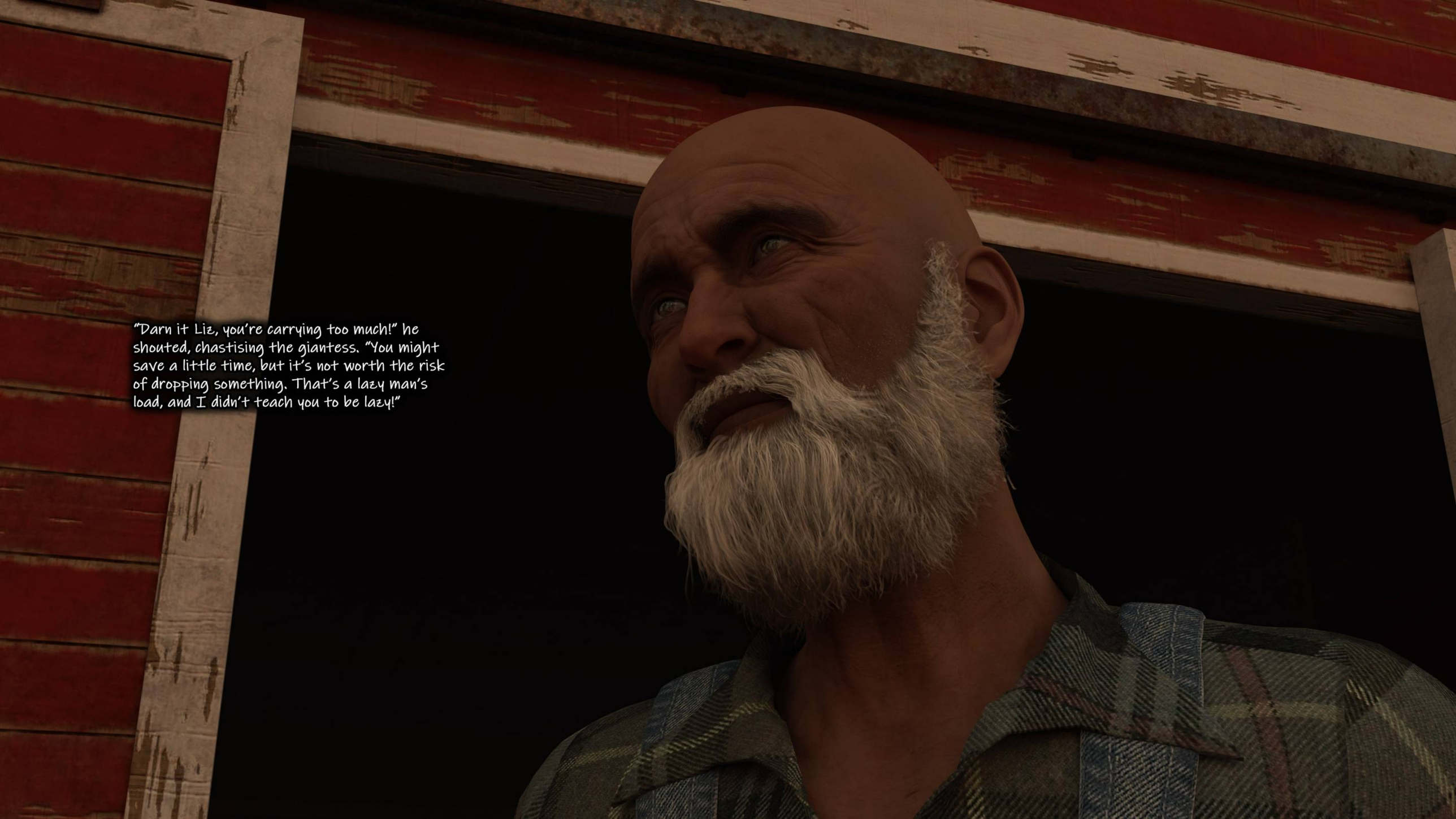

CELEBRITY
CRUSH 4


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Pa found himself getting tired as he pushed the wheelbarrow out of the barn. These early mornings weren't getting any easier, and even basic chores were starting to tire him out. He thought to himself just how fortunate he was to have some extra-sized help on the farm.


Pa shook his head in amazement as he watched his adopted daughter. Even after all these years, the sight of the 30-foot tall young woman doing chores that would take a whole crew of farmhands never ceased to fill him with awe. And a touch of unease if he was being fully honest with himself.
He watched as Liz walked across the field, carrying a horse in one hand and a trailer in the other. She was getting close to fifty feet tall now. Just a few months ago, she was barely over twenty. Her growth spurts were happening more and more often, and she showed no signs of stopping. The old man wasn't sure if, or when, her growth was going to stop. He wasn't even sure how he'd find money to feed her if she got even bigger. But that was something he could worry about later. He had more pressing concerns at the moment...


"Darn it Liz, you're carrying too much!" he shouted, chastising the giantess. "You might save a little time, but it's not worth the risk of dropping something. That's a lazy man's load, and I didn't teach you to be lazy!"


Liz laughed off the old man's concerns. "You didn't teach me to be dumb, either!" Liz joked. "Why would I do twice as much work? Come on, look at me. I've got this under control," she said.
The old man watched as Liz effortlessly carried the heavy trailer, her long strides eating up the ground. In her other hand, she gently cradled Buttercup, their prized mare. The horse whinnied softly, completely at ease in the giantess' gentle grip.


"Ah, maybe you're right," Pa admitted. "You haven't had an accident in a few months now. I just don't want anything to happen to the trailer... Or my best horse! Buttercup wouldn't be of any use to me with a broken leg."


"Good thing I'm bein' extra careful, then," Liz replied. "You know, I'm pretty darn careful, all things considered. It's not easy being the world's biggest woman, but I'm doing a pretty good job, ain't I?"
"You are... but you've got to watch yourself," Pa replied. "One little accident, and you could cause a whole lot of damage!"


"Then I just won't have an accident, then," Liz joked. "I was a klutz before, but that was because I was still getting used to being big. Now, I've got the hang of it. I'm not gonna smash anything by accident... or anyone. But if some creep says the wrong thing to me, I might just stomp 'em flat!"
"Don't even joke about that, Liz!" Pa chastised. "You don't know your own strength. Your body is a gift, but it's also a deadly weapon. If you get careless, let alone give into wrath... you could really hurt some people."


"Geez, Pa, it's called a joke!" Liz retorted. "Don't you worry about me, I'm not gonna hurt anyone. Now if you'll stop lecturing me for a minute, I can set this old girl down!"


Liz looked down at the horse, which was getting increasingly uncomfortable in Liz's grip. "That's it darlin', nice and easy," Liz cooed to Buttercup in her melodic Southern drawl. "We'll have ya back in your stall in two shakes of a lamb's tail."


Liz carefully set the trailer down by the barn, the metal frame groaning as it settled. She deftly unlatched the gate one-handed and a stream of sheep poured out, bleating loudly. Still holding Buttercup, the ginger giantess knelt down and gently set the horse on the ground. The terrified creature galloped away, eliciting a laugh from Liz. "Okay, that's done," Liz said. "Not bad, right?"


"Not bad at all," Pa replied. "You know, Liz, I give you a hard time, but you've got a damn good heart. I raised you right! You're always gonna be my good little girl, right?"


"Why would I want to change? You can't improve on perfection!" Liz joked. "You know me, I'm a gentle ginger giant. You raised me to be a good girl, and that's never gonna change."


Liz sauntered down the highway, an avatar of destruction poured into lurid pink yoga pants, that clung to her colossal curves. Her lurid outfit, a few sizes too small, left little to the imagination. A skimpy crop top strained to contain her bountiful bosom. Her knee-high boots boosted her height, a towering three hundred feet tall.
She gazed into the distance, her pulse quickening when she spotted a familiar skyline on the horizon. "Oh my God, we're so close I can almost taste it. I can't believe I'm really gonna see the Big Apple!" Liz exclaimed, in her honeyed country twang. "It's almost kind of intimidating, being so close to such an enormous city. Don't you think?" she asked, glancing down at her agent Miranda, confidently perched on Liz's outstretched hand like a sparrow on a branch.


Miranda waved her hand dismissively. "Are you kidding? Nothing is intimidating to you, Liz," the bikini-clad woman replied, her voice crisp and assured. "It's the people of New York that should be petrified, not you. You're going to show the city who's boss... and you're going to do it all in character! Remember, you're playing Tiffany Titanwood, a spoiled rich bimbo. You got everything you could ask for... and then, you asked to grow big! Now you're going to the big city to show everyone just how superior you really are!"


"Aw shucks, how could I forget to slip into character?" Liz asked, her voice dripping with saccharine sweetness. "I mean... Like, I totally have to pretend to be a mean rich bimbo. I'm, like, so that bitch!"
Miranda's steely gaze bored into Liz. "You have a knack for this stuff, Liz. Really immerse yourself in the role. Improvise. Act as if you're already on camera, because odds are, you already are. You can nail this, no problem. I certainly hope so, because I have a fortune wagered on this movie being a smash hit! But don't fret over that. Just ask yourself... what would a 300-foot tall diva do if she was stuck in a traffic jam?"


Liz pondered this for a moment before her eyes lit up deviously. "Probably stomp 'em, right?" she asked, dropping the accent. "I mean, that's what I'd do!"



"Exactly," Miranda said. "You and this character aren't so different except for the voice. And just like you, she's a bit clumsy...not to mention some of her 'accidents' aren't entirely accidental. Now follow your instincts!"

"Okay, let me get in character... This road is like, soooo crowded," Liz whined in an exaggerated valley girl accent. "Don't they know I've got places to be? It's like, I've got to walk too, so get out of the way or get squished!"


Liz took her first thundering step onto the freeway, immediately crushing a black SUV beneath her chunky boot. Her chunky black boots were made for stomping, and she barely registered the crunch of metal and glass with each careless step.
Liz flipped her blonde ponytail over her shoulder, and let out a bubbly giggle. "Oops! My bad!" she squealed in a bubbly valley girl lilt. "I'm such a klutz sometimes!"


Liz took another lumbering step, her heel punting a silver pick-up into the air, nearly flipping the vehicle onto its side. The petrified driver gawked in horror as her vehicle flew through the air. She scarcely comprehended what was happening before Liz's heel smashed down.



CRUNCH! The silver pick-up crumpled like a soda can under Liz's titanic boot, its metallic frame no match for her immense mass. The driver's shriek was silenced as the cab collapsed, instantly killing her.


Liz swung her left foot forward, just narrowly missing a yellow sports car. The front of her boot smashed into the rear of a red van with tremendous force, caving in the back of the vehicle. The impact launched the van skyward over the median. The helpless driver careened through the air before the van crashed upside down and erupted into a fiery inferno.


"Oopsie!" Liz tittered, her valley girl accent dripping with feigned concern. "I, like, totally didn't see that little car there. My bad!" She raised her foot up high, taking aim at a yellow sports car.



Liz slammed her foot down, but this time there was only pavement to pulverize. The yellow sports car gunned its engine, barely dodging Liz's heel. It accelerated away, keeping pace with a sleek red luxury sedan. The cars floored it, racing away as fast as they could, but they were no match for Liz's giant strides.


DIABOLIC
Liz wasn't even bothering to watch the road anymore. She gazed into the distance at the city's glittering skyline. But Liz had a gift for destruction, and soon her foot descended on the fleeing cars. As swiftly as they sped off, Liz's boots gained on them until they were in her shadow.


Finally, her boot crashed down with a deafening CRUNCH! Half of the red luxury sedan vanished under Liz's heel, its smooth frame flattening instantly beneath her tremendous weight. The yellow sports car suffered the same fate as the toe of her chunky boot smashed it into the pavement. Metal crumpled and glass shattered as both cars were reduced to mangled, unrecognizable wrecks.
"Whoopsie daisy!" Liz exclaimed in an exaggerated valley girl lilt. "I, like, totally squished those little bugs!" She let out another vacuous titter and sauntered on.


With the last of the traffic obliterated behind her, Liz casually stepped over an overpass. She'd left a trail of destruction in her wake, but paid the insignificant people no mind. She was the star, after all. The little people were just extras... or set dressing, after Liz was done with them.


Liz beamed down at Miranda. "What did you think? Was that good?" she asked eagerly, craving approval. "I feel like I'm really getting the hang of this character!"


"You were fabulous!" Miranda cheered, but her face quickly soured. "I just have one tiny note. Don't overdo the 'like, totally' stuff Liz. It's a little hacky. Less is more when it comes to that stuff. It's all about the attitude, if you get what I mean. You've already got the accent down, don't feel like you have to force the rest. Hell, don't even worry about playing a character. Basically, she's a big diva... and no offense, but you're already kind of a diva yourself!"



"Geez, none taken," Liz said, grimacing at Miranda. "You know, I've squished people for saying less... but maybe you have a point. So you want me to act like myself, but not myself... And act natural, but be careful not to say the wrong thing..."

Miranda shrugged. "Look, Liz, I think you're overthinking it. Never-mind trying to go method, I don't want you to force that on you. Don't worry about acting. Don't worry about anything at all! And ignore that tedious itinerary Ted printed—that's just a suggestion!"

"So what do I do?" Liz asked, confused by what Miranda was saying.


"The sky is the limit!" Miranda exclaimed. "As far as you're concerned, you're on a glamorous vacation in the big city. Go wherever your heart desires! Do whatever you fancy! Whatever you want to do, that's the movie! You're the star, Liz. You're magnetic. Just go live it up and leave a trail of chaos in your wake. Do that, and voila, we've got another big blockbuster... and another huge payday! And guess what, Liz? The city's right in front of you!"


Liz looked out into the distance, and her heart skipped a beat when gazed upon a familiar skyline. Even with the heavy fog, she instantly recognized the view, one that she'd seen in countless movies over the years.


"Oh my god, we're really going to New York City!" Liz said excitedly. "It's really happening! Just like in the movies!"
"That's right, except this time, it's your own personal playground," Miranda replied. "Now act like you own the place. Because in this new version of the screenplay... you literally do!"


Liz rushed to the water's edge. Through the oppressive smog, she could see the glimmering skyline in the distance.
"You're telling me that I own, like, the whole city now?" Liz said, in her best valley girl accent. "And I can do whatever I want with it?"
"That's right... Tiffany," Miranda said, putting on her own accent. "You're the heiress to the world's biggest real estate fortune. Because of your late father's little 'accident,' you've now inherited the island of Manhattan. It's yours to do what you please!"


"And what about that old green hag?" Liz asked, gesturing at the statue of Liberty. "Does she come with the deed too?"
"You'd better believe it!" Miranda said excitedly. "Ellis Island is included in the deed as well. Preserve it, raze it, remake it in your image... the choice is yours!"
"Hey, you old bitch! Look over here!" Liz shouted, waving at the Statue of Liberty. What's wrong? You think you're too good to acknowledge me? Well I'll show you who's boss!"



Without a moment of hesitation, Liz stepped into the Hudson river, trudging through the brackish water. "I can't believe I'm getting saltwater all over my new boots, but I'm just that stoked!" Liz exclaimed. "This is, like, the best gift ever! It was totally worth squishing my old man for this. Not that it was, like, on purpose or anything!"

"Of course not, Tiff," Miranda soothed. "But hey, every cloud has a silver lining, right?"

"You betcha!" Liz exclaimed. "Uhh, I mean... Yeah, like, totally, for sure!"


As Liz's stomach started to rumble, she spotted a boat drifting in the distance. Squinting, she could barely make out tiny figures crowded aboard, staring up at her.
"Hey Miranda," Liz asked. "My character, Tiffany... You don't think she'd have a problem eating people, do you?"
GRAZIANA


"I don't see why she would!" Miranda said excitedly. "She might not go out of her way to eat people, but she's a real take-charge kind of woman. If she's hungry, she's going to eat, no question! At least that's my interpretation of the character. At the end of the day, it's your choice..."


Liz didn't hesitate before changing course, and trudging towards the boat. "Oh she's a people-eater, one hundred percent!" Liz exclaimed. "I mean, I'm on an all-people diet. I mean, I only eat people—it's the only way to avoid all those nasty toxins and chemicals in normal food. If you eat people, they break down all the toxins for you. Plus, people are smart, so it's the best brain food. Even better than eating dolphins, like I used to do!"


Miranda nodded approvingly. "That's great improv, Liz. I got that all on camera!" she said, breaking character for a moment. "Now try to move nice and slowly toward the boat. Build some suspense as you approach, give them some time to see you coming...but not enough time to abandon ship!"


But patience wasn't Liz's strong suit. She tromped over to the boat, churning up gallons of brackish water in her wake. The boat slowly turned to flee, but it was no match for Liz's imposing strides. She quickly gained on the hapless ferry, hunger and anticipation growing with each massive step.


Liz took another blundering step closer, catching up to the boat. Her wake sent violent waves through the water, rocking the ferry wildly back and forth. The panicked passengers below scrambled to stay upright, as the boat lurched violently side to side.


A moment later, the boat settled. Liz loomed over the ferry, her massive form casting a dark shadow across the tiny vessel. The awe-struck people below gazed up at her, mouths agape and eyes wide with bewilderment at the sheer enormity of the giantess before them.
"Hey there, little morsels!" Liz called out in her best valley girl impression, her voice booming across the water. "I hope you don't mind, but a girl's gotta eat, and I'm, like, practically starving. I'm totally stoked to eat you all!"


Liz took another thunderous step closer, drenching the boat in hundreds of gallons of murky water. Her proximity amplified her epic scale, dwarfing the boat and occupants within. The panicked passengers scrambled in all directions, sprinting for exits and even leaping overboard in desperate bids for freedom.
GRAZIANA


Liz reached down with a colossal hand and grasped at the terrified mob near the bow. Her fingers narrowly missed as the frantic group dispersed in all directions, some bolting away while others cowered behind the exhaust port. Liz realized this wasn't going to be as easy as she expected, and that's when a better idea popped into her oversized head.
GRAZIANA


Rather than picking up individuals, Liz grabbed the entire vessel, her fingers easily encircling the boat's bow. The straining metal creaked and groaned within her viselike grip as she hoisted the craft from the water, raising it towards her eager face.
"What, you didn't think I was just going to let you go, did you?" Liz purred with a smug grin. "Sneaking and hiding won't stop me from eating brunch!"
GRAZIANA


Liz lifted the front of the boat high into the air, tipping the ferry backwards. Tiny screams echoed from within as the passengers were tossed about. As the boat tilted further, they tumbled down, rolling towards the back of the boat. Screams echoed from within as they tumbled and rolled backward in the capsizing vessel.



Liz raised the boat higher, paying little regard to the tiny people onboard. Her careless movements rocked the boat around wildly, throwing its occupants around like ragdolls. They careened from wall to wall, slamming against the walls as they fell further backward. Liz paid this little mind. They were mere hors d'oeuvres to her, and she didn't mind if her meat came a little tenderized.


"Let's see what on the menu," Liz teased, looking over the people onboard. "Looks like about five little morsels. I hope you can hold on a little longer, because it's a long way down!"


Miranda dutifully held her phone out, capturing every moment on camera. The screams of the terrified passengers, clinging to dear life as the boat lifted ever higher... it was a classic disaster movie set piece. Their feet dangled in the air, hundreds of feet above the water. To let go was near-certain death, but staying on board wasn't much safer, as they'd soon find out...



Liz watched with amusement as the passengers tumbled down the back of the boat. She smirked at them. "You know, I'm trying to watch my figure," Liz said with a smirk. "I shouldn't be snacking too much before I even get to the city!"


But Liz had no intention of letting them go. Instead, she shook the boat, sending the helpless people into freefall. "It's a long way down!" Liz taunted. "You'd better land on my titties, or else you're screwed!" She watched with a smug grin as they plummeted through the air.


Moments later they bounced and tumbled onto the vast, pillowy surface of her breasts. The passengers bounced and tumbled across Liz's cleavage, their tiny bodies disappearing between her mountainous breasts.


Liz giggled as she felt the tiny people land between her enormous breasts, their minuscule forms disappearing into her vast cleavage. Liz giggled at the sensation, feeling them squirming around on her sensitive skin. "Ooh, that tickles!" she cooed, her voice rumbling through her chest. A moment later, Liz burst out in laughter, jostling them about them about as her massive breasts jiggled.


When her laughter subsided, Liz stared down smugly at her tiny prisoners. "Make yourselves comfortable, because you're going to be staying until snack time!" Liz teased. "Wouldn't want you to get squished prematurely. Trust me, those things are dangerous!"


Scanning the overturned boat, Liz's eyes locked onto a curvaceous redhead clinging to the stern. Her cutoff jeans and tight red top showcased her ample curves. Liz licked her chops at the sight. "Mmmm, aren't you a tasty little morsel," she purred. "I suppose eating just one of you couldn't hurt..."


The terrified redhead watched in terror, as Liz slowly brought the boat closer to her mouth. Her plump lips glistened with saliva as her serpentine tongue extended outward. As Liz licked her chops, her massive tongue circled her mouth, emphasizing her powerful teeth.
"Please, I'm begging you, don't do this!" she cried out in desperation.
Liz merely laughed, her searing breath washing over the redhead as she opened her mouth wide. "Oh, but I do, sweetie," Liz purred. "I've got to eat, and you look like a tasty little snack!"


The redhead trembled at the nightmarish sight, each colossal tooth larger than her head. Liz's massive teeth gleamed in the sunlight, each one bigger than the woman's head. Beyond them, her enormous tongue unfurled, writhing in anticipation of its helpless prey.


Sobbing in terror, the redhead realized her gruesome fate was sealed. "Please...don't!" she whimpered faintly, but Liz ignored her feeble pleas, intent only on sating her ravenous hunger. Her jaws stretched wider still, salivating in anticipation as she tilted the boat vertically. Like a monster from a horror film, she had no thought of mercy, only the urge to feed.


With a quick jerk, Liz shook the boat. The redhead lost her grip and tumbled downward, arms flailing and shrieking as she plunged through the air. She landed with a wet smack atop Liz's slimy, undulating tongue, easily dwarfing the helpless woman. Warm and slippery with saliva, the pulsating muscle drew the screaming redhead deeper into the dark abyss of the giantess's gaping maw.
RAZIANA



Liz closed her mouth, trapping the redhead in the darkness. Liz's hot breath washed over the tiny woman as she slid ever closer to the giantess's waiting gullet. The redhead screamed in terror, her cries echoing off the fleshy walls of Liz's mouth. She tried to find purchase on the slippery tongue, but it was no use. Liz's tongue was far too powerful, and it effortlessly pushed the tiny woman towards her waiting throat.

With a final, piercing wail, the redhead disappeared down Liz's throat. Liz tilted her head back, relishing the feeling of the tiny woman sliding down her undulating esophagus. She could feel the redhead squirming as she was pulled further downwards. The helpless passenger put up a futile struggle against the powerful muscles of Liz's throat. But escape was impossible. Liz swallowed, sealing the woman's gruesome fate.


"Okay, I think that's a wrap!" Miranda proclaimed jubilantly.
Liz paused to catch her breath, her breasts heaving with each heavy breath. "Yeah?" she asked nervously. "What do you think? Did I do okay?"
"'Okay?' Are you kidding? You ATE, Liz! " Miranda said excitedly. "That scene alone just blew MAWS out of the water. The audience is going to love it. Your look, your attitude, everything. You're a natural born diva!"


Liz beamed radiantly, striking an alluring pose for the camera. "Like, I know, right? It's almost like I was born for this role!" She let out a sultry laugh, the sound echoing across the city. "Okay, back in character. I own this city, and I'm going to show everyone who's boss... starting with that big green Karen who's giving me the side-eye!"


With her appetite sated for now, Liz sauntered sensuously toward the Statue of Liberty. She sashayed through the water, her curvaceous hips undulating hypnotically with each step. The stunned tourists stared up at her, amazed by the sight of the approaching giantess.


Liz nonchalantly stepped onto the edge of the island, not deigning to even glance at the tiny people underfoot. Her colossal heel nearly flattened several people, who screamed and ran away frantically. The other tourists quickly scattered, running away from the approaching giantess. Liz paid them no mind. She had eyes only for one woman, and Liz made her deliberately slow approach.



Liz sidled up behind the Statue of Liberty, running her hands along the statue's waist. She towered over the sculpture, standing even taller than the statue perched atop its lofty pedestal.

"Well, well, well, if it isn't Little Miss Liberty herself," Liz purred sultrily. "You think you're so important, don't you, you sexy thing? Well, I've got news for you, honey. There's a new mistress in town, and her name is Liz... I mean, Tiffany!"


Liz pressed closer, her smoldering gaze boring into the statue. "Oh, sweetie, did you get outfit at a thrift store? It's so last season," Liz said. "Well? Don't you have anything to say for yourself? What's wrong, are you too much of a pushover to even stand up for yourself?"
JULY
IV


Liz started smiling wide, a crazy look in her eyes. "Wait a second, I've got you all wrong, don't I?" Liz asked. "I thought that you were being a total ice queen, but no... You were just playing hard to get, weren't you? Deep down, you were into me the whole time, weren't you? You're just too shy to ask me out. Well I know what. If you want to make out with me... Just stare off silently into the distance!"
The statue did exactly that.


"I knew it!" Liz exclaimed euphorically. She dropped to her knees before the statue and peered longingly into the weathered woman's sage eyes. "You have such mesmerizing emerald eyes. I've never been with an older woman before... Or a statue, for that matter. But we're totally soulmates, aren't we? Come on, give me a kiss, you sweet little thing!"


Liz leaned in and pressed her lips against the statue's cold, metallic mouth. She moaned softly, as if savoring the tender moment. After a few breathless seconds, she pulled away, leaving a smear of glossy pink lipstick on the statue's face.


"Mmmm, not bad for a first kiss," Liz giggled. "But I'm not really sure if I felt 'the spark,' you know? I feel like our chakras are misaligned. I don't know if we have the mystical soul mate connection... Maybe we'd be better off just ending it here. We had our little fling on Ellis Island... But we're just not meant to be. You want to help the huddled masses break free, and I want to squish them! It could never work between us!"


Liz started to saunter away, but she stopped abruptly in her tracks. "What's that, my darling? You can't endure life without me?" Liz inquired, gazing back longingly. "You'd rather perish than spend your remaining days deprived of my embrace? I get that all the time in my fan letters. You want to know what I tell them?"


Liz sidled next to the statue, pressing her butt against it. "You're just not good enough for me," Liz teased. "No one is, but you don't even have a chance. I mean, look at you... and look at me. You wouldn't even come up to my thighs if it weren't for your little platform. You're wearing a bunch of old robes to hide your sagging old figure, but me? I've got curves that are good enough to flaunt... And I'll use them to put you out of your misery!"

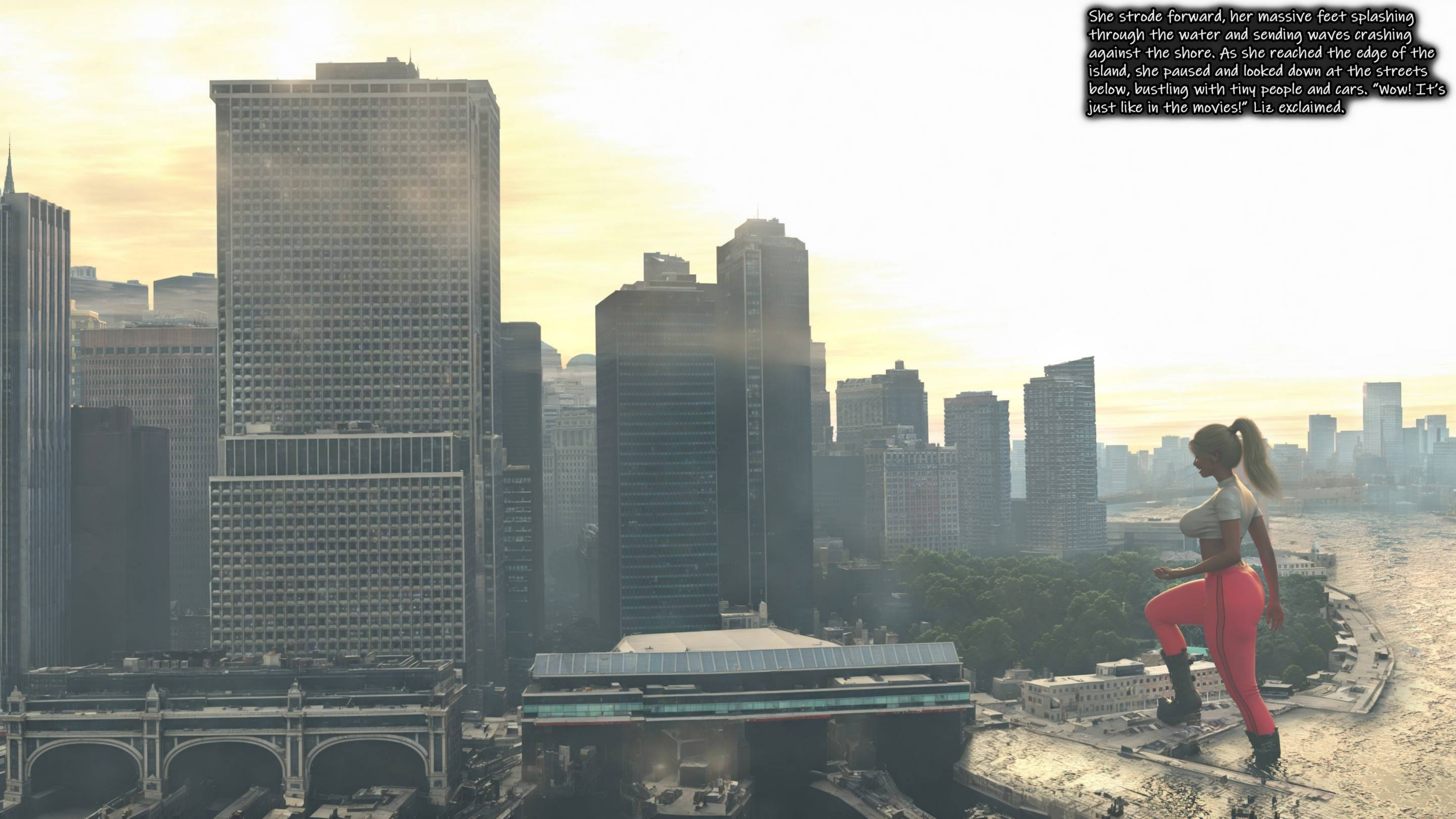

Liz slammed her voluptuous hips into the statue, cracking the sculpture in a dozen places. "How'd you like that, you old green skank?" Liz taunted.
The impact shattered the foundations, and the statue slowly teetered over, tilting like the Leaning Tower of Pisa. The cracks on the arm spread like spider-webs, until the steel girders could no longer bear the weight of the torch. With a resounding crack, the steel beams comprising the arm buckled and snapped, cleaving the appendage apart.


The severed arm crashed to the ground, nearly crushing several fleeing bystanders. The rest of the statue collapsed a moment later, the base landing with an earth-shaking thud that rocked the isle. The once-proud icon of liberty slowly toppled sideways as the panicked crowd ran away.
Liz laughed gleefully as she watched the once-proud symbol of freedom reduced to a heap of shattered metal at her feet. "Aww, did that hurt?" Liz mocked, placing a hand on her hip and leaning over the fallen statue. ""You're history, babe. Liberty, compassion, all that sentimental bullshit? That's the past. I'm the future. Looking hot, being rich, and doing whatever the fuck you want. That's America, baby! Subtle social commentary!"


Liz walked away from the scene, deeply satisfied with herself. "Wow, I can't believe that I really just showed up the Statue of Liberty!" Liz exclaimed. "Maybe they'll erect a new statue there. One of someone much more deserving... Me! Only it'll have to be way taller... and way hotter. And with way bigger tits!"
"That's an inspired idea, Liz!" Miranda encouraged enthusiastically. "I'll have to send some emails later, see what I can arrange... but that can wait for the moment. What's next on your itinerary?"


"Aww, come on, I thought this was supposed to be a vacation?" Liz asked, as she trudged through the water. "I don't like to plan when I'm on vacation. I just follow my heart, and see where it takes me. The whole city's my playground. I'll just look around and find some cool stuff to smash up!"


A moment later, she approached the glistening metropolis. The concrete jungle of Manhattan sprawled before her, hundreds of towering skyscrapers soaring into the sky. Liz gazed at the towering skyscrapers of Manhattan, her eyes twinkling with mischief. "Oooh, look at all those huge buildings! They're like, even bigger than me!"


She strode forward, her massive feet splashing through the water and sending waves crashing against the shore. As she reached the edge of the island, she paused and looked down at the streets below, bustling with tiny people and cars. "Wow! It's just like in the movies!" Liz exclaimed.


She walked through the city, her massive body towering over the buildings. Every step she took shook the ground and sent debris flying. Liz reached out and ran her hand along the side of a skyscraper, her fingers leaving deep gouges in the concrete. "This is so cool, stomping through the big city!" she exclaimed. "I feel like Godzilla or something!"


But as Liz continued through the city, she noticed that something felt wrong. The city was eerily quiet. The whole place was like a ghost town. The streets were almost completely empty, not a soul ambling the sidewalks. Only a smattering of vacant cars lined the curbs, and not a single pedestrian was visible.


Liz tried to enjoy herself, taking in the scenery. There was plenty of amazing architecture, and it was a nice change of pace being surrounded by buildings that were so much bigger than even she was. It was almost nice feeling small for a change... But Liz didn't want to feel small. She wanted to feel gigantic. She wanted to crush people underfoot, and feel them crunch under her boots. She tried stomping a few empty cars, but destroying empty metal husks wasn't nearly as gratifying.

Liz continued on, but the streets were still deserted. "Hello! Is anybody home?" Liz asked, her voice echoing through the cavernous city. "Don't tell me everyone is hiding from little old me! That's not very welcoming, is it?" Only her own reverberating voice answered back.


As she rounded a corner, Liz was happy to see a few people scattered in the distance. "I know you're all hiding somewhere!" Liz said, her booming voice echoing through the city. "I sure hope you're planning a big surprise party for me, for your sake. Because if I find you, and you don't have a bunch of party balloons ready, I'm gonna be pretty freaking mad!"


Liz continued down the street, and there was nary a party balloon to be found. "Dammit, why are you all hiding me?" Liz asked. "This is my city now. I own you... and I COMMAND you to come out of your stupid buildings so I can step on you!" But the only reaction was silence. Liz listened... until she heard a sound in the distance. The sound of someone shouting.


It wasn't much to go on, but it was all Liz had. Liz stomped through the city, heading in the general direction of the sound. Someone yelling meant there was at least one person there. And where there was one person, there were likely to be more. As Liz trudged onward, she heard nothing, and saw only desolate streets. She was about to give up, until she saw a few people running away.
She was on the verge of abandoning her search, until she spotted a few lone stragglers fleeing in terror. She continued walking, squishing the stragglers as she went. The further she went, the denser the crowds got... Until she stumbled upon the mother lode.


As she rounded a corner, Liz saw a huge, dense crowd of people. Screams rang out as Liz neared the back of the crowd, and Liz scowled down at them. "I don't see any balloons," Liz whined. "So you weren't planning a surprise party after all! I should have known better, but I still gave my hopes up. I guess I'll have to cheer myself up... by going for a nice little walk!"
BURROUGHS
-NACHOS-
SODA
MEXICAN
RESTAURANT
FAST
FOOD
PAINT & HARDW
DRUGS



Liz grinned wickedly as she saw the panicked crowd scrambling desperately to evade her colossal feet. She took a thunderous step forward, her boot landing squarely on a group of shrieking people. Her heel crushed them mercilessly into the unforgiving pavement with a sickening crunch. "Oops, sorry about that!" Liz giggled insincerely, not sounding contrite at all. "I guess I should watch where I'm stepping. This city sure is crowded!"


She continued stomping through the crowd, relishing the feeling of fragile bodies popping wetly beneath her formidable soles. People darted away as fast as they could, trying desperately to escape the giantess's unbridled wrath... But Liz's mammoth strides easily overtook them. Her towering new height made her a ruthless killing machine, especially shod in her big, chunky boots.
Liz took another step, raising her foot above a group of them, pausing for just a moment. Liz reveled in their terror, holding her boot above the terrified crowd. She could see their faces contorted in fear as they screamed for mercy.


A moment later, Liz slammed her foot down, shaking the ground with the impact. Bones crunched and flesh squelched as dozens were instantly pulped beneath her merciless sole. Bodies burst like over-ripe fruit, splattering blood and viscera across the pavement. But amidst the wholesale slaughter below, Liz was oblivious, already bored of crushing the insignificant insects.
STOP


Liz trudged on, her interest shifted from the scrambling mob. Her eyes scanned the city, roving over the impressive skyscrapers. The screams and splats beneath her receded into background noise. The symphony of destruction was one she had grown accustomed to, the familiar soundtrack of her leisurely strolls. And like the sounds of traffic, or gently falling rain, it faded easily into the periphery. To Liz, it was almost pleasant. Relaxing, even, when she was in the right mood.
DELLCO



A police cruiser wheeled around a corner, and the officer gaped in horror at the sight of Liz bearing down on him. He slammed the accelerator, swerving wildly around the fleeing mob before crashing into a streetlamp. But with Liz looming behind him, escape was the only thought on his mind. He floored it, plowing through the metal pole.


It was a valiant effort, but proved futile against Liz's monumental strides. The old tires struggled for traction on the rain-slick pavement. The officer's eyes widened in helpless dread as Liz's colossal boot sole eclipsed his view. With a final, desperate jerk of the wheel, he sent the car into a skidding fishtail. But his last-second gambit was too little, too late.
DRUGS
COSMETICS
PHARMACY
FAST FOOD
photo lab
POLICE



Liz's heel slammed down, the thick rubber crushing the car like an empty soda can. Metal crumpled and glass shattered as the vehicle was obliterated, reduced to an unrecognizable tangle of debris. The officer didn't even have time to scream before he was pulverized into an indistinguishable smear on the pavement, just another faceless casualty of Liz's rampage.

A moment later, the gas tank detonated, blossoming into a massive fireball. Nearby survivors were hurled violently through the air by the shockwave. But even with all the chaos unfolding below, Liz was oblivions.


Liz had other concerns. eyes were scanning the city, as she looked for one iconic landmark. "Come on, it's got to be around here somewhere!" Liz muttered impatiently. "It's one of the biggest buildings in the world, it can't be that hard to spot!"
FOR RENT
FOR RENT



Miranda didn't bother to look up. She was preoccupied with recording the chaos below on her camera phone. "You'll find it when the time is right," Miranda said absently, focused on framing each juicy shot. "In the meantime, keep stepping on them. This footage is gold!"

"Stepping on them?" Liz asked, halting abruptly. "Oh, right. Yeah, I probably will. I seem to have a talent for doing that, don't I? But I feel like I've done plenty of that already. I really want to find the Empire State Building!"



"I do too, but you're not going to find it standing still!" Miranda replied. "You must be getting close. Just keep walking, and you're going to find it!"

"You just want me to squish more of them, don't you!?" Liz accused. "I'm onto your little game!"

"You got me!" Miranda admitted unabashedly. "But I'll make you a deal. Go for a nice leisurely stroll, and I'll capture some killer shots. Don't worry about crushing the pitiful insects. There are so many scurrying around, you can't possibly miss!"


Liz continued her languid walk, meandering aimlessly forward. Her boot obliterated an overhead metal sign, reducing it to a mangled clump of scrap metal. A moment later, her descending boot landed with a wet crunch, flattening the helpless souls trapped beneath her sole. But Liz plodded on obliviously, leaving only devastation in her wake.


Liz's titanic boots pounded the pavement, each footfall sending shockwaves through the panicked crowds. People stumbled and fell, their screams drowned out by the thunderous impacts. Liz was only dimly aware of the little insects scrambling below. She was completely focused on finding her elusive destination.
NORTH
INTERSTATE
495
FOR RENT
DELI & GROCERY
COLD BEERS -CIGARETTES-SANDWICHES-SODAS
DRUGS


DRUGS
COSMETICS
PHARMACY
BEER & WINE
FOR RENT
NORTH
495
EXIT 25
LAST EXIT
SPEED LIMIT 50
ONE WAY
Liz took another step, stepping over dozens of people. Normally, it would irritate her to miss so many potential victims, but today the search took priority. Any chaos she caused in the meantime was entirely incidental.


Her boot swung forward, rising above a white moving truck. The truck peeled out desperately, but even Liz's most casual gait easily overtook the truck's fastest speed.
Liz's boot slowly descended, ominously blotting out the sky. The driver had only a split second to realize what was happening before Liz's boot crashed down on him.
FOR RENT
GROCERY
DRUGS
DRUGSTORE



Liz's boot smashed the hapless truck instantly, crushing it like a discarded soda can under her impossible weight. The metal frame crumpled like tissue paper under the immense weight of her foot, leaving nothing but a flattened heap of twisted metal. Liz didn't even break stride as she kept walking, leaving the pulverized wreckage behind as she continued on. The escaping bystanders shuddered with relief at their narrowly-avoided fate.


"Ugh, this is like, so boring," Liz complained, her voice echoing between the buildings. "How hard can it be to find one stupid skyscraper in this dump of a city?"
Miranda panned her camera phone to capture the every gruesome detail. "Relax babe, you're doing great! The Empire State Building will have its big reveal when the time is right. Until then, just keep being your adorably destructive self!"


Liz took another elephantine step, absent-mindedly flattening more of the insignificant crowd underfoot. Bored with her search for the skyscraper, she glanced down to admire the chaos in her wake. She smiled as she watched the frantic mob scatter like insects. A few unlucky stragglers were caught directly under her boot, crushed into the unforgiving pavement without a trace.
"Oopsie!" Liz giggled, her voice booming through the streets. "Guess I like, totally squished a bunch of them again. My bad!"


Liz stomped down, stepping on another group of people, their bodies popping like grapes beneath her massive boot. Liz relished the feeling of soft bodies bursting wetly beneath her sole. She giggled again, the sound reverberating through the city streets.
"Oh em gee, I am such a total klutz today!" Liz exclaimed with mock surprise. "It's like these teensy people keep throwing themselves under my feet! They really really should be more careful if they don't want to get smooshed."


Liz continued her casual stroll, her hips swaying as her boots laid waste to everything in her path. Cars were flattened, street signs toppled, and more panicked New Yorkers were crushed with each thundering footfall.
Miranda zoomed in on Liz's boots as they rose and fell, capturing every visceral detail in high definition. "Just a bit further, Liz! You're getting some killer footage here. The Empire State Building is going to be the perfect grand finale!"


Then Liz looked up, and her eyes went wide with excitement. "Oh my god, that's it!" Liz exclaimed.
"What? What is it?" Miranda asked.


"What do you think?" Liz asked. "The Empire Freakin' State Building!" And sure enough, there it was. It was nearly a mile away, yet the imposing edifice looked gigantic even in the distance, its art deco spire towering over the surrounding buildings. "Standing there, so big and tough. I'll show that building who's boss!"


"That building is huge, even for you, Liz!" Miranda said apprehensively. "What exactly are you thinking about? Because if you try to knock it over, it might just end up crashing down on you..."


"Oh, no, nothing like that!" Liz said reassuringly. "Of course that would be a dumb idea. No, I had something else in mind. You ever see King Kong?"
"Of course I have," Miranda replied. "Wait a second... Don't tell me you're seriously thinking about climbing up there!"
Liz rolled her eyes. "So what, just because I'm giant, you think I don't know how to climb?" Liz asked. "You know, I used to constantly climb trees back on the farm! That was back before I grew huge, of course, but still..."
"That's not the same thing!" Miranda shouted. "If you fall from up there, you could end up as a pancake on the pavement... Not to mention me! I can't stop you, but..."


"You just said it!" Liz replied. "It's my movie, after all! I'm going to climb the Empire freaking State building, and you can't do anything to stop me!"
"I'm sure you'll come to your senses," Miranda pleaded.
"You want to bet on that?" Liz replied. "I'm going to climb that damn tower and there's not a thing you can do about it!"


Liz marched triumphantly down 34th Street, her titanic strides carrying her towards the iconic skyscraper with incredible speed. Cars swerved and crashed as drivers panicked at the sight of the gigantic blonde bearing down on them. Liz paid them no mind. Her eyes were transfixed on her prize.


As she neared the building, the mind-boggling enormity of it became apparent. The building was almost five times taller than Liz, a gleaming Art Deco colossus of limestone and steel. It seemed to stretch up into the heavens, dwarfing the giantess.
"Holy shit," Liz breathed, momentarily awestruck. "It looks even bigger up close!"


As she reached the base of the Empire State Building,
Liz craned her neck back, taking in the sheer scale of it.
At 1,450 feet, it was still over four times her height.
But that only made the challenge more thrilling.


Miranda clung white-knuckled to Liz's collar, trying not to think about how high up she already was. "Liz, seriously, this is crazy! You're gonna yourself killed!"
But Liz just laughed, a booming sound that rattled windows for blocks. "Relax, babe! I totally got this. It'll be epic footage for the movie! And since you're my camerawoman, you're coming along!"
"Wait, no!" Miranda shouted. "Set me down, please!"
"Oh, I will!" Liz replied, before dropping Miranda gently onto her shoulder. "I'm going to need both hands for climbing, after all. Now hold on tight, it's going to be a bumpy ride!"


Liz reached out, gripping the corner of the building, her fingers sinking into the masonry. Stone cracked and metal groaned under her grasp. Planting her boots against the facade, Liz began to climb, hauling herself up the vertical cliff face of the skyscraper.


Liz climbed up with surprising speed. It was effortless for her to smash the windows with her fingers, which gave her practically unlimited handholds. She could feel the stone crumbling under her weight, but she didn't need it to hold her for long. She climbed up quickly, keeping her eyes on what was in front of her. She knew better than to look down.


While Liz continued upward, the people inside the building panicked. Office workers screamed and fled for safety as the colossal valley girl scaled past their windows, her curvaceous figure eclipsing the sun. Liz grinned, waving playfully at the terrified people inside.
"Smile for the camera, everyone!" she giggled. "You're gonna be famous!"
MACY'S


Higher and higher Liz climbed, the street below shrinking to a distant grid of toylike cars and tiny milling figures. The wind whipped at her golden hair as she ascended into the sky. Even for the 300-foot giantess, the height was dizzying.


But as she neared the top, Liz found herself growing tired. She was so close, and yet she struggled to lift herself up that last, final ledge. Her muscles were sore, and the cold wind rushing past her face reminded her just how high up she was. For the first time in a long while, she felt vulnerable. It was a long, long way down, and Liz didn't want to find out what would happen if she fell.
"Uh-oh, this isn't good!" Liz muttered. "I don't know if I can do this!"


Miranda rose to her feet, pumping her fists into the air to cheer the giantess on. "Yes you can! I know you can!" Miranda shouted. "Come on Liz, you can do this. You're going to climb up that tower, and you're going to star in the best damn giantess movie ever made!"


"You really think I can do it?" Liz asked, looking back at Miranda.
"Think? No, I know you can do it!" Miranda shouted back assuredly.
"Okay, I'll give it my all. For you, for me... and for my movie!"


At last, Liz reached the top, pulling herself onto the observation deck that ringed the top floor. The metal fencing crumpled like foil under her bulk as she clambered over, coming to stand triumphantly atop the Empire State Building's peak.


"Woo-hoo!" Liz cheered, thrusting her fists in the air. "I'm queen of the world, baby! Everyone, take a good, long look. I own this city, and that means I own all of you! Does anyone want to take me on? Yeah, I didn't think so!"


From her perch atop the iconic spire, the giantess had an unparalleled view over the vast metropolis below. The city stretched out to the horizon in every direction, a glittering patchwork of high-rises, bridges and parks. Liz felt a rush of exhilaration, towering so far above it all.


Standing atop the tower, Liz was overcome with excitement. "This is freakin' amazing! Just look at that view, and... Hey, I see you guys up there!" Liz said, waving at some helicopters that were circling overhead. "You like what you see? Yeah, take it all in. Just remember to send the footage to Liz Takes NYC dot com!"


Liz wasn't the only one who was giddy with excitement. She stood up on Liz's shoulder, stretching her hands in the air. "You know what, Liz? We both work too hard. Let's stop worrying about the movie for a minute, and enjoy ourselves!" Miranda said excitedly. "Take in the moment! Do whatever you feel like! You're probably not going to be up this high for quite a while. May as well enjoy it while it lasts!"
"You're right, Miranda," Liz said, smiling back at the little woman. "You're like the angel on my shoulder, always telling me the right thing to do. And you look like an angel too!"
Miranda stifled a giggle. "Stop, Liz! I'm not drunk enough to take that kind of flattery seriously! And besides, I know what it means when you stare at someone like that. How long has it been since you last ate?"


"Ugh, too long," Liz whined, gripping her aching stomach. "Dammit, what was I thinking, climbing up here on an empty stomach? I'm practically starving! I wish I'd brought some snacks... hey, wait a second!"


A smile crept across Liz's face, as she remembered the people she'd stuffed into her cleavage earlier. She was pleasantly surprised to see that they were still down there. Incredibly, they were all in one piece. Some of them were clinging for dear life to her fabric, while others were trying to cling out of her cleavage.
"Thanks for being good and staying put, just like I told you!" Liz teased them. "You'd make decent servants... but I have plenty of those back home. What I need right now is a good snack!"


Liz plucked up a woman from her cleavage, grabbing the woman by the leg and lifting her into the air. Liz dangled the terrified woman screamed as she hung upside down, her long hair fluttering in the wind. "No, please! Don't eat me!" she begged, tears streaming down her face.
"Aww, but I'm super hungry, and you look like a snack!" Liz pouted. She brought the woman closer, eyeing her like a tasty morsel. "I'm gonna just go ahead and eat you, okay?"


With a giggle, Liz opened her mouth wide and popped the screaming woman inside. She rolled the helpless prey around on her tongue, savoring the taste and texture. She didn't swallow yet, and she left the terrified woman on her tongue. Liz knew that just one of them wouldn't be enough to satisfy her this time. She didn't care about her diet, she was hungry, and she was going to eat.


Without even bothering to look down, Liz grabbed up the rest of her food, snatching up all four of the squirming people between her fingers. The tiny people screamed and flailed desperately, but they were helpless against the hungry giantess. Miranda watched the display, taking one last deep breath before she turned on her camera.


Miranda held her phone up, doing her best to capture the action on camera as Liz dangled the others over her open mouth. Liz held the pose for a moment, giving Miranda a chance to take in the moment, and build tension... but her patience quickly wore thin. "Down the hatch you go!" Liz sing-songed playfully.


Liz tilted her head back and dropped the people into her waiting maw. The terrified morsels tumbled onto her tongue, joining the first woman. Liz rolled the squirming collection around in her mouth, relishing their wriggling and the salty flavor of their skin and clothes. Their terror quickly amplified, and they clawed and shoved one another in a desperate fight to escape her mouth.


There was no escape. A moment later, Liz closed her lips, trapping them inside her mouth. She toyed with them for a few moments, pressing them against the roof of her mouth with her tongue and sucking on them. She wanted to savor them, but her meal was interrupted by the sound of helicopters approaching from behind. She looked back, and quickly realized they weren't news choppers.
Liz rolled her eyes, annoyed that the helicopters had the gall to ruin her meal. She quickly gulped her meal down, sending the five flailing figures sliding down her throat. She could feel them struggling all the way down her esophagus, but she put them out of her mind. She had more urgent matters to attend to.


Miranda glanced back at Liz, with a look of concern on her face. "Looks like you're going to be re-enacting more of King Kong than you planned," Miranda said. "Don't worry about the movie, just worry about surviving!"


Two of the helicopters opened fire, blasting her with their mounted machine guns. "What the hell do you think I'm doing?!" Liz shouted, gritting her teeth. She held up her arm, doing her best to block the shots, but it did little to protect her. She felt the sting of shot after shot pelting her in the face, and even coming eyes close to her eyes. She could do little except squint and hope for the best.
"Come on, Liz, hit them back!" Miranda yelled at the top of her lungs.


"I can't ,they're too far away!" Liz shouted back. Two more helicopters flew around to her right side, flanking her. She was taking fire from both sides, and was powerless to stop them.
Miranda held her hands up in the air, signaling for them to stop. "This is all one big misunderstanding!" Miranda shouted. "I paid for the filming permits in advance. Stop shooting, we can talk this out!"


They fired a barrage of shots at Miranda, narrowly missing the older woman. "Shit, they're aiming at me now!" Miranda shouted.
"Dammit, I can take the pain, but I can't lose you!" Liz replied. "What do I do? I can't reach them!"
"You've got to grow!" Miranda shouted. "It's the only way!"
"I can't just grow on command!" Liz shouted back.
"You have to try!" Miranda yelled. "Get really mad... and do it before these things tear me apart!"


Liz gritted her teeth, and gave into her angry side. "Alright, you little fuckers, listen up," Liz shouted at the top of her lungs, sending flecks of spittle through the air. "If you assholes shoot at me, that gets on my nerves, but I can take it. But when you shoot at my best friend... I get mad! Real mad!"


Liz could feel the rage building up inside of her. She was close, so close. She just needed a little more, to push her over the edge. That's when a helicopter ascended above her, firing more rounds at Liz's face. White-hot anger built up inside her, and she let out a scream of rage. "I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU MAKE ME MAD!" Liz shouted.


Liz channeled her rage, feeling that power rush through her body. Seconds later, Liz started to grow. She felt her body expanding, growing and stretching as she gained even more height and mass... but she was just getting started.


Her hands slid up the antennae tower, as her body stretched further upwards. She'd already gained fifty feet, but that wasn't nearly enough for her. She needed more. Liz continued to grow, her body expanding with incredible speed as her anger fueled her transformation.


"I'm not done yet!" Liz shouted as she shot past 400 feet tall. Her head reached up higher, past some of the helicopters that had been flying above her just moments earlier, but she still wasn't ready to stop. She didn't want a fair fight. She wanted to demolish those little helicopters, swatting them down like flies... and the bigger she could grow, the better.


Liz let out one last primal scream, as her body shot upwards. That last growth spurt was sudden, almost violent. In mere seconds, Liz rocketed past 450 feet tall, then 500 feet. The antennae tower strained and swayed under her every slight movement, and the masonry begun to crumble under her feet.


Liz opened her eyes, turning towards the helicopters. The once-menacing vehicles now looked like tiny toys. She pulled her hand back, preparing to swipe at one of them.
"Hope you had fun, 'cause now it's MY turn!" Liz shouted.


Liz grabbed ahold of the helicopter, squeezing it with all her might. She crushed the vehicle in her grip, destroying everything in her grasp. The helicopter burst into flames, destroying what was left of the vehicle in a fiery explosion.


Another helicopter had been following close behind that helicopter, when Liz's hand swatted it out of the sky. The pilot's hand tightened around the control stick as he yanked it to the right, urging the helicopter into a swift turn. The vehicle banked sharply to the right, narrowly missing the explosion as it veered away.


A moment later, Liz casually tossed the broken helicopter away. It plummeted towards the ground with a trail of smoke. "One down, three to go," Liz taunted, glaring at the other helicopters.


Liz lifted her hand in the air, preparing to strike again.
"Okay, who wants to die next? How about... You!"


Liz smacked another helicopter with her hand, swatting it out of the sky. The force of the impact snapped the body of the helicopter, tearing it apart. The fuel tank instantly ignited, destroying what was left of the vehicle in a massive fireball.


The whole city was watching the action. Thousands of people stared up from the relative safety of their windows, watching as Liz swatted helicopter after helicopter. Their eyes, and their phones, were locked on the action, recording the scene from posterity from thousands of different angles.


while that helicopter was still plummeting, another rapidly descended, in a desperate attempt to escape from Liz. The giantess spotted the helicopter and quickly pulled her foot back, releasing a powerful kick. Her massive foot collided with the third helicopter, sending it careening through the air. The rotors shattered on impact, metal crumpling like tinfoil as the vehicle spun out of control. It crashed into a nearby building, erupting into a raging inferno.


While that helicopter was still falling for the air, Liz looked around for the last one. "One to go," Liz said menacingly. She looked around for the final helicopter, but saw nothing but the city below. But as the sound of the half-destroyed helicopters below her faded away, she heard a familiar rumble behind her.


Liz turned back, and grimaced as she stared down the final helicopter. The helicopter pulled away, trying to get away from the giantess, but Liz wasn't about to let it escape without a fight. "You're going down!" Liz said, speaking through gritted teeth.



The final helicopter was flying away at top speed, but Liz was too quick. She reached out with her enormous hand, snatching the vehicle from the sky. "Gotcha!" Liz shouted. "You're mine now!"

The spinning rotor blades smashed against her hand, but Liz held it steady in spite of the pain. The spinning blades collided against Liz's wrist, but didn't so much as break Liz's skin. One by one, the rotor blades snapped off, unable to take the impact.


Bringing it close to her face, she peered inside at the terrified pilot. "Where did you think you're going, bitch?" Liz taunted with a wicked grin. "We're just getting started. I'm gonna have some fun with you!"


Liz opened her mouth, sticking the front of the helicopter in her mouth. She knew it wouldn't be especially pleasant biting into the aluminum frame, but it was worth it to terrify the tiny pilots inside.


But before Liz could bite down, the helicopter tilted back, sending the tiny pilots tumbling towards the back of the vehicle. The vehicle rocked around wildly, sending the soldiers careening wildly from side to side.


She pulled the helicopter away from her mouth, setting it aside. Her revenge would have to wait. She felt the building suddenly shift under her, throwing her balance off. She looked down, and saw smoke rising from the building. One of the helicopters must have crashed into the building. The fires damaged the building's frame, weakening a structure that could barely support her weight in the first place. "Oh shit," Liz said. "That's not good..."


Suddenly, the building gave way beneath her feet. Several floors collapsed in an instant, sending the top of the building sloughing off to the side. Liz stumbled forward, and found herself staring down at a dizzying height.


Seconds later, the top of the tower snapped in half, sending Liz plummeting down towards the ground below. "OH SHIT!" Liz screamed as she fell through the air. She grasped desperately for something, anything, to slow her fall, but found no purchase. The ground rushed up to meet her at a terrifying speed. Liz braced for impact, squeezing her eyes shut.


Liz screamed at the top of the lungs. For the first time in her life, she felt like she was going to die. Time seemed to slow down, and her life flashed before her eyes. She thought back to her days on the farm, and how safe she felt there. She wished she could be back there, sitting on the grass in the warm California sun, but no amount of wishing could change her fate.


A moment later, Liz's back slammed onto the building, but that did little to stop her fall. Liz fell through the center of the building. Her ass slammed through floor after floor with little resistance, crushing anyone unfortunate enough to be caught below her. Her massive behind obliterated everything in her path, tearing a wide hole through the middle of the towering skyscraper.


She plummeted downward, slamming through dozens of stories. Little by little, each floor she smashed through slowed her fall. The hundreds of people crushed under her behind popped like bubble wrap. Each of them helped to cushion her fall ever so slightly, as she plunged further downward, closer to the ground below.


WHAM! Liz fell backwards, tumbling away from the building. She landing on her back, obliterating the smaller buildings beneath her, and slammed into the street below with incredible force. The asphalt cracked and cratered beneath her, a spiderweb of fissures spreading out from the point of impact. Cars were crushed flat. Fire hydrants burst, sending geysers of water spraying into the air. Windows shattered for blocks in every direction from the shockwave. Thick plumes of smoke rose from beneath her, and spread from what remained of the massive skyscraper she just destroyed.
"Oooh... fuck," Liz groaned, momentarily stunned from the impact. She opened her eyes, blinking away stars.


Liz got up slowly, chunks of concrete and rebar tumbling off her body. Her top had been torn beyond recognition, so she tore it off and tossed it away. She rose onto her feet, holding her hand against what remained of the Empire State Building to steady herself, as she swayed back and forth.


"Christ, that fucking hurt!" Liz groaned. She shambled forward, wincing at the pain that it caused her simply to move around. "I think I might have messed up my back. Miranda? Are you okay?"
"I'll survive," Miranda replied. "A little shaken, but it's nothing I can't walk off. I think you got the worst of it. If you want, you can take a little breather before you get back to filming..."
"Fucking seriously?" Liz asked. "I fall a hundred stories and you want me to get back to filming?"


"Okay, okay, let's not overreact," Miranda replied. "Take an hour off if you need to. It's just that I put all my money into this movie. So if you could put yourself together as soon as possible, that would be very much appreciated! It could mean the difference between me making $200 million, and losing everything I have!"

The wheels started to turn in Liz's head. "Wait a second... $200 million? That's four times what I'm being paid!" Liz shouted, stomping off angrily.

"Wait, hold on a second, it's not that simple," Miranda corrected her. I said could make. COULD. You're guaranteed $50 mil, even if the movie bombs, but being a producer is a gamble. I have no idea how much I'm going to make. It might be half that. It might be nothing! Hell, I could lose everything I have making this movie. I have skin in the game, unlike you!"

"Oh yeah? Well what about my actual skin?" Liz yelled. "I'm lucky I didn't lose it falling out of that skyscraper!"

"Dammit Liz, that whole thing was your stupid idea, not mine!" Miranda shouted back. "I told you not to do that. You insisted on going up there, and you dragged me along with you! Now just take a breather, sit down, and we'll start shooting again when you come to your senses, okay?"

"No, I'm done with this shithole!" Liz shouted. "I'm done with this city. First, they're all a bunch of no-shows. Then, they attack me when I'm on the top of a freaking skyscraper? I don't know what I was thinking coming out here. I hate this stupid city! Screw this shit, I'm going home!"




"You're going to just walk home?" Miranda asked, looking up at Miranda skeptically. "With all due respect, we're probably going to need a lot more footage for coverage. Remember how many reshoots we had to do for your first movie? Sometimes there's no one recording with a good angle, sometimes there's too much shaky-cam. We're already out here, and I paid for the shooting permits out of pocket. Three more days of filming, that's all I'm asking for!"


"No!" Liz shouted. "I'm tired of the shitty weather, and the tall buildings just make me look small! Why would you try to make me look small in a giantess movie? It's idiotic! Scrap the whole stupid movie. Maybe we'll film it again when I'm big enough to smash this city for real!"
Miranda sighed. "Okay, Liz. If, and this is a big if, you ever get that big... We could do one hell of a sequel! But first you need to make an actual movie, to make a sequel to. Come on, Liz, me and Ted put a lot of money into this. If we don't have enough footage to scrap together a feature film that runs for at least 90 minutes... we're royally screwed!"



"Yeah? Well that sounds like a 'you' problem," Liz said dismissively. "I'm sure your guys can throw something together in the editing room. And if not, that's not my fucking problem, okay?" Liz stomped off, taking a shortcut through the rail yard. She stomped down, crushing the densely-packed train cars underfoot with each heavy footstep.

"Liz, come on, listen to me!" Miranda shouted up, from within Liz's hand. "Liz, come on, just think about this for a minute. No offense, but you're being kind of a diva!"

"Yeah? Well I thought that's what you wanted," Liz said dismissively. "I'm big, and I do whatever I want. Now I'm done with this city, and I'm going home!"


Liz continued forward, walking along the shoreline until she spotted the Brooklyn Bridge in the distance. "Finally, a way out of this shithole," Liz whined. "I don't want to get any more of that nasty, polluted water on my boots!"


Liz stepped onto the bridge, but the could hear the old stones sinking under her weight. She took another step, walking as gently as she could, and praying that the bridge wouldn't give way under her.


Liz took another step, walking carefully along the bridge. So far it was holding up, and it hadn't collapsed under her weight, but Liz was nervous. The bridge creaked and groaned with her every movement, and she hadn't even stepped onto the suspension bridge yet. She held her arms out to the side, trying to keep her balance as she moved along the narrow bridge.


"Well, so far, so good," Liz said with a shrug. "Here goes nothing!" She took another step, flattening several cars in the process. Liz didn't even register the destruction she was causing below. Her every thought was on crossing that bridge without humiliating herself.


Liz took another step, and realized she'd gotten her foot caught on something. She looked down, and noticed the cage of metal girders surrounded the roadway. The structure buckled and twisted under her weight, but it stayed in one piece. It was too weak to support her weight, and yet too strong to simply ignore.


Liz took another step, raising her foot high into the air. "Stupid metal beams," Liz groaned. "I'm not gonna let you beat me!"


Liz stomped down with all her might. Her boot crashed right through the metal girders, smashing through the ground beneath her. The impact obliterated the cars beneath her, resulting in a fiery explosion, and cracking the pavement beneath her. The bridge itself was shaken, and the structure started to sway wildly.


Liz lost her balance, and stumbled forward. She nearly fell flat on her face, before catching herself on the stone tower. She could feel the old brickwork crumbling under her weight, while dust rained down onto the streets below. "Shit, this isn't good," Liz groaned.


Liz raised her foot high into the air, stepping over the tower. Even at five hundred feet tall, she struggled to get her legs over the massive brick tower. It didn't help that the bridge was rocking back and forth, threatening to give way under her weight. She stomped down, flattening a truck under her foot, and smashing through the bottom of the bridge. The truck burst into flames, and heavy smoke rose from the wreck.


With the first tower behind her, Liz continued onward, leaving a trail of destruction behind her. She didn't even bother to look back at the city skyline as she walked away. "It's a stupid city anyway," Liz groaned. "I don't know why I wanted to go here in the first place, but I'm never going back!"


Liz continued across the bridge, stepping over the final tower. She didn't even bother to look back at the city skyline as she walked away, leaving Manhattan for what she hoped would be the last time.


Miranda sat on Liz's hand, her eyes downcast. "I can't believe you're just walking away like this," Miranda told her. "Forget about the money. If we were really friends, you'd go back to finish the movie for me!"


Liz gazed down sadly at Miranda, and shook her head. "If we were really friends, you'd see me as more than a paycheck," Liz replied. "But I guess you Hollywood types just don't care about that kind of thing, do you?"


Miranda rose to her feet, and stared indignantly up at Liz. "Are you fucking serious?" Miranda asked. "Don't try to take the moral high ground. You fucking kill people for fun!"
"That's different," Liz told her. "Those are strangers. Nobodies. But you... I cared about you. And I was stupid enough to think you cared about me too."
Miranda threw up her arms. "Don't get all maudlin on me, Liz. I discovered you. I took you out of that rundown old farm. I made your career! Yeah, no shit I wanted to get rich off of you, but so what? You got rich off me too! That's just how it is."


Liz raised her hand into the air, and looked closer at Miranda. "That's really what you think, isn't it?" Liz asked. "Everyone's just using each other?"
"You're goddamn right I do," Miranda replied. "All my so-called friends abandoned me the second my career crashed and burned. Love it or hate it, it's the way of the world."


Liz shook her head. "No. Maybe in Hollywood, but not where I came from," Liz said.
"Where you came from?" Miranda asked. "You mean that shitty little farm in the middle of nowhere? The one where you were a glorified sideshow freak?"


"I mean home,"" Liz replied firmly. "I think I need a break from all this Hollywood bullshit. The fame is getting to me... and I'm tired of all the fake friends."
"I think you mean 'friend,' singular," Miranda replied. "I'm your only fucking friend in this world. I'm the only one looking out for you. Not one single person out there believed in you, until I came along!"


"One person did," Liz replied. "It's been too long since I paid him a visit."
"That crazy old codger?" Miranda shouted. "You don't want to see him, trust me. I gave him my number. I tried to reach out to him. He didn't want anything to do with you."
"I don't believe you," Liz replied.
"Then go see for yourself," Miranda replied. "But don't say I didn't warn you."


"Fine," Liz replied. "I will."
Liz walked off into the distance, leaving a trail of destruction in her wake. Miranda sat silently in her hand. They had a long road ahead of them, but neither of them wanted to break the awkward silence.


END OF PART 4


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