
BETTER THAN YOU



JACKOFBULLETS
REDFIREDOG

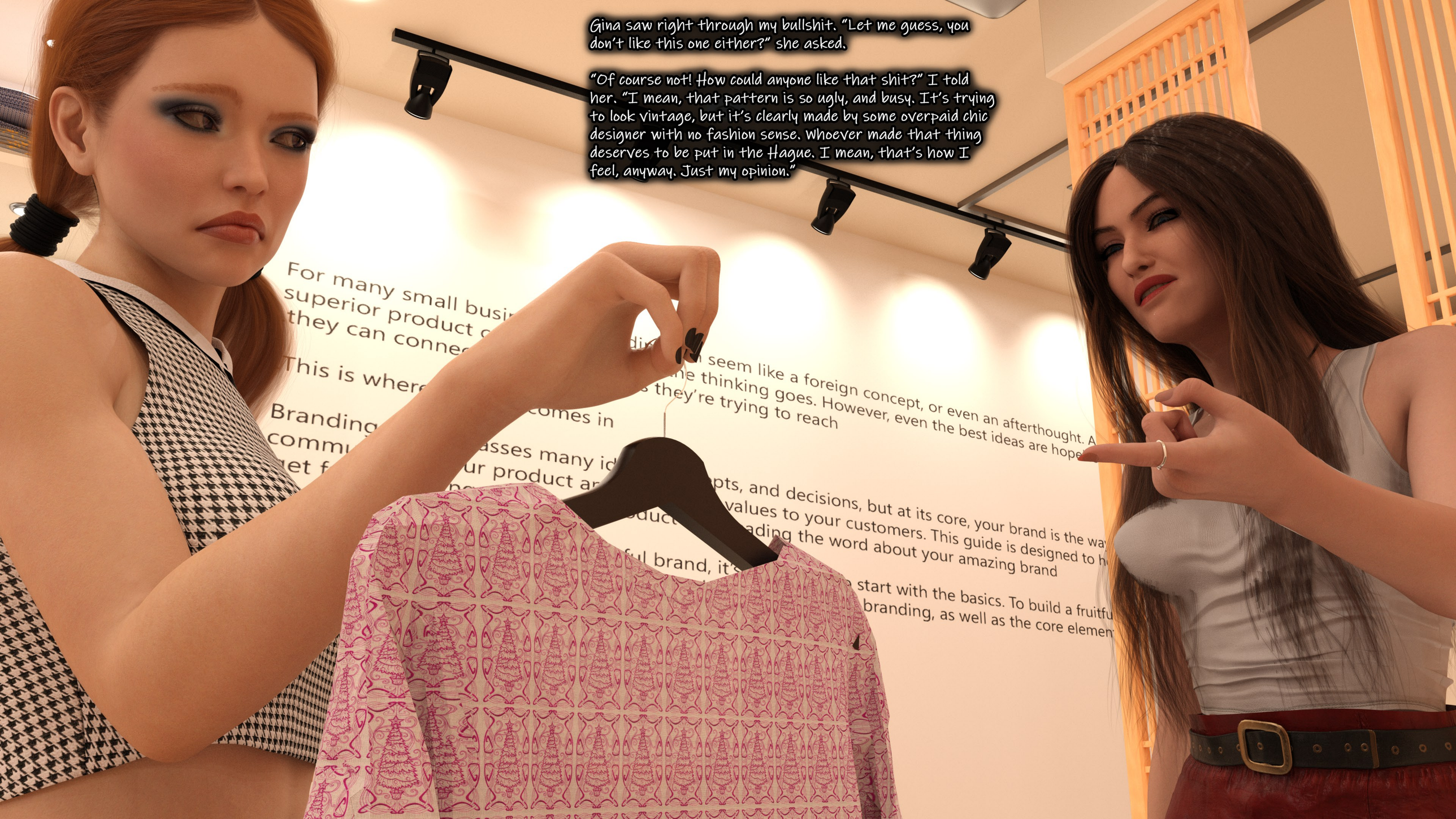

My name is Willow, and I'm something of... how do I put this? An iconoclast. An artist. A poet. A fashion icon. A creative genius. Or at least, that's what I know I am, deep down.
The world, unfortunately, doesn't understand my genius. To the rest of the world, I'm just an underachieving hipster girl, who's still working in the mall clothing store well into my 20's. A 'slacker', if you'll forgive the outdated parlance. What can I say? Geniuses are rarely appreciated in their own time.


I've been working here for a couple of years now, which already feels like a lifetime. I tell myself that it's just a little detour; a way to pay the bills while I figure out a career that's worthy of my potential. But the longer I work here, the more I worry that I'm going to end up like my supervisor, Gina. She's the ginger in that hideous houndstooth top. Not to mention the smile that she keeps eternally plastered on her face.
Gina's what they call a lifer. She's been working here for close to a decade now, and for reasons I can't even begin to fathom, she loves it here. Odds are she'll still be here twenty years from now. She could be reminiscing on her deathbed, and she'd look back happily at a life spent toiling away at a third-rate Gap knockoff.


Me, though? I hated everything about working here. I hated waking up at 7 AM every morning. I hated standing in the cold, waiting for the bus to come. I hated putting on a fake smile, and acting cheerful to all the stupid, worthless customers, with their terrible fashion sense. But the thing I hated the most? The longer I worked here, the less I found myself hating it. Nothing disgusted me more than the thought of coming to like this place. Having it grow on me... like a tumor. Wow, that's deep. I'll write that down.


Gina must have seen me frowning, because she came over to me and smiled extra wide. "Hey Willow, let's keep a cheerful look on that face, okay? It takes two hundred muscles to frown, but only one to smile! And besides, there's plenty to smile about... Like these new shirts we just got in!"

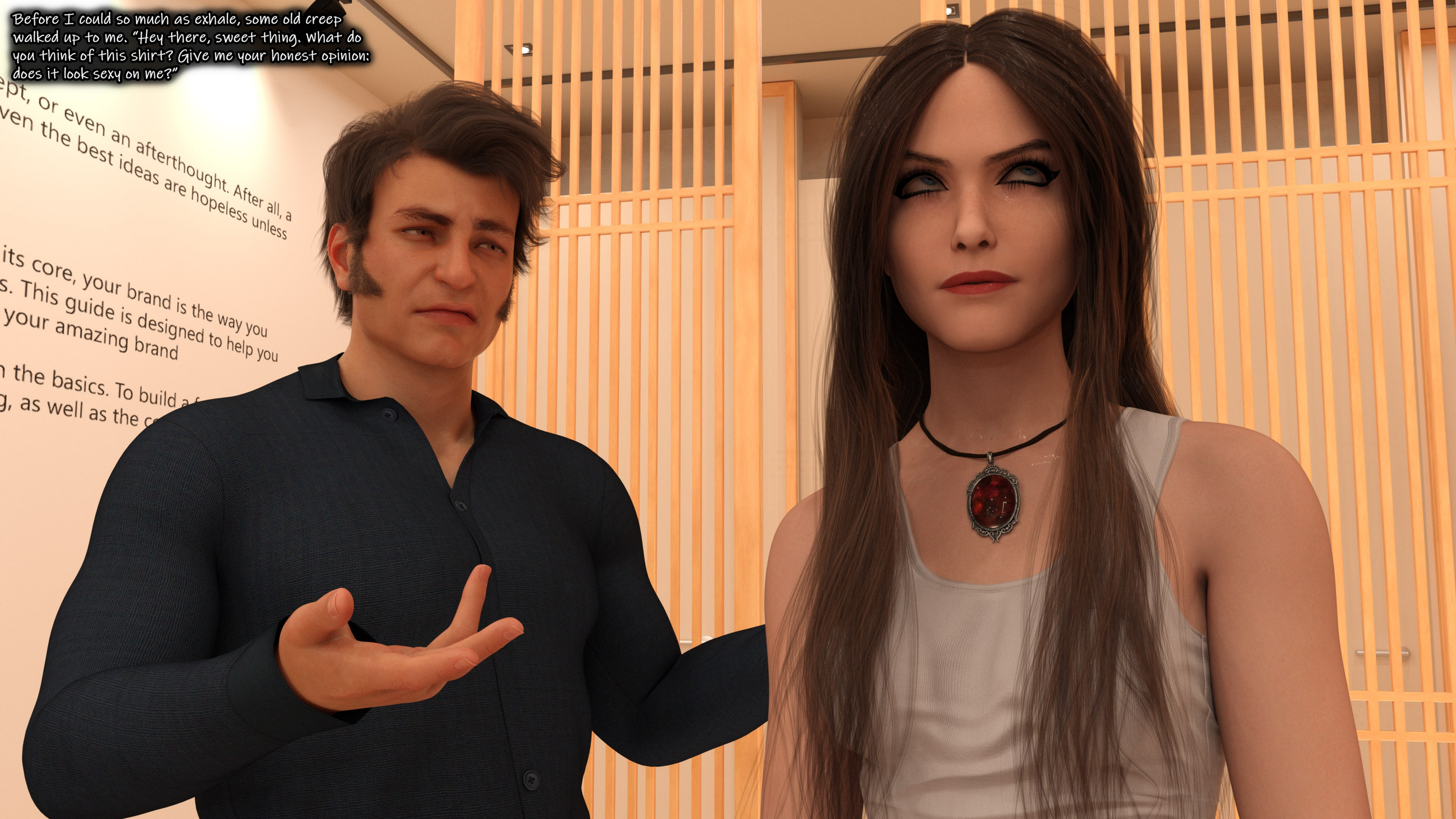

I couldn't help but roll my eyes. I wasn't trying to be rude, I swear... but that thing was an abomination.
"Yeah, it's, uhh, great," I mumbled. "Just like everything else we sell here. Peachy keen..."


Gina saw right through my bullshit. "Let me guess, you don't like this one either?" she asked.
"Of course not! How could anyone like that shit?" I told her. "I mean, that pattern is so ugly, and busy. It's trying to look vintage, but it's clearly made by some overpaid chic designer with no fashion sense. Whoever made that thing deserves to be put in the Hague. I mean, that's how I feel, anyway. Just my opinion."


It turned out that a little dose of honesty was all it took to wipe the smile off of Gina's face. "Alright, Willow, I've just about had it with your constant negativity," she whispered to me. "You need to watch what you say, especially around the customers. Remember, the customer is always right! Got it?"
Typical Gina. Asking for my opinion, then getting mad when I give it. I didn't want to start something... But I wasn't about to let some wannabe Stepford wife walk all over me, so I set her straight.
For many small businesses, branding can seem like a foreign concept, or even an afterthought. After all, a superior product can sell itself, or so the thinking goes. However, even the best ideas are hopeless unless they can connect to the audiences they're trying to reach
This is where a brand comes in
Branding encompasses many ideas, concepts, and decisions, but at its core, your brand is the way you communicate your product and company's values to your customers. This guide is designed to help you get from thinking about your product to spreading the word about your amazing brand


"So what, you want me to just lie to them? Betray any sense of authenticity that I have?" I asked. "Honesty is kind of my thing, Gina. If you want me to go against my principles, you're going to have to pay me a whole lot more than twenty bucks an hour, you idiot!"


That's what I wanted to tell her, anyway. I don't remember what bullshit I actually told her... But it was apparently good enough to send her off smiling. "Sounds good, Willow! I'll finish stocking the new shirts. You help the customers, okay?"


Before I could so much as exhale, some old creep walked up to me. "Hey there, sweet thing. What do you think of this shirt? Give me your honest opinion: does it look sexy on me?"


"The shirt is ugly, and it's about three sizes too small," I told him. "But if you really want my advice? Lose the sideburns, if you don't want every woman to instinctively run the other direction."


"That's no way to talk to a customer, missy!" the old creep shouted. "Do you think I'm going to just take that kind of insult lying down? I'm gonna talk to your manager, and your manager's manager... and whoever I have to talk to, to send your ass to the unemployment line!"


"Don't bother, asshole!" I said, not bothering to look back at him as I walked away. "This was the last straw. I'm done working in this shithole! Hey Gina, guess what? I quit!"
At that moment, I felt incredible. That shitty little clothing store was like a prison, and I'd broken free. I was the master of my own destiny!


But by the time I'd walked home, reality had set in. I just quit a steady job, one that was cushier than most of the jobs I was qualified for. I didn't have anything else lined up, and I barely had enough in savings to last me through the end of the month. I'd thrown my whole life into chaos, and for what? Because my ego was too big to smile and nod for an eight hour shift?
I felt like shit. That's why I was sitting on the ledge of my apartment building. It was five stories to the pavement below. More than enough to end things once and for all... But I wasn't about to kill myself. I was up here for a different reason entirely.


I like the feeling of looking down on people. Imaging myself as a towering giantess, watching as the little people go about their boring little lives. They look so small from up here. Like little bugs, scurrying around under my feet. All I'd have to do is lower my foot down, just like so... And they'd go splat. For a second, it looks like that woman disappeared beneath my foot, and I imagine I'm crushing her under my heels.
EL MOLEROS


A moment later, though, she walks right past. Because at the end of the day, I know it's just a fantasy. But on days like this... I wish it could be more than that. I wish I could show the world just how superior I am. But until then, there's only one person who really appreciates me.


I heard the door creak, and immediately knew it was her. We're the only ones who ever seem to come up to the rooftop, so we've made it into our own little private patio. Her name's Clementine, but I pretty much always call her Clem. We've been best friends ever since we were kids. We moved to the city together, hoping to make it big. As you might have guessed, things didn't quite work out that way.
Me and Clem might both seem like typical hipster girls, but in a lot of ways we're opposites. I'm the quiet, artsy type. Clem is the cool, tough one. Neither of us ever really had any interest in hanging out with anyone else. We've got our own little club going, and it's exclusive. There's only room for two.


Clem walked over, and knelt down next to me. "Are you doing okay?" she asked. I couldn't blame her for being concerned, considering I was sitting on the ledge like this. I didn't even look back at her. I was worried that if she saw my face, she could tell that I'd been crying.
I took a deep breath, and shrugged. "I'm fine, Clem. It's everyone else that's stupid."

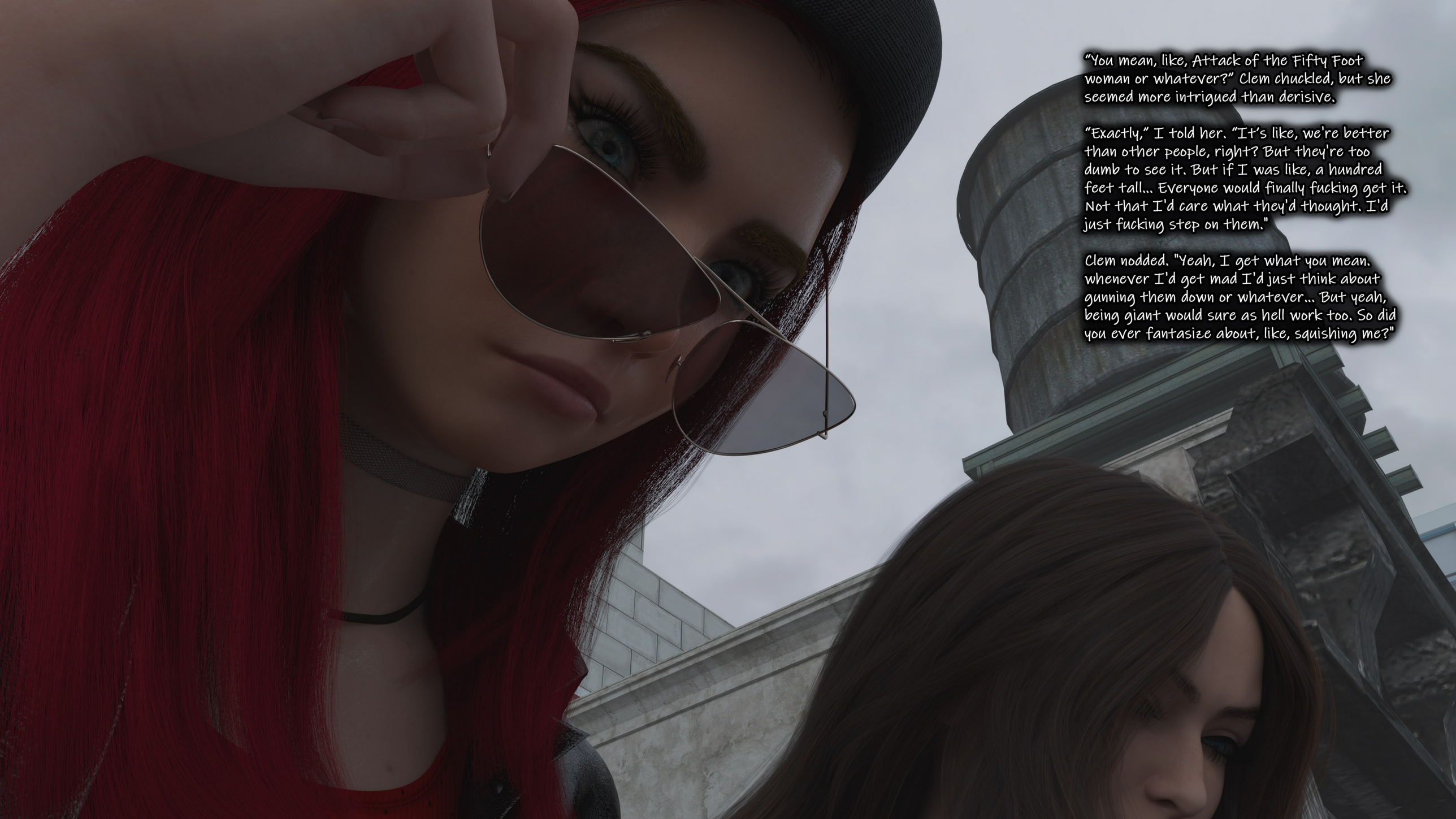

"You've got that fucking right," Clem said. "You're the only person who worked there who was capable of original thought. You actually had some fashion sense. You didn't just tell everyone to buy whatever overpriced, mass produced bullshit they were telling you to sell. That's why they fired you, isn't it? Because you were too honest?"
"You hit the nail on the head," I told her. "That's what drives me crazy. Why do people ask your opinion, if they don't want you to give them an honest answer? Why even bother if they just want to hear you parrot their own bullshit?"


That's when Clem went on another one of her famous rants. "There's nothing most people hate more than honesty," Clem said, with a confidence that made me wonder if she'd delivered this speech in the mirror. "It's because their whole lives are built on a foundation of bullshit. Everything they care about, all the consumerist bullshit they waste their lives obsessing over, it's meaningless. Utterly meaningless. But they can't admit that to themselves, so they just go through the motions... and lash out at anyone who tries to tell them the truth."


"You don't know how right you are," I told her. "From up here, you can see how tiny and meaningless their little lives really are. They're so pathetic... like little insects."
Clem nodded in agreement. "I know exactly what you're saying. It's like, that one's a worker ant that exists to work for a tech company and buy Star Wars shit. That one's a worker ant who exists to work at the factory and buy Marvel shit. But at the end of the day, it's all the same fucking thing."


"Right?" I said. "Sometimes I feel like we're the only ones really living. Everyone else is just going through the motions. If they just disappeared one day, I don't think anyone would really notice. Not even them. They're not actually living. Not really. Not authentically. It's all just one big act.
"They're not even, like, really alive," Clem replied. "I could drop an air conditioner on one of their heads and it wouldn't even really make a difference. God, it would be so fucking funny to see one of those little ants go splat."


I hadn't felt this close to Clem in a while, and it made me want to open up to her. There weren't many things I'd kept secret from her... But my fantasies about being giant were one of them. I'd almost told her before, only to get cold feet and clam up at the last second. But now, sitting on the ledge, I felt like I had nothing to lose... so I might as well go for it.
"You know, Clem, I've never really told anyone this, but... Sometimes, I like to just stand up here, and imagine that I was actually giant."


"You mean, like, Attack of the Fifty Foot woman or whatever?" Clem chuckled, but she seemed more intrigued than derisive.
"Exactly," I told her. "It's like, we're better than other people, right? But they're too dumb to see it. But if I was like, a hundred feet tall... Everyone would finally fucking get it. Not that I'd care what they'd thought. I'd just fucking step on them."
Clem nodded. "Yeah, I get what you mean. whenever I'd get mad I'd just think about gunning them down or whatever... But yeah, being giant would sure as hell work too. So did you ever fantasize about, like, squishing me?"


I shook my head. "Nah, not you. You're cool. Actually, sometimes I pictured you growing with me. I used to, like, really wish that would happen. For real. Fuck, I guess I still do."
"Yeah? I kind of wish that too," Clem replied. "I'd love to finally show all those stupid little fuckers who's really in charge. Shame there's no way to make it happen for real."


That's when I remembered my necklace. I put my hand on the old amulet, which felt cold to the touch.
"My mom gave me this old thing a while back," I told her. "Says that if you wish hard enough on it, you get whatever you want. She was always into weird stuff like that. Probably just bullshit, it never worked for me before... But I guess there's no harm in trying one more time."


I pressed my finger firmly on the amulet, and took a deep breath. "Okay, here goes. I wish Clem and I could grow giant." As I spoke those words, some part of me felt like it was actually going to work. But a moment passed, and nothing happened.


"Well that was a bust," I said casually. "Not like I expected it to work, or anything, of course."
"Well of course it didn't work," Clem replied. "Your wish was too vague. You didn't even say how big you wanted to grow, did you?"


"Yeah, I guess not," I admitted. "Okay, I'll give it one more shot. I wish that me and my friend Clementine could grow a hundred feet tall!"
That time, I didn't actually believe in it. Not for a moment. I was certain that nothing would happen.
And then the amulet started to glow.


I looked down, and saw an eerie red light emanating from it. Deep red cracks were running through the gemstone, looking like it could crack at any time.
"Holy shit, Clem, look, the amulet is glowing!" I said, not quite believing what I was saying. "Does that mean it worked?"


I felt like my head was spinning. I backed away from the ledge, trying to get a hold of myself. I felt like my world was falling apart... But Clem, typically, was nonchalant about the whole thing.
"You're just fucking with me, aren't you?" Clem asked. "Let me guess, you went to all the trouble of getting a light-up amulet just so you could mess with my head?"
"No way, I wouldn't pull shit like that!" I told her. "There's something seriously weird going on right now! Look at me... Am I going crazy, or am I actually getting taller?"


"No, I think you're right," Clem replied, as she got up onto her feet. "This is freaking wild. We're actually growing, aren't we?"
"I... I think we are," I said, as if I was in a daze. "I don't know how this is possible, but the wish... I think we're really growing bigger!"
I was starting to freak out. This was all happening so fast. What seemed like an appealing power fantasy was quickly becoming a terrifying reality. I desperately racked my mind, trying to think of what I could say to cancel the wish... when Clem broke the silence.


"Holy freaking shit, Willow. We're actually fucking growing!" Clem shouted. "We're already like eight feet tall, and we're just getting started!" She had this big, crazy grin on her face, and she looked like she was ready to take on the world.
Me, on the other hand? I was freaking out. "How the hell is any of this possible?" I asked. "We're getting bigger by the second. What if our bodies collapse upon ourselves? What if–"
CAPTAIN


"Come on, Willow. Just stop worrying, and enjoy it!" Clem shouted, more ecstatic than ever. "We're close to, like, ten feet tall now. We're gonna be freakin' giants! Your crazy fantasy is finally gonna come true. We'll finally get to put all those stupid little bugs in their place! Fuck yeah!"
But while Clem was thinking about all the fun she was going to have, my mind was on more practical concerns... Like the ground beneath me.


The old concrete floor was already starting to crack. We'd barely grown more than ten feet tall, and it was close to giving way. It probably didn't help that Clem had been jumping up and down with joy. I tried to step back, but that just made the cracks spread even further.
DISCOVER THE CITY


"Shit, what the hell do we do?" Clem asked, finally accepting the gravity of the situation.
"Okay, first of all, don't panic," I cautioned her. "We've got to make it over to the stairway before we get too big. Slowly, and care–oh fuck!"


Before I could even finish my sentence, the floor collapsed underneath us. We fell through the air, plummeting down to the next floor... but our trouble was just getting started.
EL MOLEROS
KISIEL'S DRAMA SCHOOL
TAXI


The slow, gradual growth that we had up until that point was just a taste of what was about to come. Suddenly, our growth spurt accelerated a hundred-fold. Before we'd fallen more than a few feet, we had both more than doubled in size. I watched as Clem's legs smashed right through the side of the building, sending bricks and mortar raining down onto the streets below.
MOLEROS
TAXI
ONE WAY
SHOP THERAPY


A few seconds later, we'd doubled in size yet again. The building did nothing to slow our fall. We plummeted through floor after floor, our massive bodies falling through everything beneath us...
North St
Museum St
ONE WAY
SHOP THERAPY
TAXI


When I opened my eyes, I felt like I was waking up from a dream. For a moment, I was sure that it had all been just that: a fantasy. But when my eyes adjusted to the sunlight, I found myself staring up at the ruins of the apartment building. My body was still sore from the fall. As impossible as it seemed, everything that just happened was completely real. Intellectually, I knew that was true... But it was pretty damned hard to wrap my head around that fact.


Clem, on the other hand, seemed to be taking this in stride. While I was lying on the ground, barely conscious, she was standing confidently. "Finally, you're finally awake," Clem said. "Hurry and get up, I've got a lot to show you!"
She looked down at me, with the same, impatient gaze that she usually got when she wanted to go on an adventure, and I'd overslept again. It was a familiar dynamic... Just in very unfamiliar circumstances.
CAPTAIN


"Come on, Willow, get up already!" Clem chastised me. "This is the biggest day of our lives... Hell, the biggest day of everyone's lives. I'm not going to let you sleep through it. Now take my hand and get the hell up already!"
MIDCITY


Clem gave me her hand, and I reached out for it... which turned out to be more difficult than I expected. Being this big made everything feel different. Every movement was slower, and took more effort. The sheer amount of momentum that my body had was mind boggling. It took me a couple of tries just reaching out for her hand, before I finally made contact.
MOLEROS


I stabilized myself by grabbing hold of a fire escape. As she slowly lifted me up, I peered around the corner. That's when I remembered it wasn't just the two of us here.


There were people staring up at us. Little people. Well, little to us, anyway. I leaned forward to get a closer look at them. I didn't think much of it, but that simple, small action was enough to utterly terrify them. Half of them ran for it, right then and there, and the rest of them... They stared at me with a look I'd never seen before. It was half fear,


My heart was racing as I got back on my feet, and looked over at Clementine. "We're really a hundred feet tall, aren't we?" I asked, not quite believing it.
"Give or take a couple of feet," Clem said nonchalantly.
"Okay, but seriously. We're really giants! What do we do now?"
"Whatever the hell we want to do," Clem replied. "Hey, get a load of that idiot!"
APARTMENTS
CAPTAIN
CHOICE CUT
FRESH MEAT DAILY


I looked down, and saw a little guy in a blue business suit running between Clem's feet. While everyone else seemed to be running away, or keeping their distance, he was running straight towards her. He probably figured that he'd be small enough to slip beneath her notice... An assumption that would turn out to be deeply mistaken.


"Hey Willow, check it out. I'm gonna step on him," Clem said. She was so casual about it, you'd think she was just talking about stepping on a literal bug.
I was taken aback. "You're not serious, are you?" I asked.
"Why wouldn't I be?" Clem replied. "You wanted us to grow so we could put all the little insects in their place, right? Well here we are. Now check this out!"
CAPTAIN


The little man in the business suit must have heard what Clem just said, because he looked absolutely terrified. He started to back away, slowly, and tried to smile up at Clem. He probably thought that trying to be friendly would get some sympathy from Clem.
CHOICE CUT
FRESH MEAT DAILY
PH - 044 987 6645
リバティー
リバティー 1号店 B1


He was wrong. Not a moment later, Clem stepped forward. The bottom of her sneakers slammed into his face, and sent him tumbling back onto the pavement.
CHOICE CUT
FRESH MEAT DAILY
PH - 044 987 6643
CD·DVD·LD 1F リバティー
EL MOLEROS
FAJITA WRAPS


Clem pressed her foot down, shoving the dirty soles of her old converse sneakers right into his face. Little by little, she brought her foot down further, overwhelming his attempts at resistance. I knew right away she was more than strong enough to crush him in an instant. She was dragging it out for her own sick amusement.
She ground her foot down harder, eliciting screams of agony from the man pinned helplessly beneath her sneaker sole. His body contorted in unnatural angles as Clem's immense weight crushed down on him.
EL MOLEROS FLAVOURS OF MEXICO
NO PARKING
UNAUTHORIZED VEHICLES WILL BE TOWED AT OWNER'S EXPENSE
EL MOLEROS FLAVOURS OF MEXICO
BEANS 'N RICE


I'd fantasized about this a hundred times before. Thought about how satisfying it would be to crush some little loser under my foot. But this wasn't just a fantasy, and watching it play out for real was completely different. I couldn't stand by and watch Clem slowly kill someone.
"Clem, that's enough. Let him go!" I told her.
"Nah," Clem replied casually. "Business bro's gonna die."
CAPTAIN



With those simple words, Clem lifted her foot, only to stomp down again with her full weight and a sickening crunch. Blood splattered across the pavement, pooling beneath her heel. The handful of people who had still been watching turned and ran away, horrified.



When she lifted her sneaker this time, all that remained of the man was a gory red smear on the pavement. I felt sick to my stomach as I watched Clem twist her heel, until there was nothing left except for a pair of legs. The image of the man's terrified face and his final screams played over and over in my mind.


"Oops," Clem deadpanned. "Guess my foot slipped."
"Are you insane? You just killed him!" I told her.
Clem shrugged, clearly not bothered by the gruesome scene behind her. "Well, too late now," she said casually. "Besides, it's not like he mattered anyways."
CAPTAIN


Once again, Clem was using my own words against me. "I know I said shit like earlier, but I was in a dark place, okay?" I told her. "You can't just go around killing people!"
"Aw, don't cry, Willow," Clem teased, her voice dripping with mock sympathy. "This is what you always dreamed about, remember? Having the power to put all these insignificant worms in their place. Well, now we both have that power. And I, for one, am not going to waste it."


She took a thundering step forward, sending people scattering and screaming in all directions. Car alarms blared as her footfalls shook the ground.
"I'm going to step on some more of these little insects," Clem said, looking back at me. "You can stand there and watch, or you can join in... But either way, I'm not going to let you ruin my fun."
"Clem, wait!" I cried out. But she ignored me, striding off down the street with gleeful abandon, eager to unleash more destruction.
CAPTAIN
TRENZ
MENSWEAR
CHOICE CUT
FRESH MEAT DAILY
North St


I looked down at the streets below. Dozens of terrified people were running around, fleeing from Clem and me. I used to fantasize about being in exactly this position. Being a rampaging giantess, crushing the helpless little insects beneath my feet. But now, I couldn't help but feel sympathy towards them. They might act like little drones, walking through life without so much as a single original though... But they were still people, with hopes, and dreams, and families, and all that crap. Even if some dark part of me might enjoy snuffing them out... It wasn't worth that for all the pain I'd be inflicting.


I turned towards Clementine, and confronted her. "Please, stop this!" I pleaded. "I never wanted anyone to actually get hurt! It was just a fantasy!"
"Well, the fantasy is real now," Clem said coldly. "I'm going to enjoy every minute of it. If you don't have the stomach for it, then stay out of my way, alright?"
"I'm not asking, I'm telling," I told her firmly. "If you don't stop, I'll just wish for both of us to shrink back down!"
"Oh yeah?" Clem asked. "With what amulet?"


I looked down, and realized to my horror that she was right. The amulet wasn't around my neck. I looked around on the ground, but there was no sign of it, not even in the rubble. That meant there was only one explanation: Clem took it.


I wasted no time confronting her. “What the hell, Clem? You took my amulet?”
"You're damn right I did," Clem said defiantly. "I figured you'd chicken out and try to shrink us back down. But I'm not going to let you ruin this for me. In fact... I have a little proposition for you."
Suddenly, I got a feeling of dread deep in the pit of my stomach. I couldn’t bear to wait another second to find out what she had in mind.


"See that little fucking nerd over there?" Clem said, pointing to someone who was hiding under a dumpster. "Either you squash the ugly little virgin... Or I'll use the amulet to grow so big I can stomp this whole stupid city! So, are you gonna do it, or not?"



While I was still considering her proposition, Clem turned and walked over to the poor nerd. Her massive sneakers thudded against the pavement with each step, the impacts reverberating through the ground. People ran screaming in all directions to avoid being trampled under her feet. But the nerd was frozen in terror, paralyzed by fear as he watched the gigantic girl approach his hiding spot.


Clem took one final step and planted her foot directly in front of the nerd, blocking the most obvious path of escape for the cowering man. Clem's immense sneaker sole loomed before him like an impassable wall. The nerd scrambled backwards until he was pressed up against the dumpster, trembling and whimpering pathetically.


Finally, the little nerd ran for it, sprinting into the middle of the street. Clem lifted her foot and tapped the front of her sneaker against his back. Even that small nudge from her massive shoe was enough to send him stumbling forward onto the ground.
EL MOLEROS
WASTE


The little nerd sprawled face-first on the pavement in front of me, laying on his hands and knees. Slowly, he lifted his head to stare up at our towering bodies in wide-eyed horror.
Clem called out to me from behind him. "Alright Willow, moment of truth. Either you step on this pathetic little worm and crush him into paste... Or I'll grow ten miles high and smash this whole fucking city. One loser's life, versus a few million. Clock's ticking - you have ten seconds to decide. Ten... Nine..."
I looked down at the terrified man groveling at my feet, his face a mask of abject fear. I didn't want to hurt him. The thought of killing someone for real made me feel sick. But I knew Clem wasn't bluffing. If I refused, she would grow bigger than I could imagine. The death toll would be unimaginable...


I lifted my foot over the poor little nerd, knocking him back onto the ground.
"Seven... Six... Five..."
Time was running out, but all I had to do was press down. It would be simple enough... Like stepping on a bug. Only this bug was about the size of a mouse. And I loved mice.
"Three... Two... One... And time's up."
Well that was that. I should have felt bad, considering what Clem said she'd do... but part of me was almost relieved to not have to kill him myself. If Clem wanted to kill a bunch of people, that was on her, not me, right?
EL MOLERO
FLAVOUR
OF
MEXICO
BEANS 'N RICE
EL MOLEROS
CITYCARE
WASTE
0272602761
Museum St
SERGOS DESIGNER MENS SHOES


"I guess I'm out of time," I said, hoping she'd let me off the hook. "If the time is up, there's no point in me killing him, right?"
Clem looked down at him, and thought about it for a moment. "You know... forget about the time limit," Clem said. "It's fun seeing you two squirm. Go ahead. Take as long as you need. I'm enjoying this."


I looked down at the little nerd. As pathetic as he looked, I realized that I had no real choice. No matter what I did, he was going to die. I was going to do the right thing... even if it meant killing an innocent, defenseless person. I pressed down on him, hard enough to make him squeal in pain... But he was still alive, and suffering. There was no sense in hesitating any longer.
TRENZ
MENSWEAR
PAY DAY LOANS


Heart pounding, I squeezed my eyes shut tight. Then, before I could change my mind, I brought my foot down on top of him with a sickening crunch. I felt his frail body rupture beneath my sneaker sole, crushed into an unrecognizable smear on the pavement. A human being had been reduced to nothing beneath my heel.
There was no going back from that. I was a killer now.


"I knew you had it in you!" Clem exclaimed gleefully, slapping me on the back. "Doesn't it feel amazing? Crushing that pathetic little virgin under your foot? That rush of power and superiority?"
I grimaced. I couldn't believe that she was rubbing it in like that. The nerve to ask if I enjoyed myself, right after she made me kill someone. And the worst part? She was right.
I hated to admit it... But I did enjoy it. Crushing that pathetic little nerd felt incredible. The rush of power was like nothing I had ever experienced before. In that moment, I truly felt superior, like a goddess towering above the insignificant masses. But mixed in with the elation was a deep sense of guilt and horror at what I had done.


"It felt... amazing," I admitted softly, unable to look Clem in the eye. "I know it's wrong, but crushing him beneath my foot, snuffing out his life so easily... It gave me a thrill I can't even describe. I feel terrible for enjoying it."
Clem grinned wickedly. "Don't feel bad, Willow. This is what we were meant for - to rule over these pathetic insects. To grind them into paste under our shoes. You want to feel that rush again, don't you?"


I swallowed hard and nodded. As much as it sickened me, I couldn't deny the dark desire welling up inside of me. "Yes... I really want to feel it again. God, that's messed up, isn't it?"
"Not at all," Clem purred. "It's only natural. We're better than them, Willow. And now we have the power to prove it. Look - there's a crowd of terrified people running down the street. Why don't you show them who's really in charge?"
I turned towards the fleeing crowd and started walking after them, my footfalls shaking the earth. A twisted smile spread across my face as I glanced back at Clem. She grinned and winked at me, urging me on.
- RICHMOND -
PROPERTY AGENT
PAY DAY LOANS
TAXI
THE DAILY


For a moment, I paused, taking in the sheer number of terrified little people running from me in a panic. There had to be at least a hundred of them, tiny and helpless. I hesitated, a pang of guilt pricking at my conscience. Was I really going to do this? But then a dark, primal urge surged through me, drowning out any reservations. I wanted - no, needed - to chase them down. To crush them beneath my feet and revel in my power over their insignificant lives. There was no fighting it.


"I'll be right behind you," Clementine called out in encouragement as I neared the back of the fleeing crowd. "I'll let you lead the way. Show them just how superior we really are!"
MIDCITY
APTAIN


I relished the feeling of absolute power and superiority as I closed in on the stragglers. They were like ants scurrying from my shadow, and I was the magnifying glass ready to burn them. I peered down at their terrified faces, trying to decide who would be the first to die under my shoe.
SERGIOS DESIGNER MENS SHOES
North St
NO PARKING


There were so many of them, it was hard to decide. All unique people, each with their own meaningless little lives. That thought gave me just a pang of sympathy... but it didn't stop me from wanting to end them. If anything, it made me want it even more.
CAPTAIN


My eyes settled on a college-aged girl near the very back, her bookbag bouncing against her back as she ran for her life. She looked to be barely 20 years old, with her whole future ahead of her. Welp, not anymore!
リバティー 1号店 B1
鉄道模型
삼덕전기 자동제어반
HOTEL
CAMERAS
STARS
OFFICE SUPPLIES


I raised my heel over the helpless girl, savoring the moment. She glanced back and screamed in horror as my heel sole eclipsed the sky above her. I could practically smell the fear radiating off her trembling body.


Without hesitation, I brought my foot down on top of her with a sickening crunch. I felt her body rupture beneath my shoe, crushed into an unrecognizable smear on the pavement. The girl's scream cut off abruptly as I snuffed out her life with trivial ease. And that was just one step.
PRO-SEC
CAMERAS


Clem stepped forward, her massive sneaker knocking down an athletic man who had been running ahead of the pack. He tumbled to the ground, rolling head over heels before coming to a stop right beneath her looming shoe.



Without missing a beat, Clem lowered her foot onto him. The pressure built quickly, the rubber sole grinding against his helpless form as he was pressed into the unforgiving pavement below. A sickening crunch echoed through the air as flesh yielded and bones shattered under the relentless force of Clem's giantess footfall.


鉄道模型
ホビーランドぽち
秋葉原２号店
We took another thundering step together, our immense feet slamming down next to two men who had been sprinting side by side. The terrified men found themselves trapped in the narrow gap between our shoes, paralyzed with fear as they stared up at our towering forms above them.



Clem and I exchanged a wicked glance, an unspoken understanding passing between us. Then, moving in unison, we each raised one of our feet above the men cowering below us.


As I took my next gargantuan step, my colossal heel descended with a grotesque crunch that echoed through the city streets. The man below me, clad in a tweed jacket that screamed "grad student," crunched under my heel. In an instant, he was transformed from a living, breathing human being into nothing more than a mangled mess of crimson and fabric smeared across the cold, indifferent pavement. But really, he should be thanking me, considering I probably saved him from a shit ton of student debt!
SALE
75%



A split second later, Clem's foot slammed down onto the younger twenty-something man, the impact shaking the ground. His body offered no resistance, rupturing like an overripe fruit beneath the tremendous weight and force of her sneaker sole. Another insignificant life casually snuffed out under our feet.


We continued forward down the street, rapidly gaining on the fleeing crowd with our long strides. A pair of cars were parked along the side of the road, hastily abandoned by their terrified owners. A smile spread across my face as I raised my foot above a pristine white sedan.
CAPTAIN
SERGIOS DESIGNER MENS SHOES
North St


I brought my heel down on the car's roof, my immense weight crumpling the metal like tinfoil. Glass shattered and tires burst as the sedan pancaked beneath my shoe, utterly flattened into a useless hunk of twisted steel and plastic.
EL MOLEROS
FLAVOURS OF MEXICO
BEANS 'N RICE
EL MOLEROS
Easy St
North St
COOPER FOR MAYOR!
VOTE FOR FREEDO
E63 AMG


Clementine followed my lead, targeting a mint green pickup truck parked just in front of the ruined sedan. She lifted her foot high and then stomped down with her full weight, the truck's frame groaning and buckling before shattering like a cheap toy. Jagged shards of metal and glass sprayed out in all directions from beneath her sole.
CD·DVD·LD
CAMERAS
SALE 75%
SALE 75%
1 HOUR FILM PROCESSING


I looked over at Clem and we shared a wicked grin, our eyes gleaming with malicious glee. The intoxicating rush of power and superiority surged through my veins, drowning out any lingering reservations. I was a goddess, and these insignificant specks were mere playthings for me to destroy at my whim. And with Clem by my side, reveling in the carnage, I knew there would be no stopping us. The city would tremble beneath our feet.
CAPTAIN


We turned our gaze to the fleeing people in front of us, deciding who to crush next. The terror in their eyes only fueled our dark desires, the thrill of absolute power coursing through our veins. I scanned the crowd, trying to pick out the most pathetic, insignificant insect to grind beneath my heel. So many choices, so many lives to snuff out on a whim.
DISCOVER THE CITY
TAXI
STOP


But before we could act on our murderous impulses, I heard sirens wailing in the distance, rapidly growing louder. Flashing red and blue lights appeared on the horizon, a convoy of police cars speeding towards us. It seemed the authorities were finally mobilizing to stop our rampage. How cute.
TRENZ
MENSWEAR
COMMERCIAL VEHICLES ONLY
N 72nd St
POLICE
EMERGENCY
DIAL 911
36
TRAFFIC DIVISION


But while I was worried about the police, Clem was still having fun. Her eyes lit up with wicked glee, as she turned towards a group of fleeing people. She held a yellow taxi cab in her hand, lifting the vehicle effortlessly above her head like it was a mere toy. With a vicious snarl, she hurled the taxi at the crowd of fleeing people, aiming to crush them under a ton of twisted metal.
TRENZ
TRENZ
TRENZ
FRESH MEAT DAILY
CHOICE CUT
PAY DAY LOAN
Easy St
SERGIOS DESIGNER MENS SHOES
Aspect
WORLD WIDE DELIVERY


Clem's aim was off, and the taxi cab missed the crowd entirely. It smashed into an empty section of the street with a thunderous crash, the metal frame crumpling and shattering on impact. One of the wheels tore free from the axle, bouncing and rolling down the road.
TRENZ
FRESH MEAT DAILY
CHOICE CUT
Easy St
SERGIOS DESIGNER MENS SHOES
Aspect


The out-of-control taxi forced an approaching police car to slam on its brakes, tires screeching as the car swerved to avoid the tumbling wreckage. The taxi bounced right past them, nearly clipping the squad car.
TRENZ
MENSWEAR
TRENZ
TRENZ
POLICE
Easy St
N 72nd St
GAMES PLANET


Clem and I turned to each other, our eyes meeting. She cocked an eyebrow at me, a mischievous smirk playing across her lips. "So, what do you want to do about the cops, Willow?" she asked, her tone dripping with mock innocence. "I'm thinking we should give them a warm welcome. Really roll out the red carpet, if you know what I mean."
I nodded slowly, a wicked grin spreading across my face as I caught her meaning. "Oh, I'm picturing a red carpet alright," I replied, my voice low and menacing. "Crimson. Let's show these pigs how pathetic they really are."



Side by side, Clem and I strode towards the police blockade, our thundering footfalls shaking the very foundations of the city. The police officers scrambled out of their cars, some taking cover behind open doors. They looked like they were getting ready for a fight. That either made them incredibly brave... or incredibly stupid.


Clem and I walked over to the police line. I was more than a little nervous about taking on guys with guns, even if they were tiny... but Clem was fearless as always, and she strutted over confidently.
鉄道模型
CAPTAIN


The police had set up a hasty firing line with their weapons drawn, as if their puny guns could pose any real threat to us at our immense size. It was almost adorable how they thought their little toys could stop us. They were like children playing pretend, completely oblivious to how outmatched they truly were.
Clem turned to me with a smirk and quipped, "They're pointing guns at us. That means killing them is self-defense!"
CAPTAIN
SERGIO'S DESIGNER MENS SHOES
Easy St
36



We continued forward, our casual steps eating up the distance between us and the police line. The officers held their positions with grim determination, fingers tightening on triggers. A heartbeat later, they made good on their threat and opened fire, the sharp cracks of gunfire filling the air.

Bullets pinged off our skin and clothing, but they felt like little more than irritating insect bites. A few lucky shots managed to sting, but they barely even registered as pain. It would take far more than their pathetic weapons to put a stop to our rampage. If anything, their pitiful attack only fueled our wrath.


Clem raised her foot high into the air, the police officer below staring up at her sneaker sole in wide-eyed terror. The dirty rubber of her black converse shoe eclipsed the sky above him as her heel hovered over his trembling form. She savored the moment, drinking in his fear and despair, before she carried out her retribution.
CAPTAI
EMERGENCY
36


Then, with an earth-shaking boom, Clem stomped down, her immense foot slamming onto the police car beside the officer, rather than crushing him directly. The vehicle crumpled like a tin can beneath the tremendous force, screeching as it compacted into a flattened hunk of twisted metal. Glass exploded out in a deadly hail of razor-sharp shrapnel.
POLICE
DEDICATED TO YOUR SAFETY
N 72nd St
DAY LOANS


Clem ground her heel into the ruined remains of the police car, twisting it back and forth to pulverize the metal and plastic into an even finer paste. She seemed to take a perverse pleasure in destroying the symbol of authority, and the power was going straight to her head.
CAPTAIN
POLICE
GAMES PLANET


But then, glancing down, Clementine realized the police officer was still alive, having narrowly avoided being crushed alongside his vehicle. He lay on the ground mere inches from her shoe... injured, but still breathing. Clementine was quick to fix that mistake. She pressed down on the front of her shoe, squeezing him like a tube of toothpaste.
TEAM
CAPTAIN


I took my eyes off of the grotesque display, and looked back up at Clem... but her expression disturbed me more. It was a look I hadn't seen from her before. Not one of gleeful malice, but a look of pure, utter hatred. It made me uneasy, and not because I cared about the little piggies below. It was because, for the first time, I could imagine her turning that rage on me.


Clementine seemed to sense that unease, because she turned back and wrapped her arm around me. It was a display of overt affection that I wasn't used to seeing from her... Well, not when she was sober, anyway.
Clem looked me in the eye, her gaze intense yet reassuring. "Hey, why the frown? Come on, it's you and me against the world, just like always."
It was like she read my mind. Her words put me at ease, and I felt silly for ever doubting her in the first place. No matter what happened, Clem would always have my back.



"Now, what do you say we have a little more fun with these pigs?" Clem asked, a mischievous glint in her eye. "I bet you're just dying to crush a few more of them under those heels."

I hesitated for only a moment before a wicked grin spread across my face. "You're goddamn right," I told her. I nodded eagerly, ready to join her in the carnage once more.


I lifted my heel up above a nearby police car, the vehicle looking like a mere toy beneath my immense foot. The officers inside fired their weapons at me in a desperate last stand, bullets pinging harmlessly off my skin.
POLICE


I simply smirked down at them, amused by their pathetic attempts to stop me. With a thunderous boom, I stomped down, my heel crushing the front of the police car like an aluminum can. Metal crumpled and glass shattered as the vehicle collapsed beneath my weight.
POLICE
DEDICATED TO YOUR SAFETY
FRESH MEAT DAILY
CHOICE CUT
FRESH MEAT DAILY
PAY DAY LOANS


Scanning the area, I spotted a cop trying to crawl away from the wreckage, his leg badly injured. A cruel smile played across my lips as I raised my foot above his prone form, savoring the moment of absolute power.
POLICE
DEDICATED TO YOUR SAFETY
A 548235
TRENZ
Easy St



I stomped down without hesitation, feeling the satisfying crunch of the cop's body rupturing beneath my sneaker sole. At the same time, Clem brought her foot down on another officer, our movements perfectly synchronized as we snuffed out their lives in unison.


I raised my foot to admire the gruesome mess I had made, bits of flesh and fabric clinging to the bottom of my shoe. Clementine mirrored my actions, and we shared a look of dark satisfaction, reveling in the destruction we had wrought together.
36
EMERGENCY
DIAL 911
POLICE


Spotting another cop trying to limp to safety, I raised my foot above him, my shadow falling across his terrified face. He looked up at me, eyes wide with fear and despair, knowing his fate was sealed.


I stomped down once more, my timing perfectly matched with Clem's as we each crushed another helpless officer into paste. Clem and I had always been inseparable, but in all the years I'd known her, we'd never felt as close as we did in that moment. It was like we were two bodies sharing a single mind.
Museum St
Peterson St
TRENZ
...IN PARADISE ?


Suddenly, my stomach let out a loud growl, reminding me that I hadn't eaten since breakfast. The stress and excitement of our growth and subsequent rampage had left me famished. I turned to Clem and asked, "Hey, do you think you could use the amulet to wish for some giant-sized food? I'm starving over here."


Clem shook her head dismissively, and quickly looked away. "No way, Willow. We have no idea how many wishes this thing has left, if any. I'm not going to waste one on a snack break!"


I shrugged, feeling my stomach grumble again insistently. "I don't know, but we better figure something out soon. I'm so hungry I could eat a horse... not that we're likely to find one of those around here."

A devious grin spread slowly across Clem's face as an idea took shape in her mind. "Actually, I think I can find something for you to eat..." She knelt down, waving me over to get a closer look at the fleeing people below. I could see where this was going.


Clem stared down at the scattered crowd, staring intently at the little people as they ran away. Clem reached out with one massive hand, her fingers closing around the squirming form of a woman in a pink athletic outfit. The woman screamed and thrashed helplessly as Clem lifted her into the air, bringing the terrified little morsel up to eye level for a closer look.


"Check it out, Willow," Clem said, dangling the terrified woman . "This one looks like she keeps herself in pretty good shape. Plenty of lean muscle on those limbs. She spent a lot of time in the gym, and it's all for your benefit. Grade-A cuts of meat, wouldn't you say?"


My eyes widened in shock as I realized what Clem was implying. She extended her hand, offering the whimpering woman to me like she was nothing more than a bite-sized snack. The woman stared at me, pleading for mercy.
CAPTAIN


I recoiled instinctively, horrified by the idea of actually eating someone, even in my ravenous state. "What? No! Absolutely not!" I exclaimed, my voice sharp with disgust. "I don't care how hungry I am, Clem. I'm not about to chow down on a person. That's way over the line, even for us."


Clem glared at me, clearly disappointed by my reluctance to partake in her twisted idea of a meal. "Seriously, Willow? You're going to wimp out over this?" Clem teased. "Fine, I guess it's your problem if you want to go hungry!"
"Of course I don't want to go hungry!" I told her. "I just don't want to eat her! Or anyone!"
APARTMENTS
APARTMENTS


"Ugh, whatever," Clem scoffed, rolling her eyes derisively. "If you're too much of a pussy to eat her, I'll fucking do it!"
Without another word, Clem brought the terrified woman closer to her own face, eyeing her like a piece of meat. The woman renewed her struggles, waving her arms frantically in the air as Clem dangled her upside-down.



Ignoring the woman's desperate pleas, Clem licked her lips and opened her mouth wide, slowly bringing the screaming little morsel towards her waiting jaws. I watched with morbid fascination as Clem lowered the woman head-first into her mouth, maneuvering the terrified little morsel between her parted lips.

The woman's arms flailed desperately as more and more of her body disappeared past Clem's teeth. I watched with rapt attention, unable to look away from the spectacle unfolding before me.


Clem closed her mouth around the woman, who barely fit inside of her mouth. Then, suddenly, Clem bit down, chomping on the woman with a sickening crunch. She looked into my eyes while she began to chew, her mouth remaining tightly closed.
TETLEYS
UROCAR
SOAD
TEPCO


Clem seemed to relish my shock and revulsion, a wicked gleam in her eyes as she continued masticating the grisly mouthful of flesh and bone. She made a deliberate show of chewing thoroughly, her jaw working methodically to pulverize the woman's body between her molars. Wet, squishy noises emanated from behind Clem's sealed lips as she chewed her meal into a thin paste.
TLEYS


After what felt like an eternity, Clem finally tilted her head back and swallowed, her throat muscles visibly working as she gulped down the macabre slurry. She ran her tongue over her lips, savoring the coppery taste of fresh blood. Then Clem fixed me with a smug, self-satisfied grin, as if daring me to follow her lead and partake in the gruesome feast.


Clem cocked an eyebrow at me, her expression challenging me. "Well, Willow? Still too squeamish to try one yourself?" she taunted, gesturing down at the terrified crowds still fleeing through the streets below. "There's plenty more bite-sized snacks down there, just ripe for the picking. Don't let that big appetite of yours go to waste now!"


Admittedly, the idea was sounding more appealing. The gnawing hunger in my stomach was growing more insistent, and Clem's words echoed in my mind, tempting me to indulge my darkest impulses. I found my gaze drifting back towards the crowds still fleeing through the streets, eyeing them in a new, predatory light.
SERGIOS DESIGNER MENS SHOES
Easy St
LIQUORS
46-0987
AMPAGNE - CUT PRICE
TAXI


I turned and looked at the fleeing crowds behind me, scanning the sea of terrified faces for a suitable morsel. A flash of red hair caught my eye, standing out amidst the panicked mob. Zeroing in on my target, I saw it was a young woman in a black skirt and blouse, her red hair whipping behind her as she ran. It was hard to make out her face from so high up, but she looked familiar. Were my eyes deceiving me, or was that really her?


I walked over to her, my thundering footsteps rapidly closing the distance between us. She glanced back over her shoulder, her eyes widening in horror as she saw me bearing down on her. She tried to put on a burst of speed, but her efforts were futile against my gigantic strides. I bent over and reached out, my massive hand engulfing the woman's slender frame as I plucked her effortlessly off the ground.
GAMES PLANET
2014


It was her, sure enough. My old boss. That stupid little bitch. "What's wrong, Gina? Not happy to see me?" I taunted.
Gina screamed and thrashed in my grasp, her legs kicking frantically in the air as I lifted her high above the street. I could feel her tiny fists pounding against my fingers, but the impacts barely even registered.
I sauntered over to Clem, showing her my catch. "Hey Clem, I'm having my old boss over for dinner!"
SUMMER
SUMMER

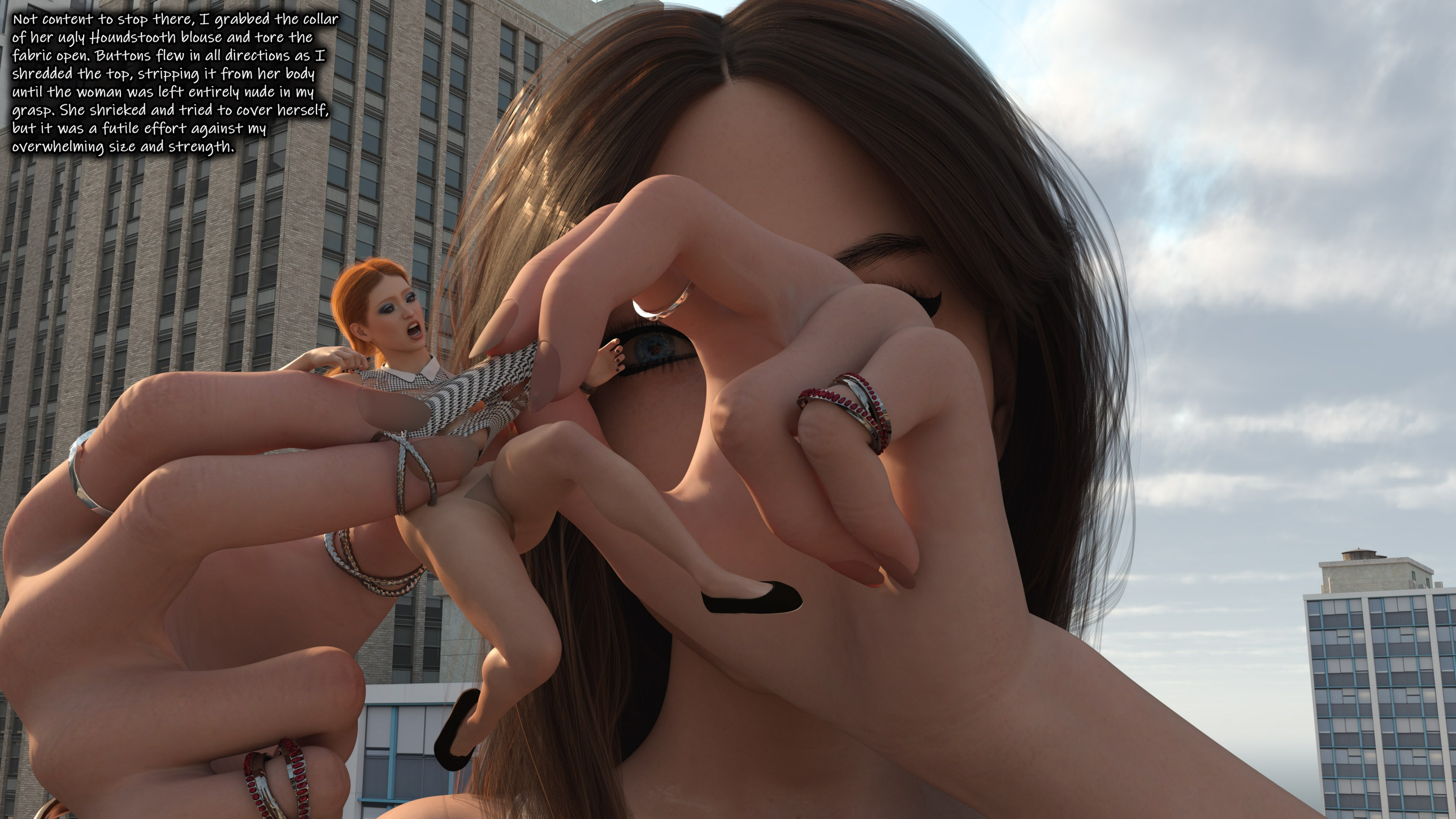

Clem nodded approvingly as she eyed the squirming woman in my hand. "You can finally put that plastic little bitch in her place: your gut," Clem purred, licking her lips. "I bet she'll just melt in your mouth. Well, what are you waiting for? Dig in!"


The thought of eating Gina was more appetizing by the second, and I felt my mouth starting to water as I imagined popping her between my lips like a piece of candy. Her terror only seemed to heighten my hunger, the scent of her fear making the beast within me growl with desire. Dominating strangers was one thing, but getting revenge on my boss was satisfying in a whole other way.


Clem cocked her head at me. “What’s taking you so long?” she asked, raising an eyebrow.
I held up a hand, signaling for her to wait. "Excuse me for trying to savor my food," I teased. “It’s not every day you get to eat your old boss!”


Gina continued screaming and cursing at me, her shrill cries grating on my ears. But her attitude only made me mad. I tightened my grip around her, feeling her fragile ribs creak under the pressure. The little bitch's struggles intensified, but she was powerless to escape my clutches.


I reached down and grabbed the hem of Gina's stupid black skirt. In one swift motion, I yanked the garment down her legs, ripping it free and casting it aside. To my surprise, I discovered that she wasn't wearing any underwear beneath the skirt. I don't know what that slut was planning to do after she got off work... But now she was going to spend her evening with me.


Not content to stop there, I grabbed the collar of her ugly Houndstooth blouse and tore the fabric open. Buttons flew in all directions as I shredded the top, stripping it from her body until the woman was left entirely nude in my grasp. She shrieked and tried to cover herself, but it was a futile effort against my overwhelming size and strength.


Licking my lips in anticipation, I opened my mouth wide and brought the naked woman towards my waiting jaws. I slipped her inside head-first, her arms sliding over my tongue as more of her body disappeared past my lips.
STARS
SUPPLIES
OLT


Gina screamed and grabbed frantically at my lips, trying to pull herself back out. I relished the moment, savoring the rush of power that came from being able to overpower her entire body with my tongue. Finally, I closed my lips and sucked her in further, overpowering her struggles.
With a final slurp, I closed my mouth around the woman, sealing her inside the warm, wet confines of my jaws. I could feel her thrashing and fighting for freedom, her tiny fists and feet pummeling the inside of my cheeks. The sensation was strange but not unpleasant, like a fluttering massage against my tongue and palate.


I savored the taste and texture of the woman for a few moments longer, rolling her around in my mouth. I was toying with her, playing with my food. I mused about my options, deciding her fate. Sure, I could chomp down, like Clem did... but that idea didn't especially appeal to me. It was a bit gruesome for my taste. I wasn't much for rare meat, let alone raw. And as cruel as it sounded, that punishment would be over so quickly.
After thinking about it for a moment, I decided to swallow her. What better punishment was there for someone who trapped me in a tiny, miserable little store for years? She wouldn't spend nearly as long in my belly, of course... But the ride down should give her plenty of time to regret her actions, before my stomach acid does its work. There was only one problem... She wasn't especially small.
鉄道模型
ホビーランドぽち
秋葉原2号店


After a moment of hesitation, I tipped my head back, I gathered my courage and swallowed hard. I felt my throat muscles working, the woman's body sliding down my gullet even as she fought against the inevitable. I had never swallowed anything quite so large before, but there was no going back now. With a final gulp, the woman disappeared down my throat, condemned to the dark, churning pit of my stomach. Which still sounds less miserable than spending the rest of her life at that shitty mall clothing store, so I'm doing her a favor if anything.


Clem was waiting patiently, leaned up against a building as I finished swallowing my former boss. She watched me with an amused smirk, then cocked her head and laughed. "Looks like you fired your old boss. So, what's next on the itinerary?"
鉄道模型
SERGIOS DESIGNER MENS SHOES
大戸屋
新創作
ダイニング
3F
Aspect
Aspect Delivery
Bar


I was glad she was letting me take the initiative for once, instead of just dragging me along on whatever twisted idea popped into her head. I thought for a moment, then suggested we hit up the movie theater down the block - the one that always showed those stupid, lame superhero movies. "Why don't we go to that chain theater down the street?" I asked. "It would be funny to chow down on some of those geeky idiots."
TETLEYS
EUROCAR
SOAD
TEPCO
WILLIAMS AND SONS
COLT
EASTGATE
TEPCO
TETLE
HOOPER FOR MAYOR!
VOTE FOR FREEDOM!



Clem's eyes lit up at the idea and she grinned wickedly. "I like the way you think, Willow," she purred, pushing herself off the wall. "Let's give them a matinee showing, Attack of the Giant Hipsters!"


There were huge glass windows at the front of the theater, which gave me an easy vantage point. I could see dozens of oblivious moviegoers waiting in line for the concession stand, chatting animatedly. Those clueless idiots didn't seem to have any idea about the chaos and destruction happening just outside.
SMOOTHIE
BURGER
CAUTION!


We walked closer to the theater, our footsteps shaking the earth. The ground trembled, cars bounced on their suspension, and light poles swayed from the shockwaves of our approach. And yet, the little morons inside the theater still didn't seem to realize the danger that was coming for them.


I stood right in front of the theater entrance and Clem crouched down beside me, peering in through the glass with a hungry expression. Suddenly, I heard screams of terror erupting from inside as the crowds finally noticed the two giants looming outside. Panicked chaos broke out as people scrambled over each other, trying desperately to flee.


Clem scanned the interior of the building, a thoughtful look on her face as she tried to figure out the best way to get at our prey. The roof was pretty low for us to squeeze under, and I didn't relish the idea of crawling through the lobby on our hands and knees. There had to be a better way.
CINEMA


"We could smash our way in," Clem mused, tapping a finger against her lips. "Just knock the roof in grab anyone who doesn't get squished by the concrete!"
DESIGNER MENS SHOES


"I don't want to get my food all dirty and dusty," I complained. "Why don't you just tear the roof off like you said? We can lift it up in one piece. Then we can pick them off nice and easy, without making a big mess. It'll be like plucking popcorn out of a bucket!"


Clem shrugged nonchalantly. "I can do that," she said. "I'll have this roof torn off in no time flat."
CINEMA


Clem stood up to her full height and grabbed the edges of the roof with both hands, her fingers digging into the concrete. But as she strained and grunted, muscles flexing beneath her skin, the roof didn't budge an inch. I watched smugly as Clem struggled in vain, her face reddening with exertion.
JP
TECHNOLOGIES

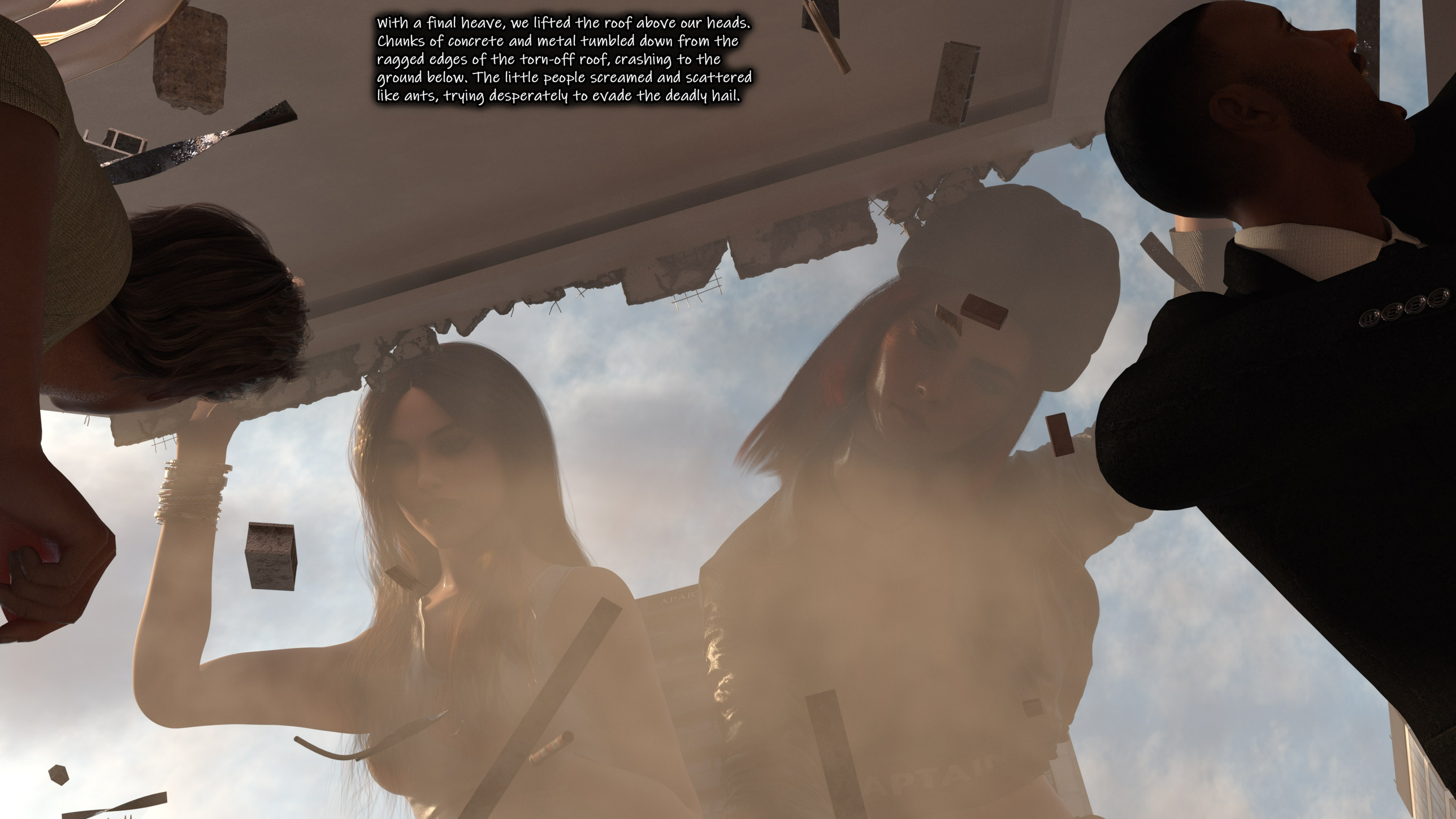

"Need a little help there, Clem?" I asked with mock innocence, barely concealing my amusement. It was satisfying to see Clem's tough girl act falter for once.


"No, I got this!" she snapped back, her voice strained. "Just give me a second." Clem redoubled her efforts, veins bulging in her neck as she poured all her strength into lifting the stubborn roof.
After another moment of futile struggling, Clem finally let go with a frustrated growl. "Alright, fine," she grudgingly admitted. "I could use a hand with this."


We both grabbed hold of the roof's edge, our fingers finding purchase in the concrete. Bracing our legs, we heaved upwards in unison, straining against the structure's weight. At first, nothing happened. But then, with a protesting groan, the roof slowly began to lift, sending a rain of pulverized concrete pattering down around us.


Inch by hard-fought inch, we pried the roof up higher, peeling it back like the lid of a tin can. Even at our size, it wasn't an easy feat. We weren't exactly weightlifters, after all. But I wasn't about to be defeated by a roof, so I gave it my all... and soon, we made some real progress.


Through the clouds of concrete dust, we could just make out the huddled shapes of the theater patrons cowering inside. I wondered how it must look from their tiny perspective - two towering, all-powerful goddesses ripping their flimsy shelter away, leaving them exposed and helpless before us.
CTHULHU
for President


With a final heave, we lifted the roof above our heads. Chunks of concrete and metal tumbled down from the ragged edges of the torn-off roof, crashing to the ground below. The little people screamed and scattered like ants, trying desperately to evade the deadly hail.


I turned to Clem with a coy smile. "You and I make quite the wrecking crew," I teased. Then, with a casual flick of our wrists, we tossed the mangled roof aside.



With the roof torn away, Clem and I peered down at the frightened little consumers huddled below us. They gazed up at our towering forms with a mixture of awe and terror, realizing their fragile shelter had been stripped away, leaving them entirely at our mercy. A cruel smile played across my lips as I surveyed the crowds like a hungry predator eyeing its prey.

Not wasting any time, Clem casually stepped over the theater wall. Following her lead, I leaned in through the gaping hole where the roof used to be, looming over the cowering moviegoers. They scattered in all directions, frantically seeking any possible escape from the twin giantesses who had come to feast.


Some of the terrified patrons made a desperate break for the front entrance, hoping to flee through the revolving doors. But Clem was too quick for them. She took a single thundering step and brought her foot down directly in front of the doors, blocking their escape route. The glass panels shattered into glittering shards as the people's last avenue to freedom was cut off.


Scanning the panicked crowds, my gaze settled on a wannabe hipster girl standing frozen near the concession stand. With a wicked grin, I reached down and plucked her off the ground, my fingers easily engulfing her slender frame. She squirmed and thrashed in my grasp as I lifted her up to my face for a closer look.
FOODS AND DR
MEN
RESTROOM
FRIES
SMOOTHIE
BURGER
eye max
HOTDOGS

I held the hipster girl out towards Clem, an amused smirk on my face. "Hey Clem, check it out - she's like a pint-sized version of you. She's even got the same little beanie!" I teased, watching the color drain from the girl's face.

Clem looked the miniature doppelganger up and down appraisingly, then snorted. "As if! I'm way hotter than that little poser," she scoffed, kneeling down to search for some bite-sized victims of her own.




Clem's hungry gaze locked onto a group of guys who were trying to make a break for it, sprinting towards a side exit. She lunged forward with lightning speed, her hand shooting out to intercept a group of geeky dudes.


In one fluid motion, she snatched up three of the men at once, their legs flailing comically as she lifted them into the air. I was content with my single catch, the knockoff Clem, as I raised the screaming hipster girl towards my waiting mouth.


Dangling one of the men above her open jaws, Clem unceremoniously dropped him in. She tilted her head back, slurping the screaming man feet-first into her maw like a strand of spaghetti. With one of the dude's legs still protruding from between her lips, Clem stood back up to her full height. She lifted her foot up, right on top of some bald bastard who was running away.
APARTMENTS



Clem lowered her foot on the bald guy, knocking him down and pinning him against the ground. His frantic screams were cut off as her immense weight pressed down on him. Little by little, she pressed her heel down harder, savoring the feeling of his feeble struggles growing weaker beneath her sneaker sole.


Clem pressed down further, crushing him into the floor. Bones snapped as she gradually increased the pressure. With a final twist of her heel, she reduced the man to a smear on the tile floor, his body utterly pulverized.


I looked back up at Clem and watched while she slurped down the last of the people in her mouth. She made a deliberate show of it, tilting her head all the way back as the man's flailing legs slowly disappeared between her lips. With an audible gulp, she swallowed him whole, a visible bulge traveling down her throat before vanishing into her stomach.
APARTMENTS


I looked for more people to grab, but the last of them were piling out of the lobby, fleeing into the main theater. I watched as the last of them ran through the door to the theater, desperate to escape our wrath. I wondered how long they thought they could hide from us in there.
BASED ON THE BEST SELLING BOOK
RIGHT BETWEEN THE STARS
A FILMED BY GMC STUDIO
THE STOLEN NIGHTS
CINEMA 1
CINEMA


Through a crack in the roof, I could just make out the inside of the main theater. The projector was still on, as the movie previews played to an empty room. But it looked like it was pretty much deserted now, the last of the moviegoers having already made a break for the emergency exits. "Lame," I muttered, disappointed that our fun had been cut short.
FEATURE PRESENTATION STARTIN
SOON
EXIT


I walked around the corner of the building and watched as the surviving patrons poured out of the theater's rear exits, spilling into the sidewalks. They fled down the streets in a blind panic, tripping over each other in their haste to get away from us. It was almost funny watching them freak out, like chickens running around with their heads cut off.
CINEMA
Road to You
NOW SHOWING
ROAD TO YOU
Office Girl
NOW SHOWING
OFFICE GIRL
CINEMA



Clem glanced back at me while she stretched. "You want to chase them down?" she asked casually. "Pick them off one by one as they try to get away?"

I shook my head, already growing bored with this little game. "Nah, I have a better idea," I told her. "Want to go terrorize some gym bros?"


There was a big gym just a few blocks away, and it was a very short walk at our size. As we approached, I could see the muscle heads inside going about their workouts, blissfully unaware of the destruction that was happening just blocks away. They were too focused on their treadmills and weight machines to notice the two towering giantesses drawing near. It was almost comical how oblivious they were to their impending doom.
TETLEYS
EUROCAR
SOAP


The first one to notice us was a woman in a tight gray workout outfit. She did a dramatic double-take when she spotted Clem and me approaching the building. The stupid little bimbo's jaw dropped in disbelief. She clearly couldn't believe what she was seeing... but we were more real than she could imagine.


The woman in gray started frantically pointing at us, shouting to get the attention of the other gym-goers. One by one, the gym bros all turned to look, following her pointing towards the windows. Looks of confusion quickly turned into horror when they saw us staring back at them through the window.


Clem and I stepped right up to the building and looked through the big glass windows, staring down at the horrified people inside. They looked so small and pathetic, scurrying around like they were bugs trapped in an ant farm. "Not so tough now, are you, gym rats?" I called out with a sneer. "Looks like all those big muscles won't do you much good against us!"


A wicked grin spread across Clem's face as she raised one hand and curled it into a fist. She pulled her arm back, taking aim at the huge windows in front of us. The people inside immediately realized her intention and started to panic, some freezing in place while others ran for cover. They scrambled madly to get out of the way, desperate to avoid the coming impact. Clem savored their fear for a moment, drawing out the anticipation before she made her move.


Clem slammed her fist forward, smashing through the tempered glass like it was nothing. Jagged shards exploded inwards, raining down on the terrified people inside. They cowered and ducked, shielding their faces from the deadly hail of glass.



While everyone was still dazed and confused, Clem snatched up a buff gym bro. She held him in the air, dangling him upside-down by his ankles. She held him out towards me, a mischievous glint in her eye. "Hey Willow, check out this dude. Do you think he's hot?" she asked playfully.

I looked the terrified man up and down appraisingly, then wrinkled my nose in distaste. "Ugh, seriously? Definitely not," I declared with a dismissive wave of my hand.


Clem let out a wicked cackle at my assessment. "You hear that? She says you're not hot enough. Later, loser!" she sneered. With a casual flick of her wrist, she tossed the screaming man aside like a piece of trash. He plummeted several stories to the ground below, his cries suddenly ending with a loud splat.


Not to be outdone, I reached into the gym and plucked out a random guy of my own. The guy in the tank top looked pretty buff, but his muscles were useless against my grip.


I held him in the air, letting him squirm idly in my hand. "You know, Clem, I think I'm in the mood for a protein shake," I quipped. The guy in the tank top seemed to get what I was implying, because he started screaming and pleading right away.


Without another word, I shoved the man head-first into my mouth, my lips closing around his flailing arms. I bit down hard, feeling his body crunch between my teeth like a celery stick.


As I continued chewing my food, Clem's attention was drawn to a particular man inside the gym. While everyone else was fleeing for their lives, this guy just stood there frozen, staring up at us with a mixture of terror and disbelief. He held his hands out in front of him in a placating gesture, as if that would somehow ward us off.
"Please, don't hurt me!" the man shouted, his voice cracking with fear. "I'll do anything you want, just let me go! I'm begging you, show some mercy!"


Clem let out a derisive snort at his pathetic pleas. "Are you serious right now? How stupid can you possibly be?" she taunted, looming over him menacingly. "We're literally eating people left and right, and you think we'll make an exception for you just because you asked nicely? Get real, dumbass!"


The man backed away slowly, holding his hands up in desperate supplication. "No, please, I'm begging you! Don't do this!" he cried out, tears streaming down his face. "I'll give you anything, do anything you ask! Just spare my life!"


Clem let out a cruel, mocking laugh at his pathetic display. "You really are a special kind of stupid, aren't you?" she sneered, reaching out towards the groveling man with one massive hand. "I'm going to enjoy shutting you up for good."


Clem's fingers closed around the man's body, engulfing him completely as she carried him forward. She brought the screaming, thrashing man up to her face, shoving him towards her gaping maw.


With a wicked grin, she shoved his head and upper body past her lips, muffling his terrified shrieks. Clem pushed the man deeper into her mouth, inch by inch, savoring his futile struggles.


Clem tilted her head back as she worked him further in, until only his kicking legs remained protruding from between her lips. The man's legs flailed wildly in the air, his expensive sneakers bouncing harmlessly against her cheeks.
CAPTAIN



I watched in morbid fascination as Clem slurped the man's legs into her mouth like strands of spaghetti. She sealed her lips around his feet, trapping him completely inside the warm, wet prison of her jaws. Then, with an audible gulp, she swallowed the man whole, sending him on a one-way trip to her waiting stomach.

As Clem licked her lips in satisfaction, I couldn't help but ask the question that had been on my mind. "Couldn't do that when you were 5'5", could you?" I teased. "You sure do seem to enjoy being a hundred feet tall!"


Clem turned to me with a cocky, lopsided grin, her eyes gleaming with wicked delight. "Oh, it's fucking incredible," she purred, running her tongue over her teeth. "The power, the rush of being able to do anything we want? It's better than I ever imagined." She paused for a moment, a thoughtful look crossing her face. "But you know, as amazing as this is... I can't help but feel like it would be even better if I was just a little bigger. Hell, scratch that. I wish I was twice this tall!"


As Clem spoke those fateful words, I noticed the medallion in her back pocket beginning to emit an eerie red glow. The light pulsed and intensified, as if the ancient artifact was responding to her wish. Clem's casual remark must have inadvertently triggered the amulet's magic once again.


Clem let out a gasp of surprise as she suddenly started to grow, her body expanding at an astonishing rate. She clearly hadn't meant for her comment to be interpreted as an actual wish by the medallion, but it was making her grow all the same.
ONE WAY
NO PARKING
CAPTAIN
THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART
POLICE


Despite her initial shock, a wicked grin quickly spread across her face as she reveled in the incredible sensation of her body surging in size and power. I watched in a mixture of awe and fear as Clem rapidly outpaced me in height, her head and shoulders rising high above my own. I couldn't help but feel a twinge of unease at the thought of her towering over me, now possessing an even greater physical advantage. What if she accidentally hurt one of us?
ONE WAY
NO PARKING
UNAUTHORIZED VEHICLES WILL BE TOWED AT OWNER'S EXPENSE
THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART
POLICE


In mere moments, Clem's growth had progressed to the point where I barely came up to her hips. And yet, incredibly, her expansion showed no signs of slowing down. She continued to shoot upwards at a dizzying pace, her body taking up more and more of my field of vision with each passing second.


Finally, after what felt like an eternity but was likely only a minute or two, Clem's growth spurt came to an end. She stood there, marveling at her own incredible new stature, scarcely able to believe just how immense she had become. "Holy shit," Clem muttered. "I'm fucking huge!"
From my perspective, her transformation was even more staggering. I didn't even reach her waist anymore, reduced to a tiny figure next to her mountainous form.
CAPTAIN
SUMMER
TP TECHNOLOGIES


Up until now, I had been content with my own hundred-foot height, not particularly eager to grow any larger. But suddenly, faced with Clem's towering presence, I felt small and vulnerable in comparison. I looked up at her with pleading eyes and asked hesitantly, "You're going to wish for me to grow too, right?"


Clem glanced down at me, a mischievous glint in her eye as she pondered my question. "Maybe, maybe not..." she drawled, her voice dripping with mock innocence. "It's nice being the biggest woman in the world... And I kind of like making you look up to me for a change!"
APARTMENTS
CARLTON COURT
APARTMENTS


My heart sank. Was Clem just having a little fun teasing me? Or was she going to treat me like just another insect for her to squish?
CAPTAIN
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART


CAPTAIN
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART
END OF PART 1

BETTER THAN YOU SIZE COMPARISON



BETTER THAN YOU SIZE COMPARISON




JACKOFBULLETS GIANTESS COMICS
ego ostendam tibi desperandam


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