
THE NEVERENDING WOMAN
CHAPTER 04
CINEMA
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The Neverending Woman- CH 04 (April-2025)
by Butre3004 comics and Papayoya

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Previously on The Neverending Woman...
After a brutal morning of city-wide devastation, Rachel took a moment to cleanse herself in the Cobalt River, washing off the blood but not the thrill. Reinvigorated and more powerful than ever, she set her sights on Curtis, the man who once controlled her. But the tables had turned. Curtis awoke chained, injured, and helpless, just in time to witness Rachel's towering figure outside his window. What followed was a merciless encounter, where Rachel toyed with him, dominated him, and ultimately crushed him in the most humiliating way imaginable. The climax of her vengeance sparked another transformation... and Rachel grew once more. Now, bigger than skyscrapers and drunk with power, she's ready to show the world who truly rules it.


Marshal's ears were whistling. He did not know how a meteorite crash should feel, but he did not think it would be too different from what he had just lived. The shockwave had thrown him backward with such violence that half the bones in his athletic body were aching. His perception of the world was blurred and was just starting to come back, as a permanent hiss kept clouding his thoughts.


And then, as his sight adjusted, Marshal became aware of his grim reality. The wall of flesh right behind him was so massive that it was hard to grasp its real nature. Marshal's consciousness had to convince his deeply ingrained instincts that he was facing a woman's toe. One that was both elegant and longer than average. This was not what made it stand out, of course. It was the fact that even if half of it was buried in the cracked asphalt of the avenue, the half that poked out of the imprint still towered over him.


Marshal's upbringing had used him to success. Rich, fit, good-looking, and intelligent, he had never been looked down at. Now, for the first time in his life, he felt humbled. It was even worse than that: he felt insignificant. And also, for the first time, he was afraid.


The toe stood there, motionless, almost like a sculpture. A soft breeze ruffled Marshal's hair as he observed its massive form, the moment of calm almost making him forget that there had been dozens of people in the spot that was now taken by the digit and its matching foot. And then, the toe reminded the world that it belonged to a living creature and flexed, its knuckles whitening as it pushed the ground, the foot getting readier for a new step. The road could barely contain the unfathomable strength of the digit and the creature it belonged to. It was dug further, cracks forming around the point of pressure.


Marshal observed with horror how a wide fissure quickly advanced towards him. He screamed as he tried to stand. His body ached from the previous battering, but still, the rush of adrenaline helped him get to his feet. And just as he was about to take his first stride, the ground under his feet faded away, and the Earth swallowed him.


Rachel was in bliss. Her latest growth spurt had achieved what she had not thought possible: to make her feel even more empowered.
Twenty-four hours before, she would have laughed at anyone suggesting that a woman could grow to her current proportions. Rachel had not been aware of the existence of a size fetish. She had not even watched any Godzilla movie.
And yet, here she was, thankful for having added a few hundred feet to her stature. It was not even that she thought that she had needed it. She was convinced of her supremacy before when she was 'merely' a couple of hundred feet in height. Her new stature would just make things easier.


She could now move faster, reach farther, crush more under her feet. And still, the most welcome effect of her latest transformation was that it made her look more regal. She had been big before. She was something else, now. No building in her vicinity could make it above her knee, and as meaningless as this might initially feel, it made an entire world of difference. Because there was no denying of her now, no excuse the tinies could find to refute her power. She was ever-present now, a moving part of Medford's skyline, someone whose every move could be felt for miles.


Of course, Rachel knew that her ascension had come with some other changes to her life. She did not even know how she would take care of her basic needs. She did not give a shit. The world was hers now. Hers to do as she pleased, and hers to take what she needed. Had she had any doubt, she only needed to look down and giggle at the crowd of ant-sized humans scurrying between her feet. A lot of them lay under them, turned into a film of gore at the bottom of her deep footprints.


Feeling naughty, the giantess raised the big toe of her right foot and pivoted it slightly. A moment later, it was hovering over a tiny couple. Rachel wasn't even looking down; she just walked, completely indifferent to whatever was happening beneath her feet.
AMERICAN
MUSCLE
0900-23-4532
SINCE 1968
TRENZ
MENSWEAR
TRENZ
TRENZ
MENSWEAR
304


She did not wait before she brought it down, enjoying the way they squished under the sensitive tip.
“I could do this all day long,” she muttered to herself.
THE DAILY MAIL
SERGIOS DESIGNER MENS SHOES
AMERICAN
MUSCLE
0900-23-4532
SINCE 1968
TRENZ
MENSWEAR
TRENZ
TRENZ
MENSWEAR
304


And, truth be told, she might. Now that she had taken care of the last remaining loose ends, nothing was preventing her from devoting the rest of the day to indulgence. Which, having discovered just how arousing slaughtering the micro-humans at her feet was, was not good news for the city.
“Good!” she thought. “The sooner they learn that resisting me is hopeless, the sooner they’ll bend the knee!”


The giantess took another step to the front, extinguishing many more lives, feeling the butterflies return to her stomach. It was evident that her latest change in dimensions had done nothing to cool down her libido. If anything, they had stirred it even more. She proved her observation by moving her left foot forward, feeling a few dozen pairs of hands raising to try to stop the unstoppable and touch her sensitive sole just before it landed, crushing a new group into yet another deep depression in the road. There was a moment of psychological pleasure at the thought of holding so much power over the regular, everyday people. And then, the physical stimulation kicked in, exciting every erogenous point in her body at once.
MEDFORD
MUSIC
FESTIVAL
リバティー 1号店 B1
鉄道模型


Stirred, the behemoth squatted, bringing her prodigious self closer to the appalled population. She enjoyed the sight of hundreds of sub-inch tinies scurrying below her drenched womanhood.
Juice
삼덕


And then, she reached out with a cupped hand, which coordinated with her lips to inform the crowd of what was already obvious in her head:
“You are mine!”
She scooped dozens in her palm in a movement that ended with a similar number squishing under her fingers.
HOTEL
1 HOUR FILM
LOANS
新創作
昌興藥業
WARNING!


A second later, she stood back up to her mind-boggling height, her hand full. The people trapped in her grasp felt like tiny ants against her skin, their minuscule movements barely noticeable to her touch.
“Hahahahahaha!” her loud laughter thundered across the city, rattling windows for blocks.


Rachel looked down at her catch and marveled at its size and diversity. There were so many people in there. So many! She was holding all those tiny, helpless people in her hand!
She was thankful once more for her latest boost in size. As enjoyable as her previous stature had been, Rachel could only see advantages to her new dimensions. They made her just more... superlative!
There was a bit of everything in the mass of humanity she was holding. Men, women, young, old, rich, poor. And each and every single one of them was hers to do as she pleased. Her nipples grew harder than diamond at the thought, her heart fluttering.


The group was large enough that statistics started to apply, so about half of the people in her hand were lying face down while the remaining half looked up at her high-rise-sized face in terror. She smiled evilly at them.
Rachel's lips parted, her warm breath adding to the heat of the day and the crowd's anxiety, bringing their perspiration to new limits. Her voice was deceivingly soft, even if even a whisper could have been heard for miles.
"Isn't this the perfect metaphor?" she asked to no one in particular. "I'm holding you in my palm. Literally," she said. The colossal researcher then smiled and added: "Do you think they're noticing?"


She waved her free hand in the general direction of a buzzing news helicopter that had been following her for a while. Rachel had been aware of its presence for some time but had not minded. If anything, it served her purpose.
“Please, we’ll do anything you want,” a mousy voice came from her hand.


Rachel focused her billboard-sized eyes on the group, pupils widening to the size of pools to take in the detail of the group. It was easy enough to identify the individual that had addressed her, a middle-aged man who was wearing an obviously expensive suit. Who had named him the spokesman for the group, she did not know, but to Rachel, the man looked like the perfect stereotype of the executive that was used to have everyone do as he pleased. He was the kind of guy that was used to running the show while people like her were kept in the background.


“That’s nice of you,” Rachel replied in the same soft voice she had addressed them. Her lip then curled in an evil smirk. “Would you… squish for me?”

They understood right away, as proven by the high-pitched screams coming from her palm at once. Rachel ignored them. She kept a permanent smile on her lips as her fingers started to curl, tossing those that had been closer to them on top of the unlucky bastards at the center of her palm.





The feeling was different than at Deadwater. She could barely feel bones breaking. One moment she was holding a compacted soft mass between her fingers and palms, and the next, they started squishing with scarcely any resistance. It was somehow more satisfying, the implication of her increased power making an impression on her.

Rachel kept going all the way, enjoying the gore oozing between her fingers as her knuckles whitened, savoring the knowledge that she had snuffed a lot of lives on a whim. It was not as if this had not happened many times already, every time she stepped on the crowd, but accomplishing it with her hand conferred an even increased feeling of control.


She kept squeezing for a few more seconds and then opened her palm. She admired her handiwork, even if mess would have been a better description. Her hand was soaked in gore; her pussy was getting soggy with her love juices almost in unison.
“Thank God there are millions of them!” Rachel thought, realizing that at the rate she was finishing the tiny bastards, she would need a good supply.


Crouching once more, the giantess brushed her palm on an empty stretch of road, trying to rinse the waste. She left a wide brownish streak on its four lanes, but it did not do much good to her cleanness. Twitching her nose, she repeated the operation in another empty section of the street, but the effect was also limited.


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Upset, she balled her hand into a fist and slammed it into the roof of a neighboring building. Half of it went down with barely a protest, leaving dozens of survivors shocked and covered in dust and debris.


Rachel ignored them as she picked up some of the rubble and crushed it into powder in her first. She then rubbed both her palms together, finally getting to somewhat acceptable results.
“Killing you guys is fun but grimy!” she falsely complained.



The crowd was beyond the point where they cared about her humiliation. They were just trying to get as far away from the giant monster as they could. The titaness mocked their attempts simply by standing up and resuming her stroll, each of the steps of her mass-murdering feet becoming a massacre of its own.


Rachel advanced uninterrupted for a while, covering a dozen blocks in a couple of minutes, increasing the body count by the thousands. She kept her attention on the city beyond her, barely noticing the one she was crushed below through the myriad of sensations under her soft soles. Downtown, on the opposite side of the Cobalt, beckoned her with its endless crowds and majestic skyscrapers. Rachel had already been through it on her way to Curtis', but she craved to check it from her new perspective.


Stopping at a large intersection, the prodigious woman widened her stance. She brought her hands to her hips in a natural movement as she inspected her surroundings, trying to find the most direct route to the city's actual center. It wasn't hard to find a major road that would take her where she wanted. In the process, her analytic mind could not help but notice the new pattern on the screaming crowds at her feet.


Her lips curled in the characteristic half-smile she donned when she was about to make a discovery at the lab. The bug-sized humans by her toes seemed to keep the same erratic response people used to have when she was too close. But the farther away they got, the more their movements seemed to be coordinated towards a common goal. From her privileged vantage, high above the rooftops, it wasn't hard for her gifted mind to unlock the mystery.
MEDFORD SCIENCE MUSEUM
MEDFORD SCIENCE MUSEUM
FAJITAS NACHOS


“Really?” she boomed from above as she followed the different streams of people converging into a large building near the river. It did not take her long to identify it for what it was: the Science Museum, one of the city’s iconic destinations.
MEDFORD SCIENCE MUSEUM


It only took a couple of steps for Rachel to close the distance—two lazy strides that let her bypass several buildings with ease. Now, towering over the plaza leading to the Medford Science Museum, she cast a colossal shadow that blanketed the fleeing crowd below.
Screams grew sharper. Her presence alone was enough to disrupt any sense of hope. The way her bloodstained sole hovered above the street was like a silent promise of what could—and likely would—come next.
So this was their plan? A last-minute dash to a glorified monument of knowledge?
Her smile stretched as the museum's tall banners fluttered beneath her gaze. "Let's see what kind of wisdom you've stored in there," she thought.
MEDFORD SCIENCE MUSEUM
MEDFORD SCIENCE MUSEUM
MEDFORD SCIENCE MUSEUM
MEDFORD SCIENCE MUSEUM



As far as she could guess, someone had established a shelter or evacuation point in there. She could think of no other reason why so many different mobs would be heading to the same spot. Making an effort to think like one of the peabrains running the show, Rachel realized that it made kind of sense. On their own, the crowds were dying like flies, and the museum was large enough to hold thousands of people with the hopes of getting them out of her way. Where the tiny paper-pushers had royally screwed up had been in not realizing just how tempting a spot like this would appear to her. Getting to the museum implied a detour from her trek back to Downtown, but now that she was aware of its presence and function, there was no way Rachel would not visit it.


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She didn't knock.
Instead, Rachel lifted her leg slowly—teasingly—and drove her foot straight into the museum's ornate façade.
Stone and steel gave way with a thunderous crunch, raining debris across the plaza as dust mushroomed into the air.
Inside, thousands screamed. Outside, she smirked.
"Oops," she murmured with mock innocence. "Hope that wasn't a load-bearing wall."
Then she pressed further, feeling the building crumble beneath her weight like sand under a boot.
EL MOLEROS
FLAVOURS
OF
MEXICO
BEANS 'N RICE


The structure folded like a paper model beneath her foot.
The museum's majestic front collapsed entirely, the upper floors buckling inward with a deafening roar as Rachel's leg punched through it like a piledriver. Concrete, glass, and screaming lives disintegrated into a storm of debris that exploded outward in all directions.
A wave of panic rolled across the street. People scattered as jagged rubble crashed down on them, the once-promising refuge turning into a deathtrap in seconds.


It all happened in an instant.
The ground shuddered. Air turned to thunder.
A wall of dust and debris surged outward, swallowing the streets as bodies were flung like rag dolls through the air.
Some ran. Others screamed. Most didn't have time for either.
Rachel didn't need to say a word. Her presence was the message.
鉄道模型
SHOP THERAPY


The structure didn't stand a chance.
With one cruel twist of her ankle, Rachel brought the entire eastern wing of the museum down like a house of cards.
Inside, the screams were swallowed by the roar of collapsing concrete and twisted steel. In seconds, the once-crowded halls became a tomb—flattened under thousands of tons of debris and one uncaring foot.
Outside, those who hadn't made it in time hit the ground, covering their heads as the shockwave swept through the streets. Dust. Rubble. Silence.


And with that, the giantess slid her foot forward, crushing dozens more beneath her sole as she adjusted to a more comfortable stance—legs planted wide across the shattered remains of the museum, hands resting smugly on her hips.
The groaning rubble gave way beneath her, but not everything was crushed. Some of the tiny survivors found themselves wedged between her colossal toes—squirming, panicking, helpless.
Rachel looked down, amused by the sensation.
She felt like a farm girl at the vintage, stomping grapes barefoot—only these were warmer, softer, and far more satisfying.
She exhaled slowly, pleased.
“Shelter denied,” she muttered again, savoring every word.


“What to do with you?” she mused aloud, more to herself than anyone else.
The debris clung to her skin like dirt after a long hike. With an absent flick of her foot, Rachel shook it off—sending chunks of concrete, twisted metal, and several unlucky humans flying in every direction.
Some had been trying to climb her toes. Others simply happened to be in the wrong place.
None of it mattered.
She wiggled her toes, watching the chaos unfold below with mild amusement.
“Ugh,” she muttered, brushing a chunk of wall off her arch. “Filthy.”


It all made her hornier.
“Again?” Rachel thought, noticing that the drenching of her womanhood had reached the point of no return. The combination of the sense of supremacy with the strongest physical arousal she had ever felt was too much to fight.


Meanwhile, the crowd by her feet was as frenetic as a crowd could get. Naughty, Rachel widened the gap between her big toe and the second one. She then moved her foot forward, engulfing some tinies in the space between her digits.
Without further word, the giantess brought her toes together and focused on keeping the right balance to keep the teeny humans in place without crushing them. Balancing herself as she rested her weight on her other foot, she lifted her captives in an elegant movement of her slender limb.
THE LAVA PLANET


“Honestly… you people make terrible footrests.” She said to the crowd.
Moving with the grace of a gymnast, the titaness then brought her foot closer to her waiting hand, where she released her hostages.


They looked considerably battered as she held them under her face. Once again, she marveled at the people's tininess against the backdrop of her palm. She was still observing them when her foot landed back into the station, bringing death like a bomb. She only noticed that because of the pops under her sole.
"You are clearly insufficient," she said in a calm tone. None of the men and women in her palm knew what she was talking about. She ignored their reaction and added: "But I've got to start somewhere."


She used two pole-sized fingers to scoop up the five people in a single, fluid motion. Their screams were barely audible—lost somewhere between her laughter and the wind.
Rachel grinned, tilting her hand to examine them like curious little toys.
“But I’ve got a better idea,” she purred, her voice a sultry whisper. “I think I’ll find another use for you…” Her right hand began to drift downward, slowly—purposefully—toward her crotch.


The next thing they saw was the glistening surface of her lower labia as she used her free hand to widen its entrance. Rachel was not expecting much when she released her forced lovers inside her, so the feeble wiggling was welcome.


“I wonder how many of you I’ll need to get off,” she teased, her tone thick with amusement.
Her fingers slid between her thighs as she spoke, the tiny bodies still wriggling in her grasp.
She let out a soft sigh—then another—each breath growing heavier, more indulgent.
The warmth in her voice deepened as her pleasure mounted. “I guess we’ll find out soon enough…”


“What do we have here?!” Rachel was about to crouch to grab a handful of sex slaves when her eyes stopped at the exhibition. And then she wondered how in the hell she had managed to ignore it so far!



A large banner had “Space” written in futuristic typography over a dark background. It was big enough for her to read. And reading it made her remember the exposition going on at the museum during the summer. The City Hall had made a big noise of the fact that NASA and the Russian space agency had moved quite a bit of their hardware for the biggest space exploration presentation ever.


Leaving the mild squirming inside her in autopilot, Rachel suddenly grew curious about the theme surrounding her and the thousands of people trapped at her feet.
“Excuse me!” the skyscraper-sized woman said to no one in particular.
Her knees landed like boulders, slaughtering the masses under her with barely a thought on her side.


Rachel loomed over the ruins, her shadow stretching across the street like a storm cloud.
With a wicked smile, she extended her hand—not to help, but to choose.
Her fingers hovered above the cowering survivors, playful yet full of intent.
“Hmm…” she purred, eyes scanning the debris-strewn ground.
“So many of you still crawling around.”



"Are all of you here for the Space Exploration show?" she mocked. "I heard it was a great exhibition, but boy, I was not expecting such a crowd!" she went on.

With a gleeful grin, Rachel reached down and curled her fingers under the massive slab of concrete.

Gripping it like a tray, she slowly lifted the jagged piece, dust trailing from the underside as tiny figures scrambled below, too slow to escape what was coming.


“Let’s see how many of you can dodge this,” she laughed, and with a casual flick of her wrist, hurled the slab straight toward the panicked crowd.


The screams took on a different pitch as a dozen people were crushed, with many more injured by the shrapnel that ensued. The fear reached a new level to everyone on the museum's grounds, even if it had felt impossible just a minute before.


“Why does everyone suddenly look so upset?” she kept teasing. “Did I crash your party?” she insisted. “I was not trying to be disruptive, but there’s only so much you can do when you are the size of a skyscraper, you know?”
With that, she picked more of the largest chunks of ceiling from the ground.


"What do you think of the meteor shower?" Rachel mocked. New chunks of debris hit the mob right away, snuffing a few more lives and bringing home the fact that she was not only very able to hurt them but also very keen to do so.
EL MOLE
FLAVOU
OF
MEXIC
BEANS 'N
B COOPER FOR MA
VOTE FOR FRE
CANTON
LIQUORS


The titaness was making this merely a game to her. Her nipples and cunt responded to her impish entertainment, physically demonstrating her state of arousal.
Out of projectiles, the giantess used her now free hand to massage her buxom left breast and felt the hardness of her nipple. It was as swollen as she had ever felt it.


CANTON
CHINESE RESTAURANT
Looking down, she giggled at the sight of what looked like some people, drenched by sticky droplets of her love juices. Curious, she reached out with two fingertips and giggled once more when she felt the two tinies stick to them.


She promptly raised them to her face and winked at them, a young man and woman. She did not think she had seen too many people in her life who looked more battered.
“Welcome to the party,” she purred in a deep bedroom voice.


Rachel pondered whether to insert them so that they could join their efforts with the current dwellers of her cavernous cunt. Truth e told, their initial effect seemed to be lost, and their stimulation had clearly withered. It was when she realized that two tinies would not make the difference. Most likely, nothing short of her own fingers would.
It was not as if her clit was the only erogenous part of her body. Feeling as her nipples were about to explode, she decided to give them some attention.



"Keep me stirred, and you may live," she promised the two shabby humans.

And then, she proceeded to place them in her left breast's areola with great care, trusting her nectar to keep them in place. They felt so weightless that the bet did not look too risky. The couple did not get it right away, so after a couple of seconds of a hiatus, she poked them with her fingertip and moved them closer to her imposing nipple.

"Just in case you did not get it…your lives depend on my nipple remaining excited. Lick it, rub it, kick it, punch it or do whatever you need to do to keep me stirred. Or else…"

The effect was almost immediate. It was also weak, but Rachel had not had too high expectations to start with. Rather than the physical invigoration, the upside of what she had just done was to feel even more in charge. God! She had two people entirely devoted to the pleasure of the tiniest part of her anatomy!



Below her, the crowd had already begun to clear the wreckage—frantic, bloodied, crawling through the ruins she herself had just created.

But Rachel's eyes weren't on them anymore. The shifting debris had revealed something unusual. Metallic. White. Sleek.

She narrowed her gaze, intrigued.
"Well, well," she murmured, tilting her head…


It wasn't a real rocket—just a massive scale model, half-buried beneath the rubble.
But it was detailed, sleek… and just the right size to catch Rachel's eye.
She plucked it delicately from the debris, holding it between her fingers like a child discovering a forgotten toy.
Its shape made her smirk.
"Mind if I take this?" she asked playfully, though no one was left to answer.



The rocket model looked like an oversized metallic phallus, which was precisely why it was so attractive. The rocket had been clamped to a heavy base, but it only took a mild pull of the behemoth's astronomical force to tear the steel joints in an audible metallic groan.

"Mmmmm…" Rachel moaned as she bit her lower lip. She brought the foot-long toy under her face and admired its sheer perfection, already anticipating what had to come.



Dr. Rachel Reed was an attractive woman. Of course, she knew that, which meant that she had never had any trouble finding a sex partner when she wished for one. Men were easy in that way. It was not as if she fancied one every time she was sexually aroused. Having been for long more infatuated with herself than with the rest of humanity, the young and brilliant researcher had found that she often had a better time without the need for company. In turn, this had turned her into quite an expert when it came to sex toys. Among other interesting gadgets, Rachel owned a sizable collection of dildos. The rocket she was holding could easily rival the best among them. A bit longer than the average vibrator, the space launcher she was holding felt as if it had been tailored to satisfy her specific needs. Had she had to design it herself from scratch, Rachel doubted she would have altered its shape or diameter.

“Hello, gorgeous!” she whispered as her eyes narrowed in anticipation.

Just for fun, the giantess brought the tip of the rocket to her mouth and encompassed it with her lips, kissing it in, feeling it with her skin.


Still aroused and glistening from earlier, Rachel leaned down with a sly smile curling on her lips.
Her palm, slick with the excess of her own desire, hovered just above the ruins.
And like metal to a magnet, they came.
With nothing but gravity—and a little help from physics—a couple dozen terrified survivors clung to her skin as she gently closed her fingers around them.
They barely had time to scream.
“Mmm... perfect,” she murmured, raising the trembling handful to her face like a prize.
CANTON
CHINESE RESTAURANT
HOTEL



Bringing her palm back up, she smiled at the unlucky bastards glued to her palm and addressed them with scorn:

“Care to join me for some sex?”

Caught in their fight with her sticky goo, not many of her palm captives could even scream. Amused, Rachel giggled and added:

“It was a rhetorical question, of course. It’s not as if you have a say.”

Applying the same gentleness she had when picking them up, the giantess then caressed her free right breast with care, transferring the contents of her palm to her humongous tit.


It worked wonderfully, making her notice once more that the instincts about how to handle her otherworldly size and strength seemed to have kicked in naturally.


Only a few scattered tinies remained in her palm by the time she had finished the operation. The titaness looked down at them with disdain.
“Do you know how frustrating it is for a woman like me to be rejected?” she said, frowning.


And then, with a slow, deliberate motion, she closed her hand into a tight fist.
The squelch was immediate—wet, muffled, satisfying.
Tiny limbs snapped like twigs, warm blood oozing between her fingers and trailing down her knuckles.
Rachel exhaled with pleasure, her eyes gleaming.
“Mmm... nothing like a good squeeze,” she purred, lifting her fist to admire the crimson dripping from it.
Meanwhile, the rest of her playthings clung helplessly to her nipples—squirming ornaments on a living monument of domination.


She soon forgot about her latest victims and focused on her chest right after. If anything, the people she now had adhered to her massive mammary tickled with their wriggling. Even if their combined efforts were weak compared to what a same-sized partner would have been able to achieve, Rachel found their tingling to be more stimulating.
“Oh, yes... you’ll do nicely,” she whispered.


Bringing her free hand to the underside of her boob, she pushed it gently upwards, making it wobble as to stimulate its riders. This was too much for a couple of her unwilling passengers, who ended up peeling from her manor-sized tit.
“Ooops,” she said, bemused, as she observed the deadly drop. “Seems not everyone has what it takes for the tit rodeo!” she added in mockery as she gently shook her breast once more.


“Mind if I leave the rest of you in autopilot for a while?” she then added in a dirty tone. “You don’t know just how badly I need to get fucked!” Her breath quickened. Her pupils dilated.
Then, without hesitation, she began guiding the rocket downward.



With that, the colossal Rachel adjusted her grip on the rocket and shifted her kneeling position, widening her legs and bringing her torso a bit upwards, creating a natural path for her inanimate lover.

“Mmmm…ooohhhh,” she moaned as the tip of the rocket touched her labia.


Rachel shifted her position with lazy elegance, adjusting herself to get more comfortable.
Even the slightest movement of her titanic body caused nearby buildings to crack, tilt... and collapse entirely under the weight of her casual grace.
She didn't care.
All that mattered now was what she held in her hand.
She had never anticipated penetration quite like this. Her heart pounded. Her breath hitched.
And she couldn't remember ever being this wet.
Without resistance, the oversized tip of the rocket parted her folds—slowly, deliciously—earning a deep moan that echoed across the ruined skyline.

Her body shivered in pleasure, forcing her to brace her position with her free hand. The floor of the area cracked as her body landed. Two dozen unlucky bastards were turned into a thin layer of gore without the giantess noticing. She was too enraptured by the immense pleasure coming from her womanhood.

Rachel moved the rocket further inside, feeling it fill herself like no man or sex toy had ever done.

“Oh my fucking goodness!” she screamed, sending those in her vicinity that had not yet been injured by her antics to their knees, hands on their ears.



Ecstatic, the giantess unconsciously contracted her vaginal muscles. Something gave. A metallic groan informed that the victim had been the rocket itself.

“Ooohhh…” she moaned. “Gotta be careful with you, love,” she then said, realizing that the rocket might be the ultimate dildo in size and shape, but it also was weaker than the plastic toys she used to play with.


Still, there seemed to be no significant damage, so she just went on, pushing the rocket all the way. Its base still emerged from her lower lips once its top had reached the limits of her cavernous cunt.
“Where have you been all my life?” she purred.
Vaguely conscious that there was some stimulation still coming from her breasts, Rachel shook them gently once more. A couple more tinies peeled off, but she almost ignored them as she focused on removing the rocket from herself.


Holding it in front of her face once more, Rachel noticed the clear indentations along the tip—marks left by her own inner contractions.
And yet, the structure held.
She smiled, satisfied.
“Sturdier than I thought,” she muttered. “Guess it really was built to survive atmospheric pressure.”
Her eyes half-lidded with lust, she tilted the rocket slightly, letting her slick fluids drip along its fuselage.
It was soaked—and ready for another round.


Some red stains on the rocket's bulbous tip surprised her at first. She could only giggle when she realized that they were nothing more than the remainders of the tinies that had populated her pussy before her new metallic companion had taken over.
"Time for the next round..." she said.


Without further delay, she moved her superlative sex toy down to her cunt and brought it back in.
“Mmmmm…” she moaned once more as she proceeded with a well-rehearsed routine of starting slow and gentle, only to become wilder with each thrust.

Her masturbation at Curtis' had been glorious, but it could barely compare to what she was building up to now. No longer in a rush, Rachel had let the death and destruction gradually stir her, only to have some volunteers work her private parts in anticipation of the final game. It was all paying off now, with every cell of her vast anatomy apparently engaged in the path to Eden's Garden.


Rachel brought the rocket back to the limits of her vagina, only to move it out and repeat the process with a slight gyration that ensured that new areas of her womanhood got stimulated. And then she did it again. And again. The giantess then let out her loudest moan yet, feeling how the pleasure unavoidably built up to what would undoubtedly be the best orgasm in the history of humanity.


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And then, she was interrupted. Rachel was so captivated by the overwhelming bliss that it took her some time to notice that the conditions had changed. Eventually, the tapping at her back became more forceful. The string of consciousness still connected to the real world called the rest of the giantess' focus back, activating the only mental mechanism that could surpass pleasure: danger alert.
CINEMA


The rocket was still halfway inside her by the time Rachel straightened her back and looked over her shoulder. Her eyes narrowed almost right away, trying to adjust to the light of the explosion that hit her right under her shoulder blade.
“What the fuck?" she muttered.


Another explosion followed right after, lower in her back but still visible enough. Rachel realized that she could feel the heat. She could feel the pressure of the impact too. It was even annoying, almost like being pricked with a red hot needle. With more and more of her awareness now taken by the bizarre situation at her back, the giantess finally noticed the rest of the impacts on her smooth skin. They had different intensities and offered different levels of discomfort. One thing they were was frequent.


Suddenly, the intense delight she felt in every pore of her body started fading away, and what was slowly setting up to become the best climax in her life went to waste. The powerful pleasure withered, replaced almost right away but an equally intense feeling: rage.
Rachel's forehead wrinkled in a frown; her eyes narrowed in anger. Already positive of what she would find, the giantess looked beyond her back and into the road.


The massive display of dark blue figurines forming a jagged barricade a couple of blocks down the avenue was expected. This did not make them any less vexing. Rachel had to admit that the Medford Police Department had managed to put together quite a show. How had she managed to ignore them while they managed to amass what appeared to be a thousand officers, she did not know. Or, well… in truth, she did. Nothing short of the few missiles she had been bit with over the last minute would have been able to take her out of the state of bliss she had been in. A state of bliss she was no longer feeling. Which was…infuriating.


Rachel instinctively moved her left hand to her breast. Two tinies were inadvertently crushed at her careless gesture, but this was the least of the giantess' concerns. The softness of her nipple was much more aggravating. Looking down between her legs, she could still see the bottom half of the rocket emerging from her vagina. The pleasure at having such a fulfilling object inside her was still noticeable, but far from the rapture she had felt only moments ago. It was then that the skyscraper-woman understood that her careful foreplay, her gradual build-up, it had all been for nothing.


Rachel's frown deepened as she started to stand up, the muscles of her slender legs powerful enough to lift the tens of thousands of tons of her otherwise slim figure with grace, reminding her that she was not only bigger but also enhanced.


The giantess slowly turned over herself to face her minuscule attackers, each repositioning of her humongous feet causing hundreds of new victims in the still packed grounds of the museum she was standing on.
Reaching haphazardly between her legs, Rachel plucked the rocket out of herself with a loud pop and held it at her side.


“YOU… DON’T… INTERRUPT… A WOMAN… WHILE… SHE…IS…. GETTING…OFF!”
She addressed the cops in her loudest and angriest tone yet, her deep sensual voice reaching practically every corner of the city. She was slow, punctuating every word.


The barrage that had been hitting her on the back withered for an instant, the officers in the blockade apparently shocked as she got to her full height.
Windows rattled, the closest ones to her even shattering at the power of her statement. There were a few seconds of tense calm. And then, the shooting resumed.
The Empty Palms
a film by Alan Smithee
2014
Sweetmex
ORANGES
BY CHAS. A. ROGERS & SONS
FAJITAS NACHOS
9-1-1


Rachel mostly ignored it. Now that she knew what had hit her, she could not be less concerned about its potential for harming her. She had endured tank shells when she was “merely” two hundred feet tall. There was no way in hell the puny cops had a chance to do much more than annoy her now that she was so much bigger and heavier. This did not mean that she was not pissed off. She was probably the most pissed off she had ever been at anyone but Curtis. Being denied the monumental orgasm she had worked so hard for was among the worst things one could do a woman like her.
So, as she weathered the hundreds of shells ricochetting from her flawless skin without even a flinch, there was only one thing running through Rachel’s mind was retribution.


“You guys are so dead,” she muttered as she took her first step right after.
There were a couple more rockets shot in her direction. She did not slow down, did not try to dodge them. Some projectiles hit home, two on her leg, the others on her belly button. The heat was somewhat annoying, the pressure not even that. The small arms fire felt like raindrops by now, to the point where she had to concentrate to feel the bullets hit the different spots of her prodigious anatomy.


Half a dozen steps later, the giantess had closed the distance with her attackers by half, and the nervousness started to soar amongst the police ranks. She went on, stomping rather than walking as she advanced, making her surroundings shake. Parked cars bounced, and cracks formed in the façades of neighboring buildings. Rachel ignored them. In her mind, there was only one thing that mattered.
TETLEYS
EUROCAR
SOAP
SUMMER
9-1-1
9-1-1


The cops were already breaking by the time she reached them, her toes towering over them even with her feet partially sunk in the brittle asphalt. Rachel did not even say a word as she lifted her foot as high as she could.



And then, she stomped—harder than ever.
The pavement shattered beneath her sole as a hundred cops vanished into a wet, crimson smear at the bottom of her deepest footprint yet.
Cracks spread outward like spiderwebs, ripping through the concrete, swallowing more officers and crushing their hopes along with their bones.
The shockwave launched several police cruisers into the air, flipping them like toys as alarms blared and windows exploded.
One officer barely had time to scream before diving out of the way, his world reduced to tremors, dust, and despair.


Her foot abandoned the deep depression it had created and rose again. Having reached the underground piping level, the giantess' footprint filled with crimson-tinted water as she lifted her appendage, leaving an eerie swimming pool behind.
"YOU really thought you could attack ME!"


The shadow alone was enough to paralyze half the street.
Rachel's foot, stained red and laced with rubble, rose high above the officers scrambling to escape—those who hadn't been crushed seconds earlier.
She didn't rush. She didn't need to.
The message was already clear. The next step would simply reinforce it.
TETLEYS
EUROCAR
SOAP
9-1-1



The giant foot landed again, with the same vice as in the previous occasion, making short work of another packed group of cops and half a dozen of their vehicles.

“I had honestly thought that things would be so fucking obvious by now!” she said.


Then she spotted them—a scattered group of officers scrambling down a side street, desperate to get out of sight.
Some ducked behind buildings. Others dove into storefronts. One even tried to slip into the subway.
Rachel tilted her head, amused.
CUT PRICE LIQUORS



"Really?" she muttered. "You think that will help?" With a slow, deliberate step, Rachel brought her foot down on the rooftop the officers had chosen as their last hope.

The concrete groaned beneath her weight; the glass shuddered.

Her smile widened. "I can see you," she whispered, wiggling her toes slightly. "Let's see how long this place lasts."


With a slow twist of her ankle, Rachel pressed down and the building erupted.
A deafening crack tore through the street as thousands of bricks exploded into the air, raining debris on the screaming officers below. The so-called shelter collapsed in an instant, reduced to rubble beneath her sole.
Crushed bodies. Shattered cruisers. Total chaos.
新創作
セール開催中!
昌興藥業
POLICE
TETLEYS
ELECTRIC SUPPLIES • TUPPER WARE • STATIONARY
TOYS • KITCHEN & BATHROOM • BABY ITEMS


Rachel didn't need to stomp. She simply leaned forward, and the pressure was enough.
The walls bowed outward. Windows burst into glittering shrapnel. The roof caved in like soggy paper, and a second later, the entire structure surrendered.
Police officers scattered in every direction, arms flailing, some ducking too late as chunks of brick and metal crashed around them.
The building groaned one final time before imploding under the weight of her playful cruelty.
GAMES PLANET
鉄道模型
ESTABLISHMENT
BIEN
BLEU


"I fucking told you! I told you what would happen if you were stupid enough to try something. And not only did you ignore me, but you dare to attack me when I'm doing myself!"
SERGIOS DESIGNER MENS SHOES
SERGIOS DESIGNER MENS SHOES
MENSWEAR
TRENZ
TRENZ
TRENZ
FRESH MEAT DAILY


As her words echoed through the city, Rachel stepped forward with brutal purpose, crushing what was left of the nearby building under her heel. The structure gave in instantly, collapsing with a thunderous roar and burying several police vehicles in a cascade of bricks and dust.
Panic erupted once more among the scattered officers. They ran, tripping over debris, shouting into useless radios—anything to escape the wrath of the towering woman they had failed to stop.
Rachel didn't even glance down.
She was already scanning for her next targets.
POLICE
TETLEYS
EUROCAR
COLT
ELECTRIC SUPPLIES • TUPPER


Rachel had already laid waste to the main group of cops down the road. This did not mean that there weren't more. She just had to chase them, which given her size and vantage point of view, was a piece of cake. Pivoting to her right, Rachel kicked, sending a dozen dark blue figures flying for blocks. None of them moved after landing.

The wind rushed past her towering form as she straightened up, a wicked smile tugging at her lips. From this height, the city looked like a trembling diorama, its defenders nothing more than scattered ants scrambling for cover.

Rachel ran her tongue slowly over her upper teeth and leaned slightly forward, scanning below with predator-like precision.

“They always run,” she muttered, amused. “But they never get far.”




Rachel continued her death march, her steps slow, deliberate… inescapable.
Each time her foot landed, it left behind a crater of broken stone, twisted metal, and crushed lives.
She wasn't rushing. She was hunting—searching for scattered pockets of resistance, stray groups of officers too slow or too proud to run.
And she was getting closer.
HOTEL
1 HOUR FILM PROCESSING
LOANS


Her foot came down with deceptive grace, slow, steady, almost gentle. But for those beneath it, the effect was anything but. The officers didn't even have time to scream.
Their bodies were flattened with a soft, wet plop, painting the grass and pavement beneath her sole in wide splashes of red.
NO PARKING
TOW AWAY ZONE


HOTEL
1 HOUR FILM PROCESSING
With casual cruelty, Rachel dragged the tip of her foot across the pavement, not to clean it, but to spread it. A crimson smear stretched behind her toes, marking the asphalt with what remained of the officers she had just crushed.
She glanced down briefly, smirking.


Then, her voice boomed—low, sharp, and thunderous—echoing through every alley, rooftop, and shattered window.
“You are nothing but pests next to me. If you had any brains, you’d kneel before me and pray that I’m feeling kind.
But instead, you insist on attacking me when all it does is piss me off!”
Her words weren’t just heard—they were felt. And the message was crystal clear: mercy was off the table.
燕仁仁
冊註府政
莊窩燕仁仁
冊註府政中
行藥西
新創作


With a playful smirk, Rachel lifted her right foot high—her toned leg stretching above the skyline like a monument of destruction.
She held it there, hovering ominously over a fifteen-story apartment complex that barely reached her knee.
Her shadow blanketed the rooftop, and somewhere below, residents froze—unsure if they should run, pray, or simply brace for what was coming.


There was a collective gasp, followed by an unnatural silence as if the world was trying to guess whether she would do it. Rachel quickly resolved the doubt by pushing her sole down. The high-rise gave like a sandcastle, collapsing on itself under the might of her slender leg, burying dozens of unsuspecting citizens that had thought themselves safer than their comrades on the road.


Rachel stepped back, her bloodied heel lifting off the ground, leaving a final red imprint behind her.
She stretched her arms slightly, her chest rising with each breath—not from exhaustion, but anticipation.
Then her voice thundered across the city, sharp and merciless:
“Now, the city needs to pay for your insolence!”
The ground trembled beneath her shift in balance.
And as her right leg slowly pulled back, every remaining soul in her path began to understand exactly what was coming.


Just in case anyone had not made the logical connection, the giantess drew her leg back elegantly and then kicked a group of three buildings, her foot mowing through them as if they had been made of crackers.


The explosion of debris was immediate and catastrophic. Bricks, steel, and glass erupted into the sky in a cloud of destruction, raining down across several city blocks. The buildings Rachel had kicked didn't just collapse—they disintegrated, turning into a hailstorm of deadly shrapnel.
The rubble didn’t discriminate. Dozens of officers were crushed beneath falling chunks of concrete, their bodies buried beyond recognition. But it wasn’t just them—hundreds of civilians, many unaware or simply too slow to react, were caught in the shockwave. Entire families lost their homes in a blink, buried under the pulverized remains of what once were apartments, stores, and lives.
Rachel tilted her head, smirking at the sight. Chaos was an art form—and this was one of her masterpieces.
TETLEYS
JAMES FAJITA WRAPS


Happy with her brief but devastating example setting, Rachel resumed her walk. The cops had only cleared enough road for an extra step, so she was soon ready to continue her punishment.
“You know how you look from up here?” she asked, her voice thundering from above. “Like bugs. Tiny, pathetic bugs!”


Every time Rachel turned her head—every alley, every corner, every street—
there they were.
Clusters of officers, running like insects. Some tried to flee, some tried to hide. None succeeded.
She narrowed her eyes at one of the groups scurrying below, her expression twisting with disdain. They still hadn't learned.
TRENZ
CINEMA


And she was about to teach them.
It wasn't difficult at all. She just had to dodge a few buildings, and in just a few steps forward, Rachel was upon them.


Her right foot rose higher than usual before she stomped, squishing several dozen cops at once.
“Have you the slightest idea about how it feels to be attacked by the likes of you?”
102
CINE
VIDEO


リバティー 1号店 B1
リバティー 1号店 B1
リバティー 1号店 B1
79
79
ASIAN TOUCH
ASIAN TOUCH
The police force had been formidable but was quickly getting exterminated.
The road she was following while chasing the remainders of the police force ended ahead in a T, forcing the cops to choose a side for their so-far unsuccessful escape attempt.
They were casual this time, but this did not make them any less deadly Rachel doubted there had been any coordination or intention in the outcome, but from her vantage, it was easy to see that roughly half the cops turned in each direction.



Rachel took two more steps.

It was merely an inconvenience. Rachel was confident that she would have no trouble catching up with one group after she had finished exterminating the other. It would simply require pushing herself a bit more. But that was the problem: she did not want to push herself. God knew that the fucking cops at her toes did not deserve it.

“I guess this is just statistics at play,” she muttered.


She killed a few more of the tiny offenders with delightful squishes before she reached the intersection. Once there, she widened her stance and brought one hand to her lower lip while the other rested on her hip. There were still quite a few cops left, but now that she finally had stopped for a moment, the giantess realized that she had already wiped out the bulk of the attack force.


“I did not even break a sweat,” she thought, marveling at her ability for destruction. She chuckled, aware that the world would not share her mental jest. “I was unstoppable enough before. Now… I’m a force of nature,” she added to herself, grateful once more for her most recent boost in size.
Standing there, finding the necessary calm after her initial, enraged reaction at being attacked, Rachel figured her next course of action out.



Rachel scanned the area; she was looking for something. For a moment, she seemed almost contemplative, the wind tugging gently at her hair as her eyes darted from one broken street to the next.

A mischievous smile curled across her lips.

The tallest building in the area stood just beside her, a modest office tower that barely reached up to her thigh.
It was nothing special, but its proportions were perfect for what Rachel had in mind.

She knew exactly what she was about to do.


With a mischievous smile, she crouched beside it, her shadow engulfing several rooftops at once.
From the ground, it looked like she was simply examining the structure... but the city had learned better than to trust her stillness.
Once more, the world held its breath.
She brought her hands forward—slow, deliberate—her fingers spreading as she calculated the pressure points like a seasoned architect of chaos.
Then, without warning, her hands lunged.
Her fingertips plunged into the concrete like it was wet clay, piercing straight through offices and walls, snapping support beams, and scattering furniture—and people—alike.


Rachel kept going until she judged she had a good enough grip on it. And then, she just pulled up.
A whole lot of stuff broke. But it broke with ease, unable to resist the unfathomable force she now possessed in arms that had been considered slender until the night before. Debris rained as she kept lifting the structure, but for the most part it seemed to be remaining in one piece, so she started raising from her squatting position, arms and legs working in coordination to keep moving the suitcase-sized building up with her. The most critical moment of the entire process came right after, when she had to rest the twenty-story highrise carefully against her chest.



Rachel's full breasts unavoidably ended up damaging the façade, breaking through it with the same ease as the rest of her anatomy. It was a weird feeling, albeit an exciting one. To think that the softest part of herself was able to cause so much damage on its own gave Rachel a new hint on just how overwhelming her superiority was. Still, there was a bit of worry at the destruction caused by her breasts, since at that precise moment, she was interested in keeping the building as much in one piece as possible.

There was an instant of concern when the highrise groaned, but Rachel quickly relaxed when she felt that it was holding, even if there seemed to be a constant downpour of debris from its base.


Happy with the results of her latest action, Rachel took two steps to the front and turned, facing the fleeing cops. And then, just before proceeding with the final move, she paused for a moment and let what she had just done sink in.


“I’m holding a fucking building in my arms!” she reflected. “This probably took years to build. There must be hundreds of people inside. And here I am, holding it as if I were carrying some bags with groceries. It’s even easier!” she thought, noticing that the office building was on the light side.


It was not as if she were planning to carry it around, in any case. Quite the contrary. Fixing her billboard-sized brown eyes on the mass of police officers that spanned the next couple of blocks, she addressed them with derision.
“If I had to bet, I’d say that you have already realized that attacking me was a big mistake. I think that the fact that you have been running away from me is a clear enough indication. You know what? It doesn’t matter. I never was the forgiving type. And if anything, my recent change in perspective has only reinforced that trait. Hasta la vista, fuckers!”
藥
DRUGS
CUT PRICE


And with that, she hurled the high-rise in the direction of the cops. The building was not precisely a projectile, so the moment it left her arms, it started disintegrating at an accelerated pace. It did not matter for what Rachel had in mind.


As a vanguard for what would come next, chunks of the high-rise started dropping at random spots, killing or severely injuring many of the fleeing cops. The big bang came a second later when the bulk of the building hit a spot a block and a half away from her. Even after losing half of its mass during its flight, the structure was massive enough to bury dozens of cops under the rubble. The rest were caught in the aftermath soon after, when the debris that shot after the explosion reached their position, obliterating them.
삼덕전기
컴퓨터게임장
POLICE


It happened all at once.
One second, the building was part of the skyline. The next, it was airborne, lifted by an unstoppable force that defied everything the city was built upon.
Rachel stood in the middle of it all, towering above chaos like a force of nature given form. Cars flipped. Screams were swallowed by the roar of collapsing structures.
Chunks of rubble flew like shrapnel in every direction, tracing wild arcs through the air. The shockwave rolled outward, chasing those who still believed they could flee.


Rachel observed the consequences of her decisive but rather simple action with utter satisfaction. A thick column of dust emerged from the spot where the building had landed, obscuring her visibility of the scene, but she had little doubts that she had more than accomplished her objective.


So, with half of the remaining officers now dealt with, the giantess only had one side of the avenue to worry about. Even after the time she had taken to exterminate their comrades, the cops had not managed to get too far away from her. Of course, she knew it was not their fault but rather a consequence of the mind-blowing difference in size, but it was of little matter.
CINEMA
THE LAVA PLANET
A FILM BY STEFAN MORRELL
FAJITAS NACHOS
Juice


A few well-placed steps would do with the police force once and for all. This was not what Rachel had in mind, though. Smirking evilly, the giantess squatted with grace and then got into her hands and knees, pushing her world-class ass out as she readied herself for a cat and mouse game.


The world was even more thrilling from up close, the streets and building façades taking an increased toy resemblance. The titaness moved her left hand first, feeling the asphalt crack under her delicate hand like clay, cracks projecting from the gaps between her fingertips, where her heavier palm had rested. Her rigth hand soon followed, moving in unison with her left knee, which was considerably less delicate when landing, shaking her surroundings substantially harder.
HOTEL
Juice
HOTEL


She kept crawling, quickly gaining on the cops despite the deceivingly casual nature of her movement. The streets were narrow, far too narrow for a woman of her magnitude. And yet, she advanced with terrifying precision.
With every shift of her hips, buildings crumbled. Her thighs brushed against concrete façades, peeling them open like cheap cardboard. Her knees smashed rooftops with ease, sending debris flying in every direction. The sheer bulk of her body filled entire intersections, erasing them from the map in a single, fluid crawl.


The first group of officers came into view, barely a block ahead. They ran, shouted, scattered—but from her vantage, their struggle looked more like the scurrying of bugs than a coordinated retreat.
Closing her right hand into a fist, Rachel beamed with glee. Her eyes locked onto the panicked swarm, and with a deep breath, she unleashed a thunderous voice that rattled windows and eardrums alike:
"WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?"
CINEMA


Then, she slammed his bare hand on the half a dozen dark blue figures, smashing them beyond recognition, burying them deep into the city's underground level. The building to her right cracked and shifted in its position due to the nearby pounding.


"Is that as fast as you guys can go?" Rachel laughed at them, lifting her fist off the asphalt. A single punch was enough to take out several cops at once. The others took advantage of the opportunity to scatter.


A few officers decided to try something else instead.
Realizing they couldn't outrun her, they scrambled for cover behind a cluster of parked cars and a delivery truck, hoping that the giantess wouldn't see them.
They crouched low, held their breath, and clung to the absurd belief that a row of civilian vehicles might somehow shield them from the wrath of a being taller than the buildings around them.


Rachel chuckled as she peeked around the corner.
She immediately spotted the cluster of blue silhouettes, some scrambling for cover behind a yellow truck, others already making a break for the nearby park, hoping foolishly to disappear among the trees.
“Please!” she said, her voice echoing like a storm through the streets. “I have a bird’s eye view of you!”


Rachel didn't even need to try. With a casual flick of her finger, she tipped the yellow truck onto its side like it was made of cardboard.
The impact crushed the officers who had thought it wise to hide behind it. Their muffled screams were silenced instantly, drowned under the screech of bending metal and the wet crunch of flattened bodies.
Her nail, still coated in red, pressed into the wreckage with lazy finality. "There you are," she muttered, smirking as the others ran for their lives.


Rachel kept moving forward, flattening grass, trees, and benches beneath her weight like soggy cardboard. She no longer bothered with the scattered officers running alone in panic, they were a waste of time.
Only clustered groups were worth the effort now. From her elevated position, she scanned the park with a calm, predatory gaze, lips curled into a satisfied smirk.
Each step rippled through the ground, shaking branches and sending leaves into the air, adding chaos to the officers' already hopeless retreat.
"Let's make this quick," she muttered, planting her fingers deep into the soft dirt, ready to pounce again.


A thousand cops had interrupted her orgasm. Fewer than a hundred remained now.
Rachel delighted in the realization as she lazily crawled after them, her immense form looming over the scattering blue dots like a cat toying with cornered mice. Each motion seemed casual, but it pushed them steadily toward the plaza she had already scouted from above.
“Fee-fi-fo-fum!” she chirped in a playful, sing-song tone that sent fresh waves of panic through the group.


She had been ready to take another step forward but something caught her attention. A twitch, a collapse. Two figures lagging behind. Curious, she lowered her gaze.
A couple of officers stumbled out of formation, their bodies breaking down under exhaustion and terror. Rachel's smile widened.
Rachel leaned closer, her titanic form casting a long, creeping shadow over the narrow street. Her eyes fixed on them, gleaming with interest.
And then came her hand.


"You guys should watch your cardio," Rachel teased, her fingertip chasing the three officers like a cat pawing at mice. "It makes wonders on life expectancy!"
Rachel twitched her nose and rested the rip of her index finger on the one closest to her.
CD·DVD·LD IFリバティー
リバティー 1号店 B1
SALE 75%
鉄道模型
CAMERAS · VIDEO · BINOCULARS
SALE 75%
1 HOUR FILM PROCESSING


They sprinted for their lives, but Rachel was already towering above them. The second man tried to keep running, but she brought her hand low and carefully positioned her fingers.
With a playful grin, she lined up her thumb against her index finger. “I will help you…” she said in a jolly tone.


Without further word, the giantess flicked him, sending him flying half a dozen blocks deeper into the city. She felt quite a bit of ripping at impact, which, combined with the lack of a scream, informed her that the cop was probably dead as soon as she hit him.
CD·DVD·LD IFリバティー
リバティー 1号店 B1
鉄道模型


He did not know why he was running. His lungs were burning already and, no matter what he did, he was sure that the giant bitch would end up crushing him sooner rather than later. And still, Captain Ronald Mills kept pushing himself, trying to keep up with his men as they hopelessly rushed down the road.
SALE
75%
SALE
75%
鉄 道 模 型
79
ASIAN FOOD



Every boom sounded louder, every shaking felt closer. And every time a scream preceded the death of one of his men, Mills felt fear for his own life but also a sharp sting of guilt. Mullin had been right. They should have never attacked her, even less when they had realized that the woman had become even larger. His pride had gotten the best of him when the Mayor called, though. And now, he would pay his pride with his life. It would have been a fair enough deal if he had not bet the lives of over a thousand of his comrades in the process.


The next boom was so loud that it made his bones rattle. The ensuing shaking practically threw him off his feet. When the Sun at his back was suddenly blocked by an ominous shadow, Mills knew that the end was nigh.
He saw the impossible arm's movement through the corner of his eyes, felt the hand unfolding over him. He kept running as he waited for the hammer to fall.


When it did, it was nothing like he had expected.
The ground shook again, but it was milder. He was alive. His men were too. The woman's massive hand had dropped, but rather than crushing them underneath, it had hit the road on its side, forming an impassable wall of flesh that reached as high as the third floor of the neighboring buildings.


Confused, hesitating whether he should consider himself lucky to still be alive, Captain Mills stopped in his tracks. It wasn't as if he had anywhere to go. The hand then shifted its position, taking a deliberate angle. He barely had any warning before it moved in his direction.
Over the next few seconds, Mills' only concern was to find enough room to breathe as the enormous hand began to close around him.

It wasn’t long before everything went dark. The fingers sealed together, trapping him in a suffocating prison of warm, soft flesh. He could feel the bodies of the other officers pressed tightly against him, all of them struggling in the stifling, oppressive blackness of Rachel’s fist.

He thought it couldn’t possibly get worse.

And then it did.

He would have thrown up his breakfast if his stomach hadn’t been so compressed. The g-forces were almost back-breaking, pushing him harder into the soft surface of what he knew was the giant woman’s palm. Bodies shifted above him. Suddenly, the weight on his back lessened. Eventually, he managed to carve out just enough space to turn.



Seconds later, his entire field of vision was taken by her face. Freckled and framed by an abundant mane of distinctive auburn hair, the high-rise-sized visage looming over him was both attractive and terrifying. Just in one look, the young woman was more than able to convey the contempt she felt for them. Just in case there had been any doubts, her lips parted, ready to speak. A warm breath washed over him, making him sweat even harder. Her voice rattled his bones and also his soul.

“You cannot imagine just how puny you look from up close. It makes it even more insulting that you dared to attack me!”


The giant's eyes moved momentarily to the left. She was clearly looking down. There was a loud thud, coming from apparently very far away, just before the woman's attention returned to them.
"I hope that you saved some energy. You have a lot of making up to do!" And then, her eyes looked forward, and they started moving.


Jennifer had met Professor Sampson during her first year at the journalism school. Probably older than Yoda, the man had been an inexhaustible source of anecdotes and old stories. Some of her friends had laughed at his classes. Jennifer had been fascinated by them. Out of everything she had learned from the venerable professor, one sentence had been branded in her brain:
“You won’t know if you really have it in you to be a journalist until your soul is shaken by what you are reporting.”

It turned out that Jennifer Brill was a journalist after all. Twenty-three, inexperienced and knowing that she had landed a job only because she was good-looking, Jennifer had even surprised herself. But when her voice came out calm and steady as she narrated the antics of the monstrous woman that was razing her city, she knew she had it in her.

Had Jennifer been watching the scene unfolding ahead of her from her living room, she would have been too appalled to speak. And yet, the world had been promptly informed of the mind-blowing events happening at Medford through the velvety timbre of her statements.




LIVE
SKY 9
It had not been easy. Watching the woman get into her city and use her astonishing size to kill on a whim or bring a building down had been as rattling for her as for the rest of humanity. Seeing her skillfully rip a building open to pluck someone she had been clearly looking for, had been a harsh reminder that they were dealing with a very intelligent individual, not just a mindless giant monster.
BREAKING: GIANT WOMAN TEARS THROUGH CITY BLOCK
GIANT WOMAN IDENTIFIES AS RACHEL REED


LIVE
SKY 9
Reporting her masturbation had demanded her to explore the limits of her vocabulary and figures of speech. She had had a moment of speechlessness when the woman had grown again. Jennifer had needed a few seconds to let the fact that she was becoming even more massive sink in. Seeing the woman's head thrust to the sky as her surroundings seemingly shrunk next to her. She had recovered from that. And then, she had not faltered when things had become way wilder.
BREAKING: GIANT WOMAN TEARS THROUGH CITY BLOCK
GIANT WOMAN IDENTIFIES AS RACHEL REED


LIVE
Dr. Rachel Reed had been both cruel and destructive before. She was in a different league after her boost in size. It took some time for Jennifer to truly understand that her victims could now be counted by the hundreds. She saw her step on them, stomp on them, pick them up and crush them in her hand. And then, the woman had headed to the Science Museum. Jennifer's heart had frozen when she realized what she would find in there. She would not have imagined that after seeing her kill thousands of the refugees on a whim, what would shock her the most was the subsequent display of her sexual avidness.
SKY 9
CINEMA
ALERT: MEDFORD'S SCIENCE MUSEUM REDUCED TO RUBBLE


LIVE
SKY 9
Her professionalism made her suppress a cheer when the Medford Police Department had arrived in force. This same professionalism helped her go on when the heaviest ordinance the force had been able to muster had not even managed to scratch the monstrous woman. Over the last few minutes, Jennifer had let herself fall into some mechanical reporting as she told the world about the ease with which the giantess was dealing with her attackers. And then, the giantess had ripped a building from the ground and thrown it at the cops.
URGENT: GIANT WOMAN HURLS BUILDING AT POLICE


LIVE
SKY 9
"What is she doing?" Jennifer asked through the internal line as Rachel Reed turned towards the last group of police officers and dropped to her hands and knees.
"The hell if I know," Cliff replied. "After what she did with that building, I'm ready for anything."
"Rachel Reed is now on her hands and knees, chasing after the last group of officers from the Medford Police Department. She… just slammed her fist into the street. I believe there were a group of men in the area… and now she's done it again…."
MEDFORD CITY CENTER – CHAOS UNFOLDING


She was a sight to behold. Dreadful as she was, the giant redhead also looked magnificent, towering over every building in the area, looking dangerously close even if Cliff was making sure to keep the chopper over fifteen hundred feet in height.
“I HOPE THAT YOU SAVED SOME ENERGY. YOU HAVE A LOT OF MAKING UP TO DO.”
“Oh my God!” Jennifer then said in the air as she understood what the giant woman intended.
She was trying to find a way to express it for her audience when her blood froze. The giantess turned. An instant later, she felt her window-sized deep brown eyes locked with hers.
CINEMA


"LISTEN TO ME," she said softly, even if even her whispers would have sounded like a command.
Jennifer understood what was about to happen.
"The giant woman… I believe she wants to address us…"
Rachel Reed's voice interrupted her again.
"I HAD HOPED THAT BY NOW, YOU WOULD HAVE ALREADY ACCEPTED YOUR NEW REALITY. ESPECIALLY AFTER MY LATEST GROWTH. I CLEARLY HAD PUT TOO MUCH FAITH IN YOU. SO, LET ME SPELL IT OUT FOR YOU: I AM UNSTOPPABLE. I OWN THIS CITY. AND I OWN EACH AND EVERY ONE OF YOU. YOUR FATE DEPENDS ENTIRELY ON ME. IF YOU HAD ANY BRAINS, YOU'D ALL BE ON YOUR KNEES, WORSHIPPING ME, PRAYING THAT I DON'T FEEL LIKE CRUSHING YOU. INSTEAD, YOU DARED TO CHALLENGE ME!"


Her words were even more deafening than the ones she had uttered at the highway. Jennifer had no problem hearing them over the chopper's rotor.
"I TOLD YOU WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF YOU ATTACKED ME. NOW IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO FACE THE CONSEQUENCES. ONE LAST WARNING: IF YOU TRY ANYTHING ELSE, I SWEAR TO GOD THAT I WILL TURN THIS CITY INTO A SMOKING HEAP OF RUBBLE. YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED!"


The giantess then turned as if to leave, but stopped in the middle of the movement, facing them again.
“NOW, I HAVE SOME UNFINISHED BUSINESS. I WOULD APPRECIATE A BIT OF PRIVACY. AS MUCH AS A WOMAN MY SIZE CAN GET, ANYWAYS.”


Rachel was back at the ruins of the museum soon enough. Even after the time she had spent dealing with the police, the area surrounding the shattered plaza was still crowded.
She chuckled. She might have already killed thousands, but honestly, they were making it far too easy.
RICHMOND
PROPERTY AGENT
PAY DAY LOAN


Rachel adjusted her stance, raising her arms slightly for balance as she eyed the center of the ruined plaza. The remains of the museum crumbled beneath her toes, dust and debris coating her skin like powdered sugar. Just ahead, a mid-rise red building stood defiantly, one of the few structures that hadn't yet felt her wrath.
With a slow, deliberate grin, she began to lower her hips.


Her ass landed in one of the densest spots in the area, right on top of a modern red building that had still been standing defiantly. The structure didn't stand a chance. It exploded beneath her like a paper sculpture, sending out a shockwave that rattled the entire neighborhood. Windows shattered for blocks, parked cars bounced on their suspensions, and trees shook violently as if caught in a storm.
Rachel moaned softly, pleased by the mix of destruction and the unmistakable sensation of dozens of bodies being obliterated under her sensitive buttocks. The ground kept trembling even after the impact, as if the earth itself was still processing her presence.


Bringing her hands back under her face, she addressed the cops she was holding once more.
“If any of you makes it out alive after I come, you are free to go,” she announced. “To be fair, I’ve got to say that it’s unlikely.” The giantess then circled her legs in front of herself, her feet touching each other, forming an impassable wall right in front of her pussy.


Once she was confident that there were no loopholes, Rachel brought her hand forward. Her expression remained composed, but a spark of amusement flickered in her eyes.
With deliberate grace, she tilted her palms and let their contents fall.
Screams erupted as the officers tumbled helplessly into the crater left by the destruction of the building—now a makeshift pit surrounded by her colossal legs. Bodies collided with stone and metal debris, some of them groaning, others silent. Dust swirled up once more as the impact echoed faintly across the square.
Among the ruins and crushed remains of the plaza, a few bodies still squirmed. Survivors. Weak, injured, but alive. And to her, that meant useful.
Whether as toys, tools, or warnings... they'd serve her purpose.


She did not exchange any further words with the tiny fuckers before she started to pick them up in groups.
There was no ceremony to it—just efficient, merciless movement. Her massive fingers moved with terrifying precision, curling around clusters of survivors and dragging them up from the debris-strewn ground. Some tried to crawl away.
She had big plans for these ones.


Rachel didn't even warn them, not a single word. Her shovel-shaped fingers lifted some civilians along with some officers and simply stuffed them into her pussy.
The fingers slowly pushed inward, leading the people deeper into the giantess's damp cave.


She was wet again. Her nipples had swollen once more. And she could feel the characteristic rumbling in her stomach that indicated that her libido was up. Finishing the cops had been uplifting. She was not going to cheat herself, though. What she was about to do felt more like a quick screw to let off some steam than the carefully set up orgasm she had been working for before being interrupted.
ETLEYS
ROCAR
D
PCO
CINEMA


Still, a screw was better than nothing, so she kept stuffing screaming men into the depths of her vagina. She had never had so many before. It turned out that it made a difference. It was not as if the little bastards were going to make her cum by themselves, but they were active enough to stir her. She might have to try this again in the future.


She was eventually full. By then, she still had people to spare, so she rounded them up once more and grabbed her into her right hand. Her left hand then reached for the rocket she had carefully set down before and brought it to her labia.


She was happy to find that she was lubricated enough, courtesy of the arousal she felt at killing tinies but also at the effect of the most recent dwellers of her pussy.
The tip of the rocket slid in. The squishes started right after. She was just too stuffed. Curiously, the effect only managed to make her hornier. Remembering the people she was still holding on her palm, Rachel reclined her back and dropped them right over her chest.


Gravity did its work, making the little people slide down her torso. Rachel just used the same arm to mash her tits together. A few of them dropped to their deaths, hundreds of feet below. The majority were caught between her massive mounds of flesh.


Rachel then started to vigorously rub her tits together as she thrust the rocket in and out of herself. There was no delicacy this time, no gradual build-up. It was the giantess equivalent of a quick fuck at a club's restroom. It was still satisfying, but it was not the same.


Rachel's body fell onto her back, causing another large tremor.
Rachel's moans started getting louder and louder, masking the groaning of the rocket's frame as her merciless fucking twisted it. The tiny people that had ended up between her generous breasts soon learned that they had not been luckier than the ones that had dropped to their deaths as the vicious pressure between the soft mountains of flesh ended up squishing them. The giantess barely noticed as she kept banging herself.
CINEMA


Eventually, the stimulation coming from the different fronts brought Rachel close to climax. Noticing, she intensified the thrusting. Her scream defeated anyone for blocks that had not already perished at her antics.

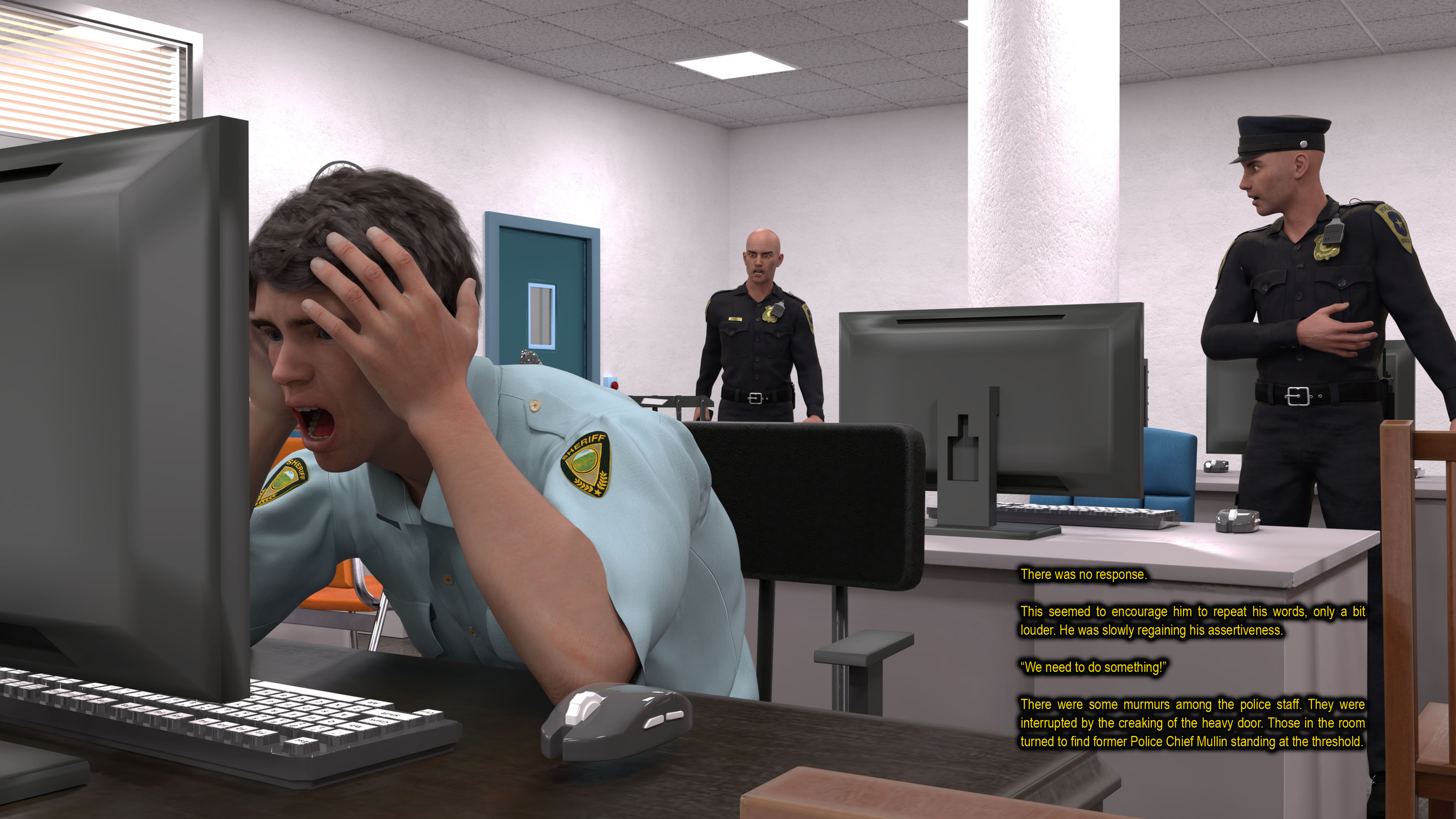

For an instant, Rachel had thought, or even wished, that her new orgasm would come together with some more growth. It soon was evident that this was not going to happen. It was, of course, not an issue. It was not as if she could complain about her current size.


Then came the moment of calm, where she was satisfied.
The Rocket looked like a sheet of balled-up tinfoil as she removed it from herself, carelessly dropping it on the ground. Rachel panted heavily as she enjoyed the aftermath of her masturbation.


There were no officers alive to test the truthfulness of her promise. She used a finger to remove the remainders of the ones that had ended up in her womanhood as she examined the generally filthy state of the rest of her anatomy.
"I will need to get cleaned again," she muttered.
TETLEYS
EUROCAR
GOAD
TERCO

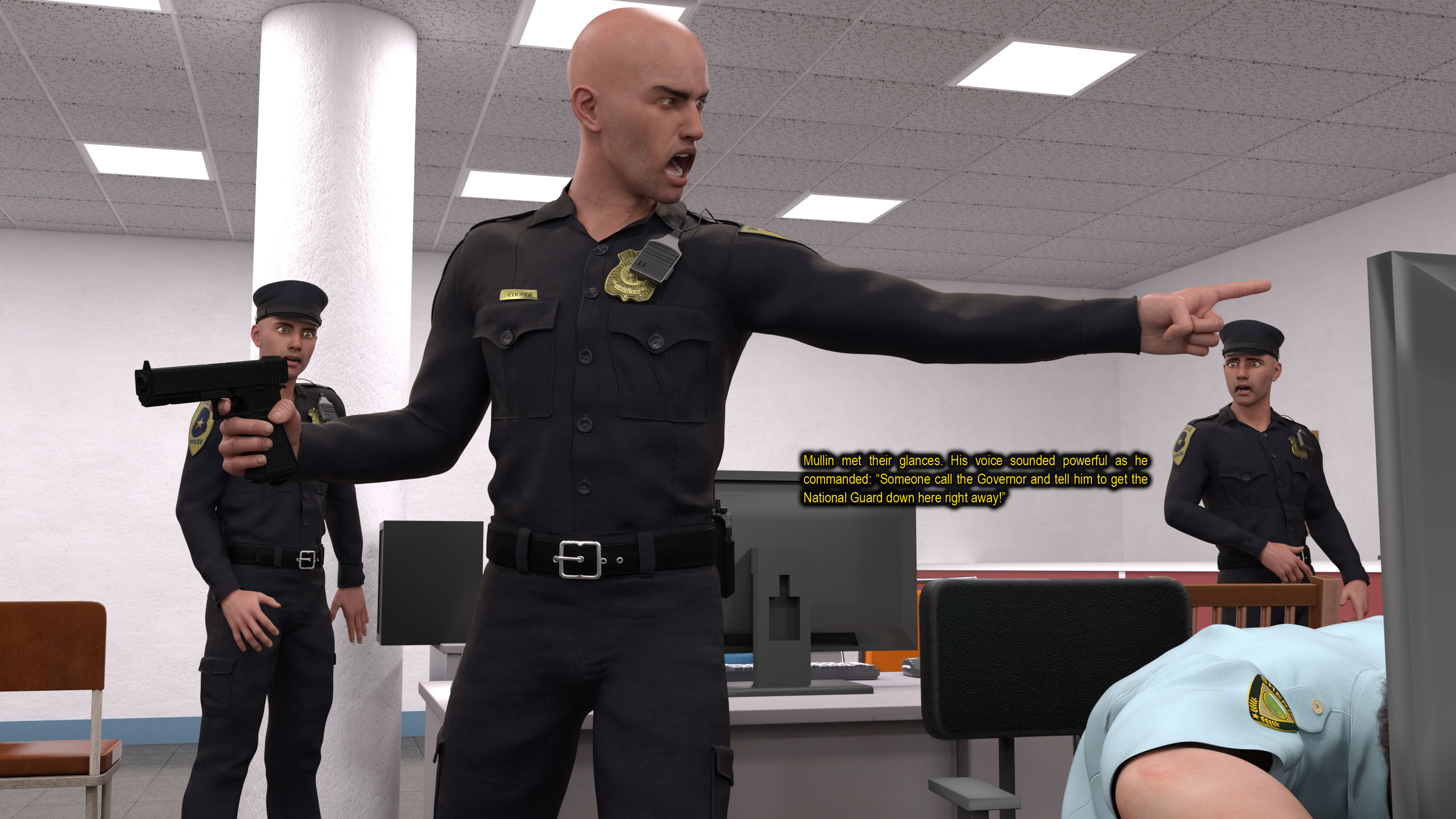

She had to cross the river once more to get back to the city's center, so she would have the chance. And then, the city would learn what happened when they pissed a woman like her off.


Mayor Charles Logan was frozen in front of the large screen. None of his aides or the uniformed commanders of the Medford Police Department found any words as they observed the aftermath of the most one-sided battle in history. Over a thousand police officers had been sent to face the monster. No one had any hopes that there would be more than a few dozen survivors.
“We need to do something,” the Mayor finally managed to babble.


There was no response.
This seemed to encourage him to repeat his words, only a bit louder. He was slowly regaining his assertiveness.
“We need to do something!”
There were some murmurs among the police staff. They were interrupted by the creaking of the heavy door. Those in the room turned to find former Police Chief Mullin standing at the threshold.


There was a determined look on the policeman's face as he crossed the room, his steps muffled by the thick carpet. The Mayor seemed to notice him just then. He was about to say something when Mullin reached for his sidearm and raised it to aim at Logan's head.
SHERIFF


"What are you do-" His shriek was interrupted by the deafening bang of a revolver being shot in a closed space. From such a short distance, the man's head practically exploded, splashing the room and many of its occupants with gore.
To everyone's surprise, there was no immediate reaction in a room full of cops. They just turned to shoot a questioning look at their former boss.
SHERIFF


COOPER
Mullin met their glances. His voice sounded powerful as he commanded: “Someone call the Governor and tell him to get the National Guard down here right away!”


COOPER
To be continued...