ATTACK OF THE COLOSSAL CENTREFOLD PART TWO

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The water rippled gently around Elsa's massive form as she lay sprawled in the oversized swimming pool, her body easily filling it from end to end. The cool water was a soothing balm to the heat of the day, bringing her into a rare state of bliss. Her head rested lazily on the edge of the pool, her long blonde hair floating around her like a halo, her eyes half-lidded as she let the quiet, tranquil moment wash over her.


It was rare to feel this... calm. Relaxed. The weight of her giant body seemed to melt away in the water, and for a brief time, she could simply exist without thinking about the constant attention or her new reality.


The soft sound of footsteps echoed from nearby, catching Elsa's attention. She opened one eye and saw Abigail cautiously approaching the poolside. Elsa's lips curled into a small, satisfied smirk as she lifted her head slightly, watching the smaller woman come closer, looking nervous but determined.


"Elsa?" Abigail called out softly, standing awkwardly near the edge of the pool.
Elsa tilted her head, her voice a slow, sultry drawl. "What is it, Abi? Come to join me for a swim?"
Abigail shook her head, fidgeting with the hem of her shirt, clearly uncomfortable. "I... I just wanted to talk. About the other girls."
Elsa's eyebrow arched in amusement. "Oh? And what about them? Are they finally learning their place?"


Abigail hesitated, glancing around as if to make sure no one else could overhear them. She took a deep breath and stepped closer to the edge. "They're upset. Really upset. There's... talk. Disturbing talk. They don't like the way you've been treating them, Elsa, and I'm worried that it's getting out of hand. Maybe... maybe if you just softened up a bit—"
Elsa cut her off with a sharp laugh, the sound loud enough to make the water ripple. "Softened up?" she repeated, her voice dripping with mockery. "They should be grateful they even get to share a screen with me. I'm the star, Abigail. I'm the one making them relevant. They should know their place."
Abigail swallowed, her face turning a little pale. "I know, I know. But they're feeling... cornered. They're talking about... maybe doing something."


Elsa's eyes narrowed slightly, her smirk fading as a dangerous glint entered her gaze. She straightened up a little in the water, her massive form causing small waves to ripple out as she shifted. "And what about you, Abigail?" Elsa asked, her tone darker now, almost doubtful. "Are you part of this little rebellion?"


Abigail's eyes widened in alarm, and she shook her head quickly, stepping back as if the very accusation made her sick. "No! No, Elsa, I would never! I just... I wanted to warn you, that's all. I'm loyal to you, you know that. You're right—they should be grateful."
Elsa relaxed again, the tension draining from her body as a satisfied smile crept back onto her lips. "Good girl," she purred. "I knew I could count on you to see things my way."



Abigail's shoulders slumped with relief, though she still looked uncomfortable. Elsa, however, seemed completely unbothered, her confidence unshaken. She turned her head slightly and noticed Gordon approaching from a distance.

"Now, be a dear and leave me alone with Gordon," Elsa said, waving a massive hand dismissively. "I have some business to discuss."

Abigail nodded quickly, casting one last nervous glance at Elsa before scurrying away, disappearing as Gordon made his way to the pool. Elsa watched Abigail leave with a faint, amused smile, then turned her full attention to Gordon, who looked slightly uneasy as he reached the pool's edge.


"Well, Mr. Gordon," Elsa said, her voice dripping with playful menace, "what have you got for me today?"
He plastered on his best smile, the kind he reserved for delicate situations, but it wavered under her intense gaze.
"Elsa," Gordon began, clearing his throat, "there have been... well, a few complaints. Not just from the girls, but also from the crew. Things are getting a little out of hand. I've pushed back as much as I can, but maybe if you—"
Elsa's eyes flashed as she abruptly interrupted him, her voice sharp and commanding. "Complaints?" She tilted her head, green eyes narrowing. "Who complained, Gordon? I want names."
Gordon's mouth opened, but nothing came out at first. He clearly hadn't expected that response, and he shifted uncomfortably, fumbling for words. "I, uh... I can't give you names. You know how it is, Elsa. It's best if—"


Elsa wasn't having it. "Send them to me. One by one. I'd be more than happy to have a little... conversation with them." She punctuated her sentence by reaching down, her fingers casually plucking a nearby beach umbrella out of the neatly trimmed lawn. With almost no effort, she snapped it between her fingers like a twig, the two halves falling into the pool with a soft splash. Her eyes bore into Gordon as she flicked the pieces away, making him visibly swallow hard.



"Look, Elsa," Gordon stammered, his smile faltering as he stared at the broken umbrella, "I'm just saying that—"

"You're just saying that you're not running a tight enough ship, Gordon," Elsa said coldly, her tone dripping with disdain. "I'll do as I please. The girls? The crew? They're here because of me. They're nothing without me, and you know it. So instead of wasting my time with these 'complaints,' how about you handle your end?"

Gordon's face paled, and he opened his mouth to respond, but all that came out was a nervous stutter. Elsa didn't give him time to recover. Her gaze, still icy, shifted.

"The ratings, Gordon," she said, voice firm. "Where are they?"

"I-I..." Gordon struggled, clearly flustered. "We're working on it. Mark told me you've been asking, but, uh, there's been some delay, technical issues, you know how it is..."

Elsa's patience snapped. "Excuses. That's all I'm hearing. And Lindstrom? Where is he? You haven't forgotten about him, have you?"

Gordon's eyes widened, and he tried to backtrack. "No, no, of course not! It's just... Lindstrom's hard to reach right now, and we're doing everything we can to—"


"I don't want excuses, Gordon!" Elsa's voice boomed, making the pool water ripple. "This is what you should be focused on. Not some stupid complaints from unimportant people. I want the ratings. And I want Lindstrom. Do your job."

Gordon flinched at her words, sweat starting to bead on his forehead. He was completely out of his depth. "I—I promise," he stammered, "I'll get you what you want by sunset, Elsa. You'll have the ratings, and I'll make sure there's an update on Lindstrom."

Elsa's eyes stayed locked on him for a long moment, her gaze unyielding. Finally, she waved a dismissive hand, the massive movement making Gordon stumble back slightly.

"Good," she said, her tone still cold but with an air of finality. "Now get out of my sight, and don't disappoint me again."


The girls had gathered once again in their secret huddle, venting their frustrations about Elsa. The tension was thick in the air, their voices barely above whispers but filled with resentment.
"She's completely out of control," Jessica hissed. "Who does she think she is?"
Lindsey nodded, adding in, "It's like she gets bigger and more unbearable every day."



The others murmured their agreement, the anger bubbling just beneath the surface. But before they could continue, the ground beneath them gave a sudden, faint tremble. Everyone froze, looking around, unsure of what had caused it.

Another tremor. This one stronger. The girls exchanged nervous glances.

“What the hell was that?” one of them muttered, her voice shaking.


A third tremor followed, but this time, they heard it—thudding footsteps, growing louder and more ominous with every passing second. The shaking intensified, the ground beneath them vibrating rhythmically as their eyes widened in panic.


Suddenly, Elsa appeared, striding around the corner of the house, her enormous body dripping wet from her pool bath. Water droplets ran down her colossal curves, glistening in the sunlight as she approached. Her size cast a long shadow over the group, and they found themselves instantly silenced by her towering presence. Elsa's smirk was both teasing and menacing as she loomed over them.


"Good afternoon, ladies," Elsa cooed, her voice dripping with mockery. "I hear there've been some... complaints."
The girls exchanged terrified glances, and Jessica took a step back, her face paling.


"Well, I'd love to understand your grievances better," Elsa continued, her tone light, almost sweet. But there was a dangerous edge beneath her words. "So let's—"


Without warning, Elsa moved. Her massive hand swooped down, wrapping its fingers around Jessica with the ease of picking up a doll.

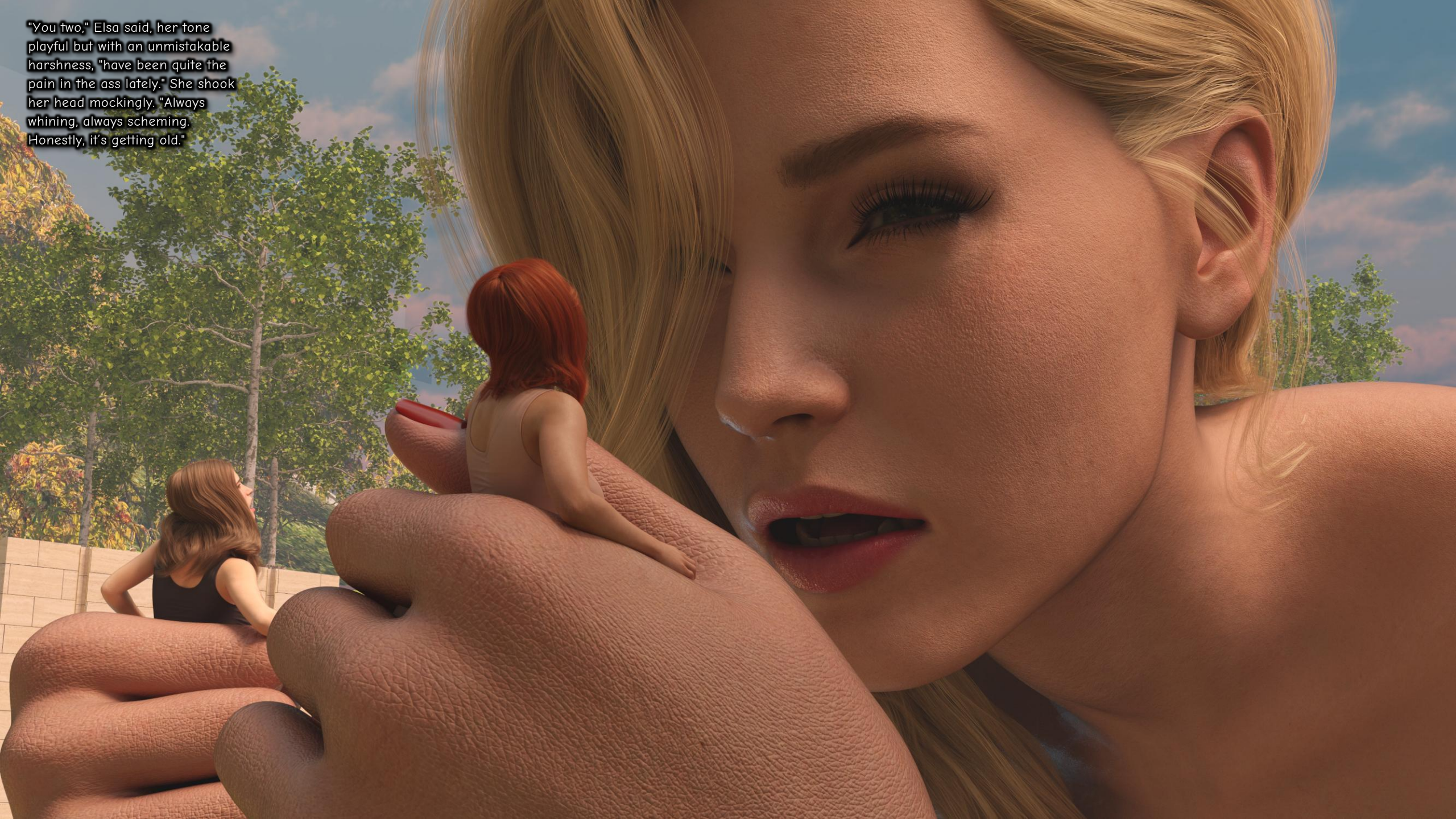

Jessica let out a shriek, but before the others could react, Elsa's other hand grabbed Lindsey, lifting her off the ground in a swift, fluid motion. The two girls kicked and screamed, but it was no use. They were trapped in her enormous grip, suspended high above the others.


Commotion erupted below as the remaining girls scattered in panic, their voices a mix of fear and shock. Elsa chuckled softly, looking down at the chaos she'd caused.


"Oh, don't worry," she said with a laugh. "I just want to have a conversation with Jessica and Lindsey here. We need to clear a few things up."


Jessica and Lindsey were rattled, their breathing shallow as they dangled in her grasp, too stunned to scream but still shaken to their cores.


She could only love it, the feeling of control, of being completely in charge, of being able to crush the competition just with a squeeze of her hands. Only they were not competition anymore, were they? It was time to make it clear.


"You two," Elsa said, her tone playful but with an unmistakable harshness, "have been quite the pain in the ass lately." She shook her head mockingly. "Always whining, always scheming. Honestly, it's getting old."


Jessica, despite her fear, managed to muster some courage. "You—you have no right to do this," she spat, her voice shaking. "You can't just grab us like this! Let us go right now!"



Elsa's eyes gleamed with amusement. She leaned in closer, bringing Jessica to her face, her breath washing over the tiny woman. "Make me."

Jessica's eyes widened, and her defiance faltered. Elsa's grin widened, and she let out a low, menacing laugh. "That's what I thought."

Lindsey squirmed in Elsa's other hand, trying to speak but only managing a terrified squeak. Elsa shifted her attention to her, still playful but with an undercurrent of danger. "And you, Lindsey, I expected more from you. But I guess you're just as much of a disappointment as the rest."

The giantess lifted them higher, holding both girls up to her face, their tiny bodies quivering in her grip. "Now, let me make something perfectly clear." Her voice dropped to a dangerous whisper. "If either of you keeps being a pain in the ass, I'll solve the problem by shoving you up mine."

Both girls froze, their faces pale, eyes wide with horror. Elsa's grin never faltered, clearly enjoying their reaction. She held them like that for a moment, savoring the power she had over them, before finally lowering them back toward the ground.

"Do we have a deal?" she asked sweetly, her voice dripping with mock innocence.



Jessica and Lindsey nodded frantically, their breaths coming in shallow gasps. Elsa's laughter echoed across the house as she gently set them down, both girls stumbling as their feet touched the sand.

"There now," she said, standing back up to her full height, casting a shadow over them once again. "That wasn't so hard, was it?"

The two girls didn't respond. They were too busy scrambling to get as far away from her as possible. Elsa watched them with a satisfied smirk, her hands on her hips as she relished in their terror.


"Run along," she called after them, her voice light and teasing. "And remember—be good little girls, or next time, we'll have a... closer conversation."

As they disappeared into the distance, Elsa stretched, feeling incredibly satisfied with herself. The power, the control—it all felt too good to resist.

She chuckled to herself, letting her inner bully bask in the moment.



Inside Gordon's office, the tension hung thick in the air. The room was dimly lit, the curtains half-drawn, casting long shadows across the polished mahogany desk where Gordon sat, calmly puffing on a cigar. Mark stood across from him, pacing, his face pale and his hands fidgeting nervously. He was rattled—deeply rattled—by everything that had unfolded in the past few days and by what Gordon had just asked him to do.

"Mark," Gordon said, his voice calm and steady, almost too composed for the chaos that had ensued. "I can't tell you how happy I'll be when we finally hand Elsa over to the authorities." He took another long drag of his cigar, blowing out the smoke slowly. "Let them poke and prod her, surround her with white coats. They can treat her like the lab rat she is, for all I care."

Mark stopped pacing and shot him a look. "Why don't we just do that already? I mean... after what she's done, after what we've seen..." His voice wavered as his mind flashed back to Jessica and Lindsey, both shaken to their cores after their encounter with the giantess.



Gordon leaned back in his chair, the smirk never leaving his face. "Because we still have so much more to exploit. We've barely scratched the surface, Mark. Imagine the kind of money we'll pull in if we keep her under wraps for just a few more days. We can make her the biggest star on the planet—literally. And then, once we've milked everything we can, we toss her to the authorities. Let them deal with the mess."

Mark's jaw clenched. "A few more days?" he echoed, his voice trembling with a mix of fear and frustration. "You've seen what she's capable of. She's dangerous, Gordon. I'm not going to her tent without the ratings or Lindstrom. I'm not walking into that death trap unarmed."

Gordon's eyes flicked toward Mark, a bemused smile tugging at the corners of his mouth. "Unarmed?" He chuckled softly, shaking his head. "Mark, you're being dramatic. She's under control. You just need to keep her calm, feed her the right information, and she'll keep playing along. It's all about managing expectations."

Mark, still tense, crossed his arms. "What am I supposed to tell her? She's asking about Lindstrom every day. She's asking for ratings. She's getting suspicious."



Gordon didn't miss a beat. He pulled open a drawer and tossed a larger-than-usual folder onto the desk. Inside were blown-up copies of the supposed "ratings" Elsa had been demanding. Mark furrowed his brow, flipping through the pages, his confusion deepening.

Gordon grinned. "I made them up," he said, lighting another cigar as if it was the simplest solution in the world. "There's no way for her to know the difference. Those numbers are golden, and they'll keep her satisfied."

Mark stared at the forged ratings, a pit forming in his stomach. "You made them up?" he echoed, incredulous. "Gordon, if she figures this out, she'll—"

"She won't," Gordon interrupted, his voice sharp and confident. "She's too focused on her own ego. As long as the numbers say what she wants them to say, she won't look too closely." He leaned forward, his eyes narrowing. "Now, go to her tent. Give her the ratings. And make something up about Lindstrom—tell her he's stuck in a lab somewhere, or that he's overseas. I don't care. Just buy us more time."

Mark hesitated, his pulse quickening. "I'm not going," he said finally, stepping back from the desk. "It's too dangerous. After what she did to Jessica and Lindsey... We don't know what she'll do next."

Gordon's expression darkened slightly, but only for a moment. He reached into another drawer and pulled out a piece of paper, sliding it across the desk toward Mark. "You'll go," Gordon said softly, his tone smooth as silk. "And here's why."

Mark glanced down at the paper, his eyes widening as he realized what it was—a contract. Promising him 25% of everything they made from this exploit. A fortune. A life-changing amount of money.



Gordon leaned back, puffing on his cigar, watching Mark's face as the realization dawned on him. "Sign it," he said simply. "And you'll be set for life."

Mark stared at the contract, the pen in his hand feeling heavier than it should. His mind raced with images of Elsa, her colossal figure towering over him, the sound of her mocking laughter, the sheer power she wielded with such ease. He knew it was dangerous. He knew it was reckless.

But the money... the promise of wealth beyond his wildest dreams...

He swallowed hard, his hand trembling slightly as he signed his name at the bottom of the page. Gordon's smile widened as he watched, satisfaction gleaming in his eyes.

"There's a good man," Gordon said smoothly, taking the contract and tucking it away. "Now, go calm her down. And remember—you're in control. Just play it right."

Mark nodded stiffly, but the unease still gnawed at him as he turned to leave the office.



Mark approached Elsa's tent cautiously, his stomach twisted with nerves. The folder containing the forged ratings felt like a brick in his hands, and the bouquet of flowers was a last-minute addition—a feeble attempt to calm her down, as Gordon had suggested. Calm her down. Right. Like that was going to be easy.

As he neared the tent, he heard something that made him freeze in place—a soft moaning, barely audible at first, but growing louder as he stepped closer. His heart pounded in his chest as he realized what the sound was. He swallowed hard, his throat dry, and hesitated. The last thing he wanted was to walk in on... that.


But he had no choice. He opened the tent flaps cautiously, only to be greeted by the sight of Elsa, her gigantic fingers vigorously working between her legs, her body trembling slightly with the effort. Mark's eyes went wide with shock. For a split second, he stood there frozen, his mind unable to process what he was seeing. Then, panicking, he stumbled backward and stepped out of the tent, his face flushed with embarrassment.


Before he could make his escape, Elsa's voice rang out, commanding and powerful. "Mark, come in."
There was no mistaking the authority in her tone. Reluctantly, he turned back, his feet heavy as he stepped through the tent's flaps once more. By the time he reentered, Elsa had stopped her... activity. She was flustered, though, her cheeks slightly flushed as she raised an eyebrow at him.
"What are you doing here?" she asked, her voice still carrying that commanding edge.


Mark, trying to keep his composure, held out the flowers. "I, uh... brought these for you. As a... peace offering."
Her eyes widened, and for a moment, she stared at the flowers as if they were the most absurd thing in the world.
"Flowers?" she repeated, her tone incredulous. Then her nose twitched, and her expression shifted. "Oh no," she muttered.



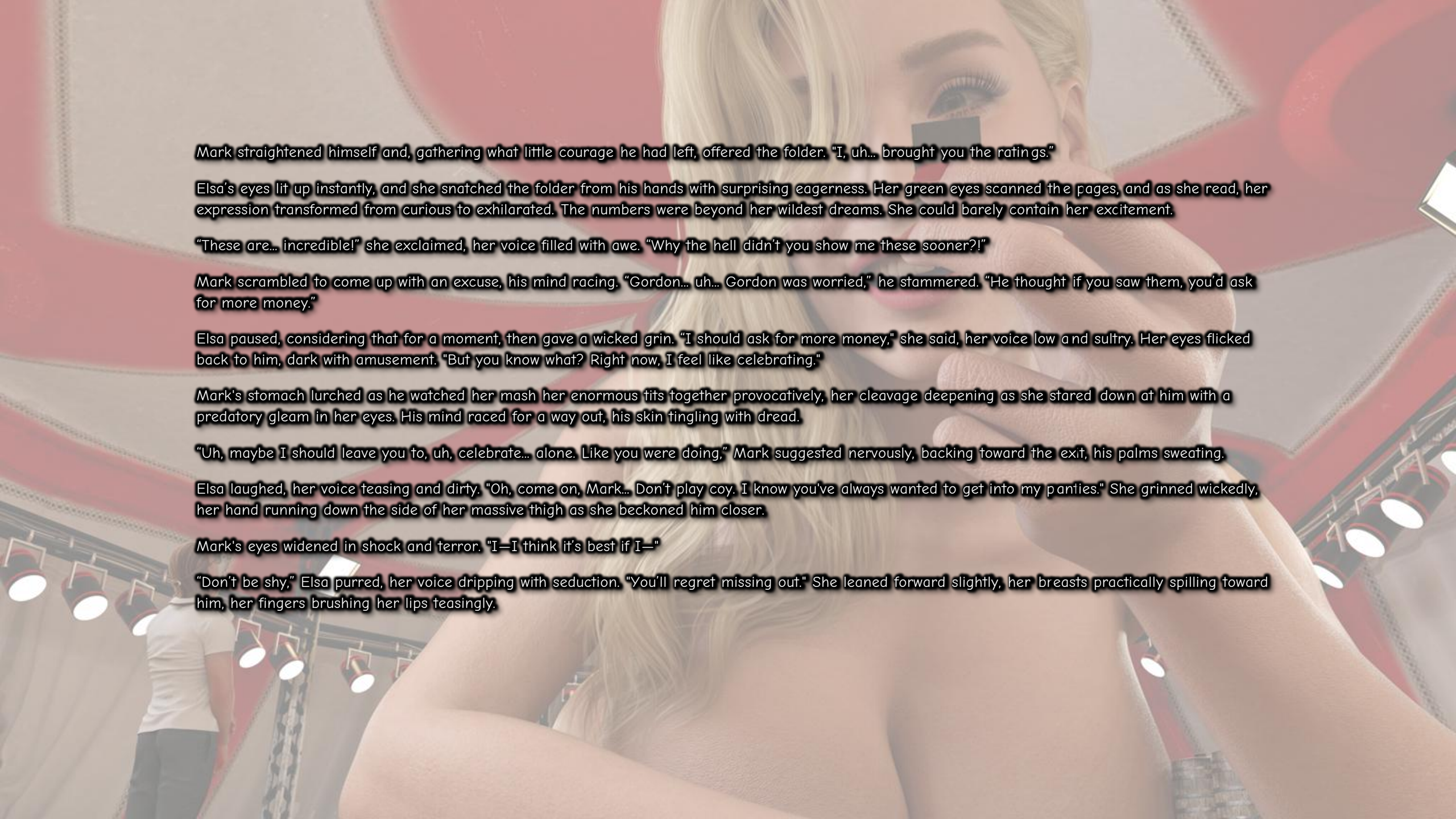
Before Mark could react, Elsa let out a sharp, gasping breath, and then, without warning, an enormous sneeze exploded from her, blowing Mark off his feet. He was sent flying backward, crashing into the tarp of the tent with a loud thud. For a moment, he lay there, winded and dazed, the world spinning around him.

Elsa, still sniffling slightly, vaguely waved a hand in his direction. "You okay down there?"

Mark groaned and dragged himself up, straightening his jacket and trying to regain a shred of dignity. “I’m fine,” he managed to croak.

“I’m allergic, you idiot!” she scolded.





Mark straightened himself and, gathering what little courage he had left, offered the folder. "I, uh... brought you the ratings."

Elsa's eyes lit up instantly, and she snatched the folder from his hands with surprising eagerness. Her green eyes scanned the pages, and as she read, her expression transformed from curious to exhilarated. The numbers were beyond her wildest dreams. She could barely contain her excitement.

"These are... incredible!" she exclaimed, her voice filled with awe. "Why the hell didn't you show me these sooner?!"

Mark scrambled to come up with an excuse, his mind racing. "Gordon... uh... Gordon was worried," he stammered. "He thought if you saw them, you'd ask for more money."

Elsa paused, considering that for a moment, then gave a wicked grin. "I should ask for more money," she said, her voice low and sultry. Her eyes flicked back to him, dark with amusement. "But you know what? Right now, I feel like celebrating."

Mark's stomach lurched as he watched her mash her enormous tits together provocatively, her cleavage deepening as she stared down at him with a predatory gleam in her eyes. His mind raced for a way out, his skin tingling with dread.

"Uh, maybe I should leave you to, uh, celebrate... alone. Like you were doing," Mark suggested nervously, backing toward the exit, his palms sweating.

Elsa laughed, her voice teasing and dirty. "Oh, come on, Mark... Don't play coy. I know you've always wanted to get into my panties." She grinned wickedly, her hand running down the side of her massive thigh as she beckoned him closer.

Mark's eyes widened in shock and terror. "I—I think it's best if I—"

"Don't be shy," Elsa purred, her voice dripping with seduction. "You'll regret missing out." She leaned forward slightly, her breasts practically spilling toward him, her fingers brushing her lips teasingly.


Before Mark could react, Elsa wrapped her enormous fingers around him. She lifted him effortlessly, holding him firmly in her grasp as she stood back up, towering over the entire estate.
"Come with me," she said, her voice playful but leaving no room for argument.
Mark's heart raced. "I'd rather not," he muttered, his voice trembling.
Elsa's grin widened as she looked down at him. "I wasn't asking."
With that, she got out of the tent on all fours, straightened back up and began to walk toward the beach, her hips swaying sensuously as she strut down the path, carrying Mark along like a helpless toy. He dangled in her grip, terrified but powerless, as she made her way to the water's edge, each step radiating the same confidence and dominance she'd wielded so effortlessly since her transformation.


As Elsa strutted down the beach, Mark dangled helplessly in her grasp, his heart pounding in his chest with each enormous step she took. The night air was cool, but every step she took made the ground vibrate with a soft, unsettling rhythm.



Finally, Elsa stopped at a convenient spot, a cliff ledge that jutted out over the water.

"You're looking so tense, Mark. Maybe it's time you relaxed," she purred, her voice dripping with dangerous allure.

Mark was appalled. "Elsa, please, I—I can't—" he stammered, but she cut him off with a sultry laugh.

"Oh, but you can. And you will." Her massive hand shifted, pressing him gently against her enormous breasts. "Be a gentleman and give me some attention where it counts," she commanded, her tone leaving no room for argument.

Horrified, yet utterly powerless, Mark's lips brushed against her skin, his body trembling as he began to lick her breasts. Elsa moaned softly, her body shuddering with pleasure at the sensation.

"Good boy," she cooed, her voice playful. "But you know, it's rude to interrupt a girl... and leave her unfinished. Now you'll have to make it up to me."

Mark's heart sank. "Make up for it?" he echoed, terrified of what she meant.


Elsa's eyes glinted mischievously. "Use your imagination," she purred, moving him down her body slowly, her teasing growing more intense with every second.


She squatted slightly, bringing him to her inner thighs, positioning him right where she wanted him.


Mark screamed, his yells echoing from her cavernous cunt as he was brought to her glistening lips. There was someone obviously having a good time with the exchange, and it wasn't him.


"Are you ready, Mark?" she teased from above, her voice echoing in the cliff. I certainly am!"


After a long moment of teasing, she inserted him, her massive fingers plucking him in and out with ease.
Mark's world turned into chaos. The tight heat of her body surrounded him, the pressure overwhelming as she toyed with him like a living dildo. He squirmed, utterly helpless, as she moaned in delight, clearly enjoying his presence inside her. Elsa was getting crazier by the second, her pleasure building as she felt him struggle within her.


"Oh, Mark," she giggled between moans, pulling him out just long enough to catch a glimpse of his worn-out face. "You're looking a little spent. The job's not over yet, though." She grinned, bringing him back to her face, laughing at his exhaustion. "Take a deep breath, sweetheart. You're going back in."


She used a single finger on his butt to slide him back in, into her ready pussy. It was amazing how good he felt. He was a little on the small size, but his efforts were still noticeable enough in her tight love tunnel.


"Oh, yes, yes!" she gasped as she kept manipulating him, enjoying his presence, almost as much physically as intellectually.


She cupped a massive breast as she kept sliding him in with her fingers, turning him into the best dildo she had ever tried. Not the biggest one, but the only one who squirmed. The only one who screamed.


And so she went, more and more, bringing herself closer to climax, quickly getting to the best fun in her life.


Mark, on his side, was having a considerably worse time. Completely trapped, unable to move his limbs, he could feel Elsa's panting body all around him, trapping him into the worst spot he could think of.


She did not care. At all. Experimenting a little, she left him in autopilot for a bit. She could still feel him but he was a little... tired.


"You need help, big boy," she gasped between moans as she brought her hand down again, grabbing a massive tit as she inserted him once more, using her fingers to guide him where he mattered.


"Ahhhh!" she let out as she got closer and closer to climax.


Finally, with a loud, earth-shaking scream, Elsa climaxed, her body shuddering violently as waves of pleasure crashed through her.


She removed Mark, panting heavily as she held his limp, exhausted body in her palm.


He was soaked from head to toe, definitely sticky to the touch.


"That," she said, her voice breathless but satisfied, "was exactly what I needed." She smirked down at him, teasing him as he lay completely worn out in her grasp. "Did you enjoy that, Mark? You looked like you were having such a good time." Her laugh was soft but menacing as she leaned in closer. "You should work out a little more... build some stamina."


As she slowly walked back to the tent, she held him in her hand, still toying with him gently.


"And Mark," she added, her tone dark and threatening, "this stays between us. Because if it doesn't..." She crouched low, her eyes gleaming with menace as she whispered, "Next time, I'll use the backdoor."
Mark shuddered as Elsa fixed her eyes on him.



Mark woke up drenched in sweat, the sheets clinging to his body as if trying to suffocate him. His heart pounded in his chest, his breath coming in ragged gasps. He had barely slept at all, haunted by nightmares—nightmares that were far too close to reality. His mind replayed the events of the previous night over and over, Elsa's enormous figure towering over him, her playful yet terrifying dominance, the humiliating way she had toyed with him. Every time he closed his eyes, he saw her again. Heard her mocking laughter.

He had showered three times... and still he smelled of her. All of him. Of course, the scar in his mind was even more prevalent, making him shiver at the umpteenth mental replay of the events.

He sat up, rubbing his eyes, his head still spinning. A knot tightened in his stomach. He had never felt so powerless in his life, and now, even with daylight creeping in through the blinds, that terror hadn't left him.

Then his eyes fell on the contract Gordon had placed in front of him yesterday. The promise of wealth, of success, all bound by the paper that lay before him. It should have been a dream come true, but now it felt like a chain around his neck, pulling him deeper into a nightmare he couldn't escape.

Mark clenched his fists, staring at the contract as the weight of the decision bore down on him. No amount of money was worth his life or his dignity. He wouldn't be Gordon's pawn, trapped in this insanity, and he certainly wouldn't be Elsa's plaything any longer. Enough was enough.

I need to stop this, he thought, his resolve hardening as he tossed the contract aside.





He opened his laptop, fingers trembling as he quickly searched for Dr. Lindstrom's office number. After a few minutes, he found it—a small clinic that barely had an online presence. Mark dialed the number, his heart racing again, but this time it wasn't out of fear. It was urgency.

The receptionist picked up after a few rings, her voice professional yet disinterested.

"Dr. Lindstrom's office, how can I help you?"

"I need to speak to Dr. Lindstrom. It's urgent," Mark said, his voice cracking slightly.

"I'm sorry, the doctor is busy. Can I take a message?"

"No, you don't understand. I need to speak to him directly. I've sent him pictures. He needs to see them—it's about Elsa, and it's a matter of life and death!" Mark's voice wavered but held firm.

There was a pause on the other end of the line, then the receptionist responded, more wary this time. "Hold on, please."

Minutes dragged on, each second filled with anxiety. Mark paced the room, biting his lip, wondering if Lindstrom would even take the call seriously. Finally, there was a click as the doctor came on the line, sounding flustered.

"This is Dr. Lindstrom," he said, his voice hurried. "What is this about Elsa? What are these pictures?"

Mark felt a wave of relief. "Doctor, listen. You need to see the pictures I just sent to your email. Elsa... she's changed. She's enormous—like, literally gigantic—and she's becoming more aggressive. You have to come fix this before something really bad happens."

There was a long pause. "Wait, what? Gigantic? What are you talking about?"

Mark swallowed, struggling to keep his voice steady as he tried to explain. "She took your pills, Doctor. More than she was supposed to. I don't know how many, but whatever they were, they've made her grow. And not just grow... she's getting more dangerous. She's... she's out of control."

Lindstrom sounded shocked. "Our tests... they never showed anything like this. Aggressivity, yes—we saw that with the guinea pigs. They became more territorial, more prone to violent behavior. But growth? No. This is... this is impossible."

"Well, it's happening," Mark insisted. "And if you don't come here right away, it's going to get worse. She's already..." Mark's voice dropped to a whisper, "She's already hurt people, Doctor."

The silence on the other end of the phone was deafening. Then Lindstrom's voice returned, more urgent this time. "How many pills did she take? Do you know?"

Mark hesitated. "I'm not sure. She mentioned it, but I didn't get a specific number. It wasn't just one or two, though—it was way more."

Lindstrom cursed under his breath. "This is bad. Very bad. I'll get there as soon as I can. I need to make some arrangements for transport, but I'm on it. Mark, don't let her take any more of those pills. I mean it. If she takes even one more, I can't predict what will happen."

"I'll try, but Doctor..." Mark paused, feeling the weight of what he was about to say. "I'm terrified of her. I don't know how much longer we can keep her contained."

Lindstrom's voice softened. "I understand. Just hang in there. I'll be there as soon as possible."

Mark hung up the phone, feeling no relief, only a gnawing sense of dread. The prospect of confronting Elsa again was like staring into the abyss. Every second that passed without Dr. Lindstrom's arrival felt like a countdown to something catastrophic.



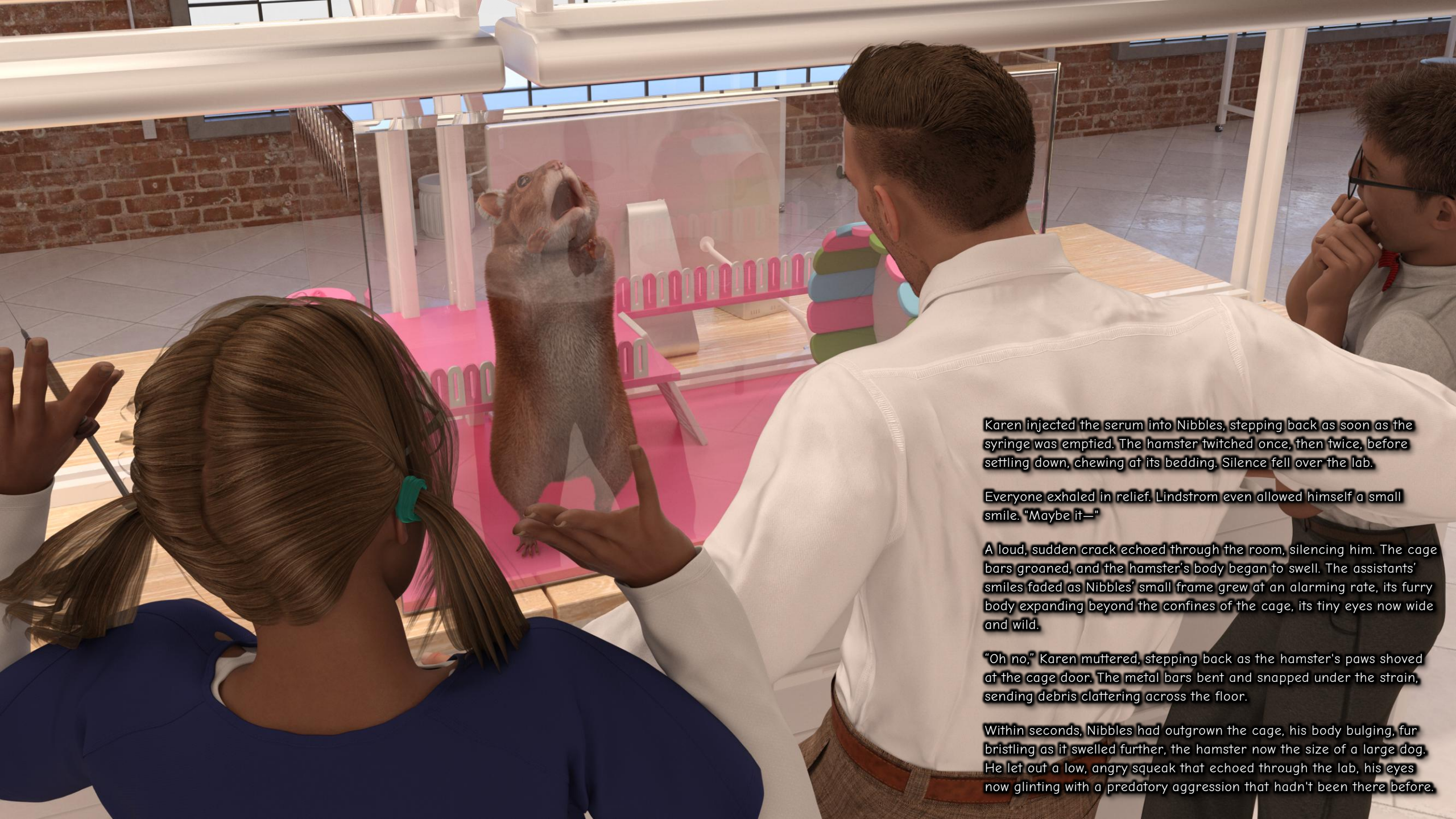
Back in his lab, Dr. Lindstrom stood at the edge of the table, flanked by his two assistants. Their eyes were trained on a small cage, inside of which a hamster named "Nibbles" fidgeted nervously. The air was thick with tension as the receptionist's pet was about to become part of an experiment that could potentially save lives—or cause even more chaos.

"Are you sure about this?" asked one of the assistants, a young man named Reed, eyeing the oversized needle prepped on the nearby tray.

Lindstrom sighed, rubbing his temple. "We don't have time for more tests, Reed. We need to know exactly what we're dealing with, especially if what Mark described is accurate."

Beside Reed, the other assistant, a woman named Karen, held a much smaller syringe, filled with a dangerously high dose of the growth serum. "Alright, Doctor, ready when you are."

"Do it," Lindstrom commanded, his eyes locked on the hamster.



Karen injected the serum into Nibbles, stepping back as soon as the syringe was emptied. The hamster twitched once, then twice, before settling down, chewing at its bedding. Silence fell over the lab.

Everyone exhaled in relief. Lindstrom even allowed himself a small smile. "Maybe it—"

A loud, sudden crack echoed through the room, silencing him. The cage bars groaned, and the hamster's body began to swell. The assistants' smiles faded as Nibbles' small frame grew at an alarming rate, its furry body expanding beyond the confines of the cage, its tiny eyes now wide and wild.

"Oh no," Karen muttered, stepping back as the hamster's paws shoved at the cage door. The metal bars bent and snapped under the strain, sending debris clattering across the floor.

Within seconds, Nibbles had outgrown the cage, his body bulging, fur bristling as it swelled further, the hamster now the size of a large dog. He let out a low, angry squeak that echoed through the lab, his eyes now glinting with a predatory aggression that hadn't been there before.



"Back up! Everyone, back!" Lindstrom shouted, stumbling as the hamster leapt from the table, crashing into a set of shelves with its now massive body. Bottles and instruments toppled everywhere as Nibbles snarled, his cute exterior gone, replaced by something feral and dangerous.

The hamster turned to face the trio, its nose twitching furiously, teeth gnashing. Without warning, it lunged at Reed, who yelped and dived behind the counter.

"Jesus, it's going for us!" Karen screamed, rushing toward the exit, but the hamster's newfound speed allowed it to claw at the door, leaving deep gouges in the wood. It was as big as them now, maybe bigger.

"Get to the other side!" Lindstrom barked, his heart pounding as he grabbed the oversized syringe filled with the reducer—a formula designed to reverse the effects. "Reed! Karen! Distract it!"

Reed, still shaking, grabbed a broom and swiped it at the hamster, but Nibbles easily batted it away with a clawed paw, knocking Reed into a nearby cabinet. Karen threw a tray of instruments toward the beast, the metal clanging loudly and temporarily drawing its attention.

Lindstrom seized the moment. He charged toward Nibbles, gripping the enormous syringe tightly. The hamster turned back just as Lindstrom lunged, its eyes narrowing in rage. With a frantic yell, Lindstrom jammed the needle into the hamster's side.

For a moment, Nibbles paused, almost confused, then let out an ear-piercing squeal. The giant rodent twitched violently, its body shuddering as the effects of the reducer started to take hold. Its size began to shrink, fur receding as its aggression slowly faded.



The team watched in stunned silence as Nibbles' form diminished, shrinking back down to his normal size. He stood there, looking dazed and harmless once more, blinking up at them innocently.

Reed pulled himself to his feet, staring at the now tiny hamster. "That... was insane."

Lindstrom, still catching his breath, wiped sweat from his forehead. "Insane is an understatement," he muttered. "But at least now we know it works."

Karen leaned against the counter, still trembling from the chase. "So, what now? We can shrink her back down, right?"

Lindstrom nodded, though his expression was grim. "We're going to need a lot more reducer. Prepare a dose that's at least one thousand times stronger."

Karen raised an eyebrow. "A thousand times?"

Lindstrom's eyes flicked to Nibbles, who was now quietly munching on some bedding, blissfully unaware of the chaos he'd caused. "If Elsa's as big as Mark says, that's what we'll need. And I'll find a tranquilizer gun for elephants to feed the dart. We won't be able to get close without it."

Reed let out a nervous laugh. "We're going to need more than just luck."

As Lindstrom stared at the shrinking syringe, a heavy weight pressed down on him. They had a solution, but it was still risky. He could only hope they weren't already too late.

"Let's move quickly," Lindstrom ordered.



Wilson stood at the counter of Sweet Donuts, tapping his fingers impatiently as the cashier packed the last few boxes of Elsa's favorite treats. The scent of fresh pastries filled the air—glazed, frosted, cream-filled. He'd wiped out their entire morning stock, leaving the shop shelves bare.

"You sure you want all of them?" the cashier asked, looking at Wilson in disbelief as she shoved yet another box toward him.

"All of them," Wilson confirmed, piling the boxes onto the cart he'd brought. "She likes to start her day sweet, and... she's got quite the appetite."



The cashier gave him a curious look but shrugged, handing over the receipt. Wilson paid, his mind wandering. As he finished the transaction, his attention shifted to the small TV in the corner of the shop. The local news was playing in the background—some report about beach safety. But what struck him was the glaring absence of anything about Elsa. Nothing about her sudden growth, nothing about the contest, nothing about her towering over the beach like a goddess.

He narrowed his eyes, growing more suspicious by the second. Gordon had promised to keep things running smoothly, to manage Elsa's image while they figured out a solution, but something was off. He should have seen something—anything—on the news by now. This was Elsa, the biggest star on FanFrenzy, literally and figuratively. There was no way her situation wasn't news.



Wilson's gut twisted with unease. He loaded the boxes onto his van and, on impulse, decided to check his cellphone. They were blocked from the outside world, back at Gordon's, but here in the world, he had network coverage again. He quickly moved to his browser and logged into FanFrenzy, fingers flying over the screen. He expected to see updates, maybe some behind-the-scenes photos. But instead, the screen flashed an irritating message:

Technical Difficulties. Please Try Again Later.

"What the hell..." he muttered under his breath. Frowning, he tried searching for Elsa's profile directly. He found a few things—some clips of her arrival at the contest, the foam war event from the first day... but nothing recent. It was as if her towering transformation had been wiped clean from existence.

A pit formed in his stomach. Gordon was behind this—there was no doubt about it. If the FanFrenzy site was down, and the media was silent, that meant someone was working hard to bury this story. And it didn't take a genius to figure out who was pulling the strings. But why? Elsa was the biggest star ever... he was paying her a fortune to keep her modeling, and Gordon was not the type of guy that didn't look at a great return of investment for every dollar he spent.

He needed answers.



Wilson found Gordon at the back hall of the FanFrenzy mansion, looking suspiciously happy with himself.

When Wilson confronted him, there was no need for pleasantries. He cut straight to the point. "Gordon, what's going on? Everything's locked down. I can't find anything about Elsa. No updates, no streams, nothing. What are you hiding?"

He exhaled, shaking his head like a man who's not used to being confronted.

"This is above your paygrade, Wilson. Just let it go."

"What the hell are you talking about?"

Gordon ran a shaky hand through his hair, then met Wilson's gaze. "Dealing with her is hard enough without you messing things up even more."

"Why are you not broadcasting?" he pushed.


Gordon let out a short laugh. “And get this place crawling with white coats? No, I’d rather stay in control.”
Wilson’s blood ran cold, suddenly understanding. Hearing it laid out like this sent a shiver down his spine. “Does she know what’s going on? That no one outside knows?”
Gordon laughed again, but it was half hearted. “She has no clue, of course. And trust me, you don’t want her to find out. Because when she does, all hell will break loose.”
Wilson clenched his fists. “She should know. This isn’t right.”
Gordon turned on him. “And what do you think is going to happen when she finds out, huh? You think she’s going to thank you?”
Without another word, Gordon pushed past him, disappearing down the hall. Wilson stood there, frozen in place, the weight of Gordon’s words sinking in. He’d wanted the truth, and now that he had it, it had put the heaviest burden on his shoulders. What the hell was he going to do?



The morning sun streamed softly through the tent, casting golden beams over Elsa's enormous, resting form. Her moans of contentment echoed through the space as she stretched luxuriously, her body still not used to the sheer size it had become. Wilson stood at the entrance, carting in a tower of donut boxes from Sweet Donuts and a barrel of freshly brewed coffee, his stomach churning with a mix of nerves and guilt.

He watched her stir, the giantess slowly coming to life. She had become more and more comfortable in her skin with each passing day, and it was undeniable that she was enjoying herself. Elsa yawned, sitting up lazily, her eyes bright with delight when she saw him. She was in high spirits, her body language exuding power and dominance. Wilson couldn't help but feel a pang of pride—a twisted sense of satisfaction—when she looked at him.



"Wilson! There you are, my sweet," she purred, her voice low and playful. She stretched again, her colossal breasts rising and falling, making the ground beneath him seem to tremble. "You spoil me. Is that coffee and donuts I smell?"

"Yeah," Wilson replied, forcing a smile as he wheeled the cart closer. "Your favorite."

Elsa's eyes gleamed with excitement, and without hesitation, she snatched up the first box of donuts, popping them into her mouth like they were nothing more than bite-sized treats. She giggled between bites, clearly in a playful mood, and Wilson's heart raced, his admiration and terror warring inside him. Before this—before she grew—he had loved her from afar, just another assistant in the background of her glamorous life. But now, her attention was entirely on him, and it was intoxicating... yet terrifying.


"You really know how to take care of me," she cooed, sipping from the barrel of coffee as though it were a tiny cup. Her lips curved into a mischievous grin. "I think I'll have to reward you again for all this special treatment. You like that, don't you, Wilson?"



Wilson's pulse quickened. He knew what was coming. She always teased and toyed with him, and it was becoming harder and harder to resist her overwhelming presence. But today, the weight of the truth gnawed at him. The secrets he carried felt like stones pressing down on his chest. How long could he keep this up? And what would happen if Elsa ever found out he knew the truth, that he had been complicit in Gordon's web of lies?



Elsa noticed his hesitation and laughed softly, the sound reverberating through the tent. "Oh, don't be shy, Wilson. I know you love being my little toy." Her hand reached out, fingers grazing his cheek with surprising gentleness for someone her size. "Come on. Strip."

Wilson gulped, his body tensing. He had learned not to resist. Not anymore. With shaky hands, he undressed, feeling the cool air brush over his skin as his clothes fell to the ground. He stood there, bare and vulnerable before her, his heart pounding in his chest as Elsa's gaze swept over him like a predator surveying her prey.


"Mmm, you're so cute when you're nervous," she teased, her giant hand wrapping around his torso and lifting him effortlessly into the air. "Now, let's play a little."
She brought him to her chest, her enormous, pillowy breasts awaiting him.


Wilson could barely breathe as she pressed him against her soft, supple skin, forcing him to squeeze and rub his hands over her oversized tits. They were heavy, warm, and impossibly firm, every movement making them jiggle slightly. He could feel her heart beating beneath her flesh, each thud reminding him of just how small and insignificant he was in her grasp.


"Don't hold back," Elsa whispered, her breath hot against his skin. "You know you love it. Play with me."


Wilson's hands moved over her breasts, his palms sinking into the soft skin as Elsa let out a low, satisfied hum.


She closed her eyes, clearly enjoying the attention, her hand guiding him to explore every inch of her chest. He felt like a puppet in her grasp, his body moving at her command.


"That's it," she purred. "Good boy."


Then, with a playful smirk, Elsa shifted him, lowering him down from her chest and holding him close to her mouth. His heart raced as she flicked her tongue over his bare body, teasingly brushing it against his skin before she brought him closer.


"You've earned this, Wilson," she said with a wicked gleam in her eyes. "Time for your reward."


Wilson could hardly react before she engulfed his lower body in her warm, wet mouth. Her tongue worked over him slowly, deliberately, as she played with him like a toy.


The sensation was overwhelming—her tongue licking
and massaging, teasing and exploring.


His entire body trembled in her grip as she continued to lavish him with attention, each motion driving him closer to the edge.


Elsa laughed softly, the vibrations from her voice only heightening the sensation. "You taste so sweet," she whispered between licks. "I think I'll keep you around for dessert more often."
Finally, after what felt like an eternity, Elsa pulled him free.



Wilson collapsed, panting, his body trembling from the intensity of what had just happened. His mind swirled with conflicting emotions—desire, fear, shame, and guilt all tangled together.

Elsa looked down at him, clearly pleased with herself. She smiled warmly, but there was always that edge of dominance, that reminder that he was nothing more than a plaything to her.

"You're such a good boy, Wilson," she said, her voice affectionate but commanding. "You're becoming my favorite toy."

Wilson felt the weight of her words settle on him like a stone. He was too exhausted to respond, lying there as she sipped from her barrel of coffee, completely at ease. But then, the guilt—the unbearable, gnawing guilt—rushed back in full force.



He couldn't hold it in any longer. "Elsa..." he began, his voice shaky. "There's something I need to tell you."

Her green eyes snapped toward him, narrowing slightly. She set down the barrel, her expression curious but still playful.

"Oh?" she asked, tilting her head. "What is it, Wilson?"

The air in the tent grew tense, the truth clawing at him, begging to be unleashed. But once it was out, there would be no going back. Wilson swallowed hard, his voice barely a whisper as he prepared to tell her everything.



The sun bathed the backyard of Gordon's sprawling mansion. The eleven remaining contestants, all draped in their bikinis, sat around the large table, waiting for another extravagant breakfast to be served. Gordon reclined in his chair, but something was clearly bothering him. Astrid, his wife, sat a few chairs away, her eyes narrowed in constant suspicion as she glared at him from behind her sunglasses.

Jessica, always calculating, was trying to catch Gordon's eye again. She smiled coyly, her bikini top doing much of the work to draw his gaze back to her. She had decided that if Elsa wasn't going down easily, maybe she could play the power game by getting back into Gordon's good graces. At the very least, she could use his influence.

Some of the girls whispered among themselves, shooting glances toward Jessica and Astrid, their conversation drifting between conspiring about how to deal with Elsa and complaining about the surreal nightmare they found themselves trapped in.

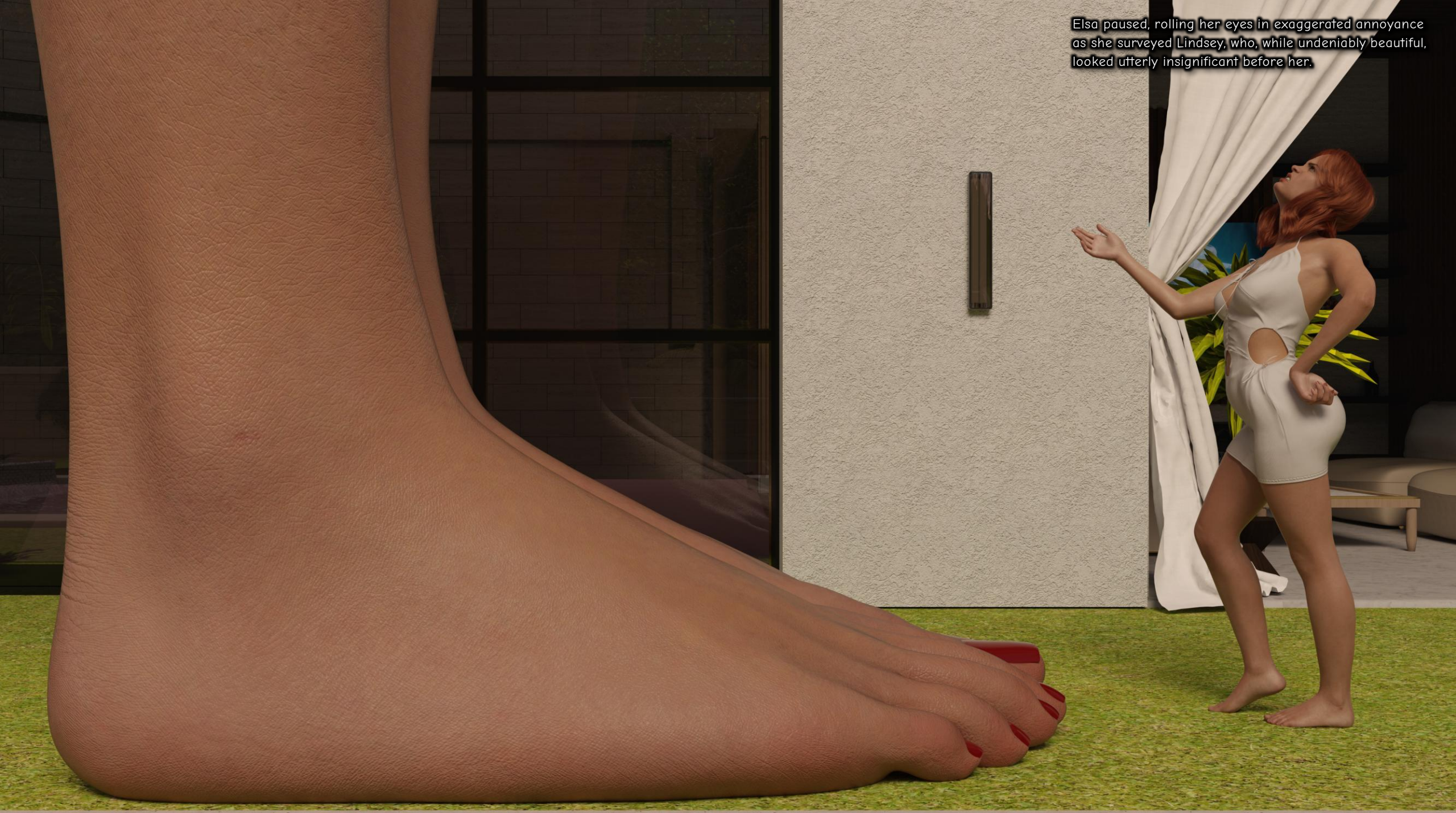

Then all hell broke loose.

The ground shook with a deep, violent rumble, stronger than any tremor they had felt before. Plates rattled, spilling drinks across the table. Everyone froze, wide-eyed. Then, slowly, they all turned in unison to see the towering figure of Elsa striding towards them from the horizon, dripping water from her dip in the pool, her colossal form casting a shadow over the entire scene. But it wasn't her size that struck fear into their hearts this time—it was the look on her face.

She was livid. Eyes blazing with fury, lips curled in a snarl that sent chills down their spines. Her footsteps shook the earth, each one punctuated with more force than the last, sending shockwaves through the backyard.


Jessica, suddenly realizing the gravity of the situation, stood up from the table and yelled, “Lindsey! Don’t!”
But Lindsey had already made her move. She pushed her chair back with a scrape, standing in the path of the furious giantess. The other girls stared in shock, frozen in place. They had all talked about confronting Elsa, had whispered of standing up to her, but none had ever imagined it would come to this.


Lindsey stepped forward, her chin raised defiantly, blocking Elsa's advance. She trembled slightly but masked it with anger, her hands balled into fists. Elsa stopped just a few paces away, towering over Lindsey, casting her in an enormous shadow.
"You're done pushing us around, Elsa," Lindsey shouted, her voice filled with more conviction than the others thought possible. "Someone needs to stand up to you, and I'm not taking your shit anymore!"


Elsa paused, rolling her eyes in exaggerated annoyance as she surveyed Lindsey, who, while undeniably beautiful, looked utterly insignificant before her.



"Get out of my way, little bug," Elsa sneered, her voice dripping with disdain.

Lindsey didn't flinch. "I won't. Someone has to face you!"

Elsa's face twisted with amusement for a brief moment before the wicked smile faded into a cold, dangerous glare. "Oh, honey," she sighed mockingly. "You're not facing me... you're just annoying me."


Without another word, Elsa drew back her leg. Everyone held their breath back, not believing what was going to happen.


Unfazed, Elsa delivered a swift kick to the little Lindsey. It was brutal, the impact clearly heard all around the patio.


The force of the kick sent little Lindsey's body soaring through the air, her scream barely audible as she disappeared over the mansion, vanishing from sight. The other girls screamed in panic, scrambling back from the table, knocking over chairs and spilling food in their frenzy. Jessica looked horrified, her earlier boldness evaporating instantly.
Golf Urius


The tension crackled in the air as Elsa turned her seething gaze toward Gordon. She stalked forward, her enormous body closing the distance in just a few strides, towering over the table.


"You," she growled, pointing a massive finger at him. "I know what you've been up to, Gordon. You've been lying to me, haven't you?"
Gordon stammered, standing up shakily. "W-what do you mean?"
"There's no broadcast. There's no money transfer. You've been stringing me along, keeping me entertained for your own benefit." Elsa's words came out like venom, her voice rising in intensity as her anger reached its peak.
Gordon's face went pale, and he took a shaky step back, hands raised in a defensive gesture. "Elsa, please—there's been a misunderstanding! I can explain, I swear!"
"Enough!" Elsa roared, slamming her foot down with a heavy thud that cracked the ground beneath her. "I'm done with your excuses. I'll get the truth out of you one way or another."


A sudden cracking sound cut through the tension. Elsa flinched, feeling a sharp sting on her thigh, like the bite of an insect. She looked down, spotting a tiny red mark on her skin, barely noticeable, but enough to annoy her.


Her eyes scanned the backyard and locked onto Astrid, standing a few paces away, holding a rifle.
"You..." Elsa's voice was low, dangerous. "Did you just fucking shoot me?"


Astrid didn't flinch. She fired again. A second sting hit Elsa, this time under her breast, more of a nuisance than anything else.
Elsa's face darkened with rage. "You bitch." In three thunderous strides, she was upon Astrid, crouching low as a third shot hit her stomach.


Without hesitation, Elsa's massive hand wrapped around Astrid, lifting her into the air. She squeezed, just enough to make Astrid squirm, her breath hitching in discomfort.


"Cool off, Astrid," Elsa growled, her voice dripping with venom. And with that, she hurled Astrid hundreds of feet away, watching as her body arced through the sky and splashed into the distant ocean with a satisfying thud.



The backyard fell silent. Elsa straightened, her green eyes gleaming with satisfaction as she dusted her hands off. "Anyone else?" she asked, her voice mocking as she surveyed the group.

No one dared to move.

Elsa gave a satisfied smirk. "That's what I thought."

Chaos erupted again soon enough. Her anger radiated off her in palpable waves, the tremors in the ground matching her every word. The girls, still frozen in shock from Astrid's fate, finally snapped back into action. They screamed, pushing back from the table and bolting in every direction, panic taking hold. Gordon, just as terrified, turned on his heels, scrambling for an escape like a rat fleeing a sinking ship.

"Oh no, you don't," Elsa sneered, her eyes locking onto him as she started after him, her long strides easily closing the distance between them. Each step sent vibrations rippling through the ground, and the girls tripped over themselves in their frantic attempts to flee. It was a stampede of desperation, and Gordon was at the front of it, his pale face drenched in sweat as he darted between chairs, his breath coming in ragged gasps.



But just as Elsa was about to snatch him up, a sleek black car screeched to a halt on the gravel driveway. The door flung open, and Dr. Lindstrom stepped out, a large dart shooter gripped tightly in his hand. He raised his voice, calling out with authority that carried over the chaos.

"Elsa!" he yelled, his voice surprisingly firm, even in the face of the towering giantess. "This has to stop!"

Elsa paused mid-step, her eyes snapping to him. Recognition flickered across her face, but instead of stopping, she arched an eyebrow, folding her arms across her ample chest as if sizing him up. "Oh, Dr. Lindstrom, you're finally here." Her voice dripped with sarcasm.

Dr. Lindstrom raised the shooter, though his voice remained calm. "I can make you normal again. It's time for this madness to end."

Elsa tilted her head, genuinely curious. "Normal?" She laughed, a low, rumbling sound that sent chills down everyone's spine. "Why would I ever want to be ordinary again? When I'm this."



Lindstrom kept his gaze locked on her, speaking quickly. "You can't just stay this way, Elsa. You won't fit into the world—"

"Oh, please," she interrupted, rolling her eyes and waving him off with a dismissive hand. "Who cares about fitting in? I've never cared about being 'normal,' and now I'm beyond extraordinary. It's you and everyone else who need to adjust, not me."

Just as she was about to continue her taunts, Elsa's eyes caught Gordon making another dash for freedom, skittering away like a cockroach while her attention was momentarily diverted. "Hold that thought, Doc," she said, her eyes narrowing on Gordon. "We'll have this little conversation later. Right now, I've got someone to deal with."

She pivoted sharply, resuming her pursuit of Gordon, who was only yards away from disappearing into the treeline. But Lindstrom, seeing his opportunity slip away, acted fast. With steady hands, he aimed the dart shooter and fired.


The dart sailed through the air, whistling briefly before embedding itself squarely in Elsa's ass.



Elsa stopped dead in her tracks. She froze, then slowly turned her head, glancing down at the dart sticking out of her enormous cheek. Her expression twisted into one of incredulous fury. "Did you just shoot me... in the ass?" she growled.

She reached back, yanking the dart out with two fingers before inspecting it briefly. Without hesitation, she tossed it at Gordon's fleeing form, missing him by only a few feet. The projectile thudded into the ground next to him, causing the man to stumble and yelp in terror.


Lindstrom, however, was undeterred. He kept his ground. "I had to," he called out. "It'll shrink you back to normal, Elsa. This is for your own good!"
Elsa looked down at the doctor, her lips curling into a mocking smile. "Oh, Doc, you've made a big mistake. We'll have a nice, long chat when I'm done with Gordon." She turned back toward her prey.


"Where do you think you're going, Gordon?" she taunted. "Do you really think you can get away from me?"


"It needs to work," Lindstrom muttered. He then loaded another dart and aimed, hitting Elsa square in her buttocks again. It would have been nearly impossible to miss.


"What the fuck, Doc!" Elsa complained. "Don't make it worse for y..."
But then, suddenly, something suddenly felt... off.
She paused mid-step, her hand reaching up to her head as a wave of dizziness washed over her. Her vision blurred, the world around her tilting for a moment as her balance faltered. "What the...?" Elsa muttered, grabbing her head as the sensation intensified.


Lindstrom watched with anticipation, his heart racing. "It's working!" he whispered to himself, his two aides exchanging relieved glances. But the celebration was premature.


Elsa's body shuddered, her breathing growing labored as she clutched her head. For a moment, it seemed like she might actually shrink, but then something entirely different started happening.
Her body expanded.


The seams of the world around her seemed to stretch and groan as Elsa's massive form began growing even larger. Her already towering body surged upward, her feet digging deeper into the earth as her legs stretched toward the sky. The ground cracked under the weight of her ballooning size, and the nearby trees that had once come up to her knees now barely reached her ankles.
Lindstrom's face paled as he watched, horrified. "No... no, this isn't supposed to happen!" he shouted, backing away as Elsa's shadow swallowed him whole. "This is impossible!"


The others could only stare in awe and fear as Elsa's height doubled, then tripled. She shot up like a skyscraper, her head reaching far above the treetops, dwarfing everything around her. The mansion that had once come up to her waist now barely reached her calves, and her enormous body loomed over the entire estate like a living mountain.


Her arms opened wide as she grimaced in both shock and fury. "What the hell is happening!?" she bellowed, her voice reverberating through the landscape like thunder.


Her knees wobbled slightly as her balance shifted with her new size, and she staggered forward a step, her foot creating a crater in the ground as it landed with a deafening boom.


Back on the ground, her feet kept expanding, pushing garden furniture around and slowly crawling upon the rest of contestants, who were now dwarfed even more by her expanding appendages. Screams erupted across the patio. If a giant Elsa had already been bad this was... worse.

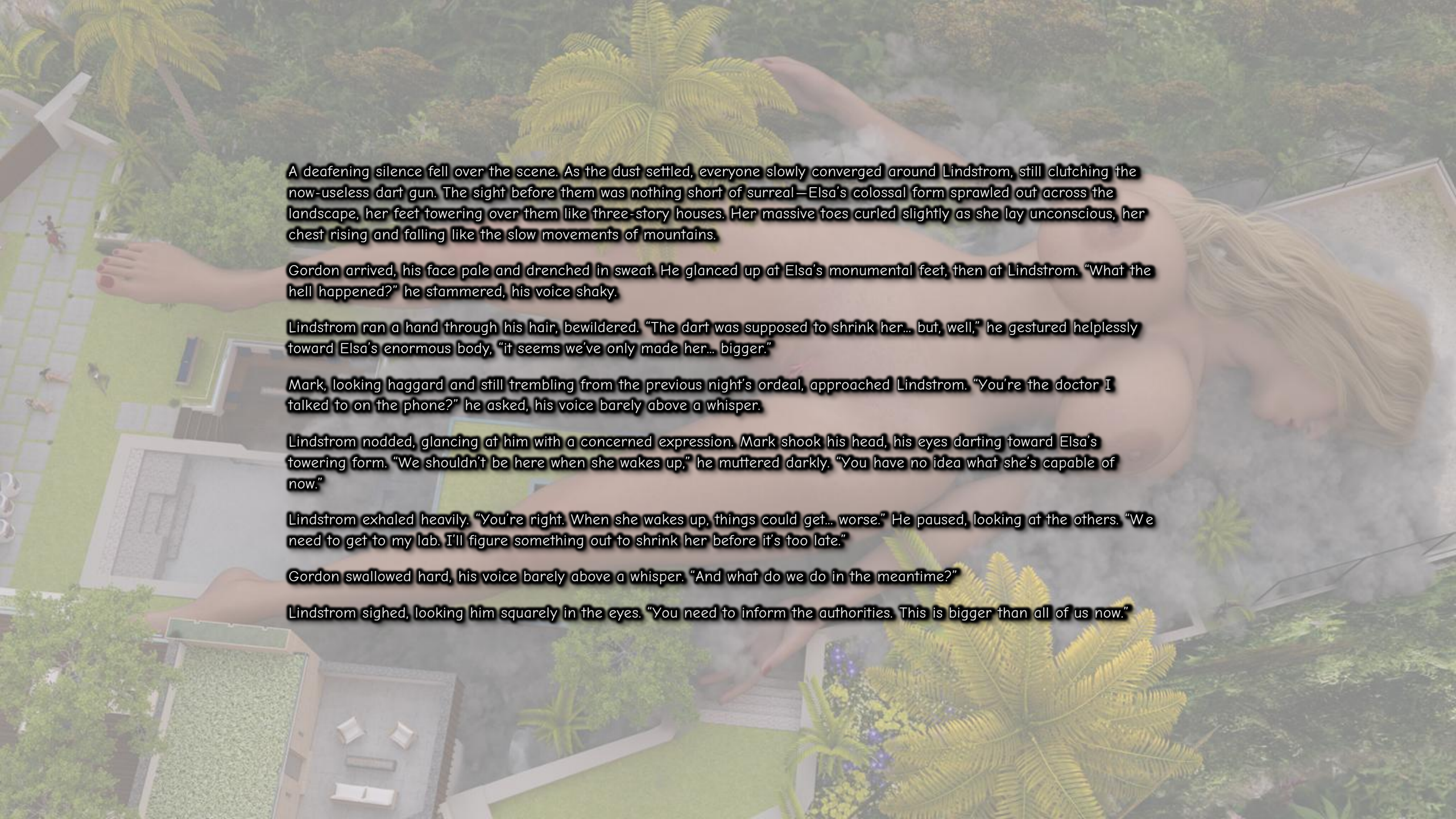

“I’m growing!” Elsa then bellowed. She was stunned... but also strangely elated. Just when she had learned to embrace her size, her power... Lindstrom had shown up, threatening to finish it all. And yet, here she was, even bigger. More freakish, yes, but also stronger... more powerful. She looked down and saw the world... quite smaller. A wicked grin drew in her lips.


Then, without warning, Elsa's eyes rolled back, and her body swayed dangerously before collapsing.


It was like a redwood tree being toppled, her enormous figure casting a massive shadow on the ground as it moved towards it with utter finality.


Lindstrom dashed out of the shadow of the falling giant, cold sweat running down his back as he realized what he had done.


The ground quaked violently as Elsa finally hit, her enormous form slamming into the earth like a meteor, shaking the entire area. The shockwave sent trees bending and the remaining girls scrambling for cover as Elsa's colossal body lay still, stretched out across the beach like a fallen titan.



A deafening silence fell over the scene. As the dust settled, everyone slowly converged around Lindstrom, still clutching the now-useless dart gun. The sight before them was nothing short of surreal—Elsa's colossal form sprawled out across the landscape, her feet towering over them like three-story houses. Her massive toes curled slightly as she lay unconscious, her chest rising and falling like the slow movements of mountains.

Gordon arrived, his face pale and drenched in sweat. He glanced up at Elsa's monumental feet, then at Lindstrom. "What the hell happened?" he stammered, his voice shaky.

Lindstrom ran a hand through his hair, bewildered. "The dart was supposed to shrink her... but, well," he gestured helplessly toward Elsa's enormous body, "it seems we've only made her... bigger."

Mark, looking haggard and still trembling from the previous night's ordeal, approached Lindstrom. "You're the doctor I talked to on the phone?" he asked, his voice barely above a whisper.

Lindstrom nodded, glancing at him with a concerned expression. Mark shook his head, his eyes darting toward Elsa's towering form. "We shouldn't be here when she wakes up," he muttered darkly. "You have no idea what she's capable of now."

Lindstrom exhaled heavily. "You're right. When she wakes up, things could get... worse." He paused, looking at the others. "We need to get to my lab. I'll figure something out to shrink her before it's too late."

Gordon swallowed hard, his voice barely above a whisper. "And what do we do in the meantime?"

Lindstrom sighed, looking him squarely in the eyes. "You need to inform the authorities. This is bigger than all of us now."


Elsa woke up slowly, her head pounding like the bass drop at an all-night party. She groaned softly, blinking against the light as her mind tried to piece everything together. Memories from the last few days started filtering in—being a giantess, the absolute rage when she found out Gordon had played her, chasing him down, that dart from Lindstrom... and then, that last little growth spurt.


Her eyes fluttered open fully, and everything just seemed... off. She squinted, her vision adjusting, and then it hit her: tiny. Everything was tiny. The mansion she'd once towered over barely made it to her knee now. The trees? Yeah, they were pretty much twigs next to her hips. What used to feel like a sprawling estate now looked like some cute little playset.


Sitting up, Elsa stretched luxuriously, feeling the earth shift beneath her as if the world itself was readjusting for her new size. "Whoa," she muttered with a grin, glancing down at her own massive body. "I'm... huge."


Kneeling over the manor, she realized about the magnitude of the change. She had already been taller than it the day before but now... now it felt like nothing more than a dollhouse!


A playful giggle bubbled up as she turned her gaze to something nearby—one of Gordon's slick luxury cars, parked right in the driveway like it was just waiting for her to notice. Except now, it looked like a tiny Hot Wheels toy. Curious, she reached out and ran her fingers along the top. The metal practically crumpled under her touch, like it was made of tinfoil. Elsa's grin widened, her eyes sparkling with mischief.
14


She picked it up effortlessly, holding the car close to her face. "Aww, it's just so cute now!" she teased, giving it a little shake and watching the wheels spin uselessly. Her fingernail scratched along the roof, leaving tiny dents behind as she marveled at just how small—and fragile—it was in her hand. "And to think," she mused aloud, "real people drive around in these little things... real tiny people."


Her thoughts drifted, a slow, dangerous smile spreading across her lips. Oh, the people who had lied to her—Gordon, Mark, Lindstrom, and the rest of the girls. They thought they could keep their secrets from her? Hide? Well, they couldn't hide anymore. She was just too big to be ignored now.
"Can't have that, now can I?" she purred to herself, her eyes shifting toward the mansion. Compared to her, it looked like a dollhouse. Surely, they were in there somewhere, hiding like little mice. Time to put an end to that.



Kneeling down, Elsa peered through one of the mansion's windows, her breath fogging up the glass. "Gordon? Mark? Jessica? Anybody home?" she called, her voice playful but with a dangerous edge. "Come out, come out, wherever you are!"

Nothing. No movement, no response. Her lips curved into a teasing smile as her fingers twitched with impatience. "Well, you can't hide from me forever," she muttered, pressing a fingertip against the window. Crack! The glass shattered instantly under her strength, crumpling like a cheap decoration. It was so easy now. "Oops," she giggled, feigning innocence. "Guess that window wasn't up to code!"

She leaned forward, inspecting the room. Empty. No scurrying feet, no terrified faces. Her amusement flickered as she smashed another window, her fingers curling inside this time, searching for any signs of life. "Come on, don't be shy! You guys really don't want to make me wait, do you?" she teased, her voice dripping with sweetness.

But again—nothing.


"Alright, fine. If you won't come out..." Elsa's playful tone slipped into frustration. She sat on her knees, looming over the house like a living goddess. "Then I'll just have to find you myself."


Raising her fist, she smashed it down onto the roof with casual ease, the tiles and wood crumbling like crackers beneath her. The casual use of her new strength just came to her naturally. A gaping hole revealed the rooms inside, and Elsa bent over, sifting through the debris like it was a treasure hunt. "Helloooo?" she cooed mockingly, peering into each shattered room. "Anybody in here?"


Still no response. She huffed, her fingers knocking over furniture and sweeping through the open space. "Okay, seriously, this is getting boring. I'm gonna find you, and when I do..." She let the sentence hang, grinning mischievously as her fingers idly tore apart another wall.


Then, something caught her eye. A flicker of movement in the backyard. Straightening up, Elsa shifted her gaze and spotted the scurrying figure of a man trying desperately to hide behind one of the patio furniture pieces. Her smirk returned in full force as she slowly stood to her full height, casting an enormous shadow over the entire backyard. His cover was blown, and she saw him freeze for a moment as if hoping she hadn't spotted him.


“Well, well, well,” she purred, placing her hands on her hips. “What do we have here? A little mouse trying to escape?”
It was Wilson. Of course, it was. Elsa’s grin widened as he broke into a run. "Wilson!" she called after him, her voice booming playfully. "Stop right there! Don’t make me come after you, darling."


But he didn't stop. Of course, he didn't. Elsa sighed dramatically. "Fine, be that way." With a single step she moved over the house; the ground trembled as she began to follow him.


"Oh, Wilson..." she cooed, her eyes lighting up with excitement. "You should know by now— there's no running from me."


Wilson's legs pounded the sandy beach, his lungs burning with each desperate gasp. The sound of the ocean was distant, barely cutting through the frantic drumbeat of his heart. But louder than anything, each thunderous step from behind rattled through his body like a small earthquake, reminding him of the futility of running. Elsa's every footfall sent ripples through the ground, like little quakes made just for him. And still, he ran. What else could he do?



He darted around a cliff, his feet slipping in the loose sand. Just a little more time, maybe he could find a way out—though he had no idea where he could possibly go. For the briefest moment, hope flickered in his chest. Maybe he had lost her.

And then her voice came, teasing, sultry, echoing across the beach like a playful breeze.

"Wilson, darling!" Elsa's voice boomed, dripping with that dangerous mix of flirtation and amusement. "Where do you think you're going? I thought you liked me!"

Wilson's breath caught in his throat, but he didn't dare look back. Her voice wrapped around him, pulling at him, toying with him. She was enjoying this. She was enjoying him. He could feel it. His legs pushed harder, but the beach stretched on forever, and Elsa—well, she was catching up with him effortlessly.


Behind him, Elsa moved at an almost lazy pace. Each of her strides ate up the distance, her enormous body casting long, sprawling shadows across the sand. She wasn't rushing. She didn't need to. It was all a game to her, and she was winning. Her laughter filled the air, light and teasing.



"Oh, Wilson," she cooed, her voice laced with pure amusement. "I'm impressed you can still run after all our... fun. But you can't possibly think you're getting away from me, can you?"

Elsa marveled at how tiny everything was now, at how easily her legs spanned distances that used to take so much time. The cliffs that had once towered over her now barely reached her thighs. Everything was so small—especially Wilson, scrambling along like a little bug. It was almost too easy.

Wilson dared a glance back—just a second—and his heart plummeted. Elsa was radiant, her skin glowing in the sunlight, her long golden hair flowing with each confident stride. But it wasn't just her beauty that sent chills down his spine—it was the power in her presence, the way she looked at him, savoring every second of the chase. He was hers. She knew it. And so did he.

"You're making me work for it, huh?" Elsa's voice rang out again, a mock pout in her tone, thick with amusement. "You know, most guys wouldn't be able to keep up like this. Maybe I'll reward you... if you can make it a little further."

Wilson's legs screamed in protest, his calves burning as he pushed harder.


Elsa's shadow loomed over him, and Wilson felt the panic rise in his chest. She was so close, each of her massive steps making the ground quake beneath him. He turned, breathless, and there she was—impossibly huge, impossibly beautiful.


"Aw, sweetie," Elsa teased as she took another step, her foot looming over him now. She took it easy as she gazed down at him with a victorious grin. "You really thought you could outrun me? I admire your effort, but... come on. You should know better."


Wilson's chest heaved, his entire body trembling as he looked up at the giantess towering over him. She was breathtaking, her golden hair cascading like a waterfall, her playful smirk never fading. But to him, she was more than just beautiful—she was a mountain. A goddess. When she finally planted her massive foot—now the size of a SUV—in front of him, he knew it was over.


“Let’s have a little chat, shall we?” Elsa purred, kneeling down with ease. Her massive knee hit the sand with a soft thud, her face filling his entire vision as she leaned closer. She reached out a hand, her fingers curling toward him, but she stopped herself. Her grin widened. “Ah… too big,” she mused. “You’re so… tiny now. I’ll have to be more delicate.”


Her fingers extended, impossibly large yet impossibly gentle, brushing against his side before pinching him between them. Wilson's breath hitched as he was lifted effortlessly into the air, his legs kicking uselessly. Elsa held him aloft, bringing him closer to her face, her green eyes wide with fascination.


"Look at you," she whispered, her breath warm against his body, making him shiver. "You're so small. So... fragile." Her tone was teasing, affectionate even, but the implication was clear. He was nothing compared to her now. Nothing. "Don't worry," she added with a wicked smile, "I won't hurt you. I'll take very good care of you!"


Wilson dangled helplessly in her grip, her eyes studying him like some curious little pet. She was enjoying this—him—far too much. He felt powerless, insignificant, completely at her mercy. Elsa's lips curled as she brought him even closer.


“You know,” Elsa purred, “I think I should make you a bit more comfortable.” With a graceful movement, she lowered him into the smooth cradle of her palm, holding him securely. He barely took up any space in her hand—just a tiny thing in her grasp.
Her eyes sparkled with amusement as she lifted him to eye level. “You’re so small now... I could probably carry a dozen of you like this.” She smirked, giving him a playful wink. “Imagine that—a whole collection of little Wilsons to pamper me.”


Wilson's face burned, his heart pounding as Elsa teased him, clearly loving every second of his embarrassment. She took a moment to look around, taking on her new size, her amazing new size... and trying to find somewhere comfortable to continue the conversation.



Starting to catch his breath after the terrifying chase, Wilson hesitated before asking, “Aren’t you… freaked out? I mean, being this big?”

Elsa’s smirk softened, her eyes gleaming with a spark of curiosity. She shrugged lightly. “Freaked out?” she echoed, tilting her head as if considering it. “Maybe a little at first… But you know what?” She leaned in, her breath hot against him as she whispered, “It’s also… exhilarating. Have you seen how tiny everything is now?” She grinned, glancing down at the beach, then back at him, her excitement shining through. “It’s like the whole world just became my playground.”

She chuckled softly, her lips curling into a dirty grin as she added, “But I guess this means you’ve lost most of your… sexual usefulness, huh?” Her eyes flicked down to his crotch, making his face burn with humiliation. “I mean, I’d barely even feel you now. It’s a real shame,” she teased, watching him squirm with discomfort.

Elsa laughed, her amusement clear as Wilson squirmed at her words. “Too bad for you,” she added with a flirtatious wink. “But don’t worry. I’ll find some other use for you.”

Wilson's discomfort deepened, but before he could respond, Elsa's expression changed. Her playful smile faded as her eyes narrowed, taking on a sharper edge.

"Speaking of which..." Elsa's voice was still flirty, but there was an underlying threat. "Where are the rest of them?" Her thumb brushed against his side, her eyes darkening slightly. "Gordon, Lindstrom, the girls... Where did they all run off to?"

Wilson hesitated, fear tightening in his chest. He knew he couldn't lie to her, but betraying the others felt just as terrifying.

"Wilson," she purred, her voice dangerously sweet, "don't make me ask again."

"They... they went to Lindstrom's lab," Wilson finally admitted, his voice barely a whisper. "They're trying to fix this."

"Fix it?" Elsa scoffed, rolling her eyes. "Everyone thinks they know what's best for me. First, they lie to me, and now they want to fix me?" She shook her head, her golden hair cascading down her shoulders. "I'm tired of people deciding what I should do."

Wilson swallowed hard. "What are you going to do?" he asked, his voice trembling.

Elsa's smirk returned, more dangerous than playful this time. "What am I going to do?" she chuckled, her voice vibrating through the air. "I'm going to take matters into my own hands, Wilson. It's time I paid Lindstrom a little visit." She winked down at him, the mischievous spark back in her eyes.

Wilson stared up at Elsa, his heart hammering in his chest as her words sank in.

"You're crazy," he stammered, his voice trembling, glancing up at her from the vast expanse of her palm. "If you go out there like this... everyone will see you! They'll freak out!"



Elsa's lips curled into a sly, teasing smile, her green eyes gleaming with that unmistakable mischief. "Oh, Wilson," she purred, her voice wrapping around him like silk, "they should have already seen me like this. It would've been spectacular—me, the biggest star the world has ever known, right there for them to worship." She leaned in, her warm breath washing over him like a hot breeze as she added, with a playful wink, "But Gordon and Mark, those sneaky little rats, boycotted it. Kept me under wraps." She let out a mock sigh, as if disappointed by the thought. "Well, now the world will meet the real me. And believe me, darling, they're going to love it."

Wilson's stomach dropped. She couldn't be serious... could she? He swallowed hard, the panic rising in his throat as he searched for something, anything, to talk her out of this.

"Elsa... please," he begged, his voice shaky with desperation. "This... this is insane. You can't just—"

But Elsa barely paid attention, her laugh soft and full of amusement as she shifted her massive form, cradling him closer. "Oh, Wilson," she said with a grin, her green eyes twinkling with amusement. "Always so worried. Why so serious? I thought you liked me just the way I am—bigger and better, remember?"

Wilson's heart raced even faster, the panic threatening to overtake him as Elsa's carefree attitude pushed him closer to the edge. "You don't get it!" he blurted out. "They're going to try to stop you! The authorities, the military—"

Elsa interrupted him with a soft, melodious chuckle, her voice rich with playful confidence. "And what exactly are they going to do?" She raised an eyebrow, spreading her arms wide, emphasizing the immensity of her form. "I'm huge, Wilson," she said, her tone sweet but dripping with power. "Let them come. Let them try. I'm not just some contestant on FanFrenzy anymore—I'm the biggest star the world has ever seen. And I'm ready for my close-up."



Wilson was unraveling, his nerves fraying more with every passing second. His voice shook as he tried one last time. "Elsa, please... just think about what you're doing. Don't you remember what happened to Astrid? Or Lindsey? Will you—" He hesitated, dread tightening in his chest as he stammered out the question. "Will you do the same to everyone who gets in your way?"

Elsa's laughter stopped abruptly, and she tilted her head down to look at him, her expression amused and a little condescending. "Oh, sweetie," she cooed, her voice dripping with mock sweetness, "of course not. Why would I do the same? I'm even bigger now, so if anyone bothers me..." She leaned in closer, her lips curling into a wicked grin. "I'll be an even bigger bitch."

She threw her head back again, her laughter this time full of energy, the sound shaking Wilson to his core.

Wilson trembled as she held him securely in her palm. "Relax, Wilson," she teased, her voice smooth and soothing, though laced with a playful hint of menace. "I'm not going to hurt you. You're way too cute for that."

Her lips curled into that familiar, mischievous smile as she teased him like a cat toying with its prey. "Well, darling," she purred, her tone turning sultry, "it's been fun. But I have a few matters to take care of." Her voice dropped lower, sending shivers down Wilson's spine as she leaned in closer. "Don't worry, though. I'll be back for you." She paused, letting her words hang in the air before adding, her tone thick with suggestion, "You're still my favorite plaything."



Wilson's breath caught in his throat as Elsa carefully set him down on the edge of the high cliff, her massive form towering above him as she stood to her full, colossal height. From his vantage point, all he could see were her enormous legs stretching upward like skyscrapers, her body so impossibly tall that it seemed to block out the sky.

"You just wait right here," she cooed, her voice filled with flirty menace. "When I'm done with Lindstrom and the others... well, we can have some fun, you and I." Her eyes sparkled with playful wickedness as she leaned down, her warm breath washing over him again, making his heart skip a beat.

Elsa's fingers brushed teasingly against her lips, her tone dropping lower, getting even dirtier. "I'll have to use my imagination to show you just how much I've grown... in so many ways." She winked, her eyes dropping suggestively to her massive chest and the curves of her body. "There's so much of me now, Wilson. Just think about all the ways you can enjoy it."

She licked her lips slowly, her gaze never leaving his as she leaned in slightly, her tone filled with sultry playfulness. "And don't worry, I've got some very creative ideas on how to make sure you... appreciate the new me. Every. Inch."

Wilson's stomach dropped, his entire body flushing with embarrassment as Elsa's words washed over him. She knew exactly how to tease him, push him to the edge, and she was loving every second of it. Elsa's rich, sultry laughter filled the air as she watched his reaction, her hand lifting in a slow, playful wave as she stood back up to her full, towering height.

"Don't worry, sweetie," she cooed, her voice dripping with mock affection. "I won't be long."


With that, Elsa took a step away from the cliff, her hips swaying seductively as she strutted back toward the beach. Wilson couldn't tear his eyes away from her enormous form as it retreated, her massive ass bouncing with every stride, the playful confidence in her walk unmistakable. Even from his high perch on the cliff, Wilson could feel the vibrations of her every footfall reverberating through the earth, a constant reminder of just how much power she now held.

Albert drummed his fingers on the steering wheel, eyes flicking between the dashboard clock and the endless line of vehicles stretching out in front of him. He cursed under his breath. The meeting was in less than an hour, and he had no way of reaching anyone to let them know he was stuck in what had to be the worst traffic jam of the century. If the road were only as clear as the empty inbound lanes! He glanced to his side, noticing the steam rising from the now-lukewarm coffee in the cupholder.





"What a mess," he muttered, taking a sip.

Cars were piled up ahead in a mass of metal and twisted bumpers. Some drivers stood outside their cars, pacing back and forth, shouting into their phones, hoping for a miracle. Others honked in frustration, though it was more out of habit than hope.



Suddenly, his coffee rippled. The surface trembled, creating tiny waves that spread across the cup.

He blinked, thinking it was his imagination. He was tired, after all, stressed from the looming meeting. He rubbed his eyes, then looked at the coffee again. It rippled again—this time harder.

What the hell?

Then the ground beneath the car seemed to shift. A low tremor, like distant thunder, made his seat vibrate beneath him. His brow furrowed, and he sat up straighter, gripping the steering wheel tighter. Another tremor followed. The coffee sloshed over the rim of his cup this time.

It was becoming rhythmic.

He finally checked his rearview mirror, looking in the direction the commotion was coming, his nerves fraying as the vibrations increased in intensity. People around him were also starting to notice. The murmurs of confusion spread, but no one seemed to know what was happening. The air was still, almost too still.

And then she appeared over the horizon.





At first, she was just a shape, something that distorted the skyline in a way that made him blink several times, as if his eyes were deceiving him. But no—she was real. A towering figure emerging from the distance, each of her steps sending powerful vibrations through the ground.

The tremors weren't random—they matched her footsteps.

The shape grew larger as she moved closer, and that's when the details began to fill in. He could see her long, golden hair swaying with her every stride, glinting under the midday sun like a radiant halo. Her legs were like moving pillars of sheer power, each one covering ground in strides that dwarfed the landscape beneath her. His jaw dropped as more of her came into view—her body gleamed, her skin catching the light in a way that almost made her glow. Her tits were something from another world, disproportionate even at her size.

Her size. She was enormous.

No, beyond enormous.

His brain struggled to make sense of it. She was walking through the empty inbound lanes of the highway, and as her full height came into view, he realized that the cars abandoned on that side looked like children's toys beneath her feet.

His breath caught in his throat as she neared, her hips swaying with every confident stride. She was still far away, and yet every step she took closed the distance between them in seconds. The sound of her movements reached him now—the dull, earth-shaking thud with every step, the ground quaking more intensely the closer she came.



The air seemed to vibrate with each footfall. And then he noticed her eyes. Green, piercing, and alive with a kind of energy that made him feel utterly insignificant. They swept over the landscape, and for a horrifying moment, he thought she might look at him directly.

And yet, despite her beauty, there was an undeniable menace to her size. The way she moved—calm, composed, and so indifferent to the chaos she was causing—sent chills down his spine. Her feet crushed the pavement on the empty inbound lanes, her strides avoiding the wreckage but coming alarmingly close to the line of cars in the outbound lanes. The sight of her bare feet, each of them easily larger than any of the cars, reminded him how easy it would be for her to step on them without even noticing.

As she walked, the ground beneath him trembled harder. The vibrations coursed through his legs and made the car windows around him rattle. The entire highway seemed to shake with her every step. Some drivers had already left their cars, sprinting toward the safety of the surrounding fields, as if hoping that distance might save them.

He couldn't move. Could barely breathe. His gaze locked on her. She was larger than life—larger than anything he could have possibly imagined. The trees that lined the highway barely reached her thighs. The distant overpasses and signs seemed to shrink in her presence. Each step carried her closer, her figure dominating the skyline, filling it completely. He could now hear the subtle creak of asphalt cracking beneath her weight.

A primal fear gripped him, one that couldn't be explained away by logic or reason. The scale of her existence was incomprehensible. His mind was taken only by one question: Who is she?


Elsa had been strutting down the highway for what felt like miles now, her steps effortlessly swallowing up the distance. It was yet another perk of her new size. Every step she took pressed deep into the asphalt, leaving behind a perfect, cute little footprint. Well, maybe not little, she mused. She smiled to herself as she wiggled her toes, the squishy, malleable road molding beneath them like clay. This new size was something else, and the more she explored, the more she realized just how fun it was.


The road beneath her seemed like nothing more than a narrow line, a runway for her to strut down, and everything surrounding her was so tiny—adorably tiny. It was almost laughable how small cars, buildings, and especially the people were now. She used to have to look up to them, but now? Now they barely reached her toes, and she couldn't help but marvel at the fact.

Further down the road, cars had come to a standstill, their occupants likely having already caught a glimpse of her towering form in the distance. Of course, she was too much for them to handle, the results of her presence easily noticeable from the largest pile up the city had ever seen.

NEW YORK
TED 8878
THE EMPIRE STATE



A few of the people had dared to step out, staring slack-jawed as she approached. Elsa's smile widened as she saw their eyes fix on her, some frozen in place while others seemed to be in a state of panic, running around like ants.

She let out a soft, amused hum. "Aww, look at you all... so tiny and scared. Come on, I'm not that scary, am I?" Her voice boomed like distant thunder, but her tone was light and playful.

Elsa slowed her pace, her giant feet leaving soft tremors with each step, and stopped just a few paces from the thickest part of the gridlock. She placed her hands on her hips, looking down at the little specks below. “Okay, I take it back. Maybe I am that scary,” she teased, a playful glint in her eyes. “But don’t worry, cuties. I’m not here to squash you. Not unless you ask me nicely,” she added with a giggle. She wondered if they had caught the joke. They felt too jumpy for that.


Despite the highway being gridlocked, a driver was too shocked to react in any logical way and pushed the gas, his car crashing with the car to the front. "Oh no!" she cooed, crouching down slightly, her golden hair cascading around her shoulders like a glittering curtain. "That's too bad. I hope I'm not too distracting."
The cars around her seemed to be either trying to reverse or simply stuck in their place. Some of the tiny drivers had already abandoned their vehicles, making a break for the open road. Elsa let out a soft laugh, the sound bubbling up with genuine amusement.
"Where are you guys going in such a hurry?" she teased, her fingers tapping lightly against her chin. "You are leaving your cars behind!"
NEW YORK
TED 8878


Elsa knelt down to take a closer look at the scene. It was hilarious. Her gaze then flicked to a little van parked not too far away. Its shiny red paint gleamed in the sunlight. Elsa reached out and hovered her hand above it, teasingly wiggling her fingers.

"This one's cute," she mused. "But you know what? I think it's missing a little... touch of mine." With that, she gently tapped the roof with her index finger, denting it just slightly. "There we go! Now it's perfect."


The driver, still inside, looked up at her in sheer disbelief. Elsa shot him a wink, adding with a giggle, "Don't worry, I didn't break it. Well, not completely."
It was exhilarating! She could do anything she wanted! The world was like a playground —one where there was no one to tell her where the limits were. And God, she felt like playing!


Standing back up, Elsa swayed her hips playfully as she continued down the road, making sure to stay on the empty inbound lanes to keep the fun going. "I know this might be a bit...shocking. But you guys should be happy! You're getting front-row seats to the biggest show on earth," she called out over her shoulder, her voice full of flirtatious confidence. "I mean, who else can say they got to see this up close?"
She threw them one last look, blowing a mock kiss before continuing her journey toward the city. Each step sent soft tremors through the ground, and she reveled in how easily the world seemed to bend and crumble beneath her feet.
"Don't worry, darlings," she whispered to herself with a grin. "You'll be seeing a lot more of me."


Elsa kept striding down the highway like it was her personal runway, as she reveled in the sensation of the road giving way to her weight. Her delicate footprints left deep impressions, like a giant stamping her mark on the world. She loved it. She loved her new size. She loved her new self. She loved her new world.


Up ahead, an overpass stood in her way—
a small structure by her new standards—
nothing she could not easily take care of.
Resting her hands on the road, she
simply oved her legs over the empty
viaduct and kept moving, giggling at how
such a marvel of engineering could
barely stand in her way.


A few steps later she spotted a new overpass, this one packed with jammed cars and tinies.


"Hi there, cuties!" she greeted them as she proceeded to mover her right leg over the structure.
11B
MTA



With a mischievous grin, she effortlessly straddled it, placing one foot on either side of the road. She paused for a moment, her towering body casting a colossal shadow over the cars speeding beneath her, and then she giggled, flipping her hair over her shoulder.

Elsa giggled, her voice carrying with a playful echo across the highway. “Well, well, well. Looks like the ‘Attack of the 50 Foot Woman’ needs a reboot. Only…I’m not just 50 feet tall, am I? I’m also so much hotter!” She glanced down at her thighs, then between her legs, and laughed. "But I guess the view’s still the same, huh?"

She grinned, expecting everyone below to stop and gawk. But to her surprise, the traffic continued to flow beneath her, the cars zipping through the gap between her legs, right under her… well, everything. Elsa's playful smirk turned into a pout.

“Seriously?!” she scoffed. “You guys are just gonna keep driving under my pussy like it’s no big deal? That’s rude!”



With an exaggerated sigh, she squatted down, her massive form descending toward the road, her bubbly ass hovering mere feet over traffic. The closer she got, the more the drivers realized what was happening. Some cars screeched to a halt, others tried to speed away, and of course, a few unlucky ones collided in their panic. She shook her head in mock disappointment, her hips hovering dangerously close to the road.

"Come on, little ones. You don't just drive under a goddess like that without asking," she chided, her voice dripping with playful mockery. "At least buy me dinner first! Or, you know... maybe just stop before you drive straight into my... well, you know where you are." Her laugh echoed through the sky, playful and dirty all at once.



But despite the chaos, a few stubborn drivers still tried to make it through. Elsa raised an eyebrow, her lips curling into a wicked grin. “Oh, so we’re still doing this, huh?” she teased, shaking her head. “Well, that just won’t do.”

With a swift motion, she planted her hand directly on the road in front of the speeding cars, her palm creating an instant roadblock. Tires screeched as drivers slammed on their brakes. Several cars smashed into her fingers with no effect on her, the impact barely registering as a tickle. Others swerved wildly, with a few unfortunate ones plummeting off the overpass and crashing into the traffic below.


Elsa glanced over the edge, her eyes catching sight of a bus teetering on the edge of the road, its front wheels dangling precariously over the drop. "Oh no, little bus! That looks dangerous," she mocked, biting her lip in a mock pout.
MTA
60234
L1B


In one smooth motion, Elsa reached down and effortlessly grabbed the bus with her fingers. The massive vehicle, which would have been impossible for anyone else to lift, felt like nothing more than a toy in her grip, barely the size of a 16oz bottle. She held it up, inspecting it with a giggle.
60234
MTA
MTA
60234
MTA



"You guys okay in there?" she cooed, peeking through the bus windows as the tiny passengers looked up at her in sheer terror. "Don't worry, I've got you."

With a playful hum, Elsa stood up to her full height, the bus still cradled in her hand like a trinket. She glanced down at the cars below, her towering figure blocking out the sun as her shadow loomed over the highway. It was exhilarating!


Holding the bus up, she winked at the tiny faces pressed against the windows. "See? This is why you don't mess with me, darlings. I always win."
Priority Seating

Elsa's cocky nature was now in full display, any trace of self-restraint long gone. Feeling playful, she gave the bus a little shake, laughing as the passengers were jostled inside. She was about to play some more when a familiar sound caught her attention. Elsa's grin widened as she found its source.





The traffic chopper hummed steadily, circling above the chaos of the highway. Inside, Emma, a seasoned reporter with a nose for something big, sat with her headphones on, her sharp eyes scanning the roads below. She'd been assigned to cover a massive pile-up, but something about this mess had her instincts buzzing.

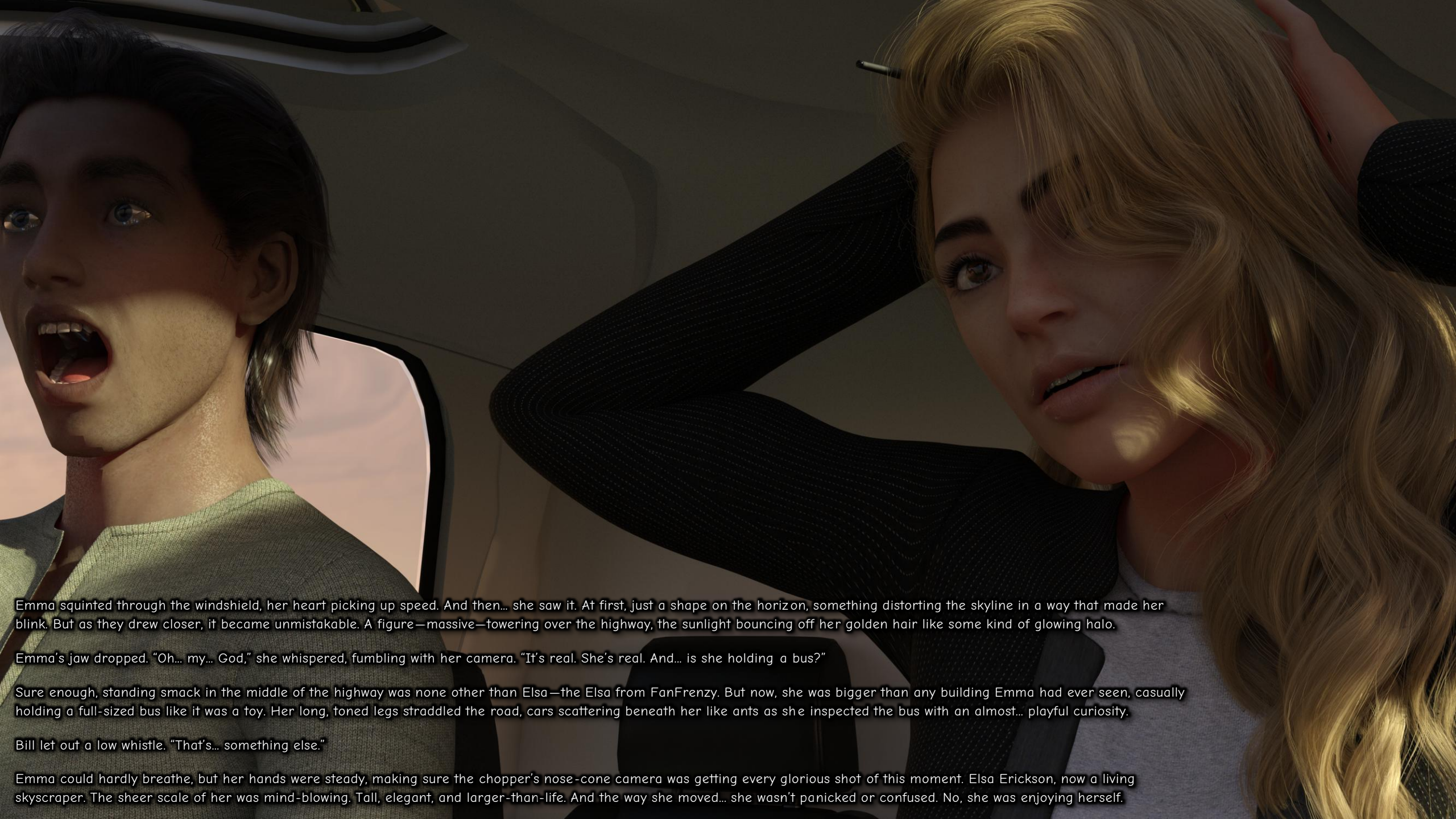
"Something's off here," Emma muttered, adjusting her microphone. "This isn't just a regular traffic jam. The inbound lanes are completely empty... like people just stopped coming this way."

Bill, her pilot and cameraman, grunted as he adjusted the controls. "Heard some crazy stuff on the radio. People are saying there's a giant woman out here. Can you believe that?"

Emma smirked. "Sounds like tabloid nonsense, but hey, we're already in the air. Let's check it out. Worst-case scenario? We get some dramatic footage of the pile-up."

The chopper swooped lower, skimming over rows of cars crammed like matchboxes, their occupants stuck in the mess. But as they flew further, the chaos seemed to get more intense. She could see people, some running, some just... freaking out between the stalled cars. It wasn't normal. Not at all.

"Whoa... look at that," Bill muttered, leaning forward. "What the hell is going on?"



Emma squinted through the windshield, her heart picking up speed. And then… she saw it. At first, just a shape on the horizon, something distorting the skyline in a way that made her blink. But as they drew closer, it became unmistakable. A figure—massive—towering over the highway, the sunlight bouncing off her golden hair like some kind of glowing halo.

Emma's jaw dropped. "Oh… my… God," she whispered, fumbling with her camera. "It's real. She's real. And… is she holding a bus?"

Sure enough, standing smack in the middle of the highway was none other than Elsa—the Elsa from FanFrenzy. But now, she was bigger than any building Emma had ever seen, casually holding a full-sized bus like it was a toy. Her long, toned legs straddled the road, cars scattering beneath her like ants as she inspected the bus with an almost… playful curiosity.

Bill let out a low whistle. "That's… something else."

Emma could hardly breathe, but her hands were steady, making sure the chopper's nose-cone camera was getting every glorious shot of this moment. Elsa Erickson, now a living skyscraper. The sheer scale of her was mind-blowing. Tall, elegant, and larger-than-life. And the way she moved… she wasn't panicked or confused. No, she was enjoying herself.



And then… Elsa looked straight at them. Emma's breath caught as the giantess spotted their chopper hovering in the air. Slowly, Elsa's lips curled into a playful, almost mischievous smile. She raised her free hand and waved—actually waved at them like she was genuinely happy to see them.

"Is she… waving at us?" Bill stammered, gripping the controls tighter.

Emma laughed, her voice shaky. "She is! Oh my god, she's really waving."

Suddenly, Elsa's voice boomed through the air, cutting through the sound of the rotor like it was nothing. It had that distinct, flirtatious lilt Emma recognized from Elsa's streams. "Well, well, look who decided to drop by. Enjoying the view up there, little ones?"



Emma blinked. She sounded so... casual. Like this was all a game to her. And maybe it was. Elsa's smile widened, pure joy radiating from her as she swung the bus gently back and forth like she was showing off.

"Careful now!" Elsa teased, her voice dripping with mock concern. "Wouldn't want to drop this, would I?" She winked at them, clearly reveling in the attention.

Emma's pulse quickened as Elsa leaned closer, her massive face filling the camera lens. There was no fear or confusion in her gaze—just excitement. Elsa looked like she was thrilled to be the center of attention, her lips curling into a wicked grin.

"Guess I'm the big story of the day, huh?" she teased, her voice as sassy as ever. To Emma, she sounded like she was back on a stream, chatting with her fans, but now she was towering over them like a goddess. And oh, there was no hint of modesty—her world-famous assets looked even more stunning at this size, her nudity only adding to her dominance.


"She's... basking in the attention," Bill muttered, wide-eyed.
"You bet she is," Emma replied, trying to keep her voice steady.



Then, Elsa raised her free hand and beckoned them closer with a slow, seductive finger. Her eyes sparkled with a familiar, bedroom-eyed look. “Come closer, little ones. Let’s make this a bit more… intimate.”

“Bill?” Emma asked, her voice tight.

“There’s no way I’m flying any closer to BabeZilla,” he barked.



Elsa laughed, her voice rich and teasing. “Aw, come on! Don’t be shy! I’m just a lil’ cute girl... well, maybe not so little!”

She parted her lips, blowing them a playful kiss that sent a gust of wind rocking the chopper. Bill scrambled to steady the controls as Elsa’s laughter filled the air, rich and mischievous.


"Careful, little ones! Seems you can't even handle a kiss from me!"
"She's crazy!" Bill groaned, wrestling with the controls.



Elsa beckoned again, this time her tone more serious, but still flirty. “Come on, now. I said closer.”

Emma glanced at Bill. “I don’t think we want to make her mad.”

Bill sighed, muttering under his breath. “I’m too old for this shit.” But he lowered the chopper slightly, bringing them closer to the living, breathing colossus in front of them.

Elsa’s grin grew wider. “That’s better,” she cooed, her voice smooth and sultry. “You know, I am the biggest star around these parts. Aren’t you lucky to get such a close-up?”

Bill steadied the chopper as best he could, while Emma kept the camera focused on the giantess. Elsa struck a pose—yes, a pose—her curves on full display, winking down at them like they were shooting a FanFrenzy special.

“Alright, sweeties! You know who I am. And I guess you’ve noticed I’m bigger and better than ever!” she chirped, clearly pleased with herself. “I’m heading to the city. Gotta introduce my new self to the world. So, make sure to tell everyone I’m coming, darlings!”

Emma stared, completely dumbstruck, as Elsa straightened back up to her full, terrifying height, the bus still in her hand like a souvenir. She was striding down the highway as if this was just another stroll, completely at ease with her new size.




But then, Elsa paused, glancing back at the chopper with a sly smile.
"Oh, and make sure you get some good shots," she purred, her tone sweet but laced with playful menace. "It's like my official debut. But you're a little loud, so maybe back up a bit and use those zooms. I'd hate to have to swat you like flies."
Emma's heart skipped a beat. For the first time in her career, she wasn't sure if she was more thrilled... or absolutely terrified.


To be continued