ATTACK OF THE COLOSSAL CENTREFOLD PART THREE

JACKOFBULLETS X PAPAYOYA













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Elsa strutted down the highway, her long legs effortlessly covering mile after mile. The rhythmic sway of her hips was mesmerizing, each step sending gentle tremors through the ground below. Behind her, the traffic chopper struggled to keep up, its rotors whirring at full speed, but even that wasn't enough. Elsa chuckled softly to herself. She was just walking, after all—how could they even hope to keep up?

The whole situation had her positively buzzing. Finally, she'd revealed herself to the world. No more secrets. No more hiding. Elsa Erickson, the biggest star on FanFrenzy—and now, quite literally, the biggest star the world had ever seen. And not because of her boobs. Well, not only because of her boobs.



She could already imagine the headlines: Giantess Queen Emerges! The World Bowing at Her Feet! No one could deny it now. She was going to be more famous than she'd ever dreamed.

Her mind wandered, daydreaming about the future. The attention... oh, the attention. TV networks would be falling over themselves for an interview, and she'd probably have her own reality show in no time. People would flock to see her in person, fans would come from all over the world just to catch a glimpse of her towering figure. Fashion lines would be launched in her name. Entire cities would build statues of her. She giggled at the thought of having her own theme park—Elsaland. Every ride would be an ode to her curves, her beauty, her strength. Of course, they'd need to make the rides a lot bigger now.

But for now, the fun was just beginning.

Elsa stopped her stride for a moment, bringing the bus she had been casually carrying up to her face. It was such a cute little thing, barely weighing anything in her hand. The people inside were a mess—dizzy, scared, and definitely not having the best time.


With a playful grin, she tilted the bus gently back and forth, causing the passengers to lurch even more. "Awww," she cooed, her voice dripping with mock sympathy, "you all look like you've had a rough ride. Feeling a bit... dizzy?" She raised the bus higher, squinting her eyes to read the destination sign at the front.
"Oh, you're all heading downtown?" she cooed, her voice playful as she tilted her head. "Well, lucky for you, I'm going that way too! I'll get you there in no time—traffic's such a mess right now." She smiled wide, her teeth gleaming. "Don't worry, you're almost weightless to me. I won't even get tired of carrying you. You're like, a little handbag."



The little woman realized—almost too late—that Elsa wasn't even looking her way. She flung herself out of the SUV just as Elsa's gigantic foot descended, effortlessly dwarfing the vehicle. Metal wrapped and crumpled like tinfoil beneath the titanic weight. Above, Elsa let out a soft, purring "Oh," her calm indifference swallowing up the woman's screams—her little crush barely even an afterthought.


She hit the ground just as Elsa's shadow engulfed her, the SUV vanishing beneath a wall of flawless, impossibly huge flesh. Elsa's toes loomed over her, each one the size of a boulder, their smoothness interrupted by faint wrinkles and the subtle curve of a nail. The ground quaked as Elsa's foot pressed down, steel shrieking and folding beneath skin that looked almost soft—except for the terrifying strength behind it. The woman's scream tore out, raw and helpless, as the giantess's sole sunk deeper, leaving a perfect footprint where the car had been. Far above, Elsa's voice drifted down, half-amused, half-bored: "Oops. Was that yours? Sorry, sweetie. Maybe try parking somewhere safer next time."


With that, she resumed her walk down the highway, her steps now deliberate and powerful. With the next car, she decided it was time to really put on a show. The chopper was still circling behind her, and what was the point of being this big if she couldn't have some fun with it? Her eyes scanned the line of stalled cars until she found the perfect candidate—a flashy, just abandoned by its driver.
NEW YORK
TED 8878
THE EMPIRE STATE



Elsa smirked as she gingerly placed her foot on top of the car, feeling the metal frame give way beneath her toes. Slowly, deliberately, she pressed down, the sound of the car crunching beneath her foot like a toy. She wiggled her toes, enjoying the sensation of the vehicle flattening like it was made of tin foil before she embedded it into one of her perfectly contoured footprints.

"Oops!" she exclaimed with a mock gasp, her voice laced with mischief. "This thing's addictive! Like bursting bubble wrap!"

And then, with a playful glance over her shoulder at the chopper, she called out, "You getting all this? This is the show of the century, huh?"


Catching sight of the fleeing driver, Elsa giggled, her voice ringing with playful sass.
"Oops, my bad! Want to swap numbers? I'm sure our insurance companies can handle it," she called down, flashing a mischievous grin. "Oh, wait—do they even cover giant women?"


Elsa's eyes sparkled as she watched the man sprint away. "Aw, don't run off! I feel kinda bad—crushing your car and all. The least I can do is help you out, right?" She dragged her massive foot through the highway, effortlessly sweeping aside a tangle of cars and even a delivery truck, metal screeching as they were shoved into a pile. "See?" she called, flashing a wicked grin. "VIP lane, just for you! Don't say I never do anything nice."

But soon, she noticed something that made her grin grow even wider—more choppers. Three, maybe four, heading her way. “Well, well, well... looks like my audience just got bigger”. The thrill of the attention, of being watched, made her heart race in the best way. She stopped in her tracks, and straightened up, her body towering over everything in sight, and held the bus up like a trophy.

She gave them a slow, dramatic turn, her curves accentuated in the sunlight as she posed, her hand on her hip, flaunting herself like she was on the biggest runway imaginable. And, well, she was.

She was already imagining herself in every living room across the country, maybe the entire world. How could anyone not tune in? The sensation of it all made her feel even sexier, every inch of her body tingling with the knowledge that millions were watching her every move. She felt like the goddess she always knew she was.

Elsa stopped mid-thought, her brows knitting together as something occurred to her. It was barely midday... and there she was, in all her naked glory, ready to unleash some of her dirtiest tricks. She would surely be censored...



But then, the realization hit her like a bolt of lightning, and her smirk widened into a cocky grin. “Who’s gonna censor me, though?” She shrugged, her massive shoulders making the ground tremble. “I mean, who would even be brave enough to cut to commercials? Oh, please!” She flicked her hair back, sending a gust of wind rippling through the air.


She realized her hands were still occupied, one delicately cradling the bus like it was nothing more than a toy. She raised it to her face, peering inside at the tiny, terrified passengers, her green eyes twinkling with amusement. "Well, my little bus buddies, it's been fun," she teased, her lips curving into a mock-pout. "But I'm going to need both hands for this next part."
MTA
60234
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With effortless strength, she bent down, clearing space in the outbound lanes by casually pushing aside some cars, the drivers inside screaming in terror as they were sent skidding to the side. The bus landed gently, but the tiny people inside looked anything but relieved. "I know what you're thinking," she said with a wink, "I may still give you that lift to downtown when I'm done with what comes next."


If she had heard the screams coming from inside, she would have known that the crowd was not precisely looking forward to that.



Standing back up to her full, towering height, Elsa looked at the choppers, waving again with a cheeky grin. “Alright, alright, everyone knows who I am,” she said, rolling her eyes dramatically. “But just in case you’ve been living under a rock, let me reintroduce myself: I’m Elsa Erickson, the biggest star you’ve ever seen—both on-screen and off, apparently.” She gave a flirty laugh, knowing full well how much the world was buzzing with her transformation. “And you, my lucky audience, are about to witness what happens when the world’s best cam girl becomes the biggest cam girl ever.”

And with that, Elsa began to move, her body flowing sensuously, hips swaying in time with her own imaginary rhythm. Her massive hands slid over her curves, accentuating her every move as she began her impromptu performance. It started like one of her usual routines, seductive and teasing, but with each moment, her movements became bolder, more risqué.

Her hands wandered over her breasts, cupping them as she squeezed and massaged, clearly enjoying herself as she glanced down at the choppers with a knowing smirk. “Oh, I know what you’re all thinking,” she teased, licking her lips. “Best view you’ve ever had, right?”


As she danced, Elsa let her fingers trail along her hips and thighs, her body swaying rhythmically as the ground beneath her rumbled with each subtle shift of weight. Her eyes flicked down to the tiny cars below, her playful grin returning. "Hey," she called out, her voice booming in mock curiosity. "Ever wonder about that old debate? Tits vs cars?"
She crouched down, her massive tits lined up with a pretty noticeable van. "Let's find out, shall we?"


Elsa crouched, casting the van in shadow as her massive breasts hung directly overhead. The driver stared up, frozen, as flawless skin eclipsed the sky, every detail magnified and menacing. Elsa's playful giggle rumbled down. "Hope you're not claustrophobic, little guy!" she teased, savoring his panic. The ground trembled as she shifted, the van's metal roof groaning in anticipation. The driver, realizing disaster was moments away, scrambled to escape, heart pounding. Elsa's chest loomed closer, a living wall ready to flatten everything beneath, her eyes twinkling with naughty delight as she prepared to make the van disappear forever.


The driver ran away, waving and screaming just as Elsa's breasts settled atop the van, pressing it down slowly but relentlessly. Metal shrieked, glass burst, and Elsa let out a sultry sigh, winking at her tiny audience. "These things always get in the way..."


The van's horn let loose a last, muffled blast before being crushed silent. Elsa's weight increased, her tit molding over the shrinking vehicle, its paint and mirrors vanishing under her skin. The driver looked on in disbelief, realizing his only escape had been a matter of seconds. Elsa simply gave a playful bounce, sealing the van's fate.


Elsa's soft flesh belied its merciless power. The van caved completely, glass and steel flattening as her tit pressed down. Metal warped and vanished, the entire vehicle erased beneath the creamy curve of her chest. Elsa giggled, sending shivers through the pavement, and waggled her tit for emphasis. "Guess that warranty wasn't giantess-proof!" she mocked. The van was now a mere suggestion—just a warped shadow beneath her, fusing with the asphalt.


With the van utterly flattened, Elsa's breast pressed into the overpass itself, the concrete groaning as cracks split the asphalt. Delighted, Elsa smirked and cooed, "Oops! Did I break your road, too?" The driver stared in horror at the caved-in spot, his van's remains invisible beneath perfect, pillowy flesh. Elsa grinned and peered down, her playful smile never fading. "Maybe call a repair crew next time!" she teased, her voice echoing around the trembling structure as onlookers watched, stunned by the easy, casual devastation Elsa's curves left in her wake.


"So, what do you think? Need more proof?" she asked.
Without missing a beat, Elsa reached for the largest car around, a black SUV, easily holding it in her hand. It was barely the size of a toy.


Reaching for a conspicuous yellow taxi with her left hand, the sensuous giantess brought the cars up to her massive chest, running them slowly along her curves, ridiculing their size as she dragged them across her body. "Aw, look at them, trying so hard to keep up with me," she teased, her tone dripping with flirtation. "I could fit a few of these between my boobs and barely even notice."


With a quick, playful squeeze, she crushed both cars against her chest, the metal crumpling like aluminum foil under the sheer pressure of her tits.


She laughed, shaking the remains free as they tumbled to the ground. “Looks like cars lose,” she cooed, blowing a kiss to the choppers. “Tits win—no contest!”



Feeling the exhilarating weight of the spotlight now more than ever, Elsa spun around, sending tremors through the ground with every movement. She had become the center of the world's attention, and there was no stopping her now. As more choppers began to circle her, their cameras capturing her every move, Elsa paused, basking in the glory of her newfound power.

"Oh, look at all of you!" she said, her voice filled with excitement. "Looks like I've got quite the audience now."


Looking back down at the overpass, her eyes sparkled with mischief. "Ooooh, I know what this needs," she purred, her voice practically dripping with excitement. "Let's bring the sexy to the next level, shall we?"


Elsa grinned wickedly, running her hands down the curve of her perfect buttocks with exaggerated, sensual strokes. The crowd below gawked and scattered, but she only laughed, loving every second of their helpless awe. “Don’t look so nervous, little ones!” she teased, her voice sultry and booming as she began to crouch, hips swaying and her rear lowering toward the trembling overpass. “I promise I’ll be gentle... well, maybe.” Her eyes gleamed with playful menace. The earth trembled with anticipation, the overpass and its onlookers trapped beneath the shadow of her descending, impossibly massive curves.


Elsa began her slow, graceful descent, swaying her enormous ass from side to side as she lowered herself toward the overpass. Below, drivers and bystanders stared upward in disbelief, then broke into a panicked scramble, fleeing their cars as her shadow swallowed the road. Elsa grinned and called down with irrepressible sass, "Where's everyone going? Don't you want front-row seats?" Her eyes sparkled as she relished their fear, taking her time and soaking in the chaos.


Down from the overpass, Elsa's titanic ass filled the sky—her curves swinging closer with every second, blocking out the sun and hope alike. Panic tore through the driver as he sprinted from his van's wreckage, feet pounding the pavement. The world shrank to the sight of that flawless, impossibly vast rear descending, her skin gleaming and muscles rippling with each teasing sway.


Her colossal ass dominated the skyline, flawless and impossibly round, swaying with intent. Beneath her, the folds of her pussy came into view, glistening and unapologetically exposed, making her dominance feel even more surreal. The ground shook as her shadow swept over him, a wall of feminine power blotting out everything else.



Elsa's immense form finally settled onto the overpass with a deep, echoing boom that rattled the highway. Dust and debris erupted in every direction as the trembling structure settled beneath the sheer mass of her flawless, curvaceous ass. Elsa beamed with a satisfied, mischievous smile, relishing the chaos her playful sit caused. Cars and people scattered like ants, swallowed by the billowing cloud.

The overpass shuddered, cracks racing through concrete, while Elsa's towering silhouette rose above it all—smug, unstoppable, and completely in control.


Elsa lounged atop the shattered overpass, her massive curves settling comfortably into the ruins. She glanced down with a smug smirk, admiring the chaos she'd caused—cars crushed, people scattering in every direction. Above, news choppers hovered, cameras fixed on her every move. Elsa tilted her head and flashed them a playful wink, basking in the attention as if on her own private stage. "Getting my good side?" she teased, running a hand over her hip for the cameras.



A deep rumble echoed beneath Elsa as the overpass groaned in protest, spiderwebs of cracks racing outward from where her colossal curves pressed into the concrete. Chunks of asphalt buckled, rebar twisted, and dust puffed up between her thighs. Elsa felt the structure shudder and grinned, biting her lip with anticipation. “Uh-oh… think I overdid it,” she teased, casting a wicked glance at the chaos below.


Elsa's laughter boomed as she glanced down over her shoulder. The cracks in the overpass deepened beneath her, dust drifting through shafts of sunlight around her impossibly round curves. Her eyes sparkled with mischief as she realized what was about to happen, her lips parting in a wicked, delighted grin. "Hope you're ready for a real thrill, down there!" she laughed, every word sending nervous shivers through the crowd.



With a thunderous crack, the overpass finally gave way beneath Elsa's immense weight. Concrete exploded and metal twisted as she plunged down, her colossal curves slamming into the shattered roadway below. Elsa's giddy laughter rang out, delighted and wild, echoing through the city as dust and debris erupted in a swirling cloud around her. She landed with a triumphant bounce, effortlessly flattening everything beneath her.

"Ooops! Looks like I broke it!" she chirped, her voice dripping with playful innocence as she glanced down at the wreckage beneath her.

Her eyes sparkled with satisfaction as she dusted herself off, still grinning. "Guess you just couldn't handle all this," she teased, her laughter booming above the chaos.


Elsa sprawled in the rubble, her curves rising triumphantly from the ruined overpass as dust swirled around her. She glanced up at the circling choppers, her grin wide and utterly giddy, green eyes sparkling with mischief. “Got that on film, boys?” she called, giving the cameras a playful wink and a shimmy of her hips. “Hope you’re getting my best angles—don’t want the world missing what real power looks like!” She blew a flirty kiss skyward, basking in the chaos she’d created.
Standing up, Elsa dusted off her hands dramatically, her grin widening. "Alright, boys, follow me," she called to the choppers. "And make sure you get good footage—I’m gonna need it for my site later. This is too hot not to share with my fans!"


The lab was a chaotic mess of beeping monitors, discarded research papers, and half-drunk coffee cups—an atmosphere befitting a last-ditch effort to fix what had gone terribly wrong. But despite the tension in the air, the lab assistants had an extra problem on their hands: eleven cam girls lounging around in bikinis.



They were an impossible distraction, sitting there like a glittering mirage amidst the scientific equipment. Every time one of the research assistants tried to focus on the screens, his eyes darted back to the girls. One of them was even posing absentmindedly, running her fingers through her hair. The assistants exchanged awkward, sheepish glances.

"I swear, Dr. Lindstrom," muttered one of the assistants under his breath, staring hard at the data in front of him in a vain attempt to focus, "this is not helping."


Mark, sitting hunched on a stool nearby, was too absorbed in his own anxiety to notice much of the eye candy. His eyes were glued to the television screen mounted on the wall, broadcasting the latest breaking news.


The footage sent a shiver down his spine—there she was, Elsa, larger than anything he'd ever seen. She was strutting down the highway, a bus in one hand like a trophy, her massive form causing wreckage with every step.


Not yet having noticed the images, a different assistant, the one reviewing the latest test results, cleared his throat nervously. “Uh, Dr. Lindstrom... I’m afraid the latest test has also failed.”
Gordon, pacing anxiously, whipped his head around to the assistant, his voice sharp. “Failed? What the hell do you mean, failed? We need a solution! We can't have her parading through the damn city like—”



He stopped mid-rant, eyes suddenly locking onto the TV screen, where Elsa's towering figure was filling every inch of the broadcast. His jaw clenched, and for once, he was at a loss for words.

Mark, pale and shaking, muttered to himself, barely audible. "She's... she's coming... she's coming right for us..."

The entire lab seemed to freeze as the camera zoomed in on Elsa's glowing face, her green eyes twinkling with amusement as she walked closer to the city skyline. The sight of her, looking so delighted by her own size and power, was enough to turn Mark's stomach.

He stood abruptly, running his fingers through his hair in a panicked gesture. "We... we need to hide. We need to—"

"Why is she coming to the city?" Gordon barked, panic clear in his voice.


Dr. Lindstrom, though clearly rattled himself, turned to Gordon with a grim expression. "Like Mark says, she is indeed coming here," he said. "I made her grow both times... so let's hope that she comes here for a solution."
"A solution?" Gordon asked, incredulous.
"Yeah, I know... highly unlikely," Lindstrom replied, rolling his eyes.
"Then what?" Gordon, almost to afraid too ask, finally said.
"Use your imagination."



Elsa's enormous feet pressed into the asphalt with a satisfying crunch as she strutted toward the city. Her legs glided effortlessly over the web of overpasses, and she couldn't help but smirk at the frozen stares of those trapped on them. She glanced down, her hips swaying as she placed her hand on her waist and gave the tiniest of hip rolls, just to see them squirm.

Gracefully, she stepped over the tangled overpasses, her thighs brushing just above them, and finally reached the main avenue at the city's entrance. Elsa spread her legs wide, her feet landing on either side of the eight-lane road, covering the entire avenue in her shadow. With her hands firmly planted on her hips, she stood there, like a giant girl claiming her new playground —and, frankly, she was.



Below, chaos erupted. Cars swerved into one another, smashing into tangled wrecks as people scrambled out of them, desperately running away or frozen, eyes locked on her in disbelief.

"Oh, you little cuties!" she cooed down at the chaos unfolding beneath her. Elsa smirked, eyes dancing with amusement as she watched them scurry around like ants. "Is this your first time seeing a real-life giantess? I hope you're enjoying the show. It's free, after all!"

Bending forward slightly, she peeked down at the mess below her, cars piled up like little toys. "You know, I thought I had outgrown my dolls... but I guess I only needed myself a little city!" she kept teasing. "Just don't worry. I promise, I'm very good at making my toys last."



Her words were doing nothing to calm the people down. She didn't give a shit. Right now, her cockiness was shining without any inhibitions.

Straightening back up, Elsa ran her hands down her curves, her fingers lingering at her hips, letting the movement draw every eye toward her. "You know," she said, biting her lower lip, "I used to be just like you. Small. Sure, quite hotter than average. But still... And now... look at me." She placed one hand on her chest, pushing her breasts together slightly, making them look even more overwhelming. "I'm the biggest star the world has ever seen."



She remained silent for a few more seconds, basking in the attention and relishing the panic her mere presence caused. She then turned slightly, letting her massive figure dominate the skyline as she gazed down at the tiny people still transfixed by her. “Alright, little ones,” she cooed, “let’s make this official.” She spread her arms wide, as if showing her body the city. “I’m Elsa Erickson, the biggest star... ever. And you know what? I’m dying to play in this world of yours!”

Her gaze drifted back to the twin buildings framing the entrance of the avenue. They were the tallest ones nearby, but still they failed to compare with her. With a wicked glint in her eyes, she teased, “You know, none of these buildings even make it past my hips. The tallest ones barely brush up against... well, let’s just say they’re not tall enough to reach anything interesting.”

There was no answer to her constant teasing and mockery. Of course there wasn’t. She didn’t mind, though. She was in bliss.



Inside City Hall, the air was thick with tension. Mayor Greene paced back and forth in front of the massive TV screen that displayed the chaotic footage from the highway. Elsa Erickson—larger than life, impossibly huge—strutted her way toward the city, looking like she owned the place. Her every move was being broadcast live, from her teasing dances to her sultry remarks. Greene's face was flushed with anger as he slammed his fist onto the polished desk.

"Are you telling me," he bellowed, "that my city is being taken over by a giant bimbo?!"



Across from him, Police Commissioner Nash shifted uncomfortably in his chair, his eyes darting between the screen and the mayor. His fingers were nervously tapping against the armrest. "We're still gathering information, Mayor," Nash said, clearing his throat. "This... this situation is... unprecedented. The, uh, 'giant bimbo,' as you put it, appears to be Elsa Erickson, a former contestant on—"

"I know who she is!" Greene cut him off, throwing his arms up in frustration. "I don't care if she's some Internet star! She's prancing around like it's a fashion show, crushing cars, and blocking streets! And all you've got for me is 'unprecedented'?!"

Nash swallowed, tugging at his collar. "We've got every unit on high alert. But frankly, sir... there's not much we can do against someone her size. We can try and evacuate the areas ahead of her, but..."

"But what?" the mayor snapped, his voice growing more exasperated.

"Well, with all due respect, Mayor," Nash continued hesitantly, "she's enormous. And... well, she doesn't seem hostile, exactly. It's more like she's... enjoying herself. Teasing the public. Playing games."


Greene stared at him, eyes wide with disbelief. “Are you telling me,” he said, his voice dangerously low, “that the police department is just going to sit back while a giant cam girl turns my city into her personal playground?!”
Nash shifted in his seat again. “We’re doing what we can, sir. But what do you expect us to do...”
Greene pointed at the screen, where Elsa was now straddling a series of overpasses, making the city’s entire infrastructure look like a dollhouse beneath her. “Well, you’d better figure something out, Nash! I don’t care if you have to call in the National Guard, a science team, or a goddamn UFO! DO SOMETHING!”
Nash stood up quickly, straightening his jacket. “Y-Yes, sir. We’ll... we’ll handle it.”



Elsa's eyes sparkled with delight as she gazed at the city before her, stretching out like a toy set. Everything looked so small, so manageable, like it had been designed just for her. She couldn't resist the urge to play. It was like her body buzzed with excitement, her mind whirling with possibilities. She could practically feel the world's attention on her, watching her every move, waiting to see what she would do next.


Keeping up with them was laughably easy—Elsa barely needed to crawl, her massive form gliding forward at a lazy pace and still outpacing their frantic scramble. She watched their desperate escape with a smirk, relishing how helpless they were. "Oh, where are you all rushing off to?" she purred, her voice rolling over them like thunder. "Don't tell me you're not happy to see me!" Elsa's eyes gleamed with playful cruelty as she effortlessly closed the distance, ready to remind them just how impossible it was to outrun a goddess.
CHOICE CUT
EL MOLEROS


"Alright, little ones," she purred, placing her hands on her hips and swaying them gently, "how about we have a little fun?"



She strode forward, savoring the delicious power in each step as pavement cracked beneath her. Just around the next corner, a cluster of people huddled against a building, thinking themselves safe—pathetically optimistic. From high above, Elsa's commanding vantage made their hiding spot laughably obvious. She grinned, her shadow stretching over the alley as they froze in terror. "Aww, are you trying to hide from me? How adorable!" Elsa teased, her voice booming down with playful mockery. She leaned in, eyes sparkling with wicked delight. "You'll have to do way better than that to escape my sight, little ones."



With that, she crouched down slowly, her fingers flexing in anticipation as she zeroed in on a them. Their wide-eyed stares and nervous glances only fueled her excitement. "Don't worry," she teased, her voice sweet but dripping with mischief, "I'll return you after I'm done playing. Just want to take a closer look at my toys."

Before anyone could react, Elsa's enormous hand swept down toward the group. The crowd erupted into chaos, screams of panic filling the air as her fingers closed around five people—a mix of three men and two women. She giggled as she felt their tiny bodies wriggle against her skin, like holding delicate action figures.


"Aw, come on, don't be like that!" Elsa cooed as she stood back up, lifting her hand in front of her face. "I promised to give you back! I'm just borrowing you for a little fun. You're all so tiny and cute, I couldn't help myself!"
鉄道模型


She opened her palm, and the five people tumbled slightly, clinging to each other for balance as they stared up at her colossal face. Elsa's grin widened, and she marveled at their size—or rather, their tininess.


"Wow," she murmured, bringing them even closer to her eyes. "Look at you! You're like little bugs. No—scratch that—dollhouse people. Seriously, how do you even function at this size? I could probably fit a dozen of you in my other hand!" She chuckled, loving how minuscule they seemed compared to her towering figure. "I could collect you all and make my own little city. Now wouldn't that be fun?" she teased, her tone full of playful wonder.


The people in her hand were trembling, their faces a mix of awe and terror. Elsa couldn't help but smirk at how nervous they were. "Oh, don't be scared," she said, her voice taking on a falsely reassuring tone. "I'm not going to squish you or anything. You're way too cute for that."


One of the men, red-faced and visibly shaking, suddenly found his voice. "Put us down!" he shouted, though his tiny voice sounded more like a squeak to her.


Elsa raised an eyebrow, her lips curling into an amused smirk. "Yeah, 'bout that...Make me," she said playfully as she tilted her head. Her grin widened as she watched his frustration grow.


"I'm serious!" the man shouted again, this time with more determination. "You have no right to treat us like this!"



Elsa let out a melodious laugh that made the people in her hand wobble slightly. "No right?" she echoed. "Oh, sweetie, I'm huge. You're tiny. From where I'm standing everything seems to be going just fine for me." She let her tongue slip between her lips for a second as if savoring her own words. "I mean, just look at you! You barely take a tiny bit of my palm, and you think you get to make demands?"

The man wasn't having it. "Being big doesn't give you the right to do whatever you want!" he snapped, looking up at her with a mix of fear and defiance.



Elsa giggled, clearly enjoying the little back-and-forth. "Oh, but doesn't it?" she said, flashing him a mischievous smile. "I mean, looking at it from up here...it kinda does. Look, darling, I'm calling the shots, and you're... well..." She lowered her voice to a playful whisper. "You're just along for the ride." She gave them a wink, loving how much control she had over them.

She looked down at her chest, then back at the tiny people in her hand, shaking her head in mock disbelief. "Honestly, this whole situation is like the ultimate dollhouse fantasy, isn't it? You know, I used to loved playing with dolls when I was a little girl before... you know...my tits grew and I moved mostly to sex. But this is so cool! I'm the big, beautiful girl, and you're my teeny-tiny little playthings. Does it get any better?"



The other people in her hand stayed silent, but the man tried one last time, his voice shaking now. "This isn't a game! We're real people!"

Elsa's smile turned sly as she tilted her hand just slightly, causing the group to slide a little. "Oh, I know you're real," she teased. "But I'm something else. And right now, you're my toys."

She watched them try to steady themselves, loving the sense of power that washed over her. "Tell you what," she said, her voice dropping to a more sultry tone, "I'll let you down soon. I just want to play a little more."



Her eyes sparkled with excitement as she let out a playful sigh. "But don't worry," she added with a wink, "I'll make sure you're nice and safe while we have our fun. After all, what kind of giantess would I be if I broke all my toys on the first day?"

There were a few seconds of uncomfortable silence. Else observed the people in her hand with delight, their squirming and sobbing strangely feeling her heart with glee. Finally she addressed them again, her grin stretching wider. "Alright, little ones," she purred, her voice as sultry as ever, "let's make this a bit more personal. Names. I want to know who my new toys are. Don't be shy now."

The group, huddled together in her palm, exchanged glances, their tiny faces twisted in a mix of fear and confusion. One of the men, his voice shaking, tried to speak up. "I—I'm David," he stammered, barely audible to her enormous ears.

"David, huh?" Elsa replied with a playful laugh, raising him closer to her face. "Well, David, nice holding you in my palm!" She winked at him, watching his face flush with embarrassment as the others remained silent. "Come on, the rest of you—names! I don't have all day." She grinned, clearly enjoying the game. "Or maybe I do... Either way, spit it out."

Another man, his voice cracking, said, “Uh, I’m Tom.” One of the women followed with, “J-Jenny…” then the other woman, whispering, “Claire.”

Elsa chuckled. “David, Tom, Jenny, Claire… And you,” she glanced at the last man, raising an eyebrow, “you still haven’t told me your name. Don’t make me pry it out of you.”

The man, clearly defiant, crossed his arms. “Why does it matter? You’re just going to—”

“Oh no, no, no,” Elsa interrupted, her tone mockingly sweet. “None of that attitude, little man. This is my game, and you play by my rules.” She moved a finger from her free hand over, pushing him lightly, scaring the shit out of him. “Now, tell me your name before I decide to play a little rougher.”

The man, now panicking, muttered, “Sam. My name’s Sam.”

“See? That wasn’t so hard,” Elsa said with a grin. “Now, what do we have here…” Her eyes shifted to Jenny and Claire, narrowing with a teasing glint. “You two, my tiny little ladies—ever thought about being like me?” She gave them a cocky smile, the words practically dripping with mockery. “I mean, just imagine—tall, gorgeous, and, oh, so powerful. Doesn’t that sound like fun?”



The two women looked horrified, shaking their heads frantically. "N-No!" Jenny squeaked. "I wouldn't want—"

Elsa's laughter boomed, cutting her off. "Oh, of course you wouldn't," she teased, her tone sarcastic. "You're right. It's so much better being a little buggy, scrambling around at someone else's feet. Look at you," she lowered her voice, leaning in close so her breath washed over them, "so small, so... puny. But if you were like me? Oh, darling, everyone would have to look up at you. Just like now."

Claire, trembling, blurted out, "I'd hate it! You're—you're terrifying!"

Elsa's grin widened. "Terrifying? Sure... not everyone can handle this kind of power. You'd probably crack under the pressure."

Tom, trying to muster some courage, interrupted. "Just put us down! You've had your fun."

Elsa raised an eyebrow, her lips curling into a wicked smirk. "Put you down?" she repeated, clearly amused. "Oh, Tom, darling, I was barely getting started. But sure," she added with a playful shrug, "if you're all so eager to get back to your dollhouse lives, I'll put you somewhere safe."



She glanced around, spotting the rooftop of the nearby building that didn't even reach her waist. "There we go," she purred, lowering her hand toward the roof, her fingers hovering just above it. "A nice little perch for my tiny friends."

She slowly, teasingly, set the group down on the roof, watching with delight as they stumbled to steady themselves. "There you go!" she chirped, standing back up to her full height, towering over them like a goddess surveying her subjects. "Now, don't say I'm not generous."

Jenny, still shaken, looked up at Elsa's towering figure and stammered, "How... how are we supposed to get down from here?"

Elsa tilted her head, her grin turning devilish. "Oh, sweetheart," she purred, her voice dripping with mock innocence, "use your imagination. Or... I don't know, maybe just wait for the next giantess to come by and give you a lift. They're all the rage now, didn't you hear?"

Claire, her voice trembling, whispered, "You can't leave us here!"

Elsa giggled, thoroughly enjoying herself. "Oh, but I can. And I will." She leaned down slightly, her emerald eyes twinkling with mischief. "Besides, you're much safer up here than down there. Trust me, my toes are not a place you want to be."

She straightened up again, placing her hands on her hips, and gave them one final teasing smile. "Now, be good little dolls and stay put. I might come looking for you after I play some more." She winked at them, her eyes gleaming with playful menace.

Back in the roof, the group could only stare at her bouncing



The five of them stood on the rooftop in stunned silence, the distant sounds of chaos below barely registering as they tried to make sense of everything. The view was dizzying, but nothing compared to the overwhelming memory of being in Elsa's hand, her laughter echoing in their ears.

Jenny let out a shaky breath, her knees weak as she looked over the edge. "I can't believe we were just... there," she murmured, still feeling the warmth of Elsa's grip on her skin.

Tom ran a hand through his hair, eyes darting nervously to where Elsa kept advancing, the shakings still noticeable on the rooftop. "She just... treated us like toys," he muttered, voice full of disbelief. "Like we were nothing."

Claire shuddered, wrapping her arms around herself. "At least we're not still down there," she whispered, glancing nervously at the massive footprints embedded in the street below.

David shook his head, trying to clear the fog of fear from his thoughts. "Yeah, but... what now?"

For a moment, none of them had an answer. They were safe—sort of. That had to count for something.


Elsa stopped abruptly. Her hands instinctively went to her hips, her posture radiating frustration as she gazed down at the mess of cars and people swarming in chaos at her feet. She huffed, rolling her eyes as she realized that despite all the time she'd given them, they hadn't made any real progress, blocking her way unless she wanted to cause a little massacre.
SALE
APARTMENTS
COLT
TRENZ
MENSWEAR


"Seriously?" she called down, her voice carrying over the panicked sounds of the street. "I gave you, what? Ten minutes while I played with my cute little dolls, and this—" she gestured to the disorganized swarm below her "—is what you give me? A half-dozen steps? Really?"

The crowd only reacted with more panic, as people continued running in every direction, some abandoning their cars entirely, others honking hopelessly in the gridlock. The chaos doubled, making the road ahead even more impassable for her.


Elsa groaned, tapping her foot impatiently, which caused the ground to tremble slightly. "Ugh, you're only making it worse!" she muttered, her green eyes narrowing as she considered just stepping forward, consequences be damned. The temptation to simply crush her way through was strong, but she knew that would cause a real scene—and she wasn't that reckless... yet.



"No, no... we're going to do this my way," she decided aloud, her voice taking on a teasing edge. "Alright, little ones, listen up! I've got places to be, and this—" she waved her hand over the chaos beneath her feet "—is not working for me."



This is it, she thought, I'm calling the shots. I'm the biggest, the baddest, and the world is finally seeing it. Look at them! They'll do whatever I say. They have no choice.

"Come on, people," she teased, her voice dripping with amusement, "I know you're small, but you can move faster than that, right? Don't make me come down there and help you!" She wiggled her toes, the playful threat hanging in the air. She loved this feeling, the way her words caused ripples of fear and panic in the crowd below.

But as the minutes ticked by, it became increasingly clear that the chaos wasn't subsiding. The crowd was still a mess, despite her very clear instructions. Cars were barely moving, people were still packed together, and the road ahead was as clogged as ever. Elsa's playful smirk began to fade, replaced by a twitch of irritation at the corners of her mouth.

"Oh, come on," she groaned, rolling her eyes dramatically. "I gave you so much time! Are you all really this useless?" Her tone shifted, a little sharper now, less teasing, more annoyed. She leaned forward slightly, her gaze sweeping over the sea of tiny, panicked faces. "Do you want to get stepped on? Is that what you're all hoping for?" Her voice grew louder, her flirtation taking on an edge of impatience. "I could do it, you know. Just one little step, and squish—problem solved!"

The crowd responded with even more chaos, the people below her feet scurrying in every direction. Cars honked, people screamed, and the disarray only seemed to grow worse. Elsa huffed in frustration, tapping her foot once more for emphasis, the ground beneath her vibrating with the force.

What a mess. She noticed the helicopters circling above, their cameras trained on her every move. They were watching her—everyone was watching her. I can't just let this slide, she realized, or they'll think I'm bluffing. And I don't bluff.

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"Alright," she said, her voice cold and commanding now. "You clearly need some extra motivation." She smiled sweetly, even if her eyes were far less kind. "How about I help you clear the way, huh?"

Without waiting for a response, Elsa dropped down onto her knees with a resounding thud. The impact shook the ground, sending tremors rippling through the street as she settled into position. Her hands reached out, fingers curling with deliberate slowness as she scooped up two handfuls of people, their tiny bodies wriggling helplessly in her grip.


"Really?" she said, lifting them to her face, her eyes twinkling with amusement. "You're this bad at following directions? Tsk, tsk. Looks like I'll have to put you somewhere a bit more... out of the way."
ONE WAY
NO PARKING
MIDCITY



With a teasing wink, she set them down on the roof of a nearby building, watching them scramble to steady themselves. "There," she cooed, "isn't that better? You get a nice view of the action, and I don't have to worry about stepping on you." She giggled, the sound rich with playful condescension. "Win-win!"

She repeated the process, grabbing another group of terrified people and lifting them up to her face. "Aww, don't shit yourselves," she teased, her tone dripping with false sympathy. "I'm just helping you out. You should be thanking me, really." She deposited them on another rooftop, her smile growing wider as she saw the panic in their tiny faces.

Elsa continued this little game for a while, moving people with ease, mocking and flirting with each new group she plucked from the street. But after a few rounds, the novelty started to wear off. The gaps between the clusters of people she'd moved were filling in faster than she could clear them. The chaos was relentless, and no matter how many handfuls she relocated, it wasn't enough.

Her frustration returned, bubbling up with renewed intensity. "Ugh, this is taking forever," she muttered, her eyes narrowing in irritation. "You're all making this way harder than it needs to be."


Deciding that enough was enough, Elsa crouched lower, her immense form casting an even larger shadow over the street. Without warning, she swept her arm across the road, her hand plowing through cars and people alike. The movement was rough, careless, as if she were simply clearing debris rather than living beings. Vehicles were tossed to the sidewalk, bodies flung out of the way like ragdolls.



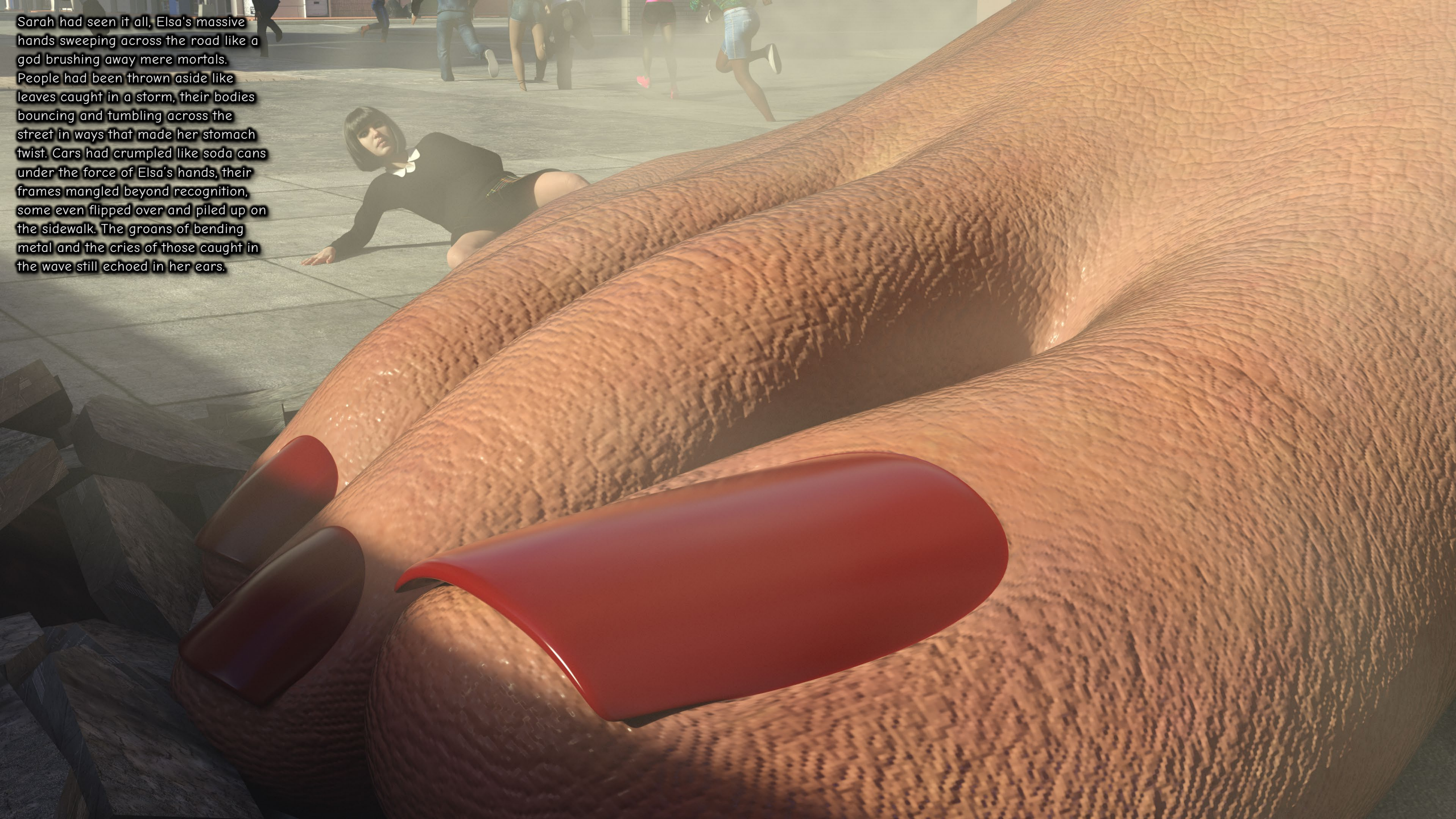
"There," she said, straightening up slightly. "Much better." Her other hand came down, sweeping across the opposite side of the road, sending more people and cars tumbling into a haphazard pile. She didn't even bother to check if anyone was hurt—this was about efficiency, not gentleness.

Satisfied with her handiwork, Elsa crawled forward on her hands and knees, clearing more of the road with each deliberate movement. Her arms moved with mechanical precision, sweeping entire sections of the avenue clean with a single pass. The road was finally starting to open up, the chaos replaced by the eerie quiet of the newly cleared path.

Once she'd cleared enough space, Elsa pushed herself back up to her full height, her towering figure once again dominating the skyline. She surveyed the scene with a satisfied smirk, her hands returning to her hips.

"There," she said, her voice dripping with smug triumph. "That wasn't so hard, was it?" She stretched lazily. "Now, let's see if you all can keep up this time." With a confident flick of her hair, Elsa took a step forward, the road finally open enough for her to continue.


Sarah hadn't meant to get so close, hadn't even realized how far forward she had stumbled in the chaos until she was right there—just in front of Elsa's towering toes. The world around her was a cacophony of panicked screams, but all she could focus on was the sheer size of the giantess above her.


Sarah had seen it all, Elsa's massive hands sweeping across the road like a god brushing away mere mortals. People had been thrown aside like leaves caught in a storm, their bodies bouncing and tumbling across the street in ways that made her stomach twist. Cars had crumpled like soda cans under the force of Elsa's hands, their frames mangled beyond recognition, some even flipped over and piled up on the sidewalk. The groans of bending metal and the cries of those caught in the wave still echoed in her ears.


She had no idea how she had survived, standing frozen while the giantess cleared the street. But here she was, just inches from Elsa's toes, each of them as big as her body, resting on the cracked asphalt that had molded to the weight of the giantess. Her skin looked soft, pink even, but Sarah had seen what those feet could do—how effortlessly they had crushed the road and anything else beneath them.


Elsa's voice boomed overhead, light and playful but with an edge of arrogance. "There, that wasn't so hard, was it?" The words seemed to echo off the buildings, taunting everyone who had barely escaped her careless sweep. Sarah's heart pounded in her chest, the weight of Elsa's presence overwhelming. She forced herself to move, to slip to the side, away from the deadly proximity of those toes, but she wasn't quick enough.


With a thunderous thud, Elsa's foot came down dangerously close to her, embedding itself deep into the asphalt as though it were clay. Sarah stumbled back, her breath catching in her throat as the ground quaked beneath her feet. She craned her neck, looking up at the smooth curve of Elsa's anklebone, which loomed over her like a mountain, a terrifying reminder of how small and powerless she was.


The sheer scale of Elsa's foot dwarfed Sarah, and she felt a wave of dread wash over her. She had never felt so insignificant in her life. Her heart raced, adrenaline pumping through her veins as she tried to make sense of the enormity of the situation.



Then, she saw Elsa's other foot begin to move. Her massive heel lifted from the ground, casting a shadow that stretched out ahead of Sarah. The foot swung forward gracefully, and Sarah's wide eyes tracked its path. It was going to avoid the people, she realized, but it was headed straight for one of the abandoned cars.

The moment the ball of Elsa's foot touched the roof of the car, it buckled instantly. There was a brief, horrible screech of metal as the vehicle crumpled under her weight, its frame folding like paper. The glass shattered, exploding outward in tiny shards, and the tires flattened with a hiss, the rubber squished into the asphalt. The car was reduced to a twisted heap of metal and debris, utterly destroyed beneath Elsa's careless step.



Elsa tried to make her way down the now relatively emptier road, but it was still an exercise in frustration. Every step had to be measured, calculated. Her eyes scanned for patches of empty road, spots where she could place her feet without crushing too many cars or—heaven forbid—people. It was slow, awkward, and entirely beneath someone of her size and stature.

She moved her foot forward, spotting an empty stretch ahead. Her toes hovered just above the road before she slowly let her weight sink into it, crushing the already cracked asphalt beneath her sole. The ground groaned under her weight, and she exhaled sharply, placing her hands on her hips as she observed the next spot to step.

Of course, it wasn't always empty. Her next step, for example, would require some sacrifice. A line of cars blocked her path. Elsa sighed in irritation, already tired of this slow dance. She lifted her foot and brought it down carefully on top of a car, feeling it flatten beneath her like tinfoil. The metal crumpled, glass shattered, and the ground seemed to welcome the pressure as her foot molded the car into the asphalt.

"Ugh," she muttered, "this is such a drag. Why can't you all just get out of the way?"



She tried to keep her grace as she took another step, her frustration building with each careful placement. Every move required focus, hampering her natural style. She was supposed to be strutting, owning this city, not delicately stepping around like some clumsy giant ballerina.

Her next step came down on another car, this one strangely spongy under her foot. For a moment, a strange pang of guilt passed through her. She froze, wondering if she had stepped on something—or someone—she shouldn't have. But Elsa quickly shook it off. It was just a car, right? A stupid little car. She couldn't get hung up on every crush. She had to keep going.

Three blocks later, her patience snapped.

She planted her hands on her hips, her massive form towering over the street as she scolded the crowd below. "Alright, that's enough!" Her voice boomed, echoing off the surrounding buildings. The panic in the streets only worsened, but Elsa was done with playing nice.

"I tried!" she said, her tone sharp but laced with mock sweetness. "I really did! I've been walking on eggshells, taking these little baby steps just to avoid squashing you all. And what do I get in return? This!" She gestured down to the still-chaotic road, her frustration evident in every movement.

"You're really not giving me much of a choice here," she continued, her voice hardening. "If you don't clear the road—really clear it—I'm going to stop being so careful. And trust me..." Her eyes gleamed dangerously as she took a step forward, crushing another car beneath her with deliberate force. The screech of metal filled the air. "It's going to hurt you a lot more than it's going to hurt me."

The crowd beneath her feet began to scatter, finally realizing the seriousness of her threat. Elsa watched them with narrowed eyes, a mix of irritation and satisfaction flooding her. She had given them a chance, and now... well, she wasn't going to be quite so gentle anymore.

She took another step forward, her patience hanging by a thread. Each stride she gave made her a bit more reckless, and the city seemed to be learning its place, too. She was starting to enjoy it, relishing the power that came with towering over everything and everyone. She was about to take another step, ready to crush whatever was beneath her without a care, when her eyes caught sudden movement below.

A group of people had darted right into the spot where her foot was going to land.


For a split second, Elsa seriously thought about just... doing it. Her foot was already mid-air, and really, why should she bother with these tiny, insignificant bugs? They were right there. But then, that annoying little flicker of restraint kicked in—just for a moment. At the last possible second, she pulled her leg back, halting her foot inches from flattening the poor saps below.
But it was too late to save herself.


The sudden shift in balance threw her off. Her towering body teetered, arms flailing as she tried to steady herself. "Oh, shit!" she cursed, panicking as she reached out to grab something—anything. Her hand slammed down onto the roof of a building that barely reached her waist. It crumbled like crackers, her arm crashing straight through the roof and down several floors, sending debris everywhere.
MIDCITY


For a moment, she stayed like that, breathing heavily as she managed to keep herself upright. Her massive frame trembled slightly as she steadied her balance. Slowly, she pulled her arm out from the wreckage, bits of rubble raining down as she stood straight again.


The damage was... well, impressive. The roof was completely gone, leaving a gaping hole where her hand had been. Floors had caved in, leaving behind a chaotic mess of twisted metal, collapsed walls, and dust swirling in the air. People stood at the edges of the crater, staring up at her with sheer terror in their eyes.



Elsa crouched down, eyeing the destruction with a mix of mild guilt and mounting frustration. She couldn't help but notice a few people standing just outside the wreckage, wide-eyed and stunned. Her lips twitched, and for a brief moment, she thought about how there could've been others in the section she had just obliterated. But she quickly shrugged off the thought.

"Uh, whoops," she said, the apology barely believable. "Didn't mean to... you know, punch a hole through your building." She gave them a sheepish grin, as if that would somehow smooth things over.

But soon enough, irritation overtook her. "But really, this is not my fault!" she added, her voice rising in annoyance. She pointed down at the group that had caused her to pull back her step. "If those little idiots hadn't run right under me, I wouldn't have lost my balance!"

"They really deserved being crushed, don't you think?" she then asked in a conversational tone. The people at the edge of the wreckage just stared at her, too shocked to respond. Elsa rolled her eyes and let out a little laugh. "Hope you guys are insured against giant women," she teased, flashing them a cocky grin.

One man, his face red with anger, raised his fist and started shouting something up at her. Elsa's eyebrow arched, her amusement returning.

"Well, well," she purred, giving him a playful smirk. "Do we have a complaint, little guy?"

The man's voice came out in a squeak, barely audible from the heights he now found himself in.

Elsa tilted her head, her expression mocking. "Sorry, sweetie, didn't catch that. You'll have to speak up."

Finally, after a few pitiful attempts, the man managed to squeak out, "You... you broke my house!"

Elsa rolled her eyes dramatically. "That's what you're upset about?" She gestured to herself, her towering, goddess-like figure looming over the entire city. "I can't even walk without having to dodge you tiny ants, and you're worried about your little dollhouse?"

She leaned in closer, her breath warm as it washed over him. "Honestly, I've got bigger things to deal with," she said, her lips curling into a smug grin. "So why should I give a damn about your tiny, insignificant problems?" She gave him one last, cocky wink before straightening back up.

"Better luck next time," she chuckled, straightening back up, hands on her hips, already thinking about her next move.




Elsa couldn't help but grin as the road ahead of her began to clear. The little ants below had finally learned their lesson, scrambling out of her way just as she'd commanded. She strutted down the avenue, her hips swaying with each confident step, feeling the sheer power and freedom of her size. Every building she passed seemed to shrink just a little more, the entire city slowly becoming her playground.


But as she got closer to downtown, something caught her eye. The buildings here were getting taller, trying to compete with her towering form. Then, she spotted it: a construction site, with a large crane sticking up from the middle of it. The steel arm of the crane was level with her massive tits—just grazing the top curve of her chest.
"Oh, what do we have here?" she purred, tilting her head as she took a detour, strutting over to the construction site. "I think I've found a new toy."



Elsa stooped down and peered into the small cabin at the top of the crane. Sure enough, there was a little man inside. She could see him through the glass, his face white with fear as her enormous face filled his entire view.

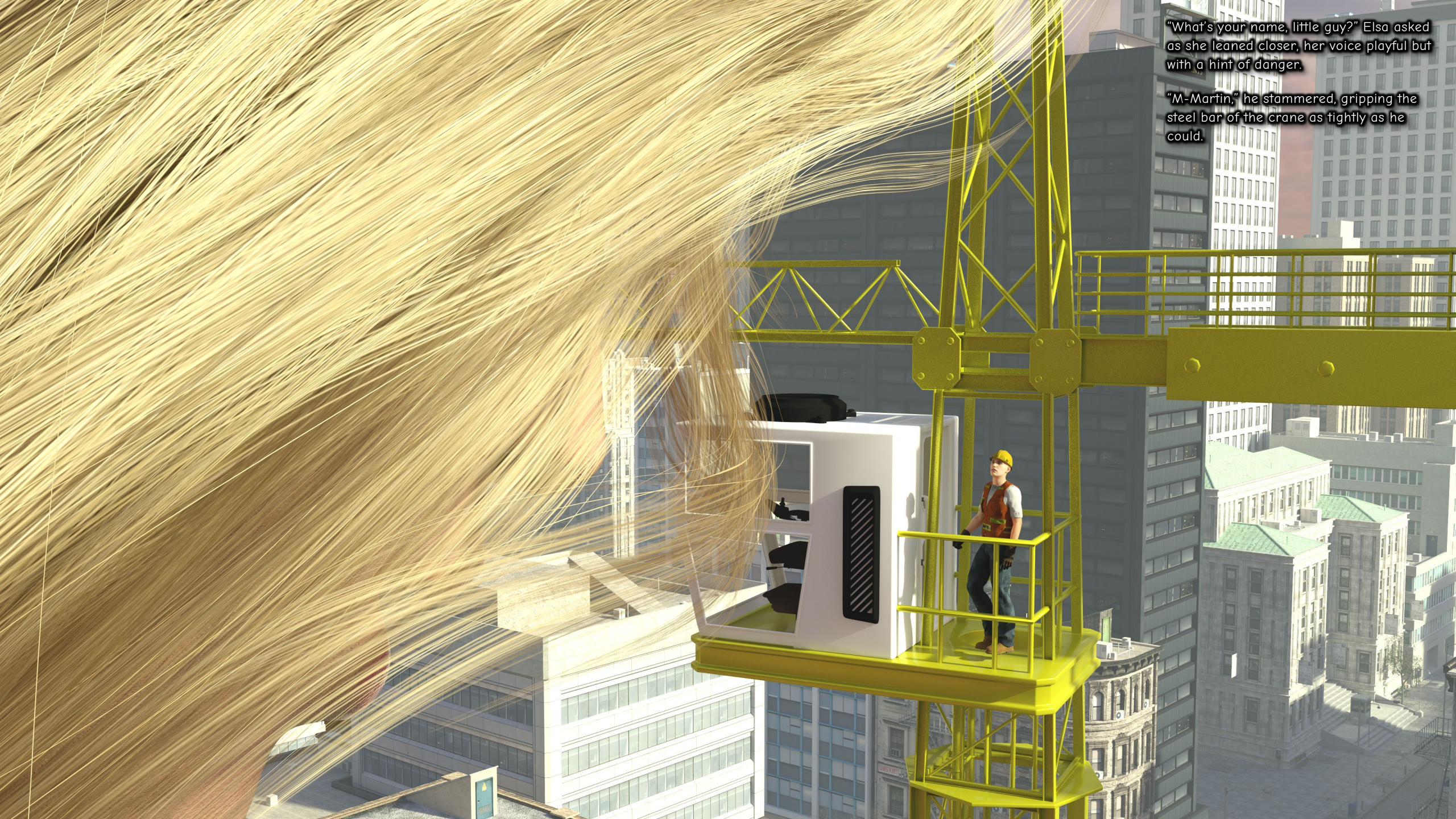
"Well, aren't you lucky," she teased, her voice dripping with playful malice. "Getting to work right next to all this." She gestured to her chest, biting her lip as she watched him cower in his tiny cabin.


Elsa brought her face closer to the cabin, her green eyes gleaming with amusement. “How about we make things a little more interesting, hmm?” She tilted her head, tapping her fingernail lightly on the glass, the sound like thunder to him. “Come on, cutie. Get out of there and climb up into that crane. Let’s have a little fun.”


The man hesitated, but Elsa wasn't in the mood to wait. "You wouldn't want me to reach in there and help you, would you?" she said, her tone shifting to something more commanding, but still laced with flirtatiousness. "Now, get out and climb, or I'll make sure your cabin ends up as flat as the last car I stepped on."


Reluctantly, the man obeyed. Elsa watched with a smirk as he climbed up the crane, his tiny form scaling the steel arm that stretched out just in front of her. The difference in size was... delicious.


He was so small compared to the towering structure, and yet the crane itself barely reached her chest. It made her feel even bigger, even more powerful.


"What's your name, little guy?" Elsa asked as she leaned closer, her voice playful but with a hint of danger.
"M-Martin," he stammered, gripping the steel bar of the crane as tightly as he could.


"Martin," she repeated, savoring his name on her lips. "Well, Martin, how about you do something for me, hmm? See this—"


She brought her massive tit closer to the crane, her nipple almost brushing against the steel. "Why don't you hop on over and grab hold of my nipple? Don't be afraid... I will take very good care of you."
Martin's face paled, and he shook his head, clearly terrified at the thought.


Elsa's smirk deepened. "Come on, Martin. Don't make me ask twice." She leaned in even closer, her breath warm against him as her nipple hovered inches away from his trembling hands. "You wouldn't want to make me mad, would you?"


With no other choice, Martin reluctantly jumped from the crane, his arms wrapping around her nipple as best as he could. His tiny hands barely covered a fraction of her swollen skin. Elsa moaned softly, her nipples stiffening under his touch, which only made it harder for him to hold on. She bit her lip, relishing the sensation, enjoying it far more than she had anticipated.


"Mmm, that's it," she cooed, her eyes fluttering as she leaned back slightly, her nipple now rock hard beneath his grip. "Look at you, hanging on like a little monkey." She chuckled, watching his tiny body sway as he struggled to hold on, the sheer size of her nipple almost too much for him.


She then nudged him lightly—to her—, rubbing him a little, feeling her nipple get more and more swollen.


Finally, after teasing him a bit more, Elsa decided she'd had her fun. She gently plucked Martin from her nipple and let him dangle from her finger, gazing down at him with a mixture of amusement and arousal. "Not bad for second base, huh?" she teased, her voice low and sultry. "But I think we can go a little further, don't you?"


"What do you mean?" Martin stammered, fear tightening his voice.
Elsa leaned in, her eyes glinting with mischief as her lips curled into a sultry smile. "Mmmm... I'm not sure," she purred, drawing out each word. "But all this running around... all this excitement... has definitely made me a little hungry." Her gaze locked onto Martin, teasing and predatory, as if she were deciding just what kind of appetite she wanted to satisfy first.


"Nooo!" Martin screamed, thrashing in her grip.
Elsa barely acknowledged his pleas, her eyes focused on the trembling morsel in her hand. With a wicked grin, she parted her lips wide, revealing the dark, cavernous maw below. Slowly, she hovered Martin over her mouth, letting him dangle helplessly as her hot, humid breath washed over him—thick with anticipation. The heat and her sultry gaze made his terror spike, sweat pouring down his face.


Elsa's green eyes flickered with wicked amusement as she held Martin suspended over her open mouth. Her lips curled into a slow, taunting smile, savoring his terror. "Relax, little guy," she purred, her voice a velvet purr swirling around him. "I just want a little taste..."
Martin's heart hammered as he dangled helplessly, sweat pouring down his face.



Martin's face twisted in sheer panic as Elsa lowered him closer to her gaping mouth, his scream raw and desperate. The world shrank to the humid rush of her breath and the glistening threat of her teeth and tongue below. His legs kicked in the empty air but there was no escape—only the dizzying terror of being dangled over an abyss by a giantess who seemed to savor every second of his fear. Elsa's lips parted wider, her playful eyes locked on him, drinking in his helplessness as he braced for the impossible, his voice hoarse with horror.



Elsa's hand slowly lowered Martin straight into the waiting maw of her lower jaw, her sultry moan vibrating through his trembling body. The humid heat of her breath enveloped him, her tongue curling invitingly below. Martin twisted and kicked, clawing at her fingers in a desperate, futile attempt to escape, but there was nowhere to go—only her soft, slick flesh rising inexorably to meet him.


And then, just as Martin braced for the end, Elsa's hand effortlessly lifted him away from the gaping darkness of her mouth. Relief and disbelief crashed over him, his body still shaking as her booming laughter rolled across the neighborhood, rattling windows and bones alike. Her green eyes sparkled with pure mischief as she dangled him playfully overhead. "Oh, you poor thing!" Elsa taunted, voice thick with mock sympathy. "You really thought I was going to eat you, didn't you?" She winked, savoring his terror, her laughter echoing as Martin hung limply, utterly at her mercy and humiliation.


Before Martin could even gasp out a reply, Elsa lowered him again, her grip playful but unyielding, his life still dangling by a thread. Her emerald eyes sparkled with wicked promise as she purred, "You know, there are other ways to put you inside me... ones that might be even more satisfying, and not nearly as final." The meaning struck him with a jolt—his face drained of color, lips trembling. "W-what?" he stammered, terror and confusion mixing in his voice.



"So, Martin," she purred, her voice taking on a dirtier tone. "How would you like to go spelunking next?" Her gaze dropped suggestively to her crotch, and she gave him a wink, her body radiating heat as her arousal grew. "I promise... it'll be a very deep dive."

As Elsa brought Martin closer to her lips again, his tiny voice broke out in a desperate, panicked yell. "Noooooo!" His plea was almost comical, his tiny figure trembling in her palm, but his terror only seemed to fuel Elsa's amusement.



Her lips curled into a sultry grin, and she teased him with her warm breath. “Oh, Martin, don’t be like that. You’re going to love this. I mean, just think about it… all that woman you could explore. It’ll be like nothing you’ve ever experienced.” She let her tongue slowly glide over her lips, her green eyes glinting with wicked mischief.

He was squirming, shaking his head, his face pale as he stared at her, wide-eyed and horrified. “Please… don’t…” His voice was almost drowned out by the pounding of his own heart, but Elsa wasn’t having any of it.



Her gaze shifted lower, her massive body radiating heat and arousal. “You’re so tiny,” she murmured, almost to herself, her voice husky. “I wonder what I could even do with something so… small.” She tilted her head, letting out a soft, wicked laugh as she continued to play with him, relishing every bit of his discomfort. “Maybe I’ll find out. I could think of a few… places you might fit.”

Martin’s horror was palpable, his hands trembling as they dug into her palm, but Elsa was determined. She was utterly unfazed by his pleas, her mind racing with dirty thoughts of what fun she could have with a man so small. Her fingers brushed suggestively along her body as she mused, enjoying the power she held over him. It was like holding a living toy, and she was more than ready to see how far she could push him.



But then... the steady hum of the helicopter blades behind her caught her attention. The rotors, the cameras—oh, the audience. Elsa's eyes narrowed slightly as the realization hit her. She wasn't ashamed of what she wanted to do, far from it. But the image of forcing a tiny man into her while the whole city—and perhaps the world—watched? That might make headlines she wasn't quite ready for.

Her lips twitched with frustration, her mind whirling with possibilities. She loved being the center of attention, but even Elsa had to admit that this might just make her come off a little... well, psychotic. The backlash could be more annoying than it was worth.


With a dramatic sigh, she brought Martin up to her face, her expression shifting from arousal to playful flirtation. "You know what, Martin?" she cooed, her voice dripping with seductive charm. "I think you just got lucky. There's a little too much of an audience here for us to get... properly acquainted." Her eyes flicked to the helicopters circling in the distance. "But don't you worry, cutie. I'll be back for you when the cameras aren't rolling."
She grinned, bringing him closer to her lips again, this time planting a soft, but overwhelming kiss on his entire body. "Next time, you'll get to enjoy all of me," she purred, her lips brushing against him as she spoke. "Trust me... I don't think you'll mind."


With that, Elsa slowly lowered Martin back down, letting him slide gently onto a nearby rooftop, her fingers still teasing him lightly before she pulled away.
COOLAIR
COOLAIR


"I'll let you go... for now," she added, her voice a low, sultry whisper. "But don't think for a second that we're done here. Next time, sweetie, you're all mine."


She gave him a playful wink, standing back up to her full height, her hips swaying as she turned her attention back to the city in front of her. The helicopters whirred behind her, capturing every moment, but Elsa barely cared.


The tension in Mayor Greene's office was suffocating. He paced furiously in front of his desk, his eyes narrowed in frustration as he flicked through TV channels, each one showing more images of Elsa Erickson's giant figure towering over the city. What had started as shock and awe was rapidly turning into something far worse.
On one channel, a reporter was comparing the unfolding disaster to a monster movie, flashing clips of Elsa's feet crushing cars and sending crowds into panic. Another network had a roundtable of experts questioning the city's leadership, wondering why there had been no real attempts to stop her yet.



Mayor Greene scowled and slammed the remote onto his desk. He turned toward Police Commissioner Nash, who was standing near the door, pale and stiff as if holding his breath.

"So? You have confirmed deaths?" Greene barked, his voice sharp with both disbelief and anger.

Nash nodded, wiping a bead of sweat from his brow. "Yes, sir. At least three confirmed from a car she stepped on earlier. And we've got unconfirmed reports of casualties inside the building she damaged. It's... not looking good, sir."

Greene clenched his fists, his knuckles turning white. "Fantastic," he spat, sarcasm dripping from his tone. "I've got a giant bimbo wrecking my city, crushing people and buildings, and where the hell is the National Guard?" He slammed his hand down on the desk, frustration boiling over. "Why aren't they here yet, Nash?"

"They're still a couple of hours away," Nash replied nervously. "Even when they get here... sir, I'm not sure what they'll be able to do. She's huge, and we've never faced anything like this before."



Mayor Greene glared at the commissioner, his patience evaporating. “So what? We just stand around with our thumbs up our asses while she plays Godzilla out there? I’ve got reporters tearing me apart on live TV, and they’re all asking why I haven’t done something already!”

Nash opened his mouth to respond but hesitated, choosing his words carefully. “We’re doing everything we can, sir. But she’s unpredictable, and…”

Greene wasn’t in the mood for excuses. “I don’t want to hear what’s hard, Nash! I want solutions. Do something before we end up with more dead bodies because she decided to take another damn step.”

Nash stiffened and nodded quickly. “Yes, sir. We’re redirecting traffic and trying to keep people clear of her path, but with the panic in the streets, it’s a nightmare. I’ll send more units immediately to handle crowd control.”

Greene shook his head, his jaw clenched in frustration as he flicked the TV back on. Another reporter was showing a replay of Elsa knocking over a building like it was made of sand, the commentary turning from fascination to outright fear. “This is not what I was talking about,” the Mayor said, coldly.

“We’ll do everything we can to contain the situation, sir,” Nash assured him, though there was no hiding the uncertainty in his voice. He turned to leave, his mind already racing to figure out how they were going to manage the chaos.

Greene’s voice stopped him at the door. “Nash. Fix this,” he growled, his tone low and deadly serious. “Before we’re the ones getting crushed out there.”





Elsa strutted down the now mostly cleared avenue, each step sinking her feet into the asphalt with a satisfying crunch. There were far fewer people in her way now, and the remaining cars were an absolute joy to crush. The resistance they put up against her soles was almost pitiful, but the sound—oh, the sound of metal crumpling beneath her—was music to her ears.

Her mood had skyrocketed since her little encounter with Martin. That tiny man had been so much fun, even if she hadn't gotten to finish what she started. She felt a familiar warmth building inside her, making her tingle.

"Guess I'm hornier than I thought," she mused, biting her lower lip as she glanced down at her breasts, bouncing with every stride, still impossibly perky despite their sheer, delicious size. "But hey, can you blame me? This body is irresistible—even to me."

She let out a light laugh, the sound bouncing off the nearby buildings. She'd always used her body to manipulate men, to get what she wanted—whether it was attention, money, or just pure fun. Now, though? Now she didn't even have to try. They were all helpless before her. She could just pluck them up, toy with them... watch them squirm. Now that was exhilarating.

"Who needs sweet talk when you can just pick them up?" she purred to herself, giggling as the thought sent a shiver down her spine.



The avenue opened up into a large plaza, and for the first time since her growth, something actually stood taller than her. A building. It wasn't by much—just a few stories—but enough to give her pause. Its shiny mirrored panels shimmered in the sunlight, reflecting her towering figure back at her. Elsa's green eyes sparkled with delight.

"Ohhh, finally! A full-body mirror," she practically sang.

She stepped into the plaza, hands on her hips, and stood before the building's mirrored surface. For a moment, she just admired herself, her lips curving into a wicked grin.

"Damn," she whispered, running her hands slowly down her body, tracing every curve with exaggerated appreciation. "Look at me. Bigger, better, hotter than ever."



Her fingers traveled over her hourglass figure, caressing the sharp lines of her hips and waist. Her skin looked flawless, almost glowing in the light. And her breasts? Oh, her breasts. They were more magnificent than ever—massive, impossibly round, high and perky like gravity had simply given up on them. "These babies are unstoppable," she giggled, giving them a playful squeeze. "Tons of fun, and still just floating there. You lucky girl, Elsa."

The reflection had her entranced. She was rediscovering herself, and every inch of her screamed sex, power, and dominance. Almost without realizing it, her hand slipped down between her thighs, her fingers grazing the wetness there. A low moan escaped her lips, her hips rolling slightly into her own touch.

"God, I'm so friggin' hot," she moaned, biting her lip, pressing harder.



Her fingers worked faster, her moans growing louder, but something out of the corner of her eye caught her attention. Oh. People. She blinked, realizing this wasn't just a mirror—it was a building. A building full of people. And they had just gotten the soft porn show of a lifetime.

Elsa's lips curved into a slow, wicked smile. She slowly removed her hand, wiping it against her thigh. "Well, well, well... enjoying the show, are we?"

Straightening up, she leaned down, letting her breath fog up the mirrored surface just inches from her face. "If you wanted a private viewing, you only had to ask," she teased, her voice dripping with wicked charm.

But she wasn't done. Not by a long shot.

"Let's take this to the next level, shall we?"


Mashing her colossal tits together with her hands, Elsa purred at the fuzzy, stunned figures watching from behind the shattered glass. “Bet you’ve never seen tits like these before, huh?” she teased, green eyes glinting with mischief. “They were impressive enough when I was normal... but now?” She gave her chest a playful bounce, sending tremors through the building. “Now they’re wrecking balls—literally!”


Elsa chuckled, delighting in the blend of awe and terror etched on the tiny faces below. Pressing her breasts even deeper into the trembling structure, she relished the chorus of groaning concrete and shattering glass. Leaning in, her lips curled into a seductive smirk inches from the windows. "I bet I know what you'd like," she purred, her voice sultry and teasing. "It's what everyone wants, really."



With a gleam in her eye, Elsa led with her chest, stepping forward until her colossal tits pressed lightly against the glass. The cool surface sent delightful shivers through her, and she let out a soft gasp as her sensitive nipples hardened instantly.

"Oh, that's nice," she cooed, swaying her hips seductively, letting the glass tease her just a little more before applying more pressure. The glass resisted, but only just. She could feel it—feel the little building straining to hold up against her massive, irresistible curves.

She leaned in harder, a wicked grin playing on her lips. "Come on, little building, give it up."

Megan Evans had barely begun her usual morning grind on the fifteenth floor of the Goldstar when the world flipped upside down. First came the tremors. Then, impossibly, Elsa Erickson—every headline's centerfold—loomed outside, her colossal form blotting out the skyline. Megan's hands trembled, clutching a half-sorted stack of reports, as the giantess pressed her legendary tits right against Megan's own window. The glass bowed, creaked, and the entire building rocked as panicked screams erupted all around. Mesmerized, Megan stood frozen, jaw slack, unable to look away from the surreal wall of soft flesh dominating her entire view. Dreams of promotions vanished—nothing existed but Elsa.




Outside, Elsa was in absolute bliss, the cool glass sending shivers through her as it teased her swollen nipples, making them throb and swell even more. Each little shock of pleasure had her pressing harder, flattening her breasts against the windows—her moan vibrating through the entire high-rise. The skyscraper itself felt like an eager new lover, responding to her every movement with groans and cracks. At her towering size, anything could become a plaything, and right now, with her arousal overwhelming any restraint, even a building was just another toy for her pleasure. Elsa grinned, lost in the thrill of her own unstoppable desire.


Elsa began to sway her hips in a slow, sensual dance, her massive curves rolling in time with her teasing movements. She pressed her tits harder into the building, glass and steel squealing beneath her flesh as she ground against it, making the whole tower tremble. Her breath fogged the windows as she leaned in, voice dropping to a sultry purr.
"Mmm, you like that, don't you?" she crooned, tracing circles with her nipples on the glass. "You're not just any building—you're my toy now. Let's see how much of me you can handle." She moaned again, grinding even closer, lost in her own delicious power.



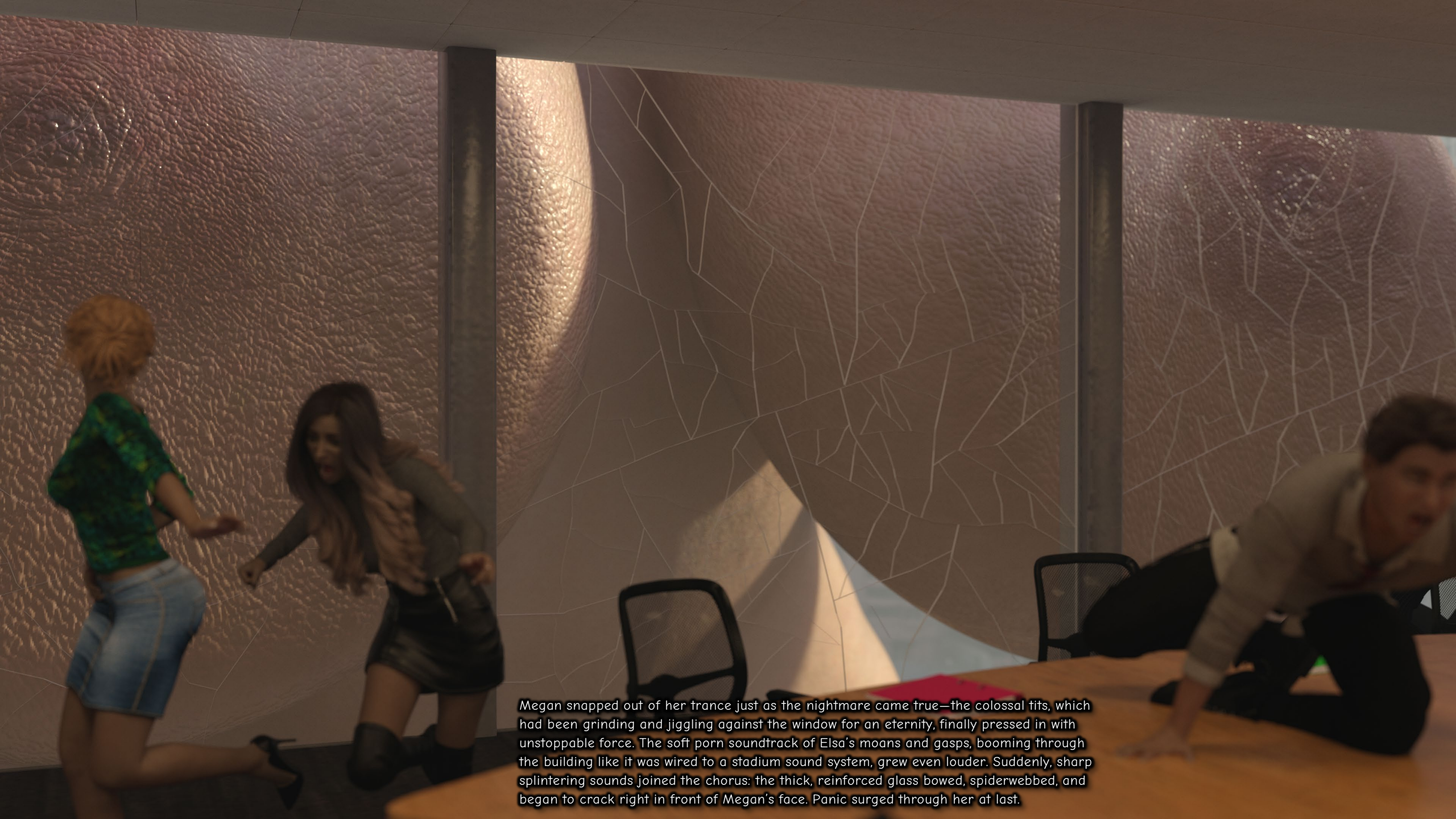
Elsa's sensual dance only grew filthier, her hips rolling and her enormous tits mashing mercilessly against the groaning tower. She pressed herself into the glass, breathy moans rumbling through the building as she taunted the trembling office workers inside. "You feel that, baby? All this just for you," she purred, licking her lips as she ground her chest harder, windows spiderwebbing beneath her flesh.

Overcome with arousal, Elsa's hand slid hungrily down her body, disappearing between her thighs. She began to work herself with slow, needy strokes, her voice thick with lust. "Keep watching, little ones... you're about to see what a real show looks like."


Elsa's head tilted back, eyes half-lidded in bliss as deep, hungry moans tore from her lips. Her cheeks flushed, breath ragged, she ground her body against the building with even more abandon. "Oh god, you feel so good," she growled, locking her gaze on the stunned faces inside. "Look at you all, watching me... you like seeing a goddess lose control, don't you?" Her hand worked furiously between her legs, her voice dropping to a filthy purr.


Overwhelmed by pleasure, Elsa wrapped both arms around the trembling tower, pulling it tight against her heaving chest. Her massive hand gripped the building's side, fingers digging in as her excitement peaked. The glass began to crack beneath her grip, a web of fractures racing through the facade. The whole structure groaned desperately in her embrace. Elsa moaned louder, pressing her tits and body even harder into the high-rise, barely noticing the destruction she was unleashing. "Mmm, can you feel me?" she purred, her power and lust completely unchecked.


Elsa's moans grew louder, echoing through the city as she clung to the tower, her body shuddering with wild excitement. Each desperate gasp sent fresh tremors through the building, the cracks beneath her grip spreading wider. "Oh fuck, yes..." she growled, her voice raw and filthy. Her hips bucked against the glass, breasts grinding mercilessly into the collapsing facade.


Megan snapped out of her trance just as the nightmare came true—the colossal tits, which had been grinding and jiggling against the window for an eternity, finally pressed in with unstoppable force. The soft porn soundtrack of Elsa's moans and gasps, booming through the building like it was wired to a stadium sound system, grew even louder. Suddenly, sharp splintering sounds joined the chorus: the thick, reinforced glass bowed, spiderwebbed, and began to crack right in front of Megan's face. Panic surged through her at last.

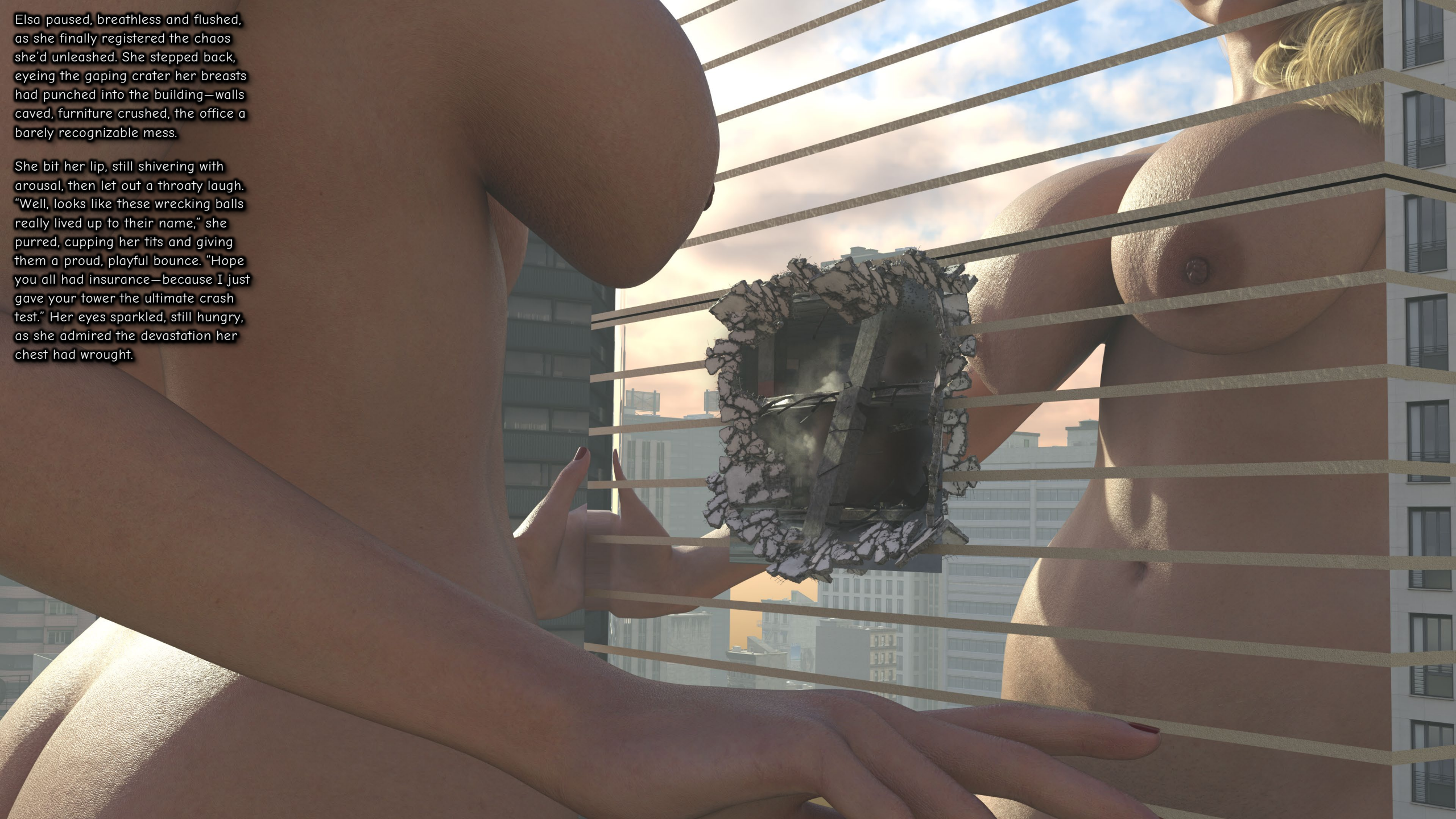

Lost in overwhelming pleasure, Elsa plunged her hand between her thighs once again, fingers furiously working her slick, needy pussy. Her hips bucked, grinding her titanic body even harder against the crumbling facade, each roll of her hips making the building groan and crack beneath her. Ragged moans spilled from her lips, echoing across the city, blending with the screech of tortured steel and shattering glass. Her eyes glazed with lust, Elsa barely noticed the destruction—she only cared about the wild ecstasy flooding her senses. "Oh god, yes..." she growled, working herself harder, utterly consumed by the thrill of power and release.



Elsa's massive hand worked feverishly between her thighs, one thick finger plunging deep inside her slick, desperate pussy. Her love juices gushed in hot, heavy streams, raining down in sticky torrents onto the shattered street and the cowering city below. The raw sounds of her pleasure—wet, needy, unstoppable—filled the air as her hips bucked and her body shuddered. Every movement sent fresh waves of fluid cascading down her thighs, the ground quickly drenched by the evidence of her ferocious arousal.


Elsa's face was a portrait of raw ecstasy—eyes squeezed shut, lips parted in a desperate, trembling moan that built into a scream. Her cheeks flushed deep pink as sweat trickled down her temples, golden hair clinging to her brow. She pressed her body even harder into the collapsing building, the force of her pleasure shaking the tower to its core. Her screams echoed like thunder, rattling the glass and sending new cracks racing through the facade. "Oh yes—yes—YES!" she howled, voice ringing through the city.


From Megan's perspective, time seemed to shatter along with the glass. Elsa's massive breasts finally burst through the window, exploding inward in a tidal wave of soft, unyielding flesh. The wall crumpled, desks and chairs splintered beneath the unstoppable curves, drywall raining down in choking clouds of dust. Megan was thrown from her feet, tumbling across the floor as the office became a chaos of screams and flying debris. People scrambled desperately for exits, some crushed, others pinned, all powerless before the giantess's sheer force. Through it all, Megan could only stare in awe and terror, Elsa's skin blotting out the world, suffocating, inescapable.



Elsa paused, breathless and flushed, as she finally registered the chaos she'd unleashed. She stepped back, eyeing the gaping crater her breasts had punched into the building—walls caved, furniture crushed, the office a barely recognizable mess.

She bit her lip, still shivering with arousal, then let out a throaty laugh. "Well, looks like these wrecking balls really lived up to their name," she purred, cupping her tits and giving them a proud, playful bounce. "Hope you all had insurance—because I just gave your tower the ultimate crash test." Her eyes sparkled, still hungry, as she admired the devastation her chest had wrought.

Elsa stood there, panting lightly, the thrill of her latest conquest still coursing through her veins. She could feel the thrum of her own heartbeat in her chest, her body alive with arousal, her skin tingling from the sensation of her massive tits ripping through a building. It had been a revelation—her power, her size, and just how much she could do with it. The thought made her bite her lower lip, a naughty smile creeping across her face.

"Mmm," she moaned softly, speaking more to herself than anyone, "I could get used to this." Her voice dropped into a sultry, dirty whisper as she looked down at the wreckage she had caused, the little ants—no, the people—scattering inside the building. They were scrambling like they didn't know what had just happened to them.

"How's the view down there, little ones?" she teased, licking her lips as her eyes glinted with a mischievous glow. The thought of plucking a few of them from the wreckage and just... stuffing them into her pussy crossed her mind. Oh, the power she could feel, the control... and how good it would feel. For a second, she almost reached for them, her fingers twitching with the temptation.





But then, that damn buzzing of the choppers made her pause.

She glanced up at the helicopters hovering overhead, a constant reminder that her every action, her every move, was being broadcast to the world. On one hand, it thrilled her to no end to know that millions were watching her. Hell, she wanted them to see her rip open a building with her legendary tits. Who wouldn't be turned on by that kind of raw, sexy power?

But now, as horny as she was, it was becoming... limiting. The audience, the cameras, the spotlight—it wasn't the right kind of attention when she was this close to losing control.

"Ugh," she muttered under her breath, her frustration bubbling beneath the surface. "Can't a giantess get a little privacy?" For the first time all morning, she wasn't completely thrilled about her life turning into a 24/7 reality show. Not when she was this horny. And Elsa knew herself. When she was worked up like this, she could barely think straight until she got off.


She needed to do something.
Her eyes darted around, and she considered just going for it—fingering herself right here in front of the world for a quick release. But then, something better caught her eye. Her lips curled into a grin. "Oh... I have a better idea."
Her eyes landed on a tanker truck parked just across the way. It was huge, at least by normal standards, but to her? It was like the perfect-sized toy.
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Juice



Grinning, Elsa strode across the plaza, each step sending tremors through the ground as she moved, getting to her new plaything in no time.



She knelt down beside the truck, her towering form casting a massive shadow over it. The driver was still inside, frozen in fear, staring up at her with wide, terrified eyes.



"Well, what do we have here?" Elsa purred, her voice playful and teasing. She leaned in closer, her breath fogging up the windows of the truck. "You in there, little guy? You driving this big thing all by yourself?"

The driver didn't answer, but Elsa could see the sheer terror on his face. She giggled softly, loving the reaction. She reached out with one finger and tapped the cab lightly, causing it to rock on its wheels. "Come on, don't be shy. What's in this thing, huh?"


The driver finally stammered out an answer. "I-It's milk."
Elsa's eyes lit up with amusement. "Milk? Oh, that's too perfect." She let out a sultry laugh, licking her lips suggestively. "Well, I hope you don't mind if I borrow it for a bit. I've got some... needs to take care of."
THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART
King road
Petipet tech


Ignoring the driver's panicked screams, Elsa gripped the tanker with both hands, lifting it with the ease of lifting a toy.


People scattered, trying to put as much distance from her as possible as she handled the large tanker like a model set.
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With a sharp yank, the giantess then ripped the tanker away from the truck's chassis. The cab clattered to the ground, the driver still inside, while Elsa held the cylindrical tank in her hands, examining it with a wicked smile.


It was just the right size, about eight inches long in comparison to her—like the perfect cock for her to play with. She ran her tongue slowly along the surface, moaning softly at the cool metal against her lips. "Mmm, this'll do nicely," she purred, her voice dripping with lust.
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She removed the wheels, tossing them aside like trash, leaving her with just the tank. It was sleek, smooth, and just the right shape. Her body hummed in anticipation, her nipples already aching with desire as she prepared to put it to good use.
Energy Drinks
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But the constant buzzing of the helicopters was still there, nagging at the edge of her thoughts. It wasn't the same as using people—no, that would've been way better—but she needed just a little bit of privacy. At least for a moment.


Elsa's eyes narrowed in annoyance as she glanced up at the choppers circling overhead. "Alright, enough of this," she muttered, her voice sharp with irritation. "You guys need to give me some space if you know what's good for you."
When the helicopters didn't move, she smirked, her mind flashing back to the fun she'd had with them earlier on the highway. "Fine. Have it your way."


She leaned forward and, with a playful grin, blew them a strong kiss. The gust of wind hit the choppers like a hurricane, sending them sputtering out of control. One after another, they spun wildly through the air, crashing into buildings or the ground with loud thuds. Three of them went down before the rest finally got the message and cleared out.
"That's better," Elsa purred, brushing her hands together with a satisfied smirk.
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Now that she had the space she needed, she turned her attention back to her new "dildo." Her eyes sparkled with excitement as she gripped the tank tightly in her hands, her body already trembling with desire.

"Oh, this is going to be fun," she whispered, licking her lips as she prepared to indulge herself.

Elsa gazed down at the tanker in her hands, her fingers curling around it with an almost tender touch. The sight of the long, sleek shape sent a delightful shiver down her spine, making her body hum with anticipation. A playful grin tugged at the corner of her lips as her eyes darted down to her own body, and then back to her makeshift toy.





"Well," she purred, her voice sultry and teasing, "guess it's time to put you to good use."

She raised the tank to her mouth, her tongue slipping out and trailing slowly, sensually along the cold metal. The coolness sent electric pulses through her, making her moan softly as she coated it with her saliva. Her movements were slow, deliberate, teasing herself as much as she was preparing the tank for what was about to come.

"Ohhh, yeah... gotta make sure you're nice and ready for me," she whispered, her breath hot against the tank as she licked it again, letting her tongue dance over the surface, lubricating it, her body already throbbing in anticipation. The metal, slick with her saliva, glistened in the sunlight, a stark contrast to the heat radiating from her own body.


Elsa widened her stance, her legs parting as she lowered herself slightly, her heart racing with excitement. Her free hand slid down her body, teasing her own skin before she gently spread her outer lips with her fingers, revealing her slick, needy womanhood. She brought the tank lower, biting her lip as she positioned it against her entrance, teasing herself with the cold, metallic tip.


Her breath hitched, her eyelids fluttering as she let the tanker brush lightly against her, the sensation sending delicious shivers through her body. "Mmm... yeah...," she moaned, her voice a seductive growl. The plaza at her feet trembled slightly as her hips shifted, her colossal form moving with an elegance that contrasted with the sheer power behind her size.


Slowly, she began to slide the tank into her, her lips parting in a low, throaty moan as the cold metal entered her warmth. Her vaginal muscles clenched around it instinctively, gripping the tank tightly as she began to rock her hips, thrusting it deeper, bit by bit.
"Fuck..." she whispered, her voice trembling with pleasure as she began to thrust the tanker deeper inside. Each movement was deliberate at first, slow and teasing, but her growing desire pushed her to move faster, harder. The ground beneath her rumbled as her movements picked up pace, sending tremors through the plaza with each thrust.


Elsa leaned against a building to her back. The moment her body touched it, the structure groaned under her weight, but she barely noticed as her body took control, hips grinding faster, the tank sliding deeper into her slick, aching pussy. "Oh, god... yes...," she moaned, the pleasure building inside her as her movements became more urgent, more needy.



The tanker was nearly buried inside her now, her vaginal muscles clenching around it tighter and tighter, the metal groaning under the pressure. The sensation of the tank inside her, combined with the power she felt over it, was intoxicating. Her free hand moved to her breast, squeezing her swollen nipple as her hips bucked harder, the tank thrusting in and out with increasing speed.


Tremors rocked the plaza with each powerful thrust. The buildings around her quivered as Elsa's massive body moved with increasing force, her moans echoing through the city. Her eyes fluttered closed, lost in the overwhelming pleasure, her hips rolling faster as the tank dented under the pressure of her vaginal muscles.
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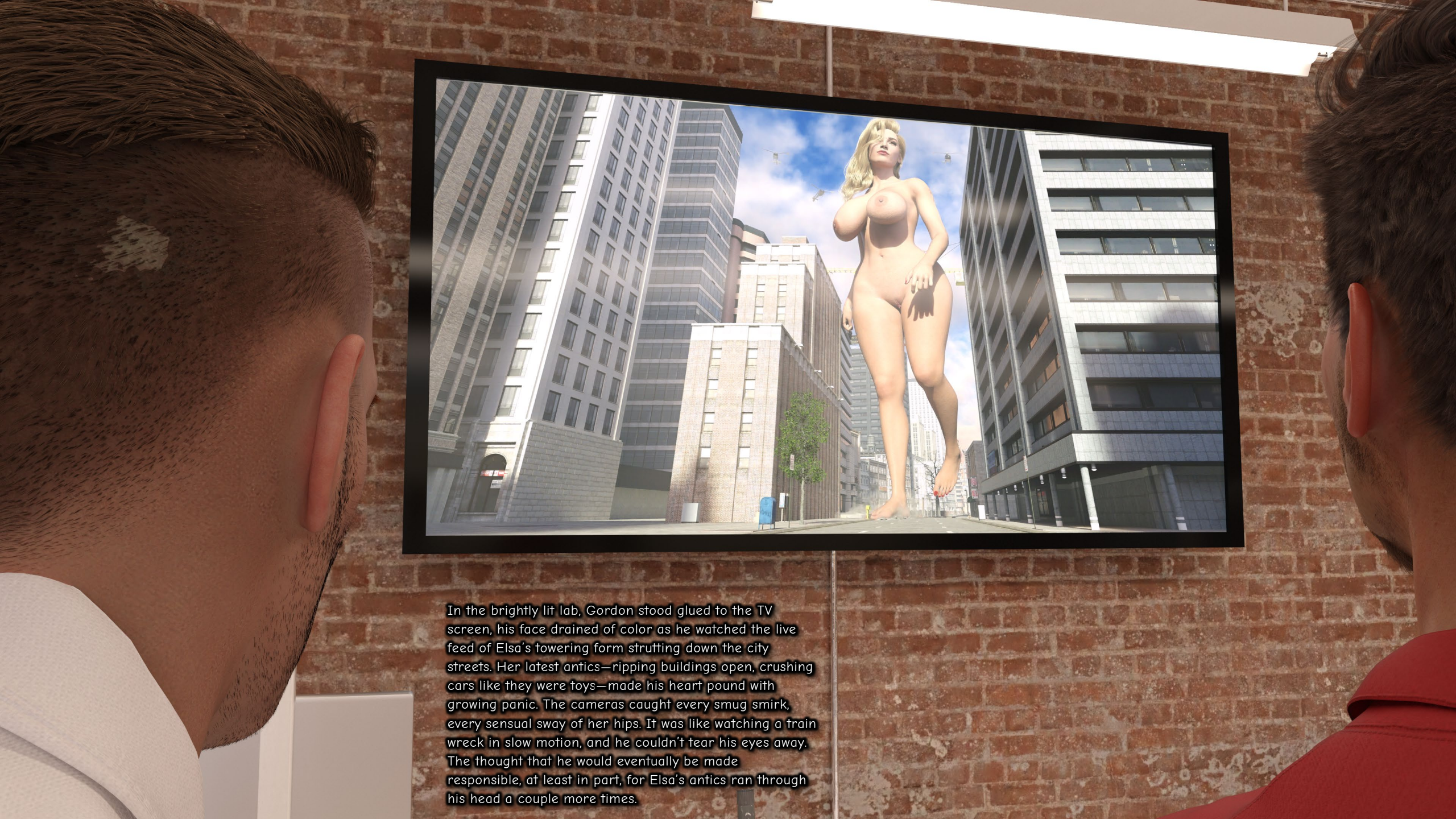

"Fuck... yeah...," she groaned, her body trembling as she reached the peak of her desire. The tank, once smooth and solid, was now crumpled in her grip, crushed between her thighs as her pussy clenched around it, harder and harder, until finally—
Juice


"Yes!" Elsa cried out, her body shuddering violently as she came. Her vaginal muscles squeezed the tank with a final, brutal thrust, the metal giving way entirely as it crumpled under the force of her orgasm. A wave of milk exploded from the tank, raining down on her thighs, her hips, her belly.


Panting, Elsa gazed down at the mess, her fingers still gripping the remains of the crushed tanker. The sight of the milk dripping down her body made her laugh, her voice rich with amusement and post-orgasmic bliss. "Well... I guess I milked that for all it was worth," she giggled, running her tongue over her lips as she watched the white liquid trickle down her skin.


She let the destroyed tank drop to the ground with a loud crash, stepping back to admire the carnage she had caused both to the tanker and the plaza. Her body was still humming with pleasure, her nipples still hard, her pussy throbbing slightly from the intensity of her climax.


With a final, playful smirk, she glanced down at the puddles of milk pooling at her feet. "How appropriate," she teased, licking the last remnants of milk from her fingers as she caught her breath, her body still buzzing with excitement from her little game.
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TRENZ
COLT



In the brightly lit lab, Gordon stood glued to the TV screen, his face drained of color as he watched the live feed of Elsa's towering form strutting down the city streets. Her latest antics—ripping buildings open, crushing cars like they were toys—made his heart pound with growing panic. The cameras caught every smug smirk, every sensual sway of her hips. It was like watching a train wreck in slow motion, and he couldn't tear his eyes away. The thought that he would eventually be made responsible, at least in part, for Elsa's antics ran through his head a couple more times.


"Lindstrom," Gordon rasped, running a hand through his thinning hair, his voice on the edge of a nervous breakdown. "Do you really know how to shrink her back? Because right now, I'm not seeing a solution. I'm seeing a disaster."


Dr. Lindstrom didn't even look up from his workstation, fingers flying across his keyboard, but the tension in his shoulders was undeniable. His eyes flicked up to the screen for a brief moment. He swallowed hard, muttering under his breath, "I'm working on it."


Gordon turned toward him, his expression incredulous. “Working on it?” he snapped, his voice rising with each syllable. “She’s out there treating the city like her own personal playground! Every second we lose, she’s getting worse! We need more than ‘working on it!’”
Golf Urius



Lindstrom sighed, his frustration barely concealed. “You think I don’t know that?” he shot back, eyes flicking up again to the monitor where Elsa was now strutting confidently toward another building. “The formula’s more complicated than I anticipated. Her body has absorbed far more than I expected. But I’m getting closer.”

Gordon stared at the TV, his skin pale, watching as Elsa ran her fingers seductively along a building’s facade. “Closer…” he muttered, shaking his head. “We better hope ‘closer’ is good enough.”


Elsa stood there, catching her breath, still riding the high of her recent climax. The world seemed brighter, sharper, and everything felt so... manageable. Exhilaration pulsed through her veins. This new life, this new size—it was everything. She knew she should be freaked out. She'd grown to a size that turned her into a walking disaster, but really, why stress? Everything was so damned easy now. She could do whatever she wanted, handle any problem just by being more of herself. More size, more power—it was all so simple.


As her breathing steadied, a low, rumbling sound cut through the air. Elsa's stomach growled, the unmistakable hunger pangs making themselves known. She laughed softly, placing a hand over her stomach. Of course, she thought. She always got hungry after coming. It was like a rule of life—orgasm, then food. "And it's lunchtime," she mused aloud, glancing around. "Perfect timing."


Her eyes scanned the city, taking in the streets and buildings as she pieced together where she was.
APARTMENTS


The area seemed familiar, and then it hit her—Marlon's! Her favorite burger place wasn't too far from here. The thought of biting into one of their juicy bacon cheeseburgers made her mouth water. "Ohhh, yes," she purred to herself. "I could definitely go for that right now."


She needed directions, though. And she had not exactly grown with a giant smartphone with Google Maps on it.
APARTMENTS
CARLTON COURTS APARTMENTS



Elsa's lips curled into a wicked smirk as her gaze landed on a lone woman frozen below, wide-eyed amidst the chaos and ruin. "Well, aren't you just begging for my attention?" she teased.


“Hey, cutie, can you give me a hand?” Elsa purred, her voice rolling down like velvet thunder. But the moment her words reached the woman—and the rest of the tiny people clustered at her toes—their only response was to scream in terror and scatter in every direction. Elsa’s green eyes sparkled with amusement as she watched the chaos unfold. “Aww, don’t be shy!” she called after them, clearly entertained by their panic.



Without hesitation, Elsa bent down and plucked the woman from the street, lifting her effortlessly into the air. The woman screamed, her legs kicking as Elsa brought her up to her face. "Hey there, little one," Elsa teased with playful cockiness. "I need a favor." She twirled the woman lightly between her fingers, making her dizzy. "You're going to help me find Marlon's. I'm starving."


The woman's wide eyes darted back and forth, her face pale as she stammered, "I-I don't know—"
Elsa raised an eyebrow, her lips curling into a teasing grin. She set the woman on her palm, arched and eyebrow and continued. "Oh, come on now," she purred, her voice laced with mock sweetness. "You've got a phone, don't you? I know you do. You little things never go anywhere without them. So, let's make this easy, hmm? Get that tiny thing out and find me the address to Marlon's. Or do I need to motivate you?"



The woman fumbled for her phone, her fingers shaking as she pulled it out. Elsa watched with amused satisfaction, her eyes gleaming as the woman hastily searched for the burger joint's address.

A moment later, the woman squeaked, "It's only a couple miles from here, but... but the traffic is a total mess. I-I don't know how you're going to—"


Elsa let out a hearty laugh, shaking her head. "Sweetheart, I am the mess," she teased. "Traffic? Please. That won't be a problem."


She raised her palm, bringing the woman closer to her face, her breath warm against the terrified woman's skin. "Alright, tiny Google Maps. You're going to guide me there. Directions, step-by-step, got it?"
APARTMENTS


The woman nodded quickly, too scared to argue. With each step Elsa took, her titanic form causing the ground to tremble, she listened to the tiny woman bark directions from her phone. Elsa was crushing cars more often than not, now, but that barely rattled her. If anything, it was amusing —very amusing.
STARS
OFFICE SUPPLIES
TEPCO


"Make a left now," the woman said in her tiny Mickey Mouse voice.
Elsa couldn't resist teasing the woman the entire way. "You little things are so useful," she said, her voice coy. "I could keep you with me, be my tiny personal assistant." She winked, giggling when she saw the woman shiver. "Ah, don't worry... I don't have any pockets in me, do I?"
APARTMENTS
MARLONS


Elsa's heart leapt with glee as her eyes landed on the unmistakable neon M shining above the chaos—her favorite burger joint, Marlon's. Hunger and excitement mingled in her grin as she strode toward the glowing sign, each step sending tremors rippling through the battered city.


Ignoring the running and screaming at her feet as she approached her lunch spot, Elsa smiled down at her little "navigator." "Well, you did a decent job," she said, her voice filled with mock praise. "I guess I can't just drop you back in the street, can I?"
MARLONS
EMPIRE HOTEL
HOTEL



Elsa's colossal feet landed with earth-shaking thuds, dwarfing the tiny patrons who were just exiting the burger place. The ground trembled beneath them as her shadow swept over the entrance, plunging the crowd into sudden panic. She sauntered forward without a care, eyes fixed hungrily on the glowing sign and the promise of food inside.



"There we go," Elsa said with a teasing smirk. "Thanks for your service, tiny. Enjoy the view." She gave the woman a flirtatious wink before turning her attention to Marlon's, her stomach rumbling with anticipation.

"Now... let's get some burgers."


Elsa licked her lips as she knelt in front of Marlon's, her enormous figure looming over the small burger joint like a goddess surveying her temple.
LIQUORS
PAY DAY LOANS

Her massive green eyes peeked through the windows, her face filling the view entirely. Inside, people screamed, scrambling for cover as they saw her gigantic form so close. Elsa giggled, the sound rich and melodic, sending shivers down their spines.

“Aww, don’t be like that,” she cooed, her voice dripping with playful mockery. “I’m just here for lunch!” She waved a hand dismissively at the panic unfolding behind the glass. “Honestly, you’d think you’ve never seen a giant woman before!”



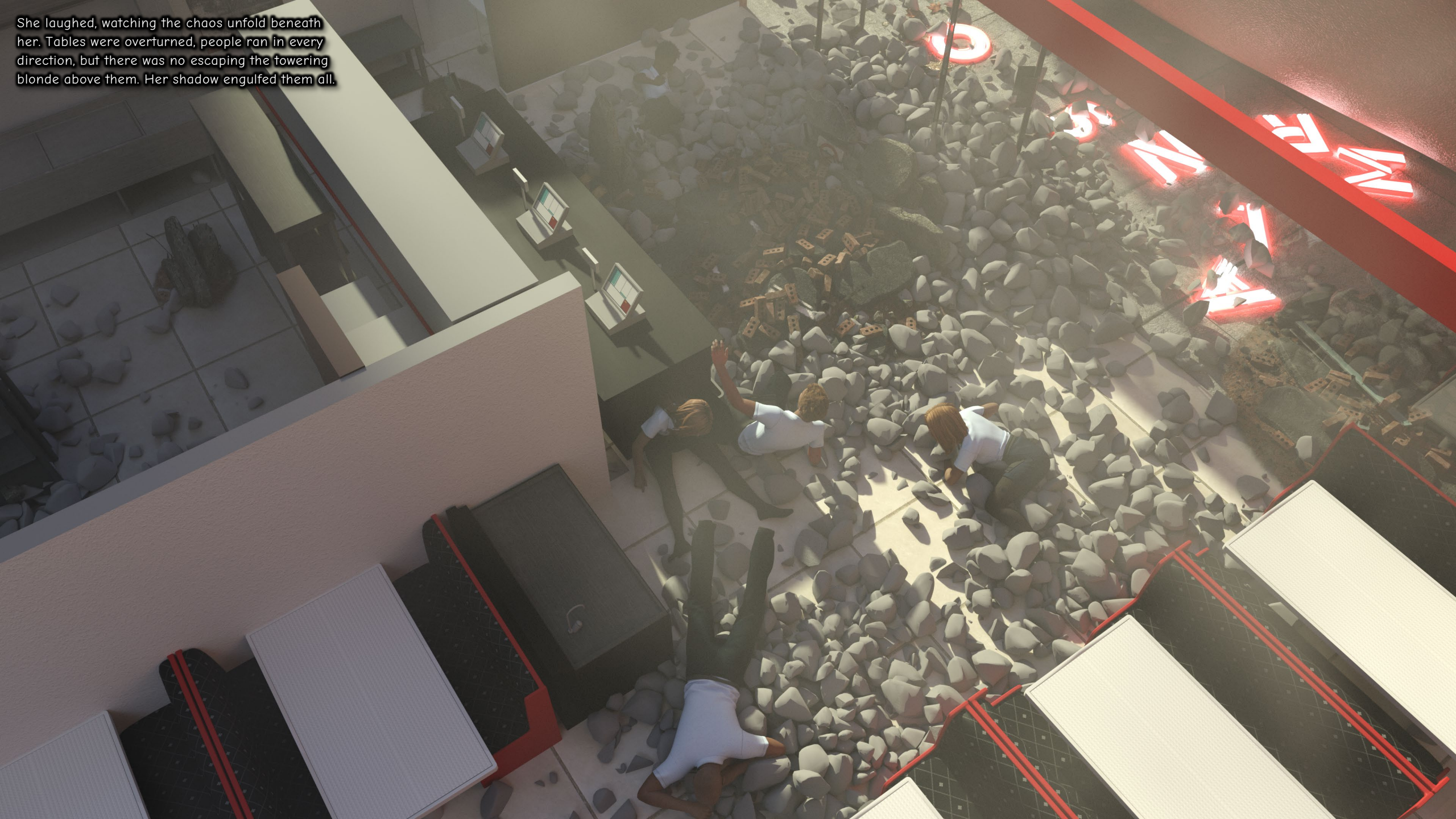

But peeking through windows wasn't going to cut it. Elsa needed more access. She was hungry, both for food and for fun, and she wasn't in the mood for half-measures. Smirking to herself, she knelt down fully, positioning her massive body over the building like a cat ready to pounce. Her fingers reached out delicately—well, as delicately as a giantess could manage—and with a single swift motion, she peeled the roof off Marlon's like it was the lid of a tin can.
CUT PRICE LIQUORS


The roof groaned, then screeched as it gave way, crumbling under the pressure of her enormous hands. Like with everything she had tried so far, there was nothing she tried that she could not accomplish.


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WELCOME


For those inside, the situation was quite more chaotic as the light came back into the restaurant, accompanied by large chunks of debris that threatened with knocking them out even before the giantess could devote her attention to them.


With a final yank, Elsa tore the roof completely free. Pieces of metal and wood broke apart like paper, scattering around as Elsa ripped it free and tossed it aside casually.


She laughed, watching the chaos unfold beneath her. Tables were overturned, people ran in every direction, but there was no escaping the towering blonde above them. Her shadow engulfed them all.


Elsa leaned in, her face filling the newly roofless space, her green eyes glinting with amusement. “Surprise!” she teased, her voice taking on a mock sing-song quality. “Didn’t expect me to drop in for lunch, huh?” She wiggled her fingers, sending more people screaming. “Don’t worry, I’m not here for you... unless you get in my way.”
She could practically taste the power, the absolute control she held over them. It was intoxicating. Elsa bit her lip, feeling that familiar rush surge through her again. But first things first—she needed food.


"You guys know how much I love this place," she said, her voice a teasing purr as she glanced down at the terrified patrons. "I've been coming here forever. Best bacon cheeseburgers in town." She sighed dramatically. "And let me tell you—I'm starving." She emphasized the last word with a playful growl, her stomach rumbling on cue.
The people below erupted into even more chaos, running in every direction, trying desperately to escape the giantess looming over them. Elsa rolled her eyes, clearly amused. "Oh, come on! You guys are making this harder than it needs to be. Look, I just want burgers, and I need all the burgers you can make, like... now. Understand?"
After a few moments of confusion, the crowd seemed to realize that following her orders was the only way out. Elsa watched with satisfaction as the kitchen staff, pale and terrified, scrambled to fire up the grills and start making burgers. The remaining patrons huddled near the edges of the restaurant, far away from the massive woman now literally hanging over their heads.
"I knew you could be reasonable! You've got five minutes to get me fed, okay? And I'm not known for my patience." She flashed them a flirty smile, her eyes twinkling with amusement. "I really hope you don't let me down."



As the staff rushed to make burgers, Elsa grew bored of waiting. She sighed theatrically and decided to take matters into her own hands—literally. Without warning, her giant hand descended into the open roof, pushing aside tables and people as if they were nothing more than ants. Her fingers brushed against several patrons, sending them toppling over as she reached for the counter.

"Alright, time's up!" she teased, her voice taking on a sultry edge. "Mama's hungry."


The staff unloaded several boxes of burgers into her waiting palm, they amounted to barely half a handful. It was not a lot, but it would have to do.


"You did a decent job," she teased. "Still, I'm too much woman for so few burgers... so why don't you get back inside and cook some more. I'll be back later!"


She then brought the boxes of burgers up to her mouth, licking her lips as she tossed them in, one by one, savoring the taste of the little morsels. It wasn't nearly enough, but it would have to do for now.


"Hmm, not bad," Elsa mused as she chewed, her green eyes gleaming as she glanced down at the tiny cooks still frantically working below. "Not enough, but you did your best." She swallowed, smirking as she mocked them further. "I guess I should commend you, tiny chefs. That was a decent effort. You've officially stayed in my good list... for now."


Elsa let out a melodious laugh, her mood lifted. Standing up to her full height, she stretched, casting one last teasing glance at the panicked patrons below.


"Thanks for the burgers, darlings. Maybe next time, I'll stay for dessert." Her grin widened wickedly as she turned, stepping away from the burger joint, already contemplating her next move.


"Thanks for the burgers, darlings. Maybe next time, I'll stay for dessert." Her grin widened wickedly as she turned, stepping away from the burger joint, already cElsa's lips curled into a playful smirk as she stood back up, her towering form casting a shadow over the plaza.
Now fully satisfied, Elsa felt an irresistible urge to play a little more. She scanned the buildings around her until her eyes landed on one in particular. It was an office building, and from where she stood, she could see the tiny figures of people inside, their faces pressed against the windows in shock and terror. Her heart raced with excitement.
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To be continued