# CELEBRITY CRUSH 6




CHINESE RESTAURANT
ART BY JACKOFBULLETS
STORY BY REDFIREDOG
EDITED BY EMMAGEAR

The blazing afternoon sun beat down on the empty streets of downtown Los Angeles as a handsome, red-haired man in his early thirties stood before a camera, microphone in hand.

"This is Brad Thompson, coming to you live from what was supposed to be the 'biggest movie premiere of all time'," he began, his voice dripping with sarcasm. "But it seems the only thing big about this event is the disappointment."




# LIZ DIXON ABSENT AT PREMIERE

BSN




Brad motioned for the cameraman to follow him as he sauntered down the street. "Our favorite gargantuan starlet, the one and only Liz Dixon, is fashionably late to her own premiere." He continued, rolling his eyes dramatically. "Though, given how she's been dressing lately, one has to wonder if 'fashionably' is the right word."

# LIZ DIXON ABSENT AT PREMIERE

BSN




# LIZ DIXON ABSENT AT PREMIERE

BSN




Brad was halfway across a crosswalk when a distant boom echoed through the city. He froze, his eyes widening as he slowly turned back to the camera.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he whispered, his voice trembling, "I think our guest of honor has finally arrived."

The ground began to shake in rhythmic thuds, with each successive impact growing stronger. Brad's face paled as he stared past the camera, his mouth agape.

BREAKING NEWS

LIZ DIXON ARRIVES AT PREMIERE

BSN




"Shit... shit she's coming right this way! Move!" Brad screamed, all pretense of professionalism abandoned as he sprinted away from the camera. He looked back one last time, terror etched across his features. "Run, you idiot!" he shouted at the cameraman as he ran across the street.

BREAKING NEWS

LIZ DIXON ARRIVES AT PREMIERE | BSN




The camera shook violently as a massive black platform heel came crashing down, filling the entire frame. There was a sickening crunch and a spray of crimson as the TV host's upper body burst against the pavement, his legs twitching grotesquely beneath the enormous shoe filling the frame.

BREAKING NEWS

# LIZ DIXON ARRIVES AT PREMIERE

BSN


The cameraman gasped audibly at the horrific sight, before slowly panning upwards. As he did so the towering form of Liz in all her terrifying glory was revealed. 700 feet of woman loomed over the city skyline, her curvaceous figure barely contained within a skin-tight white dress that clung to every voluptuous curve. She swayed unsteadily on massive black platform heels, each shoe easily the size of a city bus.
BREAKING NEWS
LIZ DIXON ARRIVES AT PREMIERE
BSN


The cameraman panted at the close call as the unaware Liz stumbled away from the scene, her enormous backside coming into full view. The white fabric of her dress was stretched taut across her colossal behind, threatening to split at the seams with each thunderous step. Her hips swayed hypnotically, the movement sending shockwaves through the surrounding buildings. The camera zoomed in on her deadly heels as they crashed into the pavement, leaving craters in their wake and sending tremors through the earth that registered on nearby seismographs.
BREAKING NEWS
LIZ DIXON ARRIVES AT PREMIERE
BSN


Liz came to an unsteady halt in front of what remained of the historic theater. Half of the once-great building had been reduced to rubble, with a few brave souls huddled near the part that still stood. A handful of B-list celebrities stood nervously alongside a few intrepid paparazzi, their faces a mixture of awe and terror as they craned their necks to take in the full scope of the giantess looming above them.
AMERICAN MUSCLE
TRENZ
MENSWEAR
BREAKING NEWS
LIZ DIXON ARRIVES AT PREMIERE
BSN


From behind a hastily erected scaffolding, the paparazzi began furiously snapping photos. Flashes illuminated Liz's towering form, highlighting the sheen of sweat on her skin.
ATTACK
OF THE
CANTON
BREAKING NEWS
LIZ DIXON ARRIVES AT PREMIERE
BSN

If none of that made it clear that she was drunk, all doubt was wiped away the second she opened her mouth.

"Heyyyyy everybody." she slurred, her voice booming across the city like thunder. She raised the massive bottle she was holding, smiled at it, then looked back down at the remains of the theater. Her unfocused gaze swept over the tiny figures below her, and she swayed dangerously, nearly losing her balance before catching herself. Her massive breasts heaved with each drunken laugh, threatening to spill out of her tight dress.

"Welcome to my fuckin' premiere!" She finally said after an uncomfortably long silence. "Who's... Who's ready to watch some goddamn cinema?!" She asked, letting out a loud, unhinged laugh.




The small crowd by the theater exchanged nervous glances before hesitantly raising their cameras once more. Flashes popped as they captured images of the swaying giantess, her inebriated state making her more unpredictable and dangerous than ever. The two celebrities who showed up were beginning to regret their choices as they forced smiles and waved weakly, hoping they might be able to leech some clout off of this situation.
"Hi down there...!" Liz smiled, waving down to the people. She blinked several times while looking at the crowds and began to point at them to count, before her smile faded.
ATTACK
OF THE
WOMAN
BREAKING NEWS
LIZ DIXON ARRIVES AT PREMIERE
BSN




# LIZ DIXON DESTROYS THEATER

BSN


As Liz's colossal form shifted, preparing to move, one of the paparazzi finally came to his senses. His eyes widened in terror as he realized the true danger of the situation.
"Oh God, we're all gonna die!" he screamed, dropping his camera and sprinting away from the scene as fast as his legs could carry him.
The other two photographers, however, seemed entranced by the spectacle before them. They continued snapping photos frantically, desperate to capture every moment of the drunken giantess's antics.
BREAKING NEWS
LIZ DIXON ARRIVES AT PREMIERE
BSN


The news cameraman captured the heart-stopping moment as Liz's enormous foot lifted off the ground. Her black platform heel, as big as a small house, rose ominously into the air. The white dress rode up her thigh, revealing miles of tanned skin.
Fine Old
Jamaica Rum
Aged in Oak for Five Years
AGED 5 YEARS
Produce of the West Indies
BREAKING NEWS
LIZ DIXON ARRIVES AT PREMIERE
BSN




Liz swayed dangerously as she attempted to step over the remaining walls of the theater. "Just gotta find a good spot," she muttered to herself, her voice echoing across the city like thunder. In her drunken state, Liz's usually graceful movements were replaced by clumsy, lumbering steps. She squinted down at the ground, trying to focus on where to place her foot. Her messy blonde hair whipped around her face as she swayed, her glazed eyes struggling to focus on the tiny world beneath her feet.

"Just gotta... find a good spot," Liz slurred, her voice booming across the cityscape. She lifted her right foot, the enormous black platform heel hovering ominously over what remained of The Grand Theater. For several seconds it hovered there while she studied her shadow to try and determine where to step down.

# LIZ DIXON ARRIVES AT PREMIERE

BSN




# LIZ DIXON DESTROYS THEATER

BSN




# LIZ DIXON DESTROYS THEATER

BSN




# LIZ DIXON DESTROYS THEATER

BSN




The ground trembled violently from the impact, sending shockwaves through the surrounding area. The brave cameraman capturing everything suddenly lost his balance, stumbling backwards in a vain effort to remain standing and keep the camera steady all at once. With a yelp of surprise, he toppled over, landing hard on the pavement. A sharp pain shot through his knee, and he let out a string of expletives. The camera slipped from his grasp, clattering to the ground beside him. It bounced once, twice, before coming to rest on its side, still miraculously recording. The lens captured the cameraman's grimace of pain as he clutched his injured knee, all broadcast live to millions of stunned viewers across the country.

# LIZ DIXON DESTROYS THEATER

BSN




"This thing better still be on..." The cameraman muttered, quickly spotting the camera nearby despite the pain searing through his leg. All the while behind him Liz's massive foot finally settled onto the ground after the devastating stomp. The cameraman wasn't about to let a little thing like a shattered kneecap stop him from capturing the story of the century, though. With a groan of effort, he stretched out his arm, fingers straining towards the fallen camera. Sweat beaded on his brow as he inched closer, ignoring the screaming protest from his injured leg.

# LIZ DIXON DESTROYS THEATER

BSN




# LIZ DIXON DESTROYS THEATER

BSN



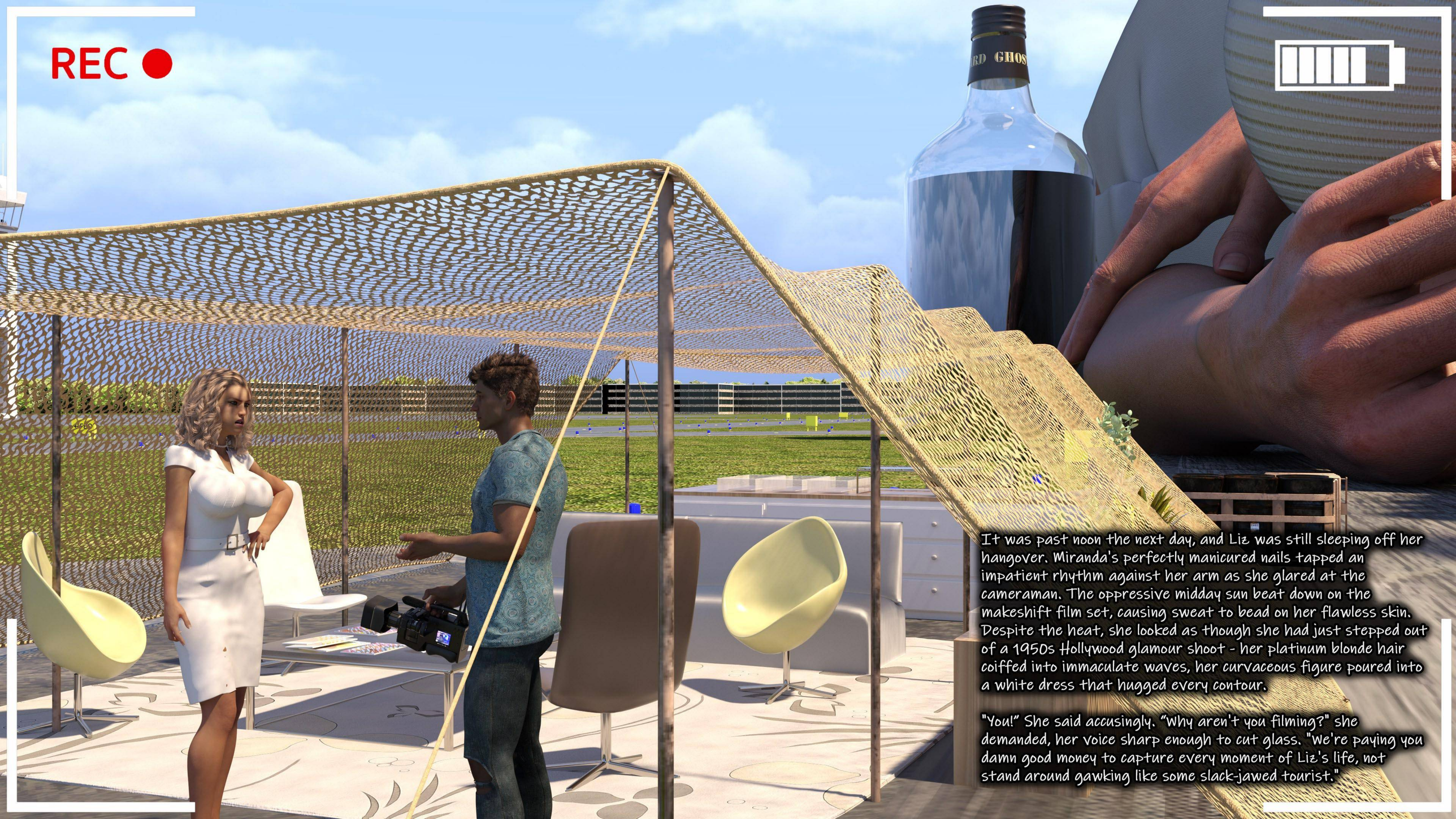

# LIZ DIXON DESTROYS THEATER

BSN




# LIZ DIXON DESTROYS THEATER

BSN




It was past noon the next day, and Liz was still sleeping off her hangover. Miranda's perfectly manicured nails tapped an impatient rhythm against her arm as she glared at the cameraman. The oppressive midday sun beat down on the makeshift film set, causing sweat to bead on her flawless skin. Despite the heat, she looked as though she had just stepped out of a 1950s Hollywood glamour shoot - her platinum blonde hair coiffed into immaculate waves, her curvaceous figure poured into a white dress that hugged every contour.

"You!" She said accusingly. "Why aren't you filming?" she demanded, her voice sharp enough to cut glass. "We're paying you damn good money to capture every moment of Liz's life, not stand around gawking like some slack-jawed tourist."


The cameraman, a grizzled veteran of reality TV, rolled his eyes. "The other guy's still rolling," he protested, gesturing towards his colleague nearby. "She's out cold. There's no need for two camera angles if she's not even doing anything. And you saw how much she drank last night - she could be out all day!"
Miranda's eyes flashed dangerously. "That's precisely the problem." she hissed. "What if she wakes up suddenly? What if she rolls over onto her stomach, and you miss a once-in-a-lifetime view of that chest she's so proud of? What if she tips over the bottle and it shatters, and you fail to capture the exact moment that happens?! You're not being paid to think, you're being paid to film her. So stop arguing with me and get to filming! NOW!"




"Yeah, yeah, alright. Geez." the cameraman grumbled, grudgingly hefting his camera onto his shoulder. He trudged across the baking tarmac, muttering curses under his breath.

In the distance, Liz's colossal form sprawled across the runway. Her messy blonde hair fanned out around her head, tangled and matted from her drunken antics the day before. Beside her lay an empty bottle of rum large enough to fill an Olympic swimming pool. Each of her thunderous snores sent tremors through the ground, rattling the windows of nearby buildings.




Miranda whirled towards the other cameraman, her eyes blazing. "And you! Why are you looking at me? Liz is the star here! Keep her in the center of the frame at all times, got it?" Miranda screamed, shouting over Liz's snores. Just as the words left her lips, a sudden silence fell over the set. Liz's earth-shaking snores had abruptly ceased.


REC
With agonizing slowness, Liz's eyelids fluttered open. Her piercing hazel eyes, bloodshot and unfocused, swept across the tiny figures of the film crew. Mascara streaked across her face, making her look like a raccoon. She groaned, the sound reverberating through the air like distant thunder.




Liz's massive form stirred, sending tremors through the ground as she slowly pushed herself up to a sitting position. Her bleary eyes squinted against the harsh sunlight, her face contorting into a grimace of pain. Her messy blonde hair stuck out at odd angles, giving her the appearance of a disheveled, hung-over goddess.

"Dammit. Another fuckin' hangover..." she groaned, her voice booming across the airfield. "I just need my... wait, where the hell is my coffee?"


REC
Miranda's voice, practically a shout, barely reached Liz's ears. "I'm afraid your assistant is running a bit late, Liz. He should be here in a few minutes."


REC
Liz's full lips curled into a sneer. "Forget the coffee," she growled, her massive hand waving dismissively. "What the hell was with that shitty premiere last night? I wanted a big party. That was pathetic!"


REC
Liz's enormous body shifted, causing the ground to quake beneath her. The cameramen struggled to keep their equipment steady as they captured every moment of the giantess's reaction.


REC
Miranda's perfectly manicured nails dug into her palms as she fought to keep her composure. "I did the best I could, but all the big names were too scared to show up." she shouted back, her voice strained. "I tried to warn you, Liz. Eating a few people is fine, but if you go overboard, ESPECIALLY with celebrities, you'll scare the rest off. But did you listen to me? Of course not! 'Oh, it's just a couple of C and D listers, Miss Miranda. Nobody'll miss them!' Now look where we are!"




Liz rolled her eyes and tilted her head dramatically. "So, let me get this straight." she snarled. "You fucked up MY special night, and now you're blaming ME?"

Miranda backpedaled quickly. "I did no such thing, Liz!" she replied, her voice rising an octave. "The fear factor is baked in, it's too late to change that. But there's something else. It's just that, well..." She hesitated, glancing nervously at the cameras. "You're not as hot of a topic as you were a few months ago, Liz. After a while, your antics became old hat, and now it's harder to grab the kind of attention you used to get so easily."

"And?" Liz asked, squinting as she continued trying to adjust to the bright sunlight. "What are we going to do about it?"

"We can't let you fade into obscurity, so we need to get more eyes on you, any way we can! The reality show is part of that. As for the rest, well... we'll talk about that after you have some coffee."




As if on cue, a baggage tug pulled up, driven by a cute redheaded intern. The little vehicle pulled along an oversized coffee cup and donut for Liz, comically large by human standards but still dwarfed by the giantess's immense size. The redhead, dressed in a stylish outfit that hugged her curves, looked up at Liz with a mixture of awe and terror. Her emerald eyes were wide as saucers as she took in the full scope of the hungover starlet looming above her.


REC
With surprising care for someone her size, Liz reached down and carefully picked up the coffee cup between her thumb and index finger. As big as it was - nearly the size of a small car - it was still laughably inadequate in Liz's massive hand. Her long, manicured nails gleamed in the sunlight as she lifted the steaming beverage to her face.
POLYGON INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT


REC
Liz held the cup up to her mouth, her plump lips parting as she took a sip of the steaming hot coffee. The cameramen zoomed in, capturing every detail of her expression as the liquid touched her tongue. For a moment, her face relaxed, the tension in her brow easing as the concentrated dose of caffeine hit her system.


REC
Suddenly, Liz's eyes widened in disgust. She spat violently, sending a torrent of scalding coffee cascading down onto the tarmac below. The redhead intern yelped and dove for cover as the hot liquid rained down around her. Liz pulled the cup away from her face, her beautiful features contorted in revulsion.
"Black coffee? Seriously?" she bellowed, her voice echoing across the airfield. "Everyone knows I hate black coffee! Is it really so fucking hard to remember to add a little cream and sugar?"

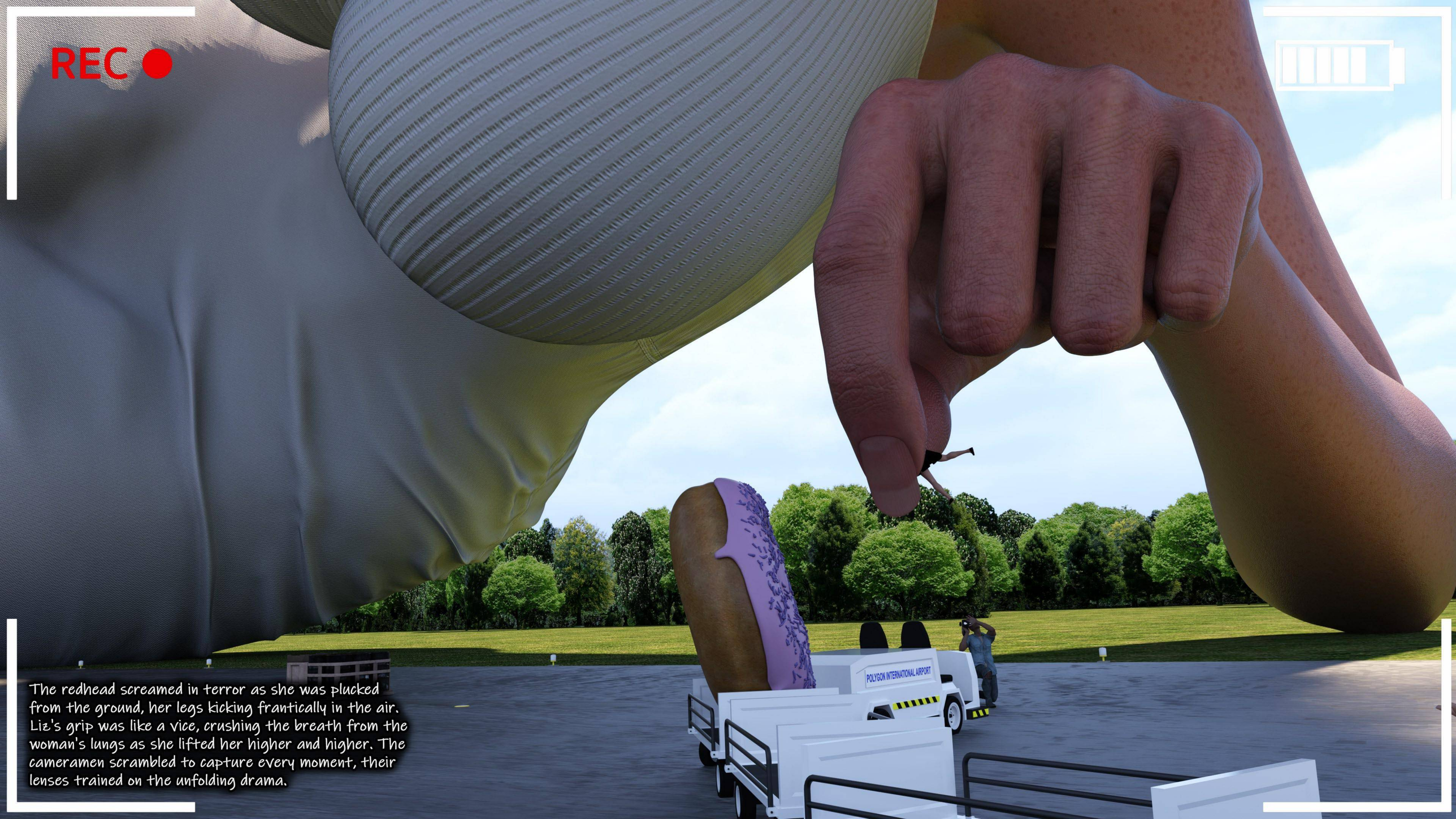

REC
The cute redhead tried her best to assuage the furious giantess. She stood up shakily, pushing her soaked hair out of her face as she looked up at Liz.
"I'm sorry, it's my first day as an intern, and the coffee was already late, and-" the woman said, her voice trembling. "Ahem. They said it would be a while before the sugar was delivered, but since we were already behind schedule, I figured you'd rather have it sooner than later. I'll make sure to wait so it gets delivered correctly next time!" She pleaded, her green eyes wide with fear as she awaited Liz's response.


REC
Liz scowled down at the drenched intern, her eyes narrowing dangerously. "Next time?" she scoffed, her voice dripping with disdain. "What makes you think there's going to be a next time? Do I look like I'm in the mood to forgive a fuck-up like you?"
The giant woman's massive form shifted, causing the ground to tremble beneath her. Her messy blonde hair fell in tangled waves around her face as she leaned forward, her shadow engulfing the trembling redhead.




"I'm sorry! I'm so, so sorry!" the intern pleaded. "Please, Liz, forgive me!"

While the intern begged for her life, Liz's enormous hand shot out, her fingers wrapping around the woman's tiny body.


REC
POLYGON INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT
The redhead screamed in terror as she was plucked from the ground, her legs kicking frantically in the air. Liz's grip was like a vice, crushing the breath from the woman's lungs as she lifted her higher and higher. The cameramen scrambled to capture every moment, their lenses trained on the unfolding drama.




With a casual flick of her wrist, Liz held the screaming intern above the oversized coffee cup. The woman's legs kicked wildly, her hands clawing at Liz's fingers in a desperate attempt to break free. "What are you doing?! You can't seriously kill me because I got your order wrong!" the intern pleaded. "It's just coffee! It can't be that bad!"

But Liz was unmoved. "Oh, you don't think it's bad, do you? Well why don't you try some?" Liz asked.

Liz's meaning quickly dawned on the intern. "No, no, I didn't mean that!" she said. "Please, whatever you do, don't—"


But it was too late. In one swift motion, Liz dunked the terrified redhead into the steaming liquid. The woman's screams were cut off abruptly as she was submerged, her body disappearing beneath the murky surface.


Liz smiled cruelly as she lifted the sputtering, coffee-soaked intern out of the cup. The woman's skin was tinted red, burned by the hot liquid. She gasped for air, her emerald eyes wide with terror.
"So, how was it?" Liz taunted, her voice booming across the airfield. "Still think it's 'just coffee'?" She dangled the intern in front of her face, watching with sadistic amusement as the tiny woman trembled in her grasp.


Without warning, Liz's full lips parted. Her mouth opened wide, forming a cavernous maw large enough to swallow a car. The intern's screams reached a fevered pitch as she knew what was about to happen.
"No, please!" the redhead begged, her voice hoarse from screaming. "I'll do anything! Just don't—"


Her pleas were cut short as Liz's lips closed around her, engulfing her entire body. The giantess raised a single finger to her lips, pushing the woman deeper inside. The cameramen zoomed in, capturing every horrifying detail as the intern's legs kicked frantically, disappearing between Liz's plump lips.

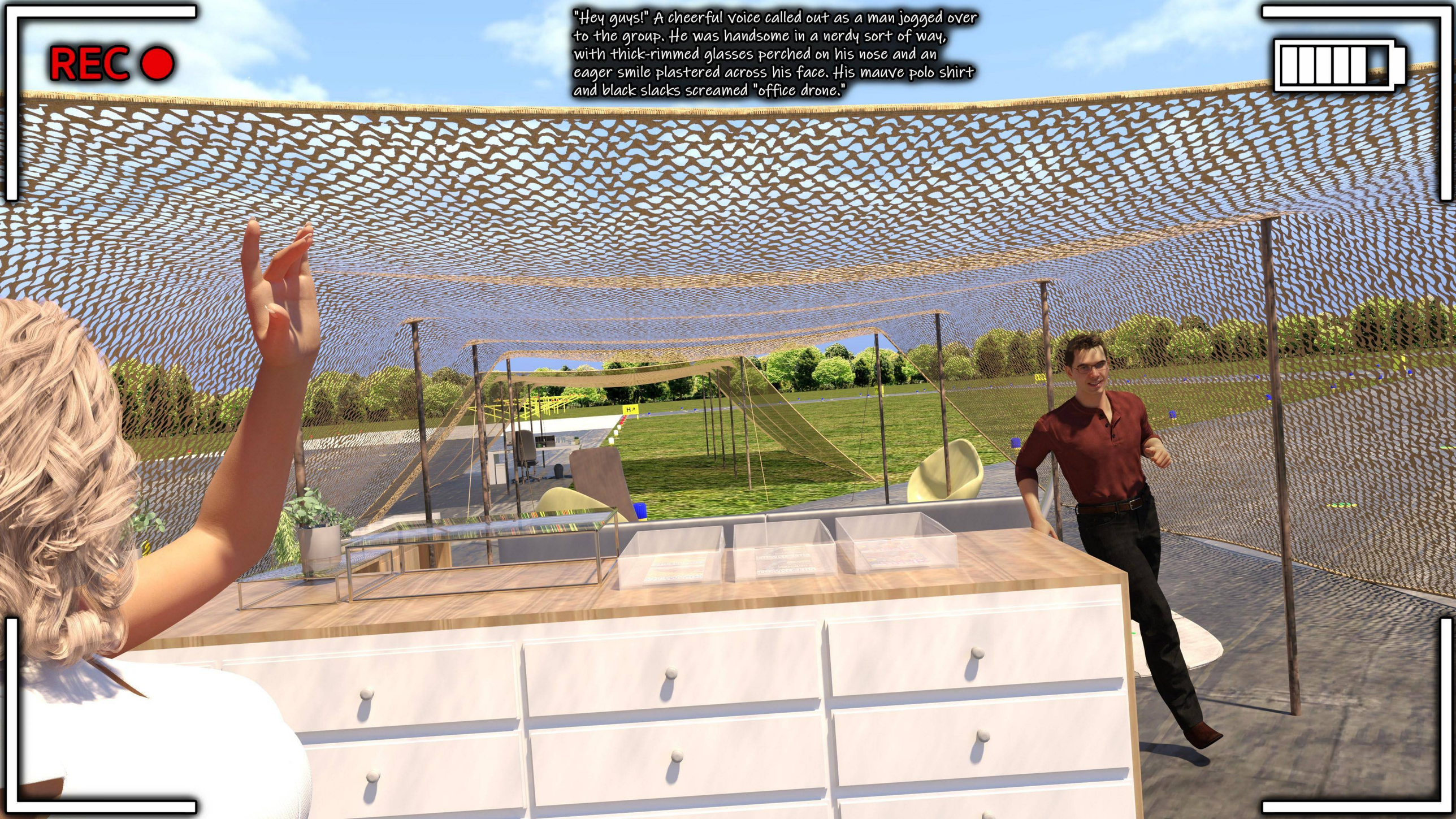



Miranda watched the entire spectacle unfold, her face a mask of exasperation. She pinched the bridge of her nose, heaving a deep sigh that seemed to come from the very depths of her soul.

"Dammit, Liz, I can't believe you sometimes!" she shouted, her voice strained with frustration. "That was our last assistant! Do you have any idea how difficult it is to hire new people when you've killed literally all of your previous assistants?"


REC
Liz looked guiltily down at Miranda, then swallowed. Her throat bobbed as she gulped down the unfortunate intern, as she offered Miranda a withering glare. "Well, if no one else can do it, why can't you do the job?" Liz asked, her voice dripping with sarcasm. "Maybe you'd do a better job at it than you are as a publicist!"


REC
Miranda threw her hands up in frustration. "I'd offer to do it myself, but I'm at my wit's end just trying to keep your drinking under control!" she shot back, her voice rising an octave. "Lucky for you, we just got someone to fill in. Your accountant said he wanted to take a more hands-on role, and it looks like he just arrived!"


REC
"Hey guys!" A cheerful voice called out as a man jogged over to the group. He was handsome in a nerdy sort of way, with thick-rimmed glasses perched on his nose and an eager smile plastered across his face. His mauve polo shirt and black slacks screamed "office drone."


REC
The man came to a stop next to Miranda, barely out of breath despite his jog. Miranda gestured towards him, her voice tinged with relief. "This is your accountant, Ted!" she shouted up at Liz. "He'll be moonlighting as your new assistant until we find a replacement."
Ted's grin widened as he looked up - way up - at Liz. "Hi, I'm Ted!" he called out, his voice cracking slightly as he tried to project it loud enough for the giantess to hear. "It's great to finally make your acquaintance!"


REC
Liz's bleary eyes narrowed suspiciously as she peered down at the tiny figure. Her massive head tilted to the side, sending waves through her messy blonde hair. "Wait, your name is Ted?" she slurred, her voice booming across the airfield. "Didn't I meet you at the last premiere? I thought you were some kind of a moneyman or something!"


REC
Ted's smile faltered slightly, but he quickly recovered. "Oh no, you're thinking about Ted, the producer!" he shouted back, cupping his hands around his mouth to amplify his voice. "He's busy dealing with some contract disputes. I'm just Ted Simmons, the accountant!"


REC
Liz's enormous form shifted as she leaned down, her face looming closer to the ground. The movement sent tremors through the earth, causing Ted to stumble slightly. Her breath, still reeking of alcohol, washed over him in hot waves as she scrutinized him more closely.
"Are you sure?" she asked, her voice dripping with suspicion. "You look pretty similar, and you have the same name, and I'm pretty sure the same voice, too..."




Miranda threw her hands up in exasperation, her perfectly manicured nails glinting in the sunlight. "Seriously, Liz?" she shouted, her voice strained with frustration. "He's just an ordinary-looking guy. There's a thousand people who look just like him out there! No offense, Ted."

"None taken." He said cheerfully.

"And besides, a name? Really? Do you know how many Teds there are in the world? There's probably a thousand every square mile of LA. Not to mention that this Ted isn't even named Ted. It's short for Theodore, which is about the most boring name you could imagine. No offense, Ted."


REC
"None still taken!" He laughed, seemingly unperturbed by the giant face hovering mere feet away. "But if I can get right down to brass tacks... I'm afraid that all your lawsuits have been piling up. I thought it might be good for me to tag along. You know, just be close by so I can discourage you from engaging in any unnecessarily risky behavior. Sound good?"


REC
Liz glared down at Ted, her massive form casting him in shadow. "Oh yeah? And what do you think is going to happen if you try to stop me?" she growled.


REC
Miranda rolled her eyes dramatically. "Dammit, Liz!" she shouted, her voice strained with exasperation. "Remember, Ted's also taking care of our finances, so for the love of god, don't kill him! You're right, we can't do much to stop you if you run out of money. But if you go broke you can say goodbye to your fancy outfits, as well as all the booze you keep spending your money on! You've already drained every brewery, distillery, and winery in a five hundred mile radius. Imagine how bad it would be to have to walk four hours every time you get a little thirsty! We're paying top dollar to ship it in now, and that ain't cheap!"


Liz's massive shoulders slumped slightly, her anger deflating at the mention of her precious booze. She pouted, her full lips forming an exaggerated frown that would have been comical if it wasn't on the face of a 700-foot-tall woman. "Fine," she grumbled, her voice still booming across the airfield. "I'll try to be careful with him..."


REC
"Don't just try! Actually be careful!" Miranda snapped back, her patience clearly wearing thin. She took a deep breath, composing herself before continuing. "And another thing. While I'm dealing with other stuff, Ted here is in charge. Whatever Ted says, do it." She turned to the nervous accountant, giving him a curt nod. "I'll let you take over, Ted."
POLYGON INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT




Ted gulped audibly, adjusting his thick-rimmed glasses as he looked up at the towering giantess. "Okay, so first things first, Liz," he began, his voice quavering slightly. "I've got to lay down the law. It's not just attacking your fellow celebrities that's a potential problem. Your rampages are opening you up to lawsuits, and that's very, very bad for your bottom line. You need to stay away from major population centers, to minimize harm. And don't even think about causing damage on purpose!"


REC
Liz scoffed. "You want me to stop rampaging?" she asked incredulously. "But that's, like, my whole thing!"
BEARD


REC
POLYGON INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT
"Well then maybe it's time for a new thing!" Miranda shouted, her voice strained with exasperation. "You heard the man. Liz, I supported your hijinks from day one, but the rules are changing. If Ted thinks it's a bad idea, it's a bad idea. Got it? Now stop interrupting, and let Ted finish what he was saying!"


REC
Ted cleared his throat nervously, adjusting his thick-rimmed glasses as he peered up at the towering giantess. "Hmm, let me think... No matter what you do, don't go near any major events!" he called out, his voice cracking slightly. "There's just too much potential for lawsuits. I know you've probably heard about the beauty pageant taking place downtown today, but the answer is no. You can't go anywhere near there. Understand?"


REC
Liz's full lips curled up into a snarl. "A beauty pageant? In LA? And they didn't invite me?" She bellowed, her voice echoing across the airfield.
BEARD


REC
Ted stumbled back a step, nearly losing his balance as Liz's enormous face loomed over him. "Y-yes," he stammered, "Miss California is broadcasting live from the Spielbergo auditorium downtown! They're looking for the most beautiful woman in the sunshine state. They didn't nominate you, but I'm sure that was just an innocent oversight on their part!"


REC
Liz's eyes flashed with anger as she rose to her full height, her 700-foot frame casting a massive shadow over the airfield. "Oversight my ass! This is an insult!" she roared, her voice reverberating through the air like thunder. "I'll show them what real beauty looks like... And get some fresh attention in the process!" The ground shook violently as she rose to her feet, her white dress straining against her curves.




With surprising grace for someone her size, Liz bent down, her enormous left hand hovering just above the ground near Ted. "Now stop wasting my time and get on." she commanded, her voice brooking no argument.

Ted's eyes widened in terror as he stared at the massive palm before him, easily large enough to crush a car. He pointed up at her hand, his voice quavering. "You want me to get on there? That sounds a bit risky, doesn't it?"

"Not half as risky as it will be if you don't do what I say," she replied ominously.




Ted gulped audibly, his Adam's apple bobbing in his throat. "You make a good point," he said weakly, his shoulders slumping in defeat. With shaking legs, he stepped onto Liz's palm, his tiny form dwarfed by her massive hand.




The streets of downtown Los Angeles lay in ruins, a testament to Liz's destructive power. Crushed cars littered the cracked pavement, their metal frames twisted and flattened like discarded soda cans. Broken glass from shattered windows glittered in the afternoon sun, crunching beneath the feet of stunned onlookers who emerged from their hiding places to survey the damage. The air was thick with dust and the acrid smell of burning rubber, a reminder of the giant woman's passing.


As Liz stomped through the city, her frustration mounting, she quickly became aware of how her massive platform heels were impeding her progress. With an annoyed huff, she reached down and yanked off the offending footwear. Without a second thought, she tossed the shoes aside, crushing an unfortunate yellow taxi beneath their immense weight. The cab's alarm blared pathetically for a moment before falling silent, drowned out by the screams of fleeing pedestrians.
TETLEYS
HOTE
Phone
Phone




Liz rounded another corner, her bare feet leaving craters in the pavement with every step. She squinted against the afternoon sun, scanning the cityscape for any sign of the beauty pageant venue. A news helicopter buzzed around her head like an annoying gnat, but she paid it no mind. "Where the hell is this place?" she muttered to herself, her brow furrowing in concentration. She must have taken a wrong turn somewhere, but as big as she was, all the streets looked the same.


Undeterred, Liz continued her trek through the city. Each thunderous step sent tremors through the ground, shattering windows and toppling street lights. Her bare feet, nearly as wide as the streets themselves, left perfect imprints in the softening asphalt. Cars unlucky enough to be in her path were crushed without a second thought, their alarms adding to the cacophony of destruction. Liz's white dress fluttered in the wind created by her movement, threatening to expose more of her curvaceous form with each step.
CHINESE RESTAURANT
SERGIOS DESIGNER MENS SHOES




Beneath Liz's towering form, a massive crowd of people surged through the streets, their screams of terror barely registering to the giantess. To her, they were little more than ants, scurrying about in a panic. She didn't go out of her way to step on them, but she certainly didn't try to avoid it, either. A nearby traffic helicopter caught the view ash er massive feet came down indiscriminately, crushing vehicles and people alike.




Miranda tapped her foot impatiently on the sidewalk in front of the Auditorium, her eyes scanning the chaotic streets for any sign of Liz. She had raced over in her sports car, weaving through traffic and narrowly avoiding multiple collisions in her haste. While she thought Liz crashing the pageant was a terrible idea, Miranda knew better than to try and stop the giantess once she set her mind to something. If this disaster was going to happen, Miranda was determined to be there to mitigate the damage - both literal and figurative.


A distant rumbling caught Miranda's attention. She turned just in time to see Liz's massive form rounding the corner several blocks away. Miranda's eyes widened as she realized just how quickly Liz was approaching. "Oh shit," she muttered under her breath, backing up against the auditorium's ornate facade.


4K 30 FPS
STBY
Perched precariously on Liz's index finger, Ted clung for dear life as the giantess stomped through the city. His thick-rimmed glasses were askew, his normally neat hair whipped into a frenzy by the wind. He stared at his phone screen, trying to find the auditorium on his maps app... but he had an ulterior motive for keeping his phone out. All the while he was slyly capturing video of Liz for posterity, recording it with a background video recorder app.
49 MIN
ON
[REC]


4K 30 FPS
STBY
Finally, Ted figured it out. There, just down the street, stood the grand Auditorium. Its gleaming white columns and ornate marquee were unmistakable, even from this dizzying height. "Over there!" he shouted, pointing frantically. "Liz, it's right there!" His voice was barely audible over the sound of crumbling buildings and screaming civilians, but Liz's keen hearing picked up his words.
49 MIN
ON
[REC]




A wicked grin spread across Liz's face as she spotted her target. The Auditorium stood less than a mile away, its pristine facade a stark contrast to the destruction surrounding it. Liz's eyes narrowed as she surveyed the building, her lips curling into a sneer. "So this is where they're having their little beauty pageant, huh?" she muttered, her voice booming across the devastated cityscape. "Time to show them what real beauty looks like."




A brave cameraman walked into the street, holding up his cell phone. He'd always wanted to be a filmmaker, and there was no better chance to try and get on the news. He Held his camera high, pointing it at the approaching giantess.

Liz's colossal form moved with surprising speed, her bare feet leaving a trail of devastation in her wake. She paid no mind to the throngs of terrified people fleeing before her, their screams of terror nothing more than background noise to the determined giantess. Cars and people were crushed beneath her soles, but Liz's eyes remained fixed on her goal.




As Liz's enormous foot descended upon the abandoned car, time seemed to slow. The vehicle's frame buckled and twisted under her immense weight, metal screeching in protest. With a deafening roar, the car's fuel tank ruptured. A massive fireball erupted, engulfing Liz's foot and ankle in flames. The explosion sent shockwaves through the street, shattering nearby windows and setting off car alarms for blocks.

Liz barely noticed the inferno licking at her skin. She glanced down, a look of mild annoyance crossing her beautiful features. "Oops," she muttered, her voice echoing across the city like thunder. With a casual flick of her foot, she sent the flaming wreckage careening into a nearby building, leaving a trail of destruction in its wake.




Undeterred, Liz took another earth-shaking step forward. This time, her massive foot came down directly on a fuel tanker that had been abandoned in the chaos. The tanker's metal shell crumpled like tissue paper beneath her weight. For a heartbeat, nothing happened. Then, with a sound like the world ending, the tanker exploded.

The blast was exponentially larger than the car's explosion, creating a massive fireball that engulfed Liz's leg up to her knee. The shockwave shattered windows for blocks, raining glass down on the fleeing crowds below. Liz stumbled slightly, caught off guard by the force of the blast. She regained her balance quickly, her eyes narrowing as she surveyed the destruction around her.

Without missing a beat, Liz raised her other foot, positioning it directly above a nearby office building. The people inside pressed against the windows, their faces masks of terror as they realized their fate.




With a sickening crunch, Liz's foot came down on the building. The structure never stood a chance against her immense weight. Concrete and steel gave way beneath her, the building collapsing in on itself like a house of cards. A massive cloud of dust and debris billowed out from the impact site, filling the streets and choking the air.

As the dust began to settle, Liz lifted her foot once more. The crushed remains of the building clung to her sole like pebbles, falling away as she moved. Her eyes scanned the chaos below, zeroing in on a large group of people fleeing down the street. Without hesitation, she raised her foot above them, a cruel smile playing across her lips.




Liz's foot descended with terrifying speed, crushing dozens of people beneath her sole. Their screams were cut short as they were reduced to nothing more than red smears on the pavement. The impact sent tremors through the ground, knocking the surviving members of the crowd off their feet.




Liz's massive foot hovered ominously over the fleeing crowd, casting them in shadow. The cameraman stumbled backwards, his hands shaking as he struggled to keep Liz's colossal form in frame. His survival instincts screamed at him to run, but the journalist in him knew this was the story of a lifetime. He zoomed in on Liz's foot, capturing every detail of her perfectly pedicured toes and the bits of rubble still clinging to her sole.

The crowd's screams reached a fever pitch as they realized their impending doom. People scrambled desperately, pushing and shoving in a frantic attempt to escape. But it was futile. Liz's foot was simply too large, too fast. With a look of cold indifference, she began to lower her foot.


The impact was devastating. Liz's foot came down with the force of a meteor strike, pulverizing everything beneath it. Bodies were crushed instantly, reduced to nothing more than red smears on the pavement. Where once there had been a throng of terrified people, now there was only a gruesome paste of blood, bone, and pulverized flesh. The stench of death filled the air, mixing with the acrid smell of burning rubber and pulverized concrete.
The cameraman retched, barely managing to keep his lunch down as he captured the horrific scene. But he didn't stop filming. He couldn't. The world needed to see this.
CANTON
CHINESE RESTAURANT


Liz came to a halt directly in front of the convention center. The massive building looked like a dollhouse compared to her towering form.




At the base of the convention center steps, Miranda waved her arms frantically, trying to catch Liz's attention. "Liz! Down here!" she shouted, her voice barely audible over the cacophony of destruction and distant sirens. But the giantess seemed oblivious to her presence, her gaze fixed solely on the building before her.


REC
Liz's massive hands descended upon the convention center, her fingers wrapping around the ornate roof like a child grasping a toy. The building groaned in protest, its steel frame buckling under the giantess's immense strength. Dust and debris rained down on the terrified people inside as Liz's grip tightened, her perfectly manicured nails digging into the structure.


With a deafening screech of tearing metal, Liz lifted the entire roof off the building. Sunlight flooded into the now-exposed auditorium, illuminating the chaos within. On stage, the pageant host stood frozen in mid-sentence, the gleaming tiara meant for the winner falling from his outstretched hand. The three finalists, shuddered in terror as they gazed up at the towering figure of Liz looming above them.
BSN



Liz carelessly tossed the roof aside, sending it crashing into a nearby office building. Glass shattered and concrete crumbled as the massive structure collapsed, but Liz paid it no mind. Her piercing gaze was focused solely on the tiny figures cowering on the stage below. A cruel smile played across her full lips as she leaned down, her messy blonde hair falling in curtains around her face.

"I think you forgot to invite me!" Liz's voice boomed. "And here I thought I was the hottest thing in California. Guess I'll just have to crash your little party!"

BSN


The host stood behind the podium, doing the best to shield his face from the falling rubble. "M-Miss Liz! This is all just a terrible misunderstanding!" he stammered, forcing a smile that looked more like a grimace. "We would never dream of excluding someone as... as statuesque as yourself! It was a simple clerical error, I assure you!"
BSN


Without another word, Liz reached down, her enormous hand descending upon the stage. The host barely had time to scream before Liz's fingers closed around him and the three finalists, plucking them from the ground.
BSN


REC
A news helicopter captured the scene, as Liz lifted the women into the air. The giantess held the tiny humans in front of her face, pinching them delicately between her thumb and forefinger. Their legs kicked frantically in the air as they dangled hundreds of feet above the ground. Liz's breath washed over them in hot waves as she scrutinized them, her hazel eyes narrowed in contempt.
"So, you three are supposed to be the hottest women in California, huh?" Liz sneered, her voice reverberating through their bodies. You probably think you're hotter than me, don't you?"
"No, of course not!" One of the women pleaded. "I could never hope to be as beautiful as–"
"SHUT IT!" Liz screamed. "I've spent enough time on a ranch to know when something smells like bullshit. I know when someone is trying to flatter me because they're scared. Well I'm not hearing it. I know you think you're better than me. But I'm going to show you just how wrong you are."
CINEMA

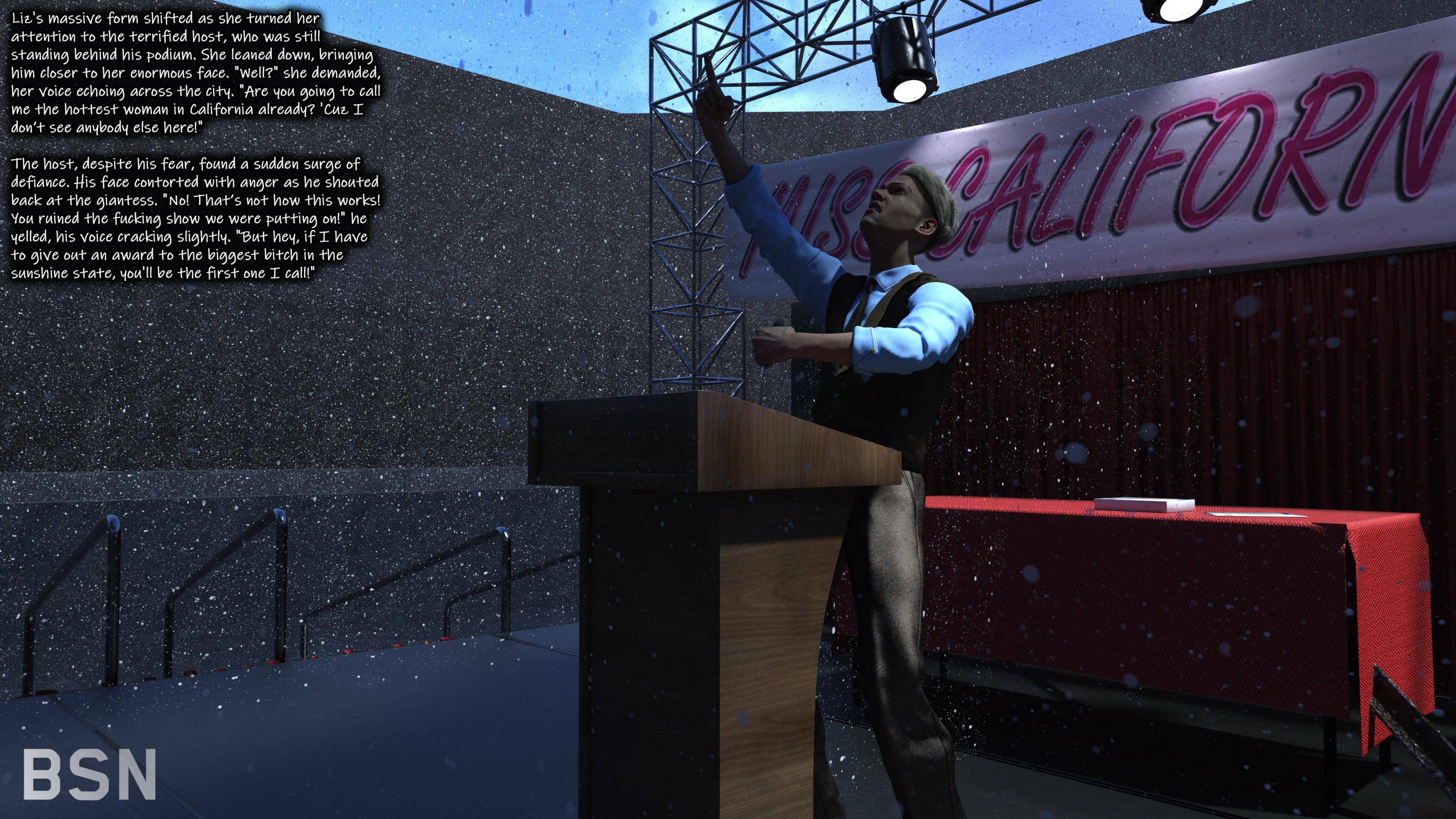

Liz brought the terrified women close to her mouth, a crazed look in her hazel eyes. Her hot breath washed over them as she spoke, her voice booming. "I'm gonna eat ya'. All of ya'. I'm gonna toss you in my mouth, and swallow you whole. You ain't nothing but skittles as far as I'm concerned. All you're good for is putting a little more fat on my ass!"
The pageant contestants screamed and squirmed in her grasp, their perfectly coiffed hair and immaculate makeup now disheveled from their ordeal. Their bathing suits sparkled in the sunlight as they dangled hundreds of feet above the ground, reduced to mere morsels in the giantess's grip.
FAUX NEWS


Without hesitation, Liz parted her plump lips, revealing gleaming white teeth. Then she casually tossed all of the women inside without a second thought. Their screams were cut short as they disappeared into the cavernous maw. Liz's cheeks bulged slightly as she moved them around with her tongue, savoring their terror for a moment before tilting her head back. With an exaggerated gulp, she swallowed, her throat visibly rippling as the unfortunate beauty queens slid down into her stomach.




Liz's eyes lit up with excitement as she looked down at Ted, who was still perched precariously on her massive finger. Her voice boomed across the devastated cityscape, filled with childlike glee. "Guess that means I'm the winner, right?" she asked, grinning widely. "And everyone can see me on live TV!"

But Ted looked down and sighed, his shoulders slumping in defeat. He hated to be the bearer of bad news, especially to a 700-foot-tall woman with a penchant for eating people. "Look, Liz, maybe not," he began cautiously, adjusting his glasses. "Umm, actually, it looks like it's just being streamed online this year. But hey, good news, it looks like the news chopper is broadcasting live! And hey, maybe if you can get the host to declare you the winner, it'll still count..."


Liz's massive form shifted as she turned her attention to the terrified host, who was still standing behind his podium. She leaned down, bringing him closer to her enormous face. "Well?" she demanded, her voice echoing across the city. "Are you going to call me the hottest woman in California already? 'Cuz I don't see anybody else here!"
The host, despite his fear, found a sudden surge of defiance. His face contorted with anger as he shouted back at the giantess. "No! That's not how this works! You ruined the fucking show we were putting on!" he yelled, his voice cracking slightly. "But hey, if I have to give out an award to the biggest bitch in the sunshine state, you'll be the first one I call!"
BSN


Liz stared down at the host, her hazel eyes narrowing dangerously. Her massive form cast a shadow over the entire auditorium as she leaned in closer, her hot breath washing over the tiny man. "You've got a lot of nerve talking to me like that," she growled, her voice reverberating through the air like thunder. "Do you know what I do to people who are rude to me?"
BSN

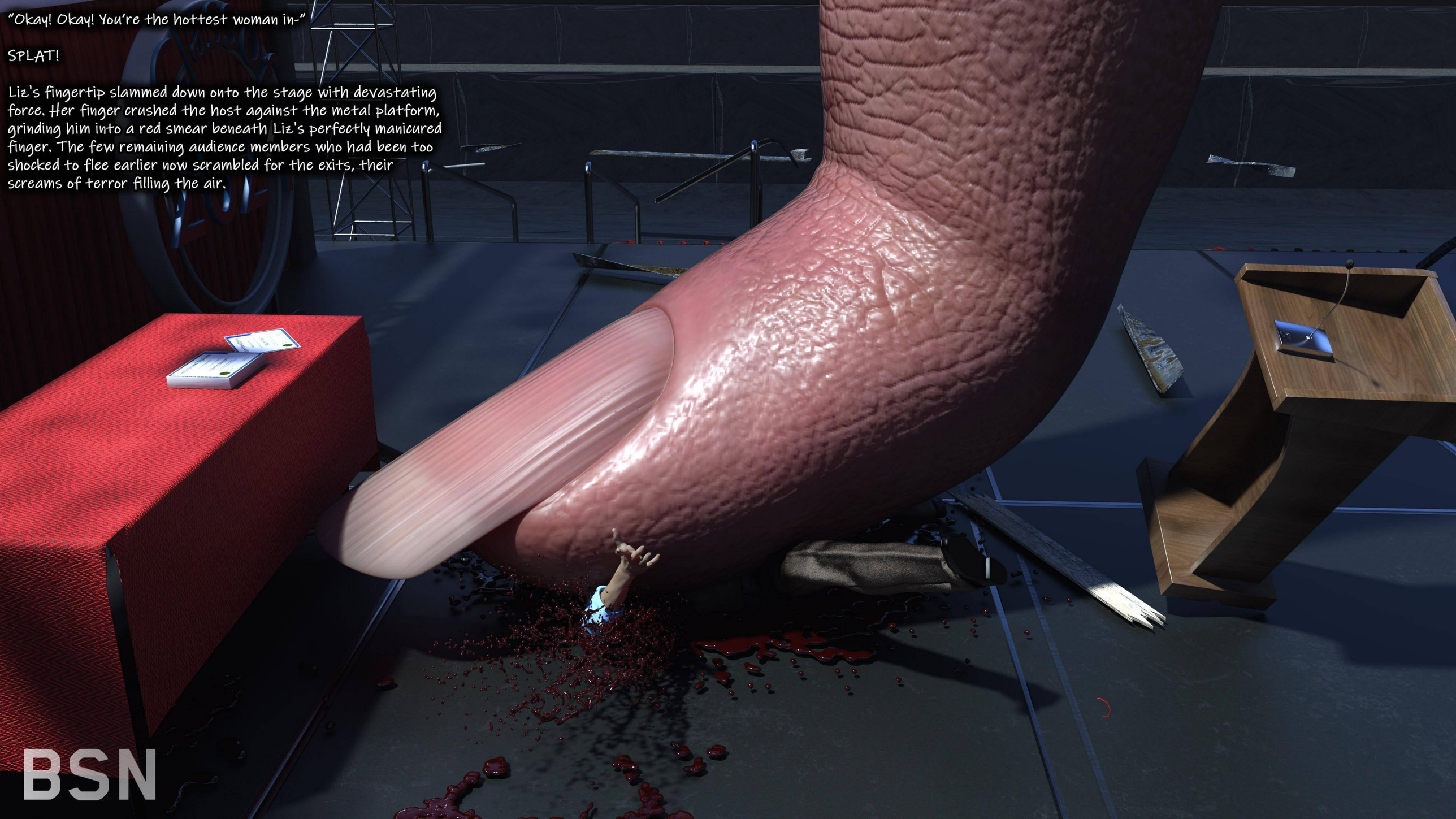



Despite his obvious terror, the host straightened his spine and glared up at the giantess. His perfectly coiffed hair was disheveled, and his designer suit was covered in dust, but his voice rang out clear and defiant.

"You can't scare me! No one scares me!" he shouted, his fists clenched at his sides. "And you know what else? I didn't just turn you down because you're a crazy psycho bitch. I turned you down because you don't have any class. No matter how big you get, you'll always be white trash! You should go back to doing something useful, like shoveling pig shit!"


The host's insults stung, but Liz grinned and beared it. "You know what I have to say to that?" Liz asked. "Here, I'll show ya'."
Liz held her hand high in the air, raising her middle finger. She held it up for a moment, slowly waving it back and forth in the air.
"Okay, I get the freaking point!" The host shouted.
"Oh, I don't think you do," Liz replied. "Here, I'll give you a closer look!"
BSN


With a slow, lazy motion, Liz reached down towards the stage. Her enormous hand blocked out the sun as it descended, casting the host in shadow. As her middle finger neared, the man's brave demeanor finally cracked. His eyes widened in terror as he realized the full magnitude of his mistake and he backed up in fear "Wait, no!" he screamed frantically. "I didn't mean it! Please, I take it back! I'm sorry!"
BSN


"Okay! Okay! You're the hottest woman in-"
SPLAT!
Liz's fingertip slammed down onto the stage with devastating force. Her finger crushed the host against the metal platform, grinding him into a red smear beneath Liz's perfectly manicured finger. The few remaining audience members who had been too shocked to flee earlier now scrambled for the exits, their screams of terror filling the air.
BSN




With a satisfied smirk, Liz lifted her finger to her mouth. Her plump lips parted as she sucked the blood off her fingertip, her tongue darting out to catch every last drop. Meanwhile, Ted nervously checked his phone, his brow furrowing as he scrolled through the latest updates. "Um, Liz? I have some bad news," he called out, his voice barely audible over the chaos below. "I'm afraid none of that was caught on the stream. They stopped broadcasting the beauty pageant right after you tore off the roof."


Liz threw up her hands in exasperation. "Dammit! Does no one like me anymore?" she bellowed, her voice echoing off the skyscrapers. "Even when people were mad at me, that was something. Now they're just tuning me out completely!" Her beautiful face contorted with rage. "Fine! If they think they can just ignore me, then I'll make them notice. Even if it means I have to smash this whole city to the ground!"


REC
As she rose to her feet, Liz's gaze locked onto a news helicopter hovering nearby, its rotors creating a deafening whir. She pointed a perfectly manicured finger at it, her nail gleaming in the sunlight. "Hey! You! Helicopter!" she shouted, her voice booming across the cityscape. "I'm gonna put on a show. Try to get my good side, ya hear?" The helicopter wobbled in the air, caught in the turbulence created by her words.


Liz's eyes swept across the devastated streets below, spotting dozens of people with their phones out, recording her every move. A wicked grin spread across her full lips as she addressed them. "All you little guys with your cell phone cameras, take it in," she purred, her voice dripping with malice. "Make me look good!" She struck a pose, straining the white fabric of her dress with the simple movement.


With a maniacal glint in her eye, Liz clenched her fists, her knuckles turning white. "I'm gonna rampage like never before!" she declared, her voice reverberating through the air. "If they won't watch me willingly, then I'll make sure that they have to watch me! I'll be the talk of the town... If there's even a town left after I'm done!"




An amateur cameraman on the ground, his hands shaking with a mix of terror and excitement, captured footage as Liz started to walk. Her colossal bare feet rose and fell with earth-shattering force, each step sending tremors through the ground that registered on seismographs miles away.




A moment later, Liz's foot slammed into an office building, crashing through it as if it were made of sand. The structure exploded in a cloud of dust and debris, its steel frame crumpling like tinfoil beneath her enormous weight. Glass and concrete rained down on the streets below, accompanied by the screams of the unfortunate souls still trapped inside. The dust billowed outward in a massive cloud, obscuring entire city blocks and choking the air with the smell of smoke and dust.




It didn't stop there, though. Liz's massive foot continued its devastating arc through the air, swinging forward with terrifying momentum. Below, chaos reigned as people fled in every direction, their screams of terror rising up like a macabre chorus. Cars screeched to a halt, their drivers abandoning them in the streets as they ran for their lives. The cameraman, however, stood his ground, his hands shaking but his lens steady as he captured the impending destruction.


With a sickening crunch, Liz's foot came down onto the fleeing crowd. Dozens of people vanished beneath her sole in an instant, their bodies crushed into an unrecognizable paste. The impact sent shockwaves through the ground, toppling nearby streetlights and shattering windows for blocks. A spray of blood and viscera exploded outward from the point of impact, painting the streets in a gruesome mural. The cameraman's stomach churned, but he kept filming, determined to document every horrific moment.
BEANS 'N RICE
EL MOLEROS
FLAVOURS OF MEXICO
BEANS 'N RICE
FAJITA WRAPS
NO PARKING
FREE DELIVERY


As Liz took another step, the cameraman's lens caught a glimpse up her white dress. His eyes widened in shock as he realized the giantess wasn't wearing any underwear. The camera captured a tantalizing view of her most intimate areas, her curves accentuated by the afternoon sunlight filtering through the fabric. For a moment, the cameraman forgot the danger he was in, transfixed by the sight above him.


Reality came crashing back as Liz's foot rose higher, casting a shadow over the crowd in front of her. With a gulp, he spun around, aiming his camera at the fleeing masses. Through his viewfinder, he saw terrified faces contorted in screams, people shoving and trampling each other in their desperation to escape. Above them all loomed Liz's colossal foot, her perfectly pedicured toes gleaming in the sunlight.
香港政府


The earth shook violently as Liz's foot slammed down once more. The impact was deafening, drowning out even the screams of the dying. Everything beneath her sole was obliterated instantly - people, cars, and even the pavement itself crumbled under her immense weight. A cloud of dust and debris billowed outward, momentarily obscuring the carnage. As it settled, all that remained was a massive, foot-shaped crater filled with a grisly mixture of blood, crushed bone, and broken concrete. The cameraman continued filming, his hands shaking uncontrollably as he captured the aftermath of Liz's devastating step.
註冊藥行
藥
香港政府
DRUGS


Liz looked eagerly at Ted, who was perched precariously on her massive finger. The tiny accountant was squinting at his phone screen, which looked impossibly small from Liz's perspective. The giantess leaned in closer as she tried to catch a glimpse of the news coverage.
"Hey Ted, is my rampage getting a lot of coverage?" Liz asked, her voice booming with excitement. "Go on a news site, I bet that I'm the hottest thing on the news right now!"
"After all that, I'd be shocked if you weren't the top story," Ted replied. "Give me a second, I'll pull up the live feed of the local news!"
STBY
49 MIN
ON
[REC]


LIZ DIXON RELATED DELAYS - PLAN AHEAD
PANDA
"Good evening, Los Angeles. I'm Mark Harlan, I'm here with the Channel 6 News traffic report," the reporter said matter of factly. "Yet again, Liz Dixon is walking through downtown. We recommend anyone near that area take an alternate route if possible."
CH 6
NEWS


He paused to stifle a yawn, covering his mouth with a manicured hand. "Liz is currently headed southbound, towards the interstate. We're expecting delays with traffic on the highway during rush hour, with moderate to severe casualties." He shuffled his papers, barely glancing at the notes. "As always, stay safe. That's all for today's traffic report."


Tom turned to his co-anchor, a perky woman with an overly enthusiastic smile. "Now Cheryl, I heard that you have a breaking news story?" He asked.
Cheryl's eyes lit up with excitement, her teeth gleaming under the studio lights. "Do I ever!" she exclaimed, practically bouncing in her seat. "I can barely contain my excitement! This is a huge story!"
Tom raised an eyebrow, his voice dripping with sarcasm. "I can't wait to hear it. The anticipation is killing me."
Monday
50%
East, 20 km/h
1010 hPa




Cheryl, thoroughly oblivious to Tom's lack of enthusiasm and the destruction playing out behind them, leaned forward conspiratorially. "Okay, I'll spill the beans. Famous singer Harmony Lux is having her birthday bash tonight. Rumors are that this party is going to be big with a capital B! The Roman-themed toga party is taking place at her massive mansion, and all of the biggest names are expected to show. It's the hottest ticket in town, and I bet a lot of people would KILL to be there! Have I mentioned that this party is going to be huge yet?"




Liz looked eagerly at Ted, who was perched precariously on her massive finger. The tiny accountant was squinting at his phone screen, which looked impossibly small from Liz's perspective. The giantess leaned in closer as she tried to catch a glimpse of the news coverage.

"So Ted, what are they saying about me?" Liz asked. "I bet they're going crazy over my new rampage, right?"




Ted's face fell as he scrolled through the news updates. He hated to be the bearer of bad news, especially to a 700-foot-tall woman with a penchant for destruction who could kill him simply by closing her hand into a fist. Still, he steeled his nerves, took a deep breath, and looked up at Liz's expectant face.

"They, uh... Well, they did mention you!" Ted began hesitantly. "...For all of about ten seconds. Liz, I'm sorry, but they mentioned your rampage like they would a chance of rain. As far as most people are concerned, it's just another inconvenience in their day, and as long as it's not happening to them then it doesn't matter."

"Seriously?" she bellowed, her voice echoing off the nearby skyscrapers. "What the hell do they have to talk about that's so damn great?"

Ted winced at the volume of Liz's voice, his glasses nearly falling off his face from the force of her words. He scrolled frantically through his phone, trying to find something to placate the angry giantess.




“Tell me what they were talking about. NOW.” Liz growled.

"Okay! Okay! They were gossiping about some hot new star," Ted said nervously, waving his free hand. "But it’s probably just a slow news day! I'm sure you don't want to hear about that. It's nothing compared to your... uh, impressive display of power."

"Oh, yes I do!" she growled, her voice dripping with malice. "I want to know everything about anyone they think is more important to talk about. So who is it? Who's the unlucky bitch they think is better than me? Spill it, Ted!"




Ted gulped audibly, his adam's apple bobbing in his throat. He knew he was treading on dangerous ground, but there was no going back now.

"Harmony Lux." he said, trying to sound nonchalant. "But you don't need to worry about her. So what if she's throwing some giant party at her mansion, with all the hottest celebrities and tons of media coverage? Who cares about something pointless and superficial like that? You have the opportunity to show you're above all that by-"

"I care!" Liz interrupted, her eyes widening. "I care a lot, actually! I'm taking a little detour. Liz Dixon is going to crash that party!"


REC
A traffic helicopter hovered high above the chaos, its rotors whirring frantically as the pilot struggled to keep the aircraft steady in the turbulent air. Through the lens of the on-board camera, the devastating scene unfolded below. Liz's colossal form dominated the frame, her 700-foot tall figure dwarfing the surrounding skyscrapers as she approached the nearby highway.
APARTMENTS
CARLTON COURTS APARTMENTS
HOTEL
EUROCAR
NEMA


With earth-shaking steps, Liz strode onto the massive 14-lane highway that cut through the heart of downtown Los Angeles. Her bare feet, each larger than a city bus, left deep imprints in the asphalt with every step. The once-bustling freeway was now a graveyard of abandoned vehicles, their owners having fled in terror at the approaching giantess.
TETLEYS
EUROCAR
SOAP
TEPCO
LIQUORS
Aspect Delivery


On the ground, a brave cameraman captured footage as Liz continued her destructive march down the highway. His lens focused on her enormous foot as it rose high into the air, casting a massive shadow over a group of terrified people who had been too slow to escape. The cameraman's hands shook, but he kept filming, determined to document every horrific moment.


With a deafening crunch, Liz's foot came down on the fleeing crowd. Dozens of people vanished beneath her sole in an instant, their bodies crushed into the pavement, along with an unfortunate yellow taxi. Screams rang out through the crowd, as the survivors ran away from the giantess.


As Liz took another step, her bare foot rose high into the air, directly in front of the cameraman. He gasped, his lens capturing every detail of her enormous sole. For a moment, the cameraman forgot the danger he was in, transfixed by the sight above him.


Reality came crashing back as Liz's foot slammed down just yards away from the cameraman. The impact was devastating, obliterating everyone and everything beneath it. The pavement cracked and buckled under her immense weight, sending fissures spider-webbing across the highway. By some miracle, the cameraman was spared, though he was knocked off his feet by the shockwave.


Liz continued her relentless march, her foot swinging forward with terrifying momentum. As it passed over the highway, her toes hung down just above the surface. Like a massive shovel, they caught a group of fleeing people and several cars, scooping them up as her foot swung forward.
TAXI
2032
TAXI


With a casual flick of her ankle, Liz kicked her foot upwards, sending the trapped people and vehicles soaring through the air. The impromptu projectiles tumbled end over end. They flew like confetti, screaming as they flew through the air.
新創作
書局記泰
Juice
TAXI
2032


The victims of Liz's kick reached dizzying heights before gravity finally took hold. One by one, they began to plummet back to earth. Bodies rained down on the abandoned highway, splattering against the pavement with sickening thuds. Cars crashed into buildings and other vehicles, exploding on impact and adding to the chaos. Most were still airborne when Liz's massive foot came crashing down again, pulverizing those unlucky enough to land beneath her sole.
CINEMA


As Liz raised her other foot to take another step, the brave cameraman on the ground captured a horrifying sight. The lens focused on the bottom of her enormous sole, revealing a gruesome tableau. A yellow taxi was embedded in the flesh of her foot, its crumpled frame oozing blood from the people who were trapped inside. Several people were stuck to her sole, their bodies broken. Red stains marred her otherwise pristine sole, a testament to the destruction she had wrought.


From high above, the traffic helicopter captured footage of Liz's continued rampage along the highway. Her colossal form dominated the frame, dwarfing the surrounding skyscrapers as she strode purposefully through the heart of downtown Los Angeles. Each step left a crater in the pavement, her bare feet obliterating lanes of traffic with casual indifference. Abandoned cars were crushed like tin cans beneath her weight, adding to the trail of devastation in her wake.
삼덕전기
LXO
FLEXTBUS
Aspect Delivery


Liz's hazel eyes spotted a group of people huddled together on the highway, frozen in terror at her approach. A cruel smile played across her full lips as she deliberately placed her foot directly above them. With agonizing slowness, she lowered her massive sole onto the group. Their screams were cut short as her foot made contact, grinding them into the pavement with a sickening crunch.




Liz knelt down on the massive highway, her colossal form casting a shadow over dozens of abandoned vehicles. Her hazel eyes locked onto a long, articulated green bus that had been left stranded amidst the chaos. A wicked grin spread across her full lips as she reached out, her perfectly manicured nails gleaming in the late afternoon sun.

With surprising delicacy for her size, Liz plucked the bus from the highway. She held it up to her face, examining it like a child with a new toy. The screams of the people trapped inside teased her ears, their terror only fueling her amusement.


"Hey Ted, bet you I can fit this whole thing in my mouth!" Liz declared, her voice booming across the cityscape.
Ted's eyes widened in alarm. "I don't know, Liz. That sounds like it could be a choking hazard..." he replied nervously, adjusting his glasses.
STBY
49 MIN
ON
[REC]


But Liz was incorrigible, her curiosity piqued by the challenge. Without hesitation, she shoved the front of the bus into her mouth, her plump lips wrapping around the green metal frame. The screams from inside grew more frantic as the front of the vehicle disappeared between her teeth.
Ted tried desperately to change her mind. "Umm, Liz, I don't know if that's a good idea!" he shouted, his voice barely audible over the sound of twisting metal.
STBY
49 MIN
ON
[REC]


Liz wasn't about to give up on her impromptu snack. She bit down hard, her teeth easily puncturing the roof of the bus. With a casual flick of her wrist, she let go of the vehicle, allowing the back half to dangle precariously from her mouth. Her hands now free, Liz reached for the strap of her white dress, slowly slipping it off her shoulder with a mischievous glint in her eye.


As Liz's massive breasts popped free from the confines of her tight dress, Ted's jaw dropped in shock. They were even more impressive than they had looked clothed - absurdly full and massive, defying gravity despite their enormous size. Liz smiled, taking pride in her own massive assets.
APARTMENTS
APARTMENTS


With the front of the bus still clenched between her teeth, Liz leaned forward slightly. The motion caused the back half of the vehicle to fall, landing squarely in her deep cleavage. The passengers found themselves trapped between two deadly forces of nature - Liz's teeth and her monumental breasts.


Liz grabbed her massive breasts with both hands, her fingers sinking into the soft flesh. With a wicked grin, she pushed them together, sandwiching the back half of the bus between her colossal mounds. The metal frame of the vehicle groaned in protest as it was compressed between the two immovable objects. Screams of terror from inside the bus reached a fever pitch as the passengers realized their dire situation.


Encouraged by the cries of her victims, Liz pressed harder, her enormous strength easily overwhelming the resilience of the bus's frame. The windows shattered, raining glass down onto her cleavage as the metal frame began to buckle and warp. The screams from inside grew more frantic, only spurring Liz on as she reveled in her destructive power.


Ted watched in horrified fascination from his perch on Liz's hand as she continued to pulverize the back of the bus between her breasts. The once-sturdy vehicle was no match for Liz's titanic assets. With sickening crunches and screeches of tearing metal, the bus was slowly but surely flattened. Ted winced as he imagined the fate of those trapped inside, their bodies crushed along with the vehicle's frame.
STBY
49 MIN
ON
[REC]


Satisfied with her handiwork, Liz stopped squeezing. The back half of the bus, now little more than a mangled sheet of metal, clung precariously to her cleavage. She tilted her head back, allowing the half-destroyed bus to dangle beneath her mouth. The front section was still clenched between her teeth, sticking out from between her lips. Blood and other fluids dripped from the jagged metal, a grim testament to the fate of those inside.


With agonizing slowness, Liz tilted her head back further. Her plump lips parted wider as she began to suck in the front half of the bus. The metal groaned and twisted as it was pulled deeper into her mouth. Ted watched in morbid fascination as the vehicle vanished inch by inch, swallowed for little reason other than Liz's appetite and a willingness to prove she could.


Finally, with one last powerful gulp, Liz got the rest of the bus into her mouth. Her cheeks bulged slightly as she moved the mangled vehicle around with her tongue, savoring the metallic taste as it mixed with the coppery flavor of blood. After a few moments of chewing, grinding the bus and its unfortunate passengers into a more manageable pulp in the process, Liz swallowed hard. Her throat visibly rippled as she gulped down her impromptu snack.
With a satisfied sigh, Liz smiled, and looked back down at the crowds beneath her.




Tossing her dress aside, Liz stripped down to nothing in the middle of the highway. A wicked grin spread across the giantess's face as she gazed down at the tiny figures scurrying beneath her. Liz slowly lowered herself onto her hand and knees, her massive form dwarfing the abandoned vehicles scattered across the highway. The ground trembled beneath her weight as she positioned herself above the fleeing crowds. Her enormous breasts swung down, casting ominous shadows over the terrified people below. She gave a breast a firm squeeze with her free hand, and decided it was time to put her assets to good use.


"Wanna see what these bad girls can do?" she purred, her voice reverberating through the air like thunder. Without waiting for a response, she began to lower her colossal breasts, the soft flesh jiggling with each slight movement. The people below screamed in terror as they realized what was about to happen, their cries growing more frantic as Liz's breasts descended upon them.
TAXI
TAXI


REC
TETLEYS
EUROCAR
GOAD
TEPCO
삼덕전기
With a deafening impact, Liz's breasts slammed onto the highway. Everything beneath her generous assets was obliterated instantly - people, cars, and even the concrete itself broke apart under the weight of her flesh. A thick cloud of dust and debris billowed outward, momentarily obscuring the carnage.


As the dust began to clear, the survivors who had managed to avoid Liz's attack fled in every direction. Their screams filled the air as they scrambled over abandoned cars and chunks of debris, desperate to escape the giantess's reach. Some ran towards the edges of the highway, hoping to find safety in the surrounding buildings, while others sprinted down the empty lanes, their feet pounding against the cracked pavement.



Liz watched the fleeing crowds with growing excitement, her hazel eyes gleaming with predatory hunger. The sight of their terror and the scent of their fear awakened something primal within her. She felt a familiar warmth spreading through her body, a potent mixture of hunger and arousal that demanded satisfaction. Her tongue darted out to wet her lips as she contemplated her next move.

"I need you inside me." she finally growled, her voice low and husky with desire.


REC
Without hesitation, Liz leaned forward, bringing her massive head down towards the highway. Her messy blonde hair fell around her face as she opened her mouth wide, allowing her pink tongue to unfurl onto the road. The people below froze in horror as they watched the giantess's maw descending upon them, her breath washing over them in hot waves.


Liz crawled forward on her hands and knees, her massive form looming over the fleeing crowds on the highway as she drew closer. Her pink tongue, nearly the size of a car, unfurled from her mouth and dragged along the cracked pavement. The ground trembled beneath her weight as she moved, her breasts swaying pendulously with each motion. Her eyes glinted with predatory need as she pursued her helpless prey, leaving a trail of destruction in her wake.


The terrified people couldn't hope to outrun Liz's inexorable advance. Her tongue swept across the highway, adhering screaming victims to its surface one after another. Men and women alike were caught in her trap, their bodies effortlessly pulled into her waiting maw. Liz's cheeks bulged slightly as she gathered more and more people, making a game out of seeing how many she can fit inside at once.

A brave soul among the fleeing crowd managed to pull out their phone, capturing a horrifying view of Liz's cavernous mouth. The camera shook violently as its owner tumbled onto Liz's massive tongue. The unfortunate victim's screams continued unrelenting as the cameraman disappeared into the darkness beyond Liz's lips, joining the dozens of others who preceded them in their grim journey.

The camera continued to record as its owner was swallowed, descending into the depths of Liz's maw. It captured a dizzying view of Liz's throat as the other victims tumbled down her esophagus, their bodies sliding deeper into the giantess's gullet. The walls of her throat pulsed and contracted, pulling them inexorably downward. The lens caught fleeting glimpses of other unfortunate souls, their faces contorted in terror as they helplessly plummeted into the darkness below.






The camera's journey ended abruptly as it and its owner splashed into the acidic lake of Liz's stomach. For a brief moment, it captured a hellish scene - the half-digested remains of a bus floating in a sea of churning fluids, surrounded by the thrashing bodies of Liz's latest victims crying out for help.

Then, mercifully, the camera cut out, leaving the fate of those inside to the imagination.


Liz burped softly, having already forgotten about the people in her stomach. She lay sprawled across the demolished highway, her massive form creating deep imprints in the cracked pavement. She turned to Ted, who was perched precariously on her left hand, and flashed him a cheerful smile.
"Now that I've had something to eat, I'd better get back on the road!" Liz exclaimed, her voice booming across the devastated cityscape. "This IS the way to the mansion, right?"



Ted glanced down at his phone, which looked near-microscopic next to Liz's enormous fingers. He squinted at the screen, adjusting his glasses as he tried to make sense of the map, as well as the direction they were currently facing. After a moment, he looked back up at Liz's expectant face.

"Yep, it looks like this is the right direction..." Ted began hesitantly, his voice trailing off. He bit his lip, clearly wrestling with whether now was an appropriate time to voice his concerns. Finally, he took a deep breath and continued, "But I don't know if going there is a good idea, Liz."


Liz's cheerful expression quickly soured. Her hazel eyes narrowed dangerously as she glared down at Ted, her massive face looming over him like an angry goddess. The ground trembled slightly beneath her as she shifted her weight, causing nearby abandoned cars to rattle ominously.
"Oh yeah?" Liz asked. "And why's that?"


Ted gulped audibly, his Adam's apple bobbing in his throat. He forced a smile, desperately trying to soften the blow of his words. "It's just that, well... You weren't invited." he began, his voice quavering slightly. "If you crash the party, it might look desperate. Harmony Lux is the biggest star on the planet right now, and you don't want to look like a desperate clout chaser."
APARTMENTS
TETLEYS
EUROCAR
SOAD
TEPCO
CINEMA
WILLIAMS AND SONS


"That's where you're wrong," Liz replied. "I'm going to remind everyone who the world's biggest star really is, and who they should actually be paying attention to. When I get there, it's not going to be little Miss Lux's party anymore. Liz Dixon is taking over!"
"You seem like your mind is made up," Ted admitted.
"It is. I'm gonna crash that bitch's party... and I'm going to come prepared. I'll need a giant-sized toga... And a whole lot of coke, too. I'm talking about the good stuff, the stuff from South America. I want to get one hell of a sugar rush... If you know what I mean!"




Ted's face paled as he processed Liz's demands. After several seconds of silence he adjusted his glasses, stalling for time as his mind raced to find a solution that wouldn't end with him being eaten.

"Liz, even putting aside the legal issues involved, of which there are many." he began hesitantly, his voice barely audible over the distant sirens and screams, "With your budget as it is, I don't think you could afford something like that, especially on such short notice!"


Liz glared down at the tiny accountant perched on her hand. "That's what we hired you for, isn't it? Figure it out. Find the money. Because if you don't, you might just end up in my belly with everyone else who can't do their damn jobs." she growled, her voice reverberating through the air like thunder. "This is going to be MY party, and I want it to be the biggest thing in town!"


The sun was setting over Harmony Lux's sprawling estate, casting a warm golden glow across the elaborate Roman-themed courtyard. Guests mingled in their togas, sipping watered-down wine from ornate goblets as they chatted and laughed. Harmony, resplendent in a shimmering toga that tightly hugged her curves, was regaling a group of admirers with a story when the first tremor shook the ground.


A hush fell over the crowd as the distant boom of massive footsteps echoed across the landscape. Harmony's bright smile faltered for a moment as she and her guests listened intently, hoping against hope that the ominous sound would fade into the distance.
"No need to panic. She's... probably just passing by. Yeah." Harmony reassured the others.


As the footsteps grew louder and the vibrations intensified with each earth-shaking step, Harmony's composure finally cracked. Her blue eyes widened in panic as she turned to her guests, her voice rising to a shrill pitch.
"Oh god, how did she find out? She's coming this way, isn't she? She has to be!" Harmony cried, her perfectly manicured hands flying to her face in horror. The other partygoers began to murmur anxiously, their eyes darting around as if searching for an escape route. But they all knew there was nowhere to hide from the approaching giantess.


At the front gate of the luxurious estate, two burly security guards stood at attention. They eyed an approaching Lexus with practiced suspicion, motioning for the driver to stop. The thumping music coming from inside drowned out the sound of Liz's distant footsteps. As the window rolled down, one guard leaned in to check the ID of the fashionably late guest, but stopped when he spotted a familiar figure looming over the horizon.


The guards' heads snapped up in unison, their eyes widening in terror as they looked beyond the gate. The car's engine was still running, completely forgotten as all attention turned to the approaching behemoth. In the distance, they could see her. Liz Dixon. All 700 feet of her, striding purposefully towards the mansion with purposeful steps.
The guards exchanged panicked glances, their training utterly useless in the face of something like this. One of them fumbled for his radio, his hands shaking as he tried to warn the others inside the estate.
GB AS22 XZR


Liz's colossal form drew nearer, each step covering nearly the length of a city block. She towered over the dense forest that surrounded Harmony's estate, the tops of decades-old fir trees barely reaching her knees. With every step her sheer scale became more apparent, dwarfing everything in sight.


Liz's massive foot hovered ominously over the Lexus, casting it in inky shadow. The driver inside stared up in horror, frozen in place as he all-too-late realized his fate. The guards at the gate scrambled backwards, their eyes wide with terror as they watched the giantess prepare to crush the vehicle.


With a sickening crunch, Liz's foot fell directly onto the Lexus. The expensive car crumpled like a tin can beneath her enormous sandal, its frame buckling and twisting under her immense weight. Glass shattered and metal squealed as the vehicle was flattened into the pavement. She hardly paid the vehicle any mind, and was fully preoccupied with searching for the party she'd come to attend.
AS22 XZR




Another earth-shaking step, and Liz's colossal form was now looming directly over the Roman-themed courtyard. The guards stood and watched impotently, unable to do anything to stop the massive intruder.



Liz loomed over the party, looking like a Roman goddess in her massive costume. Her right breast swayed freely, completely exposed by her makeshift toga. She scowled down at Harmony, letting her grimace do all the talking.

Harmony Lux stepped forward on shaking legs. She craned her neck to look up at Liz, forcing a smile onto her terrified face.

"Umm, hey Liz!" Harmony called out, barely maintaining her composure. "It's really great to have an actress of your, uhh... size stop by, but I'm afraid this is a private party."

Liz stared down at Harmony skeptically. "Oh yeah?" she boomed, her voice echoing across the estate. "Well guess what? It's MY private party now! So you can go ahead and relax, because you've officially been demoted to hostess. You'd better make sure it's one hell of a party if you don't want to end up as an hors d'oeuvre!"



Harmony paled, her blue eyes going wide with panic. "Umm, okay, I'll see what I can do!" she replied nervously, her mind racing to find a way out of this nightmare. She turned to face her terrified guests, forcing a brittle smile onto her face. Her voice shook as she addressed the cowering crowd, trying to project a calm she didn't feel.

"Well, I think you all um, heard her, didn't you? There's been a change of plans. This is Liz's party now, so... let's make her feel welcome! Please! There's nothing I care about more than making Liz happy right now. I'm the hostess, and all of you are going to help me out, alright? Now let's go introduce ourselves. Act friendly, your lives could depend on it!"



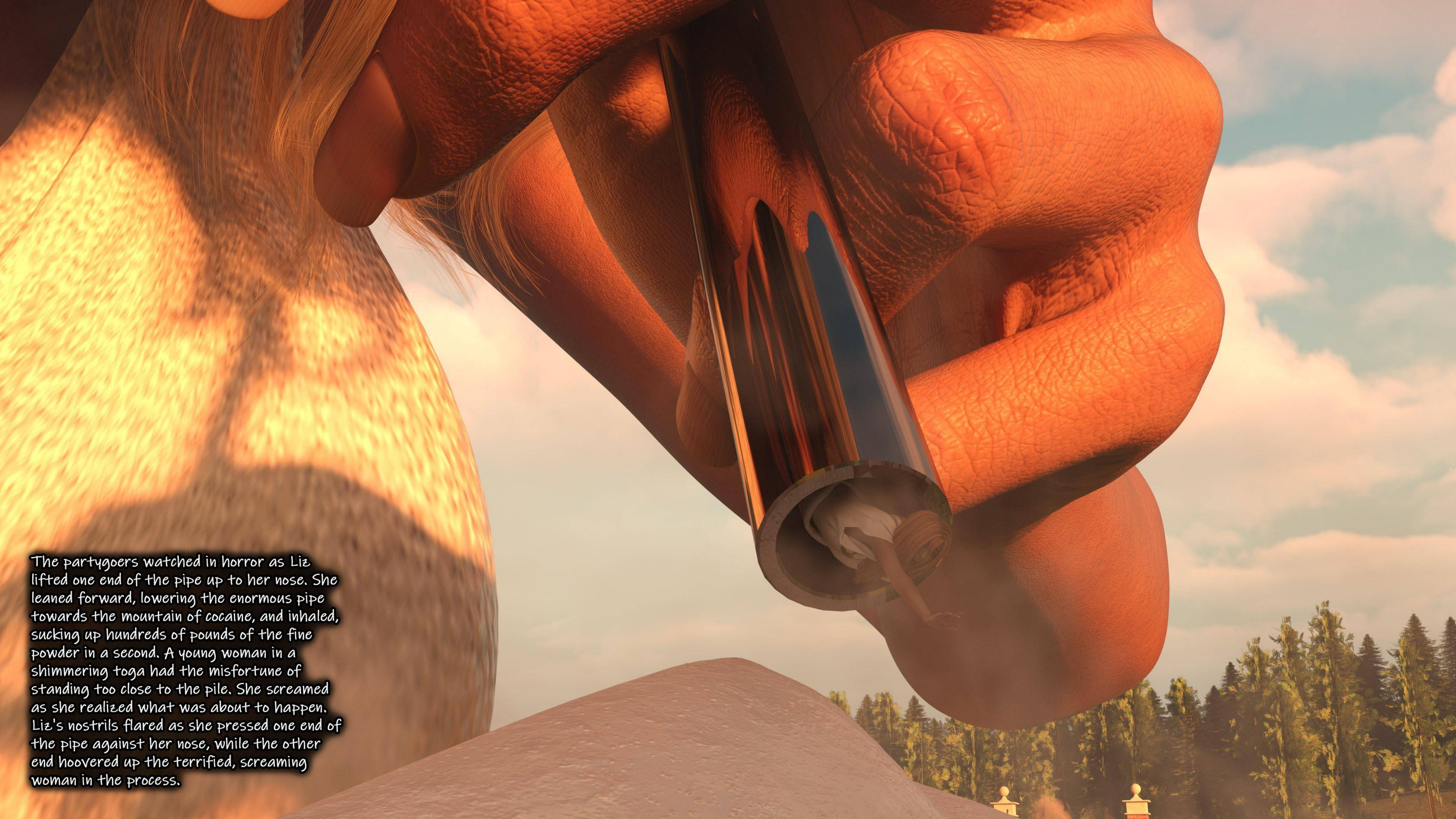

A rumbling sound caught the attention of the terrified partygoers. A massive dump truck had pulled up onto the estate. It maneuvered into position, its engine straining under the weight of what appeared to be piles of white sand in its bed.


With a deafening groan of metal, the bed began to tilt upwards. A cascade of white powder poured out, forming a massive mound in the middle of the lawn. The pile grew larger and larger, quickly reaching several feet high. The guests, still clad in their togas, exchanged nervous glances before reluctantly making their way towards the mountain of white powder. They gathered around it, their faces a mix of confusion and fear as they awaited Liz's reaction.


Ted, having joined the others below, craned his neck to address the giantess. His voice was shaky as he spoke, barely audible over the nervous murmurs of the crowd. "Liz, I managed to get the... powder you wanted," he called out, adjusting his glasses nervously. "It wasn't easy, but I got LA's finest to round it all up on short notice!"


"That doesn't look like coke... but it wouldn't be the first time I ate a pile of pure cane sugar!" Liz exclaimed. She reached down and plucked a massive steel pipe from a nearby construction site, holding it delicately between her thumb and forefinger. She was planning to suck up the pile of powder, but when she took a closer look at it, her eyes widened in surprise. "Wait. Oh my goodness! Is all of that cocaine? Like, the stuff they snort in the movies?"
Ted nodded nervously, his brow furrowing in confusion. "I'm afraid so, Liz." he replied hesitantly. "You told me to get some real 'coke' from South America, right? Is that not what you wanted?"


Liz suddenly burst into laughter. "I was just askin' for Coca-Cola! You know, the kind they have down in Mexico, with the real sugar." she explained. Her eyes darted between the pile of cocaine and the terrified guests before a mischievous grin spread across her full lips. "But hey, when in Rome, right?"


The partygoers watched in horror as Liz lifted one end of the pipe up to her nose. She leaned forward, lowering the enormous pipe towards the mountain of cocaine, and inhaled, sucking up hundreds of pounds of the fine powder in a second. A young woman in a shimmering toga had the misfortune of standing too close to the pile. She screamed as she realized what was about to happen. Liz's nostrils flared as she pressed one end of the pipe against her nose, while the other end hoovered up the terrified, screaming woman in the process.


Liz inhaled deeply, the massive steel pipe acting like a giant straw. The unfortunate woman in the shimmering toga let out a blood-curdling scream as she was sucked up along with hundreds of pounds of cocaine. Her tiny form disappeared into the pipe, her cries fading as she was pulled inexorably towards Liz's cavernous nostril. With a final, powerful snort, Liz inhaled the woman and the remaining cocaine, her eyes widening as the massive amount of drugs began to affect her.


Setting the pipe down with surprising delicacy, Liz tilted her head back slightly. Her nostrils flared as she snorted forcefully, ensuring every last bit of the powder made its way into her system. The partygoers watched in horrified fascination as the giantess's throat bobbed, swallowing whatever remnants of the drug - and the unfortunate woman - had made it down her nasal passage.


Almost immediately, Liz felt the effects of the impossibly massive dose coursing through her veins. A wild, manic grin spread across her full lips as an incredible surge of energy flooded her system. She threw her head back and let out a thunderous cheer that shook the very foundations of Harmony's mansion.
"WOOHOO!" Liz bellowed, her voice echoing across the estate. "Now THIS is a party! I feel like I could take on the whole world!"


As the cocaine high took hold, Liz felt a sudden, ravenous hunger gnawing at her insides. Her gaze swept across the terrified partygoers below, their togas fluttering in the breeze created by her movements. To her drug-addled mind, they were looking less like people and more like delicious, toga-wrapped snacks. She licked her lips, her salivating tongue nearly the size of a bus as it swept across her plump mouth.
"You know what?" Liz boomed, her voice slurring slightly. "I'm feelin' a bit peckish. Time for some Roman-style appetizers!"


With surprising speed for her enormous size, Liz reached for the crowd. Her massive hand hovered ominously over the partygoers, casting them in shadow. Screams of terror erupted from the throng as they realized her intentions. Some fell to their knees, pleading for mercy, while others tried in vain to escape the giantess's grasp.
"Please, Liz, don't do this!" Harmony cried out, her voice barely audible over the panicked screams. "We'll get you real food, anything you want! It will only take my chefs a few minutes!"


Liz didn't seem interested in listening as her massive hand descended upon the fleeing crowd, her fingers splayed wide to catch as many people as possible. With a speed that belied her enormous size, she scooped up a handful of screaming partygoers. Their togas fluttered wildly as they were lifted high into the air, their terrified faces barely visible between Liz's fingers. The rest of the guests scattered in panic, their sandals slapping against the manicured lawn as they ran for their lives.
Harmony watched in horror as her friends and fellow celebrities were plucked from the ground like so many grapes. "Liz, please!" she cried out, her voice barely audible over the cacophony of screams. "This isn't necessary!"
Ted calmly put a hand on her shoulder. "Liz does what Liz wants." he told her flatly. "Whatever happens... just don't talk back to her, got it?"
"Got it." Harmony replied.



With a wicked grin, Liz lifted her cupped hand to her mouth. The trapped partygoers screamed and pleaded, their voices growing more frantic as they neared the giantess's plump lips. Liz's tongue darted out to wet her mouth in anticipation.

"I'm gonna eat y'all!" Liz boomed, slurring slightly from the cocaine. "Your asses are about to become appetizers!"

Without hesitation, she tossed the handful of people into her mouth. Their screams were cut short as they disappeared between her lips, their tiny forms tumbling over her tongue and into the dark cavern beyond. Liz closed her mouth, her cheeks bulging slightly as she savored her snack.


As Liz chewed, her gaze fell upon a trio of male partygoers who had been too slow in their escape. Still sprinting across the lawn, they ran as fast as their sandal-clad feet would let them. With surprising dexterity, Liz reached out and plucked them from the ground, her perfectly manicured nails gleaming in the fading sunlight. The men squirmed in her grasp, putting everything they had in futilely fighting back.


With a mischievous glint in her eye, Liz leaned back, her massive form causing the ground to shake as she settled into a seated position. Her toga rode up her thighs as she spread her legs, exposing more of her smooth, tanned legs. Liz was already far beyond caring about modesty, and the cocaine coursing through her system made her care even less.



Liz's massive hand descended towards her exposed lower half, the three terrified men clutched between her fingers. She slid her hand between her thighs, down into her most intimate area seeking to satisfy a primal hunger that had awakened within her. The men's eyes widened as they realized her intentions, their tiny forms dwarfed by the giantess's enormous body.

"Time for you boys to get up close and personal," Liz purred. Without hesitation, she shoved the men between her pussy lips, their bodies disappearing into her folds in an instant. Her fingers, each larger than a person, rubbed against her sensitive flesh, pushing the men deeper inside.


As the men's struggles sent waves of pleasure through her body, Liz began to masturbate in earnest. Her massive hand moved rhythmically, fingers working her womanhood with increasing intensity. The ground trembled beneath her with each movement, nearby trees swaying as if caught in an earthquake.
"Oh yeah, that's the spot," Liz moaned, her voice echoing across the estate. The men inside her continued to fight for their lives, their movements only serving to heighten her pleasure.


Liz's movements grew more frantic as she neared her climax. Her massive body shook the ground with increasing intensity, leaving deep imprints in the once-manicured lawn. Sweat glistened on her skin, her toga clinging to her curves as she pleasured herself.
At the edge of the devastated party area, Ted and Harmony stood frozen, unable to tear their eyes away from the obscene display before them. They were the only ones left at the party, the rest having fled or already met a more gruesome fate at the hands of Liz. Harmony was too scared to watch, and kept her eyes shut tight. Ted could only watch silently, resigned to his new lot in life. He'd seen this all before, and he had a feeling he would see it again.



Ted cleared his throat awkwardly, glancing sideways at Harmony. "So, um... nice party you had here." he said, his voice barely audible over Liz's increasingly loud moans. "The Roman theme was a nice touch. Are you a history buff too?"

Harmony turned to him, her eyes wide with disbelief. "Are you actually trying to make small talk right now?" she hissed, gesturing wildly at the masturbating giantess. "while THIS is happening?"

Ted shrugged. "What else are we supposed to do? It's not like we can stop her. And if you're not going to watch, we may as well set our minds elsewhere."


As Liz approached her orgasm, she shoved the men deeper inside herself. Her fingers worked furiously, pushing the tiny figures further into her depths. Their struggles grew faded as they were swallowed whole by her warm, wet flesh.


Liz let out one final scream of ecstasy, her voice reverberating across the estate and shaking the very foundations of Harmony's mansion. Her massive body tensed beneath her toga as waves of pleasure washed over her. The ground trembled violently, trees swaying and car alarms blaring in the distance as Liz's orgasm reached its thunderous peak.
The unfortunate men trapped inside her were crushed, their tiny forms pulverized beyond recognition in the blink of an eye. Liz's eyes rolled back in her head, her plump lips parted in a silent scream of pleasure as she rode out the last tremors of her climax.


As the last waves of her orgasm subsided Liz collapsed, falling back with earth-shattering force. Her massive form thoroughly ruined the once-pristine lawn, leaving a Liz-shaped imprint in the soft earth. The impact sent shockwaves through the ground, toppling what few decorations remained standing from her earlier rampage.
For several seconds after Liz lay there, riding out the afterglow of her orgasm, chest heaving with each breath. Her toga was disheveled, barely covering her curvaceous form as she let the sun's warm rays caress her. The remains of the party lay in ruins around her, a testament to the destructive power of her pleasure.


Ted, ever the optimist, tried to reassure Harmony that the situation wasn't as dire as it seemed. He turned to the shell-shocked pop star, forcing a smile onto his face as he gestured at the devastation around them.
"You know, it's not so bad when you think about it." He said, his voice unnaturally chipper given the circumstances. "I'd say that went about as well as it could have. You're still in one piece, and so is the mansion!"


Before Harmony could respond, however, fate decided to throw one more curveball their way. Liz stretched out to make herself comfortable, leading to her right foot slamming directly onto the plantation-style mansion. The ornate building, which had been shaken by the earthquakes earlier, stood no chance against a direct attack.
With a deafening crash, the mansion crumbled beneath Liz's enormous sandal. Wooden beams splintered like toothpicks, glass shattered into a million glittering shards, and centuries-old stonework was ground to dust. In mere seconds, Harmony's prized home was reduced to nothing more than a pile of rubble beneath Liz's foot.


"Um... Well,, never mind the bit about the mansion. But I'm sure you have a second home where you can relax until this is all cleaned up. Besides, you still have your health, right?" Ted said with forced cheerfulness, adjusting his glasses as he waved away some of the smoke filling the air.
Harmony whirled on him, her blue eyes flashing with anger. "Shut up shut up shut UP!!!" she snapped, her voice cracking with emotion. "Stop trying to downplay things, you're just making them worse!"


Harmony's face contorted with rage as she watched Liz lounging carelessly amidst the wreckage of her home and career. Something inside her snapped, and a reckless determination took hold.
"No. Forget it. I'm not going to just stand here and take this. I'm not going to let her do as she goddamn pleases! I'm going to give her a piece of my mind!" Harmony declared, her fists clenching at her sides as she started marching towards the giantess.
"I'm really not sure that's a good idea!" Ted called after her, but Harmony just kept marching forward..


Harmony stomped across the ruined lawn, undeterred by Ted's warning. Her toga fluttered behind her like a war banner as she approached the lounging giantess.
Liz lay sprawled across the estate, her massive form creating deep imprints in the once-manicured grass. Her eyes were closed, her chest rising and falling with deep, rumbling breaths that shook the ground. The cocaine crash had hit her hard, and she had succumbed to a fitful slumber.
Standing in front of Liz's massive armpit, Harmony took a deep breath, steeling herself for what she was about to do.


"Hey! Wake up, you stupid, ugly, washed-up BITCH!" Harmony screamed, her voice shrill with fury. "You ruined my party, you ate all my friends, and you smashed my mansion. But you know what? I don't care. I don't fucking care! I'm over that! Because you know what you can't take from me? The FACT that I'm still hotter than you, I'm still richer than you, and I'm still more famous than you! You'll always be a washed-up, no good, oversized B-lister, and the sooner you leave this fucking town the happier we'll all be for it!"



Liz, who was just waking from her nap, didn't make out much of Harmony's speech. Her massive eyelids fluttered open, hazel eyes struggling to focus in the fading evening light.

"Huh? Did someone say something?" She mumbled groggily, her voice rumbling across the devastated estate like distant thunder. The bright sunlight stung her eyes, and she spent a few seconds trying to focus, before shifting her position slightly. Tremors rippled through the ground from her casual movement, and as her vision cleared, she spotted a tiny figure standing on the grass below her.



Moving herself to rest on an elbow, Liz turned on her side, the movement sending shockwaves through the earth. Her enormous hand slammed down right in front of Harmony, the impact leaving a deep crater in the once-manicured lawn. Harmony stumbled backwards, nearly losing her footing as the ground shook beneath her.

"Well if it isn't just the woman I was looking for!" Liz exclaimed, her face lighting up with recognition. Her breath washed over Harmony in hot waves as she spoke, reeking of alcohol and something far more sinister. "You know, I thought you were one of those stuck-up Hollywood types, but you put on a great party. You were a wonderful hostess!"

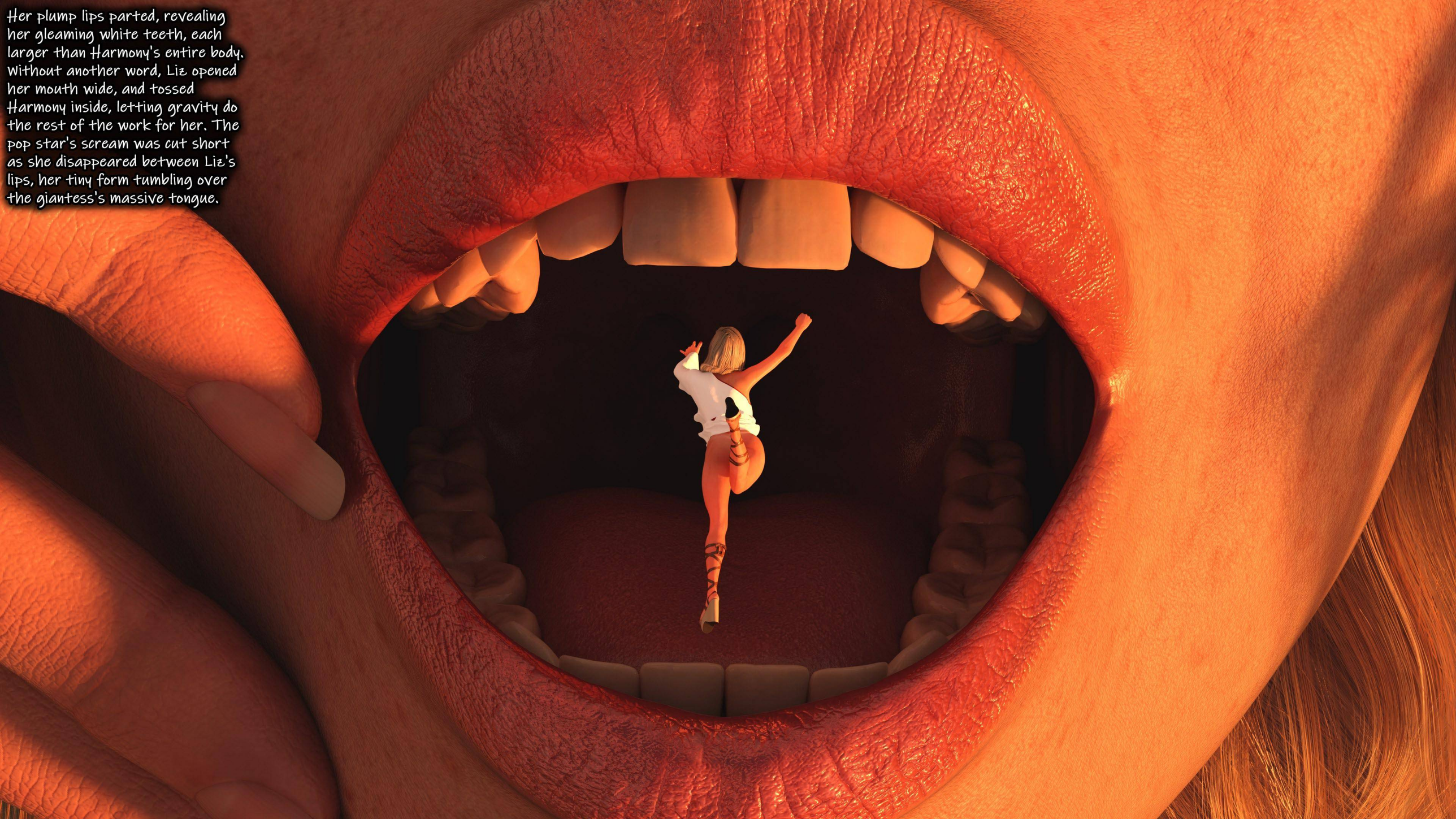

Liz planted her finger on the ground, right in front of Harmony. The digit, nearly as thick as a redwood trunk, towered over the pop star. Harmony took a step back, her sandaled foot catching on the hem of her toga.
"There's just one last thing you could do to make it a perfect evening," Liz continued, a wicked grin spreading across her full lips. Her hazel eyes honed in on Harmony, who was backing away after the close call. "See, I had a nice little meal earlier. Great stuff, my compliments, really. But... it was missing some dessert!"



Harmony spun in place to run, but with surprising delicacy for her size, Liz snatched her from the ground in an instant between two fingers. She lifted the pop star high into the air, bringing her close to her enormous face. Harmony dangled helplessly, her legs kicking frantically as she found herself hundreds of feet above the ground.

Liz's massive eyes, each larger than Harmony's entire body, focused on her tiny captive. Her plump lips curled into a cruel smile as she taunted Harmony.

"You know, for someone who everyone says is a bigger name than me, you sure look small from up here." Liz purred. "Let's see if you taste as good as you look."


Her plump lips parted, revealing her gleaming white teeth, each larger than Harmony's entire body. Without another word, Liz opened her mouth wide, and tossed Harmony inside, letting gravity do the rest of the work for her. The pop star's scream was cut short as she disappeared between Liz's lips, her tiny form tumbling over the giantess's massive tongue.


Harmony plummeted through the air, falling into Liz's cavernous maw. She tumbled down Liz's enormous tongue, sliding down the slippery surface. The world around her turned dark as Liz's lips closed behind her, sealing her fate for good.


Liz swallowed hard, her throat visibly rippling as she gulped down the pop star. With Harmony's tiny form sliding down her esophagus, She let out a satisfied burp and stretched lazily.
"Well, that was a nice little snack," Liz mused, her voice slurring slightly from the lingering effects of the cocaine. "Though I gotta say, for all the hype, I expected her to taste better."


As she lay there, basking in the afterglow of her destructive rampage, Liz began to feel a strange sensation spreading through her body. The odd feeling quickly transformed into something far more intense. A wave of euphoria washed over Liz, causing her to gasp in surprise and pleasure.
As the euphoria built, Liz quickly realized she was growing. Her already enormous body began to expand, her curves becoming even more pronounced. Her toga strained against her burgeoning form, the fabric stretching to its limits.


Liz's growth accelerated, her body expanding at an alarming rate. The ground beneath her groaned and buckled under her increasing weight, creating deep impressions in the earth.
"More! More!" Liz cried out, her voice booming across the landscape like rolling thunder.


Liz leaned back, reveling in the incredible feeling of her growth. Her massive hands roamed over her body, exploring her new dimensions as she continued to expand. Her right breast, already exposed by her toga, swelled to truly monumental proportions.


Liz's new size was truly staggering. She had already been massive at 700 feet tall, but now, at over a thousand feet, her height was truly absurd.
With languid movements, Liz stretched out her newly enlarged limbs. "Now this is more like it," Liz purred, her voice so low and powerful it made the ground vibrate. "I always knew I was destined for bigger things."
Liz's massive form began to relax. Her eyelids grew heavy, the cocaine crash and alcohol-induced stupor taking hold once more. The ground trembled as she shifted, finding a more comfortable position amidst the ruins of Harmony's once-pristine lawn.


Liz let out a contented sigh. The giantess barely registered the fact that she had just consumed one of the biggest celebrities in the world. To her, Harmony had been nothing more than a tasty morsel, a fleeting moment of satisfaction.
Without a second thought, Liz began to relax. Her eyelids grew heavy, the cocaine crash taking hold once more. She yawned, her breath washing over the devastated estate in hot waves. The ground trembled as she shifted, finding a more comfortable position amidst the ruins of Harmony's once-pristine lawn.
Within seconds, Liz had once again drifted off to sleep. Her thunderous snores echoed across the destroyed party grounds, rattling the remains of what had once been an opulent mansion. The giantess slumbered peacefully, indifferent to the numerous lives she had ended.



Ted stood at the edge of the ruined estate, surveying the scene before him. Liz's colossal form sprawled across the once-manicured lawn, her white toga doing a poor job of covering her curvaceous figure. The remains of Harmony's mansion lay scattered around her, reduced to nothing more than chunks of stone and splintered wood.

Ted held his hand steady for a moment, before tapping the button to stop recording the video. He replayed the video, which caught Liz eating Harmony, plus a fair amount more. A small smile playing across his lips as he nodded in satisfaction. "Perfect," he murmured to himself, his fingers dancing across the screen as he saved the photo. "This will do nicely."


As Ted pocketed his phone, a low chuckle escaped his lips. It started softly at first, barely audible over Liz's thunderous snores. But soon it grew in volume and intensity, transforming into a full-blown cackle that echoed across the devastated estate.
His eyes gleamed with a sinister light as he gazed up at Liz's sleeping form. The mild-mannered accountant facade had slipped away, revealing something far more calculating beneath.
"Oh, Liz." Ted said, his voice dripping with malice. "Liz, Liz, Liz. You have no idea what you are, do you? Rest well, you little diva. You'll find out soon enough."


END OF
PART 6


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# CELEBRITY CRUSH 6
# SIZE COMPARISON

