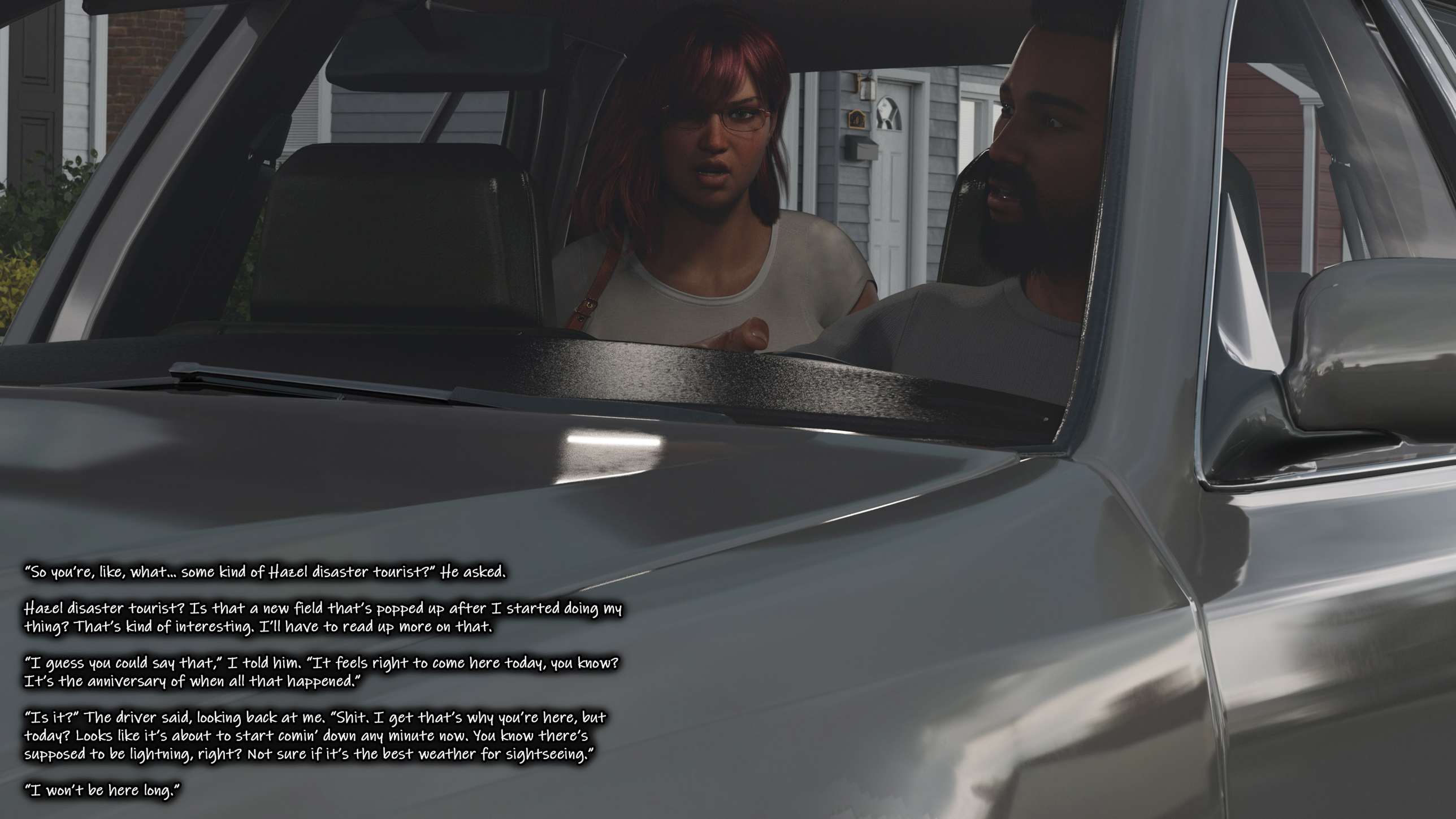
HAZEL'S FIRST SMASH PART 1


REDFIREDOG
EMMAGEAR


"Lady, I hope you don't mind me asking... but why do you wanna come out here anyway? Place has never recovered since, you know..."
"I guess you could say I kind of grew up around here."
"Grew up, huh? Must've been tough when you heard about what happened then."
"Yeah... tough. For other people I guess it was. I've kind of wanted to revisit it, you know? See what it's like these days. What's changed. What hasn't. Outside of the obvious."
KRB-1645



"So you're, like, what... some kind of Hazel disaster tourist?" He asked.

Hazel disaster tourist? Is that a new field that's popped up after I started doing my thing? That's kind of interesting. I'll have to read up more on that.

"I guess you could say that," I told him. "It feels right to come here today, you know? It's the anniversary of when all that happened."

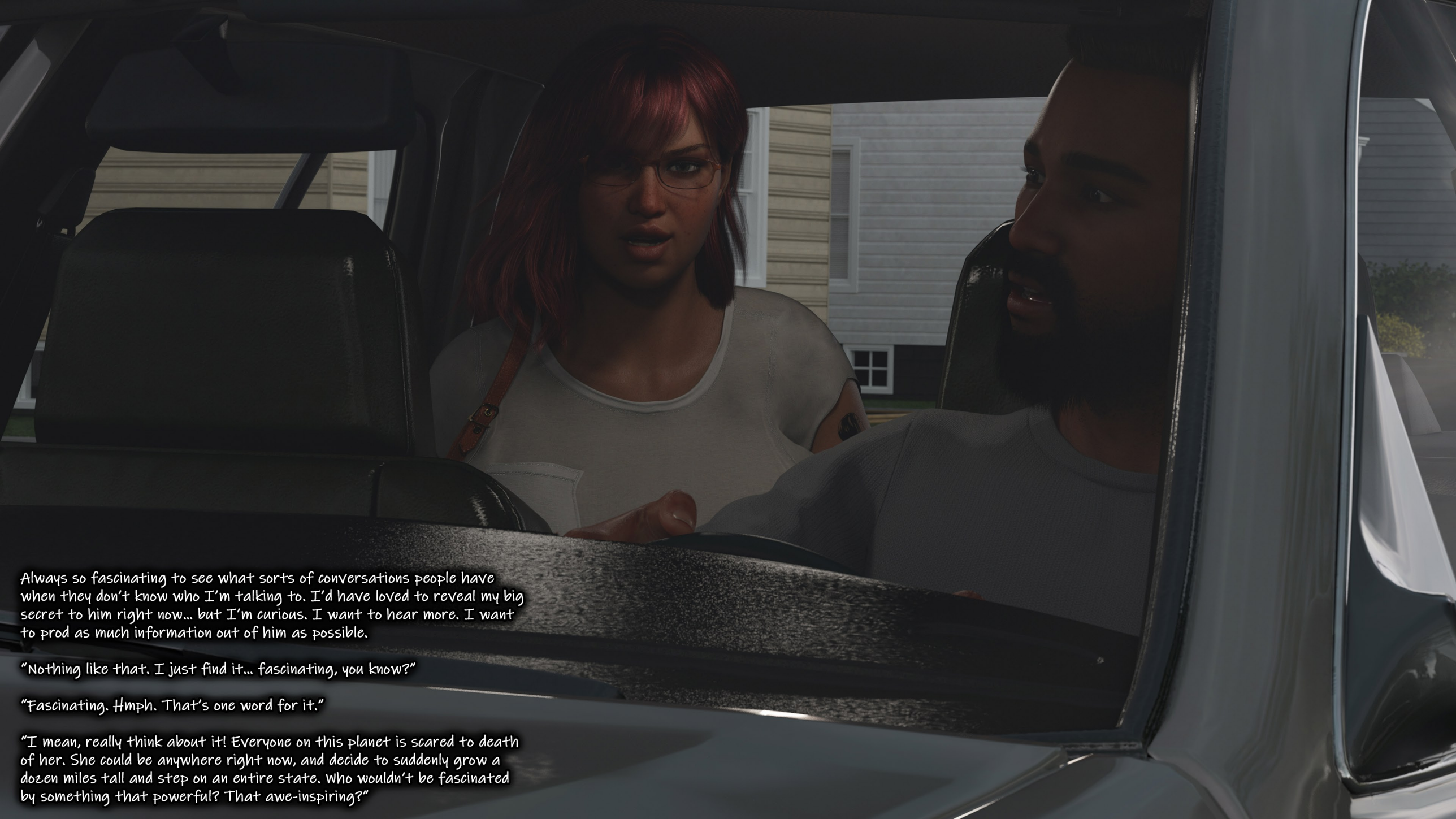
"Is it?" The driver said, looking back at me. "Shit. I get that's why you're here, but today? Looks like it's about to start comin' down any minute now. You know there's supposed to be lightning, right? Not sure if it's the best weather for sightseeing."

"I won't be here long."


"Heh." The driver said, rolling his eyes. "That's what everyone says. Lots of people want to see the aftermath firsthand. Try and get a feel for what it was like for the people around at the time. Usually real weird types. Your edgy goths, or real creeps that seem like they get off on seeing the aftermath of Hazel doing her thing. You don't seem anything like them."

"No, I can't say I'm like that."

"So what's your deal? If you don't mind me askin', of course. Journalist? You some kinda top-secret government agent? You have to tell me if you are."

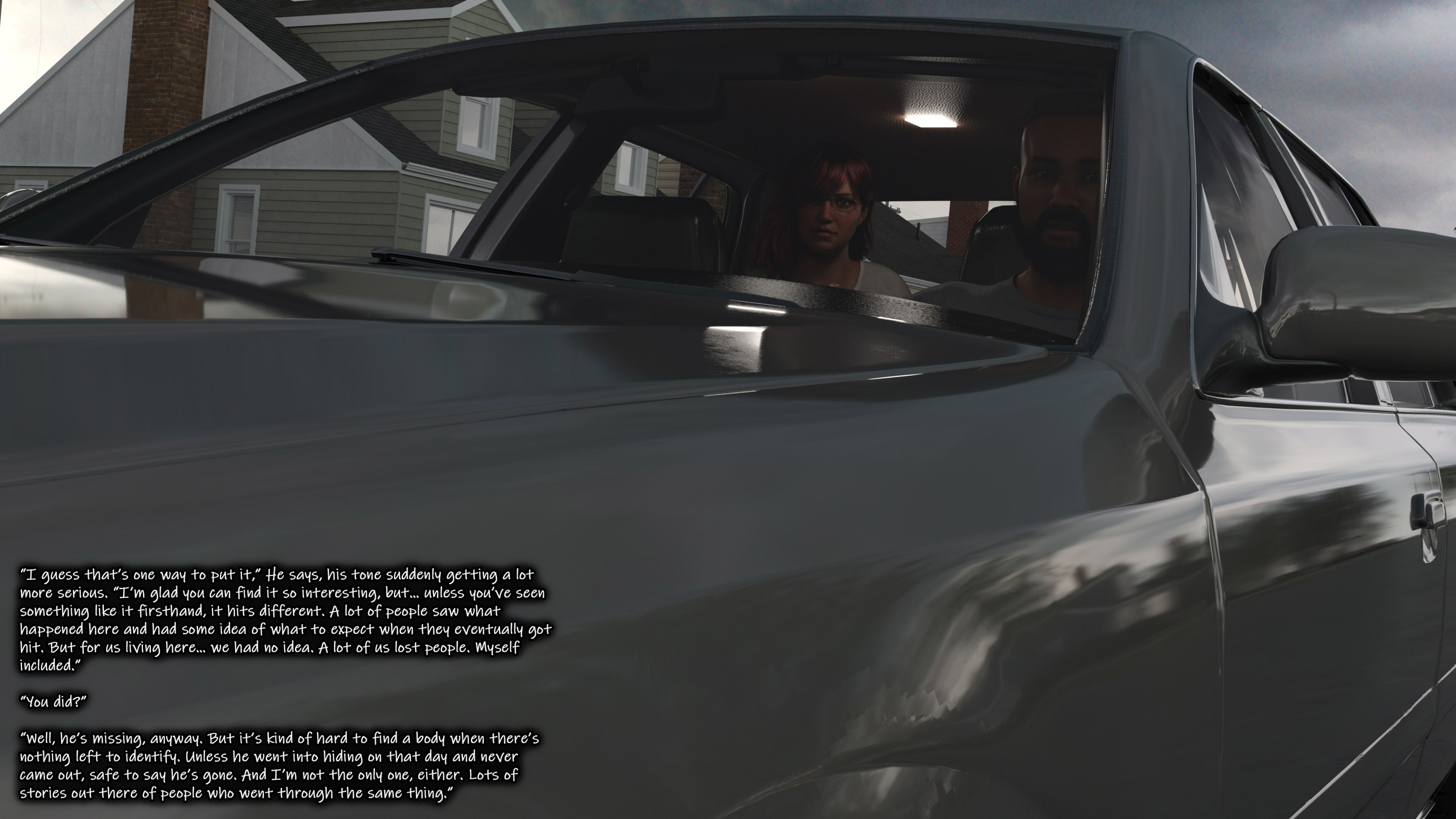


Always so fascinating to see what sorts of conversations people have when they don't know who I'm talking to. I'd have loved to reveal my big secret to him right now... but I'm curious. I want to hear more. I want to prod as much information out of him as possible.

"Nothing like that. I just find it... fascinating, you know?"

"Fascinating. Hmph. That's one word for it."

"I mean, really think about it! Everyone on this planet is scared to death of her. She could be anywhere right now, and decide to suddenly grow a dozen miles tall and step on an entire state. Who wouldn't be fascinated by something that powerful? That awe-inspiring?"



"I guess that's one way to put it," He says, his tone suddenly getting a lot more serious. "I'm glad you can find it so interesting, but... unless you've seen something like it firsthand, it hits different. A lot of people saw what happened here and had some idea of what to expect when they eventually got hit. But for us living here... we had no idea. A lot of us lost people. Myself included."

"You did?"

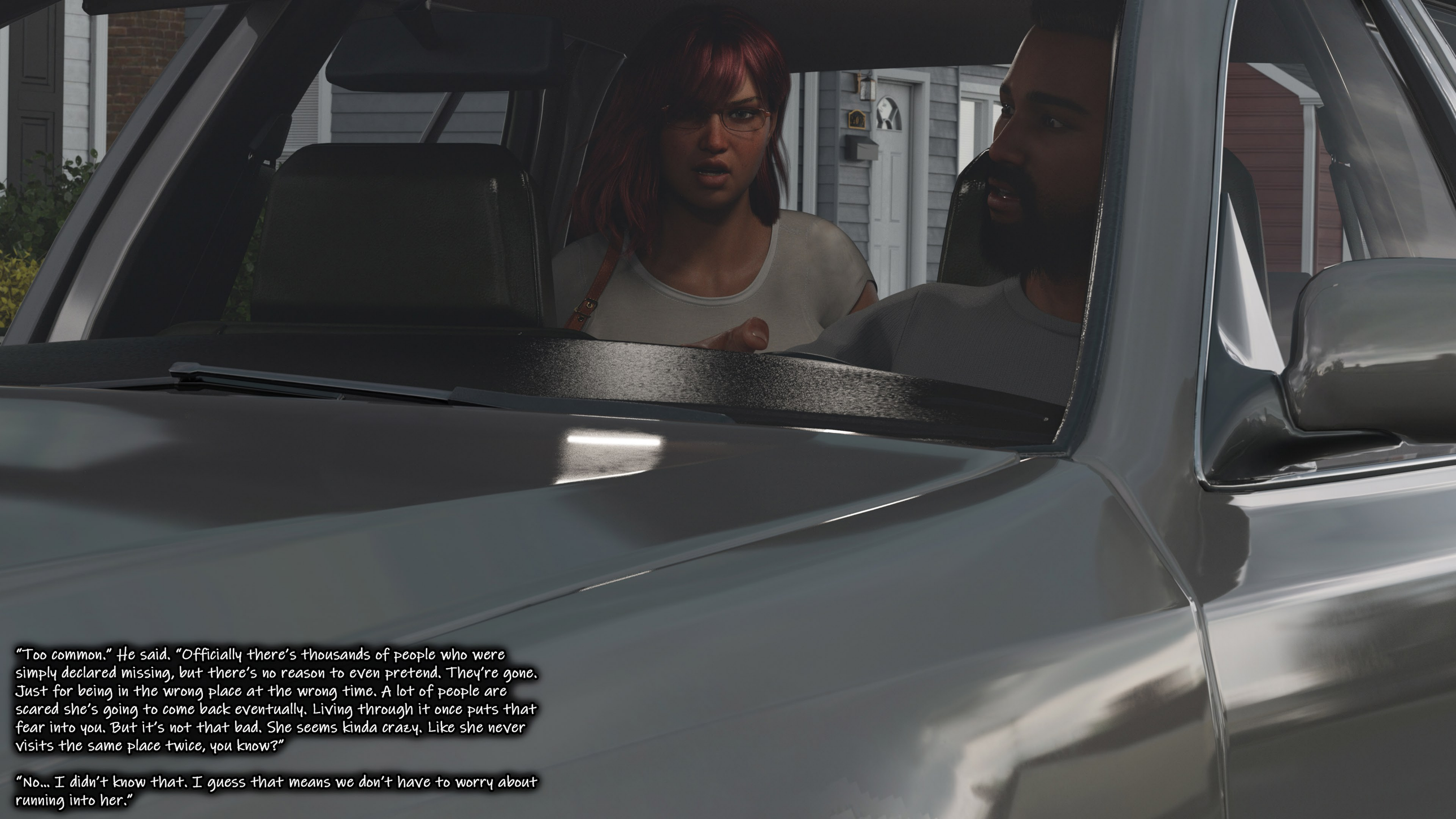
"Well, he's missing, anyway. But it's kind of hard to find a body when there's nothing left to identify. Unless he went into hiding on that day and never came out, safe to say he's gone. And I'm not the only one, either. Lots of stories out there of people who went through the same thing."



"Not enough to identify?" I asked, biting my bottom lip. "What do you mean by that?" It's obvious what he means... but I want to hear him say it himself. Hear it in his own words.

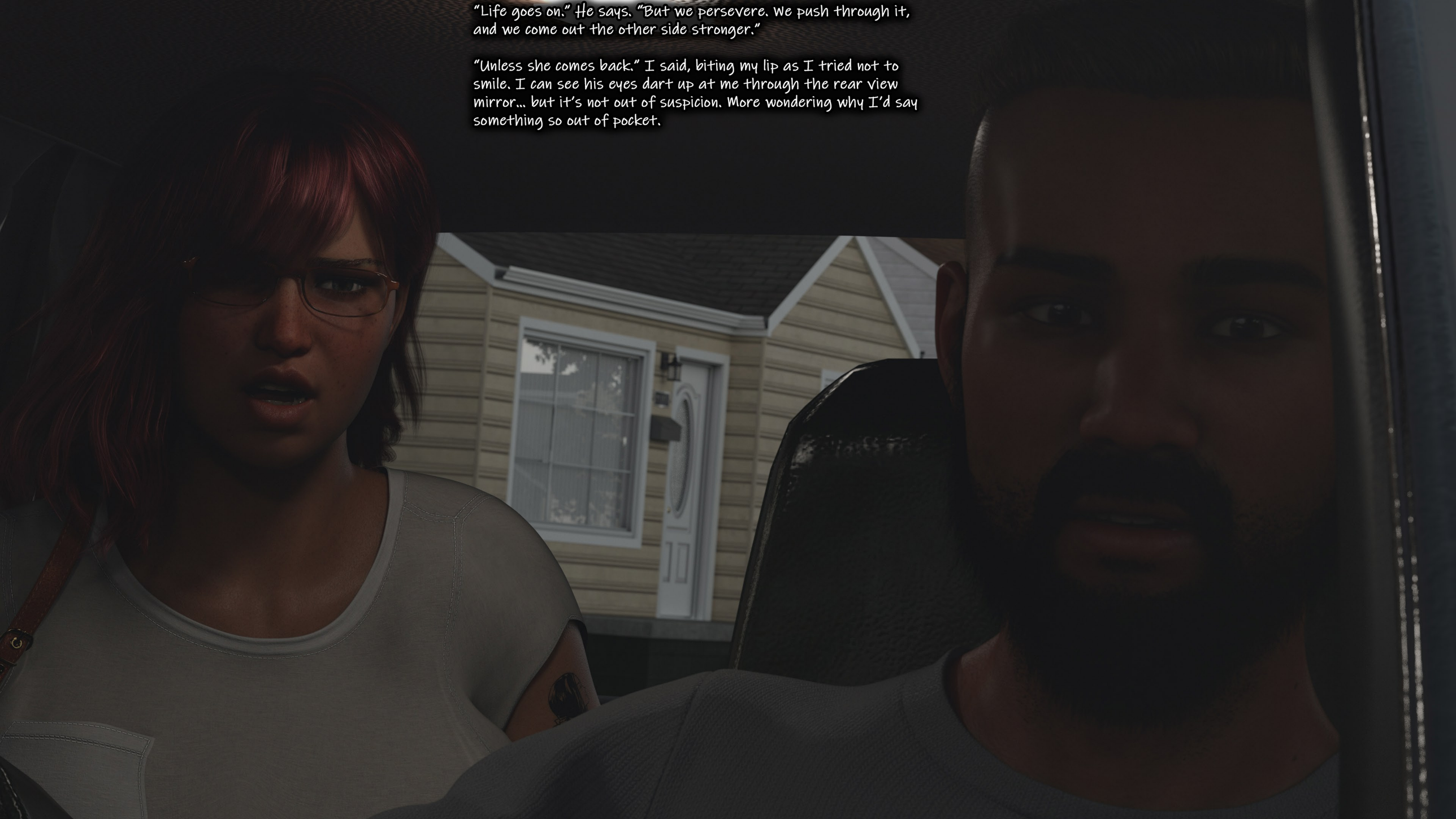
"It's like, if an entire building fell onto a single person. You know that person's not surviving it, but how do you even prove it? There's nothing left. Even worse if that building is, you know, some giant lady's foot. And it just leaves after, taking most of the evidence in the process."

"And that's a common story?"



"Too common." He said. "Officially there's thousands of people who were simply declared missing, but there's no reason to even pretend. They're gone. Just for being in the wrong place at the wrong time. A lot of people are scared she's going to come back eventually. Living through it once puts that fear into you. But it's not that bad. She seems kinda crazy. Like she never visits the same place twice, you know?"

"No... I didn't know that. I guess that means we don't have to worry about running into her."


"Life goes on." He says. "But we persevere. We push through it, and we come out the other side stronger."

"Unless she comes back." I said, biting my lip as I tried not to smile. I can see his eyes dart up at me through the rear view mirror... but it's not out of suspicion. More wondering why I'd say something so out of pocket.


"Yeah." He finally says with a heavy sigh. "But hey, we're here. Or at least, as close to here as I can get."
"Thanks." I told him, before clearing my throat and opening the door. I wanted to hear more... maybe even force it out of him if the opportunity arose. But this was only supposed to be my ride here, and I have other things to do.


The air around here smells like rain. Middle of summer and it smells like it's going to storm. Not that it's of any danger to me. A bolt of lightning could strike me right now and I'd be fine... but I'd like to have a ride back when I'm done here, so let's just hope nothing like that happens.


I take in what's in front of me. Or rather, what isn't. There used to be a house here. This cracked and ruined driveway now just leads to... nothing. I couldn't even tell you what I'm looking at exactly, but I don't really need to.


Because there's only one thing that could have done this. Me.
Metropolitan
KRB-1645


Ten years, and they never bothered to fix this place up. Maybe they couldn't afford it. Maybe they didn't care. Maybe it's just low on the priority list, since downtown still hasn't fully recovered either.
Ten years... and it looks exactly the way I left it.
YOU ARE FREE to fly
SPREAD YOUR WINGS
21019


I remember that night very, very well. It all seems so quaint, looking back. That something so important could happen under such... ordinary circumstances.
I was invited to a party by my friend... well, friend at the time, Audrey. I wasn't exactly the picture of confidence then, either. Awkward. Nervous. Shy around people. I felt like I was different from everyone else. Had no idea the absurd extent to which I was, but I would find out before the day was through.
"Here? This is where the party is?"


"What? No. I just wanted to show off this nice piece of real estate my dad bought."
"Do we have time for that-"
"Hazel." Audrey interrupted, rolling her eyes. "It was a joke. Quit being stupid. Yes, this is where the party is. Now are you going to come with me, or are you going to stand there like an idiot?"
"I'm not an idiot! I've never been here! How was I supposed to-"


"Hazel."
She was always able to command me with a word. I didn't have many friends, so I was kind of desperate to keep the ones I did. If Audrey wanted something from me and I could do it... then I did. I shut up in the blink of an eye and stood at attention.
"Good." She finally said. "Now are you coming, or am I going to have to call a cab to get you a ride back home?"


"Alright, I'm coming!"
"That's more like it." Audrey said. "Now, do you remember what I told you?"
"I think so... but you don't think this is going to be awkward, do you? I've never really been much of a social butterfly. And you're the only person I know here. What if I make myself look like dumb? Four years of college without any friends sounds..."


"You'll be fine, Hazel." Audrey interrupted yet again ."At least, you'd better be. You're representing me when you're in there, I hope you know."
"I am?"
"Yes." She said, "These are my friends, and I'm trying to help you out. I'm giving you an opportunity. Whether you sink or swim is up to you."


"Yeah. I get it." I told her. I don't know if she was trying to be helpful, or just trying to be a dick, but it wasn't helping my confidence any. I wasn't particularly good at making friends, and she said she was going to help me out. But she never really seemed to care about actually helping me. Just throwing me into situations and finding out if I would survive them.
When it worked, I was thankful. When it didn't, she never took responsibility. That's just the kind of relationship we had.



"Are you ready?" She asked once more.

"Yeah... as ready as I'll ever be."

"Good." She said, before sharpening her expression. "Remember Hazel, you fuck this up and you're embarrassing me in front of my friends too. I'm putting a lot on the line for you. Just do what I say, and everyone will love you. Understand?"

"What do you mean by-"

"No more questions." She snapped. "Whatever you do, don't act weird. It's not funny, it's just awkward. Can I trust you to act normal for one fucking night?"


"Yeah, uhh... Okay. I'll do my best."
"No."
"No?"
"Your best isn't good enough." She said, "You'll do a good job, or I'm going to have to seriously reevaluate our friendship. Got that?"
"Yeah... Yeah. I've got it."


I followed Audrey through the garage. The next thing I knew, I was in their backyard, facing down Audrey's friends.
"Hey everyone, this is my friend!" Audrey called out, her voic e ringing in my ears as she spoke. "We go way back, we were besties all the way back in elementary school!"


I remembered the looks on their faces. Unsure of what to think of me. A few of the guys were checking me out, I'm sure. I could see their eyes go up and down as they looked at me. But Audrey didn't seem bothered by any of it, so I raised a hand and waved back at them. They just kept staring though. Like they were waiting for something to happen. I looked back to Audrey in the hopes that she would answer, but she only smiled back at me.
I never liked that smile. Always felt like it only came out when she was scheming.



One of the guys had finally spoken up after staring at me for some time. He looked at me expectantly, and I wasn't sure what he wanted. I should have gone over there and demanded he speak up and quit being coy... but that wasn't who I was. Not at the time, anyway. No, I was meek. Pathetic. I only wiggled my fingers in the hopes that he would take it as a sign of acknowledgment, and said hello back.

Or tried to. Audrey wasn't the best at being able to tell when I was floundering. She didn't say a thing and let me just choke on the words as I tried to say hello, only to find my throat inexplicably dry.

"Uhh, is she okay...?" One of the other guys said to his friend.

"HI!" I suddenly managed to say, far louder than I'd intended. The volume startled even me, and I immediately clasped both hands over my mouth in embarrassment. Of course, even I could tell that made me look weird, so I tried to play it off right after. Pretended I was rubbing my chin, and smiled at the guys "Don't mind me, I'm just a bit of an idiot sometimes." I said, hoping they would laugh.

They didn't.

"Just a total, complete moron. A huge loser, ha! You know?"

They all looked over to Audrey to see what she had to say, and I felt my heart sink into the pit of my stomach. My heart raced as even I could tell that in a couple of sentences I had completely killed the vibe.




"Yeah! Haha..." one of the guys said, before taking a sip of his drink. His attempt to salvage the situation was appreciated at the time, but looking back I want to do nothing more than strangle him for making things worse.


"Ugh." Audrey said, before clearing her throat. "Just relax, sweetie! You're doing fine!"
"Yeah... Thanks, Audrey." I told her, before looking back to everyone else. "Sorry about that. Guess you guys think I'm just an awkward piece of shit now, don't you?"
More silence.
RHAPSODY
PREMIUM
VODKA


"ANYWAY!" Audrey said, stepping in front of me while clearing her throat. "Don't mind this loser, she'll clean her act up. Let's have some fun!" She said, raising the bottle in her hand above her head.
The others gradually began to talk again and I remembered feeling hurt at the remark. I wanted to tell her something, but she just looked back at me and gave me a look that told me to shut up and let her handle it. I wanted to speak up again and make things less awkward, but with the benefit of hindsight I'm convinced she was just trying to save face for herself after I'd made it weird.


I lowered my head and figured a drink might help loosen me up so I can salvage this party. Maybe two. Maybe a dozen. Ugh. I really was a loser back then. So desperate for validation from those... people. I had no need for people like them.

"Wait, you said she's your friend, right? One of the guys at the party said, eyeing me up and down. "She's not Hazel, is she? The one who-"

Audrey's eyes immediately lit up.

"Yes!" She said, looking back at me. "That's Hazel! And she's got a really cool party trick, doesn't she? Just the coolest, most insane thing you've ever seen in your life, right?"

"I don't buy it." The guy retorted. "No fuckin' way she can-"

"Grow?" Audrey interrupted, looking back at me as terror coursed through me at that word. "Of course she can, can't you?"


"Audrey!" I whispered, feeling my face flush. "Seriously?! I told you that in confidence! I don't want people to know! I kinda... have a hard time controlling it! It'd be super weird if I got stuck at 8 feet tall! Especially when things are already so awkw-"


"Yes!" She said, looking back at me. "That's Hazel! And she's got a really cool party trick, doesn't she? Just the coolest, most insane thing you've ever seen in your life, right?"
"I don't buy it." The guy retorted. "No fuckin' way she can-"
"Grow?" Audrey interrupted, looking back at me as terror coursed through me at that word. "Of course she can, can't you?"


No. I didn't. Not then. And especially not now. But if I just went and left now? After making a scene? I'd never live it down, even if I didn't like these people. I balled my hands into a fist while I looked at Audrey wishing I could do something, but I didn't. I was too timid then. Weak, awkward little Hazel. I really have changed for the better. I could have stopped this then and there... but I didn't.
"Dammit, Audrey." Is what I actually did say. "This really isn't cool! You can't just thrust me into a situation like this out of nowhere. What's wrong with you?!" But if she had any ounce of regret, she certainly didn't seem keen on showing it.


"Come on! Let's see it!" Some fucking loser with a mustache straight from a 70's porno shouted. "Audrey's full of shit, right? People can't actually do something like that, can they?
I glared past Audrey's shoulder at him. The last thing I wanted to do at that moment was show off in front of these drunken idiots. I wanted to go home.



But Audrey was my ride here.

"Dammit, Hazel. Why can't you just be fucking cool for once?!" She snapped. "You told me you needed people to hang out with when you started college next fall. I brought you people. I hyped you up for them. They're here now, and they think you're the coolest fucking person on the planet, and you're blowing it! I'm trying to do you a favor, and you're about to drag me down with you if you keep this up!"

She never was good at listening to my side of things.

"But... I can't! Not like this! I can't grow when I'm nervous! I have to be relaxed, and this is the furthest thing from relaxing, and you're not helping!"


Audrey just rolled her eyes, and pushed a bottle of vodka into my chest hard enough to make me take a step back. I looked at the bottle, then back at her.
"Get over yourself." She told me. "If you're not feeling relaxed, then all you need is a little liquid courage."
"I-I'm not old enough to drink! Not for another year! If the cops show up and find out a 19-year old is-"
"I already told you nobody's gonna find out, Hazel." She said, flashing me a grin. "Now come on. Be cool for once in your life, and show these people a party trick they're never going to forget. Can you do that? For me?"



Ugh. I was such a nerd back then. Years of anti-drug PSA's, war on drugs, indoctrination, yadda yadda. Plus a shit-ton of anxiety. I still wanted to leave, but when Audrey smiled at me, it made me reconsider. She did say she just wanted what was best for me... so why not, right? What was the worst that could happen?

"Maybe... just a sip, you know? To see how it tastes."

Audrey's smile instantly grew twice as wide.

"Yeah... you could do that. You could have a little sip and taste this... or you could try not being a pussy and having an actual drink. Live a little! Trust me!"


"Yeah... Yeah. Okay. I'll give it a shot. That's what it's called when I drink a mouthful, right? A shot?"
"Yeah, sure. Just remember, most people have a couple dozen shots across a single night, so don't skimp out now!"


When I held that bottle in my hands I looked at it again. The liquid inside was completely transparent. I could see my fingers through it on the other side. Images of myself becoming dependent on the stuff flashed through my mind. Thoughts of drinking too much and dying of alcohol poisoning here made me second guess myself.
But at the same time... I wanted to be cool. These people may have seemed like a bunch of idiots, but nobody said I would have to hang out with them forever. This could be practice. A chance to move up in the world and really get my bearings. Yeah!


If I knew then what I knew now, would I have gone through with it...? Something I kind of wonder about every so often. At least for a second. At the end of the day it's a pointless question. I made my choice, and I'm very fucking satisfied with the outcome.
At the time there was a bit of regret though. I assumed that the vodka would taste like normal water... but it didn't. It burned like hell as it went down my throat, but as soon as I started pouring I could hear the cheers of the people gathered around watching... and kept going.


I wasn't sure when to stop anyway. Was I supposed to drink the whole bottle? It seems crazy in hindsight, but I was very new to all of this at the time. So I just kept drinking. And drinking. And drinking. My throat burned, but I kept going. After a while it seemed to hurt less, so I had a feeling I could finish this off. I tilted the bottle entirely upside down to let it pour down faster.


When a hand suddenly grabbed my wrist and pulled it away.
"What the hell are you doing?!" Audrey said, her eyes wide. "That's way too much vodka! Doesn't it burn to drink it straight?"
RHAPSODY
PREMIUM
VODKA


"I-It does, but you said to take a big drink! And besides, in the movies they're always drinking multiple bottles, and-"
"Beer isn't vodka." She said, pulling the bottle away so some of it spilled out onto the ground in between us.



"Is there that much of a difference?"

"Uhh, yeah! Straight vodka's like... it's like drinking a bottle of rubbing alcohol. Beer is watered down to hell and back. Completely different."

"Wait, really? Oh god, don't tell me I drank too much! Oh no no no I'm not going to get alcohol poisoning am I?"

"Oh my god, no, you're fucking fine." Audrey said, rolling her eyes yet again. "Just... let's just not drink anymore tonight, okay? At least not until we can see how much that vodka affects you."


"You're sure I won't die?"
"You'll be fine! Maybe you'll regret it tomorrow, but no, you won't die."
"Are you sure? Maybe we should go to the hospital-"
"SORRY ABOUT THE WAIT!" Audrey said, cutting me off. "So without further ado, my friend Hazel is going to show off her BIG party trick! She just needed to loosen up a bit, but after that drink she's ready, aren't you Hazel?"


I looked over at her again... but it was obvious, even to me, that my best move was to just do it. Besides... there was a bit of warmth running through me now, and it seemed like it could be maybe a little... fun?
Yeah. I was a lightweight then. Anyway, I stood there, I made my hands into fists, closed my eyes... and focused. "I'm going to be fine." I told myself. "Just do what I do best."
"Go for it." Audrey said, stepping aside to give me some room.

I closed my eyes, and focused...

And focused...

And focused...

The sensation of growth for me, at the time, was still a bit new. It was a subtle, creeping sensation that ran through every inch of my body. Steadily growing in intensity until the size change was actually noticeable even to people outside. But it always started subtle. So weak that I'd have to focus to notice anything at all.




So it had been a tiny bit worrying when I never felt anything. Maybe I was just getting used to the feeling now, and I've tuned out the weird feelings, I thought. Maybe I should open my eyes before I grow too big, I wondered.
I opened my eyes for a second, and... nothing. Everyone was still staring at me expectantly.


I quickly closed them again, took a deep breath... and tried again.
It finally started. That faint tingling that originates in my chest, and travels to the tips of my fingers and toes. My clothes graduallly grew tighter around me, before it stopped. I didn't have the control then I do now. Now I can make it to a hundred feet in the blink of an eye with barely a thought.


Then?
I had to fight and claw for every inch. I was getting results. Barely. Gradually. My shirt was riding up, and the people watching started to gasp. They could see it now, too. It was only a few inches... but it felt good.


I'd always wanted to keep this a secret. Terrified of what could happen if I were caught on the news when too big, or the government found out. I was worried that I was going to ruin my life if I ever actually used this ability of mine.
But their surprised gasps made me rethink that. They must have been impressed. They must have thought it was cool. They thought I was cool for being able to do it. Maybe they weren't just a bunch of drunken, braindead idiots after all.


Exhaling, I opened my eyes again, and saw I now had to look down at the people in front of me. Not much. Not even sure I was the tallest person there at the moment, but I definitely didn't have to do that anymore. It was interesting in ways I didn't expect. Looking down on people made my heart race, even if it was only slightly.
Ha. Poor stupid, young Hazel. If only you knew what you were in for...
"Well? What do you think!" Audrey announced, giving me a firm pat on the shoulder. "Pretty cool trick, huh?"


I'd heard them gasp earlier. I thought it was because they couldn't believe what they were seeing. In a way that's true. They certainly had a hard time believing it... but in a negative way. All of them stared at me, eyes wide. They didn't look pleased.
It was a shock to me. The only person who'd known before this was Audrey, and she had thought it was the coolest thing she'd ever seen. She'd talked about spirits, earth energies, chakras, and how I probably had an abundance of otherworldly energy inside of me which was why I was able to grow.
That... probably should have been a red flag in hindsight.


"What the fuck? Did you actually... I wasn't just seeing something right? You just grew?" The only other girl at the party asked. grow?" the girl asked.
"Yeah I... just kind of found out I could do it, you know?"
"No fucking way." The guy with the porn mustache said.
"Come see for yourself." I invited them. They both looked at one another... then began to step forward quickly.


"Holy shit..." Porn mustache said, looking down at my feet to make sure I hadn't switched into heels or stepped onto a ledge when he wasn't looking. "You're... You're taller than me, now!"
"How much can you grow?" The girl asked.


"I... I don't know. More than this for sure, but I'm kind of scared to see what happens if I go all out, you know?"
"Probably for the best." The girl said, beginning to grow more comfortable around me. "I've read up about that kinda thing in science books. If you grow too big you might get crushed under your own body weight. Some kind of law of physics, or something. Best to just leave it at this size and-"



"FUCK THAT!" The chubby blonde guy said as he jogged closer. "Who cares about all that nerd shit, let's see how much you can grow!"

"I..."

"Come on, Hazel..." Audrey said, nudging me with her elbow.

"But..." I told them, feeling the words catch in my throat again. "When I do this, it's kind of hard for me to go back to normal. Takes a few hours, you know? And I don't want to get stuck too big. I still have to go home later, and-"

"Psh, you can stay here! Mi casa es su casa, or whatever." The shirtless guy said. "So come on, you can't just leave us hangin'!"


"You're... sure? What if I can't fit through the door after?"

"You can always camp out in the backyard!" He laughed, before taking another swig of his beer. "This might be the only chance you get to go all out, unless you want to spend a week in the woods or something!"

He brought up a good point. My lack of experience returning to normal then meant I'd spend several hours after growing just waiting for my size to kind of return to normal naturally. And I'd also long been curious about how much I could grow if I really set my mind to it.


That's something I'd still like to know, in all honesty. But eventually I run into problems even all the size in the world can't fix. Like a lack of oxygen when your head is in space. But I digress. All I knew was, at that moment, the combination of peer pressure and alcohol was doing its thing and I thought fuck it.
Why not?
So I closed my eyes, and focused again.
Surprisingly... this time it came quicker. Much quicker. Maybe it was the fact that I wanted to do it, or maybe growing twice in quick succession is what makes it easier. Like my body gets warmed up from starting. Whatever the reason, I could feel myself start to grow again... and the tingling quickly becomes pleasant.
Pleasurable, even.


Then it stopped. I felt a tightness in my chest. For a split-second I remembered an intense fear coming over me. I'd pushed my body too hard, and I was having a heart attack. I knew that this was a bad idea.
Then I heard a rip.


My eyes shot open and I looked down, surprised at the sight in front of me. Both from how small the other people at the party were... as well as from how I'd just torn my shirt. No, I wasn't having a heart attack. My shirt just wasn't able to support me any longer.
Don't tell me I just ruined this top!


I pushed the torn strips of cloth together to check and see if this shirt can be salvaged... but it's no good. If I grow any more then this shirt's as good as gone. Eight feet tall was probably a good stopping point anyway, right?
Of course not. Even at the time I knew that was a ridiculous concept. If my shirt wasn't going to survive...


Then I would just go topless!
The cool air felt freeing on my tits as I watched them pop free from their confines. Or the shirt at least. My bra was still there, and struggling to hold on, and I knew I had to make a choice. The correct choice was obviously to stop here.


"BIGGER! BIGGER!"
The correct choice is to stop while I'm ahead. But I was riding high off the approval from those around me, as well as the alcohol in my system. So I picked the more fun option. While still pulling my shirt apart I hooked my fingers under my bra strap and pulled that down as well. As I'm doing that I can feel my pants start to succumb, as well as my feet tearing through my shoes.


Ah. My first time ever showing off my body to anyone else. Gives me the warm and fuzzies just thinking about it. The people gasped as more and more of my skin was revealed, and I could feel every inch of my body tingle as I surged upward even higher.


That excitement was short-lived though. I'm happy about it now, sure. But... that enthusiasm certainly didn't last in the moment. A bra I had justified as being an acceptable thing to show. But my panties? That might have been a bit too far.
I decided I should try to preserve at least a little bit of my modesty, and tried pulling my pants up so they stayed secured around my waist.


...Only for them to tear in an instant, and flutter to the ground next to me. My face flushed red for a moment, but the cheers from the guys returned. Like it or not, I was giving them a show, and they seemed to like what they were seeing.


Not that I knew how to handle it. I was a nerd. I wasn't some flirty exhibitionist or something. That was more Audrey's thing. If she were in this situation, she would have...
It clicked in my head. What would she have done if she were me right now? She wouldn't feel embarrassed, or awkward. She'd want to show off a bit... right? I could see that. And she was popular, and well-loved, so...


"Hi." I told the group, waving down at them. It felt a bit strange seeing my tits busting out of my bra when I looked down at them, but they didn't seem particularly bothered by my size.
Maybe I liked that. Being the center of attention was something I'd never really felt before. It was... new. And interesting.


"What a pair!"
Embarrassment washed over me like a tidal wave. They were gawking at my tits! They weren't staring up at me in awe, they just wanted to get a good look at my chest! The feeling of awkwardness drove me to reach my hands up in a vain effort to cover myself, but the moment I did I felt my panties grow tighter around my waist, before the sound of more fabric tearing filled the air.


I tried to stop it, but it was too late. My panties were destroyed by my newly-enlarged body, and I wasn't even able to grab the scraps before they fell to the floor to join my torn shirt. All eyes were on those panties as they fell around my toes, before they looked back up to gawk at my nearly-naked form.


I tried to cover myself up... but it was pointless. Maybe if there were more than a few inches separating me from the group I'd have found more success, but I was basically giving these idiots a free show with how close together we were. I ran through my options as quickly as I could... or tried to. My mind was a jumbled mess at the moment, and I tried finding something to secure myself to. A rock that would keep me stable.



I looked down at the faces staring up at me... and found what I was looking for.

Audrey.

I remembered that just a moment ago I had tried to act natural, and act the way Audrey would have if she were me. I tried placing myself in that same headspace again... and really got a good look at the faces staring up at me. They weren't just surprised or shocked by the fact that I'd grown... They liked what they saw.


That should have been obvious. They were mostly guys. Guys are stupid. They'd stare at a skyscraper if it had a nice pair of tits. I was still in control here. I could have told them to look away, or rushed inside to hide until the growth wore off... but what would Audrey do?

Certainly not that, I can tell you that much.


She would own it.

The moment I made that decision my life changed forever. If nothing else, that's something I can still credit Audrey for. That go-getter attitude she always had. She may have gotten me in trouble more often than I'd care to admit... but I needed a push and I found it in her. She still wasn't particularly smart, given that she didn't have any sort of powers when she charged ahead into potentially dangerous situations...

But I was in control here. None of them could overpower me. The whole lot of them would fail in a fight. I may have been naked and defenseless, but I certainly didn't feel vulnerable. I felt... powerful.

I felt good.


"You're not going to just stop there are you?"
"Come on! You can do more than that!"
They were goading me on, but that sense of approval and excitement was enough to make my skin tingle. They wanted more. They wanted to see the giant girl show off what she was truly capable of. Any thoughts that kept me from going all out earlier evaporated into thin air. Consequences be damned. I was going to keep going for as long as possible.
"You guys want to see a show?" I laughed, moving my hands away from my tits so they bounced into full view. There were cheers as I did so while reaching behind my back.


As far as they knew I was just showing off more. Emphasizing my chest by thrusting it forward so it was in plain view... but I was actually unhooking my bra. Something a bit harder than it should have been with these bigger fingers. A few seconds of fiddling was enough to frustrate me, and I just pulled, breaking the clasps and letting my bra fall loose around my stomach.
"Oops!" I told them, wiggling my hips from side to side. "I think my bra came off... that won't be a problem, will it?"
"Uhh, no, not at all!"


"Thought so." And with a flick of my wrist that thing was off and dancing in the air above their heads. I practically had them all eating out of the palm of my hands as they kept their eyes on my every movement. Or maybe it was just my tits they couldn't take their eyes off of. They had always been pretty big. Used to make me self conscious.
Now they were a point of pride.
"You're looking at the new and improved Hazel! The old me never would have done something like this. But the new Hazel doesn't give a fuck!" I proclaimed, swinging the bra in the air to pick up momentum.


Then released it so it soared into the sky. That was the last time I'd ever see that bra. Never gave it much thought before, but I wonder where it landed. Maybe someone caught it, not knowing how special that thing was. I bet some museum would pay a lot of money for it.

Ah well. As soon as it left my hands it was out of my mind, and I looked back down to my gathered little crowd.


I'd never been naked in front of another person before. I would always sneak away and refuse to take showers after gym class so... this was my first time being naked in front of anyone. Girl or guy. I'd kind of felt awkward about it before. I worried I was putting on too much weight. It's why I would wear such loose clothing in the first place.
Looking back, I wonder if Audrey had something to do with it. She did always want me to accompany her, and when I did she would look extra-glamorous when standing next to me. While Hazel was the plain jane who blended into the background. I never imagined taking the center stage. Seeing a half-dozen guys look up at me as if I was the hottest thing they'd ever laid eyes on made me want more of this. No, want isn't strong enough. I NEEDED more.
"Oh? Like what you see?" I asked, giving my ass a firm slap. "Don't be shy. Take it all in. Every single inch. There's a whole lot of me to admire, isn't there?"
STRONG BEER.


"Hell yeah!"
"I used to think I was only into short girls, but you might be changing my mind!"
"Can you keep it going? It'll be dark soon, so it's not like anyone's gonna see!"
"Yeah! Keep growing!"


"Keep growing, huh?" I said, giving my surroundings a quick look. I remember feeling, for only a split-second, a bit of apprehension at the thought. I was already as tall as the house. If I stood on my tiptoes I could probably see over the roof at the other places in the neighborhood. If I grew anymore I might be visible from further away, and the sun is still up.
But that passed as quickly as it came. I was drunk on power and attention. And I was loving this new part of me too much to back down from the invitation. "You want to see how big I can get?" I laughed, running my fingers through my hair while shaking my chest for my little audience. "If you insist, because I bet I can grow a hell of a lot bigger than this!"


"Wait, wait, wait." Audrey said, her voice coming off a bit nervous. "Hazel, are you sure about this? You've gotta be like, ten or twenty feet tall by now. Maybe that's enough?"
Instantly I felt regret over the thought of growing again. Audrey wasn't the perfect friend, but if she was telling me to stop, then maybe she had good reason to. It couldn't just be because she was jealous of how much attention I was getting... right?


The seeds of doubt had been planted in my mind, and they went to war with my sense of logic. Audrey just wanted what was best for me, didn't she? Returning to normal size takes time. If I grow too much, then it might take even longer. Staying the night may not be enough if I wake up tomorrow and I'm still as tall as a house. Besides, I'm plenty big already. Audrey was making a lot of sense.


I remembered hearing that alcohol has a tendency to affect people differently. Some people get sappy, and wistful. Others blow up, and are more prone to violence. Still others just mope around and feel sorry for themselves. That night was my first time ever drinking, and I learned exactly what kind of drunk I am.
"It'll be fine, Audrey!" I told her, bending over to reach for the bottle in her hand. I was just as drunk from the attention and praise I was getting as I reached for the bottle in her hand. "Just a little more and I'll be fine!"


"I don't know if this is a good idea, Hazel." Audrey said, pulling her hand back just a bit too late as I wrapped my fingers around her wrist. "Maybe we should just take a little break and–"
"And nothing." I told her. "Now let go, I don't want to hurt you by accident."


To my surprise, she did let go. I didn't think anything of it at the time, but that may have been the first time I made her do something she didn't want to do. I wanted that bottle, and I got it. A second later the thing was upside down and that burning sensation sliding down my throat returned. Only this time it made me feel even better. Hotter. More powerful!


The cheers from the sidelines only made it better. I swirled that bottle around to make a big show out of drinking the rest of it. I'd already had most when I was normal sized. Like this it should have less of an effect than ever.
This show was short lived though. Before I knew it there was no more vodka, and the river had turned into a small trickle.

I stuck my lips onto the top of the bottle and sucked, hoping to get a few extra drops out, but this thing was drained. I almost asked for another bottle then and there, but I was eager to get back to my adoring audience, so I pulled the bottle away and looked down at them.


As soon as I did so my vision blurred, if only for a second. I had to blink a few times to get a clearer view, and I could hardly believe what I was seeing. Maybe it was the alcohol working its way through me, or maybe I just hadn't fully appreciated how much I'd grown. But when I saw the other people at this party barely reaching above my knees... I felt something inside of me.
Later on I'd realize I was turned on, but I was still new to all this when it was happening and hadn't put two and two together yet.
"Thanks, I needed that. Sorry I had to get so rough with you, Little Audrey." I said, smiling down at my friend and the rest of the partygoers. Not sure what compelled me to address her like that... but it felt good. Especially when I could see her face change as the words formed in my mouth. Audrey was always the one in charge between the two of us, and it just felt... It felt good getting to do something my way. At least once.


"Hazel!" Audrey shouted, stamping one of her little feet on the ground. "You're really not being cool right now! You need to stop this!"


"Stop what?" I asked, looking at the empty bottle in my hand. "You're the one who suggested I drink before doing anything. And you were right! You should be happy!"

"You're going too far!" Audrey protested. "I get that being the center of attention is fun and all, but you have to-"

"It is fun." I interrupted with the widest smile I could manage. "Do me a favor and get rid of this, will you?" I told her, before tossing the empty bottle back at her.


"HAZEL!" Audrey shouted, nearly falling over as she rushed backwards.
I learned something else about what kind of drunk I am that night. I'm also impulsive, and... well...
Fuck it. I'm kind of stupid when I get drunk. That's what makes it so fun!


Audrey didn't think it was fun though. She screamed so loud it made my head throb when the bottle hit the ground in front of her and shattered into a million pieces. There was no reason to be that loud. It's not like I was trying to hit her or something.
"What the hell? You could have really hurt me, Hazel!" Audrey screamed. "I think you've had enough to drink, you need to go lie down and-"


"Relax." I told her, smiling down at her and giving her a lazy grin. At least that's what I think I did. Details here start to get a little... murky, to put it lightly. I remember a warm and fuzzy sensation, and a swelling sense of pride when I looked down at Audrey.
"It's not a big deal. I mean, I'm a big deal, but that bottle? Psh. Someone can sweep that up, right?"


"That's not the fucking problem!" Audrey shouted, her indignation ringing in my ears. "What is fucking wrong with you? I brought you here to make some friends, and you go and fucking humiliate me in front of everyone by getting drunk and naked! Are you fucking serious right now?! You've got to stop this shit before you really hurt somebody! It's my ass on the line for bringing you here, so quit being a fucking dick!"
I was hurt. Embarrassing as it is to admit, I didn't like being talked to like that.

But... Why SHOULD I listen to her? What's she going to do? If she snitches, her ass is on the line too. And it's not like she can stop me. I mean, look at her. She's so small!

The more I stared at the small people around me the more I could feel a sense of excitement come over me. I could have tried to talk this out with her, but at the time I could only think of all the times she'd wronged me. All the times she intentionally embarrassed me to impress someone else.

"Oh yeah?" I asked, putting my hands onto my knees to bend over. As I did I could feel the people nearby step back in fear, a reaction that only emboldened me. "And who's going to make me?"

"Hazel, this isn't funny!"




That fear in her voice. The realization that she's lost control of the situation. It was all so... interesting? I suppose that's the only way I could explain it. She's trying to salvage things, but she could tell that she wasn't going to be able to. Maybe it was the alcohol, but I knew that something in our relationship had changed... and I wasn't sure if things were ever going to go back to how they were.
And maybe that's for the best.
"You might not think it's funny..." I said, smiling down at her. "But I disagree. How long have we known each other, Audrey? All those years we grew up... and I'm only now starting to realize how much you took advantage of me. How much you tried to keep me small, timid, and dependent on you. You'd act nice, then cut me down out of nowhere. Treat me like your little plaything just to make yourself feel big. Well you don't feel so big now, do you?"


"Hazel, this isn't the fucking time for this! If I hurt your feelings or whatever then I'm sorry, but you have to stop! Or-"
"That's not good enough." I said, bending over to bring myself even closer to her. "You really aren't in any position to boss me around anymore, either!"
"Hazel- HAZEL! STOP! RIGHT-"


I picked her up off the floor. It's a feeling I'll never forget. My first time picking up a fully-grown adult. She was remarkably light, and I had to remind myself that this was a real person, not a doll. Maybe it was the alcohol in me but I felt like I had to check to make sure, so I bounced her up and down a bit after, just to make sure that she was real.
"Wow..." I whispered, while my heart began to beat a hundred miles an hour. She kept wriggling and writhing the entire time, but it wasn't enough to loosen my grip. "Relax." I told her again. "I'm not gonna drop you... I'm just going to give you a little ride!"



"H-Hazel, I'm asking you as nicely as I can. P-Please put me down. You're really scaring me right now, and I don't like this. If you have a problem with me we can talk it out like adults, but don't just-"

"Keep talking." I told her. She didn't realize it, but her obvious terror was turning me on something fierce. I had to bite my bottom lip as she spoke to keep myself from doing something in front of everyone else.

"Hazel, listen! You're really big now! Even if you don't mean to, you could wind up seriously hurting me if you keep messing around like this! People just aren't supposed to be this big!"


"But I am!" I laughed. "I'm huge, Audrey! Massive! I'm like a giant out of a movie or something! I probably weigh more than a ton by now. If I were to accidentally step on you... I don't think there'd be much of you left!"
Audrey's eyes went wide. I didn't hurt her. I didn't lay a finger on her. But my obvious joy at the scenario we were in had clearly shaken her... and she didn't know what to say.
But I knew what I wanted to do.


"You know what else?" I said, lowering her and looking at the other people below. "I think I can get a lot bigger than this. What do you say? Should I keep going?"
I expected cheers, hooting and hollering. Beers raised and chugged in celebration. After all, a little alcohol and some growth was giving me the time of my life. So we were all on the same page, right? They get to gawk at me, I get to grow, and Audrey gets a taste of her own medicine! A win/win/win!


But all I got in return was an awkward, crushing silence. Not even the fun kind of crushing. Just that heavy feeling when you're the only person in a room who's excited about something. My excitement was no longer mirrored on their faces. They were looking concerned, and kept alternating glances between my face and Audrey.
"I think you should put her down." The fat fuck with the blonde hair said. "She's right, this is a bit too big!"


I was offended. I thought they were on my side. I tried being cordial with them despite their obvious mental and social deficiencies, and this is what I got in return? Why should I have to put up with that?

"I thought you guys were cool." I said, bringing Audrey back up. "Why are you acting like pussies?"

"We just don't want anyone hurt! And Audrey sounds really scared, so-"

"Shut up." I told the guy, and turned all my attention onto my friend. A long-buried memory came back into my head, and I briefly wondered if I should share it, before spilling the beans. "You know... Audrey... Maybe it's the booze, but I'm feeling really close to you right now. Can I tell you a little secret? When I first found out about my powers, I thought about this exact moment. I'm having some weird deja vu because I thought about growing, and I thought about holding you in my hand. Just like this."


Audrey laughed nervously. "That's, umm... Wow. I don't know what to say. But I... guess I'm glad you got that out of your system? Now can you-"
"No." I told her. "You don't understand. Thing is, in my fantasy... I didn't stop here. I kept growing. Like, a lot. Like a lot a lot, you know?"


"Well it's a good thing it was just a dream, right?"
I looked down at Audrey, and bit my bottom lip again. The haze of the alcohol was hitting me harder than ever, but through it all I felt a bit of clarity. Maybe it was my excitement making the stuff go through my body more quickly, but this is the point where I remember the haze over my memories gradually lifting... and the images become crystal clear and vivid again.
"You want me to put you down?" I asked her with a pout. "Well... I'm sorry. But I can't. I won't. The night is young, and we're just getting started."


I tried to focus on growing again. I closed my eyes, but almost immediately felt an intense sense of vertigo that forced them open again. I remember thinking I'd fucked up. I'd done something wrong that ruined everything...
But I couldn't have been more wrong. No. I don't know if it was my state of mind, or simple practice, but I had refined my ability to grow tonight. In that brief time I'd focused I had nearly doubled my height, and now the house I'd only barely been able to see over before could barely reach as tall as my knees.


I looked down at my little audience, only to find that I wasn't finished quite yet. Before I could think about anything else I shot up again, and saw my feet spread across the pavement, spreading cracks through it in the process. I could hardly believe how small they looked. People just aren't supposed to look that small, you know? It was kind of hard to even view them as people anymore.
"Are those your friends, Audrey? Or did a bunch of ants get in here?" I said, laughing while wiggling my toes so they backed away to give me more space.


Though the urge to pick them up and interact with them was strong, I was more interested in... well, everything else there is that comes with being that big. Whenever you walk through a neighborhood your field of view is limited to your immediate surroundings. Fences, other houses, trees, bushes. All that shit just makes it so you can't see much more than the street you're currently on.
But now I'm above it all. The suburbs spread out before me for what looked like miles around, as there weren't any houses in the area that even came close to matching my height.


My distraction must have been enough for my growth to peter off. It gradually slowed down before coming to an abrupt stop, leaving me visible for anyone who bothered to actually look up.

The wind was stronger that high up, and I could feel it caress my naked form. I felt... strange. I couldn't put it into words. I still can't. I could be lazy and say I felt good. Amazing, even. But that doesn't even come close to doing it justice. It's otherworldly. Like a forbidden fruit that only I'm allowed to taste.

And at that moment I looked down again.


Porn mustache isn't quite so enthused anymore. He's looking around wildly, trying to figure out if he should run for his life, or if I'm going to be cool and not hurt him. The answer should have been obvious. Why would I hurt him?
But... the answer wasn't obvious. Not to me, anyway. I didn't know if I wanted to hurt him, but I can't say I didn't think about him. That sense of fear etched onto his face was feeding into my sense of power. Having people terrified of me wasn't something I was expecting, but I already knew I loved it.


"How's the weather down there?" I said, smiling even wider as they recoiled at the volume of my voice. "I was thinking of going for a walk, but it seems like there's a lot of ants out tonight!"
That sends them into a frenzy. They start backing away, looking for ways out, and generally being terrified. I hadn't even done anything yet! Just the implication that I would was driving them mad with terror. Terror that I drank in and loved...


"HAZEL!"
I looked down at Audrey, immediately feeling a sense of anger bubble up inside of me. Why is she trying to ruin my moment?
"DON'T DO SOMETHING YOU'RE GOING TO REGRET!" She shouts. "I DIDN'T THINK YOU'D GET THIS BIG, AND SOMETHING REALLY BAD COULD HAPPEN IF-"
"If what?" I said, looking past her and back to the floor.


"If I step on them?" I asked, watching as they ran around and started tripping over furniture.
"YES, HAZEL! DON'T STEP ON THEM YOU FUCKING-"
"Ooh, they'd better watch out." I warned, before raising my left foot from the ground.


Swinging my foot forward, I watched them all scatter to make sure they didn't wind up underneath. My earlier comment about them looking like ants suddenly felt a lot more real as they scurried about on their little legs just to try and make sure they were out of my shadow. At the time I didn't want to hurt them, but... I had to try. I had to know what it felt like to put my foot on someone at this size.
While deciding on a target I felt my big toe run into something, and get tangled up in the tacky lights they had hanging up around the place. I wiggled my foot to free it... and wound up scaring a guy so bad he practically dove out from my shadow and covered his head for protection.

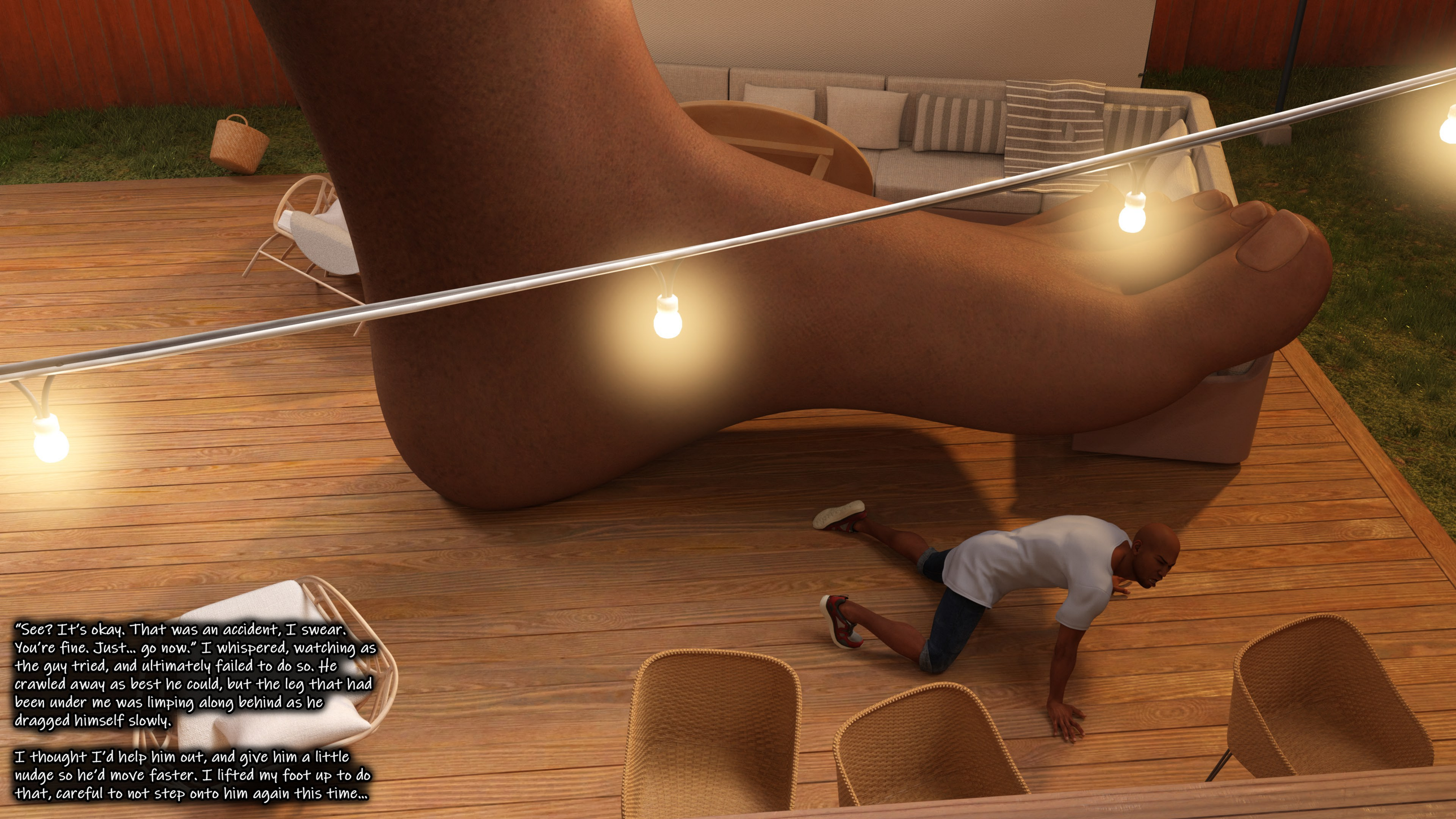

The sudden movement surprised me, and I slammed my foot down out of habit. The wood of the deck underneath me cracked when my toes came down.
At least... I think that was the wood.
It hadn't been my intention to actually hurt anyone. But one of the stupid party guests had somehow found his way under my toe, even though he'd clearly tried his best to get away. It was only the bottom part of a leg that was trapped under my toe, but given how he immediately collapsed and started slamming his fist onto the ground... I had a feeling that I'd actually broken something.


Everything suddenly felt a lot more real. Up until that point I had been... Well, I'd been living a fantasy. Trying out some things that I'd thought up in my wildest dreams when I first discovered I could grow. But now it all seemed too real. Too frighteningly real. This wasn't just some kind of a story or game. These were real people at my feet. I'd broken a man's real bones. And he was in real pain.
I wasn't even sure what to do. How badly had I crushed his leg? What was I going to see when I pulled my foot away?
God I was such a pussy that night.


It's not like I had much of a choice anyway. I'm not sure if the sounds of what may have been either wood cracking or bones breaking were what scared them off, but the guy screaming his lungs off certainly didn't help. I could feel my blood run cold as the thought of having gone too far fills my head.
But... At the same time, there was a certain satisfaction to it all, you know? I had felt my excitement growing over the fact that I was terrifying these little losers just with my presence alone. Now that fear had been amplified a hundred times over. They weren't just scared of me because of the implication of violence.


They were scared because they knew what I was capable of now, by pure accident.
One by one they ran away, out of my view and into the garage behind me. I couldn't see them as soon as they vanished under the roof, but the sound of that door swinging open and slamming shut made it obvious. They wanted to make themselves scarce, and I wanted to...
What did I want to do?
Scare them more? Get out of there? Make them stop and promise they wouldn't say anything?


No, what I wanted more than anything... was for the guy screaming underneath my toe to shut the fuck up. I very slowly lifted my foot away, scared that I was going to see nothing but red paste sticking to my toe and the ground as I did so... but I was lucky.
My toe was clean.
Oh he was still in agony, sure. But I only cared about myself at that moment. If I had to get out of there in a rush I could, but a pulverized leg is a lot harder to explain to an EMT than a broken one.


"See? It's okay. That was an accident, I swear. You're fine. Just... go now." I whispered, watching as the guy tried, and ultimately failed to do so. He crawled away as best he could, but the leg that had been under me was limping along behind as he dragged himself slowly.
I thought I'd help him out, and give him a little nudge so he'd move faster. I lifted my foot up to do that, careful to not step onto him again this time...


Only for the fucking lights to get in the way again.
This time I wasn't going to overreact, I told myself. I wiggled my foot around to try and loosen the cable that had somehow near-instantly wrapped itself around my toes... but it was proving harder than expected. My weight shifted on the one foot I was standing on as I tried to do so, but no good.


I made an executive decision. I'd fucked up. I knew that. Audrey knew that. All the other people at the party knew that. My best bet was to just... get out of here. And if the only thing stopping me from doing that was a bunch of string lights? Then I don't care what happens to them. I'll pay for the cost of repairing them later if I have to. I just need to yank my foot back and-


The lights grow taut around my foot. My forceful yank causes my other foot to slide forward... and lose my balance. I looked back behind me, wondering what was going to happen. All the houses had sharp roofs with edges and points. Images of falling onto them and being skewered in a dozen places terrified me.
So I cried out for help.


I'm not sure which was more embarrassing. That I thought that would do anything, or that I lost my balance in full view of potentially hundreds of people. I failed as I dropped from the air, but it was no use. I was falling, and nobody could save me.
I tensed my body up in preparation for impact. I wanted to try and shield myself, but the screams from Audrey in my hand reminded me that I couldn't even do that much.


My ass was plummeting to the ground like a giant boulder falling from heaven, and nobody, especially not me, could do a thing about it. I closed my eyes, and waited for the pain.


A thunderous explosion echoed through the neighborhood. Cracking wood mixed with broken furniture and water pipes as my ass slammed directly onto the house... and I was unharmed.
I hadn't expected that, but at least I was okay... not that I could say the same for everyone who'd gone inside. I thought I should feel for them, but I was a ball of anxiety at the time. The last thing on my mind was the people who I may have just sat on.


No, I was more focused on all the noise I'd just made. This was a quiet neighborhood. Something I'd noted when I arrived. Even the drunks hooting and hollering in the backyard wouldn't have been able to be heard the next house over.
But falling down? That was akin to a bomb going off. And peaceful neighborhoods aren't known for explosives.
I was fucked.


But things were about to go from bad to so much worse. I'd been so focused on myself and how badly I'd just fucked up that I failed to remember there was someone who'd seen everything. Someone who tried to tell me to stop. Someone who, let's be honest, had a point.
One I'd disagree with now, but a point nonetheless.
"Audrey? Are you okay?"


"I told you not to fucking grow again!" She shouted while pressing her fingers into her temples. "Look, whatever Hazel. I'll fucking survive, no thanks to you. But what about the others?"


I lifted up one ass cheek and dusted it off, getting a good look at what I'd fallen onto. The house was completely crushed, but that was fine. Everyone outside had run into the garage.

"The house is gone." I told Audrey, before sitting back down. "Which I'm sure sounds bad, but everyone ran into the garage, not the house. They should be fine. Just a little scared from that noise."


"You mean the noise from you breaking the house?" Audrey asked with a grave tone.
"Yeah. The house. Which is a good thing, since a little to the left and the garage would have gone under me. At least nobody was hurt, right?"
"Hazel, what if there were people in the house? It's a party! You didn't think everyone was in the backyard, right?"
I distinctly remember the sinking sensation coming over me. The feeling of my blood turning to ice as I considered the reality that seemed implausible. What if...?


"N-No! Of course not!" I immediately stuttered, finding it hard to remain calm. "They-I would have heard something, wouldn't I? They'd have screamed, or-"
"Was there even enough time for them to realize what was going on?" Audrey asked.
"Shut up!" I told her, feeling myself begin to panic even more. "If I... I didn't mean to! If something happened then-"


A shrill scream caught my attention and I swung around. I should have known what I would see when I looked that way. It should have been obvious. What else could it be? I'm not an idiot.
But it still took me by surprise.

The neighbors knew what was happening now. Not just one, either. There was a small crowd of them beginning to look up at me awkwardly. Maybe they didn't think I was real. Some oversized decoration that the idiots partying at that house brought along or something. But I was as real as any of them, and it didn't take long at all for panic to set in.

Not just from them, either. Because as soon as some of the others began to run away, I caught sight of one guy in particular. One who wasted no time whipping his phone out from his pants and bringing it up to his face.




Like I said. I'm not an idiot. I may not have been able to hear him through the other sounds of panic, but I knew what was going on, and what he was up to. I also knew that I wanted no part of it. I couldn't get caught. Not like that. Destruction of property? Public indecency? Possible manslaughter? I was supposed to start college in the fall! That's not something I was going to let happen.
Though I was in an awkward position I wasted no time getting up as quickly as I could. I thought for a moment I should try and get the phone from the guy and crush it so he can't finish that call... but it was too small. I'd probably wind up breaking his hand, and that's time that could be spent on what was more important.


Namely, getting the fuck out of there.
Once I was back on two feet I dusted my ass off and looked and... there weren't any bodies. At the time it was a bit of relief, you know? Knowledge that I hadn't squished anyone, and that I could still get away with this. Now it's just kind of a bummer. Getting that bandage ripped off quickly probably would have been preferable.
Regardless, with the coast clear I decided that it was time to move.



Of course, I was in a panic. And when you're panicking... you do stupid things. I wasn't used to being this big. It was a totally new experience to me. Things like having to actually watch where I put my feet were a foreign concept. So when I moved in order to that first step I felt something crunchy under my foot.

Followed by screams.

Yeah. Crushing people inside of the house would have better prepared me for that one.


Don't know if I crushed any of Audrey's friends when I brought my foot down. I'm pretty sure I didn't, but hell if I know. Nowadays I don't care. But at the time it filled me with the most intense anxiety I've ever experienced. If I did crush someone that would be discovered, and I'd be in some serious shit. If I didn't... then I'm still in serious shit, but not nearly as serious.
Stopping to check would have made things difficult though, so I had to go.


And go I did. As soon as I left that backyard I was faced with the reality of what was happening. Just how fucking big I'd made myself. When I took that first step away from the house I could feel just how deep my foot sank into the yard... and it sent a shiver down my spine.


The rest of the people weren't too happy, though. Once I was on the move people started running. There were screams. I was inciting a panic, and I hadn't even done anything yet. At least nothing that anyone could see.


Not that it mattered.
From as high up as I was there wasn't a lot of sound that could be heard. Sure, I could tell people were screaming, and running for their lives. But it was faint. Distant. So I certainly didn't expect loud blaring sirens to make my ears ring in that idyllic evening. And I especially didn't expect to turn my head and see cop cars already turning down the street.


How had they gotten here so fast? In retrospect, there was probably a lot of noise at that party. Maybe they were responding to a complaint, and my appearance had them turn their alarms on and call for backup.
At the time?
I assumed it was because of the Dunkin' Donuts we'd passed on the way here.



I'm not a fan of cops. Nowadays for different reasons, obviously. Every so often one of them gets brave, and tries to stop me from having a good time. But then? They were the scariest thing on the planet. I knew that I was bigger, stronger, and heavier. But I didn't have any clothes on, I knew that they liked to shoot first and ask questions later, and I didn't know if I could take a bullet, much less a barrage of them.

I also didn't know just how fucking many of the things were headed in my direction. I'd moved the opposite directions of the first few cops, only to find myself staring down even more headed straight at me.



Were I normal-sized, I'd have been cornered. I'd drop to my knees, and beg for forgiveness while praying that they don't 'accidentally' empty all of their clips into me simultaneously. That's what you're supposed to do, right?

Well I didn't. I knew I wanted this nightmare scenario to end as quickly as possible, but I didn't want it to end by being taken in for questioning. Luckily, at that size I wasn't necessarily beholden to normal laws. Especially not those involving traffic. While the cops were squealing to a stop thinking they had me where they wanted me, I just turned and stepped onto a yard, determined to keep this going for as long as it would take to shrink back down.


Not that that was a particularly good plan either. Sure, it's not easy for cops to follow me when I'm cutting through yards, stepping over fences, and avoiding furniture and patios... but they could still see me, and I wasn't able to actually move fast like this.
Well, I COULD move fast, but I didn't want to. You know. Because of the property damage, destruction, and probable death involved.


Still, even then it was tempting. The gaps between houses weren't exactly made for someone like me. I had to walk with my feet placed close together just to slip between homes without crushing them. The cops seemed to realize what was happening all too late and were picking up speed again, but it wouldn't take much to lose them. They can't exactly drive through fences and houses like I can.


Step by step I tip-toed my way through yards, keeping my eyes on the ground to make sure I didn't step on anything. I did a good job, too. Aside from the obvious footprints left behind in the soil it's like I was never there.
But that came with its own set of issues. I was so focused on keeping my eyes down to make sure I didn't crush anything... I failed to realize I'd gotten turned around in the process. When I finally raised my head to get a handle on where I was going, I could see that I was headed straight for downtown, and not back towards the countryside. Just mistake after mistake after I'd grown, and they were all coming back to bite me in the ass.


It started here. Right in this very neighborhood. Huge, world-changing events that will make it into history books, assuming there's anyone even left to write them. All from this shitty little suburb in a backyard filled with people that nobody will miss.
I sighed, and took a look down the street. It started here... but it didn't end here. At the time I thought I'd made the worst mistake of my life by heading downtown instead of into a more remote area. Things would have been a lot different if I had.
Yeah, I think I made the right call. Even if it was inadvertent.


Still... I could only see so much from here. I could change my perspective to get a better look or get where I wanted to go faster, sure, but I wanted to see things from this angle. Up-close, and personal.
I jumped back into the car. The driver side-eyed me when I got into the front seat instead of the back, but he'll live. For now.
"Downtown." I told him.

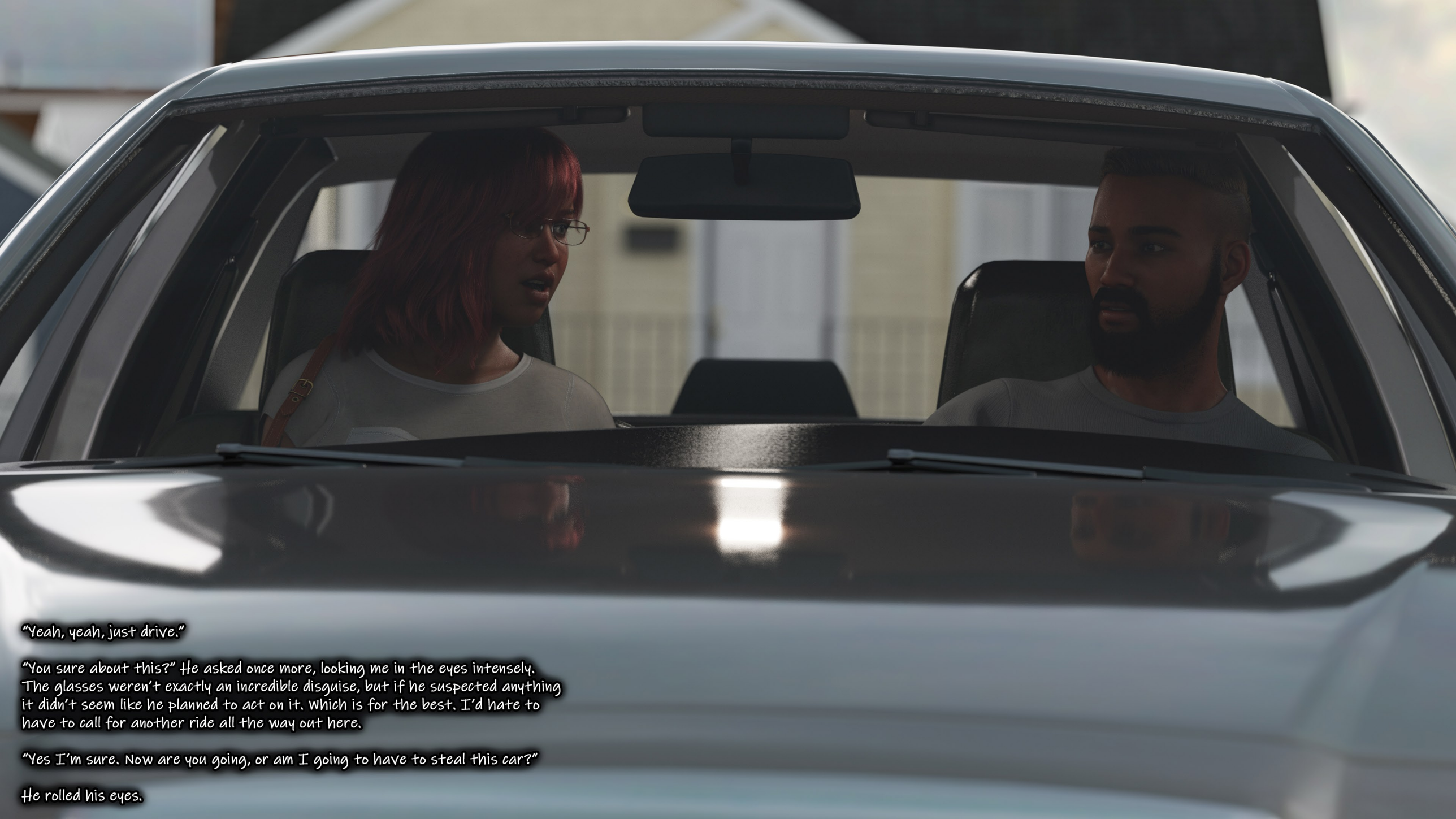


"Downtown?" He asked, raising an eyebrow? "Listen, I get you want to see the sights she left behind and all that, but... you're kind of askin' a lot lady. Roads there are pretty bad, and this is my only source of income. If this car gets too banged up I'm the creek."

"Fine. I'll pay you triple."

He looked at me for a moment. Really seemed to study my face. For a moment I wondered if he might have been questioning who I was... before he sighed, and pulled the car into reverse.

"Alright. You win. But you're gettin' a 1-star if you don't pay up."



"Yeah, yeah, just drive."

"You sure about this?" He asked once more, looking me in the eyes intensely. The glasses weren't exactly an incredible disguise, but if he suspected anything it didn't seem like he planned to act on it. Which is for the best. I'd hate to have to call for another ride all the way out here.

"Yes I'm sure. Now are you going, or am I going to have to steal this car?"

He rolled his eyes.



"Yeah, yeah. Still haven't fixed the fuckin' roads since she walked through here though. This is killin' my suspension."

"I'm not paying you to complain, I'm paying you to drive."

We were headed towards downtown... or what was left of it. But with the roads in the state they were, it would be a while before we got there. Which gave me plenty of time to reminisce.


I remember when I stepped out of the suburbs, and walked downtown. Immediately I was able to walk much more freely as these streets were wide open without any sort of obstacles in the way, aside from the people themselves. But they were running away, so I had a pretty good shot at avoiding them.
I'd already made my decision. Walking here probably wasn't my best option, but if nothing else I could probably hide among the skyscrapers. Even as big as I was, they were still a good deal taller, and I was perfectly capable of making myself vanish through the chaos until I could get away again.
Easy St
N 72nd St


Step after step I had to keep going. Every time I did the ground shook, and the people around me screamed even louder. I moved as fast as I felt like I could, but I was being kneecapped by how slow everyone around me was going. I felt like I had to move slow so they could all get out of the way, but the thought that I'd be lying if I said even then the thought of no longer giving a fuck hadn't crossed me.
CINEMA
JUICE
TETLEYS


And it only grew stronger when I turned a corner to better obscure my path... only to find this street even more packed. I thought of what it would be like to stop caring. To just run at top speed, people in my way be damned. This would be over in a minute flat. The cops couldn't hope to keep up, and the people I'd pass on the way would be too distracted by their near-death experiences to keep track of which direction I'd gone.
I curled my toes at the thought, and was jolted back into reality when I unexpectedly felt something.
PAY DAY LOANS
PAY DAY LOANS
LIQUORS
CUT PRICE LIQUORS
WRONG WAY
昌興藥業



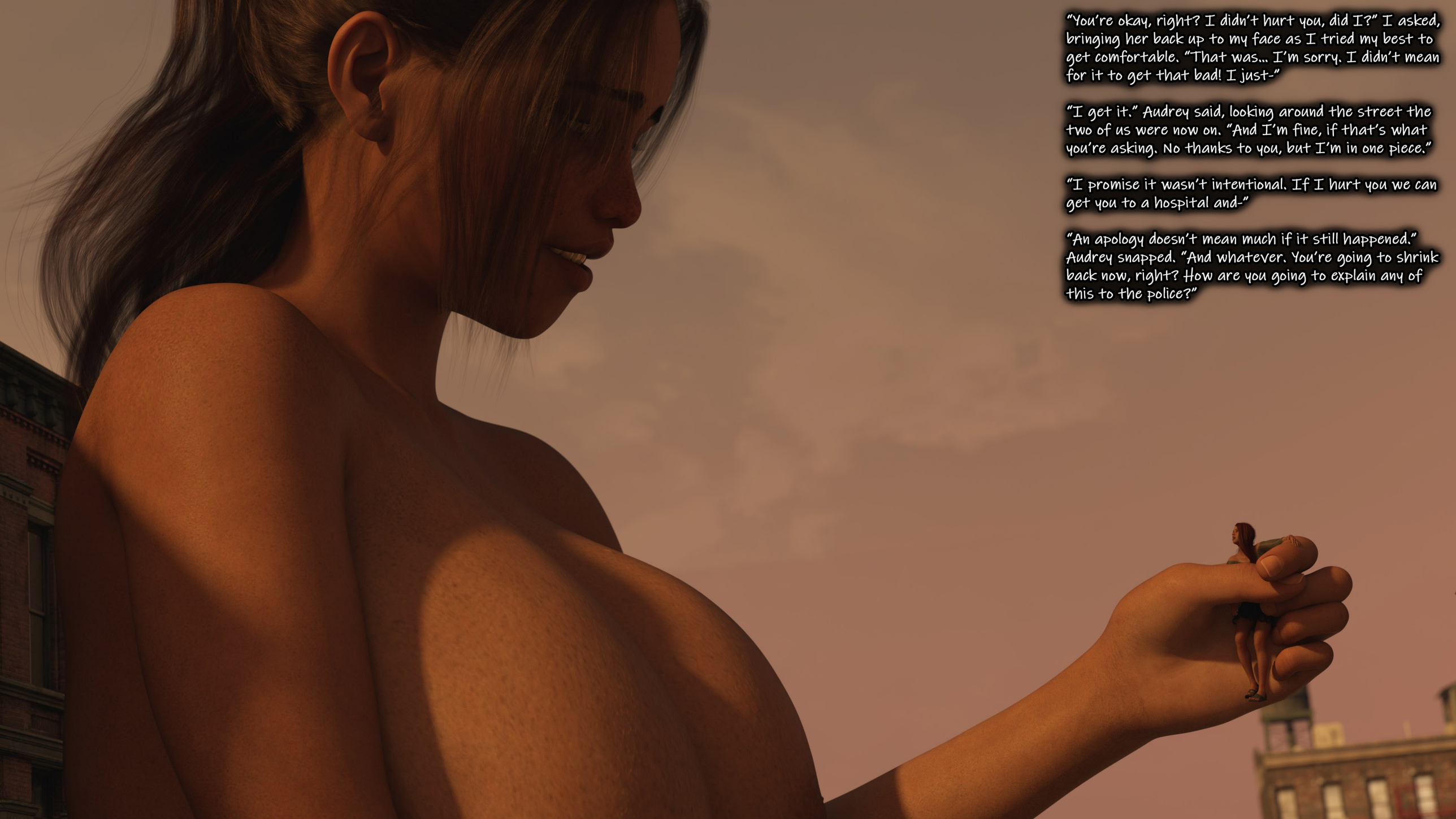
I tried to move my foot away, but it was too late. I stepped down with all my weight, and with a powerful squeal of metal and puff of smoke I realized what just happened. All thoughts of going wild evacuated my mind in an instant. I was playing with fire by getting distracted with unrealistic ideas. I had to keep focused. I very slowly lifted my foot to get a look at the aftermath... and breathed a sigh of relief when I saw a coughing woman run out from under my foot.

If she'd been just a little slower, then I definitely would have...


I bit my bottom lip, swallowed, then took a deep breath.
I couldn't go down this path, I told myself. That was an accident, and it made my heart leap out of my chest. There was no way I was going to ever do anything like that intentionally, and no way I was going to let myself get distracted like that again.
If only I knew...


Regardless, my emotions were running high, and this adventure had exhausted me. I needed to find somewhere to rest. I was still new to simply existing at this size. Moving that much and that carefully along with the adrenaline pumping through every square foot of my body had drained me.
But it's not like there's many options for seating at that size, either. No public benches or anything of the sort. My only option was... a building.
WRONG WAY
CUT PRICE LIQUORS


So fuck it, I thought.
If nothing else, a building isn't going to die if I lean against it. Though I did cringe at the feeling of bricks shifting and a fire escape twisting under my backside... There was nobody harmed. I leaned into it while crouching and gave myself a moment to think.
Audrey!
CINEMA
LIQUORS
Phone


"You're okay, right? I didn't hurt you, did I?" I asked, bringing her back up to my face as I tried my best to get comfortable. "That was... I'm sorry. I didn't mean for it to get that bad! I just-"
"I get it." Audrey said, looking around the street the two of us were now on. "And I'm fine, if that's what you're asking. No thanks to you, but I'm in one piece."
"I promise it wasn't intentional. If I hurt you we can get you to a hospital and-"
"An apology doesn't mean much if it still happened." Audrey snapped. "And whatever. You're going to shrink back now, right? How are you going to explain any of this to the police?"


"The police?" I remembered asking, hardly able to believe what she'd said. "Audrey, we're not telling anyone anything. We can't. This is... it's all too much. It has to be our little secret. Besides, everyone's okay. So it's not like we need to-"



"Okay?!" Audrey suddenly shouted. "Hazel, did you go fucking deaf in the last few minutes? Even if Damian's okay, I'd be shocked if you DIDN'T kill anyone on the way here!"

"He's... the guy whose leg I stepped on, right?"

Audrey placed her head in her hands. "Yes." She groaned. "You just left him back there without even bothering to check how bad he was hurt. He could be dead now for all we know! You can't just... BE this big, Hazel. It's dangerous. YOU'RE dangerous. You need to just sit tight, and let yourself shrink down so it's all over. If that means getting caught, then so be it."



"Just let myself get caught?" I asked, raising my voice enough that she had to shield her ears. "Audrey, it's not your life on the line here! If I get caught, I'm probably going away for a long, long time. I'm just supposed to let my whole life be ruined over what's happened today? It's your fault to begin with! YOU made me grow! YOU gave me the alcohol! YOU brought me to that party in the first place!"

"You weren't supposed to grow this fucking big, Hazel!" Audrey screamed. "It's a fucking party trick! A novelty act! You're supposed to grow like, six inches taller! Not turn into fucking Godzilla! I tried to get you to stop, but you wouldn't! That's on you, not me!"

I can only vaguely remember what was going through my head at that moment. The cocktail of emotions that was running wild and threatening to spill over. She had pushed me into coming into that party in the first place. Sure, I didn't have many friends... but I was okay with that! I was ready to enjoy an evening at home doing nothing. She was the one who told them I could grow in the first place, when it was supposed to be a secret between the two of us. If they hadn't known, I'd have backed out of doing it! They pressured me because they knew! And now here she was acting like she was just an innocent bystander who had no part in this?


"No." I told her. "I'm fucking tired of this, Audrey. I'm tired of it. I'm tired of us. I'm tired of taking orders from you! For as long as we've known each other it's always been you telling me what to do, and me going along because of how sensitive you were to being told no! You never hesitated to push me around, and I had to kiss up to you constantly, just so you wouldn't treat me like shit! Well, I'm fucking tired of it! I don't have to deal with this anymore! Not when you're this fucking small!"


"Small?!" Audrey spat, as her tiny fists furiously beat at my fingers. "I'm normal, Hazel! Get that through your thick fucking skull! It's no wonder you're the way that you are! So what if I said mean things to you when we were kids? I got over it, and you should too! That doesn't give you a fucking excuse to act like a psycho all of a sudden!"


She kept yelling. Screaming. Raising her voice. Punching at my nails. Kicking at my fingers. It was all so...
Cute.
Not in an endearing way, of course. She was being a bit of a cunt, if I may say so. But that kind of didn't matter? Like, things between us had changed so much that... it didn't bother me how angry she was anymore. She was cute because she could scream at the top of her lungs all day long, but she couldn't actually do anything about it. And that was stirring something inside of me, even though I'd never really looked at Audrey that way before.
DON SUSHI ASIAN FOOD


Nowadays I'll try anyone out. Not like they'll be around to tell anyone after if I make a bad choice. But at that time it didn't feel that way. It felt like I was taking a big step, and one that could seriously backfire. But I was just too fucking horny to care.

"No." I told her, shutting her up in an instant. I don't know what she was saying up to that point. I'd stopped paying attention a minute ago. But it was my turn to speak, and she was going to listen. Because she had to. Because she couldn't do anything but what I wanted. "I can do anything I want to you, Audrey." I told her. "Anything. It would be so fucking easy to break you in half right now. All I'd have to do is squeeze a little harder, and I'd break every bone in your body."

"Hazel... you're scaring me."


Hearing those words come out of her mouth made me tense up. I bit my bottom lip for a moment to savor the pleasure that came from her obvious fear... before smiling again.
"Good." I told her. Her eyes went wide as my lips parted, and I brought her closer to my open mouth.


"NO NO NO HAZEL! PLEASE! DON'T EAT ME! I'M SORRY, I-"
All I wanted was to hear her keep begging. It was making me so hot I could hardly stand it. She'd been screaming at me just a second prior, thinking that I was going to fall in line with her like I always did... but she realized how things were now.


Our relationship was never going to be the same after this. I never thought I'd be the one so excited to be in charge... but the thoughts kept flowing. I could only have visions of Audrey on her metaphorical hands and knees. Doing everything I asked. Forever. Always aware that I have the power in our relationship, and what can happen if she tries to raise an objection.
My lips opened wider, and my fingers gradually transitioned from gently rubbing my pussy... to full-on masturbating.



"HAZEL, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?! YOU CAN'T EAT ME! DO YOU KNOW WHAT WILL-"

CLACK

I snapped my teeth shut right in front of her. Close enough that a small puff of wind blew her hair back, and she covered her ears from the ringing after the noise. I could feel her heart beating a million miles an hour against my fingers, and I could swear there was a slight sparkle in the corners of her eyes as she was moments away from crying in fear.


My pussy clenched my fingers tightly as I watched her wipe her face away, and try to put on a brave face. She barely manages to do so, but I can still feel how quick her heart is racing. I know that whatever she says next is only to satiate me and avoid the fate she feared... but I was okay with that. Let her prostrate herself before me. A bit of humility would do her some good.

"Jesus Christ, Hazel." Audrey said, panting between almost every word. "I'm sorry. I didn't know that it hurt you so bad. It was just a little teasing, that's all. I swear. I wouldn't have kept hanging out with you if I didn't actually like you!"


"Is that so?" I asked, my voice breathy. "Well it's too late. I don't care about that anymore. Our old relationship is over. You're nothing to me. If you want to live, then I want to see it firsthand. Beg, Audrey. Beg me to spare your fucking life."
"Alright, Hazel! Just calm down. I mean what I'm about to say from the bottom of my heart, okay?"


Her voice was trembling.
"I'm sorry. I don't know what else to say. I'm really fucking sorry."
Phone
LIQUORS


The words sent a surge of pleasure through my very fucking soul. She'd never once apologized to me for as long as I'd known her, and she had a lot to fucking apologize for. I'd so thoroughly intimidated her and placed her beneath me that she was stooping that low... kissing the metaphorical ground I walked on just to keep me happy.
Phone


The sensation of intense pleasure ran through me. Starting in my pussy, then spreading through me like a raging inferno. My skin tingle. My fingers and toes grew hot. My vision began to blur. The world around me grew muffled.
Phone


I knew what was happening. It was a more intense version of what I experienced any time I'd grow. Far, far stronger, in fact. I had to adjust my weight as I crouched, and could feel the building behind me begin to suffer as a result.
Phone


I was growing again. I knew that much.
I didn't know how. I always thought of it as a thing that required focus. But it was coming so naturally... like it was...
Phone


Feeding off my growth.
I pumped my fingers all the way inside of myself to the knuckle. It seemed obvious now. Too obvious, if anything. The idea that getting myself off is what was making me grow sounded like something out of a porno... but here I am. Living proof that it's real.
In no time at all I no longer felt support on my neck and shoulders. I realized that I must have grown too big to lean against the building properly.
Phone


I should have been more concerned... but I was living in the moment.
I wanted Audrey to experience some part of this herself. Some microscopic iota of the intense, mind-numbing pleasure driving me mad. I slapped the hand I was holding her in against my tit, and squeezed her into it. I also started to realize just how much they'd grown too. They were always big, but not THIS big. I was so... powerful. So fucking hot.


Screams.
I remember hearing them even through the haze of pleasure. The first sign that something was wrong. As I kept growing, I was pushing against the building behind me. I wanted to use it to keep myself balanced as I masturbated, and it would have worked... if I had stayed the same size I was when I first leaned into it.
Now it was shaking. Gradually being torn from its foundations. People trapped inside tried to get out, but the insides were collapsing. I knew I had to stop... but I couldn't.


The building was on borrowed time. Which would come first? My orgasm? Or the destruction of the apartment complex? On some level I knew it was wrong to play games like this with so many lives in the balance. It's entirely possible that the building loses... and then what? Up to that point I'd just assumed that things were okay so long as I managed to get away. But property damage and murder? That was beyond the pale.
And that only made it so much fucking hotter.



Because more than any of that I'd become addicted. Growing used to be a tedious affair. Something that required quite a bit of effort for little payoff. Hell, Audrey put it best. I really used to treat it as little more than a party trick.

But things didn't have to be that way. I leaned further back into the building while fingering myself even harder, letting the sensation of growth overtake me. It was like nothing I'd ever experienced. At that moment I knew that this wasn't the last time I was going to let myself loose like this.

And that's when the building gave in.


The brick facade began to break apart. Chunks of stone hit the street around me. People screamed inside as they begged for someone to come save them. And all they got in return was my big fucking ass smashing straight through the entire building, before losing balance and slamming onto the ground.
I squeezed Audrey even tighter into my tits as my arousal climbed ever higher. My toes curled... but this wasn't enough. I thought it would be, but my sexual hunger was far from satisfied.

So I kept going. Wet sloshing sounds mixed in with a building being demolished under my ass. I dug my heels into the ground to place even more weight onto my ass, only to find my feet sliding forward and bulldozing into even more buildings.
It still wasn't enough.

I let myself fall into my back, and ignored the resistance behind me. More screams, this time so close to my ears I could hear them clear as day. I'd just dropped onto a house, while my outstretched legs had made short work of the buildings across the street. All the while more people fled on foot, running as fast as their tiny legs would carry them out from under my shadow.
That did it.


I don't know which single aspect of all of that pushed me over the edge, or if it was a combination of it all at once. But I laid onto my back entirely, pumping fingers in and out of my pussy as deep and fast as I could manage. I even placed my feet onto the ground to arch my legs up, just so I could get a few extra precious centimeters inside of me. I didn't want this sensation to end, but eventually it had to.



I climaxed. The soundscape was like nothing I'd ever experienced. My sopping wet pussy sloshing as my fingers pumped in and out. Wood beams snapping and cracking as my head crushed more of the house under me. Chunks of glass and brick raining from the ruins of the apartment complex I'd just crushed. The distant sounds of honking horns from my feet that blocked a street. All because of me.

I laid there for a moment, riding the aftermath of my orgasm. As I did, the sounds... changed.


I remember it scaring me. They stopped being exciting, and started worrying me. My eyes shot open, and I sat up... finally getting a good look at my surroundings.
At what I'd done.


All this destruction. All of the lives I...
I pushed those thoughts away. I didn't want to deal with them at the moment. Instead I sat back up, and felt shame wash over me as I could see the aftermath of what happened when I let my emotions get the better of me. Still, it made my pussy tingle... and my nipples harden... and-
Audrey.
WRONG WAY


I'd let my feelings get the better of me. I didn't want to kill Audrey. I just wanted to scare her a bit, let her know she was supposed to respect me. But with how furiously I'd been masturbating just now I knew that there was a very real possibility that I had done something I would regret.
I pulled my hand away from my tit... and Audrey didn't move. Her body slumped over in my thumb, and I could feel my blood turn to ice.


"Audrey?"

I held my breath. I ran a finger over the top of her head, and brushed her hair away. She didn't move. Even at the height of my pleasure I remember the only thing that kept me going was the level of separation between me and the people I was victimizing. I didn't live in this part of town. I didn't know anyone here. They'd never see me again. But Audrey was...

She was special.


"Audrey, please! I-I got carried away! I'm sorry! I'll make it right! I'll let myself shrink and turn myself in! I'll-"
I felt something. Was it... a heartbeat? Or was that just my blood rushing through my body so intensely I could hear it and swore I could sense it. I didn't know. She wasn't moving though. So what was it?!


"Audrey?"
I nudged her head with the tip of my finger, careful to avoid hurting her. I expected her eyes to pop open, hear her cough, and have her call me a stupid bitch for hurting her so badly. Something familiar, even if it was harsh. I just...


I didn't want to be alone.
Not like this.


"Audrey...? Come on." I whispered. Tears were beginning to well in the corner of my eyes. I held my breath and waited... but nothing.
"You're my only friend, Audrey! I can't lose you... Not like this..."


I felt worse than I'd ever felt in my life up until that point. And honestly? Worse than I've felt since. That feeling of knowing that you could be responsible for the death of someone you actually cared about and didn't view as a complete stranger was... it was bad.
"I don't know what got into me!" I begged in between sniffles. "You can't fucking die on me like this, Audrey! You're too tough for that! So come on... wake up..."


Sirens.
Even thinking about it again pisses me off. Here I am at my lowest moment, trying to find out if I'd... Well, I'm just going to be honest. If I'd accidentally killed my friend, or just injured her pretty badly. Neither seemed like a pretty outcome, but one of them was definitely way worse than the other. And that is the exact time that the cops decide they should pull up, blaring their sirens at maximum volume.
NO PARKING
POLICE ENFORCER
SERVE
PROTECT


I was out of it at the time. So much so that the loud noises just made me dizzy, and threw me for a loop. There's a hundred things I could have done in retaliation. Even if I wasn't up to crushing them all at the moment, I could have gotten up and ran... but I didn't.
Being in that kind of headspace fucks with you like that.
So I didn't do shit. I just sat there and watched. Listened to squealing tires as the cops pulled up, got out of their cars, and quickly started to pull out their guns. One guy in particular seemed to take charge and shouted up at me.
"DON'T MOVE, OR WE WILL BE FORCED TO OPEN FIRE."
POLICE
POLICE
POLICE


I hadn't really tested what this new size of mine was capable of, really. I knew that I was obviously bigger and stronger. The building I'd crushed with my ass was testament to that. But bullets are really, really fast. And hot. I didn't want to find out I wasn't impervious to those by getting riddled with holes.
So I tried to talk them down.
"Listen, I'll do whatever you want I just... I need a moment, okay? Give me some time."
"HANDS BEHIND YOUR BACK! DON'T TALK BACK! SIT STILL AND-"
TETLEYS
SERVE
PROTECT



It was obvious I wasn't going to be getting any peace and quiet there. So... I left. Maybe it was illogical, but it made me think of a phrase I saw on a funny shirt once. If things suck, you can just leave. Hit the bricks. What are they going to do? Shoot me?


"THIS IS YOUR FINAL WARNING! WE WILL OPEN FIRE!"
Maybe they will. Maybe they won't. Was I willing to take that gamble...? Yeah. I think I was. Fuck 'em. If it hurts, then I can probably get out of here before they hit me enough times to really do damage. I didn't want to deal with this, so I just wasn't going to.
POLICE
POLICE
POLICE
POLICE


CRACK
Gunshots rang in the air. At first I thought it was just a warning shot, but it was followed near-instantly by a dozen more. Instantly it felt as if my skin had been set on fire. One shot hit me right on the knuckle, and I flinched from the pain. It went away quickly, but it was really, really fucking annoying nevertheless.


More shots, and my face started to feel the heat too. I shielded myself as best I could, and was thankful that my fingers felt dry. I'm sure if they'd actually broken the skin my fingers would be covered in red, but they were completely clean! So that means there's no danger, and...
Wait-


My ears started ringing. My breath caught in my throat. My skin started tingling. My hands, both of them, were completely empty. I'd just been holding Audrey a second ago, hadn't I? Did I... drop her?
I didn't want to look down. Didn't want to see what had happened. But...


There she was.


I remember that intense, powerful fear. It was like nothing I'd ever experienced. Just a coldness that ran through me, followed by the rest of the world growing quiet. There's no way she was still alive. A fall like that would have been dangerous even for a conscious person. Someone unconscious wouldn't have been able to minimize the damage. She was...
More gunshots rang out, bringing the world back into stark clarity.
"YOU!" I screamed at the cops who'd resumed firing at me. I stood up to my full height, and looked down at them. They looked like ants from this high up. Pathetic insects attempting to bring a superior being down to their level. This was THEIR fault. She might have still been alive! I could have rushed her to a hospital! But now she was...


Now she was gone.
Did it matter whose fault it was? I just needed some time to myself. Some time to grieve. Some time to think. Silence. Peace. I needed to be anywhere but here.
"STOP!"
bar


I ignored the cops.
"COME BACK HERE RIGHT NOW!"
More bullets. I ignored those too. Dozens of tiny stings across my naked back, and I didn't give them what they wanted. Didn't give them a reaction.
But they were, if nothing else, very fucking persistent.
PAY DAY LOANS
PAY DAY LOANS
B COOPER FOR MAYOR!
Museum St
NO PARKING
UNAUTHORIZED VEHICLES WILL BE TOWED AT OWNER'S EXPENSE


"Just leave me alone!"
They didn't listen.
I kept walking. They kept shooting. And they kept hitting, because I was such a big target. I tried to ignore it. I really did. I just couldn't stop thinking about how this stopped being fun. Even considered trying to see if I could force myself to shrink back down just so I could get it all over with.


In the end I'm glad I didn't. Because they kept shooting. And shooting. And shooting. They just could not take a fucking hint. It was obvious I didn't want to deal with this, but it was like they wanted me to hit them back. They were practically begging for it.
Something inside of me broke at that moment.


They had to know what I was capable of. Had to know that I could have, and would have ended them all under my heels in the blink of an eye if I actually put effort into it. But here they were. Firing at me like I hadn't made myself clear.
So why shouldn't I take some of my anger out on them? I remember turning around slowly, teeth clenched so tightly I was starting to hurt my jaw. I told myself if they didn't stop, then I was going to make sure they would regret it. Maybe I just assumed they'd realize how fruitless all this shit was.
People can be so disappointing.


"I told you to fucking leave me alone!" I shouted, hands balled into fists as if that was going to intimidate them. I wasn't in the right state of mind, obviously. If they thought that bullets were gonna bring me down, why would they be afraid of a mean look? They must have thought they were having an effect given how upset I was.
So it's probably for the best that I taught them their place.
TETLEYS
Juice


When the bullets didn't stop, I snapped. Bounding ahead I pulled my left foot back as quickly as I could, and saw their reactions. For a split-second there was real, genuine fear among them. Some put their guns down and turned around. Others kept shooting, thinking I was just making myself a bigger target.
None of them were going to escape.
CANTON
TETLEYS
CINEMA



My foot swung forward, and I made sure to kick a little lower than I needed to. Sure enough, my foot scraped the ground, tearing up the tarmac and asphalt, and sending a shower of hard debris at the cops. That would have been scary all on its own, but they had only a split-second to process what was happening before my kick smashed into the cars in front of the blockade, sending them flying into the air.

The cops themselves were no different. Bodies thrown violently without ever making direct contact with me. Just victims of my foot swinging forward because I was feeling a little grumpy.


It felt good.
Like, really good.
All of my emotions seemed to get honed into one direction when I saw what my foot was capable of. My rage was tempered with the effortless display. My sadness was vindicated with their instant loss. They had to listen to me, because I was bigger, and stronger. I was in charge, and if they didn't know that before-


Then they were about to find out.
"ARE YOU GOING TO LEAVE ME ALONE NOW?!" I shouted down to those who were just out of range, feeling my voice crack in the process. I clenched my fingers as tightly as I could, knowing that all I needed was a reason. An excuse to keep this going. They seemed disoriented after what had just happened, but when I saw one of them slowly begin to raise his gun.


I interrupted him.
"LEAVE ME THE FUCK ALONE!" I screamed, raising my foot again. "YOU KILLED MY BEST FRIEND, AND NOW YOU WON'T GIVE ME SOME TIME TO MYSELF?!"
Seeing my foot raised like that was enough to make the lone officer who'd tried to raise his gun give up. He and the others spun around in an instant to try and get away.



I didn't have to crush them.

Despite how high my emotions were running... that was something I actually realized. I didn't have to kill them where they stood. My kick had thrown them back far enough that I could crush the car they had driven here in, and scared the hell out of them.


But I wanted to step on them.
I wanted them to hurt the way they'd hurt me. Though I was capable of doing a hell of a lot more damage than they ever would be. It even made finishing that step awkward. I had to stretch my leg a bit further than was natural. But if I hadn't done that, I would have only gotten the car.
And I wanted the cops dead too.
Juice
CANYON


I hit them directly. Their bodies popped like grapes under me. Red puddles leaked out from under my toes. I could feel the warm moisture coating my skin. I felt like something big had just happened. I had taken some more lives, and these weren't able to be excused as an accident, or played off like I was unaware. I knew what I was doing, and anyone who saw would have known that.
I clenched my toes in what was left, savoring the feeling of their crushed bodies squelching under me, while leaving marks in the street itself.
3F


"Fuck you." I said to myself, then spat on the ground. It felt appropriate, and I could even feel my rage begin to fade. My heart rate slowed, and I let my fingers fall to my side.
I scanned the ground, waiting to see if I had missed anyone... but things had fallen silent.


But what an aftermath it was. Cars that are flipped or partially crushed. Huge blood splatters in every direction. The ground itself had been so thoroughly ripped up that this street wouldn't be passable in its current state.
I did this. My anger did this. I was solely responsible for all of this death and destruction. It felt good. I felt powerful.


But it wasn't going to bring Audrey back.
I looked at her body, hoping beyond hope that maybe I'd overreacted. That the fall wouldn't have killed her, but instead jolted her back into consciousness. She'd be in a good deal of pain, but she'd be alive.
I must have stood there for five entire minutes. Silently watching her body. Waiting for her eyes to crack open, and for her to cough. Trying to see if her chest was rising and falling. Waiting for her to wake up and call me a bitch for hurting her.
All I got was silence.


I didn't know what to do from here. Should I... take her with me? Find some place to bury her? Or... get rid of her.
CINEMA
Juice
TETLEYS


It was a dark thought. Even now it doesn't feel right, but at the time it was especially grim. But she was the only thing really connecting me to my old life. The old Hazel. I didn't want to do anything, but if I was going to try and live a normal life after this, then maybe it was for the best that there were no victims that could tie me to this. At least, none that could be recovered.


I have regrets.
Mostly from how fucked up these roads are. If I'd known I was going to be getting a ride through these streets ten years later I'd have probably kept to the yards and houses, and left the roads intact. Instead we're taking this long, winding, slow road to avoid damaging this guy's car any.



There's not even any need to. Not like he's going to survive this. But he doesn't know that, and he wants to protect his investment, and I obviously can't tell him, so I'm stuck.

Still, it is an incredible sight to really behold. Half of the suburbs are still lying in ruin a decade later. Nobody's found the time to fix anything when there's other, more pressing issues to attend to. It's all so...

A moan slipped from between my lips.



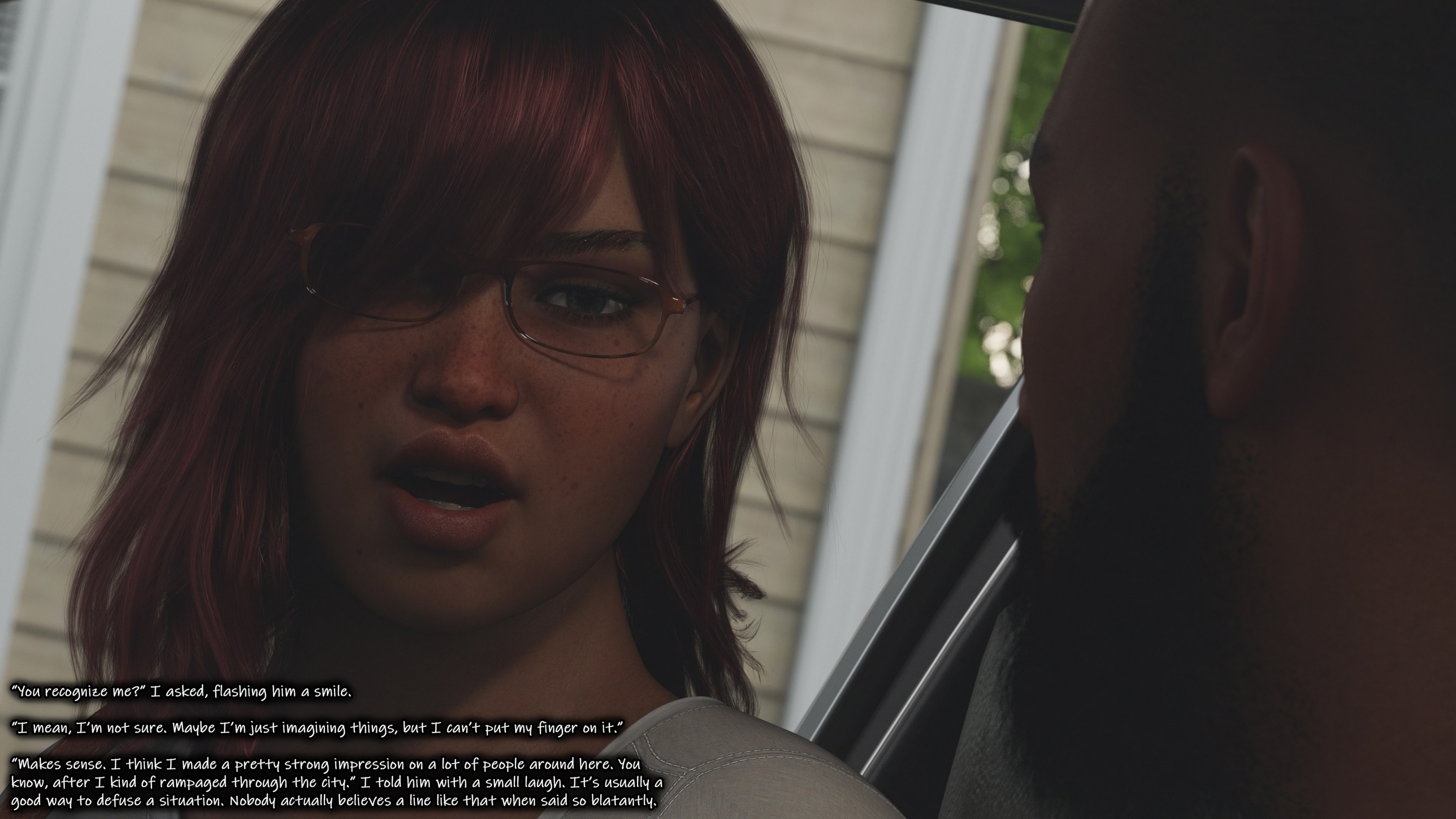
"What was that?"

"Hm?" I asked, before pretending to cough.

"Thought you said somethin'." He said, before looking back at me. "You've been awfully quiet. Most people that want to go through these places ask questions. Or take pictures. You're just looking."

"I just have a great memory, I guess."

"Yeah. Don't we all. Can't put my finger on it, either. You said you were from around here, right? Do I know you? I feel like we must've met. Same school, or somethin'?"



"You recognize me?" I asked, flashing him a smile.

"I mean, I'm not sure. Maybe I'm just imagining things, but I can't put my finger on it."

"Makes sense. I think I made a pretty strong impression on a lot of people around here. You know, after I kind of rampaged through the city." I told him with a small laugh. It's usually a good way to defuse a situation. Nobody actually believes a line like that when said so blatantly.



Or so I thought. Hardly a second later I hear him slam his foot onto the brakes. The tires squeal, and my head nearly bashes against the dashboard from how suddenly he stopped.

"I knew I recognized you! Holy shit! You're really fucking her!" He shouted, fumbling with his seatbelt and the car door at the same time. Despite that, he keeps his eyes locked on me. Mesmerized, and afraid of what I might do.



"Took you long enough, idiot." I said, narrowing my eyes and leaning closer to him. His breath caught in his throat and I could feel the tension in the air as he stopped trying to free himself.

"Listen, I don't- the ride's free. Anything you want. You can have it, just-"

"Ugh. Shut up." I told him, before leaning back into my seat. "Sit down, and keep driving. I can grow a lot faster than you can run, even if you tried to force me out of the car. So if you don't want to end the day as a splatter under my toes, then you're going to keep driving like we agreed. Got it?"



Beads of sweat are pouring down his forehead as he fumbles with his seatbelt a bit more, and sits back up straight. He tries to clear his throat to break the tension, but it comes off loud and he quickly glances back at me to see how I reacted.

His hands are shaking as he puts them back onto the wheel, and he lets go of the brake. Without another word he resumes driving, occasionally throwing glances back at me. I'd have hoped we could keep this ride a little more casual... but it is fun to see him squirm.


It had been way too long since the last time I'd done something like this. I'd almost forgotten how good it felt toying with people like this, and this was just an appetizer. The night was still young, and the party wouldn't end until I had turned the city into a fucking crater.
Metropolitan
KRB-1645
21024

END OF PART 1

HAZEL'S FIRST SMASH
PART 1
SIZE COMPARISON




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


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