ART BY JACKOFBULLETS
STORY BY REDFIREDOG

The news broadcast showed the streets of New York City in utter chaos. Everyone was running for their lives. Everyone, that is, except for a female reporter, who was running the opposite direction.
DRUGS
SMETICS
DIGITAL PHOTOS
RESTAURANT
PARKING
PAINT & HARDWARE
BURROUGHS
BREAKING NEWS
LIVE
GIANT WOMAN ATTACKS NEW YORK CITY

The attractive young reporter turned and looked back at the camera. "This is Vanessa Saville, live on scene! I'm reporting a story that seems completely impossible. A giant woman, well over a hundred feet tall, has been rampaging through the city! Unconfirmed reports claim she may be a Russian fashion model named Natasha Armana. If our field reports are accurate, she's headed this–"
OPEN 24 HOURS
photo
METICS
RESTAURANT
PARKING
PAINT & HARDWARE
BREAKING NEWS
LIVE
GIANT WOMAN ATTACKS NEW YORK CITY

The sound of booming footsteps made the reporter whip her head around. She looked up and saw the truly enormous giantess stomping through the city. She was massive, beautiful, and looked every bit like a supermodel... From her thin figure to the steely, indifferent expression she wore. She walked through the streets with a practiced indifference, like nothing mattered except for her.
photo lab
COSMETICS
DIGITAL PHOTOS
RESTAURANT
PARKING
BREAKING NEWS
LIVE
GIANT WOMAN ATTACKS NEW YORK CITY

BREAKING NEWS

LIVE

GIANT WOMAN ATTACKS NEW YORK CITY

A tank drove into frame, and wasted no time firing its cannon. The reporter recoiled, startled by the ear-piercing boom. The massive shell hit the giantess in the side with a fiery explosion against her hip. But that did not stop Natasha. No, the giantess kept walking, not even breaking her stride. "It appears the weapons are having little effect. More military forces are approaching..."
photo
PARKING
BREAKING NEWS
LIVE
GIANT WOMAN ATTACKS NEW YORK CITY

A second tank pulled up, and they both fired on her in unison. The explosions hit her in the gut, but once again had little effect. Soldiers ran over, unloading their assault rifles at the giantess too. If the weapons were having any effect on the giantess she did not show it. She looked almost bored with her attackers, and picked up the pace.
BREAKING NEWS
LIVE
GIANT WOMAN ATTACKS NEW YORK CITY
PAINT & HARDWARE

"Nothing they're doing seems to be having an effect. She's continuing her march over towards us..."
Another footstep, and she was almost on top of them. She stepped on a yellow sports car, which crumpled under her foot. The reporter and cameraman stood there, watching the display with increasing anxiety. They'd ventured this far under the assumption they'd be capturing her final moments, but that seemed increasingly unlikely...
DRUGS
OPEN 24 HOURS
photo lab
COSMETICS
RESTAURANT
PARKING
BREAKING NEWS
LIVE
GIANT WOMAN ATTACKS NEW YORK CITY

The giantess took another step, stomping directly onto a tank. The armored vehicle exploded in a massive fireball, sending shrapnel flying through the streets. One soldier was struck, and fell over. Another fired wildly behind him as he ran away.
photo
PAINT & HARDWARE
BURROUGHS
BREAKING NEWS
LIVE
GIANT WOMAN ATTACKS NEW YORK CITY

"Oh... shit! What the hell is she doing?"
The reporter was quickly losing her composure as the giantess neared. The massive figure bent down, reaching an arm out towards them. What she wanted, they didn't know.
DRUGS
ETICS
PAINT & HARDWARE
BREAKING NEWS
LIVE
GIANT WOMAN ATTACKS NEW YORK CITY

"Shit, forget the report! We need to get the hell out of here!"

The camera was still rolling, catching every moment as the Vanessa made an awkward attempt at running. She hardly made it a step before the giantess stooped down, closed her fingers around a fallen soldier, and hoisted him up into the air. With her other hand, she reached out for the cameraman. That's when the reporter ducked, narrowly evading being grabbed herself.

BREAKING NEWS

LIVE

GIANT WOMAN ATTACKS NEW YORK CITY

The giantess scooped up the cameraman who kept filming. His hands were steady, capturing every moment from dozens of feet up in the air. The news feed broadcast the scene from the giant's palm to the entire world. A soldier was snatched up, then lifted close to her enormous face as she studied him with idle curiosity.
BREAKING NEWS
LIVE
GIANT WOMAN ATTACKS NEW YORK CITY

Just as quickly, the giantess opened wide, and shoved the screaming man between her lips. No hesitation. He disappeared face-first between her teeth, as if here nothing more than a piece of candy to her.
BREAKING NEWS
LIVE
GIANT WOMAN ATTACKS NEW YORK CITY

The giantess closed her mouth and bit down, silencing his muffled screams in an instant. Her jaw worked methodically; the soundless horror of chewing made all the worse by how casual it looked. She swallowed, a slight motion in her throat, and then, as if nothing had happened, her gaze shifted back to the cameraman, lens still open, desperate.
BREAKING NEWS
LIVE
GIANT WOMAN ATTACKS NEW YORK CITY

The live transmission didn't falter. The world saw through the camera's trembling eye as she raised him, inexorable, up and up to her mouth. The cameraman's hands were shaking, but he held his camera as steady as he could, doing his job up until the end.
BREAKING NEWS
LIVE
GIANT WOMAN ATTACKS NEW YORK CITY

He would not be spared. The giantess opened her mouth wide once more, just as she had for the soldier before him. She brought the cameraman close to his lips, as her gaping maw came to engulf the entire screen. The camera sank into darkness as she closed her lips, sealing off all light from the outside world.

There was no image to accompany the cameraman's final moments. Only a loud, wet, gulp as he was swallowed whole.

BREAKING NEWS

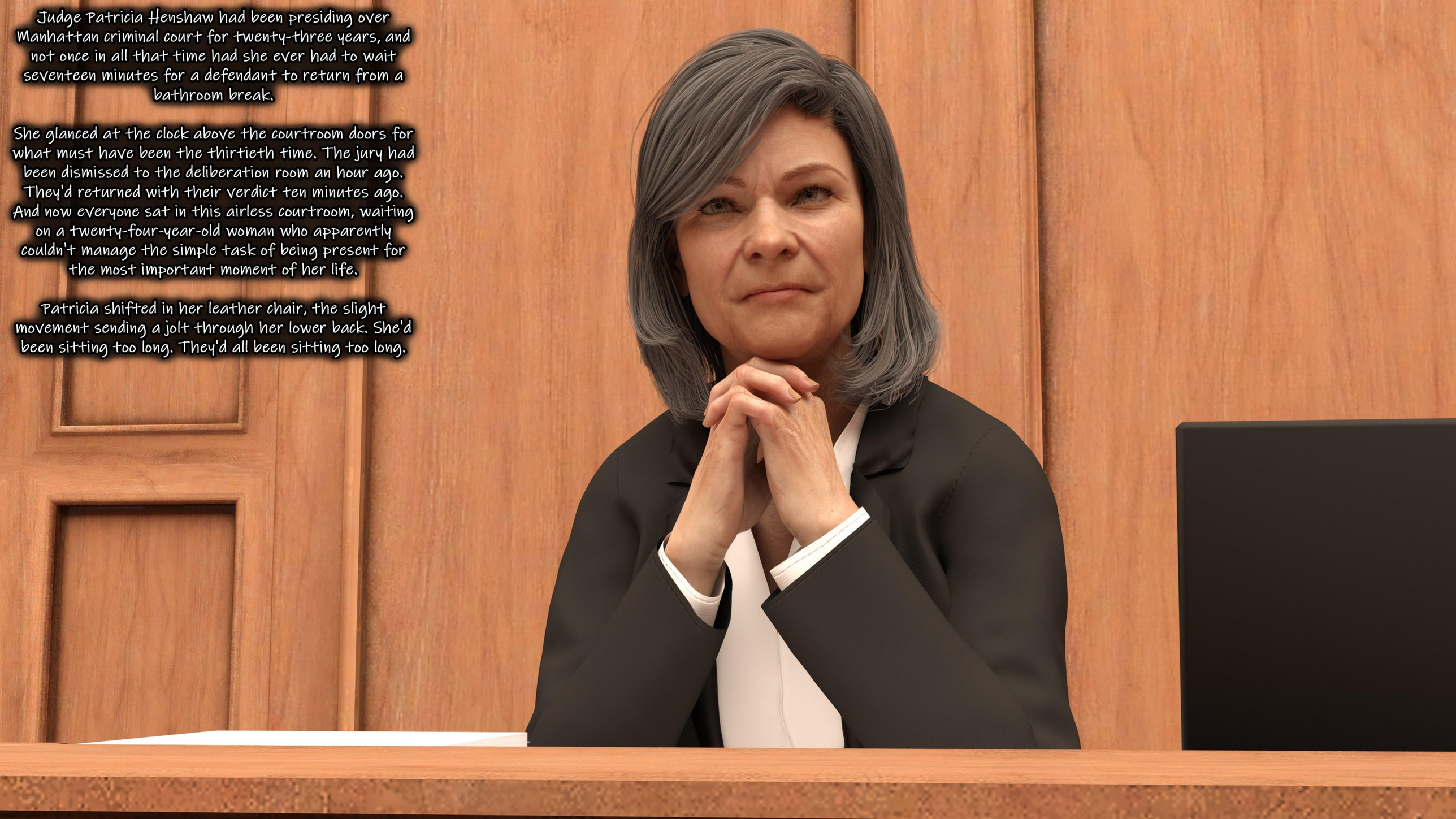
LIVE

GIANT WOMAN ATTACKS NEW YORK CITY

Every screen on the planet flickered with the attack; most watchers recoiled at how clearly it was all being captured. Some sobbed from the pointless loss of life. Others sat frozen in disbelief, hardly able to believe any of it was real.
But not everyone had a negative reaction to the reports. Alone in her apartment, a young woman watched intently. Her name was Mila Armana.
BREAKING NEWS
LIVE
EW YORK CITY

Mila's breath came fast, lips tight, eyes shining with a terrible pride. She didn't know how her sister had done this, but she knew it was right. It made sense, deep in her bones.
"Get them, sister." Mila whispered, voice thick. "Show everyone just how superior you really are."

THREE YEARS LATER


Judge Patricia Henshaw had been presiding over Manhattan criminal court for twenty-three years, and not once in all that time had she ever had to wait seventeen minutes for a defendant to return from a bathroom break.
She glanced at the clock above the courtroom doors for what must have been the thirtieth time. The jury had been dismissed to the deliberation room an hour ago. They'd returned with their verdict ten minutes ago. And now everyone sat in this airless courtroom, waiting on a twenty-four-year-old woman who apparently couldn't manage the simple task of being present for the most important moment of her life.
Patricia shifted in her leather chair, the slight movement sending a jolt through her lower back. She'd been sitting too long. They'd all been sitting too long.

Marcus Holloway, the defense attorney, could feel the tension in the room. He looked over at the judge and smiled awkwardly at her. "I'm sure she'll be here any moment now, your honor." He said, after clearing his throat.
Defence

Across the aisle, the prosecutor stood. Daniel Wu, maybe thirty at most, struggled to hide his cocky grin.

"Your Honor, if the defendant fails to appear, we can proceed to sentencing in absentia. The law permits—"

"I know what the law permits, Mr. Wu." Patricia kept her voice level, but she felt the familiar tightness in her jaw.

Patricia was about to issue a bench warrant when the double doors finally swung open. The defendant walked in, flanked by the NYPD officer who'd been assigned to escort her. Patricia felt her jaw tighten further.
Witness
Defendant
Defense
Prosecution

Mila sauntered back to the defense table in her high heels. She acted like she was walking into a nightclub, not a courtroom where she was about to find out whether she'd spend the next five to ten years in prison.

Mila wore a bright green crop top that exposed her midriff, and a tan skirt that barely qualified as clothing. The reporters in the audience, almost all of whom were men, couldn't help but ogle her figure as she walked past. Ever since the incident with her sister, Mila had lived her life in the spotlight. It didn't take long for Mila to gain an infamy of her own.

The NYPD officer glared silently at Mila as she walked away. He'd dealt with difficult people before, but there was something about her in particular that just set him on edge. The way she treated people, it was like she didn't even view them as human.
"Go ahead, take your seat." He reminded her. "Unless you'd rather that I walk you over there."
NEW YORK
N.Y.P.D.
G. Rodriguez

Mila couldn't help but grin. "Oh, you'd love that, wouldn't you?" she teased. "Bet you can't wait to put the handcuffs on me, can you? With those big, strong hands of yours? Maybe you could check me for weapons, too?"
"I, uhh... Just take your seat, Ma'am." the officer stammered.

Mila casually strode over to her defense attorney. "Something wrong? Why is everyone acting all pissy all of a sudden?" she asked.
Marcus leaned over and whispered urgently, "You took your sweet time, Mila. What were you thinking? Where were you?"
ndant
Defence

"Bathroom. Like I said." She examined her nails, which she'd freshly painted during her extended absence. "Relax, Marcus, I'm here now. Not like any of this matters anyway. I'm definitely walking, right?"
"The judge was waiting for you before she announced the sentence." Marcus explained. "And I wouldn't be so sure of that. Your odds aren't looking good. I did my best, but your attitude didn't earn you any favors."
Defendant
Defence

Mila casually plopped down onto her chair, giving her attorney a skeptical look. "What attitude?" she asked. "I'm just being myself. What, do the jurors expect me to bend the knee for them or something?"
N.Y.P.D.

The judge stared down at Mila with an expression that could have frozen magma.
"Welcome back, Miss Armana. I trust you found the facilities to your satisfaction?"
"They were adequate, your honor. Almost exemplary." Mila's voice carried that particular tone she reserved for people who bored her, which was most people.

Patricia felt a vein pulse in her temple. In twenty-three years, she'd dealt with murderers, rapists, and white-collar criminals who'd stolen millions. But something about this entitled, smirking girl made her want to throw the book harder than she'd ever thrown it before.
"Miss Armana, you've wasted enough of our time today, so I'll make this quick." Patricia said, before the ends of her mouth curled up into a wry grin. "The jury has reached a verdict. You have been found guilty on both counts: driving while intoxicated, and vehicular manslaughter in the second degree."

The prosecutor smiled smugly at Mila, gloating as he tightened his cuff-links. His glare annoyed Mila, who couldn't help but roll her eyes.
Prosecution

Mila looked away, checking out her nails. "I really could have done a better job on some of these." she groaned. "Think you can convince her to give me another break?"

Marcus looked askew at his client. "Mila, you do understand the gravity of the situation, don't you?" he asked. "You've just been sentenced to seven years without parole. You just found out that you're going to be spending the better part of a decade in prison, and you're more concerned with your nails?"

"Prison? Mmm... No thanks. I don't really like doing that whole incarceration thing." She mused. "I figured if they found me guilty, and they probably would, I'd just get out of it the same way my sister did. And if I'm going to be giant, I'd better have perfect nails. When you're that size, every flaw looks so much bigger."
"This is no time for jokes." Marcus cautioned. "...You are joking, right?"

"Order in the court!" the judge boomed. "Miss Armana, you've displayed a shocking indifference towards human life. You seem to take after your sister in that regard. Considering your total lack of remorse, it is the judgement of this court that you serve the maximum sentence of seven and a half years, with no possibility for parole. Without further ado, this court is adjourned."

Mila sighed. "Well, I guess these nails will have to do." She sighed. "I guess if I'm naked, my nails won't be what most people are paying attention to anyway..."
Marcus let out a long exasperated sigh of his own, burying his head in his hand. "I should have told you to plead insanity." He groaned. "At least, I hope you're insane, because if you're not... Everyone in this courtroom is already dead."
"I'm sure you did your best. If you start running now, you may even have a chance at getting away." Mila said casually. "I'm feeling merciful right now, so I'd take that offer. Because when I'm big, I may change my mind."
Defendant
Defence

The officer approached Mila with a pair of handcuffs in his hand. "Alright, Miss Armana, you're under arrest. Put your hands out, and don't make this difficult for me." Mila only rolled her eyes, and presented her wrists.
G. Rodriguez
N.Y.P.D.
Defend

N.Y.P.D.
The officer slapped the handcuffs on her, making Mila flinch. "Ow! Be more careful, asshole!" She whined. "You'd better hope I don't take after my sister, because if I do, you're first on the list!"

The officer put a hand on her shoulder, and gave it a firm squeeze before looking her in the eye. "Watch what you say." He said with a gravely serious tone. "We lost a lot of good men to her, and I've got a lot of pull with the prison staff. You run your mouth, I will personally make sure the next seven years will be a living hell. If you're lucky enough to even survive that long."

Mila shrugged. "Great advice, but I'm not interested. I don't plan on spending any time in prison." She said. "I should start growing any minute now."
"Yeah, right. If you could grow, something tells me you would have done it a long time ago." The officer grunted, shoving her forward. "Now get moving. You'll have plenty of time to practice growing once you're locked up."
"Hey, I'm trying to grow but it's hard!" Mila whined as she stumbled ahead. "I'm a little taller already, I swear, but these handcuffs are too damn tight!"
N.Y.P.D.
G. Rodriguez

The officer opened his mouth to deliver another threat when he heard a sharp metallic clink. He looked down at Mila's wrist just in time to see one of the cuffs spring open, the metal twisted outward as if it had been forced apart by something impossibly strong.
"What the hell?"

He looked up at Mila's face, ready to tell her that picking the lock would affect her sentence, when he realized something. She was looking down at him, and not metaphorically. He was six foot one and she had been barely 5'5". Now she was taller than him.
N.Y.P.D.
POLICE DEPARTMENT
CITY OF

"Told you." Mila said, winking at the now-shorter man.
The officer took a step back, but he couldn't look away. She really was growing. Not all at once, but steadily and slowly, she was growing taller.
N.Y.P.D.
Rodriguez

Her crop top was riding higher on her torso now, exposing more skin as her body stretched upward. The fabric started to tear around her chest, seams ripping apart as her breasts forced the shirt to stretch beyond its limits. Her skirt pulled tighter against her expanding frame. The courtroom had gone completely silent. Even the judge sat frozen in her chair, her gavel forgotten in her hand.
Marcus shot to his feet, his chair toppling backward with a crash. He thought she was joking! Even knowing what happened with her sister, he'd genuinely believed she was just another delusional client with an inflated sense of importance.
He'd been so, so wrong.
"Mila, wait! You don't have to do this! Stop!" His voice cracked on the last word.
Defendant
Defence

"Of course I don't have to." Mila said simply. "But I want to!"
The officer watched, transfixed, as she grew another foot. Her crop top tore open in one place after another, and her skirt did the same. The cop reached for his pistol. Mila stood resolute, staring at the cop without blinking. It was almost like she was daring him to take a shot, and see what would happen. Then, Mila flexed her muscles. The second handcuff didn't just open, it practically exploded off her wrist, the metal fragmenting with a sharp crack that made several people in the courtroom flinch.
Defendant
Defence

The officer held his gun in his hand, but he couldn't bring himself to point it at her. A nagging voice in his head told him that this was pointless. That shooting her wouldn't do anything except make her mad. That his best chance at surviving was to run for it.
Defendant
Defence

He couldn't bring himself to shoot, but he couldn't find it within him to run, either. He didn't do anything but stand and stare at Mila, while she grew taller and taller. Her skirt ripped, bit by bit, until he could see enough to realize that she wasn't wearing any underwear. Then, all at once, the fabric tore apart completely, fluttering onto the ground.

Her crop top followed just a second later, ripping apart on both sides. The green fabric slipped down her body, revealing her bare breasts as it drifted to the floor.

Before the torn shirt could hit the ground, Mila thrust her arms back dramatically. Her spine straightened as another surge of growth rippled through her. She could feel the power welling up inside of her, the power she'd longed to feel for so long.

She stood completely nude, basking in the feeling of the cool air on her bare skin. Now more than ten feet tall, she stretched upward with casual confidence. Around her, the courtroom remained frozen. The reporters stood in stunned, terrified silence. Even the stenographer's fingers hovered motionless above her machine.

A few seconds passed, and Mila was twelve feet tall. She savored the moment, taking in every sensation. She'd dreamt of this moment for years, never knowing if it would actually come to pass. She'd tried her best to grow, but nothing ever came of it... until now. Now, those fantasies had become reality.

Another moment passed, and she stood fifteen feet high. Her leg swung out as she shifted her weight, and the back of her foot crashed into the defense table behind her. The heavy oak desk toppled backward with a tremendous crash, throwing her attorney back against the wall.
Defence

Marcus stumbled over the fallen desk, falling hard on his face. When he looked up, all he could see were Mila's massive toes, each one now larger than his entire hand. They flexed slightly as she continued to grow, and he found himself utterly transfixed by the sheer scale of them.
Defendant

with shaking hands, the officer kept his pistol aimed right at Mila.
"I'm ordering you to stop right now! Stop growing or I'll shoot!" His voice came out higher than he intended, and his hands shook as he tried to steady himself. "I-I'm warning you! This is your last chance!"
She responded not with words, but by continuing to grow. Twenty feet. Her growth accelerated. Twenty-five. Thirty. The threats became increasingly hollow as Mila towered over everyone in the courtroom. Her head pressed against the ceiling, her hair splaying out against the plaster.
N.Y.P.D.

Mila looked down at him with that same detached amusement she'd worn throughout the entire trial. All the while she kept staring down at the officer, genuinely intrigued. He was still pointing that little gun at her. Such a tiny thing. She could barely make out his features from this height, but the fear in his stance was obvious.

The officer's finger rested on the trigger. All he had to do was squeeze. It was his job. His duty. But something stopped him.

It wasn't fear, exactly. Though he was certainly terrified, something else gave him pause. Some primal recognition that the rules had changed. That the social contract between law enforcement and civilian no longer applied. Shooting her felt wrong in a way that he didn't fully understand. It wouldn't just be pointless. It would be dangerous to his own well-being. Suicidal, even. And something more than that, something he couldn't put into words.

She was radiating something he couldn't quite name. A casual kind of power that made his gun feel like a toy. Even knowing what her sister had done, the chaos, the death toll, the destruction.... He couldn't bring himself to pull the trigger.
He'd heard stories about the same thing happening years ago, when her sister had done the exact same thing. Trained officers just refusing to shoot, running for their lives or worse. He thought the stories unbelievable back then, but now that he was in their shoes experiencing this...

The ceiling pressed harder against the top of her head, and Mila realized she'd have to crouch if she wanted to keep growing. She bent her knees, lowering herself into an awkward squat as the room continued to shrink around her. She tried pushing upward again, this time with real force. The building groaned in protest and left her with a sore shoulder, but still nothing broke.

Behind her, she heard the sudden stampede of footsteps. She glanced back over her shoulder to see the reporters finally breaking from their paralysis, scrambling over each other in a desperate bid for the exits. Camera equipment clattered to the floor. Someone was screaming. One of them even tried to record a breaking news segment talking about her. It was almost funny to her how predictable they all were.

Marcus tried to crawl away from where he'd fallen, but his legs wouldn't cooperate. He looked up at the impossible sight above him. Mila's massive body stretched high into the air, filling much of the courtroom. Her ass loomed directly overhead, growing larger with each passing second, and he realized with mounting horror that he was directly beneath her.

Mila pushed her hands against the ceiling, testing it. The plaster felt solid under her palms. She pushed harder, putting real force into it, expecting the ceiling to crack or crumble, but still nothing happened. Not even so much as a dent. The building was far stronger than she'd expected, and it was really putting a damper on her big moment.

Then, out of nowhere, three sharp cracks echoed through the courtroom. Gunshots. They came suddenly, as the officer had finally found his courage to act.

All three bullets punched straight into Mila's left calf. The impact wasn't exactly painful, but it was enough. Enough to break Mila's concentration, and make her lose balance.
Mila stumbled backward, trying and failing to stabilize herself by pushing against the walls. Her center of gravity shifted, and she fell.
NYPD

"No, no, no!" Marcus screamed. He looked up just in time to see Mila's massive ass descending. He raised an arm as if that would stop the inevitable, before all of the woman's weight crashed down onto him.

Mila's ass slammed into his fragile body with the force of a runaway train. There was a wet, crunching sound, barely audible over the chaos in the courtroom. When she shifted her weight, she felt something slick and warm beneath her. Something she very much didn't appreciate.

"Ugh, seriously?" Mila grumbled, looking back. "Now I've got lawyer all over my ass. That's just gross."
Her body continued expanding, continuously taking up more space in the courtroom. Her left foot extended forward, pushing inexorably into the gallery seating where the reporters were still trying to flee.

Mila looked around casually, taking stock of her predicament. The ceiling still held firm above her, and she knew the walls were even more solid. At least for the moment she was trapped in here, and she was still growing.
Her foot slid forward another few feet, her knee catching the first row of wooden benches. The furniture splintered under the pressure, before her foot invaded the fleeing reporters themselves.

Her foot pushed forward again, clearing another row of seats. More reporters fell, crushed beneath her or forced aside. The first one went down with a shriek, knocked aside by her toes. Then another tumbled as her foot swept forward.
Mila rolled her eyes. Fun as their obvious fear was, she wanted to get to the good part. At this rate, the whole building might collapse around her before she could stretch her limbs again.

Then she noticed movement near the judge's bench. Patricia Henshaw was still there, crouched behind the massive wooden structure like it might somehow protect her. She clutched her gavel like a talisman, her knuckles white.
Mila had almost forgotten about her. The woman who'd just sentenced her to seven and a half years. Not even five minutes ago the older woman had looked down at her with such contempt, certain that she held all the power in that room.
How the tables had turned.
Patricia's eyes met Mila's, and the judge flinched. She tried to make herself smaller behind the bench, as if Mila might somehow overlook her. It was pathetic, really. All that authority, all that power, reduced to this cowering thing.

Mila shifted her position, her body contorting awkwardly in the confined space. She was pressing against everything now: the walls, the ceiling, and the floor. Her knees were bent at an uncomfortable angle, her back curved against the rear wall. No matter how she positioned herself it was clear she was running out of room, and she was very much still growing.
The pressure built. She could feel it in her muscles, in her bones. The building was fighting against her, compressing her, and something had to give. Either she'd stop growing, which didn't seem likely... Or the courtroom would have to make room for her.

She pushed upward again, this time putting everything she had into it. Her palms flattened against the ceiling, her legs straightening despite the resistance. The building groaned louder now, a deep sound that vibrated through the air.
Then she felt it. A slight give in the ceiling above her head. Just a fraction of movement, but it was there. She pushed harder, her muscles straining. The ceiling buckled, plaster cracking and falling in chunks around her. She was going to break free.

Reporters poured out of the front door, running out onto the streets. Pedestrians watched in confusion, stopping and looked up at the courthouse. Something was happening, but no one seemed to know what. They could hear the groaning of stressed metal, the crack of breaking stone. Dust was beginning to drift from the upper floors.
WILLIAMS AND SONS
APARTMENTS
NOW WITH BUBBLES
BAR AND GRILL
POLICE

Then the facade began to crumble. Bricks tumbled down first in scattered clusters, then in great sheets. The ornate stonework that had decorated the courthouse for over a century broke apart and rained down onto the sidewalk below. People scattered, running in all directions as debris crashed around them. A cloud of dust rose into the air, thick and choking.
MIDCITY

Mila felt the wall to her left give way, and she pressed the advantage. She thrust her hand forward, crashing through the weakened structure. The bricks and mortar crumbled with no resistance. Her body was powerful enough to break bricks and stone, a fact that she relished.

Mila extended her leg, pushing her foot through the front wall. The building tore open around her, sending bricks and cinder raining down. Steel beams bent. Concrete shattered. She'd won the battle, and the courthouse simply couldn't contain her anymore.
In her right hand, she felt something small and warm squirming. She'd grabbed it without really thinking, her fingers closing around the writhing thing as she outgrew the courtroom.
WILLIAMS AND SONS

It was Judge Henshaw. The older woman was trapped in Mila's fist. She pushed against Mila's hand with all her strength. "Let me go!" Patricia screamed, having finally found her voice. "Put me down this instant!"
Mila paid little attention to the judge. Dealing with her could wait... but there were other people she wanted to take care of. People who could get away if she didn't act quickly.

On the streets below, Daniel Wu crawled on his hands and knees, his expensive suit was torn and covered in dust, but he seemed to have made it out of the exploding building alive, if barely.
He ducked under a piece of corrugated steel that had fallen from somewhere above, using it as makeshift cover. All around him, huge chunks of concrete continued to fall, some of them narrowly missing him. He knew his luck couldn't hold forever.

Finally, the rain of debris came to an end. He risked a glance upward and immediately wished he hadn't. Mila stood right above him, towering impossibly high. She must have been a hundred feet tall by now, maybe even more.
APARTMENTS

Mila looked down at Judge Henshaw, who was still squirming and shouting something inaudible. The judge's face was red with anger, as she strained with all her might to escape. It was a hopeless effort, Mila realized. Even if she somehow managed to free herself, she'd only fall to her death.

Mila opened her palm, getting a better look at the judge. The older woman stared up at her, her anger giving way to fear. "What are you... What are you going to do with me? The older woman asked. "I'll have you know I have a lot of pull in this town! If you hurt me, you'll regret it!"
Mila felt nothing but mild curiosity. It was fascinating how this woman clung to her imagined authority even when it was obvious it had become completely meaningless.

Mila saw motion out of the corner of her eye, and looked down at the streets below. A cluster of men in suits were running together, almost like a pack. She remembered one of her other targets, and searched the group for one man in particular. A man with dark hair, slim build, and an expensive black suit. The prosecutor. One man near the back of the pack caught her eye, and she wondered if it could be him.

Daniel Wu, the hotshot prosecutor looking to make a name for himself by sending Mila Armana to prison, was terrified and sprinting down the middle of the street. He looked back over his shoulder, and gasped when he saw Mila's enormous foot coming right towards him.

Daniel sprinted as fast as he could, vaulting over a pile of bricks. His instincts told him Mila was aiming for him specifically. If he could blend in with the others, maybe she'd lose track of him, and go after someone else instead. It wasn't much, but it was better than standing around waiting for her to take action.
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He made it three more steps before Mila's foot slammed down right in front of him. The impact smashed the pavement, and sent Daniel flying backwards.

Daniel looked up, and up, and up, until he saw her face. He'd expected rage. Barely-concealed anger hidden beneath a smug veneer. What he got instead was mild annoyance.
"You tried to put me away." she said dully. "I don't like that, so now I'm going to put you down."

With one lazy motion, she pressed her big toe into his chest. The movement was slow and lazy, but it struck him harder than any punch, knocking him back onto the hard cement.

Mila pressed her toe against his side, pinning him down. She applied a little more pressure, hoping to see how long she could draw this out. He squeaked in protest as she felt the faintest crunching sensation... then he fell unconscious and stopped moving altogether.
Mila pulled her foot back, and his body slumped to the pavement, limp as a ragdoll. She inspected the red smear decorating the floor, then shrugged.

Mila sighed, looking down at the lawyer with a quizzical look on her face. "People are too fragile." she mused, almost wistful.

Judge Henshaw was still trapped in Mila's palm, screaming herself hoarse. "Let me go you giant freak! Someone stop her, please!" The judge's voice was shrill, far from the low, commanding tone she'd used in the courtroom. It reeked of desperation in a way that would have been unthinkable an hour ago.

Mila considered the request. "You want down?" she asked.

The judge nodded frantically.

"Okay." Mila said. She then turned her hand over and let the judge drop.

The woman realized only too late what was happening, before plummeting fifty feet to the street and landing in a broken heap. Mila didn't bother to check if she'd survived. It wouldn't matter.

Mila looked down at the prosecutor again. She'd already humiliated him, but merely humiliating him wasn't sufficient. He tried to send her to prison for seven years. That deserved something more... definitive.
For a moment, she appreciated just how pathetic and weak he looked beneath her sole. She could see him stir when he grimaced in pain as she pressed down harder, but it didn't look like he was able to move.
She remembered something the prosecutor had said about her in the courtroom. He said she had displayed 'shocking indifference' toward human life." At the time, his words had stung a bit. She almost spoke up to defend herself.

But now... she could admit to herself that he was right.
Mila put her whole foot on top of the prosecutor, pressing her toes down on his face. She could feel him squirming beneath her, fighting desperately for survival. He was screaming something, but she couldn't make out the words. Not that it mattered.
Without thinking twice about it, Mila put her full weight on him, crushing the prosecutor into a bloody mess. The concrete beneath him cracked from the pressure, leaving a small crater filled with what had once been star prosecutor Daniel Wu.

This was so satisfying to Mila. She could simply crush her enemies into the ground, and no one could stop her. She'd fantasized about it countless times, but actually doing it was something else entirely. She understood completely why her sister had acted the way she did. This power was surreal. Utterly intoxicating, and the feeling of simply erasing someone who bothered you was... freeing. In a matter of moments, she'd ended the prosecutor, the judge and her own incompetent defense attorney. Who did that even leave?
ONE WAY
WILLIAMS AND SONS

Mila spotted some figures in suits fleeing the courtroom, running past confused bystanders and abandoned cars. She figured some of them must be reporters from the courtroom, and she wasn't happy with the disrespect they showed her earlier. Without saying a word she turned and started walking straight towards them.
WILLIAMS AND SONS

Mila stepped down hard enough to bounce nearby cars into the air. People nearby stumbled and fell, struggling to regain their footing.
ONE WAY
NO PARKING
UNAUTHORIZED VEHICLES WILL BE TOWED AT OWNER'S EXPENSE
WILLIAMS AND SONS
SCOTT
amp mobile

A photojournalist stopped to snap a photo of her as she walked away. His female colleague chastised him for stopping. "What the hell are you doing? You saw what she just did!"

"Are you kidding me? These are money shots!" He said, snapping a few photos. But the photos didn't show much except for Mila's massive ass as she walked away.
APARTMENTS

Mila stopped mid-stride, looking around at the chaos she'd already caused. With all the chaos, it was hard to keep track of the reporters. "Where did they go?" she muttered to herself, scanning the streets below.
WILLIAMS AND SONS

Fleeing people ran in every direction imaginable. Cars sat abandoned, some with doors still open as their drivers had fled on foot. Other cars tried to navigate the gridlocked streets, the roar of their engines adding to the cacophony of screams and crumbling infrastructure.
NO PARKING

For a moment, Mila felt an unexpected twinge of uncertainty. The rush of growing and destroying the courthouse had been exhilarating, but now what? She'd crushed the prosecutor, dropped the judge, and accidentally squashed her own lawyer. There were so many potential targets running in every direction, but none that caught her interest above any others. The aimlessness surprised her. She hadn't anticipated feeling directionless so soon after her transformation. She thought she'd be overflowing with ideas and eager to explore the world at her new, grand scale. Her sister certainly had been.

"Will you stop that and come on!" Vanessa shouted, tugging frantically at his sleeve. "She just killed three people right in front of us! Don't throw your life away like Carlos did!"
"That footage made him a household name!" He replied without once lowering his camera. "This is the story of the century. Her sister's rampage made his career. These shots could be what I'm known for!"
ICE CREAM

As Mila contemplated her next move, a flash of light caught her eye. She turned to see a photojournalist standing still in the middle of the street, camera raised to his face, capturing image after image of her towering body.
CARLTON COURTS APARTMENTS
APARTMENTS
EUROCAR
リバティー 1号店 B1

Mila squinted down at them, recognition dawning upon her. That was Vanessa Saville. The same reporter who had been on the scene, years ago, when her sister first rampaged through the city. It had been frustrating watching the reporter get away from her sister. Now, she could finally correct that mistake.

Mila bent down, extending a massive hand toward the pair. The photographer finally lowered his camera, turning and running for it. The reporter followed suit, running as fast as she could in her heels.
SALE
FOR SALE
APARTMENTS
COLT

Vanessa and the photographer ran as fast as they could, but Mila's hand moved faster. The reporter glanced up at her, just in time to see the strange look on Mila's face right before she grabbed her.

Mila's enormous fingers closed around Vanessa before the woman could even process what was happening. The reporter's legs kicked frantically in the air as Mila's grip tightened around her chest, gripping her tight enough that it felt like her ribs were about to snap.
CD·DV
SNAIL MAIL

"Got you." Mila murmured, lifting the squirming woman up to eye level. The reporter was screaming and crying, her normal composure completely shattered.

"Oh god, don't hurt me!" the woman gasped, barely able to breathe against the pressure of Mila's grip. "I was just doing my job, it wasn't anything personal!"
"You know what's funny?" Mila said, bringing the reporter closer to her face. "I always thought you were pretty. Even when you were saying all those nasty things about my sister on TV."
DON SUSHI ASIAN FOOD
COLT
ITALIAN ICE

Mila studied the woman's features. The reporter's perfectly styled hair was now disheveled, her makeup smeared with tears and dust. There was something deeply satisfying about seeing her like this: vulnerable, terrified, utterly powerless. This woman who had once judged her so harshly was now entirely at her mercy.
It felt right. It felt like the natural order of things had finally been restored.

"I watched that footage over and over again," Mila confessed, a strange shyness creeping into her voice. "Sometimes I'd pretend that I'd grow as big as Natasha did. I had all these fantasies, thinking about what I'd do if ever I grew. I had them about lots of people, but you... I kept coming back to you, specifically."

The reporter tried to speak, but could only manage a choked whimper as Mila's grip tightened slightly.

Mila's eyes traveled over the reporter's body, her mind suddenly fixated on what lay beneath the woman's clothes. She'd seen her on television so many times, always perfectly dressed in those professional outfits, and now she wanted to see more. Simply having the woman in her possession wasn't enough.

Mila reached down with her free hand and tugged at Vanessa's leg. The woman's boots caught her attention; sleek, glossy leather that rose up to mid-thigh, clinging to her slender leg. Mila pinched the boot between her massive thumb and forefinger, pulling it gently at first. When it didn't immediately give way, she tugged harder.
"What are you doing?" the reporter gasped, her voice trembling. "Stop it! That hurts!"
"Hold still, and stop fighting," she commanded, though she knew the woman couldn't possibly comply while dangling helplessly in her grip. "I'm not trying to break you... yet."

The reporter let out a piercing scream as her leg was yanked downward, the boot still firmly in place. For a brief moment, Mila worried she might accidentally tear the woman's leg off. The thought gave her pause. Not out of compassion, but practicality. She wanted her toy to remain intact. At least for now.

With another firm tug, the boot finally gave way. The expensive leather ripped along the seam, and Mila pulled it free, revealing the reporter's bare foot and leg. She rolled the boot between two fingers before letting it fall to the ground, not bothering to watch as it tumbled through the air and landed on the roof of an abandoned car below.
Mila shifted her grip, grabbing the reporter's arms and chest with her hands. "Look at you," Mila said softly, her voice carrying an odd tenderness that made the situation all the more terrifying. "I always wondered what you were hiding under those tight sweaters you were always wearing. Now I'm going to find out."

Mila shifted her grip, grabbing the reporter's hips with her hands. "That leather skirt doesn't look very appetizing," Mila said softly, her voice carrying an odd tenderness that made the situation all the more terrifying. "let's take it off of you..."
Mila tugged on the leather skirt, pulling harder and harder until it started to give. The force it took to pull it off was clearly painful for the reporter, but Mila was amused by her pain... as she was by the revelation that she wasn't wearing anything underneath. But Mila, strangely, made a point of not looking at the reporter's exposed crotch, as if doing so would be beneath her dignity. Instead, she looked up at the reporter's chest.
"I always wondered what you were hiding under those tight sweaters you were always wearing. Now I'm going to find out."

Mila reached for the woman's sweater, her fingers grasping the soft fabric. Her thumbs brushed against the reporter's chest, feeling her soft breasts, and the rapid heartbeat beneath the skin. She ran her massive thumbs all over the woman's breasts. Then she tore it away, the shredding it like tissue paper. She stared at her with open fascination, taking in every detail of her partially nude form. It made her want more.
Mila held the reporter between her fingers, turning her this way and that. The woman's body was so tiny and delicate, like a living doll. Mila remembered playing with Barbie dolls when she was younger, and how she'd spent hours changing their outfits, moving their limbs, and making them do whatever she wanted. But those plastic figures paled in comparison to this.

She tilted the woman's head back with her finger, watching how the neck bent, how the reporter's eyes widened in terror. As she played with the reporter, Mila felt a strange sensation building inside her. Her mouth began to water, a primal hunger that she hadn't anticipated. She ran her tongue across her lips, suddenly aware of how desperately she wanted to taste the woman.

The memory of her sister on the news years ago flashed in her mind; the footage they'd shown over and over until it was finally deemed too disturbing for broadcast. Her sister, lifting someone to her mouth, the person screaming for mercy, begging for someone to come save them, before they'd disappeared between her massive lips. The commentators had been horrified, but young Mila had watched in secret fascination, a forbidden thrill coursing through her.

"I've been waiting for this moment for so long," Mila said, her voice dropping to a husky whisper. "Ever since I saw her do it."

The reporter's struggles intensified as Mila brought her closer to her face. She understood now what was about to happen, and pure animal panic took over. She kicked and thrashed, her screams reaching a new pitch of desperation.

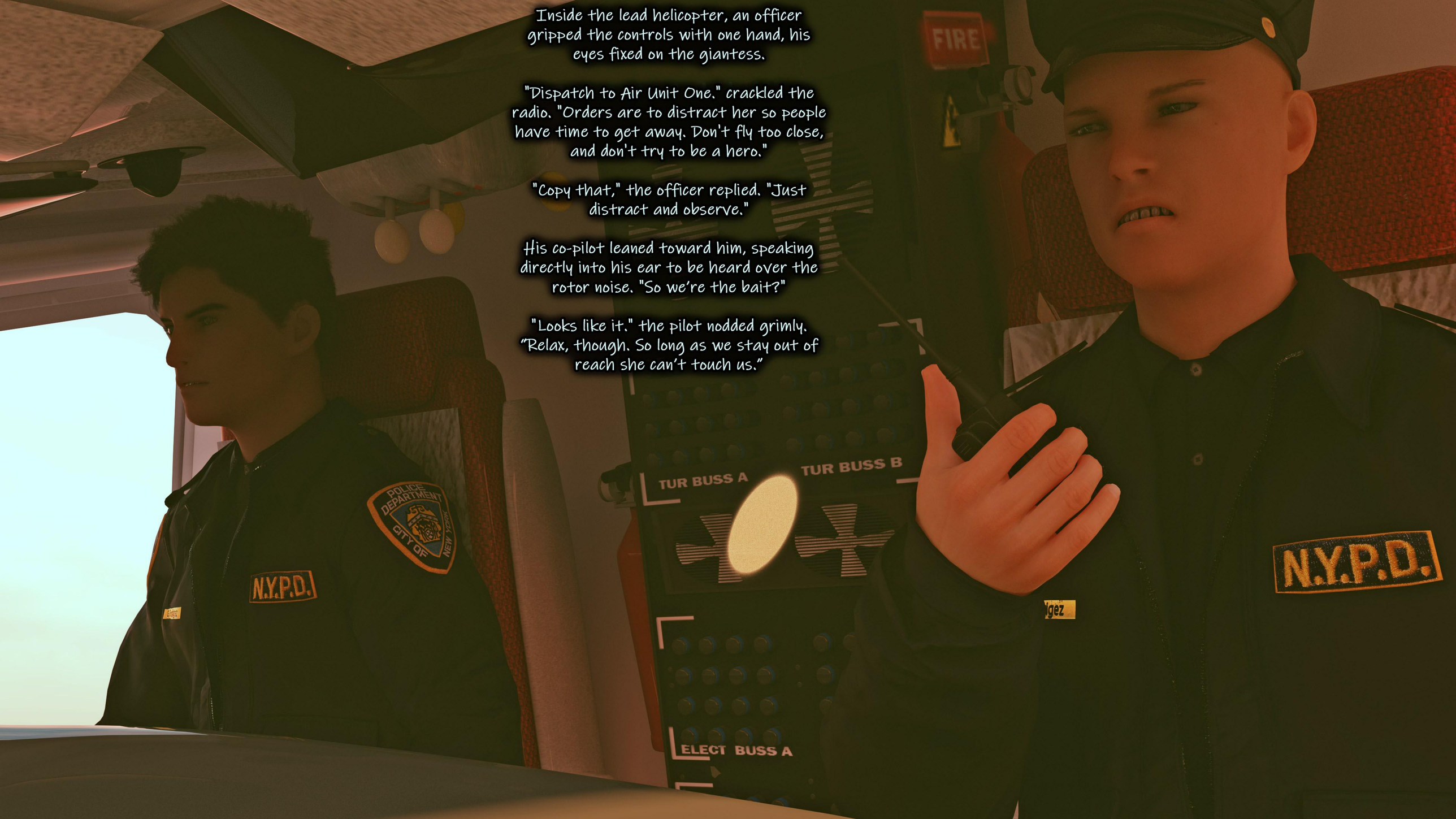
Mila parted her lips, her mouth opening wide as she raised the reporter up to her gaping maw. The woman's bare feet dangled over Mila's mouth, kicking frantically as she drew closer.

"No! Please, God, no!" The reporter's words dissolved into incoherent screaming as Mila lowered the legs inside of her mouth.

The reporter's legs vanished behind Mila's lips as the giantess pushed her further in. The woman's hands clawed desperately at Mila's face. Her fingernails dug into Mila's cheeks, leaving faint red marks.
The distant sound of helicopter blades cut through the sound of screaming. Three police helicopters were flying straight towards her. Mila glanced up, her attention divided between the morsel in her mouth and the approaching threat.

Mila wasn't about to let a few helicopters ruin her fun. She took her time pushing the reporter deeper into her mouth with her tongue, feeling the woman's torso slide further past her lips. Then, as the helicopters flew closer, she reluctantly swallowed, ending the fun a little earlier than she'd have preferred. Just like that, it was done.

Mila stood tall, staring defiantly at the approaching helicopters. Their blades whipped through the air, creating a steady rhythm that pulsed against her eardrums. She watched as they slowed their approach, maintaining a cautious distance.
APARTMENTS
POLICE
CANTON
CHINESE RESTAURANT



Inside the lead helicopter, an officer gripped the controls with one hand, his eyes fixed on the giantess.

"Dispatch to Air Unit One." crackled the radio. "Orders are to distract her so people have time to get away. Don't fly too close, and don't try to be a hero."

"Copy that," the officer replied. "Just distract and observe."

His co-pilot leaned toward him, speaking directly into his ear to be heard over the rotor noise. "So we're the bait?"

"Looks like it." the pilot nodded grimly. "Relax, though. So long as we stay out of reach she can't touch us."

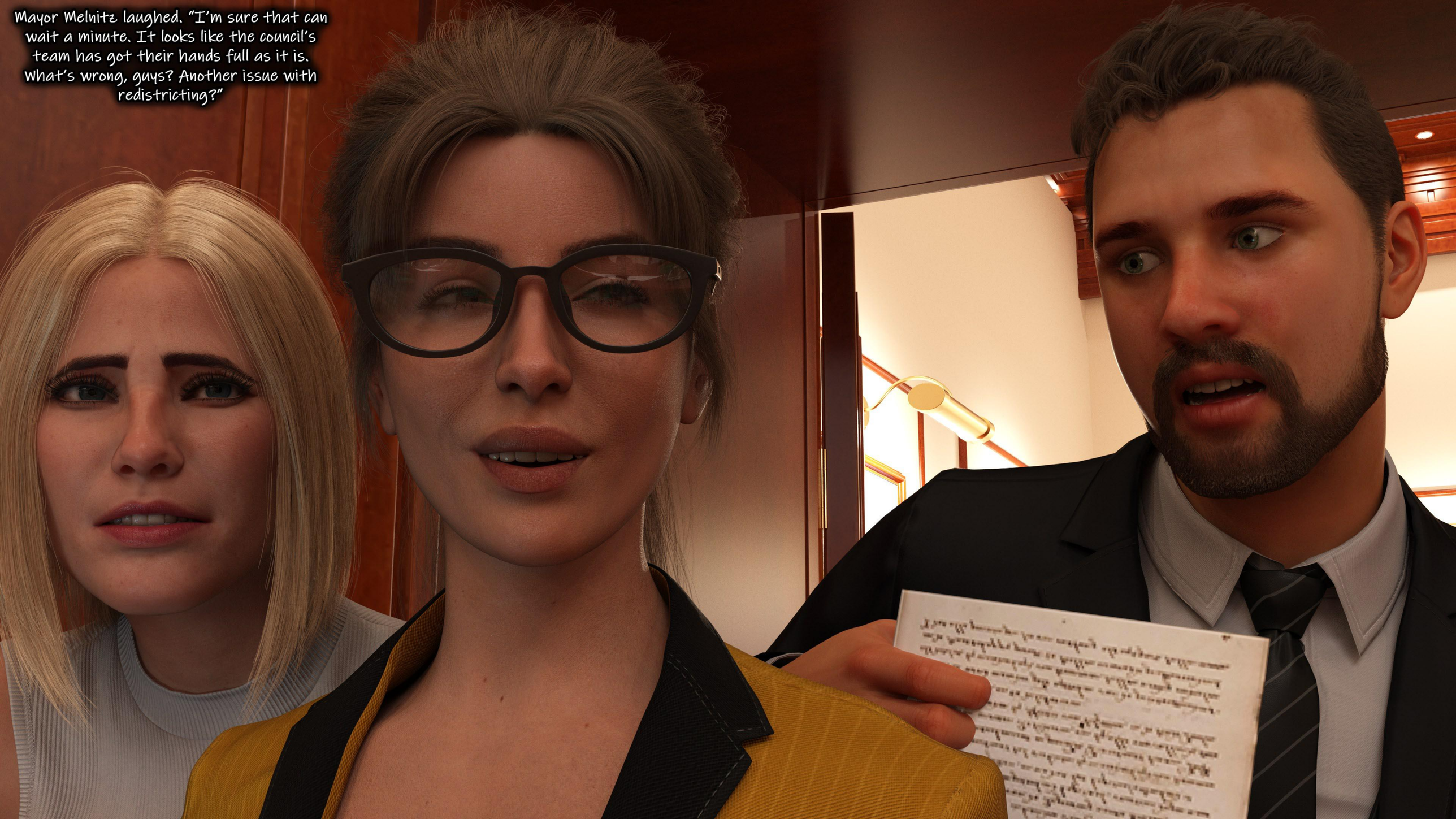
Mila watched the helicopters with growing irritation. They weren't stupidly charging in to try and take her down as she'd expected. Instead they hovered overhead, ominously keeping line of sight on her while staying just high enough that she couldn't reach them to swat them out of the sky. She took a step forward, and the helicopters pulled further back, maintaining the distance between them.
"Pussies." She muttered.
APARTMENTS
NYPD
420
POLICE

With an irritated huff, Mila turned away. If the helicopters weren't going to amuse her, she would find fun elsewhere. This city was full of buildings to topple, cars to crush, people to terrify and she hadn't even moved a single block since growing.

Miles away from the courtroom, the mayor's office was still silent. Peaceful, even. Aside from the clicking of keyboards, the building was quiet enough you could hear a pin drop.

Then, the mayor burst in, followed by her entourage. "Mayor Melnitz, I just need to know if you're still going to that three o'clock meeting," the woman said.

"And if you could just look this proposal over really quickly," the man behind her continued.


Mayor Melnitz laughed. "I'm sure that can wait a minute. It looks like the council's team has got their hands full as it is. What's wrong, guys? Another issue with redistricting?"

"I'm afraid it's much more urgent than that," Himari said. "Mrs. Mayor... Have you not seen the news? Natasha, Mila's sister... She grew..."
"Seriously? Mila grew?" the mayor asked. "How big are we talking about?"

"Really big," Himari said, turning on a TV. "That building she broke out of was more than eighty feet tall. She's crouching down, so that would put her right around one hundred. She's growing fast, even faster than her sister did."

"Jesus Christ, this really isn't good," the mayor bemoaned. She let out a long sigh, and put her head in her hands, before collecting herself.

"There's no sense in losing our minds over this. What are the options?" The mayor asked.
"Well, we're already talking with the national guard," Himari replied. "They want to try the same playbook that they used to take down Natasha."
"As in..."
"Yes. A bomb."

The mayor considered the possibility for a moment. "They took out a few city blocks with that bomb," the mayor said. "They found debris a mile away. Covered the whole city in dust. The explosion alone killed almost as many people as Natasha did. If you factor in early deaths from lung problems due to dust exposure, it probably killed more."

Himari cleared her throat. "But Mrs. Mayor, the casualties could have been far higher if they let the rampage continue for longer. If the national guard comes in..."

"Only as a last resort." the mayor said. "Now who's got a better plan?"

Madeline pulled up her iPad. "Mrs. Mayor, a committee with the city war-gamed some contingency plans for if there was ever another incident like Natasha. One of them sounded just crazy enough to work. But we'll need to ready the police and fire department. Not to mention some helicopters, and crew of electrical workers..."

An older man with a beard shook his head. "I sure hope you're not talking about the plan I think you're talking about," Coogler said. "Because it's just about the most bone-headed, cockamamie scheme I've ever heard..."
"I have to agree," Charles added. "To be frank, I don't think any of the plans in there are feasible. We know what took down her sister. I think we should do the same for her... And as soon as we can."

"Your disagreement has been noted, Charles," the mayor said dismissively. "Now Madeline, tell me more about this plan."

Six blocks away from the courtroom, Jessica stood on the sidewalk outside her favorite coffee shop, scrolling through her phone. The blonde woman's brow furrowed as she noticed a series of emergency alerts flashing across her screen. The words "GIANTESS ATTACK" appeared in bold red letters.

"More fucking clickbait," Jessica sighed. Seemed like every other month another documentary about the Natasha Armana incident from years ago came out with more attention-grabbing headlines. The media never seemed to tire of rehashing that tragedy, especially around the anniversary. She sighed and kept scrolling, looking for actual news.

The sound of screaming made her look up from her phone. She looked back and saw panicked people sprinting down the street. It was a crowd running, not just a single individual. That meant it couldn't have just been an attempted mugging or something, right?
PANTAS MACHOS
JUNCTIO
HOTEL
NOW OPE
LIVE MUS
SOUTHERN
Mulberry

Jessica stood frozen, her phone still in hand, as the understanding slowly dawned. As more people appeared and the crowd grew, she realized she was wrong. This wasn't a retrospective. This was happening now.
A second later, Jessica looked up to see a colossal woman step between two office buildings. The giant's foot slammed down onto the street, cracking the pavement and shaking the ground.
FAJITAS NACHOS
Mullan St

Her heart raced as she craned her neck upwards and caught sight of the giant woman's face, recognizing her immediately. It was Mila Armana, as big as a building, and heading straight toward her.
"Holy shit, it's her!" Jessica shouted. "It's Mila! Everybody fucking run!"
FAUX NEWS
CARLTON COURTS
APARTMENTS

Jessica's survival instinct finally kicked in. She ran to the nearest concrete column, ducking behind it just as Mila took another step.
CARLTON COURTS
APARTMENTS

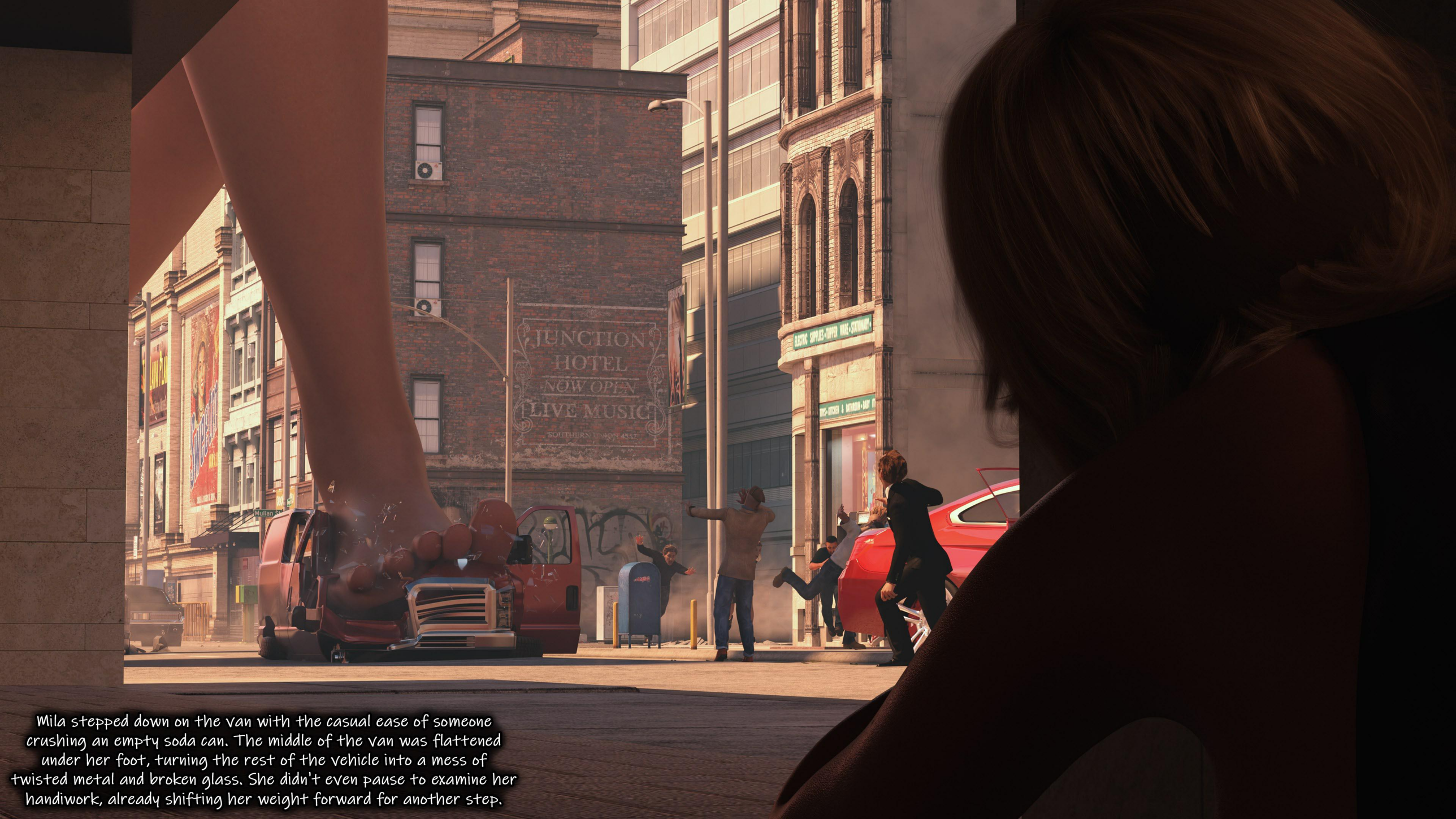
Jessica crouched behind the column, hiding herself from view as much as possible. She could feel the ground shake with each step the giantess took. Even with her heart pounding, she could feel the vibrations as the ground shook below her.
BAR & GRILL
GARDEN BAR

Carefully, Jessica peeked around the edge of the column. Mila was less than a hundred yards away now. Jessica watched in horrified fascination as Mila lifted an enormous foot above a pickup truck that was speeding away.
APARTMENTS
JUNCTIO
HOTEL
NOW OPE
LIVE MUS
SOUTHERN

Jessica gasped as the giant foot slammed down onto the pickup, flattening the front of the car in an instant. The metal crumpled with a screech, sending glass exploding outward. The driver was gone from view entirely, and Jessica could only imagine what happened to him.

Mila barely seemed to notice. She looked down at the truck beneath her, before looking elsewhere. She almost seemed bored as she scanned the city around her, like a shopper browsing uninteresting merchandise. Jessica ducked back behind the column, praying the giantess hadn't spotted her.
CARLTON COURTS APARTMENTS

When Jessica dared to look again, Mila was already moving on. The giant woman raised her foot again, lifting it above an old red van that had been abandoned in the middle of the street.



Mila stepped down on the van with the casual ease of someone crushing an empty soda can. The middle of the van was flattened under her foot, turning the rest of the vehicle into a mess of twisted metal and broken glass. She didn't even pause to examine her handiwork, already shifting her weight forward for another step.

A red sedan was next, parked where its driver had abandoned it to get away from the gridlock. Mila's foot descended, obliterating it just as effortlessly as the others before it. It was practically right in front of where Jessica was hiding, and the screech of twisting metal up close was so loud it made Jessica wince.

Jessica slipped around the other side of the column, watching as Mila finally walked past her. She remembered how terrifying things had been years ago when she'd watched it all unfold on the news. Now, she was seeing it up close and personal. She just hoped she'd live to tell the story.
POLICE
POLICE

Mila took a step right next to her, cracking the pavement and kicking up asphalt. The earth shook, and with it her entire body rattled. It was hard to wrap her head around the sheer size of the woman, how truly gargantuan she was. But she did know one thing: she wasn't going to wait around for her to take another step.
ONE WAY
THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART
THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART
THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

Jessica started to run just as Mila's foot came down just feet away. The impact made her lose footing, but she recovered just as quickly and picked up the pace. Her lungs burned as she sprinted down the street in the opposite direction of the giantess.
THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART
MUSEUM

She looked back over her shoulder just in time to see Mila bend down, her enormous fingers wrapping around what looked like a sleek red sports car. The vehicle looked so small in the giant woman's grasp. That was the last time Jessica looked back. She fixed her eyes forward and ran with everything she had.

Inside the sports car, a woman screamed at the top of her lungs. She had been trying to weave through traffic when Mila's massive hand descended from above. The huge fingers effortlessly punctured through the windows and trapped her inside the car.
"Oh God, please, no!" she shrieked, her voice cracking with fear. "Put me down, please!"
RAYS
ENGINEERING
EDGESTONE
DUNLOP
SCOTT
Arai

Mila looked inside the car with idle curiosity, tilting it slightly to get a better view of its occupant. The tiny woman's fear was amusing to Mila. The way she cowered against the leather seat, mascara running down her cheeks as she begged for mercy. Mila studied her with detached interest, like she was examining an insect under glass. It hadn't been that long since she'd swallowed the reporter and she wasn't particularly hungry yet... but that had never stopped her from snacking before.

The helicopter that had been keeping its distance suddenly veered closer. The chopper hovered about fifty feet above her head, just out of her reach... but well within throwing distance. She knew this could be her best chance to take down one of those annoying little choppers.

Meanwhile, the terrified woman squeezed through the broken frame where a windshield had once been. She clung onto of the vehicle, her hands trembling as she held on for dear life in search of a way down.

Mila tilted the car suddenly, making the woman lose her grip. The woman tumbled down the slick hood with a shriek. Before she could fall to her death, Mila put her hand out, catching the little one like a baseball.

The helicopter circled around Mila. She looked up at it, measuring the distance. It was close enough, she decided.
Mila's eyes narrowed. Her muscles tensed as she pulled her arm back and, with all her strength, hurled the car through the air. The helicopter pilot realized her plan at the last second and banked hard to the right. The sports car missed the rotor by mere feet, sailing right past the chopper with enough speed to throw the helicopter off-balance.
POLICE
Energy Drink
Juice
NOW WITH BUBBLES
APARTMENTS

"Shit!" Mila cursed. She watched as the helicopter continued its flight, retreating to a safer distance. The car she'd thrown tumbled through the air, end over end, before crashing down onto an empty office building a block away.

Mila was already losing interest in the helicopter. She shrugged and walked away in a huff. There would be other opportunities, she figured. For now she stomped her way down the street, leaving craters in the pavement in the process.
APARTMENTS
BAR and GRILL
THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

As she walked, Mila felt a strange tickling sensation against her palm. She'd almost forgotten about the woman she'd caught. Looking down, she saw the tiny figure clinging desperately to her index finger.
POLICE

Mila slowed her pace, raising her hand to examine the woman more closely. The woman wasn't quite as beautiful as the reporter, but she was still very pretty. Mila brought her close to her face, studying her features.
ONE WAY
NO PARKING
73
36
EMERGENCY
DIAL 911
POLICE
CARLTON COURTS APARTMENTS

A wail of sirens cut through the air, drawing Mila's attention away from her tiny captive. She looked over to see two police cars stopped a block away. For now, they amounted to little more than an annoyance. One she'd prefer to ignore for as long as possible.
POLICE
POLICE

Mila turned her attention back to the woman in her hand, eyeing her with a hunger that went far beyond her physical appetite. More than anything, she craved power; the absolute control over another person's existence. It was intoxicating.

Mila dangled the woman in the air, slowly lifting her up to her face. For a moment, the woman had a choice: to let go and fall to the concrete below, or to hold on and face whatever Mila had planned. In the end, her survival instinct overrode all else. She clung to Mila's finger with every ounce of strength she possessed.

As Mila lowered the woman to her mouth, the woman quickly realized what the giantess was planning. "No! You can't! Please, don't hurt me!"

Mila's expression didn't change as she slowly lowered the woman toward her parted lips. The woman's feet dangled just above Mila's mouth, close enough to feel the warm breath rising from below.

"No! NO! PLEASE!" The woman's screams grew more frantic as Mila lowered her further, her feet now touching Mila's bottom lip. "I'LL DO ANYTHING! PLEASE!"

Mila wasn't interested in hearing her out. Ignoring the pleas, she lowered the woman feet-first into her mouth. The woman's legs disappeared between Mila's lips, her screams muffled as she was pushed deeper inside. She tried to pull herself back out, but her strength was nothing compared to the giant woman. Mila could taste the subtle salt of her tears, the fabric of her clothing, the unique flavor of human terror.

Mila pushed the woman further inside with her tongue, feeling her squirm and struggle against the roof of her mouth. Then, with one final, casual motion, Mila tilted her head back and swallowed. The woman slid down her throat, her screams fading as she disappeared completely. Mila felt the small bulge travel down her esophagus, a momentary discomfort that quickly passed.
She ran her tongue over her lips, savoring the lingering taste. Eating people was a sensation she could certainly see herself getting used to. Not better or worse than regular food, just... different. More complex. More alive.
POLICE
HOTE

A third police car revved its engine as it pulled in, reminding Mila that she still had company. She turned toward the vehicles, looking at them with a mix of annoyance and amusement.
"You mind leaving me alone?" she murmured, shrugging at the officers. "You're already boring me, and I'm not interested in whatever you're trying to do. Goodbye."

SUPERIOR
PART 1