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THE
NEVERENDING
WOMAN
CHAPTER 02
PAY DAY
PAY DAY LOA

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The Neverending Woman- CH 02 (November-2024)
by Butre3004 comics and Papayoya

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“It’s so fucking easy,” Rachel muttered as her foot broke through the thick concrete wall as if it had been made of crackers.
Her short experience at her new condition had already taught Rachel that the world around her was frail. She did not know whether it was a direct consequence of her size or if the super serum boosted the effect. But there was nothing she had set her eyes upon that she could not destroy without relative ease. And the sturdy-looking military building was no exception. As a matter of fact, an awful lot of it collapsed after her half-hearted kick had sent her foot deep into the structure.


Encouraged by the success of this first attempt, Rachel moved her left leg forward, wrecking through another section of the barracks and making an even larger portion of the building crumble.
She brought her hands to her hips in a victorious gesture as she looked down, inspecting the ruins of the once-proud infrastructure.
The smoke was starting to clear around the spot where her left foot had ended. The bodies of two crawling soldiers, conveniently located right in front of her toes, were too tempting to let go.


It seemed like they were trying to get away from her, but due to the shock from the collapse, they were just crawling through the rubble. Even before she knew it, Rachel was crouching and reaching for them. Their bodies felt as diminutive and weak as she was already used to as she plucked them between two fingers.


She was soon standing and observing the little green army men after they had rolled right to the center of her palm. They gradually got used to the change in height, when they raised their heads and could see her face.
“Do you surrender?” she mocked.


If she had learned anything about insignia and ranks, the youngest one seemed to be the ranking officer. A lieutenant, for all she could remember. He was so much in shock that Rachel doubted she would be able to get two words out of him. The man lying next to him was older and more seasoned. He was equally stunned but seemed to be a bit more in control. The fact that he could only babble in response to her pun was not very encouraging when it came to having a conversation, in any case.


“Never mind.” She didn't want to waste time on them, Rachel rolled her eyes and a moment later, the two tiny figures were flying and screaming after she carelessly tossed them over her shoulder.


It was even hard to believe that she had been able to defeat the military with such ease. Because that, of course, was what she had done. She had brushed their pathetic attacks off, and then she had destroyed every last one of her attackers. Judging by the state of the building she was standing in, there could be not much more than a handful of them alive. She then moved her left foot forward, bringing down some remaining pieces of the barracks, considerably reducing the potential for survivors.



Rachel did not recall having ever felt more turned on. She knew what was going on, of course. Power had always been a massive source of arousal to her. She had learned that soon enough, and this was what had naturally led her to BDSM. There was something that made her even hornier: herself. Rachel had known for a while that she was autosexual. There was nothing that could stir her more than her own body, and now this body was two-hundred feet in height and was endowed with a power that, for all she knew, was virtually limitless.

She would have masturbated right then and there if she had not known that it was not the right time. Not yet. Her colder mind and discipline prevailed and told her that she had important stuff to do. And the first point in the agenda was to decide what the hell to do with the sci-fi situation she had been chosen to live in.

The truth was that, as bizarre as her growth still felt, its consequences were much more satisfying than she could have anticipated. Rachel had always known herself to be one of a kind when it came to smarts. Unfortunately, the world was built in a way where this had not implied that she held the power her intellect deserved. Things had changed—big time.


Rachel still did not know what she would do with this newfound supremacy, but she was not too concerned about it. Her conception of power had never been purposeful but self-serving. As long as she held it, she would come up with a good way to put it into use. And there was no doubt whether she held it. At least, in Deadwater, she did. After all, she was standing on the remains of those that had thought otherwise.
The military had tried to stop her already. They would try again. Their first attempt had taught her how tough she had become, but the army had surely learned the lesson too. They would be back, likely with heavier stuff. And this would not be all they would be back with. Somehow, Rachel did not feel too afraid of weapons, at least the standard stuff. But this was not all the military could do, was it?
Rachel suddenly understood what she had to do...


She turned to look in the direction of the base's main entrance. As far as she could tell, the area was even more crowded than when she had left. No one seemed to have got too far, though.
"Good," Rachel muttered with a grin.



Kurt was looking at the twisted frame of his truck. Its front had crashed with the far end of the depression he was still having trouble believing was a footprint. He shook his head at the scene. He could understand that panic could drive people to try stupid things… but the damned imprint was two feet deep. What in the hell had he expected?

He had worked at Deadwater for close to three years. Not until today had he realized that the base had been designed with military security standards in mind. There was only one way in or out, and the road that led to it was conveniently walled so that it was impossible to reach the main gate through any shortcut. It made sense, he guessed. Until a giant woman showed up and fucked the only exit point when everyone was in desperate need of an evacuation.

The foolish attempt of the truck driver had been the first and probably last attempt to use a vehicle to escape from the nightmare they had all been trapped in. A few had decided to take their chances on foot. It was not impossible, but as far as Kurt had been able to see, the time it took them to climb out of each of the multiple footprints the giantess had left made their attempt both challenging and physically demanding. Kurt belonged to the larger group that had decided to wait for the soldiers to do their job. Most had lost their faith when the giant woman had started crushing tanks.



The distant sound of a building collapsing on itself made him turn from the scene at the street. He looked in time to see the giantess's second foot breaking through the building, making short work of it.

"Oh, my God!" a woman's voice he did not recognize said at his back.

The giant woman crouched. He understood she was tormenting some poor souls. This was what made her scarier; he had come to understand. Once he had suspended disbelief enough to accept that a creature could grow to that size, the fact that it was not a fire-breathing giant lizard but a young woman in full possession of her faculties made things considerably more dreadful. She was not killing them because it was in her nature, but because she wanted to. For all he knew, she even liked it. A giant sadist was definitely more terrifying than a simple monster.


She did not spend too long with the poor souls she had plucked from the ruins of the military building. She just tossed them unceremoniously. Kurt realized that his jaw was dropped as he observed her. She seemed to take some time to make her mind up. And then, she turned. Her huge brown eyes seemed to lock with his. And then, her lips curled in a devilish grin that made his blood freeze.
He could not react until the colossal woman had walked back half the distance to their position.


Rachel could not prevent a chuckle when she noticed the disruptive effect of her footprints in the pitiful evacuation attempt. The exit road was a mess, some cars abandoned, others crashed, in addition to the amount of debris on the surface, and several struggling people that were trying to climb out of some of the depressions helped her understand the effect of her size in the real world.


No one seemed to be getting too far away, so she took it easy as she strolled back to the base's entrance, which was now even busier than it had been when the tank had shot her. A quick scan of the rest of Deadwater's grounds showed her that everywhere else was empty. They had packed for her. How nice of them!
The crowd got noticeably more nervous as she approached. Rachel could not have been more delighted. The knowledge that a portion of the tiny losers at her toes had been her coworkers made the effect even more rousing.

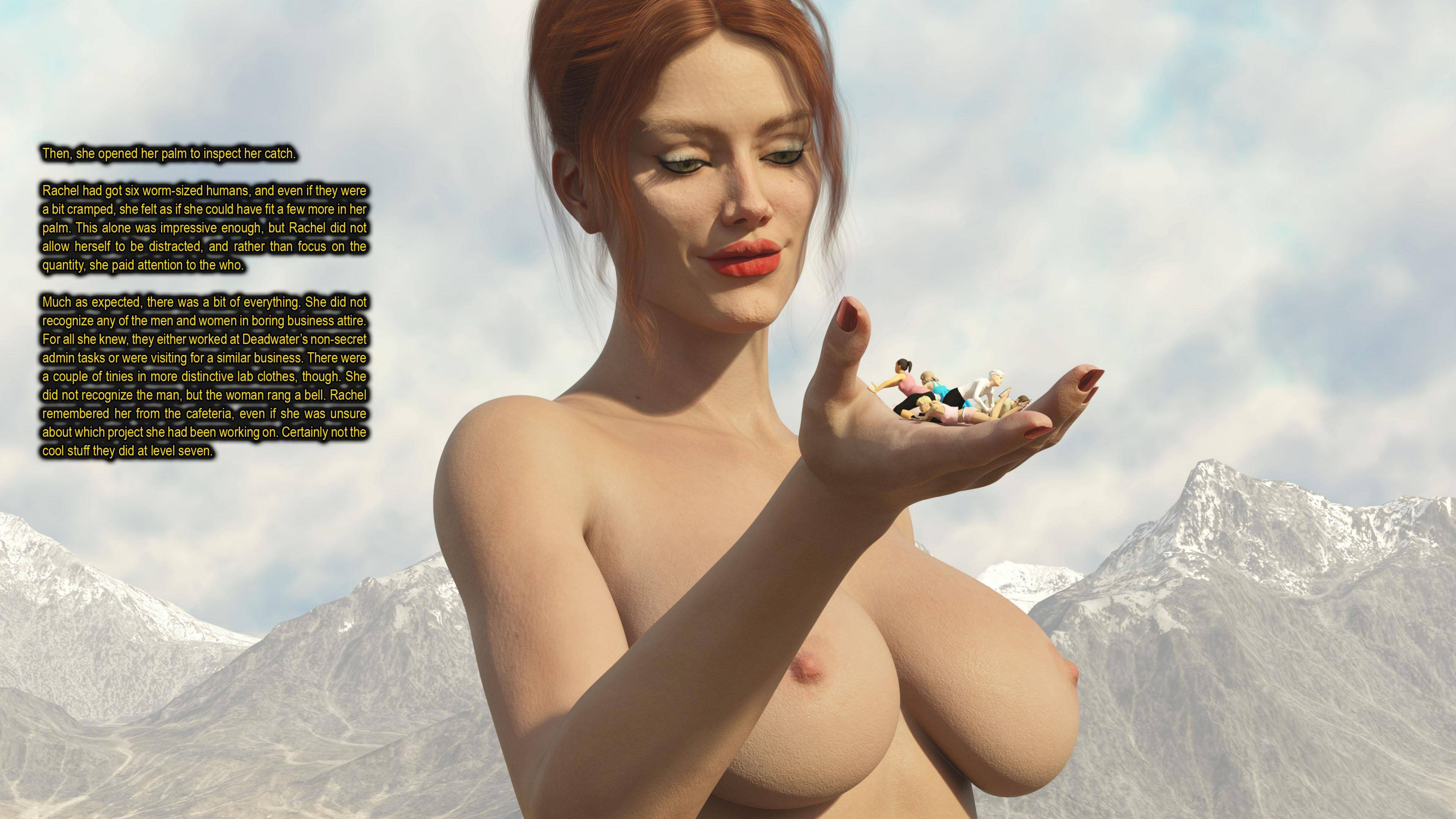

They obviously but ineffectively tried to scatter as she approached. They had nowhere to go, though, trapped between the multiple contoured craters she had left in her previous brief encounter with them and her threatening approach.
She made her mind up just before meeting the first elements of the group. Shifting her pace slightly to the left, Rachel chose to make her first step inside the fences, which was not a great difficulty for her.


Then her foot landed hard on the asphalt, on about half a dozen tinies, popping them with the same grim finality as everyone who had met her sole. No longer with the need to pretend, the giantess let out a pleasured moan as she enjoyed the increased intensity of the screams coming from her feet.


“Hello again, did you miss me?” she peeped as her feet settled into the field. “You did not put too much faith in the little green army men, I hope,” she went on as she observed the multitude at her feet with morbid curiosity.


Rachel picked a group of people at random, then she crouched elegantly in the catcher's position and scooped a group of panicked midgets as the trepidation kept increasing.


“I’d rather take a closer look. Things from way up there are a bit impersonal,” She didn't even care how many people she had in her fist. She offered as an explanation as she rose to her full stature.


Then, she opened her palm to inspect her catch.
Rachel had got six worm-sized humans, and even if they were a bit cramped, she felt as if she could have fit a few more in her palm. This alone was impressive enough, but Rachel did not allow herself to be distracted, and rather than focus on the quantity, she paid attention to the who.
Much as expected, there was a bit of everything. She did not recognize any of the men and women in boring business attire. For all she knew, they either worked at Deadwater's non-secret admin tasks or were visiting for a similar business. There were a couple of tinies in more distinctive lab clothes, though. She did not recognize the man, but the woman rang a bell. Rachel remembered her from the cafeteria, even if she was unsure about which project she had been working on. Certainly not the cool stuff they did at level seven.


"So, a few of you losers got out," she muttered, her warm breath ruffling her captives' hair.
She knew right away what she had to do. Without further word, she turned her hand upside down and let the contents of her palm fall on the terrified crowd below.
"It's raining men," she mocked, delighting in the screams.


The fact that some of the dropping victims knocked a few of their comrades out was particularly hilarious.
The tiny men at her feet got desperate enough to run away, but some of them fell onto the nearest footprint. Rachel smiled evilly, getting an idea.


In bliss, the giantess moved her foot forward gently, nudging a few of the remaining people into the same imprint. She smiled as she repeated the operation, pushing a few more unlucky bastards.


The look from above was exhilarating. Her deep impression was filled with helpless tinies; their sheer quantity was amazing. Her first reaction was to show them the dirty sole of her foot at the same time she raised her leg.
“Just running an experiment,” Rachel said as she shrugged.


And then, she moved her foot over the footprint, trying to match it before she set it down. She was purposefully slow as she lowered her sole into the imprint, secretly looking to make the experience extra dreadful for the pathetic bugs. A dozen pairs of hands shot up, trying to stop her unyielding advance. They tickled, which in turn unleashed a wilder reaction in the rest of her body. Rachel could feel the momentum building inside her, almost as if every erogenous point in her anatomy was being stimulated at once.


She lowered her sole a bit more, easily defeating the pitiful resistance attempt of those trapped under it, compressing their bodies almost to the point of bursting. She stopped, trying to feel the panic. She could almost swear that she could sense the vibrations of their screams in the oversensitive surface of her sole. She realized she was getting close to climax, almost like a lover getting ready for the final thrust. Something in the back of her head told Rachel that it was not time yet. It was too early. And she had work to do. Business first, then play, her consciousness repeated. Her more primal self longed for the orgasm, but her more rational side knew it was not the time to deal with the comedown. She breathed in hard. And then again. She repeated the operation, trying to forget about the lives under her foot until she felt that she had cooled down enough. The first crunching sounds were heard after a few jets of blood escaped between his toes.


And then, she stepped. The squishes were delightful, making her arousal skyrocket back to where it was, leaving her an inch away from climax. She had to breathe hard once more. It was the best she had felt in a very long time, even better than some orgasms. Her moan was long and purposeful, this time, letting the world know how she felt, no longer concerned to show her cards.


Her antics also appalled the survivors even further. Rachel was enjoying their distress as much as their deaths. Spying some of the little fuckers looking at her over their shoulders as they unsuccessfully tried to escape, she felt the need to give them some context.
“Look, guys, killing you is becoming more addictive than popping bubble wrap, but I’m not doing it for sport. I mean, not only. I’d rather not have you guys working on ways to mess with me and my new size, that’s all,” she said.


Her humongous left foot barely waited for her to finish her explanation before searching for another suitable group of victims. Rachel then realized something and decided to complement her previous assessment.


“Don’t take this as praise, by the way. I doubt we could put together half a decent brain by combining all of yours. But why taking any chances when you are so easy to step on, right?” Rachel said to the running people, as she lifted her other leg to take the next stomp.


She stamped her right foot down as if she was angry at insects, and the effect was much more drastic than before, as the shockwave blew a group of people into the air while others were turned into bloodstains.


And once again, her left foot shot up into the air, sending another group of people flying as a shower of blood rained down onto the pavement.


The only reason it took Rachel one minute to finish them all was that she took it easy. The last groups were also more scattered than the initial ones. Still, tracking the tiny bastards and squishing them under her soles was a walk in the park.


There was nowhere to run, nowhere to hide other than the cars. Then using only her toes, she crushed some cars, feeling plops of people exploding.
She watched from above as a small group managed to escape, but she didn't mind chasing them. But Rachel took pity on them, which made her feel like a goddess.
SP09 SJRS


She was panting by the time she was done, but not of exhaustion. She had not imagined that she could feel so excited. Somehow, the knowledge that this was just a taste made things even better. Dr. Rachel Reed had not yet had the time to stop and reflect on what had happened to her, but she knew three things: it was irreversible, it empowered her beyond her wildest dreams, and it made her feel more alive than ever. She now had to decide what to do with it.


There was something more important she had to do first, though.
She decided to stop the massacre for a few minutes. When something came to her mind. She had to eliminate any kind of evidence.


Always meticulous with her work, Rachel crossed the base to the area where she had obliterated the army once more. She found what she had been searching for quickly enough.
She had previously seen two fuel tanks in the far part of the parking lot. Luckily for her, when she went back to get them, one of the drivers ran away when he saw her.


A mischievous smile appeared on her face as she took over the two trucks. She crouches down to examine them, her massive form completely dwarfing the trucks and the surrounding streetlights.


Rachel lifted effortlessly the two large green trucks in her hands as if they were mere toys. The trucks seem to be tanker trailers, possibly filled with fuel or chemicals, which she lifts with ease. Rachel was having fun as she examines the vehicles.
The two tanker trucks felt like soda cans as she grabbed them in either hand. A mild shake confirmed that they were full enough.
Dowel Chemical


She giggled as she effortlessly lifted the trucks, they looked like toys in her hands. Then, her speed of movement got her next to the spot where she had emerged in no time. The place looked like something out of a horror movie, no one was seen nearby, but who knows, there were probably people hiding there.


Rachel looked down at the pit and marveled at the sheer destruction she had caused merely by growing through the structure. There was not much standing, but she was thorough enough to know that lab equipment, samples, or storage units could have made it or be recoverable.
She tossed the first tanker truck into the hole and then put extra force into the second throw.


The spark the truck produced as it hit the lowest level, where she used to work, was enough to lit the fire. Fed by countless gallons of refined fuel, the pyre soon burned with strength. Rachel remained in place, arms akimbo, fascinated by the whimsical dance of the flames as they consumed everything, erasing every trace of her life over the last three years.


In a matter of minutes, she and her prodigious body would be the only thing remaining of Deadwater. Except for Curtis, of course. Thankfully, she knew perfectly well where to find him. She did not mind having an excuse to visit the city either.


John loved his new car. Techno music boomed through the twelve loudspeakers of its mind-blowing sound system as he pushed the sports car thirty miles per hour over the speed limit. Traffic in I-42 was light enough for that. Its three lanes seldom got congested outbound from Medford. After all, there was not much for miles around the six-million metropolis other than its suburbs. The inbound lanes were a bit denser, even if the rush hour was already over. There always seemed to be a constant stream of people getting into the city.



His bliss so absorbed him that he barely had time to react to the sudden and utterly unexpected pileup. At that point, I-42 surrounded a short curve, and the gridlock surprised him just as he was coming around the bend. The race car brakes of the car compensated for his lack of attention and brought the car into a halt inches away from the bumper of the car in front of him. Judging by the skidding noise, John guessed that he had left a couple of hundred dollars worth of tire stuck on the hot asphalt. He did not mind. Instead, he just sighed, feeling relieved at having avoided a nasty accident.

There was no sign of the traffic jam clearing. People then began abandoning their cars in protest.


When he got out of his car, he could see that the three lanes of traffic were blocked by cars in different states and orientations, the cacophony of horns adding a background to the high-pitched screams coming from every direction.
“What the fuck?” he muttered out loud. Wisps of smoke plumed from several of the vehicles to the front in the completely gridlocked interstate.
The ground shook, making the windows of his car rattle. And then, it shook again. And again. Half a dozen shakings later, John’s unconscious made him aware of what was made the situation so disturbing: the tremors were too regular to be random. And they were increasing in intensity.



Someone ran screaming past his window, in the direction of the city. Then someone else. It finally became a stream of panicked people, using the irregular aisles between cars as improvised tracks to get back into Medford. Or rather to get away from whatever was in the opposite direction.

“What the hell is going on?” he screamed, tempted to join the runaways, even if he did not know what they were running from.

He got his question answered a moment later when she came to view around the ridge the highway circled. It turned out that the entire pandemonium had been caused by a woman, albeit not an ordinary one. She was both young and nude, even if none of these two aspects were the source of the commotion. Her looks weren’t either, even if they were remarkable. Slim and incredibly fit, John understood that the young woman had added considerable work at the gym to blessed genetics. Her long and well-toned legs ended in wide hips that framed a washboard-flat stomach that even hinted a sixpack. Her body widened again at her shoulders, allowing enough space for breasts that were out of proportion with her slender frame and stood impossibly erect.


She would have caught John's attention if he had seen her walking down the street or at a shopping mall, even if she had been dressed. He had always had something for redheads, and she was a stunning one. But today, this was not what had made his jaw drop in shock.
Of course, what had astonished him and the other thousands stuck in I-42 had been the woman's size. Judging by the distance and what was visible of her, the nude woman had to be enormous, almost the size of a highrise!

She was approaching the highway from one of those back roads that got deep into the desert and that no one ever took. As far as John knew, this one led to a third-tier military base in a mesa a few miles north. He had never met anyone who worked there or could explain which sort of business the US Army was conducting on it.

She had to be coming from there, of course. Deadwater, that was the name of the place, if he remembered right. It was built by a dried lake. The sight of the giantess made John question his former knowledge that the base was irrelevant. He did not have too much time to focus on that, though. There were more pressing matters, like the relentless approach of the mysterious woman.

She had the demeanor of someone being called to stage to pick an award up as she approached the highway. Her smirk, both satisfied and evil, was what convinced John to open the door of his Porsche and join those choosing to run back to the city. He was so spooked that he even ignored the fact that they had over twelve miles to go.





Rachel's heart filled with glee when she sighted the highway. It was curious, she reflected. Up until the previous night, no one would have ever called her a social person. And now, she longed to be surrounded by people. The key to this change in attitude was the people's relative size, of course. And the power it conferred to her by comparison.

The blazing sun warmed the vast extension of her nude anatomy as she calmly strolled down the narrow back road, approaching I-42 with deceiving casualness. In other circumstances, Rachel would have been concerned about the lack of sunscreen. She was far from worried about it now. The most she felt was a healthy tan forming. It would have been ironic if the same skin that had deflected tank shells had got sunburnt.

She was equally untroubled by her stark nudity. Even if her sexual appetites had been far from conventional, Rachel had never been an exhibitionist. There was no point in trying to cover herself up now, though. She doubted anyone would feel offended specifically by her nakedness, and she certainly did not mind being seen. In the past, Rachel had always enjoyed the pleasantly surprised looks of her lovers the first time they saw her in her birthday suit. It was as if they could not understand that the nerdy redhead girl could have such a bombshell body. The scene would repeat itself now, it seemed, even if the audience would be in the millions.


She was almost upon the interstate when she realized that she had not put any thought on how to make her entrance. This would be her first interaction with the world outside of Deadwater; she might as well treat it like a special moment. Should she address them? She was a couple of steps away when she decided to let her body do the talking and chose an obviously occupied Van from her lofty viewpoint.
The cacophony at the road seemed to die for a second as she lifted her foot and let it hover over her intended victim. She felt dozens of tiny eyes looking over their owners' shoulders as they momentarily slowed their escape attempts down.


And then, she just completed the step. Like every other vehicle she had trodden upon, the gray sedan could not hold her weight even for a fraction of a second. She loved the way the frame gave up, only to have every glass in the car shatter as she compacted it into a two-dimensional layer of tinfoil. Her foot kept going, pushing the road and cracking the asphalt under its incalculable pressure, digging the earth below until it formed a neatly defined footprint. Cracks projected from it like spiderwebs, catching some of the nearby cars and tilting them as one or more wheels got caught into them. The tremor that accompanied it was also overwhelming to the miniature world, making vehicles bounce and sending a few of the closest runners off their feet.



She still had a mile or so to go when her presence was widely noticed. Her smile widened when the crashing sounds of the first accidents reached her ears. She loved being the cause of such commotion just by showing up. I-42 was completely impassable in both directions. The initially light traffic was starting to pile up behind the wreck of cars involved in the multiple accidents. The lanes in the direction of the city were becoming gradually emptier as transit became stuck on the opposite side. On the other hand, the inbound lanes quickly became a nightmare, with the gridlock steadily growing towards Medford.

Rachel was feeling the sexual tension come back as she got closer to the miniature world and its dwellers. She was about to make her second step at the highway by the time car doors started flying open, sending a steady stream of would-be escapees into a panicked flight through the narrow spaces between cars.

“And I even did not touch them, yet,” she thought, amused.


With her stance artificially widened, Rachel brought her hands to her hips to complete the commanding pose and observed the trapped mass of humanity under her clean-shaven pussy. Her cunt reacted to the wondrous sight with a quick dampening as the sexual stimulation returned with strength.



It was amazing. She felt like Gulliver with the Lilliputian troops marching between her legs, even if she was pretty sure that the bug-sized men and women at her feet were considerably less enthusiastic about the situation than the fictional soldiers. She was undoubtedly happier than Gulliver. This was not some distant and mysterious land she had washed in. This was the real world, her world. And now, some extraordinary turn of events allowed her to experience it as no one had even been able to dream before.

Rachel remained silent for a couple of minutes, letting the soft desert breeze cool her warm skin as she let her new universe sink in. She mentally sized the model cars and the other vehicles becoming stuck on the highway, letting her new scale register. She then tracked the dozens of runaways, captivated by their diminutiveness and the pointlessness of their efforts. There was a fair representation of every kind of citizen she would later find in the metropolis, but as far as she could tell, their reaction to her was just the same. She relished both in their terror and their puzzle. She could almost hear their thoughts: how in the hell could she be so big? What were her intentions?


The truth was that she did not even know herself. There was one thing that was clear in her mind: she owned them. Or, to be more precise, she owned their fates, which was close enough. Her brief experience at Deadwater had already taught her about the kind of power she held over the tiny worms, and she was eager to put it in motion on the larger stage.
“How rude of me,” she finally said, her booming voice reaching for miles. “I crashed your party without even a ‘Hi.’ Let’s get that fixed, shall we?”
She paused as if waiting for an answer. Of course, the only response she got from the road at her toes was the already usual background screaming.


“I am Doctor Rachel Reed, and I… um… used to work at the Deadwater Research Facility. Now, as impressive as my tits and ass are, I am pretty sure that they are not the primary reason you are looking up at me with such awe. So, let’s get that out of the way: yes, the world looks like a playground from up here.”
Rachel then bent at the waist and reached out for a teal SUV. Her fingers dented the metal as usual when she grasped it and lifted it as she stood back up to her full, awe-inspiring height.


The pitch of the screams increased as she observed the road at her feet with giddy amusement, holding the car by her side like a purse. The warmth at her womanhood was a constant level now, almost as if she were engaged into neverending foreplay. Dozens of wicked ideas ran through her mind, and she was longing to play. And then, her disciplined self took over and reminded her that she still had business to take care of. She had to get Curtis. After all the work she had put into exterminating every survivor at Deadwater, leaving the most dangerous member of the pack at large was an unnecessary risk.
“Later,” she promised herself. Once she got Curtis, she would be free to unleash her darkest passions on the worms at her toes. And she would also be able to take care of her permanent state of arousal as she deserved. Her despicable ex-boss and ex-lover was the only thing standing between her and the wildest orgasm the world had ever witnessed.


Rachel breathed in and then slowly exhaled, calming herself down. And then, she addressed the astonished Lilliputians.
“Unfortunately, I have a job to do, so I can’t take the time to pay you the attention you deserve. It breaks my heart, but business must always come first. Don’t feel gloomy, in any case. I can assure you that you will be seeing a lot of me.”
And then, the giantess lifted her left foot and moved it forward. The crowd, who had been momentarily relieved by her latest remarks, reacted in utter panic as the shadow of her truck-sized foot came upon them.


Rachel's sole mercilessly finished everything it found on its path to yet another footprint. This included both vehicles and those trying to make a run between them. She reveled in the different squashing sensations at her sensitive skin.


Her right foot soon left its spot on the farthermost lane and joined her left. She chose another packed spot, repeating the treat to her senses. Without further word, the giantess started strutting down the outbound lanes, each of her steps bringing down death and destruction to the world below. As the body count increased, her libido did, too, up to the point where she started letting out louder and louder moans as she progressed towards the city.


In any case, Rachel's murderous antics were not driven by her lust but by some rough first draft of her plan to deal with the new world that unfolded in front of her. She had not yet had the time to stop and put a master plan together, but she knew that she would eventually need to discuss the new status quo with the tiny population or, to be more precise, with their leaders. The army had already shown her what she could expect in terms of the first reaction, and she was vaguely aware that she would need to deal with a few other attempts to stop her. Rachel had learned enough during that first confrontation not to be overly concerned about future attacks. Still, as empowering as it was to defeat military units, she was not looking forward to her life becoming an everlasting battle.
So, there would need to be a deal, eventually. And Rachel intended to have the upper hand when that happened.


She called the embryo of the plan in her head “Shock and Awe”. The name was far from original, but it was very descriptive. It was also very straightforward. Her goal was to terrify the population first and dishearten them later when their law enforcement and military failed miserably to stop her. She guessed it would not be easy to bring them to the breaking point, but once she did, they would be willing to accept anything to stop her from slaughtering them. Or, she thought with a devilish grin, just to have her slaughter them less.


Back to her journey, she looked where her feet went. She spotted a nicely sized group running on the hard surface of the road, next to a bridge, as she moved forward, so she aimed her next step to end up right on top of them.


This time the wet squishes of the human bodies were not mixed with the more impersonal shattering of aluminum and glass, making the thrill somewhat purer.
She let out her loudest moan yet.
“I’ll have to be careful about what I promise to them. This stuff is more addictive than I thought.”


She kept prancing down the occupied lanes, keeping her eyes trained on the particular area of the world her feet were about to devastate. She guessed her body count must be in the high three digits, and I-42 still offered her a couple more miles of stuck traffic to bring the figure to the next level. She had to stop when she realized she would cum long before reaching the laggards in the pile-up.



She was panting, closer to climax than she would have expected. Her nipples were harder than diamond in her sweaty chest, and it felt as if a hundred fire butterflies were flying in her stomach. A heavy drop of her dense love juice rained on the road below, making the roof of a car cave and adding to her excitement.

Her lizard brain was demanding her to finish herself right then. Her more rational mind knew that she might even get to the fireworks without any assistance from her deft fingers. A couple more well-placed steps on crowded areas, and she might peak anyway.

She tried to cool down, repeating the same breathing routine she had already tried at the base. Rachel was a hotter woman than most acquaintances would have believed, but she was also a fervent believer that the mind should always prevail over the flesh. She had exercised her self-restraint on multiple occasions in the past, when the games she was engaged in promised an even better outcome if she waited. This training was coming in handy, now that she was virtually surrounded by sex toys.


As soon as it was relatively safe, the giantess crossed to the free inbound lanes of the highway. Anyone who interpreted this as mercy on her part was deadly wrong, but Rachel did not consider it necessary to correct them. Instead, she just kept going, her feet digging deep footprints in the warm asphalt rather than annihilating those on it. She kept her eyes trained on the little bugs to her left, knowing that she could cross back and enjoy the ride again at any moment if she so pleased. Observing their shock and the comicality of their movements was amusing but far from the power rush that she got when she killed them on a whim.


It was not until a seconds later that she remembered about the contents of her hand. She stopped to bring the SUV she had been carrying over the last three miles to her face. Its driver had probably thought that she had forgotten about her, so now that she was the sole focus of the giantess' attention, she seemed as shocked as in the first time she had laid eyes upon her.


Rachel looked inside the vehicle. Where a middle-aged woman through the windshield who was scared as hell, and tried to make her mind about what to do.


In a whim, she brought the index finger of her free hand to the rear window and quickly shattered it with her neatly polished fingernail.


Her finger then got into the car and pinched its roof with the help of her thumb, which was resting on the top of the car from outside. The metallic groan was louder and more satisfying than she had expected as she peeled the roof of the SUV, opening the vehicle like a can of sardines.


It was so easy. Back when she was normal, Rachel could not have done that even with a toy. And now, suddenly, she had had the idea and had instantly known that she would have no trouble carrying it out. It was not only the size. Her strength and dexterity were also up by at least an order of magnitude. She felt a shiver running down her spine as she understood even better the power she now held over the miniature world. She could kill them by the dozen, but she could also handle her tiny surroundings with the utmost delicacy if she so wanted.
The woman in the suddenly roofless car screamed as she looked up at her in terror.


“I had forgotten about you,” Rachel admitted sheepishly. “The truth is that I had picked you up just for one thing. I want to know the time.”
The tiny woman shut up, stunned. “The… the time?” she babbled in a squeaky voice.
“Do you have a clock in there?” Rachel insisted, making sure to sound impatient.
“Qua… quarter past ten,” the woman finally said.


The driver did not feel at all relieved at Rachel's warm smile. She looked even shocked when the giantess said:
"You have been... strangely... useful. I guess it would be an overkill to get rid of you now, wouldn't it?"
Without further word, the titaness crouched and set the car behind her, on the free inbound lanes.


The driver seemed to need some time to get the cue and start the engine. Rachel let out a silly giggle as she observed the battered vehicle move away from her with an irregular zigzag.



“What do you mean, a giant woman?” Cliff asked through the microphone of his noise-canceling headset. He had to use it even if his counterpart was sitting next to him. The roar of the chopper’s rotor did not give them any other option to communicate.



"I'm as much at a loss as you are," Jennifer replied. "The studio is getting several messages about a woman of gigantic proportions farther down the interstate. They dismissed them at first, but there seem to be more and more. And some of the images and videos are getting too realistic to ignore."

"Do you believe this shit?" the pilot asked, sounding as grumpy as he felt.

Jennifer had been doing her job for far less time than Cliff. For all she knew, the pilot had seen a dozen like her come and go. After all, reporting the morning traffic in the local news was an OK job to start a career in journalism, but not something one wanted to do for too long. But, different than him, she had not yet lost hope to be able to do some good reporting.

Being Medford's Eye in the Sky might sound sexy, but it was as dull as it got. Like every predecessor, Jennifer had secretly hoped for a car chase or another scenario that would break the routine. In thirteen months she had not even had any unusual instance of gridlocked traffic to report. Medford was boring like this.

So, even if what the studio was asking them to check made less sense than the arrival of Godzilla from the sea, Jennifer was naturally predisposed to give it a try. For Cliff, this kind of enthusiasm was long buried. As far as she knew, all he cared about was getting back to base and spending the afternoon with his family.





“Do you have anywhere else you need to be?” Jennifer asked, knowing that this would be more effective than an appeal to the man’s curiosity.

She complemented the sentence with a wink. She knew there was another reason she had been chosen for the job other than her enthusiasm. It was not a coincidence that her twelve predecessors had also been young, good-looking women straight out of university. And she had a feeling this was also the reason Cliff had not looked for another job after twenty-eight years.

“This better not be another practical joke from the guys at Sports.” The pilot grunted.

And then he turned the chopper back to the East and headed towards I-42. They reached the city limits soon enough.



"Traffic is strange as fuck," he observed.

Jennifer immediately saw that he was right. The inbound lanes were as desert as a ghost town. She had never seen them like this. In contrast, traffic was starting to pile up all the way to the city's entrance in the outbound lanes. Jennifer looked into the horizon and could not find where the traffic jam started.

"Well, it seems that we will at least get something," Jennifer replied, sounding more thrilled than she had wanted to. "Can you follow the interstate to the east?" she asked.

"Sure," Cliff said as she moved the bright yellow and purple chopper into a gentle flight that followed the general path of I-42.

"Ok, they want me to start reporting," Jennifer said. "Can you get the nosecone camera on the traffic?"

"You got it," Cliff said.



“This is Jennifer Brill, reporting live from Medford’s Eye in the Sky. Our focus is on I-42 this morning, as the situation has got as bad as anyone can remember. As you can see, the bumper-to-bumper traffic goes on for miles. We are now three miles outside of the city and… Holy Fuck!”

Jennifer was so awestruck by the sight ahead of her that it took her a few seconds to realize that she had used one of the worst possible combinations of words while reporting live. It took her even longer to notice that Cliff had stopped the news helicopter into a hover.

“We need to leave,” the pilot said.

The would-be Pulitzer prize winner inside her came out just then.

“Don’t even think about it,” she said through the internal line.



“She is dangerous,” he said.

“She is news!” she replied. She sounded even more purposeful when she said: “Stay put. I need to start reporting.”

Cliff did not look too happy, but he complied without further questions. Jennifer decided to ignore her previous blunder as she started describing what she saw:

“We seem to have found the source for the nightmare traffic, and it is no other than a… giant woman. I have no other words to describe her since… judging by the distance… she… she seems to be hundreds of feet in height. The… woman is walking down the interstate… cars look like models by her feet. People…”


Cliff was helpful enough to zoom with the front camera of the chopper, giving her a closer look at the panicked crowd by the giant's humongous feet.
"People… must look tiny to her. The woman seems to be paying attention to them but is walking down the free outbound lanes. She is… clearly… heading towards the city… but we do not know her intentions…."



And then, the woman stopped. Jennifer's heart missed a heartbeat or two when the giantess looked up, and she had the weird sensation that she had locked eyes with her. She had seen them.

"We need to leave," Cliff insisted. "I don't like this."

"Do not touch the fucking stick," Jennifer barked through the internal line, not knowing where that commanding tone had come from. It worked, in any case.

"She has seen us," the pilot complained, even if he did not move.

"We are flying, for God's sake!" Jennifer responded.


She did not look at her counterpart, in any case. Her eyes were too fixated on the giant woman. Once she had gone through the initial shock of her size, Jennifer had finally realized everything else that was remarkable on the woman. Her youth was one of the things that caught her attention first. She did not think she would be much older than she was.
Her plump lips then curled into an evil grin. Jennifer saw almost in slow motion how the colossal redhead lifted her left foot from the ground and moved it over some cars on the road.
“Oh, no!” Jennifer screamed for all the audience to hear.


The giant woman looked up in their direction before she set her foot down, making it clear that it was all for their benefit. Jennifer let out a short scream when the woman's step crushed one car and the front half of a second. She could not see the underside of her sole but was sure that there had been people between the vehicles because blood was getting out of her bare sole. And not a few.



"She…stepped on people. I repeat: the giant woman just stepped on people. It was… on purpose."

"Let's leave, Jen," Clifford insisted.

"We cannot leave, for fuck's sake!" she said, still shocked but convinced that this was just the beginning of the most shocking news story the country had ever seen.

"You in the chopper," a booming voice came from outside. It filtered into the cockpit, easily defeating the deafening sound of the rotor and reaching their ears. It made both Cliff and Jennifer straighten their backs at attention.

"She is talking to us," Jennifer said.

"I can fucking see that!" Cliff replied, sounding like someone who wished he had never got out of bed that morning.



“Can you hear me?” the giantess asked. Her voice was deep but sensual, thunderous but still sounding feminine. In a way, it was as if she were addressing them through a concert’s speaker system.

“How can we reply?” Jennifer asked.

“You have to be kidding me!” Cliff said.

“Listen to me, you fucking bastard!” Jennifer yelled. “This is the biggest news… ever! This is a fucking Pulitzer Prize. This is your retirement twenty years ahead of time. So, will you please stop fucking with me and start cooperating a bit?”


Clifford's jaw dropped. "The floodlight" he said. "We can use the floodlight to reply," the pilot said.
"Then, what the fuck are you waiting for?" Jennifer demanded. Clifford did not reply. He just reached for the floodlight's controls and activated it for a short one-second burst.



Rachel was pleased when the chopper's front light blinked once. She was pretty sure that this was the answer to her direct question. Just to be sure, she asked again in its general direction:

"Ok, let's try this again, just to confirm. Give me one flash if you can hear me well."

She got her answer much faster this time. Smiling, she came back at them:

"Excellent. Now, give me two flashes if you are interested in engaging into a little piece of exclusive reporting."

It took a little longer this time, but she got her two flashes.

"Brilliant," she smiled.

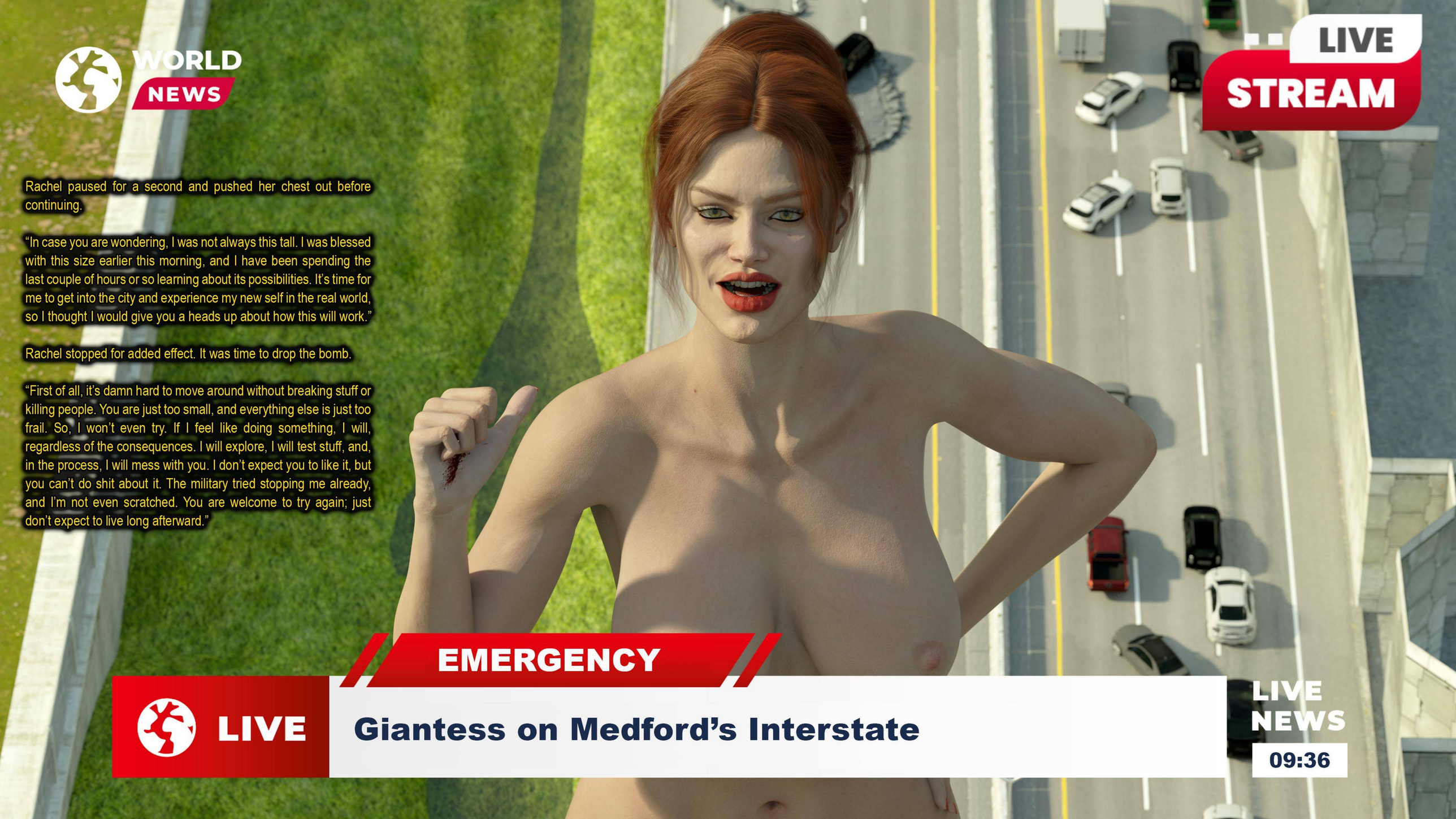


Rachel had not known what to think of the white and red chopper when she had first set eyes on it. Her initial reaction had been one of annoyance. Still, she had quickly evolved her thinking as she realized that the tiny aircraft represented a unique opportunity to bring her Shock and Awe strategy to life. She had doubted whether she would be heard, but the diminute people inside the toy helicopter had been kind enough to confirm that to her.

"Ok, I'm afraid that this is going to be a little one-sided, but unless you are interested in coming down, I guess we'll have to live with it. I'll make a statement. Let me know when we are live with two flashes."

She got the signal surprisingly fast.


WORLD
NEWS
LIVE
STREAM
She had not rehearsed her speech, but it was not a big deal. She knew the overall lines she wanted to touch upon, and she had never struggled with words.
“Hello. I am Doctor Rachel Reed, and I am a giant or, more precisely, a giantess. I know your mind is probably blown at this moment. Many of you probably don’t believe what you see yet, think this is some modern version of the War of the Worlds prank. I am, however, very real. Those of you in Medford will have the chance to enjoy my presence soon enough. If you are watching elsewhere, it might take some more time before you can see me live.”
EMERGENCY
LIVE
Giantess on Medford’s Interstate
LIVE
NEWS
09:35


WORLD
NEWS
LIVE
STREAM
Rachel paused for a second and pushed her chest out before continuing.
“In case you are wondering, I was not always this tall. I was blessed with this size earlier this morning, and I have been spending the last couple of hours or so learning about its possibilities. It’s time for me to get into the city and experience my new self in the real world, so I thought I would give you a heads up about how this will work.”
Rachel stopped for added effect. It was time to drop the bomb.
“First of all, it’s damn hard to move around without breaking stuff or killing people. You are just too small, and everything else is just too frail. So, I won’t even try. If I feel like doing something, I will, regardless of the consequences. I will explore, I will test stuff, and, in the process, I will mess with you. I don’t expect you to like it, but you can’t do shit about it. The military tried stopping me already, and I’m not even scratched. You are welcome to try again; just don’t expect to live long afterward.”
EMERGENCY
LIVE
Giantess on Medford’s Interstate
LIVE
NEWS
09:36


She would have paid to be able to see the reaction of those watching her for the first time from the false safety of their living rooms. She had terrorized the crowd at her feet for too long to consider them as an unbiased audience.
“If you are around me, you need to accept that your life depends on my whim. Follow any orders or instructions I might give you, and your chances will improve. Disobey me or, even worse, challenge me, and I’ll turn you into a stain.”

Rachel thought that she had been harsh enough. Her objective of scaring the shit out of them must have certainly been accomplished. She decided to end in a lighter tone.

“Look at the bright side of this. You’ll get to see a lot of me. You can stare as long as you want at my ass or tits, and I won’t mind. Although truth be told, you’ll probably get to see more of my feet.”

She chuckled at her own pun, even if, in truth, she did not think it was so good.

“I’m done for now. We’ll have time to talk later. You guys in the chopper feel free to follow me, but make sure you stay out of my face. If you become annoying, I’ll swat you like a fly. Understood?”

And with that, Rachel turned her sight back to the world at her feet, momentarily forgetting about her worldwide audience. It was time to walk the talk.





"You got what you wanted?" Cliff asked through the microphone. "I could have done without the speech from the psycho bitch."

"This is history in motion, Cliff." Jennifer did not know whether she was more appalled or excited.

"This is madness in motion," he said. "Both things are not mutually exclusive," Jennifer replied.

There were a few seconds of silence. "Every single news outlet a hundred miles around us must be looking for a chopper, right now. Make sure you get the best spot and keep it as you follow her. This is our exclusive", the young reporter added.

"You want to follow her?" Cliff asked, mesmerized. "Are you sure you have really worked for a news station for close to thirty years?" Jennifer rolled her eyes…


Rachel knew that she could not resume her walk down the free inbound lanes. The world's eyes were set on her now, and she had just set very high expectations. Then she raised her foot over the terrified people again.


Her left foot was still planted in the group of cars and people she had obliterated for the benefit of the camera, but none of the tinies that had saved their necks by inches when her sole had landed were around it anymore. She had given them plenty of time to flee during her improvised speech.
It was not as if they were too far away, though. A couple or three steps, at most. So, without further thought, Rachel brought her right foot to the busy outbound lanes, crushing a couple of abandoned cars and getting ready to chase the crowd. A shadow she caught through the corner of her eye made her change her mind.


It took her some time to recognize what it was. She felt a weird mix of annoyance and respect for whoever it was that had decided to try something different to evade her. Rather than joining their peers in their hopeless run, the owner of the shadow had decided to hide under one of the cars in front of her. There was, of course, the risk that she would accidentally end up crushing the vehicle in question. But the plan was not half bad.
Unfortunately for the brave soul, Rachel hated very few things as much as being outsmarted.



The easy way to end it quickly would have been to just stomp on the car and take care of the hider, but it felt too impersonal. She could, of course, crouch and get the car out of the way in order to pick the offender up. And then, her lips drew a naughty smirk as an idea came to mind.

Rachel was a remarkable woman in many aspects, from her intellect to her physical appearance. Those that knew her more intimately knew that she was also a sexual beast. From them, only a few had got to enjoy one of her best-hidden secrets: her striking feet and her skill with her long dexterous toes. She had played countless sex games with them. It was time to introduce them to the grand stage of the world.

Thrilled by the idea she had had; Rachel rested her hands on her hips and then raised her left foot from the ground. She maneuvered it gracefully until the big toe was resting on top of the target car. She was careful not to apply too much weight into it, though.


She did not want the vehicle to flatten. She was in a playful disposition as she slid her long thumb toe over the warm surface of the car's front window. And then, she pushed with as much delicacy as she could, breaking the front glass in the process. This had been her objective all along, so she gave herself kudos for having achieved it.



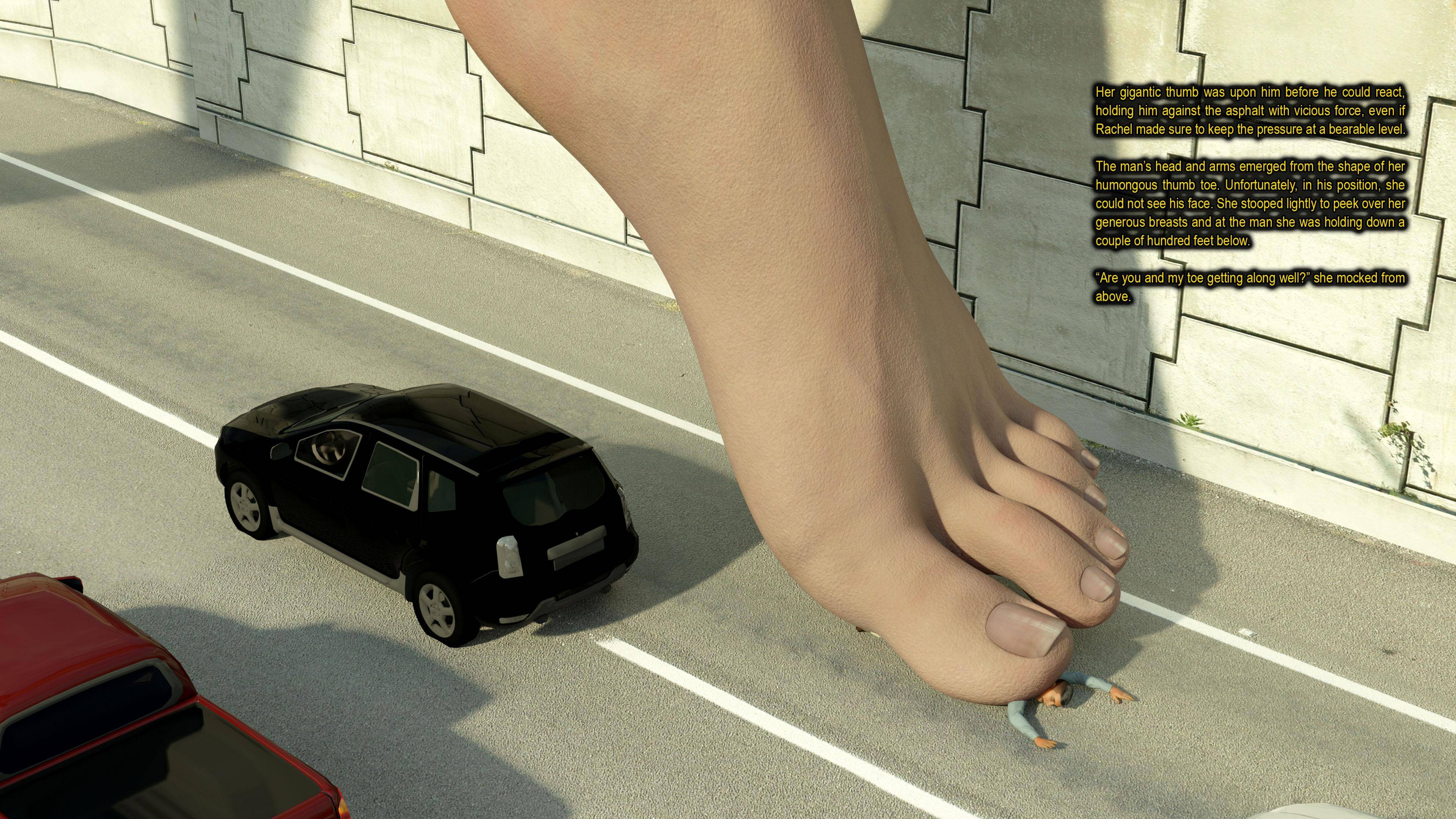
Rachel then moved her foot forward a bit more and curled her big toe. The prolonged thumb got into the car through the space previously occupied by the windshield and got a good hold of the vehicle through its roof. It was now only a matter of pulling her foot up. The car moved with it, lifting from the ground and exposing the lone man that had tried to outwit her. Rachel shifted her foot to the side to get a direct view of her latest victim.

“Hi there,” she chirped.


The man, who looked young from her vantage, rolled on his back to get a straight view of her. She could have sworn that she had seen some trembling. Keeping with the act, Rachel swung her foot, releasing its hold of the car, tossing it a couple of hundred feet into the desert.


To the man's credit, he reacted fast. One moment he was lying on his back, and the next, he had already started a sprint down the road.


Rachel simply moved the same foot towards him and knocked him over with the same big toe that had been grabbing a car not so long ago. He was pushed a few feet forward, landing face down.


Her gigantic thumb was upon him before he could react, holding him against the asphalt with vicious force, even if Rachel made sure to keep the pressure at a bearable level.
The man's head and arms emerged from the shape of her humongous thumb toe. Unfortunately, in his position, she could not see his face. She stooped lightly to peek over her generous breasts and at the man she was holding down a couple of hundred feet below.
"Are you and my toe getting along well?" she mocked from above.


Quite surprisingly, the man tried to reply. She was applying too much pressure to his back for that. Rachel could not prevent feeling some respect for the man's boldness, even if it was gravely misplaced. She removed her thumb from him, a gesture that he mistakenly understood as being released. He was on his feet in no time. He did not have the chance to start running, though. He was about to when Rachel widened the gap between her first two toes and moved her foot forward, fitting the man's tiny figure on it. She did not give him the time to get any ideas before bringing her toes back together, pinching him in place. Rachel's left leg left the ground soon enough with the grace of a gymnast, lifting the man and bringing it to her ready right palm.



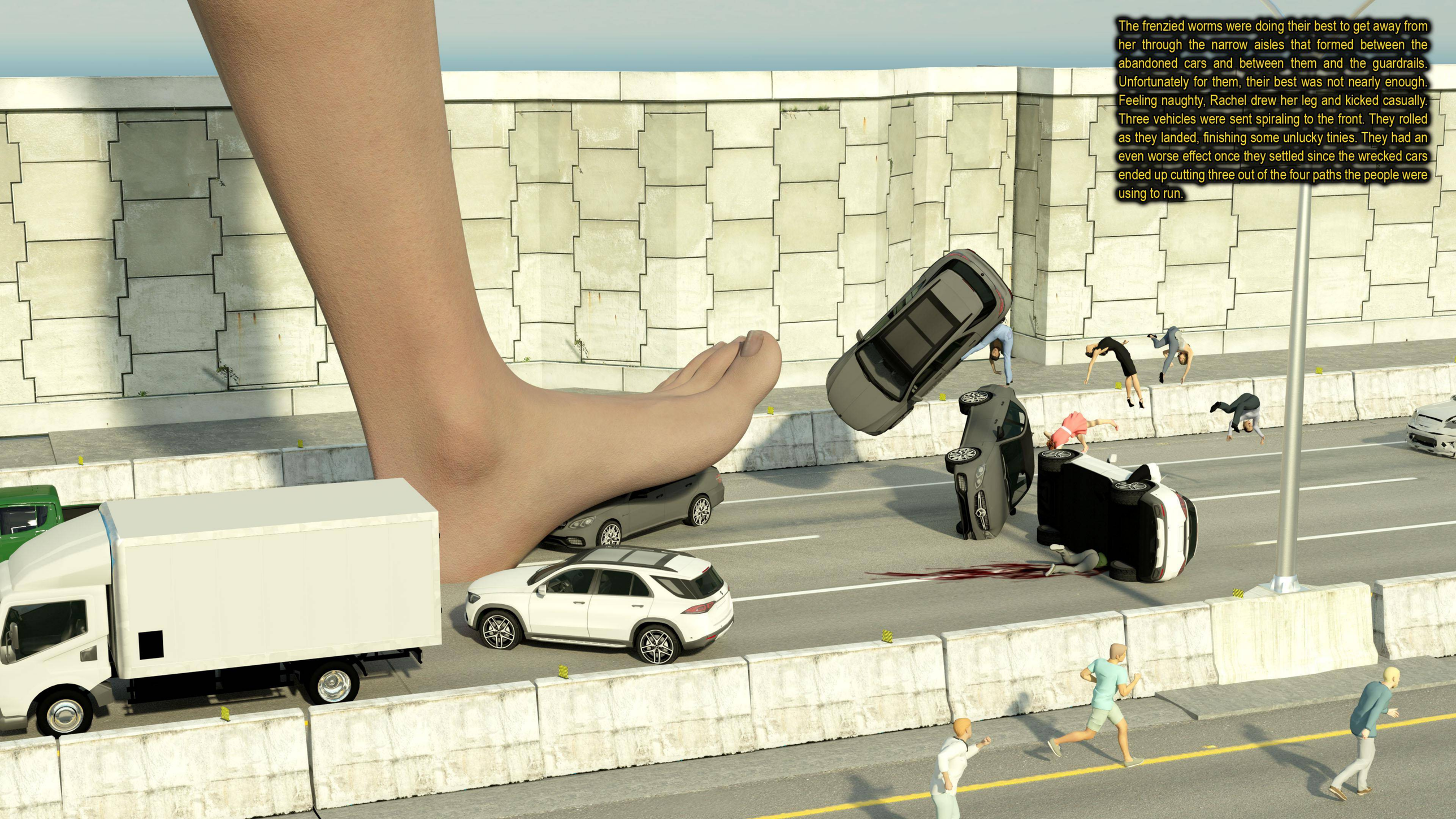
She then stood back to her full height and raised her catch under her delighted eyes. “I had not realized until now how well prehensile toes work with being a giant,” she mocked.

The man could only scream in response.

“You are a tad smarter than your comrades down there,” she then said, addressing the man directly.

She could see a glimpse of hope in the man’s eyes. She had to fight hard to prevent laughter. “And still, you were defeated by a toe,” Rachel added, chuckling.


She did not give the man time to reply before tossing him over her shoulder. She had wasted too long with him, and the crowd was slowly getting away.
“Ready or not, here I come!” she announced cheerfully.
Her next step turned a car and a van into two-dimensional scraps. A couple dozen more abandoned vehicles met a similar fate before Rachel stood back over the terrified mob. They had had a head start, but she was just too fast when she moved uninterrupted. This was another of the benefits of her boost in size. She realized that she had not given it as much credit as it deserved. After all, she was close to twenty miles from the spot where it all had started, and to her, it had merely felt like a stroll.


The frenzied worms were doing their best to get away from her through the narrow aisles that formed between the abandoned cars and between them and the guardrails. Unfortunately for them, their best was not nearly enough. Feeling naughty, Rachel drew her leg and kicked casually. Three vehicles were sent spiraling to the front. They rolled as they landed, finishing some unlucky tinies. They had an even worse effect once they settled since the wrecked cars ended up cutting three out of the four paths the people were using to run.


“Want a piece of advice?” Rachel teased. “Trying to outrun me does not seem like such a great idea.” She said, as she was to step forward to prove her point, choosing, as usual, one of the spots where the crowd was thickest.


“Oooh,” Rachel let out. It had been a while since she had been treated with the feeling of multiple lives popping under her sole. Her right foot completed the step, snuffing a dozen more lives and stirring her even more.
No one but her knew why Rachel chose to step over the guardrails and into the empty lanes once more. Whatever the reason, the momentary respite was very welcome, in any case.


“I better find Curtis soon. My cunt is getting hotter than a damned volcano!” Rachel thought as she used the uneventful stroll down the inbound lanes to try and bring her arousal to a more manageable level. At times, it felt as if she had left her Satisfyer permanently on.


She covered the next two miles in no more than a couple of minutes. She could move amazingly fast when she did not get distracted. The brief calm let Rachel reflect on her latest antics and realize that she had gone into overdrive right from the start. It was not as if she had done it on purpose, but it suited her well, in any case.


As soon as she had finished her job at Deadwater, Rachel had known that there were only two ways her adventure could end up: either with her dead or with humanity kneeling before her. She had discarded the third option right away since she was pretty sure that it involved ending up in an underground hangar surrounded by tiny white coats. This clarity had made her choices along the way much more straightforward. And it had also made it considerably easier to give up to her baser instincts.
The real world demanded her attention again, so she forgot about her disquisitions and focused on the overpass a few hundred feet ahead. Medford's skyline had been growing in front of her for a while now, up to the point where she almost felt as if she could grasp the skyscrapers within her fingers now. This also meant that she was close enough to the city for its roads to cross with each other, generating several overpasses and access ramps that hindered her way.


Traffic was as bad in the two-lane viaduct ahead as it was on I-42. Having been less exposed to her antics, the reaction of those on the elevated road was different, though. It felt… fresher. Rachel realized soon enough that she would have no trouble stepping over the overpass if she so chose. She just did not feel like it.


She feigned nonchalance as she walked through the bridge, her calves effortlessly plowing through the steel and concrete structure, breaking it as if it had been made of crackers. A couple of cars dropped onto the traffic below. Countless more people were either buried under the rubble or mercilessly tossed around. All this was nothing to her, just a simple step and all became destruction.


Rachel did not even look back as she continued her trek down the highway, another step with a lot of victims. People flying through the air leaving a trail of blood, and cars being hit by her feet. But her target was clear: getting closer to the big prize, the city.



It felt anticlimactic to just bring the next overpass down in the same fashion, so Rachel just straddled it instead. It was a good move. She loved the sight of the miniature road trapped under her pussy.

Rachel did not need to force her pose too much to stride the knee-high road. With its four lanes, she only needed to widen her stance to a comfortable position. Her hands found their natural resting spot at her hips as she looked down at a fair representation of Medford's society stuck under her looming presence. She had a bit of everything: poorer people in cheap cars next to the affluent that could afford the expensive import ones, couples that had gone out for some fun next to truck drivers that were working to keep the city running. And there was one single image in everyone's head: she. Even if, at this precise moment, her snatch was probably capturing most of the attention.

Rachel was happy to have shaven just before the previous night's "date" at Curtis' apartment. She had never been too smug, but if the world's population had to see her in the raw, she was thankful that they would at least catch her as groomed as possible.


The shiny reflection of the tank at the back of one of the trucks trapped under her caught her attention. She had initially mistaken it for an oil tanker, but at second glance, Rachel thought otherwise. The driver screamed for dear life as she crouched and grabbed the truck like a toy.
“Bingo,” Rachel muttered as she read the words “Dawson Dairy” on the side.
Dawson Dairy


She maneuvered the long truck so that the driver's cabin would be in front of her face and eyed the terrified tiny driver behind the large steering wheel.
"Mind if I take a sip?" she asked.
Dawson Dairy



The man could only answer with screams. The giantess ignored him and rotated the tank so that the back would be aligned with her mouth. She parted her lips and pushed with her incisors. They easily defeated the sheet metal, biting a chunk of it off. She spat it on the road below and then sealed her lips around the hole as if kissing a long missed boyfriend.

Her throat swelled as she drank the cool contents of the milk tanker eagerly. She judged its capacity to be around a pint. She downed it all in one gulp.


“Ah,” Rachel purred as she removed the empty tank from her mouth. Milk trickled down the corner of her mouth as she savored the aftertaste in her palate.
The driver looked at her with a mix of fear and curiosity. She winked at him with complicity. And then, she closed her fingers, wrapping the tanker like a soda can.
Dawson Dairy


"Thanks for breakfast," Rachel blew a kiss to the driver and tossed both things to her sides.


“Wow, that milk was good, I’m full of energy now” Rachel thought out loud as stepped over the overpass and continued down the road. The people gathered there were amazed and calmed down as the giantess walked away. But the murmurs among them continued...


Rachel could hear them, it was incredible. She had second thoughts two steps later. Those at the bridge saw how their brief moment of hope was shattered as the giantess turned to face them again.


“Sorry, I have a reputation to keep,” she said casually.
Her right foot was soon looming over the bridge, casting a threatening shadow on those trapped on it. She let out a little smile when she saw people running like ants to leave the bridge.


It came down like a meteorize shortly after. The structure held her weight. And then, half a second later, it lost the battle. The thick concrete columns holding the viaduct in place shattered under stress caused by a lone and elegant foot. With them gone, the rest of the overpass fell like a house of cards.


“You can’t run faster than that!” Rahcel mocked as a thick column of smoke was starting to rise into the sky as Rachel turned and kept moving down I-42, forgetting about the latest instance of chaos she had unleashed.
Despite of that, the giantess could see the first buildings less than a mile away. She felt jubilant. Finally, she had arrived in the city.


The scene was not pleasant at ground level. People kept running away from the giantess's steps.
Maya knew she should probably be running like everyone else, but she just could not. She had to see this. She had to see her!


The initial stream of people had turned into a tsunami now, so Maya had to step on top of an abandoned car to prevent the human tide from washing her away. From there, she observed the mind-boggling scene with an open mouth. The giant woman was… magnificent.
There was nothing about her that could not be described as perfect, from her outstanding beauty to her astonishing power, granted to her by her mind-blowing size. The best of it all was her attitude. The giantess was everything a woman should be: mighty, confident, in charge. She had the expression of someone that looked at the world as her possession, and why shouldn't she?

Maya’s fascination started leaving some room for other feelings as the woman approached, and the physical consequences of her presence started becoming noticeable. She could first hear the ever-increasing thud of her footsteps; the shakings came shortly after. Soon enough, the woman’s dimensions stopped being an abstract conclusion of comparing her to her surroundings and started becoming way more real as her presence loomed closer. By then, Maya had trouble standing on top of the sedan’s roof since the ground shuddered rhythmically every time the giant’s foot hit the road.

Until the giantess's huge dirty foot was clearly visible, and it was only a few feet away.




By the time the urge to escape finally took over her, Maya realized that she could not. The torrent of people running around her made it impossible to join them in the road. She turned her attention back from the mob to the approaching titaness and realized to her dismay that she was already upon her.
The woman's foot raised. A second later, Maya was engulfed in darkness as the shadow of a colossal sole blocked the bright sun. She looked up at the bus-sized foot starting its descent and moved her arms up, trying to stop the unavoidable, cursing herself for the stupid obsession that had sealed her fate.


And then, the foot landed, and the world around Maya turned upside down. She fell, covering her head with her hands. She could feel a massive shockwave that shook the car she was in, but at the same time the air was filled with debris and blood. Followed by the screams of the people who were not hit by the foot.



She was still groggy as she knelt and realized that she was still alive. The screams around her made her dial back into reality. The scene reminded her of the warzones she had only seen on the news. They felt distant on TV. There was nothing distant about them now.

She was inches away from the crater. A quick look back revealed the position of the car she had been standing on, merely a couple of feet away. She crawled to the edge and peeked. She was frozen when she saw that the uneven surface of the depression was depth. The rational side of her mind knew that she was staring down at a giant's footprint. The part of her brain that observed the world through thirty-one years of accumulated experience rejected to believe that this was possible. The impact went up when her new perspective of the crater in the road revealed its disturbing reality. She recognized the two-dimensional gray metal mangle in its center as a former car. Its reduced dimensions, compared to the vastness of the imprint, sent a shiver down Maya's spine.


A loud whistle in her inner ears blocked most of the sound outside, even if the screams that had brought her back from her dizziness still filtered through, steadily growing in intensity. Maya knelt first and supported her on her hands and knees later, still disoriented. Then, her jaw dropped.
She could see the sole of the huge foot as it walked away. The brown shirt and gray pants were recognizable enough, embedded on the dusty sole of the feet. The dark red stains that linked them were not, but Maya did not need to think too hard to know what they were.
“Oh, my God!” she said, suddenly feeling less impressed about the woman’s absolute power and considerably more terrified by it.
Another shaking made her look up. Her presence was still close enough, the consequences of her size still palpable. She saw her foot raising once more from the road and followed its deadly arch as it moved a hundred feet to the front. The ground shuddered once more. And Maya knew that another dozen lives had been reaped from the Earth.

As Rachel continued her march into the city, she couldn’t help but feel a strange joy at the spectacle of it all. For Rachel, this was more than just an arrival—it was a moment of victory. Her immense form dominates the horizon, her confident strides sending tremors through the ground beneath her feet. The morning sun casts a warm glow on her towering figure, highlighting her smooth skin and red hair, which flows freely in the gentle breeze. The city, still unaware of her presence, lies in the distance—a cluster of buildings that seem like mere toys from her elevated perspective.




The city was even better than Rachel had expected. I-42 had definitely been uplifting, but it could not compare to the metropolis when it came to enjoying her size. Of course, the best frame of reference for her new dimensions were still the people, but the buildings added so much to the experience!
府政註冊


In this section of the city, she still towered over everything she could lay her eyes on. She knew this would likely change when she got downtown and got surrounded by some of Medford's most iconic skyscrapers, but for the time being, there was no building that could even make it to her clean-shaven pussy. She had been admiring them and how they compared to different parts of her new prodigious body for a while, as she roamed without too much purpose, letting the world's scale sink in.


As far as Rachel could tell, she was in a working-class neighborhood, surrounded by low-rise apartment buildings. The avenue was more than wide enough to let her move comfortably without having to worry too much about where she was stepping. This was not to say that the road was empty, far from it. The horde in the highway had only gotten worse once she got into the city limits, with the added challenge that both directions of the avenue had become equally packed. This had forced Rachel to make a decision soon enough. There had been no way to advance without trampling a whole lot of stuff… and people. There basically was no alternative. In fairness, it had been an easy decision. Rachel was not going to stay idle. And by now, she was more than comfortable finishing lives under her feet.
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The challenge had been more practical than moral. The trek along the interstate had taught Rachel that stepping on people was a stirring experience. As soon as she had set foot in the city and had observed the apparently neverending mob, Rachel's concern had been about keeping her sex drive at bay. She was determined to restrain herself until she had dealt with Curtis, and the world seemed intent on tempting her.
She had resolved the issue by keeping her attention away from the road at her feet as she strolled down the avenue. Of course, this did not prevent her from feeling the different types of squishes under the delicate skin of her sole, but with her focus on the buildings around her and the world above her knees, her murderous wade across the crowd was somewhat manageable. It was not so much that she did not get excited as much as the fact that she managed to keep her level of arousal at a steady level.



The change of sensations under her feet made her finally stop. She looked down to check that, much as she had thought, the crowd had thinned considerably. Rachel looked over her shoulder and guessed that she was about half a mile into the city by now. Turning a bit more, she looked down to see the aftermath of her stroll in the road below. The scene was more gruesome than she would have expected. Dozens of footprints littered the way from the interstate, each filled with the gory remainders of her victims.

“How’s that for shock?” she teased to her appalled audience.

As far as she could tell, Rachel had barely needed ten careless minutes in the city to get up there in the podium with the worst mass murderers in history. She doubted any of them had dealt with all their victims so personally, though.

The giantess explored her surroundings with curiosity and then lifted her gaze to try and estimate her current location. She was somewhere in East Medford, surrounded by miles of low-rise urban sprawl. From her vantage, she had no trouble finding the river and the tall structures of Downtown on both banks. Curtis’ apartment lay beyond, on the West End, as far away from her as any spot in the city. At this time of day, had she been driving, it would have taken her over an hour to get to her destination. She suspected her current condition would make the trek considerably easier. After all, being able to step on traffic opened up plenty of possibilities.



Rachel wondered whether she should have taken the beltway around Medford to get to her destination faster. It's what she had done in the previous night's visit to her former boss and lover. But she had merely been a regular woman with a car back then. She was something else, now. And the prospect of crossing the city was considerably more attractive.

She only had to take a look down at the road at feet level to remember why. The titaness smiled as she gazed at the miniature world, the living reminder of her new status. The toy-like cars still littered the street, even if the time she had used to scan the city had allowed the worm-scaled people to clear the immediate area. It was nothing she would not be able to solve in a couple of steps, but it represented a relevant enough change for her to stop and think about what to do.

Her methodic side reminded Rachel that she should get ahold of Curtis as soon as possible, but her playfulness soon found a good enough excuse to come out. She had to learn about her new status, and as a scientist, she knew that the only way to do that was through experimentation. So, things should be fine as long as she did not go on too much of a detour in her trek towards her ex's apartment.

The first victim of her indulgence was yet another man that had decided to bet his life to hiding rather than running. She observed the tiny fucker with wicked curiosity from her lofty viewpoint; he was using one of the palm trees lining the avenue to conceal his pathetic form.

“How long is it going to take them to learn that hiding from someone with a bird’s eye view of the city is pointless?” the giantess wondered.


Feeling naughty, the behemoth moved her right foot in the direction of the tree. She then stretched her long big toe and rested it on its trunk, opposite her teeny quarry. There was a reaction soon enough. Even from her height, Rachel had no trouble noticing the man's hesitation between remaining in place and making a break for it and getting in the clear. She ignored his doubts and pushed, getting a nice crack from the relatively slim stalk.


The man seemed to be much readier to break into a run. She never gave him the option. A new push quickly snapped the tree like a twig and pushed its fifty feet down on the tiny fucker. Had she had any doubt about his fate, the pool of blood spreading from under the light brown trunk resolved them.


The screaming from the street, which she had more or less discounted like the city's familiar soundtrack, regained some intensity as she reminded the people that she might have taken a short break, but she still meant business.
Feeling mischievous, Rachel then moved her foot to the downed tree and curled her prolonged toes around the trunk in a new attempt to test the skill of her digits. She was pleased when she managed to get a hold of the fifty-foot tree, good enough to lift it from the street.
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The scientist-turned-titaness doubted any of the tiny bugs running like headless chickens down the road would appreciate the skill this feat required, but she was thoroughly impressed with herself.
“Having skillful toes gains a new dimension when you are gigantic,” she reflected with delight.
She kept her foot at the level of the lowest roofs in the area, holding the palm with no visible signs of fatigue.
“Maybe I should help them acknowledge the complexity of my achievement,” she then thought.


With that, Rachel drew her foot forward and let go of the tree. It flew in a low arch in the direction of the fleeing people, hitting the ground right on the spot the giantess had intended. The fifty-foot tree did enough damage upon its landing. The rolling over itself right after was worse. The gargantuan Rachel giggled from up high, amused at her ability to toy with her surroundings.


Thrilled with the situation, the giantess then decided to take a closer look at the miniature world. Her knees landed on the road without warning, fracturing the pavement like meteorites and shaking her surroundings.
She sat on her heels and enjoyed the point of view. The screams took a new intensity as she observed the chaos in high definition.


A woman in a black dress caught her attention. Rachel reached out with her neverending arm and pinched the woman between two fingers, mindful of the pressure she was applying. Her prey was soon dangling in front of her inquisitive brown eyes. Rachel marveled once more at how she could make every single detail about such a tiny creature.
There was a reason the woman had stood out from the crowd.


“Aren’t you cute?” Rachel asked merrily.
The woman was more than cute. With long blonde hair and bright green eyes, the tiny female boasted a bombshell body. The low cut of the dress and the generous amount of curves she was showing were proof enough that she was more than aware of her beauty. She must have been a dream come true to any of the men now running aimlessly around her legs. To Rachel, she was merely a distraction, a toy to be amused for a few seconds.


The woman wriggled furiously as she screamed to the top of her lungs. Rachel relished in her howls, morbidly proud of being able to inspire such fear. Fear meant power.
“Hot, but not the sharpest tool in the shed, are we?” the giantess teased. “I don’t mind the squirming, though. It tickles.”


The woman kept yelling as the colossal Dr. Reed continued observing her giddily. Then, without warning, the titaness extended the pinky of her free hand and moved it in her captive's direction. The finger was easily longer than the woman, but it was still the smallest, more precise part of Rachel's anatomy when it came to dealing with the pint-sized world. The pinkie easily slid between the midget's writhing legs and then went up towards her womanhood. Rachel then curled it and caught the edge of the woman's dress with her neatly manicured nail. It was only a matter of pulling to get the entire thing to shred away from her captive. With her sandals gone due to her frantic kicking, the woman was down to a skimpy black thong. Rachel nodded in approval as she admired her nude figure.



“Ravishing,” she granted. “Highest quality specimen I’ve come across, so far,” the giantess went on. Her lips curled in a mischievous grin as she added: “Not that I was paying that much attention to the ones I trampled, though.”

Curiously enough, the woman’s screams faded as Rachel was trying to rattle her. It bothered her, but she did not let it show, keeping a permanent smirk on her full lips.

“Please,” the blonde squeaked. Rachel arched an eyebrow and widened her smile. “I will do anything you want.” The tiny woman said.

The giantess chuckled. “Of course you will,” she said softly, almost in a whisper. “Everyone will.”

“What- what do you want?” The woman was shaken but still managed to reply.


A wicked idea crossed Rachel's mind. She was about to discard it when a brash and ruthless inner voice took over her train of thought.
"They can't stop me. Why should I stop myself? Why should I let stupid morals and inhibitions stand in the way of my will?" it said.
The tiny blonde was looking at her with a mix of fear and puzzle. Her expression turned into sheer horror when Rachel's permanent grin evilly shifted to the left.
"Have you ever heard the sentence 'you are what you eat'?" the giantess asked. To remove any doubt, she then licked her lips with an exaggerated move of her tongue.


Her diminutive captive started screaming like a madwoman as Rachel moved her closer to her plump lips.
“You are a treat,” she whispered, as she opened her mouth in a sensual ‘O’ and slid the woman inside, head first.


There was a loud slurping sound as the giantess sucked her little morsel in. The woman started wriggling as soon as she landed on her tongue. The feeling was weird. At first, it felt as if she had swallowed a live insect. Her natural reaction was to spit her out, but she managed to suppress it. After a few more seconds, the softness of the squirming body reminded her that what she had inside her mouth was no bug, but a real person, not unlike what she had been mere hours before. The realization was empowering. Her hardened nipples confirmed to her that it was also sexually stimulating.


Rachel moved her tiny prey around with her tongue, the ease of it all adding to the overall experience. She tried to imagine, for an instant, how the situation must be feeling for the tiny woman, but it was hard. For starters, she had never been an empathetic person, and this trait had only been accentuated after growing into something different and better.


The giantess could feel that the world's attention was set on her now. It was as if, up to some point, the people could not believe that she was about to eat a real person. Somehow, it felt as if everyone was expecting her to spew the blonde—instead, Rachel bit.


The woman's body stopped moving. An explosion of salty taste filled her mouth as the crowd around her held their breath. She chewed three more times before swallowing; the bulging in her throat cleared any doubt about what had happened.
There it was. She had eaten a person. Rachel vaguely knew that she had crossed a new line, even if she rationally failed to see a practical difference between the tiny blonde and the hundreds of people she had finished under her soles already. If anything, the little woman's demise had been cleaner. But it felt different. And judging by the world's reaction, she was not the only one who had that sensation.


Rachel did not feel bad, though. Just weird. And she was not going to let that show. So, broadening her smile once more, the giantess addressed the horrified crowd.
"Yummy!" she said as she patted her washboard flat stomach. "Tasted just like chicken."
It was apparent that the mob was appalled. She did not give them any time to recover as she scooted forward and rested her weight on her butt, crushing some palms and an abandoned car before digging the ground like mud.
LOANS
PAY DAY LOANS


“Ready or not, here I come!” she threatened in a sultry voice.
Her knees were the next to move, rocking her surroundings with their landing as she crawled after the crowd. The horror turned into panic as the giantess got closer to the laggards in the group with impish intentions. Rachel, on her side, was having the time of her life as she advanced on all fours, pushing her rock-hard ass out in an attempt to be as sensuous as possible.


She caught up in no time, her long auburn hair already interfering with the people's pathetic escape attempts as she loomed over them. "Hello guys, do you think you can escape?" she said in a deep voice. For lack of a better idea, the giantess just raised her arm, and closed her left hand into a fist before to make her next move.


Then, her fist fell like a bomb on the street, crushing a group of random people, squishing them beyond recognition as she buried their remainders into a crater.
LOANS


Rachel raised her other hand to make her next strike. And then, the unexpected happened. From Rachel's point of view, the three flashes came first, followed by the almost negligible tapping on her cheek and finally complemented by three cracks. As a reflex, Rachel closed her eye when she felt a sting on her cheek.
The consequences were so mild that it took her a few seconds to process what had happened. Her blood started boiling when she did.


“You are fucking shooting at me?” she hollered.
Some people dropped to her knees with their hands on their ears. God! How pathetic could they be? Rachel was not going to feel any sympathy for them, of course. Not when she was so pissed off about their latest lack of respect.


Her attention was now focused on the general direction the shots had come from. This was why she could pinpoint the shooter's location with ease when the tiny fucker made his second attempt. There were two shots, this time. The first one bounced off the bridge of her nose, as ineffective as the previous ones. The second bullet was more annoying and also momentarily concerning. Rachel clearly felt it hitting her left eye globe, just above her bottom eyelid. This drove her to close her eye immediately. It was irritating, much like a grain of sand in the same spot. She felt a tear forming and opened her eye to let it drag the slug away. The giantess felt relieved as her vision cleared right away, apparently unaffected by the impact.



This did not mean that the entire thing had not made her even madder.

Without a second thought, Rachel started crawling in the direction the shots had come from. The crowd screamed as her arms came down from the sky. People were crushed with each of her movements. But the worse was yet to come as the giant's knees followed her hands' lead. Each landed like a boulder, crushing abandoned vehicles and people with vicious brutality.

Despite this, Rachel saw a barrier formed by abandoned cars, which made it difficult for people to pass.


Rachel advanced, oblivious to the carnage just a few feet underneath her nose as she progressed towards the line of cars where the shooter had holed himself. Her thigs destroyed some vehicles as she moved, making the living hell at street level even worse, while her mammoth breasts dangled like pendulums over the unlucky citizens trapped under her prodigious torso.

Two new flashes confirmed that whoever was attacking her was still in there, increasing her urge to get her hands on him. She completed her last step on all fours and reached the line of cars where the shots had come from. Narrowing her eyes, Rachel scanned the area, trying to find the object of her anger.

Then, she raised her arms over the crowd.


The crowd in that section of the road was anything but happy to have the giant's undivided attention, which added to their usual nervousness. This made them run even with less purpose, which in this case did not help Rachel much. In an attempt to get a lot of them, the titaness dropped her hand on the road ahead of the group. A couple of unfortunate people flew away from the blow of her hand due to her harsh movement, but this was but a taste of what was to come. The group she wanted to focus on now was trapped on her hands.



Out of patience, Rachel reached out and curled her hand like an excavator. She then proceeded to scoop as many of the tiny fuckers as she could. She had not too much trouble to fill a handful.

“I want the fucker that has been shooting at me,” she let out through clenched teeth. She was soon sitting on her knees, she could simply crush the group of people that were on her hands and be done with it, but Rachel’s pride demanded that she deal with the attacker in a more personal manner.


“Well, what do we have here?” She said while she was inspecting her catch with curiosity. She started with her left hand. There were only five people in there. She did not need too long to determine that none of them had been the shooter.


“ You…shit…” There was no way the old couple would have been able to hit her with the precision of her attacker, and it was evident that the three young women holding each other while shivering had not touched a weapon in their lives. Rachel grunted and rolled her eyes. A second later, the five tinies were weightless as they flew across the city. She had carelessly tossed them over her shoulder.


This left the mass of humanity in her right hand as the only potential source for the bug she wanted to catch. People were piled up in there, both facing up and down, so it was not easy to get anything clear after the first glance. Rachel started picking them up one by one with her free hand. She quickly inspected them. People were sent flying in different directions after she discarded them.


But a man made her heart fill with glee. The tiny fucker was hiding a rifle on her side. He was a bald man in jeans and a white T-shirt, was still holding a rifle for dear life as she lifted him from the pile. For an instant, Rachel had wondered if she would end up finding the shooter. The slimy bastard could have fled, or she might have simply killed him inadvertently. So, finally holding him made her feel very fulfilled. It was another proof of her new superiority. She was able not only to finish hundreds of lives simply by walking, but she could also accomplish more challenging tasks like finding specific individuals.


“You tiny piece of shit!” she said in a cold, threatening tone.
She was pinching him with two fingers on his right leg, with his arms dangling and barely able to hold the weapon. Hundreds of ideas about how to deal with his insolence ran through Rachel’s head. But the screams from her right palm reminded her that she had a dozen or so people to take care of.


Narrowing her eyes, she smiled evilly at the shooter and then glanced at her hand. The movement of her pupils made the man look in the same direction, which was what she had been aiming for. And then, she started closing her palm into a fist, trapping the dozen bug-sized people under her fingers.


Rachel tried to strike a balance between making it quick and giving the man enough time to realize what she was doing. It was not the first time she crushed someone in her hand, but she had not dealt with so many people at once with any part of her body that was not her feet. It felt different. The group felt spongy at first, while there was still some room to compress them as she pushed. It turned squishy at some point when the bodies started running out of space and could only react to the astronomical pressure by bursting. It turned gory soon enough, the blood oozing through the cracks between her fingers as she applied the final effort.


Rachel was wet again. She was too turned on by power and violence. She had always known about the first, but her brief giantess experience was becoming very insightful about the second. She suppressed a moan, though, intent on keeping the tension with her only breathing captive. It was obvious that he was appalled.
The giantess turned her palm upside down to drop the remainders of the crowd.


And then, she focused on the shivering man.
“They got the good end of the bargain,” she whispered. “I made it quick and impersonal for them. You, on the other hand, have my full, undivided attention. And the only reason you are still alive is that none of the hundreds of ways I thought of disposing of you felt horrible enough."
Much to her surprise, the man did not scream. He was still wriggling, but the frantic movement of his arms seemed to be on autopilot. She took advantage of that to reach to him with her free hand and pluck his rifle away. She could tell he tried to hold onto it, but there was no way for him to fight her whopping strength.


She held the little peashooter in her fingers with curiosity. “I could impale you with this,” she whispered, as she grabbed the tiny gun with her fingers.
Again, there was no reaction. “I don't think this is useful at all”, this frustrated Rachel, discarding the rifle to the side.
“It would be too quick, though. I could also swallow you whole, let you dissolve in my stomach acid,” she offered. “But you might suffocate first.”



And then, without warning, she reached out for his arms and pinched them with her free hand. The man was soon dangling upside down, right in front of her window-sized brown eyes.

She reached out for him again, grabbing his waving legs now. And then, she started pulling in opposite directions.

The man finally screamed. Rachel smiled as she kept it as slow as she could possibly handle, feeling his body rip with every inch she moved her hands apart. She raised her voice for everyone to hear as she kept torturing the little fucker.
“Let this be a lesson!” the titaness bellowed.


“Witness the consequences of defiance. Attack me, and I’ll kill hundreds in retribution. And when it comes to my attackers, I will save the wickedest possibilities my new power offers to ensure your departure from this world is excruciatingly painful.”
With that, Rachel pulled and ripped the man in two, gore spraying from both ends of the tiny body.


Chuckling, she let both halves of the bald man drop.
“You are better of with me killing on a whim than having me actively look for revenge. You have been warned!”



Rachel had learned to love her feet destructiveness, but being closer to the Lilliputians was fun too. So, she kept on all fours as she made a right in the largest intersection she had found so far, taking a much more direct route to the heart of Downtown.

The crowd was more scattered in here than in her arrival in the city. The giantess guessed that they had had more time to react to her presence. Or maybe it was the opposite, and the fact that she had caught them unawares had not let them pack themselves up. The reason did not matter too much, in any case. After all, the mob was still sizeable enough to enjoy some more wicked games.


At times, Rachel simply moved forward, letting her hands and knees do the dirty job as she advanced. On other occasions, she purposefully went for maximum damage, hitting the crowd with a closed fist or slamming her palm on top of the bastards. A few she just swept with her backhand, sending them flying around, making them crash with the urban landscape.
Her new favorite activity was flicking them, though. It felt like the ultimate humiliation. Rachel would curl her thumb and pointer together and move them behind one of the running tinies. And then, she would just let go, sending the unlucky individual half a dozen blocks down the street. As far as Rachel could tell, her hapless victims did not need to wait until they landed to die. The force of her flick seemed to be more than enough to make them burst inside. But still, seeing them flying was amusing.


“Run, hide, fight back… it doesn’t matter what you do. I own you, and you can’t do shit about it!” she boasted, terrorizing the crowd.
Feeling naughty, the giantess chased a group into a plaza, cornering them as she thought on ideas to use her newfound power. She enjoyed the looks of despair on the miniature people while she diverted her attention from the avenue to catch them.


She was about to taunt them when a siren irrupted the scene, breaking the spell.
Rachel did not have too much trouble locating the two squad cars pulling up from a neighboring intersection. What bothered her the most was the collective sigh of relief from the trapped mob.
Police cars surrounded her, their sirens blaring in a futile attempt to contain her. The officers inside scrambled for solutions, knowing their actions were mere formalities against a force so massive.
Rachel tilted her head slightly, her playful smile unnerving those below. Her towering figure cast long shadows over the nearby buildings, and her gaze shifted toward the police cars blocking her path. "Adorable," she muttered with a smirk, her voice echoing through the streets like thunder.
LOANS
9-1-1
DPM-663
9-1-1
DPM-663


Rachel’s massive hand came down with calculated force, her fingers curling around one of the police cars, crushing it effortlessly. The metallic screech echoed through the streets, sending waves of panic through the crowd of onlookers.
"Is this all the resistance you can muster?" she mused, her voice rich and commanding, cutting through the wailing sirens. "Pathetic."
The second police car swerved just in time, the driver’s quick reflexes saving them from Rachel's colossal hand crashing down on the pavement. The tires screeched loudly as the vehicle skidded, narrowly avoiding the crater left by her destructive grasp.
POLICE


The officer at the wheel gritted his teeth, heart pounding as he maneuvered the car sharply around the corner at the intersection. Rachel's gaze shifted, catching the movement of the escaping vehicle. “Clever little one,” she chuckled, her voice booming across the city block. “But you can’t run far from me.” Without waiting for a response, her hand moved precisely toward the police car, even dodging a truck that obstructed her view.
9-1-1
POLICE
to serve and protect
12


She picked the second squad car up and bring it to her face. The two cops behind the windshield were as terrified as the people they had sworn to protect.
"You really thought that a couple of cops could stop a woman like ME?" she asked, sounding indignant. "Please!"
9-1-1
POLICE
LOANS
PRICE LIQUORS


Without a hint of hesitation, Rachel hurled the mangled police car toward the crowd, the force of her throw turning the vehicle into a deadly projectile. The car hurtled through the air, smashing into the street with an earth-shaking crash. The impact was catastrophic.
Metal fragments exploded outward, tearing through the panicked crowd like shrapnel from a bomb. Screams of terror filled the air as blood splattered across the pavement. Bodies were flung like ragdolls, some colliding with nearby buildings, others tumbling lifelessly to the ground. The chaos was unrelenting as those who remained standing scrambled to flee, their desperate cries swallowed by the destruction.


“Serves you right,” Rachel muttered as she observed the mayhem with satisfaction.
And with that, she elegantly rose to her feet, looking at the world back from her full height. The survivors, could only watch in horror as Rachel's colossal figure loomed over them, her shadow stretching across the street. Her piercing eyes scanned the scene with satisfaction.



The landscape had changed. The roads were not so different, but the structures lining up on their sides had transitioned from low-rise apartment buildings to taller office buildings. She was not yet in Downtown, but the construction was taller at this point of the city. She was flanked by shoulder-height highrises, and a quick look down the road showed buildings getting taller. Her eyes soon zeroed into the most interesting construction in the area. She wasted no time heading towards it, almost ignoring the new squishes under her feet as she moved down the street.


A dozen steps later, she was standing in front of the object of her interest, the most appealing building she had found so far. For starters, the office building was the first thing she met that managed to stand taller than her. Rachel would have no trouble reaching to its roof with her extended arm, but for the first time since the morning, she did not tower over something. This was the cause of some frustration, but the negative feeling was promptly overshadowed by the excitement at the building's usefulness.


The architect had not been overly original. Rectangular and with a boxy design, the only thing that made it stand out from its neighbors was the shiny surface of its reflective windows. And this was also what made this particular building especially exciting to her. For the first time since becoming a titan, Rachel was standing in front of something like a mirror. She could not prevent a moan at the reflection.
Rachel had always known that she was attractive. A lesser woman might have been less upfront about it, but she had never seen the point in denying the obvious. It was also evident that her beauty was not constant. She looked much better after a good rest than in her regular lab days, where she barely managed to sleep four hours and hurried to tie her hair.
No looking glass had ever returned such a stunning version of herself. As far as she could tell, she was still the same woman, only way larger. There were no apparent changes in her body. And still, her eyes looked bigger than ever. Her lips had never been fuller. Her long fiery hair flowed down in disarray but as teased as if she had been to the hairdresser. Her skin felt more flawless; her breasts stood firmer without losing the fascinating effect of their out-of-proportion size. The effect was only reinforced by the power that projected from every pore, that cast an invisible aura of perfection around her.



She was the same Rachel, only better. She had been a ten before. She was now an eleven. Or a twelve. And she wanted to do herself so badly!

Rachel had had plenty of lovers despite her young age. It had never been hard for her to get a man or woman. None had ever given her even a fraction of the pleasure she could give herself. Because none could ever hope to compare with her. It was the price of being so much better than the average human. But it was also a blessing. No lover could ever know her as well as she did; no one could tend to their needs so well. In time, she had learned that there was a name for it: autosexual. Rachel preferred to call it superiority.

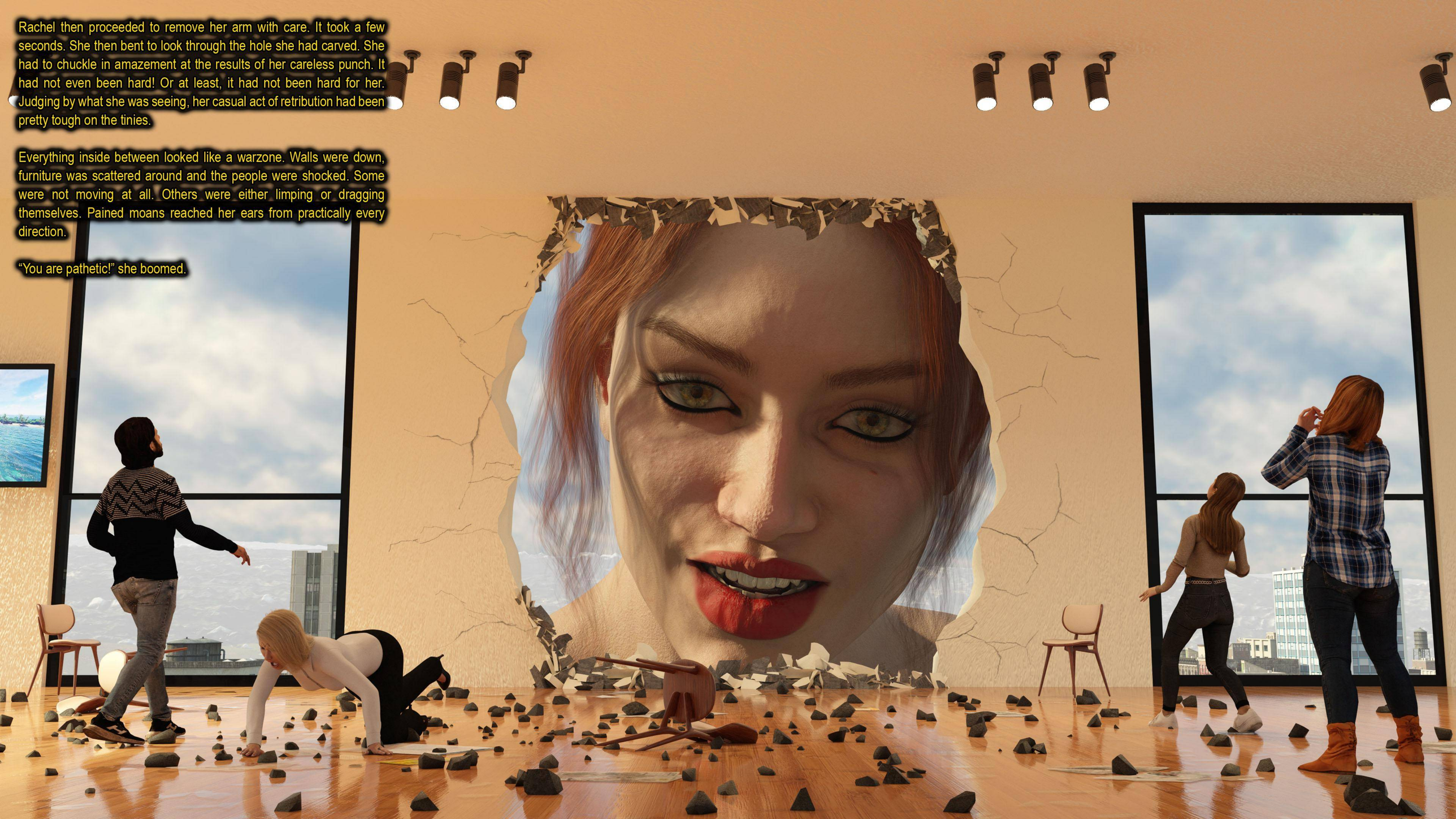
No matter the name, her sexual preferences had kicked in with vice and were threatening to make her lose the self-restraint she had managed to keep up to this point. Her pussy was drenched, and her body felt hotter than she had thought possible. No matter how much discipline she tried to muster, Rachel could not help her hand from traveling down her body and into her sweet spot.

A finger slid into her cavernous cunt without warning, bringing the stimulation a notch higher and threatening with ruining her plans. Her free hand mashed her right breast, making it overflow as she rubbed it harshly.


And then, the shadows behind the mirror made her snap back into reality and gave her the necessary opening to put her self-indulgence on hold. Of course, there were people! This was a building, after all, not a silly mirror.


“Are you jerking off yet?” she asked, frowning.
There was some movement in the shadows, but it was hard to tell what they were doing. Feeling pissed, Rachel's fingers slowly curled into a massive fist, the motion deliberate and menacing.
"You think I can't see you?" she bellowed, her voice shaking windows in the nearby buildings.


Then, without further explanations, she punched the building right in the middle.
It was spectacular. Her fist did not have any problems breaking through the reflective façade and into the office space beyond. A whole lot of other stuff started breaking right away as she kept moving deeper into the building. Walls, furniture and soft squishes that could only be people barely slowed down her battering ram as she kept going.
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Rachel then proceeded to remove her arm with care. It took a few seconds. She then bent to look through the hole she had carved. She had to chuckle in amazement at the results of her careless punch. It had not even been hard! Or at least, it had not been hard for her. Judging by what she was seeing, her casual act of retribution had been pretty tough on the tinies.
Everything inside between looked like a warzone. Walls were down, furniture was scattered around and the people were shocked. Some were not moving at all. Others were either limping or dragging themselves. Pained moans reached her ears from practically every direction.
“You are pathetic!” she boomed.


To be continued...