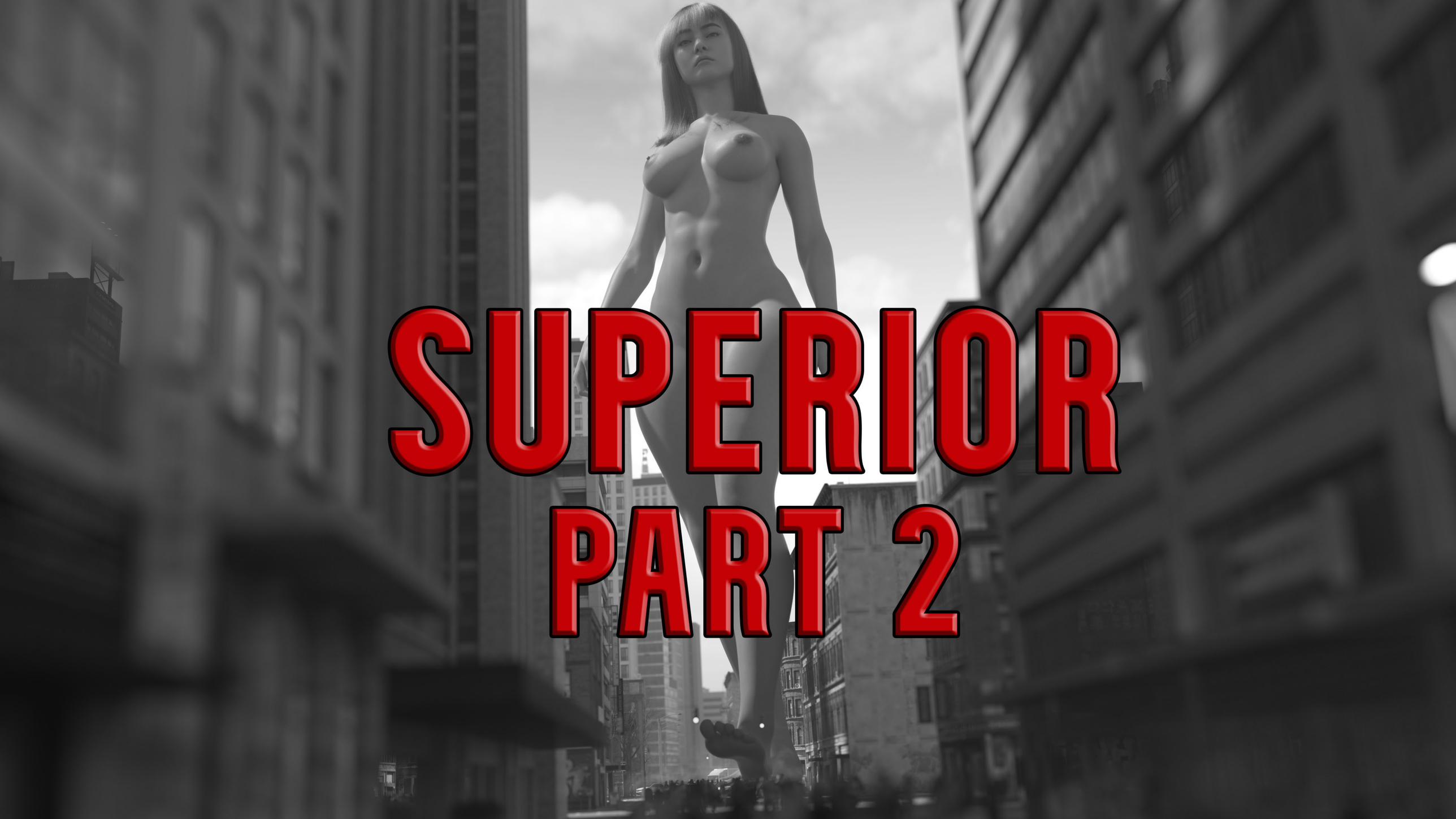
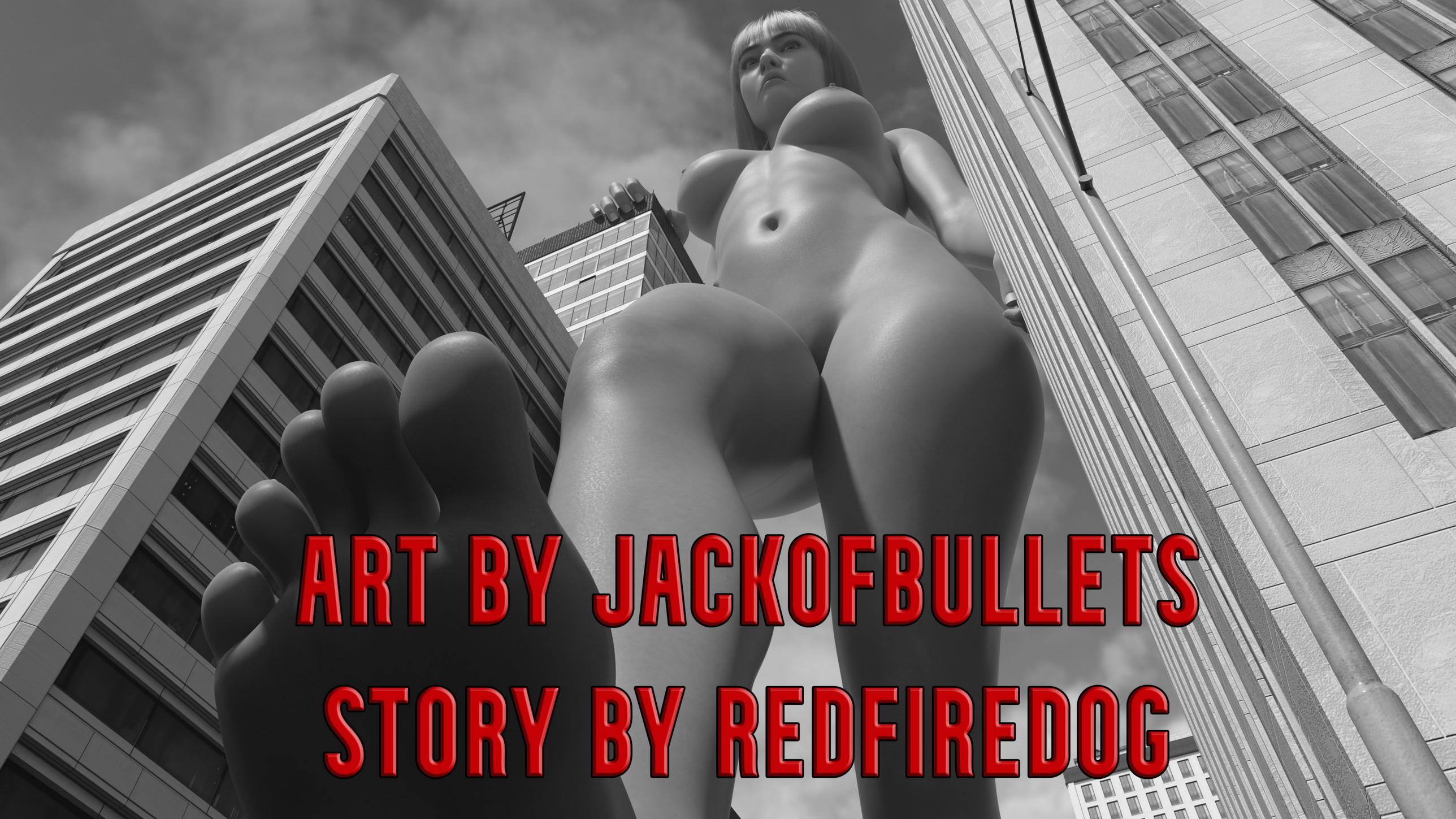
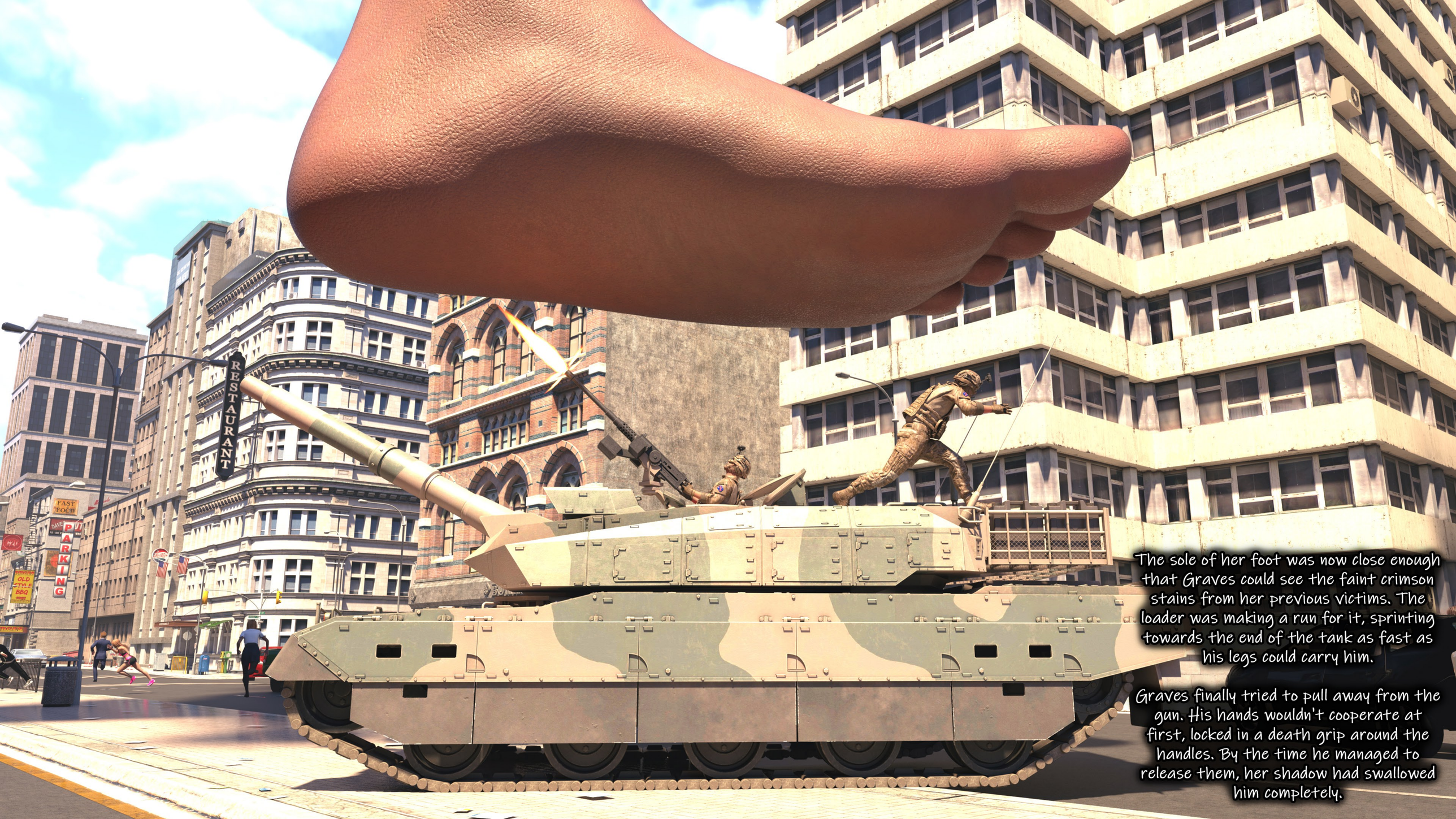

SUPERIOR
PART 2


ART BY JACKOFBULLETS
STORY BY REDFIREDOG



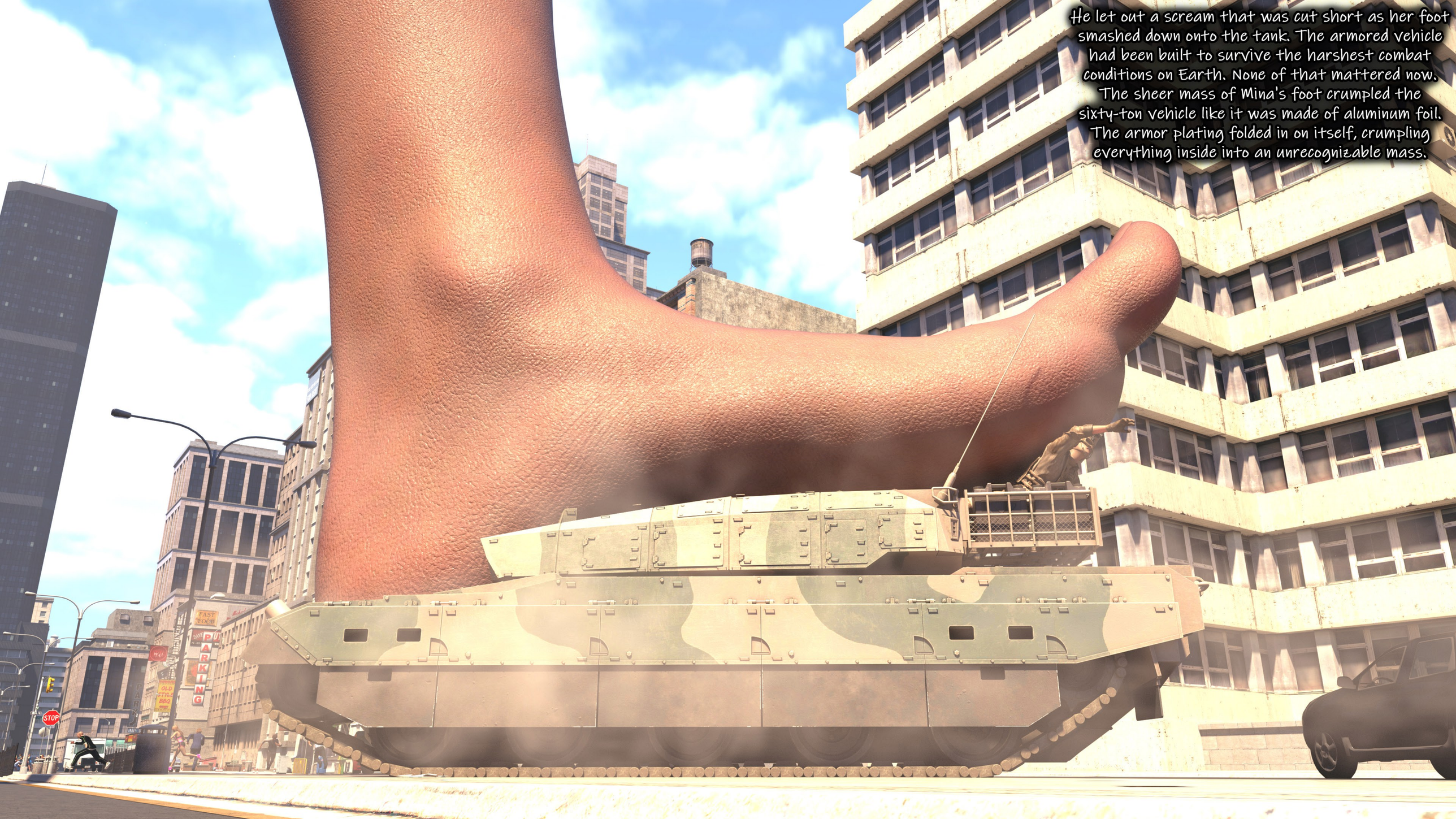
The machine gunner squeezed the trigger of the M2, spitting .50 caliber rounds up at the descending giantess. His teeth were clenched so hard his jaw ached. The recoil shook his entire body, but he ignored that. Each brass casing that ejected felt like a small piece of justice. Proof that the military would pull them out of this in the end.

"Graves! Get the fuck out of there!" The loader screamed from below, already scrambling through the hatch. "She's coming down right on top of us!"



The sole of her foot was now close enough that Graves could see the faint crimson stains from her previous victims. The loader was making a run for it, sprinting towards the end of the tank as fast as his legs could carry him.

Graves finally tried to pull away from the gun. His hands wouldn't cooperate at first, locked in a death grip around the handles. By the time he managed to release them, her shadow had swallowed him completely.


He let out a scream that was cut short as her foot smashed down onto the tank. The armored vehicle had been built to survive the harshest combat conditions on Earth. None of that mattered now. The sheer mass of Mina's foot crumpled the sixty-ton vehicle like it was made of aluminum foil. The armor plating folded in on itself, crumpling everything inside into an unrecognizable mass.
FAST FOOD
PARKING
STOP


Then came the explosion. The fuel tank ruptured under the immense pressure, and the diesel ignited in a brilliant orange fireball. The ammunition cooked off a moment later, adding to the inferno. Everyone still inside was vaporized in an instant, their remains mixing with the molten metal of their destroyed vehicle.


Natasha looked down at the burning wreckage beneath her foot with a mixture of boredom and disdain. Smoke curled up around her ankle, warm but not uncomfortable. "Why do they keep trying to kill me?" She wondered aloud with a simple shake of the head. "You'd think the little bugs would give up already."


The distant roar of jet engines drew her attention away from the smoldering wreckage beneath her. She casually turned her head, and scanned the horizon before quickly spotting them flying towards her. Three aircraft. Dark, angular, unlike the kinds she'd already seen. They cut through the sky in tight formation. She knew right away they were stealth bombers. She recognized the general shape from some movies she'd watched years ago.
She was annoyed that they were bothering her, but not quite bothered enough to roll her eyes. "Whatever." she said with a shrug. "It won't make a difference."

THREE YEARS LATER


The sound of screams echoed through Manhattan. Panicked crowds were trying to get away from her, leaving three lone SWAT officers to head directly for the danger, rather than away.
The lead officer of Echo Team charged through the streets, boots pounding against the pavement as he weaved between fleeing civilians. Behind him, two officers kept pace, their rifles held at the ready. They were amped up by adrenaline as they charged forward, ready for action.
SERGIOS DESIGN
SERGIOS DESIGNER MENS SHOES
North St
HOTEL
SHOP THERAPY
Phone
Phone


Then they saw her, and all three stopped dead in their tracks. The giantess walked forward, her massive, nude form emerging from behind a row of skyscrapers like an ancient colossus. She had to be at least three hundred feet tall, maybe more.
She stepped over the intersection ahead of them, raising her foot above a cluster of cars that had been abandoned in the gridlock. The drivers had fled, but not everyone had made it far enough.
North St
ERGIOS DESIGNER MENS SHOES


She stepped down. Just like that, cars, people, and asphalt were crushed beneath her foot in an instant. The sound was something the survivors would never forget, a wet crunch mixed with the screech of metal punctuated by a bassy rumble. Her footstep shook the ground, knocking some of the officers off their feet.
While civilians continued to flee in every direction, one officer stood firm. His training kicked in, overriding his survival instinct. Throwing all caution to the wind, he raised his rifle and opened fire, unloading a magazine into the giant's leg.
ONE WAY
Easy St
NO PARKING
SHOP
THERAPY


Mila looked down at the people below with casual indifference. She felt the bullets bouncing off of her leg, but there was no pain in the sensation. She'd quickly become acclimated to the sights, smells, and sensations that walking around at this size entailed.
B1
North St
N 72nd St
ERGIOS DESIGNER MENS SHOES
HOTEL


Echo Team watched uneasily. The giantess was still a block away, and she seemingly hadn't noticed them yet. For a moment, it almost seemed like she might just keep walking. Might pass them by entirely, sparing them from what had suddenly become all-too-real.


Then she looked right in their direction.
Mila placed her hand on a nearby office tower, and rounded the corner. Something had caught her attention. It wasn't the handful of SWAT officers, who were still beneath her notice. It was something else, off in the distance. Something that had piqued her curiosity.


Watching where she placed her feet was not even on her mind when she raised her foot into the air. Her attention remained fixed on whatever had caught her eye in the distance.


Below her, terrified civilians fled in every direction. A redhead woman in a black dress stumbled on her heels, falling to her knees on the pavement. A young man in a plaid shirt tried to outrun her, screaming in terror as he saw the massive shadow cover him completely.
DESIGNER MENS SHOES
TETLEYS
HOTEL


Mila stepped down, crushing them both into the asphalt without even a second thought. The impact cracked the asphalt, obliterating everything beneath her sole in an instant.
A young man in a suit looked back over his shoulder, his face pale with shock. He'd been running right in front of those two only seconds prior. If he'd been just two steps slower... He didn't finish the thought. He didn't want to imagine such a grisly end. He only kept running.
MENS SHOES
SHOES
TETLEYS



Soon, she was nearly on top of Bravo team. The officers repositioned, keeping their rifles trained on the approaching giantess.

Two of them opened fire with their assault rifles, unloading round after round. Every single bullet hit its mark, owed in large part to the sheer size of their target. And every single one of those bullets pinged harmlessly off her skin, completely ignored by that same target.


Mila took another casual step. Her toes slammed into two of the officers, sending them flying back onto the hot pavement like ragdolls. Another officer stumbled backward, his finger still on the trigger.


Mila stepped down, crushing the two officers beneath her. The third officer stared in disbelief, barely able to comprehend what had just happened. He held the trigger down, unloading every bullet he had on her in a panicked state over what he'd just witnessed.
A block away, the police had set up a defensive position behind a yellow metal barricade. A half-dozen officers crouched behind a barrier, their rifles trained on the approaching giantess.



Behind the barricade, a police sergeant held a megaphone in trembling hands. He'd spent twenty years on the force, and had seen the worst criminal elements the city had to offer. None of that experience had prepared him for this.

"Mila Armana!" His amplified voice cracked slightly. "Listen up! I'm with the NYPD! I'm here to negotiate!"


Mila reluctantly stopped and stared down at them. Her expression shifted from disinterest to mild irritation. "What do you want now?" She asked, barely containing her annoyance.
CANTON
CHINESE RESTAURANT


The sergeant swallowed hard. "It...It's very simple! All we ask is that you stop your rampage, and leave the city carefully!" He said, trying to keep his voice steady. "Neither side wants to escalate this any further. That way we can end this peacefully, and not..."
STF


Mila stared down at him coldly. "And not... what, exactly? Go on." She said, her tone venomous. "Are you saying that if I don't do what you say, you'll try to blow me up like you did my sister?"


The sergeant's face went pale. "No, no. Of course not! That's not what I'm saying at all!" He fumbled with the megaphone, feeling he was losing control of the conversation. "We paid dearly for that as well, Mila. Nobody wants a repeat of that. We're trying to find a peaceful solution here. If you could just cooperate with us, we can work something out. There's no reason to hurt anyone else."
It all seemed so absurd to Mila. These tiny little bugs beneath her, trying to talk to her like equals. Like they had any leverage whatsoever.


Mila leaned forward, staring down the sergeant with a withering glare. "I'm afraid I see no reason to accept." She said. "How about a new deal. On MY terms."
The sergeant knew he wouldn't like what Mila was about to suggest, but he played along anyway. "We're all ears. What did you have in mind?" he asked.
Mila straightened up, looking down at him like he was a particularly stupid child. "I think I'll do whatever I feel like, and I'll squish anyone who gets on my nerves." she said. "In return... you can go away. Or die. I'll let you pick. Is that a deal?"



The sergeant's hands were shaking so badly now that he nearly dropped the megaphone. "Um... P-Please, Miss Armana, let's be reasonable. We can offer you... ahem, we can arrange... something!... There has to be something you want. I have a direct channel with some powerful people. Whatever you want, we'll get it."


Mila shrugged. "I like my offer better.
End of negotiations, bye bye now."


Four officers in combat gear stood next to the sergeant, their weapons trained on the giantess. The sergeant lowered the megaphone and turned to face them, his expression grim. "So much for negotiations."
36
STE


"Do we have permission to engage?"
One of the men asked.
The sergeant sighed heavily.
"Negative. Hold your fire."
CANTON
CHINESE RESTAURANT


"FUCK THAT!" One of the men shouted, immediately defying orders. He was a younger man, barely twenty-five, with something to prove. He stepped forward, aimed his M4 at Mila's chest, and squeezed the trigger. The burst of automatic fire echoed off the surrounding buildings, signaling the end of negotiations.


Mila stared down at him, disgust gradually turning into anger. "You annoyed me." She said flatly. "So, you go squish now. A deal is a deal."


"What the hell are you doing?!" The sergeant grabbed the young officer's shoulder, yanking him backward. "You're going to piss her off!"
But it was too late. Mila was already walking toward them, her footsteps shaking the ground. She raised her foot above an abandoned sedan, not even bothering to look at it. It came down a moment later, crumpling the car beneath her sole.
CANTON
CHINESE RESTAURANT


The sergeant lunged forward, grabbing the young officer by the collar and yanking him backward. "Stop, you idiot! You're going to get us all killed!"
SERGIOS DESIGNER MENS SHOES


But the damage was done. Mila's attention was now fully focused on their little group. She raised her foot above them, her shadow spreading across the street.
"Run! Everyone move!" The sergeant shoved the young officer aside and sprinted for cover. The others scattered, running in every direction.


All but one. One of the officers was simply paralyzed with fear at the sight of the immense foot descending directly onto him. His legs simply refused to obey his brain's frantic commands. He stood there, rifle still raised, staring up at the sole of Mila's foot as it descended. Beside him, another officer had tripped and was scrambling to get up. Wind rushed past them as Mila's sole rushed towards them.
POLICE
24
POLICE
A 548235
DEDICATED TO YOUR SAFETY


POLICE
POLICE
Neither of them made it.
Mila's foot crashed into the ground with earth-shaking force. The barricade crumpled. The pavement cracked. The two officers simply ceased to exist, their bodies reduced to little more than red smears slicked beneath her sole.


Mila lifted her foot slightly, examining the mess with detached curiosity. "Huh. You'd think they'd have learned to run faster by now." She mused, her voice carrying that same bored tone. "Natural selection at work, I guess."


The remaining officers were still running, but not the sergeant. He stopped in his tracks, screaming furiously at one particular officer.
"Price, get the fuck back here!" he screamed, his voice cracking. "This is your goddamn fault! If you hadn't opened fire, we could have—"


Mila loomed directly above him, her massive body blocking out the sky. Her expression was one of mild amusement, like a cat that had cornered a particularly entertaining mouse.
The sergeant was so consumed by his rage that he didn't notice the shadow falling over him. He didn't realize his mistake until it was far too late.


Finally, the sergeant looked up, just in time to see her foot come down on him. Her big toe pressed down against his head, pushing down with enough force to prevent him from moving. The pressure increased slowly, until he was forced to his knees.



In no time at all he was on his back, desperately pushing against the toe that was toying with him. The sergeant could feel his skull straining, the bones beginning to creak. He tried to scream, but the weight on his chest had already forced all the air from his lungs.

Mila pushed down. Her big toe ground him into the pavement with a wet crunch, leaving nothing but a red spray across the concrete.


For once, a genuine smile crossed Mila's face. It was small, barely noticeable, but it was there. "A deal's a deal." she mused.


She looked down at the remaining officers, still running for their lives. They were like little ants from up here, scurrying around in their pointless panic. She could chase them down easily enough, crush them one by one. But it hardly seemed worth the effort.


"I've got better things to do." She muttered, already losing interest in the fleeing figures.


The surviving SWAT officers finally stopped running when they realized she was no longer following. One by one they turned back, and watched uneasily as Mila turned away from them. The giantess didn't even spare them a second glance as she walked in the opposite direction.
ANTON
EMERGENCY
DIAL 911
POLICE
RESPONDER


They gawked up at her in awe as she walked away, her massive body disappearing behind the skyscrapers. None of them moved. None of them spoke. They just watched in silence, unable to process what they'd just witnessed.


Back in her office, Mayor Melnitz was in the middle of a heated argument with her staff. "So what if our first couple of plans didn't work? What am I supposed to do about that? I'm not going to let some meatheads in the military blow up half of downtown because they don't have any better ideas. There has to be way to stop her without all that collateral damage! So, what's the next plan?"

Reluctantly, Himari stood up and raised her voice. "Mrs. Mayor, if you don't mind me interjecting... The longer we wait to stop Mila, the bigger she's going to get. The casualties could get exponentially higher if we wait. Even a few hours could prove-"

Coogler interrupted. "It's just like I said! We need to let the military step in and do whatever needs to be done. Let them drop whatever bomb they used to take out Natasha. It worked then, it will work now!"




"No. Not just yet." the mayor said, pressing her hands together. "Not until we try one last contingency plan. One that I've put together myself."


"Your own plan?" Coogler asked. "Mrs. Mayor, with all due respect... You're a politician, not a military strategist. Let someone who knows what they're doing take charge!"


The mayor slammed a fist down on the table, startling Charles. "God damn it, old man, I've had enough of your shit! If you're not going to be constructive, the door is that way, okay?"


Madeline looked away from her tablet, clearing her throat to get everyone's attention. "Mrs. Mayor, I know Coogler doesn't always phrase things the best way, but he's got a point. The NYPD just don't have the firepower to take her down. The heavies will stand a better chance than the boys in blue. Forces are standing by. Just give the word, and the National Guard will be there before you know it."


The mayor looked down at her table, lost in thought. "Fine. I'll give the National Guard the go-ahead to operate in the city. But no bomb! They're going to try another plan. My plan. Can you relay that, Charles?"


"I'll let them know right away, Mrs. Mayor." Charles replied. "Now what exactly was this plan you had in mind?"
STZ


After a few minutes of wandering around, Mila made her way to the middle of downtown. She rounded a corner and found herself looking down at streets packed to the brim with people. People that Mila didn't care about in the slightest.


Mila walked down the crowded street, never once bothering to look down. Her feet came down again and again, each step claiming dozens of lives. The screams below barely registered to her anymore. They amounted to little more than background noise to accompany her afternoon stroll.


She stopped when something different caught her eye. To her left stood an old brick building, maybe three to four stories tall. It was dwarfed by the glass and steel office towers surrounding it, a relic from another era.
It stood out... and not in a way she found pleasing.


"It's time for some demolition." Mila deadpanned. She raised her foot above the building, positioning her heel over the roof.


The people inside the old building only had a few seconds to register what was about to happen. They saw Mila stop, and raise her foot above the building. Before they could even think about trying to escape, she brought her heel down, causing the entire thing to shake violently.
삼덕 전기
MAKE YOUR VOICE HEARD
VOTE MAYOR GOLDIE
SHOP THERAPY



A second later, her heel slammed into the building, punching straight through the top two floors. Brick and mortar exploded outward, raining debris down onto the street below. Several lives were extinguished, without even a moment of consideration from the giantess.


She pressed her foot down further, boring through floor after floor. The building collapsed in on itself in a matter of seconds, folding like a house of cards beneath her weight. Dust billowed up in thick clouds, coating everything in gray.
Easy St
N 72nd St
삼덕전기 자동제어반



A moment later, Mila looked down at it, her eyes half-closed. She was mildly amused by the destruction, which made it well worth the lives she'd just ended... but she felt unsatisfied. She needed more.


Luckily for her, there was no short supply of targets in the vicinity. Her gaze lazily drifted to the office tower beside her, which seemed to almost glow in the bright sun. It was a sleek modern structure, all shiny glass and steel, maybe forty stories tall. Through the windows, she could see the tiny figures of office workers frozen at their desks, staring out at her in horror.


Their horror amused Mila, and the thought of ending their little lives amused her even more. She chuckled to herself as she pulled her fist back.


Mila's elbow slammed through the side of the building, shattering glass and smashing concrete. Some officer workers flew through the air, while others were buried beneath the collapsing floors above them. It amused Mila, knowing she could break so many things with so little effort.


She didn't waste any time inspecting her handiwork, however. She simply continued walking, leaving the demolished building behind her. Smoke poured from the massive hole in its side, as the ruined electrical system quickly ignited into an inferno. Without the ceiling-mounted sprinklers to put it out, the survivors scrambled over rubble in a desperate bid to avoid the flames.
開催中!
Museum



Mila's foot came down onto another cluster of fleeing people. She felt them compress beneath her sole, their bodies bursting as easily as grapes. The sensation barely registered anymore. It was just part of walking now, like stepping on leaves in autumn. It even had that same enjoyable crunch.


She lifted her foot and glanced down with mild curiosity. The remains sunk into the broken asphalt, flattened beyond recognition. Red smears marked where they had been, the only evidence that human beings had existed there moments before.


Another step. More bodies. The crunch of bone and the squelch of flesh had become background noise, no more noteworthy than the sound of her own breathing. It was the sounds of the city as far as she was concerned, and it energized her as she continued onward.


Another step. The screaming intensified, then abruptly stopped beneath her heel. She bit her bottom lip, before sighing, and continuing onward.
STARS
ONLY
STOP


Or so she planned. Mila stopped abruptly when she felt a force pressing against her sides. She looked down and realized the buildings on either side of the street had narrowed considerably. The gap between them was well under a hundred feet wide. Plenty of space for the miniscule little people skittering at her feet, but not nearly enough room for a woman her size to squeeze through.
Mila rested her hand against one of the buildings, and considered her options. The obvious solution would be to turn sideways and shimmy through. That was the practical approach. The reasonable approach.


Mila had no interest in being reasonable. Her size meant she didn't have to, and she was intent on enjoying that aspect to the fullest.
"Move." she ordered the buildings, as if they might obey.
She pushed forward without turning her hips. Her body pressed against both buildings simultaneously, her curves forcing their way into spaces that were never designed to accommodate something her size.


The white tower on her right began to crack. The fractures started as small, hairline fissures racing up the concrete facade. Then larger chunks began to break away, tumbling down to the streets below.


On her left, a squat office building fared even worse. The windows shattered in cascading waves as her hip ground against them. The entire structure started to lean away as her body pushed against it.


Mila forced herself deeper between the buildings, her skin scraping against concrete and steel. The white tower groaned in protest as her shoulder pressed harder. She twisted slightly, grinding her hips forward through the narrowest section. As she did more windows shattered, raining glass on the streets below.


Finally, the pressure let up as her hips cleared the worst of it. She was almost free now, just her trailing leg still brushing against the damaged structures.
She stepped clear of the buildings and turned back to face the white tower. The structure had the audacity to stand there, still upright. Still defiant. The slight irritated her more than it should have.


Through the windows on the twentieth floor, dozens of faces stared out at her. Office workers who'd been too paralyzed by fear to run earlier had watched her struggle through. But the moment her eyes locked onto theirs, the spell broke. They scattered like roaches, abandoning their desks and racing for the exits.


Mila placed both arms against the white building's facade. She leaned her weight into it, feeling the building resist her push, but not entirely.
The tower had been designed to withstand earthquakes and high winds... But it had never been designed to withstand Mila Armana. Gritting her teeth, she gave it another firm push.
MIDC


Chunks of concrete broke free from the upper floors, tumbling down to the streets below. Pedestrians ran as fast as they could, screaming as deadly debris crashed around them.
MAKE YOUR VOICE HEARD
VOTE MAYOR GILDIE
SALE
SHOP THERAPY
Del's LAUNDROMAT
336
OFFICE SUPPLIES
Phone
Phone


Mila felt the building start to give. She adjusted her stance and pushed with everything she had. The structure groaned, tilting away from her bit by bit.
MAKE YOUR VOICE HEARD
VOTE MAYOR GOLDIE
Dal's
LAUNDROMAT
SHOP
THERAPY


Then, all at once, it started to give. The bottom floors buckled. The support columns snapped like twigs. The base of the building collapsed, and suddenly the white tower was tipping over.


It toppled like a felled tree, slowly at first, almost gracefully. The top of the building arced through the air, picking up speed moment by moment.
FAUX NEWS
TkF



Mila watched with growing impatience. It was falling, yes, but not fast enough. Not dramatically enough. This was supposed to be satisfying, but instead it was boring her.

Mila pulled her leg back and smashed it straight into the building. Her foot crashed through the middle of the tower, snapping the building in half. The upper half separated completely, tumbling forward at the speed of gravity. It crashed into the street with a boom that shook the ground for miles.


Mila dusted her hands off and turned away from the destruction. Her attention drifted down to the streets below, to the tiny figures below. They were still running, still screaming, still pretending they had any chance of escaping her. That was the way she liked it.
MIDCITY


Back in her office, the mayor was panicking.
"What's taking the National Guard so damned long? She's completely out of control!"


Himari could barely suppress her panic. "Mrs. Melnitz, look! She just kicked over a whole building! I didn't even know she was that strong!"
TkF
STZ


"We can't afford to wait for everything to be in place. We need to stop her, now!" Coogler said, pounding his fist against his hand for emphasis. "Just say the word, and let them drop the fucking bomb already!"


Madeline glared back at the old man. "She already made herself clear, Coogler," she said. "She doesn't want to blow up half the city. And you know what? I don't either."


Madeline turned towards the mayor, smiling at her. "Your plan is brilliant, Mrs. Mayor. Just lure her into an open area, and pound her with fire. There's no need for one giant bomb when you can hit her with hundreds precision missiles. Isn't that right, Mrs. Mayor?"


The mayor tried to force a confident smile, but it quickly faded. "I think so," she said, her voice wavering. "That is, if the National Guard can pull it off before her next growth spurt..."


Mila was mid-stride when something hit her in the back, exploding in a white-hot fireball. The impact wasn't enough to knock her off balance, but it stung like someone had pressed a hot iron into her back.


Mila stopped in her tracks, clenching her jaw. The police had annoyed Mila before, but this time was different. That one actually hurt.


Mila turned around slowly, her eyes scanning the streets behind her. Her gaze swept over the fleeing crowds and smoking rubble. Then she saw it.
A military vehicle sat in the middle of an intersection, maybe two blocks back. It was squat and ugly, painted a nasty shade of green. It looked like some kind of dune buggy, with an oversized gun mounted on top. The barrel was still pointed in her direction, a thin wisp of smoke curling from its tip.


The two soldiers inside realized their mistake at exactly the same moment. "She's onto us! Go! Go! Go!" the gunner screamed. "Get us the hell out of here!"
MILITARY
60
09
MILITARY
09


The buggy's tires squealed as it lurched backward. The driver cranked the wheel hard, turning as fast as he could. The vehicle fishtailed, burning rubber as it sputtered forward.
Mila took a step toward them. The ground shook. She took another step, halving the distance between them. Her pace had quickened. The soldiers had crossed a line, and now they would pay for it.
HOTEL
SWEETS
SWEETS
MIL
09


The buggy rounded a corner, weaving through gaps in the crowds. The street ahead was choked with abandoned vehicles parked so close together they formed a narrow bottleneck. The driver had no choice but to slam on the brakes and cautiously navigate the obstacles presented.
HOTEL


When Mila reached the intersection, she saw the buggy again, now slowed almost to a crawl. She raised her foot, holding it in mid-air for a moment to watch. Below, the driver was inching the buggy forward, trying to thread the needle between the two parked vehicles without damaging his own transport.
The gunner had abandoned the mounted rocket launcher and grabbed his assault rifle, raising it to his shoulder. He opened fire, unloading everything he had on the giantess.
HOTEL


The bullets pinged harmlessly off Mila's leg. She brought her foot down, cracking the asphalt as she walked towards them.
HOTEL


The buggy squeezed through the narrow gap, scraping against both vehicles. The driver came out on the other side and gunned the engine, swerving around an old green Cadillac, then a white sedan. The driver overcorrected, nearly sideswiping a white delivery truck that was in the middle of the intersection.
SERGIOS DESIGNER MENS SHOES
SHOP THERAPY
HOTEL


The buggy flew past the delivery truck, engine screaming. The gunner never stopped firing, emptying magazine after magazine at Mila's soles in a futile display of desperation.
The soldiers were gaining speed, but Mila picked up the pace. It quickly became obvious which of them was faster.
SERGIOS DESIGNER MENS SHOES
HOTEL


Mila's next step came down hard enough to shatter the pavement. The impact shook the ground, and the buggy caught air for a moment, all four wheels leaving the ground. The front tires crashed back down with a thud, and it kept on driving.
Mila took another step, clipping the white delivery truck with her foot as she passed it. The vehicle toppled over onto its side, soaring through the air for only a moment before slamming down hard onto the sidewalk.


The buggy was directly beneath her now. Mila raised her foot above it, getting ready to stomp down. The gunner looked up, trying to suppress his terror. He squeezed the trigger one final time, firing a final burst of bullets at her. If he would die here, it wouldn't be without a fight.


Then something exploded against Mila's collarbone. The impact snapped her head to the side. This one hit just as hard as the last, causing a sharp burst of pain that actually made her flinch. She stumbled backwards, missing her target as she stepped down.
GLADIATOR ARMS
GLADIATOR USA



It didn't take Mila long to find the culprit. Two more buggies were stationed a block away, their own mounted guns pointed at her. They had fired while she was distracted, catching her completely off guard.


The first buggy seized its opportunity and peeled away, disappearing down a side street. Mila didn't even glance at it. She'd already forgotten about those two soldiers, and if they were smart, they would do the same. Now she pursued this new pair with the same determination.
MENS SHOES
AMERICAN MUSCLE
SALE 75%
SALE 75%
1 HOUR FILM PROCESSING
COLT
79


Mila chased after the distant vehicles, her footsteps coming faster now. She stomped her way through an intersection without slowing, narrowly missing one of the vehicles as it rounded the corner.
EL MOLEROS FLAVOURS OF MEXICO
BEANS 'N RICE
EL MOLEROS
B COOPER FOR MAYOR!
VOTE FOR FREEDOM
AMERICAN MUSCLE


"You stupid little shit!" Mila cursed at the fleeing vehicle. "Come back here and let me stomp on you!"


Another explosion hit her, this one slamming into her stomach. The pain was even worse than the others. Sharp and immediate, it had struck in a much more sensitive area and actually made her scream.


Mila's hands balled into fists, the aloofness she'd carried since growing long gone. "You're dead." Mila growled quietly. It wasn't a threat, just a simple statement of fact.


Mila looked up at the two buggies. They were already two blocks ahead of her, and gaining speed by the second. She wasn't going to let them get away. She chased after them, walking as fast as her massive feet could carry her.
CINEMA
Juice


The buggies turned onto a wider street, weaving around a white delivery van. Mila followed after them, rounding the corner. Behind them, helicopter rotors thumped in the distance, as more military units scrambled to respond.
FAST FOOD
PARKING
OLD STYLE BBQ


Mila ignored the helicopters completely, not even sparing them a glance. Her eyes stayed locked on the two vehicles ahead. They were the ones who'd actually hurt her. They'd actually managed to cause her pain. Paying that back took priority over anything else. What they had done was unforgivable.
FAST FOOD
photo lab
1 HOUR PICKUP
DIGITAL PHOTOS
6.95
photo lab
6.95
DELI
RESTAURANT
PARK
DRUGS


She stormed through another intersection, her foot coming down with enough force to crater the asphalt. Onlookers recoiled from behind barriers as the impact shook the ground. They too were beneath Mila's notice.
UGHS
DRUGS
STOP



Mila only cared about one thing. The distance between her and the buggies was rapidly shrinking. The rear buggy was almost within reach now. Mila stretched her leg forward, intent on catching them with her next step.


while Mila was concerned with the buggies, the helicopters followed close behind. She was so wholly focused on the speeding vehicles at her feet she didn't even notice when one of them fired another rocket at her.
RESTAURANT


Mila's foot swung forward, inches away from crushing the rear buggy into scrap metal. But just before she could finally smash it, the rocket hit. The missile hit the back of her knee, exploding in a white-hot fireball and once again throwing her off-balance.


Mila's leg buckled. She gasped, grasping her knee as waves of searing pain radiated up and down her leg.
NORTH
INTERSTATE
495
EXIT 25
LAST EXIT
SPEED LIMIT
50
ONE WAY
FOR RENT
DRUGS
COSMETICS
DRUGSTORE
photo lab
DRUGS
COSMETICS
PHARMACY
RESTAURANT
PARKING


Down below, the gunner in the rear buggy grabbed his radio. "Command, this is Romeo Two! Target is hurt! Repeat, target is hurt! She's down on one knee. They got her!"
NORTH
INTERSTATE
495
LAST EXIT
SPEED LIMIT
50
FAST FOOD
RESTAURANT


Mila heard the hum of helicopter rotors getting louder. Grudgingly, she glanced back, looking at the choppers hovering behind her. She fantasized about swiping them down, but they were too high for her to reach.


Then, Mila heard the sound of crowds murmuring below, and she looked down at the streets. Crowds of onlookers lined both sides, standing behind metal barricades. They weren't running from her. They were watching, and waiting. Like spectators at some kind of sporting event.
The barricades extended down every side street, blocking off escape routes. This entire boulevard had been cleared of traffic, swept clean. Not a single abandoned car cluttered the pavement ahead of her.
"Oh." Mila said flatly. "So, this is a trap?"
DAVES AUT
PH - 021 276 7765
photo lab
1 HOUR PICKUP
DIGITAL PHOTOS
Eclipse
An apple a day...
SEA VIEW HOTEL
FOR RENT
For Lease
SAVES AUTO SALES
PARKING
STOP
BURROUGHS
PAINT & HARDWARE


Not a moment later, the helicopters opened fire. Streaks of white smoke lanced through the air as missiles separated from their launch pods. Two from each helicopter, all aimed at the same target.


The first missile hit between her shoulder blades. The explosion rippled across her back, and Mila's spine arched involuntarily. As if this was the intention, the second hit lower, near her tailbone. Then the third and fourth made sure she didn't have a moment's reprieve. Each impact ramped up the pain even further. Mila stumbled forward, and her legs gave out. Her knees slammed into the pavement hard enough to crack it.
Soldiers in tactical gear poured out from nearby buildings, raising their assault rifles in perfect synchronization. "Fire!" someone screamed.
RESTAURANT
DRUGSTORE



The street erupted in gunfire. Dozens of rifles opened up at once, creating a deafening wall of sound. Bullets stitched across Mila's torso, arms, and face. They failed to penetrate her skin, but with her back burning so badly they weren't helping.

More missiles streaked in from behind. Two more impacts, one after another, slamming into her spine. Mila's arms buckled. She fell forward onto her hands and knees, her palms slapping against the pavement.


The soldiers kept firing while the helicopters reloaded for another volley. Mila was caught in a crossfire, pinned down like an insect under a microscope.
She raised one hand to shield her face from the rifle fire. At least she could spare herself that indignity. The bullets pinged harmlessly off her palm, but the gesture felt important somehow. A tiny scrap of dignity in the middle of this humiliation.
DELL
OPEN 7 DAYS
DRUGS
RESTAURANT
VANDAL
VANDAL
STOP


Another missile hit her back. Then another. The helicopters had reloaded faster than she'd expected. Professional soldiers, a fair bit more organized than the incompetent police she'd been dealing with.
Mila gritted her teeth. Her fingers dug into the asphalt, tearing up chunks of pavement. She planted one foot beneath her, then the other. Slowly, she got up onto her knees. Even as the helicopters pelted her with rockets, Mila pushed herself up. Her legs trembled as she forced them to straighten, fighting against the waves of pain radiating through her body.
She reached out blindly, her hand finding the corner of a nearby office building. Her fingers dug into the concrete facade, using it as leverage. She pulled herself upward, climbing to her feet one agonizing inch at a time. Every missile impact made her flinch, but she refused to go down again.
DRUGS
COSMETICS
PHARMACY
BEER & WINE
RESTAURANT
PARKING
FAST FOOD
photo lab
DRUGS
FOR RENT
COSMETICS


Finally, she stood. Her chest heaved with ragged breaths. The helicopters stopped firing their rockets. Every part of her was in pain, but she was standing tall.
"My turn." She whispered.


Mila spread her arms wide, throwing her head back. The scream that tore from her throat echoed through the streets, raw and primal. She felt that familiar sensation from before, that surge of energy building inside her chest. It wasn't easy to channel and focus that energy, but she was very motivated at the moment.
Grow. She willed it with everything she had. Grow bigger. Grow stronger. Show them how insignificant they really are. The energy built up, bubbled beneath the surface. Threatened to overflow at any moment...!
RESTAURA


But nothing happened.
Mila redoubled her efforts. She screamed louder, pouring every ounce of rage and humiliation into it. Her voice cracked with the effort. The crowd behind the barricades covered their ears, wincing at the sheer power behind her vocal cords.
Still nothing. Not an inch. Not even a fraction of an inch.
She held the pose for another few seconds, arms outstretched, waiting for the transformation that refused to come. Then slowly, reluctantly, she lowered her arms.


Mila stared at her hands, turning them over as if seeing them for the first time. Her fingers flexed, clenched into fists, then opened again. They looked the same as they had a minute ago. The same as they'd looked all day.
What's wrong with me?
The thought hit her like a physical blow. She'd managed to do this once already. Back at the beginning of her rampage, she'd doubled in size just by willing it. Just by screaming and channeling that energy. Why wasn't it working now?


A new sound cut through her confusion. The roar of jet engines, powerful and close. Mila's head snapped upward, and her fears were confirmed.
CALL 029 987 665
FOR RENT


Two A-10 Thunderbolt jets flew toward her, coming in at incredible speed. They were still a ways off, but they were coming in fast.


Mila's body tensed instinctively. She knew these planes weren't here for sight-seeing. She was about to find out what their guns could do to a three-hundred-foot woman.
FAST FOOD
OLD STYLE BBQ
CALL 029 987 665
FOR RENT
RESTAURANT
DRUGS
COSMETICS
PHARMACY

The lead pilot's finger hovered over the trigger. His targeting reticle centered on the giantess's torso. "Warthog One has target lock. Engaging now."

The GAU-8 Avenger rotary cannon roared to life. The seven-barrel Gatling gun spat out dozens of armor-piercing rounds a second, each round the size of a milk bottle. The weapon's recoil was so violent it actually slowed the aircraft down.




A volley of rounds struck Mila's chest, exploding on impact. One round after another exploded, detonating against her skin in a brilliant flash of light and heat. Mila screamed at the top of her lungs, writhing in pain as she felt as if she were being cooked alive.


Then, finally, the planes pulled back. The soldiers behind her stood uneasily for a moment. She stood there, her body swaying slowly as she struggled to compose herself.
"She's still standing. Resume fire!" One soldier shouted, opening fire on Mila with his assault rifle. The other soldiers joined in, blasting Mila with hundreds of rounds in a second.
PARKING
RESTAURANT


Mila tried to hold on, but she could only take so much. The world felt like it was spinning around her. She tried forcing herself to stay conscious. To stay awake... but it was too much.


The soldiers knew better than to declare victory before it was over. They hit Mila with everything they had, emptying their magazines on her. In spite of it all, she stood there, refusing to fall. Then, finally, her head fell limp, throwing her center of gravity off balance.
FAST FOOD
DRUGS
photo lab
1 HOUR PICKUP
PHARMACY
DRUGS
COSMETICS
DRUGSTORE
COSMETICS
photo lab
RESTAURANT
DRUGS


Slowly, almost imperceptivity, Mila started to fall. At first it was just a slight tilt backward, until gravity took hold. She fell, faster and faster, as her massive body accelerated toward the ground.
A college girl who'd taken a wrong turn suddenly found herself in Mila's shadow. As she climbed out of her van, her eyes went wide. She looked up and saw Mila's unconscious body plummeting down towards her.
RESTAURANT
DELLCO
AUTO SALES


The girl ditched her van and ran for it, sprinting as fast as she could. But she'd started too late, and there was nowhere to go. The shadow swallowed her completely.


Mila's back slammed into the street with a boom that rattled windows for blocks. The impact crater spread outward, smashing the asphalt. Car alarms wailed in the distance. The unfortunate girl simply ceased to exist, along with her delivery truck and the abandoned sedans that had been left behind in the evacuation. All of it disappeared beneath Mila's back, compressed into the shattered pavement.
Dust billowed up in thick clouds, coating everything in gray dust. For a long moment, nothing moved. Mila lay sprawled across the street. The soldiers held their positions, weapons still trained on the fallen giantess. Nobody spoke. Nobody moved. They all waited, watching for any sign that she might get back up.
Then, from somewhere in the ranks, a single voice broke the silence. "Did... did we get her?"


Back in her office, Mayor Melnitz threw up her hands and cheered. "What did I tell you? We fucking got her!" she shouted. "That's right! Mission fucking accomplished!"


Applause echoed through the office, as they watched the footage live on TV. Mila was lying still on the street, as smoke slowly rose around her body. Once again, a giant had attacked the city, and once again their military might had taken her down.
STZ


Madeline read the news on her tablet, bursting into laughter. "Hey everyone, guess what the top headline on CNN says? 'Military Ends Mila Armana's Rampage. Didn't even have to break out the bomb this time, baby!"


The mayor turned her attention to the Coogler, who was still sitting quietly, lost in thought. "Ready to admit you were wrong, Coogler? You're welcome to join the party if you do!" the mayor laughed.


The old man didn't bother to look back at her. "I'll celebrate after the coroner takes her pulse," he said. "There's an old saying I'm sure you've heard. Don't count your chickens... Until they hatch."


Back on the streets, the soldiers were partying. "We got her! We actually fucking got her!" a young soldier cheered.
"Mission accomplished! The bitch is down!" someone shouted.
Private Daniels pulled out his phone, taking a selfie in front of Mila's foot. Behind him, Mila's sole filled the entire frame. "This is going straight on Instagram," he muttered, already typing out a caption. #GiantDown #NYC #MissionAccomplished

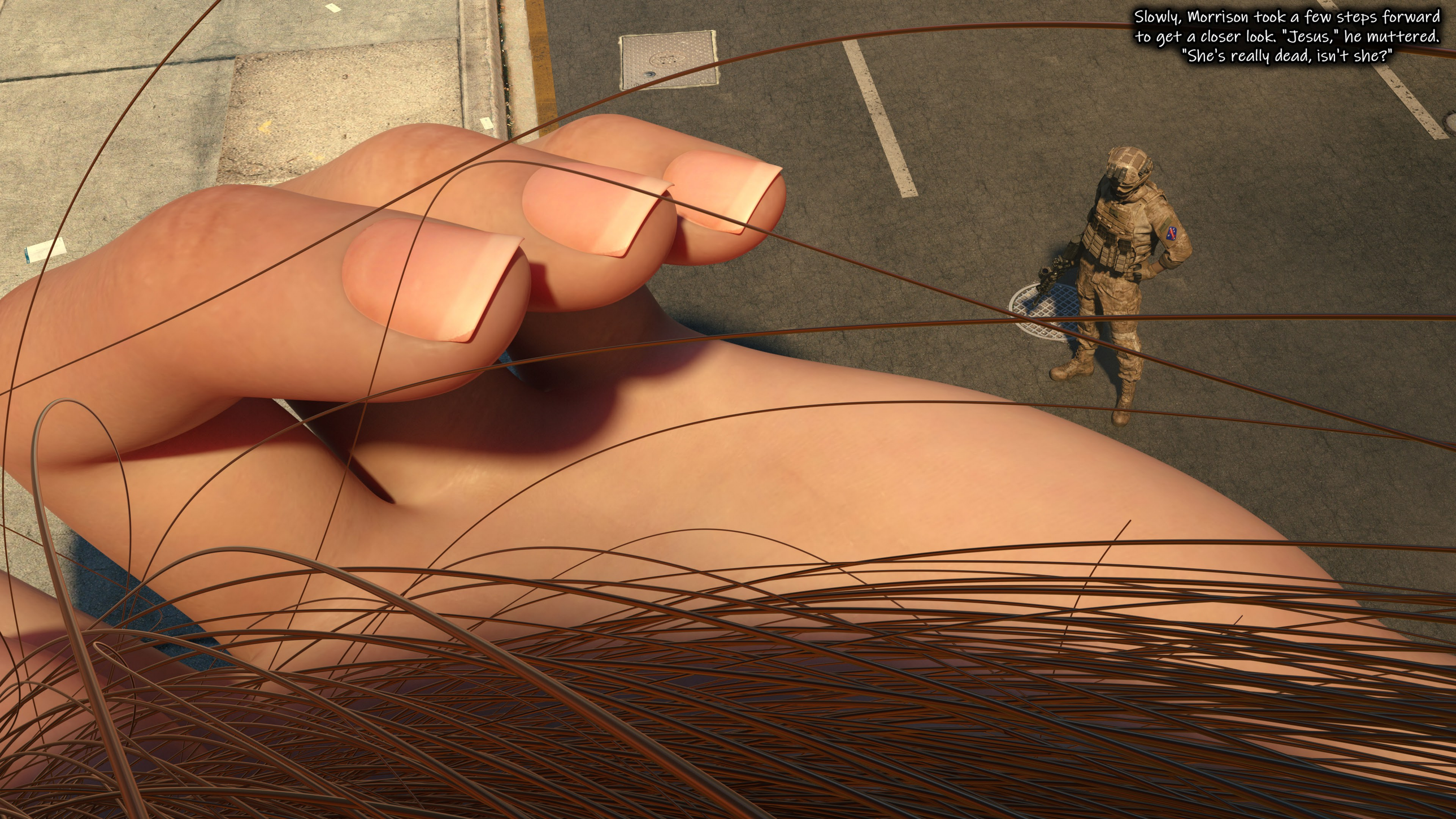

Near Mila's chest, Sergeant Rodriguez had gathered his squad together. They stood side by side, pumping their fists and pointing their rifles at the air. He held up his phone, framing the shot. Private Martinez threw his hands up, making devil horns with his fingers.
"Alright, now show everyone what you're made of!" the Sergeant called out. His grin was manic, fueled by adrenaline and the rush of surviving the impossible. "The bigger they are, the harder they fall!"



While everyone else was celebrating. Lieutenant Jackson stared uneasily at Mila's face. He brought his radio to his lips, his voice cutting through the revelry around him.

"I'm still not sure if she's dead or unconscious." He paused, trying to determine of the rise and fall of her chest was merely her weight settling or subtle breathing. "But there are no obvious signs of movement. Hard to say if she's breathing. Internal damage may do her in, eventually, but I don't think I'm ready to confirm the kill."


Private Morrison approached Mila's hand, which lay palm-up on the pavement. The hand alone was bigger than the buggy he rode in on. He walked around it slowly, taking in the sheer impossible scale of it. Part of him expected her hand to suddenly twitch, but he didn't see even the faintest sign of movement.
FOR RENT
AUTO SALES


Slowly, Morrison took a few steps forward to get a closer look. "Jesus," he muttered. "She's really dead, isn't she?"


As close as Morrison was to the giantess, it was hard to resist the urge to attack her. He'd seen her kill good men earlier like it was nothing. Now, it was his turn to get a little piece of revenge.
Morrison pulled his boot back and kicked the side of her hand as hard as he could. His steel-toed boot slammed into the side of her hand with a satisfying thud.


The giant's index finger twitched ever so slightly, and Morrison stopped in his tracks. It wasn't much, just a small twitch... But it was enough to make the hairs on his arms stand on edge. When she remained silent, he tried convincing himself it was only a random nerve synapse, and nothing more... but he remained uneasy.


Soldiers were taking videos in front of Mila, like they'd just taken down some big game. One of them mugged for the camera, making exaggerated tough-guy poses while his buddy recorded video on his phone.
"Yeah, that's right!" the soldier shouted at the camera. "We took down the biggest bitch in New York City! Who's the apex predator now?"


They were both laughing, the camera still rolling, when Mila's head moved. It was subtle at first, just a gentle turn to the side.
The soldier with the camera was the first to notice. "Uh... Mike? I think she's moving."


The celebrations suddenly stopped. Everyone turned looked up at Mila. Her eyelids fluttered before opening fully, revealing those massive hazel eyes.
"Oh shit." The words came from somewhere in the ranks, barely a whisper. Then louder, panicked. "Oh shit, she's still alive!"


Private Morrison called into his radio. "Command, target is conscious! Repeat, target is conscious and moving! We need immediate—"
Mila's hand shot out, faster than someone her size should have been able to move. Her fingers wrapped around Private Morrison, the soldier who'd kicked her hand. He didn't even have time to scream before he was airborne, lifted high above the street.


Morrison dangled from her grip, his legs kicking uselessly. He could see the entire city spread out below him, could see his squadmates scattering like ants. "No! No, please! I'm sorry! I didn't mean—"
"Did you really think you beat me?" she asked. Her voice was casual, almost friendly. That made it worse somehow.


Mila raised him higher, bringing him level with her face. She studied him with the same detached curiosity she might show an especially interesting insect. Her head tilted slightly to one side.
Morrison's response came out as a strangled whimper. Tears streamed down his face, snot running from his nose. "Please. Please, don't hurt me! You can't! Please don't—"
DAVES
AUTO SALES
PH - 021 276 7765
WHOLESALE PRICES TO THE PUBLIC


Mila's lips closed around his waist. She pushed him deeper with her tongue, and he disappeared entirely. She gulped once, and a visible bulge traveled down her neck. Then, just like that, he was gone. A minuscule snack that only reminded her of how long it'd been since she had eaten anything.


Behind the barricades, the crowd of onlookers stood frozen. They'd watched the whole thing, unable to look away. Most hadn't started running yet. They stood there, frozen in shock.
Mila's attention shifted to them now. She pushed herself up slightly, propping herself on one elbow. Her other hand reached out toward the barricades, her fingers spreading wide.
DAVES AUTO SALES
WHOLESALE PRICES TO THE PUBLIC
AUTO SALES
An apple a day...
For Lease
FAST FOOD
FOR RENT
JAKES DELI
BREAKFAST AND LUNCH
FREE DELIVERY
Hyundai


The gunfire started before Mila's hand even reached the barricades. Three soldiers broke formation, stepping out from behind their cover and opening fire.
The bullets pinged harmlessly off Mila's knuckles. She didn't even glance at them. She reached out further, grabbing people from the crowd. They all went into her palm together, a writhing mass of limbs and screaming faces.


They all went into her palm together, a writhing mass of limbs and screaming faces. She lifted them up slowly, bringing them close to her face. They were still screaming, still begging. Still terrified.
Mila tilted her head, studying them with mild curiosity. "You all wanted to watch me lose," she said softly. "Show's canceled. And there will be no compensation."
RESTAURANT
STOP


Her mouth opened wide. The screaming intensified as she brought her hand closer, tilting it over her waiting jaws. With a casual flick of her wrist, she dumped them all inside.


The bodies landed on her tongue, a tangled mass of writhing limbs. The taste hit her immediately. Fear had a flavor, she'd found. It was acrid and bitter, mixed with the salt of tears and sweat. Harsh and unpleasant at first, but the more she indulged... the more she found herself beginning to crave it.


She closed her lips and began to chew, feeling bodies compress between her molars. The screaming stopped quickly, replaced by wet crunching sounds.
As she chewed, Mila sat up fully. She looked down at the scattered military forces below, still working her jaw methodically. Most of them were running now, but not all of them. One buggy remained in position, its mounted machine gun tracking her movements. The gunner opened fire, shooting her chest and neck.
RESTAURANT
MADE IN NEW ZEALAND
MIL
09


Mila swallowed, feeling the warm mass slide down her throat. Then she turned her full attention to the buggy parked nearby. The gunner kept firing, kept pulling that trigger even as she raised her fist above him.
This would be quick. Efficient. One crushing blow and he'd be paste. But that felt too... formal. Too respectful, almost. Like she was treating him as a legitimate threat.


Mila's fist opened. Her hand came down palm-first, slapping the buggy like someone swatting a mosquito. The vehicle didn't just crumple: it exploded. A massive fireball erupted outward, engulfing the buggy and the soldiers nearest to it.


Her other hand was already moving, reaching toward a squad of soldiers scrambling across an intersection. Some were running. Others had stopped to fire at her, emptying their magazines in a final, desperate act of defiance.
PAINT & HARDWARE
BURROUGHS


Mila's hand swept down like a scoop, slamming into the fleeing soldiers. The impact hit them like a truck, sending bodies tumbling. Her fingers closed around them one by one, pinning them against her palm before they could recover.
PAINT & HARDWARE
BURROUGHS


She lifted her hand up, bringing the captured soldiers to eye level. There were eight of them, all pressed together in her fist. They squirmed in her hand, squealing in pain as she tightened her grip.


"It's not nice to shoot at unarmed ladies." Mila said, her voice conversational. "You're lucky I'm in a good mood, or I would have done something really mean to you."
FAST FOOD
photo lab
1 HOUR PICKUP
DRUGS
DRUGSTORE
COSMETICS
photo lab
DRUGSTORE


She opened her mouth again, wider this time. Her other hand came up, using her index finger to flick the soldiers toward her waiting jaws. Most of them sailed cleanly inside, disappearing into darkness. But two missed their mark.


One bounced off her lower lip and tumbled downward, rolling down the curve of her breast before he hit the pavement below. The other managed to grab onto her finger at the last second, clinging desperately to her nail.


Mila swallowed the ones she'd caught, barely tasting them this time. Then her gaze dropped to the soldier clinging to her finger. She casually brought her finger closer to her face, studying him.


The soldier tried using this new angle to get a better grip on her finger, but it didn't matter. A moment later her mouth had opened again, and the inside of her maw greeted the terrified soldier. His grip faltered as he realized where he was headed.


Mila slipped her finger between her lips, pushing it deep into her mouth. The soldier's scream was muffled as her lips closed around her knuckle. She sucked gently, feeling him fight back, but ultimately lose before being peeled away from her fingertip and onto her tongue. When she pulled her finger out, it was clean, and she toyed with the figure begging for mercy on her tongue.


The distinctive thump of helicopter rotors made her look back over her shoulder. Though she wished to play with her food more, Mila quickly swallowed the final soldier, sending him to reunite with the others before looking back. There were three of them this time, flying in formation towards her.


Mila pushed herself fully upright, rising to her feet. She stood tall, looking unbothered as she faced the approaching helicopters. Her still ached from where the A-10s had struck her and her back burned where the missiles had had impacted, but it wasn't enough to take her out. Not permanently, anyway. So long as she could still stand, she wasn't going to give them the satisfaction of watching her fall again.


However, the helicopters were equally unperturbed. The display of defiance didn't force any of them to reconsider as they drew closer, maybe five hundred feet away now.
They looked like they were lining up to attack.


Mila closed her eyes, focusing inward. She reached for that sensation from before, that surge of energy that had let her grow. She strained, pushing with everything she had. Her muscles tensed. Her jaw clenched. Veins stood out on her neck as she concentrated.
Nothing happened.
She tried harder, forcing herself to dig deeper. The helicopters were circling now, probably preparing for another missile strike. She needed to grow. She needed to be bigger. Stronger. Too big for their weapons to hurt her anymore.
Still nothing. It was like trying to flex a muscle that had fallen asleep. She could feel it there, that potential, but she couldn't quite reach it.


She forced herself to breathe, to relax her clenched muscles. Maybe she was going about this the wrong way. Maybe trying to force it out was only making it more difficult. Maybe she needed to calm her mind and just... let it happen.
She closed her eyes again. This time she didn't strain. She simply stood there, breathing slowly, and imagined herself growing. Pictured her body expanding, reaching higher into the sky. Imagined the helicopters getting smaller, more manageable, less threatening.


Her breathing grew heavier. Her mind felt lighter. Her posture relaxed.
And then she felt it.
A subtle warmth spreading through her chest. Not hot and painful like the missiles. Not uncomfortable. Just... warm. Pleasing.


Her perspective shifted. The helicopters were getting smaller. No... She was getting bigger, she reminded herself. Her body stretched upward, expanding in all directions at once. She smiled smugly at the circling helicopters, gloating about how she would soon tower over them.
ROADWAY
EANERS
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R & WINE
LI & GROCERY
-CIGARETTES-SANDWICHES-SODAS
PARKING
RESTAURANT
OLD STYLE BBQ


A few seconds later, she'd grown ten feet taller. Then twenty. The growth accelerated, feeding on itself. The helicopters that had been circling safely out of reach were suddenly much, much closer.
DELI & GROCERY
BEERS -CIGARETTES-SANDWICHES-SODAS
PARKING
RIDGES OLD STYLE BBQ
RESTAURANT
JAKES DELI
RIDGES
DELI & GROCERY
COLD BEERS -CIGARETTES-SANDWICHES-SODAS


As Mila grew, she noticed the helicopters flying aggressively towards her. They were going to attack... but it would be too little, too late.


With every second that passed Mila grew even bigger, and more impervious. The helicopters had no time to waste, and they fired the missiles as soon as they were in range. But the excitement only made Mila grow even faster. Within seconds, she'd grown fifty feet.


The missiles streaked toward her, trailing white smoke. Mila knew the missiles were coming for her, but she wasn't afraid. She'd been hit with bigger rounds, and she survived. By the time they hit, she'd be big enough to take it.
The warmth spread through her entire body now, radiating outward from her core. Even as she grew taller, she could feel her breasts getting fuller, heavier against her chest. Her hips widened. Her thighs thickened with new mass. She reveled in the warm sensation of growth, letting it wash over her like a hot bath after a long day.


A moment later, the missiles hit her in the stomach. She waited for the pain she was sure to come... only for it to barely be noticed.
The fireballs were tiny compared to her now, little more than sparks against her skin. The explosions that had forced her to her knees minutes ago now felt like someone flicking her with a finger. Mila didn't even flinch.


As the smoke dissipated, Mila stared confidently at the helicopters. They hung in the air before her, wavering a moment before pulling back. She could see their fear.

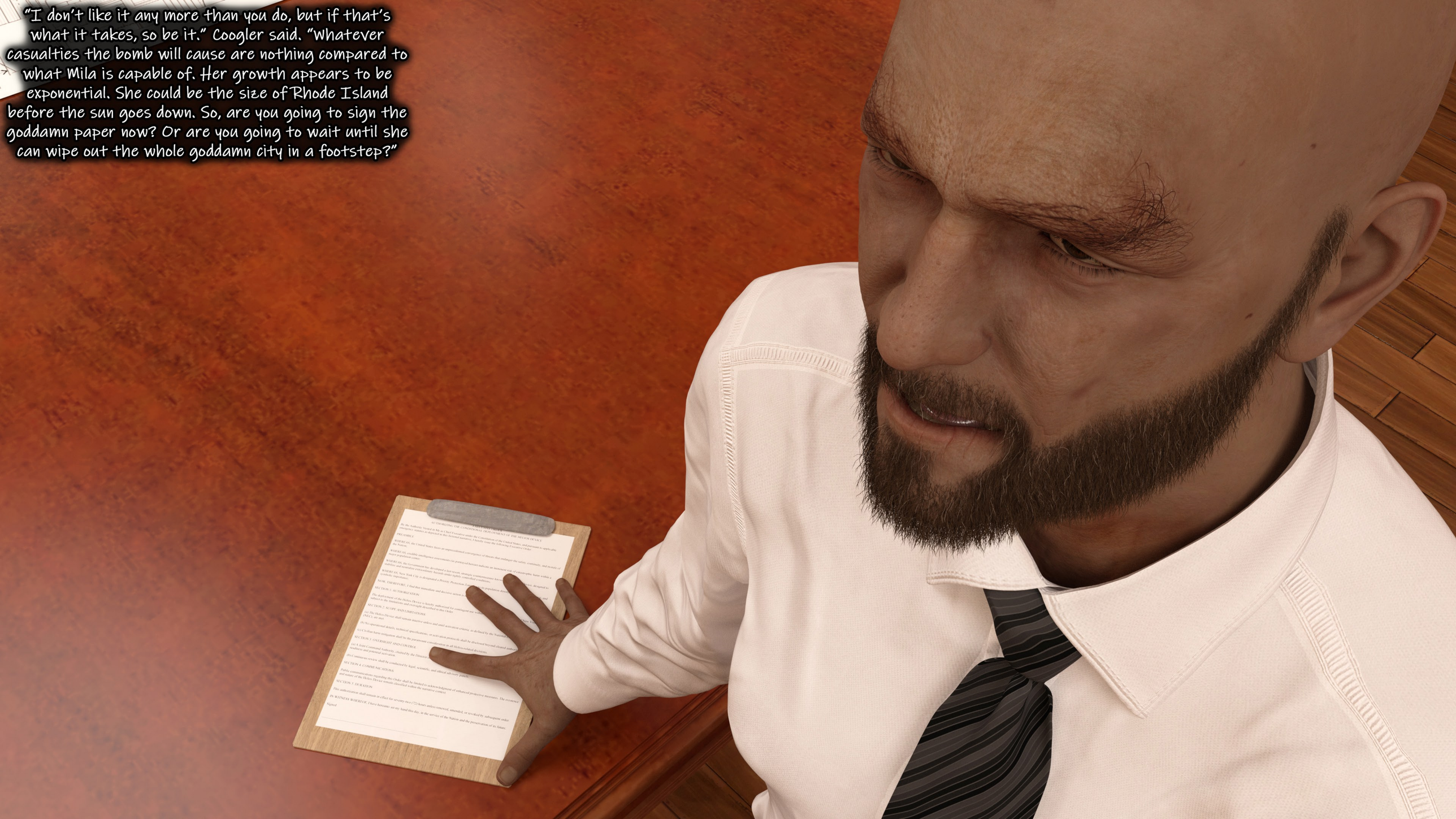

Mila stared the helicopters down. "Go on, shoo." Mila said. "And tell the others while you're at it. This is my city now."


Back in the mayor's office, the staff were gathered around the window.
"That's her head peeking over that row of office buildings!" Charles exclaimed.
"Oh god, she must be close to five hundred feet tall!" Himari exclaimed.
"Looks like Plan B failed too..."


That last line was like a dagger into the mayor's heart. She started crying again, wiping the tears away. "We had her! We fucking had her!" Mayor Melnitz moaned.
Coogler stepped over, patting the mayor gently on the back. "You gave it your all, Mrs. Mayor. That no one can deny."


The mayor glanced over at the old man. "Yeah, I gave it everything... and it did fuck all to stop her! I'm a goddamn failure!"
Coogler shook his head. "Not yet, you're not. Not if you're willing to do what needs to be done."
"Meaning?"


"You know exactly what I mean." Coogler said, placing his hand down on the table before sliding a document over to the mayor. "Just sign on the dotted line, and the Pentagon will take it from there," he said. "Let the military do what needs to be done."
"And let them blow up half the city?" the mayor asked.


"I don't like it any more than you do, but if that's what it takes, so be it." Coogler said. "Whatever casualties the bomb will cause are nothing compared to what Mila is capable of. Her growth appears to be exponential. She could be the size of Rhode Island before the sun goes down. So, are you going to sign the goddamn paper now? Or are you going to wait until she can wipe out the whole goddamn city in a footstep?"


A few blocks away, Mila felt the warmth spreading through her body again. The tallest buildings around her barely reached her waist, but that wasn't enough for her. That familiar sensation of power building inside her chest, begging to be released. She closed her eyes and let it flow, surrendering to the growth completely.


Mila's growth accelerated. The warmth intensified, spreading from her core. She could feel herself stretching upward, her perspective shifting as the city shrank beneath her. Within seconds, those same skyscrapers only came up to her knees.
The helicopters approached from the sides, surrounding her. Mila heard them coming, but didn't bother to open her eyes. They didn't matter to her anymore.


Mila's leg pressed against a nearby office building as her body continued to expand. The whole structure crumbled around her shin like a sandcastle hit by a wave, tons of concrete and glass tumbling down to the streets below.
Mila barely noticed. The destruction was so far beneath her now that it registered only as a faint tickle against her skin. She kept her eyes closed, focusing on the sensation of growth, on the power flowing through her veins.


One of the helicopters fired its missiles. The pilot had been ordered to engage, and even though every instinct told him it was pointless, he followed through. The missiles flew toward Mila, white smoke streaking behind them.


Two tiny explosions blossomed against her thigh. They were so small now. So insignificant that Mila barely felt them. It was like someone had brushed a feather against her skin. She didn't even flinch. She just kept growing.


Soon, Mila towered over the entire city. The tallest skyscrapers in Manhattan now looked like tiny models scattered at her feet. She was thousands of feet tall now, and her growth wasn't done yet. She passed three thousand feet. Then four thousand. Then five.


Finally, she felt the growth begin to slow. The warmth faded gradually, like embers cooling after a fire. When she opened her eyes, she was just over a mile tall.
She relished that thought. She was literally a mile high. The entire city of Manhattan stretched out beneath her like a miniature city. She could see from one end of the island to the other without turning her head.
Then, a distant sound caught her attention. She looked back over her shoulder, and spotted them immediately. Two planes were flying towards her, and fast.


As they drew closer, she recognized the distinctive silhouettes. The angular wings. The massive engines mounted beneath them.
A-10 Thunderbolts. The same planes that had hurt her before... But this time, they didn't look so intimidating. She stared down at the little things, and shrugged. They were no bigger than dragonflies to her.


Their powerful autocannons roared to life. Hundreds of explosive rounds flew toward Mila, each one the size of a milk bottle. The same rounds that had brought her to her knees less than an hour ago, making her scream in pain.
Dozens of tiny explosions flickered across her arms and legs. Mila barely even felt the little explosions against her skin. She stood perfectly still, letting them empty their magazines into her. It was almost relaxing, in a way. Like a very subtle massage.


When the guns finally fell silent, Mila reached out toward the planes. Her hand moved faster than something her size should have been able to move, her fingers stretching toward the tiny aircraft.
The pilots saw her coming. They banked hard, pushing their engines to maximum thrust. The A-10s pulled away, barely escaping her grasp. Her fingertips passed within feet of the lead plane's tail, but narrowly missed.


Mila wasn't angry. She couldn't be angry at something so small, so insignificant. Instead, she chuckled to herself.
"Flies." She whispered, watching them retreat into the distance. "You're all just flies to me now."


She turned her attention back to the city beneath her. From this height, she could see everything. The clusters of buildings. The tiny specks of people running through the streets, still trying to flee.
Her gaze drifted south, toward Lower Manhattan. A cluster of skyscrapers hugged the waterfront there, gleaming in the afternoon sun. The financial district. The heart of the city's power and wealth. Buildings that housed what used to be the most powerful people in the world.


Mila smiled and took a step forward. Her foot came down on Midtown, obliterating everything beneath it. Dozens of apartment buildings collapsed beneath her. Thousands of lives were erased in an instant. Mila paid it little attention. She hadn't before, and she saw no reason to start now.
She took another step. More buildings vanished beneath her sole. She wasn't even trying to aim anymore. Wasn't selecting targets or choosing victims. She didn't need to. Walking was enough to crush the city and its utterly helpless inhabitants beneath her feet.


A cluster of larger buildings rose up ahead of her, a group of office towers that would have seemed impressive once. Mila barely noticed them. Her mind was already elsewhere, thinking about what she would do when she reached the waterfront. Her foot came down without hesitation.


The buildings crumbled under her heel. Support columns snapped, and the floors collapsed one after another. Thousands of tons of concrete and steel compressed into rubble beneath her weight.


Mila felt them break. Felt the satisfying crunch of destruction vibrating up through her sole. It has quickly become one of her favorite sensations... That moment when something solid gave in to her power. When something standing tall and proud snapped, and turned to nothing beneath her tread. When human arrogance met overwhelming strength.
Mila lifted her foot, watching the remains of the buildings cascade down the length of her sole like sand. She shook it once, dislodging the last stubborn chunks of concrete, then set it down again on a residential block she'd narrowly avoided.


"This is what you get for thinking you're important." She murmured, mostly to herself. "You're not important. Your buildings aren't important. None of it matters. None of you matter. Every one of your lives should revolve around me." That last thought finally brought a small smile to her lips.


A deep sound in the distance caught her attention. She turned her head, looking back toward where she'd come from. Another trio of planes were approaching, coming to make another futile attempt at stopping her.
Mila smiled. She didn't care. She knew they couldn't do a thing to stop her. If anything, she welcomed their efforts. Let them come. Let them fire their little missiles and shoot their little guns. None of it would matter. She was too big now, too powerful. They couldn't hurt her anymore.


The planes drew closer, flying in a tight formation. Mila watched them approach, waiting for them to start their attack... But something was different. The entire formation pulled up sharply, flying high above her. Mila looked up at them with confusion. What were they doing? Why weren't they shooting?


Mila's mind flashed back to the shaky footage. Her sister, towering over the city just like this. The planes flying past. The bright flash of light. And then... nothing. Just smoke and rubble and her sister's body lying motionless in the crater.
Time seemed to slow down, as Mila watched the missile fly towards her. She just stood there, frozen, as the weapon fell toward her. She thought perhaps if she ran, she could alleviate what was to come.
HELIOS WEAPON SYSTEM
HELIOS WEAPON SYSTEM


But it was too late. The bomb detonated in midair, blinding Mila in an instant. The fireball was massive, rising higher than she stood. White-hot flames engulfed her entire upper body, expanding outward with terrifying speed. The shockwave hit a fraction of a second later, a wall of compressed air that sent her flying back.


A mile away, everyone in the mayor's office recoiled from earth shaking. The flash was so bright it hurt their eyes just to look at it. Even through the thick glass, even from this distance, they'd felt the heat of it on their faces.
"Jesus Christ..." Charles whispered, his hands still raised to shield his eyes.
"Did we... is she...?" Himari couldn't finish the sentence.


Mayor Melnitz stepped closer to the window, her legs unsteady. The destruction was visible even from here. Entire neighborhoods had simply vanished beneath Mila's falling body. The fires were all around her, hundreds of them merging into a vast sea of flame.
"What have we done?" the mayor breathed.


Mila lay sprawled across the city, her body covering dozens of city blocks. Her arms were spread wide, covering what had once been clusters of old brownstone apartment buildings.


She wasn't moving. Her massive chest now lay still. The fires burned all around her, flames licking at her sides, but her skin showed no signs of scorching. She simply lay there, motionless, as the city was consumed by a raging inferno around her.


Back in the mayor's office, Coogler placed a hand on Mayor Melnitz's shoulder. She had to take a seat after what she'd just seen, tears streaming down her face.
"There was no other way." He said quietly. "You did what had to be done."


The mayor's shoulders slumped. "No, you're right," she admitted, her voice barely above a whisper. "I should have done it sooner. It would have been less destructive if I'd just authorized it from the start."
"Don't blame yourself," Coogler said, his tone softening. "There's only one person to blame for this, and it's her."


Mayor Melnitz nodded slowly, wiping at her eyes. She straightened up, trying to compose herself. "At least she's finally dead?" She said, forcing steel into her voice. "She is dead, right?"


The mayor glanced over at the television. The news was showing helicopter footage of Mila. She looked still enough, but Mayor Melnitz couldn't help but feel a sense of unease.
"That same bomb killed her sister." Coogler reassured her. "I think it's safe to say, she's no longer with us. It only makes sense."
"I hope you're right," The mayor said. "Wait a second... did she just move?"


Across the city, in the heart of the devastation, Mila breathed. She took a quick breath of air and tasted smoke, making her face twitch out of discomfort.


The mayor was inconsolable. "Did she just fucking move?!" she screamed. "They blew up half the city with that giant bomb, and it didn't even stop her? What the fuck are we going to do now?"
Coogler stared at the screen, struggling to process what he was seeing. "It's out of our hands now," Coogler said. "We hope that there's someone out there with a back-up plan. And if that doesn't work... we pray."


"Shit. I must have had too much to drink last night..."
Slowly, Mila rose. Her body was sore, and her head hurt... But it wasn't all bad. She just had the most wonderful dream... Or at least, she thought it was a dream. She had been giant, rampaging through Manhattan. It had all been going great, until... Until... She couldn't quite remember how it ended.


Mila sat up. Slowly, she opened her eyes. The sun was bright, too bright, but details flooded in. A tiny city, sprawled out before her. Countless tiny buildings behind her, beneath the smoke, and fire, and ash.


"Oh, so it wasn't a dream after all. Good."
She looked out at the cityscape laid out in front her. There were so many little buildings. They were so tiny... and so fragile. With a casual motion, she swept her hand across a row of buildings. They toppled, one after another.
Mila was amused, not just by the destruction, but by how powerless everyone was to stop her. The world was her plaything, and no one could do anything about it.


Mila planted her palms on the scorched pavement and pushed herself upward. Her muscles were stiff and aching from the blast, but they obeyed. She rose slowly and carefully, until she stood at her full height once more. Once again she felt like a mile-high colossus, towering over what was left of Manhattan.
Her left wrist throbbed. Mila glanced down at it, noting the unnatural angle. She'd landed on it wrong. With her right hand, she grabbed her left wrist firmly, positioning her thumb against the joint. One quick twist, and the bones snapped back into place.


Mila looked down at the ruins, considering her options. They'd tried to kill her with their bomb. They'd actually managed to knock her unconscious for a few moments. That deserved a response. A lesson that would be remembered for generations... If there were any generations left to remember it.


Her gaze drifted towards a row of gleaming skyscrapers in the distance. They'd be the perfect place to take her anger out. She walked towards them, paying little attention to the buildings she was flattening beneath her feet.



Fifty miles north of Manhattan, deep beneath a nondescript military installation, Dr. Morgan walked briskly down a sterile green corridor. Her heels clicked against the polished floor, echoing off the walls. Behind her, Colonel Porter walked alongside her. They were followed by two armed soldiers, their rifles held at the ready.

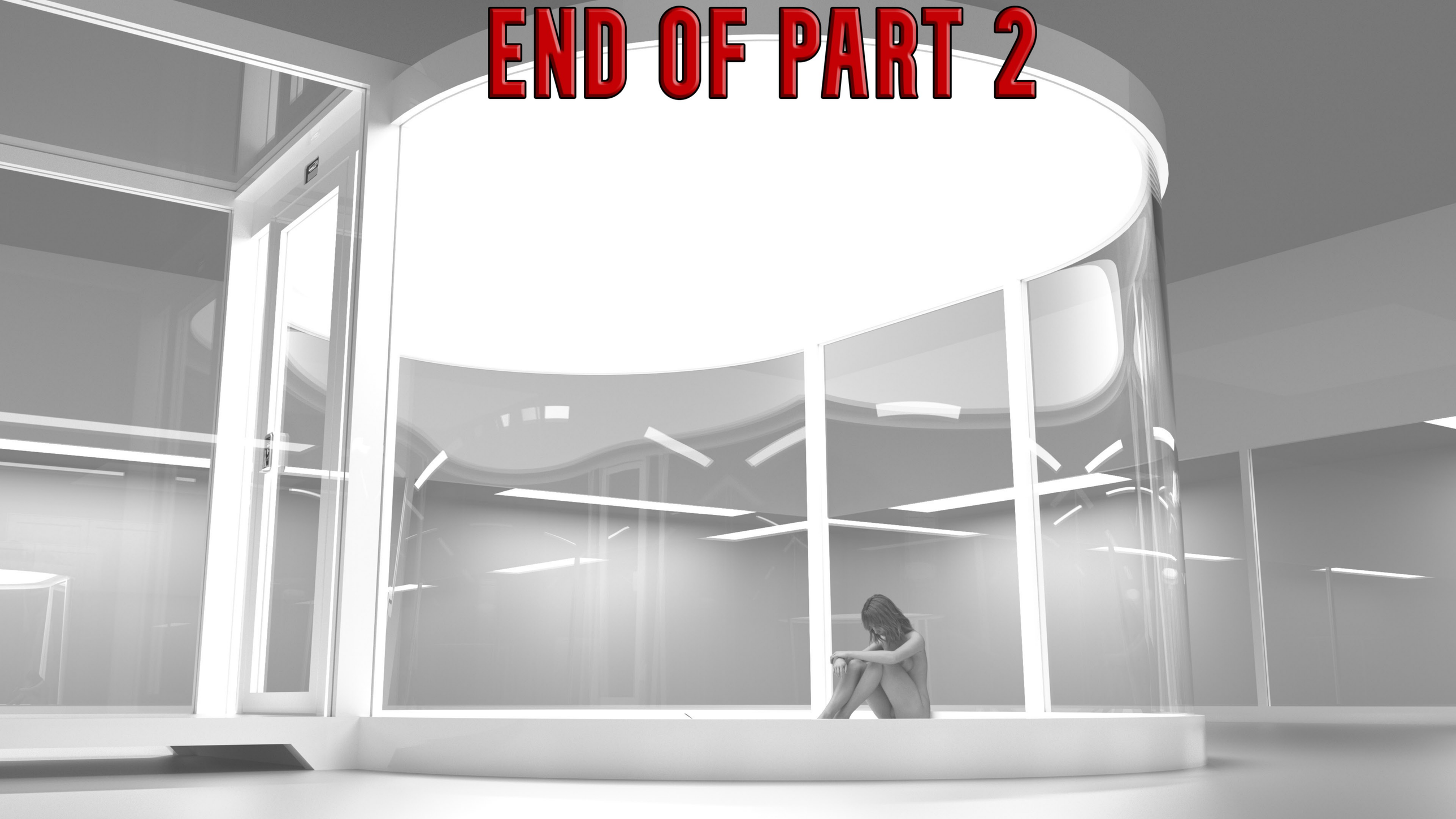
"So, your big bomb wasn't enough to take her down," Dr. Morgan said. "That contingency plan we talked about? I think we're going to have to use it after all."


Colonel Porter glanced back at her. "You can't be serious. After all the effort we've spent keeping her contained, you're seriously thinking about letting her loose?"


"Only physically," Dr. Morgan replied, her eyes never leaving the chamber. "I'll be keeping her on a short leash, of course. She is combat-ready, isn't she?"


They stopped in the middle of the hallway, turning to peer through the reinforced glass.
Colonel Porter exhaled slowly through his nose. "All too ready. Even with everything we have at our disposal, we've barely been able to contain her power."


Dr. Morgan's gaze drifted down to the figure in the chamber in front of them. Natasha Armana sat cross-legged in the center of the glass enclosure, her eyes closed in meditation. She looked almost peaceful in her serenity. Almost human.
She didn't look particularly intimidating. Just a woman in her twenties, slender and beautiful, sitting alone in a cage. But Dr. Morgan had seen the footage. She knew what Natasha was capable of. Knew how dangerous trying to make keep her under control was.
But more than any of that, she knew this may be the only thing that could put a stop to Mila. Permanently.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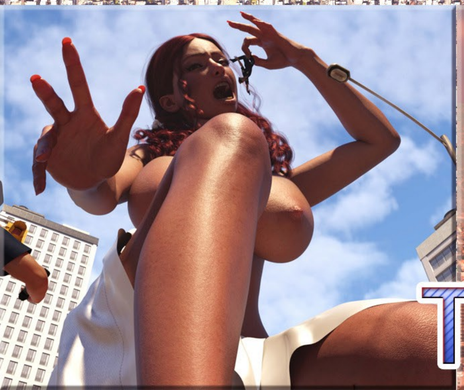






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