
SEIZING THE MOMENT

by Papayoya

CHAPTER 1: DAWN

This is going to be my wildest wakeup yet. And I have to say that I have had some pretty wild wakeups since I came to Laguna Tech.

I think that what woke me up was the early morning Sun, which is starting to become unbearable through my eyelids. What has me really concerned, though, is the cool breeze along my skin. All of my skin. My instincts tell me that I'm waking up outdoors and naked. And I would rush to check if that is true if my head wasn't throbbing so much.

"God! What a hangover!" I mutter. I realize that I must have been seriously partying, but I'm unable to remember any details. Being a sophomore, I'm no stranger to the feeling, no matter what the legal age to drink is.

I was not expecting any answer to the pointless reference to my headache, but I get one. A very weird one. Everything about what I hear while my eyes are still firmly shut tells me that they are screams. Everything but the volume, which sounds like a TV in a distant room.

The situation is certainly bizarre; I cannot postpone the inevitable anymore, so I slowly sit down and open my eyes, covering them with my hand for a few seconds while they adjust to the brightness. My head throbs a bit more, another indication that this is not going to be a mild hangover.

I'm still slow, but I start becoming aware of my surroundings. I'm in the seafront, sitting on a beach with white and fine sand. A quick look down confirms that, as I feared, I'm in my birthday suit. My instincts force me to blush as I move a hand up to cover my generous chest while the other gets to my womanhood.

Then, the distant screams come back and force me to look beyond my toes. My jaw drops when I find their source. It turns out that the beach is the only thing that makes sense around me. Everything else is seriously fucked up. I'm on my own on the sand, the main reason being that I'm taking most of it. There are still a few free spots, but I very much doubt anyone would like to share them with me.

Laguna's skyline is easy enough to identify, after a bit more than a year in the city. It looks somehow different than I'm used to, though. And way closer. In fact, everything related to sizes and distances is really messed up, not only the city. I guess it's time to put my finger on the freakiest thing of all: the people.

There are people. There are plenty of them, at least a few dozen. Most of them look like joggers, but I can see a few cars in the area too. I know where I am. It's not my first time in Millner's Point, although it looks quite different from the previous occasions.

Millner's Point is in the far end of Laguna's bay, a couple of miles out of the city and in a location where small coves join some low cliffs. During the morning it's a favorite spot

for joggers, people walking their dogs or people just going out for a stroll. At night, it's dark and secluded enough to make it very suitable for another type of physical activity, as the college population in the area learned long time ago. I did, only a few weeks after arriving in Laguna Tech.

Waking up here and naked is a clear indication of how my night ended. I close my eyes and rub them, trying to remember a few more details, but it feels just impossible. Not finding any memories to take shelter on forces me to focus on the present. And it's a weird present.

I'm not alone at Millner's Point. In fact, I'm far from being alone. I'm shocked at the sight of the people, but I think it's fair to say that my impact on them is even more intense. It all has to do with the relative scale, of course. Even from the distance, I can see easily enough that each of the mesmerized onlookers is not even the size of a Lego doll.

"Oh fuck!" I say, not really realizing that I am uttering the words until they are out. My statement was not very ladylike, but I don't think that's what has caused the commotion. My interjection has made the people on the road to take a couple of steps back. And I'm pretty sure that what scared them is my size. Because, after all, if they look like little green army men to me, I must be looking like the fucking Godzilla to them!

I start hyperventilating as my heads keeps throbbing, making the task of making some sense out of the situation even harder. The crowd is mostly idle now, even if it's easy enough to see that they are very startled. Well, who wouldn't be? I mean, I'm shocked too.

My first reaction is to think that someone is playing some sort of practical joke on me, so quite instinctively I ask:

"Are you guys for real?"

My words sound louder than I intended, even if my voice still sounds like my voice to me. It must not sound so appealing to the people in the crowd, since my question sends them a couple additional paces back, making them look jumpier all along.

I'm still not at my intellectual peak, but my numb brain is starting to work a little better. And it starts telling me that my surroundings feel too authentic for this to be a prank. Besides, I'm not important enough for anyone to invest the resources that would be needed for a set-up like this one.

The problem with this conclusion is obvious, though. If this is not a joke, then the alternative is an even more unrealistic one: I'm a giant!

I stop and think about this for a second. How in the world is a girl supposed to grow to whatever size I am now? Because, if what I'm seeing is true, I'm truly enormous! It is impossible for someone to become this size, isn't it? I'm training to become an Engineer, not a Biologist, but I think that basic science is explicit about living creatures not being able to get so ginormous, right?

Besides, if I am as big as it seems, how did I grow? Because, I had to grow, at some point, right? I force my mind a bit more and get to the same blackout as in previous occasions. I start wondering if the reason behind my growth and my temporary amnesia are somehow related. I remember the club, my friends, the boy... Kevin I think. And then, nothing. Next thing I know is that I've woken up at Millner's point and that I gained a few inches in the process. A few thousand inches, to be more precise.

I start wondering about how big I might be, but another look at the spooked crowd beyond my toes tells me that there are more important things to find out. I'm not sure what triggers the next reaction, maybe the looks I get from some of the men in the "audience", but I've become very aware of my nudity once more. The shock of the situation had made me forget about it, but I suddenly try to cover my modesty again, reaching down with one hand while I try to use the other arm to cover my voluptuous chest.

My sudden movement seems to have scared the people once more, since I hear a collective sigh as they take yet another step back. It's starting to become frustrating, but I tell myself that I cannot really blame them for being afraid of me.

There is a moment of uncertainty. And then, I let a laugh out, realizing about the sheer absurdity of it all.

"I'll tell you what," I say as I slowly remove my hands from the most remarkable parts of my anatomy. "Ignore my size and I won't mind if you take a peek at my boobs!"

I'm a giant, for God's sake! Being bashful is pointless!

"I guess I can now really claim that my tits are the biggest in the world!" I joke, still too confused by the situation to react normally.

And then, I lose it when I see that some of the members of the crowd start taking their phones out and pointing them at me.

My first reaction is to cover myself again. Then, I just get angry.

"Hey, you!" I snap. My tone certainly makes the crowd alert. "Don't take any pictures of my snatch, will you?"

Different from what I had expected, those with their smartphones on hand do not react immediately. I could swear that a few have even started clicking the shutter. I see some flashes. This really makes me lose it. I had not intended to sound so angry as I do when I address them again:

"Put the fucking phones away!"

They obey, without exception. And it makes me feel strangely proud. I seem to have authority over them, and even if it feels weird it also feels logical, considering the size difference.

The fact that there has been some communication with them is also encouraging, even if so far it has been more one-sided than I would like. But they seem to understand what I say and I can certainly hear them, even if all they have managed to produce so far have been screams and sighs. I hope that I will be able to get something more out of them, like for example, some answers to my current situation. And since I want answers, I decided to resort to the oldest technique in the book: asking!

“Does anyone know how I became so big?”

I realize that I was too naïve to expect anything productive out of the question. Still, the fact that no one even attempts to reply starts upsetting me.

“Come on! I need some help here!”

There are some murmurs in the crowd. For an instant I hope that this means that they are thinking about it. But then, a few of those in the back start heading away. They are leaving!

My temper is getting worse at the realization that people do not seem to be interested at all in helping me, even with something as simple as some answers. The fact that they do not seem to be keen to be around me anymore makes it worse. Just then, I catch a couple of guys sneaking their phones out to take a picture and I lose it.

“What the fuck do you think you are doing?” my voice thunders. I never thought I could speak so loudly.

This, quite predictably, makes more people leave, including one of the guys with the phone, who takes the chance to take a picture of me before turning and starting to run. My head throbs in pain, the increasingly louder screams from the crowd not helping too much. Their numbers are visibly dwindling as more and more of them keep fleeing. And then, there are a couple more flashes, even if I cannot identify the exact source. This pisses me off big time!

I’m standing up before I can realize what I’m doing.

Whoa! This is really high! I guess this means that I’m very, very tall! Of course, I should have been able to do the math while sitting down, but I must admit that it is not until now that I’m looking at the world from my new full height that I have realized about just how fucking huge I have got!

The crowd looks both closer and farther away. From this high, people look even smaller and I’m starting to wonder if my previous association of them to Lego dolls was accurate enough. But they look closer at the same time, now also evident that I could cover the distance to them in three or four steps.

Of course, this works both ways, so if I can reach this conclusion, it is evident that those in the crowd can reach it too. It might even be easier for them, since I guess they can see me much better than I can see their diminutive forms. Now that they have realized about my true scale, it’s not a trickle of people leaving anymore. The entire mob is

stampeding back towards the city, reacting much as if I were Godzilla, just emerged from the sea and ready to breathe some fire on them. Well, the entire breathing fire thing is obviously an exaggeration, but I doubt I'm much smaller than the giant lizard, so up to some point the people's fear is understandable.

The thought is both amusing and unsettling. I cannot prevent feeling some weird pride at being able to cause this type of reaction. At the same time, I realize that this crowd's reaction is probably not going to be too different from the reaction of everyone else I'll meet. Is this the way I will relate to the world from now on, then? I certainly hope that I can find a better arrangement. At least, until I manage to shrink back to normal.

Because that is, of course, the key question. I have no fucking clue about how I got so big, but I certainly hope that whatever it was can be reverted. I cannot imagine what my life will be if I stay like this, especially now that I have had a taste about what people think about my new self.

My engineer's mind kicks in and tells me that I need answers. At the same time, my curiosity for my new and bizarre surroundings is growing. The crowd has used the time I've used to think about all this to get even farther away, running back along the path that leads up to the cliff and in the road to the city.

They get scared when I start walking in their direction. Their reaction is quite noticeable and makes me smirk, but even if unknown to them, they are not my target. They could have been, and it's easy enough to see that I would not have had any issues in catching up with them, but I'm not in the mood to get a closeup of the panic I cause in them yet.

I chuckle when I reach the cliff they have been climbing and realize that it barely reaches mid-thigh. I drop to a knee and feel the world getting much closer than I expected at a speed I'm not used to. I let my mind settle to my new frame of reference and look at the new landscape around me.

Now that the people are gone there is not much in Millner's Point. Laguna is easy enough to see in the distance, but there are a few miles of nothing between me and the city. Still, the mob left a few interesting things behind.

I find myself naturally reaching for one of the largest cars abandoned in the parking lot on top of the cliff, a burgundy SUV that stands out from the rest of vehicles in the area. It feels like nothing but a toy as I wrap my fingers around it. I soon find out that it's less sturdy than a toy, though, since my fingertips dent the sheet metal as I apply only the gentlest pressure to take a hold of the car. I adjust the force and pull the SUV up, noticing that it feels close to weightless.

I'm tired of kneeling, so I stand back up and rest the car in my waiting left palm, brining it closer to my eyes with curiosity. It does not even take my entire palm, heel to fingertip! The model car is maybe the size of a computer mouse, but it feels way less robust than one. I turn my hand to look at it from different angles and sneer in disgust when I realize that its dirty underside has soiled my palm.

“Real enough,” I mutter as I grab the car by its roof with my other hand once more.

And then, the lightning strikes me. This is a real car, belonging to a real person. A person that was here a minute ago and that is now running away from me and towards a scaled down version of Laguna, which is real too.

I had thought about it before, but it is not until now that the implications of what has happened to me start sinking in.

“Oh my God! I am a giant!” I say to no one.

Different than before, now I really understand it. I look again at the crowd trying to get away in the distance and understand that just yesterday I was like them, a sophomore at Laguna Tech, ready to get into Engineering School. I look at the car in my hand once more and internalize its size, the size of those that fit inside it. And I understand my new condition.

I close my eyes, trying to bring back my last memories as a normal-sized girl once more. There was the club, my friends, Kevin... and then nothing. No clue that could explain how I have got to the current situation.

I need answers and for an instant I consider chasing the mob, maybe forcing them to give me some information. After all, if I’m holding the car with such ease, I have a feeling that it will not be that hard to convince someone to become cooperative. I know I can catch them. I don’t even think it would be hard. After all, from my vantage point of view they look ridiculously slow, almost on the comical side.

I’m not too convinced of pursuing that avenue, though. After all, my main interest in life is not to scare people and force them to do my bidding. I wonder if another crowd may be more helpful, especially if I take care to be gentler from the very beginning. My size is undoubtedly going to shock anyone I meet, but maybe if I can control the next instance on my terms I can make it more productive. I know it feels like wishful thinking, but then again, things can only get better, right?

I have massive gaps to fill in my memory and I know I will need some help with them. Right now, I cannot see too many alternatives.

I close my eyes and start looking back in my mind once more: the club, my friends, Kevin... and then I look back a bit further. I remember about the car, driving from Laguna Tech to the city, the cops stopping us, the fine for speeding, the crappy motel where we checked in for the night...

The motel is probably my latest memory that does not feel blurred. Is it a good enough spot to start looking for answers? The truth is that I have no clue, but I need to start somewhere and with the crowd that saw me wake up not very cooperative, I might as well start somewhere else, with the hopes of meeting some more reasonable people.

CHAPTER 2: DIP

I'm proud of the idea I've had. I wanted to get into Laguna and look for my motel. In principle, the only way to do that would have been to take the road from Millner's Point to the city, the same road where I can still see the crowd that is fleeing from me. This would have meant meeting them sooner rather than later, since I have no doubts that there is no way they can outrun me.

This alone did not feel too appealing. Moreover, taking the road would have meant walking a few miles and making a considerable detour. I realize that the concept of walking a few miles does not mean the same to me anymore, but the road to the city still felt considerably unattractive.

And then I realized that at my height I should have no issues to wade the not so deep water of Laguna's bay. This is what I'm doing now and I'm quite pleased to have had the idea. For starters, the water is both warm and incredibly soothing, and walking across the bay offers me the sort of calm that a stroll along the road would not have.

The waves are gently massaging my lower thighs as I advance, while the early morning breeze caresses my naked curves. I've decided to ignore my nudity for the time being, basically because of the lack of alternatives. It does not look like I will be finding any size two-thousand dress anytime soon, and I simply cannot keep covering myself with my hands the entire time. I do hope that the people will be able to disregard my nakedness too, if only because my scale is more preeminent.

It's not as if my figure would not have been eye-catching in any other circumstance, of course. I was quite a late bloomer, my mousy appearance and nerdy character bringing me through high school practically unnoticed to boys. Nature repaid me generously, though, and by the time my body started developing, it really caught up. The magic number was six, which were the inches I added to my height, my bust and my hips.

Even if I had already enjoyed my new anatomy in my senior high-school year, my reputation as a geek prevented me to make the most out of it. Things changed dramatically once I got to college, though. Being nerdy at Laguna Tech is not so outstanding; my tits are, though.

So, I've thoroughly enjoyed my eighteen months in campus, letting myself go in ways I would not have imagined possible and that would probably shock my parents. Boys, alcohol and recreational drugs have become a common source of fun, even if I am still responsible enough to keep my learning and marks on track.

Last night was marked as one of my days of indulgence, a day to drive to the city and enjoy one of the popular clubs in Downtown. Laguna Tech is one of the top engineering schools in the country, which was the reason I originally chose it. After a year and a half in it, I could not be happier with its location, its long Caribbean beaches and the nightlife it offers.

My junior year was great. My sophomore one had been amazing, so far. I can now see that dating Mike so soon after getting to college was a mistake. He is very good looking and by the time he started showing interest in me I was not used to that at all. I realized soon enough that he was not interested in much more of me than my curves; I did not mind it at the beginning, but I should have realized that I was not the only girl in the area that could fulfill that need. I still don't know how many girls he had been cheating me with by the time I caught him with Allison, but I'm quite sure she was not the first one.

Life has been much easier after him, in any case. I'm too young for the type of commitment of a boyfriend, and I've learned that I can enjoy almost any boy I fancy with not so much effort on my side. Besides that, hanging out with the girls is much funnier.

Or well, it was. I'm not sure how I would hang out with the girls right now, unless I sat them on my shoulder as I stroll around the city.

The quiet and the breeze are making wonders with my headache, but my hangover is not yet completely gone. I've reached the center of the bay and the water has got a bit deeper, its surface now level with my clean-shaven crotch. Taking a deep breath, I let myself drop backwards and submerge my humongous body in the delicious water.

I love the kaleidoscopic effect as the sunlight filters through the surface. I was always good at holding my breath and being underwater is really helping with the hangover. My usual sharpness is starting to come back. And, as expected, it is starting to ask questions about my current situation.

I make another attempt at remembering the events of the night before, thinking that the hangover might have been blocking them somehow. It is as unsuccessful as the previous ones, my memories blurring right after the club, Kevin and the slutty dance I did to catch his attention. So, unable to think backwards, my mind goes back to thinking forward.

The first question is a repeated one: is there any way to revert the growth? And then my mind goes through everything that will be wrong in case there is not: what will I eat? Where will I sleep? How is the world going to react to me? How am I going to finish Engineering school? I realize that this last question is quite less relevant than the rest, but it pops up somehow. The perspective of living my life like a freak, likely isolated in some sort of research lab, surrounded by white coats, starts weighing down on me.

And then, a different part of my brain kicks in and asks the politically incorrect questions. How will the world look to me now? Will it be fun? Which sort of stuff should I be able to do as a giant? In which ways can I use my size? What are the advantages?

By the time I decide to stand up again and bring my upper body out of the water, I'm as confused as I was when I got in. My head feels so much better, though.

I've always been a good girl. That's what my parents will tell you if you ask them. But if you ask around in Laguna Tech, no one will dare to tell you that I'm a boring girl. These two sides of my personality seem to be arguing right now, and I cannot prevent thinking on the typical cartoonish reference of the Angel Lucy in my left shoulder and the Devil Lucy in my right one, both talking to me and trying to convince me to go their way.

Only they are probably not an angel and a devil but more a Schoolgirl Lucy, dressed in a cute uniform and telling me to do the right thing and the Party Lucy, clad in the sluttiest dress she could find and convincing me to have fun.

The crashing sounds, quickly followed by horns and then some more crashes, quickly catch my attention. It is not hard to find the source of such commotion in Bay Bridge, stretching over the water not too far from where I'm standing. My eyes can make much more detail than I would have expected, giving me a full HD view of the royal mess on the roadway.

It must be the tiniest massive pile up I've ever seen, with dozens of cars having crashed into each other, a few having caught up in fire. Doors are flying open as people abandon their stalled vehicles and try to make their mind up between fleeing or just staying put.

I do not have to get any closer to the bridge to get to the entry point I selected in the city, but the scene is way too compelling for me to let it go. Realizing that I'm the cause for the mess feels strangely more exciting than concerning and I realize that even if I decided to let the people on the cliff go, I do want to take a closer look at the city's population.

Schoolgirl Lucy does not stand a chance as Party Lucy convinces me of the unlimited possibilities that will open if I take a look at Bay Bridge. I throw my righteous side a bone and convince myself that I can also give a hand to those stranded on the road after the accidents my presence has caused. But I'm too smart to fool myself so much as to believe that this is the main reason I'm diverting from my original path.

The panic level increases as soon as the people realize that I'm heading in their direction. Of course, it was to be expected. I mean, if just seeing me made them crash with each other, knowing that I'm heading there must be more unnerving, right?

One thing I'm quickly learning about my new condition is that distances are not what they used to be anymore. I get to the bridge soon, even sooner than I was expecting. It turns out that one of the most convenient side effects of being a giant is that I can move very fast even if I'm taking it easy. I wonder for a moment what this may mean to my new life. Will I be able to walk between cities with the ease of someone taking a stroll in the neighborhood? I postpone the thought as the reaction of the crowd on the bridge becomes much more appealing.

When I started walking towards the bridge I had expected to have the road level with my waist or maybe even my tits. So, the first thing that surprises me is that the trapped crowd is no taller than my clean-shaven pussy. I have a bird's eye view of the roadway,

but this is not the first thing that comes to mind. After all, even if I'm not a bashful girl, I'm not thrilled at the idea of my cunt being the first thing the crowd can see of me. I wonder how cavernous it may look to them.

In any case, the situation is easy enough to resolve, so I just push my ass out and bend at the legs and waist to lower myself and get a closer look at the scene. The consequence of this new pose is that my heavy breasts have ended up dangling over the crowd, which I realize is also confusing some people.

I cannot prevent a giggle and conclude that I'm too big, too naked and too voluptuous to avoid this sort of situations, so it's better not to think about them.

I scan the crowd, both those that are fleeing and those that are frozen in shock, those who are screaming in panic and those that were injured and are screaming in pain, those that are trapped in their vehicles and those who have just decided to stay in their cars to hide from me. I know that I'm the cause of it all, but it stirs me more than embarrasses me. Party Lucy is on the loose, and she is enjoying this view of the world that looks too much like a playground.

"Do you guys need a hand?" I then asked cutely. It's meant to ease Schoolgirl Lucy, but Party Lucy also has her own plans and has concluded that "helping" is the quickest way of getting my hands, or my fingers so to speak, into a real tiny person.

I frown when I see that my words, rather than being received positively send even more people into a screaming flee. It feels stupid, since it's not as if they are going to go anywhere, of course. Dozens of cars and hundreds of people are easily within my reach without even having to move my feet from their resting position in the ocean floor.

I'm eager to pick someone up, but just to keep the cover up, I reach for an 18-wheeler that crashed through the guardrail and is dangling dangerously at the edge of the bridge, ready to fall to the bay below. Reaching for its cabin, I gently grab it from below, marveling once more at the fact that it fits my palm perfectly, with even some room to spare. Lifting it back to the bridge is piece of cake, the supposedly heavy cabin feeling lighter than expected, just as the SUV did.

I am about to set it down when Party Lucy tells me that having saved the truck gives me enough rights for what she has in mind. Reaching out with my free hand, I grab the trailer and push the two sections of the 18-wheeler apart, breaking the steel link without much effort, not really stopping to evaluate the feat of strength I just accomplished.

The driver is terrified when I lift him to my curious eyes. I'm not terrified at all. I'm thrilled! Seeing a tiny man from so close feels incredibly exciting!

Still, I'm emboldened, and the man's attitude bothers me.

"Dude, I just saved you!" I say. "Would you rather be in the bottom of the sea?" I then ask, a bit annoyed.

“Let me go, you giant bitch!” the truck driver screams through the rolled down window. He immediately realizes about his mistake when I frown.

I’ll admit I’m short tempered. My growth has apparently exacerbated this trait in my character. In any case, the guy’s rudeness makes me mad. I can understand that I may be somewhat frightening, but I just saved him, for God’s sake!

I am about to reply when I realize that my hand has already started closing around the cabin, my lanky fingers effortlessly bending metal.

The driver now looks more terrified than anyone I have ever seen. He is probably right to be. After all, he is seconds away from being crushed in a baseball-sized pile of steel. Somehow this makes me feel ecstatic. The power rush compares to an acid trip. Party Lucy compels me to keep going, just as she does when I’m hesitating on what to do with a guy I’ve just met. Thankfully for the tiny driver, Schoolgirl Lucy manages to make herself heard loud enough for me to stop pushing and wonder what I’m doing.

I’m still very mad at the man when I look at him with narrowed eyes and let out:

“I don’t need to take crap from anyone smaller than my pinkie”

Which, of course, excludes taking crap from anyone else in the world at this point.

I’m about to put the 18-wheeler back in the road when I realize that the people have taken the space I just freed for them.

“Fuck!” I let out, starting to feel increasingly annoyed with their attitude. My blurt doesn’t help to calm them down and Schoolgirl Lucy manages to emerge for long enough to remind me that the people is acting in a perfectly understandable way.

I take a deep breath, look for an alternative spot for the trailer and the cabin, and straighten up once more. I take a look down at the miniature chaos taking place right in front of my womanhood and try to make up my mind on what to do.

I know what I’m here for. I’ve been a giant for long enough and I’m dying to get a better feel at the new world around me and, especially, its people. I know I scare them, but I’m starting to accept that as normal and I’m starting to not see it as a reason to refrain from doing what I please.

I am going to pick a person up. Or maybe a few. And I don’t give a shit if they don’t like it! I don’t like being naked and I’m not constantly bitching about it, am I?

I reach a trade-off just before proceeding. Somehow, I’ve reached the conclusion that giving the people some warning is only fair and may help them to have a better attitude. In the worst case, it will make me feel better with myself.

“Attention... tiny people” I say, realizing that the reference to their relative size may not be too helpful when it comes to calming them down. I disregard the thought and go on. If they are going to be so sensitive about things as obvious as their tininess, it’s their problem, really. “My name is Lucy Jacobsen and I’m a 19-year-old student at

Laguna Tech. Yesterday, I was small like you,” I go on, not stopping to think on the fact that I’m referring to my previous size as small rather than normal. “When I woke up this morning, I found out that I had turned into an amazing giant. I don’t know how it happened. As a matter of fact, I’m trying to find out.”

I look down at the road and I can see startled faces, but in general there are more people that stopped running and started to listen than the opposite. The consequences of my presence are still very noticeable, the pile up having got worse rather than better.

“As you can see, I’m very big. I realize that my presence can be somewhat disruptive, but I think that part will improve as we all get used to each other. On my side, and starting now, I will begin experimenting in order to get a better feel for the new, miniature world. I intend to start by you,” I say.

I can feel the murmurs and uneasiness as people wonder what I meant with that. I decide to clear it up for them.

“That is, starting now, I will be picking some of you up. I’m not cruel and I will strive not to hurt you. If you cooperate, I can try to make this work well for both of us. If there are volunteers, please line up in front of me and I’ll be with you in a second. If there are not, I will choose my own. I will be returning whomever I pick, but I reserve the right not to do so immediately.”

And I thought there had been chaos before! The road under me erupts into a frenzy of activity like I have never seen, proving me that my idea about the volunteers was wishful thinking to start with.

“Your choice, really,” I say, understanding that from now on, if I want something done, I’d rather do it myself.

I crouch once more, letting the hypnotic effect of my dangling boobs take its toll while I make my mind up among the very wide variety of options I have available. The bridge is bustling with people and my reach is so vast, that it’s really just a matter of choosing. At that moment I spy three people trying to hide behind a delivery van rather than joining their running colleagues. It’s smart thinking, really. But I’m not in the mood for being outsmarted, so I reach out to pick the van with my left hand, lifting it like a toy and blowing the cover of the two men and one woman that thought they could get beyond my reach.

I chuckle when I see how stunned they are at their cover being gone. They finally manage to react, but it’s too late for them already. My right hand is already reaching out, fingers bent upwards like an excavator. I’m extra careful, in any case, since these are going to be the first people I pick up and I’m mindful of how fragile the world may now be around me. They still tickle as my fingers scoop them and their tiny bodies roll down my palm, resting at its center.

I moan out of sheer excitement as I stand back up, people in hand as I carelessly release the van into the bay below, never having checked if there was anyone inside. I

don't care too much, honestly. The sight of the three squirming bodies is so inebriating that I can barely think on anything else.

They are so small! I can hold them perfectly well in my palm. I doubt any of them is even a couple of inches long, making it look as if I had scooped a few snacks at a cocktail party. Only snacks do not wriggle, and the three people in my hand are doing so quite wildly. I guess this makes them closer to worms than morsels, but I have never held bugs before, so I cannot really tell.

"Shhhhh" I hush. "I said I would return you."

It's only a matter of time before they shut up, I guess, so I remain idle in the middle of the bay, waiting for that to happen. Down at the bridge, right in front of my crotch, people are fleeing with renewed vigor now that they know that my threat about picking them up was dead serious. I pay them no heed, though, since I already have what I wanted and it's obvious I can catch up with them any time I want.

I'm starting to feel encouraged when the screams from my hand start dying out. I'm still feeling more cheerful than anything else, so my first words sound like that when I say:

"You guys are really tiny!"

I don't think they enjoy being called tiny so many times, but it's hard to differentiate that from the fear they express. In any case, it's not as if it matters too much. I'm surprised when one of the men replied to me in a mousy voice that is somewhat comical.

"You are too big!"

I chuckle.

"I guess you have a point there," I reply. "The result is still the same."

"Please, let us go," the same man says. His attitude seems to be affecting the other two people, who are listening to the exchange and looking a bit more self-conscious.

"Eventually," I reply casually. "I still need to size you out a little."

"How?" the man asks, his question anything but rhetorical.

I decide to reply to him with facts, so I just reach out to my palm with two extended fingers of my other hand. Before the man can react, I am pinching him with care by the sides, and lifting his weightless body so that he is closer to my face.

He looks shocked again, but to his credit, he does not scream.

"Look, I figure I'm going to be picking up plenty more of you along the day, so, for starters, I need to get a feel about it."

“But you cannot pick people up against their will!” the man complains. Being between my fingers, I have to admit that it takes guts to do what he did.

Of course, I know that he is essentially right. What I’m doing could be considered kidnapping. But the size difference makes it look so different.

“Sue me!” I reply in an arrogant tone. Seeing that it has not sat well in him and my other two ‘guests’, I try to sound a little cuter when I add: “How is a girl like me supposed to handle herself in a miniature city, then?”

The man shuts up, probably having decided that there is no point in arguing with me. There isn’t, really. I decide that I’ve learned enough about the strength and delicacy that is required to hold a man and release him back to my palm, where my other two guests are now silent and looking at me with consternation.

It is the woman that surprises me this time:

“Are you... going to go to the city?”

I am about to answer, but I stop to think. The only reason I’m in the bay is because I was going to the city, but I can see the point in the little blonde’s question. I’ve been this size only for a short while, less than an hour. But seeing the effects of my presence back at the beach and now in the bridge is a very clear indication of how the people in the city will react to me. The difference is that instead of the few dozens at Millner’s Point or the few hundreds at Bay Bridge, there will be millions of them there.

The landscape will also be considerably different, I reason. Logically, Downtown will not be able to offer me the freedom of movement that a semi-deserted cove or a wide bay have. I wonder how it will feel to walk down the streets, surrounded by buildings which, in many cases, may not be even as tall as I am. And I realize that... I’m eager to be there.

It’s hard to explain. A short while ago I was completely freaked out at having woken up to find that I’ve become a giant. And... well, I’m still freaked out. But as things have started to settle and I’ve started to explore my new condition a bit, it has started feeling more natural. I know this will probably make no sense to anyone that does not share my new shoe size, but it does to me.

I still need to get to terms with my most cautious side, but I’m already starting to master the technique. It’s as easy as telling myself that the only way of learning more about my new condition and potentially discovering the way to revert it is to get back to the motel and find out what the hell happened to me last night. And well... the motel just happens to be in the middle of the city!

I look back at the three midgets in my palm, feeling more confident than ever.

“Of course! Where is a girl like me supposed to go? Besides, my skin is starting to get too wrinkly!”

The people I'm holding don't know me well. After all, all my interaction with them has been picking them up. If they did, though, my last sentence would make them even more concerned than they looked.

Anyone who has treated me for a while knows that I really love puns. They also know that my teasing typically comes before escalation. I'm starting to feel confident enough to joke and this is the version of me the city is going to receive. Well, that was quick!

"What... what will you do with us?" the woman asks.

It makes me giggle.

"Well, I'd love to carry you with me, but it's not as if I have any pockets in me!" I mock. "Besides, I kind of like you, but truth be told, we just met. I cannot start falling in love with every single little person that crosses my path. There will be millions of you in the city!"

The three little people don't take my humor too well, but it hardly matters. Taking a step back to the bridge, I look for a suitable spot to set them down and gently move my hand towards it, tilting it in order to empty them in a stretch of road in the gentlest possible way.

The crowd has done a remarkable job of moving away from me while I was dealing with my forced guests. It's not as if I would not be able to catch up with the easily if I wanted to, but my mind is too set into the city to get distracted again.

Waving my three recent boarders goodbye as I blow them a kiss, I turn to face Laguna's skyline and smile as I take my first step towards the city. The day started weird, and, truth be told, it has not improved much in that front. But my attitude towards my situation is evolving quickly. Watch out, Laguna! There is a new girl in town!

CHAPTER 3: NEW GIRL IN TOWN

It has not been so long since I woke up, and I guess that the best way to describe my current mood is a mix of shock and thrill. I'm still stunned by what happened to me, but at the same time I'm very excited about the possibilities that are unfolding!

My crossing of the bay towards the city has been uneventful. Or as uneventful as a giant girl wading can be. I quickly realize that the city is going to be a different game. The scene at the bridge feels mild when I see the screaming mob, not three blocks away from the shore, once I'm close enough to spy the streets of downtown. People seem to have abandoned their cars and are doing their best to get away from me on foot. They are reacting to me much as if I were Godzilla, emerging from the sea to destroy their city. And well, I may be the size of Godzilla, and I may be coming from the sea... but, come on! I'm way sexier than the giant lizard!

The problem for them, in any case, is that their best is not enough. Judging by the scale and distance, it will not take me long to reach them once I exit the warm water of the Caribbean and get into Atlantic Avenue.

The pier barely reaches above my knee as I finally reach the coast and stand in there for a while, letting the breeze cool my skin while the morning sun gradually gets hotter and bakes it at the same time. I can feel my tan building up as I'm standing, my lips curling in a smile as I sense the only possible improvement I could have added to my appearance coming in.

<light moan>

My hands find a resting spot at my hips quite naturally as I observe the mayhem my simple presence causes. It makes me feel strangely proud and rather than pushing me back, it encourages me to enter the city. Now that I've come to terms with the fact that I'm a giant, I've found out that my natural curiosity has taken over.

I want to know more about Laguna and how it feels to me now, so without further thought, I lift my right leg high enough to clear the waterline and set my foot on the road. The feeling of the asphalt, which I would have thought sturdy, sinking and cracking under my soft sole as if the road had been made of clay takes me by surprise. It does not push me back, though, so soon my left foot follows, damaging the tarmac just the same.

Water rains down my long and silky legs like the Niagara Falls, quickly flooding my surroundings and pushing a few of the abandoned cars next to my feet around. I let out a shocked gasp, bewildered by the effect of my brief presence in the city. No matter how much I may have accepted my size, I'm still not ready to understand all the consequences derived from it.

The closest crowd must be about half a dozen blocks away now. Nothing by my new standards. My vantage point of view guarantees that they cannot hide from me. And my newly found speed of movement puts them well within my reach. I'm eager to meet them. But something else manages to catch my attention even more.

After all, I've already dealt with people back at the bridge. But this is the first time I'm standing next to buildings. I take another step to cross the eight-lane road and... wow! I'm taller than a building! And mind me, when I say taller I'm not saying that I can see over its top if I stand on my tiptoes. The blackish office building in front of me can barely get to my deep belly button!

To be honest, I had kind of figured this would be the case when I started wading into the city, but still, seeing it is so much better than imagining it! I mean, these things take years to build. There must be dozens of people inside. And to me, it feels no taller than a chair! I take a step back when I realize that those on the top floor must be having a straight view of my exposed womanhood, and bend gracefully to replace the image by that of my face, turned sideways. I bat my long eyelashes and try to focus my right eye, but all I manage to see behind the tinted windows are some shadows.

"Anybody home?" **<mocking>**

I could swear that my words have had their effect, the shadows suddenly moving in a more hurried fashion, but it's hard to tell. A bit frustrated, I stand up again and bring a finger to my lower lip, thinking on what to do. Then, I see the height of the buildings gradually increasing as Atlantic Avenue goes on through the corner of my eye and an idea comes to mind.

I feel pretty proud about what I've thought of, so I forget about the first building and turn. My feet start creasing the road as soon as I start walking. I stop half a dozen steps later and turn to look at the effects of my passing, the sight of the clearly contoured footprints that my feet have left making me moan in delight. **<moan>**

I'm vaguely aware of the fact that my short presence in Laguna has already caused what must be millions of dollars in damage, but I could not care less. After all, it's not my fault that I'm so heavy, is it? I'm actually on a quest to find out whose fault it is. And well, also to see if he can do something about it, even if this latter idea has been strangely absent from my head for a while already.

I've kind of adjusted my stroll as to avoid the several abandoned cars in the Avenue, unconsciously tracing the roofs of the buildings to my right with an extended finger as I move gracefully down the road. Finally, I reach the point where the cars are too packed for that.

I have to make a decision. It does not take me long. My foot is clearly longer than the first car in the group, a bluish sedan. Curious about what I'm going to do, I take it easy and just rest the ball of my foot on its roof, leaving it there for a couple of seconds while I feel the metal slightly caving in and the windshield starting to crack. When I finally rest my full weight on my foot, the sensation of having a real car crushing under my sole as

if it had been made of tinfoil is so exhilarating that I barely realize that my sole keeps going and ends up embedding the two-dimensional remainders of the vehicle into yet another of my footprints.

<moan> I moan loudly as I enjoy another perk of my new stature. Having now learned how cool it is to step on cars, the fleet of abandoned vehicles in Laguna's streets soon becomes one of my favorite pastimes. I guess this will make the bill of my presence in the city increase faster, but at this point... who cares? If I manage to get back to normal, a few thousand dollars won't make a difference. And if I don't... well, I doubt anyone will have the guts to charge me for them.

It is not until three or four blocks later that it occurs to me that I have not really been checking if every car I stepped on was abandoned. I feel a knot starting to tighten in my stomach, but I manage to shrug the thought off as quickly as it came. After all, if anyone has been stupid enough to hide in their car while a girl my size was approaching, I can hardly be blamed for their stupidity, can I?

I'm so close to my target destination that it's not hard to forget about this last thought and focus on my original objective. It only takes me three more steps and five more crushed cars to finally stand in front of the first structure that I don't tower over. Rectangular and otherwise unremarkable, the architect of the office building I have in front of me must have decided to make its windows reflective so that it would stand out from its neighbors. And so, for the first time since I woke up at Millner's point, I'm standing in front of a full-body mirror, admiring my new and considerably enlarged figure.

The first thing I've got to say is that the miniature world frames my naked body nicely. And a gorgeous naked body it is. I hope you won't mind my bragging, but, really, after all that's happened to me, what's the point in being humble?

There's not an inch of my figure I would change, and that is saying a lot, considering I must be thousands of inches tall! My oversized tits stand impossibly firm in my otherwise slender frame. My belly button looks deeper than ever in my washboard flat stomach. And my long legs feel smoother than silk in their slightly widened stance. Suddenly, being nude does not feel like such an issue. I've never been an exhibitionist, but somehow the exposure seems to blend well with the size.

I wink at myself, my deep green eyes conferring me a wild look in my tanning face, nicely framed by long and wet brown hair.

I run my hands along my body, stopping at my remarkable chest for an instant and mashing my tits together lightly, in a gesture more suitable for an erotic model than an engineering student like me. I giggle when I see that my little moment of sensuality has managed to cause a noticeable reaction in the shadows standing behind the mirrored glass.

"Wanna get some?" **<naughty>**

I bring my hands back to my heavy breasts. I would have never talked like this before, at least, not in public. But somehow my new proportions are changing my perception of what's acceptable and what's not.

<giggle>

I giggle again at the new reaction, which I judge to be more rushed than the previous one. I'm dying to get a closer look at those currently protected by the reflection of their windows, but an old question crosses my mind again as I look at the roof of the building, standing slightly taller than I am: How freaking tall did I get?

Well, my engineering background should help a bit here, I guess. After all, I did not come to this building only to admire my reflection, as amazing as it may be. Seeing that this structure was the largest thing around and the only one with the hopes of not getting dwarfed next to me, I decided to use it as a taping measure! The concept is simple, really. I know each floor is about ten feet in height, give or take. So, learning my new stature will be as easy as counting the number of floors to the top of my head and estimating from there!

I'm about to crouch and start counting when I realize about just how tedious it will be. Surely there must be a better way, right? Then, my giantess personality meets my engineering mindset and the idea comes naturally. I smile at its naughtiness and the implied power around it. There is no trace of my careful, compassionate side anymore, so my playful self takes over and leads the charge.

The changes in the shadows right behind the glass are obvious enough once I take a step to the front and close my distance to the building to almost nothing. I realize that I have startled them, but this is nothing compare with what's coming.

"Get away from the windows, will you?" **<matter of fact>**

I barely remember to warn them just a second before reaching out with my right hand and extending two never-ending fingers. My nails were carefully manicured for an intended night of partying; their glossy white polish does not even chip as I easily break the leftmost window of the floor that lies right in front of my eyes and I keep charging in until my entire digits are inside.

It's time to test once more the fragility of the world around me. And, yet again, it does not fail to disappoint, as glass and walls break easily as I drag my hand to the right, steadily exposing more and more of an entire office building's floor as the structure explodes spectacularly without apparent effort on my side.

I feel my nipples swelling at my casual power demonstration, but the sight of the dozens of incredibly spooked people in the floor I have just ripped open is even better.

"I need some input. Any volunteers?" **<cutely>**

To be honest, I was not expecting any. I don't think I was expecting everyone to turn and stampede away from me as fast as they can either, but it's not as if it will make a

difference. With the naturalness of someone who had been my current size for her entire life, I bring my hand into the ripped building.

"I guess I'll have to pick my own, then." **<matter of fact>**

I reach for a man at random, my fingers closing on him from two sides. I remember about the puniness of everything around me in the last moment, which I guess is a lucky strike for the man, since I end up being way gentler than I originally intended. He is stopped in his escape attempt as soon as my fingertips push him gently. It only takes a fraction more of strength to lift him up and remove him from the building.

I'm new at this, but I think I will never get tired of picking people up. I mean... it's so great! The man is kind of beefy and he is wearing what seems to be an expensive-looking suit. Had I crossed my path with him yesterday, he could have easily been twice my weight. And now I'm holding him in my fingers, looking no larger than a paperclip!

Not only that, but his wriggling, which is as frantic as I've ever seen, is absolutely inconsequential to me! I could carry him around all day long and I would barely notice!

"No need to go all apeshit, dude! I only have a question for you. Answer me and I'll put you down."

He is still terrified, but my words seem to have had some effect, since he stops squirming for long enough to loop up at my face for the first time since I plucked him from his office. I take this as implicit acceptance of my offer and go on.

"The building I picked you up from... which floor were you at?" **<curious>**

He hesitates, but then seems to understand my question.

"Twenty... twenty-fifth..." he says in a mousy voice.

I guess the figure should not have taken me as much by surprise as it does, but my jaw drops right away as I process what the burly guy just told me. He was on the twenty-fifth floor of a building that barely stands taller than me, a floor I was looking straight into just by standing on the street.

"Oh my God! I'm two-hundred and fifty feet tall!" **<very excited>**

The truth is that I'm taller than that, I immediately correct myself. If I'm looking straight into a two-hundred and fifty-foot-tall point, then my forehead ends up higher than that. I'm happy with my rounded figure in the meantime, though. I mean, what are ten or twenty feet when one stands as tall as a fucking high-rise!

My sudden exclamation has not sit well with the man in my fingers, who is looking at me in terror again.

"No wonder you look so tiny!" **<mocking>**

I run some quick calculations in my head and reach the conclusion that Mr. Executive here must be somewhere around an inch and a half tall. Which is kind of what I had already estimated. For some strange reason, knowing it is even better than seeing it, and the sudden thought that the world is now full of thumb-drive-sized people turns out to be exhilarating.

“You won’t know how tall Godzilla was supposed to be, by any chance?” **<curious>**

He looks at me as if I were crazy. Then, he shrugs his shoulders, a gesture that looks incredibly comical at his scale.

“No? Okay! I guess I can find someone else to ask this to!” **<cutely>**

I don’t waste time reaching back into the building and releasing him in a portion of the wasted office floor that is now completely empty. Feeling playful, I flick him gently before moving my hand away. It turns out to be a mistake, since the effect of my tiny game is way worse than I expected. The man ends up flying a few feet and landing on top of a desk, pushing the screen out before the entire piece of furniture collapses.

“Oopsie!” **<falsely cute>**

I’m smart enough to realize that I’m stepping things up, but also cocky enough to see nothing wrong with it. After all, I’m the size of a football pitch!

Learning about my size has had a similar boosting effect in my ego as seeing it for the first time. It’s in this state that I spy some more shadows gathering behind the windows and let myself go.

I try to imagine the view from inside as my oversized tits lead the charge, my nipples tickling as they touch the cool glass façade. My arms are widespread and now closing to embrace the building in a bear hug; my breasts start to mash as I keep pushing harder.

After all that I’ve seen so far, I had no doubts about who is going to win the fight. It’s still refreshing when it happens, though, the feeling of the softest part of my anatomy easily breaking through glass, steel and concrete making my assaulting nipples harden.

I keep going until I can feel both my heavy breasts resting inside the structure, reaching out with my hands and locking their fingers together as I hold the building like a longtime lover. It soon becomes evident that my concrete partner will not endure my passion for too long. The signals are very evident. I can feel small tremors, some cracking, a few chunks of debris falling... I’ve been acting kind of reckless, but I’m not interested in the type of destruction that would come with a building coming down, so I softly remove myself from the battered structure and take a step back, moaning again in pleasure as I do so.

<moan>

<chuckle>

I cannot prevent a loud chuckle when I see the effects of my affection. No wonder the building was “complaining”. Of course, the most visible ones are the twin holes, each several stories in height, that my boobs have carved. But there are others, like the peeled sections of the façade where my arms “hugged” the building and the cracks that extend well beyond the parts of the structure I touched.

“Knock, knock!” **<playful>**

I crouch and move my head sideways to look at the mayhem my overdeveloped chest has created. My eyes open wide when I realize that it’s much worse than I had expected. I reach out with my right hand to check that my tit feels as soft as ever to me. It would be hard to say, judging by just how much damage it has created. The surroundings of the point of impact look like a warzone, and I can see tiny people crawling away from it, quite obviously in pain.

I do not think I killed anyone with my breasts, but I have certainly injured a few.

“I think I’m beginning to understand all those jokes of wrecking balls, now!”
<cheerfully>

I know I should probably be a bit more worried about the wellbeing of the victims, but I just can’t help it. The difference in size seems to have come together with a different sense of levity. No one seems to enjoy too much my puns, but rather than pushing me back, it only encourages me to force the situation a bit more.

“Oh, come on! Don’t look so gloomy! Here, let me blow you a kiss!” **<mocking>**

I push my thick lips out, forming an ‘O’ and point them in the general direction of the depression my right tit has caused. I soon start blowing a soft but steady stream of air at the poor bastards. My intention had been to tease them a bit, make their hair and clothes ruffle. I realize soon enough that I’ve clearly misjudged my new strength.

My gentle kiss reaches the victims, as I intended, but its effects are way more devastating than I had anticipated. Catching the unlucky bastards by surprise, my exhalation is strong enough to lift them off their feet and send them flying a few feet backwards, making a few of them crash with furniture and walls. Similarly, desks, shelves and other apparently fixed elements of the offices start moving too, becoming unexpected projectiles that end up bruising tinies more often than not.

“Ooops” I say, this time genuinely, as I had not anticipated the effects of my little action at all. I cannot prevent being exhilarated by them at the same time, so I cannot prevent the chuckle that follows.

<chuckle>

“Sorry peeps. I know I keep saying this, but I’m still getting used to how puny you guys are. I guess I’ll get better. Or so you hope!”

I stand back to my full height, the crowd in the building already too beaten up to be any source of fun. My hands find a natural resting spot back on my hips as I look around and realize about the effects of my brief presence in the city so far. I can follow a trail of footprints all the way to the point where I emerged from the bay. Many of them contain the flattened rests of a few dozen cars that were unfortunate enough to be in my path. Nothing can compare to the pretty fucked up and half ripped building I'm standing in front of.

It's not hard to think of myself as standing in the world's largest playground. I'm surrounded by doll houses, toy cars and green army men. But of course, what's wild is that they are real! They are very real and even if I have been in the city for just a few minutes, they are already suffering the consequences of my presence.

I'm smart enough to know that what happened so far will only increase if I get deeper into Downtown. My feet will keep creasing the road, I will continue stepping on cars and either by accident or on purpose, there will be more buildings getting damaged. People have not liked my size ever since I woke up, and now it's kind of evident why.

The problem for them, of course, is that they don't have a saying. Because, after all, I'm the size of a skyscraper, and they are not! **<cocky>**

Unfortunately for them, I have come to love my size and the possibilities it offers so much that I don't give a damn about what anyone else thinks. Will my presence be disruptive? Of course. But that hardly affects me. And, well... from what I've seen so far, it will not really make that big of a difference if I let go a little or if I just stay put. People have been scared about me ever since I woke up, so if this is not going to change, I may as well enjoy the ride a little, right?

Before you say anything... yeah, I know what you are thinking. And you know what? You are right. I'm a smart girl. I know that I'm cheating myself. But then again, that's another proof that I'm smart, isn't it?

The thing is... an hour ago I was a happy, drunk, sleeping girl whose only worries were getting good grades at Laguna Tech and having fun, in the widest sense of the word. And well, things have changed quite a bit since I woke up. I'm not drunk anymore, and my hangover has improved a lot. I'm stark naked in the middle of the city and... well, I'm the size of a Jumbo jet. My life has gone through quite a bit of a change, and the fact that I'm still keeping it together is quite an achievement, I would say. I'm a would be engineer, so I hope I will eventually find the cause behind my growth, but so far, all I can do is make my mind up about my next steps.

The answer comes quite naturally. My excitement manages to block any sense of guilt about what I've done already and, more importantly, about what I'm going to do. No matter the reason behind it, I am a giant! And it's time to stop looking for excuses to act like one!

I'm still of a mind to get to the motel where my night in Laguna started. After all, I still want to learn as much as I can about my new condition. But I'm looking forward to the

trek in a much different light than when I started crossing the bay less than an hour ago. To say that I'm excited about the possibilities would be a massive understatement!

The little taste I've got about what being a giantess means both at Bay Bridge and in Atlantic Avenue have got me craving for more. And I'm done denying myself that pleasure.

So, I'm going to cross the city, and in the process of doing so, I'm going to try out my new size with significantly less inhibitions than I had when I first found out about it. I've already decided that cars are fair game and that picking people up is perfectly acceptable. I've kind of established that some damage to buildings is tolerable. It's time to take it further.

For starters, I'm dying to meet a crowd. I mean, a new one. Back at Millner's Point I was not ready, but I am now. And so far, nothing has managed to feel better than dealing with those that were like me only yesterday and that look so tiny now.

I want to dwarf them, tease them and, why not saying it, boss them around. I picture myself making bad size-related jokes, even if I'm the only one laughing. I see myself comparing people to different parts of my body, including those that are readily exposed thanks to my unsought nakedness. I envision asking for unreasonable things, only for the pleasure of seeing the people's reactions, trying to make their minds up between blindly obeying and having to say 'No' to someone like me.

Do you think this makes me cocky? Of course, you are right!

There is more, of course. I want to visit Laguna's iconic spots, see how they look to me now, as I engage in a new form of sightseeing that is only available to me. I want to find toys other than just cars and size them out. I want to be in the spotlight, become Laguna's main attraction.

It's time to get rid of anonymity. It's time to let go. It's time to seize the moment! **<very excited>**

I'm starting to pant in anticipation for what's coming. The more I think about it, the less inhibitions I find. Now, I may be a brash, uninhibited girl, but I'm also a compassionate one. I will do as I please, not caring too much for what others think. But there is a thick red line for me: I will not harm people. I then think on those that have unavoidably ended up being hurt when I dug my tits into a building or when I blew a kiss at them and correct myself: I won't harm people much. I'm just too big to prevent some stuff from happening, so I should better accept that there will be some bruises and maybe even some broken bones as a result of my stroll. But I commit myself to be careful enough so that it does not get worse than this.

As I'm about to get going, a thought that has been running in the back of my mind finally makes it out. I'm not a biologist, but training to be an engineer. But this still makes me curious enough not only to enjoy my new condition, but actually to test its effects

on my environment. Maybe I can observe and document at the same time I advance and relish.

In case I get shrunk, I can write an essay and, who knows, maybe even sell the rights for a book or a movie. I'm pretty sure I will need money if some of those I have crossed my path with decide to sue me. In case I don't get shrunk... I just realize that this is the first time I contemplate the possibility of staying this size. It should unsettle me but, curiously, it doesn't. Or at least, not much. In case I don't get shrunk, anyway, I guess I can always find a volunteer to write for me. If you are reading this, it means I already got one.

Anyway, by now you will most likely be tired of me speculating about what I'll do. I know I am. It's time to stop the chatter and get to the action. It's time for the real thing!

CHAPTER 4: STROLL

I'm standing at the intersection of Atlantic Avenue with Block Street, one of the main arteries leading into Downtown. It turns out that the building I just played with was set there for a reason. I turn to face the city and feel thrilled as I stare into the real thing.

Other than the pretty battered building that I'm sure wants to see me leaving, there is nothing else in the vicinity that stands taller than me. This gives me an unhindered view of the landscape directly ahead of me. Of course, the people have seen me coming ashore, so they have used the time I've given them while playing to try to get as far away from me as possible. I have no issues finding the nearest crowd, anyway. They must be about a dozen blocks away. Somehow, this does not look like a long distance to me now.

My hands find a natural resting spot on my hips as I stay in place and focus on the mob in the distance. And then, a magical thing happens, and the distant crowd suddenly becomes much clearer, almost as if I was zooming in on them. I can suddenly distinguish individual people perfectly, see the clothes they are wearing, observe their almost comical movements as they try to flee.

"Oh wow!" I say under my breath.

I have no clue about the reason why my sight seems to be so much keener. Maybe it has to do with my eyes being bigger and being able to gather a higher quantity of light? Who knows? As I said, I'm not a biologist. In any case, by now I'm ready to accept this as a very convenient side effect of my transformation. I mean, I'm twenty-five stories tall! After this, everything else feels kind of minor.

Seeing them so close makes me almost want to address them, but it is not time yet. I'm pretty sure that they would hear me if I just raised my voice a little, but it just does not feel right. They are trying to get away from me, so in my new mindset, the appropriate thing to do is to catch up with them first and show them how things work. Then, once everyone's place is clear, I can give them some more details.

So, without further thought, I remove my hands from my hips and bring my right foot forward, taking the first step of the most unbalanced race in mankind's history. I have little experience in chasing crowds, but quite naturally I reach the conclusion that there's no need to rush. The size difference is so massive that each of my steps account for dozens of their strides, so I see no problem in keeping a calm, deliberate and sensual pace. Anything else would just feel inappropriate.

I put a sexy swagger into my movement as I make progress down Block Street. My feet crease the road with perfectly contoured footprints as I advance. I'm already getting used to the road feeling like wet beach sand, so I barely pay any attention to this. This is the first time I'm enjoying some quiet as I move though, so instead I focus on the soft

yet audible thuds my feet produce as they land. I giggle when I see that this is far from the only effect: parked cars near my footfalls are bouncing!

The consequences look mild enough from my vantage point of view, but something tells me that down at street level, things must be a little harsher. Say hi to Lucy, the Earthquake Girl!

The crowd has barely managed to cover another block by the time I've cut the distance with them by half, confirming what I always knew: this is going to be easy. Even from the distance I can feel their uneasiness turning into panic. By now, they must have realized that there's nothing they can do to outrun me. Trying was never a great idea to start with.

With its six lanes, Block Street is wide enough for me to strut without having to get concerned for the wellbeing of the buildings lining on both of its sides. Only the tallest ones among them make it as high as my hips, most reaching somewhere between my knees and my exposed womanhood.

This is the first time I'm walking between buildings, and it's turning out to be quite an experience. I had imagined that the city would look different to me, but what I see is not what I had been expecting. It turns out that it's not just much smaller, which was kind of the obvious bet. The change in stature has also come with a change in perspective and I suddenly find myself looking at the urban landscape from above, almost in a GPS view of it, the roofs of the buildings becoming downtown's unexpected face.

Feeling incredibly content as I keep progressing in a deceptively leisurely pace, I reach out with my right hand, tracing the contour of the buildings to my side with an extended finger. I cannot prevent a chuckle when even this manages to sever some debris and send it raining to the street below.

In blatant contrast with the crowd I'm chasing, I feel cooler than ever, the world having turned into a theme park that only I can enjoy. I'm already on top of them, the laggards of the mob no more than three blocks away. I'll be upon them in less than a minute, and I cannot help but naughtily love the frenzy this causes.

I'm already quite deep in the city and the effects of my presence start going beyond mere fear. I did not get to see them, but it's quite obvious that the abandoned cars now lying between me and the crowd have been involved in accidents, very likely caused by the sight poor little me. This barely poses a challenge to me. The first car I easily avoid. The second ends up in the bottom of yet another of my footprints, turned into a metal pancake.

It does not look like the people are having such an easy time. The random cars start becoming more frequent, until they start filling the road and considerably reducing the available space for the fleeing mass. From my moving high-rise perspective, it's straightforward to see how the crowd is getting herded into aisles that are becoming narrower and narrower.

At the same time, the deeper I get into the city, the thicker the mob gets. Those running away from me from the very beginning are starting to meet stunned citizens that were originally unaware of my presence. Soon, there are too many people in a much more compressed space, and the unavoidable happens. They start getting packed, but not very mobile. I'm less than a block away by the time they get into a standstill, in what I would say is the intersection between Block and Grant, two of the city's largest roads.

The effect was unsought, but it works well enough for me! Two more steps and I have to stop. Anything else would end bad for the people. I'm standing over one of the largest intersections in the city. It is also a very packed one. There must be hundreds of people right in front of my cute toes, dwarfed by them as my bare feet straddle all six lanes of the street. Arms akimbo, I bend to peek down between my boobs and see the trapped mass of humanity, feeling my nipples harden as I do.

Of everything I've done and seen since I woke up, this must be the best moment yet. I think I already said this before, but out of every source of thrill the new world I'm living in has to offer, nothing can compare to people. They are the living reminder that I was like them once, not so long ago, and of just how much I've changed. Everything else could be scaled up or down and I probably would not be able to tell the difference, but of course, this is not the case with people. And now I have A LOT of them right under me!

I stay in place, simply observing, not saying anything, letting the impact of my presence sink in. They are obviously rattled, but the best part is that they cannot do anything about it. There is simply no available space to the front, and no matter how much they try, they are not getting any farther away from me than they were when I got here. I guess it's time I say something.

I clear my throat, since I don't want my voice to fail precisely at this moment. It's also a good way to make them know that I'm about to talk. I was hoping that they would shut up or at least bring their screams down once they realized that I was going to address them, but of course, things rarely happen like one expects.

Instead of talking, I simply start hushing, letting the crowd know what I'm expecting them to do:

"Shhhhhhhh"

It's tedious, but it works, so I keep at it for a while, until I feel that the noise is manageable enough.

"Little people of the city!" I start quite naturally. I soon realize that they don't like being called 'little', but I couldn't care less. If they do not want to accept the obvious, it's certainly not my problem. "My name is Lucy Jacobsen, and I'm a girl of 19. As you can all see, I am a giant. I have not always been like this. I mean, I'm not some kind of Sci-Fi monster from outer space or coming from the depths of the seas. Yesterday, I was small as you, a student at Laguna Tech. I woke up at Millner's Point this morning, only to find out that I had become the size of a skyscraper."

I pause for a moment, to moist my tongue before continuing. I can sense that I have their attention, even if the tension is still evident.

"I have no clue about what happened to me, so, honestly, I don't know if there is any way to shrink down or if I will stay like this forever. The truth is that it does not matter. In the end, what matters is that I'm big and you are small, and there is no point in trying to act like this is not the case."

Pretty much as anticipated, they like these last words less than the previous ones. I do not mind and just go on.

"I was as freaked out as you when I first found out about my transformation, but I would lie if I did not admit that I've been adjusting my views on it ever since I woke up. Because, you see, being giant is kind of freakish, but it's also a massive turn on!"

Panic is returning as I keep going, but it does not matter.

"I guess you will not understand it. Probably I wouldn't, if I were in your shoes. It's like... being in a sandbox! The world suddenly looks like a massive playground to me. And yeah, you have guessed it right: you are toys!"

There is something close to an uproar after my last words. I was kind of expecting it, since I had consciously decided to be provocative.

"Don't get too concerned!" I add, quickly. "I know you are still people! Come on guys, I may be big. But this also means that I have a big heart. I have every intention to play with you. And, honestly, there is nothing you can do about it. But I will not hurt you! I may break stuff, but when it comes to you guys, I promise I will be extra careful!"

They do not seem to trust me. I don't give a shit. It's not as if it's going to make a difference. I guessed I would be pissed off too, if I were them. I mean, a giant naked girl suddenly shows up and completely fucks the city over? And not only that, but she also announces that she is going to mess around with people? Who would want to be in that situation?

I know I wouldn't. Luckily, I'm not. It's so much better to be the giant!

I'm still wondering what to do next when a noticeable and approaching sound starts clouding my thoughts. I turn to see half a dozen news helicopters approaching from the bay, each of them in the bright colors of their stations.

They seem to be racing with each other to find the best spot. It turns out that the best spot is just in front of me, since this is where they stop, less than a minute later. My first reaction is to cover my womanhood and tits again, but I manage to suppress it just before embarrassing myself. What's the point of being modest on TV when half the city has already seen me in my birthday suit?

Of course, it was only a matter of time before I made it to the news. I just had not been expecting them. All the self-confidence that I just showed to the crowd at my feet seems

to fade away as I realize that my new audience is in the millions. Or most likely in the hundreds of millions.

I suddenly realize that I am the news of the day, not only in Laguna, but also at the breakfast tables in the West Coast and the dinner tables in Europe. I don't know if people are getting out of bed in Asia to see me yet, but it's a matter of time before they do. I am big! In more ways than I ever imagined.

Knowing that everything I do and say will be followed by basically everyone around the world makes me feel a bit of pressure. There is nothing I can do to change it, so I decide to try and look cool.

"Hey guys! You just missed my speech" <cheerful>

I see them continue their choreography to try and get the best spot. I simply wink at them as I say:

"I'm not going to repeat it all, but here you have the highlights. My name is Lucy Jacobsen, I'm a 19-year-old student at Laguna Tech. I don't know how it happened, but when I woke up this morning, I found out that I had turned into a giant. I'm planning to try my new size out a little and have some fun, but don't worry: I won't hurt people."

I now realize that I have probably given them too much of an express summary. After all, I was addressing a much larger audience now than when I was merely talking to the crowd at my feet. There is nothing that I can do about it now, so there's no point getting worried about it. I will need to find another chance to give them a more personal touch.

"So, wanna follow me? It will be fun!" I tell them. <cheerful>

I'm about to move when the choppers reposition themselves, getting even closer. I can even feel the wind of the rotors of a couple of them ruffle my hair. And they are so loud! I can barely hear my own thoughts with the constant clacking of their noisy engines so close. So, not only are they taking every bit of my privacy away. They are also such a nuisance!

And then, it occurs to me. If I don't want them so close, well, then they should not be! Come on! I just flattened a few cars and ripped a building open for fun. I may be giant, but I realize that I'm not thinking like a giant girl yet! At least not all the time.

I decide to offer them a fair deal:

"Hey, you are way too close guys! You need to get farther away! I don't mind you filming me, but you are cramping my style!"

I see them moving. When I realize that all they are doing is repositioning themselves to see who gets the best shot, my blood starts boiling.

"I'm easy enough to see. Get higher and get farther away. Please!"

I add the please even if I don't feel too kind. I have realized that the chopper pilots do not feel threatened by me, since, after all, they are out of arm's reach. When I get convinced that they do not have any intention to follow my instructions, I'm mad enough to do something about it. I'm trying to find a balanced alternative when a naughty idea comes to mind.

Without further warning, I push my lips out, forming a sexy 'O' and place a cupped hand under my chin. I start blowing before anyone has the time to realize what is coming. My puckered lips channel the warm breeze coming from my lungs, aiming at the flock of helicopters just ahead of me. I feel my nipples swell when a noticeable whooshing sound accompanies my casual act.

Ok, I'm going to be honest about my intentions. I was encouraged enough by the effects of my little kiss back at the building that I thought it would be fun to repeat the trick with the choppers. All I wanted was to push them around a little, make their cocky pilots a bit more uneasy. I've failed miserably. Who could have thought I could blow so damn hard!

I notice about the mismatch between my intentions and what I've really achieved as soon as the warm air reaches the choppers. Rather than being gently nudged as I was planning, my kiss pushes the helicopters violently, much like Supergirl's super breath. I stop blowing as soon as I realize about it, but it's too late.

Half a dozen aircraft are sent meandering through the sky, the intensity of my exhalation way too high for them to withstand. I feel some relief when I see that five of the pilots manage to regain control of their helicopters before it's too late. Of course, this means that one does not.

The chopper, painted in bright purple and yellow, ends up crashing with a tall building a couple of blocks away, its rotor breaking through the windows of three stories before shattering into pieces.

"Ouch," I say.

It's not over. The body of the aircraft then starts bouncing between the buildings in both sides of the street, much like a pinball, all the way down to the road, where it lands over two cars. There is no explosion, but that's the only positive note about it all. I don't know if there were people in the cars, but there was definitely someone in the chopper!

So much for my just stated intention not to hurt them!

I know I should feel bad. And up to some point, I do. But I notice that the feeling building up inside me is not so much guilt as it is embarrassment. I feel like a klutz, but I do not have an immediate reaction of remorse for those I've must have hurt.

To say that the crowd is shocked would be an understatement. A minute ago they were awed by my size, probably wondering what I would do with it. Even I can see that my first move has not done anything to quiet them down.

Screams reach my ears with increased intensity as the people at my feet start crashing with each other even more often, the fear at what I may do to them increasing the overall chaos. I need to do something about it! And well, I guess I should do something about the people I've hurt too.

My height and the almost limitless view of the landscape it grants me soon find an answer. The ambulance is easy enough to notice, its sirens blaring a block away, about half the distance to the downed chopper. It is trapped, like every other vehicle in my immediate surroundings. I don't need too long to figure everything out pretty quickly in my head.

There is only one minor issue: I need the people to get out of the way in order to get where I need to. Which brings me back to the first consequence of my clumsiness: the crowd is now terrified of me. Which, well, I guess is kind of normal.

I need to say something to them. I think on apologizing, but it feels so unnatural! So, instead, I look at the remaining news choppers, which have found a new hovering position considerably farther away from me, and I scold them.

"I told you to get out of my face! Now, look at what you made me do!"

Blaming them feels kind of good. I know I've fucked up, but I should not be the one carrying all the burden, should I? Still, I don't want to look too mean, either.

"I can help you clean the mess, though. If you make some room, I'll walk over there and help the victims."

I don't need too long to realize that it won't be easy. Judging by the people's reaction, I might as well have told them that I would trample them. Far from trying to help, those at my feet only seem to be able to scream louder and to move with even less purpose. This frustrates me. I mean, I know that I'm giant and all this, but I'm trying to do the right thing here. I only need a little cooperation!

I've never been a patient girl and being big has not done anything to improve that trait of my character.

"What are you waiting for? Get out of the way so that I can help those people!" I scold. Then, I have the presence of mind to add: "Please."

Of course, it doesn't work. I'm about to leave it as impossible, when something in the back of my head kicks in and refuses the notion. I am the size of a high-rise, for God's sake. I should start kicking the word impossible out of my language!

I feel extremely proud when I find what seems to be a solution.

"Watch out!"

This is all the warning I give the tiny people before I lift my massive right foot and take an overexaggerated stride, planting it on a cluster of four abandoned cars in the middle

of the intersection. The four of them partially crush as my foot keeps going and digs a fresh footprint on the road.

The people react with frenzy as they suddenly find themselves under me. I look down to marvel at the dozens of tiny men and women now scurrying dangerously close to my foot. My nipples harden as I find the situation empowering. It takes me a second to realize that I am in a somewhat precarious balance and that consequences of any misstep will be catastrophic.

So, I take the utmost care as I lift my left foot and move it to the spot that I have identified for my second step. It is no other than an 18-wheeler. It is large enough to let me set my foot down, but smaller than I thought, so I have to aim for the best possible precision in order to make sure I won't hurt any of the tinies.

I'm standing in a balanced stance again, straddling four of the six lanes of the road. The sight of people everywhere around me is both curious and fascinating. I don't want to waste too much time on the stimulation, though. I still have a job to do.

The road beyond the intersection is still full, but not so packed. From my height and with my engineering mind, it's easy enough to identify the patterns of movement and to find a suitable spot for me to set my foot. I don't give anyone any warning before I stretch my impossibly long leg again and step right where I was aiming. My left foot soon joins. I give myself kudos as I stand beyond the packed mass of humanity, completing the first part of my plan.

It is much easier from here. There are still a whole lot of people, but they are more scattered, letting me move as long as I am extra careful. Two steps and I'm crouching next to the ambulance. There is nothing they can do as I reach out of the vehicle and pick it up like a hot wheels. The driver and the paramedic sitting next to him look incredibly jumpy as I look through the windshield.

"Don't be scared," I say in a soft tone. "I only want to help you do your job!"

I hold the vehicle by my side as I keep going, easily clearing the next block and reaching the spot where the helicopter crashed in half a dozen more steps. I crouch to set the ambulance on the road and take a closer look at the mayhem.

"Ouch," I cannot avoid saying.

I did really make a mess. The chopper is in pretty bad shape, even if I would have expected it to look even worse, judging by the height it dropped from.

"Are you ok?" I ask quite candidly.

A middle-aged woman that is standing close by looks up at me. For the first time since I arrived in the city I see something other than fear. It's anger.

"I brought some help," I offer as I shrug.

And then, the weirdest thing happens. The woman looks even angrier. Up to the point where she raises a fist and yells at me:

“Who do you think you are, you damned spoilt brat?”

Spoilt brat? Who the fuck does she think SHE is? In case you have not guessed it already, I’m a cocky girl, and being a giant has done nothing but enhance this. I do not take well being scolded.

At least two dozen ideas on how to deal with the offending woman cross my mind. I end up settling for the one that feels more like poetic justice.

“Get off my face!” I say angrily.

I start pushing my thick lips out. The woman immediately knows what’s going to happen, judging by her reaction. Unfortunately for her, she can’t do shit.

I’m pretty pissed off at her rudeness, but I still manage to control my exhalation. After all, I want to punish her, but I do not want to hurt her... much.

I still chortle when my short, soft gust of wind catches her and makes her airborne. With barely any effort, I send her flying twenty or thirty feet. She certainly looks bruised when she stands up, considerably farther away from me. There is no trace of defiance in her expression now. Only fear. It suits me well.

“Next time you want to pick a fight, make sure it is with someone your own size, you midget!”

This must be the best I’ve felt since I woke up! I already loved my size, but using it to taunt someone that had upset me beats anything I’ve done until now!

People in the area look at me with renewed fear. I do not mind too much, but I suddenly remember that this was not the reason I took the trouble to come here. I focus back on the task at hand, reach out for the ambulance and knock on its roof with a fingertip.

“Time to get out! You have work to do!”

It takes them a few seconds, but they finally comply, getting too close to my humongous feet to feel comfortable. I suppress a giggle as they rush past my toes and in the direction of the accident. It soon becomes obvious that this will not be enough.

I finally decide to take care of the obvious. People don’t know what I’m going to do before I stretch my crane-like arm towards the helicopter. The mangled shell of the aircraft groans as I pick it up with ease and lift it from the cars it has fallen into.

I’m a bit anxious as I raise the bright purple and yellow fuselage to my face and look through the windows. There are three people inside. They look pretty fucked up, but the three of them are moaning in pain, so I know that at least they are all alive. Using my free hand, I pull the mangled door out and widen the opening with my fingers. Then

I set the fuselage down with care, close enough to the paramedics. They are soon doing as expected.

There is not much more I can do to help, so I decide to stand up and take a step back, giving them some space to work quietly. It is back from my full height, well over the rooftops in the area, that a screeching noise makes me switch my attention to a spot in the distance.

My heart fills with glee when my eyes zoom into Atlantic Station, one of the major train stations in Laguna. Trains are both stopped and crawling to or from it. Miniature trains. Just like the toys I loved so much when I was a child. There is no way in the world I am not going to check them out!

CHAPTER 5: TOYLAND

The effects of my presence in the city are becoming more and more evident. And I care less and less about them. I've closed my little incident with the helicopter I blew out of the sky with little remorse. If anything, I give myself kudos for showing the fair mindedness to help the victims with some medical assistance. After all, it all started because they refused to follow my instructions, didn't it?

My mind is now almost fully set in my next destination, which is no other than the train station a dozen blocks down the road. As a girl I loved model trains so much! I think this might have been one of the reasons I decided to choose to study engineering.

The roads are considerably emptier in this part of town. I did not realize just how deep into the city I had got already, but it turns out that I can move way faster than I imagined. Perks of the size, I guess. Still, it is unavoidable to find some scattered groups of people between me and my new destination.

"Out of the way, tinies! You don't want to be between a girl and her toys!" **<excited, cocky>**

They try. Still, I need to change my path from time to time to avoid stepping on them. My massive feet still land close enough to the tiny fuckers, the shakes sending some of them off their feet. I giggle, as it only makes things funnier. **<giggle>**

Buildings are getting shorter again in this part of town, leading to the open area where Atlantic Stations is located. None of the structures in this area can make it as high as my clean-shaven pussy, most struggling to peek past my knees. I feel so... huge! I mean, I know that each of the suitcase-sized buildings can probably fit hundreds of people, yet they seem so inconsequential to me!

I feel the urge to stop and peek inside. It has not been so long since I ripped a building open, but somehow, seeing how they are the size of dollhouses strongly appeals to my childish self. I decide not to. After all, the city is full of buildings, but there are not so many train stations. The screeching sound of a convoy leaving the terminal in a hurry brings my attention back to my real objective.

Even from the distance, it's easy enough to see that the train is packed. Of course, I know the reason behind it, which is no other than old little me! No wonder the streets were so empty for a while. As far as I can guess, the people have seen me approaching and have rushed to the station with the hopes of getting away from me. My nipples swell in excitement at the realization!

<moan>

I focus my enhanced sight on the station building. I cannot see what's inside, but I don't need to in order to realize that it must be packed. People line up at the different

accesses, trying to push their way in, not always successfully. So, here is where all the people were!

I feel some strange pride at being able to cause such a reaction as this one. But I feel even prouder when I realize that I can do much more than that! I can show them that hiding from me is pointless!

I'm excited as I resume my walk towards the station, covering the remaining half a dozen blocks in virtually no time. The road bends a little before reaching the station, so I have to walk the last couple of blocks by the tracks. It is when another screeching sound announces the departure of yet another packed convoy.

I don't know exactly why, but I decide almost right away that I cannot have that. I think it has to do with the feeling of being challenged. I've never liked it, and in my present condition I don't think I have to stand it anymore.

The first train car peeks over the limits of the station soon enough. It's still moving at a snail's pace, so I instinctively know that it will be easy to stop its fleeing attempt. The key question, of course, is how. I'm very tempted to step into the tracks and wait for the convoy there, simply blocking its path with my cute but kind of impassable feet. That would be the easy thing to do. Then, my engineering mind kicks in and I find an even better alternative.

I crouch and reach out. Soon, my left hand closes around a bundle of thick cables. The electrical current tickles as I do, much like what would happen if I rubbed my feet in a carpet and then touched a piece of metal. It is not bad, considering I'm just holding an electrical system delivering over three-thousand volts of tension and more than a thousand amperes of current. After the initial itch, I feel some tingling around my hand, but it ends up as soon as I pull up and rip the cables from the poles that were holding them above ground. There are some sparks as I do so, but they are not even annoying.

The system feeding power to the eight tracks getting in and out of Atlantic Station dies in an instant. Among other consequences, the fleeing train slowly stops in its tracks with about half of the convoy out of the station. Challenge taken care of! **<cocky>**

Of course, I am not done. You know me too well by now to think that, don't you?

I stand up to take the three steps that separate me from the train and drop to my knees, resting my weight in a hand as I bend and bring my head closer to the now doomed vehicle. My sensitive ears soon catch the muffled screams coming from inside. They make me strangely proud. I feel even prouder when I finally bring my head to the ground and turn it sideways, peeking at the packed train car with my right eye.

To say that the people is in panic would be an understatement. I'm past the point where I can empathize with them, so all their reaction manages to do is amuse me.

"You guys were about to miss the best show in town: me!"

<giggles>

They only scream in response.

“You just don’t know how much I loved model trains when I was a little girl. And when I say little I’m referring to age, not like being tiny, like 5’8” or something like that!” I keep mocking.

I can tell that they don’t like it, but I could not care less. I sit back on my knees and look down at the toy-like train, trying to make my mind up on what to do. My left hand soon reaches for the front of the first car. I close my fingers around it until I feel metal give a bit under the pressure of their tips. Now that I know that I have a good enough hold around it, I simply pull, moving the train car and the nine that follow on the tracks, the strength of my slender arm replacing the power the cables fed to it.

I realize that the train might have been braked or something, since it takes a bit of effort to get it moving. I feel something breaking and suddenly things become much smoother.

“Choo choo!” I mock as I play with the convoy, moving it back and forth.

I’m in toyland, feeling as ecstatic as a little girl just after unwrapping her Christmas gifts. The excitement makes my nipples swell to even larger proportions, reminding me that I’m not a girl but a sensuous young woman that is having the time of her life despite being in the freakiest situation ever. **<excited>**

I am not going to spend the rest of the morning moving the train back and forth though, so soon enough the game gets boring and I move into the next step. I open my fingers, releasing the front of the train and bringing my hand to the top of the first car, where my digits wrap around its frame with vicious force.

My right hand repeats the operation with the second train car, and soon I have a very good hold of both. Now it’s only a matter of pulling in opposite directions!

There is a moment of resistance, but it barely lasts an instant. Much like I expected, my strength is way too overwhelming for something so puny as a commuter train, and my hands have no problem ripping the steel link between the two cars apart. I love the sparks as the bond breaks and the first car becomes removed from the rest of the convoy.

I keep my fingers wrapped around the train car as I now pull up. There is another instant of mild resistance as I now break the link between the wheels and the tracks. And as simple as that, I’m holding a train wagon in the air. A completely packed train wagon.

I feel so impressed with myself that I do not give two shits about what those trapped inside might be thinking. As a matter of fact, the boost to my ego is big enough that I’m looking for more. So, quite naturally, I end up standing up, raising the cart and its passengers hundreds of feet in the air before I let them rest in my waiting right palm and take a good look at it.

The denting where my fingers gripped its roof are evident enough as I now hold it from below. Aside from this, the carriage looks pretty much in one piece, so I give myself kudos for handling my amazing newfound strength with such good balance.

I estimate that the train car looks about a couple of feet long. Maybe even a bit less. This is, yet again, helping me put my new size in perspective with the new world. The vehicle I'm holding is designed to carry dozens of people to work, and here I am, holding it as if it were a soda bottle!

Of course, I'm incredibly curious about the people inside, so I do not waste time in moving my hand up, bringing the barely heavy cart in front of my face, where my curious green eyes are eager to peek inside.

It's chaos. The narrow windows give me a partial view of the pandemonium I've created. People are screaming and moving around without too much purpose, and the few that manage to look through the windows at me cannot hold my glance for long. This only manages to boost my playfulness, so without further warning, I twist my wrist and tilt the train what must be forty-five degrees to its front.

People desperately try to get a hold of whatever they can find to prevent being thrown around, but there is not much they can do to fight my sudden movement, so most of them are soon sliding towards the car's front.

<giggle>

I balance the car once more, giving the people enough time to adjust and recover their positions. And then, just for fun, I tilt it in the opposite direction. There is even less resistance before people start sliding past. I guess they are already too battered from round one.

<giggle>

I know what you must be thinking. I'm being quite a bitch. And you know, you are probably right. But it's so much fun! And come on! Out of everything I can do, this is probably quite mild. I want more. I need more!

My nipples swell again, telling me what I already know. This goes beyond the fun and exploration. It is also about power. And it makes me feel sooo good!

Looking at the tiny passengers through the narrow windows is interesting, but is soon not enough. I want to get a better look at them. And I think I know just how.

As you'll have guessed, I take good care of my physical appearance. This includes my fingernails. I keep them neatly manicured, which, at my current size, turns them into the perfect tool for what I have in mind.

I slightly close the fingers of my left hand around the train car, holding it in place as I reach out to one of its ends with my free right hand. My index finger leads the charge

as I push its nail into the roof. It soon rewards me with the expected bending and a louder than expected groaning sound that I guess must be freaking out those inside.

I keep going until my nail effortlessly beats the metal and rips through it. God! It's so damn easy! I'm so fucking strong! **<excited>**

Seeing my fingertip has done nothing to calm those inside the train down, but it's not as if I care by now. I just keep going until the last segment of my digit is in and then curl it, getting a good grip of the roof from inside. From here, it's only a matter of pulling. The roof starts giving with ease, groaning as I roll it, much like the lid on a tin can.

I keep going until I reach the end of the bottle-sized car, and then pull just a bit more to peel the roof completely off the wagon. It feels so amazing! **<impressed>**

But it's nothing compared to the sight of the dozens of incredibly spooked people now looking up at my face through the roofless top. To say that they are scared would be a massive understatement.

I guess it's normal. After all, it's not as if they have had any training on how to deal with giant girls. I did not get any training on how to be a giant myself, but then again, I think that it's fair to say that I got the better end of the deal, no matter how freakish the situation is.

It is at this point that I kind of decide that if there needs to be a giant in Laguna, I'd rather it be me than anyone else! I mean, I very much prefer to be the one holding the train in my hand than any of the sorry souls inside. It's not as if I have any intention to hurt them, but there is nothing that prevents me from teasing them!

"Hi there, my lovely tiny people!" **<cute>**

I only get screams in response. Not a surprise, of course. I simply go on, my voice easily overshadowing theirs.

"I am sorry for interrupting your trip, but, you know, I just got here, and I did not feel like anyone leaving." **<matter of fact>**

They look quite appalled, so I decide to try and calm them down a bit.

"I know this may be shocking, but don't be scared. I may be big, but I am just a girl. I have no intentions of hurting you. Also, I hope that no one is going to get late to work because of my fault. If any of you is going to have any problem with your bosses, let me know and I'll have a word with them. I can be very convincing." **<teasing>**

Not sure if it is my reassurance or my teasing, but something seems to have worked. I mean, they are still scared as hell, but they look a bit quieter. It is in this context, when the volume of screams has gone down a couple of notches, that a burly man in the packed crowd raises his voice.

"Let us go!"

His mousy voice is somewhat comical, especially coming from such a big man. Well, at least he is big compared to those around him. I can hear him perfectly well, though, and I see that his words have caused some expectation, as if they would suddenly make me change my mind.

“Yeah... not gonna happen, dude.” **<mocking>**

The change in the general mood is almost immediate. The man does not seem to get it and insists.

“Why?”

God, isn't he thick? I want to look cool, so I keep my cocky tone as I reply:

“Well, essentially because I am giant... and you are not!”

He replies. Really. He does it.

“This does not give you the right to do this to us!”

He is starting to push my buttons. I know. It's not as if he has done much. But my patience seems to have shrunk proportionately to my size, and I was not a very patient girl to start with. I see the rest of the people in the train suddenly fall into silence, as if waiting for my reaction to the challenge. Because it is a challenge!

Of course, I'm not going to leave it unanswered.

<low, mean tone>

“Really? You see... I have a somewhat different opinion. Wanna check who is right?”

I do not give him the chance to reply. My free hand soon hovers over the roofless train car, fingers extended. The crowd starts screaming right away. I simply ignore them and maneuver my digits with care. They are so packed that I need to be extra careful with what I have in mind.

I navigate my oversized fingernail with care, resting it on the back of a little woman and pushing her out of the way. I repeat the operation with another finger and soon, my target is standing alone between my two fingertips. He screams even louder. I simply bring my fingers together and capture the overweight man between them, being mindful not to apply too much force.

The crowd is appalled at what I have done. But it works well enough for me, so I simply ignore them and pull the man out of the train. He is soon hovering in front of my face. He is so tiny! The fact that he is obese and I still barely feel his weight makes it even better.

There is no trace of defiance in him as I lock my eyes with him, an eyebrow raised. To say that I am exhilarated is falling very short. Time to settle the argument.

<same low, mean tone>

“So, you see, the way I see it I can do anything I fucking please. Because, you know, I can rip a train car from the rest of the convoy, I can hold it in my hand a couple hundred feet off the ground and I can pick up anyone inside as if they were a snack.”

His expression changes suddenly with my latest remark. I let a loud laugh out when I realize what happened.

<laughter>

“Oh, you think I’m going to eat you! How cute!”

<giggle>

“Don’t worry, I only eat healthy!”

He is about to have a heart attack. Maybe I have pushed him a bit too far. I can’t help but feeling ecstatic about it, though. The man still manages to produce a trickle of voice. He sounds really scared as he asks:

“What are you going to do with me, then?”

I keep an arched eyebrow as I stare at him as if I were making my mind up on how to squish him. Of course, I’m not going to hurt him, but he doesn’t need to know yet, does he? I feel naughty, so I keep on playing.

“Umm... you know, it’s not as if I have any pockets on me to carry you around. And besides, you are not my type,” I say.

“Please...” he babbles.

I really love the power I have over him. I know I’m starting to get a bit drunk on it, but I can’t help it. I look around and find some buildings that must be about mid-riff height. They give me an idea.

As usual, it only takes me half a dozen steps to get where I want to. I stand in front of the office building, which reaches about a span or so under my heavy breasts. No one in the train has any idea about what I’m doing as I carefully maneuver the car in order to set it gently on the roof. There is some relief from the people inside as they realize that I’m not holding them anymore.

I fix my stare at them and raise my eyebrow once more as I threaten them softly:

“Don’t’ get any ideas about getting out at this station. This train only has one stop: wherever I feel like bringing you!” **<mildly threatening>**

I know I’m getting cockier and cockier, but it just feels so natural!

With both my hands now free, it is now easy to handle the fat man in my palm as I see fit. He is soon dangling from two fingers, my fingernails pinching his baggy clothes. I have another destination in mind for him. I need to be extra delicate as I maneuver my

fingers, but I have no problems in achieving what I was looking for. Soon, the man is hanging from the tallish antenna on the roof of the building.

I could not simply set him on the roof, could I? I'm starting to build my reputation as a giantess, after all. I wink at his wriggling form as I say:

"See? I told you! I can do anything I please. Now, why don't you think a bit about it? I think you'll have some time, before someone finds the way to bring you down!"

<cocky>

<giggle>

So, with the train and my challenger momentarily taken care of, it's time to switch my attention back to my first objective: the station!

As far as I know, there are thousands of people inside. Thousands of people that got there with the hopes of hiding from me first and escaping from me later. Thousands of people that need to learn how things are working now that there is a new girl in town!

<cocky>

I turn and walk back to Atlantic Station. I'm soon standing in front of it. It is a massive building. But it's not so tall. It cannot even make it to my knees. I bring my hands to my hips as I observe it from above. I still remember the controversy when the old station was brought to the ground in order to build the new one. The new Atlantic Station is a fine piece of modern architecture, but it's provocative enough that it does not fit everyone's tastes.

It is built so that there is no symmetry at all, with rising walls and an inclined roof that is held over a metallic grid. I crouch and observe the columns where the roof meets its support pillars. My engineering background does the rest, as I plan what I'll do.

I kneel next to the north-east corner of the station an instant later, bringing my head lower to study the massive pillar in there. I smile as I realize that what I'm trying to do will work. All it will require is a fine balance and massive amounts of raw strength. Luckily, I have plenty enough of both!

I reach out to the column with my right hand. I've always had delicate hands. Now, I also know that they hold the power of a tunnel boring machine. The roof does not directly sit on the pillar, but on a web of steel cables that hold it. I curl my fingers around them and start pulling.

<moan>

I moan in delight when the thick steel, much as expected, starts giving. The metal does not break without complaining, and as soon as those trapped into the station hear the groaning noise of the steel cables snapping their screams rise a couple of notches. This only manages to fuel my determination, so I keep maneuvering my fingers and pulling, feeling I strength I had never dreamed I would possess.

It does not take long for the cables to snap.

<moan>

God! I love the feeling of power. My nipples swell as I keep going. Soon, I sever the last links between the pillar and the roof, which is exclusively resting in my hand. I pull up and feel it groan but follow. I can't believe what I am about to achieve, but I know I need to keep the focus. The most delicate part of the operation is about to start.

I am extra careful as I remove my hand and let the roof rest on the severed pillar. The balance is precarious, but I only need it to last for a short while. Standing up, I walk past the façade of the station and kneel on the south-east corner, where the inclined roof ends at a higher height. I now know that the steel cables are not going to be a challenge, so I move faster as I snap them.

And then, as soon as I'm done, I pull up and the miracle happens. With two of its four support points gone, the entire roof of the station starts lifting, following the movement of my arm without resistance, using the remaining to anchor points as improvised hinges.

<moan>

God! Being a future engineer makes the feat feel even better! **<excited, impressed>**

I don't waste my time as I start standing up, lifting the roof with me and starting to uncover the station below. The screams of the crowd get louder as I manage to spook them beyond their wildest expectations. I'm eager to address them, but it's no time yet.

I maneuver my long silky legs over the eight tracks going out of the station, keeping a firm hold of the roof as I do. And then, I start moving towards the river, raising the roof higher and higher as I do so, opening the station as if I were opening the cover of a massive book. Three steps later, I reach the riverbank and bring the roof to its highest point, resting at a ninety-degree angle with the frame of the building. I feel it groan and know that I will not have a lot of time to take care of it if I want to keep it in one piece. So, without further notice, I give it a final push and send the massive metal surface into the river, where it lands with a tremendous splash.

And like this, I just ripped open one of the largest structures in Laguna! Atlantic Station took hundreds of people four years to build. And it has taken me about four minutes to undo. Is there any better proof of my newfound power? **<cocky>**

I cannot remember ever having felt so excited. I mean, how not to? Being giant and nude may be freakish, but God! The stuff I can do is so awesome!

As amazing as what I did was, it can only get better if I share it with people. So, I don't waste any time in turning, widening my stance and placing my hands on my hips, peeking down through my boobs at the thousands of panicky people below.

<sounding cute as she addresses the people>

“Hello down there! How are you guys doing?”

Well, I have to judge from their reaction, they are not doing so well. People start running into each other in panic. It's not doing them any good, though. After all, it's not as if there is a lot of free space. The station is absolutely packed!

I decide to ignore them and just go on:

“I hope you don't mind me intruding, but I realized that you guys were trying to hide from me in there, and well, you know... a giant girl needs her toys!”

Of course, they don't like the way I'm talking to them. It's not as if they can do anything about it, though. And well, they should not have tried to get away from me in the first place.

Having so many of them together is kind of new. I realize that the possibilities are countless. Thousands of ideas flash through my mind. I decide to go for a pretty straightforward one. I give them no warning as I remove my hands from my hips and start crouching, casting a shadow over part of the crowd. Chaos erupts when I reach out with my right hand.

The station is so packed that I only need to choose a spot at random. Then, I cup my palm and turn it upwards. I am extra careful as I start pushing people around with my fingertips. Soon, they are rolling over them and into my palm. There are so many of them, that everything happens incredibly fast. Three seconds later, I have scooped a handful of people as the rest of the crowd stampedes in random directions.

I ignore those down at the station floor and focus on the ones in my palm, rising it up slowly, careful not to drop any of my catches. As soon as I'm confident that I have a good hold on them, I start standing up both slowly and sensually, keeping my green eyes fixed on the mass of squirming bodies on my hand.

Oh my God! There are so many of them! They are in multiple positions, a few lying face down but some others resting on their backs, frightened eyes fixed at me as they scream. The bodies are so intertwined that it's hard to make an accurate count. But if I had to take a quick guess, I would say that there must be around twenty of them.

Twenty people! I'm holding twenty people in just one hand! **<very excited>**

I know I already held more in the train, but having them directly on my palm feels so much better. Their furious wriggling tickles. Their screams sound like music to my ears. I don't think I can ever feel more powerful than I do now.

And then, just when I could not be happier about being a giant girl in the city, the sound of sirens in the distance breaks the moment. I turn to see a mass of police cars and vans heading in my direction. All I can do is frown as I feel like a girl being caught with her hands in the cookie jar.

CHAPTER 6: LARGE AND IN CHARGE

Ok, in hindsight, I guess I should have anticipated that the cops would not be too happy about giant me roaming around the city. Especially now that I have been using my size... let's say... more freely. Still, seeing what must be half of Laguna's Police Department rushing towards me feels somewhat overwhelming.

I stand up, barely remembering to keep my crowd-holding hand steady as I do so. It almost ends up in a tragedy when a couple of people slip through the cracks between my fingers, but I manage to react on time and catch them mid-flight in my other hand. They are too shocked to scream as I raise them to my face and address them with a sheepish smile:

"Ooops... that was a close call!" **<somewhat embarrassed>**

The two tiny near-victims, a man and a woman, are not too responsive, and I'm too worried about the approaching police force to pay them too much attention, so I simply drop them with their colleagues in my other hand and take the chance to address them:

"I had plans for some fun together, but I'm afraid I will need to put them on hold. It seems that the cops are crashing the party..."

No one seems to be in the mood to reply, which suits me well, since I'd rather focus on the approaching threat.

There are hundreds of them! And they seem to be coming with everything they have. Despite the distance, I have no issues to see every detail of the approaching force, courtesy of my very enhanced sight. I can see dozens of squad cars, multiple vans and even some dark and hulky vehicles that look like tanks. And this is not all... I had not noticed that the news choppers had not been following me for a while, but now that I've realized I know why: their counterparts in the Laguna Police Department, painted in a quite darker tone, must have sent them away.

I don't recall having ever seen such a display from the LPD. Not even when a terrorist group kept three dozen hostages at Laguna's Central Bank for almost a day. It's kind of staggering. And then, I realize.

Of course! What's a bank hijacking next to me? I mean... I just ripped open the largest train station in the city. And I only need to take a look to my stretched palm to realize that I am also holding hostages of my own. And while they may be fewer than the ones the terrorist took at the LCB, the difference is that I'm holding them in just one hand! It took them like a dozen people and machine guns to achieve the same! **<excited>**

Of course, I know that my intentions are way less hostile than those of the hijackers but guess I can see why the Police Department is not too fond of having me around.

All this sounds now very logical, but I would lie if I said that I have not been caught by surprise. In my naïveté, I had kind of assumed that people would not enjoy my presence but would have no other option than to bear with me. Now it's obvious that they don't feel like it.

Which... well, it's kind of an issue. Because, you see... I had not thought on how to deal with the situation now unfolding in front of me.

The cops are still a few blocks away. I have some time to make my mind up, but not much, since they are approaching as fast as they can. I don't know too much about their intentions, but there are some things I can figure out already. The first one is that they probably don't like me much. The second is that they are upset enough to do something stupid. They would have not brought the cavalry if they weren't.

The realization makes me feel some cold in the stomach, almost as if I had swallowed an ice cube. I feel kind of being caught red handed, almost trying to find out some excuse to talk myself out of a fine. And then, I realize: I am a giant, for God's sake!

I'm no little girl caught speeding while driving, but a two-hundred and fifty-foot-tall giantess that can rip buildings open and hold twenty people in one hand. I mean, I'm kind of impressed at what the LPD is bringing to meet me, but hey! They are the ones that need to deal with someone like me! I still don't know what I want the outcome of the impending encounter to look like, but I'm sure I have good cards to play.

With this idea in mind, I decide that there is no point in delaying the inevitable. Whatever it is, my future as a giant in Laguna will be very much determined by the imminent exchange, so I'd better focus on it.

A murmur from my hand reminds me that I'm not alone. For an instant I consider the potential benefits of having some hostages while I deal with the cops, but I discard the idea almost immediately. I don't yet know how I will approach my negotiation, but I'd rather not give them any more reasons to be upset than my size and demeanor. And if worse comes to worst, I'd hate it if any of the tinies I'm holding got hurt.

So, without further notice, I walk the four steps that separate me from one of the convenient waist-high buildings in the area and gently drop the contents of my right hand into the roof. I can tell that they are bruised by the handling but also considerably relieved. A few of them look up at me with questioning glances. I simply shrug.

"Business calls," I say. "Wait for me here. I'll come back for you once I make a deal with the cops."

I don't wait for any answer and turn, facing the approaching police force once more and taking a couple of steps in their direction. My parting words to my "guests" seem to suggest that I'm confident about getting out of the approaching exchange on top, but the truth is that I have no clue about what is going to happen. This does not mean that I need to show it, though.

In my mind, the cops and I are playing some sort of oversized version of Chicken, and I decide that I'm not going to be the one losing the first round. So, without knowing too well what I'm doing, I start strutting towards the approaching force, making an effort to look confident as I sashay towards them.

I soon get into what I believe is Mills Road, the waist-high buildings on both sides of it flanking me as I keep moving casually towards the cops. As you already know by now, I'm fast despite my deceiving nonchalance, so the distance starts getting cut pretty quickly. A minute and half a dozen blocks later, I smile as I get my first victory.

Still four or five blocks away from me, the cops start slowing down, finally coming down to a halt. Lucy one, Laguna Police Department zero!

I'm encouraged by my small partial victory, so I just keep going, making sure that I crush the only abandoned car in the area under my foot as I close the distance between the officers and me. Noticing how they are getting increasingly nervous, I decide to stop about a block away from them, in what seems to be a much shorter distance than what they would have felt comfortable with. Having regained quite a bit of confidence in this first play, I widen my stance and place my hands in my hips, looking down at the little green army men in a commanding pose.

"Good morning officers!" I say assuredly.

They are not ready yet. It suits me well, since the truth is that I'm not ready either, no matter how cocky I try to look to them. I may have got a small win, but I don't even know which type of outcome I would feel good with.

I start thinking about it as I observe the hundreds of police officers rush to take their positions. It's kind of obvious that they did not expect to meet me right here, since they look confused for a while. I guess their plan was to get to the wide area around Atlantic Station. I can see how it might have been a more convenient spot for them, which makes me proud of having forced the change of playground.

Squad cars start lining up as tiny men in what seems like tactical gear start getting out of the vans and spreading around. Some are even getting into the buildings lining both sides of the road. I see them reappear a short while later, now entrenched in the hip-high rooftops. The tank-looking vehicles are the last ones to stop, apparently looking for the best possible spot as the helicopters keep circling overhead, getting too close for my taste, their loud noises clouding my thoughts.

I have the weird certainty that whatever happens next will define the way things will be from now on. The knowledge that this is a life-defining moment makes me nervous, even if I'm doing my best not to show it.

The key question, of course, is what the hell I want the result to be. After all, it's not as if I had been planning to become what I am.

Twelve hours ago I was a regular girl, a nineteen-year-old engineering student at Laguna Tech with somewhat higher than average grades and looks. And look at me

now! I'm towering over the city, ripping buildings open, using real trains as toys and picking people up like peanuts!

And, no matter how freaked out I was when I first found out about the change, I cannot keep lying to myself about it. It's time to accept that I love it!

My life was good enough before, but nothing of what I had done in my nineteen years before today feels even remotely comparable to the freedom I've experienced in my morning as a giant. Every single thing I've done since I woke up feels better than the previous one, and the list of possibilities running through my head seems endless.

I came to the city with the intention of finding out more about my mysterious growth, with the initial purpose of shrinking myself back to normal. But I have to admit that I've very much derailed from that plan. And the only reason it happened was that the alternative was better.

So, what is it that I want to get out of my encounter with the cops? Earlier in the morning I would have been happy to strike a deal where they helped me find a solution to my enigmatic transformation, but this does not work for me anymore. I like being giant and I want to continue enjoying the amazing possibilities of my new self.

There is a little problem with this, of course. And it is no other than the fact that I'm pretty sure that it is exactly the opposite of what the cops want.

I see a tiny guy stepping to the front with what looks like a bullhorn in his hand, so I guess I'm about to find out.

"Miss..." he starts.

"Lucy," I say, my voice easily overshadowing every other sound in the area. I see that I've taken the cops kind of by surprise, so I use the chance to add: "Please, call me Lucy."

"Ok... Lucy," the man replies, sounding hesitant. "I am Captain Bilson, from the Laguna Police Department."

"Nice to meet you, Captain," I say, suppressing a grin when I see that my continuous interruptions are making the man jumpy.

"You are commanded to stay where you are and to cease your current actions. Failure to do so will result in the use of deadly force!"

Well, he did get to the point fast, didn't he? I feel a mix of wariness and anger rising inside me. On one hand, I must admit that being threatened by hundreds of cops at once feels a bit distressing. But at the same time, the fact that it's coming from a bunch of diminutive midgets that cannot even make it to my ankle is deeply upsetting.

The problem with the captain's approach is that it does not leave a lot of room for bargaining. The guy has made it clear that it's either his way or the highway. I'm about to reply in a similar manner when I recall a Ted talk I once saw about the art of

negotiating. I remember a concept called BATNA, which I believe stood for Best Alternative To a Negotiated Agreement.

The alternative for me does not look too welcoming. I only need to use my enhanced sight to zoom into a section of the blockade to realize that the cops there seem quite ready to shoot. So, either I make a deal with them or I face their weapons. And while the size difference make the rifles look quite less threatening than they should, the truth is that there are hundreds of them!

I try to think on the alternative for Captain Bilson. If we don't reach an agreement, he will have no other option than shooting. And he cannot be completely certain that this will work as well as he expects. He must be willing to evaluate some intermediate option before he commits his men to a fight, potentially making a giant girl very pissed off.

He does not look too eager to make any proposals, so I guess I'll have to take the step.

"There's no need to get so trigger happy, Cap!" I say, trying to sound as cheerful and non-threatening as I can despite the fact that I'm still pretty upset. "I understand that you are not too fond of having me around, but there's the little issue that it seems that I grew for good. So why don't we try to make the most out of this for everyone? Here's the deal. I will let you know in advance where I'm going and give you enough time to close the streets and evacuate whoever needs evacuating. I'm also willing to offer a couple hours a day of community work. I'm sure a city like Laguna could use my talents to get stuff done. In exchange, I only ask some food and somewhere to stay, aside from you letting me be."

I can tell that I caught them completely by surprise. I guess it's good.

"So, what say you?" I ask. "This is as fair a deal as you'll get!"

I zoom into the Captain, trying to predict his response. I realize that I'm not going to like it when he starts getting very red faced.

"Who do you think we are, you spoilt brat? Get down on your knees immediately or we will open fire!"

Spoilt brat? What the fuck? Now he is really getting under my skin. I mean, I can understand their concerns, but that is no reason to treat me like he is doing. Somehow, the captain's aggressive bullying feels even more irritating because of his ridiculous size.

One thing is clear: we are not going to resolve this by negotiating. But by now I'm also determined not to do shit of what the tiny fucker has commanded to me. He wants to bully me? Well, wait to see how intimidating a girl the size of a skyscraper can be.

I lose my cheerful tone and sound quite more threatening as I reply back to him:

“Who do I think I am? Well, for starters, I’m a damned giant, you puny miniature! So, I’ll tell you what: my offer is good up to the point I get to you. You have about four steps, so you better think fast!”

“Do not take any further step or we will open fire!” the man says. He sounds more panicked than angry, which suits me very well.

“The way I see it, you have two options: either you take the deal or you disband and get out of my way. You won’t like the third option.”

I spooked them. Which is exactly what I was trying to do. The moment of truth has finally arrived. It’s time to play Chicken again, only there is so much more at stake now. The way I’ve made things up in my head, the cops will not be able to take the pressure and will break, giving me a blank check for what remains of the day.

I raise my foot and take a step to the front, considerably cutting the distance to the blockade. I quickly follow the motion with my left foot, bringing my towering presence half a block further. And then, all hell breaks loose.

So much for my wishful thinking! Hundreds of guns start shooting at once, filling the eerie silence of the previous stalemate with the loud cracking of automatic fire. The barrage forces me to stop right away. Needless to say, I’m afraid. To tell the truth, I am terrified. I had dreaded the moment ever since I set my eyes in the cops, but in my callowness, I had convinced myself that I would bluff my way out of the situation. Well, now I know the truth!

Dozens of bullets start hitting every single inch of my exposed anatomy. I soon realize that they are merely stinging, apparently unable to cause any serious damage. Still, the continuous hail of bullets is incredibly annoying. Up to some point, it feels like being bitten by hundreds of tiny insects at the same time, even if each of the bites feels quite inconsequential by itself. I raise my right arm to cover my eyes once I realize that the cops are now aiming at my face. My left arm soon shields my chest when a few random impacts in my exposed nipples feel considerably more vexing than the rest.

“Stop it!” I yell, my powerful voice making the windows in every single building in the street rattle.

I do not remove my arm from my face, but my sensitive ears soon catch the change of mood in the police force. They are cheering! What the fuck? And then, I understand what is going on. The little fuckers think they are winning! And, judging by the renewed intensity of their volleys, they also seem eager to finish the job.

Can’t they see that they are merely putting tiny red spots in my skin? Can’t they realize that all they are achieving is to royally piss me off?

“Stop it! Or I swear to God that I will pop you all like grapes!”

I let my anger talk on my behalf. But, truth be told, I'm quite ready to make good on my threats. I don't recall ever having felt so angry in my life. And I have every right to be! After all they have shot enough ammo at me to take over a small country!

Suddenly, the fire rate seems to decrease. Have they really reacted to my warning? I risk moving my forearm from my face to take a look at the scene below. All I manage to see is a wake of smoke as something I cannot identify comes to me at great speed.

It's too late to get out of the way, so all I can do is tense my body and brace for impact. It's nearly not enough. The rocket hits me in my chest, right between my two massive breasts. It punches me like a professional boxer. I'm pretty sure that it would have thrown me off my feet if I had not been ready, but I somehow manage to keep my stance, the balls of my feet digging the road deep as they try to counter the force of the blast. The subsequent fireball then engulfs my chest and face. I am very scared for a few moments, but I soon realize that rather than burning me, the explosion merely feels like being showered by water that is somewhat too hot. It's a bit uncomfortable but not really harming. Still, my eyes start watering at the effect of the heat, clouding my sight, leaving my ears to catch the reaction once more.

The cheering from the blockade is even louder this time, making my blood boil. I start regaining my vision a few seconds later, almost at the same time the thick black smoke around my upper body starts clearing out. It coincides with an abrupt change of attitude in the cops, I guess that caused by the fact that they have realized I'm pretty much unscratched.

At this point, I'm ready to do anything. And the list of stuff that comes to mind is only getting nastier and nastier. I want to punish them, show them what happens when someone messes up with the wrong girl. And there is no trace of my good side trying to talk me out of it anymore. After all... they just shot a rocket at me! As far as I know, they hit me with the same stuff they use to blow tanks up! What the fuck!

I'm so pissed off that I barely manage to register the remarkable fact that the missile has not even scratched me. At this moment, I can only think about retribution. My head starts throbbing almost right away.

The cops are not shooting anymore. They seem to have realized that it is pointless. And I guess they must be starting to think about the fact that attacking me might have been a mistake. I don't care anymore. Anger is welling up inside me, making the intense headache get worse. I narrow my eyes when the intense pressure building up in my head starts pushing my eyeballs, making the migraine really unbearable.

And then, without warning, the world gets tinted in a reddish hue, just a second before my eyes emit intense beams of energy, immediately alleviating the pressure.

Twin laser-like rays hit the exact spot in the blockade I was looking at. As mind-blowing as this is, what happens next is even more astonishing. My beams vaporize everything in the area they hit, including a few squad cars and an indeterminate number of officers. But this is far from everything that happens. Much like in the movie Independence Day,

the aftermath is even worse. Centered in the spot I hit, a massive circle of fire starts expanding, engulfing everything it finds on its way. Cops scream as they unsuccessfully try to run away from the advancing wall of flames, more and more of the blockade getting reduced by blast. By the time it loses momentum, about a fourth of the blockade is gone.

“Oh my goodness! Being giant was hot, but I did not know I had superpowers too!” I let out amidst some heavy panting. **<pants>**

I’m vaguely conscious that I’ve disintegrated dozens of little people, but somehow I just don’t care. I cannot even think too much about it. I’m way too excited by what I just found out about myself. My size was already amazing, but this... this is the biggest turn on ever.

“You should have taken my offer when you had the chance. Now that I know how powerful I really am, there’s no way I’m not taking over this city!”

The cops don’t seem to like it. And a few of them are recovered enough from the shock to start shooting at me again. The salvo is considerably milder. And I’m not afraid anymore. I push my chest out, arms akimbo, as I let the bullets bounce off my skin harmlessly, the stinging feeling even milder than when I got hit a few minutes ago.

They are not cheering anymore. From my vantage point of view, it’s easy enough to see that they are defeated, taking a last stand against the unquestionable victor of the very short battle. It is way too late for me to look at them in any better light, though. I’m incredibly pissed off at them. And after they tried their best to kill me, I think I have every right to be.

“You don’t get it, do you?” I say in the cockiest tone I can muster.

And then, I focus on a distant spot in the blockade and concentrate. To my delight, the pressure starts building into my head once again, quickly connecting with my eyes. I’m not concerned about it anymore, though. If anything, I very much welcome it.

I don’t wait too long before releasing it, wiping out a new section of the police force completely.

<moans>

“Mmmmm” I moan, realizing that aside from being utterly destructive, the use of this new ability is also highly arousing.

The cops seem quite beaten, but somehow, they are not yet abandoning the fight. I get hit on my face again, but this time it is not coming from down below but from the choppers hovering ahead of me.

“Stupid,” I say in a matter of fact tone, right before taking in a deep breath.

I pucker my lips just an instant later, releasing the hurricane I’ve built in my lungs and channeling it in the direction of the police helicopters, much like I did with their news

comrades. The difference, of course, is that I had merely been toying with the news choppers, while I have every intention to blow the aircraft that have attacked me down.

A whooshing sound takes over my surroundings as two-hundred mile per hour winds hit the half a dozen choppers almost at once. They never stand a chance. A couple practically disintegrate in the air, while their remaining colleagues get pushed around so badly that the pilots can't do anything to avoid crashing into nearby buildings.

The section of the city I'm standing in is quickly turning into a warzone, but I don't care. I was not the one starting the fight, but I'm determined to be the one ending it. Looking down at the cops at street level, I see that they have finally broken. Plenty of them are abandoning their positions and running down the road, trying to get as far away from me as possible.

I'm still feeling pretty mean, so I let pressure build again behind my eyes. Pulling my hair back with one hand, I let rip two new powerful beams from my green eyes. I'm pointing farther away, so the beams end up joining together, creating a massive line of energy. The now single laser beam hits the road half a block ahead of the first would-be escapees. And then, I simply guide the beam from one side of the street to the other, carving a massive seam in the hot pavement.

Two dozen cops stop in their tracks to avoid falling into the fifty-foot deep crater.

"Going anywhere?" I mock in a cocky tone.

A bullet hits right into my eyeball just then. I get momentarily worried, but I only need to blink to realize that there has been no harm. My eye waters momentarily, but other than that there do not seem to be any other negative consequences.

I instinctively turn in the direction I think the shot was coming from and zoom in, finding the sniper ready to take another chance. I frown and project a mild energy wave from my cute irises. The windows on the top two floors shatter and the whitish façade gets charred, but other than that, the building remains standing. The same cannot be said about the cop. He and his four comrades have merely become piles of ashes in the now superheated roof.

Oh wow! Not only did I get some mind-boggling superpowers, but I seem to have learned how to master them in no time as well!

I remain in place, hands on my hips, observing the mayhem I have created. Well over half of the original police force is gone. And what remains is in pretty bad shape. And to think that I did all this without moving my cute feet from the spot where they were when it began!

I've never felt so ecstatic in my life. My morning had already been pretty amazing, but what happened in the last minutes is simply fascinating.

I clear my throat before addressing the survivors:

“Now you can see! I’m so much more than a giant girl! I defeated your feeble attempts to subdue me and I stand before you as a goddess, all-powerful. Forget about me shrinking back and forget about any deal. I am officially taking over the city. From now on, I will do as I please and you will do as I say. Or else!”

To be honest, I would have never thought those words would get out of my mouth. A week ago, I would have said that no one should be chosen to rule by sheer strength. However, I find that my viewpoint has shifted considerably now that I’m the one with all the power.

CHAPTER 7: LUCY'S LAW

I've never felt more empowered in my life. As a matter of fact, I doubt anyone in history has ever felt more empowered than I feel right now. How not to? I mean, what I just did was... simply exhilarating. Being a giant was already proving to be great, but shooting laser beams through my eyes? That's another league! **<exhilarated>**

The fact that I just killed dozens of cops is starting to sink in my mind, but in my current mood, I think it's fair to say that I don't give a shit. I mean... the guys shot everything they had at me, did they not? They even hit me with a fucking missile! How am I supposed to feel sorry for them?

After all, it's not my fault that they don't know who to pick up a fight with. Because, well, it turns out that I'm so much more than a giant girl!

What I just did is... simply amazing! I mean, being the size of a high-rise was already fascinating, and I had already noticed that I could blow damn hard. But shooting energy beams through my eyes? This is just mind-blowing! **<exhilarated>**

Somehow, I feel like a crossover of Supergirl and Godzilla, but with only the cool stuff of each of them! And while my looks are definitely more in line with the Kryptonian superheroine, I think it's fair to say that my current mood is closer to that of the giant lizard.

It is in this state of mind that I look back down at the now terrified survivors of the police blockade. They are trapped between the trench I dug with my super-hot laser thingy and two-hundred and fifty feet of very pissed off girl. They don't seem to be very happy about it.

"Now, how can I thank you for everything you've done for me?" **<threatening>**

I'm debating about what to do myself. I'm still furious about what they did, but now that my victory is so undisputable, my former threat of popping all of them like grapes feels a bit over the top. I mean, one thing is not feeling bad about defending myself and another is to start stepping on people for sport. Leaving them alone feels equally anticlimactic, though.

It is then that my eyes set on the most out of place guy in the remainders of the blockade. Captain Bilson is as confused as his colleagues. As a matter of fact, he is confused enough to still hold on his bullhorn for dear life as he runs around without too much purpose.

I immediately know what I want to do. I turned dozens of his men into ashes for shooting at me, but he was the one who called me spoiled brat in the first place. I could easily vaporize him without moving my cute feet from the ground. But this is not what I want to do. No. This would be too easy for him. He is not going to leave this world without apologizing to me first!

Of course, the first step is to set my hands on him. Or, well, in this case, my fingers. It doesn't look so hard. After all, it's not as if he has anywhere to go!

"Captain Bilson, would you mind a word?" I let out. **<threatening>**

It does not look as if he is dying to talk to me, but I had already expected that much. Not that it matters.

Very slowly and very menacingly, I remove my hands from my hips and take a first step towards the remainders of the blockade. I'm now delighted as my surroundings bounce around me, my feet digging the road as usual when I move. I try to think how it must feel from the tiny cops' perspective, and for the first time I feel proud of looking as threatening as I am.

I want them to realize about the mistake they have made, so I keep a permanent gaze fixed on them as I cut the distance with insulting ease. Three more steps and I'm already there. Captain Bilson is frantically moving around in an erratic pattern, but there is no way he is going to get away from me, so I'm not concerned.

I'm about to crouch to reach out for him when the cracking sound of guns being fired breaks the eerie silence once more. I can almost not believe it when I feel some random taps in my ankles and shins and look down to see a group of foolish cops shooting their handguns at me.

The tiny fuckers are close enough to my bus sized feet to be dwarfed by them. God, they are really teeny! My blood is boiling. I mean, the shots are not even hurting anymore, but the fact that they are still thinking on attacking me after everything they've seen beats me.

"God! Will you never learn?" I let out, deeply frustrated. **<frustrated>**

The cops stop their barrage for an instant and look up. My eyes lock with theirs for an instant, and I frown to let them know how I feel. I lose it when one of the cops takes advantage of this to aim at my face and shoot.

His attempt barely registers as an inconsequential tickle in my cheek, but it makes me mad! By now I'm already feeling mean enough that I'm barely thinking as I lift my semi-sized foot off the ground and move it towards them. **<angry>**

They realize about their mistake as my sole blocks the sun out of them. I have a brief moment of qualm when I notice their fear. But these guys have royally pissed me. My anger ends up winning the argument and I set my foot down.

It breaks through the road, as usual. And it digs the ground a few feet into yet another perfect footprint, as usual. What are not usual are the brief spongy squishes I've felt before all this happened.

Suddenly, the reality of what I just did sinks in. I stepped on people! Half a dozen guys, by the look of it. Of course, there is no doubt in my mind about their fate. I still remove

my foot and look down, finding six bloody splotches embedded in an otherwise unremarkable footprint.

For some reason, this shakes the remaining policemen quite some more than my laser trick, even if the hard fact is that I finished way more of their colleagues with my eyes than I've just done under my foot. They are not the only ones that feel different, though. To me it also feels as if I have crossed another line, even if the consequences are milder than some of my previous actions.

There is a moment of uncomfortable silence. I can feel dozens of eyes glued at me, judging me. They manage to activate a defense mechanism in the back of my mind that brings me back from my brief moment of hesitation.

"If you keep being stupid, I will need to keep showing you your place!" I say angrily, as if that settled the dispute.

No one seems to be in the mood to argue with me, which is just fine, because right now I'm ready for just anything. The gloves are off. And... well, judging by their reaction, I believe that the bug-sized cops have finally got it.

Feeling strangely in charge, I look down at the remainders of the blockade, quickly finding the incredibly spooked Captain Bilson still running around like a zombie. It's about time I deal with him! I start to squat gracefully. Soon, my knees land on the road like boulders, shaking their surroundings as I settle myself closer to the action.

I lean forward and reach towards the diminutive cop with my never-ending arm. He sees my hand approaching and tries to hide behind a car. I'm still feeling pretty mean, so, in an obvious attempt to intimidate him, I close my hand into a fist and smash it into the police cruiser, flattening it into a two-dimensional metal pancake as if it had been made of tinfoil.

The tiny man stands up, startled, and tries to run away. I simply plant my palm in front of him and wait for the unavoidable to happen. Captain Bilson crashes into my impassable wall of flesh and falls on his butt, finally letting his beloved bullhorn go. I could pick him up at any time, but I decide to tease him a little more.

"Captain Bilson. You are surrounded by... well, me! You are commanded to desist in your stupid attempts to flee and surrender by climbing into my palm. Failure to do so will result in an extended cat and mouse game!" **<playful>**

The captain does not seem to care about my jokes and simply stands up, trying to run in a different direction. I push my lips out and blow the softest gust of breath, catching him mid-stride and sending him flying a few feet on his butt.

"It's really your choice, bud," I say. "You will get tired of this waaaay sooner than I will!" **<mocking>**

He stands up. And well, he does not look like someone ready to walk into my hand. He proves it to me a second later, when he tries to run in a different direction. This time I

simply bring my fingers together and flick him lightly. Or... so I thought. Captain Bilson is thrown what seems to be forty feet back before he lands into another squad car, denting the hood noticeably.

“Oopsie!”

I did not want to beat him so hard. I swear. I mean, I have nothing but contempt for the man, but I had hoped to extend my game a little longer.

I think I hurt him... Maybe I was too rash this time. I don't think he has too much of a fight in him, so I'm considering to simply pick him up and get done with him. And then, suddenly, the little fucker surprises me, stands up and starts running towards the building to my left.

I'm surprised enough by the move that, by the time I react, it's too late. My fingers brush the building's façade, peeling some of it off, but by the time they do, the police captain is already safely inside what I believe is an office building.

“Where the fuck do you think you are going?” **<very upset>**

I'm mad. Really mad! I've only been a giant for a little less than a morning, but one thing I've learned in that time is that nothing seems to be out of my reach. Which makes the current situation extra frustrating.

A resolve inside me decides to put aside the fact that the only reason Bilson managed to flee was because I was way overconfident and to focus my energy into catching him. I reposition myself on the road in no time, resting my weight on my hands and knees and bringing my head as low as possible, in order to peek into the building with my window-sized green eyes.

Judging by its lobby, the building seems to be hosting offices of different companies. It's pretty crowded too! I realize the multitude in there is formed of those that did not want to risk it outside with me around. Not unsurprisingly, they are anything but fond once they get my close attention.

The screams are noticeable enough as the crowd reacts to my presence. They also start moving around in panic. At any other time, I would be happy to trigger this type of behavior. But right now it does not work for me, since it makes it harder to find the nasty police captain I'm after.

It takes me ten full seconds to finally locate the object of my interest. By the time I do, Captain Bilson is getting into a packed elevator cart, its doors closing.

I waste no time to reach into the building. My hand has no trouble to break through the façade, shattering the glass with ease and entering the lobby to the dismay of those that had once felt safe from me in there. I try to strike a balance between squishing everyone and being too slow as I advance my fingers through the crowded area, pushing people aside unceremoniously. By the time I reach the elevator, the doors are already closed. I don't hesitate to put a final impulse into my hand and push the elevator

doors forcefully, bending them inwards with ease. I then use my fingers to peel them away, ignoring the ever increasing screams of the people around my arm.

“Shit!” **<very loud>**

The doors are gone, but so is the elevator cart! All I manage to see through the lobby is the dark pit of the elevator shaft, my prey gone.

“Shit! Shit! Shit! Shit! Shit!” I repeat, making the crowd in the lobby even more jumpy. **<loud>**

I’m really, really pissed off. Right now the only thing I want is Bilson. And apparently, it’s the only thing I can’t get. I forget about those I pushed out of the way to get to the elevator doors and sit back on my knees, bringing my eyes level with the building’s twelfth floor. Those inside react in panic at my angry stare, but I’m not interested on them.

The office building is some twenty stories tall, and, with its boxy frame, it’s also quite wide. There must be hundreds of people inside, and I’m only interested on one.

The idea of just bringing the entire thing down and get done with Bilson runs through my head. It’s strangely intriguing, especially when I realize that it’s perfectly doable. Unknown to the dozens of panicked people looking at me through their windows, what saves them is not a sudden sense of fairness or restraint on my side, but the fact that I want to deal with the police captain personally. The issue, of course, is that once he got away from me, finding him will be harder than finding a needle in a haystack.

Or not so much? I realize that I actually know where the little fucker is. He got into an elevator cart just in front of my eyes. My engineer’s mind does the rest and I quickly understand that I do not have to rip every floor open to check the elevator. I have a much more elegant alternative, readily available to building-sized girls.

Smirking with satisfaction at the idea, I stand up, showing more of me to the terrified office clerks and look down at the chest-high roof. I catch three tinies by surprise. I can tell they do not like my sudden presence. The only reason I can think they were all the way up in a roof that is shorter than me is that they were spying on me, so it’s hard to feel any sympathy for them.

My sudden attention has sent them running like headless chicken around the rooftop. I quickly locate the elevator machine room, in the center of the area. I need to work fast, If Bilson manages to get out of the elevator, it’s going to be much harder to get him out. Don’t get me wrong, I’ll rip the entire building open floor by floor if I need to, but I’d rather resolve this faster.

Predictably enough, the three voyeurs have got themselves just where they will end up being more annoying. I consider asking them to get out of the way, but it’s going to take just too long. I also need my hands free. Thankfully, I’m used enough to my awesome array of abilities by now to find an easy solution. Puckering my lips, I inhale

briefly through my nose and then let out a short and focused puff that catches the three men and sends them flying a few dozen feet. Off the roof.

Of course, there's only one possible fate for them. I don't give a shit. They were between me and my goal. And everyone knows that when I mean business I can get very focused.

I use my right hand to peel the roof of the elevator machine room, getting an azimuthal view of the system and the three elevator shafts that go all the way down the building. Bilson got on the leftmost cart, so I reach out for the machinery that sits on top of the leftmost shaft and crush it with ease in my hand.

Now it's only a matter of pulling up. There is a brief moment of resistance when the brakes of the elevator cart try to fight my pull. I think they activated when I messed their motor up. They cannot hold much before they break, though. The strength of my slender arm is too astronomical for everyday stuff, I guess.

My heart accelerates in anticipation as I start pulling the steel cable holding the elevator cart like a little girl pulling a toy. At some point, I have to start looping the cable around my hand, but a quick look at the shaft shows that I'm about to get my precious prize. I feel a moment of glee when the shiny metal of the elevator cart pops up through the opening. Now it's only a matter of making one last pull... and soon the fingers of my free hand are wrapping around the metallic box as if it were some sort of soda can.

<excited>

I lift it up to my face and giggle when I feel the muffled screams coming from within. Letting go of the cable and setting the cart in the roof, I now hold the box steadily while I use the fingers of my free right hand to deform the doors first and to use the indentation I created in order to pull the doors apart. I'm rewarded by the sight of a dozen miniature people, each more scared than the other.

I make a point of emptying them in the roof like a pack of mentos. I unconsciously want this to be humiliating. People fall on top of each other and then roll to the hard concrete surface of the rooftop. I'm scanning the group with renewed interest... and there he is!

"Jackpot!" I say out cheerily. **<excited>**

No one really knows what I mean, so I just reach out and use my fingers to push a couple of people apart before I close them around the two-inches form of Laguna Police Department's Captain Bilson.

As you know, I've already held my fair share of people by now. And I've enjoyed all of them. But it's different with Bilson. It feels so much better. It has to do with the power, of course. With the feeling of being invincible and of being able to get anything I want. The tiny fucker in my fingers has made me madder than anyone I can remember. And here it is! Shivering as he faces the intense stare of my deep green eyes!

There are so many things I want to do to him that it's hard to choose where to start. So I decided to start just by mocking him.

"I'm curious. What made you decide that it was a good idea to try to escape from a giant girl by going up?" **<mocking>**

He does not answer my question. Instead, he just managed to let out something similar to a "Please."

"You know, I have not been this pissed off since I caught my ex red-handed with a blonde with big tits. And back then I could not toss him into the next ZIP code."
<upset>

He is still shivering. This is going to take a while, so I let the man drop and roll into my ready palm. I need to wait for a few painful seconds for him to roll on his back and look back at me. There is plenty of room to spare around the tiny man, reinforcing the point of just how much larger than him I am.

"What will you do to me?" he finally asks. He sounds scared. Which is good.

I raise an eyebrow as I reply with a question:

"What would you have me do to you?"

"Please, let me go!"

"I'm afraid that's not in the menu!" I reply. **<mocking>**

He looks dismayed.

"After all, you did try your best to kill me," I say. **<mildly angry>**. "You just did not know how puny you were. But I don't see why your incompetence should get you out of this."

"I... I was following orders," the man tries to excuse himself.

"Whose orders?" I inquire. **<inquisitive>**

"The Chief of Police and the Mayor," he admits without delay.

I frown.

"I'll be visiting them soon enough," I say. **<matter of fact>**

He shoots me a questioning look. It seems that even while fearing for his life, his curiosity prevails. I simply shrug and say:

"Well, I'll have to have a word with them if I'm to formally take over Laguna."

The shock in his face tells me that he had not taken me seriously before. And well, truth be told, I may not have taken myself seriously either. As I'm repeating the words, I realize that I have been bragging ever since I found out about my powers, but I really did not put any thought on what taking over means.

So, am I really going to take over the city? And what does taking over really mean? I think about it for the first time. At first glance, it sounds demanding. I mean, Laguna is a city of eight million people. Can a nineteen-year-old college student really conquer it? I realize I'm asking myself the wrong question. The right way to put it would be: can a nineteen-year old girl who is the size of a high-rise and has amazing comic-book powers conquer the city. And there's just one possible answer: Hell yeah! Because, after all, who can stop me?

There is no doubt in my mind that I can get anyone to do as I please. Now, the second part of the question is what for?

Twenty-four hours ago, I would have been belligerent to the idea that someone could impose her will over someone else based on sheer strength. I have to say that my point of view regarding this has evolved considerably during the morning. And the reason for the change is obvious.

So, I can rule. And I want to rule. But, what for?

Well, for starters I think I want to show the world that a girl can call the shots. That alone would be reason enough. As it happens, I have ideas, too. I'll show the world what happens when someone smart without conflicts of interest can make the decisions. Last, but not least, I have needs. Big needs. After all, I'm a big girl. And I expect the city to tend to them.

Let's face it, I'm not going to be some kind of mayor or president, democratically elected. I am something else, like a queen or an empress. I will get whimsical. And I expect to get pampered.

Finally set on what to do with this amazing thing that has happened to me, I can start thinking clearly for the first time in the morning. A mousy voice coming from my palm takes me from my train of thought:

"What will you do?"

It's a good question. The answer comes naturally to me:

"I guess I'll go to City Hall, pluck the Mayor from his office and demand him to name me Empress of the city." **<confident>**

"He will never accept it!" the tiny cop says.

"I can be very persuasive," I reply. **<arrogant>**

He looks uncertain. All the thinking on how I will become the city's ruler has not made me forget about just how much I despise the man in my hand.

"And I'm sure he will not want to cross me once he sees what happens to those who do," I then say. **<threatening>**

Without warning, I raise my palm right in front of my mouth and push my glossy lips out, forming a sexy 'O'. He realizes what's coming, but he can't do shit about it. The air from my lungs comes out of my mouth with a loud gusting sound. It hits the man without warning and pushes him out of my palm like a speck of dust. I can hear his screams, but only for a while. When his body starts dropping, about half a dozen blocks farther, he is all but inaudible.

I know what I just did. I killed him in cold blood. No matter how much I hated Captain Bilson, there is no denying that. And still, it fails to feel bad.

My sensitive ears catch the sound of approaching rotors at my back. I turn to find my usual entourage of news helicopters. They are back once the cops are gone. How convenient!

With my confidence at its peak, I turn and face the cameras, placing my hands on my hips in the most commanding pose I can muster.

"Tiny people of the city! Or shall I say, MY city! As you have seen, there is much more to me than you thought. Being a giant girl was already amazing enough. I could get anywhere in the city in no time and pick anything and anyone I wanted up. But I'm so much more awesome! Your weapons can't do anything to me. And I have amazing supergirl powers!" **<arrogant>**

I give them a second to process it and go on.

"The police department tried to stop me. You have seen what happened. I would have preferred to get to this point with a little less destruction, but you can hardly blame me for defending myself." **<arrogant>**

"So, let me get to the point. I am taking over the role of Empress of Laguna. I'm way too powerful for anything else. I'll head to City Hall in a minute. I expect the Mayor to be waiting for me to formally proclaim me." **<arrogant>**

The choppers have started a choreography to try to get my best angle while I go on with my proclamation speech. I smile at them and proceed:

"As your new ruler, you can expect me to be fair and kind-hearted, but I'll also be firm. I'll listen to everyone, but I'll decide by myself. I will give you instructions. I expect total obedience. I will also ask for stuff. I expect to get it promptly. Any attempt at resistance will be dealt with harshly. I will not hesitate to use any of the mind-blowing powers within my reach to ensure your compliance," **<arrogant, mildly threatening>**

I can sense that the atmosphere around me has got somber. I guess it is to be expected, but I decide to end on a high note.

"I'm convinced that this will be a win-win in the long run. I can do stuff for you that no one else can even dream of. And I'll be more than happy to do it. If you are good subjects, I promise to be a good ruler."

CHAPTER 8: EMPRESS LUCY

I had never killed anyone before. God, I had never even hurt a fly! Of course, this just changed. I just finished a few dozen cops. And I can't discard that some of the people in the building where Bilson tried to hide from me ended up in pretty bad shape too. I think that, in the heat of the moment, I might have blown a couple of them off the roof... a roof that reaches as high as my boobs... which are... pretty high up.

And, despite all that, I'm surprised to find out that I feel zero remorse. If anything, I'm mildly excited at what I just did.

If I had to take a guess, I would say that this is because... well, I just took over the city! How does that sound? I, Lucy Jacobsen, a nineteen-year-old engineering student, am the new Empress of Laguna. Everything around me is... well, mine! The streets are mine! The buildings are mine! And the people... are mine!

I know it sounds weird. God, it sounds strange to even me. But this does not mean that it's not true. I look down the avenue where I'm standing and zoom in to find the closest mob. Of course, they are still trying to run away from me. But it does not matter! By now, I already know that I can catch them in no time. And when I do, I can corner them, pick them up or just boss them around. They are more than aware of what I'm capable of if they do not obey my orders.

I hope it does not come to that. I mean, I'm not interested in hurting them... much. I have a certain tendency towards showing off, and a bit of destruction is always amusing, but I'm still a good girl at heart. I am a determined girl, too, though. And my mind is set on doing anything I need to in order to exercise the power I just seized.

I feel butterflies in my stomach, emboldened by the most confidence I have ever felt. I look back up at the news choppers and clear my throat.

"Ok, here's what going to happen. As I just announced, I'm heading to City Hall for my coronation. I command the Mayor and his staff to be waiting for me in Laguna Square for a peaceful transfer of power. Should they choose not to show up... well..., the transfer will be less peaceful. You will follow me. You will instruct your colleagues on the ground to head there too. I will deliver an inauguration speech and will outline my first instructions for the city."

And with that, I turn and start strutting down the avenue with an exaggerated swagger of my hips, putting more focus than I had so far into looking as sexy as possible. It is not complicated. For starters, I'm hot as hell. And there is nothing like absolute power to convey sensuousness.

I'm in a permanent state of bliss as my cute feet land like meteors, shaking their surroundings. This includes abandoned cars that bounce and buildings that mildly rattle. I spent enough time with the cops and searching for Bilson to give the crowd a

good head start, so I'm mostly on my own as I walk down the road, on the way to my proclamation. This gives me a few moments of calm to reflect on how much things have changed in a very short time.

It feels like ages since I woke up this morning. I was shocked, and I have to admit that a little scared too. It's true that it did not last long. I started enjoying this thing that has happened to me soon enough. I mean, how not to? But in hindsight, I may have to thank the cops for having opened my eyes to my new reality.

Because being a giant is not only a massive source of thrill. It is also the most massive act of empowerment ever!

The implications start sinking in as I keep strolling. Every time I thought the Mayor or any other official was making the wrong call? Now I have a say about it. Every time it was evident to me that something should get done? Now I can get it done. Every time I thought someone was full of shit? Now I can take it into my own hands. I have always been a girl with strong opinions. And well... now, my opinions are the law of the land. It's exhilarating. But also a great deal of responsibility. I'm not scared of it, in any case. Because, right now, there is nothing I can think of that I cannot do. If anything, I'm eager to get officially named Empress to start shaping the city to my liking.

The question is, of course, why stop at the city? Which leads me to a more uncomfortable reflection. I'm pretty sure that the Laguna Police Department will be leaving me alone. I mean, no one can take that much of a beating twice! I would not bet for the Army doing the same. If I'm right, and I have no reason to think I'm not, this will eventually mean that things will get messy with them. I would rather avoid it; I just don't see how.

Don't take me wrong. Right now, I'm cocky enough to be convinced that I can take on the Army without problems. I mean... I'm a giant girl with superpowers, am I not? I also know taking on them will be anything but clean. If I had the choice, I'd try to reach some sort of arrangement with them. But I have to be honest and accept that it's unlikely.

In any case, I'll cross that bridge when the time comes. Right now, it's city takeover time! Like every time I walk uninterrupted, I've caught up with the crowd fast! The mob is not so thick as in some of my previous experiences with them, but it's thick enough to get in my way, which is a problem. I am not ready to just keep going and cause a little massacre, but I'm certainly not in the mood to get stalled either.

My looming presence has done nothing to make them any faster. If anything, the sudden spike of fear has made people run with even less purpose, bumping into each other more often than not. As usual, I find my effect on people thrilling. This time, though, it also bothers me. I have an appointment to make, and the tiny midgets are on my way!

A while ago, I would have probably been a bit more understanding with the tiny people. After all, I can empathize with the effect I have on them. But it is not a while ago. Right

now, I'm the city's ruler, and I have official stuff to do. It's time to use my new authority to take over challenges.

"Ahem..." I clear my throat, ready to address them.

I smile when I feel the uneasiness of the crowd. There is no doubt that they have heard me.

"Ok, you all know who I am, so I'll skip the introduction," I start. "I'm not sure if you got the latest memo, so I'll fill you in. I just defeated the police's attempt to subdue me and proclaimed myself master of the city. I'm heading to City Hall to make it official, and you... well, you are on the way. I'd very much like to be on time, which means that you have a minute to clear the road. Get into the sidewalks, the buildings, or the side streets. I'll leave you alone. But. Get. Out. Of. My. Way!"

I think I've been clear. I mean, it sounded crystal clear in my head. So, I'm royally pissed when the tiny fuckers just ignore me!

How are they? Haven't they been watching the news? How can they be so thick?

I know what they need! They need a demonstration. Certain that realizing what awaits them if they don't take advantage of my fairmindedness will get them back to their senses, I raise my right foot and bring it over an obviously abandoned pick-up.

I enjoy, as usual, the fact that my sole dwarfs the truck, but only for an instant. I mean business, and I prove it as I set my foot down on the pick-up, a little more forcibly than needed. I wanted to put on a show, and indeed, I did. The truck's frame cannot hold my weight for even a fraction of a second and wraps like an accordion as my foot keeps going, digging its two-dimensional shape into a deeper than usual footprint. The four wheels have shot away from the vehicle before that happens, hitting a few unlucky tinies in their useless attempts at escaping.

Like every time I crush a car underfoot, I feel a rush of power climbing through my spine. It's a wonderful feeling, still one of my favorite things to do as a giant girl. I hope it will teach the midgets at my toes the stuff I can do when I mean business. They may ignore my words, but they cannot ignore my deeds, can they?

Ok... it was a bad idea.

It turns out that scaring them even more is not working in the way I thought. In hindsight, it's kind of logical... I guess. In any case, it's too late now. They are bumping into each other ten times more than they were before, and if anything, this is making them more packed.

God! It's frustrating!

I have half a mind of just keep going and to hell with it, but my rational side prevails and tells me that it would not be a great idea to show up at City Hall after having trampled a few dozen people.

“How can you be so fucking dense?” I scream in frustration.

This is quickly becoming a no-solution situation when I realize that stepping on them may be over the top but that I have no need to be gentle to them. After all, I’ve given them every opportunity to do this the right way.

Without more warning, I bend at the waist and reach out for a packed section of the crowd. They react with fear, but I don’t give a fuck. I just curl my fingers like excavators and scoop a double-handful. Never before I’ve been so rough or haphazard when picking people up. I only pay attention and not dropping anyone, but their comfort is far from a concern as I stand back up and slightly open my fingers to observe my catch. I must have a dozen squirming bodies in each hand, a few of them lying upside down so that I can’t see their faces. The ones I can see are both shocked and terrified.

“Next time I give you some instructions, do yourselves a favor and listen to me!” I scold them just before dropping them carelessly on a roof to either side of the street.

I forget about them as I crouch towards the crowd once more.

“From now on, you have two options. Either you do as I say, or I make you do it!” I let out, still very upset at their attitude.

I’m soon rising back up with two new groups on my hands. I barely shoot the new crowd a glance before dropping them into the same roofs.

My last two actions have created enough of an opening for me to take a step. My right foot lands in the middle of the road, too close to a group of people. I get them out of my way by sweeping my foot to the right. They are sent flying into the sidewalk, a couple crashing with the façade. This creates enough room for my left foot to follow. Its landing is a bit too traumatic for the people nearby. A couple of them end up falling over my toes. I twitch my nose as I flex my toes, sending them flying from my foot.

“I’m not a fucking taxi!” I reprimand them.

My cute eyes then find something interesting. The sidewalk to my right is deserted but for a very characteristic red fire hydrant. A naughty idea comes to my head, and I smirk. My toes make short work of the hydrant. The red metallic cone shoots a couple of blocks away as a characteristic water geyser emerges from the boardwalk and rises as high as the third story of the building next to it.

Curious, I bring my foot over the water spring and let it caress my soft sole. It tickles. I let the water massage my foot for a few seconds. And then, my lips curl into an evil smile as I place my foot at an angle, diverting the high-pressure water in the direction of the crowd. The effect is immediate. What was merely a gentle rub to me has a much more damaging impact on the little people. Once the high-pressure jet catches them, they are dragged away, unable to fight the violence of the stream.

I giggle as I use my foot to direct the water. It feels like a child’s game, but soon I have cleared a path for myself. I look down at the soaked and battered tinies as I walk past

them. Few are in the mood to look back at me, but those who do can easily see the “told you so” look on my face.

I think they got the message because I enjoy a few blocks of a reasonably quiet walk. I mean, there are still a few scattered laggards here and there, but I have no trouble avoiding them as I keep taking great joy in crushing as many abandoned cars as I can. People may be a no-no, but cars are fair game. After all, they’re mine now, aren’t they?

I’m about two-dozen blocks from the spot where I toasted the police and about to get to the river when I realize that in a completely unexpected way, I got to the place I had meant to get to when I woke up to find out that I was a giant. I know this neighborhood well. After all, the motel where the girls and I stay when we come to Laguna to party is just around the corner!

I know I’ve been telling you that I’m in a hurry to get to City Hall. And well, I am. But this is too much of a coincidence to ignore! Besides, I still have no clue about how I got this amazing, and the whole idea behind getting to the motel was to try and fill some gaps in my memory.

So, without further thought, I make a right at Branson Road and walk down the couple of blocks that separate me from the crappy inn. The sight of Allison’s bright yellow Ford in the parking lot fills my heart with glee and anticipation. The girls came back here! And then, three little figures step out of the low-rise building and stand by the flashy vehicle. I don’t need to zoom in to know who they are!

I’m so excited that I rush to the motel a bit too much. I can see that the girls are shocked as my feet land too close to them, shaking the ground and making Kendall lose her footing.

“Oops! Sorry!” I offer genuinely.

I look down to see that the girls look as stunned at my presence as they are excited. I, on my side, am elated. These are my friends! The girls I party with, but also the ones I share my secrets with. And well, my current condition may not be a secret, but I’m dying to share it with them.

I don’t say a word before crouching to get closer to them. My sudden movement catches them by surprise. I realize that they do not know how to react.

“Hi, girls!” I say, excited.

They are shocked. And well, I know I can have this effect. But hey! These are my friends! They are the last people in the world that should be afraid of me!

The first one to react is Irene, as usual.

“Hi...” she offers, sounding unsure.

“It’s so great to meet you!” I say, still on cloud nine. “Ya’know... I thought you’d have left the city!”

It's Allison's turn to reply:

"Irene was convinced you'd come by," she said. "And besides, every road out of Laguna is either closed or jammed for miles."

Yeah, I can see what she means.

"I might have had something to do with that..." I say sheepishly.

"Lucy, you are huge!" Kendall lets out. She looks less comfortable than the other two.

"Guilty as charged!" I say, tongue-in-cheek.

"How did you get so big?" Irene asks.

"Well... as a matter of fact, I was expecting that you could fill me in..." I say. "I woke up like this at Millner's Point."

"Millner's Point?" Kendall asks. She then understands. "Did you...?"

I understand the question. There's only one reason a girl goes to Millner's Point in the middle of the night.

"I don't know. I don't remember anything after the club. I hoped you could help me put together the missing pieces."

"You left from the club with Kevin at three in the morning. Next thing we knew about you, you had ripped a train station open!" Allison says.

"Yeah, that one was cool!" I say, remembering Atlantic Station and my little game with the model train.

They seem less excited than me.

"Lucy, what happened to you?" Irene asks.

"Looks like I will be the one filling you in, in the end!" I reply.

I'm eager to tell the girls my story. I also realize it's kind of... long. I mean, I've done a ton of stuff since I woke up. And there's the little problem that I just summoned half the city to meet me at City Hall. It should not be too big of a deal. I mean, they will wait for me for as long as I please. But I do want to get there and take the throne, even if figuratively. Thankfully, I can get both.

I realize that I've been a bit too brusque as I move my hand to the ground since Kendall jumps back in fear. She recovers quickly enough, in any case.

The girls look at my stretched palm, which must feel like the size of a living room from their perspective. They are stunned, to say the least.

"Hop in!" I urge them excitedly. "I'll get you up to date on the way."

"The way... to where?" Kendall asks.

"City Hall, of course!" I say with a smile. "Didn't you hear? I just took over the city!"

Their expressions tell me that they know. I also learn from them that they are anything but comfortable at stepping into my palm.

"Come on! It's safe! I've carried plenty of people already! I know how to handle you!" I insist.

I wonder what I'll do if they don't jump into my hand right away. I'll probably have to scoop them. It feels a bit forced, but I want them with me, and I do not see why I should not get what I want.

Thankfully, there is no need to resort to extreme measures. Irene is the one to take the first step, of course. She always is. Seeing her walk towards my outstretched hand compels Allison to do the same. Kendall stays put. I have to say that quite as expected.

Irene's tiny feet tickle as she struggles to hop into my hand. I focus on keeping it as steady as possible as my friend walks along the uneven surface and towards the center of my palm. Allison soon follows.

"We don't have all day, Kendall!" I press, gently but with determination.

I'm about to pluck her when she finally takes the first step. It's for the best, I guess. The last thing I want is a whining Kendall all the way to Laguna Square!

I'm more mindful than ever as I raise back to my full height, keeping my palm as even as possible as I do. The girls are still affected by the sudden rise.

"Easy, Lucy!" Irene complains.

"It's hard to be gentler," I push back. "I mean, you are kind of... tiny!"

Irene chuckles, but I can see that Kendall did not like my pun.

"You're the one that's huge!" Irene complains, but I know she is just joking.

"I guess it's a matter of perspective," I say.

"How does the world look?" Allison asks.

"See by yourself!" I reply excitedly as I tilt my palm just enough to see the view of the street below. They open their mouths in excitement, and I take advantage of that to add: "The only difference is that my feet are on the road!"

"This is... amazing!" Irene says.

"Yeah!" I reply. "I'm kind of amazing too!" I add, boasting.

No one says anything, so I say:

“Shall we get going?”

I don't wait for an answer before I start walking down the street, heading towards downtown.

“Nearest bridge is in the opposite direction,” Allison says a bit later, once we reach the river. Downtown is across the river.

“Who needs a bridge?” I reply with a wink.

And then, I step into the river, the water barely coming to mid-thigh as my feet touch the bottom. I get an “Oh” from the girls and take advantage of the occasion to tell them about my adventures at the bay. The pattern soon becomes repetitive. Irene is genuinely excited about what happened to me, and Allison is curious. There is no doubt that Kendall is wary. At this point, I'm trying to figure out whether she is jealous or plainly scared, but no matter what it is, it's somewhat annoying.

I decide to ignore her and focus on the first two members of my fan club as I reach the opposite riverbank and emerge downtown, water cascading down my thighs and calves like the Niagara.

“Lucy, what will you do if they do not name you their Empress?” Irene asks.

It's a good question. One that had not even gone through my head. It feels that it would be such a stupid thing to do! But then again, the tiny people have done nothing but act stupidly ever since I showed up.

I narrow my eyes and look around. I soon find something suitable for what I have in mind.

“See there?” I say, using my free hand to point in the direction of a shopping mall that's in construction.

The girls nod.

And then, without warning, I let out two powerful beams through my eyes. They join precisely in the spot I was aiming at, which is no other than the construction site. The half-built frame of the concrete monstrosity explodes a second later, sending glass, steel, and concrete in every direction as the area is replaced by a crater.

“Still think they will not name me Empress?”

“Lucy... that was... mind-blowing!” Irene says.

“I am mind-blowing,” I brag.

“It's scary too...” Kendall says.

I look down at my hand and roll my eyes before replying.

“Look, girls, it’s far from my intention to terrorize the city. But I won’t shy away from using my power to get what I want.”

They seem to be digesting my words as we reach Laguna Square. A quick look tells me that the little people seem to be following my instructions. I zoom into the group of people standing in front of the large City Hall building to find the Mayor and some other serious-looking men and women that I guess are his councilmen. The Chief of Police also seems to be there. Countless news vans, in their shiny colors and with their typical dishes on their roofs, are parked opposite the building, and a horde of reporters await my arrival. No one else seems to be interested in greeting me, though, which, as expected as it is, upsets me a little.

There seems to be no trick: no police force, no army, nothing out of order. The tiny people look gloomy, but that is natural. Aside from that, they also look prepared to surrender all the power of their city to me. My heart fills with glee in anticipation for what’s coming. Who could have imagined I would come to rise so high just at nineteen.

I’m glad that I can share this with my friends too. Looking down at my palm, I address them:

“Ok, girls, I’m going to give you a front-row seat to the show, but I can’t bring you with me. I need to do this on my own.”

They don’t know what I mean when I bring my hand to the roof of one of the twin fifteen-story buildings that mark the entrance to the square. I tilt it gently to help them out and wait until the three of them are safely on the roof before moving it away.

“I’ll come to pick you up when the ceremony is over, and we can find a quiet place to chat. For now, enjoy!”

I strut into the square, taking care to be slow and look regal as I do. The unwilling crowd is waiting for me on the opposite side, looking as uncomfortable as anyone I’ve seen. I’m eager to get to them but stop at the center of Laguna Square first. At my feet lays a gold-gilded sculpture of the Copernican Sphere, the symbol of the city. I crouch and reach out for it. I hear a collective gasp coming from the crowd as I easily pluck the heavy metal sculpture from the ground, holding it in my hand like a marble as I smile at the shocked little people. My left hand then reaches for some cables and easily rips them from their poles.

To the people’s astonishment, I work to thread the cables through the outer layers of the sphere before standing up and tying a knot behind my neck. The Copernican Sphere is soon dangling between my proud and erect breasts.

“They may not make crowns my size, but I’ll wear Laguna’s symbol as a token of my authority,” I say.

I then take the half a dozen steps that separate me from City Hall and the group waiting there and crouch again, letting the sphere dangle over them.

“Mr. Mayor, would you be so kind as to come with me, please?” I ask as I stretch my palm for him.

The man hesitates. I don’t give him the benefit of the doubt, as I did with my friends, and simply pluck him off the ground with two fingers, much to the dismay of his councilmen.

“I’m not a patient girl. If we are to work together, you will do well to remember,” I say, enjoying the exchange enormously.

The mayor is shocked as I raise back to my full height and drop him in my palm.

“You ordered your men to attack me,” I say in a cold voice as I narrow my eyes.

I can immediately feel his fear increase a couple of notches.

“They failed,” I go on. “Do you accept the defeat?”

He looks like a broken man.

“I do. Please, don’t make the city pay more.”

I smile.

“Do you accept me as your Empress?”

“I do... whatever that means,” the man says.

“I will let the city know in a minute. When it comes to you, it means that you will obey me with no question. As long as you do, I’ll let you keep your job.”

“What?” the mayor asks.

“I will rule, but I can’t be bothered to run the city’s day-to-day. I’ll leave that to you as long as you do a good job.”

“I... I... what am I supposed to do?” the man asks.

“Listen to me. And please me,” I reply.

I crouch and set him by his councilmen without further word. Arching an eyebrow at him before standing back up, I warn:

“Pay attention; you’ll get your first instructions in a minute.”

And then I turn to face the myriad of reporters on the ground and in the air, feeling more powerful than ever, ready to address them in my new official condition. What a rush! I widen my stance and place my hands on my hips, raising my chest high. I wear a broad smile on my face as I get started:

“My tiny subjects! I am Lucy Jacobsen, and today I stand before you as your Empress. As you have learned already, my title is not a mere formality but the consequence of

my supremacy. I might have been one of you yesterday, but I'm not like you anymore. I'm bigger, stronger, and smarter, and if that alone were not enough, I have also been blessed with mind-blowing superpowers. I have been learning about my new status all over the morning, and I finally reached the only possible conclusion: I am too powerful for anything but being in charge. I tried following your rules until I realized that you should follow mine," I say.

I pause for a moment for added effect. Then I resume my speech.

"I know this is a big change. It is for you, and it is for me. I was not expecting to become a super giant girl either. But I learned that I could not deny the facts, and neither can you. We have already both been procrastinating all along the morning. It is time for everyone to accept the new reality."

I stop again for a few moments to let my words sink in.

"Now, I may be giant, but I have not lost my touch with reality. I know this entire situation comes as a shock for you. I know you are probably not warm to the idea of being ruled by a giant nineteen-year-old. I can understand that. I'll try to change your mind, but I can't force you to like me. I can force you to obey me, though. And I will. I do not want to hurt you, but I will if I need to. Please, don't force my hand. A woman in my position cannot accept challenges, and I won't. You have already faced the consequences once, so don't try me twice."

I let the threat linger in the atmosphere before going on.

"Now, let me assure you that I am a kind girl. I will rule with a stiff hand but also with a generous heart. I may tease you and play with you, but I won't hurt you gratuitously. You will need to accept the consequences of my size, but you can also enjoy the benefits. I will be happy to put my awesome power at your disposal. I can do stuff for you that you cannot even imagine. I also expect that you will soon learn to enjoy the advantages of being ruled by someone intelligent and with no strings attached. This city needs some good decision-making, and I'm up to the task."

It's hard to read the mood of the reporters, but I'd say that these last words have lightened the overall atmosphere a tiny bit. I'm not done yet, though. It's time for me to become a little more concrete. It's not as if I have had the time to write a complete governance program, but I've been putting a few thoughts together as I walked to the square.

"I guess that by now, you'll want to know how things are going to work, so here you go. From this very moment onwards, my word is law in Laguna. I will also be the ultimate judge, and I reserve the right to enforce my own decisions. I cannot be expected to be on top of everything, so I will keep some structure. The Mayor and the City Council will hold their positions for as long as they are useful to me. They will report to me. You should consider orders coming from them as coming from me unless I say otherwise. The Police Department will be allowed to keep their posts, reporting to me. They will enforce my decisions when I'm not doing so myself. Judges in the city will also keep

their positions. I will now be the highest court of appeals, and I will set jurisprudence about interpreting my law.”

I clear my throat and go on.

<clears throat>

“The City Council will be allowed to propose new legislation. It won’t be effective until I approve it. I will dictate new laws to them, too. Finally, I will make demands to the city. My city. Being this big has plenty of advantages, but it also comes with some challenges. I have needs matching my size. You will see to them. And you will do that in a way that befits my status. I’ll make demands as I go. For now, get ready for a list to get started.”

I pause once more and shift my pose as I smile confidently. Then, I start with my requests. I’ve been thinking about them for a short while. I’m sure I’ll have more, but I’m pretty happy with what I could come up with already.

“First, I need somewhere to live. I will establish myself temporarily at the Lancers’ Stadium. You have until nightfall to make it comfortable for me. In the meantime, I will linger by the harbor, in case you need me. I expect to have staff on call in both locations. Until I get better at understanding my new needs, let’s make sure that there are at least a hundred people around,” I say before continuing with the list.

“Second, I need to eat. And I need to eat a lot. I like healthy food, but I also like the occasional treat. You’ll stockpile veggies, fish, and meat. And you better stash tons of chocolate too. You’ll get enough cooks on call to prepare them. You’ll have delivery trucks and helicopters ready. When I order a meal, I expect it in less than thirty minutes. I’ll give you a waiver for the first one. I’ll be having a late lunch by the harbor, but I’ll give you an hour to get it ready. I fancy sushi today, so get to work!” I command with the naturalness of someone who had been born to rule.

I smile at their shock and go on.

“Third. I don’t mind being naked, and judging by the looks I get, I think you don’t mind it either. I know I’m easy to watch, which I guess is good since you’ll see plenty of me now. I’ll probably be on my birthday suit most of the time, but I’d still like to have options. I want bikinis, lingerie, dresses, and some more casual stuff. And I’m too good for anything but top designers. So, here’s the deal: send a team of surveyors down to the harbor this afternoon and have them size me up. I then expect a constant stream of deliveries that make me happy.”

I can see that they were not expecting this one. It makes me giggle.

<giggles>

“Fourth. I need to communicate with you. I will make statements, but I’ll need some two-way conversations from time to time. I’d also like to do my own online searching. You’ll get me the latest iPhone made my size. In the meantime, you’ll give me an earpiece so that I can talk to anyone I need to.”

They were not expecting the one about the clothes. The one about the iPhone feels different: I can tell that they think it's impossible. Well... they better get some really smart guys to think about getting that giant smartphone to me because I really want it.

There's so much more stuff I'd like to ask. But this is probably enough for the moment. I don't want to overwhelm them, and, after all, the best part of being me is that I can keep asking for stuff as often as I want!

It's time to wrap up.

"This is it for the moment," I announce. "I will address you again this evening unless something else pops up earlier. Just a parting thought: I know this is a lot to take. Embrace it. Life under me is full of possibilities!"

And with that, I remove my hands from my hips and cross the square in the direction I came from, keeping my head high. I stop next to the roof where I set the girls before. They look up at me in wonder. Or well, at least Irene and Allison do. Kendall's expression is a bit more puzzled. I wink at them and place my hand next to the roof in a clear invitation to jump in.

"Was it regal enough?" I ask as they start to climb.

CHAPTER 9: LUCY'S REIGN

My right sole tickles as the team of surveyors is trying to size it while I lie down, indulging in yet another lovely piece of sushi. I have to commend the team City Hall has put in charge of cooking for me. The makis are delicious. If only they had not messed up with the delivery. Who serves sushi without chopsticks? Thankfully, I could solve it easily by plucking a couple of lampposts and using them in their place.

"How's your meal, girls?" I ask my friends. They are sitting by the railing in front of the ship's bridge.

I have to say that I am very proud of the idea I had for a spot to linger for some time in the early afternoon. The USS Laguna was not the most remarkable aircraft carrier in World War 2, but having been named after the city, someone decided long ago that docking it at its harbor as a floating museum would be a good idea. It was kind of OK. It made for an interesting visit, but nothing extraordinary.

Things have changed! At over five hundred feet long and with a completely flat deck, the light carrier is the perfect spot for relaxing and sunning! There were a few old fighter planes on it that were on the way. They are now resting at the bottom of the bay.

I can tell that Irene and the girls are still impressed with me. And well... I can see why!

"The uramaki are yummy!" she says.

"Do you need some more?" I ask.

"Lucy, they brought enough food for an army!" Irene says.

I giggle. She's right. But well... I probably have bigger nutritional needs than an army. In any case, I won't complain about the quantity. Even I am getting full.

I reach for the deck to my right and lift a barrel to my lips. I savor the cold beer as I wash down the food. It's a bit hard to tell, but if I had to bet, I'd say that they got me Asahi Beer, just like I asked. The first guy that got my order objected to serving me alcohol because of my age, so I had to clarify a thing or two to him. He is now somewhere in the middle of Laguna Bay, trying to swim back to the shore. And I'm enjoying my drink.

Without warning, I bend forward and reach for my foot. The team working there is taken by surprise by my sudden move. They try to react, but it's way too late. I pick a tiny surveyor at random and close two fingers on his sides. By now, I'm already a pro in the art of picking people up, so the right amount of pressure comes to me naturally as I lift him to my curious green eyes. Now that I'm taking a closer look, I believe that the one I picked is Anthony. They all introduced themselves to me when they came aboard, but I have to admit that I did not pay too much attention.

Anthony is screaming like a madman as I hold him in there.

“Shhhhhh,” I hush for an extended time. It finally starts working. “Don’t be scared! I’m not gonna hurt you. Besides, you’ve been useful so far!”

The truth is that Anthony and his colleagues have been quite helpful. Remember how I estimated that I was roughly two-hundred and fifty feet tall? Well, it turns out that I was modest. Just before lunch, Anthony here informed me that my actual height is two-hundred and eighty-eight feet. I am two-hundred and eighty-eight fucking feet tall! No wonder even the carrier I’m using to relax looks on the small side! The truth is that my previous estimation was not that far off, but knowing that I’m even larger has the weird effect of making me feel prouder.

He and his friends have been measuring some more stuff while I was having sushi. And I bet that they already finished with my feet.

“Please, put me down,” the tiny man says with his mousy voice.

“When I’m done,” I reply in a matter-of-fact tone. I’m not in the mood for further explanations. I wanted to chat with him and did not feel like forcing my neck. Period. Besides, I like picking people up. It feels as if I will never get tired of it.

He looks at me with some anguish, but I just roll my eyes and continue:

“So, are you done with my feet?” I ask.

He nods.

“So?” I insist.

“They are forty-one feet long,” he says. “And fourteen-and-a-half feet wide at the ball.”

Forty-one feet long! God! My feet are almost as tall as the fifty-foot woman!

“Oh wow!” I let out. “This is the size of a city bus!” I add cheerfully.

I know I’m overstating things a bit since buses are supposed to be a bit longer, but Anthony does not seem to be in the mood to correct me. He then does something countless men have done before him. None were a hundred feet in the air and held between my fingertips, though. He looks down. At my knockers.

As I told you before, I was kind of a late bloomer, but I’ve enjoyed my current and amazing boobs for long enough to have plenty of experience with the attention they grab. As far as I can tell, men can just not ignore them. Most try to be discreet about it, even if I have learned to catch every technique they use to get a peek. The most overused one is the casual passing glance across the room. Others just can’t help it and stare at them like deer caught in the headlights. Anthony belongs to this last group. In his defense, dressed in my birthday suit, my boobs seem to be just everywhere.

“I’m up here,” I say naughtily.

The man rushes to look up. He is as redfaced as I have ever seen anyone. My sensitive fingertips soon feel his shaking. He knows I caught him redhanded, and he is afraid. I decide to play a little. After all, I have to admit that all this stuff about becoming giant and all-powerful is turning out to be more arousing than I expected.

"You'll have to measure them, too," I inform.

He shoots me a questioning glance, still red like a hot pepper.

"My tits," I inform. "I'll need them properly measured. It was hard enough to get bikini-tops and bras when I was small. Since I'm going to get them custom-made now, I'd rather have the size right!"

He still looks embarrassed. I wonder what to do when my arousal decides for me.

"I'll tell you what... since you seem to like them so much, why don't you take an inspection tour!"

He is about to complain when I drop him on my mountainous right breast. I giggle when he bounces on its relatively soft surface. I'm perfectly aware of the risk of him bouncing off and down into the deck, so I'm ready to catch him if that happens. Luckily, after a couple of rebounds, he seems to stay in place, over the sensitive skin of my tit.

I hear the commotion coming from my feet and look there to see Anthony's colleagues observing the entire thing in awe. Aware that they are not the only people on my boat, I look at the girls by the carrier's bridge. They are open-mouthed, but I just wink at them and reach for the little man on my bosom.

Everyone seemed to think that I would pull him off my chest, so I get another round of stunned reactions when instead, I simply roll him down my tit and towards my nipple, where I maneuver him until he manages to hold for dear life to it. Exhilarated but ready to intercept him if he falls, I release him and leave him dangling there. It's in-cre-di-ble! I'm so excited that my nipple starts swelling... which is not good news for Anthony. His hands start moving away from each other, and soon enough, he cannot hold anymore. He screams when he cannot hold anymore and starts falling, but my soft palm is already waiting for him a few feet below.

I lift him towards my smiling face, enjoying his shock very much.

"Did you get a good feel?" I ask, winking.

He is red-faced again, but I quickly identify a different source for the color. He is angry. Very angry.

"Who do you think you are? You can't do this, you giant bitch!" he screams.

Giant bitch? Again? I would have thought that the city would have learned after Captain Bilson! My blood is starting to boil. If there is one thing I cannot stand is being insulted. And being offended by someone so pathetically tiny pushes my buttons even more.

My mood has changed in a microsecond, and my face shows that. The man notices and forgets about his anger. He is now more terrified than anyone I've ever seen.

"I am the fucking Empress of the city," I say softly, in a cold and threatening tone. "You belong to me, which means that I can do anything I want with you."

I did not think I would need to use my formal title so soon, but it feels good. I give the man a couple of seconds to realize his mistake.

"By the way, that was me being affectionate. Do you want to see me being a bitch?"

"No, no, please..." the man says.

I'm debating whether to throw him into the next ZIP code or give him another chance. I've just had a great meal and, well... taken over the city, so my kinder side prevails.

"Ok," I say coldly. "Then, do your fucking job. Bring your tiny friends here and tell me just how big my boobs are!"

They comply. It's the most amusing moment yet. It gets so exciting that I have to exercise significant self-restraint not to touch myself in public. But with my friends around and a dozen news choppers buzzing above, the last thing I want to do is put together a soft porn show.

By the time they're done, I'm promptly informed about how my 36Fs translate into giant sizes.

I'm in heaven as I lie down to enjoy the early afternoon sun while the surveying team keeps doing their job. The only thing that can make me look hotter is an even better tan, so I decide to invest some time into it while I keep reflecting on just how amazing the world has become. The city of Laguna does not only belong to me but has also become the best playground ever!

My train of thought is interrupted when a tiny voice calls me. It sounds somewhat distorted by the size, but I identify it as Allison's. Sitting back up to look at my friends (and shaking up the surveyors that are still working on me in the process), I shoot Allison a questioning glance.

"Luce... er... there is one thing I thought you might be interested in..."

She looks hesitant. The girls have not yet got used to my new self. I guess it's normal.

"Shoot," I say.

"I... I was checking my phone... there is this demonstration taking place... at Larson Road..."

"A demonstration?" I ask, arching an eyebrow. "Today?"

It sounds weird. Laguna is a big city. There is always one protest or another... but I would have thought that the people would have called off anything they had planned after my takeover.

"It's... it's... against you."

What the fuck? A demonstration against me?

Allison keeps going:

"People are protesting against you taking control of the city. It is spontaneous... seems to be organized through social networks... but it's tens of thousands of people strong already..."

The first words that come to mind are:

"How dare they?"

Allison and the girls look surprised. They shouldn't, so I explain myself a little more.

"I was crystal clear. I took a lot of time and effort to let them know how things were going to work. And I have proven my power beyond any doubt."

It's Kendall's turn to reply.

"People don't like the idea of being ruled by force."

"And I don't like the idea of not doing anything I please. The difference between them and I is that I can force my idea to them, and they cannot force theirs to me."

I start standing up.

"Luce, what are you going to do?" Irene asks.

"I'm going to meet them, of course," I say as if there had been no other option.

"What then?" Irene insists.

"We are going to have a fair debate about who's right," I say before standing to my full height. I take two steps along the deck, being careful to avoid the surveyors at my feet, and then hop off the carrier and into the dock.

My sudden activation catches the small army of officials City Hall has sent to the docks by surprise. I can see their shock as I move swiftly towards the street. Above me, my usual entourage of news choppers starts reacting. It works for me but pissed off as I am, I decide that I want more. Taking a tiny detour, I approach the line of bright-colored vans with dishes on their top that the myriad of journalists covering my movements used to get here and transmit their reporting about me.

I crouch without warning and reach for two random news vans, plucking them from the tarmac without problems. Raising them to my face as I stand back up, I look through their windshields at the astonished tinies inside.

“You are coming with me,” I inform them. “I want the world to see what happens when I get challenged.”

My tone is anything but friendly. This has the effect of spooking them even more, but I hardly care.

“Buckle up!” I command as I drop each van-holding hand to either side and resume my walk. The ankle-height fence surrounding the harbor represents as little trouble as it did when I got here a while ago, so soon, I’m walking down a broad avenue and towards Larson Road.

I did not instruct the police to evacuate the areas closer to me, but it seems that they did anyway. It does not bother me much since it is now playing to my advantage. With nothing to cramp my movements, I cover blocks in mere seconds as I head towards the spot where Laguna’s population has decided to defy me.

Had I had to drive, it would have taken me twenty minutes without traffic to get to my destination. I get there in three. That’s just another example of how amazing I’ve become. I’m about a block away from reaching Larson when I start hearing the chants and protests. Sneering, I push my pace and turn around the corner to face the mob. Buildings are high enough in this part of the city that they did not see me approaching, so my sudden appearance comes as a surprise. Apparently, my swift trek from the harbor had the effect of not giving them any heads up about what I was up to.

Everything suddenly comes to a halt. The crowd stops on its tracks. The chanting fades. And the mood quickly evolves from angry to gloomy. I take advantage of the standstill to position myself, facing them as I widen my stance, my feet easily spanning the eight lanes of traffic as I push my chest high. Remembering about the two news vans I’m carrying with me, I gently set each of them on roofs on opposite sides of the road and knock on them with my fingertips.

“Time to come out and do your jobs,” I inform.

The reporters do not waste any time complying. I see the tiny men scurrying out of their vehicles and get ready with their cameras and mikes. I’m happy enough with that, so I focus again on the mob as I place my now free hands on my hips in a commanding pose.

I have to give them credit. They manage to put together an impressive show in barely a few hours. Larson Road is teeming with people. More than a few are carrying makeshift signs of protest. I zoom in to inspect a few.

The first one reads “Freedom.” Well, it’s predictable enough. I would have agreed with it yesterday. Hell, I agree to it today. The only reason is that in my mind, my freedom is now way more important than theirs.

The second sign I look at says “No surrender!”

Well, it’s not as if the Laguna Police Department did. They tried to stand their ground. But they failed. How can they not see that?

I keep scanning the crowd and find a third sign that reads, “We won’t bow to the giant bitch!”

You know me well enough by now to know that it pisses me off. I look at a few more random signs to see that the guy wielding this one is not alone. I was upset enough at the crowd coming here. I’m even more ticked off now!

“Ok, new rule!” I say in a commanding tone. “From now on, any protest against me is strictly forbidden!”

My words have their effect, but I can also see that some elements of the mob are starting to recover from their initial shock at my presence and that their anger at me is coming back. I quickly understand what’s going on through their heads. They don’t think I’m going to use force against them!

My blood starts boiling at the realization, up to the point where I’m seriously considering covering the couple of blocks to the leading group and put on a show of stomping them flat. But no... as much as I want to make a point, I don’t think that stepping on a few dozen people will do much to win the hearts and minds of the rest of Laguna’s population.

I have second thoughts about it when, in blatant rebellion, some of the elements at the head of the demonstration start marching again. In my direction! What the fuck? Do they really want to get stomped? Because, right now, I’m closer than ever to do it!

I let my colder head prevail and stay put. This does not mean that I’m going to forgive the provocation. I feel bitchier than ever as I observe the tiny fuckers approaching me and evaluate options. Somehow, it feels as if, to them, reaching me is some goal. As if that is going to get them anything!

The fact that their attempt is useless does not mean that I will let them succeed. I’ve finally decided how to start dealing with the pesky insurgents, and I’ve got to say that I’m pretty happy with the idea.

My eyes shine in an intense red glow as I let pressure build behind them. By now, I’m already a Jedi master when it comes to using my abilities, so I know precisely when to let go.

I finally managed to make the crowd crap in their pants. I guess that by now, everyone knows what my cute green eyes are capable of. They must think I’m going to toast them, and truth be told, this is one of the options I’ve considered. Luckily for them, I decided not to escalate things so much so soon.

The powerful twin lasers from my eyes meet their target an instant after I release them. It's not in the crowd but ahead of it. The protesters were a couple of blocks away from me when they decided to force the situation, and my sizzling beams hit the intersection that separates them from me. The asphalt is quickly turned into lava under the overwhelming energy I'm so easily releasing through my irises. I feel that I'm not going to run out of juice anytime soon, so I keep going, deepening the trench and guiding the lasers with a gentle movement of my head to dig the intersection from side to side. By the time I'm done, there is a fifty-foot deep searing moat in the spot where a wide intersection used to connect two roads. No one who's not me has any chance to cross.

Needless to say, the people are shocked. Well, they might as well be! Who the fuck did they think they were dealing with?

It's clear that they needed somewhat of a reminder about my power. And, as a matter of fact, I'm not yet done.

Feeling more mischievous than ever, I raise my right foot as high as I can. And then, without warning, I stomp down hard. I had never been so forceful. And I can see why. In hindsight, I may need to consider my strength in future instances of this trick.

I'm about to lose my balance as my foot sinks deep on the road, reaching the piping level and creating a small pond in the wide crater that has formed in the asphalt. Cracks project from the point of impact like spiderwebs, a few reaching the buildings to either side of the street and making their façades peel. I can see the high-rises around me swing a bit under the earthquake properties of my stomp, which is unexpected and quite a bit of a rush.

The big prize are not the buildings, though. Harsher than I expected, my pounding sends everyone for blocks off their feet. The mob was not expecting it. And it is exhilarating!

"You challenged the wrong girl!" I announce cockily as the crowd tries to recover from the sudden abuse.

I guess they think I'm done with them. They are very wrong.

"And now, get the fuck out of my face!" I say.

They are so beaten that they would have probably complied. I never give them a chance. Taking a deep breath that seems to last forever, I fill my lungs with every once of air in my surroundings. I could swear that I even saw a flock of birds dropping to the ground because of the sudden pressure change.

My generous chest swells to even larger proportions. I then stoop, resting my hands on my knees as I let my glorious breasts dangle like pendulums. In front of me, just on the opposite side of a scorching trench, hundreds of tiny people are starting to get up from the earthquake I've unleashed. It's time for them to feel the hurricane.

I pucker my full lips and start blowing, gently at first. The street is taken by a loud gusting sound as my breeze reaches the crowd, ruffling their hair and clothes and adding considerable difficulties to their attempts to stand up.

They seem shocked. If only they knew that I'm barely putting any effort into it! Eager to prove to them who they are dealing with, I dial it up a couple of notches, turning my gentle puff into a more forceful gale. I have to exercise significant self-control not to break into laughter. As soon as my now much harsher exhalation reaches the crowd, several elements on it become airborne and are thrown around like ragdolls. They land dozens of feet behind while their comrades try to resist the storm.

It's time for the ultimate show. My lungs feel like they could keep providing air forever, but I decide to concentrate all their capacity into a final cyclone. I realize, too late, that I can blow even harder than I thought.

No one in two blocks is left standing. Hundreds of people are sent flying in every possible direction, but that's not the only effect of my lung-generated hurricane. A few parked cars are also sent rolling on themselves, while lampposts, waste bins, and other pieces of urban furniture are ripped from the sidewalks and shot like projectiles into the unsuspecting mob.

I stop when I realize that I ended up escalating things quite more than I expected. I mean... there's no way a few dozen of them did not get seriously injured. Or worse...

There's no way I'm going to feel bad about it, though. Not after the little fuckers openly defied me. With that thought in mind, I stand back up and bring my hands back to my hips. I observe the mayhem with a mix of sheepishness and pride.

"If you are still standing, I strongly suggest that you leave my sight right away. Or... you know? I'll huff, and I'll puff, and I'll blow you into the next ZIP code!"

They don't need any more threats or teasing. I can tell that they have got it. I feel butterflies in my stomach. This was my first challenge as Laguna's ruler, and I give myself an A+ in handling it.

I hope my little demonstration will discourage anyone else from acting stupidly for a while. But, you know? I won't mind if someone does. Because, after all, being able to do this stuff is a massive turn-on.

I remember about the private reporters I picked up so that they could witness what happens when an all-powerful Empress gets challenged. Turning to one of the vans at random, I wink at them and make sure that they are pointing their camera at me before addressing the audience.

"Let this be a lesson of what happens to those that would challenge the new status quo. I thought I had made myself clear back at the City Hall, but just in case you still have ideas, learn from this. I don't care if you are a thousand, ten thousand, or a hundred thousand. Defy me, and I'll deal with you."

With that, I turn and start walking back to the docks. I'm dying to tell the girls about what I just did!

I enjoy a few quiet blocks before something else grabs my attention. It's a flare. Someone shot a flare from a rooftop a couple of blocks ahead. I waste no time reaching the intriguing building and looking down at the chest-high rooftop. It's not hard to find the guy responsible for the signal. After all, he is waving at me.

I'm about to ask him what he wants when a sudden flash of recognition shoots through my mind. I know the guy!

"Hey! You are Kevin!"

It's not that I've known him for long, but he is unmistakable. I mean, he looks as hot as he did when I did my best to catch his attention at the club last night. The only difference is that he is looking at me with even more awe than when I gave him a good glimpse of my cleavage while dancing.

He seems to be trying to say something, but somehow words are not coming easily to him. I know I can have this effect. I could give him some time to get his shit together. Instead, I just pluck him from the roof with two fingers. I mean, he was going to end up in my palm sooner rather than later, so I don't see a reason not to accelerate things a bit.

I let the tiny but still very good-looking man roll into my palm and raise him to my face. He is stunned and needs a while to recover. When he does, all he can say is:

"Lucy."

"In the flesh. A whole lot of it, as you can see!" I tease.

I can tell he is shocked. One thing he is not is surprised, though. Which makes me think...

"You already knew that I was a giant," I inquire.

He nods. Finally! Someone might be able to shed some light on the mystery behind my growth!

"Were you with me when I grew?" I ask.

He nods again.

"So?" I insist.

I can see he is clueless. Of course.

"Ok, ok," I say. "My memory goes as far as the club. Between then and the beach this morning it's kind of blacked out..."

"You were very drunk," he says. Sure I was. "And drugged," he adds. I blush lightly, but I guess I was too. I mean, it would not have been the first time.

"So, did I come with you?"

He nods again.

"To Millner's Point?"

He shakes his head. I arch an eyebrow, and he replies:

"We went to Laguna's world."

The theme park? What the hell was I doing in a theme park. And then, the obvious comes to mind, and I say:

"Wasn't it closed?"

"We sneaked in," the guy says.

So... it really was a wild night.

"Was anything working?" I ask.

"No... which kind of made you mad... then we got to that old Fortune Teller machine... Zoltar..."

"Zoltar?"

"You made a wish," Kevin says.

"Which kind of wish?" I ask.

"Well, I was teasing you because you wanted to get into the Godzilla ride, and it was not working... so you said that you'd become Godzilla yourself."

"Are you saying that I got this big because I wished for it to a stupid fortune teller machine?" I ask, incredulous.

"I can't think of an alternative," Kevin says.

Suddenly, the missing link hits me.

"Why did I wake up at Millner's Point, then?"

"You... you did not grow right away..." Kevin says.

I realize the implications. I use my best bedroom voice to come back to him.

"So... did you make the home run?"

He nods.

“Lucky you!” I commend him with a wink. Then, feeling naughty, I add: “You’re welcome for a re-run if you ever feel like spelunking.”

He turns every shade of red, unable to find words to reply to me.

“Don’t worry; I don’t need an answer now,” I keep teasing. “Time to go!” I say.

“Where?” he inquires.

“Laguna World, of course!”

CHAPTER 10: LUCY'S WORLD

Laguna World is one of the largest theme parks on the planet. Or I guess it would be more accurate to say that it was. From my vantage point of view, it's hard to call anything large anymore. Point in case, let's take the fence surrounding the park's grounds. I don't have memories of yesterday's wild night, but I guess it must have taken Kevin and me a bit of an effort to climb it. Now, it's just a matter of stepping over it, and I'm inside the park.

The parking lot is practically empty. I mean, it was to be expected. By now, most of the city's public places must be evacuated, and my recent antics with some audacious protesters have probably convinced everyone else to head back home. There are still a few abandoned cars here and there, though, so I make a show of stepping into the first one that crosses my path as I saunter toward the park.

I'm keeping Kevin safe in my palm as I move around, but I've also made sure to tilt my hand at an angle so that he can see what is going on. As expected (and intended), he shivers when my foot makes short work of the SUV. To me, stepping on a car is already business as usual, but he is still learning about my greatness.

"There could have been someone inside," he mutters, but I can hear him well anyway.

"Kevin, dear, if someone was stupid enough to hide from a giant girl inside an abandoned car, I can hardly be blamed, don't you think? I mean, this would probably qualify for a Darwin award!"

He seems shocked at my answer.

"Could you... be more careful?" he asks.

Other than fucking him, I don't know Kevin that well, so his do-gooder attitude surprises me. Smiling at him, I answer:

"I could."

He seems to relax, but then I wink, and I add:

"But that would take away all the fun!"

Kevin seems to understand how things will work, so he remains silent as I cross the lot and get into the park itself. There are a few scattered people here and there, but I ignore them as I roam around the rides, marveling at how tiny the 'largest rollercoaster in the world now looks next to me. A Godzilla head that barely reaches my navel marks its highest point, and I can't help but reach for the tracks and twist them into a pair of giant pretzels.

My lazy stroll soon takes me to a spot I've visited countless times, and that is apparently behind my present awesomeness. Crouching while I keep Kevin secure, I wrap the

fingers of my free hand around the phonebox-sized booth and easily rip it from the ground. I'm standing back up a moment later, looking at Zoltar with satisfaction while Kevin tries to recover from the very sudden movement.

"Well, I guess it's time to check if you were right," I say.

Kevin looks up at me, obviously puzzled. I skip any further explanation and concentrate. And then, a second later, the miracle happens.

I'll be candid: I never gave Kevin's theory too much credit. The only reason I came all the way to Laguna's World is that I did not have a better theory myself, and, well, it was easy. And, admittedly, once I've been a giant girl with superpowers for the best part of the day, my engineer's mind is more open to believing in magic.

I'm still shocked when I feel my skin stretching following the wish I made to Zoltar. I let out a brief shriek and rush to look down. And there I have it: my feet are slowly advancing towards a cotton candy stall. But I'm not moving at all!

I smile widely as I look around and feel the grounds of Laguna World shrink around me. I am growing! And not just a little bit! I have to look down again when my toes reach the stall they were stalking and easily topple it. The ball of my right foot is now rolling over it, turning it into a two-dimensional chunk of sheet metal as the rest of my delicate appendage keeps expanding.

There were not that many people in the park as I walked in, and most of them tried to flee when I showed up. I think it's fair to say that I got their attention once more.

"This is fucking awesome!" I let out, exhilarated.

A squeaky noise from my right palm reminds me that I'm carrying someone on it and makes me look down once more. Kevin is looking at me with his eyes and jaw wide open.

"You were right!" I chirp, addressing him.

"What have you done?" he asks.

"I wished to grow again, of course!" I reply.

The stretching finishes right then. It's hard to judge how big I got, but I have no reason to believe that Zoltar did not do precisely what I wished him to do. This means that I am twice as tall as I used to be during my day of conquest!

Kevin still looks puzzled, so I clear things out for him:

"I'd say I'm about five-hundred feet tall, now, give or take."

"Why?" he asks.

I shrug.

“Well, it felt like a fun enough size. It’s not as if I put too much thought into it, though. There was no need. I have Zoltar now, so I can keep testing sizes if I get bored.”

It feels like a logical enough explanation to me. Kevin seems to think otherwise.

“I thought that you would use Zoltar to shrink back to normal size,” he finally says.

He needs to cover his ears as I let out a burst of roaring laughter.

“Shrink back? Really?” I ask, almost screaming, as I laugh again.

He is a bit dizzy at my sudden outburst but also red-faced. I can’t believe that he can be so naïve!

“Oh my God! You were really serious!” I let out. I realize that he needs a better explanation. I have no problems giving him one: “Look, I’ll be the first one to admit that I was a bit freaked out when I woke up this morning and found out that I was... giant. But after a full day of enjoying this, I can tell you there is no fucking way I will give this away! Look at me, Kevin! I am a goddess! Why would I want to be just another of the millions of inconsequential people in the city again?”

Kevin does not seem to understand, so he comes back:

“But... what will you eat? Where will you sleep? People will not accept you!”

I chuckle.

“Kevin, dear... I will eat anything I want. I will sleep anywhere I please. And, when it comes to other people, there is only one way I will relate to them: I will tell them what to do, and they will do it!”

I see him swallowing hard. He seems to be finally getting it. And then, I realize something.

“Hey, one sec...something else happened!” I say.

He does not understand.

“I need to check something out,” I inform. “Sit tight!”

I do not give him any time to react as I look around me and choose the group of people that seems to be closer to my position. From their bright yellow suits, they seem to be three operators, who must be a few hundred feet away—nothing, by my new standards.

Without warning, I take the first step in their direction. The ground shakes quite more than I was used to. I believe that the thud also sounded louder. It has to be the new size, of course. The three people do not like the fact that I’m heading their way one bit. As if it mattered. Without further delay, I take a second step, my toes landing too close to the group for their comfort, towering over them.

I'm feeling extra playful, so I raise my right foot again. This time I set it softer on the ground, turning it to block their way. They stop in their tracks, trapped between the two walls of flesh that my feet are.

I look down and marvel at their diminutiveness. I giggle when I catch them looking up in panic.

"Sorry, peeps, but I need to check something, and you'll come in handy!"

I don't say anything else as I hook Zoltar's booth in the necklace I fashioned myself back at the City Hall. Then, with my left hand now free, I bend at the waist and reach for the tiny operators. They try to squirm, but there is nothing they can do to escape my fantastic reach. The hardest part of it all is to adapt to their current tininess. After a day of being a giant, I've kind of developed some instincts when it comes to picking people up that are not valid anymore. They are so much smaller!

Taking care not to hurt them, I maneuver my fingers until I pinch the three on them between my thumb and my pointer. And then, I stand back up, bringing my catch over my other palm. I gasp in excitement when I release the three bug-sized men in my hand and see that what I suspected was right!

It's hard to tell who is more shocked: the three men I just caught or Kevin. But seeing him take twice as much length as the tiny men do confirms my suspicions. Somehow, I did not just grow myself when I made the wish to Zoltar before. I also grew Kevin with me! I am in bliss, the consequences of my finding sparking my imagination.

The three operators are screaming. Kevin looks up at me instead:

"What did you do to me?"

"Mmm... I think I gave you a boost in size when I grew myself."

"Make me normal again!" he protests as the three new occupants of my palm try to get as far away from the towering Kevin as they can.

I smile naughtily and say:

"Nah! I think I like you like this. As a matter of fact..."

I concentrate again. Soon enough, Kevin starts growing on my palm, becoming even larger than his three new comrades. By the time I stop, I guess he must be three to four times taller than they are, scaring the hell out of them.

"You can't do this to me!" Kevin protests.

"You are wrong. I can do anything I fucking want!" I say excitedly. "I mean, I was amazing before, but now that I have Zoltar... there is nothing I can't think of that I can't have!"

To prove my point, and to Kevin's despair, I make him grow a bit more. He starts sobbing.

"Please..."

I feel some pity. I arch an eyebrow before shrinking him back to his normal size. He seems relieved, and so are the other three passengers in my hand.

"Don't look so gloomy. I'm not such a bitch. I owe this to you, after all."

He takes a few seconds to check that everything is fine with his size before he looks back at me and asks:

"What are you going to do with me?"

"I'll keep you around for a while."

Then, I reached for my palm and pinch the other three men with care.

"I don't need you, though," I say as I crouch and set them on the ground.

I don't say anything else before I turn and start strolling calmly in the direction I came. Stepping over the fence of Laguna's World was easy before. It's a child's game now. I'm soon back in the city.

I take it slow. After all, I want to enjoy my new size as I head back for the docks. It's exhilarating! Buildings that used to stand as tall as I was now can barely make it to my clean-shaven crotch. I have to say that it's more challenging too. A consequence of me getting bigger is that Laguna's streets have suddenly become narrower. They are still wide enough for me to walk, but I need to be more careful as I do, as proven by my calf peeling the façade of a fifteen-story high-rise in a moment of carelessness.

"Ooops, sorry!" I let out as I keep on walking. The truth is that I don't care.

There are barely any people on my way, but abandoned cars keep littering the roads. I marvel at their tininess and, of course, test their resistance – or lack of it. My heart fills with glee when I spot a pile-up in an intersection a couple of blocks away. I'm on it in no time. My mouth waters as I look down at the mass of abandoned cars. Raising my foot, I let it hover over the packed vehicles while I wonder how many of them I will be able to take in one step. I make my bet and realize a moment later that I've fallen short when I remove my foot and count thirteen different pieces of packed tinfoil on my deep footprint.

"Oh wow!" I marvel. "I wonder what I'll be able to do when I get even bigger!"

Because, of course, I'm going to get larger. I mean, how not to? Especially knowing that I can shrink back to a more manageable size if things get too challenging.

The distant sound of rotors catches my attention as I keep strolling back to the aircraft carrier where I left my friends, wondering if I'll fit on it at this size. I turn to find my lovely entourage of news choppers and wink at them, beckoning them to get closer.

I can see that they are hesitant, probably puzzled by my new size. I could try to explain to them what happened. Or I can just do this...

My feet start expanding once more on the road as my head climbs higher and higher in the air. The news helicopters move back a bit, shocked at what they see. I try not to push it too much... but the thrill as I grow and the reaction of the tinies are too inebriating. By the time I finally find the force of will to cut it off, I must have added a couple hundred feet to my height, if not more!

"You were not expecting this one, did you?" I tease them.

The choppers try to keep their position while I look at them with a wide smile.

"Yeah, the giant girl can not only fire laser beams through her eyes, but she can also grow at will. How cool is that?" I continue.

Happy to have them following me, I resume my trek, being extra careful not to do any additional damage, courtesy of my latest boost in height. I look down at my palm to find a pretty depressed Kevin lying on it.

"Are you sure you don't want me to blow you up a little? You are becoming a bit inconsequential in my palm...."

He just shakes his head in reply.

It was not as if those in the docks were going to throw a party by the time I moved out, but the mood is getting considerably more somber as I return, easily three times taller than I was. Even the girls seem shocked. I ignore the cops and officials and step into the water, getting next to the aircraft carrier as gently as I can. I'm pretty sure the World War 2 relic is now shorter than me. The observation sends shivers down my spine.

I bend a little, letting my mammoth breasts dangle like pendulums as I get closer to the deck and my now truly tiny friends.

"Hi, there!" I chirp. "Mind if I bring you some company?" I add as I pick Kevin up from my palm and set him on the deck.

"Hey! That is the guy that you... did you?" Irene asks.

"Looks like I did!" I reply cheerfully. "I don't remember much, but he does remember. Everything!"

"How... how did you...?" Irene continues.

"How did I become even more giant?" I complete the question for her. "Let me see... how to explain..."

And then, I focus and start growing, expanding until I hit the thousand-foot mark. Or at least, this is what I asked Zoltar...

"Oh my goodness! You can grow at will!" Irene says. She sounds more excited than shocked.

"I can do a whole lot of stuff!" I say.

"Like what?" Allison asks. She is a bit less enthusiastic than Irene, but I can feel that she is happy for me.

The answer is simple: like everything. I can do anything I can think of! Now, how to demonstrate it in practical terms? A cool idea runs through my head.

Suddenly, Irene, Allison, and Kendall start growing on the deck of the USS Laguna. The three of them scream, surprised by the abrupt change in the scenario. Kevin screams even louder, the prospect of being next to not one but four growing girls apparently less than appealing. The sound of ripping clothes soon joins the yells, as I realize that I did not think about making their summer attires grow with them. I don't mind. If I'm naked, they can be too!

I stop by the time they are about five times taller than usual and already on their birthday suit. Next to them, Kevin cannot even make it to their knees. My three friends are shocked, but I can see some excitement in them too. Well, at least it's noticeable enough in Irene.

"Like this, for example," I say, tongue in cheek, replying to Allison.

"Did you... make us grow?" Irene asks, sounding thrilled.

"Who else?" I ask back, winking.

"Wow, you are really... amazing!" Allison says.

"I did not give you permission to make me bigger!" Kendall protests, breaking the moment.

I frown and roll my eyes... and then Kendall starts shrinking until she becomes barely the size of Kevin. The difference in size with the other two girls is now very noticeable.

"Kendall, you're my friend but right now, you are starting to wear me down," I say, rolling my eyes.

She looks up at me with something close to shock. It's clear that the other two girls don't know how to react. I push them by making them twice as big as they were, making them tower at roughly ten times the size of Kendall, Kevin, and the rest of the USS Laguna's inhabitants.

"So, what about you? Do you give me permission?"

Irene wastes no time nodding frantically. Allison takes a second but then smiles and says:

“Hell yeah!”

There are screams from the deck, and people run around, including Kevin and Kendall, as I boost my two friends to about the same size I was when everything started. They take most of the carrier’s deck, leaving very little room for the rest of its occupants. To me, they still look like dolls, but to the rest of the world, Irene and Allison are now the second and third most powerful creatures on Earth.

“Oh my God!” Irene says, running her hands along her body.

“You made us huge!” Allison says, looking at her surroundings.

“This is a good size. I’ll probably return to it, it makes a good balance of being really giant and still being able to handle the people individually. You’ll have fun with it,” I say.

I then look down the deck and see the tiny forms of my friend Kendall and my former lover Kevin next to the girl’s feet.

“Take care of them,” I say, nodding.

“What about you?” Irene asks.

“I’m going to tour the world, do some sightseeing. And, you know... take over the planet,” I say.

“What about us?” Allison asks.

“For the time being, take care of Laguna. Try your new sizes out a little. I also gave you the same powers I had, so you shouldn’t have too many problems. I’ll come looking for you in a couple of days; we can talk about what to do next then.”

“What are we supposed to do?” Irene asks.

“Well, stroll around the city a little, take your time to learn how everything looks at this size. It took me some practice, too, so don’t get frustrated. Stuff breaks, so don’t get too upset about that either. Other than that... you can do whatever the fuck you want. That’s the whole point about being a giant, anyway!”

Irene smiles broadly. Allison seems to be fonder about the situation with every minute that passes.

I’ve got so big that the choppers that have been following me the entire day have become somewhat inconsequential, but I still find them without problems as I turn from the girls and face them.

“Wanna know what comes next, don’t you?” I ask with a wink.

There's no way I can hear their answer, but I'll assume that they want. It's not as if it makes a difference, is it?

"Well, being named Empress of Laguna is fulfilling and all that, but in light of my recent discovery, I would say that it's also a bit unambitious, don't you think? So, here's the deal: I'll take over the country first, then the world. It doesn't need to be bad. I'm offering every country the same deal I offered Laguna: accept my rule, do as I say, and I'll do my best to keep destruction at a minimum while I use my mind-blowing powers to help you. Don't do it, and I'll force you to. Try and fight me and... well, you'll get to know my bitchy side. It's a fair deal. Think about it."

With that, I turn and start wading up the coast. Turning to take a last look at the helicopters that are following me, I wink and say:

"Next stop: Washington DC!"

And then, I wish to become a mile tall, enjoying the orgasmic pleasure of my body stretching well beyond what anyone could have ever expected, feeling the water bubble around my legs as I advance while growing.

And to think that twenty-four hours ago I was a college student looking for some drunken fun! How things change. I never believed in fate before this. It's ironic that I've had to wait until fate dealt me the best hand ever to start doing it.

I'm amazing. That's the only way I can describe myself. I'm amazing in every sense of the word. There is nothing I can think about that I can't get, and one thing I've never lacked is imagination.

I know the world's people won't embrace the new status quo easily, but there's not too much they can do in any case. I hope most will only need some nudging. But, like the defining moment I had with the cops, I'm ready to do whatever needs doing to get my way.

And then, I will shape the planet to my liking. It will be for everyone's benefit, I believe. The world was a pretty shitty place, so it can only get better. I have ideas. And I have both the power and the will to see them through.

Now, not everything needs to be work. I'm dying to travel around the globe. Sightseeing at a new scale looks more appealing than ever!

So, if you're reading this, you'll see me sooner rather than later. In the meantime, just make sure to behave, lest you want me to be on a foul mood when I visit!

See you soon!