
Titania glanced up at Jeanette, and was amused to find herself staring not at Jeanette's face, but up her skirt. "As much as I like the view, we should probably go track down those two before they get too far away."
"And what about this one?" Jeanette asked, as she raised her heel up above the redhead. "You want to ask her a question first? Or maybe I could keep her, add another redhead to the collection?"
"What?! I mean, her? Really?" Titania asked. "Nah, she's boring. Just finish her off so we can track down the other two!"
"Wait!" the redhead shouted, as Jeanette's heel came down upon her. "No, no no no no--"


"Come on, do it!" Titania shouted. On cue, Jeanette slammed her heel down, splintering the desk and utterly eviscerating the redhead. Bits of her splattered across the room, every bit as red as her hair.
"Nicely done," Titania said with a wicked laugh. "You're a regular Jackson Pollock! Now let's get those other two!"


It didn't take Jeanette long to find them. "There you are!" Jeanette shouted.
"Shit, she sees us!" Ted yelled.
"Obviously!" the auburn-haired girl yelled. "What do we do?"
"Run!"
SAFE ZONE


Jeanette rolled her eyes. “Ugh, do you two seriously think you can run from me?” she asked. “Come on, Titania, let’s get ‘em.”
“With pleasure,” Titania said. “Let’s do a pincer attack!”
MIDDLETOWN


Ted shook his head with confusion. “What the hell does that mean?”
“I don’t know,” the auburn-haired girl said, “but let’s get the hell out of here!”
The pair sprinted away as fast as their feet would carry them, but they knew she was gaining on them. Even over the sounds of their own footsteps and frantic breathing, they could hear the booming sound of Jeanette’s steps behind them, and they were getting closer.
“Shit,” Ted said, “she’s almost--”


The pair jumped back just as Jeanette's heel slammed down in front of them. The force shattered the pavement and sent a cloud of debris into the air.

Jeanette examined her prey. “Ted, you piece of shit, I’m finally going to make you pay. And you...” Jeanette looked over at the auburn-haired girl. “I don’t know you, but you’re kind of cute… Hey Titania, what about this one? Can I keep her?”

Titania strolled over and looked at the terrified woman. “She’s cute, but you already have two redheaded sex slaves!” Titania said. “Do you know how expensive it is to take care of them? You really shouldn’t get another one until you get rid of one of the ones you already have. And besides, I really want to see you step on her!”

“Yeah, I bet she will squish real good,” Jeanette said with a sigh. “Alright, let’s stomp on them at the same time!”

Titania and Jeanette each raised a foot into the air, right above their respective victims. A wicked grin spread across their lips, as the terrified pair below recoiled in horror.
"On the count of three," Titania said. "One, two... Three!"



Titania and Jeanette took a step closer together to stomp on the pair, and they found themselves quickly locked in a warm embrace. With the unfortunate students still flattened under their heels, the pair shared a gentle kiss.

"So what's for lunch?" Jeanette asked. "Does Spanish class sound good?"

"No, not Mexican," Titania said. "I had some of that already, it was way too fatty. Let's eat some yoga class, they should be nice and lean!"

"That's fine for a pre-meal snack... but yoga class is never filling," Jeanette pointed out. "Let's get some Chinese-class take-out, then we can eat them at home while we watch TV!"

"Deal!" Titania said. They walked off into the sunset hand in hand, ready to eat another tasty classroom together before they returned home to watch some Netflix.

19 HOURS
LATER


It was almost six in the morning and Jeanette was still awake, along with her slaves. reclined in her apartment while the redheads helped her relax. Jeanette liked to spend her nights as big as she could comfortably grow within her apartment. It made it easier to casually dominate her slaves, and gave them more of her body to please… a duty that one of them didn't seem to be putting her heart into.
Lindsay was kneeled down in front of her crotch, taking a well-deserved breather from a night of oral duty. Sarah, meanwhile, was absent-mindedly tonguing away at the side of her foot, which was perched precariously on a coffee table.
"Come on, don't get lazy," Jeanette ordered. "Lick like your lives depend on it… because they do! That's an order. Now don't forget to say the thing!"


"The thing--oh, right. 'As you command, mistress,'" Sarah said with a resigned sigh. She dutifully lapped away at Jeanette's pantyhose-clad foot, which was as disgusting and sweaty as ever. She recoiled in disgust, but kept at it anyway. Jeanette didn't even seem to especially like having her feet licked, but she certainly enjoyed humiliating Sarah.


Lindsay's specialty, on the other hand, was something Jeanette was extremely fond of. The petite redhead lovingly swirled her tongue in circles around Jeanette's warm, wet clit, which was as big and soft as a ripe Georgia peach.
"Mmm, yeah, just like that, Lindsay," Jeanette moaned.



"As you command… Jeanette," Lindsay said with a winking glance. She knew she wasn't supposed to call her mistress by her name, but Jeanette was so fond of her and her skills that she let her get away with a little disobedience. Lindsay had grown rather fond of Jeanette as well. She had found that she had a certain appetite for domination, and Jeanette served her a grand feast every night.


Jeanette's gaze turned towards Vanessa, who she enjoyed tormenting more than anyone else. "What do you think you're doing, 'boss?'" Jeanette asked. "You think I pay you to look at your phone?"
Vanessa sighed. "First, you don't pay me, and second, I'm sending emails for the PR work Titania told me to do."
"Well something more important just came up," Jeanette said with a wicked swirl of her tongue. "I need a snack, and you look more filling than the redheads."
Vanessa scoffed. "Your threats don't mean anything to me anymore. I know you need me too much to kill me, so don't even try that shit with me!"


Jeanette's gaze grew more intense. "Are you seriously fucking talking back to me?" Jeanette asked. "You're right, I'm not gonna kill you. But I bet that if I just took a bite or two?, you'd probably survive. So maybe I'll just take a bit out of those thighs of yours..."
"I'm not a fucking chicken, you sicko!" Vanessa shouted.


"I'll be the judge of that," Jeanette said. She lifted Vanessa up to her face. Jeanette ran her long, wet tongue along the side of Jeanette's face. "I bet you taste a hell of a lot better than chicken," Jeanette said. "I want to eat you all up so fucking bad… You're lucky Titania thinks you're so good at your job, or else I'd have you for a snack right now."

"Yeah, well part of me wishes you would just fucking eat me already," Vanessa muttered under her breath. "It couldn't be much worse than being the slave of you two!"


The door behind them creaked open, and a tall, busty blonde bent down to walk under the door. Her enormous breasts were spilling out of her ill-fitting white costume. “Morning Jean!” Titania said. “I tried on my old costume, but it doesn’t fit anymore…”


"Doesn't fit anymore?" Jeanette asked. "Come on, Karen, can't you just, like, make it grow with you or something?"
"Doesn't work that way," Titania said. "When I grow, it changes the size-force of my clothes. But my tits just grew because I got fat, and now my old outfit doesn't fit anymore..."
"Well I think it looks good on you!" Lindsay chimed in.
"Did I ask you to talk, slave?!" Titania shot back.
"Yeah Lindsay, don't talk out of turn," Jeanette said. "Your tongue is for licking, not talking. But Karen, she's right... I love your new curves! Are you seriously complaining because your tits are too big? At least let me see the front of the costume!"


Titania turned around and showed Jeanette her chest. “See what I mean? I look ridiculous!” She grabbed ahold of her enormous breasts for emphasis.
“I think you look sexy as hell!” Jeanette said.
“Well in that case, I can wear this in the bedroom… but I can’t go out like this!”


"Says who?" Jeanette asked.
"Says me," Titania said. "The government guys just sent me a new outfit, but odds are that won't fit, either..."
"I'm sure it will look great!" Jeanette said.


With Titania out of the room, Jeanette's attention went back to Vanessa. "Karen's busy getting changed. You think she would notice if I just swallowed you really quick? I could say it was an accident…"


"Oh god, you're actually serious this time, aren't you, you crazy bitch?!" Vanessa said as she fought off a panic attack. "You don't know how much I do for you! Most of the city still loves you, even though you go around and kill people for fun! Who do you think is responsible for that? It's me! It's all me! You lose me, and everyone's gonna be out for you!"


"You know, that sounds like fun!" Jeanette said, as she squeezed Vanessa tighter. "Ever since Titania let me grow, everything's been so easy... It would be fun to have a little war! And you can be the first casualty..."


Vanessa begged for her life, but Jeanette ignored her protestations and lifted the brunette closer to her mouth, ready to take a bite. The only thing that made her stop was the sight of two enormous breasts squeezing through a narrow doorway.


"So this is the new outfit!" Titania said. "What do you think? Does it fit okay?"
"I think it looks amazing!" Jeanette said. "Why don't you strike a pose for me?"


"Sure thing!" Titania said. "This is a little dance I call the Titania Tusi..." Titania swung her hips rhythmically and raised her arms in front of her head, one after the other. Sarah sat silently in the corner, staring with disdain for her tormentor's joy.


Titania suddenly stopped dancing, and a look of concern crossed her face. “So you don’t think it’s too revealing to wear out?” she asked. “I mean, I’m used to having boob windows, but this thing is just begging for a nip slip…”
“Since when are you of all people worried about a nip-slip?” Jeanette asked. “We’ve had our tits and pussies out in broad daylight! The clips are all over the internet!”


Titania shrugged. “Yeah, you know what I mean, though. We decided to do that! It’s different! We did it on purpose, and we owned it! But wouldn’t it be embarrassing to have them just fall out by *accident*?”


Jeanette laughed. “Would you worry about a chicken seeing you naked?”
“Huh? Of course not,” Titania said with a shrug. “They’re stupid little animals. Why would I care what food thinks?”
“Exactly,” Jeanette said. “That’s what normal people are to you and me. They’re food. And if they laugh at us, we’ll laugh back harder, and then we’ll eat them. You don’t really care what they think about you… do you?”

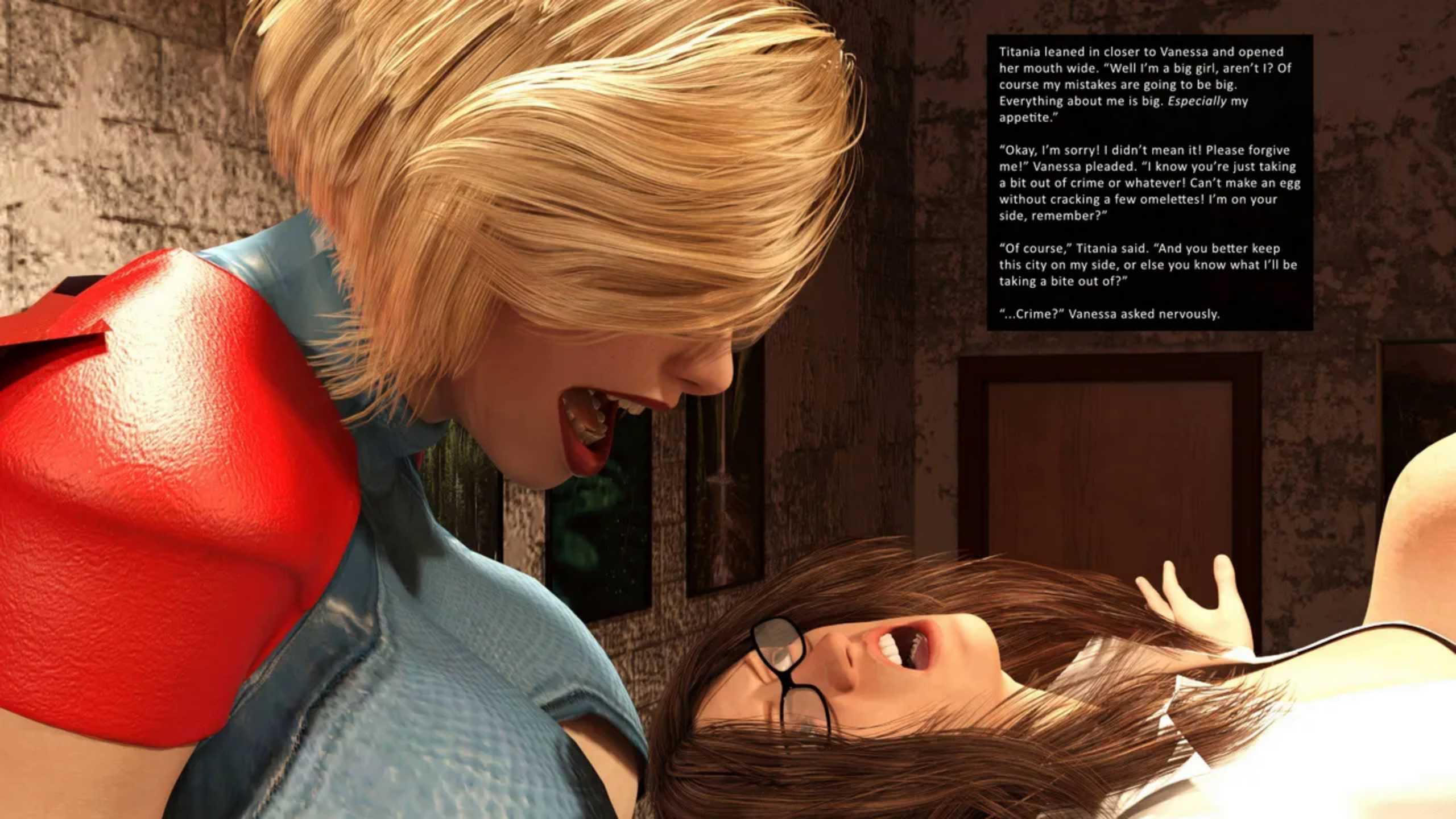

Titania sighed. “If you asked me a month ago, I’d say ‘of course not.’ But now, I don’t know. Kind of. Maybe. Or maybe it’s not about what they think… It's about doing right by myself. Trying to be better. Trying to live up to what the propaganda says about us.”
“What do you mean?” Jeanette asked.
“I mean I want to help people. I mean, sure, we have our fun and all, but… I always told myself that was fine because I’m a hero. Eating one person is fine if you save a hundred, right? But lately, as much fun as we’ve been having, I haven’t felt much like a hero lately. You and me… we can still be heroes, right? Together?”


"Of course we can!" Jeanette said excitedly. "I've always wanted to be a superhero! Ever since I was a girl, and I watched you stomping on people in that sexy white outfit of yours, I wanted to be a hero, just like you!"


Titania chuckled. “There’s a lot more to being a hero than just stomping people,” she said. “You’ve got to stomp the *right* people. And sure, a little collateral damage is fine and all, but don’t get too carried away!”

Vanessa scoffed. “Oh, I’d say it’s a hell of a lot more than a little collateral damage!”


"Well we all make mistakes, don't we?" Titania asked. "That's why pencils have erasers. And you're my little eraser!"
"Well you've made some pretty goddamn big mistakes!" Vanessa shouted.


Titania leaned in closer to Vanessa and opened her mouth wide. "Well I'm a big girl, aren't I? Of course my mistakes are going to be big. Everything about me is big. *Especially* my appetite."
"Okay, I'm sorry! I didn't mean it! Please forgive me!" Vanessa pleaded. "I know you're just taking a bit out of crime or whatever! Can't make an egg without cracking a few omelettes! I'm on your side, remember?"
"Of course," Titania said. "And you better keep this city on my side, or else you know what I'll be taking a bite out of?"
"...Crime?" Vanessa asked nervously.


"YOU," Titania said. For emphasis she chomped her teeth together, lust in front of Vanessa's face. The sound of Titania's teeth clamping together was almost deafening, and Vanessa recoiled in horror.


"Better get started writing that next puff piece!" Titania said. With a careless motion, she tossed Vanessa clear across the room, narrowly missing the couch where the redheads were sitting.
"Come on, Jeanette, shrink down really quick," Titania said. "I want you to try on your new costume!"


Vanessa landed on the floor, but she managed to catch herself well enough to avoid getting hurt too badly; living with Jeanette and Titania had given her plenty of practice at taking a fall. She staggered back onto her feet.
"They don't pay me enough to put up with this," Vanessa muttered.
"We don't pay you *anything*!" Jeanette shot back. "You're an unpaid intern, remember? Now go make me some coffee, then tailor one of Titania's costumes to fit me, and quick. I'm going to be a superhero!"



Later that morning, Jeanette and Titania strolled through downtown in their new costumes.

"So, are you having fun yet?" Titania asked.

Jeanette shrugged. "It's nice and all, being out here with you… I just thought there'd be more action! Are you sure I can't just grow big and step on a few people?"

"Don't worry, there will be an opportunity to step on some bad guys soon enough," Titania assured her. "Probably. But for now… just try to enjoy being a street-level hero for once. Meet the locals. See if any crime happens. I'll start you off slow, show you the ropes. And hey, if we go all day without killing a single criminal, then at the end of the night we can find some hobos down by the docks that are trespassing, and stomp on them. Deal?"

"Deal!" Jeanette said excitedly. "But… Could I make just one exception? My stomach is growling, and being around all these people is making me hungry. Can I eat someone? Please? That blonde over there looks tasty!"


Titania sighed. “I know I’m one to talk, but we’ve been eating so many people lately. Why don’t we try to go one day without eating people? I mean, when’s the last time we just went to a restaurant together and got a nice dinner, without eating the other customers? We should try eating some normal-people food for a change!” Titania said.
Jeanette pouted. “That’s what I was trying to say! I want to eat normal people. For food.”
Titania chuckled. “I don’t think you quite get the hero mindset just yet. I’ll tell you what, let’s try some hot dogs, and if you’re still hungry afterwards you can eat the vendor. Deal?”
“Deal!” Jeanette said excitedly.
PAVLOV'S
HOT DOGS
COLD DRINKS
Hot Dogs 2.50
Sausages 3.50
Khlav Kalash
Soda 1.50
Juice 2.50



"Hey, could we get some hot dogs?" Titania asked the hot dog vendor.

The man's eyes opened wide. "Oh my god, you're really Titania, aren't you?!" the vendor said excitedly. "I thought you were one of the costume people that take photos with tourists or something, but you're the real deal. I'm like your biggest fan! Tell you what, you two can get whatever you want, on the house!"


"Oh, really?" Titania asked, with a mischievous grin. "Well in that case, I'd like all the hot dogs and sausages you have. For free."
"All of them?!" the vendor asked. "That's not quite what I had in mind. You're joking, right? That's like two hundred bucks worth of hot dogs!"
Titania leaned in closer, bending down to fit under the umbrella. Her smile barely concealed the malice beneath. "I'm sorry, didn't you say you were a fan?"
"Yeah, a huge fan!"
"And didn't you say I could have whatever I wanted, for free?"
"Y-yeah, but..."
"So are you a little liar? Because I don't like liars very much. Or are you going to make us all of those free hot dogs, right now?"



The vendor smiled his widest, fakest smile. "Of course, Titania! Right away, Titania! So how do you want them made?"

Titania mulled it over for a minute before answering. "Let's get ketchup and mustard on all of them, polish on half. My half. And I think I'll also take those sodas... Not the Mountain Dew, but the other ones. And that watch you have looks nice too..."

While Titania was busy ordering her food, something else caught Jeanette's attention.


DO NOT
ENTER
Easy St
NO
PARKING
"What's going on over there?" Jeanette mused aloud.
"Is he seriously robbing her in broad daylight?"


Across the street, a man in a hoodie was robbing a woman at gunpoint. “Give me your fucking purse!” he shouted.
“No, please, my passport is in there!” the woman pleaded. “Let me at least take that out first!”


"How stupid are you?" the robber shouted.
"Give me your fucking purse, now, or you die!"
TETLEYS
EUROCAR
SOAD
TEPCO
SOAD


The robber grabbed her purse and sprinted away. Jeanette watched the display with her head cocked.
ONE WAY
NO PARKING
73
SARYA


"This is it!" Jeanette said excitedly. "I'll finally get to see what it's like to be a real hero!"
"What did you say?" Titania asked, as she chomped away at another hot dog.
"Nothing," Jeanette replied. "I'm just gonna do something really quick, I'll be right back!" and she sprinted off.
COLD DRINKS
COLD DRINKS


"Don't worry, miss!" Jeanette said to the robbing victim. "I'll get your purse back, no matter what it takes!"
"Thanks so much, Titan-wait, no, you're that other girl…"
"That's right," Jeanette said. "Call me… Giant Jeanette, on the job! And I'll prove that I can do it all on my own, without any help!"
NO PARKIN
COLD DRINKS
HOT DOGS
FOOD TOY


The robber sprinted into a nearby alley, purse in hand. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw a tall blonde figure behind him.
“Shit, is that Titania?”


The robber ducked behind a dumpster and waited in ambush, pistol in hand. A tall blonde woman in a white costume sprinted around the corner, but to his surprise it wasn't Titania.
"Come out with your hands up and hand over the purse!" Jeanette shouted. "You can hide... but you can't outrun, err, umm... Come out, come out, whatever you are!"


Jeanette ran a little further down the alley, but just a few steps later, she had to stop to catch her breath. “Ugh, I’ve gotten out of shape,” Jeanette muttered to herself. “I probably should have gone to gym class yesterday, instead of eating everyone in gym class… Ugh. Dammit, that robber is probably a block away by now. I’m never gonna get that purse back to that poor lady!”


Jeanette was almost ready to give up when a figurative lightbulb went off in her very literal head. "Duh, I'll just grow!" she said excitedly. "I won't have to run when every step takes me fifty feet!"


But despite her trying, the growth spurt didn't start quite as quickly as Jeanette had hoped. "Come on, growing powers, feel free to work any time," Jeanette said with a frustrated sigh. "I know I can do this... I don't need Titania's help anymore!" She clenched her muscles and channeled her energy, and she felt a burst of power shoot through her.


Jeanette quickly shot upwards, doubly in size by the second. Soon she found herself as tall as the two-story buildings that surrounded her, but even that was far from big enough for her liking.


"Ooh yeah, that feels good!" Jeanette said excitedly, as she ran her fingers through her hair. Her growth accelerated, and soon she stood taller than the powerlines nearby her, but she still wasn't big enough for her own liking.
Waste Management


"Shit," the robber muttered to himself, "she's getting really fucking big... I've got to get out of here!"


While Jeanette was distracted by her own growth, the robber sprinted away with the purse still in hand. He was nearly out of the alley when he got an overwhelming urge to look back. His eyes tracked her, up higher and higher, until he finally saw her face, which was still staring off into the sky. Jeanette had grown even bigger, but to his relief the giant woman hadn't seen him. Until she did.
WHO?


To his horror, Jeanette's gaze turned towards him, and the giant woman's expression quickly turned to a furious scowl. "I see you, purse snatcher!" Jeanette shouted, her voice booming. "Did you really think you could just steal a purse and get away with it? Not on my watch!"
Even as she spoke, she was still growing, and soon the buildings around her didn't even come up to her knees. Then she took a step, and her true size became even more apparent. Her heel pressed down, and the ground shook beneath her weight.



Jeanette gave chase, but walking down the narrow alley-way proved to be more difficult than she had anticipated. She knew that even a slight bump against the building could be enough to collapse the brick walls, and so she slowly, carefully shimmied down the alley, careful to not do any damage.


"Ugh, this is taking forever!" Jeanette whined to herself, as she slowly slunk her way through the alley. "I'll never get that purse back if I agonize over every single brick I knock out of place. I'm here to retrieve stolen property, so what if I cause a little property damage in the process?"


Jeanette quickly came to an impasse. It was clear that at her current size, there was no way forward that didn't involve plowing through a few buildings. "I can't let that bastard beat me," Jeanette muttered to herself. "What's that thing Titania would always say... 'Can't make a crime-fighting omelette without cracking a few civilian eggs!' But it does feel kind of wrong destroying stuff as a hero... Hmm.... I know, I'll just smash a couple things on purpose to get used to it!"


Jeanette raised her fists into the air. There was a building on either side of her. She was going to change that.
"Ugh, this still feels wrong," Jeanette said to herself. "The first smash is the hardest. Just gotta force myself to do it, on the count of three. One... Two..."


"Three!" Jeanette shouted. She slammed her fists down into the office buildings below, smashing a dozen floors with each blow. In an instant, dozens of office workers were buried under tons of concrete.
"See," Jeanette said, "that wasn't so bad. From here on out, it's only gonna get easier!"



A block away, the purse-snatching victim frantically pleaded to a nearby beat cop. "You've got to help me! Some guy stole my purse a few blocks from here. He pointed a gun at me and then took my purse and then--"

"Slow down, slow down," the cop said. "One step at a time. So he took your purse, and then what happened?"

"And then this superhero lady came to help me. ! She said she'd catch him no matter what, but I figured I should still come to you guys anyway. Her name was the giant something or other..."

"Titania?"

"No, something else," the woman said. "Giant... Jeanette! That was it!"


"Jeanette? Seriously?" the cop sighed. "I'm gonna get the hell out of here, and if you're smart you should--"
The earth started to shake, followed by a series of deep booming noises. Cracks rippled their way through the building like spiderwebs.
"What the hell was that?" the woman asked.
"That's *her*! Run!"


Jeanette smashed through the building like it was made out of cheap plaster. The entire structure came tumbling down around her, sending huge chunks of concrete and glass raining down into the streets below.
“Look out!” Jeanette yelled. “Hot stuff, comin’ through!”



Jeanette pressed on through the building, even as it collapsed around her. People quickly spilled out from the nearby buildings. The streets were soon filled with hundreds of terrified people, all desperate to escape Jeanette.

"Don't be alarmed, citizens!" Jeanette reassured the crowd. "I'm here on official hero business, trying to find a stolen purse! There's nothing to fear!"


Jeanette took her first step onto the street. The robbing victim and the cop who saved her had been lucky enough to avoid getting hit by falling rubble, but they were caught off-guard by Jeanette's dangerous heel.
"Hey," the woman called out, "there's the guy who robbed me! He's right over there, officer, he's--"


Jeanette's heel slammed down, instantly smashing both of them into the concrete. The woman's feet were the only part of her that wasn't instantly flattened, and the cop was even less fortunate; every molecule of his being was ground to a thin paste between the unyielding concrete and Jeanette's steel-plated heel.


The robber, still clutching the woman's purse, ran into another alleyway. "Okay," he muttered to himself, "I think I might have really lost her this time..."


He was quickly proven wrong, by the sound of Jeanette's heel slamming down onto the pavement right behind him. The robber ran away as fast as his legs would carry him.


"I only stole one purse!" the robber shouted. "I'm sorry, just let me go!"
"Justice never gives up!" Jeanette shouted back, as she leaned into the narrow alleyway. "Give yourself up and hand over the purse, or I'll track you down to the ends of the earth!"


Jeanette hesitated for a moment at the thought of destroying yet another building. Her momentary pause gave the robber enough time to clear the alleyway and blend in with the crowd.
CD·DVD·LD
DRUGS
FOR SALE


"I guess it's probably faster to go around at this point, and... shit, where'd he go?" Jeanette surveyed the crowd, but there were so many people, and they all looked so similar.
TETLEYS
Juice
Juice
EASTGATE
EUROCAR
SOAD
TEPCO


"Come on, he's got to be in there somewhere..." She looked at the people in the crowd, but as more and more people poured into the streets it got harder and harder to make any of them out individually.


“Yes! I finally lost her!” the robber exclaimed with glee. “No way is she going to stomp her way through a big crowd just to get to me!”


It didn't take long for Jeanette to prove him wrong. Just seconds later, Jeanette took her first step into the crowd. "Shit!" the robber cursed. The giant woman's heel came crashing down onto the concrete, flattening several people beneath it.



Jeanette looked over the crowd, but she didn't see any sign of the robber, or the stolen purse. "Hmm, which way would he have gone..." Jeanette wondered aloud to herself. There were three paths the robber could have taken, but luckily Jeanette had a method for figuring out which way he went. "Eeeny... Meeny... Miney... Mo!" she said, with her finger pointing towards the straight path. "He must have gone that way!"


Before she took another step, a second dilemma occurred to Jeanette. “There are so many of them… Even if he is in that crowd, how am I going to sort him out?” Jeanette was beginning to wonder if it was even worth it chasing him down, when the perfect solution occurred to her.
TETLEY
Juice
Juice
EASTGATE
TEPCO
SOAD


"I know, I'll just step on as many as I can!" Jeanette said excitedly. "The more of them I step on, the easier it will be to find him!"


Jeanette lifted her leg up into the air, and looked down at the hundreds of terrified people below her. "All these people, and any of them could be the suspect… I'll just have to be careful not to step on anyone who's wearing dark clothes, so that I don't accidentally crush the perp and the purse he's carrying. Man, I've got a knack for hero work!"



Jeanette took her first step into the crowd, careful not to crush anyone who was wearing dark colors. Her heel slammed against the ground, flattening several people, but she took solace in the knowledge that they were just innocent bystanders.


EASTGATE
EUROCAR
SOAP
“Don’t worry, you’re dying for a good cause!” Jeanette said. “Just think of how badly that poor woman must want her purse back!” The crowd didn’t seem to find her warning very reassuring, because they continued to flee. Jeanette took another step, which flattened several more and splintered the concrete.



The robber didn't want to get caught, or let go of the purse. "Out of my way!" The robber shouted as he sprinted through the crowd, pushing aside several fleeing civilians. He didn't need to look back to know that Jeanette was getting closer. The loud booming sound that her footsteps made was all the warning that he needed.


Jeanette was already getting better at walking over the crowd. It was like a game; aim for the people with the brightest clothes, and try to squish as many as possible with each step. She did her best to not think about them as people; not because that would have made it harder for her to step on them, but because she wanted to be quick about it and not draw out their torment, like she usually preferred to do.
SOAD
St



She'd only walked a few steps, but Jeanette had already left a trail of death and destruction in her wake. Her footprints were marked not just by the cracked pavement, but by the bodies and blood-splatter that filled in each depression her feet left in the cement.


Jeanette's gaze narrowed in on a man in a bald black shirt. "There you are!" Jeanette shouted. "Even under that hoodie, I knew you were bald! You'll stop and turn yourself in if you know what's good for you!"


The bald man just kept running, so Jeanette crouched down and reached out for him. “You’re not getting away from me, criminal!” Jeanette shouted.
TETLEYS
EUROCAR
TEPCO
NYPD
CUT PRICE LIQUO


Jeanette had only wanted to grab the bald man, but the fleeing people were so tiny and so densely packed that she ended up snatching up several others as well.



"Gotcha!" Jeanette said excitedly, as she leered over her catch. "Thought you could get away with it, didn't you baldy?"

"Are you talking to me?" The bald man asked. "I didn't do anything! I don't know what you're talking about!"

Jeanette laughed. "Nice try, perp, but that's what they all say. You tell me where that purse is, or else I'll… wait a second, I don't remember you being so pudgy. And you had a beard before…"

"I'm telling you, it wasn't me! I didn't do anything! Let me go, please!"


Jeanette sighed. “Well, you’re probably right. I could just let you go… But I might as well put you to *some* use,” Jeanette said. “All this walking is making me kind of hungry, and I could use a snack,” Jeanette said. She opened her mouth and tilted her hand back, and one by one the terrified people slid into her cavernous maw.


The three of them were stuck together in Jeanette's mouth, but there wasn't much room to spare. The bald man climbed partway out, but found himself staring at a hundred-foot drop onto the pavement that wasn't much more enticing.
"No, please! Let us out!" a brunette woman screamed.
"I'll do anything!" the bald man pleaded. "I'll--"
鉄道模型


Jeanette wasn't in the mood to listen to a bunch of people whine and beg not to be eaten. She was in the mood for a snack, and so she quickly gulped them down without giving them a second thought.


Jeanette looked over the remaining crowd, which was still sizable. “I’ve thinned out the crowd a little bit, but there are still so many of them! Maybe if I could just get everyone to stand still for a little while...”


"All of you, stop!" Jeanette ordered, putting her hands in the air for emphasis. "Everyone, put your hands up and stand still so I can see who has the purse!" To Jeanette's dismay, no one in the crowd felt like following orders, and everyone kept running away from Jeanette.
TETLEYS
EUROCAR
TRENZ
COLT


"Okay, plan B!" Jeanette said cheerfully. "If I grab a few handfuls of them, sooner or later I'm bound to find the perp with the purse… and I can snack on the rest!"
Jeanette leaned forward and reached out towards the crowd. Her hands were big enough to pluck up several people at once, and she happily grabbed as many as she could.
COLT


"Gotcha!" Jeanette's hands were full, and she looked happily over her catch. She'd caught three or four people in each hand, and as far as she knew, any of them could be the criminal.


Jeanette squinted her eyes and stared down the tiny people one by one. “Hmm, let’s see… A guy in a green shirt, a few women wearing dresses… All very suspicious in their own right, all potential criminals, but no sign of the perp or the purse!”


Jeanette looked in her other hand. “The nerdy guy looks like a potential white-collar criminal. That lady’s probably texted while driving before… but no sign of the perp. Oh, wait a second…”


"There you are!" Jeanette said, her gaze fixed on the man in the black hoodie. There was no denying it was him; not only did he have the exact same beard, he was still clutching the woman's purse in his hand.
"I knew it would work!" Jeanette said excitedly.


"You're free to go, citizens!" Jeanette said, dropping everyone in her right hand. The terrified people plummeted a hundred feet to the streets below, but Jeanette had forgotten about them before they even hit the ground. Her eyes stayed locked on the robber.
"How dare you steal that poor woman's purse!" Jeanette shouted. "I pronounce you guilty of twelfth-degree purse snatchery! I sentence you to death... in my stomach! Unless you apologize."
APARTMENTS
CAR


"That's all I have to do?" the robber asked, incredulous.
"Yep, just apologize, and I'll reduce your sentence!"
"O-okay... I'm sorry! I'm really sorry! It was wrong to take her purse, and I'll never do it again! So now I won't get the death penalty?"


"Correct! Instead of being sentenced to die in my stomach, you'll just face a few hours of imprisonment… Also in my stomach!" Jeanette dangled the robber above her mouth, and stuck out her tongue.
"But… that will still kill me!" the robber pointed out.
"That sounds like more of a *you* problem, doesn't it?" Jeanette asked cheekily. "No one said imprisonment was going to be a cakewalk. If you die, you die!"
The robber began to panic. He frantically flailed and screamed, but he never let go of the purse, not even when Jeanette dropped him onto her tongue.
STOP
ONLY
SUMMER
GAMES PLANET
CUT PRICE LIQUORS


SERGIOS DESIGNER MENS SHOES
STOP
ONLY
"No no no, oh god no this can't be happening!" The robber screamed, as he desperately tried to crawl his way out of Jeanette's mouth. Every time he seemed to be making progress, though, Jeanette tilted her head back just a bit and he slid right back. Jeanette took a cruel pleasure in his Sisyphean torment, letting him nearly escape each time just before she made him fall right back into her mouth.


Before long, Jeanette's stomach started to growl. She plucked the purse away from the robber's hand, breaking a few of his tiny fingers in the process. And with a smile, Jeanette closed her lips around the robber.


Jeanette could feel the robber flailing around in her mouth, and she let him struggle for a minute before she swallowed. Then, with a single gulp, she swallowed him down, sentencing him to an *extremely final* imprisonment.


"Stop right there! Don't move!" a voice shouted. Jeanette looked back, and realized that the police had showed up.
"Don't worry, I'm on your side!" Jeanette smiled back at them, and held up the purse between her fingers. "See? I got the lady's purse back!"
To Jeanette's surprise, the police still seemed angry at her. "Put those people down!" one officer shouted.
"Oh, them? Okay, sure!" Jeanette said. She happily complied with the order, and immediately let go of the three unfortunate people in her left hand, letting them fall more than thirty feet onto the concrete below.
Museum St


Jeanette wasn't especially concerned with what the police thought of her, but there was one person whose opinion she was concerned with. Jeanette heard a series of deep, booming footsteps behind her, and she looked back to see a familiar face. "Oh shit! I mean, hey Titania..."
TETLEYS
EUROCAR
SOAD
TEPCO


"And what exactly do you think you're doing?" Titania asked. "I leave you alone for a few minutes while I eat a hot dog vendor, and this is what you get up to?"


Titania pointed at the pile of rubble behind her. “Look at this building you demolished! Do you have any idea how much they could sue you for? Or how much legal liability I could be held accountable for?”



This was the angriest that Jeanette had seen Titania in some time, and she squirmed uncomfortably in the older woman's presence. "A-a lot?" Jeanette asked.

"A whole lot. And what do you have to say for yourself?"

"I'm really, really sorry," Jeanette pleaded. "I just saw this poor lady getting her purse stolen, and I really wanted to get it back to her. I wanted to prove that I could be a superhero, just like you… I was even willing to step on a bunch of people, just to get her purse back! That's how much I cared!"


A single tear rolled down Titania's cheek. "Oh Jeanette, you poor thing!" Titania said. "You really want to be a hero, don't you! I can't stay mad at you for a little collateral damage. Get over her and kiss me!"


Jeanette rushed over to Titania. She was so enamored with her lover that she didn't even realize she stepped on a few people on the way. "You're the best, Titania!" Jeanette said.
"You're going to be an amazing hero," Titania replied. "Together, you and me can take out every criminal in this city. We'll wipe the slate clean... A nice, flat, clean slate!"


"I love it when you talk about fighting crime." Jeanette leaned in for the kiss, and the two locked lips in an intimate, passionate embrace.



END OF PART 7


REDFIREDOG
JACKOFBULLETS


RFD COMICS
TONS OF GREAT 3D GIANTESS COMICS!
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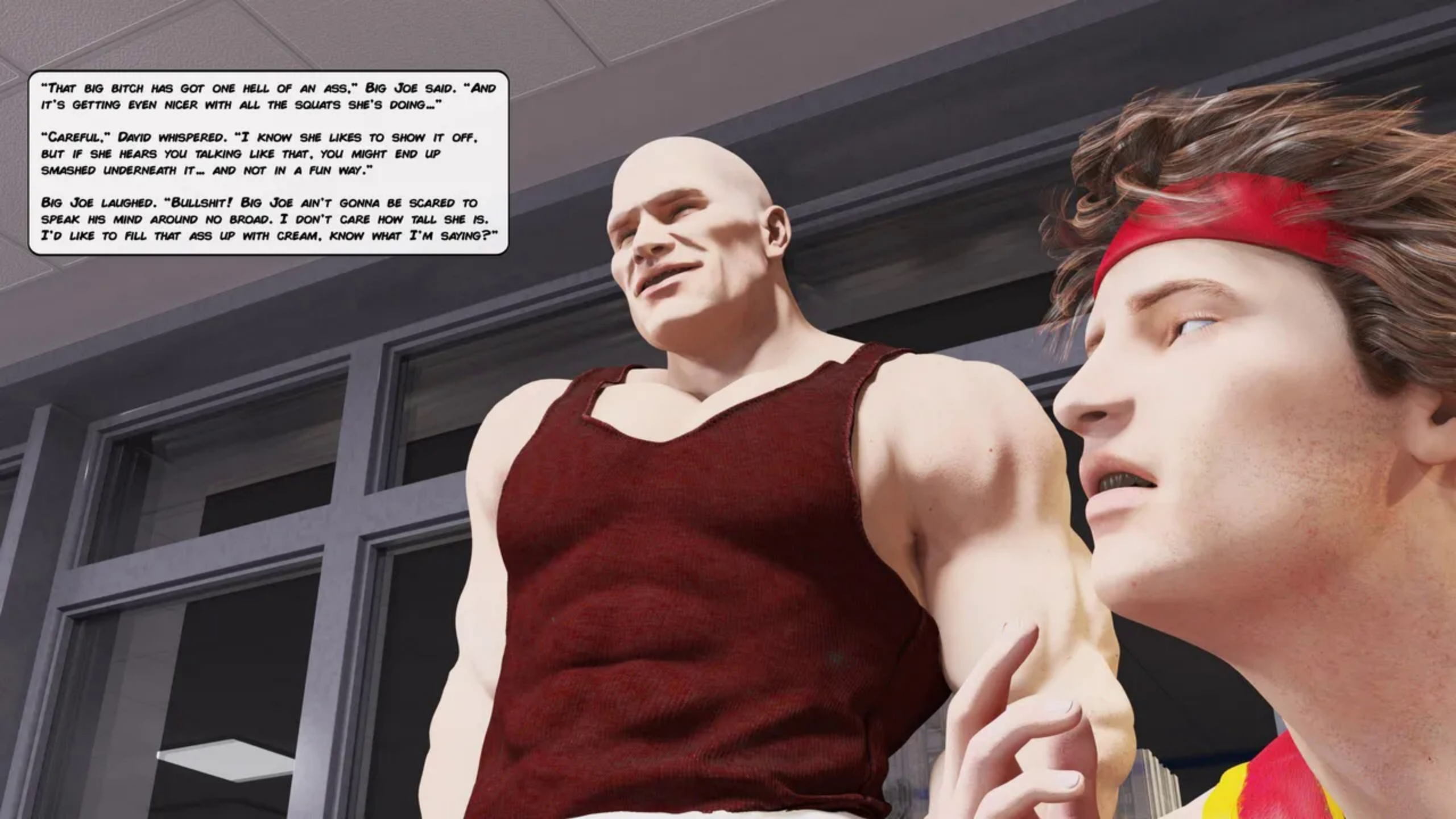


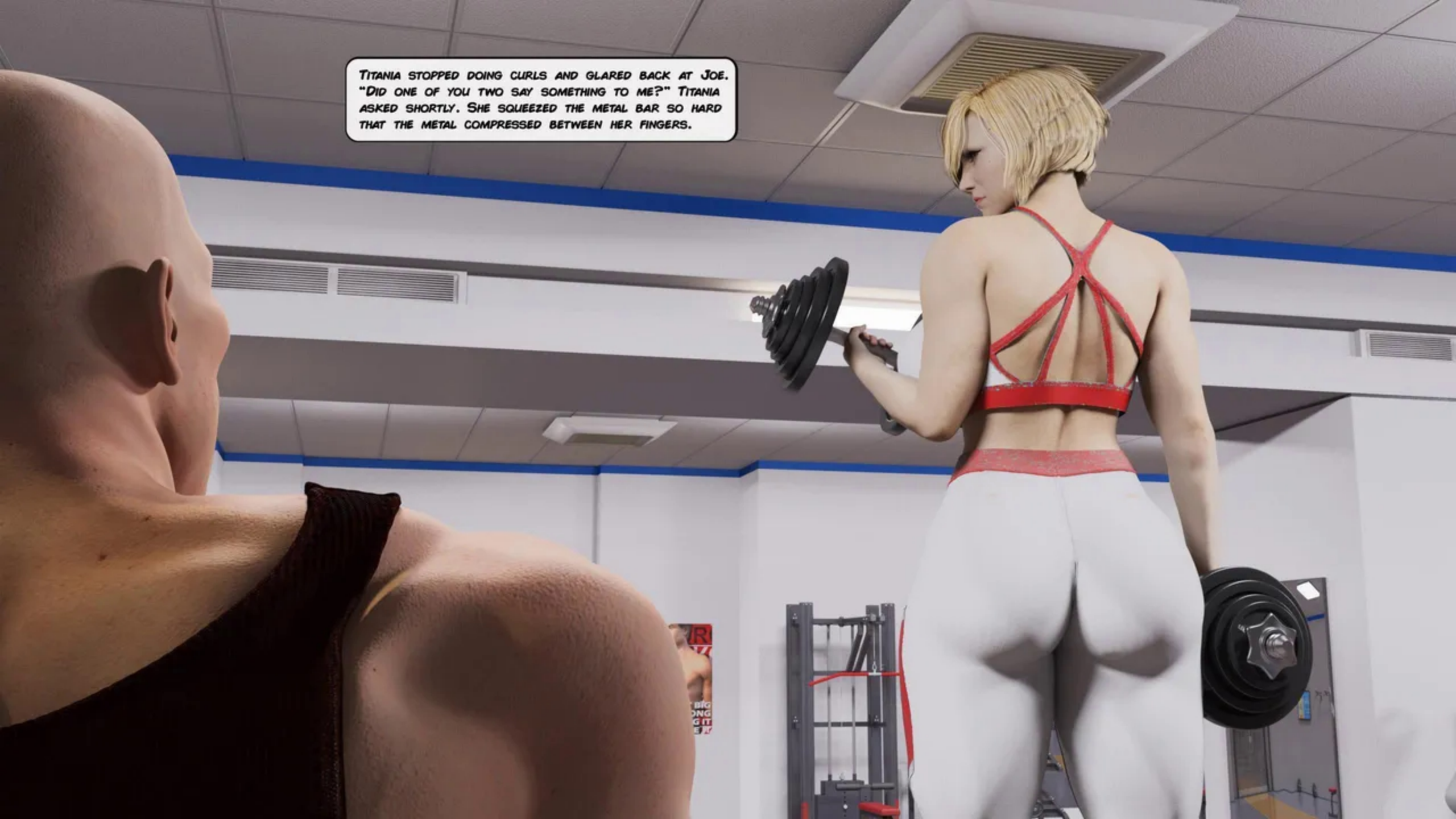



TITANIA
ISSUE 8
SQUASHING EVIL, ONE CRIMINAL AT A TIME
REDFIREDOG
JACKOFBULLETS


REDFIREDOG
+
JACKOFBULLETS


While Titania lifted weights, David silently watched her backside. Over the last few weeks the superheroine had been spending a lot of time in the gym lifting weights. Her muscles were bigger and better-defined, and the squats had done a number on her ass and legs. Her tight yoga pants didn't leave much to the imagination either.


"That big bitch has got one hell of an ass," Big Joe said. "And it's getting even nicer with all the squats she's doing..."
"Careful," David whispered. "I know she likes to show it off, but if she hears you talking like that, you might end up smashed underneath it... and not in a fun way."
Big Joe laughed. "Bullshit! Big Joe ain't gonna be scared to speak his mind around no broad. I don't care how tall she is. I'd like to fill that ass up with cream, know what I'm saying?"


Titania stopped doing curls and glared back at Joe. "Did one of you two say something to me?" Titania asked shortly. She squeezed the metal bar so hard that the metal compressed between her fingers.


"Who, me?" Big Joe asked. "No, I didn't say nothin'!"
"I didn't say a word, I swear!" David chimed in. "Not about you, anyway, we were just talking about... donuts!"
"Yeah, donuts!" Big Joe said. "I was just saying I used to love the cream-filled ones. Can't have them no more though, not with my diet. It's all protein shakes for me now!"
12

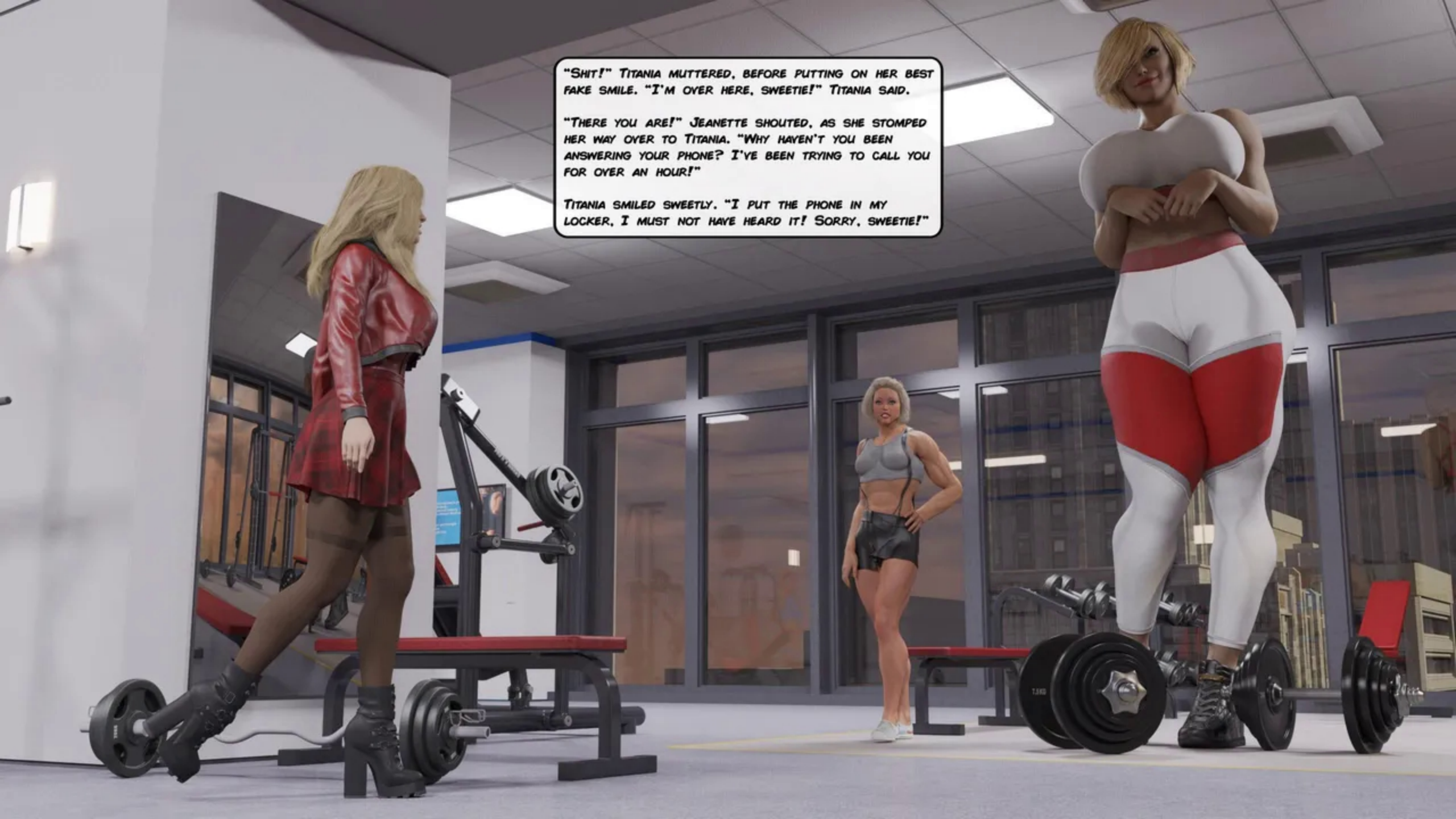

Titania put her hands on her hips and flexed her arms. "You look like you're pretty high-protein yourself. There are a lot of rumors going around that I eat people. You want to find out if those rumors are true?"
"N-no, o-of course not, Titania," Big Joe stammered. "I won't say nothin' rude to no one, I swears!"


Titania looked back at the muscular blonde woman who was staring up adoringly at her. "Can I help you with something?" Titania asked.
The blonde smiled. "Hey, my name is Susie," she said. " I'm a huge fan! Listen... Big Joe is a real prick. I'm glad that someone finally put him in his place! I can't believe that you actually got him to believe you really eat people."

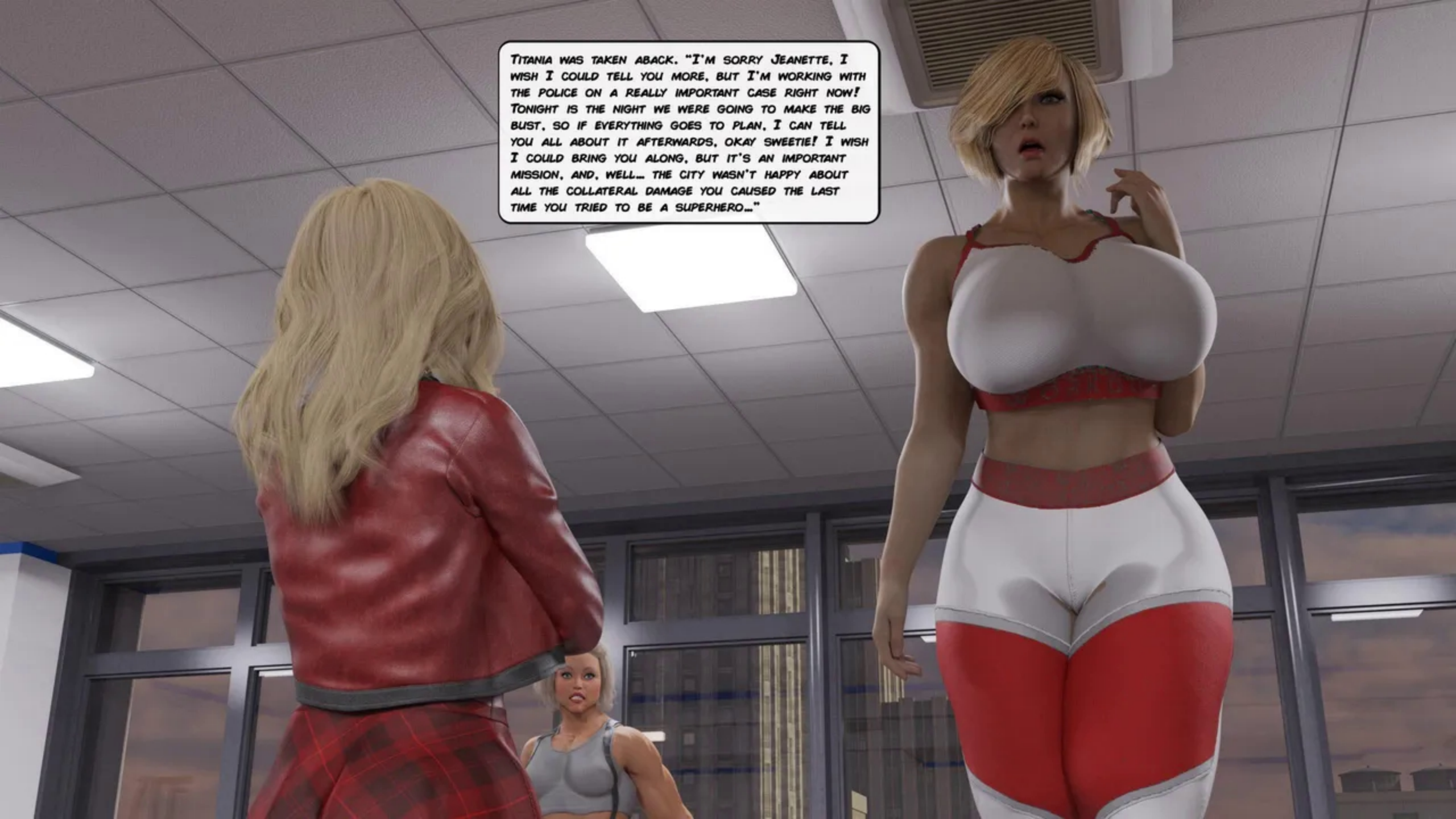

"Yeah, that was a pretty good one, right?" Titania said with an awkward chuckle. "Well I'm glad I could help out such a strong, beautiful woman!"
"Oh my god, I can't believe that Titania just called me strong and beautiful! Listen, if there's any way I can make it up to you... Any way at all..."
"There just might be a way," Titania said with a smirk. "I have to go to work soon, but one of these nights, you could hang out with Jeanette and me. I'd have to run it by her first, but I've thought about bringing in a third, someone who isn't as submissive as Jeanette's roommates..."


Titania turned back towards Joe and gave him the thumbs up. "You know, I'm in a better mood all of a sudden," Titania said. "Sorry if I got a little bit carried away earlier... but lay off me and Susie, okay?"
"S-sure thing, Titania!" Big Joe said.
12


JOIN THE
FIGHTCLU
WORKOUT MORE
Jeanette burst in through the doorway, stomping her feet with each step. "Has anyone seen Titania?" Jeanette asked. "Anyone?" She was dressed in a kinky red outfit that made it clear exactly why she was looking for Titania.


"Shit!" Titania muttered, before putting on her best fake smile. "I'm over here, sweetie!" Titania said.
"There you are!" Jeanette shouted, as she stomped her way over to Titania. "Why haven't you been answering your phone? I've been trying to call you for over an hour!"
Titania smiled sweetly. "I put the phone in my locker, I must not have heard it! Sorry, sweetie!"


Jeanette rolled her eyes. "Don't you dare 'sweetie' me! I've barely seen you the last few weeks. You're always either working out, or doing secret police stuff that you won't even tell me about! How long has it been since we've had a night together without any distractions?"

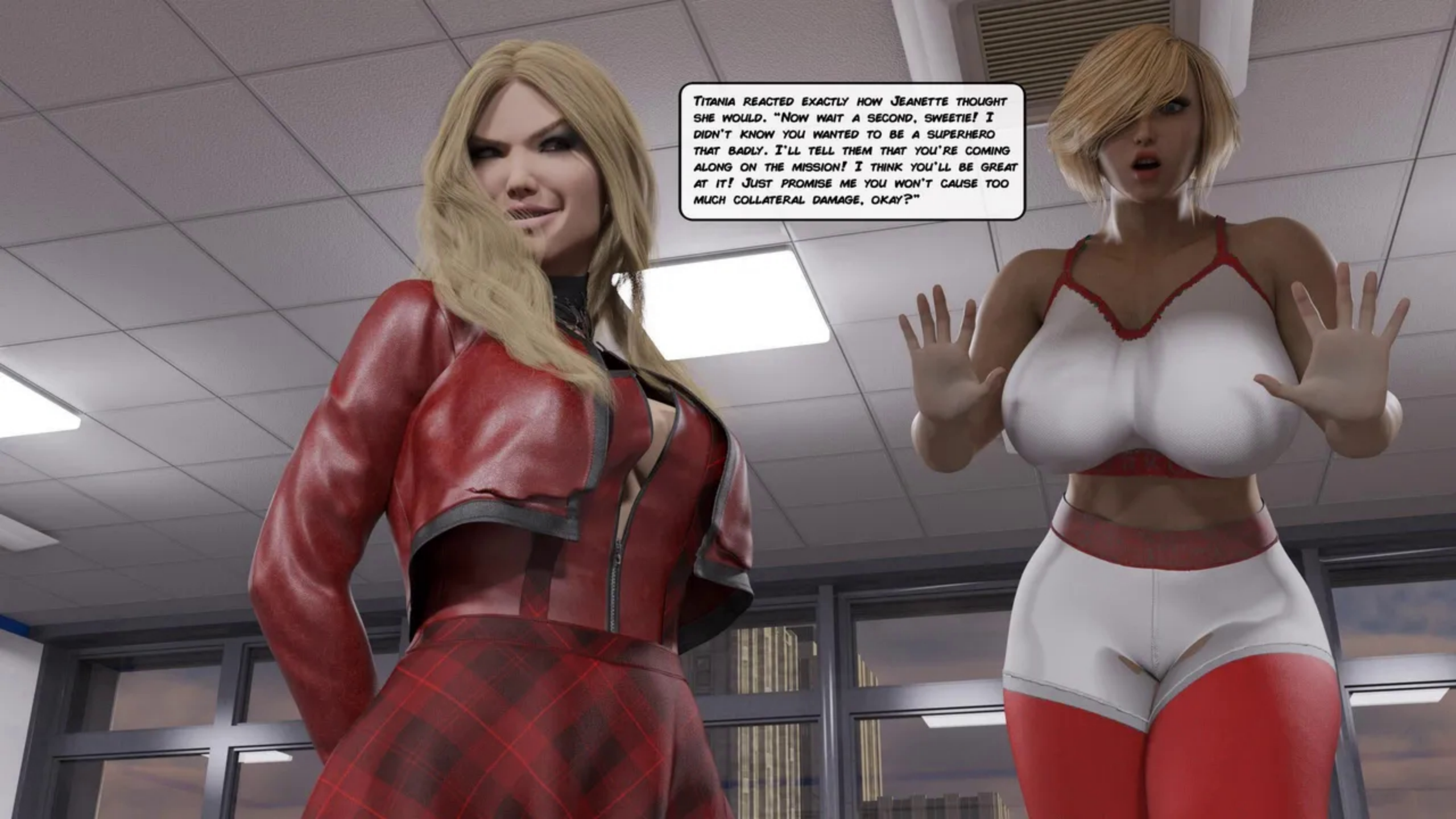

Titania was taken aback. "I'm sorry Jeanette, I wish I could tell you more, but I'm working with the police on a really important case right now! Tonight is the night we were going to make the big bust, so if everything goes to plan, I can tell you all about it afterwards, okay sweetie! I wish I could bring you along, but it's an important mission, and, well... the city wasn't happy about all the collateral damage you caused the last time you tried to be a superhero..."



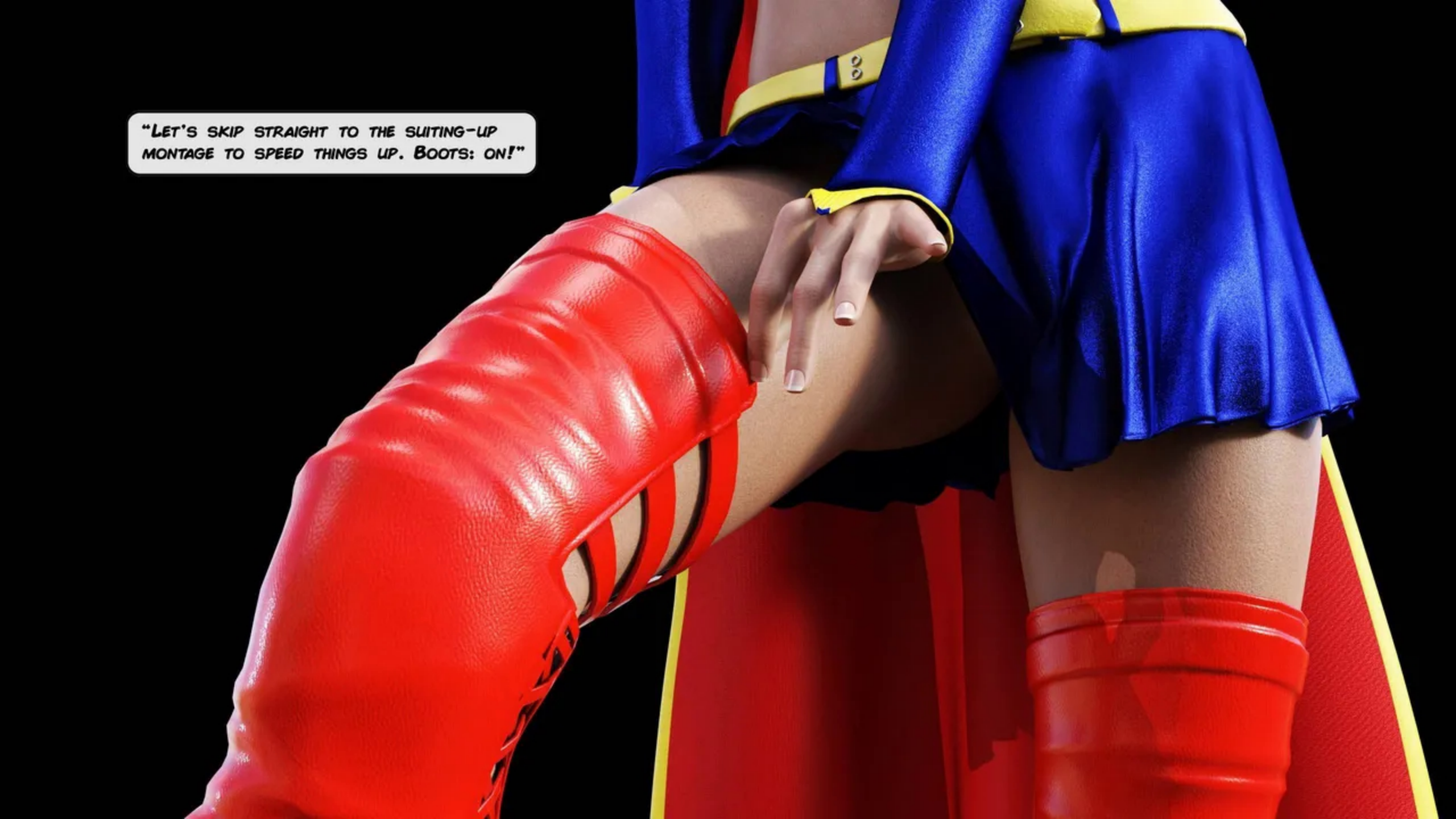
"So what, because I accidentally kill a few people now and again I never get to have any fun? I guess you care more about the lives of a bunch of stupid people you don't know then you care about my feelings!"

"No." Titania protested, "It's not like that!"

"No, it's okay, I get it! You don't think I'm good enough to be a superhero... I understand. While you're out saying people I'll just go down to the nearest dive bar to drown my sorrows. And if some guy comes along and gives me a shoulder to cry on, well, I guess we'll see where that leads..."


Titania reacted exactly how Jeanette thought she would. "Now wait a second, sweetie! I didn't know you wanted to be a superhero that badly. I'll tell them that you're coming along on the mission! I think you'll be great at it! Just promise me you won't cause too much collateral damage, okay?"


GAIN POWER
Jeanette looked back at Titania with a serious expression on her face, and her fingers crossed. "I promise," Jeanette said. "Now can I put on the uniform already? I want to try the blue one with the skirt!"


"Let's skip straight to the suiting-up montage to speed things up. Boots: on!"


"TITS: SUPPORTED!"


"MASK: LOOKING FLY!"



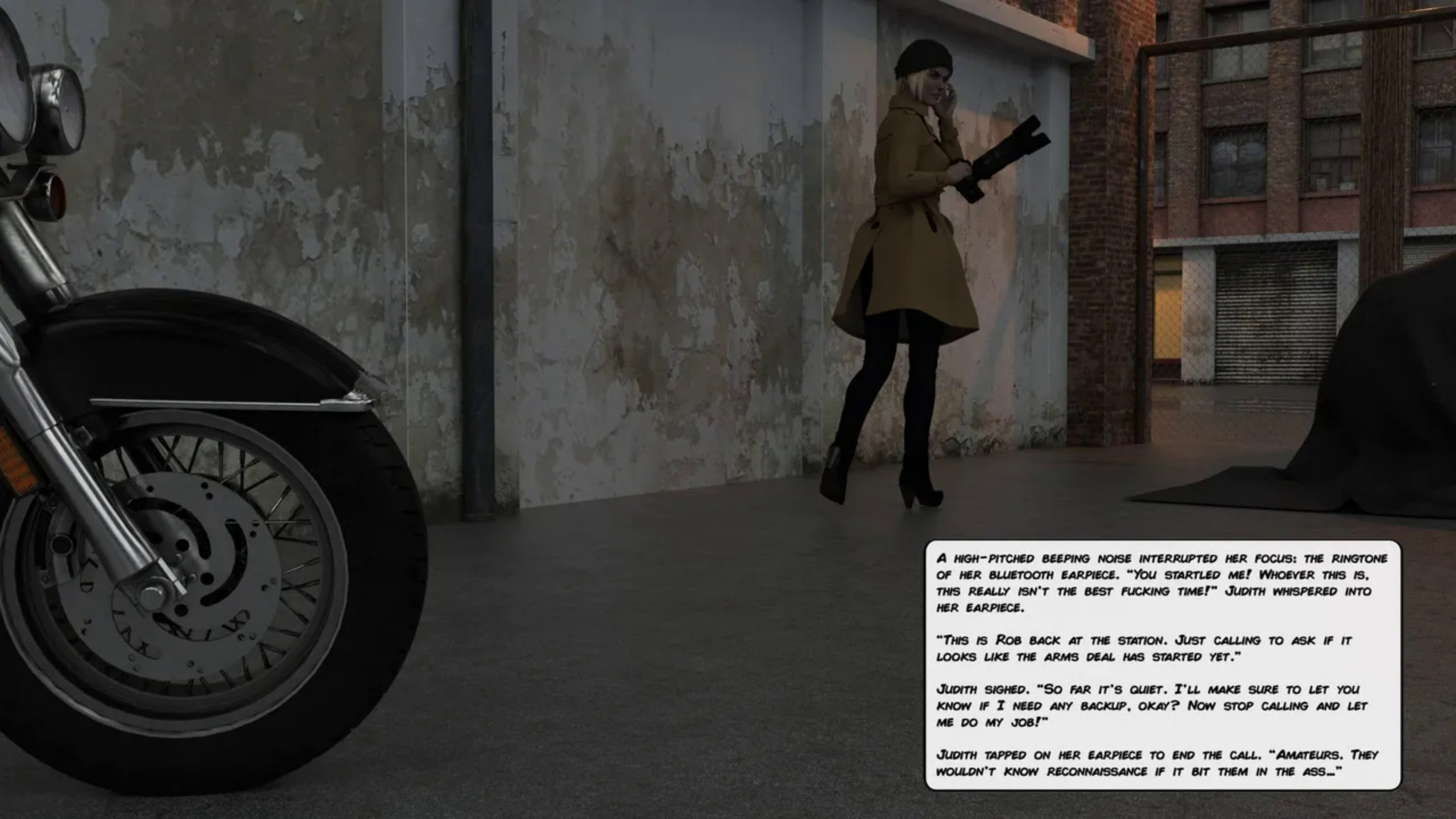
"And most important of all: T-pose: activated! Now it's your turn, Tits!"


IDENTITY: CONCEALED!"


"LACES: TIGHT!"


"Guns: locked and loaded! I think we're ready to go, Jeanette!"


While Titania and Jeanette were on their way to the mission, Judith Conner started the reconnaissance alone. She'd been sent to the kingpin's warehouse to gather evidence before the big bust. Thankfully, Judith was no stranger to skulking around in dangerous places. She knew how to walk quietly and stay in the shadows. So far things had been quiet, but she knew better than to assume it would stay that way.

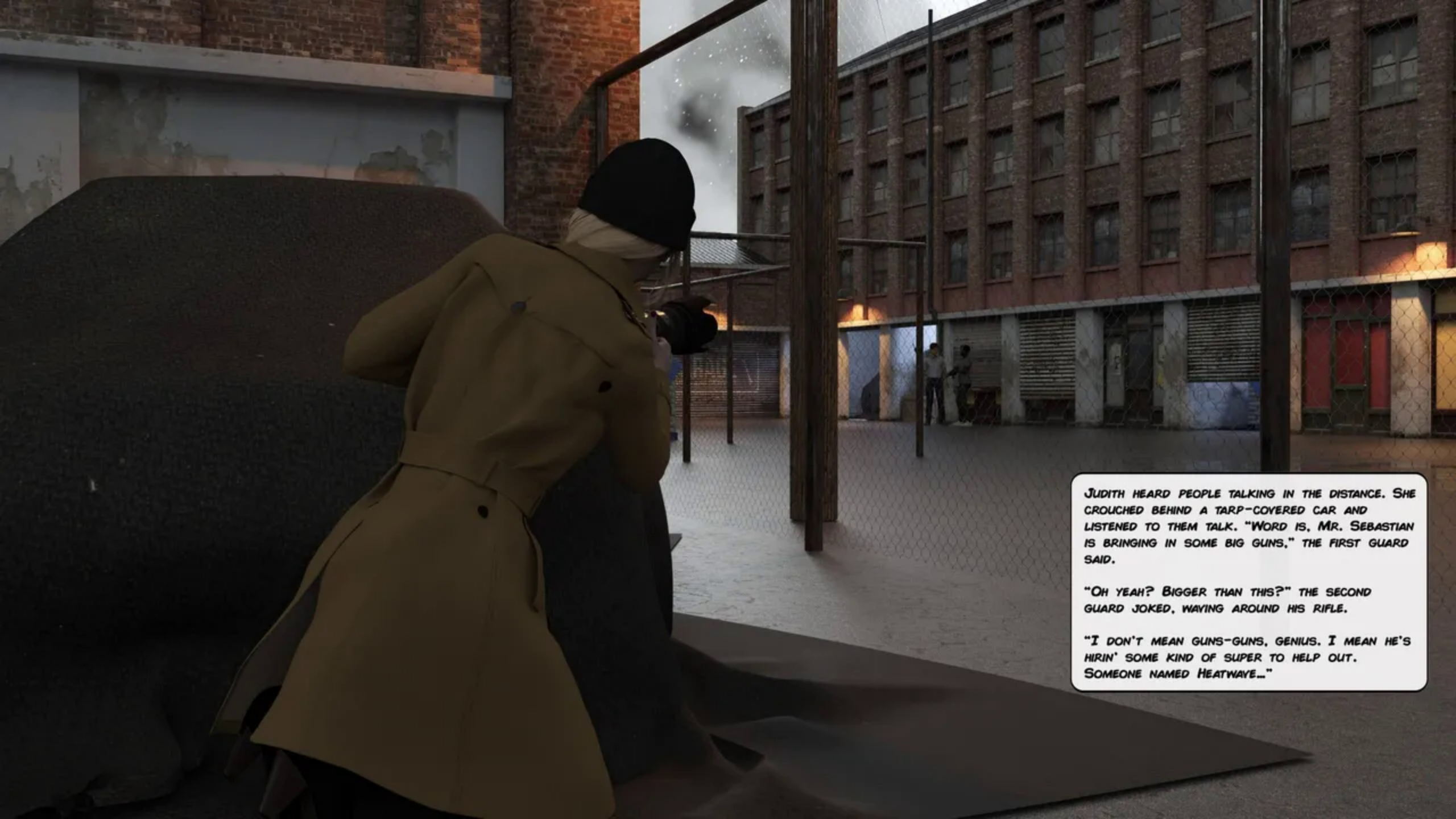


A high-pitched beeping noise interrupted her focus: the ringtone of her bluetooth earpiece. "You startled me! Whoever this is, this really isn't the best fucking time!" Judith whispered into her earpiece.

"This is Rob back at the station. Just calling to ask if it looks like the arms deal has started yet."

Judith sighed. "So far it's quiet. I'll make sure to let you know if I need any backup, okay? Now stop calling and let me do my job!"

Judith tapped on her earpiece to end the call. "Amateurs. They wouldn't know reconnaissance if it bit them in the ass..."


Judith heard people talking in the distance. She crouched behind a tarp-covered car and listened to them talk. "Word is, Mr. Sebastian is bringing in some big guns," the first guard said.
"Oh yeah? Bigger than this?" the second guard joked, waving around his rifle.
"I don't mean guns-guns, genius. I mean he's hirin' some kind of super to help out. Someone named Heatwave..."


JUDITH ZOOMED IN HER TELEPHOTO LENS AND SNAPPED A FEW PHOTOS. "HEATWAVE?" JUDITH REPEATED. "INTERESTING NAME. WE COULD USE ONE OF THOSE AROUND HERE," SHE MUSED TO HERSELF.

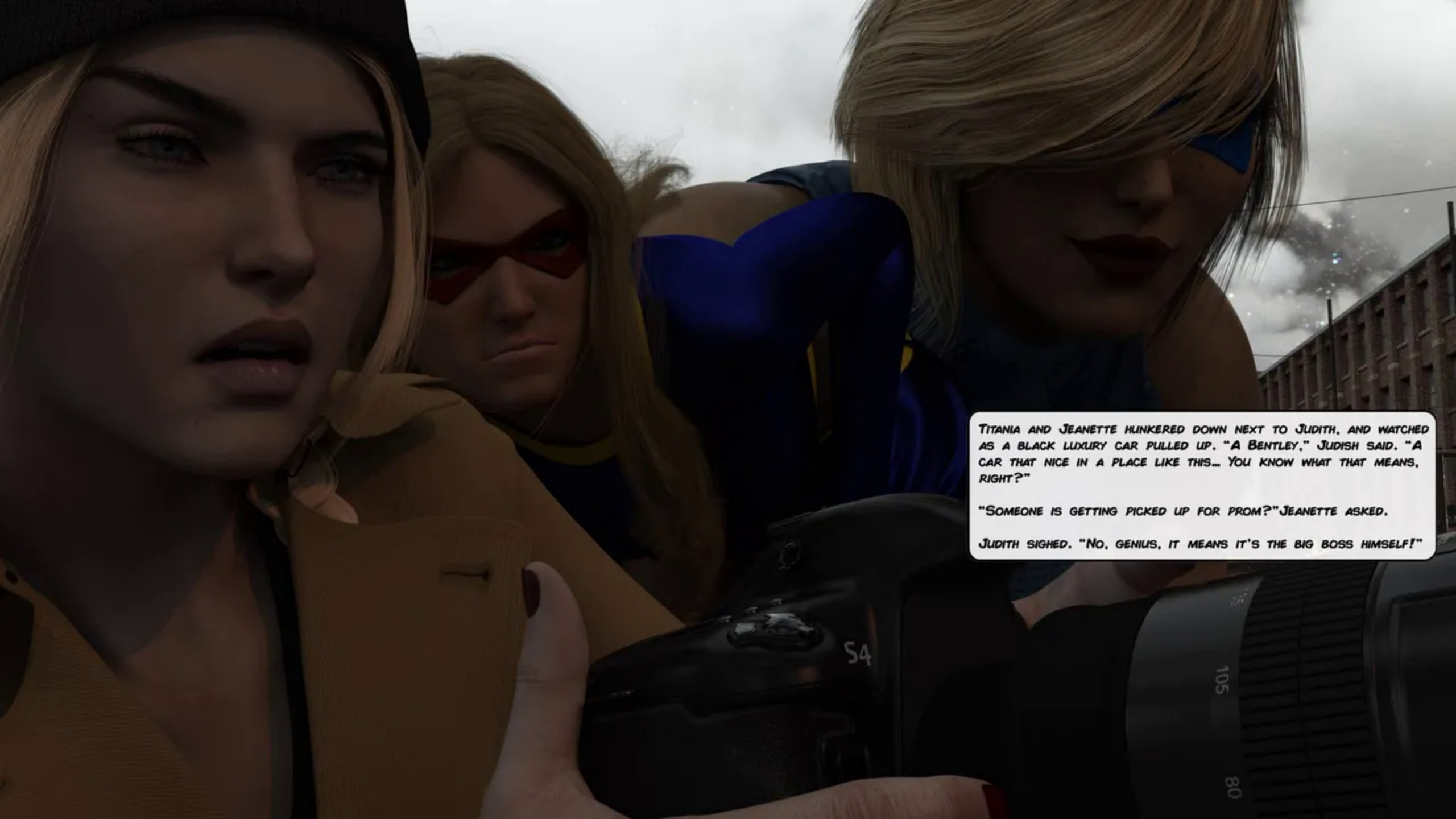

The sound of footsteps startled Judith. For a second, she thought that Mr. Sebastian's goons had found her. When she recognized who it was, she was more annoyed than scared.


"Hey Jude, it's me, Titania!"
"And me, Giant Jeanette! So where are the bad guys? I want to stomp on someone!"
The two of them strutted over without a care in the world.

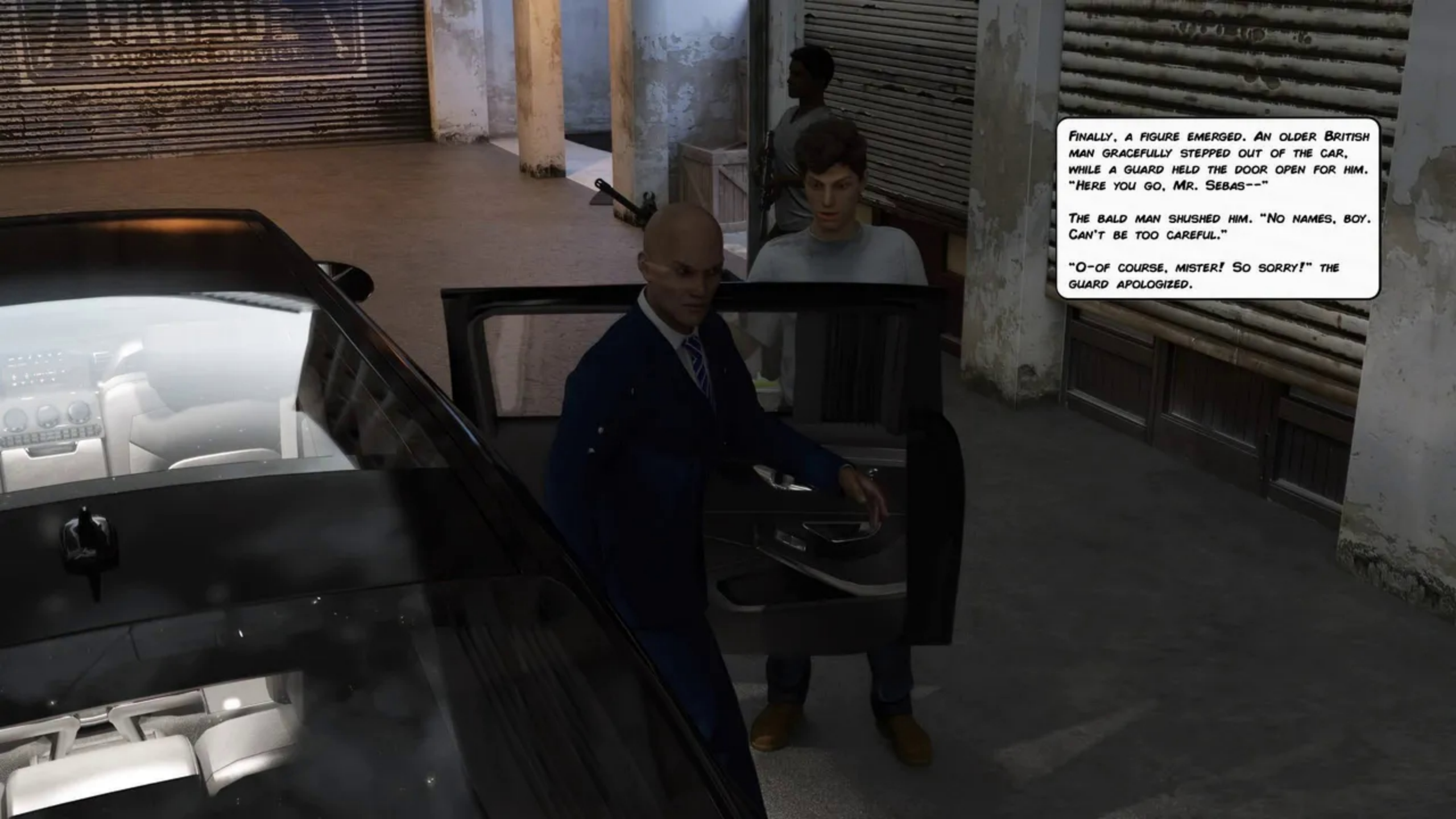

"What are you two doing here? You're being way too loud, and... big! Titania, can you at least shrink down to normal size?"
GARAGE
GARAGE

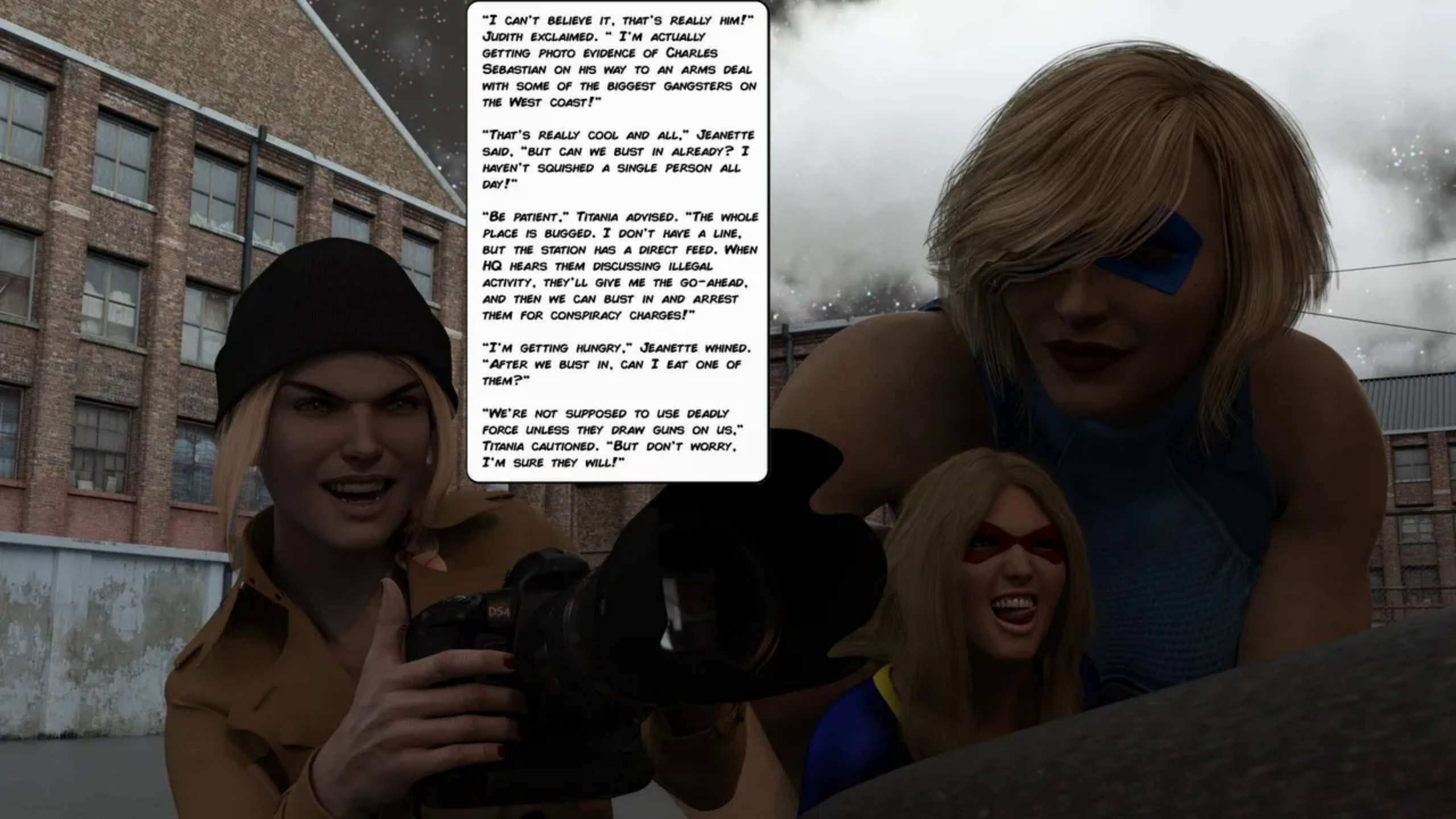

Titania looked down at Jeanette. "I dunno, what do you think, Jean?"
Jeanette smirked. "I like her when she's big. Either she stays that size, or she can grow even bigger. Which do you like better, Beanie?"

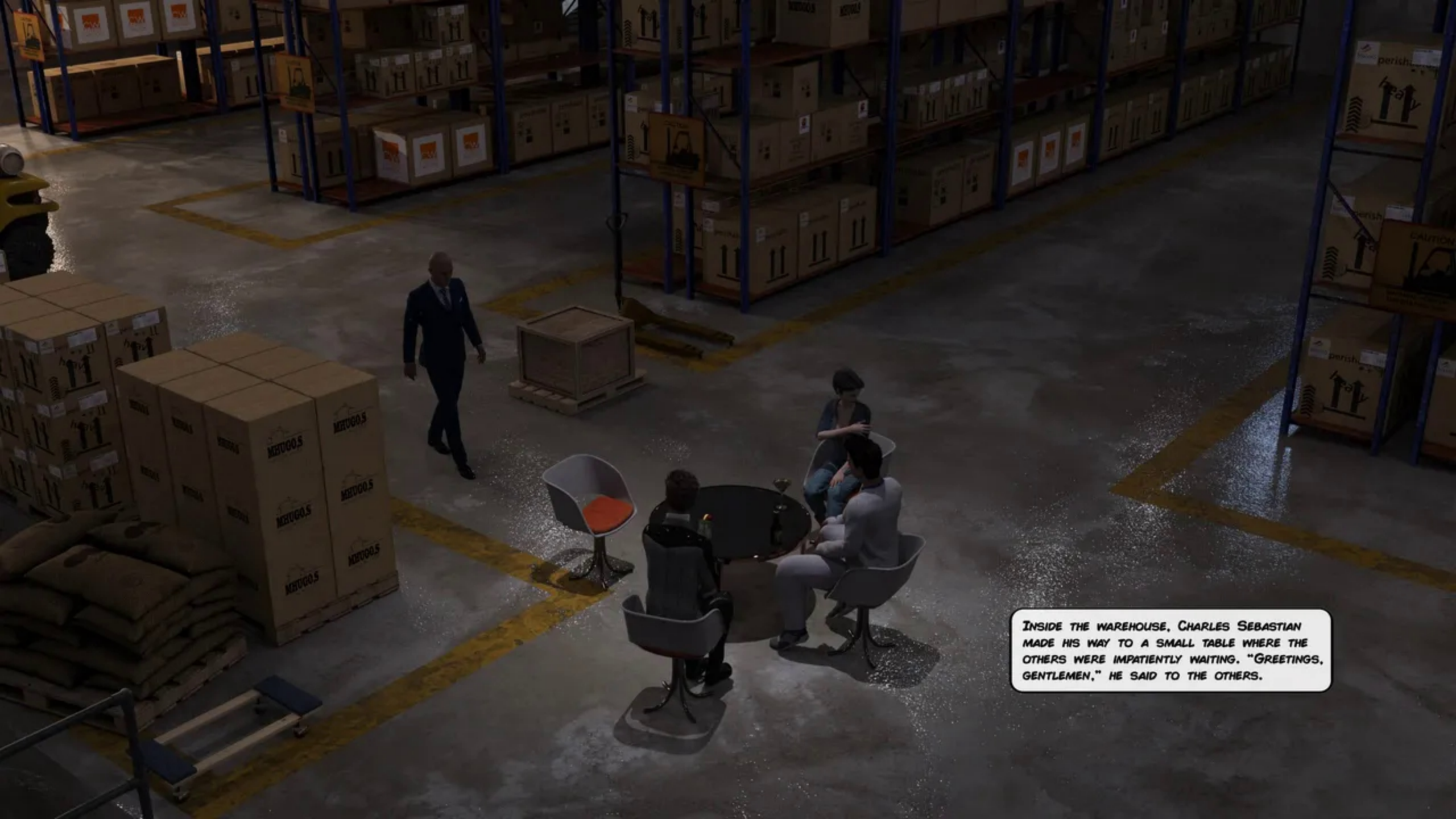

Judith sighed. "Fine, I guess it's okay if she stays that size, but... Quick, a car. Get down!"

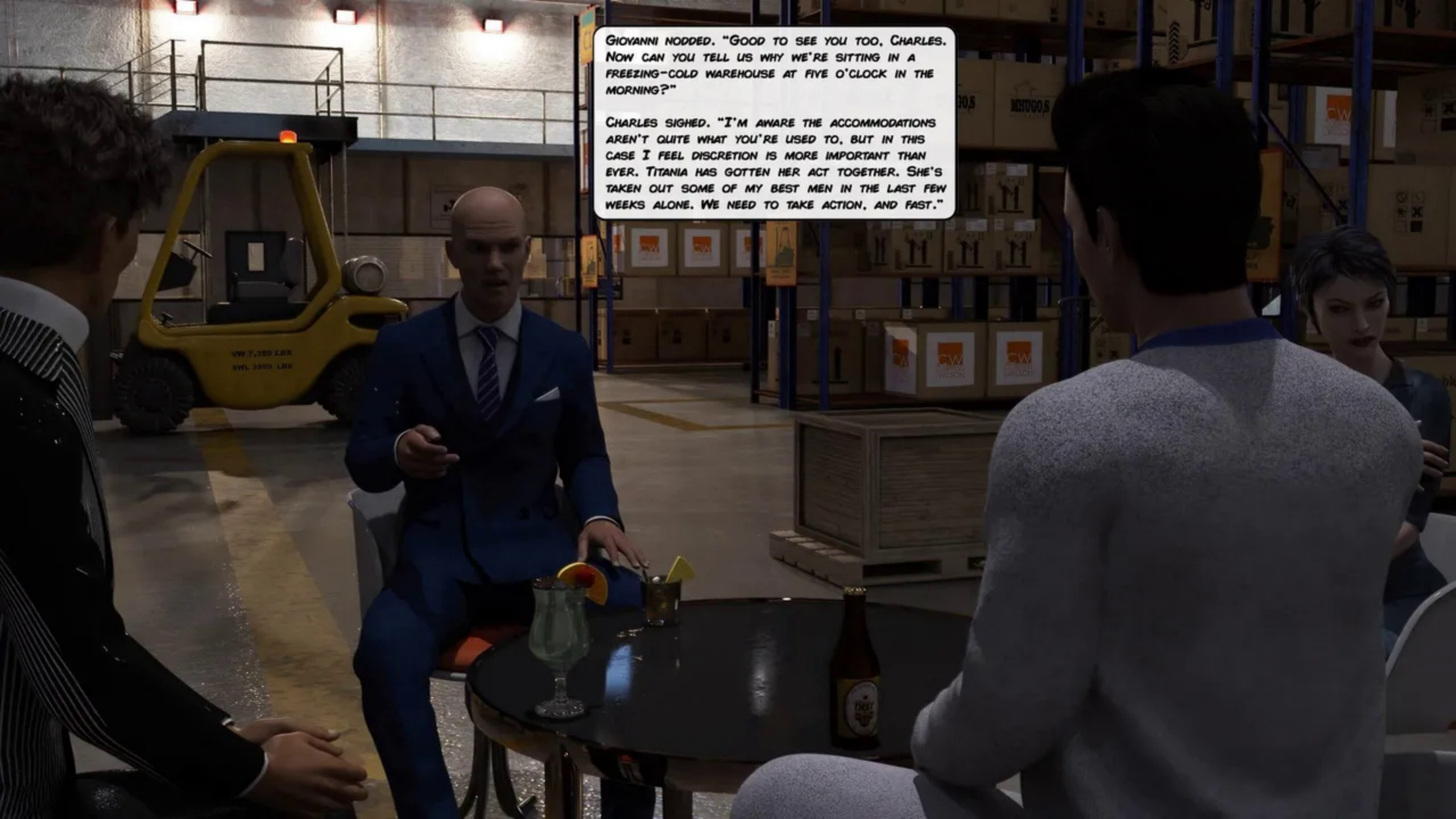

Titania and Jeanette hunkered down next to Judith, and watched as a black luxury car pulled up. "A Bentley," Judish said. "A car that nice in a place like this... You know what that means, right?"
"Someone is getting picked up for prom?" Jeanette asked.
Judith sighed. "No, genius, it means it's the big boss himself!"

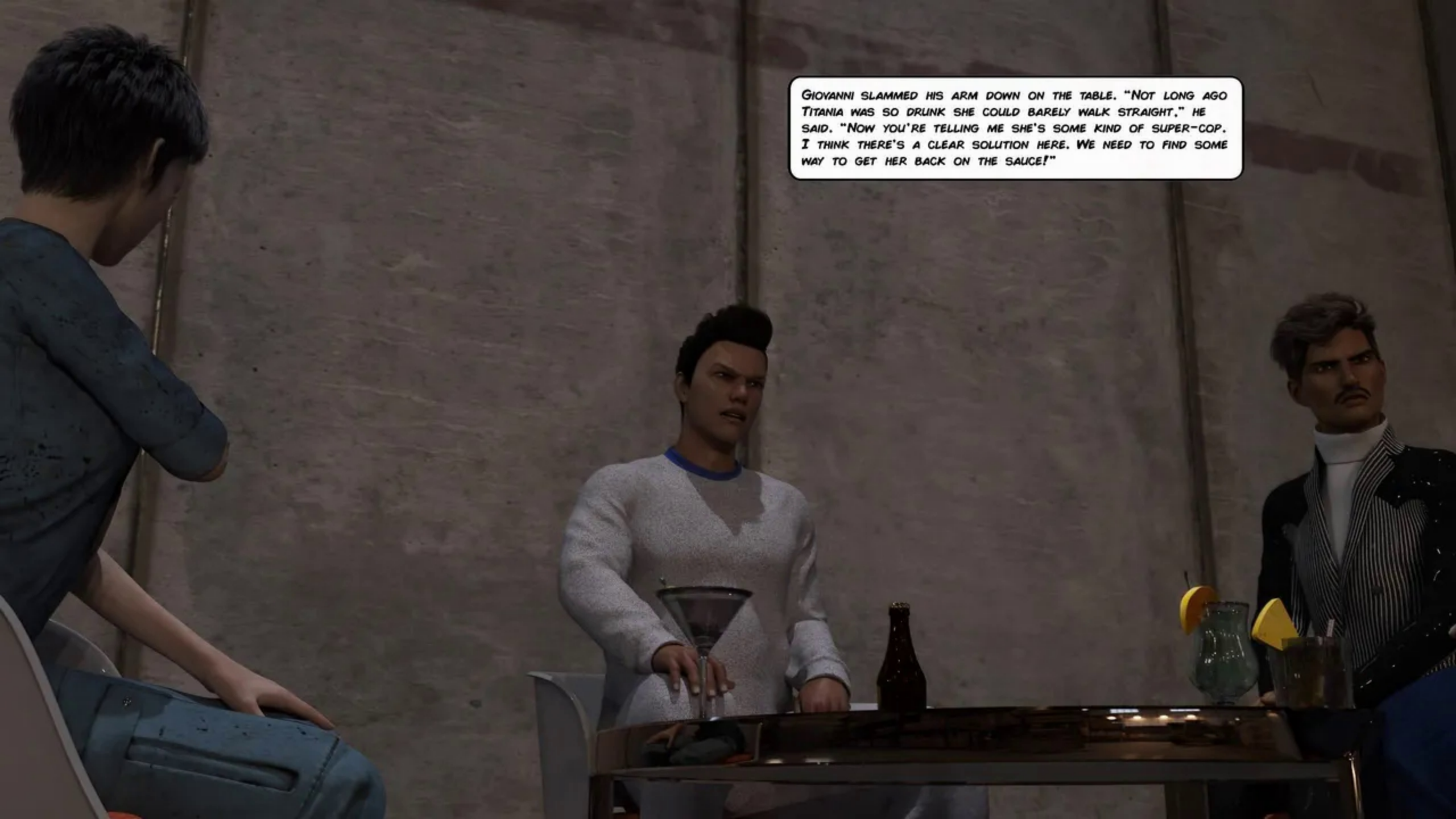

They watched as the car stopped, and a young guard opened up the passenger-side door. "Oh my god, this is almost too tense!" Jeanette said. "Can I break the tension by stepping on them?" she whispered.
"No!" Judith said, "and stop talking! I need to be able to hear what they're saying!"

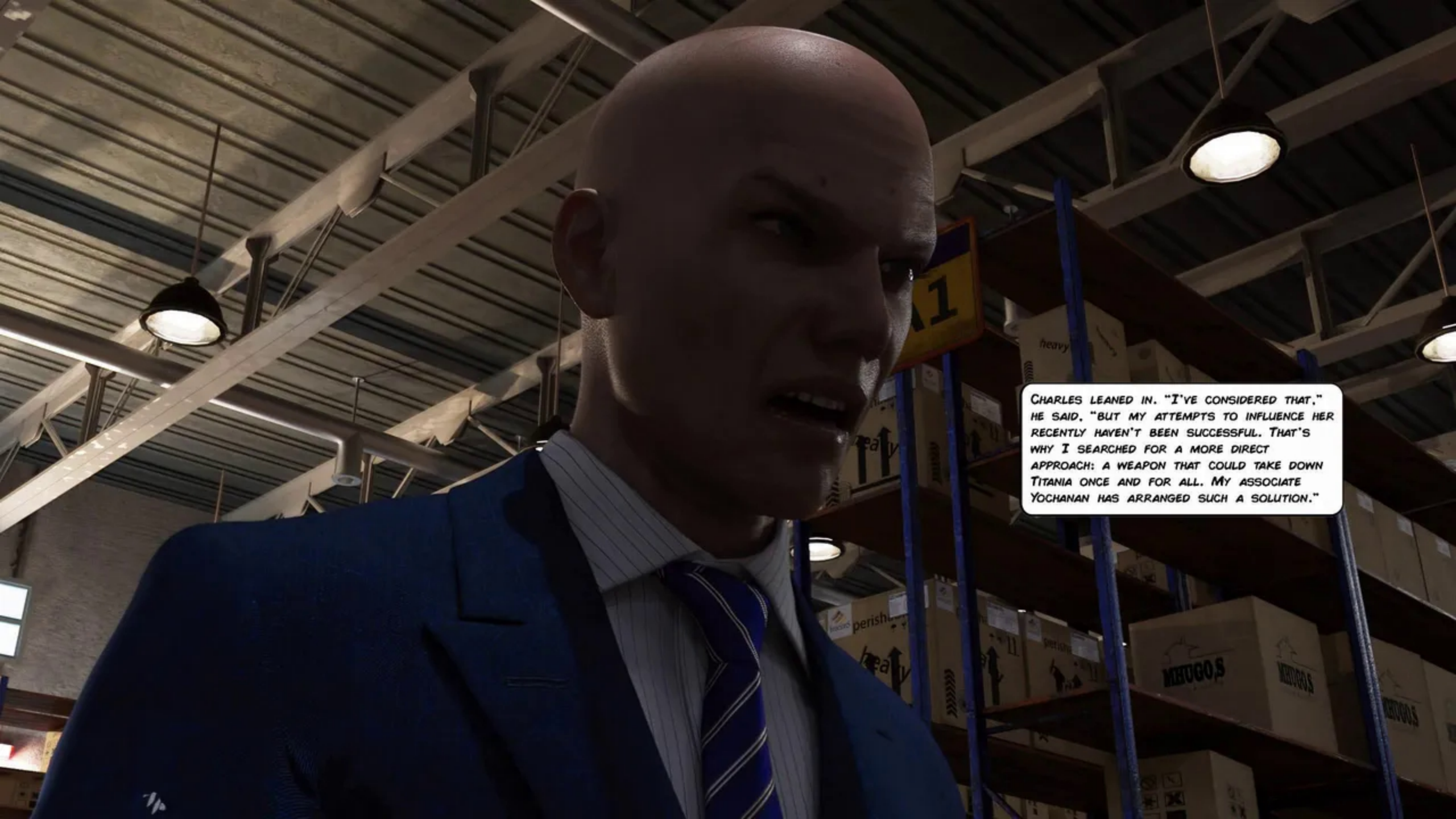

Finally, a figure emerged. An older British man gracefully stepped out of the car, while a guard held the door open for him. "Here you go, Mr. Sebas--"
The bald man shushed him. "No names, boy. Can't be too careful."
"O-of course, mister! So sorry!" the guard apologized.

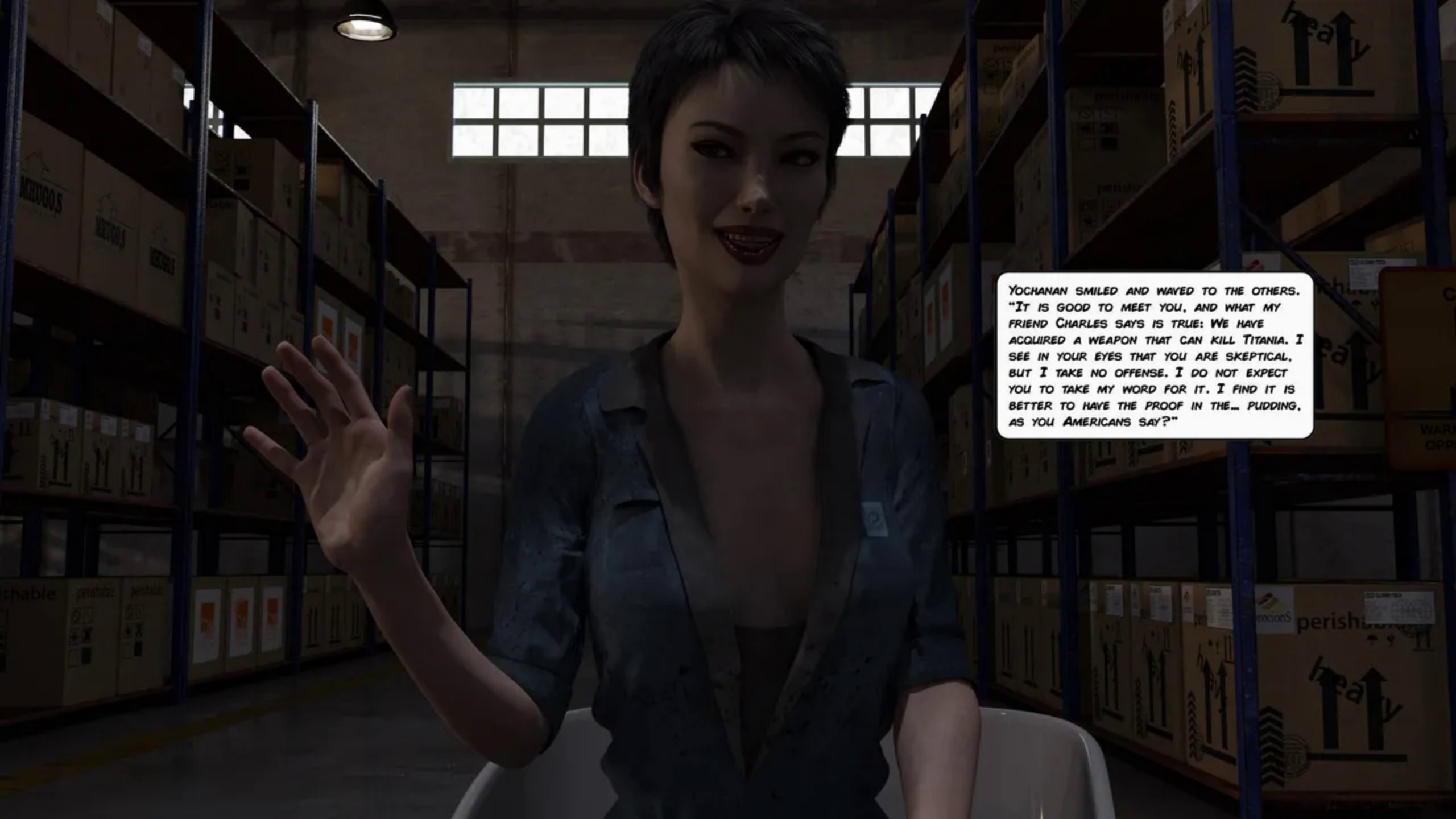

"I can't believe it, that's really him!" Judith exclaimed. " I'm actually getting photo evidence of Charles Sebastian on his way to an arms deal with some of the biggest gangsters on the West coast!"
"That's really cool and all," Jeanette said, "but can we bust in already? I haven't squished a single person all day!"
"Be patient," Titania advised. "The whole place is bugged. I don't have a line, but the station has a direct feed. When HQ hears them discussing illegal activity, they'll give me the go-ahead, and then we can bust in and arrest them for conspiracy charges!"
"I'm getting hungry," Jeanette whined. "After we bust in, can I eat one of them?"
"We're not supposed to use deadly force unless they draw guns on us," Titania cautioned. "But don't worry, I'm sure they will!"

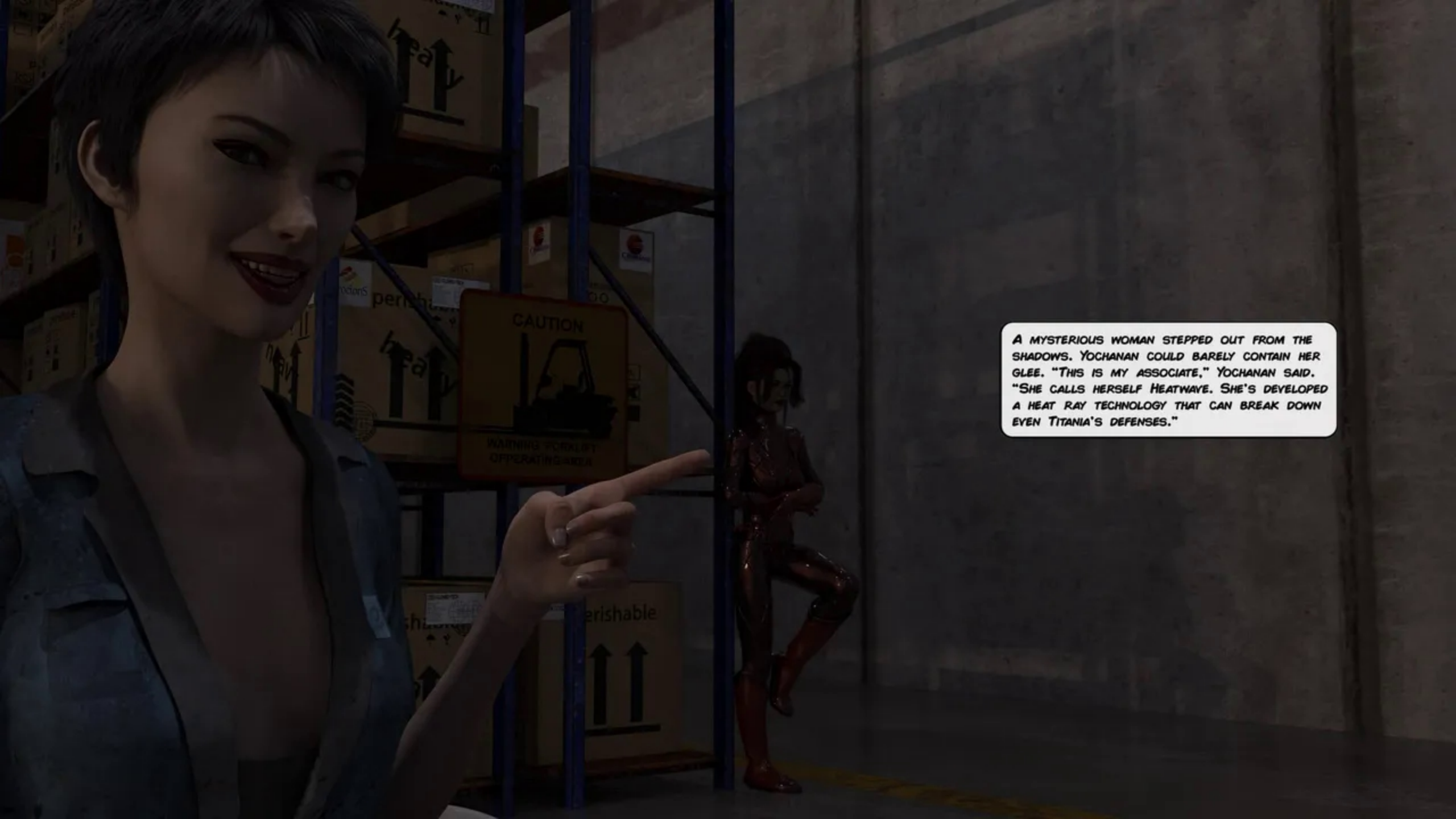

MBUGO,S
MBUGO,S
MBUGO,S
MBUGO,S
perish
perish
perish
Inside the warehouse, Charles Sebastian made his way to a small table where the others were impatiently waiting. "Greetings, gentlemen," he said to the others.


Giovanni nodded. "Good to see you too, Charles. Now can you tell us why we're sitting in a freezing-cold warehouse at five o'clock in the morning?"
Charles sighed. "I'm aware the accommodations aren't quite what you're used to, but in this case I feel discretion is more important than ever. Titania has gotten her act together. She's taken out some of my best men in the last few weeks alone. We need to take action, and fast."

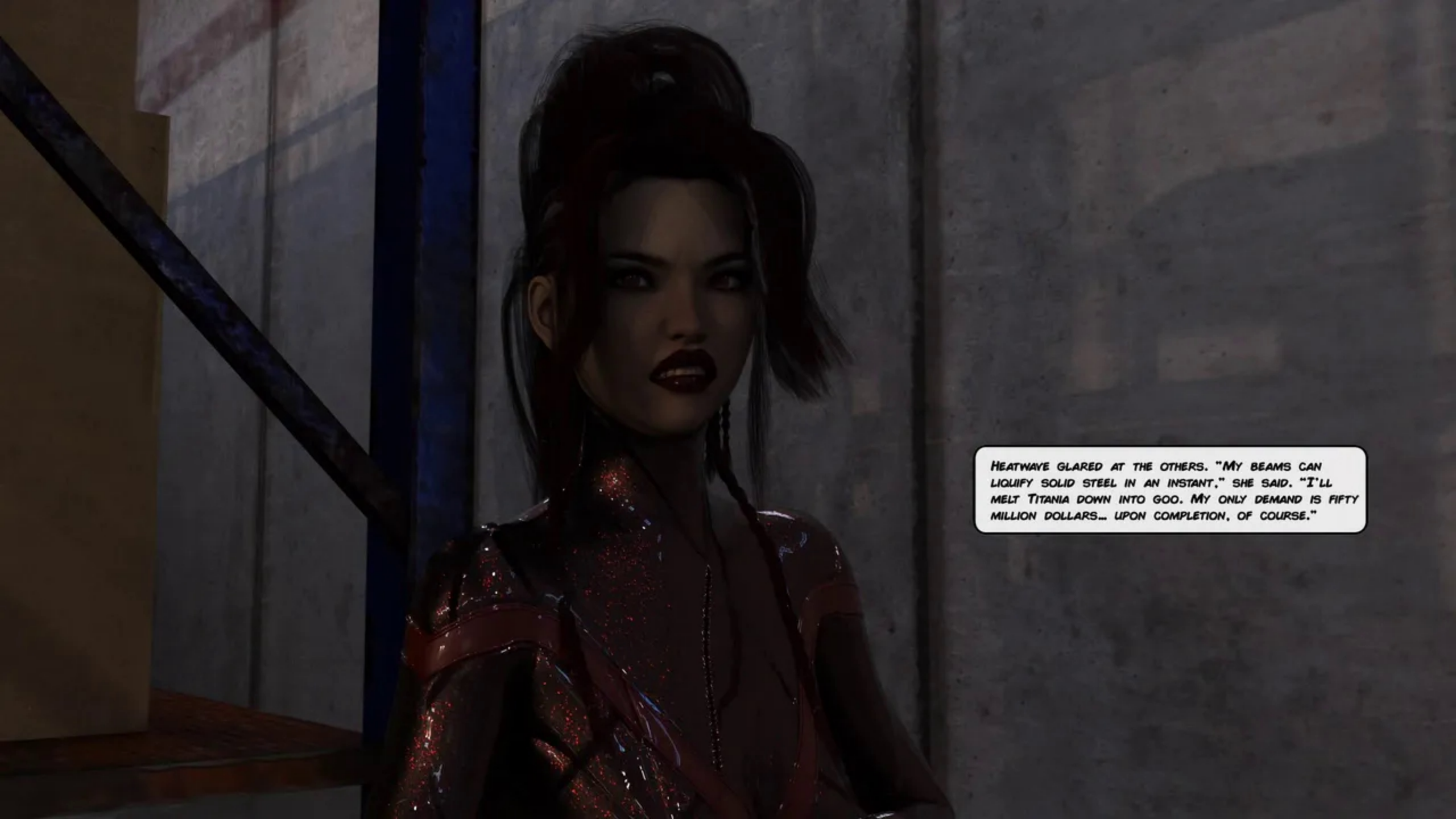

Giovanni slammed his arm down on the table. "Not long ago Titania was so drunk she could barely walk straight," he said. "Now you're telling me she's some kind of super-cop. I think there's a clear solution here. We need to find some way to get her back on the sauce!"

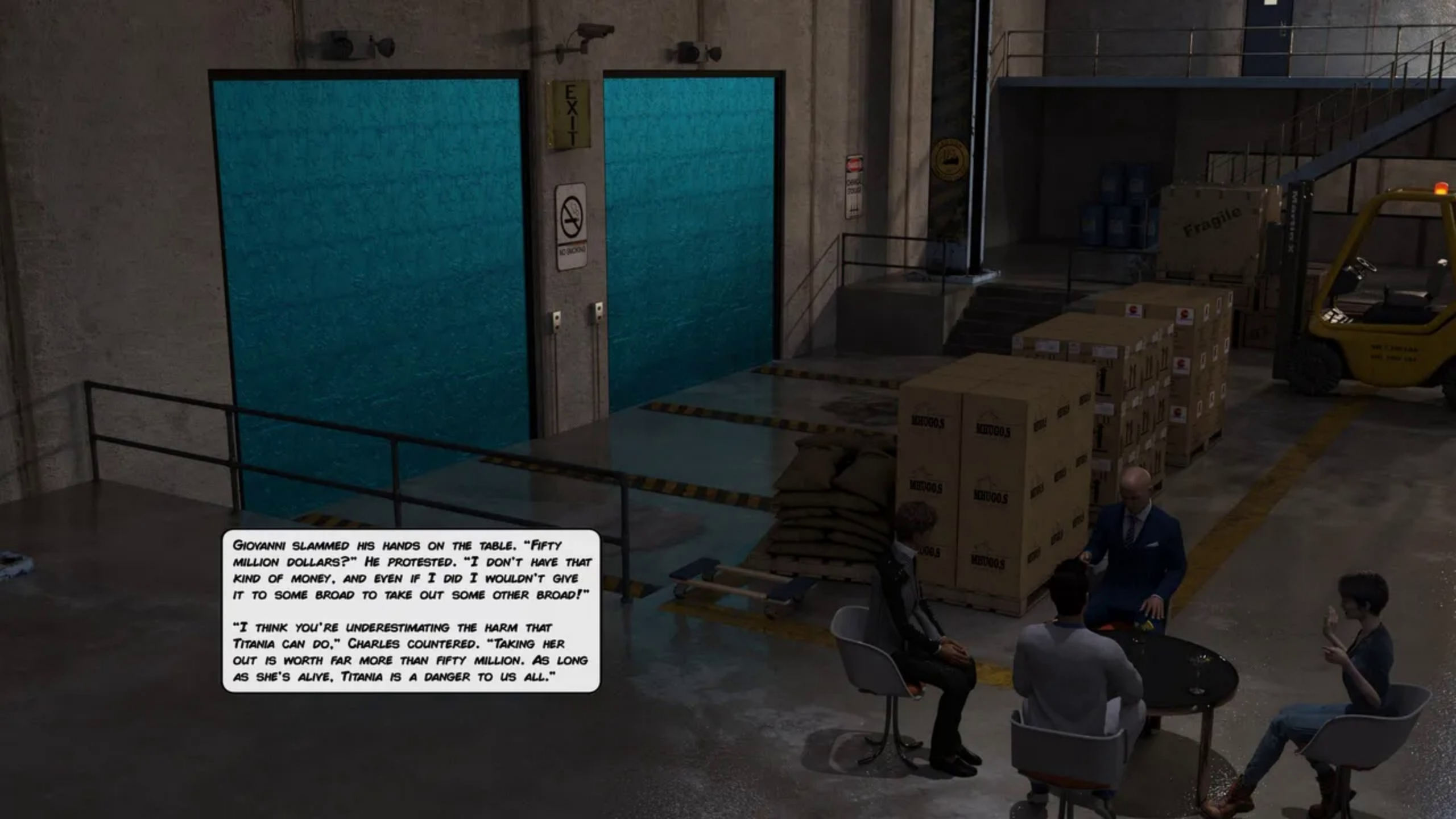

Charles leaned in. "I've considered that," he said. "But my attempts to influence her recently haven't been successful. That's why I searched for a more direct approach: a weapon that could take down Titania once and for all. My associate Yochanan has arranged such a solution."


YOCHANAN SMILED AND WAVED TO THE OTHERS. "IT IS GOOD TO MEET YOU, AND WHAT MY FRIEND CHARLES SAYS IS TRUE: WE HAVE ACQUIRED A WEAPON THAT CAN KILL TITANIA. I SEE IN YOUR EYES THAT YOU ARE SKEPTICAL, BUT I TAKE NO OFFENSE. I DO NOT EXPECT YOU TO TAKE MY WORD FOR IT. I FIND IT IS BETTER TO HAVE THE PROOF IN THE... PUDDING, AS YOU AMERICANS SAY?"



A MYSTERIOUS WOMAN STEPPED OUT FROM THE SHADOWS. YOCHANAN COULD BARELY CONTAIN HER GLEE. "THIS IS MY ASSOCIATE," YOCHANAN SAID. "SHE CALLS HERSELF HEATWAVE. SHE'S DEVELOPED A HEAT RAY TECHNOLOGY THAT CAN BREAK DOWN EVEN TITANIA'S DEFENSES."


Heatwave glared at the others. "My beams can liquify solid steel in an instant," she said. "I'll melt Titania down into goo. My only demand is fifty million dollars... upon completion, of course."



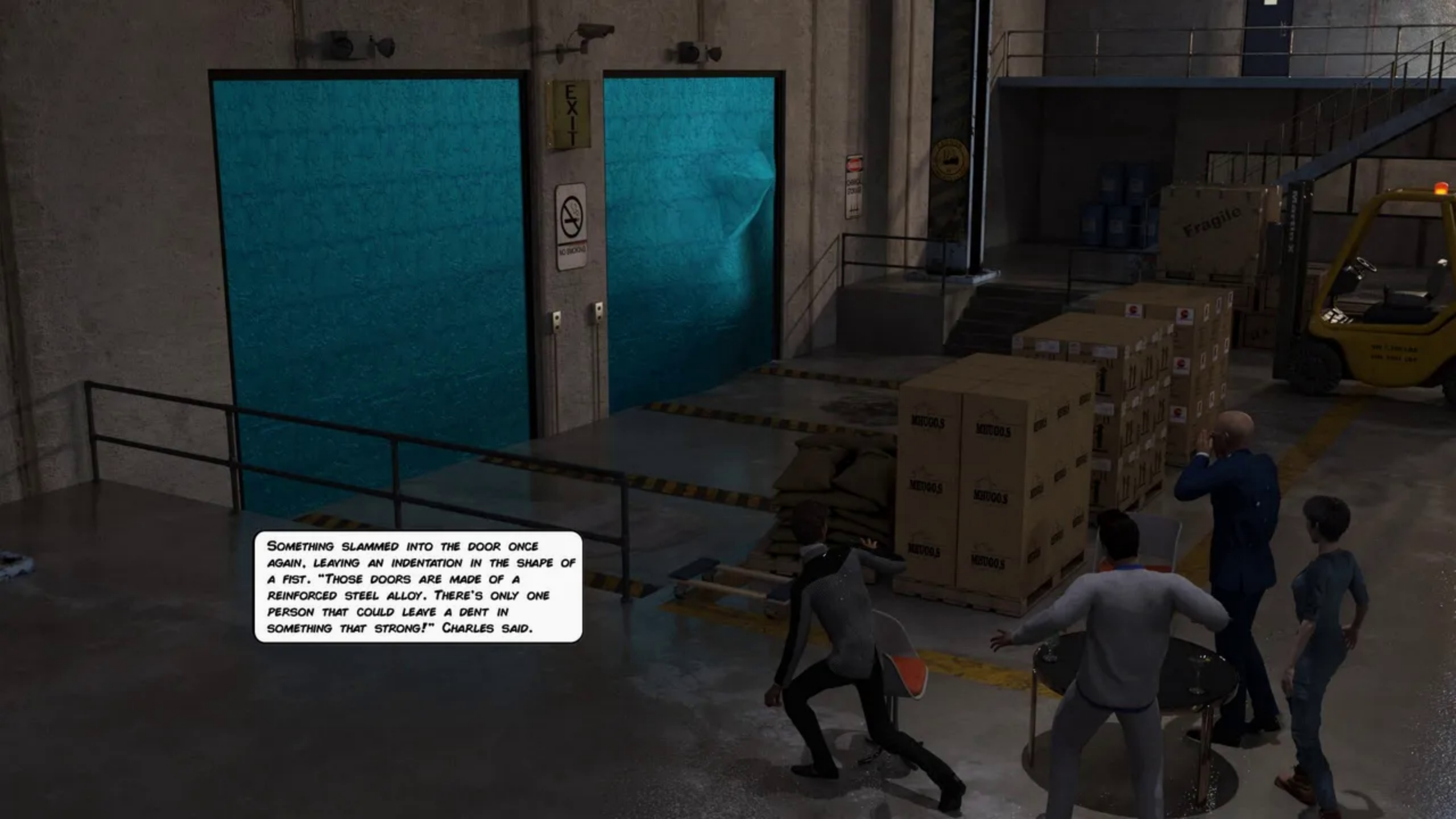
Giovanni slammed his hands on the table. "Fifty million dollars?" He protested. "I don't have that kind of money, and even if I did I wouldn't give it to some broad to take out some other broad!"

"I think you're underestimating the harm that Titania can do." Charles countered. "Taking her out is worth far more than fifty million. As long as she's alive, Titania is a danger to us all."



As if to punctuate his point, something slammed into the metallic warehouse door.

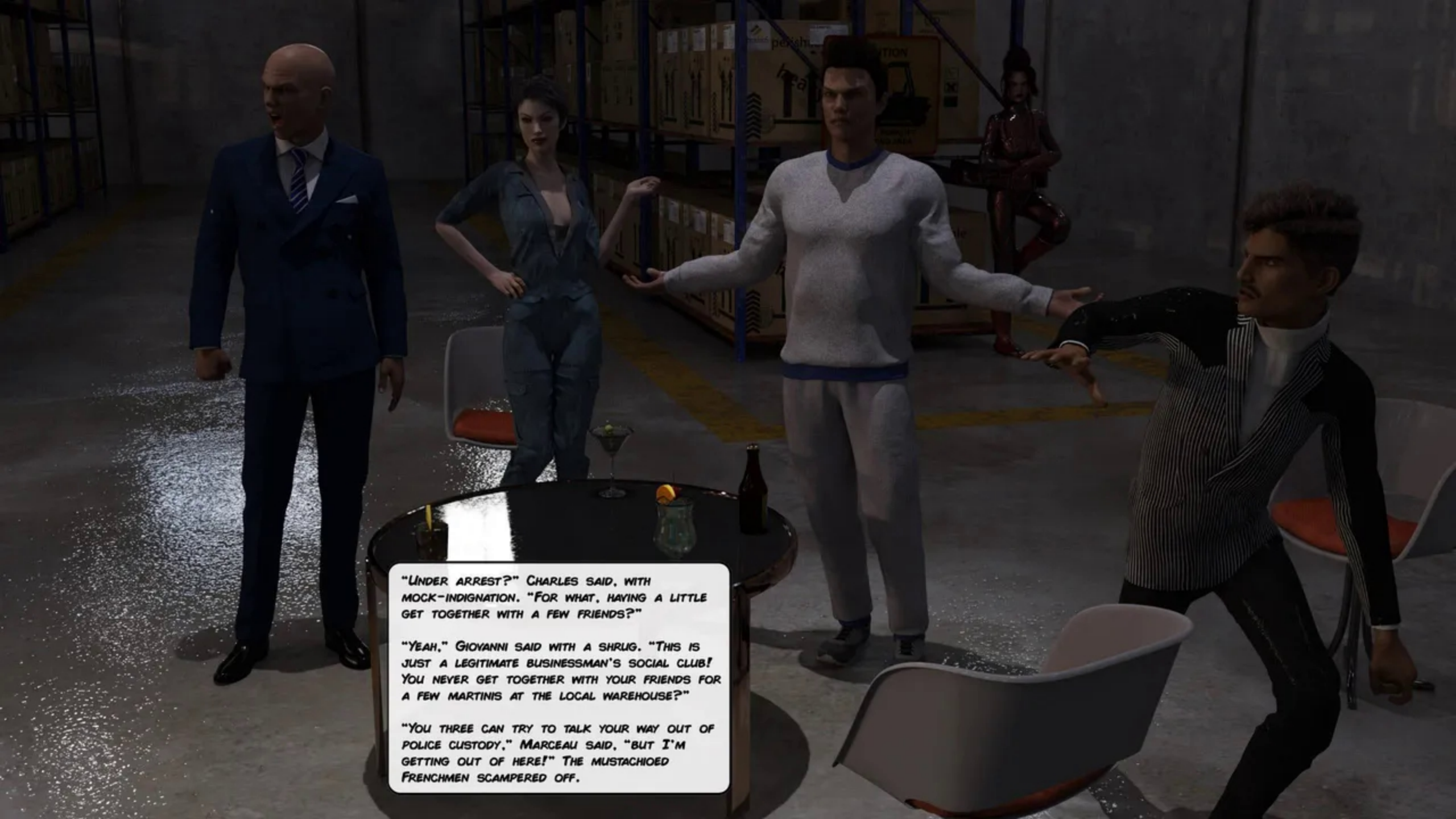
"Shit, what the hell was that?" Giovanni asked. "Is that the cops? Do they got a freakin' battering ram or something?"

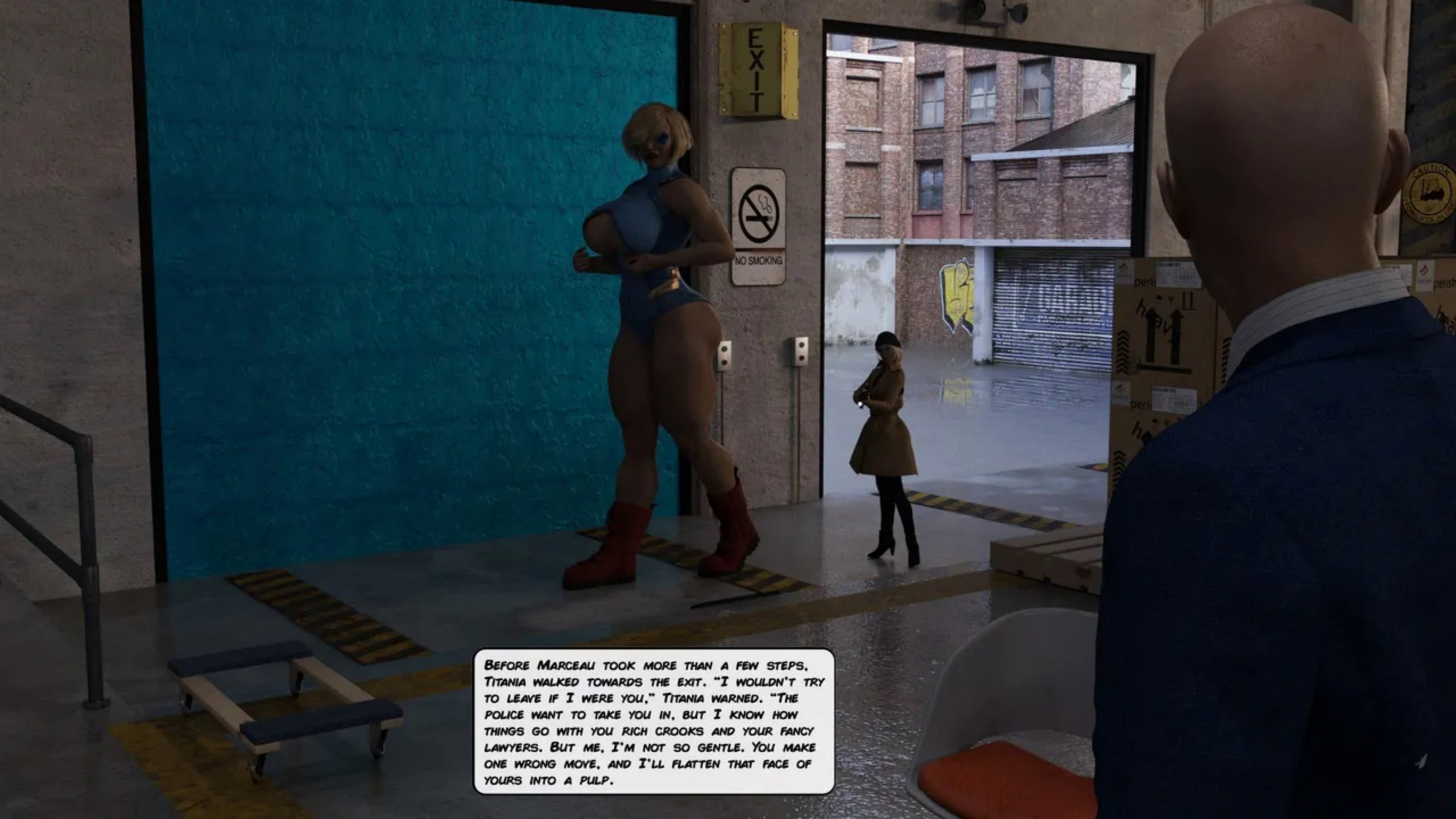

EXIT
NO SMOKING
Fragile
Something slammed into the door once again, leaving an indentation in the shape of a fist. "Those doors are made of a reinforced steel alloy. There's only one person that could leave a dent in something that strong!" Charles said.



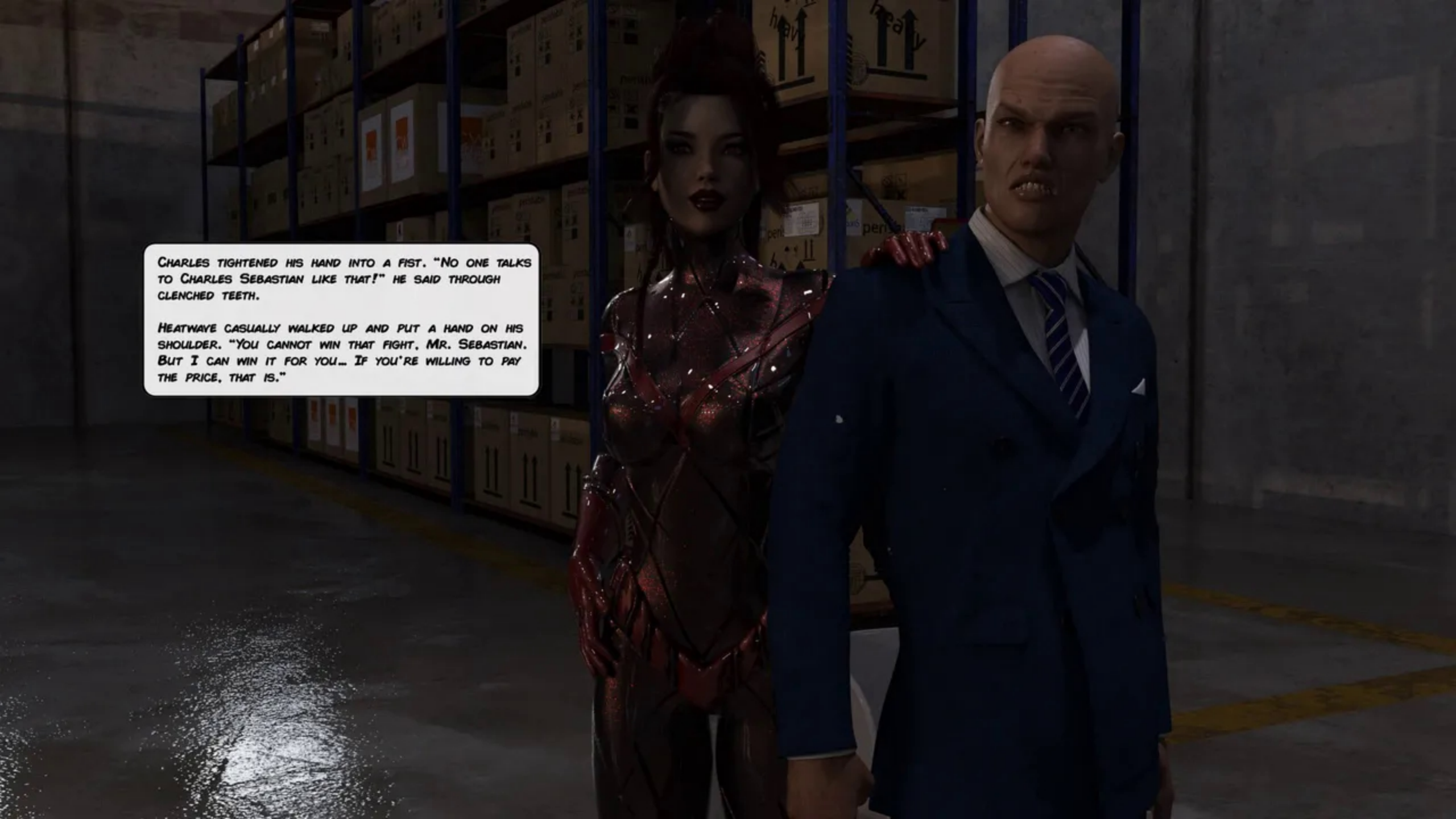
"Hi-yah!" Titania shouted as she landed one last blow. Her fist slammed into the door, sending it flying through the air. Judith wasted no time bursting through the doorway.

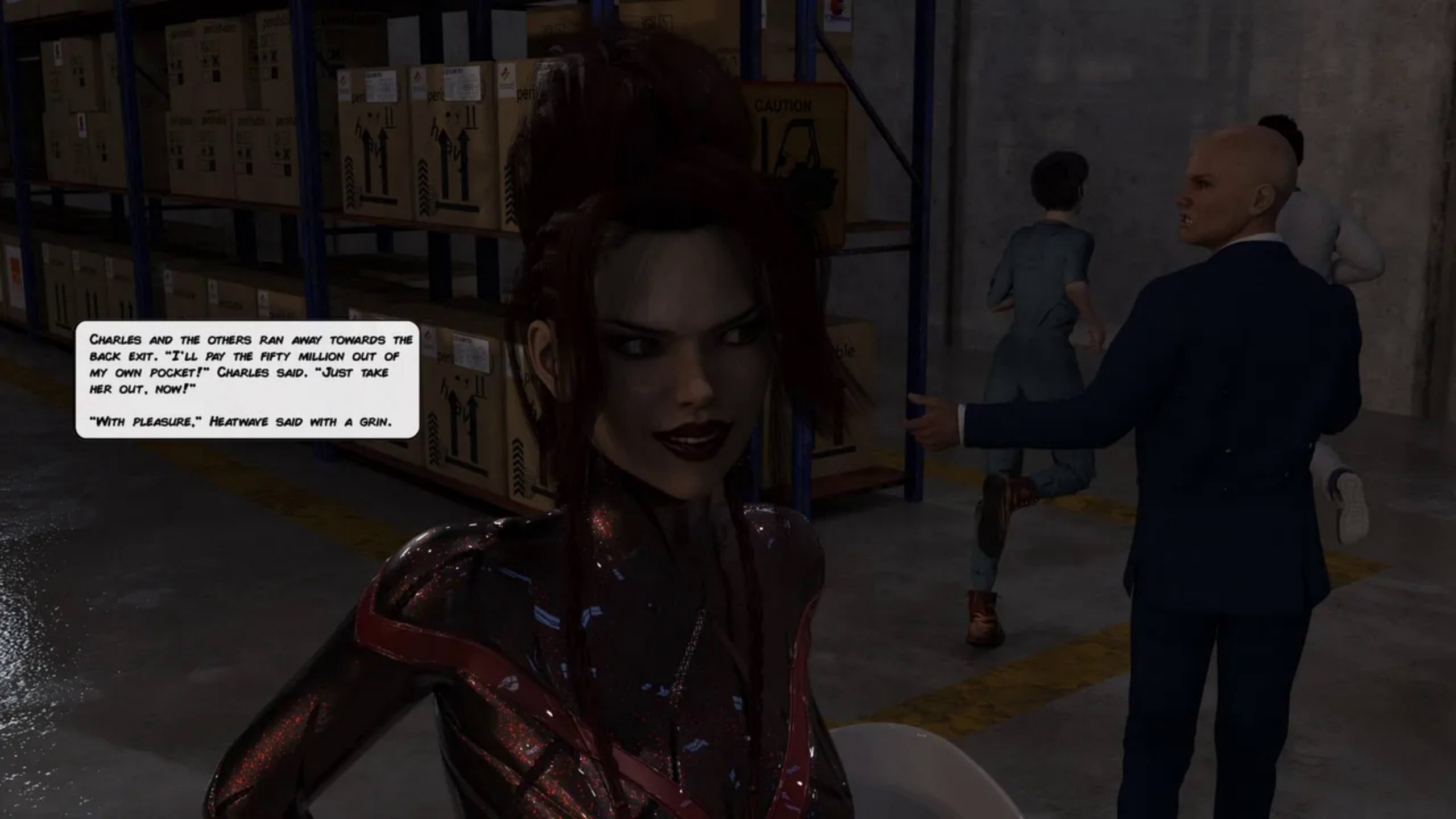

NO SMOKING
DANGER
CHEMICAL STORAGE
CAUTION
Judith pointed her rifle at Charles. "Everyone keep your hands where I can see them!" Judith shouted. "You're all under arrest!"

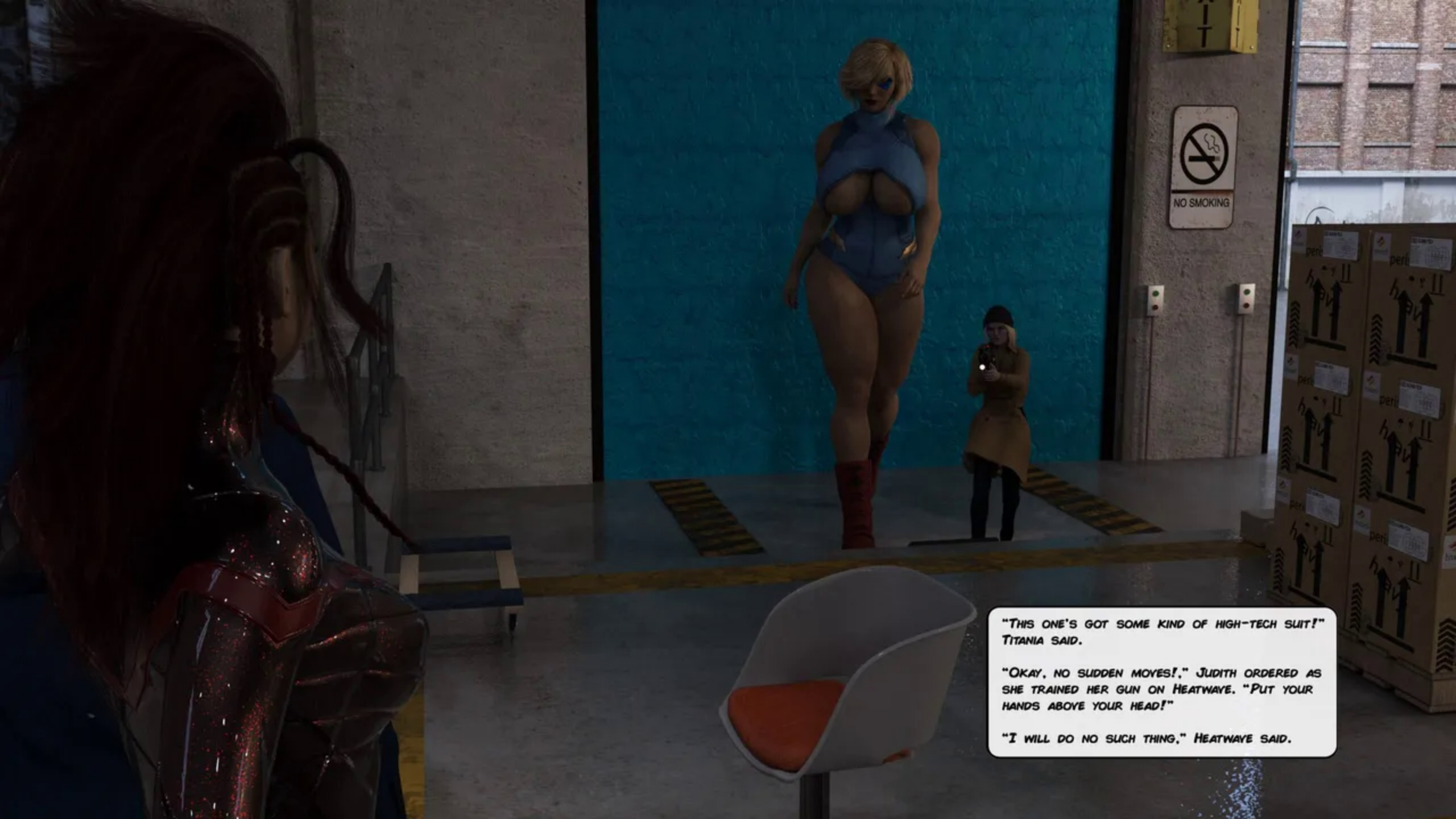

"Under arrest?" Charles said, with mock-indignation. "For what, having a little get together with a few friends?"
"Yeah," Giovanni said with a shrug. "This is just a legitimate businessman's social club! You never get together with your friends for a few martinis at the local warehouse?"
"You three can try to talk your way out of police custody," Marceau said, "but I'm getting out of here!" The mustachioed Frenchmen scampered off.



Before Marceau took more than a few steps, Titania walked towards the exit. "I wouldn't try to leave if I were you," Titania warned. "The police want to take you in, but I know how things go with you rich crooks and your fancy lawyers. But me, I'm not so gentle. You make one wrong move, and I'll flatten that face of yours into a pulp.


Charles tightened his hand into a fist. "No one talks to Charles Sebastian like that!" he said through clenched teeth.
Heatwave casually walked up and put a hand on his shoulder. "You cannot win that fight, Mr. Sebastian. But I can win it for you... If you're willing to pay the price, that is."

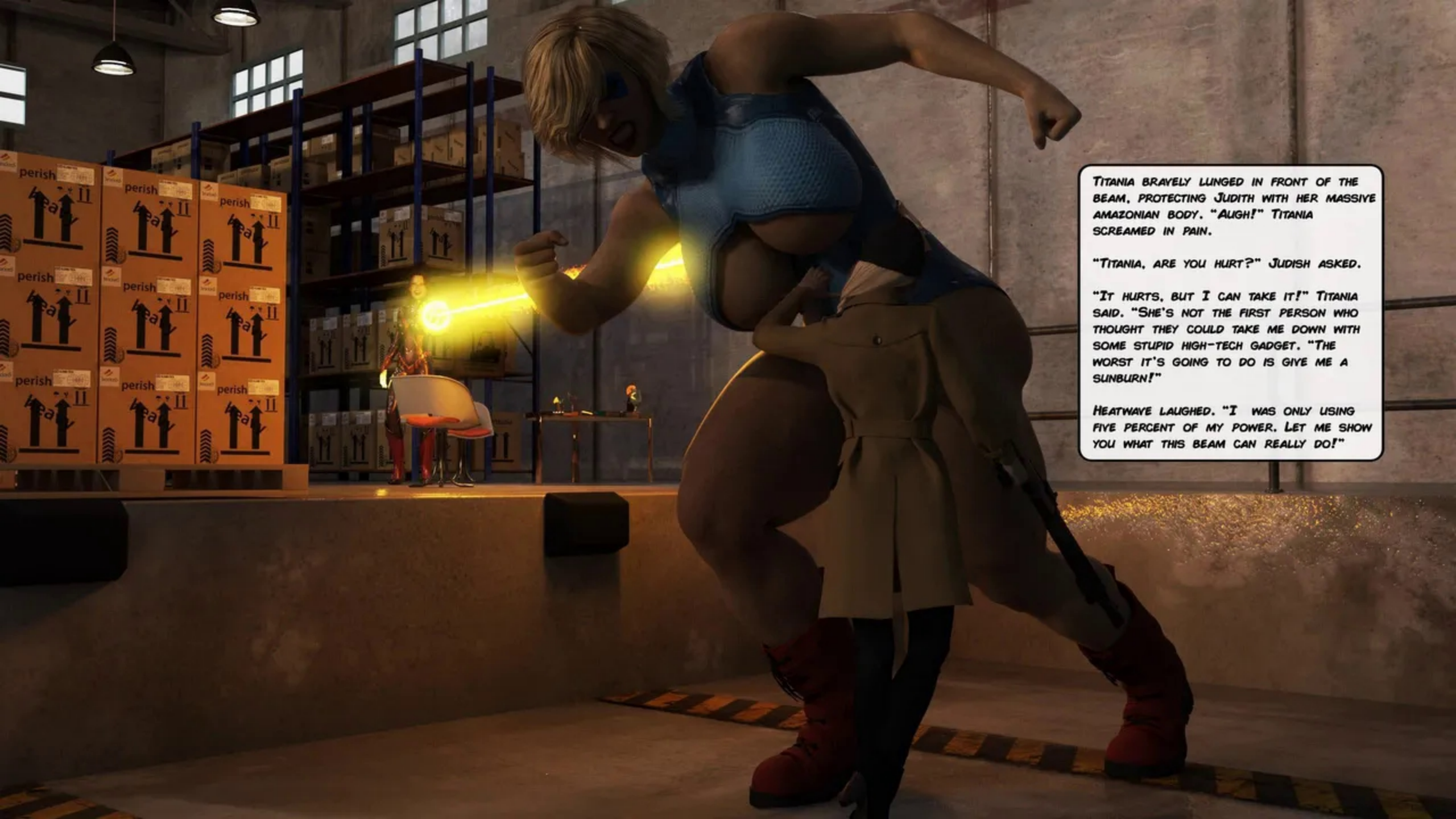

CAUTION
Charles and the others ran away towards the back exit. "I'll pay the fifty million out of my own pocket!" Charles said. "Just take her out, now!"
"With pleasure," Heatwave said with a grin.


NO SMOKING
"This one's got some kind of high-tech suit!" Titania said.
"Okay, no sudden moves!," Judith ordered as she trained her gun on Heatwave. "Put your hands above your head!"
"I will do no such thing," Heatwave said.


Titania snickered. "If she so much as moves a muscle, I'm gonna smash her good."
"Too late, she's mine!" Judith said. "I've already got the shot lined up!"


"So do I!" Heatwave shouted, as she raised her arm. Her gauntlets and boots glowed bright. Before Judith could take the shot, Heatwave fired a beam of white-hot energy at them.


NO SMOKING
"What the hell?" Judith was blinded by the light. She put down her gun and recoiled in fear. "Quick, Titania, get down!"


perish
perish
perish
perish
perish
perish
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perish
perish
Titania bravely lunged in front of the beam, protecting Judith with her massive amazonian body. "Augh!" Titania screamed in pain.
"Titania, are you hurt?" Judish asked.
"It hurts, but I can take it!" Titania said. "She's not the first person who thought they could take me down with some stupid high-tech gadget. "The worst it's going to do is give me a sunburn!"
Heatwave laughed. "I was only using five percent of my power. Let me show you what this beam can really do!"


Outside the warehouse, Jeanette waited impatiently. "This is taking forever!" Jeanette whined. "The sun's coming up, and I'm still waiting outside. I wanted to see some action! When is something cool gonna happen?"


Jeanette didn't have to wait long. She was startled by a loud booming noise. She turned back only to see a huge explosion tear through the side of the building. Propelled by the giant fireball, Titania flew through the air. Judith clung to her, shielded from the blast by Titania's body.


Jeanette watched as Titania's unconscious body landed on the ground, more than fifty feet away from the blast. Judith landed on top of her, and was lucky to have her head cushioned between Titania's soft breasts. It would have been a very different situation had Judith landed on underneath them.


"Oh my god, Titania, are you okay?" Jeanette asked. She spirited over to her to get a closer look, running so frantically that she stumbled over her own feet.


Jeanette put her hand on Titania's forehead. "Okay, let's see, at least she's warm..." Jeanette said. "No wait, she's way too warm, that's bad! Okay, what else... Let's see, is she breathing? Shit, I dunno, it's hard to see her chest move since her boobs are so big!"


"Aww, worried about poor Titania, are you?" Jeanette looked over to see who was talking, and saw a woman casually walk through the raging inferno like it was nothing. "I can assure you, she is as dead as a doornail. My heat ray was specially created to be a Titania killer. That blonde bitch has ended countless lives herself, it was about time someone ended hers!"


Jeanette shook Titania. "Come on, if you're going to wake up this would be a really good time!" Jeanette pleaded, but Titania was still out cold. "She's not moving? Oh god, she really is dead, isn't she?!"


Jeanette shrugged and got onto her feet. "Okay, this is it," Jeanette said. "I can mourn later. Right now it's time to be a hero. Time to grow. You can do this, you can do this... Shit, why isn't this working?!"


HEATWAVE LAUGHED AS SHE STEPPED OUT OF THE INFERNO. "YOU'RE POWERLESS WITHOUT HER!" HEATWAVE SAID. "AS SOON AS MY PYRO-BEAMS ARE DONE CHARGING, I WILL INCINERATE YOU!"


Jeanette looked back at Titania, and seeing her girlfriend's helpless body awakened something within Jeanette. "Okay, come on Jeanette. If you can't grow for yourself, you can at least grow for her!"


Jeanette crossed her arms and tried to focus her energy, but nothing happened. "Come on, come on!" she muttered. She clenched every muscle in her body hoping for something, anything to happen.


The energy came to Jeanette all at once. When the growth finally started, it was like a dam bursting. It was more than she could handle. The energy surrounded her, making her body glow an iridescent blue.


Jeanette grew rapidly. Her body quickly stretched up into the air, while glowing particles swirled around her. "I feel... strong!" Jeanette said.


Heatwave watched with growing unease as Jeanette's growth accelerated. By the time her pyro-beams were finished charging, Jeanette would be towering over her.


It only took a few seconds for Heatwave's fears to be proved right. Jeanette soon towered over the entire warehouse complex, and her growth spurt showed no signs of slowing down.


By the time her growth began to slow, Jeanette had doubled in size yet again. None of the warehouses around her even came up to her knees. She laughed triumphantly as she stared down at Heatwave.


"What are you waiting for?" Jeanette asked. "Go ahead and take your best shot. But I'll give you a warning: you're only going to get one shot, so you'd better hope it takes me down!"


"Oh believe me, it will!" Heatwave shouted, as she finally unleashed the full power of her heat rays on Jeanette. The air crackled with energy while she unleashed the power of the sun from the palm of her hand.

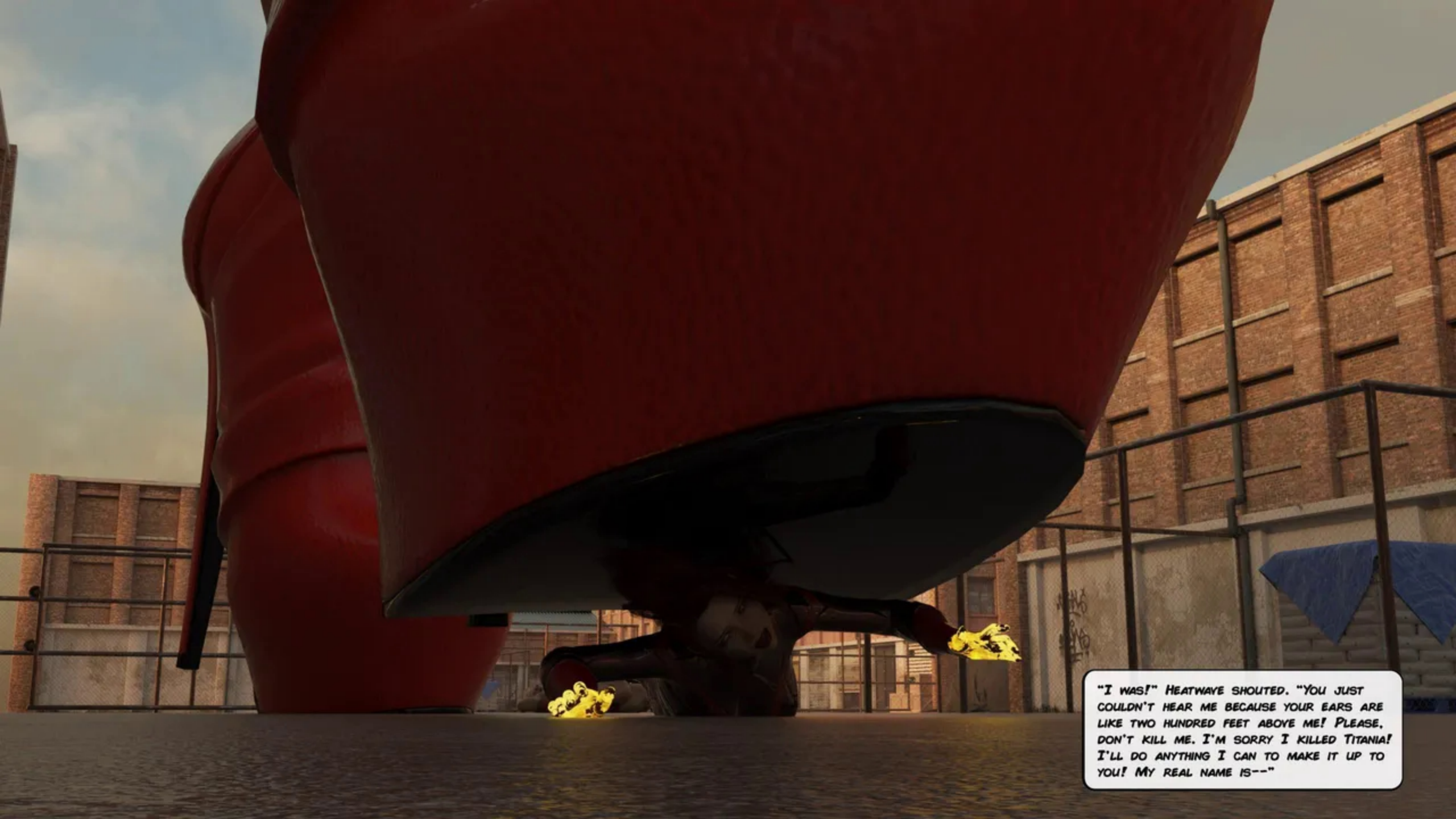

"Heatwave was dismayed when she realized the beam didn't seem to be affecting Jeanette. "What? Why isn't this working?"
"Is that all you've got?" Jeanette asked. "One little shot in my boob? I barely felt that! I don't think it even singed me!"


It wasn't until the beam finally fizzled out that Heatray realized how outmatched she was. "Oh shit, she's getting closer!" Heatwave screamed before she turned tail and ran.

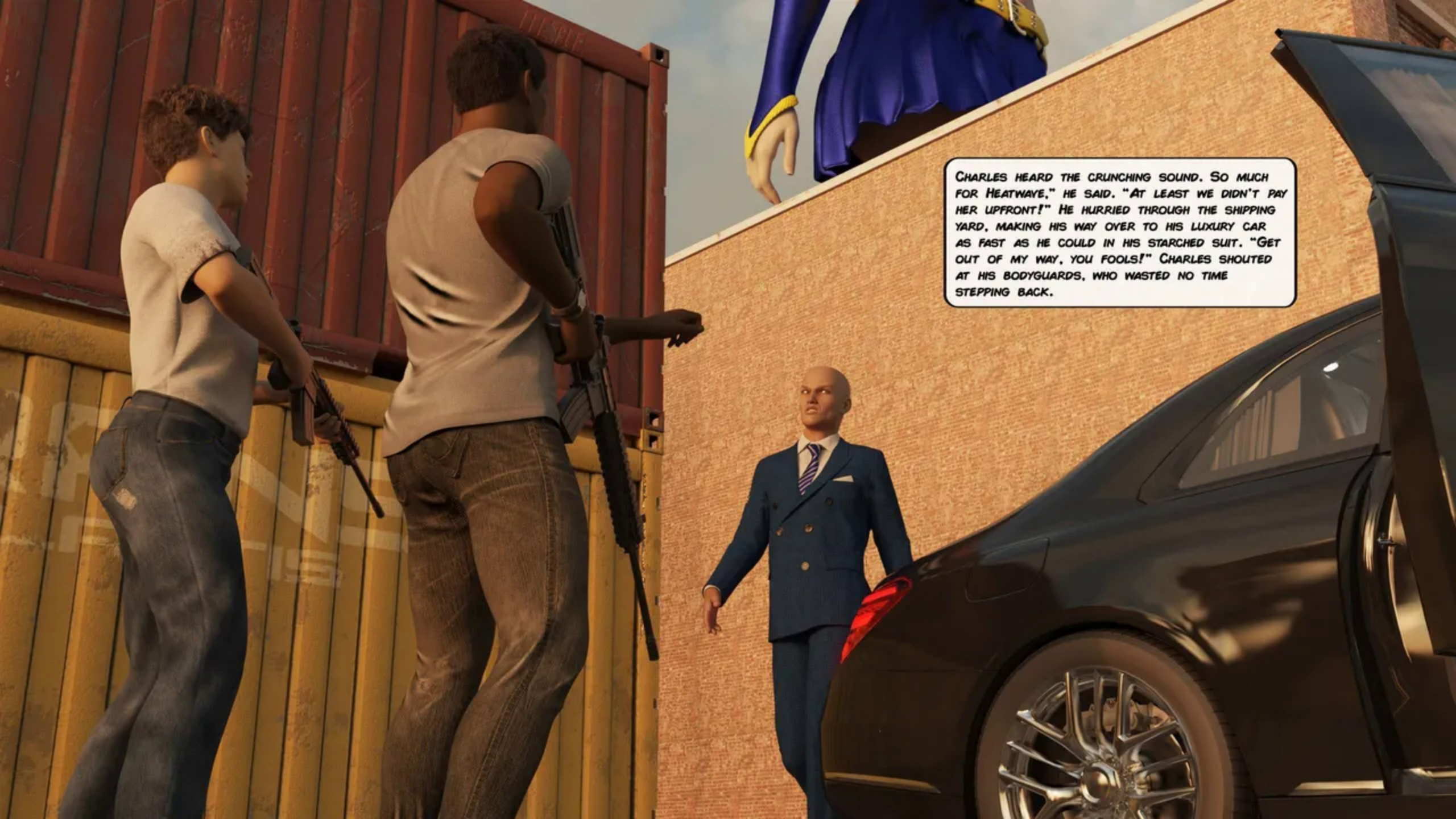

Heatwave looked back and saw the giant heel slam into the pavement behind her. She could feel the ground shaking from the sheer weight of Jeanette's footsteps. Jeanette had only taken a single step, but she had nearly caught up to Heatwave.
"Wait! Stop!" Heatwave pleaded. "I underestimated you! Clearly you're a powerful hero. Your partner is dead, but you and I could make a great team together!"


"Not in a million years!" Jeanette shouted back. "The only thing you'll be making a team with is the heel of my boot!" Jeanette lifted her heel-clad foot up above Heatwave, taking pleasure in the knowledge that she could crush her at any second.

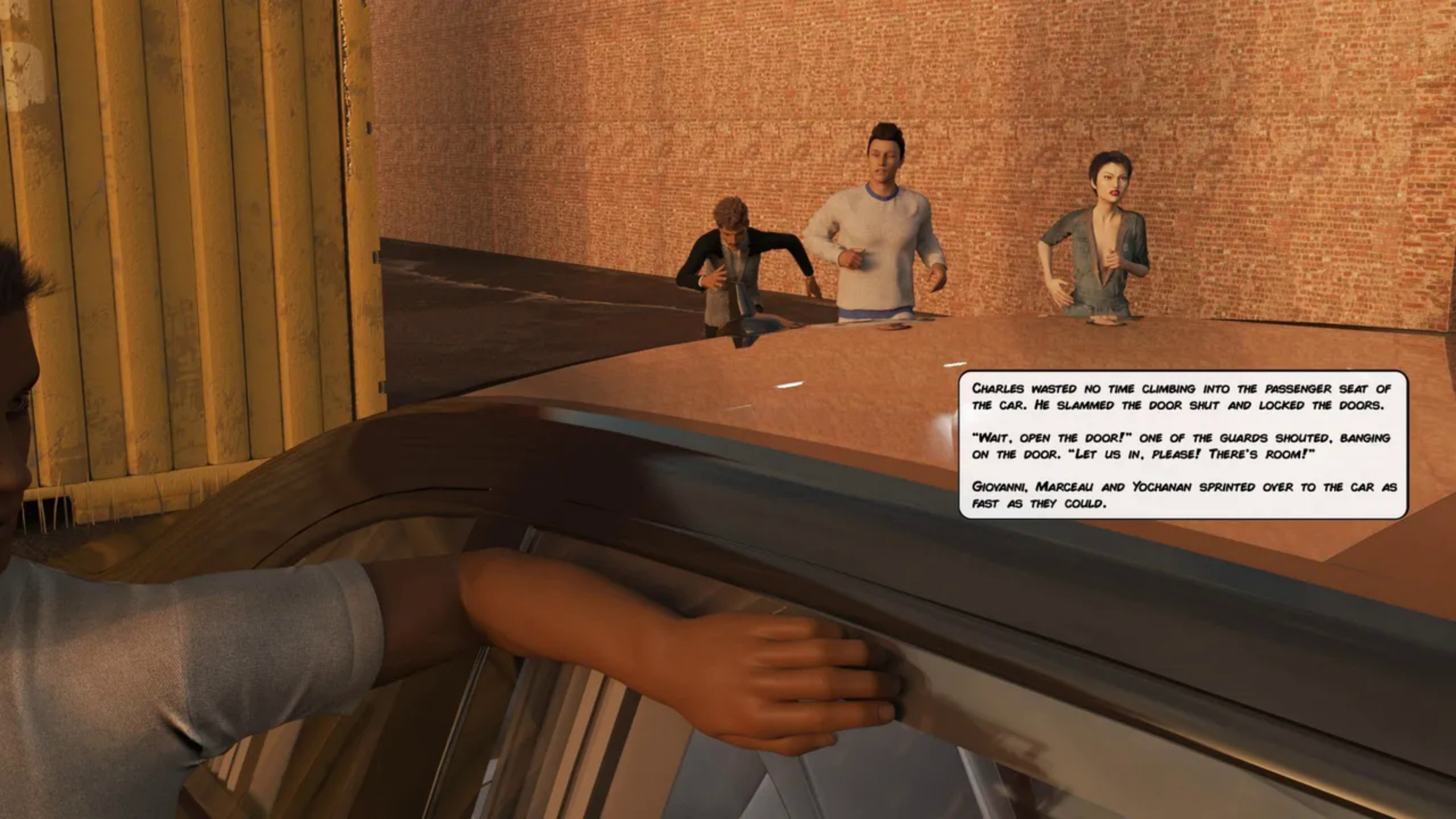

Jeanette didn't wait long to bring her heel down. She was careful not to use too much force at first. She wanted to watch the woman who killed Titania squirm under her foot, and it gave her great pleasure when Heatwave did exactly that.
"What's wrong," Jeanette said, "aren't you going to beg for your life or something?"


"I WAS!" HEATWAVE SHOUTED. "YOU JUST COULDN'T HEAR ME BECAUSE YOUR EARS ARE LIKE TWO HUNDRED FEET ABOVE ME! PLEASE, DON'T KILL ME. I'M SORRY I KILLED TITANIA! I'LL DO ANYTHING I CAN TO MAKE IT UP TO YOU! MY REAL NAME IS--"


CRUUUUUNCH
Jeanette finally pressed the front of her heel down, crunching Heatwave's metallic armor and splattering what remained of the supervillain all over the pavement. Jeanette twisted her heel a few times for good measure, until there was nothing left of her that was recognizable as a human being.
"Bitch."

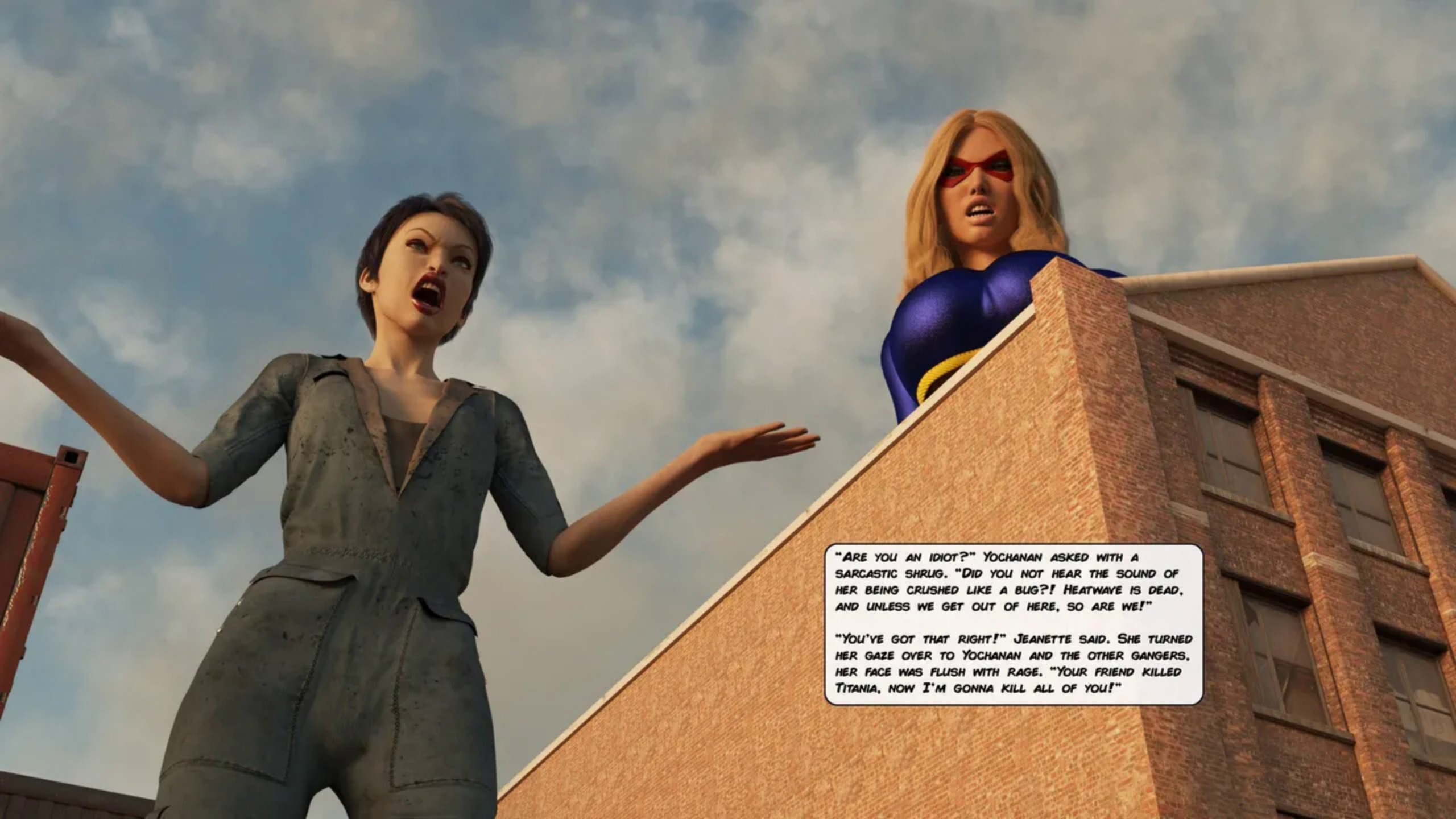

Charles heard the crunching sound. So much for Heatwave," he said. "At least we didn't pay her upfront!" He hurried through the shipping yard, making his way over to his luxury car as fast as he could in his starched suit. "Get out of my way, you fools!" Charles shouted at his bodyguards, who wasted no time stepping back.


"Start the car, we don't have long before she spots us!" Charles ordered his driver. Just then, he got a strange feeling, like someone was watching him. He turned his head and looked back, and saw that Jeanette's eyes were fixed on him. "Shit," he muttered.


Charles wasted no time climbing into the passenger seat of the car. He slammed the door shut and locked the doors.
"Wait, open the door!" one of the guards shouted, banging on the door. "Let us in, please! There's room!"
Giovanni, Marceau and Yochanan sprinted over to the car as fast as they could.


"Hey, Charles, open the goddamn door!" Giovanni yelled. "What are you waiting for? You're not seriously gonna leave us here with that bitch, are you?"
Charles said nothing. He looked back at Giovanni and silently smirked as the driver sped off.


The luxury car drove off into the distance, leaving the other gangsters in its dust.
"Is he seriously leaving us behind?" Yochanan moaned.
"I can't believe that bastard!" Giovanni moaned. "He's leaving us here with that giant bitch? She's gonna tear us apart!"
"What about the fire lady?" Marceau asked. "Cannot she stop Jeanette?"


"Are you an idiot?" Yochanan asked with a sarcastic shrug. "Did you not hear the sound of her being crushed like a bug?! Heatwave is dead, and unless we get out of here, so are we!"
"You've got that right!" Jeanette said. She turned her gaze over to Yochanan and the other gangers, her face was flush with rage. "Your friend killed Titania, now I'm gonna kill all of you!"

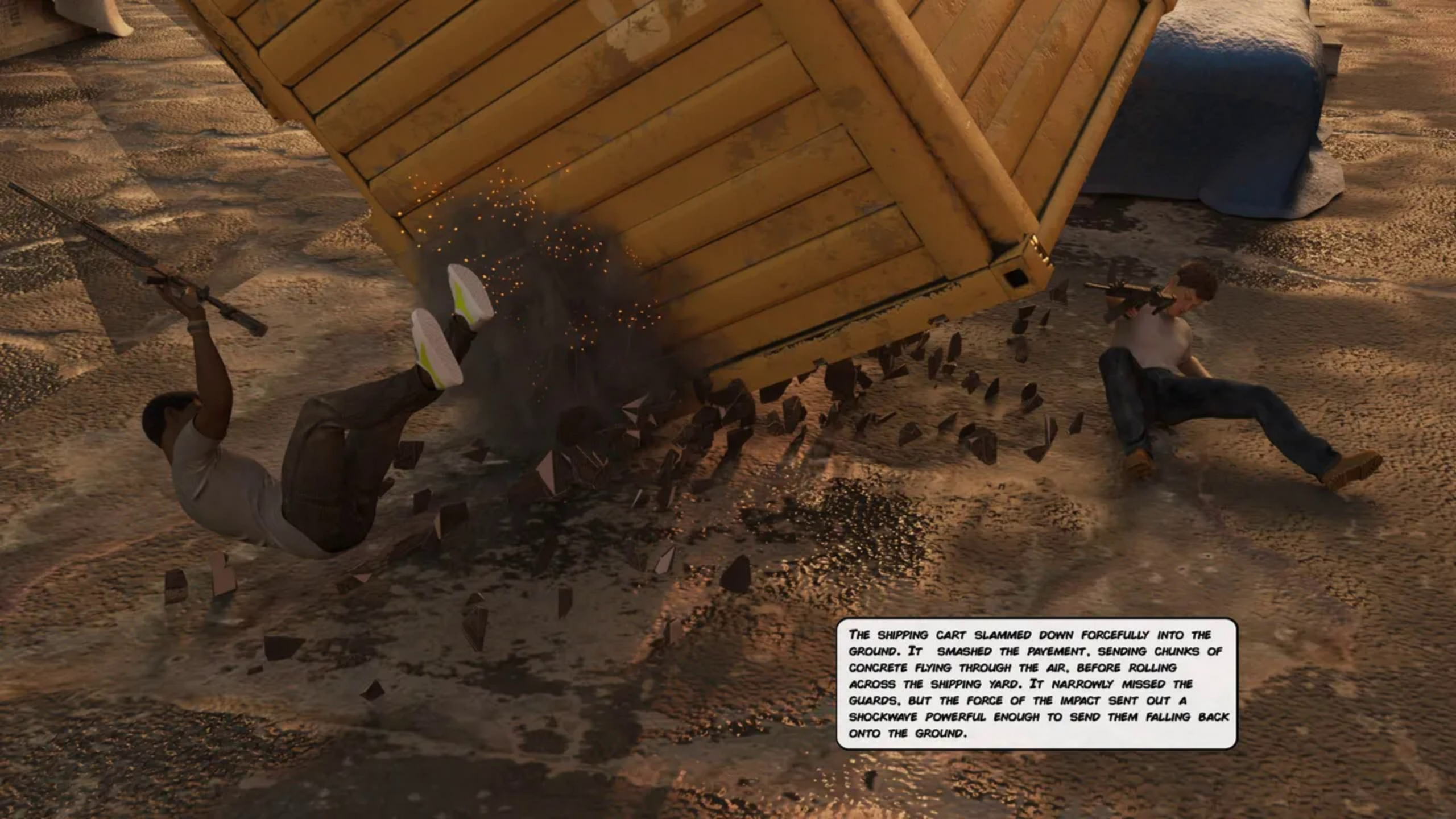

Jeanette walked towards them. The warehouse was in her way, but that was hardly an obstacle for Jeanette at her current size. In a single step, her foot smashed through the brick and mortar walls like they were nothing.
"I'm getting out of here!" Marceau shouted. While the others stared in horror, Marceau turned and ran.


Giovanni and Yochanan soon followed after him. Yochanan turned back just in time to see Jeanette's other foot slam down just in front of the guards. "What are you waiting for? Shoot her!" Yochanan ordered the guards, who wasted no time opening fire on Jeanette.


The guards fired round after round at Jeanette, but to their dismay, every last one of their bullets bounced harmlessly off of her.
"What the hell do you think you're doing?" Jeanette whined. "You really think you can take me out with your dinky little gun? Me? When I'm this big? Get real!"


As soon as both of the guards emptied their magazines on her, Jeanette turned around. "Okay, my turn," Jeanette said. While they were reloading, Jeanette grabbed a shipping container from the top of a nearby stack. It was barely big enough to fit in her hand at first, but she dug her fingers into the steel container until it warped around her, leaving indentations that she could hold onto as if it were a bowling ball.

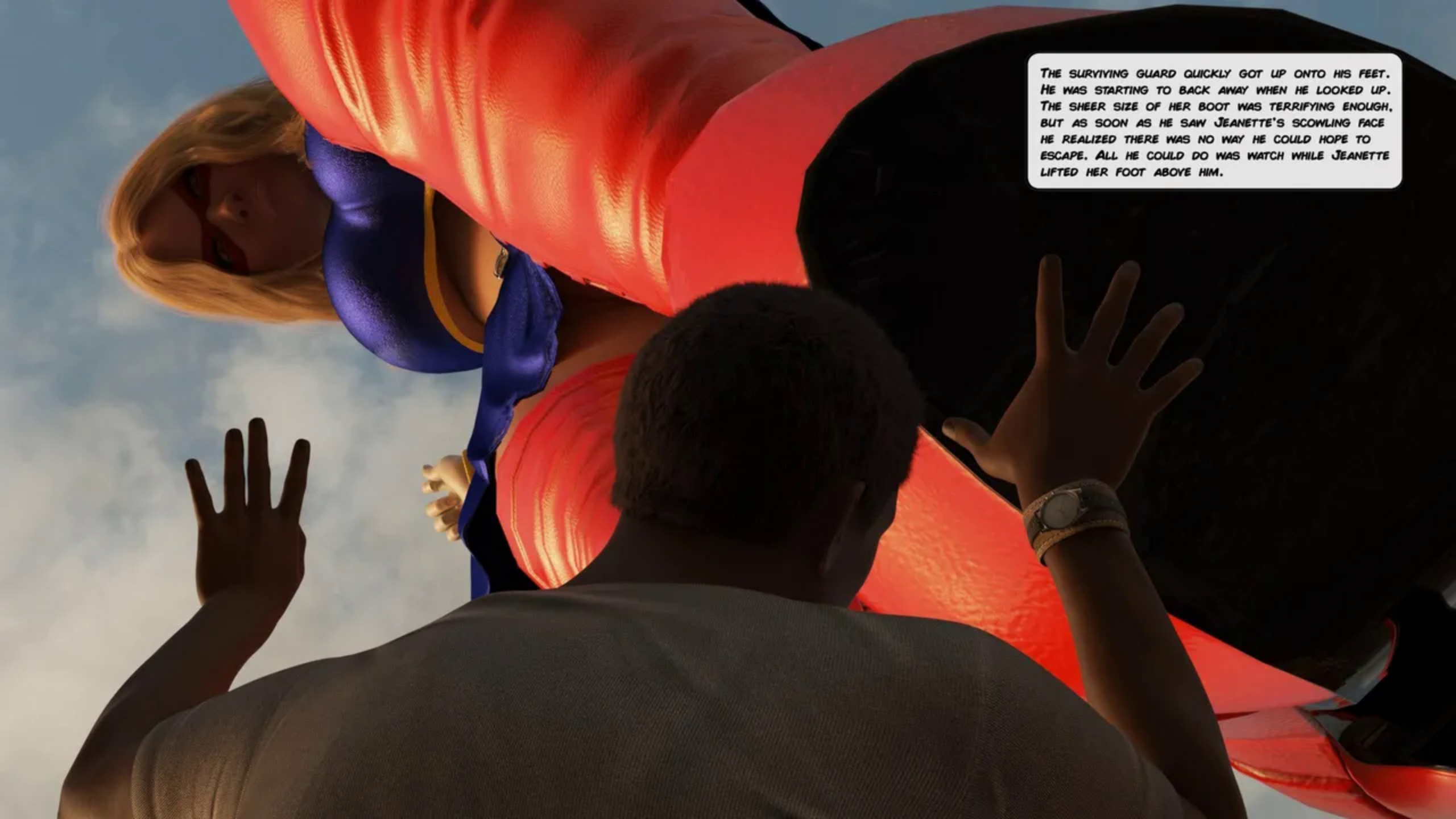

The guards opened fire on Jeanette once more. "Ouch!" Jeanette flinched when one of the bullets hit her straight in the eye. The bullet ricocheted, but to her surprise it actually stung a bit."All you did is make me mad, you stupid fucks!" Jeanette shouted. She raised the shipping container high above her head, and threw it down with all of her might.


The shipping cart slammed down forcefully into the ground. It smashed the pavement, sending chunks of concrete flying through the air, before rolling across the shipping yard. It narrowly missed the guards, but the force of the impact sent out a shockwave powerful enough to send them falling back onto the ground.


One guard slowly got back onto his feet. He had just barely managed to dodge out of the way, but he hurt his back in the process. He craned his neck back and saw that Jeanette was standing right in front of him. Jeanette lifted her foot in the air. The guard thought he was as good as dead, but it wasn't him she was going for.


He watched as Jeanette's foot lifted above the other guard, who was lying on the ground not far away. The other guard had also managed to survive the shipping container, a mistake that Jeanette was clearly planning to rectify. He panicked when Jeanette's foot began to lower down on him.
"Wait, wait!" the other guard pleaded. "You don't have to do this, I don't--"

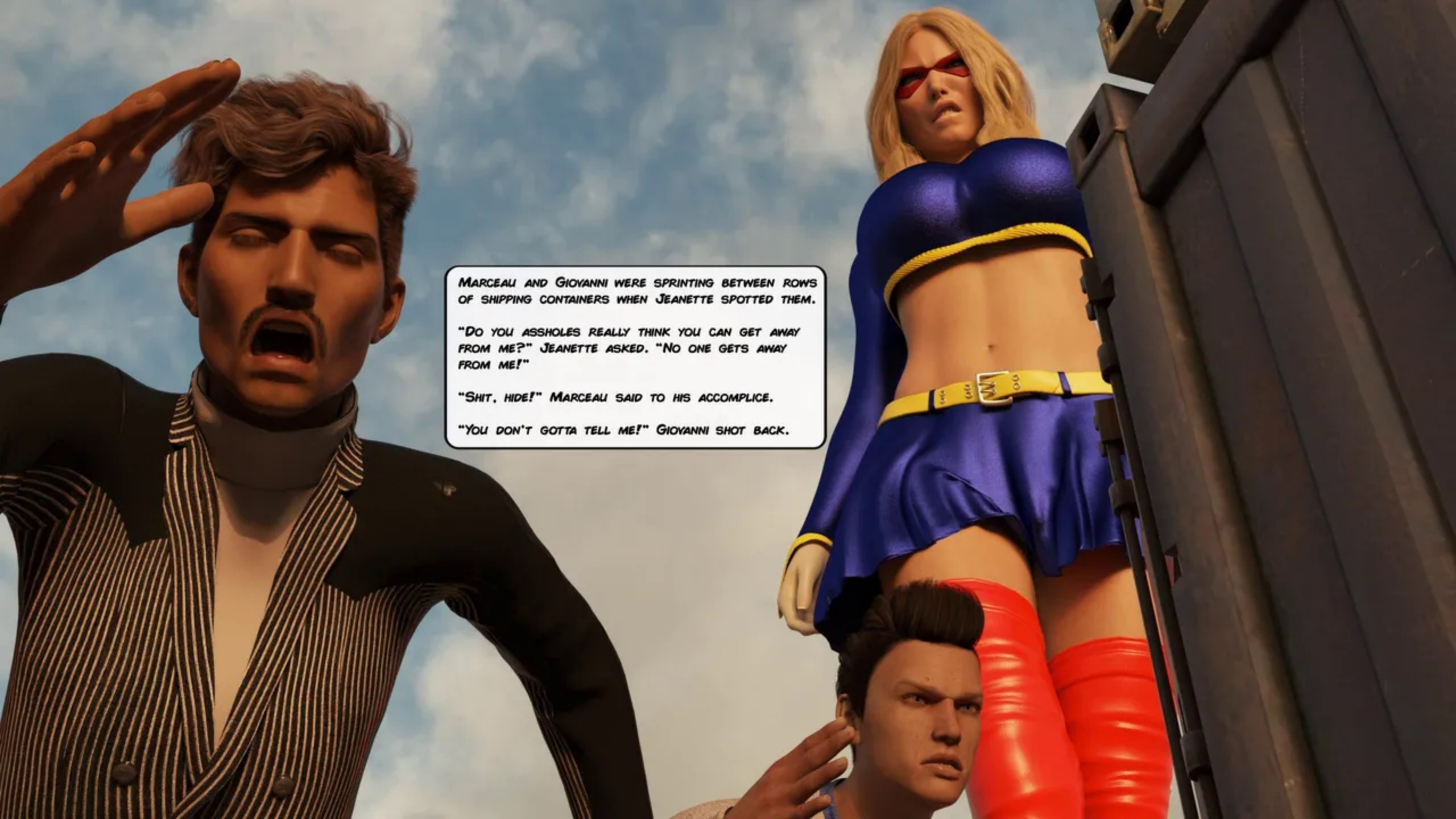

CRUUNCH
Not a second later, Jeanette's heel slammed down against the pavement. The guard was instantly flattened under Jeanette's powerful heel, splattering the guard with his blood.


The surviving guard quickly got up onto his feet. He was starting to back away when he looked up. The sheer size of her boot was terrifying enough, but as soon as he saw Jeanette's scowling face he realized there was no way he could hope to escape. All he could do was watch while Jeanette lifted her foot above him.


Jeanette wasted no time squishing him like a bug. "Loser," Jeanette muttered. She twisted her boot, crushing him to a thin red paste.


"Okay, who's next?" Jeanette asked, scanning the shipping yard for her next victim when her gaze turned towards Yochanan. "You!" Jeanette shouted. Yochanan screamed and picked up the pace, running as fast as she could.


Yochanan was nearly caught up with her accomplices when she hopped over a metal railing and landed on the train tracks. She didn't like being out in the open, but she was at least nearing another group of shipping containers.


Marceau and Giovanni were sprinting between rows of shipping containers when Jeanette spotted them.
"Do you assholes really think you can get away from me?" Jeanette asked. "No one gets away from me!"
"Shit. Hide!" Marceau said to his accomplice.
"You don't gotta tell me!" Giovanni shot back.

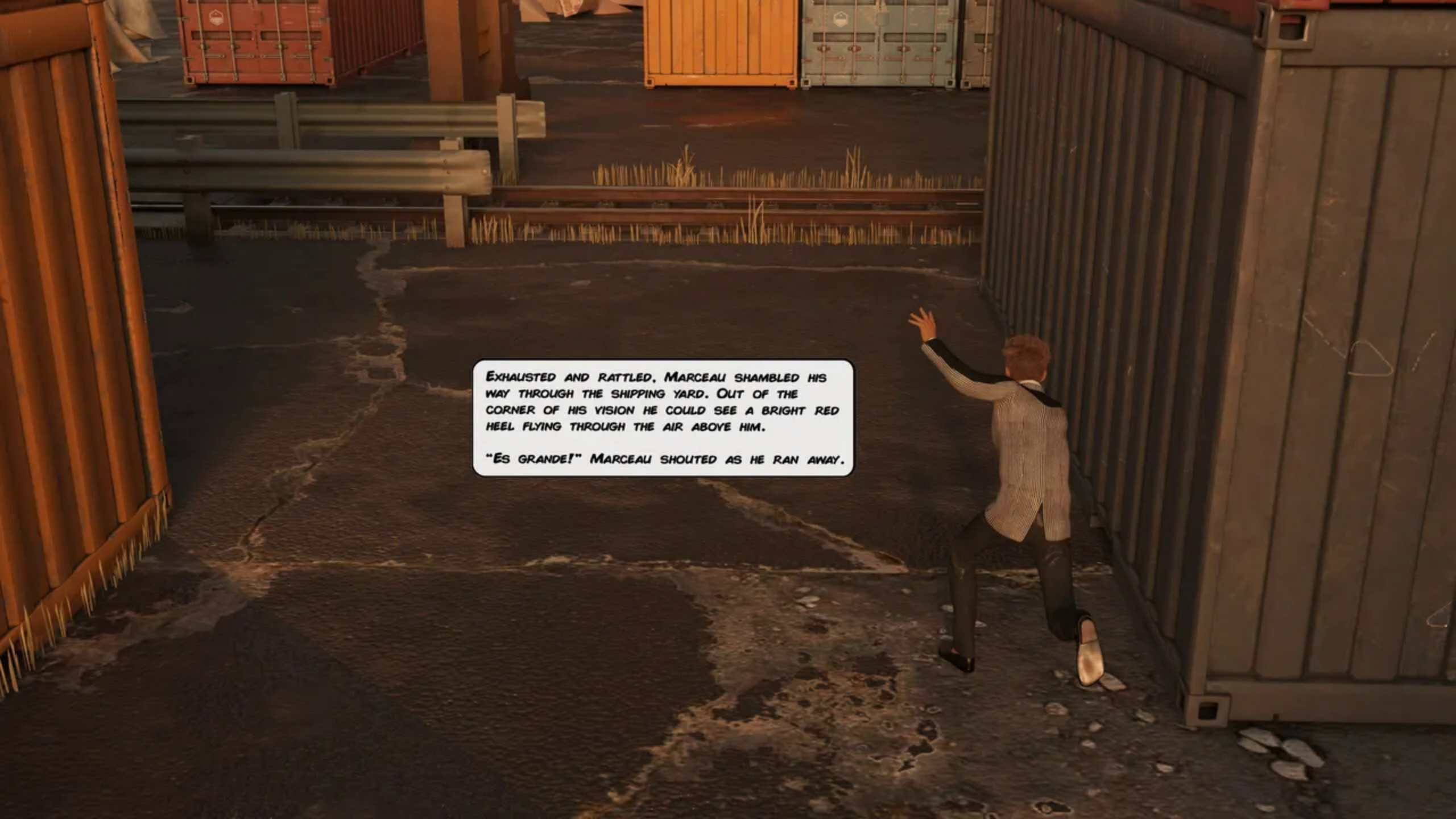

Marceau hid behind the nearest shipping crate. He tried to stand perfectly still, but he was so scared he was practically shaking. He shuddered when he heard the booming sound of her foot hitting the ground. Two booming steps later, and Jeanette was standing right behind him. The giant superhero was too close for comfort, and he snuck away as quietly as he could.


"Not this way, not this way..." Yochanan said while she cowered behind a tarp-covered car. She watched Jeanette from the shadows, hoping against hope that the giant woman didn't spot her.


"Oh shit, oh shit..." Giovanni watched anxiously as Jeanette stepped closer to him. Jeanette's sheer size was terrifying up close, and Giovanni couldn't help but imagine what it would be like to end up under one of those massive heels.


"You can't hide forever!" Jeanette said, as she peered down at the shipping yard. She put her hands on her hips and scanned the shadows, looking for any sign of the criminals.


"There you are!" Jeanette said. She spotted Marceau, and she wasted no time chasing him down. She stepped right behind him, rattling the shipping containers with her footstep.
"Merde!" Marceau cursed, as she stumbled away from her.


Exhausted and rattled, Marceau shambled his way through the shipping yard. Out of the corner of his vision he could see a bright red heel flying through the air above him.
"Es grande!" Marceau shouted as he ran away.


Jeanette's heel slammed down just in front of Marceau, shaking the ground and knocking him back. "Fait chier!" Marceau cursed as he got back onto his feet.


Marceau looked up just in time to see Jeanette reaching down for him. "Putain de merde!" He shouted as he leapt back, but Jeanette caught him all the same.


Jeanette was hungry, and she wasted no time tossing Marceau into her mouth. The terrified, screaming Frenchman careened through the air. He fell between Jeanette's eager lips and landed on her warm, wet tongue.


Marceau found himself trapped inside of Jeanette's cavernous maw. He saw the sliver of light above him slowly closing, and he tried to claw his way out. He grabbed ahold of Jeanette's lip and tried to find himself up, but her teeth closed around his neck.
"Ce la vie." Marceau said with a sigh. He let go, and let himself fall back into her mouth.


Jeanette swallowed, and Marceau disappeared down her throat. After going hours without eating anything, Jeanette was glad to finally have something in her stomach. She savored the strange squirming feeling as he tumbled down her throat.


"That zonna just ate Marceau!" Yochanan muttered. Yochanan watched Jeanette from the shadows, hoping that Jeanette would turn away for long enough to let her make an escape. To Yochanan's horror, though, Jeanette's gaze turned to her.


"There you are!" Jeanette said to Yochanan. "Well, what are you waiting for? Aren't you going to run?" Yochanan followed Jeanette's suggestion, and Jeanette gave chase.


Jeanette had no trouble snatching up Yochanan. She held the terrified Israeli woman in her hand. Yochanan was quivering with fear. "Please don't kill me," she pleaded. "I can help you! "I'll do anything!"


"I DON'T NEED YOUR FUCKING HELP!" JEANETTE YELLED. GLOBS OF SPITTLE HIT YOCHANAN IN THE FACE. "WHAT THE HELL COULD YOU POSSIBLY DO TO HELP ME?"


"Giovanni is getting away!" Yochanan shouted. She pointed at Giovanni, who was sprinting down a row of shipping crates near the edge of the yard.


"You're right. I see him over there!" Jeanette said when she spotted Giovanni.
"Oh shit!" the Italian mobster cursed as he sprinted away.


"Do you seriously think you can outrun me?" Jeanette asked with a resigned sigh. She followed alongside the running man, carefully stepping in between the rows of tightly-packed shipping containers.
BICU.27746


It took Jeanette only a few steps to catch up with him. Her heel crashed down beside him, just past the last row of shipping containers. "Aww, shit!" Giovanni cursed.


"You can't get away from me!" Jeanette shouted. Giovanni ran away, but Jeanette simply lifted her leg up. She could move her foot faster than he could run, and long before he'd escaped her stride Giovanni found himself in the shadow of Jeanette's heel.


Jeanette slowly brought her heel down on him. "No!" Giovanni shouted. He fell onto his knees and pressed up with all his strength against the heel. Then, to his amazement, the heel stopped. "Holy shit, it's working!" Giovanni said.


Jeanette was only toying with Giovanni. She once again began to slowly lower her heel down, and the force was far too much for Giovanni. He fell onto his back, and cowered in fear as the heel came down onto him.
"Aww hell no!" Giovanni cursed, "It don't end like this. Giovanni ain't goin' out like--"


TRANS
ATLANTES
CRUUNCH
Jeanette pressed her heel down, splattering Giovanni's face against the pavement. Blood and viscera splattered into the air as Jeanette's heel pulverized him.


CRUUNCH
Jeanette pressed her heel down, splattering Giovanni's face against the pavement. Blood and viscera splattered into the air as Jeanette's heel pulverized him.



Jeanette turned towards Yochanan and stared at the Israeli woman with fury in her eyes. "Now it's your turn!" Jeanette said.

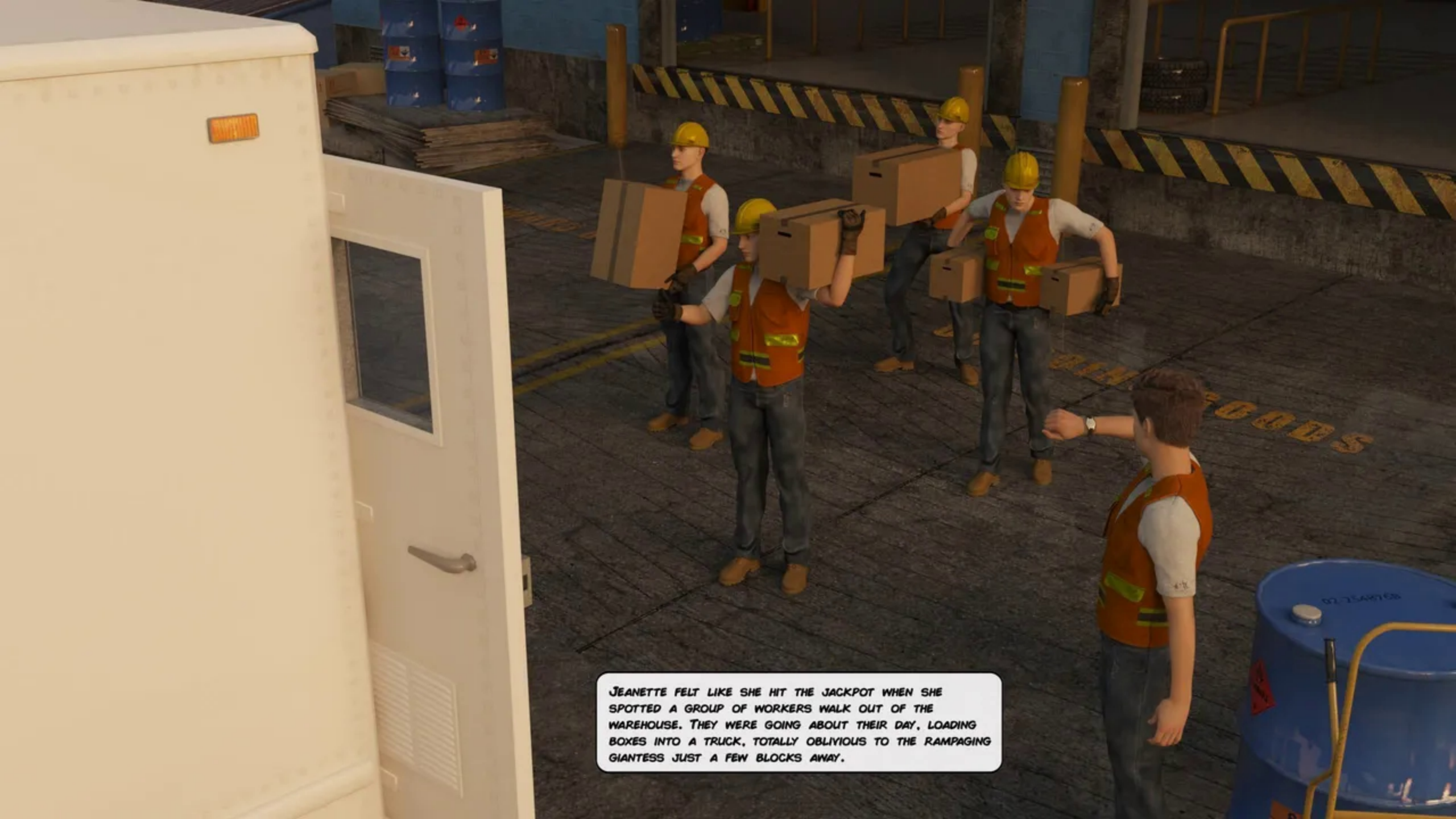
"But--but I told you where he was!" Yochanan pleaded.


"I don't care." Jeanetted said. She tossed Yochanan into her mouth. The Israeli woman fell face-first onto Jeanette's tongue, which she slid down like a slide.

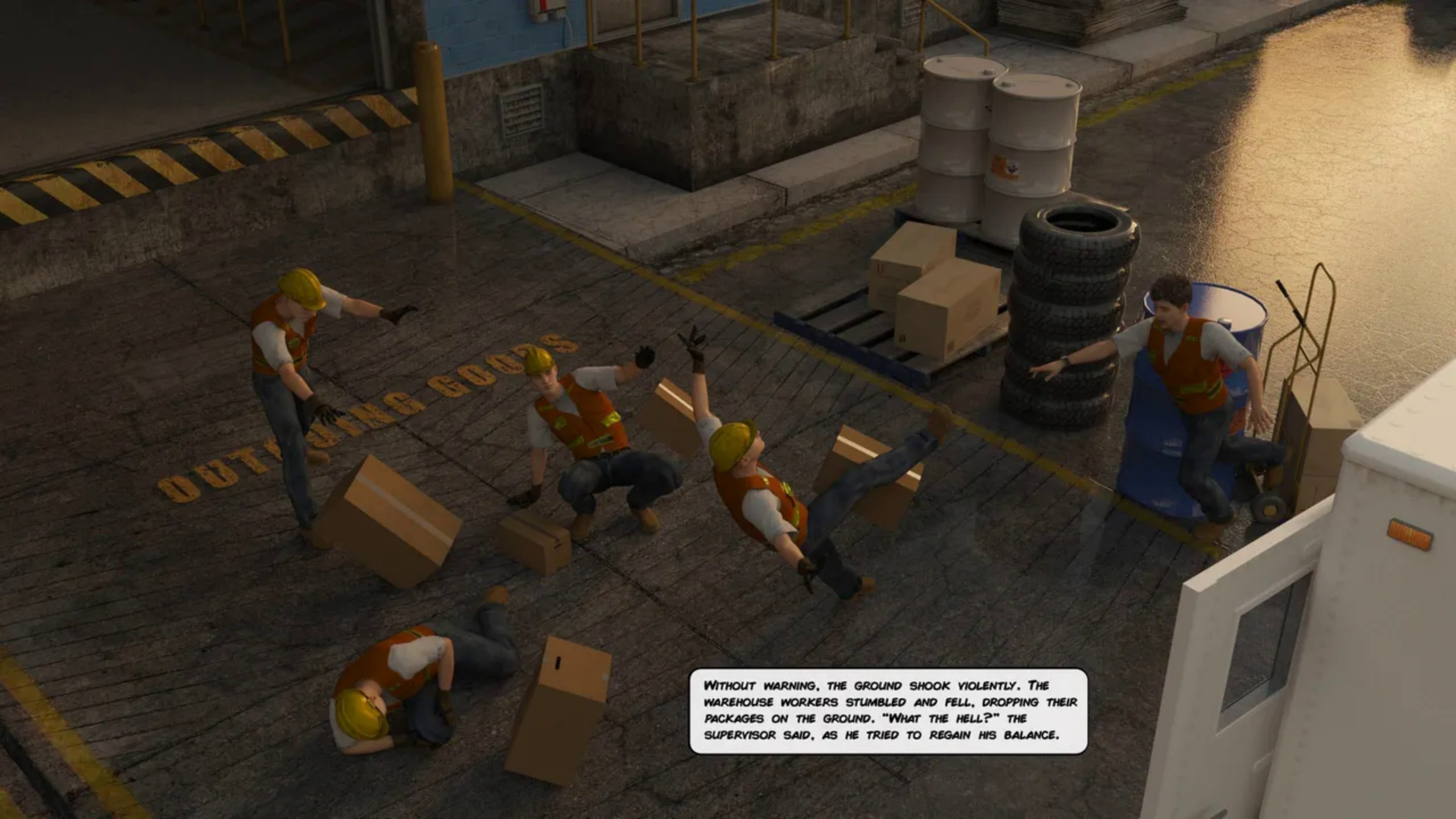

Yochanan managed to stop her descent and found her footing on Jeanette's tongue. She nearly tried to crawl out of Jeanette's mouth, only to realize just how fall down the fall was. "Please, I'm begging you!" Yochanan pleaded. "You don't have to do this! For all you know, Titania is still--"


Jeanette was tired of listening to the woman beg for her life. She bit down forcefully, and her teeth narrowly missed Yochanan's foot. Jeanette impatiently swallowed, sending Yochanan to her stomach.


Jeanette sighed. "That's the last of the lackeys. The big boss looked like he was heading downtown... but it could take hours to find him, and I'm still hungry!" Jeanette groaned. "No one's gonna notice if I eat a few warehouse workers, right?" She squinted at a nearby warehouse, hoping to find someone to eat.


Jeanette felt like she hit the jackpot when she spotted a group of workers walk out of the warehouse. They were going about their day, loading boxes into a truck, totally oblivious to the rampaging giantess just a few blocks away.


"Looks like everyone is here, right on time!" The supervisor said. "Now technically you did a few minutes of work already, but that's off the clock, okay? Just between you and me. We're a family, let's not get too caught up on silly little rules, okay--augh!


OUTGOING GOODS
Without warning, the ground shook violently. The warehouse workers stumbled and fell, dropping their packages on the ground. "What the hell?" the supervisor said, as he tried to regain his balance.


The supervisor heard a booming noise in the distance. He looked up and saw something unexpected: a woman in a superhero costume, tall enough that he could see her over the warehouses in the distance. "Why is Titania glowing blue?" he asked. "And why is she walking this way?"
MISTRAL


Jeanette was hungry. Few things were a stronger motivator for her than hunger. She walked over with single-minded determination, growing all the while.


Jeanette took another step. A row of warehouses were in her way, each of them more than four stories tall. She needed to grow far bigger to step over them, but growing came naturally to Jeanette, especially when hunger was a factor.


One step later, and she was just big enough. She lifted her foot over the warehouses and tried to find a good place to step, which was a tricky proposition in high heels. "Shit, why do they pack these stupid buildings so close together?" Jeanette whined.


"Hey, I found a place to step, and all without stepping on even a single person!" she said. Next she had to step over an overpass, which was even taller than the warehouses. By the time she lifted her foot up, she had already grown enough to step over it.


Jeanette's heel slammed into the pavement, shaking the ground once again. The force sent the warehouse workers reeling, but the supervisor managed to stay on his feet. When the ground stopped shaking, he stared in horror at the giant boot in front of him for a moment before coming to his senses.
MISTRAL


Without wasting another moment, the supervisor ran to the front of the car. "Come on guys, pile in the back! I don't know what Titania wants, but it's not good!" The workers were scrambling over boxes to get into the back of the truck when Jeanette's other heel landed nearby, making the ground shake once again.


The supervisor couldn't help but look up. The sheer size of the woman above him was mind-boggling. Legs stretched up into the air for what seemed like forever. Breasts that were bigger than houses. And a beautiful, young face staring down at him.
"Wait a second," the supervisor said, "you're not Titania!"


"No shit," Jeanette said. Without another word she bent down and reached out for the truck.
The supervisor jumped into the truck and slammed the door behind him. "Shit," he muttered, "here goes!" He started the car and stepped on the gas, but for some reason the car wouldn't go anywhere.



It wasn't until the supervisor looked in his mirror and saw a giant finger that he realized what was happening. Jeanette was pinching the truck between her thumb and forefinger. She tightened her grip, bending the sides of the car inward and twisting the metal with a horrible screech. The supervisor stepped on the gas, but the wheels spun in the air as Jeanette lifted the car off the ground.


Jeanette held the truck up to her face and looked it over. "Looks like there are at least a few of them in there, but how do I get inside without ripping everyone in half? It's like eating lobster, you have to pull apart the shell to get at the meat. Unless..."
INDUSTRIAL SUPPLIES
8 COLOMBO ST
WELDRIGHT
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Jeanette shook the vehicle in the air like a salt shaker. To her surprise, the back doors flung open, and the workers inside tumbled out. Jeanette had little warning, but she'd gotten a knack for catching people in her mouth, and that day was no exception. One after another, she caught all four of them on her tongue.

The supervisor couldn't bear to watch. He was still strapped into the front seat, but he could hear the screams of the men. "No, please, don't!" one of them pleaded. "Oh god, don't--" and then a sickly crunching sound. And another. And another.


While Jeanette chewed on what was left of the workers, her attention turned to the driver. She shook the truck, but even upside down his seatbelt held him in place. She squeezed the truck, hoping it might pop the front doors open.

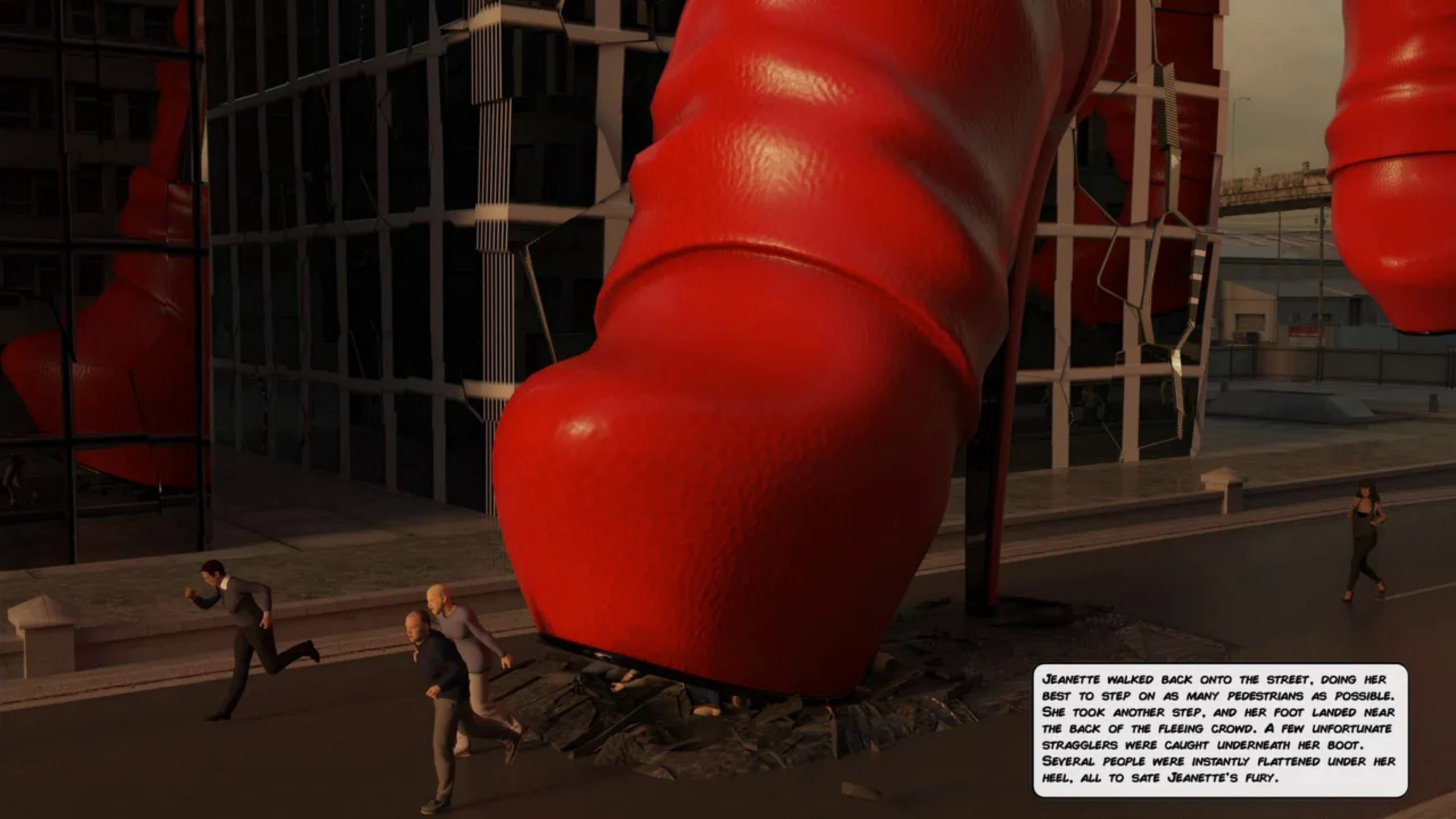

Jeanette finally gulped down the gooey remains of the workers. "Not bad. A little sweaty, though," she said. Her attention turned back to the truck, and the man who was still inside of it. Jeanette squeezed tighter, but the driver still wouldn't come out. Jeanette thought about pulling him out, but her fingers were too big to easily fit through the front window, let alone pluck him up without squishing him.
"Eh, screw it. I'm not that hungry anyway," Jeanette said. She crunched the truck up even tighter, crumpling it up like a used tissue before carelessly tossing it away.


With her hunger sated, Jeanette was back on the job. From the warehouse it was only a few blocks to walk to the edge of downtown. "Criminals always like to head for downtown," Jeanette mused aloud. "Plenty of places to hide... But shit, there are people everywhere! How am I supposed to finOd this boss guy when all these tall buildings are blocking my view?"

'I can't even walk around with so many people in the streets. Not without stepping on a bunch of them... and feeling their little bodies pop like grapes under my boots... Fuck, I really want to do that! I know I shouldn't, though. Titania got mad the last time I stepped on a bunch of people...

'But Titania isn't around anymore... Fuck!"


"Stupid building!" Jeanette muttered. The office building in front of Jeanette was twenty floors high. Twenty floors of reinforced concrete and glass. Hundreds of people going about their lives, who had only in the last seconds realized that a giant woman was plowing into their building.
Jeanette didn't care about any of that. She wanted to destroy it. Doing so took no special effort, no exertion. She simply walked through the building, and it collapsed around her. The building didn't even provide enough resistance to slow her down.


Jeanette walked back onto the street, doing her best to step on as many pedestrians as possible. She took another step, and her foot landed near the back of the fleeing crowd. A few unfortunate stragglers were caught underneath her boot. Several people were instantly flattened under her heel, all to sate Jeanette's fury.


Screams echoed through the rest of the crowd, and the survivors quickened their pace. Residents of the city knew better than to be caught in the open when a giantess was rampaging around. They ran away as fast as their legs would carry them, but it was a snail's pace compared to Jeanette's walking speed.. Whether they lived depended entirely on where Jeanette decided to step.


"I hate all this stupid city, and it's stupid people! Titania was too good for you!" Jeanette walked past another building, a glass and steel skyscraper, and she raised her fist in the air. Then, with a flash of anger, Jeanette brought her fist down, effortlessly smashing through several stories of the building.


The destruction only fueled Jeanette's anger. "You think you people have the right to go on living like nothing happened?" Jeanette raised her fists above a towering concrete office building. "Titania was the one person in this world that I cared about. If I'm going to hurt, so is everyone else!"


"RAAUUUGH!" Jeanette screamed as she brought her fists down. Her massive fists smashed through the powerful structure. Thousands of pounds of concrete rained down on the people below.


The sound of the buildings toppling could be heard for miles. Back at the warehouse, Titania was sprawled across the concrete. She heard a noise, and her eyes twitched open. Titania felt the weight of the woman who was lying on her chest. "Huh? Jeanette? Is that... wait, Judith?"


Titania sat up, and she held Judith's limp body in her arms. She held her hand against Judith's chest. She was relieved when she felt a pulse. "She's still alive, for now at least," Titania said. "Hopefully she'll be okay."
Titania heard another booming noise coming from behind her. She glanced back and saw Jeanette, and the burning buildings behind her.


Titania set Judith onto the ground and turned back towards her lover. "Jeanette, are you okay?" Titania cried out. "Jeanette... The fires... Are they attacking her? Wait a second..."


Titania gasped. "Jeanette is the one causing all that destruction! Does she have any idea how much trouble she's going to get me in? Ugh, it looks like she's doing it on purpose! I can't believe it! I specifically told her to keep the collateral damage to a minimum... and I actually meant it that time!"


"That's it," Titania grumbled. "I'll have to talk some sense into her, one way or another... But I've got to grow a lot bigger if I want to get her attention before she's smashed half the city!" She clenched her fists and flexed her arms, as she focused her energy.


Titania began to grow. Her stout form slowly stretched up into the sky. Before long she stood taller than the warehouses that flanked her, but she needed to grow much, much bigger.


"Come on, come on!" Titania found frustrated by how slowly she was growing. But even though she wasn't growing as fast as she once had, but little by little, her heroic form was at least still growing taller.


Titania felt a sudden burst of strength, and her body shot upward, propelling her high above the buildings around her. But as tall as she was, Titania was still nowhere as big as Jeanette. She had a long way to go before she was ready...


"Okay, who's next?" Jeanette asked as she rounded a corner. She was hoping to see more terrified pedestrians to take her rage out on. While there was no shortage of those, it was something else that caught her eye.
"That car... is that him?" She stared at the car, her eyes full of fury. She felt a strange pressure building up behind her eyes. Pressure that needed release.
HOTEL
LOANS


Jeanette focused on the car. She stared harder than she'd ever stared at anything before. It was like a typhoon held in behind a dam, and then all at once the walls broke. Twin beams of blue energy shot from her eyes, burning so hot it felt like the air itself would burst into flame.


The blasts hit the ground, exploding into a black fireball that burst into the air above, as terrified civilians fled. The explosion sent the car flying through the air while the beams bored their way into the ground.
Aspect
Aspect Delivery


When the blast stopped, Charles Sebastian crawled through the broken window of the car. He leaned on his arm, and a sudden pain shot through his shoulder. He knew it was broken, but he wasn't going to let that stop him from getting away.


Charles crawled through broken glass, around to the back of the car. He could barely move his legs, but with shaking arms he grabbed a hold of the car's frame and pulled himself up. Slowly, he peered over the edge of the car, and his face was flush with anger. "That bitch! She tore apart my empire in a day!" But what he saw next terrified him even more.


"You killed her!" Jeanette shouted, while her eyes began to glow blue once more. "I'll kill you! I'll kill everyone!"


"Stop!" Titania shouted. She grabbed a hold of Jeanette, pulling her neck backwards and turning her gaze away from the city. The twin beams of white-hot energy fired harmlessly into the upper atmosphere.
APARTMENTS
APARTMENTS


"What the--get off of me!" Jeanette shouted. She threw her elbow behind her with all of her force, smacking Titania in the head and knocking her backwards. Titania reeled from the blow.


Jeanette turned to look at her attacker. "Titania?" Jeanette said. "Thank god you're okay. I thought you were dead! But... why did you attack me?"


The anger vanished from Titania's face, replaced with a deep sadness. "I've been trying to change," Titania said. "And I thought you changed too. I guess I was wrong."
"I can change!" Jeanette protested. "I'm trying to be a good hero! I tracked down the bad guys like you said! I was trying to avenge you! And sure, maybe I took out my anger on some innocent people too, but that's what being a hero is all about! You forgive me, right?"


"I don't know," Titania said. "Maybe I've given you too many second chances. I know I gave way too many to myself." Titania shook her head, then turned and walked away. Then, suddenly, she stopped in her tracks and glanced back at Jeanette. "I think we're bad for each other. I need some time to myself. Don't try to follow me, okay? I don't want to make things any harder on you." And with that, Titania turned away.


"I... I can't believe it..." Jeanette said as she watched Titania walk into the distance. "This is just a little spat, right? A lover's quarrel? We'll be back together in no time, right?" But as much as she tried to reassure herself, something told Jeanette that this was different.



"It's not fair..." Jeanette sat down on a nearby building and started to cry. "Why do bad things always happen to me?" Jeanette lamented, while the building beneath her slowly collapsed under her weight. "I tried to do the right thing... I tried to help people... Well so much for being a hero! I'm tired of the stupid costumes anyway!" Jeanette said, shifting her weight. The people inside ran for cover as blocks of concrete rained down on them.

"There's no point even going on without her," Jeanette wailed. "I won't even be able to grow pretty soon. What's the point in even living if you can't grow giant and step on people?" Jeanette could hear sirens in the distance. They were getting closer, but she just sat there and waited.


END OF PART 8


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"I didn't deserve her," Jeanette whined. "I was never a hero like Titania. I'm just a big, mean, rampaging monster! That's all I ever was..."

Jeanette could hear the sirens getting closer, but all she could summon the energy to do was watch in silence. The giantess slouched on top of a crumbling building, wiping away gallons of tears as the mascara streamed down her face.

The police cars pulled up one by one, and soon they surrounded her. Sirens echoed through the streets, and cast everything in a flickering purple hue.


"Let's move!" One by one the policemen poured out of their cars, readying their guns and rushing into tactical positions. "We've got you surrounded!" One of them yelled. "Shrink down and come to us in an orderly fashion, or else!"
TRAFFIC DIVISION
POLICE
POLICE
POLICE
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Jeanette looked at them quizzically. "You're serious? Or, what, you'll shoot me? Your little guns are too small to hurt me when I'm like this. You know I could kill all of you little idiots like it's nothing, right?"


Jeanette sighed. "I guess Titania wouldn't want me to make things hard for the cops... And besides, I'm so depressed that I can barely even muster up the energy to step on them!"


Dust and cinder fell from the building as Jeanette slowly rose to her feet. She planted her feet on the ground and stared down at the police that crowded the narrow streets below her. "I feel so empty," Jeanette said as she held back tears. "Maybe it would make me feel better if I just stepped on one or two of them..."
HOTEL



One unfortunate officer was facing away from Jeanette. "Keep your weapons down!" He shouted. "Don't shoot her unless it's absolutely necessary! The last thing you want to do is make an enemy of Titania!" But with each word, Jeanette's heel neared him.

"Behind you!" Another officer shouted.


The officer looked up just in time to see Jeanette's gigantic heel as it descended upon him. "Oh god, no!" he screamed. The last thing he saw was her boot's dirty sole, which was still caked with the blood of her other victims.
POLICE


It didn't take long for the officer to join them. Thousands of pounds of weight pressed down on him, crushing him flat. Jeanette twisted her heel for good measure, reducing him to little more than a gooey red stain on the bottom of her boot.


Jeanette sighed. "Damn it. I'm still sad! Not even stepping on a cop cheered me up. I used to love stepping on people, but it's just not the same without Titania..." With a resigned sigh, she let herself begin to shrink.
HOTEL


Little by little, Jeanette shrunk down, but she paid little attention to that. The only thing she could think about, the only thing that felt real, was the pain.
"Stepping on people was our thing!" Jeanette cried. "We did it together... Now I'll never be able to step on someone without thinking about how much I miss her!"


Defying orders, one officer raised his pistol and pointed it up at Jeanette's shin. "This is your last warning!" he shouted. "Stand still and keep those boots where I can see them!"
POLICE
911
Easy St
N 72nd St
POLICE


"Or what, you'll shoot me?" Jeanette asked. "Like I'd even care... There's no point in going on living without her... Go ahead, shoot me! I dare you!" But to Jeanette's disappointment, no one shot her.
ICE



Jeanette took a shambling step forward. "I can't believe this! Are you really too scared to shoot me?" she asked. "I'm going to keep stepping on more cops until one of you cowards shoots me! Oh, who am I kidding, I'm too depressed to even rampage anymore."


An ear-piercing noise made Jeanette stop in her tracks. It wasn't the sound of a gunshot, but something even worse: the high-pitched screech of a loudspeaker's feedback. She looked down and saw that it was being held by a tiny police officer, who had just jumped out of an APC.


POLICE
"Jeanette, I'm Sergeant Rattman. We just got word that Titania wants to speak with you! We can arrange a meeting if you just turn yourself in peacefully!"


"Really? Titania said that?" Jeanette asked. "I want to talk to her so bad!"
Jeanette barrelled forward towards the APC. Not even bothering to look where she stepped, Jeanette plowed through with plodding footsteps, narrowly missing several officers.
TRAFFIC DIVISION
36
EMERGENCY
DIAL 911


"I HOPE SHE CAN TAKE ME BACK... NOT THAT I DESERVE HER!" JEANETTE CRIED AS SHE STUMBLED FORWARD. "I TOOK HER FOR GRANTED! I WAS TERRIBLE TO HER!"


Jeanette rushed headlong to the APC. She was too busy wiping the tears out of her eyes to see the officers in front of her. The front of her boot slammed into one of them. The force of the kick was enough to shatter his ribcage, but his troubles were just getting started.
SWAT
POLICE
TRAFFIC DIVISION
EMERGENCY
DIAL 911
DEDICATED TO YOUR SAFETY


The front of Jeanette's heel slammed down on the unfortunate police officer, crushing his chest with a sickly crunching sound.. The other officers stared in horror at the titanic woman who stood before them. "Oh god, not Frank!" one of them shouted.
POLICE
DEDICATED TO YOUR SAFETY


"Stand back!" Sergeant Rattman shouted through the loudspeaker. "Don't take one more step until you shrink down... or else Titania might have to cancel your meeting!"
"Oops... I'm sorry, that one wasn't on purpose," Jeanette said meekly. She twisted her foot one last time before stepping off of him. "I bet he'll be fine after a little R&R, right?"
HOTEL
POLICE
S.W.A.T
POLICE
911
POLICE
POLICE


S.W.A.T
POLICE
POLICE
POLICE
DIAL 911
POLICE
36
POLICE
DEDICATED TO YOUR SAFETY
The police were not amused. "Shrink down and get in the vehicle, NOW!" Sergeant Rattman shouted.
Jeanette shrugged. "Yeah, fine, whatever. I'll shrink down," Jeanette said with an eye-roll, as she slowly ambled over towards the vehicle.


When she had finally shrunk down to about ten feet tall, Jeanette climbed into the back of the vehicle. "I think this is as small as I can shrink," Jeanette whined. "This is good enough, right?"
POLICE

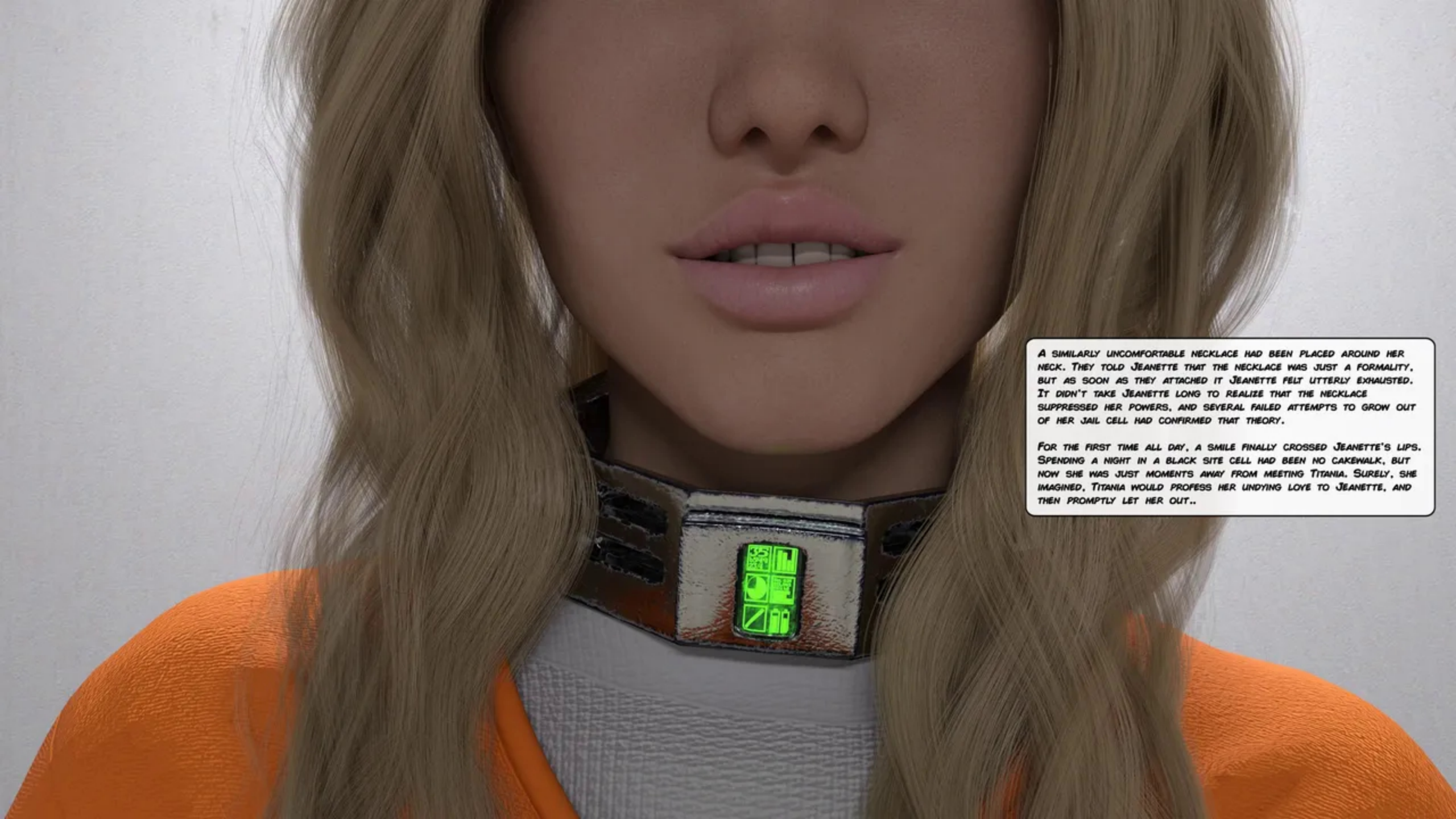

"If you can fit in there, it's fine," Sergeant Rattman said. "You'd best be on good behavior, though. As soon as we get you processed, we'll set up that meeting with Titania!"
新創作
リバティー 1号店 B1
EMPIRE HOTEL
Y LOANS


"So she really does want to meet with me?" Jeanette asked. "Part of me felt like that was just a lie you made up to calm me down... but if she really does want to talk with me, then maybe she still loves me!. She's probably going to bail me out, and then we can go on a big rampage together to celebrate!"

It wasn't until a day later that they brought Jeanette in to meet Titania. Jeanette had been deemed too dangerous for a normal jail cell. Instead, she was sent to a shadowy black site, run by the same secretive Federal agents who monitored Titania. It was a miserable, dingy little cell, with a mattress that was almost as hard as the steel walls that kept her in. Jeanette barely slept a wink, and it was one of the worst nights of her life.

Now, she was finally being walked from that cell, and she had a renewed sense of optimism. The heartache had faded, knowing that she'd soon be meeting with the woman she loved. If it weren't for the cold steel of her hand-cuffs, she would have been tempted to dance.




A similarly uncomfortable necklace had been placed around her neck. They told Jeanette that the necklace was just a formality, but as soon as they attached it Jeanette felt utterly exhausted. It didn't take Jeanette long to realize that the necklace suppressed her powers, and several failed attempts to grow out of her jail cell had confirmed that theory.

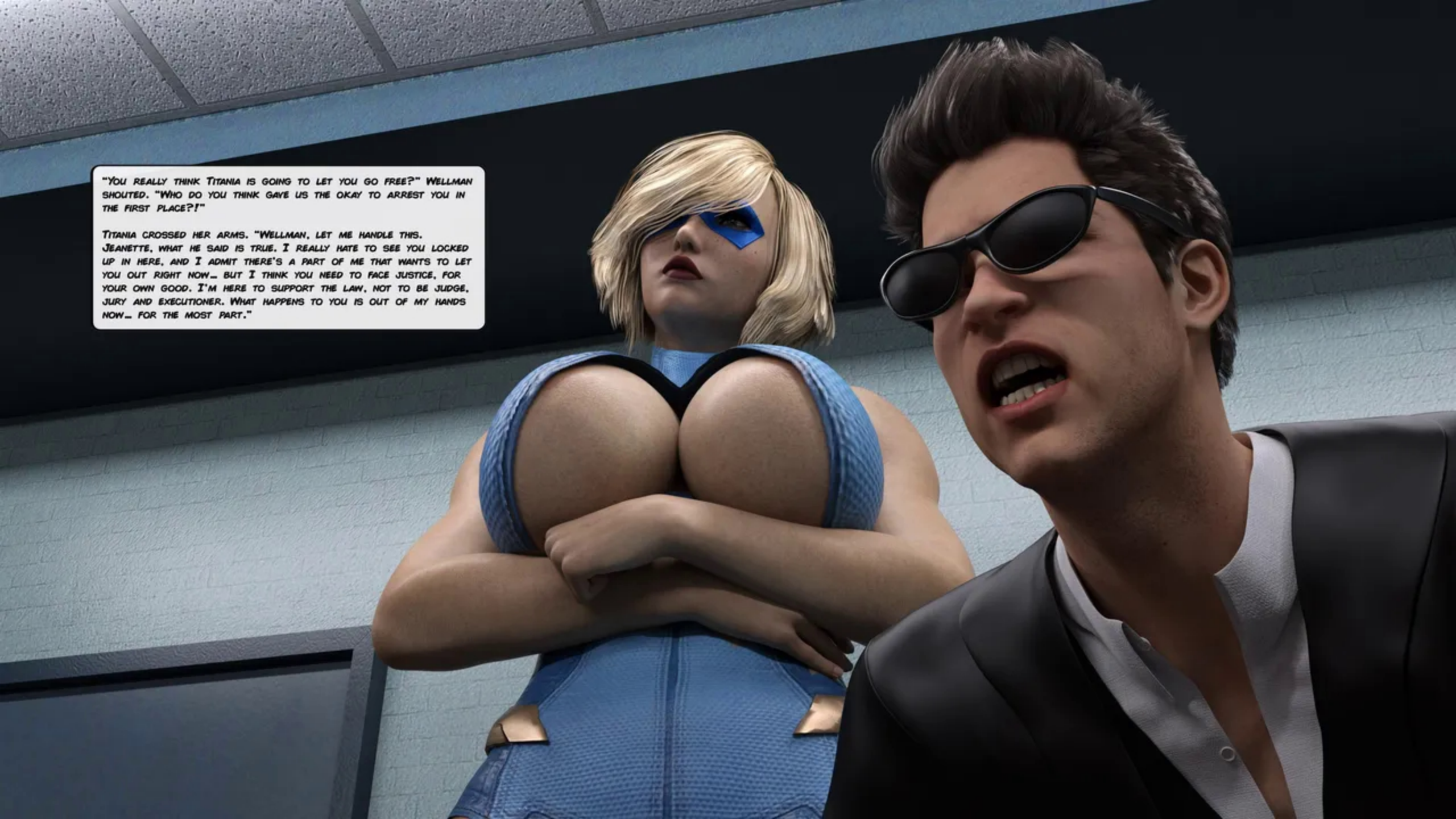
For the first time all day, a smile finally crossed Jeanette's lips. Spending a night in a black site cell had been no cakewalk, but now she was just moments away from meeting Titania. Surely, she imagined, Titania would profess her undying love to Jeanette, and then promptly let her out..


Two armed guards escorted Jeanette down the hallway. Titania glanced back at the guard behind her, who kept a rifle at the ready. "Is all this really necessary? I'm just one blonde college girl in handcuffs. Are you really that scared of me?"
The guard scoffed. "You're eight feet tall, you've got a body count that's easily in the dozens, and you've still got residual powers from Titania... Yeah, I'd say that you're dangerous."
Jeanette smiled. "You know just what to say to cheer a girl up, don't you?" For once she wasn't being sarcastic.


Jeanette walked through the doorway, and breathed a sigh of relief. "Thank God, Titania, it's a big relief to see you!"
"Hello, Jeanette," Titania replied with unexpected coldness.


Jeanette turned towards Agent Wellman, who was wearing the same black suit and sunglasses that he never seemed to take off. "Oh it's you, CIA guy," Jeanette said. "Let me guess, you'll let me out of your weird little jail if I just smash up some country I've never heard of before? Because after a night on that mattress, you can sign me up!"
Wellman shook his head. "Even aside from the laundry list of charges you're facing, you're just too emotionally unstable to be used as an asset."

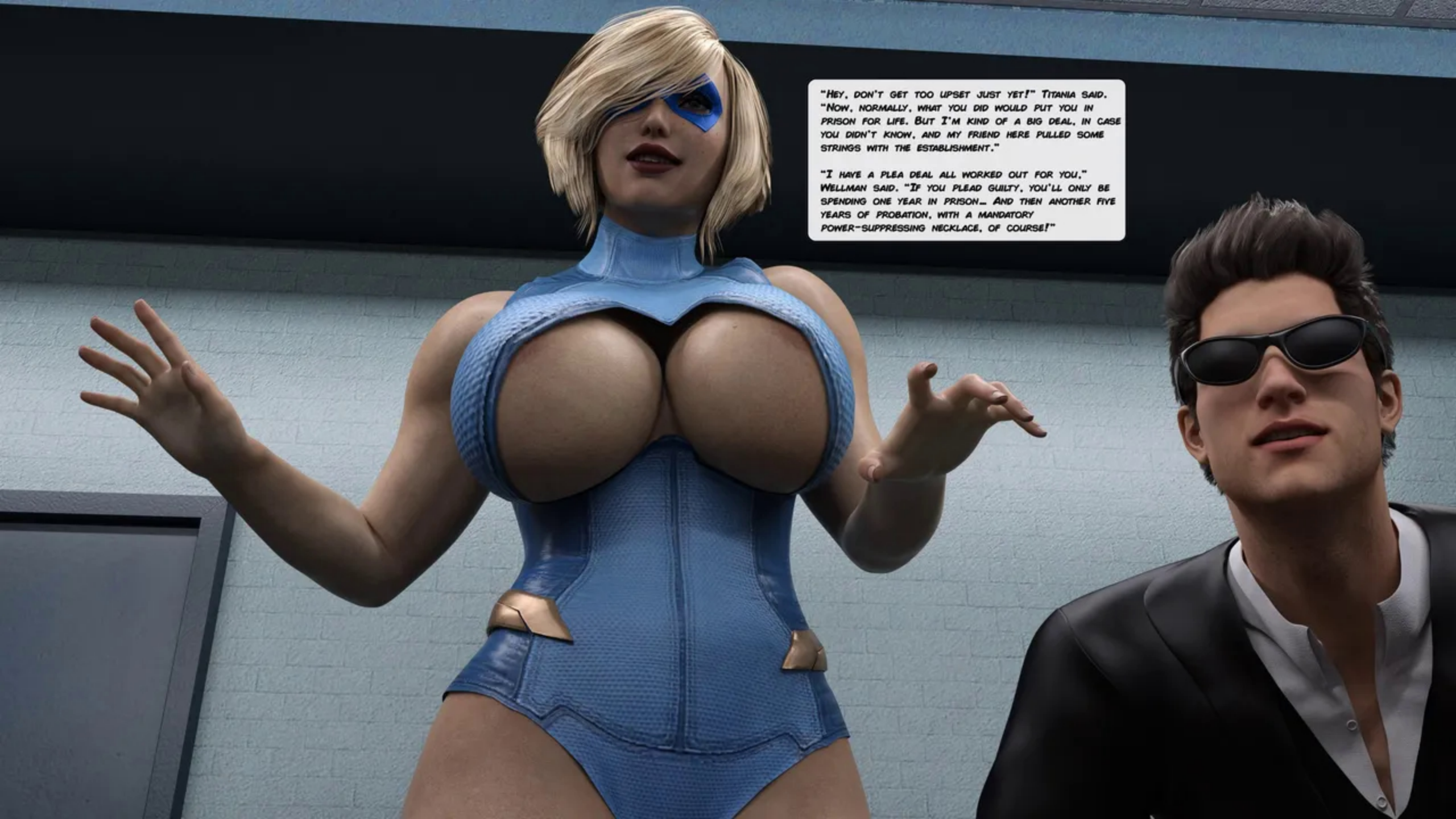

"Yeah, yeah yeah, whatever," Jeanette said as she sat down. She promptly leaned back and put her feet up on the table. "I just have one question, though. Do you seriously think you can just put me back in that jail cell? Because I'd love to hear what Titania here has to say about that, you idiot!"


"You really think Titania is going to let you go free?" Wellman shouted. "Who do you think gave us the okay to arrest you in the first place?!"
Titania crossed her arms. "Wellman, let me handle this. Jeanette, what he said is true. I really hate to see you locked up in here, and I admit there's a part of me that wants to let you out right now... but I think you need to face justice, for your own good. I'm here to support the law, not to be judge, jury and executioner. What happens to you is out of my hands now... for the most part."


Jeanette was still undeterred. She smiled mischievously and winked at Titania. "C'mon, Titania. I remember when you were the bad girl, and I was just the cute, innocent college girl you kidnapped. Now you're acting like a goody two-shoes all of a sudden? Well I'm not going to judge you just because you got a little high on your own supply. If you want to roleplay as the big, strong hero, that's fine with me. Just say the word, and let me back out on the streets. I'll go out and rampage like a real villain, and you can play the hero and stop me... and then give me a nice, hard, super-sized spanking! Doesn't that sound fun?"


Titania shrugged and bit her lip, as she did her best to suppress a smile. "It does, Jeanette. It really does... But no! Dammit, Jeanette, stop trying to tempt me! I'm trying to better myself, and you're bad for me. We're bad for each other. You helped me stop drinking, and I'm grateful for that, but I've been trying to turn over a new leaf lately, and you keep trying to make me go back to my old ways. I think that we both need some time to ourselves, to think things over. Besides, a little time in jail might help you decide if you really want to be a criminal."


Jeanette slammed her hands down on the table. "No! That's not fair! I don't want to spend my life in a stupid jail cell. Come on, Titania. I know you need me as much as I need you. Let me out of this stupid place! I hate it here!"


"Hey, don't get too upset just yet!" Titania said. "Now, normally, what you did would put you in prison for life. But I'm kind of a big deal, in case you didn't know, and my friend here pulled some strings with the establishment."
"I have a plea deal all worked out for you." Wellman said. "If you plead guilty, you'll only be spending one year in prison... And then another five years of probation, with a mandatory power-suppressing necklace, of course!"


"I thought you might say that, so I brought someone to tell you what it's like on the inside," Titania said. She opened the door, and a muscular blonde woman walked in. "This is my gym buddy, Zuzanna, she works for the county jail. Last night, after you were arrested, I told you about what happened, and... Well, I'll let Zuzanna take it from here!"


"Her?!" Jeanette said. "That buff bitch from the gym? That's who you're going to put in charge of me?"
Zuzanna laughed. "She's a spirited one, isn't she?" Zuzanna asked, glancing up at Titania.
"Oh, she's a handful alright," Titania joked. "But I bet you're strong enough to handle her!"

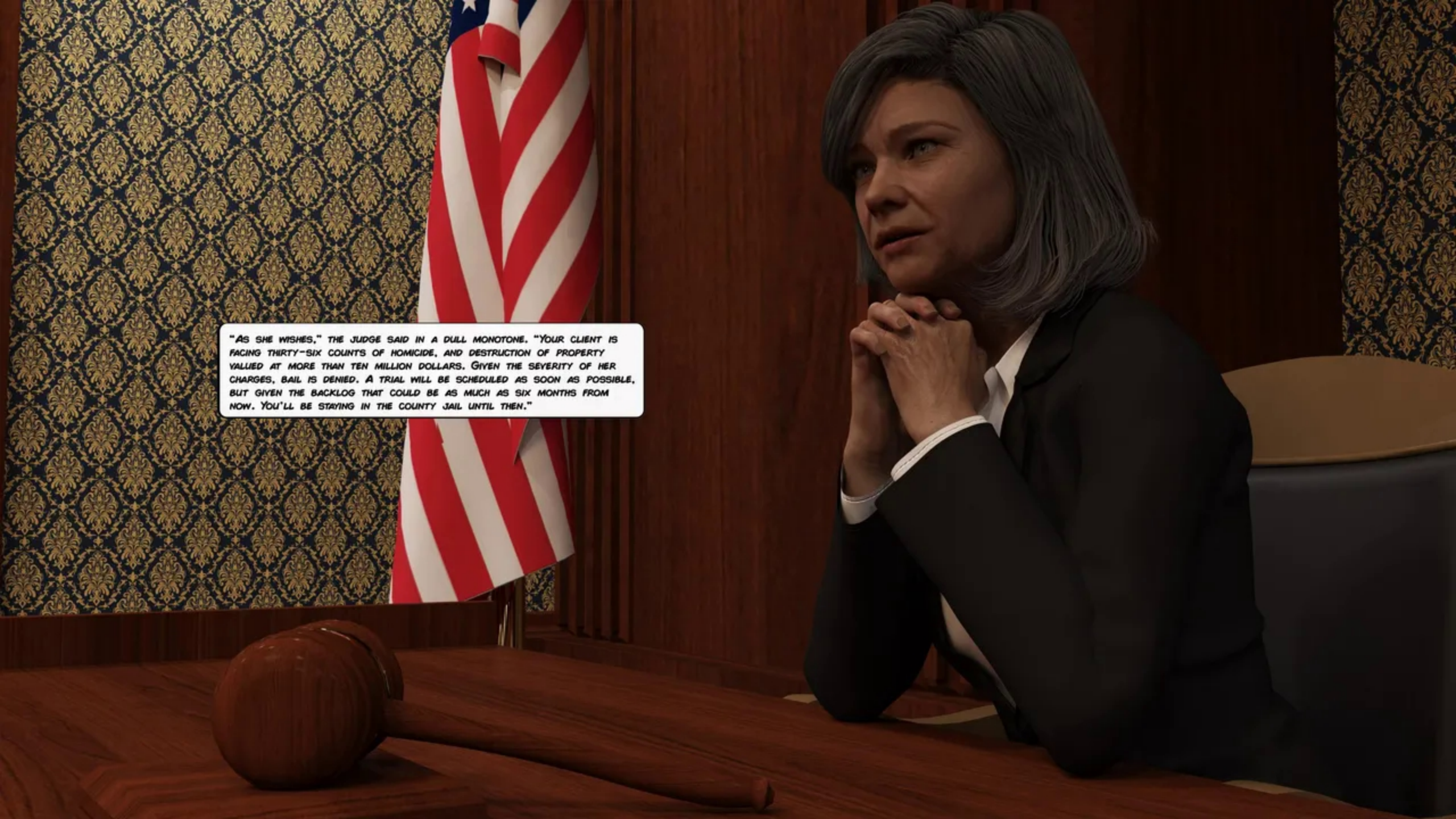

"Oh you're such a kidder, Titania!" Zuzanna said. "I know one or two things about the criminal justice system, so let me lay it out real straight for you, Jeanette. If you try to plead innocent, even if you're only found guilty on a fraction of your charges, you could end up spending your whole life in prison. And not only that, given the charges you're facing, you're almost certainly going to be denied bail. While you're waiting for your trial to complete, you could be spending as much as a year in jail, and then who knows how much prison time after that if you're found guilty! Trust me, a year in prison sounds like a lot, but you're way better off just taking the plea deal."


Wellman nodded. "She's right, Jeanette. And don't try to say you didn't do it, because they can put you away with just the stuff that we caught you doing on video."
"You still believe videos?" Jeanette asked. "You know they can just fake that stuff in the computer, right?"
Wellman shook his head. "Jeanette, I don't feel like arguing when we both know how much shit you've done. I know you'd probably like to waste as much time as you can before we put you back in that cell, but I've got other places to be. Why don't you take a seat so we can get this meeting started, okay?"


Jeanette shook her head. "You really think that I'm just going to take a deal where I have to agree to spend a year in prison, like some kind of moron? No way! You just watch me. I'll smooth-talk that judge and get off scot-free!"


A few hours later, Jeanette was in a small courtroom on the other side of town. Her hearing had barely started, and Jeanette was already bored.


"How do you plead?" the judge asked.
A public defender with a bad haircut and a squeaky voice represented Jeanette. "Your honor, the defendant pleads not guilty," he said.


"As she wishes," the judge said in a dull monotone. "Your client is facing thirty-six counts of homicide, and destruction of property valued at more than ten million dollars. Given the severity of her charges, bail is denied. A trial will be scheduled as soon as possible, but given the backlog that could be as much as six months from now. You'll be staying in the county jail until then."


"Six months in jail instead of a year in prison? I call that a win!" Jeanette said. "Besides, you think a county jail is going to scare me? It's gonna be a cakewalk. I'll be running the place in a week, with or without any powers!"


"Yeah, well you have fun with that." Wellman said. "Titania tried to make things easy for you, but you picked the hard way, and you're going to realize that sooner than later."


A guard approached Jeanette. "Please come this way," he ordered.
"Yeah, whatever," Jeanette said. "Hey Titania, you sure you don't want to smash these losers and take this stupid bracelet off? We could have a nice quickie right now!"


The suggestion piqued Titania's interest, but she quickly thought better of it. "No, Jeanette, I'm not going to help you out of this one. Like Wellman said, we tried to make things easy for you, but you picked the hard way. I'll try to visit you in jail sometime, okay?"


Jeanette snickered as the guard walked her out of the courtroom. "Oh, you'll be visiting me alright... In a conjugal visit! They have those in California prisons, right?"
"Twice per year, on good behavior," Zuzanna said.
"That's it? Seriously?! I can't wait six months to get laid, and there's no way in hell my behavior is going to be good for that long!"
SECURITY
GUARD


After Jeanette had been escorted out, Zuzanna turned back towards Titania. "Say, do you want to grab something for lunch?" Zuzanna asked.
Titania was surprised. "Lunch? That sounds great!" Titania exclaimed. "You don't need me for anything else now, do you Wellman?"
Wellman cringed. "Actually, I'm afraid we do need you for something, Titania," he said. "There's a situation developing. Turn on your earpiece, they'll fill you in."
"Sure thing," Titania said with a sigh. She tapped her earpiece. "What's that? A robbery at the Citi Bank downtown? Yeah, I can be there pretty soon."

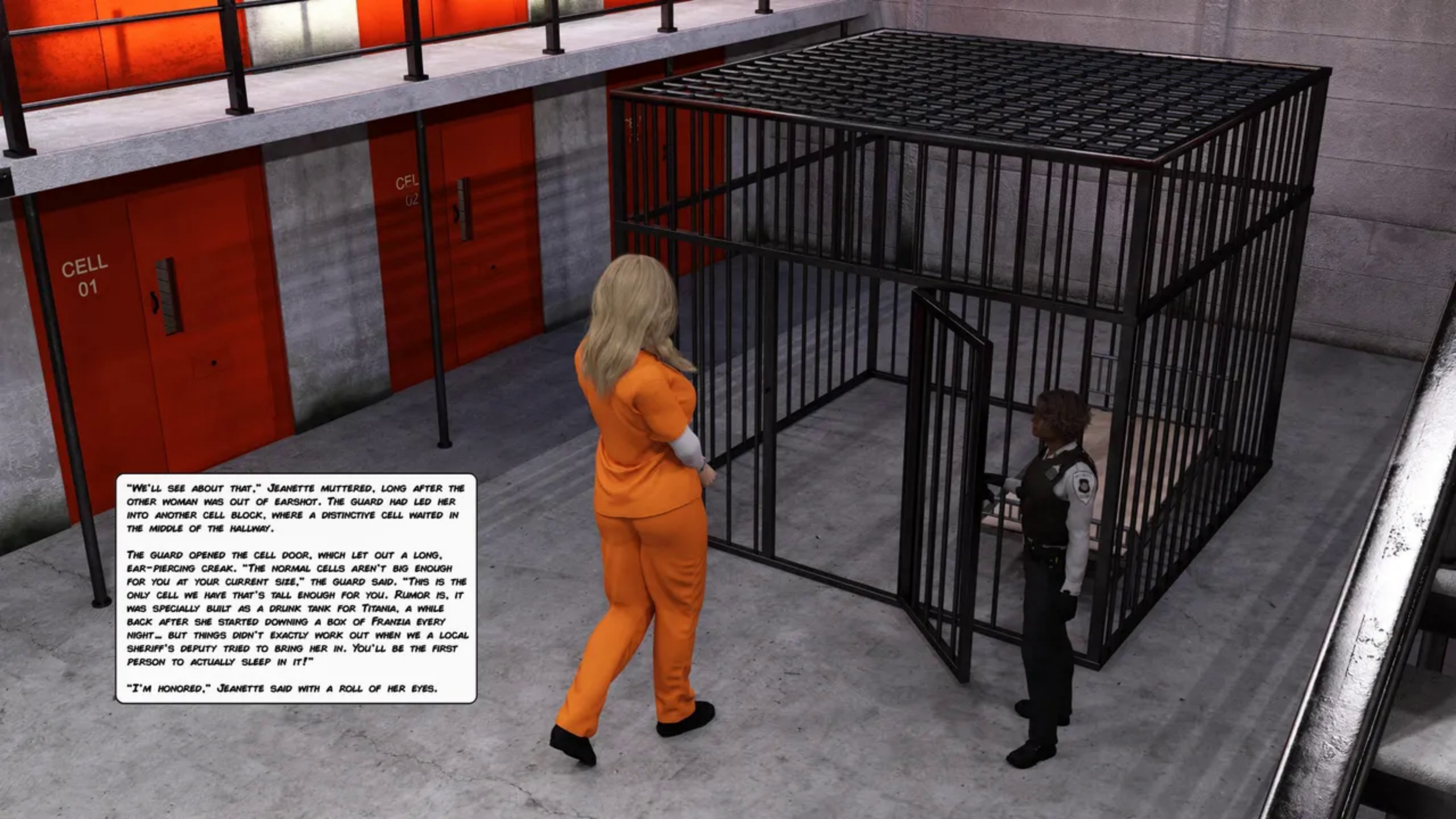

"More hero business?" Zuzanna said with a smirk. "I do like a woman in uniform, but it might be a bit too dangerous for a mere mortal like me to tag along."
"Sorry Zuzanna. Maybe we can meet up one of these days," Titania replied.
"That does sound quite nice. After all, I wouldn't want you to get lonely with Jeanette gone. I'm working overtime tonight, but why don't you come over to my place for dinner... Let's say tomorrow night, after five?"


Titania smiled. "I'd like that," she said. "I'd like that a lot."
"Sounds like a plan," Zuzanna said excitedly. "I'll text ya' the deets!"


Jeanette arrived at the county jail later that night. It wasn't quite what Jeanette expected. The jail they took her to was bigger and more imposing than she pictured, and it was far outside of the city, out in the middle of the desert. "This day can't get any worse," Jeanette whined as she walked out of the APC. Then, as if on cue, it started pouring rain.


EEP THIS
DOOR
LOSED
Things weren't much better on the inside. The jail was at least relatively new and well-lit... but there was something soul-crushing about the white brick walls. The building was so sterile that it made her feel dead inside, and there wasn't a single window as far as she could see.


As the guard walked her forward, she passed by some fellow inmates. A group of women was too preoccupied to so much as glance at her, but a lone blonde woman looked up at her and glared. "Fresh meat," the blonde woman said with a sly smirk.
Jeanette frowned. "Careful about your choice of words, because once Titania lets me out of here, she'll grow huge and eat you!"
The blonde woman laughed. "Oh, I know all about you and Titania... but from what I heard, Titania's done with you. Your big, scary girlfriend won't save you now!"
106
112

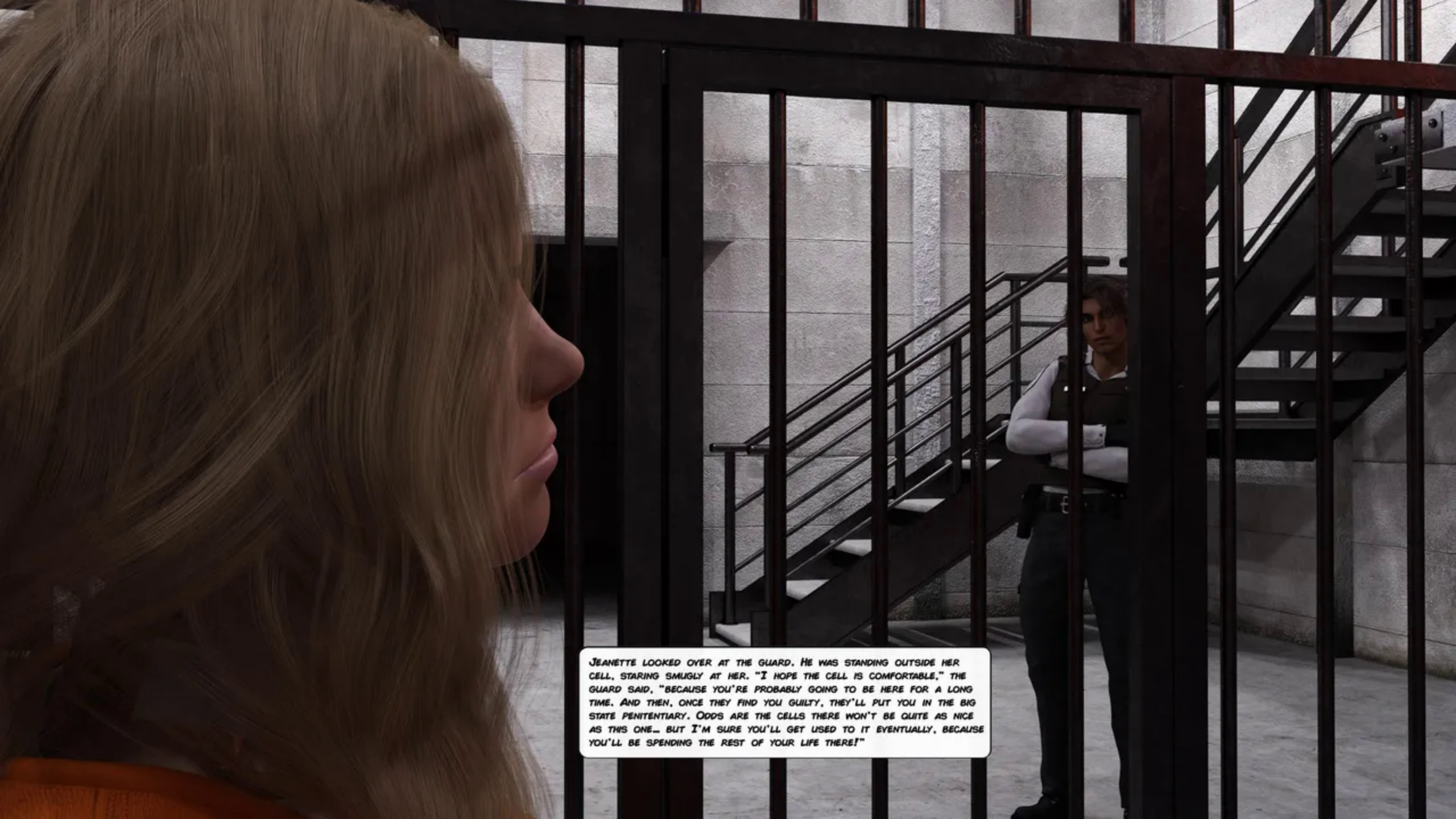


"We'll see about that," Jeanette muttered, long after the other woman was out of earshot. The guard had led her into another cell block, where a distinctive cell waited in the middle of the hallway.

The guard opened the cell door, which let out a long, ear-piercing creak. "The normal cells aren't big enough for you at your current size," the guard said. "This is the only cell we have that's tall enough for you. Rumor is, it was specially built as a drunk tank for Titania, a while back after she started downing a box of Franzia every night... but things didn't exactly work out when we a local sheriff's deputy tried to bring her in. You'll be the first person to actually sleep in it!"

"I'm honored," Jeanette said with a roll of her eyes.


Jeanette ducked under the cell door, and the guard wasted no time slamming the door shut. Suddenly, it dawned on Jeanette that she was, in fact, going to be spending the next six months in this tiny cell, with its steel walls and hard concrete floor. "This sucks," Jeanette muttered. She plopped her behind on the bed, and let out a long sigh of discontent. The bed was at least a full foot shorter than she was, and the mattress, if you could even call it that, was as hard as the creaky steel frame that it stood on.


Jeanette looked over at the guard. He was standing outside her cell, staring smugly at her. "I hope the cell is comfortable," the guard said, "because you're probably going to be here for a long time. And then, once they find you guilty, they'll put you in the big state penitentiary. Odds are the cells there won't be quite as nice as this one... but I'm sure you'll get used to it eventually, because you'll be spending the rest of your life there!"


CELL
05
Jeanette laughed. "Not likely. I know Titania like the back of my hand, and I know she just can't quit me. Give her another day or two, and she'll come crawling back to me! I can just imagine how dull and dreary her life must be without me..."


JP
TEPCO
Juice
NOW WITH BUBBLES
EUROCAR
SOAD
TEPCO
EUROCAR
SOAD
Back in the city, a woman in a fedora fired a tommy gun from the back of a convertible as it sped through downtown. "Do you fools really think you can stop me?!" she yelled, before firing a few more rounds at the police cars behind her. "It's gonna take a lot more than the fuzz to stop Gal Capone!"


Gal Capone's convertible was speeding the wrong way down a one-way street, but that didn't stop the police from trying to follow them. The police cars sped down the road after her, quickly closing in on the convertible. Gal Capone responded by emptying the rest of her magazine on them.


"The fuzz just don't know when to stop!" Gal Capone said, as she loaded another magazine into her Tommy gun. "I could fill 'em full of holes, and the broad-headed mooks would still try to shimmy my biscuits!"
"You tell 'em, Gal!" the driver said. "Just keep shootin,' and I'll keep drivin.' No one can stop us!" He might not have said that if he knew Titania was watching him.
SOAD
TEPCO
Energy Drinks
Juice
NOW WITH BUBBLES
DO NOT
ENTER


STOP
ONLY
EUROCAR
South St
As they sped down the road, the driver glanced back just in time to see the cops slammed on their brakes. "Hey, they're slowin' down!" the driver exclaimed.


"Looks like the fuzz are on the run!" Gal shouted, as she fired another few rounds behind her.
"We're home free!" The driver shouted, totally unaware of the gigantic foot that was about to slam down just in front of them.
OPE 6975


Gal Capone was the first to see Titania's red boot. "Look out!" she yelled.
"Oh shit!" the driver shouted. He had been speeding down the road at eighty miles an hour. He slammed on the brakes, but it was already too late.


Titania's heel slammed down just in front of the car, shattering the pavement. The car crashed into the sole of her gigantic boot, crumpling up the front of the car. The impact sent Gal Capone flying through the air, and she crashed down onto the ground more than twenty feet away.


The driver didn't fare much better. He slammed against the steering wheel, knocking the wind out of his chest. He was clinging to consciousness, but his head was spinning. Gal, meanwhile, wanted desperately to crawl away, but her injuries made even the smallest movement painful.

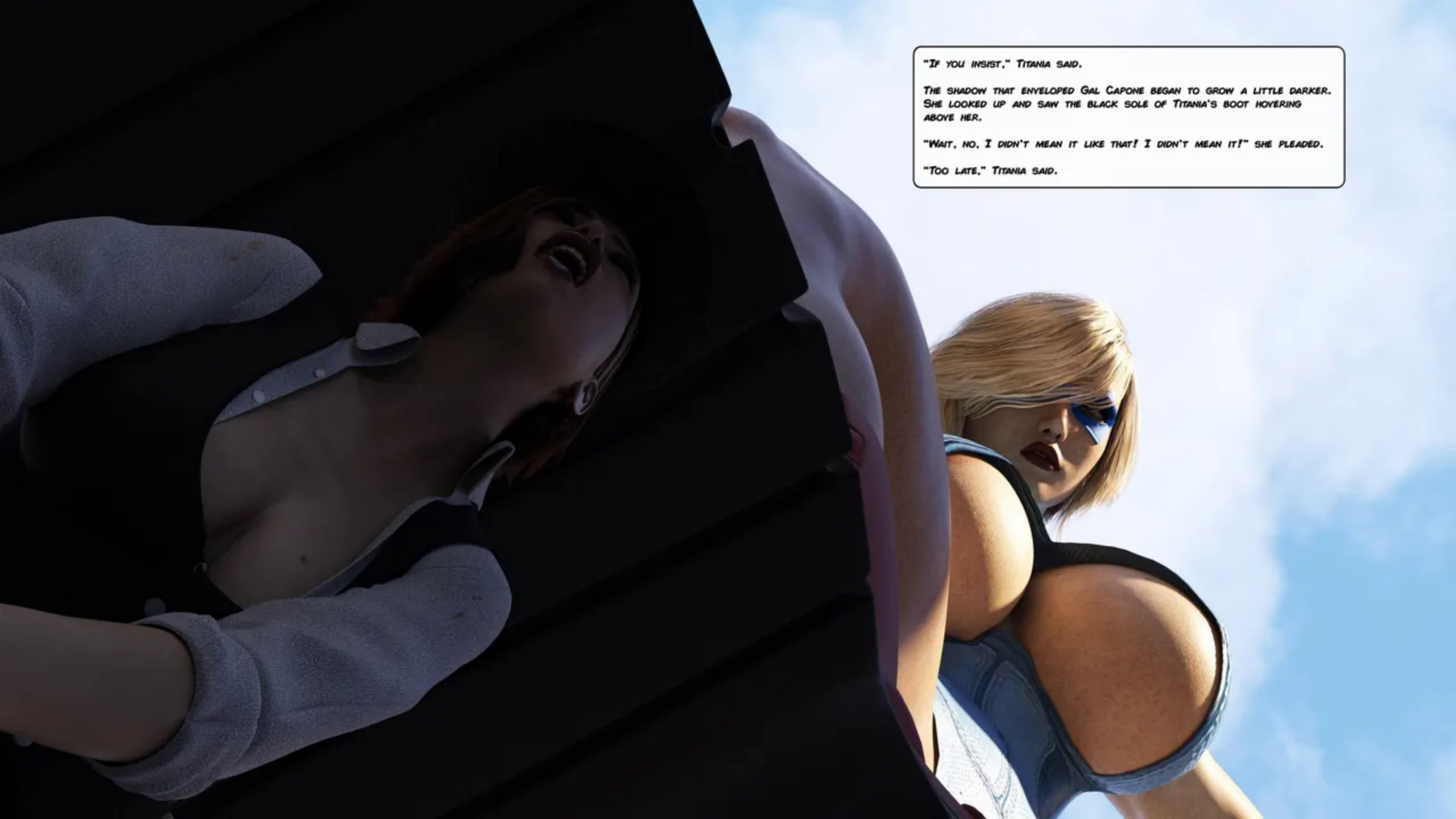

While she was lying on the ground, Gal Capone heard booming laughter coming from up above. She looked up, and up, and up, until at last she saw Titania's face smugly staring down at her. "Why if it isn't my old friend Gal Capone," Titania said. "Did you think you could outrun me, you felonious little flapper? I'm giving you one last chance to give yourself up willingly, unless you'd rather do things the hard way..."


"Do you really think that I'm gonna give myself up to the fuzz?!" Gal Capone shouted. She tried to crawl away, but every movement caused her immense pain, and she moved at a snail's pace.


When it was clear she couldn't crawl away from Titania, Gal Capone climbed onto her feet. But as she shoot up, a sudden pain shot through her knees. "Aww, geez, you got my gams!" Gal Capone cursed.
Titania stared down contemptfully at her. "This is your last chance," Titania said. "Give yourself up, or you get the boot..."



Gal Capone tried to hustle, but with her bum knee she was limping along at a snail's pace."No one puts this bird in a cage!" she shouted, as she limped away. "You won't take me alive!"

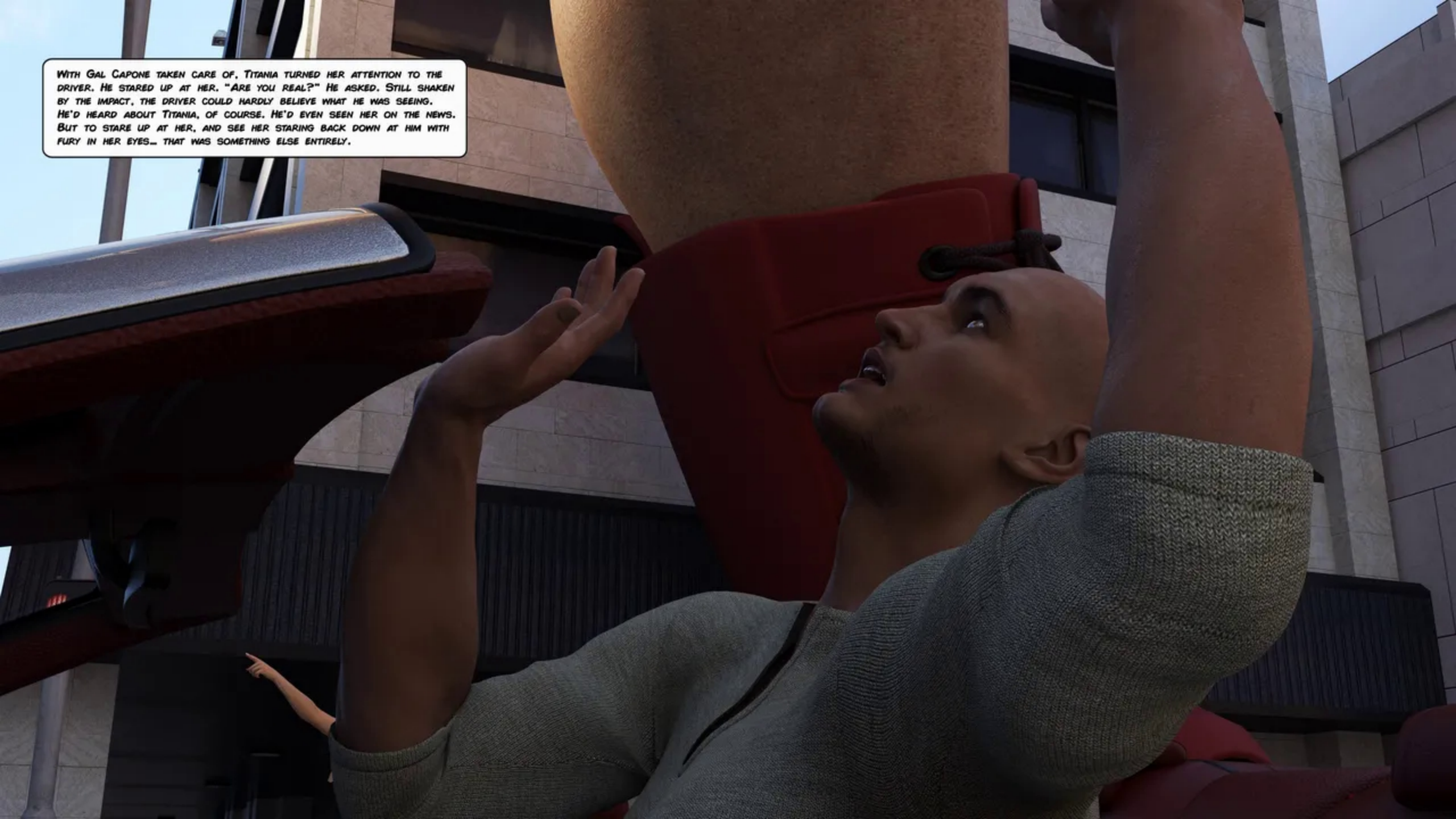

"If you insist," Titania said.
The shadow that enveloped Gal Capone began to grow a little darker. She looked up and saw the black sole of Titania's boot hovering above her.
"Wait, no, I didn't mean it like that! I didn't mean it!" she pleaded.
"Too late," Titania said.



Gal Capone stumbled back onto the ground. She held her hand up, as if that would somehow be enough to stop Titania's heavy foot.

"No, please!" Gal Capone begged, as Titania's boot slowly descended upon her. "I didn't mean it! Throw me in prison, please, anything! I'll turn my life around! I'll become a nun. I'll be a real saint, I swear! I'll--"

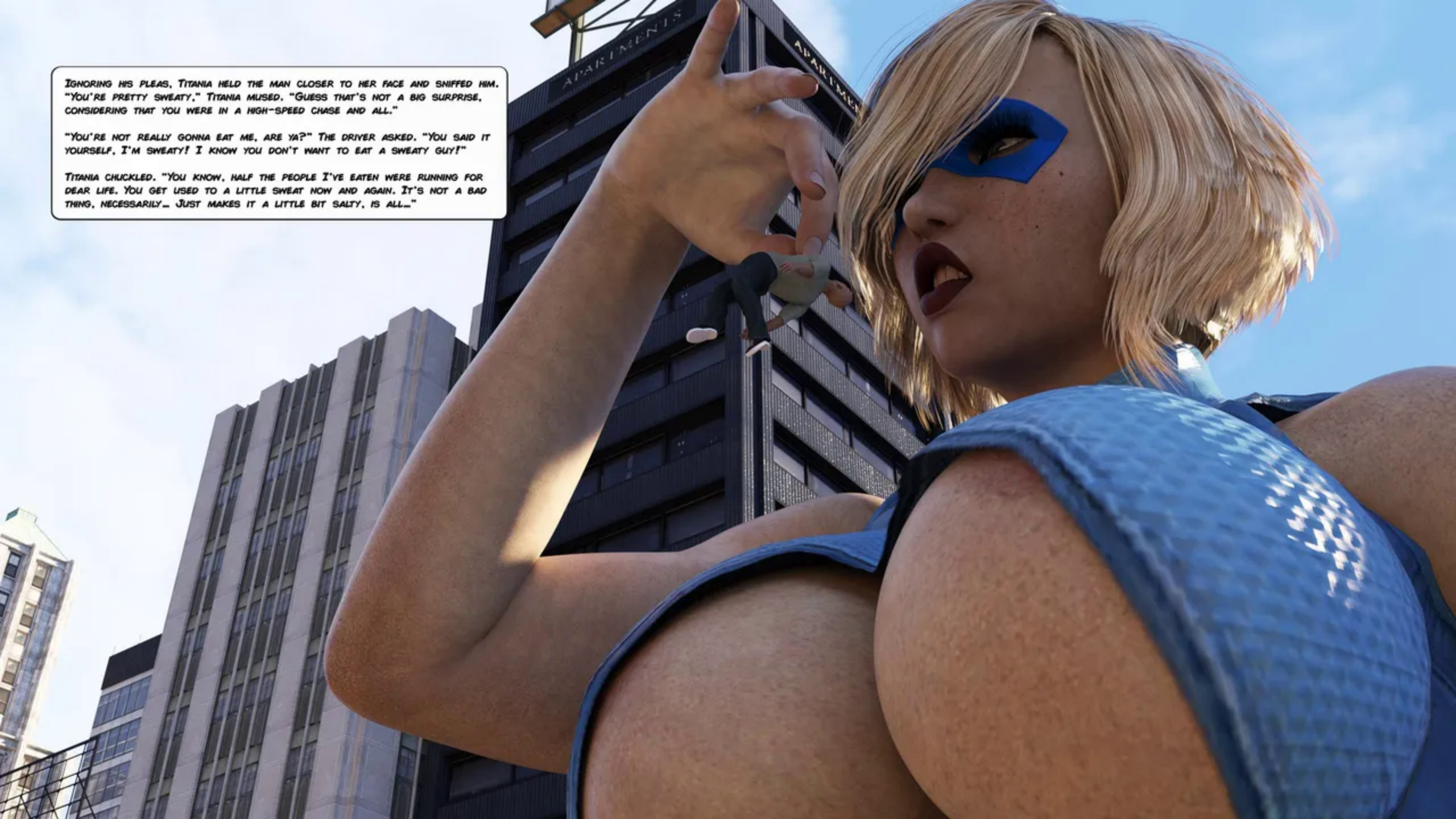

At last, Titania slammed her foot down. The unfortunate woman beneath her heel was crushed between the sole of Titania's boot and the unyielding concrete. Titania twisted her boot against the ground, until the former gangster was reduced to a red smear on the pavement.


With Gal Capone taken care of, Titania turned her attention to the driver. He stared up at her. "Are you real?" He asked. Still shaken by the impact, the driver could hardly believe what he was seeing. He'd heard about Titania, of course. He'd even seen her on the news. But to stare up at her, and see her staring back down at him with fury in her eyes... that was something else entirely.


"You're under arrest, criminal scum," Titania said as she knelt down. "I'm going to apprehend you, don't make any sudden moves!" She reached out and plucked the driver out of his seat.


Titania shirt pinched the front of the man's shirt between her finger and thumb. She lifted him up into the air, hanging the man's entire body weight by his cheap cotton T-shirt. "Oh god, how is this happening?!" he yelled, as Titania raised him ever-higher into the air. "This isn't real! You're not real!"


"Oh, I'm real, alright," Titania said, looking him over. "And I'm real hungry, too. You don't look especially appetizing, to be honest... But I've eaten worse."
"You're joking, right? You can't seriously be thinking about this! Please, just put me down" the man begged.


APARTMENTS
Ignoring his pleas, Titania held the man closer to her face and sniffed him. "You're pretty sweaty," Titania mused. "Guess that's not a big surprise, considering that you were in a high-speed chase and all."
"You're not really gonna eat me, are ya?" The driver asked. "You said it yourself. I'm sweaty! I know you don't want to eat a sweaty guy!"
Titania chuckled. "You know, half the people I've eaten were running for dear life. You get used to a little sweat now and again. It's not a bad thing, necessarily... Just makes it a little bit salty, is all..."

THE DRIVER SUDDENLY BURST INTO A FIT OF RAGE. "YOU CAN'T DO THIS! I KNOW MY RIGHTS! YOU'RE A COP, RIGHT? I DEMAND A FAIR TRIAL!"


Titania smiled smugly at him. "I'm a superhero, not a cop. I work with them, but I don't have to follow their rules! Hmm... You know what, though? I was gonna swing by the courthouse later. If you want, I can take you with me!" Titania said.
"Wait, really?" he asked.



"That's right!" Titania exclaimed. "But, I don't want to have to hold onto you the whole time, so I'll just put you in my stomach, for safe-keeping!" She lifted him up into the air and opened her mouth wide.

"Oh god, no, please!" The driver begged, as Titania lowered him between her lips. But he soon found himself trapped inside of Titania's cavernous maw. The only way out of that warm, wet cave was to jump down, but he knew the fall would be every bit as deadly as a stay in Titania's stomach.

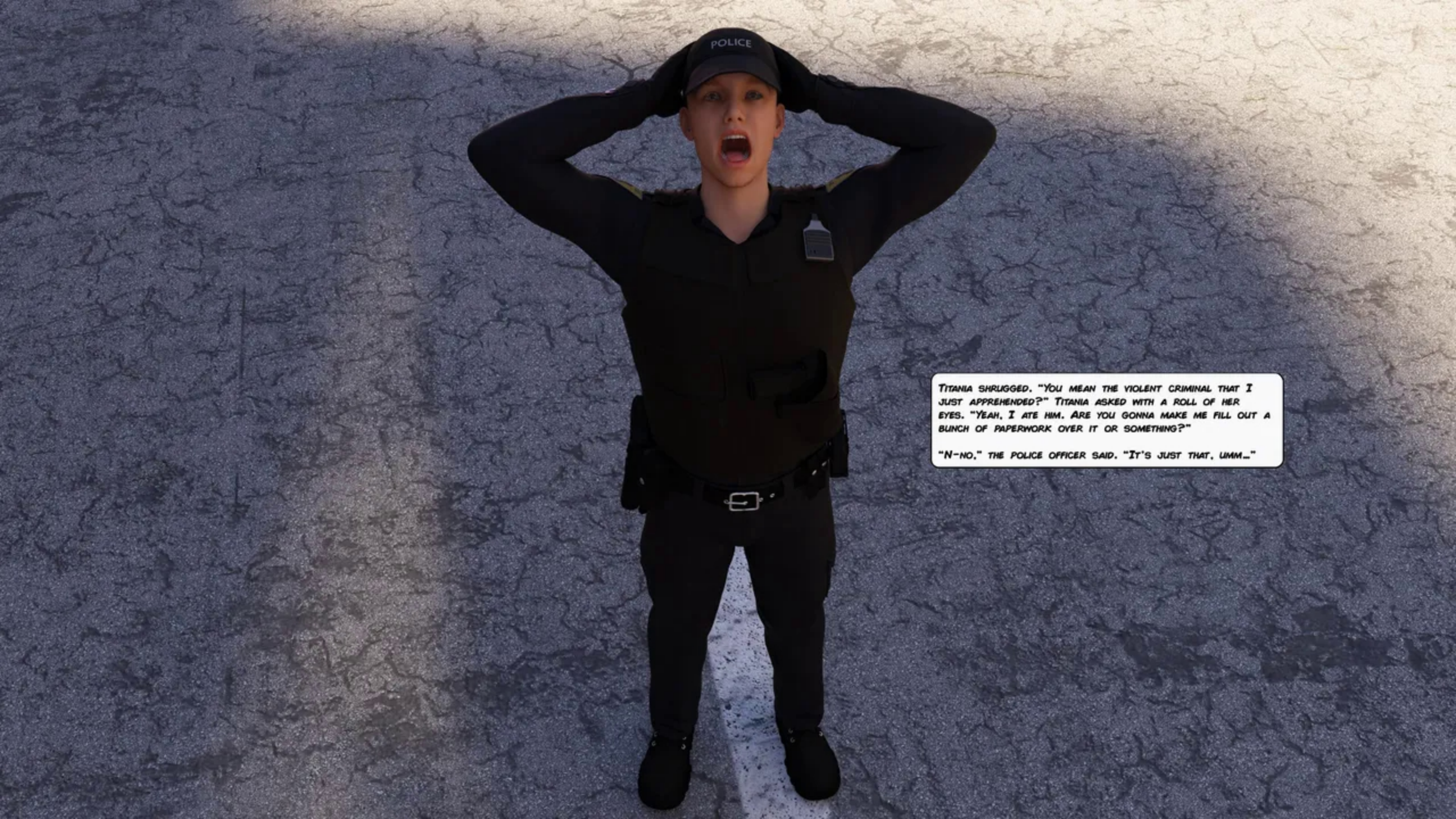

Titania hungered, and she didn't feel like waiting any longer. She tilted her head back, and with the tip of her tongue she pulled the terrified criminal deeper into her mouth. He squirmed wildly, as her food tended to do, but it didn't do him much good.


Titania slurped him down like a piece of spaghetti, until only a single leg stuck out from her lips. With a squelching sound, his foot disappeared between her lips, until his existence was evidenced only by the shifting indentations on her cheeks.


For a moment, Titania regretted not taking the man's clothes off before she ate him. Jeans had a way of chafing unpleasantly against the back of her throat sometimes. But Titania was hungry, and so she eagerly swallowed him down.


For a moment, as he glided down her throat, she felt a feeling of satisfaction so complete that it made her forget about all her troubles. The emptiness she felt knowing Jeanette was locked away, was finally filled, at least for a moment. But she knew that soon enough, her stomach would be empty, and her heart would follow.


A POLICEMAN WHO HAD BEEN WATCHING THE SCENE SUDDENLY PANICKED, AS THE REALITY OF WHAT JUST HAPPENED DAWNED ON HIM. "OH MY GOD, DID YOU JUST EAT HIM?!" THE YOUNG POLICE OFFICER SHOUTED. "YOU JUST---YOU JUST ATE A GUY!"

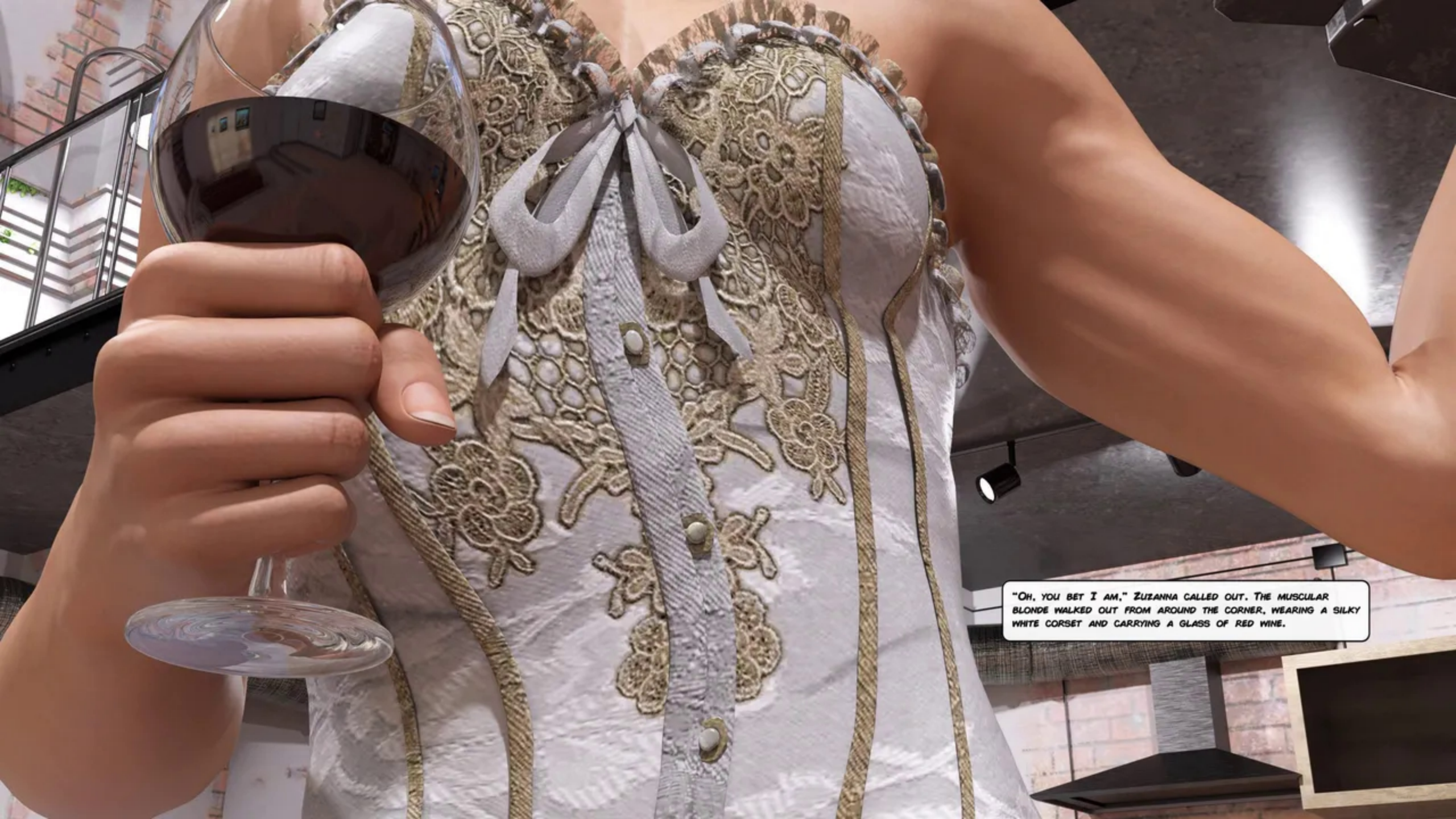

POLICE
Titania shrugged. "You mean the violent criminal that I just apprehended?" Titania asked with a roll of her eyes. "Yeah, I ate him. Are you gonna make me fill out a bunch of paperwork over it or something?"
"N-no," the police officer said. "It's just that, umm..."


"It's just what? This is just how things work around here," Titania said with a shrug. "I'm guessing you're new here?"
The officer fidgeted nervously. "Well, yes, but--"
"Welcome to the force, kid," Titania said. "I'm trying to be more careful about collateral damage, but I'm not about to be lectured for taking out some criminals. You understand that, right?"
"O-of course!" The officer replied.
JP
TECHNOLO
POL


Museum St
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APARTMENTS
TITANIA SHRUGGED AND TURNED AWAY. "GLAD YOU UNDERSTAND," SHE SAID. "ANYWAY, I'VE GOT A HOT DATE TONIGHT, SO I'M GOING TO CALL IT A DAY. BYE, ROOKIE!" TITANIA SAID. SHE WAVED BACK AT HIM, AND WALKED OFF INTO THE SUNSET.


Titania was eager to stop by Zuzanna's house, but when she walked into the apartment she started to wonder if she'd come to the wrong place. The rundown, drafty loft wasn't much to look at. She could picture some tweakers shooting up there more easily than she could picture the muscular security guard calling it home.


Then, Titania heard footsteps, and her heartbeat hastened. "Hey Zuzanna, you here?" Titania called out, as she nervously looked around the apartment. "Zuzanna? Are you home?"


"Oh, you bet I am." Zuzanna called out. The muscular blonde walked out from around the corner, wearing a silky white corset and carrying a glass of red wine.


Titania was taken aback. "My girlfriend just went to jail yesterday, and you're seriously wearing lingerie for our first dinner together?" Titania asked. "I knew this was a date, but don't you think this is rushing things a bit?"


Zuzanna smiled confidently, as she leaned back and sat on her table, two wine glasses in hand. "Oh come on, why waste time?" Zuzanna asked. "I saw the way you were looking at me in the courtroom. I bet you're feeling lonely, and I know a woman like you must have some very big needs to take care of."


Titania sighed. "I don't know, Zuzanna. It's just that, well... I can't help but think what Jeanette would say if she knew I was seeing another woman on the day after she went to jail! I mean, we only broke up two days ago!
Zuzanna shook her head. "Oh sweetie, you just said it yourself. You 'broke up two days ago.'" She sauntered over to Titania, holding a wine glass out to the titanic woman. "I saw her at the jail today, she's doing just fine for a girl in a glorified birdcage. The good people at the jail will take care of her every need. You don't need to worry about her any more, you here?"
Titania sighed. "I know you're right, but this still just feels wrong. Maybe I should go home," Titania said. "I don't know if I should be doing this..."


"Why let your ex control your life?" Zuzanna asked. "She may be your past, but I could be your future. I know we haven't known each other for long, but I think we could be perfect for each other. We both care about law and order, we're two of the strongest women around... And we both have an insatiable sex drive. Don't try to tell me I'm wrong about that last one, either. I can see it in your eyes. You need it real bad, don't you?"


Titania sighed. "Oh, I want it alright. I just don't know if I should, you know... I want to date, and everything, but having sex so soon, it just feels, I dunno..."


"'Feels' what?" Zuzanna asked with a quick bite of her lip. "Wrong? Dirty? Oh, but you like that feeling, don't you? Going out with a girl like Jeanette, you must have a thing for bad girls. Well don't assume that just because I'm a prison guard, I'm some kind of girl scout. I can be real bad, when I want to be... And if you don't like that, well, I guess you could always punish me for being a bad girl..."


Titania bit her own lip in turn. "Oh fuck, I need it so bad. Fuck it! Fuck that psycho bitch! Let's fuck!"
"I knew you'd come around," Zuzanna said. She put her hand on Titania's thigh and caressed it slowly. "You're soaking wet right now, aren't you? I'm gonna suck up every last drop..."
Titania shuddered. "Ooh, fuck that sounds good... Just give me a second to take off the costume!"
"I can't wait that long," Zuzanna said. "Besides, I've always like a girl in uniform... Let's leave it on, just for a little while... I'll just slip those little panties to the side a little bit, and... Ooh, there we go..."


Zuzanna wasted no time diving into Titania's pussy. She wrapped her right arm firmly around Titania's thighs. Then, with her left, she slid three fingers into the amazon's dripping-wet pussy. "Oh, that's good," Titania said.
"I'm just getting started," Zuzanna said. She glided her tongue in slow, caressing circles around Titania's clit.
Titania shuddered with pleasure. "Ooh, fuck that's good!"


Guided by their lust, Titania and Zuzanna eagerly danced from position to position, a swirling symphony of sex. Their tongues were intertwined, teasingly twisting around as they ran their hands over one another's sweaty nude bodies. While Zuzanna was still pleasuring her, Titania slipped off her costume and tossed it aside.
"You know, something just occurred to me," Zuzanna said. "I still haven't kissed you on the mouth..."
Titania laughed. "I can crouch down, if that's not too embarrassing..."
"I have a better idea," Zuzanna said. She climbed up the spiral staircase, and Titania met her on the other side of the railing. "I never thought that I would be the tall one. Now kiss me with those big lips of yours!"


The two shared a long, passionate kiss that seemed to last for minutes, before Titania finally pulled away. "I do like being the short one now and again," Titania said. "That's one thing I liked about Jeanette..."

"Oh, enough about your ex," Zuzanna replied. "I'm sure I know tricks that Jeanette's never even heard of. Come upstairs with me. I've got a nice, big bed up there, just waiting for us..."


The two of them hurried upstairs, and Titania hopped onto the bed and spread her legs. "Sorry if I'm a little tall, my legs don't fit on most beds," Titania said.
"That's no problem at all," Zuzanna replied. "I've wanted to give these big, sweaty feet a nice tongue bath for a while now..."
Titania giggled. "Ooh, you're a kinky one, aren't you!" she exclaimed. "I wouldn't have guessed that you of all people would have a foot fetish."


"That's the funny thing," Zuzanna said, talking between strokes of her tongue. "I usually don't... But when it's your feet we're talking about... These big, strong feet that have crushed so many criminals into goo... Well, I think they need to be worshiped, don't you?"


Zuzanna wrapped her lips around Titania's toe, and sucked hard on it, running her tongue along the bottom of her toe all the while. "I'll suck them clean," Zuzanna said, bobbing her head on the tip of Titania's toe. "And I bet you want me to suck that clit of yours again, pretty soon, don't you?"


Titania quivered with anticipation. "I need it now... Don't tease me..."
Zuzanna took her mouth off of Titania's feet and stared up at her. "Or what?" Zuzanna asked. "Or you'll step on me?"
"I just might."
"Don't threaten me with a good time."
"Enough jokes. Suck my clit. Right fucking now."
"Is that an order?"
"You're goddamn right it is."


Zuzanna crawled up to Titania, and wrapped her arms around her meaty thighs. "Well I sure can't say no to an order from the mighty Titania," Zuzanna said. "You know what happens to people who make her mad."
"Do you want to find out the hard way, or are you going to stop teasing and suck my clit already?"
"Oh, I think you like the teasing," Zuzanna said. "And I like knowing that you could snap me like a twig between massive thighs of yours... and that part of you is probably tempted to do it. But don't worry, I can't stay away from that pussy of yours for too long. I need to take one... More... Lick..." With that, Zuzanna finally ran her tongue against Titania's clit.


Titania shuddered. She was nearing orgasm, but as turned on as she was, she still felt like something was off. She closed her eyes, and imagined that instead of Zuzanna's tongue caressing her, it was Jeanette's.


"Hey, Tight-tits," she pictured the mischievous college girl saying. "Don't you wish you were fucking me right now instead of this steroid-slurping bimbo? Because you can have me any time you want. All you need to do is smash your way into that stupid prison and take off my necklace. Then we can grow huge, and fuck so hard that we'll flatten the whole goddamn city! Don't you want that?"


"Oh, I want it alright!" Titania moaned. "I need it so fucking bad! Make me cum! Make me cum now!"


Titania's dirty talk energized Zuzanna, who sucked on Titania's pussy with renewed vigor. That in turn made Titania shudder with pleasure. She let out a series of orgasmic screams that could be heard a city block away.


Zuzanna tried to make pillow talk with her afterwards, but Titania's head was elsewhere. The only thing that Titania could think about was Jeanette, and while Zuzanna was sound asleep, Titania ruminated about her. "Maybe I made a mistake letting Jeanette go to jail," Titania mused aloud over the sound of Zuzanna's snoring. "Things just don't feel the same without her. I really like Zuzanna, and that was some hot fucking sex we had... but she's not Jeanette."


Titania couldn't help but picture what it must be like for Jeanette in prison. Jeanette, for all her faults, had helped Titania take down some of the most powerful criminal masterminds in the city. Surely that would make her some enemies on the inside. Unless Titania acted soon, she reasoned, the other inmates might beat Jeanette up... Or worse. In reality, Jeanette may have been a ten-foot tall killer, but in Titania's mind she was just a scared, fragile girl.
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Titania slowly sat up, careful not to wake her sleeping lover. She sat by the edge of the bed and looked back at Zuzanna, who was sleeping so peacefully. It reminded her of what it was like having Jeanette sleeping in the bed next to her, and that wonderful feeling of warmth that she felt.
Titania sighed. "All that stuff I was saying earlier, about wanting to break Jeanette out... I wasn't just saying it because I was horny. I want to make sure she's safe more than anything. And yeah, I want to fuck her more than anything too! But shit, I'm on thin ice with the government guys already. Something like that would be the last straw, and if I go down that path, there's no going back..."


"Fuck, I really want to, but I know I shouldn't!" Titania mused. While she was trying to make up her mind, she saw something that she'd been too distracted to notice before. Hanging from a garment rack was Zuzanna's prison guard uniform. It wasn't her size... but it wouldn't be the first time she squeezed into an outfit that was too small for her.


"Titania's mouth slowly widened into a grin. What are the odds? The first woman I sleep with after the break-up, and she just happens to be a prison guard where my ex is being held... Not to mention that she's a buff blonde chick, just like me. If I can squeeze into that uniform, getting inside would be almost too easy... "It's almost like it was meant to be!"

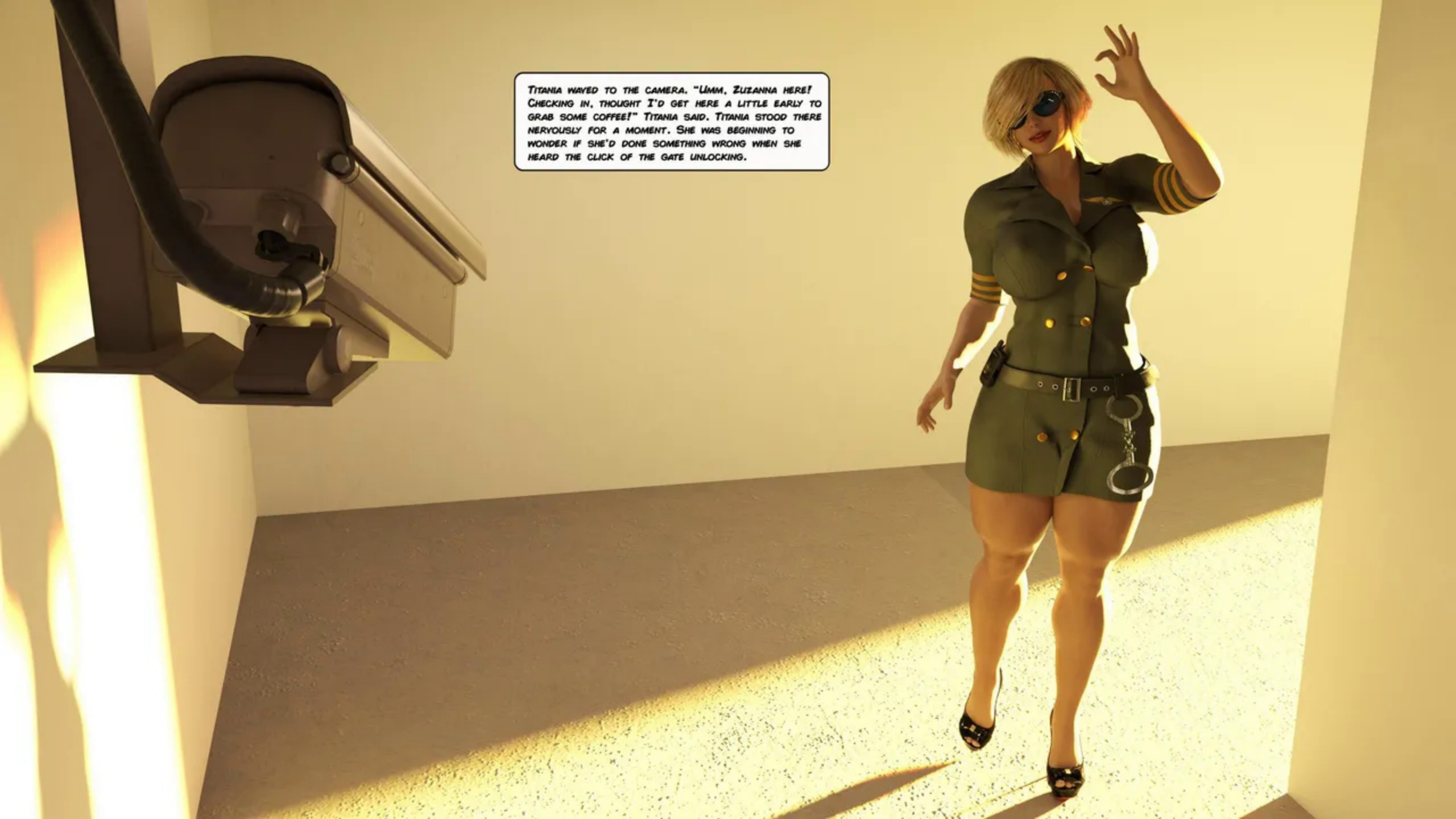

Titania's mind was made up. She glanced back at Zuzanna, who to her relief was still sleeping on the bed. "Nightie night, Zuzanna," Titania said. "Hope you don't mind if I borrow a pair of clothes. I've got something to take care of..."


First thing the next morning, Titania walked through the gates of the jail. She was wearing a stylish pair of heels. If Titania was going to make herself an outlaw for good, she was at least going to do it in style.

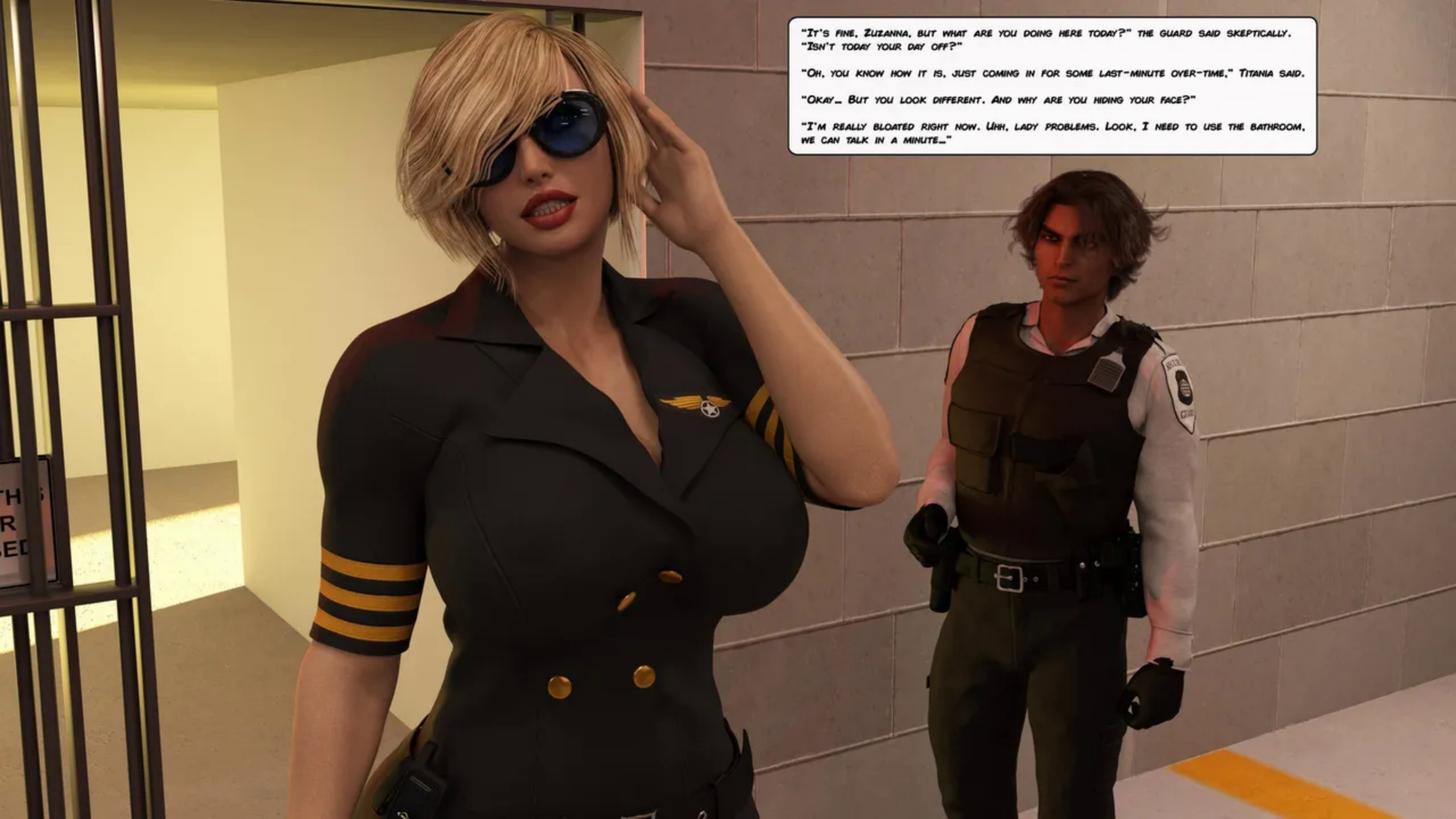
She'd made all her preparations. She'd taken Zuzanna's car, keys and cellphone. Even if Zuzanna did wake up early on her day off, and even if she did notice that her uniform was missing, she'd be hard-pressed to call the prison.

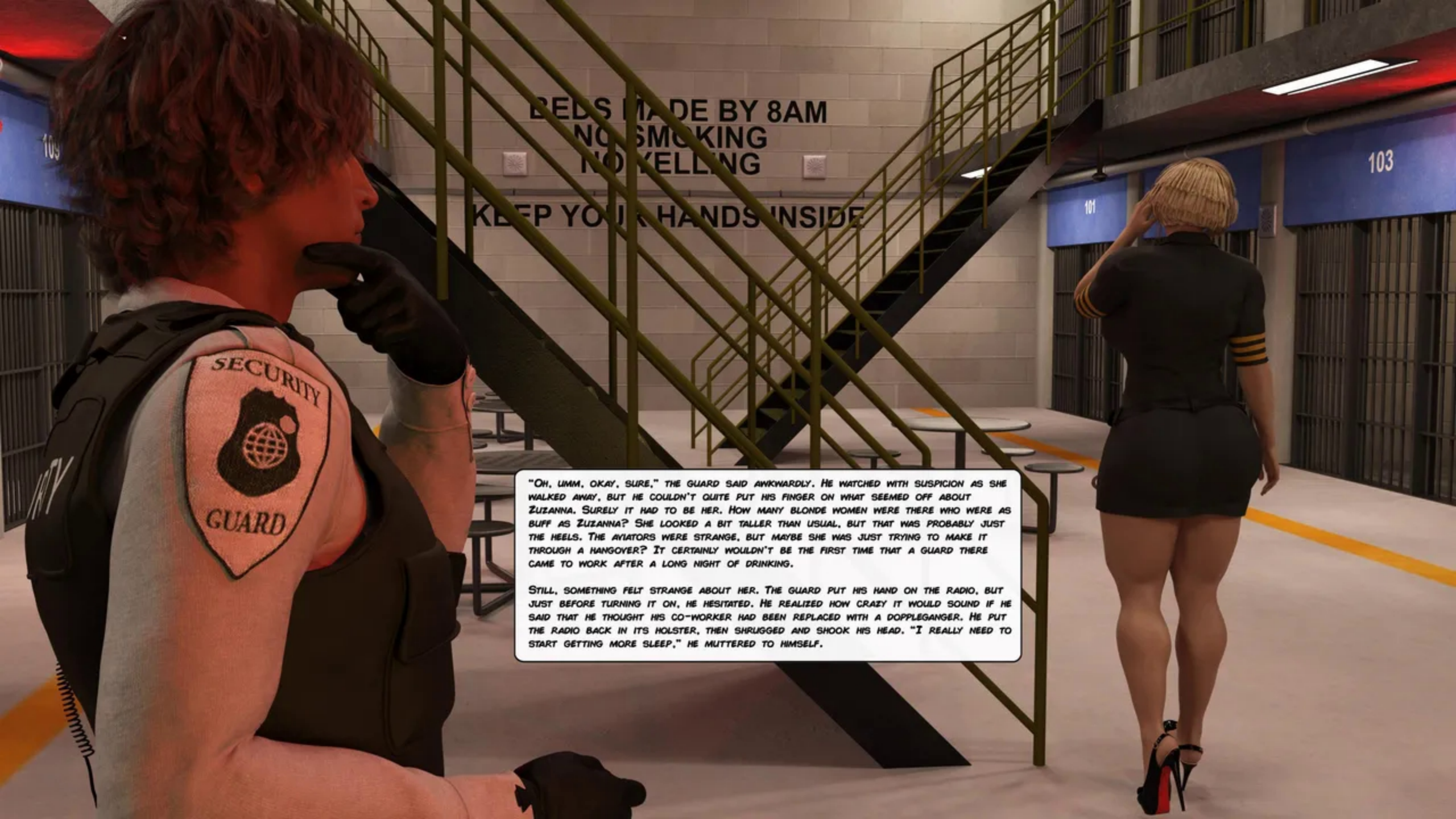

Even at her shortest, Titania was almost a foot taller than Zuzanna. The uniform was tight on her, and showed off curves that Zuzanna had never had, but Titania wasn't worried. She knew that they might see through her disguise, but even that would only jeopardize her Plan A. Plan B was to smash her way into the prison, and she knew that plan couldn't fail.


As she approached the cell block, a metal gate blocked her path. Titania realized that a security camera was pointing at her. With some quick thinking, she improvised a plan.
KEEP THIS DOOR CLOSED


Titania waved to the camera. "Umm, Zuzanna here! Checking in, thought I'd get here a little early to grab some coffee!" Titania said. Titania stood there nervously for a moment. She was beginning to wonder if she'd done something wrong when she heard the click of the gate unlocking.


Titania walked confidently through the gates. There was a guard to her left, so Titania made sure to face the other way and hide her face. "Good morning!" Titania said. "It's me, Zuzanna! Is the coffee strong?"

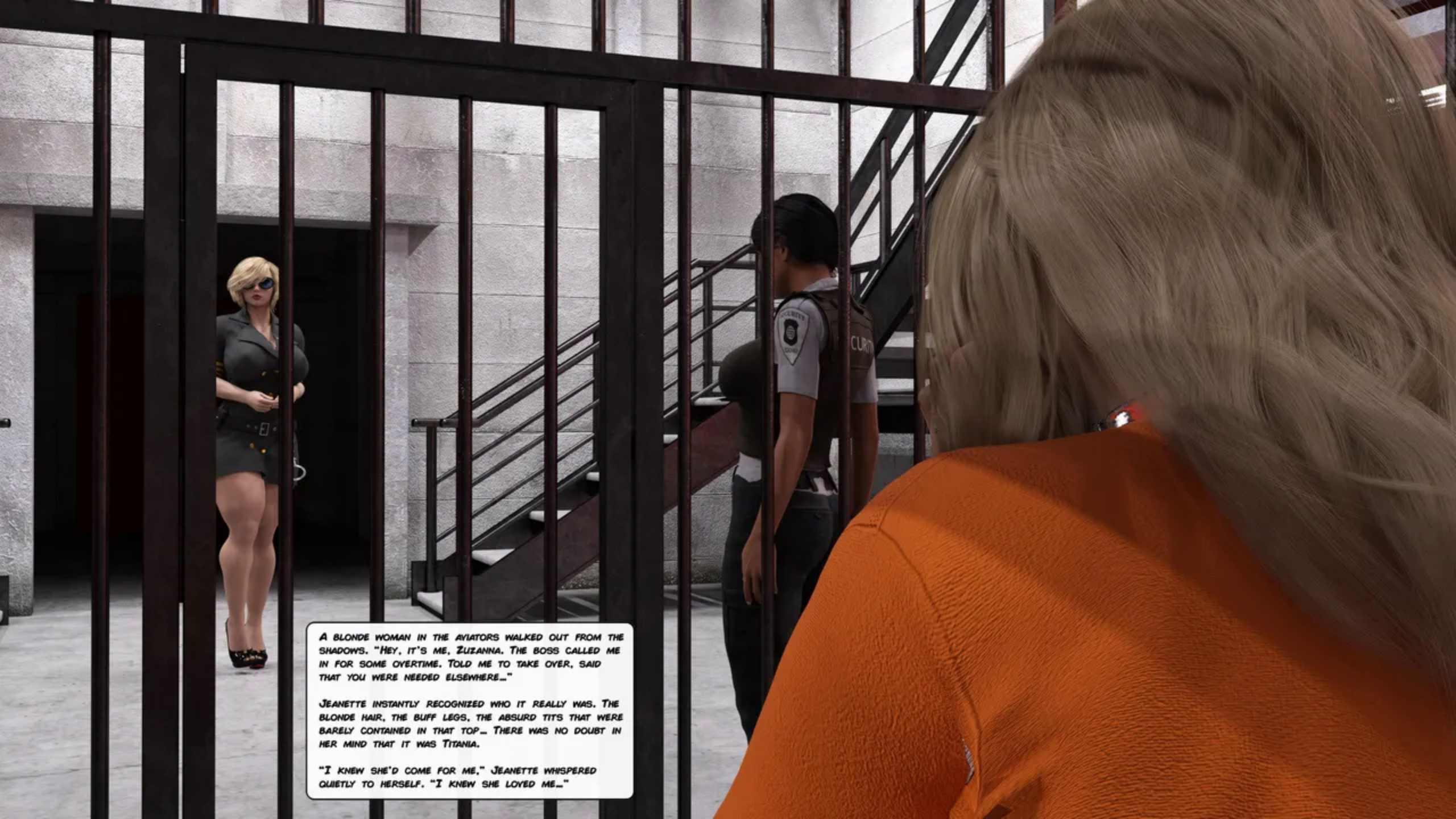

"It's fine, Zuzanna, but what are you doing here today?" the guard said skeptically. "Isn't today your day off?"
"Oh, you know how it is, just coming in for some last-minute over-time," Titania said.
"Okay... But you look different. And why are you hiding your face?"
"I'm really bloated right now. Uhh, lady problems. Look, I need to use the bathroom, we can talk in a minute..."

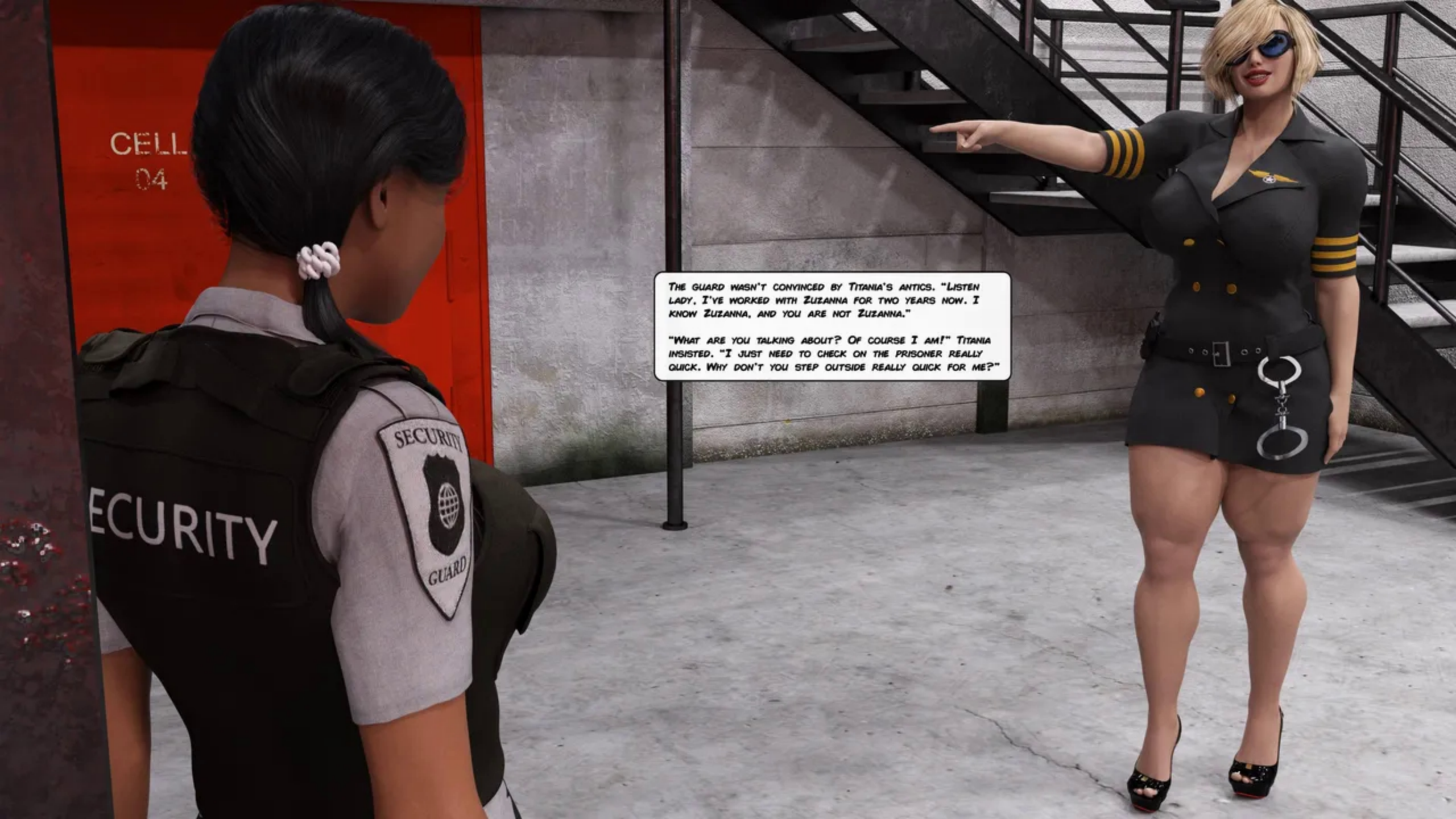


"Oh, umm, okay, sure," the guard said awkwardly. He watched with suspicion as she walked away, but he couldn't quite put his finger on what seemed off about Zuzanna. Surely it had to be her. How many blonde women were there who were as buff as Zuzanna? She looked a bit taller than usual, but that was probably just the heels. The aviators were strange, but maybe she was just trying to make it through a hangover? It certainly wouldn't be the first time that a guard there came to work after a long night of drinking.

Still, something felt strange about her. The guard put his hand on the radio, but just before turning it on, he hesitated. He realized how crazy it would sound if he said that he thought his co-worker had been replaced with a doppleganger. He put the radio back in its holster, then shrugged and shook his head. "I really need to start getting more sleep," he muttered to himself.


CELL
02
CEL
03
Footsteps echoed through the halls, and the guard standing outside of the gate humphed. "What the--this wing is supposed to be on lockdown! No one is supposed to come in until the shift change, and that shouldn't be for another hour!"
Jeanette cracked her neck. "I get why you wouldn't want to leave early. I know you cherish the time we spend together!"
"Shut up, Jeanette," the guard shouted. "Hey, who goes there?!"

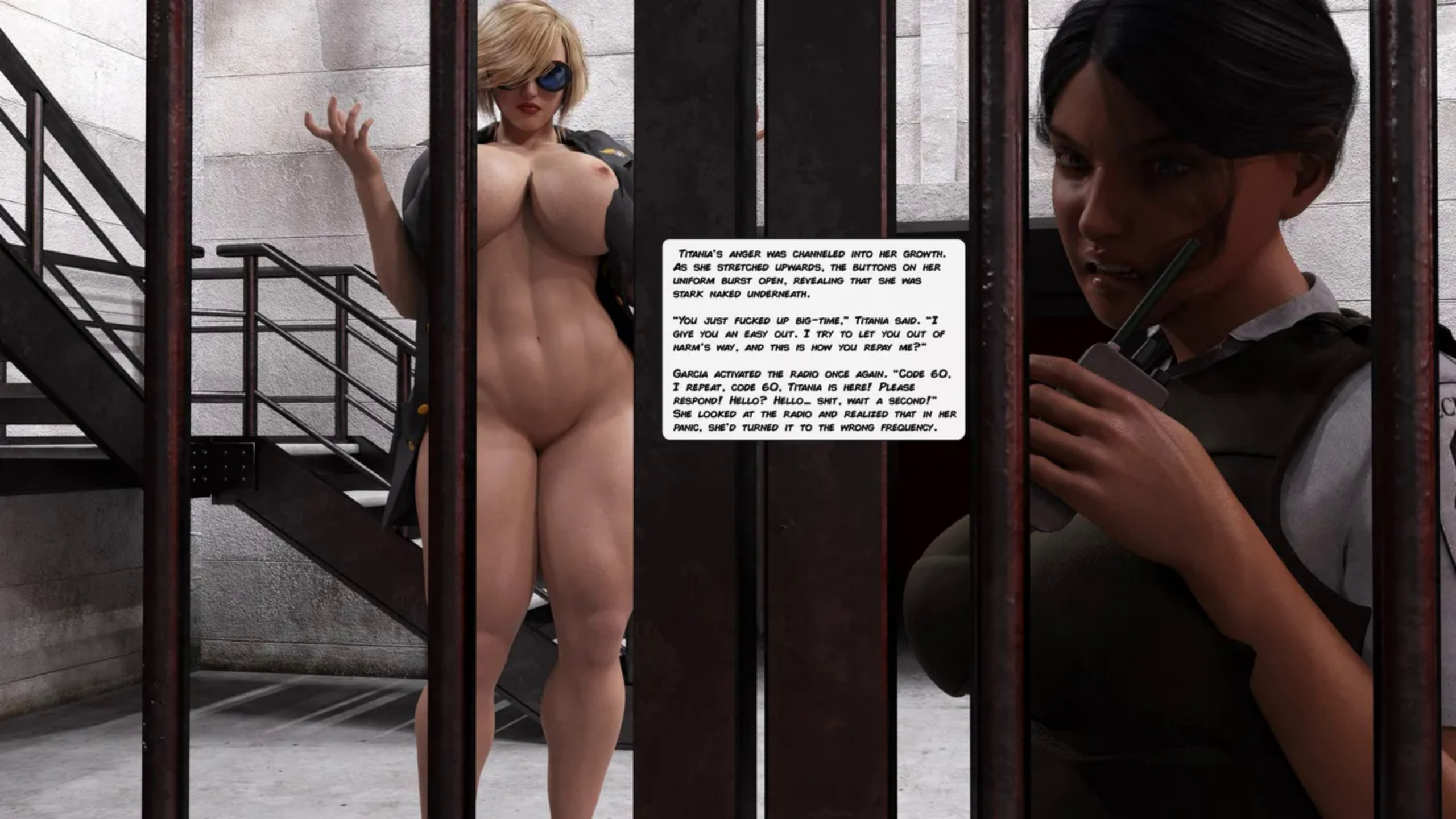

A blonde woman in the aviators walked out from the shadows. "Hey, it's me, Zuzanna. The boss called me in for some overtime. Told me to take over, said that you were needed elsewhere..."
Jeanette instantly recognized who it really was. The blonde hair, the buff legs, the absurd tits that were barely contained in that top... There was no doubt in her mind that it was Titania.
"I knew she'd come for me," Jeanette whispered quietly to herself. "I knew she loved me..."

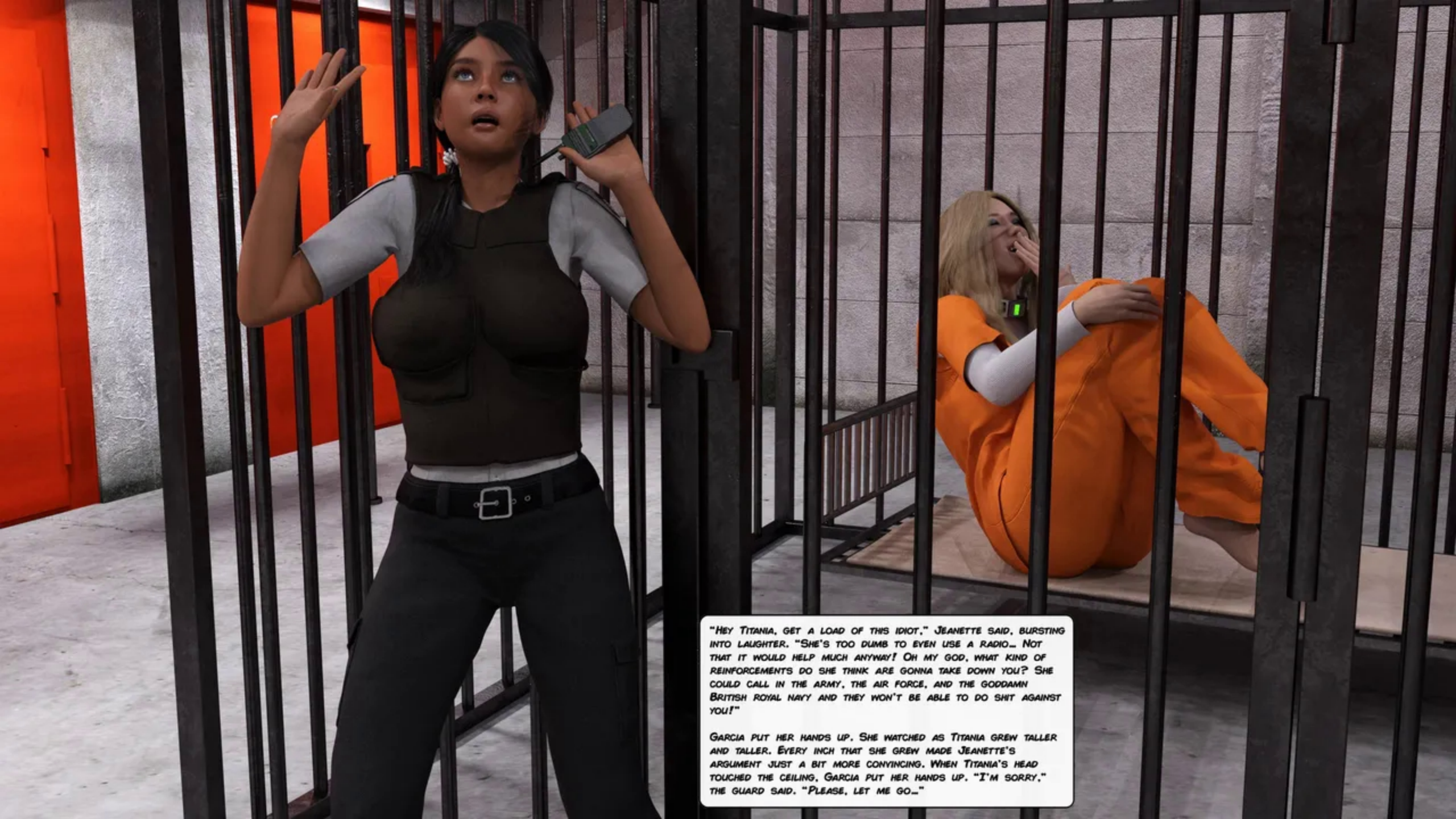


The guard wasn't convinced by Titania's antics. "Listen lady, I've worked with Zuzanna for two years now. I know Zuzanna, and you are not Zuzanna."

"What are you talking about? Of course I am!" Titania insisted. "I just need to check on the prisoner really quick. Why don't you step outside really quick for me?"


The guard wasted no time grabbing her radio. "This is Garcia, I've got something weird going on in Jeanette's cellblock, over..."
CELL
01


Titania's anger was channeled into her growth. As she stretched upwards, the buttons on her uniform burst open, revealing that she was stark naked underneath.
"You just fucked up big-time," Titania said. "I give you an easy out. I try to let you out of harm's way, and this is how you repay me?"
Garcia activated the radio once again. "Code 60. I repeat, code 60. Titania is here! Please respond! Hello? Hello... shit, wait a second!" She looked at the radio and realized that in her panic, she'd turned it to the wrong frequency.


"Hey Titania, get a load of this idiot," Jeanette said, bursting into laughter. "She's too dumb to even use a radio... Not that it would help much anyway! Oh my god, what kind of reinforcements do she think are gonna take down you? She could call in the army, the air force, and the goddamn British royal navy and they won't be able to do shit against you!"
Garcia put her hands up. She watched as Titania grew taller and taller. Every inch that she grew made Jeanette's argument just a bit more convincing. When Titania's head touched the ceiling, Garcia put her hands up. "I'm sorry," the guard said. "Please, let me go..."


Titania shrugged. "It's a bit late for that, isn't it?" Titania asked. "I gave you a chance to run, but you stayed here and tried to tattle on me with your little radio. Well guess what, now you're gonna stay here with us. Now you don't have a gun, do you? I'd hate for you to accidentally hurt my sweet little girlfriend before she has a chance to grow."


"No! I don't have a gun, I swear!" Garcia pleaded. "They insisted that the guard stationed by Jeanette's cell wasn't allowed to have a gun. They were worried about what you'd do if someone hurt her!"


Titania knelt down and stared into the trembling guard's eyes. "I believe you," Titania said. "But I don't feel like taking any chances, either." Titania reached out and snatched Garcia's collar. Effortlessly, she lifted the smaller woman off the ground.
SECURITY


Titania pulled Garcia behind her back. Then, with a furious yell, she slammed the smaller woman onto the ground. The impact knocked the air out of the guard, and sent her radio sliding across the floor. "If you try anything, I won't be so gentle next time," Titania said. Then, in a single, fluid motion, she tore the cell door off of its hinges.

Jeanette eagerly burst out through the doorway, ecstatic for her newfound freedom. "It's been so long!" Titania shouted excitedly. "These last three days without you have felt like an eternity!"


Titania, panting with anticipation, leaned in closer to Jeanette. "I need you so fucking bad, baby." Titania moaned. She grabbed Jeanette's ass with both of her gigantic hands and gave her lover a long, passionate kiss.
SECURITY
GUARD


Their lips stayed locked together while the two caressed each other. The kiss seemed to last forever, but it was just an appetizer. Titania pulled away from Jeanette. She had one last thing to do before the main course could begin.


Titania bent down and put her hands around her lover's neck. "Let me take this stupid thing off of you," Titania said. She grabbed the metal necklace and snapped it like a twig.
Jeanette got a wild look in her eyes, as the gravity of the situation finally dawned on her. "This is really it, isn't it?" Jeanette asked. "You were on thin ice with the law before, there's no way they'll let you get away with this. We're really doing it, aren't we? We're finally outlaws, taking on the system!"


Titania grabbed Jeanette's orange jail shirt with two hands and violently tore it in half. Then, with her powerful hands, Titania picked the blonde college girl up and set her on top of the cell.
"It's just you and me against the world, babe," Titania said. "I'm tired of taking orders from people who aren't fit to spit-shine my boots. From now on, you and me are going to be running things. And if anyone doesn't like it, they'll end up as a stain on my boots... or yours."
CELL 01
CELL 02


CELL
07
"Oh yeah, I like the sound of that," Jeanette said.
"Mmm, me too," Titania replied. She leaned in, then pulled Jeanette closer to her for another passionate kiss. She could already feel Jeanette starting to grow in her arms.


Within seconds, Jeanette was nearing Titania's size. She gripped the cell tight as a shiver of anticipation washed over her. "Fuck, I know I'm only like ten feet tall right now, but I haven't felt this powerful since the first time I grew!" Jeanette said. "Pretty soon we're going to be running this whole city--no, country!"
CELL 07
CEL 02


CELL
02
"Why stop there?" Titania said as she eagerly pulled Jeanette's pants down. "We could rule the whole goddamn world together!"
"Oh fuck that sounds hot!" Jeanette moaned. "But we're gonna have to get really fucking big first..."


"I can help you with that," Titania said seductively. She grabbed Jeanette's legs and pulled her off the edge of the cage. Panting eagerly, Titania leaned in closer to Jeanette's crotch while she effortlessly held her in the air. She glided her tongue along the contours of Jeanette's labia, and up to her clitoris, which she ran tight circles around with the tip of her tongue. Jeanette let out a long, shuddering moan of pleasure.
CELL 01


While Jeanette and Titania were distracted, Garcia realized that she had an opening. While the lovers were preoccupied with fucking and growing, the guard silently crept towards her radio.


This time she made sure to check the frequency was right first. She hesitated for a moment before finally pressing the call button. As soon as she heard that familiar beep, she knew her time was limited. "This is Garcia! Code 60! Titania is breaking Jeanette out of jail! I repeat--"


"Are you fucking serious?!" Jeanette shouted. "You couldn't even wait for me to finish getting head first? You're gonna regret this, you stupid little bitch!"
CELL


Jeanette grudgingly climbed off of Titania. She crouched down, and grabbed ahold of Garcia's leg. The smaller woman frantically tried to crawl away, but as soon as the furious blonde amazon had her leg in hand, the fight was as good as over.
CELL
04


Titania watched eagerly as Jeanette picked up the guard. "Ooh, what are you going to do with her?" Titania asked.
"I have an idea," Jeanette said. "But you're gonna need to grow a little bigger first..."


"With pleasure," Titania said. She began to grow, and within seconds she was so tall that she had to bend over just so her head wouldn't hit the ceiling.
Jeanette casually strolled over to Titania with the guard in hand, who Jeanette held upside down by her leg. The guard was screaming and flailing, but this barely registered to Jeanette, who could only think of what she wanted to do next.
CELL 11


"Bend down a little lower, sweetie," Jeanette told Titania.
"With pleasure," Titania said, and she got down on her knees.
Garcia frantically swung her arms at Jeanette, but hit only air. "Let me go! What are you doing?!" she shouted.
CELL
11


"I wanted it to be a surprise, but since you asked... Let me show you!" With one hand, Jeanette grabbed the terrified womans' head, and with the other she lifted her up by her pants and swung her closer to Titania's ass crack.
"You can't do this!" the woman pleaded. "It's not right! I didn't do anything to deserve this!"
Jeanette chuckled. "Oh, I think it's the perfect punishment for what you did to me. You stuffed me in a tiny little cell. And you were also a total asshole to me. only thought that it would be appropriate if I stuffed you up Titania's, you know what... I mean, if you're cool with that, sweetie!"
CELL 07
CELL 01
SECURITY


CELL
10
Titania laughed. "I bet it'll feel good having her in there... If she was mean to you, I'd say she deserves it!"
"Then it's settled," Jeanette said, with a mock-serious voice. "For the crime of being an asshole, I hereby sentence you, Garcia the Jail Guard, to a life sentence. To be carried out inside of Titania's asshole..."


Garcia panicked as Jeanette swung her closer to Titania's ass cheeks. "Oh god, no!" Garcia pleaded. "I'm sorry! I shouldn't have called the radio. Just please, don't--"


But the guard's voice was muffled when Jeanette stuffed her face into Titania's asshole. The woman's head was a tight enough fit... Jeanette had to use all her strength to ram the rest of the woman in. Jeanette had to take a break halfway through, which left Garcia's legs frantically kicking around in the air.


"How's that, sweetie?" Jeanette asked.
"Ooh, don't stop." Titania moaned. "Fuck that feels good, but I need more. Stuff her in, all the way!"


"With pleasure!" Jeanette exclaimed. She plunged the guard's legs deeper into Titania. Soon, only the woman's feet stuck out, and then those too disappeared inside of Titania's behind.



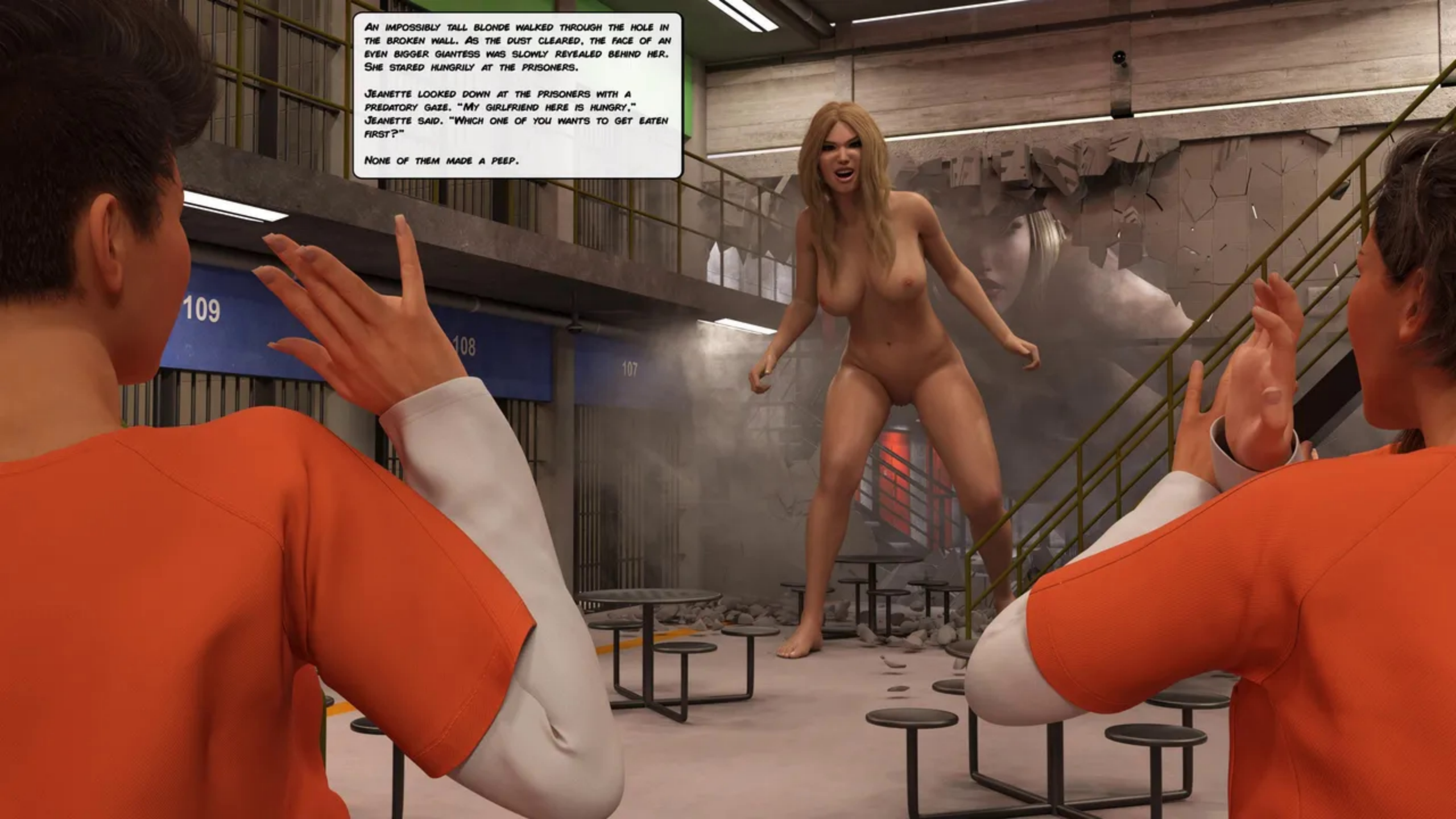
Titania moaned. "Oooh, that was good... I can feel her wriggling around in there... She feels good, but... I kind of wish that I'd eaten her instead. All of a sudden I feel like I'm starving! I haven't eaten since last night, and it's catching up to me..."

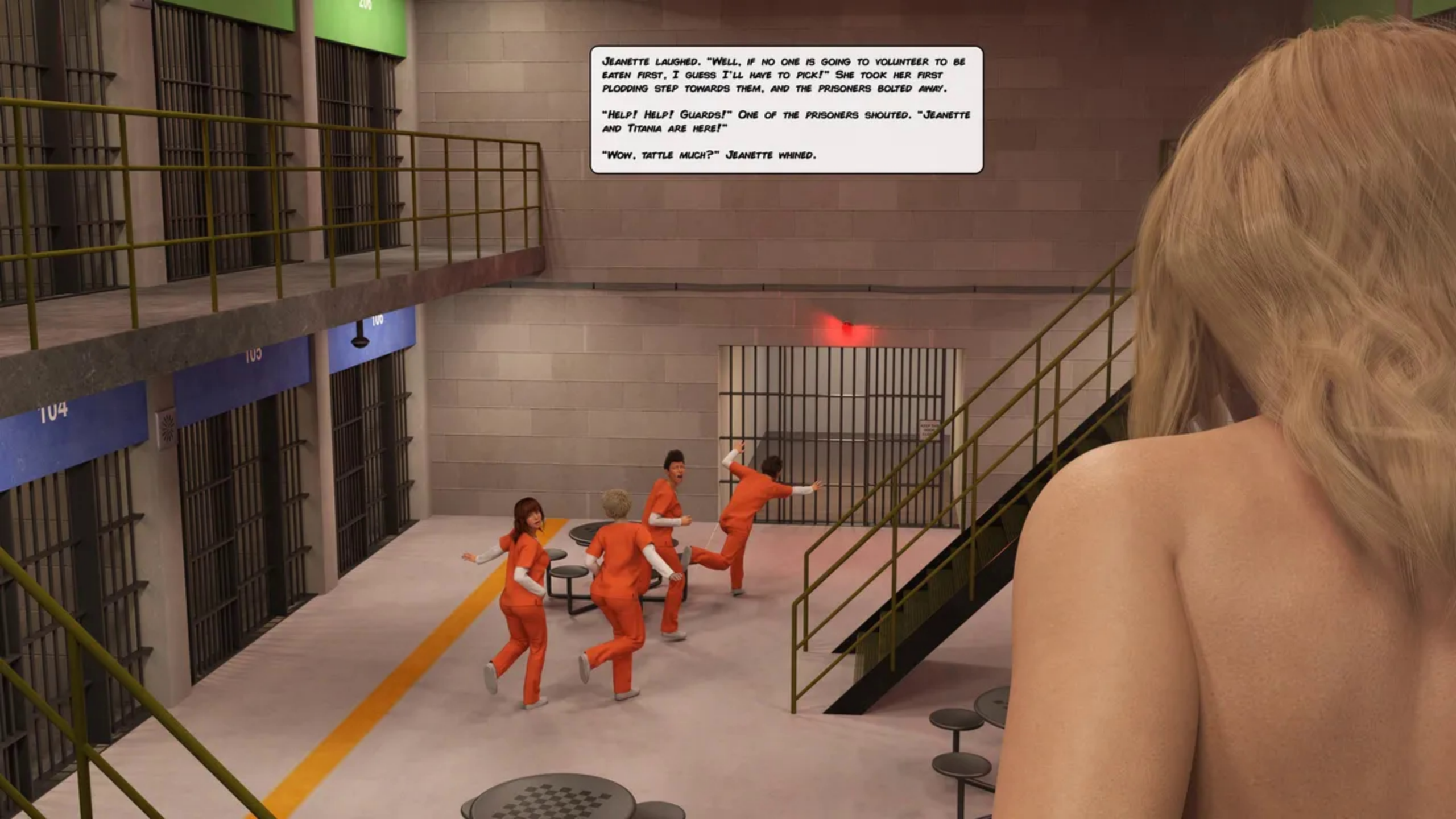
"Say no more," Jeanette replied, as she eagerly strolled away from Titania. "I know where I can get you some breakfast. The only thing I'll need is a little help getting through this wall!"

"That, I can manage," Titania said.


BEDS MADE BY 8AM
NO SMOKING
NO YELLING
KEEP YOUR HA
"No no no no no," the black prisoner pleaded. "We didn't... She tricked us into saying we did!"


208
207
109
108
102
HER STORY WAS INTERRUPTED BY THE BOOMING SOUND OF THE CONCRETE WALLS SMASHING OPEN. A GIGANTIC HAND REACHED THROUGH AND CLAWED AWAY AT THE DEBRIS. "WHAT THE HELL?!" ONE OF THE PRISONERS YELLED. "OH SHIT, IS THAT..."


An impossibly tall blonde walked through the hole in the broken wall. As the dust cleared, the face of an even bigger giantess was slowly revealed behind her. She stared hungrily at the prisoners.
Jeanette looked down at the prisoners with a predatory gaze. "My girlfriend here is hungry," Jeanette said. "Which one of you wants to get eaten first?"
None of them made a peep.
109
108
107


Jeanette laughed. "Well, if no one is going to volunteer to be eaten first, I guess I'll have to pick!" She took her first plodding step towards them, and the prisoners bolted away.
"Help! Help! Guards!" One of the prisoners shouted. "Jeanette and Titania are here!"
"Wow, tattle much?" Jeanette whined.
104
105
106



Sandy grabbed ahold of the metal bars and shook the door frantically, but the heavy metal door didn't so much as budge. In desperation, Sandy screamed as loud as she could. "Help! Someone open the door! We're trapped!"

Jeanette was amused by the display. While Titania was slowly crawling her way into the room, Jeanette spread her arms wide and walked menacingly down the hallway. "No shit you're trapped," she said with a chuckle. "You're in jail, dummy! That's the whole point! Only now, instead of those asshole prison guards, it's me and Titania running the show. I promise that things will be a lot more exciting here with us in charge!"

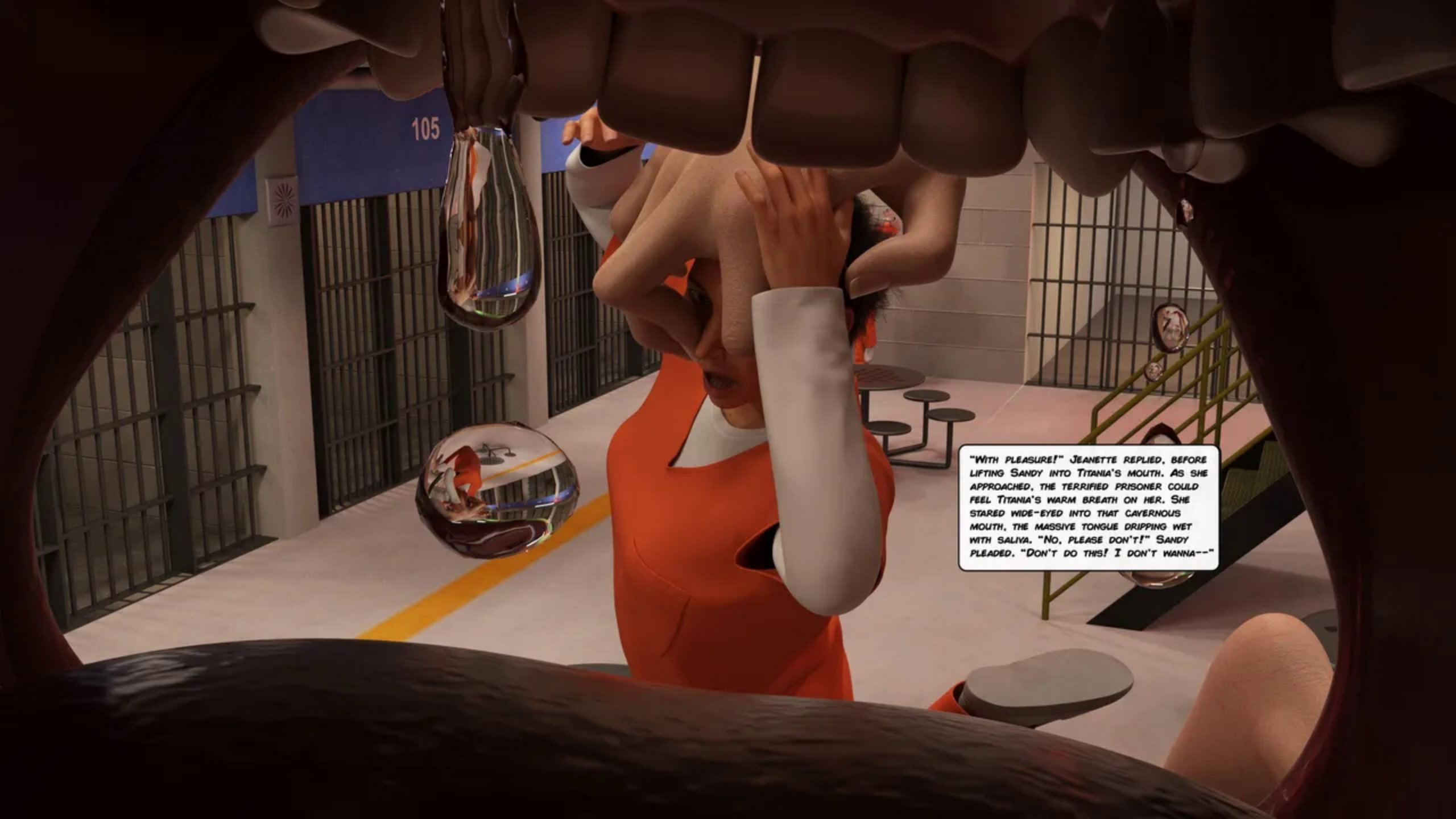

With Jeanette getting closer, and the guards nowhere to be found, Sandy and the other prisoners were getting desperate. "Try to push it open!" Sandy ordered.
"I'm trying, I'm trying!" the other prisoner said. She kicked the steep door as hard as she could, but it didn't so much as budge.
KEEP THIS DOOR CLOSED
11


KEEP THIS DOOR CLOSED
While the prisoners were preoccupied with the door open, Jeanette had little trouble sneaking up on them. The other prisoners silently cowered in the corner and Jeanette crept forward.


Jeanette grabbed both women at once, wrapping her long, meaty fingers around their heads. The panicked prisoners desperately tried to pry away her hands, but their fate had been sealed long ago. They could swing at Jeanette all they wanted, but they were powerless against her unyielding grip.
101


"Hey Tight-Tits, breakfast is ready!" Jeanette announced. Holding them by their hair, Jeanette effortlessly carried the two prisoners over to Titania. "I've got two steaks here, extra-rare!"
The giantess watched eagerly. "I'm flattered! You're so sweet, making a nice breakfast for me," Titania said. "This is better than breakfast in bed!"
208
108


"Which one do you want to eat first?" Jeanette asked. She walked closer to Titania, and the giantess licked her chops with anticipation.
"Honestly I don't care. I'm starving." Titania said. "They both look good, just feed one to me!"
109


105
"With pleasure!" Jeanette replied, before lifting Sandy into Titania's mouth. As she approached, the terrified prisoner could feel Titania's warm breath on her. She stared wide-eyed into that cavernous mouth, the massive tongue dripping wet with saliva. "No, please don't!" Sandy pleaded. "Don't do this! I don't wanna--"



Jeanette silenced the woman by stuffing her into Titania's mouth. "How is she?" Jeanette asked.

Titania glanced up at Jeanette, and the two shared a knowing glance together. The sight of the woman kicking frantically as she fought for her life only enhanced the moment for the ravenous lovers.

"Fuck that's hot," Jeanette moaned. "I love watching you eat... Slurp her down real slow for me, okay?" Jeanette said. While she still clutched the prisoner, she took her free hand and slowly slid her fingers down along the contours of her stomach, down between her legs.


203
While Titania slowly swallowed the terrified prisoner, Jeanette watched, and she touched herself. She loved the power, and the sheer callousness that Titania showed off whenever she swallowed someone. Even when Titania was playing the hero, she thought little of eating someone when she got hungry. Now that she had finally let loose, all bets were off. At last, she could be like Jeanette, and care about nothing more than satisfying her every desire.

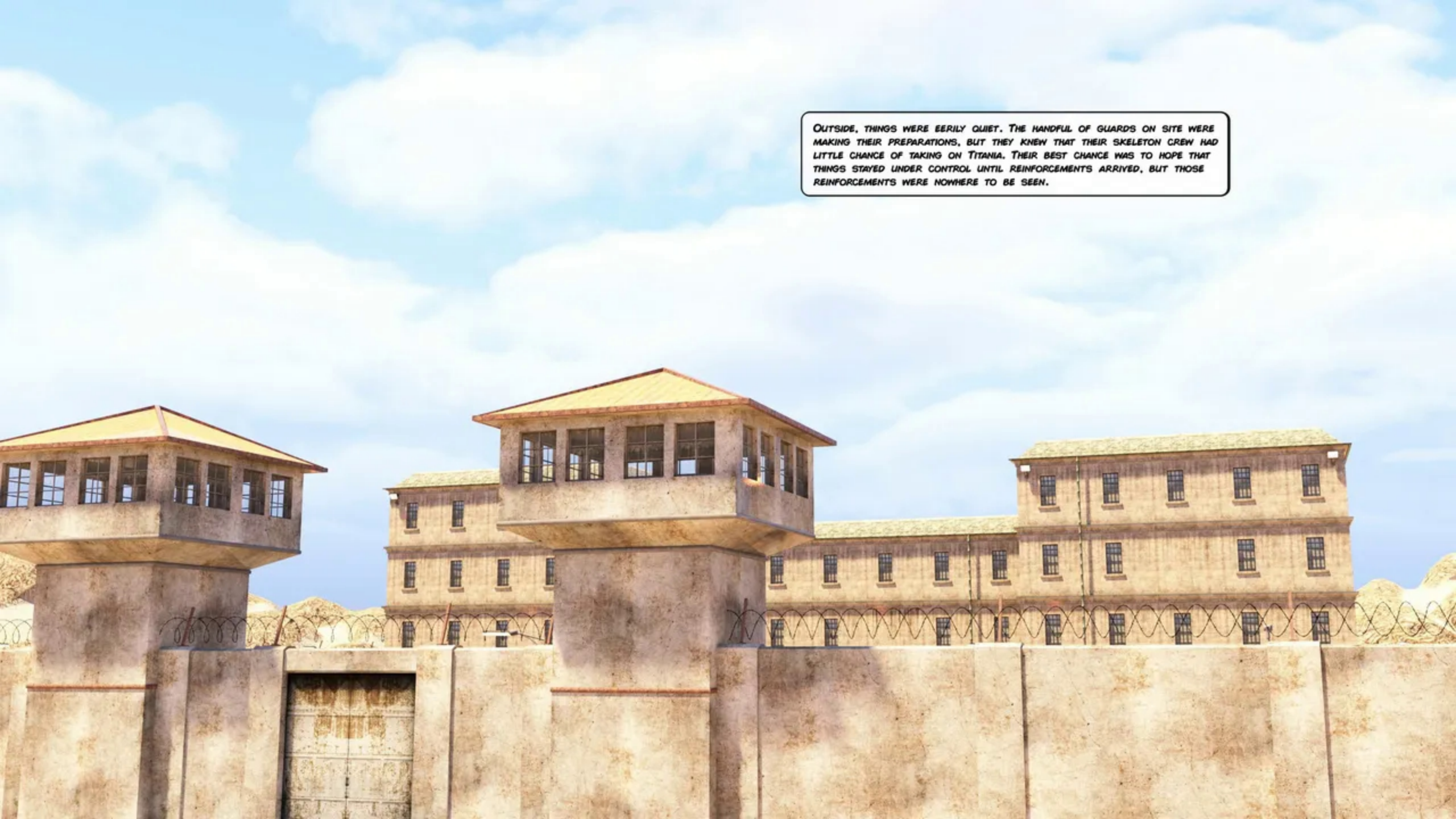

209
208
109
Titania gulped the prisoner down, and not a second later she turned back towards Jeanette with eyes full of need. "Give me more," Titania ordered. "Now!"
"Wow, you really are a hungry one, aren't you?" Jeanette asked. She hesitated for just a moment before pulling her hand away from her crotch, and grabbing the prisoner's leg. "Open wide!" Jeanette exclaimed, as she swung the prisoner into Titania's eager mouth.

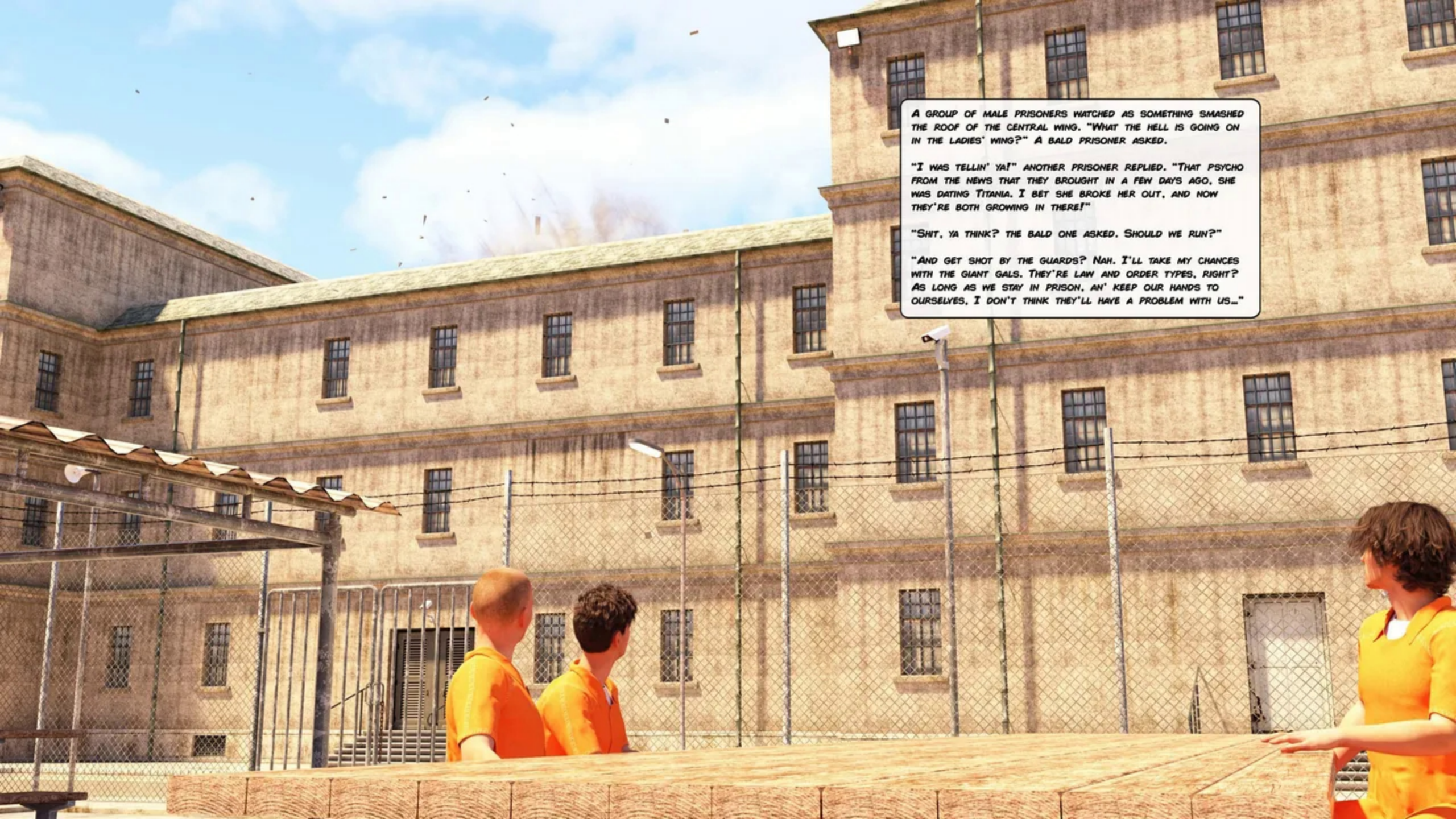

Titania was taken aback when Jeanette shoved the woman into Titania's cheek, giving her a bit more of a mouthful than she expected. "Oops, might have gotten a little carried away there," Jeanette apologized. "Here, let me help with that!" Jeanette said. Then, she grabbed ahold of the prisoner's legs and glided her in, deeper into Titania's mouth.


"There you go," Jeanette said, as she shoved the woman deeper in. "My hand is still in three, so don't bite down... not yet, anyway. Just take your time. This is kind of nice, isn't it?" Jeanette was savoring the moment... until she got a weird feeling that made the hairs stand up on the back of her neck.

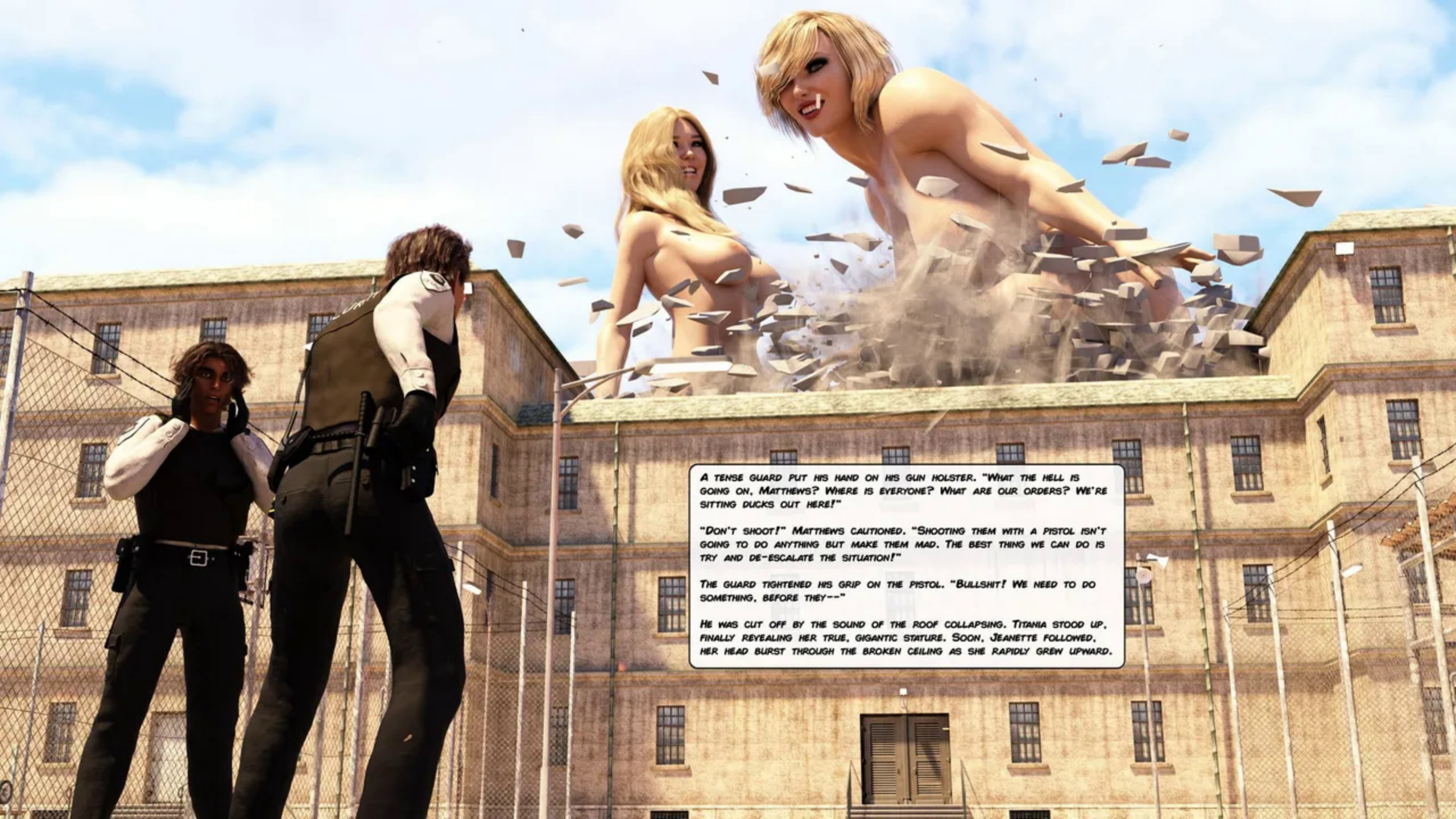

She turned back, expecting to see armed guards watching her. The only thing she saw were the two remaining prisoners, who were still cowering in the corner. "Were you two spying on us?" Jeanette asked.
"What?! No!" A panicked blonde prisoner sputtered. "I mean, it's not really spying, you're right there and you were trying to eat us..."
"It's not nice to spy on someone while they're having an intimate moment," Jeanette said.


While Titania was contentedly chewing on her food, Jeanette was incensed. "I can't believe the nerve of some people!" Jeanette said. "They think they have the right to gawk at us, just because we're naked and giant and eating people? Well I'll show them who's boss. I have an idea for what to do with them... but first, we've got to grow way bigger!
209
109

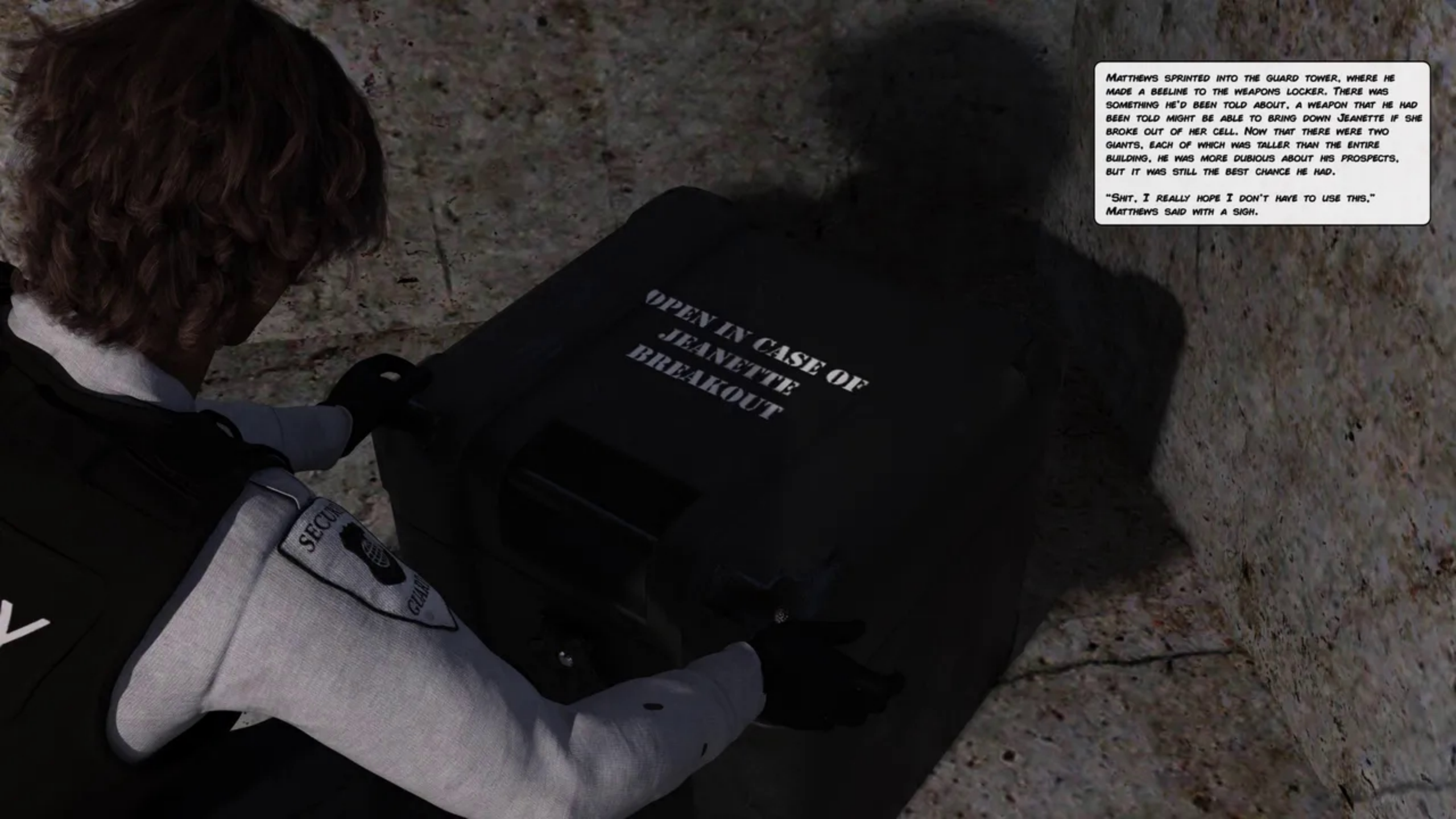

Outside, things were eerily quiet. The handful of guards on site were making their preparations, but they knew that their skeleton crew had little chance of taking on Titania. Their best chance was to hope that things stayed under control until reinforcements arrived, but those reinforcements were nowhere to be seen.


A group of male prisoners watched as something smashed the roof of the central wing. "What the hell is going on in the ladies' wing?" A bald prisoner asked.
"I was tellin' ya!" another prisoner replied. "That psycho from the news that they brought in a few days ago, she was dating Titania. I bet she broke her out, and now they're both growing in there!"
"Shit, ya think? the bald one asked. Should we run?"
"And get shot by the guards? Nah. I'll take my chances with the giant gals. They're law and order types, right? As long as we stay in prison, an' keep our hands to ourselves, I don't think they'll have a problem with us..."


Another group of prisoners were busy lifting weights when Titania finally burst through the ceiling. "Shit, that's her!" a black prisoner exclaimed, as Titania's blonde head emerged from the ceiling. Concrete and cinder rained down around her.


A tense guard put his hand on his gun holster. "What the hell is going on, Matthews? Where is everyone? What are our orders? We're sitting ducks out here!"
"Don't shoot!" Matthews cautioned. "Shooting them with a pistol isn't going to do anything but make them mad. The best thing we can do is try and de-escalate the situation!"
The guard tightened his grip on the pistol. "Bullshit! We need to do something, before they--"
He was cut off by the sound of the roof collapsing. Titania stood up, finally revealing her true, gigantic stature. Soon, Jeanette followed, her head burst through the broken ceiling as she rapidly grew upward.


While the other guard drew his gun, Matthews turned away and hurried off. He only made it a few steps before Titania's foot smashed through the wall, tearing a wide gash through the front of the building. "Shit," he muttered. "Guess I better bring out the big guns!"



Matthews sprinted into the guard tower, where he made a beeline to the weapons locker. There was something he'd been told about, a weapon that he had been told might be able to bring down Jeanette if she broke out of her cell. Now that there were two giants, each of which was taller than the entire building, he was more dubious about his prospects, but it was still the best chance he had.

"Shit, I really hope I don't have to use this," Matthews said with a sigh.


With two prisoners still in hand, Jeanette climbed up and leaned back on the side of the building. "It's good being big again!" Jeanette exclaimed. She looked around the prison yard from her newfound vantage point, gleefully observing the terrified prisoners below, before turning back towards her blonde lover. "Hey Titania, you're officially the new warden now! What are you going to do with the prisoners since you're in charge?"

Titania put her hand on her hip as she slowly sauntered out into the prison yard. "You know, I've always hated prisons, they're such a pointless waste. Why do we pay for a bunch of worthless criminals to spend their whole lives sitting in a room... When it would be so much easier to just flatten them all under my boot? Uhh, except for you, sweetie. Of course."


"Of course," Jeanette grumbled. "But hey, if you do want to start smashing prisoners... There are a bunch of them right over there!"


Titania spotted the group of prisoners, who quickly scattered. She headed towards them, and in just a single step she had nearly caught up with the group. One of the prisoners was clever enough to scurry under a nearby table, but the other tried to run away from Titania, as if they could hope to outrun the giantess. That left them out in the open, in plain view of Titania. It was a mistake that they wouldn't have long to regret.

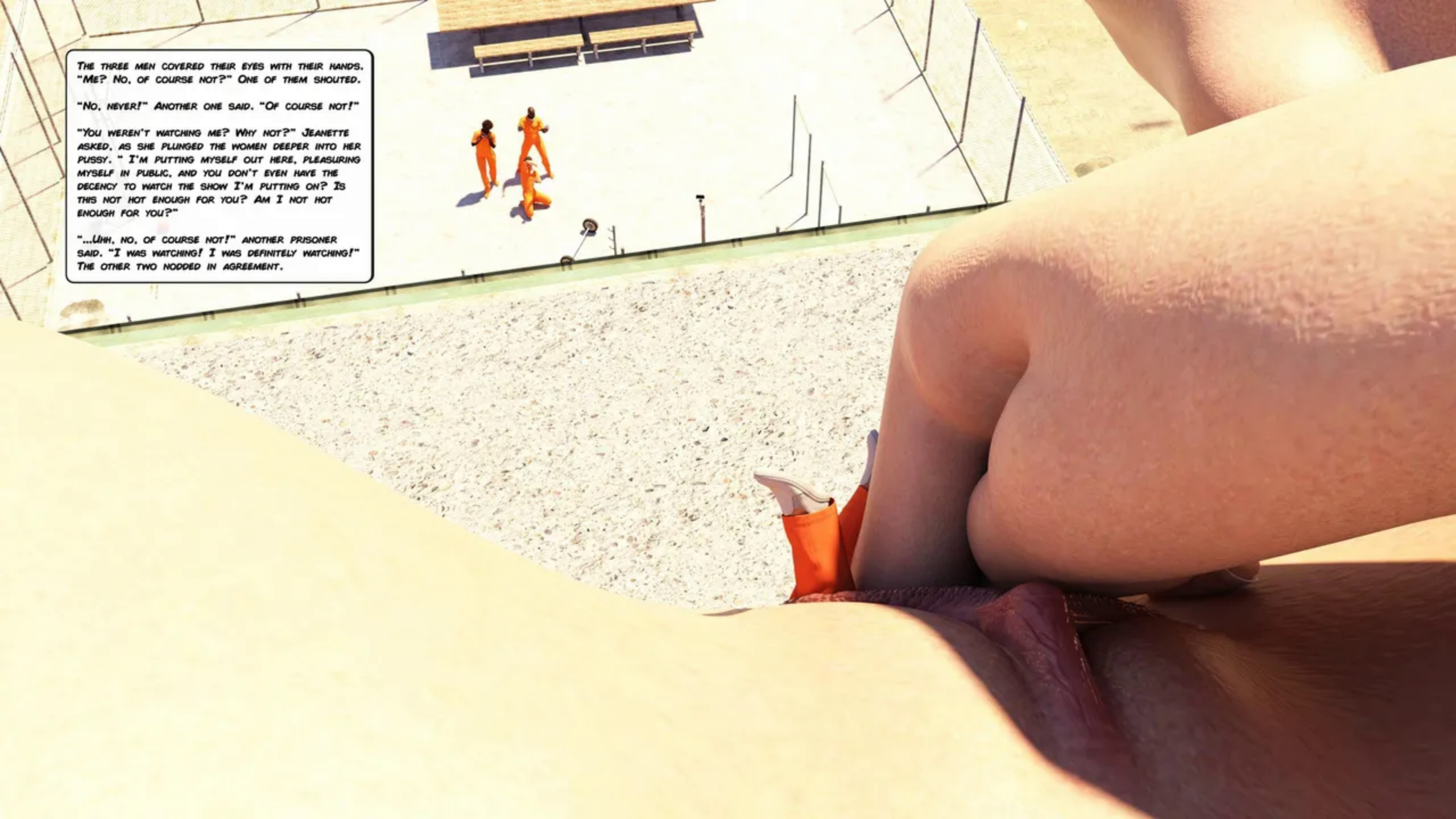

"Hey guys!" Titania said to the fleeing prisoners. "There's a new warden in charge, and she's going to crush you under the heel of justice!" She lifted her foot high into the air above the terrified prisoners. The boot's shiny red sole was clean. It wouldn't be for long.


With the front of her heel, Titania shoved the two prisoners onto the ground. The two men stumbled onto the ground, one onto another. The third prisoner silently hid under the table and watched as Titania brought her heel down.


Titania pressed down on her heel, crushing the prisoners below. In an instant, every bone in their bodies was shattered, and blood spurted out from underneath her heel. Then, for good measure, Titania twisted her heel, utterly eviscerating them under the weight of her titanic heels. When she had finished, there was nothing left but a thin, red mulch.
Jeanette watched as Titania crushed the guards underfoot. "Did you just get two of them with one step? That's hot," Jeanette said. "You know, as much as it sucks being in jail... Justice is actually pretty fun when you're the one in charge!"


Jeanette smiled as she looked over the two scared, squirming prisoners in her hand. "You know, maybe I'll try to do a little punishment myself," Jeanette said. "I've got a new jail cell for both of ya'. It's a little bit tight, but I bet you'll fit..."


Without hesitation, Jeanette stuffed the two prisoners into her pussy. Two of them at once utterly filled her up, but even that wasn't enough for her. She plunged two fingers deep into herself, pushing the prisoners deeper with each thrust as she fingered herself. She let out a low moan.
As her eyes fluttered open, she noticed some male prisoners staring at her. Jeanette glanced skeptically back at them. "You three weren't peeping on me, were ya'?" Jeanette asked, while she continued to finger herself.


The three men covered their eyes with their hands. "Me? No, of course not?" One of them shouted.
"No, never!" Another one said. "Of course not!"
"You weren't watching me? Why not?" Jeanette asked, as she plunged the women deeper into her pussy. " I'm putting myself out here, pleasuring myself in public, and you don't even have the decency to watch the show I'm putting on? Is this not hot enough for you? Am I not hot enough for you?"
"...Uhh, no, of course not!" another prisoner said. "I was watching! I was definitely watching!" The other two nodded in agreement.


While Jeanette ran her fingers along her G-spot, a mischievous smile crept across her face. "So you admit it!" Jeanette exclaimed, before turning towards her gigantic girlfriend. "Hey Titania! Guess what? These perverts over here just admitted to peeping on me!"


"They did what?!" Titania asked. She wasted no time making her way over to them. With her enormous stride, it only took a few steps to get close. Within seconds, she was towering over them.
"No no no no no," the black prisoner pleaded with Jeanette. "We didn't... You tricked us into saying we did!"


"Are these the guys?" Titania asked.
Jeanette nodded. "Yep, those ones. Do you mind stepping on them real quick?" Jeanette asked.
Titania chuckled. "When do I ever mind stepping on some criminals?" She raised her heel high into the air above the trio of prisoners.


The prisoners stared up at her, and the sheer, and the sheer, maddening scale of her form dominated their vision. As her heel slowly descended upon them, that gradually eclipsed all else. This time, the sole of her heel wasn't so clean. The blood two other prisoners caked the bottom of her heel. It was the last thing these three prisoners would see, a terrifying omen of their impending doom.


Titania slammed her heel down with enough force to crack the pavement. Blood splattered onto the pavement of the basketball court, as her heel made quick work of the unfortunate people below. With just a single footstep, she had crushed all three of them under her stylish black heel.


The cruel show pushed Jeanette over the edge. Eager for satisfaction, she shoved the female prisoners fully inside of her. She could feel them deep inside of her, squirming around as she frantically finger-blasted herself. "Ooh, yeah, squirm for me!" Jeanette moaned. "Fuck, I'm cumming!"


Jeanette let out a long, satisfied sigh. She slowly sat up, making the building creak with her every subtle movement. "Fuck that was good," Jeanette cooed.
Titania strode over to Jeanette and took her hand. "You sounded like you had fun with those prisoners," Titania said. "What are you going to do with them now? Do you want me to finish them off?"
Jeanette shrugged. "Nah. I figure I'll just leave 'em in there for now. I figure they've still got plenty of time left before they serve out their sentence! I'll just keep 'em in there, while we do other stuff. Speaking of which, I'm getting kind of bored with this jail. Let's go to the city!" She said excitedly.
"Sounds like a hot date," Titania replied.

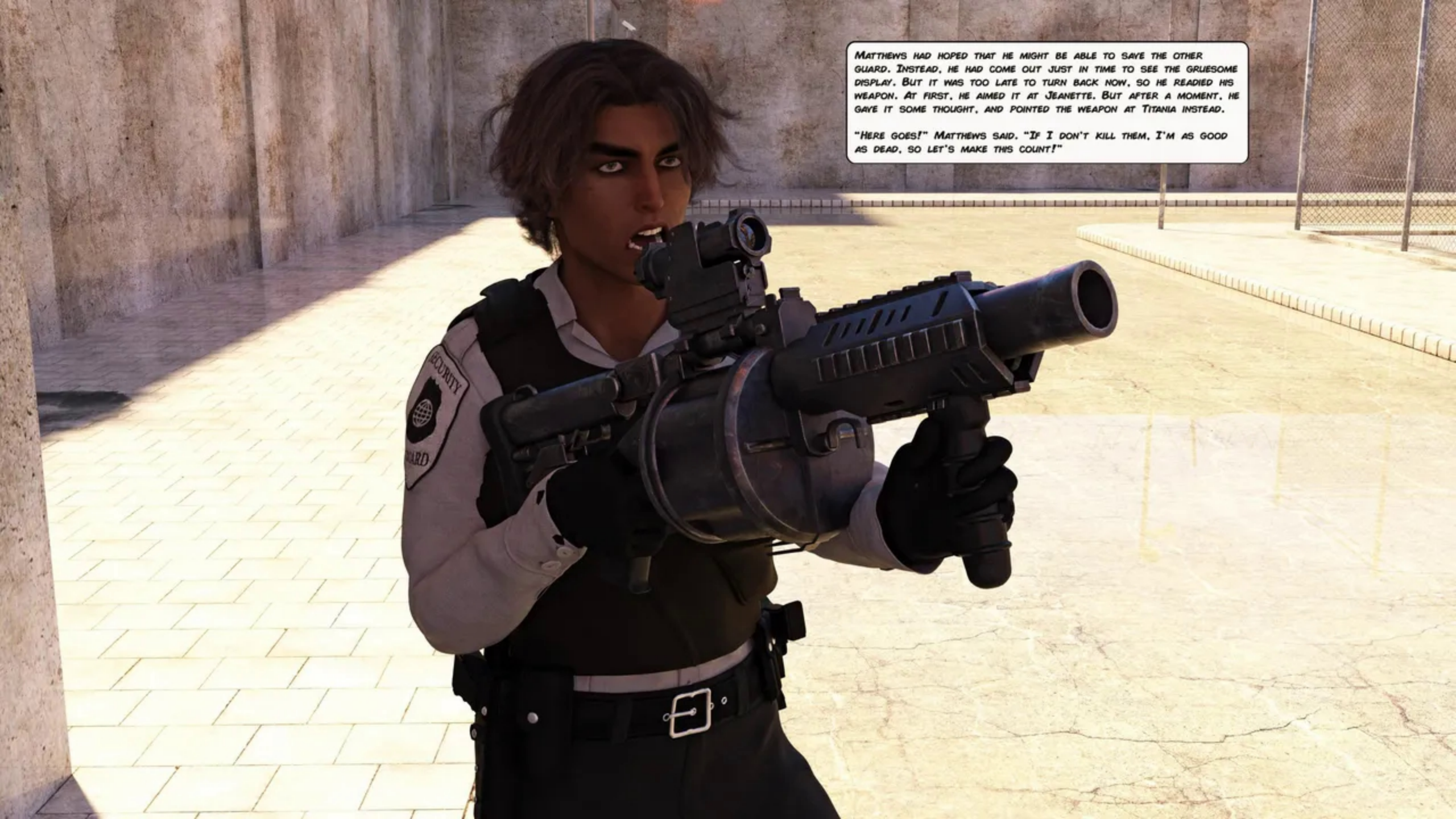

The pair walked hand-in-hand, but they scarcely walked two steps before someone rudely interrupted them. "Don't take another step!" a guard shouted. He aimed his gun at them, his hands visibly shaking. "Don't move, or I'll... I'll..."
Jeanette burst into laughter. "He's really trying to scare us with that dinky little gun of his! What an idiot!" Jeanette joked.
"What he's doing technically counts as threatening you with a deadly weapon," Titania jested. "If you step on him, it's self-defense!"


"That's all the excuse I need!" Jeanette said, and she walked over towards the terrified guard.
"Wait! Stop!" The guard shouted. "Don't take another step closer, or I'll--" he nearly fell back, as Jeanette's gigantic foot slammed down on the hot tarmac just in front of him.


Jeanette took another step. Her big toe hit the guard, slamming into his stomach with the force of a car crash. The impact sent the guard flying back onto the concrete.


SECURITY
Seconds later, the guard was lying on his back, gasping for breath. He looked up just in time to see Jeanette's enormous foot coming towards him. He backed away, but in seconds the front of her enormous heel was already on top of him.


The man let out a blood-curdling scream, which was quickly silenced when Jeanette slammed her foot down. The front of her heel crushed the man's chest, spraying a geyser of blood into the air.
The sound of the guard screaming convinced Matthews that it was time to fight. He charged around the corner, grenade launcher in tow.


Matthews had hoped that he might be able to save the other guard. Instead, he had come out just in time to see the gruesome display. But it was too late to turn back now, so he readied his weapon. At first, he aimed it at Jeanette. But after a moment, he gave it some thought, and pointed the weapon at Titania instead.
"Here goes!" Matthews said. "If I don't kill them, I'm as good as dead, so let's make this count!"
SECURITY


Matthews felt a firm hand grab ahold of his shoulder. "Put the weapon down, Matthews!" A woman's voice said.
Matthews looked back, and saw a blonde woman in a revealing red dress. "Zuzanna?" Matthews said. "What are you doing here?"


"Protecting Titania!" Zuzanna shouted. She charged forward and unleashed a powerful left hook, hitting Matthews squarely on the jaw. The impact sent him reeling back onto the ground, and the grenade launcher clattered harmlessly on the pavement next to him.


Zuzanna stood triumphantly over Matthews. "Nobody messes with my girl Titania," Zuzana said. Clutching his chest, Matthews let out a long, pained groan, as he slowly fell unconscious.


"Wait a second... Zuzanna?" Titania said awkwardly. "Uhh, thanks for the assist! Not that I need any help personally, but I'd hate for my, err, girlfriend Jeanette to break a nail or anything. Did I mention that we're back together now? Oh, and also... I'm sorry about stealing all your stuff, but we should really be going now!"


"It's nothing!" Zuzanna exclaimed. "I just wish you would have let me know about your plan, so I could have helped out even more! I've got your back no matter what! I was wondering if there was anything else I could do, and--hey, where are you going?"
While Zuzanna was still talking, Titania and Jeanette stepped over the prison gate, and into the desert that surrounded it.


With the prison behind them, Jeanette and Titania walked hand-in-hand along the lonesome desert road.
"I can't believe we're really going to take over the city!" Jeanette exclaimed. "Umm, this is the way to the city, right?"
Titania nodded. "At this size, we should be able to walk there in just a couple of hours!"
"Ugh, two hours of walking?! Seriously?" Jeanette asked. "I don't know if I can go that long!"
Titania smiled knowingly. "Well, you're in luck. There are plenty of little towns on the way where we can sit down and grab something to eat..."
And with that, the two walked off together, imagining the conquests that awaited them.


END OF PART 9


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