CELEBRITY CRUSH 10




ART BY JACKOFBULLETS
STORY BY REDFIREDOG


"This is Torg Johnson, here with a special report! Former actress Liz Dixon has spoken for the first time since she attacked New York City, and she struck a very different tone from her usual bluster.'


"That's right, Liz has been apologetic over her past actions. Some might say she's even showing remorse! She's claimed she wants to reject her 'destiny of destruction,' and has resolved to do her best to not cause any further harm. She's set up a permanent residence in the hills outside of Los Angeles, where she'll live a quiet life of penance and isolation. Isn't that great, Jill?"
WORLD TC



"It really is, Torg. It seems like the days of living in fear of Liz's next rampage might finally be over. To help facilitate the giant's gentle change of heart, the government will be providing Liz with regular shipments of food. The goal is to put Liz on a kind of starvation diet, letting her slowly shrink until she reaches a normal size, and can hopefully reintegrate with society."

"That's right Jill, we're all wishing Liz the best of luck in sticking to her new diet. For all of our sakes."


For months, L.A. had been tormented by the incessant sound of honking semi-trucks. They were lined up for miles with each of them going to the same place. An officer waved them in, one by one, running the painfully slow operation as efficiently as he could.
CHAPEAU HAUT OUVERT
BULK FOOD DELIVERY SYSTEMS
King road
MD - 44
Big Bill


"Hey! What's the goddamn hold-up?" a corpulent driver shouted. "I don't know about you, buddy, but I don't get paid by the hour. I've got a job to do and I can't exactly do it if I'm stuck in this damn line all day!"


The officer was having none of it. "What do you expect me to do about it? I can't magically make the line move faster!" he shouted. "We're all here for the same reason, right? To keep that giant bitch happy so she doesn't smash the city again."
"At least tell me what the freakin' hold-up is!" the driver shouted back, more annoyed than anything.
"I don't know any more than you do. We're both just going to have to deal, understand?"


The two men's bickering was interrupted by the sound of a deep, rumbling snort. The earth itself shook and the massive trucks shook from the sheer immensity of the sound.
"Oh shit not again! She's gonna sneeze!" the cop exclaimed.
"Yeah? So what?" The driver asked. "She's a mile away, how bad could it be?"



They both got their answer a moment later. Even from this great distance they could see Liz's nose wrinkled, before she let out what was to her, a delicate sneeze. A second later the sound of it rumbled through the streets around them. One second after that, a blast of hurricane-force wind slammed into the officer, nearly knocking the man clean off his feet. Debris whipped violently through the air around them as it suddenly felt as if they had been transported into the middle of a tropical storm.



Then, just as quickly as it started, the winds died down. The soft sound of various debris clattering to the ground in the distance rang out in the silence as the world returned to normalcy. The officer stood on guard, steadying himself for another sneeze... But to his relief, no more came.

"Jesus Christ! You weren't kiddin'!" The driver groaned. "If that was any stronger she could have knocked the whole damn truck over! You sure it's safe to get closer?"

"Depends on what you mean by safe." The officer replied. "We've lost a fair number of trucks that way... But that's nothing compared to what could happen if we let her get hungry. If she doesn't get her food... Then we're all on the menu."



They watched Liz's lips move slowly, as she settled back to sleep. When she wasn't awake and moving she looked almost... peaceful. Serene, even. Like a living mountain that dominated the skyline. The last few months she'd been refreshingly docile... Not least because of the extremely potent tranquilizers they'd been slipping into her meals. But even aside from that, it seemed as if something had changed in Liz. They could only hope she would stay like this forever.

The driver watched impatiently as the truck in the front of the line pulled ahead. "So uh... That mean it's safe to go?"

"As safe as it's going to be." the officer replied. "Just follow his lead, and pull up next to Liz. The guys there will take care of all the unloading. Don't spend any longer there than you need to. Don't honk your horns, don't peel out, nothing that would cause any extra noise. It's a lot safer when she's asleep, trust me."

"Believe me, pal. I wasn't plannin' on doing any sightseeing," he said. "Not that I don't enjoy a good view of her mountains... But you can see those from anywhere in the valley!"




CHAPEAU HAUT OUVERT
BULK FOOD DELIVERY SYSTEMS
LONG VEHICLE
Big Bill
CHAPEAU HAUT OUVERT
BULK FOOD DELIVERY SYSTEMS
A moment later, the trucks pulled up along the dirt road by the hillside, waiting to be unloaded. The workers were still busy dealing with boxes from the last group of trucks. There were hundreds of boxes stacked full of bulk food, enough to feed thousands of people... And they'd be lucky if it was enough to tide Liz over until her next meal.


Another group of workers carried heavy boxes up the hill, hiking as fast as they could. The shift leader checked his watch impatiently. He knew Liz was due to wake up any minute now... And he knew firsthand what could happen to any work crews too close to her when she woke up.

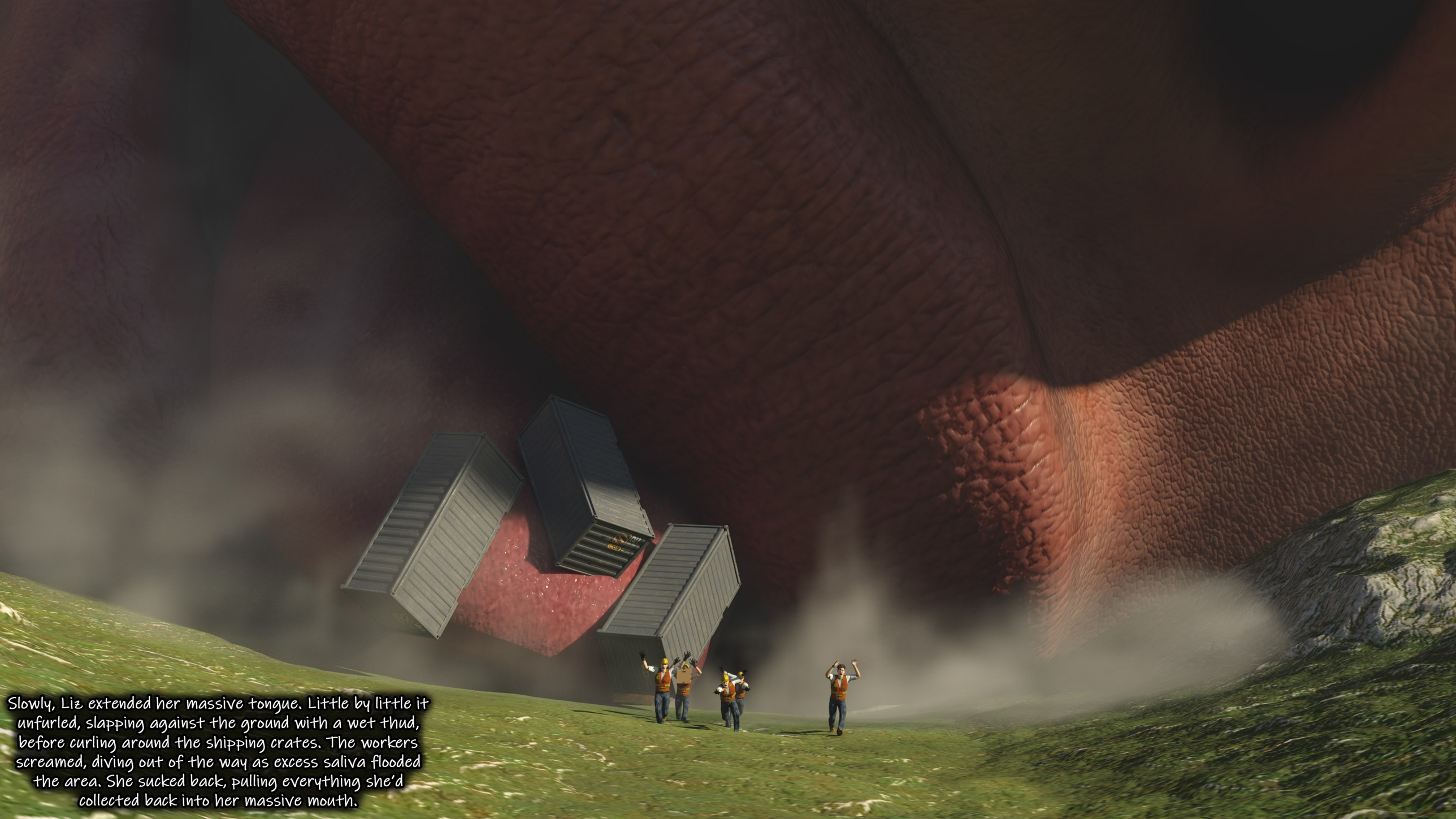

Liz's body shifted, shaking the ground around them. The shift leader held his hand up, quietly reminding the others to stop moving. Liz was a light sleeper, and it didn't take much noise to wake her up.


Then, the shift leader heard a familiar sound. The moist sticky sound of Liz's lips parting. A massive, glistening tongue slipped out from between them, and her breathing shifted ever so slightly. He knew from experience how she got when she was hungry, and how little time they would have to clear the area.


"Oh shit, I think she's waking up!" the shift supervisor shouted. "Everyone, run for it!" He did his part, turning and running as fast as his legs would carry him.


Then, one eye opened.
Liz's iris contracted and grew, before she gazed down at the little men below her. She watched them run from her, screaming in fear. They looked so funny to her, like little gnats in orange and yellow. They looked so tiny and helpless below her, it made her mouth water. She wanted so badly to eat them... But she was trying her best to be good, and she wasn't ready to throw that all away.


Liz looked down at what they'd left for her: a few paltry shipping crates, and a handful of scattered cardboard boxes. It wasn't much, but her stomach was growling, and she needed every last calorie she could get.


Slowly, Liz extended her massive tongue. Little by little it unfurled, slapping against the ground with a wet thud, before curling around the shipping crates. The workers screamed, diving out of the way as excess saliva flooded the area. She sucked back, pulling everything she'd collected back into her massive mouth.


The shipping crates disappeared between her lips. She bit down, chewing through the metal bins with a satisfying crunch. The food burst in her mouth, fruits and vegetables and meat all mixing together in a slurry of flavor. It didn't taste particularly good, but it was edible. She swallowed hard after, feeling the inadequate meal slide down her throat.
DELIVERY SYSTEMS
LONG VEHICLE
MD - 44
Big Bill

An awkward silence hung in the moment after. Everyone stood by, hoping that this had been enough to satisfy her... before her tongue ran across her lips once again. "I'm still hungry," she mumbled, her voice echoing for miles.

Her eyes caught a flurry of movement, and she watched the little workers run past the convoy of trucks as they fled down the dirt road on foot. Liz licked her lips, as she wondered what was still waiting inside of the little trucks. She usually waited for them to finish unloading the food, but her hunger pangs were demanding she take action now.





"Where're y'all going?" she purred, her voice booming across the valley. "The party's just getting started!"

She lowered her head, pressing her massive chest against the hillside, feeling the earth crumble beneath her weight. Her tongue slithered out again, before dragging across the ground like a fleshy bulldozer. Workers scattered, fleeing in all directions as they tried to escape her giant tongue. Luckily for them, they weren't what she was aiming for.



Liz's tongue caught one of the semis, scooping the front of the massive truck off the ground. The sound of twisting metal and steel mixed in with the chaos of the men fleeing for their lives before the tongue drew any closer and crushed them.


She wasn't stopping at just one, though. In a matter of seconds she'd caught others in her path, scouring them from the earth in one smooth, casual motion. Her tongue continued forward, moving closer to the terrified insects who were beneath her notice.
The overweight truck driver stumbled ahead as fast as his overworked heart could carry him. For a moment, it seemed like death was imminent. If her giant tongue didn't crush them, one of the massive trucks she was haphazardly tossing around would surely do the trick.
U HAUT OUVERT
DELIVERY SYSTEMS
CHAPEAU HAUT
BULK FOOD DELIVERY


Just when it seemed like he was about to meet his doom, Liz pulled her tongue back, sliding the trucks into her mouth. She left her mouth open for a moment after as she toyed with them, swishing them around with her tongue before moving them over her teeth.



The giant woman's lips closed, and she bit down, shearing through the trucks with a satisfying metallic crunch. The semis were nothing more than morsels to her, not even big enough to count as snacks. But Liz was eager for any sustenance she could get, and it would take more than a faint hint of gasoline and engine oil to stop her from getting her meal.

As she chewed the remains of the semi-trucks, Liz remembered the little workers on the ground below. She looked down, watching them with amusement as she thought about how easy it would have been to swallow them up as well. She thought about how satisfying it would be, how amazing they would taste. She wanted to so, so badly... But she couldn't, of course. She was trying to be good. And besides, just the thought was enough to make her food more palatable as she finally swallowed it down.


After a heavy sigh, Liz slammed a hand down onto the earth. The impact shook the ground, knocking everyone in the vicinity to their knees. They watched her trepidatiously, knowing that the smallest errant movement was all it would take for her to turn them to paste.


The truck driver looked up and watched in awe, as Liz slowly rose to her hands and knees. Her enormous breasts swung freely overhead like twin mountains. They hung low, and he was all too aware of how truly massive they were, and how easily those things could erase him.


Liz stared longingly at the city she'd promised to never return to. For months, she'd dutifully stayed out in the countryside, doing everything she could to keep the casualties to an absolute minimum. She'd sat obediently in the hills, doing little to alleviate her boredom while her body dwindled far too slowly for her liking. She'd tried to cultivate a new version of herself, one that was kinder, more reflective. But as hard as she tried to be a changed woman, she still yearned for the city that lit up so brightly every night... And it was hard to stay away any longer.


Liz's stomach growled. All the food they'd been giving her simply wasn't enough to satisfy her. The hunger pangs were coming on again, more intense than ever before. And when the hunger got this bad, it always meant one thing...


Liz was shrinking again. Although she maintained her voluptuous figure, her body diminished in size a little more each day. It was a process she'd come to loathe.
Growth spurts could feel incredible, but shrinking was deeply unpleasant. It felt like her body was tearing itself apart from the inside. She told herself that this was her penance for all of her wrongdoing. Tried to remind herself that she deserved suffering for all the evil she'd done... but that didn't make it any easier.


After several seconds the pain faded. Liz opened her eyes, and realized just how much she'd diminished. She wasn't much more than a mile tall now. If she kept going like this, it would only be a matter of time until she was just fifty feet... or maybe even smaller. Was she really okay with that? Was it even possible for her to live a normal life after everything she'd done?


Exhausted, Liz looked around, slowly adjusting to her new size. She tried to make herself feel excited, but it all just felt wrong, somehow. Months ago, she had been big enough to destroy much of New York in a matter of hours. She may have still utterly dwarfed all of mankind, but it felt so inadequate after having a taste of something far greater.


Liz gazed longingly at the city, as she often did. That was the deal she'd made with herself, and the world: that she could look, but not touch. But as beautiful as the view was, it did nothing to stop her homesickness. She wanted so badly to go back into the city, and roam its streets once again.


Liz crawled forward, going right to the edge of the hills. She lifted her hand in the air, ready to crawl into the city... But just as she was about to cross that threshold, she stopped for a moment to think about what she was doing.


For months Liz had lived a quiet life in the hills, doing everything she could to avoid hurting anyone. If she gave in and moved into the city, that was all over. As massive as she was, there was no way she could possibly go downtown without killing thousands of people. It didn't matter how careful and gentle she was, the sheer size of her body meant there would be massive casualties.


Liz held her hand in the air, as thoughts raced through her head. She thought about what people would think of her if she gave in. She thought about the promises she had made, how she'd sworn up and down she'd do her best to never hurt anyone ever again for as long as she lived. And then there was her apocalyptic destiny, and the darkness that might take over her if she gave into her crueler impulses. All of those were very good arguments for staying put, but Liz had a trump card.
Today would be her cheat day.
Tomorrow, she'd go back to being careful, but whatever casualties she racked up today simply wouldn't count. She wouldn't go out of her way to be violent, of course... but any incidental deaths weren't something she should be troubling herself with on her cheat day.


Every inch of Liz's body tingled as she thought about what she was going to do. She held her palm over the neighborhood for what felt like minutes before she steeled her nerves, and went ahead with her plan. Her arms tensed, and she slammed a hand down, crushing several expensive houses in the blink of an eye.
That settled it. That single act would be enough to ensure massive outrage against her. There was no going back now, Liz figured, so she may as well enjoy herself.


Liz crawled forward over the suburbs, smashing dozens more homes under her hands and knees. She stayed true to her word. She was not going out of her way to be destructive, because that would be wrong. All of this was only an incidental side effect of her movement, something that was completely inevitable given her size.


Screams rang out from the rows of apartments that were laid out in front of Liz. The people inside had grown used to the relative peace the last several months had allowed, and had no time to escape. Even at her lackadaisical pace, the mile-high giantess moved at incredible speed. By the time they started to realize what was happening, Liz was practically on top of them.
Liz didn't stop. She didn't even bother to look down at them. The screams beneath her grew louder, before slowly going silent. Her body tingled, but she pushed those thoughts away. She wasn't doing this for fun, she reminded herself.


A moment later, the apartments had been reduced to rubble, along with everything else in her path. Her body was like a living tornado, flattening everything unfortunate enough to be caught beneath her.


She continued forward, crawling over the shattered remains of neighborhoods beneath her. The distant sound of sirens wailed in the distance, but she tuned them out.
Liz crawled across the LA river, its concrete channel looking like nothing more than a thin gray line drawn across the landscape. She glanced down at the water flowing beneath her. Not that long ago, she'd smashed her way through that same concrete-covered river. Now, it was small enough that she could easily cross it in a single step. Part of her wished she could go back to that smaller size... But she didn't know if she was quite ready to give up her monumental scale.


Nestled between lush trees on a hillside, sat rows of multi-million dollar homes. Mansions with infinity pools, tennis courts, and garages filled with cars worth more than most people would make in a dozen lifetimes.
"Sure is fancy." Liz mused, crawling toward them. "I wonder if any celebrities live here?"


Her hands and knees plowed through rows of houses like they were made of cardboard. Glass shattered. Wood splintered. Concrete crumbled. People screamed. It all blended into a malaise of sound that only barely reached Liz's ears as she continued.


Liz crawled forward, her massive breasts swinging pendulously beneath her. People ran in every direction, their cars jamming the winding roads as they tried to escape. From her height, they looked like ants scattering from a disturbed hill. It was almost cute how they thought they could outrun her.


Liz looked up, gazing longingly at the heart of the city. There were so many familiar sights just out of view. She wanted to return to her old haunts, and relive those memories... And if people were too slow to get out of the way, that wasn't her problem.


Liz looked at the old baseball stadium, and thought back to when she'd sat in those seats. She hadn't paid much attention to the game, but she remembered enjoying the snacks; dozens of nearby fans who'd had the misfortune of being seated next to her.


That thought made Liz's stomach growl again. She clenched her teeth and focused, trying to hold back the hunger pangs.


"If I don't eat something soon, I'm gonna shrink again..." She groaned. The sensation of being so hungry was never pleasant, but as of late it'd gotten to be downright unbearable. She wanted so, so badly to fill her stomach. There were so many people all around her, and for a moment she wished she could just gobble some of them up. "Those days are behind me." She reminded herself. "I'm not gonna be a monster anymore!"

It wasn't working. In spite of her proclamation, she found herself fantasizing about it anyway.


Liz scanned the streets, looking at the crowds with a predatory gaze. She thought about how easy it would be to snatch handfuls of people off the street and shove them into her mouth. She looked at the crowds of people fleeing from her in every direction, thinking about which ones might be the best to snack on... When she noticed one particular street that looked awfully familiar.


It had been the night of her first big bender. After drowning her sorrows in booze, she'd gone on a drunken rampage through the city. Then she stumbled, hit her head, and passed out... Only to find a crowd of people watching her from behind a police barrier.



Liz woke up hungry, and found herself hankering for a midnight snack. She licked her lips, thinking about who among these people looked the most appetizing. Miranda was obviously off-limits at the time, but everyone else was fair game. The only question was who to start with.


The sound of a shouting officer caught her attention. "Move along everybody! Nothing to see here! Please disperse!" He shouted at the crowd. His voice was deep and resonating, and it appealed to Liz on some deep, primal level.
22


She knew in that moment that she had to have him. Liz reached out for the officer, slowly and sensually. The cop did his part, freezing in terror, and making it easy to grab him.


Liz plucked the man off the ground, squeezing him tight between her thumb and finger. He screamed and pleaded, and squirmed like so many before and after him. And like all the others, it didn't do him a bit of good.
AMERICAN MUSCLE
Giant woman disaster control
DO NOT CROSS
Giant woman disaster control
DO NOT CROSS


Liz leaned her head back, and tossed the cop into her mouth. Even back then, people were so small to Liz. To her, the cop wasn't much bigger than a single sprinkle. He'd do little to satisfy her hunger... And yet that made it even more satisfying, in a way. Knowing she was ending a life for something that wouldn't even satisfy her. His life would be ended in such a pointless manner, and that excited her.


And he was only the first one. She hadn't even finished swallowing him when she turned her attention to the rest of the crowd. They were starting to get worried, but most of them hadn't started to run just yet. Dozens of people were staring up at Liz, waiting to see what she'd do next.
DO NOT ENTER
Easy St



"You guys are pretty dumb, aren't ya?" Liz asked. "Don't you know I'm just gonna eat ya all?"

Liz reached out towards the crowd. Her massive hand loomed over them, as she decided who to eat next. There were so many of them, it was impossible to pick just one... but why pick just one?


Liz opened her hand wide, bringing her fingers down over the crowd. She'd gotten pretty good at picking up entire crowds. Sometimes she could scoop up dozens of people at once. Not all of them would survive being picked up, of course, but Liz wasn't especially concerned with the wellbeing of her food. She closed her fingers tight, trapping as many as she could.


Liz lifted them high into the air, holding them up to her face for inspection. There were a couple dozen people in there, easy. People with lives, hopes, dreams, and loved ones. People who were unique and irreplaceable... a fact that made them even more satisfying to eat.


People didn't matter to Liz. They were whatever she wanted them to be in the moment... Adoring masses lavishing praise onto her... passing amusements for her to crush to pass the time... sex toys to bring her to new heights of pleasure... or living, breathing doormats to make a grand entrance even grander. But more than anything, Liz loved eating people. There was something so satisfying about tossing people into her mouth like a fistful of popcorn.
Liz tossed the people carelessly into her mouth. She wasn't particularly careful about it either, as plenty of them missed the mark entirely, falling to their deaths below. Their lives being wasted didn't bother Liz; there were plenty to replace them if needed.

Liz swirled those who made it inside around in her mouth, overpowering them with the slightest effort. She could feel some of their bodies being crushed against the roof of her mouth, hard enough to break some of their bones. There were sharp cries of pain from the rough treatment, but none of it managed to bother her.

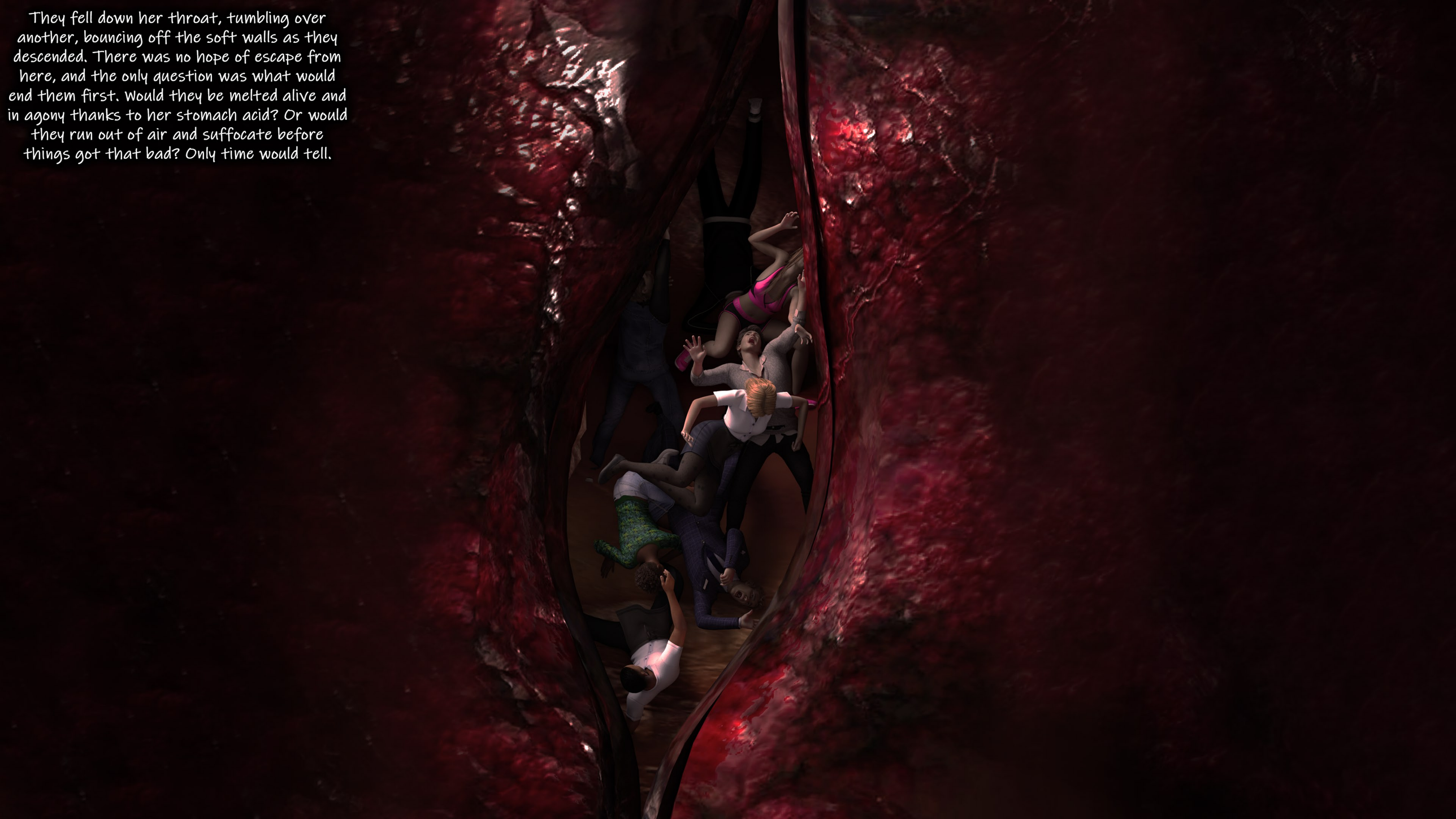




If anything, that little fact only turned her on. Thinking about just how weak they were compared to her, and how big and strong and sexy she was never stopped enthralling Liz. It didn't matter if she was a drunken mess at her lowest point, she was still vastly superior to any one of them. It didn't matter if she humiliated herself. She was a fucking goddess, and they were nothing compared to her.


Liz swallowed. The people disappeared down her throat, sliding into that inky black abyss. The last thing Liz felt was a little tingle in the back of her throat, and that vanished almost as quickly as it came. She'd forget about them the moment she swallowed, even though their torment was only just getting started.

They fell down her throat, tumbling over another, bouncing off the soft walls as they descended. There was no hope of escape from here, and the only question was what would end them first. Would they be melted alive and in agony thanks to her stomach acid? Or would they run out of air and suffocate before things got that bad? Only time would tell.



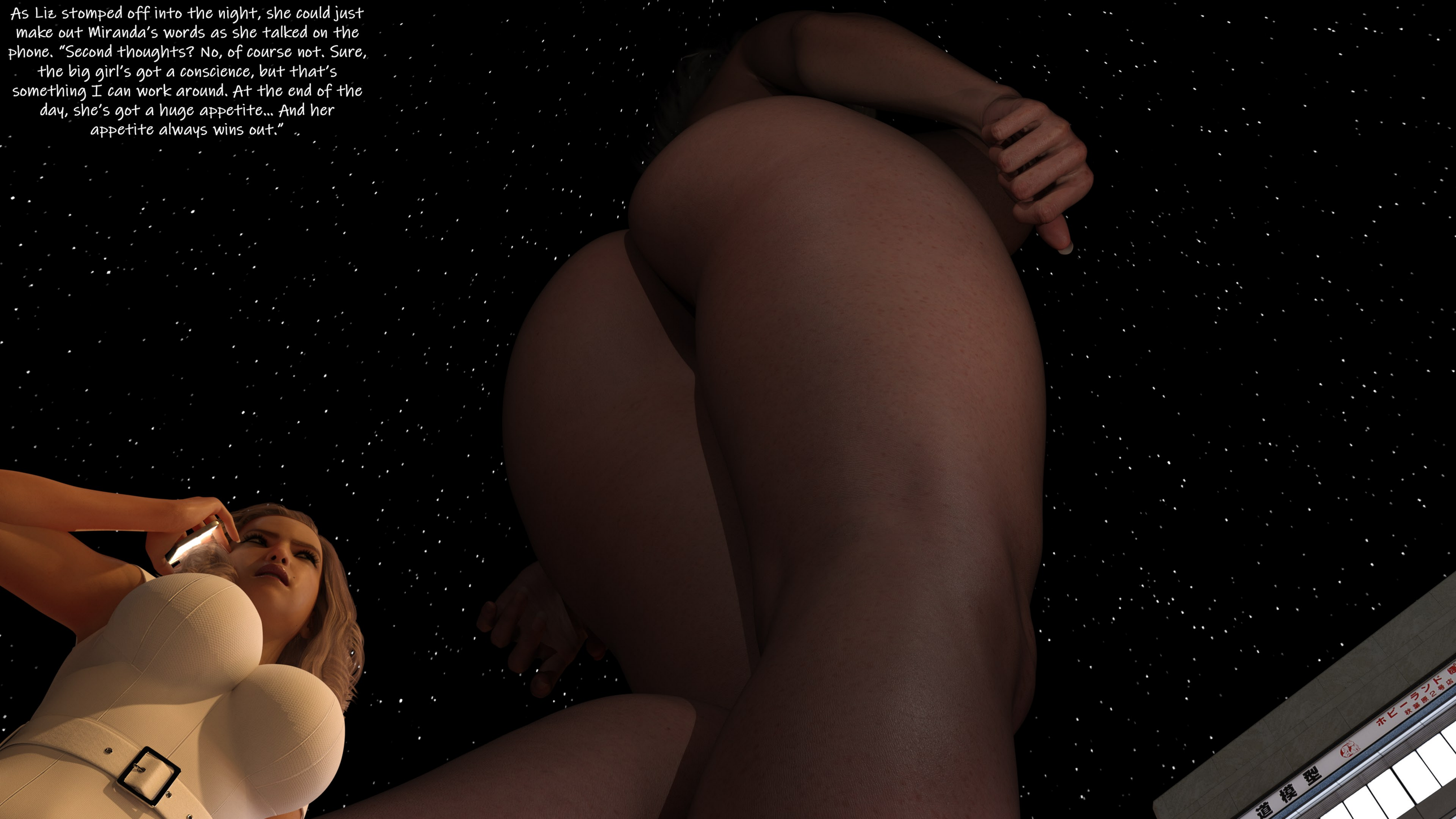


Miranda paid little attention to the spectacle. As usual, she had other, more pressing matters to attend to. "Don't worry about it, Ted. I can deal with some bad publicity, Liz has given me plenty of experience on that front." she said. "She'll be ready soon enough. Give her time."


Miranda didn't even bother looking back as Liz slowly stood up. She knew she wasn't in danger. She had a guardian angel watching her. He was admittedly unconventional, as far as angels went, but he needed her, and he wasn't going to let her get hurt.
JP
COLT
COLT
Giant woman disaster control DO NOT CROSS
Giant woman disaster control DO NOT CROSS
DO NOT ENTER
Easy St


DESIGNER MENS SHOES
Liz got up and walked away. The crowd had whetted her appetite, but had not come close to fully satisfying her. Her late night cravings were intense, and she wasn't going to stop until she was full. If there was no one else in the vicinity, she would simply head off until she could find some more snacks firsthand.
CHOICE CUT
FRESH MEAT DAILY
Easy St
N 72nd St
Aspect
WORLD WIDE DELIVERY
POLICE
NYPD
Giant woman disaster control
DO NOT CROSS

As Liz stomped off into the night, she could just make out Miranda's words as she talked on the phone. "Second thoughts? No, of course not. Sure, the big girl's got a conscience, but that's something I can work around. At the end of the day, she's got a huge appetite... And her appetite always wins out."




Liz looked down at the streets below. They were teeming with hundreds of tiny, terrified people, which kicked her prey drive into gear. She thought about Miranda's words, and was having second thoughts. She wasn't too fond of Miranda, and would have liked to prove her wrong... but maybe she had a point. Maybe it was simply inevitable that Liz's appetite would win out. And if that was the case... Why even bother trying to fight it? She would only be hurting herself if she kept fighting it.
鉄道模型
ホビーランド


Liz leaned down, reaching out towards the streets below. She was too high up to make out any individuals, but she could see the streets were teeming with movement. It was like she had upset an anthill, and the ants were running around in all directions.


"I won't eat too many of you, I promise." Liz reassured them. "I just need a little snack, that's all..."
The people on the streets were in panic, as Liz's hand reached out towards them. Screams rang out, echoing through the streets. People scattered, running in all directions, but Liz's hand moved far faster than they could hope to run.
JP TECHNOLOGIES
SERGIOS DESIGNER MENS SHOES
North St
EL MOLEROS
EL MOLERO'S FLAVOURS OF MEXICO
BEANS 'N RICE
COOPER FOR MAYOR!
VOTE FOR FREEDOM


Her index finger dug into the ground, cutting off escape. Her nail effortlessly plowed through the asphalt as she dragged her nail across the street, scooping up dozens of people in the process.
SERGIOS DESIGNER MENS SHOES
Easy St
N 72nd St


She continued along, digging her fingernail in further as she scooped up dozens more people. She moved quickly, sending chunks of asphalt and people flying into the air. It was a messy process, but it wasn't easy for her to pick individual people up without liquifying them.
HOTEL
삼덕전기


Liz looked down at her catch, watching as a dozen or so of her sprinkles tumbled from between her fingers.
"Sorry about this..." Liz said sheepishly. "It's nothin' personal and all, I'm just real hungry."


Liz wasted no time lifting them up to her mouth. She moved quickly, dropping more of her little 'sprinkles' inside in the process.


Liz shoved her finger in her mouth, shoving the remaining people into her mouth. There weren't more than half a dozen of them, a paltry snack for someone as gargantuan as Liz. And yet there was something so satisfying about devouring them that went beyond food. It wasn't just about the calories, which were far less than her daily rations. Eating living, screaming people satisfied something deeper in her, something that she didn't fully understand.


Right away, Liz felt invigorated. For the first time in months, she felt truly alive again. The lethargy that had plagued her for so long evaporated in an instant, overtaken by an all-consuming desire for more. More food, more power, and more than anything, more of her.


Liz could feel a growth spurt coming on, the first she'd had in months. She could feel energy welling up inside of her, a sensation of warmth turned to a blazing inferno so hot it was almost overwhelming. All that power inside of her on the verge of boiling over, demanding release.


Then, all at once, Liz allowed it to take over. The power was unleashed, making every part of her gigantic form grow at once. She threw her head back, taking in the world around her as it seemed to suddenly shrink before her very eyes.
USC


In a matter of seconds Liz had more than doubled in size, and her growth was far from finished. Her hands and arms plowed into building after building as her body rapidly stretched out in all directions. And yet, for as big as she grew, she still wanted more.


As her growth spurt came to a close, Liz was overcome with ecstasy. Every sensation was magnified a thousand-fold for her. Orgasmic didn't even begin to describe it.


She wished the moment could last forever... but it ended just as quickly as it had begun. She came out of it feeling dazed, her body still reeling from the sudden growth spurt. Slowly, she rose to her feet, doing her best to adjust with her body suddenly being far more massive.


As she stood, Liz's head was spinning, in more ways than one. With her post-growth clarity, regret was beginning to seep in. She'd sacrificed months of her life trying to be a better person and building up sympathy. Now, the world would hate her once again.


Liz straightened out, stretching and cracking her back. "Oh Liz, you've gone and done it again..." she mused aloud. It had been so long since she'd last grown her body had forgotten how to deal with it. More than that, her size was a reminder of the innumerable bad things she'd done. She could hide her broken horn under locks of overgrown hair, but there was no hiding that she'd grown.


To make matters worse, Liz's stomach growled again. Eating those people had done little to fill her up. If anything, it had only whet her appetite. Her body wanted more, and she wasn't sure if she could deny those urges much longer.


Liz looked down at the city, taking in the sights around her. She couldn't help but chuckle looking at the destruction she'd caused without even intending to. "I guess this is my cheat day." Liz said. "I've been good for so long, it's only fair that I get to be a little bad once in a while."


The scope of the destruction really was staggering. Liz had flattened entire city blocks without even meaning to. There must have been dozens of buildings destroyed, which meant hundreds of lives at a minimum, just in the last few minutes. Liz felt a little guilt about that... But only a little.


Standing on the rubble of a dozen buildings, Liz wiggled her toes. It was amusing to remember that her feet could do so much damage... and she was tempted to do even more.


Liz didn't plan on standing there forever, though. She lifted her foot from the crater it had settled into, and took a step towards nowhere in particular. She was far too big now to step anywhere without destroying some buildings. The only question was which buildings would be crushed underneath her.


She raised her foot above an interesting-looking building, a sprawling concrete structure with blue accents. Liz didn't know it was part of the Los Angeles Convention Center. She certainly didn't know that the convention center was currently packed to the gills with people attending a comic convention. All she knew was that it looked like it would be fun to step on.
LOS ANGELES CONVENTION CENTER
SOUTH HALL crypto.com ARENA


Sure enough, it was. Liz slammed her foot down, demolishing the building completely. Everyone inside was obliterated in an instant. The impact filled the streets with smoke, and sent debris raining through the sky. Fire lapped at Liz's feet, a sensation that did little more than tickle her.


Liz had forgotten how much fun this could be. She took another step, raising her foot above a tall, shiny skyscraper. She wondered if she was big enough to crush the massive tower in a single step.


Liz pressed her foot down on top of the tower, and it gave way almost immediately. The massive structure offered little resistance, collapsing instantly under the weight of her foot. Floor after floor buckled then collapsed, raining concrete and glass hundreds of feet down to the streets below. The people inside screamed, only to be silenced when they met the bottom of Liz's sole.


A moment later, the entire building was gone. Liz had reduced it to rubble in a single step as she'd intended, and she adored that sensation. She relished the feeling of power she got from it, knowing it hadn't taken any serious effort to do so.


Energized by the destruction, Liz continued her walk. She stepped over a massive eight-lane highway. One that seemed strangely familiar, the more she focused on it.


Liz suddenly stopped in her tracks, looking down at the highway. A fleeting memory had filled her with a sense of melancholy. She knew she'd seen it before, but she couldn't quite place it. All her escapades in the city felt like a lifetime ago.


Everything looked so different from so high up. Liz racked her brain, trying to remember why exactly she remembered this place. Something big definitely happened on the highway, but she couldn't quite remember what.



Then, all at once, she remembered. It was in the middle of last summer, on an especially sweltering day during a heatwave. One of her haters had started a website, tracking the number of people Liz had killed since she started growing. Miranda insisted they lean into it, trying to rack up as many bodies as possible. She was right on the cusp of hitting a milestone, and she was going to do whatever it took to hit it.

Even now, Liz could picture herself, clear as day, standing on that very highway. She remembered the outfit she was wearing at the time, too. Specially picked to celebrate the milestone, she had hit the town in tight black cut-offs and a skimpy crop top. And more than anything, she remembered her chunky black boots, and the blood that painted the soles.


Liz was only a few hundred feet tall back then, but she had felt so big at the time. Compared to the mile-high leviathan Liz has since become, she was downright tiny. But at the time, stomping around in those black boots, she felt unstoppable.


The memories came flooding back to her, playing out like a movie in her mind. She remembered lifting her foot above a red Corvette. The driver slammed on the brakes, screeching to a halt. He tried to duck out of the car, but it was far too late for him.


She remembered stamping her boot down, cracking the pavement in the process. The car and driver were both flattened under her heel in an instant. Liz wasn't able to savor the sensation for long, though. A cop had pulled in front of her, firing his pistol furiously up at Liz.
POLICE
911
TRAFFIC DIVISION
DEDICATED TO YOUR SAFETY
36


She wasn't even annoyed by the officer shooting her. She smiled wide, barely able to contain her excitement. "Well look who just volunteered to be another notch on my belt!" Liz exclaimed.
KILL
AND COUNTING!


Liz took a step, raising her foot above the little officer. He turned and ran, firing pot shots at the sole of her boot as he fled.
TRAFFIC DIVISION
36
EMERGENCY
DIAL 911


Liz's foot slammed down a second later. Her boot smashed the highway, flattening the cop car underneath. The front of her boot just missed the cop, but the force of the impact sent him flying to the ground.
WILLIAMS AN
EMERGENCY
DIAL
911



Liz thrust her chest forward, showing off her specially-made crop top. Stretched across her massive breasts, the shirt read '10,000 KILLS AND COUNTING!'

Liz twisted her heel, finishing off the cop along with a few nearby bystanders. "There! That's two more! How many am I up to now, Miranda?"


"The website says you're still under 10,000, Liz!" Miranda shouted. "They didn't count a bunch of yesterday's kills because of some stupid technicality about indirect fatalities. It's bullshit, of course, but you can't let them make you look weak... not after I had that shirt printed. Everyone will think you look stupid if you're wearing that when it's not true!"

"Oh, I'm gonna make sure I hit that number alright," Liz said with a newfound resolve. "I'm gonna show this city I'm the how high I can pump those numbers up. 10,000 kills is nothing!"

"That's the spirit, Liz!" Miranda shouted. "Now come on! Pick up the pace and get killing!"


"You're all dead, you hear me?" Liz shouted, raising her heel into the air. "I'm gonna stomp you all to bits under these heels! They thought I was a bitch before, but I haven't shown this city what a bitch I can be!"
10,000
KILLS
AND COUNTING!


Liz lowered her heel onto a white van, crushing the back and pinning it in place. Her sole descended towards the ground, catching some fleeing women in its shadow.


Liz pressed her foot down, finishing her step. She didn't step down hard enough to crack the pavement, but she didn't need to. Bodies were far softer than concrete, and the sound of crunching bones told Liz the job was done.


"How you like that, bitches?" Liz taunted. "That's gotta be three more, easy. Now who's gonna be my next statistic?"
10,000
KILLS
AND COUNTING!


Liz spotted a hippie woman in a skimpy top, running past an abandoned SUV. Something about other hot women always made Liz jealous, and she was more than happy to take out the competition. She wasted no time and raised her massive boot above the fleeing woman.


Liz couldn't resist the urge to taunt her soon to be victim. "I bet you think you're hot shit, don't you?" Liz asked. "Well guess what, you ain't about to be shit except a stain on my sole!"
10,000
KILLS
AND COUNTING!


Liz stomped down, hard enough to send nearby cars flying through the air. The woman ducked before Liz's foot hit, and missed the worst of the impact... But that wasn't a problem for Liz. She twisted her heel, turning the woman's final moments into a smear on the pavement.


"Another bitch bites the dust." Liz gloated.
"How about now? Did I hit 10-k?"
10,000
KILLS
AND COUNTING!

"Not according to the website, I'm afraid." Miranda said. "Don't worry so much about the count, Liz, it can take a day or two to update anyway. How about you just dedicate the rest of the afternoon to this so we can be sure! Kill as many people as you can! And if you don't mind my advice as a show-woman... You might want to mix it up a bit for the people who are watching the sky-cam footage. You've shown them what those boots can do... Now remind them just how dangerous the rest of you is!"


"Oh, I'll show 'em deadly alright," Liz growled. She dropped down on her knees, crushing a few more people without even meaning to.
1000
VOLTS


Liz leaned forward, reaching out towards a black woman who was running for her life. The woman was quick, but Liz was far faster, and she grabbed hold of the woman. Liz snatched the fleeing figure right off the ground, and lifted her flailing body into the air.
MOTEL


TETLEYS
EUROCAR
SOAD
TEPCO
AMERICAN
MUSCLE
SUMMER
At the same time, a group of nearby people wasted no time piling into a pick-up truck. The driver had already started the engines, and two nearby people struggled to climb into the truck bed.


Liz heard the sound of the engine revving up, and scowled down at the little white truck. "Hey, where the hell do you think you're going?" She shouted over all the noise.
The man who had just hopped in the truck bed was still struggling to help his girlfriend climb into the back. "I've got her! Just step on the gas don't worry about us!" the man shouted.
10000 KILLS AND COUNTING!
TETLEYS
EUROCAR
GOAD
TEPCO


Liz had hoped to give her latest catch more attention, but it seemed as if the selfish truck driver wasn't going to give her the time. She casually shoved the woman she already held straight into her mouth, trapping the tiny woman inside of her cavernous maw before turning her attention to the runaway vehicle. "Oh no you don't!" She shouted, before quickly swallowing the fighting woman down. "No one gets away from me!"


The driver finally put the pedal to the metal, stepping on the gas like he never had before. The car sputtered for a moment, burning rubber before the wheels finally caught traction with the pavement. The car quickly accelerated, and the people inside breathed a sigh of relief as they sped away.


Their relief was short-lived. Just a second later, Liz had grabbed the truck in her hand, stopping it in its tracks. The people in the back stared up in horror, not sure how to react.


Before they could escape, Liz had already lifted the truck high into the air. They held on for dear life as she tilted the car back, nearly making those in the back fall off completely.


Liz stared at the car, licking her chops as she checked out the car's occupants. "Hey Miranda, make sure you get all this on camera!" Liz teased. "How many people are going to see me eat all these little losers?"
"You've got over to a million people watching the livestream, Liz!" Miranda said excitedly. "Now let's see some action, and raise! That! Counter!"

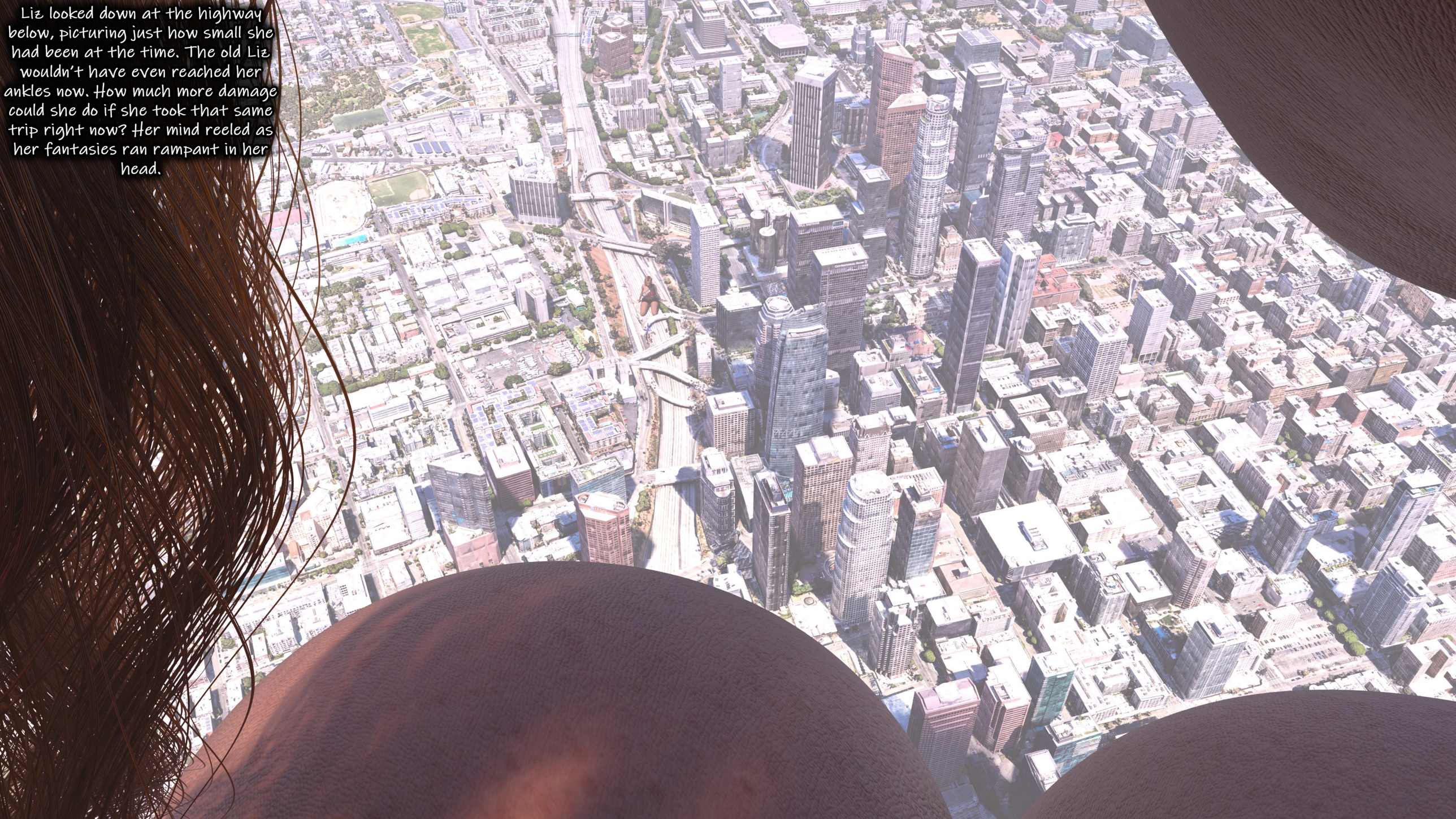

Liz brought the truck closer to her mouth, moving it between her lips. For a second, it looked like she was about to take a bite out of it... But then she lifted it up higher, and tilted it back.


Liz held the truck over her mouth, dangling the terrified occupants directly over her mouth. She didn't even bother waiting for them to give up, and gave the whole thing a few quick shakes to knock the couple loose so they tumbled out and into her mouth.
WEDBUSH
L.A. Care


While the couple was still falling, Liz quickly turned the vehicle on its side. The rapid motion sent the driver reeling out through the door. He clung for dear life to the dashboard, but his grip slipped a little more with every passing second.
MANUFACTURERS BANK


All these memories were making the modern-day Liz go feral with ideas. She'd held herself back for so long. She wanted so badly to let loose, and see what she was really capable of at this new size. To unleash her power on the city like never before. She was still trying to be a good girl for now... But she wasn't sure if she could keep that act up much longer.


Slowly, Liz ran her hand down between her legs. It was taking all her self-control not to touch herself in public. Another little bad habit she'd been actively trying to steer away from recently. She kept her hand away, for now, but her pussy was aching to be touched...


Liz looked down at the highway below, picturing just how small she had been at the time. The old Liz wouldn't have even reached her ankles now. How much more damage could she do if she took that same trip right now? Her mind reeled as her fantasies ran rampant in her head.


Back on the highway, Liz had made a point of chewing as loudly as possible. She bit down hard, chomping repeatedly, so everyone in the vicinity and all the people watching the stream could hear loud and clear what was happening. Then, when there was nothing firm enough left to produce a satisfying sound, she finally swallowed.
10K+
KILLS
AND COUNTING!


"Wait, it just updated!" Miranda shouted. "The counter hit 10,000! That's a wrap, we're finished!"
Liz raised her hands high into the air, and got a particularly wicked grin on her face. "Aw, Miranda! I thought you said I should do this all day? And besides, I'm just getting started! There's still so many people here!" Liz exclaimed.
"Go wild, Liz. We got the milestone on camera, so everything else is just extra!"
KILLS
AND COUNTING!


"YA'LL HEAR THAT? I'M GONNA KILL ALL OF YOU!" Liz screamed, slamming her hands down on the pavement. The force was enough to send people flying through the air. While they were still scrambling to their feet, she ran her hands along the road, picking them up by the handful.


Liz lifted her catch high into the air. Her hands were packed full of people threatening to spill out at any moment. She was positively frantic, and so careless that she was carelessly dropping people left and right.
"You're my fucking food, you get that?" Liz said, a crazed look on her face. "I'm gonna eat you all, just for the hell of it. Because I'm Liz fuckin' Dixon, and I do whatever the heck I want!"


Without another word, Liz thrust her head back. She carelessly tossed both handfuls of people onto her face. Only a fraction of them landed in her mouth, but that didn't matter. The important thing was, one way or another, they would all be dead... And that meant more kills for the counter.
KILLS
AND COUNTING


Liz wasted no time continuing her rampage after she gulped them down. She got on her hand and knees, inadvertently crushing dozens of people as she crawled forward. When she saw a black SUV trying desperately to drive away, she smashed the car with her fist obliterating the car and everyone inside.
THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART
MUSEUM
HOTEL


There were dozens of people running from Liz, but she singled out one in particular. A middle-aged man in a suit, who nearly tripped as he ran. It was a pathetic display, and she thought that he deserved an especially pathetic death.


"Hey, guess what?" Liz teased. "I'm gonna kill you... With just my pinky finger!" She held her pinky up in the air, twirling it menacingly.
"Oh god, no, please! I haven't done anything to you!" the businessman pleaded.


But his pleas fell on deaf ears. He sprinted away as fast as he could in his dress shoes, but lost his balance once again. Before he knew what was happening, he was lying face-first on the pavement, with Liz's pinky finger pressing into his back.
"Who do ya think is stronger? A full-grown man, or my little pinky?" Liz asked.
"No, don't!" the man begged. "Don't do this! I've got–"


"SPLAT!" Liz said excitedly, as she crushed the man's body with her pinky. "My pinky fucking won, so maybe think of that before you say mean things about me online, everyone! Because all it takes is one little finger to kill any one of ya!"


Slowly, Liz rose to her feet. She looked around, taking in the pandemonium. The streets were full of terrified people running from Liz. All the havoc and terror put a smile on her face.
"You guys had better hurry up and run," Liz warned. "Because when I get up... I'm gonna stomp as many of you as I can!"
HOTEL


Liz followed after the crowd, making sure to step on as many people as she could. A dozen one step, half a dozen the next. The important thing was, she got to have her fun, and when she had fun, the number went up. How high would the number go before they stopped bothering to track it? She was keen to find out.
Liz took another step, crushing another group of people. "What's the kill count at now, Miranda?" Liz asked.


"Right now? It's... I dunno... Ten thousand one hundred? That sounds good." Miranda told her. "But they only count kills there's direct evidence of, and it's not up to date. I can't see every single person you're stepping on from up here, you know..."
"I thought we'd be way higher than that by now!" Liz said, raising her foot above another group of people. "Fine by me, though. I'm gonna squish as many of these little losers as I can, and pump those numbers up! I'm not stopping until I get to twenty thousand!"


Liz took another step, stomping on more people. Her smile widened, an increasingly deranged glimmer in her eyes.
"Twenty thousand? What am I even sayin'? That's way too low!" Liz mused aloud. "Maybe I should go for fifty! A hundred! Or shit, maybe a million!" At this point she was only saying numbers, but Liz could distinctly remember the arousal burning in her loins at the thought of being personally responsible for that many deaths.


Liz remembered herself, all those years ago, the spark of true mega-maniacal fury in her eyes. "Fuck, imagine what I could do if I got really, REALLY big?" She had mused. "Why, if I was a mile high, I could smash the whole damn city if I wanted to!"


That wasn't just a fantasy anymore. Liz had just flattened several apartment complexes with a single step, and she hadn't even been trying to. How much destruction could she truly cause now if she really let herself go wild?
L.A. SELF STORAGE 481-3010
CARPENTERS


It was strange to think that, at just a few hundred feet tall, she was big enough to terrorize the city. Now, the whole world should fear her. She was a force that was capable of apocalyptic destruction. Not only that, but she loved inflicting it. Because she wasn't just capable of it... she was destined for it.


She remembered herself a year ago, rampaging down the highway. She remembered the way she'd stomped down on those cars, hard enough that the pavement collapsed into the earth below. An entire year has passed since then and they still haven't finished repairing the damage to that same road. Liz wanted to leave another footprint in that highway... A massive footprint that would obliterate any trace of the smaller ones beneath it and undo what progress they had made.


Liz raised a foot. High above the imaginary version of herself. The Liz from the past would have fit neatly under her foot, and would have been crushed just as easily as the people she was indulging on herself. It was strange to think that she herself was now small enough to be stepped on by the current version of herself. That stray thought amused Liz, and she pictured herself doing just that.


She almost wished there was a smaller Liz was on the highway. Regular people were too small to be satisfying to step on individually, but if there was a hundred-foot tall person running around...
Liz sighed. But that wasn't the case, was it? There wasn't actually a smaller Liz on the highway. But the highway itself was all too real... As was Liz's massive foot. She brought her foot down casually, not bothering to use any more force than necessary. Her sheer, overwhelming mass was more than enough to cause destruction, even with the slightest touch.


Liz stepped down, and felt the road instantly collapse beneath her weight. Sure enough, her foot was more than wide enough to flatten the entire eight-lane highway. She chuckled to herself, wondering about whether they'd ever get around to repairing the damage from THAT step.
...But why stop at just one?


Liz took another step, walking down the highway with a smile on her face. It amused her greatly, thinking about just how much she'd grown. The death and destruction she could cause now was orders of magnitude beyond what was possible a year ago.


Liz wondered what it would be like if she tried her best, once again, to cause as much destruction as possible. How much damage could she do? In one well-placed footstep, she might rack up more fatalities than she had that day a year ago, when she stomped down this same highway for the first time.


Liz took another step, raising her foot above a 15-story office building. There was nothing remarkable about it, save for one thing: a restaurant on top of the rooftop. Liz could just barely make out the tiny waiters and patrons on top, panicking as her foot cast the entire thing in shadow.


"Elizabeth Dixon, party of one!" Liz joked. She was ready to bring her foot down. She was eager to experience another building flattening under her when she noticed something strangely familiar about this building as well. She searched her thoughts for the memory when they came crashing into her again.
She'd had a date here once before.



Not just any date. It was her first real date. It had been just a few days after Liz first arrived in Hollywood. Miranda wasted no time setting her up on a date with a handsome young star. Someone friendly, but bland. An easy date for a newbie like her.

Liz remembered standing next to the building, craning her neck to look down at the small man...


"I... have to admit, Liz, I had no idea you were this big." The actor admitted, before clearing his throat. "I've been out of the country on a film shoot, and I figured it had to be some kind of publicity stunt. I just figured that was all done with special effects or something! Though the part where you stepped on all those people on the red carpet must have been fake, right?"
"Fake? No, sweetie, that was all real!" Liz laughed. "It was the best part, too! I love squishin' you little people!"


The man's demeanor suddenly changed. "Oh, is that so?" he said. "That's, umm, very interesting."
The waitress walked over to the actor, handing him a menu. She was even more nervous than her date was. "Now Liz, I'm afraid we don't have something special for someone of your, uhh, mass. But we'd be happy to make you anything you want..."
Menu
coffee
more
and
more


"You know, I don't think I've had any normal food since I moved here." Liz admitted. "Just give me ten of everything, I guess. And put it in one big bowl. Don't bother slaughterin' the animals or anything I don't mind doin' that part myself."
"Wow, slaughtering animals in the middle of a date? You've got... quite the appetite, don't you Liz?" the actor said.
WARNING
FANS START
AUTOMATICALLY


WARNING
FANS START AUTOMATICALLY
"You don't know the half of it." Liz said with a heavy sigh. "I get so damned hungry and it takes an awful lot of protein to fill me up. Used to be just one full-grown pig would do the trick. But I'm way bigger than that now, and I could go for a couple head of cattle if they've got them in the back."
"That's funny." The actor said, sweat beginning to bead on his forehead. "Because... from what I'd heard you aren't eating a whole lot of beef lately."



"Aw, you've heard?" Liz admitted, flashing a smile at the small man. "Yeah, I gotta eat what I can these days, and I'm not too picky."

"So I've heard..." the actor said nervously. "I'll be honest, it made me reluctant to go on this date, but my agent insisted this would be great for my caree- err, for both of us."

Liz stared down at him. "Oh I get it. So you're scared I'm gonna eat ya?" Liz asked. "Well, you don't gotta worry about that too much. Miranda made me promise not to eat you on the first date. She said it would be a bad look... So I'll do my best, I promise."


"That's, uhh, very reassuring," the actor said. "I suppose it would be a shame to spoil your appetite before dinner..."
eche bureche
coffee
more
and
more


"Well, that's where I disagree." Liz said with a shrug. "I mean, I can eat normal food if I have to, but it's not really my thing anymore. Besides... I promised I wouldn't eat my date, but I didn't say anything about the waitress..."
The waitress was just walking inside, when she looked back and saw Liz staring down at her. She thought about running inside, but quickly realized how easy it would be for Liz to smash through the roof.


The waitress stood there, trembling, while Liz reached out for her.
"Whoa, hold on! Let's not do anything crazy, okay Liz?" The man cautioned. "We wouldn't want to get this relationship off on the wrong foot, would we?"


Liz sneered down at him. "Let me give you some advice, pretty boy. You know what the first rule of going on a date is? Don't criticize your woman's eating choices... especially when she's a hundred feet tall! If I say I'm gonna eat a waitress, I'm gonna eat a waitress!"


Liz grabbed the terrified woman by the waist, lifting her up into the air. "Now take a good, long look, boy, 'cause I'm gonna give you a hell of a show." Liz said. "This is how a real woman eats!"


Liz closed her eyes, bringing the waitress up to her lips. The smaller brunette flailed her arms, clawing impotently at Liz's lips. "No, god, don't do this! I'm sorry, I'll do anything! Please, just let me–"
CARLTON CO
APARTMEN

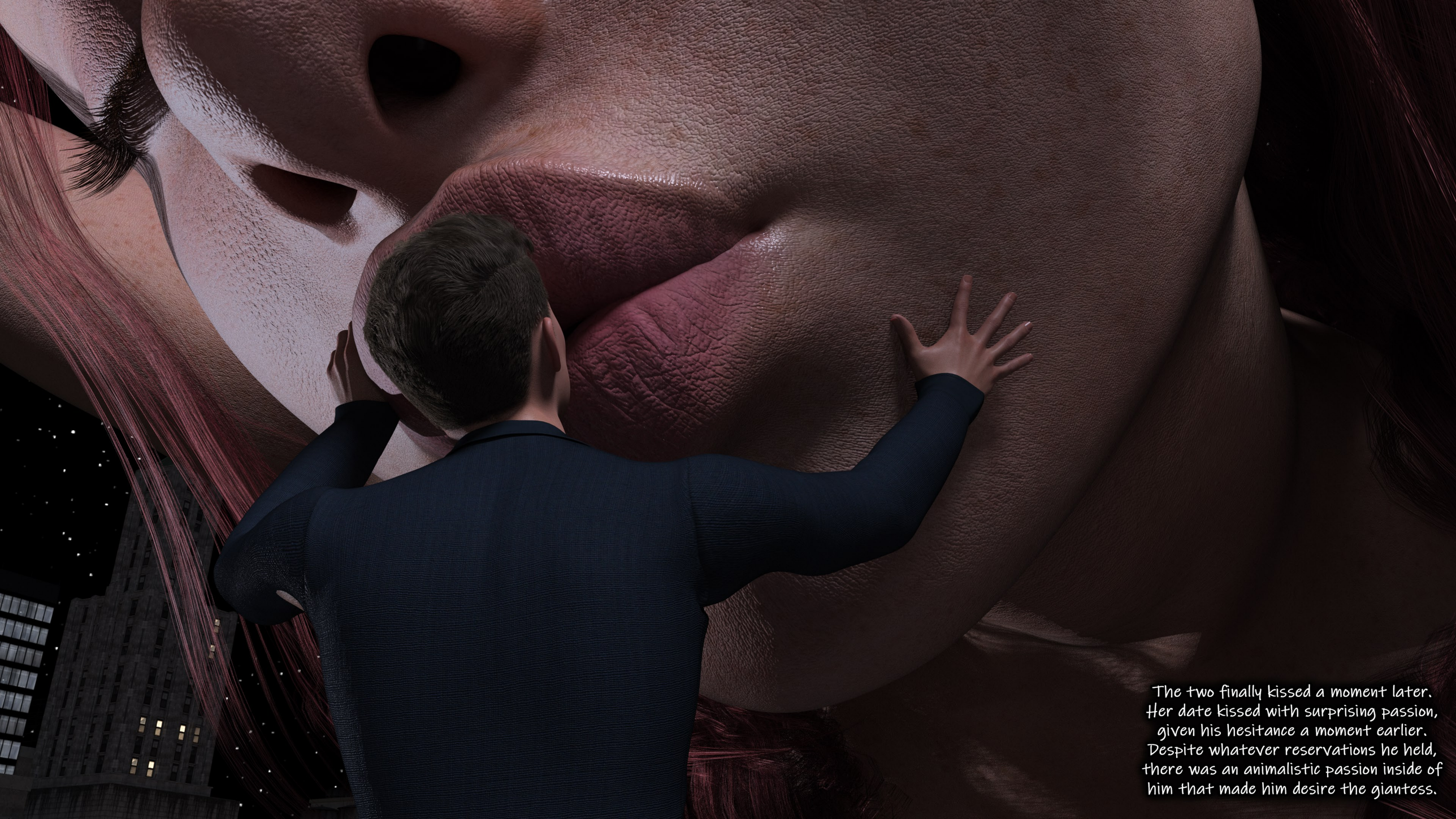

Liz shoved the woman face-first into her mouth, muffling her screams. The woman fought with all her strength, but she was easily overpowered by Liz's tongue.


Liz closed her lips, trapping the waitress inside. She played with her food, swishing the woman around this way and that. She took her time, putting on a show for her date, and waiting for his reaction.
A moment later, Liz's date hopped to his feet, gesticulating with his arms as he lectured her. "I don't care how big you are, Liz, you can't just eat a person! This is sick, and wrong! You can't eat her! You just can't! She's a real person, just like me! And-"
Liz swallowed, thoroughly annoyed with his protests.


"I can't eat her? But I coulda sworn I just did!" Liz teased. "If God didn't want me eating waitresses, he wouldn't have made them taste so darned good! Ain't that right, cutie?"
Liz leaned forward so fast she shook the building. Startled by the sudden movement, her date fell backward, tipping over his chair.


The actor fell out of his chair, hitting his knee on the roof. Liz looked at him with concern. "Aww, sweetie, are you alright?" Liz asked. "Because if you're hurt, they say a kiss makes it all feel better..."


The actor was more than a little nervous, but he knew better than to risk angering the giant woman, and took her offer. Slowly, they moved together, but the actor pulled away just before their lips met. "I've never kissed a woman who was taller than me... Let alone this much taller!" he exclaimed. "You're... You're not going to suck me up or anything, are you?"
"Only if you're a bad kisser." Liz teased.


The two finally kissed a moment later.
Her date kissed with surprising passion,
given his hesitance a moment earlier.
Despite whatever reservations he held,
there was an animalistic passion inside of
him that made him desire the giantess.


Liz wanted him too, more than he could imagine. She longed to feel his body inside of hers. Her stomach growled, and she thought about doing the unthinkable. She knew that he was a famous actor, and that their relationship could help her career... But she wanted to badly to slurp him down, to feel his body in her mouth. She opened her lips, just a little at first, and pulled him deeper in.


Soon the actor was waist-deep in her mouth. His legs were flailing wildly as Liz sucked him further down, bit by bit.


Liz tilted her head back, staring up at the stars while she sucked him down deeper. She could hear his screams reverberating through her head, desperate and terrified. While she idly toyed with her food, Liz considered her options. It wasn't too late to spit him out just yet. She could play it off like the whole thing was a joke, spit him back onto the rooftop, and continue the date. She could do that... But she was hungry.
After a moment of hesitation, Liz gulped him down. It was the best first date she'd ever had... Not to mention the longest. Not a single one of her other suitors lasted half as long before getting swallowed.
B COOPER FOR MAYOR
VOTE FOR
飲み放題
¥980~
コース料理
¥2000~
CANTON
CD·DVD·LD IFリバティー
新創作
EDGESTONE


Liz looked down at the building again, taking a closer look.
...It wasn't the same building, she realized. This wasn't even the same part of downtown. But there was something that amused her, about stepping on a rooftop diner so much like the one from that first date, and from this high up there was little difference at a glance anyway.


Liz raised her foot high above the building, eliciting screams from the people on the rooftop. It was strange to think that when she first came to the city, she wasn't even as tall as this building. Now, she could step on it like it was nothing... and that's exactly what she did.
Bank of America


Liz pressed her massive foot down onto the building. The steel and concrete structure was no match for her incredible mass. The walls buckled under her weight, instantly collapsing.
Bank of America


A moment later, the building had collapsed into rubble, filling the air with smoke. Liz lifted her foot, stepping away from building. Almost immediately, she had forgotten about the building, and the dozens of people whose lives had been ended inside.


Liz looked around the city, taking in the sights. There were so many familiar places, so much history... Most of which involved carnage of one kind or another.
"So many memories," Liz mused. "It's gonna be a real shame no one will remember it after I smash this place so much I can't even recognize it anymore."


Liz took a walk through the city, seeing the sights while she still could. Everywhere she looked, brought back more memories. The bank where she'd heroically stopped a robbery, and then ate everyone inside. The concert venue where she sat on the band, and then sung drunken songs herself until the last of the last of the audience shuffled away. To think that one day those memories would be lost, like the buildings under her soles.


Liz took another step, stepping on a factory that made life-saving medical equipment. "That one made a funny sound when I stepped on it," Liz mused aloud. "Why'd I ever stop doing this when it's so much fun?"


Liz came to a stop in the industrial district, putting her hands on her hips. This area looked incredibly familiar as well, but she couldn't quite remember why.


Liz focused on the L.A. River, taking in the concrete-covered canal.
"Yeah... that's it! I used to sunbathe in there!" She exclaimed. "Wild to think I used to be small enough to fit in that little thing. Man, those were the days."


Liz closed her eyes, trying to imagine what it was like to be so small. It was hard to wrap her mind around it now. Of being so tiny that some buildings were actually too durable for her to destroy quickly.


Then, all at once, it came into view. A memory from late in the summer last year. She'd spent the whole day laying in the canal, sunbathing in her newly-made teal bikini. It had been so relaxing she'd actually fallen asleep in the late afternoon, and used an overpass to rest her head. She was a heavy sleeper, and not even the sound of honking cars could wake her up.


When Liz fell asleep in the city, she'd usually attract gawkers, and that afternoon was no exception. A trio of adventurous 20-somethings drove their modded cars down the canal to get a closer look at Liz. They were already too close to be safe, but they dared each other to go closer.
UL PL8TE


A young couple took the dare, walking over to the sleeping giant. The girlfriend lagged behind, looking nervously at the sheer enormity of Liz's features. "This feels like a bad idea..." the woman whispered.
"Oh come on, it's fine!" the guy told his girlfriend. "I've seen this girl sleep through gunshots straight to the head. Nothing short of an atom bomb is going to wake her up, trust me."


They continued down the canyon of flesh, following the path to its end. They looked up, gazing at Liz's massive crotch, and the skimpy bikini bottom that was doing its best to cover it. The girlfriend had already stopped, but her boyfriend drew closer.
"What are you doing? Let's get out of here!" the girlfriend cautioned.

"No way, I'm just getting started!" the boyfriend said. He grabbed the fabric of Liz's bikini bottom and slowly pulled himself up to scale Liz's crotch.

"Oh my god, are you serious? What if you fall!" The girlfriend complained.

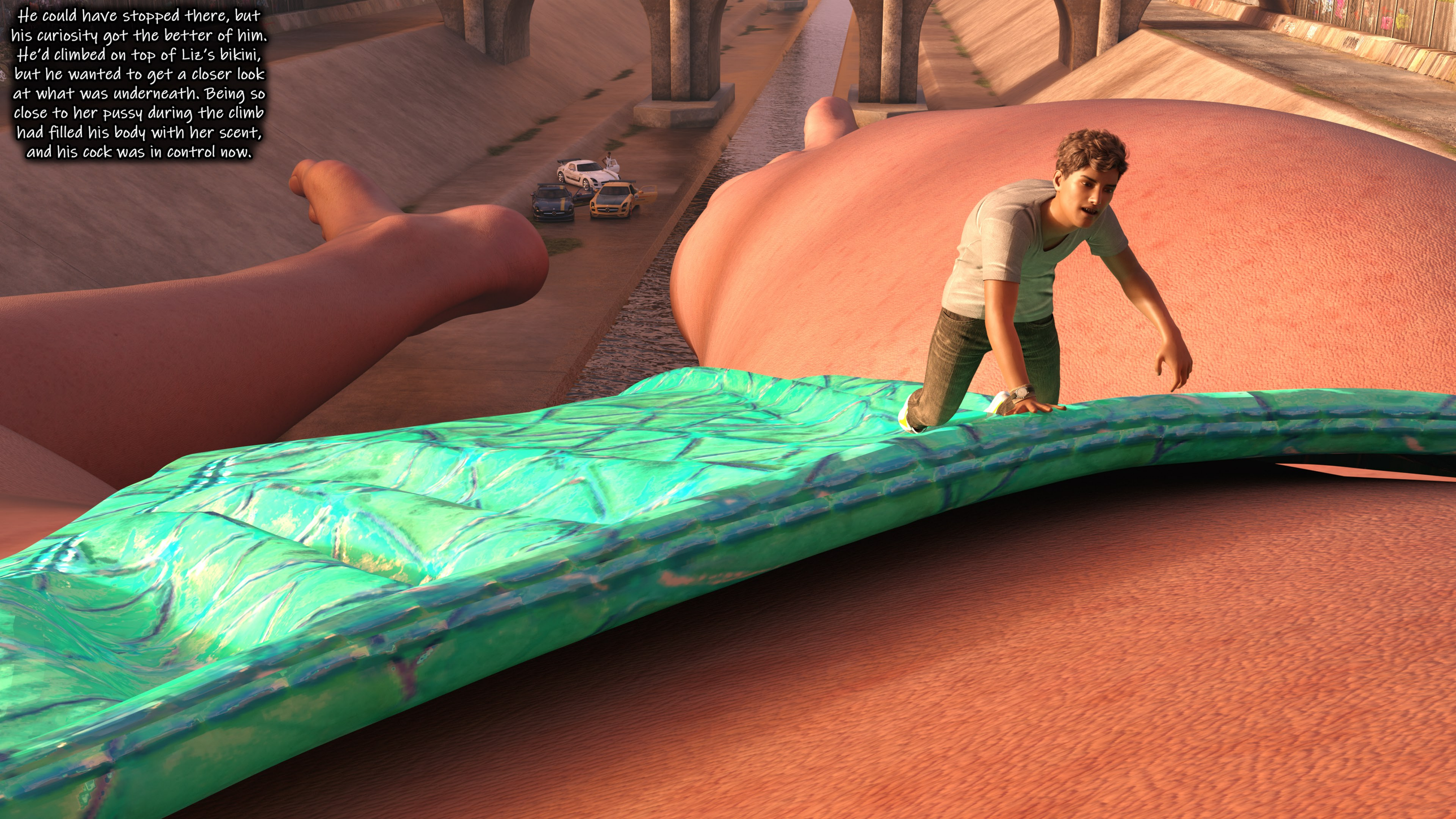
"I've climbed buildings and shit before," the boyfriend said. "I know what I'm doing, okay? Just watch me!"






Sure enough, he was a skilled climber. A few minutes later, he was lying on top of Liz's crotch. He'd climbed a few office buildings before, but pulling this off was a whole different feeling. To literally mount the famous giantess was a level of triumph he'd never felt before.


He turned towards his friends, holding his hands in the air and making metal horns. "Hey, check it out, I'm on top of Liz! Someone, get out your phone and take a photo!" he shouted. "I'm the king of the fuckin' world!"


He could have stopped there, but his curiosity got the better of him. He'd climbed on top of Liz's bikini, but he wanted to get a closer look at what was underneath. Being so close to her pussy during the climb had filled his body with her scent, and his cock was in control now.

He leaned over the edge of the bikini bottom, getting a peek at Liz's bush. He couldn't see too much thanks to a lack of light, but that only further piqued his curiosity. "I guess it's time I do a little spelunking..." he said to himself.

Suddenly, the living mountain he was sitting on moved, hard enough that it nearly knocked him over. The giant woman seemed disoriented for a moment as she blinked the sleep out of her eyes, but there was nowhere to hide. After a few seconds to allow her eyes to adjust Liz zeroed in on the man on top of her, and her expression changed in an instant.


"Oh shit, uhh, I'm sorry ma'am!" The man said. "I'm-I'm just a huge fan, that's all!"
"Yeah fucking right! What the hell do you think you're doing, you little creep!?" Liz spat.


"I-It's what I said! I'm a fan! I was hoping f-for an autograph and-"
"That's a load of bull!" Liz replied and reached out for him. The young daredevil hopped to his feet, running towards the edge as fast as he could.


Liz was faster. She grabbed him tight, squeezing his body like a grape as she lifted him up to her face. "I don't know what you think you're doing climbing all over me while I'm sleeping, but I don't appreciate it!" Liz fumed. "If you think you're hot shit, then how about I turn you into shit!"


Liz said nothing else before casually shoving him into her mouth. He was a squirmy little thing, and he thrashed around against her fingers, but as soon as her lips were closed, his fate was sealed.


A quick tilt of the head and a swallow was all it took to send the man to his death. She was just about to lie back down to resume her nap when the sudden, sharp sound of screaming rang in her ears. It was quickly followed by footsteps hitting the pavement, and for a second Liz thought she was hearing a ghost because she didn't even spot the woman at first.


Unfortunately for the skinny little thing in a crop top and cut-offs, Liz did spot her after a few steps. Without even giving it a moment of thought, the giantess reflexively lifted her toe above the fleeing insect.


The woman stumbled forward, looking back in terror at the oversized toe. "Oh god, no, don't! I had nothing to do with this! I tried to get him to stop, and I don't even know him, I-"


SPLAT
Liz brought her toe down, splattering the woman into a puree on the pavement. She had grown so big at that point that a single toe was enough to crush someone beyond recognition. It was something that once amused her, but was now so commonplace she didn't give it a second thought.


Liz was about to go back to sleep when she noticed another man running down the canal. He was just as terrified as the last two, and ran as fast as he could towards his modded sedan.
He looked back with terror, realizing that Liz had spotted him. "Oh shit," he muttered. "Oh shit oh shit oh shit!"


Liz planted her hand on the overpass behind her for leverage to stand up. Completely on accident, she flattened a few cars that had been trying to cross, crushing some unfortunate bystanders in the process as well. None of them even registered to the giant woman who was wholly focused on the car in front of her.
2032


That was the only person she cared about. The douchebag and his perverted friends in their modded car. And she was going to get him. As she stood the man climbed into the driver's seat, and started the ignition.


Liz walked over towards the car, stomping hard enough to shake the earth with each step. The car finally started, revving up with a painfully loud sputtering sound.
"Geez! Get a fucking muffler, why don't you!" Liz shouted.
8
EDGESTONE


The sedan was just starting to drive away when Liz raised her foot above the car. "You might be fast, but I'm furious!" Liz shouted, before stomping her foot down.


Liz slammed down on the sedan, crumpling the car like a tin can in the blink of an eye. Just like that, everything under her was crushed flat. The driver was gone, painting the bottom of her big toe with his remains.
One less annoyance for her to deal with, as far as she was concerned.
Asterisk


Liz couldn't help but grin. As relaxing as an afternoon nap was, this was a lot more satisfying. She wasn't even mad anymore. She was just happy that she finally got a chance to take her anger out.


"Aw, what was I thinking? Lazing around when I could have been going on a rampage?" Liz wondered aloud. "I can do whatever the hell I want!"


The older Liz looked down at the alley, thinking about what she'd said a year earlier. She was starting to think the younger version of herself had a point. She got to have her fun then, and there weren't even any consequences. Why suddenly act as if rules mattered now?


Liz took a step, gleefully raising her foot above where she'd been walking a year earlier. The smaller Liz would have been positively tiny now by comparison. She pictured the smaller version of herself in the shadow of her foot... then stepped down.


Liz's heel crashed into the pavement. The force destroyed everything beneath her foot, obliterating the high-way overpass and everyone who was still on it. Smashing the highway gave Liz a little jolt of excitement, making her eager for more.


An excited Liz stomped around the city, scoping it out for her next target. Everywhere she went she left behind a swathe of destruction, and she wanted to keep this going for as long as possible. "Alright, who wants to get wrecked next?" Liz asked.


She sauntered over to downtown, paying no attention to the smaller buildings that she crushed beneath her feet. The skyscrapers downtown were what she was interested in. Too many of them had survived even her biggest rampage. That was an oversight that she was planning to fix before too long... but that could wait, for now.


As Liz eyed the skyscrapers, she started to get some naughty ideas. All those tall towers, big and hard and phallic. It's like they were designed with her in mind. There was only one problem... They weren't big enough to withstand her. Not anymore, anyway. She'd certainly had her fun with them when she was a bit smaller, though...


Liz looked down at the skyscrapers below, trying to remember which one she had grinded on months ago. It was the last thing she'd done before she left LA, and the memory was still crisp in her mind. Despite that, she couldn't remember which of these little skyscrapers it even was. She singled out one in particular, which looked like it might have been the one. At any rate, it was the perfect shape and size for a much smaller giantess to grind on top of.


Liz's imagination was so vivid, it was almost like she was looking down on herself. She could practically see the younger version of her, grinding the top of another skyscraper into ruin.


Liz couldn't help but touch herself as she fantasized about her previous acts. How she had felt so utterly dominating, towering over the city like she never had before. Grinding her pussy on the building, with the news crew inside... It was all so fucking hot.
L.A Care


Liz slid her fingers between her pussy lips, and started rubbing herself more vigorously. To think she'd bothered trying to date before... No one could handle a goddess like her. No one. Mankind's greatest structures were falling apart underneath her, what hope did a regular person have? Her own hands were the only touch she needed, so long as she had an audience.


She pictured the younger version of herself easing the tip of the skyscraper into her pussy, and she followed suit. She slid her fingers deeper into herself, sending a tingle down her spine. A big orgasm coming on, and she knew what that meant: more growth. As big as she was, Liz was eager to grow even bigger. To regain her status as a true leviathan once again.


The growth spurt came on quickly, surprising even Liz. She embraced it, fingering herself harder. She could feel the sensations reverberating through her, accelerating her growth.


Her growth accelerated, driven by her pleasure. She didn't just want to be bigger. She wanted to be fucking massive. Unstoppable. A force of nature that could not contained.


The bigger Liz grew, the smaller everything else looked by comparison. She looked down at the smaller version of herself shrinking away in her mind's eye. The old Liz looked so small now by comparison. So weak... and submissive.
L.A Care
WELLS FARGO


To her surprise, the younger Liz flipped her hair back, and locked eyes with her older self before flashing a smile. "Like what you see?" the younger Liz asked. "Because we can have a whole lot more fun together than we could alone."
"Holy shit, I really am losing my mind!" the older Liz exclaimed. "I must have spent too much time alone. I'm just seeing things, I'm sure."


"What makes you think you're imagining any of this?" The smaller Liz asked. "How about if you stop trying to convince yourself otherwise and come closer. I bet I'd feel even more real if you touched me. Realer than any of the other insects in this so-called city anyway."
ONE WILSHIRE
ONE WILSHIRE
CITY NATIONAL BANK
KPMG


The older Liz could only look down at her smaller doppelganger, confused at what she was seeing.
"Well?" The smaller Liz asked before slapping her ass and sending a shockwave that echoed through the city. "Go ahead! Touch me, already! Don't you want to fuck my brains out?"
TCW


Liz quietly approached, her mouth salivating at the sight of her younger self staring back at her. "I've always wanted to fuck myself." the older Liz said. "I always felt like no one else was ever hot enough for me... Not to mention big enough."
"You think I don't know that?" the little dominatrix asked. "I'm you, remember? So come on! Let's fuck already!"


"Um... okay!" The bigger Liz said, her excitement shining through. "What are you into?"
"The same stuff you're into, naturally." the younger Liz answered.



"So, what? Are you going to dominate me?" the bigger Liz asked.

"You're the big one, so it's your call." The dominatrix said. "I might be killing hundreds of people with every movement I make, but I can be the sub this time. Just for you, anyway. Use me, abuse me, whatever gets you off."

"Okay!" Liz said excitedly. "Let's start off with a kiss and take it from there!"


Liz leaned in, sharing a kiss with her younger self. It might have been a hallucination, but it felt too real... And it was better than any kiss she'd ever had before. It was more than enough to whet Liz's appetites, and make her crave more stimulation.


Liz spread her legs, inviting the dominatrix to come closer. "Now you can really put those lips to good use," Liz said. "Don't hold back. Suck my pussy like your life depends on it."


Sure enough, the dominatrix ran her tongue along Liz's pussy lips, sending tingles down her spine.
"Holy shit, I give good head." Liz moaned. It might have all been in her head, but it felt incredible.


Liz thought it was good already, but she had no idea how good it would get. A moment later, the dominatrix really let loose, sucking on her clit like no one ever had before. Liz let out a primal scream of pleasure. One that caught her off guard and made her moan like she hadn't in ages. One that sent earthquakes through the entire city, and shattered every window in the vicinity. "Fuck I'm good at this!" She moaned.


She could feel herself growing, and she wasn't holding anything back. Why not grow bigger? Why not become a true leviathan? A monolithic being that dominated the horizon?


Liz imagined herself growing truly titanic, casting entire cities beneath her shadow. She thought about how utterly massive her body would be, how much damage her tits and ass could cause. She touched herself harder, bringing herself closer to orgasm.


Liz didn't have to destroy the world, but she was happier knowing that she could. Whether or not she went through with it was still her choice to make. That just meant that she could hold it over the world. Everyone would be obsessed with her, waiting on her every word, terrified that she might end them all for the hell of it... And that thought turned her on even more.


As Liz's growth began to subside, she looked down at the city below. Everything had seemingly shrunken down even smaller, including her little temptress. The imaginary giantess was still attached to her pussy, almost completely hidden beneath Liz's own substantial curves.


The smaller giantess was worshiping Liz's pussy lips. Her hand was rubbing Liz's clit, pressing against it with her whole palm. She was a dutiful servant, and Liz couldn't get enough of her.


Liz realized with amusement why the temptress had stopped licking her pussy: she simply couldn't reach it. Even standing up, the smaller giantess was too short to reach Liz's clit... And Liz was still growing bigger by the second.

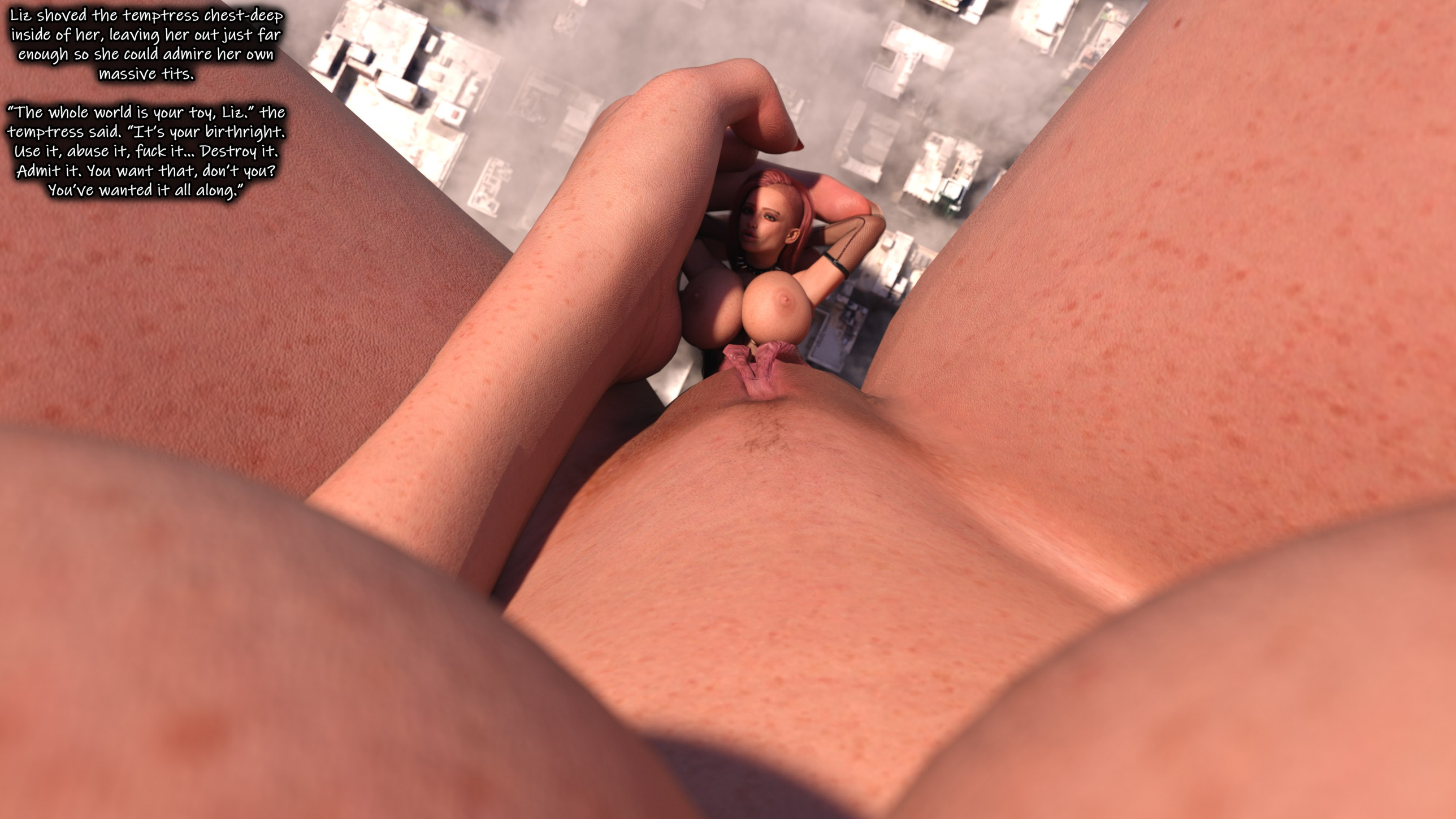

The mile-high Liz made it easier for her, slamming her ass down straight onto the city. It wasn't until after she sat down that she realized the implications of this simple act. Dozens of blocks of downtown were instantly vaporized beneath her prodigious ass. The scale of destruction was apocalyptic, all because of a simple, careless movement.


Liz was startled to see the smaller version of herself staring up at her. This was all so insane, and yet she looked utterly real, every bit as corporeal as anything else in the city.
"Oh, hey there..." the mile-high Liz said.
"I know you want more than that." The temptress asked, a mischievous glint in her eye. "What are you waiting for? I'm yours. Use me like you've always wanted to. I dare you."


The leviathan did as she was told, snatching the smaller Liz off the ground. She really felt like she was holding a smaller version of herself. Every little detail about her form felt perfectly real.
"Fuck this is crazy," the giant Liz whimpered. "I really am losing my damned mind, aren't I?"


"That's a problem for the future Liz to deal with." The temptress mused. "Besides, what does that even matter? What are they going to do, put you in an asylum?"
"Well no, but..."
The temptress gazed lovingly up at the goliath, tweaking her nipples all the while. "Liz, you're a leviathan. You can do whatever the fuck you want. There's only one question you should be asking yourself... Does this feel good?"
"Yeah... Yeah! Yes it fucking does!"


"Then quit stalling and fuck me already!" The temptress ordered.
Liz moved the woman closer to her. The smaller giantess pressed her heel against Liz's crotch, gently spreading her pussy lips. "They're ribbed for your pleasure." the temptress joked. The spikes didn't hurt Liz's invincible body, but they certainly sent shivers down her spine.


Liz shoved the temptress chest-deep inside of her, leaving her out just far enough so she could admire her own massive tits.
"The whole world is your toy, Liz." the temptress said. "It's your birthright. Use it, abuse it, fuck it... Destroy it. Admit it. You want that, don't you? You've wanted it all along."


"I... do." the leviathan admitted through grit teeth.
"Don't just agree." The temptress repeated. "I want to hear you say it. Be proud of what you are, and let the whole fucking world know."
"I... want to destroy the world!"
"Yeah you do... But first, you're going to have to grow a whole lot bigger." The temptress continued. "Can you do that? Can you grow for me?"
"Yes!" Liz replied.


The leviathan slowly thrust the smaller giantess in and out of her pussy, using her body like a dildo. "Fuck, you feel so damn good in me!" she moaned. "How big should I grow?"
"Fucking massive." the temptress told her. "Big enough that you can erase entire cities, for starters. I bet you're getting hot just thinking about that, aren't you?"

"Fuck... yes!" Liz moaned. "I'm gonna grow so big I can smash the whole damned city under my ass!"

She thrust the temptress in and out of her, thrusting her wildly. She let out a scream of pleasure that echoed through the city. Already, she could feel herself getting close to yet another orgasm.


"Stop holding back. Don't bother pacing yourself. Shove me all the way in." The smaller Liz ordered. "My body is yours to devour. Take me, and grow like you were always meant to..."
AON


Liz did as she said, forcing the temptress deep inside of her. Right away, Liz felt invigorated, like the power within her had been unleashed. The heat of her body was overwhelming, and her body expanded in all directions.


Seconds later, her growing body was smashing the city as she grew more massive. Her legs stretched outward, her feet flattening entire city blocks as they plowed through the city.


Liz's other foot was next to a row of massive skyscrapers. As she grew bigger, she swung her foot towards them.


Liz's sole made contact with them, crashing through one glass and steel skyscraper after another. A moment later, there was nothing left of the row of buildings, which had been utterly obliterated by her foot.


As she neared reached orgasm, Liz fingered herself madly. She thought of growing large enough to crush her current self under a single toe. A dozen... no, a hundred miles tall! Big enough that she'd be killing millions with a single footstep...!
And she smiled, thinking of how fucking hot that was going to be. And while she thought of the massive carnage she was inevitably going to inflict, Liz finally came.


Just like that, Liz had spent all her energy. She let herself let go, dropping her body on the city behind her. Her body fell like a felled tree, slowly at first, but picking up speed. Then, finally, she hit the ground, landing with apocalyptic force. She lay there panting, her chest rising and falling hundreds of feet with every breath. She felt more alive than she'd felt in a long time... and she was happy.


A warm smile formed on Liz's face as she basked atop the half-destroyed city. Her body tingled with arousal as thoughts of growing even larger coursed through her head. "That settles it." Liz said with a booming rumble strong enough to topple buildings nearby. "I'm through tryin' to get along and make myself presentable to these people. I'm gonna do it. I'm gonna destroy the world..."
After saying this, her eyes gradually cracked open. The sun shone bright overhead and she raised a hand, pretending to squish the little thing between two fingers. "...But first I'll have to grow a whole hell of a lot bigger!"


END OF PART 10