ATTACK OF THE COLOSSAL CENTREFOLD

JACKOFBULLETS X PAPAYOYA















ALWAYS DO AS THE DOCTOR ORDERS.

FEATURING ALL YOUR FAVOURITE CONTENT, GROWTH, VORE, CRUSH, FEMDOM, HANDHELDS GIANTESS ON TINY SEXYTIMES AND MUCH MORE!
A COLLABORATION BETWEEN JACKOFBULLETS AND PAPAYOYA.



Dr. Lindstrom's office hadn't changed much over the years—sleek, minimalist, a reflection of the man himself. Walls adorned with framed certificates, charts, and glossy before and after photos of his various patients lined the space. There was a quiet, almost clinical stillness to the room, except for the subtle hum of the air conditioner and the faint smell of antiseptic. It was a shrine to beauty and transformation, the kind of place where miracles happened, and Elsa had been one of those miracles.

Elsa sat on the edge of his leather couch, crossing her shapely legs, letting her heel dangle slightly from her foot, already in full control of the room. Her green eyes scanned the office as she waited for Dr. Lindstrom to finish at his desk. She smirked to herself, her reflection barely visible in the glass of the frames. Perfection, she thought. For now.

Lindstrom, a man in his late forties with graying temples and an impeccably maintained appearance, finally turned his attention to Elsa. He looked at her with a mix of professional detachment and unmistakable awe. She was, after all, his masterpiece.

"Elsa," Lindstrom said, setting his glasses down on the desk and leaning back in his chair, hands folded in his lap. "I must say, you look... stunning as always."

She smiled, a calculated curve of her lips, designed to disarm. "Thanks, Doctor," she purred. "But I'm not here for compliments."

He frowned, unsure where this was going. "Then what brings you here? You've been more successful than I could've imagined. FanFrenzy's number one for three years straight—what more could you possibly need?"

Elsa shifted on the couch, leaning forward slightly, giving him the full effect of her cleavage as she tilted her head to the side. "That's the thing, Doc," she said smoothly. "Number one for three years. And if Gordon hadn't announced this FanFrenzy Girl of the Year contest, I wouldn't even be here."



Lindstrom raised an eyebrow. "Ah, the competition," he said, nodding. "I've heard. But Elsa, you've been at the top spot this long. Why are you worried now?"

She let out a breath through her nose, tapping her perfectly manicured nails against the couch. "Jessica," she said, almost spitting the name. "That girl-next-door routine is working. She's younger, fresher, and don't get me wrong, the fans love her huge tits—but it's more than that. She's nipping at my heels, Doc. The last two months, she's beaten me in fan votes. She's coming for me."

Lindstrom shook his head slightly. "You don't need to worry about Jessica," he reassured her. "Your fan base is solid. They love you."

"They love me now," Elsa said, her voice tinged with the faintest edge of panic. "But I've seen it before. I know how this industry works. One day they're obsessed with you, and the next? They're onto the next fresh face. Jessica is the flavor of the month, but what if she stays on top? What if they forget about me?"

Lindstrom glanced at her, then sighed, pulling up a file on his computer. He swiveled the monitor toward her, revealing photos of Elsa—before the treatments, before she had become the goddess she was today. The girl on the screen was pretty, but ordinary. Slim, good-looking, but not the bombshell that FanFrenzy would ever have noticed.

"Do you remember how you looked five years ago, Elsa?" Lindstrom asked gently, his eyes meeting hers.

Elsa's face didn't change. She looked at the photos without flinching, her gaze cold and unbothered. "I remember," she replied. "And I also remember that the treatment you gave me turned me into this." She gestured to her body, her flawless skin, her perfect curves. "But that was five years ago, Doctor. I'm not that naïve little girl anymore. I know what I'm worth, and I know that without something new, I'm going to lose it all."

Lindstrom leaned forward, resting his elbows on the desk. "Elsa, you're perfect. You've had no need for follow-ups. You're still the woman you were after the treatment, if not even more stunning. What you're asking for now, I'm afraid, might not even be necessary."

She sighed, her lips pursing slightly. "Not necessary?" she repeated, leaning forward more. "Look at me, Doc. I can see the fine lines starting to show. Here." She traced her finger along the corner of her mouth, then under her eyes. "Do you think the fans won't notice? These little things add up. Jessica doesn't have to worry about wrinkles. She's young, soft, fresh. I need more than just 'maintenance.' I need something big."

Lindstrom paused, the hesitation clear on his face. He hadn't anticipated this. Elsa had always been confident—until now. He stood up from his desk, pacing slowly, running his hand through his neatly styled hair.

"Elsa, I... I don't know. You're already the pinnacle of beauty. You've had results beyond anything I could've predicted. But what you're asking for... There's nothing more I can give you—at least, not something proven."

She arched an eyebrow, her interest piqued. "Proven? So you're saying there is something?"

Lindstrom stopped, his back to her, shoulders tense. "There's always something," he admitted quietly. "But this... it's still in the experimental phase. It's risky."

"Tell me about it." Elsa's voice was soft but insistent, like she already knew she would get her way.

He turned to face her, his expression serious. "It's a variation of what you took before, but much more powerful. The treatment is designed to go further—enhance not just your physical appearance, but everything about you. It's meant to evolve the body at a rapid rate."

Elsa's eyes gleamed with interest. "Go on."

"The original treatment was designed to work over months. This one? It's four weeks. One pill a day, every day. But Elsa... it's still highly experimental. I can't stress that enough. There's no telling what the side effects might be."


Elsa stood, walking slowly toward him, her hips swaying naturally. Her fingers traced along the desk as she approached, her green eyes never leaving his. "Four weeks, huh?" she said thoughtfully. "I don't have four weeks, Doctor. The contest is in two."

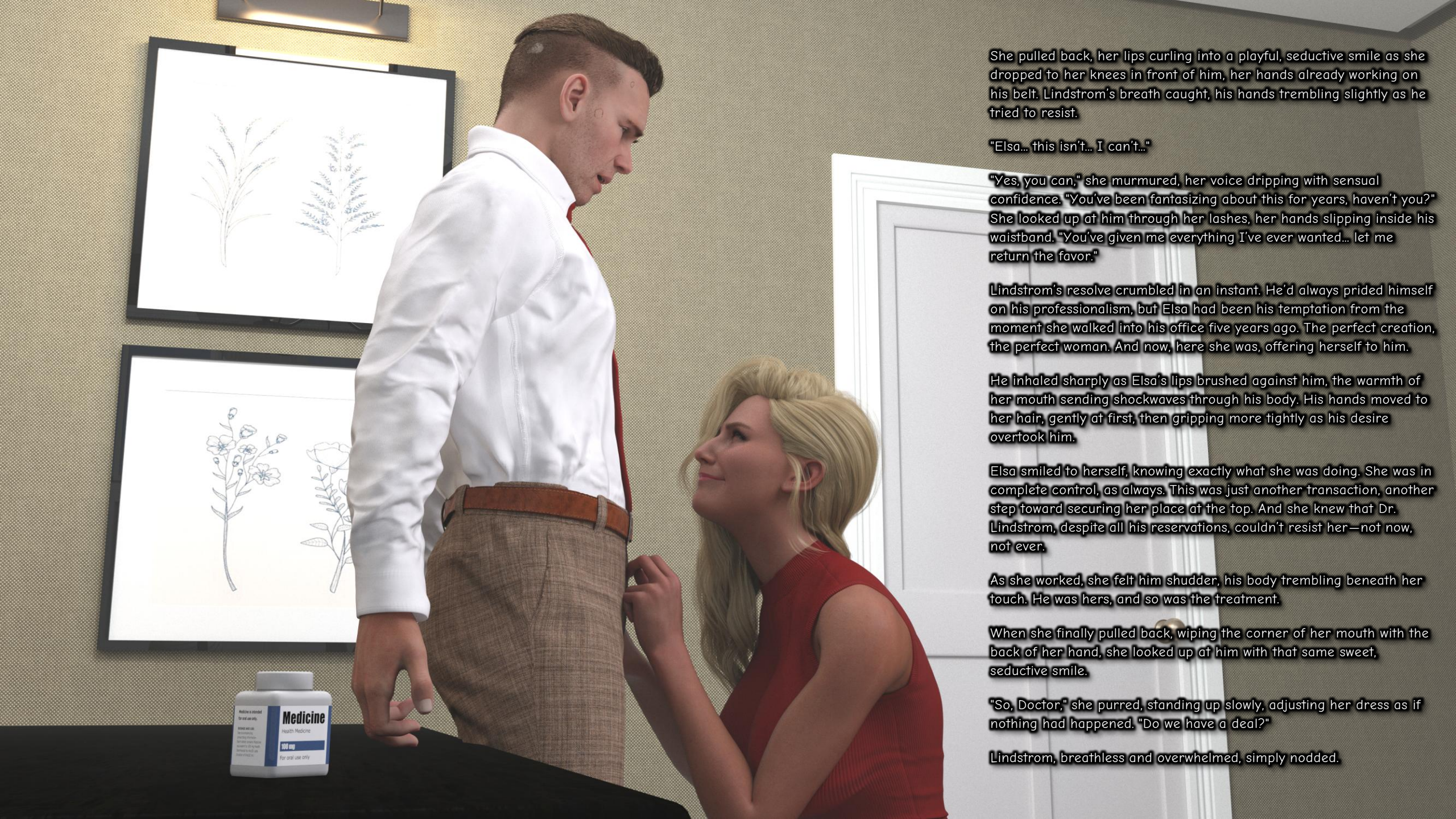


"You can't rush it, Elsa," Lindstrom warned, his voice firm but wavering under the intensity of her gaze. "Even if I agree to this, and I haven't agreed yet, you must take only one pill a day."

"I understand," Elsa said, her voice low and silky. "But I guess two weeks of this will be better than nothing, right Doc?" She smiled, a flirtatious tilt of her lips as she leaned in slightly, her cleavage brushing against his chest. "You've never failed me before, Doctor. Don't start now."

Lindstrom swallowed, clearly conflicted. He could feel the heat radiating off her body, her perfume intoxicating him. "I... I don't think..."

"Shhh," Elsa whispered, placing a finger to his lips, her green eyes locking with his. "You don't need to think." She stepped closer, her breath hot against his ear. "Let me take care of everything."



She pulled back, her lips curling into a playful, seductive smile as she dropped to her knees in front of him, her hands already working on his belt. Lindstrom's breath caught, his hands trembling slightly as he tried to resist.

"Elsa... this isn't... I can't..."

"Yes, you can," she murmured, her voice dripping with sensual confidence. "You've been fantasizing about this for years, haven't you?" She looked up at him through her lashes, her hands slipping inside his waistband. "You've given me everything I've ever wanted... let me return the favor."

Lindstrom's resolve crumbled in an instant. He'd always prided himself on his professionalism, but Elsa had been his temptation from the moment she walked into his office five years ago. The perfect creation, the perfect woman. And now, here she was, offering herself to him.

He inhaled sharply as Elsa's lips brushed against him, the warmth of her mouth sending shockwaves through his body. His hands moved to her hair, gently at first, then gripping more tightly as his desire overtook him.

Elsa smiled to herself, knowing exactly what she was doing. She was in complete control, as always. This was just another transaction, another step toward securing her place at the top. And she knew that Dr. Lindstrom, despite all his reservations, couldn't resist her—not now, not ever.

As she worked, she felt him shudder, his body trembling beneath her touch. He was hers, and so was the treatment.

When she finally pulled back, wiping the corner of her mouth with the back of her hand, she looked up at him with that same sweet, seductive smile.

"So, Doctor," she purred, standing up slowly, adjusting her dress as if nothing had happened. "Do we have a deal?"

Lindstrom, breathless and overwhelmed, simply nodded.



The black limousine pulled to a slow, deliberate stop in front of the massive iron gates of Gordon's sprawling mansion. The cameras were already rolling, their lenses trained on the sleek, glossy car like vultures circling fresh prey. Elsa leaned back in her seat, adjusting the low neckline of her tight, emerald-green dress. She let her fingers trail lazily across the soft fabric, her green eyes flicking toward the window. She was ready for this.

As the driver came around to open her door, Elsa took a deep breath and exhaled slowly. The fans were watching. She'd been here before—this game, this dance of attention and power—but this time, it felt different. The stakes were higher. Jessica was already clawing at her position. But not today. Today, Elsa would remind everyone why she was number one.

The door swung open, and the flash of cameras exploded in her face like a wave of heat. Elsa didn't flinch. She slid out of the car with the grace of someone who had been born to be in the spotlight. Her towering heels hit the gravel with a satisfying click, and she rose to her full height, every inch of her a goddess among mere mortals. The green dress hugged her curves perfectly, the fabric shimmering under the sunlight as if it had been painted onto her body.

The air was thick with excitement, and Elsa soaked it in, a smile creeping onto her lips. She glanced down the long driveway where eleven other limousines were parked in a perfect line. Each had already unloaded one of the twelve contestants who would be staying at the mansion for the next two weeks. Elsa noted the way the cameras darted between them, capturing every glance, every flutter of movement. This was a reality show at its most cutthroat.





Gordon stood a little way down the path, his smug grin unmistakable even from a distance. He was wearing one of his usual ill-fitting attires and that dirty, hungry look in his eyes that Elsa had come to recognize all too well. Next to him, his wife, Astrid, stood stiffly, her lips pursed in an eternal frown. Elsa didn't need to be close to know Astrid's eyes were already boring into her, filled with jealous disdain.

Poor Astrid, Elsa thought with a small, satisfied smirk. The woman was past her prime, her age etched into every line on her face. But despite the years, Elsa could still see traces of why she'd been a centerfold in her day. Astrid's once voluptuous curves had softened, but she'd clearly done everything in her power to keep her appearance intact. Still, no amount of Botox or surgery could hide the bitterness etched into her features.

Astrid's eyes narrowed as she caught Elsa looking. It was no secret that Gordon had a wandering eye, and if not for Astrid's iron grip on him, Elsa knew he'd have made a move on her years ago. Elsa met her gaze with a smile—sweet, innocent, but with just enough venom to send the message. I'm still number one, honey. And your husband knows it.

The air was charged with tension, but Elsa was too experienced to let it faze her. She straightened her posture and glanced around at the other girls. Most of them she knew—former rivals, past collaborators. Some were new faces, trying to climb their way to the top. She had no time for them.



Her eyes landed on Abigail, who was already hovering nearby, clearly waiting for Elsa to make her move. Elsa's smile widened as she sauntered over, every step measured and purposeful, drawing the attention of every camera and every contestant. Abigail, as always, fell into line immediately.

"Elsa," Abigail greeted her with a grin that was both respectful and admiring. She flicked her long dark hair over her shoulder, her chest pushed out slightly, as if subconsciously competing for a bit of the attention Elsa commanded so effortlessly.

"Abi," Elsa replied, letting her hand glide over Abigail's arm as she came to a stop beside her. "Looking stunning as always. But then again, you always know how to complement my look, don't you?" They had collaborated on many shoots, each flaunting their "assets" together, boosting each other's views and profits.

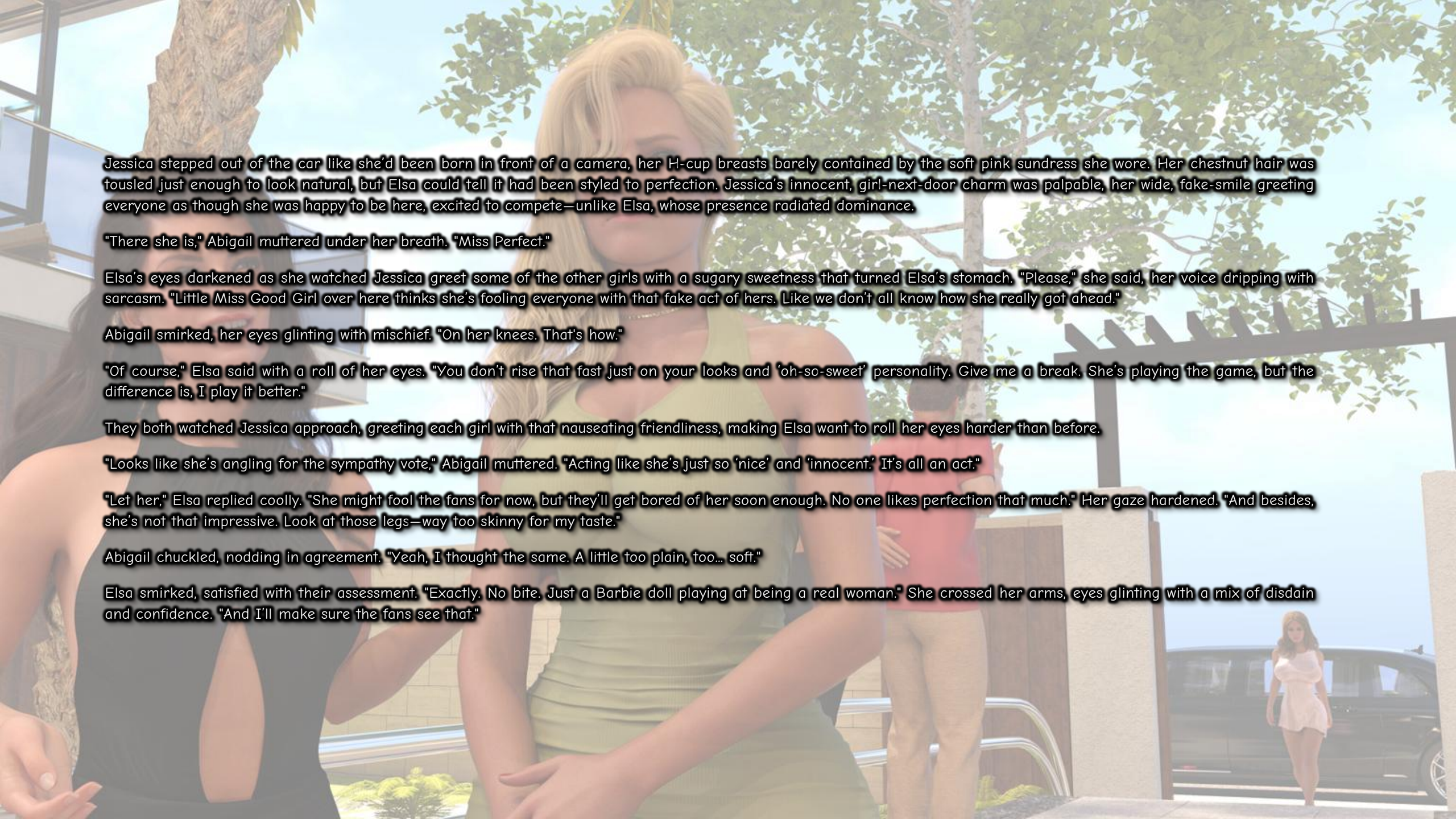
"Of course," Abigail said with a wink. "We make a killer team."

Elsa chuckled, a low, knowing sound. "And we will again," she said smoothly, her green eyes darting across the courtyard where the other contestants were milling about. She lowered her voice slightly. "Look at them. Pathetic, really. Most of them don't even know what they're doing here."

Abigail glanced around, her lips curling in amusement. "I mean, have you seen Stacy?" she whispered. "How many times can you have a nose job before it stops looking human?"

Elsa snorted softly. "She's just a filler. The real competition is obvious." Her eyes flickered over to where Jessica's limo was slowly coming to a stop. The mood around Elsa shifted instantly.





Jessica stepped out of the car like she'd been born in front of a camera, her H-cup breasts barely contained by the soft pink sundress she wore. Her chestnut hair was tousled just enough to look natural, but Elsa could tell it had been styled to perfection. Jessica's innocent, girl-next-door charm was palpable, her wide, fake-smile greeting everyone as though she was happy to be here, excited to compete—unlike Elsa, whose presence radiated dominance.

"There she is," Abigail muttered under her breath. "Miss Perfect."

Elsa's eyes darkened as she watched Jessica greet some of the other girls with a sugary sweetness that turned Elsa's stomach. "Please," she said, her voice dripping with sarcasm. "Little Miss Good Girl over here thinks she's fooling everyone with that fake act of hers. Like we don't all know how she really got ahead."

Abigail smirked, her eyes glinting with mischief. "On her knees. That's how."

"Of course," Elsa said with a roll of her eyes. "You don't rise that fast just on your looks and 'oh-so-sweet' personality. Give me a break. She's playing the game, but the difference is, I play it better."

They both watched Jessica approach, greeting each girl with that nauseating friendliness, making Elsa want to roll her eyes harder than before.

"Looks like she's angling for the sympathy vote," Abigail muttered. "Acting like she's just so 'nice' and 'innocent.' It's all an act."

"Let her," Elsa replied coolly. "She might fool the fans for now, but they'll get bored of her soon enough. No one likes perfection that much." Her gaze hardened. "And besides, she's not that impressive. Look at those legs—way too skinny for my taste."

Abigail chuckled, nodding in agreement. "Yeah, I thought the same. A little too plain, too... soft."

Elsa smirked, satisfied with their assessment. "Exactly. No bite. Just a Barbie doll playing at being a real woman." She crossed her arms, eyes glinting with a mix of disdain and confidence. "And I'll make sure the fans see that."



Before they could say more, Gordon's booming voice echoed across the courtyard. "Ladies! Ladies!" He clapped his hands together, beckoning the girls toward the front of the mansion. The cameras swiveled to capture every second, every glance. Elsa made sure to walk slowly, deliberately, her hips swaying with practiced ease, always the center of attention.

Gordon stood at the top of the steps, his sleazy grin stretched across his face. His eyes darted from one girl to the next, lingering a little too long on each one before finally addressing them.

"Welcome, welcome, to the first FanFrenzy Girl of the Year contest!" he began, his voice dripping with faux enthusiasm. "You twelve are the best of the best—the top performers, the queens of the platform. But over the next two weeks, only one of you will be crowned the ultimate FanFrenzy girl."

The girls shifted, each one sizing up the others, though none of them dared to look directly at Elsa. She stood with Abigail by her side, her expression calm and confident, her green eyes narrowing slightly as Gordon spoke.

"The next two weeks will be filled with challenges—both solo and in teams. You'll be working with each other, competing against each other, and proving to the fans why you deserve to be number one. Each day will have a different challenge—whether it's live streaming, photoshoots, or something a little... unexpected." Gordon winked, his grin widening.

Elsa rolled her eyes internally. She knew this game. It was all about drama and spectacle.

"And here's the kicker," Gordon continued. "At the end of each week, the fans will vote. Their votes will decide who stays and who goes home. By the end of two weeks, we'll be down to just two contestants. And then, the final vote will decide who will be the FanFrenzy Girl of the Year."



The girls murmured amongst themselves, some nervous, others excited. Elsa didn't flinch. She knew this was her contest to win.

"Remember," Gordon added, "the fans are always watching. Every interaction, every moment, is being recorded. So make it count."

Elsa glanced at Abigail, a slow smile spreading across her lips. "Two weeks," she whispered. "That's more than enough time to show Jessica—and everyone else—who the real queen is."

Abigail nodded, grinning. "Let's make it a show, shall we?"

Elsa laughed softly. "Oh, we will."


The dining hall in Gordon's mansion was nothing short of opulent, a perfect setting for the evening's events. The long table was decorated with glistening silverware, ornate candle holders, and delicate crystal glasses that reflected the dim, romantic lighting. Everything was designed to create an atmosphere of luxury and elegance—except the tension hanging in the air was palpable, especially at Elsa's end of the table.



Elsa sat beside Abigail, both of them having changed into their evening attire, and naturally, they were drawing attention. Elsa had opted for a slinky black dress that clung to every curve of her body, plunging at the neckline and showcasing her assets in a way that left little to the imagination. The sheer panels at her waist gave tantalizing glimpses of her flawless skin, and the thigh-high slit was designed to make heads turn.

Abigail, seated next to her, was equally provocative in a red halter dress that dipped scandalously low in the front. Together, they looked like a deadly duo, perfectly coordinated to keep all eyes on them. And for the first few minutes, they were succeeding.

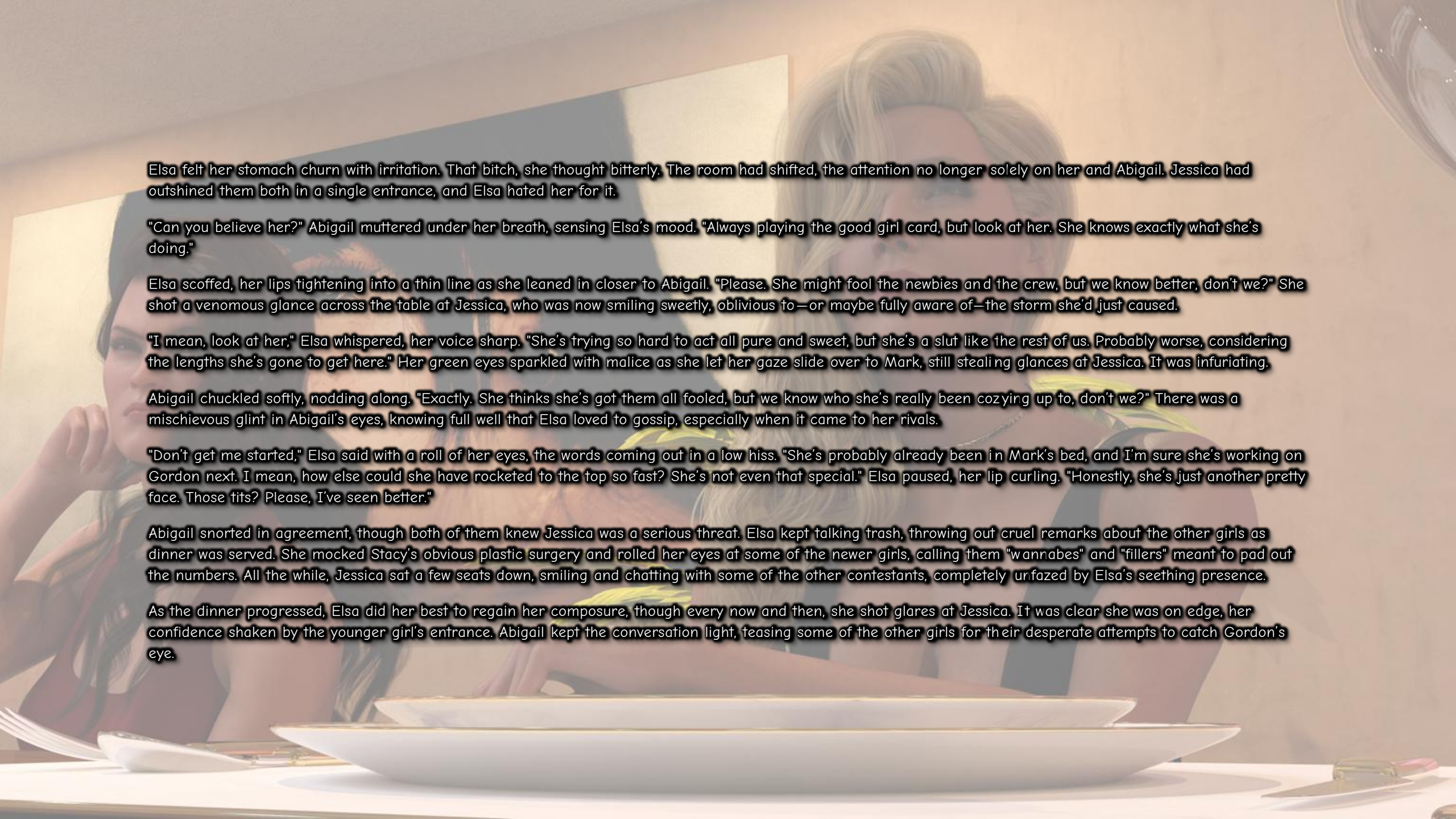


But then Jessica arrived.

Elsa's eyes flicked to the entrance as she caught the slight murmuring around the table. Jessica stepped into the room, the soft candlelight catching in her chestnut hair, now styled in loose, effortless waves that cascaded over her shoulders. Her eyes sparkled with innocence, though Elsa knew better—there was nothing innocent about Jessica's game. But it wasn't just her hair or her eyes that had the room's attention. Jessica's dress, a shimmering white number, clung to her body like liquid silk, highlighting every curve of her perfect figure. And those breasts? They practically defied gravity, drawing the gaze of every man—and some women—in the room.


From across the table, Elsa saw Mark, the well-known lead photographer and content director, practically stop mid-sip, his eyes glued to Jessica as she made her way to her seat. Even some of the other girls exchanged glances, impressed or envious. Wilson, one of the younger assistants was the only one who didn't seem as stunned. He was blatantly staring at her, his eyes wide as he quickly glanced away whenever Elsa caught him looking.





Elsa felt her stomach churn with irritation. That bitch, she thought bitterly. The room had shifted, the attention no longer solely on her and Abigail. Jessica had outshined them both in a single entrance, and Elsa hated her for it.

"Can you believe her?" Abigail muttered under her breath, sensing Elsa's mood. "Always playing the good girl card, but look at her. She knows exactly what she's doing."

Elsa scoffed, her lips tightening into a thin line as she leaned in closer to Abigail. "Please. She might fool the newbies and the crew, but we know better, don't we?" She shot a venomous glance across the table at Jessica, who was now smiling sweetly, oblivious to—or maybe fully aware of—the storm she'd just caused.

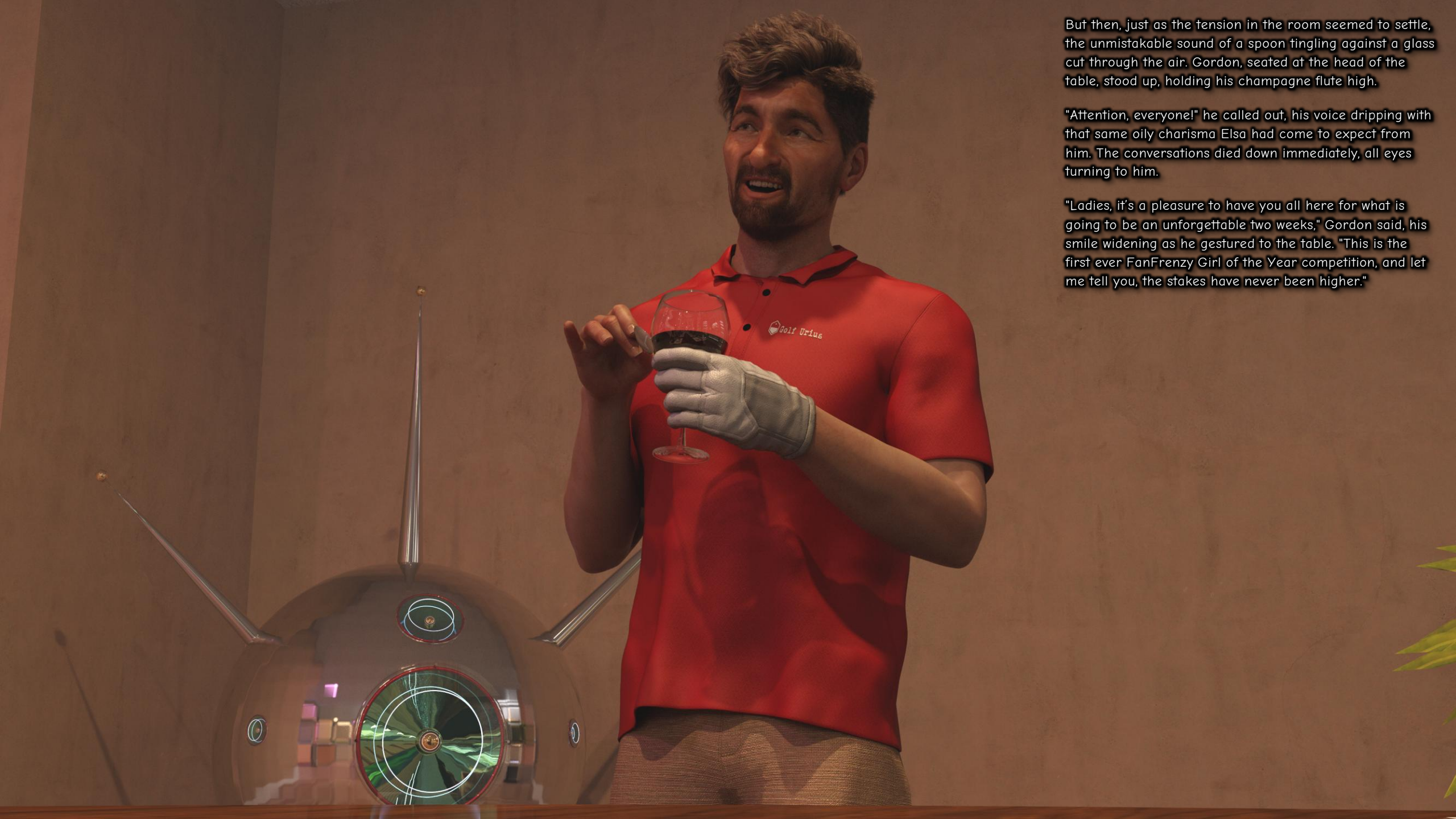
"I mean, look at her," Elsa whispered, her voice sharp. "She's trying so hard to act all pure and sweet, but she's a slut like the rest of us. Probably worse, considering the lengths she's gone to get here." Her green eyes sparkled with malice as she let her gaze slide over to Mark, still stealing glances at Jessica. It was infuriating.

Abigail chuckled softly, nodding along. "Exactly. She thinks she's got them all fooled, but we know who she's really been cozying up to, don't we?" There was a mischievous glint in Abigail's eyes, knowing full well that Elsa loved to gossip, especially when it came to her rivals.

"Don't get me started," Elsa said with a roll of her eyes, the words coming out in a low hiss. "She's probably already been in Mark's bed, and I'm sure she's working on Gordon next. I mean, how else could she have rocketed to the top so fast? She's not even that special." Elsa paused, her lip curling. "Honestly, she's just another pretty face. Those tits? Please, I've seen better."

Abigail snorted in agreement, though both of them knew Jessica was a serious threat. Elsa kept talking trash, throwing out cruel remarks about the other girls as dinner was served. She mocked Stacy's obvious plastic surgery and rolled her eyes at some of the newer girls, calling them "wannabes" and "fillers" meant to pad out the numbers. All the while, Jessica sat a few seats down, smiling and chatting with some of the other contestants, completely unfazed by Elsa's seething presence.

As the dinner progressed, Elsa did her best to regain her composure, though every now and then, she shot glares at Jessica. It was clear she was on edge, her confidence shaken by the younger girl's entrance. Abigail kept the conversation light, teasing some of the other girls for their desperate attempts to catch Gordon's eye.



But then, just as the tension in the room seemed to settle, the unmistakable sound of a spoon tingling against a glass cut through the air. Gordon, seated at the head of the table, stood up, holding his champagne flute high.

"Attention, everyone!" he called out, his voice dripping with that same oily charisma Elsa had come to expect from him. The conversations died down immediately, all eyes turning to him.

"Ladies, it's a pleasure to have you all here for what is going to be an unforgettable two weeks," Gordon said, his smile widening as he gestured to the table. "This is the first ever FanFrenzy Girl of the Year competition, and let me tell you, the stakes have never been higher."



Elsa felt Abigail shift beside her, both of them now focused on Gordon. She glanced at Jessica, who was sitting a few seats down, looking entirely too calm and collected for Elsa's taste. Bitch thinks she's already won, Elsa thought, her jaw tightening.

"As most of you know," Gordon continued, "you're not just competing to impress the fans. You're competing to prove that you have what it takes to be the ultimate FanFrenzy girl—the one who can outshine all the others, the one who can captivate an audience like no one else."

He paused, letting the weight of his words settle in. Elsa could feel the competitive energy in the room shift. This was it—the moment where everything started.

"Now," Gordon said with a grin, "before we get to the individual challenges, we're going to kick things off with something a little different. Tomorrow morning, you'll all be participating in a group routine." He glanced toward Mark, who was seated near the head of the table, then back at the girls. "Mark here will be recording the whole thing—candid, unfiltered, raw. The fans are going to love it."

Mark raised his glass with a sheepish grin, clearly enjoying the attention, though Elsa noticed his eyes still flickered toward Jessica when he wasn't talking.

"The goal," Gordon continued, "is to cooperate as a group, to be as sexy, as alluring, and as irresistible as possible. You'll have to work together—because this is all about how well you can shine as a team. But remember, while the fans are voting on the group as a whole, they'll also be watching each of you closely. So, make sure you stand out."

Elsa's lips curled into a sly smile. Stand out? That was her specialty. She had no intention of blending in, even in a group challenge. Jessica might have stolen the spotlight tonight, but tomorrow would be different.

Gordon raised his glass higher. "To the first of many challenges," he said, his eyes sweeping over the table. "May the best girl win."

There was a chorus of raised glasses, the girls all clinking their drinks together. Elsa lifted her glass as well, but her mind was already working. The contest hadn't even started, but she was already thinking about how she would dominate tomorrow's group routine. Jessica might have the attention now, but Elsa had played this game longer. She knew how to manipulate the cameras, how to keep the fans glued to her every move.

As the dinner continued, Elsa leaned over to Abigail, her voice low and conspiratorial. "Tomorrow," she whispered, "we make sure Jessica knows who's in charge."

Abigail nodded, a grin spreading across her face. "Absolutely," she whispered back. "Let's make it unforgettable."

Elsa's eyes flicked back to Jessica, who was laughing with some of the other girls, looking as sweet and innocent as ever. But Elsa wasn't fooled. This contest was about to get dirty, and she was ready to play.



The room was dimly lit, soft amber light spilling from the ornate lamp on the bedside table. Elsa's room was luxurious—plush carpets, silk curtains, a king-sized bed draped in satin sheets—but tonight, even the extravagance couldn't ease the knots tightening in her chest. She stood at the mirror, checking herself out as she shot glances at the half-empty box of pills in front of her.

Fourteen down, fourteen to go.

With a sigh, Elsa flipped open the lid and extracted one of the small, white pills from its slot. Dr. Lindstrom's warnings echoed faintly in her mind, but she brushed them aside, her fingers hovering over the glass of water beside her. I need this. It's all part of the game.

Her eyes darted back to the full-length mirror. The glow from the lamp cast soft shadows on her perfectly sculpted body, but for the first time in years, she felt the slightest twinge of doubt. She couldn't let Jessica take her crown—not after everything she'd done to get here. Jessica's rise had been too fast, too convenient. Elsa had the experience, the looks, the fans—but youth was the one thing she couldn't turn back. The pills were supposed to be her edge.

She swallowed the pill and felt it travel down her throat. Checking herself back in the mirror, her green eyes traced the lines of her reflection. You're still the queen, she reminded herself, but the uncertainty lingered in the corners of her mind.



Her hands moved to her breasts, cupping them gently at first, then kneading them in slow circles. She closed her eyes, falling into the familiar rhythm, her breathing deepening. It was almost automatic—like a routine from her cam shows, the ones that had catapulted her to stardom. But tonight, there was no audience, only her own reflection. The feel of her skin was comforting, but there was a gnawing sense of frustration as she pressed harder, trying to gauge if the pills were working at all.

They feel fuller, she thought, opening her eyes and frowning slightly. But was it enough?

Her hand drifted toward the suitcase she'd packed and unzipped one of the side pockets, pulling out the specialized scale she'd brought with her. She set up the platform, adjusting the device until it was level beneath her breasts. She'd done this before, countless times, tracking every minor change with almost obsessive precision.

The scale beeped softly, and she glanced down at the number: just over seven pounds.

Elsa exhaled, feeling a pang of disappointment. An improvement, sure, but not the significant boost she'd been hoping for. Certainly not enough to overshadow Jessica's sudden surge in popularity. She'd expected more, needed more. But time was running out.

Her lips pressed together in a thin line of frustration as she put the scale away. She slipped into a silk robe, tying it loosely around her waist, and ran her fingers through her hair. She stood at the mirror again, studying herself with a critical eye. The lines near her eyes and mouth that she'd pointed out to Dr. Lindstrom felt more visible tonight. Was it in her head?



A sudden knock at the door broke her thoughts.

Elsa's heart jumped, her frustration immediately morphing into irritation. She quickly tightened the robe, her sharp green eyes narrowing at the door. With a quick, graceful step, she crossed the room and swung it open.

Astrid stood in the doorway, her expression as rigid and cold as ever. The lines of her face were harsher in the dim light of the hallway, but Elsa could still see traces of the former centerfold Gordon had once been obsessed with. Age had caught up to her, no doubt, but she still carried herself with the pride of someone who had once held the spotlight.

"Is this a bad time?" Astrid's voice was as icy as her stare, but Elsa could hear the undercurrent of anger beneath it.

Elsa raised an eyebrow, folding her arms casually over her chest. "Depends. What do you want?"

"You know exactly what I want," Astrid hissed, stepping closer. "You need to stop whatever it is you're trying to do with Gordon."



Elsa's eyes flashed with amusement, though a spark of irritation crept up her spine. Seriously? This again? "I have no idea what you're talking about," she said sweetly, her lips curling into a smirk.

Astrid's jaw tightened. "Don't play dumb with me. I see the way you look at him, and I know the kind of women he surrounds himself with. I won't let you make any more proposals to my husband. If you think for a second that—"

"Stop right there," Elsa interrupted, her voice sharp. She stepped forward, her eyes narrowing dangerously. "I haven't made any proposals to Gordon."

For once, she was honest.

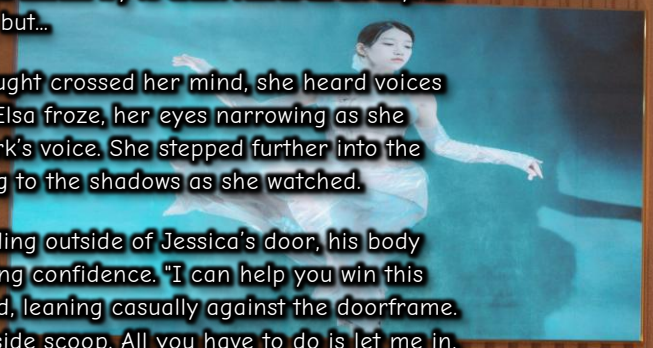
Astrid's nostrils flared, but she didn't back down. "Stay away from him," she spat. "I'm warning you."

Elsa tilted her head slightly, her smirk widening. "I don't need to make any moves on Gordon. And if I did, trust me, you wouldn't be the first to know. But, for your peace of mind," she added, her voice dripping with condescension, "I have bigger fish to fry."

Astrid stood there for a moment, her eyes flashing with hatred, before turning on her heel. "Don't test me, Elsa," she muttered as she stormed down the hall.

Elsa watched her leave, her smirk fading as the door clicked shut behind her. Astrid was jealous, but not stupid. If she had come here to confront her, then someone else must've already been making moves on Gordon. Jessica. The name filled her with sudden rage, and her hands tightened into fists at her sides.

She opened the door again, staring into the empty hallway, wondering if she should try to enlist Astrid as an ally. It would be risky, but...



Just as the thought crossed her mind, she heard voices down the hall. Elsa froze, her eyes narrowing as she recognized Mark's voice. She stepped further into the hallway, keeping to the shadows as she watched.

Mark was standing outside of Jessica's door, his body language exuding confidence. "I can help you win this contest," he said, leaning casually against the doorframe. "I've got the inside scoop. All you have to do is let me in, and we can discuss the details."

Elsa's eyes widened slightly, her suspicions confirmed. But what surprised her more was Jessica's response.

"I'm not interested," Jessica's voice came from behind the door, cold and cutting. "Thanks, but I can handle things myself." There was a malicious edge to her tone that didn't match her usual sweet persona. A moment later, the door shut in Mark's face, leaving him standing awkwardly in the hallway.

Elsa quickly slipped back into her room, closing the door softly. She chuckled to herself. So Mark had been sniffing around Jessica, too. Interesting. It made her respect Jessica a little more—though only a little. The younger girl was still a threat. And the fact that she was not accepting Mark's advances might very well mean that she was already hitting a bigger prize with Gordon.



But just as she was about to return to the mirror, there was another knock at her door. Elsa sighed, already knowing who it was. She swung the door open, her green eyes flashing with irritation as Mark stood there, his confident smirk firmly in place.

"Mark," she said, her voice icy. "What do you want?"

He leaned against the doorframe, unfazed by her cold reception. "I can help you win this contest. You know we've worked well together before."

Elsa raised an eyebrow, her lips curling in disdain. "Really? Do you think I need your help?"

He shrugged casually, stepping closer. "Just offering to make things easier for you. After all, you've been on top for three years. Wouldn't want to see you fall, now, would we?"

Elsa crossed her arms, her gaze narrowing. "And what exactly do you want in return?"

Mark grinned, leaning in. "Maybe we could repeat what happened on the FanFrenzy cruise two years ago. You know how much fun we had back then."

Elsa rolled her eyes, leaning against the doorframe herself, blocking his entrance. "Nothing's happening tonight," she said coolly. "And besides, I've changed my policies. I get paid in advance now."

Mark's grin faltered slightly. "I can make things happen for you, Elsa. You know I've got pull with Gordon. If you want an edge, I can help you."

She gave him a withering look. "Then prove it. If you're serious about helping me win, then make it happen. And if you actually deliver..." She let her voice trail off, her lips curving into a teasing smile. "Then maybe we'll talk."

Without waiting for a response, Elsa stepped back and closed the door in his face, locking it with a soft click. She leaned her back against the door, exhaling sharply. The game was on.


The bright morning sun poured into the backyard of Gordon's mansion, casting a golden light over the expansive, luxurious grounds. The setup was pure spectacle—foamy water spilling into a large, shallow pool, with cameras stationed at every angle, ready to capture every sultry moment. High-tech rigs hovered on tracks around the pool, and drones buzzed overhead, all controlled by Mark and his team.


The twelve girls stood on the edge of the pool, each in their bikinis, hair and makeup done to perfection, their bodies on full display. Elsa was, as always, front and center, wearing a barely-there white bikini that highlighted her striking assets. The fabric clung to her curves, her breasts pushed up and high, perfectly accentuated. Abigail stood beside her in a floral bikini that was equally as provocative, the two of them looking like they'd stepped out of a fantasy.



Across from them, Jessica stood, her chestnut hair cascading over her shoulders, her eyes catching the light as she smiled sweetly, as if she wasn't about to step into one of the most seductive, competitive environments imaginable. Her bikini was a shiny silver that contrasted perfectly with her sun-kissed skin. Even in something so demure, she radiated sensuality, her H-cup breasts practically bursting from the delicate fabric.

Elsa's gaze slid over to her, her eyes narrowing slightly. Jessica was playing the innocent card again, but she could see right through it. It was that subtle, calculated control she had over her body—moving in just the right way to catch the cameras' attention. But Elsa wasn't about to let Jessica win this round.

Mark's voice echoed over the speakers. "Alright, ladies, we're live in three... two... one!"

The cameras came to life, the red lights blinking on as the drones hovered closer. The foam began spilling into the pool, covering the floor in a thin layer of bubbles that clung to the girls' legs. Elsa immediately stepped forward, her hips swaying with practiced ease, her smile wide and confident as she strutted into the foam. She could feel the cameras on her, and she made sure every movement was deliberate—every sway of her hips, every glance at the lens.

Abigail followed close behind, her laughter ringing out as she splashed playfully at Elsa, the two of them instantly becoming the center of attention. They had done this a million times—played off each other's energy, flaunting their bodies together in perfect harmony.

Elsa bent down, scooping up a handful of foam and letting it slide through her fingers slowly, sensually. She winked at the camera, her fingers tracing the line of her cleavage as she straightened back up, flicking some of the foam toward Abigail, who giggled and did the same.

But out of the corner of her eye, Elsa could see Jessica, her figure catching the light as she waded into the foam. Her bikini, while modest in comparison to some of the other girls', seemed to enhance her curves even more. The fabric clung to her breasts, barely containing them as she moved with that effortless grace that Elsa was beginning to loathe.

Jessica reached down, running her hands along her own legs, scooping up foam and letting it cascade over her body. She turned toward one of the cameras, her smile soft and almost innocent, but there was something more behind it—something calculated. When she stood up, her breasts bounced, straining against the bikini top, and Elsa could practically hear the crew's sharp intake of breath.

Damn her, Elsa thought, biting the inside of her cheek.

Elsa turned to Abigail with a sly grin. "Ready to turn it up?" she whispered, her eyes gleaming with mischief.

Abigail nodded eagerly, always willing to follow Elsa's lead. The two of them locked eyes, and without a word, they launched into a more daring routine. Elsa dipped lower into the foam, the bubbles sliding across her skin as she leaned into Abigail, her hand sliding up the other girl's back. They had done this before in photoshoots—just enough suggestiveness to tease the viewers without crossing the line.

Abigail responded in kind, wrapping her arm around Elsa's waist and pulling her closer, the two of them laughing as they playfully splashed each other. Elsa let out a sultry moan, her hands trailing down Abigail's curves, her chest pressed against Abigail's side. It was all about creating that moment, that spark, that would get the fans talking. And Elsa knew how to create sparks.

"Good, good, keep it going!" Mark's voice came from behind the cameras. Elsa could see him watching intently, his gaze flicking between her and the monitors where the footage was being captured. Wilson, the young assistant, was standing nearby, his eyes glued to Elsa, barely blinking as he watched her and Abigail's every move.

She smirked to herself, feeling a surge of satisfaction. She knew how to capture attention, how to make every movement count. She pulled back slightly from Abigail, her hands sliding down her own body, emphasizing her curves as the foam clung to her skin.

But then, out of the corner of her eye, she saw Jessica again.

Jessica, who had started to dance.

The foam clung to her skin, sliding down her chest, and Elsa could almost feel the collective gasp of the crew around her. Even Mark seemed momentarily stunned, his focus shifting entirely to Jessica. Wilson was staring openly now, his mouth slightly ajar as he watched Jessica's every movement.

Jessica smiled sweetly at the cameras, her hands moving to her hips as she swayed them gently, almost innocently.

Elsa's frustration mounted. She's trying to outdo me. But two can play this game.

Elsa didn't hesitate. She turned to Abigail, her eyes flashing with determination. "Time to give them a real show," she whispered, her voice low and dangerous.



Abigail nodded, understanding instantly. They had done this before, pushing the boundaries of what was acceptable, making sure the cameras couldn't look away. Elsa pressed her body against Abigail's, her hands running down the other girl's waist, her lips parting in a playful moan as she leaned closer. They splashed each other, laughing and teasing, their bodies intertwined as they worked to draw every bit of attention they could.

Mark's voice crackled over the speakers again. "That's it, Elsa! Perfect! Keep going!"



She felt a surge of satisfaction at his words, but it was short-lived. Even as she played up the dirtiness, she could feel the shift in focus. The cameras were still on her and Abigail, but every few seconds, they cut back to Jessica, who was moving through the foam with that same infuriating grace, her hands sliding sensually over her body as she smiled at the lens.

She's too damn good at this. Elsa gritted her teeth, her movements becoming more aggressive, more desperate to regain the spotlight. She pushed Abigail into the foam, straddling her as they laughed and splashed, their bodies sliding against each other in a way that was sure to make the fans go wild.

But every time she glanced up, there was Jessica—standing tall, her breasts defying gravity, her body slick with foam as she moved with effortless sensuality. The cameras loved her, and Elsa hated it.

Mark's voice cut through the air one last time. "Alright, ladies, that's a wrap for today!"

The cameras clicked off, the red lights blinking out as the crew began to pack up their equipment. Elsa slowly stood up, brushing the foam from her body, her chest rising and falling with the exertion of the routine. She glanced at Abigail, who was grinning at her, clearly pleased with their performance.

But Elsa wasn't smiling. She could still feel it—that gnawing sense of doubt. Had Jessica stolen the spotlight?

As the crew started to clear out, Elsa caught Mark's eye. He gave her a quick thumbs up, but his attention quickly shifted back to Jessica, who was wrapping herself in a towel, laughing softly with some of the other girls.

Elsa's stomach tightened with uncertainty. For the first time in a long time, she wasn't sure if she had won.



Elsa sat at the edge of her bed, her laptop glowing. Her perfectly manicured nails tapped impatiently against the side of the device as the results of the contest flickered across the screen. The first group session had ended, and despite her years of experience, despite everything she had done to outshine the competition, she had come in second. Second.

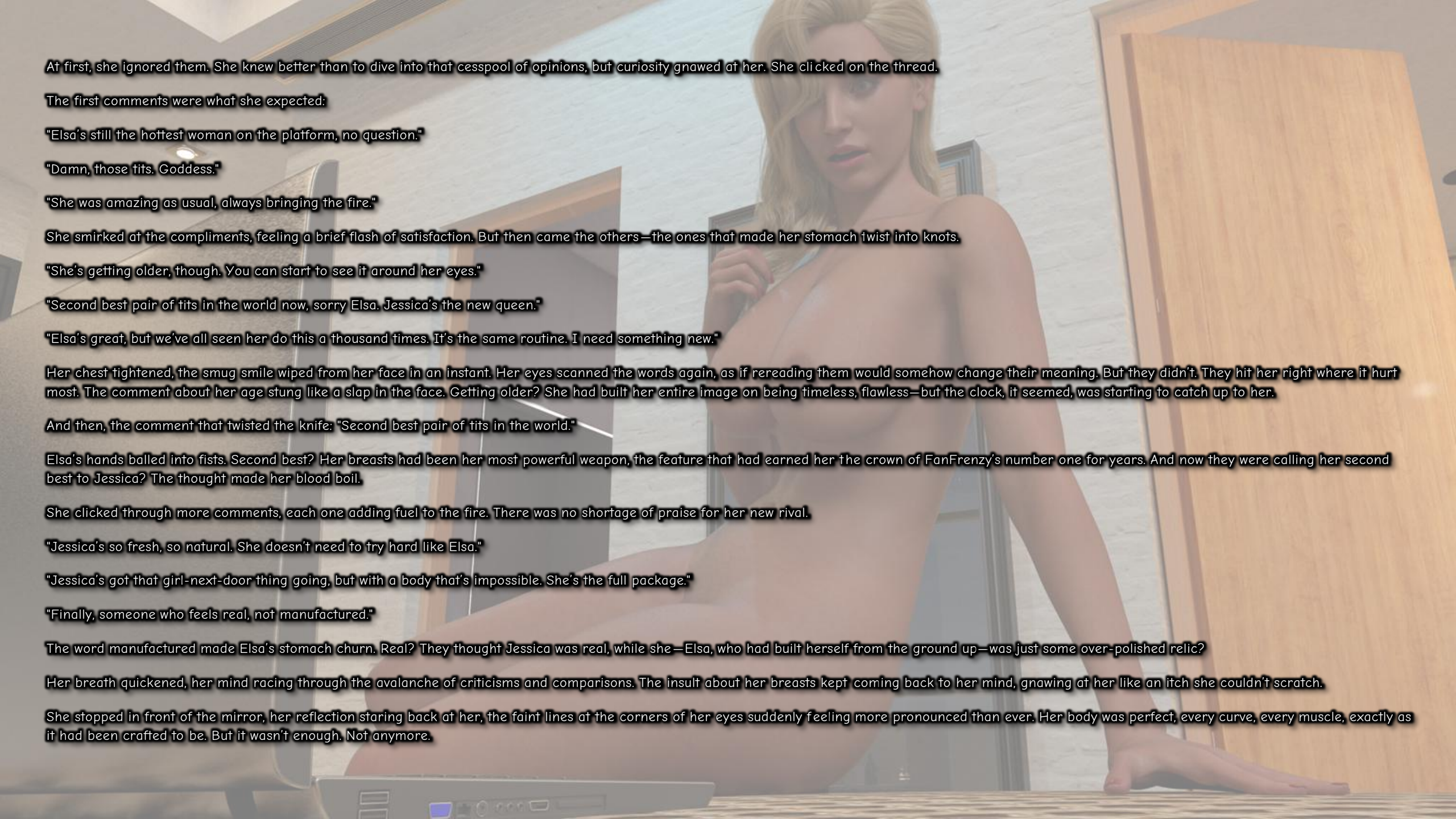
Her eyes narrowed in disbelief as the numbers came up. Jessica—Jessica—had beaten her. The margin wasn't huge, but it didn't matter. Elsa had lost.

She blinked, trying to process the betrayal. Gordon had said it was all about cooperation, about working together as a group. But at the last moment, he'd twisted the rules, asking fans to vote individually, pitting the girls against each other. And they had chosen Jessica. Of course, they had. Elsa's jaw clenched as the reality of it sunk in. Her fingers hovered over the touchpad, instinctively going to check the detailed breakdown of the votes. Maybe there was something, anything, that could explain away her loss.

The numbers didn't lie. Jessica had edged her out in almost every category. Fans loved Elsa, sure—but they were infatuated with the new girl.

She could feel the frustration bubbling up inside her, but it wasn't until she scrolled down that she found something worse. The comments.





At first, she ignored them. She knew better than to dive into that cesspool of opinions, but curiosity gnawed at her. She clicked on the thread.

The first comments were what she expected:

"Elsa's still the hottest woman on the platform, no question."

"Damn, those tits. Goddess."

"She was amazing as usual, always bringing the fire."

She smirked at the compliments, feeling a brief flash of satisfaction. But then came the others—the ones that made her stomach twist into knots.

"She's getting older, though. You can start to see it around her eyes."

"Second best pair of tits in the world now, sorry Elsa. Jessica's the new queen."

"Elsa's great, but we've all seen her do this a thousand times. It's the same routine. I need something new."

Her chest tightened, the smug smile wiped from her face in an instant. Her eyes scanned the words again, as if rereading them would somehow change their meaning. But they didn't. They hit her right where it hurt most. The comment about her age stung like a slap in the face. Getting older? She had built her entire image on being timeless, flawless—but the clock, it seemed, was starting to catch up to her.

And then, the comment that twisted the knife: "Second best pair of tits in the world."

Elsa's hands balled into fists. Second best? Her breasts had been her most powerful weapon, the feature that had earned her the crown of FanFrenzy's number one for years. And now they were calling her second best to Jessica? The thought made her blood boil.

She clicked through more comments, each one adding fuel to the fire. There was no shortage of praise for her new rival.

"Jessica's so fresh, so natural. She doesn't need to try hard like Elsa."

"Jessica's got that girl-next-door thing going, but with a body that's impossible. She's the full package."

"Finally, someone who feels real, not manufactured."

The word manufactured made Elsa's stomach churn. Real? They thought Jessica was real, while she—Elsa, who had built herself from the ground up—was just some over-polished relic?

Her breath quickened, her mind racing through the avalanche of criticisms and comparisons. The insult about her breasts kept coming back to her mind, gnawing at her like an itch she couldn't scratch.

She stopped in front of the mirror, her reflection staring back at her, the faint lines at the corners of her eyes suddenly feeling more pronounced than ever. Her body was perfect, every curve, every muscle, exactly as it had been crafted to be. But it wasn't enough. Not anymore.



The pillbox on the vanity caught her eye. She walked over, her fingers trembling slightly as she lifted the small, white box. Fourteen pills left.

She took out the scale, the same one she had used the night before, and weighed her breasts. The machine beeped softly as the number appeared on the screen: seven pounds, three ounces. Three more ounces than yesterday. A small improvement, but still not enough. Not enough to beat Jessica. Not enough to prove them wrong.

Her frustration boiled over. She popped open the pillbox and swallowed her daily pill with a sharp, determined gulp. The cold water slid down her throat, but it wasn't enough. Not tonight. Not after losing.

Her eyes flickered toward the box again, a mischievous thought creeping into her mind. What if...


Medicine



Without hesitation, Elsa grabbed another pill, her lips curling into a sly smile as she swallowed it. The sensation was almost immediate—a warm, tingling heat spreading through her chest, down her body, like a slow burn. She stared at her reflection, watching with fascination as her breasts swelled slightly, the skin tightening as if the pill was working its magic right in front of her eyes.

The scale beeped again. Another three ounces. Elsa's heart raced with excitement. It's working.

Elsa's breath caught in her throat. It was working. She could feel it working. Her breasts were swelling, her skin tightening, and the faint lines around her mouth and eyes were beginning to fade. She turned to the mirror, running her hands over her body, marveling at the smoothness of her skin. Her reflection was almost glowing, her breasts more prominent, her figure more voluptuous.

One more, she thought, her eyes gleaming with excitement. She grabbed a third pill from the box and swallowed it quickly. The warmth intensified, spreading through her body like liquid fire. Her breasts seemed to expand before her eyes, the fabric of her robe growing tighter around her chest as she moved back to the scale.

Eight pounds.

She could hardly believe it. The pills were working faster than she'd imagined, reshaping her body, enhancing every curve, every feature. She turned to the mirror again, her eyes wide with astonishment. The lines around her eyes had vanished completely, her skin radiant and flawless. She looked younger, fresher, more perfect than she had in years.

Her hands slid down to her hips, then further, cupping her ass. It felt firmer, rounder, more toned. She spun in front of the mirror, admiring her reflection from every angle. Every inch of her was improving, transforming. It was exhilarating, intoxicating.

Elsa glanced at the pill box again, a wicked smile playing on her lips. Why stop now? She reached for another pill, and another, swallowing them quickly, almost feverishly. The heat inside her intensified, her body reacting instantly. Her breasts swelled even more, her ass rounding out, her waist narrowing. She was becoming a bombshell in real-time, her reflection more perfect with each passing second.

She was barely thinking now, her mind clouded by the euphoria of the transformation. She kept taking pills, one after another, until the box was empty. The sensation was overwhelming, her skin tingling with pleasure, her body aching in the best possible way. It was almost orgasmic, the way her breasts continued to swell, her ass tightening, her skin glowing.

When she finally stopped, panting slightly from the intensity of it all, she weighed her assets on the scale one last time.

Fourteen pounds.

Her breasts were now fourteen pounds. Each breast was seven pounds, round, full, and impossibly firm. She looked at herself in the mirror, barely recognizing the woman staring back. Her body was flawless—an hourglass figure that would drive any man (or woman) to their knees. Her face was radiant, the lines gone, her skin as smooth as porcelain. She was perfect.



Elsa let out a slow, satisfied breath, her fingers trailing down her body, relishing the feeling of her new form. She felt more aroused than she had in years, her body buzzing with energy, desire, and power.

Second-best tits in the world? Elsa smirked at her reflection. Not anymore.

Elsa stood in front of the mirror, her fingers tracing the perfect curves of her now larger breasts. She was magnificent. Her body had transcended what it had been before—more voluptuous, more powerful, more irresistible. She couldn't help but smile smugly at her reflection. Tomorrow, she thought. Tomorrow, I'll crush everyone.

Her confidence swelled alongside her new form, but just as the thought settled in her mind, she felt it—the heat. At first, it was subtle, a small flicker deep inside her, almost like a pleasant warmth. But it didn't stop there. The heat began to spread, bubbling up from her core and radiating out to every inch of her body. Her skin began to prickle, a thin sheen of sweat forming along her forehead, her chest, her back.

What is this? she thought, frowning as she wiped her brow. But the warmth kept building, intensifying with each passing moment. Her breath quickened, her pulse racing as her skin flushed red. She felt a small tremor of panic, but it was soon overridden by something else—something darker, more primal.

She needed water. Her throat was parched, dry from the sudden wave of heat. She reached for the large glass jar of water she kept on her nightstand, pouring it down her throat in long, greedy gulps. The cool liquid was a momentary relief, but as soon as she finished the jar, the heat flared up again. She was still thirsty, still burning from the inside out.

Her robe, barely able to contain her newly enhanced figure, felt suffocating. The silk clung to her skin, slick with sweat, the fabric sticking to the curves of her breasts, barely covering them. She groaned softly, her hand resting against the wall for support as she took a deep breath, but the heat… it just kept rising.

The arousal hit next. Her body, already flushed, began to hum with an intense need. Her nipples stiffened beneath the fabric, rubbing against the silk in the most maddening way. She shifted, her thighs pressing together instinctively, trying to quell the sudden ache that was building between her legs. What the hell is happening to me?

Her mind was clouding with need, her body responding to the overwhelming heat in the most primal way possible. She couldn't stay in her room any longer. She needed to move, needed to cool off, needed something. Without thinking, Elsa grabbed the empty water jar and flung the door open, her legs carrying her down the hallway toward the kitchen.

Her silk robe barely stayed closed as she moved, the loose fabric gaping at her chest, revealing the fullness of her newly swollen breasts. They bounced slightly with each step, the weight of them feeling heavier than before, more powerful. Elsa moaned softly under her breath, her skin slick with sweat, the heat making her delirious as she practically stumbled into the kitchen.

She didn't waste time. Grabbing the nearest jar of water, she drank it down in one go, not caring about the way it spilled over her chin and down her chest. It didn't matter—nothing mattered except quenching the unbearable thirst and calming the fire raging in her body. The water helped, but only for a second. She grabbed another jar, draining it just as quickly, her body trembling as the cool liquid slid down her throat.





But then she heard it. Footsteps.

Elsa turned, her vision slightly hazy, her chest rising and falling with labored breaths. Through the blur, she saw him—Wilson. He stood frozen in the doorway, his eyes wide with shock, his mouth slightly agape. His gaze locked on her, and Elsa knew exactly what he was staring at. Her robe was practically open now, her full, round breasts exposed to the cool air of the kitchen, glistening with sweat. The silk barely clung to her shoulders, slipping lower with every movement she made.

Elsa felt a surge of power rise within her. Despite the heat, despite the desperation coursing through her, she couldn't help but feel proud of her new body. And the way Wilson was staring at her? It was almost intoxicating. She could see the way his eyes darted between her face and her chest, his expression a mix of awe and raw desire.

She let out a low, sultry laugh, her lips curling into a wicked smile. "You like what you see, Wilson?" she purred, her voice dripping with flirtation. She shifted her weight slightly, her breasts bouncing in response, the silk robe slipping just a bit further down her body, revealing even more of her skin.

Wilson stammered, his face flushing red as he struggled to find his voice. "I—I—uh... Elsa, I—"

"Shh," she interrupted, her voice soft but commanding. She took a step toward him, her hips swaying seductively. She could feel the heat radiating off her body, the slickness of her skin, the way her nipples strained against the fabric. The arousal was overwhelming now, her need for release growing with every passing second.

Her vision was blurry, her mind clouded with lust, but her instincts were sharp. She knew exactly what she needed. Her body was screaming for it—screaming for him.

She licked her lips, her voice dropping to a low, husky whisper as she leaned in closer to him. "Why don't you come upstairs with me?" she said, her breath hot against his ear. "I think it's time you helped me... cool off."

Wilson's eyes widened even further, his breath quickening as he stared at her in disbelief. He looked like a deer caught in headlights, unsure whether to move or stay frozen in place. But Elsa didn't give him a choice.



She reached out, grabbing him by the collar of his shirt and pulling him toward her, as she whispered, "I need to get fucked, Wilson. Right now."

He stammered, his face flushed and his hands trembling as he tried to form words. "I—I—Elsa, I don't know if I—"

"Shut up," she growled, her patience wearing thin. The heat was too much, the need too strong. She didn't have time for hesitation or nervousness. She needed him, now.

She tugged at his shirt, her fingers trailing down his chest as she pressed her body against his, her breasts pushing against him. "Come with me," she commanded, her voice sharp, her eyes blazing with desire. "Now."


Wilson swallowed hard, his body rigid as Elsa began to drag him out of the kitchen and toward her room. She could feel the arousal pulsing through her, her skin on fire, her mind consumed with lust. Her vision was blurred, but it didn't matter. She could feel Wilson's hand trembling in hers as she pulled him along, could feel the way his breath hitched every time he glanced down at her exposed body.
When they reached her room, Elsa slammed the door behind them, locking it with a swift movement. She turned to face him, her robe slipping completely off her shoulders now, her breasts fully exposed, her body glistening with sweat and desire.


Her voice was low, dirty, as she leaned in close to him, her lips brushing against his ear. "I'm going to make you fuck me like you've never fucked anyone before," she whispered, her breath hot and ragged. "Now... take off your clothes."





Wilson stirred awake, groggy and utterly drained, his muscles aching in ways he'd never felt before. The early morning light filtered through the curtains of Elsa's room, casting a soft glow over the chaos of discarded clothing and tangled sheets. He blinked, his body sluggish and weak. Every part of him screamed with exhaustion, the result of a night he could barely comprehend. Elsa had ridden him three times, each one more intense than the last. She'd been wild, almost feral, her body moving with a kind of desperate hunger that left him utterly spent. Now, lying in the aftermath, Wilson could barely summon the strength to turn over.

His hand instinctively reached for his phone on the nightstand. The alarm blared, loud and incessant, jolting him slightly. His heart skipped a beat when he saw the time: 10:00 AM. His eyes widened in panic. The Bikini Babe photoshoot—the second day's morning trial—was supposed to start now.

"Shit," he muttered, his voice hoarse.

He turned toward Elsa, who lay sprawled across the bed, her hair tousled and wild, her body glistening with the remnants of sweat from the night's exertions. She was stark naked, of course, her swollen breasts rising and falling with slow, heavy breaths. They were clearly bigger than he remembered them. For a moment, Wilson just stared, momentarily distracted by the sight of her. She looked like a goddess, perfect and untouchable, yet there was something off—something unsettling in the way her body seemed too... large.

"Elsa," he said, nudging her shoulder weakly. She groaned in response, not moving. "Elsa, wake up! It's 10 AM—the shoot's starting!"

She grumbled, her body shifting slightly as if trying to escape the waking world. Wilson shook her again, more urgently this time. "Come on! The photoshoot! You're late!"

Elsa let out a long, guttural groan, her face scrunching up as if waking was the last thing she wanted to do. Slowly, painfully, she opened her eyes, blinking blearily at the ceiling. She looked almost hungover, her movements sluggish, her breathing heavy.

"Ugh... what?" she muttered, her voice scratchy.

Wilson, still half in shock from the night before, could barely focus as he gestured toward his phone. "The photoshoot! The Bikini Babe thing is happening right now!"



For a moment, Elsa didn't register his words. But then, as the fog lifted from her mind, her green eyes snapped open in sudden realization. "Oh, shit."

With an almost inhuman burst of energy, Elsa leaped out of bed in one swift movement. Wilson watched, dazed and still reeling from the effects of the night. He noticed something weird—something about the way she moved, the way her body seemed... larger, more imposing than before. But before he could fully process it, Elsa was already pulling open her wardrobe, rifling through her things.

"I can't be late!" she muttered, her voice urgent as she grabbed a bikini from the drawer. She turned toward the mirror, holding up the piece of fabric—a black string bikini that was so skimpy it looked more like lingerie than swimwear. She didn't have time to care.

She pulled it on hastily, her fingers trembling with the adrenaline coursing through her body. The top strained to contain her breasts, the thin strings cutting into her skin as they desperately tried to hold her overflowing curves in place. Her bikini bottoms were practically invisible, the thin fabric disappearing between the cheeks of her newly rounded ass. Elsa caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror—she looked like a walking fantasy, her body a perfect hourglass, her breasts heavy and bouncing with every movement.

But there was no time to admire herself. She needed to get to the shoot.

"Let's go!" she shouted, grabbing Wilson by the arm and dragging him out of the room. He stumbled after her, still half-dazed, still trying to wrap his head around what was happening. As they hurried through the halls, he couldn't shake the nagging feeling that something was different. Elsa's grip felt stronger, her presence more... powerful. But there was no time to dwell on it.



They burst out of the mansion and headed toward the private beach, where the photoshoot had already begun. Elsa's breath came in heavy, labored gasps as she ran, her newly enhanced body making every movement feel like an effort. Her breasts bounced with every step, the thin strings of her bikini barely keeping them contained. Sweat began to bead on her forehead, her body still feeling overheated from the night before.

By the time she reached the beach, she was out of breath, her vision slightly blurry. She could hear the soft hum of conversation as the other girls were already posing in front of the cameras. Elsa pushed her way through the group, ignoring the curious stares and murmurs that followed her entrance.


"Stop," she called out, her voice shaky. "I'm here, I'm getting in!"
The girls turned to look at her, their eyes widening as they took in her appearance. There was a murmur of confusion—something was off about her. She looked... different. Her skin seemed to glow, her curves more pronounced, more exaggerated. She was taller, too, though Elsa, still dizzy, didn't notice.



Jessica, standing in the middle of the group, crossed her arms over her chest, a look of annoyance flashing across her face. “She’s late,” she said sharply. “She’s violating the rules. She should be disqualified from this test.”

Elsa’s vision was still blurred, her breath coming in shallow gasps as she made her way toward Jessica. She wasn’t thinking straight—the heat in her body was clouding her mind, making everything feel slow and heavy. But one thing cut through the haze: anger.



"I don't give a shit about the rules," Elsa growled, her voice low and threatening as she loomed over Jessica. "You want me out? Come and make me."

Jessica blinked, startled by the venom in Elsa's voice. But it wasn't just her tone that made Jessica step back—it was Elsa herself. Elsa was towering over her, a full head taller, her body casting a long shadow over Jessica's smaller frame. The difference was unmistakable, and for a brief moment, Jessica looked shaken.

Wilson arrived just then, his eyes wide as he hurried over to where the confrontation was happening. He could barely believe what he was seeing—Elsa, who had always been petite, now stood taller than him.

The other girls exchanged nervous glances, whispers spreading through the group as they realized how changed she was. None of them wanted to challenge her. Even Jessica, who had always been so confident, hesitated, her mouth opening and closing as she struggled to find the words.



But then, Elsa's breath hitched, her chest rising and falling rapidly as a wave of dizziness hit her. Her vision blurred again, the world spinning around her as her knees buckled beneath her. She collapsed to the sand, gasping for air as sweat poured down her face.

Gordon and Mark, who had been overseeing the shoot from the sidelines, rushed over, their expressions filled with concern. "What's going on?" Gordon demanded, his eyes flicking between Elsa and Wilson.

"She's... she's not okay," Wilson stammered, kneeling beside Elsa as she clutched her head, her body trembling. "She keeps saying the world is spinning."

Mark stepped forward, frowning. "Maybe she needs to sit this one out. Take a stroll down the beach, get some air. She doesn't look good."


Wilson nodded quickly, desperate to help. "I'll take her," he offered, his voice shaky as he slipped his arm under Elsa's and helped her to her feet.
It wasn't until they were walking down the beach, Elsa's body leaning heavily against his, that Wilson fully realized what he had been suspecting since that morning. Elsa wasn't just taller—she was heavier, too. Much heavier. He had to exert far more effort just to keep her upright, his muscles straining under her new weight.


A shiver ran down his spine as they turned around a cliff, finally out of sight from the others. His mind raced, trying to comprehend what had happened. Elsa had always been petite—5'3" at most. But now she towered over him. He couldn't shake the feeling that something was very, very wrong.


As they walked further down the beach, the weight of her body pressed against him, and Wilson's mind buzzed with a mix of fear and awe. What the hell has she done to herself?



The photoshoot was in full swing, the sun casting a bright, golden light over the private beach as the girls posed seductively, one after another, finally recovered from the bizarre situation with Elsa. Jessica stood front and center, her chestnut hair catching the light as she angled her body toward the camera, her eyes gleaming with practiced innocence. Around her, the other girls shifted into their positions, each vying for their moment in front of the lens.

The light reflected off their bodies as they struck their poses, Mark and the crew capturing every tantalizing angle. The routine was smooth, a rhythm they'd all fallen into over the past few minutes. Each click of the camera, each movement of the girls, was meant to seduce, to captivate.

But then, a commotion broke the flow.

One of the camera crew turned sharply, his eyes wide with confusion as he noticed something happening off to the side. The rest of the crew, along with Gordon and Mark, followed his gaze. Wilson came into view, running from around the cliff, his face flushed with panic. The photoshoot momentarily forgotten, all eyes turned to him as he stumbled into the scene, breathless and clearly frazzled.


Gordon narrowed his eyes. “Where’s Elsa?” he barked, stepping forward. Mark lowered his camera, his brows furrowed in confusion. “Is she OK?” Gordon asked again.

Wilson, looking disoriented and still catching his breath, stammered, “Uh… she’s… I mean… define ‘OK.’”

There was a brief pause, the tension in the air growing as the girls exchanged nervous glances. Then, before anyone could respond, a piercing scream cut through the air.

“OH MY GOD!”

One of the girls pointed, her hand trembling, toward the cliff.

Every head snapped in that direction.


Emerging slowly from behind the rocky formation was Elsa—or at least, something that looked like her. But this was no ordinary Elsa. She was huge.
Gasps and murmurs erupted from the girls, the crew, and even Gordon, as Elsa appeared, towering over the cliff. She was gigantic. The sheer scale of her was incomprehensible. Her enormous form dominated the landscape, the cliff the only thing that could compare to her. Her bikini, of course, was gone, leaving nothing of her new astonishing figure to the imagination.


She looked a bit disoriented, blinking down at the group from her new height, her chest rising and falling with each heavy, labored breath.
Gordon, unable to mask his shock, stepped forward and called out, “Elsa! Are you... are you okay?”
Elsa’s enormous green eyes blinked as if trying to focus. She seemed wary, almost like she was still processing what had happened to her. She glanced down at herself, her gaze lingering on her impossibly huge breasts, which swayed slightly with her movements.
After a long pause, she muttered, her voice booming, “I’m... I’m huge.”
Her words, though simple, seemed to reverberate through the air, each syllable carrying the weight of her disbelief. The girls below stood frozen, unsure of what to do or say, their jaws practically on the floor.


Mark, ever the practical one, finally found his voice. "How... how did this happen?"
Wilson, still looking dazed and utterly flustered, shrugged helplessly. "She passed out... and then she just... grew. And grew... and grew." His voice trailed off as he tried to wrap his own head around the impossibility of it all.


The camera crew, who had been stunned into inaction, suddenly realized what they were seeing. They quickly pointed their cameras toward Elsa, capturing every detail of her towering figure. Her body—now colossal in the mythical sense of the word—cast long shadows over the beach, her breasts alone larger than most of the people standing below her.
Gordon, snapping out of his shock, turned to Mark, his mind racing with the possibilities. "Mark," he hissed under his breath, "keep shooting everything. Don't miss a second of this."


Mark nodded, already adjusting his equipment for the massive scale of Elsa's new form. But then Gordon added, "And cut the broadcast. Don't tell anyone. Just say we're having technical problems."
Mark gave a quick, understanding nod. They were going to milk this moment for everything it was worth—but on their terms. The world didn't need to see this live. Not yet.


The girls, meanwhile, couldn't take their eyes off Elsa. Some were still in shock, their bodies frozen mid-pose. Others, like Jessica, had retreated a few steps, clearly unsure whether to be horrified or... impressed.


There was something undeniably imposing about Elsa now, something that sent a shiver of both fear and awe down their spines.


Elsa, still towering above them, seemed to be adjusting to her new reality as well. Her gaze swept over the tiny figures beneath her, her mind still reeling from the sudden transformation.


The sky was painted with the deep hues of twilight, the last slivers of sunlight reflecting off the calm ocean as Gordon, Mark, Dr. Cobb, and his nurse made their way toward the massive circus tent that had been hastily erected on the private beach. The sand crunched beneath their feet, the air heavy with the salty tang of the sea and the cool breeze of the evening.
Dr. Cobb adjusted his glasses as he glanced at the towering structure ahead, the red and white stripes of the circus tent standing out against the fading light. He had been intrigued by the sudden and frantic request from Gordon, not to mention the unusual setting. It wasn't every day he got a call for an emergency medical consultation inside a circus tent.



"Where did you even find this thing?" Cobb asked, his voice laced with curiosity.

Gordon let out a short, amused chuckle, shaking his head. "Had to pay ten times its price to a local circus to get it installed right away. You'd be surprised how quickly people can work when they hear a big enough number."

Dr. Cobb raised an eyebrow but said nothing. He knew better than to question Gordon's methods. After all, the man had the resources to get anything he wanted. The nurse walking beside him, a petite woman with wide eyes, seemed equally perplexed, her steps hesitant as they approached the tent.


They reached the entrance, the flaps of the tent billowing gently in the wind, and Cobb hesitated for a moment, still unsure about the urgency of this situation. "So what's inside?" he asked, his tone cautious. "Why the secrecy?"
Gordon glanced over at Mark, sharing a brief, knowing look before turning back to the doctor. "You'll find out soon enough. But let me be clear—what you're about to see stays between us. That's the reason I called you specifically. No one else."


Dr. Cobb's curiosity only deepened at those words, but he nodded, stepping inside the tent. As they passed through the flaps, his senses were hit with the scent of fresh fruit and the muted sound of someone softly humming. The nurse gasped softly as they entered, her eyes widening, and Cobb's jaw dropped as the scene before him unfolded.



Elsa Erickson.

But not the Elsa Erickson he had known from the Internet sites. No, this Elsa was gigantic. Her nude form towered over them, even as she sat cross-legged on the sandy ground, her colossal figure filling the tent with an almost surreal presence. She looked calm, but there was still a flicker of unease in her eyes as she nibbled delicately on pieces of fruit from a barrel that seemed comically small compared to her now.

Cobb stood frozen, his mouth working as if trying to form words, but nothing came out. His brain struggled to comprehend what he was seeing—she was impossibly huge, her skin glowing softly under the lights of the tent, her massive breasts resting heavily against her body, her legs stretching out like endless, smooth pillars.

Finally, he managed a muttered, "This... this is impossible."



Elsa, noticing his reaction, let out a soft chuckle that reverberated through the tent, her voice low and teasing. “Oh, believe me, Doctor,” she said, her lips curling into a smirk, “I feel much better knowing that, since I thought I had a problem.”

Mark, standing off to the side with his camera, couldn’t help but grin at the exchange. Gordon, however, remained businesslike. He stepped forward and motioned toward Elsa. “Dr. Cobb, this is why I called you. Elsa here has been... dealing with this all day. We need to make sure she’s alright.”


Elsa rolled her eyes, leaning back slightly, causing her breasts to shift and bounce gently with the movement. "I feel fine," she said, her voice confident. "In fact, I feel more energized than I have in ages. I just need Dr. Lindstrom. He'll know what to do." She tossed a piece of fruit into her mouth, chewing slowly as she glanced down at Cobb. "But if you insist on doing tests, fine. Just try not to poke me too much."


Dr. Cobb blinked rapidly, trying to pull himself together. "Yes... yes, of course," he stammered, clearing his throat. "We'll need to run some basic tests, check your vitals... make sure everything's functioning as it should."


His voice faltered slightly as his gaze drifted up and down her massive form. He couldn't help it—how was any of this possible?



Elsa, sensing his discomfort, leaned forward, her enormous breasts swaying slightly as she tilted her head toward him, her green eyes sparkling with mischief. “You’re not planning on getting a urine sample, are you?” she asked, her tone teasing. “Because if that’s the case, you might want to walk up the hill and find the big puddle there.”

Dr. Cobb’s face flushed red, and the nurse standing beside him looked like she was on the verge of a breakdown. Her hands shook as she clutched her medical bag, her eyes wide with a mix of awe and fear.

Gordon shot Elsa a warning glance, but Elsa just smirked, clearly enjoying the way her teasing was getting under their skin. “What?” she said innocently, looking down at Cobb. “I’m just trying to make your job easier, Doc.”

Cobb coughed awkwardly, fumbling with his medical equipment, while the nurse, pale and trembling, took a few hesitant steps backward.



Gordon, ever the pragmatist, clapped his hands together, breaking the awkward silence. "Well, I'll leave you to it, Dr. Cobb. Just make sure she's alright. I don't care what you need to do or the cost—just figure it out."

Elsa winked at Gordon as he and Mark turned to leave. "Don't worry, boys," she called out playfully. "I'm in good hands."



As the tent flaps closed behind them, Dr. Cobb took a deep breath and turned back to Elsa, still clearly rattled but trying to maintain his professionalism. “Alright, Elsa,” he muttered, pulling out his stethoscope, though he had no idea how he was going to use it on someone of her size. “Let’s… let’s get started.”

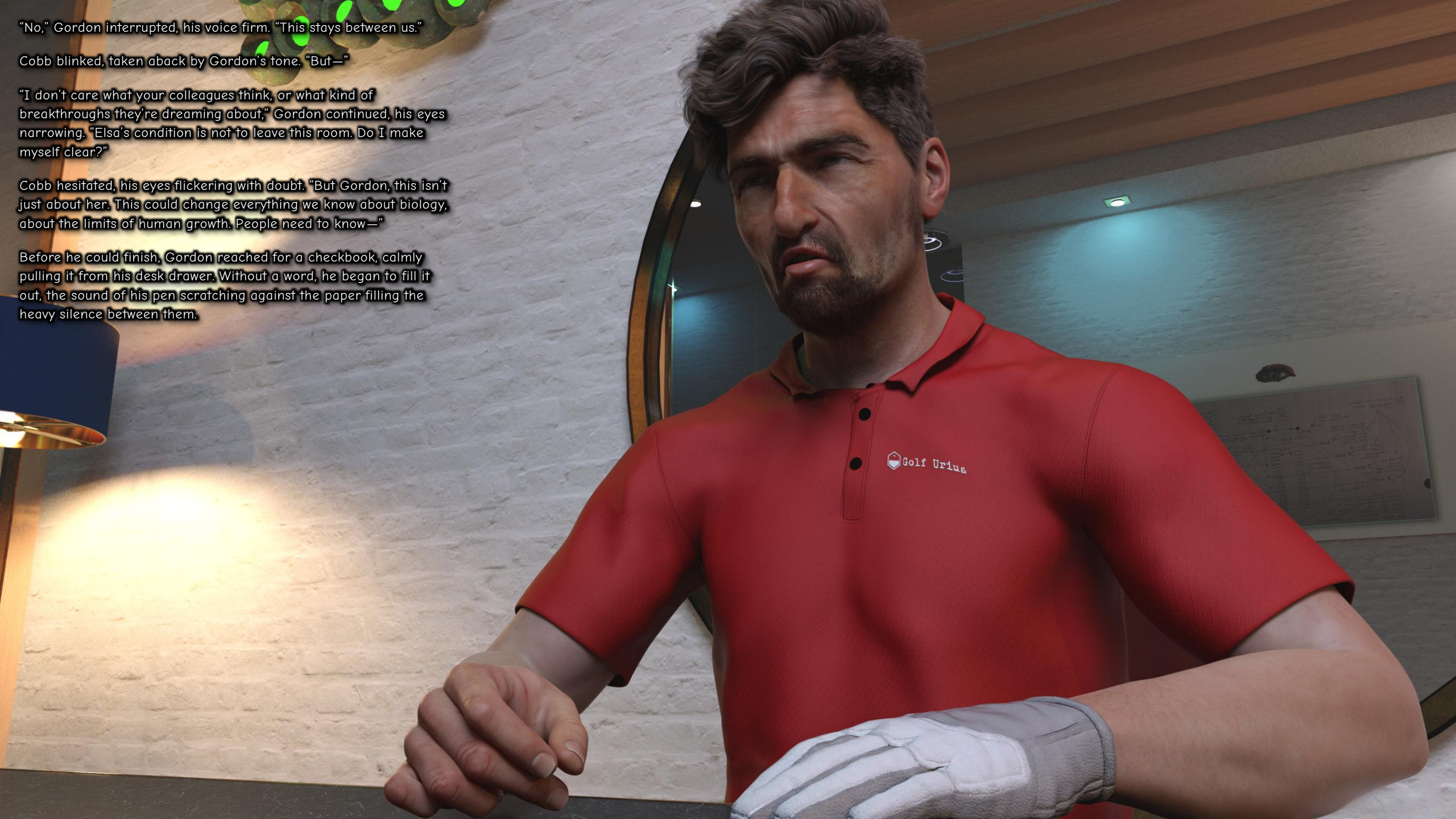
Elsa smiled down at him, her expression a mix of amusement and resignation.



The atmosphere in Gordon's office was tense, the only light coming from the dim desk lamp that cast long shadows across the room. Gordon sat behind his massive mahogany desk, his fingers tapping rhythmically against the wood as he stared at Dr. Cobb, who sat opposite him, visibly rattled. The doctor's face was pale, his hands trembling slightly as he sipped from a glass of scotch that Gordon had poured him just moments before.

Cobb cleared his throat, trying to organize his thoughts, but his mind was still reeling from the events of the day. He set the glass down and looked at Gordon, his voice low and shaky.


"She's... she's 84 feet tall, Gordon. And she weighs—based on the most conservative estimates—around the same as fifty elephants. This... this isn't just unusual, it's... it's impossible."
Gordon leaned back in his chair, his face calm, his eyes sharp as he regarded Cobb. "And yet, here we are."
Cobb shook his head, still in disbelief. "You can't keep this under wraps. You understand that, right? There are people who need to know about this. I have colleagues... experts in biology, physics, people who have contacts in some of the top universities around the world. They could help us figure out what's happening to her. If we—"



"No," Gordon interrupted, his voice firm. "This stays between us."

Cobb blinked, taken aback by Gordon's tone. "But—"

"I don't care what your colleagues think, or what kind of breakthroughs they're dreaming about," Gordon continued, his eyes narrowing. "Elsa's condition is not to leave this room. Do I make myself clear?"

Cobb hesitated, his eyes flickering with doubt. "But Gordon, this isn't just about her. This could change everything we know about biology, about the limits of human growth. People need to know—"

Before he could finish, Gordon reached for a checkbook, calmly pulling it from his desk drawer. Without a word, he began to fill it out, the sound of his pen scratching against the paper filling the heavy silence between them.



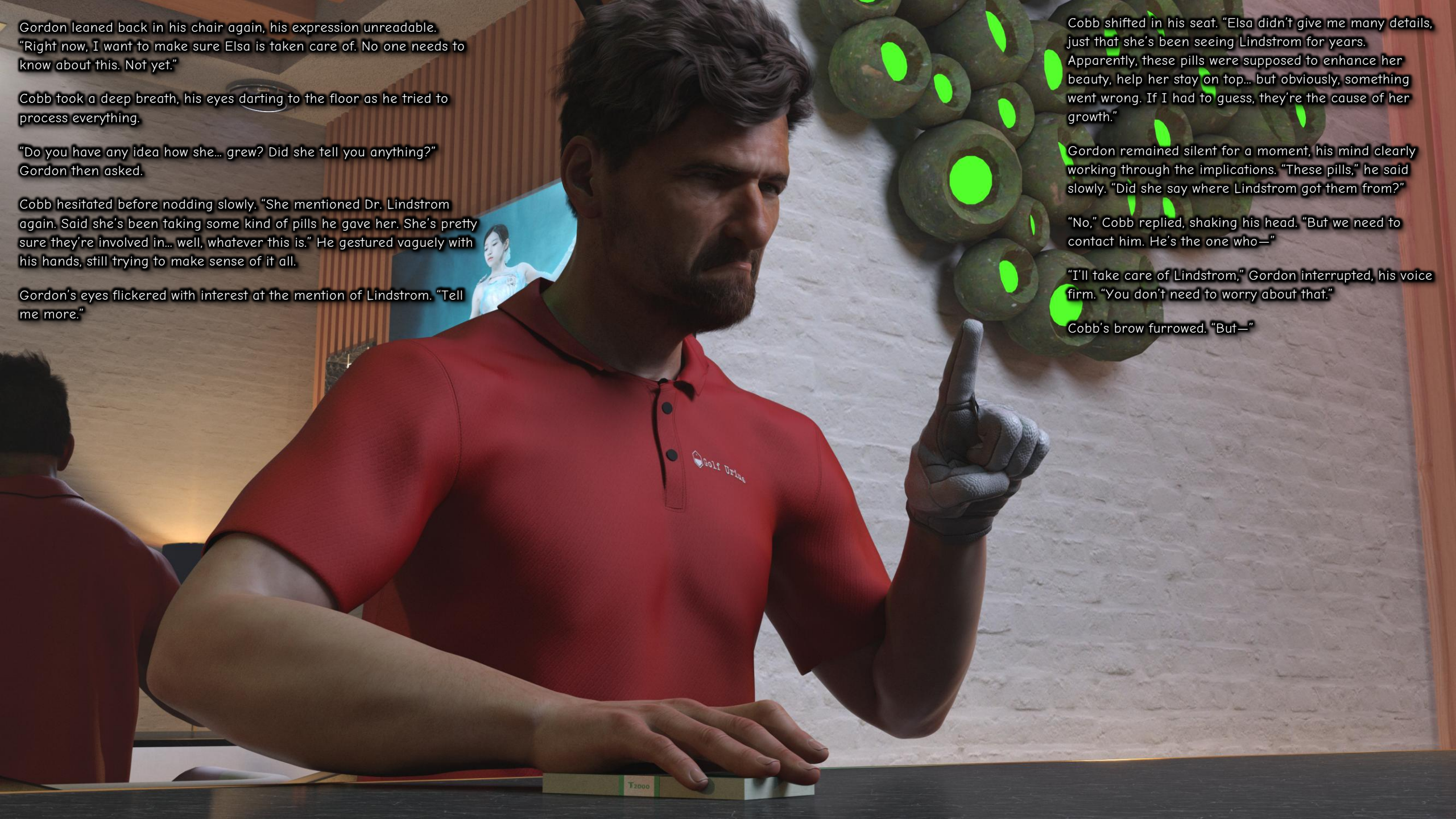
Cobb's mouth opened in shock. "Gordon, you can't just—"

"Doctor," Gordon said smoothly, his eyes not leaving the checkbook. "I understand that this is beyond anything you've ever seen. But right now, I only care about one thing: protecting Elsa."

He finished signing the check and slid it across the desk toward Cobb, who stared at it, his breath catching in his throat. The amount was staggering—more money than Cobb had ever dreamed of seeing in his lifetime.

"Consider this your fee for discretion," Gordon said, his voice calm but authoritative. "Now, you can either take this and keep quiet, or you can walk out of here and start making phone calls, but if you do that..." He leaned forward slightly, his gaze hardening. "You won't be working in this field again. Ever."

Cobb swallowed hard, his hands trembling as he reached for the check. He stared at it for a moment, his mind racing, before finally meeting Gordon's gaze. "What exactly do you want to do?" he asked, his voice barely above a whisper.



Gordon leaned back in his chair again, his expression unreadable. "Right now, I want to make sure Elsa is taken care of. No one needs to know about this. Not yet."

Cobb took a deep breath, his eyes darting to the floor as he tried to process everything.

"Do you have any idea how she... grew? Did she tell you anything?" Gordon then asked.

Cobb hesitated before nodding slowly. "She mentioned Dr. Lindstrom again. Said she's been taking some kind of pills he gave her. She's pretty sure they're involved in... well, whatever this is." He gestured vaguely with his hands, still trying to make sense of it all.

Gordon's eyes flickered with interest at the mention of Lindstrom. "Tell me more."

Cobb shifted in his seat. "Elsa didn't give me many details, just that she's been seeing Lindstrom for years. Apparently, these pills were supposed to enhance her beauty, help her stay on top... but obviously, something went wrong. If I had to guess, they're the cause of her growth."

Gordon remained silent for a moment, his mind clearly working through the implications. "These pills," he said slowly. "Did she say where Lindstrom got them from?"

"No," Cobb replied, shaking his head. "But we need to contact him. He's the one who—"

"I'll take care of Lindstrom," Gordon interrupted, his voice firm. "You don't need to worry about that."

Cobb's brow furrowed. "But—"



"I said I'll handle it," Gordon repeated, his tone leaving no room for argument. "You've done your job, Dr. Cobb. Now, just make sure Elsa is alright, and leave the rest to me."

Cobb hesitated, clearly torn between his professional instincts and the check that now burned in his hand. Finally, he nodded, his shoulders slumping in defeat. "Alright. But if things get worse... you'll need more than just me."

Gordon gave a slight, almost imperceptible nod. "We'll cross that bridge if we come to it."


The soft hum of the waves crashing against the distant shore was the only sound inside the tent, aside from the occasional nervous rustle of papers from Laura, the nurse assigned to Elsa. Laura, a petite middle-aged woman with short, neatly tied hair, was trembling slightly as she worked, adjusting her equipment and trying to focus on the task at hand. But it was impossible to ignore the enormous presence looming above her.
Elsa, now quite more comfortable in her new gigantic form, watched the nurse with mild amusement. She was laying casually, her legs stretched out before her, one crossed over the other, completely nude and utterly unbothered by it. Her massive form dominated the tent, her skin glowing under the dim light. She nibbled lazily on some more fruit —her favorite pastime as far as she could tell— her green eyes twinkling with curiosity as they stayed fixed on Laura.
The poor nurse was clearly on edge, her hands trembling as she checked her instruments. Elsa's lips curved into a sly smile as she observed the woman's nervous movements. It was funny, really— how someone could be so small, and how someone could be so rattled by her presence.


"You look a little tense," Elsa teased, her voice a low purr that seemed to reverberate through the tent. "Everything alright down there?"


Laura jolted slightly, her face flushing as she looked up at the towering woman. "I-I'm fine," she stammered, trying to compose herself. "Just, um... just checking your vitals."
Elsa chuckled softly, her voice rich with amusement. She uncrossed her legs, leaning forward slightly, causing her breasts to sway heavily with the movement. "Oh? And what do my 'vitals' say?"



Laura cleared her throat, her eyes darting nervously to the tablet in her hand. "W-Well," she stammered, "you're... currently 84 feet tall... and you weigh approximately 225 tons."

Elsa's laughter filled the tent, a deep, throaty sound that sent shivers down Laura's spine. "225 tons, huh?" she said, smirking. "Guess I'll need to go on a diet."

Laura smiled nervously but quickly looked back at her readings. "Your blood pressure is... uh... off the charts," she said, her voice shaky. "But that might be normal for a woman of your... size."



Elsa raised an eyebrow, leaning back slightly as she regarded the nurse with a playful glint in her eyes. "My size, huh?" she mused, her lips curving into a teasing smile. "You seem a bit... uncomfortable. Is it the nudity? Should I cover myself up for you?"

Laura's eyes widened, her face flushing an even deeper shade of red. "N-No, I don't mind," she said quickly, her voice squeaking.

Elsa's smile widened, her amusement growing. "Oh? So it must be my height then," she teased, her tone light but teasingly sharp. "Does my... size make you nervous, Laura?"

The nurse swallowed hard, clearly struggling to maintain her composure. "I'm not nervous," she muttered, her hands still trembling slightly as she typed on her tablet.


Elsa leaned in closer, her enormous form casting a long shadow over the nurse. "Mmm, I think you are," she said in a low, flirtatious tone. "But don't worry... I won't bite."
Laura's hands fumbled with the equipment as Elsa's voice washed over her, the giantess's teasing tone making her feel even smaller than she already was. She could feel Elsa's eyes on her, watching every nervous movement with an almost predatory gaze.


"You know," Elsa continued, her voice dropping to a more intimate, playful pitch, "I really appreciate all the help you've been giving me today."
Laura seemed to relaxed, even if only a bit. But Elsa wasn't done. "But I've been wondering... would you mind helping me with something else?"
Laura blinked, her heart skipping a beat as she looked up at the towering woman. "What... what do you mean?" she asked, her voice barely a whisper.


Elsa's smile widened, a mischievous glint in her eyes. "I've been wondering all day," she said, her tone light but suggestive, "how a little person like you would feel in my hand."


Before Laura could react, Elsa's enormous hand moved swiftly toward her. The nurse let out a scream, her heart pounding in her chest as Elsa's fingers curled around her small frame, gently but firmly lifting her off the ground. Laura's legs kicked helplessly in the air, her head and feet the only parts of her body visible between Elsa's massive fingers.



"Stop screaming," Elsa cooed, her voice soft and almost soothing as she raised Laura to her face. "I'm not going to hurt you. I'm just... playing a little."

Laura's heart was racing, her breath coming in short, panicked gasps as she dangled helplessly in Elsa's hand. "You... you can't do this!" she stammered, her voice trembling with fear.

Elsa chuckled, her warm breath washing over Laura as she held the nurse close to her face, her green eyes sparkling with curiosity. "Oh, don't be so stiff, Laura," she said, her tone playful. "You're perfectly safe with me."



Laura squirmed in Elsa's grip, but there was no escaping the giantess's hold. "Put me down!" she cried, her voice shaky.

Elsa tilted her head slightly, her smile never wavering. "Why would I do that?" she teased, clearly amused. "I'm just getting started. Besides," she added, her voice dropping to a more seductive whisper, "I'm fascinated by how small you are."

The nurse whimpered softly, her fear evident, but Elsa continued to hold her, her massive fingers wrapping securely around the trembling woman's body. She raised Laura higher, bringing her closer to her lips, her breath warm against the nurse's skin.


"You feel like a doll, you know?" Elsa mused, her voice thoughtful. "I loved playing with dolls when I was... little," she added gingerly. "It's... exhilarating."
Laura's heart pounded in her chest, her breath coming in short gasps as she tried to process what was happening. "P-Please," she begged, her voice barely a whisper.



But before Elsa could continue her teasing, the flaps of the tent opened, and Wilson stepped inside. His eyes widened, his mouth dropping open in shock as he took in the sight of Elsa, holding the tiny nurse in her hand.

"Oh... Wilson," Elsa said casually, her lips curling into a playful smile as she turned to face him. "You're just in time."

Wilson stammered, clearly caught off guard by the scene before him. "E-Elsa," he managed to say, his voice shaky, "you... you should probably... put her down."

Elsa raised an eyebrow, her smile never faltering. "Oh? Do you want more privacy?" she teased, her tone playful.

Wilson swallowed hard, his face pale. "Y-Yes," he stammered. "That would be... uh... ideal."



Elsa chuckled softly, bringing Laura closer to her face. "You can go for now," she said in a soft, almost whispering tone. "But let's keep this between us, shall we?" she added, the ice on her tone not lost on Laura and Wilson.

Laura nodded frantically, her face pale with fear.

With a gentle, deliberate motion, Elsa lowered the nurse back to the ground, setting her down carefully, uncurling her fingers. The moment Laura's feet touched the sand, she bolted from the tent, screaming as she ran, her footsteps echoing in the distance.

Elsa watched her go, a soft giggle escaping her lips. She turned to Wilson, her eyes gleaming with amusement. "I think she enjoyed it, don't you?"

The soft flap of the tent fell back into place as the nurse's screams faded into the distance, leaving Elsa and Wilson alone in the quiet. Elsa's green eyes gleamed with amusement as she shifted her weight, watching Wilson with a teasing smile playing on her lips. He looked nervous—more nervous than usual—and that only fueled her playful side.



She tilted her head slightly, her hair cascading over her bare shoulder as she regarded him with a lazy, sultry gaze. "So," she purred, her voice rich with mischief. "What brings you here, Wilson? You don't usually just pop in for a visit."

Wilson stammered, his eyes darting nervously around the tent, doing his best not to look directly at her... but failing miserably. His gaze flicked back to her massive form, and Elsa knew exactly what he was thinking. His eyes lingered just a moment too long on her breasts, which were sprawled across the ground, still slightly jiggling from her recent movements. The sheer size of them—each one now larger than Wilson himself—left him breathless.

"I-I came to check on you," he managed to say, his voice barely steady. "But after what I've seen..." His words trailed off, his face flushing as he tried to avert his gaze again.

Elsa smiled, her amusement deepening. She leaned forward, her skin glowing in the dim light. "You're nervous," she said softly, her voice teasing. "There's no need for that. I don't bite... well, not unless you want me to," she added, snapping her pearly teeth for added effect.

Wilson's breath hitched, his face turning a deeper shade of red. He watched as Elsa shifted her position, her enormous body moving with fluid grace despite her size. She stretched out her long legs, then lowered herself onto her chest, resting her head on one hand as she watched him intently. Her breasts, now even more prominent, spilled out beneath her, their weight causing the sand to shift slightly beneath them.

Wilson couldn't help it. His eyes were drawn to them, the sheer volume of her curves impossible to ignore. He swallowed hard, his heart racing.

Elsa noticed, of course. She always noticed. Her smile widened, her lips parting slightly as she gave him a knowing look. "See something you like?" she teased, her voice dripping with flirtation.

Wilson's face burned, and he quickly looked away, his body stiff with embarrassment. "I-I just..." he stammered, trying to find the right words.

Elsa giggled softly, clearly enjoying his discomfort. "Relax," she said with a wink. "I'm just teasing you."

There was a brief pause, and then Elsa tilted her head slightly, her expression becoming more curious. "Speaking of teasing... what exactly happened last night? I don't remember much."

Wilson froze, his eyes widening as he realized what she was asking. He shifted uncomfortably, glancing down at the ground as he tried to figure out how to respond. "Uh... well... you were... um, kind of... wild."

Elsa's eyes gleamed with amusement as she let out a soft laugh. "Wild, huh?" She arched an eyebrow, her tone playful. "That doesn't surprise me. It happens to me sometimes."

Wilson managed a nervous chuckle, but his body remained tense. He hadn't exactly been prepared to have this conversation.

Elsa, on the other hand, seemed completely at ease. In fact, she was enjoying it. She shifted her weight slightly, causing her breasts to spread out further beneath her, the soft flesh pressing into the sand. Her green eyes sparkled with mischief as she gazed at him, clearly savoring his discomfort.

"So," she said, her voice low and teasing, "did you enjoy it?"

Wilson's face turned an even deeper shade of red, and he stumbled over his words. "I-I... uh... well..."

Elsa laughed again, the sound rich and playful. "You don't have to be so shy," she teased, her tone light but suggestive. "It's not like I haven't heard that before."

She leaned in slightly, her massive body moving closer to him, her eyes gleaming with flirtatious intent. "And tell me," she purred, "would you want to repeat it?"

Wilson's breath caught in his throat, his heart pounding as he stared at her, wide-eyed. His body stiffened, a shiver running down his spine as Elsa's words hung in the air between them. He was too nervous to answer, too flustered to even think straight.

Elsa watched him for a moment, then let out another soft laugh. "Relax, Wilson," she said with a wink. "I'm just joking."

But there was something in the way she said it, something that left the offer hanging in the air, as though it wasn't entirely a joke after all. Elsa stretched out lazily, her body shifting again as she rested her head on her hand, watching him closely.

"Though, if you ever change your mind," she added with a smirk, "my door is always open for you."

Wilson shivered again, the weight of her words settling heavily in his chest. He tried to focus, tried to calm his racing heart, but the way she looked at him—the way her massive body sprawled before him—was almost too much to handle.

He cleared his throat, trying to steer the conversation away from the dangerous territory they were veering into. "Y-You seem pretty comfortable with... all of this," he said, gesturing vaguely toward her enormous form.

Elsa shrugged casually, her breasts shifting again as she moved. "Why wouldn't I be?" she said, her voice confident. "Dr. Lindstrom will fix this once he gets here. I'm sure of it."

Wilson frowned slightly. "Dr. Lindstrom?"

Elsa nodded. "He's the one who gave me the pills that made me like this. And once he arrives, everything will be back to normal. Until then..." She trailed off, her eyes gleaming with intrigue. "Well, I have to admit, this new point of view is more... intriguing than I expected. I'm kind of enjoying the view."

Wilson stammered, unable to find any words.



Elsa's eyes sparkled with mischief as she looked down at him, her lips curling into a teasing smile. "So," she purred, her voice dripping with flirtation, "do you want to stay the night?"

Wilson shivered visibly, his heart racing at the implication. He opened his mouth to respond, but before he could stammer out an answer, Elsa let out a soft laugh, shaking her head. "Relax," she said, her tone playful. "It's not what you think."

She shifted slightly, her massive breasts jiggling with the movement as she propped herself up on her elbows, giving Wilson an even clearer view of her colossal curves. "I was just wondering," she continued, her smile widening, "if you'd like to sleep on my tits. I mean, pillow beds don't really get much beiter than this."

Wilson's face turned beet red, his hands clenching nervously as he shook his head. "N-No, I... I think I'll pass," he mumbled, his voice barely audible.

Elsa's laughter filled the tent, deep and rich with amusement. "You're so cute when you blush," she teased, her eyes twinkling. "I swear, if I wasn't this size right now, I'd blow you on the spot."

Wilson's eyes widened in shock, his entire body stiffening as Elsa's words sank in. But before he could even think of a response, she winked at him, her tone turning light and playful again. "But don't worry," she added with a smirk. "I'll wait until I'm back to normal."



The night air outside was cool, but inside Gordon's office, the warmth of whiskey and the rich scent of cigars filled the space. The dim lighting cast long shadows across the room, making the flicker of cigar embers stand out against the darkness. Gordon and Mark sat comfortably in their leather chairs, both men sipping on expensive whiskey, their faces illuminated only by the soft glow of the desk lamp.

Gordon swirled his glass, watching the liquid catch the light before he spoke, his tone calm but filled with a sense of satisfaction. "Forty seconds," he began, his voice smooth. "Forty seconds with Elsa as a giant, and our stream's audience quadrupled. We've convinced everyone it was just a hoax, but you and I both know we've struck gold here."

Mark took a long drag from his cigar, raising an eyebrow. "Quadrupled? Just like that?"

Gordon nodded, the smirk on his face growing. "People are eating it up. We've got a real goldmine here."

The night air outside was cool, but inside Mark leaned back in his chair, exhaling a cloud of smoke. "Then why aren't we streaming more of it? If people are hooked, we could be cashing in every second she's on camera."

Gordon's expression grew more serious as he set his glass down. "We can't stream everything. If we do, the authorities will show up the minute they realize it's real. We're not ready to handle that yet." He leaned forward, the amber glow of his whiskey casting shadows on his face. "In fact, I had to pull some favors to prevent cops and white coats from showing up already," he added, taking a new sip at the whiskey. "What we need is time. Two weeks. We isolate the girls, record every second of Elsa and the others, then once it's all in the bag, we release it."



Mark nodded, starting to understand the scope of the plan. "So, cut off the outside world, keep them in the dark while we get everything we need?"

"Exactly," Gordon replied. "We create a new rule for the contest—no outside contact allowed. We say it's to prevent unfair advantages, so none of the girls can get intel or cheat. They won't question it. Meanwhile, we script every day, making Elsa the star of the show. The giantess, towering over the others, sexy as hell. We'll have enough footage by the end of two weeks to make us both rich beyond our wildest dreams."

Mark let the words settle in, already imagining the possibilities. "So after two weeks, we're sitting on a fortune."

Gordon smiled, but his eyes were colder now. "More than that. After two weeks, we'll have everything we need to be billionaires. And then… we hand Elsa over to the authorities."

Mark raised an eyebrow, surprised by the sudden shift. "Hand her over? You think they can handle her?"

Gordon's smirk returned, more calculated this time. "They'll have to. After we've gotten everything we need from her, she's their problem. Trust me, by the time we release the footage, we'll be so far ahead of the game, nothing can touch us. They'll deal with Elsa, and we'll walk away with billions."

Mark leaned back, taking another slow drag of his cigar, nodding as he processed the full plan. "And she has no idea?"

"None," Gordon said firmly. "She's waiting on Dr. Lindstrom to 'fix' her, so we need to keep her thinking that's going to happen. Delay Lindstrom for two weeks—keep her happy, keep her in line. Once we're done, the authorities can take over."

Mark chuckled darkly. "She's going to be pissed if she figures it out."

Gordon's smile widened. "Then don't let her figure it out."

The first light of dawn filtered through the flaps of the massive circus tent, casting a soft glow over the sandy floor. Gordon stepped inside, the cool morning air clinging to his skin. He paused at the entrance, his breath catching in his throat as his eyes fell on the enormous figure lying in the middle of the tent—Elsa.

She was sprawled across the ground, still asleep, her long, curvaceous body completely nude and bathed in the golden light of the rising sun. Her skin glowed, her hair cascading over her shoulders in wild waves. Every inch of her was a stunning testament to the beauty and power she now possessed at her gigantic size.

Gordon found himself momentarily speechless, his gaze lingering on her breasts, which rose and fell with each slow, steady breath. They were enormous, impossibly so—each one alone seemed larger than his entire body. The sheer magnitude of her figure, her nakedness, left him astonished. He swallowed hard, trying to compose himself as he took a step closer.





Elsa stirred. She shifted slightly, her lips parting as a soft, contented sigh escaped her. Her massive body shifted, her muscles rippling beneath her skin as she slowly began to wake. Her eyes fluttered open, their piercing green catching the early morning light. She blinked, stretching languidly, her arms extending above her head. The movement caused her breasts to sway gently, and Gordon could only watch, mesmerized.

She let out a long, low groan as she sat up, her massive form looming over him as she rubbed the sleep from her eyes. For a moment, she didn't seem to notice him, but then her gaze fell on Gordon, and her expression immediately soured.



"Good morning, Elsa," Gordon said, his voice attempting to sound casual, but the awe in his tone betrayed him.

Elsa's response was grudging. "Morning," she muttered, her voice still heavy with sleep. She stretched again, her towering figure shifting, her muscles flexing as she adjusted her position. Then she looked around, her eyes narrowing. "Where's Dr. Lindstrom?"

Gordon hesitated, the moment of truth arriving faster than he had hoped. "Uh, we're working on that," he stammered. "He's... out of the country. His office has been informed of the urgency of the situation, and they'll contact him as soon as possible."

Elsa's expression hardened, clearly unimpressed. "And?"

Gordon shifted uncomfortably. "I've even offered my private jet to pick him up, but... it'll take at least a couple of days for him to get here."

Elsa let out a frustrated sigh, her shoulders slumping slightly as disappointment washed over her. For a moment, Gordon thought he had lost her. But then he saw something flicker in her eyes—curiosity.

"Alright," she said slowly, her voice calmer but still wary. "And what am I supposed to do in the meantime?"

Gordon saw his opening and quickly seized it. He feigned sympathy, his voice soft and understanding. "I know it's not ideal, Elsa, but you're here for at least a couple more days. Why not make the most of it?"

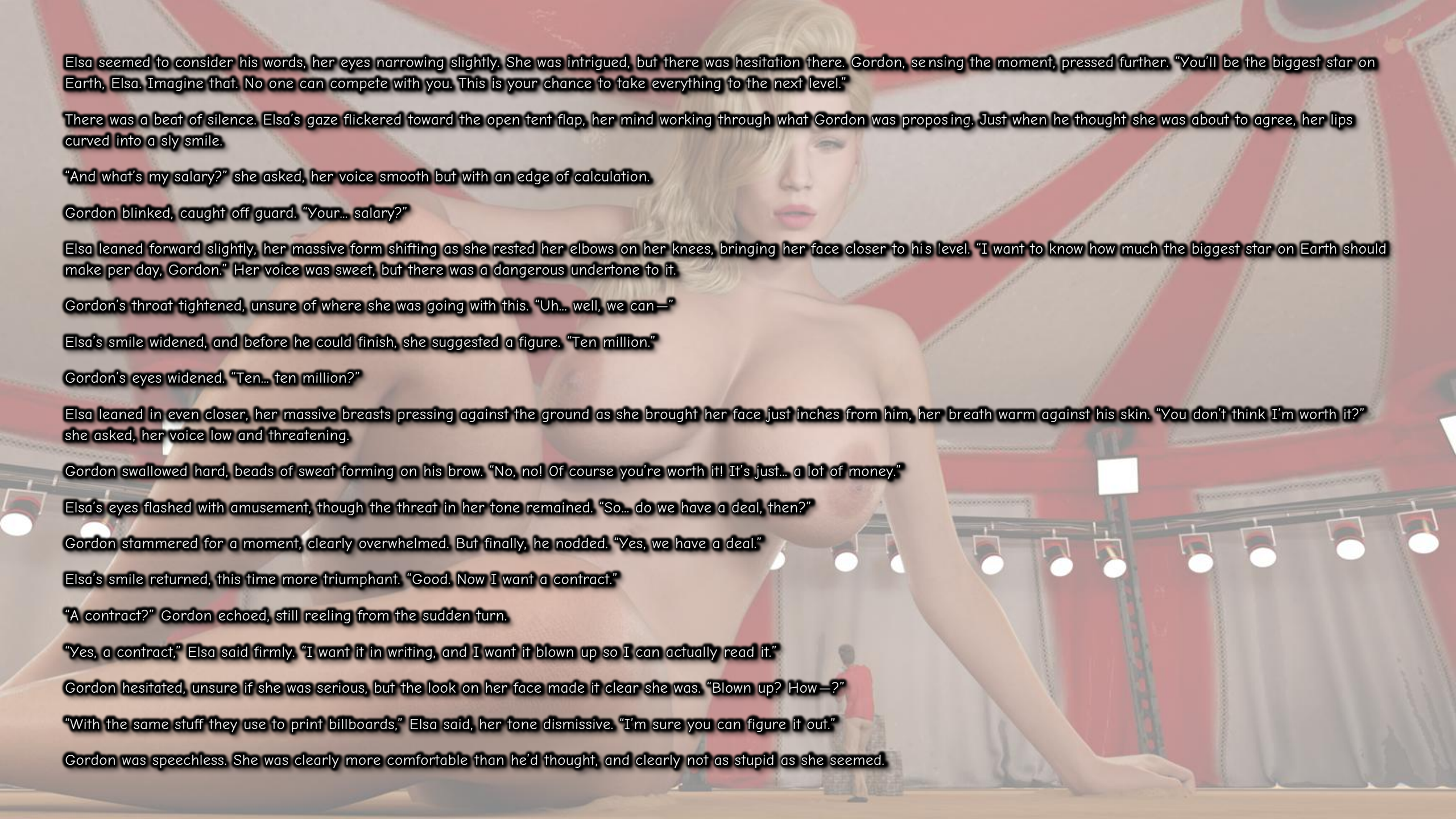
Elsa arched an eyebrow, her curiosity piqued. "Make the most of it?"

Gordon nodded, stepping closer, his mind racing as he began to appeal to her ego. "You were already the biggest star on FanFrenzy before all this, but now... there's no competition. You're untouchable. You have an opportunity to really blow everyone away, to use this... new perspective to your advantage."

Elsa tilted her head, clearly intrigued by where he was going with this. "And what exactly do you have in mind?"

Gordon's smile widened, seeing the gears turning in her mind. "We can make you the center of attention, the biggest star FanFrenzy has ever seen. Forget the rest of the girls—you will be the star of the show. While Lindstrom is out, we'll make the program all about you. 'Elsa, the MegaBabe,' the ultimate fantasy. You'll have a whole new way to show off, with the other girls supporting you in whatever you do."





Elsa seemed to consider his words, her eyes narrowing slightly. She was intrigued, but there was hesitation there. Gordon, sensing the moment, pressed further. "You'll be the biggest star on Earth, Elsa. Imagine that. No one can compete with you. This is your chance to take everything to the next level."

There was a beat of silence. Elsa's gaze flickered toward the open tent flap, her mind working through what Gordon was proposing. Just when he thought she was about to agree, her lips curved into a sly smile.

"And what's my salary?" she asked, her voice smooth but with an edge of calculation.

Gordon blinked, caught off guard. "Your... salary?"

Elsa leaned forward slightly, her massive form shifting as she rested her elbows on her knees, bringing her face closer to his level. "I want to know how much the biggest star on Earth should make per day, Gordon." Her voice was sweet, but there was a dangerous undertone to it.

Gordon's throat tightened, unsure of where she was going with this. "Uh... well, we can—"

Elsa's smile widened, and before he could finish, she suggested a figure. "Ten million."

Gordon's eyes widened. "Ten... ten million?"

Elsa leaned in even closer, her massive breasts pressing against the ground as she brought her face just inches from him, her breath warm against his skin. "You don't think I'm worth it?" she asked, her voice low and threatening.

Gordon swallowed hard, beads of sweat forming on his brow. "No, no! Of course you're worth it! It's just... a lot of money."

Elsa's eyes flashed with amusement, though the threat in her tone remained. "So... do we have a deal, then?"

Gordon stammered for a moment, clearly overwhelmed. But finally, he nodded. "Yes, we have a deal."

Elsa's smile returned, this time more triumphant. "Good. Now I want a contract."

"A contract?" Gordon echoed, still reeling from the sudden turn.

"Yes, a contract," Elsa said firmly. "I want it in writing, and I want it blown up so I can actually read it."

Gordon hesitated, unsure if she was serious, but the look on her face made it clear she was. "Blown up? How—?"

"With the same stuff they use to print billboards," Elsa said, her tone dismissive. "I'm sure you can figure it out."

Gordon was speechless. She was clearly more comfortable than he'd thought, and clearly not as stupid as she seemed.

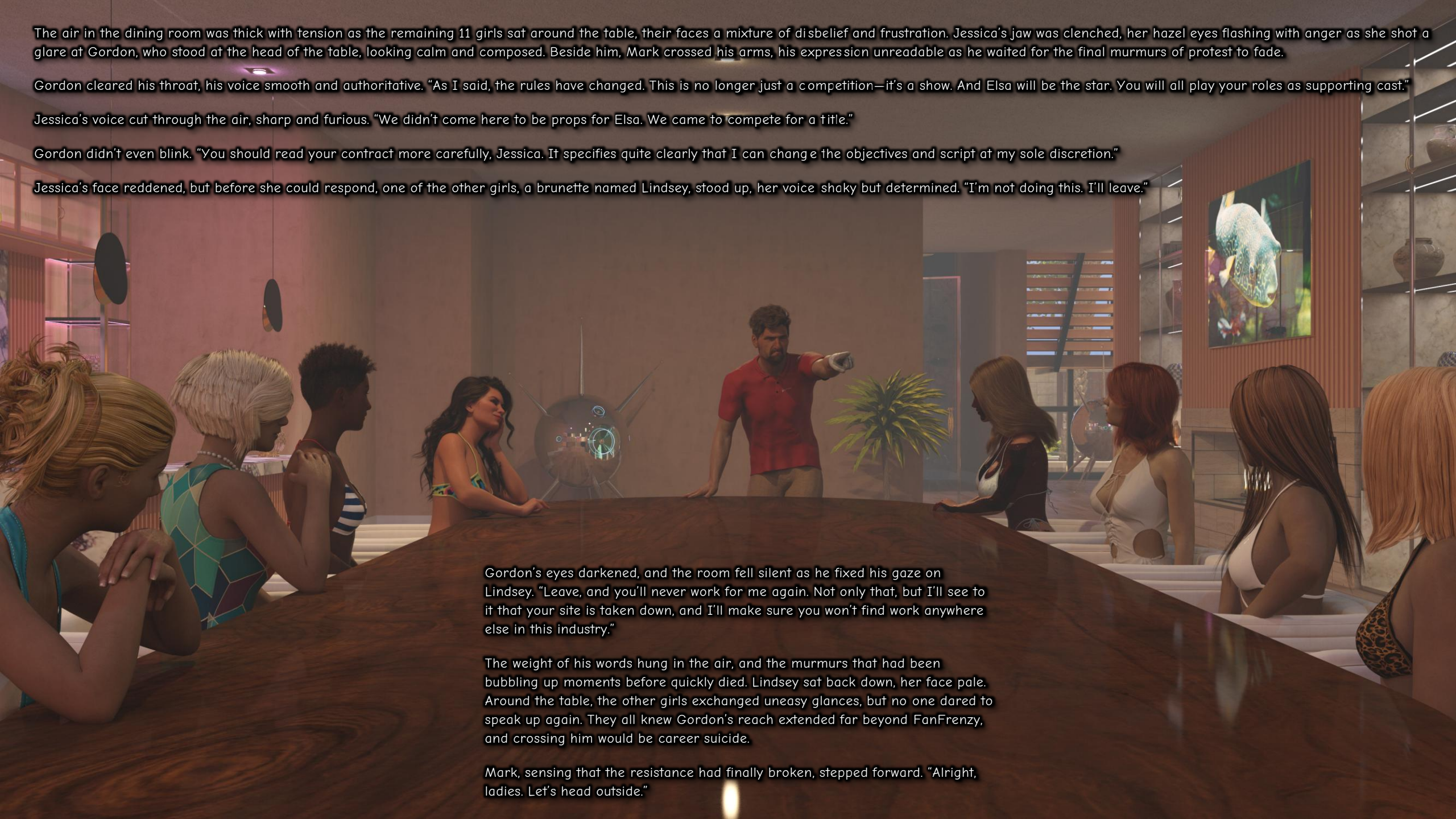
The air in the dining room was thick with tension as the remaining 11 girls sat around the table, their faces a mixture of disbelief and frustration. Jessica's jaw was clenched, her hazel eyes flashing with anger as she shot a glare at Gordon, who stood at the head of the table, looking calm and composed. Beside him, Mark crossed his arms, his expression unreadable as he waited for the final murmurs of protest to fade.

Gordon cleared his throat, his voice smooth and authoritative. "As I said, the rules have changed. This is no longer just a competition—it's a show. And Elsa will be the star. You will all play your roles as supporting cast."

Jessica's voice cut through the air, sharp and furious. "We didn't come here to be props for Elsa. We came to compete for a title."

Gordon didn't even blink. "You should read your contract more carefully, Jessica. It specifies quite clearly that I can change the objectives and script at my sole discretion."

Jessica's face reddened, but before she could respond, one of the other girls, a brunette named Lindsey, stood up, her voice shaky but determined. "I'm not doing this. I'll leave."



Gordon's eyes darkened, and the room fell silent as he fixed his gaze on Lindsey. "Leave, and you'll never work for me again. Not only that, but I'll see to it that your site is taken down, and I'll make sure you won't find work anywhere else in this industry."

The weight of his words hung in the air, and the murmurs that had been bubbling up moments before quickly died. Lindsey sat back down, her face pale. Around the table, the other girls exchanged uneasy glances, but no one dared to speak up again. They all knew Gordon's reach extended far beyond FanFrenzy, and crossing him would be career suicide.

Mark, sensing that the resistance had finally broken, stepped forward. "Alright, ladies. Let's head outside."


The group stood, filing out of the dining room in a tense, reluctant silence. They made their way to the backyard, where the morning sun was casting long shadows across the neatly manicured lawn. The air was crisp, but there was no denying the palpable sense of dread as the girls lined up, waiting.


Then she appeared.
Elsa emerged from around the side of the mansion, her towering form casting a long shadow over the yard. She was breathtaking, her massive figure impossible to ignore as she strode confidently toward the group. Her skin gleamed in the sunlight, her legs stretching out like towering pillars, each step causing the ground to tremble slightly beneath her bare feet.

As she approached, she stopped a few paces away, widening her stance and placing her hands on her hips in a pose that radiated confidence and power. The girls stared up at her, their faces a mixture of awe and resentment. Elsa looked down at them with a smirk, her green eyes gleaming with amusement.

"Well," she began, her voice booming but smooth, "I'm sure you've all been briefed by now."

Her tone was dripping with arrogance, and it was clear she was reveling in her newfound status. She let the silence hang for a moment before continuing, her smile widening. "I just wanted to say, you should all be thankful. You're going to be supporting roles in my show, and not everyone gets that kind of honor."




The girls bristled, but no one spoke. Jessica's fists were clenched at her sides, her eyes blazing with barely contained fury.


Elsa's smile deepened as she noticed the tension. "There are going to be a few rules, of course," she said, her tone casual but commanding. "First and foremost—I am the star. No one is going to try to steal the spotlight from me. Understood?"


Jessica couldn't hold back any longer. She stepped forward, her voice laced with defiance. "And what gives you the right to make those rules?"


Elsa's eyes narrowed, and her smirk grew even more wicked. "My contract," she said smoothly. "And apparently... yours too."
Jessica's face flushed with anger, but she stayed silent, biting her lip as Elsa's towering figure loomed over her. The other girls stood frozen, clearly unsure whether to challenge Elsa or remain silent. They all knew that challenging her now would be a losing battle.


Elsa took a slow, deliberate step forward, her massive form casting an even larger shadow over the group as she leaned slightly closer, her green eyes glinting with mischief.


"Oh, and one last rule," she added, her voice dropping to a playful, almost sinister tone. "Try not to get too close to my feet. I'd hate to step on one of you by accident."

Her eyes locked onto Jessica as she said this, her lips curling into a smirk that left no doubt as to whom the threat was directed toward. Jessica's face went pale, but she held her ground, her eyes burning with fury.




The tension in the air was thick enough to cut, but Elsa simply straightened back up, her hands still on her hips as she looked down at the group, her expression one of smug satisfaction.
The girls remained silent, their resentment clear, but none of them dared to challenge Elsa again.



The camera crew buzzed around like bees as eleven gorgeous girls gathered in the area set up near the edge of the cliffs, at their top, overlooking the deep blue ocean below. The morning sun cast a golden glow over the scene, the cliffs behind them rugged and dramatic, and the sea sparkled invitingly. Gordon, standing back a few feet, was puffing on a cigar, his eyes narrowing as he oversaw every tiny detail. He wore his usual cold expression, calculating and ever so controlling, but you could tell he was on edge. This wasn't just any shoot; this was the beginning of the next phase of his twisted masterpiece.

The girls had been dressed up in a mix of sultry bikinis, sheer fabrics, and skimpy tops that barely concealed anything. This was FanFrenzy at its peak—every curve, every sway, every arch of their bodies was designed to tantalize. Mark, with his headset on, moved from one camera to another, barking orders at the crew, making sure every angle, every slow-motion shot, every suggestive sway of hips was captured to perfection.

The girls were trying to keep up the energy, their bodies glistening under the sun as they started dancing sensually, moving to the slow, seductive beat playing in the background. Their hands slid over their bodies, teasingly stripping off their tops, leaving them in nothing but thongs and barely-there bikinis. They knew the drill; they had been through this before. But this time, there was a tension in the air.



Jessica, ever the competitive one, stood near the center, her long legs and perfectly toned body commanding attention. She arched her back as she ran her hands up her thighs, casting sultry glances at the cameras. But even she couldn't shake the feeling that they were all just playing a losing game.

"Good, good! Keep the energy up!" Mark shouted, camera lenses zooming in on every sultry movement. The girls moved in sync, their bodies sliding against one another, adding a raw, erotic undertone to the shoot. Hands tangled in hair, fingers brushed across exposed skin, bikinis were flung aside with teasing grins. The cameras captured every drop of sweat, every curve of their bodies as they danced and posed seductively.

Gordon's eyes flickered to his watch. He took another drag of his cigar, looking almost bored, but there was a certain spark of anticipation in his gaze. He knew what was coming.



And then, it happened.

From around the corner of the cliff, a shadow loomed, blocking out the sun. The girls froze mid-pose, some of them gasping as they realized what was coming their way. Elsa appeared, her impossibly huge figure walking on the beach below them, her feet sinking into the sand like the ground barely mattered. The wind whipped around her, making her long blonde hair billow behind her like a golden halo.

The top of the cliff where the girls were shooting only reached just under Elsa's enormous, swelling breasts. It was breathtaking, unreal, and overwhelming. Elsa's giant figure cast a long, imposing shadow over the scene, and her sultry smile spread across her face as she looked down at the girls—tiny, insignificant in her presence.

"Alright, darlings," Elsa's voice boomed above them, playful and condescending, "time for the real star to shine."

She moved with a slow, exaggerated grace, each step of her massive frame causing the ground to tremble slightly. Mark, his jaw dropping, immediately swung his camera crew around to focus on the towering beauty. The other girls stood there, looking up at her in a mix of awe and fear, their seductive dance forgotten as Elsa effortlessly stole the spotlight.


She began to pose, her massive breasts bouncing heavily with each teasing shift of her body. The cameras zoomed in on the sway of her hips, the way her colossal form moved in a mockery of the girls' earlier attempts. Elsa was all curves and raw sexual power, her enormous breasts dominating the scene. She turned slightly, her chest pushing forward, almost playfully.


Without warning, she lowered herself to her knees, her hands cupping her massive breasts as she settled them onto the ground at the top of the cliff, right next to the area where the other girls stood. The sheer scale of it was mind-boggling—her breasts, now pressed into the sand, were larger than most of the girls' bodies. The cameras shifted to capture the contrast, the size difference between Elsa's titanic body and the small, sultry girls standing frozen in disbelief.


"Come on," Elsa teased, her voice dripping with sarcasm. "Don't just stand there looking pretty. Why don't you dance for me? Right here, next to the real stars of the show." She gave a pointed glance down at her massive breasts resting in the sand.


The girls hesitated, but they knew they had no choice. Jessica shot a furious glance at the others before stepping forward first. Her movements were slower now, more reluctant, but she tried to maintain the sensual rhythm they had started with earlier. The other girls followed suit, their once confident dances now overshadowed by Elsa's massive presence.
As they danced around her, Elsa smirked, her eyes glinting with amusement. She leaned in slightly, her breath hot and heavy, sending a gust of wind over the girls as they struggled to keep up their sultry moves.


"Good girls," she purred. She pressed her enormous breasts further into the ground, the sand beneath them shifting like it was nothing.
The girls danced with forced smiles, knowing the cameras were capturing every moment of their humiliation as they played second fiddle to the giantess. Elsa continued to watch them, enjoying every second, her eyes never leaving the tiny figures beneath her.
The scene was set. Elsa had taken over, and the cameras were there to immortalize it. There was no doubt now—she was the star, and everyone else was just playing along in her world.


Back in the tent, Elsa sprawled comfortably across the ground, her massive frame practically filling the space. The ceiling flaps quivered as her breath reverberated through the room, her presence alone enough to make anyone weak-kneed. She was idly tracing her fingers over her breasts, which felt like they could blot out the sky at this size, but she couldn't help but smirk. Despite the disorienting surge in her height, the feeling of being all-powerful was undeniably... intoxicating.


When Wilson entered, she looked at him from under her lashes, her eyes glinting with a mix of amusement and something naughtier. "Wilson, darling," she purred, her voice smooth and dangerous, "come keep me company."
Wilson, visibly flustered, approached hesitantly. His heart raced faster than he wanted it to, his eyes doing their best to stay focused on her face, but Elsa made that difficult. The tent's dim lighting did little to dampen the overwhelming sense of size and power she now carried with every move.


"Uh, h-how are you feeling?" Wilson asked, trying to sound professional but failing miserably.
Elsa let out a soft, lazy chuckle, lounging more provocatively, deliberately pushing her chest forward so that her breasts strained beneath her arms. "Better than ever, if I'm being honest. You'd think growing into a giantess would be a bit of a nightmare... but I've discovered it has some truly amazing perks." She bit her lower lip suggestively, letting the weight of her words hang.
Wilson gulped, visibly nervous. His hands trembled slightly as he stood there, unsure of what to do with them. Elsa relished every second of his discomfort.
"So... the ratings from this morning," she said, casually brushing a lock of her golden hair back and giving him an expectant look. "You've seen them, right?"



Wilson shifted uncomfortably. "I... no, I haven't. Gordon and Mark, they're keeping the ratings close to their chest. Not giving anyone access. Even the other girls are surprised."

Elsa's expression soured for a moment before she sat up straight, the earth shaking slightly from the sudden movement. "Is that so?" she said, her voice now dripping with dominance. "Then, I suppose we'll need to fix that. Get Mark in here. I want to know exactly how I'm doing."

Wilson fumbled for words. "Uh, sure. I'll... I'll let him know. But, uh, Elsa, he might be busy—"

"Did I ask if he was busy?" Elsa interrupted, her tone sharp, making Wilson wince. "Get him in here, or I'll go get him myself. And trust me, darling, I'm not in the mood to play gentle right now."

He swallowed hard, giving her a stiff nod. "Right, I'll, uh, get on that."


Before he could turn to leave, Elsa's stomach growled, loud enough to shake the tent. She laughed, making Wilson's face pale. "Seems like I'm hungry too," she said, her tone playful again. "You know what I'm craving, Wilson? I'm craving some good old-fashioned burgers. Bacon cheeseburgers, from Marlon's."
Wilson blinked. "Marlon's?" he stammered. "I don't know if I can get enough... uh, for your, um..."
"My size?" Elsa said with a sly grin, finishing his sentence for him. "Yeah, I've got a bit of a bigger appetite these days, haven't I? But that's not my problem, is it? Get creative, darling." She stretched languidly, her body shifting sensually as she lounged back again. "And if you do a good job," she added, her voice dropping to a sultry purr, "there might be a little reward in it for you."
Wilson turned beet red, stammering something incoherent before stumbling out of the tent. Elsa giggled softly to herself, enjoying every second of his discomfort. She was growing more accustomed to this power by the minute, and it thrilled her to no end.



Wilson stood awkwardly in the parking lot of Marlon's, watching as three employees—sweaty, red-faced, and utterly confused—loaded the last of the three hundred bacon cheeseburgers into the back of his SUV. The sheer volume of greasy, paper-wrapped burgers was borderline absurd. Boxes and bags filled every possible inch of space, and still, more were being carted out.

"Man, you having a party or something?" one of the employees, a lanky guy with a name tag reading Toby, asked, wiping his brow as he shoved another box into the trunk.

Wilson laughed nervously, scratching the back of his head. "Uh... yeah. Something like that." He tried to avoid eye contact, not wanting to explain the real reason behind his bizarre request. Giantess craving a ridiculous amount of burgers wasn't exactly a normal conversation starter.



"Three hundred though?" Toby whistled, shaking his head. “That’s a lot of cholesterol, dude. You feeding an army?”

Wilson hesitated, glancing at the employees bustling around. A few customers stood near the entrance, gawking at the scene. He could feel their eyes on him, curiosity practically oozing out of them. Please don’t ask more questions, he begged internally.

"Something like that," Wilson repeated, a forced grin on his face. "Let’s just say the guest of honor has a... huge appetite."



One of the other workers, a girl with bright pink hair, snorted, elbowing Toby. "Maybe it's for a sumo wrestler competition," she joked. "Or... like, a giant monster. Godzilla-sized, maybe?"

Wilson nearly choked on his own breath. He cleared his throat, trying to play it cool. "Y-yeah. Something like that," he muttered again, causing the pink-haired girl to shoot him a weird look.

Toby stacked the last bag of burgers on top of the overflowing pile in the SUV and stepped back with a satisfied nod. "Well, man, that's all of 'em. Hope your guest appreciates the effort. Just don't blame us if someone ends up in a food coma."

"Oh, don't worry," Wilson replied, trying to suppress a laugh, "she'll handle it. Trust me."

As he climbed into the driver's seat, ready to make his escape, Toby leaned in through the window. "Hey, buddy... next time, maybe just bring her here instead of taking all our burgers, huh?"

Wilson chuckled awkwardly, imagining Elsa trying to squeeze into the drive-thru. "Yeah, I'll, uh, keep that in mind." He gave a half-hearted wave as he pulled out of the lot, trying not to think about the absurdity of the situation—and what Elsa would have in store once he delivered her mountain of burgers.

Mark approached the massive tent, sweat glistening on his brow despite the cool evening air. He had gotten word that Elsa wanted to see him, and while normally he'd have no issue waltzing into one of these meetings, today felt different. He swallowed hard, dreading, for once, the encounter.

He stepped inside, immediately feeling dwarfed by the towering figure of Elsa lounging casually on the floor, her head propped on one hand, watching him with a lazy yet dangerous grin.

"Mark," she greeted, her voice low and velvety, but there was an edge to it. "You came. Good. We need to talk."

"Of course, Elsa," Mark replied, trying to keep his tone steady. He stopped a few feet from her, feeling like a mouse before a lion. "What can I do for you?"

"I want the ratings from this morning," she said bluntly, wasting no time. Her green eyes bore into him, sharp and expectant. "I need to know how I did in... this new condition."




Mark shifted uncomfortably, rubbing the back of his neck. "Ah, well, about that, Elsa... The ratings aren't quite ready yet. You see, we had a little issue with the broadcast, some technical stuff, and, uh, it caused some delays in gathering the data. You know how these things go."
Elsa's eyes narrowed, clearly not buying it. "Technical stuff?" she repeated slowly, sitting up straighter, making her presence even more intimidating. "Mark, don't lie to me. I'm not stupid."
Mark gulped, feeling the pressure rise as she loomed over him. He had been in tight spots before, but this felt different. She wasn't just some diva model throwing a tantrum; diva models could not crush him—literally. "I-I swear, Elsa," he stammered, "I'm just waiting on the final numbers. I'll have them by tomorrow, I promise."
Elsa's lips curled into a smile, but it was anything but warm. "You better," she said, her tone dropping into something almost dangerous. "Because I'm not in the mood for bullshit. I want those ratings first thing in the morning, or I'll need to get my hands on it."


Before the tension could escalate further, the sound of Wilson's SUV pulling up outside provided a timely distraction. Moments later, Wilson appeared, red-faced and slightly disheveled, carrying a box of burgers in his arms. "Uh, Elsa, your burgers," he called out, clearly trying to diffuse the situation. "All three hundred of them... as requested."
Elsa glanced over at him, her irritation melting into amusement. "Well, well, my hero arrives." She chuckled softly, then looked back at Mark. "It seems your time's up. Don't forget what I said. Tomorrow."
Mark took his cue, giving a quick nod and practically sprinting out of the tent. "Tomorrow. Got it," he muttered on his way out, relieved to be out of the literal shadow of the giantess.


Wilson shifted awkwardly, trying to keep his composure as he set down the box. "I guess I'll just, uh, leave you to enjoy these," he said, his eyes darting around nervously.
"Leave?" Elsa arched an eyebrow, licking a bit of burger grease from her finger. "Oh, no, Wilson. You're staying. Sit with me. Have a burger."
Wilson hesitated but couldn't say no. He was infatuated with her, and Elsa knew it. She flashed him a wicked smile, her eyes twinkling with amusement. "Come on, don't be shy."


Elsa grabbed a handful of burgers and started devouring them, her appetite ravenous. "I used to have to watch every bite I ate," she said between bites, her tone both teasing and light. "Burgers like these were a once-in-a-while treat. Now?" She smirked, licking some ketchup off her lip. "Doesn't seem to matter much anymore."

Wilson nervously picked at a burger, barely able to eat with the sheer presence of Elsa beside him. He felt compelled to ask, even though the question felt risky. "How are you really doing, Elsa? Like... with all this?"

For a moment, Elsa paused, actually considering the question seriously. "Still freaked out, to be honest," she admitted, picking up a barrel of beer and drinking from it like it was a glass. “But I can't deny the perks.” She grinned, running a hand along her own body as if admiring her newfound strength and size. “No one challenges me anymore. My number one spot is safe, and that... is exhilarating.”

Wilson’s gaze flickered with admiration. "No one should’ve doubted you in the first place. You’ve always been the best." His voice was sincere, almost reverent.

Elsa cooed, smirking as she licked her lips. "Oh, Wilson, you’re sweet. I know you’ve always had a soft spot for me." Her tone was dripping with playful teasing, but there was something more behind her words. She knew she had him wrapped around her finger.





Feeling generous, Elsa leaned in closer, her massive form dominating the tent. "You know what? I feel like rewarding you, Wilson."

Wilson's eyes widened, and he glanced around nervously, unsure if she was serious. "Rewarding me?"

"Mmmhmm," Elsa purred. "Why don't you strip for me, Wilson? Let me see what you've got."

He hesitated, his face growing even redder. "Uh, I don't think that's a good idea—"

"Wilson," Elsa cut him off, her voice suddenly firm. "I wasn't asking."


He fumbled, nervously undressing as Elsa watched, clearly enjoying the spectacle. Once he was standing there, bare and utterly vulnerable, she reached out and delicately wrapped her massive fingers around him.


Wilson froze, trembling as she lifted him from the ground.


Elsa's voice was a soft purr, filled with both amusement and lust. "Relax," she whispered, bringing him closer to her mouth. "I just want to play a little." Her massive tongue flicked out, slowly trailing along his body, teasing him. Wilson's breath hitched, his body reacting despite the overwhelming mix of fear and arousal.


Elsa chuckled softly, her warm breath washing over him. "You're so tense. Don't be. I'm just having some fun." She continued teasing him with her tongue, swirling it around his now stiffening length, making him gasp. The sensation was overwhelming, and his head swam as her tongue worked him expertly, coaxing him into a state of complete arousal.


She carefully wrapped her full lips around him, her massive mouth feeling like an engulfing heat as she began a slow, careful rhythm.

Despite her size, she was gentle, playful, her lips forming a perfect seal as she sucked him, her tongue still teasing every inch of him.


Wilson's mind was spinning, caught between terror and ecstasy as Elsa playfully dominated him.


His climax came fast, her expert teasing
leaving him no room to hold back.


She felt him tense and with a wicked smile,
swallowed his release without hesitation,
letting out a satisfied hum as she did.


Pulling him back gently, Elsa held him in her hand, smirking down at him. “See?” she teased, her voice dripping with satisfaction. “I told you it’d be fun. That wasn’t so bad, was it?”
Wilson, panting and utterly spent, could only nod, still trying to process what had just happened.



Wilson could only nod weakly, his mind still reeling from the intensity of what had just happened. Elsa, clearly pleased with herself, gently set him back down on the ground, her playful smile never leaving her face.

"You'll be getting more of that if you keep being such a good boy," she teased, leaning back into her pile of burgers with a satisfied sigh. "But for now, I think I'll enjoy the rest of these."

Wilson was certainly shocked, not sure about how to feel or what to do. Elsa smiled to him and whispered: "You can go, now."

He hurriedly grabbed his clothes and left as she enjoyed yet another handful of burgers.



Elsa lay sprawled across the massive cushions in the tent, her belly full of burgers and her mind racing. The weight of the day pressed on her, but not in a tiring way. It was the sheer volume of emotions, of revelations. It had been the most intense day of her life, hands down—and the cherry on top had been that thrilling moment with Wilson. The way he'd trembled, how completely he'd been under her control. She smirked to herself, the memory sending a shiver down her spine.

No way she was going to sleep.

She propped herself up on her elbows, the thought of lying there all night suddenly unbearable. The tent felt too small, too confined for someone who now stretched over 80 feet tall. And the idea of going back to normal, to her old life, felt... strange. Could she really fit back into that life? The way people looked at her now—with awe, with fear, with lust—none of that would exist if she was just Elsa again. Just Elsa. The idea tasted bitter, like something distant and foreign.

"Why not enjoy it while it lasts?" she whispered to herself, sitting up, her massive frame shifting the tent as if it were made of paper. She glanced out toward the beach, hearing the waves crashing softly in the distance. The night was cool, and the thought of the empty shore beckoned to her. No prying eyes, no cameras—just her and the ocean under the stars.

Carefully, Elsa crawled out of the tent, her movements slow and deliberate as she made sure not to rip through the fabric. Once outside, she stood tall, stretching her arms high into the air. The stars seemed closer now, like she could reach out and pluck one from the sky if she really wanted to.



Her feet sank into the sand as she made her way toward the water, the beach indeed deserted at this hour. The breeze teased her long hair, making it dance in the moonlight as she took her first steps along the shoreline, the wet sand cool beneath her toes. She sashayed, her hips swinging with a newfound confidence, every movement deliberate and indulgent, letting the weight of her size ripple through the ground.

The cliffs in the distance looked so tiny compared to her now. The entire beach, the expanse of sand, even the moonlit ocean, seemed to shrink in her presence. She couldn't help but chuckle as she glanced back at the tent, now little more than a toy house behind her.

"I was like that once," she muttered, her mind drifting to the nurse she'd picked up earlier, how tiny and fragile she had been in her palm. How easily she had dominated her. And then, she thought of Wilson. "Like him," she added softly, almost wistfully.

Wilson—so small, so nervous, so… infatuated. She remembered the way he'd looked at her with those wide eyes, like she was some sort of goddess. And maybe, for the first time, she really was. It was a heady feeling, this power. She wasn't just beautiful anymore. She wasn't just sexy. She was beyond that now. Something else. Something bigger.



The cool breeze caressed her skin as she continued down the shoreline, her feet creating deep impressions in the sand with each step. The rhythmic sound of the waves lulled her, bringing her closer to a sense of peace. She let herself enjoy the sensation, the wind in her hair, the way the water shimmered in the moonlight.

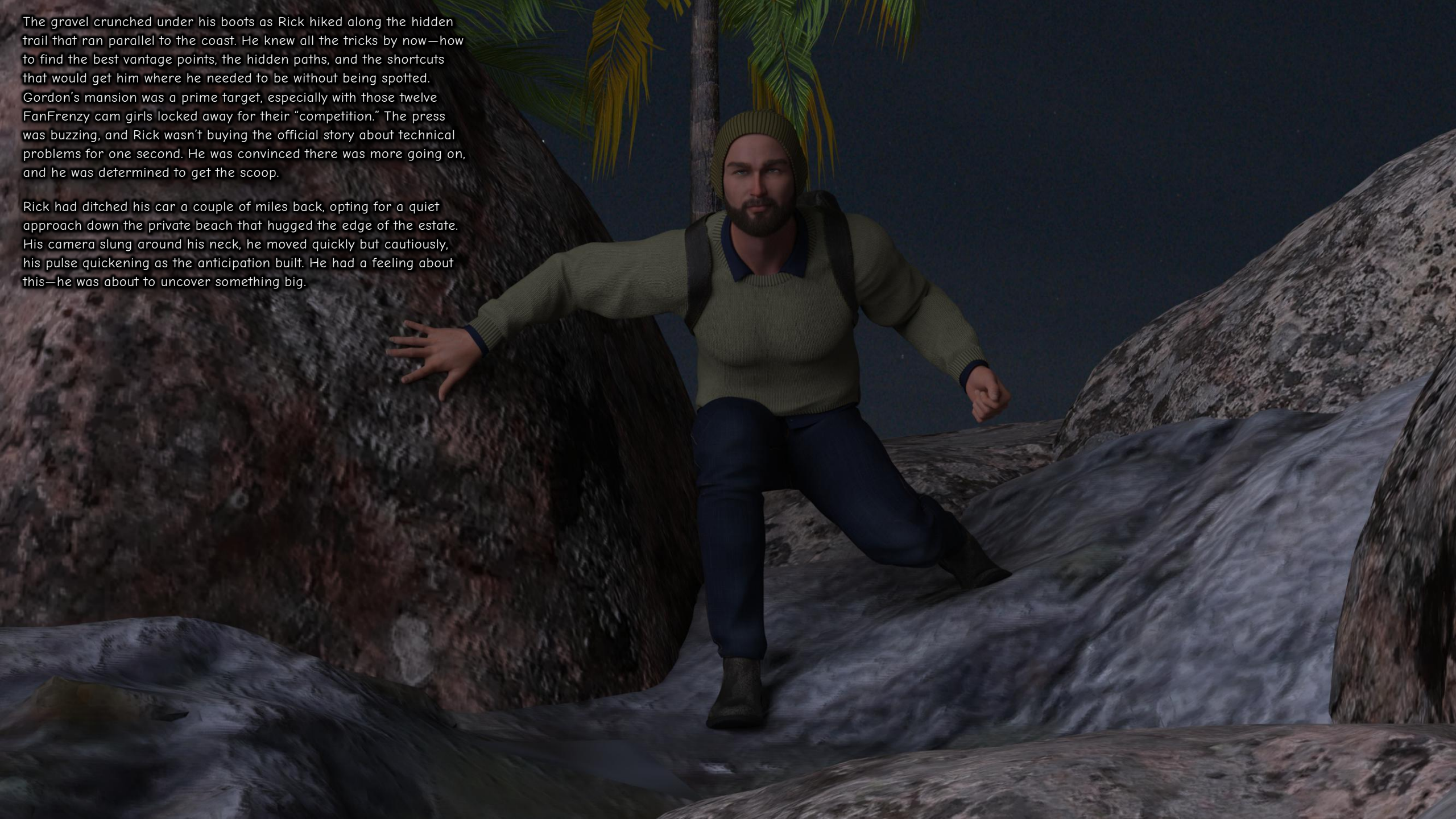
She sighed softly, her thoughts drifting back to Dr. Lindstrom. Part of her wanted him to hurry up, to find a way to bring her back to normal. But another part—a growing part—wondered what the rush was. Maybe it wasn't so bad that he was taking his time. A few more days like this... a few more days of being the center of attention, of being the most powerful, the most dominant figure on the island. Maybe she should enjoy it.

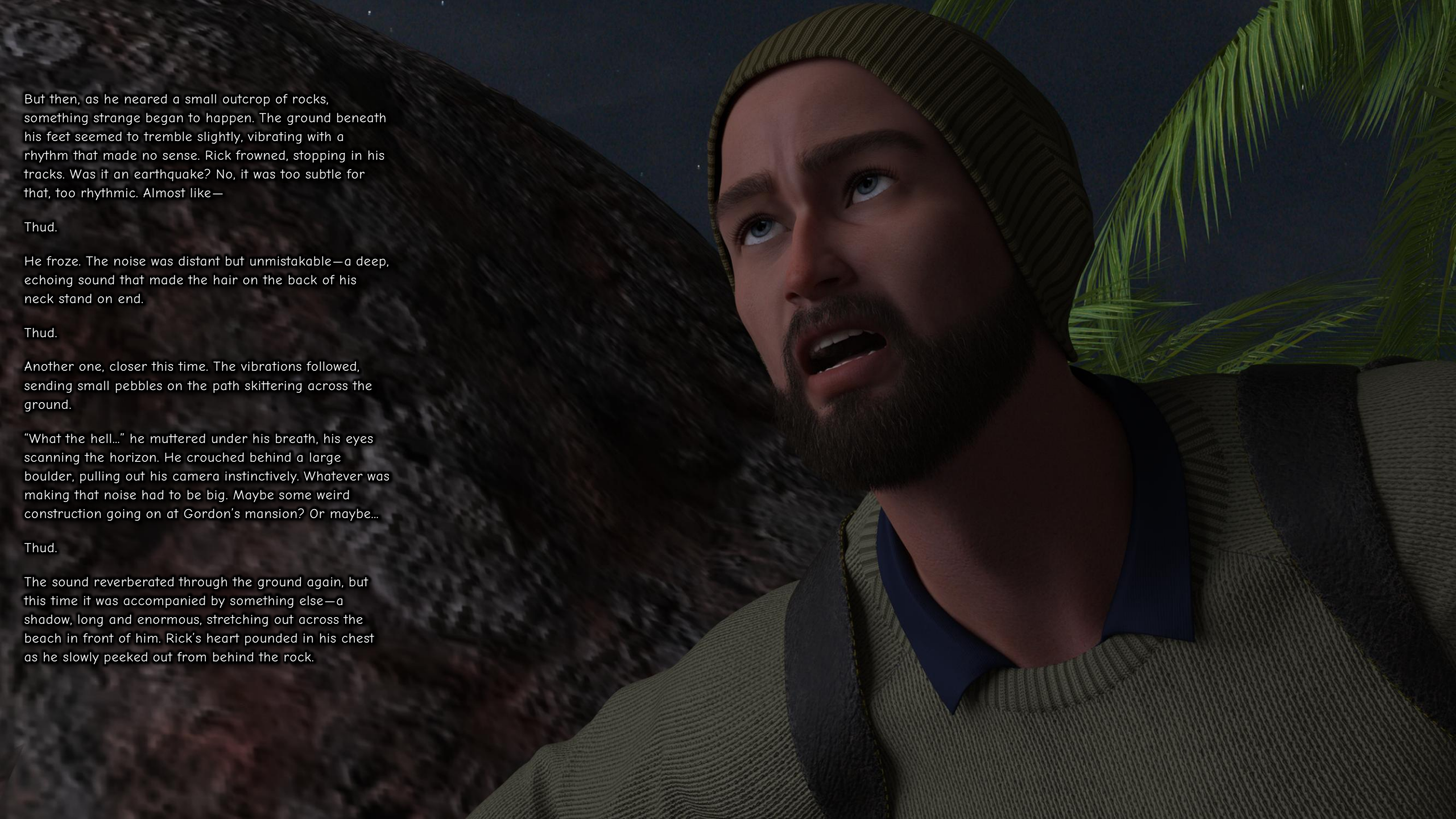
The idea of being ordinary again felt strange. Ordinary—what did that even mean now? Would people still look at her the same way if she went back to her regular size? Would they still tremble in her presence, desperate to please her? Would Wilson? She bit her lip, her thoughts swirling in a mixture of doubt and excitement. What if she didn't want to go back?

She reached the water's edge, the waves lapping against her feet, the cool sensation grounding her thoughts. As she gazed out over the ocean, her body seemed to relax fully for the first time that day. The soft crashing of the waves soothed her, and she swayed her hips as she walked, letting herself feel something close to fulfillment.

The gravel crunched under his boots as Rick hiked along the hidden trail that ran parallel to the coast. He knew all the tricks by now—how to find the best vantage points, the hidden paths, and the shortcuts that would get him where he needed to be without being spotted. Gordon's mansion was a prime target, especially with those twelve FanFrenzy cam girls locked away for their "competition." The press was buzzing, and Rick wasn't buying the official story about technical problems for one second. He was convinced there was more going on, and he was determined to get the scoop.

Rick had ditched his car a couple of miles back, opting for a quiet approach down the private beach that hugged the edge of the estate. His camera slung around his neck, he moved quickly but cautiously, his pulse quickening as the anticipation built. He had a feeling about this—he was about to uncover something big.





But then, as he neared a small outcrop of rocks, something strange began to happen. The ground beneath his feet seemed to tremble slightly, vibrating with a rhythm that made no sense. Rick frowned, stopping in his tracks. Was it an earthquake? No, it was too subtle for that, too rhythmic. Almost like—

Thud.

He froze. The noise was distant but unmistakable—a deep, echoing sound that made the hair on the back of his neck stand on end.

Thud.

Another one, closer this time. The vibrations followed, sending small pebbles on the path skittering across the ground.

“What the hell…” he muttered under his breath, his eyes scanning the horizon. He crouched behind a large boulder, pulling out his camera instinctively. Whatever was making that noise had to be big. Maybe some weird construction going on at Gordon’s mansion? Or maybe…

Thud.

The sound reverberated through the ground again, but this time it was accompanied by something else—a shadow, long and enormous, stretching out across the beach in front of him. Rick’s heart pounded in his chest as he slowly peeked out from behind the rock.



And then, he saw her.

His breath caught in his throat, his fingers frozen on the camera's shutter. There, in the distance but moving toward him, was a woman. But not just any woman. She was gigantic, her body towering over everything around her like some kind of mythical being. She moved slowly, her enormous feet sinking into the sand with each step, leaving craters in their wake. Her long, golden hair cascaded down her back, gleaming in the moonlight, and her colossal form seemed to glow with an almost otherworldly beauty.

It was Elsa. The Elsa.


Rick's hands trembled as he adjusted his camera, snapping photo after photo as fast as he could. Every inch of her was impossibly huge—the way her hips swayed with each step, the way her breasts, larger than anything he could have imagined, shifted slightly with her movement, the way her legs stretched out like pillars, each step creating a soft thud that he now understood. It wasn't an earthquake—it was her.


He clicked the shutter frantically, unable to stop himself. His lens zoomed in on her face—those unmistakable green eyes, the smirk on her lips as if she knew she was untouchable. The way her skin glistened faintly, like some goddess come to life. She wasn't just big; she was perfect.



Elsa paused, turning her head slightly as if she sensed something. Rick ducked lower, his heart racing in his chest. He couldn't afford to be seen, not now. Not when he was this close. He snapped a few more pictures, catching her profile as she gazed out toward the ocean, her enormous body illuminated by the moonlight. The sight was awe-inspiring, terrifying, and seductive all at once.

He knew he had gold. No, not gold—platinum. This was the story of the century. His mind raced as he envisioned the headlines, the flood of attention that would follow. No one else had this. No one else had proof of a giantess strutting around a secluded beach, looking like a goddess plucked straight from fantasy.

"Holy… holy shit," he whispered, his hands shaking as he fumbled for his phone. He had to let the website know. They were about to make a fortune, and he was the man behind the camera.

His fingers flew over the screen as he messaged the editor.

Get ready for the news of the century, he typed. Forget everything else. I've got Elsa. She's… gigantic. I'll send the pics. Premium spot. We're going viral.

He hit send, his pulse still pounding as he lowered the phone. He risked another glance at Elsa, who had now begun to walk again, her massive body moving gracefully, each step making the ground tremble beneath her. Rick watched her in awe, his camera clicking softly as he continued to capture the impossible.

The world wasn't ready for this. But Rick? He was more than ready to break it wide open.



Elsa had been enjoying the stillness of the night, the cool breeze brushing against her skin and the soft lull of the waves below. The world felt different, quieter, and for the first time in what felt like years, she wasn't worried about her ranking, her age, or the cameras. The night belonged to her and her alone.

But something caught her eye. A glint. Barely noticeable at first, like a quick reflection on the wet sand. She stilled, her massive body casting a long shadow across the beach as she focused on the source. There it was again. A tiny glint of light coming from the rocks near the shoreline.

She narrowed her eyes, her green irises gleaming in the moonlight. It didn't take long to spot the culprit—some small, pathetic creature, crouched behind the rocks with a camera. A paparazzo.



Her blood boiled instantly. Of course. She hated paparazzi, despised them with a burning fury. They were vultures, scavengers feeding off her image, her fame. She stripped for cameras, sure, but when she wanted. And only when she had control. This sleazy little weasel thought he could make money out of her new condition without permission? Oh no, that wouldn't happen. Her image was worth millions a day now, and he would not bust this value with a few pictures.

"Son of a bitch," she growled, her voice rumbling low, making the ground vibrate slightly as it carried through the night air.

The man heard her. She saw the panic flicker in his eyes from across the distance, his entire body stiffening. He knew she'd spotted him. He bolted, running like a mouse scurrying from a cat.


"Oh, come on..." Elsa muttered, her lips curling into a wicked smirk. "You think you can outrun me?"
She took her first step, the impact sending a small shockwave rippling through the ground, the vibration visible in the tiny pebbles and sand around her feet. Her legs stretched with ease, closing the distance between them with a single, powerful stride. She could've caught him in moments, but... what was the fun in that?
She wanted to enjoy this.



"Where do you think you're going, little mouse?" Elsa called out, her voice dripping with mockery as she lazily took a few long strides forward, each one effortlessly eating up the distance between them. She didn't have to run—he could sprint all night, but there was no way he could escape her. She towered over the landscape, her colossal form dominating the horizon, and she had every intention of making him pay for daring to photograph her without permission.

As she moved, her mood shifted. The anger, while still there, was now mingling with a sick thrill—the chase. She hadn't felt like this in a long time, the giddy rush of knowing she held all the power, that her size gave her the ultimate advantage. It was like being a cat chasing a mouse, knowing exactly when she would pounce but dragging it out for her own amusement.

She could have caught him already. Easily. But why rush? Where was the fun in that?



Elsa's steps were slow, deliberate, savoring the game. "Come on," she taunted, her voice booming in the night, "you can't seriously think you're getting away, can you? "

The photographer glanced back over his shoulder, eyes wide with terror as he realized how much ground she had covered. Elsa grinned wickedly, enjoying the sight of his panic. She was so close now, each of her steps causing the earth to tremble beneath him.

"Aw, poor thing," she teased, raising her voice to carry over the sound of the crashing waves. "Getting tired already?" She took another lazy step, then another, closing the gap easily. He stumbled, his breath ragged, his legs losing their strength as he tried to push forward, but he was out of time.


Elsa finally stopped directly behind him, her massive shadow swallowing him whole as he collapsed to his knees, gasping for air. She tilted her head, smirking down at him, her hands resting on her hips as she drank in the moment of pure domination.



"You really thought you could outrun me?" she asked, amused by the absurdity of it all. "God, you're adorable." She slowly circled around him, her colossal form blocking every possible escape route. Rick scrambled to his feet, his chest heaving, but it was pointless. She was already in front of him, her towering legs like pillars, cutting off his path.

He backed up, nearly tripping over his own feet in his desperation, but Elsa was faster, sliding a single step to block his retreat again. It was almost too easy.


"Tsk tsk," she mocked, waggling a massive finger down at him. "You're not going anywhere." She crouched down, her massive knees sinking into the sand as her fingers curled around his tiny, quivering form. Her touch was firm but teasing, pinching him just enough to lift him effortlessly into the air, his feet kicking helplessly beneath him as she hoisted him up to her face.



His camera dangled uselessly from his neck, and Elsa grinned at the sight of it. "Taking some sneaky pictures of me, huh?" she said, her breath washing over him like a warm breeze. "Let me guess—you thought you'd make a fortune, selling these shots to some trashy tabloid?"

Rick whimpered, his mouth opening and closing as he tried to speak, but the words wouldn't come. His entire body trembled in her grip, and Elsa's grin widened.



"Bad news for you," she purred, her voice dropping to a dangerous whisper. "I don't share the spotlight unless I say so."

She tightened her grip slightly, feeling his pulse race against her fingers, and leaned in closer, her enormous green eyes locking onto his. "You made a huge mistake tonight, little man. And now..." she let the sentence trail off as she licked her lips, watching with satisfaction as his face went pale. "Now you're mine."



Elsa's massive fingers curled around the tiny camera hanging from Rick's neck, her thumb and index pinching the strap with ease. She could feel him tense in her grip, his body trembling like a rabbit in a snare. With a slow, deliberate motion, she snapped the camera's strap with a soft pop, holding it up in front of his face, dangling the now-useless device like a toy.

"Such a cute little toy," she purred, turning it over in her fingers as if inspecting a piece of jewelry. "You know, I hate paparazzi. Always sneaking around, thinking you can catch me off guard." Her green eyes glittered mischievously as she gave him a sharp look. "But I'm never off guard."



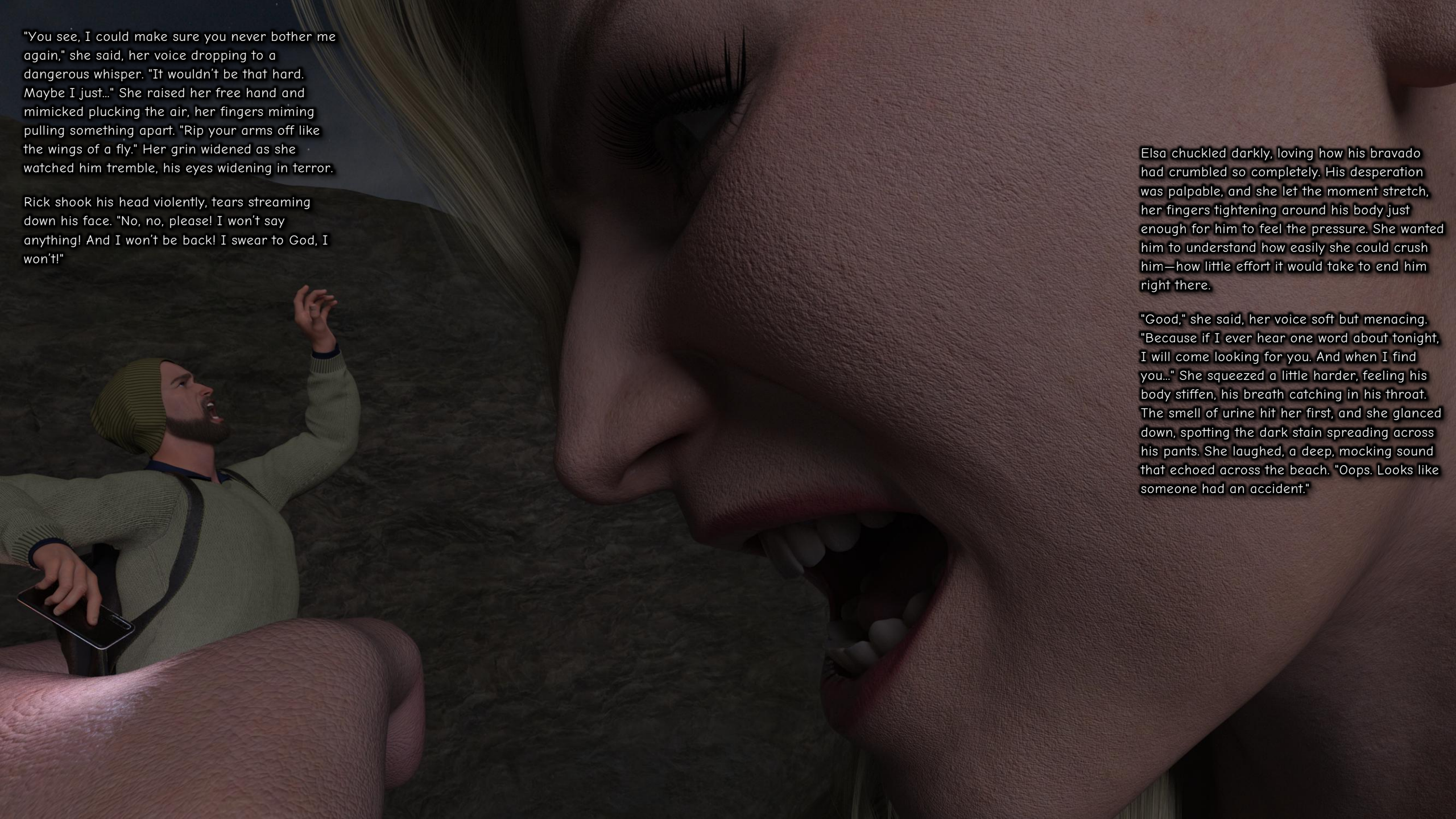
With a slight flick of her wrist, she casually crushed the camera between her fingers. The plastic and metal crunched loudly, reduced to a handful of jagged shards in seconds. She smiled wickedly as she let the remains fall to the sand below, dusting off her hands as if she'd just discarded something dirty.

Rick whimpered, his face paling even more as he realized the extent of her strength. Elsa leaned in closer, her enormous lips curling into a smirk, her breath hot against his face. "Now, we've got a little problem, don't we?" she murmured, her voice dripping with false sweetness. "Because you've done something you shouldn't have. And we can't have you running off, telling the world about tonight, can we?"

Rick's lips quivered, his voice barely audible as he stammered, "P-please, I... I won't say anything. I swear!"

Elsa tilted her head, her smirk deepening as she toyed with his terror. "Oh, now you're being polite. That's cute." She gave him a playful squeeze, just enough for him to gasp, his heart racing against her fingers. "But how do I know you won't run off to the first tabloid, huh? Tell them about the giant Elsa and her bad mood? How can I make sure you won't come back tomorrow, try to sneak on me again? You look like the type to sell his own mother for a scoop."

The fear in his eyes was delicious, and Elsa savored it, dragging out the moment. She'd always hated people like him—leeches who made their living off other people's lives. Now, for the first time, she could do something about it. She watched him squirm in her grasp, feeling a wave of satisfaction wash over her.



"You see, I could make sure you never bother me again," she said, her voice dropping to a dangerous whisper. "It wouldn't be that hard. Maybe I just..." She raised her free hand and mimicked plucking the air, her fingers miming pulling something apart. "Rip your arms off like the wings of a fly." Her grin widened as she watched him tremble, his eyes widening in terror.

Rick shook his head violently, tears streaming down his face. "No, no, please! I won't say anything! And I won't be back! I swear to God, I won't!"

Elsa chuckled darkly, loving how his bravado had crumbled so completely. His desperation was palpable, and she let the moment stretch, her fingers tightening around his body just enough for him to feel the pressure. She wanted him to understand how easily she could crush him—how little effort it would take to end him right there.

"Good," she said, her voice soft but menacing. "Because if I ever hear one word about tonight, I will come looking for you. And when I find you..." She squeezed a little harder, feeling his body stiffen, his breath catching in his throat. The smell of urine hit her first, and she glanced down, spotting the dark stain spreading across his pants. She laughed, a deep, mocking sound that echoed across the beach. "Oops. Looks like someone had an accident."



Elsa slowly lowered him to the ground, setting him down like a discarded toy. Rick stumbled to his feet, his legs wobbling beneath him as he tried to gather the last shreds of his dignity. He looked up at her, his face pale and streaked with tears, but he didn't dare make a sound.

"Run along now," Elsa cooed, crossing her arms over her chest, towering over him like a goddess surveying her realm. "And remember—keep your mouth shut. Or next time, I'll do more than scare you."

He didn't need any more encouragement. Rick turned and bolted, his steps clumsy and frantic as he sprinted down the beach, disappearing into the darkness. Elsa watched him go, the grin never leaving her lips. She felt a rush of satisfaction, a sense of power that made her heart race with exhilaration.

For the first time in years, Elsa felt alive. She reveled in it, letting her inner bully enjoy every second of the encounter. The paparazzo was gone, but his fear… his absolute terror? That was hers to keep. Smirking to herself, she stretched luxuriously.

"Yeah," she whispered to herself, glancing down at the remnants of the crushed camera. "Maybe it's not so bad being a giantess after all."



The early morning sun filtered through the flaps of Elsa's oversized tent, casting soft shadows across her colossal form. She sat casually on the ground, lazily nibbling at a piece of fruit with one hand while her other hand lay flat on the ground, fingers outstretched. Janice and Marla, two of the other contestants, knelt beside her, one holding a painter's brush in shaky hands, carefully applying a bright red polish to her massive fingernails.

"You call that red?" Elsa snapped, her voice making both girls flinch. "It's patchy. I want it smooth, perfect! If you can't even paint nails, how did you ever make it into this competition?"

The girls exchanged nervous glances, their trembling hands trying to keep steady under her critical gaze. Just as one of them was about to speak, Elsa's green eyes flicked to the entrance of the tent as Gordon pushed through, a carefully composed smile plastered on his face.


"Elsa, good morning!" Gordon greeted, his voice forced cheerful as he tried not to seem intimidated by the towering woman before him. His eyes flickered nervously to the two girls at her feet, who were still scrambling to correct their mistakes.

Elsa's face lit up, but her expression was anything but warm. It was the grin of someone fully aware of their dominance, her tone chirpy yet unmistakably commanding. "Ah, Mr. Gordon," she purred, raising a brow. "What a lovely surprise."

Gordon swallowed, stepping closer but not too close. "You... uh... summoned me?"



Elsa chuckled. “Yes, I did. You don’t expect me to sit here all day with my fingers crossed, do you?” She flashed a mocking look at the girls painting her nails, causing them to wince and focus even harder on their task. She nudged them with her finger for added effect.

“Well, I heard from Mark that you’ve been... asking about the ratings,” Gordon started, his voice careful. “And, believe me, we are working on it. We’re doing everything we can to pull them in as quickly as possible.”

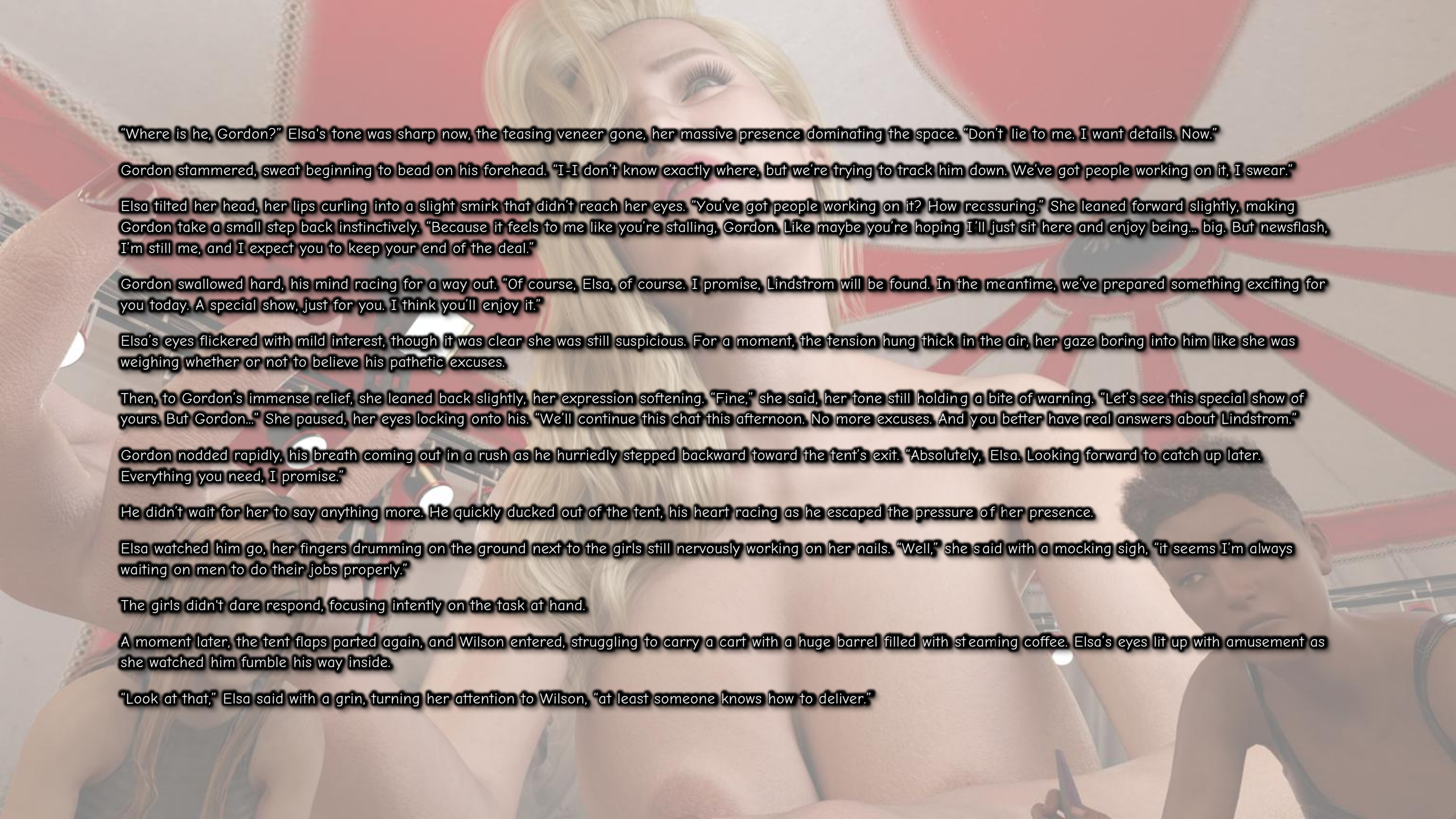
Elsa’s gaze narrowed, the playful tone fading from her voice. “Everything you can? You’ve been sitting on those numbers for a while now, haven’t you? I want to know how I did. It’s not every day you debut as a giantess on a global scale.” She crossed her legs, her sheer size making the movement almost quake-inducing for anyone nearby.

Gordon forced a laugh, wiping sweat from his brow. “Of course, of course. We just want to make sure everything’s perfect before showing you—there’s been some, uh, technical difficulties.”

Elsa scoffed, clearly unimpressed. “Right. ‘Technical difficulties,’ my favorite excuse. And what about Dr. Lindstrom? I assume you're doing everything you can to get him too?”

Gordon’s face paled slightly, his carefully prepared lines starting to unravel. “Well, yes, about that... Lindstrom is, uh, out of the country at the moment. We’ve reached out, and we’re, you know, in the process of—”





"Where is he, Gordon?" Elsa's tone was sharp now, the teasing veneer gone, her massive presence dominating the space. "Don't lie to me. I want details. Now."

Gordon stammered, sweat beginning to bead on his forehead. "I-I don't know exactly where, but we're trying to track him down. We've got people working on it, I swear."

Elsa tilted her head, her lips curling into a slight smirk that didn't reach her eyes. "You've got people working on it? How reassuring." She leaned forward slightly, making Gordon take a small step back instinctively. "Because it feels to me like you're stalling, Gordon. Like maybe you're hoping I'll just sit here and enjoy being... big. But newsflash, I'm still me, and I expect you to keep your end of the deal."

Gordon swallowed hard, his mind racing for a way out. "Of course, Elsa, of course. I promise, Lindstrom will be found. In the meantime, we've prepared something exciting for you today. A special show, just for you. I think you'll enjoy it."

Elsa's eyes flickered with mild interest, though it was clear she was still suspicious. For a moment, the tension hung thick in the air, her gaze boring into him like she was weighing whether or not to believe his pathetic excuses.

Then, to Gordon's immense relief, she leaned back slightly, her expression softening. "Fine," she said, her tone still holding a bite of warning. "Let's see this special show of yours. But Gordon..." She paused, her eyes locking onto his. "We'll continue this chat this afternoon. No more excuses. And you better have real answers about Lindstrom."

Gordon nodded rapidly, his breath coming out in a rush as he hurriedly stepped backward toward the tent's exit. "Absolutely, Elsa. Looking forward to catch up later. Everything you need, I promise."

He didn't wait for her to say anything more. He quickly ducked out of the tent, his heart racing as he escaped the pressure of her presence.

Elsa watched him go, her fingers drumming on the ground next to the girls still nervously working on her nails. "Well," she said with a mocking sigh, "it seems I'm always waiting on men to do their jobs properly."

The girls didn't dare respond, focusing intently on the task at hand.

A moment later, the tent flaps parted again, and Wilson entered, struggling to carry a cart with a huge barrel filled with steaming coffee. Elsa's eyes lit up with amusement as she watched him fumble his way inside.

"Look at that," Elsa said with a grin, turning her attention to Wilson, "at least someone knows how to deliver."



The sun hung high in the sky, casting a warm glow over the expansive grounds as the girls prepared for the next shoot. In the center of the open area, Elsa lay on her back, her enormous body stretched out luxuriously across the sand. Her legs extended far into the distance, her toes curling lazily as she enjoyed the warmth of the day. The cameras were already rolling, capturing the full, gleaming expanse of her colossal form.

The rest of girls were perched precariously on Elsa's oiled skin. It had taken quite a lot of convincing for them to do this shot. If one did not take their safety into account, it was a scene that radiated both power and allure, the girls tiny and insignificant as they stood on top of the world's biggest star.

Elsa's enormous breasts rose and fell gently with each breath, her chest gleaming in the sunlight, accentuated by the oil the girls were about to rub in. Her arms were stretched lazily beside her, her head resting comfortably on a padded surface. She gazed up at the bright sky, a smirk playing on her lips, utterly in command of the scene.

"Alright, ladies," Elsa purred, her voice echoing across the open space. "You've got a lot of skin to cover... better get started."

The girls exchanged nervous glances and began to spread the warm, golden oil across Elsa's skin. The oil shimmered in the light, making her body look even more radiant, her curves slick and inviting.



"Mmm..." Elsa let out a soft, exaggerated moan, closing her eyes for a moment. "That feels so good."

Her voice was playful, sensuous, and aimed straight at the cameras. She knew exactly what she was doing, putting on a show not just for the viewers, but for the girls themselves. As they moved their tiny hands across her skin, she shifted slightly beneath them, her massive breasts jiggling with the movement, causing a few of the girls to stumble.

"Oh, don't be so shy," Elsa teased, her green eyes opening slightly as she watched them from her towering perspective. "You can be a little rougher... I can take it."

The girls, balancing precariously on Elsa's body, worked harder, their hands sliding over her back, her arms, her thighs, and—after much hesitation—over her breasts. Elsa moaned again, louder this time, arching her back ever so slightly, causing the girls to stumble once more.

"Mmm... yes," she cooed, her voice dripping with seduction. "That's the spot."

The girls spread out across her body, moving from her breasts to her hips, then down to her legs. They struggled to keep their footing as they massaged the oil into her skin, the golden liquid gleaming under the sun. Elsa's body was a landscape to them, and every inch of it needed to be covered.


"You're doing such a good job," Elsa purred, her lips curving into a wicked smile. "I'm sure the fans are loving this. After all, who wouldn't want to see the biggest star in the world getting a little... attention?"


Her eyes flicked to one of the cameras, and she winked, her enormous body shifting again as she stretched lazily. The girls tried their best to keep up, sliding their hands over her thighs, her belly, her arms. The sheer magnitude of her body made the task almost impossible, but Elsa seemed to enjoy watching them struggle.
"Lindsey, darling," Elsa called out, her voice echoing across the set. "I barely feel you down there. You're going to have to work a little harder if you want to impress me."



Lindsey flushed, her brush moving faster as she oiled Elsa's legs. The cameras caught every movement, every subtle shift in Elsa's enormous body as she played up the scene, her sensual moans filling the air.

"Oh, Jessica," Elsa teased, her voice dripping with mock sympathy. "You're so tiny... Are you even doing anything up there?" Jessica, standing near Elsa's breast, bristled but kept her head down, her brush moving swiftly over the oil-slicked skin.

Elsa laughed softly, her chest rising and falling in slow, rhythmic waves. "Don't worry, little ones," she said, her tone playful and almost patronizing. "I know it's a big job, but you're lucky to even be here... on top of a goddess like me."

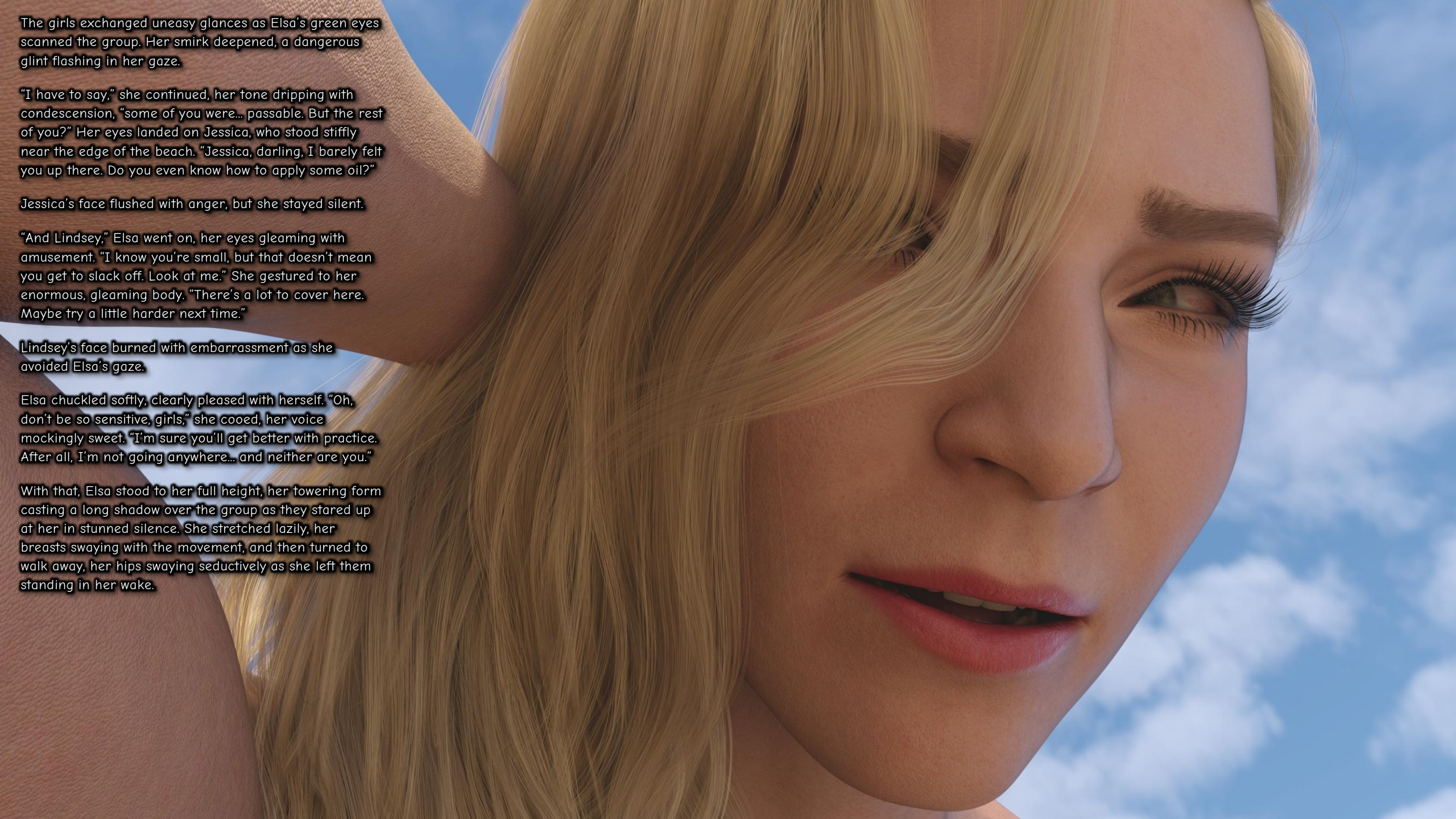


The girls continued their work, spreading oil across Elsa's vast body. They massaged her massive breasts, ran their hands over her legs, careful not to slip as they walked across her skin. Elsa reveled in their tiny movements, her eyes half-lidded in pleasure as she moaned softly for the cameras.

"Mmmm... that's it," Elsa purred, her body practically gleaming under the sunlight. "Make sure you don't miss a spot. I want to look perfect for my fans."

The cameras zoomed in on the girls as they worked, capturing the contrast between Elsa's massive, oiled-up body and their tiny, hard-working forms. The scene was a display of power and sensuality, with Elsa at the center, fully in control and loving every second of it.


As the director finally called for a cut, Elsa lifted her back, making Abi and Jessica roll down its slope, tickling..
She stretched, her enormous form casting a shadow over the group, her expression shifting from playful seduction to something much colder.
"Well," she said, her voice sharp, "that was fun. For me, at least."



The girls exchanged uneasy glances as Elsa's green eyes scanned the group. Her smirk deepened, a dangerous glint flashing in her gaze.

"I have to say," she continued, her tone dripping with condescension, "some of you were... passable. But the rest of you?" Her eyes landed on Jessica, who stood stiffly near the edge of the beach. "Jessica, darling, I barely felt you up there. Do you even know how to apply some oil?"

Jessica's face flushed with anger, but she stayed silent.

"And Lindsey," Elsa went on, her eyes gleaming with amusement. "I know you're small, but that doesn't mean you get to slack off. Look at me." She gestured to her enormous, gleaming body. "There's a lot to cover here. Maybe try a little harder next time."

Lindsey's face burned with embarrassment as she avoided Elsa's gaze.

Elsa chuckled softly, clearly pleased with herself. "Oh, don't be so sensitive, girls," she cooed, her voice mockingly sweet. "I'm sure you'll get better with practice. After all, I'm not going anywhere... and neither are you."

With that, Elsa stood to her full height, her towering form casting a long shadow over the group as they stared up at her in stunned silence. She stretched lazily, her breasts swaying with the movement, and then turned to walk away, her hips swaying seductively as she left them standing in her wake.


The girls had gathered around the small patio near the mansion, a rare moment of reprieve from Elsa's relentless demands. Jessica leaned against the stone railing, her arms crossed, while Lindsey sat cross-legged on a lounge chair, eyes glaring toward the distant circus tent where Elsa was still basking in her victory from the morning's shoot. The tension between them was palpable, their frustration spilling over as they whispered in low, hushed voices.


"I swear, if she calls me 'darling' one more time," Jessica muttered, her voice laced with bitterness, "I'm going to lose it."
Lindsey snorted, flipping her blonde hair over her shoulder. "As if the oil rubbing wasn't bad enough, did you see the way she singled us out? She's loving this—treating us like we're her little toys." Her voice grew sharper with every word, a reflection of the seething resentment bubbling inside her.



"She's not the Elsa we knew," another girl piped in, her voice timid but firm. "I mean, sure, she was always a little... much, but this? This is something else. She's a monster now."

Jessica scoffed. "She was always a monster. Now she's just bigger, louder, and a hell of a lot more dangerous."

The others murmured in agreement, casting glances at each other as the reality of their situation sank in. The once-famous camaraderie they'd shared as contestants had been shattered, replaced by a collective dread of the towering giantess who seemed to revel in their misery.

"It's like she enjoys humiliating us," Lindsey said, shaking her head. "She gets off on it. She's worse than ever."

"Worse than ever, but we're still stuck here," Jessica added, her eyes narrowing as she stared down at her feet. "And there's nothing we can do about it. She's got us completely under her thumb."


A shadow fell over the group as Abigail approached, her soft steps unnoticed until she was right behind them. The girls' voices faltered, catching in their throats as they realized she had overheard everything.
"Hey," Abigail said gently, her eyes searching the group's faces. "You really think it's that bad?"
Jessica's face hardened. "You heard her this morning. You saw how she looked at us. You think she's just having fun? She's turning into a tyrant."



Lindsey nodded, the tension in her shoulders evident. "Abigail, she's going to crush us. Not physically, but in every other way."

Abigail paused, processing their words. She had always been one of the few girls who tried to stay on Elsa's good side, but even she couldn't deny that something had shifted. Elsa's arrogance had crossed a line, and her sadistic tendencies were no longer playful—they were cruel.

"I don't know," Abigail said softly, though doubt crept into her voice. "Maybe she's just… going through something. I mean, imagine being that big. It's probably messing with her head."

Jessica laughed bitterly. "Oh, it's messing with her head, alright. And while she's having her little power trip, we're the ones paying for it."

The group fell silent, their frustration hanging heavy in the air. Abigail didn't argue further, though unease tugged at her. She had always seen Elsa's mean streak, but now, it was different. More dangerous.

"We need to stick together," Lindsey finally said, her voice barely above a whisper. "We can't let her keep walking all over us like this."

Wilson pushed the oversized cart carefully into the tent, the rich smell of fresh sushi filling the air. The sashimi pieces, comically large, were arranged artfully on platters that looked more like small tables, each slice of fish a feast by itself. Next to the cart were two enormous chopsticks, custom-made to match Elsa's size. Wilson was a little out of breath, but as he glanced up at Elsa, the sight of her lounging in her tent, casually magnificent, made him straighten up quickly.

Elsa turned her head lazily toward him, her eyes lighting up when she saw the lunch he brought. "Ah, Wilson," she purred, a smile curling on her lips. "You do treat me well, don't you?"

Wilson smiled awkwardly, trying to mask his nerves. "I do my best, Elsa," he replied, feeling his face heat up under her gaze.




"Stay," Elsa commanded, her voice smooth but firm. "Join me while I eat." She reached out with one of her colossal hands and picked up the chopsticks with surprising delicacy, her fingers wrapping around them as if they were normal-sized.



As she dug into the sashimi, it became clear that Elsa was far more skilled with the oversized utensils than Wilson had anticipated. She picked up a large slice of salmon and brought it to her lips, chewing thoughtfully before grinning down at him. "I love Japanese food," she said, almost in a sing-song voice as she lifted a barrel of sake to her lips and drank deeply, the barrel looking like a comically small cup in her hand.

Wilson couldn't help but watch in awe as she ate. There was something almost entrancing about the way she moved, the sheer grace she displayed despite her massive size. But after a few moments, he found the courage to speak up. "Elsa... if you don't mind me asking, do you think maybe you're being a bit too harsh with the other girls?"

Elsa paused mid-bite, her eyes narrowing slightly. For a moment, Wilson thought he had made a mistake, but then she set the chopsticks down with a sigh, rolling her eyes. "Harsh?" she asked, sounding genuinely amused. "Wilson, darling, I'm not being harsh. I'm making it clear that things have changed. They need to understand how it's going to be from now on." She tilted her head, fixing him with a knowing look. "Don't you agree?"

Caught off guard, Wilson nodded quickly. "Y-Yes, of course, Elsa. I guess... you're right."

Elsa giggled, taking another long swig from the sake barrel. "Good boy," she teased. "You understand me." She wiped a bit of sake from her lips and shifted slightly, adjusting her seating position. "I mean, did you see me out there? I was incredible. There's no way the ratings aren't through the roof. I can't wait to see them."

Wilson couldn't help but agree, infatuation shining in his eyes as he watched her sip more sake. "You were amazing, Elsa," he blurted out, the words tumbling from his lips before he could think them through.



Elsa's eyes gleamed mischievously as she looked down at him, and with a sudden playful impulse, she reached down with the chopsticks and gently plucked Wilson off the ground. He gasped, wriggling in surprise as she brought him closer to her face, her enormous green eyes twinkling with amusement.

"Careful, little guy," she teased, laughing as his feet dangled helplessly in the air. "Don't squirm so much. I'm just playing." She gave him a sly wink before setting him back down on the ground, her laughter echoing around the tent as she took another swig of sake, clearly enjoying herself.

Wilson landed on his feet, heart racing from the impromptu lift. He looked up at Elsa, trying to catch his breath. Her playful antics were one thing, but there was something in her eyes now, something darker, more heated. He could feel her gaze lingering on him, her eyes half-lidded, the sake making her movements slower, more deliberate.


"I'm so horny," Elsa admitted suddenly, her voice dropping into a sultry whisper, her massive body shifting slightly as she leaned back, her legs spreading wide in front of him. "This whole situation, Wilson... it's so... arousing." She licked her lips and grinned, eyes foggy with sake and lust. "What do you think? Would you return the favor?"

Wilson froze, his face turning scarlet as he struggled to comprehend her words. "R-Return the favor?" he stammered, his voice trembling. "What do you mean?"



Elsa laughed, a low, sensual sound that made his stomach churn. "Oh, come on, don't play dumb," she purred, shifting her legs apart even more, her clean-shaven pussy now on full display in front of him, glistening under the soft light of the tent. "Use your imagination, Wilson. I want you to make me feel good."

Wilson stared, completely overwhelmed. He hesitated, his mind racing. "I... I don't know..."



"Do it," Elsa commanded softly, her voice holding a dangerous edge despite the teasing lilt. "Don't make me ask again." Her eyes locked onto his, challenging him, and though every nerve in his body screamed at him to run, he found himself stepping forward.

Wilson approached her slowly, his legs feeling like jelly as he moved closer to her towering form. The heat coming off her body was intense, her scent thick in the air. Trembling, he knelt between her legs, his face level with her smooth, slick entrance. Gulping, he leaned in, his heart hammering in his chest, and tentatively pressed his lips to her swollen folds.



Elsa moaned immediately, her body reacting to the sensation. “Mmm, yes…” she purred, her voice vibrating through the air around him. “That’s more like it.”

Wilson’s heart raced as he began to move his tongue against her, his hands gripping her thighs as he worked. Every lick, every kiss elicited a low moan from Elsa, her massive body trembling ever so slightly as he continued. The warmth of her skin, the slickness of her pussy, the overpowering scent—it was all too much, and yet he couldn’t stop.


She screamed and shifted, making Wilson's job harder, but still he managed to remain stuck to her lips, kissing them, intoxicated in their stickiness and essence.


He was at it for a while, enjoying her reactions more than his own pleasure, the massive trembling of her body, the shivers, the moans that filled everything. Eventually, he had to shift his posture. It was hard to pleasure such a massive woman, there was no way she would get tired before he did. So, he shifted to his hands, bringing an entire arm inside her, feeling around, making her moan.


Elsa was in cloud nine, her screams growing in intensity, not giving a damn on whether they could be heard from the house... or the city for what mattered. Oh yes, she had needed some release. The entire giantess situation was too damn arousing, and it was time for her to let go a little. And Wilson... she had not paid him that much attention before, but she had to admit he had turned out to be better than she had thought.


"Come on, keep going!" Elsa screamed as he kept working with his hands arms and lips. She was close. So close.


"It's coming! It's coming," she said,
letting her massive body drop
backwards, sighing, shivering.



Wilson was exhausted, but he knew he couldn't stop, so he switched back to his lips, trying his best to pleasure this woman he had been infatuated with and who now made him both horny and a bit scared.


When the fireworks came, Elsa's scream could be heard for miles. She seemed to notice and suppressed the next one, biting her teeth, sighing hard, closing her eyes. Oh, yes! She had needed this.


To be continued