

EILEEN

LARGER THAN LIFE



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It was a steamy, sticky-hot Friday morning in the middle of June, the kind where the sun practically melts sidewalks and popsicle stands turn into little oases. Eileen stretched luxuriously beneath the sheets, a mischievous smile tugging at the corners of her lips as sunlight spilled through her bedroom window. Today wasn't just another summer day—it was her reward, her well-deserved victory lap after acing a challenging first year at college. She'd worked tirelessly, turning in papers that dazzled professors and earning grades that drew envious whispers and raised eyebrows. With high school records that bordered on legendary and SAT scores that teachers bragged about, Eileen was the kind of girl people naturally expected big things from—just perhaps not literally big.



She swung her legs over the side of the bed, her delicate toes grazing the soft carpet as she stood and stretched once more, inhaling deeply with satisfaction. "A beach day is exactly what the genius ordered," she giggled to herself, padding toward the kitchen. She poured herself a steaming cup of coffee, savoring its rich aroma as she leaned casually against the kitchen counter. With one hand holding her mug, she unlocked her phone with the other, smiling brightly at a series of playful texts from Beth, her best friend. Beth was already excitedly planning their weekend, peppering the messages with funny memes and enthusiastic emojis that perfectly matched her bubbly personality. Eileen laughed softly, quickly replying with a few sassy remarks of her own, already feeling her mood lift even higher.



Finishing her coffee with a satisfied sigh, Eileen headed for a relaxing shower, stepping beneath the warm, cascading water. She closed her eyes, letting it gently massage her shoulders, washing away any lingering tension. Her mind began meticulously planning out her perfect day. First, the doctor's office for her routine check-up—which, annoyingly, meant those weird x-rays she never quite trusted.



Then a quick lunch, something healthy to offset her planned indulgence, and finally, hours lounging under the blazing sun. The idea of basking like some elegant, spoiled feline had her grinning in anticipation. Her naturally golden complexion would soon deepen to a flawless bronze, making her lithe, 5'5" figure even more stunning than it already was.



Fresh out of the shower, Eileen lingered in the steamy bathroom instead of reaching for the towel right away. She wiped a streak across the fogged mirror with her palm and grinned at her reflection—skin warm, dewy, the very picture of someone who’d slept *ridiculously* well and knew it.

She tilted her hips, checking one angle, then another, running her fingers through her damp hair as it fell in glossy waves over her shoulders. “Damn, girl,” she murmured to herself with a lazy, self-satisfied smirk, “beauty sleep hit different last night.” Her skin looked soft enough to tempt touching, so she did—slow circles along her waist, her stomach, appreciating every curve with that bratty little confidence she carried like perfume.

She stretched—long, lazy, catlike—and admired how her body moved, how good she looked without even trying. A whole day at the beach was absolutely deserved, and honestly, she was already imagining the sun soaking into her skin, the wind in her hair, and half the coastline staring because they *couldn’t help it*.



Eventually, she reached for her plush towel, pulling it around herself in a slow, teasing wrap, like she was her own audience. She took her time patting down her legs, letting the towel drift lazily over her hips before tucking it in place and twisting a little in front of the mirror just because she liked what she saw.

Only then did she wander to her bedroom to get dressed—unhurried, deliberate, enjoying every step. She let the towel fall from her hips with a casual flick and tugged her favorite worn jeans up inch by inch, hips swaying as she shimmed them over her curves. They hugged her perfectly; they always did. Next came the red tank top—tight enough to compliment her figure, soft enough to feel like another layer of confidence. She pulled it down slowly, smoothing it over her stomach and giving herself another approving glance.



Her eyes flicked to the bright pink bikini lying on the bed—the skimpy one she *absolutely* didn't need but was bringing anyway—because beach days were for fun, for sun, and for reminding the world she looked damn good. She tossed it into her canvas bag along with a fluffy towel, coconut suntan oil, and the massive pink inflatable raft she'd bought at two in the morning on a whim. It looked like a throne for someone who knew she was hot, so obviously it was perfect.

Sunglasses? Check.
Car keys? Twirled around her finger.
Purse? Slung over her shoulder with confident flair.

She breezed out the door, warm, glowing, fully in her element—and headed straight for her classic buggy, the little vintage beauty she adored. Summer at home was already off to a fabulous start, and Eileen was more than ready to make the beach her stage.



Eileen eased into her convertible Jeep, sunglasses sliding into place as the engine purred awake. With the top down, the sun warmed her shoulders and the wind slipped eagerly through her still-damp hair. She let one hand hang loosely over the door, steering with relaxed confidence as the road opened ahead of her.

The ocean glimmered, the air smelled faintly of leaves, and she felt deliciously unbothered. Just a quick doctor's appointment—nothing more than a pit stop—before her real destination: the beach, her bikini, and that absurdly huge pink float waiting in the back.

She smiled to herself as the breeze brushed her skin.

“Beach day’s gonna hit so good,” she murmured, pressing the gas just a little harder and letting the road carry her toward it.



At the doctor's office, **everything** moved slower than Eileen's patience could tolerate. She breezed in expecting a quick in-and-out—weight, blood pressure, maybe a patronizing “drink more water” speech—and then straight to the sand. Instead, she found herself staring at a wall clock that seemed *personally committed* to ruining her morning.

What should've been a routine check-up somehow spiraled into an extended scavenger hunt through the building: first a blood panel, then a second one “just to confirm,” then a detour through radiology that she absolutely did *not* sign up for.



“Bone density? Bone **growth**? Seriously?” she muttered, narrowing her eyes at the technician prepping the x-ray plate like she’d caught him doing something suspicious.

She crossed her arms, glossy pink nails tapping an irritated rhythm against her forearm. Every click of the machine made her roll her eyes a little harder.

They had her lie down, sit up, turn this way, turn that way—like she was posing for the world’s least sexy photo shoot.

“You’re sure this won’t turn me radioactive or something, right, doc?” she quipped, half teasing, half dead serious. The sarcasm dripped effortlessly, a bright little shield against the creeping unease she refused to acknowledge.

Dr. Solten gave a fatherly chuckle. He always did that with her—like she was an amusing niece and not a grown woman who desperately wanted to leave.

“No, Eileen,” he assured her with a smile, “you’ll be perfectly fine. These are just precautionary. Machine’s safe as it gets.”

“Mmhmm,” she replied, unconvinced, her foot bouncing impatiently as another scan hummed to life. “Tell that to my beach day.”



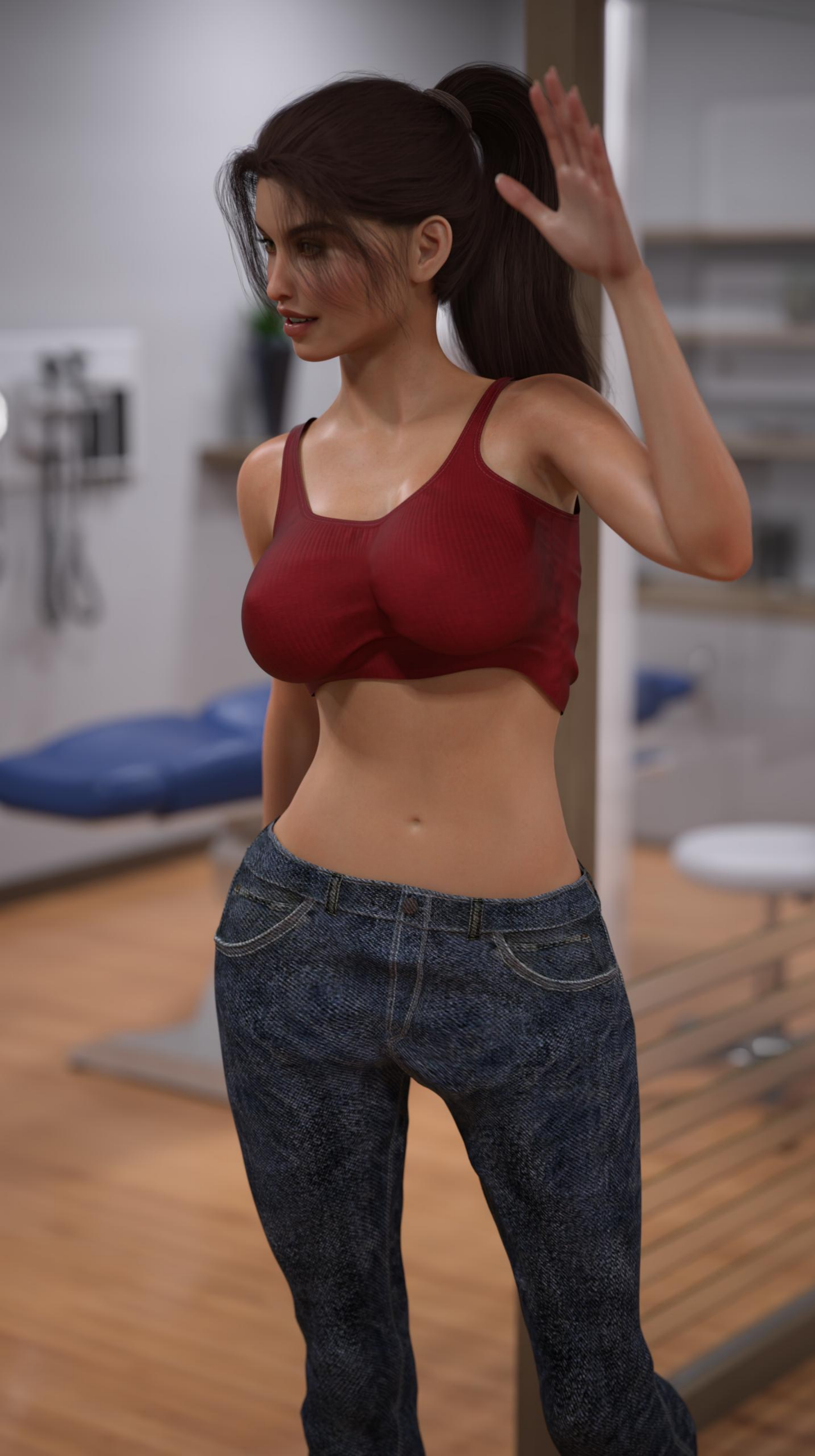
But even with his calm tone and practiced reassurance, she couldn't ignore how *long* everything was taking. Nurses kept double-checking her chart. The techs exchanged those silent, low-key glances that suggested someone backstage was whispering about something they weren't explaining. The machines whirred and beeped like they were trying to gossip.

By the time Dr. Solten finally reappeared, she'd changed positions so many times she felt like she'd done a full Pilates class.

He handed her a printout—clean bill of health, all perfectly normal—but his expression didn't match the paperwork. There was something in his eyes, the tiniest sliver of hesitation, like he was debating saying more and deciding against it.

"Everything looks great," he said, overly bright. "You're free to go. Have a wonderful day."

"Uh-huh." She blinked at him. "You sure you don't wanna run a DNA test while you're at it? Scan my aura? Check my horoscope? Because at this point I feel like we've bonded."



He laughed, but it was the type of laugh that didn't quite reach his eyes.

Which, naturally, made her suspicious.

But she wasn't sticking around to play twenty questions. She hopped off the table, tugged her tank top back into place, grabbed her purse, and headed for the door with brisk little strides.

Out in the hallway, she checked the time.

10:30 AM.

Nearly two hours gone.

"Ugh, absolutely not," she groaned, swinging her bag over her shoulder as she hustled toward the exit.

"Beach day is *back on*, universe. You tried, but I'm stronger."



Eileen hit traffic almost immediately, groaning dramatically as she steered through the crawling cars, sunlight dancing across her windshield. "Seriously, people, move it! I have important lounging and tanning to do!" she sighed theatrically. Deciding to stop for a quick bite, she ducked into a cafe, selecting a fresh salad and an ice-cold Coke, her classic go-to lunch. As she sipped the bubbly soda, she began to notice a peculiar sensation—a gentle yet persistent pressure tingling in her arms and legs. She frowned slightly, rotating her wrist, shaking it off with another dismissive thought: "Great, doc, your x-rays probably cooked me."

But excitement overtook her mild discomfort as she finally approached the glittering lakeshore, the horizon sparkling invitingly. Her anticipation grew with every passing mile, the strange sensations fading beneath the warmth of her excitement. She was determined to enjoy this day—after all, she deserved to indulge her playful side, basking like a goddess under the sun.

Unbeknownst to Eileen, today would offer her an indulgence far beyond anything she'd ever imagined—and it would make her previous ambitions and achievements seem delightfully insignificant by comparison.



It was now 11:30 AM, the sun blazing directly overhead as Eileen finally pulled her Jeep into the bustling beach parking lot. She switched off the ignition, leaving her sunglasses resting casually on the dashboard. She flipped down the visor mirror to check her reflection, smiling at the vibrant, crowded scene sprawling before her. Families wrestled with oversized umbrellas, kids chased each other with water balloons, and scattered beachgoers lounged lazily, soaking up the midday rays. Eileen smiled mischievously; she knew exactly what kind of effect she was about to have on this unsuspecting crowd.



Sliding out of her Jeep with a graceful flourish, she quickly peeled off her jeans and t-shirt, revealing her incredibly sexy bathing suit beneath—a shiny, tight-fitting, hot-pink bikini that hugged her slender curves like a second skin. The glossy fabric shimmered under the sunlight, accentuating every perfect line of her toned, lithe figure. Her long, dark hair was pulled back neatly into a playful ponytail, the silky strands bouncing lightly against her back as she moved. She caught her reflection briefly in the Jeep's side mirror, flashing herself a playful wink



As Eileen pulled her large, shiny pink inflatable raft from the trunk—ridiculously oversized and designed purely for luxurious lounging—every head within sight turned her way. Conversations paused mid-sentence, beach volleyball matches stumbled to awkward halts, and even the birds seemed momentarily distracted as they hovered curiously overhead. She drank in the attention shamelessly, offering a coy, confident smile that suggested she was well-aware of her own irresistible charm.

“Enjoy the view,” she murmured playfully to herself, sauntering toward the calm, inviting waters of the lake. Her walk was effortless, mesmerizingly graceful, each step leaving footprints that seemed somehow significant. Eileen entered the cool, shallow water with a blissful sigh, feeling the gentle waves lap soothingly against her golden skin.



Carefully positioning her raft, she climbed gingerly aboard, stretching out luxuriously on the smooth, slick surface. She lay flat, adjusting her body slightly to find the perfect balance, feeling utterly regal floating atop the lake like some mythical goddess. She took a slow, indulgent breath, savoring the scent of fresh lake water mixing with coconut suntan oil. Eileen poured a generous amount of the sweet-smelling oil onto her hands, leisurely massaging it into her smooth arms, legs, and abdomen, loving the way it glistened beautifully in the sun. She spritzed herself lightly with a feminine, floral body spray for good measure, ensuring she would be nothing short of intoxicating.

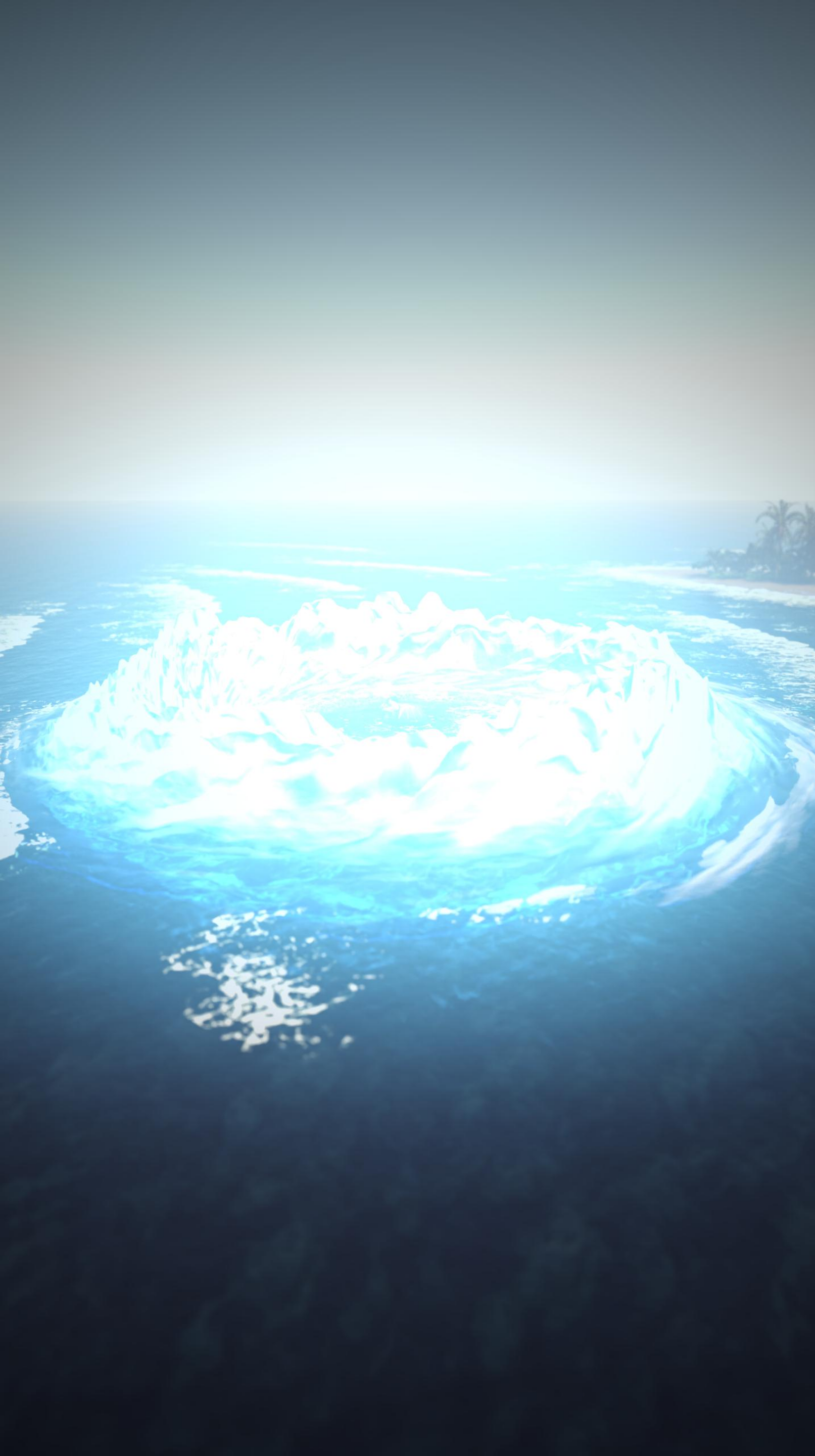


Settling comfortably, she allowed her gaze to drift lazily along the shoreline, taking in the lively scene. Throngs of people dotted the beach, playing games or simply lounging in the heat. Traffic crawled slowly along the nearby roads, cars glittering like miniature toys in the distance. Even further, she admired the City River as it gracefully twisted toward downtown, its sparkling blue ribbon cutting right through the stunning city skyline, merely two miles away. Eileen sighed contentedly, feeling her eyelids grow heavy from the hypnotic rhythm of the gently bobbing raft beneath her.

Within moments, lulled by the warmth of the sun and the gentle lap of lake water against the raft's smooth pink rubber, Eileen drifted peacefully into sleep. Her breath became soft and rhythmic, a sleeping beauty blissfully unaware of the subtle shift in the currents beneath her.



As she slept, the raft began to drift further and further from the crowded beach, gently nudged along by a mischievous breeze and the persistent current. The distant laughter and music gradually faded, replaced by the whispering silence of open water. Then, as if guided by some unseen hand, a peculiar phenomenon began to unfold around the sleeping girl. A strange, translucent bluish haze enveloped Eileen and her raft—a hue reminiscent of x-ray slides. The haze gently pulsated, shimmering oddly as though alive, casting surreal reflections upon the lake's surface.



It lingered for several minutes, quietly radiating an otherworldly energy, before slowly dissipating, leaving no trace of its mysterious presence.

But there was a permanent effect of its appearance, an astonishing and very permanent effect.

Unbeknownst to her, Eileen's life had changed forever, and so had the world.



It was nearly 1:00 PM, and Eileen was now far, far from the shoreline. She had drifted unnoticed to the mouth of the City River, the towering buildings of downtown looming just ahead. The city—so close now—stood blissfully unaware of the colossal change that had quietly overtaken their sleepy visitor.

Eileen slept on, still bathed in sunshine, unaware of just how dramatically her life had changed, and blissfully oblivious to the spectacular chaos she was about to bring.

Just beyond the horizon, people on boats and crowds milling along the riverbanks, bridges, and downtown walkways suddenly stopped in disbelief, mouths agape as a surreal vision came slowly into view. An impossibly massive, shiny pink raft drifted lazily downriver, casting a shadow so wide it swallowed entire boats in darkness. Lounging blissfully upon this oversized raft was the serene figure of an extraordinarily beautiful young woman, clad in a dazzling pink bikini that sparkled beneath the afternoon sun.



At first, people simply froze, unable to process the surreal sight. “Has Victoria’s Secret finally gone too far with advertising?” murmured one confused businessman, his briefcase slipping unnoticed from his grip. Nearby, a woman walking her poodle stood frozen in shock, her latte slipping unnoticed from her trembling hand, splattering onto her sandals.

On the busy bridges crossing the river, cars screeched to chaotic halts. Fender-benders erupted as drivers craned their necks skyward, jaws hanging open, smartphones frantically snapping pictures of the impossible sight floating gently toward them. Onlookers murmured nervously, cameras flashing wildly. “This has got to be CGI!” one teenager shouted excitedly, while an elderly woman beside him shook her head gravely, muttering, “This is it—aliens, giants, I told you people they'd come someday!”



Amid the growing chaos, Eileen remained peacefully asleep, her face tranquil and utterly unaware. Her raft continued its lazy drift toward the mouth of the City River, blissfully ignoring the pandemonium it inspired.

She shifted gently in her sleep, the simple action having devastating consequences. Her long, tan, silky legs—now each nearly a hundred feet in length—slowly crossed, their graceful sweep knocking over a cluster of pleasure boats like children's toys. The smaller vessels capsized instantly, their passengers flung shrieking into the cool river waters. Her feet, adorned with perfectly manicured pink toenails each the size of a luxury sedan, dipped lazily into the water, kicking up waves that slammed forcefully into nearby docks, scattering boats and leaving a trail of floating debris behind her.

She was not aware of the consequences of her presence, but for the people on the shore, the momentary chaos was a wake up call.



From the perspective of those witnessing the spectacle, the reactions ranged wildly from disbelief to awe-stricken terror:

“Mommy, look! A giant princess!” a little girl shouted, excitedly tugging at her mother’s hand. The mother could only stare open-mouthed, gripping her child’s wrist in stunned silence.

A group of college guys, initially convinced it was some elaborate prank, wolf-whistled and cheered obnoxiously—until the raft floated closer, casting them in shadow. They abruptly fell silent, suddenly feeling incredibly small and vulnerable. “Dude, that's no float... that’s a giant girl!” one managed nervously, backing away as the massive raft nudged against the river’s edges, dislodging chunks of concrete and causing tremors under their feet.



A local news anchor scrambled frantically with his microphone, stammering through a live report, his eyes wide with disbelief. “We... we’re witnessing something completely surreal, something straight out of a sci-fi movie... or a lingerie commercial gone horribly wrong!”

Suddenly, the murmurs of disbelief morphed into screams of panic. The crowd’s collective realization hit—Victoria’s Secret promotions didn’t breathe gently or stretch their impossibly massive legs in sleep. This was no elaborate float, no inflatable prop. This was real, terrifyingly real—and utterly human.



The commotion finally began penetrating Eileen's deep sleep. With a soft, sleepy groan, she stirred slightly, her voice echoing across the riverbanks, booming louder than a stadium speaker. "TURN DOWN THE TV, I'M SLEEPING!" Her words rattled windows, sending startled birds fluttering skyward and people diving for cover.

Then, slowly and lazily, Eileen brushed her hand across her face, flicking her enormous ponytail back. Her brown eyes fluttered open groggily, confusion clouding her beautiful face as she sat up, blinking in disbelief at the tiny world unfolding around her.



Everything she saw was impossibly small. Buildings that once towered over her were now miniature models. Cars on the bridges looked like toys, each one barely longer than her delicate fingers. People scampered like panicked ants along the shores, staring back at her with a mix of awe and absolute terror.

“Wait... what?” Eileen muttered softly, squinting down in confusion, the sound of her voice again reverberating like distant thunder. She blinked hard, trying to shake herself awake. Surely she must be dreaming. But when she moved her arm slightly, a series of ripples cascaded outward, capsizing a dozen sailboats and sending their occupants scrambling into the water, shrieking for help.



“Oh god...” she whispered to herself, her voice trembling with disbelief and intrigue alike. “Am I dreaming? I must be dreaming...”

But as she reached down tentatively, touching a nearby buoy with one finger—watching it pop like a tiny balloon under her gentle pressure—Eileen felt reality sinking in. It was solid, tangible, unquestionably real. And as her heartbeat quickened with a rush of excitement and trepidation, she couldn’t help but notice the entire city’s tiny eyes fixated fearfully on her, awaiting her next move.

“Oh, wow,” she murmured softly, an irresistible smile tugging at her lips, curiosity and a newfound sense of playful mischief suddenly overriding her shock. “This... might just be the weirdest beach day ever.”



Eileen continued to stare around in wide-eyed astonishment, her heart racing wildly as she took in the surreal panorama before her. To her right, downtown spread out in miniature, its previously imposing skyscrapers now like delicate glass figurines, glittering enticingly under the bright sun. Tiny cars jammed the streets in chaotic tangles, horns blaring in a desperate chorus that echoed faintly upward. Her gaze drifted downward, marveling at the twenty or so tiny recreational boats floating helplessly beside her massive pink raft. Among them were sleek yachts that now seemed no bigger than toy models, each occupied by tiny, panicking figures scrambling wildly around their decks.



On one particular yacht, a woman in a bikini strikingly similar to Eileen's own stood frozen, staring up in disbelief at the giantess towering over her. The contrast was staggering—Eileen's slender, elegantly tanned fingers alone were longer than the woman's entire body. The woman shakily turned to her companions, whispering breathlessly, "Please tell me you guys see that too, right?"

In front of her, the scene was even more frantic: an enormous freighter loaded with colorful cargo containers drifted closer, its panicked crew running frantically along its decks, shouting and gesturing wildly. Just beyond, a massive bridge was choked with stalled cars, their drivers trapped helplessly behind their steering wheels, frozen in fear or abandoning their vehicles altogether, running away as fast as their tiny legs could carry them.



"OH—MY—GOD," Eileen gasped, the words rolling out of her in a deep, resonant boom that rippled across the water like a lazy thunderclap.

Her enormous brown eyes opened even further in pure, unfiltered astonishment. "No way... *no freaking way*," she whispered, though even her whisper vibrated the air like a bass note. She lifted a hand, marveling at how the distant buildings looked like toys beneath her fingers, how the wind shifted differently around her, how *huge* everything suddenly was—or rather, how tiny everything else had become.

"Am I... some kind of giant now?" she murmured, the disbelief thick in her voice. But beneath it—coiling slowly, deliciously—was something else. A spark. A thrill. An unmistakable curl of excitement weaving through her confusion, warming her from the inside out.

Her lips parted into a slow, incredulous smile as she took in the impossibility of her new scale.

"Well... this is gonna be interesting."



Her pulse quickened as she glanced around, recognizing familiar buildings and roads from her life before—each one now reduced to something that looked absurdly toy-like, almost fragile.

Still half-convinced this had to be a dream, Eileen squeezed her eyes shut hard, as if sheer force could blink reality back into its normal size. Her breath hitched, coming quicker, shallower, her chest rising and falling in rapid stutters as a faint edge of panic tried to claw its way in. *Wake up, wake up, wake up*, she urged herself, nails digging lightly into her palms.

But nothing changed.

The air brushing against her skin was too crisp. The warmth of the sun was too sharp. The distant car alarms were too shrill. And beneath it all, drifting up from the tiny grid of streets far below, came something that shattered the last of her denial: faint screams, high and panicked, carried upward like tiny threads of sound.

Her eyes snapped open.

Everything was still small. She was still towering. And it was all unmistakably, terrifyingly, exhilaratingly real.



Feeling her raft gently bump into the side of the massive cargo freighter, Eileen jolted at first—more from surprise than fear—before curiosity began to bubble up and dissolve the lingering panic. The ship, once an intimidating metal beast she'd only ever seen from a respectful, safe distance, now looked... manageable. Approachable. Almost cute, bobbing against her like a bathtub toy.



She reached out automatically, her enormous shadow sliding over the vessel as she extended one hand toward the colorful stack of cargo containers. Even that simple motion stunned her—the way the water parted around her arm, the way her reflection warped across the ship’s hull, the way her fingers dwarfed the bright rectangles of metal.



The container looked so manageable now, almost like a toy, like a box ready for her to pick up and inspect. So, naturally, she got ready to do that.



People on board were incredibly rattled as five splayed fingers, each quite longer than they were tall approached delicately. This didn't stop Eileen, whose mind was set.



Naturally scared, those on the ship jumped overboard, not knowing if the hand was reaching for the container or themselves. Better not to risk it, they must have thought.



In seconds, there was no one left in the ship to witness the next awe-inspiring action from the girl in the pink bikini.



Her fingertips brushed one container, and she felt it rattle from the contact. Heart pounding, she curled her fingers gently around it, half-expecting resistance. Instead, it lifted so easily it nearly startled her. The weight—shockingly negligible. The texture—cool, ridged, delicate. Held between her fingers, the entire box felt no heavier than a soda can, and somehow that made the moment even more unreal.



“Definitely real,” she whispered, awe shimmering beneath her words. She turned the container with exaggerated care, her beautifully manicured pink nails glinting as they traced its edges. The scale difference made her nails look like glossy blades of candy-colored glass against the metal surface. With painstaking delicacy, she pried at the door, expecting it to snap or crumble. Instead, it creaked open, barely resisting her touch, revealing the impossibly small interior—rows of tiny crates, stacks of minuscule pallets, all arranged neatly like some hyper-detailed model kit.



A cool wave of refrigerated air tickled her fingertips as the container cracked open, revealing piles of miniature fruit stacked inside.



She giggled with delight, tipping the contents into her giant palm, watching with amusement as tiny watermelons rolled across her enormous hand. “Wow, an afternoon snack!” she exclaimed gleefully, her booming voice startling birds into flight.



Elegantly, as though dining in a luxurious cafe rather than causing chaos on a river, Eileen carefully selected a tiny watermelon, delicately lifting it between her massive thumb and forefinger.



She tossed it into her mouth like a peanut. The tiny explosion of sweet flavor delighted her, and she sighed blissfully, momentarily losing herself in the enjoyment.



Delighted with the refrigerated flavor and happy with its healthy nature, Eileen kept nibbling at the fruit in the container, getting full as she ignored her bizarre surroundings for a minute.



he raft drifted lazily on the glittering surface, the sun catching on its glossy pink vinyl as Eileen lay sprawled across it like a girl who had *fully* decided that the laws of nature existed solely to accommodate her. Her legs dangled in the cool water—each gentle kick sending soft ripples toward the distant shoreline—and her hair dried in warm, salty waves around her shoulders. She was finally starting to relax again, to settle into the strange, dreamy rhythm of her new size, when she felt the familiar jostle against her side.

Thump.

Her brows lifted, amused and lightly annoyed, as the empty cargo ship nudged her raft again—much harder than something that tiny had any right to. It bobbed against her like a stubborn toy boat, pushed by the tide in just the wrong direction.



“Oh, come *on*,” she giggled, propping herself up on her elbows. Her voice rolled out in a soft boom, girlier than her size should have allowed. “Didn’t we already play with you?”

The ship drifted closer once more, scraping gently along the pink vinyl. Her raft wobbled, though only because she let it; she could’ve steadied it with a single toe if she wanted.

“Heyyy, stop it,” she sing-songed, as if scolding a misbehaving puppy. She reached out with one hand, her fingers dripping seawater, nails sparkling in the sunlight. The freighter’s hull was just close enough for her to touch without even sitting up. So she did the most instinctive, dainty thing imaginable: she leaned slightly to the side and flicked it.

Just her index finger.
Barely any effort at all.

But nature had recalibrated around her without telling her.



The effect was immediate and dramatic. The entire ship jolted across the water with a slap of metal against waves, the bow lifting as though an invisible giant had yanked it upward. It spun sharply, rocking so violently she sucked in a surprised breath. The wake from her casual gesture rolled outward in fast, choppy lines, sloshing against her raft in playful, pointless attempts to tilt her.

“Ooops!” she squeaked, her voice dancing with a mix of delight and mock horror as she watched the enormous vessel teeter dangerously. “Wow, okay—stronger than I thought.”

The freighter keeled sharply to one side, water rushing over its deck in a frothy cascade. For a second it looked like it might right itself... then it rolled too far, almost capsizing as it wobbled back upright in a panicked, drunken sway.

Eileen covered her mouth with both hands, eyes wide but sparkling with undeniable fascination.

“That was barely a *tap*,” she said breathlessly, laughing into her palms. “I didn’t even flick hard! Oh my god, I’m like... absurdly strong. Like ridiculously, unfairly strong.”

She watched the ship stabilize—tilted, humbled, bobbing awkwardly in the waves—before she reached out and patted it gently with the back of her finger, as if apologizing.

“Sorryyy,” she cooed down at it, her tone high and girlish despite the ocean-spanning echo. “But seriously? Don’t sneak up on a girl’s floatie. That’s just rude.”



"Well, don't really know how this happened, but hey—guess I might as well enjoy the ride," Eileen said brightly to herself, a mischievous smirk tugging at her lips. "I could even write a paper about this for school. Talk about a learning experience. But first... let's have a little fun."

Feeling more playful and confident by the moment, Eileen repositioned herself in the raft, sitting on her smooth, long legs. The slight movement created an enormous wave that knocked several smaller boats off-course, causing their tiny passengers to shriek comically. Her ponytail swung lazily behind her, the slight motion sending gusts of wind strong enough to be noticed.



Far below, a stunned tourist with binoculars stammered breathlessly to his wife, "Honey, I swear I'm sober—but there's a two-hundred-foot-tall girl floating down the river in a bikini. And she's eating fruit out of a cargo container!"

A group of teenage boys on a small boat found themselves dangerously close to her raft. One of them, torn between fear and teenage bravado, managed to shout, "Hey, giant girl, you're totally hot!" before being knocked flat onto his back by the gentle ripple caused by Eileen's casually dipping fingertips.



Back on the riverbank, people didn't know what to make of the sudden appearance of a Kaiju-sized creature, but one who looked like a gorgeous girl in a pink bikini.

Murmurs mixed with screams, some people observing the newcomer while others started retreating.



Turning her attention to the bustling traffic backing up along East Highway, Eileen's eyes gleamed with mischievous delight. From her lofty vantage point, the road looked like an elaborate toy racetrack, filled with colorful cars and trucks she easily identified—shiny BMWs, rugged Fords, and even a bright-red convertible Toyota. "Oh my god, they're adorable," she murmured playfully, waving down at the congested highway with a flirtatious flick of her wrist.



Her casual greeting had immediate and catastrophic results. A driver, captivated by the stunning giantess smiling down at him, slammed his brakes too suddenly, triggering a noisy chain reaction of rear-end collisions behind him. The loud, crunching symphony of metal reached Eileen's ears, causing her to raise an amused eyebrow and place a mockingly dainty hand over her mouth. "Oopsy daisy!" she laughed girlishly, watching smoke and steam rise from the costly wreckage below. "Guess I distracted you guys just a teensy bit!"



Eileen continued to watch the delightful chaos unfolding around her, popping another tiny watermelon into her mouth and savoring the sweet explosion of flavor.

She shifted slightly on her raft, subtly adjusting a wedgy forming in her bikini bottom, causing the raft to bob gently in the water. Even this minor adjustment sent waves that rocked the surrounding boats dangerously. Oblivious—or perhaps indifferent—to this, Eileen addressed the traffic jam below in a sweetly scolding voice. "Seriously, you people really need to watch where you're driving. If I wanted to cause a wreck, I'd just climb right out there and create one myself." Her lips curled into a bratty smirk as she raised a foot playfully, water dripping off her immense, perfectly pedicured toes. "Trust me, I'd do a pretty good job too," she giggled, winking teasingly before placing another piece of miniature fruit elegantly between her glossy lips.



The raft drifted lazily downstream, carrying Eileen along as she reclined in the sun without a single care in the world. She widened her stance, wiggled her toes, and let the warm breeze roll over her skin—totally oblivious to the chaos her approach was causing ahead.

The low, four-lane City River Bridge loomed in her path, normally busy with commuters but now a frantic mess. Cars jammed every lane, horns blared nonstop, and drivers abandoned all patience as they tried to escape the enormous shadow of the two-hundred-foot bikini giantess drifting toward them on a bubblegum-pink raft.



Up in the control tower, operators shouted over one another, flipping switches and flipping through manuals that held **zero** instructions for “giant woman incoming.” The drawbridge could lift, sure—but nowhere near high enough. Someone yelled, “It won’t make a difference—she’s taller than the whole thing!”

Meanwhile, Eileen lazily observed her surroundings, still detached from the impact she was having on the world. She didn’t notice. She didn’t *care* to notice. She was having a day.



Traffic was bumper to bumper, apparently flowing smoothly, even if some accidents had already ensued since the sight of a giant bikini-girl approaching in a floating raft was enough to make several drivers lose their concentration.



Then: *thunk*.

Her glossy pink raft bumped against one of the bridge's concrete support columns. To her, it felt like a pool noodle tapping her side. To the bridge, it was a building-sized shove. Dust rained down from beneath the span as the structure groaned dangerously.

“Huh?” Eileen murmured, peering down with mild curiosity.



She shifted slightly to get comfortable—just a dainty little adjustment—and the raft bumped the column again, harder. A crack snapped through the concrete, drivers screamed, and the entire bridge wobbled like a frightened animal.

Eileen simply lay back again with a content sigh, drifting on, entirely unaware that her adorable float had nearly capsized one of the city's main arteries just by brushing against it.



Though the impact was minor for Eileen—barely registering as a gentle bump—it had disastrous consequences for everyone else. The columns groaned ominously under the immense pressure, large cracks spider-webbing across the concrete. Overhead, drivers screamed as their cars jolted violently, careening into one another, causing yet another spectacularly chaotic pile-up. Support cables strained, snapping with loud metallic pops, their sharp ends whipping through the air.



Eileen watched, fascinated, as bits of debris and chunks of concrete crumbled into the river. Her immense eyes widened with delighted surprise. "Oh wow, did I just do that?" she mused aloud, her voice tinged with amused wonder. "You guys really weren't ready for someone like me, were you?"

Gazing down at the terrified faces staring back up at her from the bridge above, Eileen couldn't suppress her smile. She shifted slightly again, leaning forward slightly on the raft, causing another ominous creak from the damaged bridge supports.

"You know," she said casually, twirling a strand of her ponytail with her free hand, "this feels like one of those cheesy sci-fi movies—but I'm pretty sure those giant monsters weren't as cute as I am." Laughing to herself, she settled back comfortably, thoroughly entertained by the chaos she effortlessly created around her.



“Hi, tiny people! Sorry for intruding—I’m just catching some rays,” Eileen announced brightly, her playful voice booming cheerfully across the bridge. She repositioned her raft with casual elegance, sliding her long, perfectly toned legs and feet beneath the bridge. The massive pink raft floated forward, causing the bridge's supports to groan loudly in protest, but Eileen barely noticed as she placed herself right in the middle of the action, her bikini-clad upper body rising just high enough to put the road level with her chest, her observing the action from above.



From this vantage, Eileen gazed down with delighted curiosity, marveling at the miniature chaos unfolding beneath her. Hundreds of tiny figures scrambled in every direction, darting around toy-sized cars that had stopped abruptly at her arrival. The vehicles glittered under the afternoon sun like tiny candies spread across a table, and Eileen couldn't help but smile broadly at the adorable absurdity of the scene.

“Wow, you guys look soooo cute down there!” she cooed playfully, fluttering her fingertips teasingly in a delicate wave. “Don't worry, I promise I won't bite... much.”



Suddenly, the shrill wail of sirens and a crackling megaphone interrupted her amusement. “Attention motorists, please remain calm,” a tiny, authoritative voice echoed nervously. “We are assessing the situation and will provide instructions to get you to safety. Emergency workers are preparing a rescue, and—”



“Excuse me!” Eileen interjected immediately, her girlish, sexy voice effortlessly drowning out the megaphone. She placed her fingertips dramatically over her mouth to suppress a playful laugh. “Let me stop you adorable little authority figures right there!”

With theatrical flair, she continued, her voice dripping with amused sarcasm:

“This is not a test of the emergency broadcast system. This is a real, live, giant-girl emergency! There appears to be an extremely gorgeous, exceptionally tall nineteen-year-old girl floating right through downtown, causing adorable panic and delightful chaos. She has luscious dark hair in an absolutely perfect ponytail, dreamy brown eyes, silky golden-brown skin, and—this is crucial, people—is wearing a spectacularly hot, shiny pink bikini. Height? Oh, just a smidge above average!” Eileen giggled mischievously, thoroughly entertained by her own joke.



“Approach with caution,” she continued playfully, her voice lowering into a conspiratorial whisper, which was still loud enough for all to hear. “She’s known to lift tiny little people, crush cute little cars, and flick helpless little boats around with her very sexy fingers. You’ve been warned!”

The entire city seemed to freeze in stunned silence. People stared upward, mouths agape, as her playful warning echoed ominously around them. The silence was punctuated only by the occasional panicked scream, the blaring horn of a car trying desperately—and unsuccessfully—to flee the chaos, or the distant buzz of helicopters cautiously circling overhead.

Eileen, enjoying herself immensely, leaned forward slightly, causing her raft to gently press against the bridge’s support girders, making the metal creak alarmingly beneath her weight. She smiled sweetly, observing that despite all the chaos, her tiny audience still seemed paralyzed by shock rather than true panic.



“Hmmm, come on, guys,” she purred teasingly, tapping a thoughtful finger against her chin. “You’re not nearly as frantic as I hoped you’d be. Maybe I need to crank up the drama a little.”

Her enormous eyes sparkled mischievously as she reached slowly downward, extending a single finger towards a shiny convertible stopped directly beneath her. With calculated slowness, she gently tapped its roof, causing the car’s alarm to blare pitifully into life, and its driver to burst from the door, running away screaming.



“Ooh, there we go—that’s more like it!” Eileen giggled brightly, visibly amused. She casually flicked another empty car, causing it to spin like a toy across the lanes, igniting a fresh wave of hysterical reactions.

She leaned back again, thoroughly entertained. Her ponytail bounced cheerfully with her movements, and she lifted her legs playfully, causing yet another massive ripple in the river that rocked the helpless boats around her. With a satisfied grin, she adjusted herself, enjoying the sensation of the warm sun, the gentle river water, and most of all, the delicious chaos unfolding because of her mere presence.

“Don’t worry, little ones,” she cooed sweetly, popping another tiny piece of fruit into her mouth, savoring the sweetness with exaggerated daintiness. “I’ll behave...probably. Well, maybe not. But you’ll enjoy the show—I guarantee it!”

Eileen tapped a finger against her lips, her glossy nails catching the sunlight as she surveyed the chaos unfolding beneath her. Sure, watching tiny people run around in a panic was fun, but it needed something... more. A little structure. A little drama.



A wicked grin spread across her lips.

“Okay, then,” she announced, her sultry, booming voice rolling over the terrified crowd. “Since I seem to have everyone’s undivided attention, I’ve decided to host auditions for my brand-new, totally improvised movie: *Floating Goddess: Attack of the 50-Foot Bikini Model!*” She let out a delighted giggle.

Her massive brown eyes sparkled as she continued, shifting her weight slightly on her floating pink raft, making the surrounding boats bounce helplessly in the ripples. Below her, on the bridge, people were frozen in horror, some gripping their steering wheels as if that would somehow protect them, others already halfway out of their vehicles, inching toward escape. But no one moved fast enough for Eileen’s liking.

“I need extras—lots of extras,” she cooed. “Cars, trucks, boats, people—you name it! The requirements are simple: Stay exactly where you are, look absolutely terrified, and maybe start running for your lives when I begin to crush cars, flip trucks, and sink boats. Oh, and I’ll be throwing things at buildings, too. You know, for dramatic effect.”

She tilted her head, feigning deep thought as she trailed a single, devastatingly long fingernail through the river’s surface, sending nervous ripples across the water. Then, with an exaggerated sigh, she smirked. “And full disclosure, folks—I might be way bigger than 50 feet.”



Her fingers landed.

The pavement trembled as Eileen gently pressed her long, slender fingers onto the four lanes of stopped traffic. The sensation sent vibrations through the bridge, causing people to stagger as their world literally shook beneath them. Mark barely had time to react before those same delicate, feminine fingers—each longer than a car—began to walk.

TAP. TAP. TAP.

Eileen lazily “walked” her fingers through the traffic, giggling at the way the tiny vehicles bounced slightly with each tap. She let her fingernails skim across the roofs of cars, leaving deep scratches as easily as if she were dragging them through wet sand. People abandoned their vehicles and bolted in every direction.

“Ohhh, nice car,” she purred, pausing as her middle fingernail hovered over a sleek black Jaguar. “Bet this one’s expensive.” With slow, calculated mischief, she pressed down with her nail. The alarm wailed pathetically, but Eileen only grinned.

Then, with one flick, she dragged her fingernail downward, slicing the Jaguar clean in half like she was opening a soda can.

The bridge erupted into chaos.





But before she could select her next toy, the **police megaphone crackled**.

“**Miss, please refrain from causing any more damage!**” The nervous yet authoritative voice rang out from below.

Eileen **paused**, looking down at the tiny blockade of **police cars and uniformed officers**, all attempting to regain some **semblance of control**. Their flashing lights painted streaks of red and blue across the underside of her raft, and for the first time, she actually took a moment to admire the **mess** she’d created. **Flipped vehicles, wrecked guardrails, scattered debris—it was a complete disaster.**

And she loved it.

With a dramatic **gasp**, she placed a hand to her chest. “**DID I CAUSE ALL THIS MESS?!**” she said in a **mock-innocent** tone, eyes wide with faux shock. Then her lips curled into a slow, **sultry smirk**. “Tsk, tsk... Guess I should **help clean up**, huh?”



Before anyone could protest, she lowered her right hand back onto the bridge, fingers stretching across multiple lanes like enormous pillars. Her nails scraped the pavement as she began idly “fixing” things, flipping cars back onto their wheels, untangling crushed hoods like they were just crumpled aluminum foil.

“Look at me, being all helpful,” she cooed sweetly.

Then—THUMP.

A desperate motorist, trying to flee, slammed directly into her massive forefinger, his tiny car bouncing harmlessly off her flawless, sun-kissed skin.



Eileen’s playful expression froze mid-smirk. The shift was subtle at first—her brows lifting, her mouth parting just a touch—but the entire bridge seemed to feel that change like a drop in atmospheric pressure. She blinked slowly, lashes sweeping downward in a long, deliberate arc as she looked at the barely dented car stuck stubbornly against her fingertip.

Her mouth tightened.

She frowned.

“OUCH.”



The word wasn't loud. She didn't shout. She didn't growl. She just *said it*. But at her size, even that soft, irritated complaint rolled across the bridge in a deep, resonant pulse that vibrated through metal and bone alike. A few windows rattled. One cracked. Dozens of people flinched as though struck by a wave of pressure.

The reaction was instant.

Drivers who'd been frozen in place scrambled backward, some ducking behind their cars, others abandoning them entirely. A biker lost his balance and toppled over. Even the police officers—who had been edging forward with megaphones, trying to muster some kind of calm, organized approach—stiffened as if the word had been a warning shot.

Negotiation suddenly felt like a terrible idea.

And Eileen?

She just flexed her fingers lightly, inspecting her nail with a pout, as if the tiny car's brief contact had been more of an insult than a physical sensation.



Eileen delicately pinched the tiny car between two fingers, lifting it with a dainty precision that made the entire bridge shudder with dread. She brought it up toward her enormous face, tilting her head slightly, her warm brown eyes narrowing in exaggerated suspicion. The driver inside was practically vibrating with terror, gripping the steering wheel like it was the only thing anchoring him to the planet.

“Well, well...” she murmured, voice low and silky, her breath washing over the tiny windshield like a tropical breeze with the force of a storm. “Did you just break my nail?”



The man inside let out a tiny, muffled noise—something between a sob and a squeak—but she wasn't listening. She was too busy turning her hand this way and that, examining the glossy shimmer of her pink nail polish as if it were an endangered artwork only she could appreciate.



“Do you have any idea,” she continued, her tone dangerously playful, “what a girl has to go through to keep these things looking this good? Hours. Literal *hours*. And you—” she lifted the car slightly higher, letting him see the annoyed little pout forming on her lips “—you hit me.”



“Alright, tiny,” she said sweetly, tapping the roof with one glossy nail. Even the tap sent the car bouncing lightly on its shocks. “Step out. Now.”

The command wasn’t loud, but it filled the bridge like a decree from the heavens. The man fumbled with the door, practically falling out onto the concrete as he scrambled away from the vehicle on trembling legs.



He backed up a few steps, looking up at her with the same expression someone might give a goddess deciding whether to bless or smite them.

Eileen smiled down at him—bright, warm, utterly insincere.

“Good boy.” She winked. “See? I *can* be patient.”



Before he could even form a word of gratitude—or fear—she reached down again, two fingers pinching the now-empty car like a toy claw machine prize. With the man safely out of the way, her attitude shifted instantly. Her posture straightened, her smile sharpened, and her eyes gleamed with a spark that was equal parts mischief and entitlement.

“Well,” she sighed, “you ruined my manicure.” She held up her hand for emphasis, her nail catching the sunlight in a flawless pink flash. “So I guess that means...”

She balanced the car lightly in her palm, gathering momentum with a playful, utterly unnecessary wind-up.

“I get to ruin something of yours.”



And with a casual flick of her wrist—*far* too effortless for the destruction it unleashed—she sent the tiny vehicle arcing through the sky. It spun end over end, a helpless metal blur, before disappearing somewhere far beyond the cluster of horrified onlookers.



The car sailed through the air, end-over-end, before crashing directly into an office building on the riverbank.



Glass shattered, steel groaned, and the top floor collapsed inward, sending papers and furniture tumbling onto the street below.



Eileen grinned. “Oh, nice throw, me.”



She turned back to the police, voice dropping into a **sweetly seductive lilt**.

“Tell you what, tiny officers—if you let me off this raft, I can walk over to the wreckage and fix your little building.”



The police radios erupted with frantic chatter.

“Miss, please remain seated in your raft and do not move.”



Eileen pouted dramatically, crossing her arms under her chest. “Well, you people aren’t very grateful, are you?” she sighed. “So why don’t you clean up your own mess?”

She smirked, watching them squirm, then leaned back comfortably, stretching out like she was on a resort lounge chair.



“You’re welcome,” she added **dismissively**, watching as tiny cops scurried around the wreckage like they could actually **fix** anything she’d done.

This was **way** too much fun.



Eileen was just about to grab another handful of fruit when she noticed a pair of **bold little figures** advancing toward her. On the bridge, two cops—probably thinking they were **big damn heroes**—approached cautiously, their hands on their weapons, eyes locked onto her with forced bravado.

Eileen raised an amused brow, lowering her fruit mid-bite. Oh, this was going to be **good**.



One of them, a stocky officer with a **ridiculously** tiny badge, lifted his **megaphone**—as if his voice alone could even compete with her **presence**.

“Miss, you are causing extensive damage and endangering civilians!” he called out, trying—and failing—to sound authoritative. “**We’re ordering you to cease immediately!**”



Eileen tilted her head slightly, pretending to think it over. “Hmmm...” she hummed, pursing her lips. “Nah.”

The other cop, a lanky one with a **nervous grip** on his holster, stepped forward. “Ma’am, this isn’t a game! You’re creating mass panic, and—”

Eileen let out a **sudden, sharp giggle**, cutting him off completely. “Oh, sweetie, **it’s totally a game**. And you two just walked onto the **playing board**.”

She leaned forward slightly, her arms resting casually on the bridge’s cracked railing. The mere shift of her **towering body** made both officers take a **cautious step back**, though they tried to **hide** it.

“Tell me something, little cops,” she said smoothly, eyes gleaming with mischief. “How exactly are **you** going to make me stop? You gonna, what? **Write me a ticket?**”

She **giggled**, placing a hand dramatically over her mouth. “Oh nooo, officer! How will I ever handle that!”



Stocky Cop gritted his teeth. “This is your final warning! We will use force if necessary!”

That actually made Eileen laugh out loud. A rich, **booming** laugh that **rolled through the city like distant thunder**. “Ohhh, you poor little things,” she cooed, shaking her head. “That was **adorable**.”



Before they could react, she **reached out**.

Her hand moved **fast**, fingers **snapping up both officers in one effortless motion**. Their world **blurred** as they were **yanked skyward**, wind rushing past them as her colossal fingers closed around them **like a soft cage**.

They **struggled**, squirming helplessly between her fingers, their tiny weapons completely **useless** against her smooth, sun-kissed skin.

“Oooh, look at you two,” Eileen **purred**, lifting them **slowly** to her face.



She opened her hand, letting them **roll** gently to the **center of her palm**, where they landed **flat on their backs**, staring up in stunned horror. **Eileen's enormous brown eyes loomed above them**, wide with curiosity and amusement, framed by her thick dark lashes.

She **tilted her hand slightly**, watching them **scramble** to keep their balance. "Careful now," she teased, smirking. "Wouldn't want you two to go tumbling off and ruin my manicure."



Lanky Cop sat up quickly, his breathing **ragged**, gripping the surface of her hand like it was a cliff's edge. "P-Put us down! Now!"

Eileen raised a **single brow**. "Uh-huh." She turned her hand slightly, letting them **slide** an inch toward the edge.

They **yelped**, scrambling back toward the center.



Eileen chuckled. “See, **this is why I have trouble taking you seriously.** You two little ants down there, **threatening** me?” She rolled her eyes. “Honey, you guys are like, what... **two inches tall?** You realize how ridiculous that sounds?”

She **curled her fingers slightly**, bringing them closer to her **curious gaze.**

“I mean, look at you!” she giggled, turning her hand this way and that. “You two don’t even take up half my palm! You know how **many of you** I could hold?” She mockingly **counted** with her free fingers, pretending to calculate. “Like... **at least twenty.**”



She smirked. “I should **start a collection.**”

Stocky Cop, still gripping his gun, **gritted his teeth.** “You won’t get away with this,” he growled.

Eileen’s smirk only **deepened.**

“Oh, babe,” she cooed **sweetly,** voice dripping with mock sympathy. “I think you’re **confused.**”

Her **expression darkened,** her lips **curving into something dangerously smug.**



She lifted them **higher**, past her **towering shoulders**, past her **bikini-clad chest**, until they were hovering **far, far** above the river.

“You’re acting like you have a **say** in this.”

With **one fluid motion**, she **tossed** them over her shoulder.

Their **shrieks** were lost in the wind as they **plummeted downward**, arms flailing wildly, before—

SPLASH.



Eileen let out a **satisfied sigh**, flicking her ponytail back as if she had just discarded **a minor inconvenience**. She turned her head **slightly**, just in time to watch **two tiny ripples** spread across the river's surface.

“**And stay cool!**” she called after them, giggling at her own joke.

Then, **without a second thought**, she returned to **her raft**, stretching her long, glistening legs over the bridge again.

“Alright, where was I?” she mused aloud, popping another **tiny fruit** into her mouth.



The city **watched** in **stunned** silence, unsure whether to be **relieved** or even more **terrified**.

Eileen stretched out on her raft, arms draped lazily over its edges, utterly **unbothered** by the sheer, ridiculous **hysteria** unfolding around her. If anything, she found it **hilarious**. People were running in every direction, climbing over each other like panicked ants, ducking into buildings, and squeezing under cars, as if any of that would help. Did they **really** think something as simple as a storefront door or a parked sedan was going to hide them from someone **this** big? Adorable.

She smirked down at the chaos, watching the tiny specks darting around as she flicked her nails idly against the bridge railing, sending soft little **clinks** echoing through the panicked city. She **loved** how much **power** she had just by existing.



“Ohhhh nooo,” she cooed, voice dripping with exaggerated concern. “I threw two little cops into the water. How **scary**! I’m sure they’ll never recover from such a horrifying ordeal. What ever shall we do?” She pressed her palm dramatically against her chest, feigning distress, before letting out an exaggerated sigh and letting her head tilt slightly to the side.

Her sultry gaze swept across the tiny scene, drinking in the **absolute chaos** she had created with nothing more than a flick of her fingers. “Seriously, though. **You guys actually thought those two were gonna stop me?** Like, actually? What was the plan there? Talk me down? Oh, honey, no.” She giggled, biting her lip as she watched the streets, bridges, and sidewalks crawling with frantic movement.



Among the scurrying crowd, her eyes **locked** onto an interesting little duo—a man and a woman **desperately** trying to squeeze between two parked SUVs, hoping to **disappear** into the shadows. Unfortunately for them, the second Eileen noticed them, they stopped being **just part of the scenery**.



They thought they had managed to
hide, to evade the giant girl's gaze,
to stay safe...



“You guys know I can see everything from up here, right?” she purred daintily, focusing her sight on the cute couple. “I have like bird’s eye view... Only I don’t fly... I’m just... tall?”



With **zero effort**, she **extended one hand**, her long, tan fingers curling around one of the SUVs and **shoving it aside like a toy**.



The massive vehicle **was sent flying**, crashing into another car and setting off a series of alarms. The couple, now **completely exposed**, let out twin yelps of **panic**.



"Awww, you two were trying so hard," Eileen purred, lips curving into a **mischievous smile** as she reached down, fingers curling effortlessly around their **tiny, fragile bodies**. Their terrified shrieks barely registered as she lifted them high above the streets, their surroundings **blurring into nothing but dizzying sky and river** as she casually brought them up to her face.



She tilted her hand and **let them roll softly** into the warm, smooth surface of her palm. The heat of her skin was **unavoidable**, her scent filling their lungs—feminine, sun-kissed, with the lingering, almost dizzying sweetness of coconut oil. The world around them was gone. **It was just her now.**

“There we go,” she murmured with amusement, watching as they **squirmed** in her palm, the sheer **alien vastness** of their situation setting in. The woman was clutching at the surface, visibly **breathless**, trying to take in the **impossibility** of where she was. The man on the other hand, was already **seething**, his fists **clenched** even though there was **literally** nothing he could do.



Eileen smirked, dragging her **index finger** in a lazy little circle **around** them, letting the nail barely **graze** against the surface near their heads. It wasn't enough to touch them, but it was **close. Too close.** She watched, entertained, as they instinctively flinched at every movement.

"Okay, so let's start with something simple," she purred, her voice **playfully indulgent**, like she was just humoring them. "Names. What do we call you, little lovebirds?"



Chris **bristled**, pushing himself up slightly, his tiny jaw **tightening**. “Let. Us. Go.”



Eileen's **eyes sparkled**, her smile widening. "Ooooh, we've got a **bold one**," she teased, leaning in slightly. "Careful, tiny man. You're **about** this close to annoying me."



To prove her point, she tilted her palm slightly, causing both of them to slide toward the edge. The woman let out a startled gasp, gripping at the warm, smooth surface for dear life, while the man barely managed to hold on, his balance completely gone.

Eileen watched them scramble and bit back a laugh. "Oops," she giggled, steadying her hand again, watching as they clung helplessly. "God, you guys are so cute when you're desperate."

Chris shot her a look of pure hatred, but before he could snap back, Maya exhaled shakily. "M-Maya," she said quickly, her voice small, but steady.

Eileen's gaze shifted



Maya was **interesting**.

"Ooooh, Maya," Eileen repeated, letting the name **roll** off her tongue like she was tasting it. "Pretty name. And **your little bodyguard?**"

Maya glanced toward his couple, who was still trying **very hard** not to crumble under the situation. After a tense pause, he gritted out, "**Chris.**"

Eileen let out a dramatic **sigh**, stretching her fingers slightly, making them **shift** on her palm again. "Well, **Maya and Chris**, you're kinda my **guests** now," she purred. "Sooo..." she smirked, shrugging a bare shoulder. "Might as well get comfy."

Chris **growled**, glaring up at her massive, sultry expression. "What do you even **want** from us?"

Eileen rolled her eyes, flicking her ponytail back, the slight breeze from her motion **sending a shiver down their spines**. "Relax, tiny. I just **picked you up** 'cause you were there. You think I had a whole **plan** for you?" She giggled at the very **idea**, her enormous eyes **gleaming** with amusement. "That's so **adorable.**"

Maya, still **tense**, licked her lips, her breathing slightly more **measured** now. "And... what are you going to do next?"

That actually made Eileen pause.



Her **brows lifted slightly**, as if actually considering the question for the first time. She tilted her head back slightly, lazily surveying the tiny **city** stretched out before her, the little **clusters of people**, the **wreckage**, the pathetic **police barricades** that weren't even **pretending** to stop her anymore.

"Hmmm," she murmured, dragging the sound out, her free hand tapping her chin. "That's a **great** question, Maya."

After a long, thoughtful pause, she **grinned**.

"I guess... **whatever I feel like**."

Chris made a strangled sound. "You **can't** just do whatever you want! This is a city! With people! You—you're too—"

"Too **big**?" Eileen cut in smoothly, arching a brow. She gave him a **sly smirk**, eyes dancing. "Yeah, I **am** pretty huge, huh?" She **sighed dramatically**, stretching her back slightly, making her **bikini-clad body loom** even larger over them.



Maya's lips parted slightly in **horrified realization**. "You're going to... **take over the city?**"

Eileen gave her a **slow, lazy smirk**.

"Maybe."

Maya shook her head, still trying to **process**. "But—Eileen, this city **isn't made for someone like you!** People won't be able to—"

Eileen **shrugged**, her smile turning **dangerously sweet**.

"Sounds like a **them** problem, sweetheart," she said breezily. "Not really **mine**."

Maya stared at her, completely speechless.

Chris, on the other hand, snapped.

"You're insane!" he yelled. "You can't just do this! People will fight back! They'll—"

Eileen tilted her palm again, sharply this time.

Chris slipped, landing flat on his back with a strangled yell.

"Oopsie," Eileen said sweetly, looking down at him mockingly. "You keep saying 'can't', and yet..." She gestured to her colossal form, to the city lying helplessly below her, to them, trapped in her hand.



“Looks like I totally can.”

Chris gritted his teeth, but said nothing.

Maya, still breathless, whispered, “Are you really going to do this? Just... take whatever you want?”

Eileen tilted her head, her lips pursing in mock consideration, as if Maya had just presented some kind of deep philosophical dilemma. But really, what was there to even think about? She was this big now, standing in a city made for tiny, helpless people, with streets no wider than her foot and buildings that barely reached her waist. It was like waking up inside a toy town, and honestly, it would be a crime not to play with it a little.

“Well, yeah,” she finally said, her smirk widening. “I mean, I’d be crazy not to.”

She stretched luxuriously, rolling her shoulders, letting the light catch on her oiled, golden skin. With a content sigh, she turned her gaze back toward the city, where thousands of microscopic people still cowered in the streets, frozen between fight and flight, probably hoping she’d get bored and just leave. As if.



“Like, think about it,” she continued, her tone mockingly casual, as if she were chatting with a friend over coffee, not looming over a trembling metropolis. “I’m huge now. Do you have any idea how many possibilities that opens up? I could walk right through downtown, see everything from my new, improved perspective. I could go see all the places I used to know—except now, they’re adorably tiny.”

Her smirk sharpened, her fingers shifting slightly under Maya and Chris, making them squirm as her warm, sun-kissed skin shifted beneath them. “And if I happen to test my size out along the way, you know... see what a two-hundred-foot girl can do in a city made for insects? Well...” She trailed off, the sheer implication heavy in the air.

Chris’s jaw clenched, his face red with rage. “You mean destroy everything,” he spat.

Eileen rolled her eyes dramatically, her voice turning mockingly whiny. “Ugh, you tiny people are so dramatic. I never said ‘destroy.’ I said explore.” She bit her lip playfully, eyes gleaming. “I mean, things might break along the way, sure, but that’s really more of a size issue than an intention issue, wouldn’t you say?”



Maya was still staring up at her, eyes dark with concern. “Eileen... people won’t like this.”

Eileen’s smirk turned dangerously wide, her voice dropping to a sultry, mock-sympathetic purr. “Aww, Maya... that’s the best part.” She tilted her palm just slightly, letting Maya and Chris slide an inch closer to her fingers, watching them scramble to steady themselves against the warm ridges of her skin.

She leaned in, her enormous brown eyes locking onto Maya’s, her voice turning honey-sweet and smug.

“It doesn’t really matter.” She let the words linger, letting their meaning sink in. Then, her smirk turned razor-sharp, and her voice dropped even lower.

“Because they can’t do shit about it.”

Eileen let her smirk linger for a moment longer, letting Maya and Chris sit with the reality of their **utter powerlessness** before she **tilted her hand slightly**, letting them slide closer to her fingertips. They scrambled—**desperate not to slip off**—and Eileen bit her lip to stifle a **giggle**, enjoying the way they instinctively **clung to the warmth of her skin**, as if she was their last, fragile hope of survival.

“Welp,” she said breezily, “this has been **fun**.”



Her fingers **curled slightly**, her nails grazing against the tiny figures in her palm as she brought them back toward the bridge. The world around them **blurred** as she lowered them back down, until—**without much ceremony**—she let them **drop** the last few feet onto the cracked pavement below.

Chris let out a **grunt** as he hit the ground, rolling onto his side, while Maya stumbled to her knees, breathing hard. Eileen just **grinned down at them**, her hands resting lazily on the edge of her pink raft.

“But, y’know,” she continued, stretching out her long, **glistening** legs, “I think it’s time for me to **stretch these gorgeous legs of mine** and go see what **my** city has to offer.” She dragged a **single, manicured nail** through the water, watching the tiny waves ripple outward toward the shore.

She smirked. “Don’t **go anywhere**, little ones. Wouldn’t want you **missing the show.**”



With a lazy, almost absentminded motion, Eileen reached out and gave the bridge raft a gentle shove—gentle for *her*, anyway. The glossy float skidded across the river like a kicked pool toy, spinning away from the bridge with surprising speed, creating a rolling wake that slapped against the concrete supports and made several cars rock nervously on the span above. She barely glanced at it. She just needed space. Room to move. Room to... stretch.

She rolled her shoulders, the motion alone sending ripples spiraling outward from her massive form. The sunlight glinted off the wet sheen of her skin, tracing every curve, every line of her impossibly sculpted silhouette. She inhaled deeply, filling her giant lungs with warm coastal air before letting out a slow, satisfied exhale that fluttered traffic signs along the shoreline.



Then, with a feline sort of grace, she shifted forward.

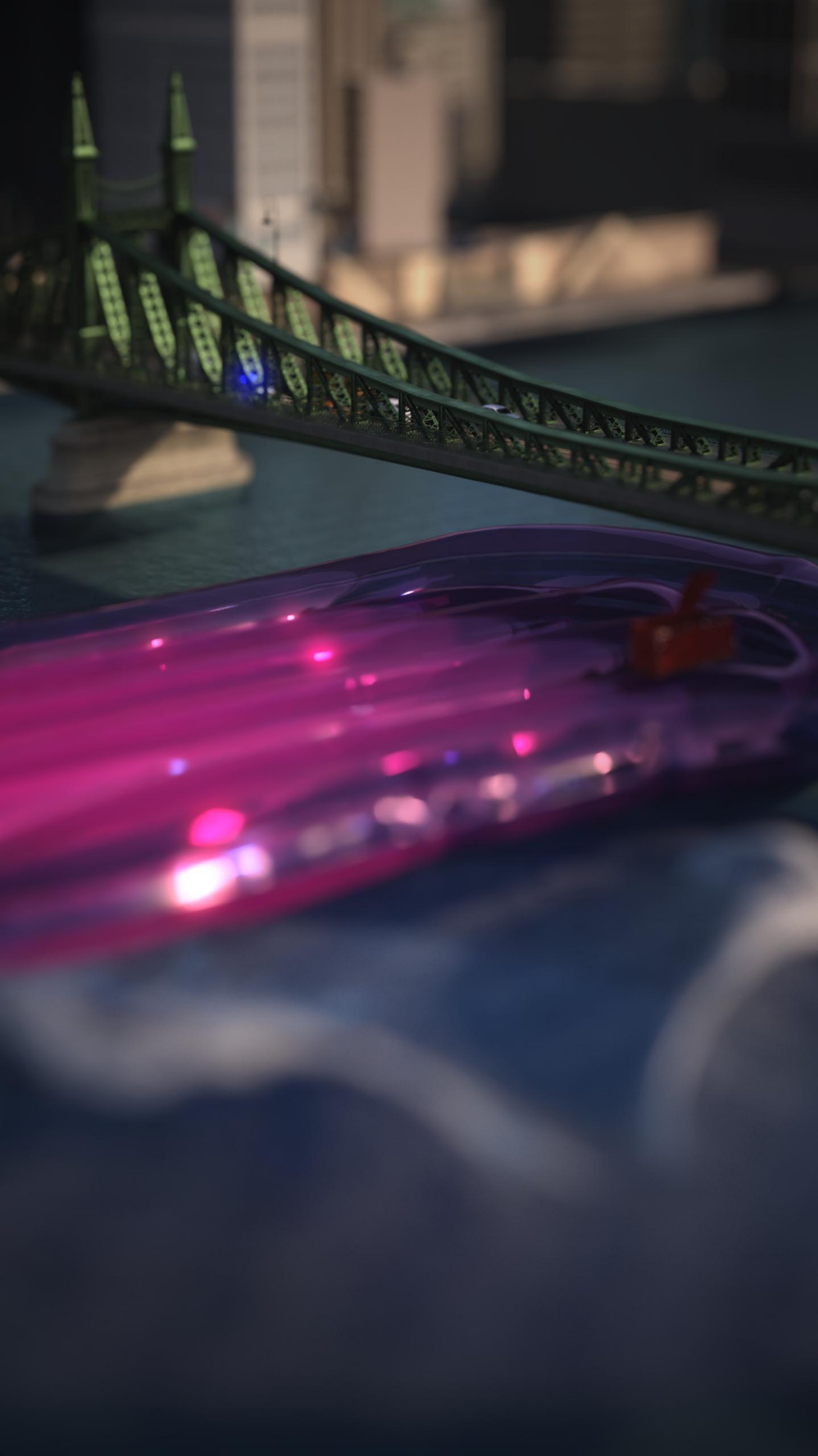
Her fingers dipped first, slicing the surface like blades of polished bronze. She curled them, testing the temperature, smiling at the cool bite of the river around her knuckles. The bridge above creaked softly, reacting to even that tiny shift of her weight.

“Alright...” she murmured to herself, voice a warm, rumbling purr that vibrated through the water. “Let’s make some room.”



She leaned in, lowering her torso, lowering her hips, lowering that absurdly long, sculpted body inch by deliberate inch. Her hair spilled forward in glossy waves, brushing the surface before soaking through, darkening as it submerged. She paused on her elbows, arching her back in a languid stretch that sent a few more nervous tremors through the structure above.

Then she slithered into the river.



Her body slid forward in one continuous, fluid motion—first her arms, then her chest, then her stomach, each part meeting the cool water with a deep, silky splash that built into something far more powerful. The moment her hips hit the surface, the entire river *shifted*. Waves erupted outward in massive rings, crashing into the bridge supports like mini-tsunamis. Boats moored at nearby docks lurched violently, slamming into one another with metallic groans. People on the banks screamed as a sheet of icy spray slapped across them, drenching them instantly.

Eileen barely noticed. The chaos around her felt distant, muffled, irrelevant.



She let herself settle onto the **riverbed**, her legs folding gracefully beneath her in a **casual, cross-legged position**.

She let out a slow, **contented breath**, her eyes half-lidded as she listened to the **muffled, distorted echoes** of the city above. Even beneath the water, she could still **feel them**, the panic, the confusion, the way their little world was **grappling with the impossible reality** of her existence.

She smiled.

God, they were **so scared**.

It was **adorable**.

She let the moment stretch, enjoying the quiet weight of the river, the feeling of complete **detachment** from the chaos above. For them, she had simply **disappeared**, like a **mythical beast slipping into the depths**, leaving behind only an **eerie, expectant silence**.

They had **no idea** where she'd gone. **No idea when, or how, she would return**.

And that? That was **so much fun**.



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The crowd **gasped**, their screams **drowned in sheer awe** as they took her in fully—the **drenched, breathtaking goddess** who had **emerged from the depths**, standing **colossal and unstoppable** before them.

Her **long, dark ponytail** clung slickly to her back, framing her **face**, her lips curved into the kind of smirk that made people both **terrified** and **infatuated** all at once.

Her eyes swept over the stunned city, her hands confidently placed on her **hips, legs slightly apart, bikini dripping** with river water, her already sun-kissed skin **shimmering in the sunlight**.

Eileen took a slow breath, her **voice sultry and dripping with amusement** as she addressed the **silent, trembling masses**.

"Miss me?"



Eileen stood **proudly** in the river, her **massive, golden-tanned body** gleaming under the afternoon sun, her tight **pink bikini dripping with water** and a fresh sheen of **suntan oil** accentuating her curves. The water barely reached her **cute belly button**, which meant **everyone** had a perfect, **unavoidable view** of her towering form.

And they **were** losing their minds.



Everywhere she looked, **tiny people were scrambling**—darting between cars, flooding the sidewalks, squeezing into buildings like that was actually going to help them. The packed highway along the riverbank was a disaster zone, full of screeching horns, crashing metal, and people frozen in sheer terror, staring up at her like she was a walking apocalypse in a bikini.

Eileen's lips curled into a smirk, her brown eyes flicking over the scene with **pure amusement**. She hadn't even done anything yet, and they were already acting like she'd leveled the city.

God, this was fun.



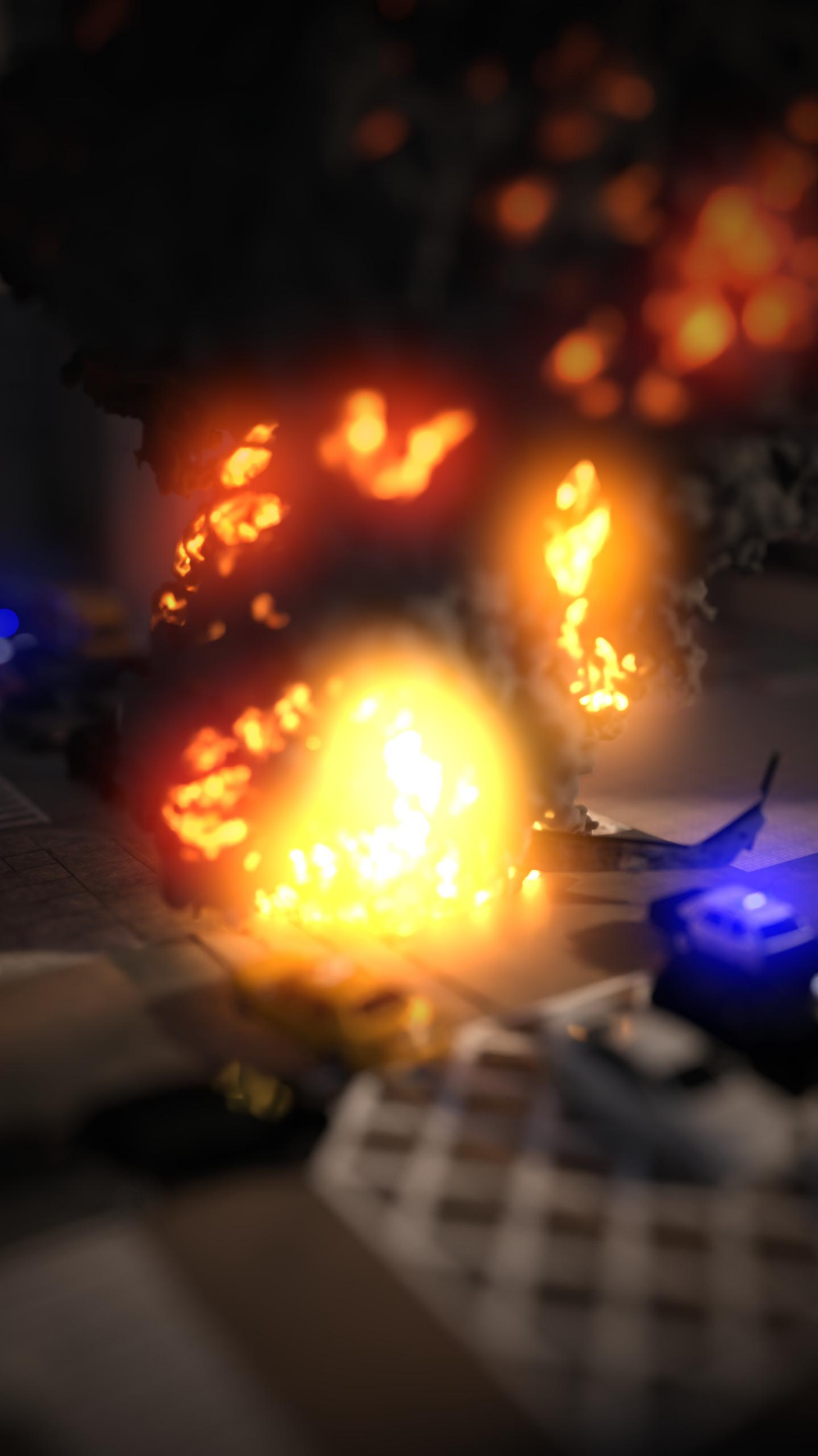
Above her, the **buzzing of helicopters and planes** was **starting to get on her nerves**. Her expression soured slightly, her **attitude fully kicking in**.



“Ugh,” she muttered, rolling her eyes. “Okay, **enough** of that.”



Without even **thinking**, she lifted her **arm** and gave a **casual, lazy swat** at one of the helicopters, like she was shooing away a pesky fly. She didn't even **touch it**—just a flick of her wrist, a simple **motion of pure indifference**—but the resulting gust of wind **threw the tiny machine into total chaos**.



The **helicopter spun wildly**, its pilot losing all control as it **sputtered and spiraled downward**—and Eileen watched, **wide-eyed and delighted**, as it crash-landed **directly onto the highway** in an **explosion of twisted metal and chaos**.

The impact sent **two cars bursting into flames**, their tiny occupants barely managing to throw themselves out before the fire engulfed them. The **shockwave of the crash sent five more vehicles careening wildly**, colliding into each other like **panicked dominoes**, sending even more **tiny people diving for cover**.



Eileen's hand flew to her mouth, her eyes widening in mock horror.

“OOPS!” she gasped, before her lips curved into a devious smirk.

“Sooorryyy!”

She bit her lip, barely holding back a satisfied giggle. She hadn't even tried to cause chaos—this was just collateral damage from being enormous and fabulous.

She let her wet, glistening fingers playfully trail through the river, the movement causing more waves to ripple outward, rocking boats violently as she tilted her head, pretending to be deep in thought.



“Wow,” she murmured, mostly to herself, her voice **sultry and dripping with self-satisfaction**. “I really didn’t think that would happen.”

She paused, then let out a **soft, knowing laugh**.

“Well. Maybe a little.”

God, she felt **so sexy right now**.



She turned her gaze back down toward the **wreckage on the highway**, watching **people scatter like bugs**, abandoning their useless cars as the gridlock **spiraled into absolute chaos**.

Her smirk widened.

“I should try that again.”

Eileen was **absolutely buzzing**. The rush of power, the sheer **helplessness** of the little city below her, the way people **froze, ran, and stumbled over themselves** in pure **terror**—it was all **delicious**.



Eileen stood in the water like a sun-drenched titan, droplets cascading down her curves and splashing back into a river that barely reached the golden shimmer of her midsection. She rolled her shoulders with the slow, indulgent satisfaction of someone stretching after a perfect nap. The chaos around her—boats tossed onto sidewalks, sirens echoing in broken patterns, people scrambling like startled ants—only added to the warmth blooming in her chest.



“Mmm...” she sighed, pleased, almost dreamy. “Look at all this fuss.”

She took a single step toward the highway and felt the ground jolt in response. The sensation thrilled her. Another step would send them into full panic. The temptation curled through her stomach like a warm ribbon.

But then a thought interrupted her—a wicked one, sharp and delicious.

She paused, toes curling into the riverbed, an almost erotic shiver sliding up her spine.

“Ooh... wait.” Her lips parted in a slow, blossoming smirk. “I just got a very fun idea.”



Dozens of tiny faces blinked up from the bridge—drivers trapped in a gridlock stretching miles in both directions. Horns blared helplessly. People leaned out of windows, shouting to no one. A few abandoned their cars entirely, running down the shoulder only to find nowhere to go. They were stuck, utterly and beautifully stuck.

Eileen giggled, dipping a hand into the water and letting the current lick at her wrist.

“You’re all *adorable* when you panic,” she cooed, her voice echoing beneath the bridge like distant thunder. “Don’t worry, babes... I’m not gonna squish you. Not yet.”



She took her time savoring the feeling. The anticipation. The way every tiny human froze when she simply tilted her head. She let them stew in it, rolling her fingers along the water's surface, her long nails sending shimmering trails across the waves.

“What if...” she mused aloud, dragging out the words like silk, “...I got a better look at you?”



She took one slow, teasing step toward the concrete bank. Water sluiced off her thighs in glittering sheets. Another step. The bridge trembled. Then she planted both palms on the shoreline—hard enough to split the asphalt beneath her fingers, fissures spiderwebbing outward as bits of pavement and rebar crumbled under her weight.

“Ohhh, look at that.” She tilted her head, admiring the damage. “Oops.”

She wasn’t even leaning in yet.

But she let them see. Let them *feel* just how easily she could break their world by accident. Her nails gleamed like wet pink knives as she sank her fingers deeper into the ruined roadway, her massive arms flexing subtly.

“Alright...” she purred. “Closer.”



Her enormous body bent forward in one slow, sensual movement, shoulders rolling, hair spilling like dark silk over the edge of the bridge. Her tits grazed the concrete with a quiet, heavy scrape that made several drivers scream just from the vibration. Her elbows came down next—*BOOM*—cracking more asphalt as she settled her weight.

Only then did her shadow fully swallow the roadway.

Her face hovered mere yards above the jam-packed lanes—bright lips slick with water, lashes dripping, warm brown eyes glowing with playful cruelty.

She drew in a long, luxurious breath, just to watch the tiny people flinch.



“Hiii...” she whispered, voice soft enough to make windshields tremble. “Look at you all... stuck.” She pouted dramatically. “Can’t move forward. Can’t move back. All you can do...”

She lowered her face an inch.

“...is stare at me.”



Tiny figures scattered—some bolting for the sidewalks, some diving under cars, some just collapsing where they stood. One man tried climbing onto the roof of his SUV, only to freeze when Eileen’s left eye focused directly on him.

She let the tension hang.

Let them soak in her presence.

Let them know she was in *no* rush.

“Awwww,” she finally murmured, batting her lashes. “You poor little cuties. Want a hand?”



Her lips glistened, curving into a sly pink crescent.

“Here...” she cooed, puckering them slowly, dramatically, sensually. “...let me help.”

And with a playful flutter of her lashes—



She let out a soft **giggle**, watching them **writhe under her gaze**, before puckering her **glistening pink lips**.

And with that, she **blew them a kiss**.



It was **gentle**, by **her** standards—a **slow, steady exhale**, her lips forming a perfect **pout** as a **warm gust of her breath** rolled over the freeway, down the streets, across sidewalks.

The reaction was **instantaneous**—and **spectacular**.



The smallest cars were the first to go, skidding violently across the pavement, crashing into each other, tumbling like discarded toys. The bigger ones were shoved sideways, horns blaring wildly, their drivers desperately gripping the wheels as they were helplessly dragged across lanes.



People on foot weren't any luckier.

A wave of helpless bodies lifted right off the pavement, arms flailing, legs kicking wildly as they were tossed through the air. Some of them landed in the street, rolling and scrambling back to their feet, while others crashed straight through glass storefronts or got caught in tangled metal wreckage.



Billboards toppled over, sending enormous metal frames smashing down into already destroyed traffic, while storefronts shattered inward, glass raining down onto the terrified masses. The whole freeway became an even bigger mess—now packed with flipped vehicles, panicked civilians, and the distant wail of sirens that could do absolutely nothing to fix it.



Eileen laughed.

A long, sultry, entertained laugh, her wet hair clinging to her shoulders as she gazed at her handiwork with utter delight.

“Ohhh my god,” she purred, pressing a hand to her chest, feigning shock. “Did that really just happen?”

She bit her lip, fighting off another giggle.

“It was just a little kiss,” she mocked, dragging her wet fingers through the river, watching the tiny waves ripple outward as her eyes flicked back to the destruction.

She could hear people groaning, glass still shattering, the faint sound of someone crying, maybe even praying.

And all she did was blow.

Eileen’s smirk deepened.

“Well,” she murmured, tilting her head, voice silky and smug.

“Guess you tiny things just can’t handle me.”



Eileen stood tall, the golden sheen of her skin glistening, still dripping from the river's embrace, her bikini clinging tight to every flawless curve. She was in no rush, letting the people beneath her squirm and settle, their pathetic, panicked energy feeding into her absolute amusement.

She had let them run long enough. It was time for them to listen.



She cleared her throat, her voice **a slow, sultry purr**, just loud enough to **demand attention** without even trying. And then, she **waited**.

Ten long minutes.

She remained **motionless**, her **wet, sculpted arms lazily crossed**, her eyes **casually scanning** the sea of chaos below her, watching them begin to **realize**—the longer she stood there, the more she **owned the moment**. Their tiny, pathetic lives were **completely at her mercy**, and she wasn't **in a hurry** to do anything about it.



One by one, the **screaming**, the **scrambling**, the **car doors slamming shut**—it all started to **slow**. More and more of them **froze**, instinctively **waiting for her next move**.

She **smiled**.

“**Sssshhhhhh...**” she purred, the simple sound **washing over the city like a warm breath**.

The people closest to her **visibly flinched**, some of them actually **dropping to their knees**—whether in exhaustion or sheer **defeat**, she couldn’t tell.

Good.



"Little people of the city," she finally said, her voice **syrupy smooth**, like she was **casually** greeting a class of **kindergarteners**.

"My name is Eileen."

The **ripple of nervous energy** below her was **palpable**, tiny faces lifting to meet her **smug, beautiful expression**.



"I am a girl of nineteen. And I have been given this... gift."

She let her fingers **glide** down her **wet, tanned stomach**, basking in the **divine superiority** of her own **form**. "I don't know exactly how I got so big. I have a few theories." She **paused** for effect, letting the **weight of her words** sink in. "But honestly? That part doesn't **really** matter, does it?"



More nervous shifting.

"What matters is that I am—"



A sharp blast of honking horns and wailing sirens shattered the moment.

Her brows twitched, her smile faded, and for the first time since she arrived, the warm amusement in her eyes turned to something else.

Annoyance.

Her voice dropped, her sultry amusement vanishing in an instant.

"How. Dare. You."

It wasn't yelled. It wasn't roared. But somehow, it was so much worse—the way she muttered it under her breath, like a girl mildly irritated that someone had interrupted her mid-selfie.

The entire highway tensed.

The offending noises weren't coming from the bridge itself—those people were smart enough to shut up—but from a few blocks down, where a handful of horn-happy drivers were still blaring away on Main Street, stuck in traffic like morons who hadn't gotten the memo yet.

Eileen's expression darkened.



These little things still thought they could make noise when she was speaking?

Fine.

She'd shut them up.

Her arms lifted, her long, tan limbs rising from the river like a goddess reaching for the sky.



Then, without hesitation, she brought her closed hands crashing down.

Her fists slammed onto the highway's edge, palms flattening rows of parked cars, fingers curling effortlessly around concrete dividers, warping steel like playdough as she braced herself against the city.



The impact was **earth-shaking**.

The **entire highway** trembled **violently**, the weight of her **casual annoyance** sending **massive cracks** splintering through the **already battered roads**, causing **even more pileups** as terrified drivers **abandoned their cars and ran**.

She was **smirking again**, watching **tiny people topple over** from the force of her **effortless display**.

Better.



Now, to deal with the **real offenders**.

With **both hands**, she **reached forward**, her **wet fingers** curling around a fresh batch of cars trapped on Main Street.

She didn't bother being **delicate**—her long, **powerful arms** stretched over four lanes, her wet hands sinking into the crammed mass of vehicles, her **grip tightening**, windows shattering, metal caving under her fingers like cheap plastic.



The screams inside the cars were delicious.

She could feel them squirming, tiny bodies trapped, the sheer hopelessness of their situation sinking in as she ripped them off the ground, lifting them skyward as effortlessly as a girl scooping up a handful of candy.

“Now, see, this is what happens when you don’t listen,” she mused, lifting the entire bundle of cars to her face, tilting her head as muffled screams leaked from the twisted metal.

One particularly shiny black sedan had a passenger window still rolled down, and inside was a tiny, trembling young man, staring up at her like she was a goddess about to pass judgment.

She pouted mockingly.

“Oh wow, you’re still in there?” she purred, tilting the cars slightly, watching them shift dangerously in her grip. “That’s... kind of cute.”

The guy shouted something—begging? Praying? She honestly wasn’t listening.

She snorted, rolling her eyes. “Yeah, that’s not gonna help, babe.”



And then—without a second thought—she **flipped her hands over.**

The entire pile of stolen cars plummeted onto her massive pink raft, bouncing haphazardly across its shiny rubber surface, some flipping onto their roofs, others crushing instantly on impact.

A few tiny passengers tumbled out, bodies sprawled helplessly, their pathetic little limbs twitching against the soft pink expanse.



Eileen grinned down at them, her sultry amusement fully restored, placing a hand on her hip as she admired her work.

"You guys comfy?" she teased, crossing her arms, watching them struggle and tremble like the tiny, helpless things they were.

"Hope so, 'cause I'm just getting started."

The world had gone still.



The last few screams had died out, the city's usual roar of activity replaced by deafening, stunned silence. No more honking horns, no more shouting police orders, no more useless, panicked scrambling—just the rhythmic lapping of the river against her massive, glistening body, the occasional crackle of fires from the wreckage she'd already caused, and the soft, distant hum of people holding their breath, waiting to see what their new unstoppable goddess would do next.

Eileen let the weight of the moment sink in, drinking in the delicious stillness, a stark contrast to the sheer chaos and destruction she had effortlessly caused just by playing around. Her full lips curled, pleased, fingers lazily trailing through the water at her waist, sending subtle waves rolling outward, as if to remind them—she was still here.

She let out a contented sigh, rolling her shoulders as if stretching after a long, relaxing nap, the sun warming her already golden skin, making the beads of river water shimmer as they traced along her curves. Her body glowed—dripping, sleek, powerful—and beneath her, a city of insignificant little ants quivered at her feet.



With a slow, effortless motion, she lifted her hand from the river, letting the water cascade from her fingers in thick streams, before placing both hands on her hips, standing in undisputed dominance over the shrunk world below her.

"Much. Better."

Her voice was low, slow, indulgent, but unmistakably scolding, like a teacher reprimanding a room full of noisy children. The sound of it rolled over the streets, washing over the cowering masses, pressing into them with an almost physical weight.

She let it settle, watching their tiny faces twist in anxiety, before taking a slow, deliberate breath and flashing them a playfully sheepish smirk.

"So... I should probably apologize."

A ripple of confusion passed through the frozen streets.



She tapped her chin, pretending to think, before letting out a soft, dramatic exhale.

"I mean, I guess I kinda... may have made a bit of a mess."

Her eyes drifted, taking in the carnage with an almost admiring gaze—the tangled, mangled wrecks of cars, some flattened beyond recognition, the highway that was practically useless now, the distant trail of destruction leading back to the bridge, where her playful fingers had left a pileup of crushed, overturned, and burning vehicles.

She let out a mock gasp, pressing a hand to her chest, as if she'd only just noticed the damage she'd caused.

"Oh wow. That was me, huh?"

She bit her lip, fighting back a giggle, and tilted her head coyly.

"Oops."

She ran a wet hand down her toned stomach, letting it rest lazily on her hip, before giving the crowd a playful shrug.

"I mean, it's not like I did it on purpose."

She paused, then smirked.

"Well. Some of it."



Her long fingers flexed, still lingering over the stretch of destruction she'd casually created, her gaze lingering on the collapsed billboards, the crumpled cars, the deep handprints she'd left in the pavement when she'd gotten a little too into it.

Her smirk widened.

"Honestly? I'm kinda impressed."

A fresh wave of unease spread through the tiny, trembling masses, their gazes darting between the damage and her delighted expression, their powerlessness sinking in even further.

She sighed, shaking her head with mock sympathy, before stretching her long arms over her head, letting her bikini-clad body gleam under the sunlight.

"But hey, what can I say? Being this big takes some getting used to."

She gave a dramatic shrug, then motioned vaguely to the streets beneath her.

"So. If I, y'know... crushed a few cars, broke a couple of bridges, flicked a helicopter into a highway—totally by accident, by the way—then, um... my bad."

She bit her lip, then grinned.

"But like... can you blame me?"

She gestured at herself, her long, glistening legs, her bare midriff, her gorgeous, towering form, standing impossibly tall and untouchable over their wrecked city.

"I mean, look at me. I barely fit in your world."

Another chilling silence.

She let her smug, devastatingly beautiful expression linger, before giving a mock sigh of defeat.

"And honestly? If I already caused this much damage just by standing around..."



She leaned forward, placing a **wet, dripping arm onto the road**, letting it **groan** under her **casual weight**, and purred—

"Imagine what'll happen when I start having some fun."

The crowd visibly **tensed**, fresh waves of **panic rippling outward**.

She **laughed softly**, enjoying how the **little things practically shook at her words**, their bodies **instinctively recoiling**, even though **there was nowhere left to go**.

"Oh relax, relax." She **waved a hand**, the motion alone sending a **warm gust of wind rolling over the streets**. "I don't mean anything too crazy. I just wanna... **explore**."

She let the word hang, eyes **flashing mischievously**.

"See what being this big feels like. Try a few things out."

Her **gaze flicked downward**, her long lashes **framing the predatory gleam in her brown eyes**.

"Maybe even... take a few of you with me."

That sent a **fresh shockwave of horror** through the crowd.

She **tilted her head innocently**, letting them **wallow in it**.

"I mean, I don't have to." She **smirked**, voice **dripping with amusement**. "Buuut... it's an option I'm leaving open."

Somewhere in the crowd, a **woman let out a choked sound**, her hands **gripping her partner's arm tightly**.

Eileen's **eyes flicked to her**, and her grin **widened**.

"Aw, don't look at me like that. It's just a **little experiment**." She **shrugged, mock casual**. "You'd get to be **part of history**."

She **leaned back**, hands returning to her **hips**, casting the city in her **unstoppable, towering shadow**.



"Now." Her voice shifted, turning velvety, sultry, but undeniably commanding.

"Any other questions?"

Silence.

She let it **linger**, relishing the **delicious, stunned fear** in their **tiny, powerless faces**.

Then she grinned.

"Good."

She had stood in this **cute little river** long enough. It was time to **step into her kingdom**.

With a **wicked smirk**, she braced **herself**, pressing one **dripping, golden hand** onto the **dock** in front of her **bikini bottom**, fingers **sinking into the pavement like wet sand**. The **tiny wooden structure cracked instantly**, the splintering noise barely audible over the panicked screams of the people still **daring to be anywhere nearby**.

Then, with one **smooth, sultry motion**, she **began to rise**.



The river whined as her massive form emerged, water cascading down her sculpted stomach, her long, tanned legs, rushing off her bare shoulders like a waterfall.

And then, the real disaster struck.

As soon as her full weight left the water and pressed into the soft, unsuspecting land, the very earth itself caved beneath her.

The highway shoulder crumbled instantly, sinking beneath the sheer mass of her flawless body, cracks splintering outward as the ground gave up trying to support her.

The nearest stretch of road buckled, swallowing a row of unfortunate parked cars, their alarms blaring pitifully as they slid into the sudden sinkhole.

Eileen just laughed.

"Oops."



With one final, unapologetic push, she hoisted herself forward, placing her soaking-wet, glistening feet onto the already jam-packed highway.

That's when the flood came.

Thousands of gallons of river water rushed off her curves, cascading in thick waves, instantly flooding the streets, sweeping up anything unlucky enough to be in its way.



Cars were **plucked off the pavement**, their drivers barely having time to **shriek before they were carried into the current**.

Bystanders—those too close, too slow, too stupid to run earlier—were **completely engulfed**, sent tumbling down the street like **toys in a gutter**.

Buildings along the **immediate shorefront** took **direct hits**, their **doors blasted open** by the surge, sending **tables, chairs, and whatever else had been inside spinning into the chaos**.



She just grinned down at the devastation, placing her hands confidently on her hips, standing tall in the midst of a collapsing world.

"Wow. I wasn't even trying this time."



She lifted a wet foot, letting the sunlight gleam off the golden sheen of her oiled skin, then planted it forward—straight into the heart of the gridlocked traffic.

The weight of her step alone sent another shockwave through the ground, the already damaged pavement cracking like ice under a skater's blade.

A few more cars tumbled over, smashing into one another, their tiny drivers desperately clawing at the doors to escape.



She watched one guy throw himself out of his car, stumbling over himself before making a mad dash for the nearest alleyway.

Eileen rolled her eyes playfully.

"Relax, I'm not even stepping on you."



She lifted a long, dripping leg, stepping over a particularly cluttered intersection, her shapely calf casting a massive shadow over the horrified people below.



For a brief moment, those trapped under her towering form just froze, craning their necks back, watching the massive curve of her foot hover above them, their lives literally in her hands—or feet, rather.



Then, when she **planted her foot past them**, the whole crowd **flinched collectively**, several people **falling onto the pavement in sheer shock**.

Eileen **smirked**.

"**Jumpy, aren't you?**"

The fact that she had crushed a yellow cab as if it had been made of tinfoil had probably helped to the collective panic.



She glanced down the road, taking in the now utterly useless Center Street, the pavement a wreck of water, debris, and abandoned vehicles.

Seven blocks away, she could see her next playground.

A bustling business district, where tiny people were still scrambling, desperately trying to flee before she arrived.

And above them, the satisfying wail of sirens, the city's useless little attempt to pretend it still had some control.



She let out a slow, **satisfied exhale**, enjoying the feeling of the **warm pavement beneath her toes**, the way the **chaos rippled outward** from wherever she stepped.

She rolled her shoulders, still **glowing from her river soak**, then gave the tiny, **panicked city** one final **smirk**.

"**Alright, let's see what's next.**"

The city didn't deserve her.

Eileen strutted down the abandoned street like it was **her personal runway**, her **long, golden legs glistening under the afternoon sun**, her **hip-sway exaggerated**, deliberate, just to rub in the fact that she had **the whole damn city to herself**.



Well, not **entirely** to herself.

A few **tiny heads peered** out from windows several stories up, some **brave**, some **stupid**, some just too **mesmerized** to look away.

She couldn't blame them.



Her shiny pink bikini clung to her **flawless curves**, the coconut-scented suntan oil she had **generously applied hours ago** still making her skin **irresistibly slick**, the warmth of the sun **accentuating every perfect inch** of her body.

She let her fingers **trail lazily down her toned stomach**, smirking.

"God, I look good."



If they were gonna stare, she might as well give them a show.

With a sultry, exaggerated twirl, she pivoted effortlessly, crossing one long, tanned leg over the other, striking a pose so naturally perfect it could've been on a billboard.

The pavement cracked beneath her slightest shift, the windows of the nearest buildings trembling from the sheer force of her playfulness.

A few people inside those buildings immediately bolted for the exits, racing down staircases, pushing through doors—anything to get further away from the living disaster that was casually modeling in the middle of their city.



Eileen giggled, watching them scurry.

"Awww, am I making you nervous?"

She took another slow, deliberate step forward, her toes nudging an abandoned sedan, sending it toppling onto its side like a forgotten toy.

"You guys really don't know how to handle a woman like me, huh?"

She sighed, mock disappointment dripping from her voice.

"Shame. You should be worshipping this."



But before she could enjoy herself too much, a harsh, static-filled voice crackled to life.

“Miss, stop right there! You are ordered to remain still!”

Eileen’s smirk froze.



Her gaze flicked downward, her brows lifting in mild amusement as she spotted the two tiny police cars parked directly in her path, their red-and-blue lights flashing like they meant something.



She tilted her head, placing a hand lazily on her hip, tapping her perfectly manicured nails against her slick, sun-kissed skin.

"Wait, wait, wait."

She made a dramatic show of looking around, as if she had to double-check something.

"Are you guys talking to me?"

Another voice chimed in, trying to sound authoritative but definitely a little shaky.

"You need to stop moving immediately! If you take another step, we will be forced to fire!"



Eileen snorted, her full lips curling in a slow, wicked smile.

"Oh nooo. Tiny little cops with tiny little guns." She pressed a mock-horrified hand to her chest, then sighed dramatically. "And here I was, just minding my business, giving you all a free fashion show."



The officers inside the cars **tensed**, but **held their ground**, gripping their weapons like they actually thought they could **do something about her**.

Eileen **grinned wider**, shifting her **bare, gleaming foot** slightly forward, letting her **toes nudge up against the nearest police car**, feeling its **tiny frame** barely resist the pressure.

"So, let me get this straight."

She tilted her head.

"You want me to stop."



Her foot shifted again, the car wobbling from the slight motion, making the cops inside tense visibly.

"You're giving me orders."



A few of them gripped their guns tighter, but they still weren't firing.

Eileen's smile turned wicked.

"That's cute."



“Miss, if you don’t... if you don’t follow our instructions, we are... we are authorized to use force,” the lead officer declared through the megaphone—though the tremor in his voice made it painfully obvious he didn’t believe a single word of what he was saying. His stance wavered, knuckles white around the device.



ileen's expression snapped from amused to insulted in a heartbeat. She blinked down at the police line, lips curling into a sharp, offended pout.

"*Force?*" she echoed, her voice booming with a spicy mix of disbelief and attitude. "Oh honey, seriously? You're gonna threaten me with **force?**"

She leaned in a little closer, just enough to make their knees wobble.

"Because I gotta be honest," she went on, swirling one finger in the air mockingly, "I have *no idea* what a bunch of tiny LEGO dolls think they're gonna do in the 'force' department."

Her eyes narrowed, lashes dripping river water, a slow grin sliding across her face.

"But me...?"



And then, with **zero warning**, she raised her cute but humongous foot high above the police line, its shadow covering a squad car and several officers.



She held it there for a beat... and
then stepped directly onto the car.

CRUNCH.

The entire thing crumpled in an
instant, flattening like cheap
aluminum, the siren dying in a
pathetic, warbling whine.



The officers inside had already leapt out, barely escaping, tumbling onto the pavement just inches from her massive, golden toes.

Eileen wiggled those toes playfully, watching them flinch at the movement.

"Well. That's one way to stop me."

One of the cops, scrambling to recover, lifted his megaphone again, voice shaking but still trying to sound tough.

"If you don't stop, we will fire on you!"



Eileen arched a brow, then laughed.

"Oh, sweetie."

She leaned down slightly, resting her hands on her knees, looming over the pathetic little officers trying to keep their composure at her feet.

"You mean to tell me, after everything I've done, after the highway, after the bridge, after—" she lifted her foot slightly, wiggling it over the remains of the crushed police car, "—this, you still think you're in charge?"

The officers visibly swallowed, but one of them forced himself to respond.



The officers visibly swallowed, but one of them forced himself to respond.

"We... we won't hesitate to use force!"



ChatGPT ha dit:

Eileen rolled her eyes so hard the officers actually flinched, as if the gesture alone might send a shockwave down the freeway. And without offering them the courtesy of another warning, she lifted her foot—slowly, deliberately, letting the sunlight gleam off the droplets sliding down her arch—before bringing it down *directly* onto the second police car.

CRUNCH.

The roof buckled instantly. The siren gave one last pitiful warble before going silent forever beneath her flawless, golden sole. Metal splayed outward like a cheap aluminum tray. One officer yelled and stumbled backward; another dropped his baton entirely.



Eileen didn't even spare them a glance at first. She twisted her toes into the mangled wreckage with idle curiosity, grinding the already-flattened frame a little deeper into the concrete. The broken chassis squealed faintly under the pressure—an embarrassing, defeated little noise that made her smirk lazily.

Then she looked back down at them.

Her expression was pure sass and danger, the kind that could melt a spine and freeze it at the same time.



“You know,” she said, tilting her head with mock sweetness, “if I didn’t know any better, I’d think you were *trying* to make me mad.”

One of the officers let out a strangled, garbled sound—not quite a word, not quite a scream—while the others stood trapped between paralysis and the primal urge to flee. Not a single one moved. Not one dared.

“Mm-hm. That’s what I thought,” she purred.



And with that, she simply stepped past them, her two-hundred-foot frame shifting with regal ease. The officers scattered out of her path like leaves caught in a gust as her long, gleaming legs carried her forward. Each footfall sent tremors rolling through the pavement, toppling cones, shaking windows, and swallowing the rhythmic beat of the city beneath the pulse of *her* stride.



She didn't look back. Why would she?

They were beneath her—literally and figuratively.

She had far better things to do than waste time with frightened little toys trying to play authority. There was a whole city sprawled out before her, glittering like a diorama crafted for her enjoyment.

And her lips curled into a slow, wicked smile as she crossed the bridge, hips swaying like she was walking a runway instead of dominating an entire skyline.

Better things to do, indeed.

Like, for example?

Taking over.



Eileen loved an audience. And standing here—towering above the city's biggest intersection she had just reached, completely soaking in the chaos she'd caused—she felt unstoppable.

Below her, the streets were a masterpiece of absolute disorder. The shrieks of terrified little people blended with the screeching of tires, the sickening crunch of metal meeting metal as cars smashed into each other, their desperate drivers too distracted by the 220-foot bikini-clad goddess standing in their midst to actually focus on the road.



She placed her hands on her curvy hips, arching a brow as she gazed down, surveying the damage with an amused smirk.

"Damn, guys. I just got here."

She shifted her bare, sun-kissed foot slightly, feeling the pavement tremble beneath her toes, the deep cracks spreading outward like veins, warning the tiny world below that it wasn't built for something like her.

The realization sent a delighted little shiver up her spine.

She stretched luxuriously, letting the warm sun soak into her golden skin, her slick bikini glistening with the remnants of river water and suntan oil, the scent of coconut and feminine body spray now completely enveloping the intersection, mixing in with the natural city air like it belonged here.

Honestly? It kind of did.

The flooded streets, the piles of wrecked cars, the scattered, screaming crowds—this was her city now.

Her kingdom.

And God, they were pathetic.



**TO BE
CONTINUED**