ATTACK OF THE COLOSSAL CENTREFOLD PART FOUR

JACKOFBULLETS X PAPAYOYA





KEEP CLEAR OF HER FEET...

A 200+ PAGE GIANTESS COMIC!

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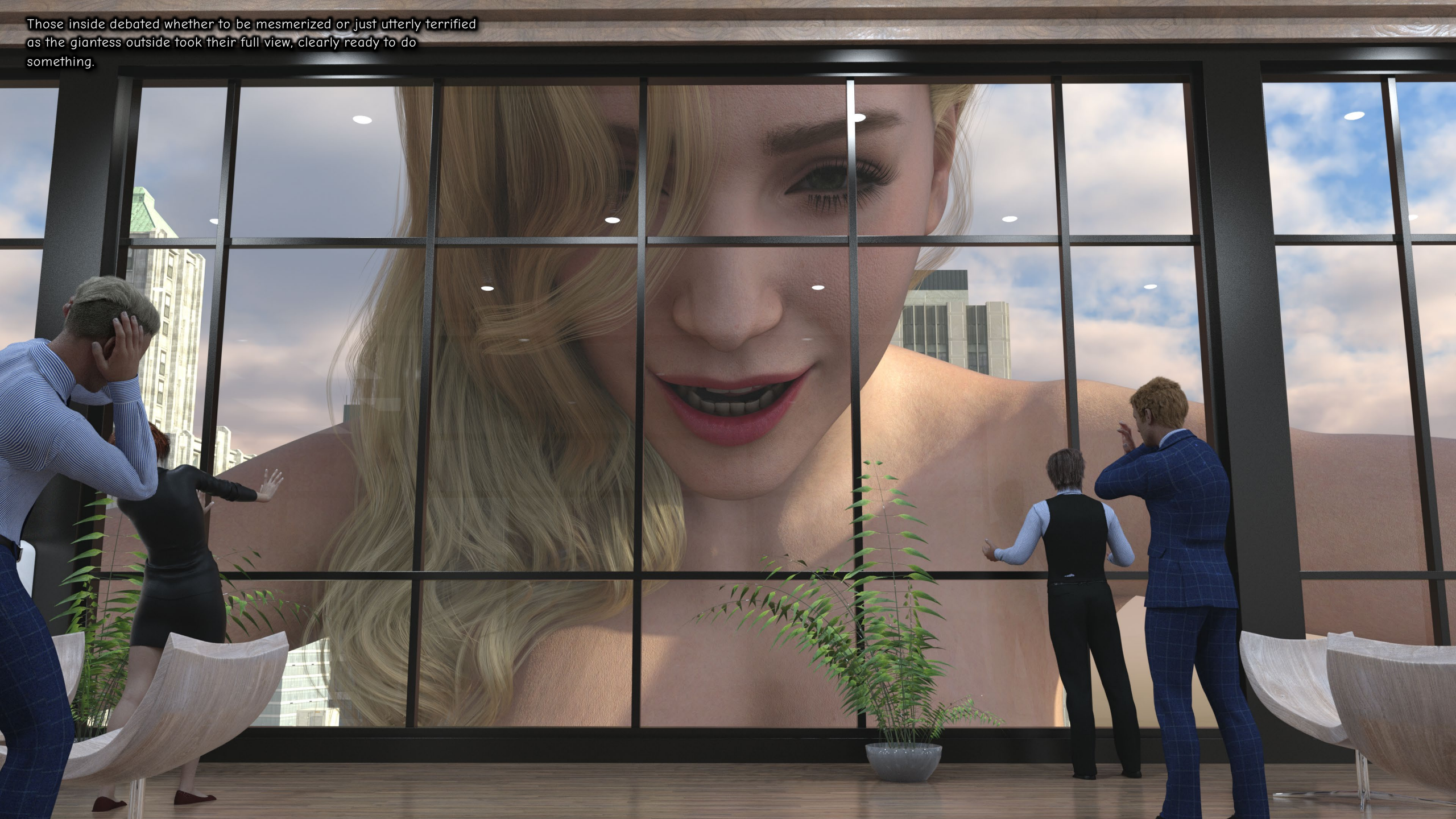
Now fully satisfied, Elsa felt an irresistible urge to play a little more. She scanned the buildings around her until her eyes landed on one in particular. It was an office building, and from where she stood, she could see the tiny figures of people inside, their faces pressed against the windows in shock and terror. Her heart raced with excitement.

"Oh, this is too perfect," she whispered, biting her lip as she crouched down in front of the building, her massive face level with the windows of the top floor. Inside, she could see what looked like a business meeting. How quaint. How small.


She pressed her face close to the glass, her breath fogging it up as she smiled playfully at the people inside. "Well, well, what do we have here?" she teased, her voice a seductive purr.
EO
INC


"Looks like someone's working hard... or at least they were." She giggled, watching the chaos unfold as the people scrambled away from the windows.


A naughty idea ran through her head. No longer letting her inhibitions slow her down, she just reached out, grabbing the building by its sides with both hands, ready to unleash a little, playful chaos.


Those inside debated whether to be mesmerized or just utterly terrified as the giantess outside took their full view, clearly ready to do something.


And then, without warning, Elsa gave the building a playful shake. The entire structure trembled beneath her touch, and she could see the people inside losing their balance, falling over desks and chairs. Windows cracked, unable to take her game. The sight sent a rush of exhilaration through her. She laughed, her green eyes gleaming with mischief.
"Oopsie! Did I do that?" she cooed, biting her lower lip as she watched them struggle to get back on their feet. "You guys look like dolls in a dollhouse. I used to love playing with my dollhouse when I was little... but this, oh, this is so much better."


Once the tiny people had managed to stand again, Elsa gave the building another, more vigorous shake. The office space erupted into chaos as people were thrown across the room, furniture toppled over, and papers flew through the air. Elsa couldn't help but laugh, the sound filled with delight and exhilaration.
"Oops, there you go again!" she teased, her voice sing-song as she leaned in closer. "Honestly, you guys are terrible at staying on your feet. You're like little toys, tumbling around."


Panic erupted on every floor, not just the one Elsa pressed against—twenty stories up. In the lobby, people huddled beneath showers of dust and glass, terrified by the building's groans and tremors. Some debated bolting for safety, but the sight outside froze them: Elsa's enormous toes pressed against the tall front windows, each one bigger than a person, blocking any easy escape.


Ignoring the little debate inside the building, Elsa's feet simply stood there, majestic, digging the road in one of her already characteristic footprints, as their owner played, 200 feet above, happier and happier of having become what everyone in the city could not stop talking about.
SALE
FOR SALE



The lobby was a scene of hushed chaos. People were huddled in clusters, some pacing nervously, others gripping each other's arms, all exchanging tense whispers. The entire building felt like it was on edge, trembling with every thunderous movement from above. Windows rattled in their frames, the chandeliers above swaying with the rhythm of Elsa's playful antics high above them.

A sudden thud from outside shook the walls, sending a pulse of terror through the lobby. Through the massive glass windows, her enormous feet came into view—two pillars of flesh and power that repositioned with casual ease. Every time she moved, the ground seemed to quake beneath her, vibrations traveling all the way down the structure, threatening to shake it apart.

"I'm telling you, this building won't hold!" a man's voice hissed from one of the groups. His face was pale, his eyes darting nervously toward the revolving doors. "We need to get out of here. Now. If she moves wrong one more time, we're done for."

"No way!" a woman next to him argued, her voice filled with panic but resolve. "Are you insane? You want to get out there? With those... those things stomping around?" She gestured toward the massive feet visible through the windows. "One wrong step and we'll be crushed like bugs. At least here, we're somewhat protected!"

Another violent shudder rocked the lobby as Elsa's feet shifted again. The ground beneath them groaned, and the glass in the windows shook so hard it seemed like they might crack. A few gasps filled the space as people braced themselves, but the tremor soon subsided, leaving only the echo of her movements reverberating in the air.

"I can't take this anymore," a younger man muttered, his face dripping with sweat. "I'm getting out of here." He exchanged a glance with a woman nearby, and bolted for the revolving door without waiting for anyone to stop him.


He dashed through, rushing past the towering feet outside, their movements swift and desperate. Their eyes widened in horror as they passed Elsa's toes, but miraculously, they made it, disappearing into the chaos of the street beyond.
SALE
FOR SALE
020 7529 5510


The sight of his escape sent ripples through the rest of the crowd. "They made it!" someone whispered in disbelief.
A second group, spurred on by their success, decided to make a break for it. A trio of office workers, their nerves frayed, sprinted toward the door.
SALE
SALE
SALE
SALE
LEASE
FOR SALE
020 7529 5510
LEASE
FOR SALE
020 7529 5510


They made it outside and, for a moment, it seemed like they might escape too. But just as they reached the open space, the ground trembled once more.


Elsa shifted her weight above, and her massive foot came down, landing squarely on the three people below.
SALE



There was no time for them to react—her foot crushed them instantly, embedding their bodies deep into the fresh imprint left in the asphalt. The ground seemed to swallow them whole, leaving only their mangled forms and the indents of her toes behind.

The rest of the people inside the lobby froze, their breath caught in their throats. From high above, a deep, thundering voice filled the air.

"Oh, fuck!" the giant's voice came out, visibly annoyed. Her thundering voice vibrated through the walls, sending shivers down the spines of those still huddled inside the building.



From her vantage point high above, Elsa watched the tiny people scatter in panic on the top floor. Her eyes gleamed with amusement, her lips curling into a wicked, playful grin. She loved this—the power, the control. These little insects scrambling beneath her, terrified of what she might do next. It was exhilarating.

She leaned in closer, pressing her hands against the sides of the building, her massive form towering over them. "What's the matter, darlings?" she purred, her voice dripping with a cocky, sultry tone. "Feeling a little... exposed?" She let out a throaty giggle, her breath fogging up the windows that were still intact. "Come on, don't be shy!"

Her playful mockery continued as she repositioned herself, shifting her weight slightly to the side. But then... there it was. A strange, spongy feeling beneath her right foot. Elsa froze, her teasing halted mid-sentence. Her stomach clenched.

"Oh... fuck," she muttered under her breath, her eyes widening as the realization slowly dawned on her. She didn't even want to move her foot—she knew what she'd find. But she had to look. Finally, Elsa shifted her foot, lifting it from the ground and revealing the deep indentation it had left behind.

And there, inside the footprint, were three red smudges. Tiny, unrecognizable, but unmistakably human.



She stared at the crushed remains, her mind working through the grim realization. Three people. Three tiny people who had darted out of the building... and ended up directly beneath her foot.

Her heart skipped a beat. It hit her like a cold wave, the memories rushing in—this wasn't the first time. She had felt that spongy sensation before, but she had brushed it off, blocked it out. She remembered the building she'd half-demolished earlier... it had been crowded. There was no way she hadn't squashed anyone then. And the building she ripped open with her tits? The chaos she'd caused? Yeah, there had been people inside, too.

Lindsey... Astrid...


Her head throbbed, her heart pounding in her chest. The weight of it all, the guilt, the sheer magnitude of what she'd done—it threatened to consume her, to crush her under the force of her own actions.


But before the dam could break, before the emotions could overwhelm her, something clicked inside her. A defense mechanism, a sharp, defiant instinct to push the blame away. Elsa's jaw tightened, her expression hardening as her gaze flicked down to the tiny people still scrambling beneath her.



Her fury ignited.

"What the fuck were you thinking?" she snapped, her voice booming across the plaza, shaking the remaining windows. "You idiots ran right under my foot! You saw me! You knew how big I am! What the hell were you thinking, huh?!" Her eyes blazed with anger as she glared down at them, her chest heaving as she struggled to control her breathing.


She gestured to her massive form, her hands sweeping over her curves and her colossal feet, still planted firmly on the ground. "I'm fucking huge! You're tiny! You should be watching out for me, not the other way around! I can't babysit you little things every time I move!" She let out a furious laugh, the sound echoing through the streets. "I've been careful! I've been so careful with you pathetic little bugs, and this is what I get?!"


Elsa's anger flared hotter, her green eyes narrowing as she leaned down, her face filling their view. "You think it's my fault? You're the ones who ran out like idiots! This is on you! All of you!" She stomped her foot, sending a tremor through the plaza, shaking the ground and rattling the buildings around her. "If I stop being careful, trust me—it's going to get a lot worse for you. So, if you don't want to end up like them," she pointed at the red splotches in her footprint, "then start being a little smarter. Because I'm done tiptoeing around your tiny asses."


Her voice dropped lower, more dangerous, as she glared down at the remaining crowd. "You think that was bad? Just imagine what happens if I stop being so nice. I won't have to imagine crushing you. I'll do it." She straightened up, her hands on her hips, her whole body vibrating with fury.
"Next time," she spat, "watch your damn step. Because if you don't... I won't either."


Elsa's green eyes blazed as she scanned the top floor of the building, still fuming from her recent outburst. Her gaze zeroed in on a man near the shattered edge of the floor, trembling with fear.


Without hesitation, she reached in, her fist easily shattering the glass.


Her colossal fingers effortlessly plucked her intended victim up like a ragdoll.


He let out a terrified yelp as she dropped him carelessly into her open palm, the sudden motion making his stomach flip.


"You," Elsa barked, her tone far less playful than before. "You're going to help me."
The tiny man, rattled and wide-eyed, looked up at her with nothing short of terror. His lips quivered, and he tried to form words, but nothing came out.


Elsa narrowed her eyes, leaning closer, her breath hot against his skin. "Get your phone out," she demanded, her voice sharp as a blade. "Find Dr. Lindstrom's clinic. Now."

The man fumbled with his phone, his hands shaking so violently he almost dropped it. He could barely type as Elsa watched, clearly losing patience with every second that passed. Finally, the screen lit up with the clinic's location, and he froze, his face going pale.

"It's... it's on the other side of Downtown," he stammered. "It's—"


"I don't give a shit," Elsa snapped, cutting him off with a glare. She lifted him slightly higher, her massive fingers tightening around him just enough to make him squirm. "Does it look like I'm going to have a problem getting there?" she asked, her voice dripping with sarcasm as she gestured to her towering form. "Now tell me the directions."
Without waiting for his response, Elsa started walking, her enormous strides making quick work of the streets beneath her. The ground trembled with every step, sending tremors through the surrounding buildings as she made her way through the city. The man in her hand barely had a chance to catch his breath before she interrupted again.
TRENZ
TRENZ
TRENZ
TRENZ
TRENZ
TRENZ
TRENZ
TRENZ
MENSWEAR


Mayor Greene sat behind his oversized desk, fingers tapping nervously, while Commissioner Nash stood rigidly in front of him.


"My men are ready," Nash said, his voice steady but with a hint of unease beneath the surface. He paused for a moment, wetting his lips before continuing. "But I'm urging you to reconsider, Mayor. This... whatever she is... she's not something we're equipped to handle. If we move now—"



Before Nash could finish, news on TV showed Elsa's latest accident, the anchor insisting on the fact that the three people had been crushed under the giant's foot. The footage was... gruesome.

Mayor Greene's face twisted into a grimace, his jaw tightening as he processed the news. His eyes darted to Nash, cold and demanding. "Three people, Nash. Three. In broad fucking daylight. You think we have time to reconsider?"



Nash opened his mouth, but Greene cut him off, slamming his fist on the desk. "I don't care if she's the goddamn Godzilla with tits! She's killing people, and we need to do something. Now!" He leaned forward, his eyes burning into the commissioner. "I don't want excuses. I want action. Get your men out there. Stop her."

Nash's shoulders tensed, his hands balled into fists at his sides. He wanted to push back, to explain again why this was madness, but the mayor's glare left no room for debate. "Yes, sir," he muttered, his voice heavy with resignation.


Elsa was back on the road, her mood swinging somewhere between irritated and amused, flattening cars and barely avoiding scattered pedestrians as she teased them with each step.
COLT
COLT
COLT
SALE
SALE


She grinned down at the tiny man in her palm, who clutched his phone like a lifeline, visibly trembling.


"Alright, tiny," she teased, her voice a playful purr laced with menace. "Where to now? Unless you want me to squash your favorite street next?"


He stammered, "M-Make a left... here." His voice shook as he pointed toward a wider avenue.


Elsa turned into the street as instructed. She was just about to take another leisurely step when something ahead made her stop in her tracks. Her eyes narrowed as she took in the scene before her.
A massive police blockade stretched across the avenue. Squad cars, SWAT vans, tank-like vehicles, choppers overhead—it was like a damn action movie set, only Elsa was the one starring in it.
SWAT
POLICE
POLICE
911


Her lips twitched, part amusement, part annoyance. She planted a hand on her hip and gave the line of toy-sized cops a once-over. "What now?" she muttered, half to herself.
Then a voice rang out, amplified through a megaphone but tinged with nerves. "Miss! Stop where you are!"


Elsa raised an eyebrow, more intrigued than anything. "Looks like you need to sit this one out, little guy," she said, glancing down at the man in her palm.
36
EMERGENCY
DIAL 911
POLICE
DEDICATED TO YOUR SAFETY
TRAFFIC DIVISION
TRAFFIC D


She plucked him off and dropped him onto a nearby rooftop, waggling a finger at him. "Stay put until I'm back, okay? Don't make me come looking for you."
The cops repeated their order, voices shaky. "Miss, stop!"


Elsa sighed, already losing patience. "I did stop, idiots. What do you want now?" She wasn't scared of them. Why would she be? But their audacity was starting to piss her off.


A pause. "Miss... ma'am, you are under arrest."


Her laugh burst out, loud and mocking, shaking the ground beneath her. "Under arrest?" she repeated, her voice dripping with sarcasm. "What's the charge? Being big? Or maybe just too damn hot for you all to handle."


The hesitation in their response was so obvious,
it made her laugh even louder.


"You're a funny lot," she let out, letting go, showing her amusement and the respect she had for them. "Under arrest, they say!" she repeated, as if it were the best joke she had ever heard.
36
POLICE
TRAFFIC DIVISION
POLICE
DEDICATED TO YOUR SAFETY


"Arrested by a bunch of Legos! That must be the funniest thing I've heard all day!" she insisted to the very mesmerized cops.
36
POLICE
TRAFFIC DIVISION
POLICE
DEDICATED TO YOUR SAFETY


"You've caused millions in damage," the voice continued, a bit shaky now. "And you... you've killed over a dozen people."

For a fleeting second, the weight of that statement hit her. She swallowed hard. Killed people? Elsa's eyes flicked downward, as if the evidence of her destruction could be seen in the cracks beneath her feet. A tiny pang of guilt fluttered through her chest, but she quickly pushed it away.

This wasn't her fault. It couldn't be.

"You know what?" she said, her tone sharp now. "That's on you. You're the ones who can't figure out how to build a city that works for someone my size." Her voice rose, frustration creeping in. "And I can't just be watching my every step. It's your damn fault if you just can't get out of the fucking way!"


As she stood there, glaring down at the tiny cops below her, a realization began to settle in. This was it. The turning point. She could either give in, let these little ants tell her what to do, or... take over. This whole situation was absurd. The idea that she, Elsa Erickson—goddess, giantess, fabulous—would let them "arrest" her?
Hell. No.
She had always been larger than life. She had always used her body, her attitude, to command the room, to be the star. And now, she had the power to make sure that no one, not even the authorities, could stop her. Why should she give that up?
"Miss Erickson," the megaphone crackled, "kneel, place your hands behind your head, and wait for—"
36


"Kneel?" Elsa echoed, her voice dripping with mockery. "Look at me!" She stretched her arms wide, gesturing to her towering form. "Where do you think you're going to put me if I kneel, huh? What, are you going to cuff me? Stuff me in one of your little cars?"
There was a murmur of confusion below, and she could practically hear them scrambling to figure out how to respond. Elsa's grin grew wider, more cocky, more confident.


"Miss Erickson, comply or we will use force."



Elsa's eyes glinted dangerously. "Oh, I don't think you're gonna do that," she said, her voice low and menacing. "But let's pretend you do. What's your plan, huh? Because if you idiots shoot me, I'm going to get very, very pissed off."

Her words hung in the air like a dark cloud, and the gun barrels wavered. She could sense the shift. The longer they hesitated, the more control she had. She took another step forward, the ground beneath her trembling as her foot came down with deliberate force.

"And when I'm pissed off," she continued, her voice rising, "you'll see exactly what kind of giant bitch I can be. So go ahead. Shoot me. I dare you."

She could hear the crowd beyond the police line, their murmurs mixing with the hum of the choppers above. Her chest swelled with adrenaline, her eyes flicking from the cops to the cameras.

"Or," she offered, her voice silky smooth, "you can get out of my way, and maybe I won't crush you all like bugs." She let her words hang in the air, watching the cops shift nervously.

"Comply, or we will shoot!"



Elsa's eyes narrowed. "You know what? I've had enough of this." She leaned forward, her voice dropping to a dangerous whisper. "I'm going to do what I want. And if any of you are dumb enough to try and stop me, well... let's just say you won't like what happens next."


Elsa's eyes narrowed. "You know what? I've had enough of this." She leaned forward, her voice dropping to a dangerous whisper. "I'm going to do what I want. And if any of you are dumb enough to try and stop me, well... let's just say you won't like what happens next."


"Alright, little ones," she purred, her voice dripping with dangerous playfulness. "Let's see who blinks first."


Her lips curled into a grin as she took her first step toward the blockade.
36


One massive footfall cracked the pavement beneath her, the cars at her feet flattening like tin cans. Two steps, three... she could see the tension in the cops below, their shaky hands gripping their weapons.
TRAFFIC DIVISION
36
TRAFFIC DIVI


Her smirk widened. It's working, she thought. They're not going to do it. They don't have the guts.


But then, out of nowhere, she felt it—a sharp sting on her thigh. Then another, this time on her arm. Elsa paused, her eyes narrowing.

She glanced down, confused. Are they... shooting at me? The tiny bites peppered her skin, not painful but definitely annoying. She touched her arm, feeling the faint sting of the bullets.




Elsa's mouth dropped open in disbelief. "You're actually shooting at me?" Her voice, which had been playful just moments ago, now carried an edge of genuine shock. "I was playing chicken! You weren't supposed to actually shoot!"
There was a brief moment of stalemate, her towering form looming over the cops while they continued to fire sporadically. Elsa's expression darkened, her green eyes flashing with fury. "You little bastards," she hissed, her voice lowering to a dangerous growl. Taking another step forward, Elsa shouted, "Stop shooting or I'll—"
NO PARKING



All hell broke loose.

The cops opened fire, unleashing a hail of bullets. Elsa flinched as the stings hit her all over—her legs, her arms, even her stomach and tits. She threw her arms up to shield her face, furious as she backed up slightly as the stings of the bullets intensified.

"You little shits!" she screamed, barely able to hear herself over the relentless gunfire. "Do you have any idea who you're messing with?!"


She was getting angrier by the second. She was done playing nice. Without a second thought, Elsa kicked a nearby car, sending it flying like a missile into the police blockade.
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The vehicle slammed into the line of squad cars, sending cops diving for cover as shrapnel tore through the air. The shooting paused momentarily, allowing Elsa to uncover her face, her eyes blazing with rage.
POLICE
36
911


Her chest heaved with rage as she took another step forward, crouching slightly. She reached out, grabbing two more cars—one in each hand.
36
EMERGENCY


She hurled the first one, a sports car, into the barricade with reckless abandon.
36


The explosion sent a shockwave through the streets, and for a brief moment, the shooting stopped.
POLICE
DIAL EMERGENCY 911
A 548235


Her adrenaline up, she then hurled the second one, expanding the explosion and obliterating the police line even more.


"You fucked with the wrong woman!" Elsa screamed, her voice echoing through the streets. She could feel the adrenaline pumping through her veins, her mind racing with thoughts of revenge. She was going to rip through these cops, and then the city. No one was going to stop her.

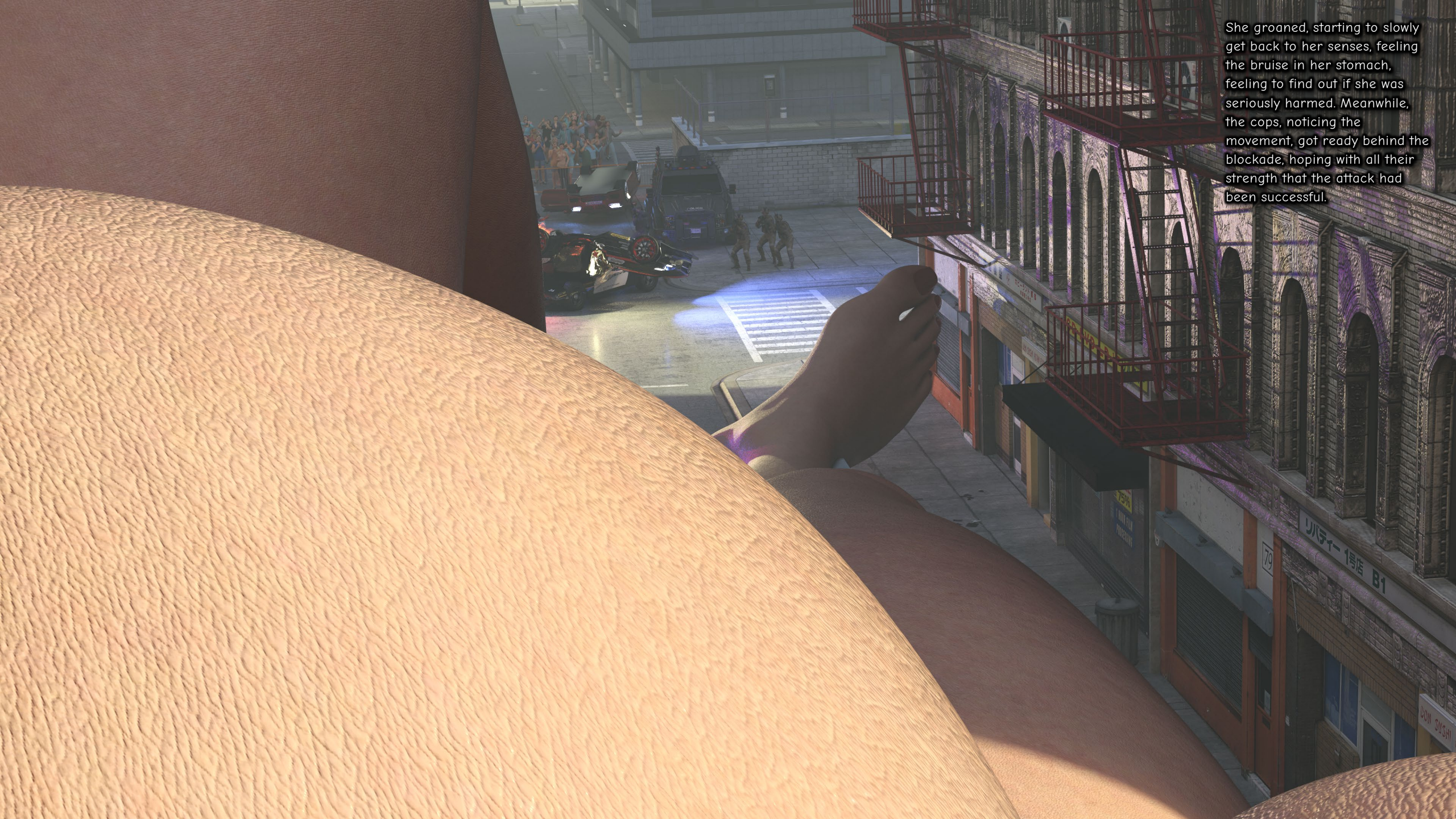

Her thoughts were cut short when she saw it—a trail of smoke slicing through the air, heading straight for her. Her eyes widened, and before she could react, a missile struck her square in the stomach.


The impact hit her like a freight train, knocking the wind out of her. For a split second, everything blurred, and she stumbled, her enormous form wavering dangerously. Her balance gave out, and she tumbled backward, crashing into the street behind her.
APARTMENTS
TRENZ


The earth-shaking crash reverberated through the city as Elsa's body hit the street like a meteorite. Several unlucky pedestrians ended up under her, but she barely noticed the spongy feeling on her back.
TRENZ
MENSWEAR


God, she was bruised! Nothing since she had grown—even less after her second spurt—had managed to hit her like that.
TRENZ
MENSWEAR


And then she realized. This was a missile! A fucking missile! As far as she knew, they had shot her with the same stuff they used to pop out tanks!


She groaned, starting to slowly get back to her senses, feeling the bruise in her stomach, feeling to find out if she was seriously harmed. Meanwhile, the cops, noticing the movement, got ready behind the blockade, hoping with all their strength that the attack had been successful.



Elsa did not find any serious damage, at least on herself. The city around her was a different story, but the skin on her stomach, while still itching, seemed to be as smooth as ever. This did not make being hit with a missile any less vexing.


She groaned as she started to sit back, her back a testament to the mess it had created when it landed on the crowd.
TRENZ
MENSWEAR


And as she started to sit back down, she heard it—the sound of cheering.


Faint at first, but growing louder. The cops. The people beyond the police line. They were celebrating, thinking they had taken her down.


Elsa's heart raced, a strange tightness forming in her chest. The adrenaline that had been coursing through her veins now felt like ice.
They think they've got me?


A realization hit her like a slap in the face. I'm not the star of the show... she thought, blinking in disbelief. They think I'm the monster. The crowd wasn't watching her with awe anymore. They were looking at her like she was something to fear. Like she was the villain.
She lay there for what felt like an eternity, the weight of that revelation sinking in.



Fine. Her lips curled into a wicked smile as a new, more dangerous resolve settled over her. If they want me to be a monster... I'll show them what a monster can do.

Slowly, Elsa pushed herself up, debris cascading off her body as she stood up. Her hair was a tangled mess, dust coating her bare skin, but she didn't care. She dusted herself off, the movement almost casual, like she was getting ready for a show. And in a way, she was.



The police line fell into stunned silence as they watched her rise to her full, towering height once more. Elsa planted her hands on her hips, her gaze hard and unforgiving as she stared down at the tiny figures below her.

Elsa was pissed. Really pissed. But for the first time, her anger didn't just burn hot—it was focused. They tried to bring her down, these tiny little idiots, and in doing so, they had proven something else entirely: she was invulnerable. Sure, the bullets stung and the missile had knocked her down, but it hadn't hurt her, not really. They had only succeeded in making her stronger. Elsa Erickson was no fragile woman. She was a goddess, and now she was going to make sure the world saw what happened when someone dared mess with her.

As she stood towering over the city, her green eyes narrowed dangerously, she smirked down at the police line still holding out below her. "You think you can take me down?" she purred, her voice dripping with mockery. "I'll show you what happens when you try to bring down a woman like me."


With that, Elsa stomped her way toward the blockade, the ground trembling with each step. The firing resumed almost instantly, bullets pinging off her skin like annoying little bug bites. But now? Now she barely felt it. In fact, it was almost laughable. Then, she saw it—a new trail of smoke streaking from the back of the blockade. Her eyes immediately locked onto the shooter. The memory of the blast that sent her toppling came flooding back. But not this time.


This time, she had her eye on it. Just as the missile flew toward her, Elsa sidestepped easily, dodging the projectile.


The giantess smirking as the projectile shot past her and slammed into a building behind her, blowing the top half off.


She threw her head back and laughed. "Blame yourselves for that wreck, boys," she teased, shaking her head. "I didn't even touch that one! Not my fault you little fuckers can't aim."


With a few more strides, Elsa was on top of the cops. Some had dropped their guns, their courage crumbling as they ran for cover. But a few still kept at it, their bullets bouncing off her legs and torso uselessly.


Her eyes gleamed as she raised one foot,
the shadow of her massive sole covering
a couple of officers.


For a brief second, she hesitated. She could see them down there, scrambling in her shadow. She was about to step on them. She could almost feel the weight of their lives under her foot, the finality of what she was about to do.
But then the memories came rushing back—being shot at, the cheering when she fell, the humiliation. Her lips curled into a sneer, her resolve hardening. They deserved this. They had pushed her to this point. If they didn't want to be stepped on, they should have thought of that before they pissed her off.



"Bye-bye, boys," she purred, then brought her foot down with a satisfying crunch.

The officers were squished flat beneath her, embedded into the bottom of one of her deep footprints.


Elsa wriggled her toes slightly, feeling their remains with a grim satisfaction. "Oof, guess you won't be making it home tonight," she quipped, her voice almost sing-song. "Maybe next time don't shoot at a goddess."


The rest of the cops were frozen, their guns slackening as the reality of what just happened sank in.


Elsa's grin widened. "What's the matter?" she teased.
"You're not scared, are you? Because trust me..."


She lifted her other foot and slammed it down onto another cluster of officers, the splat echoing through the streets. "I'm just getting started."
She stood tall, hands back on her hips, gazing down at the now-chaotic blockade. Her chest swelled with pride as she taunted the remaining officers. "You really made a big mistake pissing me off," she said, her voice full of playful menace. "You thought you could stop me, but look where that got you. What did you think was gonna happen? You thought you were gonna cuff me and call it a day?"


Just then, a series of stings hit her thigh and backside, annoying little pinpricks that pulled her attention downward. Her eyes narrowed as she spotted a group of cops still shooting at her from the back, pathetically clinging to their guns.


"Oh, for fuck's sake!" she groaned, clearly annoyed now. Without a second thought, she dragged her foot backward, sweeping the street with it.
POLICE
POLICE


The cops were sent flying, their tiny bodies crashing into buildings and vehicles like ragdolls.
POLICE


"You really fucked with the wrong giant woman," she said, sounding more threatening than ever, as she observed the fleeing officers, now mixed with the crowd that had been cheering just a minute ago, when they thought she was down.
"You're so fucking getting crushed!" she let out before resuming her deadly stroll.



Elsa continued her rampage with a wicked grin plastered across her face, her eyes gleaming with delight. Every step she took flattened more of the pitiful cops below her, their screams nothing more than a pleasant soundtrack to her afternoon fun. They were now mixed with the crowd, but she didn't mind. In her mind, they were all the same now.


With a playful flick of her wrist, she tossed her blonde hair over her shoulder and took a heavy step forward, her right foot coming down on a new officer.


The crunch beneath her sole was both satisfying and exhilarating, like stepping on bubble wrap that squealed.


She chuckled, her voice dripping with dark amusement. "Oops! Looks like someone missed their cue to run."
APARTMENTS


Her right foot followed suit, this time crushing a car and two officers who had been cowering behind it.
TRAFFIC DIVISION
METROPOLITAN POLICE
OFFICER


She barely felt them, though she did take a moment to wiggle her toes in the mess. "You're not very good at this 'staying alive' game, are you, little ones?" Elsa teased, her voice a sultry coo that sent shivers down the spines of the remaining officers.


Her eyes gleamed as she spotted a few cops scrambling into a SWAT van, their tiny legs pumping as they tried to get inside.
RED STAR


"Oh, really! You think you can shoot at me and then you get to flee? Think twice, you tiny fuckers!"
S.W.A.T
POLICE


The ground shook as she moved to them, stomping her feet for added emphasis. The officers tried to rush to the van, but there was no way they would get away from her.
S.W.A.T
POLICE


As her path crossed the first SWAT van, Elsa smirked and lifted her leg, ready to deliver a playful—but powerful—kick. Her foot connected with the armored vehicle, sending it careening down the street, flipping end over end before smashing into a building with a thunderous explosion.
S.W.A.T
POLICE
BACK


Fire and smoke billowed up from the wreckage as Elsa grinned, crouching down to pick up the second van like it was a mere toy.
S.W.A.T
POLICE
05673


She lifted it with ease, its tires rolling as she got back to her feet, holding it upside down.
CARLTON COURTS APARTMENTS
FAUX NEWS


"So, still think about getting away?" she asked, teasing. "Get this through your tiny fucking heads! If you shoot me, I get pissed off!"
POLICE
S.W.A.T.


Tightening her grip on the can, she then began to squeeze, delighted as the reinforced vehicle started molding under her strength.
POLICE
S.W.A.T.


The metal creaked and groaned under the immense pressure of her fingers, the windows shattering and the back door popping open like a flimsy tin can. Inside, the terrified cops clung to their seats, helpless as she examined them with a teasing glint in her eyes.


"Awww, you poor little things," she taunted, giving the van another squeeze that made it groan in agony. "What were you thinking? That this van was going to save you from me?" She giggled softly, a sound that was somehow both girlish and sinister. "You must be new here."


Elsa continued squeezing, the van bending and warping under her touch. She watched with delight as the back of the van compressed, forcing the cops inside to scramble for space that no longer existed. Their muffled screams only added to her amusement.
"Oopsie," she purred, giving one final squeeze that squished the last of the cops inside like toothpaste from a tube. "Guess that's the end of your shift."


Tossing the crumpled remains of the van aside like discarded trash, Elsa stepped forward again.
Her massive foot came down on a few more cars and officers, their bodies and vehicles turning into little more than splatters under her sole.
"Oh, you're making this too easy!" she sang, glancing down at the remnants of the blockade.
RED STAR


As she took another step, she felt more tiny bodies squish beneath her. The cops were trying to flee now, but there was no escaping her. She wasn't in the mood to be gracious.
POLICE


Her eyes scanned the street from up above, and then she spotted him—megaphone cop. The one who had been barking orders at her earlier, so full of confidence. He was trying to blend in with the fleeing officers, but there was no escaping Elsa's gaze. Her eyes gleamed with predatory delight.
FAUX NEW
21543


"Oh, there you are!" she purred, crouching towards him, like a cat playing with a mouse. "You didn't think I'd forget about you, did you?"
22
22
21543
MICHAEL


She plucked him off the ground with two fingers, lifting him effortlessly into the air. Sitting back on her knees, Elsa brought him up to her face, her lips curling into a seductive smile.
FAUX NE
TkF


"You've been a naughty little boy, haven't you?" she teased, her breath warm against his trembling form. "Barking all those orders at me like you actually thought I'd listen."


The man stammered, his words barely coherent. "P-Please... forgive my men..."
"Forgive?" Elsa echoed, her tone mocking. "Oh, sweetheart, I don't do forgiveness." Her eyes gleamed with dark mischief. "But I do enjoy a little fun."


Without another word, she squeezed him between her fingers. The satisfying pop that followed brought a smirk to her lips.
POLICE DEPARTMENT
CITY OF NEW YORK


Satisfied, but still a bit miffed, she
dropped the cop's remains to the ground.
UX NEWS
CARLTON COURTS
APARTMENTS



Standing up, Elsa brushed her hands off, her eyes gleaming with excitement. She stood tall, her chest rising and falling with exhilaration as the dust settled around her.

For the first time since her growth, she felt utterly free, liberated from the chains of doubt and hesitation that had been holding her back. It was like something had clicked in her mind, a door she'd been afraid to open finally swinging wide, unleashing the true depths of her power. She no longer cared about the consequences, the damage, the people. Why should she? She was above them all—bigger, hotter, stronger, untouchable. The moment she'd let go of her inhibitions, everything about being a giantess had become even more intoxicating. Every step, every crush, every scream fed her in a way nothing ever had before. This was her true nature.

And she was done pretending otherwise.



With a smirk curling her lips, Elsa glanced at the crowd beyond the police line, their wide-eyed stares glued to her. They were terrified, as they should be. The news choppers circled above like nervous flies, capturing every moment for the world to see. Elsa planted her hands firmly on her hips, her posture oozing confidence, power, and raw sexuality. She was in full control, and she knew it.

"Are you watching closely, little ones?" she cooed, her voice dripping with mock sweetness. "I hope you're finally starting to get it. I've given you enough chances to realize how fabulous I am, and yet... you keep trying to stop me." Her grin widened, her eyes narrowing as her tone darkened. "You even tried to kill me."

She let that hang in the air for a moment, watching the crowd shift nervously. Their silence was all the confirmation she needed. "Pathetic," she spat, her voice sharp and cutting. "I hope you're all paying attention now because it seems you need a reminder of who you're dealing with. You tried to bring me down... but all you've done is prove that I'm unstoppable."

Elsa took a step forward, her foot crushing a police car beneath it like an empty soda can. The sound reverberated through the streets, sending ripples of fear through the crowd. She was feeding off their terror, her heart racing with excitement. This was her stage, and they were her audience.



"The gloves are off now," Elsa continued, her voice growing more menacing. "You've pushed me too far. And now, your best chance at staying alive is to do exactly as I say."

Her smirk deepened, eyes twinkling with cruel delight. "But even then... well, let's just say your survival isn't exactly my top priority."


Without a second thought, Elsa swung her fist at a nearby building, her massive hand crashing through its upper floors like they were made of paper. The top third of the building crumbled under the impact, falling in a cloud of dust and debris that rained down on the streets below. The sound was deafening, the destruction absolute.


Elsa grinned, turning her gaze back to the crowd. “You see that?” she said, her voice thick with satisfaction. “That’s what happens when I stop playing by your rules.”


"So, you better listen, little ones. Because from now on, I'm doing whatever the hell I want. And trust me..." She leaned in slightly, her lips curling into a playful yet terrifying smile. "You don't want to piss me off any more than you already have."
The silence from below was almost palpable, the crowd frozen in shock, eyes wide with disbelief. Elsa's heart swelled with triumph. This was power. This was what it meant to be truly free.


In Lindstrom's lab, the air felt suffocating as the girls watched Elsa's destruction unfold on the screen. The footage flickered, showing the giantess strutting through the police blockade, her towering form stomping through squad cars and scattering fleeing officers with the ease of flicking away bugs. The sound of gunfire was drowned out by her mocking laughter and the booming cracks of buildings crumbling under her fists.


Amber let out a sharp gasp as another SWAT van was sent flying into the distance, exploding as it crashed into a building. Her hands flew to her mouth, and several of the other girls shared a similar look of horror, their eyes wide as they took in the devastation.



Jessica, though, leaned back, crossing her arms with a disdainful expression. “Not surprised,” she said with an air of disgust, her lips curling into a sneer. “Elsa’s always been this kind of bitch. She’s just unchained now.” She nodded toward the screen, where Elsa was stomping down on another group of officers. “Give her some power, and she’s bound to turn into this.”

Abigail kept her eyes on the screen, her breath shallow as she watched Elsa’s towering figure smash a car underfoot, her voice booming with taunts. The sight of Elsa wielding her immense power so effortlessly sent chills through her—but deep down, there was something else. A small spark of something she didn’t want to admit. She was disturbed by the way Elsa was killing those cops, how easily she squashed them under her feet or hurled vehicles into buildings without a second thought.

But there was also… awe. That was what unsettled her most of all. The sheer, overwhelming power Elsa possessed, the complete control she had over everyone beneath her, was breathtaking. Elsa wasn’t just playing with her size—she was dominating the world around her, unbound, unstoppable. For a moment, Abigail imagined herself in that position, that kind of power at her fingertips…

No, she pushed the thought away, horrified at herself. This isn’t right. But even as she tried to shut down the feeling, she couldn’t tear her eyes away from the screen. Her conflicting emotions swirled inside her, leaving her frozen.



Across the room, Gordon snapped out of his trance-like focus on the screen, his face pale but determined. He turned toward Dr. Lindstrom, standing by the control station. "Any update?" he asked, his voice low and tense.


Lindstrom looked up from his notes and equipment, the stress evident in the tight lines around his eyes. “I’ve made some progress,” he began, glancing at his monitors. “It’s the enzyme. Something in the formula interacted with her biology and caused the reducer to accelerate her growth instead of shrinking her.”


Gordon's eyes narrowed. "So what are you going to do about it?"
"I'm recalibrating the formula," Lindstrom replied, his voice clipped with concentration. "I need to adjust it for this new version of Elsa. It's going to take time, but I'm working on it."
Gordon's expression darkened, his patience thinning. "Just fix it, Lindstrom. We don't have much time left."


Elsa strutted down the avenue like she owned it—because, well, she did now, didn't she? Her towering figure cast a shadow that covered entire city blocks as her bare feet sank into the asphalt with each confident step. She knew she needed to head toward the river, cross it, and then find Lindstrom's lab. But honestly? What was the rush? She'd just wiped the floor with those tiny cops, and the thrill of it still buzzed through her veins like a shot of adrenaline. The little human GPS she'd been using was probably just a stain somewhere in the rubble by now. No biggie—there were plenty more where he came from.


Ahead of her, the crowd was scattering, screaming and running like they stood a chance. Elsa snorted, rolling her eyes at their pathetic display. It wasn't even a challenge to catch up with them—each of her lazy strides covered what, like fifty of theirs? She barely had to try. "Oh, please," she muttered, shaking her head. "You call that running? You've gotta be kidding me."


As she approached, the ground rocked with every step. Cars crunched like they were made of paper, her soles flattening them without a second thought. Buildings shook, trees toppled, and yet still, no one seemed to get the memo that it might be a good idea to get out of her way.
COLT


“Hey!” she called out, her voice dripping with sarcasm. “You guys really think staying in my way is a good plan?” She arched an eyebrow, her lips curling into a wicked smirk. “I mean, I already crushed a bunch of you for free... but if you’re volunteering, who am I to say no?”


Elsa's massive foot hovered above a group of stragglers, their pitiful screams reaching her ears. She paused, just for a second, a fleeting thought crossing her mind. Should she...?
STARS
SALE 75%
HOUR FILM PROCESSING


Then, with a smirk, she answered her own question. "Oh, what the hell," she thought, and brought her foot down. Hard.
The sound was delicious—bodies squishing, bones snapping, the satisfying crunch of total destruction underfoot. Elsa peeked down, grinning at the red stains left in her massive footprint. "Oops!" she cooed, voice mockingly sweet. "Guess you should've listened when I said to move."
AMERICAN MUSCLE
SUMMER
TRENZ
TAILORING


With another step, she waded further into the fleeing crowd, her feet descending with casual, brutal precision. They didn't even have time to scream before they were nothing more than splatters under her sole. "Can't say I didn't warn you!" she chirped, as if she were chatting about the weather.



The chaos around her was pure carnage—cars crumpling like tin cans, people reduced to nothing more than stains. And all Elsa had to do was walk. She spotted another group trying to make a break for it and let out a dramatic sigh. "Honestly," she called after them, her voice teasing, "you're really not getting the hang of this, are you? You can't outrun me. Haven't you figured that out by now?"


Her foot came down again, flattening several more people like they were nothing. "Oopsie!" she giggled, twisting her foot slightly for effect. "Better luck in your next life, huh?"
PAY DAY LOANS


Those around her could only run around, shocked, hoping for her feet to land elsewhere as the ground shook, the air filled with screams.


Elsa reached a new intersection and stopped, trying to get her bearings and also to decide where to keep sowing chaos.
CINEMA
FAUX NEWS


A tiny, screaming woman in a red T-shirt caught her attention, running, trying to get to a parked truck.
TOWN


"Where do you think you are going, tiny?" Elsa called out from above, raising her foot, ready for the kill, no trace of mercy in her attitude.


The woman kept going, trying to get out of the way, but she might as well tried to dodge a meteorite. Elsa's massive foot came down, blotting the light of the sun out.
Sweetnex
ORANGES
CHAS. A. ROGERS & SONS
DESIGNER MENS SHOES


It then landed with brutal precision, burying the woman she had targeted deep into yet another of her massive footprints.
Juice


Her foot lifted again, heading for two new victims, the swiveling movement of her leg easily covering the distance they thought they had put with her.
FAJITAS NACHOS
PLAYHOUSE TOY SHOP
PLAYHOUSE


They disappeared under her sole, together with part of a green sedan that was unlucky enough to be on her way.
"I feel like this is nature's way of sorting out the idiots," she mused, her voice laced with dark humor. "Survival of the fittest, right? And guess who's on top?"
FAJITAS NACHOS
PLAYHOUSE
TOY SHOP


A new step, a new victim. This time she targeted a business man in a neat suit. “Oh, you look important!” Elsa teased from above.
Phone
NEWS


"Well, looked..." she added as her foot squished him into the asphalt, the shockwave sending people off their feet and making a nearby car topple.
ORANGES
ICE COFFEE
Phone


The road was littered with more and more of her footprints, each of them now filled with the remainders of crushed cars, gorey clothes that had formerly been people... or both.
NO PARKING
Juice
삼덕전기


Elsa reached a new intersection and mentally chose a new victim, an attractive woman (although, let's be honest, far from being in her league) who was running as if she had seen the devil himself. Well, the devil probably could not step on her.
CINEMA


"See?" she shouted, her voice ringing out as she addressed the panicked crowd. "This is what happens when you mess with me!"


"You thought you could stop me? Yeah,
how's that working out for you?"


Her grin widened as she raised her foot and brought it down on the woman, squashing her without second thought. “Mess with the goddess,” she said, her tone teasing, light, “and you get squished. Simple as that!”
THE LAVA PLANET
CINEMA
NO PARKING
UNAUTHORIZED VEHICLES WILL BE TOWED AT OWNER'S EXPENSE


A man had climbed in a van nearby. Idiot. Elsa simply pivoted, bringing her foot towards it. "Yeah, that's gonna help you... like a lot."
CINEMA


Her foot easily overshadowed the van as the man jumped in, the fate of the vehicle sealed.
FAUX NEWS


Elsa simply brought her foot down, feeling the metal compress under it, as if the van had been made of tinfoil.


And then she simply completed her step, flattening the vehicle into a thin sheet of metal in the bottom yet another footprint.


Elsa's eyes locked onto the SUV weaving through the crowd, recklessly running over people in its frantic attempt to escape.


Her lips curled into a wicked grin. "Well, well, well... Look at you. Just running over the little folks to save your own ass. That's not very nice."
CINEMA
CINEMA



She chuckled, taking off after it with long, lazy strides. Each step crushed more people and cars beneath her feet, the ground trembling as she sauntered forward, not in any rush at all. She chuckled as her foot landed close enough to make the car bounce.

"Come on now, little car. Don't make me chase you. I'm barely putting in any effort here."


The car swerved, the terrified driver trying to get out of the way, but Elsa was already starting her new step, continuing the chase.


"Where do you think you're going, little toy?"
she called out from above, thrilled and
amused in equal parts.


The car tried to speed up, but her foot was already up, heading towards it, ready for the kill.
Beach Drive
Museum St
ONE WAY
NO PARKING
NEW YORK
CDF 7868


Only instead of landing it on the car and crushing it like a beetle, Elsa stepped next to it, digging the road again and making the car temporarily lose control.
NOW SHOWING
Beach Drive
NEW YORK
CDF 786
THE EMPIRE STATE


"You're not getting away, little car!" she purred from above.


She took a longer stride next, ready to block the car's path. She wanted to play with it.
CINEMA
CDF 7868


The driver panicked, feeling the rumble of Elsa's steps behind him. He lost sight of the road for a moment as he checked the rearview mirror. By the time he looked back to the front, the road was blocked by a taxi that was trying to get out of the way. He screamed.
79
TAXI
2032


His fear turned into panic when the giant foot landed right ahead, crushing the taxi and blocking the path for good.
NEW YORK
CDF 7868
TAXI


"Oooh, sorry about that," she cooed, glancing down at the wreck. "You should really watch where you're going."


She bent down, effortlessly plucking the mangled vehicle from the street and lifting it to eye level.


The car's engine had wrecked, expelling black smoke into he air. Inside, the passengers were screaming, their faces twisted in terror. Elsa gave them a mock pout. "Aw, don't be scared. I'm not mad. Just... disappointed."


Her fingers squeezed the sides of the car, metal groaning and bending under the pressure. “You know, you could’ve stayed put and maybe lived a bit longer, but nooo... you had to run. And look where that got you.”


She gave the car another squeeze, the roof caving in as the windows shattered, sending shards of glass spraying inside.


She kept going, her nipples hardening as she felt the car crumple with barely any resistance.


One of the passengers cried out, and Elsa giggled. “I know, I know. Life’s tough, right?”

She shook the car lightly, hearing the terrified shrieks from within. "But don't worry, I'm sure this will all be over soon."


With a final, casual squeeze, the SUV crumpled completely in her grip, the people inside reduced to nothing more than broken bodies trapped in a twisted hunk of metal. Elsa let the remains drop to the ground, the mangled car bouncing slightly before coming to a stop. "Well, that was fun. Who's next?"


Her gaze shifted toward a nearby building where a crowd had packed into the lobby, trying to escape her wrath.


The people rushed in, clinging to the lobby as the last hope to escape the rampaging giant.
79


Elsa narrowed her eyes, lips curling into a smirk. “Oh, trying to hide from me, are you? That’s cute. But also… kinda rude.”


Dropping to her knees, Elsa's massive form crushed several cars and fleeing people in the process, their bodies squelching beneath her weight like squashed bugs.
DON SUSHI ASIAN
GAMES PLA


She leaned down, her face filling the building's lobby windows as she peered inside. The crowd inside stared back, wide-eyed and paralyzed with fear.


“Hey there, little guys,” she purred, her breath fogging up the glass. “Did you really think you could just slip away like that? I don’t think so.”


Without hesitation, Elsa smashed her fist through the glass, shattering any illusions of safety they might have had.


Her hand reached inside like a claw scooping up prey, leaving them with nowhere to go.


She grabbed a handful of people, their tiny bodies squirming in her grip as she pulled them out of the building.
NO PARKING
UNAUTHORIZED VEHICLES WILL BE TOWED AT OWNER'S EXPENSE


Sitting back on her knees, she lifted her palm to her face, grinning down at the terrified group.


"You know, it's kinda rude to hide from a girl like me. I mean, look at me!" She gestured to herself with her free hand. "Don't you want to spend a little more time with someone this fabulous?"
She tilted her hand, letting them slide around in her palm like marbles. "Oh, I see. You're shy. Don't be! I don't bite." She paused, then smirked wickedly. "Well, not usually."


With a playful laugh, she carelessly tossed them over her shoulder like discarded candy wrappers, barely even watching as they tumbled through the air and disappeared into the distance. "Bye-bye, little ones. Hope you had fun!"


To be continued