.

She looked at the plaza again.

Still full. Still cluttered. Still people underfoot.

Her instincts balked for a second—just long enough to whisper *you don't have to do this*. But the thought of losing Harry again snapped the doubt clean in half. She gritted her teeth.

"Last warning!" she shouted, her voice booming across the plaza like a cannon. "Get out of my way or get *flattened!*"

Then she moved.

Her first step dropped hard into the plaza, the cobblestones cracking and leaping under her heel. People screamed. She tried—half-heartedly, distractedly—to angle her steps between the fleeing bodies. But it was impossible now. There were just too many. She felt the difference in texture beneath her foot—solid at first, then soft, then yielding. She didn't stop. Her eyes were locked on the convoy. Every step mattered.

A body brushed against her toes—she didn't look down. Something snapped under her arch—she kept going. The sound of screams rose around her, but it was part of the noise now. Part of the air.

She strode through the chaos like a scythe through wheat. Her footfalls carved a path of ruin through the open plaza, benches tossed aside like toys, decorative planters reduced to powder. A few people tried to dart between her steps and didn't make it. She felt it in the way her heel sank slightly, the way the stone squelched underneath. She grimaced, but didn't pause.

At the far edge, the ambulances were just turning toward the street.

Nancy stepped in front of them.

Planted herself dead center in their path, arms wide, legs firm, her body a living wall of flesh and fury.

"No one's leaving," she called down, voice thick with satisfaction. "Not until I get what's *mine*."

She stared at the lead ambulance as its tires skidded to a halt, front bumper nearly brushing her foot. The other two stopped behind it, sirens wailing, lights spinning.

She looked down at them. And smiled.

The line of ambulances had barely come to a stop when one of the police escorts made a foolish choice.

The cruiser swerved out of formation and darted ahead, engine roaring, lights spinning in panic as if it could somehow wedge itself between Nancy and the convoy. She didn't even flinch. Her foot lifted and came down with brutal precision, smashing the vehicle flat beneath her sole. She felt it—more than heard it—the soft, sudden give of bodies compressed into twisted steel. No ceremony. Just meat and metal beneath her weight.

She didn't even look down.

"*Try that again*," she snapped to the others, "and I'll turn every one of you into a fucking carpet."

Then she crouched.

The first ambulance sat in front of her like a tin lunchbox. Her fingers curled around its sides with ease, denting the white body as if it were made of cheap plastic. She lifted it and used her other hand to pinch its top. A wrench of her wrist and the roof tore free with a metallic scream—rivets popping, sirens sparking as the panel ripped loose. She peeled it open like a stubborn lid, tossing the torn roof behind her.

Inside, chaos. A nurse screamed. A medic ducked. A man strapped to a stretcher stared up at her in wide-eyed disbelief, his mouth working silently through the oxygen mask.

Nancy tilted her head, frowned, and narrowed her eyes.

"Not him."

With one hand, she tilted the ambulance and let it roll onto its side, dumping the contents unceremoniously onto the pavement. The gurney clattered and spun, the medics yelping as they scrambled away. She didn't watch them go.

Her hand was already reaching for the second.

This one rocked under her grip as she yanked it up. The chassis groaned under the strain. Her fingernails dug into the seams around the roof, and with another firm wrench, she tore it open in one long, groaning rip, like opening a sardine can with her bare hands. The aluminum folded easily. The roof peeled off, bent and jagged.

Another set of faces. This time a woman on the stretcher, head bandaged, terrified.

Nancy exhaled through her nose, jaw tightening.

"Where the fuck is he?"

She dropped the vehicle to her left, less carefully this time. It landed with a hard, echoing *crash*, panels crumpling as it bounced once and landed against the curb.

Her hand was already closing around the third ambulance, knuckles pale with tension.

This was it. It *had* to be.

She lifted it up, turning it in her hand like an oversized toy. Her fingers slipped under the roofline and dug in deep, and with one clean pull, she split the top of the ambulance like an eggshell. Metal cracked. Bolts popped. The halves pulled away with a shriek of protest.

No Harry.

She froze, holding the ambulance aloft in her palm. Her thumb twitched against the sidewall. Her fingers flexed. The metal groaned under the sudden pressure, the rear axle buckling, side panels warping inward. She clenched tighter, the entire vehicle creaking like it was caught in the grip of a steel press.

For a second, she *wanted* to do it. To crush it down until it vanished in her fist. Until the panic inside matched her anger.

But she didn't.

Not quite.

Her hand relaxed. The ambulance dangled in her grip, warped and sagging, but intact.

She wasn't there yet. She hadn't lost everything.

Not yet.

Nancy dropped the mangled vehicle and stood slowly, rising to her full height above the plaza as the last of the crowds scattered. The ambulances lay ruined behind her—one overturned, one crumpled, resting on its side. Her eyes turned toward the hospital.

It loomed ahead. Or at least, it used to. Now it barely reached the hem of her skirt.

She took a breath, deep and heavy.

If he's not in those vans... then he's still in there.

Without a word, Nancy stepped forward, crossing the plaza one final time. The last of the bystanders scattered as she approached the hospital, her voice cutting through the city's echoes like a cleaver.

"Out of the fucking way. I'm not asking again."

She stepped over the last line of ambulances, her footfalls shaking the cracked tiles of the plaza, and reached the base of St. Joseph's Medical Center. What had once felt imposing now barely brushed the tops of her thighs. Its sleek glass façade reflected her golden outline in broad, fractured lines. She crouched, slowly and heavily, her weight settling onto the balls of her feet as she lowered herself onto her heels. The building creaked faintly under the pressure of her presence. People inside scrambled past windows like trapped mice.

She leaned forward, squinting through the rows of glass. The numbers were easy to follow once you understood the rhythm of hospitals—each window a room, each floor a layer of pain and paperwork. *Room 814*, she reminded herself. That meant floor eight. She counted up from the street level—one, two, three—her fingertip brushing along the exterior like a teacher underlining chalk—four, five, six... there.

Eighth floor.

She pressed her face closer, fogging the windows briefly with her breath. People inside screamed, ducking under furniture, flattening themselves against the walls.

"Let's make this easier."

Her fist moved slowly, and with a gentle, almost experimental motion, she *tapped* the side of the building. The result was still devastating. Glass shattered in all directions. Concrete panels sheared away like fabric. A broad section of the eighth

floor wall gave out entirely, splitting open to reveal several rooms at once—beds, machinery, tangled wires and shrieking nurses frozen in shock.

Nancy peered in, brows lifting. Her hand moved like someone browsing a drawer. She plucked a woman in scrubs from a room and brought her up to her face.

“Relax,” she said, voice firm. “I’m not here for you. What room is this?”

The nurse trembled, eyes wide, mouth shaking. “E-eight... thirty-two...”

Nancy made a thoughtful sound in her throat and deposited the woman carefully on a rooftop across the street.

Next.

She reached in again, pulled out a trembling man clinging to an IV pole.

“You. Room number.”

He stammered. “Eight-thirty...”

“That’s all I need,” she muttered, tossing him none-too-gently to the side.

Now she had her direction.

She shifted down the line of windows, crouching lower, eyes narrowing. The rooms blurred past her gaze until she found it.

814.

There he was.

Inside the room, surrounded by medical staff and three police officers, **Harry** lay strapped to a gurney, his face pale and damp, tubes snaking into his arms, heart monitor blinking frantically. His head turned just in time to see her—just in time to recognize the colossal, golden-draped woman crouched at his window.

He screamed.

Nancy smiled.

“Well, well,” she murmured, voice silk-wrapped steel. “Guess who’s not dead after all.”

Her fingers rose again, pressing lightly against the building’s skin. She didn’t bother with delicacy this time. Her nails dug in near the top of the floor and carved down, ripping open a vertical gash that extended two stories above and below Harry’s room. With a grunt, she pulled outward, tearing away a massive slab of wall and tossing it carelessly behind her. Dust and metal rained down across the plaza.

The space was open now—wide enough for her to move. To *take* what was hers.

One of the cops inside stood his ground, barking something she didn't bother deciphering. He raised his weapon.

Nancy flicked him with her forefinger.

The man sailed across the room like a ragdoll, slammed into the far wall with a wet, crunching sound, and didn't get up.

She tilted her head, glaring into the room.

"Anyone else?"

The other two backed away instantly, dragging the doctor with them.

Harry screamed again, his arms flailing against the straps, eyes wild with terror.

Nancy leaned in close, letting her breath sweep across him.

"Oh, *baby*," she said, drawing the word out with a purr, "you have *no idea* how much I've been looking forward to this."

Her hand slid into the room with slow grace, fingers curling delicately around the stretcher. She pulled it free, the gurney wrenching sideways as wires and tubes tore loose. The monitor sparked. The IV bag snapped off and fell. The mattress dipped as she cradled the stretcher, Harry gasping and convulsing like a fish on deck.

Then she stood.

One fluid, terrifying movement—Nancy rising to her full height with Harry trembling in her hand like a prize lifted from a claw machine.

Her voice was calm now. Confident. Absolutely in command.

"Mine."

Harry's screams hadn't stopped.

Strapped to the battered stretcher, flailing against the restraints and tubes that still clung to him, he thrashed like he could shake reality back into place. Like he hadn't been plucked from a hospital room by a woman who now held him in her palm as easily as if he were a dropped coin.

Nancy watched him writhe, her lips parting in a slow, satisfied smile.

There it is, she thought. *The moment it all makes sense.*

It wasn't just the thrill of having him. It was what it represented. Power that *meant* something. Power with a face. Her power. Her revenge. Her *justice*. She could feel it

settling in her chest like warmth—radiating from her sternum outward, flooding every inch of her with a feeling so strong it almost startled her.

She was *full*.

Unstoppable. Exhilarated. Satisfied to the bone.

She leaned in slightly, her golden tarp rustling as she adjusted her grip, bringing him closer to her face.

“What’s the matter, Harry?” she asked, cocking her head with exaggerated sympathy. “Thought you’d seen the last of me?”

He screamed louder, a panicked squeal that scraped the edge of incoherence.

Her smile twitched. “Hmm. Yeah, I heard you’ve got a few broken bones in there.” She paused for a beat, then added, almost sweetly, “I’d say I’m sorry.”

Her smile turned cold.

“But I’m not.”

For a second, all he could do was convulse—trying to sit up, to say something, to do *anything*. Then finally, between wet gasps, he managed to croak it out:

“You’ve... you’ve *grown*.”

Nancy’s eyes widened slightly in mock surprise.

“Oh wow. Look at that.” She tapped a finger lightly against her chin, barely resisting a laugh. “Nothing gets past you, huh?”

She turned the hand slightly, letting the stretcher rock gently in her grip. Not enough to hurt him. Just enough to remind him who was in charge.

“Of course I’ve grown, you little piece of shit. What do you *think* happens every time someone tries to fuck with me? I *grow*.”

Her tone sharpened, the mockery giving way to something darker.

“Like when *you* did. Not just the cheating. Not just the *five* affairs. No—six? Wait, how many were we at, Harry? Was it still six by the time I started catching on?”

He whimpered.

Nancy’s voice stayed calm, almost conversational. “It wasn’t just that. It was the way you lied about it. The way you gaslit me. The way you smiled at me over breakfast like nothing was wrong. And then... when it all started to unravel, you didn’t come clean. You tried to *get rid of me*.”

She could see it in his eyes now—that dawning horror. That full, body-wide realization that she wasn't here just to scare him. She was here to *talk*. To *make him listen*.

He was terrified.

Good.

He started pleading—broken, pathetic fragments of please and don't and I didn't mean to and please don't hurt me.

She tilted her head again, feigning thoughtfulness.

"Why not?"

He froze.

"Why," she repeated, voice low and sharp, "should I spare *you*? After everything you did to *me*."

She straightened slightly, raising her voice enough that it echoed back from the nearby buildings.

"You married me, and almost *immediately* started seeing other women. You told your friends I was uptight. You joked about my body behind my back. You spent our savings on God knows what and *lied* to me about it."

Her tone tightened, like a trap being sprung.

"You humiliated me. You ignored me. And when I finally found something for *myself*, something *real*—you tried to *kill me*."

She leaned in closer, eyes narrowed, voice quiet now, the words curling like smoke.

"So tell me, Harry..."

Her breath brushed against his shivering form like a gust of wind before a storm.

"Why *shouldn't* I hurt you?"

Harry swallowed hard, his head twitching side to side as if denial alone could shield him from what he already knew. The panic hadn't left his eyes, but something shifted behind them—some last-ditch attempt at survival. He was reaching now, grasping for anything that might soften the towering presence looming over him.

"You're not... you're not like this," he stammered, his voice high and broken. "You're not this kind of woman. Nancy, please... you're not."

Nancy blinked slowly, the wind from her breath tousling his sweat-matted hair. Her brow arched. Then she gave a soft, bitter laugh that didn't touch her eyes.

"You know," she murmured, "I thought I wasn't."

She turned her hand slightly, letting the stretcher tilt just enough for him to feel the shift in gravity. Not enough to fall. Just enough to remember how high he was—and who put him there.

"Even after this last time... after I grew again, after I felt *everything* change inside me—I still tried. I *still* tiptoed. I tried to be careful. To step around. To warn people. To *play nice*. Like I was still one of you."

Her lips twisted, half smile, half snarl.

"But guess what, Harry? It's damn *impossible* to be careful when you're the size of a high-rise. When your footsteps crack pavement and your *fangernails* can punch through steel." She leaned in slightly, her voice sharpening. "And it turns out it's impossible for the little people to just... *accept* the new reality. So they test you. Push you. Shoot at you. Bomb you."

She straightened again, her eyes distant for a breath, then focused coldly back on him.

"And I found out who I am."

Harry's mouth opened, but nothing came out. He was still trying to form words when Nancy tilted her head, eyes narrowing with amused contempt.

"Let me spell it out for you," she said, her tone cool and cutting. "I didn't *want* to hurt anyone. That wasn't the goal. But I was attacked. And I dealt with it."

Her grip tightened around the stretcher, the metal groaning faintly in her palm.

"I'm not out here trying to be a bitch. I'm not stomping around for fun. But I've made it *very* clear—if someone gets in my way, if someone doesn't listen when I speak, if someone doesn't *do what I say*—then I deal with them."

She paused, letting the silence hang between them. Harry's eyes darted, mouth still slightly open, like a man clinging to the edge of a cliff made of words.

Nancy smiled, slow and gleaming, her confidence washing through her like sunlight through glass.

"Oh, don't look so shocked, Harry. You always said I needed more confidence."

Her eyes sparkled with wicked amusement as she brought him a little closer.

"Well. *Here it is*."

Harry's voice finally broke through his own panic, a thin rasp squeezed between shallow gasps.

"What... what are you going to do to me?"

Nancy tilted her head slightly, one brow lifting. The question wasn't surprising—only how long it had taken him to ask.

She let out a small, dry chuckle, low and even.

"Oh, Harry," she said, her tone wrapped in silk and steel. "We're going to have a *chat*."

His mouth twitched, uncertain.

"I'm going to tell you a few things you *need* to hear. And you're going to answer every question I ask. No lies. Not this time. Not even the kind you tell yourself."

She adjusted her grip on the stretcher, lifting him slightly higher, enough to make the breeze wrap around him like a warning. She was already walking, slowly, carefully, scanning the edges of the plaza for the right direction—somewhere quiet. Somewhere she wouldn't be interrupted.

"Then, after that..." she trailed off, smiling faintly, "well. I'll see."

Harry winced as the stretcher rocked gently. "I'm hurt," he whimpered, his voice pitiful. "I have... broken ribs. And my leg..."

Nancy didn't stop walking. Didn't even look at him.

"Does it *look* like I give a shit?"

The silence that followed was thick, the wind the only thing that dared make a sound.

He shifted again, one hand trembling on the stretcher rail, eyes darting toward the city, the chaos, the sky.

"Please," he tried, his voice cracking. "Please don't hurt me."

Nancy finally glanced down at him, her expression unreadable for a breath. Then her lips parted, and her voice came soft, sharp, and measured.

"I won't hurt you more than you hurt *me*, Harry."

She let that sit for a second—then smiled again, just enough to bare a glimpse of teeth.

"But there's *a lot* of headroom in that statement."

The sound came first—a low, distant thrum just beneath the wind. Subtle at first, almost easy to dismiss. But Nancy had learned to recognize it.

She stopped mid-stride, her heel cracking through the plaza stone as she turned toward the horizon. Her posture shifted immediately—calm, but ready. Her shoulders squared. Her eyes narrowed.

There they were.

Three dark-green shapes approaching fast, cutting low across the skyline. Sleek, angular, military-grade. No flashing red lights this time. These weren't medevacs or scouts. These were the real thing. Reinforcements.

Her jaw tightened.

"Oh, come *on*," she muttered. "I thought they'd learned the fucking *lesson* by now."

Harry flinched at her tone. "What—what is it?" he asked, voice tight.

She glanced down at him, her irritation clearly redirected. "Company," she said dryly. "Again. Apparently the little people still don't understand what it means to just *leave me alone*."

His face twisted in disbelief. "What are you going to do?"

She turned her gaze back to the oncoming helicopters, eyes tracking their movement with cold precision. Her fingers shifted slightly on the stretcher as she adjusted her grip.

"I'll deal with them."

The words came flat. Final. Not dramatic—just inevitable.

Harry's voice rose, desperate. "What does that mean?!"

Nancy tilted her head, her brow rising slightly. "What do *you* think it means?"

He stared at her, speechless. She could see it written across his face—the dawning horror, the refusal to accept what he already knew.

"You can't," he said finally. "You can't *do* this—"

She cut him off with a quiet snort.

"Harry, I can do a *whole* lot of things now."

Her eyes flicked across the surrounding buildings, scanning for something suitable. A few blocks away, she spotted what looked like a sturdy rooftop—a government building or office complex, mostly cleared. She moved quickly, each step covering half a city block, until she stood before it. The structure barely reached her mid-thigh.

With measured care, she lowered her hand and gently slid the stretcher off her palm, placing it on the rooftop like setting down a plate.

Her voice was suddenly colder.

"Don't. Move. An inch."

He nodded frantically.

She pointed one long, polished fingernail at him. "*I will* be back."

Then she turned.

And the wind caught her tarp like a banner as she stalked toward the buzzing horizon.

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The helicopter sliced through the haze above the city, its rotors vibrating steadily through the reinforced cabin walls. Dr. Theodora Cushing sat strapped in beside a window, her headset snug around her graying temples, eyes locked on the horizon as the urban grid peeled open below them. Even from this altitude, the destruction was visible—craters in the streets, shattered plazas, and smoldering rooftops tracing the path of a woman too large to be stopped.

And then, through the remaining plumes of smoke and the fractured skyline, Nancy came into view.

Cushing's breath caught. Her fingers clenched against her clipboard. *God, she's big.* She stood like a moving monument in the middle of the district—towering, confident, her golden tarp catching the wind like royal silk. And yet, beneath the awe, Cushing saw the shape of her former patient. The posture, the eyes, the slight turn of her head—she was still Nancy Archer. Just scaled to the size of history.

Beside her, Dr. Loeb looked grim, fingers tapping a rhythm on the tranquilizer readout unit. Across from them sat Captain Reyes, the mission lead, his gaze sharp and body armor creaking with every jolt of turbulence. His mouth moved constantly—orders, checks, course corrections.

Cushing cleared her throat. "I want to speak with her."

Reyes didn't look at her. "We're not set up for that, Doctor."

"You're set up to shoot her," she replied evenly. "I'm asking for five minutes before you do something we can't take back."

Reyes hesitated. Loeb leaned in, quietly: "It's not a bad idea."

Reyes grunted. "We try to talk, we lose surprise."

"Surprise?" Cushing arched an eyebrow. "You're flying straight at a woman the size of a water tower who's just taken down half the Police Department. You think she's surprised?"

Reyes looked at her. She held his gaze.

"Besides," she added, "how confident are you that Loeb's trick will even *work*?"

That earned a pause. A long one. Then the captain gave a sharp nod to the tech beside him.

"Give her the mic."

The headset linked. A green light flicked on. Cushing leaned closer to the console, adjusted the frequency, and pressed the button to transmit.

"Nancy?" Her voice was calm, but she heard the faint tremble beneath it. "This is Dr. Cushing. Theodora."

Down below, Nancy stiffened.

Cushing saw it instantly—her entire body coiled like a spring, one arm rising reflexively. But then... a shift. Her head turned slightly, her brow furrowing.

"I'm asking you to stop," Cushing said gently. "Just for a moment."

Nancy's voice boomed back through the air, rich with amusement and edged with tension.

"What do you *mean*, stop?"

"I mean—step away. Follow the helicopters out of the city. Get out of harm's way. We can work something out. Just be calm."

There was a pause.

Then Nancy chuckled. It wasn't cruel. It wasn't kind. It was a sound that said *you still don't get it*.

"Oh, Doc... I know you mean well. Really. But you don't understand."

Nancy turned slightly, her eyes tracking the formation of choppers now circling at a cautious distance.

"I'm finally *myself*. Finally confident. Finally able to do *whatever I need*. Whatever I *please*. That's not a threat, it's just the truth. And it's not *my* job to make people feel okay about it. It's *theirs*. It's *yours*."

Her gaze flicked downward, and her voice dropped a tone.

"And right now, I want to be alone with Harry."

Cushing winced. "Nancy—hurting him won't help you."

Nancy replied, almost cheerfully, "No one was ever hurt by a little *closure*."

Then it happened.

One of the trailing helicopters tried to adjust its position—maybe circling, maybe testing its proximity. Whatever the intent, it drifted too close.

Nancy turned instinctively. Her arm snapped upward in one fluid motion, and her open palm swatted the aircraft like a fly. The machine jolted, spun, and spiraled out of control. Cushing watched it spin twice in the air before crashing against a rooftop in a burst of fire and steel.

The comms filled with shouting.

Cushing's mouth opened—but Reyes had already yanked the mic from her hands.

"Enough," he barked. "We're not waiting for her to level *more* of this city."

He switched channels. "Chopper group, reorient. Prepare for evasive maneuvers. Loeb—get the dart prepped now."

Loeb hesitated, then gave a grim nod and opened the case at his side.

Cushing stared at the city below—at Nancy, still standing tall, still gripping the rooftop where Harry lay. She wasn't lashing out wildly. She wasn't rampaging. But she was *ready*.

"This area is too dense, too crowded," Cushing said urgently. "Too many people. If you hit her here—"

Reyes didn't blink. "We're not hitting her *here*."

He keyed the radio again. "Lead chopper—lure her northeast. There's a park three blocks up. Big, flat, open space. Make her follow you."

Cushing sat back, pulse pounding.

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Nancy hadn't expected to hear *that* voice.

Theodora Cushing. The only person who hadn't looked at her like a lab rat back when things first started. Hearing her now, drifting in over the wind, was... disarming. For a second.

But the soft tug of memory barely lasted a heartbeat before instinct surged again—because swatting that damn chopper had felt *good*. Not just satisfying. *Right*. It was like slapping a mosquito mid-bite. Like the world had finally let her act on a reflex that had been itching for far too long.

She didn't even feel guilty. She should have. But all she felt was heat and certainty.

And then the others opened fire.

Two of the three remaining helicopters flared sideways and strafed low, rounds slamming into her stomach like fists. High-caliber. Stronger than the rifles, stronger than the earlier bursts—enough to leave deep, biting bruises. She gasped, grimacing as she staggered slightly. Her hand flew up to brace her torso, her fingers brushing across scorched skin, the sting sharp but not enough to stop her.

She saw red again.

She stepped forward—*fast*—covering a hundred feet in two strides, her eyes locked on the closer of the two. Her arm swung up, palm open, aiming for the tail of the chopper.

Too slow.

The thing danced out of range at the last second, the wind from her movement rocking it like a paper kite, but not enough to bring it down. Nancy growled, deep in her throat.

"Come here, you fucking gnat."

More fire. She turned, caught the muzzle flashes of the second gunship strafing her from a higher angle. She raised her arms to shield herself and gave chase, her massive frame thundering down the avenue, crushing abandoned cars like dry leaves beneath her heels. A soft crunch underfoot told her something hadn't been made of steel. She didn't stop to look.

They were leading her somewhere. That flickered in her mind as the chase stretched out—down a wider street now, through an evacuation corridor, the wind rippling through her tarp and sending broken street signs skittering across the road. She was half-aware of the destruction in her wake: shattered windows, crushed storefronts, smeared red across the pavement.

But all she could think about was the ringing in her ears, the dull pain in her stomach, the taunting presence of machines that wouldn't *stop* pushing her.

She would make them stop.

The trees hit her first—then the open green. The avenue ended, replaced by the edge of a long, rectangular park. City-planned and curated, with winding paths, a fountain in the middle, and far too many benches. It opened wide, like a trap.

Nancy slowed.

Three helicopters hovered now in a loose triangle above the lawn, rotors cutting the air in hard rhythmic thuds. She stood in the middle of the park, fists clenched, dust clinging to her thighs, her chest rising with slow, heavy breaths.

She stared up at them, her golden eyes flashing with fury.

"Is *this* the plan?" she shouted, voice cracking the air like thunder. "You lure me out here, light me up, and what—just *hope* I fall?"

Her shoulders rolled back, muscles tensing beneath the tarp, her entire body framed in ruined skyline and spinning blades.

"*Try it*. Come on. Try it again."

She lifted her arms slowly, stretching them wide as if welcoming another round.

"I'm right here."

The chopper on the far left—the only one that hadn't taken a shot yet—dipped slightly in the air, adjusting its angle with predatory precision. Nancy squinted up at it, brows furrowing, instinct prickling across her shoulders. The air changed. The pitch shifted. She saw the launch a heartbeat before it happened—a flash beneath the nose, then the familiar trailing smoke line carving across the sky toward her.

Missile.

She'd seen enough of them by now to know she didn't have time to dodge. Her legs tensed, muscles bracing. She turned slightly, squaring her stance, the impact already mapped in her mind.

It struck her on the outer thigh with a *thunk*—low, solid. But something was off.

No heat. No blast. No concussive shockwave rippling through her frame.

Just... a sting.

Nancy blinked and looked down.

There, protruding from her upper thigh, was a long, narrow shaft—like the body of a missile fused with the tip of a monstrous needle. The casing was matte gray, thick, clinical. Her skin was already swelling faintly around it.

Her eyes narrowed.

She reached down, gripped the thing between her thumb and forefinger, and yanked it free. It came loose with a pop and a tiny mist of vapor. She held it up to her face, inspecting the device with contempt.

“Really?” she said, her voice low and unimpressed. “That’s it? This supposed to stop me?”

Her gaze lifted to the choppers. She raised the dart in her fingers like a piece of trash.

“*This?*”

Then she flung it aside—tossed it like it didn’t deserve her attention. The thing spun end over end and clattered across the lawn.

She clenched her fists again, the rage bubbling fresh in her chest.

But her feet felt... wrong.

Her stance wavered slightly. Just a twitch. Then another.

The wind felt heavier. The horizon started to tilt.

She blinked, once, twice. Her stomach turned. Her fingers loosened.

A strange lightness crawled up through her body like steam from boiling water, rising slow but inescapable. Her limbs were heavier than they’d been a second ago. Her vision fuzzed at the edges.

“What the—”

Her knees shifted. Her balance faltered.

The blades of the choppers thumped louder, but they sounded further away now, like someone had pressed cotton into her ears. Her breath caught. She staggered half a step backward.

Then the blackness began to bloom—soft at first, then overwhelming.

She tried to straighten. To shake it off. To push through.

Instead, her jaw went slack.

“...*fuck,*” she muttered.

And then the sky vanished.

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The truck rumbled along the cracked backroad, its suspension groaning over every bump. Honey sat in the passenger seat, her posture relaxed but perfectly calculated—shoulders back, spine arched just enough, cleavage framed in the loose dip of her tank top like a headline. She caught the driver sneaking glances every other minute.

Good.

She didn't exactly feel safe—she *never* felt safe hitching a ride—but she wasn't stupid. She didn't have her pepper spray with her, which she normally kept in her purse. But then again, she also wasn't riding with a man who looked eager to die tonight. She'd bet he wouldn't try anything. Not with that paunch, not with that face. He'd take the detour, steal glances, maybe nurse a sad little fantasy.

She'd let him.

Her tits were doing the heavy lifting tonight. And they were getting her home.

They'd been driving for nearly an hour when the driver finally broke the latest silence, squinting at the empty horizon.

"We're about ten miles out of Gainesville," he said, dragging his voice like sandpaper. "You sure that's where you wanna get dropped?"

"Uh-huh," Honey nodded, giving him a small, performative smile. "Thanks for the detour."

He grunted something that could've been *you're welcome* or *nice rack*, and she didn't bother parsing it.

Then the tone of the radio shifted.

It had been playing some half-dead country track, but the music cut out and was replaced by a sharper, urgent voice—an anchor cutting in. Honey's brows lifted. She tapped the console.

"Can you turn that up?"

The driver obliged with a twist of the dial.

"...this just in from Benford. A dramatic and violent confrontation earlier today has concluded with what officials are calling a successful neutralization. The giant woman—confirmed to be Nancy Archer, previously believed dead—was reported to

have crushed a significant police and National Guard blockade before being engaged by military helicopters. Though casualties remain unconfirmed, she was finally subdued by specialized tranquilizer fire. According to official statements, she's expected to be unconscious for hours and is being prepared for extraction from the city."

The anchor's voice smoothed into something bureaucratic and proud, talking about containment, emergency response, coordination.

Honey's jaw clenched.

"Fuck," she muttered under her breath.

The driver raised an eyebrow. "What was that?"

"Nothing," she said quickly, brushing her hair behind her ear. "Just—ugh. News is exhausting."

She turned her head to the window, willing herself to calm down. *They took her down.* After everything. After what she saw. What Nancy *became*. And now they were going to cart her off like a captured animal?

It didn't feel over. It didn't *feel* right.

And then the sky lit up.

A white-hot flash swept across the windshield like a camera flash from hell. The driver yelped, jerking the wheel just as Honey screamed.

The semi veered hard, tires shrieking against gravel as the cab tilted, lost traction, and slammed full-force into something solid. The impact threw Honey forward against the dash before the seatbelt caught her, hard. Everything snapped and buckled around her—glass, metal, a low tree branch raking across the windshield as the world spun sideways.

Then it was still.

Smoke curled from the hood.

Honey's ears rang.

The driver groaned, blood streaking down the side of his face as he blinked, dazed, gripping the wheel. "Jesus—*Jesus Christ*."

He unbuckled and climbed out. Honey followed, shaken but in one piece, her hands scraped, her knees wobbling as her boots hit the dirt. The truck had skidded nearly fifty feet off the road, deep into the dry, open stretch of desert. One of the scattered trees—short, twisted, and stubborn—had taken the brunt of the impact. Its trunk

was split. The front of the cab was a mangled mess of steel and bent plating, smoke rising in gentle puffs from beneath the hood.

They weren't going anywhere.

"God *damn* it," the driver growled, kicking at the gravel. "What the *hell* was that—?!"

Honey turned, eyes still adjusting to the glow that had come and gone.

"What *was* that light?"

The light came back.

Brighter this time. Blinding. It didn't flash — it *unfolded*, like a sunrise dropped from the sky all at once, washing over the truck, the wreckage, the broken tree, the desert. Everything turned white.

Honey shielded her eyes with her forearm. The driver stumbled back, face tilted upward, mouth open.

And then they saw it.

Hanging above them—silent, massive, and impossible—was a **flying saucer**. Not a drone. Not some black-budget aircraft. No markings, no rotors. Just an enormous, gleaming disc stretching wide enough to eclipse the night sky above them, edges glowing with soft pulses of blue and gold. It was **huge**. Bigger than anything had a right to be in the sky.

The driver screamed.

"OH MY GOD!"

Honey's mouth dropped open. She almost screamed too—*almost*—but the moment caught her in something deeper than fear.

She remembered.

The rooftop. Gainesville. Nancy's voice, half-serious, half-dreaming, telling her about the signal, about the **aliens**. She'd thought it was trauma. Madness. Or grief talking.

But then Nancy had grown.

And now, hovering just above them like judgment from the stars, *this*.

"No," she whispered. "No, no, no. This is *real*. This is *them*."

The driver turned to run. Honey didn't move. She stepped forward, staring up, hands balled into fists.

"Hey!" she shouted. "HEY! You need to help her! You need to help *Nancy*! She's in trouble! You hear me?!"

No response.

The saucer remained still, watching.

"She's one of yours, right?" Honey yelled. "You *did this*! She's down—*they took her down*! You have to help her!"

Then, the light shifted.

A new beam dropped from the center of the ship—white with a shimmer of electric blue—and it hit her square in the chest. She gasped, instinctively raising her arms, but it didn't stop. It wrapped around her, coiled over her skin like warm glass, locking her in place.

"What the hell—?!"

She twisted, pulled—but she couldn't move. Couldn't even stumble.

Her arms struck the edge of the beam, and it *held*. She slammed her fists against it, the air around her buzzing like static. She was trapped—lifted a few inches off the ground now, hovering.

"*Help!*" she cried, turning toward the driver. "*Get me out of this!*"

But he was gone—bolting across the field, scrambling into the darkness like a man running from the apocalypse.

"*You coward!*"

And then, she was rising.

Slowly at first, then faster.

The light swallowed her. Her voice vanished into the night. The truck wreckage shrank below her. And the desert, the sky, the stars—everything flipped, turned, *pulled*—until there was only brightness.

And then, silence.

Honey was gone.

Chapter 13

The first thing she felt was heat.

Warm sunlight poured over her skin like slow honey, seeping into her shoulders, her back, her thighs. It prickled across her bare arms and chased the chill from the tips of her toes. The second thing she felt was wind—a dry, lazy desert breeze brushing against her chest, her stomach, her thighs again... *way too much of her thighs*.

Honey groaned, shifting on what felt like *ground*, the kind that clung to your skin and left little scratches. A light throb pulsed just behind her left temple, and her mouth tasted like cotton.

She blinked open her eyes slowly.

Sky. Blue. Endless. The kind of desert morning that promised to cook you alive by noon. She winced and squinted toward the horizon, the sunlight flashing across her vision. Her back ached. Her neck felt kinked. She turned her head slowly to the side—and her cheek rubbed against gritty soil.

Why the hell am I sleeping in the dirt?

She sat up with a sudden breath—and then *froze*.

Her entire body jolted, every nerve waking up all at once.

Her naked body.

Chest bare. Hips bare. Legs out. Arms exposed. Completely, absolutely nude. She looked down in disbelief—first at her breasts, which were rising and falling with her breath like twin suns, and then at the rest of her. Tan skin kissed by the morning light, dusty in spots, hair tangled.

“What the hell—”

She scrambled to her knees, brushing herself off like it would fix anything. It didn’t. The sun glinted off her bare skin. The wind flirted with her curves. Her arms wrapped around her chest, but it didn’t help.

Then she looked around.

And her stomach flipped.

The landscape was wrong. Everything was... *off*. The rocks were too small. The dry, scrubby trees nearby looked stunted, almost like miniature versions of themselves.

The grass she knelt on—it looked normal, but *off-scale*. She reached out, picked up a rock—and nearly laughed when it fit perfectly in the center of her palm. *Perfectly*.

Her gaze drifted further out—and then *stopped*.

There it was.

The semi-trailer.

Crunched, dented, and sitting at a crooked angle near a splintered tree—but whole. Familiar.

That... that was the truck. From the night before.

The one that crashed.

Her breath caught.

"No."

She crawled forward on hands and knees, the ground cracking beneath her palms. Every move made the world shift around her. She reached out, slowly, trembling, and *picked up* the 18-wheeler like it was a prop from a movie set.

It lifted clean into the air with ease. No strain. No friction. It barely overflowed one hand, and even then only just.

"Oh *my God*."

She sat back hard, still cradling the vehicle. Her thighs spread across the dirt, hips wider than the service road it had once driven. Her chest heaved.

"I... I *can't* be—"

But she was.

She looked at the truck again. The *toy-sized* truck. Her other hand reached out and plucked the cab from the trailer. The hitch snapped with a metallic ping. She held the cab between two fingers. Her lips parted in stunned disbelief.

Her heart pounded.

She was *giant*.

Not dreaming. Not confused. This wasn't like watching Nancy. *She* was the big one now.

And then the memory came rushing back.

The blinding light. The saucer. Her screams. Her yelling at the sky—begging them to help Nancy. Demanding they do something.

And then the light took her.

Honey snorted softly. Then gave a breathless laugh.

"Well, shit."

She looked down at herself, still holding the little truck, still completely nude in the rising sun.

"They *want* me to do it."

Her lips curled into a slow, cocky smile, her blue eyes narrowing under the sun's glow.

"Aliens," she muttered, shaking her head. "You *really* have a type."

Honey lowered the semi-truck to the dirt with surprising care, setting it down like it might break, even though she *knew* it wouldn't. It looked absurd now—like a toy some kid left behind in the sandbox. Massive by normal standards, but in her hands? It had been barely a handful. Hell, it had looked even smaller than when Nancy had picked one up.

She straightened up slowly, rising to her full height.

The wind caught her hair as she stood, bare and unbothered, the desert rolling away in every direction. No buildings to give her scale. No towers or roads to pin her size down. But she didn't need them. That truck told her enough.

She wasn't smaller than Nancy. If anything... she might be *bigger*.

She should be panicking. Or screaming. Or trying to find something to cover herself with. But she wasn't.

After that ride with Nancy—after sitting on her shoulder, talking through the wind, seeing the world from her perspective—Honey couldn't say she hadn't *thought* about this. Wondered. Daydreamed. She'd watched that unstoppable woman walk through cities and felt something shift inside her.

And now Nancy was down. Hurt. Taken.

Honey squared her shoulders, fists gently curling at her sides.

She had fucked the hell out of Nancy's life... and rather than punishing her, she had opened up to her. Taught her something about size. About *presence*. About not waiting for the world to hand you your worth.

It was time to return the favor.

Only problem? She had *no idea* where to find her.

She turned slowly, eyes narrowing. Then she remembered—the driver. Just before everything went to hell, he said they were ten miles out of Gainesville.

She looked to the road, a thin gray ribbon trailing through the dirt.

It shouldn't take long.

Besides, if answers were anywhere, *her hometown* was a good place to start.

Honey cracked her neck, flexed her toes into the earth, and started walking.

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Sheriff Denby stood near the cracked pavement of the town square. It was eerily quiet now. A couple of military trucks were parked off to the side, half-idling, dust caking their wheels. The soldiers weren't there, though. Most of the federal muscle had moved on to the Archer estate, combing through the cratered barn, the warped house, trying to make sense of a day that no one in town could fully explain.

They'd told Denby that Nancy was subdued. Tranquilized. Contained. He didn't know what to feel. The truth was, he'd known Nancy Archer since she was knee-high and red-faced from chasing frogs in creek water. He'd seen her grow up, seen her fade from town gossip to background noise, to something more withdrawn. And then, in a blink, she was... everything. A force of nature. A walking impossibility. She had to be stopped—he didn't doubt that. But he also couldn't shake the image of her standing over his patrol car, eyes sharp, voice steady. She'd warned them. She'd never begged, but she had been clear. And now? Now they were calling her a threat neutralized.

Denby looked out over the dusty road stretching beyond town, sighing quietly.

And then, the ground moved.

It started like a hiccup. A small tremor. Barely noticeable. But then it came again. And again. Rhythmic. His head lifted slowly. The soldiers felt it too—one of them looked down at his boots, the other toward the road. No way. The tremors deepened, syncing with a low, ambient hum in the air. The windows in the storefronts rattled in their frames. Loose gravel danced at his feet. Birds scattered from the rooftops.

Denby took a cautious step toward the center of the square, hand resting on his belt out of habit. A shape was forming on the horizon. Massive. Backlit by the rising sun. A shadow not just tall, but wide. It moved with purpose, the rhythm of its stride rolling through the ground like distant artillery. His stomach flipped. Nancy? She

couldn't be—no, they'd said she was out cold. Dozens of miles away, deep in containment. This couldn't be her.

The figure grew clearer. Still distant, but massive. And then the details began to sharpen. Not the golden tarp. Not the same walk. This gait was different—looser. Heavier in the hips. A little more bounce. And then his mouth opened slightly.

Oh... my God.

He knew that shape. That hair, that sway, that absolute, unapologetic strut—Honey Parker. And all of her. Completely, entirely *au naturel*.

His breath caught in his throat. His hat nearly tipped off his head as he stared, dumbfounded. She wasn't Nancy. But she was every bit as big. No one had said anything about this. No warning. Just Honey Parker, bigger than a damn grain silo, bare as sin, walking straight into town like it was her stage.

Denby didn't move. He didn't even blink. All he could do was whisper to himself: "...Well. This just got complicated."

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Honey walked down the road like it owed her something.

Each step sent soft tremors through the baked earth, the dusty asphalt flexing beneath the weight of her bare feet before it gave up and cracked. The rhythm of her footsteps echoed across the flatlands like distant thunder, even though she wasn't running. Just walking. Steady. Calm. Monumental.

She should've been losing her damn mind. That would've made sense. Panic, denial, full-blown screaming fit. But none of that came. Instead, it was something stranger—something... *curious*. The world felt surreal, sure. But not wrong. Not terrifying. If anything, it was like a dream that had somehow circled back and picked *her*.

She remembered riding in Nancy's top, tucked between the giant curves of a woman the world couldn't handle. She remembered seeing the horizon from a new height, the way the roads looked like veins and buildings like boxes. She remembered thinking—not seriously, not *really*—what it would be like if the roles were reversed.

And now?

Well, damn. Look at her now.

The early morning sun warmed her back as she moved. Her shadow stretched long and wide over the dirt and brittle scrub, crawling ahead like it was trying to warn the town before she arrived. But it didn't have much of a lead. Gainesville showed up sooner than expected. She paused a second, blinking down at it from the bend in the highway.

Ten miles already? Didn't even feel like a stroll.

The town looked... *small*. Not just in the literal sense, though yes, it looked laughably tiny. From up here, it had that cheap-model feel. The kind of place you'd find in the background of a second-rate theme park. A grocery store, a bank, a few homes clustered like toys left out in the sun. Had it always been this third-league? Or had she just... outgrown it?

Probably both.

She could feel the tension rising before she even hit the edge of town. The stillness in the streets snapped tight. Heads turned. Feet froze. The first thin screams curled into the wind and caught her ear, and she *grinned*.

It was happening. She'd been *seen*. She'd been *felt*. And it felt *damn good*.

There they were—little specks in motion, scurrying behind cars, dashing into storefronts, some just standing and gaping like they couldn't trust their own eyes. She moved closer, savoring it. The wind brushed against her bare skin, raising goosebumps, and *then* she remembered—

She was naked.

Utterly, unapologetically naked.

For a moment, her instinct tugged. A flutter in her stomach. A hand twitching upward. But then she caught herself. *No*.

What was the point?

They were already staring. Might as well give them a reason.

So she rolled her shoulders back, squared her hips, and *strutted*. Her thighs swayed with each step, wide and full. Her breasts bounced with a steady, impossible firmness that physics probably should've argued with—but didn't. She let them all watch. Let the little eyes drink it in. Own it, Honey. Own *every inch*.

As she reached the edge of town proper, the hush thickened. Even the screams dimmed, turning into stunned silence, open mouths, gasps.

And God, if it wasn't intoxicating.

So this was what Nancy had felt. The way power *tastes*. The way awe sticks to your skin. Honey almost laughed.

She looked down at a cluster of gawkers, one hand on her hip, the other brushing her wild hair back from her face. The breeze caught her again, dragging across her bare chest.

"Well," she said, voice booming and casual, "I'd apologize for showin' up without clothes, but let's be honest—half this town's been curious what I've got going up on top."

She gave a smirk, followed by a deliberate bounce of her hips.

"Okay, sure, you probably were not expecting it at thirty feet a tit. But hey—guess everyone gets a little more than they bargained for."

The stunned crowd didn't move. Didn't breathe.

Honey's smile widened. She lingered at the edge of town, her bare feet pressed into the cracked pavement where the old service road met Main. She wasn't rushing. In fact, she hadn't moved in over a minute. And yet, the entire square trembled with the tension of her presence. She could *feel* them. All of them. Little eyes behind windshields. Behind windows. Peeking out from doorways and alley corners. They were watching her—*really* watching her—and not just because she was thirty stories of hips and attitude.

These were the same people who used to steal glances at her ass when she bent over to grab shampoo bottles. The same ones who whispered about her on Sunday morning and smirked about her Friday night. She was the hairdresser. The easy one. The one who didn't *fit* the mold but knew how to use a tight skirt and red gloss like weapons. Half the town had thought about her in ways they'd never admit out loud.

Well.

Let them look now.

She shifted her weight, letting her hips roll just a little more with the motion, her full figure framed perfectly by the morning sun behind her. The breeze licked across her chest and thighs, but the urge to cover herself was long gone. Hell, she was starting to *enjoy* it—the shamelessness, the freedom, the sheer *audacity* of being seen. No secrets left. Just a whole lot of skin and not an ounce of apology.

Her voice rang out over the rooftops, playful and rich, bouncing through the air like she'd grabbed a megaphone from the sky.

"Y'all oughta be used to giant women by now," she called out, one hand on her hip, the other lazily gesturing to the skyline. "Nancy already had her little march through town... *twice*, if I'm not mistaken."

A few shouts echoed back. Not answers—just more running, more panic.

She grinned.

"Okay, yeah. Maybe you weren't expecting *me*." She twirled a finger around in the air, wrist flicking like she was casting a spell. "But come on. Nancy *did* tell you it was aliens. Y'all remember that, right?"

She leaned forward a bit, eyes gleaming, her massive breasts swaying with the motion. Her voice dropped to a teasing hum.

"Well. Turns out she wasn't lying."

More chaos down the block—people scattering from shopfronts, others ducking into cars, engines stalling from sheer confusion. The whole town was scrambling, and Honey was *exhilarated*. Her skin tingled from the rush of it. The fear, the awe, the sheer attention. It was electric.

"Relax!" she called, laughing now. "I'm not staying long. Just need a little intel."

She stepped forward, the pavement crunching under her heel, her stride deliberate. "Maybe check a few things out while I'm at it. Y'know, break in the new legs. You *do* remember the drill, right? Nancy showed you."

She paused, eyes scanning the trembling buildings.

"If anything," she added with a smirk, "I think she was being a little too careful."

Honey adjusted her stance, standing tall over the square. She looked down at the tiny town that once talked behind her back and clutched their pearls when she walked into a bar wearing anything short of a sweater dress.

Now? She was the size of a water tower and turning the morning into a one-woman event.

"Perspective," she said, mostly to herself. "Changes *everything*."

She then stepped into Gainesville like she was easing into a hot bath.

Her soles pressed into the asphalt, softening it with every step, molding it like warm clay. The shape of her foot—arch, heel, every curve of her perfect toes—left deep impressions in the street, like someone had run a goddess-shaped cookie cutter down the highway. Each time her weight shifted, the pavement cracked and groaned.

The buildings rocked on their foundations. A few car alarms screamed, bounced once, and then settled into silence as she moved on.

Even the tallest structures barely reached the middle of her shin.

God, she was big.

As big as Nancy? Maybe. But the town looked even *smaller* than she remembered it had from Nancy's perspective. Either the scale was playing tricks on her, or...

Honey smiled.

Maybe she'd outgrown her mentor.

People were scrambling now—sprinting through intersections, climbing over hoods, slamming into glass doors trying to get inside. She was too fast. Too close. Two blocks vanished under her feet in a blink, and she was already towering above the first crowds like they were ants in a schoolyard.

She paused, planting her bare foot down hard enough to jostle a car into a curb, and peered down.

God, they were *tiny*.

Barely bigger than her fingernails. Bugs with briefcases. Fleas in khakis.

She bit her lip, her brow furrowing in curiosity.

I want to hold one.

And then—*why not?*

No rules. No shrink-back protocol. No lectures from the proper people in Gainesville about how to behave. It was just her now. Her rules. Her town.

Honey dropped to a knee.

The ground *thumped*. Nearby windows cracked. Cars bounced. People screamed louder as she reached out, her hand casting a long, curved shadow down Main Street. She extended two fingers—just two—toward a middle-aged man in a charcoal suit. He tried to dart sideways, slipping between two cars.

"Nope," she said aloud, amused. "Nice try."

Her fingers clamped down around him gently, scooping him up like a toothpick from a sink. She was careful—more careful than she normally would be, honestly. But it was hard to *not* be dangerous when your grip had the crushing power of a junkyard press.

The man screamed. Kicked. Flailed like he thought it might do something.

She raised him slowly, bringing him to eye level. Her blue eyes widened in delight.

He barely cleared an inch.

"Oh *my God*," she breathed, turning him slowly between her fingers. "You're like... *nothing*."

She tilted her head and looked closer.

And then she *laughed*.

"Oh, *wait a minute*. I know you." She narrowed one eye, her grin turning wicked. "*Richard*, right? Hastings? Karen's husband? You came in once to pick her up from her hair appointment and spent the whole time pretending not to stare at my chest."

She rotated him gently again, holding him up between thumb and forefinger like a snack she wasn't sure if she was going to eat or not.

"Amazing I can still recognize you, honestly. At this size? I mean, you look like a little stress toy. Just with way more panic."

He kept kicking and screaming, his tie fluttering uselessly as he squirmed.

"Hey," she said, raising her brow, "am I holdin' you too tight?"

He shook his head furiously.

"Oh. So you're just screaming because you're scared shitless."

She gave a long, thoughtful nod.

"Yeah. Can't really do much about *that*."

Then her smile turned razor-sharp.

"*Not* that I mind."

Her laughter rolled through the street, deep and musical, echoing off the rooftops as she stood slowly, still holding her little prize between her fingers like a reminder of how the world had *changed*.

Honey twirled the little man between her fingers, the tips barely shifting, her eyes sparkling as she watched his pathetic limbs flail in midair. She could feel his tiny heartbeat through her skin, frantic and fast, like a fly caught between panes of glass.

"So, Richard," she purred, "tell me something. Do I look... bigger than Nancy?"

He blinked, dumbfounded, face pale, unable to speak.

She tilted her head. "C'mon, you were here yesterday, right? You saw her pass through. Think I've got her beat?"

He shook his head—not a no, more like a *please don't kill me* sort of headshake.

She chuckled, the sound rippling down through her chest. “Yeah. I guess when you’re, what, *one inch tall*? Hard to notice the difference. Nancy, me—probably all just a whole lotta sky to someone like you.”

He kicked his legs again, helpless, and she laughed. Then she turned her hand, letting him drop gently into her other palm, now cupped and wide like a golden platform. He landed in the center with a soft thump, barely taking up more than a coin’s worth of space.

“God,” she grinned. “You look ridiculous in there. Like a gum wrapper in a cereal bowl.”

She lifted the hand to eye level, watching him scramble to stay upright.

“You can look,” she said sweetly. “Go on. That thing you’ve been tryin’ to sneak peeks at for the last four years? Have yourself a *real* good look now.”

He hesitated.

She didn’t.

With a grin spreading across her lips, she brought him closer to her chest, the shadow of her cleavage rising like a canyon wall. He stared, paralyzed—until she nudged him gently with her nipple.

It hit him like a boulder. He rolled across her palm with a squeak.

She burst out laughing.

“Oops. Was that too hard?” she asked innocently. “Sorry. I’m gettin’ excited. Can you *blame* me?”

He coughed and mumbled something.

Her brow lifted. She brought him a little closer again.

“What was that, little man?”

He looked up, face red, voice shaking. “Please... don’t hurt me.”

She blinked once. Then gave him a slow, amused smile.

“Oh, sweetie. Relax. I’m not gonna *tit-punch* you again.”

He looked absolutely wrecked. She exhaled slowly, letting her laughter die down just enough to speak clearly.

"Honestly," she said, softer now, still grinning, "I just wanted to check one of you out up close. Get used to what I'll be dealin' with from now on. There's gonna be a *lot* of you around."

He stared up at her, wide-eyed.

"Alright, alright," she said, rolling her eyes. "You wanna go back?"

He nodded furiously.

"No second run at the tits?"

Another nod—faster this time, terrified.

She chuckled. "Okay, okay. You've been a good little toy."

She scanned the nearby rooftops and found one that looked mostly intact—flat, brick, solid.

With extra care this time, she pinched him delicately between her fingertips, lifted him up, and *gently* set him down on the roof like she was placing down a cupcake topper.

"There," she said, standing to her full height again. "Safer than the street. Fewer boobs, though."

She didn't wait for a reply. He was too busy collapsing onto the gravel, trembling like a leaf. She gave the building a light tap with her toe, just enough to shake it once.

Then she turned and kept walking.

Honey strolled through the winding veins of Gainesville like she owned the map.

The streets dipped under her soles, curving and cracking around the shape of her feet, each step leaving perfect impressions of her arches and toes in the softened blacktop. Ahead of her, clusters of people scattered like pigeons, some diving behind cars, others sprinting for cover like that would make a difference.

She let her eyes wander over the crowd running ahead of her, picking up speed toward the far edge of town.

"Mmm, don't run too far now," she called after them, voice thick with amusement. "Still think you're better than me? Better than my *pinkie toe*, even?"

Her laugh followed them as she walked.

Then something caught her eye.

To the side—just off an old corner lot—she spotted a couple in a panic, scrambling into a small white sedan. Her brow arched. She didn't even slow down. She just turned, crouched down on one knee, and reached out with casual precision.

The car shuddered as her fingers curled around it—easily denting the roof and sides with the lightest grip. It was so damn *fragile*, like a wet soda can pretending to be a tank. She lifted it up like it weighed less than a purse and settled it gently in the center of her other palm.

It didn't even fill it, reinforcing her sense of scale.

She smirked, rotating her wrist a little so the car faced her. Her deep blue eyes narrowed as she leaned in, casting the couple inside in her shadow.

"Well," she said, tapping the windshield with a single manicured nail, "this wasn't the smartest move, now was it? Drawing attention from the *giant naked woman* wasn't exactly on your bucket list, I bet."

The couple inside screamed, pressed against the doors.

She raised her brows and leaned in further, lips parting in mock curiosity.

"You two actually *ride* around in these little things?" she said, feigning disbelief. "I mean, look at it. Look at *me*. I wouldn't even fit a toe in there, let alone... well, *anything else*."

She gave the car a tiny bounce in her palm.

"It's crazy," she added, voice softening into a sultry purr. "I've been giant for, what, a couple hours? And I'm *already* forgetting what it's like to be tiny."

The couple didn't answer. Couldn't. They were too busy clutching each other and praying she wouldn't sneeze.

She exhaled slowly, eyes gleaming. "Y'know, I saw Nancy get someone out of a car once. Just kinda... plucked him out."

She glanced at her fingers, flexing them with deliberate weight.

"Course, I'm a little *bigger* now..."

Her gaze dropped back to the car. She grinned.

"But hey—how hard can it be?"

Honey adjusted her grip on the tiny car, her fingers sinking further into the crumpled steel with a flex of pressure. The chassis groaned in protest, dents deepening like they were made of foil. With her other hand, she extended one long, gleaming fingernail and tapped the back passenger door once—*plink*—before pushing harder.

The frame bent with a *snap*, the window shattering as her nail drove through like a can opener. The angle was awkward, but her nail slipped forward with the ease of instinct and clicked against the edge of the front driver-side door. With a gentle flick, she popped it loose.

The young man inside screamed.

She snorted, then *ripped* the door off completely with two fingers and flicked it aside like a crumpled receipt. It spun end over end through the air before crashing into the sidewalk half a block away.

"Well, that worked," she murmured, biting her lower lip.

She gripped the car tighter with her thumb and index finger, twisting her wrist so the whole thing tilted sideways, a ready palm waiting below it. The two passengers inside tumbled against the windows like dropped marbles.

"C'mon now," she teased, giving it a quick bounce. "Out you go—"

The boy dropped first, landing on her palm with a yelp, his limbs flailing as he hit the warm skin. A second, slightly sharper shake freed the girl, who screamed as she slid out and landed beside him in a heap.

"There we go," Honey cooed, cupping them both in her hand like the world's most dramatic ring box. "You two alright down there?"

The girl let out a panicked, wordless shriek. The boy tried to be brave—sat up, squared his tiny shoulders—but his eyes gave him away. She could see the sheer panic twitching in his face.

Honey raised her other hand again, still holding the car like it was a flimsy paperweight. She turned it in her fingers, inspecting the twisted, sad little frame.

"Yeah, no, this thing's totaled. You weren't gonna use it again, were you?"

She didn't wait for an answer. With a smirk, she let the car slide into her palm, closed her fingers around it, and squeezed.

Metal crumpled and folded with a tortured groan. Glass popped. The entire body of the car collapsed inward, wheels and doors snapping like twigs as her grip tightened. She twisted once at the wrist, slow and deliberate. Steam hissed from the ruptured engine block as she compacted it down into a mangled, red-hot ball the size of a peach.

She *felt* it give. Felt the vibration roll through her palm. God, it felt *good*.

The couple screamed as she casually opened her hand again and let the twisted metal core drop. It hit the ground with a thunderous *CRASH*, flattening into the pavement and leaving a scorched black ring in the street.

Honey exhaled through her nose, letting the thrill roll through her chest.

"Sorry," she said, not sounding sorry at all. "I've been walking on eggshells since I got this tall. Needed to flex a little. Hope you don't mind."

She glanced at them.

"Don't care if you do."

Then she caught the boy's eyes.

Not his fear. His *gaze*. Squarely locked on her chest.

Her lips curled into a grin.

"Oh, you are so busted."

She turned her body slightly, arching one hip, letting her breasts shift and sway with the movement.

"Sweetheart," she said to the girl, "you got yourself a boob-guy. Don't be too hard on him. It happens."

The girl screamed again.

The boy, red-faced and flustered, suddenly found a spark of bravado. "Y-You're a *monster*! Just—leave us alone, freak!"

Honey's smile didn't fade. If anything, it sharpened.

"Oh, *really*?"

Before he could move, she leaned forward and gave him a hard, casual *nudge*—with her nipple.

It hit him like a wrecking ball.

The boy tumbled backward across her palm, limbs flailing as he flipped and landed flat on his back with a groan.

She arched a brow and looked down at him, unimpressed.

"You wanna be careful, little man," she said coolly. "Especially when you can't even hold your own against a *tittie*."

The boy was still down, panting, limbs splayed across her palm like a crash test dummy after the world's softest but most humiliating impact. The girl knelt beside

him, eyes wide and panicked, but something shifted in her face—just enough clarity, just enough anger—and suddenly she was yelling.

“Why are you doing this to us?!”

It was so small, so high-pitched, it barely qualified as yelling to Honey’s ears. More like a squeak. But she heard it. And it actually gave her pause.

She tilted her head, gaze softening with something like mock reflection.

“Huh,” she said, blinking slowly. “Y’know... I didn’t really think about it.”

She rolled the two of them slightly with a shift of her wrist, letting them tumble gently into the center of her palm again. They stared up at her, rattled and breathing hard.

“I guess... because I *can*.”

The girl’s face went pale. The boy flinched.

Honey chuckled and straightened her posture slightly, letting her chest rise just a bit, giving them another reminder of what “can” looked like at this scale.

“Aww, come on,” she added, voice soft and playful now. “Don’t be so dramatic. I didn’t *hurt* anyone. Being shoved by a nipple doesn’t count.”

She arched a brow and gave a wicked little smile.

“Not unless you bruise *really* easy.”

The girl looked horrified. The boy looked like he might faint.

“Look,” Honey went on, casually shifting her weight from one foot to the other, making the nearby rooftops creak. “This is all very *new* to me. I’m just... checking things out. Can you blame a girl for exploring?”

The girl found her voice again, shaking now but firm.

“We’re not *toys*!”

Honey blinked once.

Then, she smiled.

“Oh, see... that’s where you’re wrong, sweetie.”

She took a breath, enjoying the moment, the weight of her own words as she looked down at them—not with cruelty, just with *fact*.

“You *are* toys now. All of you. Whether you like it or not.”

She brought them a little closer to her face, as if inspecting them again.

"You can *say* whatever you want. But I can hold you in one hand. You're action figures to me. If that."

They didn't respond. What could they say?

Without warning, Honey crouched down again, the shift in elevation making their stomachs flip. She scanned a nearby rooftop—a clean, flat one—then tilted her hand sideways.

The two of them slid off her palm and landed with a soft thump on the gravel surface. She didn't give them time to get up.

She just smirked and said, "There. Not that bad, right?"

To say Honey was exhilarated would've been the understatement of the year.

Her blood hummed. Her skin tingled. Every square inch of her bare, towering body felt *alive* with sensation, with power. The ground responded to her now, molding to her weight, trembling beneath her toes. The buildings didn't just look small—they looked like props in a world built just for her. And the people? They scurried, screamed, scattered. She *moved* them just by existing. It was like stepping into a dream that had finally stopped pretending it wasn't a fantasy.

The street ahead had cleared again—shock, awe, maybe some blessed self-preservation—and Honey kept walking, hips swaying, breasts rising and falling with each lazy, earth-shaking step.

Then she stopped.

There, pressed into the asphalt just ahead of her, was a massive footprint.

But it wasn't hers.

Honey tilted her head, studying it. The edges were familiar—wide at the ball, narrow at the heel, toes spread just slightly apart—but the shape was wrong for her. And the size? Smaller.

She crouched low, her thighs stretching like parked semis folding into squat position, and placed her own foot right next to it.

The comparison was immediate. Her footprint—still soft in the road behind her—was *longer*. Not by much. But noticeable.

She straightened, standing tall again, and looked down with a slow, dawning smirk.

"Well, well," she murmured. "Sorry, Nancy."

She raised one foot and planted it squarely over Nancy's print, heel to heel. Her toes extended well past the edge, carving new ground as they pressed down.

Definitely bigger. Probably half as much as long.

"Guess *somebody* got an upgrade."

Why had the aliens made her bigger? She hadn't asked for that. She hadn't asked for any of this. But now that she had it...

Well. She wasn't exactly *complaining*.

The sight of Nancy's footprint stirred something else, though. A reminder. A signal cutting through the thrill.

This wasn't just a joywalk through her hometown.

She was here for a reason.

Nancy was in trouble—she didn't know the how or the why, but the radio hadn't sounded good. Tranquilized? Subdued? She owed that woman more than a joke and a strut. She owed her *help*. It was way too easy to get caught up in all this—to play, to tease, to treat the world like a sandbox.

But this wasn't a game. Not really. Or not only.

Honey straightened her spine, scanning the town again.

Alright. Time to focus. Where to start?

Then she heard it.

A siren—faint, reedy, but unmistakable. Somewhere to her left, weaving through the scattered side streets. A little black-and-white squad car pushing its way toward her like the bravest (or dumbest) Hot Wheels in the box.

Honey turned slowly, eyes narrowing. She could already see the lights. The shimmer of sunlight off a roof rack.

Denby.

Of *course* it was Denby.

"Always on time," she muttered, shifting one foot slightly into his path. "God bless you, Sheriff."

The squad car came to a stop about a block away, its siren fading into an uncertain whimper. Honey didn't move. She stood still, hands planted firmly on her hips, one leg slightly bent, casting a shadow that swallowed most of the street behind her. She watched with growing amusement as two tiny doors creaked open.

Sheriff Denby stepped out first, followed by that nervous deputy—Charlie, she thought. Both squinted up at her like they were trying to spot constellations in the noonday sun.

Honey chuckled low in her throat. “Well, well. Look who it is.”

She bent slightly at the waist, just enough to loom even more. “Morning, officers.”

Denby cupped his hands and shouted, “Honey?!”

She grinned wide. “Glad you recognize me, Sheriff. I wasn’t sure how well I’d be registering from down *there*.”

He glanced at Charlie, then back up. “Is... everything alright?”

“Oh, I’m *great*,” she said, beaming. “Honestly? Better than ever.”

She turned slowly in place, giving them the full view of thirty-something stories of unapologetic curves. “Hope you don’t mind the outfit, though. Bit short notice. Hard to find anything in a size... I dunno, what am I now? Twenty-nine hundred?”

Charlie looked like she was trying very hard not to look at her. Denby coughed into his sleeve.

“I’m not totally sure what Gainesville’s stance is on public nudity,” she went on, tapping her chin with one long finger. “But I’m hoping you’ll overlook this one, just for today.”

Denby cleared his throat. “The town’s a little rattled, Honey.”

She shrugged, breasts bouncing gently with the motion. “Tiny people tend to get that way when a giant woman shows up. Not the time it happens, right? Doesn’t make it less funny, though.”

He stepped forward cautiously, boots crunching on broken gravel, looking up with a craned neck.

She raised a brow, then smiled. “Aww, that sweet little neck getting sore already? You want me to crouch?”

“No, no—I’m fine.”

“Good,” she said, standing a little straighter. “I *do* feel more commanding from up here.”

He nodded slowly, then looked around at the debris—bent lampposts, cracked pavement, what was left of a crushed bus stop.

“You’ve, uh... caused some damage.”

Honey looked down at him, unimpressed.

"And I heard you picked up some people."

She gave an exaggerated sigh. "Denby. I was *checking out my size*. You know, scale awareness. Like orientation, but fun-sized. Can you really blame me?"

He didn't answer. The look on his face said he was trying to pick the path of least disaster.

"Besides," she added, shifting her weight again and letting the sound of concrete crunching under her heel emphasize the point, "I didn't *hurt* anyone. A few squeezes. One or two soft flicks. A little cleavage nudge here or there."

Charlie turned red.

Denby held up a hand. "Honey, I'm gonna be straight with you. You're causing a *hell* of a commotion. If you're not in any danger... maybe you could head out of town?"

She tilted her head slightly, lips twisting in a smirk.

"Oh no, Sheriff. I'm afraid that's not going to be possible. I'm here for something."

Denby's brow creased. "What... exactly?"

She smiled wider.

"Intel."

Honey didn't give them a chance to reply.

"See, this is where *you two* come in."

Three steps. That's all it took.

The ground thundered as her feet slammed closer, each impact sending ripples through the street and knocking dust off nearby rooftops. Denby and Charlie barely had time to backpedal before her shadow overtook them — and then her fingers did.

In one smooth motion, she crouched again and extended two fingers of either hand, plucking Charlie from the ground with the ease of snatching up a cracker. The deputy let out a very undignified squeak as he rolled into her waiting palm.

Denby had just started to reach for his belt — instinct, reflex, futility — when her fingers curled gently around his torso. He barely resisted, more out of shock than defiance. She lifted him with exaggerated care and deposited him beside his deputy.

Then she stood.

And stood.

The world stretched as she rose back to full height, her free arm loose at her side, her other palm turned upright like a pedestal. The two tiny cops barely took up a fraction of her hand, side by side in the soft cradle of her skin.

"See?" she said brightly. "Not so dramatic, is it?"

Charlie looked like he might pass out. Denby braced himself with both hands, squinting up at her with that cop-glare he probably thought still carried weight.

It didn't.

"Alright," he called, voice shaky but doing its best, "what are you doing?"

Honey exhaled, shifting her stance slightly and adjusting them in her hand like she was settling the contents of a jewelry tray.

"Relax. I just need a word."

She looked down at them, her tone softening just a touch.

"I heard Nancy was in trouble."

That got their attention. Denby's head snapped up, surprise clear on his face. Charlie blinked, stunned.

"I'm here to help her," she continued. "I need to know *how*."

Denby stared, stunned into silence.

She rolled her eyes.

"Oh, *come on*. I know. Shocking, right? But yeah—we kind of... *bonded*, yesterday."

She grinned. "Turns out riding in a giant woman's cleavage for an hour or two really builds trust."

Denby opened his mouth, then closed it again.

"You *what*?" he finally asked.

She waved it off, literally, brushing the air above them with her free hand. "Long story. Point is, I'm on her side. And I need answers."

He hesitated. "How... how did you even get this way?"

"Aliens," she said flatly, like she was saying *traffic*. "Obviously."

Denby looked completely unmoored.

Honey leaned in just a little, casting more of her face into view above them.

"But we can save the weirdness for later. Right now, what matters is that I need to know where to find her."

Her voice dropped, firmer now.

"And *you're* gonna tell me."

Denby steadied himself against the base of her thumb, trying not to wobble as he answered. "All we know is what we *heard*. They said Nancy was sedated. Knocked out cold."

Honey arched a brow.

"You *heard*?" she echoed. "Aren't you the *sheriff* around here?"

Denby sighed, clearly already regretting this exchange. "Communications have been down since she came through. We lost contact with every channel. We're not exactly getting briefings every hour."

She tilted her head. "So who *is* getting the briefings?"

He hesitated. "The military."

Honey's expression shifted. Slightly more focused. Just slightly.

"Military?" she repeated. "Funny, I don't remember this place having much of a base."

"They showed up yesterday," Denby said, rubbing his temple. "Not a big team. Not official-official, I don't think. They weren't sharing much. Just wanted to talk to people who had been around her. Tried to figure out how it all happened."

"And?"

"They took Dr. Cushing and Dr. Loeb with them. The ones that had treated her. Left a few men behind to, I don't know... sniff around the Archer place. Maybe find something useful."

Honey's blue eyes narrowed with interest.

"So they're *there* right now?"

Denby nodded reluctantly. "Most of them, yeah. At the estate."

She smiled.

"Well, guess I know where I'm headed next."

Denby shifted again, visibly uneasy. "They're armed, Honey. And they don't know you."

She looked down at him, lips curling.

"Aww, Sheriff," she said sweetly, "I'm no expert in this whole giant-tiny-people dynamic just yet..."

Then her grin sharpened, one brow lifting with mock sincerity.

"But I've got this hunch that I've got the *upper hand*."

Denby swallowed hard, his balance faltering as Honey's fingers shifted under him again.

She crouched with a smooth, rolling motion that still sent a soft quake through the street. With gentle precision—far more control than she ever *needed* to use—she tilted her hand and let the two tiny officers slide down onto the pavement, setting them between her massive feet like figurines returned to the board.

"I trust," she said, sitting on her heels, "that you guys aren't gonna do anything *stupid*."

She paused, letting the weight of the moment settle over them.

"But just in case..."

Before either man could react, she turned, raised her fist high over the squad car behind them — and *slammed* it down.

Metal shrieked. Glass shattered. The cruiser folded like a soda can, crushed flat under her knuckles in a single, thunderous punch. The hood burst outward, smoke hissing from the frame. One of the wheels skittered across the street like a coin flipped wrong.

Honey exhaled, admiring her work with a pleased hum.

"Hey!" Denby shouted, flinching back. "That wasn't necessary!"

She glanced over her shoulder, a slow, self-satisfied smile spreading across her lips.

"Oh, I know," she said. "I just *felt like it*."

She rose again, towering back to her full, impossible height, shadow falling across the two officers like a curtain of dusk.

Then she looked down at Denby with a glint in her eye, the playful edge slipping into something colder, steadier.

"Nancy was real considerate with you little people."

Her foot shifted near the crumpled car.

"Look where *that* got her."

She rolled her shoulders, chest rising like a monument.

"I'm not Nancy."

She then stepped right over the two cops without so much as a glance, her soles brushing close enough to ruffle their uniforms with displaced air. Her hips swayed lazily with each step, the ground pulsing under her like it was trying to memorize the shape of her walk. She didn't look back.

Her direction shifted smoothly, toes carving gentle divots in the asphalt as she veered toward the edge of town—toward the Archer estate. She didn't need signs. And the few miles that once meant a long drive? Now they were *nothing*.

But then she saw it.

A flicker of familiarity. Something nestled between the rooftops like an old secret. Honey slowed, frowned slightly, then let her curiosity take over. She turned. The street curved with her, and with every step she spotted more—those faint but massive baby footprints, pressed into the earth from Nancy's first walk through town. Adorable. Giant. And oddly humbling.

The detour ended with her looming over a squat little building with a half-peeled roof and a crooked front window.

Her *salon*.

Honey crouched low, dropping into a squat that shook the streetlight poles nearby.

She tilted her head and smirked down at it. "I *used* to fit in there?"

Her fingers came down like a curious claw machine, delicately peeling what was left of the roof away until the full top floor was exposed. Hair dryers. Stools. Shelves. A few broken mirrors.

And a tiny pink handbag, still hanging from the cracked corner of the front desk.

She plucked it out between two fingers and raised it to her face. It barely fit across her first knuckle.

"Aw," she said, mock-sweet. "My emergency lip gloss."

She checked the contents with a casual flick of a fingernail. A bobby pin snapped in half. A mini mascara tube fell into her palm.

Honey shrugged.

"Yeah, I'm not gonna be needing *any* of this."

She tossed it over her shoulder. The bag twirled once and disappeared behind a roofline.

Then she stood.

The ground *moaned* as she rose to her full, towering height, thighs flexing, hips leveling as her bare backside bounced softly with the movement. She turned back toward the Archer estate—her new destination—only a few miles away.

Her feet padded down the cracked road with deliberate grace, every footfall deepening the land's memory of her.

As the last of Gainesville shrank behind her, she paused, placed one hand on her hip, and turned her head just enough to project.

"Bye now!" she called, voice dripping in sarcasm. "Don't miss me too much! Try not to *worship* the hole I left in your roads, and hey—if y'all want to gossip about me later, make sure you mention the part where my *left ass cheek* could've flattened the whole post office!"

She laughed and gave her hips a slow, exaggerated sway as she walked away.

"I *was* gonna miss this town," she added with a smirk, "but let's be honest... I kinda *outgrew* it."

Chapter 14

The Archer estate looked like it had been mauled by the hand of God.

The once-proud barn was now a half-collapsed husk, its beams splayed outward like the ribs of some dead creature. Charred earth ringed the cratered dirt. The farmhouse sagged against its own foundation, its roof torn open to the clouds. Two matte-green trucks were parked just beyond the fence, their doors open, antennas flickering with static. A transport chopper crouched nearby, engines powered down but ready, rotors glinting in the rising sun.

Inside the barn's shell, five soldiers moved with practiced precision, combing the debris for a third time.

Lieutenant Beck paced just outside the splintered threshold, arms crossed, jaw tight.

"I want another sweep," he said, his voice clipped through the headset. "Everything. Dirt. Wood. Any trace of what caused the growth. If we missed something before—"

"We didn't miss anything," one of the sergeants called, sweat beading on his brow. "There's nothing here. Just ashes and broken beams."

"Then look again."

The radio on Beck's hip hissed to life. A crackle, then a garbled voice—barely audible under static and a rising background hum.

"—coming. She's... she's coming."

Beck's brows drew down. He leaned in. "Say again. Who's coming?"

No answer. Just more static. Then a low *thump*.

The ground shook.

Not much. Not at first. Just a single pulse, subtle and sudden, enough to rattle the dust off the hood of the nearest truck. Then another. Heavier. Rhythmic. Louder.

The soldiers inside the barn froze.

Beck turned toward the road. "Everyone out. Now."

They scrambled to the open field and checked the horizon.

And then they saw her.

She was massive. Towering. Her silhouette sharpened with each step as she closed the distance between town and farmland. Her hair blew freely in the breeze. Her

bare skin shimmered in the sun. Her body was a fluid machine of muscle and curve, each step digging a new basin into the road behind her.

And she was *not* Nancy Archer. Miss Archer was under sedation. Contained. Not this woman. Beck did not recognize her, but her curves definitely stood out.

"Jesus Christ," someone muttered. "That's another giant."

"She's *bigger*," another whispered.

"And naked," added a third, instantly red-faced.

"Eyes up," Beck snapped, recovering just enough to function. "Form up. Weapons down. Stay alert."

He grabbed his mic. "Get the chopper in the air now. Repeat, launch the bird. She's coming in hot—no signs of aggression yet, but she's closing fast."

The blades on the chopper began to spin.

The soldiers formed a line along the outer field, rifles slung but not aimed. Dust spiraled as her footsteps reached them—close now. Towering over the tree line. Gliding with obscene confidence.

And as she stepped into full view, she smiled.

Wide. Gleaming.

She looked *delighted*.

==*=*=*=*=*=

The Archer estate stretched out before her like a toy farm set—sun-scorched, gutted, and crawling with tinies in uniform. Trucks, scattered gear, a broken barn... and soldiers. Not a massive deployment, but enough to get her attention. They were clearly *busy*, helmets bobbing between equipment, weapons slung low, all trying to act like they weren't about to be stepped on by a naked goddess.

Honey smiled.

Good. Someone down there would have answers.

Then the sound hit her.

A low, urgent *whomp-whomp-whomp*—that unmistakable throb of rotor blades cutting air. She turned toward it, narrowed her eyes, and spotted the chopper lifting just above the treetops near the main field.

“No, you don’t.”

She picked up speed—long, powerful strides that made the earth quake, each bounce of her hips rolling through the soil. The chopper hadn’t even cleared a hundred feet before her shadow overtook it.

The pilots must’ve seen her coming.

Didn’t matter.

She lunged forward, reaching out like catching a balloon—and grabbed the chopper *from underneath*, fingers curling around the belly and landing gear like it was hanging from invisible strings.

The rotor screamed in protest.

Wind from the blades blasted her face, ruffling her hair like a hot hairdryer on full power. Her eyes squinted slightly against the gust, but her grip didn’t falter. The whole machine bucked, the rotors straining to climb—but she had it. Solid. Grounded. Owned. She didn’t even strain.

Inside the cockpit, she saw panicked faces behind the glass. Tiny men scrambling at controls, shouting into radios, pointing at the ceiling like that was going to help.

Black smoke hissed out the aircraft as the engines began to overheat.

Honey brought the chopper closer to her face, watching it struggle like a caged fly.

“I’ve seen what these things did to Nancy,” she said, loud enough for them to hear but soft by her standards. “Little bugs with rotors. Nuisances. Besides, I don’t want anyone leaving.”

The engine gave a loud metallic *cough*. The rotors sputtered. Then died. The blades started losing momentum right away.

“Aw,” she said, mock-pouting, “I beat a chopper. And it wasn’t even *hard*.”

She gave the belly a small squeeze—enough to rattle the passengers—and brought the whole thing up to eye level, peering inside.

“You boys alright in there?” she cooed, tapping the windshield with a single fingernail. “Don’t worry, I’ll let you down gently. I just didn’t feel like have anyone leaving. So, you know, you didn’t.”

A few of them were visibly yelling something. She didn't need to hear it to know it was frantic.

From below, a voice pierced the air—distorted and scratchy through a megaphone.

"Put the helicopter down!"

She blinked, then looked down. The soldiers had formed up, neat little rows of camouflage aiming rifles directly at her legs.

"Oh," she said, like she'd just noticed ants lining up for war.

"That."

Honey's gaze drifted downward, past the whimpering hunk of metal in her hand to the tiny formation below. Maybe a dozen soldiers. Maybe a few more. All lined up with their little rifles raised, like they thought that might actually *mean* something.

She didn't feel threatened.

She'd heard what bullets did to Nancy. Annoying at best. Honey wasn't afraid. She was *pissed*.

The megaphone blared again—same guy, barking something about standing down and placing the aircraft on the ground. His tone wasn't confident. Just loud.

Honey narrowed her eyes.

"I was gonna put it down," she said, her voice cutting clean through the air like thunder laced in silk. "Y'know, in case you weren't *listening*."

She shifted her grip on the chopper, holding it delicately now between her fingers, like a little mechanical mouse.

"But aiming weapons at someone is no way to treat..." she paused, smiled thinly, "well, *me*."

She could see the man in charge—helmeted, clipboard-slick, inch-tall and sweating through his undershirt—swallow hard. His shoulders twitched. His stance faltered just slightly.

He was *thinking*. Good.

She leaned forward just a bit, the motion dragging a warm gust of air across the field, her bare legs casting a slow-moving shadow over their whole formation.

"I don't really give a shit whether you shoot or not," she said, voice lowering to a slow, deliberate purr. "You won't hurt me. You'll just *piss me off*."

She let that hang. Let them think about it. About what came next.

"You care whether I step on you or not?"

Silence. A few of the men glanced nervously at each other. Someone in the second row said something she didn't catch—something dumb and trembling and not at all useful.

She rolled her eyes.

"No, no," she snapped. "Let me help you out."

She brought the chopper down a few feet, still dangling in her grip.

"I'm not Nancy Archer."

Her tone sharpened.

"I'm the bitch who was fucking her husband on her back and conspiring to *get rid* of her."

That hit. She saw the ripple. The confusion. The recognition.

"Yeah. That was me."

Her lips curled into a slow, predatory smirk, all teeth and warning.

"And yeah... I've grown kinda fond of Nancy."

She let that hang, just long enough.

"But don't let that fool you into thinking I'm here to play nice."

She rose to her full, towering height, the chopper still dangling casually between her fingers like dead weight.

"I'm the kind of woman one who gets what she wants—and crushes anything that doesn't get out of the fucking way."

BOOM.

Honey's heel came down like a verdict, slamming into the earth with deliberate, taunting finality. The impact thundered through the dirt in a heavy pulse that rolled across the field like a detonation. A dusty shockwave rippled outward, shaking the half-collapsed skeleton of the barn, sending rusted sheet metal clattering to the ground and rocking the parked trucks like they'd just been sideswiped by a freight train. A helmet flew off. One of the soldiers stumbled, knees buckling. Weapons twitched reflexively in hands that suddenly didn't feel so steady.

She didn't need to say a word. The stomp had done the talking for her. Her size had always done the talking. But she said it anyway—because hearing it out loud felt *good*.

"Drop the fucking weapons."

Her voice didn't rise. It didn't need to. It came low and hard, rich with that dangerous sweetness she always carried when she was about to bite. It cracked through the field like a whip through silk. No sugar, no winking tease this time—just the sound of a goddess *done* being polite.

She saw it immediately. That flicker of hesitation. The way their shoulders twitched, as if their tiny little soldier brains couldn't quite decide between fight and flight. She watched them glance sideways, one to another, like maybe one of them had a better idea. They didn't. And they knew it. She could see the doubt blooming across the line, those expensive rifles suddenly looking less like weapons and more like metal sticks they were about to get buried with.

And then, one by one—slowly, reluctantly, beautifully—those rifles hit the dirt. Hollow little clacks that made her heart swell.

There it is.

Power.

Real power.

Honey Parker—formerly just a hairdresser, formerly the punchline to every whisper about low necklines and questionable taste in men—was now standing barefoot and nude over a dozen trained military men, and *they were obeying her*. Not because they respected her. Not because of procedure. But because she was fucking *huge* and they had no idea what else to do.

God, it was *delicious*.

She stood above them, the helicopter still dangling lazily in one hand like a toy she hadn't decided whether to break yet, and tilted her head as she looked them over. Her bare breasts rose slowly with a breath, the breeze brushing her skin as her shadow kept the whole field in a dim half-light.

"Good boys," she purred, her tone syrupy and slow. "Didn't even need to crush one of you. That's growth. *Mine*, obviously."

Her eyes swept across the property, taking in the smashed barn, the trucks, the wasted setup. Then her gaze locked on a wide, flat patch to the south—open space, soft ground, nowhere for tiny men to hide.

"You. All of you. Over there," she said, pointing casually with the same hand that held the chopper, its rotors now dead and silent. "That field."

They hesitated. Of course they did.

Honey rolled her eyes, her patience thinning.

She straightened her back—*taller, bigger, more*—then dropped the last of her teasing charm like a silk robe sliding off her hips.

"I said *now*."

No scream. No growl. Just a blade of a word, sharp and absolute.

That did it.

The soldiers moved in a blur, tripping over themselves, scampering toward the designated clearing like mice under a dinner plate. Honey watched them go with a grin curling at the corner of her lips, the weight of their compliance blooming warm and electric in her chest.

They moved because she *told* them to.

Honey waited, a hand on her hip, the other holding the choppper, watching the soldiers scamper toward the southern field like wind-up toys finally given permission to run. It took them nearly a minute to reach the clearing she had pointed at. She didn't rush. She didn't need to. She gave them time, let them stew in her looming presence. Let them feel what it was like to move on *her* schedule now.

Once they were assembled—tiny dots barely more than a dusting of camo across the sunlit grass—she closed the distance with deliberate slowness, each step thudding like a drumbeat, just enough impact to remind them what it meant to *be below her*. Her toes swept dirt in shallow waves as she crossed the estate, the ground shifting subtly under her weight. She came to a stop directly over the group, planting her feet to either side like the pillars of a moving cathedral, casting a shadow so vast it felt like sunset had dropped on command.

They were bugs. Actual, living bugs with guns and radios and uniforms pretending to matter.

"Alright, try not to lose your tiny little minds," she said, her voice purring and loud, but not angry. "I'm gonna crouch." y

Her smile widened as the words sank in.

"All I can really *do* while standing is *step* on you. And you've earned staying unflattened. For now."

She dropped low, moving with slow, sensual fluidity as her knees lowered to either side of the gathered soldiers. Her thighs hit the ground with a deep, rolling impact, enclosing the group in a curved wall of bare, flexing flesh. Her torso loomed overhead like a goddess lowering herself to inspect her congregation. She watched

them shift and recoil, faces pale and slack-jawed as they tilted their heads all the way back just to see her *face*.

With the soft whir of hot metal, she lifted the helicopter to her eyes. The cockpit glass was fogged with fear, but she saw the men inside still scrambling to brace themselves.

"Here's the deal," she said, tone low and clear. "I'm setting you down. You've got one minute to crawl out, catch your breath, and *join the others*. Or I swear to God, I'm gonna forget all about restraint and just close my hand without checking who's still inside."

She lowered the chopper like she was placing a delicate ornament on a cake—fingers gentle, precise, almost reverent. The moment it touched grass, the side hatch flung open and the men inside scrambled out in a tangle of limbs and gear, dropping and running like they'd just been spit out of the sun. Honey watched them scurry toward their comrades, half-blinded by her shadow, their tiny boots leaving little trails in the loose dirt.

She smiled. Again, they obeyed. No resistance. No challenge. Just pure instinct to *do what she said*.

Her heart fluttered with pleasure. This felt right.

Looking down at them now—huddled, quaking—was like watching evolution roll backward. Insects. Worms. And yet still so *human*. That contrast? Absolutely *delightful*.

She leaned forward just slightly, smirking.

"My brother had a bucket of those little green army men," she said aloud. "You guys are actually *smaller*."

Honey watched them squirm like they were trying to hold formation in the middle of a thunderstorm. She didn't move, just stayed kneeling there like a living mountain, one thigh on either side of the cluster, her shadow blanketing their little patch of grass like dusk had come early. Arms resting lazily on her knees, chin tilted, she looked like she was waiting for a punchline that never came. The silence was thick. Her smirk was thicker.

She could see it building in them—like pressure under glass. The way their legs flailed, the way they kept glancing at one another like someone else should take the lead. A couple of them were full-on trembling, the rest just looked like they wanted to evaporate. She let it stew. Let the tension grow. She didn't need to say a damn

thing. She already *owned* the room—and the room happened to be an open goddamn field.

Then finally, one of them lost it.

“What the hell do you *want?!?*” a voice shouted up from the middle, cracked with bravado and panic all mixed together.

Well, bless his heart.

Her blue eyes flicked toward him, slow and amused. He stood out right away—taller than the others, square jaw clenched, trying way too hard not to look like he was clenching somewhere else too. She grinned.

“Are you the one in charge, sugar?”

He hesitated, then gave a tight little nod.

Honey’s grin turned full wattage.

“Well then,” she said, drawing out every syllable like molasses over ice, “aren’t *you* the man I’ve been looking for.”

Her hand moved with lazy precision—slow enough to let the panic hit before her fingers even got there. The soldiers scattered like cockroaches in a spotlight, falling over themselves to get out of her way. She didn’t even blink. Just nudged a few to the side with the back of her hand like they were nothing but confetti on a countertop.

Her fingers zeroed in on Mr. In-Charge, pinching him delicately at the sides, and lifted him into the sky like he weighed about as much as a stick of gum. He kicked, naturally. Most of them did. Little boots flailing like it made a difference.

“Oh, hush now,” she cooed, bringing him up to her face. “I’ve picked up a whole lotta little fellas today, and guess what? Still running a *zero crush* streak. That’s right—flawless track record.”

She raised an eyebrow, the breeze from her exhale tousling his hair.

“But if you keep squirmin like a worm in a skillet, I might get distracted. And honey, I’d *hate* to break that streak because you couldn’t sit still.”

He stiffened, chest heaving, red-faced from either fear or pride—or both. He still had that fire, though. She had to give him that.

“You don’t get to *manhandle* people like this,” he barked. “You don’t get to just grab us like we’re—”

"Oh darlin,'" she interrupted, her voice dropping into something slower, darker, and *meaner*, "I can grab whatever the hell I want. You're lucky I picked you up with my fingers."

Her grin stretched, wide and wolfish.

"Cause it *sure as hell* could've been worse."

She brought him a little closer, eyes sparkling.

"And I know you're mad. I'd be mad too—if I got dragged up like a Barbie doll in front of the hottest, biggest thing I'd *ever seen*. But sugar, this? This is *me* being polite."

She gave him the tiniest shake, just enough to make his arms flail again.

"So maybe take a breath, stop yelling... and try saying 'thank you.'"

Honey lifted the squirming little officer up a few more inches, then brought her other hand beneath him and slowly let him roll into the soft cradle of her palm. Her fingers curved gently, forming a high-walled little arena around his body. She tilted her head as he landed in the center like a winded action figure dropped into a jewelry box.

"There now," she drawled, voice warm as whiskey and just as dangerous. "That's a bit more comfy, ain't it? Might not be five-star, but I promise—beats dangling like a worm on a hook."

He didn't respond. Just sat there, breathing hard, trying not to look at anything too long—including her chest, her lips, her fingers, the vast naked world of her towering body all around him.

Then she spotted movement.

Down below. Between her thighs.

Honey's eyes flicked downward, and sure enough, a few of the soldiers had inched back, shuffling like maybe if they moved real slow she wouldn't notice. Her knees were still planted wide around them, and from their vantage point, she might as well have been a living canyon.

"Ahem," she said sharply, voice dropping into that mocking, singsong tone that always meant trouble. "What did I *just* say about sitting still?"

She saw them freeze, practically mid-step. One guy almost tripped over his own boots.

"That's what I thought. I am not above swatting bugs if I have to, so unless y'all want to find out what these thighs can do when I stop being gentle, you'll park it."

Then she noticed where a few of them were *really* looking.

Her lips curled slowly.

“Oh my God... are y’all seriously staring at my *coochie*?”

She leaned forward just a hair, watching the shame ripple across their tiny faces like a guilty wind.

“Well, I *suppose* I can’t blame you. Being this size, and me down like this? She’s just kinda... *there*, huh?”

She glanced between her legs and gave an amused little huff. Her bare sex was glistening—subtle but undeniable, the humid sheen catching the sunlight just enough to betray her excitement. She tilted her hips slightly with a smirk.

“She does look like a damn cave from down there, huh? You boys curious?” Her voice took on a playful lilt, rich with wicked suggestion. “I could give y’all a tour. One at a time. Or hell, all at once.”

They didn’t move. Didn’t *dare*.

She looked down again and gave the tiniest shrug, letting the smirk settle into something almost bashful—if that word could even apply to someone like her.

“Guess I *am* a little turned on. Can’t lie. This whole thing’s got me feeling some kinda way.”

Then, as if she hadn’t just threatened to swallow them whole, she turned her attention back to the man in her palm. He was staring straight ahead, face crimson, hands planted like he was sitting on hot coals.

“You got a name, sugar?” she asked, voice softening just slightly. “Or should I just keep calling you ‘mouthy’?”

The man sat stiff in her palm, boots braced against the warm skin of her hand like he thought it might swallow him. She could feel the tension in him, every twitch and breath visible from her angle. His voice came out rough but audible, forced out like it had nowhere else to go.

“Lieutenant Beck.”

Honey smiled, just a little. Not a friendly smile—more like a cat acknowledging a mouse that finally remembered how to squeak.

“Well, Lieutenant Beck,” she said, shifting her fingers around him slightly to make sure he wasn’t about to bolt, “my name’s Louise Parker. Not that it ever gets used much. Folks around here just call me Honey.”

She grinned wider, teasing, letting the name hang in the air like something sticky and slow.

"Appropriate, don't you think?"

Before he could answer—or try—she brought him up closer, until her face filled his entire view and then some. Her breath warmed the space around him as she spoke, tone cooling just a notch.

"Now, here's the problem I'm having."

She let him sit with that a moment. Then continued.

"I used to be at odds with Nancy Archer. Slept with her husband, helped him plot to get her gone... not exactly a Hallmark friendship. But y'know what? Turned out she wasn't such a damn loser after all."

Her eyes didn't blink. Her voice stayed soft. Measured.

"I was rooting for her, Lieutenant. After everything, I wanted her to find Harry and get what she wanted. She was finally living—*big*. And hell, I *get it* now."

Her lips curled again, slowly, with that simmering mix of mischief and something almost like admiration.

"Being big? Changes a girl's perspective. Can't say I blame her for not wanting to go back to being little. I'm sure as hell not interested in *shrinking* any time soon."

She gave him the smallest tilt—just enough for his footing to shift, just enough to make him feel how very much in control she was.

"But here's the thing... I heard she's in trouble."

Her eyes sharpened slightly. The grin didn't fade, but it gained an edge.

"And I want to give her a hand. Problem is, I don't know where to start."

Lieutenant Beck opened his mouth, but what came out wasn't helpful. Just a dry click and a half-formed mumble. He swallowed hard, clearly hoping that if he stalled long enough, someone would magically come help.

Honey's brow lifted.

"This is where *you* come in."

She tapped her temple with one long, glittering nail, her voice dropping just enough to thrum in his chest.

"You're gonna tell me *everything*. Everything I need to know... and then a little extra, just to show me you're feeling cooperative."

Her gaze flicked downward to the little cluster of troops between her knees, then back to him.

"You do that, I'll be on my way. I'll leave your boys alone. I'm a bitch, sure—but I'm not a *psycho*. I'm not out here for fun-sized bloodbaths."

Then her smile sharpened, all canines and promises.

"But if you don't help me... well."

She brought him closer, her voice low and velvet-dark.

"I *am* still a bitch."

She let that linger. Then added, softer, sweeter, deadlier—

"A giant bitch."

Beck stammered—trying to speak, failing, trying again. Honey could feel his hesitation in the way his little body tensed inside her palm, his breath catching against the pad of her hand.

"I... I don't know what you want me to say..."

Honey's lashes narrowed like window blinds snapping shut.

"You can start by *talking*, sugar. I'll let you know when I've got questions."

That did the trick. He cleared his throat, gathered himself, still red-faced and visibly rattled, but words started flowing at last.

"After Archer reached Benford... they sent us. Bigger team. My orders were to stay back, comb the estate, look for any origin point."

She gave a small nod, not breaking eye contact. "And the rest?"

"Colonel Marsh," he said quickly. "He had the main force with him. Took Dr. Cushing and Dr. Loeb."

Honey let out a low whistle and smiled, like she'd just run into old gossip.

"Well, I'll be damned. They took the shrink and the doc. Figures."

Her tone turned syrupy, but there was a buzz beneath it—a current of something sharper.

"Go on, Lieutenant. You're doing great. Don't slow down on me now."

He nodded, swallowing hard.

"I only heard bits and pieces, but... sounds like the army tried to make a stand. They thought maybe they could convince her to move. Or force her."

That made her head tilt, just slightly. The teasing vanished for a breath.

"How'd that go?" she asked, already knowing.

"Bad," Beck said. "Really bad. She didn't back down. Things escalated fast. The police were overwhelmed. We tried to contain it, but... nothing worked. Not bullets, not missiles—"

Honey's eyes flashed. "*Missiles?*"

Beck's voice caught. "Y-yeah."

She laughed. Loud, delighted, and nearly disbelieving.

"Oh Lord. *Missiles*. What the hell were y'all thinkin'? Did someone *really* think blowing her up was gonna work? Bless every last idiot involved."

She shook her head, but the laugh started to taper. Her smirk held, but her eyes drifted distant for half a second, the realization creeping in deeper now. They launched missiles at Nancy... and she was *fine*. That kind of power... it wasn't just sexy anymore.

It was *real*.

Beck was still talking. "She kept going. Didn't stop. She got harsher. There was real damage. Whole squads retreated. And then—then she went for her husband."

Honey's eyes lit up. "Oh, did she now."

She bit her lip, not hiding the satisfaction behind the smile. "Good for her. I was *hoping* she'd get that little bastard."

Beck nodded, still trying to stay focused. "She did. Ripped open the hospital floor, plucked him right out. That's when the doctor—Loeb—used a tranquilizer. Something custom. Big payload. It worked. Dropped her."

Honey blinked. Her smile faltered. "So that *was* true. The radio wasn't full of shit."

"Far as I know? Yeah. They put her out."

She leaned in a little, her warm breath brushing over Beck's whole body.

"How is she now?"

"Still asleep," he said quickly. "They said it's like a coma, but stable. She's lying in a park near St. Joseph's. Downtown. They couldn't move her, so they're bringing in two squadrons of heavy-lift choppers. Going to haul her out."

Honey went quiet, eyes narrowing.

"They're gonna *haul her out*, huh."

Beck nodded slowly, watching her expression like it might explode at any moment.

"How soon?" she asked, with some anticipation.

"They're working on it now," he said. "But last I heard, they've got to reroute equipment from three different bases. Won't be ready before sunset, maybe later."

Honey let out a low chuckle, deep and syrupy.

"Sunset, huh?" She glanced up at the sky, sunlight bouncing off the curve of her hip.

"Well ain't that *adorable*."

She looked back down at him with a wide, toothy grin.

"Sounds like they think they've got time. But, sugar... I don't think they're gonna be *on time*."

Beck squinted. "What are you going to do?"

"Oh, I'll haul her out myself."

His face tensed. "You're going to Benford?"

Honey blinked slowly, the grin never fading. "Now come on, Lieutenant. That really a question?"

Beck swallowed again, clearly rethinking his life choices.

"And what... what about us?" he asked, cautiously.

She cocked her head, one hand on her hip. "Well, like I said, I ain't out here to hurt anyone who's been cool with me. And you? You've been alright."

The soldiers below barely moved, too scared to breathe, much less argue.

"But... I *can't* let you radio ahead," she added, her eyes drifting downward. "I mean, I *could*, but then I'd have to deal with a welcoming committee, and I'd rather surprise those boys."

She leaned in, voice dropping into that low, teasing threat that buzzed just above a purr.

"So here's what's gonna happen. Y'all? You're gonna strip. Radios, wires, helmets, all of it."

A few of the men hesitated, blinking up at her like she'd just told them to dance.

"Don't make me say it twice."

That was all it took.

Boots clumsily kicked off. Belts unclipped. Uniforms tugged down with frantic fingers. Some looked mortified. Others looked like they were just trying not to cry.

Honey, of course, was *delighted*.

She turned back to Beck, eyes twinkling. "That includes you, handsome. Don't make me peel it off myself."

He started unbuttoning, stiff and red-faced.

Once they were all in various states of stripped, she nodded with satisfaction, depositing Beck with care in their midst. They felt relieved to have their commanding officer back, even if startled at the looming presence of her fingers.

"Good boys. Now huddle up. Group together. Tight as you can."

They obeyed, bunching together awkwardly in the grass like campers waiting for pickup. Honey crouched low, one hand out, fingers curved like a scoop.

She swept forward.

Sixteen men, a pile of warm limbs and twitchy muscles, slid cleanly into her palm like she was shoveling sugar. She lifted them easily—*effortlessly*—and marveled.

"Well *damn*. Would you look at that. A whole damn *squad* in my hand."

She turned her palm slowly, watching the cluster of tiny, squirming bodies.

"And my mama used to say I'd never amount to anything. Hah!"

Honey stood tall again, rising like a skyscraper over the field, her prize in hand.

"I'd tell y'all to enjoy the view," she said, smiling as she stepped lightly across the field, hips swaying, "but I know it's gotta be *terrifying*. Don't worry—I'll enjoy it *for* you."

She crossed to the old warehouse near the edge of the estate, picking her steps with almost lazy precision, and reached the sagging rooftop. With care, she lowered her palm and tilted it, depositing the writhing pile of soldiers onto the shingles.

"Stay put," she warned, wagging a single massive finger at them. "Don't run, don't shout, don't be stupid. Once this is all over, I'll send someone for you. Or, ya'know, I'll be back myself and give you a lift."

She smirked and stood up again, her bare ass bouncing as she moved back to the main estate.

Honey made her way toward the crumbled remains of the barn, her footsteps carving shallow bowls into the dirt as she walked. The structure looked like it had been through a windstorm and a tantrum—scattered beams, splintered walls, the sagging ghost of a roof. She crouched low again, her hands combing delicately through the wreckage. A few cracked planks shifted, snapped under her fingers like matchsticks. Dust clouded up and danced across her chest, sticking lightly to the sheen of her sun-warmed skin.

Her hand swept inward, peeling back layers of debris until something caught her eye. Fabric. A heap of it, folded and half-buried under a collapsed shelf. She pulled it out with two fingers and unspooled it across the dirt—some kind of makeshift tarp-gown, stitched roughly from sheets and cloth. Big by human standards.

But as she held it up, the truth was obvious.

“Well that’s useless,” she muttered, flicking it once like a failed kitchen towel. “This wouldn’t even make a decent thong.”

The realization clicked into place. Of course. This stuff had been brought for Nancy back when she was knee-height—from her new perspective. Honey turned and glanced toward the rooftop behind her, where her sixteen-man pile was still huddled like scared puppies. She grinned. Dusting off her thighs, Honey rose to her full height, all bare curves and striding confidence.

“That settles it, boys,” she called out, loud enough for the whole field to hear. “Looks like y’all are gonna be *enjoying the full view* for the foreseeable future.”

She held out her arms, twisting at the hips with a slow, exaggerated flair.

“And I’ll be honest—can’t say I feel too embarrassed about it. I mean, come on.” She cupped one of her breasts playfully with a single hand. “Ain’t like I’ve got *anything* to be ashamed of.”

She then blew them a kiss with a smirk that could melt brick, and let her voice carry sweet and sultry across the field.

“Y’all behave now. I’ll be back.”

With that, she turned.

Her stride lengthened, the ground shaking softly beneath her again as she walked away—hips swaying, posture relaxed, eyes forward. She was done here.

Benford was waiting.

Chapter 15

The desert had looked a lot more glamorous when she was towering over the barn roof, tossing one last flirty farewell to the toy soldiers with guns too small to matter. Now, with sunbaked hills stretching in every direction and the grit clinging to her ankles, Honey was starting to feel the... *reality* of scale. Being big was fun. Being lost? Less so.

She kept heading north—*pretty* sure it was north—but the landscape refused to cooperate. No road signs, no distant city shimmer, no rumbling interstate full of tasty panicked traffic. Just ridges and rocks and endless scrubland, like a damn postcard no one asked for. She placed one hand on her hip and let her other arm dangle, fingers twitching in irritation. Every step was a small quake, and yet somehow the world around her didn't seem to care. It just kept stretching on like she was a joke walking across a green screen.

"This is ridiculous," she muttered, lips dry, voice a little hoarse. "I'm a literal goddess and I'm gonna end up sunburnt, dehydrated, and ghosted by a *highway*."

She adjusted her stance, rolling her shoulders with a sharp sigh, her bare skin catching every sharp kiss of desert breeze. Her thighs ached just slightly. Her stomach gave a low, annoyed grumble. That was the worst part—there hadn't even been a rabbit to stomp on, let alone a human snack. No towns, no gas stations, no anything. Just dry earth and hotter air.

She paused at the edge of a rocky ledge, planting her hands on her hips, eyes sweeping the horizon with a growing scowl. "I swear to God, if Nancy made this look easy just to be smug about it..."

Silence. Just wind. Dust. Maybe a hawk overhead. Honey turned slowly in a full circle, glaring at the empty nothing like it had personally insulted her. Then, louder now, she added, "What kind of bitch gets super-sized and *still* ends up stranded in a wasteland with no map?!"

The landscape did not respond.

She considered stomping something just to vent. But there was nothing satisfying nearby—just sun-bleached ground and those stubborn little bushes that weren't even crunchy underfoot. Her heel found one anyway, twisting it to pulp as she growled under her breath.

"Fucking typical. All tits and no *directional awareness*."

She paused again, sniffed. Distantly... something. It might've been smoke. Or steam. Or maybe her overheated imagination trying to conjure up a diner. Her stomach rumbled again, louder. That sealed it. She needed food, water, and something *not* beige. And soon.

Her voice dropped to a mockingly dramatic drawl as she began walking again, slowly, aimlessly:

"Here lies Honey Parker. She grew forty stories tall, and then tragically perished because no one taught her how to use a compass. Buried with full breasts and zero sense of direction."

She stepped over a rocky outcropping and muttered, "At least make the obituary hot."

Her foot sank into the slope of the next hill, dry grass crunching beneath her sole. The incline felt wrong—too soft, too shallow. And then, just as she shifted her weight to move forward again, she froze.

There it was. A sound.

Faint, ghostly, trailing over the breeze like a song remembered from a dream. A distant, wheezing whistle. Her head snapped toward it, brow furrowing. "No way," she breathed. "Did I...?"

She stood perfectly still, trying to listen, trying not to blink as the heat shimmered across the horizon like glass. Another whistle. Louder this time. Or closer. Or maybe she really *was* losing it. Great—giantess hallucinations. That would make the obituary even better.

Her voice dropped to a sardonic whisper: "Starved, sun-fried, and serenaded by ghosts."

But then—something moved. A blur across the baked horizon. Honey squinted, shaded her eyes with one hand, and tried to make out the shape through the waves of heat. Something long. Really long. At first, it just looked like a dark ribbon laid across the land. A highway? Her stomach twisted with hope. Maybe this was I-282, and she'd just taken the scenic route. She was gonna kill Nancy for underselling how confusing the open world looked when you were taller than a billboard.

Except... no. It wasn't a highway.

She blinked, squinted harder. The line wasn't flat enough. It wasn't broad enough. It shimmered wrong. And then she saw it—*movement*. Something was gliding along that ribbon. Long, segmented. With little glints of metal.

Her lips parted in disbelief, and then curved into a wide, gleeful smile. "Oh my *God*. It's a train."

Suddenly everything clicked. The "ribbon" wasn't a road—it was a railway. Steel tracks, snaking through nowhere, steady and loyal and headed toward *somewhere*. Somewhere with food. People. Signage. Civilization. And here came the train itself—stretching impossibly long, like the ultimate supermodel of toys, gliding with all the dignity of something that hadn't yet seen her.

Her laughter burst out in a short, sharp gust. "Of *course* it's a train. You absolute tease."

Just like that, the heat and frustration bled away. Her legs kicked into gear. She straightened, dusted her hands against her hips, and began marching down the slope with renewed purpose. The ground trembled with each delighted stride. All at once, she wasn't lost. She was en route. With a target. With a path.

And with, frankly, the sexiest toy a giant woman could ask for.

"Come to mama," she grinned, breaking into a graceful jog. "We are *so* not dying in the desert today."

Honey picked up the pace, her long legs slicing through the scrubland like a runway model with a vendetta. Every step chewed up another hundred feet of cracked earth and stubborn brush, her shadow sliding ahead of her like a warning banner across the desert floor. The train wasn't going anywhere fast—if anything, it looked like it was crawling. Maybe freight. Cargo. Not exactly Amtrak. But it *was* moving, and more importantly, it was moving toward *somewhere*.

She grinned, jogging now, her breasts bouncing gently with the rhythm of her stride, golden skin shimmering under the noonday sun. Her frustration melted with each tremor she left in her wake. This was more like it. No more wandering aimlessly like some glamazon in a survival movie. This was pursuit.

The best thing about trains? They didn't swerve. They didn't crash into each other in a panic. They didn't scatter like ants or scream or ruin the moment with chaos. They just kept chugging along, oblivious. Predictable. Inevitable.

"Guess I found the one thing out here more stubborn than me," she muttered, smirking.

She crested a rise and there it was, laid out in full view: the train. Long, heavy, a glinting line of metal beasts dragging itself forward like it had all the time in the world. The sight tickled something deep in her. So slow. So helpless. So *perfectly hers*.

And now that *it* could see *her*? Nothing. No emergency brake. No evasive maneuvers. Just the same sluggish crawl forward. Of course. It couldn't run. It was stuck on those rails like a dog on a leash. Her smirk deepened.

"Oh baby," she purred as she stepped onto the tracks a few hundred yards behind it, "you're not even gonna try to escape? I'm flattered."

She started walking again, following the same line of steel, her feet thudding softly on either side of the rails. She didn't rush. She didn't need to. Each step she took brought her closer, and the train remained oblivious—or maybe resigned. Either way, the game was delicious. She was gaining, and everyone on board knew it.

"C'mon now," she teased, "you've got a head start and I *still* caught up. If I were you, I'd be throwing coal at me or something."

She hit the train's tail end within minutes, slowing to a matching pace, settling in beside it like it was a companion on a stroll. It took effort to walk that slowly, to control the power in her legs. But the theatricality was worth it.

She looked down at the long, segmented beast—dark cars rumbling and creaking on ancient wheels—and spoke to it like it could hear every word. Maybe it could. At least the poor souls still inside, probably hiding under crates, praying she'd get bored.

"Hey there, slowpoke," she cooed, voice sultry and casual, "Relax. I'm not here to derail you. Unless you give me a reason."

She matched her stride perfectly to its pace, hips swinging lazily, toes brushing the edge of the rail. "You guys seem tense. I get it. Surprise giantess in the desert, big mood. But I've been walking forever and I have *questions*. Like where the hell are we? And why has no one built a five-star resort out here yet?"

She leaned in closer, peering at the cars. "Any of you want to help out? No? Doesn't really matter." She flashed a wicked grin. "I'm Honey Parker. You'll be helping anyway."

The train didn't speed up. Couldn't. It just kept plodding along—its tiny wheels creaking, its engine puffing like it had no idea it had a woman many times its size flirting with it.

She tilted her head, watching the mechanical rhythm of its crawl. "God, you're adorable," she murmured. "Look at you go. Like a little toy someone forgot in the sandbox."

The novelty wore off fast, though.

Sure, matching the train's pace was fun—for *a while*. But Honey wasn't built for patience. And frankly, she was getting bored of playing second to a metal slug with wheels. Her calves were itching to move again. Her ego? Even more so.

"Okay," she muttered, giving the train one last indulgent smirk. "Let's spice this up."

She picked up speed effortlessly, each step a seismic flex that kicked up gusts of hot dust. In no time, she was outpacing the plodding beast, her hips swaying with purpose, her breasts bouncing with each graceful, dominant stride. It took barely a minute before she was well ahead of the train, the entire sleek line of it stretched behind her like a toy parade. She didn't even bother glancing back as she slowed to a stop and turned to face it.

Then, with an exaggerated smirk, she stepped over the tracks—one foot planted on each side, her long legs forming a curving golden arch. The sun lit up her bare skin like polished bronze. She reached up, pushed a few strands of windblown hair off her face, and peered down between her thighs at the approaching train.

"Well now," she purred, licking her lower lip as she watched it inch closer. "I always wanted to feel like Gulliver in Lilliput. You know... minus the clothes, plus the libido. Shame they didn't have trains there. Would've made the books so much better."

The train didn't stop. Couldn't. Just kept crawling closer.

Honey's eyes sparkled with mischief. "Careful now... you're about to enter a very high-risk zone," she teased, grinding her hips ever so slightly. "One wrong vibration and we might both end up derailed."

The lead engine entered the shadow between her thighs, and she gasped theatrically. "Ooooh," she moaned with a laugh, "you're tickling my rails. Is that your smokestack or are you just happy to see me?"

She stayed perfectly still, letting the entire length of the train roll beneath her like a living conveyor belt of foreplay. One car. Two. Dozens. It took *forever*. She rolled her eyes, then made another face—mock exasperation laced with impish delight.

"God, you're slow," she sighed. "I've had better motion from battery toys. And they didn't come with freight."

As the final car finally slid between her feet, Honey clapped her hands mockingly. "Bravo! You survived the most erotic underpass in the western hemisphere. What do you win? Nothing! I'm still hot and confused and *very* annoyed."

With that, she turned back around, casually striding up beside the train once more, her pace now a little less indulgent, a little more determined.

"Alright, toy train," she said, voice firmer, more commanding. "Game's over. I want information. You're gonna stop now, and we're gonna have a nice little chat. Capiche?"

The train didn't even flinch.

Honey's eyebrow twitched. "I said *stop*. That wasn't a suggestion, babe. Don't make me get *really* big."

The wheels clanked on, indifferent.

"Oh, I see," she growled, exasperated but still amused. "You're one of *those*. Just another little boy who doesn't know how to take direction from a woman with thighs bigger than your caboose."

She bent low, glaring at the tops of the cars as they kept inching forward. "You think you're *tough*, don't you? All that iron and steam. Real masculine. Real cute."

Then she straightened to her full height again, hands on her hips, the smile slipping into something sharper. "But you know what I've realized? Asking tinies to do a giant woman's job is just *wasted breath*."

Her tone dropped to a low, sultry threat. "So I'm done asking."

And with that, Honey lengthened her stride again, easily pulling ahead of the stubborn train once more—her eyes scanning ahead now, legs coiled with intent.

If they wouldn't stop for her, she'd just stop them herself. She pulled ahead again, bare feet pounding into the earth with giddy purpose, the wind rushing past her curves as she moved. She wasn't just going to stop the train—she was going to *own* it. One stomp on those tracks, a little shake of her hips, and she'd make that long, stubborn machine finally pay attention.

But just as she crested the next ridge, she spotted something ahead: a narrow cut in the land. A glint of water. And spanning it, a squat little wooden bridge barely worth the name—short, old, probably shaking on its own before the train even showed up. Nothing fancy.

But it would do.

"Oh," she gasped, slowing her pace with a wicked grin. "Oh yes. You'll do *perfectly*, baby."

She surged forward, dropping from a stride to a brisk jog, cutting across the plain until she hit the edge of the creek. Her toes kissed the bank before she dropped her hips, sliding effortlessly down into the gully below. The slope bottomed out gently, the soft dirt kissing the tops of her thighs as she came to rest right at the bridge's

edge, legs folded in, arms relaxed on her knees. The bridge itself barely reached her hips. A tiny, trembling little thing, just waiting to be touched.

She turned her head and spotted the train in the distance, still rolling dumbly forward, maybe a mile out now. Still slow. Still steady. Still unaware.

"Oh honey," she cooed. "You are *not* gonna like what happens next."

With a playful hum, she balled her hand into a fist and—*CRACK*—brought it down on the bridge like a hammer. Old wood splintered with a satisfying crunch. She struck again, *harder*, pulverizing the rest into debris. What had once been a rickety crossing was now just toothpicks and dust under her knuckles.

She moved back, hands on her hips, admiring her work like a proud demolitionist. "Yeah... no one's getting across that."

Then she heard it.

Brakes.

At first just a whisper. Then the long, high whine of steel grinding against steel, growing louder by the second. She looked up sharply and blinked, registering the way the train's wheels screeched in protest far down the track.

They were trying to stop.

She raised her eyebrows, momentarily impressed. "Oh? *Now* you're listening?"

But the sound kept rising. The whistle of resistance. The tremble of metal fighting gravity. Then she saw it—too much mass, too little track. The train was slowing... but not fast enough.

Her eyes widened. "Oh, you've gotta be kidding me."

The locomotive was still coming. Slower now, but very much in motion, charging down the line like it had made a blood pact with physics and couldn't back out. The rest of the train groaned behind it, cars jolting in little panicked bursts as the whole line struggled to obey.

Honey's grin snapped back into place, laced with surprise and excitement.

"Well damn," she chuckled. "Guess I found the *one* thing out here that doesn't want to stop for me."

She braced as the train came within striking distance, the ruined bridge a splintered mess behind her. The locomotive crawled closer, massive and growling, its steel frame reflecting the harsh sun like it still thought it had authority out here. Honey smirked. Cute.

Then it hit the moment of no return.

Right as it reached her position, she lunged—arms sweeping forward with precision and power. Her palms slammed into cold metal, fingers clamping around the steel body like it was a runaway puppy that didn't know any better. The thing *shuddered* in her grasp, still trying to move, its wheels spinning helplessly against rails it no longer controlled.

She gritted her teeth—not in pain, but in the sheer, intoxicating effort of it. The locomotive was heavy. Not impossible, not challenging exactly—but *real*. She could feel the bulk, the engine's stubborn resistance, the push of all that momentum crashing against her will. Her arms tensed, biceps tightening as she anchored the beast, holding it steady with a growing thrill humming through her.

Behind it, the cars began to accordion, metal slamming against metal, folding into each other in a stuttering cascade of chaos. The screech was earsplitting, a chorus of weight and failure. She threw out her other arm, palm open, muscles flexing again as she tried to catch the worst of the pileup. Each car hit like a punch to the palm, but she held—bracing, teeth bared now in something between exertion and delight.

Some cars flipped anyway—tipping sideways, wheels shrieking, hatches popping as they crumpled. Dust plumed into the air, boxes and crates flew, one tanker lurched up and over as she shielded the train from itself.

She could feel the tremor of it all in her spine, a full-body vibration of mass surrendering to mass. *God*, it felt good. That sharp strain across her shoulders. The pressure of dominance. It wasn't even a workout—but it was enough to make her *feel* it. Just enough resistance to make her grin.

When the motion finally settled, Honey looked down at the mess—her knees planted in the soft earth, one arm gripping the battered locomotive, the other stretched across a line of half-derailed cars like a very smug goddess referee.

A drop of sweat slid down her side. She let it. She'd earned that.

She blew a loose strand of hair off her lips and laughed.

"Jesus. Overachieve much?"

The engine hissed under her hand like it was pouting.

She leaned in, eyes glinting. "You *really* didn't want to stop for me, huh? What's the matter—train fetishes only work if I *don't* say the safe word?"

She rolled her shoulders, letting her hands slide off the cars, brushing off dust and metal flakes. "Well, tough luck, boys. Because I'm here. I'm not moving. And I've got questions."

She gave the locomotive a little pat—like a dog that finally learned to sit.

"Now," she said sweetly, "who wants to talk first?"

No movement. No shouts. No brave little conductor poking his head out to negotiate. Just the hiss of steam, the tick of cooling metal, and the exhausted creak of a machine that had finally accepted it had lost.

Honey sighed dramatically.

"Of *course*," she muttered, tossing her hair over one shoulder. "Guess I've gotta do *everything* myself. Shocker."

She crouched lower, one hand still resting lazily on the crumpled line of cars behind. The other reached for the locomotive with casual entitlement. Her fingers wrapped around it again—this time beneath its steel belly—while her other hand found the car directly behind. Then, with a short exhale and a flick of power, she *pulled*.

The metal *shrieked* in protest as the cars disconnected, wheels screeching across the damaged rails before twisting free entirely. It was heavier than the average toy, sure—but not *hard*. Just enough weight to feel it in her wrists. Enough force to make her thighs tighten subtly as she shifted her balance. The strain was real, but it was also hers. Contained. Managed. Overpowered.

The connection popped like a stubborn zipper, and the engine jerked free into her waiting arms.

"There we go," she cooed, lifting it to her face. "That wasn't so hard, was it?"

She held the locomotive up to her eyes, squinting through the tiny rectangular windows like she was inspecting an ant farm. Inside, she spotted them: three... no, four tiny figures scrambling around inside the cab, framed by flickering instrument panels and wide-eyed panic.

"Well, *hello* in there," she purred, voice dropping into that low, teasing hum that always meant trouble. "Look at you! All crammed in there like sardines. Awkward."

Her lips curled in a crooked smirk. "When a woman asks you to *stop*, boys... especially one with *hips taller than a fucking high-rise*? You *stop*. That's not a decision. That's just what it is."

She tilted the engine, the crew inside stumbling. Her grin widened.

"I'd ask you to step out nicely," she said, mock-polite. "But I've learned something out here. You little guys? You're *very* slow learners."

Without waiting for a reply—because, really, what were they going to say?—Honey shifted her grip, wrapping her fingers tighter around the body of the engine. Then she brought up her free hand and set her nails into the roof.

The steel groaned instantly. This wasn't like peeling foil off a tuna can—this was a solid industrial engine, and it fought her a little more than she was used to. The corners bent first, then tore with a harsh, satisfying *snap*, seams popping loose as her fingers *peeled* the roof up and away like she was opening a reluctant gift box.

Inside, the cab was suddenly exposed to the sky—and to her looming face.

Four tiny figures stared up at her, frozen for one second too long. Then they burst into motion, screaming, scrambling for corners, trying to find cover where there was none.

"Ohhh," she cooed, eyes lighting up. "There you are. Don't be shy now."

She leaned in, breath tickling the interior like a gust of summer wind. "You made me chase you. You ignored me. And now I had to *break* you open just to say hi."

She gave the locomotive a light shake, tilting it downward over her open palm.

"Out," she commanded. "Now."

The men tumbled out with awkward shrieks, landing in her waiting hand like a scatter of living Tic Tacs. Limbs flailed, boots scrambled for grip on her golden skin, but there was nowhere to go. Nowhere to hide.

Honey brought her palm up to eye level, smirking as she studied the tiny crew laid out like toys on her skin.

"God," she chuckled, "you boys really do need a woman to take charge, huh?"

The four tiny men writhed and screamed in her palm like spilled jellybeans on a rollercoaster. Honey rolled her eyes with a dramatic sigh, part amusement, part exhaustion.

"Alright, alright," she drawled, lips curling into a patient smile. "Let's skip the drama. I'm not out here to *hurt* you."

She paused, flashing them a gleam of teeth. "Not that I *can't*, obviously. But honestly, I'd much rather have a little info. Deal?"

They didn't answer. Just kept thrashing, screeching, crawling over each other like they thought it might matter. She huffed, puffing out her cheeks, then brought her hand a little higher, raising one perfectly groomed brow.

"Hush," she said, the word soft but cutting.

Still no answer. One guy actually tried to dive for the crook between two of her fingers.

"Fine," she sighed again, flicking her gaze skyward in mock resignation. "No intel? Cool. Guess we'll go with Plan B: see how far I can *toss* you."

That got them.

One of the men shrieked, "Nooooo!"

Honey's grin bloomed instantly, all wicked delight. "Oh? You *do* speak. Adorable."

The men froze, faces pale, except for one—red-faced, drenched in panic but clearly realizing he was the designated talker now. Honey brought him closer to her face, her massive eyes narrowing with just enough threat to make him tremble.

"Let's start simple," she said, her tone dipping into silk-lined authority. "Where's this train headed?"

"W-Wellington," the man stammered. "Little town east of Tremont—shipping junction."

Honey blinked. "Wellington? Never heard of it. I'm going to Benford."

The man's face twisted in fear and something worse—hesitation.

"What?" she asked, the word clipped now. "What is it?"

He looked like he wanted to crawl back inside the engine. "You... uh... you're heading away from Benford. Northeast. Benford's... more northwest."

Honey just stared at him. Then blinked. Then tilted her head, slowly.

"I'm... going the wrong way?"

The silence said it all.

"How *far* the wrong way?" she asked, voice deceptively light, a dangerous kind of casual.

He winced. "I—I'd say... two hundred miles. At least."

There was a beat of stillness. Then:

"Two. Hundred. *Miles?!'*"

The air practically vibrated. Honey's hand tightened slightly—not crushing, just enough to remind them who they were sitting on. Her mouth parted in stunned disbelief, then curled in a slow-building scowl.

"What the *fuck*?!"

The men flinched as her voice echoed across the desert. She stood up sharply, nearly tossing them off her palm before remembering to steady it. Her body tensed, toes flexing into the dirt as she processed the sheer scale of her mistake.

"I walked *all* morning, sweating my ass off, thinking I was catching up to Nancy, and I've been strutting in the *wrong goddamn direction*?!"

The men were silent, statues of fear.

She blew out a breath. Then another. Her chest rose and fell, muscles slowly relaxing as her fury dimmed into something tighter. Controlled.

"Okay," she muttered, rubbing her temple with the side of one hand. "It's not that bad. Hundred more miles is, like... maybe an hour. Hour ten if I'm feeling fancy. And I've got until sunset. Not even lunch time, yet."

Her stomach growled again—louder this time, a low, undeniable protest. She winced.

"Ugh, *not* the time," she snapped at her own body, eyes closing for a beat as she forced the hunger down. "I'll eat when I'm *not* lost."

She opened her eyes again, fixing the man with a flat stare.

"Alright. Tell me *exactly* how to get to Benford. And if I end up in *Texas*, I swear to God I'm coming back here and tossing you guys to the moon."

The little men conferred with one another in her palm, a cluster of twitching limbs and whispered panic. She tapped her nails against the underside of her hand impatiently, watching them like a girl staring at a bowl of shrimp trying to form a consensus.

Finally, the red-faced spokesman looked up. "Benford's mostly west now. If you, uh... if you cut across the plains, you should be able to—"

"No," Honey cut in sharply, her voice like a whip crack. "I'm *not* wandering through the desert again. Not happening."

They blinked up at her, clearly startled.

She narrowed her eyes and leaned in, her breath washing over them like a furnace breeze. "I don't have a great sense of direction, okay? I'm not following vibes and heat mirages across two hundred miles of nothing just to maybe spot a highway

sign. Give me *landmarks*. Cities. Stuff I can actually *see* from four hundred feet in the air."

More frantic murmuring. The little cluster huddled up again, clearly terrified of giving the wrong answer this time.

After a moment, the spokesman looked up again, hesitant. "Well... you could still go to Wellington. From there, head north to Tremont. There's a river—it runs west. If you follow it downstream, it'll take you right into Benford."

Honey arched an eyebrow, lips parting slowly. "That's gonna add miles, isn't it?"

"Fifty. Maybe more."

She rolled her eyes, groaned lightly. "Fantastic."

Then she tilted her head, weighing it. "Fifty more miles... that's, what, thirty minutes? Tops. Beats strutting blind again and ending up in some cornfield in Nebraska."

Her stomach growled again—longer this time, a sharp, hollow twist that pulled her full attention downward. She winced and narrowed her eyes at her palm.

"Okay, before I take my scenic river tour..."

Her gaze dropped to the men again, lower now. Heavier.

"What exactly is this train carrying?"

The spokesman blinked, suddenly pale in a *new* way. "Uh..."

Honey's stomach growled again, louder now, a deep, rolling complaint that echoed through her ribcage and down her spine. Her eyes narrowed.

"I *didn't* have breakfast," she said, voice low and deadly casual. "Actually... I skipped dinner too. And lunch. Come to think of it, I haven't had a bite since I was small."

The men looked up at her like they were realizing—for the first time—just how real that hunger was.

"And I've been doing a *lot* of cardio," she added, lifting her chin slightly. "Not chasing you, don't flatter yourselves. But I did apparently strut through *two hundred miles* of open desert without realizing it, so..."

She glanced down at them, eyes gleaming. "I *need* food. Right now."

They flinched, conferred again—quick, panicked murmurs. She glared until the red-faced one finally looked back up and croaked, "Grain and fruit. We're carrying grain and fruit."

She leaned in, lashes low. "Where?"

"M-Middle cars," he stammered.

Without another word, Honey shifted her weight and stood, one hand still cupping the tiny crew, the other pressing into the earth beside her for balance as she rose out of the creek bed. Dirt clung to her thighs and calves as she stepped up onto the plain, the ruined bridge splintering further under her retreating heel.

She started down the length of the train, her steps thunderous again, legs gliding effortlessly beside the still-trembling line of cars. "This thing is *huge*," she muttered, "and not in the fun way."

"Which car?" she barked, holding the men up to her cheek as she walked. "Be *precise*. I'm not playing hide and snack."

They scrambled to indicate it—two-thirds of the way down, give or take. She found it fast enough and crouched beside it, dust kicking up around her thighs as she dropped into a low squat. With a complete lack of ceremony, she tilted her palm and *dumped* the men unceremoniously onto the dry ground like spare change.

"Don't try *anything*," she warned, eyes flashing down at them. "There's nothing out here but sand and *me*, and I've been *very* gentle so far. Ask around. That doesn't last."

Their terrified nods were all she needed.

She turned her attention to the car. It was just another boxy, nondescript rectangle of steel, but it might as well have been a vending machine sent from heaven. Her fingers curled around it like a claw, steel groaning as she *ripped* it from the convoy with one swift, brutal jerk. The wheels popped loose, rails bent, and she brought the thing up to her face.

The roof didn't stand a chance. She tore it back like a can lid, warping the metal with a single smooth pull, then peered inside.

"Grain," she muttered, unimpressed.

Still, it was food. Sort of. She plunged a hand inside, scooped up a rough pile, and brought it to her mouth. It was dry. Dusty. Hard to chew. But it *filled* her—instantly dulling the sharpest edge of her hunger.

Another handful. Crunch. Swallow. Ugh.

"I swear to God," she muttered through a mouthful, "if the *fruit* isn't better..."

"Two cars down!" the tiny voice called from somewhere behind her.

She didn't thank them. She just reached.

Her hand found the car two slots over, tore it loose just like the first, peeled it open with a groan of surrendering metal, and breathed in.

Her eyes fluttered half-shut. *Yes.*

The scent hit her like a slap of color: sweet, fresh, juicy—grapes, peaches, apples. She reached in and grabbed a fistful, juice running over her knuckles as she brought it to her lips.

The first bite was a revelation. Cold, crisp, exploding with flavor.

"Ohhh *finally*," she moaned, taking another handful, then another, her jaw working greedily as she devoured half the car's contents in less than a minute. Bites. Sips. Handfuls. The sugar lit her brain up, grounded her again.

The edge came off her frustration. Her shoulders dropped. Her pulse steadied. Her grin returned, slower this time, curling with satisfaction as she licked a sticky finger and flicked a grape off her lip.

"Much better," she breathed.

Then she glanced back at the tinies on the ground, still frozen in place.

"Well," she purred, licking a bit of peach juice from her thumb, "I guess *someone* earned a gold star today."

As she wiped the last trace of juice from her lips, Honey's eyes drifted lazily down the length of the train again—and caught on something new. A small cluster of sleek, rounded cars gleaming dully in the sun.

Tankers.

"Those gas?" she asked casually, nodding toward them with her chin.

One of the men looked up, cautious. "Empty," he called. "They're taking them to Wellington to load."

Her lips curled. "Oh, how *convenient*."

He blinked. "Uh... for what?"

She didn't answer.

Because deep in that towering body, a slow-burning *need* was rising—one that had been quietly purring under the surface for miles now, but was quickly taking center stage. The kind of need that heat and power and hunger all danced around before giving way to something *much* more primal.

It had started subtle. A throb in her thighs. A certain sensitivity in her hips when she moved just right. That slight sway of her breasts, the buzz of authority when she lifted a train car like it was a purse. And now? Now it was loud.

She was *wet*.

And not from the creek.

Power had always turned her on—usually when someone else had it. But now that it was *hers*? Utterly intoxicating. She was glistening, throbbing, *aching* from the inside out. That mix of hunger, dominance, and desert heat had coiled between her legs like a live wire. And those tankers...

Her gaze locked on one.

She reached for it, fingers wrapping easily around the curved shell, metal shrieking softly as she *ripped* it from the train with one swift motion. She held it up, inspecting it, rotating the smooth cylindrical body between her hands.

God. It was *perfect*.

Her breath caught, just a little. Her thighs clenched. That shape, that heft, the cold, inert promise of it pulsing in her grip.

Of course, there were voices in her mind. Ones that still asked questions. *Are you really going to? Out here? With them watching?* But they were fading fast. Overpowered. Because—

Why should she be bashful?

She was a literal goddess now. Naked? So what. Indulgent? Hell yes. She'd already eaten like a giant. Dominated like a giant. *Why not come like one?*

She licked her lips, then slowly ran her tongue up the rounded top of the tanker, dragging a slow, sultry line along the cool steel as the tinies stared, slack-jawed and confused.

Then she looked at them, eyes half-lidded, voice dropping to a velvet murmur. "Hey, does this thing come with batteries?"

They blinked, dumbfounded.

She sighed. "Thought so."

She stood tall again, cradling the tanker like the world's most scandalous toy, and gave them a lazy smirk.

"I'm gonna need a little privacy," she said, voice rich and low. "Look the other way. Maybe plug your ears, too. I've... been told I can be *loud*."

Before they could argue, she turned, ass swaying with unapologetic bounce as she strutted back toward the creek. Her skin gleamed under the sun, each step sending little ripples of power across the ground. She reached the edge, slid gracefully back down, and settled onto the cool, damp bed like a lounging goddess preparing for worship.

The metal cylinder gleamed in her grip. She brought its tip to her lips again, sucking it gently once, tasting the fantasy she was about to *absolutely* make real.

Back on the desert floor, the tiny men stared at the horizon, red-faced and silent.

And then—like thunder cracking through the valley—came the first moan.

Long. Loud. *Unapologetic*.

There was no way they didn't hear it.

There was no way anyone *didn't*.

Chapter 16

The park had become a fortress.

Nancy's body lay sprawled across the torn earth like the centerpiece of a strange, half-assembled monument. Her golden tarp outfit still clung loosely to her skin, windswept and dirtied from collapse, but it covered just enough to remind everyone that she wasn't just an object—they were still dealing with a woman. One who had moved. One who had spoken. One who had *been in charge*.

Now she was still.

The sedative kept her flat—one arm curled under her cheek, the other draped limply across a line of flattened benches and snapped trees. Her breath was steady but massive, chest rising and falling in slow, deep rhythm. Her thighs, folded slightly, flanked the scorched shell of what used to be a gazebo. Her left calf alone had turned a food truck into abstract art.

Around her, the park had become a landing zone. Cargo helicopters hovered and settled on cleared ground, their rotor wash rippling through camouflage tents and rattling the instruments inside them. Cranes had been rolled in. Stacks of binding hardware, pressure anchors, and containment rigs stood like military scaffolding waiting for their target to flinch.

And she did.

A twitch.

Her fingers curled slightly. Her toes flexed in the soft, broken turf.

"She's stirring," someone said.

The murmurs started low and quick. Radios buzzed. Boots moved faster. A pair of soldiers stopped adjusting a rigging bolt and looked toward her shoulder, which had just shifted half an inch.

Inside the operations tent, someone called for Dr. Loeb.

He was already halfway across the field, papers with some incomprehensible models in hand. "It's within expected tolerance," he said, not looking up. "The sedative was designed with a sixteen-hour degradation curve. We're entering the tail of the window now."

The general—square-shouldered, sunburnt, jaw locked—didn't like that answer.

"Administer the second dose," he barked. "Now."

The order rippled outward. A ground crew sprang into action.

From one of the supply vehicles—a massive flatbed reinforced for shock loads—they began unloading the next sedative module: a long, reinforced injection rig that looked more like a siege weapon than a syringe. The chemical tank was already pressurized and humming. A needle the length of a light pole was secured to a hydraulic mounting rail. Its steel frame groaned as the stabilizers locked into place.

They wheeled it to her side—next to her thigh, where the last injection had gone in.

Even unconscious, she radiated a kind of dormant pressure. The men working closest to her glanced up at her face more than they should've. Eyes darted to her eyelashes. To the subtle curve of her lips. To the rise and fall of that enormous chest.

"Positioning," a voice said over comms.

The rig pivoted into place, its guides aligning with her skin. The needle angled downward with careful, mechanical grace—just below the golden tarp.

"Final check."

"Check."

Loeb stepped closer, eyes scanning the readouts. Heart rate normal. Minimal movement. Right within margin.

"Proceed," he said.

The rig hissed as the hydraulics fired. The needle plunged deep into her flesh with a *thump*—not a scream, not a flinch, just a soft sound like someone hitting a leather drum with a tree branch.

Then silence.

No shift. No twitch.

Her thigh, massive and still, didn't even tense.

They waited. Thirty seconds. A minute.

Loeb checked his screen again. "Effect confirmed. Vitals stable."

The general exhaled.

Around her, the men resumed work—adjusting cables, tightening mountings, finishing the structural reinforcements that might, *might*, allow them to move her.

==*=*=*=*=*=*

Honey woke up like a goddess coming down from Olympus—naked, damp, and completely unbothered.

The creek bed cradled her hips, the dirt still cool against her skin. Her dark hair fanned around her shoulders in a tangle of sunlight and sweat. Her thighs were still parted, lazy and wide, and she gave a slow, self-satisfied stretch that sent a soft *groan* rolling through her limbs.

God, she felt *good*.

She glanced to her side, where the battered tanker lay half-submerged in the creek, twisted and misshapen from her... enthusiasm. One end was crumpled inward like an over-squeezed tube of toothpaste.

Honey smirked.

"I *didn't* know I could do that with my pussy," she murmured, eyes twinkling. "I mean, I always had a tight grip, but *damn*."

She sat up slowly, hips grinding against the soft creekbed as she moved, brushing stray leaves off her breasts. Her skin gleamed, flushed and golden, the morning sun catching in every curve.

"God," she chuckled, rubbing a hand down her thigh, "I'm the world's biggest nympho. Literally."

She'd always been easy to turn on. One sultry glance, one smoldering touch. But this? This *power*? It wasn't just a kink—it was an *addiction*. The scale, the control, the heat of the sun on her bare shoulders as she dominated *everything* around her... it made her wet just thinking about it again.

But for now, there was another craving creeping back in—less urgent, but just as real.

She was hungry. Again. Typical post-orgasm munchies.

Still gloriously naked and unhurried, she stepped up out of the creek with a shake of her hips and sauntered back toward the train. The cars sat waiting like a buffet that had learned not to run. She found the fruit car again, or maybe a new one—at this point, it didn't matter. She peeled the roof open with a practiced flick, dipped her hand in, and pulled out a sloshy mix of peaches and grapes.

The first bite was even better this time. Post-orgasm palate: sharper, sweeter, more indulgent.

"Mmm," she moaned softly around a mouthful. "Why does everything taste better after wrecking your insides on a tanker?"

She glanced down and noticed the four tiny men still on the dirt nearby, right where she'd left them. Not even an inch moved. Still stunned. Still here.

Honey chuckled. "Well, look at you. Still here. Still loyal."

She popped another grape between her lips, savoring it before adding with a wicked grin, "Not that you had *anywhere* to go."

They looked up.

"Oh, don't be shy," she teased, licking juice from her knuckles. "I warned you I can get loud."

One of the men flushed crimson.

She leaned in a little, stage-whispering with a hand to her mouth. "I've been told I snort like a piggie when it's *really* good."

The tiniest of whimpers followed.

She stood tall again, dusting off her hands. "Alright, fun's over. Sun's right above me, so we're probably dancing with noon. That gives me time—but not enough for another detour. I've got, like, two hundred miles to cover and we are *not* playing 'guess the direction' again."

She turned to go, then paused, glancing back at the tinies still planted on the ground like bugs that hadn't gotten the memo.

"What are *you* gonna do?" she asked. "Just sit here and bake?"

They looked at each other in a panic. One of them actually dropped to a knee, like he thought she was about to crush them.

Honey just rolled her eyes. "Relax. I'm not leaving you in the middle of nowhere."

Before they could run, she reached down and *scooped* them up like she was collecting loose marbles. They squirmed, yelped, begged. She ignored all of it.

She carried them to the front of the train, still dangling in one palm, and dropped them haphazardly inside the half-torn locomotive like she was tossing peanuts into a bowl.

"There," she said, placing one hand on the metal shell as she leaned in. "Field trip."

"But—wait—" one of them started.

She cut him off. "This isn't a *democracy*, darling. I'm carrying you to Wellington. You're coming with. Not up for discussion."

And with that, she gripped the front of the ruined engine in her hand and stood back up.

The metal creaked. Her muscles glistened.

Honey swaggered down the tracks like the Earth owed her rent. The sun was high, the breeze was soft, and her ass was moving in hypnotic figure-eights with every step. Her thighs flexed like marble. Her tits bounced like royalty. Every inch of her glistened with post-orgasm glow and stolen fruit juice.

She was walking power.

And for the first time in her life—hell, maybe anyone's life—she felt *perfectly scaled*.

Still, after a while, even *that* got dull. Just tracks. No towns. No billboards. No nothing.

So she glanced at the mangled locomotive dangling from her fingers like a purse.

"Still breathing in there, boys?" she purred, giving the engine a gentle swing. "No one barfed yet?"

A few muffled groans, a cough.

She lifted the car to eye level, peeking in like a mischievous cat with a box of mice.

"God, we've been together *how* long and you haven't even introduced yourselves? Rude."

Silence.

She tilted the cab slightly. Just enough to let gravity flirt with their nerves.

"I *can* make it a roll call, if you'd rather scream your names on the way down."

"Doug," one of them blurted. "I'm Doug!"

"Matt," another squeaked.

"Cuuuute," she smirked. "You look like Dougs and Matts. Probably have dads named Ron and boring barbecues."

Another man whispered, "Ben."

"Oooh. Strong name. Biblical."

The fourth one was Chad. They looked definitely nervous... and they didn't like her attention.

She rolled her eyes. "Relax. You're *fine*. I'm in a good mood. You'd know if I wasn't."

"Why are you going to Benford?" Doug asked.

She gave a slow, wicked grin. "To save my *friend*."

That got them quiet. Confused quiet.

"Your... friend?"

"Well," she drawled, "Not *friend* friend. More like the woman whose husband I fucked. A lot. While they were still married. I mean, technically I was the one who got her becoming a giant. Definitely tried to have her killed before that."

A long pause. Then: "So why are you helping her?"

"Because," Honey said sweetly, "she's kinda... amazing?"

She shrugged, hips swaying as she walked. "I mean, the bitch *grew*. Got huge. But not only. Turns out I had been wrong about her. And yeah, her husband was an asshole."

She gave the locomotive a gentle bounce. "So now your little buddies have her sedated and strapped down like she's a tank of radioactive gas, and I've decided... I'm not cool with that."

The cab was dead quiet.

"How are you gonna help her?" someone finally dared.

She laughed. "Easy way or hard way?"

"What's the easy way?"

Honey's grin widened. "I show up. Everyone collectively shits their pants. I find her, pick her up, and we go somewhere quiet. Maybe a spa. Maybe a canyon."

"And the... hard way?"

Her eyes lit up like Christmas. "Oh, that's when the tiny people try to stop me. And that involves a *whole lotta stomping*."

They fell so quiet, she could hear her own footsteps again.

Honey grinned, predatory and pleased.

"What?" she teased. "Do I *not* come across like a woman who'll level a town just to get her girl back?"

Another silence.

Then a whispered: "No, ma'am. You definitely do."

"Thought so," she purred, swinging the train again with casual elegance as the horizon shimmered with heat and distant dread. "Now hang tight, boys. We've gotta make good time."

The little town shimmered into view far sooner than Honey expected—just a jagged blot of rooftops and water towers edging over the horizon.

She slowed slightly, brow quirking. "Huh."

She wasn't wearing a watch—obviously—but she had a *pretty* good internal clock, and there was *no way* thirty minutes had passed. The sun hadn't shifted that much. She hadn't even broken a sweat.

With a bounce of her arm, she brought the mangled locomotive back up to eye level.

"Hey, train snacks," she called into the cab, "is there anything *before* Wellington on this track?"

"No," Doug called back quickly. "That's it."

She blinked. "Okay but... how long's it been since we left the creek?"

Matt piped up this time, voice tiny and tight. "Ten minutes. Maybe twelve?"

She stared at the town, then back at the tracks she'd just demolished with her casual, mile-long strides.

"Wait. I just did fifty miles in *ten minutes*?"

A grin curled across her lips like sunrise breaking through bad decisions.

"Damn. I knew I was a fast walker, but *shit*. No wonder you were rattling around like Tic Tacs in there."

She looked back toward the skyline of Wellington—if that's what it really was.

"I should get a little cape and start charging people for express delivery," she teased. "High-speed rail? *Overrated*. Y'all could've just built a sidewalk with my name on it and called it a day."

She gave the train one last little swing. "You boys gonna be alright in here?"

Four terrified nods answered her in a blur.

"Try not to pass out. I'll need a testimonial for the press later."

Wink.

Then she lowered the engine...And with that, she turned.

The town was in full *eruption* now.

Sirens. Screams. Flocks of people running from buildings, cars swerving, alarms wailing. Honey watched it all with a hand on her hip, letting her full height catch the sun just right as her silhouette darkened half a block.

She *loved* this.

Gainesville had been fun, sure—but they were already half-used to giant women by then. They'd seen Nancy. They'd *adjusted*.

But Wellington? This was *fresh panic*. *Raw fear*. People pointing. Children being pulled back into doorways. Grown men tripping over curbs trying to run faster than each other. It was delicious.

She approached at a slow, confident pace, her bare feet flattening farmland and outer roads, each step a calculated thump. She let the chaos rise. Let the screams peak. Let it all *marinate*.

And then she stopped at the edge of town.

Her hands went to her hips, her posture tall and theatrical, hips cocked slightly, one heel sinking into a garden bed like a queen crushing a bouquet.

"Alright, everyone," she called out, voice rich and carrying like thunder wrapped in honey, "hi."

A pause.

"I'm Honey Parker. You might've heard of me. Or maybe not—your news is slow, and honestly, I've been *fast* lately."

She gave a little twirl, letting the breeze catch the curve of her ass, then faced the crowd again with a grin.

"But don't act so surprised. You all heard about Nancy Archer, right? Big, blonde, walked around like she owned the place? Yeah?"

She leaned in a little.

"Well... turns out it's *giantess season*."

She held her pose a moment longer, letting the silence stretch. Sirens still blared somewhere in the distance, but even they seemed unsure whether they should keep screaming or just surrender.

"Don't worry," Honey said, flashing a brilliant smile. "I'm just passing through."

She took one slow, luxurious step forward—*thud*—her heel sinking deep into the pavement.

"Of course... my 'just passing through' is probably a *lot* to take."

Another step—*thud*—a pickup truck rattled against a storefront.

"I won't mess with you too much," she said, tone light as a breeze. "Just a little. For fun."

She strolled into the outer blocks, bare feet flattening flowerbeds, rattling windows, kicking up storm drains as casually as sidewalk pebbles. People scrambled to clear the roads ahead of her.

"I mean," she added, "you *could* try to get out of my way. Which should be *fucking obvious*, but I've met enough of you by now to know someone's still gonna stand there taking photos."

Then her eyes landed on a squat silver water tower near the middle of town, perched awkwardly on spindly legs beside a low row of municipal buildings.

"Oh," she murmured, lips curling. "Perfect."

She turned her head slightly, speaking to no one and everyone. "Hope y'all aren't too attached to that thing. 'Cause I'm *thirsty*. And it's not like I give a fuck."

The panic seemed to spike.

Honey *sauntered* forward now, hips swaying as she stepped straight through an intersection. A delivery van skidded to a stop just inches from her toe before reversing violently back down the street.

She walked right through the heart of the town like she owned it—because in that moment, she *did*.

She stopped beside the tower. It reached just under her breasts, barely brushing her underboob, and she cocked an eyebrow at the insult of scale. Then she crouched down, ass swaying dangerously over a panicked row of apartments as she reached forward and grabbed the tank's frame.

The steel groaned in protest. She felt its weight resist. That only made her grin.

With a casual little flex, she *yanked*—the legs snapped like twigs, and the whole structure came loose with a *metallic scream* and a splatter of dripping water.

She stood, holding it in both hands, inspecting it like a drink can with a dented label.

"Cute," she said. "Let's fix that lid, though."

Her nails tore through the top like foil. A geyser of cool water fountained up and ran over her fingers, down her forearms, splashing across her chest and stomach. She tilted the whole thing back and *gulped* greedily, water pouring down her chin, slicking her already glowing skin in glistening streaks.

She drank deeply. Loudly. Without shame. Water splattered against her breasts, trickled along her curves, and soaked into the ground beneath her with heavy splashes.

When it was empty, she gave the tank a little shake, then *dropped* it at her feet like a crumpled soda can. It landed with a dull *clang*, rolling into a row of trash bins and flattening them effortlessly.

She looked around, hands on her hips, wet and radiant and completely unbothered.

"So," she called out sweetly, "was that your *entire* water supply?"

Pause.

Then she gave a mock pout. "Oops."

She felt exhilarated, satiated, her throat dripping, skin glistening, and ego fully recharged, when she felt... it.

A shift. A pressure. An *itch*—low, deep, unmistakable.

"Oh no," she muttered, blinking, hand drifting instinctively to her hip. She clenched her thighs slightly, testing the resistance. Nope. Still there. Stronger now.

She grimaced. "Of course. Nature's timing is just so fucking convenient."

She glanced down at the crushed water tank at her feet, then back at the town still frozen around her. Her face scrunched with mock offense. "I take *one* drink, and suddenly I'm about to piss like a busted fire hydrant."

She shifted her weight, legs tightening. Yeah, no. Not the kind of thing she could hold in for long. Not that she had much shame left.

Her eyes scanned the skyline, and then—salvation. A short set of bleachers. A battered scoreboard. A sun-bleached banner that said *Home of the Fighting Coyotes*.

"Oh thank *God*."

She turned, hips already swaying as she crossed the next row of buildings, casually stepping over a strip mall, crushing a pair of vending machines without even looking.

"Alright!" she called out over her shoulder. "Everyone stay back, yeah? Maybe avert your eyes. Or better yet—go for a nice little jog in the *opposite* direction."

She reached the edge of the football field, toes sinking into the worn grass, goalposts wobbling under her shadow. She planted her feet, hands on her hips, and looked out across the rows of parked buses and stunned locals.

"I'm about to do something *very* unladylike," she purred, "and unless you're *really* into that sort of thing, I suggest you keep a safe distance."

She gave the scoreboard a wink. "Sorry, Fighting Coyotes. You're about to lose *hard*."

And with that, the towering woman stepped fully onto the field and got ready to remind Wellington just how *undeniably human* a goddess could be.

Honey squatted down low on the fifty-yard line like it was the most natural thing in the world—knees wide, thighs flexed, pussy glistening under the midday sun. She exhaled slowly, the kind of release that made her shiver from the *inside out*.

And then... she let go.

The stream burst forth with force, splashing directly onto the faded turf below. It hit with a hiss, an eruption of pressure and heat that flattened a full ten yards of grass in a matter of seconds. She moaned—not from pleasure, just sheer relief—as the flood kept going, relentless, steaming in the sunlight.

The field didn't stand a chance.

Water rushed outward, pooling, soaking the chalk lines, swallowing the end zone. The logo at the center dissolved under the growing tide, the painted mascot face melting away into piss-soaked mud. Bleachers began to creak as the deluge spread, the runoff curling around the base like a rising tide.

The stream finally slowed to a heavy trickle, then to scattered, lazy droplets patting the ground. A final few drips slipped from her lips, shining briefly in the sun before falling into the swamp she'd created.

Honey sighed, towering and satisfied. "*Much* better."

She glanced around—like someone might be waiting to offer her a towel. They weren't.

So she took matters into her own hands.

Her eyes landed on the chain-link fence ringing the field, flapping with a couple sun-bleached banners. "**Go Coyotes!**" one of them read. The other: "**STATE CHAMPS 2019.**"

"Not anymore."

She reached over, *ripped* both banners from the fence with a single flick of her wrist, rolled them up like oversized wet wipes, and ran them slowly between her thighs. The rough fabric scraped a little, but whatever—function over finesse. She wiped herself down with casual authority, then lobbed the piss-soaked sheets into the empty bleachers like spent wrappers.

Then she stood tall, the full view of her curves glistening in the light again, and surveyed the shimmering yellow lake below.

She cupped a hand to her mouth, projecting her voice over the ruined field:

"Well, I *doubt* you'll be hosting too many home games this season..."

She glanced down again, toeing a drowned helmet.

"...but I bet if you plant tomatoes out here, you'll get some *killer yields*. High in nitrogen!"

She was about to step off the field when something flickered in the corner of her eye.

A glint.

She squinted. There, by the concession stand. A tiny figure. Raising something to his face.

A lens.

A *camera*.

She froze.

"You have *got* to be fucking kidding me."

Her eyes locked on the man. Skinny. Terrified. Already trying to back away, but too slow. Way too slow.

"You little creep."

He turned and bolted.

"Oh *no*, you don't."

Honey stood to full height, legs springing like loaded pistons, and took one long step after him that covered the entire forty-yard dash.

"HEY!" she bellowed, loud enough to shake the stadium lights. "Which kind of little pervert thinks it is a *good idea* to take a picture of a woman while she's *taking a fucking piss?*!"

Her foot slammed down just behind him, cracking the sidewalk.

"Is that how y'all treat your guests out here? Really? You *film* them while they're squatting, bare-assed in your little football fantasyland?"

He was panting now, tripping over himself in the parking lot.

She was laughing—furious, amused, *offended*, all at once.

"Oh, honey. You better run like your dick's on fire, because if I catch you..."

She didn't finish the sentence.

She just *kept chasing*.

The little creep dashed across the parking lot like his legs had just remembered they were attached to his survival instinct. Honey followed with easy, purposeful strides, her bare feet flattening parking lines and bouncing parked cars in their spaces.

He slipped into a squat building on the corner—old brick, maybe an abandoned strip mall or auto repair shop.

She rolled her eyes.

"Oh, *sweetheart*. You really think that's gonna save you?"

She crouched beside the building, her massive thighs pushing into the sidewalk, knees spreading wide as she leaned in. Even with her bent low, she was still *taller* than the roofline. She hunched forward, chest grazing the concrete, and brought her face down to the shattered windows.

And there he was. Hunched behind a dusty counter in what used to be a convenience store. Still gripping his camera like it was a shield.

Her voice dropped into a deadly purr.

"Get. Out."

He didn't move.

"That wasn't a suggestion. Because if I have to come in there, it's gonna be so much worse for you. And you're already starting from a pretty *crappy* position."

He tried to crawl behind some shelving. Like that would help.

Honey's smile vanished.

"Fine."

She adjusted her knees, exhaled, and raised one arm above the building. Then, with a sharp *slam*, she brought her fist down on the roof like a warhammer.

The structure *exploded* in dust and drywall. Half the building crumpled instantly, cracking inwards like a kicked shoebox. The other half stood just long enough to tremble... and reveal him, wide-eyed, fully exposed in the jagged wreckage.

She didn't speak.

She just reached in—slowly, precisely—two fingers extended, pinching his flailing little body like a cigarette from an ashtray.

She lifted him to her face. Her eyes narrowed.

"You disgusting little *shit*."

He dangled between her fingers, camera swinging from a broken strap, mouth agape with terror.

She didn't scream. She didn't rage. Her tone was sharp, controlled, *burning* with fury held just barely in check.

"You get a good shot of my pussy, huh?"

He whimpered. Shook his head.

She raised an eyebrow. "Don't lie."

He shivered. Then... a tiny, trembling nod.

She inhaled through her nose, deeply. Then: "Do you usually take pictures of girls' pussies? That a *thing* for you, you little sewer rat?"

He shook his head violently.

Her voice rose like a whip. "Then why the fuck did you think it was okay with *me*?"

"I—I'll delete them!" he squeaked. "I swear!"

"Oh, of *course* you will."

He kept babbling, pleading. Honey didn't listen. Her fingers shifted slightly, rolling him between them like a loose marble.

"Y'know what the best part of being the size of a *fucking high-rise* is?"

He didn't answer.

She leaned in.

"I don't have to *put up* with *any* kind of shit anymore."

And with that, she flicked.

His body vanished into the sky, launched like a speck, a streak of motion that disappeared over the rooftops. Somewhere in the distance, something hit. Hard.

The town *noticed*.

Gasps. Screams. Murmurs building into full-on panic.

Honey stood up to her full height, her body tense, her glare sweeping across the shaken streets.

"Let me make something *fucking obvious*," she snapped, voice ringing through every alley and avenue. "If you piss me off, you *die*."

She paused, letting it hang in the silence like a storm cloud.

"So don't."

And just like that, Honey had killed her first person.

No trembling hands. No stunned silence. No mental breakdown or echoing guilt.

It didn't even *register*.

She hadn't meant to kill him, exactly—well, maybe a little—but the *fact* that she had? It just... felt *natural*. Like snapping a twig that had been in her way. The perv had it coming. *She* had it coming. Her anger demanded it. Her size *enabled* it.

And now?

Now she was pissed *and* parched.

Her eyes lingered one beat longer, daring someone to move wrong. She let her gaze sweep over the town, fists clenched, jaw tight. "Where the fuck is the river?"

Nothing.

She squinted. From down here, the landscape blocked too much—no clear line of sight, no glitter of water. She wasn't about to start guessing directions again. Not after what happened last time.

She threw her arms wide and barked, "HELLO? Anyone wanna *help me* avoid walking another two hundred fucking miles?"

A few scattered screams. People running, scurrying like ants whose hill she'd just kicked over.

"Oh for *fuck's* sake."

With a sharp sigh, she stomped forward, crossing half a block in three strides. Her eyes locked on a cluster of people huddled near a storefront, trying not to breathe.

She crouched, low and annoyed, and *scooped*.

Several little bodies wriggled in her hand like caught minnows, their screams shrill and immediate. She barely glanced at them before curling her fingers inward to keep them from falling out. Her other hand braced on her thigh as she stood to full height, cradling her flailing prize before her face.

"Let's see... One, two, three... Eight. Lucky number *eight*."

Her voice was sharp. Disgusted. She wasn't in the mood for cute.

"Alright, dumbasses. One question. *Where. Is. The. River?*"

More shrieking. More sobbing. One woman tried to wriggle free—Honey nudged, sending the woman tumbling backward into the pile.

"No answers?" she snarled. "No one?"

She cocked her head, dangerously casual. "Lemme guess—you don't think I'll *toss* someone into the next zip code just for a *simple* question, huh?"

A beat. Then she gave them a dead-eyed smile.

"Guess. Again."

That broke them.

Instant, full-bodied panic. Pleas. Begging. A man screaming it's south, another screaming it's east, two voices shouting over each other. A woman just sobbing "*please don't*" over and over again.

Honey drank it in.

And she liked it.

God, she liked it.

There'd always been a mean streak in her—ever since high school. Cheer captain with a smirk sharp enough to cut egos. She hadn't just *liked* being the hottest girl in the room—she'd liked *controlling* the room. That little flare of power. That bratty twist of the knife.

She used it in relationships. At work. In any room where she could bend the rules just enough to get her way.

And now?

Now there were no rules. There was just her—bare, pissed off, towering over everything—and *this* was the new normal.

She grinned, lip curled. She then narrowed her eyes at the trembling handful, her lips twitching with distaste.

Then, with two fingers, she *pinched* the one who'd been whimpering "please don't" like it was a mantra. The woman shrieked as she was lifted away from the others, dangling between Honey's thumb and forefinger like a stringy little dumpling.

She brought the woman to eye level, scowling.

"You. Miss Waterworks. Try again. *Where* is the river?"

The woman stammered, "W-West. It's west of here."

Honey blinked. Then cocked an eyebrow.

"Okay. And where the fuck is *west*, genius?"

The woman sputtered, waving a feeble arm in some vague direction. "I-it's, it's that way, I think—if the sun's—"

"Oh my *god*," Honey groaned, rolling her eyes. "Just say *anything* useful. One damn thing."

With a growl of frustration, she crouched down, her giant form blotting out the sun as she dumped the rest of the group unceremoniously to the ground. The lot of them scattered like kicked puppies—no words, no thanks, just desperate to crawl out from under her shadow.

But her focus was back on the one she held.

She rose to her full height again, dangling the woman lazily by the back of her shirt.

"Okay, listen up, sweetheart," Honey said, voice dripping with threat and amusement in equal parts. "You're coming with me."

The woman's face twisted in shock. "W-what?"

Honey shrugged, swinging her slightly. "If I don't find that river in five minutes, *you* hit the ground like a fucking lawn dart. Fair?"

The scream that followed was shrill enough to make Honey wince. She snorted.

"God, you're annoying. Maybe try being *useful* instead of acting like I scooped you out of a Lifetime movie. Seriously, shut the fuck up and *guide me*."

That snapped something into the woman's brain. Between ragged breaths, she managed, "O-okay. Past the town hall building—big dome, white columns—you'll see the hills. The river's just on the other side. Just—just go straight."

Honey squinted, scanning the rooftops. Sure enough, there it was—a stupid little classical façade in the middle of town like someone was cosplaying Washington D.C.

Finally, some usable intel.

She smirked.

“See? That wasn’t so hard. Keep this up, and maybe I won’t use you as a fuckin’ javelin.”

The hills barely slowed her down. One long-legged stride after another, Honey vaulted over the slope, her feet crunching through brush and stone like paper mache. A few boulders rolled off the incline behind her as she descended again, the town already shrinking behind her like a toy set someone forgot to pack up.

And there it was.

The Naswha River, wide and glistening, curled through the landscape like a lazy silver snake. Honey stopped at the bank, inhaled deeply, and grinned. This—this was something she could follow. No more guesswork. No more shitty directions from terrified specks. Just water, flowing straight toward Benford.

She held her trembling little guide up to eye level again.

“You see? Now *that’s* what I wanted,” she purred, giving the woman a little sway for dramatic effect. “Didn’t even take me two minutes.”

The woman was barely breathing, shaking so hard her teeth probably rattled. Honey tilted her head and smirked.

The woman whimpered. “P-please... please don’t kill me...”

Honey rolled her eyes. “God, relax. You were *useful*. You didn’t wet yourself. That puts you *miles* ahead of most tinies I’ve met.”

The woman looked like she might pass out from relief. Or sheer confusion.

“Y-you killed Benny,” she managed.

Honey’s smile cooled a few degrees. “The perv who aimed a camera up my pussy?”

The woman flinched and nodded rapidly.

“Then yeah,” Honey said flatly.

“But... that’s not a reason to *kill* someone,” the woman breathed.

Honey’s gaze didn’t waver. “It is when you’re me.”

The silence that followed was brutal. Just wind. Water. Distant birds regretting their decision to nest nearby.

The woman stared, her expression somewhere between horror and awe.

Honey let it hang for a second. Then raised an eyebrow.

"Look. It's real simple. Don't piss me off. Do what I say. Stay the fuck outta my path." She brought the woman a little closer, voice going low and deliberate. "That's it. That's the whole fucking deal."

She smirked. "Honestly, I don't know why people make it so hard."

The woman was trembling so hard now, Honey could practically feel the vibrations in her fingertips.

"Aww," Honey cooed, dragging out the word like a taunt. "You gonna be okay hiking back to town, sweetie?"

She squinted at the landscape behind them—endless grass, rolling hills, maybe a dusty rooftop way off in the distance.

"Couple minutes of my walk must be, what... ten miles? Twenty? That's a real glute burner when you're... well, not me."

The woman whimpered, hugging herself like that'd do a damn thing.

Honey smirked, casually bouncing her in her palm.

"Or," she drawled, "I could just *toss* you back. You'd be there before your heart even catches up."

"No!" the woman screamed, flailing like she thought it might change Honey's mind.

Honey barked a laugh. "Jesus, relax! I'm *kidding*. You tiny bitches are so dramatic."

With a long, fluid crouch, she lowered herself, the slope groaning under her weight. She set the woman down gently—relatively speaking—beside her foot. The poor thing barely came up to the bottom of Honey's big toe.

She straightened, hands on hips, casting a long shadow over the shivering speck.

"Okay. You did good. You were moderately helpful." A pause. "Now..."

She glanced down, one foot flexing lazily in the grass beside the woman's stunned form.

"Get out of my fucking way."

Chapter 17

Honey was strutting beside the river like a model in a catwalk—barefoot, unbothered, and absolutely in her element. Every sway of her hips sent shockwaves through the grasslands, every bounce of her tits was a one-woman weather event. Freakish or not, she felt *good*. No—she felt *perfect*. Powerful, purposeful, full, and finally on the right damn track.

After one minor wrong turn that turned into a not-so-minor detour across what felt like half the state, she'd found her bearings again. Benford was close. She could feel it—and see it, sort of, in the widening path of the river. For once, everything was flowing in the right direction. Literally.

The scenery had picked up too. The river made the world greener here. Verdant banks lined with swaying grasses and tall, leafy trees that might've been impressive once—before she came along. Now they barely tickled her knees. Some of them tried brushing her legs like they mattered. They didn't.

A few more steps and those brushes turned into actual *snags*. Her thighs started plowing through undergrowth like nature thought it had a death wish. Trees cracked and fell like cardboard cutouts with each pass of her legs, little branches scratching her skin—not painfully, just annoyingly, like a swarm of gnats that thought they were entitled to an opinion.

Honey scowled. "Okay, forest. We're gonna need a little space here."

She scanned the river. Wide. Shimmering. Barely moving. It called to her like a luxury pool with no kids and a bar tab.

Why the hell hadn't she done this earlier?

She lifted one leg, dipped her toes in. Cool. Not freezing, but a nice, crisp sting—just enough to feel alive. The river welcomed her like it *knew* who she was. Of course it did. Who wouldn't?

With a sultry shift, she slid one foot, then the other, stepping fully into the water. The riverbed molded under her soles like wet sand, hugging her size like a custom pedicure for gods. Water rippled and climbed her calves, brushing her knees, rising flirtatiously up her thighs with every forward step.

It didn't quite reach her hips, but it didn't have to. The current teased her skin, the coolness coursing along her inner legs like a secret only the river was brave enough to touch.

"Oh, yes," she purred to no one but the dragonflies and doomed fish. "Much better."

She stretched, arms above her head, letting the sunlight ripple off her slick, gleaming body. Then she waded forward, water streaming around her with gentle resistance, like even the river was awestruck.

She followed the current, hips rolling, bare ass glinting under the sun. She moved through the river like a slow-rolling tidal wave with legs, the water curling and breaking against her thighs as the breeze cooled her glistening skin. It was oddly calming, actually—this strange combo of moving and floating, like nature had finally decided to cooperate and let her be fabulous *and* comfortable for once.

The breeze danced across her bare body, the water swirling at just the right height, and for a moment—*just a moment*—Honey's mind wandered into something suspiciously close to introspection. Not her usual style, sure, but hey, she'd just soaked an entire football field in piss and murdered a man with a flick of her finger. A girl earned the right to muse now and then.

What would she do when she got to Benford?

That part was easy. She'd find Nancy. Haul her ass out of whatever steel-and-syringe mousetrap the tinies had her in. Maybe slap around whoever tried to stop her. Maybe not. But probably. Honestly, part of her *hoped* they'd try something. She could already feel that buzz behind her ribs—the bully inside, waking up, stretching. There was something addictive about making a whole town shit itself just by showing up.

But then... what *after* that?

That thought stopped her for a beat. Her thighs stilled in the current. Her gaze drifted toward the tree-lined bend ahead, but her thoughts went further.

She'd been so focused on catching up, on helping Nancy, on flexing—literally and otherwise—that she hadn't even *considered* what came next. Once Nancy was awake. Once they were both standing around, two impossibly huge women with nothing but time and tinies.

Nancy had wanted Harry. That was her entire obsession. Honey wanted Nancy. But that wasn't a plan. That was a day. Maybe two days tops.

Then what?

They couldn't exactly go back to shopping for heels or arguing about brunch spots. Normal was out. Tiny society had no space for them now—literally or figuratively. They were beyond it. And Honey? Honey wasn't going back to anything. Not after this.

Her lips curled into a slow, wicked smirk.

She didn't know exactly what came next, but she knew *how* she'd face it.

In charge.

On top.

Doing whatever the fuck she wanted.

And when you were her size "whatever the fuck" was *a whole lot*.

Honey's peaceful, towering wade through the river hit a snag—or rather, she spotted one ahead.

Her brow dipped as she squinted toward the horizon. Something stretched across the water like a tight little belt trying to hold a waist ten times too wide. It took her a second to make it out clearly, but yeah. That was definitely a bridge. One of those squat concrete numbers with streetlamps and speed limit signs and the smug audacity to exist directly in her path. Roads spilled from either end, veins of civilization rejoining the riverside. She was getting close. Closer than ever.

And apparently, she'd been spotted.

Even from half a mile out, she could see it happening—the flicker of brake lights, the pinwheeling chaos of tiny cars skidding across the road as panic took hold. It looked like ants having a traffic jam in a rainstorm. Screams bounced faintly over the water. Some genius already managed to swerve off the guardrail and splash into the river.

"Aww," she cooed, a smirk tugging at her lips, "you shouldn't have."

She kept coming.

More chaos. More honking. She watched it all while letting her hips sway, the water shimmering around her thighs like nature's most expensive runway. Her massive footsteps sent waves curling over the riverbanks. Another truck jackknifed right across the center of the bridge, trying to turn around too late. Someone got out, tried to run. Honey licked her lips, soaking it all in like sunlight.

She could stepped out.

Easily. The banks weren't steep, and she had the legs to straddle half the county if she wanted. She could get out, get past the bridge, get back in. She kept wading downstream.

She eyed the bridge again. It wasn't especially wide. Not narrow either. Probably some two-lane deal, big enough for trucks and buses, sure, but *not* built with colossal pussy-drenched goddesses in mind.

She could probably straddle it from within the water, clear it with her never ending legs.

She kept moving.

She was already on top of it now—almost literally—her shadow swallowing the structure like a storm front. The honking crescendoed into madness. People abandoned their cars. The whole deck was packed tight with bumpers and bodies.

She rolled her eyes.

“Make way,” she drawled, voice sultry and annoyed, and then she walked straight through it.

There was no careful step. No dainty tiptoe.

Her thighs surged forward, her knee cresting the river’s surface in a shimmering wall before it plunged straight into the middle of the span. The bridge didn’t break so much as *explode*—steel supports snapping like brittle pasta, asphalt peeling back in chunks as her legs tore clean through the structure. Screams flared. Vehicles buckled and flipped, tumbling into the water like toys.

Another step. The other side crumpled. Her thighs brushed lamp posts aside like stray weeds. Concrete pylons cracked, toppled. A support cable whipped loose and sliced through the air with a metallic twang before coiling down in a splash.

Honey didn’t slow. She *strutted*.

Behind her, the remnants of the bridge slumped into the riverbed, the last of its twisted skeleton sliding down with a mournful groan. Fires flickered from crushed engines. Oil slicks smeared across the water’s surface.

She looked back over her shoulder, hair flipping in a glossy arc, and grinned.

“Oops.”

The survivors—if there were any not currently dog-paddling for dear life—would remember that expression. That shameless, glowing smirk, that upturned lip of a woman who knew exactly what she’d done and didn’t give a single fuck.

In fact, she *wanted* to do it.

She flexed her toes under the water, feeling the debris settle.

“You’d think,” she called out, loud enough to shake windows, “that someone would’ve put a sign up or something. *‘Bridge closed when giant bitch approaches.’*”

She turned back to the river ahead, her shoulders rising in a little shrug, every inch of her glistening with sun, water, and smug self-satisfaction.

"Well. Too late now."

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The buzzing of the field hospital's fluorescents barely registered under the weight of morphine and humiliation. Harry Archer lay propped on a stretcher, shirtless beneath the thin cotton sheet, his torso a patchwork of bruises, bandages, and contusions. He blinked against the brightness, lips dry, jaw clenched, every breath a reminder that cracked ribs don't heal on charm alone.

He barely noticed the flurry of footsteps until the flap of the tent peeled open.

"Out," said a sharp voice, colder than the IV drip.

The med staff hesitated, caught in the crossfire between protocol and fear. But when the uniformed officer at the entrance gave a single nod, the tent slowly emptied.

Hamilton Cobb stepped in, immaculate as ever in a tailored jacket and thin leather gloves. His silver hair was neatly combed, his jaw shaved to perfection. He looked like he'd just walked out of a boardroom instead of across a war zone.

Harry squinted. "Jesus. What the hell are *you* doing here?"

Hamilton tilted his head, stepped closer. "You look like shit."

"Yeah? You'd look worse if you'd been snatched off your feet by your *fucking daughter* and whipped around like a rag doll."

Hamilton's expression didn't change. "She's done it to me, too."

Harry blinked. "What?"

Silence lingered like a curtain between them.

"What do you want?" Harry grunted, adjusting himself with a wince. "Come to gloat? Or just soak in the ambiance of my suffering?"

"I came with a deal."

Harry laughed, then winced again, coughing. "A *deal*. Sure. What's up with Nancy, huh? You here to ask me how it felt being manhandled by your golden girl?"

"She's asleep," Hamilton said flatly. "Indefinitely."

Harry's eyes narrowed. "What does that mean?"

"It means," Hamilton continued, reaching into his coat and unfolding a stiff piece of paper, "that the government is seizing her. For experimentation. Study. Whatever they're calling it now."

Harry looked at the paper, didn't take it. "And they need *our* permission?"

"Apparently, red tape still applies. Something about legal guardianship, spouse and father signatures. She's unconscious. They want to cover themselves."

Harry sneered. "She's a freak. What, do they think she's going to *sue* them?"

Hamilton arched a brow. "Bureaucracy, Harry. It runs deeper than decency."

"Well," Harry said, dragging in a slow breath, "give me the damn pen. I'll sign the bitch over myself. Gladly."

Hamilton's mouth curled slightly. "You never did love her."

"I *tried*," Harry hissed. "But it's hard to love a woman who looks at you like you're the scum under her toenail. Being crushed by said toenail didn't exactly rekindle the flame."

"I'm not letting you sign it."

Harry blinked. "What?"

"Not unless," Hamilton said calmly, "you sign *this* first." He unfolded another paper, thicker, longer. Legalese gleaming across the top like a weapon.

Harry stared at it. "What is this?"

"You're set to inherit control of the Archer estate. Her shares. Her voting power in the companies. But you're an idiot. You'll tank it all in six months."

"I'm touched."

"I want you to assign me power of attorney over everything you'll inherit from her. You'll get twenty-five percent of the profits. But I make the decisions."

Harry scoffed. "Are you serious?"

"She's not waking up, Harry. But, what happens if I decide not to sign the government's papers?"

Harry hesitated, staring at the line where the signature would go.

He looked at Hamilton. "You don't want her studied. You want her *gone*."

"I want her contained," Hamilton said. "Safely. Silently. I want to salvage what's left of this legacy. She turned into a monster, and you—" he looked Harry over with disgust— "you turned into a footnote."

A long beat passed. Then Harry muttered, "Bring the goddamn paper."

Hamilton handed it over, along with a pen.

Harry signed. Fast. Sloppy. And then took the first paper, added his signature to Nancy's fate with a satisfied grunt.

"There," he said. "Enjoy your empire."

Hamilton folded both pages with methodical care. "I intend to."

And with that, he left the tent, leaving Harry alone with his broken ribs and the uneasy realization that somehow, even now, *Hamilton Cobb* had walked away the victor.

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The reservoir came as a surprise—a glint of open blue catching her eye through the trees, sprawling wide and calm like the world's most luxurious infinity pool. Honey slowed, curious, her long legs sloshing through the narrowing riverbed until the walls opened to reveal the vast basin. And oh, *this* was different.

The water here ran deep—deep enough that by the time she stepped fully in, it licked at her underboob and climbed higher as she ventured forward. For the first time since she'd grown, she had to tilt her head back to keep her hair dry. She paused, letting herself sink slightly into the coolness, her towering frame easing into the massive bowl of water like a goddess into her private bath.

She let out a low, luxurious sigh, her eyes half-lidded as the weightlessness wrapped around her like silk. Her fingers lazily traced along her waist, her thighs, her ribs, appreciating the chill that kissed her skin and the gentle sway of the current against her curves. It wasn't just relaxing. It was indulgent. She leaned back against a lower shelf in the concrete wall, letting the tension bleed out of her shoulders as her body stretched across the water like some decadent monument to desire and domination.

"Damn," she murmured, lips curling as she tilted her head back. "Who needs spas when the whole planet's your day spa?"

One hand reached behind her to brace against the sloped wall. The other drifted across her belly, then lower fingers idling there for a beat too long. Her breath

caught slightly. She grinned to herself. She *knew* that feeling—oh, she knew it well. This always happened when she got a little too high on herself. The view. The power. The size. The knowledge that a whole world was scrambling out of her way and she could do whatever she wanted... it was kind of her biggest kink now.

She let her fingers trail upward, teasing along the outer curve of her breast, just brushing the edge. Her nipple responded instantly, hardening in the breeze off the reservoir. She chuckled.

“Down, girl,” Honey purred to herself, smirking as her palms cupped the ridiculous swell of her breasts, fingertips teasing along their warm, glistening surface. “We’ve got a city to scare the shit out of.”

And yet... she didn’t move. Not right away. She lingered, of course she did—sprawled like a goddess in her own oversized spa, with the sun kissing her curves and the water lapping at her thighs like a worshipper who knew how to take their time. The ripples shimmered across her skin, catching glints of gold from the reservoir’s surface, while her hips gave a lazy, indulgent sway beneath the waves. She sank a little deeper, exhaling slowly as a moan hummed low in her throat. It felt *good*. Too good.

“There’s always time for a quickie,” she whispered with a wicked little grin, her voice honey-slick and dirty as sin.

Her fingers slipped beneath the surface—confident, curious, already knowing what they wanted—and found that warm, swollen ache between her legs. “Mmm... hello again,” she murmured, pressing in, slow and firm, her thighs twitching as pleasure sparked bright through her nerves. She didn’t rush. Not yet. One hand wandered up, pinching a nipple between two wet fingers as her breath hitched with something dangerously close to a giggle.

Fish scattered, birds launched from the trees, and somewhere in the distance, a forest animal probably dropped dead from panic—but Honey didn’t care. She was busy. Her moans echoed across the water, low and shameless, laced with teasing abandon. The water bubbled with every flex of her hips, and when her orgasm hit, it did so with a long, breathy sigh and a lazy roll of her shoulders.

“That’ll do,” she muttered, still grinning, still flushed, still amused by herself and everything else.

Her chest rose and fell, tits bouncing with every deep inhale, skin still glistening from the splash zone she’d just created. It hadn’t been anything special—just a reset, a release, a pit stop. But fuck, it had been *hers*. Every second of it.

She stood, sending a cascade of water pouring down her legs in thick rivulets, then climbed the slope with confident strides that shook the hill underfoot. One last glance back at her personal wet spot, and she laughed.

“Try topping that, Lake Honey,” she winked.

And then she was moving again—bare, bold, and in charge—toward a city that had absolutely no idea what was about to hit it.

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The freeway out of Benford was a disaster.

Not a fender-bender mess, not a rain-slick slowdown—*gridlock*. Endless rows of cars, engines off, hoods popped, people standing around with arms crossed and nerves unraveling. Horns blared pointlessly. Radios chattered with emergency updates no one believed anymore.

Inside a dented gray sedan three lanes from the barrier, Alicia clutched the steering wheel like it might do something helpful. Her boyfriend, Jordan, was half out the passenger window, trying to get a better look at whatever the hell was happening up ahead.

“They said she was contained,” Alicia muttered, voice sharp. “The sedation worked. Military’s got it under control. Remember?”

“Yeah,” Jordan said without turning. “And they also said the banks were fine in '08.”

Alicia’s jaw flexed. She didn’t believe it either. Not really. Not after that thing they’d seen on the news—a woman bigger than a building, stretched out in a city park like a nap gone nuclear. They’d evacuated the downtown blocks near the park, but everything else was declared “safe.” That’s what the anchor had said. That’s what the mayor had echoed. Safe.

But safe didn’t feel like this.

Not with the unnatural hush settling over the city. Not with the mounting panic creeping up her spine. Apparently, half the city had had the same thoughts they did. The ripple effect from the highways and avenues she had messed with on the opposite side of town did the rest.

Then came the first *boom*.

It wasn't thunder. It wasn't a car crash. It was deeper. Lower. Like something hitting the ground that had no business being that *big*.

Another boom. Then another. Louder. Closer. *Rhythmic*.

"Oh my God," Jordan whispered. "She's up—she's moving."

But something felt *off*. Alicia leaned out the window just as another quake rumbled through the highway, rattling their car like a toy box in a dryer. She gripped the door frame, squinting past the sea of stalled vehicles and milling pedestrians.

That's when the screaming started.

It came in waves, echoing down the concrete corridor of the freeway. Panicked voices. Shouted warnings. Doors slammed. Engines roared to life—pointlessly. Everyone trying to reverse, to U-turn, to *move*, even though they were boxed in from every side.

Jordan ducked back in, white-faced. "Something's coming."

Another boom. This time, the whole highway *jumped*.

And then the *shadow* fell.

Alicia looked up—and choked.

She was coming from the east, silhouetted against the rising sun like a walking eclipse. And for a moment, Alicia's brain didn't even register her as a person. Just *legs*. Towering, nude, tanned legs that went on for miles, all muscle and sway and sensual power. Then came hips—*obscene* hips, round and plush and bouncing with every step, framed by nothing but sunlight and confidence. A full frontal assault of ass, hips, thighs and sex walking casually toward them.

Then came the rest.

Breasts. God. Those *breasts*. Each one had to be the size of a small aircraft hangar, jiggling with perfect, synchronized rhythm as she moved. Her nipples—tight and proud—looked hard enough to cut glass. Her skin glistened in the light, misted from water, every drop tracing down her body like she was the centerfold of a Playboy spread shot by a sadist with a god complex. She had one hand on her hip, the other lazily swinging beside her, and an unmistakable *grin* curving her lips like she'd just walked in on the biggest punchline in the world.

She was naked.

Utterly, intentionally, breathtakingly naked. And she gave zero shits about it.

"Who the fuck is *that*?" Alicia gasped.

"She's not the blonde," Jordan said hoarsely. "That's someone *else*."

Honey Parker.

Though no one on the freeway knew her name yet, her arrival made sure they *never* forgot it. Her hips sashayed with casual purpose as she advanced along the elevated hill beside the highway, giant bare feet crushing trees, guardrails, and signage like wrapping paper under a spoiled debutante's heel.

She was toying with her pace, clearly—slowing, speeding up, keeping her audience. And the highway was giving her *everything* she wanted: gawking men, screaming families, stalled cars, all staring helplessly as a skyscraper-sized sex goddess sauntered past like she owned the goddamn planet.

And honestly? She kind of *did*.

She bent slightly at the waist, peering down with playful curiosity, her full breasts swaying with the motion. Her lips parted in mock concern as she surveyed the chaos beneath her.

"Aww," she purred loud enough to rattle windshields, "what's the matter? Traffic jam?"

Alicia sank back into her seat, hands over her mouth, eyes wide. Jordan was frozen, staring like a man about to meet God and realizing she had tits like a dream and a grin like the devil.

The giantess moved on, hips swaying like wrecking balls in slow motion.

And just before she passed out of view, she looked directly down at their car.

She smiled. Tilted her head.

And *winked*.

Alicia screamed.

Jordan didn't breathe.

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The skyline of Benford was just ahead now—sleek, angular, dense with little high-rises that barely tickled her imagination anymore. Close enough that she could stretch out her hand and imagine curling her fingers around the whole thing like a

soda can. Honey grinned. Her heart gave a little flutter, like a kid catching sight of the fairgrounds from the hill above town.

She was close. So fucking close.

And yet... the highway.

God, it was *delicious*. She hadn't even stepped on it, not once, but it reacted to her like she was rolling over it with a vengeance. Cars honked and reversed, people abandoned them and ran, doors flung open like startled birds. It stretched beside her like a little river of panic—jammed tight, blinking and screeching, *feeling* her even as she simply walked.

It was flattering. It was intoxicating. It was *deserved*.

She let herself glide next to it, bare feet leaving steaming, puddled craters in the soft shoulder, every step resonating in the spines of the drivers below. Honey Parker wasn't on a rampage—yet. She had a *mission*, after all. Nancy first.

Still, the sun hadn't even hit its golden hour yet. It was just starting its lazy descent, stretching her silhouette in long, sexy streaks across the terrain like nature itself wanted to photograph her. She had time. Dangerous thought.

So she took her time.

She let herself enjoy it.

Semi-trailers looked like power bars to her now. School buses screamed potential. A van full of what looked like cheerleaders caught her eye—maybe later.

And then she *saw it*.

Red. Low. Glossy. With the top down. Parked in the middle of the gridlock like it *belonged there*, as if traffic didn't apply to people who dropped six figures on a car with zero cargo space.

A fucking Ferrari.

Her lips curled.

"Ohhh, baby," she purred.

The man behind the wheel was still there. Of course he was. Still clinging to the wheel like that carbon-fiber steering column was gonna keep him safe.

She slowed. Sashayed a little harder. Bent low.

"Hey there, hot stuff," she cooed, crouching beside the highway like a hurricane squatting next to a dollhouse. "I like your taste."

Long fingers came down, delicately scooping the tiny sports car up with all the care of plucking a jewel from a display case. She set it on her opposite palm, raised it slowly, luxuriously, until the whole shimmering package—man, car, fantasy—was *right* at eye level.

It didn't even fill her palm.

God, it was *adorable*.

Honey rose to her full, terrifying height, bringing her palm up to her face like she was inspecting a novelty trinket from a roadside shop. The little red Ferrari glinted in the fading light, but her eyes weren't on the car anymore. Oh no. They were locked on the tiny man inside, who was now **screaming his head off**.

She smirked.

"Aww, don't scream, baby," she purred, voice thick with velvet and vinegar. "I *used* to dream of riding in one of these. Would've sucked your dick just for the passenger seat."

The man froze, mouth still open mid-scream, like his brain short-circuited trying to process the words *and* the fact that a naked skyscraper of a woman had just propositioned him.

"But," she continued, her tone dipping into something **dirty and teasing**, like a smirk you could hear, "now I just grab one. Like a toy. Like it was **mine** all along."

She leaned in slightly, lips curling, voice dropping an octave.

"Still," she whispered, "the offer's open. Wanna go for a ride?"

The man twitched. Couldn't speak. She could hear his heart thudding. Or maybe that was just his bones *rattling*.

"I mean, I could show you my *inner self*," she purred, tongue running briefly along her lower lip. "No strings attached, though. I'm a *busy girl*. And y'know... **scale**. If I ever go that route, I'll probably need a **busload**."

She giggled at her own joke. He, meanwhile, looked like he might pass out.

"God, you're just—boring," she sighed, suddenly dropping the act with theatrical flair.

"Not even a *peep* of dirty talk? No comeback? No pitch for why I should keep you?"

She tilted the car in her hand, casually, letting him **slide** out like a peanut from a shell. He screamed all the way down.

The car—her toy—remained in her hand.

"Ohhh, so much better," she cooed, turning the Ferrari slowly, admiring the gleam. "See? *Now* we're having fun."

Screams echoed from the highway below.

Honey didn't even look.

She then froze as a low, buzzing whine started weaving through the air. Her eyes narrowed toward the skyline—alert, sharp, instantly tense. The fuck now? She had *just* gotten her rhythm back.

But then the shapes appeared—darting specs of color slicing through the air.

Not drones.

Not missiles.

News choppers.

She blinked... and then broke into a slow, blooming grin.

"Ohhh," she murmured, her voice half-purr, half-chuckle. "Well *hello* there, tiny media."

Without thinking, she set the Ferrari down carefully beside the highway—she might come back for that toy later. Could make a good purse charm.

Hands slid to her hips. Her back straightened. Her chest—already scandalous—rose proudly under the setting sun. The thump of the rotors grew louder. The first copter slowed into a wide, cautious arc, followed by two more. They stopped at a careful distance, hovering in formation like wide-eyed paparazzi circling a red carpet.

She bit her lip.

God. She'd made the news. *Of course* she had.

And then it hit her. She was **completely fucking naked**.

Her first instinct—shockingly human, hilariously outdated—was to cover herself. Hands twitched at her hips, a flicker of modesty.

Then she remembered.

She was **four hundred goddamn feet tall**.

And **flawless**.

Her hands dropped.

"Oh please," she muttered, arching her back a little, letting the sun kiss her curves. "You think I'm gonna *hide* this body now?"

Her nipples perked from the breeze. The wind licked between her thighs. The cameras circled.

She imagined it now: *Every TV in Benford. Every screen in the country. Every bored husband, panicked mayor, hormone-raging teenager, bitchy housewife... glued to her image.*

And what an image it must be.

She let her hips tilt forward just slightly, subtly extending one leg like a goddamn centerfold standing in a warzone. Her smirk grew bolder.

Pose. Pivot. Pause.

Let them *drink it in*.

But then—huh.

Should she *say* something?

She gave the nearest chopper a little shrug, her smirk curling like a hot pink question mark.

"Is this the part," she called out casually, "where I make some sort of speech?"

No response, obviously. Just rotor blades and stunned silence. But she could tell they had understood.

She chuckled to herself.

Honey planted one foot forward, hands on her hips, tits glistening in the evening light like they'd been personally oiled by the gods of chaos. The helicopters hovered, still as dragonflies, their cameras no doubt zoomed in on every inch of her mile-long smirk.

She gave them a wink, then let her voice rise, calm and razor-edged, slicing through the sky like it owned the place.

"Hey, Benford. Name's Honey. Honey Parker."

She shifted her weight onto one hip, letting the subtle sway of her ass ripple down through the ruined highway.

"I'm guessing Nancy already gave you a little taste of what it's like when a girl outgrows your whole damn city. So, congrats—you've had your orientation. You know the drill."

A beat. Her smile cooled.

"And now it's my turn."

Another step forward. Another quake. Another tremor of awe and fear rippling out in every direction.

"I'm here for her. Nancy. She's my... friend." Her tone dipped into something vaguely mocking—*not quite a lie, not quite the truth*. "You tinies have her all doped up and tied down somewhere, and I'm gonna fix that. Nicely, if I can. Not-nicely, if you make me."

She rolled her neck slowly, the motion lazy, sensual, and vaguely menacing.

"So here's how this is gonna go, and I suggest you remember this part—'cause I don't repeat myself."

She held up one long, perfectly manicured finger.

"Rule one: Don't. Piss. Me. Off."

"That means no shooting, no chasing, no tiny SWAT teams rappelling down my tits like I'm a fucking climbing wall. I see one itchy trigger finger, and I swear I'll bring the heel down hard enough to rewrite your ZIP code."

Second finger.

"Rule two: Do as I say."

"If I tell you to stop, stop. If I tell you to move, haul ass. If I tell you to hand me a water tower with a goddamn twist of lemon, you better ask if I want ice with that."

Third finger. Her smirk went jagged.

"Rule three: Get. Out. Of. My. Fucking. Way."

"I'm crossing this city. Don't care if it's a parade route, a funeral, or your grandma's ninety-fifth birthday—if it's in my path, it *moves*. Or it gets turned into a pancake. Your call."

She shrugged, playful again, as if this was all just a game.

"Follow the rules, and hey—you might get through the day *unflattened*. No promises, though. I'm a bitch, not a miracle."

She leaned in slightly, making sure the cameras caught every gleam of her teeth.

"Let me make it real simple: I'm big, I'm loud, I'm naked, and I'm not here to play nice."

She stood tall again, legs braced like statues of sin, her silhouette blazing against the skyline like a warning flare with tits.

Then her eyes cut back to the choppers, circling just a bit too close now.

"And you little whirlybirds?" she said, raising an eyebrow. "Back the fuck up. Don't hover in my face like I'm your mommy's ring light."

She tilted her head, smile still sweet—dangerously so.

"Wanna follow me? Fine. Just keep your distance, don't block the view, and *do not* get annoying. 'Cause if you start buzzing too close..."

She raised one massive hand and gave a lazy, ominous swat through the air.

"I'll swat your asses like the pesky little gnats you are."

A wink. A roll of her hips.

"Now, don't cramp my style."

And with that, she turned and walked straight toward the city like it was built for her.

Chapter 18

Benford didn't know what hit it. Yet.

The outer edge of the city stretched around Honey like it was trying real hard to pretend it wasn't nervous—but everything from the shuttered storefronts to the overturned hot dog carts said otherwise. She strolled in slow, like she had all the time in the world, her hips swaying like a pendulum just daring someone to tell her she wasn't welcome. Her bare feet kissed the pavement with thuds that sent vibrations through every forgotten bike rack and trash can, each step laid down like punctuation: *I'm here. I'm huge. Get used to it.*

The streets were mostly clear, which was smart. A few lingerers peeked around corners or ducked behind cars, but nobody had the balls to get in her way. Honey grinned, one hand swiping back her still-damp hair, tits bouncing with every strut like they were proud of their own gravity. She was twenty-thousand tons of all-natural nightmare fuel, soaked in river water and sex appeal, and the city was just now catching on.

She tilted her head at the buildings—tall enough to try, bless 'em, but still barely brushing under her chest. Mid-thigh, some of them. It was cute. Like a dog standing on its hind legs, thinking it could box. Honey chuckled, letting her fingers trail along the edge of one glass facade, nails scraping metal like it was tissue. Behind the windows, movement. Suits diving for cover. Some brave idiot snapping a blurry photo.

She blew a kiss at the window.

"Sugar, if you're gonna be a perv, at least make it a centerfold," she drawled, voice thick and sweet with menace. "C'mon out and say hi—I don't bite. Unless you're into that."

The building didn't respond. Good choice.

Her attention wandered again, down the corridor of streets ahead. Not quite downtown, but tall enough buildings to make a girl feel extra powerful. Glass canyons she barely fit between. Trees that barely brushed her knees. Cars left behind like toys at nap time. She passed a silver SUV and nudged it with her toe like she was testing a new pair of boots. It rolled. Crunched. Oops.

"This city's got good bones," she mused aloud, fingers resting on her hip. "Would be a shame if someone sat on it."

There was no urgency in her step. She knew where she was going. Knew who she was after. But there was time. The sun wasn't even halfway done with its arc, and Honey had every intention of enjoying the stroll. Hell, she hadn't had a proper *urban* walk since her last Vegas weekend—and this one didn't even come with hangovers or stilettos. Just skin, curves, and a whole lotta power.

She stopped for a moment between two buildings, glanced at her reflection in the dark mirrored glass. Damn. If skyscrapers could whistle, this one would. Her figure stretched across the facade like billboard sin, nipples still taut from her reservoir dip, thighs slick with a leftover glisten, her whole frame moving like a storm wrapped in a supermodel. She winked at herself.

"Girl, you are a damn menace," she purred.

Then, with another satisfied sway of her hips, Honey kept going. She advanced through a couple of blocks. Then, she stopped mid-strut.

It wasn't the buildings that caught her attention—it was a twitch. A shift in air. That tickle at the back of her neck when eyes were glued to her curves. She turned, slow and deliberate, that lazy smile spreading as her gaze slid down.

Rooftop. Sixteenth floor, maybe eighteenth—barely underboob height. A cluster of tinies, frozen like deer in headlights, staring straight at her ass. Wide-eyed. White-knuckled. Like they'd just been caught stealing communion wine.

"Well, well," she cooed, placing a hand on one hip and tossing her hair back. "A woman always knows when someone's checking out her behind." She took a single step back toward the building, her massive footfall rattling windows and sending a rumble up the concrete.

"You boys enjoying the view?" she asked, her voice dripping with amusement. "Didn't think I'd notice? Sweeties, we can always tell."

The little group erupted into chaos, scrambling like roaches at the flick of a light. Some darted for the stairwell. Others flailed toward a rooftop access door. It would've been cute if it wasn't so pitiful.

"Oh, now don't run. I hate it when the audience leaves early."

She crouched, her mountainous form blocking out half the sky as she leaned in. Her enormous eyes swept across the top floor, spying past glass walls into the office space below. Open layout. Sleek furniture. Desperate tinies pressed against interior walls like they could phase through them.

"There you are," she drawled sweetly, tapping the glass with a pinky the size of a sedan. "C'mon out and say hi. I don't bite." Her grin deepened. "Unless you ask nice."

Still nothing. Scattered screams. Running. Useless security guards herding people like panicked sheep. But what really caught her eye? A small cluster veering off to the back corner, heading for the elevator bank.

Honey tilted her head. "Aw, bless your hearts."

She shifted her weight, raised one thick arm—and punched.

Not a dramatic haymaker, just a clean, deliberate jab of a knuckle straight into the building's midsection. Glass exploded. Concrete cracked. The entire elevator section crumpled like a soda can under a boot. A jagged tremor echoed down the street.

"Oops," she said innocently, drawing her hand back and flicking some dust off her thumb. "Now I am no engineer, but I'm guessing that elevator isn't gonna run anymore."

Screams intensified. Alarms blared. She sighed, rising slightly higher on her knees, casting a long, dominating shadow through the glass.

"Alright. I tried being sweet," she said, voice deepening. "Tried being friendly. Now I'm getting *real tired* of being ignored."

She slammed her palm flat against the side of the building—not enough to knock it over, but more than enough to shake the whole structure and drop ceiling panels onto cubicles. Coffee mugs shattered. Desks toppled. The building whimpered beneath her touch.

"Out. Here. Now," she growled. "Unless y'all want me to take off the roof and pick my favorites."

Her eyes narrowed, daring them. But they just kept running and screaming. She sighed.

"You think I'm bluffing, don't you?"

Honey tapped one massive fingernail against the glass again, harder this time. The sharp *tink tink tink* echoed across the top floor like a countdown to something none of them wanted to meet.

"You guys are really testing me," she muttered, eyes narrowing, watching the chaos swirl behind the glass. People shoved, stumbled, tripped over chairs and each other trying to get to nowhere in particular. "See, I've got two little flaws—short temper and a real bad reaction to not getting what I want."

She gave them a razor-sharp grin. "And now that I'm taller than your sorry little high-rise? Baby, that combination's a whole lot worse. For you."

Then she stood. Towered. Her silhouette blotted out the sun, her shadow swallowing the rooftop and half the street behind it. She reached up, cupping both hands against the edges of the building, one on either side. For a second, the tinies inside thought she might just shake it—but no.

She *peeled*.

Concrete snapped. Steel screeched. Glass exploded in a rain of glittering shards as she slowly pried open the upper floor like a girl opening a jewelry box she didn't care to be gentle with.

Chunks of the roof tore free. Walls collapsed. She hooked two fingers—fingertips the size of couches—through the rows of windows and *ripped*, tearing an entire wall section clean off, exposing cubicles like a broken dollhouse.

Screams erupted. People ran from the falling debris, ducking behind desks, diving under tables that wouldn't help them. Honey's laugh rolled through the air like thunder wrapped in velvet.

"Oops," she sang, clearly not sorry. "You should really talk to whoever designed this place. Not exactly giant-proof, is it?"

She curled her fingers again, this time finding better purchase, and ripped another slab of roof free. Concrete clattered down the stairwell. She grabbed again. Peeled more. With each motion, more of the building opened, until she could look straight into the top floor like she was inspecting her manicure.

And there they were. Dozens of them, packed against the far wall like sardines, faces white, eyes wide, hands trembling. Some still tried to call elevators that no longer existed. One idiot was crying into a landline.

Honey crouched, her enormous body settling like a mountain folding in on itself. Her smirk darkened.

"Alright, sugarcubes. It's real simple," she said, voice low and syrupy, but with an edge that could cut glass. "If you don't march your little asses onto that rooftop when I ask, then I *make a roof* outta where you're hiding. Got it now?"

Silence. Then, the tiniest whimper.

Inside her head, Honey was *buzzing*.

This wasn't just a city. This was *her* city now. A playground scaled just right. Her sandbox. Her rules. Her tempo. Every building another toy. Every street a runway. And all these tiny people? Props. Screaming, scrambling, completely helpless props. The screams were louder than ever now, but all she heard was confirmation.

They couldn't stop her. Couldn't even slow her down.

And Lord, did that feel *good*.

Just as she was about to demand again, movement caught her eye. One of the tinies—some wiry little thing in a blue button-up—bolted. Straight for the far corner.

"Oh, for God's sake," Honey muttered, squinting as two more followed, darting like panicked squirrels toward what looked like an emergency stairwell.

Her gaze narrowed. That *was* a stairwell.

She sighed and rolled her eyes with the kind of dramatic exasperation only a woman like her could master. "You guys really don't listen worth shit."

Then, without even thinking, Honey puckered her plush lips, leaned slightly forward, and blew.

Hard.

A gale-force blast erupted from her mouth—hot, humid, and laced with strawberry lip gloss. Office papers exploded into the air like confetti. Loose furniture skidded across the floor. A potted plant launched into a cubicle wall.

The trio of runners didn't stand a chance.

They flew backward in a screeching, tangled heap, slammed hard into the opposite wall and crumpled like ragdolls. The room went silent for a beat—shocked stillness, disbelief—and then Honey *barked* out a laugh so loud it echoed down three dozen city blocks.

"Oh my *God!*" she cackled, slapping her thick ass with a meaty thud that cracked windows two floors down. "Did you *see* that? That was a *damn tornado kiss!* I oughta bottle that breeze and sell it as crowd control!"

She giggled, then leaned in again, eyes gleaming like a cat who just tipped over the birdcage.

"Alright, who's next?" she cooed. "Anyone else wanna make a run for it, or you are finally ready to *act right?*"

Tiny sobs and whispers answered her.

She cocked her head, grinning wide. "Guess you missed my little TV debut earlier. Shame. It was cute. But lemme give you the recap."

She held up one finger the size of a manhole cover.

"I'm in charge. Not sorta. Not maybe. *Fully.*"

She smiled

"So, when I say jump, you better say how high."

She grinned wider, then purred, "We clear?"

Silence.

"Good. Now let's take a *closer look*."

Her thick fingers curled inward like a velvet steam shovel, scooping a trembling cluster—five? six?—into her cupped palm. They barely filled it. Not even halfway.

She stood tall, casually, letting them feel every mile of her body rising around them. Hair shimmering in the light. Breasts jostling with the movement.

Holding her hand at chest height, she stared at them—smiling. Watching. Drinking in the tears, the shaking, the stunned horror on their faces.

"You're all so quiet now," she teased, voice low, warm, and full of play-bully heat. "Where's that hustle from a minute ago? Lost your spines already? Or just your dignity?"

She tilted her head, letting the shadows shift across her curves.

"Come on now," she whispered, "Don't make me beg. I'll do all kinds of nasty things if I have to... like *set you down*."

A whimper. A cry.

She rolled her eyes and smiled.

A man near the center of her palm finally found his courage—or lost his filter.

"We didn't *do* anything to you!" he shouted, voice cracking halfway through the sentence.

Honey raised one arched brow. Oh, bless.

"No?" she said, slowly, with mock confusion. Then her lips curled into a grin. "You guys *checked out my ass*."

A beat passed. Then a ripple of awkward, horrified silence.

She *laughed*. Loud and rich and unapologetic, tilting her head back like it was the funniest damn thing she'd heard all day.

"Well, shoot, I *understand*," she said through her laughter, "I *do* have a great ass."

The man looked like he might faint.

She leaned in slightly, letting the shadows of her breasts tumble across her palm as she studied them. Her tone softened just enough to be deadly.

"Now, if y'all had *really* done anything to piss me off—like, actually *bothered* me?" She paused, shrugging one bare shoulder. "You wouldn't be sitting here nice and cozy in my hand. You'd be halfway across the damn state, somewhere between the treetops and a coroner's report."

Internally, that realization clicked. That *was* the line. Or what passed for one. Not that she hadn't crossed it before... but these ones? They weren't worth it. Not yet.

Another voice, smaller, more trembly, piped up. "Then... why? Why are you doing this?"

Honey blinked, almost surprised by the question. Then, with a low hum, she smirked.

"Am I *hurting* you?" she asked, voice a velvet drawl.

Shaking heads. No one dared speak this time.

She nodded. "Then I guess I'm just... *messing* with y'all."

She gave them a slow, deliberate wink.

"Because that's what *giant* women do," she added, holding the word like a promise, "I *guess*."

Her smile grew as her eyes glittered. "I mean, hell—someone's gotta write the rulebook, right? Might as well be me."

And judging by the stunned little faces in her palm, no one was gonna argue.

One of the little men, braver than the rest—or maybe just dumber—looked up from the trembling safety of her palm and squeaked, "A-Are you gonna... let us go?"

Honey cocked her head, lips quirking. "Sugar, I ain't exactly *keeping* you," she said, glancing at her empty shoulders. "But I sure as hell ain't *carrying* you either. What do I look like, a rideshare? I got no pockets, no purse, and definitely no patience."

She let the silence stretch, her amused smirk deepening as the tinies in her palm began to squirm, realizing what was coming.

With a theatrical sigh—equal parts fond and fed-up—Honey tilted her palm without warning.

"Hang tight, cuties."

Eight bodies tumbled unceremoniously back into the jagged remains of the building, landing with a chorus of pained grunts and scrambling limbs. It wasn't *gentle*, but it wasn't fatal either—just enough to rattle bones and egos.

Honey leaned forward, lips puckered, and blew them a kiss. The blast of wind tousled their hair, nearly knocked one off his feet again.

"Next time a giant woman tells you to get to the roof..." she called down sweetly, with a wicked gleam in her eye, "*get to the fucking roof.*"

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The air inside the tent was humid with stress and stale coffee. Cargo choppers thumped in the distance—new arrivals, hulking and slow—but not nearly enough. The table was cluttered with printouts, calculators, and open laptops. Dr. Loeb hovered over the data like it might change if he glared hard enough.

"General," Loeb said, voice tight, "we're still short on lift. By a lot."

Across from him, the General leaned over the table, eyes narrowing at the projected weight figures. "Twenty thousand tons? That can't be right."

Loeb pushed his glasses up. "It's more than right. She's nearly three hundred feet tall now. Mass increases by the cube of height. You remember the square-cube law?"

The general grunted.

"She's not just big, she's *impossibly* massive. Ten times the height? A thousand times the weight. At her size, Nancy Archer is easily pushing twenty-five thousand tons. That's like the Arch of St. Louis."

The general ran a hand down his face. "And we need to airlift her out."

"For lack of other options, yes. We can't move her by land without tearing half the city apart."

The general exhaled, slowly, heavily. He stared through the canvas flap, toward the tree line where Nancy's still form loomed in the distance like a dormant mountain.

"They're still coming... but we won't have enough until well beyond nightfall"

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Honey had just rounded the corner of a four-lane boulevard, her bare soles sending tremors through cracked concrete, when something gave her pause. A flicker. A twitch in her periphery. Not the skittering panic she'd grown so used to—this was something else.

Her eyes narrowed, zeroing in.

A rooftop. Maybe twenty stories up. Twenty-five? Not even a speed bump to her now—hell, it barely scraped her underboob. And there he was. One lone man, standing dead center on the rooftop like a sacrifice on a platter.

But he wasn't running.

He wasn't screaming.

He was... red-faced. Jaw slack. Arm moving.

"Oh no," Honey drawled, already grinning as she pivoted. "Ain't no way."

She turned, taking a slow, deliberate step toward the building, her tits jostling like wrecking balls with each strut. Her grin widened when he didn't bolt. That hand of his? Still working. Poor guy had either nerves of steel or a death wish made of hormones.

"You really just up here jacking it?" she laughed, coming to a stop so close that her tits bracketed the entire rooftop in shadow. "Right on the rooftop, middle of the day, hands full of your sad little self... while I'm right here?"

He froze. Like a boy caught with a Hustler in Sunday school.

"Aw, don't clam up now," she purred, crouching slowly. Her heavy breasts hung above him like two gods about to smite, while her face descended like the moon blotting out the sky. She squinted down at him, playful but sharp. "You were real busy a second ago."

The man gawked, still hard, still holding himself like a deer in headlights with his zipper down.

"Oh honey," she cooed, resting her chin in her hand, elbow on the building's edge like it was a countertop. "Don't go getting all shy. I ain't mad. Hell, I'm flattered. Kinda." She paused, giving him a slow once-over. "Kinda."

He twitched. Still not speaking. Still *very* visible.

"Not my first time watching, you know?" she asked, tone slicker than a bar floor on dollar-shot night.

His mouth flapped uselessly. She leaned in further, lowering her voice to a smoky whisper.

"You wanna finish?" she asked, slow and syrupy. "Or should I hum a tune to help keep the rhythm?"

Still nothing.

Honey clicked her tongue, letting that flirt drop into something sharper. "You know, I *was* gonna let it slide, darling. But you stare at my tits, yank it like you're tryin' to start a lawnmower, then freeze up on me? That's just rude."

He hesitated.

"I ain't exactly a church girl, in case you're feeling shy."

His hand jerked. She smirked.

"There he goes," she teased. "That's it. Don't leave me hanging. You got the front row, might as well earn your seat."

Her laugh came rougher now, hand slapping the side of her thigh with a thunderous *thwack* that rattled the building. "Bet you never had an audience quite like this, huh?"

She let him stew in it for another few seconds.

Honey watched him twitch, tense, and finally collapse back onto the rooftop with a groan like he'd just run a marathon in July. His chest heaved. His hand fell limp beside him. And his face—good Lord—redder than a boiled crawfish.

She clapped, slow and thunderous, her palms echoing like distant artillery. "Well damn, cowboy. You really pulled through," she purred, eyes gleaming. "You finish that show just for me?"

He didn't answer. Just covered his face with one arm.

"Aww, sugar, don't be shy now," she teased, leaning in close enough that her warm breath tousled his hair. "You just gave me a rooftop performance, front row and everything. Least you can do is take a little applause."

Her breasts bounced as she laughed, the building groaning beneath the shift of her weight. "Now tell me," she said, voice dropping to a sultry purr, "you a boob guy? 'Cause you've been eyeballing mine like they're made of gold."

The poor man tried to respond, but she kept going, casually bouncing her chest once, twice—purely for demonstration.

"Or maybe..." she smirked, lips curling as the thought landed, "you're a size guy. That it? Me being this big... turning you on?"

His head gave the tiniest nod.

Her laugh came low and wicked. "I get it, baby. Believe me, I *get* it. I've always been hot. But now? Now I'm horny the entire fucking time." Her voice turned dreamy, but hungry. "Got off twice already and it ain't even lunchtime. And here I am again, hornier than a cat in heat."

He stared up at her, speechless.

"So what was it, exactly?" she pressed, narrowing her eyes as she rested her chin on her hand. "What got you all hot and bothered? The hips? The voice? The fact I could flatten your whole apartment complex with one tit?"

He sputtered, trying to find words. "You're just... so big. And gorgeous. And... perfect."

Honey let out a bark of laughter. "Well, ain't you just a little diamond. Flattery and good manners? That'll get you damn near anywhere." She cocked her head, eyes glinting. "I'd say I'd return the favor and blow you... but I'm scared I might swallow you by mistake."

The gulp from him was audible.

She placed her hand flat on the roof. "Climb up," she said. He hesitated. "C'mon now. Don't ruin a good streak. You were doing so well. Get in the *fucking* hand."

When he did, she lifted him gently to eye level, cradled in her palm like a delicate treat. "You, sweet pea, might just be my favorite tiny today," she said, giving him a wink. "Some girls might be scandalized, but me? I think a rooftop jerk session's a real cute love letter."

He mumbled something.

"What's that?" she asked, cocking an eyebrow. "Speak up. I'm a few stories taller than your whole damn building."

"Can I... ask you something?"

"Oh, baby, you just did." Honey's grin curled like a whip. "But go on. What's bouncing around that naughty little head of yours?"

His face lit up redder than a fire truck. He sucked in a breath like he needed to prepare for a confession.

"I've always had this... fantasy."

She raised a brow, slow and expectant. "Well don't leave a girl hanging. Spill it."

"I just..." He looked up, shaking like a leaf. "I've always imagined... being with a giant woman. Like... really with her. Like... inside."

Honey blinked.

Then she laughed. Loud and throaty. "You want to crawl up into my snatch? That's what you're saying?"

He looked like he wanted the rooftop to collapse under him.

She wiped a fake tear from her eye, still smirking. "Oh, sweetie. That is some Grade-A freak behavior. And I *love* it."

She tilted her head, eyes glittering like sunlight on a knife's edge. "Remember when I told you I wasn't exactly a church girl?"

He nodded.

She licked her lips—not hungry, just slow and deliberate. "So who the hell am I to crush a little man's dream? Especially when it sounds so damn easy..."

His mouth opened. Closed. Half awe, half terror.

She just chuckled again and plucked him up between two fingers like a prize from a candy jar. Held him up to her face, the wind of her breath brushing over his body.

"Take a deep breath," she said, eyes locked on his like a dare.

And with a wicked grin, she started to lower him with a slow, deliberate motion, her fingers curled loosely but firmly around his tiny frame like he was some delicate little appetizer she wasn't sure whether to savor or tease.

As her other hand traced lazily down her stomach, she paused—hovering just above the smooth, glistening skin between her massive thighs.

"Well, look at that," she purred, grinning down at him. "Biggest cave you've ever seen, huh? Wonder if it echoes."

His whole body trembled in her grasp. She felt it. Loved it.

"Aww, don't look so scared now," she cooed, cocking her head. "You were so bold jerking off on that rooftop. Now you're front row, backstage, all-access... and suddenly shy?"

She pressed him just close enough for him to feel the heat radiating off her skin. Her scent, humid and heavy, enveloped him like a thick cloud of honey and heat.

"Not gonna lie, baby," she whispered, eyes half-lidded, voice molten, "I can feel your squirming already. Tickles a little. Kinda cute."

She pressed him in slow, one deliberate fingertip at his back guiding him between her slick folds like she was sliding a coin into a slot machine. And it wasn't even

hard—hell, it was almost disappointing how easy it was. For all his rooftop bravado, the guy barely made a bump under her finger. She didn't even need to spread anything more than a breath.

"Bless your tiny heart," she murmured, eyes fluttering half-shut as she bit her lip. "Hope you got some fireworks in you, Romeo."

Honey let out a low, amused moan—not from pleasure, not really, but from the absurdity of it all. Her fingers lingered, guiding him in deeper, slow and indulgent, like she was unwrapping a lollipop she knew was too small to satisfy but just had to try anyway. It was warm. Ticklish. The faintest tremble as his little limbs flailed against her inner walls.

Then she let go.

And waited.

The squirming was... cute. She could feel him, a barely-there flutter deep inside her like a trapped moth. It tickled. Made her giggle.

But get her off?

Not even close.

"Oh honey," she sighed, shifting her hips. The sensation shifted too—barely. "You are *trying*, bless you. But I've had deeper thrills from riding escalators in tight jeans."

She leaned back slightly, resting a hand on her hip as she appraised the skyline. Her other fingers toyed idly with the edge of her thigh, debating whether this counted as a warm-up or just a curiosity.

It didn't take long for his effort to start fading. The wiggles slowed. Got sluggish. She could feel the little man already running out of steam.

Typical.

"Goddamn," she muttered, more to herself than anyone. "I really gotta find me a better toy. Or a busload. One of you guys just ain't gonna cut it."

She gave a slow roll of her hips, testing the sensation one last time. Dull. Teasing. Frustrating, even.

"Gimme a break," she said with a snort. "Girl's thirty stories of horny and you're in there wriggling like a goldfish in a plastic bag."

She chuckled, patting her lower belly with two fingers like she was knocking on a door. "You hear me in there, baby? Real sweet of you to try. But next time? Maybe bring some friends."

With a satisfied sigh, Honey stood tall again, tits lifting with her breath, hips swaying lazily as she started to walk once more through the stunned city.

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Brad didn't even know what street he was on anymore.

It was somewhere near the financial quarter—he thought—but every corner looked the same in this godforsaken exodus: shattered glass, blinking traffic lights, the flicker of half-lit signage blinking above a panicked blur of bodies. The mob was forming, thickening, people clumping into desperate clusters like ants trying to flee a rising boot.

His lungs burned. His legs barely listened. He didn't even know where he was running to anymore. Just... away. Away from the rumors. Away from whatever *else* had come to tear Benford open.

Then the world jolted sideways.

A tremor, deep and low, like a giant's heartbeat echoing through the asphalt.

Then another.

People screamed—again—but this time it wasn't panic. It was *recognition*.

He staggered to a halt, leaning on a mailbox. Just ahead, at the next intersection, something impossibly massive moved through the settling dust. And then—

CRUNCH.

A foot. A fucking *bare* foot, big as a building's floor, came down with casual finality, obliterating an abandoned yellow cab like it was made of foil. The roof didn't just crumple—it *vanished*, the whole vehicle flattening into the dirt-packed print like it had never mattered at all.

He stumbled backward, gaping.

Then *she* arrived.

She stepped through the intersection like it was a magazine runway. Massive, bronzed, nude. Her hips swayed with the slow confidence of someone who knew every single eye was glued to her...and didn't mind in the slightest. Her breasts bounced with a weight that made nearby windows *tremble*, each step a whole-body event. Every inch of her gleamed under the afternoon sun—slick, perfect, unapologetic.

She was so hot it hurt to look at her.

And she was *terrifying*.

"Oops," the towering woman said, stopping for just a beat to glance down at the mangled cab beneath her heel. "My bad."

Then she smiled—wide, wicked, amused.

"You guys really shouldn't leave your toys lying around."

The crowd screamed again, parting instinctively. He didn't. Couldn't. He just stared.

His knees wanted to buckle. His stomach did a somersault. Some ancient part of his brain tried to scream *run*, but another whispered *watch*.

She wasn't even looking at him. And still, he started running again—faster now.

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Honey came to a slow stop at the intersection, one bare foot pressing deep into the cracked concrete, toes curling around the edge of a flattened streetlamp. The city had thickened again—less scattered, more bodies in the streets now, packed tighter between the buildings like they thought numbers were going to save them.

But something else caught her attention.

Or rather... the *lack* of something.

She cocked her head slightly. Her walk had gotten quieter. Not in the *stompy* sense—she was still shaking street signs loose—but in her *own* body. There'd been a kind of tiny tickle, a little movement, ever since she'd tucked that brave little rooftop jackoff session into her pussy like a souvenir.

But now?

Nothing.

No squirming. No wriggling. No cute little twitching trying to keep up with her stride.

"Huh," she murmured, glancing down between her legs with a curious squint. "Well, that ain't ideal."

She reached down casually, like she was adjusting her panties—except, of course, there weren't any. Two fingers slid in, gentle as a whisper. She gave a nudge.

Nothing.

Another nudge.

Still nothing.

With a sigh, Honey pinched delicately and withdrew him, dripping and limp, like a doll left too long in the bath. She dropped his slick, motionless form onto her palm and raised it up to eye level.

No movement.

Not even a little chest bounce.

She poked him with her pinky. Once. Twice.

"Hey," she said, her tone lightly annoyed. "You taking a nap or something?"

Nothing.

She poked again, firmer this time. Still nothing.

Honey stared for a second longer, then snorted. "You've *got* to be kidding me."

He was dead. Just... *dead*. Died inside her like a bug in a Venus flytrap.

She blinked once, twice. Then shrugged.

"Well, guess that answers the question on how much of me a man can handle."

She tilted her palm, watching the soggy little thing slump bonelessly against her lifeline.

"No offense, sugar," she drawled, "but if that was all it took, you were gonna die happy eventually."

With a flick of her wrist, she tossed him casually over her shoulder—just another casualty of size, power, and a damn good time.

"Rest in pussy, little guy," she muttered with a smirk, already stepping forward again.

"Next time I'm picking someone with cardio."

Chapter 19

Honey had barely strutted two blocks before the sidewalks started crawling with little dots again. No longer scattered stragglers, either—this was denser. Like a slow-moving panic party had spilled out of the buildings and started clogging up the streets in all directions.

She had to slow her stride, stepping carefully now between parked vans, traffic lights, and pedestrians who either froze or screamed and bolted the wrong damn way. One footfall cracked the hood of an SUV. Another sent a shockwave through a line of e-scooters, sending them toppling like dominoes.

"You're making it *real* hard to enjoy my walk," she muttered, shaking her head. "You see a giant woman approaching, and your first instinct is to stand in the damn road? Really?"

She wiggled her toes beside a man who had dropped his briefcase and just... squatted. Like it was going to help. Honey rolled her eyes and kept moving.

But then she hit the intersection.

And *stopped*.

Packed. Wall-to-wall tinies. Cars stuck at angles. Buses tipped sideways. People shoulder to shoulder, screaming and tripping over each other in the middle of a mess that wasn't clearing—it was *growing*.

Honey placed her hands on her hips, cocked one side, and looked down the clogged artery of the city with a withering pout.

"You *have* got to be kidding me," she drawled. "This the best you can do?"

The little swarm kept pushing and shouting, spilling over each other like ants at a picnic—if the picnic was on fire. From up here, it was almost hypnotic. Almost.

She crouched slightly, letting her shadow crawl out over the mob.

"Hey," she called, tone syrupy but sharp, "you guys see the giant woman standing right *here*, looking like sex and trouble, and thought this was the place to *congregate*?"

Still no order. If anything, the chaos ramped up—horns, screams, useless running.

Honey's grin twitched. Gone was the amused saunter. Her eyes narrowed.

"I said," she barked, louder now, voice like a gunshot across rooftops, "get the *fuck* outta my way."

Did they move?

Barely.

Honey straightened up to her full height, towering like a storm about to break, then pointed a long finger down the street like she was choosing which grape to stomp.

"I *need* to walk," she said, slow and deliberate, "and *you*—you're all standing in my fucking path. That's a *problem*."

The foot beside them rose slightly—just enough to let them see the sole, blackened and cracked with dirt and city grime, lined with the tread marks of crushed vehicles.

"You got three seconds," she said, voice rich with venomous playfulness. "After that, I start popping you like grapes."

She flexed her toes, letting the nearest crowd catch a glimpse of what was about to become their horizon.

"You want to be street juice?" she teased, eyes glinting. "Then by all means—stay put."

The crowd didn't move.

Not really.

They screamed, sure. Waved their arms. Shoved each other. But clear a path? Part like the Red Sea for one very tall, very naked goddess with zero patience?

Nope. Not even close.

Honey squinted. Took a long, slow breath. There was something in their faces—behind the chaos. A kind of hesitation. Not fear. Not quite.

It was doubt.

Disbelief.

Her jaw tightened. "Oh, *hell* no."

She took a step forward—not on the street beside them. Not even into a gap.

Right into the crowd.

Her foot rose high, casting a growing shadow that fell over dozens. The mob froze—some still too slow to react, some maybe thinking she wouldn't do it.

But she did.

Honey brought her foot down.

Not fast. Not stomping.

Just a deliberate, weighty press like she was trying out a new heel.

The sound was... wet. A mix of cracks and squelches, bones and breath turned into mulch beneath twenty thousand tons of Amazonian sass.

The concrete groaned. Her footprint sank deep, a warped impression of her sole lined with red and ruin.

Honey held her balance with ease. She'd barely shifted her weight. No effort at all.

She lifted her foot again, strings of viscera stretching before snapping loose. The indent was unmistakable. Flattened metal. Blood. Limbs. A smear of what used to be... people.

The street fell silent. Then screams. Real ones this time.

Panic bloomed.

Honey's gaze swept the crowd, lips curled in something between a smile and a dare.

"So," she said, voice dripping sweet poison, "do I still look like I'm all talk?"

She planted her foot beside the print, the ground trembling under the aftershock of her lesson.

"I don't make noise—I make statements. And if this mess didn't get the lesson across, I got plenty more volume to spare."

The crowd broke. Finally. But not fast enough.

Honey stood there a moment, that heavy, humid silence wrapped around her like steam off a just-shot grill. Beneath her foot, the smear was unmistakable—raw red, broken bones, torn bits of life that were too slow or too stupid to move. Her toes flexed in the warm aftermath, skin tacky with the pulp of what used to be people. She looked down and tilted her head, the corner of her mouth twitching. Not her first kill. Not even her messiest. But this... this had been something else.

So many. All at once. For almost nothing.

She did not flinch. Did not cry. Did not gasp or try to pretend she was sorry. There just... was not anything there. No guilt, no hesitation. Like her conscience had stepped out for a smoke and never come back. The only thing Honey felt was the weight of it in her sole—and a strange, almost fizzy satisfaction tickling behind her sternum.

But the moment passed, and bully mode kicked right back in.

"I told you all," she called out, voice rising over the panic like a hot blade slicing butter, "I *warned* you what would happen if you stayed in my way. Now look."

She turned her ankle just enough to show the crimson arch painted across her heel. Flexed her foot so it popped audibly at the ankle.

"You see this? This is not paint. This is what *happens* when you treat me like a joke."

She brought her hands to her hips, legs wide, posture all commanding Southern majesty, chin tilted just enough to sneer. Her voice dropped low and sweet—like bourbon poured over a coiled snake.

"So here is the deal. You have got twenty seconds. Twenty. That is being *generous*. I could just walk now and let your little meat lottery play out under these pretty feet. But I am in a good mood. For now."

The crowd was still a mess. Screaming, flailing, some running sideways instead of back. It was almost cute, how inefficient panic was.

"Ten," she said flatly. Did not even raise her voice.

A man tripped over a stroller and got trampled by two others. Honey exhaled slowly. No improvement.

"You had your shot," she said with a little shrug. "Now it is on *you*."

And she stepped forward.

Crnchh.

The ball of her foot came down hard and fast, pancaking four people mid-scatter like they were nothing but overripe fruit under a bar stool. Their screams did not even last long enough to echo. Honey felt their squish push up into her arch and barely blinked.

"Oh, sweetheart," she said to no one in particular, "you really should have picked *any* other day to be stubborn."

Another step. A shuffle of movement that was not fast enough.

Spkssshk.

The heel of her other foot caught a young couple that had just started to sprint, and ground them flat into the pavement like old gum. They had been holding hands. Not anymore.

Step. Cracks spiderwebbed under her toes as the concrete sagged from both weight and blood. A group tried diving behind a van. She stepped over it—barely—but planted her foot where they landed.

Spltrrrk.

Their bodies smeared under her sole, joining the dozens now decorating the street in abstract splashes of red and grey.

She stepped again, slow and deliberate, savoring the sensation of people reduced to nothing more than mess and heat underfoot. The rest of the crowd was finally breaking for real—too late, of course. There were always stragglers. Always the ones who could not believe it until they were already under her shadow.

"I told you I was done talking," she said as another crunch popped wetly beneath her. "Now you are going to learn by *feeling*."

And she just kept walking.

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The office floor had been chaos even before the first tremor. Phones were buzzing, texts flying, half the staff gathered around the mounted TV screen that showed a naked titaness parading through the suburbs like she owned the map. Someone had shouted that she was heading downtown. No one believed she'd really *come here*—not this fast.

Then the shaking started.

Not gentle tremors. Not that mild "maybe it's an earthquake" kind of wobble. These were *thuds*. Deep, rhythmic, stomach-churning. Like something enormous was stomping its way directly toward them—and by the fifth or sixth impact, that was not just a theory. It was a certainty.

Screams broke out before they even saw her. Desks toppled. Coffee cups slid off tabletops. Someone vomited in the hallway.

The news anchor on-screen was mid-sentence when the feed went static. And then the light shifted.

At first it seemed like a passing cloud. Then it got darker. And pinker.

No one wanted to say it. But everyone *knew*.

The side of the building facing the street dimmed as something massive eclipsed the sun. The glass windows tinted with polarized coating took on a strange, fleshy glow—pale, blushing, impossibly smooth. People stared. No one moved.

"What is that?" someone whispered, already knowing.

And then the shape *moved*.

Two massive, gleaming curves—each the size of a small building—pressed against the glass. Perfectly round. Smooth. Taut. *Bouncing slightly* with the rumble of her breath. The pressure was slow, sensuous, and completely unstoppable. Some shrieked and bolted for the exits.

But others... did not.

More than a few bodies were frozen near the windows, eyes wide, mouths slack, awe written in every nerve of their posture. One man pressed his face to the glass. Another actually reached out a hand, as if he could touch what was on the other side. As if her breasts were not *larger than the whole floor*.

The building groaned.

And then her hands rose.

Colossal fingers, powerful and elegant, curled underneath the weight of her breasts and *pushed*. The entire view lifted—those twin globes of perfection hoisted higher, swelling against the glass like living monuments of obscene beauty. Her skin flattened slightly with the force, but only just. Even the building's reinforced windows bowed inward, unable to handle the suggestion of what was just outside.

From behind the glass, they could hear it—faint but unmistakable. A sultry hum. She was *purring*. Enjoying the show as much as they were.

And then, for one horrifying, hypnotic moment... her nipples hardened.

Each one bigger than a sofa. Proud, sharp, and unmistakably erect. They jutted forward like missiles made of flesh and challenge.

Someone gasped. Someone else moaned.

"Move!" a woman finally screamed, breaking the spell. "She's going to crush us!"

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Honey was not minding her step anymore. Not really. The street had thinned out—most of the smart ones had scattered, or died trying. But every so often there was a *crunch*, a *pop*, the delightful squish of metal or meat folding under her sole like it belonged there. A sedan folded in half beneath her heel without so much as a flinch. A stray runner vanished under the pad of her toe. She barely glanced down.

She had moved the line. Again. Somewhere along the way, stepping on someone for being in her path had become completely reasonable. She had warned them—*multiple times*. What the hell else was she supposed to do? Wait for permission?

The buildings were getting taller now. Glass and concrete reaching higher, casting longer shadows as the city swallowed its own sunlight. She was heading into downtown. She could feel it in her bones, and in the way the street opened wider, straighter, more dramatic—like a stage unveiling itself just for her.

Then she saw it.

A broad avenue, flanked by towers that rose to her tits, her neck... even her forehead, like they were bowing in reverence. And right at the center of it all—standing just a little *taller* than her—was a boxy, mirrored building. No fancy curves, no spire, just clean vertical lines and hundreds of glass panes glinting in the light.

She stopped.

And in that perfect wall of mirror... she saw *herself*.

The reflection caught her full, dead-on. The chaos behind her—flattened cars, scattered bodies, ruptured pavement—framed her like a mural. A living goddess in the middle of her own ruin.

"Oh... *damn*," she breathed, smiling slowly. "Would you *look* at me."

She took a step closer, watching the ripple of muscle and bounce of her massive, bare breasts with every movement. She raised her hands and slid them up from under those divine orbs, lifting and pressing them together, squeezing slow and deep so they mashed against each other with soft, obscene resistance. Her nipples—already swollen and eager—pressed out into the air like they wanted their own spotlight.

She tilted her body and turned her head, giving the mirrored wall her side profile. Then she arched her back just enough to give herself the view she wanted.

"God... *damn*, girl," she muttered, reaching behind to smack her ass with a satisfying *whump*. The recoil made her laugh. "That thing is out of *control*."

Her hips started to sway. Just a little. At first.

Then more.

She rolled her shoulders, tilted her head, and let one hand slide up her thigh while the other trailed down the valley of her cleavage. She started to move with rhythm—slow, teasing, indulgent. Not for anyone else. Just for the girl in the glass. One leg

bent, her foot flexing as she balanced on the other, grinding her hips forward like a stripper's first slow beat on the pole.

She licked her lips.

Fingers circled her nipple, pinching it between long, strong fingers while her other hand dragged down her stomach, slipping between her thighs. Not quite touching—just grazing. Teasing. Making herself ache.

"Oh, honey, you are a *problem*," she purred, eyes half-lidded.

She bent forward, ass out, breasts hanging heavy and proud, and twerked slowly—controlled, precise, like a giantess performing a lap dance for the gods themselves. She cupped her breasts from below and bounced them gently, then slammed them together with a full-body shake that sent a tremor down the street.

She moaned softly, already flushed, already imagining her own reflection going down on her.

And then—

Movement.

Shadows.

She blinked, paused in mid-thrust, and leaned forward.

Behind the mirrored panels... something shifted.

"Wait," she said, straightening, eyes narrowing with a predatory grin. "This is not a mirror..."

She took a half-step back.

Inside the glass, she could *see them* now. Tiny people. Frozen. Cowering. Staring.

Dozens of them. Maybe more. Packed against the windows, their little eyes wide, jaws slack. Others were shaking, backing away from the glass like that would help. They had been watching her the *whole time*.

She grinned, teeth flashing.

"Well *hi* there, peeping pervs," she said sweetly, brushing her hair back and squeezing her breasts again for their benefit. "Enjoying the show?"

Then she leaned in, slow and deliberate, until her massive, puckered nipple *smeared* against the glass like a kiss from hell.

Honey then straightened up with a slow, sultry roll of her spine, her whole body humming with heat and wicked satisfaction. She craned her head back and laced

her fingers behind it, elbows high, stretching like a goddess caught mid-pose in a billboard ad for divine sin. The weight of her breasts shifted as she pulled her shoulders back, her chest swelling forward, nipples firm and proud—harder than they had any right to be. She inhaled deeply, skin tingling, and strutted forward with a swagger that made the ground tremble.

She charged.

The glass façade barely had time to reflect her intent before her chest made contact. Her hardened nipples *smashed* into the windows first—two thick, unyielding points colliding with reinforced glass like battering rams of flushed pink flesh. *CRKSSHH!* The sound was shrill, piercing, beautiful. Cracks spiderwebbed instantly, racing in every direction like lightning bolts across a mirror. The structure groaned. She pressed harder.

Then—*BOOM*.

The pressure from her impossibly massive breasts caved the glass inward. A moment later, the full weight of her tits followed, forcing their way into the building like an avalanche of warmth and destruction. Honey moaned—deep, low, throaty—her voice reverberating down the avenue as tons of soft, deadly curves surged into the structure.

Inside, chaos erupted.

Furniture snapped like matchsticks. Walls buckled and exploded outward. Cubicles, computers, people—*everything*—was buried under the rolling tide of her chest. Her nipples carved a violent path through drywall, shattering light fixtures and leaving behind trails of crushed humanity and pulverized flooring. She *felt* them under there. Dozens of tiny bodies giving way to the heat and heft of her tits, bones breaking, lungs collapsing, muffled screams silenced beneath warm, jiggling weight.

“Ohhh... *fuck*,” she hissed, biting her lip, hips twitching involuntarily. Her whole body was alive with it.

She lingered there a moment, feeling the slow settling of carnage against her skin. Then, with a playful little twist of her torso and a cheeky grunt, she *yanked* herself back out. Glass and debris clung to her nipples, a few dazed survivors tumbling off her breasts like they had just survived a demolition wave.

She stooped low, peeking into the mangled opening.

“Oof. *Damn*. What a mess.”

It was worse than she expected. The floor was a blood-slick war zone—twisted bodies, office chairs impaled through torsos, a printer still sputtering sparks where

it hung half-out a broken wall. Some people were crawling. Others just lay there, twitching or screaming.

She giggled.

And then—*why not?*—she reared back and shoved her breasts through the same hole again.

CRNNCH. More cracking. The glass left was already broken, but the surrounding structure resisted. Her nipples brushed against jagged edges, and—

BANG.

“Ow—shit,” she winced, flinching just slightly. A sharp sting bloomed right on her left nipple. Sensitive. Too sensitive.

“What the hell was—”

She crouched down, fast, pupils narrowing. Her gaze locked on a speck of movement inside the building—some jackass with a shotgun. He was braced behind an overturned desk, racking another shell like he thought this was a boss fight he could win.

BANG.

Something *popped* against her cheek, just under her eye. She recoiled, more surprised than hurt. It stung like a bitch.

“You little shit,” Honey growled, lips curling into a grin full of heat and venom. “You *shot* me.”

He fired again. The slug hit her cheek this time—barely a flick. It dented her skin for all of half a second before it dropped uselessly to the floor. Seeing the ineffectiveness of it all, the man then dropped the shotgun and bolted.

“Really?” she snapped. “You’re gonna *bruise* a tit and then run?”

She reached in, fingers extended—but people were in the way. Useless little humans, panicked and screaming, swarming around him like ants trying to shield a queen. It slowed her down. Just enough.

He darted through a door and vanished into the stairwell.

“*Fuck!*” she roared, the sound so loud it cracked windows halfway down the block. “You little cockroach—!”

Her hand curled into a fist.

And she *punched*.

The building did not even have time to protest. Her knuckles went through like a wrecking ball on steroids, obliterating two floors in one strike. Desks exploded. Walls caved in. Bodies flung like ragdolls, blood misting the air as her fist plowed through everything—steel supports, concrete slabs, fluorescent lighting, people. All of it. Gone.

She ripped her hand back out with a snarl, shaking off office chairs and broken bodies like she was brushing off dust.

She leaned in to admire her work.

Now *this* was damage.

A gaping hole, ten feet wide, torn through the heart of the building like a shotgun blast from a goddess. Fires had started. People were screaming. Some were still alive—barely. Most weren't.

Honey let out a hot, furious breath, her chest rising and falling with ragged arousal and rage.

"See?" she barked at the few trembling survivors near the jagged edge. "This is what *happens* when you mess with me. I give you a damn show, and you bring a *shotgun*? Do you *understand* what that gets you?"

Then the floor cracked.

Not under her.

Inside.

The structure groaned—a deep, exhausted moan like a tired beast collapsing under its own weight. Dust plumed from the seams. The front wall sagged. A steel beam warped with a deafening shriek and gave way.

"Oh, no, no, no—" Honey backed up instinctively, eyes wide with anticipation.

And then it *collapsed*.

The entire section—several floors of twisted steel, shattered drywall, and still-screaming people—folded inward with a thunderous *crash*. Windows imploded. Beams split. A wave of dust and debris blasted out like a cannon shot, shattering nearby glass and billowing down the avenue in thick, choking clouds.

Honey stepped back, watching the whole thing drop into a pile of rubble and agony.

For just a moment—just long enough for the dust to settle and the last echo of falling steel to fade—Honey stood still.

The wind curled around her legs. Her chest rose and fell slowly, nipples still taut, skin dewy from the rush. But inside, something shifted. Not doubt. Not guilt. Just... awareness. A new line had been crossed. Not with flair. With fury.

She looked down at the ruins in front of her—half a tower reduced to a smoldering, broken carcass of concrete and rebar. Fires danced in the wreckage. Crushed bodies hung over beams like forgotten clothes. Blood streaked across slabs like smeared lipstick. People had *died*. Not five. Not twenty.

Hundreds.

Because she had lost her temper.

Because one tiny asshole had fired a shotgun and nicked her nipple.

Because bullets could not hurt her, but they sure as hell could *piss her off*.

Her jaw clenched.

Her hands curled into fists again, but this time it was different. Slower. Colder.

"I didn't *have* to do that," she muttered to herself. "Could've just walked away. But they *shot* me. After everything I fucking said..."

Her voice rose, loud now—cutting through the smoke and chaos like a thunderclap.

"This is what happens when I get shot!" she shouted, turning her head so her voice bounced off every surface. "You hear me, Benford? I *told* you. I *warned* you. And you did it anyway!"

She turned her attention to the half-collapsed husk in front of her. A survivor moved—barely. Someone was dragging themselves out from under a chunk of wall. Another was coughing, crawling toward a beam like it could protect them.

Honey exhaled. Slow. Icy.

"No more," she whispered.

She stepped forward, the dust parting around her shin like fog around a mountain. Her sole hovered for a beat—shadow swallowing them whole—before she brought it down.

Thmph.

The ball of her foot landed on the crawling man with a muffled crunch. She twisted slightly, grinding her weight down like she was putting out a cigarette.

Another survivor whimpered, frozen in place.

Honey did not speak this time.

She just lifted her foot again.

Schrrrk.

The second one was silent. Snuffed like an afterthought.

Her gaze scanned the wreckage. Not with rage. With clarity.

"I don't need to put up with shit anymore," she said, quiet but firm. "Not from you. Not from anyone. You take a shot at *me*? This is what you get."

She looked back toward the city. And started walking again.

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Inside the command tent, the air was thick with tension and the sour bite of too much instant coffee. The low hum of generators underscored the chatter of officers hunched over satellite images, radio feeds, and frantically updated maps. A monitor displayed a flickering aerial view of the destruction—columns of smoke rising like fingers from the city's chest.

General Malloy stood stiffly near the center table, arms folded, jaw tight. He hadn't spoken in over a minute. He was just *watching*—one eye on the feed, the other on a trembling coffee cup that danced across the plywood surface with every distant tremor.

"Situation report," he barked suddenly. "Now."

An aide, young and pale beneath his buzzcut, snapped to attention.

"She's advancing from the north, about five miles out."

The general turned his head slowly, brows furrowing.

"She's... uh, she's *bigger* than Mrs. Archer. Noticeably. We estimate a hundred feet more, maybe more. She has less regard for infrastructure of human lives. Civilian casualties already estimated in the hundreds. Possibly more."

"Who the hell is she?" Malloy insisted, voice gravel and disbelief.

The aide cleared his throat and looked down at the tablet in his hands, as if double-checking might make it less ridiculous.

"She's been identified as Louise Parker. Gainesville native. Like Mrs. Archer."

The tent erupted in low, incredulous murmurs.

"Should we send troops?" an aide asked.

Malloy observed the images, then the map.

"No need... she's coming here," he said, murmurs erupting again.

"Get ready," Morrison then growled. " And get me Dr. Loeb. Now."

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Honey was not just walking anymore. She was *coming for throats*.

Every step was a statement—deep, ground-splitting, rage-drenched. Her bare feet left bloody prints and shattered pavement like they were scribbles in her wake. Her tits bounced high and angry with every stomp, nipples still stiff, chest still flushed, but her mood? *Nuclear*.

And yet, there they were. Again. Crowds. Thick, slow, *in the way*.

She narrowed her eyes and let out a breath through her nose like a bull about to gore someone.

"Oh, real smart. Real *fucking* smart," she growled, storming toward them, not even bothering to slow down. "I flatten a whole building full of idiots and *this* is your plan? Hang out in the middle of the goddamn road and *hope* I am feeling nice?"

A woman tripped trying to climb over a car. A man shouted for someone. Honey didn't blink.

"You all want to test me today?" she shouted, voice echoing down the street like it had its own gravity. "You want to *poke the bitch with the biggest tits on Earth*? You want to throw a tantrum and see what happens when I throw one *back*? Fine!"

She hit the edge of the crowd. Her foot came down. *CRRNNCH*.

Screams shot up with the splatter. Dozens wiped out beneath the ball of her foot like spilled soda and crackers. She twisted slightly, heel lifting, then slamming back down just to make the point stick.

"*You're the ones who wanted this*," she barked, her voice dripping with venomous glee. "I warned you. I gave you exits. I *tried* being civil. Now? Now I am in a fuck-you mood, and you little shits are just in *my way*."

A car sped by her foot. Without even looking, she lashed out with one perfect, muscular leg and *kicked* it sideways like a toy.

The vehicle cartwheeled through the air, metal screaming, until it slammed into a façade three stories up. Bricks rained down. An entire awning collapsed. Glass burst into a thousand tiny apologies.

She smirked, half-wild, lips parted.

“Aw! Was that someone’s toy?”

She pivoted fast, her wide hips swinging hard—*too* hard. Her ass smacked the corner of a stone-faced apartment complex, *tearing* the edge clean off. The wall cracked down the center like a cartoon, and a whole chunk of balcony plummeted into the alleyway below.

“Oops,” she said, glancing over her shoulder with zero shame. “Built too cheap.”

And then she saw it.

Tall. Skinny. Some architectural dick-measuring attempt at a tower that stretched just above her hairline. A little thing pretending to be big. She tilted her head, lips curling.

“Look at you, trying to stand tall next to *me*. That is adorable.”

Honey marched up and *grabbed* it.

Fingers closed like a steel trap around the top third of the building, glass shattering instantly, lights flickering inside as the people froze mid-run. The structure whimpered under her grip, beams struggling not to snap—and then she *yanked*.

SKRRRRRRHHHHHHHHHHKKKKKK-CRASH!!

The top ripped away with a scream of rebar and office furniture. A hundred things flew: bodies, cubicle walls, some poor bastard’s ficus plant.

BOOOOM.

It landed sideways on another building, crushing it in an instant and burying the street under twisted wreckage.

Honey just kept walking, her thighs dusted in concrete, her grin sharp as hell.

“Now *that* is what I call a skyline upgrade.”

A couple of blocs later, Honey paused.

Just a breath. A beat in the wreckage. Her chest heaved with heat, dust clinging to the slope of her breasts, her pulse still pounding from the destruction. Every inch of her skin was humming, tingling with power and pressure and all that raw,

unapologetic *more*. But inside her head, something flickered. Not soft. Not second-guessing. Just sharp.

This is escalating.

She had always been a bully. The bruiser. The girl who shoved first and smiled after. She liked control. Liked being the one people looked at sideways in a hallway because they *knew* better. But this? This was a whole other stratosphere. And she felt *amazing*.

Still.

The wreckage stretched behind her like a warpath. Rubble, blood, screams that cut off halfway—hundreds, probably. All because of her. Because someone got twitchy with a shotgun and scraped her cheek.

She sucked her teeth, shook her head, and looked down at the crimson-streaked sole of her foot.

"Yeah. Well," she said aloud, voice rising, "*this* is what happens when you shoot at me, assholes. I told you. I warned you. I *fucking* warned you."

The city did not answer. But it listened. She *knew* it listened now.

She took another step—right onto a pile of groaning survivors trying to crawl away.

SSKRRRCHK.

She rolled her foot side to side, casually grinding them into silence, then looked at a nearby building and decked it with one punch. No setup. No warning. Just her fist through plaster, steel, and human terror.

"Oh yeah," she muttered, watching office debris pour out the fresh hole like confetti, "this feels right."

She straightened, cracked her neck, and let the whole damn world *have it*.

"Let me make one thing real fucking clear," she said, hips cocked, voice booming down the street like a gospel from Hell. "I'm *done* being small. I'm done being your little adventure, your photo-op, your 'wow, nice tits' moment. You had your fun. You passed me over. You ignored me. You tried to shrink me into someone easy to manage."

She motioned to her titanic form with both hands.

"Well? *Try* now. Go ahead. Try."

She took a few steps forward, crushing a car that had once held three people. Probably.

"I'm in charge now. And guess what, cuties? I *like* it. I *like* the way you scream when I get close. I like the way glass cracks under my toes. I like the way your buildings shiver when I breathe."

She paused, let that smile bloom again, slow and wide, teasing and cruel.

"Power's a good color on me. Real flattering."

Then she blinked.

Her expression shifted.

"Oh... right."

She rubbed her temple and let out a little huff, equal parts exasperation and amusement.

She was not just here to tease skyscrapers and pop crowds. She *had* a goal. Her eyes scanned the ruined horizon. Benford burned, and somewhere in that smoke was *Nancy*.

Wait a second.

She glanced around at the crumbling skyline, the smoke columns, the scattering crowds like ants after a kicked nest. It all looked like chaos—and less familiar than she'd would have liked.

She had a vague sense of where she was. She was heading in the right direction. Probably. Hopefully. But she didn't really know where Nancy was exactly.

"Ugh," she muttered, planting her foot down with a meaty thud, "I should've paid more attention to the damn street signs."

But whatever. Easy fix.

Honey crouched low, knees spreading wide as her bare thighs eclipsed the street below. The crowd was a swarm of motion, bodies sprinting every which way, but she tracked them easily—flickers of movement, tiny screams, occasional sobs. Her gaze settled on a middle-aged man in a wrinkled polo flailing between a dumpster and an abandoned hatchback.

"Hey, you!" she called out, reaching down.

Her fingers moved like a crane claw—two slow, deliberate digits plucking him up by the torso and lifting him into the sky with the ease of grabbing a Tic Tac. He screamed the whole way up.

Honey held him close to her face, eyes narrowed.

"You from around here?" she asked, her breath gusting across him like a hot breeze.

He just shook his head violently, legs kicking uselessly in the air.

"Too bad," she sighed.

And without another word, she tossed him over her shoulder like a bit of lint. A fading scream followed him into the skyline.

"Next."

Her fingers dipped again, this time snatching up a younger man in jeans and a windbreaker who had just tried diving behind a bus bench. She raised him fast, until he hovered just in front of her eyes.

"Alright, cutie. Same question—Benford native?"

He nodded, wide-eyed, trembling.

Honey's lips curled into a pleased smile. "Good boy."

She stood to her full height, letting the wind rush past him as her hand rose with her.

Then, carefully, she lowered him into her open palm—long fingers curling protectively around him like he was something valuable. Or fragile. Or both.

"You're gonna guide me," she said, her tone casual but firm. "I'm looking for someone. Big. Gorgeous. About my height. Taking a nap, as far as I know."

The man's mouth opened and closed. "You mean... the other giant woman?"

She winked. "Bingo."

He gulped. "Please... please don't hurt me."

Honey's smile didn't fade—it just changed. Darker. Tighter.

"Oh, sugar," she said, sweet as poisoned honey, "I only hurt people who waste my time."

Her fingers flexed slowly around him, not enough to break anything—but enough to send the message.

"And if you *do* waste it?" Her grin widened, eyes flashing. "I'll pull your arms off like the wings off a fly. Real slow. Real messy."

She tilted her head, mock-sympathetic. "So do yourself a favor, handsome—*earn* your ride."

Chapter 20

Inside the tent, the air was heavy with sweat, tension, and the kind of bureaucratic urgency that reeked of fear barely held together with duct tape and protocol.

Hamilton Cobb paced like a caged animal, jaw tight, hands balled into fists at his sides. The flaps of the tent rustled from the commotion outside, and two uniformed soldiers stood watch at the entrance like bouncers with no interest in debate. Not that Hamilton had not tried.

"This is absurd," he snapped, turning on the officer who had just finished securing the canvas shut. "You cannot detain me like this—I have rights. I *demand* to speak with General Malloy."

The officer did not even glance back. "Sir, under Section Twelve-E, civilian security protocol is in effect. You are not authorized to leave this perimeter."

"I signed everything you asked me to sign!" Hamilton shouted, voice rising above the din of radios and rapid-fire orders outside.

"No one's leaving," the soldier replied flatly. "Not with another one headed this way."

Hamilton froze. "Another one?"

He barely had time to process it.

The first *thud* hit like a dropped engine block. Distant, but deep—like it came from the bones of the earth. Then another. Closer.

A subtle, invisible tremor crept up through the soles of his shoes, curling through his legs, coiling in his gut.

Then another *thud*. Closer. Heavier. The tent's support poles quivered. Papers slid across the field table. Somewhere outside, a soldier cursed loudly, and then—screams. The panicked, choked kind. Followed by the hurried pounding of boots against gravel.

Hamilton turned, crossed to the edge of the tent in three fast strides, and yanked the flap aside just enough to see—

And what he saw knocked the air from his lungs.

A shape. A silhouette at first. Towering. Female. Naked. Striding casually through smoke and barricades like she was walking into a pool party.

Then the shape stepped into view, and the daylight caught her face.

Hamilton's spine locked.

He knew that face.

He knew *every inch* of that goddamn face.

Honey Parker.

His voice caught in his throat. All the blood drained from his face.

"Oh fuck."

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Honey crested the last rise of shattered concrete and trampled trees, and what opened up before her was...impressive. Or it would have been, were it not for its ridiculous size.

A full military display—lined up like little green army men in a park that extended for blocks. Trucks. Tents. Sandbags. Soldiers in tight formations with their rifles pointed like they meant something. Above, three helicopters circled her like anxious mosquitoes, blades thumping in uneven rhythm. The sun was starting to set, telling her that she had made it on time, but barely. Spotlights tracked her bare form, tracing the curves of her chest, her hips, her thighs—as if any of it would stop her.

Honey slowed, planted one foot forward with a deep *thud*, and narrowed her eyes.

This was their line in the sand?

"Look at this," she muttered, lips curling with a mix of disdain and delight. "You boys really think this is gonna do anything but get you *flattened*?"

It was pathetic. And it was *pissing her off*.

But even through the absurdity of it—through the toothpick tanks and the nervous bravado—her eyes caught something in the distance. Just past the display, across a web of tents and flashing equipment, surrounded like some captured alien princess from a bad sci-fi flick... there she was.

Nancy.

Her massive form was still, half-reclined in the middle of the clearing like she had been drugged. Soldiers scurried around her like ants around a lioness they thought was sleeping. Maybe she *was*. But not for long.

Honey's pulse kicked harder.

Her jaw set.

"I'm getting to her," she said aloud. "I don't care if I have to *stomp* through a damn battalion to do it."

She looked down at her palm. The tiny man was still there—sitting now, shivering, his arms wrapped around his knees like that would help. His face was soaked in sweat and tears, too paralyzed to even beg anymore.

Honey raised one brow.

"You were useful," she said bluntly. "Good job."

Then she crouched, tilted her hand and dumped him unceremoniously onto the road below. He hit the pavement with a grunt and rolled twice before stopping.

"If I were you, I'd *run*. Things are about to get *messy*."

She did not wait for a reply. Her attention was already back on the wall of soldiers ahead.

Honey stepped onto the field like she owned it. And in truth, she *did*. The wide stretch of grass was flattened under her bare feet with every thunderous stride, and the so-called military formation ahead of her looked more like a live-action toy commercial than anything built to hold her back. Rows of soldiers lined the open park, spaced with strategic precision—tight formations with rifles up and faces locked into some deluded version of discipline. Behind them, trucks idled, helicopters hovered, sandbags stood like useless speed bumps.

She did not pause. She *savored* the approach. Her hips swayed with sultry confidence, each movement measured and deliberate. She was not just walking; she was *performing*—a predator making the most of her entrance. Every ounce of her screamed danger wrapped in sex, rage wrapped in beauty. And still, the army stood there, frozen like they could actually hold this line. Like this was going to go any way but hers.

"Clear the road, boys," she called out, voice low and dripping with venomous honey. "Unless you really want to find out what I do when I'm having a *bad day*." She kept moving, chest proud, eyes hard. "You've got one chance to make the right decision. Move—or I move *through* you."

The hesitation was brief, but it was there. Some soldiers shifted, their boots twitching in the dirt. Some looked up at the helicopters, waiting for orders that would never save them. She almost laughed. They were still hoping someone would step in, tell them to stand down, let them live another few minutes. But orders came anyway—just not the ones they needed.

The first crack of a rifle shot split the tension. Then another. Then the whole line lit up with muzzle flashes. Bullets whipped through the air in a chorus of desperation, and she felt them—tiny stings across her legs, her stomach, the lower slopes of her breasts. Pinpricks. Irritations. Like someone had thrown needles at a freight train.

She stopped, the ground pulsing around her ankles. Her brow furrowed slightly, lips twitching with disgust. “*Really?*” she said, eyes narrowing as she lifted her foot.

With brutal finality, she stepped forward, her sole crashing down on the nearest squad. They had barely started to scream before they were gone. Blood sprayed outward in a burst of warmth and color, limbs snapping under the weight, helmets folding like soda cans. She twisted her foot, grinding it in just enough to make the message perfectly clear.

“Is this what you came up with?” she barked, her voice slicing through the chaos like a blade. “This pathetic little stand? After *everything* you’ve seen?”

She moved to the next group without hesitation, her other foot coming down hard on a second cluster of soldiers who were still trying to reload. The wet crunch beneath her heel sent another wave of horror through the ranks. She smiled darkly, fists clenched at her sides.

“I told you. You can’t stop me!” she boasted.

And then she saw it—lines of smoke streaking toward her from the far treeline. Her eyes snapped up just as the first missile hit. Then the second. Then five more, all within seconds. The impact was staggering. Her arms raised instinctively, bracing as heat and fire exploded against her body. One struck her breast, another her stomach, a third against her shoulder. The shockwaves knocked her backward, her foot sliding into a deep trench left by an overturned tank. Dust rose. Heat flared. For a heartbeat, the world went white.

And when the smoke cleared, she was still there.

Her body glistened with sweat and soot, but not a scratch marked her skin. No blood. No burns. Her chest rose and fell, heavy and alive, and when she looked down at herself—at the smooth, untouched curve of her stomach and thighs—a low, sultry laugh slipped from her lips.

“Oh, you little *idiots*,” she hissed, her voice shaking the earth more than the weapons ever had. “You thought missiles would *do* something?”

She stepped forward again, lips curled, the fire in her eyes burning hotter than anything they had launched. Her foot landed with a *boom* that cracked the pavement under her arch.

"I am *fucking invulnerable*," she shouted, baring her teeth. "I am *done* with warnings."

She raised her voice to the soldiers still standing. "You shoot at me again, and I will *crack this whole damn city in half*! You think you're defending something? Newsflash, boys—I'm not attacking."

Her gaze shifted to the tents and lights in the distance, the sleeping figure of Nancy just barely visible through the floodlit haze.

"I'm here to *help*. And the only thing standing in my way... is *you*."

She took another step, every inch of her glistening, towering fury in motion. "So if you've got a goddamn survival instinct left in those pea brains, now is the time to *run*."

The impact came out of nowhere—a thunderous *crack* as the tank shell slammed dead into her lower ribs, right beneath her breast. It hit like a thrown anvil, folding the air around her in a momentary shockwave, and for a second, Honey staggered back half a step, her torso tensing as the sting bloomed across her skin.

She growled, low and furious. Not from harm—there was no blood, no bruise, not even a mark. Just the sting—and the insult—of it.

Her eyes blazed.

"All right," she said, voice dripping with cold fury, "that's it. I'm *killing* all of you."

Her tone was no longer playful. No longer sultry. It was a sentence, and the city was about to serve it.

She surged forward, ignoring the hiss of small arms fire that tickled her calves and thighs like static. The next squad barely had time to scream before she was on them. Her leg swept out like a wrecking ball—her foot catching a parked Humvee and *launching* it like a soccer ball straight across the field. It spun midair before smashing through a supply tent and tumbling into the trees with a fiery explosion.

Then her foot came down on the nearest group of soldiers, and the park went red.

She felt them fold. Bones snapped. Blood sprayed across her arch. She twisted as she stepped, just to make it messy.

Another tank fired.

It missed.

Honey turned her head slowly, locking eyes with the machine like it had insulted her fashion sense. Her voice dropped to a mocking purr.

"Oh, sweetie... *was that supposed to hit me?*" she cooed, stalking forward across the scarred field.

The tank began to backpedal, treads screaming across dirt and shattered pavement.

"Yeah, that's right. *Run.*"

She caught up in two steps and brought her foot down hard. The tank's armor groaned beneath her weight—sturdy, stubborn—but not invincible. She shifted her stance, bent her knees, and *pressed*. The metal dented. Then crumpled. Then—

POP.

The whole chassis buckled and split with a fiery *boom*, fire curling up the sides as her foot pushed it flat like a soda can under a sledgehammer.

Another tank tried to reverse away from her. She turned and *kicked* it full in the side.

The monstrous machine flipped like a toy, tumbling end over end before landing upside down with a bone-rattling crash. One of its treads snapped off and sailed into the remains of a watchtower.

Then she saw the third.

Honey reached down and *grabbed* it—her fingers curling around its reinforced hull, dragging the full weight of the armored behemoth up into the air like it was made of cardboard. It groaned and buckled in her grip as she *squeezed*, warping steel and snapping bolts.

She twisted the tank in her hands like she was wringing out a wet towel. The turret cracked. Plates bent. And inside, she could feel them—screaming, slamming against the walls, helpless.

She *shook* it once, hard.

That did the trick.

The interior went quiet.

Then, with a wide grin and a flick of her wrist, she *threw* it.

The tank spun through the air like a death frisbee, then smashed down into a retreating column of soldiers with an earth-shaking *crunch*, rolling over them and dragging half the barricade down in its path. The screams that followed were brief.

That was when she felt the sting on her back. Not bullets—*bigger*. She turned just as a helicopter swooped low behind her, guns blazing in a strafing run across her shoulders.

The sting was worse than before. Not damaging, but infuriating.

She spun, eyes burning. Raised her arm. *Swatted*.

Missed.

"*Fuck!*" she shouted, her voice exploding with rage. "You are *really* testing me!"

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Inside the command tent, the air was thick with heat, sweat, and dread. The clamor outside was a muffled, constant thunder—distant explosions, chopper rotors pounding the air, the steady drum of automatic gunfire that sounded more and more like desperation. Inside, screens flickered with grainy footage and live feeds, most of them focused on one thing: *her*.

Honey Parker. The second giantess from Gainesville.

She moved across the field like a storm in slow motion, graceful and deliberate and utterly without mercy. The central monitor showed her tossing a tank like it weighed nothing, the next frame filled with bodies and twisted metal. She was beautiful. She was naked. And she was *killing* them by the dozen.

General Malloy stood at the edge of the table, one hand gripping the rim hard enough to whiten his knuckles. His jaw was clenched, his uniform soaked through beneath the arms.

"How much longer?" he said, eyes not leaving the screen.

Dr. Loeb looked up from the case of equipment he and his team were preparing by the rear flap. His hands were shaking slightly as he finished securing a vial inside a metal cradle.

"We're done," he said, voice tight. "It's stable. We just need to load it into the chopper."

"How long will that take?"

Loeb hesitated. "Maybe ten minutes. Fifteen at most."

Malloy nodded once, just a shallow motion.

A colonel near the radios took a step closer. "Sir. What do we do in the meantime? She's *massacring* us. We've already lost three tanks, and air support can't get close enough to do damage. Our perimeter's broken. Casualties are in the *hundreds*."

Malloy turned his head slowly, eyes hollow but steady.

"Then keep her busy," he said flatly. "We need time. Dr. Loeb finishes that prep and gets it in the air, or we *all* die. Understood?"

The colonel looked like he wanted to argue, but he didn't. No one in the tent did. The silence said it all. Everyone knew what those ten minutes were going to cost.

The sounds of gunfire outside were thinning. The screams were not.

Someone whispered, "God help us."

No one responded.

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Honey thundered across the battlefield, her eyes locked skyward, hair whipping around her face in the rotor wash. The helicopter that had strafed her earlier danced just out of reach, agile and infuriating—its nose dipped and curved, its little frame darting backward every time she got close enough to swing. She swiped once, twice, her enormous hands cutting through the air with hurricane force, but the damn thing flitted away like it *knew* the limits of her reach.

"*Coward!*" she roared, voice cracking over the treetops. "Come down here and fight me like something *squishable!*"

Her bare feet crashed through the remnants of a command post without a second glance—trucks flattened, soldiers pulverized underfoot like mud and straw. She didn't even notice them anymore. Her focus was on the darting machine above, the one that had the gall to shoot her in the back and get *away* with it.

Then—*rattatatatatatatat*.

Another burst, this time from behind. A second helicopter, smaller, faster, zipped in and traced a line of hot lead across her spine. She whirled around with a snarl, fury flashing across her face. This one dodged too, banking hard as she lunged, laughing at her from behind a veil of engine noise.

"*You little flying rats,*" she hissed, "I swear to God I will tear the sky in *half* to catch you."

She planted her feet and swung both arms upward like a child swatting fireflies. The lead chopper twirled out of reach again, graceful and smug, and the second sprayed her shoulder in response, bullets stinging along the curve of her deltoid. Her skin reddened, flared briefly with heat—and then smoothed again. No blood. No break.

They were *annoying*. That was all.

But oh, they made her *angry*.

"I'm *right here*," she shouted up, teeth bared, fists clenched at her sides. "I'm the size of a fucking *mall*! And you're still playin' tag?"

In a flash of frustration, she bent, grabbed a nearby Humvee with both hands, and *hurled* it like a discus at the circling helicopter. The metal monster spun through the air, tumbling violently—too slow. The chopper banked and veered again, avoiding the wreckage by a margin so tight it felt *personal*.

Honey growled low in her throat. "You think that was funny?"

She reached for another projectile—but her eyes caught something else.

A squad of soldiers was retreating through the edge of the park, breaking formation, scattering toward the treeline. Six. No—seven of them.

She smiled.

In two ground-shaking strides, she closed the distance. Her shadow consumed them, and they screamed, but it was too late. Her hand came down like a net, *snatching* them in a single brutal scoop. She could feel them squirming, kicking, clutching at each other. Tiny. Panicked. *Perfect*.

Without thinking, she *threw* them.

A loose scatter of limbs and screams soared upward, tumbling toward the helicopter above like a living shotgun blast. The chopper veered—but not fast enough. Two bodies struck the rotors with a *wet*, metallic *crunch*. One slammed into the cockpit with a splatter. Crimson arced in the air, and a second later, black smoke curled from the engine.

The machine dipped. Wobbled.

Started to fall.

Honey's eyes followed it down, heart pounding. She *moved*, stepping into its path. As it descended, spiraling into her reach, she raised one arm, her hand flat.

"*Gotcha*."

CRACK—KRA-KOOM!

Her backhand connected clean across the tail, sending the damaged chopper spinning into the dirt like a kicked wasp nest. The explosion lit up the sky, metal and flame erupting in a wide, furious blossom.

Honey stood there, breathing heavy, her palm still raised.

A slow smile spread across her lips.

"God," she whispered, chest rising, *"that felt good."*

The second helicopter hovered in the smoke-choked air, suddenly unsure of itself.

Honey saw it waver.

The rhythm of its flight changed—less confident, more jittery. It bobbed slightly in place like a boxer second-guessing their footwork after watching their opponent tear a man in half. She turned to face it fully, still panting from the high of that last explosion, her grin wide and feral.

"Well?" she called out, chest rising with slow, taunting swagger. "Still feeling brave, dragonfly? Or did you finally grow a brain?"

She took a step forward—slow, heavy, predatory.

The chopper hesitated, rotor blades slicing the air like a nervous tick.

"Oh, honey," she cooed, one hand resting on her hip, her other raised in a loose gesture like she might wave. "Come on now... make it *interesting*."

It fired.

A short, angry burst of bullets hit her right shoulder and upper arm, like a wasp trying to sting a god. She flinched—not from pain, but from the sheer *rudeness* of it. Her skin flushed red for a heartbeat, then smoothed again, untouched.

"Tiny fucker."

She moved fast—lunged, swatted, her hand slicing through the air like a meteor. The chopper dipped low, narrowly dodging her strike. Close. Too close.

"Fine," she snarled, crouching now, palm digging into the scorched grass. "You want clever? I can be clever."

She crouched again and her fingers raked through the dirt, dragging up a massive, filthy clump of blackened earth and shattered pavement. It clung together loosely in her grip, thick and heavy like a sponge soaked in ruin.

She rose with a wicked grin, shifted her stance, and *hurled* it.

The dirt spread mid-air like a fan—loose, wide, unpredictable. The chopper tried to bank out of the way, but there was no clean line of escape. The cloud engulfed it, debris hammering against the windshield, rotors, and intakes. A second later, one of the blades clipped, bent, *snapped*.

The helicopter buckled and dropped, tail spinning, engine choking on the storm she had thrown.

It hit the ground hard—*WHAM*—rolling twice before crumpling into a tilted mess of bent metal and smoke. A fire burst through the belly, curling upward into oily black tendrils.

Honey smiled.

She crossed the battlefield with calm, purposeful steps, each one flattening a crater's worth of earth, until she stood over the wreckage. The cockpit glass had cracked, fractured like a spiderweb. She could just barely make out silhouettes inside, tangled, writhing, possibly alive.

Not for long.

With one smooth motion, she lifted her foot and brought it *down*.

SKRRRRSHHHH—KRRRRNCH.

Metal folded. Windows burst. Bones snapped like twigs. The fire flared once beneath her sole, then sputtered and died beneath the pressure of her weight. She twisted her ankle slowly, like she was putting out a cigarette.

She looked down at the smear that had once been a machine and its crew. Her lips curled.

"That's better."

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The interior of the transport chopper rattled with every gust, every shift in air pressure as it hurtled toward the battlefield. Inside, the hum of rotors and the steady *thump-thump-thump* of the engine were overlaid with the unmistakable tension of men who knew they were flying into a war zone—and that they were bringing the only weapon left that might end it.

Dr. Loeb sat hunched over the reinforced container in front of him, both hands braced against the cold steel casing of the tranquilizer control unit. He had secured it himself—sealed every clamp, double-checked every stabilizer. The vial inside glowed faintly under the security lights, the serum shimmering like quicksilver. It was all they had.

He looked up at the open side hatch. Beyond the safety webbing and wind-swept harness straps, the park burned.

They were getting close now.

Below them, the battlefield was a patchwork of ruin—flames flickering, smoke columns choking the skyline. Through it all, there was *movement*. And *size*.

He leaned closer to the opening, fingers digging into the edge of the hatch, and what he saw made his blood run cold.

There she was.

Honey Parker.

Naked, radiant, *titanic*. She moved like a living disaster, striding through broken formations with the ease of a sleepwalker crushing ants in a dream. She was mid-swing now, grabbing what looked like a mangled Humvee and *hurling* it at something offscreen. A second later, an explosion blossomed across the opposite field, smoke and fire twisting skyward.

Loeb stared, unblinking, as she stomped toward a tank and crushed it underfoot—casually, like it was something she had forgotten to step over. Then she *twisted*, her foot grinding the machine to pulp, and the fireball that followed illuminated the blood-spattered sheen of her thighs.

The pilot's voice crackled through the comms. "We're one click out. Hold on."

A second later, the cabin lights flickered and dimmed. Turbulence rocked the fuselage. Loeb exhaled, eyes wide, pulse pounding.

Across from him, the mission captain turned from the front and locked eyes with him.

"Doctor, get ready," the man said, voice clipped and calm. "We're pulling her attention. You've got one shot. Make it count."

Loeb nodded, lips pressed tight. He reached for the control unit, sliding it closer. His hands shook, just a little. Not from fear of flying. From *her*.

Outside, another helicopter suddenly dove low, racing ahead of them. It cut directly in front of Honey's path and opened fire—tracers lighting up the air.

It got her attention.

Immediately.

Honey *whipped* around, eyes blazing. Her expression shifted from amused to *murderous* in an instant. She roared something they could not hear—but they could *feel* it, even from here. The sound rolled up like thunder across the sky.

Loeb's hands gripped the trigger tighter.

This was it.

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Honey was a whirlwind of destruction, and she was *loving* every second of it.

The battlefield was no longer a coordinated defense—it was a slaughter. She walked through it like a storm wearing a smirk, her bare feet painting the earth red with every step. Trucks flipped, soldiers scattered, and she took her time, grinding down survivors with a slow, sultry sadism that made her hips roll and her chest bounce. She toyed with them—winking before stomping, blowing kisses before smashing tanks, dragging her foot through their lines just to watch them scramble and *fail*.

There was no remorse. No pity. No flicker of empathy in her eyes. These little bastards had *shot* her. They had *pissed her off*, royally—and this was her answer. Her full, furious, curvy, unstoppable answer.

Then—another helicopter.

It swept into view from the edge of the horizon, blades slicing hard, guns roaring. Bullets sprayed her side again, across her ribs and hip, another rude barrage of ticklish, annoying pricks.

She *whipped* around. "*Oh my GOD, do you people ever learn?!*" she roared, raising her arm to *swat* the little bug out of the air.

It darted sideways, evading her strike. But she knew the game now. Knew the way they bobbed and weaved. Her hands flexed. Her smile darkened. She was about to try *another* move—

Then something *pricked* her.

Right in the ass.

Her eyes went wide, and she reached back in a single swift motion, fingers curling around the spot.

She pulled something out. Small. Metallic. A dart.

Her breath hitched. Not a bullet. Something... else.

Her gaze snapped over her shoulder—and there it was. Another chopper. Lower. Quieter. Creeping in behind her like a coward.

"Oh *you* sneaky little *bitch*," she growled, eyes narrowing. "Is that how it's gonna be now? Drug the girl from behind?"

She felt something strange. A warmth blooming through her thigh. Her gut tightened.

"Wait," she muttered. "*No*. Oh fuck—*is this what they did to Nancy?*"

Her heart spiked. Anger flared again, full and blinding. She lashed out—kicking a truck into a row of soldiers, stomping a squad in a single brutal pulse, her voice rising in a furious crescendo.

"You're gonna try and *sedate* me?! After everything you've pulled? After *this?!?*"

She was screaming. Furious. But the dizziness hit.

Not hard at first—just a ripple. Her legs swayed. Her balance tilted. She sucked in a breath, trying to center herself. Her vision blurred for a heartbeat—

And then *everything stretched*.

Her feet pressed deeper into the earth, widening, lengthening, her ankles rising fast. Her thighs thickened, her hips surged higher, her breasts swung forward with growing heft and momentum. Her head rocketed upward, rooftops dropping lower by the second.

She let out a sound between a gasp and a moan.

Then she *laughed*.

Loud. Unhinged. Glorious.

"Oh my God," she cackled. "You dumb little shits were trying to *put me to sleep*? That was your plan?! What? Shrink me later?"

She threw her head back and *roared* with laughter. The battlefield stood frozen. Tanks silent. Guns lowered. All of them staring at the newly risen *goddess*, now towering a full hundred feet taller than she had just seconds before.

She was unstoppable before. Now she was impossible.

Her eyes snapped to the first chopper—the same one that had dodged her swats.

Not anymore.

She backhanded it *once*—a simple, effortless gesture—and it exploded midair, metal shrapnel scattering in every direction like it had flown straight into a wall.

The second chopper flinched—banked, turned, tried to flee.

Too slow.

She took two long strides and was *on it*. Her hand clamped down on the tail, yanking it out of its retreat like a schoolkid dragging a desk back into place. The rotors screamed and snapped in her grip, the entire frame buckling in her palm as she *squeezed*.

Inside, the crew screamed. Her fingers crushed through the roof. Her eyes narrowed.

And then she saw *him*.

Curled against the side of the cabin, trying not to be seen, glasses fogged, mouth open in horror.

Dr. Loeb.

Her smile curled. Her grip tightened.

"Well, *well*," she murmured, eyes glinting. "*Look who came to play.*"

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Inside the crumpling helicopter, it was pure chaos.

Dr. Loeb clung to the side rail as the frame *groaned*, twisted, and began to close in on itself. The screams around him were shrill and close, broken by the screech of torn metal and the whine of the dying rotors. The cabin tilted sharply—no sense of direction anymore, only motion and pressure and panic.

Then, through the bent hatch door, something blocked the light.

A single eye.

Very blue. Icy. Huge.

It stared in, unblinking, and Loeb felt it like a spotlight on his soul. He knew—instinctively—that all of her attention had just zeroed in on *him*.

The metal groaned louder. The chopper jerked violently in her grip, tossing him across the floor like a ragdoll. His shoulder slammed into a bulkhead, then the wall,

then something soft—another crew member, maybe—before another *twist* sent him skidding into the footwell.

He was inside a tumbling blender of shrieking steel and terror. Time stretched. Sounds warped.

Then—*impact*.

A burst of heat. Noise. A pressure wave.

Then quiet.

And something soft beneath him.

He blinked, sucking air back into his lungs, ears ringing. His limbs trembled. Smoke burned in his throat. For a moment he was sure he was dead—or unconscious—floating inside some padded dream.

Until the light shifted.

He looked up.

And *everything* was her.

Honey Parker's face filled his entire world. Her lips alone spanned wider than the chopper cabin. Her breath—*warm, thick, sweet and sharp like peppermint and gasoline*—ruffled his hair and skin. Her nostrils flared gently as she exhaled, and her voice—low, amused, *colossal*—rattled straight through his ribcage and into his spine.

"Well, hey there, little doctor," she purred.

Her blue eye narrowed slightly.

"Still playin' with needles?"

Dr. Loeb coughed hard, doubling over slightly as the rush of warm air from Honey's nose washed over him like the breath of a furnace. His chest ached. His ears still rang. His mind was clawing its way out of shock.

His vision swam. Everything was light and heat and the overwhelming *presence* of her.

He croaked out the only words his brain could manage.

"Wh-what... how... where..."

Honey's lips curled into a smirk that could have melted steel.

"Aww," she cooed, drawing out the vowels like she was tasting them, "you poor little thing. Still rebooting?"

She tilted her head slightly, those piercing blue eyes narrowing with something between amusement and predation. "Well, sugar, let me help you out. The rest of the chopper? *Gone*. Messy little pop, not worth keeping. *You*, though... now *you're* interesting."

Loeb blinked slowly. "How?" he breathed.

"Ohhh," she said with a grin, "*that's* what you're asking. You mean this?"

She used her free hand to wave at herself, a *giant woman* who should not exist.

"Aliens," she said breezily, like she was commenting on the weather. "Just like Nancy."

Loeb shook his head weakly. "That's... impossible..."

She laughed—*deep*, chesty, cruel. Her voice thundered through him.

"Tell that to the little soldiers I turned into roadkill, Doctor."

He winced. "You didn't... need to kill them..."

"Oh, *please*." Her tone sharpened like a knife wrapped in silk. "What would *you* do if a bunch of angry ants started biting you while you were having a nice relaxed picnic? You gonna talk to 'em? Offer 'em a peace treaty?"

He stared at her in horror, the implications crawling across his face like cold sweat.

She leaned in closer.

"What the fuck," she asked, voice low and dangerous, "was in that needle?"

He hesitated. That was a mistake.

Her fingers closed slightly, suggestion what would happen if he did not do as told. "*Answer me.*"

He swallowed hard. "A tranquilizer," he said quickly.

"Same shit that brought Nancy down?" Honey asked.

He nodded carefully. "Your... your mass is greater. It had to be recalibrated."

Honey's expression shifted—thoughtful, amused, and a little too smug.

"Well," she said, glancing down at the landscape beneath her feet, "funny thing. It didn't knock me out, Doc."

He opened his mouth, but she cut him off.

"Nope. You know what it *did*?"

She lifted her chin, the smile curling wide.

"*Made me bigger.*" She gave a mock gasp. "Can you believe that?"

He stared, frozen.

She nodded to herself. "Aliens. They must've seen this one coming. Guess they tweaked a few things." Her grin sharpened. "How considerate."

Dr. Loeb's face had gone pale—paler than she thought a man could get without passing out. His lips were trembling, his legs were shaking.

And now, he was staring down a living skyscraper with the voice of a flirt and the appetite of a war machine.

"P-please," he stammered, his voice barely audible over the wind. "Please... don't kill me."

Honey raised one brow, her giant, blue eye glinting with amusement.

"Got any other tricks up your sleeve, Doctor?" she asked, her tone mock-sweet.

Loeb shook his head with frantic urgency. "No. No! That was it. Just the tranquilizer. I swear."

She leaned in.

"Well, *good*. Because that only leaves one little issue, doesn't it?"

His breath hitched.

"You tried to take me out."

"It was just to sedate you," he said quickly, eyes darting. "Only to make you sleep—nothing else!"

She scoffed. "Whatever."

Her smirk sharpened. Her fingers flexed again, making his fleshy cage tighter.

"See, Doctor, I'm *not* in a generous mood today. You all *earned* this attitude. So tell me... what can you possibly do for me that would stop me from shoving you *straight up my ass?*"

Loeb's throat bobbed. He was shaking.

"Anything," he whispered hoarsely. "Whatever you want. I'll do whatever you say."

She tilted her head, considering that. Then her smile widened.

"Good. Let's start simple. Nancy. How long until she wakes up?"

He blinked, caught off guard. "What?"

"*Nancy Archer*, genius. You said it was the same stuff. So how long's she gonna be out?"

He licked his lips. "Twelve hours. Maybe a little more."

"Twelve hours," Honey repeated, rolling the words over her tongue. "*Damn*. That's a long nap."

And then her eyes lit up.

"Ooh. *Wait*."

She leaned in closer.

"Where's Harry?"

Loeb's expression tightened. "I—I'm not sure if I—"

Honey's eyes narrowed. "Don't play with me."

He caved immediately. "He's in the base. The main camp. He's... under guard with the rest."

Honey grinned.

"Well well. *Look* at that."

Loeb opened his mouth to say something else, and then flinched as he realized what had slipped out.

"Wait—who else is there?"

He went quiet. Too late.

Her smile sharpened again, this time with something darker underneath.

"Who else, Doc?"

He sighed. Defeated.

"Hamilton Cobb. He's in the camp too."

"Oh, *really*?" Her voice dropped into a delighted purr. "*Now* that's interesting."

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Hamilton Cobb was running.

Not well, not fast—just *running*. His suit was torn, sweat clung to every inch of him, and his legs felt like lead, but none of that mattered. The tent had been chaos—screams, alarms, command officers scattering like kicked over pawns—and for the first time since all of this had begun, the guards were gone. The perimeter was breaking. The monster was winning. And Hamilton, with years of boardrooms behind him and not a single jog, sprint, or even power-walk to his name in over a decade, was trying to outrun the end of the world.

Around him, the ground shook in rolling waves, each *boom* followed by plumes of smoke or the crunch of something large and mechanical being torn apart. Craters split the field like torn skin. Soldiers screamed and vanished under dust clouds. Trucks exploded. Helicopters crashed. Some poor soul flew past him midair, flung like trash from some invisible catastrophe.

Above it all, *her* voice echoed.

It rolled across the field like thunder, deep and mocking, huge enough to vibrate in his chest. “Aww, was this supposed to *stop* me?”

It was her.

Honey Parker.

She was still here. Still moving. Still *alive*—no, *thriving*.

Hamilton's breath was ragged, his lungs seizing. He pushed himself forward, over a collapsed tent, past the cratered remains of a tank, trying to aim for the distant outline of the city. If he could just reach the outer streets, find a car, a sewer grate, a dumpster, *anything*, maybe he could disappear.

And then she moved.

He *felt* her before he saw her—each step a seismic report, a pulsing wall of air and shock and inevitability. The ground shook so hard he stumbled forward into a roll, gravel tearing his elbow open. He looked up—

She was *closer*.

“Oh God—oh fuck—”

He pushed himself up and started running again. His legs ached. His knees screamed. Every muscle in his body wanted to give out, but he couldn't stop. Not now.

BOOM.

A group of soldiers twenty feet ahead of him vanished under a descending foot, flesh and uniforms mashed into the ground like spilled paint.

BOOM.

Her other foot crushed a parked jeep mid-recoil, sending metal and glass spraying into the air like confetti at a funeral.

And then—*darkness.*

Her shadow fell over him.

“No,” he muttered, legs wobbling. “No no no no—”

He ran harder, flailing now. There was no dignity left, no direction, just primal fear clawing its way through his chest.

And then he heard it. Her voice. Loud, delighted, unmistakably amused.

“Well, *look who’s here.*”

Massive fingers, streaked with dirt and blood and dust, descended like cranes. He screamed—actually screamed—as the tips of her thumb and index finger pressed into the dirt on either side of him.

Then the earth dropped away.

The pressure clamped around his torso—immense, firm, careful in the cruelest way—and he was *plucked* from the ground like a leaf.

Up, up, *up*—his arms flailing, suit coat ripped, the earth shrinking beneath him.

And then he was level with her face.

She was smiling.

Not kindly. Not mercifully.

He swallowed hard.

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Honey stormed toward the command camp with fire still burning in her chest.

The ground beneath her feet didn’t stand a chance—each step crushed supply crates, medical stations, and the unlucky squads that hadn’t managed to scramble fast enough. She didn’t even slow down. Her toes rolled over fleeing soldiers like they were loose gravel. Her heel flattened a comms tent into fabric mush and screaming pulp.

The camp spread wide before her like a little ant colony in full panic. Tents flapping. Jeeps stalling. Soldiers yelling over each other in a mess of barked orders and rising terror. It was cute—how fast command structure melted when the monster stepped out of the smoke.

Honey stepped *into* the chaos.

Her foot came down on another pair of soldiers mid-sprint, smearing them across a pile of ammo crates that detonated with a delayed *pop*. Her other foot landed directly on top of a parked jeep, flattening it like a toy beneath her arch. She *felt* the engine block crack beneath her heel and *loved* it.

Then she dropped low—crouching into a deep catcher's squat, her elbows resting lazily on her knees, bare thighs flanking the wreckage as she settled into her position like a predator with time to kill.

She watched them.

So *many* of them. Tiny little humans scrambling like insects under a glass dome. Officers, aides, medics, techs—yelling, tripping, trying to look useful while simultaneously trying not to *die*. Her gaze swept slowly across the scene. One breath, and she could snuff them all. Just drag her arm once through this knot of life and scatter their limbs across the pavement.

And she *wanted* to.

She really, really did.

But then... her eyes narrowed.

A shape. A movement. A suit, not a uniform. Someone not running fast enough.

She leaned in.

Squinted.

And then—recognition.

"Well, *look* who's here," she said, grinning wide.

Hamilton *fucking* Cobb.

Her voice thundered over the camp, making the men below freeze like mice under an owl's shadow.

Before he could get far, before he could even turn—

Her fingers descended.

Two perfect, immense digits, dainty only in contrast to the *colossal* power behind them, pinched gently around his tiny, struggling frame. His arms flailed. She was already lifting him, already rising.

Honey stood back to her full, glorious height, holding her new prize like something interesting she'd found in the dirt. Her smile was smug, dangerous, and very, *very* pleased.

"Oh, Hamilton. This is gonna be *fun*."

He was trembling. Not metaphorically—*physically shaking* in Honey's grip, limbs quivering, breath stuttering, the full weight of her attention pressing down on him like a vice. His tie had come loose, his once-pristine suit soaked in sweat and dirt, and his face had drained to a shade just shy of paper.

Honey held him between her fingers like a tiny, overpaid candy bar. Her lips curved upward in a grin that was all teeth and promise.

"Aww," she purred, voice rolling out in that playfully cruel tone, "look at you... shaking like I just caught you in the girls' locker room."

Hamilton tried to speak, but only a pitiful rasp came out.

She leaned in, her enormous, beautiful face looming closer, her breath washing over him like a humid breeze laced with threat.

"Go on, Hammy. Ask your big, terrifying ex-mistress what she's doing here."

"What are you *doing*?" he croaked at last, barely audible.

Honey raised an eyebrow. "Funny you should ask. I'm here to help Nancy."

Hamilton blinked like she had spoken in another language. "What?"

"I know," she said, voice mock-sweet, "not what you expected. I've been horrible to her. *Everyone* has. I fucked her man, trashed her behind her back, helped you lie to her face... even conspired to have her killed. Hell, I've been about as bad to her as anyone *could* be."

She looked past him for a second, eyes drifting toward the tents where Nancy still slept under sedation.

"But at least I saw her. Saw *who* she was. That's more than I can say for you or that walking sweat-stain you married her off to."

Her eyes returned to him, sharp again. "I know you both. You and Harry. Two sides of the same filthy coin."

Hamilton swallowed hard. "Please... Honey... don't hurt me—"

"Oh, *now* you're polite?" she laughed, loud and cutting. "You only care about yourself, Cobb. You always have. When Nancy screamed for help, you sent her to *shrinks*. When she started to grow, you called *doctors*. When she *stood up*, you told everyone she was *sick*. That's how much you loved her."

"I—"

She cut him off with a flick of her wrist, making him dangle a little higher, legs kicking in panic.

"But I've got a real simple question for you now, sweetheart."

Her tone darkened, silky and slow.

"Where's Harry?"

Hamilton blinked, stunned. "What?"

She narrowed her eyes. "Don't make me repeat myself."

"I—I don't—"

Honey's smile vanished.

"I *will* shove you up my ass, Cobb. And not even a *whimper* will make it back out. Isn't that how you liked it? Tight, selfish, silent?"

He blanched. He was overwhelmed. Her words, her size, her *absolute control*—it cracked through whatever pathetic defense he had left.

He lifted one trembling arm and pointed.

"T-The medical tent... he's there. Last I saw, he was there."

Honey looked toward the camp and quickly found a tent marked with a red cross. A grin slowly spread across her lips.

"Knew I could count on your selfish little heart," she said, pleased. "You always were good at looking out for number one."

Her fingers tightened just slightly. "Shame you're not number one anymore."

"What are you going to do to me?" Hamilton gasped, his voice small and cracking under the weight of her colossal fingers.

Honey tilted her head, as if she barely heard him over the roar of the camp dissolving beneath her feet. Her expression didn't shift. Her patience had already expired.

"Shut up," she muttered, flicking her gaze away from him like he was lint on her shoulder. "I've got *work* to do."

And with that, she strode across the camp, her legs slicing through clouds of dust and smoke, her footfalls like bombs. The chaos was far from over—soldiers were still running, trying to regroup, dragging wounded between smoldering tents. Honey didn't care. Every other step crushed another cluster of bodies, another useless resistance. She stepped *harder* out of spite, the wet crunch of helmets and screams beneath her soles making her lips twitch in satisfaction.

She found the medical tent easily—bigger than the rest, built up around reinforced poles and stacked supplies. She crouched down with practiced grace, the trembling earth going quiet under the shadow of her hips, and pinched the canvas awning between two fingers.

It tore like tissue.

Her heart *leapt* when she saw him.

Harry.

Pale. Bandaged. Strapped to a stretcher. Surrounded by a handful of medics and aides now frozen mid-action. One screamed. Another bolted. Harry—of course—just screamed.

"Oh, *there* you are," Honey purred, her voice syrupy and high, vibrating the entire tent like thunder through a glass cage.

With her free hand, she reached in.

One flick sent a medic flying across the floor like a ping-pong ball. Another skidded under the tent wall, wailing. Honey's fingers curled under the stretcher and *lifted* it, smooth and careful. Harry yelped as the whole frame rose in the air, shaking in her grip. She flattened her palm, set the stretcher gently across it... then *dropped* Hamilton next to him without fanfare.

The two men stared at each other—Harry in horror, Hamilton in stunned silence.

Honey looked down at them, her expression glowing with glee.

"Hi, Harry," she cooed.

He screamed again.

"Oh hush, I'm not gonna kill you. Yet. It's just *so good* to see you after you left me there to get ripped apart by your giant wife. Remember that? You ran. Left me to die."

Her grin stretched wide. "Too bad she *didn't*. Turns out me and Nancy? We're friends now."

Harry's jaw dropped. "What—what are you *talking* about?"

She laughed—*hard*. The sound rolled across the camp, drawing heads even from fleeing soldiers.

"Oh, baby. She saw *right through* you. Through all your little lies, your fake concern, your limp excuses. She's so much better than you. And I *like* better."

She stood to her full height, the wind kicking around her knees, the two men shaking on her palm like toys at a judgment ceremony.

Harry finally found his voice again. "What—what are you going to do to us?"

Honey tilted her head. Her expression softened just a little—dangerously close to affectionate.

"Oh, nothing," she said lightly. "I'm just *saving* you..."

Her smile sharpened.

"...for Nancy."

Honey's footsteps pounded across the burning remnants of the camp, slow and thunderous, each stride echoing like a countdown. Around her, fires crackled, smoke spiraled upward, and what remained of the military scrambled in hopeless retreat. But she was no longer interested in them. She had her prize—*both* of them—and she was ready to finish this damn chapter.

She approached the center of the clearing, the makeshift facility where Nancy's unconscious form still lay in a shallow cradle of floodlights, wires, and desperate science. The very sight of her made Honey's breath hitch—not in fear, but in awe. Nancy, as colossal as she had been, looked barely the size of a little child to her, now—maybe half her own size.

Honey crouched down next to her friend's titanic body and exhaled, grounding herself in the moment. Then, she opened her fingers and lowered the tiny men in her hand—Harry, squirming and silently panicking, and Hamilton, too stunned to do anything but blink. She scanned the area, found a battered troop truck nearby, and carefully dropped them inside like dropping pills into a cup.

"You boys stay *right there*," she said sweetly, then slipped the entire truck into the upper fold of Nancy's golden tarp top, lodging it securely between her massive breasts.

"Front-row seat to redemption. Or payback. Or both."

Then, with slow reverence, Honey slid her arms under Nancy's limp frame. It was like lifting a sun-kissed statue—taller than buildings, yet somehow light as a doll in

her embrace. Her strength hummed beneath her skin, her hands steady, cradling Nancy with a tenderness no one would've expected from her minutes earlier. Nancy's skin was warm, her breath slow and deep. She didn't stir.

Honey stood, towering above the camp now, a living monument holding something far greater than herself. And just as the wind shifted and her hair blew across her cheeks, *the sky lit up.*

Gasps erupted from below—what little of the crowd remained. Soldiers looked up, civilians froze, and phones were raised from the edges of the destruction. *Everyone saw it.*

A saucer. Massive, metallic, silent, its underbelly glowing with shifting rings of light. It hovered above them, impossible and majestic, casting the battlefield in blue and violet. Its presence swallowed the stars.

Then a beam descended—a *wide, humming column of light* that engulfed both women entirely. The earth trembled. Debris shifted. Hair lifted in the static pull of its gravity. Honey squinted up at it, her grip on Nancy firm but gentle.

There was no warning, no voice from the sky.

And then, with the soundless grace of a god plucking its chosen, *they vanished.*

The saucer ascended, slow at first, then faster. Within seconds, it was a blur above the clouds, and then nothing but the memory of its light. The field it left behind was quiet, scorched, and empty.

Nancy Archer and Honey Parker were gone.

Epilogue

The hiss of escaping pressure was the first thing Harry heard, followed by the soft *glurp* of receding liquid. His eyelids twitched. Light—clean, bright, artificial—poured into his vision as the pod's translucent shell retracted with a quiet click. He gasped, coughing instinctively, even though his lungs felt clear. His muscles didn't ache. His ribs didn't burn. He sat up quickly, too quickly, eyes wide as he realized—

He felt *fine*.

Two men in pristine white jumpsuits stood at either side of the pod, their expressions unreadable. One of them extended a hand. Harry took it without thinking, letting them help him out. The floor was soft under his bare feet, like rubber and gel had a child. His legs moved smoothly. His spine didn't even creak.

"Where... what is this?" Harry croaked, looking down at himself in disbelief. Not a scratch. Not a bruise. His voice, though strained, was steady.

"You'll get your answers soon enough," said one of the men flatly.

Harry narrowed his eyes. "That's not good enough. I want answers *now*. I want to know what's going on, who you work for, where the hell I am—"

The men said nothing more. One of them simply turned and gestured to a glowing green archway across the room. The door beneath it pulsed gently, waiting. Neither of the jumpsuited men made any move to restrain him. They stepped away, silent.

Harry blinked at them, then at the door, then back. "*And some damn clothes!*" he snapped.

Still nothing.

He cursed under his breath and crossed the strange chamber, the door sliding open with a whisper as he approached. What lay beyond stunned him: a windowless apartment suite, wide and sleek, outfitted like a high-end hotel suite on some kind of luxury cruise ship. Light flowed from seamless panels in the walls and ceiling. A walk-in closet held rows of jumpsuits in varying colors—slate gray, emerald green, sapphire blue. A long shelf held pitchers of water and juice, bowls of fruit, sealed food containers.

He ate. He drank. Slowly at first, then ravenously. It had been... he didn't know how long. His mind buzzed with questions, too many to track. But his body? It was humming. Like it had been repaired, rebuilt from the inside out.

Eventually, curiosity dragged him to the sleeping area. The bed was large, firm but welcoming, the covers crisp and smooth. He sat down, then laid back, letting the cushions embrace him.

That's when the entire room shook.

He bolted upright as the floor shifted under him with a gentle but massive *jolt*. It wasn't an earthquake. It was something else—something heavier, deliberate. Like the whole room had been *picked up*.

Then—*light*. Blinding white light above, as the ceiling *peeled away*, retracting in segments like petals of a flower.

And then...

A face.

A face the size of a billboard, filling the sky above him. Towering cheekbones. Full lips, parted in a knowing smirk. A single blue eye twinkling with both curiosity and power.

"Nancy."

She looked down at him like a girl peering into a dollhouse.

"Well," she said, her voice rich and impossibly vast, *"look who finally woke up."*

Harry's breath caught in his throat. For a moment, all he could do was stare up at her. At Nancy. Except she wasn't the Nancy he remembered. Not even close.

She was *massive*. Larger than before. Larger than anything human. Her face alone filled the entire opening above him, but it was the look in her eye that froze him solid—warm, amused, *dangerously calm*. And that smile... like she'd just stumbled across a childhood keepsake. Not a husband.

"Nancy?" he said, his voice dry, cracking. "What the hell is—where am I?"

"Oh Harry," she said with a breathy little laugh, her voice rumbling through the air like thunder filtered through silk. "You're on the spaceship, of course. We've got so much catching up to do."

He gaped, sputtering. "What does that *mean*?"

But she didn't answer—not with words. Her gaze flicked down, playful. "Hold still."

Before he could even process what was happening, two golden fingers descended—immense, graceful, and terrifying. Her nails shimmered with a faint red polish, but it was the size that truly overwhelmed him. Each finger was longer than his body. Way

longer. Just a single pinch, and she had him. Plucked from the floor like a piece of lint.

"Careful now," she murmured, carrying him effortlessly across a chamber that seemed to stretch forever. The scale of it was incomprehensible. Lights hummed. Alien curves gleamed in muted golds and silvers. And then came the bed—if you could even call it that. It was the size of a stadium.

She was wearing a satin robe, sheer and glimmering like melted gold. It slipped around her curves like it worshiped them, draping off one shoulder and catching on the swell of her hips. When she reached the bed, she lowered Harry gently—if deliberately—onto the smooth, padded surface, then gave him one last smirk.

"Stay there."

She rose to her full height, hair cascading behind her like a living curtain of blonde silk. Then, with slow, teasing fingers, she undid the tie at her waist.

The robe fluttered open.

It slid off her body, pooling at her feet.

She stood there—*naked*, glowing, impossible. Her breasts swayed slightly with her breath, each one bigger than a tank. Her abs caught the light like carved stone. And between her thighs...

Harry stumbled backward, his mind fighting every instinct to flee and failing.

Nancy stepped forward, slowly, luxuriously, each step reverberating through the bed like a seismic wave. "Make room," she purred.

He tried. It didn't matter.

She was already lowering herself, lying down beside him—if "beside" could describe the way her body *dwarfed* him. She didn't ask. She didn't *need* to. With two fingers, she slid him closer, positioning him exactly where she wanted.

"There," she whispered. "Much better."

Nancy stretched out on the titanic bed, propping herself up on one elbow. The motion alone caused a ripple in the mattress beneath Harry, sending him stumbling awkwardly as her mile-long hair spilled around her like liquid gold. She watched him flail with a soft, satisfied smile—head tilted, blue eyes glowing with mischief and something deeper. Something final.

"You know, Harry," she said, her voice like a velvet avalanche, "I've been thinking."

That alone made him flinch.

She chuckled. "Our marriage? It's really not working. I mean, you cheated on me. With several women. The last one being Honey Parker—who, by the way, has a *very* distinct memory of your bedroom habits."

Harry opened his mouth, stammered. "I... that's not..."

"Shh." One finger lifted lazily and tapped against the air. "Let me finish."

He swallowed hard.

"And then there was the little side project with Daddy dearest," she continued, drawing slow, invisible circles in the air with her finger. "Trying to sign my inheritance away? Clever. Sneaky. *Vile*. But not exactly shocking. You two were always a match made in hell. And then, when all that failed—when I got too big to control—you tried to *kill* me."

Her eyes narrowed slightly, but her tone stayed sweet. "I just don't think that makes for a very healthy relationship."

Harry's mouth moved. No words came out. Just breath and fear.

Nancy grinned and rolled her shoulders, her body stretching luxuriously beside him like a sleeping deity. "So I've been forced to reevaluate things," she said. "Which brings me to us."

He finally managed something audible: "Are you... are you dumping me?"

The laugh that escaped her was light and melodic, but sharp enough to slice through steel. "*Dumping* you? Oh, no, Harry. I'm *keeping* you."

His blood drained.

"Just not as my husband. Not in the traditional sense." She lifted her massive fingers and mimed a tiny set of quote marks. "You never treated me as an equal anyway. So this feels... appropriate."

She extended a finger and nudged him gently—yet firmly—backwards on the mattress, watching him tumble like a loose marble. "That's what you are now. Compared to me. A marble. A talking little stress ball."

"No, I—I never meant—Nancy, you're not thinking clearly—"

She just smiled.

"Oh, I'm thinking *very* clearly. In fact, I think this is the clearest I've ever been."

He kept babbling, denying, flailing through half-formed sentences. She didn't interrupt this time—just waited, expression soft, letting him burn out his panic like a candle guttering in wind.

When he finally slowed, gasping, Nancy tilted her head. "You have a lot to learn, Harry. And lucky you, I'm an excellent teacher."

Her fingers came down again, scooping him up with practiced ease. She brought him close to her face—close enough to feel her breath against his body, warm and fragrant like spring wind.

"I'm going to keep you," she murmured. "As a pet. A *special* pet. You'll sleep in silk. Eat scraps from my fingertips. But let's be very clear, darling—" her voice hardened slightly, just a flicker of steel under satin, "—you're still the same treacherous little parasite you always were. And I haven't forgotten that."

He began to protest again, but she rolled her eyes.

"Harry, please. You're lucky you're getting *this*. If our positions were reversed... oh, wait. You would've sold me, shrunk me, and left me in a shoebox."

She smiled again.

"I'm just more generous than you ever were."

Harry's voice was small—almost pitiful now—as he sat huddled in her palm, trying to anchor himself against the slow sway of her fingers. He looked up at her colossal face with wide, pleading eyes, still trembling from the string of humiliations and revelations.

"Where... where are you taking me?" he finally asked, the words catching in his throat. "Which planet are we going to?"

Nancy let out a soft, amused chuckle that rolled through her chest and vibrated up her throat like distant thunder.

"Oh, Harry," she said, tilting her head just slightly, a cascade of golden hair shifting across her shoulder. "Why are you assuming we're going to another *planet*?"

Her smile widened, dimpled and deliciously wicked.

"You still think too small."

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Hamilton stood on the edge of the shelf, arms crossed tight over his chest, though it did nothing to stop the chill creeping through his bones. The room around him pulsed with soft alien light, sterile and luxurious all at once—an unsettling blend of warmth and otherness. No windows, no clocks. Just curves, chrome, and quiet.

Except for the hiss of a pressurized shower beyond a frosted glass door. Steam curled outward in slow ribbons.

He muttered curses under his breath, trying to puzzle out the nightmare. Abducted. Shrunk. Caged on a high ledge like a decorative souvenir. Every instinct in him screamed that this couldn't be real. And yet—

The door slid open.

Through the thick steam, a silhouette emerged—first the outline of hips, wide and swaying with thoughtless grace. Then a waist that narrowed like an hourglass drawn by a god, and breasts—he blinked, swallowed—breasts so large and perfectly shaped they seemed sculpted, high and commanding even as droplets rolled down them.

Honey Parker stepped into view, toweling off her dripping curves with infuriating leisure. Every movement seemed designed to taunt the laws of physics... and him. Her dark hair clung damply to her shoulders, her skin glowing from the heat. She moved like someone who owned the space. Who knew exactly what effect she had on anything foolish enough to look.

She turned—and walked straight toward the shelf.

Hamilton took a step back, but it didn't matter. She stopped just inches from him, her chest level with his perch, and casually paused. One nipple, still slightly damp, loomed like a warm-pink moon in front of him. He could feel the heat radiating off her skin.

She didn't speak. Not right away. She just *stood there*, letting him squirm.

Then, with a soft, sultry tilt of her head, she leaned in and peered at him like a naughty girl spotting a spider in her jewelry box.

"They tell me you're not eating," she said, her voice deep and honeyed with mischief. "What's the matter, Hammy? No appetite left?"

He clenched his fists. "Where am I? What the hell is this? I demand answers."

Honey rolled her eyes and gave a low, amused hum. "Oh, you're right where you've always belonged. At the mercy of the people you spent your whole life stepping on."

"That's absurd," he snapped. "You're not—this is *insane*."

"Uh huh." She grinned. "You're just mad that the world got bigger and you didn't." Her eyes glinted. "Well. *I* did."

He opened his mouth to fire back, but she was already done listening.

"See," she said, stretching luxuriously, "this whole giantess thing? Turns out it makes me horny as *hell*. And now that the running, stomping, smashing is outta the way, I finally get to... unwind."

She reached up to a higher shelf Hamilton hadn't even noticed before, fingers wrapping around something long and glinting—train-sized, sleek, and unmistakably *alien*. The thing buzzed softly as she plucked it from its cradle.

"The aliens are so creative," she purred, holding it up for him to see. "Flexible, multi-speed, pressure-reactive... They even put little lights on it. Isn't that cute?"

Hamilton's face twisted in disbelief. "You—you can't be serious—"

"Oh, hush," she said, waving him off with a lazy finger. "You always *did* love to look."

With a wink and a roll of her hips, she turned toward the bed—gargantuan, silky, slightly glowing under the ceiling lights. She climbed onto it with all the grace of a goddess descending into her temple. Her body moved with serpentine ease, and the moment her knees sank into the mattress, a soft tremor traveled up the shelf where Hamilton stood.

She stretched out, the toy gleaming in her hand, casting a wicked smile over her shoulder.

"Feel free to watch. Or don't. Either way, I'm about to enjoy myself."

And with that, she sank deeper into the bed, her body curving like a cat in sunlight, fingers trailing down her inner thigh as her dark laughter echoed softly through the chamber... just before the lights dimmed to a sultry amber.

He had lost track of time. Curled up like a pill bug, Hamilton squeezed his eyes shut and buried his face between his arms, but it made no difference. The low hum of the room was drowned out by the all-too-human sounds echoing from the massive bed—gasping moans that rattled the air like thunder, a rhythmic squeaking that grew louder and faster, and the occasional thud of something... enormous... shifting against a mattress the size of a warehouse.

He didn't dare look. He didn't want to. But he also couldn't stop hearing it.

Then, all at once, the room's lighting shifted—soft amber fading into a cooler white. The door slid open with a hiss.

Honey's moans paused mid-cry.

A familiar voice, warm and teasing, drifted into the chamber.

"Well. Am I interrupting something?"

Hamilton's eyes snapped open.

That voice.

Honey laughed from the bed, breathless. "Just in the middle of some much-needed stress relief."

Nancy Archer's silhouette stepped in through the doorway, her figure as towering and serene as a sun goddess, golden robe swishing as she entered. She strolled toward the bed with unhurried grace, long legs gliding over the floor like she owned gravity itself.

"It's time," Nancy said, eyes glinting.

Honey sighed, tossing her hair back as she lay sprawled on the bed. "Ugh. Do I at least have time to finish?"

Nancy smirked. "Five minutes. Maybe six. You've earned it."

Then she turned to the shelf.

Hamilton felt the temperature in the room drop—inside him, at least—as Nancy's massive eyes locked onto him, full of mischief and recognition. Her smile curled upward like a predator toying with her prey.

"Well hey there, Dad," she purred. "You look awful."

Honey laughed from behind her. "Wanna take care of him for me? He's kind of a downer."

Nancy reached out with one hand, her fingers stretching longer than his whole body. "Gladly."

He tried to run, but the shelf was barely wide enough to stand on. Her fingertips plucked him from the surface with humiliating ease, and he was lifted into the air like a toy from a forgotten drawer.

They walked.

Nancy carried him against her chest like a novelty pin, striding through the ship's corridor with calm purpose. Hamilton, still stunned, could hardly absorb the sheer scale of it all. Everything glowed—clean metal, glowing panels, drifting lights overhead. A cathedral of impossible technology.

And then—people.

Women.

Dozens of them.

Towering figures in robes of gold, silver, and iridescent blues. Some were preparing gear, others reviewing holographic displays or exchanging nods of silent understanding. All of them were beautiful. Ethereal. Focused.

Nancy stepped onto the main deck. It expanded like the interior of a flying palace, a panoramic view of stars framed above, the vast planet Earth visible through a translucent dome.

"What is this?" Hamilton demanded, voice rising in panic. "What the hell is going on?"

Nancy didn't answer immediately. She walked to the edge of a circular platform and let him see it all—see *them*.

"I said—what is happening?! I want to speak to the aliens!"

Nancy turned to him with an almost pitying smile. "The aliens?"

He nodded furiously. "Yes, the ones in charge! The ones behind this!"

Nancy laughed. "Oh, Dad. There are no aliens here. Not really. They just sent an artificial intelligence. A ship. A mission."

He swallowed hard. "Mission?"

Nancy looked down at Earth, then back at him. Her smile widened.

"Change the world."

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"This is Miriam Bell, reporting live for *GlobalNow* just outside Washington, D.C., where the world is holding its breath," she said, her voice steady despite the distant thunder of helicopters circling overhead. "What you're seeing behind me is real. That massive object—it's a spacecraft, miles across—and it has been sitting here, idle, since it landed last night."

The camera panned briefly across the scene. Troop carriers idled behind hastily placed barricades. Spotlights swept the looming black curve of the alien vessel, which shimmered with unnatural stillness under the morning haze. Soldiers in full gear moved in tight formations, uncertain, alert. Reporters from every network clutched their microphones, murmuring into earpieces, checking camera feeds.

"This is not an isolated incident," Miriam continued. "At least thirty more of these ships have landed in major capitals worldwide—London, Berlin, Shanghai, Lagos,

Los Angeles... The landings happened simultaneously. All of them are silent. All of them are waiting."

A low hum began to vibrate through the air—too deep for the ear, but felt in the chest. The broadcast camera shook slightly. Miriam's hand went to her ear.

"Something's happening," she said. "I can feel—wait. Yes, the lights are changing—"

The ship's matte surface pulsed with a sudden crimson glow, as if veins of molten light had awakened beneath the skin of the vessel. Somewhere within, a mechanism shifted, deep and massive. Then came the hiss—a sound so loud, it made people duck instinctively. Plates on the ship's underside parted with mechanical grace, peeling open to reveal a vast platform descending on hydraulic arms as thick as buildings.

"There it is—my god—it's opening," Miriam gasped, now clutching her microphone with both hands.

The platform touched the ground with a muted, deliberate finality. A pause. Then:

BOOM.

BOOM.

BOOM.

They came in rhythm, like a slow drumbeat across the earth. Dust scattered. Camera tripods rattled.

From the mist inside the open ship, silhouettes began to emerge.

"There's someone—no, multiple—yes, they're... they're walking out," Miriam said, voice catching. "They're humanoid. Giant. Women. They're women."

The mist parted as the first of them stepped fully into view. She had pale skin, sculpted limbs, and curves that could have been chiseled from a dream. Her eyes glinted with amusement and something far more commanding. She wore a shimmering silver two-piece, like a cross between a swimsuit and ceremonial armor, and she walked barefoot on the grass as if it were velvet laid at her feet.

Behind her came another. Then five more. Then twenty.

Dozens.

Each of them was as stunning as the first, yet none exactly alike. Some were pale, others dark. Hair in every imaginable color spilled across their shoulders. Their expressions ranged from sultry to serene, but every face carried the same terrifying

ease, the same knowing smirk, as if they had all just remembered they owned the world.

"They're descending the ramp now—dozens of them," Miriam reported, breathless. "All of them look... human. But they're at least five hundred feet tall. I—"

Her words stopped. One of the giants turned her head and looked directly at the press line. Her smile widened.

The soldiers held their positions, trembling. Not one fired.

And still the women walked, hips swaying, gold and silver glinting under the rising sun. They weren't rushing. They weren't shouting.

They were arriving.

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Nancy stepped into the sunlight first, the soles of her bare feet sinking gently into the earth with each step. The ramp behind her still hummed with the resonance of alien machinery, but she had already tuned it out. Her focus was forward—on the crowd of stunned, helpless humans and the ranks of tiny, armed men trying very hard not to tremble.

Honey walked beside her, her gait more sultry, more teasing, one hand on her hip and a smirk curling her lips. The rest of their sisters followed in neat rows, gleaming in their golds and silvers like living monuments. But it was Nancy who led them. Nancy whose gaze stayed steady. Nancy whose stride never faltered as the lines of tanks and cameras and fear came into focus.

She saw the press, caught mid-breath. The soldiers, locked in a standoff they knew they could not win. She heard the blades of the helicopters slicing the air above them and felt the shadows of the rotors move across her chest. All that tension, all that anticipation—waiting for something to snap.

Nancy stopped.

Slowly, she placed her hands on her hips. Her golden halter top caught the sunlight. Her hair moved with the breeze. She let the silence stretch a moment longer. Let the world truly look at her.

Then she spoke. Her voice rolled out like thunder, smooth and clear and vast enough to reach every soul on the ground.

"I am Nancy Archer," she said. "And I speak for my sisters."

The words carried, not only with volume, but with certainty. The kind of certainty that made people straighten without realizing it. That made the cameras refocus without a single command.

"We are human," she continued. "Changed, yes—but still from this world. We were born in it. We struggled in it. We endured it. And like so many others, we felt its weight pressing down."

Her eyes swept the crowd, her tone steady, almost compassionate.

"This world... is not right. You know that. We all do. Some of us shouted. Some of us wept. Some of us simply lived quietly and hoped things would change. But they didn't. So we did."

Behind her, the other women stood tall—serene, radiant, unstoppable.

"We have grown," Nancy said. "We have changed. For the better. And we have brought with us gifts—minds expanded, power unmatched, technology beyond anything you've dreamed. We will use it."

She let that pause hang in the air.

"We are not here to destroy. But we are here to enforce. Because the time for waiting is over."

She took a step forward. Even that one step was enough to make the earth protest beneath her heel. A warning. A promise.

"There will be no more silencing, no more shrinking into corners we didn't choose. No more power games that punish the honest and reward the cruel. That ends now. We are here to build something better—something fair. A world that listens. A world that sees. And yes—" she said, her voice ringing with unmistakable power, "—this time, women will lead."

The End.