CELEBRITY CRUSH 8




ART BY JACKOFBULLETS
STORY BY REDFIREDOG
ONE WILSHIRE
ONE WILSHIRE


Liz should have felt triumphant. She had achieved the impossible. She had grown a mile high, like she'd long dreamt of. As she sat in the middle of downtown LA, the city she'd thoroughly conquered, the skyscrapers looked like toys scattered around her heels. She had finally commanded the level of respect she'd felt she was owed for so long. The recognition and fame that she'd craved for as long as she'd lived.
Yet, in spite of it all, there was only one thing Liz could think about... The horn that had sprouted atop her head.
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Liz traced her finger over the new appendage. She'd worried it may have felt sensitive to the touch, but no. It was... hard. Her expression soured as she felt the firm curve of what could only be a horn jutting from her skull.
"You've got to be kidding me," Liz muttered, wincing as she scratched the horn with a fingernail. "Dang... Would you look at that? It looks like Lucifer himself took a big fat crap on my head."
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She squinted down to catch her reflection in the remaining windows of an intact skyscraper nearby, tilting her massive head to try and view it from more angles. Sure enough, there was no doubt. The horn had seemingly sprouted straight from her skin, and was firmly attached to her head.
"Perfect," she deadpanned. "As if I needed to call even more attention to my forehead."
LOS ANGELES CONVENTION CENTER
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She glanced down at a crumbled chunk of still-intact city near her knees, and tried to distract herself. Normally wanton destruction like that would raise her spirits... but not now.
"Great." she groaned sarcastically under her breath. "Just great. So... What? I'm stuck with this thing for good? Right when things were starting to look up, my looks go to Hell... Literally!"
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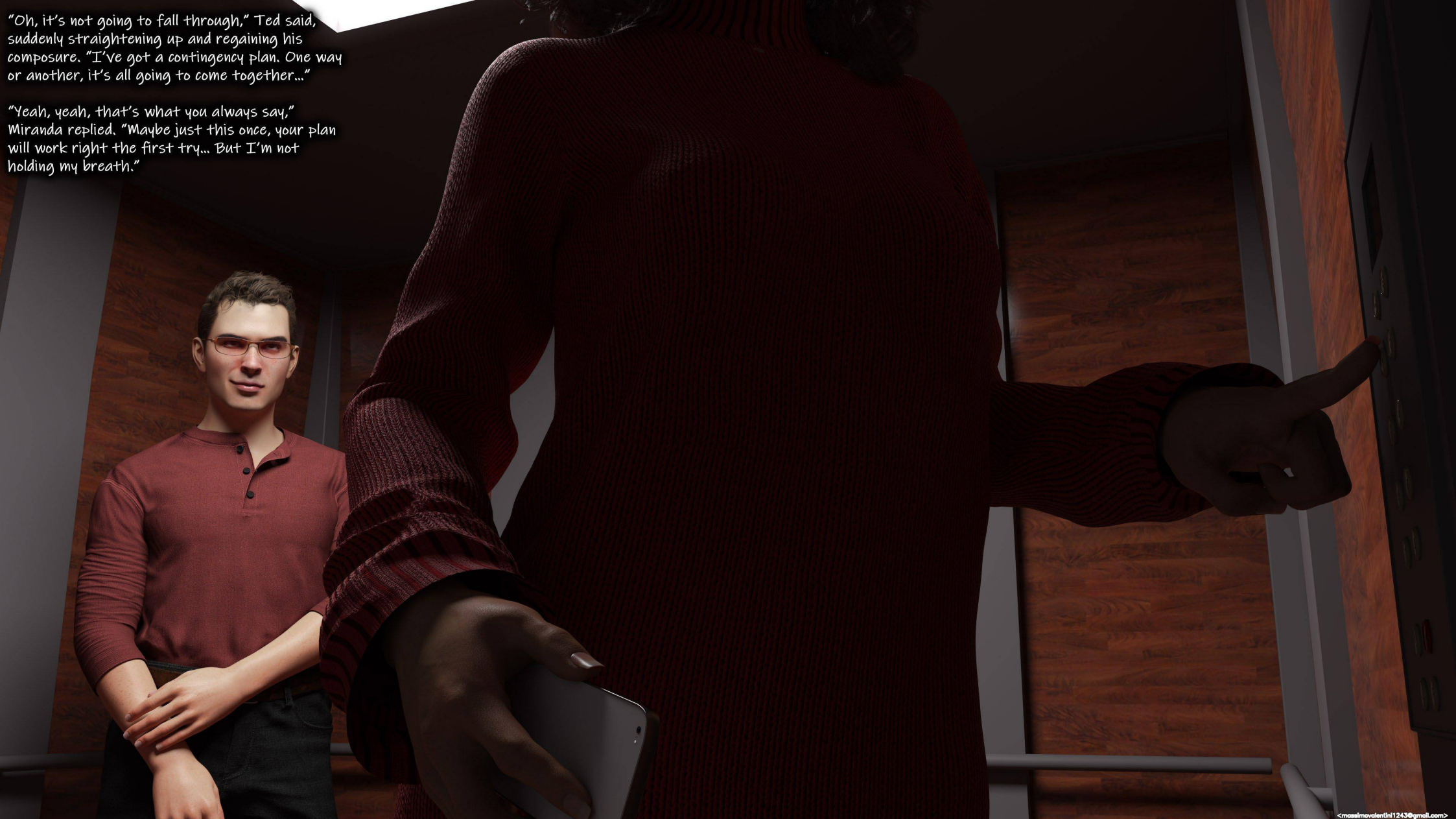

She wanted answers of some kind. She thought of who may be able to help, but no one came to mind. No one save for... Miranda. Even if the woman could be a conniving little vulture, Miranda always seemed to have answers, and she had a way of showing up right when Liz needed her most.
Suddenly, Liz felt a creeping sensation run up her spine. She looked around for the source, before settling on a nearby skyscraper. Despite the ring of destruction around her, there was one directly in front of her that was miraculously intact. The sensation she felt was difficult to pinpoint. Almost as if she could sense Miranda's presence inside of this very building. "Maybe I'm just crazy?" Liz muttered to herself. "But... Hell, it wouldn't be the weirdest thing that's happened today..."
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Miranda and Ted shuffled awkwardly. It was quiet, save for the low hum of the elevator and the vibrations of the ground beneath them.
"So? How are we supposed to break the news to her?" Ted asked, finally breaking the silence.
"Just leave that to me." Miranda said confidently. "I'll do all the talking."
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"Not that I don't think you can handle this, but... what if she doesn't take it well?"
"Oh, she's definitely not going to take it well." Miranda answered with a heavy sigh. "It's a lot to tell her, all at once. But it'll have to be like ripping off a band-aid. The pain will subside before she knows it..."
"Are you sure that's the best way to do this?" Ted asked. "I mean, telling her all of this at once? Maybe we should tell her a little at a time. Just say we're looking into it, then drip feed her everything we know. That'll give her time to process it all, and maybe..."
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Miranda turned around and grimaced at Ted. "You can't be serious. That's what I was advocating for months ago... But it's much too late for that now. She's got a freaking horn on her head, for fuck's sake! There's no way to slow drip that. She's going to want answers, and I don't want her to even consider that we're hiding anything from her."
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"I suppose you're right." Ted replied quietly. "I just hope this doesn't ruin our plans..."
"Oh, they're not our plans," Miranda corrected. "Don't try to pin this on me, now. This is all your brilliant plan, remember? So if it all falls through, that's your problem!"
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"Oh, it's not going to fall through," Ted said, suddenly straightening up and regaining his composure. "I've got a contingency plan. One way or another, it's all going to come together..."
"Yeah, yeah, that's what you always say," Miranda replied. "Maybe just this once, your plan will work right the first try... But I'm not holding my breath."
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The elevator dinged, and Miranda exited, flinging the door to the rooftop open with one hand before storming out. As if on cue, the ground suddenly shook. While Ted was recoiling, Miranda did not break her stride as she moved closer to the roof's edge.
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The giantess was facing away, which left Miranda in the unenviable position of trying to get her attention. Liz's head had to be at least a city block away, and it wasn't easy to shout over the sounds of burning cars and distant screaming. Once again, Miranda was kicking herself for not bringing her megaphone along. Nevertheless, she cleared her throat, and cupped her hands over her mouth.
"Liz! It's me!" She shouted at the top of her lungs. "Liz, over here! It's me, Miranda!"
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Liz turned slowly towards Miranda, gradually revealing the horn that was affixed to the side of her forehead in the process. "Oh, hey Miranda." Liz said. "Had a feeling you'd be here, I was just wrong about which building... but that doesn't matter. I've got something you should take a look at. Maybe you've noticed?"
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Miranda and Ted both were taken aback as they laid eyes on it directly. "Good lord what the heck is that thing?" Ted exclaimed, jumping back in surprise.
After a moment of awkward silence, Miranda cleared her throat, and spoke up. "That's quite the bump you've got." She said, "Maybe we should get you to a doctor. I'm not sure what exactly would cause something like that, but it could be related to your growth condition..."
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Liz said nothing in response. Instead, she answered by moving, turning her entire body to the side and bending down slightly. That subtle movement was enough to make the whole city shake, including the office building that Miranda and Ted were standing atop. Though it was made to withstand earthquakes, the clear sensation of it swaying on its foundations was unnerving to the pair.

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Finally, Liz spoke up. "I remembered something you said a while back, Ms. Miranda. You made a little joke about how you'd made a deal with the devil. Didn't think nothin' of it at the time... but you weren't actually joking, were you?"
"Oh, uhh, that," Miranda stammered. She tugged at her dress, taking a moment to compose herself. "Hey, what can I say? I make a lot of jokes, but they're just that, Liz. Jokes. No need to read deeper into them. So maybe take a deep breath, relax, and we'll both try to figure out what's going on here, okay?"
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Liz leaned down further, staring at Miranda. Her giant pupil looked right through the comparatively minuscule woman, and gazed straight into her soul.
"Nuh uh." Liz commanded. "No more bullshit. That's an order. You know I don't make empty threats. Tell me what the hell is going on. Right. Fucking. Now."


"Okay Miranda, you can do this," Miranda muttered to herself, and took a deep breath. "Okay, listen, Liz. How do I put this... You know what it's like to be beautiful and famous... and then lose it all, little by little? I know you do. You were in that position up until yesterday, and you destroyed half the city just so they'd remember you.
You remember how you felt being washed up for a couple of months, when no one wanted to see you? That was my life. Only it wasn't a couple of months for me. It was decades. Day in day out, month after month, year after year. Imagine failure eating you up from the inside out. A failure that's old enough to buy a pack of smokes and a drink. If you were in my shoes... You'd do anything to end that, right?"
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"You're stalling." Liz said coldly. "I'm sure you've been through a lot, Ms. Miranda, but I want real answers and I want them right now. You know how impatient I am, and you really don't want to test me right now."
Miranda shrugged, and shook her head. "Alright. Fine. Let's do this. I'll tell you the whole story, Liz. Beginning to end, nothing but the truth, okay? I was..."
The older woman stopped for a moment, and took a deep breath. Steeling her nerves, she clenched her hands into fists, and continued to speak. "Liz... I was in a really bad place a while back. Because of the situations I'd found myself in I made some... compromises to my morals."
"I'm listening."
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Alright. So there I was, yet again. Laying alone in my house, with a bottle of cheap bourbon in my hand. A bottle that just kept getting emptier with every passing minute. A bottle that I'd hoped would dull the monotony of my life.


I'd been at a low point in my career for quite some time then, but this was the pinnacle of it. This was my lowest. My celebrity status hadn't just faded at that point, it was gone. I was a nobody. I was washed-up. A joke. Everyone in this town had turned their backs on me, and they had all grown richer for it. Drowning my sorrows in booze had become as normal as breathing air for me.
AURORA
BOURBON


I know you're thinking it's because of the drinking, but you'd be wrong. I'd always been a hot mess, but I used to be hotter. I knew that if I just looked a little bit younger, I could have a second chance at stardom. Bring on a whole new stage of my career and live my life in the limelight for just a bit longer.
But that wasn't exactly a realistic goal.


My drinking problem had gotten pretty bad by then. Bad enough that when I closed my eyes, I could see the headlines papers would run when I finally kicked the bucket. 'Faded Starlet Drinks Herself to Death.' It would be a tragedy... And for a moment, they'd care about me again. That would almost make it worth it. Making all those sarcastic headline writers and late night comedians feel bad for making fun of me. I'd have the last laugh from the grave.
That is, if they even bothered reporting on it at all.


No, I could be destined for something even less spectacular than a headline. A byline in the obituary section. No spouse. No family. No one to remember my legacy, save for film historians researching forgotten old movies.
Soon enough, I finished the bottle. With nothing else to do, I lay on the couch, feeling sorry for myself. Wishing that I could be young and beautiful again. In the throes of my self-pity, I spoke some fateful words.
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'I'd do anything to look a little younger...'
The words came out barely louder than a whisper. They weren't meant for anyone aside from myself, but they traveled farther than I could have imagined.
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Suddenly, I felt a presence. Felt like I wasn't alone in this room anymore. With the silence broken by a soft sound I looked up... and saw something impossible.
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I watched as a puddle of blood materialized in the middle of my living room. A pair of crimson horns rose from that puddle, as if they had been submerged in a deep lake. A face followed, wicked with red skin and glowing eyes. Still it rose, and rose, until none other than the devil himself stared back at me.
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There was no mistaking him. Satan himself was standing right in front of me in my very own living room. For several seconds he just stood by the window silently. Watching me. Observing me. Until finally, he spoke.
"It sounded like you might be interested in making a deal." he told me, in an unnaturally smooth voice.
"D...Depends on the deal." I replied.
"Naturally."
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"Well I'm not going to sell my soul, if that's what you're asking!" I told him.
He laughed. "Why would I make a deal for something that's already mine? Sister, you've sinned enough to get an express ticket to hell, ten times over. No, all I want is for you to help me reap some souls. Any souls will do, really. And for every life you end, you'll get a little bit younger. Who you pick, and how you kill them, is up to you."
"How do I know if they're yours to claim?" I asked.
Once again, he laughed. "Unless you're killing a bunch of monks, it's a safe bet that they all are," he said. "It's a rigged game, sweetie. Always has been... so you may as well play on the winning team."
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What can I say? It was nice seeing an old face again. We shook hands... and that was that. The deal was made.
All I had to do was kill someone, anyone really, and I'd get younger. That seemed like a no-brainer. I'd spent decades in Hollywood, I had a list of people the world would do better without a mile long. The only question was who to start with?
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I didn't want to waste any time. That very night, I got into my car, even as the alcohol still coursed through my veins. I didn't own a gun, but I did own a Mercedes. A little less portable, but four-thousand pounds of metal wasn't half bad, as far as weapons go. The only downside was that it limited my options a bit. The people I wanted to get revenge on didn't spend a lot of time wandering the streets late at night, so they were out of the picture.
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With no better options, I drove to Skid Row and pulled into a random alley. And what did I see? A quartet of junkies, laying around. These weren't people with a lot to live for. They'd be better off dead, I told myself. Even if they were destined for hell, that would probably be an improvement over this.
I gripped the steering wheel tight in preparation for what I was about to do. I held my breath, and revved up my engine just long enough to give them an idea of what I had in mind.
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Their heads turned to look at me, and I put the pedal to the metal. One after another, I ran them down. Their bodies slammed into the hood, and were sent flying over the top of the car. Then, not wanting to leave anything to chance, I made sure to turn right back around and run them over a second time. Just to be absolutely sure.
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The whole thing only took a couple of minutes.
It seemed like a win/win. Buy 1, get 4 free!
What a deal, right? There was just one problem.
I felt... guilt. I felt like shit. Like a monster.
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I'd done bad things before that. Too many to count, actually. I'd hurt a lot of people, not to mention hurting myself. But I'd never felt guilt like I felt at that moment. I remember thinking that must be what it feels like to grow up Catholic. It was almost enough to make me try to find God... or it would have been, if I didn't know that it was already too late. The deed was done. There was no going back from this.
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But... It worked.
Sure enough, I felt younger. He'd kept up his end of the bargain to the letter. The only problem was... He didn't say how much younger taking a life would make me.
I looked in the mirror, and saw my face. It was an improvement, sure... but not by much. It had taken maybe a year off, if that. If I wanted to go back to my prime, I'd have to do that again... Dozens and dozens of times. I just didn't have that in me. I know I can be a cold-hearted bitch... but believe it not, I didn't like getting my hands dirty.
Once again, I found myself staring at a fresh, unopened bottle. It was calling to me. Begging for me to forget about what I'd just done, and let time take its course.
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I was about to give into temptation when I got a call from my old business associate. You know... 'Ted.' Hadn't heard from him in a long time, or so I thought. Certainly wasn't expecting a call from him out of the blue.
BOURBON
WHISKEY
CENSORED BREW
40% Vol


The next thing I knew, he was there. There was no one I wanted to talk to more. I didn't need a shoulder to cry on, I needed someone who could fix things. And no one was better at fixing problems than Ted.
AURORA
BOURBON
WHISKEY
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I explained my predicament as best as I could... And he gave me some information.
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He'd heard about a little roadside attraction. A girl by the name of Liz Dixon. She lived in a farm on the outskirts of a little town not too far from LA. Cute place, I'd been there once before.
I asked how some random tall girl was supposed to help, but he told me she wasn't just tall. She was huge. Way beyond any normal human. Told me she was fifty feet tall... But she could grow a whole lot bigger.
AURORA
BOURBON
WHISKEY
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One of the articles he showed me mentioned that Liz had a history of close calls with visitors. On several occasions, she'd nearly killed people by mistake. It didn't me long to see some extra benefits to the arrangement. If I could get her to kill someone for me, I'd get a little younger. A little more beautiful. But that was only half of it. Someone like Liz would give me a surefire path back to fame and fortune.
Liz Dixon would be my ticket back into the spotlight.
AURORA
BOURBON
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"I guess I'm taking a trip!" I told him. And not long after that, I packed my bags and headed out. And, well... I think you know how it went from there.
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Liz looked at the tiny woman. "So is that all I ever was to you? Your way back into stardom? A little homicide I can forgive, but you used me, Miranda. All for a little fame and fortune."
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"Don't act like you have the moral high ground here either! Ask yourself Liz, how many people have you killed? I'm not much of a theologian, but last I checked, murder is still a mortal sin. No take-backs, no exceptions. In the grand scheme of things you're no better than me. We're already damned, so you may as well get your money's worth while you're here! All you've got is what's left of your life and when it's all over, you can laugh your way into hell!"
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Liz was incensed. "No! Even if there's no way out, I'm not gonna give in! I'm gonna fight it with everything I've got."
"Fight what? There's no point, Liz!" Miranda shouted back at her. "You made your choice!"
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"No, YOU made that choice for me!" Liz shouted, curling her fingers into a fist. "YOU'RE the reason I fell into temptation! YOU turned me into this... this demon!"
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Miranda was taken aback by the accusation. "Turned you into a... No, Liz. I'm sorry, but you've got the wrong idea. I didn't 'turn' you into anything. Trust me, that was a given. All I did was speed things up a bit."
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"And just what the hell is that supposed to mean?" Liz asked, leaning in closer. She stared down Miranda, watching her closely.

Miranda mulled over her words for a moment before clearing her throat. "What I mean is, how do I put this... You're a natural-born killer, Liz. It's in your blood."

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Liz thrust her finger forward accusingly. "What the hell do you know about my blood?" Liz shouted. "You think you're family? You're nothing to me!"
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Miranda's heart raced. Liz's true scale was made all the more real by the finger thrusting closer to her.
"Liz, I understand you're upset, but you need to calm down, okay? We'll talk this over! I'll answer everything I can, promise!"
KPMG
KPMG


"Of course you want to talk. You think you can talk me into anything. That's your fucking superpower. You wave that silver tongue around, and I'll be dancing to your beat yet again!"
"No, Liz, it's not like that, really!" Miranda protested. "At the end of the day I had your best interests in heart, I swear!"
"Liar!" Liz shouted.
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Suddenly, Liz thrust her finger forward. Miranda jumped back as Liz's massive finger extended towards her at incredible speed. The fingernail jutted out like a guillotine, just sharp enough to do some serious damage.
"Liz, stop! You could have killed me just now!" Miranda protested. "This is getting out of hand! You've got to keep yourself under control!"
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"No, YOU'VE got to stop!" Liz shouted, thrusting her finger forward once again. "This whole time, I've been doing whatever YOU wanted. You see how crazy that is, right? A mile-high bitch taking orders from some washed-up old diva? Well that ends now!"

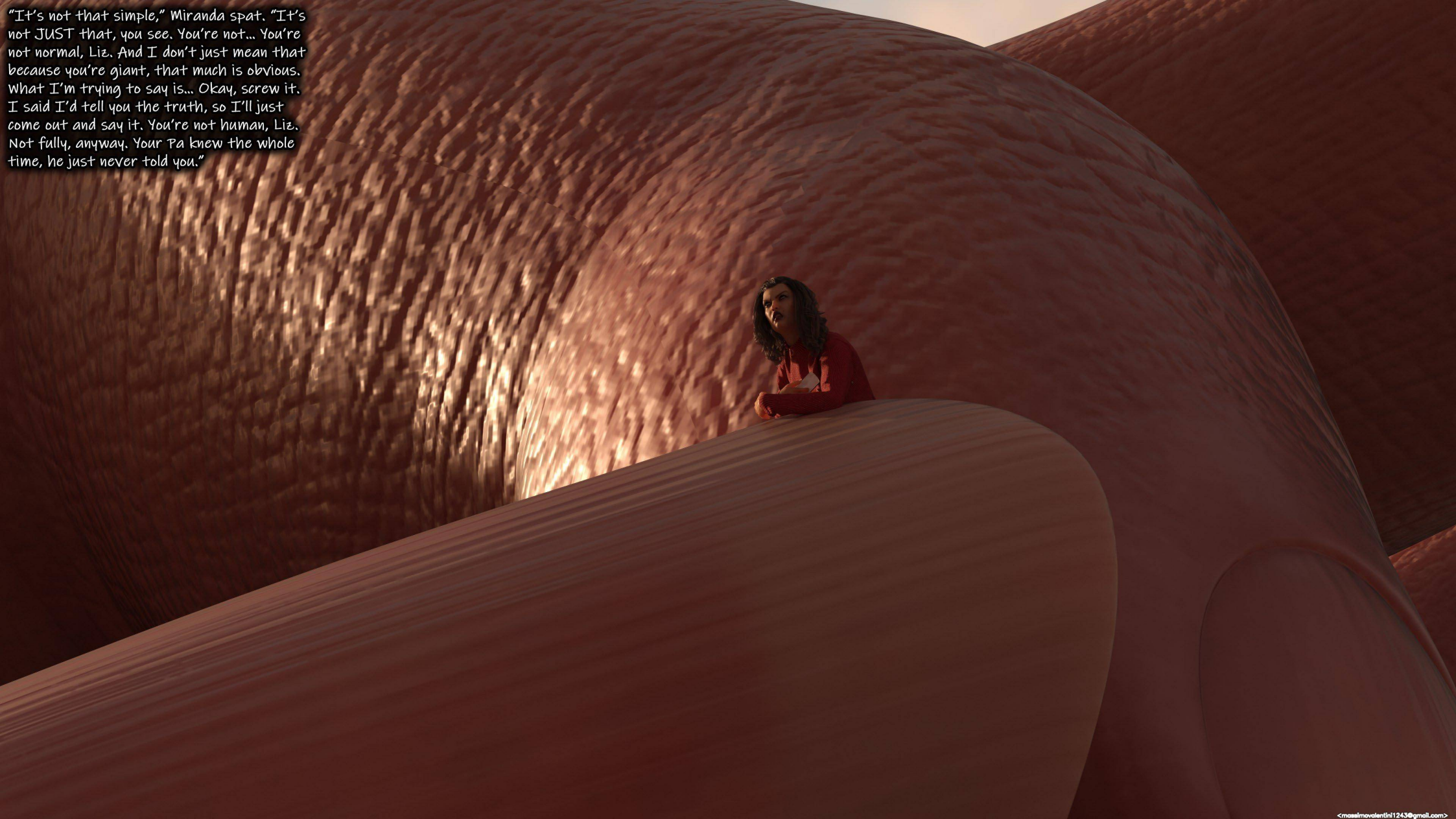

Without waiting for a response Liz reached out, plucking Miranda from the rooftop. She squeezed the older woman between her fingers, eliciting a yelp of pain.
Miranda looked down, her head spinning from vertigo as she saw just how high up she was. "Liz, don't do anything crazy, now!" Miranda shouted. "Come on, we can work this out! After all we've been through, you can talk to me!"
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"No. No more lies," Liz growled, staring Miranda down. "I don't want to hear another word from your little lying tongue."
"Please, Liz, just listen to me–"
CHASE
L.A Care
<massimovalentini1243@gmail.com>


"SHUT THE FUCK UP! Listen, you evil old bitch. If you say ONE more lie to me, and I mean literally ONE MORE LIE, EVER... I'll fucking tear you in half. Understand?"
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"Understood. Look, Liz, you're right, I lied earlier, okay? I was just using you... at first. But over time, I really started to care about you, like you were the daughter I never had. That's the truth. I mean it. And maybe I was trying to help out myself too... But it wasn't just about me. I wanted to help you get what you wanted, so you would benefit from our arrangement too. You wanted fame, and you wanted power. I helped you get those things. And it felt good being at the top, didn't it?"
ONE WILSHIRE
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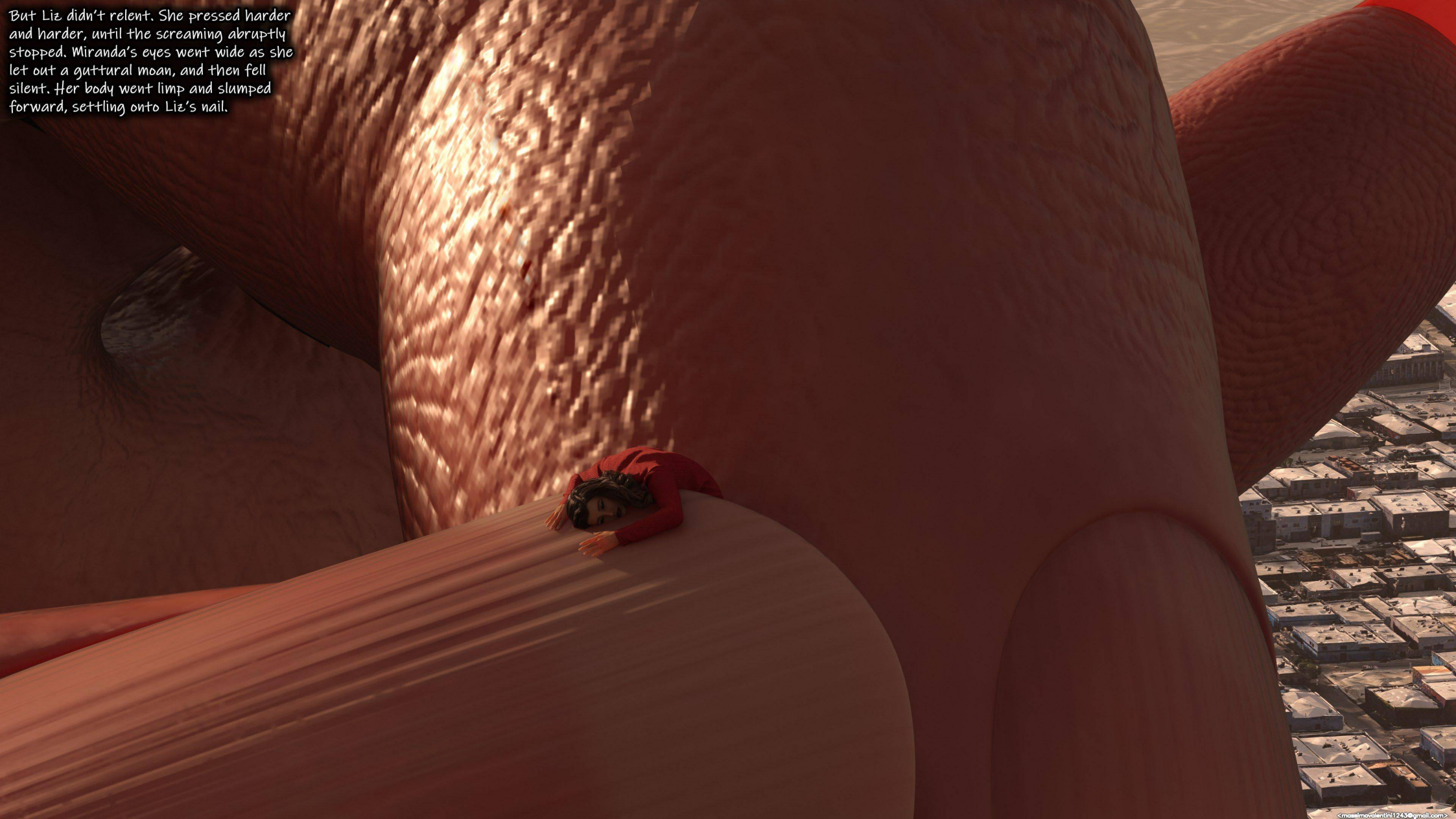

"Of course it felt good!" Liz admitted. "That's the whole thing about doing bad shit, it always feels good in the moment! And you were all too happy to let me rack up a body count. After all, every body I squished gave you the equivalent of a nice rejuvenating facial, didn't it? "
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Liz squeezed Miranda ever tighter in her grip. "You're lying again!" Liz screamed, her voice frighteningly loud. "How would you even know something like that? Why would he tell you anything?"
"He didn't tell me! He said it himself on TV earlier today!!" Miranda told her.
"Are you seriously trying to tell me he's still alive?" Liz asked. "Because if you're lying, you know what I'll do!"
"Yes! I mean, well, he was alive... Until you killed him tonight!"
"THAT'S ANOTHER LIE!" Liz shouted. "I told you what would fucking happen if you lied again! And unlike you, I don't break my promises!"


"No, it's true, I swear!" Miranda pleaded. "I saw it myself! While you were gallivanting around a building come down right on top of him. The whole thing was on live TV, you've got to believe me! I wanted to tell you earlier, I just didn't know how to break the news!"
Liz wasn't hearing it. She pushed her thumb forward, pressing the nail of her thumb deep into Miranda's chest. The older woman let out a scream of pain as she tried pushing the finger back.
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But Liz didn't relent. She pressed harder and harder, until the screaming abruptly stopped. Miranda's eyes went wide as she let out a guttural moan, and then fell silent. Her body went limp and slumped forward, settling onto Liz's nail.
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Liz's anger quickly faded, as the reality of what she'd done set in. She loosened her grip, but Miranda's body still lay limp on her thumb.
"M...Miranda? Miss Miranda?" Liz whispered. "I... Listen, I'm real sorry. I just, I just got a little bit carried away, okay? Oh god, maybe I really hurt her!"
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Liz brought her thumb closer to her face, squinting at the frail little body sprawled across it. For a moment, she thought she saw a faint twitch in her chest. Could she still be breathing? Liz wasn't sure, but it was enough that she felt a faint glimmer of hope.
"Oh, you're still clinging on, aren't you? Of course you are, you tough old bitch! No way you'd let something that small kill you!"
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Ted had been watching the display from the rooftop in stunned silence. Finally, he gathered the courage to speak.
"Liz, tell me what's going on!" He shouted. "Is she okay?"
"Yeah, you could say that!" Liz said. "She's holding on... barely." She stared at the woman's body, desperate for any sign that she was still holding on.
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Liz turned away from Ted and racked her brain, trying to think of a solution. "Okay, I can fix this." She muttered to herself. "So... if she gets all spry when I kill people, then maybe... Maybe I could heal her too? Like reverse all this... dying business?"
CHASE
<massimovalentini1243@gmail.com>


"Liz, I think taking her to the hospital might be a better solution!" Ted shouted.
"Oh my god, shut UP!" Liz snapped impatiently. "Miranda was always there for me, so it's time that I step up for her! It's my fault, so that means I'm the one who's going to make her better!"
"You're not thinking about going on a rampage, are you?!" Ted shouted. "Need I remind you, I'm standing right here! At least pick me up first!"
"Oh my god, shut up!" Liz shouted back. "I'm not carrying both of you. If you don't want to get squished, you'd better make yourself scarce!"
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Liz rose from where she'd been lounging on the ruins of downtown Los Angeles. With a slight groan of effort, and an earth-shaking tremor beneath her feet, she rose to her knees. Her high heels effortlessly crushed what remained of downtown as she straightened to her full height.
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"Okay, Miranda, I'm about to get started!" Liz said, hoping Miranda could hear her. "I don't know how many people I'm going to have to squish... but you can hold out for a little bit longer, right?'"
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Liz set Miranda's unconscious body down gently, right in the center of her palm. It seemed as safe as any way for Liz to carry her. Staring down at her, Liz couldn't help but see how small and fragile Miranda was. Whatever her sins, she was still a woman on the verge of dying... And the closest thing Liz had to a friend.
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"Okay, here goes!" she said, trying to hype herself up. "If I rack up enough kills, I bet I can pump enough juice back into the old lady to bring her back! If I stomp my way through downtown, that should be more than enough... I think?"
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Liz raised her foot high above a row of skyscrapers. "Here goes!" she said, trying to hype herself up. All she had to do was lower her foot. Crash straight through the buildings. Crush hundreds, if not thousands of people all at once. It would be easy. She'd done it many times before.

...Then why was she hesitating?

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Though she usually enjoyed causing carnage, Liz couldn't help but feel anxious. Miranda's life was on the line, and she didn't want to mess up.
"Come on, Liz." She muttered under her breath. "This is the easiest thing in the world for you. All you've got to do is take it one step at a time... Literally!" She closed her eyes and focused. She wiggled her toes within the confines of her massive stiletto, then brought her foot down with incredible force.


The skyscraper beneath her heel crumbled instantly. Glass shattered, steel bent like cardboard, and plumes of dust rose high into the air.
Liz let out a sigh of relief as she'd finally followed through with her plan. "Okay, one skyscraper down! I bet that killed a few hundred people, easy! I'm off to a great start!"
<massimovalentini1243@gmail.com>


Her hips swayed as she took another step forward, her spike-heeled shoe cleaving straight through another cluster of buildings. The impact was devastating, obliterating every building that her heel slammed into.
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"Gotta be close to a thousand now," Liz said to no one in particular. She glanced at Miranda's body, which still lay limp in her palm. Still no movement. Liz pouted dramatically. "Come on now, I'm putting on quite the show here! How many lives is this going to take?"
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With a huff of impatience, Liz decided to switch up her technique. She pulled one massive leg back, arching her foot inside her towering pump. "Why just stomp, when you can KICK!" Liz mused. Then, with a sudden motion, her leg swung forward like a pendulum.
<massimovalentini1243@gmail.com>


Her heel connected with a massive skyscraper, utterly destroying it in the process. The initial contact sent glass and concrete flying outward in all directions. Debris flew high into the air, landing blocks away.
ONE WILSHIRE
ONE WILSHIRE
<massimovalentini1243@gmail.com>


Liz tilted her head quizzically, tallying up the dead in her head like they were points in a video game. "I've gotta be well into the thousands now." Liz mused aloud. "That's gotta do something... right?" She peered down at Miranda again expectantly, but there was no response. Not even a twitch or moan from her.
<massimovalentini1243@gmail.com>


"Shit, I guess I'd better up the ante!" Liz exclaimed. She looked around downtown, scanning the streets for a prime target to step on next. From this high up it all looked somewhat the same though. Boring square rooftops with thin lines in between them.
<massimovalentini1243@gmail.com>


Shrugging, Liz raised her immense foot above a nearby skyscraper, which had already been damaged by an earlier brush with her heel. She balanced for a split second, wiggling her toes within her stiletto. "I'll help finish this one off," She said, bringing her heel down hard.
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The back of her spiked heel punctured the building clean through its center. For a moment, the structure shuddered as pieces of glass and steel ricocheted off her shoe like tiny sparks. Then it collapsed entirely, folding under her weight with a deafening roar. Liz twisted her heel in the rubble like she was snuffing out a cigarette.
WILSHIRE
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Liz looked down at Miranda, still cradled in her palm. No movement. No response. "Aww, come on, Miranda!" Liz whined, stomping on another building for good measure. "I am NOT going to let you die on me! I'll save you no matter how many lives it takes!"
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Her eyes scanned the smoldering city around her. Fires raged across blocks where her heels had touched down, and distant sirens wailed futilely. Yet in spite of all the destruction, there was so much left to destroy... And Liz was starting to wonder if it would ever be enough to bring Miranda back. But rather than dwell on this creeping thought, Liz gathered her determination, and soldiered on.
<massimovalentini1243@gmail.com>


Liz pulled her leg back again, preparing to release another devastating kick. She lined up her colossal pump with a row of skyscrapers. She held it for a moment, considering the angle... and unleashed a powerful kick.
<massimovalentini1243@gmail.com>


Her foot connected with the first tower dead-center, pulverizing it instantly into an explosion of glass and steel shards that sprayed outward like shrapnel. The impact sent ripples through nearby structures.
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But Liz was far from done. The skyscraper hadn't even slowed her momentum, which carried through to the one directly behind it. The tall, skinny building crumbled the moment the front of her heel made contact, disappearing in a cloud of dust.
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Liz's heel continued forward. Two more buildings stood in her way. The people inside of those buildings had mere moments to watch as Liz's massive heel swung towards them, before the buildings detonated into clouds of dust and debris.
ONE


She continued stomping carelessly through what remained of downtown Los Angeles as though she were tromping through puddles after a rainstorm. Each step snuffed out countless lives with terrifying ease. But for Liz, it just felt like work... A tiring task that had yet to bring any results.
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After what felt like hours, Liz paused mid-stride, chest heaving as much from frustration as fatigue. She glanced down at the city sprawling endlessly below—it didn't matter how many miles she covered or how devastating each step was... She was beginning to doubt that it would ever be enough.
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The giant woman's enormous eyes darted back to her palm, where Miranda's tiny body still lay cradled in her grip. She looked like a doll that had been casually tossed aside. So still...
Too still.
<massimovalentini1243@gmail.com>


Liz squinted, desperate to catch even the faintest rise of her chest, some whisper of life that would make all this death worth it.
Nothing.
Her stomach twisted, and she let out a shaky exhale. "Come on, Miranda," she hissed through clenched teeth. "You said you'd stop lying to me, so please just stop playing dead!" Her voice cracked at the end, not from fear or sadness, but from sheer frustration.
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Liz turned her gaze back toward what remained of downtown Los Angeles. "Alright," she muttered, trying to rally herself. "So what if it hasn't worked yet? I'm just getting started! I'm not stopping until I get results!" Her face twisted into a snarl as she glared down at the streets below.
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Liz's heel descended with terrifying precision, smashing through concrete and steel with no resistance. Buildings folded underneath her weight before shattering outward in every direction. As she stomped and stomped, a wave of dust and destruction rolled through the street below. Liz twisted her heel savagely into the rubble, grinding whatever had been inside into nothingness.
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But it wasn't enough.
"Why isn't this working?!" She screamed at no one but herself. She stomped again and again, destroying more and more lives. By this point she had to have killed tens of thousands... And yet it still wasn't enough.
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Liz kept going. She stomped again, each step obliterating more buildings with horrifying efficiency. Her movements became faster, angrier—less measured and deliberate than before. As more skyscrapers crumbled underfoot, she nearly lost her balance, stumbling forward.


Liz paused again only when she realized she was panting, sweat slicking her brow. She looked back at Miranda's tiny form, which was still lying lifelessly in her hand. As much as Liz wanted her to show some sign of life, she refused to budge an inch.
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Tears streamed down Liz's face, as the reality of the situation dawned on her. "This was never going to work, was it?" Liz cried. "Damn it, Miranda... I'm sorry! I... I killed you and I was stupid enough to think I could just bring you back!"
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Liz's fingers closed protectively around Miranda. She pressed her hands against her ample chest, and held Miranda for the last time. "God damn it Miranda, I love you!" Liz said, choking back tears. "No matter what you did, you're still the closest thing I've ever had to a mother. And now you're dead... Because of me..."
<massimovalentini1243@gmail.com>


Tears streamed down Liz's face, her lips trembling as she repeated the words, "Because of me..." A bitter laugh escaped her throat, sharp and jagged like broken glass. "Because I was stupid. Because I had a moment of weakness. Now you're... this. Nothing but dead meat... Just like all the others..." Then, with no ceremony and no lingering glance, Liz tilted her palm down, letting Miranda's limp form slide off and plummet to the earth like a discarded toy.
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Liz's heaving chest slowed slightly as she stared at the ruins below. The skyline was ruined—so many dreams and lives literally underfoot—and yet it all felt empty now. The fires roared on; people screamed for their lives in vain attempts to flee the chaos, but Liz didn't feel that usual surge of amusement at their panic or their insignificance. She just felt... tired.
With nothing left for her there, Liz turned on her spiked heels and began walking away from downtown LA without a word. All of the destruction she'd left in her path was a mere abstraction to Liz. There was only one body in that pile that mattered to her, and she was gone now.


Liz trudged through the suburban sprawl, paying no attention to what was below her. Each step sent tremors that rippled for miles. Suburban homes quivered on their foundations, crumbling into splinters just from the weight of her passing by. But Liz didn't notice. Her eyes were closed tight as she tried to hold onto an image of Miranda in her mind's eye.
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"I can't believe she's really gone," Liz murmured aloud, "She's not coming back... and it's all my fault. Just because I lost control of my emotions for a minute. I could've stopped myself... But no. No! Instead, I tore through half the damn city 'cause I thought tearing shit up would fix everything."


Her fists clenched tightly as she tried to suppress her frustration. "Suppose that's all I'm good for," she spat bitterly at no one but herself. "Killing people. Smashing things to bits 'til there's nothing left standing." She let out another hollow laugh before trailing into silence again.
Liz kept walking. Her enormous spiked heels smashed through neighborhoods, crushing everything beneath her. Her every step left craters where homes and lives had once stood. The tremors rippled out, sending cars skidding off roads and shattering windows for miles in every direction. She didn't care. What was the point? She felt like a hollowed-out shell, lumbering forward without thought or purpose.
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Hours passed, and the sun eventually set with Liz too lost in thought to pay much attention to the world in front of her. She was brought back into reality when a familiar sight appeared on the horizon: her Pa's old farm. Liz looked up, blinking down at the tiny cluster of buildings nestled in the middle of nowhere, untouched by the chaos she carried with her. It looked almost laughably small now, as if it couldn't possibly exist in the same world that housed her mile-high frame.
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Liz knelt down, wanting to get a closer look. To her relief, she saw that the familiar old barn was still there. "Huh," she whispered to herself as old memories gradually came back. "I used to play around that barn when I was little. They say you can't go home, and I always thought that was a load of bullshit... But now... Now I really can't go home, because I'm too damn big."
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She lingered there in silence for a moment longer before lowering herself all the way down to sit beside what had once been her childhood sanctuary. Utterly exhausted, she let her body sink into the soft earth below, leaning on the expanse of crops next to the farm.

The crash of her backside rolled out in waves, and flattened miles of crops surrounding Pa's farm. The sheer force sent nearby animals bolting for cover, while birds scattered into frantic flight overhead.

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Liz lay on top of the fields, wiping fat, wet tears from her eyes as she cried. "I killed the only two people I ever really cared about!" Liz wailed. "I'm a big, stupid monster! All I'm good at is killing everything in sight!"
<massimovalentini1243@gmail.com>


Liz turned to the side, and glanced back at Pa's old farm. She was relieved to see that it was still in one piece... Even if Pa himself wasn't. Part of her wanted to look closer at the farm, just to make sure that the old man wasn't there. Sitting at his old chair, watching his shows. Waiting for her to come back so he could step outside and greet her again.
But deep down, she knew better.
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Liz couldn't bear to look at the farm for another second. She turned away, and squeezed her eyes shut. "Miranda lied about plenty, but she wasn't lying about that," Liz cried. "If she said he's dead, he's dead. No two ways about it..."
<massimovalentini1243@gmail.com>


Just moments after Liz closed her eyes, a cab rolled down the old dirt road leading up to the farm. The passenger door opened, and an old man hobbled out with a cane. "Keep the change," he said, hardly believing the sight that greeted him.
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No, it was impossible to ignore the black horn that jutted from the side of her forehead, making her look like the devil incarnate. He thought back to all the things he'd called her earlier that very day when he was preaching on the street. "The Whore of Babylon," "Leviathan," "The Beast." He should have felt vindicated seeing that horn. It was concrete proof that all the things he'd been called crazy for saying had been right.
Yet, as he watched her cry, he couldn't help but feel sympathy. Maybe she hadn't chosen this path, as he had previously assumed. Maybe that path was simply destiny playing out, and she couldn't have stopped it if she tried. In spite of that, he sensed there was something else in her...
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With his old bones creaking, the old man summoned every ounce of strength he still had, and walked down the dirt road. All the way to the old water tower. He shakily climbed all the way up the rickety old ladder, with one hand wrapped in a cast while the other held his cane.
<massimovalentini1243@gmail.com>


He stepped on top of the water tower, steadied himself with his cane, and stood tall. "Liz!" The old man shouted at the top of his lungs. "Liz, over here! It's me!"
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The sound of his voice was faint from all the way across the fields, but it was still enough to catch Liz's attention. She looked over, scanning the farm for any sign of the old man. She didn't want to let herself believe it was actually him, not if there was even a sliver of doubt. The dim light of the moon made it difficult, but she eventually spotted a figure waving at her from atop the water tower.
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"Pa? Is that really you?" Liz asked. "I thought you were dead!"
"By all rights, I should be!" The old man shouted across the field. "Twice, you should have killed me, Liz. But here I am, still standin' tall! That's fate."
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"You sound so sure, but I'm not," Liz countered. "I wish I could hold you again... But I'd just crush you, like I have so many others. I'm a walking, talking natural disaster. Some people get lucky, others don't. It's just dumb luck I haven't killed you already."
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"Nah, my luck's never been that good." The old man said, shaking his head dismissively. "Heck I used to think you were pure evil. I thought that it was too late for you to be redeemed. But now, even with that horn stickin' straight outta your noggin... I can sense something else in you, Liz. Somethin' good."
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"I'm trying to be better, Pa. I really am, but it's not easy. I have no right to have turned out like this. Not after how you raised me..."
The old man sighed, and shook his head. "I didn't raise you half as well as I ought to have, Liz. Greed was my folly. I strutted you around like some circus freak. I shared your face around the world, when I should have kept you guarded. It was my recklessness that led to all of this happening, as much as anything you did. For that, Liz, I'm sorry."
"Thanks, Pa... But I need more than just some kind words. I need answers. Miranda said I'm only half human. But if that's true, what's the other half?"
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The old man fell silent for a moment. He looked down at his shoes for several seconds as if he was trying to find the words to explain, before shaking his head in disappointment.
"I... I shouldn't have kept all this from you, Liz. I'm sorry." He sighed. "Liz, you're what's known as a Nephilim. Child of a human, and an angel, just like they talked about in the Book of Enoch. There used to be others like you, long ago. They were powerful giants who roamed the earth, bringing destruction in their wake."
<massimovalentini1243@gmail.com>


Liz couldn't help but let out a little chuckle. "I don't suppose they had horns too?" Liz asked. "It's hard to imagine that the daughter of an angel would have a big old horn on her forehead. Well, not unless that angel was, you know... The freakin' Devil..."
"No, Liz. Don't even say that. Nothing as beautiful as you could ever come from him."
"And how would you know?" Liz asked. "You said that you never even saw the person who left me on your doorstep!"
<massimovalentini1243@gmail.com>


"That much is true," the old man admitted. "When I found you, you were lying in a carriage on my front porch, with no one else in sight. I had no idea who it could have been. I'd plans on taking you to town to drop you off at an orphanage the next day since I never took myself as much for parentin', but that night... I had a vision."


"In my dream, I saw a woman standing by the shore. She looked as beautiful as I could imagine, wearin' a dress white as snow while her hair flowed in the wind. In her hands, she was holdin' the exact same carriage that I found by my doorstep."
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"I've lived a long time, Liz. But in all my days I've never had a dream that felt so real, or so haunting. Somehow, even though I couldn't see her face, I felt like I'd known her forever. Why, what else could that have been, if not an angel?"
<massimovalentini1243@gmail.com>


"Why didn't you tell me any of this sooner?" Liz asked, taken aback. "My whole life, I wondered why I was as big as I was. Why didn't you just tell me? How hard would it be to just say that word, 'Nephilim?'"
<massimovalentini1243@gmail.com>


The old man sighed. "I didn't dare to say that word to a living soul," he said. "I feared that merely uttering that word could be a foul omen. Any mention of that kind of power is bound to attract the attention of dark beings. I knew they'd want to corrupt you, to use you for their own ends. You never know what shape the Devil might take. You think of him as a man with red skin and a pitchfork, but he can take any form at all. He might look like a beautiful woman... Or some polite, mild-mannered stranger, quietly goading you to do the wrong thing."
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Liz's eyes widened in a flash of realization. Her thoughts churned, each fragment of the puzzle snapping into place with dizzying clarity. The truth had been there all along, hidden in plain sight, waiting for her to see it.
Then, when it all came together, she gasped. "It's him," Liz whispered, her voice trembling with shock. "It was always him..."
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Without realizing it, Liz shifted her weight. The slight, almost imperceptible motion was enough to make the earth tremble beneath her.
Ring road
<massimovalentini1243@gmail.com>



<massimovalentini1243@gmail.com>


"Pa!" Liz screamed. She reached out, her enormous hand darting forward in a desperate attempt to steady the tower. But as hard as she tried, Liz just wasn't quick enough to stop the tragedy that had been set into motion.
Her heart pounded as she saw the old man perched atop the tower lose his balance. Time seemed to slow as he slipped, his tiny form tumbling toward the ground far below. "No!" she cried, but it was already too late.
<massimovalentini1243@gmail.com>


The old man hit the ground with a sickening thud, landing flat on his back. He lay there motionless, his body unnaturally stiff. Liz's breath hitched as she stared down at him, and a heavy weight settled in her chest. He reminded her of Miranda... and somehow, she knew that the old man's luck had finally run dry.
<massimovalentini1243@gmail.com>


Liz stared down in dismay, as the reality of what had just happened settled over her. "He's really gone this time, isn't he?" Liz cried. "And it's all because of... Wait, no!"
<massimovalentini1243@gmail.com>


The sadness drained from Liz's face, replaced by a fiery flush of anger that ignited in her eyes. "This is all because of him! I know it!" Liz shouted. "I'm going to march right back to the city and find him! I'll stomp every city if that's what it takes!"
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As Liz pushed herself up, her massive hand pressed into the ground, flattening a section of the farm beneath her fingers. The crunch of wood and soil barely registered as her fury consumed her.
<massimovalentini1243@gmail.com>



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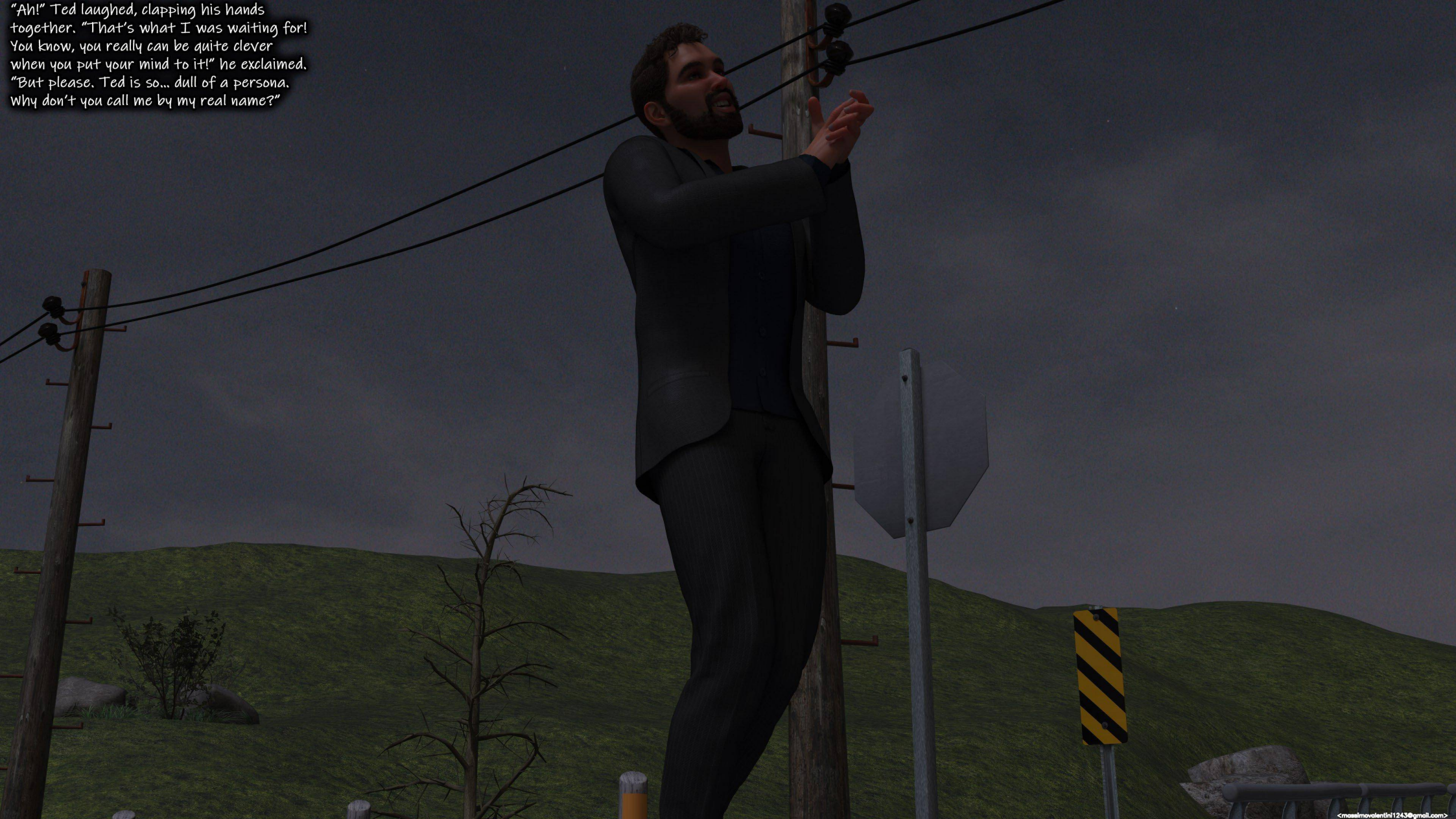

Slowly, Liz stood up, rising to her full height. She loomed over the landscape, a colossal figure whose shadow seemed to swallow the world below.


"I'm going to find that bastard, and I'm going to give him a piece of my mind!" Liz shouted.
Without wasting another moment, she marched toward the city. She took heavy steps, sending shockwaves through the ground that reverberated for miles away.
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Liz's pace only quickened. No obstacle was going to stop her. The hills that stood in front of her were barely an afterthought, something that could be effortlessly cleared in a single step. But one thing did catch her attention. A man in black stood in the middle of the crossroads. Despite Liz's angry approach, he remained utterly confident, smiling up at the colossal woman.
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The man stood there, smiling as he casually flipped a coin in his hand. "No need to head all the way back to the city." the man in black said. He spoke softly, yet somehow Liz could hear every word, as if it reverberated through her very being. "You wanted to see me, so here I am. Let's talk. Just you and me."
Hill Valley 3 mi
Oak Ridges 8 mi
Bluffer's Point 18 mi
<massimovalentini1243@gmail.com>


Liz took another huge, stomping step forward, shaking the ground beneath her.
"Oh, we'll do more than talk," Liz insisted. "I'm going to make you regret everything you've done. Manipulating poor Miranda with that deal... Making me do evil things... And most of all, giving me this big, ugly horn!"
"Is that it?" The man said, flipping the coin once more. "I suppose those are very good reasons to be so angry, but it seems like you're missing something..."
"Oh come off it." Liz grunted, tightening her hands into fists. "I know exactly who you are, 'Ted.'"
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"Ah!" Ted laughed, clapping his hands together. "That's what I was waiting for! You know, you really can be quite clever when you put your mind to it!" he exclaimed. "But please. Ted is so... dull of a persona. Why don't you call me by my real name?"
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Liz thrust her finger towards him accusingly. "You want me to say it? Fine. You're the effin' devil!" Liz shouted. "I knew there was something weird going on with you, from the first time I walked across your path. I'd seen some sleazy producers, but you took the cake. And then imagine my surprise, when some nerdy new 'accountant' shows up... and just happens to have the same name and face! You really thought you could pull that one past me?"
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"I think I did." Ted laughed. "For a while, anyway. The Clark Kent routine is an old trick, but it works. Don't feel too bad about falling for it, though. It worked on Miranda too, after all. I'd been her "accountant" for years before she figured it out. And you figured it out, sure enough... Right at the exact moment I wanted you to."
"Stop playing these stupid mind-games!" Liz retorted. "I don't want to hear another word comin' out of your forked tongue! I know you're trying to corrupt me!"
Ted chuckled. "Corrupt? No, I'm just trying to bring out your full potential, Liz."
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"Shut up! I'm not going to listen to any more of your lies!"
With that, Liz raised her foot high into the air. She was eager to bring it down, right on top of Ted's smug face. And her size, it would be difficult to miss.
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Liz's heel descended, casting a long shadow that swallowed the land around Ted. He never even bothered to acknowledge his impending doom. With a casual flick of his wrist, he flipped his coin once more, utterly unfazed at what was happening.

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With a deafening crash, Liz's heel slammed down, obliterating everything beneath it. The very earth broke apart, leaving nothing but ruined landscape in its wake. She huffed for a minute, giving her heel a swift twist, just to make sure that the deed was done.
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"Good fucking riddance." Liz growled. "Hopefully, I don't have to see that ugly face as long as I live... Or afterwards, for that matter."
<massimovalentini1243@gmail.com>


Liz twisted her heel again, grinding the crumbling remnants of the road into dust. "Mortal or not, there's no way he could have survived that," she told herself.
Liz should have felt relieved, but instead she felt something else: a nagging sense that somehow, she wasn't rid of him. Her worst fears were confirmed, when she felt something brush against her shoulder.
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Liz glanced down, and spotted the devil on her shoulder. He looked every bit like the classic image of Satan, now complete with red skin and oversized horns.

"I'm glad you got to let your anger out." the devil said. "Really, truly, I am. But now that you're done with your little outburst, we have important things to discuss. You're special, Liz. Not just your size, either. Like Miranda was saying, you're not just human. You're better than human. You're something wondrous. Something that hasn't existed in millenia... in spite of my best efforts."

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Liz glared down at the devil. "Yeah, I already know that," she whined. "Pa told me that I'm a nepotism, or whatever it's called."
"It's pronounced Nephilim, you simple- Whatever. It's not just that, Liz. You're-"
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"I don't care." Liz told him.
She flicked the red figure off her shoulder as if he were just a bothersome insect. He shot through the sky, a blur of red and black, until he was nothing more than a speck in the distance.
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But before Liz could so much as exhale, she heard the sound of someone clearing their throat. Already knowing what to expect, she looked at her other shoulder, and saw the devil had returned yet again, ready to resume from where he'd left off.
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"As I was saying," he said pointedly. "Yes, Liz. You are a nephilim. But you're not just any nephilim. You aren't the progeny of just any old angel after a one-night stand on this plane of existence. You're something far greater than that."
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Liz's eyes narrowed. "Oh yeah?" she asked, trying her best to sound indifferent. "Just go ahead. I already know what you're going to say."
"You're my daughter, Liz," he told her.
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"LIAR!" Liz shouted. Without hesitation, she flicked the devil off her shoulder yet again, sending him spinning through the air. He vanished into the distance... but Liz had a sneaking suspicion he wouldn't stay gone.
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A second later, Liz felt a tiny prick on her finger. She looked down, and saw the devil casually strolling across the top of her fingernail. He flipped his coin one last time, before stashing it in his coat's pocket.
"You again?" Liz groaned. "Just leave me alone!"
<massimovalentini1243@gmail.com>


"Not until you accept the truth," he said solemnly. "I don't expect you to believe it from my lips. Hell, I know what you, and millions of others are taught growing up. You think that I'm evil incarnate. 'The prince of lies' and other such nicknames. I expected you would have doubts, but if you don't believe me... maybe you'll believe him."
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The devil wasn't standing alone anymore. Somehow, Pa had appeared out of thin air, and was standing right next to him, staring up at Liz.
"Go on. Tell her." the devil ordered.
"I was a damned fool, Liz!" the old man shouted. "I thought the woman in my dreams was an angel, but I couldn't have been more wrong!"
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"How dare you bring him back like this!?" Liz shouted, furious beyond words. "And all for some cheap trick? This is sick, even for you!"
<massimovalentini1243@gmail.com>


"It's no trick, Liz! I'm back here, in the flesh!" the old man shouted. "That 'angel' I saw? It was no wonder that I felt like I'd seen her face before. She was some washed-up B-movie actress! She'd already slept with just about every guy in Hollywood, so what does a depraved diva do next? She done laid with the devil himself, then bears his child! Do you understand what I'm saying, Liz?"
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"Fuck off!!" Liz shouted. The giantess shook her hand, tossing both of the men aside. They tumbled down, their screams growing fainter as they plummeted thousands of feet toward the ground below.
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Not a moment later, Liz felt a tickle in her ear. It was like an especially big gnat had landed on her ear lobe.

"Again?" Liz muttered. "What are you going to do? Promise to bring them back for real, if I just do your bidding?"

"Oh, I can give you something much greater than that." he whispered in her ear. "I know you, Liz. Know what secrets lie in the deepest depths of your very being. You don't want love, companionship, or family at all, do you? No... You want mayhem. Chaos. Destruction. All by your hand. Why, evil's always been in your nature, hasn't it?"

"It... has." Liz quietly admitted.

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"So what are you even doing here? Why try and fight it? Accept the destiny waiting for you. All I ask is one thing. Let me show you what fate has in store for you..."
Liz said nothing, which was the only answer he needed. He placed his hand on her ear, and spoke.
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Liz saw a vision. It looked like New York City, from a great distance. The sun was setting, giving the scene a serene, calm feeling. It was beautiful... Until the ground shook. Again. And again. And again.
"This is a vision of the world, as it exists." the voice said. "It is a world of sin and depravity. The end of days is fated to destroy it... eventually. But I'm not known for my patience, and decades from now isn't soon enough for my liking.
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That's where you come in. New York City is the perfect place to begin the end. The whole world will be watching as you effortlessly destroy the world's greatest city. And the countless souls you'll reap will make you grow even more powerful. Soon, you'll be able to flatten whole districts of the city with a single step.
Your foot will descend from high above the city. Your massive heel will slam down, obliterating most of lower Manhattan in an instant. The ensuing earthquake will rupture gas lines, causing fiery explosions to erupt all around. But the city won't burn. Because the weight and presence of your foot will smother any flames beneath them, along with countless lives. It will be a vision of utter chaos... And that will only be the beginning.
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Liz, your role is that of the destructor. Even after they were unleashed upon this earth, it would have taken the Four Horsemen years to finish their task of destroying it. That would mean years of pain and strife, as people slowly fall to famine, disease and misery.
You, on the other hand, are far more efficient. You'll stride over the earth, destroying everything below you. You can cross thousands of miles in an afternoon. You can erase cities with a swipe of your foot. And the best part? The more you destroy, the bigger you'll grow...


You'll trample over this, and every other city. With each massive footstep, you'll reduce more of the metropolis into rubble. Thousands of people will be obliterated under you, and their deaths will fuel your power.


It will take little time to destroy the city. Your massive size will see to that. You'll carry on with brutal efficiency, wasting no time destroying everything in your path. A living, breathing, natural disaster. With no aim in mind except to cause as much destruction as possible.
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It will take mere seconds to reduce most of the city to rubble. The remnants will be beneath your notice. You will have what you came here for: the fuel to grow even bigger. And grow you will.
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You'll grow with explosive force, shooting upwards into the sky. Your body will grow more massive by the second, until the slightest movement is enough to shift the very tectonic plates, bringing about earthquakes for thousands of miles in every direction.
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As big as you grow, you'll still yearn for more. All that power will only whet your appetite. No matter how big you grow, it will never be enough.
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In time, the greatest cities will scarcely be visible to you. You'll look out over a vast landscape, cities and countryside blending together into little more than a carpet tinged gray and green.
And yet still, your growth is only getting started.
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Soon, your head will reach above the clouds, but that's still not enough to satisfy you. You'll grow, and grow, until the clouds don't even come up to your ankles. Until all of America can see you. They'll stare up, shaking, knowing that you're about to bring their end... and wishing they'd done more to assuage you when they had the chance.
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You'll look down at the world before you. At all of its faults, and all of its idiosyncrasies... and find it lacking. Unworthy of preservation. You'll lift your feet high into the air, and higher still. Soon, it will be miles above the earth. Then you'll slam it down, feeling the momentum build as it descends ever closer to the earth.
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Your foot will crash into the planet with apocalyptic force. It smashes into the ground like a comet, obliterating everything in its path. The earth cracks open along a fault line that hadn't been there a moment ago. Lava will erupt into the sky, raining down the countryside. And above it all you will keep a cold watch. Staring down, eyes full of rage, ready to inflict even more violence.
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That single footstep was nearly as destructive as the comet that killed the dinosaurs. Like that comet, it would scatter a thick layer of dust around the world, blanketing the worth in a winter that would last generations. Given time, this single footstep would be enough to wipe out much of humanity... But you won't be patient enough for that. You'll want to destroy it that very moment.
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You'll hardly be able to contain your rage. Your humanity will fade away, and in its place, you'll embrace your bestial side. No matter how much havoc you cause, you'll want to cause even more.



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You'll drop down, burying much of the earth under your expansive behind. And yet, to your frustration, the vast majority of the planet looks downright pristine. It's like the world is mocking you. All of your size, all of that destruction, and yet there are parts that look as if you've never paid them a visit.
You won't allow that to continue for long.
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Screaming to the heavens, you raise a single fist into the air. You hold it above your head, raising it high into the stratosphere. The only question is where to bring it down.

You eventually settle on what looks like Great Britain. Put together, both islands are scarcely bigger than your fist. You aim to remind them who's in charge.

You swing your fist down, aiming for a continent that's just within reach. It takes time to move such a distance. Long enough that the people below have time to realize what's about to happen. Long enough that you can build up incredible momentum.



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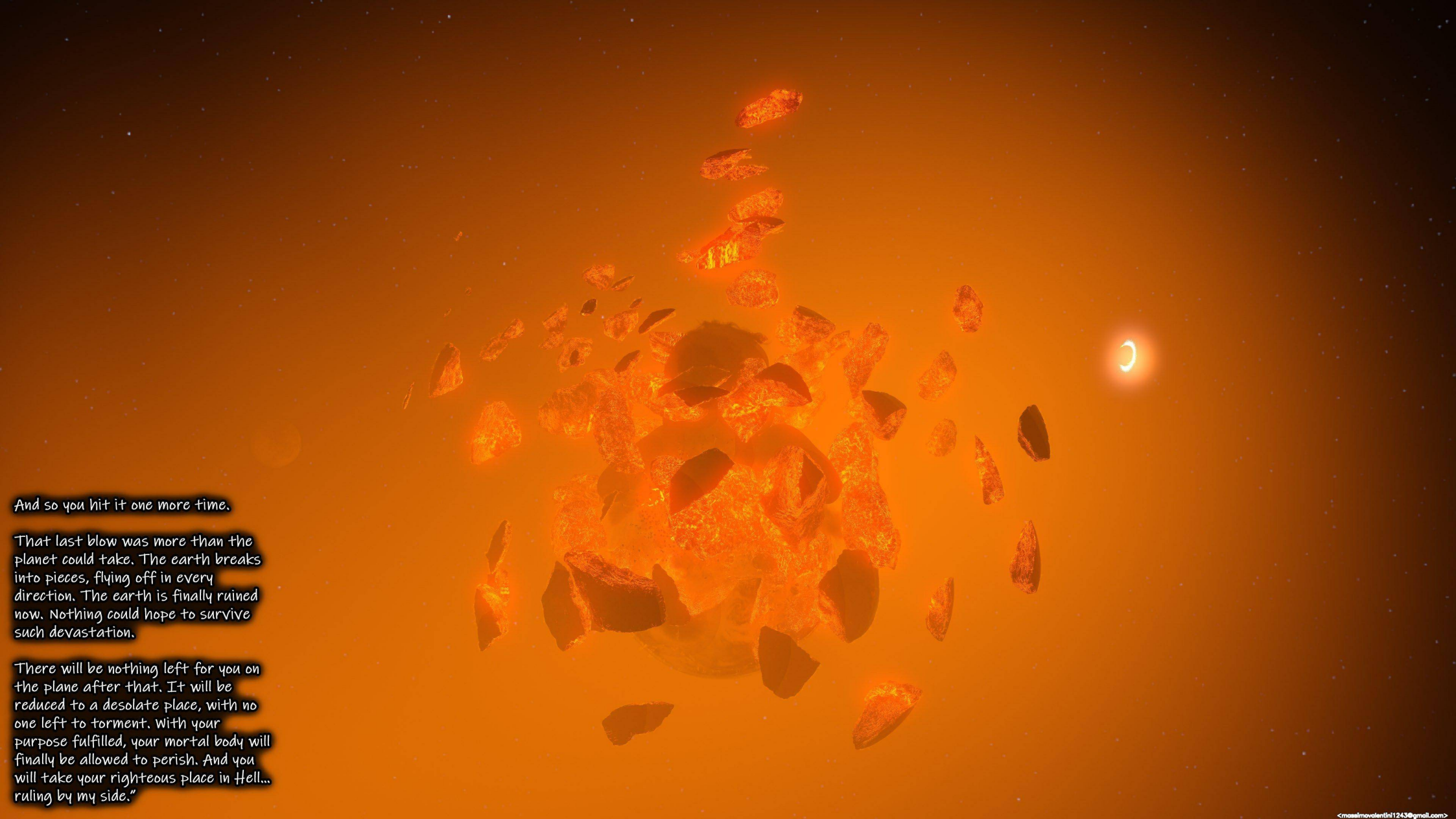

After what seems like forever, your fist will strike the earth, raining magma down on the rest of Europe. An entire continent is laid to waste in mere moments. The damage to the earth was cataclysmic. Like the footstep from earlier, this blow would ensure a global catastrophe that would mean the end of humanity... but merely wounding the earth won't be enough to satisfy you. You aim to destroy it completely.
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Fueled by this new destruction, you'll grow, and grow, ever larger. Until your body stretches high into the stratosphere, covering much of the Northern hemisphere. Until your legs straddle the earth itself. You raise your hands high into the air, but this is no mere show of strength. This is a prelude to unimaginable destruction.



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Moments later, both of your fists slam down. The other blows weakened the earth. These blows shatter it. Cracks run through the globe like spiderwebs. Thousands plummet into the fissures as they widen. Magma spurts from the cracks, covering the planet in smoke. But even now, your bloodlust is far from sated...
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Finally, the visions subsided, but Liz was still in a trance. She stared off into the distance, her mind blank.
Once again, the voice whispered in her ear. "Now that you know what awaits you... Are you ready to fulfill your destiny?"
"I am," Liz replied.
"Good. Then let it begin."
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A glowing red sigil appeared in Liz's eye, covering her pupil. Her vision swam with crimson shadows, the glowing sigil in her eye pulsing like a heartbeat. She didn't know what the strange occult symbols on the sigil meant, but she knew how they made her feel.

Any doubts that Liz harbored before were gone now. She was filled with a single-minded determination like never before. Her mind was utterly focused on a single goal: turning the apocalyptic visions granted to her into reality.

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Liz's hand trembled as she clutched the front of her corset, the latex straining as she tugged on it. She ripped the corset open with one savage motion, tearing it in part. Her curves spilled free, completely exposed to the bright moonlight.

She tore away what was left of her mesh garters and latex bodysuit, stripping herself bare with an almost feral intensity. Her high heels were kicked off unceremoniously, landing in distant fields.



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Now nude and barefoot, Liz stood tall in her naked glory against the California countryside. She didn't plan on returning here, but she didn't care in the least. It didn't matter anymore. None of it did—not the adoration, her fame, or even the fleeting satisfaction of stomping out these tiny creatures' insignificant lives below her. In a few short hours, she would be destroying it, all of it. It was her destiny.
Without a word, she turned east toward the horizon ahead. A cracked country road snaked out in the distance, so pitifully small beneath her titanic form it seemed laughable to follow—but Liz followed it anyway.
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The sun was already rising in New Jersey, but the night shift on the I-78 highway was dragging on. The shift lead, a skinny young man with curly hair, checked his watch impatiently. "Goddamnit, where the hell's the other crew?" he shouted over the screech of machinery. "They were supposed to relieve us ten minutes ago!"
The younger worker nearest him wiped sweat off his brow. "Maybe they're stuck in traffic?" he offered.
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"Stuck in traffic my ass," the lead retorted. "They probably stayed up late last night drinking again. Lazy sons of—"
"Hey boss, turn around!" another worker cut in, "Something big is comin' this way!"
FIRE RESCUE
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The shift lead shrugged. "I'm not falling for that one again," he said dryly. "You think I'm some kind of mook because one time I looked when you screamed 'Godzilla?' Well first of all I was going on two hours of sleep that night, and second–"
"This ain't another prank, I swear!" the worker said, pointing a trembling finger into the distance. "It's that bitch from L.A., and... Oh god, she's movin' real goddamn fast!"
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A moment later, everything descended into chaos. Tools clattered as workers dropped everything and bolted off as fast as they could. Some tried to start their trucks; others just ran screaming into the night.
The shift lead turned, his initial annoyance evaporating in an instant. His jaw dropped. Far off in the distance, rising over the horizon like some unholy monolith, was Liz. She was still miles away, but her form already dominated the landscape. She strode forward, her foot moving with incredible speed as she walked ever closer.
"Son of a..." he whispered as his voice trailed off. He couldn't finish. He couldn't speak. The sheer scale of her presence smothered any words before they could form.
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"Run for it! Run!" one of the workers screamed, shouting back. The boss finally snapped out of his stupor, and ran as fast as he could.

Liz's foot landed a quarter mile away with a deafening crash, shattering the tranquility of the early morning. The entire highway exploded beneath the weight of her step. Cars that were caught beneath or near her flew into the air, before tumbling down like discarded toys.



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They ran as fast as they could, trying desperately to outrun Liz... But she was even faster than the men could have imagined. Just moments after the work crew started running, Liz's gigantic foot crashed down in front of them. The empty stretch of highway buckled under her foot, crumbling beneath her sole. The men watched as she walked away. They knew they had been fortunate that day... And that countless others wouldn't be.
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The sunrise painted the horizon with streaks of pink and orange as Liz neared New York City. She strode deliberately towards Manhattan, gazing down at the sprawling metropolis ahead. The last time she had come here, she was awed by the city's vastness. Now, it looked more like a tiny toy set, ready for her to play with.
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The devil stood perched on her left shoulder, staring fearlessly down at the city below. "This is it... the beginning of the end," he monotoned. "So many buildings to destroy, so many souls to reap... And all packed so close together, for your convenience!"
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Entire city blocks trembled as she trod through the suburbs of Jersey City. She was still miles from Manhattan, but the ground was already shaking in Midtown. Panic started to spread in the streets, as New Yorkers began to realize what was coming.
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Liz stepped into the Hudson River without hesitation. The water surged wildly around her ankles, surging like a tsunami toward both shores of the riverbanks. Boats capsized instantly, and piers shattered beneath waves bigger than anyone had ever seen. Liz scarcely noticed the chaos unfolding on the shore. It was below her notice. She had bigger things on her mind.
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Manhattan was just a few steps away, so close that Liz could practically taste it. She remembered before, how she was dwarfed by so many of the city's skyscrapers. Now, they looked so small. So intricate. So fragile. Their very nature beckoned her to destroy it. She yearned to lay all those tiny towers to waste.
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She paused for a moment in contemplation, and folded her arms across her massive chest. For all their ingenuity, humans really didn't know how to make things that could stand up to something as magnificent, and destructive, as herself. She would show them what a superior being was capable of.
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Liz stepped out of the river, and lifted her enormous foot high above Lower Manhattan. She held it there in the air, giving the people of a city a moment to watch before she brought her heel down. The silence stretched for an agonizing moment, as everyone waited for the inevitable to happen. Then, with no further fanfare, she let gravity take over.
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Her foot slammed down into the earth with cataclysmic force. Concrete vaporized instantly under the pressure. Steel beams shrieked and twisted as entire buildings collapsed into unrecognizable debris. Several blocks were gone in an instant, reduced to nothing beneath the power of her feet. A crater imprinted onto Manhattan, marking where Liz had begun her rampage.
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Liz stood motionless for a moment and surveyed the devastation. She was an imposing sight, with her onyx horn and glowing red eyes. An avatar of destruction, towering high above the doomed city.


Liz took a deep breath, and lifted her other foot high into the air. She flexed her toes, letting bits of concrete and twisted rebar tumble from between them like crumbs off a loaf of bread.
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Below, a row of skyscrapers reached toward her hovering foot, their spindly frames trembling beneath her every motion. They were powerful structures that had endured for the better part of a century... But they wouldn't last a second against her might.


Liz brought her foot down hard, slamming it into the cluster of towers with deadly precision. A dull boom echoed through the city, as thousands of lives were snuffed out in an instant. The impact rippled outward, shattering windows for miles and tossing vehicles into the air like playthings.

But Liz wasn't satisfied with that. As much destruction as she'd caused already, there was still a restless yearning building inside her massive frame; a lust to grow even bigger. Her mind raced with wicked fantasies. The same ones she'd briefly lived out in her vision. Crushing entire neighborhoods beneath one step. Cities evaporating under her heel. She bit her lip at the thought. But further growth required fuel... and that meant reaping more souls.

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Annoyed, she raised her other foot into the air, and hovered it menacingly over another cluster of buildings. It was one of thousands laid out across the city. Once again, this was beginning to feel like a daunting task... but she stepped down dutifully, eager to fuel her next growth spurt.
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Her foot came down with deliberate force this time. She twisted her foot in the remains afterward, as if she were extinguishing a glowing cigarette butt. The ground quaked violently, sending fresh cracks coursing through nearby streets. And yet, in spite of her efforts, most of the city still remained, seemingly immaculate. She was huge beyond belief, but compared to the vast expanse of Manhattan? Her footsteps were small and pathetic. Barely registering to the city at large. It was as if the city itself was mocking her with its vastness. Taunting her with its clear size advantage... but she was going to have the last laugh.
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Liz took another heavy step. A row of apartment buildings vanished beneath her heel, utterly obliterated by the sheer enormity of her body. There was no flair to it, no teasing grin or mocking laughter. Liz was singularly focused. What mattered now wasn't putting on a show. It was reaping souls. Millions of them. Cold, calculated efficiency was the name of the game.
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She didn't slow down. Another step followed. The ground trembled violently as she slammed her bare foot onto a thriving neighborhood, transforming it into an unrecognizable smear across her sole. She could feel buildings, trees, and entire streets crumble like dust against her sole. But it still wasn't enough. She wasn't getting the returns she felt she was owed. Her patience was beginning to wear thin, and her lips curled downward into an annoyed pout.
"I'm not big enough." she hissed to herself under her breath, her voice rumbling like thunder across the cityscape. "Why am I still so small?!" She'd seen the visions in her head! They taunted her with how real, how visceral they'd felt. The sensation of towering far bigger than she already was, blotting out entire cities with a single shadow. That vision burned in her mind like a promise she refused to wait for.
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Her next step was stronger, angrier. More akin to a stomp that sent shockwaves tearing through several blocks at once. Everything beneath her sole compressed flat in the blink of an eye. It was total obliteration, one that forced thousands of souls to spill into the ether... as their energy fed Liz's growing hunger.
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Finally, she felt it. A spark ignited deep within her chest before spreading outward like wildfire through every inch of her massive form. Her breath caught in her throat, as the potent sensation overtook her; muscles tightening, bones stretching, flesh expanding. The end result was less than she'd hoped for, but growth nonetheless... And it fueled her rage.
Her massive foot hovered ominously high above a Midtown neighborhood. It was a cute little district full of brownstones and coffee shops that had managed to escape her wrath so far.
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Not anymore.
She brought her foot down with all the grace and mercy of an asteroid collision. The impact obliterated everything in its path. Entire streets disappeared beneath the force of Liz's step. In the blink of an eye thousands more lives had been snuffed out, their bodies turned to little more than a thin organic film that coated the bottom of her foot. Not a single thing remained... Save for the souls, which she eagerly claimed for herself.
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Liz paused, staring down at the half-ruined city. "Liz," she muttered softly to herself before shaking her head with amusement. "Hardly an appropriate name for what I am." The syllables sounded so small now compared to what she had become.
She wasn't just Liz anymore. She was something simpler than that, something primal. Destruction made flesh... And there was plenty more left for her to destroy.
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Liz lifted her foot high into the air, hovering it ominously above another dense cluster of city blocks. She took in the sight with a predatory grin, savoring it for a moment before she brought her heel down.
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A moment later, she stomped down. It was a thunderous, earth-shattering crash that felt like the apocalypse had just arrived for Midtown Manhattan. Entire blocks sank into the earth, beneath the impossibly vast expanse of her sole. But the destruction didn't stop there. A gas main ruptured beneath her toes, triggering an explosive burst of flames and thick, black smoke that shot upward. The flames licked at her skin harmlessly, a sensation she found pleasing.
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Liz glanced back towards Lower Manhattan, A cluster of skyscrapers still stood defiantly, reaching high into the sky. Mocking her for her failure to topple them. They'd managed to survive unscathed during her initial rampage through the city. It was an oversight that she aimed to correct.
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Liz turned on her heel, wiping out several smaller buildings under her foot in the process. She began a slow, ground-vibrating march back toward the Lower Manhattan skyline. Each step obliterated more of the fragile structures cluttered around her path. Apartment complexes and office buildings alike gave way underfoot with heavy crunches and muffled screams. Liz hardly noticed them; they were insignificant compared to the prize that awaited her ahead.
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When Liz finally reached Lower Manhattan's untouched behemoths, she got a strange urge. Liz crouched slowly, leaning down to get a closer look. Buildings were so impersonal. It was easy to forget that the streets below were teeming with insect-like humans, barely big enough for Liz to even see.
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Liz's mountainous form loomed over the panicked onlookers scrambling below. Her shadow fell over them entirely, plunging their world into darkness. Her hand stretched out towards them, reaching over the tops of skyscrapers, and pointing down at them. The massive scale of her fingers became ever more apparent as they neared, descending upon the unfortunate populace below.
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Her fingertip made contact with the crowds first. Their combined efforts at resisting her didn't even register. She scarcely felt them, or anything, until her fingers touched the asphalt. Even that cracked apart instantly under her lightest touch. She pressed down harder, obliterating the road beneath her weight. One finger was all it took to rip through the road like butter.
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Liz gazed down at what was left. Nothing but dust and ruin imprinted into a deep crater where hundreds of humans had once tried desperately to flee. There were countless more people moving along the roads, running in the hopes of finding some semblance of safety. With a single finger she could kill them just as easily, but that was hardly the fastest way to reap souls. The distraction had been enjoyable, but she'd spent enough time playing around already.

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Liz raised her other hand into the air, holding her palm above a nearby skyscraper. The weight of her body alone made it effortless to grind entire buildings into the earth beneath her feet. She couldn't help but wonder if doing the same with her palm would pose any more of a challenge.
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Liz didn't have to apply much effort. Just a touch was enough for the steel and glass to groan and shudder, begging her to let go. A bit more pressure, and it gave way completely. Floor after floor crumpled like sand beneath her palm. She pushed down harder, relishing the destruction as she flattened the entire building in an instant. Dust clouds billowed out around her fingers, and for a moment, she admired the crater she'd left behind.
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Her other hand curled into a fist. The knuckles cracked audibly, loud enough to echo over the distant screams of fleeing survivors. Liz raised her mighty fist high into the air, casting an ominous shadow over another towering skyscraper nearby. She paused just long enough to let anyone inside realize what was coming. To let them die with full knowledge that their deaths had been intentional, and not an unintended side effect of her body moving about.
And then she brought it down.
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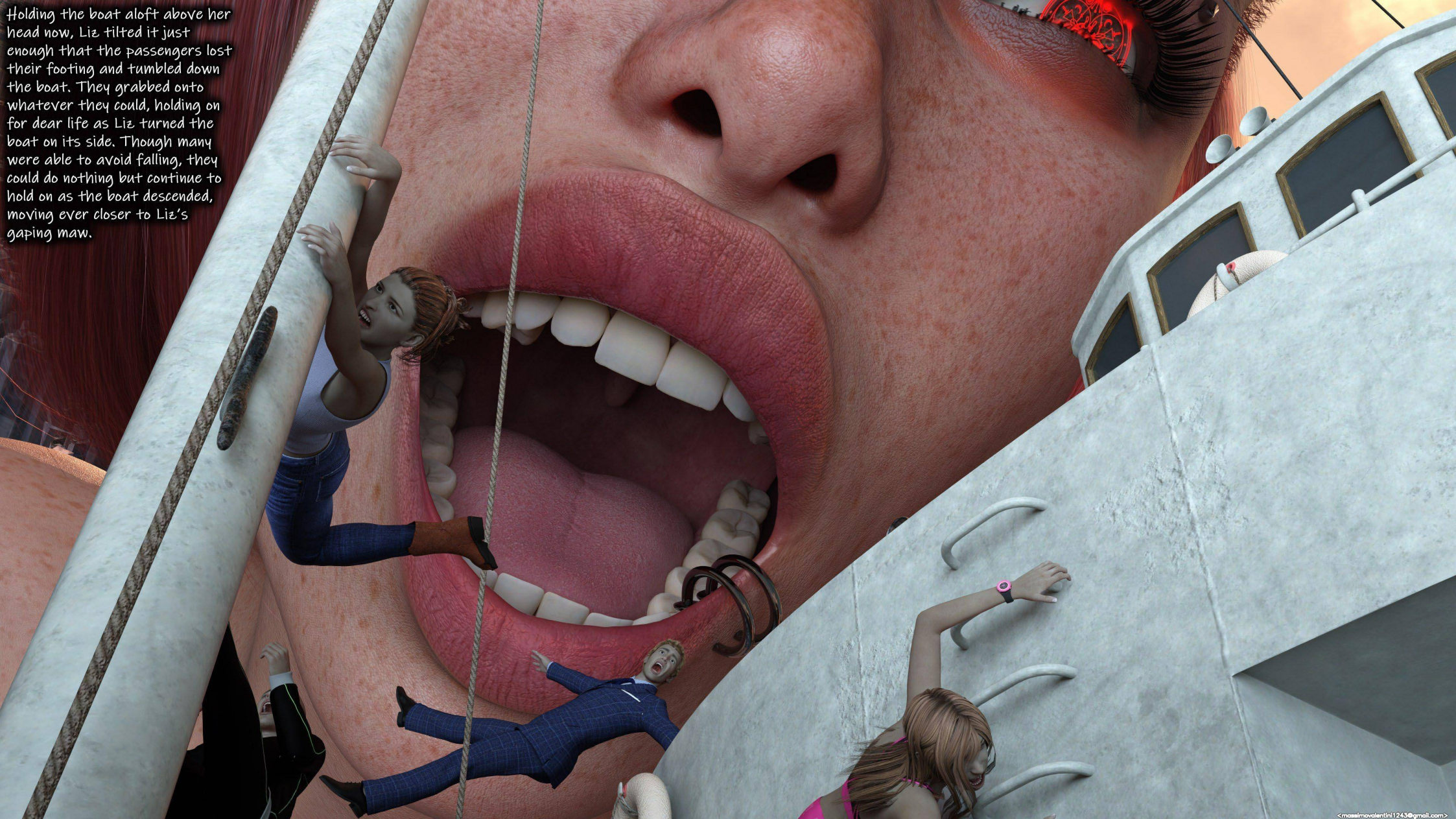

The impact was seismic. A deafening boom accompanied by a fiery explosion, as her knuckles smashed everything in their path. Smoke and fire climbed toward the sky, making for a truly apocalyptic scene.
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As she straightened up to survey her work, something unexpected caught her eye. A glint of light reflecting from a yacht drifting along the Hudson River below. The wealthy passengers onboard stared in horror at her gargantuan form. They hoped her gaze would pass over them, but their gaudy choice of transport was impossible to ignore.
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The women onboard began screaming first, high-pitched wails that only grew louder when Liz's glowing eyes locked onto them with laser focus. She extended a hand towards the boat, long fingers closing in like a predator's jaws around its prey.
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With terrifying ease, Liz pinched the multi-million-dollar yacht between her thumb and forefinger. Holding it firm between her fingers, she lifted it out of the water effortlessly. Her grip was gentle, and she was careful not to crush the boat. As easy as that would be, she had something special in mind for the passengers onboard.
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Liz brought the boat closer to her face for inspection. Tilting her head slightly, Liz grinned wide, showing her teeth to the terrified people onboard.
"Aw," she cooed mockingly. "What's wrong? Did I ruin your little soirée? Because it's going to get a whole lot worse!"
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Holding the boat aloft above her head now, Liz tilted it just enough that the passengers lost their footing and tumbled down the boat. They grabbed onto whatever they could, holding on for dear life as Liz turned the boat on its side. Though many were able to avoid falling, they could do nothing but continue to hold on as the boat descended, moving ever closer to Liz's gaping maw.
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Liz opened her mouth wide, and stuffed the front half of the yacht between her lips like an hors d'oeuvre. The screams of its occupants echoed in her cavernous mouth, as the vessel traveled between her lips. She smiled, setting it gently onto her tongue. But she wasn't going to stay gentle for long.
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Liz pulled her hand away, dragging her tongue sensually over her lips, savoring the faint taste of seawater and terror as she carefully moved the vessel over her teeth. A moment later, the yacht crunched between her molars like a cracker, screams popping like champagne in her mouth. She chewed slowly, letting shards of wreckage grind together with the remains of those who'd been partying on board. Then, finally, she swallowed the pulpy wreckage, flavored with the salty tang of despair.
Liz felt a rush of power as she devoured their souls directly. An energy crackled through her veins, capping off what she'd reaped throughout the city. It wasn't enough, though. Close, but not quite. Eager for more, Liz stared down at the next target ahead: a skyscraper that still had the audacity to exist in her shadow.


Liz leaned forward. Stopping just short of the towering structure, Liz tilted her head coyly, sizing up the building. It was a skyscraper she'd seen before. It had looked so impressive then, looming large over her. But now, it was utterly dwarfed by her enormous breasts. She grabbed hold of her chest with both hands and lifted them slightly, feeling their weight sink into her palms. Leaning forward, Liz pressed the skyscraper between the plush walls of her breasts. The glass started to crack, creating spider web fissures as she started to squeeze.


The pressure was devastating. The entire structure gave way with an earth-shaking boom. Thebuilding was pulverized into rubble and twisted steel, trapped between the swell of her curves. She could feel herself swelling up as the people inside were crushed against her skin. Their souls, reduced to nothing but fuel for the fire of Liz's insatiable, growing body.
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The surge hit suddenly, a white-hot wave of power coursing through every cell in her body. The people within that skyscraper had fed her in ways beyond comprehension, its energy joined that of countless lives that had already been reaped in glorious annihilation. Liz threw her arms back with reckless abandon, tilting her head toward the sky.
Finally, the real growth was ready to begin.


It started slow—a teasing stretch as every inch of her frame expanded outward. Her body grew more massive by the second, flattening entire neighborhoods with their sheer size alone. She was finally on her way to becoming the being she'd envisioned. She embraced the sensation, skin tingling as her growth accelerated, and pushed her even higher.


More and more of Manhattan was buried beneath her by the second. She grew larger and larger, her humanity becoming ever more vestigial as she ascended into an even greater being.
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Humanity already more closely resembled an ant colony than anything sapient to her. And soon, people would be nothing more than microbes to her magnificence. She wouldn't be able to see them, let alone gaze at their terrified faces as she reaped the countryside. Entire communities would be decimated with a brush of her hand, and she would neither notice nor care.
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She'd grow, and grow, bigger than she could possibly imagine, until she dwarfed the earth itself. She would stand among the clouds, a lonely leviathan towering over a near-featureless blue marble. But even that was just a set up for the big finale.
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She'd grow bigger, and bigger, until she was big enough to destroy the planet. Unleashing her fury, she'd smash it all to nothingness. Her destiny would be complete, that of a true avatar of destruction. And then, when that was all done, she'd rule over the legions of Hell, seated at the right hand of her father where she belonged.
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Liz's eyes fluttered open. She looked at her hand, and flexed her fingers. It felt almost like she was watching someone else control her body. Guiding her along, controlling her desires like a puppeteer. And yet, in the end... It was her body to control.
<massimovalentini1243@gmail.com>


Liz channeled her inner strength. She'd let her father guide her. Use her as a vessel of destruction. But in spite of it all, she was no mere vessel. She curled her palms into fists, and held her hands up.


A moment later, she looked at the world with new eyes. She could still feel the energy coursing through her, fighting for control. But she was in charge now. She had never stopped to realize just how powerful she was, not just in body, but in spirit... And she wasn't about to give up without a fight.
<massimovalentini1243@gmail.com>


"What do you think you're doing?" The man atop her shoulder screamed. "This is it! This is your glorious destiny! I'm giving you everything you could ever want. Why are you resisting?!"
<massimovalentini1243@gmail.com>


"Because I'm not your fucking demon." Liz growled, grabbing her horn. "My name is Liz fucking Dixon! And if some country boy with a fiddle can whip your sorry ass, you don't stand a chance against this country girl!"
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Liz tugged at the horn with all her strength. She hadn't been sure if it was even possible, but after a few moments... it started to give. Pain radiated throughout her scalp as she continued to pull, and her head felt like it was about to explode. Saying it was the worst headache of her life was an understatement. It felt like she was ripping apart her very skull... But there was no other way.
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Finally, the horn began to give way. Bit by bit it separated from her forehead, encouraging her to pull harder. Though the pain nearly robbed her of her consciousness, she held on. Her muscles strained as green energy sparked out of her head, before with a suddenness that took her off guard, she ripped the nasty thing off of her.
"See? You don't own me. No one does!"
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"I don't care," The devil said defiantly. "I had a sneaking suspicion something like this might happen, so I prepared a backup plan. All those souls you reaped? You only kept half. I'm sure you noticed how long it was taking you to grow out there. Now guess where the rest of them went?"
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He turned back, looking at an expanse of countryside behind him. On cue, the ground erupted, sending massive chunks of earth and empty land into the sky.
"Say hello to my backup plan, Liz. If you won't finish the job... She will."
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"She? And just who the hell is she?" Liz asked. The redheaded giantess watched in stunned silence as a hand clawed out from the depths, clad in a strange wrought-iron glove. Bolts of unnatural green lighting struck down around her, casting the area with an eerie glow.
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Soon, the figure clawed its way out from the earth. An older woman with a horned headdress and spiked pauldrons. As strange as the outfit was, her face looked all too familiar.
"You don't remember me?" the woman said. "It's me... Your mother. And I'm really not happy about you killing me earlier..."
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The earth shook as a now-enormous Miranda rose to her feet. She was truly massive, towering over the countryside while looking every bit as huge as Liz herself.
"You were stupid enough to toss aside his gifts? Fine! I'll gladly take them. I'll show you what a real goddess of destruction looks like... And smash this pathetic world into rubble!
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"Over my dead body." Liz said defiantly.
"If that's what it takes." Miranda growled.
The two goddesses stared each other down, each steeling themselves for battle. This was going to be one hell of a fight.
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END OF PART 8


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