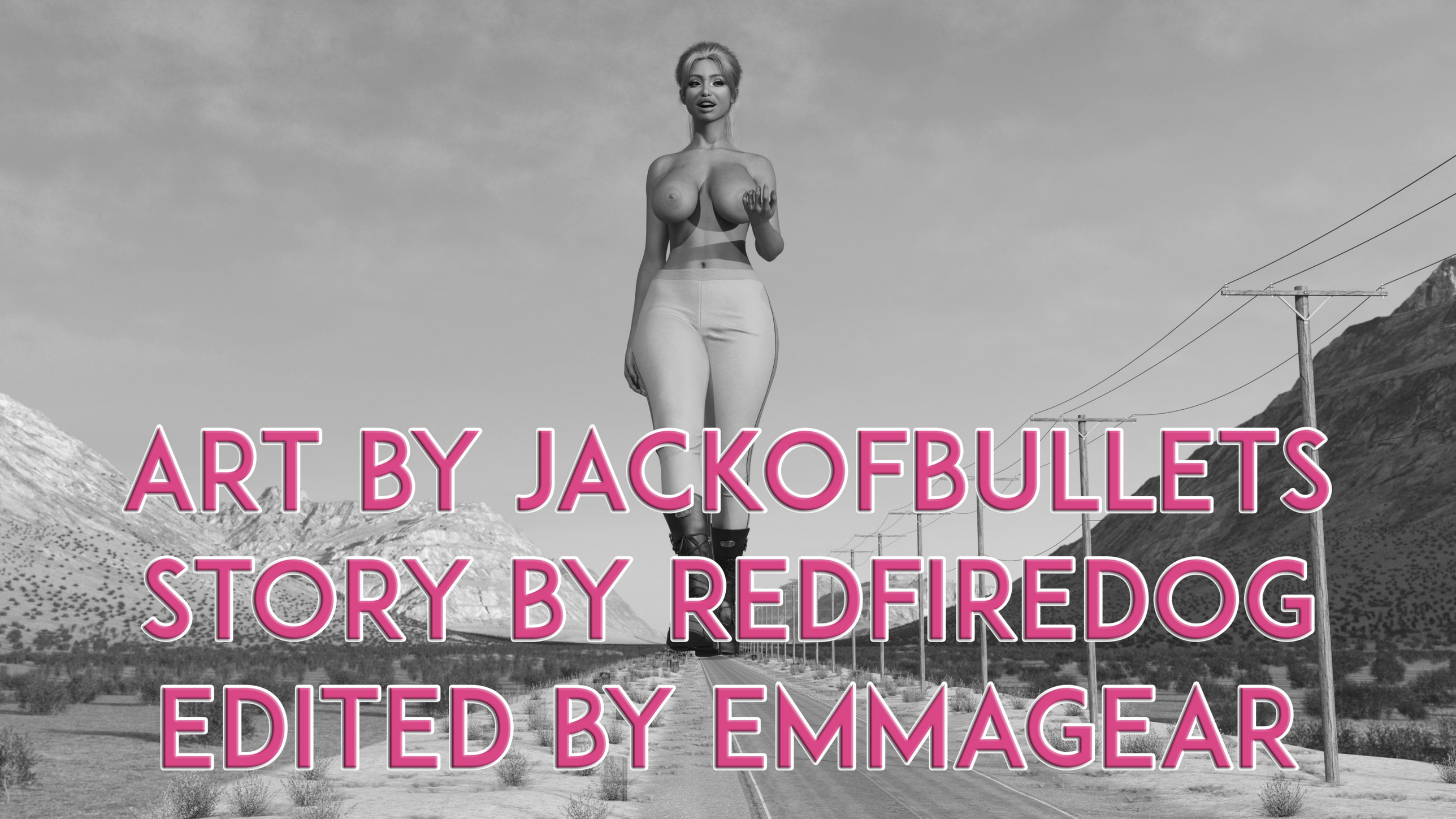

CELEBRITY
CRUSH 5
60234
MTA
MTA
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ART BY JACKOFBULLETS
STORY BY REDFIREDOG
EDITED BY EMMAGEAR


Liz had left New York in a huff, but her mood had improved by the next morning. A good night's sleep and the morning sun did wonders to improve her mood. With all the growing she's been doing she could walk at hundreds of miles an hour, but it would still take her ten grueling hours of walking to reach her destination.
Walking down a lonesome highway, Liz cracked a smile. "Boy, this highway sure does look awfully familiar." Liz mused. "I think I'm almost there!"



Sure enough, it wasn't long at all before Liz reached a stretch of road she knew like the back of her hand, and not even a moment later she was back to a familiar old house.

"Wow... 's like I never left." Liz whispered, her old accent creeping back out. "Reckon it looks just like how I remember... Only, well, smaller!" The signage outside had changed, but Liz paid that no mind.


"I can't wait to see my old man again." Liz said excitedly. "Wait... you're single, right? Maybe I should introduce you two?"


"No! Absolutely not!" Miranda shouted. "I told you Liz, this is a mistake! I tried reaching out to him over the phone, but he wasn't receptive to the visit! He was incredibly rude, and he made it extremely clear that he didn't want to talk to either of us. I'm sorry, Liz. I know you miss your pa and all... but I think this whole thing is a terrible idea. You want your last memories of him to be good ones, don't you? Why go and spoil that? It's best to just keep on walking, and spare yourself the heartbreak!"


Liz sighed, and looked down. "Miss Miranda, I know you've got my best interests at heart, but you're wrong here. I don't care what you say, I'm going to talk to him." she said firmly. "I know 'im better 'n anyone. He's not all smiles like you might've thought. He gets in dark moods sometimes. But at the end of my day, he's still my Pa. And whatever he might have said over the phone... When we see each other face to face, I know things will be different."

"I don't... I don't think this is a good idea, Liz." Miranda sighed. "But I obviously can't stop you. Just remember who stood by your side after all this is over, okay?"

"Oh you're bein' a drama queen!" Liz laughed. "It'll be fine! Pa loves me more 'n anyone!"


Liz took her first step onto the farm, trying her best not to crush Pa's house under her massive heel. Being in such a familiar place was a stark reminder of just how much she had grown over time. For most of her life she'd known... this. This farm, and not much else. Now, she could walk across the whole farm in just a few steps.


Liz looked over the farm, making sure that Pa wasn't underfoot... but he was nowhere to be seen. This alarmed Liz. The old man's hearing wasn't the best, but even a deaf man could feel Liz's footsteps shaking the earth back when she lived here. She was so much bigger now it should've been impossible to ignore.


Liz grew more concerned as she looked around the farm. "Pa? You here?" Liz asked, but the only reply was the sound of her own echo. "Pa...? Hey! You can stop playin' now! It's me, Liz! I've come to visit, and-"

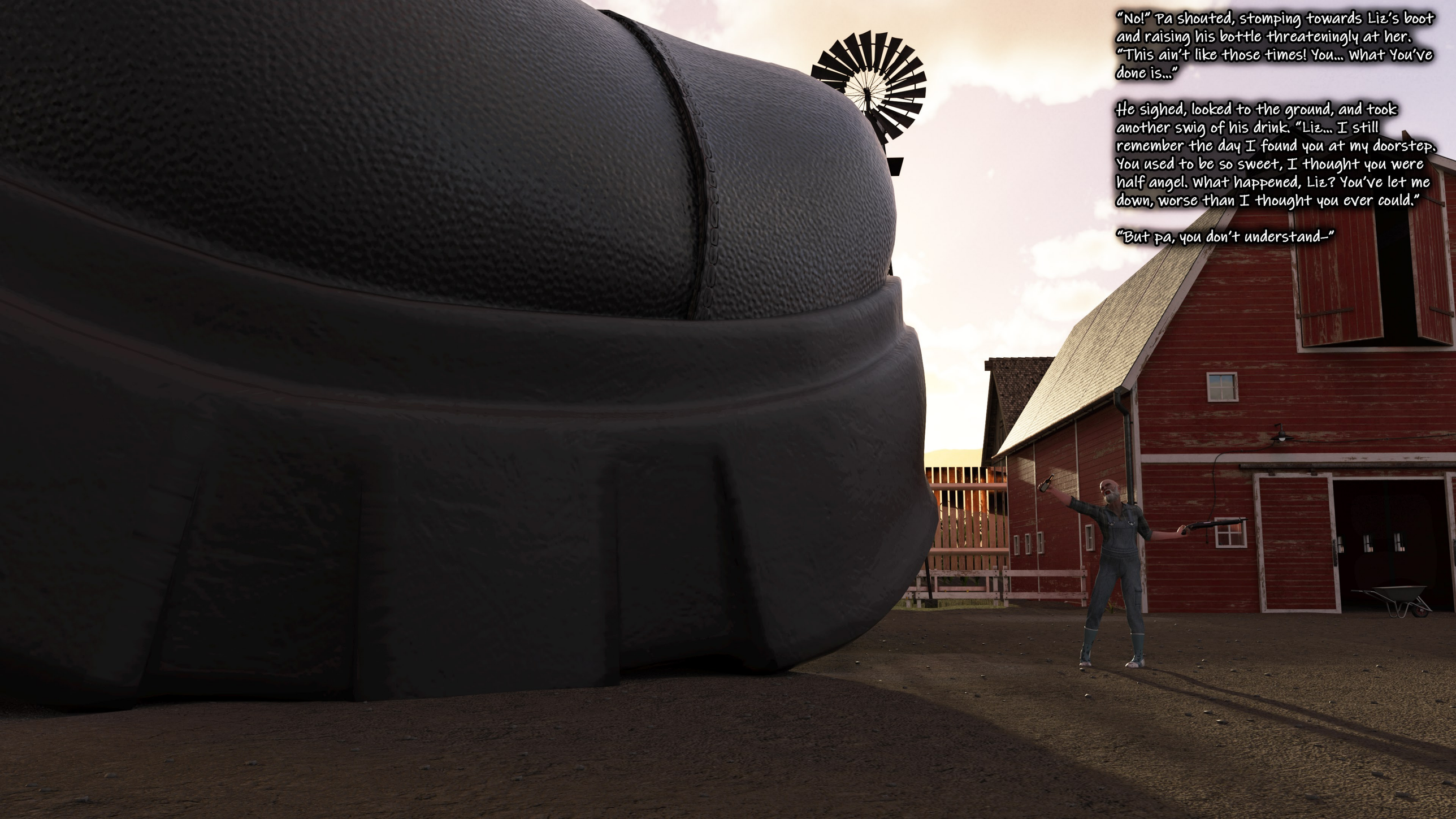

"Yeah, I heard ya'!" the old man shouted from inside the barn, which stood scarcely taller than Liz's boots.
"Pa! There you are!" Liz shouted back. "Ya had me worried for a second there! Come on out, I can't wait to see you!"


The old man stumbled out of the barn, holding a shotgun in one hand and a bottle of beer in the other. He stared up at the giant woman for several seconds, blinking as if he was trying to adjust his vision, before rubbing his eyes with his arm.
"Liz? That you?" The old man asked. "My god, you're bigger than the whole farm now!"


"I know, isn't it great?" Liz said excitedly. "So much has happened since the last time I was here! I got a makeover, I went to a big movie premiere, and then I got to star in my very own movie! And then I went to a premiere for my own movie, and I grew even bigger, and I–"
"And then you killed a bunch of people." the old man spat. "I saw 'em talking about all the things you did on the TV. You hurt people, Liz. You promised me you wouldn't do that..."
"No, Pa! That wasn't... It's just part of being a star, okay?" Liz said, suddenly apprehensive with the venom in his voice. "It's okay! It's-It's part of bein' famous and stuff! I'm huge, I'm rich, and that means I can do some things I couldn't before! I'm a celebrity, just like I always wanted to be! Aren't ya proud?"


"Yeah you're famous alright." The old man grumbled as he brought the bottle of beer up to his mouth, and opened it with his teeth. "Famous for bein' a murderer. Thought I raised you right, but you seem to be racin' to break every single commandment... Murderin', that's one. Making yourself an idol, and callin' yourself a god? That's two and three. Workin' on the Sabbath, that's four. And if I was a gambling man, I'd bet you've taken the lord's name in vain by now."
"No pa, I haven't," Liz said earnestly.
"I wasn't done," Pa interrupted. "Barin' your body in front of impressionable men, that's as good as adultery, as far as I'm concerned. So five. Lord knows you've dishonored me with this debauchery, so that's six, at least. Not to mention the things that Moses and the Lord didn't even think they had to write down... Like swallowing people alive! No one even tried that until you came around." He rambled, spitting the bottlecap out and taking a swig of his drink.


After a moment of awkward silence, Liz broke the tension by bursting into laughter. "Oh Pa, is this another one of your speeches?" Liz asked flippantly. "You gave me the same spiel after I accidentally stepped on that horse, and after that time I got bored and ate ten pounds of sugar. It's just part of growin' up, remember? And both times, we were back to laughin' not ten minutes later. So, what do you say we skip ten minutes of awkwardness, and just make up now?"


"No!" Pa shouted, stomping towards Liz's boot and raising his bottle threateningly at her. "This ain't like those times! You... What You've done is..."
He sighed, looked to the ground, and took another swig of his drink. "Liz... I still remember the day I found you at my doorstep. You used to be so sweet, I thought you were half angel. What happened, Liz? You've let me down, worse than I thought you ever could."
"But pa, you don't understand–"


"Let me finish!" He interrupted. "Listen to me. When you started to grow, I worried what that could mean. I tried to keep you from going out into the world, because I was afraid you'd lose your way without me by your side. But now I can see I was a fool. Not because I lost you... But because I ever thought you could be saved in the first place. I knew you had a dark side, Liz. But I always chalked it up to you toyin' with people. Messin' with 'em for a quick buck since you knew we needed the money. But this... This is too much, Liz. There's just no good left in you."


Liz was taken aback. "N-No good...? I know you don't really mean that..." Liz said, as her vision began to grow bleary. "I mean, just look at me. Things are better now! I got bigger, I got cleaned up, but deep down, nothin's changed! I'm still the same old me!"


"Oh come off it." Pa grumbled. "I've seen you on TV. Heard that fake accent you always tried to pass off, like you were ashamed of where you come from. No. The Liz I knew died the day you walked away from the farm. You're no daughter of mine. You're a monster."
"But pa–"


"Don't make this any harder than it has to be, Liz. I don't want to hear another word from you. We're finished!"
"But-"


"I'm sorry, Liz." Miranda shouted, drawing the giant woman's attention back to her. "I didn't think it would be this bad, but there's nothing we can do for him now. Let's just forget this ever happened, okay?
Liz only narrowed her eyes.


"Forget? No, I'm sorry. I can't forget this. And I won't forgive, either."
"Liz, calm down." Miranda begged. "Maybe it's just best if you walk away and take a deep breath, okay? We can get brunch, and-"
"Shut up! Nobody talks to me like that. Nobody!"


"Hey pa! You think I'm a monster? I'll show you a fucking monster!"
Liz raised her foot high into the air, casting a good deal of the farm in shadow.
"Liz! Slow down!" Miranda shouted, trying to intervene. "You don't want to do something you'll regret–"


Liz stomped down with all her might, cratering the ground in an instant. The shockwave tossed the old man like a ragdoll, sending him careening through the air.


The old man landed against the barn, and fell limp. Liz didn't bother to check on him, or so much as look at him. As far as she was concerned, he was lucky she didn't finish the job then and there. She stomped away in a huff, determined to put as much distance between herself and the dusty old farm as she could.


Liz grimaced back at the old man as she walked away. "Serves you right." Liz muttered. "Making fun of the way I talk now that I've made it. I don't take shit from anyone. Not even you."


Rain started to pour as Liz continued down the highway. It was a long trip getting out here in the first place, and it would be just as long to get back to LA. The dusty road she'd faced on the way over was now damp, and muddy. But she kept trudging forward. One foot after another. Her anger had since faded, but what had just happened left her feeling hollow.


Liz stared off into the distance as she marched forward robotically, putting one foot in front of the other. Her thoughts were elsewhere, a chaotic swirl of regrets and resentment. "I can't believe he said all those things." Liz monotoned. "And what I did... I just got so angry, and then... And then..."


"Eh, screw that crazy old bastard." Miranda said, trying to lighten the mood. "A man his age should know you can't just instigate a fight with someone bigger than you and not expect to get hit. He got what was coming to him for talking to you like that!"


Liz's makeup was running, but it wasn't all from the rain. Tears were streaming down her face. "Miss Miranda, please don't talk about him like that," Liz said.
"I'm sorry Liz, I was just trying to get you to look on the bright side." Miranda replied with a defeated sigh. "I tried warning you, but it wasn't just because he sounded mad over the phone. He just... he didn't see any future for you. He'd lived his entire life on an empty patch of dirt, and that was the life he wanted for you, too. You have greater ambitions than that, though. He wanted to keep you tied down, but I've helped you really spread your wings. And look at you! Look how well you've done for yourself now!"


"You don't get it, Miranda." Liz said, as the tears really began to flow. "I'm all alone now! All this fame and fortune and money, and I've got nothing. I don't have any place I can call home, or a family to be proud of me..."


"You've got me, Liz." Miranda said, smiling up at the giantess. "Blood only runs so deep. Sometimes the family you're born into isn't the best thing for you. You ever hear of a found family?"


Liz looked down at her, considering the idea.
"I've got no one else either, as I'm sure you know." Miranda continued. "But I have you, and you've got me. So let's do it. The two of us together, taking on the world! You're better off without him anyway. You don't need him, you never did. All he ever did was hold you back."


"You think I'm stupid, don't you?" Liz said, her mood suddenly shifting. "I know you're trying to manipulate me. This is what you wanted, isn't it? To isolate me so there wasn't anyone I could trust but you. That way you can make me into a monster, and skim millions off the top!"


Miranda was taken aback. "No, Liz, it's not like that, I swear. I just want what's right for you."


"Bullshit! You're just trying to use me, just like every other rich Hollywood asshole. But you were right about one thing. I don't need anyone! Not even you!"


"Slow down, Liz. You're saying a lot of things that I'm sure you don't really mean. I think you're getting a little bit emotional. Let's just get back to the city, and then we can talk about this."


"Shut up and listen to me!" Liz shouted. "Pa was right! This is your fault! You're a bad influence! You turned me into someone that I'm not!"
"Liz, sweetie, just listen to me for one frickin'–"


"NO!" Liz screamed, with a ferocity that stunned Miranda. "I'm done! I'm done with you, and I'm done with being a big, phony celebrity! I don't want any of this anymore! I'm going to show everyone who I am deep down. I'll show them I can be a good person!"

ONE WEEK LATER


When Liz finally ventured back into L.A., she looked like a whole new person. For once, the 500-foot giantess was fully-clothed, in jeans and a gray T-shirt. Her T-shirt strained to hold in her enormous breasts, but it was about as modest as she could manage given her proportions. All the fabric required to get this made in the first place took a sizable chunk out of Liz's savings, but that was a small price to pay for modesty.
CARLTON COURTS
APARTMENTS


She beamed down at the city below her, but this time her smile was one of kindness, not malice. "How are y'all doin' today?" Liz said. "Don't be scared! I'm not gonna step on y'all. All the stompin' and squishin' and people eatin'? That's yesterday's news. You're lookin' at the new and improved Liz Dixon!"



As Liz made her way through the wide streets of Los Angeles, people scattered like leaves in the wind. Her speech had done nothing to reassure them after all the death and destruction she'd caused just weeks earlier. They ran, screaming, from the giant starlet's feet.


Liz was dismayed to see that they were still running. "Didn't ya'll hear me? I said I'm trying my best not to step on anyone! Which part of that didn't ya understand?" she asked.


Liz took another step, she raised her heel above a group of terrified people. A young woman froze in fear, screaming at the top of her lungs while she stared up at her impending death.



Only it never came. Liz noticed the screaming, and with an irritated sigh, pulled her foot back and shook her head.

"Now why is it that you people always seem to run to exactly where I'm about to step next?" She asked, clucking her tongue. "It's like you're trying to get squished! I'm doing my best to be patient. But I can't exactly do much on my own, so you mind doin' your part to help by movin' out of the way?"


It seemed to take forever for the last of them to get out of the way. It would have been so easy to just stomp down on them, but Liz was serious about trying to turn over a new leaf. That meant no killing anyone. Period. She waited patiently, holding her foot in the air while the last of the people managed to compose themselves enough to escape from the shadow of her foot.



Finally, Liz stepped down. She tried to be gentle, but the impact was still enough to shake the ground, sending several nearby people falling to their feet. But they were all still moving afterwards, which meant she'd done a good job! Even better, she hadn't heard that familiar sound of bones crunching under her heel. That was the least destructive step she'd taken in the city in weeks!


"Phew, that was close!" Liz said, wiping the sweat off her brow. She'd been walking around the city for close to an hour now, and hadn't stepped on a single person so far. Her streak was still intact, and she was going to do her best to keep it going, even if it took constant vigilance.'
CARLTON COURTS
APARTMENTS


Liz took another step, walking right over another group of people. She smiled down at them, trying to appear as friendly and non-threatening as a 500-foot giantess could manage. "See? You're lookin' at a kindler, gentler Liz!" she reassured them. "No need to be scared!"
The people below glanced up at her nervously, then hurried away, their fear still palpable. Liz's first instincts were to chase after them and ask them why they were so scared, but she knew it wouldn't help. With a heavy Liz sighed. Would no one ever trust her again?
APARTMENTS


Liz wasn't about to let her doubts get to her. "I'm going to show people I've really changed," Liz said, her smile widening. "Not killing people is one thing, but that's clearly not going to be enough. What's the opposite of killing people...?"
Her eyes lit up as she snapped her fingers. "Helping them! Of course!"


Liz looked around for people in need of assistance. Not just anyone would do. She needed someone in need, someone who couldn't take care of themselves.
BE TOWED AT OWNER'S EXPENSE
TEPCO
MIDCITY
Del's LAUNDROMAT
HOTEL
STARS
KEEP OUT


Off in the distance, Liz could just make out an old lady standing near the edge of the street. The old woman looked confused and frail, barely holding herself up with her purple cane. She was trying to cross the street, but none of the cars driving by seemed interested in slowing down, much less stopping for her.
CARLTON COURTS APARTMENTS
Deli's


"This is it," Liz muttered to herself. "This is the first step of becoming a better person."
In that old lady, Liz saw a chance to prove herself. She was done being a force of destruction. She was going to dedicate her life to good, making up for her past mistakes by helping everyone she could.


"Hold on, Lady, Liz is on the way!" Liz announced, walking down the street. "Move it people, big girl comin' through!"
As Liz made her way towards the old lady, she took extra care with each step. People scattered, but this time, she noticed a few of them looking back with curiosity rather than outright terror. It was a small victory, but it gave her hope that she was on the right track.


The old woman had just taken a step into the street, when she felt the ground shake. Her heart skipped a beat when she looked up and laid her eyes on Liz.
The bewildered old woman almost couldn't believe what she was seeing. She'd seen stories about Liz on the news, but to see the giant in person was another matter entirely. Liz moved with incredible speed, and before the old woman knew what was happening, Liz was right on top of her.

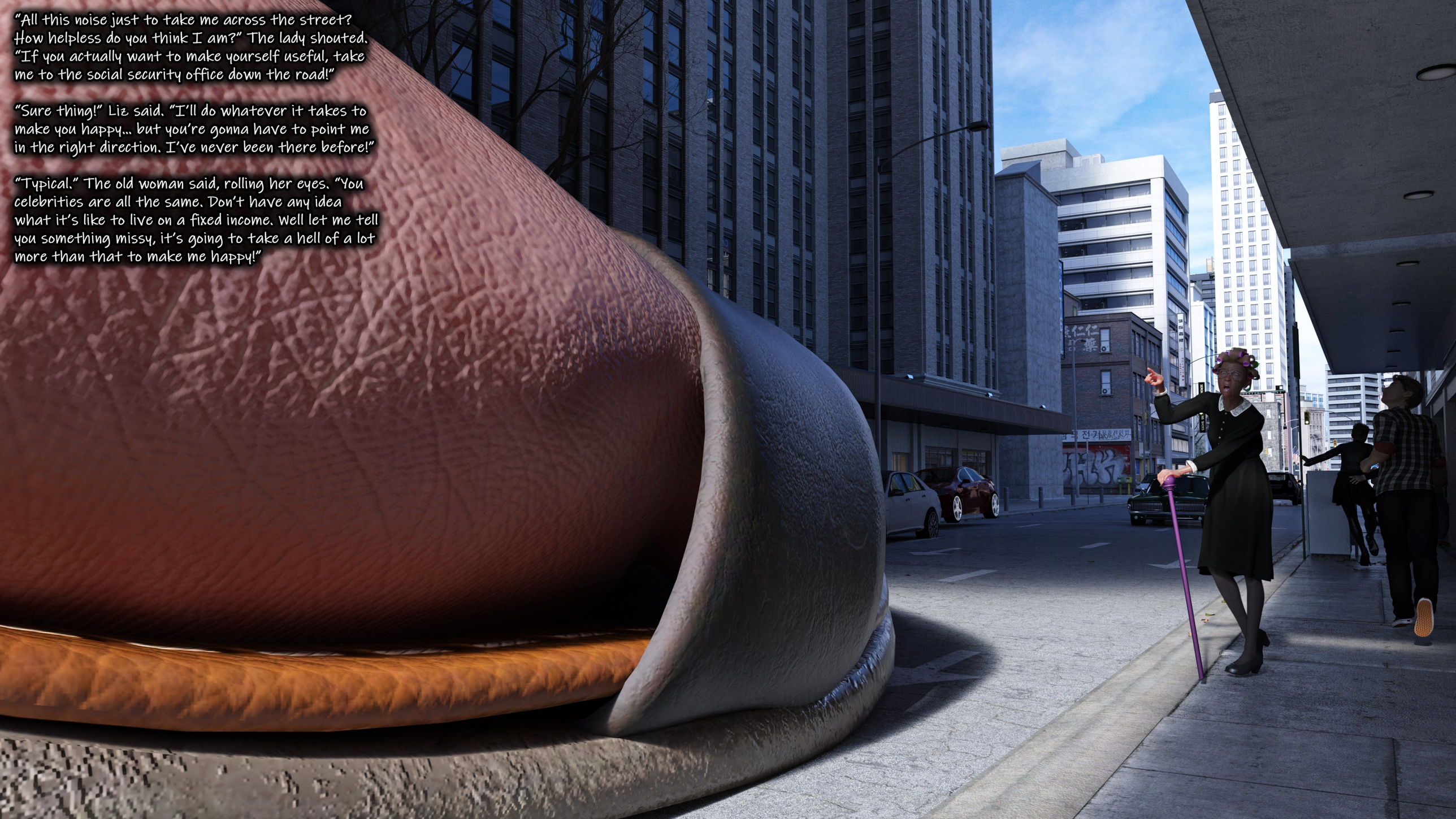

Liz smiled and waved at the little old woman. "Hey there, lady! Need a hand?" Liz asked, her booming voice as gentle as she could manage.


Before the old lady could answer, Liz took one more step to place her feet right in front of the old-timer. Liz shuffled her other foot forward, nearly flattening some fleeing bystanders in the process, but she paid them little attention. It was the old lady she was trying to help, and that was who her focus was on.
TEPCO
MIDCITY
LAUNDR
MAKE YOUR VOICE HEARD
VOTE MAYOR GOLDIE


STARS
OFFICE SUPPLIES
While everyone else was running away, the old lady just stood and stared up, amazed to see Liz in person.
"Wait a second... I've seen you before. You're that giant actress from the TV!" the old lady exclaimed, her voice deep and raspy from years of smoking.


"Yep, that's me!" Liz said excitedly. "What can I do for you today?"
The old woman's face turned into a scowl. "Yeah, I recognize you. You're the giant whore who ate that handsome actor from NCIS, aren't you?!"


Liz was undeterred by the sudden shift into hostility.
"I mean, probably? I kinda ate a lot of people. Just tons of them! But that was the old me!" She said, smiling down. "I'm a changed person, and the new Liz is all about helping people. Would you like me to help you cross the street?"


"All this noise just to take me across the street? How helpless do you think I am?" The lady shouted. "If you actually want to make yourself useful, take me to the social security office down the road!"
"Sure thing!" Liz said. "I'll do whatever it takes to make you happy... but you're gonna have to point me in the right direction. I've never been there before!"
"Typical." The old woman said, rolling her eyes. "You celebrities are all the same. Don't have any idea what it's like to live on a fixed income. Well let me tell you something missy, it's going to take a hell of a lot more than that to make me happy!"


Liz gingerly reached down, her enormous fingers delicately wrapping around the old lady. She made sure to lift her slowly and carefully, aware of how fragile the woman was. The old lady let out a little yelp of surprise as she was hoisted into the air, but soon settled, adjusting her grip on her cane.
"Whoa there! You better not drop me! I've got a mean right hook for any motherfucker who tries something funny!" the old lady threatened, shaking her cane at Liz with a mischievous glint in her eye.
"Language!" Liz giggled. "You're such a spirited old thing. It feels so nice helping those who are too weak to help themselves!"
APARTMENTS
APARTMENTS


"Oh I can help myself just fine, you harlot!" the old lady shouted. "You're the one who needs to be watching the road!"
"Watching the... road..." Liz repeated, the meaning of the words slowly dawning on her. She'd been so engrossed in her conversation that she'd tuned out the rest of the world, absent-mindedly walking through the streets. She looked back, and felt her stomach sink as she saw the orange glow of multiple fires behind her.
"Oh... shit," Liz muttered.



A trail of destruction lay behind her. Burning cars and dead bodies were strewn about the streets. Crowds of terrified people ran away, desperate to escape the chaos.

"So much for not killing anyone," Liz muttered to herself. "Oh well. I'm trying my best. The people will see that, right? No sense in beating myself up over every little mistake..."


As Liz neared the social security office, she noticed the old lady's grip tightening with every step. "Did you just kill those people?" the old lady asked.
"Of course not!" Liz reassured her. "It's just a little traffic jam, nothing to worry about. Don't worry, I'll get you there safe and sound!"
"I've had enough of your ride. Put me down, now!" the old lady insisted.


Liz grudgingly stopped, and set the old lady down in the middle of the street. "That's fine with me! No problem at all!" She said, giving the old woman a toothy grin. "I'll just wait here while you cross the street!"



"Yeah, yeah, very nice, dear," the old woman said absent-mindedly. Liz watched patiently as the old woman shambled forward, taking tiny half steps at a snail's pace. It was strange to think that not long ago, Liz would have squashed someone like her without a second thought. But she'd changed now. She realized that every person was precious... Even when they were so excruciatingly slow that it took every ounce of self-control to not step on her then and there.


"Maybe you could walk just a little faster?!" Liz said, with a smile that didn't quite make it to her eyes. "I've got lots of other people to help, you know!"
"Maybe you could shut the hell up!" The old lady snapped back. "I'll walk as fast as I please, and you'll wait patiently, young lady. Helping people isn't just about doing things quickly; it's about doing them right."
Liz sighed, watching the old woman inch across the street like a tortoise on tranquilizers. Every step was a test of Liz's newfound patience. She crouched down, shifting her weight from one foot to the other, feeling the ground tremble slightly with her restlessness. As the old lady finally reached the other side, she turned back to Liz and gave a curt nod.


Liz's heart warmed at the acknowledgment. She straightened up, towering over the street like a benevolent colossus. "Wow!" She said, heart swelling with pride. "Helping people makes me feel great!"


"Now I'm off to find some more people to help!" Liz said. She walked away with a spring in her step, and happy thoughts in her head. Her mind was preoccupied thinking about who she would help next. She didn't even think to watch the ground below her as she walked.
CARLTON COURTS APARTMENTS


The little old woman was walking along the sidewalk, when she saw Liz's massive heel looming over her. The old lady's eyes widened in panic. "watch out, you oversized–" she shrieked, right before the toe of Liz's shoe came down on her.
TEPCO
IDCITY
URBANSPRAWL
MUSIC FESTIVAL
OCTOBER 17-18
Del's
LAUNDROMAT
336
Del's
LAUNDROMAT
336



The sound of the old lady's voice was abruptly cut off, replaced by a sickening crunch. Liz froze, her heart pounding in her chest as she slowly lifted her foot. Sprawled beneath the imprint of her heel was the crushed form of the old woman; her cane snapped in two beside her.

Liz froze mid-step, a cold wave of realization washing over her. She lifted her foot slowly, and for a moment, everything seemed to move in slow motion as she looked down at the red smear on the pavement. The old lady's cane lay broken beside it.


"Uh-uh, that's not good," Liz muttered, cringing as she looked down at what was left of the old lady. "I've really got to be better about watching where I'm going... But I'm-I'm trying my best, and that's what counts, right?"
Liz walked away, carefully watching the ground below her to make sure she didn't step on anyone else. She hoped that she could make up for that mistake, but it would take a lot to make up for squishing a poor old lady.



Just a few blocks away, an apartment building was in flames. Smoke was pouring out of the old brick building, and screams rang out from inside. A fire truck had just pulled up, its sirens blaring as it drove into position.


Three firemen jumped out of the truck, surveying the scene. "Seems unlikely that the fire is going to spread to nearby buildings at the moment, so evacuation is our top priority. Got that? Evacuation, then suppression! Let's move!" The lead fireman instructed the others. "Secure the stairwells, and start a floor-by-floor sweep. Be as thorough as you can, we don't have all day!"
100 FT
4500 PSI
HIGH PRESSURE
BREATHING AIR
FIRE DEPARTMENT
DIAL 911


The other firemen followed his orders, running towards the building. But before they'd taken more than a few steps, Liz rounded the corner. She was still feeling glum about stepping on the old lady, but her eyes lit up when she saw smoke rising into the sky.
175
HOTEL
LOANS
CLOSED
WARNING


"Oh my lucky stars, an apartment fire!" Liz exclaimed. "Finally, a chance to be a real hero. I'll show them how much I care!"


"Don't worry, y'all!" Liz shouted, her voice echoing through the streets. "There's no need to be afraid. Liz is on the scene, and she's gonna make sure everyone is safe!"
Del's LAUNDROMAT
336
LOANS
FOR SALE


Liz excitedly strolled over to the fire, shaking the ground with each massive step. All she could think about was how good it would feel to save all those people. She could already picture them looking up at her with amazement, and thanking her for saving them. She closed her eyes for a moment to picture the gratitude on their faces. She was so enraptured with thoughts of being a hero, she didn't even notice the crowds of people crunching under her feet.


She took another step, picking up the pace. Her foot landed on top of more innocent bystanders, cracking the pavement and flattening them into the asphalt. Liz didn't even notice the sound she was so fixated on her heroic fantasy. The survivors scattered around, trying to avoid Liz's massive feet but that proved difficult in such close quarters.
ONLY
STOP
STOP
ONLY


Liz's heel lifted up as she took another step, revealing the mess she'd made. The pavement below her foot had been reduced to a crater, and the remains of a half-dozen people were squished underneath. The sole of her sandal was streaked with blood, and what was left of a middle-aged man stuck to her heel like a piece of chewed-up gum.
APARTMENTS


Liz was happily oblivious to all this, and she continued on, squishing another crowd without even noticing. She took another step, raising her foot above the crowd. They screamed out, right before Liz's massive sole came crashing down.
OTEL
CAMERAS
TALENT AGENCY
TALENT AGENCY
CUT PRICE LIQUORS

The screams were silenced in an instant, replaced by the familiar crunch that Liz had grown so accustomed to ignoring. She felt a slight tickle beneath her sandal but paid it no mind, her focus entirely on the blazing building ahead. She had her eyes on the burning building now, laser-focused on her chance at redemption.


"Stand back, everyone!" Liz bellowed, striding towards the burning building. "Don't worry! Liz is here to save you!"
At that moment, Liz spotted a nearby water tower, and a spark of inspiration lit up her eyes. An idea sparked in her mind. "Water! That's exactly what this fire needs!" she exclaimed.


"Hang tight!" she announced. Liz reached out with a giant hand, forcefully tearing the metal tower off of its creaky supports. With a swift yank, she ripped it from its foundation, sending a cascade of water raining down onto the streets below.


Liz wasted no time turning the water tower on its side and dumping hundreds of gallons of water onto the blaze. Water surged out in a torrent, smashing against the side of the building and cascading down its walls. Steam hissed and swirled as the cool water met the raging inferno.
MIDCITY
URBANSTRAWB
MUSIC FESTIV
OCTOBER 17-18
Del's
LAUNDROMAT
336
HOTE
LOANS


Liz smiled at one of the firefighters, as she dumped more water on the building. "Don't you all worry now! I'm here to help and I've got it all under control!" Liz shouted. "You can take the day off, I'll take it from here!"


But as Liz poured out the last of the water, she started to realize her plan wasn't working. All that water had barely made a dent in the towering inferno. The blaze was still going strong, and showed no sign of stopping.
CARLTON COURTS
APARTMENTS


"Come on, Come on, there's got to be more!" Liz said, shaking the water tower. But it was no use. The thing had been drained in a matter of seconds, and the remaining droplets sizzled as they struck the fiery building.
"Well shit, I'm all out of ideas," Liz muttered.


Liz looked down at the group of firefighters, who were standing near her feet. "Whatever! Ignore the giant girl, we don't have time for this! Get in there, now!" He ordered.


Liz felt helpless sitting on the sidelines, so she looked to the firefighter for advice.
"What do I do? How do I help?" Liz asked.
"Just say the word, and I'll do it!"


"Stop interfering! We don't need your help!" the fire chief shouted at Liz. "You're a walking wrecking ball. Get out of here before you cause any more damage!"


Liz couldn't believe what he was saying. How could she just stand by, when lives were in danger? What kind of hero would just walk away, when people were trapped in a burning building? The firefighters were telling her to go, but what did they know? Maybe they just wanted to keep all the glory for themselves!
TkF


"No, I won't leave!" Liz said, her voice quivering with determination. "I can help! You have a big building on fire, and an even bigger girl who wants to contribute! I know I can make things easier for you!"
Liz looked around desperately for something else that could help, but found nothing. She racked her brain, trying to think of some way to help. But every second she spent doing nothing was another second the building spent burning down. The clock was ticking. What should she do?!
Then an idea struck. One she'd seen work in the past thanks to her Pa, though on a much smaller scale.


Why not stomp out the fire?
Liz raised her foot above the building, thinking that her massive sole could smother the flames. She hesitated for a second, unsure if this was the right course of action, but there was no time for doubt. "Here goes nothing!" Liz shouted. Then, with a determined look on her face, she brought her foot down.


Liz's foot plummeted down, cutting through the smoke. It was a delicate balance, stomping out the fire without smashing through the rest of the building. She tried to be gentle.
新創作ダイニング
森記書局
小說租借
書局記森
LOANS
PAY DAY LOANS
CASH LOANS
OPEN セール開催中
セール開催中!


She failed. Her foot plowed through the roof with a thunderous crash, sending debris flying in all directions. Floor after floor gave way, the old brick building giving little resistance to her massive heel. The building shuddered under the impact, walls groaning and splintering as her colossal foot attempted to smother the inferno.
1 HOUR FILM PROCESSING
LOANS
PAY DAY LOANS
新創作
森記書局
小說租售
OPEN


Liz stumbled forward, pressing down with her full weight. Her foot smashed through floor after floor, obliterating everything beneath her heel. Bricks and beams splintered and exploded outwards, raining down onto the street below. The firefighters scattered, yelling curses that were drowned out by the cacophony.


"Oh shit," Liz muttered. Most of the building had been reduced to a pile of rubble. The screams had stopped, giving way to an eerie silence. And despite it all, a fire was still raging on the ground floor.


Liz moved her foot out of the way, stepping onto the street. The firefighters scrambled out of the way, barely escaping her foot before it crashed down.
"Emergency retreat! Fall back now!" the fire chief shouted. The surviving firefighters sprinted down the street, running for their lives.



While the others ran, one of the firefighters stopped in his tracks. He turned back to face Liz, holding his hands in front of his face like to make a makeshift megaphone. "You're a walking natural disaster!" he shouted at Liz. "All you know how to do is destroy! If you want to help, then walk out of this city, and don't come back!"


Liz was incensed by the firefighter's words, and her face was flushed with anger. "You don't know how badly I want to stomp you right now," Liz admitted. "But if I did that, it would prove you right. I'm going to prove you wrong! I'm going to show you that I can help people!"


Liz looked around for something she could use to put out the flames. She looked down, and the first thing she saw was her T-shirt, stretched thin over her massive breasts. "I know, this will work!" Liz exclaimed. She grabbed the bottom of her shirt, lifting it over her head in one swift motion. The fabric strained against her curves as she pulled it free, the giant cotton T-shirt flapping like an enormous flag. Her naked breasts were visible for everyone to see, but Liz didn't care about modesty right now—she had lives to save!

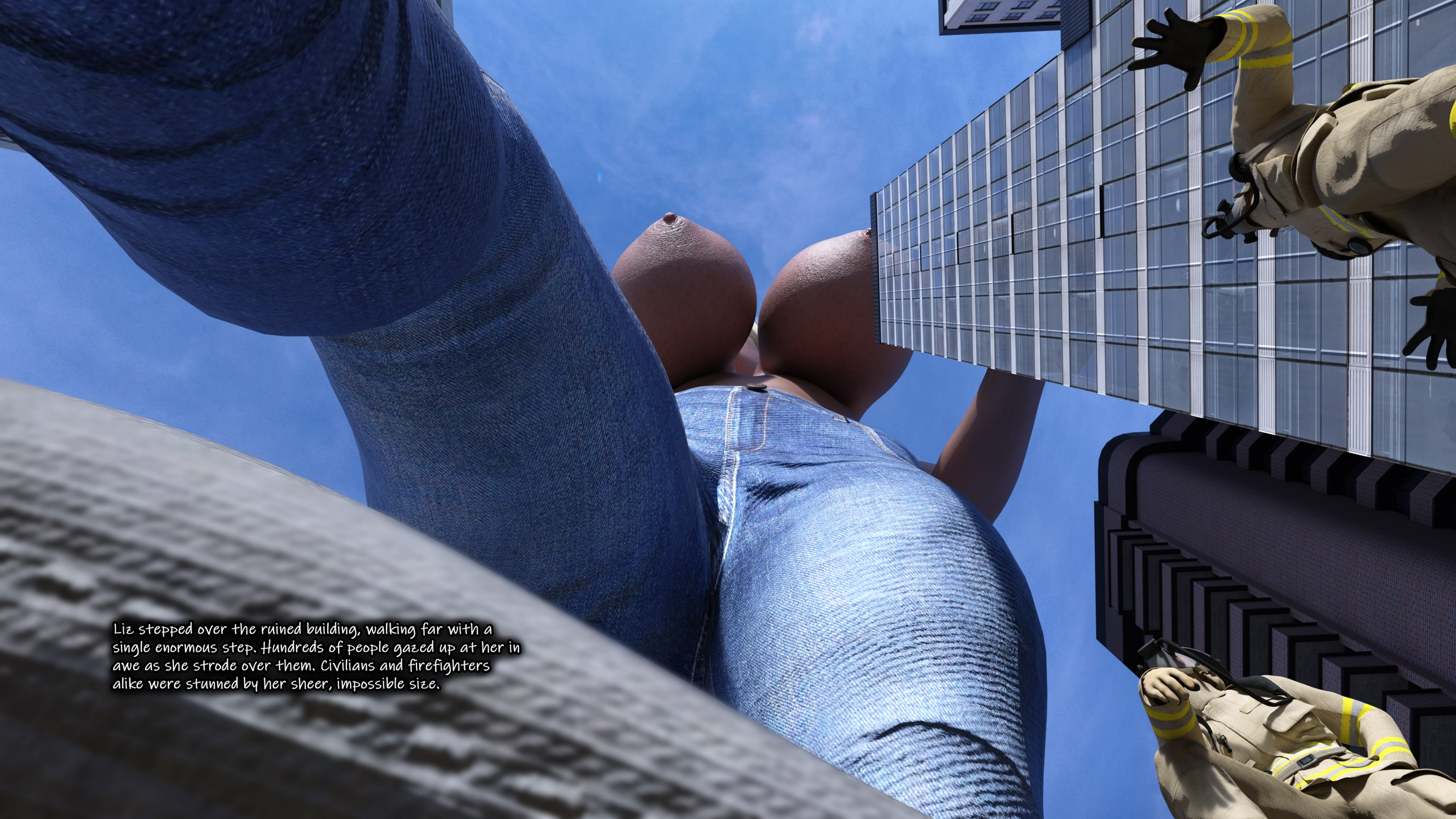

Holding the massive shirt with both hands, Liz crouched down and began to sweep it over the burning remains of the building. She leaned down and placed the makeshift cloth blanket over the flaming wreckage, attempting to smother the remaining embers all in one go.



Her massive shirt landed with a thud, covering the remaining flames in an instant. The trio of firefighters were caught underneath. Slowly, they wriggled out, struggling to escape with hundreds of pounds of fabric pressing down on them. Liz paid them no mind. Her attention was elsewhere.

The streets were full of people, and for once they weren't running away. They stared up at Liz, gazing upon the giantess with a mix of fear and astonishment.


As Liz stood over the smoldering rubble, she basked in the crowd's stunned attention. "Well? What do you think of that! You're looking at Liz Dixon, the biggest hero in the city!" Liz said triumphantly. "I'd love to stay and chat, but I have other people to save!" Her voice boomed across the urban landscape, reverberating through the streets.


Liz stepped over the ruined building, walking far with a single enormous step. Hundreds of people gazed up at her in awe as she strode over them. Civilians and firefighters alike were stunned by her sheer, impossible size.


Liz stepped down gently, doing her best not to crack the pavement. She heard people shouting up at her, but assumed they were just cheering her on. After all, why wouldn't they be?
MAKE YOUR VOICE HEARD
VOTE MAYOR GOLDIE
SHOP THERAPY
STARS
OPTICAL SUPPLIES
Del's
LAUNDROMAT
336
Phone
Phone



But just as Liz was about to walk away, she heard a voice shouting at her. She looked back, and saw a firefighter standing in the middle of the street, waving his fist up at her. "Wait! Come back!" the firefighters shouted.

"Listen, I'd love an apology, but do you have to bother me now? There's other places I've got to be! And besides, can't you guys handle it from here?"


"We would've been able to handle it if you hadn't just thrown your shirt down!" The bald firefighter shouted, pointing at the raging inferno. "Your oversized shirt caught on fire, and it's going to burn down the whole block if you don't put it out! This is your damn fault, so fix it already!"
CARLTON COURTS APARTMENTS


Liz took a deep breath, and pushed aside her worries. "Okay, Liz, you can do this," she whispered to herself. "This is it, your first big test. Time to show this city you can perform under pressure!"


"I'm coming, I'm coming!" Liz shouted. Not content to walk, she jogged towards the burning block, her massive breasts bouncing back and forth. Every step made the ground to quake beneath her, sending bystanders reeling. The shockwaves from her massive footfalls rattled windows and sent loose debris skittering across the pavement. As big as she was, the damage to the city had been limited. That was about to change.
MIDCITY
HOTEL
LIQUORS
MUSCLE


As she jogged through the streets, her hip smashed into the side of a skyscraper, tipping it over. The building groaned as it fell, causing tremors that reverberated through the ground, shaking the very foundation of neighboring structures.


Liz gasped, her eyes wide with fear. "Oh shit!" she exclaimed, her voice echoing through the urban canyon. She held her hands in the air, afraid of causing even more damage. She watched with bated breath as the skyscraper slammed into a nearby office tower, filling the air with smoke and dust.


Liz had hoped the smaller building might be enough to stop the skyscraper from tipping over, but she couldn't have been more wrong. The skyscraper sent the other building tipping over, like a giant-sized game of dominos. Bricks crumbled and glass shattered as the buildings ground against each other, tearing each other apart as they slowly collapsed.


Liz snapped back into reality, and reached out to catch the falling skyscraper. Her colossal hands were more than strong enough to hold the skyscraper in place, but the smaller brick tower was still toppling over. Little by little, it picked up momentum, tipping ever further over. "Oh shit, I've gotta do something!" Liz exclaimed.


APARTMENTS
APARTMENTS
Liz reached out with one hand, trying to stop the other building from collapsing. Her fingers brushed against the brick facade, but she couldn't get a firm enough grip to save it. The building continued to tip over, and Liz could only watch helplessly as it fell towards the ground, moving ever farther from her reach. She could hear the screams coming from inside of the building, a reminder of what was at stake.


"Shit! No you don't!" Liz shouted. She leaned forward, reaching out as far as she could in a desperate attempt to grab the falling office building. But in spite of her best efforts, the building was just out of reach. She pushed forward, letting the skyscraper tip over so she could get a little bit closer. But as she leaned forward, Liz felt herself losing her balance.


"Oh shit!" Liz cursed. "No no no no no no!!"
The skyscraper started to careen over, and Liz did along with it. She tried to stabilize herself using the building as support but that just made the problem worse. She was falling right along with the skyscraper, and there was nothing she could do to stop it.
CINEMA


Liz plummeted through the air, and her enormous body slammed down onto the skyscraper. Her tits and thighs smashed through the side of the building, obliterating glass and steel with little resistance.
MIDCITY


Liz's body slammed through building after building, each doing little to slow her down. The buildings crumbled beneath her, sending plumes of debris and clouds of dust billowing into the sky. Each impact sent shockwaves through the earth, causing entire blocks to shake as though an earthquake had hit.


The ground quaked violently as Liz finally hit the street level, creating a crater-like impact zone. Her colossal form finally came to rest in the middle of the street, surrounded by a cloud of dust and debris. The surviving firefighters ran away, but not all of them escaped before her body came crashing down.


"Aww, fuck that hurt!" Liz cursed. "And all because I was trying to help people..."
Liz groaned and slowly pushed herself up on her elbows. Her ponytail had come undone in the fall, and her hair was a mess, making her look disheveled. She stretched out her legs, barely registering that her foot was tearing through rows of fleeing people in the process. Their screams were muted, next to the ringing in her head.
MIDCITY
Del's LAUNDROMAT
TKF


Liz rubbed her eyes, trying to get the dust and dirt out of her eyes. But her dirty hands just made the problem worse, smearing soot and tears across her cheeks.
"Why can't I catch a break!" she whined.



As the smoke began to clear, Liz surveyed the scene of the disaster. The street was a war zone; buildings lay in ruins, vehicles were overturned, and smoke billowed up from multiple fires.

"The more I try to help, the worse things get," Liz admitted to herself. She felt a pang of guilt as she saw the terrified faces of the people below and heard the wailing of those trapped in the debris.


Liz sat back up, but every step seemed to cause more devastation. She tried to get up on her feet, using a nearby building to stabilize herself. What remained of the buildings around her crumbled under her weight, sending chunks of masonry cascading down like an avalanche.
"Fucking hell," Liz cursed. "Why do bad things always happen to me?"
MUSIC FESTIVAL
OCTOBER 17-18
Del's
LAUNDROMAT
336
TkF


Liz's bout of self-pity enraged one of the firefighters. "Are you fucking kidding me?" He shouted. "You just killed God knows how many people, and YOU feel bad? What about their families?! I hope you're ready to explain to them that you killed them all because of your buffoonery!"


Liz stood tall, staring down at the firefighter with simmering rage. "Oh yeah?" she asked. "Well at least I fucking tried, okay? I tried my best to help people. I really, really did."
The firefighter's face contorted with fury and grief. "Trying doesn't bring back the dead!" he yelled. "It doesn't matter whether you're trying to help or not. All you do is kill!"


"You know what?" You're right, Liz said, a wild look in her eye. "Helping people? I'm just not cut out for that shit. I tried, but ya'll can't stop giving me grief! But stomping them to bits? Well that, I've got a fucking knack for!"
Liz raised her blood-stained heel into the air, the firefighter's eyes widened with horror. His voice became a desperate plea, "Please, no—"


But it wasn't the firefighter Liz's sandal came down on. Instead, she stomped down on the firetruck, crushing it underneath her heel with a deafening crunch. Metal twisted and groaned as the vehicle was flattened into a twisted wreck.
FIRE DEPARTMENT



The firefighter blinked up at her, still paralyzed with fear. He watched as Liz twisted her heel, crushing what was left of the truck. Suddenly, the fuel tank ignited, exploding in a giant fireball.

"She's insane," he muttered, turning on his heel to flee amid the chaos.



Liz turned and walked away, each step sending tremors through the ground, causing more panic and confusion. People scattered like ants beneath her feet, but Liz no longer cared. The guilt and frustration had turned into a bitter numbness.

"Fuck trying to help people!" Liz shouted. "I'm gonna do what I want, when I want. Now where the hell does a giant girl go to get a drink in this town?"


On the other side of town, some workers were unloading boxes at a microbrewery. While the others were hard at work, the youngest of them was watching the seconds tick by on his watch. On the other side of town, some workers were unloading boxes at a microbrewery. While the others were hard at work, the youngest of them was watching the seconds tick by on his watch.


"Get ready boys, it's almost break time! I don't know about you guys, but working here really makes me want a nice, cold-"
Suddenly, the ground shook.
"Hey... Any of you guys feel that? Jesus, you don't think that big bitch is back in town, do you?"


Before anyone could respond, Liz appeared, walking out from behind a row of skyscrapers. She stopped abruptly, and stared curiously over at the construction.
"Oh shit, she's looking right at us!" a worker shouted. "Y-You don't think she's lookin' for food, right? She can see the tanks of booze?"


Thankfully for the men, it was the beer she was interested in. She'd planned on looking for something to drink before spotting the brewery and having her interest piqued. She'd not had a drink in a very long time. Her Pa used to worry about what could happen if Liz ever indulged too much on alcohol, so she'd held off out of respect. But she knew that after a hard day, people loved to drink a good, cold beer... And today had been one of the roughest in her memory.


Liz couldn't help but lick her lips as she thought about the idea. After all, she was thirsty, and this was much shorter than walking to the nearest lake. Who says she can't indulge herself with a little alcohol as a treat? Where's the harm in that?


"I sure do hope that's Coors Light, because I'm feelin' real thirsty!" Liz exclaimed. She smiled wide as she changed direction and strode towards the brewery, shaking the ground with each step. People on the streets below scrambled to escape after the sudden directional shift, but Liz had her eyes on the prize. Anyone in her path might as well not have even existed.


The workers froze in fear, watching in horror as Liz approached. She moved with terrifying speed, striding across a city block in a few massive steps. Before they knew it, she was right on top of them. Her heel slammed down onto the street just in front of them, sending cracks spreading through the area.


Liz leaned down, pointing at the massive tank. She looked down at the youngest worker, brushing her hair with her hand while she smiled flirtatiously. "Boy I sure am feelin' parched!" Liz said, emphasizing her country drawl. "Ya'll wouldn't mind if I had just a couple sips of this here beer, would ya?"

The young worker stared up, unable to utter a single word. The sight of Liz this close up was just so overwhelming. Her massive size, her beautiful face... And those huge, heavy breasts, squished up against her legs.

"Well...?" Liz asked again, twirling a finger around the metal container before tapping it loudly.


The other workers weren't quite so enamored, and scattered in every direction. Bottles broke as boxes were abandoned, leaving only the enraptured young man staring up. He stood there for a moment in stunned silence, trying to regain his composure. Finally, he worked up the nerve to clear his throat, and speak. "Y-you can have it all! Take it! It's yours!"


"Aww, well ain't you sweet?" Liz said. "You're awfully nice sharin' your drinks with a stranger like me, so I'll try my best not to squish ya'. And do you mind telling me what kind of beer it is?"
"Th-Those tanks aren't beer." the worker stuttered. "They're filled with malt liquor..."
"Malt liquor?" Liz asked, raising an eyebrow. "Can't say I've ever had that before, but I'm willin' to try anything once. So long as it's kept nice and cold I'm sure I'm gonna love it!"




Liz grabbed the top of the tank and pulled, before realizing how firmly stuck in the ground it was. But with a second, more forceful squeeze she managed to jostle it loose, and ripped it out from the concrete, exposing pipes underneath in the process.


"Gotcha!" Liz laughed, lifting the tank away from the ground as pipes and wires tumbled through the air. The metallic groan of the rupturing tank echoed through the city, alerting everyone nearby to the spectacle unfolding.


"Well ain't you a tall drink of booze!" Liz exclaimed. Eagerly, she pierced the roof with a fingernail, then ripped away the top of the tank like a tuna can. The scent of the malt liquor wafted up to Liz's nose, and she inhaled deeply, savoring the unfamiliar aroma.


The contents of the tank sloshed wildly, a golden wave glimmering under the sun before settling down into a frothy bubbling surface. As it did, she could see that some of it was beginning to spill over the sides, so it was best not to waste any time.


Liz tilted the tank back, letting a small river of the golden liquid flow into her mouth. She gulped down the malt liquor with a satisfied smack of her lips. The taste was pleasantly surprising! A faint sweetness mixed with the sharp tang of alcohol, dancing on her tongue like a mischievous sprite. Forgetting herself for a moment, Liz took another deep swig, enjoying the warmth spreading through her massive frame.


"Whoo-ee!" she exclaimed after taking one last, long gulp. "That's some mighty strong stuff!" She wiped her mouth with the back of her hand, leaving a trail of frothy foam on her cheek. She'd gotten her fill of the malt liquor, but she wondered what else they had in store.
JAIMEES FAJITA WRAPS


Without even realizing it, Liz shifted her weight and adjusted the placement of her foot. That tiny, accidental movement had massive consequences for a group of fleeing workers. The front of her sandal swung forward, moving faster than the little men could run. Her foot rushed towards them like a truck, threatening to run them all down. In the face of this apparent doom, one of the men screamed out in horror.

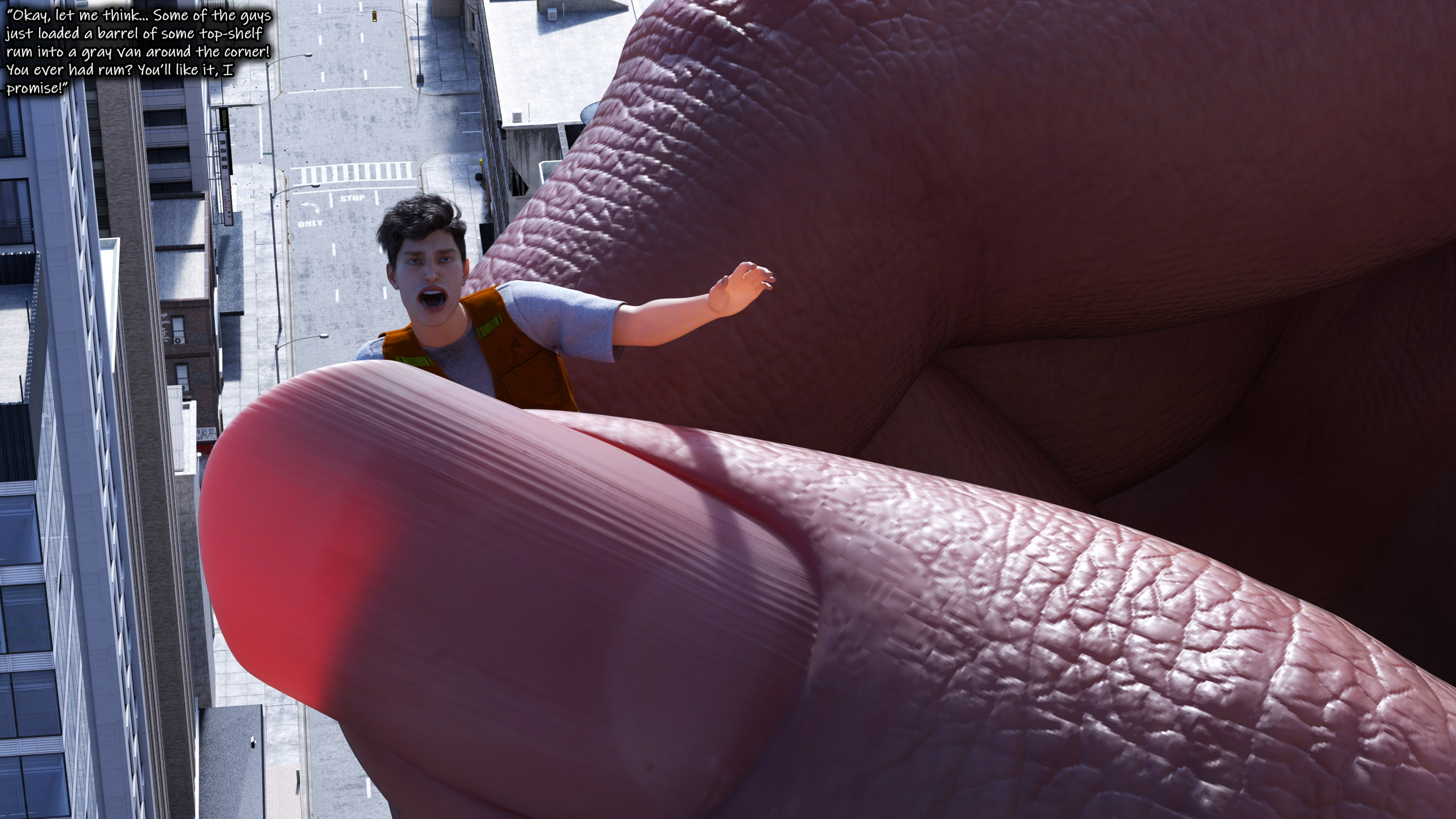

That scream got Liz's attention. She looked down at the men curiously. They looked so small and insignificant, like weird little bugs in their little orange suits. It seemed so silly that Liz had ever cared about hurting the little things. Why should she worry? She was big. She could do what she wanted. Besides, they'd had enough time to get out of here as far as she was concerned.


Liz raised her foot, casting a long shadow over the terrified workers below. She held it there for a moment, thinking about how easy it would be to let them run away. For a split second, her Hollywood bad-girl persona flickered, replacing the farm girl who'd once cared for delicate crops and gentle animals.
Then Liz brought her heel down.


Liz didn't step down particularly hard. There was really no need. Just a gentle press was more than enough to turn the noisy workers into a grisly red smear on the concrete. She felt the crunch beneath her sandal and closed her eyes momentarily, fighting the surge of satisfaction and guilt that twisted within her.
"Oopsie," she said with a lopsided grin. She felt the smallest pang of regret, but it passed in a moment. She had more pressing concerns.
PLANET
TETLEYS
EUROCAR
GOAD
TEPCO


Liz looked around the brewery, and quickly spotted the same young worker who had helped her just moments ago. "There you are!" Liz said, licking her chops. "I need you real bad!"
Liz reached down, her enormous hand descending upon the panicked worker. He froze, his eyes wide with terror as he realized there was no hope of escape.


Liz plucked the young worker up between her fingers like he was nothing more than a doll. His terrified yelp was almost lost to the wind as she brought him up to her face. He wriggled and squirmed, but Liz held him firmly.
"You're gonna help me, boy," Liz told him, her voice sultry. "You're gonna help me find some more booze. If you're a good boy, then maybe I'll be nice to you. And if not, well... I'll do what I do to all the others. So tell me, where do you keep the best booze? I don't want none of that moonshine stuff made in a tub either. I mean the good stuff."


"Okay, let me think... Some of the guys just loaded a barrel of some top-shelf rum into a gray van around the corner! You ever had rum? You'll like it, I promise!"
STOP
ONLY


"Rum, huh?" Liz mused. It was a drink she'd heard her pa mention occasionally, but that was about as far as her knowledge went. "Can't say I ever tried the stuff, but there's a first time for everything. But what about after that? Any other trucks or tanks nearby?"
"I... don't think so?" he said.
"Okay, sweetie." Liz said, smiling before blowing a kiss at him. "Thanks for the help."
"You're welco—"


Before the worker knew what was happening, Liz shoved him into her mouth. The taste of fear mingled with the lingering malt liquor, a bizarre cocktail that sent shivers of pleasure down her spine. She held him there for a moment, savoring his squirms, before finishing him off with a quick swallow, as if he was nothing more than a chaser for her drink.


While he was still squirming down her throat, Liz looked around for the barrel of rum. Sure enough, there was an old gray van just around the corner. Liz was already feeling the effects of the malt liquor, but she was eager to see what sort of new experiences awaited her. What DOES rum taste like? And where's the harm in indulging herself just a little more...?
JOB BRAND
NAVY RUM



A few miles away, life was going on as normal. It was just after five, and downtown was full of people minding their own business. Word had gotten out that Liz was back in town, but this was a big city and it took more than that to scare people off. Odds are she was miles away, rampaging through some other unfortunate neighborhood. If they couldn't see it, then they didn't consider it a threat worth worrying about.


Unfortunately for this particular crowd, Liz was closer than they realized. She stumbled out from behind a row of buildings, drunkenly grinning at the sight of so many people. It was like a buffet just waiting for her. She wobbled slightly, the ground trembling beneath her massive weight, each step causing minor tremors that sent nearby windows rattling.
"Oh shit, she's here!" A man in a blue suit shouted. One by one, more people turned, staring up at the naked, inebriated giantess. Soon, the whole crowd was in a panic.
Museum St
SERGIOS DESIGNER MENS SHOPS
TRENZ
MENSWEAR
PROPERTY AGENT


"Hey everyone, guess who's back?" Liz asked, slurring her words. "That's right, it's me! Liz fuckin' Dixon. Yeah, I said fuck, what of it? I don't give a shit anymore. Guess what, I'm naaaayked! And guess what else? I'm done bein' gentle. I tried my best, and NONE of ya'll appreciated it. So guess what? I'm back to the old me! And all of you'd better run, cause I'm feelin' stompy!"



Liz stomped down in the middle of the street, crushing several cars beneath her feet. It was a brutal statement of intent. People who were stuck in traffic abandoned their cars and ran for their lives. Soon the streets were full of people, weaving between abandoned cars as they ran away from Liz.


Liz couldn't help but laugh at their terrified screams as she chased them down. "Aww yeah, this is way more fun than bein' a little goody two-shoes!" Liz mumbled, as she drunkenly shambled through the streets. "You can run, and you can hide. But there's no gettin' off this ride! Liz is gonna squish ya' good!"
Liz raised her foot high into the air, not bothering to look at the people beneath her. This section of the street wasn't even visible beneath her chest, so she was hardly even aware of the people here in favor of those up ahead.


Liz's heel slammed down on a movie truck, which burst into flames. That sent the fleeing crowd into even more of a panic, with people scrambling over each other to escape the inferno. Before they could escape, she brought the front of her foot down. Her toes caught more fleeing people, squishing them under her incredible weight.


Liz took another careless step, annihilating everything beneath her. People and cars alike were crushed beyond recognition, reduced to scraps of metal and a thin red mulch. Her foot was as wide as two lanes of traffic, and every step caused massive devastation. Each step, each squish, felt like a strange celebration of her dominance.


Liz took another step. Her foot swung forward, knocking a group of people onto the ground. Then, Liz brought her foot down, with uncharacteristic gentleness. The people under her were trapped beneath her sole, struggling for breath while Liz's foot pressed down on them. Little by little, Liz increased the pressure, toying with the unfortunate people trapped under her foot.


Then, suddenly, Liz pressed down with all her weight. The screams reached a pitch and then abruptly cut off, replaced by the sickening crunch of bones. Blood sprayed up from between her toes like a crimson fountain.
"Y'all are so damn squishy!" Liz laughed, giddy with rum. "I could squish you all day, just like stompin' grapes back on the farm! Now who wants to get squished next?"


Liz tried to walk forward, but she was suddenly stopped when her hip slammed into a nearby building. "What the hell?" Liz said, glaring down at the building.


Liz turned around, facing the building. "You think you can mess with me and get away with it? Because if you do, you've got another thing coming," Liz said, wagging your finger at the building. "Oh, go ahead. Act all innocent. Well guess what? That ain't workin' on me!"


"WHAT THE FUCK DID YOU JUST SAY?!" Liz shouted, her words echoing through the streets. "Okay, that's it. I'll show you what happens when you mess with Liz freakin' Dixon!"


Liz raised her foot high into the air, pressing her toes against the side of the building. She attempted a kick, but it came out more as a forceful shove, pushing the building over with all of her might. Little by little, the building started to topple over. "Take that, you stupid... thing!!" Liz shouted.


Liz, ever impatient, pushed harder. The walls finally gave way, and her foot smashed through the side of the building like a battering ram. Bricks and mortar exploded outward, raining down on the street below. Liz tried to pull her foot out from the crumbling building, but found her foot was stuck within the rubble. She tugged and pulled, her frustration mounting as the building resisted her efforts.
"Come on, you stupid...lousy...brick pile!" she growled, rocking back and forth to free herself.


With one final heave, Liz managed to dislodge her foot from the debris. Her moment of victory was short-lived. She stumbled backwards, falling towards a row of buildings behind her.
URBANSPRAWL
MUSIC FESTIVAL
OCTOBER 17-18
SERGIOS DESIGNER MENS SHOES
$DOLLAR
TOYS • KITCHEN & BATHROOM • BABY ITEMS • CLEANING PET & ELECTRIC SUPPLIES


Liz's massive ass plummeted down, careening towards a row of office buildings. Her ass was capable of incredible destruction from the slightest movement. But now, falling, it was like a force of nature. Hundreds of tons falling through the air like a comet, threatening to obliterate anything unfortunate enough to be caught underneath.


The evacuation order for the people inside had happened minutes ago, but too many of the people inside stared slack-jawed at the scene outside of their windows. When the giantess had appeared they knew how dangerous the situation was, but their unique vantage point kept them interested in the proceedings. That changed abruptly when it was clear she'd lost her balance. They rushed to the stairwell with newfound urgency, but their haste wouldn't be enough. Liz's ass careened towards them at incredible speed. Before they had time to comprehend what was happening, it was all over.


Liz's gargantuan ass slammed into the office buildings with a deafening boom. Floor after floor gave way, and the buildings crumbled under her immense weight. Everything inside was pulverized into unrecognizable rubble. A cloud of dust and debris erupted, engulfing the street in a thick, suffocating blanket.
Seconds later, Liz's feet hit the ground, smashing the pavement. Her body stretched across a city block, towering over everything around her. Hundreds of people ran through the streets, desperate to get away from the rampaging giantess.
HOTEL
LOANS
CASH LOANS
PAY DAY LOAN
CITYCARE


"Holy shit, these buildings really have it in for me!" Liz muttered. "Good thing I'm big enough to defend myself, because this city's a real death trap!"
Liz took a moment to catch her breath. All that chaos had gotten her heartrate up. It wasn't out of a deep concern for the people she'd crushed. Liz couldn't care less about the carnage beneath her. She was just worried that she might hurt herself in the fall, but the building had done a great job of breaking her fall.


When the sounds of the city finally died down, Liz could hear a familiar sound. Liz hadn't eaten in hours, and her stomach was starting to rumble. All that booze had given Liz a craving for something more substantial. Something a bit more filling, and meatier. She would have killed for a half-dozen barbecued whole cows right about now, but that didn't seem likely to materialize in front of her.
Luckily, she very quickly spotted the next best thing. A couple of city buses, conveniently trapped right in front of her thanks to all the chaos.



"Well well, talk about meals on wheels!" Liz said, licking her chops. "So nice of you, looking out for little ol' me. You must be awfully brave, sacrificing yourselves like that... But I'd better snatch you up, just in case you get second thoughts!"


She reached down and gingerly picked up the buses, holding them as though they were playthings. The people inside screamed, pounding on the windows in sheer panic. Liz ignored them, her stomach growling louder.
"Come on," she purred, her voice taking on a sultry, taunting edge. "Don't be shy. I promise... this will be quite the ride." With that, Liz's lips curled into a wicked grin.
60234
MTA
MTA
60234


While she held one bus between her legs, Liz lifted the other bus up to her face. Liz licked her lips as she peeked into its windows, gazing hungrily at the people inside. Terrified faces stared back at her, eyes wide with shock and horror.
"Oh, don't look so glum," she chuckled darkly. "I promise it'll be over right quick!"


Liz licked the front end of the bus like it was an oversized ice cream cone. The metal didn't taste like much, but the screams of the people inside were music to her ears. They sounded sweeter than any treat could possibly taste, and their fear awakened her other appetites.
MTA
60234
11B 19th Street
MTA



With one bus at face-level, she pressed the other in-between her legs, gently parting her pussy open in the process. She did so, slowly and teasingly. She imagined what it must be like for the tiny people inside, and she waited a moment to build up anticipation before she pushed it even deeper inside of her. She felt the entire thing gently shake as the frantic movements of those trapped inside were just enough to make it vibrate, and the crunching sounds the vehicle itself made fueled her darker desires.


"Now it's your turn," Liz said, turning her attention to the other bus. "I'm way too damn big to suck any of you little guys's little cocks, but this... This might just be the next best thing..."
MTA
60234
11B 19th Street
MTA
MTA


Liz stared lustfully at the terrified passengers. "I want to feel you inside of me," Liz moaned. "So I'm gonna suck you down real deep... All the way down..."



The driver screamed as Liz raised the bus closer to her mouth. Liz took a deep breath, inhaling the scent of fear and desperation that permeated the bus. She could practically taste it on her lips as she lowered her head towards the vehicle. It trembled in her grip, its occupants frantic to escape their fate.


Liz raised the bus to her mouth, opening wide to guide the huge metal chassis into her throat. Her thick lips engulfed the front of the vehicle as she shoved it deeper, using her tongue to press against the sides as she went. Saliva dripped from the sides of her open mouth, coating the windows as she sucked on the bus and threatened to break it apart with the strength of her jaws alone.


She thrust both of the buses inside her, pulling them back only to push them back in again. The passengers inside screamed in agony as they tumbled through the air and collided with each other, but their suffering only amused Liz. All she cared about was her pleasure,


Liz began to move her hips, bucking and thrusting her colossal frame against the air as she fucked the bus against her sensitive pussy lips. The other bus slid in and out of her mouth in time with her movements, its screaming cargo creating a symphony of suffering. The sound of their cries, muffled by the rubbery walls of her pussy and her own hunger-fueled moans, spurred Liz on.
Inside her dark, wet cavern, the remaining passengers of the buses felt each other being jostled and crushed against the unforgiving metal walls.
They squirmed and screamed as they were pressed against one another, their pleas for mercy at best falling upon deaf ears or at worse, contributing to Liz's twisted pleasure.


With a swift motion, Liz forced the bus even deeper into her mouth. She savored their muffled screams as they sank deeper into her cavernous throat. Liz was so excited at the moment she was hardly aware of just how big the thing actually was, and tried to swallow.


When she failed to do so her eyes went wide and she gagged, her throat convulsing around the mass of metal lodged in her gullet. Her eyes rolled back as she began to cough, a guttural noise escaping her lips as she tried to massage it back up from the outside using her fingers. For a fleeting moment, her predatory instincts gave way to sheer panic.
Juice


Thankfully, all of her efforts paid off. Liz managed to pinch the back of the bus with two fingers and slowly draw it out from the depths of her throat. Disappointed as she was in herself for failing to swallow the entire thing, she was at least grateful that she could breathe again, and teased the occupants by sliding it around her lips a few more times before finally pulling it all the way out.
MTA
LIQUORS


Liz smiled, her eyes half-lidded as she looked at the terrified people inside. "Dang, guess I'm not big enough to swallow ya'll like a candy bar... yet. But I s'pose that's fine. Cause I'm still gonna eat ya anyway!" she taunted, her eyes gleaming. "I think I'm gonna pour your tiny asses into my mouth like a bunch of sprinkles. Doesn't that sound fun?"
MTA


Liz held the bus above her mouth, shaking it up and down. With each shake, people flew up into the air, only to slam into the windshield. Cracks stretched across the glass like spiderwebs, growing every time the mass of passengers inside slammed into it.
Then, all at once, the windshield gave way. The glass shattered, sprinkling both tiny bodies and massive shards of glass onto Liz's tongue. She wasn't the least bit bothered by either, savoring the tingling sensation as they squirmed about on her tongue and spread their flavors all over her taste buds.
MTA
11B 19th Street


Finally, when she was satisfied with her prize, Liz closed her mouth. A lazy smile formed on her lips as she rolled the unfortunate souls around with her tongue before pressing them harshly against the roof of her mouth. Their screams became nothing more than delicious vibrations against her palate. Finally, with a satisfied hum, she swallowed, sending every last one of them down her throat.



As Liz licked her lips clean of any remnants, she thrust the bus deeper into her pussy. She could still feel the panicked movement inside her as its remaining occupants squirmed in desperation. It was an intoxicating sensation—one that caused a shiver of pleasure to ripple through her massive frame. She moaned louder, the windows in the surrounding buildings vibrating from the vibrations. A few small tremors shook the city, as if it were moaning along with her.


CINEMA
Despite her best efforts to hold herself back, Liz felt an orgasm approach like an oncoming freight train. Sweat beaded on her brow as she slammed both buses relentlessly into her waiting cavern and mouth. The sound of gears grinding, metal bending, and people screaming combined into a cacophony that only served to drive her arousal higher. With a final, earth-shaking moan, Liz reached climax.


Finally satisfied, Liz pulled the bus out of her, but her climax was far from over. A sudden growth spurt caught her off guard, demolishing what was left of the building beneath her. "Oh shit! Why couldn't this have happened while I was tryin' to swallow the bus?" Liz complained.
MTA


"Oh, who am I kiddin'? This is great!" She said, quickly changing her tune as she tossed aside the bus she'd used to get herself off, and let the feeling of growth wash over her. The growth itself was more stimulation than the bus could have ever provided her with anyway, as she felt waves of orgasmic pleasure crash into her repeatedly.
TkF
TETLEYS


With each wave her body surged upwards and outward, her limbs growing longer with every passing second. The ground shook as her feet were pushed further apart, demolishing through city blocks like sandcastles. Office buildings crumbled against her legs, reduced to rubble by her growing thighs.
TkF
TETLEYS


"Mmmm, fuck yeah! Look how big I'm getting!" Liz proclaimed gleefully. Her body stretched upwards as her growth spurt intensified. The ground quaked with every inch she gained, sending shockwaves rippling through the decimated cityscape. Her head rose higher and higher, until she towered the tallest skyscrapers even while sitting.
TkF
TETLEYS
EUROCAR
SOAD
TEPCO


Liz laughed as she felt her body expanding, surging taller and wider with each passing second. It felt so good to grow! She could feel the power coursing through her veins as her muscles swelled larger. Her arms and legs elongated, stretching out as she soared to new heights.
TkF
TETLEYS
EUROCAR
SOAD
TEPCO


Liz's body expanded, flattening more buildings. Crowds of people poured out of the buildings and onto the streets, desperate to escape before Liz grew straight through even more nearby buildings. They flooded into the streets, running as fast as they could to get away from the growing giantess.
But it was hopeless. For as fast as they ran, Liz's foot simply moved faster. Her growth was accelerating, and her legs were stretching outward at an incredible speed. Her feet barreled forward, quickly closing the distance between herself and them.
TRENZ
MENSWEAR


Liz's foot slammed into the back of the crowd. Her enormous sole plowed through the fleeing crowds, knocking down one after another. Those unfortunate enough to fall under her heels were crushed beneath Liz's heel, which plowed forward like a steamroller. Her foot ground them into the pavement, pulverizing their bodies into a sticky red paste.
TRENZ
MENSWEAR
CITYCARE WASTE


Liz was only vaguely aware of the chaos her growth was causing. Her eyes were closed, and she was focused entirely on the orgasmic pleasure her growth spurt was giving her. Liz's incredible growth spurt continued unabated as she soared to new heights, her body expanding in all directions.
She threw her head back in ecstasy, moaning loudly as waves of pleasure surged through her. "Oh fuck yeah, I'm getting so much bigger!" Liz exclaimed, as her orgasmic growth finally came to a stop. "Oh fuck...!"


That final burst of growth was more than Liz's drunken body could handle. Utterly exhausted, she collapsed backwards, her full enormous form crashing onto the streets below. Hundreds of tiny figures scattered in terror, fleeing the point of impact. Screams rang out from the streets below, as they found themselves in the giant womans' shadow.


Liz's massive body crashed down onto the ruined city with earthshaking force, pulverizing everything beneath her. Office buildings crumpled like tin cans beneath her, exploding into clouds of dust and debris that obscured visibility. Liz's head bounced off the concrete, ending whatever semblance of consciousness she was clinging to.
STOP
STOP
ONLY



Hours later, Liz began to stir. She blinked several times as she tried to get a handle on where she was, before realizing that she hadn't moved an inch. She was still lying down, passed out in the middle of downtown.

Her arms were sprawled out across a block in Chinatown, held up by several crowded office buildings. Police had since set up a barricade around her, stopping anyone from getting too close. A handful of curious onlookers stood near the barricade and watched, staring up at the sleeping giantess while conversing or taking photos.



A block away, a larger crowd was gathered around Liz's head, watching the giantess rest. She looked almost angelic, lying there peacefully. When she wasn't moving it was much more difficult to see her as the same monster that had been rampaging through the city just a few hours prior.

The crowd stared up at Liz, with a mix of excitement and trepidation. People flinched at her every slight movement, afraid over what looked like signs of life just a moment prior. But in front of all of them stood one woman, utterly unbothered by the crowds surrounding the area.



"Let me through, you idiots!" Miranda yelled as she pushed through the crowds to confront the police in her white dress.

"Sorry ma'am, but this is a restricted area. We're not letting just anyone through." The policeman before her said smugly.

"I'm not just anyone, I'm Liz's agent!" Miranda shouted, raising her voice in frustration. "Hell, that's underselling it. I'm her best friend! Her confidant! The one person who can keep her under control... When I feel like it. So you'd better let me through, because I swear to God, if you get on my bad side, I'll..."



Miranda's voice trailed off as Liz's head began to gradually turn to the side. Her eyes looked straight at the small woman, and a hint of a smile began to form on her full lips, before it faded just as quickly. "Oh." She said, unsure of how to feel. "It's you."

"Really? That's how you're going to greet your best friend?" Miranda asked.

"Best friend?" Liz asked, looking back up to the sky.



"Yeah. Best friend." Miranda replied with an exasperated sigh. "Look, Liz. I know our last conversation didn't end on the right foot, but look at you. A woman of your stature should not be sleeping naked on the streets. I know a nice little place you can stay. It's nothing fancy, but it's, well, it's better than the streets. So are you in?"

Liz looked back down to Miranda listlessly. She was still out of it, and the lack of response frustrated Miranda as she rubbed her temples.

"Come on, Liz. Work with me here. It's a nice place, I promise. Lots of space, and plenty of room to grow."


"Plenty of room to..." Liz said, the smile gradually returning. "Yeah... I think I'd like that." She said wistfully. "And... I'm sorry, Miss Miranda. I shouldn't have chased you off like that. I was just angry, and thought I'd be better off alone... But I was wrong. We really do work better as a team."
"I try." Miranda said flatly. "I want what's right for you, Liz. And if making you happy means flattening half the city... Well that's a price I'm willing to pay!"
"You and me both." Liz replied. "You and me both."
Giant woman disaster control
DO NOT CROSS
Giant woman disaster control
DO NOT CROSS


Giant woman disaster control
DO NOT CROSS
Giant woman disaster control
END OF PART 5

CELEBRITY CRUSH 5
SIZE COMPARISON




JACKOFBULLETS GIANTESS COMICS
ego ostendam tibi desperandam


RFD COMICS
PATREON.COM/REDFIREDOG
GUMROAD.COM/REDFIREDOG
TONS OF GREAT 3D GIANTESS COMICS!