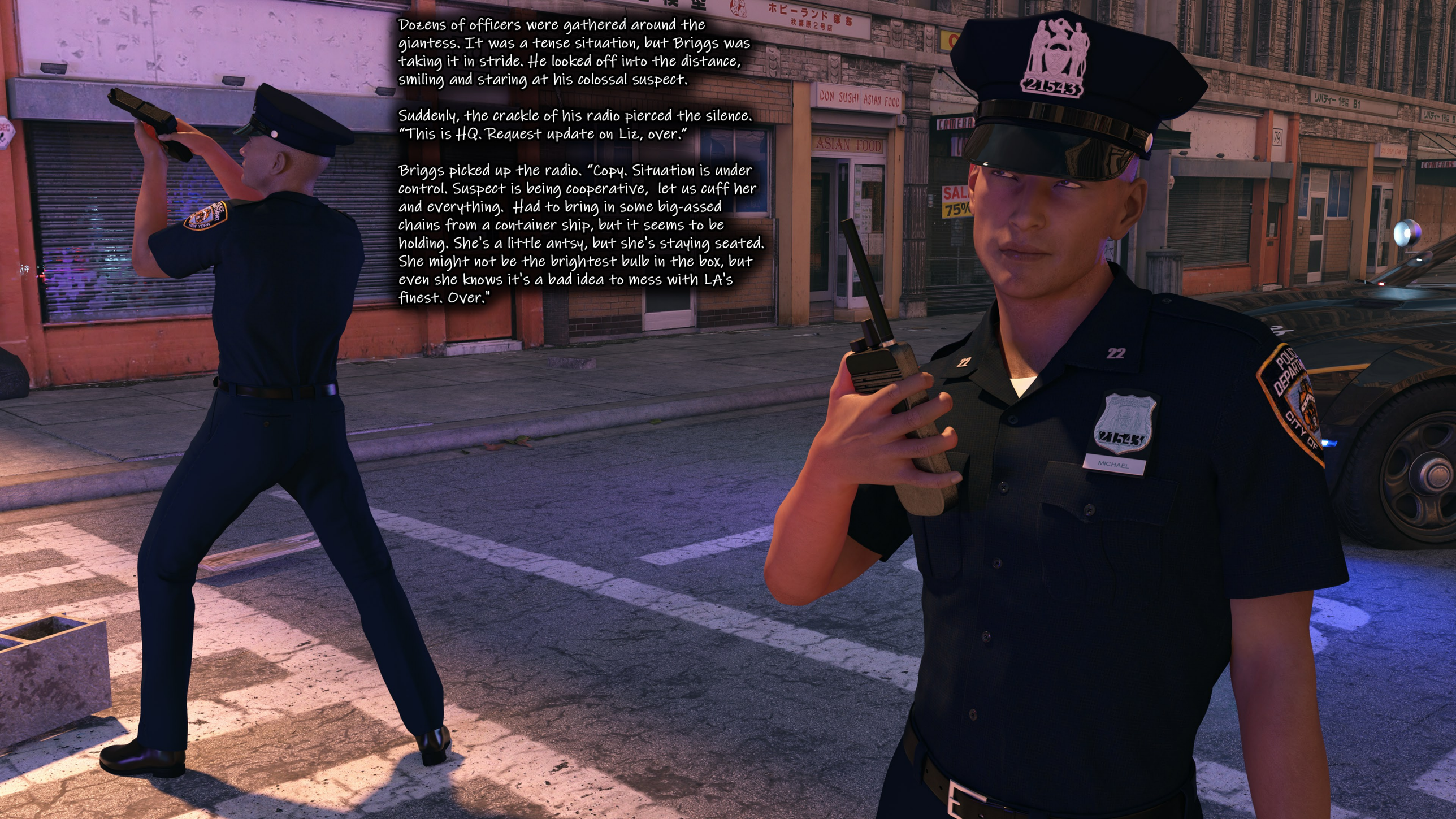
CELEBRITY CRUSH PART 3



JACKOFBULLETS
REDFIREDOG
EMMAGEAR





Dozens of officers were gathered around the giantess. It was a tense situation, but Briggs was taking it in stride. He looked off into the distance, smiling and staring at his colossal suspect.

Suddenly, the crackle of his radio pierced the silence. "This is HQ. Request update on Liz, over."

Briggs picked up the radio. "Copy. Situation is under control. Suspect is being cooperative, let us cuff her and everything. Had to bring in some big-assed chains from a container ship, but it seems to be holding. She's a little antsy, but she's staying seated. She might not be the brightest bulb in the box, but even she knows it's a bad idea to mess with LA's finest. Over."


"Copy. Do you need backup? Over." the voice blared again.
"No need for now. We've got a whole SWAT team trained on her. Hopefully that's enough to deter her... Because if she gets mad, I'm not sure if the whole force could take her down. I just hope the judge gets here before her mood gets worse... And speaking of which, do you know what the ETA on her is? Over."
21543
79
APARTMENTS
MICHAEL


"Judge's position is unknown." the voice on the radio said. "Last we heard she was on her way back from some ski resort, over."
"A ski resort? Are you shitting me?" the head officer cursed, spraying spit on the radio. "Liz goes on a rampage, and the bleeding heart that freed her goes skiing? If that isn't a giant pile of bullshit, I don't know what is. If that worthless excuse for a judge doesn't get here soon, I swear..." He muttered, his voice trailing off.
TRAFFIC DIVISION
APARTMENTS


"Did I hear that right? Someone say the judge isn't coming?" Liz said, chiming in. "I know my rights. I have the right to a speedy trial. That means if I have to wait more than half an hour, I get to go free, right?"
"Ma'am, you're thinking of pizza delivery," Briggs said with a roll of his eyes. "The judge is on her way, and the trial will begin whenever she gets here. Should only be a few minutes."
"Well I certainly hope so, for your sake." Liz replied, cracking a smile. "Because I'm gettin' a little hungry, and I smell a whole lotta bacon... who knows what'll happen if I have to keep waiting like this?"
21543
MICHAEL


Briggs felt the pressure mounting, and he frantically slammed the call button on the radio. "Please tell that bleeding heart judge to get here ASAP!" he urged. "Liz is getting a little stir-crazy, and I'm not sure how many more times I can tell her it'll only be a couple more minutes before she stops buying it! Over!"
21543
22
MICHAEL
NEW YORK
911
PRO-SEC


Liz let out a laugh that reverberated through the air, shaking the foundations of the building she sat upon.. "Aw. Don't tell me you're so scared of little old me!" Liz said. "You've got nothing to worry about... Provided that judge gets here soon, that is."
APARTMENTS


Just then, as if the universe had conspired to answer their pleas, a woman burst through the crowd of protesters. She dashed towards Liz with a sense of urgency, shouting as she approached, "I'm here, I'm here!" she shouted.
"Finally!" Briggs growled. "Let's get this show on the road!"
POLICE
TRAFFIC DIVISION
DEDICATED TO YOUR SAFETY
36
911
SALE
75%
1 HOUR FILM PROCESSING
EUROCAR
SOAP
TEPCO


Judge Tara slowed down as she neared Liz. She took a moment to catch her breath, composing herself before facing the giantess. With a determined stride, she marched toward the giant woman. Her face was set in a mask of stern resolve, as she went to confront the colossus.
TRAFFIC DIVISION
POLICE
DEDICATED TO YOUR SAFETY
36
MICHAEL


"This better be good, Liz." Tara snapped, her voice cutting through the cacophony. "I was on my way to Bear Mountain when your little drama pulled me back. I sure hope this is worth missing my weekend getaway! Now what exactly happened?"


Liz leaned down slightly, her eyes sparkling with mischief. She smiled sweetly, and responded in her sweet, country drawl. "Oh, honey, this is all just one big misunderstanding. You see, I was just gettin' into character for my big giantess movie remake, and I got a bit carried away, that's all. Nothin' to fuss over."
ONE WAY
NO PARKING
POLICE
TRAFFIC DIVISION
DEDICATED TO YOUR SAFETY
911
SUMMER
...IN PARADISE
BOOK NOW


The judge put her hands on her hips and turned to a nearby officer. “Tell it to me straight. How much of a mess did she make?” Tara asked. The officer, visibly trembling, replied, "We've counted fifty bodies so far, ma'am. But that’s kinda the hard part. Some of the bodies are... Well, they’re so crushed they could be more than one person. We’ve got the boys at the lab working overtime counting, so the actual number could be considerably higher."


Tara's face, previously stern, now twisted with anger and disbelief. "Seriously?! I let you out on bail, and you repay me with this shit? Do you know how terrible a fucking massacre like this reflects on me?"
APARTMENTS


APARTMENTS
Liz chuckled dismissively, seemingly unfazed by the gravity of the situation. "Aw, sugar, I was just playin' the part of an evil giantess! What are you gonna arrest me for, Oscar-worthy acting?" Her tone was lighthearted, almost taunting, as she sat amid the destruction she had caused.


Tara locked eyes with Liz, an expression of raw fury on her face. "You're a menace, Liz! There's no going back from something like this! I ought to lock you up and throw away the key!"


Liz, completely unbothered by the judge's anger, retorted with a smirk, "I know you're all hot and bothered down there, but aren't you gettin' ahead of yourself? Before you can do anything like that, you'd have to find me guilty, and I can't be put on trial without my lawyer, shug. It doesn't look like Miranda's around here, does it?"
POLICE


"No!" Tara shouted, undeterred as she pointed an accusatory finger upwards. "Nuh uh. Not again. I won't wait another minute for that drunken excuse of a lawyer. You're on your own, Liz. Represent yourself right now so we can get this over with! What's your defense for all that you stand accused of?"
TRAFFIC DIVISION


"My defense?" Liz repeated, her tone turning grave. "My defense is I'm the best damn thing to happen to this town!" She bellowed, her voice booming like thunder. "I'm a star. The kind that can light up the city... or burn it down."


"You wanted a show, Judge? I gave you the best one in town. How's that for a defense?" Liz said, rolling her eyes. "Now go ahead. Find me guilty. I dare you. See what happens when you make a 200-foot tall woman mad." She let out a heavy sigh, and leaned back, showing her disinterest at the proceedings.


Judge Tara, her voice steady and unwavering, declared, "200 feet? You just can't stop getting bigger, can you, Liz? But you could be ten-thousand feet tall! I don't care! You think you can scare me? I don't scare easily." Her eyes locked onto Liz, unflinching as she faced off against the giantess.
POLICE
911


“Oh yeah? Then do your worst." Liz said, grimacing at the judge.
"Oh I will!” Tara retorted. “Liz Dixon, you are hereby found guilty of all charges past and present. I sentence you to life imprisonment, no parole. And I hope they can find a hole big enough to throw you in!"


Turning on her heel, Judge Tara sighed, then muttered, "Thank God that's over. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have a vacation to return to." But not a moment later, Tara heard the sound of clanking chains. She looked back and saw Liz's gigantic hand reaching straight for her.
APARTMENTS


Liz's gargantuan hand had swooped down, plucking Judge Tara effortlessly off the ground. Liz pinched her body tight, squeezing the tiny woman between her massive thumb and index finger. The judge screamed and flailed helplessly in Liz's grip.
AMERICAN MUSCLE
TRENZ
MENSWEAR
COLT


Liz, peering at the tiny figure of the judge, had a look of distaste on her enormous face. "You thought you could pass judgment on me?" she sneered. "No, sweetheart. I'm the one in charge here, and I find you guilty of... being a real meanie, with a face like a slapped rear. I hereby sentence you to... Death by digestion!" Her words echoed through the streets, stunning onlookers.


No one could do anything but watch as Liz dangled Tara helplessly above her hungry mouth. The judge screamed at the top of her lungs, while she stared down into the giantess's gaping maw. The once powerful woman was utterly helpless, a plaything in the hands of a capricious giant who didn't care for her tone.


"Stop what you're doing right now and unhand her!" Briggs shouted. The contingent of police and SWAT officers all trained their guns upward. The sight of their miniature weapons felt almost pathetic against the backdrop of Liz's immense form, but they did their duty all the same.
LOANS
36
A 548235


Over a loudspeaker, the lead officer's voice crackled, authoritative yet tinged with desperation. "Put the judge down, right now!" The command ordered.
POLICE
DEDICATED TO YOUR SAFETY
21543
TETLEYS
EUROCAR
GOAD
TEPCO
STARS



Liz, her eyes flickering down to the ant-like figures below, dared them with a taunting look. "Or what? You think that's going to stop me? Go ahead, shoot! You really wanna see what happens?"

The intensity in her gaze was enough to tell them she meant business. When faced with the choice of firing at Liz and inciting another rampage or just letting her finish the judge... the choice seemed obvious, even if one person really wasn't going to like it.

"Put your guns down!" Briggs ordered, closing his eyes in shame as he gave the order.


"Hear that?" Liz asked, her voice booming. "They're not gonna stop me. I'm gonna eat you, and there's nothing you, or any of them can do about it!" She said, grinning wickedly.


Tara, suspended above certain doom, pleaded for her life. "Wait, you don't have to do this!" she shouted at Liz. "We can talk about a retrial! A resentencing hearing. I can get you diplomatic immunity so the police never bother you again! Hell, I'll put in a good word for you at my ski club. Anything!" Her voice was shrill with fear, each word a desperate bid for mercy.


"That's a real nice offer and all... But that won't make me any less hungry!" Liz replied. With a cruel chuckle, She released her grip, letting Judge Tara plummet towards her open mouth.
鉄道模型
APARTMENTS


The descent seemed to last an eternity, as the hapless woman plummeted down towards Liz's mouth. As she fell, Tara stared into the abyss of Liz's gaping maw, a cavernous expanse of teeth and flesh that awaited her.


Tara screamed at the top of her lungs as she neared Liz's mouth. Her scream, high-pitched and terror-stricken, echoed within Liz's cavernous maw. It was the sound of pure, unadulterated fear.


Tara landed with a soft thud onto Liz's tongue. She tried to slow her descent, but it was useless. She slid down, quickly falling deeper into the eager mouth. Tara frantically flailed around, clawing and pushing against the walls of Liz's tongue and throat to try and stop her slow descent. But no matter what she did she could not win against gravity, and slid ever-deeper into Liz's cavernous mouth.


Finally, Liz closed her lips, sealing the little woman in darkness. Liz, savoring the moment, played with her food. She pushed the woman around with her tongue, rolling her around like a piece of candy. Before long, though, Liz's hunger quickly got the better of her. The giantess tilted her head back and swallowed with a satisfied gulp. A writhing bulge slid down her throat for a moment, before vanishing behind her breasts.
A small burp escaped Liz's mouth, and she covered her mouth. "Scuse me!" She said, before standing up once more.


Once back up to her full height, Liz looked down at the police, her voice teasing and flirtatious. "Aww, don't look so serious, now. I know y'all enjoyed the show," she taunted. "Now if you don't mind, I think I'll head out. Unless you're interested in helpin' me out of these handcuffs...?"
The loudspeaker let out an ear-piercing squeal. "Stand down! You are being detained! Do not attempt to flee, or we'll have no choice but to use deadly force!"
TETLEYS
EUROCAR
TEPCO
ERGIOS DESIGNER MENS SHOES
リバティー 1号店 B1


Liz burst with laughter. "You little guys don't actually think I'm afraid of you, are you?" Liz said, staring down at the officers with a wide smile and wider eyes. "I'll tell you what. Just this once, I'll be extra nice. Pa always told me to respect the boys in blue, and you guys are just tryin' to do your job so I'll be goin' peacefully now. I'm an unarmed civilian, so you guys aren't supposed to be shootin' at me anyway. Course, if you decide to do so... well, I think you all know how that'll go, don'tcha?"
Looking out over the gathered officers, Liz was glad to see they had taken her words to heart and hadn't shot. With one last wave of her still-handcuffed hands, she bid a mock farewell to the dumbfounded officers below, and turned away.
POLICE
APARTMENTS


The officers watched as Liz casually walked away, shaking the ground with her every step.
"We can't just let her go!" Officer Daniels shouted. "She's not looking, and we have a clear, unobstructed angle. This is our best chance! Let me take this shot!"
"No, hold your fire!" Briggs ordered. "I'm not happy about it, but she called our bluff. There's no sense starting a fight we can't win."


"She's a fucking murderer, Briggs! We can't just-"
"We can, and we will! Stand down! Or-"
"Fuck that! I'm not letting that oversized whore get away!!" Daniels shouted, aiming his gun at the retreating giantess.
"Dammit, Daniels, I gave you a goddamn order! Put that gun down, now!" Briggs barked.


But despite the order, Daniels kept his gun trained on Liz. He closed his eyes, praying to god that the shot would fell her. "Oh Lord, you helped David defeat Goliath. Imbue my weapon with your strength!" Taking a deep breath, he steadied his aim... and pulled the trigger.
A gunshot rang out through the empty streets. A lone act of defiance against the towering giantess.
21543


The bullet struck Liz square on the ass. A clean, direct shot. The kind that would have earned him praise back at the academy... but it didn't leave as much of an impact on Liz as he would have hoped.
"Oww! What the hell?" Liz yelped, reaching back and rubbing her sore behind. "What the... Now don't tell me one of you little runts just shot me?"
Liz's question was answered with silence.



Liz shook her head. “So that’s how it’s gonna be? None of you chickenshits are man enough to take the blame?” Liz growled with anger. "Fine. I’m going to ask nicely one more time. Which one of you just little peckerwoods just shot me in the ass? Come on, take credit, so I know which of you to stomp!" Liz demanded, raising her voice even louder.

In return, she only got more silence.

“Crickets. That’s what you’re tellin’ me. It must’ve been the wind or somethin, right? This is your last chance! If none of y’all wants to take credit, I guess I’ll just have to stomp all of ya!”


"I-It was me!" Daniels admitted, his confidence shaken after his shot had been completely shrugged off. "I'm... I'm sorry! It was an accident! My palms are sweating, so my finger slipped! But hey, you're okay, right? I didn't break the skin, did I?" the trigger-happy officer stammered.
POLICE DEPARTMENT
CITY OF NEW YORK
21543


Liz looked down at the officer and scowled. "It was an accident, huh? You just accidentally fired your gun at me, even though I've done nothing wrong? Oh, I'm perfectly okay... But you're not gonna be, by the time I'm done with ya'!"
"Wait, wait!" Daniels said, holding his hands in the air. "We can talk this out! Please, just let me–"


Ignoring his pleas, Liz turned around and stomped her foot against the pavement. When her foot was raised the stains of those who'd been crushed by her before were clearly visible, reminding everyone just what she was capable of. The furious giantess walked towards the officers, shaking the ground with her every step.
"Run away! It's every man for himself!" Briggs shouted into his microphone. The other officers didn't need to be told twice, and they broke into a chaotic, disorganized retreat.
AMERICAN MUSCLE
ONE WAY
NO PARKING
TRENZ
MENSWEAR


After a moment of hesitation, Briggs did the same. As he sprinted away, he found himself running alongside his trigger-happy companion. "Dammit, Daniels, you stupid son-of-a-bitch! This is all your fault!" Briggs cursed.
"Don't worry about me, worry about her!" Daniels shouted back, struggling to catch his breath as he ran away. "You can reprimand me later, but we've got way more pressing concerns at the moment!"
Officer Briggs grunted and looked back at Liz. She had raised her massive foot above them, and her shadow engulfed the terrified cops.


A moment later, Liz brought her enormous foot down. But to the relief of Briggs and Daniels, it wasn't one of the men she had taken aim at. Instead a nearby patrol car looked to be facing the consequences.
MUSCLE
ONE WAY
NO PARKING
CAMERAS · VIDEO · BINOCULARS
SALE 75%
SALE 75%
1 HOUR FILM PROCESSING
COLT
POLICE
NYPD



A moment later, Liz's foot slammed down on top of the patrol car. Her foot, which was nearly as big as the vehicle itself, crumpled the car's metal frame in an instant. The vehicle buckled and under her, metal twisting and glass shattering, a testament to her overwhelming power. The engine burst into flames, filling the air with a thick smoke.


Liz quickly turned her attention back to the running cops. She raised her other foot into the air, chasing after the fleeing men. They ran as fast as they could, but were no match for the speed of the towering giantess, who caught up with them in a single step.
MIDCITY
CD·DVD·LD IFリバティー
リバティー 1号店 B1
CHOICE CUT
FRESH MEAT DAILY
AMERICAN MUSCLE
ONE WAY
NO PARKING
36
EMERGENCY
DIAL 911
POLICE
DEDICATED TO YOUR SAFETY
COLT


TRAFFIC DIVISION
With a slow, almost deliberate motion, Liz swung her foot towards the trio. Officer Daniels glanced backward, and caught a glimpse of her foot descending upon him. He put his hand up to defend himself, but he was utterly powerless against Liz's massive foot.


From her perspective, the officers all looked the same, and the way they'd grown disorganized the moment they started running made it so she wasn't even sure which of these officers was the one who'd shot her. To that end, the giantess assumed crushing them all would suffice, and her foot slammed into the officers, knocking them to the ground. The trapped men struggled frantically beneath the weight of Liz's foot, their efforts pitifully inadequate against her colossal form. But Liz was still just teasing them. She was still keeping her foot over them herself, and hadn't actually bothered pressing down with anything close to her full weight.
A moment later, that changed.


Liz pressed down with her full weight, crushing the three men in the blink of an eye. The officers were mercilessly crushed under Liz's heel, their bodies yielding to the immense pressure before being reduced to nothing more than a gruesome smear on the pavement.
"Hmph. Serves ya right." Liz grumbled. "What kinda creep goes and shoots a lady in the butt?"


Liz sighed and walked away, leaving the crushed remains of the officers in her wake. Two of them lay on the sidewalk, face-down in a puddle of their own blood. It was a small mercy that Liz had crushed them outright, and not left them to slowly drown in their own mess. The third officer was stuck to the bottom of Liz's heel like a piece of chewed-up gum. He still clung to life, his body broken and ruined beyond repair, but he would not survive for long.
Because Liz continued walking, hardly aware he was even there.
MENS SHOES
POLICE


Liz continued along, easily outpacing the fleeing officers. With a single gigantic stride, she stepped in front of them. Liz planted her foot down in front of the fleeing officers, cutting off their escape route, as she wondered if perhaps one of these was the one who had shot at her. They stumbled back, unsure of what to do.
リバティー 1号店 B1
鉄道模型
CAMERAS
TETLEYS
EUROCAR
TEPCO
STARS


Leering down at the petrified cops, Liz's face was a picture of malevolent glee. "Why are yall runnin' so scared for? I thought you guys were supposed to be brave! Protect and serve, and all that!" she taunted. The officers looked up at the furious giantess. One by one, they realized the futility of their situation.


Without another word, Liz crouched down, her movements causing the ground to tremble. She reached out with both hands, massive hands inching towards the terrified group. Her chains rattled ominously with her every movement, feeling to the officers like a ticking clock counting down to their imminent demise.


Five cops, frozen with fear, found themselves ensnared between Liz's hands. Her fingers closed around them like a cage, trapping them in her grip. One of the SWAT officers broke rank and tried to run for it, but it was far too late to escape as he found Liz's fingers closing around him.



"Gotcha!" Suddenly, Liz's fingers snapped together like a venus flytrap, snatching up the officers. The five of them screamed and flailed, but they were helpless in her impossibly strong grip.


With a spiteful glare, Liz lifted her hands, raising the captured officers high into the air. "Ya'll thought you were tough, but I'm gonna make you into a snack!" She mocked. The officers, trapped in her enormous hand, looked utterly pathetic next to the gigantic redhead. They screamed and begged, pleading desperately for a show of mercy from the giantess.
CARLTON COURTS APARTMENTS


Liz's mood suddenly lightened, and she smiled at the men in her grasp. "Aww, don't look so sour-faced. Look on the bright side. Eatin' you is gonna make me feel real happy. And at the end of the day, ain't that what matters? Bringing a smile to a pretty girl's face?"


Liz slowly lifted the hapless group above her gaping mouth, licking her lips with anticipation. "You guys look like a bunch of crawdads with all that armor," Liz said. "I always loved the taste of crawdads. Sometimes I'd even swallow them whole, shells and all!!" She exclaimed. Her eyes glinted with a predatory hunger, savoring the fear emanating from her captives as they hovered above her cavernous maw.


With a tilt of her hand, the officers dangled precariously over her open mouth. Their terrified faces were a stark contrast to Liz's look of wicked glee. "I'm gonna eat ya' now!" Liz taunted madly. "Take a good, long look into my mouth, because it's the last thing you're ever gonna see!" The helpless men were mere moments away from being devoured, suspended over the abyss of her awaiting throat.
MAKE YOUR VOICE HEARD
VOTE MAYOR GOLDIE
SHOP
THERAPY
COLT


"In ya go!" Liz exclaimed. With a sudden, careless motion, Liz's fingers opened up, and tossed the officers into her mouth like they were popcorn. They were helpless to do anything but tumble wildly through the air, and plummet straight into the eager mouth below.


One after another, the four SWAT officers landed in Liz's mouth with a dull thud. Their bodies were trapped in the wet, dark confines of her mouth. They crawled madly over one another in a desperate bid for freedom, but they only ended up pushing one another down in the process. One of them grabbed hold of Liz's teeth and managed to actually pull himself up a few precious inches, a decision he'd soon regret.


Liz bit down into the armored figures inside her mouth, and quickly cringed. She had bitten through more than a few bodies at this point, and rather liked the sensation of flesh and bone breaking against her teeth.
The steel that they wore as body armor was unpleasant to bite into. Determined not to let it beat her, she tried to chew through the material, but found it too tough to rip apart. Still, she was able to bend and dent it using the strength of her jaws alone, and she decided her best course of action was to crush the armor they were wearing for protection with them inside.


Taking a deep breath Liz focused herself, and with a ferocious determination, bit down. This time she didn't hold back, letting her jaws snap shut with all the power she could muster... and the ends of her lips curled up into a grin. The sound of cracking bones, pained screams, and twisted steel filled her mouth as the armor finally gave way under her immense strength, yielding to her relentless strength.


Finally satisfied, Liz moved the broken figures around inside of her mouth, letting them coat every inch of her tongue as she bit down on the softer bits that were unarmored. As she savored her conquest, she noticed another officer who had missed her gaping maw, now perched precariously on her chest. She smiled, a wicked grin spreading across her face, even as she chewed on the remains of his comrades.


21543
POLICE DEPARTMENT
CITY OF NEW YORK
The officer on her chest looked around for a way to escape the surreal situation he'd found himself in. He looked back at the chaos unfolding far below at Liz's feet, and saw a crowd of onlookers standing around. "Run! Get away while you still can!" he yelled, clinging to the massive breast he was atop of for his own sake. But his panicked warning seemed almost futile amidst the terror unfolding around them.


Liz, on the other hand, was unbothered. Still grinning, she admired the officer's little show of bravery, as the bodies inside of her mouth succumbed to the terrifying strength of her mouth, and met their grisly ends one by one. The futile heroics of the man who was sinking into the soft flesh of her tits amused her. It was a brave display, but in her eyes, utterly pointless. His luck at slipping out of her mouth wasn't going to spare him, but she could at least make his death quick.


Liz attempted to reach up for the man resting on her chest, only to hear a cloud CLANG as she did so. With her focus elsewhere she'd completely forgotten about the chains that kept her locked up. Frowning, Liz made an actual effort to pull her arms apart, rather than keep up the charade that they had her in any sort of real bondage. The metal groaned under the strain, the links gradually beginning to stretch... but they held strong.


With a sigh, Liz balled her hands into fists, and approached this situation much the same way as she did the armored men in her mouth. She focused, took a deep breath, flexed... and pulled her arms apart with every ounce of strength in her body. Her chest bounced from the sudden jolt, threatening to send the man atop her breast flying away, but she did what she'd set out to do. The chains gave way, shattering from the effort as chunks of bent steel rained to the ground below.
Exhaling loudly Liz relaxed her hands, thankful that she was able to move them once again.


With her hands finally freed, Liz turned her attention back to the officer who was lying prone on her chest, praying that he wouldn't slip off. Liz smiled at his obvious fear, then cupped her enormous breasts with her hands, lifted them up a small amount, and let them drop. That proved far more than the officer was capable of handling as he bounced straight into the air, and was sent tumbling into Liz's cleavage.



The officer found himself trapped in the deep canyon of Liz's tits. He tried to climb out the way he had with her mouth, but the massive breasts were far more constricting than the comparatively weak efforts of a half-dozen men at once. Liz tightened her grip, squeezing him between her breasts and playing with him idly as he frantically fought to keep himself from falling to his death.

With no other way out, he called up to Liz in the hopes of striking a bargain. "Elizabeth! P-Please don't hurt me! We can talk this over! Let's make a deal! If you let me go, I'll tell the others to lay off of you. You can walk the city with impunity, and no officer will ever raise a weapon against you! Scout's honor! I know the people who run this city, and I can–"


"Not interested! Now squish, bitch!" Liz taunted. With all her might, she clapped her massive tits together, then squeezed them tightly. Tons of soft flesh slammed together, crushing the officer's entire body in an instant, then squeezing what remained until it was turned to goo. The force behind her playful move was so great he didn't simply spread all over her chest, but his remains instead spurted up from between Liz's cleavage, splattering her naked skin as she played with her tits for a moment longer.

"You girls sure do come in handy!" Liz giggled, hugging her breasts tightly. "I was gettin' real tired of all his whining, and that shut him up real good." She said, before her eyes were drawn back down.


A crowd of onlookers had seen the whole thing. The judge being eaten. The officers being crushed. The ones she'd eaten. And the one she'd just crushed in her chest. But they weren't angry or scared... not yet, anyway. They seemed more curious than afraid.
Until the sound of screeching tires pierced the tense silence.
A group of them started to panic, screaming and running. A moment later, Liz caught sight of what they were running from. A sleek gray muscle car, which drove erratically through the crowd, veering wildly across the street and onto the curb.


Suddenly, the car spun out. People scattered, barely avoiding being hit by the vehicle as it careened towards them. The little thing fishtailed wildly as it attempted to regain control, only to slam violently into a wall. Windows shattered, airbags deployed, smoke filled the air, and embers rose from the burning engine block.
삼덕전기
SERGIOS DESIGNER MENS SHOES
COLT


Liz recognized the car though. And a moment later, when the driver's door had flung open and an older woman stumbled out, she knew exactly what to expect.
"Aw... fuck. Not again. Dammit! Fucking piece of... worthless fucking..." The woman muttered, slurring her words. She shambled out from the wreckage, having to use the car itself to keep her balance as her heels made it difficult to walk.


"Miranda, is that you?" Liz waved down at the woman, a hint of concern in her voice. "That looked like a pretty nasty crash. You alright, shug?" Her voice boomed down from her towering height, echoing through the streets.


STARS
OFFICE SUPPLIES
Brushing off her clothes, Miranda leaned against the side of her wrecked car for support, nonchalant in the face of disaster. "Oh this? Pshh... This is... This is nothing! I've been through. You shoulda seen me back when I actually had a drinking problem..." she quipped, then blinked several times. She rubbed her eyes, tried to focus, and eventually settled on squinting up at Liz before continuing. "You just caught me at a bad time. I was busy doing Pilates... But enough about my gigolo. I'm not late for the trial, am I? Got here as fast as I could... but this stupid piece of shit went and broke on me."


Liz chuckled, a rumble that seemed to shake the very air. "Yeah, ya kinda missed it. No point in cryin' over spilt milk, though. The judge was none too happy with what I'd been up to. She found me guilty, so I ate her. Then I tried to leave, but the cops started shooting at me, and you know I couldn't let that slide, so-" She began, recounting the events as casually as if she were discussing the weather.


STARS
OFFICE SUPPLIES
STATIONERY
STARS
Miranda's face twisted into a furious scowl. "Wait wait wait, hold on. They SHOT at you?!" She shouted before attempting, but failing to stand up straight. "I can't fucking believe- They didn't hurt you, did they? I swear, if those brutes so much as hurt a single hair on your perfect little head, there's going to be hell to pay..." Miranda said, jabbing her finger wildly at Liz.


Liz laughed heartily, the sound thunderous. "Aw, come on Miranda. You think their little peashooters can hurt me? Nah, those little BB's bounced off my ass like they were nothing. The cops definitely got the worse end of things. I squished half of 'em on the spot, and the other half are sittin' tight in my belly!"
APARTMENTS



"That's my Liz!" Miranda laughed, then leaned back against the wreckage of her car. Being forced to converse was gradually beginning to sober her up, and her casual stance emphasized her well-kept figure despite her age. "Clearly, I taught you well. It's a dog eat dog town, and it's better to eat than be eaten. Now since my car broke down, why don't you come on over and pick me up? We need to talk about your next move."


Liz did as told, strolling over to Miranda while remaining oblivious to the pandemonium below her. The inebriated older woman lazily watched as Liz took a step, raising her foot above a crowd of panicked people. She thought of warning them to move, but was using the vast majority of her mental fortitude at the moment just stopping herself from falling over.



Liz didn't care either way. She casually stepped on top of a group of people, crushing them into a gooey red stain on the pavement in the blink of an eye. The ground shuddered under her weight before cracking apart, and screams rang out through the streets as a few more bodies were added to her increasing casualty count.


By this point Liz seemed entirely unconcerned with the havoc her every movement brought forth. Her focus was solely on Miranda, so the rest of the crowd may as well have not existed. Smiling broadly, she knelt down and extended her hand. "Climb aboard, I can move faster than that dinky little thing anyway!" she boomed, her cheerful tone a stark contrast to the terror she instilled.
HOTEL


Miranda, unfazed by the chaos around her, walked over to Liz's hand. She took a big step onto one of Liz's enormous fingers, and near-instantly lost her balance, falling face first onto it. But Liz was careful to keep her from falling off, before lifting the smaller woman closer up to her face far above.
the city
2014
SWEET
STARS


"Wow." Liz said, now that she was able to get an up-close look at Miranda. "You look amazing! I swear, you look younger every time I see ya. What's your secret?" Liz asked.


Miranda shrugged. "My secret? Oh, nothing big. Just some expensive creams, high-end lotions, a steady regimen of whiskey, and a deal with the devil... You know, just a typical Beverly Hills skincare routine!" Miranda replied with a sardonic grin, her humor as dry as the martinis she drank like water.


Liz's eyes widened with concern. "You... didn't really make a deal with the devil, did ya?"
Miranda sighed, "Jesus Christ, it's called a joke, Liz."
Liz frowned, "You really shouldn't joke about that kind of thing, Miranda. It's sacrilegious. Just sayin' the dark one's name invites him into your heart. And don't take the lord's name in vain, that's a sin!"


Rolling her eyes, Miranda retorted, "Yeah, and you're a real angel yourself, Liz. But hey, I'm not here to criticize my biggest client, I'm here to help you out. The way I look at it, you just started a war with the city. You may have won your first battle, but the war is far from over. The worst thing you can do now is throw in the towel. No, you've gotta push the offensive. The only way to the other side is straight through it! Establish dominance! Do you get what I'm saying?"


Liz looked down at the terrified people below, and a wicked grin spread across Liz's face. "Yeah, I think I get what you're saying. This city's mine. I've just gotta make them see that. So, umm... what should I do first? Just... walk around a bit? Maybe find some more cops, or somethin'?"
Miranda looked up at Liz, a knowing look on her face. "You're a fast learner! No, I don't think you need my advice on this one, Liz. I think you know exactly what to do. Come on, follow your instincts. What does your gut tell you to do?"


Liz thought for a moment, before a guilty smile formed on her face. "My gut's tellin' me to do some real bad stuff." Liz replied. "I've been havin' all these intrusive thoughts lately seein' as I have to walk on eggshells all the time. I feel like I should smash some stuff, stomp some folks, eat some others. Shock and awe 'em. Generally speaking, cause one hell of a ruckus... and try to get as much of it on camera as possible for my movie!"
Miranda laughed. "I knew you had it in you, Liz! Love the attitude, you're really taking charge now! Show them what they're dealing with!"
Liz grinned. "Oh, you ain't seen nothin' yet!"


Towering above the cityscape, Liz set her sights on a nearby concrete office building. With a predatory glint in her eye, she raised her massive foot high above it, casting a shadow over the structure. She'd seen buildings just like this every day since she started living here, and always hated how in the way they'd seemed. Her toes wiggled as she savored the feeling of finally getting to show them who was boss, before her foot came down.


Like a hammer striking an anvil, Liz's gigantic foot smashed straight through the top of the office building. The sound of crushing concrete echoed through the streets, a testament to her raw power. An immense sense of satisfaction came over Liz, but when the smoke cleared, she realized that she'd only smashed through the top floor and couldn't stop herself from scowling.
"Dammit!" Liz cursed as the extent of the damage she'd done came into view. "Just how sturdy is this stupid thing? I'm not lettin' no stupid building win against me!"


Liz lifted her foot high into the air and slammed it down again. She smashed through more of the building, pulverizing some unfortunate office workers in the process, but she barely registered the sticky feeling their remains left on her foot. The only thing she cared about was making the stupid building suffer for defying her strength. "Stupid freakin'..." She cursed. "I'm not about to let some stupid concrete and rebar show me up!"


Liz's next stomp came down with even greater force. This time, half of the building collapsed under her foot, crumbling into dust and debris that spilled out onto the street. "Third time's the charm, bitch!" Liz shouted, her excitement surging with the destruction.


Liz walked away triumphantly, strutting through downtown after having finally taken some modicum of revenge against the ugly buildings dotted everywhere in this city. Emboldened by her success, Liz eyed a glass and steel skyscraper nearby. A smirk formed on her lips as she pulled her arm back, and balled her fingers up into a fist.
"Ladies and gentlemen, brace yourselves for a clash of titans! A rumble of epic proportions!" Liz said, doing her best radio announcer voice. " In the right corner, we have the reigning champion, weighing in at a whole crap-ton, the gargantuan ginger... Liz Dixon! And in the other corner, we've got... Some crappy little office building! There's gotta be a couple hundred people in there so things don't look good for ol' Liz, but only time will tell who comes out on top. Let's get ready to rumble!" Her smile widened, anticipating the destruction she was about to unleash.
SERGIOS DESIGNER MENS SHOES
鉄道模型
SHOP THERAPY


"It's time for some remodeling!" Liz shouted. With all her might, Liz swung her fist forward with all the momentum of a bullet train, and punched the skyscraper. The moment her fist made contact, the building shuttered, then exploded outward, shards of glass and steel erupting through the air...


"Looks like you've got a glass jaw!" Liz taunted. She watched as glass, steel, and cinder rained down from the sky, a shower of destruction caused by her unstoppable blow. The impact made the building shake on its foundations, swaying from side to side. Dozens of terrified office workers were blown out of the gaping hole in the side of the building, and plummeted helplessly to the streets below.


Satisfied with what she'd done, Liz peered into the wreckage she'd just created. She smiled at the sight of so many terrified people still trapped inside the building, scrambling to escape the chaos. "Hey guys!" Liz said, her eyes narrowing as she looked them over. " I really want to eat y'all, but I'm tryin' to stick to my diet."
They looked at her in shock, still hardly able to comprehend what had just happened. Something made all the worse when Liz's lips gradually curled up into a mischievous smile.
"Then again... I suppose it wouldn't hurt to have just one of ya!"


Panic erupted across the floor as Liz looked inside, scanning over each of the bodies inside.
"Hmm, which one of you should I eat?" She mused, before settling on a professionally-dressed woman stumbling in heels. "How about... you! You look like ya might be tasty!" Liz exclaimed. She reached out with her enormous hand, grasping at the middle-aged woman who turned positively feral upon realizing she was being targeted. The terrified woman ran as fast as she could, but Liz's hand was not impeded by chunks of debris or a shaky floor. She pinched the woman between her fingers, and plucked her from the ruined building.
EO
INC


With a casual movement she pulled the woman out, and brought her closer up to her face. Holding the woman before her, Liz examined her closely. The terrified woman screamed at the top of her lungs, begging to be put down.


"You got a real set of lungs on ya!" Liz remarked, impressed with how frantically she was screaming. "It sounds like you're tryin' out for a role in a monster movie! Then again, I guess that's not so far from the truth. Make sure to scream nice and loud, 'cause this is gonna be your last role!" The woman's eyes widened in horror as the reality of the situation slowly sunk in.


Without a second thought, Liz's lips parted, revealing the inside of her mouth to the frantic woman. She then flicked the small woman into the air as if she were popping a piece of candy into her mouth. She effortlessly caught the wailing figure in her mouth, and sent her down without a second thought.


After swallowing her with a single gulp, Liz gave one last longing look to the office space she'd just ruined. Her belly told her that maybe just one more wouldn't hurt... but she had to force herself to turn away and leave, her steps causing the ground to shake. She focused her thoughts elsewhere, looking down at Miranda with a hint of concern.
"This is fun and all, but I haven't seen many people with cameras. I'm guessing those helicopters have some, but who the heck knows. What if no one's botherin' to record all this?"


Miranda, ever the opportunist, smiled up at her giant client. "Well, as luck would have it, I just so happen to have a camera right here! And since I've got a, let's say, unique point of view to all of this, how about I get some footage of you... I don't know, stepping on some bystanders?"


"Aww, Miranda! You always know just what to say to cheer me up!" Liz smiled, her mood instantly lifted. "Most of the movie will be shot by the people down there, but it'll be good to show everyone the sort of things I see when I'm movin' around! Let them get a taste of what it's like to be Liz Dixon, even if it's only from behind a camera!" Holding her hand steady, she allowed Miranda to climb to the edge, ready to capture the carnage with her phone in hand.


Liz pondered where best to place her foot for the most impact, before shrugging. The answer was obvious. Wherever the most people were! She raised her foot high above a group of fleeing people, grinning as her shadow engulfed them. Miranda watched the moment live on her phone screen, which gave her a strange disconnect from the fact it was playing out right in front of her. It felt almost like she was watching a movie on her phone... Until Liz's foot came down.



With a swift, merciless motion, Liz stomped her foot down on the ground. Miranda's perch wasn't exactly the most stable and she was thrown aside from the sudden impact, but remained secure on the palm. While her only concern was whether or not the camera's stabilization would give her a clear image of what had just happened, the people beneath Liz had a significantly worse time. The giantess's foot shook the ground, and everyone beneath her was instantly pulped. Miranda smiled, content in the knowledge that this would make for a wonderful shot regardless.


"That's great, Liz! Keep it up, and step on a few more while you're at it. Maybe a little slower next time so the shot comes out nice and clear. Sound good?" Miranda asked, looking back up from her position on Liz's hand.


But Liz wasn't listening. She'd turned her head suddenly, a wide smile forming as she clearly had her attention elsewhere. Miranda rose to her knees and tried to see what was happening, when Liz suddenly turned.
"Sorry, change of plans." Liz stated flatly, looking off into the distance. "I've got to make a little stop."


Miranda gave Liz a look of concern. "Is everything okay, Liz?" she asked, sensing the sudden, negative shift in her client's mood. She didn't think she would receive an answer, though. She knew what Liz could be like when her attention was focused so intently elsewhere.



"Me? Oh I'm just peachy." Liz fumed, her voice barely concealing a good deal of rage. "Everyone else though. They're about to pay. That theater there's playin' a giantess movie, but they didn't even cast a real giantess! They just hired a normal actress, and made her look big with their fancy computers. Can you believe it? They're taking jobs from hard-working giant actors like me and... Well, just me, I guess. But still! Where's our representation on the big screen!"

"What a shame." Miranda said, shaking her head. "That's not even the worst of it. Can you believe that they've never cast a REAL giantess in a leading role? A hundred years of cinema, and it hasn't happened once. How does that make you feel, Liz?" Miranda prodded, sensing an opportunity.

"Not even in your glory days?!" Liz said, balling her other hand into a tight fist. "That makes me... UGH! It makes me so mad!" She bellowed.


Inside the theater, the audience was engrossed in their movie, oblivious to the impending real-life drama unfolding outside. Onscreen, a nervous young fisherman sighed and turned to his co-star, "Choppy waves out there, but no sign of her, skipper."
The older man stared off into the distance, and replied with a gruff, "Aye, she's getting close. I can feel it in my bones." As if on cue, the water shifted. The face of a giant young woman began to rise from the waters, her red hair dripping with seawater that glimmered in the early morning light.


While the movie played, a real giantess was right outside. Liz made her way over to the theater, her massive form a stark contrast to the mundane surroundings. She paid no attention to the people that scampered below her. She took step after careless step, her anger blinding her to anything else but her target as the earth shook with every plodding footstep.
NOW SHOWING
MAWS



Liz's booming steps were drowned out by the movie's thunderous soundtrack. The score boomed as the giantess scooped a hand underneath the boat, effortlessly lifting the entire thing so it began to tilt. The fishermen failed to keep their footing, and tumbled down the back of the boat, falling closer to the giantess's hungry maw.

As the film reached its climax with the heroes in mortal peril, a real giantess was getting ready to feed.


The old building rumbled as the roof shook violently, causing dust and debris to sift down onto the unsuspecting audience. The sudden disruption sent waves of shock and confusion through the crowd who weren't expecting a 4D experience. "What the hell is going on?" A young man shouted.


He didn't have to wait long to get an answer. With a casual shove, Liz pushed the roof aside and peered over to gaze at terrified people inside. Their screams and panic filled the air, a chorus of shock and disbelief at the sight of a real, inescapable giantess.


Liz smiled down at them. "What's wrong? I thought ya'll wanted to see a giant woman? I'm just helpin' you by lettin' you experience the real thing! Accept no imitations, folks." Liz boomed, her voice resonating with a mix of amusement and mischief as she reached her hand towards the crowd.



The audience recoiled in fear, scrambling away as Liz's enormous hand descended upon them. All eyes were locked onto the giant hand, as it loomed menacingly over the crowd.

Though not a single person was still watching the climax of the movie, it went on playing all the same. The on-screen giantess had made short work of the younger fisherman, devouring him with frightening ease. Only the old skipper still survived, though it didn't appear as if he could last much longer. His hands were locked tight on the doorway of the old trawling boat, holding on for dear life as the giantess rattled the boat mercilessly to loosen his grip.

His demise seemed inevitable, but this was fiction, and he was the hero. The shaking of the boat loosened a bundle of dynamite that had been kept on the boat, and it was the younger fisherman's discarded cigarette that was used to light it. He shouted a memorable one liner before tossing the entire thing into the giant woman's mouth and-


KABOOOM
The scene was spectacular and had clearly been where a good deal of the budget had been allocated. Unfortunately, not a single soul in the building was paying attention. They were too busy contending with a real giantess, and they didn't have anywhere near the same amount of luck. With ease, Liz grabbed a handful of people, helplessly pulling them out of the building and into the open air, their bodies forcefully squeezed together in the process.


Liz listened to them scream in terror and plead for their lives, and she couldn't help but laugh. "It's your lucky day. You're about to star in a real monster movie, ya know? I'll be playing the monster, a big, hungry country girl. And you... Well, you'll get to be my snacks!" She declared playfully.


Liz lifted the terrified group into the air, and opened her mouth wide. As if on cue, their screams reached a fevered pitch, growing louder and more shrill as they neared her drooling maw.
They were the screams of the damned. Their fate had been sealed the moment Liz had picked them up. This wasn't some old monster movie, where the giant monster would be slain to save the city. This was an entirely different kind of movie, where the monster herself was the star, and the extras doubled as snacks.


With a swift motion, Liz shoved them into her mouth, indifferent to their plight. The people were trapped in a nightmare, their faces squeezed together, limbs flailing in all directions like a dying spider. There wasn't anywhere they could move in such cramped quarters, and the fact that they were quickly being soaked to the bone inside of the giant woman's mouth only made things all the more terrifying.
The sounds were positively hellish, but all the while Miranda watched from below. Capturing the footage on her phone with a grin, thinking of how much money this thing would make them when it was finished.


Liz closed her mouth, and tilted her head back. Her throat undulated, before Miranda suddenly shouted up at her.

"WAIT! Wait, Liz. Hold it! Hold the shot! This is gold, I tell you, so let the tension build!" She shouted, as she focused on the view from behind her camera. Liz did as told, letting the bodies tumble back out of her mouth and into her palm, so they were forced to re-live the experience. "Milk it a bit, baby. Let the audience think these poor saps might actually get it out of here alive. And move your hand a bit to the side, so I can see them better. Yep, just like that! Okay, I think that's about good! Now put them in your mouth, in three... Two... One... Eat!"


Liz followed the directions to a T, shoving the handful of people inside while pulling her hand away. She'd eaten more than a few people by this point, but she'd never before stuffed so many into her mouth at the same time. They writhed desperately in Liz's mouth, their hands and legs flailing wildly between her lips like a squirming ball of meat. It wasn't going to be easy for Liz to swallow them all, but she was playing a monster, and monsters didn't hesitate about that kind of thing. Taking a deep breath, she slurped the limbs inside of her mouth, tilted her head back, and swallowed.

The writhing bulge was every bit as visible from the outside as it had been when it was in her hand. A squirming lump sliding down Liz's throat that actually made her strain a bit, before it vanished behind her chest. Same as all the others before her. With a satisfied smack of her lips, she smiled at the camera again, showing off how empty the inside of her mouth was.


Miranda, who had recorded the entire unbelievable spectacle from Liz's hand, was ecstatic. "Liz... That was incredible! That's going in the picture for sure! Talk about a money shot!" she exclaimed, already envisioning the headlines.


Liz let out a yawn, finally letting herself break character. "That was a long day, and I think it's about time for me to get some beauty rest. What do you think? Is that a wrap?" Liz asked, her tone casual as if she had just finished a regular day at work, rather than a rampage through the city. Her demeanor was relaxed, and she was completely unfazed by the chaos she had wrought or the lives gurgling away inside of her stomach at this very moment.


"Not just yet." Miranda responded, her voice laced with a mix of excitement and determination. She looked up at Liz, her eyes gleaming. "You want to really show this city who's boss? Then you've got one last stop to make. You've gotta pay a visit to the people who REALLY run this city."
"The Scientologists?"
"The scien-no! Oh, dear god no, they're the last people I want as enemies. No, I was thinking about a group of people who are a whole lot easier to bend to your will: Politicians!"


"I see. So get the person in charge to listen, and the others will fall in line after, right?"
"Exactly!" Miranda replied. "And I know from personal experience that he's particularly spineless... Not to mention soft in some other places!"
"Got it!" Liz said. "I'll put the fear of God in him. And if he doesn't play along, I'll squish his ass flatter than a pancake!"


A trio of officers were stationed directly outside the city hall building. They had expected the giant woman at some point with all the reports of her roaming nearby, but knowing she was coming and actually seeing her approach was another thing entirely.
"Shit... there she is!" One of the officers shouted as Liz rounded the corner. "Fuck this! We heard what happened to that swat team. Let's get the hell out of here!"
ROUGEFIRECHIEN MEMORIAL
CITY HALL
EMPIRE HOTE


"Not without the mayor!" Another shouted back.
He nimbly leapt over the fence and dashed towards
the building, his heart pounding with fear.
ROUGEFIRECHIEN MEMORIAL
CITY
HALL


RUTHERFORD ROOM
The officer flung open the doors and burst inside, his breath ragged from the sprint. There, he found the mayor, cowering behind a podium, his face etched with fear.
"Please tell me you have good news. She's leaving, right? She's not-"
"Sorry sir, but no. We need to go! Now!" the officer shouted.


The mayor, already panicking, looked up as the officer shouted across the room "But... she's already here! There's nowhere to go! If we leave we'll be right out in the open, but if I hide in here, maybe I'll stand a chance!"
"Mr. Houck, with all due respect, I think I know a thing or two about what is and isn't safe. This entire building is a hazard that wouldn't even slow her down. Now come on, we don't have long before she gets here!"
Exit
Exit


By the time the two ran out of the building, Liz was practically right on top of them. The giantess stepped down next to the city hall, nearly crushing a group of fleeing people under her feet. One of the officers was so horrified that he turned and ran, leaving the mayor and the others behind.


Looking down, Liz spotted the mayor and smiled wide. "Well howdy! You must be Mr. Mayor! You're awfully handsome, for a politician!" Liz said, beaming down at him.


An officer tried to pull him away, but the mayor tried to placate Liz. "Umm... Thank you," the mayor stammered, caught off guard by her comment. "I'm sure you have important business to discuss with me, but I have a previous engagement. Perhaps we can talk later, over the phone..."
POLICE DEPARTMENT
CITY OF NEW YORK


"Nice try, asshole! But you already tried that one on me!" Miranda interjected from her perch on Liz's hand. "And don't try to tell me you've forgotten our little dalliance!"
"Wait a second... Miranda?" the mayor exclaimed in disbelief.
"That's right!" Liz chimed in. "Your ex is my right-hand man... Or left, I guess! She's my agent... And she had a whole lot to say about you, not much of it good! She gave me permission to do whatever I want with you. And the way you treated her? Wow. Didn't you ever get told that's no way to treat a lady? It makes me want to squish you like a bug!"


Liz raised her foot above one of the officers, who froze in place, petrified. The other officers seized the opportunity, breaking away and running for their lives.
The mayor held his ground, trying his best to negotiate. "You don't have to do this, Liz!" the mayor said. "No one else has to die today–"


"You're right. No one has to die." Liz said, then with a swift and merciless stomp, she brought her foot down upon the immobilized officer, crushing him beneath the weight of her massive toes. "But that doesn't mean I can't kill them anyway!" She twisted her toes on the remains, and a sickening crunch echoed through the air.
"Jesus fucking Christ!" The mayor shouted, recoiling in horror at the gruesome sight.


"Oh, and now you're taking the Lord's name in vain?" Liz said disdainfully. "You're really cruisin' for a crushin', aren'tcha?"
"I'm sorry, I didn't mean that!" Walter shouted. "It's just... I think we got off on the wrong foot, is all! Let's start over! I'm Walter Houck, and I think we can make a deal!"


"Oh yeah?" Liz drawled, leaning forward so she loomed even more ominously over the smaller man. "Go ahead then, I'm listenin'. But it better be one heckuva deal, cuz if you try and waste my time... I'm gonna squish ya, real slow-like. Got it?"
She stared down at him, a living colossus fixated on a terrified ant. Walter's heart beat so fast it felt like it would leap out of his chest. He stuttered and stammered, in a vain effort to say anything at all.


"I would love to give you w-what you want, but I don't even know what that is!" He begged, his eyes darting around in the hopes he'd find an answer. But Liz's silence was deafening, only adding to the tension. "Okay... I–" he started, his voice shaky, the words catching in his throat as he struggled to find something, anything, that might appease the colossal figure before him. "I'll call off the cops for now! As long as you keep the casualties to a minimum, you can do as you please! No more guns, no more sirens. Nothing! Free reign over the city!"


Liz mulled the offer over, her massive head tilting slightly as she considered it. "Reign... You know, I like the sound of that." she mused aloud, the idea clearly appealing to her. "You know, I think we might have a-"


"WAIT, STOP!" Miranda shouted, stopping Liz in her tracks. She looked down to the woman in her hand who stood up quickly, and spoke loudly. "Trust me sweetie, you can push him further. If things are going well that means he knows you can just take what you want, so give it all you've got. That's the first step in making good deals!"
"Oh yeah...?" Liz leaned down, whispering to Miranda. "But... I don't know what else I want."


"Just think about it." Miranda replied, her eyes shining with confidence as she looked up at Liz. "You don't need my help. You've got a killer instinct if anyone does. Whatever you want, just ask for it, because I think he's ready to hand over the keys to the city! You deserve the world, Liz. Don't be afraid to take it!"
"The world, huh..." Liz mulled, before smiling at the woman.


"You know what... you're right. Thanks, Miranda."
Liz said, beaming with warmth. "From here on
out, I'm not takin' no for an answer."


HOTEL
Liz bent down and reached towards Walter, with a hand large enough to engulf him completely. Her movements were slow and deliberate, like a predator toying with her prey. The ground trembled slightly as she shifted her weight, and her shadow enveloped the terrified mayor.


With a swift motion, she plucked Walter off the ground, lifting him effortlessly into the air. He dangled helplessly in her grasp, his feet kicking at the empty space in a desperate bid to find safety.


Liz examined Walter closely as she hoisted him up, a smirk playing on her lips. "Well hey there, ain't you just the cutest little mayor?" She teased in her country drawl, her voice booming yet playful. Walter could only stammer in response, his usual authority completely stripped away by Liz's towering presence.


Miranda, standing on Liz's other hand, couldn't help but laugh at the spectacle. She watched her ex, the once powerful and composed mayor, now reduced to screaming and flailing between Liz's gigantic fingers. The irony of the situation was not lost on her; the man who once held power over her was now powerless himself, a mere plaything in the hands of the giantess.


Liz stared him down, her eyes like twin furnaces burning into his soul. "Alright, I've decided, so listen up. I want the keys to the city, and not just any old ceremonial ones. I want real power. Real control over this place. You can be in charge of the boring day to day stuff, but you're gonna be working under me. Understand?"


Walter, pale and shaken, nodded frantically, eager to appease the giantess. "Sure, fine! Whatever you say, I'll do it! Tell me what you want to happen, and I'll do it. Just don't hurt me!"


Liz's chuckle deepened, her amusement evident as she toyed with the mayor's desperation. "Oh, and one more thing. See, I'm workin' on a movie now, and when that sucker's finished I want it playing in every theater in the city."

"You can do better than that, Liz!" Miranda chimed in once more.

"Right!" Liz nodded, her smile growing wider. "Tell you what, I want that movie playing in every theater in the city for like... a year! Or until I finish my next one! I don't want there to be a theater that's not playin' one of my movies from now on! You can do that, right?"

Walter, squirming nervously in her colossal grip, stammered out a reply, "Uhh, I'm sorry Liz, that might be outside of my control! I can do a lot, but those are private businesses, and I'm not supposed to interfere in their affairs... That's up to the theater owners, you'll have to talk to–"


Liz interrupted him with a tsk, her voice dripping with mock disappointment. "And here I thought you had some real power," she said, her tongue teasingly tracing her lips. "Oh well. I was just startin' to get a mite peckish. If you aren't gonna be of any use to me, I may as well have you as a snack!"
The mayor's panic skyrocketed. "No no, that won't be necessary!" he blurted out. "I'll make it happen. I'll figure something out. Just let me go, please! I'll talk to them! I'll... pass new laws! Whatever it takes!"


Liz peered down at him, her chuckle resonating with a menacing undertone. "I sure hope so. It'd be a real shame if you disappointed me, and I had to squish you... Before you even got to see my movie's big premiere! You are planning on coming, right?"
The mayor, his mind reeling from the threat and the bizarre turn of events, managed a dazed response. "Oh, right, the premiere..." He gulped, trying to regain some composure. "Yeah, yeah, of course! It would be an honor. Just let me know when it is, and I'll save the date! Wouldn't miss it for the world!"

THREE MONTHS LATER


It was the night of the big premiere, and the Grand Theater was alive with excitement. Everywhere you looked, the theater boasted enormous posters of Liz in her starring role for her soon-to-be breakout film, "Attack of the 300 Foot Woman."
The red carpet was a flurry of activity, with stars posing for photos, their smiles flashing in the night. On one side of the barrier wsa a throng of adoring fans infectiously clapping and shouting words of encouragement. On the other end, protesters voiced their dissent, holding signs and serving as a stark reminder of the controversy surrounding the starring actress and the film as a whole. The entire scene was being captured on live TV, forcibly broadcast onto every channel in LA at the mayor's insistence.
ATTACK OF THE 300 FT. WOMAN
The Grand Theater
ATTACK OF THE 300 FT. WOMAN
ATTACK OF THE 300 FT. WOMAN
ATTACK OF THE 300 FT. WOMAN


The scene then cut to a live feed, where a blonde presenter stood confidently in front of the bustling red carpet. "Good evening to all the viewers watching from home out there! I'm Kelly Clarke, and I'm here at the premiere of Liz Dixon's new blockbuster, 'Attack of the 300-Foot Woman!" she announced on her microphone. "Despite the title, this isn't your classic blockbuster thriller, but it's actually styled more like a documentary. One that's been stirring up quite the buzz around town!" She smiled wide, yet beneath all her forced enthusiasm she seemed uneasy.
ATTACK OF THE 300 FT. WOMAN
FUTURE STAR
STARLIGHT by DIOCE
ProCam6
(NOAH) pictures
CeLeBRITyNeWS


WOMAN
"As you can see behind me we've got some big stars here, but the biggest, the leading lady herself, Liz Dixon, has yet to arrive. The air is positively electric with excitement, as the world eagerly awaits the arrival of the giant farmgirl herself. Liz hasn't been spotted in several days, offering a bit of a reprieve from the constant reshoots the people of LA have had to contend with. Still, everyone is wondering where exactly the titanic starlet is? Where could she be hiding, and what kind of grand entrance does she have planned?"
NEWS


Kelly then approached a well-known blonde starlet, breaking into a smile. "Until she arrives we've got starpower to spare, including my friend and fellow Kelly right here! Are you excited? How have things been in the buildup to this premiere?"
The starlet's response was a mix of excitement and apprehension. "A little excited, a little terrified!" the other Kelly replied, before clearing her throat awkwardly. "Truth be told, I wasn't planning on coming after what happened at that other premiere... But then Liz's manager called and made me feel like I didn't have a choice, so–"
Kelly's response was swift, cutting the interview short with a polite, "That's great, Kelly. I'd love to talk more, but I should be continuing on to the other guests!"
WOW!!!
STARLIGHT
by
DIOCE
ProCam
(NOAH)
pictures
CeLeBRiTy|NeWS



Moving on, Kelly greeted Heller and Greta, two actresses whose wide smiles belied their mixed feelings about the event. "Well don't you two look amazing?" Kelly smiled. "Heller, Greta, how are things? Are you excited to be at the premiere?"

Heller's smile didn't quite reach her eyes as she replied, "Oh, you know... So excited! It's just wonderful how Liz has... really made a name for herself, you know?"

"I'm just so happy for her." Greta said, trying to force a smile. "It's so great that Liz not only got away with everything, but she's being rewarded for it! It's just perfect, isn't it?"

"Well a good look and a compelling backstory will take you a long way in this town." Kelly deadpanned. "But thank you for the interview, moving on..."


Next, Kelly found Miranda, thoroughly engrossed in her phone. After taking a moment to clear her throat and get the older woman's attention, she began. "And here we have the woman who discovered Liz, and brought her into the spotlight. It's Miranda Hayes, an amazingly... prolific actress in her own right! So, Miranda! Tell me, what made you decide to take a risk on a giant farm girl?"
NEWS


"A risk?" Miranda repeated with a shrug. "I wouldn't call it a risk, she's the closest thing I've seen to a guaranteed winner in all my years in Hollywood. She's a natural wonder, a one-of-a-kind talent, and a one-woman monster movie machine. You know how pricy and prone to complaining those special-effects artists can be. I'm just lucky I was the first one to find her!"
"What's your response to those who dismiss her as just a novelty act?" Kelly pressed on in an effort to address the criticisms leveled against Liz. "Some detractors say she's nothing more than an oversized redneck. A busty country bumpkin with a few extra inches on her, if you will. One New York film critic even famously claimed that she's 'nothing more than a 'homicidal hick.' Or was it 'homicidal hack?"
OF THE
ProCam
STARLIGHT
NOAH



"My response is to watch the movie, and see what we made." Miranda said. "That will answer any questions, and if you have any -"

A distant rumbling shook the ground, hinting at Liz's imminent arrival. Miranda's eyes sparkled with anticipation as she cut herself off in an instant. "I expect that even Liz's greatest detractors will think twice after what everyone is about to see." she promised. "A whole new side of Liz Dixon. She's evolved beyond her humble beginnings, embodying grace and sophistication. And if that sound is any indication, the world's in for quite the show." The anticipation in her voice was infectious, setting the stage for Liz's grand entrance and the unveiling of her latest, most unexpected transformation.


Miranda watched with admiration as Liz suddenly appeared. The 200-foot giantess towered over the buildings around her, but that was old news. What surprised the crowd was Liz's makeover. Her messy ginger hair was now a sleek cascade of platinum blonde waves, covering one eye in a dramatic fashion. Her attire was a sharp departure from her usual look, featuring a form-fitting black leather skirt paired with towering platform boots. The transformation was stunning, showcasing a side of Liz that the public hadn't seen before.


As she approached, her smile radiated at the assembled crowd. "I'm delighted to see everyone gathered here, safe and sound... for now!" she announced, her voice carrying for miles. Though traces of her rustic accent lingered, a mix of her characteristic charm and a new, polished refinement shone through.


Crossing the street, Liz's platform heels dwarfed the onlookers, each step a testament to her unmatched presence. The crowd, caught between awe and fear, couldn't help but marvel at the sight of her navigating the streets with such ease and confidence.
DO NOT CROSS BARRIER
ROAD CLOSED FOR EVENT


Stepping onto the red carpet, Liz instantly became the focal point for every camera in the vicinity. Photographers clamored to capture the minute details of her boots, their lenses fixated on the glossy footwear that accentuated her already striking figure.
ATTACK OF THE 300 FT. WOMAN
ProCam6
STARLIGHT by DIOCE
NOAH pictures


Drawing closer to the crowd, Liz stopped in front of Melissa, the redheaded actress who could only gaze up in a mix of admiration and apprehension. Fighting the primal urge to flee from the towering figure before her, the small woman managed a brave smile, a silent acknowledgment of Liz's overwhelming presence.


Staring at Liz's heels, Melissa couldn't help but think about all the images she'd seen of Liz in the past. All the people she had crushed under her feet, and how easy it would be for her to continue in that tradition with only a shift of her legs.
The others weren't quite so nervous, rushing to gather around Liz's boots despite the sheer size of her platforms. It was surreal being in the presence of something so gigantic. Skyscrapers and other buildings were sights to behold, but they always remained rooted in one place. Never moving. Liz was a living, breathing person. Even her slightest movement rocked the ground, making the cement beneath them creak uneasily.
ATTACK
OF THE 300
WOMAN
STARLIGHT by DIOCE
ProCam6
NOAH pictures


The atmosphere grew tense as photographers continued to snap pictures, their unease beginning to grow. Kelly, ever the professional, stepped forward with her microphone and attempted to bridge the gap between the towering celebrity and her audience below. "Hello, Ms. Dixon! Glad you're here! Are you nervous about a repeat of your red-carpet massacre?" She asked, face immediately turning red as she regretted her choice of words.



"You mean when I squished all them- all those paparazzi?" Liz joked. There was sparse laughter through those around her, but it was uneasy. Sensing the tension, she sighed, and continued. "Aww, don't worry. I'll try to be extra careful this time. This is my big premiere after all, not someone else's! Besides, I think we can all agree the carpet is red enough already!"

She laughed at her own joke, but she was the only one. The only reaction she got was a number of gasps as those nearby were unsure how to take the remark.


Sighing, Liz thought she should try to break the awkward silence, but wasn't sure how. Her body answered that question for her, when a loud grumble emanated from her stomach, echoing through the vicinity.
APARTMENTS


Kelly, catching the worried glances of those around her, voiced the concern on everyone's mind. "You don't think she's going to eat any of us, do you?"
A photographer looked up at Kelly with a thousand-yard stare. "I've covered wars, you know. I've seen a lot out in the field. I fear no man. But that thing, it scares me..."
NEWS



Liz looked down at them, and attempted to give a speech. "Seeing all of you here is truly a treat, in more ways than one. See, I have a really big appetite, and I spent so much time getting ready for today that I didn't get to have a proper meal. Those makeup artists weren't too filling, if you know what I mean."

Crickets.

Feeling the awkwardness only rise further, Liz cleared her throat, and did her best to salvage the scenario. "Right now you look downright snack-sized. I can't help but think just how easy it would be to toss a bunch of you in my mouth like popcorn to fill this aching gut of mine..." she trailed off, her words hanging heavy in the air.


Then, with a burst of laughter, Liz dispelled the tension. "Aw I'm just kidding, everybody! I thought I'd give you a little taste of the Liz you'll see in the movie, but this is the new Liz. The kinder, gentler Liz. I'll be on my best behavior tonight, I pinky-swear!" She announced, forcing a smile and waved down at the crowd.


"I've got a bad feeling about this." Melissa muttered apprehensively as she and the rest of the actresses made their way inside. "Are you sure we should go in there?"
"I don't think we have much of a choice." Heller replied. "The time to back out was before we got here. Do you really want to risk making Liz mad? It's better to play along than bring out her bad side..."
ATTACK OF THE 300 FT. WOMAN


Liz's mood brightened as everyone on the red carpet made their way inside and she was able to address her fans. Her voice boomed with genuine enthusiasm at the crowds cheering for her as she spoke. "I bet you all can't wait to see the movie!" Liz said, grinning from ear to ear. "Well I can't either! Shame that I'm too big to fit inside the theater! But it wouldn't be very becoming of a lady to smash my way in..."
The Grand Theater
ATTACK OF THE 300 FT. WOMAN
:30, 15:30, 16:30, 18:30, 19:30, 21:30 || MonkeyZoo
r than Speed IV: 10:00, 12:30, 15:00, 17:30, 20:00 ||

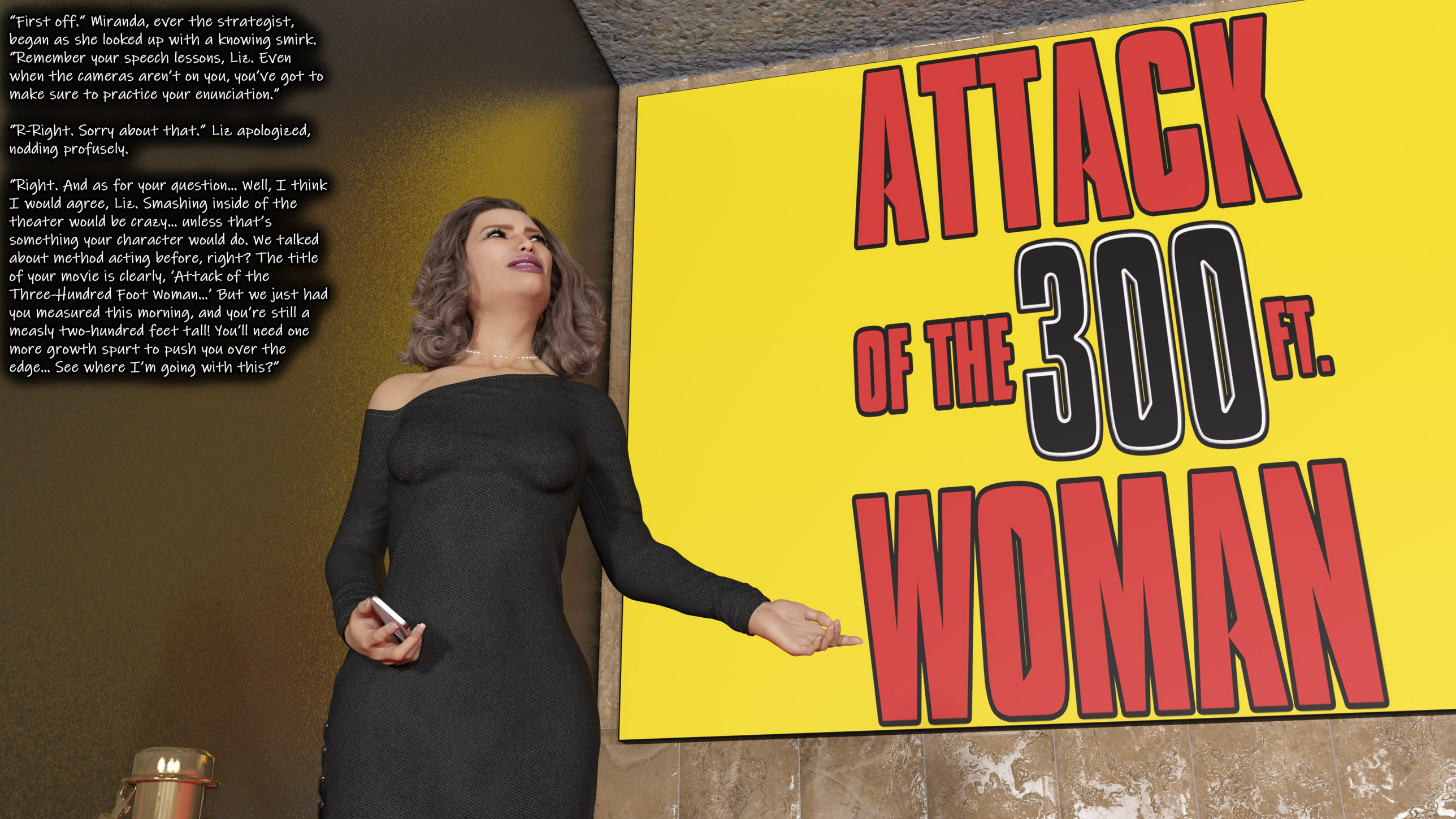

Below her, Kelly quickly moved to conclude her coverage of the event with Liz looming directly above her. The woman's nervousness was palpable, despite her professional demeanor. "And there you have it, viewers! The end of Liz's big premiere red carpet event! It has been an honor to be your host for the biggest movie premiere of the year! Signing off, I'm Kelly Clarke. Now I should really be going!" she said, before quickly rushing away.
NEWS


Liz gazed longingly at the theater, a hint of melancholy in her voice. "I'm tryin' to turn over a new leaf..." She mused. "I wanna show people I can be gentle and refined. So I shouldn't do somethin' crazy like smash my way into the theater... Right, Miranda?"
Theater
Without Fear
Without Hesitation
Without Limit

"First off." Miranda, ever the strategist, began as she looked up with a knowing smirk. "Remember your speech lessons, Liz. Even when the cameras aren't on you, you've got to make sure to practice your enunciation."

"R-Right. Sorry about that." Liz apologized, nodding profusely.

"Right. And as for your question... Well, I think I would agree, Liz. Smashing inside of the theater would be crazy... unless that's something your character would do. We talked about method acting before, right? The title of your movie is clearly, 'Attack of the Three-Hundred Foot Woman...' But we just had you measured this morning, and you're still a measly two-hundred feet tall! You'll need one more growth spurt to push you over the edge... See where I'm going with this?"




"Clear as the stars on a country night!" Liz replied, her smile broadening at the thought. "There are probably a bunch of cameras set up in the theater. We could turn the premiere into a scene straight out of the movie's climax! That's like something from a Mel Brooks movie! I'd be breaking the fourth wall... Literally!"



Inside, the elegant old theater buzzed with anticipation. The audience, packed into every seat, waited eagerly for the film to begin. The air was charged with tension. Everyone was deeply aware of the potential for disaster. Especially since the film's leading actress had been left alone outside of the building.


Melissa and her friends made their way to the front row of the theater, eyeing the prime location. "These seats taken?" Melissa inquired, addressing a man who seemed lost in his own world of despair.

"No, I'm alone." the man responded, staring despondently at the floor. "I'm... I'm all alone..."

A flicker of recognition crossed Melissa's face. "Wait a second, are you... Mayor Houck?"

"Yeah, that's me," he said with a heavy sigh. "I don't know if you want to sit next to me, though. Disaster seems to follow me everywhere I go. Her name is Liz, you've probably heard of her..."


Figuring enough time had passed for the people to be seated, Liz set to work. Turning around, she hooked her fingers under the edge of the theater's roof. After doing so she wrenched it up with all her strength... but the massive slab of concrete stubbornly stayed in place.
"Dammit..." Liz cursed, widening her stance to try again. "Why... won't this thing... move?!" Her fingers slipped from the small ledge she had grabbed hold of, nearly causing her to fall over in the process. She cursed silently again, blowing her hot fingers and looking at the roof once more. She wondered if it was just built better than the other buildings she'd ripped apart a few months ago... or if there was a different problem entirely.
ATTACK OF THE 300 FT. WOMAN
THE UNWELCOME DRIFTER
TOO SPY 2 DIE
FURIA VS THE ICE-VILLAIN
FASTER THAN SPEED
2 BROTHERS, 1 SPEED... FAST!
MonkeyZoo
30, 20:00


"Can't give up after just one try..." Liz grunted, and after shaking her hands to ease some of the pain, she repeated the effort. She lifted with her back this time, feeling her boots pierce into the ground from the effort as she tried again... and failed.
Frustration mounted as Liz released the immovable roof, and resisted the urge to kick the building. "Come the frick on!" She whined, wiping her hands off on her dress. "Just how heavy is this thing?!" she complained with a heavy sigh.


Realizing the futility of her endeavor, Liz paused to take a breath. Her attention was captured by a mysterious man in a business suit. He leaned casually against the building, the flip of a coin his only movement. "Excuse me sir, but this is a private event, and everyone should be inside. What the heck are you doing out here?" Liz demanded, her curiosity piqued by his nonchalant demeanor.


ATTACK OF THE 300 FT. WOMAN
The man chuckled to himself, catching the coin in midair before continuing. "Let's just say that I'm a business associate of Miranda's." he said, his smile not quite reaching his eyes. "It's a pleasure to finally meet you, Liz. You can call me... Let's go with Ted."


"That's not much of a name, but... Good to meet you too, Ted," Liz said, trying to force a smile. "Let me guess, you're another one of her ex-boyfriends? Am I supposed to squish you too? Or- wait, no. I'm tryin' to be good." Liz sighed. "Whatever, I don't care if you got to 'know' Miranda like that, Ted. Now if you'll excuse me, I should be getting back to not watching the premiere..."

"I'd love to watch the premiere myself, but I have some prior commitments. Now knock 'em dead. I know you're going to have one hell of a premiere!"

"Shows what you know," Liz pouted. "Can't even get the thing open..."

"Oh, the roof?" Ted said, stopping before he left. "I'm sure you've never encountered anything you couldn't lift before, but here's a bit of advice. Lift with your legs. They're the strongest part of your body. Especially a pair like yours. Might make things a bit easier."

'Yeah... yeah... get out of here already."




Inside, Mayor Houck's spirits were getting better as he flirted with the actresses. "You know what...? Maybe this will be a normal premiere after all..." he mused as the beautiful women surrounding him fawned over him. "After all, Liz is nothing if not surprising... And at this point what would be more surprising than things going according to plan?"


But his optimism was short-lived. The theater began to creak and groan ominously, dust cascading from the ceiling as if in slow motion. He looked back and saw two giant hands ripping the ceiling away from the building.
"Oh good god, what's she doing now?!" he shouted, hardly able to believe this was happening.


Liz, seeing no other option, decided to try the roof once more. With her fingers back into position she pushed up with her arms until they were taught, once again finding the heavy building firmly locked into place. "Come on... Liz!" She groaned, muscles bulging as she exerted herself to no avail. "Lift with your... legs...!" She told herself, not expecting that to change anything.
But to her surprise, it did. The entire roof suddenly shifted, and began to crack from the stress placed upon it. Her heart swelled as she began to see progress, and a surge of adrenaline pushed her to keep going.
APARTMENTS
CARLTON COURTS APARTMENTS
The Grand Theater
ATTACK OF THE 300 FT. WOMAN
SPONSORED BY
DR BURGERS
STARLIGHT
NO PARKING


The scene from inside the theater was like a nightmare. A shower of dust and debris cascaded down, sending the assembled crowd into a frenzy of terror. The mayor never envisioned negotiating with a skyscraper-sized woman when he took office, but he had to try. He bellowed up at her, "What the hell are you doing?"


"What am I doing? What do you think I'm doing! I'm trying to attend my own premiere!" Liz shot back, her voice booming as she hoisted the roof even higher. "Just a little bit further, and... There! Got it!"
ATTACK OF THE 300 FT. WOMAN
THE ANNUAL SUPERSTAR AWARDS
SATURDAY 11TH MARCH 6:00PM EST


Towering above the crowd, Liz held the roof aloft with one hand. Her gaze swept over the terrified crowd below as her smile grew wider. "Hey there." She said, waving with her free hand. "Mind if I take a seat?"
Mayor Houck, sweating bullets, tried to play the diplomat. "I don't know if that's such a good idea!" He said, trying to diffuse the situation without upsetting Liz. "This theater is pretty crowded! I don't know if there's any space for you! I-If you'd like, we can clear some people out so you can-"
"No space? And what, pray tell, is that supposed to mean?" Liz snapped. "Are you calling me fat? Are you saying I have a big butt?"
The mayor, now realizing he might have just signed his own death warrant, quickly backpedaled. "No, no, of course not!" he blubbered. "In fact, take my seat! It's right in the front, and-"



"Thank you for the kind offer. I wasn't planning on missing the premiere of my first movie." Liz said, cutting off the mayor's excuse. "Now mind where you're standing, if you don't want to get squished!"

Liz stepped into the theater with the grace of a wrecking ball. The crowd scattered, stumbling over one another as they tried to vacate the thin lines keeping them in their seats. Their screams were a symphony to Liz's ears as she made sure to keep the roof from slamming back down while making her way inside.


Liz's foot descended, casting a shadow over Mayor Houck and Melissa. The crowd scurried in every direction like rats fleeing from a burning building. Liz's heel loomed over them, a massive monument that could obliterate any of them in an instant. Slowly, her heel descended towards them, indifferent to the terrified people below in her path.


Her heel hit the ground with a devastating impact, finishing off those too slow to escape in time. A half-dozen celebrities and journalists were instantly flattened, crushed into gristle beneath her unyielding heel. The theater erupted into chaos, with people screaming and scrambling for exits, their panic palpable even to Liz high above.


Liz gave no thought to the lives she had ended. They were in her way, and she didn't have time to wait for them to move. Without hesitation, Liz brought her other foot down, claiming even more victims under its weight. The terrified survivors rushed towards the exits, pushing and shoving each other in a violent attempt to get out first. Their screams rang out through the theater, a cacophony of chaos.


Outside the theater, the atmosphere was electric with excitement. Fans of Liz were in full support, their cheers piercing the air. "You slayed, Queen Liz!" came a shout from the crowd, enthusiasm undimmed by the chaos. "Squish, bitch!" another fan echoed, a catchphrase that had become synonymous with Liz's brand of havoc.
The Grand Theater
ATTACK OF THE 300 FT. WOMAN
ANNUAL FILM AWARDS
HOSTED BY
2-TIME BEST ACTOR WINNER
JACK HOPKINS
CARLTON COURTS APARTMENTS


Inside, the mood was starkly different. Liz, towering above the fleeing audience, began to lower herself, oblivious or indifferent to the panic below. Her massive form cast a shadow over the theater, a looming threat that sent people scrambling even harder for the exits. Something that only added to how difficult it was for those trapped inside to escape, given that clouds of dust rained onto the ground from the forcibly removed roof.


The terror was unavoidable as Liz finally settled down. Her enormous weight was a death sentence for those too slow or too shocked to move, and the sheer size of her form meant that she was set to claim far more lives than she had when just stepping inside. The sound of terrified screams reached a fever pitch, as Liz's enormous ass cheeks slammed against the ground.



Under Liz's form, the damage was catastrophic. Dozens of people were caught directly beneath her, their lives snuffed out in an instant when Liz's behind pulverized them. Others still clung to life, trying desperately to crawl out from underneath Liz's enormous ass. The theater, once filled with the chatter and discussion expected of a typical premiere, now more closely resembled a war zone.


Amidst the horror, Mayor Houck's voice cut through, a mix of desperation and disbelief. "Liz! You're crushing a bunch of people!" he shouted.
"Yeah, some of them are still alive!" Melissa shouted.


"Wow... that's interesting and all but, who asked?" Liz mused, utterly indifferent to their plight. "This is my premiere, and I sit where I want. If they didn't want to get squished, they shouldn't have stood under my big butt. What's so hard to understand about that?"
Her words left no room for argument. After a heavy sigh, Melissa gave up. "Understood..." She groaned.


"Good. Now why are you all acting so nervous? You're the lucky ones! That means we've got plenty more space and no noisy people to interrupt the experience. Now come on! sit down and relax so you can enjoy the movie!"
Nobody moved. Her attempt to diffuse the tension did little to ease the atmosphere as the people inside simply looked up at her in fear.


"I SAID SIT DOWN!" Liz shouted, her anger boiling over at the level of incompetence on display. "If you know what's good for you then you're going to stop whining, and ENJOY THE FILM!"

Any thoughts of continuing to argue faded in the blink of an eye with how apparent her anger was. Her voice alone was making all four of the walls tremble, a testament to the immense power she wielded so effortlessly. One thing was certain. Her commands were not up for debate.


The remaining audience, not wanting to anger Liz any further, scrambled to whatever empty seats they could find. The air was thick with tension, each person silently praying they would get through this in one piece, and go home safely.



With the crowd finally seated, the movie began to play, casting flickering lights across the faces of the captive audience. The opening scenes featured a montage of Liz before this had all begun. When she stood a mere 50 feet tall, and performed for her father's roadside attraction at the farm. The woman before them was a stark contrast to the towering figure of destruction and misery she had since become. The mayor, however, couldn't bring himself to focus on the screen. His gaze was fixed on the real deal in the room with them, as he warily watched her every move.



The film shifted to more recent events, displaying cell phone footage captured by those who had witnessed Liz's terrifying rampages first-hand. The images on the screen showed a city in utter panic, its streets choked with people fleeing in terror. Liz, a colossus among them, moved with devastating purpose, leaving a trail of destruction and despair in her wake. Each footfall was a death sentence for those too slow or too unlucky to escape, and it was obvious even at a glance that she felt no remorse from her actions.


As Liz watched the movie, she felt her arousal begin to spike. "Dang... I look awfully good stompin' around the city like that... Mmm, yeah. Squish 'em good, Liz... Oh! I remember that one... She screamed so much I thought she would never stop... But you shut her right up didn't, you big, mean, sexy bitch..."

The sounds of Liz's breathing began to overpower the film itself, becoming impossible to ignore. Anyone who glanced up at the giantess would see that she'd freed a breast from her top, and was biting her bottom lip with arousal at the scenes playing out in front of her.

A moment later, the scenes had shifted, showing Liz sitting down on top of a half-destroyed building. She dangled a woman in front of her, staring at her with half-lidded eyes while she thought about swallowing her. While she was teasing the woman, the Liz on the screen slipped a hand between her legs, the arousal over what she was doing positively palpable.




That pushed the real Liz over the edge. She slipped her hand into her panties, and gave up on pretending she was doing anything but touching herself. The sound of her hand slipping her pussy lips open wasn't quiet, and neither was the sound of Liz's moaning. Soon, the musky scent of her pussy permeated the whole building. The whole crowd stared back at her, unable to believe what they were seeing.


Liz didn't care what the people below thought. If they wanted to complain, they were welcome to kiss her ass, as far as she was concerned. Her enormous size meant that she could do whatever she wanted, and she wasn't going to let anyone in here tell her otherwise. She slipped her fingers in deeper, loudly moaning as she touched herself.



The mayor wasn't happy about her display. "Are you seriously doing that in public?!" he chastened, scowling back at Liz. "Dammit, I stuck my neck out for you on the condition that you wouldn't do any more crazy shit! Keep yourself under control, Liz! You're acting like a..."


"A what?" Liz moaned. "A crazy bitch? A monster? A big, horny country girl who just does whatever the heck she wants? Well too bad, 'cause I'm all of those things, and a whole lot more... And that means I get to do whatever the heck... No, whatever the hell I want!"
Houck instantly knew he had gone too far. He tried to find the words to defuse the situation.


But before he could even speak Liz's hand appeared, reaching straight for him. He recoiled in terror, cowering and shielding himself as he waited to be picked up, and too cowardly to watch what happened next.
That changed not even a second later when everyone around him began to scream.


The mayor felt almost confused when, a moment later, he realized he was still standing. He tried to see where Liz's hand was, before looking up and feeling a bit of relief, followed by immense shame. He'd been spared. Liz had instead grabbed a handful of the people around him. Her giant hand lifted up the group of terrified, screaming people into the air.


The mayor felt an urge to tell her to stop. These were his constituents, after all!
But he kept quiet. If Liz was distracted, that meant he was safe. And right now it seemed as if he was the furthest thing from the giantess's mind as Liz tilted her head back, and moved her hand above her head. Her lips parted, and she opened her hand, carelessly dropping the mass of screaming people into her mouth. They tumbled chaotically down her throat with minimal effort, smacking and bouncing off her tongue in the process.


Liz was so preoccupied, that she didn't even realize one of her snacks had missed her mouth entirely. A man in a tuxedo screamed at what he thought was going to be the end of his life before he bounced off of her lip, and tumbled head over heels onto one of Liz's massive breasts. The giantess's soft chest was far from the most painful thing he could have landed on, but his descent wasn't done yet. The natural slope from Liz's tits, combined with her breathing meant they shifted underneath him, and he near-instantly found himself in danger of falling the rest of the way.
Try as he might to save himself, he was simply unable to. Gravity quickly beat the fight, and he began to fall once more.


Liz paid no attention to him. With her mouth still full of people, Liz glanced back at the crowd behind her, smiling flirtatiously at them. She couldn't say anything to them with her mouth so full of food, but a single enigmatic wink said more than she could hope to convey with words.


She was so preoccupied with everything else happening that she almost completely failed to notice the man tumbling down the length of her body. The unfortunate man tried to grab onto anything that would break his fall, but he skidded to a stop on the giantess's flat belly, thanks to her leaning back against the walls of the building.


On his way down the man screamed. A particularly loud, and shrill one unbecoming of a sophisticated man such as himself. But it was enough to draw LIz's attention straight to him, and she grinned.
With just one finger, she pulled open her panties, and puffed her chest out. The unfortunate man quickly began falling once more, and slid face-first inside of Liz's panties, which snapped shut behind him a moment later. Liz just watched for a moment, content to observe as he wriggled around in her most intimate areas. His hands grasped and rubbed all over as he tried to escape, stimulating her in unexpected and tantalizing ways.


It wasn't long before Liz found herself wanting more of this. She began by pressing his body against hers tightly, then slipped her hand inside of her panties. She pushed hard, forcing him face-first inside of her body, and moaned as his panicked movements only intensified as she got rough.


The sensations of pleasure overwhelmed Liz, yet she relished in her power even more. She pushed her tongue around, toying with the people still trapped inside of her mouth. It was so easy to toss around a half-dozen grown people at the same time with just her tongue. It would be just as easy to gulp them all down, yet Liz held off for now. It was more satisfying knowing she had complete control over them. That she could end their lives with a single gulp.
They only continued to live for as long as she allowed them. And though that time would run out soon... until it did, they had no choice but to endure.


That lit a fire within Liz. She masturbated furiously with the man in the tuxedo, getting more forceful with each thrust. She no longer needed to pace herself. She was already close to climaxing, and once she finished he would no longer be of any use to her. His fate had been sealed the moment he'd brought her the barest amount of pleasure. Like everyone else, he was nothing more than a disposable toy to Liz. He was made for her pleasure, and his survival was not integral to that cause.


Pleasure so thoroughly pumped through every inch of Liz's gigantic form that she could feel something else building up beneath it. Something warm. Something familiar. No, an orgasm wasn't the only thing coming up. There was a power buried deep inside of her. Power that had been building up since her last rampage. Power that she hadn't indulged in for quite some time.
Power that needed to be released.



She needed to grow.

Liz thrust the man deeper inside of herself, letting the pleasure wash over her. She could feel herself unleashing all that pent-up energy accumulated for so long. Her body was growing more massive by the second, and the feeling that washed over her was almost like an orgasm in herself. She could feel herself stretching in every direction as her heels began to push against the walls of the building. She tested them a moment later, wondering just how fragile they were, and couldn't resist when she felt them shake mightily under her movement.

Taking a deep breath, she clenched her pussy, squeezed her tits... and pushed.


Her heels had torn through the stage with next to no resistance. Her ass claimed even more seats underneath her. As she neared orgasm, Liz's growth spurt accelerated. Her already-massive body had grown beyond all reason. She could barely be contained in the theater now, and she pushed against the theater's walls themselves. Liz chased that feeling, finger-fucking herself like a machine. The man inside of her was less than an afterthought now. His battered body wasn't enough to pleasure her anymore. Only she could finish the job, but her fingers were more than enough to keep her satisfied.


Liz could feel herself nearing orgasm. She was so close, it was almost painful. She needed relief more than anything she could imagine. She was so close, she just needed something to push her over the edge. She thought of ending more lives with her body, but wondered how to get that done. She was seated in the middle of the theater! Where would she-
A deep hunger welled inside of her, and gave her the answer she needed.


Liz thrust her head back, letting the people inside her mouth slide down her tongue. She savored them for one last moment, enjoyed the flavors dancing upon her tongue, before swallowing. The simple action tickled her throat. Made her smile.
And near-instantly sent a wave of pleasure shooting through her like a bullet. That display of power finally sent her over the edge. She let out a moan of pleasure, then she laid back to catch her breath.


ANNUAL
TAR AWARDS
HOSTED BY
2-TIME
BEST ACTOR
WINNER
JACK
HOPKINS
MARCH
The Gra
Faster than Speed IV: 10:00, 12:30, 18:00, 17:30, 20:00 || MonkeyZoo
A decision that proved disastrous when, once again, Liz had failed to take into account her growth spurt. The outer walls creaked for a moment, trying and failing to keep her elevated, before she crashed through with little resistance. Concrete and ash rained down onto the streets below. The crowd's cheering turned to screams, as the people gathered around quickly realized how much danger they were in.



Liz slammed onto her back, crashing down onto the street itself. Thankfully a limo had been parked behind the theater, as it helped to cushion the impact of her head bouncing off the unyielding cement. The crowd devolved into mindless panic, with people screaming and running for their lives.


Exhausted, Liz laid back, staring up at the clouds as she fought to catch her breath. Her mind was hazy as the pleasure gradually began to subside, and she was beginning to wonder if she'd made a mistake. Was it really a good idea to let herself get that carried away? In the moment she had felt good. Ecstatic, even. But she had to start thinking long-term. Eventually she may grow too big, and what happens to her then? Was all that easy notoriety worth making half the country hate her?
300 ft. YO


The absurd thoughts made Liz burst into laughter. "Hell yeah that was worth it!" She cackled. "I'm Liz frickin' Dixon. I do what I want, when I want, and how I want!"
While everyone else was running away, a figure casually strolled closer to Liz. As usual, Miranda was utterly unphased by the chaos unfolding all around her. Her strut over to Liz was slow, and confident.



"Looks like someone had a good time! Anyway, I've got some big news, Liz!" Miranda shouted so she could be heard over the chaos."That premiere got us trending higher than ever before. It's not just Hollywood now, the whole world's talking about us! The movie's practically guaranteed to be a hit now!"

"That's amazing!" Liz replied. "I'm a real star!"

"That's not the half of it." Miranda said with a wide smile. "The hype is so good, a business associate of mine just greenlit another movie. He wants you to play a giant valley girl, traveling to New York City! That sound like it's up your alley?"


"It's like a dream come true!" Liz exclaimed. She got up on her side, shaking off the debris that had piled up on her. "I've always wanted to go to New York! I just don't know if the Big Apple will be big enough to handle Lix Dixon!"



END OF PART 3

CELEBRITY CRUSH 3
SIZE COMPARISON




ATTACK OF THE 300 FT. WOMAN
THE ANNUAL SUPERSTAR AWARDS
JACK HOPKINS
WILLIAMS AND SONS
COLT
CINEMA


JACKOFBULLETS GIANTESS COMICS
ego ostendam tibi desperandam


RFD COMICS
PATREON.COM/REDFIREDOG
GUMROAD.COM/REDFIREDOG