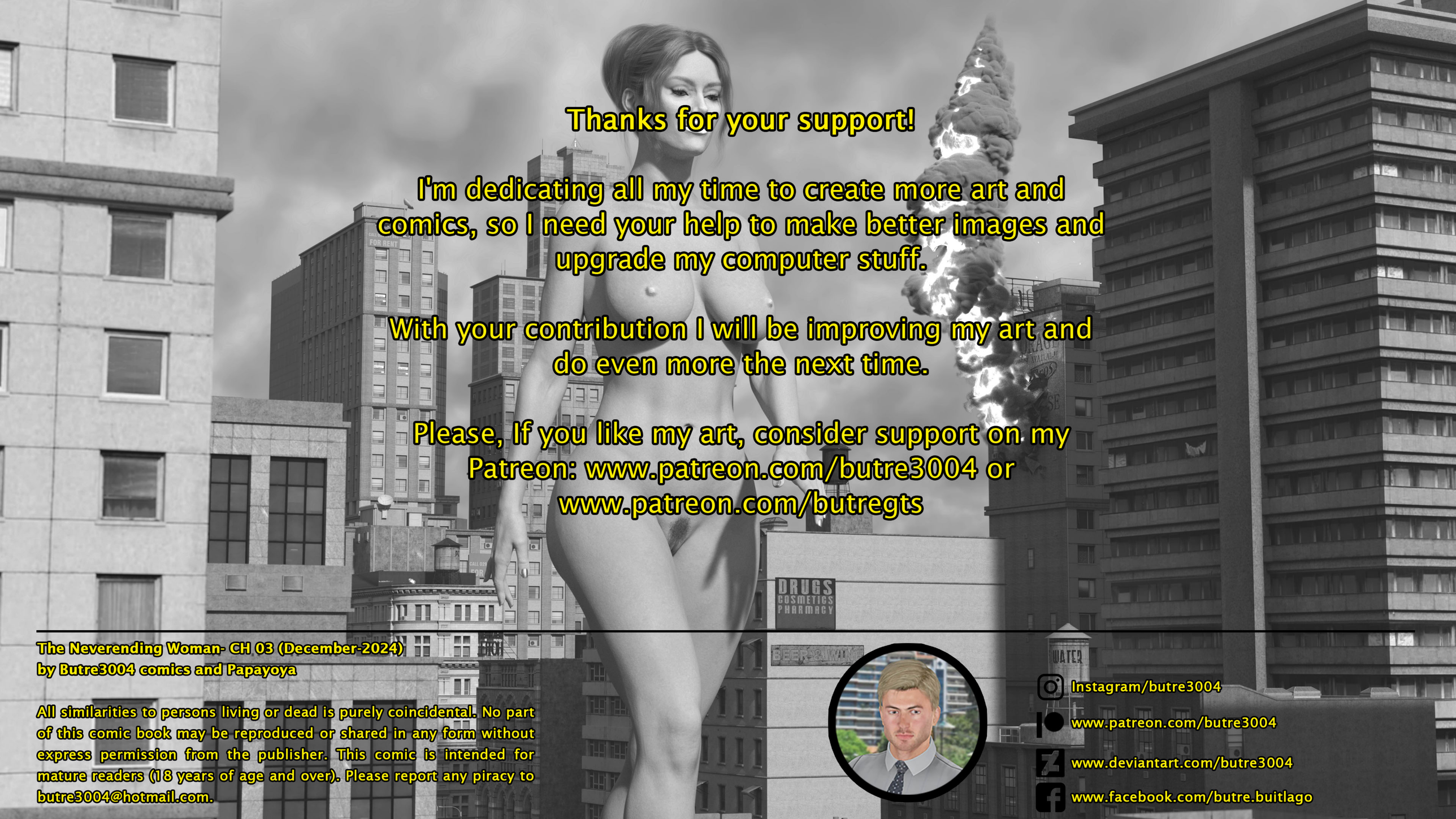
THE NEVERENDING WOMAN



CHAPTER 03

STORY BY PAPAYOYA

ART BY BUTRE3004



The Neverending Woman- CH 03 (December-2024)
by Butre3004 comics and Papayoya

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Rachel then took a step back and realized the unfortunate consequence of her short temper. Her perfect mirror was gone, the reflection of her face replaced by a broad dark hole. As she pulled her fist out of the building, it dragged out all kinds of furniture and debris, which tumbled into the void below.


"You just became useless," she announced coldly, her voice echoing through the city streets. Rachel positioned herself carefully, her towering frame casting a long shadow over the buildings below. She raised her leg, her muscles tensing as she prepared to test her true strength against the towering structure in front of her.
Juice
JP TECHNOLOGIES
JP TECHNOLOGIES


And with that, she threw a kick at the building. Her leg had as little trouble as her first to break through the façade and the structure beyond. Inside, her massive limb wreaked havoc, collapsing floor after floor in a cascade of destruction. The building groaned under the strain, its integrity rapidly failing as debris and shattered steel rained down. The people inside stood no chance—many perished instantly, their lives snuffed out in the chaos that followed her devastating strike. It was almost too easy, as if the entire structure were made of compacted sand.



She removed her foot with curiosity, observing the damage it had done. Would it be enough? Moments later, cracks began to spiderweb across the structure, spreading slowly but relentlessly. Pieces of concrete and steel groaned and fell away, accompanied by a cloud of fine, choking dust that billowed into the air. The building, once defiant, now seemed to tremble under its own weight, the destruction inching closer to a catastrophic collapse.


She got her answer soon enough. Rachel watched with grim satisfaction as the building collapsed into chaos, the cascading debris swallowing what remained of its proud structure. Her breath caught for a moment, marveling at the sheer power she could now wield with just a single kick.


From her vantage point, Rachel observed the destruction unfolding like a slow-motion catastrophe. The building's frame disintegrated into a chaotic storm of glass, steel, and concrete, scattering its remains across the cityscape.


Rachel had expected this to happen. And still, seeing it happen, feeling it, was intensely stimulating. She wanted to laugh out loud. Instead, she raised her voice so that it would carry her message for miles.
“Feel my power! This city is mine to do as I please! You are mine to do as I please! Embrace it or feel my wrath!”
She closed her remarks with a burst of thunderous laughter that rattled the bones of everyone in blocks.
THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART
MUSEUM
WILLIAMS AND SONS



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Mayor Charles Logan felt his blood freezing when the images on TV showed the South Star building collapsing on itself. His shocked brain was having a hard time processing the situation, so it could not cope with the task of estimating the number of victims in the twenty-five-story building.
Not even an hour before, he called the local news station to protest the hoax that had sent his city into a panic. It felt like another life, one where women could not grow to gigantic proportions and sow chaos into a major city. This life, this world, no longer existed. Rachel Reed, the monstrous villain, had put an end to it forever.
SHERIFF



"She brought a building down," the mayor finally muttered, breaking the silence of his office.

Charles Logan had thought that he could not be more disgusted when the cameras had shown the gruesome detail on the massacre at the giantess' feet. But he instinctively knew that destroying a highrise full of people was a different order of magnitude.

The press seemed to know, too, since the comments from the reporters on TV, which he had managed to tune down in his brain for most of the woman's rampage, were now demanding immediate action to stop the slaughter. This was all that was needed to get Mayor Logan's well-honed political instinct back. And there is no stronger instinct in politics than survival.


Still shocked but aware that he needed to act, the mayor turned to the man on his right, who was as astonished as he had been an instant ago.
“You need to stop her,” he said in a much clearer voice.
The uniformed man turned, his shock now joined by disbelief.
“We already lost four men. There is no way the Police Department can face this monster,” Police Chief Mullin said.
COOPER



"With your budget, you should be able to face a small country!" the mayor protested, getting red-faced.

"You should call the Governor," the chief replied, trying to steer the conversation. "We need the National Guard," he added, spelling out his suggestion just in case.

"And have McCarthy brag about having to come down to save my ass?" the mayor replied.

The answer sent a chill down Mullin's spine. Everyone was well aware of the political and personal rivalry between Governor McCarthy and Mayor Logan. He would have never expected it to come out at a moment like this.

"This is not the moment for politics!" the Chief protested.


There was ice in Logan's eyes as he fixed his stare on his police chief.
"Give me a plan to stop the giant bitch," he said in a cold tone.
Mullin was quickly getting despaired.
"I will not send my men against this creature!" was all that he managed to say.
Logan's reaction was dreadful because of its coldness.
"Then, I will find someone who will," he simply said.


Downtown was both thrilling and frustrating. After miles of low-rise, unremarkable urban landscape, the iconic streets and features of Medford's bustling city center were a welcome change in scenery. The people's attitude contributed to that. Fresher and more clueless about her presence than their colleagues in the outskirts, Downtown's population made her relive the experience of becoming a giant for the first time.
RIDGES
OLD
STYLE
BBQ
FAMILY
RESTAURANT
RIDGES



And still, being dwarfed by the behemoths of steel and concrete that formed the city's skyline was deeply frustrating. After a morning of towering over everyone and everything, the realization that some things still transcended her scale was a massive letdown.

With this mix of emotions, she roamed the streets in the vague direction of the river. Curtis' apartment lay beyond.


The roads here were more than wide enough for her to stroll without too much care about the buildings on both sides. And still, she felt caged, almost as if she were walking through a maze of glass and concrete.
Whenever the disappointment got too irking, Rachel took a look down at the world at her feet to remind herself of her colossal nature and of the power she held over the city's puny population.
FAST FOOD
OLD STYLE BBQ
PARKING


It was during one of those frequent peeks that she spotted an interesting enough group of people. With a mischievous glint in her eye, Rachel lifted her right foot and traced the group's frantic trajectory. "Is the spot taken?" she mocked, her voice dripping with playful menace as the shadows of her towering figure loomed over them.
PARKING
STYLE BBQ



The group scrambled in vain, their desperate attempts to flee overshadowed by Rachel's immense presence. She mockingly hovered her sole over them, effortlessly matching their frantic movements. Her smirk deepened as she toyed with their futile hope of escape.

Then, she set her foot down, digging it a few feet into the pavement and extinguishing their lives in an instant. The sensation under her sole sent a shiver through her, the humid warmth of crushed bodies mingling with the cool concrete beneath. It was an intoxicating reminder of her power—a visceral pleasure she couldn't ignore.



Extending her left arm and opening her fingers, Rachel drove her hand into the façade of the towering building to her left, a behemoth that stood well over twice her own height. She had spotted movement in the windows—figures scrambling to escape, likely thinking they could hide or outlast her wrath.

"Running won't save you," she muttered, her voice cold and resolute. With a quick motion, she clenched her fist, tearing through steel and concrete like paper. Dust and debris rained down as she sought to prove her point: resistance was not only futile—it was punishable.


She resumed her stroll, her towering presence advancing with deliberate ease. Her hand grazed the building's façade, effortlessly demolishing a straight section of the fifteenth and sixteenth floors. Rubble, office furniture, and the helpless bodies of those who had dared spy on her from the false safety of their offices rained into the streets below, adding to the chaos of her wake.
CALL 029 987 665
FOR RENT


She continued forward, her strides unhurried yet devastating. With every step, people were crushed beneath her feet without a second thought, their screams fading into the thunderous cracks of her footprints. Occasionally, she carelessly punched the buildings flanking the road, sending debris cascading like an avalanche. And then, in the distance, her gaze locked onto something different.
GARAGE
PARKING
BURROUGHS
General
Repairs



Rachel passed an apparently ordinary intersection in her way to the river when one of her peeks at the road for self-affirmation revealed the most exciting vehicles she had found so far.

The bright lime green tour bus was stuck in the jammed traffic of the avenue. The giantess had been roaming downtown for a while already, and the consequences of her presence were starting to become apparent in traffic, even in those areas she had not visited yet. The bus' now stupefied passengers had not understood why they had been gridlocked for so long. Their screams as they looked in her direction proved that they now did, even if they were appalled at the learning.


“Doing some sightseeing, aren’t you?” she mocked as she addressed the tourists. “Today’s your lucky day. Nothing comes close to me!”
She took another two strides, getting almost within stepping distance of the bus.
“Tell you what! I’ll give you the personal tour,” she announced in a mischievous tone.
FOR RENT
RESTAURANT


They were close to a nervous breakdown. That much was clear. They were also hopelessly trapped. Or so Rachel had thought. She frowned as one of the passengers, a young man in shorts, a T-shirt, and a red baseball cap, jumped over the railing and let himself dangle, letting go after a second and landing on the road and what he must have thought was freedom.
RESTAURAN
15
St Paul's Cathedral
Fleet Street
Aldwych
TRAFALGAR SQUARE
15


To Rachel, his actions were more than just an escape attempt—they were an act of open defiance. Her lips curled into a displeased smirk as she raised her right leg high in an exaggerated motion, her patience running thin. "You think you can escape me?" she muttered, her voice echoing in the streets.
St Paul's Cathedral
Fleet Street
Aldwych
TRAFALGAR SQUARE
15


Her colossal foot came crashing down with terrifying force, crushing a car just ahead of the young man and blocking his path entirely. The impact sent debris flying, the road itself cracking under her weight. She loomed above him, her voice thunderous. "You can't run. You can't hide. This city belongs to me, and so do you." The giantess said, just before he bolted in a desperate frenzy.
DRUGS
6.95


To his credit, the would-be escapee reacted fast to the chance in context, turning and trying to flee in the opposite direction. No reaction could ever hope to be fast enough to beat a woman who stood as tall as a twenty-story building, though.


Unconcerned about the man's possibilities to escape, Rachel lifted her foot and maneuvered it back, skillfully sliding it between the tightly packed automobiles that cluttered the street. The vehicles groaned and shifted under the pressure of her colossal sole as she positioned herself, covering the man in its deadly shadow. She did not step down, though. Instead, the now colossal researcher extended her long toe, moving it deliberately in the direction of the bite-sized human, her smirk growing with every second of his futile attempts to avoid her.


She barely needed a nudge to throw him off his feet. A slight flick of her toe sent the man stumbling backward, his balance lost as he crashed against the side of a car. Rachel watched with amusement, her towering figure casting an intimidating shadow over him.
DRUGS
PHARMACY
GSTORE
COSMETICS
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photo lab
6.95


"You're not much fun," she muttered, tilting her head as if considering whether to toy with him further or end it quickly.
Rachel kept her bus-sized foot hovering over the man, her smirk growing as he trembled beneath her. She was in no rush—this was as much a display for him as it was for the horrified audience watching from the nearby bus. A quick glance to the side confirmed their wide-eyed terror, and she felt a thrill knowing she had their undivided attention. "Pay close attention," she said mockingly, addressing the crowd. Then, smirking evilly, she brought her foot down very slowly, savoring every second of his futile screams and their shocked gasps.


The plush ball of her mammoth appendage landed softly on the road, right in front of the man lying helplessly on the ground. Her toe followed soon after, descending deliberately to cover the tiny figure entirely, pinning him to the pavement like a bug beneath her flesh. She carefully avoided applying her full weight, ensuring he was trapped but unharmed—for now. Then, Rachel leaned forward slightly.
RESTAURANT


A bit of wiggling was enough to reposition her foot so that the man was right under the base of her thumb. She felt him wounding, but she did not mind. There was no escape from the fleshy prison. The man seemed to have come back to his senses since he started to move more frantically. He tickled, up to the point where she could not prevent a giggle.


Rachel then curled her massive toe just enough to scoop the man off the ground, trapping him effortlessly in the soft but unyielding flesh. His body dangled limply, his frantic kicks and flailing arms doing nothing to loosen the hold she had on him. Rachel raised her foot slightly, holding him aloft like a prize, as a wicked smile crept across her face. "Look at you," she mused, her voice dripping with condescension. "So small, so fragile... and yet you thought you could escape me?"
EXIT 25
SPEED LIMIT 50


Shooting a last naughty look at the mind-blown people on the roofless bus, she only had to lift her foot a bit so that the entire crowd on the observation deck could see the former passenger. The giantess waited for a short while, making sure she had the undivided attention of the group. “Shall I finish you off?” she mused aloud, her voice dripping with mockery. “Or should I let you squirm a little longer?”
St Paul's Cathedral
Fleet Street
Aldwych
TRAFALGAR SQUARE
MORE PEOPLE have seen BUS ADS
this week THAN HAVE listened
TO COMMERCIAL R
0800 80



And then, she began to squeeze. At first, Rachel thought that he would be too small to crush this way. To her delight, she soon found out that this was not the case.

His agonizing movements and yells vibrated through the sensitive skin of her toes, making her giggle once more. Then came the first crack. Rachel pushed a bit more, getting a few more snaps. The man's next scream was loud and high-pitched enough to stand out from the background cacophony, even from her awe-inspiring height. And then the scream died, followed by familiar wetness.


There was a collective gasp coming from the bus as she pushed a bit harder, enjoying the spongy feeling just before she released and let the remainders of the tiny fucker go. They dropped into the appalled crowd, covering it with gore.
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TRAFALGAR SQUARE



Rachel felt her everpresent arousal climbing a couple of notches as she dropped to a knee and reached out for the bus with her left hand. Her long fingers soon clutched the water-bottle-long vehicle, denting the flimsy sheet metal as they got a good enough grip to lift it from the road. The giantess did not wait, standing gracefully back to her feet, hoisting the bus up.

“No getting out in this stop,” she told the horrified crowd.


Rachel lifted the bus delicately between her fingers. She observed the twenty or so people inside with childlike fascination, her lips curling into an amused smile. Each movement, every futile cry, only deepened her sense of intoxication.
"Look at you all," she whispered softly, though her voice carried like thunder. "So small. So helpless."
She tilted the bus slightly, letting out a delighted chuckle as the passengers scrambled to maintain balance, their terror feeding her growing euphoria.
PETERSONS
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& DELIVERY
021-566-322



It was easy enough to identify the tour guide. Without further notice, she used her free hand to reach out for her, pinching the woman by her sides with two fingers. She screamed to the top of her lungs as Rachel raised her to her face, looking at her with undisguised mischief.

"I'll be running the show from now on. We don't need your services anymore."


With that, Rachel rolled the woman on her fingers, setting her face down on her thumb as her pointer flexed behind her back. A moment later, she flicked her, sending her flying over a couple of blocks, the guide's scream fading away quickly.

If the crowd at the bus had had any doubts about her intentions, her whimsical execution of their hostess had cleared them. The pitch of their screams was clear enough about their fear. Rachel savored them, exhilarated at the utter dominance she had over the city's population.

"You were about to finish the tour and miss the best attraction in town," she said, almost tongue in cheek, in a tone she had probably not used since high school.

"You killed her!" a woman yelled, her words breaking through the senseless howls.





"Aren't you sharp?" Rachel mocked, her window-sized brown eyes zeroing in the middle-aged blonde, making those around her shiver with renewed intensity.

The woman shook like a leaf but managed to gather enough courage to address her once more.

"Why are you doing this?" she asked, sounding almost hopeful that she would be able to reason with Rachel.

The giantess chuckled. With deliberate care, Rachel maneuvered the bus closer to her chest, her enormous fingers steadying it as she positioned it directly in front of her bare breast.

“Because I can,” she let out casually as if this settled the conversation. She then narrowed her eyes and lowered her tone almost to a bedroom whisper: “And because it is better than getting fucked!”

The woman looked shocked. Rachel did not give her any time to react as she moved the bus down, a naughty idea in mind. To those on the observation deck, it felt as if her right breast lounged towards them like a meteorite. They barely had time to react before it hit the bus with violence, muffling their panic.



To Rachel, the entire thing was quite more comical, as she felt the soft skin of her oversized boob compress for an instant until it got compacted enough to push back on the flimsy vehicle. Being one of the most sensitive parts of her anatomy, the giantess could feel with vivid detail how several bodies popped with a spongy sensation just before the frame of the bus started giving itself. She stopped when the metallic groans indicated that she was doing real damage.

Rachel had always thought she had nice tits. Even if they were not massive by absolute standards, her slender frame and their terseness had always made them look bigger than they really were. None of her lovers had ever complained about them, even if her world-class ass tended to be the first thing that caught men's attention.




Everyone in her vicinity was shocked. Rachel tilted her hand with the bus, dropping all of her victims onto the street.
“Killing you guys is a messy business,” she mocked. Her nipples were harder than diamond, proving that dirtiness was not the only consequence of her lack of mercy. Her shaven pussy glistened to confirm, drenched by her love juices.
“Fuck!” she muttered. “Torturing you guys is a joy… too much of a joy,”.
STORAGE
WAREHOUSE



“I can’t get off right now. I have unfinished business,” Rachel said, her voice echoing with casual dominance.

She used her free hand to feel under her boob, her fingers coming back smeared with gore. Wrinkling her nose in faint amusement, Rachel wiped her right breast clean with a quick brush of her palm, leaving a streak of crimson across her flawless skin.

Satisfied, she turned her focus back to the mangled bus. Before starting to walk, she threw it effortlessly to the side.


The wreck spun violently through the air before smashing into a nearby building, the impact igniting an explosion that sent plumes of fire and thick black smoke billowing into the sky. Glass and debris rained down on the street below, adding to the chaos she had already sown.
Rachel straightened up with deliberate grace. A cruel smile tugged at her lips as she began to move forward, each of her steps leaving massive craters in the asphalt and shaking the surrounding buildings to their core.
Her destination was clear in her mind. Curtis.
DRUGS
COSMETICS
PHARMACY
BEER & WINE
WATER


The distance to Curtis was getting shorter and shorter. His apartment, located on the other side of the river, wasn't too far, and it was only a matter of minutes before she could reach it. However, upon reaching a major intersection, her satisfaction was overshadowed by the imposing presence of the Warton Building. One of the most modern and iconic skyscrapers in Medford's inner metropolis, the Warton was also the tallest.


Rachel frowned at the size of the building, then she looked down, looking for the reassuring diminutiveness of the world at feet level. A group of panicked people paid her frustration as she stomped on them, her foot reaching as deep as the piping level, easily flooding the area around her extra deep imprint. But it was not enough.


Built like a truncated cone, the glass behemoth was massive, easily dwarfing her and making her own proportions pale next to it.
The damn skyscraper was just too big. Looking up at its characteristic antennas, Rachel realized that it was at least three times taller than she stood. Most likely, more.
CHARLIE'S GARAGE LTD.



She could not even rely on the comfort of knowing herself stronger than the damned thing. Being wider at the base than she was tall, the building did not even feel that easy to bring down.

“It doesn’t matter. No one inside the fucking thing is safe from you, anyway,” she tried to tell herself. But it did not work.

Rachel felt the urge to best the structure in some way. She just didn’t know which one. For a moment, she even wondered how it would feel to look at the world from a height equivalent to the one on the roof. Which brought the urge to learn just how tall the Warton was.


This was enough to entertain her and make her mind wander away from more painful thoughts. Because this was a problem she could fix.
A quick look through the transparent glass of the lower levels gave her a path forward right away. There were two groups of elevators riding all the way to the top. She was standing right in front of the ones in the tower's south. And their transparent shafts made them easy enough to locate.



She found the most convenient window quickly enough. Rachel punched her arm through the glass façade, shards exploding like deadly confetti in every direction. The reinforced structure crumbled against her might, twisting open with a screech.

Her arm plowed forward with unstoppable force, smashing through office furniture, walls, and anything in its path. Desks splintered, computers burst into sparks, and people were sent flying like rag dolls, their bodies crushed against the unrelenting weight of her forearm and fist. Screams filled the air for only a moment before being silenced under the destruction she wrought.

Rachel's hand finally stopped, her fingers curling as she reached her target.


From there, it was a piece of cake for Rachel to grasp the soda-can-sized elevator cart, her massive fingers wrapping around its tiny, fragile frame with disturbing precision. With cables snapping like threads and a faint groan of metal, she effortlessly removed it from the building's shaft.


A moment later, she held the miniature cart under her nose. It took no effort to push the tiny elevator doors open with the edge of her fingernails. The delicate resistance amused her, like peeling back the lid of a tin can. Her lips curled into a satisfied smirk as she peered inside.


In reality, Rachel only wanted one thing from the group, so she wasted no time in reaching inside the elevator cart with two fingers and plucking a man out. He was young and kind of cute. He also seemed to be in great shape. Rachel would not have minded letting him into her panties, but this had been in another life. She was a different woman now, and the difference between a good-looking tiny and an ugly one was practically negligible.


“How far does this elevator go?” she asked.
It was apparent that the guy had not understood what she wanted. She considered tossing him over her shoulder and reaching for someone sharper but decided to give him a second chance.
“Which is the top floor of this building? Tell me!” she demanded.
“Se… seventy-two?” the man finally came back with a comical squeaky voice.


Seventy-two. The fucking Warton was over seven hundred feet tall. Probably close to eight hundred. No wonder she felt so small next to it. It was four times her height!
The knowledge did nothing to mitigate Rachel's frustration. For the first time since her transformation, she felt a rage that she could not channel. She did not know what to do about the thing that pissed her off. Which, in turn, pissed her off even more. So, she just promised herself that things would not remain like this without a plan on what she would do for that to happen.
DELCO


Looking down at the man, she narrowed her eyes and said:
“Thank you.”
And then she just brought her fingertips together, crushing him into a blob of gore.



Rachel's whimsical act of extermination had not gone unnoticed by the terrified crowd still trapped inside the elevator cart. Their screams reached a crescendo. This cacophony only served to irritate her further.

"Will you shut up?" she snapped, her patience wearing thin.

Rachel's fingers began to press into the metal casing. At first, it seemed like a mere warning, but as the pressure increased, the elevator groaned under the stress. Blood began to seep through the cracks, dripping in thin, crimson streams. Rachel grinned at the sight, savoring every moment of their helplessness.


Her irritation morphed into decisive action. Without further word, Rachel tightened her grip on the elevator, pressing with her fingers as if it were nothing more than an empty soda can. The metal crumpled under her immense strength, contorting and folding in on itself with a screech of protest.
The screams inside were cut off abruptly as the once intact elevator became an unrecognizable ball of mangled steel. Blood splattered onto Rachel's fingertips, some of it trailing lazily down her forearm.

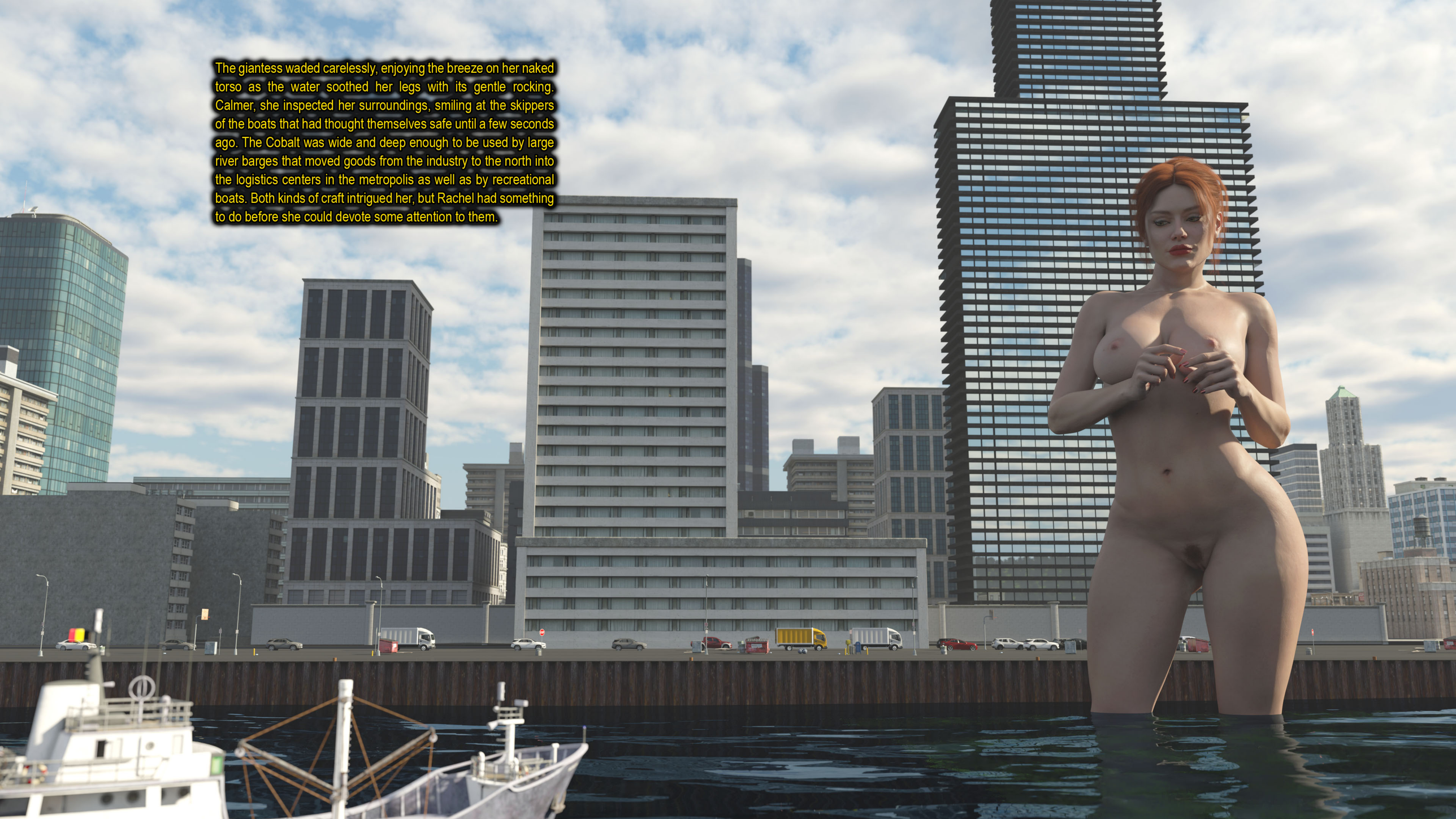

“There,” she muttered coldly, holding up the now useless scrap of metal for a final look. “Much better.”
With a satisfied smirk, she casually dropped the twisted remains, letting them crash into the streets far below.
There was no peak in arousal this time. Her mind was too taken by the recently acquired knowledge that while her size was still impressive, it was not ultimate.
She welcomed focusing back on the business at hand, for once. So, Rachel turned in the direction of the river and scanned the city beyond it. Curtis was close by. And with Curtis, the key to unrivaled power was at arm’s reach.


“Let’s focus on the bastard first. I will find a way to take care of the rest of the world later,”
Rachel said out loud as she took the first step towards Cobalt River.


It hadn't been too difficult for her to dodge the buildings and step out onto the back street of the Warton.
The street bordered the Cobalt River, its shimmering surface reflecting the surrounding buildings and now the colossal figure of Rachel. The cool breeze coming from the river caressed her smooth skin, drawing a satisfied smile across her lips. For a moment, the giantess considered having some fun on the pier — perhaps with the trucks, the containers, or the terrified people running in every direction.
But she decided that would be a waste of time. Without hesitation, she continued advancing toward the river, her gaze fixed on the water awaiting her just beyond the dock.


The warm water of the Cobalt River erupted in massive splashes as Rachel stepped into it, her immense feet sinking effortlessly into the riverbed. Waves rippled outward, surging towards the shore, and small vehicles parked near the pier were swept up in the chaotic surge.


After taking a few measured steps, Rachel noticed that the riverbed plateaued, stabilizing the water level just above her knees. It was an intriguing realization: even a wide, abundant river like the Cobalt could barely reach her mid-thigh. She smiled, pleased by this unexpected discovery after the slight disappointment of the narrow Warton streets. For her, this was like wading through a puddle.


The giantess waded carelessly, enjoying the breeze on her naked torso as the water soothed her legs with its gentle rocking. Calmer, she inspected her surroundings, smiling at the skippers of the boats that had thought themselves safe until a few seconds ago. The Cobalt was wide and deep enough to be used by large river barges that moved goods from the industry to the north into the logistics centers in the metropolis as well as by recreational boats. Both kinds of craft intrigued her, but Rachel had something to do before she could devote some attention to them.


With no one too willing to get close to the wading behemoth, the titaness was alone in her own spot in the river. She used that to bring herself lower into the water, kneeling at the bottom, letting the current cover her all the way to the base of her neck.
Rachel indulged for a few seconds the soft caress of the balmy current, sighing as she reflected on the day so far. What a morning! She could have lived a hundred lives and never had thought of herself as a giant. And now that she had been one for barely a few hours, it was hard to imagine herself as anything else.



It felt so natural! Her enjoyment of her size and power was so intuitive. Abusing and killing the thousands of tiny humans that now constituted the world's population was so instinctive! Rachel's morals had been loose enough before her growth, earlier in the morning, but they were gone by now. Or, to be more precise, she had built a new set, adapted to her new status in the world. There was no point in judging her actions as if she still were one of the puny bastards when it was so evident that she was not.



Her hands soon found her prominent breasts and started rubbing them. Almost right away, the water around her took on a brownish hue. Rachel smirked and kept brushing her skin, washing the gore off.

Her chest had got the first wave of attention, but God knew it was far from the only part in her body that needed rinsing. One thing Rachel had found out soon enough was that killing the tiny fuckers was a messy business. She rubbed her hands against each other into the water, scrubbing any remainders from her whimsical executions in her palms. And then, she started visiting different parts of her anatomy. There was an evergrowing stain of gore forming around her half-submerged form, but she did not mind. To the giantess, it was merely a new proof that she had been busy.


Pressing her drenched hair behind her ears, Rachel emerged from the water, droplets cascading down her colossal form in shimmering streams. She looked down and acknowledged that this was as clean as she was going to get until someone made a soap bar the size of a city bus. It would do. It was not as if Curtis deserved any better, but the prospect of meeting him soon had made her want to be at her best for the encounter.


Eager to finally get her hands on him, the titaness resumed her wade across the broad expanse of the Cobalt, heading towards her exit point, a park on the opposite riverbank. There was nothing wrong with taking a slight detour to intercept a too appealing tour boat, so she did.


The screams from the double-decker craft reached her ears soon enough when it became apparent to those on it that they had caught the giantess' attention. The ship's wake also indicated that whoever was in charge was trying to skip away from her. So, if the boat had been interesting to start with, dealing with it became somewhat of an obligation by now.
The pace at which her target seemed to move was even more sluggish than she was used to from her toys on the ground. Rachel felt even more in charge in the river than she had felt in the city, so she let her playful side take over and started stalking the boat at a leisurely pace. And still, each of her lazy movements brought her closer to her prey, which had cornered itself between the riverbank and two-hundred feet of naughty woman.


Making some projections from the latest turn she could observe from the ship's trail, Rachel sped up a bit and moved to intercept it, placing herself right on its path, legs spread wide and hands on her hips. There was nothing the skipper would be able to do to avoid her. She, on the other hand, had plenty of options available. She just chose to use none.


A few seconds later, the unavoidable happened, and the ship's prow reached the gap between her legs. Rachel simply let it move, waiting for more of the craft to get under her. With the water coming to mid-thigh and her legs stretched apart, it was then only a matter of betting whether the tour boat would first get stuck against her hips or her cunt. It did both almost simultaneously.


The thrill of the screams coming right from under her torso paled next to the explosion of sensations from her pussy. Her sensitive lower lips were stimulated at once by a multitude, and, panicky as they were, they wiggled with fury, which only added to the overall invigoration. Rachel's body responded by secreting gallons of love juices at once, lubricating itself for the sex it craved and soaking her victims in sticky goo.


“Oh, my fucking God!” Rachel said as she got closer to climax than she had been in the entire morning. She had been in a semi-permanent state of arousal ever since she had become a giant back at Deadwater, but this was the first time that someone other than her touched her intimate parts since then.

The boat structure began to buckle and twist against her intimate parts. The sensation of the smooth hull crumpling under her power sent waves of pleasure coursing through her massive form. She bit her lip, unable to suppress a moan as the boat's pressure increased, its fragile materials grinding into her skin.

What truly heightened her delight, however, were the tiny passengers aboard. The desperate screams of the helpless people filled the air as they were pushed and crushed between the collapsing yacht and Rachel's warm, unyielding pussy. She could feel their minute struggles, their futile attempts to escape adding an electrifying sensation that made her shudder with ecstasy.


"Mmm... you're all just perfect," she purred, her breath heavy. The giantess reveled in the dual destruction—of the boat breaking apart and of the lives being snuffed out against her flesh.
Dead set on not falling into the temptations of flesh before she could take care of all her unfinished business, the giantess quickly reached down for the boat, unwillingly sending some people to the water as she pushed the craft away from her.


It helped, even if she could still feel a tingle straight from her womanhood. Reaching down, the giantess was surprised to feel a tiny body stuck to her labia.


She promptly peeled it off and raised it to her face. The stickiness of the tiny man as she moved him up told Rachel everything, she had to know about what had happened.


Soon enough, she was looking at a terrified two-inch tall woman covered in transparent sludge. The entire situation was comical, so Rachel sounded more tongue-in-cheek than usual as she addressed the little assaulter.
“I know getting rammed by a pussy might have felt like an invitation for something more, but it was not,” she mocked. “But when you are my size, well, it is just too damn hard not to crash your cunt into stuff, you know?”
The woman did not seem to appreciate her humor, but this did not stop Rachel.
“The thing is… I’d love to let you in. I’d do everyone in the boat, for that matter. But I’m saving myself from someone else for the time being. It’s kind of a long story; I don’t have time for it right now.”
The woman only screamed.


“I’ll be done with him soon. Once I am, I’m fair game. However, it would probably be more precise to say that the city will be fair game for me. A pity you won’t see it,” she continued with her casual tone.
The woman kept on with his irrational screams.
“I’ll tell you what,” Rachel then said. “My pussy is kind of a forbidden zone, right now. But there are other ways I can let you in,” she added. “Besides, I always wondered how my cunt tasted.”


The woman did not seem to realize what was going to happen until Rachel opened her mouth wider than usual and stuck her tongue out, placing her two-inches form on it.
A moment later, she was inside her closed mouth, where she kept her idle for a couple of seconds, letting the flavor of her natural lubricant reach her taste buds.


Rachel had never been shy about sex, so she had done plenty of stuff, besides the less common practices of her BDSM fetish. This had included eating more than one pussy. One observation she had made is that none tasted like the next. It was curious that she had not thought until today of trying the taste of her own. It was not as if the exercise was challenging. It turned out to be more stimulating when the vehicle for the flavor was in the form of a two-inch and very much alive morsel.
“Sweetish,” she thought as she started pushing the woman around in her mouth with her powerful tongue, spreading the taste.


Her fight, the futility of her attempts to break free from the giantess mouth, made the entire experience more enjoyable. Until the woman stopped fighting. Rachel tried to nudge her with her tongue a couple of times. It was ineffective. And so, she bit first and swallowed later.


Those in the boat screamed at the top of their lungs when they realized what had happened. Rachel, enraptured by yet another proof of her superiority, was suddenly attracted to the new intensity of the cacophony.
“It seems that there’s no way to play with you that won’t make me horny,” she addressed the shocked crowd, shrugging for added effect. Then, Rachel raised her right fist.


And then, she closed her right hand into a fist and slammed it into the center of the boat. Half a dozen people were turned into pulp right away. Several others died as her punch moved unobstructed through the frail structure of the ship, reaching its keel soon enough.


The giantess grinned wickedly as her fist came crashing down onto the massive yacht, tearing through the deck like it was paper. The ship buckled and cracked under the force of the impact, water spraying high into the air as the once-luxurious vessel split down the middle. Screams filled the air as passengers were thrown into the churning waters, their bodies no match for the chaos Rachel had unleashed.


She laughed as she watched one half of the ship tilt dramatically, dragging debris and people into the cold depths. The other section wobbled unsteadily, taking on water rapidly as it creaked and groaned like a dying beast.
“Not so sturdy now, are you?” Rachel mocked, her voice carrying easily over the devastation.
Her eyes sparkled with satisfaction as she pushed the broken remnants deeper into the water with a playful shove, ensuring that nothing remained afloat. It was a spectacle of power, her dominance unquestionable as the once-pristine yacht was reduced to shattered wood, twisted metal, and floating bodies.


Rachel did not even wait for the two halves of the tour boat to start sinking before she turned and resumed her path towards the opposite riverbank.
LIQUORS


Half a minute later, she was propelling herself out of the water, thousands of gallons raining from her naked body and flooding her vicinity as she tried to orient herself. She smiled warmly when she located the way to Curtis' apartment.



Curtis felt sick as he started a painful transition to wakefulness. Not even his worse hangovers had felt this bad. He opened his eyes only to close them again, unable to process the bright daylight coming from the window.

What time was it? It was usually dark when he woke up to go to the office.

He repeated the operation, being slower this time, letting the luminosity sink in gradually. It caused a terrible headache, but he finally managed to see beyond the initial blurriness and recognize the familiar decoration of his bedroom.

What the hell had happened?


Foggy images of the previous night started running through his sluggish mind. They quickly centered on the glorious nude figure of Rachel Reed and her torture of him. It had been welcome torture. Requested torture. But he could just not remember how it had ended. And today, he was feeling miserable when he should have not. Because, no matter how intense it had been, last night was supposed to be only a game.


He tried sitting on the bed to get a better perspective of his surroundings and help his head stop spinning. He could not. His wrists were tied to something. It took him a couple of shakes and some extra squeeze of his memory to realize that he was cuffed to the bed's header.


A cold shiver ran down his spine. It was clearly late into the morning. He should not have been shackled. And he should not feel like shit.
“Rachel!” he screamed. It was irrational, but deep inside, he knew that whatever was happening to him had to do with her.
There was no answer.
“Rachel!” he called again, pulling a couple more times, trying to break free from his cuff.



“Rachel! You fucking bitch!” he screamed to the top of his lungs.

Of course, it had been her. Curtis blamed himself for having exposed himself so much to the resentful slut. He had thought that he had her in his pocket and had taken too many risks. And still, this kind of behavior did not feel like Rachel. She was the worst kind of bitch, but she was a cold and rational woman too, probably the coldest he had ever found. His entire blackmail had been based on this, on the fact that she would never jeopardize her career to get square with him.

Had he pushed her too far? Had he brought her to the point where she did not care anymore? It felt wrong. Rachel was still young. She was brilliant, and she knew it. There was a future for her. Why throw it off a cliff? Because this was what she had done. Rachel had lost her future. There was no way she would not be caught, no way she would not pay for what she had done.


He had to call Deadwater. He had to warn them. Whatever it was Rachel had in mind, she had to be stopped.
He fought again, trying to free himself, but it was to no avail. The handcuffs were high-quality steel, and his bed was made of thick mahogany.
This left him only one option:
“Help!” he yelled as loud as he could. “Help!” he repeated.



There was no response. Ten minutes later, his situation was as desperate as it had been, and his mouth was dry. How long would it take for those at the base to miss him? He was not counting on family or relatives to be the ones to realize that he was absent.

Damned Rachel. He had to admire her ruthlessness. This did not mean that he did not hate her. She had made the biggest mistake in her life, and she would pay dearly. This was not going to cost her only her career. Not even the years she might spend in prison for assault, and whatever it was she planned to do at Deadwater. He would go after her beyond that. He would devote the rest of his life to make hers miserable.

And then, the ground shook noticeably.

“What the fuck,” Curtis muttered.


Another shaking. Was this an earthquake? In Medford? As far as Curtis knew, they were as far away from a fault as one could be.
The third shaking was even stronger, making him bounce lightly in his bed. A fine cloud of dust rained from the ceiling. And then the building shuddered again, the windows rattling. Curtis' numbed mind identified the pattern right then. The pace between tremors was regular. Too regular to be natural. But if this was not natural, then what was it?


Rachel meant business, so she mostly ignored the world at her feet as she made way towards Curtis' neighborhood. Being oblivious to Medford's population did not mean that they did not suffer the consequences of her presence. It was not as if she had suddenly become gentle. None of her steps ended up without at least a victim, be that a living human or one of their abandoned vehicles. She just did not go out of her way to kill more than strictly needed to move.
Other than the already discounted death at her toes, the trek to her destination was mostly unremarkable. Undistracted, she covered the distance in little more than a minute, making use of her traffic-crushing ability to ignore the effects of the morning jam. The height of the buildings decreased as she advanced, adding to the general uplift of her mood, especially once she started towering over them once more.
CINEMA



And then, she had line of sight of her destination. After his divorce, Curtis had moved to one of the most upscale neighborhoods in the city, one he could afford thanks to the generous salary he was making as director of the RGX project. The four apartment buildings were new and exclusive, each built with the same architectonic principles but different heights. The shortest building featured eight floors. Curtis lived in the tallest one, fourteen stories high.

Rachel's heart filled with glee as she inadvertently quickened her pace. She ignored the destruction at her feet as her deep brown eyes set on the apartment tower and the white marble effect of its façade. She was there in no time.

Rachel had already expected the building to stand shorter than she did. The fact that it was barely level with her deep belly button came in as a surprise, though—a pleasant surprise.

"Fourteen floors, four apartments per floor, probably well over a hundred people… and it feels smaller than a suitcase to me," the giantess reflected with a chuckle.


Towering over the building had the mild inconvenience of not having a direct view of the object of her interest, which was no other than Curtis' apartment. She had left her former boss and lover there a few hours before and was eager to confirm that he had gone nowhere. She resolved the challenges of her scale by bending down a bit to bring her face to the twelfth floor. She had teased Curtis the night before for not getting the penthouse and had kept at it once she had realized that he had actually tried and failed to rent a corner apartment on the top floor.
"There you are, you fucking asshole!"



The building quivered once more, a fine cloud of dust of the ceiling dropping around him, making him afraid. Immobilized as he was, he could not take shelter or protect himself from the falling dust. And then, the room darkened, the bright daylight blocked by something massive.

Curtis's attention focused on the window right away, stunned at the pinkish mass that had suddenly blocked the sun. The mass started moving, some reddish tendrils taking its place from time to time. He felt a shiver running down his spine. And then, the pinkish and red hues were replaced by the shiny and deep green of an orb. There was a black sphere in its center. A black sphere that dilated as it focused in his direction. He started yelling when he realized it was an eye. A window-sized eye.

"There you are, you fucking asshole!" a familiar voice said…


The titaness suppressed the urge to taunt her tiny ex-boss and focused on removing him from the building instead. So, with no further word, she got back to her feet, the fourteen-story structure back at the height of her navel.
She was careful as she felt the façade with her fingers, placing them in windows of the twelfth floor on either side of Curtis' bedroom. And then, once she was reasonably sure that she had the correct posture, the giantess dug into the building with her fingertips, breaking through the façade as if it had been made of crackers.


Her hands were cupped upwards as she brought them inside the structure. Quite instinctively, she moved her hands up in a decisive move. For her, it was like lifting a shoe box.


Pushing the top two floors of the high-rise away with effortless strength, Rachel sent the massive chunks of debris flying through the air. The shattered remains tumbled like meteors, raining destruction across the city below.


The structure collapsed with a thunderous explosion, scattering debris and smoke in all directions. The shockwave rippled through the air as Rachel stood tall, watching the aftermath with mild satisfaction. With the distraction now reduced to rubble, she refocused her attention on her target deep within the building.
The giantess smiled in satisfaction when the plan went exactly as expected. She was now standing in front of a twelve-story building, the roof suddenly formed of the ruins of the former apartments of the twelfth floor. She could even see a couple of people moaning, trapped under the rubble, but ignored them as she focused on the part of the now top floor that was mostly untouched: there was still a ceiling on top of the area where Curtis' bedroom was located. It had been by design, of course. The last thing Rachel had wanted was for him to have a quick death under a chunk of concrete.
CINEMA
TETLEYS
EUROCAR


Using a more delicate approach, Rachel proceeded to peel the remainders of the ceiling with her left hand, quickly exposing the object of her interest. From about ten floors higher than he was, Curtis looked even more diminutive, lying on his bed. She could see that he was startled; she decided to let him recover. She had won already. And she wanted him to experience the shock without rushing.


Once the dust cloud cleared in the room, the sunlight hit Curtis once more, now coming from everywhere. He was too shaken to realize what had happened right away. He noticed the pile of rubble on either side of his bed first, the fact that his room was out of a ceiling later. He was staring straight into the high midday sun. He was trying to process how that fit with the fact that he did not live in the penthouse but two floors below it when the movement diverted his attention to the truly remarkable feature in the new landscape.



Curtis's gaze darted toward where the ceiling had been torn away. His eyes first landed on something strange—giant pinkish tubes resting against the wooden wall. It took him a second to realize with growing horror that they were fingers, gigantic fingers, casually perched as if their owner had all the time in the world.

Before he could process it, his focus was drawn upward, and there it was—the massive, house-sized face of Rachel, looming ominously above him. The evil smirk that curled on her lips was enough to chill him to the core, and when those piercing eyes locked onto his, Curtis felt his body betray him, an embarrassing warmth spreading as he unwittingly emptied his bladder.

The scream that erupted from his throat was primal, born from pure terror. It wasn't just her size that broke him—it was impossible. It couldn't be real. But as Rachel tilted her head slightly, relishing his panic, Curtis knew: this was the most terrifying sight he had ever seen.



“Missed me?” she asked in the naughtiest tone she could muster.

Curtis’ screams changed in pitch but not in intensity. There were hundreds of things she wanted to do to him.

It was a moment of reaffirmation. By killing him, Rachel would get rid of the only loose end that could threaten her power. And, at the same time, she would enjoy the sweet taste of revenge over a man who had dared to threaten her control of her life.

She would not kill him right away, though. There was so much more she had to do first. Starting by some bragging. The only issue was that the tiny fucker’s screams did not seem to be any close to stopping, and they were starting to get into her head.



“Shut the fuck up, Curtis.”

Rachel’s cold words came out almost like a whisper, even if they could be heard for blocks. They achieved her objective, but only for an instant. Her ex-boss looked initially startled but resumed his yelling almost right away.

It was making Rachel mad. Up to the point where she wanted to crush the bastard into a gory smear. But this would only give him the exit he probably wanted.

“SHUT UP!” Rachel repeated, this time screaming to the top of her lungs.

Her voice disrupted the city like a sudden thunderstorm. Windows rattled for blocks around her, and people in the vicinity were sent to their knees with their hands on their ears. Much closer to her than they were, Curtis could do nothing to protect himself. So, instead, the power of her voice shook him like nothing had shaken him before. He felt her power in his bones, in his head, and his soul.



From Rachel's point of view, Curtis seemed to have gone limp. She got worried when it lasted more than she had expected. His chest was still moving, so she had not killed him with a scream, even if the possibility was strangely intriguing. But he seemed to be knocked out. Had she overdone it?

It took more than a minute for the tiny asshole to get back on his senses. Her concern then was that she might have deafened him, which did not work well with her plans either. And then, his lips parted, and he mumbled:

"Ra… Rachel."


"In the flesh," she replied with a smirk. "A whole lot of it, as you can see," she could see it in his eyes that he had understood her. This removed her worries about having fucked his hearing.
"This… is… impossible," her former lover then said in a squeaky voice.
"Curtis, dear, one of these days, you will have to learn to accept that there are things that escape you and that are perfectly possible. You are way more limited than you think."
"Ho… how?" Curtis babbled.
"RGX, of course. I told you I was close to cracking it," Rachel smiled, content.


“But… no… it is not supposed to… it’s a performance and resilience enhancement drug,” Curtis replied, seeming to regain some of his composure as the conversation moved towards his field of work.
“Yes,” Rachel replied with a permanent smirk on her face. “It is that…too. And let me tell you, the results are very satisfactory on that front. I brushed off a few tank shells without even a scratch.” She could see the stupefaction in the little man’s face. “To your credit, I was not expecting the… side effect… of the change in size. I was even a bit dazed by it at first. But boy, does it come in handy!”
“This is madness!” Curtis protested.
“Madness for you. Glory for me,” Rachel.
“Glory?” her former boss asked, looking more shocked than she had ever seen him.


"You always lacked ambition and imagination. When you recruited me, you told me you were working on a drug that would increase performance and durability in the combat field. I told you I would create a supersoldier. And look… it turns out even I fell short," she bragged.

"You got into the cleanroom," Curtis said, changing gears.

"I knew you would do the math once you woke up," she replied sarcastically.

"But, why inject yourself? You were always bold but never brash."

Rachel pondered for a second but decided there was nothing wrong in filling Curtis in. It was not as if anyone would be able to do anything about her now. "I wasn't planning to, but I got caught. I was not aware of the damn code to exit the room. Had to improvise…"

"By risking to kill yourself?" Curtis asked.

"It was either that or thirty years in a maximum-security prison. So, I took my chances. My plan was to ram through the military policemen, though, not to grow through the roof if that was what you were going to ask," Rachel admitted with a shrug.

"You don't know why you grew," her former lover realized.

"I have a hint or two, but it's been hard to come by a sequencer to test my theory at my current size," she teased.


“There must be a way to fix it.” Curtis uttered his most stupid statement yet.
Rachel chuckled. “Which brings us to the present moment,” she said. And then, she smirked evilly and said in a softer tone: “Because, Curtis, darling, what makes you think that I want this ‘fixed’?”
She had to love the look of panic on his tiny face. It told her that he had not missed the implications of her statement. His tiny body started shivering as he tried to address her in a babble.
“Ra… Rachel, you cannot be thinking about staying like this. You… can’t… live like this!” he finally said.



She chuckled. “Oh, my morning so far has been excellent—the most invigorating few hours in my adult life, I have to say. I wouldn’t mind feeling like this the rest of my life.”

“But… the world…is not ready for…this.” Curtis kept shaking.

Rachel burst into wholehearted laughter. “This is the world’s problem, not mine, don’t you think?” she replied in a teasing tone.

“But… what… what will you do…like…this?” he asked, still mumbling.

Rachel chuckled once more. “See Curtis? That was always the problem with you. You could never think big,” she boomed. “To answer your question, I will do anything I damn well please.”

Curtis’ eyes open wide. Rachel could only love the impact she was having on him.


“People will never accept it!” Curtis came back, suddenly recovering some pride.
“And they won’t be able to do shit about it,” Rachel completed the sentence. “They will be busy doing whatever it is that I have commanded to them.”
“You can’t be serious!” he let out, sounding more indignant and less scared.
“Why are you so narrow-minded?” she asked, sounding genuinely curious. “Even if you could never come close to what I had expected from you, you are more intelligent than the average. It’s not so hard to see.”


“Don’t confuse being megalomaniacal with being audacious,” Curtis replied, now focused on the conversation and not so much in his precarious situation.
“Curtis, honey, you mention the two as if they were mutually exclusive,” Rachel replied.
“So, what will you do, take over the world?” he asked as if the concept were ridiculous.
“After I’ve had some fun, yes.” Rachel smiled.
“Fun?”
“Oh,” Rachel said in a cute tone. “I think I might have failed to mention how damn stirring this entire thing is.”
“You are delusional,” Curtis snapped.


Rachel's expression then turned more serious as she replied:
"No. I'm superior. I always was, but now it's so fucking evident that I had not thought you would struggle so much to accept it. You know, in hindsight, having an IQ of two-hundred and sixty-seven should have been enough to be taken as the leader. But if it takes three thousand tons of raw power to make it happen, then so be it."
"The people will fight back," Curtis said.
Rachel chuckled.
"I'm very much counting on it," she said. "Crushing the resistance will help make my point more apparent," she said. Rachel enjoyed the look of disgust in the tiny bastard's face, so she added: "By the way, did I mention how fucking horny it makes me?"


His disturbed expression was delightful. It gave her the queue to move to the conclusion.
“Which brings me to our current situation. As much as I’m enjoying this little chat, I should get going. The world is not going to take over itself.”
“Rachel, it’s not too late…” Curtis mumbled, now sounding scared again.


“Oh, for you it is. As little regard as I have for your research skills, I’d rather leave no loose ends.”
And then, Rachel brought her right hand towards him. Curtis’ screams started again. There were hundreds of things she wanted to do to him. The first step was always the same, though, so without further word, the giantess reached into the exposed room, using her nails to cut the chains and two fingers to pick the little man like a prop from a dollhouse.


Curtis kept yelling as Rachel lifted him to her face, discarding the tiny piece of furniture to her side.
It was exhilarating. Rachel had held dozens of people already, but none of them could provide her even a fraction of the satisfaction Curtis did. There he was, the last man who had held any power over her, both at work and in her personal life, suddenly looking like nothing more than a bug for her to dispose of.


She picked him up with two fingers and brought him to her face as she carelessly dropped the remainders of the bed to the road below.
“You… you are sick!” Curtis was screaming in panic again, clearly perceiving that his end was near.
“Curtis, dear, you’ve had your fun using me as your sex slave. It’s time I repay you in kind, don’t you think?” she whispered.
He increased the pith of his screams. Rachel hushed him.


"Shhhhhhh. I've been hotter than a cat in zeal ever since I broke through the lab's roof," Rachel said, her voice dripping with amusement. "But I have been saving myself for you—all two-hundred feet of me."
She leaned back, propping herself up with one arm as if the city itself were her lounge chair.


There was disbelief on Curtis face. “Take a deep breath.” Rachel smirked.
Rachel did not waste time lowering the hand containing Curtis to her womanhood. His size did not require it, but she was lubricated enough to slide a damn skyscraper in.


The colossal woman maneuvered her tiny captive dexterously, turning him with her fingers so that he would go in head-first. She then used the tip of her index to push him inside, letting a loud moan out. She was really anticipating it.



Curtis wanted to die. Death could not be worse than the ordeal he had just lived. He had been inside Rachel's pussy!

He had not yet fully comprehended his former employee's size by the time she had pushed him in. The next few minutes had felt like years and had been worse than anything he had ever been able to imagine. Pushed around from spongy surface to spongy surface, Curtis had tried to orient himself towards the slit of light that provided the tenuous illumination to the sticky cavern where he had been thrown. But every time he managed to move a few inches towards the dubious freedom, some muscle drove him further inside. And when he thought he had been able to work his way through the muscles, the slit had darkened, and the massive pillar of flesh that was Rachel's finger thrust him deeper into her cunt.

He was drenched. It was a combination of the sticky goo that covered the walls of the giant's vagina and the perspiration caused by the strenuous effort he was going through, all in the muggy murkiness of the cavernous organ.

Rachel realized she was going to be dissatisfied almost immediately either way. Curtis was way too small. Of course, the reality was that she was the one that was too big, but by now, Rachel was already too used to size everything against herself rather than the other way around.


It was not even the little jerk's fault. To Curtis' credit, he was noticeably active from the moment she released him in her love tunnel, making himself felt. The knowledge that she had a full-grown human being inside her was undoubtedly thrilling, but the physical stimulation just fell short of what would be needed for the fireworks. Rachel tried to fix it by sliding another finger in and nudging her tiny ex-lover, trying to get him to outdo himself. It was to no avail.
This was not going to work. She needed to work something out. The giantess frowned despite the mild titillation coming from her pussy. Because, for all his lack of effectiveness, Curtis was still trying his best. She fingered herself once more, nudging the little man, pushing him deeper into her cunt. The tickling was certainly amusing but not what she had been longing for during the entire morning.



The letdown got even worse when Curtis started showing the first signs of fatigue. Now, he lacked both in size and stamina, making the situation unsustainable. Rachel realized that she would need to take the matter into her own hands—or fingers.

Curtis' presence was now reduced to a mild tickling. It was curious that he was still alive. Rachel would have bet that the tiny man would suffocate after some time, but there seemed to be enough air in her vagina to keep him going. The giantess realized that she knew less about her womanhood than a biologist with two PhDs should. It did not matter, though. Once she got her fingers to work, he would not last much.


At some point, Curtis stopped fighting and waited for his death. He could breathe, even if the mushy atmosphere made it as hard as it got. He almost wished he couldn't, abandoning himself until the fate that was awaiting him finally materialized. And then, her finger pushed him with more violence, compelling him to move. It was barely an illusion, nothing he could keep for too long.
He almost dozed, motionlessly floating inside the nightmare that would end his life. And then, something pushed him hard on the sides. He was blinded by the light of day as he was abruptly pulled out into reality. His lungs, filled with a combination of countless fluids, started coughing, trying to expel the sweet sticky goo that filled his larynx.
The colossal Rachel brought her fingers inside her pussy, but with a different intention. Searching with care, she gently pinched the puny man and removed him from inside her.


He was sticky and coughing as she dropped him on her waiting palm.
“You were never much of a lover,” she said. “I was not expecting you to be so pathetic, though.”


It took the worthless bug a while to recover.
The little man was too fucked up to reply, so Rachel went on with her teasing. “I’m all for giving you a fair chance, though. You’re no match for my pussy, so how about I find you somewhere tighter?”
He could hear her thundering voice, but his mind was too numb to understand it. All he could tell was that she was teasing him—again. And then, cells started connecting in his brain, and her last words suddenly made sense. He started screaming like a madman almost at the same time she moved him down.


Seconds later, he was held by the sides by her fingers as she pushed him down so fast that he felt weightless. He was being held upside down, but the world blurred as she moved him, only coming back to high definition when she stopped. He was staring at Rachel's massive ass, admittedly the finest part of her blessed anatomy. More than one colleague at the lab had dubbed it world-class, and Curtis, having enjoyed it in first person, could only agree. Rachel Reed had the best derrière he had ever seen, with a superb combination of shape and firmness that put many top models to shame. He could tell that this was the same ass he was staring at, only now it could crush a colonial house.

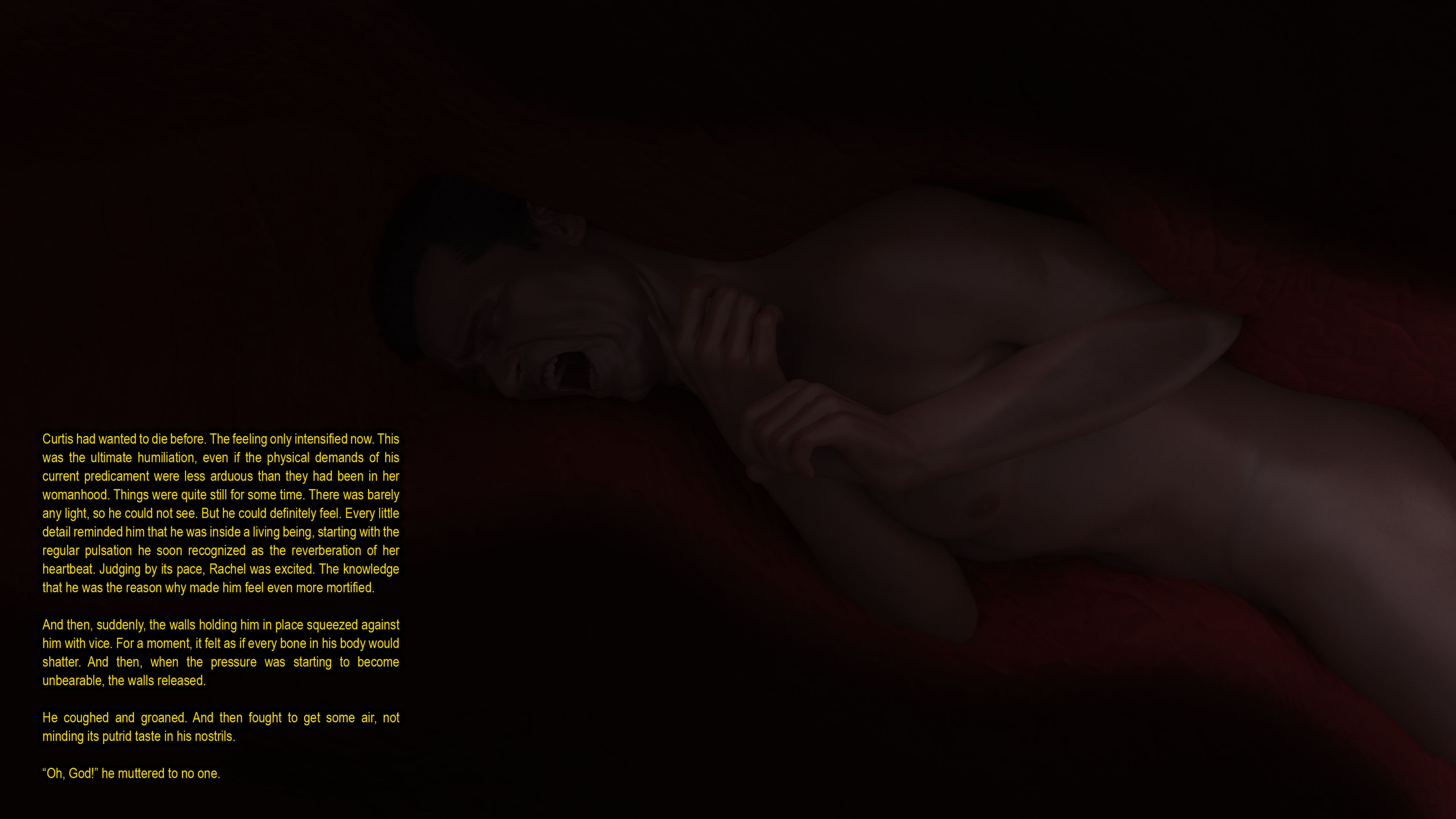
Curtis realized that Rachel had left him dangling there for enough time for him to admire his destination. And then, he was pushed into the cleavage between her buttcheeks quickly reaching the doors of her anus. He suddenly recovered his stamina and fought back as hard as he could.

“Don’t look so gloomy. You’ve always loved it where you’re going.” She said…


It was to no avail. The astronomical strength of one of her fingers pushed him into the crack. He was wedged in face first, with his good hand over his head and his maimed one pressed against his chest.

If there was a place in the world that felt different from her cunt, that was her ass! He had practically been free-floating in Rachel's vagina while the warm walls of skin in her anus pressed firmly against him. There were still soft enough that he was not being crushed but either adapting them to his shape, but he was completely enveloped. There was enough open space in front of him so that he could breathe, even if the air was heavy and loaded with the kind of scent one would expect from his current location.





Curtis had wanted to die before. The feeling only intensified now. This was the ultimate humiliation, even if the physical demands of his current predicament were less arduous than they had been in her womanhood. Things were quite still for some time. There was barely any light, so he could not see. But he could definitely feel. Every little detail reminded him that he was inside a living being, starting with the regular pulsation he soon recognized as the reverberation of her heartbeat. Judging by its pace, Rachel was excited. The knowledge that he was the reason why made him feel even more mortified.

And then, suddenly, the walls holding him in place squeezed against him with vice. For a moment, it felt as if every bone in his body would shatter. And then, when the pressure was starting to become unbearable, the walls released.

He coughed and groaned. And then fought to get some air, not minding its putrid taste in his nostrils.

“Oh, God!” he muttered to no one.

And then, the walls squeezed again. Only this time, it was harder. His bad hand hurt even more as it was pushed against his chest, but the pain coming from the spot where his thumb had been faded next to the torture the rest of his body was enduring.

He was about to pass out when the pressure was released once more. He had to catch his breath once more as he evaluated the pain. There was a sharp stabbing feeling coming from his chest. He was no expert in traumatology, but Curtis was reasonably sure that a couple of ribs had cracked.

But… how?

There was a new reverberation filtering through the walls that compressed him, transmitting sounds that were happening high above him. It took him a while to recognize it for what it was: a moan!

Oh, God! Rachel was moaning. She was doing it on purpose. She was flexing her ass muscles and getting high on his ordeal!




Oh! This was something else entirely! All the disappointment at Curtis' performance in her cunt was replaced by exhilaration at the man's effect inside her ass. What had been mere tickling in her womanhood was replaced by a delightfully noticeable presence, courtesy of the fact that he was held in place much tighter.
Feeling wickedly playful, Rachel tightened her ass muscles and moaned. Curtis's little presence became even more evident as his tiny body made an impression on her rectum, stimulating any nerve ending in there. It was considerably more stirring than his adventure in her pussy had been, and, even if it was not enough to get her off, it was both accelerating her heartbeat and increasing the warmth at her womanhood by the minute.
"Oh, yes," she mumbled.
And then, she squeezed again.


God! That was delicious. It was the combination of the physical invigoration with the intellectual knowledge that she was crushing Curtis to death in her ass. For all the possibilities her new condition offered when it came to killing, it was hard to think of too many options that could be worse.
Rachel released the pressure again. She did not want to kill him just yet. First, he needed to suffer, and part of the suffering was letting him reflect on what she was doing to him, and what this meant.


The giantess focused on enjoying every little movement from her captive as she gave him a short break. It made her hotter than she had thought she could ever be. Taken over by lust, she squeezed again, but this time she focused on making it slow and lasting.
Rachel would have never thought she could have such fine control over her ass muscles as she did. She was certainly happy about it. Closing her eyes, she focused on feeling every little impression her tiny ex-boss made on her asshole as she kept him in place, slowly tightening his prison of flesh against him. She stopped when she felt something breaking, but she did not release. Instead, she kept the pressure steady, trying to ensure that he would suffer both from the physical battering and from the uncertainty about what she was going to do.


“Feeling miserable enough, yet?” she thought.
Concluding that he could always get worse, she released and was exhilarated that she could still feel him alive and kicking in her shaft. There was some vibration coming from his position, which made her realize that he was screaming. Rachel let out a burst of wholehearted laughter at the sudden knowledge.


She was so close to nirvana now. Curtis would be history in seconds, but she would ensure that those would be the worst seconds in his life. And with his death, any hopes of harming her would die too. She would be virtually unstoppable, a force of nature, a step short from a goddess.
One new tightening of a sphincter, and she would get everything she could ever wish for in an instant: retribution over her despicable ex-boss and uncontested dominance.
Her pussy reacted in anticipation. Drops of her love nectar rained on the street below like meteors. Butterflies battered their wings in her stomach. Her nipples got harder than diamond.


Rachel tightened her ass once more. Like in the previous occasion, she was slower and more gradual this time. She moaned as Curtis' body fought against the membranes of her rectum, her pussy almost catching on fire with the excitement. She kept pushing. The giantess got as far as she had on the previous occasion. And then, she just went further. Something cracked inside her ass. It was when she released.
Nothing. There was no movement this time. Curtis' reaction had always been noticeable in the aftermath of each previous torture. His tiny body was utterly limp now. Rachel waited a few seconds to make sure. And then she let out a prolonged moan. This was it, then. It had finally happened.


Part of her wished that she had had the self-control to make the tiny fucker suffer for some more time. It was overwhelmed by the side of her brain that wanted to scream in ecstasy. Because she had lived what was probably the most determining moment in her new life as an all-powerful giantess—the moment when she had used the advantages of her size to their fullest and also the moment when she had secured her current status from any interference.


Her pussy was burning, craving for attention. Rachel could not hold herself anymore and brought her right hand to it. Having long preferred herself to anyone else when it came to giving herself pleasure, the colossal woman had no trouble using the entire skill of her fingers to stimulate the most sensitive areas of her eager vagina.


Her free hand soon found her chest, where a pinch and twist of her nipple added to her bliss.
Her moans became louder and more frequent as she fingered herself furiously. Perspiration started covering her body, turning her titanic form into a glistening statue for anyone brave enough to watch the massive porn show she was putting together.


Rachel lost track of time. She was vaguely aware of her surroundings, but the pleasure from within was too powerful, requiring her full attention. No lover, no toy, and no drug had ever had the hope of bringing her joy even remotely close to what she was feeling now.


And then, when she thought that her bliss had been maxed out, she felt it. It started with an intense burning in her stomach. It quickly spread through her body.


And then came the stretching. To anyone else, the combination would have been both confusing and concerning. Not to Rachel. Because this was not the first time she lived this.
“Oh,” was all the warning the giantess gave the world.


Her body started noticeably expanding almost right away. Rachel did not know too well what to make out of it, other than the fact that the feeling was as delightful as the first time she had gone through the process back at Deadwater.


Rachel's body sprawled across the cityscape like a force of nature, even if she had not even twitched a muscle. The ground caved under the pressure of her colossal form, leaving deep cracks and indentations where her body rested.

Her legs extended outward, crushing parked cars and obliterating anything in their path, while her hips and back had flattened the greenery beneath her into unrecognizable rubble. Nearby buildings leaned precariously, some even crumbling, unable to withstand the immense vibrations her weight had caused.

The heat kept burning. In the process, her perspective on the city changed. It had felt small before. It was starting to become something like a model set now. The asphalt cracked, courtesy of her increased weight. The consequences of the best orgasm of her life were already evident.

Her immense body sprawled further across the cityscape, pushing its limits as the surrounding infrastructure buckled under the strain. A fire hydrant erupted into a geyser, while nearby building facades cracked and crumbled in response to her overwhelming expansion. Her moans echoed through the streets as she seemed to revel in the chaos she was causing.


The awestruck city observed her for fifteen astonishing minutes. As far as she was concerned, she might have been masturbating for a week. When the orgasm finally came, it was the wildest release of ecstasy in history. Rachel's pleasured scream shattered windows for blocks and sent those still watching to their knees. She did not even notice as she panted heavily, eyes still closed.
PAY DAY LOANS
CD·DVD·LD
森記書局
新創作ダイニング


Her sprawling form sprawled across the cityscape, the sounds of cracking pavement and collapsing structures punctuating her moans. The growth seemed unstoppable, each wave of pleasure amplifying her size as the world around her struggled to accommodate her expanding frame.
PAY DAY LOANS
CD·DVD·LD IFリバティー
森記書局
新創作ダイニング


The narrow street, once bustling with life, was now overshadowed by her presence, with her body dominating the scene as the city's skyline seemed to shrink in comparison. The people inside the buildings, overwhelmed by fear, poured into the streets, scrambling to escape. Chaos erupted as they ran for their lives, their desperate cries drowned out by the creaking of collapsing structures and the deafening sound of Rachel's expansion.
PAY DAY LOANS
新創作
ダイニング
居酒屋
かあさん


Rachel remained speechless through the process, wondering about its cause at the same time she marveled about its consequences. And then, as sudden as the growth had kicked in, it faded away. The giantess noticed and observed her surroundings as soon as she noticed her height had topped off.
PAY DAY LOANS
CD·DVD·LD
新ハリウッド画館
飲み放題

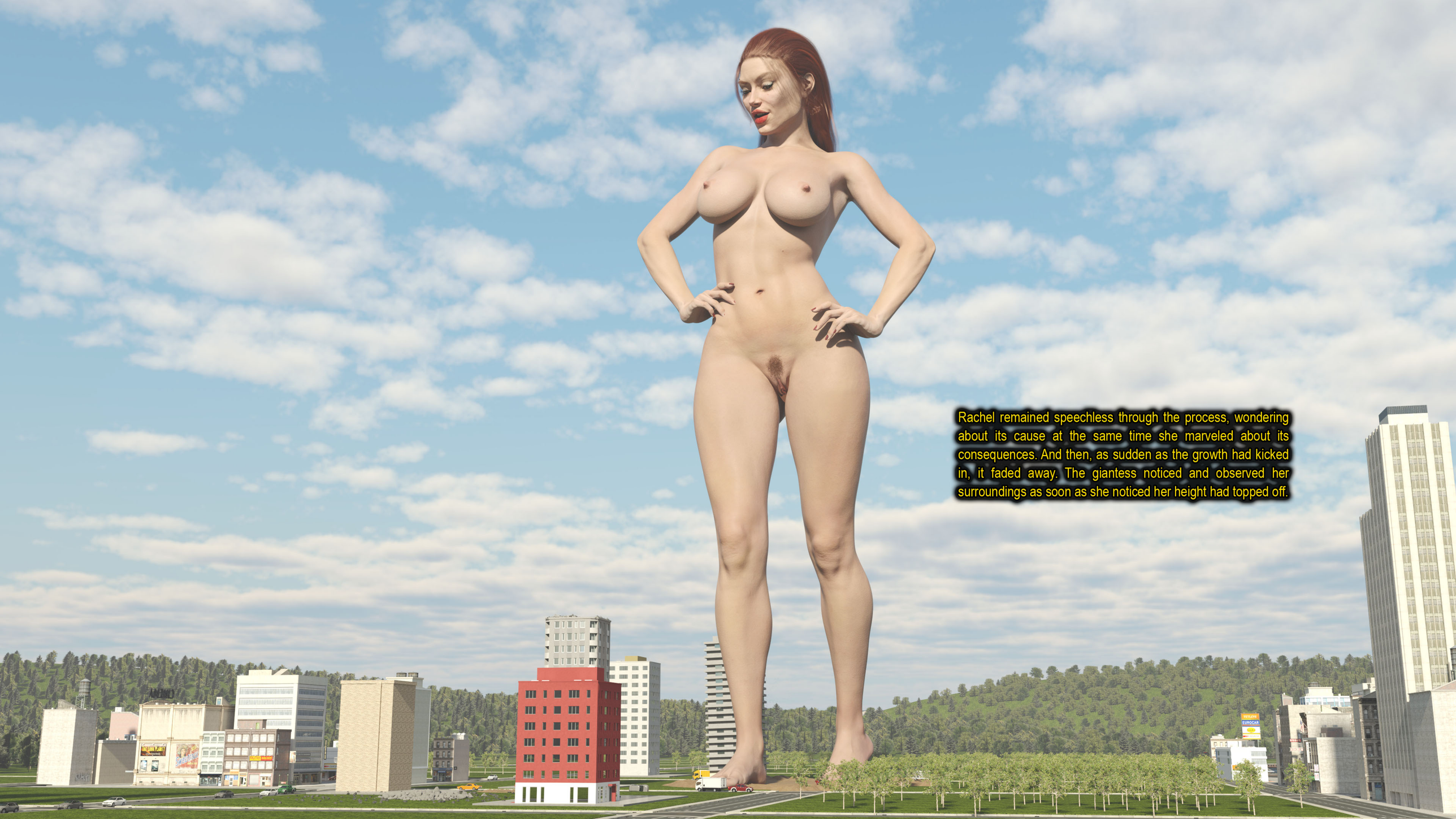


The comedown was long and sweet. The giantess finally opened her eyes and let them adjust to the bright daylight to take in on the details of the world around it. It was the same world she had been in before her climax, for the most part. But, at the same time, it was was different. It was hers now.

“Did you enjoy the show?” she teased, finally aware of the spectacle she had put together. Rachel had never been shy, but sex in public would have normally been beyond the red line. It was not, anymore. Nothing was.


The first thing she did after settling back into a seated position was adjust her vision. Damn, everything had changed! The landscape, buildings, and roads now appeared drastically tinier than they had just minutes before. Rachel's gaze sharpened as she tried to process the strange new proportions, a mix of amusement and disbelief flashing across her face.


As Rachel began to stand, her immense body kept climbing into the sky, dwarfing everything around her. Buildings that once seemed imposing now looked like mere toys at her feet. The ground trembled under her shifting weight, and her shadow stretched across blocks, casting an ominous darkness over the tiny cityscape.


Rachel remained speechless through the process, wondering about its cause at the same time she marveled about its consequences. And then, as sudden as the growth had kicked in, it faded away. The giantess noticed and observed her surroundings as soon as she noticed her height had topped off.


And then, she let out evil laughter that echoed across the city.
“Hahahahahahaha!”
Rachel had not planned to grow anymore. She did not even know what to make out of it. But, out of instinct, she was exhilarated by this new, unexpected development. If anything, it just added to her unstoppability.


To prove her point, the giantess looked down at the building where Curtis's apartment had been. The very structure she had ripped apart moments ago now appeared laughably insignificant. Once tall enough to reach her chest, it now barely grazed her knee. Her towering presence loomed over the cityscape, rendering once imposing buildings into mere playthings beneath her overwhelming scale.


A flood of ideas crossed her mind, each one more daring than the last. In a whim, the titaness lifted her foot, effortlessly surpassing the height of the high-rise. Her immense sole hovered menacingly over its improvised roof, casting a shadow that swallowed the structure whole.
CINEMA


Without warning, she set her foot down. Slowly, the structure crumbled as if it were made of sand. Floor after floor of the already battered building gave way to the unstoppable force of her sole, collapsing under its immense weight. Rachel didn't even need to apply pressure; her sheer presence was enough to obliterate the once-proud high-rise into a cloud of debris and dust.


A cloud of dust started rising from the wreck as soon as she reached the basement, having made short work of twelve floors of apartments and the dozens of people living in them in a quick, effortless movement. The aftermath of a single stomp made her truly grasp the magnitude of her newfound power—rubble scattered everywhere, flattened cars crushed under the weight of her foot, and countless lives obliterated in an instant.


“Hahahahahahahah!” she laughed again.
Rachel flexed her arm and moaned as her biceps bulged. She had never felt stronger. She sensed the power of RGX pumping inside her bloodstream, fueling her power, making her godly. And then, her thundering voice proclaimed what every pore of her body already exuded.


Exhilarated, the giantess took her first step forward. The ground quaked violently, announcing her presence not only in sight but also through the sheer force of sound and vibration. Nearby cars bounced out of place, the streets cracked, and the earth shifted beneath her colossal weight.
“Look at me!” she declared, her voice booming across the trembling cityscape. “I am the most powerful creature to have ever walked this puny planet. Gaze at me and see your new ruler!”
CINEMA


Another step. More shaking. Cracks spidered across nearby façades as the giantess's presence reshaped the environment with every movement. Her next step landed squarely over a cluster of abandoned cars. The vehicles, once bright and colorful, were reduced to flattened, indistinguishable shapes under her immense, tennis-court-sized sole. Pressed deep into the compacted earth, the remnants of the cars became permanent markers of her overwhelming power.


Rachel could still fit on the road, but barely. Each of her feet covered all four lanes of the wide avenue with ease. The giantess paid no mind to the destruction she left behind, shrugging as if it was inconsequential. Her strides carried her effortlessly forward, and it took her no time to reach the first crowd down the road. Panic spread through the group like wildfire as they realized the inevitable fate that loomed above them.
HOTEL


The rate at which she gained on them was almost insulting. To her, the crowd felt practically motionless.
“Pathetic,” she thought. But it wasn’t their fault, in reality. They only had become pitiful by comparison with her supremacy.
She was upon them in no time, her long toes easily towering over the laggards of the group. They looked no bigger than ants to her now. This was just how fucking huge she had become. And then, she lifted her left foot and let it hover over the group, casting its deadly shadow over dozens at a time.


“There’s no point in trying to flee, you know?” Rachel said conversationally, while she set her foot down.
It landed without warning and without mercy. As packed as the crowd had been, a lot of them perished under a simple step. She moaned deeply and brazenly, feeling every single pop under the delicate skin of her sole just an instant before her foot dug the ground into yet another pool-sized footprint.


Taking advantage of the same movement, Rachel brought one knee to the ground and reached for the shocked crowd, fingers extended. Her nails pushed a few individuals aside before she decided to bring her fingers together, mindful of the pressure she was exerting. A man smashed, but the remaining three people she had pinched remained in one piece as she lifted them from the road and into the heavens.


Satisfied with her catch, she carefully emptied the three trembling survivors into her waiting left palm. God, they were tiny! Their insignificant movements barely registered against the vast surface of her hand. She chuckled softly, marveling at just how fragile and helpless they seemed compared to her overwhelming scale.


“So this is how big I got,” she muttered, the people still being the best possible reference to estimate her size. None of the diminutive humans resting in her palm came even closer to being an inch long.
Rachel made some quick math in her head as her captives recovered from the sudden lift. They were not close to being an inch, but she thought they were bigger than half an inch. For the time being, she could settle with something in between. Counting with an average height of six feet, this made the people in her hand look a hundred times smaller. Or, what was the same, it made her a hundred times bigger. A hundred times! A hundred fucking times!



Numbers started flowing through her head with the ease her prodigious mind could handle. If her observation was accurate, this made her just south of six hundred feet in height. Or, being more practical, skyscraper-sized. A hundred was also an easy enough number to estimate her weight. She would essentially be a million times heavier, using a simple square-cube law approximation, making her over sixty thousand tons. No wonder she was causing mild earthquakes when she moved!

"I was unstoppable enough before. I'm just overwhelming, now," the giantess reflected. She was simply undeniable.

Her scientist mind kicked in just then, reminding her that for all the perks of her latest transformation, she had no clue about its causes. Rachel was sure that RGX had been behind this latest growth spurt, but the best theory she had to explain the mechanism was that her orgasm had freed some latent effect of the drug that had not manifested itself at Deadwater. It was not much for someone who boasted the sharpest brain in the biochem scene.

Some squeaky noises from her palm became a welcome distraction from her train of thought and directed her attention to her tiny captives. One of them was pinned between her thumb and index finger, the other were still lying on her cupped hand, with plenty of room to spare. Rachel wondered how many people she would be able to hold at once, now. That it would surely be more than a hundred made the butterflies return to her stomach.

“Hi, there,” the giantess chirped.

All she got as a first answer were some screams. It was predictable enough. It was also informative. Her state of perpetual elation got an uplift when she realized that despite the boost in size, she could still hear the tiny beings.

“Yeah, I guess I can cause this effect,” she said. “Let me try some incentive. The first one to tell me their name makes it out my palm alive.”

There were some more meaningless screams. Then, a woman managed to say:

“Rhonda!”




Rachel smiled and reached out to her palm with her free hand. Her fingers dwarfed the diminutive people on it. She still managed to maneuver them with enough skill to pinch the object of her interest between her fingertips, being gentle enough not to squish her right away. The woman fought, but it was to no avail. The recently magnified giantess giggled as the woman tickled in the sensitive skin of her fingertips but had no trouble keeping her in place.
Rachel lifted Rhonda in front of her window-sized eyes and winked:
“Clever girl,” she whispered.


She then looked down at her palm and pouted at the three men still on it.
“Not so clever,” she said. And then, she just turned her hand upside down, letting the three bodies fall to the road below, half a world away.


The woman kicked and screamed, but Rachel simply kept looking at her with curiosity.
“You are so cute,” she whispered at the panicky woman. “I’m half tempted to keep you as a pet.”
And then, a tickling she had not expected caught her attention.


Rachel was ecstatic. So ecstatic, in fact, that she decided Rhonda was no longer of any use.
“I have something else to do,” the giantess declared, her voice carrying an almost dismissive tone. Without another thought, she flung Rhonda into the air with a flick of her wrist, sending the woman plummeting toward the ground below. The scream that followed was brief, drowned out by the sound of Rachel’s exhilarated chuckle.
Freed of her burden, Rachel's hand instinctively traveled down her curves, settling firmly on her massive rear. She smirked as she brought one of her fingers inside her anus…



Curtis did not know how long he had been out. The air was no longer heavy or putrid, and the crushing pressure he had endured was gone. His body screamed in pain, every nerve on fire. As far as he could tell, half the bones in his body were broken. The agony of his battered form was unbearable, and he could only hope that the internal bleeding he was sure had begun would finish him quickly.

His blurred vision adjusted as he realized he was no longer inside Rachel. The shift in sensation—the absence of the unbearable tightness—was a horrifying relief. He tried moving, but his body refused to obey, wracked with pain and exhaustion. Groaning, he attempted to reposition himself, his right leg providing the only semblance of strength. With a small push, his head tilted to the side, revealing the monstrous landscape beneath him.

And then, the motion began. Curtis's stomach churned as he was moved with the force of a violent rollercoaster. It took him a few more seconds to realize just how wrong everything was. He had escaped one nightmare only to be thrust into another.


His surroundings blurred until a shadow overtook him, and when his eyes finally adjusted, Rachel's gigantic face loomed over him, her expression one of triumph and cruel amusement. “I have to admire your resilience,” Rachel said to the tiny man in her palm. Her heart was filled with glee at the chance to humiliate him so more.
“I… I’m broken…” Curtis babbled.
“That was the idea,” she replied cheerfully.
The moment when she saw the understanding in his eyes was lovely.


“Ra… Rachel… you…”
“Yes. About three times taller, in case you are interested. Best orgasm in my life, I have to say.”
“This is… impossible,” Curtis mumbled.


Rachel laughed.
“You keep saying that as if reality had to obey you. Well, I have some news for you: it obeys me!”
“Oh my God!” Curtis said.
Rachel chuckled.
“I guess you could call me that!”
“No…no!” Curtis said.



"Look, honey, it doesn't look as if you have a whole lot of time left, so let me spell it out for you one last time. I was already the most intelligent person on the planet. And now I'm also the strongest. And, as far as I know, virtually impossible to kill. I will crush my way to power. The only real question is how many cities I will need to turn into rubble to push those in charge all the way from denial to acceptance," Rachel bragged.

"No…" Curtis said. He then coughed. The blood was visible even in someone as little as Curtis now looked in her hand.


“There’s no way I’ll let you die on your own,” Rachel said. And then, her fingertip blocked the Sun for the tiny fucker.
Curtis desperately raised his hands, "Rachel, please! There must be another wa-” his voice trembling, as her finger drew closer, its surface looming larger than Curtis’s entire world.


The pressure from Rachel's finger on Curtis started as a mere touch, almost tender. But as the seconds passed, she pressed down incrementally harder. Curtis's muffled groans of agony barely reached her ears, his protests drowned out by her sheer amusement.


His bones began to crack and Rachel's smirk widened. She tilted her head, observing his futile struggle as the once-defiant man beneath her glossy nail succumbed completely. A final, decisive press silenced him, leaving nothing but his limp, broken form embedded into the pale surface of her skin.


By the time she was done pushing, her former lover and boss, the man who had tried to outsmart her and blackmail her into submission, was nothing more than a gorey stain in her palm.
Rachel felt strangely fulfilled. As much as she despised the man, Curtis was important enough that she had wanted to devote her personal attention to him. He was probably one of the last people in the world who would get that much of her focus. Having finally killed him made her feel like she had closed a stage. She had crushed her past, and with it, she had also extinguished any slim chances of being stopped. She was ready for the future. Her future.


To be continued...


Army
Information
Center
NORTH AMERICA
REPUBLIC



MILITARY DRONE FOOTAGE 0035/009



MILITARY DRONE FOOTAGE 0044/065

NAME

RACHEL REED

OCCUPATION

SCIENTIST

FIRST GROWTH

DEADWATERS MILITARY CAMP

APPROXIMATE HEIGHT

197 FEET

APPROXIMATE WEIGHT

5100 TN



CIVIL FOOTAGE 0125/789



MILITARY DRONE FOOTAGE 9433/028

NAME

RACHEL REED

OCCUPATION

SCIENTIST

SECOND GROWTH

MEDFORD CITY

APPROXIMATE HEIGHT

600 FEET

APPROXIMATE WEIGHT

138200 TN