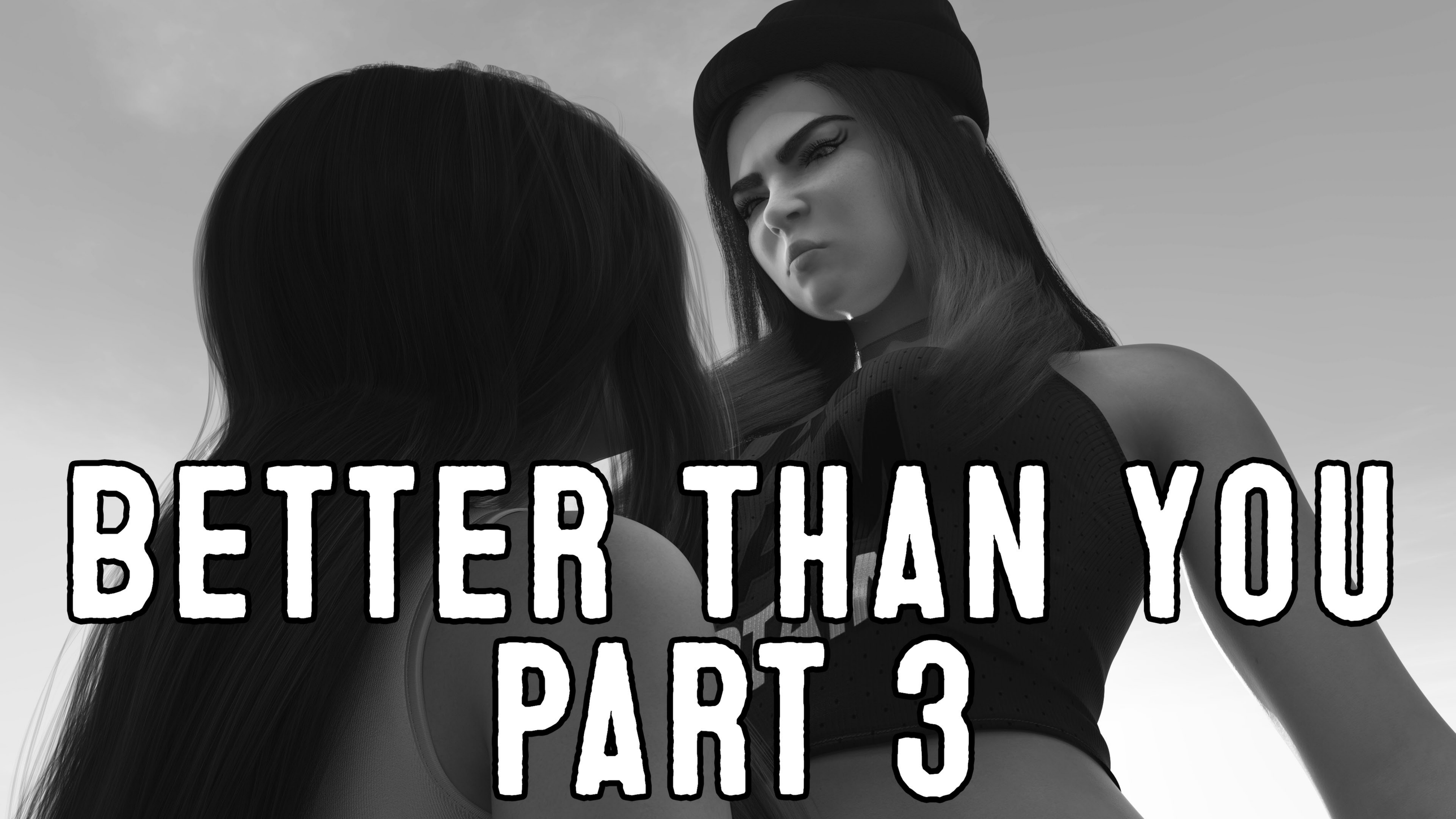

BETTER THAN YOU
PART 3


JACKOFBULLETS
REDFIREDOG


Willow may have towered high over the city, but she'd never felt as small as she did in that moment. She stared up at Clem, too exhausted to even feel mad. "So you're dead set on smashing the city?" she asked. "There's really nothing I can say to change your mind?"


Clem held the amulet high, making sure to keep it just out of Willow's reach. "Nope!" she said brightly. "Not just me, though. We are going to kill them all!" The cheerfulness in her voice was somehow the worst part. Willow felt her stomach drop.
"Oh yeah? Or what?" Willow asked.



Clem looked down at her, and the smile slowly faded from her face. "Are you asking because you're curious... Or are you asking because you wanna find out firsthand?"

Willow thought about it for exactly one second. "I'm good." she admitted.

"Then quit bitching."

Willow tried a different angle, keeping her voice casual, almost breezy. "What do you say we get out of this lame-ass city, though? We could go for a walk through the countryside, get away from all these annoying little 'ants.' Wide open spaces at this size might be nice." She watched Clem carefully, hoping desperately that she was about to take the bait.


Clem rolled her eyes. "I'm not stupid, Willow. I see exactly what you're trying to do. You're trying to get me out into the middle of nowhere, so I can't hurt anyone. Because you care more about these stupid microbes than you care about me."
"That's not what I meant at all!" Willow protested.


Clem held the amulet tight, pausing to feel it for a moment before she slipped it into her bra. From her angle Willow couldn't quite make out what she was doing with it.
"Last warning." Clem said gravely. "You try to mess with me again, and you're going to regret it." Her voice was flat and quiet, in a way that was so much scarier than when she was shouting.


Clem walked through the city, shaking the ground with every step. Willow stood close behind, arms crossed. She was irritated by the casual swing of Clem's hips. It was like she was lording her power over the city with her every swaggering step.
TEAM
CAPTAIN


Clem paused over the downtown financial district, turning her attention to a cluster of buildings. She regarded them for a moment before raising her right foot high above the office buildings, and holding it there for a moment.
CAPTAIN


She didn't just slam her heel down, however. She lowered it, slowly. Clem wasn't normally a patient person by nature, but she wanted every single person below to understand exactly what she was going to do to them, even if it meant taking her time occasionally.


Her sole made contact with a building's roof, obliterating a dozen floors at once. Her foot pressed downward, reducing floor after floor to smoking rubble. They gave way without the slightest resistance, falling so easily that Clem barely even felt them beneath her sole.


Clem effortlessly stomped down, erasing everything below her. What remained could scarcely even be called rubble. It was simply gone. Deleted from the city as if it had never existed.



The air around Clem's foot was thick with concrete dust, a dense cloud that slowly expanded outward. Through the haze, Willow could just make out movements of the terrified people below. They looked so insignificant to her. Not even insects... They were microbes. Bacteria squirming at her feet, so small that they couldn't possibly resist her.


Clem smiled as she watched them go. "Look at them." She said, almost fondly. "Bunch of mindless little ants hiding in their little hives. Too bad I just stomped on their ant hill."


"You know, you're really missing out, Willow," Clem called back over her shoulder. "I know you're still making that face. That face you make when you're trying to be morally superior and act like this isn't fun. Well it's not working."
CAPTAIN


Willow stood resolutely, her arms still crossed tightly. She kept her mouth shut, but her breathing grew heavy.
Clem raised her left foot again, this time over a busy street. There were still cars down there, full of terrified people desperate to get away from her.
TEAM
CAPTAIN


Clem brought her foot down. Her heel descended quickly, heading towards the city below at incredible speed. There was no savoring this movement. She moved hard and fast, like a bolt of lightning.


A moment later, the street was gone. The entire thing had been utterly destroyed by Clem's dirty converse. There was nothing left except for a few small bits of rubble stuck in the ridges of her sole.



Clem stood still for a second after that, gazing down at the city below her. Willow watched her face from the side. She noticed the slight smirk, the way her shoulders dropped half an inch. She looked satisfied, like she'd just had a really good stretch. Like this was the thing she'd always been built for and had only just figured it out.


Clem crouched down, wrapping her fingers around a skyscraper. Not to crush it, not yet. First, she wanted to hold it, just to feel the size of the thing in her hand.
Willow turned away, refusing to watch whatever carnage Clem was about to perform. Instead, she stared straight up at the open sky. The clouds were beautiful, and Willow couldn't destroy them.
Not yet, anyway.


Clementine crouched lower, studying the buildings, feeling them wiggle in her hand. She pressed her palm flat against one of them, and leaned into it.


Clem pressed a little bit harder. For a moment, nothing happened. The building just stood there, enduring the immense pressure from above. Tiny shards of glass flaked off the sides and the concrete around the ground began to bulge unnaturally... before she felt something give.


The concrete on the upper floors began to crumble, giving way in a cascading of falling rubble. A deep rumbling sound moved through the structure, deep and booming, and the whole thing began to collapse.


Her hand effortlessly glided through the building, obliterating everything beneath it with terrifying ease. The collapse moved outward in a grey-white bloom of smoke and pulverized concrete that swelled upward and outward in every direction, swallowing everything around it in a sweeping cloud of dust.



When the smoke cleared, Clem looked down and saw that there was nothing left of the building. A low, ragged mound of rubble where something enormous had been standing ten seconds ago.

"Oh, now that is satisfying." Clem straightened up, flexing her fingers, examining her palm like she was checking for a splinter. "Did you see that? I barely even pushed. I just... leaned. That's all it takes. These things just fall apart, Willow, it's unbelievable." She turned toward her, eyes bright. "Come on. You're telling me you don't want to try THIS? I know you're smaller than me, but even you should be able to do it."


She reached out with her left hand and pushed the next tower. All it took was a casual shove, like she was nudging a glass off a table. The top of the building went sideways, shearing the building right down the middle.
Screams rang out from the streets below, which made Clem burst out in laughter. "Can you hear them, Willow? For a bunch of ants these crybabies sure can scream." Clem asked.


Willow was still refusing to watch the spectacle, a gesture that was starting to feel more performative than anything else. She did not want to dignify Clem's antics with attention, but acting above it all clearly wasn't helping any of her victims.


Willow tensed up, deciding to try and change Clem's mind one last time. She pushed her anger to the back of her mind, and tried to act friendly. "Alright, Clem..." she said. "What are you doing over there, exactly?"


"Smashing buildings, dummy." Clem said as if it were the most natural thing in the world. "You should really try it. They just... crumble. Like little sand castles, or something... but even easier. It's kind of insane how easy it is." She sounded genuinely delighted. It reminded Willow of the way she used to sound talking about a band she'd just discovered.


Willow did her best to act friendly. "Sure, yeah, that tracks." She said, pausing for a moment. "I'm just saying... we've been doing this for a while. I really do want a change of scenery, honest. We we could do head out into the ocean, see if the water's warm. Go for a little swim, take our clothes off, see where it leads. Something that's actually fun, as opposed to, well..." She gestured vaguely at the rubble field below.


Clem turned around fully then, and the look on her face was one of total bewilderment. "Are you actually insane right now?" she asked. "Willow. I am smashing skyscrapers. With my bare hands. I'm ripping apart buildings that took a thousand people ten years to build, and I'm doing it in about four seconds because I feel like it! You should broaden your horizons because honestly, this is better than sex. This is better than anything."


Clem gestured back toward the financial district, pointing down at a half-collapsed tower.
"You see that? I did it with just one hand. There were like a hundred people in there, minimum. A hundred of these stupid little microbes trapped inside of those walls, and now they're gone! All because I put my hand on top of it and pushed down." She looked back at Willow with wild eyes. "You realize what that means, right? I'm a god. An actual, literal god. And you want me to, what, go for a swim?"


Willow held both hands up. "No, okay, I hear you, I do." She kept her voice smooth, even though something was tightening in her chest. "I'm not saying it's not impressive. I'm just saying you've been at it for a while. Maybe take thirty seconds. Decompress a little. Too much of a good thing could-"


Clem went very still. She looked down at a glass-and-steel tower, all blue reflective panels and gleaming edges, still mostly intact. Her jaw shifted. "You want me to... decompress?" She said, mulling over the word for a moment. "You think I need a break? Like I'm tired? Like this is wearing me out? You think I'm weak, don't you? I'll show you fucking weak!"


She drove her fist straight down into it, obliterating the building the instant she made contact. The floors collapsed downward in a single violent compression and the whole structure burst outward.


Willow could feel herself growing aggravated. She pressed both hands flat against her temples, and breathed in slowly. It didn't do a damned thing to calm her down. The tension behind her eyes had been building ever since the mall, and it wasn't going anywhere.
Dealing with Clem on a normal day required a certain amount of patience. Dealing with Clem when she was thousands of feet tall, holding the one object that could fix any of this, while casually annihilating a major American city? That was too much to deal with, and Willow couldn't hold her rage back any longer.


"You stupid little psycho!" The words came out before she'd consciously decided to say them. "You're killing thousands of people. Thousands, Clem! And for what? So you can feel big? So you can finally feel like you're not the same pathetic loser you've always been?"


Clem turned around slowly. Whatever amusement had been in her face was completely gone. "Loser?" she repeated. "I'm a fucking god, Willow. I've been trying to explain this to you and it's like talking to a wall. All of them were too stupid to recognize my greatness before. Every single person who ever looked at me like I was nothing, every asshole boss, every boring little nobody who thought they had the right to judge me... None of them can deny my superiority now. And neither can you!"


Willow shook her head. "What superiority? You would still be nothing without that amulet, and it's not even yours! You stole it from me! "


Clem straightened up to her full height, and the shadow she cast swallowed Willow whole. She stared down at the smaller giantess, her eyes full of contempt. "So fucking what?" she said. "I wanted it, so I took it. Finders, keepers. What are you going to do about it?"
TEAM
CAPTAIN


Willow's heard pounded in her chest. She balled her hands into fists at her sides, knuckles tight. "You think you're so tough? Then make me your size! Come on! Give me a shot and we can settle this like equals, right now!"



Clem took one long step toward her, and Willow suddenly became very aware of how much smaller she was.

"That's the thing, Willow. We're not equals." she said. "We're not even the same species anymore. You're like a dog to me. My little pet." She paused for a moment to let the words sink in. "You know what happens to pets when they disobey?"


Clem took another step forward, and her body made contact with Willow's shoulder. She was close now, close enough that Willow could snatch the amulet... if only she knew where it was.
"They... get scolded?" Willow asked.


"Wrong." Clem said, pressing her finger hard against Willow's forehead. "They get put down."
Willow's stomach dropped straight through the floor. "You don't fucking mean that."


"I do." Clem pulled her finger back, and her voice dropped into something smooth and almost pleasant. "You're just like the rest of them, Willow. Just a little bigger. But at the end of the day, you're still an insect. I was going to let you be my pet, Willow. I was being generous." She tilted her head. "But I guess you don't want to be a pet, do you? You'd rather die down there with them."

"Clem." Willow heard the desperation in her own voice and couldn't do a thing about it. "Clem, let's just talk this over, okay? Just for a second-"
"Silence." Clem said, placing a hand onto her chest, and Willow suddenly realized where she was holding the amulet. "I wish for Willow to shrink."


The light hit her before the sound did. A white flash that burned straight through her eyelids, and then every nerve in her body fired at once. She recoiled, throwing her hands up to shield herself from the light. She let out a scream that was distorted by the sheer cosmic forces that were being blasted at her.


Then it stopped. Everything went quiet. She sat there, still blinded by the light, her ears ringing faintly. She felt strange, in a way she couldn't immediately describe.
GARAGE
CHARLIE'S GARAGE LTD.
General Repairs
FOREIGN & DOMESTIC CARS
4415
STOP
STOP


She looked down. There were people below her, tiny and screaming, scattering in every direction away from her feet. She was still huge by any reasonable measure, but the buildings around her had gotten taller. She could only imagine how big Clem would look now...


Willow pushed past her hesitancy, and looked up. She immediately regretted doing so.



She saw Clem staring down at her, and her mind struggled to make sense of how massive she truly was. Clem's feet alone were as wide as a city block. Her legs rose up far past the tallest skyscrapers. Her face was so far above her that it was almost obscured by the haze of dust and smoke that still hung in the air. A slow smile spread across it.

"There you are." Clem taunted. "You're so small, I almost didn't see you." She tilted her head, studying Willow the way she studied the skyscrapers just before she pushed them over. "I wonder if I'll even feel you squish under these."


Willow scrambled upright. Her legs felt wrong, her sense of scale still recalibrating in real time. "Okay!" she shouted, and her voice sounded thin and far away even to herself. "Okay, Clem, you made your point! I get it, alright? I'm sorry! I'm really, genuinely sorry, so please, just-"


Clem laughed. It was a full, bright, delighted laugh, the kind she usually reserved for watching someone fall off a skateboard. "You should really start running." She said, before lifting one enormous foot and covering multiple city blocks in shadow.
TEAM
CAPTAIN


Clem's foot came down a block away. The roof of a building instantly crumbled beneath her sole, collapsing inward in a catastrophic crunch that Willow felt deep in her bones. Instinct kicked in, and she ran.
BREAKFAST AND LUNCH FREE DELIVERY
JAKES DELI
AUTO SALES
WINE
BEER


spoon
STORAGE
WAREHOUSE
DRUGS
COSMETICS
PHARMACY
FAST FOOD
NEW MODELS
AUTO SALES
LAST EXIT
NORTH
495
EXIT 28
SPEED LIMIT
50
Willow ran hard, her bare feet smashing through whatever or whoever was unlucky enough to be in her path. Behind her, Clem's foot descended further, and more buildings collapsed into rubble.



But Willow kept running. She didn't have any other options. The sky itself seemed to shake as something exploded behind her. A column of fire and debris erupted from somewhere behind a row of buildings to her right.

Her mind was working fast now, the way it only really did when she felt like her life was genuinely on the line. She needed the amulet. That was the only outcome that mattered. Any chance she'd had at fighting Clem had gone out the window when she'd shrunk to this size. She couldn't run forever, and couldn't negotiate with someone who was actively trying to crush her. She needed to get her hands on the amulet somehow, and she needed to do it without getting herself killed in the next thirty seconds.


A moment later, Clem stomped down. The shockwave threw Willow off-balance, almost falling over entirely before she managed to catch herself. She found herself staring at Clem's heel, once again in awe of how truly massive she was.
DRUGS
COSMETICS
PHARMACY
FAST FOOD
AUTO SALES
DAVES AUTO SALES
STOP


Willow turned and ran, sprinting down main street. Behind her, she heard a deep boom as Clem lifted her foot into the air, shuffling away debris that had caked her enormous sole.
FAST FOOD
FOR RENT
AUTO SALES
JAKES DELI
LAST EXIT
STOP


The shadow came first. It swept over the streets, encroaching upon Willow before threatening to swallow her whole. She realized Clem had nearly caught up to her. The enormous thing swung forward with so much momentum it was obvious Willow had absolutely no hope of escaping on foot.


Clem's foot crashed down in the middle of the intersection directly behind Willow. The impact made the ground quake, and once again threw Willow off balance. She stumbled, but used a nearby building to catch herself so she could keep on running.
PARKING
OLD STYLE BBQ
DRUGS
COSMETICS
PHARMACY


Willow made the mistake of looking back. Clem had already lifted her other foot into the air, and it was obvious this one could land directly on top of her. The worst part was, Clem wasn't even exerting herself. It was like Willow was a mouse she was mildly interested in catching.
WINE
GROCERY
SANDWICHES-SODAS
PARKING
RIDGES OLD STYLE BBQ
RIDGES STEAKS RIDGES
OLD STYLE BBQ
FAST FOOD
DRUGS
COSMETICS
PHARMACY


Before she knew it, Clem was already on top of her. Willow looked up and saw the full dirty expanse of Clem's converse sole descending onto her. She ran for dear life, doing everything she could to get out before the heel came down.
H2O
PARKING
RIDGES
OLD STYLE BBQ
FAMILY RESTAURANT
RIDGES
OLD STYLE BBQ
FAST FOOD


Clem took her time, which added insult to injury. She wasn't even in a hurry, clearly savoring their impromptu game. The heel pressed down onto the street slowly, scraping willow across the back as she narrowly leapt out of the way.
PARK
JAKES DELI


Willow hit the street hard, knocking the breath out of her. She lay there for a moment, trying to figure out her next move, but coming up empty. There wasn't anyone who could come and save her. No deus ex machina waiting in the wings to magically knock out Clem.
She had lost.


Clem was staring down at Willow from an incomprehensible height, looking at her with that same disdainful gaze. Willow's chest seized up while she attempted to scrabble backwards. Desperate to put a few more inches between herself and her tormentor.


"Clem!" Willow shouted at the top of her lungs. "You're not actually going to do this, are you?! I'm your best friend! You'd lose your mind without me, you know you would!"


Clem burst out laughing. "Willow, you ridiculous little insect. I have a magic wishing amulet! Maybe you're right. Maybe I'll regret getting rid of you someday... but if that happens, I can just wish you back! Hell, I don't even have to miss you. If I ever just want to kill you again, then I have that option available to me. Wouldn't you like that? Me, getting to snuff out your pathetic little life as many times as I feel like it. Over, and over, and over... until I get bored!"


"But the first time should be more special, shouldn't it?" Clem teased, before closing her eyes tight. "Alright, Willow. I'll give you one last chance. You have until the count of ten to get away. One."
Willow was already moving. She ran through the streets as fast as she could, continuing until she was blocks away.
"Seven." She felt like she had hardly moved at all when Clem's echoing tone reminded her of how little time she actually had.
NAP
TEAM
CAPTAIN


"And... Ten." Clem said seriously. "I hope you've made peace with what's about to happen, Willow." She said, narrowing her eyes as she scanned the city for any signs of her former friend.


Willow hadn't made it far at all, and had hidden herself behind an old building, pressing her back against it for dear life. She felt an earth-shattering boom, and peered around the corner. Clem's heel had landed in the middle of a highway, no more than a block away.
PARKING


Clem's eyes darted across the skyline, searching for any sign of her former friend. Willow went completely still, barely breathing, watching those enormous eyes search across the city. For one terrible second, Clem's gaze seemed to pass directly over her position. Willow's whole body went rigid, but nothing happened. Clem's eyes just kept moving. She couldn't shake the feeling she'd just been spotted... but maybe the building had camouflaged her?
TEAM
CAPTAIN
PARKIN


"You're good at staying out of sight." Clem mused, raising a foot high above Willow's hiding spot. The entire surrounding area was drenched in inky shadow, and, assuming the worst, Willow broke into a run.


Willow didn't stop running. She kept to the narrow alleys between the tallest buildings she could find, trying to keep out of sight from Clem's perspective. At her current size, even the biggest skyscrapers weren't big enough to fully hide her. But it was the best she had.


A moment passed, and Clem's footsteps seemed farther away. A few blocks back, maybe more. Hard to tell. The city had a way of distorting sound now, bouncing it off wreckage in unpredictable directions.


Willow stopped to look back at Clementine. The much-larger giantess stopped walking for a moment, searching over a wide stretch of downtown. She looked around, looking right at Willow for a moment before she glanced somewhere else. There wasn't even a brief flicker of recognition, and Willow breathed a deep sigh of relief.


Willow watched from behind the corner of a building, as Clem turned and began walking in the opposite direction. Her back was to Willow now, which meant the coast was as clear as it was going to get.


Clem moved through the streets with a low, frustrated energy, stomping one block flat after another. There was nothing deliberate about her movements, and she wasn't taking her time to savor the destruction. She was annoyed, and the city was forced to endure that annoyance.


"This is so fucking stupid." Clem's voice drifted back, low and grumbling. "She's really hiding from me? Like, actually? As if that's going to do anything. Like I don't have all the time in the world." She kicked through a cluster of buildings without looking down. "Come out already, Willow! I'm going to find you anyway, and it's going to be so much worse if I have to keep looking."
TEAM
CAPTAIN


Willow stomped her way through the city, taking her frustration out on downtown. Even miles above, she could just make out the chorus of distant, tiny screams. "Stupid little insects." She groaned. "Death is better than you deserve."


She raised her right foot high, watching the shadow it threw spread out across several blocks below her. She held it there for a moment, giving everyone below just enough time to realize what was happening.


She brought her foot down. The buildings underneath exploded into dust and debris. Thousands of lives were ended in an instant. But it wasn't enough to satisfy Clementine.
CAPTAIN


She raised her foot this time, higher than the last, and held it suspended over a dense cluster of towers. "I hope you're down there, Willow, you stupid little bitch!" Clem's voice echoed from somewhere behind her.
CAPTAIN


Clem held her foot above a densely-packed part of downtown. Dozens of old buildings stood on that block alone. Some of which had stood tall for a century. None of them would survive for another thirty seconds.


Clementine stomped down, causing another cataclysm. Dust and smoke and fire erupted outward from under her heel with another deep boom. It was a spectacle she'd seen so many times already, yet it never seemed to get old.


Clementine twisted her heel, grinding the remains into gristle. "Hey Willow! I just stomped a bunch more little insects..." She taunted. "Aren't you going to come out and try to stop me? I might stop killing them if you ask me nicely one more time. You won't know unless you try..."
TEAM
CAPTAIN


Willow stood quietly behind a building, more than a mile away from where Clementine was now. She peeked out from behind the building, and saw that Willow was facing away once again. Maybe it was a good chance to move to another hiding spot. Maybe...


...Maybe not. Just as Willow was about to leave, Clem turned and looked over in her direction. Willow quickly ducked back, but something in Clem's mood seemed to shift. Like she saw a flicker of movement out of the corner of her eye, but couldn't quite pinpoint where.


Sure enough, Clementine stomped her way over towards where Willow was hiding. Willow ducked around the other side of the building, trying to remain hidden as the giantess approached.


Willow cowered as Clementine raised her foot high into the air, above a massive skyscraper. She knew what was about to happen, and she braced for impact.


Sure enough, Clem's foot slammed down a moment later. Willow closed her eyes, but she couldn't ignore the sounds: shattering glass, and screeching metal. But the worst part was the screams. There was such pain and horror in the voices Clem had just sentenced to death. Willow couldn't believe that she'd wished this all into existence. Her and Clem being giant seemed like so much fun, back when it was just a daydream...


Willow noticed the reflections in the windows of a nearby skyscraper, where she could just make out Clem's reflection. She watched as Clem got down onto all fours, slamming her hand down on top of a highway. She was staring at some building off in the distance, and she looked distracted.


Willow quietly ducked around the other side of the building, waiting until the coast was clear. She knew that if she didn't move soon, it was only a matter of time until Clementine found her. She was just about to make a run for it, when she heard a booming sound, and ducked back.


There was another boom, then another. Willow watched as a huge hand reached down, grabbing a nearby building. It was the exact same building that Willow had almost run towards just seconds earlier.


Before Willow could fully process that, Clem's hand wrapped around another building behind her. This time Clementine moved carefully. Willow didn't even realize she was surrounded.


Until it was too late to do anything about it.
Willow looked up, and saw Clementine's smug face looming over her. "Well, well, well. If it isn't the world's biggest insect!" Clem taunted. "This time, you're not getting away."


This time, Clem didn't give her prey any time to run. Her hand whipped out towards Willow. Before her prey could so much as take a step, she was already ensnared in Clementine's grip.


Clementine raised Willow into the air, holding her just tight enough to keep her in place. She didn't want to hurt Willow... not yet, anyway.


Willow tried desperately to escape, but she could do little except wriggle helplessly in Clem's grip. She stared up at Clementine's face, watching as that smug grin slowly turned into a spiteful gaze.
Then, finally, Clem broke the silence, the edges of her lips turning up into a smile. "I'm kind of hungry," She said. "I think I'm going to eat you now."


Willow's simmering dread quickly boiled into a white-hot terror. "Jesus Christ, are you serious?" Willow screamed. "Willow, that's fucking insane! I'm your best friend! We've known each other for fifteen fucking years! You can't just fucking eat me!"


"Sure I can," Clem replied. She held Willow closer, close enough that Willow could feel the heat from Clem's breath wash over her face. Willow screamed and begged until her throat felt raw, but it didn't make an ounce of difference.


Before she knew it, Clementine was lying on top of Willow's soft, slick tongue. Willow grabbed the edges of Clem's lips, and held on for dear life... but she was no match for Clementine. One finger was all it took to push her back into the recesses of that cavernous maw.


Clementine closed her mouth, shoving Willow's body around with her tongue. Willow struggled, but all her efforts amounted to was a pleasant tickling sensation to Clem.
Clem took a moment to savor the situation. She thought about how easy it would be to just swallow Willow, and be done with it all. One little gulp, and this game would be over. Her reign would forever be uncontested... And if she ever wanted to torment Willow again, she could just wish for her to re-appear. And yet...


Clem realized she didn't know if the amulet could actually bring someone back to life. Neither of them had even tried it for something that fantastical. What if making them grow was all it could actually do? She could try another wish just to test it... But what would she even wish for? If there was a limit, she didn't want to waste any on something superfluous. While she mulled over the possibilities, Clem absent-mindedly toyed with Willow, pushing the little thing around with her tongue.


Inside of Clem's mouth, Willow was fighting for her life. The most casual movements of Clem's tongue were enough to throw her around wildly and leave her completely soaked.
"God damn it Clem! Let me out of here!" She screamed. "Let me out! Let me out let me out LET ME OUT!!!"


Willow managed to force her fingers out between Clementine's lips. To her amazement, she managed to actually spread them enough to illuminate the inside of Clem's maw. With renewed vigor and a gentle breeze blowing over her face, she pried Clementine's lips further apart.


Clementine was amused by the situation. She pressed her lips together, just softly enough to let Willow push them back apart. In spite of herself, Clem found Willow's spiritedness amusing. It only felt fair to let Willow think she stood a chance... for a while, anyway.


Willow's arms were shaking as she forced herself out of Clementine's mouth. She was fighting not just against gravity, but against Clem's half-hearted attempts to suck her back down. It took all her strength, but she gradually managed to make progress, pushing her way out into the open air inch by inch.


Before long, Willow had pulled herself halfway out. But as hard as she tried, Willow couldn't quite pull her legs away from Clementine's grip. No matter how hard she pulled, Clementine just sucked them back in.
With nothing else to try, Willow was reduced to pleading. "Put me down!" she shouted up at Clem. "Is this all some kind of game to you?"


Clementine answered by closing her lips and sucking. Willow quickly realized that Clem had been toying with her the whole time. She pushed with all her strength, but she was no match for the power of Clementine's mouth. Her waist vanished between the giantess's lips.


A moment later, Willow's chest was sucked back inside, and she'd lost control entirely. Her arms flailed as Clementine sucked her down, pulling the smaller giantess back into her mouth.


Once again, Willow found herself effortlessly dominated by her former friend's mouth. But this time, the tongue wasn't absentmindedly pushing her around. This time, Clementine was tasting her.


Clementine leaned back, finding a place to rest her hand. She didn't bother looking back to see what was beneath her. Whatever building her hand fell on first would serve well enough.


She leaned back, resting on some building she didn't even bother giving a passing glance. Things couldn't have been going much better for Clementine, and she took a moment to luxuriate in her triumph. She was soon to be the world's sole living goddess. The one person who could have challenged her was about to become her food. New York City, and then the world, was hers to decimate.
TEAM
CAPTAIN


All of that power was making her horny, and she found herself sliding her free hand down between her legs. She was already wet, and eager for more. She wanted so badly to just swallow Willow, but Clementine couldn't bring herself to finish her off just yet. Not until she was ready to cum.
CAPTAIN


Clementine pressed her finger against her clit, mashing it frantically. Already she could tell that she was getting close. Close to finishing herself... and Willow.

Clementine couldn't help but moan with pleasure. She opened her mouth, letting Willow breathe in the fresh air. Clem didn't think for a second that Willow could actually escape. She was turned on by the thought of giving Willow hope... Only to suck her down at the last second.


Willow seized the opportunity and used every ounce of strength she had left to pull herself out of Clementine's mouth. She was gasping for breath, and her limbs were shaking, but she knew this could very well be her last chance at survival.

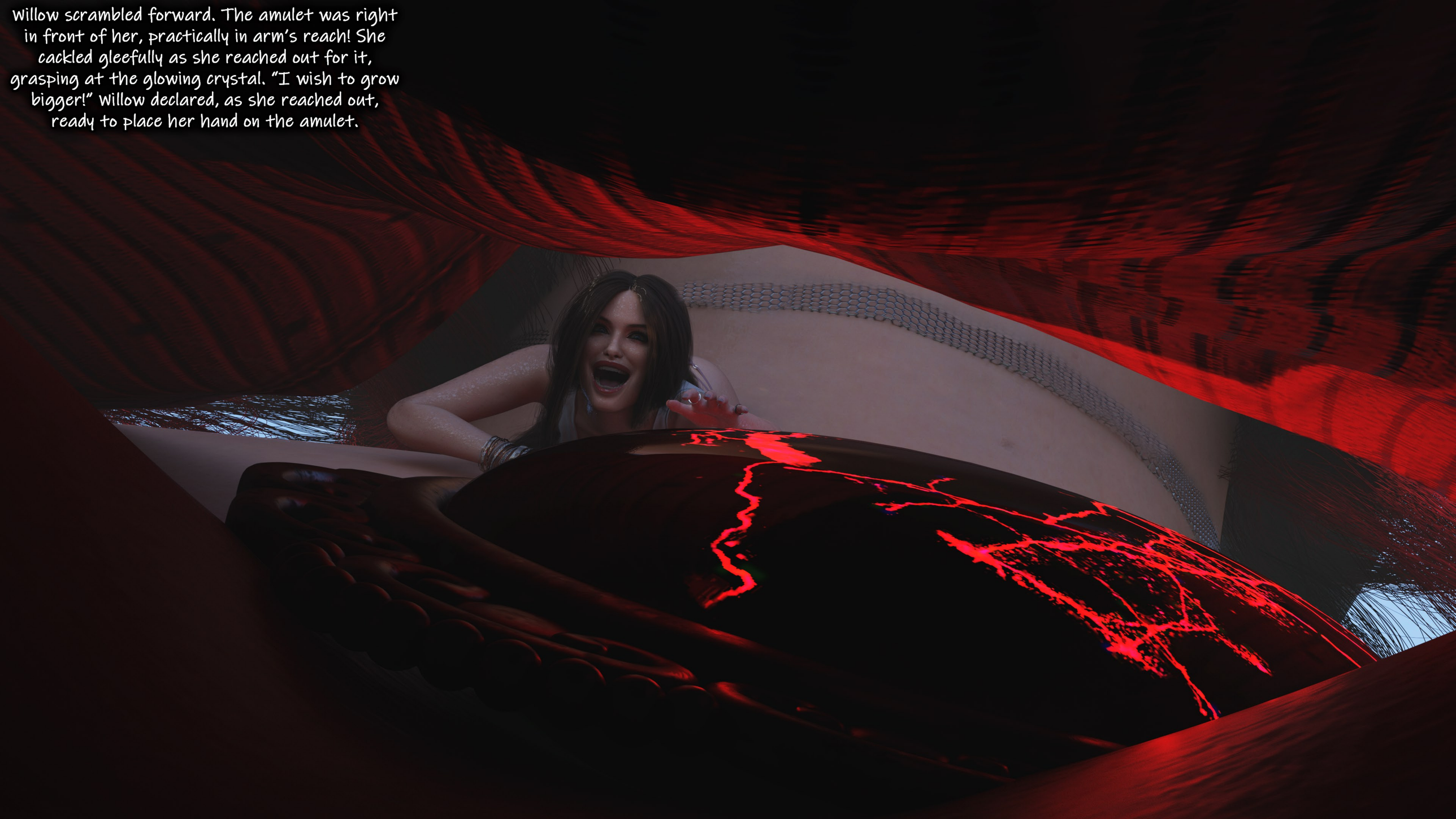

Willow scrambled up the tongue, and managed to gain a foothold. Once again, she was halfway out of Clementine's mouth. Only this time Clementine was distracted, and Willow was eager to take advantage.


Willow looked down, and saw the amulet through the neckline of Clem's top. All she had to do was jump down, touch it, and make a wish. On paper it was so simple... but in practice it was incredibly dangerous.


Willow took a second to plan her jump. She knew that if her aim was just barely off, she'd bounce off Clementine's chest and fall to her death. It wasn't made any easier by Clementine, who rocked back and forth as she touched herself.


Willow got cold feet, and tried to climb down from Clementine's mouth. She grabbed onto Clem's lips, lowering herself down. She could feel Clementine's head shifting, as she suddenly realized Willow had escaped. Willow knew it was now or never, so she pushed her fears aside, and dropped down.


At the last second, Willow lost her balance. She swung to the side, landing flat on her ass. It hurt, but she was still alive... And not far from the amulet.


Willow scrambled forward. The amulet was right in front of her, practically in arm's reach! She cackled gleefully as she reached out for it, grasping at the glowing crystal. "I wish to grow bigger!" Willow declared, as she reached out, ready to place her hand on the amulet.


Just before Willow could make contact, something pulled her back. She looked back, and saw Clementine's fingers tugging at her leg. Willow tried again out of desperation, extending her arm as far as it would reach. But as hard as she tried, it wasn't quite enough.


Clementine lifted Willow into the air, dangling her upside-down in front of her face. "Aww, you really thought you had it, didn't you?" Clementine taunted. "You were so close, Willow! It's just too bad that I always win."

Clementine lowered Willow down with one hand, while she fingered herself with the other. "Don't worry, though. I'm not planning on eating you just yet," Clementine teased. "I've got a much better use in mind for you..."

Willow knew exactly what was coming. Sure enough, she found herself staring down Clementine's huge, dripping-wet pussy. Willow knew Clem would be rough with her, but she wasn't about to protest. This was far from the worst thing Clementine could do with her...

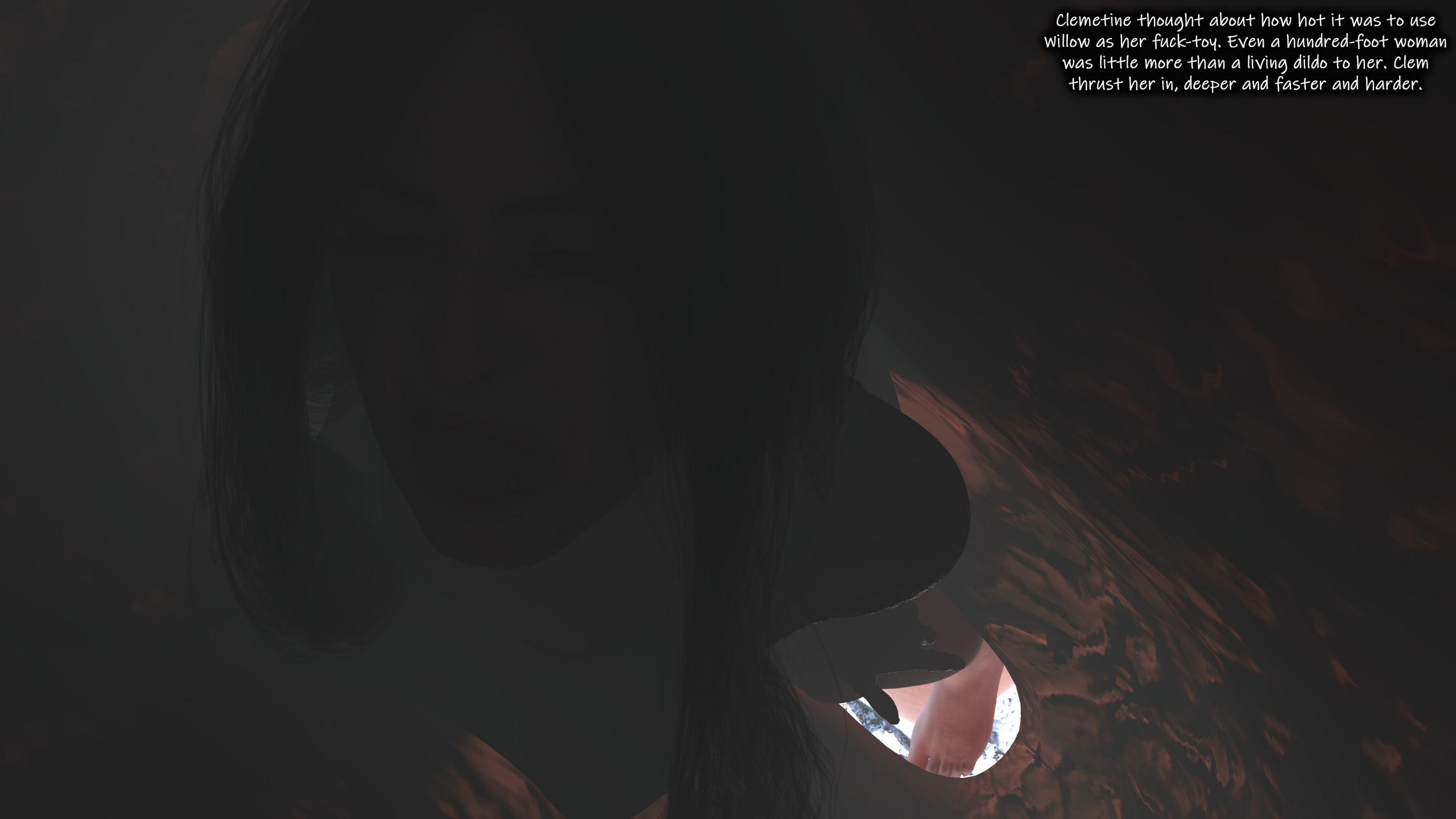
With a single finger, Clementine shoved the smaller giantess deep inside of her. Willow went in face-first and before she knew it, was deep inside the warm, wet cavern of Clementine's pussy. It was overwhelming to the senses, dank, tight and oppressive. But in spite of herself and all the danger Clementine still posed... being dominated like this still turned Willow on.


Clementine could barely contain her lust. She thrust her finger deeper, shoving Willow further inside of her. Clementine let out a moan, louder and more bestial than the ones before it.


CAPTAIN
Clementine knew she was getting close to orgasm, and the rest of the city did too. People were watching her from all around the city, and her moans carried for miles. Her every movement sent out shockwaves, shaking the ground all across New York. The city was powerless in the face of her lust.

"Oh, fuck..." Clem moaned while biting her bottom lip. She felt better in that moment than she ever had before. She had absolute power over everything and everyone. She was a living goddess, and the whole world was at her mercy.


Clementine thrust deeper, fingering herself with a furious intensity. She was close to the edge, and she wanted so badly to come. She just needed a little something extra to push her over the edge.


Clemetine thought about how hot it was to use Willow as her fuck-toy. Even a hundred-foot woman was little more than a living dildo to her. Clem thrust her in, deeper and faster and harder.


Clementine let out one last, animalistic moan "I'm your fucking God!" She screamed loud enough to shatter windows and burst eardrums for dozens of blocks around. And with that, she came.


That orgasm hit Clementine harder than any she'd ever experienced in her life. All of a sudden, she felt dizzy. The world was spinning, and she fell backwards.


Her shoulders made contact with the city first, smashing into a dozen buildings at once. They gave way, crumbling into dust.


Then Clem's head slammed back, smashing into a row of skyscrapers. The impact shattered the buildings, but her head didn't fare too much better. All at once, everything started spinning.


The impact threw Clem's legs high into the air, looming above the city. They wouldn't stay there for long.


A moment later, Clem's legs fell back down, falling into rows of buildings. Gravity did the rest of the work, demolishing everything below her little by little.


Seconds later, the rest of her immense form slammed against the ground. The sheer mass of her body obliterated everything beneath her in an instant, smashing it into rubble. Clementine let out a horrible sound, one that started as a scream of pain and slowly turned into a low groan. Then, she went silent, and everything went dark.
TEAM
CAPTAIN


Clementine's body lay limp, her limbs sprawled akimbo across Manhattan. She felt strangely at peace, and as the waves of pleasure gradually began to subside... a smile formed on her lips. Amidst all the chaos, there was a brief moment of silence, one that lasted right up until Clementine started loudly snoring.



Deep inside of Clementine, Willow stirred. She couldn't see anything, the heat was suffocating, and heady air smelled overwhelmingly like Clem. But at least, Willow was still alive, in spite of it all.

She clawed her way towards the light, fingers and knees and elbows, dragging herself through the warm, slick resistance of it. Every inch felt like a struggle. She tried telling herself she had fought her way out of worse situations today, though at the moment she was struggling to think of one.


A moment later, she hoisted herself onto the vast expanse of Clem's groin. She lay there for a moment, gasping, with her cheek against the warm skin. Clem's body rose and fell with slow, enormous breaths. Willow didn't dare to hope that she was truly asleep.


Willow pulled herself onto Clem's stomach, and sat there catching her breath. The city spread out around them in every direction, or what was left of it. She was still enormous relatively speaking, but it didn't feel like it. Not compared to how truly vast Clementine was.


Willow shook her head. "Be careful what you fucking wish for." She said to no one in particular.

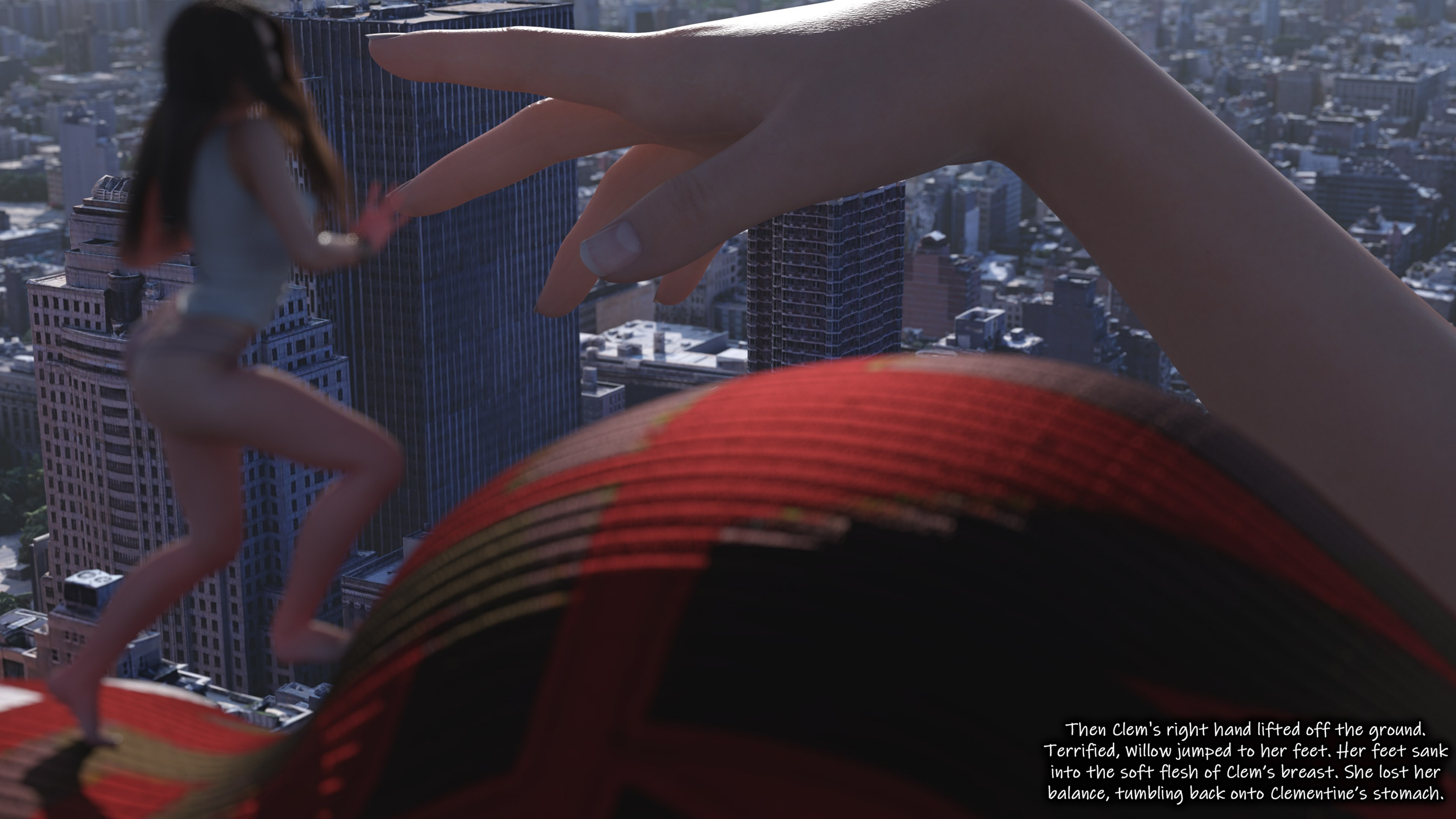

She looked the length of Clem's body toward her face. Clem's mouth was slightly open. Her chest rose and fell. The snoring had stopped, which was somehow more unsettling. Willow watched her for a long, careful moment, tracking the rhythm of her breathing. She didn't want to get her hopes up, but it was hard not to. Clem looked to be out cold. She had to be.


Willow started moving, walking carefully up the rolling plains of Clem's stomach. The muscles shifted slightly with each breath, which made the whole surface shift around beneath her feet. She moved slowly, quietly, with her eyes locked onto Clem's expression the whole time.


She reached the base of Clem's breast and grabbed a fistful of her red crop top, using it to haul herself the rest of the way up. The fabric bunched and stretched under her weight, but it seemed as if her suspicions were correct. Clem didn't move.


Willow pulled herself up onto the pliant breast, and stopped. The amulet was right there, nestled in the gentle curve of Clem's cleavage, glinting faintly. It was so close she could feel something in her stomach lurch toward it.


She checked Clem's face again. Her eyes closed. Her jaw was still slack. Outside of the gentle rise and fall from her breathing she hadn't moved a muscle. This was as good of a chance as she was going to get.


Then Clem's right hand lifted off the ground. Terrified, Willow jumped to her feet. Her feet sank into the soft flesh of Clem's breast. She lost her balance, tumbling back onto Clementine's stomach.


Willow lay sprawled out on her side. She watched as Clem's breathing continued, unchanged. She watched as the hand drifted upward with the loose, aimless quality bunching up the shirt enough to actually expose one of her breasts. It swept across Clem's chest in slow, lazy arcs before dropping back. Willow let a long sigh of relief. Clem was still asleep.


She crawled back toward the amulet, moving slower than before, testing each placement of her hand and knee. She was so close, she couldn't risk messing it all up now.


Once again, Willow mounted the top of Clem's breast. The bunched-up fabric made for a rougher climb as it shifted uncontrollably under her. She let out a grunt of exertion as she finally pushed herself over the top. That was it. The hard part was over.


Willow silently slid down, kneeling over the amulet. She reached in, grabbing onto the edge of the crop top. She lifted it carefully, peeling it back. The amulet lay still against Clem's skin, radiating a strange heat. Willow reached for it. This all felt so easy. Too easy.


Just then, Clementine shifted. Her eye fluttered open, and she looked around for a moment with confusion, before her gaze settled on Willow.
"YOU!" she shouted, with sudden fury.


But it was too late. Willow was already making contact with the amulet.
"I wish to grow bigger than Clementine!" she proclaimed as fast as she could get the words out. Then, she looked back at Clem, a smug grin on her face.


The amulet burned white-hot in Willow's palm, and she felt herself surge upward. Lightning arced from Willow's body as she started to grow. Bones and muscle and skin all expanded at once in a rush that was agonizing, yet somehow the best thing she'd ever felt. A moment later, she was a quarter of Clem's size, then half. The city seemed to shrink away, lowering beneath her.


Willow didn't think, she just moved, dropping her weight down across Clem's body. She swung her hips forward and planted her ass squarely over Clem's face. The pink fabric of her panties was the last thing Clem would see for a while, and Willow found that deeply satisfying.


Willow wasn't a wrestler. She knew absolutely nothing about grappling or submission holds or whatever the hell Clem had probably picked up from watching too many UFC fights. But she knew that nobody could do much with a face full of ass, regardless of how big they were.


A moment later, she was nearly Clem's height. "So much for being the world's only goddess, or whatever stupid shit you were saying earlier!" Willow taunted.
"This isn't over! I'll put you back in your place!" Clem's voice was muffled and furious beneath her.
Willow grinned down at the top of Clem's head. "we'll see about that."


Clem's arms thrashed, and Willow grabbed one of them by the wrist and tugged on it. The growth was still humming through her, low and insistent.
The moment their sizes equalized, Willow felt it. That last increment of growth that put her exactly level with Clementine settled into her body like a key turning in a lock. She bore down, putting every pound of her new weight onto Clem's face. Clem's head drove back against the rubble of Manhattan with a deep, grinding crunch.


Willow leaned back harder, settling her full weight onto Clementine's face.
Clementine recoiled. "Get the fuck off of me, you bitch!" She said, barely intelligible.
Willow tilted her head. "Doesn't feel good to be the one on bottom, does it? Well get used to it!"


Clem responded by slamming her palm flat against Willow's ass and shoving with everything she had. Willow rocked forward but didn't budge. She shifted her weight back further, settling in harder. Clem let out a pained grunt in response.


Willow clutched the amulet tightly in her left hand. It was still there, still warm. The growth had leveled off, leaving her just a fraction taller than Clem. A fraction wasn't enough. She could feel that Clem was still stronger, still fighting, and if she got even one real opening she'd flip this whole situation back around in about four seconds. Willow didn't intend to give her one.

She tightened her grip around the amulet, and made a wish. "I wish to grow even bigger."


The surge hit her immediately. This time, her clothes didn't keep up. Her tank top rode up across her ribs as her torso expanded. Her pink panties, already pulled tight from the last round of growth, went taut in a way she could feel in the strings at her hips. She grabbed at them with her right hand, getting a fistful of the strings, and gave a sharp tug.


The strings on the right side snapped instantly. Then she pulled the whole thing free, ripping the panties away in one motion, leaving her bottomless just like Clem.
"Aww, you like that, don't you?" Willow teased, grinding on top of Clementine.


Clementine couldn't believe she was losing. She couldn't believe that Willow was actually dominating her like this. And worst of all, she couldn't believe that some part of her was actually enjoying it! But in spite of herself, she was.


Willow was growing still, and now she was bigger than Clem. Actually, genuinely bigger, in a way that wasn't a matter of mere inches anymore. She could feel the difference in the pressure, in the diminishing resistance of Clem's body beneath her. Clem's strength was lessening. Willow was winning.
"This feels incredible," Willow moaned. "I wish to grow-"


Before Willow could finish her wish, Clementine's hand slapped the amulet out of her arm. The force knocked it far away, sending it high over the bay.


The amulet flew towards the bay and landed with a huge splash. Willow wasted no time chasing after it with furious determination. But as she neared the amulet, Clementine rose to her feet.


Just before Willow reached it she was tackled from behind and received an elbow straight to her face. "You stupid bitch!" Clem screamed. "That amulet is mine now! You don't deserve it anymore!"


Clementine crawled towards the amulet, reaching out for it. But just as she was feeling around for it, Willow grabbed hold of Clem's shirt and yanked her back. "No you don't, bitch!" She screamed.


Clem's shirt ripped off of her body, launching her forward. Willow saw her lying face-first into the water, and was instantly overcome with murderous rage. She pressed her other hand into the back of Clementine's head, forcing her down into the shallow water.
"Drink up, you little psycho!" Willow taunted.


But Clem wasn't about to give up. She felt around blindly for the amulet until she felt something firm and warm beneath the water. She grabbed ahold of it, and felt the moment of triumph was at hand. She thrust her shoulders back, bucking Willow off of her for just long enough to speak. "I wish to grow bigger than Willow!" she shouted.


With the amulet still in her grasp, Clem smiled smugly back at Willow. "You can't stop my destiny, Willow!" She shouted. "I'm going to rule over this world as a living god!"
"You're not a god, you're just a crazy fucking bitch!" Willow screamed, reaching for the other giantess with both arms.


Willow grabbed Clem around the neck, squeezing with all her strength. With her other arm she dug her nails into Clem's hair, tugging at it.
Clem could feel her growth beginning to subside, but she wasn't about to give in. Even with Willow's arm around her neck, she managed to choke out a few more words. "I wish... To grow even bigger!"


Right away, Clementine's growth resumed... But Willow wasn't done growing yet either. The two of them wrestled in the water, growing against one another all the while.


In a matter of moments, both had nearly doubled in size. They towered over the city like never before, two living titans growing bigger by the second. But little by little, Willow's growth started to wane, and Clementine overtook her. Willow had one chance to turn things around.


She reached forward, wrapping her own hand around Clementine's. She wasn't sure if that would be close enough to make a wish, but there was only one way to find out. "I wish to grow bigger than Clementine!" she wished.
"I wish to grow bigger than Willow!" Clem countered.


Slowly, Clementine rose to her feet, and Willow followed. "Get off of me!" Clem shouted. They were relatively matched in size, but not in strength. Clementine grabbed Willow's arms, slowly forcing them lower.


But as hard as Clem fought, she couldn't manage to pry Willow's hands off of her. Frustrated, she moved forward, shoulder checking Willow in the process. The other giantess stumbled backwards, barely keeping her footing as she trampled through downtown Manhattan. The destruction the two rained upon the city was little more than an afterthought. Something they were barely aware of. All that mattered to either of them now was besting the other.


Willow pushed back, making Clem stagger back into the bay. She took a few stumbling steps backwards, completely unaware of where her shoes landed. Her attention was wholly on Willow and the amulet. She had no idea that Governor's Island was beneath her foot, but she lowered her shoe down all the same.


Her foot landed right in the middle of the island, crushing dozens of structures in an instant. Hundreds screamed in horror, as huge swathes of the island were flattened beneath her sole in the blink of an eye. Clementine was too distracted to even register a brief moment of amusement from the destruction. She was completely focused on her opponent.


The two of them grappled, both struggling to get an advantage over the other. Clementine dug her hands under Willow's undershirt, grabbing the bottom of it. "If I'm going to be stuck naked, then so are you!" She screamed.


Clem pulled tight, tearing the shirt clean off of Willow. In the confusion, Willow's grip faltered, letting Clementine shove her away.
"Give that back!" Willow yelled.
"It's mine now!" Clem shouted. "I wish to grow bigger, bitch!"


Just seconds later, Clementine stood a head taller than Willow. She held Willow back with one hand, holding the amulet just out of reach. "That's it! It's over! I win! And there's nothing you can do about it!" Clem taunted through a mixture of satisfaction and residual anger.


But Willow wasn't ready to give up yet. She jumped up as high as she could, reaching for the amulet. Clementine pulled her hand just out of reach, but Willow grabbed Clem's wrist, forcing it back down.


Once again, the two of them both had their hands on the amulet. "I WISH TO GROW EVEN BIGGER!" the both shouted in unison, yelling it over and over. "I WISH TO GROW BIGGER, I WISH TO GROW BIGGER!"


Clementine stepped back, trying to regain her balance. She moved her foot over an especially dense part of New York City, where buildings were clustered tightly together. A chorus of screams rang out, as thousands looked up and found themselves in her shadow.


A moment later, Clem's foot crashed down onto Lower Manhattan. The damage was like nothing before, obliterating dozens of city blocks all at once. Wall Street was smashed to bits beneath the sole of her converse, along with the rest of the financial district. All of it was enough to make Clem smile, just a little bit, before her attention turned back to the fight.


Willow stepped forward, raising her foot above Midtown. She knew the casualties would be catastrophic, but she couldn't stop to worry about collateral damage. If she didn't win this fight, New York City's destruction would just be a prelude. If hundreds would die just so she could have more leverage in this fight... then it was a worthwhile sacrifice.


Sure enough, her heel came down a moment later. Dozens of high-rise apartments and office skyscrapers were crushed flat beneath her sole. Willow cringed, but she couldn't let her emotions distract her, even for an instant. Winning was all that mattered now.
"I wish to grow bigger than Clementine!" she shouted.

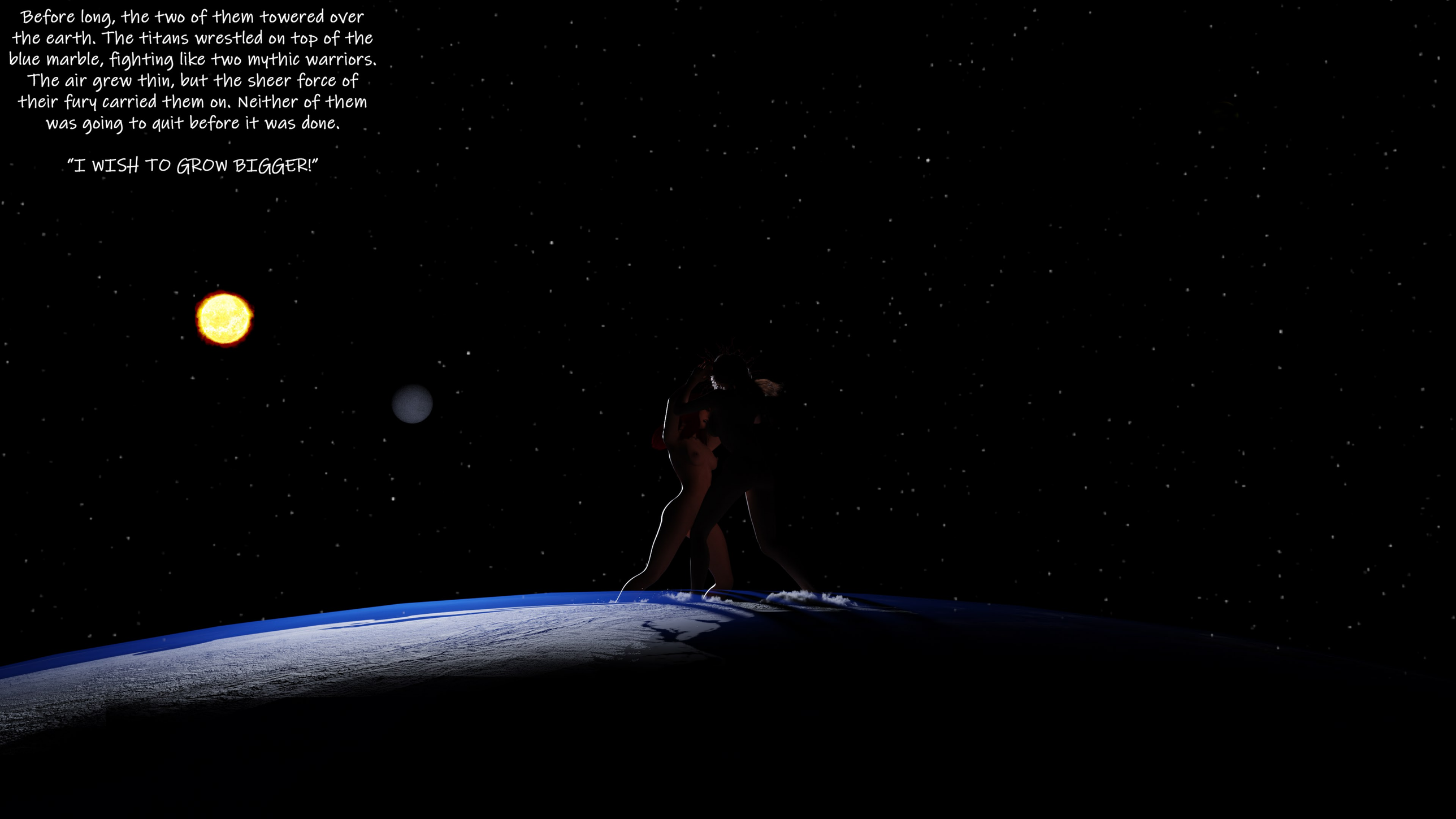

Willow got a sudden growth spurt, and her body expanded rapidly. Within seconds, she towered over Clementine. With her new strength, she tried to tear the amulet away from Clementine, but Clem's grip was strong.
"I wish to grow bigger than Willow!" Clem shouted back.


Once again, Clementine had regained the advantage. She surged up, growing taller than Willow. The two of them grappled over the amulet, and Clementine was gaining control. But before she could tear it away from Willow, she made another wish.
"I wish to grow bigger than Clementine!" Willow shouted again.


The two of them screamed at the top of their lungs now, wishing over and over again as they grew and grew. New York City seemed so small beneath them now, the entire city little more than an afterthought by now. The only thing that mattered were the two titans, as they fought tooth and nail for control of the artifact.


"Give it to me!" Clementine screamed.
"It's mine! It's my destiny!"


"Over my dead body!" Willow shouted back. "I'm not giving up without a fight. I wish to grow bigger! I wish to grow bigger! I wish to grow bigger!"


Before long, the two of them towered over the earth. The titans wrestled on top of the blue marble, fighting like two mythic warriors. The air grew thin, but the sheer force of their fury carried them on. Neither of them was going to quit before it was done.
"I WISH TO GROW BIGGER!"


Their bodies expanded, bigger by the second. They doubled in size, then quadrupled, each keeping pace with the other. They were locked in combat like twin statues, neither able to get an advantage over the other.
"I WISH TO GROW BIGGER!"


A burst of energy coursed through Clem's body. She pushed forward, forcing Willow back. Willow dug her heels into the ground, trying to hold herself in place. Entire cities were erased every second the fight continued, a sensation that Willow forced out of her mind.


The minuscule survivors watched from below, staring in awe as the two leviathans fought for control. They stared up from broken houses, shattered by the earthquakes that struck with their every footstep. They knew this would be the end, but they couldn't help but watch the show.


Willow's foot slammed down onto the ground, landing on top of middle America. That single footstep destroyed dozens of towns, ending countless lives. But as loud as the screams were, they didn't carry into space... And to Willow, it felt like she'd just stepped into soft, yielding sand.


Willow gazed into Clementine's eyes, and felt something close to sympathy. "Why are you still doing this, Clem? What fucking point is there in destroying everything?"


Clementine was still furious. "Because none of it fucking mattered to begin with!" she screamed. "It's all one big ant nest, and I'm gonna stomp it out!"


Clementine raised her foot high into the air, holding her converse above what looked like a cluster of cities. Willow's eyes widened when she realized what Clementine was planning. "Wait, don't!" she screamed.


But it was too late. Clem's foot struck the planet with a meteoric impact. The very crust of the earth exploded outward around her foot. The broken ground erupted in a fiery inferno, sending shockwaves through the rest of the continent. "See?" Clem screamed. "It's like anything else, it breaks!"

To drive the point home, Clementine kicked her foot forward. The already shattered fragments of the earth flew high into the sky, crashing down hundreds of miles away. Each of them landed with an impact that dwarfed a dozen nuclear bombs.




But even that wasn't enough for Clementine. Not by a long shot. She stomped her foot down again, shattering what used to be Greenland. Huge splinters rippled through the earth itself, as the very firmaments of the world were torn asunder.



Clem's eyes went wide as she was completely overtaken with bloodlust. "Watch this, Willow! I'm gonna kill them all! Every last one of those fucking insects!"

But Willow's eyes remained on Clementine. She saw her holding the amulet carelessly. It could be an opening, or a trap... but it wasn't like she had any choice but to go for it.


Willow reached out, grabbing the amulet with both hands. Clem looked back, her face flush with irritation. "I wish to grow bigger!" Clementine shouted.
Willow knew she didn't have long. Her mind raced as she tried to decide what to wish for. One thing had become obvious. Outgrowing Clem wouldn't be enough. She needed to try something else. Something different... even if she wasn't sure it would work.


"I... I wish neither of us ever made any wishes!" Willow shouted, at the top of her lungs. For a moment, those words hung in the air. Clem whipped her head back to look at her, and Willow's heart sank.


Then everything changed. Willow gasped for air, not believing what she was seeing. She was back on the rooftop, back before this all happened. "Oh my god, I'm back!" she gasped, her heart racing. "It... It worked! It fucking worked!"


"What worked?" Clementine asked with an annoyed expression.
"The wish!" Willow said. "I mean, umm... let's just say, I have a much brighter outlook on the future."


"What...?" Clem asked, raising an eyebrow. "Like, you're not sad you got fired anymore? That's good. That store sucked anyway."


"Oh, I've never felt better," Willow said. She couldn't care less about getting fired from her shitty job at the mall. She was normal! Everything was fine! No one was destroying the world! Not even Clementine.



That thought made Willow stop in her tracks. She was so happy to be back, she'd overlooked a potential problem. Clem seemed to have forgotten what happened, but Willow hadn't. She knew exactly what Clementine did... more importantly, what she was capable of.

Clementine stood up, eyeing Willow sideways. "And wait, what exactly did you mean by 'the wish?'" Clem asked. "You're not telling me that old amulet actually worked, are you?"

"I guess you'll never know." Willow replied coldly.


Clem lunged forward, catching Willow off-guard. "Come on! You have to let me try it!" She said, reaching out for it.
"Get away from me!" Willow shouted.


Clementine shrugged. "Come on! What gives? I just want to make a wish on the stupid amulet!" Clem said. "You know, you're acting really weird. I know you're sad cause got fired and all, but come on! That's no excuse to act like a fucking idiot!"


Willow looked at Clementine, but she just felt cold looking at her. She couldn't go back to how things were with Clem. Not after what she'd seen. And she certainly couldn't let her anywhere near the amulet. Even if none of that was real and it had all been a dream... She had to do something about it.


Willow put a single finger on the amulet, and looked down at the red stone. She stroked it gently, briefly reconsidering what she was about to do... before steeling her nerves.
"I wish for Clementine to shrink." she said quietly.


The amulet started to glow, and any doubts Willow had vanished immediately. "It works, and you're never going to lay your hands on it!" Willow taunted. "I wish for Clementine to shrink as small as a mouse!"


Bit by bit, Clementine was already shrinking. "What the hell? How is this possible?" Clem asked. "Y-You're just gonna shrink me? Why?! You can't do that! Undo it! Make me normal again..."

Clementine woke up with a splitting headache. She looked around, still groggy, and realized she was lying on the rooftop. "Fuck, I must have hit my head," she said. "What a weird dream."


Slowly, Clementine sat up. But right away, something felt different. Her movements were faster than they should have been. Her body felt... lighter? And the rooftop felt rougher than she remembered.
"What the hell is wrong with me?" she asked herself.


Just then, a massive heel slammed down right in front of Clementine. There was no mistaking it. It was one of Willow's fancy new heels, only about a hundred times too big... and so was the person who was wearing it.


Clem looked up, and saw Willow staring down at her. She had a wicked grin on her face, and the amulet hanging around her was glowing an ominous red.


"I should stomp you flat right now." Willow taunted. "It would serve you right, after everything you did. But in spite of it all... I feel like that would almost be too easy for you."
With that, Willow bent down, and grabbed Clementine off the ground.


Willow looked down at Clementine. She was small enough to fit comfortably in Willow's hand. She was so weak now... so pathetic.
"Put me back!" Clementine pleaded. "You can't do this to me!"
"Oh, I can, and I will." Willow said. "From here on out, you're going to be my little pet. And you'd better learn to be an obedient one. Because you know what happens to disobedient pets, don't you?"


THE END


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