
The Cassandra Effect
ADRIANO
A Giantess Story by Papayoya

THE CASSANDRA EFFECT

By Papayoya

CLIMBING THE LADDER

The bedroom smelled of sweat, sex, and conquest. The kind of conquest that left men breathless and women victorious. Cassandra Steele lay sprawled across the satin sheets like a queen on her throne, her hourglass figure glistening under the dim glow of the city skyline.

She was all sharp angles and soft, dangerous curves, a woman sculpted like a masterpiece yet wielded like a weapon. The gentle swell of her large breasts, oversized for her slender frame, rose and fell with each slow, satisfied breath, her tight, sculpted stomach barely shifting as she reached for a cigarette from the crystal tray on her nightstand. Her long, toned legs stretched out, thighs powerful, calves taut, the kind of legs that had wrapped around the man next to her just minutes ago and nearly crushed the life out of him in her wild, insatiable frenzy.

The man—Ethan Carter, one of her finance managers—lay beside her, utterly spent, his chest rising and falling erratically. His body, lean and athletic, looked like it had just survived a hurricane wearing stilettos.

Cassandra lit the cigarette with a practiced flick, taking a slow drag before exhaling, eyes half-lidded with amusement as she gazed down at him. She didn't need to look at the clock to know she had ruined him for the night.

"Alright, Carter," she murmured, voice thick with smoke and amusement. "Time for you to go."

Ethan blinked, still dazed. "*Go?*"

She smirked, propping herself up on one elbow, her perfect, full breasts shifting just enough to make him stare all over again—not that she cared. He wasn't the only one, but she was fonder of him than most of the others.

"Yes, go," she repeated, tapping ash into a tray with effortless grace. "I needed to blow some steam, but I've got a presentation to finalize for tomorrow's Executive Leadership Meeting."

Ethan ran a hand through his messy, sweat-dampened hair, still catching his breath. "*Cassandra… it's midnight.*"

She exhaled another lazy stream of smoke, blue-green eyes locking onto him like he was just another line item on her agenda.

"Exactly. That means I have eight whole hours before I need to be in the boardroom," she said smoothly. "Plenty of time."

Ethan stared at her in disbelief. He was dead. Wasted. Physically annihilated. Meanwhile, she sat there looking like a goddess sculpted out of sin and ambition,

completely unfazed, as if she hadn't just fucked the life out of him and called it a warm-up.

"*Jesus Christ,*" he muttered, finally pushing himself up from the bed.

Cassandra chuckled, stretching her arms overhead, making no effort to cover herself, because why would she? She was the most powerful person in the room. Always.

She leaned back on her elbows, watching with an amused smirk as he pulled on his shirt, his hands still shaking.

"Next time," she mused, "try to keep up."

Ethan shot her a look, but there was no real anger in it—just exhausted defeat. After all, it was not the first time he had gone through this, and he always came back for more.

"Sure" he scoffed, grabbing his belt off the floor. "Not sure I'd survive a next time, though."

Cassandra just smiled, taking another drag from her cigarette.

"Then that's your problem, isn't it?"

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The glow of Cassandra's laptop bathed her face in soft, sterile light as she leaned back in her chair, legs spread, silk gown barely clinging to her body. She was half-working, half-pleasuring herself, her manicured nails dancing between her thighs as she absentmindedly sipped a deep, blood-red wine from a crystal cup.

On the screen, her numbers were flawless—so flawless they might as well have been a corporate guillotine for anyone standing in her way. Revenue growth was up. Margins had never been better. Projections painted her as a miracle worker.

They'll have no choice, she thought, biting her lip, pleasure flickering at the edges of her mind. *The CEO will have to promote me.*

She had positioned herself perfectly—too valuable to ignore, too dangerous to undermine. By the end of summer, there would be a vacancy in the C-suite, and when that moment came, Cassandra Steele would ascend.

She shuddered, not just from the pressure she applied between her legs, but from the thought of it. Power. Recognition. Control.

3:00 a.m.

Cassandra sighed and shut the laptop with a *satisfying click*. The numbers were perfect. She was perfect.

Or… almost.

She caught her reflection on the darkened screen. Even in the dim light of her penthouse, she looked like an absolute goddess. Flawless skin, piercing eyes, hair that was still tousled from her earlier conquest.

But as she moved to the mirror across the room, the illusion cracked just slightly.

She examined herself, tilting her head. Yes, her body was perfection—full, tight, and sculpted in a way that made men beg and women seethe with envy.

But her face…

The tiniest lines near her eyes. A hint of fatigue in her expression. And worst of all… the ghost of a smirk she hadn't meant to make.

Her jaw tensed. Her cold, wild beauty was her weapon, her armor, her image. And it would be perfect. Always.

She turned abruptly and walked into her marble-lined bathroom, flicking on the soft overhead lights.

The cabinet mirror swung open with a flick of her fingers, revealing a pristine collection of luxury creams, serums, and medications—some FDA-approved, some… less so.

Her fingers skimmed over anti-aging pills, growth hormones, metabolism boosters, collagen enhancers—all things that other women in her position would kill for.

But she needed something stronger. Something *real.*

Reaching for a sleek, unlabeled metal box, she popped the lid with a precise motion. Inside, nestled like a treasure, were two syringes.

She picked one up, tilting it against the light, watching as the gold-tinted liquid shifted inside the glass.

She had no idea what was in it. She didn't care. All she knew was that it worked. Her skin stayed luminous. Her body stayed firm. Her mind stayed razor-sharp. And she was almost out.

As the needle slid into her upper thigh, she barely winced. She had done this too many times to feel pain.

One left.

That meant she needed to make a trip to the lab soon —one that didn't have a name, a paper trail, or a location you could Google. Because perfection like hers didn't come with a prescription.

She exhaled slowly as the chemical fire spread through her veins, her body already humming with anticipation. By tomorrow, she would look immaculate. By summer, she would be unstoppable.

She glanced back at herself in the mirror. She could have sworn that it was already starting to make an effect.

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The city buzzed with its usual morning chaos, but Cassandra moved through it like a queen among peasants. She was impeccable, exuding power in a way that made heads turn—both in admiration and fear.

Dressed in a silk blouse and a perfectly tailored gray suit, she looked every bit the woman she had designed herself to be—sexy, professional, and undeniably dominant. The heels of her stilettos clicked against the polished marble floor of her high-end building's lobby as she strode toward the curb, lifting a manicured hand to hail a taxi. Even this, something as mundane as grabbing a ride, was done with the precision and control of a woman who expected the world to obey.

She slipped into the back seat, the cool leather pressing against the gray pencil skirt that hugged her flawless, hourglass figure. The driver glanced at her in the rearview mirror—just for a second, just long enough for Cassandra to catch his eye and make him look away.

"Tenth and Liberty," she said coolly, crossing her long legs and checking her phone. Twelve unread messages. Most were corporate nonsense, executives fighting for attention. Then, her screen lit with one name that made her frown.

Mom.

Her jaw clenched, her thumb hovering over the screen before she declined the call. A second later, her phone vibrated again. Decline. Another. Decline.

Persistent.

Her phone lit up with a message: "It's urgent. Call me."

Cassandra sighed, rolling her eyes before pressing the phone to her ear. Fine. Let's get this over with.

The line barely rang before her mother's voice came through, heavy with disappointment and worry.

"Cassandra."

She closed her eyes, exhaling sharply. "Mother. This better be important."

Her mother's sigh was thick with exasperation. "It's your father. He's getting worse."

Cassandra opened her eyes, her gaze hard. “And?”

A pause. The tension in the air between them felt thick, even over the phone. “*And?*” her mother echoed, incredulous. “Cassandra, when are you coming home? You haven’t visited in—”

“I’m too busy.”

There it was. The truth, blunt and cold. The same truth her mother always hated.

“Too busy?” her mother repeated, voice growing sharp. “What could be more important than your family?”

Cassandra didn’t hesitate. “My career.”

A stunned silence. Then, a bitter scoff from the other end of the line. “You should be grateful, Cassandra. You wouldn’t be where you are if it weren’t for us.”

Her fingers tightened around the phone. “I didn’t get *anything* from you. I got into an Ivy League university on a scolarship because I was smart. Because I earned it. Not because of any money you had.”

Her mother’s voice turned colder. “We *didn’t* have money to send you there.”

“Exactly,” Cassandra said flatly. “That’s why I had to handle it myself. Like I handle *everything.*”

Her mother tried again, softer this time. “Cassandra… come home. Just for a few days. He doesn’t have much time.”

Cassandra glanced out the window, watching the city rush past. Unmoved.

“Maybe in two weeks,” she said dismissively. “I have something *far* too important going on right now.”

Her mother’s patience snapped. “*Everything* is always more important to you!”

Cassandra smirked, shaking her head. “You don’t make President of an entire business group before 40 by wasting time.”

A pause. Then, her mother’s voice turned razor-sharp. “You still have two years left for your *shitty* goal, Cassandra. Your father doesn’t have two years. He doesn’t have two months.”

The line went dead.

Cassandra exhaled slowly, lowering the phone. A minute later, she had forgotten about the conversation

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The headquarters of Bedrock Corp. exuded the kind of wealth and power that made most people walk a little faster and talk a little quieter. Just outside the boardroom, the air hummed with quiet tension, punctuated by the frustrated clicking of a malfunctioning printer.

Rachel wanted to scream.

She was a good secretary, damn it. She organized meetings, handled impossible schedules, kept a hundred plates spinning—but none of that mattered now because the stupid, ancient, useless printer had jammed, and she only had half the copies of the most important presentation of the quarter.

Her fingers fumbled with the tray, her pulse pounding in her ears. *Come on, come on, come on…*

Across from her, Eric, the new guy from Sales leaned against the counter, still grinning like a golden retriever as he watched her struggle. “Jeez, Rach, you look stressed.”

No shit, Eric.

He straightened his tie lazily. “After this, how about I take you to lunch? You know, somewhere nice. No printers, no screaming execs…”

Rachel barely heard him. Her eyes flicked to the clock. *Sixteen minutes until Cassandra Steele arrives.*

And then, she heard it.

Click. Click. Click.

Her stomach plummeted. The air seemed to freeze, her fingers going still on the stubborn paper tray. That sound was legendary. A herald of doom and destruction. Rachel turned slowly, her pulse hammering in her throat as she came face to face with ice itself.

Towering over her was Cassandra Steele, her high heels making her look more like the Amazon Queen some joked she was. She knew better, though. The Vice President of New Business Models was nothing if not ruthless and terrifying.

As usual, she was perfectly put together, every inch of her impeccable, her gray suit sculpted to her lethal, hourglass frame. Her stiletto heels looked like weapons. The air around her seemed colder, charged with something lethal and unrelenting.

And those blue-green eyes locked onto Rachel with precision-engineered disappointment.

"Where are my copies?" Cassandra asked, her voice as smooth as silk stretched over a knife.

Rachel swallowed hard. "I—I'll have them right away, Ms. Steele."

Cassandra blinked once, slow and deliberate. "I was up until three in the morning finishing this presentation," she said, voice soft—but no less dangerous. "And now I'll be late because of you?"

Rachel's stomach knotted. "There's still half an hour, ma'am—"

Cassandra's eyes narrowed.

"And yet, here I am, wasting time explaining things to you instead of reviewing my notes. Do you understand how pathetic that is?"

Rachel's breath caught. Her hands clenched at her sides. *Not pathetic. Not useless. I'm not.*

"I—I'm sorry, ma'am, I—"

Cassandra leaned in slightly, voice dropping to a whisper so venomous Rachel felt it in her bones.

"If this isn't fixed in five minutes," she murmured, "you won't have a job to be late for."

And just like that, she turned and strode away, her heels clicking like gunshots against the marble.

Rachel stood there, numb, her throat tight.

Eric let out a low whistle. "Wow," he muttered. "I had no idea you worked for the Terminatrix," he said, referring to another of Cassandra's nicknames in the company.

Rachel barely heard him. Her hands shook, but deep in her chest, something else burned—a mixture of humiliation, anger, and something dangerously close to determination.

She turned back to the printer with renewed fury.

Five minutes. I'll fix this. I won't lose to her.

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Cassandra stood at the head of the gleaming mahogany conference table, her presence as calculated as the numbers on her presentation.

Her commanding posture made her the center of the room—but she knew what really held their attention. She had strategically left the top button of her blouse undone. Just enough. Not too much. A glimpse. A hint of the impeccable cleavage beneath. It was a test—of control, of power, of discipline.

And they always peeked.

She could feel their eyes. The quick glances. The stolen looks. The unspoken hunger and intimidation in equal measure.

She delivered every slide, every point, every metric with deadly precision. Revenue growth. Market expansion. Profit margins. The numbers were perfect—because she was perfect.

And they knew it.

From across the room, Harold Barr, her graying, old-fashioned boss, nodded approvingly.

She could see it in his face. *He knows. He knows I'm the one.*

This was it. His job—the position she had worked her entire life to claim—was within reach. C-Suite before 40. CEO before 45. Hell, by 50? The sky was the limit.

And Pat Robinson knew it too.

She could feel his eyes, not on her chest like the others—no, his gaze was colder, sharper, hungrier in another way.

Pat Robinson. Her colleague. Her rival. The smug asshole who thought he could climb higher just because he played golf with Barr. Golf. *Please.*

Cassandra never needed to waste time stroking an old man's ego on the fairway. If she needed to do something to get ahead, she could do so much better than golf. But she didn't need to. Her results spoke for themselves.

Besides, her tastes ran younger. Stronger. Men who didn't sit behind a desk, but could actually pin her down in bed.

And unlike Pat, her job was actually worth something.

Which was why it wasn't surprising when, right as she was about to close, he leaned forward with a smug glint in his eyes.

"Great numbers, Cassandra," he said, voice dripping with false admiration. "*But I have a question about your margin strategy.*"

A trap.

A bullshit, desperate move, right here in front of everyone.

Cassandra smiled. Slow. Controlled. Dangerous.

She knew exactly what he was doing. Trying to catch her. Trying to throw her off. Trying to make her look bad right before Barr made his decision.

And she let him think he had a chance.

"Go on," she purred.

Pat sat back, fake-casual. "*Given your aggressive expansion, wouldn't you say your downsizing model is too risky? Some might say you're cutting too deep—leaving us exposed in a potential downturn.*"

Ah. There it was.

The old "too risky" argument.

The coward's argument.

Cassandra tilted her head, placing both hands on the table, owning the room with her silence before she even spoke.

"If by 'cutting too deep,' you mean optimizing resources before the market forced me to? Then yes, Pat, I did. Because unlike some people, I don't wait for a crisis before making hard decisions."

There was no missing the jab.

Pat's face tightened, but she wasn't finished.

"And let's be clear—my division operates at a higher profit margin than yours with fewer resources. That's not 'too risky.' That's efficiency. Maybe you should take notes."

The silence in the boardroom was delicious.

Barr smiled. Nodded.

She had won.

As she left the room, she felt it—the quiet murmur of approval, the nods, the whispers. The certainty of her own destiny. Pat? He could play all the golf he wanted. She'd still be his boss soon enough.

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The office was dark, the city skyline glittering through the gaps in the heavy curtains she had drawn shut. The door was locked. The only sounds in the room were the faint hum of the central AC and the soft, rhythmic impact of flesh against flesh.

Cassandra Steele rested her manicured hands flat on her desk, her hips pushed back, ass jutting out in perfect form. Her skirt and lace panties were pooled around her ankles, a calculated mess that only she could turn into something elegant.

Behind her, Ryan Jones, one of the new interns—young, strong, eager to please—was doing his best to keep up.

She was in command.

"Harder," she ordered, her voice low but sharp, lethal even now.

Ryan gritted his teeth, his fingers digging into her hips as he tried—God, he was trying—to match her expectations.

"Damn," he gasped, his forehead damp, his grip tightening like he was holding onto something far too powerful to control.

Cassandra smirked, watching his reflection in the blacked-out window.

"Stop thinking," she murmured, her voice smooth, measured, as if they weren't fucking in her executive office after hours. "Just do it."

Ryan groaned, his pace faltering, muscles straining. She felt it when he broke. The shudder, the release, the defeat.

He staggered back, panting. Spent.

Cassandra let out a slow exhale, composing herself instantly, keeping the moan buried deep, controlled.

There was no weakness here. No indulgence.

Ryan disappeared into the small executive restroom, the sound of running water filling the space as he disposed of the condom, cleaned himself up.

Cassandra, unbothered, straightened her stance and tugged her panties and skirt back into place with practiced ease. Her fingers smoothed the fabric, ironing out the evidence. She ran a hand through her hair, fixing only what needed fixing.

By the time Ryan stepped out, she looked as if nothing had happened.

"That was good," she said, glancing at him as she adjusted her cufflinks, looking every bit the composed executive again.

Ryan gave a breathless laugh, still shaken, still recovering. "Good?"

Cassandra arched a brow. "For you."

A flicker of amusement mixed with wounded pride crossed his face. "Wasn't this too risky," he murmured, running a nervous hand through his tousled hair.

Cassandra smirked, gathering her papers, already moving on. "I had an intense day. I needed to blow off some steam."

Ryan let out a breathless chuckle, still running a hand through his tousled hair. "Damn… I didn't know this was in the job description for an intern."

Cassandra, now fully put back together—pristine, untouched, in complete control—turned to him with a slow, knowing smirk.

"Not every intern gets so lucky," she murmured, picking up a folder from her desk and casually flipping through it, as if this were nothing more than an end-of-day debrief. "Only the hot ones."

Ryan’s eyebrows shot up.

"So, what? You’ve got a ranking system or something?"

Cassandra closed the folder with a sharp snap and glanced up at him, eyes gleaming. "I keep a short list." She stepped past him, adjusting the diamond bracelet on her wrist. "And congratulations, Ryan. You’re on it now."

His mouth parted slightly, as if unsure whether to be flattered or terrified.

"Do you… do this a lot?" he asked, still looking slightly dazed.

She hummed, considering it. "Normally? Not in the office." Her lips curled slightly. "But sometimes the day calls for it."

Ryan let out another shaky laugh, stuffing his hands into his pockets. "I mean, you could’ve waited until you got home…"

Cassandra’s smirk sharpened. She turned back to him, tilting her head slightly.

"You wanna come?"

That got his attention. His eyes flickered, his posture stiffened just slightly.

She noticed everything.

"I was going to order sushi," she continued smoothly, picking up her designer bag as if this were nothing more than a routine transaction. "And I’m still horny."

Ryan swallowed, his Adam’s apple bobbing. "Still?"

Cassandra arched a perfect brow. "I have high endurance. You’ll keep up this time, right?"

He blushed.

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The click of Cassandra’s heels echoed down the hallway before she even came into view. Sharp, rhythmic, controlled—a metronome of dominance. It was the kind of

sound that made people straighten their backs before they even realized why. The kind that announced power.

Pat Robinson heard it before he saw her.

And when he finally did—he hated that even his annoyance wasn't enough to ignore the way she moved.

Cassandra stepped into view, immaculate as ever.

A fitted charcoal-gray skirt hugged her hips and thighs, her silk blouse buttoned just enough to be professional but tauntingly close to inappropriate. Her hair was flawless, her makeup perfectly applied, her expression smug as hell—because of course it was.

She was gloating without saying a word.

Pat exhaled sharply through his nose as she approached the elevator, standing beside him as if she hadn't utterly humiliated him in the boardroom the day before.

Neither spoke as they stepped inside.

The doors slid shut.

Silence.

The kind that pressed against your ears and made you want to break it—except neither of them ever backed down first.

Pat folded his arms, watching her through the reflection in the steel paneling. Too perfect. Too smug. Too untouchable.

Finally, he huffed.

"You didn't have to be that demeaning yesterday."

Cassandra took exactly three seconds to respond—long enough to let him dangle, short enough to make it seem effortless.

"Of course I did."

Pat's jaw clenched. "No, you didn't."

Cassandra tilted her head slightly, eyes flicking to him with that same maddening amusement she always had when people complained about her.

"Pat, you asked for it."

His scowl deepened. "I asked a question."

"And you called for an answer."

She turned to face him now, leaning just slightly against the railing, relaxed—like she was just here for entertainment.

"It’s not my fault you were incompetent."

His fingers flexed. "You’re unbelievable."

"No, Pat. I’m just better than you."

His nostrils flared, his body rigid with irritation. She was enjoying this.

"You act like this is some kind of game, Cassandra. It’s not. We’re supposed to be working together."

Her lips twitched.

"That’s adorable. You think we’re on the same team."

Pat let out a short laugh—humorless, dry. "You think you’re too smart for your own good."

Cassandra smiled now, but it was slow, deliberate—the kind of smile that made men nervous without them even knowing why.

"No such thing."

Pat turned to face the doors as the elevator slowed, exhaling sharply, shaking his head.

"You’ll have your low moment eventually, Cassandra. Everyone does. And I’ll be there when you do."

The doors slid open.

He stepped out without looking back.

Cassandra?

She watched him leave, still smirking, still untouched, unbothered.

"We’ll see."

The doors slid shut again.

The elevator doors slid open a few floors up, and Cassandra stepped onto her floor with the presence of someone who owned every square inch of it. The usual office chatter dulled as heads turned, eyes flickering toward her as she passed. Conversations faltered, whispers picked up, and the sound of her heels against the marble filled the space like a drumbeat of authority.

She didn’t acknowledge them, didn’t need to. Her stride was enough.

By the time she reached her glass-walled corner office, her assistant, Rachel, was already watching her with nervous anticipation. The girl hesitated for a split second, then stood, smoothing out the front of her blouse as she followed Cassandra inside. The door shut behind them, the hum of the office disappearing in an instant.

Cassandra sat behind her desk, adjusting the sleeves of her suit jacket, her movements controlled and unhurried. Rachel stood there, hands clasped in front of her, the tension in her posture unmistakable.

"You're fired," Cassandra said without looking up.

Silence stretched between them, thick and unmoving. Rachel blinked, a sharp breath catching in her throat.

"Wait… what?"

Cassandra finally met her eyes, her expression as impassive as stone. "Take the elevator to HR on the fifty-seventh floor. They'll handle the paperwork."

Rachel's face went pale. She took a hesitant step forward. "Ms. Steele, please, I—yesterday was—"

"Yesterday was a demonstration of why you are not fit to work for me."

Rachel swallowed hard, her fingers twisting together. "It was a paper jam. The printer malfunctioned. That isn't—"

Cassandra leaned back in her chair, tilting her head slightly as she regarded the girl in front of her.

"I don't have time for excuses," she said. "I work too hard to let someone else's incompetence interfere with my results. I needed those copies, and you failed, period."

Rachel's eyes darted across the room as if looking for something to anchor herself. Her voice wavered. "I need this job."

Cassandra gave the smallest shrug, as if the statement was nothing more than a minor inconvenience. "Your lack of talent is not my problem."

Rachel's shoulders tensed, her jaw tightening as she struggled to find a response. There was none. She turned on her heel, her shoes barely making a sound against the office floor as she walked to the door. Cassandra could hear her sobbing.

She then reached for the phone, dialing HR with the same efficiency she applied to every aspect of her life. The line barely rang once before a voice answered.

"This is Mark from Human Resources."

"Rachel Bloom is on her way to you," Cassandra said smoothly, glancing at her watch. "Process her termination and finalize the paperwork. I want her out by noon."

A brief pause. "Understood. Do you need any—"

"Send me the replacement," she cut in, already moving on. "I expect them at my office within the hour."

“Yes, ma’am.”

She was about to hang up but stopped, tapping her nails lightly against her desk. “One more thing. Offer Ryan Jones a permanent position.”

A longer pause this time. “Ryan Jones? The intern?”

Cassandra allowed herself a small smirk. “Is that a problem?”

“No, of course not,” Mark said quickly. “I’ll take care of it.”

“I know you will,” she replied, then hung up without waiting for anything further.

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Ethan stepped into Cassandra’s office, the door shutting behind him with a quiet *click*. The blinds were drawn, the overhead lights casting a sharp contrast between the bright city skyline and the controlled coolness of her space.

She didn’t offer him a seat. She never did.

Cassandra sat behind her desk, posture impeccable, hands folded neatly atop a set of reports she had been reviewing before his arrival. She didn’t rush him, simply watched as he adjusted his tie, exhaled, and met her gaze with something that almost resembled concern.

Almost.

“We might have a problem,” Ethan said finally.

Cassandra arched a brow, leaning back slightly. “Might?”

Ethan swallowed, running a hand through his hair. “The new subscription model. It’s been driving our numbers through the roof, which—great—but I’ve been running projections, and there’s a problem with the customer lifetime value.”

Cassandra didn’t move, didn’t blink. “Go on.”

He took a breath, as if steadying himself. “It’s front-loaded. We’re bringing in revenue aggressively at the start of the cycle, but as our installed base grows, the numbers won’t hold. The recurring revenue per customer is lower than expected in the long run. If this keeps up, we’ll see declining margins and profitability collapse when the volume stabilizes.”

The room went still.

Cassandra remained quiet for a moment, processing. Then, her voice came low, measured.

“Who knows about this?”

Ethan hesitated. “Just me.”

Cassandra tilted her head slightly. “Make sure it stays that way.”

Ethan’s jaw tightened. “Cassandra, I—”

She lifted a single finger. The universal signal to *stop talking*.

“Tell me the worst-case scenario.”

Ethan exhaled. “Most likely, the effect is moderate—some adjustments, tightening things where needed, maybe shifting the customer acquisition strategy.”

“And the worst?”

“If we don’t control it, we could see a financial squeeze right when the numbers matter most.”

Cassandra’s expression remained unreadable, but inside, she was already calculating, adjusting, deciding.

“We’re not letting that happen. Not before summer. Not before promotion decisions.”

Ethan nodded slowly, shifting in place.

Cassandra tapped her nails lightly against her desk, the rhythmic sound the only noise between them. Then she sat forward, eyes locking onto his.

“I need you to draft a plan for downsizing and asset reduction. Cut where you need to, but make sure it’s subtle. No panic. No conspicuous losses.”

Ethan frowned. “We should inform the board—”

Cassandra let out a soft, amused breath. “Ethan.”

His throat went dry.

“If you inform the board, it will be the last thing you do.”

Silence.

She watched as the realization settled in his posture, in the way his hands curled slightly, as if gripping something invisible.

Finally, he nodded. “I’ll get you a plan.”

“Good.”

She reached for her intercom. “Send me the numbers. Make sure no one else has them. I want a full review.”

Ethan hesitated. “And after that?”

Cassandra’s lips curved—just slightly.

“After that, we make sure this business unit stays as profitable as it looks.”

She pressed the intercom button, her voice smooth, completely composed.

“Cancel everything else for the day.”

The line clicked off.

The conversation was over.

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The numbers were worse than she had expected.

Cassandra leaned back in her chair, staring at the spreadsheets, letting the reality settle in. Ethan had missed things. Of course, he had. He was competent, but *not on her level*. Not when it came to seeing the patterns hidden beneath the surface.

She should really stop surrounding herself with good fuckers and start hiring better analysts.

She mostly did… but her always-on libido, one of the few real enemies in her career, had demanded its concessions. *A perfect body, a perfect mind… but an appetite that refused to be tamed.*

She exhaled, rubbing her temple.

The problem was worse than a temporary dip. The subscription model’s collapse could start bleeding into reports sooner than she had accounted for. If the wrong people noticed before her next review, it wouldn’t just slow her climb—it could kill it outright.

If she could get past that, if she could make it to Barr’s seat, she could fix it later.

A few deinvestments in Robinson’s division. A reallocation of blame, a shift in optics. She could contain it. Manage it. Survive it.

But only if she made it there first.

Cassandra glanced at the clock. 10:57 PM.

She frowned. She had barely eaten all day. Just a sandwich and coffee. *That explains the headache.*

A headache, exhaustion—things she never felt.

She sighed and stood, stretching before heading to her private bathroom. She needed to wash her face, cool her mind.

The mirror greeted her with a reflection she didn't like.

She looked… tired.

The kind of tired she didn't allow herself to be.

Her skin was still flawless, but there was something in her eyes, a faint hollowness, the edges of exhaustion that didn't belong to her.

She knew exactly what she needed.

Cassandra took her bag, fingers already reaching for the unlabeled metal box. She barely hesitated as she popped open the box, her fingers expertly retrieving the last syringe. The golden liquid inside shimmered under the soft bathroom light, a deceptive beauty for something so unnatural, so untested.

She rolled up her silk blouse sleeve, her wrist resting lightly on the marble counter. The needle glided into her skin, effortless, painless—something she had done too many times to hesitate now.

The moment she pressed the plunger, she felt it.

A cool rush through her veins.

Then warmth.

Then… electricity.

Her skin tightened, firmed, as if smoothing itself in real time. The faintest exhaustion in her muscles evaporated, the dull ache in her temples gone in seconds.

Her eyes sharpened.

Her posture lifted.

She flexed her fingers, exhaling slowly as she felt the sensation spread, fueling her from the inside out.

Her reflection changed before her eyes—not by much, just enough. The faint shadows around her eyes? Gone. The slight pull of tension at the edges of her lips? Erased.

Her body was awake again. Ready.

She wasn't supposed to take them this often. But circumstances demanded it.

Cassandra pulled her sleeve back down, composed as ever, her body humming with renewed strength, sharpened clarity.

She strode back to her desk, more alert than she had been all day. The numbers that had drained her earlier? Now just another problem to solve.

She picked up her phone, opening an encrypted messaging app.

Cassandra: I need to pay a visit.

A few seconds later, a reply.

Unknown: Too early. How come you need more?

She smirked slightly, tapping her nails against the desk before typing.

Cassandra: I just do.

Another pause.

Unknown: I told you not to exceed once a week.

Cassandra: Circumstances demanded an extra boost.

Unknown: Cassandra, this stuff is still experimental. It hasn't gone through full FDA testing yet. You're taking too much risk.

She exhaled slowly, eyes flicking back to the reports on her desk.

Cassandra: It works wonderfully. I'll pay double the usual.

A long pause.

Then:

Unknown: Midnight. Same place.

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The lab smelled of antiseptic and sterile secrecy, a sharp contrast to the luxury and polish Cassandra Steele was used to. The room was small, tucked away in the outskirts of the city, far from prying eyes, far from accountability.

She sat in a worn leather medical chair, one leg crossed over the other, watching with cool detachment as her contact—a man who could only be a scientist—prepared a syringe to draw her blood.

On the table beside her sat the metal box, freshly stocked with a new set of doses.

She already felt better just knowing it was there.

The man glanced at her, his expression tight, almost uneasy. He rolled up her sleeve, tying a band around her upper arm, his fingers moving with clinical precision—but his mind was elsewhere.

“You don’t do this just for the money,” Cassandra murmured, eyes flicking to him as he inserted the needle.

The man’s hands stilled for a fraction of a second before he continued. “That’s an interesting thing to say to someone who charges you a small fortune.”

Her lips curved slightly. “If it were *only* about the money, you wouldn’t bother following up on my condition.”

He kept his focus on the vial filling with her blood, avoiding her gaze. “I’d be an idiot if I didn’t track someone testing an experimental compound on themselves.”

A tense silence settled between them. The only sound was the faint hum of the overhead fluorescent light.

He pulled the needle out, pressing a gauze pad against her arm. “You should be more careful,” he muttered. “You’re pushing the dosage faster than advisable. This could backfire.”

She sensed the uneasiness, the concern.

Cassandra let out a soft breath, not quite a laugh. “Don’t worry. I’m not interested in exposing you.”

The man exhaled, relieved but still uneasy. “Then what *are* you interested in?”

She met his eyes now, voice smooth, calculated. “Having an edge.”

His brow furrowed. “What kind of edge?”

Cassandra leaned forward slightly, resting her elbow on the chair’s armrest. “Looking good gives me an edge. Being extra sharp gives me an edge. Going on with barely a couple hours of sleep a day gives me an edge.” She smirked, lifting her freshly bandaged arm. “And this? This *ensures* my edge.”

The scientist shook his head, rubbing a hand over his face. “You’re human, you know?”

She stood, smoothing down her sleeve. “Of course,” she said, picking up the metal box with the new doses, tucking it into her sleek black leather bag. “Just better than everyone else.”

She pulled out her phone, transferring the payment before he even asked.

The man checked his screen, sighed, then gave her a final look. “Take it easy. Don’t say I didn’t warn you.”

Cassandra merely smiled before turning on her heel and heading for the exit.

Inside the taxi back home, the city lights blurred past the windows.

Cassandra leaned back against the leather seat, already feeling the familiar hum of control settling back into place.

She pulled out her phone and dialed.

The line rang twice before Ryan's groggy voice answered.

"…Hello?"

She smirked. "Sleeping already?"

A pause. "Cassandra?" His voice was rough, disoriented.

"Congratulations," she murmured. "You're officially employed."

A drowsy chuckle. "Thanks, I—uh—" He cleared his throat, still shaking off sleep. "That's… great news."

Cassandra let the silence stretch before adding, "You should come to my apartment to celebrate."

Another pause. He was processing.

"…Right now?"

"Unless you'd rather sleep," she said smoothly, "than *celebrate* with me."

His breath hitched slightly.

She smirked against the phone.

"Text me when you're outside," she said, then ended the call before he could even think to say no.

FALL AND RISE

Cassandra sat at her desk, fingers moving across the keyboard as she ran yet another simulation. The data models flickered on her screen, numbers shifting as she adjusted variables, tweaking projections, searching for the right balance—the perfect manipulation.

She could make it work.

If she played it right, if she stretched resources here, delayed reports there, she could push the issue far enough that no one would notice the fallout until at least two quarters from now. By then, she would already be in Barr's seat.

She exhaled slowly, rolling her shoulders, tension still coiled tight beneath the surface. The numbers were ugly, but she was back in control.

Then her phone rang.

She glanced at the screen. *Barr.*

Strange. It was late. He never worked late anymore.

She answered, keeping her voice smooth. "Cassandra Steele."

"Come to my office." His tone was tight, uneasy.

She hesitated for only a fraction of a second. "Of course."

Hanging up, she straightened her blouse, smoothed her skirt, and walked out of her office.

A few eyes flicked toward her as she moved through the halls—curiosity, speculation. Cassandra ignored them. She never let the staff see her hesitate.

When she stepped into Harold Barr's office, she knew something was wrong immediately.

Robinson was there.

And he was smirking.

Her eyes flicked to Barr. His face was pale, his mouth pressed into a thin line. And on his massive office screen, she saw it—her numbers.

The ones that showed exactly how bad the risk was.

Her stomach tensed, but her face remained unreadable.

She blinked once, stepping forward, tilting her head just slightly.

"What am I looking at?" she asked, letting a touch of confusion color her voice.

"You tell me," Barr said, turning in his chair. His voice wasn't angry—just concerned, bordering on shaken.

Cassandra narrowed her eyes at the screen, as if examining it for the first time.

She could feel Robinson watching her. She could feel his satisfaction. He had been waiting for this moment.

After a few seconds, she let out a slow breath and turned back to Barr. "I'll look into it. I hadn't seen these projections before."

Barr gave a short, heavy exhale, rubbing his temple. "You'd better. Because the CEO has called an emergency meeting with the Executive Leadership Team tomorrow to discuss this."

Cassandra froze.

Then, very carefully, she let just enough of the reaction show. A slight widening of her eyes, a tiny twitch of her jaw. *Just enough to sell it.*

"Who brought this up?" Her voice was calm, controlled, but she already knew.

She didn't even have to look at Robinson to feel his smirk deepening.

"Doesn't matter," Barr muttered, shaking his head. "What matters is that you have about twelve hours to figure out a damn good answer."

Cassandra nodded slowly.

"Understood."

Barr leaned forward, lowering his voice. "This isn't just your problem, Cassandra. This is my business. My legacy. Don't screw me on this."

She met his gaze, steady, unwavering.

"I won't."

Barr nodded, rubbing his forehead, clearly exhausted. "Go. Fix this."

She turned toward the door, feeling Robinson's eyes on her the entire way out.

As she walked past him, he murmured just low enough for her to hear.

"Tough break, Steele."

She didn't react. She didn't give him the satisfaction.

But deep inside?

She hated him.

And tomorrow, at the ELT meeting, she would make someone else take the fall.

She wasn't going down for this.

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Cassandra sat in the dim glow of her laptop screen, 1 AM, eyes flicking rapidly across the spreadsheets. The numbers blurred slightly, the stress pressing down like a weight on her chest. Her fingers tightened against the desk.

She had been in tight situations before. Had maneuvered her way out of power plays, market shifts, boardroom betrayals.

But this?

This was the first time she felt genuinely cornered.

Her body ached. Her mind felt sluggish. The pressure was unrelenting, crushing, a storm swirling in her head.

She needed clarity. She needed to see through the fog.

Her gaze drifted to the metal box on her nightstand.

She had already taken one today.

But she needed another.

The syringe was in her hand before she even processed the decision.

She rolled up her sleeve, pressed the needle to her skin, and pushed the plunger down.

The relief was instant.

Her heart steadied. The tension in her shoulders evaporated. Her mind sharpened like a blade being honed.

By the time she turned back to the screen, everything was clearer.

And then—there it was.

A way out.

She leaned forward, fingers flying across the keyboard, running the numbers, working the angles, twisting the narrative.

She could reshape the conversation. Make it a general problem—not her problem.

No. Better.

She could tie Robinson to it.

By the time 4 AM hit, Cassandra leaned back, exhausted but victorious.

It was risky.

But with the right performance, she could pull this off.

She barely slept.

When her alarm clock blared, she felt the drain immediately.

The energy that had carried her through the night? Gone.

She stepped into the shower, letting the water scald her skin, trying to wash away the fatigue.

By the time she stepped out, she was still tired.

Worse, she looked tired.

She examined herself in the mirror. Shadows under her eyes. A tightness in her features. A dullness she didn't recognize.

She felt something she hadn't felt in a long, long time.

Fear.

She couldn't be like this. Not today.

Her eyes flicked to the metal box again.

Her fingers hovered over it.

Too much.

But she needed it.

The syringe was in her skin within seconds.

And when she stepped back, she felt the exhaustion dissolve like it had never been there at all.

She was ready.

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The traffic wasn't moving.

Cassandra’s fingers drummed against the leather armrest, her jaw tightening as she glanced at the time on her phone. The Executive Leadership meeting was closing in fast, and she was still stuck here, trapped in a sea of honking horns and stalled cars.

She clenched her fists.

“Can’t you take another route?” she snapped at the driver.

The middle-aged man, barely sparing her a glance, sighed. “Lady, unless you got wings, we’re not going anywhere.”

She took a slow breath, forcing control back into her voice. “Try harder.”

He scoffed. “Yeah, I’ll just teleport us there, huh?”

Cassandra’s eye twitched.

She was about to tear into him properly when she felt it—a strange tightness in her shoes.

Not the usual discomfort of wearing heels for too long. Something… different.

She shifted slightly, frowning as she realized her toes were pressing harder against the leather than before. Her calves felt tense, like she had been standing all day instead of sitting.

She ignored it.

Her phone rang.

Ryan.

She exhaled sharply before answering.

"Why is HR asking for me?" His voice was uncertain, wary.

A prickle of unease ran through her.

HR? That wasn’t right.

Her skirt suddenly felt tighter. The waistband dug into her hips, like she had just eaten a heavy meal, but she hadn’t eaten anything since yesterday.

She shifted again, uncomfortable.

"Did they say why?" she asked.

"No," Ryan muttered. "Just that I need to come in today." A pause. "Cassandra… is this about us?"

Her hand clenched the phone harder.

That wasn’t possible. Yeah, fuckign him was technically against the rules, but no one cared about that in the company, and even less with a Senior Vice President involved.

Her blouse pulled against her shoulders, seams straining. She barely noticed.

"Just go," she said briskly. "Stay calm. Call me after."

She ended the call before he could question her further.

Her heels pinched hard now.

She exhaled through her nose, gritting her teeth as she shifted her legs—and felt her knees press against the back of the driver’s seat.

That wasn’t normal.

Something wasn’t right.

Her phone screen flashed again—Ethan. Updated numbers.

She skimmed the email—and her stomach dropped.

They were worse than before.

Barr had requested them specifically.

Her breath shallowed. Then Ethan asked about a call from HR.

HR was calling Ryan.

HR was calling Ethan.

She was heading into a trap.

Except she wasn’t heading anywhere.

Because the traffic still wasn’t moving.

“MOVE,” she snapped.

The driver let out a harsh laugh. “Lady, for the last time, I—”

Her shoes burst.

A sharp *snap* and then—relief.

Her bare feet spread against the carpeted floor, her heels shredding into useless scraps of leather.

She froze.

The driver hadn’t noticed.

But she had.

Something was wrong with her body.

She tried to focus, but her phone rang again.

Her mother.

Not now.

“I’m busy,” she snapped, rubbing her temple.

“Your father is in the hospital.”

Cassandra exhaled sharply.

“I will call later.”

“Cassandra,” her mother’s voice was tight, breaking. “Do you even have humanity left?”

She ended the call without another word.

Her skirt tightened again, her thighs straining against the fabric.

The seams started popping.

Tiny at first. Barely noticeable.

Then—rip.

She felt it pull apart at the back, a slow, humiliating tear crawling higher up her thighs.

Her chest felt heavier, her blouse pulling tighter across her bust, the buttons straining.

What the hell was happening?

She glanced down—and her breath caught.

Her legs looked… longer.

Her feet stretched across the floor, her calves thicker, her thighs pressing harder against the seat in front of her.

Her jacket sleeves now barely reached her wrists.

No.

This wasn’t possible.

But she was growing.

“I—I need to get out,” she muttered, her voice unnaturally shaky.

The driver, still oblivious, scoffed. “Lady, you need to calm—”

Her knees pushed against the seat.

Hard.

Hard enough to make the driver jolt forward.

“What the hell—?”

She shifted, and the roof pressed against her head.

The buttons of her blouse strained even more, her breath coming faster.

She was expanding.

She felt it.

The way her skin stretched, her muscles lengthened, her very presence growing bigger, stronger.

The pressure was exhilarating.

And terrifying.

The driver turned just in time to see the first button of her blouse pop. His face twisted in confusion, brows furrowing as if his mind couldn’t quite process what he had just seen. Before he could speak, another button snapped free, then another—snap, snap, snap—the fabric no longer able to contain the expanding curves beneath it. The delicate lace of her bra strained, pushing outward, her full breasts swelling against the material in a way that made the threadbare garment tremble.

At the same time, her hips surged wider, pressing against the car doors, warping the frame with a deep, metallic groan. The suspension screamed in protest as the already crammed back seat tightened even further around her. Her thighs, usually sleek and firm, now bulged against the interior, tearing through what remained of her fitted skirt. The tearing fabric wasn’t sharp or sudden—it was slow, painfully deliberate, like the seams were giving up their fight against her ever-expanding body.

The taxi lurched forward.

The driver yelped, his entire body thrown against the steering wheel as her knees shoved hard into the back of his seat. The sudden force pushed his chest into the wheel, honking the horn in one long, pitiful wail that did nothing to mask his startled breath. He tried to turn, tried to push back, but another pulse of growth sent even more of her body forward, pinning him harder against the dashboard.

Panic set in.

His hands fumbled for the door handle, desperate to escape the ever-shrinking driver’s seat, but the taxi had already begun to twist and warp under the pressure of Cassandra’s expanding mass. The door wouldn’t budge. The frame was too bent, too crumpled, too misshapen to let him slip out.

Her knees grew again, pressing harder.

The breath left his lungs in a choked gasp, his body wedged so tightly between the seat and the wheel that his fingers scrambled uselessly against the dashboard.

Cassandra barely noticed.

She was too caught up in the feeling—the overwhelming, tingling sensation of her skin stretching, her muscles expanding, the sheer power humming through her veins. She barely even registered the sound of his strained wheezing, the frantic struggling of his arms, the way his legs twitched beneath the weight crushing down on him.

Another pulse.

Another push.

A wet, squelching sound filled the car, muffled, almost distant, a sickening crunch mixed with something softer, something irreversibly final.

Cassandra barely registered it.

Her head pressed against the roof now, her shoulders curling forward as her back bulged against the crumpling interior. The roof bent outward, trying and failing to contain her expanding frame, the windshield spiderwebbing from the pressure.

The taxi couldn't hold her anymore.

It shuddered, screamed—then split apart.

Metal snapped like brittle twigs, glass exploded outward, tires burst under the sheer weight crushing them down.

Cassandra gasped, feeling the cool air rush against her fully exposed, ever-expanding body. Her arms stretched outward, her legs extended far beyond where the taxi had once confined them. Her toes plowed through the street ahead, kicking aside debris, scattering what had once been a cluster of cars like fallen dominoes.

And still, she kept growing.

Bigger.

Taller.

More.

Her body erupted outward, expanding past any human limitation, overtaking the city around her. The people below? The world that once surrounded her?

It was shrinking.

And she wasn't stopping. A sharp pang of panic shot through her. This wasn't just growth—this was total loss of control.

The city around her shrank rapidly, her hands pressing into the pavement, fingers digging into the street as if she could somehow stop herself from taking up more space.

Her feet pushed past a new row of cars, her toes stretching out, forcing vehicles to flip and crumple beneath them like discarded wrappers.

A fire hydrant burst, sending a geyser of water spraying uselessly against her ankle.

Cassandra's breath came fast and ragged, her mind struggling to grasp the enormity of what had just happened. The rhythm of her heartbeat pounded in her ears, drowning out the distant, fragmented sounds of the city below. She could feel the cool morning air washing over her exposed skin, every nerve overstimulated, alive with an electric hum that refused to subside. She blinked, her vision blurring before clearing again, trying to process what she was seeing, trying to reconcile the scale of her own body with the tiny, fragile world beneath her.

Her thighs alone were already wider than the entire taxi she had been trapped in, but now that taxi was nothing more than a distant, flattened relic beneath her. Her legs stretched beyond the length of traffic intersections, extending past streetlights that barely reached her ankles. The sheer distance from her knees to her feet was incomprehensible—her calves easily longer than city buses, her toes casually resting against the crumpled remains of vehicles that had been caught in her initial surge. A billboard that had once been eye-level advertising, something she would have passed by without a second glance, now rested somewhere beneath her knees, dwarfed by the sheer scale of her body.

She inhaled sharply, trying to regulate her breathing as her torso continued adjusting, her shoulders broadening, her back lengthening, her arms shifting to support her increasingly massive frame. Her hair, which had once fallen in sleek waves past her shoulders, now spilled across buildings, strands of it draped over rooftops, brushing against windows, tangling in places she couldn't even see. She was enormous, beyond the limits of what she could understand, beyond anything she had ever imagined herself being.

Then she saw the building, or rather, she realized she was getting closer to it. No—she was growing toward it. A flicker of panic surged through her, and she instinctively pressed her hands against the pavement, as if that would stop the relentless expansion of her body. But the moment her palms met the ground, she felt it give beneath her, the pavement cracking, the asphalt caving inward beneath the simple pressure of her fingers. Spiderweb fractures shot outward, splitting through entire city blocks, and she realized with a sickening jolt that she had left an imprint of her own hands in the middle of downtown just by touching it.

The sensation was utterly surreal. The streets, the solid infrastructure of the city, had always been something permanent to her—unshakable, unyielding. Now, it yielded to her, crumbling beneath the mere weight of her presence. The knowledge made her feel queasy, unmoored. She needed to steady herself, to find something solid to hold

onto, something that could reassure her that she still existed in the same world she had woken up in this morning.

Her fingers brushed against the side of a building. It was one of the taller ones in the area, a modern office tower with reflective glass windows, the kind of building she had spent her entire life working toward owning, controlling. But the moment her fingertips pressed against its surface, the illusion of its strength shattered. The reinforced concrete, designed to withstand earthquakes and storms, gave way instantly. Her fingers sank into the structure like it was damp sand, leaving behind deep, cavernous imprints. A chunk of the rooftop crumbled, tumbling down the side of the building in a cascade of glass and debris, vanishing into the streets below.

She yanked her hand away, her breath hitching as she looked down at the damage she had just caused. She hadn't even tried. She hadn't exerted any real strength. And yet the result was undeniable. She was too big, too powerful. Everything she touched, everything she brushed against, broke under the sheer scale of her presence.

A bus, still intact, toppled onto its side as her calf nudged against it, knocking it over as easily as if it were a child's toy. The weight of her shifting hips sent a tremor through the ground, cracking more pavement, making streetlights tremble. The glass from another office tower shattered outward as her bare skin barely grazed against it. The world was too delicate. It was breaking around her simply because she was here.

Her stomach tightened, her hands pressing into the pavement harder, as if holding onto something, anything, could slow this down. But there was no stopping it. There was no undoing what had already happened. Her breath quickened again, but she forced herself to breathe deeply, to steady her nerves, even as her heart pounded with the realization of her own enormity.

And yet, beneath the sheer panic, there was something else. Something insidious. Something pleasurable.

The slow stretch of her skin had felt good, hadn’t it? The sensation of her body overtaking the city, pushing past boundaries that had once contained her, had sent a thrill through her. She had felt the world shrink beneath her, become insignificant, and for a moment—just a fleeting moment—it had been exhilarating.

She hated herself for thinking it.

Her breath hitched, and she clenched her fists, her fingers curling against the shattered pavement. She felt everything. The way the wind moved differently against her now, the way her mere presence reshaped the cityscape. When she shifted, just slightly, she heard metal crumpling beneath her feet, glass splintering under the weight of her slightest movement.

She wanted to deny it. She wanted to control it. But control was gone.

She had surpassed 200 feet, then 300, and still she towered, stretching taller, larger, more massive than even the tallest of the city’s landmarks. The world had turned small.

The sounds of the city warped around her, distant screams muting into echoes, the once-blaring sirens nothing more than faint chirps of alarm.

She should have been horrified. She should have been panicking. But she wasn't. She wasn't sure what she felt.

Cassandra exhaled slowly, the sheer force of it rustling through the city below, sending papers flying, shaking glass that had somehow remained intact. She looked down at the tiny streets, the endless sea of people running in terror, the sheer insignificance of the world she had once belonged to.

Her throat tightened.

Her own voice, deep and powerful beyond anything she had ever heard, finally escaped her lips.

"Oh, fuck." The words rolled across the city like distant thunder.

Her breath slowed, her body finally still. The growth had stopped, but the enormity of what had happened lingered. There was no undoing this, no fixing it, no walking away from the destruction she had already caused simply by existing at this scale.

She didn't know what to do next. But she instinctively knew she couldn't just sit here forever.

But for the moment, Cassandra sat there, frozen in place, her breath slow and measured, the last remnants of panic still coiling around her thoughts. She needed time, needed something to ground her, but how did someone process what had just happened?

She forced herself to look around, to really see her surroundings from this impossible new vantage point. Her legs stretched far across the ruined city streets, extending past multiple intersections, her calves draped over cars like they were nothing more than scattered debris. Even sitting down, her sheer size was overwhelming—she had always been tall for a woman, always enjoyed the way a good pair of heels gave her presence in a boardroom, but now? Even the tallest rooftops barely reached her shoulders. A few stood higher, but not by much, and none of them felt imposing. Nothing did.

She swallowed hard, her gaze drifting downward.

The damage was undeniable.

The building she had reached for—some nondescript mid-rise office complex—had been partially torn open like cheap cardboard. Gaping wounds in its façade revealed the remnants of offices, desks splintered and overturned, walls stripped bare where her fingers had effortlessly caved them in. Loose wires sparked from the broken floors, paper fluttered in the wind, filing cabinets dangled precariously over the edge of the shattered structure. That had just been one touch.

The asphalt beneath her bore massive scars, deep craters where her hands had pressed for balance. Her sheer weight had buckled the street, forcing pavement upward in jagged ridges around the points of impact. Even beyond where she sat, there was evidence of her growth—her feet had shoved aside entire rows of vehicles, compacting them into twisted, metallic wreckage. Some were flattened beyond recognition, little more than unidentifiable hunks of steel, their windshields shattered, their tires long since popped. A city bus lay on its side, a victim of nothing more than her casual movement. She wasn't sure when she had even knocked it over.

And then there were the people.

At first, she barely noticed them, her mind too overwhelmed by the sheer scale of the destruction. But once she focused, they were everywhere.

They littered the streets, scattered across intersections, some still trapped near the pile-up she had caused with her feet. Some ran between her legs, tiny specks darting frantically, while others hugged the walls of buildings, pressed into alleyways, trying to put as much distance between themselves and her as possible.

She could hear them—their screams, their panic, the sheer chaos of their tiny voices overlapping in a desperate chorus.

Cassandra's stomach twisted.

They were so small.

Not just small—insignificant. They weren't just below her, they were beneath her, nothing more than skittering dots, moving between the remnants of a city that she had broken just by being here.

Her breath hitched.

No. No, no, no, this wasn't happening.

She closed her eyes, squeezing them shut, willing herself to wake up, to find herself back in her apartment, back in her sleek penthouse with the skyline stretching beyond her window, back where the world still made sense.

But when she opened them again, nothing had changed.

She was still here.

Still colossal.

Still exposed.

Still surrounded by a city in ruins, with streets too narrow for her limbs, buildings too fragile against her skin, people too impossibly tiny beneath her gaze.

Her chest rose and fell sharply, fingers twitching where they lay against the crumbling pavement.

This couldn’t be real.

It didn’t make sense.

There had to be a reason, an explanation—this was some kind of hallucination, some kind of elaborate nightmare, a cruel trick of the mind, an aftereffect of the drug she had taken hours before.

Yes. That made sense.

The drug.

She must have overdone it. That last dose, the one she had taken just before the taxi ride—it had to be the cause. It was experimental, barely tested, full of unknowns. Maybe this was all in her head.

Maybe she was lying in a hospital bed right now, her body thrashing under some sedative while doctors tried to bring her back.

Maybe she had passed out at her desk, overworked, exhausted, coming down from whatever that drug had been doing to her system.

Maybe this wasn’t real at all.

Her breath slowed just slightly, her hands tightening into fists as she clung to the rationality of the thought.

Yes. That had to be it.

There was no way she was actually this big.

There was no way she had crushed entire vehicles, broken buildings, reshaped an entire section of the city just by growing out of her taxi.

The reality was too impossible.

She just needed to wake up.

Cassandra exhaled, her pulse still pounding but her mind latching onto the only explanation that made sense.

This wasn’t real. It couldn’t be.

But then she looked down again, past her stretched-out legs, past the ruins of the city street, past the bus she had barely noticed toppling, past the hundreds of people still scrambling to escape her presence.

She focused on them, really focused, forcing herself to register their movements, their terror, the absolute raw panic of those still trapped within the wreckage, those sprinting for cover beneath the jagged overhangs of broken buildings, those staring up at her with wide, horrified expressions.

Their fear was real.

Their screams were real.

The heat of the city, the wind against her bare skin, the weight of the world shrinking beneath her was real.

And deep in her gut, she knew it.

She swallowed hard, her throat dry, her lips parting slightly as if she were about to speak, about to demand something—an answer, an explanation, anything that could make this less insane.

But there was nothing.

No logic to hold onto, no dream to wake up from, no convenient escape.

She was still here.

Still too big.

Still trapped in a reality that had left the rest of the world behind.

Cassandra clenched her jaw, feeling the heat rising in her chest again, the panic simmering beneath her skin, her muscles tense with the unbearable weight of not knowing what to do next.

She had spent her entire life in control.

She had always known the next step, the next promotion, the next power move, the next deal that would push her further up the corporate ladder.

But this?

This wasn't something she could negotiate her way out of.

This wasn't something she could fix with strategy, with sharp words and decisive action.

And for the first time in her life, she had no idea what to do.

Cassandra exhaled, her chest rising and falling in slow, heavy motions, her mind still desperately clawing for any rational explanation, any reasonable next step. But there was nothing reasonable about this. There was nothing rational about being too big for the city you once walked through.

And then it hit her.

She was naked.

Her pulse spiked as she finally, fully registered it—the warm breeze against her bare skin, the air brushing over everything—her toned stomach, her thighs stretched out over city blocks, her breasts, unbound and exposed, firm despite their size, still

standing high on her chest, defying gravity even at nearly forty. A testament to her meticulous upkeep, to the workouts, the diet, the expensive creams and procedures—but also to the drug. The drug had been working wonders, but this? This was beyond anything she had expected.

A sharp, instinctual reaction took over as she crossed her arms over her chest, shielding herself, a move so automatic that she only realized how absurd it was after she had done it. As if that would make a difference. As if that would undo the fact that she was already the most visible, impossible thing on the planet.

Her lips curled in frustration, and with a huff, she uncrossed her arms, letting them drop back to her sides.

"Yeah, because I'm sure my tits are the first thing on your minds right now," she muttered, her voice dripping with sarcasm.

The words boomed over the city, a deep, reverberating force that rattled the glass of the remaining intact buildings, vibrating through the streets like the roll of distant thunder. Below, the reaction was instantaneous.

Screams.

New, frantic bursts of movement.

People froze in place, hands flying to their ears, others dropped to the ground entirely, shielding themselves as if expecting her voice alone to be enough to bring the world down around them.

Cassandra winced, her stomach tightening at the sheer scale of their reaction. She had barely spoken—just a throwaway remark, a meaningless joke—and yet it had sent a wave of terror through thousands of people. Nothing she did was small anymore. Nothing she did was inconsequential.

A dry, bitter laugh escaped her lips before she could stop it.

"Jesus," she breathed, shaking her head. "I can't even open my mouth without sending people into a fucking panic."

The sheer hopelessness of it made her chuckle again, but the sound was hollow, an exhausted kind of amusement tinged with disbelief. She was so far beyond normal that even her voice was a force of nature.

Her gaze drifted downward, scanning the ruined streets, the utter chaos sprawling beneath her.

There were so many of them.

They were everywhere—tiny, barely half an inch tall, if that much, impossibly small, scurrying in all directions. Some were still running, tripping, climbing over each other in a desperate bid to escape. Others had collapsed, hands over their heads, paralyzed

by sheer terror. A few were waving their arms, frantic, either trying to signal for help or simply screaming at the incomprehensible nightmare that had unfolded before them.

They were between her legs, at the base of her thighs, in the shadows cast by her calves, ahead of her bare feet, everywhere.

She swallowed, dragging a hand down her face as she exhaled, slow and heavy.

"What the hell happened to me?" she muttered, her words rolling out over the city like a tidal wave.

There was no answer.

Only more screaming.

Cassandra exhaled slowly, her pulse still unsteady, her thoughts a chaotic mess. Everything was too much, too overwhelming, but one thing was clear—she needed to take a closer look at the world that had suddenly become so impossibly small. The building she had partially ripped open with her careless grip sat at a convenient height, its jagged, gaping wound facing her like a display case. Inside, she could make out the shattered remnants of office life—desks overturned, cubicles crumpled, paperwork still fluttering in the aftermath of her touch. It was a perfect frame of reference, something familiar in an ocean of absurdity.

She leaned forward, shifting her weight, tightening her abs as she brought herself closer. Instinctively, she reached down for leverage, bracing her palm against the street below, grounding herself. The moment her hand touched down, the world gave way beneath it. The asphalt didn't resist her weight—it sank, crumpling like cheap packaging beneath her fingers. Deep fissures shot outward as her handprint dug into the pavement, sinking several feet deep in a perfect outline of her palm. A low, rumbling groan filled the air as concrete and rebar cracked under the pressure.

And then, she felt it.

The squishes.

Wet. Soft. Faint little pops beneath her fingers.

Cassandra froze. For a moment, she didn't move, barely breathed, her mind immediately rejecting the thought, refusing to process what she already knew.

Fuck.

Her throat went dry as she slowly lifted her hand, peeling it off the pavement with a sickening, sticky sensation. She brought her palm up, turning it over, staring. There were red splotches smeared across her fingers. Tiny, barely noticeable compared to the vastness of her hand, but there was no mistaking what they were.

It could only be one thing.

A sharp, involuntary breath left her lips, something between disbelief and exasperation.

“Fuck.”

She flicked her hand slightly, as if that would undo it, but the red stains remained.

Her eyes flickered back to the ground, scanning the deep handprint she had just left in the city’s surface. She could see the wreckage of crushed cars embedded within the crater, but between them, there were smears, broken shapes, things that had once been people.

Her stomach tensed, but not in the way it should have.

The moment should have felt monumental, horrific. But it didn’t.

It felt… inevitable.

It wasn’t like she had tried to do it. She hadn’t been thinking about them. She had just placed her hand down, and they had been in the way.

And suddenly, the realization hit harder.

If she had just squashed people now, that meant she had already done it before.

During her growth.

Under her legs.

Under her ass.

Under her hands when she tried to steady herself.

She blinked slowly, processing it, but failing to feel anything that resembled remorse.

She had just sat down. That was it.

She hadn’t stomped anyone. She hadn’t crushed them on purpose.

She had just existed.

And existing had been enough to flatten dozens—hundreds—beneath her.

A strange, cold realization settled in her chest, something surreal, but not entirely unpleasant.

Cassandra lowered her stained hand to her thigh, wiping it absently against the smooth skin of her leg, smearing away the evidence like dust on a desk. Her gaze swept across the terrified ants still scrambling between her feet, between her legs, still running, still screaming, still acting as if their little movements mattered.

She sighed, tilting her head slightly, watching them scatter like cockroaches.

“Well,” she mused, her voice low, heavy, effortlessly commanding. “It doesn’t seem like a great idea to be around me, now does it?”

Her words rolled over the city, a statement, not a threat.

But the way they reacted—the new wave of panic, the frenzied running, the ones still trapped near her feet trying even harder to escape—proved that they had gotten the message.

She gave a half-hearted chuckle, shaking her head.

“Right,” she muttered, more to herself than to them. "You know what to do.”

And just like that, she had given the world’s smallest evacuation order.

Cassandra let out a slow, measured breath as she shifted her weight, adjusting her posture. The newly formed crater where her hand had been resting had created just enough space for her to plant it back down again without turning anyone else into a smear. Not that it really mattered—if they hadn’t figured out by now that staying close to her was the worst possible idea, then they deserved whatever happened next. Her mind had already gone through that shift.

Her palm settled against the ground once more, the asphalt sinking, molding to her fingers like wet clay. It barely put up a fight, the strength of the city’s infrastructure meaningless beneath her effortless weight. She leaned forward, resting her arm casually, and brought her face closer to the jagged opening in the ruined building, her breath rolling through the gaping wound like a sudden shift in weather.

And then, she saw it.

A perfectly preserved slice of a world too small to belong to it anymore.

From her perspective, it looked like a tiny, cracked dollhouse, a cross-section of an office she had torn into without a second thought.

Inside, the details jumped out at her, sharper, clearer than they ever should have been at this size. She could see everything. The abandoned desks still had laptops on them, screens frozen in time. A few potted plants stood untouched, their leaves gently shifting in the artificial breeze from a still-working ceiling fan. A coat was draped over the back of a chair, as if the owner had just stepped away for a moment. Papers lay scattered across the floor, printouts and reports she probably would’ve seen in a meeting had she still belonged in this world.

She tilted her head slightly, taking it all in. It was so familiar, so absurdly normal, yet so small. Her world. Or at least, the world that had once felt massive.

And then, she noticed them.

The humans.

She hadn’t seen them at first—they were so insignificant, tucked away in the shadows of their ruined office, hiding like insects under overturned furniture. But as she focused, really focused, their tiny, trembling forms came into perfect view.

One of them—a woman—was pressed flat against the floor beneath a desk, barely breathing, her wide, terrified eyes locked onto Cassandra’s looming, all-consuming presence. Her long, dark hair was tangled, her blazer was torn, the seams at the shoulders frayed from her panicked crawl to cover. Her entire body fit within the span of one of Cassandra’s fingernails.

Another—a man—was wedged in the corner near the water cooler, frozen in place like a prey animal in a predator’s shadow. His white dress shirt was wrinkled, his tie loosened, his arms curled protectively over his head. He wasn’t moving. He wasn’t even blinking. It was like his brain had simply stopped working.

Cassandra exhaled, watching them.

Even at this size, she could see the sweat beading on their brows, the slight tremble in their fingertips, the sheer fucking terror that radiated off their tiny, fragile bodies.

She smirked, running her tongue across her teeth before muttering, mostly to herself—but also very much to them.

"You're fucking real."

Her voice reverberated through the building, the remaining windows shuddering in their frames.

She let out a short, breathy laugh, shaking her head.

"And you’re fucking tiny."

The reaction was immediate.

A sharp, panicked jolt from the man in the corner. He flinched so violently that he slammed against the wall behind him, his hands flying to his ears as if trying to block out the sheer weight of her voice. The woman under the desk clamped her hands over her mouth, her body curling tighter into itself, as if making herself smaller would somehow make her less real to the colossus staring right at her.

Cassandra raised an eyebrow, amused despite the utter absurdity of the situation. They looked so… helpless.

Her eyes flickered back to the office itself, to the furniture so laughably small that it may as well have belonged in a dollhouse. She was mesmerized by the details, the way she could see every crack in the plaster, every tiny scrap of torn paper, every overturned chair and broken computer screen.

Without thinking, she extended a finger, aiming for the row of desks on the next floor down.

The smallest motion sent shockwaves through the space.

Her fingertip barely touched the edge of a flimsy cubicle wall, and the entire thing buckled inward, crumpling like a house of cards. Desks slid across the ruined floor, tumbling into one another, monitors smashing, chairs overturning in a domino effect of destruction.

She let out a genuine laugh.

"Holy shit," she muttered, eyes gleaming with fascination.

The tiny survivors shrieked, some scrambling further into the ruins, others just collapsing in pure terror.

Cassandra smirked, tilting her head slightly, watching them with an idle, detached amusement.

"Oh, relax," she said, rolling her eyes. "If I wanted to flatten the whole floor, I wouldn't be this careful."

Not that they could appreciate the effort.

They were too busy experiencing an existential meltdown.

She let out a slow sigh, dragging her gaze away from them and back toward the rest of the shattered city.

"Fucking surreal," she murmured.

And yet, somehow, it was all starting to feel normal.

Cassandra's gaze drifted down again, sweeping across the ruined intersection beneath her. The wreckage of crushed cars, the deep handprints in the pavement, the people still scattering like ants beneath her shadow—it was all a mess. But something else caught her eye.

The bus.

It lay on its side, crumpled but intact, wedged between the rubble of a demolished streetlight and the deep cracks left by her sprawling legs. It looked almost comically small, like a cheap toy that had been knocked over and forgotten.

She reached for it, bending down, her hair cascading forward, spilling over rooftops. Her fingers curled around the bus with an ease that barely registered in her mind.

The moment she pinched it between her thumb and forefinger, the frame gave a metallic groan of protest.

Glass shattered instantly, spider-webbing along the windows, some popping out entirely. The sides buckled inward, the thin sheet metal warping against the pressure of her grasp. She barely felt it—a soft, meaningless resistance against her skin.

She ignored the damage, tilting the little vehicle upright between her fingers, effortlessly straightening it as if fixing a knocked-over coffee cup. Her arm lifted, and she brought it to her face, holding it right in front of her eyes.

It was so small.

Barely the length of her middle finger. Maybe a bit more.

She turned it slightly, her gray-blue eyes narrowing as she peered through the jagged, broken windows. The people inside were clear as day, their movements frantic, their little hands pressed against the remaining glass, some of them screaming, their voices no longer muffled by the vehicle's structure.

Cassandra smirked, watching them struggle to process what had just happened to their world.

"You know," she mused, her voice still slow, still measured, but richer with sarcasm, "I've been told I'm intimidating before, but I think I never got this."

The screams continued, the ones inside the bus fumbling to hold onto the seats, their panicked faces barely visible through the gaps in the broken windows.

She let out a low chuckle, tilting the bus slightly in her grip.

Then, on a whim, she gave it a little shake.

Not much—just a small, effortless jolt, a bare flick of her wrist.

Inside, the reaction was instantaneous.

The tinies went flying.

Bodies slammed against seats, against the walls, against each other. Some hit the shattered windows, bouncing back, their limbs flailing. A few tumbled into the aisle, helpless, colliding in a heap at the bottom of the overturned bus.

Cassandra bit her lip, watching the pure, chaotic spectacle of it all.

And then she laughed.

Not loud, not mocking—just a genuine, amused chuckle, soft but resonating, the kind of laugh someone gave when they accidentally found a new feature on a gadget they weren't expecting.

"Okay," she exhaled, shaking her head slightly, still smirking. "That was a little harsh."

She didn't apologize. Cassandra Steele didn't apologize.

Instead, she simply turned the bus back upright, still cradled between her fingers, as if she had just rattled a box of mints instead of a vehicle full of terrified people.

She brought them a little closer, her breath fogging slightly against the mangled metal.

"Tell you what," she mused. "Let’s get you somewhere safer."

She scanned the area, her eyes settling on a nearby rooftop, one of the few that was still standing, still stable. It was barely chest-high to her, a joke of a structure, but for them? It was a goddamn skyscraper.

With a careful grip, she tilted the bus forward, letting it slide lightly onto the rooftop, its damaged frame groaning as it landed.

She leaned back slightly, her lips curving upward as she observed them.

"There," she murmured, feigning satisfaction. "See? Look at me, being all considerate."

The tinies inside the bus were still struggling to stand, trying to regain some sense of balance, some sense of reality.

Cassandra smirked.

"Let’s just try to keep the screaming to a minimum, yeah?" she said dryly. "Not that it really matters, but you’re starting to give me a headache."

She leaned back slightly, taking in the wreckage, the chaos, the absurdity of it all.

She should have felt more overwhelmed.

But the truth was, she was starting to enjoy herself.

Cassandra smirked, watching the tiny figures inside the bus struggling to pull themselves together. It was ridiculous how fragile they were, how a simple flick of her wrist had thrown them into pure chaos. A part of her—the rational part, the part that still clung to logic and control—told her she shouldn’t be enjoying this.

But she was.

Her stomach tensed at the realization, an odd mix of unease and exhilaration curling around her thoughts. She had always enjoyed power, had thrived in environments where she could exert control over others, but this was something else entirely. This wasn’t corporate maneuvering, wasn’t psychological domination over a boardroom filled with old men who underestimated her.

This was absolute.

She exhaled again, dragging a hand through her hair, tugging slightly at the strands as if grounding herself in the sensation.

No. She wasn’t going to spiral into that just yet.

She needed answers.

Her mind shifted, running through every possible explanation, trying to grab onto something that made sense. But nothing did. The only real variable in her life, the only thing unaccounted for, was the drug.

At first, she had assumed that it had been causing a hallucination, that she had overdosed, that this was all some chemical nightmare unraveling in her mind. But the longer she sat here, the more she observed the tiny, scurrying ants that used to be people, the crushing weight of her presence in this too-fragile world, the genuine resistance of the objects she touched…

It was real.

Somehow, impossibly, she was really, truly colossal.

Her fingers flexed slightly against her thigh as she let the thought settle, solidify.

She had taken too much.

Could the drug have done this? Could it have pushed her beyond human limits, beyond comprehension?

There was only one way to know.

Cassandra inhaled deeply, her chest rising and falling in a slow, deliberate motion, her eyes flickering toward the cityscape ahead of her.

She knew where to start searching.

And she couldn’t sit here forever.

It was time to get up.

She planted her hands firmly against the pavement, feeling the ground compress beneath her palms, the deep cracks spreading outward as she pushed. Her legs tensed, muscles flexing, and with a single, fluid motion, she began to rise.

The city braced for what was coming next.

Due Diligence

Cassandra rose. And the city sank. As she straightened, as the world shrank beneath her, the reality of it hit hard. She wasn't just standing up—she was ascending.

Her feet adjusted instinctively, sinking deeper into the shattered remains of the intersection as the pavement gave way beneath her bare soles. Her legs stretched impossibly long, sculpted curves of powerful thighs rising high above the tiny streets below, her toned calves flexing as she settled her stance. She had always kept herself in perfect shape, years of discipline carved into her every inch, but now, the beauty of her form was no longer just something admired from across boardrooms and gala floors. Now, it was monumental, overwhelming, breathtaking in a way that defied reason.

The morning sun kissed the smooth, unbroken expanse of her skin, its warmth rolling over the generous swells of her breasts, the taut plane of her stomach, the dip of her waist. Even standing in the midst of chaos, she was flawless, the epitome of control—except for the absurdity of her sheer fucking size. She glanced down, past the toned ridges of her abdomen, to the trimmed strip of hair nestled just above the cleft of her thighs. The skyline barely even reached that high.

She let out a slow, measured breath, adjusting to the surreal view. The city spread vastly beneath her, yet it felt so much smaller than it should have. Everything that had once stretched endlessly in all directions now fit within a glance. But not everything was tiny—not yet.

Her gaze drifted over the tops of buildings that once would have left her craning her neck to look up at them. Now, they barely reached past her navel, her breasts casting wide shadows over entire rooftops, her presence a force that reshaped the skyline just by existing. The tallest of the towers, those sleek corporate monoliths, stood defiant on the horizon, still managing to make her feel like she wasn't entirely alone at this scale.

She turned slightly, rolling her shoulders, adjusting to the new equilibrium of her body. The subtle shift sent tremors through the ground below, tiny cars bouncing in place from the sheer force of her weight settling. The cityscape was unrecognizable from up here, a fragile puzzle of streets, traffic, and infrastructure that seemed so easy to disrupt with a single misstep.

Her eyes narrowed slightly, scanning the vastness of the city, orienting herself. The lab.

She had been there before. Tucked beyond the financial district, past the heart of downtown, hidden away in the industrial sprawl. It had once felt distant, inconvenient—a place she had to reach with careful planning, discretion, patience.

But now?

Now, it was just across downtown. And at her new height, she had a feeling it wouldn't be far at all.

Cassandra shifted her weight slightly, bracing herself to take her first step, when something caught her attention—the tiny, scattered figures still dotting the streets below. They had tried to flee, but clearly, they had done a lousy job of it. It was almost comical, really. The moment she had grown, they had taken off in a frenzied stampede, but now, they were everywhere. Clogged intersections, packed sidewalks, some still spilling out of buildings like ants from a broken nest.

She sighed, exasperated. She couldn't take a single step forward without flattening at least a dozen.

"Alright, listen up." Her voice rolled through the streets, thundering over the tiny insects below. She wasn't yelling, but she didn't need to. Her normal speaking voice was already enough to send them into a fresh wave of panic.

"I'm walking down this road," she announced, her hands on her hips, her imposing figure dominating the skyline, "so get the fuck out of my way."

Simple. Direct. Non-negotiable.

She gave them a moment to process it, watching the scurrying below with mild irritation. But instead of organizing themselves, clearing a path like rational beings, they did the exact opposite. The panic made them stupider. Some ran in circles, others tried to push through blocked streets, and a few just stood there, frozen in terror.

Cassandra's patience, never exactly abundant, thinned almost immediately.

She exhaled sharply, dragging a hand through her tousled dark hair, tilting her head slightly as if explaining something to a particularly dense employee.

"This isn't working," she muttered to herself, then sighed louder.

"Alright, listen," she called again, shifting her stance slightly, her weight alone sending fresh cracks through the pavement. "Since you're all apparently *too dumb* to grasp the situation, let me make it *really* clear."

She paused, her tone dripping with sarcasm.

"I am moving. Right now. And unless you idiots get your shit together, *you're getting stepped on.*"

The renewed panic was instant. Some ran in the right direction—finally—but not nearly enough. Others just collapsed, covering their heads, as if that would do a damn thing.

Cassandra hesitated.

Could she do this?

A flicker of uncertainty bloomed in the back of her mind, but it was immediately crushed by reality. She had already killed hundreds, probably thousands, just by growing. A few more? What did that even mean in the grand scheme of things?

Her mouth twisted slightly, her usual smirk returning.

She had given them *plenty* of warning.

Their problem, not hers.

Her foot lifted.

The sheer weight of the motion sent a gust of wind downward, a rush of displaced air blasting over the tiny, doomed figures still below.

And then she stepped forward.

The impact was instant.

Her bare sole came down on the pavement, pressing deep into the concrete, sinking several feet down, embedding itself into the city like a goddamn monument.

Beneath her foot, dozens vanished instantly. Some didn't even have time to scream. One second they existed, the next they were part of a massive, perfect footprint, their bodies fused into the crushed remnants of the road, the deep ridges of her toes carved into the earth.

Cassandra shifted her weight slightly, adjusting her balance, feeling the resistance fade as the tiny lives underfoot became nothing.

A small hum escaped her lips.

She pulled her foot back, her massive leg bending slightly as she crouched down, her toned thighs flexing, her shadow stretching over the ruined streets. She rested one hand on her knee, inspecting her handiwork.

The footprint was immaculate. Deep, precise, almost artistic in its destruction.

She tilted her head, watching as a few survivors—pathetic, tiny survivors—stared in horrified silence at the cratered imprint of her foot, some of them shaking, some backing away slowly, as if afraid she might do it again.

Cassandra sighed, shaking her head.

"You know," she muttered, eyes flickering across the trembling figures still scattered around her, "if a *fucking giant woman* tells you to move, *you should probably listen.*"

She gave them another pointed, unimpressed look, then exhaled sharply, rising back to her full height.

Cassandra didn't bother warning them again. They had had their chance. She simply moved.

Her next step came down without hesitation, without delay, without concern for whatever—or whoever—was beneath it. Another dozen tiny lives vanished underfoot, their existence erased in a single, unthinking motion. The moment her weight settled, the ground caved beneath her, deep cracks splitting through the pavement, the sheer force blasting air outward like the aftershock of an explosion.

Then, another step.

More bodies crunched into nothing, some flattened outright, others caught in the splintering wreckage of crushed vehicles and collapsing street infrastructure. The imprint of her toes alone carved into the landscape, her footprints already reshaping the city as she advanced.

Another step.

Another step.

Another step.

Cassandra's pace picked up naturally, blocks and intersections disappearing beneath her before she even processed them. She wasn't stomping, wasn't *trying* to cause destruction—she was simply walking. Effortlessly. Powerfully. Unstoppably. And in doing so, she was racking up a body count higher than any disaster in the city's history.

The world moved past her too fast, too easily.

She had *known* she was big. She had felt it. But now, she was truly grasping it.

She wasn't navigating the city.

She was devouring it in strides.

With each step, dozens of tiny specks—no, people—tried to scramble away, but they were too slow, too pathetic, too hopeless against the scale of her movement. By the time they realized where her next footfall would land, it was already too late. The ground was already sinking beneath her next sole, already sealing their fate in the merciless press of her weight.

A smirk ghosted over her lips.

It was exhilarating.

Cassandra's long, naked form cut through the city with effortless speed, her powerful legs covering distances in seconds that would have taken a person half an hour to cross. The morning sun reflected off the smooth curves of her toned body, highlighting the dips of muscle, the slopes of her thighs, the perfect sway of her hips with each casual movement.

And then, she saw them.

A new crowd.

She stopped, heels digging into the pavement, her sudden stillness sending a shuddering silence through the streets below.

This wasn't the scattered, terrified remnants of the people who had been near her when she first grew. These were fresh faces, a fresh wave of tiny, insignificant creatures packed together, stretching across multiple blocks.

Her smirk faded, replaced by mild curiosity.

Where the fuck did they all come from?

She tilted her head slightly, studying the dense mass of people ahead of her. There were so many of them.

She had thought the crowds before were bad—scattered, frantic little things running in all directions. But this? This was a solid wall of bodies, packed tight, filling the streets in a way that almost looked like a coordinated event. It was ridiculous. Had they been running toward the disaster instead of away from it? Had the news of her growth spread, and these people had just… poured out into the streets, trying to see for themselves?

She shifted her weight slightly, widening her stance, her powerful thighs flexing, the slight movement alone sending a tremor through the pavement. The temptation was there—to just move, to just go, to step forward and let the chaos unfold as it would.

The body count would skyrocket.

But something held her back, just for a second.

Not guilt. Not hesitation.

Just… a sense of fairness.

As stupid as it was, it felt fair, in its own way, to give them a chance. She had no real hope in them. She knew how this would go. But still—these people hadn't had the benefit of a warning like the ones before.

Cassandra exhaled, then rolled her shoulders slightly before speaking.

"Alright," she called out, her voice sweeping over the crowd like an unstoppable force, rolling through the streets, filling every alley, every rooftop, every tiny ear within range. "Since you all didn't get a proper warning, let's make things clear."

The reaction was instant.

A ripple of absolute terror spread through the packed mass of people, bodies tensing, flinching at the sheer volume of her voice. Some dropped to the ground. Some pressed

themselves against the buildings, their eyes wide and unblinking as they craned their necks to look up at the towering, nude woman looming over their world.

Cassandra smirked slightly but continued.

“Yes, I’m big,” she said, matter-of-factly, as if stating the most obvious fact in the universe. “Yes, I’m moving down the road. Yes, I’m stepping on people.”

The crowd shifted uneasily, the fear bubbling into full-blown panic in some places. A few had already started pushing, shoving, trying to get away, but most still stood frozen, their tiny, fragile minds struggling to process what they had just heard.

Cassandra sighed, her patience already thinning.

“I have places to be,” she continued, voice calm, casual, yet absolute. “I’m not stepping on you for fun. But I’m also not bending over backward to avoid it, if you idiots don’t get your shit together.”

She let that settle in for a second, watching them, waiting.

It was almost funny how small and useless they looked, trapped in the vast, open space of the roads beneath her, boxed in by their own poor choices.

“So, here’s the deal.” Cassandra crossed her arms under her chest, arching an eyebrow as she laid it out. “You have one minute to clear the road. Get into buildings. Get into alleys. Side streets. Whatever. If you do that, I’ll leave you alone.”

She let her smirk widen just slightly, the amusement creeping back into her expression.

“But if you’re still standing there when I start walking again?” She gave a light shrug, as if the fate of thousands was as insignificant as a rescheduled meeting. “I’ll step on you. It makes no difference to me.”

She paused, watching. Waiting.

And then, with mock impatience, she tapped her bare foot against the pavement, the deep thud rattling windows, shaking the ground beneath them.

“Clock’s ticking,” she added, her tone dripping with sarcasm.

It was up to them now. Not that she really cared how this played out.

Cassandra stood there, arms crossed, watching the pathetic display unfold beneath her. She hadn’t been counting the seconds, not really, but she figured it had been about a minute. And yet, the street was still full.

Sure, some of them had moved, scattering into the alleys, pressing themselves against the sides of buildings, a few even making it inside. But it wasn’t nearly enough. Most were still there, frozen, paralyzed by either stupidity or sheer disbelief.

Cassandra sighed, exasperated.

“Idiots,” she muttered.

And then she moved.

Her foot lifted effortlessly, soaring high above the packed masses, her long, powerful leg stretching forward, eclipsing the morning sun over entire city blocks. The air rushed downward from the motion, a sudden gust blasting over the street below, sending a wave of terrified shrieks through the crowd.

And then—

Impact.

Her bare sole came down, the weight of her entire monumental form pressing into the earth, the asphalt and concrete below offering no resistance as her foot embedded itself deep into the pavement. Cars crumpled instantly, metal twisting like foil, glass bursting outward in glittering sprays. Bodies—dozens of them—vanished beneath the massive curve of her arch, sinking into the hot press of her skin like they had never existed.

Before anyone could even process what had happened—

Another step.

More crunching. More screams. More destruction.

She wasn’t stomping. She wasn’t even putting effort into it. She was simply walking.

And the body count skyrocketed.

With each step, she swallowed entire intersections, consuming city blocks in mere seconds, her footprints freshly dug into the urban landscape, permanent imprints of where she had been, who she had crushed.

The crowd ahead, the ones who had thought maybe, just maybe, she wouldn’t go through with it, finally realized how wrong they were. But by then?

It was already too late.

They ran. They scrambled. Some managed to clear out, but many more didn’t. They had wasted too much time deciding whether this was real, whether she was bluffing, whether they should listen.

And now they were beneath her. Cassandra didn’t even look down anymore. She simply kept going.

Her massacre came to a brief halt as something familiar caught her attention. She had been moving so effortlessly, so unstoppably, that for a moment, she had barely been registering the details of the city beneath her—just the open road, the endless scattering of people, the ease of covering distances that should have taken her hours. But now, something clicked. She almost missed it entirely.

The city looked so different from up here, its landmarks warped and unrecognizable from a god's-eye view. She had spent years navigating its streets, memorizing the best routes, timing her morning commutes down to the second. Now, all of that knowledge felt useless. Buildings that had once loomed overhead barely came up to her thighs. Streets she had once sat in traffic on for hours now stretched beneath her feet like thin, fragile lines in a blueprint. But there—just ahead, flanking the road—stood the twin towers.

She almost laughed. She had passed them every single day on the way to work, a pair of sleek, mirrored structures meant to impress, to intimidate, to signal power and wealth. She had always appreciated their sharp, minimalistic design, had even considered one of them for a penthouse once—back when she was thinking small. Now, they were barely a landmark at all, just two tiny silver columns that didn't even reach the neatly trimmed strip above her sex. For a moment, she simply stood there, taking in the sight of them, hands on her hips, their glass facades reflecting the sheer absurdity of her presence.

If she was here, then that meant she was much closer to headquarters than she had expected. It was strange, seeing it from this perspective, the skyline laid out before her like a miniature model city. She had been so focused on getting to the lab, so caught up in the sheer thrill of her size, that she hadn't even been keeping track of how far she had gone. But now that she stopped to think about it, the realization sank in—she had covered miles, entire districts swallowed up beneath her in just minutes. What should have been an impossible trek through morning traffic had become a casual stroll.

And then, another thought struck her, creeping in like an aftershock. She had been moving so fast. She had made up so much time. She had been ready to dismiss her old life entirely, to abandon everything that had come before this impossible transformation, but was it even over yet? Had she been so caught up in everything that she had forgotten something important?

Was she still on time for the meeting?

The sheer absurdity of the thought made her pause, her lips curving into something between amusement and disbelief. For all the chaos, all the destruction, all the incomprehensible shifts in power and scale, the corporate machine would still be running, the boardroom still filled with old men sipping coffee, discussing figures, pretending they were in control of something. They wouldn't know what had happened yet. Or if they did, they wouldn't fully grasp it—not until she walked right up to the headquarters and made them.

She turned slightly, scanning the horizon for the glass-and-steel monolith that housed her company, the empire she had fought for, clawed through the ranks of, reshaped with nothing but her own ambition and ruthlessness. And just like everything else in the city, it was beneath her.

Her smirk widened.

It was worth finding out.

Cassandra took in the sheer insignificance of the world below her. It was strange—she had crushed so many already, stepped on them, buried them beneath the effortless motion of her body. And yet, she hadn't picked up a single one. The thought irritated her. How had she not thought of this sooner? Here she was, a colossus, a skyscraper of a woman, and she had yet to truly interact with any of them. That needed to change.

She decided she needed to know the time. If she had really made up for the delay in traffic, then there was a chance that she was going to make it to the meeting on time. But she wasn't going to waste her breath yelling for an answer. Not when she had so many tiny, screaming resources right beneath her feet.

She dropped to a knee, the impact sending deep tremors through the streets, rattling windows, rocking cars off their wheels, sending people tumbling from the sheer force of her motion. Even being careful, she was devastating—just shifting her weight was enough to turn the world into a disaster zone. But she didn't care. She had a purpose.

Reaching out with two fingers, she targeted a random man sprinting across the street, his tiny arms pumping, his speed pathetically useless against the inevitable. Cassandra didn't need to chase him. She simply reached down, effortlessly matching his pace with her sheer span, her fingers descending like the jaws of some unstoppable machine.

He flailed the moment she touched him, his body thrashing as she tried to pinch him between her fingertips. His struggles, frantic and animalistic, were useless, irritating, infuriating.

Then—pop.

Cassandra frowned as her fingers pressed too hard, too fast, and his little body simply gave out, bursting like overripe fruit between her tips. A wet, meaningless stain left in his place. She cursed under her breath, flicking the mess away in frustration.

"Fucking pathetic," she muttered, more annoyed at him than at herself. Of course, he was too weak to handle something as simple as being held.

Her gaze flickered back to the chaotic mass of people still below.

“Alright, listen,” she called down, her voice washing over them like a storm rolling in. “If you don't want to end up like him, stop squirming. Makes my job easier. Might make yours longer.”

The sheer weight of her words sent another ripple of terror through the masses, but she didn't give them time to process it. Her fingers were already moving, targeting another at random.

This time, she went for a woman—a tiny thing in a floral dress, her hair whipping behind her as she ran. Cassandra scooped her up more carefully this time, her fingers

wrapping around her delicate frame with less force. The woman screamed, her body stiff, trembling, but at least she wasn't fighting.

Better.

Rising back to her full height, Cassandra brought the woman up, holding her between her fingers, turning her slightly, inspecting her. She was so small. Barely half an inch tall, a fragile, delicate nothing cradled between two fingers that could have obliterated her without effort.

The screaming, however, was grating.

With a slight smirk, Cassandra tilted her hand, letting the tiny woman tumble into her palm. She landed hard, rolling slightly before sprawling out, her tiny limbs shaking, her voice raw from the sheer volume of her terrified wailing.

Cassandra rolled her eyes.

"Oh, for fuck's sake," she muttered, her warm breath washing over the tiny form in her palm. "I didn't pick you up to listen to you shriek. I need the time."

The woman continued screaming.

Cassandra's smirk faded slightly, replaced by mild impatience.

"Fine," she said, voice calm, unaffected, as if she were discussing a business deal. "Let's make it simple. Either you tell me the time, or I squish you."

The screaming hitched.

The woman's eyes darted around, her hands fumbling for something, and Cassandra watched with vague amusement as she reached into her tiny bag, pulling out a miniature smartphone.

A second passed. Then another.

"Eight fifty-four!" the woman shrieked up at her, voice cracking with panic.

Cassandra grinned.

Perfect.

The meeting was about to start.

She lifted her gaze toward her company's headquarters in the distance, her massive, piercing eyes locking onto the sleek, glass-covered tower. The question now was—could she make it there in six minutes?

It was barely a couple dozen blocks.

Should be feasible.

With a slight tilt of her wrist, Cassandra dumped the tiny woman onto the nearest rooftop, barely paying attention to where she landed. The woman rolled violently, sprawling onto her back, her body heaving as she gasped for breath.

“See?” Cassandra mused, straightening up once more, hands on her hips, the city stretching before her. “That wasn’t so hard.”

She took another step forward, not sparing a glance at the mess she had left behind.

She had a meeting to get to.

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Pat Robinson sat at the long, polished boardroom table, his fingers idly tapping against the smooth surface as he watched the others settle into their seats. The room was buzzing with quiet anticipation, a few murmurs rippling through the ranks of the Executive Leadership Team. Barr was already there, flipping through a few sheets of paper, checking his watch every so often with a furrowed brow. The old man still had some faith in Cassandra, it seemed. He was probably hoping she'd manage to wriggle her way out of this, but Pat had made sure she wouldn't.

He had her.

Cassandra Steele had made a mistake—a rare thing, but a mistake all the same. A structural weakness in her perfect, polished career. And he had found it. He had picked at it, exposed it, and ensured it was brought to the CEO’s attention. By the time this meeting was over, she’d be out. There would be no saving her, no last-minute maneuvers, no clever Cassandra bullshit to spin the narrative in her favor. He had cut off every exit.

Once she was gone, Barr’s job would be his.

Pat leaned back slightly in his chair, resisting the smirk threatening to creep onto his face. Where was she, anyway? It wasn’t like her to miss a fight. If anything, she thrived on confrontation, took every challenge as an opportunity to crush the opposition beneath her designer heels. Maybe she knew it was over. Maybe she was already packing her office.

Then, the ground shook.

At first, it was subtle—a faint tremor, barely enough to make him pause. He glanced around, expecting someone to make a joke about the building’s foundation, but no one spoke.

Then, it happened again.

Stronger.

The overhead lights swayed, casting shifting shadows against the walls. A few coffee cups rattled against the table, one tipping over, spilling its contents across a neatly printed agenda. Someone laughed nervously, but no one followed.

A third impact—harder.

This time, the tremor was strong enough to make the floor groan beneath them. The hanging lights wobbled violently, a fine layer of dust shaking loose from the ceiling vents. A distant, deep vibration thrummed through the structure, something vast and heavy moving somewhere outside.

Pat felt his pulse quicken.

This was wrong.

Another impact. Louder. Closer.

The entire boardroom trembled. A framed photograph of the company's founders lurched off the wall, the glass shattering against the floor. A few people jumped in their seats. Barr set down his papers, his expression tightening. Someone near the window swore under their breath.

Pat's chair shuddered beneath him. It all seemed to stop, the time freezing as everyone on the boardroom looked at each other and then at themselves. There were a few murmurs, but no one seemed to be making any sense of it.

Another shaking, considerably spaced from the previous ones.

And then—the light disappeared.

It wasn't sudden. It was a slow, creeping darkness, a shifting of daylight into a dim, unnatural twilight, the golden glow of the morning sun blocked out by something enormous. The entire east side of the boardroom, once bathed in soft light from the massive floor-to-ceiling windows, was now shadowed.

Pat turned toward the glass, frowning.

What the hell—

His breath hitched.

Pink.

A smooth, endless mass of skin, pressing in just beyond the glass. It was curved, textured, impossibly vast. He could make out subtle veins beneath the skin, the faint stretch of muscle beneath it, the way the surface tensed.

And then, the realization hit him.

He wasn’t looking at just any part of a body.

He was staring at a nipple.

The areola was massive, a flushed pinkish hue, impossibly firm, perfectly round. The nipple itself, slightly raised, was a solid peak of flesh, unmoving, completely unbothered by the world below.

Pat’s throat went dry.

His mind rebelled against the scale, screamed that this wasn’t possible, that it couldn’t be what it so clearly was. And yet, the longer he stared, the clearer it became.

It was real.

And it moved.

There was a rush of motion. The vast wall of skin shifted away, pulling back, revealing something even more impossible.

An eye.

A blue-gray eye, massive, all-encompassing, filling the entire fucking window. It was so close, its gaze razor-sharp, impossibly focused. The intricate details of the iris, the barely-there reflection of the city in the vast curvature of the cornea, the delicate sweep of eyelashes longer than telephone poles.

Pat knew that color.

That piercing, calculating, predatory blue-gray.

He had only ever seen it in one person.

His entire body locked up.

His chair creaked beneath him, his hands clutching the armrests in a death grip. The other executives weren’t even speaking, their silence a suffocating weight.

Then, the voice came.

It didn’t just arrive. It didn’t just speak.

It hit.

A thunderous, rolling force, shaking the walls, rattling their bones, vibrating through the very foundation of the building. The windows trembled, the glass warping under the sheer pressure of the sound.

“Good to see you all gathered together.”

The words weren’t just heard—they were felt.

Pat gritted his teeth as the force of the sound pressed into his chest, the sheer weight of her voice making the air itself feel thicker, heavier, charged with something unshakable, undeniable, inhuman.

“I hope I’m not late for the meeting.”

The voice dragged across reality, vast, amused, utterly dominant.

Pat shook violently, his breath coming out in short, uneven bursts.

No.

No, this wasn’t happening.

But it was.

HOSTILE TAKEOVER

Cassandra was pretty sure she had made it in time the moment she reached the headquarters of her company. The mirrored skyscraper—sleek, modern, the kind of architectural statement that was meant to project dominance—barely even reached her tits. She stopped a few steps away, tilting her head slightly as she looked down at it, amused at just how small it seemed now. It was funny. She had spent years looking up at this building, pushing her way through its hierarchy, carving a space for herself among the men who had controlled it. And now, it was barely a piece o furtniture to her.

Her office was high up—fifty-ninth floor. Almost at the top, but not quite. The real power sat just above, in the penthouse boardroom on the sixtieth floor, where the CEO and the Executive Leadership Team made the decisions that dictated the company's future. She had wanted a seat at that table for years, had worked herself to the bone to prove that she deserved it. And now, the whole damn boardroom barely reached her chest. If that was the sixtieth floor, then… what did that make her? Eight hundred feet? At least.

She exhaled, taking a slow step forward, then another, until she stood almost within arm's reach of the tower. Her reflection stretched across its mirrored panels, distorted by the shape of the glass, but unmistakable. The long, powerful curves of her body, the sheer mass of her form, the reality of just how far she had risen—literally.

And yet, now that she was here, she hesitated.

She had come here on instinct, the same way she had once automatically made her way into this building every morning without a second thought. But she had never really stopped to ask herself why. What was she doing? Was she really still thinking about this stupid fucking meeting? That had been her mindset before—get to the meeting, defend herself, claw her way through the attack that Robinson had set up for her, come out standing. But the idea of sitting in that boardroom, debating fucking numbers, was laughable now.

She wasn't about to stand in front of those smug bastards and justify herself. She wasn't going to beg or explain or try to twist the figures into something more palatable. No. That wasn't her. That had never been her.

But then—what?

She turned slightly, looking back at the path she had taken to get here. And for the first time, she really saw it.

The streets behind her were littered with devastation, her deep footprints permanently etched into the cityscape. Some still had the crushed remains of cars embedded in the ground, tiny splinters of metal that had once been full-sized vehicles, reduced to

nothing. The roads were fractured, split apart by the sheer weight of her presence, a jagged, chaotic map of destruction trailing back to where she had started.

And then there were the bodies.

She didn't know the number. She wasn't sure she wanted to. Hundreds? More likely thousands. It didn't even matter. They had barely registered at the time. A blur. A footstep. A vague, distant crunch beneath her soles. They had been nothing.

Because they had been beneath her.

That was the real reason she wasn't feeling anything close to guilt. She knew she should. She wasn't so out of touch that she didn't understand that this kind of destruction, this kind of body count, should have been horrifying. But it wasn't. Because these people had meant nothing to her. They had been in her way. They had been obstacles, just like the dozens of people she had metaphorically crushed on her way up the corporate ladder. Now, she had simply done it physically. It was the same.

Her lips curled slightly, the smirk forming without thought.

The world had warped around her in the most surreal way possible, but that was the truth of it, wasn't it? This insane, impossible transformation had given her something she had always been chasing. Power.

Real, undeniable power.

Not just over the city—though, that was obvious—but over the tiny fucks sitting in that boardroom, the ones who had been preparing to fire her, humiliate her, strip her of everything she had built.

Good luck with firing her now.

Her smirk widened.

She would go to the meeting. But she wouldn't be humiliated. She would do what she did best. She would dominate.

Cassandra took the last couple of steps toward the building, placing herself directly in front of it, her body looming over its fragile, mirrored structure like a force of nature. She didn't hesitate now, didn't pause to think, didn't question herself. She simply crouched down, her powerful legs folding, her bare skin reflecting off the building's surface, her sheer mass sending deep vibrations through the foundation of the streets below.

She peered into the top floors, tilting her head slightly, her massive, piercing gaze locking onto the tiny, delicate shapes within. She could see them. The figures scrambling inside, the once-powerful men who had dictated her fate, now nothing more than tiny, fragile things standing helpless in the boardroom.

Her voice rolled through the glass, through the structure, through them.

“Good to see you all gathered together.”

She watched the immediate reaction, the way they froze, the way some backed away from the windows, as if that would make any fucking difference.

A pause. Then—a slow, amused exhale.

“I hope I’m not late for the meeting.”

The building shuddered, glass trembling in its frame, the sheer depth of her voice alone enough to rattle the very structure.

And just like that, she had their undivided attention.

Cassandra tilted her head, watching the minuscule figures frozen behind the massive floor-to-ceiling windows. They were staring up at her, too paralyzed to even react properly. Pat Robinson was among them, his usual smug demeanor now replaced with something much more satisfying—fear. Barr looked paler than usual, his old hands gripping the edge of the conference table like it could somehow stabilize reality.

Cassandra exhaled, pretending to consider something for a moment, her voice rolling smooth and effortless through the structure.

“Well,” she mused, her warm breath fogging the mirrored glass slightly. “I’d love to step inside and join you all, but…” She glanced down at the fragile building, then shrugged. “I’m afraid that’s not going to work.”

The ground rumbled violently beneath them from that simple, effortless movement, sending another shockwave through the room. Some of the executives grabbed onto their chairs, others flinched.

“But don’t worry,” Cassandra continued, her smirk widening as she lifted her fingers, reaching toward the rooftop, her massive hand blocking out the morning sun.

“I still want to make the meeting,” she said, curling her fingers against the building’s edges, letting her nails dig into the reinforced steel frame. “So, I hope you don’t mind if I…” She felt the metal bow inward, groaning against the titanic force of her grip, then finished, her voice light with amusement:

“Take the liberty.”

Then, she tore into it.

The structure resisted at first, just for a second, the carefully reinforced frame doing its best to hold together. But Cassandra’s strength was beyond anything it was designed to withstand. The steel buckled inward, twisting like cheap aluminum, glass exploding outward in a glittering cascade as she peeled back the building’s upper layers.

The ceiling shuddered violently, sending office equipment tumbling. Inside, chaos erupted. A few unlucky assistants, employees, and lower-level executives had been

standing too close to the destruction—they didn't even have time to react before they were caught in the sudden collapse. Some were simply swept away by the debris, their tiny bodies vanishing as the upper layers peeled back like the lid of a tin can. Others weren't so lucky—trapped under falling concrete and metal, their screams cut short as entire sections of the penthouse crushed them.

Cassandra barely even noticed.

She was too focused on the ones who mattered.

The main boardroom table was still there, incredibly intact, though several chairs had tipped over from the impact. The executives who had remained seated were now gripping the polished wood in white-knuckled terror. Others had stumbled backward, shaking, frozen in place, unable to comprehend the reality of what had just happened.

Glass, steel and concrete rained down like a deadly storm as she let it drop carelessly. Cassandra then brushed some of the excess debris from her fingers, tossing a slab of concrete over her shoulder without a second thought. It plummeted dozens of stories, crashing into the street below, sending another deafening boom through the city.

A few stragglers clung desperately to the remnants of the broken floor, dangling at the edge of their ruined world, their tiny legs kicking as they struggled not to fall. Someone she did not recognized finally dropped through the cracks of the torn open boardroom.

"Well," she murmured, brushing off her fingertips, "I'm sure he wasn't important."

The rest of the executives were still there, still breathing, still staring up at her like she was a living nightmare. Pat Robinson looked as if he was about to pass out.

Cassandra slowly leaned in, her massive, piercing blue-gray gaze locking onto the pathetic, terrified men still sitting at the table.

"There," she said smoothly, her voice filled with quiet satisfaction. "Much better, don't you think?"

She gave them a slow, deliberate grin.

"Now," she purred, "let's get started."

The boardroom was silent, save for the ragged breathing of the executives, their tiny, pitiful forms frozen in place. Cassandra could see the terror in their eyes, the way their bodies locked up, barely even daring to move. The shattered remains of the once-imposing penthouse still clung to the building's frame, jagged and broken, a reminder of just how easily she had peeled it apart like cheap wrapping paper.

And yet, despite their absolute paralysis, one idiot still thought he could escape.

Cassandra noticed him immediately—a thin, desperate-looking man in a tailored navy suit, his thinning hair plastered to his forehead with sweat. The moment she had ripped open their little fortress, he had hesitated, just like the rest of them. But now, now that

he had somehow convinced himself that he could still survive this, he bolted. He was Smithers, for all she could tell. Not really someone who mattered. She was surprised he was in the meeting at all.

He turned and sprinted toward the exit of the massive room, the drywall still miraculously standing despite her recent makeover. His tiny legs moved in useless desperation, his breaths sharp and panicked. He was going for the door, as if it would lead anywhere but the abyss of a ruined skyscraper.

Cassandra's smirk widened. She barely even had to move.

With a flick of her wrist, she lowered a single finger, her perfectly manicured nail casting a long shadow over the boardroom floor. She didn't slam it down, didn't crush him outright—she simply placed it in his path, pressing it lightly against his tiny, frail body.

The moment he collided with it, he crumpled. His pathetic escape attempt was over in an instant.

He pressed his hands against her skin, trying to push himself free as she pinned him effortlessly in place, his mouth opening in some pathetic plea. Cassandra raised an eyebrow, tilting her head slightly, amused by his sheer, useless resistance.

She exhaled softly, her breath alone sending a ripple through the open-air boardroom.

"I won't have any of that," she murmured, her tone calm, almost bored.

The rest of the executives watched in frozen horror, none of them daring to move as she casually toyed with their colleague. The most she got were a couple of shrieks.

She let the moment stretch. Let them see it. Let them understand.

Then, with barely a thought, she pushed.

There was a sickening crunch, a wet, muffled pop beneath her fingertip as the man ceased to exist in an instant. Cassandra barely even felt it.

The floor beneath him was a different story. It caved slightly beneath the pressure, a fresh imprint left in the pristine surface of the boardroom's marble floor.

Cassandra simply lifted her finger again, brushing off the remnants like dust. The silence in the boardroom was absolute. The remaining executives looked up at her, their faces drained of all color, their mouths slightly open, either screaming or gasping or too shocked to make a sound.

It wasn't the first tiny person Cassandra had killed. Far from it. The streets behind her were littered with deep, permanent imprints of her bare feet, each one a graveyard of crushed bodies, reduced to nothing but red splotches in the pavement. She had flattened hundreds—no, thousands—without a second thought, without hesitation, without even feeling it. And yet, this one had been different.

Not because it mattered. But because, this time, she had done it on purpose.

The others had simply been in her way. They had been casualties of her size, her power, her presence. This one? This one, she had chosen.

And still she was unfazed.

It didn't make a difference to her. It wasn't guilt that registered. It wasn't even satisfaction. It was just an action, a simple decision, as easy and effortless as deleting an email, firing an employee, moving a piece on a chessboard.

The only thing that mattered was the end result. And in that regard, there was no difference between this death and the countless others that had paved her way here.

Smirking, Cassandra rolled her shoulders slightly, letting the tension in the air stretch even further before speaking again to her mesmerized audience.

"Oh, come on," she said lightly, almost playfully, brushing a few stray flecks of debris off her palm. "Meeting wasn't over."

The silence deepened, only broken by the occasional shriek or sob.

Cassandra sighed, letting her gaze sweep across the tiny, pitiful men gathered before her.

"It might have come across as harsh, but you needed to know how things work now," she mused, tilting her head slightly. "This felt… effective."

She let the words sink in. The room remained frozen. She just smirked.

The silence dragged on, thick and suffocating, the weight of it pressing down on the remaining executives like an unseen force. Cassandra let them marinate in it, her towering form looming above their shattered world, watching as they gripped the edges of the boardroom table as if it could somehow stabilize them, as if it could tether them to something familiar, something before.

There was no before anymore.

"I trust no one else will be stupid enough to try something funny," Cassandra then said in a soft, matter-of-fact tone, letting the implied threat linger.

She could see them struggling to process the situation, their minds desperately clawing for a way to make sense of what had happened. She had watched that same kind of reaction before—at work, in negotiations. She had spent her whole life breaking men like this. But never so literally.

Some of them were looking up at her face. Others, however, were not.

Her gaze flicked down, amusement curling at the edges of her lips as she realized exactly where some of their eyes had settled.

Even after all this—after the destruction, the impossible transformation, the sheer horror of it— some of them were still staring at her tits.

She almost laughed.

Of course they were.

Her pride. Massive, firm, defying gravity even at this scale and her age, barely hidden by the lock of her thick, dark hair cascading over her shoulders. She had always known how much power they commanded. And now? They filled half their goddamn sky.

Cassandra chuckled, the sound rolling through the ruined boardroom like distant thunder, deep and effortlessly amused. She had never been an exhibitionist—her power had never needed to be flaunted so blatantly. A glimpse, a subtle shift, a well-timed adjustment of her blouse had always been enough to command attention without surrendering an ounce of control.

And yet, now? Now, she stood fully bare, her towering, impossible form exposed to an entire city, to the countless tiny eyes below… and she couldn't bring herself to care. Nudity, modesty, propriety—all of it felt laughably irrelevant in the face of what she had become. To waste even a second feeling embarrassed would have been absurd.

"Men!" she said in an amused tone. "You've been trying to sneak a peek for years," she teased, crossing her arms just under them, pushing them up ever so slightly, watching as their tiny heads flinched, their gazes jerking back up to her face. "I hope you're getting a good look now. Probably more than you can handle."

She bounced them slightly, just enough to make the motion unmistakable, to remind them that even this small movement, this effortless flex of her chest, could rattle their world.

"Up here, boys," she said smoothly, tilting her chin slightly, watching them scramble to shift their gazes back to her eyes.

It was too easy.

She let the moment stretch again, let them squirm under the weight of her amusement. They were scared, but they were still men, and men were predictable.

Then, a voice finally broke through the silence.

"Cassandra…"

It was Barr.

She turned her gaze to him, watching as the old man forced himself to look at her face, his hands still gripping the table, his knuckles white.

He swallowed, but his voice was steady. "What do you want?"

Cassandra's smirk widened slightly. He thought this was still a negotiation.

She leaned in slightly, letting her massive hands settle on the shattered edges of the boardroom floor, her fingers flexing idly, sending deep cracks splintering through the already broken structure.

“Oh, Harold,” she purred, watching him flinch at the sound of his own name coming from her lips, magnified a thousand times over.

She exhaled slowly, letting the air ripple through the open space.

“You’re going to have to speak up,” she teased. “You’re fucking tiny.”

Barr yelled at the top of his lungs, his voice strained, desperate, cracking under the sheer absurdity of his own predicament. To his credit, he managed to get the words out—a full, coherent sentence.

“What do you want?”

Cassandra heard him, but she nearly laughed at how comically small he sounded.

She had expected it—of course she had. And yet, it still caught her off guard just how… insignificant it was. For all his title, his authority, his decades of experience, the commanding presence he had once held in every room he walked into—he sounded like a fucking mouse.

Cassandra let a smirk tug at the corner of her lips, watching his tiny body tense as she tilted her head slightly, as if considering his question.

And for the second time today, she realized she hadn’t really thought this out.

She had shown up out of instinct, following the same path she had taken for years, stepping toward the meeting that had been scheduled to ruin her. Then, when she had arrived, she had decided—no, she had known—that she would not be dismissed, that she would not be humiliated, that she would take control.

But now that she had done that, now that she had ripped the heart out of their little empire and left them trembling at her feet, what did she actually want?

The answer came as easily as breathing.

She wanted what she had always wanted.

Everything.

Cassandra had spent her entire life clawing her way to the top, cutting through competition, maneuvering around obstacles, outsmarting, outworking, overpowering everyone who stood in her way. It had been a war—one she had fought ruthlessly, methodically, without hesitation.

It had been so hard before. And yet, despite the sheer freakishness of her situation, despite how surreal this all was… now, it seemed so much easier.

Why fight for power in boardrooms? Why negotiate, compromise, strategize when she could simply take?

Cassandra lowered herself slightly, resting one hand against the exposed floor of the ruined boardroom, letting her weight settle just enough to rattle the floor.

She let her gaze linger on them for a moment, watching as their tiny bodies stiffened, as the tension in the room grew unbearable.

Then, with a slow, deliberate smirk, she answered.

“I want it all.”

Cassandra straightened slightly, letting her piercing blue gaze settle on Henderson, the CEO—the man who had held the position she had been aiming for, the one she had been working toward with everything she had. He had been the gatekeeper to her future. The man whose power she had once wanted to strip from him, but had needed to wait for the right moment.

Now, the moment had arrived.

“Henderson,” she said smoothly, watching as he flinched. He had been hoping—praying—that she wouldn’t focus on him, that somehow, he could just blend into the background and let someone else take the brunt of her attention.

Tough luck.

“Stand up,” she commanded. “Step forward.”

To his credit, he obeyed. His legs were unsteady, his hands clenched into fists at his sides, his face pale with terror, but he forced himself forward, stepping toward what remained of the shattered floor. Cassandra smirked slightly at the sight. It was ridiculous, really—his tiny, frail body standing at the ruined edge of the boardroom, a mere speck in the shadow of the skyscraper-sized woman towering over him.

She tilted her head, watching him like he was something fascinating but ultimately unimportant.

“Tell me,” she mused, her voice rolling through the structure, effortlessly smooth. “Were you going to fire me?”

Henderson stammered, his mouth opening, closing, opening again. He hesitated, his tiny gaze darting toward Barr, then to Robinson, as if searching for some kind of anchor, some reassurance. But there was none.

Cassandra let the moment stretch.

Then, she raised an eyebrow, her smirk widening.

“Don’t lie.” Her voice was silk and steel, amusement laced with the undeniable weight of command. “I’m twenty fucking floors above you.”

He swallowed hard, finally finding his voice. “The… the numbers, Cassandra. They were—”

Cassandra exhaled sharply through her nose, her patience wearing thin.

“Come on, Henderson,” she said, mocking now, letting her sheer presence squeeze the air out of the boardroom. “You can do better than that.”

She leaned in slightly, just enough to make him feel the sheer, crushing weight of her attention.

“The numbers were bad,” he admitted, barely above a whisper. “You were running your division into the ground. You were dragging the company down with you.”

Cassandra’s eyes narrowed.

Henderson tensed, his entire body locking up, his legs threatening to buckle.

“Who told you?” she asked, though she already knew.

There was only one answer.

The CEO hesitated, then, with defeated resignation, said the name.

“Robinson.”

Her gaze snapped to Pat.

He was shaking.

She let the weight of her attention settle on him for a long, agonizing second, watching him shrink beneath it.

“We’ll discuss that later,” she murmured.

Pat let out a strangled noise, but he didn’t dare speak. Then, with a slow, deliberate shift, she looked back at Henderson.

“So,” she said smoothly, her voice laced with mock amusement, “are you still going to fire me?”

Henderson shook his head violently, the movement almost pitiful in its desperation. “No,” he croaked.

Her smirk widened.

“Oh?” she teased. “What changed?”

She didn’t even give him the chance to answer.

“Oh, right,” she said, her tone dripping with sarcasm. “I’m standing taller than the fucking building.”

Henderson's mouth opened, as if trying to summon a response, some defense, some justification.

Cassandra didn't care.

"You were going to fire me," she continued, her tone now flat, cold, cutting. "Even after I made billions of dollars for this company."

She idly dragged a single finger along the edge of the shattered floor, watching as the tiny men flinched at the casual destruction she barely even noticed.

"Performance doesn't matter," she mused. "Power does."

Henderson hesitated, his face drawn, his fingers twitching at his sides. Then, finally, his voice barely above a whisper, he asked:

"What happened to you?"

Cassandra chuckled, low and thoughtful.

"I don't know," she admitted. "But does it really matter?"

She smirked.

"When my fucking nipple is bigger than you are."

The silence was absolute.

Henderson swallowed hard. "What do you want?"

Cassandra sighed, shaking her head slightly.

"I already told Barr." She let her gaze sweep across them, letting them feel the full weight of it. "I want it all."

She tapped a single finger against the shattered rooftop, letting them feel the power in that simple movement.

"I always wanted your job." She shrugged. "And now I get to shave a few years off my career path."

She let them sit in that truth.

Henderson swallowed hard, his voice barely holding steady. "Why do you even want this, Cassandra? You can't seriously be thinking about running a company while… you know…" He trailed off, his face going pale.

Cassandra arched a brow, smirking down at him. "You mean, running a company that barely reaches my tits?" she teased, watching as he flinched. "Yeah, I know. It's ridiculous, isn't it?"

She exhaled, glancing briefly at the skyline before turning her attention back to the boardroom, to the pathetic little men trembling beneath her.

“Maybe I should be thinking bigger,” she admitted, almost absently. “But I’ve wanted this for some time.” Her smirk widened, her gaze sharp with amusement. “And let’s be honest, Henderson—this isn’t a bad way to start the morning.”

Then, with a slow, amused smirk, she leaned in.

“Any objections?”

Henderson barely managed to force out a stammered objection, his tiny voice cracking, desperate. “Cassandra, you—you can’t just—this is insane, you can’t—”

Cassandra rolled her eyes, exhaling sharply, before simply reaching out. The boardroom erupted into fresh screams as her massive hand descended, her long fingers casting deep shadows over the ruined space.

Henderson barely had time to react.

Her fingertip pressed against his chest, pinning him flat against the boardroom floor.

He struggled instantly, his frail, pathetic limbs flailing, trying to push against her, as if that would do anything. The pressure wasn’t even much—not yet—but it was enough to hold him down, enough to make it absolutely clear who was in control.

Cassandra tilted her head slightly, watching him squirm, watching the others watch him, their faces frozen in sheer horror.

“Oh, Henderson,” she mused, her tone smooth, almost disappointed. “I expected better from you. A somewhat better assessment of the fucking reality.”

She let him struggle, let him feel it, savoring the way his attempts became weaker and weaker, his tiny hands pushing helplessly against the absolute, immovable force of her fingertip.

The rest of the executives stood paralyzed, too terrified to even try and run. Some had pressed themselves against the shattered remains of the boardroom wall, others had simply collapsed to their knees.

Cassandra let the silence stretch, let his muffled groans and gasps fill the space.

Then, with a mocking sigh, she shook her head.

“I have to say, Henderson,” she mused, her voice warm with faux amusement, “I’m really not impressed with your negotiation technique.”

His legs kicked uselessly.

“Then again,” she continued, applying just the faintest increase in pressure, watching as his face twisted with strain, “this isn’t really a negotiation, is it?”

She let her words hang in the air for a moment, watching his pathetic attempts to resist slowly weaken.

“Hm,” she hummed, as if considering something. “You know, I might’ve had a place for you on my new org chart. Maybe a little demotion, something closer to the ground floor.”

Henderson let out a broken, desperate wheeze.

“But,” Cassandra continued, smirking now, her massive finger still holding him in place with effortless control, “I really can’t have dissent, can I?”

His mouth opened, a pitiful, choked sound escaping.

Cassandra didn’t give him the chance to plead.

She pressed down.

Hard.

The resistance lasted only a second.

Then—a sickening crunch.

Henderson ceased to exist.

His body collapsed inward, crushed instantly, bursting in a wet, grotesque splatter that splashed outward in a brutal radius.

The executives nearest to him screamed as flecks of him hit their suits, their hands, their faces. One man gagged immediately, retching, stumbling backward.

Cassandra lifted her finger, examining the red mess smeared across her skin. With an unbothered flick, she brushed it off against the wreckage of the building, barely even sparing a glance at what was left of him.

Then, lazily, she looked back down at the rest of them.

Her smirk widened.

“Well,” she said smoothly, her voice filled with mock curiosity, “anyone else have concerns about my leadership?”

The boardroom remained silent, the air thick with the stench of fear, sweat, and the lingering remnants of what used to be Henderson. Not one of the executives moved. Not one of them spoke. They barely even breathed.

Cassandra let the moment stretch, letting her smirk linger as she casually wiped the last bits of Henderson’s existence off her finger.

“Well,” she purred, rolling her shoulders, stretching slightly, watching as the entire room tensed at even the slightest movement of her body. “I’m glad we could come to an understanding.”

Still, nothing. No defiance, no protest, not even a whisper of a challenge. They were broken already, and she had barely even started.

“Great,” she said lightly. “Now, first order of business—” She tapped a massive fingertip against the exposed floor, making some of the tinies flinch. “—personnel.”

She dragged the word out just enough to make them sweat, letting them sit in the weight of it before her gaze flicked to exactly who she wanted next.

“Pat.”

His reaction was immediate. He stiffened, his already pale face draining of what little color he had left. His body locked up, his eyes darting anywhere but at her, as if he could somehow will himself invisible.

Cassandra’s smirk widened.

“Come on, Robinson,” she said smoothly, her voice dripping with amusement. “Stand up. Step forward.”

Pat didn’t move.

She let the silence stretch.

Then, with deliberate slowness, she extended a single massive finger and nudged him.

Pat stumbled backward with a yelp, barely catching himself.

The rest of the room watched in frozen horror, the last bit of hope draining from them as they witnessed their colleague humiliated, reduced to nothing more than a trembling, insignificant little figure in Cassandra’s shadow.

“Come on,” she teased, tilting her head. “You’re not making a great impression here, Pat. I called your name and everything.”

Pat swallowed hard, his throat bobbing, but still, he didn’t look up.

Cassandra sighed dramatically, lowering her hand again, letting her fingertip rest just behind him, close enough that the heat of her skin alone must have been suffocating.

“Step forward, or I help you again,” she mused, mocking now, her massive digit looming just behind him like an inevitable force.

Pat staggered forward a step, then another, his entire body trembling.

Cassandra chuckled.

“There we go,” she murmured, satisfied.

She let the tension build again, letting the weight of her attention press down on him, letting him feel just how small he was. Then, as if it had just occurred to her, she exhaled softly, shifting slightly.

“Stay still, Pat,” she ordered, her tone light, playful, but unmistakably a command.

His breathing hitched.

“I’m gonna pluck you up,” she said conversationally, her massive hand hovering above him, fingers twitching.

Pat visibly twitched, his entire body locking up.

Cassandra smirked.

“Now,” she mused, “my record for success in the ‘crush vs. not-crush’ category is about fifty-fifty so far.”

She watched his expression collapse entirely, his fear finally tipping into full-blown horror.

“Let’s see how you do.”

Cassandra took her time with this one.

She extended her fingers, moving with measured precision, the tips of her thumb and forefinger closing in on Pat’s pathetic, trembling body. He tried to move—a useless, twitching little motion, as if there was anywhere to go. There wasn’t.

She pinched him carefully, adjusting her strength, making sure not to apply too much pressure. He fit between her fingertips so perfectly, so effortlessly, like he had never been anything more than something to be picked up, examined, and disposed of if necessary.

Pat let out a strangled scream the moment she lifted him. His arms thrashed helplessly, his legs kicking at nothing, the sheer panic rolling off of him in waves.

Cassandra smiled, slow and satisfied, as she brought him up—higher, higher, until his bug-sized body hovered in front of her piercing blue-gray eyes.

He was nothing.

The idiot who had thought he could stand in her way, who had thought he had won. The man who had spent years trying to undermine her, outmaneuver her, take what was hers.

And now?

Now, he wriggled between her fingers, his tiny body dangling hopelessly, his face contorted in pure horror.

Cassandra sighed, shaking her head slightly.

“Insignificant,” she murmured, watching the way his tiny frame convulsed at the word. “As always.”

Pat let out a choked noise, somewhere between a scream and a sob. “Put me down! Cassandra—please!”

Cassandra let out a low chuckle, her breath rolling over him like a slow, humid breeze.

“Oh, you think you get to make demands?” she mused, mocking now, twisting the knife.

Her massive fingers shifted slightly, rolling him just a little, just enough to make him squirm, to send him flailing wildly in a panic.

His screams pitched higher.

“Stop! Stop!” he begged, his voice breaking.

She clicked her tongue. “Pat, Pat, Pat,” she scolded, voice rich with amusement. “You really need to work on your composure. It’s honestly embarrassing.”

From the boardroom floor, Barr’s voice suddenly cut through the chaos.

“Cassandra, enough! Let him go!”

Cassandra’s eyes flicked downward, her expression shifting slightly. Not anger, exactly—more like mild disappointment.

She sighed through her nose, then, without ceremony, casually flicked Barr with a single finger.

The tiny man yelled as he was sent flying, crashing against the far end of the boardroom, knocking over chairs and slamming into the table. He groaned, stunned, crumpled in a heap, but still breathing.

Cassandra arched a brow.

“I somehow appreciate you, Barr,” she said, voice calm, as if she hadn’t just swatted a man across the room like a toy. “But I thought I made it fucking obvious—you’re not above me anymore.”

She let that sink in for a second, then turned her focus back to the wriggling insect between her fingers.

Her smile returned, slow and predatory.

“Now,” she said smoothly, bringing him even closer, until he was trapped in the full weight of her gaze, nowhere to hide. “Where were we?”

Pat was shaking so hard she could feel it.

“Oh, right,” she continued, grinning. “I was assessing the loyalty of my new team. And I have to say, you’re not making a great first impression.”

His breathing was shallow, panicked.

Cassandra narrowed her eyes slightly, watching him tremble.

“I mean,” she continued, rolling him lazily between her fingertips, “I’ve always known you weren’t exactly leadership material, but even now, when it really counts? You’re choking, Pat.”

His frantic squirming increased. “Cassandra—please, just—just set me down—”

She smirked. Oh, he was trying to bargain. Cute.

“See, here’s the thing,” she said smoothly. “I know you’re not smart enough to have put all of this together on your own.”

Pat visibly tensed.

She tightened her grip slightly, just enough to make him feel it, just enough to make him panic.

“You had help,” she continued, her smirk widening as he started to shake harder. “And I want to know who.”

Pat sucked in a sharp, desperate breath.

“If I tell you,” he gasped, his tiny body trembling, “will you put me down?”

Cassandra arched a brow, letting the question hang there for a second.

Then, with deliberate slowness, she smiled.

“Oh, Pat,” she murmured.

Her fingers twitched slightly, rolling him between them again, like a coin, like something entirely insignificant.

“If you don’t tell me…” she said, her voice dropping into something silkier, more dangerous. “I’ll just start pulling you apart. One limb at a time.”

Pat let out a choked noise, somewhere between a sob and a gasp.

“Like a fly,” Cassandra added lightly.

His shaking got worse.

“Ethan,” he finally stammered, his voice cracking. “It was Ethan.”

Cassandra stilled for a moment, digesting what she had just heard. Ethan. Of all the names, that was the last one she had expected. She had thought he was loyal. He was on her short list, after all—one of the employees she had both trusted and fucked. He

had never struck her as particularly ambitious, not like Pat, and certainly not the type to try and screw her over. She had seen him as competent but submissive, good at following orders, good at keeping his head down. So why?

Her fingers tightened slightly, enough to make Pat twitch in pain, and she turned him slowly in front of her eyes, watching his little face contort in terror. "Ethan," she repeated, testing the name like it was an unfamiliar concept now. "Why?"

Pat was shaking so hard that she could feel it. His tiny limbs were still squirming, uselessly pushing against her grip. He swallowed hard, his throat bobbing frantically before he finally forced out a breathless response. "I—I told him."

Cassandra's brows lifted slightly. "Oh?" she mused, dragging the word out, letting it settle in the heavy silence of the ruined boardroom.

Pat gave a rapid nod, desperation seeping into his every movement. "I—I knew," he admitted, voice cracking. "I knew you were fucking him."

That actually made Cassandra pause for a beat. So Pat had known. How? Ethan had never been stupid enough to talk.

"How did you know?" she asked, her voice light but threaded with quiet curiosity.

Pat swallowed again, clearly reluctant to answer, but Cassandra was patient. Well, somewhat. She tilted him slightly, enough to make him feel it, enough to remind him that she could simply squeeze, and he wouldn't even have time to scream.

"I—" he gasped, barely keeping his breath steady. "I saw you. One night, driving by your neighborhood. You didn’t even notice, but I saw you leave together. I put it together."

Cassandra smirked, amused at the idea that Pat had spent God knows how long playing detective, convinced he'd cracked some grand conspiracy, when in reality, she hadn't even cared enough to hide it that well. She didn't get involved with men who had anything to lose. Ethan had been easy, obedient, disposable. Or so she had thought.

She rolled Pat between her fingertips again, watching his breath hitch at even the slightest pressure. "And?" she prompted.

"And I told him," Pat admitted, exhaling shakily. "I told him I knew, and I—I threatened to report him. Unless he helped me."

Cassandra narrowed her eyes slightly, recalling the calls from this morning. Ethan had sounded nervous, afraid. She had assumed it was just because of the numbers, because of the risk, but now? Now, she knew better.

Her expression darkened for a moment before her lips curled into something almost thoughtful. "Did you use Ryan too?" she asked suddenly.

Pat blinked in confusion, as if she had just spoken in another language. "Ryan?" he repeated, dazed. "The intern?"

Cassandra gave a slow nod, waiting for his response.

Pat hesitated for a moment, then let out a hollow little chuckle. "Jesus Christ," he muttered. "You were fucking him too?"

Cassandra smirked. "Mhm."

Pat stared, his tiny brain short-circuiting as if this was somehow the most shocking part of his morning. He opened his mouth, then closed it again, shaking his head slightly. "How many were you—"

She waved a hand dismissively, cutting him off before he could spiral any further. "Not important," she said smoothly. "What is important is that it was only Ethan, then."

Pat nodded frantically, as if hoping that confirming it again would somehow improve his situation.

Cassandra let silence stretch between them for a long, agonizing moment, letting him dangle, feeling the weight of her grip, feeling her complete control over his existence.

Then, she sighed, almost bored.

"You know," she mused, rolling him between her fingers again, as if contemplating something of little consequence. "One thing a leader really can't stand for is lack of loyalty."

Pat went completely rigid.

"Wait," he rasped, panic flooding back into his voice. "Wait, what does that—"

Cassandra shifted her hold on him effortlessly, rolling her shoulders as she reached her hand behind her.

"Hold that thought, Pat," she said, voice light, almost playful.

Then, with zero ceremony, she shoved him between the massive, toned globes of her world-class ass.

The second his tiny, pathetic body disappeared into the tight, suffocating wedge between her sculpted cheeks, he let out a muffled, horrified shriek.

Cassandra smirked, rolling her hips slightly, feeling him struggle— trapped, pinned, completely at her mercy. He was nothing now, wedged between two unmovable walls of power.

She barely even registered him anymore.

"Stay put," she murmured, already forgetting him as an afterthought. "I'll deal with you later."

Cassandra let out a slow, deliberate sigh, shifting her weight as she straightened once more, casting a glance down at the tiny, trembling executives still gathered in the ruined remains of the boardroom. They were frozen, wide-eyed and shell-shocked, their little bodies locked in place as if any sudden movement might draw her attention again. Good. That meant they were finally understanding how things worked now.

“I’ll be back with you in no time,” she mused, her voice rolling through the shattered penthouse, rattling what remained of the glass. The words were light, almost casual, but the weight of them was unmistakable. She lifted a hand, wiggling her fingers slightly, letting the motion alone send a fresh wave of panic through the room. "And I’d strongly suggest you don’t try anything stupid."

Her gaze flickered across their faces, lingering on the ones still gripping the edges of the boardroom table like it could somehow shield them from her. The idea was laughable. She exhaled through her nose, then, as if punctuating the point, tapped a single finger against the edge of the penthouse, the motion sending a tremor through the already damaged structure. Some of the men flinched, a few chairs tipped, one or two even collapsed to the floor. She chuckled softly, rolling her eyes. "Because if you do…" She dragged her fingertip along the floor’s edge, letting the structure groan beneath her effortless touch. "I'll just bring the whole fucking thing down."

She let that settle for a moment before she dismissed them entirely, turning her attention to something far more pressing. Ethan.

Cassandra lowered a single massive finger, pressing it lightly against the smooth glass façade of the tower, her piercing blue eyes following the descent as she counted down each floor. Sixty. Fifty-nine. Fifty-eight. The mirrored glass distorted her reflection slightly, her flawless nude form warping as she traced downward, scanning for the right floor. Fifty-five. Fifty. Forty-eight. She slowed as she neared her destination. Forty-six… forty-five.

Found it.

She lowered herself onto one knee, the sheer movement alone sending a fresh ripple through the city below. The ground trembled beneath her, the remaining windows of the surrounding buildings rattling in their frames, the steel structure of the headquarters itself letting out a strained groan under the pressure of her presence. She paid it little mind, instead bringing herself close, her enormous face now looming just outside the forty-fifth floor, the entire space now dwarfed by the overwhelming presence of her gaze.

Inside, it was chaos.

Tiny figures scrambled in every direction, overturning chairs, shoving each other aside in blind terror, their fragile little bodies tripping over themselves as they tried to get as

far away from the windows as possible. Some pressed against walls, others crouched beneath desks, foolishly believing the flimsy furniture could protect them. Cassandra let out a low hum, fogging up the glass, tilting her head slightly as she scanned the room. She didn't immediately spot Ethan, but she wasn't worried. She had a far more efficient way of finding him.

Lifting her hand, she placed her palm flat against the building's façade. Even with just the lightest amount of pressure, she could feel the resistance—the steel beams, the reinforced glass, the concrete walls, all trying to hold steady against something they were never meant to withstand. The headquarters had been built to handle earthquakes, high winds, extreme stress. Not the likes of her.

With a slow, effortless push, she pressed inward.

The resistance gave way almost instantly. The glass shattered first, bursting outward in a shimmering cascade of fragments that caught the morning light before tumbling to the streets below. The concrete groaned next, then cracked, then splintered entirely, sections of the floor buckling and collapsing under her sheer force. She felt the entire façade crumple beneath her palm, not just on the forty-fifth floor, but the surrounding ones as well—forty-six, forty-seven, even forty-four, forty-three, the steel frame warping as the structure peeled back like the lid of a cheap tin can.

The moment the building ruptured, the people inside erupted into fresh waves of panic. Some were thrown from their feet by the force, landing hard against the disintegrating floor, others barely managed to grab onto desks or cubicles, their terrified screams echoing through the open air as they tried to steady themselves. A few unlucky ones were too close to the rupture—she caught brief glimpses of bodies slipping through the jagged openings, a handful of figures plummeting into the chaotic mess of glass and steel below. A small price to pay, really. Most of them, however, were still alive, just shaken, reduced to a mass of cowering, shrieking specks at the mercy of whatever she decided to do next.

Cassandra exhaled, brushing some loose concrete dust off her palm before turning her focus back to the newly exposed space. The office space was in ruins—cubicles overturned, desks upended, filing cabinets spilled open, their contents scattered like confetti. But what caught her attention most were the people. They were tiny, fragile, scrambling in every direction, trying to press themselves into corners, as if there was anywhere to hide.

Her smirk returned as she leaned in, letting her enormous blue eyes scan the chaos, drinking in the delicious sight of absolute helplessness. And somewhere in that mess, she knew Ethan was still there, tucked away, shaking.

She let the moment stretch, savoring it. Then, finally, she spoke, her voice rolling through the broken floors like an unstoppable force.

"Ethan," she called, her tone slow, almost playful.

The tiny figures inside flinched violently at the sound, bodies locking up in terror.

Cassandra grinned.

“Come out, come out, wherever you are.”

Cassandra let the moment hang, savoring the weight of it, the way the tiny, pathetic figures inside the ruined office space barely even dared to breathe. The forty-fifth floor was in shambles, the jagged remnants of cubicles and desks hanging precariously over the gaping void she had torn into the side of the building. Sparks flickered from severed wires, loose sheets of paper fluttered in the wind, the once-neat order of corporate life reduced to pure, delicious chaos.

She exhaled softly, the slow rush of her breath sending another ripple of panic through the survivors inside. They were scrambling, tripping over the debris, trying to press themselves against whatever corners remained, as if the pathetic walls around them could shield them from her.

Cassandra smirked. They were making this too easy.

Without a word, she extended a single, massive finger into the ruins, pressing it against what remained of the office floor. The moment her skin made contact, the sheer scale of her presence became undeniable. Her nail alone was longer than some of the cubicles had been.

With an almost languid ease, she began to sweep her fingertip across the floor.

The effect was immediate—and catastrophic.

The remnants of desks, chairs, and filing cabinets crumpled like paper, shoved effortlessly out of the way as she dragged her finger through the wreckage. A few stubborn cubicles stood their ground for a split second longer before being ripped from their moorings, their contents spilling wildly into the open air. Computers tumbled into the abyss, loose papers scattered in frenzied spirals, tiny office supplies—their staplers, pens, all their pointless little tools—disappeared in an instant, meaningless in the face of her.

And, of course, it wasn’t just furniture.

The first wave of people never even had time to react. Some had been too close, too stunned to run, too stupid to understand what was coming. Her fingertip swept them up with the rest, sending a flurry of helpless bodies spiraling into the open void. Their screams barely had time to register before they were lost, plummeting over forty floors before their lives ended in unceremonious splatters on the street below.

Cassandra clicked her tongue, shaking her head in mock disappointment.

“Well, that’s one way to handle workforce reduction.”

The remaining employees were in absolute hysterics. Some were screaming, some sobbing, a few had simply collapsed, shaking, clutching their heads like they could wake up from this.

Cassandra chuckled, her voice effortlessly smooth despite the carnage.

“Oh, come on,” she teased, tilting her head slightly as she pressed her fingertip against another section, this time flicking a cluster of desks clean off the floor. “Haven’t you heard? I’m the new boss. Just making a few… personnel adjustments.”

The tiny creatures inside the exposed wreckage scattered in all directions, their last shred of hope shattered.

But she wasn’t done.

Cassandra shifted slightly, her body towering over the ruined section of the skyscraper as she brought her free hand forward. Her fingers curled around a section of the wall still stubbornly standing, her nails digging into the steel frame, feeling it bend and whimper under her grip. Pathetic. This structure had once housed her career, held her in place, given her something to fight against. And now? Now, it was nothing. Just a fragile toy, one she could rip apart with the simplest effort.

Her grip tightened, and with a slow, controlled motion, she tore the wall free.

The resistance was brief—a split-second of strained metal, then a sharp, satisfying snap as the entire section gave way in her hand. And there—finally—she found him.

Ethan.

He was cowering in a corner, hunched against the remains of an overturned desk, his face pale, drenched in sweat. His wide, horrified eyes locked onto hers, barely able to comprehend what he was seeing. He wasn’t alone—a few more of his pathetic little coworkers huddled near him, clutching at each other like frightened children.

Cassandra grinned.

“Found you.”

The way Ethan visibly flinched was almost adorable.

She smirked, watching them wither beneath her gaze, letting the reality of their situation sink in.

Then, without hesitation, she extended two fingers, effortlessly plucking them up.

The moment her fingers wrapped around them, the survivors let out a fresh wave of horrified shrieks, writhing helplessly in her grasp. Their tiny limbs kicked and flailed, utterly useless.

Cassandra held them up, bringing them in closer, letting them dangle helplessly in front of her vast, piercing blue eyes.

She smirked, watching Ethan squirm, watching his once composed, confident facade crumble into pure, undiluted terror.

“Insignificant.”

She let the word roll over them, her breath alone enough to send them shuddering.

Ethan gasped, his face drained of all color. Her smirk widened.

Cassandra barely acknowledged their writhing, pathetic bodies as she shifted her grip, moving her fingers outward, letting the tiny cluster of humans dangle helplessly before dropping them into the waiting expanse of her other palm. They tumbled and collapsed against the smooth warmth of her skin, tiny gasps and shrieks filling the air as they scrambled to find footing on a surface that had never been meant for them.

She barely noticed.

With a slow, effortless motion, she rose to her full, staggering height. The tiny figures in her palm barely had time to react before she extended her fingers again, pinching Ethan between them once more, plucking him out of the group with effortless precision. His breath hitched, his limbs twitching uselessly as he found himself lifted—again—helpless and weightless in her grip. His body dangled in the air, utterly insignificant.

The others barely even had a second to scream before she simply let them drop.

They fell from her palm like dust, like discarded crumbs.

Ethan gasped in horror, his eyes going wide as the three tiny forms tumbled through the open air, their arms flailing, their shrieks cutting out long before they even reached the distant pavement below.

He couldn’t even process it. It was so quick. So effortless. So casual.

He looked up at her, his tiny, pale face contorted in sheer disbelief.

“Why?” he rasped, barely able to force the word out.

Cassandra shrugged, rolling her shoulders slightly, the motion alone sending another ripple through the skyline. “They were in the way,” she said simply. Matter-of-fact. Unbothered. Like it was nothing.

Because it was.

She let her gaze settle on him again, watching the way his body shivered in her grip, his pulse hammering against her fingers. She then deposited him back on her palm.

“I’d suggest you focus on yourself,” she murmured.

Ethan swallowed hard.

Cassandra smirked, lowering her free hand and pressing a single, massive fingertip against his tiny, trembling body, letting him feel the sheer weight of her presence. The pad of her finger alone covered most of his torso, pinning him in place effortlessly. He let out a strangled noise, barely able to breathe.

“You betrayed me.”

The words were smooth, calm, but undeniable.

Ethan let out a shaky breath. “T-they threatened me,” he stammered. “They—they said they’d take my job—”

Cassandra arched a brow, smirking slightly.

“Ethan,” she said smoothly, her voice laced with quiet amusement. “I can do so, so much worse than that.”

His breath hitched sharply.

She let the silence stretch for a moment, watching him sweat.

Then, her expression darkened.

“I promoted you,” she said, her voice smooth but edged now, a quiet, simmering weight beneath the words. “I fucked you. And this is how you pay me?”

Ethan tensed, his tiny mouth opening, closing, his body twitching uselessly in her hold.

“You—” He sucked in a shaky breath. “You never treated me like an equal,” he finally spat, his words brittle, weak, but desperate. “I was a tool. A toy. That’s all I ever was to you.”

Cassandra laughed. Low. Amused. Unapologetic.

“Ethan.” She exhaled the name, shaking her head slightly, as if he had just said something incredibly stupid. “That’s because you were never my equal.”

Her lips curled, her massive fingers tilting slightly, making him dangle helplessly.

“And now?” she continued, her gaze sweeping over his bug-sized form, taking in the sheer, overwhelming contrast between them. “Now, it’s just painfully obvious.”

Ethan visibly shuddered.

His breathing was ragged now, uneven. “What…” His voice barely carried over the wind, shaking, breaking. “What are you going to do to me?”

Cassandra grinned.

She let the question linger. Let him sit in his own fear, trapped in the knowledge that she could do absolutely anything.

Then, with a soft, mocking chuckle, she answered.

“I’m gonna fire you.”

His body went rigid.

Before he could even react, she plucked him effortlessly between her fingers, rolling him slightly—just enough to make him panic, just enough to make him understand how little he weighed, how little he mattered.

Then—she flicked him.

The movement was practically effortless.

Ethan vanished.

He was launched into the air with violent, impossible force, his tiny body sent soaring over the rooftops, past entire city blocks, his scream instantly lost to the wind.

Cassandra watched him go, barely even interested in where he landed.

Then, slowly, she turned her attention back to the boardroom.

The tiny executives were staring, pale and paralyzed, their bodies locked in absolute, horrified silence.

She smirked, tilting her head slightly.

“You look shocked.”

She rolled her shoulders, exhaling slowly.

“You shouldn’t be.”

Her smirk widened.

“Because I’m not nearly done.”

Cassandra reached behind her, her fingers effortlessly finding Pat wedged deep within the firm, sculpted curve of her ass. With a careful tug, she plucked him free, bringing him around to her palm. She half-expected him to be dead, honestly, but to her mild surprise, he was still breathing. Barely. He looked like absolute shit, his tiny form slick with sweat, his suit rumpled and stained, his limbs trembling so violently he could barely hold himself upright.

She arched a brow, smirking as he gasped for air, choking on the sheer reality of his continued existence.

“Well,” she mused, tilting her hand slightly, watching as he flailed uselessly to steady himself. “Guess you survived. You’ll be happy to know I dealt with Ethan.”

Pat groaned, his body still wracked from the sheer force of where she had stuffed him. His mouth opened, but before he could form the question, she smirked, cutting him off.

“Go on,” she teased. “Guess how.”

Pat swallowed hard, blinking rapidly, still struggling to process everything. He licked his lips, forcing the words out, his voice hoarse and weak. “You—you can’t just kill everyone you feel like killing.”

Cassandra tilted her head slightly, letting the words sink in.

Then, she laughed. A low, throaty sound, deep with amusement, effortless and unbothered.

“It’s been working wonderfully so far.”

Pat visibly shuddered, his entire body recoiling from the casual way she said it. But before he could stammer out another useless protest, Cassandra felt something. A faint movement, a barely noticeable scurrying at the edge of her awareness.

She narrowed her eyes, shifting her gaze downward, her massive form towering over the streets below.

Between the colossal pillars of her feet, a mass of people had begun spilling out of the building, fleeing into the open air, their tiny bodies barely distinguishable from specks of dust.

She sighed, shaking her head slightly. “What now?”

She supposed it made sense. After she had ripped through the middle floors like tissue paper, some of them must have decided that the street was a better bet than the building.

They weren’t completely stupid, then.

Just incredibly slow learners.

Her frown deepened as she exhaled through her nose, watching them scurry, watching the pathetic, minuscule figures scramble in every direction, convinced that they still had a say in how this played out.

Cassandra rolled her shoulders slightly, then lifted her right foot.

The movement alone sent a gust of wind tearing through the street, kicking up loose debris, sending smaller objects tumbling away. The moment her shadow fell over them, the fleeing workers erupted into fresh chaos, the mass of people breaking into frenzied, useless patterns.

She let the moment hang for just a second.

Then, she stepped down.

The impact was immediate, absolute.

Her foot sank into the pavement with a deep, wet crunch, the ground giving way beneath her sheer weight, an entirely new footprint pressed deep into the asphalt.

Everything in its path disappeared. The people caught beneath her sole were simply erased, their tiny, fragile bodies reduced to nothing in an instant. The street warped beneath her, deep fractures spiderwebbing outward, the surrounding vehicles bouncing on their suspensions from the sheer force of her step.

She exhaled slowly, savoring the silence that followed, then shifted her weight slightly, grinding her foot just a little, feeling the remnants of what had once been human lives vanish even further into the earth.

Then, she did it again.

And again.

With methodical ease, she lifted her left foot this time, repeating the process, ensuring that no one had been spared by some fleeting moment of luck.

By the time she was done, the street between her feet was no longer a place of escape.

It was simply a graveyard.

Pat was horrified. His face had gone completely pale, his mouth slightly open, his limbs locked in absolute, paralyzed horror.

He finally managed to force out a strangled, disbelieving breath.

“What… what the fuck did you just do?”

Cassandra smirked, shifting her weight again, rolling her wrist slightly, making him slide just a bit in her palm.

“Some people were leaving their jobs early,” she said smoothly. “I can’t have that. I run a tight ship.”

Pat let out a ragged, horrified noise, his entire body trembling in realization.

“You—you can’t do that,” he croaked, his voice barely audible.

Cassandra raised an eyebrow, mocking.

She smirked.

“Just did.”

Cassandra studied Pat in her palm, tilting her head slightly as he twitched and whimpered, his useless limbs trembling against the warm skin beneath him. She then plucked him again.

“You know, Pat,” she murmured, her voice deep and effortlessly smooth, “I’ve been trying to figure out what to do with you.”

His entire body stiffened. His head snapped up, his beady little eyes flickering between her face and the vast, uncaring fingers holding him in place.

“P-please,” he gasped, his voice barely above a whisper.

Cassandra arched a brow.

“Oh, Pat,” she said, mockingly amused, “we both know it’s too late for that.”

His breathing hitched, his trembling intensifying.

She lifted him slightly, bringing him closer to her piercing, glacier-blue eyes. “I could just squish you right now,” she mused, her fingers shifting slightly, rolling him, pressing just enough to make him wheeze. “Make it quick. Painless.”

He made a strangled noise, his entire frame jerking in desperation.

“But,” she continued, her voice laced with mock thoughtfulness, her lips quirking in a smirk, “I think you deserve a little more than that.”

Her grip adjusted, her fingers effortlessly shifting his struggling form, pinching one of his legs in one hand and one of his arms in the other.

The moment he realized what she was doing, he went feral.

“Cassandra—NO—”

“Oh, relax,” she purred, her grip tightening slightly, making him feel the pressure before she even pulled.

He twisted, kicked, screamed, every muscle in his tiny, pathetic body going rigid with pure, frantic terror.

“Let’s see how far you can stretch.”

And then—she pulled.

Slowly.

Deliberately.

Pat’s screams turned raw and unhinged, his body arching unnaturally as she pulled him apart inch by inch. His spine stretched, his joints creaking under the impossible force, his tendons straining past their limit.

His ribs expanded unnaturally, his chest warping, his limbs shaking violently, his entire tiny frame convulsing in sheer, incomprehensible agony.

Cassandra sighed in mock sympathy, tilting her head slightly as she felt his body resisting the inevitable.

“Damn,” she mused, watching his body twist in her fingers like an overstretched rubber band, “you’re really holding out.”

Pat let out a strangled, wet sob.

Then—snap.

His spine gave first.

Then, his skin finally gave way, splitting apart with a sickening rip.

His entire torso split in two, his tiny organs spilling out in a brief, meaningless mess, his lower body separating from his top like an insect torn in half.

Cassandra studied the two halves for a second, tilting them slightly in her fingers, watching as the final twitches faded into nothing.

Then, she shrugged—utterly indifferent—before casually flicking them away, sending the remains tumbling into the wreckage below.

She wiped her fingers clean, smirking as she finally turned her gaze back to the ruined boardroom, where the remaining executives were still frozen in pure, absolute horror.

She let the silence stretch again.

Then, her smirk widened.

“Anyone else feeling like challenging me?”

Cassandra leaned in, her massive face filling their shattered world, her eyes piercing through them like a force of nature. The remaining executives cowered, gasping, frozen in pure, primal terror.

She let them stew in it. Let them feel the suffocating silence, the weight of her presence, the absolute certainty that they were entirely at her mercy. Then, she let out a low, satisfied hum, her lips curling ever so slightly.

“Good,” she murmured.

She straightened slightly.

“I need to check something out,” she said smoothly, almost casually, like this was just another mid-morning errand. “Won’t take long.”

She let her gaze sweep over them, savoring their expressions—fear, desperation, hopelessness.

“But here’s the thing,” she continued, tilting her head slightly, watching them shrink beneath her attention. “I want you all right here when I get back.”

Some of them visibly recoiled, their bodies stiffening as fresh horror rippled through them.

Her smirk widened.

“Because if you’re not,” she said, her voice dropping into something smooth and razor-sharp, “I’ll bring this whole fucking building down. And after that?” She sighed, as if the thought mildly inconvenienced her. “I guess I’ll just have to start checking on you at home.”

She let that hang. Let them imagine it.

“And while I’m gone,” she added, “I expect this company to be running again.” She let her gaze drift lazily across them, mocking their broken, terrified faces. “I didn’t crush my way to the top just to see it all shut down.”

She turned her attention to Barr.

The old man was still bruised from her earlier flick, his frail body hunched slightly, a hand pressed to his ribs. His breathing was labored, pained. He was still standing, though, which was honestly more than she had expected.

“Barr’s in charge in my absence,” she declared, her tone leaving no room for discussion.

Barr hesitated, swallowing hard. He looked like he wanted to object, but he knew better than to test her patience again. Instead, his lips parted slightly, his voice rasping through the tension in the air.

“Cassandra,” he started, his words slow, cautious, still weighing the risk of speaking at all.

She raised a brow, waiting.

“You can’t seriously expect people to just… go back to work after what you just did.”

Cassandra smirked.

“Gather the ones who feel unmotivated,” she murmured.

Barr visibly stiffened.

She tilted her head slightly, feigning mild curiosity. “I’ll be happy to have a word with them when I’m back.”

Her smirk widened as she saw the exact moment they understood what she meant.

She straightened, rising to her full, skyscraper-sized height, her towering form blocking out the sun, her sheer presence casting the entire building into shadow.

“Now,” she purred, “don’t disappoint me.”

And with that, she turned, her massive body shifting, the world trembling beneath her.

PARADIGM SHIFT

Cassandra moved away from the ruined headquarters, her colossal form slipping effortlessly back into the streets, each step a slow, calculated display of dominance. Her hips swayed in an exaggerated, sensual rhythm, her full, towering figure casting shifting shadows over the fractured city below.

The road ahead was mostly empty. That made sense. She had spent time back at her old company headquarters, enough for the smarter insects to scatter. But not all of them. Some still lingered, frozen, watching from side streets, tucked behind buildings, peeking from shattered windows. They thought they were being subtle, that she wouldn't notice. She did.

And yet, she didn't give them the satisfaction of her attention. They weren't important. Not now.

Her focus was elsewhere. The Lab.

From her vantage point, it didn't take long to find her directions. She was getting used to her new view of her surroundings. The city was small now—compact, neatly laid out beneath her, a sprawling model of streets and rooftops that she could scan with a single glance. Nothing could be hidden from her now.

She adjusted her course slightly, letting her mind wander as her body carved a path through the city with careless, unbothered grace, shaking her surroundings with her presence.

Her little visit to the company had been… interesting. Not because of what she had done—though that had certainly been satisfying—but because of what it had made her realize. She still didn't know exactly why she had grown, why her body had surged to this absurd, titanic scale. But she did know what it had given her.

Power.

And Cassandra Steele had never let power go to waste.

The real question was what to do with it.

She had come to her company out of instinct, not strategy. It had been the logical step, the next stop in her usual schedule, the place where she would have been if things had been normal. But things weren't normal. They would never be normal again. Taking over the boardroom, crushing her rivals, watching them tremble at her feet—it had all been satisfying, but it had been a game. A way to exert control, to toy with the remnants of her past, to sever whatever last ties had bound her to her old life.

Because what was she going to do now? Sit in on board meetings? Check quarterly reports? Make strategic decisions about a company that barely reached her tits?

The thought was absurd.

No, that wasn't her future. That wasn't even an option.

And the world wasn't exactly going to welcome her back.

The sheer collateral damage of her mere existence had already made sure of that. It wasn't like she had gone out of her way to be a mass murderer. That had, mostly, been a side effect. Just moving, just being here, had turned the city into a killing field. How many had she flattened? How many lives had ended beneath her, crushed into meaningless, unrecognizable stains in the wake of her footsteps? Thousands? Tens of thousands?

Mass murderers were not the most popular members of society, though, so fitting back in didn't look like an option either.

She chuckled at the thought.

No, the real question wasn't whether she could fit into the world anymore.

It was why the fuck she would even want to.

She was bigger. Smarter. Better.

And she had power.

So, she should do what she had always done with power.

Use it.

But for what?

She let her mind spin through the possibilities, letting each one unfurl before her, bold, unshackled, utterly limitless. None felt impossible.

And that was… interesting.

Still, no matter how exhilarating the scope of her potential was, she needed to think clearly. Control. She needed to understand this power, not just revel in it. She needed to learn exactly what had happened to her, what the drug had done, what the next step was.

Her thoughts were still spinning when she caught up with the crowd again.

Cassandra came to a commanding stop, her legs spreading in a powerful stance, hands settling on her hips with effortless confidence. The ground beneath her groaned, her sheer presence radiating dominance. Another crowd, another mass of panicked, scrambling figures barely even worth noticing—and yet, she did notice them. Not because they mattered, but because she wanted them to.

She tilted her head, letting her icy blue gaze sweep over them, taking in the chaos she had so effortlessly created.

"Well, here we are again," she mused, her voice rolling over them like a living force, sending a fresh wave of shudders through the crowd.

The people, helpless, pathetic, disorganized, reacted just as she expected—screams, frantic movements, mindless scurrying. They couldn't fathom her, couldn't process her, couldn't do anything but tremble.

Cassandra let out a soft, mocking sigh.

She dropped into a squat, resting her elbows against her knees in a catcher's position, her impossibly massive body now even closer to them. Her very movement displaced air violently, sending some tumbling to the ground, while others simply froze like deer in headlights.

"You guys look pathetic," she said, her tone light, almost conversational—a CEO delivering unfortunate but inevitable performance reviews. "Though I guess I can't really blame you. It's not easy, is it? Adjusting to someone my size?"

A slow smirk crept onto her lips, eyes flashing with amusement.

"But hey," she continued, "I'm adjusting to how tiny everything is, and I think I'm doing a much better job than you."

She let them sit with that, watching their reactions with clinical interest. It was almost… disappointing how predictable they were.

Time to experiment.

She shifted forward, dropping onto her knees with a deliberate, earth-shaking impact. The ground quaked, a ripple of force spreading outward, sending some of the tinies sprawling like dominoes.

They barely had time to react before she reached out with a single finger and planted it dead center in the crowd.

The results were instantaneous. The moment her fingertip touched down, the surrounding people erupted into movement, frantically pushing, running, diving away, creating a perfect empty space around the single, erect pillar of flesh.

Cassandra let out a breath of laughter, shaking her head in amusement.

"Would you look at that," she murmured, tilting her head. "Like a magnet dropped into a pile of iron filings. You guys just scatter, don't you?"

Her eyes traced the movement, fascinated in a detached way. The sheer mindless fear, the way their little bodies responded automatically to even the smallest motion from her.

She smirked. Time for phase two.

Another finger came down.

The crowd reacted again, splitting further, their panic increasing with every second.

Cassandra walked her fingers forward, slow and deliberate, letting them march through the swarm of tinies, forcing them to stumble, scramble, trip over themselves. Even her most delicate movements carried lethal weight, every tap of her fingertip sending miniature bodies sprawling.

She narrowed her eyes at a particularly hesitant, frozen figure and simply nudged them with the pad of her index finger. The force sent them tumbling backward, rolling like a kicked doll.

Cassandra clicked her tongue.

"Pathetic," she muttered.

Then, she spotted something that made her grin.

A car.

Someone—desperate, stupid, laughably hopeful—had scrambled inside, probably thinking steel and glass would somehow shield them.

Cassandra didn’t even think.

She reached forward with her fingers and flicked the vehicle.

The car didn’t just roll—it flew. It tumbled violently across an entire city block, spinning through the air like a toy tossed by an impatient child. The impact, when it finally collided with another cluster of people, was absolute devastation. Metal crumpled, glass shattered, and bodies went flying.

Cassandra let out a soft, amused chuckle.

"Whoops," she said, with absolutely zero sincerity.

Things were spiraling, fast.

Cassandra swept her hand through the thickest part of the crowd, fingers carving through the scrambling mass like a net trawling the ocean. People tumbled into her grasp, their screams a chaotic mess of useless resistance as her palm curved upward, scooping them into a single, effortless handful.

Some slipped through the cracks between her fingers, plummeting back to the street below, their tiny, pathetic bodies bouncing against the pavement before lying still. Cassandra barely even noticed. She didn’t need to catch all of them.

Because she already had so many.

She lifted her hand to her face, her piercing blue eyes narrowing slightly as she examined the writhing mass of bodies cradled in her palm. There were too many to count—what was it, two dozen? More? It didn't matter. Numbers had always been her domain, but these weren't numbers anymore. These were things.

Tiny, squirming, thrashing, powerless things.

Her lips curved, her breath washing over them in a warm, overpowering gust.

"Well," she mused, tapping one of them lightly with a fingertip, watching him collapse backward with a strangled yelp. "I always had a talent for getting people in the palm of my hand, but this is something else."

Her tone was silk and steel, amusement laced with pure, predatory dominance.

She rolled her wrist slightly, letting them tilt and stumble, their pitiful struggles against her skin barely noticeable. A few tried to find purchase against the smoothness of her palm, gripping onto the subtle ridges, as if that would somehow keep them safe.

She smirked.

"Oh, don't be shy," she teased, raising a single eyebrow. "You've spent your whole lives surrounded by people bigger than you, this is just next level."

She let that sit for a second, then tilted her palm again, just slightly, just enough to watch them panic.

"It's a whole new world, isn't it?" she continued, her voice mocking, effortless. "And guess what? You're not on top anymore."

She gave them another slow, indulgent smile, her gaze sharp with amusement.

Cassandra let the moment stretch, the sheer weight of her realization sinking in like a slow, satisfying exhale.

She owned them.

Not in the way she used to own employees, not in the way she controlled meetings or commanded rooms. This was something far beyond that. She didn't own their time, their effort, their labor.

She owned them.

Their lives, their bodies, their futures—everything about them belonged to her now. They weren't people anymore. They weren't individuals. They were things. Objects.

And the best part?

They knew it.

Even now, their tiny, pathetic forms trembled in her palm, their frantic eyes darting upward, searching for some answer, some hope, some escape that did not exist. They understood, just as she did, that whatever happened next was entirely up to her.

She let out a slow, thoughtful hum, rolling her wrist just slightly, feeling them scramble and stumble, their insignificance made so beautifully clear.

"You know," she mused, tilting her head, her icy blue gaze drinking in the sight of them, the sheer power difference laid bare. "I don't think you fully get it yet. Let me spell it out for you."

Her smirk widened, her voice silk and steel, carrying the weight of absolute, effortless control.

"I can do whatever the fuck I want to you."

The words landed like a hammer, as if saying it out loud somehow made it even more real. Their breaths hitched, their movements froze, their terror solidified.

"You," she gestured lazily with her fingers, indicating the whole pathetic lot of them, squirming in her grasp like trapped insects. "You don't get to make decisions anymore. You don't get to have a say. Your lives? They're not yours."

She exhaled, letting the warmth of her breath wash over them, making them shudder, making them feel even smaller.

"They're mine."

She curled her fingers slightly, not enough to crush, not yet, but enough to let them feel the weight of her touch, the raw, physical truth of her claim.

"What happens to you next?" She let the question hang for a moment, then grinned.

"Well, that's up to me."

She rolled them slightly, just for effect, just enough to make them fight against the movement, just enough to remind them how easily she could end them.

"And you?" she continued, her voice turning almost playful, mocking in its lightness. "You're just gonna take it. Because you don't have a choice. Because you can't stop me. Because no one can."

She let that sink in, let them sit in their utter powerlessness, let them feel it to their cores.

Then she smirked, slow and deliberate.

"Feels good, doesn't it?" she murmured, mostly to herself, feeling the rush of her own power pulse through her like a drug.

Cassandra barely gave it a thought. The writhing, trembling mass in her palm had already provided their entertainment value, but she wasn't in the habit of holding onto things she didn't need. There was no point in keeping them. No grand gesture, no elaborate cruelty required. It was just obvious.

"Well, this was fun," she mused, her casual tone at complete odds with the devastation she had already caused. "But I really can't be bothered to hold onto you all day."

She tilted her hand, letting the tiny bodies spill out like a handful of discarded change. Some tumbled freely, limbs flailing, their screams rising in a useless, chaotic chorus as they plummeted toward the pavement. A few managed to grasp onto the ridges of her fingers, clutching desperately as if that would somehow change the outcome. Cassandra watched them for a moment, amused by their pathetic resistance, before giving the slightest twitch of her fingers. That was all it took. Their grip failed, and one by one, they joined the rest.

To her, it was barely a drop. To them, it was catastrophic.

Some landed badly, bones shattering instantly upon impact. One in particular let out a piercing shriek, clutching a leg that had snapped at an unnatural angle. His pain was shrill, desperate, meaningless.

Cassandra exhaled sharply, her lips curving into a smirk as she lazily brushed off her palm. "Oh, come on," she drawled, her voice carrying over the wreckage below. "That wasn't even that far."

She straightened to her full, towering height, her long, sculpted legs unfolding with a slow, deliberate grace that sent a tremor through the streets below. From this vantage, they looked even smaller. The ones who had managed to stay on their feet were already running, scattering like insects, convinced they had somehow escaped the worst of it.

They really hadn't been paying attention.

"I'm going to keep walking, now," she said, not as a threat, not as an ultimatum, just a simple, effortless fact.

And then she did.

The moment her foot came down, the world beneath it ceased to exist. The pavement groaned and caved, a deep, crushing footprint carved instantly into the ground. The tiny figures trapped beneath her step—a mix of frozen bodies and those too slow to escape—were simply gone, obliterated in the space of a heartbeat.

She didn't stop.

Her next step came just as effortlessly, just as final, her bare foot flattening another cluster of scurrying figures, another row of cars that crumpled like fragile ornaments beneath her weight.

Her body count soared with each unthinking, casual movement.

It wasn't malicious. It wasn't even personal.

She was just moving forward.

Cassandra kept walking, her long, powerful strides taking her deeper into downtown, where the buildings started getting taller, stretching higher around her. Finally. At least now, a few of these glass-and-steel twigs were somewhat respectable. A couple of the towers even dared to reach the underside of her tits—not many, though. Most still didn't even come close.

Not that it mattered.

She wasn't boxed in yet, but she could feel the space tightening. The roads were narrower, the skyline more clustered, forcing her to slow just slightly. She could still crush entire streets with a single step, but it was almost cute how the city tried to build up, as if it could ever reach her.

She idly dragged a finger along the rooftops of the buildings beside her, just for the hell of it, barely applying any pressure at all. Didn't matter. Concrete and steel peeled away like wet paper, cascading in thick, heavy chunks onto the streets below, burying cars, tinies—who the fuck knew what else.

Some ants down below screamed, scrambled for cover, but she barely paid them any attention.

"Fucking fragile."

Then—an opening.

The maze of skyscrapers thinned out, and suddenly she found herself looking down at something very familiar. It took a second to place, everything looked different from up here, but then it clicked.

"Oh, well, look at that."

The Atrium Galleria.

A high-end shopping mall. Or at least, that's what it had pretended to be. Luxury stores, overpriced shit, exclusive brands—all carefully curated for people like her. She'd been here more times than she could count, spent weekends browsing designer collections, grabbing drinks with other execs, watching the lower-class losers window-shop, knowing they'd never afford any of it.

It had felt massive back then.

Now? Pathetic.

Cassandra smirked as she stepped forward, her shadow swallowing the entire complex. The polished, glass-paneled facade, once meant to tower over visitors, barely scraped

past her kneecaps. The sprawling parking lot, which had once taken her a couple of minutes to cross in stilettos, didn't even reach the length of her foot.

She let herself take that in for a moment.

Her foot was as long as the parking lot.

That was fucking adorable.

"You used to look huge," she mused, tilting her head, letting the amusement sink in. "Now? You're the size of a fucking shoebox."

With zero hesitation, she dropped to one knee, the impact alone sending a violent tremor through the pavement, rattling the entire structure like it had just been hit by a goddamn earthquake.

Glass shattered somewhere inside. A few power lines snapped, sparks bursting into the air. The pavement buckled beneath her weight, new fractures splitting through the already ruined streets.

And inside—chaos.

She didn't need to see it to know what was happening. The tinies in there—shoppers, employees, security, all the fucking nobodies who had been milling around—were panicking.

She placed her hands on her thighs, peering down at the tiny, delicate structure that had once felt like a kingdom to her.

It was nothing now.

"You know, I thought you'd put up more of a fight," she murmured, tapping a single finger against the upper floors, the slight impact enough to dislodge entire walls. "But I guess you always were just another overpriced box, huh?"

There was movement inside.

Frenzied, terrified, barely controlled chaos. She could see them, tiny, frantic insects scattering through the glass-paneled corridors, darting between escalators, trying to figure out if they should run, hide, or just fucking pray.

Cassandra tilted her head.

"Well," she murmured, dragging her fingers slowly along the rooftop, letting her nails dig in just enough to send another wave of debris tumbling down.

"Let's see what's inside."

Cassandra didn't hesitate. Why would she? Her fingers curled into the building's rooftop, her nails sinking into the concrete like it was nothing. She didn't have to grip hard—just enough, just the slightest effort, and the entire reinforced structure buckled.

The metal framework groaned in protest, glass snapped apart like brittle candy, and with a slow, deliberate motion, Cassandra peeled the roof away.

A massive chunk of the structure came free in her hands, exposing the entire top floor to the open air, the once sprawling, multi-level complex now sliced open like a dollhouse. The sheer force of the motion sent debris raining down into the lower levels, knocking over storefronts, shattering kiosks, crushing anyone too slow to get the fuck out of the way.

Cassandra barely glanced at what she had just discarded. The massive slab of rubble left her fingers and tumbled somewhere behind her, landing God knows where in the middle of the city. She didn't care.

Because now, she had a perfect view.

And oh, what a sight.

The Atrium Galleria, once a bustling hub of wealth and exclusivity, was now nothing more than a tiny, frantic anthill laid bare before her. The open walkways, the grand central atrium, the massive escalators—all of it was fucking ridiculous now. At best, it looked like a child's playset. At worst, it was a joke.

Her gray-blue gaze flicked across the tiny scene, drinking in the chaos. Hundreds—no, thousands—of people scrambled in every direction, their pathetic escape attempts only making the disaster worse. Some ran toward the shattered emergency exits. Others stupidly tried to cling to cover, as if the crumbling, half-destroyed upper floors would protect them.

Cassandra chuckled, the sound rolling through the gaping mall, shaking what little remained of the structure.

"Goddamn, you look pathetic."

Her voice thundered through the open-air disaster, hitting every corner of the exposed shopping center, making entire clusters of tinies freeze, flinch, or outright collapse in terror.

"I mean, I get it. This is probably a big adjustment for you." She propped her elbow on her knee, resting her chin on her knuckles, watching the tiny chaos with pure amusement. "One second, you're out shopping for overpriced bullshit. The next, you're running for your lives because I'm in the mood to stretch my legs."

She exhaled sharply, sending a gust of wind through the remains of the top floor, rattling the miniature storefronts. A few tiny bodies tumbled over the railings, vanishing into the depths below.

"Guess we're all adjusting, huh?"

Her gaze flicked to the wreckage of what had once been her favorite store—the luxury designer boutique that had, for years, catered to her expensive tastes.

She recognized the distinctive black-and-gold decor immediately. Or what was left of it. The display windows were gone, the store's once-pristine interior now half-collapsed, racks of expensive dresses tipped over or dangling off the exposed edge of the ruined top floor.

Cassandra reached out, her massive fingers curling around one of the toppled racks, effortlessly lifting it free.

She held it up, examining the absurdly tiny dresses, the delicate fabric utterly meaningless in her grasp. This single rack? It had to be worth six figures at least. The kind of money that would make some tiny people cry.

Now? It was nothing.

Cassandra smirked, plucking one of the ridiculously small dresses between her fingers.

A sleek, blood-red number. Probably a designer piece, hand-stitched, made to fit some elite socialite like a glove.

She glanced down at herself—at her exposed, bare skin, at her full, towering form, at the fact that nothing in this world could fucking cover her now.

With an amused hum, she lifted the tiny dress to her nipple.

It didn't even cover half of it.

Not even fucking close.

Cassandra barked out a laugh, tossing the entire rack with a dismissive gesture. It clattered uselessly down the remains of the ruined upper floors, crushing whatever poor souls were still hiding there.

"Guess fashion's not really an option anymore, huh?"

Her gaze swept back to the store, and that's when she spotted something even better.

Amongst the panicked masses—a uniform.

A burgundy suit.

Cassandra's smirk returned.

Oh, now this was too perfect.

Luxury retail employees had always been so smug. Walking around like they were better than their customers, acting like just being in the store was some kind of privilege.

And now?

Cassandra pinched the tiny woman between her fingers, lifting her from the wreckage, her screams already lost beneath the sheer size of Cassandra's grasp.

"You," she murmured, holding the squirming, pathetic speck up to her face.

"Let’s see if your customer service skills are worth a damn."

Cassandra lifted the tiny, trembling attendant to her face, holding the pathetic little thing between her fingertips, dangling her just inches from her sharp, piercing gaze. The minuscule woman was sobbing, shaking so hard Cassandra could feel it, her limbs twitching, her whole body barely more than a struggling speck in the vastness of Cassandra’s grip.

"So," Cassandra mused, her voice smooth, almost casual, as if this was just a normal exchange between a customer and an employee. "You got anything in my size?"

The woman’s mouth opened, but no words came out—just panicked, broken sounds, gasping breaths, half-choked sobs.

Cassandra waited.

The tiny attendant tried again, but nothing coherent came through, just more useless whimpers.

Cassandra rolled her eyes.

"Not the answer I was looking for."

She pressed her fingers together.

The tiny, fragile body crumpled instantly, reduced to nothing more than a quick, wet pop between the pads of her fingers. Cassandra barely felt it. Barely noticed it.

She flicked the remains away with a slight sigh, brushing her fingers clean against her thigh, leaving a faint, red streak on her skin.

The panic below her intensified.

Good.

The rest of the pathetic little tinies had definitely noticed. Their screams rose in volume, the movement below turning from scattered, panicked scrambling into something far more desperate.

Cassandra let it settle for a moment, watching them, letting their helpless terror soak into the atmosphere.

Then, she let out a sharp, mocking exhale.

"In case it wasn’t fucking obvious," she said, letting her voice roll over them like a goddamn thunderclap, "doing what I say isn’t optional."

She let the words hang for a moment, enjoying the full-body shudder that rippled through the exposed shopping center.

Then, she moved again.

Her massive fingers reached back inside, pressing into the remains of the luxury boutique, her fingernail slicing effortlessly through the debris, sweeping aside whatever worthless merchandise was still standing.

She wasn't looking for clothes this time.

Her billboard-sized eyes tracked movement—tiny figures scattering, scrambling, ducking behind broken counters, tripping over collapsed racks.

She found what she was looking for.

Another burgundy uniform.

Another pathetic little retail worker, still frozen in absolute shock, too paralyzed to run.

Cassandra smirked.

"Let's see if you do better than your colleague."

She plucked the tiny woman up, holding her effortlessly, bringing her up to her massive, piercing gaze.

Cassandra arched a brow, smirking as she held the tiny retail worker in front of her massive, piercing gaze. The woman was trembling, her minuscule hands gripping at nothing, her little legs kicking uselessly in the air between Cassandra's fingers.

"What—what do you want?" The squeaky voice barely registered.

Cassandra grinned. Oh, she liked this one already. She actually talked. That was progress.

"Oh, look at you!" Cassandra cooed mockingly, turning the woman slightly, examining her like a trinket. "You actually found your words. Good girl."

The tiny woman gulped.

"Well, since you asked…" Cassandra mused. "I was wondering if you had anything in my size."

The woman hesitated, clearly struggling to process the sheer absurdity of the question.

"See, I've been running around all morning in my birthday suit," Cassandra continued, tilting her head slightly, amused at her own musings. "Not that I mind. Really, I don't. But I figured, hey—while I'm here, why not check?"

She pretended to consider it, as if this was an actual shopping trip, as if any of this was even remotely normal.

"I used to be a size six." She held the tiny woman closer, as if confiding a little secret. "What do you think that makes me now? Six hundred? Six thousand?"

The woman’s mouth opened, closed, then opened again—utterly lost, hopelessly out of her depth.

Cassandra snorted.

"But you probably don’t have anything in stock, huh?"

The tiny woman, still struggling in her grip, finally managed to stammer out an answer. "I—I don’t think we have anything…"

Cassandra sighed again, slower this time.

"Yeah, that’s what I thought."

The woman suddenly stiffened, like she knew what was coming next.

Then, out of nowhere, she blurted it out.

"This isn’t fair!"

Cassandra blinked, then chuckled, low and genuinely entertained.

"Unfair?" she repeated, turning the tiny woman slightly, watching her squirm. "Oh, sweetheart. Of course, it’s unfair."

She gestured broadly to the city around them, to the streets miles below, to the devastation she had left in her wake.

"You’re tucked between my fingers. That’s kind of the definition of unfair."

"No!" The woman’s voice cracked, desperation creeping in. "I mean—there was no right answer! Nothing I said was going to be good enough!"

Cassandra paused.

Then, she grinned.

"Yeah." She gave the tiny thing a playful little shake, letting her feel the sheer, terrifying power in just that tiny motion. "You’re right."

She chuckled, shaking her head.

"I like you. You’ve got guts."

The woman whimpered, but didn’t speak.

Cassandra tilted her head, watching her curiously.

"So tell me," she murmured, voice dripping with amusement. "What would you have me do with you?"

The woman’s tiny chest rose and fell rapidly.

"P-put me back down," she gasped, barely managing to get the words out.

Cassandra let out a low, thoughtful hum, pretending to weigh the request.

"Mmm. Bad idea." She lifted the tiny woman higher, letting her dangle, making her feel just how helpless she was. "I'm still not done with the mall."

The woman trembled, her head shaking frantically. "You can't do this—"

Cassandra laughed. A real, full, rich laugh.

"You tiny people and your fucking ideas about what I can and can't do." She smirked, tilting the woman slightly in her grip. "It's adorable, really."

She leaned in, letting her massive, billboard-sized gaze fill the woman's entire world.

"Listen closely," Cassandra murmured. "Because this is a really simple concept, and I'd hate for you to miss it."

She paused, just for effect.

"I can do whatever the fuck I want."

The woman shuddered, her body locking up completely.

Cassandra sighed, mock exasperation.

"But you know what?" she mused, lifting her other hand. "I like you. You amuse me."

With a careless flick of her wrist, she deposited the tiny woman onto a nearby rooftop, setting her down with an ease that felt almost delicate.

The woman collapsed onto the surface, shaking violently.

Cassandra's smirk returned.

"You'll thank me later."

Cassandra barely had to think about it. She knew exactly where her favorite jewelry store was—she had been in that mall enough times to navigate it blindfolded. The only problem was all the useless structure in her way.

She sighed, rolling her shoulders, then without a second thought, swung her fist forward. The impact was instantaneous, her knuckles tearing through the upper floors like a wrecking ball, sending shattered concrete, glass, and steel exploding outward. The shockwave alone rippled through the entire structure, cracking support beams, causing entire sections to collapse under their own weight.

The effect was beautifully chaotic. Storefronts caved in, food courts collapsed, escalators snapped like twigs. Hundreds of tiny figures screamed, ran, fell—some crushed instantly beneath the debris, others swallowed by the collapsing floors. A few

unlucky ones were thrown through the air by the sheer force of the blast, their bodies flailing helplessly before landing with sickening finality in the rubble below.

Cassandra didn't even glance at them.

She pulled her fist back, shaking loose a few chunks of concrete from her knuckles, her smirk growing as the dust settled.

There it was.

Or at least, part of it.

The jewelry store had been in the impact radius, but it was still intact enough. She could see the pathetic remains of the storefront, now partially exposed from the wreckage, its delicate glass cases miraculously still standing. But that wasn’t enough for her.

With a slow, deliberate movement, Cassandra reached down.

Her fingers curled into the mall’s foundation, the tips digging effortlessly beneath the structure, concrete splitting apart at the pressure. Then, with the same ease that she would pluck a flower from the dirt, she ripped the entire jewelry store out.

The structure came free in a single motion, a massive, rectangular chunk of the mall now held in her palm like a tiny gift box. The surrounding floors groaned in protest, the weight displacement causing even more sections of the mall to cave in. More deaths, more destruction—all meaningless background noise to her.

Cassandra lifted the store effortlessly to her face, her fingers pressing into the sides of the tiny structure as she examined it. The entire thing barely took up half her palm.

Pathetic.

With a flick of her thumb, she peeled the entire roof away, tearing through it like it was a flimsy paper lid. The sudden exposure sent the people inside into a fresh panic, their tiny bodies scrambling for cover, some pressing themselves against the walls, others huddling behind glass counters like that would protect them.

Cassandra chuckled, warm breath rushing into the store, sending tiny papers and dust scattering across the ruined interior.

"Well," she mused, her voice dripping with mock amusement, "do you have anything worth my while?"

Her massive eyes scanned the microscopic jewelry cases, the minuscule display trays filled with what were supposed to be treasures. She could see golden necklaces, diamond rings, luxury watches—all of it once considered priceless.

Now?

Now, a ten-carat diamond would be lucky to sparkle on the tip of her fingernail.

She waited, letting them flail and panic, watching them struggle to process her question, their tiny, squeaky voices too quiet to reach her.

She smirked.

"Oh, don't all talk at once."

Cassandra exhaled sharply, already growing impatient. The pathetic little insects inside the store were still fumbling around, too dumbstruck to answer her. As if she hadn't just peeled the roof off their world and asked them a simple question. She rolled her eyes, tapping a single massive fingernail against the fragile remains of a display case, shattering it instantly.

"Alright, since you microscopic morons are taking too long," she drawled, "I guess I'll just take it all."

Without waiting for another second, she tilted the entire structure and dumped its contents into her waiting palm. Glass cases shattered on impact, trays tumbled, and the pathetically tiny people screamed as they spilled out along with the merchandise, their pathetic shrieks barely registering over the cascade of jewels and metal clattering onto her skin.

Cassandra smirked, tightening her grip around the now worthless husk of the store still in her other hand. The walls bowed inward, glass cracked, steel beams groaned in protest. And then—

Crunch.

The entire structure collapsed in on itself, crushed to absolute nothing in the effortless clench of her fingers.

She let out a soft, breathy moan.

Oh.

That felt good.

Cassandra's breath hitched slightly, her thighs instinctively tensing. She barely noticed the way the remaining people in her palm were screaming, stumbling backward from the debris of their own world. Her mind was still caught on the rush, the undeniable, all-consuming thrill of that raw power.

Her smirk deepened as she let the remnants of the store fall from her fingers, nothing but a mangled pile of debris and dust tumbling toward the ruined mall below.

"Fuck," she muttered, a low, satisfied chuckle following the curse. "All this power is making me so fucking horny."

Her enormous gray-blue eyes flicked back down to her other hand, where the tiny, trembling figures were still processing what the fuck they had just witnessed.

She smirked.

"Don’t look so nervous," she cooed, casually sorting through them, pinching the useless customers one by one and tossing them over her shoulder like garbage. "You spineless little things wouldn’t have been able to afford anything in here anyway."

Their screams faded into the distance, nothing but insignificant specks tumbling through the air, vanishing long before they ever hit the ruins below.

Cassandra turned her attention to what was left—the pathetic little collection of diamonds, gold, and platinum glinting weakly in the sunlight against the vast expanse of her palm.

She narrowed her eyes.

Pathetic.

The priceless treasures of her old world looked like glitter dust against her skin.

Cassandra snorted. "Guess diamonds aren’t a girl’s best friend anymore." She rolled a few between her fingertips, feeling nothing, watching the once-prized jewels crumble like grains of sand.

She tilted her hand, letting the rest of them tumble off the edge, the tiny, meaningless fortune scattering into the streets below.

She smirked, running a single massive fingertip down her exposed stomach, feeling the warm hum of her own arousal beneath her skin.

"Who needs diamonds," she mused, "when I can pick up an entire jewelry in my hand?"

Cassandra exhaled. The buzz of raw power was still tingling along her skin, coiling low in her stomach, settling somewhere deep and dangerous. She knew exactly what she wanted to do next—exactly how she wanted to indulge in this new, limitless form.

But Cassandra had always been a woman of priorities.

She had a mystery to solve, and while she was thoroughly enjoying the process of exploring her new reality, she also needed answers.

She straightened, rising to her full height, her world-class curves stretching high into the sky, casting massive, sprawling shadows over the decimated remains of the mall. The tiny, scattered specks of survivors flinched, looking up at her as if she were some kind of wrathful deity.

She smirked.

"Well," she mused, stretching her arms over her head, her towering figure shifting, muscles flexing, her massive form radiating effortless, unstoppable strength. "This has been fun, but I have places to be."

She let the words settle for a second, let them breathe. Then, she dropped the final cruel reality on them.

"Only problem for you little shits?" she purred. "My path continues on the other side of this mall."

She didn’t give them a second to react.

She moved.

The first step alone was catastrophic. Her bare foot came down through the roof, smashing through multiple levels in an instant, her toes alone caving in storefronts, shattering tile, snapping steel support beams like toothpicks. The impact sent a shockwave through the mall, glass exploding outward, mannequins toppling, signs plummeting from ceilings, the delicate interior crumbling like a sandcastle.

The screams hit new, frantic heights.

Cassandra didn’t slow down.

She took another step, her weight obliterating entire corridors, escalators collapsing into piles of twisted metal, entire sections of the mall folding in on themselves as she waded through it. She barely felt the impact, barely even registered the bodies crushed underfoot, the way hundreds of lives disappeared in the span of seconds.

She grinned down at the chaos, stepping forward again, this time dragging her foot deliberately. Entire storefronts disappeared beneath her sole, the delicate walls and ceilings caving, glass counters shattering, people vanishing in the merciless sweep of her movement.

She stepped through the food court next, and half the ceiling collapsed on impact. Tables, chairs, kiosks—all of it was annihilated in a second, buried under her sheer, impossible weight.

A handful of people tried to escape through an emergency exit. She stepped down. The entire section collapsed in an instant.

Cassandra exhaled, shaking her head, walking through the final stretch, her powerful, skyscraper-sized frame tearing through the last, desperate remains of the high-end shopping center.

She barely noticed the final screams.

The barely-standing structure groaned, shuddered, a fractured shell of what had once been an expensive commercial hub.

Cassandra stepped forward one last time—her exit.

With one final, effortless movement, she emerged from the other side of the mall, standing tall, powerful, utterly untouched by the destruction she had just left behind.

She turned slightly, glancing over her shoulder at what remained of the mall.

It was a hollowed-out ruin, barely clinging together, cracks running up its outer walls, entire sections missing, smoke curling from its broken core.

She smirked.

"Guess I won’t be shopping there anymore," she mused, utterly unbothered, already moving on.

Crisis Management

Cassandra strode through the city, her long, powerful legs swallowing distance in ways that still felt strange, yet completely natural. The destruction left in her wake was casual, mindless, the kind of damage that came with simply existing at this size. The roads had become little more than narrow walkways, buildings framing her like walls in a hedge maze, though none of them were nearly tall enough to make her feel remotely contained. If anything, they only reinforced the absurdity of it all.

A few blocks passed before she fully grasped just how much ground she had covered. Time felt different now—distorted, stretched, meaningless. Space itself seemed to compress beneath her strides, the city shrinking further with every casual step. What would have taken her hours as her former self now barely registered as an afterthought.

Below, she caught glimpses of frantic movement—tiny figures scurrying like rats, vanishing into alleys, darting through doors, scrambling for cover in a way that was both predictable and pathetic. Some were faster than others, but none were fast enough. Her steps still claimed plenty. A miscalculated sprint, a poorly chosen hiding spot, an unfortunate timing—all it took was one footfall, one casual shift of weight, and they ceased to exist.

Still, the survivors had learned something, at least. The streets weren't as packed, the congestion of helpless idiots no longer quite so dense. The body count wasn't skyrocketing quite like before. Not that it mattered. The numbers had already gotten so high, what were a few dozen more?

She barely paid them any attention, her mind drifting as she took in her new place in the world. Because that's what this was now, wasn't it? Her place. Her city. Her world.

She had always been at odds with the world around her, always fighting, always climbing, pushing, forcing herself to be recognized. Now, recognition wasn't a question. Her very presence demanded it. Even the skyline, once so intimidating, barely measured up.

A smirk played at her lips.

This morning, she had been desperate, exhausted, clawing to keep her place at the top. Now, she was the top.

And then—

Flashing lights.

She slowed slightly, tilting her head at the sight ahead. A blockade.

Tiny cars stretched across the road, their little sirens wailing uselessly, a pathetic attempt at a line of defense. She let her steps slow, eyes scanning the cluster of

minuscule officers standing behind the vehicles, their stances rigid, their tiny hands gripping their weapons.

The sheer ridiculousness of it sent a flicker of amusement through her irritation.

"You've got to be fucking kidding me," she muttered, barely even registering this as an actual problem.

They weren't serious.

They couldn't be serious.

Her steps continued, unhurried, completely indifferent.

Then, a sharp, barked order: "STOP!"

The sound was so weak it barely reached her ears.

Cassandra didn't stop.

Another, more frantic command: "STOP OR WE WILL OPEN FIRE!"

That made her pause. Not out of fear, not even out of concern, but because of how laughably stupid the threat was.

She took a long, slow breath, staring down at them, letting the sheer absurdity of the situation fully settle in.

Did they think this was a standoff?

Did they actually think their tiny, insignificant weapons were going to do something?

She felt a laugh bubble at the back of her throat, but she swallowed it down. Not yet.

Instead, she took another deliberate, heavy step, the ground trembling under her weight, the line of cars bouncing slightly on their suspension. The officers flinched, their hands tightening on their weapons, but they didn't move.

Alright. Fine.

She stopped, dropping into a slow, commanding squat, her thighs spreading slightly, elbows resting lazily on her knees as she peered down at the pitiful excuse for resistance.

Her blue-gray eyes swept over them, scanning the tiny, nervous faces.

Some were already stepping back, second-guessing their life choices. Others were rooted to the spot, their tiny bodies locked up with fear.

Cassandra clicked her tongue, then smirked.

Then, in a low, smooth, unimpressed voice, she said:

"What the fuck do you want?"

Cassandra watched the tiny man with the megaphone, the way he barely held himself together under her overwhelming presence. He was standing his ground—credit where it was due—but the way his little hands clenched the device, the way his knees locked just a little too tight, gave him away. He was terrified.

The metallic squeak of the megaphone finally cracked the silence.

"Stop," he commanded again, though his voice betrayed him, shaking just enough that Cassandra almost felt bad for him.

Almost.

She let the silence stretch for a beat, then let out a slow, rich chuckle.

"Stop?" she repeated, cocking her head slightly, her eyes narrowing in amusement. "I'm fucking squatting. What do you want me to do, sit?"

There was a small shuffle in their ranks. Even the bravest among them couldn't help but react to the casual arrogance in her tone.

The lead cop took a breath, gripping the megaphone tighter. "We can't let you continue."

Cassandra arched an eyebrow, her smirk widening.

"Oh, you can't?" she mused, her tone dripping with mockery. "So, what exactly are you going to do?"

The silence that followed was deafening.

The cop hesitated, his fingers twitching, then forced himself to speak. "You've already caused thousands of deaths. Massive destruction. We—"

"And I wasn't even trying," Cassandra cut in smoothly, tilting her head. "That's the fucked-up part, isn't it?"

She saw the ripple of discomfort move through them. The realization sinking in.

"It's just so fucking easy," she muttered, almost absentmindedly.

The cop shifted, clearly trying to steady himself against the enormity of what she was saying. "We can't let you move around in the city."

Cassandra exhaled through her nose, shaking her head, clicking her tongue.

"Let's do something," she said, her tone smooth, confident, rolling through the streets like a casual declaration of fact. "Which, honestly, is past due."

She let the moment stretch, watching their tiny faces twist in confusion, waiting until the curiosity edged past the fear.

Then, she smirked.

"Let’s make this my city."

A ripple of pure, unfiltered horror moved through the ranks.

She leaned in slightly, her massive thighs tensing, letting them feel the sheer weight of her presence, the unshakable reality of her size. "That way, we can avoid any more of this awkward ‘letting’ nonsense. Since, let’s be honest, it’s not like anyone has a fucking choice."

The moment the words left her lips, a surge of heat coiled in her stomach.

Power.

She had seized control of her company this morning, and now, here she was, taking the city.

No, she had taken the city.

This was just the formality of it.

And the thought…

The realization…

A deep, shuddering pulse tore through her, sharp and exhilarating, coiling hot in her core. Her stomach tensed, her nipples stiffened against the open air, her cunt thrummed, alive with that intoxicating mix of power and pleasure.

The silence stretched for a beat—just long enough for Cassandra to smirk in amusement—before the little man with the megaphone found his spine again. Or at least, tried to.

"This is your final warning," he called, and despite the artificial projection of the megaphone, the tremor in his voice was unmistakable. "If you do not comply, we will be forced to use lethal force."

Cassandra went still for half a second. Then—

She laughed.

Deep. Rich. Genuine.

It wasn’t even mockery at first—just pure amusement at the idea that this tiny collection of men with their laughable peashooters actually thought they had a single fucking thing they could do to her.

"Lethal force?" she repeated, amusement thick in her voice. She shook her head, still chuckling, then exhaled sharply and rolled her shoulders before pushing herself up to her full height.

The effect was instant.

A shadow swallowed the blockade, her towering, nude form eclipsing the entire street. The cops visibly rattled, their grips tightening on their weapons, their bodies locking up as she loomed over them.

"Take a good look at me," she commanded, her voice rolling over them like a physical force, crashing through their nerves like a wave.

She let them absorb it, let them see her.

The immensity of her body. The sheer, undeniable scale.

Let them drink in every detail.

She gave them a moment.

A single moment to think.

To ask themselves if their little popguns were really going to do anything but annoy her.

She considered giving them the chance to disband. They looked on the verge of it. Some were already inching backward, instinct screaming at them to run.

But no.

People needed to see what happened when they pissed her off.

Her smirk widened.

"You know what’s actually lethal?" she mused, voice thick with amusement as she slowly raised her right foot.

The tiny officers flinched, bodies locking up in sheer terror as she hovered it over them.

"My foot."

Then—

She stepped forward.

The impact was seismic.

The crunch was a muffled symphony of destruction, steel crumpling, pavement splintering, bodies vanishing into nothing.

Half the blockade was simply gone.

A deep crater marked where once there had been vehicles, men, weapons, purpose.

Now, there was just the outline of her footprint, the remnants of the pathetic resistance embedded into the cracked, sinking asphalt.

The remaining cops broke.

Some screamed. Others turned and sprinted for their lives, the wetness in their steps betraying just how badly they had pissed themselves.

Cassandra watched them with amused satisfaction.

"Yeah," she called after them, her voice thundering through the street, dripping with mockery. "That's what I thought."

Then—

She got methodical.

The ones who had managed to run were scatterbrained, frenzied, disorganized. It made picking them off easy.

She strolled forward, her footfalls creating aftershocks, making some trip before she even reached them.

The first group fell to her next step, their tiny bodies vanishing instantly beneath her sole, pressed deep into the ruined pavement.

She swiveled slightly, letting her next step claim another three. The pressure barely registered.

One idiot tried scrambling under a car, thinking the pathetic sheet of metal might shield him. Cassandra chuckled, placed her big toe on the roof, and flattened the entire thing in a single, casual press.

"Come on," she teased, watching the last few scatter, their bodies so fucking slow compared to her steps. "At least make it fun for me."

A straggler—one pathetically trying to crawl away on hands and knees—vanished beneath the ball of her foot as she adjusted her stance.

Another attempted to duck into an alley. Cassandra rolled her eyes, casually dragging her foot sideways and caving the entire passage in, burying him beneath a collapsing wall.

In less than ten seconds, there was nothing left.

No cops. No cars. No blockade.

Just her, standing there, owning the damned street.

She let out a slow, pleased breath.

"Well," she mused, flicking some imaginary dust off her thigh. "That was a colossal fucking waste of time."

Then, with one last glance at the cratered street, she turned, ready to resume her way.

Cassandra was just about to continue, her mind already shifting back to the lab, when something caught her eye. Squinting slightly, she noticed them—tiny, colorful specks hovering far in the distance, circling like vultures. Choppers. News choppers. Of course. She had made the news. How could she not? A naked, skyscraper-sized woman tearing through the city, obliterating the police, crushing everything in her path? The cameras wouldn't miss a second.

She let out a dry chuckle, shaking her head. "Can't take your eyes off me, huh?" she muttered, voice thick with amusement.

For the briefest moment, an echo of self-awareness crept in—the realization that she was completely exposed, that every angle of her immense, nude form was undoubtedly being broadcast to millions, if not billions, of tiny, pathetic viewers. But the feeling barely lasted a second before it was smothered by something else. Let them look. Let them fucking stare. She had never been ashamed of her body—not when it had already made her powerful long before she'd ever outgrown the city.

And now? Now, her body was power.

She smirked, stretching slightly. They had just watched her deal with the cops, seen what happened to the pathetic attempt at resistance. That was good. Hopefully, it would make the rest of the tiny fuckers watching from the safety of their living rooms reconsider doing anything stupid.

Not that she had high hopes for them.

But as she gazed at the circling helicopters, an idea formed. Maybe she could use their attention to her advantage.

She straightened up, adjusting her stance, her feet pressing deeper into the ruined street, then raised her voice—a voice that no mic, no speaker, no megaphone could ever compete with, one that roared effortlessly over the hum of their blades, one that rattled the city itself.

"You hear me up there?" she called out, her words slicing through the air.

No answer. Obviously. But she saw a subtle shift in the way they hovered—some repositioning, some nervous realignment. Yeah. They heard her.

"Good. Then listen up."

She let her smirk widen, rolling her tongue against the inside of her cheek before continuing, "In case it wasn't already fucking obvious, I own this city now."

She let the words settle, let the weight of them sink into the crumbling streets below.

"And I don't take well to people trying to stop me." Her tone remained casual, but there was an edge to it now, something sharp, something that cut deep. "Any resistance—any pathetic, pitiful attempt—will have consequences."

She let her gaze sweep across the streets, spotting a nearby crowd—a writhing, terrified mass of insects, all clumped together, still too slow to get out of her path.

For a second, she considered catching up to them. One good stomp, and she'd paint the streets red, a little demonstration for the viewers at home. But then, she hesitated. No, that wasn't enough.

She had been stepping on people all morning. It wasn't news anymore.

Her eyes flicked past the scurrying bugs and landed on something else—a short, ugly little apartment building, barely up to her knee, sitting squat and stupid a block away. Perfect.

She made her way toward it, her massive strides swallowing the distance in seconds, her looming presence already casting a deep shadow over the structure.

Pathetic.

She lifted her foot, placing her sole directly over the roof, not even applying pressure—just resting it there, feeling the structure immediately groan beneath her, feeling the subtle shifts, the way the entire thing trembled under the simplest contact.

"See, I don't tolerate defiance," she mused, almost lazily, like she was explaining something mundane, something inevitable.

Then, without another word, she stepped down.

The reaction was instant—a violent, echoing cacophony of crumbling concrete, of bursting glass, of steel twisting, snapping, shrieking in protest. The building didn't stand a fucking chance. The entire structure flattened beneath her sole, the walls collapsing inward, entire floors compressing like cheap styrofoam, like the whole thing had been nothing more than a sandcastle waiting to be stomped.

A plume of dust and debris shot outward, blasting through the streets, coating the roads, choking the air with the aftermath of her casual destruction. The people trapped inside—those too slow, too unlucky, too fucking small to escape—never even had time to scream properly.

By the time Cassandra lifted her foot again, the building was gone.

Nothing but an unmistakable pile of rubble was left where it had once stood. The street around it fractured outward like a spiderweb, cracks radiating from the sheer force of her step.

She looked down at her work, smirking, satisfied.

Then, slowly, she raised her head, letting her piercing blue gaze flick back toward the news choppers.

"Get the message?" she called up, her voice thick with amusement.

She hoped the little idiots watching at home were paying attention.

Cassandra resumed her stride, her long, powerful legs carrying her through the ruined cityscape with effortless grace. Each step sent tremors through the streets, her soles sinking deep into the pavement, leaving craters where intersections used to be. The occasional sickening crunch beneath her heels barely registered—people who hadn't managed to clear out, either too slow or too stupid to avoid her path. She wasn't even trying, really. This was her casual pace, her normal rhythm. If she really wanted to be destructive, they would all know.

She let her eyes drift slightly upward, taking in the city skyline from a perspective no human had ever known. It was almost surreal—buildings she had once tilted her head back to admire were now barely clearing her waist, some only tickling at her thighs. The taller ones still loomed, but even they felt... manageable. If she wanted to, she could knock them over. If she wanted to, she could turn this entire skyline into a jagged graveyard of steel and glass. And yet, it still felt like a maze, one she could step through with ease, but a maze nonetheless. The streets wound beneath her in a tangled mess of avenues and alleys, pathways that had once dictated where she could and couldn't go. Not anymore.

Movement in the sky caught her attention.

She turned her head slightly and smirked. The choppers had adjusted their position to keep her in view, hovering at a careful distance, their tiny bodies tilting as they maneuvered to track her every movement.

She let out a slow chuckle, shaking her head.

Privacy was a luxury, and it seemed that being the size of a skyscraper meant she had forfeited it entirely. They weren't even trying to be subtle about it. Of course not. The whole world was watching now, their cameras locked onto her, broadcasting her every step, every movement, every fucking breath. She had always used power for the sake of it—it made her feel good. But she had been especially ruthless when she had an audience.

Because power wasn't just about having it.

It was about showing it.

It was about sending a message.

She exhaled, loud enough that the choppers probably felt the wind pressure shift.

"You can follow me," she called out, her voice slicing through the air, making the glass of nearby buildings vibrate from the sheer force of it. "But if you get in my fucking space, I will swat you out of the sky. Consider yourselves warned."

She watched them tilt slightly, the crews inside probably scrambling to keep steady. No one responded, of course. She hadn't expected them to. But she had seen the way

they shifted when she spoke, the way they adjusted—like insects trying not to draw attention to themselves, trying not to provoke something they knew they couldn't stop.

Good.

She let them stew in that and turned her attention forward, resuming her pace.

Her mind wandered, drifting between thoughts, possibilities, calculations.

What was in it for her in this new world?

She had spent her entire life chasing power, but she had always understood the rules. She had played the game well enough to get ahead, ruthless when she had to be, calculating in every decision. But the rules didn't apply anymore. No boardrooms. No shareholders. No regulations. No society, really—not one that mattered in relation to her.

So what did she want?

The city? It was already hers, whether the tiny fuckers acknowledged it yet or not.

She needed bigger goals.

And for the first time in a long time, she didn't have an immediate answer.

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The world had gone insane.

Darren wasn't even supposed to be downtown today. He had taken the morning off—one of the rare luxuries he could afford—to grab coffee and clear his head before another week of soul-draining shifts at the call center. He had been thinking about quitting, about telling his supervisor to go fuck himself, about finally making a move somewhere else. Somewhere bigger. Somewhere where he wasn't just another forgettable cog in a machine that barely even worked.

And then she had happened.

He had seen her before he had heard her. A ripple through the skyline, a shifting in the distance, something massive moving in ways that didn't make sense. Then, the sound hit. The ground itself trembled. Not like an earthquake—worse. Rhythmic, purposeful. A stride.

It had taken him too long to accept what he was looking at. That a woman—a damned woman—had somehow grown to a size that shattered comprehension.

And she was walking. Just walking.

Darren ran with the crowd, his breath coming in short, ragged bursts. His sneakers barely gripped the pavement as he sprinted between bodies, shoving past others, not giving a single shit about who was in his way.

The giant woman was distracted, her skyscraper-sized frame moving down the road with an almost absentminded ease, her massive legs swallowing entire city blocks in a handful of strides. She was talking, her voice rolling through the streets, deafening, powerful, wrong. But worse than the sound was her movement.

She wasn't trying to step on people.

But she wasn't trying not to.

It was random. Indiscriminate. Effortless. Her feet, so impossibly large, slammed down with careless dominance, obliterating everything beneath them. The screams—hundreds, maybe thousands—came in waves, rising and cutting off in an instant, replaced by the sickening crunch of buildings and cars being flattened into the pavement. She wasn't paying attention. She didn't need to.

A shadow overtook Darren's vision.

Oh, fuck.

The impact hit before his brain could register it.

One of her steps—casual, unthinking—sent a tremor through the world so violent that his legs buckled. He tripped, arms flailing as gravity betrayed him, his body twisting mid-fall. He hit the pavement hard, rolling over his back, pain flaring as the breath was knocked from his lungs.

His ears rang. His vision swam.

And then—

The sun disappeared.

Darren gasped, blinking up at the impossible sight.

Her foot. Her damned foot.

It hovered above him, blocking out the sky, a wall of flesh so vast that it stretched across the entire intersection. His mind refused to process it—this was a foot. A human foot. And yet, it dwarfed buildings, cast neighborhoods in shadow.

It moved—descending, gliding over him with terrifying finality.

Not toward him.

Just past.

His body seized up, muscles locking as pure terror overwhelmed every sense.

Then—

Impact.

The ground beneath him violently dropped. A sound unlike anything he had ever heard exploded in his skull, shaking his bones, crushing the air from his lungs. The pressure change made his ears scream, the world tilting for half a second, sending a fresh shockwave through the already ruined streets.

Everything around him—the people who had been ahead, the ones who had been right there—vanished.

One step.

One fucking step.

The noise faded into a terrible silence, broken only by the faint, eerie whistle in his ears. It took him a moment to realize that the ringing wasn't just inside his head—it was the air, the absence of screams.

Darren forced himself to move, to roll onto his side, to see.

A graveyard.

Cassandra's footprint—deep, perfect, final.

The street that had been filled with bodies moments ago was now an unrecognizable ruin. Twisted slivers of metal—cars that had been full-sized vehicles minutes ago—stuck out of the crater at unnatural angles, flattened beyond recognition. The people?

Gone.

Nothing but smears. Indistinct, scattered. Blended into the pavement like stains that could never be washed out.

His stomach churned.

His limbs shook.

Above, Cassandra kept walking.

Darren lifted his gaze, his body trembling uncontrollably.

She was already farther down the road, her massive frame cutting through the skyline like a force of nature, as untouchable and inevitable as a storm. Every step still carried weight, still sent new shockwaves through the city, but she wasn't looking back.

She didn't even notice.

His breath caught as his gaze lingered on the absurdity of her body—towering, powerful, freaking perfect. Her back muscles flexed with every stride, smooth and strong, her sculpted form casting deep shadows across the ruined streets.

And her ass.

His fingers curled into fists against the pavement as he stared, as the sheer physics of it seared itself into his brain.

Each perfect cheek bounced subtly with her steps, firm, high, cruelly beautiful.

It was stupid to notice. It was insane to process. He had just watched hundreds of people get erased from existence underfoot. And yet, as she walked away, that was what he saw.

Darren sucked in a shaking breath.

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Cassandra kept moving, her stride as effortless as it was devastating, each step rewriting the cityscape beneath her feet. It didn't matter if she tried to be careful—something that, frankly, wasn't high on her list of priorities—or if she simply walked without thought. The effect was the same. The sheer size of her, the unstoppable force she had become, meant that even the most absentminded shift of her weight caused catastrophic results.

Entire streets disappeared under her soles, her footprints gouging deep into the earth, swallowing everything in their path. Sidewalks cracked, asphalt buckled, cars crunched like cheap tin beneath the casual flex of her toes. People? Gone. Some beneath her, some flung into the air by the sudden shockwaves of her impact, some simply collapsing under the pure wrongness of her presence. The closer they were, the less chance they had.

And yet—they kept running.

She watched them scatter before her, their tiny, frantic bodies darting in every direction, useless, mindless, pathetic. They bolted down the street as if outrunning her was even a possibility. As if their frail little legs, their laughable speed, could even begin to contend with the effortless power of her stride. It was almost insulting.

Would she be this stupid if she were one of them?

Cassandra frowned slightly at the thought. If the roles were reversed, if some impossibly colossal woman had suddenly materialized in the middle of her city, rewriting the very laws of nature in a single morning, would she really be sprinting down the main fucking road like an absolute idiot, right in the fucking kill zone? She didn't think so. She was ruthless, not brainless. She would have assessed, analyzed, figured out the safest, smartest way to survive.

But these people?

It was herding behavior. Instinctive, reactionary, stupid. No thought, no real plan, just a blind, panicked fleeing that served no purpose other than making it easier for her to step on them in batches.

Natural selection at work.

Cassandra smirked. Maybe the world was better off without the dumb ones.

Still, she had to admit, it was all a little surreal. Sure, she had fired people before, ruined careers, torn down lives in the corporate sense. But this? Watching them erase themselves because they were too goddamn dumb to run in the right direction?

It was amusing.

She was still reveling in that thought, watching their utter failure to adapt, when something new caught her attention.

A line of buses.

Huh.

She slowed slightly, tilting her head as she took in the sight ahead. Several city buses, positioned haphazardly, their engines running, doors flung open, tiny figures swarming toward them. A makeshift evacuation effort, probably thrown together in a panic, because of course.

Cassandra exhaled through her nose.

It was cute, really. A valiant little effort, so utterly, laughably pointless.

And yet, watching them desperately clamber onto the buses, as if that would help, she felt something stir.

They were trying to get away from her.

That wouldn't do.

Cassandra approached the buses with the same casual stride she had maintained all morning, the ground buckling beneath her as she advanced. The tiny people who had foolishly believed they would make it to safety barely had a second to react before her next step erased them, their bodies reduced to mere red stains within her deepening footprints. The sheer futility of their efforts was almost touching.

She stopped just before the makeshift evacuation site, letting the scene unfold beneath her. Absolute panic. The ones already inside the buses were crammed against the windows, their tiny faces twisted in horror as they looked up, up, up at her. Those still outside were running in every direction—some toward the buses in some final, desperate hope that maybe they could still escape, others sprinting away, realizing that the last thing they wanted was to be trapped inside a fucking metal coffin.

It was adorable.

Cassandra squatted down, her massive thighs flexing, her presence alone enough to send another wave of sheer terror rippling through the tiny mass of people. She planted her elbows on her knees, resting her chin on a hand as she observed them with amusement.

“Oh, come on,” she cooed, voice dripping with mock disappointment. “You’re really still trying to get away?”

She reached out with both hands, extending two fingers from each, and plucked up a bus in each hand as easily as she had picked up paper clips in her past life. The buses groaned in protest as the thin metal bent slightly under the pressure of her fingertips, their weight laughable. She could feel the chaos inside, the way they shifted and lurched in her grasp, packed with tiny, screaming people.

Cassandra smirked as she straightened up, bringing her prizes up with her, rising to her full, titanic height once again. The cityscape sank away beneath her as she lifted the buses higher, placing them carefully into her open palm.

Two full buses. In one fucking hand.

She let the weight settle against her skin, let herself feel just how insignificant they were compared to her.

She tilted her hand slightly, just enough to make them panic, feeling their pathetic scrambling within their pathetic tin cans.

“Oh, you lucky little fuckers,” she purred. “You got the good deal.”

Then, she looked down.

With zero hesitation, Cassandra lifted her right foot and brought it down, flattening three buses at once.

The impact shook the ground, a deep, echoing boom rolling through the streets. The buses—once packed with dozens of hopeful little evacuees—were now nothing but unrecognizable wreckage, crumpled into the street like used napkins beneath the effortless press of her sole.

She barely felt them.

A hum of satisfaction ran through her as she shifted her weight, grinding the remains deeper into the asphalt, before lifting her foot again, revealing the deep, grooved imprint of her arch, speckled with twisted metal, shattered glass, and what used to be people.

She looked back at the two remaining buses.

Same fate.

Her left foot lifted this time, her shadow drenching the last of the evacuation effort in darkness before—

CRUNCH.

The sound barely registered to her, but the effect was absolute.

The street was ruined, her footprints now a graveyard of mangled steel and crushed bodies.

Cassandra sighed, looking back at the two surviving buses in her palm, then at the tiny, trembling figures inside. They were absolutely frozen, their little heads pressed against the shattered windows, watching everything.

She smirked.

“You know,” she mused, rolling her shoulders, “I never actually said it out loud, but… I really don’t like the idea of people trying to get away from me.”

She tightened her fingers slightly, letting the bus walls bend just enough to send a clear message.

“It’s just wrong.”

A beat. Then, she shrugged.

“And frankly?” she added. “It’s a little insulting.”

She lifted one of the buses between two fingers, feeling the tiny weight of it, the meaninglessness of the thing, and set it down onto a nearby rooftop.

“Here’s your stop,” she said smoothly. “And before any of you little fuckers get ideas—I’d really suggest staying inside.”

The panic inside the bus was palpable, but she was already focused on the second one.

Cassandra shifted her grip, pinching the bus slightly tighter between her thumb and index finger, and pressed the tip of her other fingernail against the roof.

The metal barely even resisted.

With an effortless flick, she peeled it back, stripping the top of the bus like it was a tin of sardines.

The tiny screams inside became unfiltered, their pathetic little voices wailing in sheer, desperate terror as she gazed down at them.

Cassandra chuckled.

“Oh, what’s this?” she mused, tilting her head slightly. “Like opening a damned Tic Tac pack.”

She felt zero remorse.

It was all just so easy.

Cassandra tilted the bus slightly, feeling the weight shift as the tiny people inside scrambled against the inevitable. Their screams intensified, their little bodies packed so tight they had no space to brace or resist. And then, with a slight, careless tip of her fingers, she spilled them into her palm like a handful of loose change.

The moment they landed, she tossed the now-empty bus over her shoulder, barely sparing it a glance as it sailed through the air and crashed somewhere behind her, its final, pathetic impact drowned out by the deafening chaos of the city.

Her focus was right here.

She had so many.

She lifted her palm slightly, adjusting her stance, watching with genuine amusement as the pathetic little things tried and failed to orient themselves in her hand. They stumbled over the fine ridges of her skin, their tiny limbs flailing, some dropping to their knees, others desperately crawling away, like that would make a difference.

Cassandra smirked.

"Well, well," she murmured, giving her hand a small tilt just to watch them panic. "Aren't you all just adorable?"

So many.

And they barely took up any fucking space.

Cassandra let out a slow, exaggerated exhale, feeling the tickle of movement against her palm, the helpless wriggling, the absolute power difference between them.

She dragged a single fingertip through the crowd, her nail digging into the surface just slightly as she sorted through them.

Her rough sweep sent bodies tumbling, more than a few knocked aside too hard, their tiny yells cutting off as they rolled over the edges of her palm, dropping down dozens of stories before she even registered it.

She smirked.

"Oops," she said flatly.

The others were frozen, staring up at her, too shocked to even scream anymore.

Cassandra let the silence stretch, watching them shrink into their insignificance, their pitifully small lives resting entirely in her hands.

Then, with a casual lift, she raised her palm to eye level, tilting her head slightly as she studied them.

They were terrified.

She let her smirk widen.

Then, she pursed her lips and blew.

At first, it was just a gentle breeze, a light current of air that rippled through them, sending them staggering, their tiny hands clawing at nothing as they tried to remain upright.

But Cassandra wasn't feeling gentle.

She inhaled deeper—then blew again.

Harder.

The effect was instantaneous.

Tiny bodies flew, helplessly ripped from her skin, sent tumbling off her palm and into the open air.

Some twisted, desperately reaching for a grip that didn't exist, their bodies cartwheeling violently through the space between them. Others were flung outright, nothing more than weightless specks scattered like dust.

Cassandra smirked, watching them vanish, their pitiful little figures plummeting downward, screaming the whole way.

She didn't even watch them land.

Didn't need to.

She simply dusted off her hand, brushed off what remained, and sighed.

"That's better," she murmured, rolling her shoulders.

Then, she simply kept walking.

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The mayor sat in his office, eyes fixed on the massive screen across from his desk, his fingers clenched into a tight, white-knuckled grip against the armrests of his chair. The footage rolling across the television was unbelievable, yet there was no denying its reality.

The giant woman—naked, enormous, unstoppable—was strolling through his city as if she fucking owned it. And, at this rate, maybe she did.

The live aerial feed showed the wreckage in her wake—buildings flattened, streets carved apart by the deep, permanent imprints of her footsteps, the staggering, almost incomprehensible body count already climbing into the tens of thousands. Entire blocks gone, their former occupants erased as effortlessly as a name wiped from a whiteboard.

He was six months away from retirement.

The thought clung to him, absurdly small in the face of what was happening. He had planned to spend his last months coasting, shaking hands, cutting ribbons, letting the next guy prepare to take over. Instead, he was watching his entire city collapse under the feet of a skyscraper-sized woman who didn't even seem to be trying.

The phone on his desk buzzed violently. He snapped out of his daze, exhaling sharply before grabbing it.

"Tell me you have something," he barked, barely giving the caller a chance to speak.

The voice on the other end was deep, measured, unshaken.

"We're mobilizing," the National Guard general said. "We'll be in the city in four hours."

The mayor stiffened.

"Four hours?" he repeated, his voice rising. "Do you understand what she's going to do in four hours?"

The general didn't react. "We need full force. We can't engage her piecemeal, or we'll just be throwing lives away."

"She's already killed thousands! Tens of thousands! She's walking through the city like a goddamn wrecking ball!"

"We're aware of the situation, Mr. Mayor."

"Then act like it!" he roared, slamming his fist onto his desk.

The general remained infuriatingly calm.

"We don't know what we're dealing with," he said. "And until we do, we're not engaging her without overwhelming force."

"Overwhelming force?" the mayor snapped. "She walked through the last police blockade. She crushed them like insects. I have nothing left."

There was a pause on the line.

Then, the general exhaled, a long, measured breath.

“We’ll be there in four hours.”

The line went dead.

The mayor threw the phone onto his desk, his heart pounding, his wrinkled hands trembling as he dragged them through his graying hair.

This couldn’t be happening. This couldn’t be happening to his city.

He turned sharply to the police chief, who had been standing stiffly by the window, his own face drawn and pale.

“Do something,” the mayor ordered.

The chief hesitated.

“She’s—”

“I don’t care what she is,” the mayor snarled, his bloodshot eyes locking onto him. “She’s still in the city. Find something. Anything. We can’t just sit here waiting for the fucking cavalry.”

The police chief swallowed, nodding stiffly before turning on his heel and marching out of the office.

The mayor sat back heavily, the weight of the situation crushing him, his eyes returning to the screen.

On it, the giantess was still moving forward, still unstoppable.

And they had nothing.

REGULATORY FAILURE

The television cast a flickering glow across the dim office of his back-up lab, the one he used for the non-official matters. Dr. Leonard Strauss, founder and chief scientist of Primex Biotech, sat frozen, his fingers still curled around the remote, his knuckles white. The images looping across every news channel showed a waking nightmare, a catastrophe so surreal it would have been laughable if he weren't watching it unfold in real time.

Cassandra Steele.

Eight hundred feet of unstoppable power, striding through the city like a force of nature, unapologetically nude, effortlessly destructive, leaving a graveyard of crushed vehicles, collapsed buildings, and flattened bodies in her wake. Even through the grainy, zoomed-in helicopter footage, he could see her expression, the casual arrogance in the way she moved, the way she barely seemed to register the devastation she was causing.

Strauss swallowed, his stomach churning. He had been watching since the first reports came in, seeing the destruction escalate in real-time. The death toll had long since entered the tens of thousands. And yet, none of it compared to the crushing weight of realization settling in his chest.

This wasn't some freak accident.

This wasn't some random cosmic event.

This was his damned fault.

His hand shot to his laptop, dragging it toward him as he flipped through months of compiled data, his brain moving faster than his fingers. He had always known Primex Biotech was ahead of the curve, that their research into metabolic optimization was pushing boundaries that traditional medicine couldn't even comprehend yet. The drug had been designed to amplify efficiency at a cellular level, to unlock a body's untapped reserves, to condition it to survive and thrive under high-stress conditions. In the right doses, it could have changed everything—mental acuity, energy levels, physical endurance. It had been designed for the future of human performance.

But after a too radical pivot in his approach, the FDA wanted ten more years of clinical trials. Ten more years of red tape while his venture capitalists started asking for results, for returns on their investment, for something tangible. Ten more years before the world recognized his genius.

He couldn't wait a decade.

So he had cut corners.

High-performing individuals, corporate elites, people with money, ambition, and the desire to be just a little better, a little sharper, a little stronger—those had been his real test subjects. He had offered them an exclusive, cutting-edge supplement with a private consultation model, letting him track their biometrics under the guise of personalization. And Cassandra Steele had been one of his best clients.

No. Not just a client. She had been his most fascinating anomaly.

She had started cautiously, then ramped up aggressively, pushing her limits, chasing the results like an addict chasing a high. He had warned her about excessive use, not because he feared side effects, but because her readings had started to veer into uncharted territory. Metabolic density increases. Cell regeneration rates above projected thresholds. Energy conversion rates that should have been impossible. He had chalked it up to an outlier case, had assumed her body was simply exceptional, had even been thrilled at the data she was providing.

But this? This was something else entirely.

His gaze snapped back to the screen, replaying the footage of her first appearance, bursting out of that crushed taxi like some mythic rebirth. His brain was still searching for an explanation, for a trigger, something that could have taken all that stored potential and pushed it past the limit.

And then, the realization struck.

Stress.

Adrenaline.

All the previous spikes had come around a fresh concentration of the drug —a new dose— and a spike of adrenaline, which were unsurprisingly frequent in her tests. But none had come even close to explaining what she was now. If he tried to project the strongest spike in her history to something that could be even remotely close to what he was seeing on the screen, the combination of the concentration of the drug and the levels of adrenaline must have been six or seven orders of magnitude higher.

She had hit a breaking point. And she hadn’t just survived it. She had changed.

His fingers flew across the keyboard, compiling every anomaly he had recorded in her data, every unexplained surge, every moment where the compound had shown unexpected efficiency in her system. It had been building in her for months. The drug didn’t just enhance performance—it had fundamentally altered her biology, rewiring her metabolic pathways to keep her stronger, sharper, more dominant. And when the moment of absolute crisis had hit, her body had taken all that stored potential and released it in a single, cataclysmic event.

And now?

Now she was bigger than Godzilla.

His breath was sharp, controlled, his mind shifting gears. He needed to act. If he could reverse-engineer the process, if he could find a failsafe, a stabilizer, something to halt or counteract the reaction, maybe—

The TV went back to the live feed. She was approaching the river. He recognized where.

Strauss froze.

His blood ran cold.

She was heading east.

He knew exactly where she was going.

The lab.

His pulse spiked as he snapped the laptop shut, shoving files into his bag, grabbing drives, notes, anything useful. If she reached the facility before he was ready, before he had something to offer, she'd tear through it like she had torn through everything else.

He couldn't let that happen.

Not before he figured out how to fix this.

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Cassandra strolled down the last stretch of avenue, her long, powerful legs carrying her toward the river with effortless grace. The cityscape had changed—taller buildings, wider roads, fewer open spaces. But one thing hadn't changed. The people. They were still everywhere. The moment they saw her, the wave of panic rippled outward again, a pointless surge of bodies trying to flee, scatter, disappear into the maze of streets and alleys. It never worked.

Her foot landed on a dense cluster of them, her weight sinking effortlessly into the pavement, snuffing out dozens in an instant. Their shrieks cut short, their bodies crushed into nothing beneath her sole. She barely felt it.

Cassandra exhaled, shaking her head as she lifted her foot and took another step, sending another shockwave through the street. "I swear, I'm really not out here just to squash you," she mused, her voice rolling through the district like distant thunder. "But you keep getting in my fucking way. It's like a goddamn infestation."

She reached the river, slowing for a moment as she took in the scene. The water stretched wide, shimmering under the late morning sun, a deep trench cutting through the city, separating one half from the other. On the far side, her destination—a sleek, low-profile structure built away from the high-rises, its tinted windows and minimalist

design masking it as an unassuming office building, when the jackpot was in the: a research facility that didn't want attention.

Too bad. It was about to get a lot of attention.

A bridge stretched across the water ahead, lined with tiny vehicles and even tinier people, frozen in indecision. They had been trying to evacuate—too late, as always. Cassandra smirked at the sight. Bridges. She used to need them. Now? Pointless.

She lifted a foot and took her first step into the water.

The impact sent a geyser of water into the air, a massive wave surging outward, crashing into the banks and sweeping away the people unlucky enough to be too close. The river churned violently, the currents breaking apart as her leg displaced tons of water in an instant. She took another step, then another, wading forward. The water barely reached past her knees.

That was it. A damned river. Barely an inconvenience.

Cassandra laughed under her breath, watching the city shrink even further around her as she moved, feeling the weight of her own presence settle even more fully in her mind. She wasn't just massive—she was beyond massive. The scale of her own body was still something she was coming to terms with, but moments like this made it impossible to ignore.

Halfway across, something caught her eye. A sleek monorail bridge cut across the river, its track suspended by massive pillars, modern and minimalist. It had been built in the last decade, a supposed symbol of efficiency. How cute. The real efficiency was stepping through the river right next to it.

And then she saw it—a monorail train, gliding along the track, heading straight for her.

Cassandra smirked, shifting her stride. She straddled the bridge, planting her feet on either side of it, letting the track pass right beneath her. Then, with a slow, deliberate motion, she knelt, bringing herself down to meet the oncoming train.

The tiny vehicle jerked as the driver slammed on the brakes, but it was too late. The momentum was too much. The train kept coming.

She watched it with amusement, her massive face filling its windshield as it hurtled toward her. Nowhere to go. Nowhere to run.

She could feel the panic inside, could imagine the tiny hands gripping seats, the squeaky little voices screaming, the terror flooding the carriages as they realized what they were about to crash into.

At the last second, she lifted two fingers and stopped the train effortlessly.

The impact barely registered. The metal groaned as it compressed slightly against her fingertips, but that was all.

For a long moment, she just held it there, watching the absurd contrast of it. A sleek, high-speed monorail, a marvel of modern transportation—reduced to a pathetic toy in her hands.

She tilted her head slightly, smirking. “You guys are so fucking lucky I was here,” she mused, her voice dripping with condescension. “Imagine if you just kept going. Would’ve hit my—” She paused, letting the tension stretch. “—well. Doesn’t matter now, does it?”

The tiny passengers inside were losing their shit. She could see the frantic movement, the pounding on the windows, the tiny, useless attempts to get away.

Her smirk widened.

“Alright,” she purred. “Next stop…”

She ripped the train from the track.

Metal screeched as it tore free, sparks flying where the connection broke. The entire train shuddered as she lifted it effortlessly, her fingers curling around its fragile frame. She held it up, twisting it slightly, letting the people inside feel the vertigo, the sheer powerlessness of their situation.

Then, with zero hesitation, she tossed it over her shoulder.

The train spun through the air, tumbling end-over-end like a discarded scrap of garbage. It arced high above the water, then plunged straight down, slamming into the river with a spectacular splash.

She didn’t even watch it sink.

She simply stood, stretched, and resumed wading toward the shore.

When she stepped onto land, she was greeted by yet another crowd of tinies.

They had been waiting, watching, hoping for some miracle that didn’t come. Now, as her colossal form emerged from the river, water cascading down her towering frame, they knew.

They had no miracle. Only her.

Cassandra exhaled, looking down at them with a slow, predatory smirk.

"Aw. You waited for me."

The crowd erupted into screams. Cassandra grinned. This never got old.

The giantess sauntered through the streets, each step carving fresh scars into the cityscape, each careless motion sending another ripple of devastation through the world beneath her. The lab was close now. She could feel it. That old, nondescript little

building where she used to show up like clockwork, seeking another dose, another boost, another edge.

It was laughable, really, how much effort she had once put into getting here. The drive alone had been an ordeal—navigating through traffic, circling for a decent parking spot, watching the clock to make sure she wasn't late for an appointment. Now? It had taken minutes. The lab itself wasn't even in sight yet, but she knew exactly where it was. The muscle memory remained, her brain mapping out the streets as she plowed through them.

She spotted the lot where she used to park—a small, inconspicuous space next to a low, unassuming structure. Her lips curled slightly.

She crouched slightly, her shadow engulfing the area in an instant. Her fingertip lowered, tracing lazily over the parking lot, plowing through cars like they were dust beneath her touch. The pavement cracked, steel and glass surrendered with feeble little pops, the whole thing disintegrating like cheap tinsel under her nail. The absurdity of it made her smirk. How many times had she stepped out of her car, adjusted her heels, straightened her blouse, and walked in like some professional, ambitious woman looking to maintain her edge?

Now? Now she could wipe the entire lot away with a casual swipe of her finger.

Her amusement only deepened as she dropped to both knees, planting herself over the target building, spreading her legs slightly to frame the building between her thighs. The structure, maybe six or eight floors at best, suddenly felt so pathetically inadequate. The thing barely registered anymore, nestled between her massive legs like a dollhouse misplaced in the middle of a warzone.

She let out a slow exhale, shaking her head.

She needed to get to the basement. And patience had never been her strong suit.

Her fingers pressed into the building's lower floors, crunching through reinforced concrete like it was fucking styrofoam. The facade crumpled, the entire structure groaning, collapsing inward as her hands dug deeper. Tiny sparks from exposed wiring flickered for a second before being smothered in debris.

She didn't stop. Didn't slow down.

She pushed deeper, curling her fingers through the framework of the building, peeling back entire walls, sending shattered glass and crushed office furniture raining down into the street. The structure buckled violently as her massive hands sank lower, her nails gouging trenches through its fragile guts, ripping apart support beams like snapping toothpicks.

The destruction was pure carnage—layers of offices and apartments torn apart in an instant, paper and lab equipment scattering in a choking storm of dust and shattered steel. There were definitely people inside. There always were. She felt some of them—

brief, insignificant little tremors in the wreckage before their bodies vanished beneath her overwhelming grip.

Didn't matter.

She had bigger things to worry about.

With a final, decisive motion, she drove her hands deeper, curled her fingers beneath the remaining structure, and wrenched the entire building out of the ground.

The earth screamed.

Metal bent, concrete ruptured, and in an instant, the entire building ripped free from its foundation, held effortlessly in her grasp like a toy plucked from a sandbox.

The weight was nothing. The sheer fragility of it made her laugh.

Cassandra tossed it.

The building—the same one she had walked into dozens of times, the one that had once housed the very drug that had elevated her to this—flew effortlessly through the air, spinning wildly as it soared over neighboring structures, before crashing down in a spectacular avalanche of debris.

The impact alone was enough to rupture the surrounding blocks. The explosion of rubble sent nearby buildings collapsing in on themselves, their fragile integrity giving out in an instant as the weight of the lab's remains smashed through them. Streetlights bent like reeds, parked cars flipped end over end, entire storefronts vanished beneath the settling dust cloud.

Cassandra exhaled sharply, brushing her hands off.

The building was gone.

Now, she could focus on what mattered.

She lowered her gaze to the exposed basement, now fully unearthed, the wreckage peeled back like the husk of a fruit. The facility had been tucked deep below street level, but now, it was laid bare, wide open to the world—and to her.

Exactly what she needed.

Cassandra lowered herself, planting a hand into the ruined ground for balance, her fingers denting the asphalt effortlessly as she leaned in closer to examine the tiny remnants of the basement lab.

It was absurd.

She had been here so many times, sitting in that chair, watching would be scientist analyze her data, letting him talk about efficiency metrics, cellular regeneration rates,

metabolic thresholds—back when all of that shit had mattered to her. Back when she still had a frame of reference for being human.

Now?

Now the entire fucking lab barely covered the size of her palm.

Her smirk widened. A fresh wave of realization hit her, a sharp, tangible awareness of just how far beyond her old self she had become. She could flatten the whole damned place without a second thought, without even really trying. Her hand alone could swallow it completely, burying everything that had once been so integral to her life beneath her skin. It was a scale she still hadn't fully wrapped her mind around—but one she was enjoying more and more.

She exhaled, letting her gaze sweep over the exposed remnants of the underground facility.

The chair was still there—the same chair she had sat in for countless tests, strapped to monitors, feeding the man his precious data. Next to it, the desk, cluttered with tiny instruments, the remnants of carefully organized files now scattered in the wreckage. The equipment looked like something out of a dollhouse, pathetic and fragile, barely noticeable amid the carnage she had created.

And then, there it was.

The cabinet.

The place where he had kept the doses.

Cassandra's eyes narrowed slightly. That was where it had all started, wasn't it? That fucking cabinet, that neatly arranged storage unit where the vials had been kept—the same vials she had injected into herself, week after week, searching for that extra edge.

She extended a single finger, pressing it lightly against the remains of the lab, tilting the fragile cabinet onto its side, sending loose debris tumbling across the floor.

Nothing.

She poked it again, this time with more force, watching as the structure collapsed inward, crumpling under the weight of her simple curiosity. The tiny drawers popped loose, their contents spilling out in a mess of shattered glass, empty vials, scattered files.

Still nothing useful.

Cassandra frowned, her frustration barely a flicker beneath the more pressing realization that this place wasn't going to give her answers. She had come here expecting something—a lead, a clue, maybe even the man himself waiting for her. Instead, all she had was this pathetic, insignificant shell of a place.

She exhaled sharply, her breath alone sending a new tremor through the ruined facility.

Well.

That was disappointing.

She had never been one to give up, though. The lab might have been a disappointment, but that just meant she needed an alternative. And Cassandra always found alternatives.

She shifted, stretching out a little, her vast form casting new, shadows over the ruined remains of the area. Her piercing gaze swept across the streets beyond, searching. The city might have looked empty at first glance, but she knew better. There was always someone around. And when your reach stretched for blocks, finding someone useful was just a matter of looking.

Her attention snapped to a group to her right, a cluster of insignificant figures huddled near the wreckage, trying—and failing—to stay out of her notice. Pathetic. She reached out without hesitation, her massive fingers closing in, precise and deliberate. She had already gotten good at this, better than she expected, really. At first, she had been rough, crushing things by accident, letting her sheer power overtake her control. But now? Now, she was getting a feel for this new world, adjusting to its fragility, mastering the ridiculous scale difference between her and them.

Her fingertips plucked a single man from the group, careful not to squeeze too hard. He was small, even more than usual, barely more than a speck between her fingers. He kicked, struggled, let out a thin, shrill scream as she lifted him effortlessly into the air.

Cassandra smirked, bringing him to her face, holding him before her massive, gray-blue eyes.

“Well, hello there,” she purred, her breath washing over him, sending a visible shudder through his minuscule frame.

He only screamed in response, squirming wildly, but it was hopeless. She could feel every desperate movement against her skin, the useless thrashing, the way his limbs trembled in sheer terror. God, this was intoxicating.

She tilted her head slightly, letting the silence stretch, watching him struggle. Then, with a soft chuckle, she finally spoke again.

“How much do you like living?” she asked.

His screams faltered. He blinked rapidly, gasping for breath.

“I—” His voice cracked, barely more than a squeak.

“Careful,” she warned, her tone deceptively light. “I don’t have all day.”

Finally, his tiny head bobbed in frantic agreement.

She grinned. “See? That wasn’t so hard.”

He didn’t look relieved. Not really.

She studied him a little closer, taking in his sweat-soaked face, the sheer panic in his eyes. Ordinary, unremarkable. A nobody. But, for now, he had a use.

“What’s your name?”

He hesitated. That was a mistake.

Cassandra rolled her eyes, letting the weight of her impatience press down on him like a physical force. “Come on, bug. I don’t have time for this.”

“B-Bob!” he finally stammered, his voice cracking. “Bob! My name is Bob!”

Cassandra arched a brow. “Bob?”

He nodded desperately.

She exhaled, amused. “Jesus. That’s uninspired.”

He didn’t respond. What was he supposed to say?

Cassandra smirked again. “Well, Bob, you’re in luck. I have a use for you. And if you do exactly what I say, I’ll let you live.”

He swallowed hard, nodding again.

Cassandra could see the raw fear in him, but also something else—hope. Adorable. She had always manipulated people to get what she wanted, always known exactly how to make people dance on her strings. And now, it was even easier. They were insects to her.

She gave him another moment to let it sink in, then continued.

“I’m going to set you down in what’s left of the basement,” she said smoothly. “And you’re going to find something for me.”

Bob nodded so fast it looked painful.

Cassandra smirked. “That’s the spirit.”

Cassandra set Bob down carefully into the wreckage of what had once been a basement-level lab, her colossal fingers releasing him with eerie precision. He stumbled slightly as he landed, disoriented, but didn’t waste time getting his bearings. Not with her massive presence looming over him, her enormous face filling the ruined space as she leaned in, her predatory gaze locking onto him with unsettling intensity.

“Alright, Bob,” she murmured, her voice rolling through the shattered lab like distant thunder. “Make yourself useful. Find me papers, laptops—anything that tells me who ran this place and what the fuck they were doing here.”

Bob swallowed hard and nodded, scampering deeper into the wreckage like a rodent, kicking aside broken furniture and scattered debris. Cassandra watched him with mild amusement, her piercing blue-gray eyes following his every tiny movement as he rifled through shattered desks, overturned filing cabinets, the remains of workstations that had been utterly dwarfed by her intrusion. He searched frantically, overturning scraps of metal and digging through papers that were barely more than specks from her perspective.

After a long, tense moment, Bob looked up at her. His face was pale, desperate. “There’s… there’s nothing here,” he stammered. “It’s—it’s empty! Whoever was here, they—they took everything!”

Cassandra tilted her head slightly, unimpressed. “Try again,” she said, her tone deceptively light, laced with the promise of something much darker beneath. “I’m not interested in excuses, Bob.”

He paled further and scrambled to keep looking, overturning what few remains he could get his pathetic hands on. His search grew increasingly frantic as he realized the truth—there really wasn’t anything left. The lab had been stripped clean, down to its bare foundations. Sweat dripped down his forehead as he searched, his hands trembling.

Cassandra sighed, an exaggerated, drawn-out sound that sent a fresh wave of shivers through his minuscule body. “Bob,” she called sweetly, watching him freeze at the sound of his name. “You’re really testing my patience here.”

He turned to her, eyes wide with panic. “I swear! I swear there’s nothing! Whoever was here, they must have cleared out! I don’t know what else to—”

Cassandra’s expression darkened slightly, the amusement draining into something colder. “Then maybe you’re just not looking hard enough.”

Bob let out a strangled sound and dove back into the wreckage, moving with pure, terrified desperation. He threw himself at overturned tables, shoved aside broken lab equipment, rifled through dust-covered remnants of what had once been state-of-the-art technology. His breathing was ragged, his hands shaking as he yanked open empty drawers, knocked over hollow storage units.

Nothing.

Nothing.

“There’s nothing here!” he screamed, his voice cracking. “Whoever worked here—they stripped it clean! I swear to God, I’m not lying!”

Cassandra studied him for a moment, then exhaled, the air from her nose kicking up debris around him. Frustration simmered just beneath the surface, but she believed him. Whoever ran this place had already fled, taking anything useful with them. Annoying.

“Any vials? Any metallic boxes?” Cassandra’s voice was sharp, edged with impatience.

“There’s nothing!” Bob blurted, his hands shooting up in surrender. “I swear!” His voice wavered, his entire body tense, bracing for whatever came next.

A heavy silence followed, stretching unbearably long.

Cassandra exhaled, tilting her head slightly as she studied him. Then, with a slow, deliberate smirk, she finally spoke.

“Alright, fine. I guess I believe you.”

Bob sagged with relief, his tiny chest rising and falling rapidly. “So… so what now?” he asked hesitantly, as if he barely dared to ask.

Cassandra flexed her fingers slightly, watching the tiny, useless man before her. Then she slowly closed her hand into a fist.

“Well, Bob,” she murmured, tilting her head, her voice mockingly thoughtful. “You didn’t find anything for me.”

Realization dawned in his eyes, horror replacing relief in an instant. He opened his mouth, whether to beg or scream, but it didn’t matter.

Cassandra simply slammed her massive fist down.

The basement crumpled instantly, flattened beneath the effortless force of her hand. The remains of the lab, the last bits of useless equipment, the pathetic excuse for a man she had wasted her time on—all reduced to dust in the blink of an eye. She let her knuckles grind into the ground for a moment, ensuring the absolute destruction of whatever had been left, before lifting her hand and brushing the stray debris from her skin with casual indifference.

Then, stretching slightly, she rose back to her full, commanding height, her towering frame blotting out the sky. So much for that lead.

Her gaze swept the city once more. She exhaled, rolling her shoulders, taking in the ruins of what had once been a secret lab. It had been worth a shot, but in hindsight, she shouldn’t have expected much. The place had been wiped clean, stripped of anything useful before she even got here. Not surprising. She wasn’t exactly inconspicuous at her current size. Whoever had been working down there must have seen her coming from miles away, and known that she was interested on what happened here. And, unlike the clueless insects running through the streets, they’d been smart enough to clear out before she arrived. Annoying.

Her sharp eyes flicked across the low-rise sprawl surrounding her, scanning the cityscape with disinterest. There wasn't much left to do here. The area felt small, unimpressive, a far cry from the towering skyline of Downtown. At least there, things had felt… engaging. Here? It was nothing but deserted streets and forgettable buildings that barely even reached her knees.

Cassandra sighed, placing her hands on her hips as she cast one last look at the shattered remains of the lab. She had wanted answers. She had wanted control. Instead, she had walked away empty-handed. And that bothered her. She hated not knowing why this had happened, hated the lingering uncertainty. But then again, did it even matter? She had stomped an entire police blockade into oblivion in less than a minute. She had declared herself ruler of this city, and not a single person had the means to stop her.

She smirked, stepping forward, the ground trembling under her bare sole as she shifted her attention back toward the heart of the city. Downtown was waiting. And she had just claimed it as hers.

Might as well make good on that.

Punishment and Reward

The low-rise sprawl blurred beneath Cassandra's long, unhurried strides, her bare feet sinking into the asphalt with every step, leaving behind deep, crater-like imprints in the roads she barely acknowledged. The buildings here were squat, unimpressive, barely even reaching her toned thighs, insignificant compared to the glittering skyline waiting for her across the river. She was already picturing her triumphant return, letting the tiny people see just how pointless their attempts at resistance had been, when the high-pitched whir of approaching insects reached her ears.

She sighed, assuming it was the news choppers again, those persistent little pests who couldn't help but hover too close, trying to capture every inch of her towering, naked body. Let them watch. Let them broadcast her power to every screen, every terrified living room. But then, her sharp eyes caught the difference—no bright colors, no station logos. Just dark blue metal slicing through the sky.

Police.

Her lips curled downward, irritation flickering in her steely blue gaze. She didn't even slow her stride as she rolled her shoulders and exhaled sharply, scolding them like a disappointed parent.

"Oh, for fuck's sake. Really?"

The choppers spread out, bobbing and weaving in their pathetic little evasive patterns, barely more than gnats buzzing around her head. They kept their distance at first, as if they weren't quite sure what to do now that they had reached her. Then, a sudden flicker—small, barely noticeable—but she caught it. A series of tiny flashes sparking from their hulls.

Cassandra barely felt it.

It was a weird sensation, not pain, not even discomfort—just an awareness, like being caught in a light drizzle after a summer storm. She frowned, confusion flickering for a moment before realization settled.

They were shooting at her.

Her expression darkened instantly.

Her lips curled, her brow furrowed, a slow, boiling rage creeping beneath her skin. Not because it hurt—it didn't. Not because she was afraid—she wasn't. But because they were trying.

The fact that they were even making the attempt, that they dared to think they could oppose her in any meaningful way, was an insult.

Her body had proven untouchable. She had stomped through police barricades like they were made of wet cardboard. She had turned entire buildings into nothing but dust and rubble, made the city itself tremble beneath her will. And yet, these pathetic, laughable specks thought they could still defy her?

She wasn't having that.

Her voice cracked through the air like a shockwave, rattling the flimsy choppers in their formation.

"Oh, you tiny fuckers really don't learn, do you?"

Their answer came in the form of another series of flashes, another useless burst of gunfire sparking off her skin like raindrops hitting a windshield.

Her anger twisted into something colder, more calculated.

"You really want to piss me off?" she growled.

Then, a streak of white smoke.

She barely had time to register it before the rockets struck.

A salvo of them, small but direct, hitting her square in the chest—her softest, most sensitive skin. A dull *thump-thump-thump* rattled against her, like an impatient finger tapping against her breastbone, barely anything at all, a tickle against the perfectly sculpted curves of her tits. Her nipples stiffened slightly at the sensation, her body reacting involuntarily.

That was the best they had?

A slow, dangerous smirk curled across her lips.

"Oh, you *dumb* little shits."

The buzzing insects flitted around her, keeping their distance, their movements more erratic now, more cautious. Cassandra reached out, sweeping her arm through the air in an attempt to swat them down like the pests they were. The force alone sent a powerful gust ripping through the sky, making several choppers spiral out of control, their tiny frames rattling under the sheer pressure of her motion.

One of them, unfortunate enough to have been caught in the worst of it, spun wildly, veering directly into her reach.

Cassandra didn't hesitate.

Her fingers snapped forward, her grip closing around the fragile metal frame with almost laughable ease. The second she applied pressure, the pathetic little aircraft crumpled like a toy, its rotor blades snapping, its windows shattering. A high-pitched whine came from its failing mechanics, but she barely heard it over the thrill humming in her veins.

She *had* them now.

She squeezed. The metal warped, the trapped men inside reduced to unrecognizable pulp before she flicked the ruined remains away like trash.

“Gotcha.”

The other choppers panicked, jerking backward, putting more distance between them and her.

Cassandra clicked her tongue, unimpressed.

She crouched low, grabbing the nearest abandoned car and launching it skyward, her strength sending it rocketing through the air. It didn’t hit—of course it didn’t. She had never been a precision thrower, and honestly, it was wishful thinking to believe she could hit something so tiny and nimble with something as clunky as a car. But that didn’t matter.

Because she wasn’t done.

Frustration rippled through her, mingling with the sheer audacity of their resistance.

Her eyes darted downward.

Then she grinned.

She reached for a nearby building, her fingers digging into its frame like a child scooping into soft sand. The structure groaned as she *ripped* through it, a cascade of steel, concrete, and glass tumbling into her waiting palm.

Now, *this* was something she could use.

She stood back up, her towering frame casting them all in shadow once again.

“Let’s see how *you* like it.”

With a flick of her wrist, she hurled the debris skyward.

A storm of destruction rained down in a wide arc, crashing through everything in its wake. The choppers scattered, but not fast enough. The deadly rain of steel, glass, and broken concrete shredded through their pathetic little machines, engines sparking, rotors snapping, hulls rupturing in midair.

One exploded on impact, a fiery burst of orange and black tearing through the sky. Another spiraled, losing control, crashing violently into a nearby building. The last attempted to escape, but Cassandra saw its erratic flight pattern—it was damaged, its rotor coughing smoke.

She smirked, watching it struggle, watching it try to flee like a wounded animal.

Pathetic.

Her satisfaction rolled through her, wiping away the last traces of annoyance.

She *won*. Again. Without so much as a scratch.

Her voice rang out again, deep and mocking.

"*That* was your plan?" She chuckled, shaking her head. "Fucking embarrassing."

She let the silence stretch, letting the people below truly *feel* the weight of her presence, of what she had just done. Then, she exhaled sharply, rolling her shoulders.

"Hope you all got a good look," she called out, addressing the distant crowds, the hidden cameras, the scurrying little dots trying to escape her wrath. "This is *my* city now. Get used to it."

A shiver ran through her, unexpected but undeniable.

The rush. The sheer, intoxicating thrill of knowing that nothing, *nothing*, could touch her. That power, raw and unchecked, *belonged* to her.

Her breath hitched slightly, a warmth curling deep in her belly, making her skin prickle.

Oh.

She exhaled slowly, her fingers trailing idly down her toned stomach, heat pooling low in her belly. Fuck. She was wet.

That was going to need to be addressed.

A slow, knowing smirk curved her lips.

Now… how the fuck was she going to take care of that?

Cassandra resumed her movement, her massive frame gliding through the cityscape with an effortless, absentminded destruction that barely even registered. The crunch of pavement underfoot, the snap of metal and glass as her toes plowed through another intersection, the dull thuds of cars flattening like tin cans—none of it really occupied her thoughts. Her mind was elsewhere, circling around what had just happened.

She had been attacked. *Again.*

The fact that they even tried was insulting. The blockade earlier had been laughable, but this? This was worse. Rockets. Gunfire. An actual coordinated attempt to stop her. It didn't matter that their weapons were useless, that the worst she got out of it was a mild tickle across her tits and an even stronger conviction in her own invincibility. It wasn't about *damage*. It was about *intent*.

They hadn't learned their lesson.

That meant they still thought there was some kind of *authority* above her. That there was still a government, a mayor, a chain of command that meant anything in the face of *her*.

She'd have to fix that.

Her lips curled as she thought about the little man in his little office, probably sweating through his shirt, scrambling to come up with *another* useless plan. She'd have to pay him a visit soon.

But that could wait.

Because there was another, far more pressing issue clawing at the edges of her mind.

The deep, thrumming ache between her legs.

Cassandra had always gotten *off* on power. It was one of the perks of clawing her way to the top—feeling people *bend* under her, feeling them scramble to please her, to obey her, to serve her. Just knowing she *could* do whatever she wanted had always been enough to make her horny. Very horny. And now? Now that power had *exploded* past anything she could have ever imagined?

Her pussy was throbbing.

Hard.

It wasn't just the rush of victory, the sheer domination of tearing through cops and feeling *nothing* in return. It was the knowledge that she could do *anything* and *no one* could stop her. The thought alone made her pulse spike, heat curling deep in her belly.

She had needs.

And normally, that would be an easy fix. A quick text, a cocky smirk, and one of her regulars would come running, eager to be used until she was done with them. Ethan would have been an obvious choice, though she'd already sent him flying across the city in a neat little arc. Ryan had been a good standby too, but he was just as small and just as useless now. *They were all useless now.*

That was the problem.

She bit her lip slightly, half in thought, half in frustration.

They weren't *men* anymore.

They were bugs.

She could barely feel one of them struggling between her fingertips, let alone wedged between her thighs. Her clit alone was bigger than they were. The idea of using one was laughable. She didn't have the privacy of her apartment… even her office anymore. Nothing was too private when one stood taller than skyscrapers.

Cassandra exhaled sharply, stepping into the river without really thinking about it, the cool water swirling around her calves as she absentmindedly stirred it with a slow, lazy movement of her foot. The city stretched before her again, downtown looming ahead, the skyline dense with towers that still barely reached her tits.

She was still fuming over the attack. Still buzzing with the high of her own invincibility. And still *aching* with a need she had no clear way to satisfy.

Her gaze drifted down, catching the twisted remains of the monorail bridge still spanning the river, the rails bending slightly from where she had straddled them earlier. The damage wasn't *total*—the structure still stood, though parts of it were warped from where she had crushed it under her thighs.

Cassandra tilted her head slightly.

Huh.

She moved toward it, curious. She waded through the river with easy, effortless strides, the water churning violently around her calves, sending powerful waves crashing against the banks. The monorail bridge still stretched across the river, cutting a clean, modern line through the cityscape. Before, it had been an interesting curiosity, a convenient perch for her amusement.

Now, she had something else in mind.

The structure barely reached mid-thigh as she approached, reminding her just how massive she had become. It used to tower over the streets, a marvel of engineering, something commuters relied on every day to get from one place to another. Now, it was just a plaything, a thin, fragile thing positioned perfectly at the right height.

Cassandra smirked.

She straddled it easily, letting her long, powerful legs settle on either side of the bridge. Even at this size, she could tell the proportions were ideal. She slowly, deliberately lowered herself into a kneel, the smooth surface aligning perfectly against her swollen, needy sex.

Mmm.

Her lips brushed against the sun-warmed metal, a slow, teasing glide as she settled more of her weight down. It was subtle at first, a faint pressure, just enough to send a rippling shiver through her core. She shifted slightly, rolling her hips, letting the firm rail slide along her sensitive skin. The sensation was... intriguing.

She gave an experimental grind, dragging herself along the metal, feeling the contrast between the rigid structure and the slick heat of her own body. A soft, involuntary hum escaped her throat. This was new. And she liked new.

Then, movement.

She flicked her gaze upward, spotting the familiar, hovering shapes just beyond the skyline.

The fucking news choppers.

Cassandra tensed slightly, a faint blush creeping across her cheeks before she caught herself. Of course, they were back. With the cops wiped out, the sky was open for them again, and they had wasted no time in circling back like vultures. She felt a momentary urge to stop, to abandon her little experiment, to not give them *this* of all things.

But then, she hesitated.

Why the fuck should she care?

They had already watched her kill thousands. Tens of thousands. They had captured her rampage, her destruction, her absolute domination over the city. She had wiped out entire blocks without a second thought, crushed hundreds beneath her feet like they were nothing. And yet, this? *This* was where she was supposed to feel shame?

No.

That was ridiculous.

Cassandra exhaled sharply, straightening up from her kneeling position, placing her hands on her hips as she tilted her head toward the hovering choppers. Her patience was already wearing thin, and she was *not* in the mood to deal with an audience right now.

“You need to get the fuck out of my face,” she announced, her voice rolling over the city like an approaching storm, rattling the very windows of the skyline.

She could already see the slight shifts in their formations, the hesitant little adjustments they made in response to her words. Good. At least they had the sense to be nervous.

“I get it,” she continued, her tone mockingly understanding. “I’m the biggest fucking thing that’s ever happened to this city—literally. You can’t take your tiny fucking eyes off me.”

Her smirk sharpened.

“But right now, I need *some* privacy,” she added, her voice turning edged. “And I mean, as much privacy as an eight-hundred-foot-tall woman can get.”

She tilted her head slightly, fixing them with an expectant glare.

“So here’s the deal,” she said, her tone dropping into something lower, more commanding. “You get the fuck out of here. Now. If I still see you hovering in a minute, I’m bringing you down. Just like I did with the cops.”

She let that sit for a second, watching their pitiful little machines adjust, no doubt as their pilots panicked over what to do next.

“Come back in, let’s say… half an hour?” she added, her smirk returning, her voice laced with amusement. “I’m not going to scratch that itch in a rush.”

She watched for another moment, waiting to see what they would do. She grinned when they started turning away.

Cassandra watched as the last of the choppers disappeared beyond the skyline, the irritating thrum of their rotors fading into the distance. *Good*. They’d actually listened. Not that she had any doubt about it—she *had* just wiped out an entire blockade and a squadron of their police choppers like she was clearing crumbs off a table. But watching them slink away, their tiny, useless machines retreating from her warning, sent a fresh pulse of satisfaction through her.

And satisfaction, at her size, carried certain… side effects.

She exhaled, shifting back into position over the monorail bridge, lowering herself once more until she felt the smooth, sun-warmed rails press against her lips. The heat, the solid, unyielding structure—it was all still there, still perfectly positioned, still just waiting for her to *use*.

Mmm.

She moved, just a little at first, teasing herself with slow, deliberate pressure. The rails parted her folds easily, the sturdy metal giving just enough to mold against her, cradling her swollen flesh. It was an odd sensation—partly familiar, partly foreign—but as she adjusted, rolling her hips, grinding a little deeper, it stirred something *good*.

Ohhh, yeah.

The sensation rippled outward, traveling up her spine, tightening her stomach, making her toes curl slightly against the riverbed. She moved again, pressing forward, then back, a slow, methodical rhythm. The monorail creaked beneath her weight, warping slightly, but it held.

For now.

She smirked, biting her lower lip, grinding just a bit harder. The friction, the resistance—it was intoxicating, teasing her, *torturing* her, keeping her hovering just on the edge of something deeper.

But then, inevitably, the rails began to give.

She could feel it—her sheer size, her sheer strength, pressing in, compressing the metal between her thighs. The rails were bending, warping, crushed between her legs until they lost their shape, their *usefulness*.

She growled softly, rolling her hips one last time before sighing in mild frustration. This wasn’t going to work, not *entirely*. She was getting close—*so* close—but the rails weren’t holding up as a proper lover. Not quite.

But she could *fix* that.

Cassandra shifted, kneeling upright, glancing ahead at the stretch of bridge before her. *That* section—yes, *that* one—would do just fine. She reached forward, curling her fingers around a long expanse of track, and with a single, effortless *pull*, she ripped an entire segment free. The sound of tearing metal and snapping concrete filled the air, echoing across the river, but she barely registered it. She was already focused on the next part.

With careful precision, she used her fingertips to smooth out the jagged edges, pressing, molding the structure until it had the perfect shape—something she could actually *fuck*.

Satisfied, she positioned herself, shifting forward onto her hands and knees, planting her palms firmly into the riverbed, the water swirling around her wrists. Her knees pressed into the silty bottom, widening her stance, her back arching slightly as she aligned herself with the exposed length of the shattered monorail. She felt the jagged remains of the structure against her inner thighs, the cool metal pressing into her heated skin, a contrast that sent a sharp thrill through her.

Yes. This would work.

A slow inhale, her chest rising, her swollen nipples grazing the open air.

Then—she pushed back.

Ohhh.

Her breath hitched as her hips moved back, her ass rolling with the motion, her lower lips parting, spreading around the monorail's thick, unyielding structure. The steel groaned beneath her, vanishing inch by inch into the slick heat of her folds, stretching her, filling her in a way that the mere rails could never have. Fuck. It was perfect. The resistance, the sheer solidity of it—nothing she had ever taken before compared. Her fingers curled deeper into the riverbed, the soft ground caving under her strength, her other hand instinctively finding her breast, gripping the massive swell, kneading it like a stress ball as she rocked her hips further back, fully engulfing the ruined structure.

The sensation was intoxicating, primal. She gave a slow, experimental thrust, grinding against the broken edges, the friction igniting sparks of pleasure deep inside her. Then another, the movement smoother, her rhythm building, her ass rolling with each motion as she claimed the monorail as her own personal plaything. The water trembled around her, rippling outward, a reflection of the growing storm within her.

And still, she wanted more.

She kept moving.

A slow, deliberate grind, rolling her hips back, the structure disappearing deeper between her slick folds. Then again. And again. Each motion smoother, more assured,

her powerful form dominating the broken monorail with every thrust. The steel beneath her groaned, the remnants of the bridge shuddering under her relentless movement, the once-sturdy structure reduced to nothing more than a plaything. She barely noticed. She was too lost in the feeling, the friction, the intoxicating surge of pleasure building with every pulse of her body.

It was primal—her knees planted into the riverbed, her back arching, her ass rising and falling with each precise motion. Doggy style had always been one of her favorites. Something about the angle, the sheer simplicity of it, the way it let her take exactly what she wanted, how she wanted, grinding and thrusting as deep as she pleased. And now? Now it felt even better. Her entire form moving in perfect rhythm, her own weight, her sheer scale, adding a new, breathtaking intensity to every push, every squeeze, every shockwave of sensation coursing through her.

Her breath hitched.

Her thighs trembled.

More.

Faster now, harder, driving herself against the ruined structure, using it without care, without restraint, the bridge a mere object beneath her overwhelming need. Her grip on her breast tightened, nails pressing into her own flesh, a delicious counterpoint to the slick heat between her thighs. The tension coiled, higher, higher, a perfect crescendo—

And then—

Oh, fuck.

Her scream shattered the air, raw and guttural, echoing across the city as the orgasm tore through her, violent and consuming. Her entire body clenched, her powerful thighs trembling as wave after wave of pleasure rocked her towering frame. Her vision blurred, the world vanishing beneath the sheer force of her climax, her only focus the relentless, pounding pleasure exploding from her core.

She lost control for a second. Just a second.

But it was enough.

Her ass slammed down, the force of it obliterating another section of the bridge beneath her. The monorail structure *collapsed*, sending steel and concrete plunging into the water, a final, defeated offering to the *goddess* that had used it so thoroughly.

She barely even noticed.

For a long moment, she stayed there, panting, recovering, the heat of her climax still lingering, still pulsing through her veins.

Then—finally—she let out a soft, satisfied chuckle.

Well. That was fucking worth it.

Cassandra let herself drop into the water with a satisfying splash, her enormous frame settling as she stretched out, the river barely reaching past her thighs. The remnants of the bridge still jutted out of the water behind her, twisted and mangled, a monument to the sheer force of her orgasm. She tilted her head back, exhaling deeply, letting the aftershocks of pleasure pulse through her massive body.

Still got it, she murmured to herself, a slow, satisfied smirk spreading across her lips. She had been momentarily concerned—what if she had outgrown pleasure, the way she had outgrown everything else? What if this new scale, this sheer, overwhelming power, had made her body too much for sensation, too far removed from the world to feel anything? But no. She could still get off. She just had to get creative. Fine by her.

Her breathing slowed, her body still thrumming with satisfaction as she lazily ran her fingers down her slick folds, over her toned thighs, across her calves, her touch leaving faint streaks of diluted blood and dust in the water. She was a mess. A thin layer of grime and debris clung to her skin, a cocktail of crushed concrete, asphalt dust, and the countless specks that had once been people, all smeared into the soft curves of her body. She glanced down at her hands, flecks of crimson still clinging beneath her nails, evidence of a morning spent tearing through buildings, through vehicles, through lives.

"Jesus," she muttered, rubbing her fingers together before plunging both hands into the water, swirling them around, watching the red streaks dissipate into murky ripples. Then she scooped handfuls of water up her thighs, over her stomach, across her breasts, sluicing the remnants of her destruction away. The river darkened around her as the filth washed off, spreading out in a faint, ominous bloom.

“Being a giantess is messy fucking business,” she sighed, shaking out her damp hair, flicking stray droplets across the city skyline.

A slight movement caught her eye, a disturbance in the water just past her knee. She blinked, tilting her head slightly, watching as a small boat—no, a *tugboat*—drifted closer, caught in the gentle current she had created just by shifting her massive body.

Cassandra grinned.

With a slow, lazy movement, she pressed her palm against the water, curling her fingers ever so slightly, creating a pull, guiding the little vessel toward her. The crew was scrambling, tiny figures darting back and forth, but there was nowhere for them to go. The boat slid neatly into her waiting grasp, her fingers wrapping around the hull like she was picking up a bath toy.

She lifted it effortlessly, bringing it up to her face, examining it with amused curiosity. It barely took up space in her hand, its hull pressed against the soft center of her palm, its upper deck rising just past her curled fingers. She gave it the tiniest of shakes,

watching with amusement as the people on board tumbled, some slamming against the railings, others barely managing to stay on their feet.

“Oh, you poor little things,” she purred, her voice warm, indulgent, the tone of someone who had caught something amusing but utterly beneath her concern. “That must have been *quite* a show for you, huh?”

She licked her lips, still flushed and warm from her release, tilting the boat slightly as she rolled her shoulders, stretching out her limbs.

“I *should* probably apologize,” she mused, her tone dripping with false contrition. “I mean, it’s gotta be a *lot* to take in. Giantess fucking herself on a bridge, shaking the whole goddamn city while she comes her brains out… hell, that’s gotta be traumatic, right?”

She gave the boat another small shake, just enough to remind them who was in control.

“But here’s the thing—” she smirked, her thumb absentmindedly stroking along the boat’s side, feeling the tiny, intricate details beneath her touch. “I don’t *feel* sorry. Not even a little. I feel…” She let her smirk widen, her eyes half-lidding as she exhaled contentedly. “Fucking amazing.”

The crew inside the tugboat was frantic, scrambling for stability, for escape, for anything, but there was nowhere to go. Their frantic, squeaky voices barely registered to her, a pathetic, high-pitched noise against the smooth, satisfied hum in her chest.

She let out a soft chuckle, watching them with idle amusement.

“You’re all so *pathetic,*” she murmured, almost fondly. “I just had the best orgasm of my life, and you lot are still stuck in *basic fucking survival mode.*” She sighed, shaking her head. “It’s actually kinda tragic.”

She rolled the boat between her fingers, feeling the metal groan under her casual grip.

"But I guess that just proves it, doesn’t it?" she mused, voice thick with self-satisfaction. "I’ve moved *past* all that. Fear. Panic. All those tiny, human little concerns." She dragged her tongue slowly over her bottom lip, exhaling a warm breath over the ship, making its occupants recoil. "*You* still have to worry about them." Her fingers curled slightly, making the boat creak ominously. "*I* don’t."

Her smirk deepened.

“And that’s why you should be fucking *terrified.*”

Cassandra took a slow, indulgent breath, letting the weight of the moment stretch, savoring the fear radiating from the minuscule people trapped in her grasp. The tugboat was so pathetically small, its hull barely spanning the width of her palm, the metal already groaning beneath the subtle flex of her fingers. She let her thumb rest on the deck, applying just the lightest pressure, watching as the structure visibly bowed inward.

The crew was losing their minds.

Tiny, frantic figures were slamming against the railings, clawing at the doors, screaming in that useless, squeaky way that only made them sound even more pathetic. Cassandra rolled her eyes, shaking her head slightly.

“Fucking hell, you’re noisy,” she murmured, her voice thick with amusement.

She pressed down just a fraction harder with her thumb, the boat’s deck visibly crumpling, the tiny people inside scrambling, tumbling, some vanishing into the cracks forming along the fragile structure. The whole vessel gave an agonized groan of protest, like a dying animal in its final breaths.

Cassandra smirked.

"Tell you what," she mused, her fingers curling ever so slightly around the boat’s sides, letting them feel the first real squeeze. The walls buckled instantly, windows popping, twisted railings snapping like brittle twigs. “Why don’t we *test* something?”

The screaming reached a fever pitch, sheer terror flooding through the little insects trapped in her grasp.

“I *could* let you go,” she mused, her voice mockingly thoughtful, tilting her head as if considering it. “I mean, I’m *so* fucking generous, right?” She chuckled, low and teasing, tightening her grip another notch. The entire back half of the boat folded inward with a sickening crunch, bodies vanishing into the wreckage. “But honestly?”

She gave them a wide, wicked grin.

“I *really* just want to see what happens.”

Then, she squeezed.

The ship’s steel frame held for all of half a second before it crumpled completely, crushed like a cheap soda can in her grip. The metal collapsed inward with a horrifying shriek, the structure caving, snapping, folding into itself as Cassandra’s powerful fingers ground it down like wet cardboard.

The screams cut off in an instant.

What little was left of the people inside was lost in the mangled ruin of what had once been a functioning vessel. The last remaining gaps in the crushed wreck spewed out a final burst of red-streaked water, spraying over her fingers before dripping back down to the river in thick, dark rivulets. Cassandra watched the entire thing with casual amusement, listening to the tiny, feeble structure finally die in her grasp.

She uncurled her fingers, letting the crumpled remnants of the ship tumble from her palm and splash back into the river below, sinking like a useless, broken toy. Then, she casually rubbed her hand against her thigh, wiping off the last traces of metal and human pulp.

“Pathetic,” she muttered, shaking out her fingers before rolling her shoulders.

Enough playing.

It was time to get back to the city.

Cassandra stood to her full height, stretching slightly, her body casting a vast shadow over the water as she planted her hands on her hips, taking in her surroundings. The destruction she had left behind was impressive—the remains of the bridge barely standing, the river’s surface still rippling from where she had tossed the tugboat away like trash.

Time for some *fresh* entertainment.

She took a step forward, the impact sending a deep *boom* through the water, sending massive waves rippling outward, crashing against the riverbanks like a sudden, violent tide. Another step, another boom. The river barely reached past her knees, the warm water swirling around her as she waded forward with effortless ease, each movement shifting thousands of gallons in an instant.

A few desperate boats still lingered, their tiny, fragile hulls swaying violently in her wake, helpless against the sheer force of her passage. She barely even noticed them.

Her focus was on what lay ahead.

Back to downtown. She diverted her path, choosing a different section from the one she had left before.

She grinned, her pulse quickening at the sight of it. A new stretch of towering skyscrapers, new avenues to carve her mark into, new crowds of *fresh* people who hadn’t yet learned what it meant to *belong* to her. The city—*her* city—was still full of places she hadn’t even touched yet.

God, the *possibilities.*

She stepped up onto the riverbank, water cascading off her skin, steam rising faintly from where the sun-warmed droplets slid down the smooth, sculpted curves of her thighs. Before her, the streets stretched wide, waiting, filled with panicked, unsuspecting people.

Cassandra smirked, taking her first step into a new section of her domain.

Let’s see what this part of town has to offer.

CHOICE POINTS

The lab was quieter than it had any right to be, considering the city outside was collapsing into absolute chaos.

Dr. Leonard Strauss sat at his workstation on the twenty-fifth floor of the building where Primex Biotech had its headquarters spread over two floors, already with their sights put into expanding into a third one. He hunched over the screen as his fingers moved with manic precision across the keyboard. The data scrolled too fast for anyone else to make sense of, but he wasn't just anyone. He had been chasing this—*this exact problem*—since the moment he saw Cassandra Steele's titanic form shatter reality on live television.

And now, *now*, he finally had a lead.

He barely registered the faint murmurs of his remaining colleagues in the office behind him—those who hadn't bolted the moment the news broke, those who still hadn't pieced together that the walking apocalypse outside had anything to do with the very company they worked for. Strauss hadn't told them. He wasn't planning to. If any of them caught on to the fact that Cassandra Steele's transformation was the direct result of *his* work—of *their* work—they'd probably try to stop him, or worse, report him.

Not that they'd be able to. The city wasn't exactly functional anymore.

Still, better safe than sorry.

He kept his head down, focused, the numbers aligning in his mind as he clicked through compiled reports, checking projections, cross-referencing every data point he had recorded from Cassandra's months of use. The original drug had been a *miracle*, even in its unfinished state. A metabolic booster like nothing the world had ever seen. It had optimized the body's energy use, enhanced endurance, pushed limits in ways that should have been impossible. But Cassandra—*Cassandra*—had reacted to it in ways even he hadn't anticipated.

He had assumed her extreme spikes were just... anomalies. A quirk of her biology. Until today.

Now, he knew better.

The trigger had been stress, combined with an ungodly concentration of the drug. The same process that was supposed to *enhance* had instead pushed her into an uncontrolled, exponential surge. And there was no stopping her now—no natural way, at least.

But maybe…

His eyes flicked to a new set of calculations. His heart pounded.

Maybe there *was* a way.

A reversal. Not a universal one—nothing that could just be tossed at her like a magic bullet. It would need to be tailored. It would have to match *her* altered physiology, counteract *her* specific mutations, slow the runaway process enough to break whatever metabolic cycle was keeping her at this impossible size.

But to do that, he needed a sample.

His stomach turned.

He had been avoiding this conclusion since he started digging into the data. He had prayed there would be another way, something he could craft *without* putting himself in a direct line of fire. But every variable pointed back to the same thing. The only way to *fix* this—if it even could be fixed—was to get close enough to Cassandra Steele to collect fresh biological data.

The same Cassandra Steele who had just waded across the river like it was a puddle, who had fucked a monorail bridge into oblivion, who had swatted helicopters out of the sky like they were gnats.

The same Cassandra Steele who had killed thousands already, possibly tens of thousands, *and was enjoying every second of it.*

Leonard exhaled, glancing toward the television screen still running in the background. The news feed was an endless stream of disaster footage, aerial shots of her massive form carving through downtown like some unstoppable force of nature. And now… she was close.

Too fucking close.

His grip tightened on the desk.

He *had* to act.

Not just because he was responsible. Not just because he had created the drug that turned her into this.

But because if he didn't?

There wouldn't be a city left to save.

His pulse pounded as he pushed back from the desk, standing abruptly, already forming a plan in his head. He grabbed the portable scanner from his workstation, stuffing it into his bag, then started collecting the equipment he would need—anything lightweight, anything he could carry.

It was a long shot. It was reckless. It was insane.

But watching the screen, seeing the destruction unfold, seeing *her*—unstoppable, invincible, a walking apocalypse that he had *built*—

He knew one thing for certain.

If he didn't try?

No one else would.

==*=*=*=*=*

Downtown felt tighter than before, the towering steel and glass structures closing in around her as she strolled through the streets, the canyon of skyscrapers pressing closer, hemming her in—though *hemming in* was a relative term when she still loomed over them, her body swallowing intersections in just a few steps. Some of the buildings here actually made it past her hips, a few even brushing against her tits, the rooftops a teasing breath away from grazing her skin as she passed. It was a shift from the wide, sprawling devastation she had left in the lower city, where everything had been barely shin-high at best.

She liked it. It made things a little more… *interesting.*

The crowds below had thickened again, people still pooling into the open despite the very obvious, very *flattening* consequence of being anywhere near her.

She smirked.

"What, are you all respawning? I swear I've cleared this fucking street already."

They scrambled like dumb little rats, pushing against each other in their frantic attempts to escape—some darting down alleys, others bolting for doorways, more than a few just breaking into full fucking *sprints* straight down the street, as if they thought they had a chance of outrunning her.

She sighed, rolling her eyes.

"Jesus, you lot never learn."

Her next step came down deliberately on one of the thickest parts of the fleeing crowd, her massive bare sole blotting out the sun before slamming down, sealing dozens beneath her weight. A wet, muffled crunch. A few faint, useless screams cut off mid-breath. When she lifted her foot again, there was nothing but a fresh, deep impression in the pavement, streaked with red, scattered with mangled debris that had once been cars, bodies, entire *lives.*

She wasn't even looking where she stepped anymore. It barely required thought.

She let her gaze drift higher, to the looming structures flanking her on either side. The mirrored facades reflected her as she walked, her towering, nude form striding through the city like some goddess of war, perfectly sculpted, moving with the effortless

confidence of someone who had no competition, no equals. The glass caught the early afternoon sunlight, glinting in patches where the buildings hadn't already been cracked and shattered from the sheer force of her presence.

Then, just because she *could*, she shifted her weight slightly, giving one of the taller buildings a sudden, playful *check* with her hip.

The top third crumbled instantly, snapping and folding inward before collapsing in a controlled cascade of steel and glass. It was almost beautiful, the way the structure gave, like watching a slow demolition, only she hadn't needed explosives, hadn't needed a wrecking ball—just a simple, *unnecessary* sway of her body.

She smirked, watching the dust billow outward, hearing the distant chorus of screams from whatever poor insects had been inside.

"Oops," she murmured absently, stretching her arms over her head, rolling out her shoulders. "Completely uncalled for."

Not that it *mattered.* The result was the same as every accidental step, every unintentional bit of destruction she had caused simply by existing at this scale. Whether she *meant* to bring something down or not, the consequences were identical.

So, really, *what was the difference?*

She let that thought settle for a second, let it root itself somewhere deep inside her, mingling with the undeniable truth that had been blooming in her mind for a while already.

This was *her* city now.

She smiled.

It had a nice ring to it.

Who needed to run a company when she could own *ten million people and their tiny lives*?

The real question was… *what the fuck was she going to do with that?*

It was a strange sensation, feeling so untouchable and yet *still* not having a clear direction. Cassandra Steele was *not* a woman who flailed blindly through life. She didn't *improvise* her way to the top, didn't leave things to chance. Every move she had ever made had been deliberate, calculated, *earned*.

And yet, here she was.

Towering over a city that was *hers*, walking down streets that belonged to her as much as the company she had once fought tooth and nail to control, *and she didn't have a plan.*

That needed to change.

And soon.

Cassandra's thoughts were already spiraling, tangling around the question of *what next* when something unexpected cut through them.

A plume of red smoke.

Her gaze snapped toward it instantly, narrowing as she focused on the unnatural burst of color against the rooftops. It wasn't much, not at this scale, barely more than a flare flickering up from a distant building. It was stupidly small, so easy to ignore—but it was deliberate.

Someone was trying to get her attention.

Her brow arched, curiosity flaring despite herself.

Well. That was *bold.*

She waded forward without hesitation, her massive frame cutting through the city with lazy ease. The devastation in her wake was as effortless as ever. It wasn't even *intentional.* She barely *noticed.*

It took her less than a minute to reach the source of the smoke.

The building was tall—by normal standards, at least. The rooftop barely brushed the underside of her tits, the mirrored surface reflecting her imposing form as she slowed to a stop, looming over it with effortless dominance.

And then, she saw him.

A single man.

Standing alone, holding a smoking canister, his tiny form dwarfed by the sheer *scale* of her presence.

He flinched the moment her massive, piercing gaze locked onto him, but he didn't *run.*

Interesting.

Her smirk twitched into place as she crouched slightly, her face descending toward him in a slow, lazy arc, blocking out more and more of the sky with each passing second.

"Now what the fuck do we have here?"

She could *see* the tension in him, could *feel* the sheer weight of her attention pressing down on his tiny, fragile form. But he still didn't bolt.

And that was intriguing.

Her gaze sharpened, zeroing in, adjusting, focusing until she could actually *make out* his minuscule features.

Recognition flickered.

Her stomach twisted—not in surprise, not in fear, but in sheer, incredulous *amusement.*

No. *Fucking.* Way.

Her smirk widened into something *wicked.*

“Oh, *you’ve got to be fucking shitting me.*”

Cassandra recognized him, his tiny pathetic figure standing on the rooftop, waving his ridiculous little smoke canister like he was calling in a fucking airstrike.

The so-called scientist who had been slipping her those doses in secret, running tests, pretending like he was doing her a *favor* while collecting his precious data. The one she had spent all that time looking for when she tore through that pathetic excuse of a lab. And here he was, standing out in the open, in full daylight, actually *flagging her down* like she was a goddamn cab.

Her lips curled, a slow, dangerous smirk forming as she took a step closer, her shadow engulfing the rooftop, the sheer weight of her presence making the glass rattle in its frame.

Then, the dumbass actually *yelled* up at her.

“Cassandra!”

His mousy voice was so pahetically weak. It barely carried above the lingering city noise, the distant sirens, the fading screams of the idiots still scrambling to clear her path.

She exhaled sharply through her nose, amusement flickering through her massive, gray-blue eyes as she tilted her head, peering down at him like a cat considering a particularly *stupid* mouse.

“Well, *no shit*,” she drawled, her voice effortlessly rolling through the air, rattling the windows around him. “Who else would I fucking be?”

He swallowed hard but—shockingly—still didn’t run. Not that it would have done any good.

Cassandra arched a brow, scrutinizing him for a long, drawn-out second before leaning in slightly, her sheer size making his tiny, fragile body seem even more insignificant. “So, Jack,” she mused, “although your name’s really not Jack, is it?”

He stiffened, his hands tightening around the canister.

“I mean, you never *looked* like a Jack,” she continued, her smirk widening.

There was a brief hesitation, a flicker of nerves in his expression, before he finally answered.

“My name is Leonard,” he said. “Leonard Strauss. I own a biotech startup.”

Cassandra let the words hang in the air for a second before exhaling a slow, measured breath. “Huh,” she murmured, her smirk turning razor-sharp. “Leonard.” She rolled the name off her tongue like she was testing it, tasting it, deciding whether she liked it or not.

“So, Leonard,” she said smoothly. “You tracked me down, you flagged me down, you made me *walk over here*—” she gestured vaguely behind her, where her path of destruction stretched back for miles. “So tell me. What’s so goddamn important?”

Leonard inhaled sharply, steeling himself. “I believe the drug—”

Cassandra’s brows shot up.

“Oh, *no fucking way*,” she interrupted, voice dripping with sarcasm. She let out a short, mock gasp, placing a hand over her chest like the revelation had just knocked the wind out of her. “You mean to tell me that the highly experimental, completely unregulated *mystery compound* you’ve been pumping into me *might* have something to do with the fact that I’m currently *towering over this fucking city*?”

Leonard paled slightly.

Cassandra just shook her head, clicking her tongue. “Wow,” she said dryly. “You *really* shocked me there.”

She let the words settle, stretching the silence between them, before fixing him with a sharp, expectant gaze.

“Well, *Leonard*,” she murmured, voice like silk wrapped around steel. “You’ve got my attention. Now *talk.*”

“I know how you got big,” Leonard called up to her, his voice shaky but firm, cutting through the air like he was delivering the most important news of his life.

Cassandra let her weight shift to one hip, a slow, deliberate movement that sent deep tremors through the city below. Her eyes remained locked onto the tiny man standing on the rooftop, her expression half-amused, half-impatient as she tilted her head slightly. “So let me get this straight,” she drawled, voice effortlessly rolling over him, rattling the windows of his own goddamn building. “You *think* you know how this worked?”

Leonard nodded quickly, his breath coming a little short, but to his credit, he didn’t back down. “I’ve gone through all the data I have. And I believe I’ve isolated what caused—” he gestured vaguely at her, his voice catching for half a second before he forced himself to continue, “—this.”

Cassandra arched a brow, lips quirking into a smirk. “Oh, *this*? You mean my whole ‘towering over the entire fucking city’ situation?”

Leonard swallowed hard. “Yes.”

She let out a short, soft chuckle, shaking her head. “Go on. Let’s hear what you’ve got.”

He hesitated for only a fraction of a second before pressing forward. “Did you take more than the recommended dose?”

Cassandra exhaled sharply through her nose, smirk widening slightly. “Oh, what, *me*? Ignoring dosage instructions? I *never* do that.” She let the sarcasm hang for a second before shrugging, all faux innocence. “Alright, maybe I *might’ve* had a little more than suggested. Or a *lot* more. Who’s keeping track?”

Leonard’s expression tightened, but he nodded like that confirmed something for him. “And—” He hesitated just slightly, choosing his words carefully. “Did you experience unusually high stress levels?”

Cassandra’s smirk deepened. “Gee, I dunno, Leonard. Maybe just *a bit.*” She made a vague, exaggerated gesture with her massive hand, her fingers casting long shadows across the rooftop. “Y’know, corporate sabotage, a bunch of smug old men trying to kick me out of my own damn company, a whole fucking *coup* waiting for me first thing in the morning.” She tilted her head mock-thoughtfully. “I *guess* that might count as *mildly* stressful.”

Leonard exhaled slowly, rubbing his temple like he was trying to hold himself together. “Right,” he muttered. “That lines up.”

Cassandra lifted a brow, the amusement flickering brighter in her eyes. “Lines up with what, exactly?”

Leonard straightened a little, squaring his shoulders. “With how the drug triggered your growth.”

That got her attention. Her smirk faltered slightly, intrigue flashing across her face as she studied him closer. “I’m listening.”

He swallowed again but pushed forward. “It wasn’t just the drug. It was the combination—an excessive dose, combined with an extreme stress event, interacting with your unique physiology.” He glanced up at her, watching for her reaction. “That’s what caused the reaction. That’s what made you *this.*”

Cassandra let the words sink in, her massive eyes narrowing slightly, her mind working through it. Then she let out a soft hum, thoughtful, her smirk slowly returning. “Huh,” she mused. “So it *had* to be me?”

Leonard hesitated again. “Not necessarily. But the proportions matter. And you—” He hesitated, like he was measuring his words. “You weren’t just anyone.”

Cassandra grinned. “Oh, *don’t* stop there, Leonard. That was almost a compliment.”

His lips pressed together, but he didn’t backtrack. “Your body was already responding to the compound in ways I hadn’t seen before. Your metabolic efficiency, your regenerative markers, your neurological adaptation rates—” He exhaled. “I didn’t think much of it at the time. I thought you were just *highly* responsive to it. But looking back at the data, you were *different* from the beginning. Your body was already primed for something beyond normal human limits. The stress just… set it off.”

Cassandra absorbed that for a second, then let out a slow, deliberate chuckle. “So what you’re saying,” she said, tilting her head, “is that I was *always* built different.”

Leonard inhaled sharply, his jaw tightening. “That’s… *one* way of putting it.”

Cassandra just shook her head in amusement. “Alright, so what? You came here to tell me *why* I got big?”

Leonard lifted his chin slightly. “I’m here because I think I can make you normal again.”

Cassandra blinked.

For a second, her expression didn’t change. Then, slowly, deliberately, one brow arched.

“You *do?*”

Leonard nodded quickly, already moving into his explanation. “It’s still a theory, but I believe I’ve identified the mechanism that caused your expansion. And if I can reverse it—”

Cassandra’s smirk twitched slightly, and though she kept her posture relaxed, the sharp glint in her eyes was unmistakable. “So tell me, Leonard,” she drawled, masking the flicker of tension coiling deep in her stomach. “If you’re so confident about your *little* theory… why am I still *this* fucking big?”

Leonard inhaled sharply. “Because I need your help.”

Cassandra narrowed her eyes. “Oh? And why would *you* need *my* help?”

Leonard squared his shoulders, forcing himself to stand firm under the crushing weight of her gaze. “Because your biology has changed. The compound *altered* you at a fundamental level. I can’t synthesize a counteragent unless I have real-time samples.”

Cassandra studied him for a long, stretched-out moment, lips pressing together as she considered. Then, ever so slowly, the smirk crept back onto her face.

“Well,” she murmured, amusement flickering behind her gray-blue eyes. “Isn’t *that* interesting.”

Leonard's face brightened slightly, misinterpreting her interest as something close to agreement. His nerves were still there, but now there was something else—a cautious sort of hope.

"If you can work with me, let me take the samples I need, I believe I can synthesize something before the day is out—"

Cassandra cut him off with a scoff, straightening to her full, overwhelming height. "Yeah, not gonna happen."

Leonard flinched, the fragile confidence in his expression shattering in an instant. "Wait—what? Cassandra, I can make you normal again. I can—"

She rolled her eyes, already exasperated. With an absent wave of her hand, she gestured broadly at the cityscape around them—the collapsed buildings, the crushed streets, the plumes of thick black smoke rising from what had once been thriving city blocks.

"Don't you think it's a little late for that?" Her voice was smooth, biting. "I don't know if you've noticed, Jack—or Leonard, whatever the fuck your name is—but I've got a bit of a body count going."

He opened his mouth, but she didn't let him speak. "One thing I've learned? The world doesn't exactly roll out the red carpet for mass murderers. So even if I wanted to shrink back down to your pathetic little scale—which I don't—I doubt I'd get a warm welcome." She smirked, tilting her head. "Something tells me they're not big on forgiveness for massacres."

She let the thought settle, watching him flounder under the sheer weight of it. Then, with a slow, lazy stretch, she rolled her shoulders, sighing as if this was all some tiresome debate instead of the most absurd conversation imaginable.

"And besides," she continued, voice dropping into something smoother, more indulgent, "why the fuck would I go back to being a bug? I think I'd rather try my chances at 800 feet, where I can step on anyone who looks at me funny."

Leonard paled.

She grinned, something wicked glinting in her stormy eyes. "Think about it," she went on, shifting her weight slightly, making the ground shudder beneath her. "It's barely lunchtime, and I've already taken over my old company and my new city. And I've barely even started."

She leaned in ever so slightly, her smirk widening. "So tell me, genius," she purred. "Why the fuck would I give this up?"

Leonard took a shaky breath, his brain clearly struggling to keep up. He still looked rattled, still trying to process the reality of the skyscraper-sized woman looming over

him, but somehow, he managed to push through it enough to ask, “How the hell are you going to live like this?”

Cassandra blinked once, then let out a short, amused laugh. “You think I’ve figured that out already?” she teased, raising a brow. “Give me a fucking break, Jack—sorry, Leonard. It’s been, what, a few hours? I’ve been a little busy.”

She let her gaze sweep dramatically across the skyline, emphasizing the countless crumbling buildings, the deep footprints carved into the streets, the smoke curling into the sky like fingers of ruin. Then, with a casual shrug, she looked back at him, her smirk widening.

“But hey, here’s a theory for you.” She tilted her head, voice laced with slow, deliberate arrogance. “I’ll do whatever the fuck I want. And everyone in this city? They’ll do whatever the fuck I tell them to do.”

She let that hang there for a moment, just long enough to watch him flinch, to let the weight of her words settle like a stone in his gut. Then, with a slow, lazy stretch, she planted her hands on her hips and added, almost as an afterthought, “And if anyone still has doubts about that, I think they all got a nice, clear demonstration of what happens when people don’t listen.”

She watched the way his throat bobbed as he swallowed, the way his tiny shoulders tensed, and smiled. There. Let that sink in.

Leonard stood there, motionless, his face a blank mask of shock. For a few long, silent seconds, he didn’t even blink. Then, something in his expression shifted—just slightly. A twitch of realization. A horrible, sinking understanding that spread through his body like ice water, making his fingers tremble at his sides.

Cassandra smirked. “There it is,” she murmured, watching the dread seep into him. “Took you long enough.”

Before he could react, she reached out, her fingers closing around his tiny, fragile body with a casual ease that made his scream catch in his throat. He barely had time to flinch before she plucked him up between her fingertips, lifting him effortlessly off the rooftop, his legs kicking uselessly in the air.

The sound he made as she raised him to her face was somewhere between a gasp and a whimper. It was pitiful. Cassandra arched a brow, holding him steady between her fingers as she inspected him, enjoying the sheer helplessness in his tiny form.

“God, you’re even smaller up close,” she teased, tilting her head slightly.

Leonard squirmed, his entire body trembling against the firm hold of her fingertips, his mouth opening and closing as if searching for words that wouldn’t come. Cassandra simply sighed and released him—not to drop him to his death, much as he probably thought, but just enough to let him fall into the center of her open palm.

He hit the surface hard, rolling slightly before scrambling into a panicked, upright position, chest heaving. Cassandra flexed her fingers slightly, feeling the way his pathetic little body tensed in response.

“There,” she drawled, her voice thick with amusement. “Much better. I was getting tired of stooping.”

Leonard let out another shaky breath, his wide, terrified eyes darting up to meet her own. His voice barely functioned when he finally managed to choke out, “W-what are you—what are you gonna do to me?”

Cassandra’s smirk widened. “What do you think?”

He swallowed hard, his body locking up as if bracing for the worst. “Are… are you going to kill me?”

She considered that for a moment, letting the silence stretch, letting him sweat. Then, with an easy shrug, she admitted, “Crossed my mind.”

His breath hitched.

“But then I thought,” she continued, her voice dripping with slow, deliberate mockery, “why the hell would I kill the only little fuck who actually knows what happened to me?”

She leaned in slightly, her smirk turning razor-sharp.

“When I can carry him around instead?”

Leonard’s mouth fell open, but no sound came out. His tiny, stunned expression was almost comical—wide, horrified eyes, lips twitching like he was trying to form words and failing miserably. His brain was short-circuiting, unable to process what she had just said.

Cassandra chuckled, a deep, throaty sound that sent vibrations through her palm. “Oh, you don’t look enthusiastic,” she drawled, biting her lip slightly.

Cassandra let the tension stretch, savoring the sheer disbelief plastered across Leonard’s tiny, stunned face. His lips parted slightly, as if he wanted to protest, but nothing coherent made it out. He just lay there in her palm, small and fragile, his breathing shallow and rapid.

She let out a low chuckle, enjoying his helplessness. "Relax, doc. I need some answers, and you’re the only little fuck who might have them. And besides—” her smirk widened as she shifted her fingers slightly, making him jolt “—it’s always good to have a doctor on hand. Literally."

Leonard swallowed hard, his voice barely above a whisper. “W-where are we going?”

She rolled her eyes. “City Hall.”

His brow furrowed in confusion, but she didn't elaborate. Not yet. Instead, she stretched her back slightly, standing to her full, impossible height, her fingers closing just a little around him—not enough to hurt, but enough to make sure he understood exactly how little control he had in this situation.

"Now, you might have noticed," she mused, casting a slow glance down her body, "I don't have pockets. So unless you want me getting tired of carrying you around, you may as well prove interesting."

His breath hitched, his tiny frame shivering slightly in her grasp. Oh, she liked that reaction. Cassandra's smirk deepened as she took a step forward, the city trembling beneath her soles.

"Better start thinking of something useful to say, doc," she added smoothly. "Or I might have to find a more… convenient place to keep you."

His entire body locked up. He finally found his voice, barely managing to choke out, "Y-you're not serious."

Cassandra arched a brow, her smirk deepening. "You're welcome to test that theory."

His tiny chest heaved, his breaths coming fast and uneven as he tried to process her words. "City hall?" he said, eager to change the subject.

She waved her free hand dismissively, as if the question was almost too stupid to acknowledge. "I've been attacked twice already today," she said, her voice dripping with exasperation. "If these tiny fucks don't get it by now, it's time to make things official. Time to formally take over."

Leonard blinked, his disbelief evident. "They're not just going to—" He swallowed, then tried again, voice still cracking. "You really think they're going to just accept your authority?"

Cassandra gave him a slow, knowing smirk, shifting her grip slightly so he could feel just how little effort it took for her fingers to tighten around him. "The beauty of being this size, Leonard," she said smoothly, "is that I can squish the ones who won't… until there are enough left who will."

And with that, she started moving towards her new objective. She strolled down the street with an easy, confident strut, letting her hips sway just enough to make her presence even more pronounced. Not that she needed to try. The earth trembled beneath every step, cracks splitting through the pavement, the deep grooves of her footprints forming a destructive path in her wake. Buildings trembled, glass shattered from the sheer force of her weight shifting through the city. And in her outstretched palm, Leonard struggled against the rapid movement, his tiny body jostled with every stride.

She glanced down at him, smirking. "What's the matter, doc? Feeling a little seasick?"

He gritted his teeth, gripping onto her fingers for balance, his knuckles white. “I—could you maybe—stop swinging your arm so much?”

She snorted. “Oh, sure, let me just slow everything down for you.” Then, after a dramatic pause, she grinned and picked up the pace instead, making him yelp. “You’re lucky I’m not jogging,” she teased. “You’d get flung off so fast, I’d have to scrape you off a damned rooftop.”

Leonard groaned, squeezing his eyes shut as she finally steadied her hand—slightly. She rolled her eyes at his dramatics but let him adjust before speaking again.

“So,” she mused, stretching her fingers slightly, making him squirm again, “I got shot at earlier. With rockets.” She exhaled, amused at how ridiculous it sounded now that she was saying it out loud. “Didn’t do shit. Why?”

Leonard swallowed, blinking up at her. “That… makes sense,” he stammered. “I mean, obviously you’re bigger, which means your skin is thicker, but skin itself is tougher than people realize. At your scale, bullets and most conventional weapons probably can’t penetrate deep enough to do real damage. And considering how much of the formula you took, I’d say there’s also a high probability that your resilience and stamina have been enhanced beyond normal human levels. Especially with the kind of doses you were taking.”

Cassandra raised a brow, intrigued. “Huh. So what you’re telling me is I was already a badass, and now I’m basically fucking indestructible?”

Leonard hesitated. “Not indestructible,” he corrected quickly. “Just… very resistant.”

She hummed in approval, filing that little tidbit away. Good to know.

Leonard shifted slightly in her palm, his brows furrowed as he ventured cautiously, “How exactly do you plan to control an entire city?”

She snorted. “Bit late to be asking that, isn’t it?”

“I just mean,” he pressed, swallowing his nerves, “they’ll try to fight back. You’ll get attacked again.”

Cassandra shrugged. “Yeah, and?”

He blinked, as if baffled by how easily she dismissed that reality.

She sighed, rolling her eyes. “Look, I haven’t mapped out all the fine details, if that’s what you’re asking,” she admitted, “but I think you’re failing to see the big picture here.” She waved her free hand out over the cityscape, gesturing to the smoke plumes rising from crumbled buildings, to the shattered streets, to the deep, unmistakable footprints carved into the landscape. “I’m here. I’m real. And they can’t ignore me. Sooner or later, someone with a fucking brain will start acting logically. I just need to make sure they have enough input by the time that happens.”

Her smirk sharpened slightly. “Which, yeah, I’m guessing will involve a fair bit of death and destruction, but honestly? I’m hoping I don’t have to go too overboard before someone starts thinking rationally.”

Leonard gave her an incredulous look. “Are you acting rationally?”

She let out a dry laugh. “I’m the only one who is,” she shot back. “Since, as far as I can tell, I’m the only person in this entire goddamn city who’s accepted my new size.”

Leonard pursed his lips, his expression unreadable. Then, after a moment, he tried again. “You could be doing other things with your size.”

Cassandra arched a brow, unimpressed. “Like what?”

“I don’t know. Something… different than this,” he said, his voice edged with something she didn’t care to name. “Something—”

“Oh, yeah, let’s see,” she cut him off, mockingly tapping her chin with her free hand. “Charity work, maybe?” she said sarcastically. “That would be such a fucking waste!”

Leonard didn’t reply. He didn’t have to.

Cassandra’s smirk deepened as City Hall came into view, its once-imposing structure now nothing more than an insignificant shape swallowed by the sprawl of the city. Even from this distance, she could see it wasn’t much—stately by normal standards, sure, but nothing that could hold a candle to *her*. It barely reached her mid-thigh. A power center, dwarfed like everything else.

She glanced down at the tiny man sprawled in her palm, his frail little body still struggling against the sway of her movements. “There it is,” she announced, her tone light, almost conversational. “Time to see if these little fucks have figured out how this works yet.”

Leonard tensed, his expression tightening with something halfway between disbelief and terror. “You—you really think they’re just going to *accept* this?”

Cassandra chuckled, the sound rumbling from her chest, low and indulgent. “Oh, I don’t expect *acceptance*.” She shifted her fingers ever so slightly, just enough to make him scramble for balance, watching his panicked little flail with mild amusement. “I expect them to *learn*.”

She took another step, then exhaled, as if remembering something mildly inconvenient. Her gaze flicked across the rooftops, scanning for something. “But since you’re not quite as indestructible as I am,” she murmured, turning on her heel, “I should probably make sure you don’t end up *accidentally* smeared into the pavement while I’m busy.”

Leonard barely had a second to process that before she veered off course, her stride swallowing an entire city block in a single motion. He yelped as the sudden shift made his stomach lurch, but Cassandra barely noticed. She was already crouching beside a

mid-rise building, one of the countless unremarkable structures littering *her* city, its rooftop just high enough to make for a decent perch.

Then, she spotted it.

An old metal antenna jutted upward near the center of the roof, bolted in place, probably meant for some useless transmission or another. Flimsy by *her* standards, but absolutely impassable for a bug like him. A slow grin stretched across her lips.

Without ceremony, she plucked him between two fingers and deposited him onto the narrow base of the antenna, his little hands scrabbling instinctively at the metal. He stiffened instantly, his body locking up the moment he realized where he was.

“You *can’t* be serious,” he choked out, his voice already edging toward hysteria.

Cassandra tapped the base of the antenna with her nail, watching it wobble under his minuscule weight. “Oh, I’m *very* serious.” Her gaze flicked over him, savoring the way he was already gripping it like his life depended on it. Because, well—it *did*.

“You *cannot* just leave me up here!” His voice cracked, but Cassandra was already straightening to her full, impossible height, rolling her shoulders with an air of complete indifference.

“Sure I can.”

Leonard’s eyes darted down to the sheer drop beneath him, his face going white. “What am I supposed to *do*?”

She shot him an amused look. “Stay put.”

“For how long?!”

She turned, already losing interest in his predicament. “Until I *decide* to come back.”

Leonard’s voice rose in pitch, sharp with desperation. “Come back from *what*?”

Cassandra didn’t bother looking back. “Depends on *them*,” she tossed over her shoulder.

And with that, she was gone, her massive frame disappearing into the cityscape, her towering, impossibly perfect form swallowing block after block, the rhythmic bounce of her hips the last thing Leonard saw before the sheer weight of his predicament fully sank in.

AUTHORITY REALIGNMENT

Cassandra took the last few steps into the wide-open plaza in front of City Hall, her towering form blotting out the skyline as she moved with the deliberate confidence of someone who owned everything in sight. Every step sent another deep tremor rolling through the district, glass rattling, streetlamps shaking, the surrounding buildings groaning as they tried in vain to absorb the sheer force of her presence. The air itself seemed to tighten in anticipation, heavy with the knowledge that whatever happened next, it would be decided by her and her alone.

She stopped at the plaza's edge, surveying the scene with detached amusement. There was a police presence, of course—lined up in a desperate display of authority, their formation rigid, their vehicles forming a crude blockade. But there was something different this time. No frantic barking of orders, no officers scrambling into position, no fingers twitching on triggers. No fight. Not really. Oh, they were still trying to project control, but even from up here, Cassandra could see the doubt creeping into their expressions, the nervous shifting, the subtle stiffening of shoulders. They already knew how this was going to end.

Good.

She smirked and widened her stance, planting her feet firmly into the pavement, her hands coming to rest on her hips in a pose so naturally dominant it was almost cruel. She let them look. Let them take her in, standing unchallenged at 800 feet tall, her powerful body casting a shadow over their entire operation, her presence so absurdly vast it reduced their show of force to something laughable. Let them stand there and feel it—feel their insignificance, feel the reality of the situation setting in.

For a brief moment, she considered simply stepping forward, flattening their pathetic little barricade beneath her sole and making a real demonstration of her authority. It would be so easy. One step, and this whole pathetic charade would be over. But then, another thought took root.

Cassandra knew power. She had built power. Not just brute force, not just destruction, but the kind of power that broke people from the inside. She had spent her entire life bending people to her will, making them crumble without lifting a finger, making them need her. And now? Now, she wanted to see if that worked at this scale too.

Her smirk deepened, her voice rolling out like a thunderclap, filling the plaza, forcing its way into the ears of every last officer standing there.

"I've got a deal for you."

The ripple of tension was immediate. The way their shoulders twitched, the way a few glanced at each other, the way the instinctive bracing faded just slightly.

They relaxed.

Cassandra's grin widened.

She let the silence stretch for just a moment longer, savoring the tension, the way they stood there, waiting, barely breathing. The way they already knew.

She exhaled, slow and deliberate, shifting her weight just slightly, making the pavement groan beneath her. Her gaze swept over the gathered officers, taking in their rigid stances, their futile attempt to hold formation.

"I know you've seen it," she said, her voice rolling over them like a force of nature. "You've seen your comrades get flattened into the pavement. You've watched your choppers get swatted out of the sky like bugs. You know exactly how this ends."

A ripple of unease passed through the crowd, subtle, but there. She could feel it, could see it in the way they shifted, in the way a few hands clenched tighter around their weapons—not in preparation, but in fear.

She smirked.

"But here's the thing," she continued, her tone almost conversational, as if they weren't standing at the feet of a goddess who could erase them with a flick of her toe. "I don't need to crush you." She let that hang in the air for a second before adding, with mock thoughtfulness, "I mean… it does seem to happen a lot, but it's not my goal."

A few of them stiffened, unsure whether that was reassurance or a threat. Cassandra just grinned.

"I'm taking this city," she announced, casual, effortless, as if it was already a foregone conclusion. And honestly? It was. "I don't need your permission. I don't need you to like it. But you do need to decide whether you're going to be in my way or if you're going to be useful."

Her piercing gaze locked onto them, her words laced with something sharp, something cold and absolute.

"I'll need people to run things," she said, tilting her head slightly, like she was considering them. Evaluating them. "I'll need cops." She let the word linger, let it sink in. "I can crush you, or I can use you. It's really your choice."

She let that sit. Let them absorb the reality of it. And judging by the way no one was moving, no one was speaking, no one was so much as breathing too loudly, Cassandra was pretty damn sure they already knew what the right choice was.

Cassandra felt it before it even happened. That shift, that slow, creeping collapse of resistance. It was written all over them—the subtle hesitation, the darting glances between officers, the flickering uncertainty behind their helmets and visors. They knew they were doomed. They knew how this was going to end.

Which meant she had them.

Her lips curled into a slow, wolfish smirk as she straightened her posture, widening her stance, hands settling firmly on her hips. She let the moment stretch, towering over them like a living monument, letting them feel it. All of it. The sheer, crushing reality of her existence.

And then, she spoke.

“Kneel.”

One word. A command.

Silence.

A beat. Another. No one moved.

Cassandra exhaled slowly, the sound amused, almost disappointed. She clicked her tongue, shifting her weight slightly, letting the silence drag just long enough to make them sweat. Then, without warning, she lifted her foot—and stomped.

Not hard. Not even close.

But it didn’t need to be.

The ground buckled beneath her sole, pavement cracking like glass, the impact sending deep tremors through the plaza. Windows shattered. The nearest buildings groaned, splintering at their foundations. The police line staggered, the closest officers stumbling, falling, gasping. The ripple of panic moved like a wave through their ranks, barely-contained terror now spilling into something much closer to pure, animalistic fear.

Cassandra let it settle. Let them feel the weight of it. Let them understand.

Then, she tilted her head slightly, her voice dropping into something colder.

“You don’t kneel, I step.”

That did it.

One by one, they dropped. First one, then another, then another, until the entire fucking force was on their knees before her, a pathetic sea of submission.

Cassandra grinned.

Oh, yes.

“There you go,” she purred, mock approval dripping from her tone, dragging the moment out, letting it sink in. “That wasn’t so hard, was it?”

Not a single one of them dared to speak.

She let the silence stretch, relishing the moment. The entire godddamned police force of the city, kneeling before her, fully aware she could end them all with a single step.

Her smirk widened.

“Now, let’s see how well you follow orders.”

She took a slow step forward, her monumental frame swallowing them in her shadow, her voice drenched in authority.

“You’re gonna march your little asses into that building.” Her gaze flicked toward City Hall, barely reaching her knees. “And you’re gonna bring me the mayor. And the council. All of them.”

A pause. A smirk.

“Because I want a fucking word.”

They hesitated for just a second. And Cassandra’s eyes narrowed.

“Did I stutter?”

That got them moving. Fast.

Like trained dogs, they scrambled to their feet and rushed toward the entrance of City Hall, desperate to follow her command, desperate not to give her a reason to change her mind.

Cassandra just watched them go, exhaling a slow, satisfied breath.

“Good boys.”

Then, with a smug tilt of her head, she planted her hands on her hips, widened her stance, and waited. She let them admire her presence for a few more moments, then shifted her weight, lowering herself into an easy squat, her enormous form looming over the remaining officers like a living monument to their submission. She let her piercing blue gaze sweep over them, drinking in the sight of their uniformed bodies standing rigid, their hands twitching by their sides like they were still debating whether to run or piss themselves where they stood.

Her amusement lingered for a moment before she straightened slightly, tilting her head. "Alright, let’s make this official. Who’s in charge?"

Silence.

The same hesitation, the same stupid pause.

Cassandra exhaled sharply, rolling her eyes. "Oh, for fuck’s sake, it’s not a hard question." Her lips twisted, her patience thinning. "Or do I need to start picking you at random? Because I can do that too, but I promise you won’t like how that ends." She let the pause stretch, then smirked, tilting her head. "Let’s just say my **track record** with handling you tiny things isn’t exactly spotless."

After a long, shaky breath, a man hesitantly stepped forward, his body stiff with reluctant duty.

Cassandra grinned. There we go.

"Good boy," she murmured, watching his every nervous, minuscule step with a cat-like amusement. He looked ridiculous—so fucking small, so insignificant, just a little insect beneath her towering frame. She waited, patient, letting him take in the sheer scale of what he was approaching. Then, once he was right where she wanted him, right between her thighs, she let her gaze settle on him, casually dominant.

"Name?"

"Uh… Commissioner Hayes," he finally stammered in a mousy tone.

Cassandra's smirk widened. "Commissioner, huh? Fancy title. Let's see if you can live up to it."

Without another word, she set her hand down, palm facing up, her massive fingers curling ever so slightly like the ridges of a platform. "Climb."

Hayes stared. His eyes flickered between her waiting hand and her expectant smirk, his entire body locked up in that delicious mix of fear and uncertainty.

Cassandra arched a brow. "Now."

Still, nothing.

Her expression darkened, her smirk thinning into something less playful. "Climb or I'll be dealing with your second-in-command in a second."

That did it.

With a resigned, trembling breath, Hayes moved, his boots crunching lightly against the ruined pavement as he stepped closer. He hesitated only once before reaching for the smooth, warm surface of her fingers, gripping onto them like they were the only solid thing in his world. He tried to hoist himself up, struggling, awkward, pathetic, his body shaking with the sheer absurdity of the situation.

Cassandra chuckled, watching his pathetic little effort, fascinated. They were so fucking weak. Even with her just sitting there, completely still, he could barely pull himself up. How fragile. How ridiculous.

Her voice hummed with entertained mockery.

"God, you're pathetic," she mused, watching him squirm. "At least you made a good choice on who to follow."

Cassandra lifted her hand closer to her face, her piercing blue-gray eyes narrowing as she inspected the tiny man in her palm. Hayes barely breathed, his tiny chest rising

and falling in sharp, panicked movements. He was trying to keep his composure, she could tell, but his trembling hands gave him away.

"Are you ready to follow orders?" she asked, her tone deceptively smooth, the kind of voice that promised consequences if the answer wasn't the right one.

He nodded quickly, barely a hesitation.

"Good," she murmured. Then, her smirk sharpened. "Kneel."

A flicker of hesitation. Just a flicker. Then, slowly, stiffly, he lowered himself to his knees in her palm.

Oh. Oh, that felt good.

Cassandra inhaled deeply, the rush of it hitting her in a way she hadn't fully anticipated. It was just so easy. A grown man, a police commissioner, brought to his knees in the middle of her fucking hand with nothing more than a few words. Power had always been a turn-on, but this? This was something else. It curled deep inside her, sent a slow, pulsing heat through her veins, made her feel alive.

She let the moment linger, enjoying the way the weight of her gaze alone kept him frozen. Then, she tilted her head slightly.

"Who ordered the aerial attack?"

Hayes flinched. "I—"

Her expression flattened.

"Don't make me repeat myself, Commissioner."

He swallowed hard, visibly scrambling for an answer. "It was—it was the Mayor and the Chief," he finally stammered. "They—"

Cassandra let out an unimpressed sigh. "Good," she interrupted. "Then I won't have to guess when I deal with them in a minute."

He tensed at that, but she didn't give him room to dwell.

"Now," she continued, shifting him slightly in her palm, her voice dropping into something silkier, more dangerous. "Are you ready to follow orders?"

Another frantic nod.

"Then listen very carefully," she said, her tone turning almost bored, as if she were giving some routine corporate directive. "You are going to deploy your officers to every major highway, every bridge, every damn road leading out of this city. No one leaves."

Hayes visibly paled. "You want us to—"

Cassandra arched a brow, cutting him off with a single, unamused look.

"I wasn’t asking."

Before he could respond, a commotion rippled through the plaza below. Cassandra flicked her gaze past her palm, her smirk returning the moment she saw it—her cops, her new police force, dragging a group of struggling figures out of City Hall.

Well.

That was fast.

She glanced back at Hayes, lips curling higher. "Looks like your bosses are ready to have a little chat."

Cassandra lowered her hand, tilting it ever so slightly, letting Hayes slide off her palm in a controlled tumble. He hit the ground with a staggered step, barely keeping himself upright. She barely spared him a glance, flicking her fingers as if dusting him off.

"Stay around," she instructed, her tone light but carrying the undeniable weight of a command. "I might need a pet commissioner."

She let him process that while her attention shifted to the new arrivals.

The struggling, terrified figures being dragged out of City Hall had already caught her interest, and as the officers fought to wrangle them toward her, she decided to make things easier. She moved her massive hand closer, looming over them effortlessly. Predictably, the moment her shadow passed over them, the protests and screams intensified.

Cassandra chuckled, the deep sound vibrating through the plaza.

"Relax," she drawled, letting her palm drop onto the pavement with slow, deliberate weight. The impact sent a ripple through the ground, the sheer mass of her resting hand enough to make nearby windows tremble. But she wasn’t focused on that. Instead, she pressed her palm down, fingers splaying out, applying just enough pressure to mold the pavement beneath her, pressing an indent into the very foundation of the city—an unmistakable imprint of her. A claim.

She lifted her gaze, her smirk widening as she addressed the officers still gripping their struggling prisoners.

"Go ahead," she instructed smoothly. "Toss the Mayor, the Chief, and the council in there."

There was hesitation. A moment of doubt. A mistake.

Cassandra’s smirk thinned.

"I said toss them in."

The officers, suddenly very aware of who they were listening to, shoved the struggling politicians and officials forward, watching as they stumbled, tripped, and fell into the

crude handprint grave she had carved into the city itself. Some landed hard, gasping as they hit the uneven ground, others scrambled in vain, trying to find some illusion of control.

Cassandra gave them a moment—just a moment—to process how utterly fucked they were before she shifted, stretching forward with slow, deliberate ease. The air shook as she settled, her monumental frame now fully extended along the plaza, perky breasts pressing against the ground, face propped on her crossed arms, her massive, piercing gaze locked onto the tiny, squirming figures below.

She recognized Mayor Jones immediately.

"Well, well," she murmured, her voice rolling through them like distant thunder. "I appreciate you all agreeing to a little chat."

The group froze at that, their collective terror palpable.

Cassandra sighed, amused.

"I'm sure you've all figured it out by now, but let's make it official. I'm here to discuss a transfer of power. How peaceful this is gonna be?" She arched a brow. "Well, that kinda depends on you."

That set them off. A ripple of panic, frantic whispers, desperate looks between them like they might somehow strategize their way out of this. Cassandra just watched, letting them flounder in their own uselessness.

Then, casually, she unfolded a hand and reached into the print, her massive fingers sweeping through the dirt and asphalt like nothing. The group scrambled, trying to press away from her reach, but it was pathetic. Haphazardly, she shoved the police chief away from the others, isolating him without effort. He barely had time to register what was happening before she plucked him up, his tiny body caught between the effortless grip of her fingers.

She held him up, inspecting him like he was nothing.

"You ordered an attack on me," she remarked, her tone still light, almost casual.

The chief trembled violently, mouth opening, closing, some pathetic attempt at words dying before they could even start.

"It didn't do a damn thing," she continued, twisting him slightly between her fingers, like she was toying with a loose thread. "But it did piss me off."

Her lips curved just slightly.

"And honestly? I really don't feel like chatting with you."

Her grip tightened. Not much—just enough.

The crack was audible. So was the wet, muffled crunch as his fragile body gave way between her fingertips, his bones snapping like brittle twigs, his organs bursting under the simple force of her touch. A sudden, violent splurt of gore spattered down into the makeshift crater where his colleagues stood, speckling them with what used to be their chief of police. A few choked screams rang out. Others just stood there, paralyzed, too stunned to even react.

Cassandra tilted her head, admiring the mess. Then, with a flick of her wrist, she rid herself of the leftover scraps, wiping her fingers clean against the cracked pavement beside her. Like he had never even mattered.

"Now." Her voice, smooth and commanding, cut through the lingering horror. "Let's all take a moment to process that."

Silence.

"See, I'm not exactly the forgiving type," she continued, tapping an idle finger against the ground, the impact reverberating through the plaza. "And you all should keep that in mind."

She let the weight of her words settle before shifting her focus to the next little insect in line.

"Jones." She said his name like it bored her.

The mayor stiffened at once. His hands were shaking. Cassandra arched a brow, motioning lazily with her fingers. "Step forward."

He hesitated—which was cute.

Cassandra's lips twitched, her tone dropping just a notch colder. "That wasn't a request."

Jones swallowed hard and finally moved, his tiny steps painfully slow, dragging himself toward the center of the handprint grave like a man walking toward his own execution.

She smirked. "There we go."

As soon as he was within reach, Cassandra lowered her hand, her manicured fingernail pressing down onto his fragile, trembling form, pinning him effortlessly to the ground. Jones let out a choked gasp, his limbs twitching uselessly under her touch, his body completely trapped beneath the weight of her casual strength.

"Now, Mayor," she mused, tilting her head slightly, "You ordered that little attack on me too, didn't you?"

His breath hitched. "You—you were killing my constituents."

Cassandra chuckled. Amused. "Ah. You mean my subjects."

Jones let out a choked, panicked noise, but she didn't let him speak again. She wasn't interested in hearing excuses. In hearing pathetic justifications.

She was done asking. She was taking.

With nothing more than a shift of pressure, her nail pressed down, the resistance in his tiny form giving way in an instant.

The split was grotesque.

Jones' upper half was left a twitching, useless husk, his lower body obliterated into an unrecognizable smear under the weight of her simple, effortless motion. A sickening, wet splurt drenched the surrounding officials, fresh horror ripping through the remaining council members as they stared at the ruined remains of their former leader.

Cassandra sighed, letting the feeling wash over her.

The power. The control. The sheer, undeniable reality that she could end lives with the slightest movement—and the world would have to adapt to it.

Her breath hitched just slightly. A fresh, pleasant hum spread through her core, deep and familiar, a slow, thrumming pulse of arousal mingling with the intoxicating rush of dominance.

She licked her lips.

Cassandra leaned in slightly, letting the moment stretch, letting them feel the weight of her gaze. The council members were still frozen, trembling between the smears of their former leaders, their bodies locked in terror, their minds scrambling to process what had just happened.

She let them linger in it.

Then, with a slow, casual breath, she straightened, stretching out her immense form, her voice rolling smooth over them like a warm, suffocating fog.

"Let's be clear about something," she mused, her tone effortless, commanding. "I'm not interested in running your little day-to-day." She waved a hand vaguely, as if dismissing the very concept of municipal governance. "I've grown past that."

The double meaning wasn't lost on her.

She let her fingers drum idly against the ruined pavement, the rhythmic thud, thud, thud making the ground tremble under the council members' feet.

"I give orders," she continued, her smile widening. "I need a council to run things. It can be you—" her fingers curled slightly, tapping the ground again, "—or I can find replacements."

A pause.

Her tone dropped, colder now, flat with expectation.

“What’s it gonna be?”

There was hesitation. Some of them shifted nervously, their tiny, pitiful minds still trying to find a way out of this, still clinging to the notion that they had a choice.

They didn’t.

Cassandra raised a brow, her smirk fading slightly into something colder.

"Let me rephrase." She tilted her head. "Kneel."

They didn’t even hesitate this time.

One by one, they dropped, their tiny knees hitting the pavement, their heads bowing instinctively. It was automatic now, as natural as breathing, as essential as survival.

A slow, deep exhale left Cassandra’s lips as she watched them submit.

The feeling coiled hot in her gut, spreading low and thick, the heady mix of power and pleasure setting her nerves ablaze.

God, she could get used to this.

Her fingers pressed slightly against the ground, just enough to send a subtle rumble through the pavement beneath them, just enough to remind them that this was her city now.

“Good.” She let the word hang, her satisfaction undeniable.

Her voice, still thick with amusement, shifted effortlessly back to business.

“I want a press statement issued immediately,” she instructed, gesturing lazily. “Let the people know about their new leadership arrangement. And I want the police force enforcing it.” Her gaze flicked toward the remaining officers. “I don’t want anyone trying to leave the city.”

More murmurs, more anxious glances.

Cassandra frowned slightly, sensing the hesitation.

“What?” she asked, her smirk returning. “Something I should know?”

There was silence.

Then, finally, someone stepped forward—one of the council members, a woman, her voice uneven, her body tense with the weight of what she was about to say.

“The National Guard,” she said hesitantly. “They’re… they’re preparing to attack you.”

Cassandra’s brow twitched.

Then, without warning, she reached forward, her fingers closing around the woman's tiny body, plucking her effortlessly from the ground.

A sharp gasp rang through the remaining council members as their colleague was lifted effortlessly into the air, her tiny limbs flailing uselessly against the unyielding grip of a goddess.

Cassandra shifted slightly, adjusting her posture, sitting back onto her knees, letting the rest of them watch as she brought their colleague closer, her intense, icy gaze locking onto her.

"Let's get a little debrief, shall we?" she murmured, her smirk returning.

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The silence stretched thin, suffocating in its weight. The air felt heavy, thick with the scent of dust and crushed concrete, the remnants of the giant's destruction still hanging in the air like an unspoken warning. The towering woman's voice had rolled over them, smooth and sharp in equal measure, a command draped in silk and steel.

"What?" Cassandra had asked, her smirk returning. "Something I should know?"

The words dug into her.

Elaine Reyes hesitated.

She had spent the better part of her career maneuvering through men who thought they were smarter than her, pushing through bureaucracy, playing the long game. She was a shark in a sea of bureaucratic minnows, always calculating, always ambitious. The kind of woman who knew how to bend power in her favor. But now?

Now, power had been redefined.

It wasn't in the mayor's office anymore. It wasn't in the polished boardrooms where deals were made, where whispers decided policy before the public ever heard a word. No. It was standing over them, blocking out the sun, watching them squirm with the casual indifference of a goddess observing insects.

And Elaine had never felt so small in her life.

Her throat was dry, her heartbeat a frantic hammering against her ribs. She knew what she had to say. She knew the National Guard was coming. And she knew what it would mean.

They had seen Cassandra unstoppable, had watched rockets explode harmlessly against her flawless skin, had heard the gut-wrenching sound of the police chief's body

bursting like a fruit between her fingers. The idea of conventional weapons stopping this—this unrelenting, unstoppable, goddess-like force—was laughable.

If she was attacked, the city would suffer the consequences. She had no doubts that the giant woman's threats were genuine.

She hesitated. It was hard not to feel like a traitor. But she knew what would happen to the city, to its people, if the colossal woman was challenged again. She opened her mouth, hesitated, then forced herself to speak.

"The National Guard," she managed, her voice thinner than she wanted. "They're… they're preparing to attack you."

Cassandra's expression twitched.

And then—before she even had time to process the shift in the air, before she could recoil, before she could regret speaking—the world around her erupted in movement.

A shadow fell over her.

A rush of air, an immense, unstoppable force, and then pressure—not painful, but inescapable, unyielding, as giant fingers closed around her.

Her breath hitched, her entire body squeezed inward as she felt herself being plucked from the ground like nothing more than a weightless object. The grip wasn't cruel, not yet, but it left no room for resistance. It was casual, practiced, inevitable.

Then—ascension.

The city fell away, the plaza shrinking into something small, insignificant, a scattered mess of tiny figures staring up in horror as she rose higher and higher, her stomach twisting from the sheer, unnatural speed of it. The wind rushed past her, cool against her skin, her limbs dangling uselessly, weightless in the grasp of something so much larger than her.

Her body jerked to a sudden stop, and then—Cassandra's face.

A wall of flesh, of beauty, of raw, terrifying power.

The size of her, the impossibly vast eyes, the slight, curved smirk that looked both amused and utterly dismissive, the way her breath alone sent warm gusts over her tiny, fragile body—it was overwhelming in a way that made her head spin.

Elaine had always been ambitious. She had always thought that power was the great equalizer, that if you were smart enough, ruthless enough, determined enough, you could rise above anyone.

She had been wrong.

There was no rising above this.

She barely registered Cassandra's words, didn't even have time to process them before the pressure around her shifted—and she was falling.

For a split second, panic seized her—but she didn't fall far. Instead, she rolled forward, tumbling onto a warm, expansive surface, her body landing in a heap against impossibly soft, heated skin.

Cassandra's palm.

Elaine gasped, struggling to push herself upright, feeling the strange, alien texture of Cassandra's skin beneath her, the impossible firmness of the muscle beneath the deceptive softness. Every tiny shift, every minute movement of the monstrous hand she now lay upon sent ripples of force through her.

She scrambled, trying to right herself, to find some position where she could look up, where she could see the massive, all-consuming presence that had become her entire world. But no matter what angle she turned, Cassandra was still there, still looming, still watching her like some curious, indifferent deity.

And then—the ground tilted again.

She yelped as motion took over, the sheer disorienting speed of it making her dizzy, weightless for a moment as the massive woman simply stood up again, taking her entire world with her.

A fresh wave of vertigo hit, her stomach dropping, her mind struggling to reconcile the sheer, unnatural movement.

Cassandra chuckled, the sound deep and indulgent, shaking through her like a vibration in the air itself.

"What, feeling a little dizzy?" Her voice was mocking, silk wrapped around steel. "Yeah. That's gonna keep happening."

Elaine tried to steady herself, her pulse still hammering, her breath still shallow.

This was insane.

And yet, somewhere, beneath the fear, beneath the sheer overwhelming weight of Cassandra's presence, there was something else.

Something that terrified her even more.

A whisper of fascination.

Elaine could feel the shift in Cassandra's grip—or rather, the lack of it. The massive hand beneath her had gone still, the subtle tremors of movement easing as if the giantess was letting her settle in, giving her time to realize exactly where she was. Not that it made it any easier. There was no adjusting to this. No preparing for it. She was

sitting in the center of a palm that was bigger than the damned council chambers, resting on living, breathing flesh that radiated an unsettling warmth.

And then—that voice again.

A deep, resonant force, not just sound but presence, an unavoidable reality, a weight in the air that pressed against her bones.

“The National Guard,” Cassandra said, smooth, expectant, completely indifferent to the panic she caused. “Tell me.”

Elaine forced herself to breathe, tried to swallow the knot of fear in her throat. She had to answer.

“They’re—” her voice cracked. Shit. She cleared her throat and tried again. “They’re preparing. The mayor was desperate, pushing them to move faster.”

Cassandra hummed—a low, considering sound that vibrated beneath Elaine’s feet, making her stomach twist again.

“How fast?”

Elaine hesitated, then forced out the words.

“They wanted overwhelming force. They couldn’t just throw a few tanks at you and hope for the best,” she admitted, the absurdity of those words hitting her even as she said them. “They needed time to get everything in place.”

Cassandra didn’t respond immediately. Elaine’s chest tightened as the silence stretched, heavy and suffocating. It was like waiting for a god to render judgment.

“How long?” Cassandra finally asked, voice even, too calm.

Elaine licked her lips. She could still hear the conversations in the council chamber, the frantic whispers, the growing desperation as the reports came in of Cassandra’s unstoppable destruction. It was chaos.

“At least… a couple more hours,” she guessed, stomach tightening at the way Cassandra’s eyes narrowed slightly.

Another silence.

It was unbearable.

Elaine had to say something, had to offer something.

“You could stop them,” she blurted. “Make a threat. Force them to reconsider. The city—if they fight you here, it’ll be a disaster.”

Cassandra considered it. For a moment, Elaine dared to hope.

Then—

“No.”

The word dropped like a guillotine, final and absolute.

Elaine stared, her breath catching.

“No?” she echoed, stupidly, because it was all she could say.

Cassandra’s gaze flicked back to her, cool and unimpressed.

“Where are they?”

Elaine’s brain scrambled to keep up, to adjust, to make sense of the fact that Cassandra was ignoring the obvious solution.

“I—” she started, then caught herself, exhaling a slow, controlled breath before forcing the words out. “I overheard talk about Fort Peck.”

Cassandra tilted her head slightly, her expression unreadable.

Elaine pressed on, her mind racing. She had to make her listen.

“I could talk them down,” she insisted, trying to push confidence into her voice. “The right pressure, the right threat—”

“No,” Cassandra interrupted, sharper this time.

Elaine’s pulse spiked.

Cassandra shifted her weight slightly, sending a ripple through the massive hand beneath her. Casual. Dismissive. Not even considering the alternative.

“One thing I’ve learned in my career,” Cassandra mused, voice smooth, cutting, “is that you don’t procrastinate problems.”

Elaine’s stomach dropped.

Cassandra’s smirk sharpened.

“You tackle them right away.”

RISK MITIGATION

General Marcus Holloway had seen war. He had seen men break under pressure, seen them rally, seen the best and worst of humanity in the field of battle. But he had never seen *this*.

He stood at the heart of Fort Peck's command center, a mobile HQ set up on the eastern perimeter of the base, overlooking a vast sprawl of military hardware being hastily positioned for combat. Hundreds of troops scrambled across the field, shouting orders, loading artillery, fueling up armored vehicles. The air hummed with the relentless thrum of helicopter blades as Black Hawks and Apaches prepped for takeoff, their rotors kicking up a storm of dust in the midday heat. Convoys of missile trucks lined the southern edge, their payloads already locked and ready. Abrams tanks rolled into place, their turrets pivoting toward the city in the distance, awaiting the inevitable confrontation.

It was the largest rapid deployment the National Guard had ever attempted. And yet, Holloway wasn't sure it would be enough.

"Faster!" he barked, his grizzled voice cutting through the chaos. "I want every single one of those launchers in position *now*. I don't care if the men are tired—*move*!"

His command was met with frantic activity as soldiers doubled their efforts. They knew what they were facing. Every screen in the command tent had been broadcasting the horror unfolding in the city—live feeds of streets reduced to canyons of debris, of buildings crumbling like sandcastles, of entire police units wiped out like insects. The *thing* responsible was no mindless kaiju, no rampaging beast.

She was *aware*.

Cassandra Steele.

Her name was whispered like a curse among the ranks, but Holloway refused to let his men break before the fight even began.

A bead of sweat slid down his temple as he turned to his second-in-command, Colonel Ryan Burke. Burke was younger, sharp as hell, and in charge of coordinating the air assault. He had a stiff posture, the kind of man who ran on protocol and precision. Right now, even *he* looked rattled.

"Give me an ETA on the air support," Holloway ordered.

"Fifteen minutes, sir," Burke said, eyes scanning a field report on his tablet. "We have three squadrons inbound. The first wave of F-35s will be loaded with bunker busters, and the A-10s will follow with depleted uranium rounds. Ground forces will engage once she's slowed—"

"She won’t slow," Holloway interrupted. "She hasn’t slowed for *anything* so far."

Burke pressed his lips together but didn’t argue. Holloway exhaled through his nose, rubbing his jaw.

"Then we hit her with everything at once," he said.

The colonel gave a firm nod. "Understood."

Just then, a lieutenant sprinted toward them, nearly tripping over his own feet. The young man—Harris, a communications officer—was pale, drenched in sweat. His breath hitched as he stumbled to a stop in front of Holloway.

"Sir—*General*—" he gasped, hands shaking as he clutched a radio. "She’s—*she’s coming*."

The words sent a ripple of silence through the immediate vicinity.

Holloway turned slowly. "What?"

Harris swallowed thickly, nodding toward the city skyline, visible beyond the distant tree line. "We—we just got confirmation from Eye 1. She’s—she’s approaching the river. She’s heading *straight for us*."

A heartbeat passed. Then—

Thoom.

It was distant. Deep.

A vibration that rattled in Holloway’s ribcage.

Thoom.

The ground trembled beneath their feet.

Soldiers stopped mid-task, heads snapping toward the city. A deep, rolling pressure filled the air, like the weight of a coming storm. Holloway clenched his fists, feeling the first *real* wave of dread since this operation had begun.

Thoom.

Now, it was unmistakable.

It wasn’t artillery. It wasn’t an explosion.

It was footsteps.

The tremors grew stronger, rhythmic, a steady drumbeat of impossible weight shaking the very bones of the earth. Equipment rattled. Stacks of ammunition clinked violently against each other. A coffee mug in the command tent tipped over, shattering against the ground.

Then, the distant treeline—barely visible beyond the perimeter—began to shift.

Leaves shuddered.

Birds took to the sky in frantic swarms.

And then—*snap*.

A thick oak tree bent, cracked, and vanished.

And beyond it, rising above the canopy, was *her*.

A monstrous silhouette against the horizon.

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Cassandra strode forward, her towering form closing the distance to the military base in mere minutes, each step an earthquake, each movement a force of nature. The earth beneath her feet trembled violently, sending cracks skittering across roads. Trees bent and snapped under the sheer force of her wake, their roots ripped from the ground, leaves sent spiraling into the air. The world quaked as she approached, announcing her presence long before she ever arrived.

From her vantage, she could see the feverish scramble of activity within the base's perimeter. Tiny figures—hundreds, *thousands*—scattered like ants, racing to their positions, barking into radios, climbing into their little machines of war. Tanks, trucks, missile launchers, helicopters—she took it all in, the sheer scale of the force assembled before her.

It was all for her.

The thought sent a shiver of pleasure through her.

She slowed as she neared the outermost defenses, finally stopping at the very edge of the military installation, her colossal feet flattening the perimeter fencing like cheap tinfoil. Hands on her hips, she tilted her head, letting the moment settle, her smirk widening as she took in the chaos. They weren't ready. Not even close.

She allowed them a few seconds to soak in the sight of her.

Then, her voice rolled through the base like a storm, smooth, commanding, dripping with amusement.

"Heard you were looking for me," she mused, her tone playful, almost teasing. "Figured I'd save you the trouble and drop by."

Her smirk widened as she swept her gaze across the scrambling soldiers, the tiny, frantic men scurrying beneath her, so desperately trying to mount a defense. It was laughable.

"All this," she continued, gesturing lazily at the mass of troops and hardware. "For *me*? I have to admit, I'm flattered." She chuckled, the sound rolling through them like distant thunder. "You boys really know how to make a girl feel special."

Her words sent ripples through the ranks, a mixture of frozen hesitation and frantic movement. She could hear the shouts, the desperate radio transmissions, see the last-minute adjustments as they tried—*tried*—to get everything in position.

Too little, too late.

She had made the right call coming here. *Always* land the first punch.

Then, amidst the chaos, some of the more trigger-happy ones decided to make the first move.

The staccato crack of gunfire rang out—a pathetic, meaningless gesture. She barely registered the tiny pinpricks against her skin. Annoying. Like someone flicking grains of sand at a freight train.

Then came the real greeting.

A few scattered trails of smoke streaked through the air, tiny lines carving upward toward her chest before—

Boom.

The explosions lit up her body in bursts of fiery orange, briefly illuminating the flawless swell of her breasts.

Cassandra exhaled sharply, her smirk fading into a slow, unimpressed blink.

Then, she tilted her head, arms still lazily resting on her hips, her expression shifting into something between irritation and amusement.

"Really?" she said flatly, dusting off a few specks of charred residue from her chest with her fingertips. "You *do* realize those barely tickle, right?"

She let her gaze drift downward, toward the sources of the attack, watching the tiny specks of soldiers scurrying for cover, reloading, readying more firepower.

Her smirk returned, colder this time.

"And what is it with you little shits and my tits?" she continued, raising an eyebrow. "Is this some kind of fixation? I mean, I *get* it, they're spectacular, but I don't think I've gone five minutes without someone trying to blast them."

She sighed, shaking her head, her expression one of exaggerated disappointment.

"I was *trying* to be nice," she mused, her voice dropping to something almost sultry, teasing. "But I guess some of you just *insist* on making this difficult."

She took her first step into the base, planting her foot deliberately into a dense cluster of soldiers. A satisfying *crunch* erupted beneath her sole, a mix of metal, flesh, and pavement compressed into nothing. Dozens—no, *hundreds*—erased in an instant. The ripple of devastation spread outward, sending nearby troops sprawling from the force of impact alone.

She smirked. "Cute lineup," she mused, lifting her foot again. "Shame it's about as effective as a speed bump."

More gunfire. More flashes of light. More pointless resistance.

She stepped forward again, this time bringing her weight down onto a convoy of transport trucks trying to reposition. The heavy-duty vehicles, designed to endure battlefield conditions, were as fragile as matchsticks beneath her. Their reinforced steel frames crumpled like aluminum foil, tires bursting, fuel igniting in small, pathetic pops.

The soldiers still standing were beginning to break now, scattering in all directions.

And yet, the little pests still hadn't learned.

Another wave of missile trails streaked toward her, fired in panicked desperation. She barely reacted, barely felt the pitiful *thuds* as they made contact. Annoying. If anything, they were just *reminding* her to deal with them.

Cassandra exhaled sharply, shaking her head as she pivoted, setting her sights on the missile launchers at the far end of the base.

"Oh, *this* is where you're hiding," she said, her tone mocking. "You really should've thought this through."

She took two steps, each one demolishing anything in her path—humvees, barricades, scattered groups of infantry who weren't quick enough to scramble away. The launch crews were still reloading, scrambling to lock onto her again. *Pathetic.* She could already see the hesitation creeping into their movements, the way their hands shook as they tried to maintain some illusion of control.

She smirked, then lifted her foot and *dropped* it.

The impact shattered the missile platforms instantly, launching debris skyward, flipping nearby trucks, sending tiny bodies flying. A wave of heat from secondary explosions licked at her ankles, harmless, insignificant. The rest of the launchers followed in quick succession, stomped out like a bad habit.

She pouted dramatically. "Aww. No more fireworks?"

There were still some tanks left.

She felt them before she saw them—tiny, rhythmic *thumps* against her legs. Annoying little *mosquito bites*.

Cassandra turned toward them, her smirk sharpening as she advanced. The line of armored vehicles had finally repositioned, their turrets swiveling to track her movements. She didn't slow.

Two steps, and the front row of tanks ceased to exist. The reinforced armor meant *nothing* under her weight, their treads snapping like twigs, bodies liquefied inside their cockpits before they could even attempt to bail out.

Satisfied, she crouched slightly, reaching down toward another one still firing, still trying to *do* something. She pressed her fingers around its tiny, pathetic form, lifting it effortlessly between her thumb and index finger.

She raised it to her face, grinning as she rotated it slightly, letting its barrel aim toward her cheek, her lips, her towering frame. It fired—of course it fired. The shell bounced off her skin, useless, barely even worth noticing.

Cassandra laughed, giving the tank a small *shake*, hearing the frantic screams inside. "You really think this little toy is gonna do something?"

She turned it over between her fingers, tilting her head slightly as if examining a fragile trinket. Then, slowly, deliberately, she pressed her fingers together.

The reinforced hull resisted—briefly. Then it buckled.

The metal groaned, crunched, collapsed inward. The pressure built as she squeezed, her smirk widening as she *felt* the structure compress, felt the machinery snap, felt the bodies inside turn to paste.

Then—*boom.*

The stored ammunition detonated, a tiny, satisfying pop between her fingertips.

Cassandra chuckled, rolling her shoulders. "And *that's* why you don't bring a fucking toy tank to a fight with a goddess."

Cassandra's piercing gaze tracked the swarm of Apaches lifting off, their rotors slicing the air in a frantic rush to gain altitude. A smirk tugged at her lips. They actually thought they were going to get a proper engagement in.

She took a single, purposeful step forward, her massive frame cutting through the sky as she swung her arm in a broad, effortless arc. The back of her hand met the first cluster of helicopters mid-ascent, and the sheer force sent them pinwheeling through the air like battered toys. Some crumpled instantly on impact, their fragile frames folding in on themselves before erupting into brilliant orange fireballs. Others spiraled helplessly, pilots losing control before smashing into the ground, detonating like overripe fruit.

“Seriously?” she mused, shaking out her fingers, watching the flaming wreckage tumble. “This is what they’re betting on?”

More choppers climbed higher, desperate to get above her reach. Smart. She rolled her shoulders, exhaling sharply before striding across the base, her bare foot flattening another cluster of grounded aircraft. Metal groaned and collapsed like brittle tin foil beneath her sole, sending secondary explosions rippling through the air. She let out a low chuckle, the sound vibrating through the entire base.

“Come on now,” she chided, mock disappointment lacing her voice. “You go through all this trouble to fly, and then you don’t even use it to get the hell away?”

Another swat—this time, a diagonal sweep that sent a second wave of Apaches crumpling into a fiery oblivion. Smoke trailed from their shattered husks as they plummeted, their spinning blades snapping apart on impact. Cassandra tilted her head, watching the wreckage with mild satisfaction.

Then came the counterattack.

The remaining helicopters had regrouped, arcing in formation, and now came streaks of smoke—the telltale signs of anti-tank missiles cutting through the sky. Cassandra barely had a second to react before they connected. A half-dozen explosions burst against her chest and shoulders, the heat licking at her skin, the force sending minor ripples of sensation through her body.

She stopped. Blinked. Then frowned.

“Okay,” she muttered, rolling her neck, flexing her fingers. “That one I felt.”

She swung, trying to swat the nimble little fucks out of the sky, but they weaved and dipped, frustratingly quick, darting out of range. She huffed, exhaling sharply. Fine. If she couldn’t reach them, she’d get creative.

Her eyes flicked downward, spotting a cluster of scrambling soldiers. A slow, wicked smile stretched across her lips.

Before they even had time to register what was happening, she crouched, scooping up a handful of them in one careless swipe. They screamed, writhing in her grip, their tiny, panicked limbs flailing. Cassandra didn’t bother acknowledging them beyond an idle glance—her focus was already back on the airborne nuisances buzzing around her like oversized hornets.

With a sharp flick of her wrist, she *threw* them.

The soldiers barely had time to process what was happening before they were airborne, catapulting toward the choppers like a grotesque volley of human projectiles. The first impact was instant—a sickening splash of crimson as a body collided with a rotor, turning it into a fine mist. Another slammed into the cockpit windshield, cracking the glass in a gruesome spatter before sending the aircraft into a smoking death spiral.

The pilots barely had time to eject before Cassandra's fist drove through the wreckage, obliterating what remained in a fiery explosion mid-air.

She squinted at the last helicopter, the lone survivor, watching as it hesitated—just for a moment—before peeling away, retreating toward the horizon.

Cassandra smirked, setting a hand on her hip, watching its shrinking form for a beat.

"Yeah," she called after it, her voice rolling across the base like a storm. "You run. Smartest thing any of you have done today."

Cassandra let her gaze sweep across the wreckage, taking in the battered remnants of what had once been an organized, disciplined military force. Now? It was a graveyard. Twisted metal, scattered bodies, smoking wrecks.

They were finished.

And yet, there were still *so many* of them. Scurrying. Running. *Living.*

A slow smirk curled across her lips. No. That wouldn't do.

She had spent her entire career following a simple principle—when you had your enemy down, you didn't let them crawl away. You didn't let them *recover.* You *crushed them.* Completely. Decisively.

Her body moved before she fully realized it, dropping to her knees in the middle of a frantic mass of fleeing soldiers. The impact alone was catastrophic—her weight slamming into the earth with an earsplitting boom, the ground beneath her cracking and sinking slightly under the sheer force of it. The ones directly beneath her were gone, obliterated in an instant, their armor and bodies flattened against the dirt like insects. The shockwave sent others sprawling, knocking them off their feet, disorienting them in the worst possible way—because now, they were *still* in her reach.

Cassandra let out a breathy chuckle as she planted her hands down next. Another crunch, another wave of death. She let her fingers curl slightly, feeling the tiny, pathetic struggles beneath her palms, the delicate, fragile bodies crushed into nothing with the simplest shift of pressure.

"Pathetic," she mused, tilting her head, watching the few still trying to scramble away. "You had tanks. Choppers. Missiles. A whole fucking *army.* And *this* is how you go out?"

Her fingers flexed, and another dozen soldiers disappeared, reduced to little more than stains in the dirt.

It wasn't enough.

With a wicked glint in her eye, she lifted one hand and *slammed* it down, palm first, into the largest cluster of survivors she could see. The impact was deafening—bodies crumpling, bones shattering, helmets buckling inward with wet, grotesque finality. She lifted her hand again, smirking at the deep, bloody imprint left behind.

Then, she did it again.

And again.

Crawling now, she advanced across the base, her towering frame looming over the last remnants of resistance. Every movement was deliberate, methodical—one hand crushing, the other sweeping, her knees and feet obliterating everything unlucky enough to be caught in their shadow. The base had been big enough to give her plenty of playground, but now? Now it was *hers.*

Some of the smarter ones had given up on running and tried to take cover instead, diving into armored vehicles, huddling inside APCs, hoping—*praying*—that steel would do what their weapons hadn't.

Cassandra scoffed. *Idiots.*

She reached for the nearest one, her fingers curling around its reinforced frame, feeling the pathetic resistance as it strained against her grip. A quick squeeze, and it crumpled like a soda can, the armor giving way with a tortured screech, the men inside turned to paste before they could even scream.

She did it again. And again.

Truck. Crush. Another. Crush.

The world inside her grip was so *pathetically* fragile.

Her amusement deepened as she swung her arm through a smaller auxiliary building, the structure offering barely a second of resistance before her sheer mass obliterated it. Concrete splintered, steel twisted, the debris cascading like dust as she turned her attention to another group of soldiers frozen in terror at the destruction she had just casually inflicted.

She grinned.

"Well, don't just *stand* there," she cooed, reaching down, scooping them up by the handful. "You're soldiers, right? *Do something.*"

Their screams were lost as she lifted them effortlessly, tilting her palm to examine the pitiful cluster of bodies trembling in her grasp. Two dozen? Three? They barely filled half her hand.

She curled her fingers inward slightly, watching as the tiny mass of humanity cowered, some trying to scramble away, some begging, some completely frozen in sheer, unadulterated terror.

"You really should've stayed home," she mused, tightening her grip slightly, *just* enough for the pressure to register, to send them into a fresh frenzy of panic. "You *should* have stayed the fuck out of my way."

And then she closed her fist.

The wet crunch was visceral. *Loud.* Flesh burst, bones snapped, viscera oozed between her fingers, slick and warm. A few lucky ones had been at the edges, half-crushed instead of *fully* obliterated. Not for long. A final, dismissive squeeze ended their struggles, leaving nothing behind but a dripping mess of crimson.

She let the remnants smear against her palm for a second before wiping it off on the rubble, exhaling contentedly.

God, this felt good.

Cassandra barely had time to process the sound. A sharp, descending *whistle,* cutting through the air, high above her. And then—impact.

A force slammed into her back, not just one, but *multiple* explosions in rapid succession. The impact threw her forward, stealing the breath from her lungs, a rare and startling sensation. For the first time since her transformation, she *felt* something. Not just a tickle, not an annoyance, but an actual *hit.* Her massive body lurched, momentum carrying her down, and she crashed, hard, her stomach and tits slamming into the earth.

Something crunched beneath her. *Someone.*

Many, actually.

The sensation was oddly distinct—bodies reduced to nothing under the sheer, overwhelming weight of her breasts. She had flattened thousands under her feet, under her hands, under her knees, but this was different. The soft, heavy swells of her tits sinking down, obliterating dozens of tiny, squirming lives beneath them, molding around the ruined ground—it was... curious. And it would have been *exhilarating* if she weren't so *fucking pissed.*

A growl rumbled in her throat as she pushed herself back up, palms digging into the shattered terrain, fingers curling into the rubble. She inhaled sharply, rolling her shoulders, testing herself. Her back ached from the impact. Her lungs burned from the sudden loss of air. But there was no blood. No broken skin.

She *was* bruised. But she *wasn't* harmed.

That realization settled, and with it, a slow, bubbling rage.

They *hit* her.

They *hurt* her.

Her fingers twitched as she reached back, tracing along the spot where the blasts had landed, feeling the warmth still lingering in her skin. No real damage. No real harm. But they had tried. And for the first time, the thought *occurred* to her—she wasn't completely invulnerable.

Her smirk returned, cold and razor-sharp, as she got back to her feet.

And if she wasn't invulnerable, then that meant she had a *line.*

And she was going to make damn sure *no one* got close to it again.

Another whistle. She snapped her gaze upward this time, catching sight of the sleek, dark forms cutting across the sky. Jets. The missiles were incoming again, and now that she was *ready,* she *moved.*

A single, powerful step to the side. The explosions hit the ground where she had just been, a fiery burst of smoke and debris. Her lips curled in a snarl as she locked onto the retreating aircraft, her narrowed eyes filled with pure, murderous intent.

Her gaze flicked downward, to the pathetic little stragglers still scrambling across the ruined base.

She inhaled deeply, slow and measured, before exhaling, voice cutting across the battlefield like a seismic tremor.

"You *little* shits."

The soldiers froze.

"You *really* don't fucking learn, do you?" Her voice was dripping with venom, each syllable laced with seething, simmering rage. "I mean, look at you." She swept her foot forward, punting a transport truck like a toy, sending it careening through the remains of a barracks, the explosion lighting up the darkening sky.

"All of *this.*" She gestured broadly at the base—at the wreckage, the bodies, the vehicles torn apart like scrap metal. "Your big *fucking* plan." Her expression twisted into something cruel. "And you still think *this* is gonna do shit?"

A fresh wave of blind, unfiltered fury coursed through her.

She *threw* herself back into the carnage.

Her foot crashed down, obliterating another cluster of soldiers who were too slow to run. Their desperate, pitiful screams cut off in an instant, buried beneath the wet crunch of their bodies caving under her sole.

She *stomped* again, tearing through another squad trying to regroup, grinding them into the dirt.

"You *hit* me?" she snarled, sweeping her foot through the remains of a reinforced building, sending concrete and steel flying, crushing the few who had tried to take cover inside. "You *fucking*—" she dropped her foot into the ground, crushing more beneath her weight, "*—HIT ME?!*"

A group of survivors had been trying to make a desperate sprint for the treeline, their tiny, frail bodies silhouetted against the burning wreckage. Cassandra sneered, taking a single step to cut off their path. The shadow of her foot eclipsed them.

"*No.*"

She stepped down.

The ground trembled. The trees shook. The screams didn't even have time to register before they were *gone.*

And still, *still,* she *wasn't done.*

Her fists clenched. She needed to hit *something,* needed to *break* something—so she swung her arm downward, *slamming* her fist into the last remaining vehicles in her reach. The impact sent shrapnel in every direction, a fiery, obliterating shockwave ripping through the remnants of the base.

She exhaled heavily, standing amidst the devastation, her chest rising and falling in slow, steady waves.

The base was *gone.*

The soldiers were *gone.*

The battle was *over.*

And she had *won.*

She inhaled again, rolling her shoulders, a slow, satisfied smirk creeping back onto her lips.

"Fucking *finally.*"

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The war room was silent but for the soft whir of screens and the low mutter of analysts reading telemetry aloud to themselves. General Marcus Delaney stood at the center, arms folded, jaw tight, the harsh blue light from the satellite feed casting shadows across his weathered face. The walls were a grid of displays—infrared, thermal, ground intel, last-known troop locations—but every screen showed the same thing in the end:

Nothing.

Fort Pegg was gone.

"Get me Holloway," Delaney said without turning.

A major at the console flinched. “Sir… we’ve tried. There’s no contact with Fort Pegg.”

Delaney finally looked over, one brow rising.

The major swallowed. “Nothing from command. No comms from the CIC, no beacon pings. We’re picking up *residual* radio—scattered stuff. A chopper fled north. A few APCs made it out. We have voice confirmation from the pilots who flew the last sortie—the F-35s. That’s it. Everything else is…”

“Say it,” Delaney ordered.

The major took a breath. “Gone, sir. Everyone’s gone.”

The general stared at the screen again. The latest satellite shot refreshed with a soft chime. The base perimeter was barely distinguishable—like the scar of a wound too deep to heal. Where fortified walls and armored regiments had once stood was now a flattened stretch of blackened terrain, scoured clean in a way no bomb could explain. The surrounding forest was simply *missing*, as if scraped off the planet. Roads were trenches. Barracks were shadows.

Delaney’s voice was quiet. “Pull the battle data. I want every angle. Surveillance, drone feeds, targeting cams. Replay it.”

“Yes sir.”

The screens shifted. Grainy footage began to populate the wall—tank POVs, static cams from the base, drones circling her like flies. Cassandra. Walking slowly. Then faster. Then amidst them.

The room darkened, the footage looping across angles as she tore through their lines. Vehicles exploding under her feet, soldiers screaming, trying to fall back. She strode through them like they weren’t even there. A few missiles hit. A few. Some went wide. She didn’t dodge—she didn’t need to.

“Rewind. That airstrike,” Delaney snapped. “The F-35s. Show me.”

Two clips played. From the pilot’s HUD: crosshairs, target locked, scream of engines, four missiles cut through the clouds toward her back. A plume of fire and metal—

Cassandra stumbled. Her face tightened. Her hand clutched at her side, her hip. She grunted. Not much—but *real*. Then, impossibly, she let out a moan, fingers pressing into her skin like a bruise she was savoring.

Delaney’s jaw tightened.

“Again. Zoom. That frame. Right there—freeze it. Jesus.”

A small purple blotch, already fading, shimmered across her back.

“She’s not invulnerable,” Delaney said, mostly to himself. “She’s not a god. She’s just—too fucking big.”

No one spoke.

He turned sharply. “We need to find something *bigger* to hit her with. Connect me to General Albright. Get him out of wherever he is.”

One of the aides began scrambling at the terminal.

Another entered at a half-run, breathless. “Sir! We’ve recovered something. From the city. A survivor—possibly more than that. It’s… it’s someone she was *looking* for.”

Delaney turned. “Who?”

“We’re not sure yet. Civilian, male. Medical background. But the intel team says she *wanted* him.”

The general’s eyes narrowed. For the first time in the hour, something flickered behind them that wasn’t despair.

“Get him in here,” Delaney said. “Now.”

Corrective Action

Marcy had been sitting in the driver's seat for over five hours, but it felt like her body had aged five years. Her legs were cramped, her lips dry, and her head throbbed from the mix of caffeine and panic looping in her bloodstream. Around her, the highway was frozen in an endless, metallic snarl—SUVs, trucks, minivans, hybrids, all jammed into six useless lanes of gridlocked, motionless desperation.

She'd known she had to get out when the first videos started leaking. Not the news reports—those were slow, sanitized. The real horror came in the raw clips: the ground-level footage from smartphones, the overhead drone streams before the signal cut, the unfiltered sound of that woman's voice rumbling through the city like God had developed a corporate memo fetish.

Cassandra.

A name like a whisper and a threat. A woman who had risen out of nowhere—or maybe out of everywhere. Beautiful in a way that didn't make sense at that scale, with a voice that made your spine straighten even if you were hiding under a desk. A woman who, by all reports, had flattened buildings, crushed countless people under her heel, and sauntered through missile strikes without even smudging her lipstick.

Marcy had left her apartment with a backpack, a cold brew, and blind hope. But the highways had collapsed under the pressure—literal and figurative. Exit ramps were mangled. Bridges had been turned to splinters. No one had planned for *this*. No one could.

The radio had turned into a haunted thing hours ago. First were the official broadcasts, the evacuation orders, the promises of military containment. Then the confusion. Then the silence. Now, the only thing left were clips people streamed from their phones. Screams. Laughter—*hers*. The wet crunch of steel folding. The sound of a woman walking across a civilization like it was a sandbox.

And now…

Thud.

Marcy's coffee cup trembled. The surface rippled once, then stilled.

Thud.

The ripples returned—wider this time. A beat. A warning.

She sat bolt upright, hand frozen around the steering wheel, eyes scanning the jam of cars ahead. Someone honked—a short, panicked blare. Then another. A door flung open. Another followed. People were starting to pour out of their cars, no longer worried about traffic etiquette or even where to go. They just *knew*.

Thud… Thud…

The entire road shivered beneath her. Marcy could feel the asphalt thumping against her spine through the seat. She didn't need to look. She *didn't want* to look. But she turned anyway.

At first, she thought it was a trick of heat or smoke. The air shimmered. But then the shimmer resolved into shape. Legs. A torso. That face.

Cassandra rose above the distant treeline like a punishment sculpted by a vengeful goddess. Her skin gleamed faintly, dusted with the faint ash of her last battlefield. Her body moved with that sensual, terrifying grace Marcy had seen in videos, but her face—God, her face—was something else now. Anger. Displeasure. The expression of a divine supervisor returning from a failed audit and ready to start firing people with her *feet*.

THUD.

Cassandra's heel landed on the far end of the highway, sending half a dozen cars flying like toys. People screamed. Doors opened. Someone fell. Marcy fumbled at her seatbelt.

THUD–CRUNCH.

The giant woman's next step was closer, crueler. A line of vehicles vanished beneath the thick arch of her foot, the sound of twisting metal like God chewing on a junkyard.

Marcy screamed.

She tore the seatbelt free, flung her door open, and stumbled out. Others were already running. Some sprinted along the divider. Some just stood in shock, staring up at the approaching titaness like she was a meteor with lipstick.

THUD.

Marcy ran.

THUD.

The tremor almost threw her off her feet. She didn't dare look back.

THUD–CRUNCH.

Another car—maybe five—died behind her. The goddess was gaining.

And she was pissed.

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She should have been pleased.

No—she *should* have been triumphant. Smug. Gleaming. Her plan had worked with obscene precision: find the military before they got ready, then obliterate them like a child kicking over a sandcastle. She'd crushed them before they could even finish setting their formation. Columns of tanks, battalions of hardened men, aircraft with payloads worth millions—all leveled in under an hour. *That* should have been exhilarating.

And yet, as Cassandra walked the long road back toward the city skyline, framed in the orangy tones of the late afternoon, her expression was far from pleased.

Her fingers ghosted along her lower back, drifting to the curve just above her right kidney. The ache had dulled, but it was still *there*. Not sharp. Not deep. But *real*. Something had hit her. Hurt her. Even if it didn't break her skin, even if her body had long since smoothed over the force, the memory lingered.

She didn't like memories that lingered.

"What the hell did they fire at me," she muttered under her breath, eyes narrowing at the thought. The tanks had been noisy but weightless. Their shells had popped against her thighs like soap bubbles, barely scalding the surface. The mobile launchers had more bite, but even those hadn't made her stumble. That *last one* though… that had been different. The missiles from the fighter jets. Something they saved for bunkers, probably. Or gods.

"Fucking cowards," she hissed. "Couldn't win, so they took their best shot and ran."

Her tone didn't rise, but her pace did. Her footfalls grew heavier, her steps more deliberate. The ground flinched beneath her. Miles ahead, the outskirts of the city came into view again—familiar, shrunken. Her city. Her *project*.

Then she saw the highway.

A thick, twitching artery of steel and glass, clogged with cars. Parked. Idle. Going nowhere. A stretch of frantic stasis. It took her half a second to register it for what it was—an exodus. Civilians, packed to the edge of their sanity, trying to flee.

Her brow twitched.

Of course they were trying to flee. *Anyone* would try to run after seeing what she'd done.

But then… her memory clicked.

She had ordered otherwise.

Cassandra's eyes narrowed as she halted mid-step, causing a faint shockwave that sent trees rustling and birds fleeing.

“I told them to *stay*,” she said aloud, voice low, sharp with disbelief. “I told them the exits were to be closed. I *commanded* the police to seal the roads. What the fuck is this?”

She leaned forward slightly, scanning the gridlock. Some of the cars were empty—already abandoned. Others still housed people frozen in place, staring up in disbelief. She saw them move. She saw them *run*.

So that’s how it is.

Her jaw tensed.

They’d fled the moment she turned her back. Like scared children cheating during recess. Because they thought she couldn’t see them. Because her power was physical—her presence had to be *here* to matter. They thought if she wasn’t watching, her rule wasn’t real.

Cassandra’s eyes darkened as she began walking again, this time directly toward the highway.

It wasn’t the first time she’d faced this.

She knew what it meant when people pretended to obey and quietly refused. She knew the rot it bred, the fantasy it gave them—that maybe her rule wasn’t *total*, that maybe it could be negotiated with, dodged, bent in her absence. And she knew exactly how to respond.

Harshly.

She had killed tens of thousands already, more by circumstance than intent. But *this*? This would be different.

This would be willful.

This would be *educational*.

“Fine,” she murmured, her voice a velvet snarl as she crested the next hill, the full gridlock below laid bare. “If they want to see what happens when I *mean* it…”

She lifted her foot.

And meant it.

KRRRHHH-CRUNCH.

Her heel came down like a commandment.

Twelve vehicles vanished beneath the ball of her foot—minivans, SUVs, a delivery truck—all crushed into a single blackened imprint that tore through the surface of the highway. Steel folded, glass exploded, and rubber vaporized under the impossible weight. The footprint left behind wasn’t a dent—it was a trench. A ten-foot-deep basin

carved into the pavement, rimmed with smoldering debris and human remains barely worth identifying. A gouge across the escape route. The road was no longer a road.

She pivoted on that foot, slowly, hips swinging with serene menace as she turned to face the rest of the jammed interstate.

Then came the next step.

BOOM.

Another cluster of cars gone—flattened into a crushed mosaic of chrome and bone. A streak of fleeing pedestrians were caught in the outer ring, launched like ragdolls from the shockwave. She didn't slow. The heel of her other foot followed, precisely placed just ahead of the last, carving another impossible footprint into the ruins of the highway.

Cassandra walked with purpose now. Deliberate. Tight. Like a tightrope walker balancing between two ledges—but her balance was destruction. Her steps were surgical, spaced inches apart at her scale, each one annihilating another stretch of road, another block of panicked escapees. She was painting in annihilation. Not wastefully. Efficiently.

She could hear them now—screaming, pleading, honking in chaos. It didn't matter. They'd made their choice.

Two more steps. More carnage. The trench she was carving was now nearly continuous—a scar that stretched down the artery of the city's outer ring, a cordon of corpses and shattered engines. And still, she did not stop.

She lifted her voice—not to pause, not to explain, but to clarify.

"I told you to fucking stay," she called, her tone booming, clear, enraged—but controlled. Measured. A voice trained to command boardrooms now leveling entire neighborhoods.

Her next step buried a several more vehicles, scattering several passengers into a ditch.

"You think my orders are optional?" she asked, stepping again. "You think you get to choose when my rules apply?"

Another footprint—several more dead.

"You can be in my city…" she said, stepping once more, closer to the center of the snarl. Her foot passed within inches of a woman crawling from a wrecked windshield, only to land just ahead of her—crushing a fleeing man mid-sprint.

"…or you can cease to be."

She walked on.

Cassandra walked with slow, lethal purpose, her towering frame cutting a path of ruin through the gridlocked highway. Every step was deliberate. Every impact final.

KRRRRRHHHH-CHUNK.

A dozen more vehicles vanished beneath the unhurried fall of her bare sole. Tires burst. Glass erupted in crystalline sprays. The shockwave cracked the pavement outward like a spiderweb radiating from her heel. Tiny figures—people, survivors, runners—scattered from her path in clumsy, shrieking desperation, but they were no match for her stride.

She didn't look down. She didn't need to.

Her voice rolled forward, cold and scathing.

"I give one order," she said. *Step.* "Just one." *CRUNCH.* "And you *ignore* it?"

She advanced again, heel to toe, filling her own footprints as she carved a corridor of annihilation straight down the escape route.

"Was it hard to understand?" she continued. "Stay in the city. Stay *put*. Don't *run.* But no—"

BOOM.

A crowd had tried to funnel into a service lane between the shoulder and a rail guard. They vanished under the edge of her instep without a glance.

"—you think you get to decide what applies to you. That if I'm not standing right above you, my words don't *count.*"

Her eyes narrowed. Up ahead, the highway overpass loomed—clogged with bumper-to-bumper traffic, elevated above the ground, packed with even more tinies who thought they'd found a shortcut to safety.

Cassandra didn't slow.

Her thighs surged forward, her calves sweeping upward—and then, *impact*.

The structure shattered on contact.

Steel beams snapped like matchsticks, the concrete deck exploding as her leg scythed through it at mid-height. Vehicles were flung like debris in a tornado, spinning end over end, colliding midair, some catching fire before they even hit the ground. Dozens of bodies launched, vanished, folded into wreckage. The remaining sections of the overpass tilted, cracked, and came crashing down behind her like a collapsing bridge to nowhere.

She didn't turn to look.

"You really thought I was just going to let this *go*?" she said, voice sharpened to a hiss. "I leave the city for a couple hours and suddenly *everyone's a fucking anarchist?*"

CRUNCH. Another step, this time landing on a patch where survivors had abandoned their vehicles and tried to hide under them. The whole cluster vanished under the ball of her foot, their crushed bodies leaking into the seams of mangled steel.

Then, for variety—she kicked.

With a swift, sweep of her foot, Cassandra struck a tight cluster of cars—half a dozen vehicles at once caught by the broad, unyielding curve of her arch and the crushing slab of her toes. The impact wasn't precise; it was overwhelming. The vehicles didn't just fly—they *scattered*, tumbling forward in a chain of airborne destruction. A pickup disintegrated mid-spin, a sedan flipped end over end into an ambulance, and a city bus was knocked onto its side as the flung wreckage tore through it. The metal storm landed deep into the gridlock, crushing even more cars and bodies beneath it, completely sealing off a hundred yards of road in a tangled, flaming blockade.

She didn't even glance at the devastation.

She stepped forward again—another row of cars turned to sludge beneath her weight.

CRUNCH. CRUNCH.

"You want freedom?" she called out, her voice echoing over the wreckage. "You think freedom means ignoring me? Then take your freedom *six feet down.*"

She lifted her foot and slammed it down—half on a van, half on a fleeing couple. Gone.

She kept walking. Her shadow stretched impossibly long across the ruins, her every move punctuated by new screams, new losses, new proofs of what disobedience cost.

"You want to see what happens when I mean it?"

Another.

"*This* is what happens."

She walked on. Not slowing. Not swerving. Not merciful.

She had been at it for a while now. The rhythm of death no longer demanded her attention—it simply followed, inevitable as a shadow. Her footfalls had turned the highway into a jagged graveyard of steel and bone, the pavement itself surrendering beneath her stride. The flood of cars had long since thinned into scattered husks, the screams had become occasional, distant, and tired. What few still ran did so without hope, like ants in a scorched colony. Cassandra's expression never changed. She delivered her punishment calmly, efficiently, with the detachment of a woman filing overdue paperwork. This had become the corrective phase. The cleanup. The part where her will became geography.

Then, in the near distance, framed by smoke and the peach-toned glare of evening light, a familiar shape rose from the haze—a tower, glass-clad and fractured, gleaming like a cracked mirror in the sunrise. Her steps slowed. She recognized it at once. Her

building. The one she'd owned with her presence, her authority, her gaze across its boardroom table. Its sleek modernist silhouette was marred now, the top floors peeled open like a fruit under her fingernails, the mirrored facade spiderwebbed and warped by her earlier visit. She'd defaced it with flair—almost playfully—leaving it just ruined enough to serve as a reminder. And yet, even in ruin, it caught the sun like it mattered. That made her smile, briefly. A twitch of fondness. She could still recall the tiny silhouettes scampering inside, the delightful cocktail of horror and obedience as her fingers reached in and plucked their little roles apart.

But something pulled at her then. A tightness. A twitch. Not pain. Not exactly. It coiled at the base of her spine, a pressure she couldn't place, like the moment before a storm that hadn't quite formed. Her smile faded. The world hadn't done her the courtesy of explaining itself yet, and that was the part she hated most. Uncertainty. An absence where there should have been control. Without another thought, she turned from the wrecked artery of the highway and stepped directly toward the tower, her enormous frame slipping between buildings with practiced precision. She didn't care what else was in her way. Lampposts were flattened beneath her arches, store awnings collapsed under the pressure of her passing, and parked vehicles folded without protest beneath her toes as she shifted her weight forward. Her gaze never left the tower. The rest of the city barely existed now—it was all just scaffolding between her and an answer she didn't trust.

When she reached it, she crouched slowly, her calves bulging like pillars as she lowered herself until her eyes were level with the open wound she'd left in the structure earlier that day. Dust still clung to the exposed beams, rust had crept in where rain had kissed the metal. Inside, nothing moved. The boardroom was empty—chairs overturned, cables dangling, a half-collapsed whiteboard still flickering on one corner. Her frown deepened. They should have been there. She had fucking told them. She had given them a fucking order! She leaned in closer, her shadow blanketing the upper floors as her hair shifted around her cheeks in the wind. It was too quiet.

With a single movement—unrushed, yet final—she reached out and slid her fingers beneath the floor below the boardroom. Her nails, smooth and gleaming, slipped under the frame like scalpels, and with a slow curl of her hand, she tore the entire section open. The building shrieked. Plaster split. Girders cracked. Debris scattered across the ruined facade as the guts of three more floors came spilling out like pulled organs. She peered in. Nothing. No movement. No screams. Not even a breath out of place.

She narrowed her eyes and reached again, digging her hand into the far side, thumb bracing against the wall like a giant testing the ripeness of fruit. Another section gave way, splintering and folding like cardboard in her grip. Furniture tumbled. A cabinet fell. Still—no one.

Her silence now was deeper than anger. Colder than rage.

They had left. All of them.

She stared into the hollowed ruin of the building, into the exposed rafters and empty floors, and felt a heat rise in her chest—not from exertion or scale or pride, but from something raw and unfiltered. Rage, yes. But also recognition. She had told them—*explicitly*—to stay in the building. Her voice had shaken the walls when she said it. She had delivered the order while holding their lives in her palm. And now… they were gone. Gone like the others. Fled. Hidden. Scattered the moment she turned her back. Her fingers flexed against the edge of the structure, grinding steel into paste.

Of course they had left. Of course they thought they could do whatever they wanted when she wasn't standing over them, when her shadow wasn't cast across their desks. That was the sickness. The illusion. That she could be defied *in absentia*, that her orders were bound to her presence like some petty tyrant's bluff. That if they simply waited until her attention moved elsewhere, they could slip the leash and scamper back to their little illusions of autonomy.

Cassandra's fist clenched before the thought was finished. The motion was instinct—brutal and automatic. She pulled her arm back, muscle rippling like cable through her shoulder, and slammed her knuckles down into the top of the building with a thunderous, wet impact. The tower shrieked. Concrete exploded. Half of the remaining structure crumpled in an instant, collapsing downward as the entire vertical skeleton gave way. Floors pancaked. Glass shattered. Chunks of interior rained like hail into the surrounding streets. It wasn't tactical. It wasn't planned. It was a strike delivered by muscle and fury—a divine tantrum dressed in perfect form.

She didn't stop.

Cassandra's breath caught, then broke into a low, silent growl as her fury surged past thought. She shifted forward without warning, her balance tipping into motion before she even registered the intent. One knee rose, angled and unyielding, and slammed into the midsection of the building with brutal force. The impact wasn't measured—it was *reflex*, born of rage, disgust, and the hollow ache of disobedience. The knee strike landed like a piledriver, driving directly into the structure's ribs. Walls split open. Steel warped around the blunt force of her body. The frame buckled on contact, an entire slice of the tower crumpling inward like paper against a sledge.

She was already lifting her arm again, bracing for one final blow—less as a conscious decision and more as a visceral need to *finish it*, to crush this monument to disobedience until nothing recognizable remained beneath her touch.

But the structure gave out first.

The tower collapsed in on itself with a spectacular finality, a roar of implosion that rolled through the surrounding blocks like thunder from a split sky. Steel twisted. Foundations folded. It went down fast—fast and *hard*—and in the aftermath, only a plume of dust marked where it had stood. Cassandra stayed kneeling there for a moment, watching it fall, listening to the soft hiss of glass settling on ash.

And it felt good. Viscerally good. Like a stress knot untangling. Like squeezing a throat that had been speaking too long. She didn't think. She didn't rationalize it. She just let herself feel the primal relief of reducing something that had defied her into absolute, irretrievable ruin.

But satisfaction was not peace.

Her chest still heaved—slowly, but with force. Her eyes burned cold. The good feeling slid off her shoulders like sweat in the sun, replaced by something more acidic. They had disobeyed. They had fled. They had *undermined* her rule while still breathing the air she allowed them. She wasn't just angry. She was insulted.

She was their ruler. And they were insects. Bugs. And these bugs were *biting.*

Her hands trembled—not from weakness, but from restraint clawing against reaction. Her lips parted. Her tongue ran across the inside of her teeth. She would teach them. She would correct them.

And then—without warning—the tightness returned.

That strange pulse at the base of her spine, the one she had felt before she turned off the highway. Not pain. Not fear. Deeper. A cold thread of intuition that pulled her attention sharply to the south, toward the civic heart of the city.

City Hall.

She stood at once, her motions no longer elegant but purposeful, sharp, immediate. The air seemed to bend with the speed of her movement. Streets screamed beneath her soles as she pivoted without regard for scale. Cars were crushed underfoot. Façades vanished beneath the sweep of her hips. Trees were flattened. She didn't slow to avoid. She didn't care where she stepped. Her focus had shifted, and now she moved like a missile—massive, beautiful, and utterly unconcerned with collateral.

She found her target easily. The building didn't stand out—a squat concrete lump with outdated panels and a skeletal antenna rising from the roof like an afterthought. It had been nothing special, barely an office, barely even occupied. But she had a great memory. And this building had served her purpose. She had left Leonard Strauss there. Curled up like a worm beneath the tower, beneath her shadow, precisely where she had told him to stay. To think. To wait. To understand his place.

Now, there was only empty rooftop.

The antenna still stood, its base twisted slightly from the pressure of her previous visit, but there was no sign of him. Not a footprint. Not a smear. Not a stain.

Cassandra's hands curled at her sides.

He hadn't climbed down. That was obvious. He couldn't have. There was no scenario where he left *alone*. Someone had come. *Someone fucking helped him.*

The fury that had simmered for blocks now flared white-hot, her nostrils flaring, her chest expanding with sharp, shallow breaths. The citizens disobeying her had been galling. The building left vacant had been insulting. But this—*this* was betrayal with agency. This was not panic. This was intent.

And worse—this was *dangerous*.

Her heart thudded once, hard. The realization hit with sick clarity. Strauss was the only one who knew. And she had let him live. Because she had been so sure—so smug—that none of it mattered. That there was nothing anyone could do to threaten her. That her scale made her invulnerable, untouchable, above the need for caution or consequences.

Now that arrogance burned in her throat like acid.

Strauss had told her he wanted her help—to find a way to reduce her. He had spoken it to her face, while lying broken in her palm. She had laughed. Because of course, what could he do? What could *anyone* do?

Now he was gone. And someone had gotten him out.

Her mouth opened. Her voice came out low, sharp-edged.

“Who the fuck helped Strauss?”

No answer.

Cassandra turned her head slowly, her eyes raking the nearby blocks. Her chest rose again—but this time, there was no restraint. Her lungs filled with air, and she *screamed*.

“*WHO THE FUCK HELPED STRAUSS!?*”

The sound hit the city like a bomb. Windows exploded outward for blocks. Alarms shrieked. Brickwork cracked along the facades of older buildings. Pedestrians dropped to the ground, covering their ears, some bleeding from the force. A news chopper, circling a half-mile out, swerved violently from the shockwave, its camera feed cutting to static.

Her face twisted. Not the cold mask of power she usually wore—but the true rage beneath it. Cassandra’s control was legendary. Her discipline, her poise, the way she sculpted destruction with care and precision—it was what made her terrifying. But those who *really* knew her, the few who had seen her before she became this… knew what it looked like when her patience broke.

She screamed again.

“DO YOU THINK I’M A FUCKING GAME?!”

This time her voice shredded the rooftop antenna like paper. It disintegrated in place, fragments pinging off the pavement. A nearby fire escape tore from its mounts and

collapsed into the alley below. Entire glass walls bowed outward before imploding, raining shards onto the streets already littered with wreckage.

Below her, around her, the city quaked—not just from her size, but from her *rage*. Every living thing that could still move did, scattering like insects. They didn't need to understand her words to know what was coming.

The scream still echoed off the city's bones as Cassandra straightened, towering, her chest heaving in broad, controlled waves. Her fists were still clenched, but the white-hot edge of fury had started to settle—not into peace, but into something harder. Something colder. A new thought had begun to take shape in the furnace of her rage, molten and slow and undeniable. It moved through her like a current, a realization.

They didn't respect her.

Oh, they *feared* her—yes. They scattered at her footfalls, shrieked at her voice, collapsed under her shadow like paper beneath rainfall. They recognized her scale. They felt the consequences of her body. But *fear* wasn't the same as respect. Fear could be survived. It could be tested. Mocked. Outsmarted. Obeyed only when observed. Respect was deeper. Respect was instinctive. It didn't run when her back was turned. It didn't pull men off rooftops behind her back. It didn't try to *fix* her. Respect obeyed because it understood that there was *no other way.*

She had tried to be reasonable. That realization stung like glass in the throat. She'd tried to *accommodate* the world. She had indulged in destruction—yes—but always within bounds. Always with a kind of twisted mercy, a calculation of proportion. Given her size, given what they *were*—insects, vermin, bugs—her violence had been restrained. She had exercised judgment. Discretion. She could have leveled this city in an hour, and instead she'd walked among it. Left it breathing. Spoken to them.

And look what it had brought her.

Attacks. Betrayal. Defiance.

This wasn't just about the city anymore. It wasn't about a highway full of runaways or a tower of vanished employees. It wasn't even about Leonard Strauss, though his disappearance had lit the match. It was bigger. It was species-deep. It was *humanity* that needed to learn. All of them. The whole brittle, arrogant, insectile species. They didn't understand their place. They didn't grasp what she was. Not really.

But they would.

Cassandra turned slowly, her feet grinding glass and metal into powder beneath her as her eyes rose toward the sky. There, hanging at a cautious distance, three news helicopters hovered in a loose triangle—far enough to avoid attention, close enough to feed the world. Their cowardice was almost endearing. She could see the camera arms trembling, the pilots unsure whether to stay or flee. They had come to record. Good. Let them.

Her scowl had never lifted. Her hair snapped in the wind behind her like a battle standard. Her voice rose again, not in fury now, but in proclamation. Still loud. Still thunder. But colder. Crueler. Certain.

“Pay attention!” she roared, her tone slashing across rooftops, slicing through streets.

The choppers stilled in the air, hovering on the edge of panic.

“I *tried,*” she shouted, gesturing with a hand wide enough to cover blocks. “I *tried* to be civilized. I flexed. Just a little. I gave you the *gift* of seeing what was inevitable. I told you what would happen if you ignored me. I *told you.* But no. You ran. You lied. You *fought me.*”

Her other hand rose, pointing toward the skyline—what remained of it.

“I gave you a chance. All I’ve gotten in return is betrayal. Attack. *Disrespect.* You’re not citizens. You’re not subjects. You’re *bugs.* That’s all you’ve ever been.”

Her chest heaved again, the words building with a fury now composed, nearly sacred.

“You don’t get warnings anymore. You don’t get a second chance. You want to see what happens when I stop holding back?”

She raised both arms now, towering like a goddess carved into wrath.

“Then *watch.* I will raze this entire fucking city. Block by block. Street by street. And when it’s done, there will be no confusion left. No debate. No resistance. There will only be *obedience.* Or there will be *nothing.*”

Her voice thundered through the air like a storm. The buildings around her shivered. Far below, the streets were frozen in stillness. They had no idea what they’d just unleashed. But they were about to learn.

HARD RESET

The airfield wasn't much—just a narrow runway cracked by weeds and a hangar that smelled like rust and sunbaked oil. North of the city, far enough that the smoke hadn't reached it yet, but not so far that you couldn't feel her presence if you knew what to look for.

Strauss sat beneath a faded awning at a makeshift table, his hands flat on the metal surface, a thermos of coffee untouched by his elbow. His voice was hoarse from explaining. He'd been at it for a while now—detailing everything he knew, everything he *suspected*, about Cassandra Steele and the transformation that had rewritten her body, her biology, her place in the world.

Across from him, a colonel—maybe older, maybe not—sat in a flak jacket that hadn't moved since the conversation started. His name tag read *Kearns*. He'd asked sharp questions, but he wasn't hostile. Just focused. There was a quiet weight to him.

Kearns leaned forward now, setting down a small notepad with nothing written on it.

"So there *is* a way to reverse it."

Strauss let out a slow breath and shook his head, not in refusal, but in fatigue. "In theory. Sure. Anything's possible in theory. But it's not a pill. It's not a frequency or a drug. It's tissue-dependent. I need material. Blood, cells. Uncorrupted samples. You want me to undo what's happening to her?" He met the man's eyes. "I need a part of her. And she's not exactly donating."

The colonel didn't blink. "We have an option."

Strauss frowned. "You have a weapon?"

"We have an *option.*"

Strauss didn't respond right away. He looked past Kearns, toward the edge of the runway, where a dark helicopter had just touched down. Its blades were still winding down, but it was clearly prepped for transport. A pilot waited near the bay, arms crossed, visor down.

Kearns stood, motioning for Strauss to do the same.

"We'll brief you en route. You're coming with us."

Strauss hesitated, then rose. He was sore. His ribs still ached from the building, his leg throbbed where the dressing wrapped it. But he was upright. Alert. And afraid in a way he hadn't fully let himself admit until now.

He followed the colonel toward the helicopter, the wind picking up again, just enough to carry the distant echo of something that might have been an explosion—or a scream.

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The city hadn't caught up to her decision yet.

Cassandra intended to correct that, personally, methodically, without apology. And so, when she spotted the crowd gathering a block away—clogged between a row of shattered storefronts and a barricade of overturned vehicles—she didn't pause, didn't calculate. Two steps and she was upon them, her frame blotting out the sun, her footfalls already tearing fresh fissures into the fractured pavement. They didn't even run at first. Some were too tired. Some were too stunned. A few simply collapsed to their knees, paralyzed by the sheer fact of her.

"Bugs should know better by now," she said, her voice low but echoing through every window still left intact.

And then she stomped.

Her foot came down like a statement—*harder* than she needed to, driven not just by mass but by intention. The ball of her foot crushed the center of the crowd instantly, folding bodies into one another like meat into mulch, while the rest were hurled outward by the pressure wave alone. Bones snapped in the echo, the concrete beneath her cracked deep and wide, shattering the foundations of two adjacent buildings, whose glass facades groaned and split in protest. Smoke lifted. Blood sprayed. Screams—if they happened—were brief.

A few survivors had been thrown outward by the concussive force. Two were crawling, another staggered to his feet and tried to limp away, head cut, shirt soaked. Cassandra tilted forward, her massive body shifting slightly as she leaned in, observing them with a strange, clinical curiosity. Her earlier self might have let them go. Walked on. Not anymore.

Her lips curled faintly as she addressed them, her voice cutting through the smoke with lazy contempt.

"Congratulations," she said. "You got to live ten more seconds."

They froze, almost out of reflex. One of them dropped to their knees.

Cassandra's foot rose.

And then descended.

The impact tore the road in half. A fire hydrant burst nearby, geysering into the sky. A shopfront two buildings down buckled inward as its roof dipped, pulled down by the tremor. The survivors didn't scream this time. They simply *ended*, obliterated beneath a slab of flesh and rage.

She moved again.

Two more steps took her into a thick knot of people trying to flee. They'd thought they were out of sight—but nothing was. She pivoted smoothly, her heel turning on cracked asphalt, and with three clean stomps—one, two, three—their hiding place became a crater. She left no rhythm, no pattern—just impact. Each strike rang out like a punctuation mark, flattening bodies, splattering concrete with shadows that would never move again.

She exhaled once. Her breath was warm, steady, sharp.

"You should show more fucking respect," she said, turning slightly, not even looking down at the carnage beneath her. "When you're *this* fucking easy to kill."

She kept walking.

The road ahead wasn't choked like the highway had been—no great mass of cattle to corral this time—but that only made it easier. More satisfying, in its way. A scattered line of survivors stretched out across several blocks, some running, others crouched behind flipped vehicles or squeezed into building entryways, all of them thinking, *hoping*, that because they weren't part of a crowd, they might slip through the cracks. Cassandra knew better. She saw them all. Felt them.

She adjusted her gait accordingly.

Her steps became deliberate again, but not slow. She just measured the space between bodies, aligned the rhythm of her stride to the human intervals ahead. Each time her foot came down, it found them—easily, absolutely. One wide stride erased an entire row of hiding pedestrians behind a collapsed bus stop. Another crushed a small group that had taken shelter beside a street kiosk, folding them into rubble with barely a sound. A man tried to sprint across the road in front of her, screaming something—he made it four steps before her heel landed and swept him into paste, as if gravity itself had made the correction.

Dozens vanished, one stride at a time.

She didn't even speak. This wasn't performance. This was *process*.

When she reached the next intersection, Cassandra came to a halt—not because of hesitation, but because what lay ahead deserved a moment. The crossroad was chaos incarnate. A clogged knot of traffic jammed in all directions, cars crunched together in every lane, horns still blaring even though no one was driving anymore. People were packed into every crevice—between bumpers, on hoods, clawing at locked doors,

pounding on glass. The panic had pooled here, a clot of noise and desperation. Bodies piled together like livestock funneled into a chute.

Cassandra exhaled slowly, taking it in.

This one would be fun.

Cassandra lowered herself into a crouch at the edge of the intersection, her immense frame folding downward with a fluid, almost graceful ease. Her thighs spread wide, knees flaring out as she sank into a low catcher's stance, towering still but now *looming*, her torso poised above the writhing snarl of cars and bodies below. From this angle, it was even worse—*messier*. The crowd was nothing but panic, pushing against itself in every direction, shouting, banging on windshields, climbing over one another in blind animal desperation.

She tilted her head slightly, lips pursing in a faint expression of theatrical disappointment.

"I've seen anthills with more order," she muttered, voice carrying easily across the block. "And more *dignity.*"

She didn't rush. She simply leaned forward, her weight shifting effortlessly through her hips as one massive arm rose and then *slammed* down into the center of the crowd. Her fist hit the packed street like a meteor. The impact flattened half a dozen vehicles outright—sedans crumpled like candy wrappers, SUVs folding under the blunt weight of her knuckles. The crowd beneath and around her strike simply vanished, pulped and pressed into a single, shrieking instant of silence. A wave of panic radiated outward, people stumbling, screaming, trying to backpedal through each other as if the rest of the street hadn't just become a trap.

She chuckled softly, not looking at the gore beneath her hand, but at the *reaction*.

"You're so loud when you're about to die," she said, her tone thoughtful. "But you're *so* quiet when I step on you. Interesting."

Then her eyes shifted. A glint of movement. Something different.

"What do we have here?"

She reached forward with her left hand, fingers moving with slow precision, and plucked a city bus from the tangle of traffic like a toy from a messy floor. The vehicle wobbled as she lifted it, glass cracking, metal groaning beneath her grip. She brought it close to her face, holding it just below eye level, studying the long windows and the densely packed figures inside—men, women, children—pressed against the walls, frozen, some pounding weakly on the glass, others simply staring in disbelief.

"Look at you," she whispered, her voice low and fascinated. "Stacked like larvae in a paper hive."

Her nostrils flared slightly. The scent of panic was already leaking through the broken vents.

She grinned—slowly.

“You always call *me* the monster,” she said, rotating the bus slowly between her fingers, watching the passengers jostle and cling to each other through the warped windows. “But I’ve never seen a swarm so eager to trap itself in a can and *wait to be crushed.*”

She stood again, unhurried, rising to her full towering height with the bus still cradled delicately in her hand, her other resting casually on her thigh as she looked down over the wreckage like a girl peering into a dirt-filled jar.

“Bugs show more instinct than this.”

The bus was still warm in her hand. Warm with panic, with breath, with the little insect heartbeats packed wall to wall inside its thin metal cage. Cassandra tilted it slightly between her fingers, listening to the creaks and shudders that escaped through its fractured frame. She could feel them trying to shift away from her touch—futile little movements, the kind of panic animals made when the cage was already locked.

She smiled faintly. Her eyes traced the dented roof, the blood-smudged windows. They had nowhere to go.

“You really did this to yourselves,” she murmured, her voice a smooth knife. “Stacked together like maggots. Just waiting for something bigger to come peel the lid off.”

Her thumb brushed the roof gently, enough to warp it inward, eliciting a fresh wave of flailing and motion inside. A few of them tried to scramble toward the rear door, as if that mattered now. She tilted her head, amused. Then her eyes narrowed, and her breath drew deeper, slower.

There was a better place for them.

She moved with no ceremony, no warning—her hips rotating slightly, her stance widening as she crouched just enough to balance. Her free hand braced lightly against her thigh as she lowered the bus between her legs. The scale of it barely mattered. At her size, it was nothing more than a thick tube of foil—and the people inside? Not even that.

Cassandra pressed the vehicle inward, guiding it between the slick folds of her womanhood with practiced grace. The groan of metal bent upward into a higher, tighter pitch as it met resistance. The front of the bus crumpled first, the windshield folding as the walls began to compress unevenly. Inside, the noise reached a fever pitch—screams, thuds, the metallic snap of seats and ribs and welded joints being redefined under pressure.

She sighed—soft, indulgent.

“You want to feel what power tastes like?” she whispered. “Then you get to *die* inside it.”

Her thighs tightened slowly, and with them, the walls of her sex clenched down around the trapped vehicle. A long, deliberate flex. The bus groaned again—more steel buckled, glass shattered inward. Her muscles rippled once more, firmer this time, with deliberate rhythm. Inside her, the passengers were being crushed not by impulse, not by accident, but by the interior strength of a woman that defied all logic.

She gritted her teeth—not with pain, but with focus. Her voice dropped to a purr.

“Let’s see just how much pressure you bugs can take.”

Another clench. A louder shriek. The back of the bus twisted sharply, axles popping. Her fingers twitched at her side. She wasn’t touching herself—she didn’t need to. The *act* was the release. They were already breaking apart. Already losing air. Already forgetting that they were ever individuals at all.

The final flex came like punctuation—hard, deep, decisive.

The frame of the bus collapsed in on itself, folding like wet cardboard beneath the unrelenting pressure of Cassandra’s body. Everything inside was reduced to paste—metal and meat, oil and blood, identities compressed into silent pulp. She held it for a moment longer, savoring the sensation of power blooming deep in her core.

Then, with a small sigh, she reached down.

She pulled the mangled wreck from between her thighs—its shape barely recognizable now, crushed to a third of its original size, smeared with streaks of blood and oil. She dangled it between two fingers like a used tissue.

“I’d call that a tight fit,” she said, tone dry, almost academic.

She dropped what remained of the bus onto the street below. It hit the pavement with a wet, metallic thud, half-folded, leaking in places that no vehicle was designed to leak. The crowd that had formed on the far side of the intersection—those who had dared to stay, or simply hadn’t had time to run—stood paralyzed. No one moved. No one spoke. Some knelt. A few simply collapsed.

Cassandra looked at them. Really looked. Not with amusement this time, or even fury, but with the deliberate weight of someone forcing recognition.

Her voice rolled out slowly, low and cold, every syllable heavy with the calm of total certainty.

“Do you understand what you are to me now?”

She let the silence stretch—long, unbearable.

The silence that followed her question was almost delicious. They heard her. Of course they did. Every ear still attached to a functioning brain in this part of the city had felt her voice in their spine. No one answered. Not with words. But movement betrayed them.

She watched as the nearest cluster scattered—scrambling over wrecked cars, some dragging others behind them, most just bolting for cover like the insects they were. A few ran straight into the open. But more interesting were the ones diving through doorways, forcing themselves through shattered glass and bent frames, vanishing into the husks of office buildings and shops. Seeking shelter. Thinking walls would matter.

Cassandra tilted her head slightly, a smirk tugging at the corner of her lips. Then she moved.

With a casual twist of her hips, she pivoted and **kicked**—one smooth, explosive arc of her foot that caught a pair of abandoned cars and a shrieking group beside them, launching them across the intersection. The mass of steel and flesh slammed into the nearest building at second-story height, cracking the facade like an egg and bursting open in a spatter of red and twisted chrome. Shards of bone and metal bounced down into the alley below. She didn't pause.

More scurried through another entrance to her left. She spotted them, eyes narrowing in mock disbelief.

"Oh," she drawled, slowly walking toward it. "So *that's* your plan. Crawl into your little box and pretend I'm not out here?"

The building was eight or ten stories tall. Narrow. Maybe once a clinic or an apartment stack. It barely reached the curve of her knee.

"You think *that* is going to save you?"

She lifted her foot slowly, placing her sole flat atop the roof, pressing down—not stomping, not yet, just letting it settle. The structure groaned immediately, beams snapping under her weight, bricks grinding into powder. Then she leaned into it, her full weight descending as she *pushed*. The roof collapsed like it had never been designed to exist. The walls bowed outward with a gunshot crack, and the whole thing folded inward, coughing up dust, bodies, and chunks of drywall like a crushed pack of crackers.

Cassandra sighed with pleasure and stepped off the wreck, her sole dusted in grit and streaked with blood.

It made her pause. Think.

Why hadn't she done more of that already?

She said she would raze the city—and she'd meant it—but until now, she'd focused on the people. The little lives squirming between her toes. She hadn't turned her attention

to the buildings themselves. The bones of the place. If she wanted to *end* the city, truly erase it, then yes—*these* would have to come down too.

Her grin widened. She stepped toward another building—taller this time, maybe fifteen stories—and brought her heel down straight through its lobby. The structure cracked like dry wood. Glass flew. She stepped again, this time through the center, splitting it completely in two. It sagged, wheezed, and dropped in a messy collapse as dust billowed around her ankles.

"Oh god," she whispered, voice low and hungry, "it's like kicking over a fucking sandcastle."

She turned toward the next one—didn't wait. Her leg lashed out, her shin crashing through several stories of a department store. The far wall blew out entirely, mannequins and support beams flying like toys. She laughed, full and cold.

"You built all this just to see how fast I could ruin it?"

She kicked again—another building, a restaurant or bank, she didn't care—demolished in seconds, flattened before the dust from the first had even settled.

"You're not a city," she spat down at the chaos. "You're a *set.* Cardboard. Paper. Something I can fuck with between breaths."

Cassandra's stride turned, subtly, almost unconsciously, away from the clean lines of the road. She didn't announce it. She didn't have to. She simply stepped sideways—off the broken asphalt, into a row of low-rise buildings that had, until now, been spared by nothing but *habit*. One step, and her shin collided with the second story of a brick apartment, crumbling it inward before her knee crashed through what remained. The top floor sagged and slid as her thigh tore the rest apart in passing, spilling drywall and bedsheets and shrieking bodies into a cloud of dust behind her.

A low, involuntary sound escaped her lips—half moan, half breathless exhale.

God, why had she stayed in the roads for so long?

The answer hovered in her mind: *generosity*, maybe. Some lingering muscle memory of being a person who respected lanes and lines and sidewalks. Some absurd part of her still treating the city like a place. As if it mattered. As if it had *rules* worth recognizing.

That part was dead now. She'd stepped off the grid. Literally.

And it felt *incredible*.

She waded through the buildings like they were fog, her thighs slicing through kitchens, her calves shattering ceilings, her feet stomping straight into stairwells and storefronts. The low-rises fell around her in layers, rooms exposed mid-collapse—dining tables mid-meal, beds still made, shoes in closets—now just fragments in the slurry beneath her feet. A few residents tried to flee as her shadow overtook them, but she stepped on them as casually as one might crush leaves.

Each impact was precise. Personal. Her footfall wasn't just about death—it was *humiliation*. Every person she stepped on now had made a choice: they'd chosen to be part of a city that failed to obey.

Crowds still peppered the wreckage in front of her, spilling from alleys and craters, desperate for escape. She kept stomping through them, flattening packs of them with ease—heels driving bodies into pavement, arches sealing them into the dust. They barely registered anymore, except as *proof*.

And yet… her eyes weren't on them.

They were on the skyline ahead.

Downtown.

The buildings weren't only taller—they were denser. Sleeker. Proud. A cluster of corporate glass and smug ambition. The true face of the city. The heart that beat in steel and logos and hierarchy. If she was serious about razing this place, *that* was where she had to begin.

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The black helicopter cut through the smoke like a blade, its rotors whining as it descended toward the warped, ruined arc of the city's elevated monorail. The rail line had folded in on itself like ribbon in places, torn and twisted where Cassandra had either stepped or pressed or rubbed herself against it. The chopper hovered for a moment, nose tilted, then settled hard onto the reinforced section of concrete. The moment the side door slid open, the *smell* hit them.

Strauss flinched.

It wasn't blood. Not smoke. Not oil or ozone. It was *her*. Saturated. Dense. The heat and musk of sex—not delicate, but scaled up, intensified, concentrated into the thick humidity that clung to the twisted girders and splintered steel like it was still wet.

"Jesus," one of the aides muttered under his breath.

Colonel Kearns didn't react. He stepped out first, boots crunching on grit and bent rail supports. His face didn't change as the smell deepened, but his nostrils flared once—just enough to betray the sensory punch of it. Strauss followed, slower, one hand braced on the frame of the chopper. He hadn't expected the scene to feel so... *visceral*. You could taste it in the air. It was as if the entire section of bridge had been marinated in her heat and intention.

Two aides moved quickly. They were already gloving up, pulling sealed kits from a reinforced pack—plastic tubes, collection swabs, thermal containers. They didn't

speak. The sound of the wind and distant destruction carried faintly behind them, but here, everything was sticky silence.

They reached the wrecked section of the bridge where the beams were bent inward, twisted and stained with something off-white and unmistakably organic. A glistening trail of Cassandra's climax coated the surface in ripples and pools, thicker in some areas where it had cooled, still slick in others.

Kearns surveyed the mess without blinking. "Will that be enough?"

Strauss was still taking it in, his scientist's mind trying to catch up with the sheer scale of what he was seeing—what he was *smelling*.

"Yes," he said finally, voice lower than he expected. "Yes, it should. If the sample's fresh enough, I can work with it. There's *a lot* of material here."

Kearns gave a small nod. "It's thick enough we should get something viable if they dig deep."

The aides were already at it. One had knelt carefully, reaching into a dense puddle along a twisted section of rail where her fluids had pooled. The other used a spatula-like tool to scoop from the underside of a bent beam, where the fluid clung in glossy ropes. They worked with clinical detachment, but there was no hiding the discomfort. No one wanted to look too long. No one wanted to *breathe too deeply*.

Strauss watched the samples go into their cases, one after another.

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Downtown rose before her like a challenge long overdue. The buildings clustered tighter here, taller, prouder—glass and steel monuments to commerce, ego, and bureaucracy. But only one structure truly stood out as she approached from the east: the *National Bank Tower*. Taller than its neighbors, sleek, jet-black, reflective like a blade. At her current size, it barely reached the swell of her tits—just high enough to greet her chest like a reverent touch.

Cassandra smiled.

"Well, *look* at you," she said, voice purring with mischief as she slowed her stride. "Trying to impress me?"

She didn't hesitate.

Her fist came up in a flash—a vicious right hook that slammed into the side of the building just above mid-level. The impact exploded upward through the structure, shattering windows, dislodging steel. The top third of the tower groaned once,

shuddered, and *fell*, collapsing into itself with a howl of twisting metal and a cloud of glass that sparkled as it tumbled to the street below.

But she wasn't done.

She followed the first strike with an *uppercut*, driving her knuckles upward beneath the fractured midsection, punching through floor after floor like she was breaking the spine of a skyscraper with her bare hand. Steel snapped. Rebar bent. The building crumpled even more violently, entire offices cascading outward like dislodged teeth.

Then she stepped back—and *kicked*.

Her foot crashed into what remained of the lower floors with bone-rattling force, blasting the foundation out from under it. The structure gave way instantly, collapsing in on itself in a volcanic rush of smoke and pulverized concrete. Debris fanned out in all directions. Screams echoed from below as those foolish enough to remain nearby were swallowed in the fallout.

Cassandra exhaled and smiled, her cheeks flushed, her eyes bright.

So fucking easy.

They'd spent years building that tower. Years. Hundreds of engineers. Thousands of workers. Permits, planning, money, sweat. It had stood as a pillar of the city, its name etched into the skyline, important people working behind every window. And now?

Gone.

Gone because she'd felt *naughty*.

She let out a low, content laugh. "God," she whispered, "if that's not power…"

The smoke rose in great plumes around her, curling past her thighs, framing her like a goddess descending from wrath. From deeper within downtown, she could already hear it—*panic*, building fast. Screams, sirens, the thud of hundreds of feet running in a thousand directions. They'd heard her now. They *believed* her now.

Cassandra raised her voice, smooth and thunderous.

"I *told* you I'd bring your city to the ground," she shouted, eyes sweeping the streets below. "What did you expect—*a caress?*"

She took a single step forward, crushing the corner of a city records building beneath her heel. Then she turned her gaze downward, addressing all of them—not just the ones watching, but the ones trying to pretend they weren't.

"Go ahead. Run. Hide. Crawl into your little holes. It doesn't *matter.* You'll be dead by sunset."

Her voice dropped, velvet and vicious.

“Buried under a building. Smeared under my foot. *Squeezed to death inside my pussy.*”

Her lips parted into a slow, indulgent smile.

“You’ll die *nonetheless.*”

Cassandra moved deeper into downtown like a force of nature wrapped in a woman’s body. She didn’t slow. She didn’t need to.

One step took her through a small office complex—knee-high, forgettable. Her foot sank straight through the roof, pressing effortlessly into desks, wiring, cheap tile. The whole thing collapsed beneath her, folding in on itself like a dying animal. She kept walking, her heel dragging through the rubble, flattening the remains as if grinding out a cigarette.

“You thought this part of town would save you?” she called, voice rising with the hum of delight. “Did you think the tall buildings would matter? That steel and height would *make you immune*?”

Another step—screams vanished under her sole. Another—ribs cracked, skulls gave way, blood pooled behind her in wide, weeping trails. She didn’t even bother looking down at them now. She just *felt* them, felt the way they popped and split and dissolved beneath her weight.

As the buildings around her began to climb in scale—finally rising past her hips, up to her chest—Cassandra slowed. She turned sideways into a tighter street, framed by mid-rise towers that reached just below her breasts. Narrow. Proud. Cramped. Her grin returned.

She leaned back slightly, hips angling out as she turned—then *shifted*. The weight of her ass crashed into the corner of a fifty-story building with casual brutality, buckling the upper floors instantly. Stone and rebar screamed as the facade gave out, the entire structure listing sideways as her curves rolled into it. Half of it collapsed into itself, smoke and plaster pluming outward across the street like breath from a dying giant.

“Mmm… soft,” she muttered, mockingly. “And *fragile.*”

She straightened again and stepped into a courtyard, flanked by two gleaming high-rises—*twin towers*, nearly equal in height, brushing the slopes of her shoulders. They gleamed in the evening sun, glass and silver, the kind of buildings that screamed wealth and permanence.

Cassandra barely glanced at them before lifting her arms and *grabbing them both*.

One hand on each tower, her palms splayed wide across their outer faces, she curled her fingers into the frames like a climber gripping a cliff. The structures shuddered, glass popping from their sockets, support beams warping beneath her touch.

And then she *walked*.

She didn't pull. She *moved forward*—slowly, sensually, deliberately—dragging both buildings with her. The top halves of each groaned in protest, the metal frames bending inward, floors cracking loose. Her fingers clenched harder, and the upper stories *snapped* like overcooked noodles. The towers crumpled, twisted, and *fell*, collapsing inward and downward in a staggered, glorious roar. The force of their fall triggered the buildings beside them, which began to crack and tilt, a domino effect cascading through the block.

The earth trembled beneath her.

She paused, standing amidst the plumes of fresh dust, framed by devastation, her fingers still dusted with fragments of steel and glass.

"Oops," she said, voice velvet-smooth. "Was that *important?*"

The dust curled lazily around her thighs, tinged pink with pulverized flesh, gray with vaporized stone. Cassandra stood at the heart of the collapse, her body framed by twisted metal and cascading glass, the final echoes of the twin towers' demise still rippling through the ground beneath her feet. She breathed in deeply—savored the silence before the next scream. It wasn't silence, not really, but the world felt even *smaller* in moments like this. Manageable. Beautiful.

The rage that had carried her from the outskirts to this core was still in her, simmering hot. But it had begun to shift. Her fists weren't clenched anymore. Her chest wasn't tight. Something else had taken root beneath the anger—deeper, more dangerous.

Pleasure.

It rose in her belly like heat off the asphalt. She felt it in the curve of her hips, the stretch of her calves, the way her thighs still trembled from the joy of ramming them through steel and glass. She had given herself permission. She'd created the *context*, hadn't she? They had refused her. Betrayed her. Provoked her. Now, she didn't need to explain anything. She could indulge. She could *flex*. And no one—*no one*—could question it.

Her pussy ached.

The sensation struck her fully as she shifted her weight, her thighs brushing together ever so slightly. She was soaked—slick with her own arousal, heat pulsing low and insistent. The pressure was mounting again, less like anger now, more like hunger. Her breath caught. The scent of herself was rising with the smoke—thick, heady, dominant.

But there was *another* sensation, just beneath that one.

A groan from her stomach.

Faint, but real.

She frowned slightly, placing a hand on her midsection. Empty. Hollow. The ache of long-overdue calories, a tightness that spoke of energy expended without

replenishment. Of course. She hadn't eaten since the night before—light dinner, a glass of wine, maybe two. The drug allowed her to *move* without sleep or food for longer than a normal person, but not forever. Not with this kind of scale. Not with this kind of expenditure. Somewhere underneath the divine machine, there was still a human frame, and it was beginning to murmur.

Not urgent. But present.

She looked around briefly, considering. Food? What food? Even the tallest supermarket aisles wouldn't come up to her ankles. Restaurants? Kitchens? Worthless. The scale was *wrong* now. Everything was wrong now. No one had built a city with *her* in mind.

Then—a fresh wave of screams.

She glanced down.

A crowd. Dozens, maybe more. They had been trying to escape through a back alley, climbing over one another, pushing through a buckled parking garage that had collapsed at just the wrong angle. They'd frozen now—completely—as her gaze fell upon them.

Her lips parted slightly.

"Oh…" she murmured.

RESOURCE MANAGEMENT

“Oh…”

The thought came uninvited—but it landed clean, undeniable. It should have felt insane, maybe even grotesque. Instead, it felt… *obvious*. Natural. Her body had been whispering it before her mind caught up.

She took two steps forward, her stride smooth, her towering form casting a deathly hush over the trapped crowd. Then she crouched, slowly, as she lowered herself to their level—not to talk, not to taunt, but to *collect*. With a single sweep of her arm—wide, unhurried, deliberate—she scooped up dozens of them like grains of rice. Her fingers curled slightly, containing them, pinning them against each other in a warm, trembling pile of limbs and screams.

Cassandra rose again, her hand lifting the squirming mass toward her face. She observed them with new eyes—curious, detached, faintly amused. They screamed. Of course they did. They always screamed. And the beauty of it, the *comedy*, was that they were already screaming *before* they knew what she was even *considering*.

She chuckled softly.

It wasn’t as though she had a plan. But the hunger gnawed now—gently, insistently. It didn’t ask for logic. But if she gave it logic, the case built itself: what else was she supposed to eat? A building? A billboard? Go scavenging for protein bars in the rubble of a Walgreens? Even if she could fit a city’s worth of groceries into her mouth, there wasn’t time. The only thing the city had in *abundance*... was *them*.

Still, years of programming tugged at her thoughts. Morality. Boundaries. The idea that this, somehow, was *worse*.

She laughed again, shaking her head.

“Oh, come *on*,” she said aloud, still smiling at the panicked cluster in her palm. “I’ve stepped on you. Crushed you. Fucked you—*stuffed* you into places you’ll never come out of. But this is the part that’s supposed to feel wrong?”

It didn’t. Not anymore.

She was still *rational*, after all.

With care, she plucked one of them between thumb and forefinger—a man, screaming, wriggling, trying to beat at her nail. She brought him close, so close he could see his reflection in her pupil, could see the faint sheen of wetness still clinging to her lips.

“How much,” she asked gently, “would you like to be *part of me?*”

Then she opened her mouth and *tossed* him in.

He hit her tongue with a faint, wet smack. The taste was small, but real. Salty. Warm. Not unlike rare meat. She bit down—not hard, just enough. The crack was soft. The flavor… surprising. Tangy. Rich. She chewed once, twice. Swallowed.

The silence that followed in her hand was a different kind of scream.

Cassandra sighed through her nose, her eyes half-lidding for a moment. Her stomach felt the swallow. The ache didn't go away, but it flickered—acknowledged. Absorbed. Her body *liked* it.

She looked down at the remaining handful—twenty, maybe thirty, all pressed together, shivering, wild-eyed. Her voice dropped again, smooth and intimate.

"A woman's gotta eat," she said. "And if *you* can eat bugs… why shouldn't *I* use what's available?"

She didn't wait for the answer.

She tilted her head back and opened her mouth wide, tongue glistening, lips parting as the world inside her hand turned to chaos. Then, with one fluid motion, she *tossed* the whole writhing mass into her mouth. Arms flailed. Voices cut off. A couple bounced off and dropped to their deaths, hundreds of feet below. Her lips sealed with a wet click.

She chewed.

Blood pushed between her teeth. A crunch, then a wet snap, then another. The warmth slid down her throat in pulses, the taste stronger now—iron, salt, heat, fear. Her cheeks flushed. Her pussy clenched, slicker than ever.

She swallowed, throat flexing in satisfaction.

Her tongue darted across her lips, collecting the remnants. She looked down at her hand, now red-streaked, still twitching faintly with viscera.

"Not bad," she murmured. "Not bad at all."

The taste still lingered in her mouth—faintly metallic, oddly warm. Cassandra ran her tongue across her teeth as she stared at the blood-smeared lines on her palm, not entirely sure what surprised her more: that she'd done it… or that it had felt *so right*.

She was still a little shocked, yes. A sliver of the old self blinked in her brain, lips parted, as if to say *Did we just eat someone?* But that voice was faint now. Smaller than the ones she'd just swallowed. And quieter by the second.

Because—*realistically*—what was the alternative?

She felt a curious sense of satisfaction, not just in her stomach, but deeper, calmer. Hunger would not be a problem again. Not here. Not with the population density she was working with. She didn't need infrastructure. She didn't need logistics. She needed *them.* And they were everywhere. Sprinting. Screaming. *Available*.

Her lips curled.

Problem solved.

Far above, the news helicopters kept their distance, broadcasting it all. The towers had fallen, the buildings had crumbled, but it was the sight of her—towering, calm, licking the blood from her fingers—that now echoed around the world. Cassandra saw the camera lights flicker. She saw the city watching her in horror. And she smirked.

That slow, evil smirk.

Then her voice rose, sharp and rich, echoing across the broken grid of downtown with theatrical bite.

“When I said I *owned* you,” she called out, pausing dramatically, “what exactly did you *think* I meant?”

The scream that followed wasn’t from her—it was from *everywhere*. Crowds that had frozen in place now erupted in chaos, stampeding down alleyways, scrambling over wreckage, vaulting barricades. As if speed could save them now. As if she hadn’t already proven that her stride alone could cross entire neighborhoods.

Cassandra laughed—low and amused, a sensual sound.

“Oh, run,” she said. “Please. It won’t help.”

Her tone darkened, just enough to be cruel.

“You’re mine now. All of you.”

She flexed her fingers slowly, savoring the sensation.

“And I’m not above playing with my food.”

She stepped forward—once, twice—and then a third time, planting her foot directly into the heart of the fleeing crowd. The concrete cracked beneath her sole, dozens of bodies compressed into oblivion beneath the weight of her fury. The shockwave rippled outward, tossing others like discarded dolls. They never had a chance.

Without pausing, she crouched—fluid, efficient—and dragged both hands through the wreckage, scooping up fresh handfuls of warm, writhing humanity. When she rose, the wind shifted around her, parting like mist before a wildfire.

The handfuls squirmed. Screams tangled into one another. Cassandra tilted her head, observing them with calm disdain, the way one might appraise a bowl of twitching bait. Her smirk returned, dark and cold.

“Oh, you *know* what’s coming now, don’t you?” she purred, lifting one palm toward her face. “Let’s be honest… better this than the sole of my foot. At least this has *purpose*.”

She ran her tongue across the edge of her hand. A few stuck to the wet surface, flailing helplessly as her mouth closed over them. The sound was muffled—wet, quiet, final. A slight swallow followed. She didn't even blink.

The rest of that hand's contents she tossed casually between her lips. The crunch of bodies, the twitch of her throat—messy, yes, but deeply satisfying. A small line of red trailed down her chin before she wiped it clean with a flick of her finger, then moaned softly, almost unconsciously. A simple, primal exhale.

Her other hand trembled slightly—not with hesitation, but anticipation. The contents had seen what she'd done. They were already half-collapsed from terror, some motionless from shock. It made no difference. Cassandra felt no sympathy. No flicker of restraint. Only superiority.

She lifted the trembling second handful. Her eyes narrowed, voice velvet and venom.

"Don't fall apart on me now," she mocked. "You wanted to be part of something *bigger*, didn't you?"

She emptied the hand into her mouth. This time, she chewed slower. Not out of kindness, but deliberation. The flavor, the texture, the trembling impact of it all—it wasn't just about hunger. It was about *use*. *Control*. She could feel her body accepting it. Her hunger easing. Not completely, but enough.

As she swallowed, she exhaled long and low, eyes half-lidded in grim satisfaction. She looked down at the devastation at her feet, then addressed the crowd beyond.

"Don't worry," she called out, her voice like molten iron. "That helped… but I'm *huge*, remember?"

Her hand swept across her stomach in slow emphasis. A low growl echoed beneath it—emptied, not filled.

"I'll need *more*."

Cassandra dropped to her knees with a heavy, cracking impact, the pavement buckling beneath her, dozens flattened without ceremony. Dust spiraled upward around her thighs, but she ignored it. Her attention was fixed on the crowd before her—disorganized, stampeding, utterly broken in formation.

She reached down with casual precision and plucked a handful of them between two fingers—three, maybe four bodies pinched like matchsticks between her massive digits. Her eyes narrowed, the smirk returning. "Really? You thought you could get away?" she mocked, tilting her fingers toward her mouth.

One flick of her wrist, and they were gone—tossed past her lips like peanuts, swallowed without even the courtesy of chewing. She didn't even glance down. She didn't need to. The message was clear.

Another wave of people surged toward an alley, thinking distance might protect them. Cassandra's hand slammed down across their path—not violently, just firmly. A low wall of flesh. A moment later, she drew it back slowly, dragging dozens of panicked bodies in its wake like debris caught in a tide. Her other hand followed, scooping them up effortlessly. The sound of their terror was deafening up close, but Cassandra barely seemed to notice.

She lifted the writhing handful toward her mouth, pausing just before her lips.

"You should be grateful," she said softly, eyes gleaming. "I was going to kill you anyway. If you ask me, this is better."

And she ate. Slowly this time. Not because she needed to—but because she wanted to. Her hunger was receding with every bite, but her satisfaction was building. There was something about this—about the *ease*, the sheer inevitability of it—that sent a rush through her that no missile strike, no gunfire, no screaming general ever could.

She licked her lips, caught a stray streak of red across her chin with a finger, and sucked it clean. A moan slipped from her throat—not loud, not theatrical, just an involuntary hum of *pleasure*.

Down below, the crowd was collapsing in on itself—some frozen in fear, others still trying to flee, most not knowing where to go anymore. Cassandra watched it all from her crouched vantage, her towering body looming like a stormcloud over a beach. Her breathing deepened. Her muscles coiled. Her eyes scanned for more.

Cassandra sat back on her heels, her towering frame casting a wall of shadow across the city block. The screams had thinned to a whimper, the crowd no longer a mass but a scattered mess of panic, some flattened into silence, others clinging to broken corners and useless debris. Her smirk had returned, slow and sharp, curling at one side like something ancient waking up for another round.

She looked down at the remnants in her palms—slick with sweat, with blood, with the unmistakable mess of power expressed through flesh. They were still alive. Still begging. Still trying to crawl from a place no one crawled out of.

"You've been great," she said, her voice purring across the skyline, distorted through the wreckage like a divine sneer. "Really. Exceeded expectations. Very useful."

She tilted her head, tongue passing lightly over her lower lip. The crowd below flinched just from that. From a glance. From a gesture. It was delicious.

"And tasty," she added, her smile widening into something colder. "So much more than I expected."

She leaned forward suddenly, planting her hands on the ruined asphalt, sending a ripple through the shattered street as her face lowered—slowly, deliberately—toward another knot of terrified survivors. There wasn't even a stampede this time. Just collapse. Just instinctual surrender.

She exhaled across them first, letting the gale of her breath wash through them—hot, humid, scented with everything they feared. Then, in a casual motion, she dragged her tongue across the ground. Not neat. Not clean. Just effective.

A smear of motion. A vanish of bodies.

She sat back up and licked her lips—more for them than for herself—then chuckled at the look of utter collapse spreading across what was left of the street.

"Was that unladylike?" she asked, her voice mock-prim, one hand resting daintily on her thigh. "I've been using my fingers all day. Seemed polite to finish hands-free."

She tilted her head, regarding them almost sweetly.

No one replied.

Of course they didn't.

Cassandra laughed—low and velvet, tinged with just enough condescension to make the silence hurt. "Finally, a little usefulness," she said, still crouched over the trembling remains of the avenue. "You're not much for following orders, and I wouldn't trust any of you with basic survival instincts… but I'll admit, you've turned out to be a lot more *versatile* than I gave you credit for."

She sighed—not with weariness, but with a deep and settling satisfaction. The heat in her belly had receded. Her body had what it needed. And the best part? It was scalable. Reproducible. She would do it again. And again. The math checked out.

But as the last threads of hunger fell away, another ache returned. One that had been masked, softened beneath the primal need to feed—but now crept back, undeniable, tightening low in her core. That electric pressure. That pulse.

Her breath hitched—just once—as her thighs shifted subtly against each other. Her eyes narrowed.

God. It was always like this with her. Stronger than most. Sharper. Not a passing impulse, but a physical demand, humming with tension. And now…?

Well, there weren't many options, were there?

She looked around—slowly, deliberately—her gaze passing over rooftops, towers, wreckage. Nothing stood. Nothing tempted. Even the monorail beam she'd once used lay warped and crumbled, and too far away in the river. Everything was so… flimsy. Too short. Too thin. Too mortal.

And no, she couldn't exactly call up Ethan. Or Ryan. Or lean over a bar and flash a look.

Her mouth curled into something dark.

She was too much for them now.

She couldn’t ask for relief. She would have to take it. From herself.

Not her favorite method. But not unfamiliar either.

And besides… she’d just eaten. It felt rude to go on rampaging again without… dessert.

Cassandra leaned back slightly, stretching, cracking her knuckles one by one like thunderclaps through the broken streets.

“Fine,” she murmured, voice like smoke, eyes half-lidded with menace and need. “I’ll handle it myself.”

Her palm drifted—slow, deliberate, unapologetically possessive—up the length of her abdomen, each movement a quiet claim over her towering form. When her hand closed around the heavy swell of her breast, her fingers pressed in—not delicately, but with intent, as if daring her own flesh to respond. It did. A low breath escaped her lips, not a sigh but something quieter, darker. A reminder of what still simmered beneath all the power and wreckage.

Her other hand traveled down, fingers tracing the deep valleys and arcs of her curves, like a hunter mapping familiar ground. When her touch found her lower lips, she teased them open, her fingers slipping inside, seeking the swollen, aching center of her pleasure. A sharp, playful pinch sent a jolt through her, and she muffled a moan—a raw need clawing at her control.

Through half-lidded eyes, Cassandra caught movement below. The crowd was still in full panic, a roiling sea of bodies scrambling through the wreckage she'd created—but not all of them were running. A few had stopped. Staring. Mesmerized. She let out a low, mocking laugh.

“Of course,” she said, her voice like warm steel, slicing through the air. “Even now… you can’t look away.”

Without thinking, her hand moved—smooth, inevitable—as she reached into the swarm below and gathered another frantic handful. Squirming bodies tumbled against her fingers, their screams rising like static in her ears. She brought them to her face, eyes half-lidded, her smirk deepening with slow, sultry menace.

“Welcome to the party,” she whispered, her voice low and honeyed, thick with mock invitation.

They screamed. Cassandra smirked, tilting her head as she slowly brought the squirming handful closer to her lips, eyes glittering with mock delight.

“Oh… don’t get nervous now,” she purred, her voice dropping into that honeyed, dangerous register. “You’ve all been watching me. Dreaming. Fantasizing.”

Her breath caressed them like a warm breeze as she drew them just a little closer, savoring their terror.

“Alone time gets so dull,” she murmured, her lips curling. “Isn’t it more fun when we all play together?”

She let the moment stretch, holding them just at the edge—trapped between the heat of her breath and the rising pulse of her thrill.

She lowered them to her nether lips, their must and heat radiating over them, making them sweat. Using a finger from her free hand, Cassandra then started to pick them in groups and shove them inside her sex.

“Oh.”

A simple word, yet so adequate. They tickled, that much could be said. She soon realized that they were not going to do much more than that. Any hopes that her little orgy would bring her to the fireworks soon went away. And still, the feeling of having so many human lives inside her, working for her, suffocating for her pleasure… was making her even hornier.

It would still be up to her fingers, though, so she brought them back to work in no time, a hand back at her swelling tits while the other worked her clit, suddenly extending her middle finger and stirring the mass of humanity inside.

It wasn’t clean. Cassandra soon realized that not many were going to make it out of her alive, if any. She was too invested now to think too much about it, her hips grinding, her fingers working at full steam, the ground around her shaking.

“Mmm.”

She continued, increasing the intensity. Something —or someone— broke inside her. She ignored it and went on.

“Yes,” she let out, now so close.

More squeezing, more grinding, more stirring.

“Ooooh…. Yessss!” she finally came, her ass drooping down on the road with earthquake finality.

Cassandra was panting. Heavily. It took her some time to regain some consciousness. She was a mess, her love juices mixed with the gore. Yes, she had really used them. Her next visit to the river was overdue, really.

But as the clarity came back, Cassandra realized she had gotten what she needed… relief. The necessary relief to think clearly again, to resume her mission, to continue her massacre. Just the thought of it made her nipples stiffen again.

The giantess rose over the shattered remains of the area where she had fed and she had released herself. It looked worse than a proper rampage, really, making her chuckle.

Back to her usual sarcasm, Cassandra couldn't help addressing the incredibly shocked crowd.

"When you challenge me, I have to kill you. But killing you makes me hungry, so I need to eat you. It also makes me horny, so I need to fuck you. Bottom line: don't challenge me."

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The lab wasn't much. A hastily repurposed garage with humming generators and a makeshift clean zone taped into one corner, buzzing with filtered lights and the sharp scent of ethanol. But it held the equipment Strauss needed. Barely.

He stood hunched over a touchscreen interface, scanning the latest sequencing logs. The raw genetic data from the sample had been uploaded, and it was rich—far richer than he'd dared hope. Still... incomplete. Unstable. The modifications coursing through Cassandra's cells weren't just biochemical—they were architectural. Rewriting her from the bones outward. He needed to simulate an inhibitor pathway before he could risk a prototype. And that took time.

Colonel Kearns stood behind him, arms folded, jaw tight. "Doctor Strauss," he said, voice low but pressing, "we're losing control. You saw the feed from downtown?"

Strauss didn't look up. "Yes. I saw it."

"Then you understand why I'm asking again. How close are we?"

Strauss sighed. "I have the parameters. The sequencing's intact, I can access my cloud data. But without a complete protein map, I can't stabilize anything. I'd be guessing."

Kearns pulled out his communicator, its screen already lit with General Delaney's line. He stepped a few paces away before connecting. The general's voice crackled through—harsh, controlled, but unmistakably strained.

"Update."

"She's progressing through the southern districts. Full structural collapse in two zones. Strauss says hours."

"Colonel, we don't have hours. She's… escalated."

Kearns hesitated. "Sir, the sample is viable. Strauss believes—"

"I said we don't have time. We're greenlighting Plan C. The delivery from Albright came through."

Kearns's face hardened. "Understood. Should I inform the doctor?"

“No. He doesn’t need to know. Just keep him working. We’ll run the contingency in parallel.”

The line went dead.

Kearns turned back slowly, tucking the device away. “Keep going, Strauss. Whatever you’re doing, do it faster.”

Strauss looked up finally, something flickering in his eyes. “What did he say?”

The colonel didn’t blink. “He said to let you work.”

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Cassandra pushed herself upright, muscles flexing as she rose back to her full, staggering height. The urge to linger—just a few more minutes on the warm asphalt, sprawled among the aftermath of indulgence—still pulsed in her, heavy and tempting. But she had never been one to procrastinate. Not when there was a point to be made. Not when the world still refused to listen. She had fed. She had released. Now came the follow-through—the threat she’d made, the lesson she’d promised. The razing of a city.

Around her, the silence was telling. The streets immediately below had emptied out long ago. Anyone still nearby had either been digested, smeared, or was smart enough to bolt the second she started moaning. But they weren’t far. They never were. She knew them. No matter how much they ran, they couldn't outpace her. Not when a single step could erase an entire intersection. Not when their bravest efforts were measured in city blocks, and hers in districts.

She took her first step forward—slow, deliberate, still savoring the weight of herself in motion. There was a sluggish edge to it, just under the surface. Subtle, but undeniable. Not weakness, not fatigue exactly, but a thinning of that constant surge of power that had fueled her for weeks. It was almost comical—she felt full, satisfied, freshly pleasured, and yet… not completely replenished. A breath short of euphoric. She knew her body well enough to catch it. A whisper of depletion. Her brow furrowed slightly. Something to keep in mind.

Ahead, there was movement. A crowd, stupidly regrouping at the edge of a district she hadn’t yet trampled. Oh, how predictable. Cassandra’s smile returned, cocky and indulgent, the same way someone smiles before swatting a fly with their palm. She didn’t bother announcing herself this time. The earth did that for her. Two strides and she was on them, her foot rising and slamming down with practiced cruelty. Dozens flattened, the shockwave from the impact cracking nearby buildings and sending those who thought themselves spared tumbling like dominoes. She chuckled, a low, indulgent sound. “Still standing? Cute.”

Another step crushed another cluster. Some were flung by the force, others splattered outright. She crouched for a moment, one hand on her knee, scanning the scurrying bodies like a bored cat watching mice in a maze. “You think running is going to help now? You’ve already seen what I do to the ones who linger.”

She stood again, her eyes no longer fixed on the bugs at her feet but on something rising in the distance. A column of steel and mirrored glass, defiant and sleek. The Helix Pinnacle—yes, that was the name. A thousand-foot icon of the city’s ambition. It stood proud, untouched by her so far, as if it hadn’t gotten the memo. Cassandra’s lips curled. Finally. Something she’d have to look up at. Something that still dared to think itself above her.

She rolled her shoulders, straightened her posture, and began walking again—footfalls casual but devastating. The teasing never stopped, nor did the crushing.

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The city showed up in the distance—still burning in parts, still shaking under the weight of a single woman.

Major Dawson didn’t say anything at first. His eyes stayed locked on the digital HUD as their wing sliced through the upper atmosphere at cruising altitude, invisible to radar, even if this was hardly a concern against the enemy they were facing. Below, the curvature of the Earth glowed faintly, the edge of dusk starting to bleed through the clouds.

“Approaching release window in seven minutes,” his copilot, Lieutenant Groves, said. Calm. Efficient. As if this was a standard mission over a foreign country. Not what they were actually here for.

Dawson finally spoke. “You ever think we’d be doing this? Dropping ordnance on a U.S. city… aimed at a woman?”

Groves didn’t turn. “Didn’t think we had a woman who could walk through skyscrapers either.”

Dawson gave a dry nod.

He glanced at the internal payload readout—two silhouettes glowed crimson against the monochrome background. *KR-27A ‘Thunderhead’ Hypersonic Kinetic Bunker Defeat Warheads.* Seventeen tons apiece. Each one moving faster than a railgun round when released, designed to penetrate thirty meters of reinforced concrete before vaporizing everything inside with sheer kinetic force. Untested. Experimental. The best option they had left.

And maybe not enough.

“If this doesn’t work,” Groves added after a beat, “word is they’re prepping something bigger. Something… final.”

Dawson didn’t ask. He’d heard the same whispers. Would they really take the step? Would they really dare to drop an H-Bomb on American soil? He let the silence hang in the cockpit as the city came into sharper relief—fires still visible, neighborhoods flattened, entire districts erased.

She was out there somewhere. A quick glance to her HUD showed him the projected position.

“Target package confirmed,” Groves said, scrolling through the final satellite telemetry.

Dawson adjusted the rudder slightly. “Then let’s see if the Thunderheads live up to their name.”

He didn’t need to add anything else. At thirty-five thousand feet, moving invisible and invincible, they were angels of death. And if even angels couldn’t stop her…

Well, someone else would have to decide what came next.

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Cassandra slowed to a halt at the foot of the Helix Pinnacle. For the first time all day, something loomed taller than her. Not by much—just enough to register. The spiral glass tower stretched into the sky with a defiant gleam, its twisting silhouette an architectural boast that now found itself toe-to-toe with a living monument to power. She let out a quiet scoff as she stepped forward, the street vanishing beneath her sole. Screams barely had time to rise before they were snuffed under her next step. Another stride brought her closer still, and with it came her voice, low and mocking, rolling like thunder.

“Oh? You bugs like tall buildings?” she purred, casting a glance down at the squirming dots trying to scatter beneath her. “Is this your new strategy—hiding under something shinier, something bigger than me?”

She didn’t wait for an answer. Her foot came down with slow, deliberate finality, grinding into the crowd like a judge sealing a verdict. Asphalt split, bones shattered, screams blurred into one long, agonized note. She relished the squirming mass that had thought proximity to such a tower would mean safety. Instead, it just gave her better footing.

Turning her full attention to the Pinnacle, Cassandra raised her hand and reached for the upper floors. Her fingers brushed the glass façade with a calculated swipe, shattering steel-framed windows and tearing free a chunk of decorative paneling. She

barely registered the shrieks inside as she leaned in, her breath fogging the pristine glass.

“You think altitude protects you?” she murmured, lips curling. “That your silly skyline makes you untouchable?”

She gave the tower a shove—just enough to make it sway, just enough to send those inside into chaos. Behind the glass, she caught glimpses of movement. Tiny, twitching bodies scrambling for exits that wouldn’t help them. It amused her to think they still believed in elevators and stairwells.

Then something caught her attention—something unexpected.

The mirrored curve of the tower's highest segment, still mostly intact, reflected her fully. She paused. The chaos behind the glass faded into the background. For a moment, it was just her, standing tall against the shattered sprawl of the city, towering over the ruins like a myth brought to life.

Damn.

Cassandra tilted her head. Even smeared with soot and blood, streaked with sweat, grime, and the residue of her earlier indulgences, she looked incredible. Her curves, her stance, the casual contempt in her eyes—it all shimmered back at her in silver-blue reflections, distorted but magnificent. She looked like a goddess mid-rampage, the whole city a smear beneath her.

She let out a low, amused chuckle.

“Being divine is messy,” she muttered, admiring the destruction caking her skin. “But damn if I don’t wear it well.”

Then her eyes slid back to the movement in the tower, her smirk sharpening.

“They’re watching me like I’m an earthquake,” she said aloud, running her hand slowly across the glass. “But earthquakes don’t tease before they kill.”

Her fingers curled again, and the Helix Pinnacle shuddered under her grip.

Cassandra stepped closer to the building. The proud glass facade gleamed defiantly in the evening haze—until her shadow swallowed it whole. She brought her face inches from its surface, the spire’s mirrored reflection warping around her eye until it vanished entirely. Inside, she could see them now. Real-time. Dozens, maybe hundreds, of tiny bodies scrambling behind the glass like ants in a stirred nest—panicking, shouting, bumping into one another in blind, stupid desperation. Her eye narrowed.

“Oh no, don’t stop now,” she whispered, her voice fogging the glass, cracking it subtly with the low-frequency hum of her amused disdain. “Run harder. Maybe if you believe in your fire drills *really* hard, I’ll vanish.”

She chuckled and gave the structure a delicate shake—just a tap with her open palm. The building groaned. Lights flickered. Somewhere inside, something important collapsed. She could almost *taste* the chaos blooming from the upper floors. Another tap. A smirk. The old Cassandra might have toyed with them longer.

But then she heard it.

A whistling. Shrill, sharp, from behind—too fast, too direct. Her smile evaporated. She turned her head, just slightly, just enough to catch the blur of silver streaks screaming through the air.

Impact.

The first slammed just above her kidneys, the second struck between her shoulder blades. A flash of white agony tore through her senses. Her breath seized. No warning, no time to brace. The sheer *force* of it was astronomical. Pain—a concept she'd half-forgotten—returned with a vengeance. Real pain. *Impossible* pain.

Her body lurched forward, momentum outpacing stability. She tried to stop herself, feet grinding against the city's bones, but gravity won. Her face slammed into the upper face of the Helix Pinnacle, shattering steel and glass. Several floors collapsed around her head as desks, walls, and people crumpled together in a single, instant burst of devastation. Her breasts followed, swinging forward and crashing through the remaining structure with their deceptive softness, pulverizing floors into dust and red pulp beneath their weight.

She managed to catch herself—barely. One arm braced against the lower segment of the tower, the other dragging behind, still numb from the shock. Her body was partially embedded in the building now, the Helix Pinnacle still standing, somehow, like a stunned animal too slow to realize it's already been killed.

She groaned. Louder than before. Not playful, not amused.

It *hurt.*

The agony pulsed with a hot, electric clarity that left no room for performance. Her fingers clawed at the structure as she pulled herself out, bits of the Pinnacle collapsing further under her shifting mass. Her moan cracked the windows of every building within five blocks. Hands instinctively reached behind her, feeling for the source—and then, slowly, she pulled them forward, looked down.

Blood.

Rich, dark, seeping in heavy streaks between the lines of her fingers. Not just surface scratches. Not just a bruise. *She was bleeding.* Her breath caught again, not from pain this time, but something colder—sharper.

"How…" she whispered.

It wasn't a question of biology. It was a *challenge to reality.* Because this? This was *not supposed to happen.* Her strength had made her unstoppable. Her flesh—untouchable. Nothing they'd thrown at her had done *this.*

Her thoughts scrambled, narrowed.

What the fuck did they just hit me with?

And deeper than the pain, deeper than the confusion—something else began to rise.

Something terrifying.

A flicker of fear.

She was still trying to breathe when the next two silver streaks cut toward her—silent but cruel in their speed, low and fast, like precision scalpels slicing through the sky. Cassandra saw them coming. Her head tilted, eyes locking on the shimmer of metal breaking formation. Instinct screamed at her to move. She started to shift, but her legs didn't follow. The strength just wasn't there. Her muscles twitched, faltered. That core of impossible power inside her—so loud moments ago—was sputtering now, flickering like a dying pulse.

She turned, not fast enough. Her torso twisted just slightly, a pathetic attempt at evasion, and then they struck.

The hit landed in her stomach—both of them—one just below the ribs, the other angling across her side. She doubled over as the pain roared to life, far sharper than before. Her breath caught in her throat, her vision warping at the edges. A sick, guttural sound escaped her lips, half a grunt, half a growl, and then her entire frame reeled backward like a tower punched from its base.

Her ass was the first thing to hit the building behind her.

The impact was instant, obscene. The upper floors of the Pinnacle burst outward in a chaotic storm of steel and concrete, a massive V-shaped cleft gouged through the structure by her perfect, weighty hips. Then came her shoulders, her back, her head—each adding to the violent collapse. What was left of the Pinnacle gave up entirely.

It came down around her in a deafening, cinematic fall. Glass, metal, office furniture, entire steel girders twisted in on themselves as she dropped through it, her body burying itself in the building's dying center like a goddess-shaped wrecking ball. The ground shook with the final impact. Rubble exploded upward and outward as she hit bottom, vanishing beneath a cloud of dust and a tidal surge of pulverized stone.

Then—above, in the clean blue sky—two dark bombers traced elegant arcs through the smoke, their sonic wakes ripping over the city like victory banners.

And down below, the streets erupted. Cheers rang out. Applause. Horns. Even sobs.

Not for the fallen monument. Not for the ruin of steel and skyline crushed beneath her.

But for the simple illusion that the monster had finally been brought down.

REBOOT

General Delaney stood at the center of the operations deck, arms folded tight across his chest, boots planted like anchors in the polished floor. The war room lights cast cold reflections off the wall-sized monitors surrounding him—feeds from satellites, drones, street cams, and whatever phone footage hadn't been blocked yet.

"SitRep," he said. The word cracked through the room like a gavel.

A junior officer, pale and still sweating despite the frigid AC, cleared his throat. "Dust clouds are still obstructing most of the lower altitude feeds, sir. But we've got visuals from orbit… here." He gestured to a panel. Several angles bloomed into view—gray, static-smeared chaos. Shattered skyline. A smear where the Helix Pinnacle had once pierced the sky.

A dozen feeds. Nothing definitive.

Until—

"There." Another hand pointed. One of the high-zoom drones banked slowly around a plume of smoke. Its camera steadied just long enough to reveal the edge of a crater, massive, laced with twisted rebar and pancaked glass.

At the center… something pale, enormous.

An arm. A flank. Something unmistakably human—unmoving, buried beneath thousands of tons of debris.

The room exhaled.

Delaney let himself blink, slowly. Then nodded. "It worked."

He didn't raise his voice, didn't shout. The war room didn't need fanfare. The tension drained like pressure from a sealed hull. Relief spread across the room in quiet murmurs, in men slumping back into chairs, in the sound of someone finally sipping cold coffee.

Even Delaney allowed himself a smile, thin and brutal.

"There were… collateral casualties," he said aloud, glancing over at one of his aides. Everyone knew what he was referring to. The tallest building in the city now lay in ruins, spread over the massive, unmoving body.

Some of the younger officers shifted in place. No one spoke.

He turned back to the screen. "It could've been millions. The next option wasn't containment. It was escalation. And the President already made the call. Steele wasn't leaving that city."

Everyone knew what he was referring to. Two F-35s were already on the runway, weapons loaded.

The screens flickered. Feeds adjusted. More clarity returned as the dust began to thin. Somewhere on the edge of the pit, a building's twisted frame gave out and collapsed in on itself.

Celebration—muted, professional, but unmistakable—began to ripple again. Hands were shaken. Calls were made. Updates drafted for broadcast. Relief was earning its foothold.

Then:

"Sir."

One voice. Quiet, urgent.

Delaney turned. So did everyone else.

The tech's eyes were wide, locked on one of the back monitors. He pointed without speaking.

A foot.

Just a foot—bare, dust-covered, feminine—jutting out from the rubble, half-swallowed by the fractured ruin of the Pinnacle's corpse.

And then it twitched.

Not a lot. Not a dramatic surge. Just a slow, involuntary flicker.

But it moved.

The silence that followed wasn't disbelief. It wasn't even fear.

It was recognition.

Like a market crash starting with a single missed digit.

General Delaney's smile was already gone.

"Status of the next Thunderheads," he said, his voice low but razor-sharp.

A colonel snapped upright from his terminal. "Eight units, sir. Final-stage arming protocols complete. They were delivered to Offutt ten minutes ago."

"B-2s?"

"Standing by. All four have been retrofitted for the load."

Delaney didn't hesitate. "Get them airborne. Now."

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Darkness.

A pressure. Crushing, full-body, like the earth itself had rolled over her.

Then—pain.

A groan slipped out before she could stop it, ragged and broken, swallowed by grit. Her lungs fought for air that wasn't there. Her mouth filled with dust and blood. Somewhere above, light filtered dimly through layers of fractured stone, twisted steel, broken glass. But she didn't see it yet. Only black. Only weight.

Cassandra coughed, hard—wet—and tasted metal.

Buried.

Her limbs didn't move at first. Not because she didn't try, but because they refused. Her right arm was pinned beneath what felt like tons of rubble. Her left leg was twisted awkwardly under her. Her back screamed, and her stomach…

She whimpered. Quiet. Ashamed of it. But it slipped out anyway.

A second later, her fingers clawed upward through gravel and powder. Movement—a shift of rubble, slow and painful—spread around her as debris began to fall away. She growled, hissed, bit down on her own moan as pain exploded through her ribs and lower spine.

Her elbow dug, then her shoulder. With a grunt that bordered on a roar, she heaved herself upward and the rubble pinning her arm slid off with a heavy crunch. Stone split. Girders shifted.

A foot broke the surface.

Then a hand.

And finally—after a long, harrowing series of grunts, coughs, groans—Cassandra emerged.

She collapsed forward on her side, gasping, her face streaked with soot and blood. Her skin, normally radiant, was smeared in ash and lacerations. She looked down—blood soaked the curve of her stomach, smeared dark red along her hip and upper thigh. Her back throbbed with every breath. She reached behind her, touched the source of the burning ache. Her fingers came back blackened, sticky.

She was fucked.

She blinked, but her vision blurred, swam sideways. Grit stuck to her lashes. Her head throbbed in pulses. The air tasted like rebar and concrete. She sat up with a groan so deep it shook dust from the still-settling ruin around her.

How?

How was this possible?

She was a goddess. A force of nature. She had walked through tanks like they were toys. Brought buildings to their knees. The city had bowed to her, trembled beneath her step. The world…

The world was supposed to be hers.

She squeezed her eyes shut, trying to hold back the spiraling nausea. Her mind reeled through fragments—sirens, flames, screams—and then the streaks in the sky. The silver darts. The sonic crescendos. The moment of impact.

She shuddered.

Her breath caught. Her body tensed.

Waiting. Bracing. Another missile. Another strike. She could feel it in her spine. Any second now.

…

Nothing.

No roar of engines. No approaching streaks. No new explosion.

Just silence.

She opened one eye. Then the other. The world spun slightly, but no threat emerged.

"What the fuck…” she muttered, voice hoarse and cracked.

Another stab of pain ripped through her ribs. She doubled over, clutching her side, cursing through clenched teeth.

Groaning. Moaning. Spitting out dust.

Whatever had hit her had been built to kill gods. And it almost had.

Cassandra sat still for a moment, hunched, panting like an animal too proud to whimper again. Her hands rested in her lap, one trembling. The other curled loosely around a chunk of twisted rebar she hadn’t meant to grab. Her fingers just… did it. Maybe for balance. Maybe out of instinct.

Her stomach ached. Her back felt like it had been flayed. Her skin throbbed in angry pulses. Blood trickled from her side, warm and thick, and each new drop stole a sliver of her strength.

This wasn’t pain. This was violation.

She had been *hit*.

Hard.

And not just hit—brought down. Flattened. Buried. It *worked.*

Those tiny, pathetic little specks had *hurt* her.

And the worst part wasn’t the pain. The worst part was the truth knotted inside her gut like a second heartbeat:

If they did it once…

They’d do it again.

No warning. Just that same scream of sky-tearing engines and the next one would finish what the first started.

Her hand pressed to her side, shaking now. She could feel the blood still leaking beneath her palm. Her breath caught again, shallower this time.

She didn’t know how long she had left. Minutes? Hours?

What was she supposed to do?

Go to a hospital?

The laugh that escaped her was half-cough, half-choke. God. She didn’t even know if she could *stand*. Her thighs burned. Her spine screamed. Even her neck felt like it had been twisted out of place.

She swallowed, the dust dry in her throat, and blinked blearily at something just ahead. A small group of people—maybe ten, maybe twenty—stood a half a block away, half-concealed by a bent streetlight and an overturned tram.

They were staring at her. Frozen. Terrified.

One of them stepped back, arms spread like he was trying to protect the others. Another pointed up at her, eyes wide with—was that relief?

Relief?

Her lips curled. Weakly.

"No," she rasped, voice barely audible. "No, no… don’t you *dare* feel safe."

She shifted her weight forward, grit grinding beneath her knees. Her hand came down on them with the last of her weight. Not a stomp—too slow, too soft. Just a fall. But it was enough. A wet crunch, a muted scream cut off mid-note. She coughed again.

“You… should’ve *run*.”

The words came out thin. She wanted venom, but got vapor. No impact. No fear. Just a wheeze.

It was pathetic.

She was bleeding, broken, struggling to kill with the weight of her own hand. Every joint in her body protested. Her breath rattled. Her skin felt cold now, not just dusty—*cold.*

This wasn't power.

This was failure.

Her mind ran tight loops. She needed to *survive.* That was the only objective now. Escape? Hide? No—she couldn't even *move* right now, let alone plot a route. And even if she crawled to a hospital and dropped a hundred screaming doctors at her feet, what would they do? Stitch her like a wound victim? Hook her to an IV?

Her lips parted. "Fuck…"

Then it hit her.

The *drug.*

Her pupils narrowed.

The formula Strauss had given her. It had fueled her. Kept her up through days of movement, heat, exhaustion. She had *felt* it. In her bones. In her blood. That core of fire that wouldn't go out.

Could it help now?

She didn't know. And it didn't matter. Because she didn't know where he was. The bastard had vanished. She'd been too sure of herself, too busy playing goddess. She thought she had time. Thought no one could challenge her. Thought—

Her fingers clenched tighter. Another stab of pain. Another grimace.

Too naive. Too overconfident.

Too *cocky.*

And now he was gone. The man who could have had what she needed just now.

She dropped her head. Her vision wavered again. She fought it. Forced her eyes open.

And then, through the blur of blood, sweat, and fear—

Her mind caught something.

A memory. A detail buried under adrenaline and ego.

Her lips moved.

“Oh.”

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Colonel Kearns stood in the doorway, one hand resting on the frame, the other still gloved and dusty from the command post. Behind him, distant voices echoed from down the corridor—orders, boots, tension. But here, in the makeshift lab, everything was quieter. Cooler. Buzzing only with low fluorescent hum and the sharp, chemical scent of sterilized metal.

Dr. Strauss didn’t look up. He was hunched over a console, eyes flicking between two overlapping data graphs, his jaw tight, brow damp. Tubes snaked from the machinery into a sealed case against the wall—whatever was inside, it pulsed softly, like a thing breathing.

“She’s still out there, right?” Strauss asked, not looking.

Kearns hesitated. “Yeah,” he lied. “We’re still tracking.”

Strauss exhaled. “Then don’t waste time. You’re here for an update?”

Kearns gave a curt nod. “Where are we?”

“Close.” Strauss adjusted a control dial by a fraction. The tone of the machine changed, higher now. “The last iteration held stable in simulation. I'm integrating now, checking reaction tolerances. If it survives the next fusion pass, we have a viable counteragent.”

“How soon?”

“If you want precision, twelve hours. If you want odds...six.”

Kearns didn’t blink. “Push for two.”

“I’ll do my best.”

Kearns nodded once, sharply, and turned.

He didn’t tell Strauss the truth.

That she was down.

That she might already be dying.

Because if Strauss thought it was over… he'd stop pushing.

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The pain didn’t ebb. It spread.

Each second was worse than the last—her body stiffening, muscles locking, joints aching with the dull, awful throb of something torn too deep to fix. The bleeding hadn’t stopped. Her thigh was slick, her side sticky. Her breathing came in short, stuttering bursts, chest refusing to expand fully. Every time she inhaled, her ribs protested with fire.

Cassandra groaned, low and sharp, as she tried to push herself upright.

Her knees nearly buckled. One hand reached instinctively for support, slamming into the remains of a ruined building. The concrete cracked and folded under her palm, too soft, too broken—like everything else in this city. She stayed bent over, her spine refusing to straighten.

She gritted her teeth. A tear of frustration welled in one eye—not grief, not weakness, just raw nerve pain and the rage that came with it. She blinked hard, trying to see through the haze. Everything was too bright, then too dim. The skyline rippled.

But then—

There.

Through the blur, past the smoke, her destination revealed itself.

She took a step.

Her foot landed heavy, awkward. Rubble splintered beneath her heel. Metal crumpled. Somewhere beneath it all, there was motion. Screams. She didn’t look. Didn’t need to. She knew what that sound meant.

The second step was worse. She staggered, nearly pitching forward. Her arms wheeled for balance, sending a concrete ledge flying into the side of a nearby apartment tower, which began to sag with a groan.

She cursed aloud, gritting her teeth. “Fuck…”

Another step.

More destruction. A roof folded under her instep, coughing dust into the air. Her gait was uneven, lurching. Gone was the smooth, predatory confidence she once carried. There was no elegance left—only necessity. Only inertia.

A building shattered at knee height as she grazed it with her hip. A glass dome collapsed entirely beneath her heel.

She didn’t mean to crush so much now. But she *was* crushing.

Every time her foot landed, it took something with it—cars, crowds, balconies, rooftops.

Her breaths came louder now, each one edged with a grunt, a growl. The blood loss was catching up. Her vision blurred again. But she kept going.

Step. Grunt. Crash.

Step. Moan. Crumble.

She couldn't stop.

Not until she got there.

It took her five minutes to reach it.

Five minutes that felt like five hours.

Every step had been agony. Her body was spent—bleeding, trembling, muscles locking against her will. Her legs burned, her lungs clawed for air, and every crash beneath her came with a cost.

But now, finally, she was here.

She blinked down, slow and sluggish, her gaze dragging toward her knees where they had slammed down into a crater of twisted concrete and glass. And there it was.

Her apartment.

Not some lab. Not a facility. Just… home.

A black monolith of reflective glass, scarred now by the surrounding ruin, its penthouse level cracked but still standing. Her knees sank deeper into the building's sides as she leaned forward, the pressure too much to hold. She groaned—a long, low sound full of torn muscle and betrayal.

She was almost gone. She *felt* it. That invisible internal thread that held her together was fraying, unraveling with every heartbeat.

Just a little more...

Her head dropped low, ungracefully, her neck giving out as her chin bumped against the edge of the roof. Blinking through veils of sweat and ash, she squinted down at the penthouse windows.

Empty, of course.

She gritted her teeth and reached.

Her fingers had no finesse left. No control. But she didn't need it. With a clumsy curl of her wrist, she *peeled* the roof back, tearing it like cardboard. It didn't come off clean. It folded and splintered, one metal support beam slapping against her cheek before sliding off. She ignored it.

There.

The bathroom.

Her eyes locked on the mirrored cabinet. Top shelf. Left side. The casing still intact. The dark glass glinting faintly beneath layers of grime.

The drug.

That thin, perfect vial. Her miracle. Her ace.

Except there was no way she could open the cabinet. No way she could pinch the vial free. No way she had time to rip someone else from the street and *beg* them to help like before.

No time.

No choice.

She drove her hand down, through tile and pipe and stone, and tore the entire bathroom free in a single messy chunk.

Her arms barely obeyed anymore. Her eyes swam. Her breath hitched in her throat.

She remembered the injection. The needle. The precision it demanded.

And the laugh—if it even *was* a laugh—came out as a wheeze. The irony tasted like blood.

“How the fuck…”

Her lips barely moved.

No strength to inject it. No tools. No help.

So she opened her mouth.

And shoved the bathroom in.

Ceramic, metal, mirror, and all.

She swallowed.

It didn’t go down clean. Her throat spasmed. Her teeth broke the edge of the cabinet. Something sharp tore at her tongue.

But she got it down.

Or most of it.

And then—

Her arms gave out. Her legs followed.

Her massive form slumped forward, limp and spent. Her breasts flattened the upper half of the tower, her shoulders collapsing the rest. Her face landed sideways across the wreckage, eyes half-lidded, still open.

The last thing she heard before blacking out was the creak of steel giving way beneath her.

Then nothing.

==*=*=*=*=*=*

The air in the command center had gone thin again.

No one said it aloud, but the celebration had rotted in their mouths minutes ago.

Every monitor, every feed now showed her. Cassandra Steele—moving, stumbling, *bleeding*—but alive.

One feed showed her swaying against the side of a collapsed tower. Another, dragging herself between blocks like a broken colossus. Each step was uneven, shaky, scattered with debris and bodies. She wasn't attacking anymore. She wasn't even looking around.

But she was *still moving.*

"She's in bad shape," someone muttered at last, unable to keep it in.

Another voice, lower: "Very bad shape."

Delaney watched in silence, eyes locked on a drone feed that showed Cassandra's hunched silhouette half-collapsing into what looked like a residential tower. Her movement was slow. Almost pathetic. But still—there.

"She should be dead," he said flatly.

Silence.

Then, turning toward the operations board: "Status on the other B-2s?"

A major stepped forward, datapad in hand. "All eight are loaded and ready. Final systems checks are clean."

Delaney's jaw shifted, a muscle ticking near his temple.

"How long to target?"

"Less than forty-five minutes. They're on tarmac now, waiting for your go."

Delaney's eyes returned to the monitors. Cassandra was crumpling forward, her titanic form sprawling into what remained of a rooftop. Blood trailed behind her like oil.

“She’s still alive,” he muttered, more to himself than anyone else.

Then louder, flat and final:

“Time to take off the bitch.”

==*=*=*=*=*=*

At first, there was only sound.

Low. Distant. The metallic groan of twisted steel, the whisper of glass shifting beneath weight. Then came the awareness—slow, creeping, like warmth seeping back into numb limbs after a freeze.

She was lying on rubble.

Face down, heavy, pressed into a crater of her own making.

But she *felt* it now.

Not just pain. Not just blood.

Something else.

Energy.

Cassandra groaned, voice dry and raw, but fuller than before. Her chest rose with a breath she didn’t think she had in her. It came easier. Deeper.

And the pain…

Still there. Still radiating from her ribs, her back, her side—

But it wasn’t *spreading* anymore.

It was retreating.

She clenched her right hand. The rubble beneath her palm cracked and gave way, crushed to powder. Her knuckles trembled, then steadied. Another groan—deeper this time, more force than ache. Her biceps flexed against stone, and she *felt* them answer. Tense. Responsive.

Stronger.

She reached for her back without opening her eyes. Her fingertips found bruised skin, shallow wounds… but they weren’t slick with blood now. Still sore. Still raw. But the fire had dulled to heat.

A breath caught in her throat.

Was this real?

Her hands dropped again, pressing against the cracked rubble beneath her. She growled through clenched teeth, pushed upward. Her arms shook—but held.

Her lids fluttered open.

No blurriness.

No fog.

The skyline—ruined, scorched, trembling—came into sharp, painful focus.

She blinked. Once. Twice.

She was better.

Still wounded. Still aching. But no longer *dying*. Her pulse was rising, not falling. Her breath was full. Her limbs were responding. There was no spike of pain behind her eyes.

There was… *hope.*

She shifted one arm, then the other. Sat up with effort, and not agony. Her chest still ached. Her back still throbbed. But she wasn't sinking anymore.

She was rising.

The drug.

Her mind caught it all at once.

It worked.

She sat up slowly, breath still ragged—but each inhale came easier. More controlled. Her arms braced against the torn wreckage of her old tower, her legs curled beneath her in a loose crouch. Her hair, caked in ash and dried blood, hung over one shoulder, swaying as she scanned the skyline.

What was left of it, anyway.

Collapsed towers. Hollowed streets. Fires still flickering in some far block. The city she had claimed not long ago was fractured, broken, wreathed in silence.

And she was still here.

Alive.

Cassandra exhaled hard, her gaze flicking down. Her stomach, once slick with deep crimson, was now only streaked with it. The gashes were still there—open, raw—but she could *see* them narrowing. Slowly. In real time. Skin tugging back together over exposed flesh, blood flow slowing.

If she hadn't been looking right at it, she might have dismissed it. A trick of her mind. A hopeful illusion.

But the drug.

That fucking miracle.

It was real.

She laughed. Sharp. Pained. The motion sent a jolt through her ribs and made her wince—but she couldn't help it. The absurdity of it all—the plan, the bathroom, the *swallowing*—and it *worked.*

Her last chance.

And it *worked.*

The laugh died quick.

The memory came back sharper. The silver streaks. The burn in her gut. The hum of bombers in the sky. Her body crashing down like a broken monument.

They *hurt* her.

They *found* something that worked.

And if they had it once… they had it again.

Cassandra's jaw tightened. Her hands curled.

Why aren't they back?

Her eyes flicked to movement nearby. There were always people. Always little specks trying to watch, trying to hide. Thinking they were out of reach.

She reached without hesitation.

Her fingers closed around a man, roughly. His scream barely started before he was brought up to her face, hanging there in her tightening grip. Her eyes—clear now, sharp and cold—locked on his trembling form.

"How long?" she asked, voice low and merciless. "How long have I been down?"

He whimpered. Shook his head.

Wrong answer.

With a flex of two fingers, she popped him—just enough pressure. Not a slam. Just a crack. His body went limp.

She let it fall.

Then grabbed another.

This one didn’t scream. Too scared. Good.

Her voice dropped lower. “Don’t fuck with me. I have *no* patience left.”

He nodded frantically, words tumbling out. “T-Twenty minutes. Maybe twenty-five. Not more than half an hour!”

She narrowed her eyes, watching his panic.

Plenty of time.

Plenty of time for another strike. Another flyover. Another deathblow. If she wasn’t already ash, there was a reason.

Maybe it wasn’t so easy to hit her after all.

Maybe they weren’t *ready.*

It gave her a sliver of relief. Not much. But enough to keep her grounded.

They’d come back. She knew that like gravity.

Think, Cassandra. Think.

How to make sure the next strike doesn’t land?

How to turn this from survival… into control again?

A faint sound tugged at her attention. A whimper. A twitch of movement between her fingers.

Cassandra blinked, glanced down.

Oh. The second man. Still there, tucked against the inside of her grip, curled up like a trembling insect. She had forgotten him.

She sneered. “Ah. *Still* there?”

And with a soft *crack*, he wasn’t.

She let the remains fall without a glance, wiping her palm against the scorched rubble beneath her thigh. Her attention had already shifted. Her gaze dipped back to her stomach.

The wound—deep and vicious only minutes ago—was now nothing but a faint, pink seam. The blood had dried in a thin crust that flaked away as she moved. Her side bore the same story: smooth skin where gashes had once been. She didn’t reach her back, but she didn’t need to. She could *feel* it. No more fire. Just a dull ache.

The drug hadn’t just stopped the bleeding.

It had healed her. Fully.

A fucking miracle, straight out of Strauss's mad little lab.

She pushed herself to her feet. The rubble shifted beneath her, but her legs obeyed now. Her core held. She groaned, but only lightly—more exertion than pain.

She stood tall.

Taller than anything left standing around her. Her shadow stretched wide across the ruined street as she turned in place, slowly, soaking in the skyline. The fractured, burning mess of it. The city.

Her city.

Her voice rose. Steady. Cruel. Almost amused.

"Did you think I was dead?" she shouted, loud enough to shake broken windows, to make survivors scatter behind walls and flipped buses. "*Did you really think it would be that easy?*"

She opened her arms wide, chest heaving with new strength. "I'm your fucking *god.* And now you're going to feel what it's like to *fail* a god."

Screams erupted below. Good.

But inside, under the glow of restored muscle and miracle skin, something in her coiled tighter.

She looked down again at her stomach. The wound was gone. Not even a scar. Just smooth, powerful flesh.

She shook her head, laughed once, quietly.

"What a fucking miracle…"

If only she had more.

If she had *more doses*, more chances to reset—she would be unstoppable. Unafraid. Nothing would touch her. No bomb, no missile, no man-made weapon would be more than an annoyance.

But she didn't have more.

That was it. The last of the drug. The last hope. And if those bombers came back—if they launched another strike like before—she *knew* she wouldn't survive it a second time.

Her fingers curled into fists again. Her breath came sharper now.

The fear hadn't left her. Not completely. Not even close. The missiles. The planes. The silver streaks through the sky. She could almost *hear* them if she let her mind slip.

They'd come. She glanced upward, scanning the horizon. Nothing yet. But she didn't have long. Could feel it in her blood.

Think, Cassandra. Think.

How do you deal with something that can kill gods? How do you make the sky itself *afraid*? How do you *prevail*?

The last of the wound sealed itself in silence.

Cassandra watched it happen—one final ripple of skin knitting together across her stomach, the blood gone, the flesh untouched. No pain now. Not even a trace of it. The soreness had faded from her arms. Her spine felt solid, strong, aligned. Her breath came deep, steady. No fire in her ribs. No tremble in her limbs.

She was whole.

But something was wrong.

Or rather… something was *more.*

The energy that had fueled her recovery—the strange, blazing surge she'd taken for temporary strength—wasn't subsiding.

It was intensifying.

Spreading outward, pushing at the walls of her skin like it didn't belong there anymore. Like she was suddenly too *small* to hold it.

And then she felt it. That *sensation.* That familiar, delicious, unnatural sensation. Not pain. Not healing. Something… old. Atavistic. Monumental.

Her eyes widened.

Her lips parted.

And then she laughed—low at first, a sound of disbelief, amusement. Her head tilted back slightly as the realization sank in, and her hand lifted instinctively to her chest.

"Oh…"

She glanced down.

Her toes were advancing. Pressing forward through the street, past parked cars, pushing gravel and crushed steel aside like driftwood.

Except she wasn't moving.

She stood still.

Perfectly still.

And yet… the world was shrinking around her.

Her point of view began to rise—subtly at first, like being on a slow, quiet elevator. Her head edged upward, breath catching as she saw farther and farther.

It was happening again.

She was *growing*.

A full grin spread across her lips, wider and wider as the moment stretched.

“Yes…”

Her feet stayed planted, but the toes now extended past intersections. A half-crushed SUV disappeared beneath her big toe. A few distant people, foolish enough to think they were hidden, found themselves caught under her expanding soles, flattened by growth alone. No stomp, no gesture—just the simple fact that she was *becoming too big to avoid.*

The world shifted downward.

No. *She* shifted upward.

She swelled. Expanded. Her hips pushed outward, shoving debris and broken scaffolding aside. Her calves rose. Her skin sheared through drywall and steel, her legs forcing buildings apart like paper cutouts.

Cassandra let out a soft gasp, not from pain but from sheer physical overwhelm. Her hands opened wide, fingers spreading as though trying to measure her own expansion. Her breathing deepened. She could feel her body adjusting with every second—bones lengthening, muscles tightening, curves swelling. Not just taller. More.

The ground fell away.

Her thighs now dwarfed entire blocks. Her calves alone scraped over rooftops. Each footstep covered city sectors—even though she *wasn’t moving.* Growth did all the work.

The sound was constant. Buildings creaked, split, shattered beneath her, crushed not by force but by proximity. Glass exploded outward as her expanding hips shoved two towers apart. One broke in half and slid down her outer thigh. Another, closer, was erased entirely by the curve of her right buttock, reduced to rubble as her height climbed past 2,000… 3,000… 4,000 feet.

The air changed.

She could *feel* it.

Thinner. Cleaner. Cooler.

Her head was breaching the top layers of smog and smoke. Her hair swayed in currents that no longer reached the city below. She smiled, eyes flicking upward toward clearer skies. This high, she could feel the chill of the upper air layers brushing her face, kissing her shoulders.

It was… intoxicating.

Delightful. Unexpected.

And strangely, *deeply* welcome.

She tilted her head down, now with care. The city lay before her—flattened, minimized. Downtown's tallest skyscrapers didn't even reach her *shins.* They tickled the inside of her calves. Even the ones that had stood proud after her rampage now looked like child's toys.

A few streets away, her feet had leveled entire blocks. Cars were gone. Parks were erased. Her footprints left canyons.

She laughed.

Full-bodied. Thunderous.

It rolled over the city like a god's proclamation from Olympus, shaking the air, setting off alarms, knocking loose what few windows remained intact. The people who heard it wouldn't soon forget it—not the sound, not the vibration in their bones, not the feeling of being completely, hopelessly *beneath* her.

Cassandra spread her arms slowly, feeling the air bend around her reach.

So… this is how she prevails.

Not by hiding.

Not by surviving.

But by *becoming*.

She didn't move.

She didn't need to.

The wind curled around her hips now, brushing her bare legs like silk, crisp and cool at this height. The sun broke more cleanly through the haze, catching the curve of her shoulders and cheekbones in a soft gleam. Her body hummed—not just with strength, but with *scale*, a pressure, a weight, a *presence* that bent the world around her like gravity.

Cassandra stood—well over a mile tall now, immeasurable by the old rules—her lungs full, her posture tall and unbothered, her lips parted in a slow, savage smile.

She hadn't made sense of it yet.

Not entirely.

She knew she was big—*colossal*—but there was no frame of reference anymore. The city below looked like a mock-up, a miniature. The towers that once scraped the sky

now barely rose above her ankles. She shifted one foot, just slightly, and the top half of an office building crumbled like brittle crust. The sensation was casual. Distant.

She didn't feel like a person anymore.

She felt like a *force.*

And then—her eyes dropped.

To the mobs.

They were scattered, clumped into waves of motion. Pockets of people flooding through side streets, highways, metro lines. Tiny as ants, but visible if she focused. If she squinted. The individuals blurred at this scale, but the *masses*—the shape of panic, the fractal churn of collective dread—that was clear.

She could sense them.

Their *fear*.

The city had believed her finished. Flattened. Buried beneath its rubble. It had whispered relief when she fell. It had *cheered.*

And now she stood higher than ever. Towering over it all.

Ascended.

She inhaled slowly—deeply—and exhaled a single command through the city's shredded soundscape.

"Look at me."

Her voice dropped like a hammer from the heavens. The shockwave rolled outward, scattering dust, tipping weakened walls, toppling half-standing structures. Every ear within miles heard it—every body felt it, like the boom of a god's heart.

"*Look up at me.*"

She took a slow step forward, her heel snapping a bridge in half as if it were string. Another block crushed under her toes, cars and corpses reduced to colored paste beneath her smooth, unhurried tread.

"When I said *god*…" Her voice sharpened, sliced, echoed. "I *meant* god."

She looked out at the panicked swarms. At the tiny rivers of humanity fleeing from her shadow. She let them run.

For now.

"You should've knelt when you had the chance."

The last word hit like rolling thunder.

Her hands lifted, arms opening wide as she welcomed the weight of it all—the scale, the silence, the abject helplessness beneath her.

“Now,” she growled, voice velvet and steel, “you’ll learn what happens when you fuck with a *goddess.*”

MAXIMIZED

Cassandra lifted one foot.

Slowly. Deliberately.

The air clung to her sole like it didn't want to let go. Beneath her, the city warped in her shadow—an entire district swallowed in a single looming mass of skin, dust, and heat. Streets, plazas, rooftops… all of it vanished beneath the span of her arch. Her foot now stretched across *multiple blocks*. Her toes alone eclipsed intersections.

Somewhere down there, a crowd was trapped. Or had been. It was hard to tell. The scale made it difficult to pick out individuals anymore—unless she really *focused*. She could do that, if she wanted. She could watch them scramble, cry, beg. But the mobs were easier to track in motion. Masses shifting like spilled ink.

How many were caught under her foot right now?

Thousands?

Tens of thousands?

She smiled. A slow, amused curve of her lips as her gaze followed the trembling horizon.

"Well," she said, voice rich and sharp as polished steel, "you should've run faster."

Her tone was smooth. Cold. Unhurried. Not a threat. Just… confirmation.

And then—she lowered her foot.

No stomp. No fury.

Just *placed* it down.

The result was… catastrophic.

Her sole broke through rooftops first, flattening offices, shattering glass facades. Then the full weight came down. Steel skeletons snapped like twigs. Roads imploded. Cars pancaked into oil-stained shadows. The *sound* of it was indescribable—a city's scream caught beneath a descending wall of flesh.

Her foot sank deep. Far deeper than expected.

The pressure cratered the earth below, pulverizing layers of foundation, subway lines, structural cores. The impact sent a shockwave rippling outward—a sudden thunderclap of displaced force. Debris flew for blocks. Windows exploded. The ground cracked in spiderwebs across entire neighborhoods, swallowing streets, tipping buildings into sudden, fatal angles.

Thousands more were caught in the aftershock.

Launched. Crushed. Buried.

And Cassandra just stood there.

One foot forward.

That was *all*.

She tilted her head, looking down at the devastation curling away from her toes. Her voice returned, velvety and slow.

“That… was a *step.*”

She laughed. Short. Cold. Addictive.

“No force. No anger. Just mass. Just… me.”

She stretched her arms lazily overhead, body arching, chest lifting, basking in the warm air and cooler winds higher up.

“You thought it was over,” she purred, voice carrying across a thousand ruined lives. “You wanted to see what it looked like when a goddess stopped holding back?”

She rolled her ankle gently. Entire chunks of the city shifted with the motion.

“Well. Here I am.”

Cassandra shifted her weight, lifted her other foot.

Even now, after all this time, she moved with carelessness—not from clumsiness, but from *certainty*. Nothing could withstand what she was now. Her foot rose slowly, shedding rubble, dust, and crushed architecture like loose sand. The underside was stained with entire districts.

She took another step.

The ball of her foot came down on what had once been a bustling financial hub—steel-and-glass towers, six lanes of traffic, a park plaza, and hundreds of lives.

The effect was instantaneous.

The towers cracked before her foot even touched down, their weakened cores snapping from the seismic pressure of her sheer proximity. When her sole *landed*, it wasn’t a stomp—it was presence. Mass. Casual pressure applied with godlike indifference.

Whumpf.

The sound didn’t ring—it *rippled*. A concussive shockwave radiated outward in a perfect circle, blowing out windows in buildings five blocks away, folding smaller ones

outright. Cars flew like chaff. People—those too slow or too mesmerized—vanished under her foot, or were flung back by the invisible wall of pressure her landing released.

Concrete cracked in concentric rings, spiderwebbing out from her heel. Steam vents ruptured. Subways collapsed. The skyline bent around her.

Two steps.

That was all.

And she had crossed half of downtown.

Cassandra paused, placing her hands on her hips as the wind curled around her thighs. She tilted her head, her gaze drifting from the craters behind her to the chaos still ahead.

Two steps.

She let out a dry, amused breath.

“How fucking big am I now…?”

She glanced down at her feet, back at the city beneath them—what was left of it. Trying to *measure* herself felt absurd. There were no street signs tall enough, no buildings relevant enough. The only thing that felt true was this:

She had to be measured in *miles* now.

That was the only *unit* that still made sense.

A thin cloud drifted near her face, brushing past her cheek like fog off a cliffside. Cassandra exhaled, a soft puff of breath—lazy, effortless.

The cloud *disintegrated.*

She chuckled.

“God, I’m *geologic*.”

She glanced downward again. The movements far below—panicked, flickering, so small—caught her eye.

The vermin.

The survivors.

The infestation.

She narrowed her eyes.

“Was I *ever* one of you?” she asked aloud, her voice soft but cutting, audible for miles. “Was I ever *this* small… this *pathetic*?”

The thought made her smile. Almost tender, almost cruel.

She crouched.

Her thighs lowered, the curve of her ass dragging wind in its wake as she descended slowly, bringing her face closer to the trembling world below. Her knees dented the skyline. Her shadow engulfed blocks.

She leaned forward, hands resting lightly on her knees. She peered closer. Curious.

“Let’s get a better look,” she murmured.

Cassandra squinted.

It took effort now, but yes—there they were. *People.* Not mobs, not shapes, but individual specks… flickering, darting, barely visible. They were maybe a millimeter tall. Maybe.

God.

She exhaled slowly, the wind from her nostrils alone enough to knock over debris across several blocks.

She was *that* big.

A soft, incredulous laugh escaped her lips. “You’re not even dots anymore,” she murmured. “You’re… *static.*”

She leaned in further, eyes narrowing with a mix of curiosity and contempt. Then she reached out.

Her hand moved like a descending moon—slow, casting its shadow across a wide swath of ruined concrete. She extended two fingers—thumb and forefinger—carefully, meticulously. She could see a cluster. Maybe fifty of them. Caught between rubble and street, trying to scatter. Useless.

She pinched.

Or tried to.

Smush.

A dark smear bloomed between her fingertips. She could feel it—barely. Like dust.

She tilted her head. “Really?” she said with dry irritation. “That’s all it takes?”

She opened her fingers, flakes of paste and crumbled asphalt drifting off her skin like soot.

“You could’ve *tried* not being so fucking puny.”

Still… she wanted them. Needed them. Cassandra was nothing if not *resourceful.*

Her eyes swept over the chaos until she spotted a patch that wasn't too crowded, somewhere between a broken freeway ramp and the shattered lobby of what had once been a civic center. Her smile returned.

She raised her index finger. Brought it to her mouth.

And licked.

The sound was subtle, precise. Her tongue rolled over the tip, coating it with a thin film of saliva. Then she lowered it again, gently pressing it into the earth.

Just a tap.

The moment it lifted, she *felt* it—two, maybe three microscopic forms clinging to the ridges of her fingerprint, legs kicking, bodies trembling against the slick surface of her skin.

"*Bingo.*"

She brought the fingertip up to her eyes. Slowly. Delicately. Her breath hitched with a mix of amusement and satisfaction as she focused.

Yes. There they were.

Specks. But *recognizable* now. One had their arms up, flailing. Another was completely stuck back —a woman, probably young. She could almost make out what they were wearing. She could *see* them moving their mouths, probably screaming.

She could barely hear it. A faint buzz, like interference. But the motion was clear.

She tilted her head. Watched them shift under the microcurrents of her breath.

"God, you're like… *mites,*" she said softly. "No… smaller. Petri dish small."

Her tone turned clinical. Icy. Detached.

She was inspecting them now—not as people, not even as survivors, but as phenomena. As curiosities. She turned her finger slightly, adjusting the angle. One of them lost balance and slipped between the pads of her skin. He dropped hundreds of feet to the ground.

She didn't react.

The other clung to her fingerprint like their life depended on it. The woman.

"Fascinating," Cassandra murmured, her voice all glass and slow fire.

She was tiny. Fragile. Her limbs were splayed across one of the shallow ridges in Cassandra's skin, holding on like it mattered. From this close, Cassandra could make out her flailing arms, her tiny head tilted upward, mouth opening and closing in silent, frantic effort.

It was almost… cute.

Cassandra tilted her finger slightly, watching the woman scrabble to maintain her grip.

“*Still* holding on,” she murmured, amused. “How resilient.”

She leaned in closer, her eye filling the sky above the woman like a planetary eclipse. “Do you have *any* idea how many of you I could hold?” she whispered. “Thousands. In one hand.”

She grinned.

“If that’s not power…” she exhaled slowly, the air alone nearly peeling the woman off her skin, “...then what the fuck is?”

The woman appeared to be screaming again, gesturing wildly, her motions frantic and hopeless. Cassandra raised one brow.

“Trying to speak?” she asked, arching an eyebrow. “Alright, go on then.”

She brought the fingertip a bit closer to her ear, just for the game of it.

“Tell me your name.”

The woman opened her mouth again—wide this time. Cassandra could see it. But nothing came out. Not even a tickle of sound.

She laughed.

Not cruelly—*playfully.* Like a goddess toying with a theory she already knew was true.

“Of *course* I can’t hear you,” she said with a soft chuckle. “You’re fucking *tiny.* You’re not even ant-sized anymore. You’re *microscopic.*”

She shifted the finger back in front of her face, studied the speck still clinging there.

“You know what?” she said, lips curling. “You look like a Jane.”

The speck didn’t react—how could she?

Cassandra gave a slight shrug. “I’m calling you Jane. There’s no fucking way I care what your name actually is. Or your opinion. So. Jane it is.”

The woman—Jane—nodded, either in terrified agreement or sheer survival instinct.

That earned another low, satisfied chuckle from Cassandra.

“There you go,” she said. “Now you’re getting it.”

She narrowed her eyes slightly, her voice dipping into something cooler, firmer.

“Do you understand what you *are* to me now?”

Jane nodded again—faster this time, panicked.

Cassandra smiled wider. “Good.”

“Because this isn’t theory anymore.”

She leaned in one last time.

“I’m a *god.* And you?” She paused, letting the moment linger like thunder on the horizon.

“You’re lucky I even noticed you.”

Jane was wriggling now.

Tiny, frantic motions against Cassandra’s skin, like a speck of lint trying to escape a breeze. Her little arms waved, legs kicked, mouth opened again and again in that same soundless scream.

Cassandra arched a brow, her expression steeped in amusement.

“Oh, what’s that?” she asked, pretending to lean closer. “Trying again?”

She tilted her head, lips curling.

“I told you,” she purred, “I can’t hear a *fucking* thing you say.”

Jane kept flailing.

Cassandra chuckled, slow and deliberate.

“Still making the effort? That’s cute. Let me guess…” She raised her finger slightly, letting the woman dangle just a little higher, just a little more precariously. “You’re saying something like—*‘Let me go! I’ll do whatever you want! Please!’*”

She gave a mock gasp. “Is that right? Is that what you’re begging for, little Jane?”

The tiny figure didn’t respond—but her wild nodding said enough.

Cassandra grinned, wide and satisfied.

“Well, here’s the thing, sweetheart…”

She turned her hand slightly, observing the way Jane clung with desperate strength, her fingers slipping against the smooth surface of Cassandra’s fingerprint.

“I *can’t* let you go. Not really. Not in any way that wouldn’t, y’know…” She flexed her thumb slightly. “*Flatten* you. Or *drop* you. Or *smear* you.”

Jane froze. Her eyes opened impossibly wide.

“Exactly,” Cassandra whispered. “That’s just how fucking pathetic you are.”

She leaned back slightly, finger still raised, posture relaxed.

“So honestly? Why would I bother?”

Jane started shaking her head, mouthing something Cassandra couldn’t hear—but could guess.

Cassandra’s eyes lit up with one last, wicked gleam.

“Thanks for playing, Jane.”

Then she puckered her lips.

And blew.

A perfect little stream of air.

Delicate. Controlled.

Devastating.

Jane peeled off her fingertip like dust caught in a gust, tumbling skyward, vanishing in an instant. A barely-visible speck arcing gracefully over the city, over the suburbs, over everything—*gone*.

Cassandra tilted her head, eyes still fixed on where Jane had vanished.

“…Good luck with the landing.”

She smiled.

And rose to her full, impossible height.

The skyline dipped beneath her—what was left of it—and the horizon stretched wide and crumbling under the shadow of her body. Her bare feet pressed into the fractured grid of the city, the last step still steaming from the sheer pressure she’d applied. The air whispered around her skin like the world itself trying to stay out of her way.

Her eyes scanned downward.

The crowds hadn’t made it far.

Of course they hadn’t.

At her scale, the idea of *distance* had become almost laughable. What were blocks or boulevards to someone whose shadow swallowed neighborhoods? They’d run. Of course they had. And they’d gotten maybe a few streets away.

Which was nothing.

She let the silence hang. Let them *feel* the weight of her gaze, the weight of *her*.

Then, her voice dropped.

And the heavens seemed to listen.

“Don’t let the pause confuse you.”

It came low at first—rich, controlled, and carrying through the air like a pulse of thunder.

“I took a moment to observe. That’s all.”

Her tone sharpened as she spoke, growing colder with every syllable.

“But don’t think I’ve *forgotten.*”

Her bare foot shifted slightly, splintering the cracked pavement beneath her. Cries rose. She didn’t look.

“You pissed me off. I told you I’d bring this city to the fucking ground. And getting shot with missiles—*ones that actually hurt*—did *not* improve my opinion of you.”

Her voice dropped lower now, colder, quieter—and somehow far more terrifying.

“I’m still going to raze your city.”

She took a breath, slow and deep, letting her chest rise in full, looming display. Her gaze drifted across the tangled, crowded veins of panicked movement below her.

“I’m still going to kill *every single one* of you.”

Then she smiled.

“It’s just…” She tilted her head slightly, casually.

“…*now it’s going to be so much easier.*”

And then she stepped forward.

No fury. No flourish. Just one foot, moving through space and settling down like the hand of fate.

The result was annihilation.

Thousands vanished in an instant—flattened beneath the smooth curve of her sole, ground into nothing between skin and stone. Buildings cracked, then folded like dry leaves, splintering apart beneath her heel. The shockwave rolled outward in perfect rings, blasting vehicles across intersections, tipping weakened towers that had somehow still stood.

A *crater* formed in her wake, wide and deep—an unintentional scar on the earth, shaped by nothing more than her presence.

Cassandra didn’t even look at what she’d destroyed.

Three more steps. Just three. And half of downtown was gone.

Where a grid of concrete and glass had once formed the pulsing heart of the city, now there were only *craters*—immense, obscene impressions carved into the earth with perfect anatomical clarity. Each one bore the unmistakable shape of a woman's bare foot, smooth at the arch, round at the heel, each toe a separate trench. The scale of it was grotesque and sublime, erasing entire blocks beneath her and collapsing everything within reach of the shockwave. The damage didn't stop at the footprint. It never did. Hundreds of feet out in every direction, towers toppled, windows blew out, and the cityscape warped beneath her sheer presence. She wasn't stomping. She was simply *walking.*

Cassandra paused, arms crossing under the subtle weight of her amusement, and tilted her head slightly as if this outcome surprised her. It didn't. But she liked pretending. She glanced lazily at the sun, still fairly high above the chaos, filtering through the thinning haze. "Well," she said with a smirk, her voice rippling over what remained of the skyline, "I was planning to be finished by sunset…" The phrase hung there, smug and unbothered, as sirens and screams flickered like background noise across her impossibly wide domain. She took a breath and shrugged, expression glowing with contemptuous ease. "But at this pace, I might need to find a way to *kill time.*"

The sound of the city still reached her—barely. It came faintly, like echoes from another world. The cries, the alarms, the desperate stampede of people who hadn't yet grasped that no distance would be far enough. She grinned wider, her lips curling into something fond and feral. "You hear that?" she murmured, savoring the absurdity of it all. "Still trying." Her words were almost affectionate, almost impressed. Almost. "But really… *why hurry?*"

Then she dropped.

Cassandra let herself fall to her knees with casual, apocalyptic grace. She didn't brace herself. She didn't warn. Her immense form came down like judgment itself. The impact buckled the region. Buildings that had somehow remained upright until now shattered instantly. Roads split like overripe fruit. Subterranean infrastructure—tunnels, piping, wiring—ceased to exist beneath her. The quake that followed registered at a solid seven on every nearby seismograph. The damage wasn't directional. It was *total.* Even the air seemed to ripple as dust plumed around her, cloaking her thighs and hips in soft golden haze.

But she wasn't done. Not even close.

Her hands moved next, flattening swaths of city blocks with unhurried precision. Each motion was deliberate, even gentle by her standards, but the results were the same: absolute destruction. Her palms crushed structures as if she were smoothing bedsheets. Her fingers curled lazily, dragging through rows of cars, scattering debris like confetti. Her torso loomed above the ruin, casting an eclipse over entire districts. To the people below—if any still stood—it would be as if the sky had collapsed and decided to stay.

She shifted forward, extending her legs behind her with devastating reach. Her colossal figure stretched across miles of terrain, and in doing so, *erased* it. Neighborhoods vanished beneath her thighs. The gentle stretching of her calves knocked over water towers, stadiums, transmission lines. The motion wasn't sudden—it was just massive. And then came the full descent.

Her breasts hit next.

Even in their softness, they fell like meteors. Twin impacts carved deep, rounded impressions into the city's crust, demolishing high-rises beneath them and blasting the surrounding area into chaos. Entire blocks folded beneath their weight, and the dust plume that followed momentarily swallowed her shoulders. Her stomach met the earth next, plowing through lower buildings, bridges, and parks. Her bare hips and pelvis crushed everything in their path, her weight flattening civic centers and hospitals with the same indifference. Her pussy, smooth and massive, rolled over what had once been a commercial district, silencing it forever.

Finally, she settled.

Cassandra lay stretched out across the shattered cityscape, resting her chin atop her folded hands, elbows sinking into what was left of the ground. Her expression was calm, her eyes half-lidded, her breath steady and indulgent. Beneath her—literally beneath her—tens of thousands were already dead or dying, compressed into nothing by her idle sprawl. Beyond her, millions more were trying to flee, scurrying like insects across what little remained outside her reach. If anything was outside her reach anymore. Her gaze drifted lazily across the horizon, her smirk deepening as she watched them flail against inevitability.

"*Wow,*" she said softly, the word purring from her throat like thunderclouds made flesh.

She didn't whisper it. She *meant* it. And the world below her had nothing left to say.

Her eyes wandered lazily across the ruin—until they caught on something that still stood.

It was tall, at least *by their standards*. One of the last remaining towers. Slender. Sleek. All glass panels and shining steel, stubbornly vertical in a sea of flattened wreckage. From her current height, it looked… quaint. Like a scaled-down architectural model, the kind some smug city planner might have shown off at a press conference. Still, it stood tall enough to earn her attention.

Cassandra narrowed her gaze. She tilted her head slightly.

"I know you…" she murmured. "Weren't you one of the icons?"

It was hard to tell now—maybe 800, 900 feet? A thousand, tops. Once a symbol of modern ambition. Once a centerpiece of the skyline.

Now?

It barely reached above her wrist.

Curious, she reached for it.

Her arm swept through the city like a living guillotine. Her shoulder shifted, crushing blocks beneath it as she leaned in. Her elbow tore through rooftops. Her forearm razed roads and infrastructure. Cars flipped. Trees uprooted. Entire intersections ceased to exist under her weight.

Then her fingers wrapped around the building.

Delicately. Almost reverently.

The structure vanished into her palm. She cradled it the way one might hold something precious—or the way she might hold a cock she planned to squeeze just a bit too hard. Glass cracked beneath her fingertips. Concrete flaked and peeled. Her skin didn't even need to apply pressure—*just contact* was enough to unmake its surface.

Her smirk deepened.

"God," she whispered, "You are even the right shape and size."

She flexed her grip.

The tower didn't explode. It *gave up*. With a sound like bones snapping beneath silk, the once-mighty skyscraper caved inward and disintegrated. Eighty stories of design, infrastructure, history, and pride—reduced to dust in her hand by a casual twitch of her fingers.

She opened her palm and let the debris scatter to the wind.

Then leaned her chin forward again, resting back into her lounging sprawl, utterly unbothered.

"Not the right sturdiness, though."

Her gaze drifted lower again, past the ruin, past the rubble, settling on the sprawling chaos still alive beneath her.

They were *everywhere*—the little ones. Tens of thousands still on the move. Maybe millions. Flowing through the streets like panicked blood through broken veins. From this height, they were barely more than shifting shadows, but if she squinted, she could see the motion. The way they ran. The way they scattered and clumped, like they still thought movement might save them.

Cassandra blinked slowly, watching their frantic migration with a kind of distant fascination.

She had already killed tens of thousands just by lying down. And yet here they were, still running, still hoping.

They amazed her.

So fragile. So *stubborn.*

“Still going?” she said aloud, voice curling with disdain.

She let the question hang in the air for a beat, then puckered her lips.

And blew.

Not hard—just a breath, a lazy exhale from her perfect lips.

The effect was instant. Hundreds of tiny bodies lifted off the ground in waves, ripped from pavement and sidewalk like leaves in a gust. They tumbled, screamed, twisted in the air, vanishing into the blocks beyond. A few slammed into buildings. A few simply *disappeared* over rooftops.

Cassandra chuckled.

A soft, rich sound that rolled over the broken districts like a lullaby made of thunder.

“Lightweights,” she murmured. “You act like you own this city… but I can’t even *feel* you.”

Her lips pursed again.

This time, she exhaled *harder.*

The world below exploded into motion.

People weren’t just airborne—they were gone. Launched like dust. Entire crowds lifted and tossed. Cars flipped end over end like toy metal shells. Debris scattered. A city bus cartwheeled across four lanes before slamming into the side of a crumbling apartment block.

And the buildings?

They started to *peel.*

Glass ripped from window frames. Facades tore loose like dead skin. The breath of a goddess wasn’t just displacing—it was *erasing.*

One more puff.

She took a breath, exhaled sharply.

A handful of low-rise structures crumpled like tinfoil. Their support beams couldn’t hold. Their shells cracked, their centers buckled. With a final groan, they *collapsed*, coughing dust into the wind like a final prayer.

Cassandra raised one eyebrow.

“…*Wow.*”

She smirked, lips gleaming in the light.

“You stacked your little toys skyward just to pretend you mattered.”

She blinked slowly, chin still resting on her folded hands, her gaze bored but merciless.

“And here I am—tearing it all down with a *breath.*”

With a sigh of mock exertion, Cassandra raised her arm and swept it lazily across the cityscape in front of her. Her fingers curled just slightly as they dragged through concrete and steel, flattening half a circle of urban grid in a single, fluid gesture. Streets folded. Buildings caved. What had once been blocks of dense, multi-use development became a gouged plain, smoldering and unrecognizable. She didn’t even *press*—just *passed through*.

Then she pushed herself up. Slowly, deliberately. Her knees lifted, thighs flexing like tectonic plates as she rose from her lounging sprawl, back to her full, mind-shattering height.

The change in perspective was instantaneous. Her body unfurled above the broken horizon like a second dawn, her form stretching past the clouds, her shadow reasserting its dominion over what was left of the core. Cassandra took a moment just to breathe, her hands on her hips as she scanned what used to be downtown.

It was a mess.

Twisted, shattered, empty—but not entirely. Her gaze caught a few defiant towers still standing in the distance, clustered together like desperate survivors. Maybe four. Maybe five. Far smaller now. Four or five *steps* away, tops. She could finish them off without breaking stride.

But then—her eyes narrowed.

She had a better idea. She’d save them. For later.

Her gaze shifted from towers to movement, from skyline to grid. And there it was—clear as veins in glass. A spread of red dots. Brake lights. Gridlocked traffic choking the major arteries, snaking outward from the city like blood trying to flee a wound. They weren’t going anywhere. But they were still trying.

Evacuation? Maybe. Maybe not. Didn’t matter.

What mattered was that it looked like *intent*. And Cassandra had a habit of punishing effort.

Her grin returned.

Without another word, she turned and took a single, enormous step toward one of the major highways.

The result was immediate. Half a mile of overpass and feeder roads disappeared beneath her sole. The impact crushed cars into silence, cracked pillars like breadsticks, and dropped the structure like a paper ribbon. People, signs, barriers—all vaporized beneath her footfall. And she didn't even pause.

She just started walking.

Each step she took down the highway crushed not just the asphalt, but the *entire corridor*. She was too massive now—her footprint alone wider than the traffic lanes, the medians, the emergency shoulders *combined*. Even the embankments couldn't escape her. Her heels pressed into nearby fields, support roads, parking lots. Buildings that sat too close to the freeway were swept into oblivion by the tremors alone.

She wasn't following the road. She was *erasing* it.

After several steps, the river came into view—once a boundary, now a puddle.

She paused. Tilted her head.

Then chuckled.

"Really?" she mused aloud. "*This* was the great divide?"

A narrow, winding cut of water shimmered below her—once a barrier between boroughs.

She had had to wade it before.

She didn't even need to step *into* it now.

She just *stepped over* it.

With her infinite stride, her foot landed clean on the other side. Dry. Effortless.

Cassandra laughed—low and wicked, delighted by the absurdity.

"Didn't even get my toes wet," she smirked, rolling her eyes. "God, I'm *practical.*"

She looked back once, casually, admiring the collapsed highway in her wake.

"Hope that wasn't your main route out," she added, voice full of smug velvet. "Because I *hate* traffic."

This part of the city was low-rise. Warehouses, strip malls, the odd cluster of three-story buildings pretending they were something more. To Cassandra, it barely registered. Even the elevation shift was meaningless. It was all one seamless, miniature landscape now—like walking across a textured floor mat. Streets, parks, rooftops, signage... it all blurred beneath her.

She moved.

Each step claimed hundreds of structures, thousands of lives. Her heels shattered concrete, her toes smeared delivery trucks and traffic-choked avenues without the courtesy of slowing down. Cars exploded beneath her arches. Storefronts crumpled into gravel. Office complexes, those proud little two-story rectangles, were instantly compressed into footprints indistinguishable from her last five.

Four steps. That's all it took.

Half a district—gone.

She wasn't even looking down anymore.

There was no need.

She could *feel* the destruction. The way the ground rippled to match her mass. The low boom that followed each footfall. The slight tremor in her calves as another block gave way. It was total. She was untouchable. Supreme. So much larger than the concept of *city* itself.

And then—something cut through it.

A sound.

Sharp. Patterned. Distinct.

Whistles.

Not wind. Not metal stress. Not ambient screams.

She slowed.

Her head turned slightly, her brow furrowing in faint curiosity.

"Oh…?" she murmured.

==*=*=*=*=*=*

"Thirty seconds to target perimeter," came the voice over the intercom.

Major Ellison sat forward in his seat, eyes locked on the glowing readout in front of him. The Thunderhead missiles were hot, bay doors prepped. Altitude: 30,000 feet. Airspeed steady. Everything by the book.

Until—

"Jesus Christ," his co-pilot muttered.

Ellison didn't need to ask. He looked up.

There she was.

No HUD necessary. No satellite overlay. No thermal tracking.

You could see her—*with your eyes.*

She was *in* the city. *Walking through it.* Except she wasn't walking *in* the city anymore. She *was* walking *on the* city.

Her body sliced across the landscape like a moving landmass. Her legs spanned blocks. Her silhouette devoured entire quadrants of the skyline. Even from miles up, the glow of fires beneath her, the churn of collapse in her wake—it was visible. *Everything* was visible.

"Control, this is Specter Two-One," Ellison said, voice tight but composed. "Target confirmed visual. We don't need instrumentation—we have line of sight from thirty thousand. Repeat, line of sight. Be advised: she is significantly larger than anticipated."

A pause.

Then: "Proceed with original strike plan. Confirmed authority. Execute package."

Ellison gave a short nod. "Copy. Proceeding."

He flicked the arming switches. Eight green lights snapped on in sequence. The Thunderheads—eight gleaming warheads engineered to *end* her—were loaded and waiting in the four planes in the squadron.

"On my mark," he said. "Three… two… one… *release.*"

The underbellies of the stealth bombers opened, and with a deep metallic hiss, all eight missiles dropped free—then ignited, streaking downward like judgment.

Ellison leaned back.

"What the fuck are we looking at…" he muttered.

But there was no answer.

==*=*=*=*=*=*

She saw them the moment they broke the clouds.

Eight silver streaks arcing downward, too fast. She didn't need sensors. She didn't need warnings. Her eyes tracked them like instincts sharpened into prophecy. Her pulse spiked. Muscles tensed. Every nerve flared in perfect recall of the *last* time—of pain, of agony, of her body breaking under fire designed to *end* her.

She could still *feel* it.

That moment. That death.

The memory of it crackled across her skin as the missiles approached. This was the same type. She *knew* it. Her body remembered. Her mind tightened.

They were too fast to dodge.

So she didn't.

Cassandra braced, jaw clenched, arms loose at her sides as the contrails closed in. One after another, the Thunderheads found their mark—striking her stomach, her hips, her thighs, her breasts.

Each hit landed with a sharp *flash*, a ripple of heat, a blooming crack of force.

And… that was it.

She *felt* them—of course she did. A tickle. A pressure. Like someone had flicked her too hard or jabbed her with a hot needle. There was heat. A sting. A *bite*.

But then it was *gone.*

She looked down.

Small scorch marks across her torso. A faint, lingering tingle on her skin. Nothing deep. Nothing bleeding. The burns were already fading, her skin knitting smooth again in seconds.

She raised one hand and touched her ribs. Smooth. Intact.

Her chest.

Her stomach.

All of it: *untouched.*

And then—she laughed.

A deep, wild, unrestrained *roar* of laughter that burst from her lungs and rolled across the city like thunder made human. Buildings shook. Dust exploded from craters. The entire wrecked metropolis *heard* her joy.

They had hit her with the *same weapons.*

And they had done *nothing.*

Her voice climbed higher, exalting in it, overwhelmed by her own revelation.

"I felt that!" she shouted skyward, laughing between syllables. "I *felt* that!"

She looked up, her eyes locking on the thin streaks of the B-2s, already fleeing, veering wide, well beyond her reach.

“Ohhh no, don’t run now,” she called out, lifting her chin. “Come *down* here. Let’s make it *fair.*”

Her voice was calm now. Still loud, but slower, icier. Her arms opened wide in a mock invitation.

“I’m *untouchable* now.”

And then—she stomped.

Her foot came down like wrath unbound. Three square miles *ceased to exist*. Buildings imploded. Roads vanished. The ground cratered, reshaped in a single, stunning moment of vertical force. The shockwave rolled out like a blast ring, flattening everything still standing on its path.

Cassandra stood tall in the center of it, laughing again, louder now.

She had *ascended*.

She felt radiant.

Her body still buzzed from the faint afterglow of the failed missile strike, a tingling echo that shimmered along her skin like the last trace of a breeze. But deeper than that—beneath the invulnerable muscle and ever-healing skin—was something more permanent. It wasn’t adrenaline. It wasn’t even satisfaction. It was something closer to divinity. A certainty. She knew now, beyond the shadow of doubt, that she had crossed the threshold. She was no longer just powerful. No longer simply massive. She was *untouchable.* The drug, her size, her impossible presence—they had combined into something elemental. She didn’t have to wonder what she was anymore.

She was a goddess.

There was nothing left below her. No opposition that hadn’t already been crushed, silenced, buried. The city sprawled beneath her like a broken map, every district scarred, every skyline toppled, every avenue rewritten in the shape of her wrath. She could do anything. Be anywhere. And no one—no force that crawled on the surface of this world—could deny it.

But as she stood tall, basking in the silence of her new kingdom, her eyes drifted upward.

The silver contrails were still there—faint now, but undeniable. Arcing away into the high sky, tracing neat, efficient escape vectors back toward safety. The bombers. The ones who’d launched the missiles at her. They had dropped their payload and vanished behind the clouds like cowards. She stared at the sky, her expression flattening into a slow frown. Her arms crossed beneath her chest, her gaze narrowing as the high-altitude trails continued to dissolve, mocking her from above.

Her voice came low, like a tremor beneath ice. “Gods shouldn’t be attacked.”

The words weren’t shouted. They didn’t need to be. The quiet was enough to chill the scorched earth below her. She looked back down at the city. At the thousands she’d killed. The miles she’d flattened. The people who had already paid. And yet... it wasn’t enough. Not for this. Not for *them.* Her head tilted up again, a flare of cold fury flickering behind her eyes. “Come back,” she called out, louder this time, voice cracking the air with a thunderous growl. “You don’t *get* to run.”

But they didn’t return.

There was no answer. No retribution. Only fading contrails, streaking westward—out of range. Out of reach.

And that’s when it hit her.

Even now, after everything, she couldn’t touch them. Not the planes. Not the pilots. Not the engineers who’d designed those weapons. Not the cowards who ordered the strike. They existed outside her grasp. Above it. They’d seen her fall once before, and they had dared to try again. This time they’d failed—but next time? They would evolve. They would build *new* weapons. *Smarter* weapons. They would study her. Plan around her. *Try again.*

They would keep trying.

Unless she stopped them.

Her lips tightened, the smirk gone. She looked down at her hands—massive, flawless, still dusted with the ruins of districts she no longer remembered. She could level the world beneath her, but the sky still mocked her from above. That couldn’t stand. It was a threat. One she couldn’t reach. Not yet. But she would. She *had* to. Her expression darkened with thought, her breath slow and measured as she turned, scanning the haze-cloaked horizon.

And then, her lips curled.

She spotted them quickly. Her eyes needed only a moment to adjust, to cut through the lingering dust. They were faint at first—small black dots hovering against the amber light of the ruined skyline—but unmistakable once she focused. *News choppers.* Three of them, maybe more. Distant. Circling. Keeping a coward’s distance. But always present. Always there to *watch.* The perfect little insects. They weren’t a threat, not like the bombers. But they had eyes. They had reach. And more importantly… they had *audience.*

Tiny now. Less than gnats.

But useful.

Cassandra took a step, then another—each one obliterating hundreds of feet of city grid, but she barely noticed. Her attention was fixed above, on the colorful, twitching

insects hovering like parasites in her sky. News choppers. The watchers. The gossips. The narrators of this new world. Their sleek little bodies darted and weaved through dust trails, too slow to flee, too stupid to know they'd been noticed. She reached them in five steps. A blink, at her scale. Then she lifted her hand—idly, carelessly, with the same reflex she might've used to swat a mosquito, reaching for them.

That was a mistake.

The air displaced by her arm alone swept out like a tempest. A violent, roiling gust that hammered the airspace, flattening the sky with pressure. The choppers jolted, then spun, caught in the vortex. One of them clipped another, the blades vanishing in a blur of shrapnel. Another tilted sharply, caught by the slipstream and dragged down in a helpless spiral. One by one, they plummeted, screaming toward the ground like toys flushed from the sky. Each hit brought a puff of flame and curling smoke. Tiny, pathetic explosions. Nothing left of them but confetti and ash.

Cassandra blinked, then sighed.

"Oh, for fuck's sake," she muttered, staring at the fading trails of smoke. "Aren't you just *pathetic*?"

The irritation rolled off her like static, her lips curling as she scanned the sky again. She didn't even *touch* them. If they couldn't survive a casual gesture, what the hell were they even doing here? Still, she wasn't done. Her gaze swept left, squinting against the sun's gleam until she found it—a lone chopper, red and white, wobbling away from the chaos, its tiny blades straining to keep altitude.

"Gotcha."

This time she moved slowly.

Very slowly.

Her hand rose with deliberate, surgical grace, fingers splayed like the prongs of a divine instrument. The helicopter tried to veer, panicking, the tail swinging wildly. But at this scale? There was no real escape. Her fingers closed in, twin monoliths of flesh and power, and then—*pinch.* She caught it by the tail, the rotors crushed instantly beneath the pressure of her nails. The chopper shuddered in her grip, engines whining, frame twitching like a dying bug.

She brought it to her face.

Not close. Not this time. Just near enough that they'd see her. That the cameras—if they were still intact—could capture her face in full, her eyes sharp, her smirk cruel, her beauty terrifying.

Cassandra tilted her head.

"Well," she said, her voice a velvet avalanche, rumbling through their trembling cabin, "*that* went better."

Through the warped cockpit glass, Cassandra could see them. Just shadows. Vague silhouettes huddled behind the fractured windshield, clinging to controls that would no longer help them. She couldn't make out expressions anymore—not at this scale. They were barely shapes. Lumps of shadow in a mangled toy. But that didn't matter. She didn't need to see them to control them. They were hers now, like everything else. The fact that they still breathed was a courtesy, one she could revoke with a flick.

She held the crushed chopper steady in her fingers, then shifted her gaze, her voice low and commanding—less of a request, more of a fact being dropped from the heavens.

"Listen up," she said, the words rolling out slow and lethal. "This will be a one-sided conversation. You're going to broadcast what I say. You're going to *do it now.* I'm giving you thirty seconds to figure it out, and I *strongly* suggest you make the most of them."

She didn't blink. Just stared, the way a solar flare might regard an anthill.

She gave them their thirty.

Then she began.

"People of the world," she said, her tone smooth and icy, the sound of it crashing through every microphone still intact. "Pay attention. I am Cassandra Steele. And I am *not* another woman. I am not a military threat. I am not a terrorist. I am not a mistake. I am your *goddess.* You've seen what I am. What I've become. And what I *can* do."

She paused, the silence loaded, the wind catching her hair as it whipped past her mountain-sized frame.

"I've spent most of today in this city. But let me tell you something—at my scale, at my *true* size… a city feels like a sandbox. A cute little maze someone built for rats. And I've crushed it. I've killed millions. Flattened skyscrapers. Snapped this place in half just by *stretching.* You built your shining metropolis over decades. I reduced it to rubble in an afternoon. *That* is power."

Her fingers flexed slightly around the chopper, the metal groaning under her grip. Her voice darkened, sharpened.

"This—this doesn't need to happen again. But I have no hesitation teaching lessons if I must. If I am attacked again… if a single fucking missile crosses the sky with my name on it… I *will* respond. With force. And for every strike you launch, I will return it by *erasing* a metropolis. Permanently. Flattened, buried, forgotten."

Another beat.

"I am now heading to Washington, D.C. I expect the President of the United States to be *waiting*—on the steps of Congress. Waiting to deliver the country to me. Officially. Publicly. Without tricks. If that does not happen… if there's hesitation, resistance, or

cowardice…" She leaned in closer, her smirk cutting like frost, "Tens of millions will die before noon tomorrow."

She straightened again, letting the wind carry her voice through the broken skies. Then one last note, almost casual.

"I know you're curious. You want to know what my rule will look like. What comes next. What it all means. You'll find out. In time. I'll explain… when I *feel* like it. But for now, there's only one thing you need to remember."

She tilted her head slightly. The amusement returned, dark and endless.

"Obey."

CLOSING

The screen filled the entire wall now—one of the main feeds from the surviving surveillance drones, streaming raw, unfiltered footage from high above the city. And at the center of it all, standing like a myth dragged into reality, was Cassandra Steele.

Strauss didn't speak at first. He just stared.

"What the hell are we even looking at?" Kearns finally said, quiet, but tight with disbelief. "We kept you in the dark for an hour, Strauss. I didn't think it would matter. I didn't think there'd be a *her* left to show you."

Strauss didn't answer. His jaw worked, eyes fixed on the colossal shape that had once been a woman. Cassandra's form filled the skyline, no longer towering *over* the city—*consuming* it. She had grown again. Ridiculously. Impossibly. Her legs alone spanned neighborhoods. Her shadow stretched for miles.

Kearns stepped closer. "Well?"

Strauss finally blinked. "It's the drug."

Kearns inhaled sharply. "You're sure?"

"No," Strauss said. "But… with what I've seen, the data I've been modeling—yes. It's a hell of a leap, but the pathway's there. The first dose repaired her, supercharged her system. But if she overdosed—or metabolized the entire reserve in one shot…" He trailed off, then muttered under his breath, "It *could* have amplified every mutation. Including growth. Exponentially."

Kearns didn't flinch. "Can you still reduce her?"

Strauss didn't answer immediately. His eyes tracked the screen again. Cassandra was crouching now, toying with something—he couldn't even tell what. People? Cars? She was too big for scale to make sense anymore. A living geological event. And yet…

"I think so," Strauss said slowly. "The core genetic architecture should be the same. The counter-agent was designed to reverse those specific mutations. If I tailor it right, if I factor in her current metabolism and account for scale… it should still work."

Kearns turned to him. "Then what's the problem?"

Strauss looked at him flatly. "The dose. We'll need more."

Kearns didn't ask again. He just hit the intercom and barked at his team to prepare everything Strauss needed, on double shifts, with DARPA-level clearance and zero bureaucratic lag.

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The sun was starting to lean westward, dragging bands of fire and apricot across the endless sky. Cassandra's shadow stretched for miles—distorted, elongated, majestic—as she walked, one languid step at a time, through what she assumed were the Great Plains. It was hard to tell. At her size, states blurred into meaningless squares, and whole regions passed beneath her soles like patches on a quilt. Every feature of the terrain—ridges, forests, rivers—had become nothing more than texture. A light slope here, a slight crunch there. Even the Rockies had registered as barely a speed bump, and she'd barely needed to lift her feet higher to scale them. Now, nothing around her seemed large enough to bother identifying. No landmarks worth her time. She'd crossed half a continent and hadn't seen a single thing tall enough to reach her knees.

Behind her, high in the air, a distant pack of shadows flitted and danced. Jets. Dozens of them. They didn't approach, didn't attack. Just kept their cautious, respectful distance. That alone made her smirk. Good. They'd learned. They'd seen what happened to those who dared strike her. They'd seen her take a barrage of missiles that had once *nearly* killed her—and laugh. She *wanted* them to come closer. She was aching to make good on her warnings. But instead they followed her like silent acolytes trailing a god, afraid to interrupt the sermon. As they should be.

She let her thoughts wander, the rhythm of her unstoppable strides matching the vast beat of her ambition. The world was hers. Hers. Not metaphorically, not in some symbolic way, not through influence or fame or economics. Physically. Literally. Tangibly. She could *see* it, *touch* it, *flatten* it. What had once seemed like a grandiose threat was now a casual observation. And how fucking cool was that?

First, she'd consolidate. The United States would fall under her rule tonight—by word or by rubble. Then the rest of the world would follow. Resistance would be crushed. Not negotiated with. Not tolerated. Crushed. After that? Order. Real order. She wouldn't rule like the prancing idiots currently in power, obsessed with optics and polls and diplomacy. She'd fix things. End wars. End scarcity. End the bullshit. There would be no more gridlock, no more committees, no more hollow speeches. Just her voice. One voice, one will, one towering presence above all others.

Sure, the logistics would be a nightmare. Even now, the scale gap between her and humanity was laughable—trying to govern these ants would be like trying to reason with sand. But she'd figure it out. She was powerful, but they were clever in their own way. Let them build systems. Let them create communication networks, protocols, emissaries. She'd tolerate their chatter—so long as it obeyed her. Her rule would be absolute but not senseless. She wasn't here to torture the world. She was here to remake it. Efficiently. Permanently.

And if the termites scurried a little faster beneath her notice? Well, she'd let them.

Until they gave her a reason not to.

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Colonel Kearns leaned in toward the console, voice low, taut. “Are you sure that’s enough?”

Strauss didn’t hesitate. “Triple-checked the numbers. It’s more than enough. Two canisters, both loaded with the full dosage—high-concentration dispersal. If we get them in, she goes down. At any size.”

Kearns exhaled through his nose, watching the data stream across the screen. The Raptor drone was already en route, slicing through the dusk with surgical stealth, low, fast, and silent. It was state-of-the-art. The best they had. And it was carrying the one thing humanity still had left—a prayer.

Inside the operations booth, the drone pilot stared at the incoming visual feed, hands steady on the controls. The monstrous figure of Cassandra loomed across the landscape like a living continent, her scale too vast to comprehend. Even from miles out, they could see the lazy curl of her lips—always half-smirking, always mocking. Her mouth hung slightly open, casual, unbothered, as if daring the world to try again.

The pilot adjusted the trajectory, angling downward. Closer. Closer. The shot was lining up perfectly. The timing had to be exact. They were less than a hundred meters out. The system pinged green.

“Firing.”

The twin projectiles launched in silence, streaking toward her face—toward that damned smirk—arcing directly for her open mouth.

And then—*woompf*—Cassandra shifted.

Not a stomp, not a gesture. Just an idle movement, her head tilting slightly as she turned to inspect the horizon. But the ripple of air displaced by her body was a force of nature. A living shockwave. The missiles scattered, spun, broke formation, one veering off course, the other spiraling into a meaningless puff against her shoulder, a flick of heat she didn’t even seem to notice.

Silence.

The pilot cursed under his breath. “Fuck.”

In the control room, Strauss clenched his fists. Kearns looked over at him, jaw tight.

“That was our shot.”

Strauss shook his head. “We need a new vector. A new delivery mechanism. Something different, I don’t know, but a missile’s not gonna cut it if a breeze from her damn cheek throws us off.”

Kearns didn't waste a second. He picked up the line, patched straight to General Delaney.

"She's still moving. First strike failed. We need a new platform."

Delaney's voice came cold, clipped. "You want a B-2?"

"Not sure anything airborne will work. As long as she moves… I'm not sure…"

On the other end, Delaney hesitated. "Pentagon's got a Plan B."

Kearns turned toward Strauss. "They're talking all-out attack."

Strauss stepped forward, voice rising for the first time in hours. "No. You can't. The compound will *work*. But if you hit her full-force again, you'll push her even further. She'll wipe cities off the map. *We just need time.* Time and a goddamn way to deliver."

Silence held the air.

Then Delaney's tone dropped, darker. "Fine. I'll stall Plan B. But you better give me something better than Plan C."

No one in the room said what Plan C was. They all knew.

And nobody liked it.

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The first glimmer of the Capitol appeared on the horizon just as the sky slipped into a bruised orange. Cassandra's mile-and-a-half-tall form cast a continent-long shadow over the landscape, her bare, ruined feet trailing deep scars through the Earth behind her. She hadn't been challenged since the strike that had changed everything. Not a missile. Not a drone. Not even a goddamn whisper of resistance. And now, as she crested the gentle swell before the nation's capital, she felt the rush of realization: *they might actually be submitting.* No resistance. No arrogance. No last-ditch tantrum of defiance. How… *considerate.*

And then she saw them.

A trail of blinking lights, faint but unmistakable, like runway markers gliding across the earth—positioned for *her*. The city had carved a path, a glowing corridor of obedience, leading her toward a destination they clearly *wanted* her to reach. Up above, even the sky buzzed with intent—drones forming a soft-moving lattice, hovering like breadcrumbs for a goddess. Cassandra narrowed her eyes, then smirked. Were they trying to guide her… around the denser part of the city? What, to *save* some of it? Hah. She almost considered marching straight through it out of spite. But then again… they'd been such good little insects. Cooperative. Respectful for once.

Her gaze slid back down the trail. Fine. Let them have their little pocket of mercy.

With ground-shattering grace, Cassandra shifted slightly east, her soles flattening a broad swath of low-rise neighborhoods, sweeping aside warehouses, plazas, commuter rails—entire landscapes crushed beneath casual, towering steps. Compared to what she could have done, it was merciful. She followed their route, sparing the more symbolic architecture from instant annihilation, until at last she reached the final set of glowing markers: Capitol Hill.

She slowed, then stopped. And *laughed*.

In front of the absurdly tiny dome sat a gathering that made her brow rise with genuine delight. Rows and rows of minuscule figures—barely visible at all unless she squinted—stood in formation. The high and mighty, the ones who once claimed dominion over this land, now mustered like mites before their reckoning. And behind them, bless their shivering hearts, a massive screen had been mounted, practically filling the lawn from their perspective. The face of the president—overlarge, pixelated, desperate—was just starting to appear, blinking into focus. Cassandra clicked her tongue, amused. *Now this... this was a display.* She had to give it to them. *Fucking ingenious.*

“Oh, look at this,” she said with a slow, icy purr, lowering herself with theatrical slowness. Her knees brought another mile of the city down as she settled, then collapsed her massive frame onto her front, stretching out across neighborhoods and highways like she was sunbathing in the apocalypse. Her calves tore through districts. Her breasts flattened suburbs. Her stomach scraped tree lines clean. With a hum of satisfaction, she rested her chin atop her folded arms, just in front of the display, eyes locked on the absurd little figures before her.

Her lips curled as she leaned just a bit closer, enough to make the image on the screen flicker from the pressure in the air.

“Hi there,” she said, voice practically a purr now, dripping with cruel amusement. “I see we’re doing this formally. That’s good.”

The screen flickered, the resolution struggling to keep up with the subtle tremors still pulsing through the earth from Cassandra’s latest movement. The president’s face—enlarged for dramatic effect, though still laughably small to Cassandra—appeared strained, pale, barely keeping its composure. His shoulders twitched, his mouth opened once, then again, fumbling for words as if the sheer weight of her breathless presence had sucked the air out of his lungs. He blinked rapidly, stammering something unintelligible at first, then forced a shallow breath, clutching onto whatever tattered shreds of authority he had left.

“You… you’ve already destroyed a significant portion of the capital,” he managed at last, his voice barely audible even through the broadcast system. “Please, we’re asking—requesting—that you be more… more careful.”

Cassandra blinked once. Then let out a single, dry laugh that shook the dome of the Capitol, crumbling part of its upper rotunda from the resonance alone.

“That,” she said, her voice low and amused, “*was* me being careful.” Her massive head tilted slightly to the side, one eyebrow quirking as she let the full weight of her disdain hang in the air. “I’m well over a mile tall, Mr. President. A *mile*. Stuff breaks around me.”

The president cleared his throat, visibly trembling on the oversized screen. Behind him, figures shifted nervously—generals, aides, cabinet members—none of them daring to speak. He looked directly into the camera, though Cassandra knew it must’ve felt like staring into a black hole.

“We… we surrender,” he said finally. “The United States formally surrenders.”

For a heartbeat, there was silence. Then Cassandra exhaled slowly through her nose—calm, almost indifferent. The breeze of it swept over the National Mall like a gale, shaking trees, sending flags flapping wildly, cracking a few panes of glass in distant buildings.

Her shoulder lifted in a lazy, amused shrug. Her lips parted in a cool, feral smirk.

“Well, of course you do.”

Cassandra's eyes narrowed just slightly, her lips curling as she watched the tiny, pixelated figure of the president wring his hands in front of her. The courage it must've taken for him to stand there under her gaze—her *shadow*, really—and still try to lead. Pathetic. Almost endearing.

He cleared his throat. “What… do you want?”

The question made her blink. Slowly. Then she smiled, and it wasn’t kind.

“Isn’t it obvious?” Her voice flowed out like velvet wrapped around steel, sweet and surgical. “*Everything.*” She tilted her head, as if it were the most natural claim in the world. “I *will* get everything. First the United States. Then the rest of this adorable little planet. I do hope it’ll be peaceful. I can do either, really. But you’ll learn—” her smirk sharpened, “—I tend to break what I can’t get.”

The screen showed the president glancing sideways, whispering with someone just off-camera. Then, after a beat: “How… how do you want to accomplish that?”

Cassandra laughed. A short, dry sound that still trembled through the reflecting pool like distant artillery.

“Oh, now you want logistics.” She rolled her eyes. “God created the world in six days. I took it *over* in half. Can I *breathe* before the paperwork starts?” She leaned in, her chin still resting lazily on her stacked hands, the ripple of her breath causing the flags on the Capitol lawn to snap. “For now, let’s keep it simple. Every order I give—follow it *to the letter*. Every action you consider—*check with me first*. You’ve been shockingly clever today with the whole drone-lights-and-chopper-path charade. Points for that.”

She gave a graceful nod, like a queen indulging the court jester. “So I’ll let you keep *running my things*. Until I decide otherwise.”

The president shifted again, clearly struggling. “But… the people…”

She didn’t sigh. She *cut*.

“The people,” she snapped, “will learn soon enough.” Then her voice dropped into a smirk. “But since you’re so *insistent* on playing go-between for the fleas…” She lifted her gaze, addressing the air now, not the ant behind the podium. “Fine. I’ll speak to them.”

The president gave a nervous nod. “We’re ready.”

Cassandra chuckled again, but there was a razor behind it this time. “*You* might be. But I’m a god. And I’m only down here—*playing dollhouse* on my stomach—so I can talk to you insects. But let’s not confuse *courtesy* with *submission*. A god doesn’t whisper from the floor.” She planted her hands into the earth, buildings crumbling around her as she started to rise.

“Get your choppers in the air. Get your drones where they need to be. Time for your goddess to *address her world.*”

Cassandra rose to her full, breathtaking height, her titanic frame unfolding in the darkened skies above Washington like a monument to hubris made flesh. With a satisfied, theatrical stretch, she adjusted her stance—then deliberately straddled the Capitol building, one massive foot planted on each side of the National Mall. She made sure not to crush the historic rotunda or the precious swarm of bureaucrats beneath it. She smirked. They were too eager, too obedient… and too useful. Someone had to do the paperwork in her new empire, and these little sycophants seemed absolutely *desperate* to please.

The sun was gone now, dipped below the western curve of the Earth like it, too, was bowing before her. Night had fallen, and the world was doing its best to light her. Floodlights—hundreds of them—tried valiantly to wash across her skin, but it was a futile effort. Her anatomy was simply too vast, too immense. And the sky? Full of drones, choppers, glinting cameras like insects buzzing around a goddess’s temple. She could feel their gaze, sense their awe. She smiled slowly and let it stretch, her hands resting easily on her hips, her chest rising like living geography above the scattered, overwhelmed skyline.

She waited patiently, letting her gaze wander across the distant grid of lights that spread endlessly from the city—roads, towns, systems—all hers now. *Hers.* Cassandra Steele. How did *that* sound? Her smirk deepened.

A white flash blinked from the air, her cue. With theatrical grace, she squared her stance, pushed her chest forward, and lifted her chin. Her voice, when it came, didn’t boom. It *rolled*—controlled, cold, and devastating.

“People of the world,” she declared, “I am Cassandra Steele—your new goddess.”

She let the silence breathe for a moment. Her presence alone spoke louder than any bomb or declaration of war.

“I am larger than your mountains. Stronger than your nations. Utterly invulnerable. I am the most powerful creature ever to walk this planet. And you? You’re *lucky*. Lucky to live in the era where history ends and *mine* begins.”

She took a half-step forward, letting the Capitol quake between her thighs. “I am brilliant. I am ruthless. And now I have the power to do what should’ve been done ages ago—reshape this broken world without your noise, without your mediocrity holding me back.” She grinned. “And I *will*.”

“But first things first,” she continued, her voice dipped in casual menace. “You’re mine now. All of you. Subjects of your goddess. And you should behave accordingly.”

A beat.

“Behave, and I will *try*—really try—to keep the destruction to a minimum. No promises, of course. I’m just too damn *big* to tiptoe. But if you follow orders and keep your heads down, I *might* find a balance.”

She leaned in slightly, her gaze narrowing, her tone razor-sharp. “Anger me… and you’ll learn how fast I can erase *millions.*”

Her smile returned as if the threat had never been spoken. “Tomorrow, I’ll return with your first instructions. For now, I need a break. A little rest. And, well…” she chuckled, dark and decadent, “as muh *privacy* as a mile-and-a-half-tall goddess can get. Taking over the world can make a woman very horny.”

Her eyes dipped to the minuscule cluster of government leaders at her feet. “You lot… I want you right here at sunrise.” She gave them a lazy wave, then turned her attention elsewhere. “Now, I’ll go find myself a place to *stretch out.*”

Cassandra left the capital with the kind of finality that made monuments tremble. Each step she took cracked the earth like a tectonic tantrum, her towering body displacing enough force to send aftershocks through the bedrock beneath Washington. The last of the city lights quivered behind her as she strolled eastward, her immaculate, mile-wide strides carrying her toward the coast like a living apocalypse. Her hips swayed with divine rhythm, and her breasts—those obscene monuments to power and excess—bounced freely with each footfall, their sheer mass disrupting wind patterns as easily as they crushed skylines. She barely noticed. Her eyes were fixed ahead, scanning the land with an exhaustion-tinged satisfaction that only a newly crowned goddess could earn.

Behind her, the familiar mosquito hum of drones and choppers persisted, a pathetic little entourage buzzing around her vast silhouette like it had any right. She rolled her eyes and glanced over her shoulder, her smirk shaded with something halfway

between boredom and cruelty. “Give me space,” she said, calm but absolute. “Even gods need room to breathe.” A few drifted closer still, trying to get one last look. Cassandra pursed her lips and blew them a kiss—one casual breath, one casual *miracle.* The gust caught them mid-air, flinging them sideways into one another like cheap toys before bursting into sparks and debris that rained down over the water. She clicked her tongue. “God, you’re thick.”

The eastern horizon welcomed her with its low, dark sprawl, the land flattening into a peaceful quilt of wetlands and sleepy roads. Delmarva. She liked the name—soft, musical, nothing like the stiff, choking syllables of *Washington.* It was perfect. A place to stretch. A place to exhale. She took her time selecting a resting spot, her feet carving miles of farmland and woods into a custom goddess mattress. Then, with a groan like tectonic plates easing into place, Cassandra lowered herself, sprawling luxuriously along the peninsula’s gentle curves. The world bowed beneath her weight—quiet towns disappearing under her shoulder, a patch of forest vanishing under her thigh. She didn't care. She was tired. She had *earned* tired.

After all, she had taken over the fucking world.

Her breath came slow and deep now, washing over the land like warm weather. But still, she couldn’t fully relax. Not with the hum building again—low, steady, insistent. The need that had been stirring for hours was back, stronger than ever. She glanced down her own impossible body, letting her fingers trail across curves so vast the movement kicked up gales along the coast. Her skin felt electric. Her nipples, those mountain-sized peaks, stood hard against the cool night air, sensitive enough to feel the shifts in pressure miles away. Her thighs pressed together with rising tension, and that heat—deep, ravenous, *hers*—demanded satisfaction. She bit her lip, grinned to herself.

Yeah. Goddess or not, she still needed release.

And she had more than earned it.

Cassandra stretched slowly, deliberately, the act alone enough to send localized tremors across several counties. Her toes flexed against the edge of the sea, stirring currents. Her calves rippled like dunes of living marble. She rolled one shoulder, then the other, savoring the way her body moved—this body, this impossible engine of heat and hunger and perfection. Even the air struggled to wrap itself around her.

Her fingers skimmed the side of her thigh, light at first, trailing along a stretch of skin that could’ve housed cities. Her breath caught—subtle, but enough to make the ocean recede a little. She bit her lower lip.

“Mmm,” she hummed, the sound low and delicious. “Took over the world… crossed a continent… crushed cities like toys…” Her palm drifted again, higher this time, slower. “And still… not quite satisfied.”

She dragged her fingertips up over the slope of her stomach, circling once, then twice, before letting them wander higher. Her body answered with a pulse—a shimmer of strength coiled beneath her skin, like tectonics waiting for permission.

She arched a little, just enough to make the peninsula groan beneath her.

“Fuck,” she whispered, the word drifting skyward. “I’m so much. So goddamn much…”

Her hands moved with lazy confidence now, mapping her own terrain like a cartographer of pleasure. The weight of her touch sent subtle shivers through the ground. Her skin was flushed, warm, impossibly soft and impossibly vast. The clouds above shifted with each breath she took, as if even the sky had to adjust to her rhythm.

She smiled—slow, wicked, knowing. This wasn’t just indulgence. It was worship.

Cassandra’s fingers trailed upward, slow and indulgent, gliding across the miles of her stomach with featherlight pressure that still sent tremors into the earth. Her skin, radiant and flawless even under the moonlight, flushed with heat as her palm climbed the massive curve of her torso. When it reached the underside of her breasts—colossal, heaving hills of flesh that had demolished skyscrapers just by lying down—she let out a satisfied, husky breath.

She cupped one lazily, her fingers spanning its lower arc with ease. The sensation sent a ripple through her—so different at this scale. The weight, the sheer *gravity* of it was exhilarating. With a teasing smirk, she pushed inward, squeezing gently, watching as the titanic mound shifted, compressed under her grip, then bounced back with a deep, resonant quake that traveled through her chest and into the landscape beneath her like a seismic aftershock. A sleepy town miles away flickered as power lines snapped under the vibrations.

“Mmm,” she purred, running her thumb over the tip with deliberate slowness, the friction subtle but exquisite. “God, even *this* feels better now.”

The other hand joined in, framing her bust between her arms, teasing and fondling with an amused curiosity. She kneaded, explored, relished her own impossible scale—delighting in how even a slight tug could make the atmosphere quake, how her smallest pleasures now came with earth-rattling consequences. The swell of her breasts rose and fell like tidal waves, and with each breath, her chest surged higher into the sky, mist catching the moonlight across her skin like dew on a goddess’s altar.

She squeezed. Slowly. Firmly. Her nipple responded like a mountain reacting to tectonic force, rising to meet her hand. She arched her back a little, her body shifting across counties, her legs extending further, burying valleys, flattening farms. It was all so easy now. The size. The strength. The sensation. The world was hers to feel against, and she felt everything.

Her other hand rose to meet the first, and she held herself, full and immense, letting her own body be the temple and altar both. Her fingers rolled against her skin with impossible grace for a being so large, and yet, she made it happen. The friction was

addictive. The warmth, intoxicating. Her breaths quickened, her hips shifted against the land, creating fault lines where there had been none.

Above her, the stars wheeled slowly. Below her, the earth began to quake.

One hand remained on her breasts as the other trailed down, to the part of her body that was really screaming. She had made it wait for long enough.

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The meeting in the Oval Office was tense, a heavy silence settling between the gathered power players of what had once been the most powerful nation on Earth. The President sat rigidly, his knuckles white on the armrests of his chair. Around the table: the Joint Chiefs, stiff in their uniforms; Delaney, stone-faced; Kearns, trying not to pace; and Strauss, eyes hollow, fingers twitching as he adjusted his glasses for the third time in a minute.

They were discussing delivery vectors. Fail-safes. Timetables. Voice calm, the Secretary of Defense asked how long before they could fabricate another batch of the compound. Strauss opened his mouth to respond—

And the room trembled.

A distant, rolling thunder shook the windows. Not from the sky, but from the earth. A low, sonorous groan followed, like something titanic and alive. The coffee in front of the NSA director rippled. Everyone paused.

Another groan—longer this time, and unmistakably… human. A woman's voice, enormous and breathy, carried in from the east as if funneled through the atmosphere itself.

"What the hell was that?" someone whispered.

The next sound was louder. Richer. It hit with such force that the chandelier above them quivered. Papers shifted. A couple of aides in the hallway outside stumbled, catching themselves against the walls. This wasn't weather. It wasn't tectonic. It was rhythmic.

"Oh my god," Delaney muttered.

A deeper rumble followed, a low, seismic pulse rolling beneath their feet. This time it was strong enough to set the paintings askew. Strauss didn't speak. He didn't need to. His pale face said it all.

Another moan. This one longer, rising like a siren and ending in a guttural exhalation that vibrated every window in the West Wing.

“She’s…” someone started.

“Jesus Christ,” whispered the Air Force Chief. “She’s getting off.”

A final quake hit—the strongest yet. The table jumped. A cabinet cracked near the fireplace. Then came the sound. It wasn’t a shout. It wasn’t a scream. It was a goddamn *roar*—wordless and raw, echoing over mountains and oceans, and reaching them as a wave of thunder that rattled the very walls of the capital. A primal explosion of power and release from a creature so large, so uncontainable, that even her pleasure translated to devastation.

Then... silence.

Dead, horrible silence. The only sound now was Strauss’s breath, coming fast and shallow.

Nobody spoke.

The President stood slowly, eyes still fixed on the trembling glass of water at the center of the table.

“Gentlemen,” he said hoarsely. “Let’s get rid of that bitch once and for all.”

The room settled like a broken tide—waves receding after an unthinkable storm. The glass tremors had stopped. The chandelier steadied. The distant moans, the seismic ripples of a living goddess’s climax, had faded into memory… if memory could account for something so unholy. Everyone tried to pretend the world was back to normal. It wasn’t.

The President stood near the windows, hands clenched behind his back. His voice, when it came, was laced with fury—not theatrical rage, but the kind that simmers just below the skin, hot and humiliating.

“You made me surrender my country,” he said. “On live feeds. In front of the planet. To a fucking *naked woman*.”

Nobody dared reply.

A general shifted in his chair, cleared his throat. “We should’ve nuked her when we had the chance.”

Someone else, a Marine, nodded. “With respect, sir… you did what you had to. You may have saved tens of millions of lives. Your courage—your restraint—it will be remembered.”

The President shot him a look so sharp it could’ve peeled skin. He wasn’t in the mood for hagiography. “I want a *plan*.”

Delaney stepped forward, smoothing his tie. “We have one.”

He turned slightly. All eyes shifted to Strauss.

Strauss swallowed hard, his throat dry, the pit in his stomach pulsing with nausea and adrenaline. He hated rooms like this. Important men staring at you like you were a miracle worker. He preferred his lab, his equations. Not this theater.

The President narrowed his eyes. “You’re Strauss?”

He nodded. “Yes, Mr. President.”

“I hear you think you can shrink her.”

Strauss hesitated for half a second, then nodded again. “Not think. I’m confident. I synthesized a counter agent. It targets the mutated genome. We’ve tested it under extreme conditions. And we’ve… witnessed its effect in early, localized simulations. It should work.”

“Should.”

“Yes, sir. With one caveat. She has to ingest it. Directly. And for that, she needs to be… calm. Relaxed. Ideally, not expecting it.”

The President’s lip curled.

“So what the fuck are we waiting for?”

Strauss straightened his spine, steadied his voice. “We’ve prepared a delivery system. The previous one failed. We’re adapting.”

Kearns and Delaney rose with him.

As the three men turned to leave, the President muttered behind them.

“Get Air Force One prepped.”

They paused.

“And put the *fucking nukes* in the air. I want them circling.”

Delaney paused just a moment too long. It was obvious the President was not too confident on their success.

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The control room was lit only by the glow of monitors and the twitch of nerves. Rows of screens displayed infrared outlines, terrain-mapping overlays, and the distant, slumbering shape of the goddess stretched across the Delmarva Peninsula. Cassandra Steele—naked, godlike, and just barely asleep—loomed across more square miles than anyone could comfortably calculate. Her body heat shimmered across the feeds like tectonic pressure trapped in flesh.

The pilots sat in silence, hands on joysticks, sweat prickling under collars. They had rehearsed this for the last hour. This was the moment. Four Raptor drones, each loaded with two canisters of Strauss's counter-agent, screamed through the night air on whisper-silent engines, banking low against the wind currents, trying to avoid the deathblow of her unconscious biology.

The lead pilot's voice crackled over comms. "Raptor One commencing low approach. Nose cone on trajectory. Avoiding mouth vector."

The camera mounted on the drone's belly displayed the colossal slope of her upper lip, parted ever so slightly. Her head alone spanned half a county. The pilot banked again, eyes flicking between altimeter and trajectory. A murmur ran through the room—hope, tense and stupid. Maybe this would work.

And then it came.

A slow exhalation through her nose—barely audible, a soft flutter from a goddess lost in post-orgasmic dreams.

It hit the drone like a divine hurricane.

"Shit—control's failing—I'm in a spin—abort, abort—"

On screen, the feed dissolved into a chaotic spiral of sky and flashing terrain before going black.

Delaney slammed his fist on the table. "Goddammit."

"Raptor One lost," the tech confirmed, deadpan.

The second pilot was already moving. "Adjusting path. I'm going side entry. Eastern jawline, tight arc. She hasn't moved."

They watched the feed angle differently, low along the side of Cassandra's neck—a field of skin that pulsed gently with her sleeping breath, sweat gleaming like lakes. The drone crawled forward, motors whispering, slipping closer to the rise of her cheek.

And then her lips closed.

It was a twitch. A dream reflex.

The drone crumpled against her skin like a soda can under a boot.

"Two down," someone muttered.

Strauss said nothing, arms folded, staring at the screen like it might apologize.

They had two drones left.

The third pilot—callsign Tumbler—spoke up.

"Give me clearance for a belly approach."

“You’ll get caught in the updraft,” someone warned.

“Not if I barrel into the vortex. Time it right, and I get pulled in.”

Delaney narrowed his eyes. “You're crazy.”

Tumbler smirked into his mic. “That’s why you brought me.”

The room fell silent as the feed flickered to his perspective—an angled, dizzying view of Cassandra’s titanic chest rising in sleep, the bare swell of her breast covering horizon, the subtle tremble of her throat.

He angled wide, arcing around her left side, then dove with a flick that made Strauss mutter, “Jesus,” under his breath.

The updraft caught him—but it was the perfect line. She inhaled.

The drone was gone.

“Talk to me,” someone whispered.

Then—

“In,” Tumbler confirmed. “Temperature rising. Humidity off the charts.”

The screen showed darkness—moist, red-tinged, clouded.

“Detonating.”

Strauss leaned forward, every nerve on fire.

The canisters burst.

The feed blinked.

And then—static.

Silence.

Everyone stared at the monitors, waiting for the miracle or the wrath that would follow.

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Cassandra’s eyes flew open with a start, the taste of metal and bile coating the back of her throat like ash. Her breath caught mid-sigh, turning into a sharp, involuntary cough that jolted her mountainous frame upright, shaking the peninsula beneath her like a tectonic shift. Her fingers—each longer than a city block—flew to her throat, clutching the skin with sudden urgency as she doubled over, hacking, wheezing, tasting something foul, unfamiliar. Heat crawled up her esophagus, acidic and wrong. Her

entire expression twisted in disbelief. “No…” she growled, voice already beginning to rise into a roar. “No, no, no…”

The moan that followed wasn’t one of pleasure. It was rage—raw, boiling, betrayed. She slammed her palm into the earth beside her, flattening forests and shaking towns to rubble. “You filthy little fucks,” she spat between coughs, eyes blazing now. “I *knew* it. I *knew* you’d pull something!” The cough returned, dry and raw, each convulsion sending a tremor through her godlike body. “You surrendered *too* fast. Should’ve known. *Should’ve fucking known!*” Her head snapped back in a violent exhale, hair sweeping across the landscape like a wildfire of red and gold. Why had she swallowed it? Why had she been so smug, so full of herself. A pause. Then a darker thought crept in. “Strauss...”

She hissed again, teeth grinding together. Her lips curled back into a snarl as another shuddering breath rattled out of her lungs. Her hands slammed into the dirt again as she screamed to the heavens, to the sky where she imagined satellites and generals and sniveling politicians watched. “I’LL RAZE NEW YORK! I’LL KILL MILLIONS! I’LL EAT ATLANTA FOR FUCKING BREAKFAST, YOU INSECT BASTARDS!”

But her fury was interrupted by something deeper. Something far worse.

Heat. Not the warm, surging pleasure of her unstoppable body—but something corrosive, something clawing at her core. It radiated out, then in again, as if her cells couldn’t decide which direction to turn. The fire ignited beneath her skin, making her twitch involuntarily, scratch at herself. And then the worst sensation of all: tickling.

No, not tickling—shifting.

She knew that feeling. That stretch. That expansion. It had always been her high, her drug, her ascension. She felt the giddy beginnings of it rise in her chest. “Oh, *fuck yes*, I’m—”

But something was wrong. The pressure didn’t rise. It... *sank*.

Her muscles began to tighten strangely, and her breath hitched again. It wasn’t stretch—it was *shrink*. The tickle turned to a prickling burn, and suddenly, horrifyingly, the ground wasn’t quite so far below.

Her heart froze.

“No.”

Her hands flew out, palms spreading, trying to gauge. The tree lines were still impossibly small... but not *as* small. The coastline wasn’t stretching beneath her thighs anymore—it was *pulling away*.

“No,” she said again, but softer this time, desperate, lost.

Then it hit her.

“*NOOOOOO!!!*”

The scream rolled out like a dying sun, a thunderclap that cracked the skies and shattered the clouds—but it came from a throat already growing less divine.

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The sky loomed endless again. Not because it was hers, not anymore—but because she was small. Cassandra’s bare feet dragged through uneven soil, soles caked with dried earth and fine debris from her long, obliterating march. But she hadn’t moved far. Not really. Not even enough to clear the depression—no, the crater—left by her own body. The land bore her shape like a wound, and she was still inside it. Her thighs had carved trenches deeper than rivers; her ass had flattened hills. And she was still walking across it. Still hadn’t cleared the full breadth of her former self.

She stopped.

The scale hit her like ice water down the spine. She looked back. The ridge where her heels had rested was barely visible in the twilight distance. Trees—hundreds, maybe thousands—lay snapped and scattered like stray threads in a carpet. In the center of it all: a low valley shaped by her weight, the exact curve of her backside etched in earth like a monument.

She staggered. Naked, scratched, sore. Her arms hugged around her chest, instinctively covering what once needed no modesty. The wind bit harder now. It wasn’t just cold—it was humiliating. She shivered, but not from the temperature.

Her breath came fast.

“I had it,” she whispered, almost choking on the words. Her eyes burned. “I fucking had it all.”

She sank to her knees in the cooling dirt. Her nails dug into the earth, trembling with rage. Her lip curled, then quivered. How had she let this happen? She was always three steps ahead. She had never let anyone get the drop on her in the boardroom, the battlefield, *anywhere*. She had led billion-dollar teams, crushed hostile takeovers before lunch, reduced rivals to tears with a single glance. And now?

Now she was sobbing in a shallow trench shaped like her own body.

She’d let her guard down. Grown drunk on her own power. Played the deity when she should’ve been the tactician. It had been too easy to believe she was *untouchable*.

She thought of the President. The assembly. The submission. Was it all theater? Had they been buying time?

The answer didn’t matter. Not anymore.

A deep, fast thrum snapped her out of the spiral—rotors. Multiple. She turned toward the sound, blinking through the haze. Lights came next. Brilliant, blinding. Helicopters crested the edge of the crater, shining beams directly at her. Cassandra shielded her eyes, crawling backward on the ground, teeth bared against the glare.

Then a sharp voice through a megaphone:

“Cassandra Steele. This is the United States Marine Corps. You are surrounded. Remain where you are. Kneel and await restraint.”

She froze. The words echoed, swallowed by the silence that followed.

For the first time in her life—maybe ever—Cassandra felt something she didn’t recognize at first. Not fury. Not defiance. Not pride.

It was despair.

EPILOGUE

Somewhere underground—far beneath the surface of a world she once ruled with a single step—Cassandra Steele sat alone in a glass box.

The cell was clinical, symmetrical. Walls of reinforced, triple-layered glass enclosed her in silent transparency, each pane thick enough to survive a missile strike. A bed, a table, a chair. No privacy, no corners. Every surface was smooth, rounded, too heavy to lift, too soft to shatter. Not a screw or seam in sight. They had learned.

She wore orange now. It clung to her like mockery—like the world insisting it had finally caged her. But she moved through it with a slow, predatory grace that said otherwise.

She sat at the table, sleeve already rolled up.

Footsteps. Rubber soles on polished floor. Then the double-sealed door hissed open, and the nurse entered with practiced neutrality, pushing a stainless steel tray.

Cassandra didn't look up.

"I already know the drill," she muttered, voice low but clear, as she extended her arm. Her tone didn't invite conversation—it *dismissed* it.

The nurse didn't answer. She wouldn't. None of them spoke unless spoken to. And even then, only when absolutely necessary. They had protocols. *Scripts.*

A rubber strap was wrapped around her upper arm. The nurse slid the needle in with precision. Cassandra didn't flinch. Her expression barely changed, just a faint tightening at the corner of her mouth.

"You know," she said coolly, eyes still fixed on the far wall, "it's cute how careful you all still are. I don't really give a shit."

The nurse said nothing. Cassandra smiled faintly.

A vial filled with her blood—thick, dark, with a sheen that sometimes caught the light strangely. The last remnants of a goddess in a tube.

The strap came off. Gauze, tape. The tray wheeled back. Cassandra didn't move.

As the nurse exited, the doors sealed shut again with a thump and hiss. Cassandra finally turned her head to look at her reflection in the glass. Unchanged. Calculating.

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The fluorescent lights above buzzed faintly, casting a pale glare across the reinforced glass observation deck. Beyond it, the containment cell remained still, Cassandra curled on the cot, orange jumpsuit taut across her hips. She looked asleep. Peaceful, almost. But the sensors told another story.

General Delaney stood with his hands clasped behind his back, unmoving, eyes fixed on the data feed projected above the viewing glass. His voice was low, clipped.

“What’s the problem, Doctor?”

Strauss didn’t answer immediately. He shifted his weight, folding his arms tighter, as if bracing himself against the question. Then, quietly:

“She’s adapting.”

Delaney’s jaw tensed. “English, Strauss.”

Strauss glanced at the readings again. “The chemical. The countermeasure. It’s holding… *less*. The serum we developed never neutralized the original agent—it suppressed it, kept it dormant. But that was always temporary. It’s why we dose her daily, trace amounts diluted in her water supply.”

Delaney turned, brows narrowing. “You said it was stable.”

“It was. For a while.” Strauss exhaled through his nose, running a hand across his mouth. “But the last three days, we’ve had to increase the dilution ratios. Slightly. And still, the primary compound is showing signs of resurgence. Spikes in metabolic response. Increased dermal rigidity. Heat buildup.”

The general stared at him. “So what’s your progress on controlling the original chemical?”

Strauss looked away.

“Jesus,” Delaney muttered.

Silence settled over the room for a moment. Below, Cassandra stirred in her cot.

“How long?” the general asked.

Strauss didn’t answer right away. He rubbed the back of his neck, then finally spoke—reluctantly.

“I’ll need to run full models. Maybe months. Maybe… less. Depending on rate of acceleration and tissue saturation.”

Delaney’s eyes darkened. “Then we may need to kill her.”

Strauss turned sharply. “You can’t.”

Delaney's voice stayed calm, steel beneath it. "She killed six million people, Doctor. Turned cities into craters. You've had your time. Your research. We can't gamble again."

Strauss didn't flinch. "I don't give a damn about the research anymore. I'm not blind to what she did. I live in this bunker, same as you. No visitors. No sky. No clocks."

"Then you understand the risk."

"I *do.* And you should too." Strauss stepped forward, voice lowering. "The original chemical is reactive. That was always the flaw. It's triggered by stress, by adrenaline. Pain. Fear."

Delaney didn't move.

"There's nothing more stressful," Strauss continued, "than being killed."

The general's fingers twitched behind his back.

"She's a time bomb," Strauss said, voice tightening. "But if you try to disarm it the wrong way, it blows harder."

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The facility shuddered with distant alarms. Red emergency lights pulsed down the long corridor as General Delaney and Dr. Strauss stormed toward the cell, the thunder of boots echoing off the steel walls. Armed guards stood outside the thick reinforced-glass chamber, weapons ready but expressions uncertain—none moved.

Inside, Cassandra stood tall and disturbingly composed, the orange jumpsuit doing little to mask the regal calm in her posture. One arm was extended forward, her hand wrapped with effortless control around the throat of the facility nurse, lifting her a foot off the floor as though she weighed nothing.

The nurse struggled, legs kicking weakly in the air. Her eyes bulged in terror, but her mouth moved without sound—Cassandra's grip was that precise.

Delaney's voice rang out, sharp and clipped.

"Put her down. Now."

Cassandra didn't blink. Her head turned slowly, lips curling into a smile that felt like the edge of a blade.

"I've noticed some changes, lately. I was curious," she said, her voice laced with unbothered amusement. "So I tested something."

She lifted the nurse another few inches.

Strauss stepped forward, voice firm but cautious.

“Cassandra. Don’t hurt her. You’ve made your point.”

She arched an eyebrow.

“Have I?” Her gaze drifted to the guards outside the glass. “All of you, standing there. Guns, tasers, panic buttons—and no one’s stepping in.” Her voice darkened, still silken. “She’s dying right in front of you. And you’re just watching.”

Delaney stiffened. The guards still didn’t move.

“Isn’t it telling?” she added.

Cassandra then turned her gaze back to the nurse, whose limbs had begun to slow. “I have a theory,” she whispered to the woman. “Can you help me test it?”

Strauss’s voice cracked from the intercom.

“Cassandra—stop.”

Without another word, she turned and hurled the nurse sideways. The woman’s body *slammed* into the glass wall with a sickening *thud*, then slid down, leaving a streak of red behind her as she collapsed in a crumpled heap on the floor.

The hallway fell into stunned silence. No one moved. She made a point of looking at each of them, letting them know in silence that she knew.

Cassandra then slowly turned and walked to her cot. She sat down, unhurried, folding her arms behind her head as she leaned back with theatrical ease, one knee crossed casually over the other.

Her gaze drifted across the guards, then locked onto Delaney and Strauss. “That’s what I thought,” she said.

She let the silence sit.

She gave a slow blink, her smile widening as she closed her eyes.

“Good. Let’s wait.”

THE END.