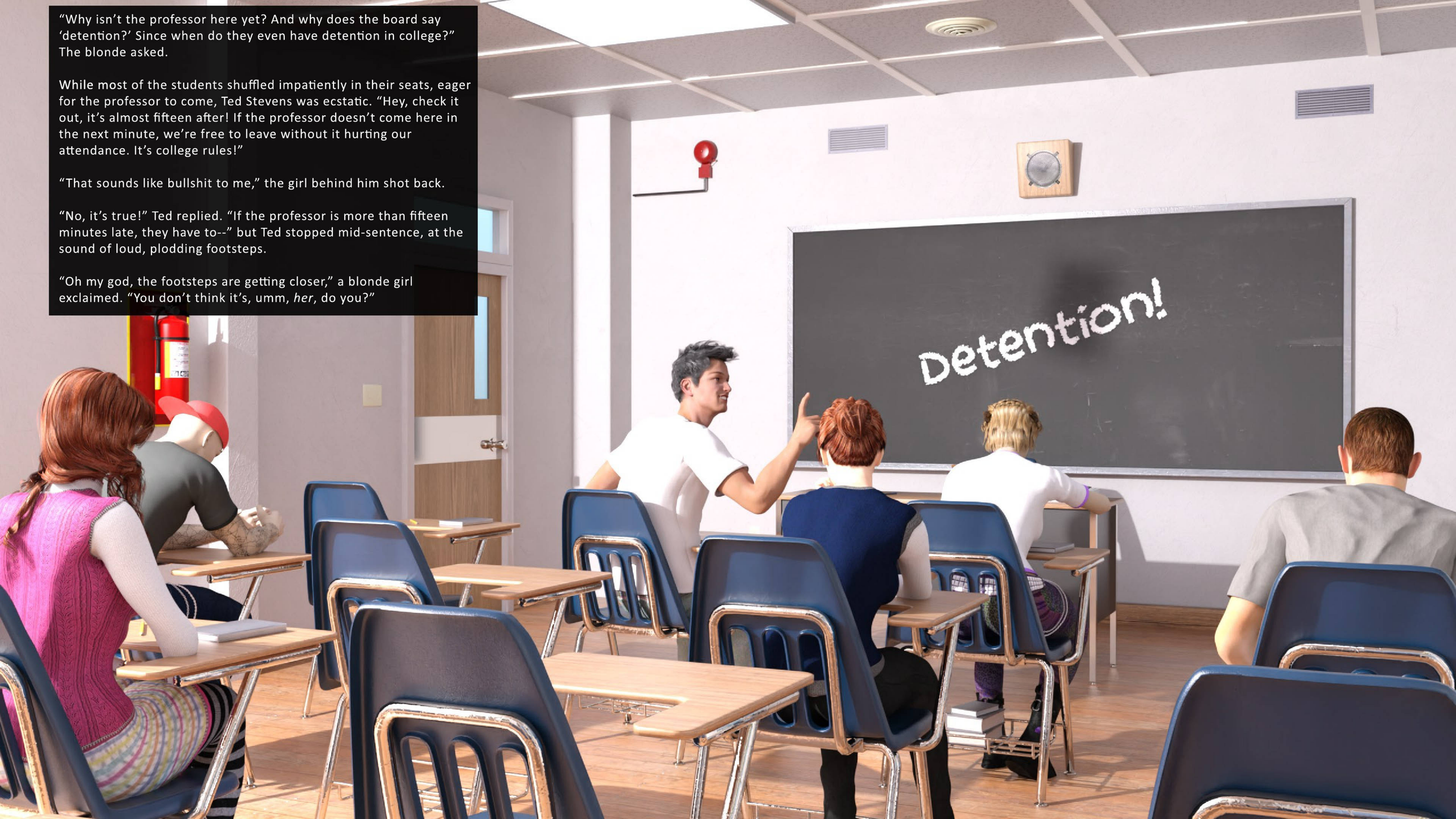

TITANIA
ISSUE 7
SQUASHING EVIL, ONE CRIMINAL AT A TIME
TETLEY
EUROCAR
SOAP
REDFIREDOG
TACKOFBULLETS


REDFIREDOG
+
JACKOFBULLETS



"Why isn't the professor here yet? And why does the board say 'detention?' Since when do they even have detention in college?" The blonde asked.

While most of the students shuffled impatiently in their seats, eager for the professor to come, Ted Stevens was ecstatic. "Hey, check it out, it's almost fifteen after! If the professor doesn't come here in the next minute, we're free to leave without it hurting our attendance. It's college rules!"

"That sounds like bullshit to me," the girl behind him shot back.

"No, it's true!" Ted replied. "If the professor is more than fifteen minutes late, they have to--" but Ted stopped mid-sentence, at the sound of loud, plodding footsteps.

"Oh my god, the footsteps are getting closer," a blonde girl exclaimed. "You don't think it's, umm, *her*, do you?"


“Don’t think it’s who?” Another student asked. “What, do you mean Jeane--”
“Shh!” the blonde hushed. “Don’t say her name! If you say her name she appears! That’s what I heard, anyway!”
“I sure hope not,” Ted said, “because she probably still hates me from that time I told everyone that she gave me a sloppy blowjob out by the dumpster behind the math building. I made the story up, but I don’t know if that makes it better or worse!”
“Well for what it’s worth, I actually tried to be nice to her,” the blonde chimed in. “I don’t know if it matters, though. I heard that if you had a class with her, she either kills you or makes you her slave. I don’t want either of those things to happen!“
“Then you’d better shut up,” the brown-haired student said, “because she’s getting close…”


The door slowly creaked open, revealing a very tall blonde woman. To the students' immediate relief, it wasn't Jeanette. To their slightly less immediate horror, it was Titania.
"Good morning, class," the tall woman said. "My name is Titania, and I'll be teaching class today." She made her way in, crouching and ducking down just to fit through the doorway.



"Titania?" Ted whispered to the blonde, "isn't she, like, dating Jeanette or something?"

"Yeah no shit!" the blonde whispered back. "Now shut up before she hears you!"

Titania struck a seductive pose as she stood up, revealing her full height. She stood much taller than the doorway, and must have been at least eight feet tall. But as everyone in that classroom knew, she was capable of growing much, much taller.


"Good morning, students," Titania said. "Now, first order of business... I'm filling in because earlier this morning, your professor Came down with a bad case of... digestion. And now I have a bad case of indigestion. Any questions?"


Ted, as usual, couldn't keep his mouth shut. "Are you saying that you... ate Miss Garcia?"
"Are you seriously accusing me of being some kind of people-eating monster?" Titania shot back. "That's an absurd accusation! Usually I'd eat someone for asking such a rude question."
"I'm sorry, I didn't mean it!" Ted pleaded.
"Thank you," Titania said, "of course you didn't. And for the record, even if I did hypothetically eat your professor, I'd wish I hadn't. Mexican food makes me feel sick!"
detention!


The students let out a collective gasp of horror, and a heavy silence hung in the air.
“Seriously?” Titania scoffed. “Are you really so offended just because I made *one* joke about her being Mexican? You college students are so politically correct these days!”
“You… you ate her,” Ted repeated with a thousand-yard stare.
“Oh, that, right,” Titania said with an awkward laugh. “Yeah, and now she’s going to go straight to my ass, and I have that to deal with, so don’t get all sanctimonious about what I eat! Yeah I’m sure it’s hard losing your professor or whatever but we all have our crosses to bear, okay?”
“Umm, excuse me,” the blonde blurted out, “What are you going to do with us?”
FIRE EXTINGUISHER


"Oh, *I'm* not going to do anything with you," Titania said pointedly. "The only thing I'll do is make sure you don't leave. Everything else is *her* job. But she should be getting here… any minute now…" Titania tapped her heel impatiently on the ground as she waited for Jeanette to arrive.


She didn’t have to wait long. A deep boom rang out, shaking the foundations of the school building. A smile slowly crept across Titania’s lips. “There she is,” Titania said.



Jeanette took a step just in front of the school building, and she stopped and stood there for a moment. It was a building she was familiar with, and she knew her way to the classroom, but she was used to walking through the halls, not towering over the entire building.

She was still getting used to the new perspective, and so she took a moment to think things through, while small cracks rippled through the concrete beneath her feet. In the end, she wasn't entirely sure which classroom was the right one, so she took her best guess. Worst case scenario, she figured, she'd just have to flatten another school building. That didn't sound too bad at all, as far as she was concerned.


As luck would have it, Jeanette had picked the right classroom. Chunks of concrete rained down as Jeanette slowly pried the roof off with her enormous hands.
“There’s my sweet little Jean!” Titania exclaimed. While the college students tried to shield themselves from the shower of rubble, Titania was utterly unconcerned with her own safety. Her invulnerability made it so that her biggest fear was ruining her clothes, and she knew she could get another outfit just like it at a nearby costume shop, minus the boots. She stared up lovingly, eager to get a glimpse of her lover’s face as soon as she could.


And what a lover she was. The enormous blonde smiled cruelly as she pried up the roof. She was dressed in an outfit she had borrowed for Titania, a sexed-up version of a school administrator's outfit, complete with some devastating thigh-high boots.
SAFE ZONE


Jeanette tossed the roof aside, and stared down at everyone inside. She smiled at Titania, but her smile only widened as her gaze turned towards the terrified students. “Hey bitches,” Jeanette said with a cackle, as she sat down on the roof behind her. “I’ll bet you stupid little fuckers didn’t plan on seeing me again! Well guess what, you’re mine now and there’s no getting away. You can’t run, and you can’t hide!”


“Shit, let’s run!” A student in a red baseball hat shouted. He sprinted as fast as he could down the aisle of the classroom, but was dismayed to see Titania’s gaze turn to him.



An angry glare from Titania was enough to stop him in his tracks. Titania wasn't much for running, and she took her time walking over to the door and dramatically closing it. "I forgot to mention it," Titania said, "but the penalty for leaving class without a hall pass is death. Do you have a hall pass?"

"N-no," the student in the red cap said.

"I didn't think so!" Titania snapped back.

"B-but, they don't even use hall passes in college!" Ted yelled.

"Then I guess that means you definitely don't have a hall pass! So if anyone tries to go out this door, or through the windows, I'm going to chase you down and stomp you with these heels. Usually I'd enjoy that, this is Jeanette's special thing, and I want to let her do the honors!"


“That’s right, Dave! Yeah, that’s right, I remember you.” Jeanette shouted. She had pulled out all the stops when it came to making herself intimidating, up to and including putting in scary contact lenses to make herself look like a demon.
“I’m sorry,” he said, “I don’t want you to hurt me!”
“Then you’d better sit down and shut up, because class is in session!”


ntion!
"You heard her," Titania said. "Now get back in your desk and don't say another word, or else! You got that?"
"Y-yes Titania! L-loud and clear!" Dave stammered, before quickly slinking back to his desk.


Titania loudly cleared her throat. “Now then, if everyone else can be quiet for a minute, Jeanette and I had a little quiz prepared for you. Jeanette, do you want to explain things to them?”


"With pleasure," Jeanette said, "Every one of you assholes did something to piss me off over the last couple years. Well, most of you, anyway. And now I'm going to get my revenge. But to make it fair, we made a test for you guys. I wouldn't call it a 'little quiz,' though... It's really more of a final exam. An *extremely final* exam."
SAFE ZONE


LET YOUR DREAMS SOAR!
"I didn't know there was going to be a final exam!" Dave said, nervously fidgeting with his spider-web undersleeves. "I didn't even study! W-what kind of final exam will it be? What kinds of questions are you going to be asking us?"


"Well I guess you'll have to wait and find out, won't you?" Titania said with a shrug. "But I will give you the ground rules. I'll be asking you one question each. Get it right, and you're free to go. Get it wrong... and you'll have 5% deducted from your final grade."
"T-that's it?" Dave asked. "Only five percent?"
"No, idiot, I'm fucking with you," Titania said. "If you get the question wrong, my beautiful girlfriend here will remove you from this mortal coil."
"She'll remove me from this what?" Dave asked.
"Ugh, how did you not get that? It means she'll kill you! What kind of college student are you?!"


“The kind that I’m going to eat!” Jeanette exclaimed. She leaned down and reached out towards Dave, who was so paralyzed by fear that he barely even budged from his seat.


Jeanette plucked Dave up with two giant fingers, lifting him into the air. “Put me down!” Dave pleaded. “No one even asked me a question yet!”
“Yeah, that’s not fair!” Ted pleaded.
“It’s fair if Jeanette says it’s fair!” Titania said, as she struggled to hold back laughter.
FIRE EXTINGUISHER


“Just to be clear, this isn’t a punishment for getting a question wrong or anything, I just needed a snack,” ” Jeanette said. “Besides, come on, you’re an idiot. Any question I ask, you’re gonna get it wrong!”



"No, I won't, I swear!" Dave pleaded. "Ask me a question, please, I swear I'll get it right!"

"Okay, fine…" Jeanette replied, pausing for a moment to think of an appropriate question. "How many people have I eaten in the last week?"

"I-I don't know!" Dave shouted.

"Then guess," Jeanette said. "Unless you're giving up…"

"No, no, I'll answer! I guess, umm…. Oh god, uhh… five?"


“Not even close,” Jeanette said, “it’s way higher than that!” And she lowered Dave into her cavernous mouth.
“Oh, god, please don’t! Jeanette, I’m sorry! I’m so sorry for making fun of you in class! I didn’t mean it when I called you a lesbian! Just please, let me go!”


Jeanette’s mind was already made up, and she was hungry. She pushed Dave back further into the dark recesses of her mouth. When Titania’s finger retreated, Dave tried to climb his way back out of her mouth, but he soon found her tongue forcing him back just as easily.


Jeanette liked playing with her food, but her hunger soon won out. She closed her lips and swallowed. She tilted her head back and stared into the sky, savoring the feeling as he slid down her throat.


With Jeanette still savoring her meal, Titania savored the terrified looks on the students' faces. "What's wrong," Titania asked, "is no one going to volunteer to be next? I guess I'll have to pick someone myself..."


“You!” Titania said, thrusting her finger in the direction of the blonde girl.
“M-me?” the blonde asked.


“Yes, you, silly!” Titania asked, bending down to get closer to the blonde girl. “I’ve got a special question for you. What’s the best thing about Jeanette?”
“T-the best thing?” the blonde repeated. “What do you mean the best thing?”
“I don’t need to elaborate, it’s a simple question,” Titania stated. “What’s the best thing about Jeanette?”
on!


"I don't know!" the blonde pleaded. "I don't know! I give up! Just please don't hurt me!"
"You're seriously giving up?" Titania asked, before heavily sighing. "You could have said 'her smile.' You could have said 'her personality,' or 'her tits,' or 'the way she puts her arm around you when you first wake up in the morning. You could have said basically anything. I gave you an easy question, because I thought you seemed like a nice girl… and I thought you might make a good sex toy. But you still found a way to mess it up, didn't you?"
"Her smile!" The blonde shouted. "I meant to say her smile! I didn't really give up! I'll be your sex toy! I'll do anything you want me to do, please!"
SAFE ZONE



"Nope," Titania said, "rules are rules. Take her, Jeanette!"

Jeanette reached down and swiftly plucked the blonde from her seat. The blonde flailed in her hand but was powerless against Jeanette's enormous fingers.



“Please, Jeanette!” the blonde shouted. “You don’t have to hurt me! I was never mean to you!”

“I know,” Jeanette replied. “I don’t have anything against you. I don’t even know your name.”

“Then… then why are you doing this to me?” the blonde asked.

“Because I don’t like your face, and your pants look kind of stupid,” Jeanette said. “Plus, I’m kind of hungry.” With that, she tossed the blonde down into her mouth.


“Noooo!” the blonde screamed as she plummeted through the air towards her final destination: Jeanette’s stomach. For a moment the blonde’s life flashed through her eyes. It wasn’t very interesting.


The blonde smacked face-first against Jeanette's tongue with a wet smack, and that same powerful, enormous tongue effortlessly forced her back. She tried to climb back out, but Jeanette's sticky, warm saliva made it impossible to get a grip on anything.


Jeanette gulped, and the blonde slid down her throat just as easily as the jock had moments earlier. It was soon enough that they'd likely both be alive together in Jeanette's stomach, if only for a few short moments. Jeanette pictured what it would be like for them. Maybe they could have a brief, tragic romance in there… but more likely than not, it would just be a lot of screaming.


A boot slammed down on Tessa's desk. She was fortunate that it wasn't Jeanette's.
"You're next," Titania said.


Michael leaned over and snickered at the redhead. “Serves you right for not going out on a date with me!” he said.
“Seriously, you’re doing this now?” Tessa shot back.


"Okay, next question," Titania said, barely hiding a smile behind her stern expression. "What is the airspeed velocity of an unladen swallow?"
"Oh my god, that's from Monty Python, right?" Tessa asked. "My dad made me watch that stupid movie like twenty times. I think I know that one, it's--"


“Nice try, but I wasn’t asking you, I was asking him!” Titania pointed furiously at Michael. “So, what’s the airspeed velocity of an unladen swallow, punk?”
“I don’t know, what’s a swallow?” Michael stammered. “Is that, like, some kind of bird or something?”
“Yep, it’s a bird,” Titania said. “Now how fast does it fly?”


“I don’t know… Five! No, wait, ten! Umm, a hundred!” Michael called out, desperately hoping that one of them would be the right answer.
“I’ve heard enough,” Titania said. “Wrong answers!”
“Wait, I know the answer!” Tessa insisted. “If I get it I can go, right?”
“It’s not your question,” Titania said. “And the correct answer was twenty four. I think. Now Jeanette, do you want to do the honors?”
etention!


“With pleasure!” Jeanette said. A furious scowl crossed her face as she raised her boot up in the air. Michael stared up in horror at the crimson heel of the boot, but his eye soon drifted elsewhere, when he realized Jeanette wasn’t wearing any panties under her skirt.


Michael’s furtive glance didn’t pass Jeanette’s notice. “Are you seriously looking up my skirt right now?” Jeanette asked.
“No, uhh--”
“Shut up. Even if you didn’t get the answer wrong I’d flatten you for that shit. That’s for Titania to look at, not you. You better savor the view, though, because in a few seconds your eyeballs are going to be turned to goop under my heel!”


With that, Jeanette brought her heel down. Michael recoiled in terror, but he could barely even scoot his chair back before the front of Jeanette's heel was pressing against his forehead. Just the front of the massive heel was far wider than Michael and his desk put together, and the lower her heel dropped, the more impossible it became for him to escape.
"God, this never gets old," Titania said.
"Say when!" Jeanette replied, her voice booming down from above.


ntion!
“Now!” Titania shouted. A second later, Jeanette’s heel slammed down with full force, instantly flattening the desk and reducing Michael to viscera.
“Well that was a sticky finish!” Titania exclaimed. “Okay, who wants to take the next question?”

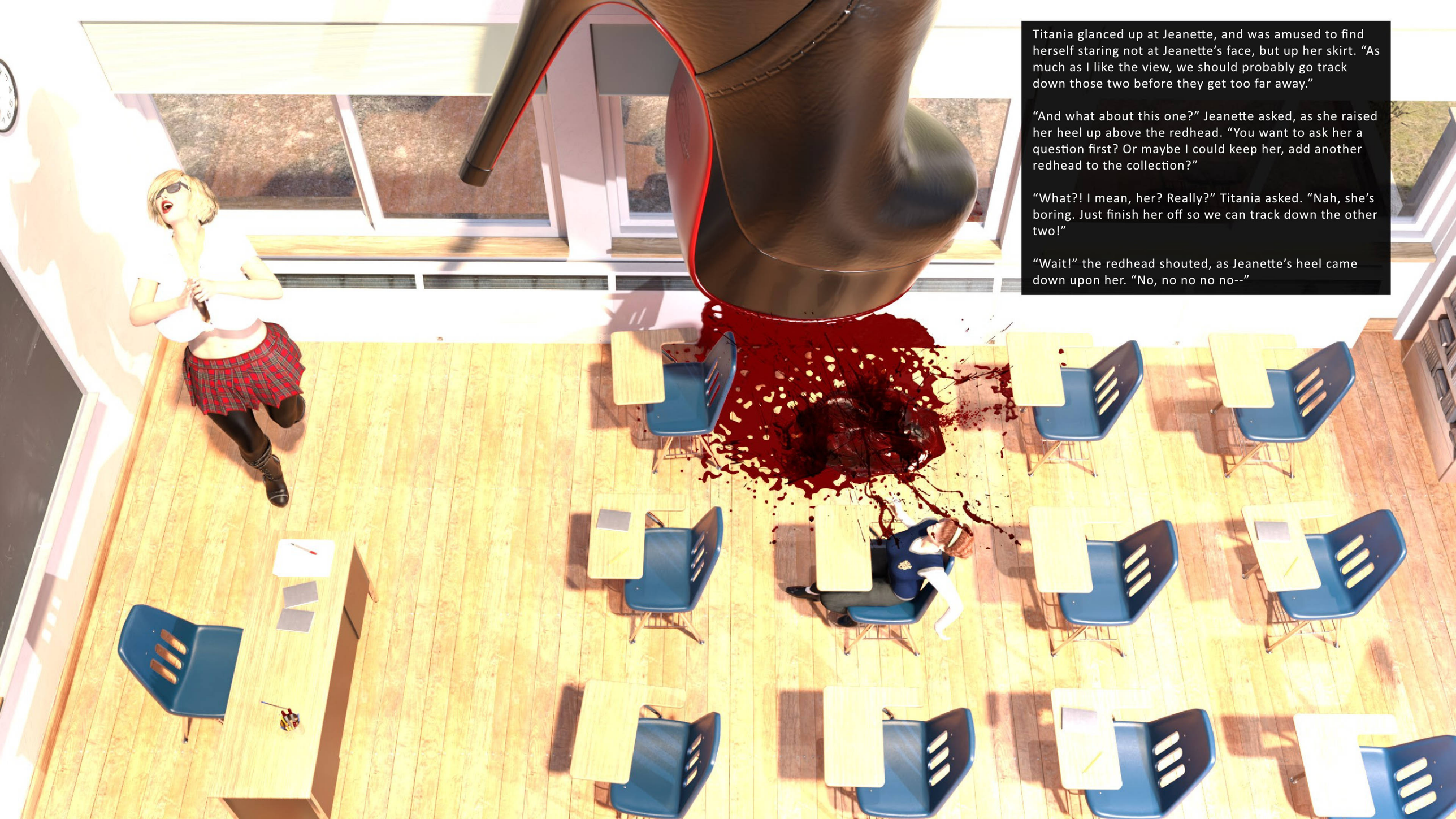


"Fuck that, I'm out of here!" Ted shouted, right before bolting for the door.

"Me too!" Miranda yelled, and the auburn-haired woman sprinted after him. She couldn't help but look back right before she ran to the door. She was horrified to see what remained of Michael dripping from Jeanette's boot. She hoped that Jeanette's next step wouldn't be on her.



Ted flung the door open as hard as he could and charged into the hallway. “Go ahead, run for it!” Titania shouted at the pair as they sprinted away. “We’ll give you a head start! Run, hide, whatever, I don’t care. But I wouldn’t recommend staying in this building, that’s the first thing Jeanette will take down. Good luck, you’re going to need it!”


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
MIDDLETOWN
BUFFDOGS
CHAMPIONS
2009
FOOTBALL


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..."

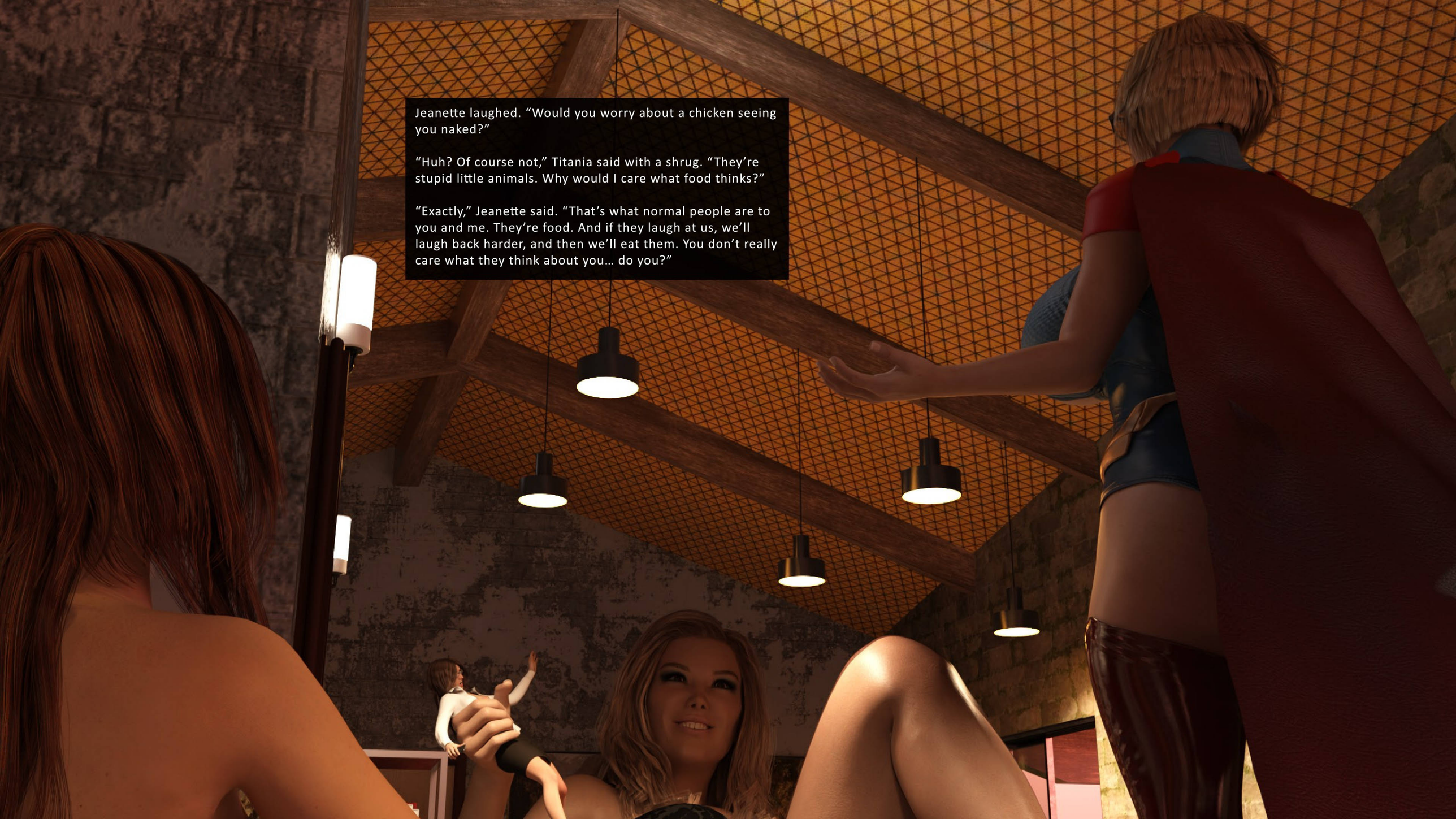

Vanessa begged for her life, but Jeanette ignored her protestations and lifted the brunette closer to her mouth, ready to take a bite. The only thing that made her stop was the sight of two enormous breasts squeezing through a narrow doorway.


“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*?”

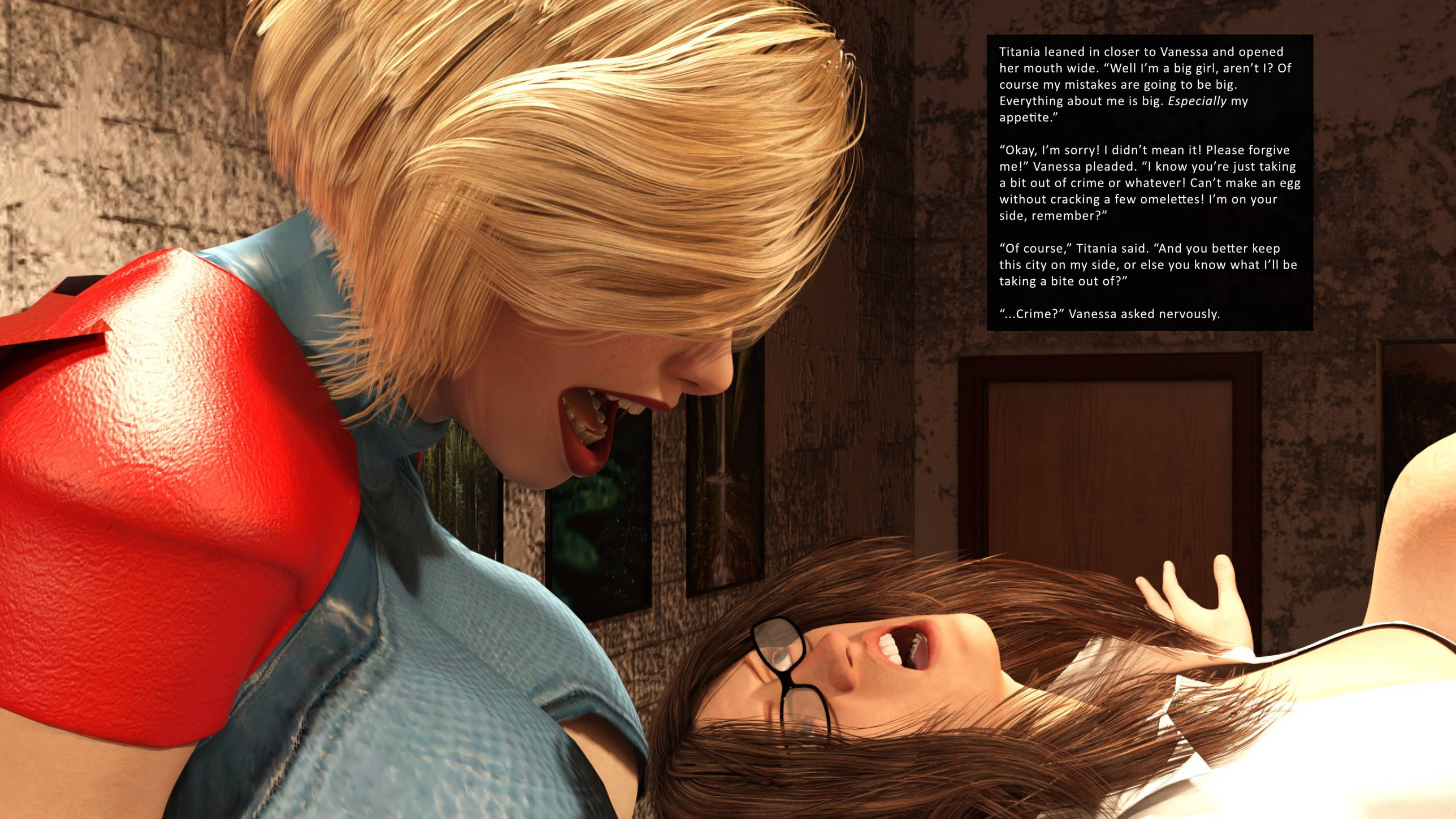

Jeanette laughed. “Would you worry about a chicken seeing you naked?”
“Huh? Of course not,” Titania said with a shrug. “They’re stupid little animals. Why would I care what food thinks?”
“Exactly,” Jeanette said. “That’s what normal people are to you and me. They’re food. And if they laugh at us, we’ll 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
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
UNAUTHORIZED
VEHICLES WILL
BE TOWED
AT OWNER'S
EXPENSE
"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
DRUGS



"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.


“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!”
ASIAN FOOD
COLD DRINKS
HOT DOGS


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.
倉荷
1252-4418
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…"
ホビーランド ぽち
秋葉原2号店
1F リバティー
우 주
컴퓨터게임장


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.


"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
NOW WITH BUBBLES
Juice
NOW WITH BUBBLES
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
EASTGATE
TEPCO
EUROCAR
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.



"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.
EUROCAR
SOAD
TEPCO
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.
SERGOS DESIGNER MENS SHOE
SERGOS DESIGNER MENS
POLICE



"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
SOAP
TRENZ
MENSWEAR
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.


“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
CARLTON COURT
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.


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.


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
PAY DAY LOANS


“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.


TETLEYS
COLT
COLT
COLT
COLT
SUMMER
END OF PART 7


REDFIREDOG
JACKOFBULLETS

RFD COMICS



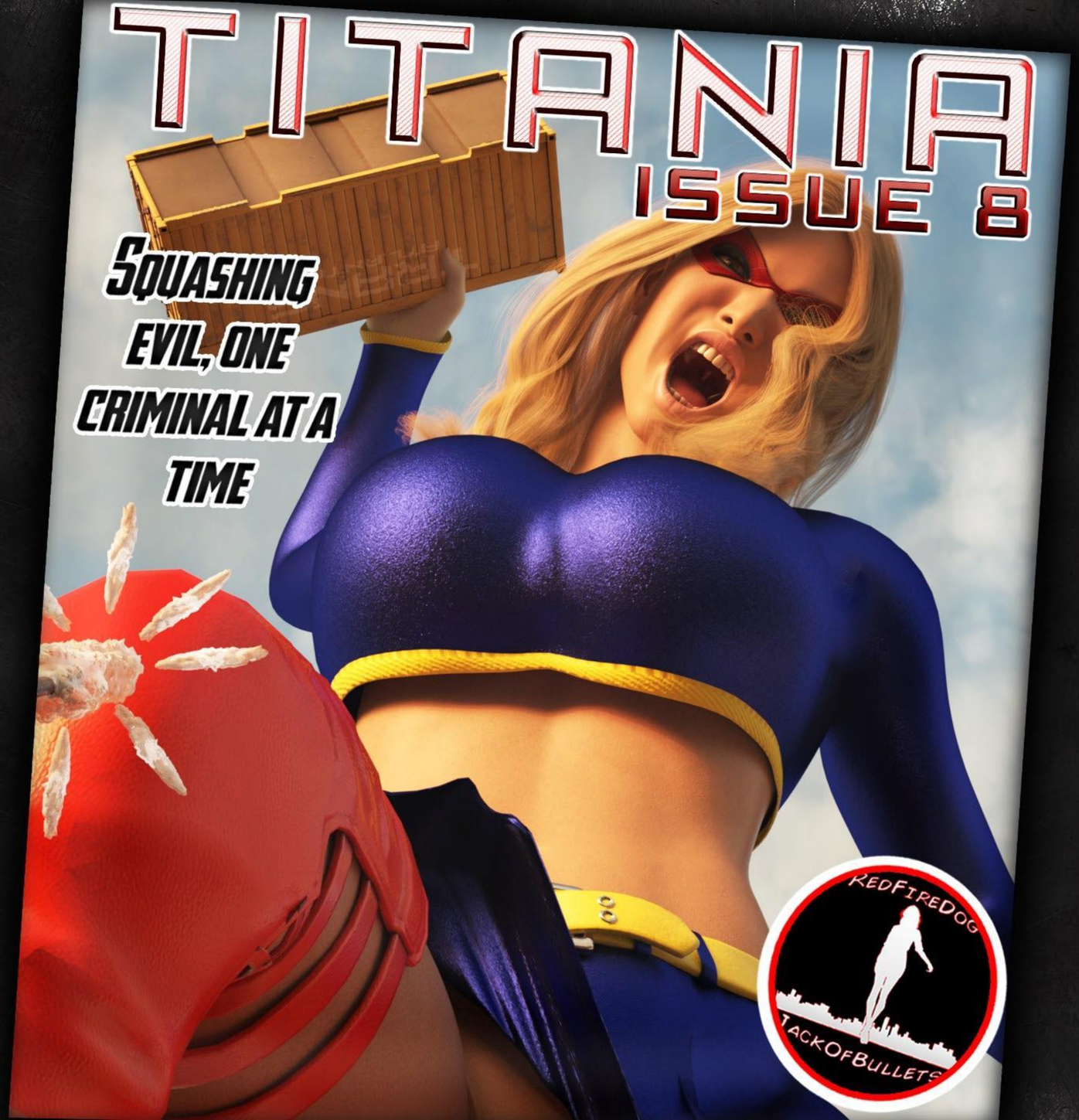
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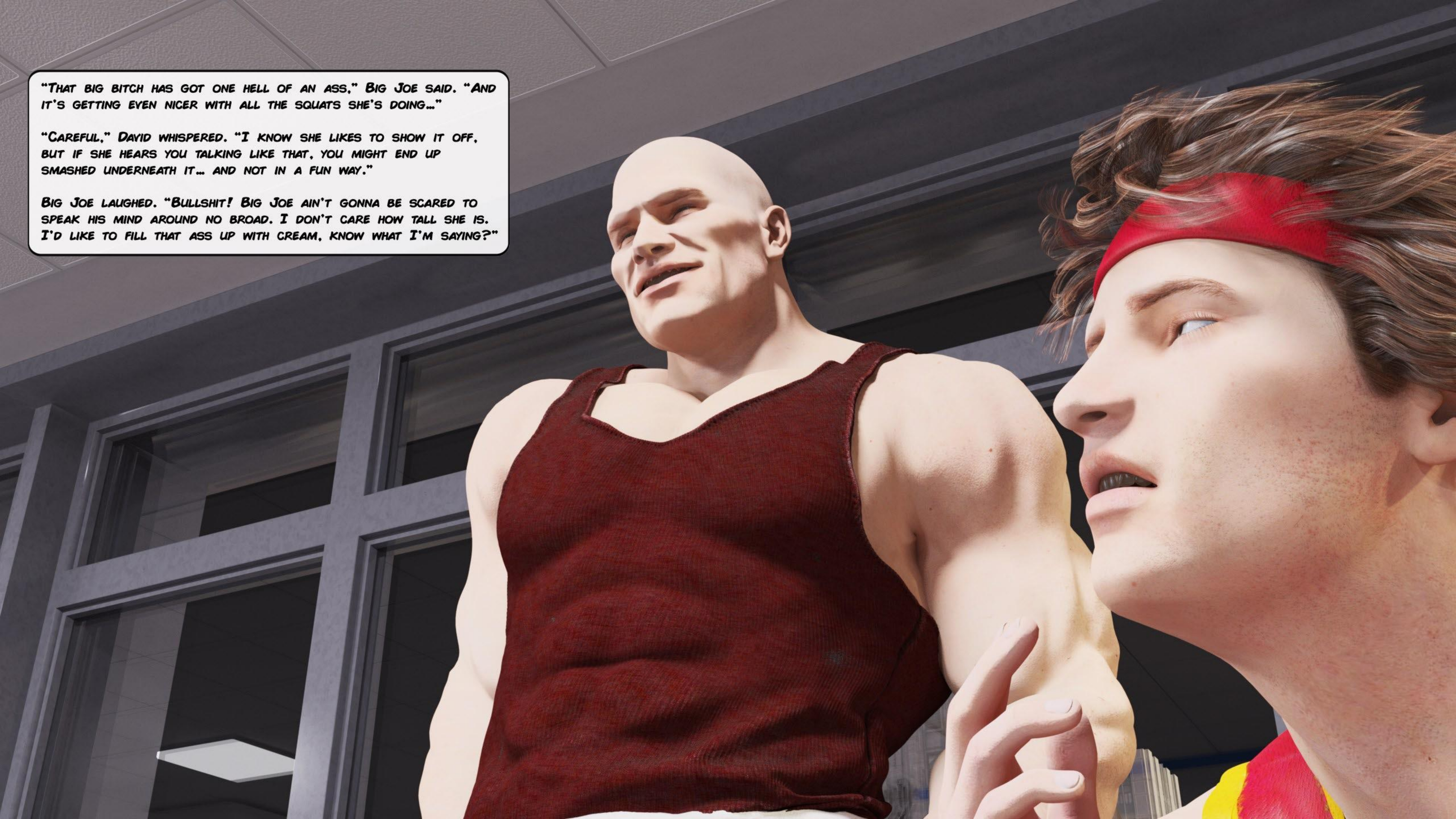

STOP
ONLY
CANYON




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


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."

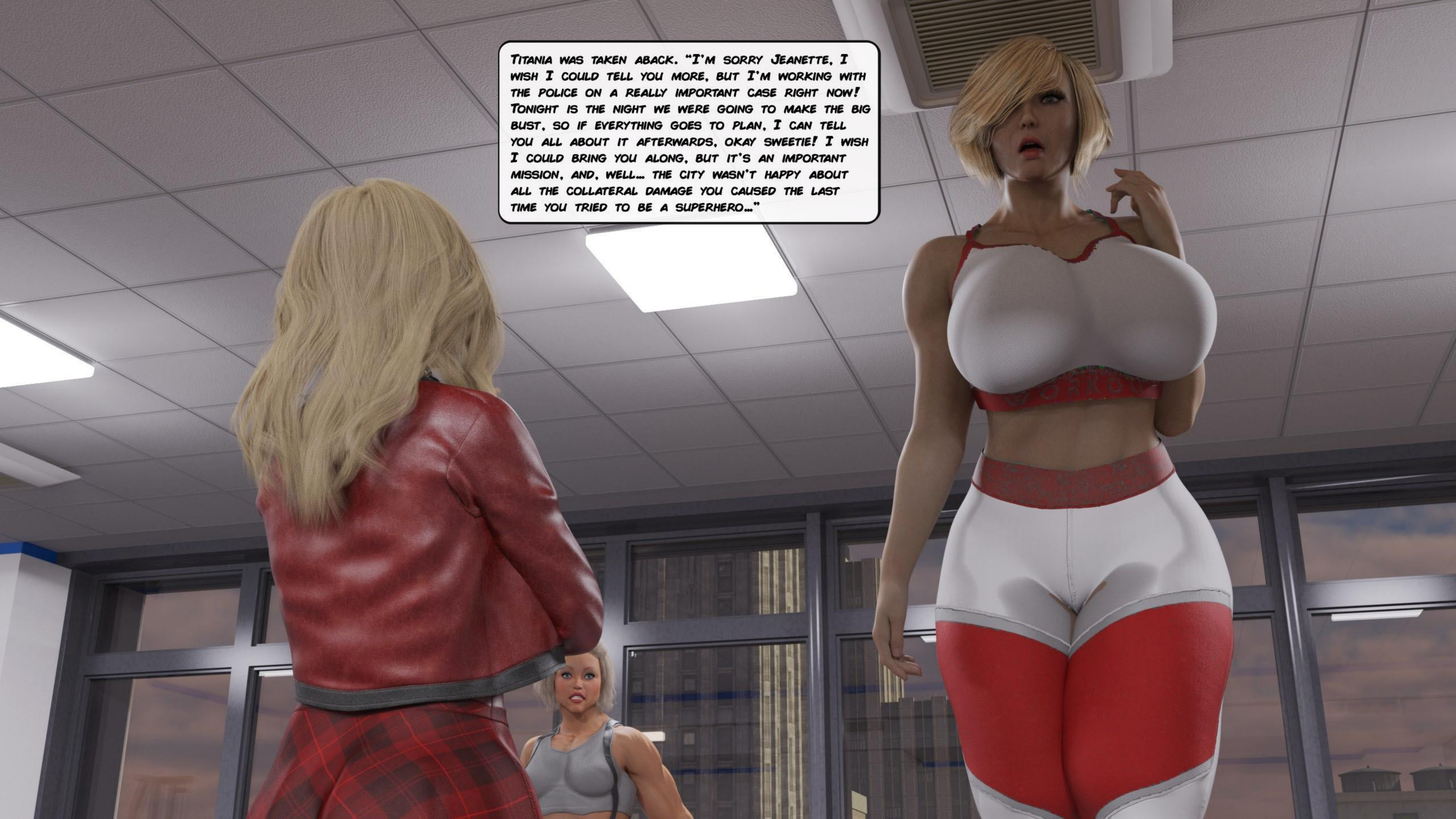

"Yeah, that was a pretty good one, right?" Titania said with an awkward chuckle. "Well I'm glad I could help out such a strong, beautiful woman!"
"Oh my god, I can't believe that Titania just called me strong and beautiful! Listen, if there's any way I can make it up to you... Any way at all..."
"There 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.
5KG
11LBS
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!"
7.5KG


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?"

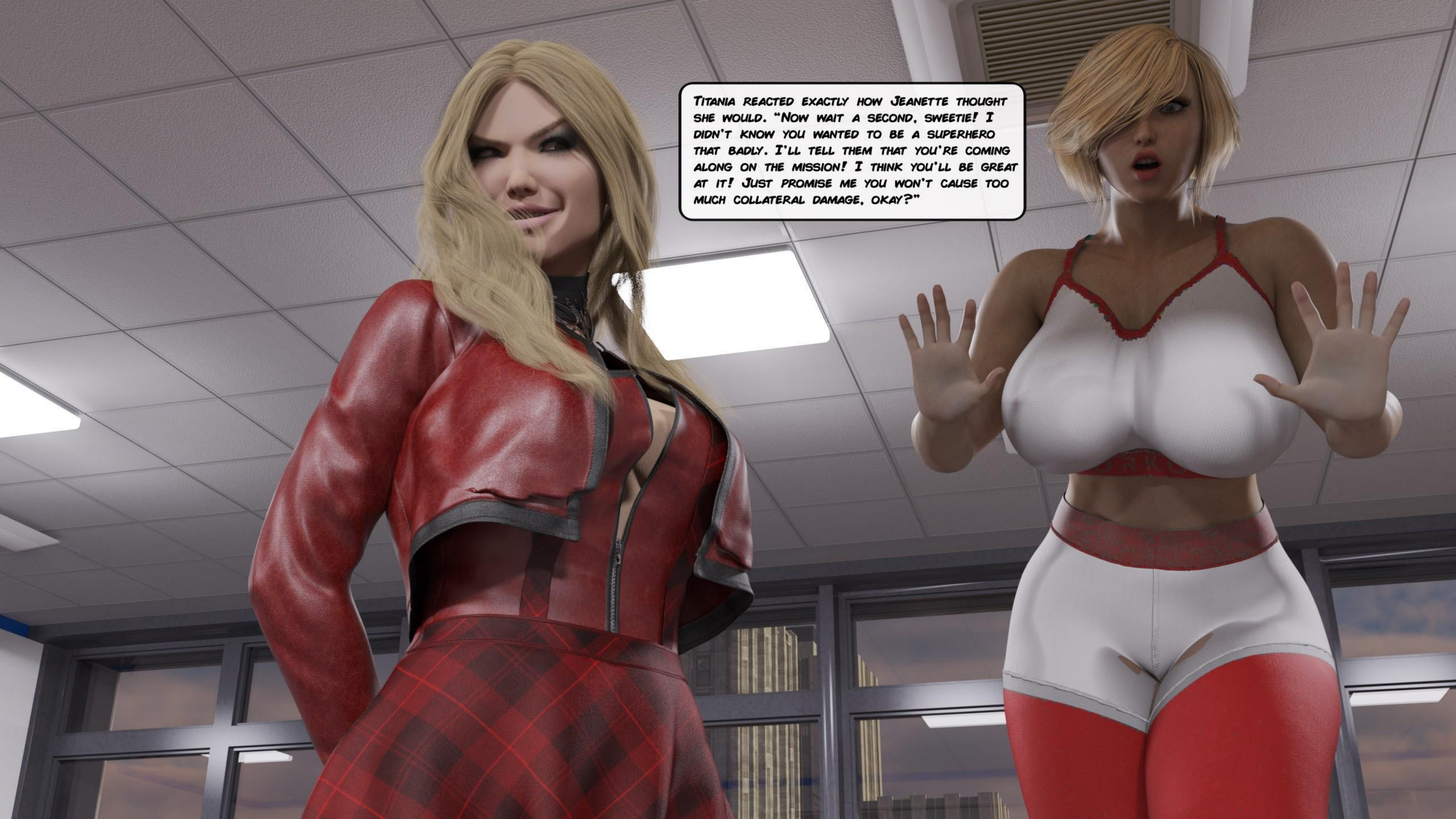

Titania was taken aback. "I'm sorry Jeanette, I wish I could tell you more, but I'm working with the police on a really important case right now! Tonight is the night we were going to make the big bust, so if everything goes to plan, I can tell you all about it afterwards, okay sweetie! I wish I could 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..."



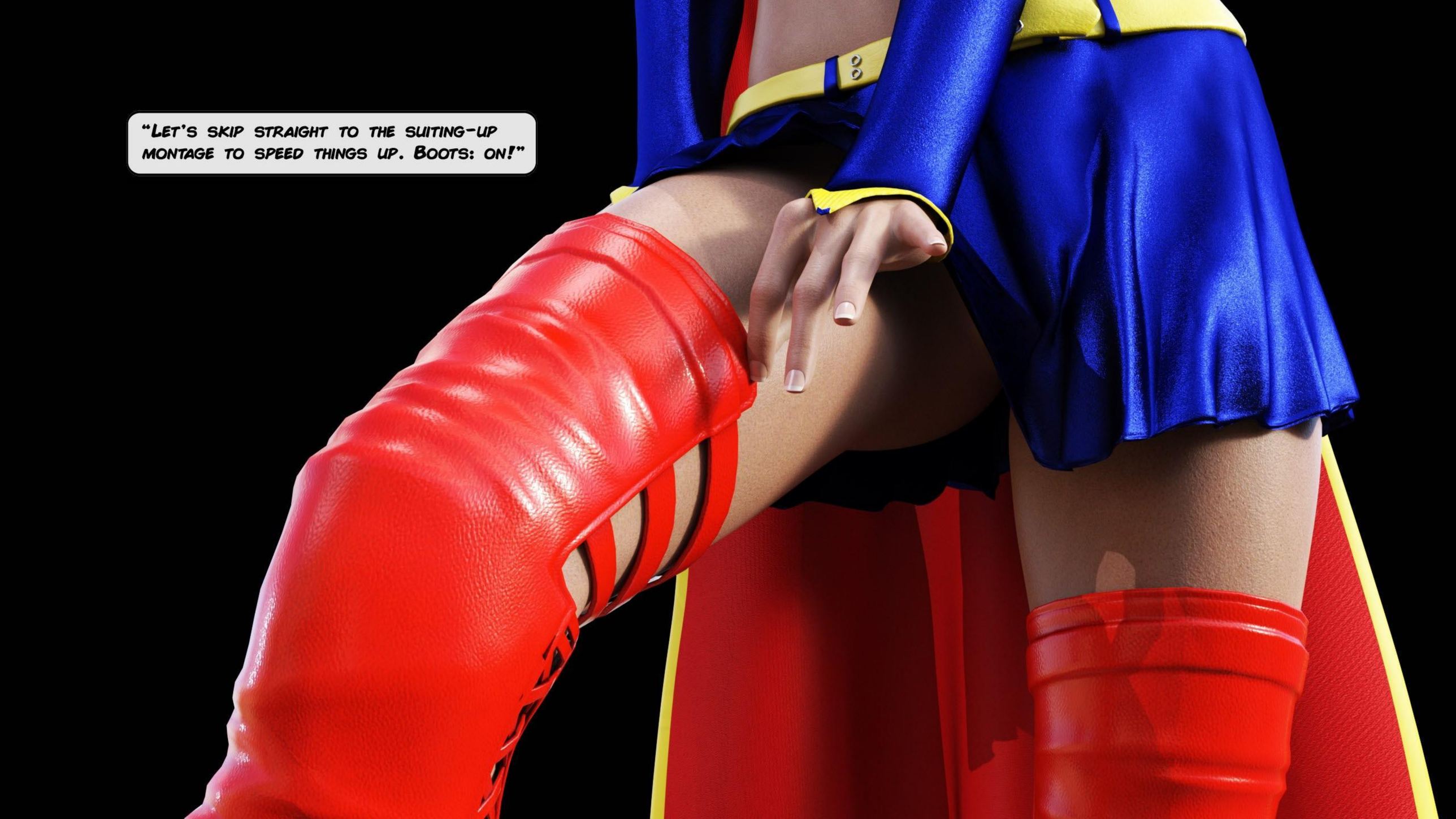
"So what, because I accidentally kill a few people now and again I never get to have any fun? I guess you care more about the lives of a bunch of stupid people you don't know then you care about my feelings!"

"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 saving 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!"

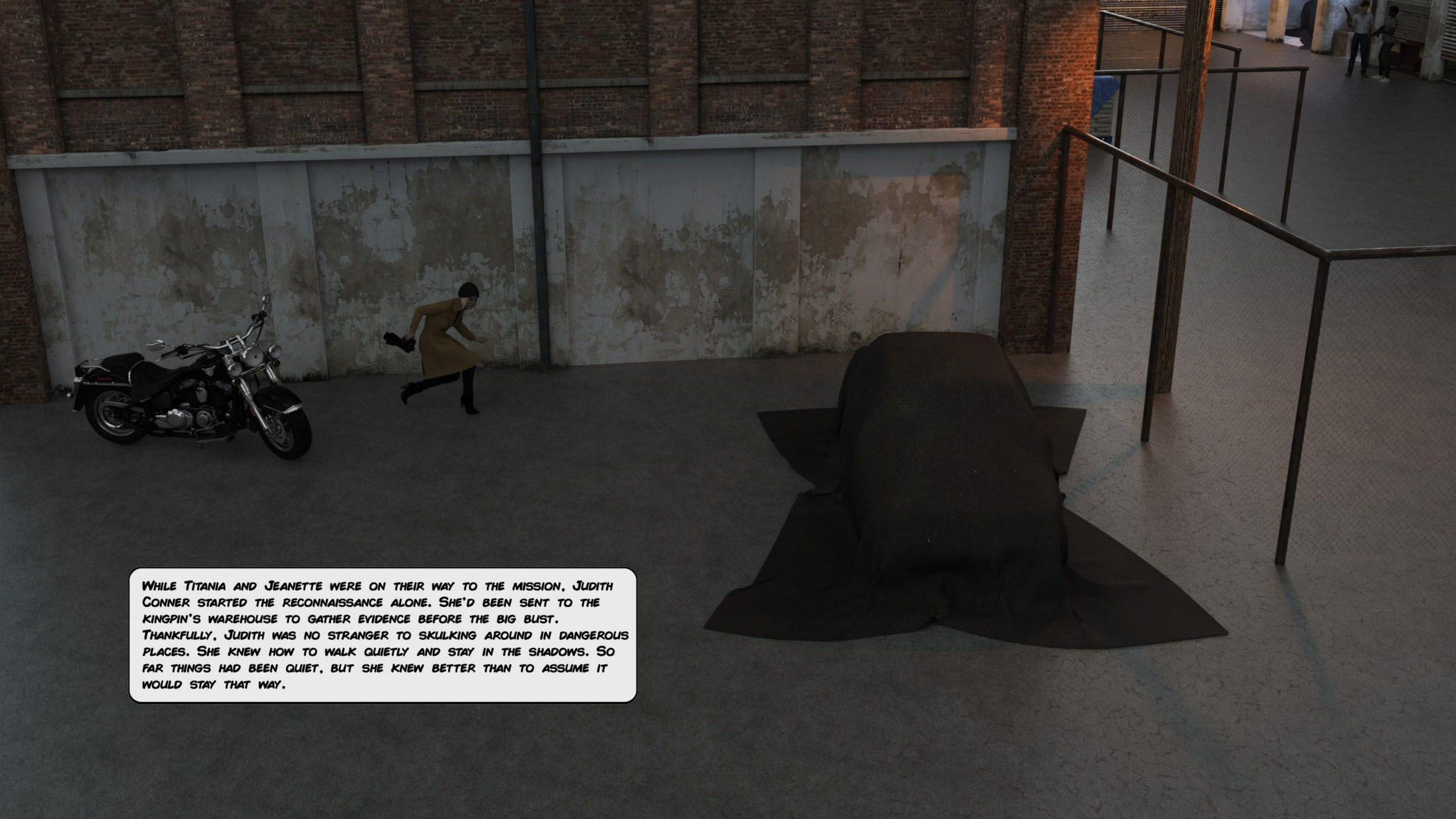


"And most important of all: T-pose: activated! Now it's your turn, Tits!"


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.

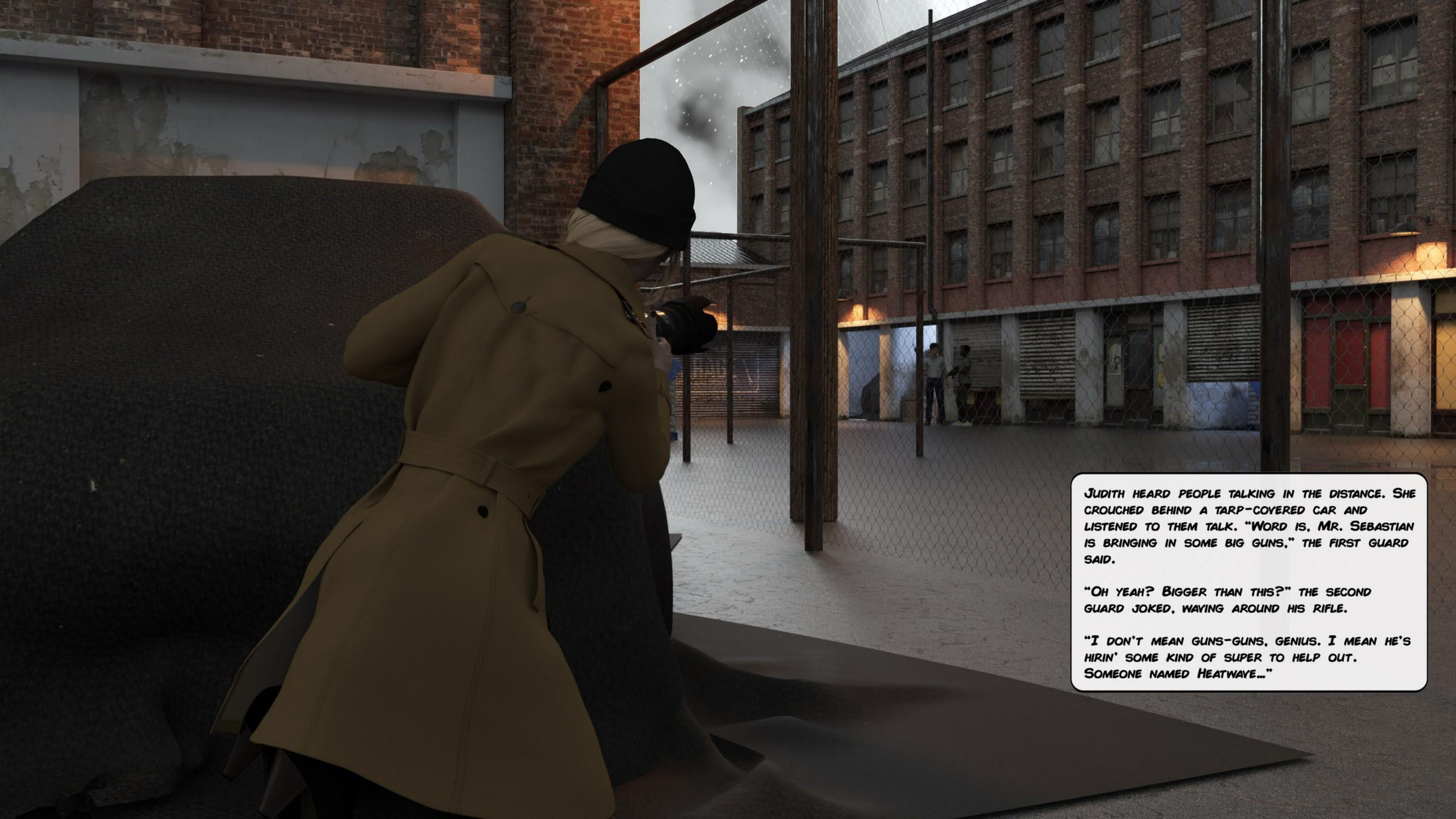


A high-pitched beeping noise interrupted her focus: the ringtone of her bluetooth earpiece. "You startled me! Whoever this is, this really isn't the best fucking time!" Judith whispered into her earpiece.

"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.

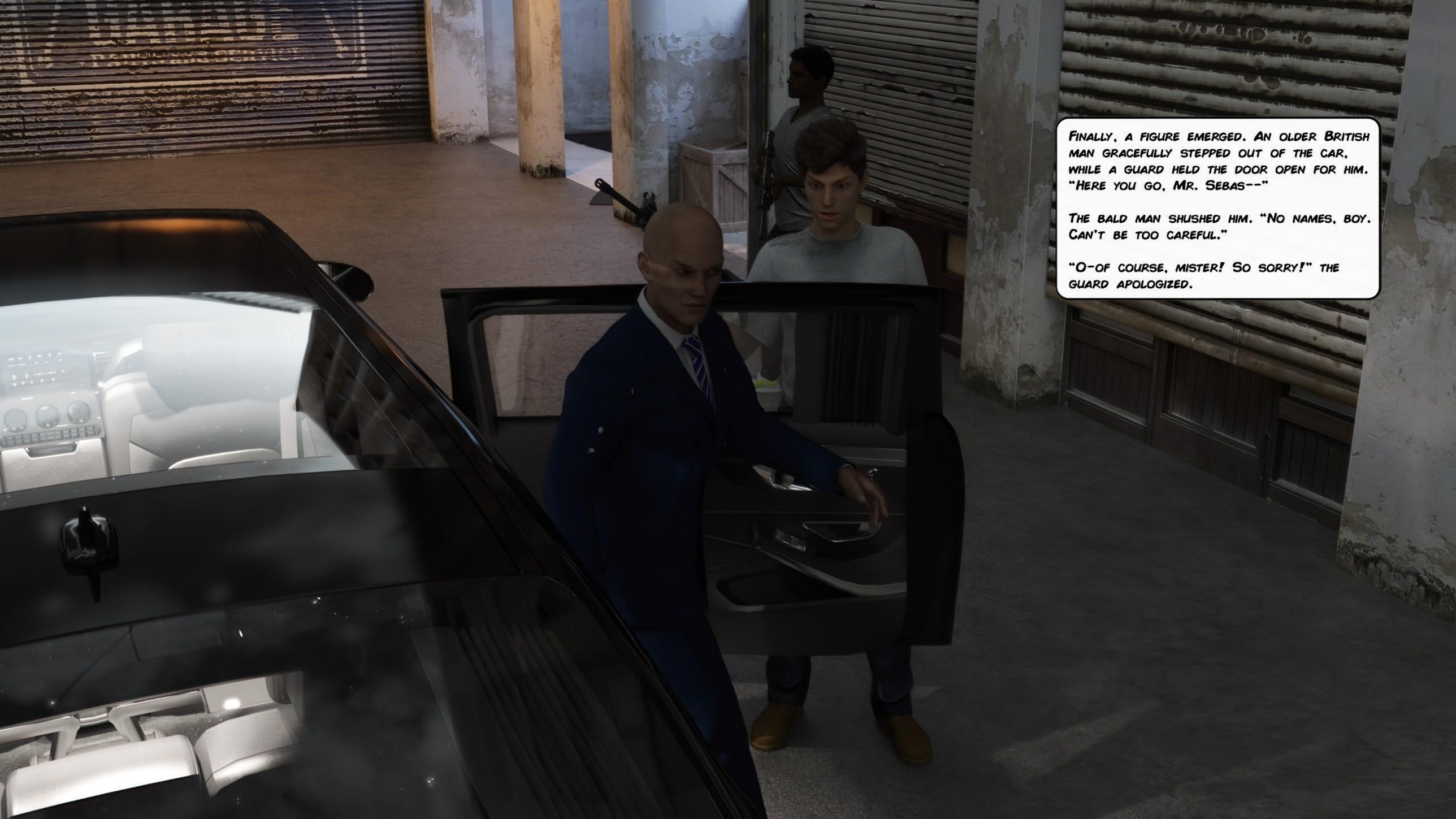

"What are you two doing here? You're being way too loud, and... big! Titania, can you at least shrink down to normal size?"

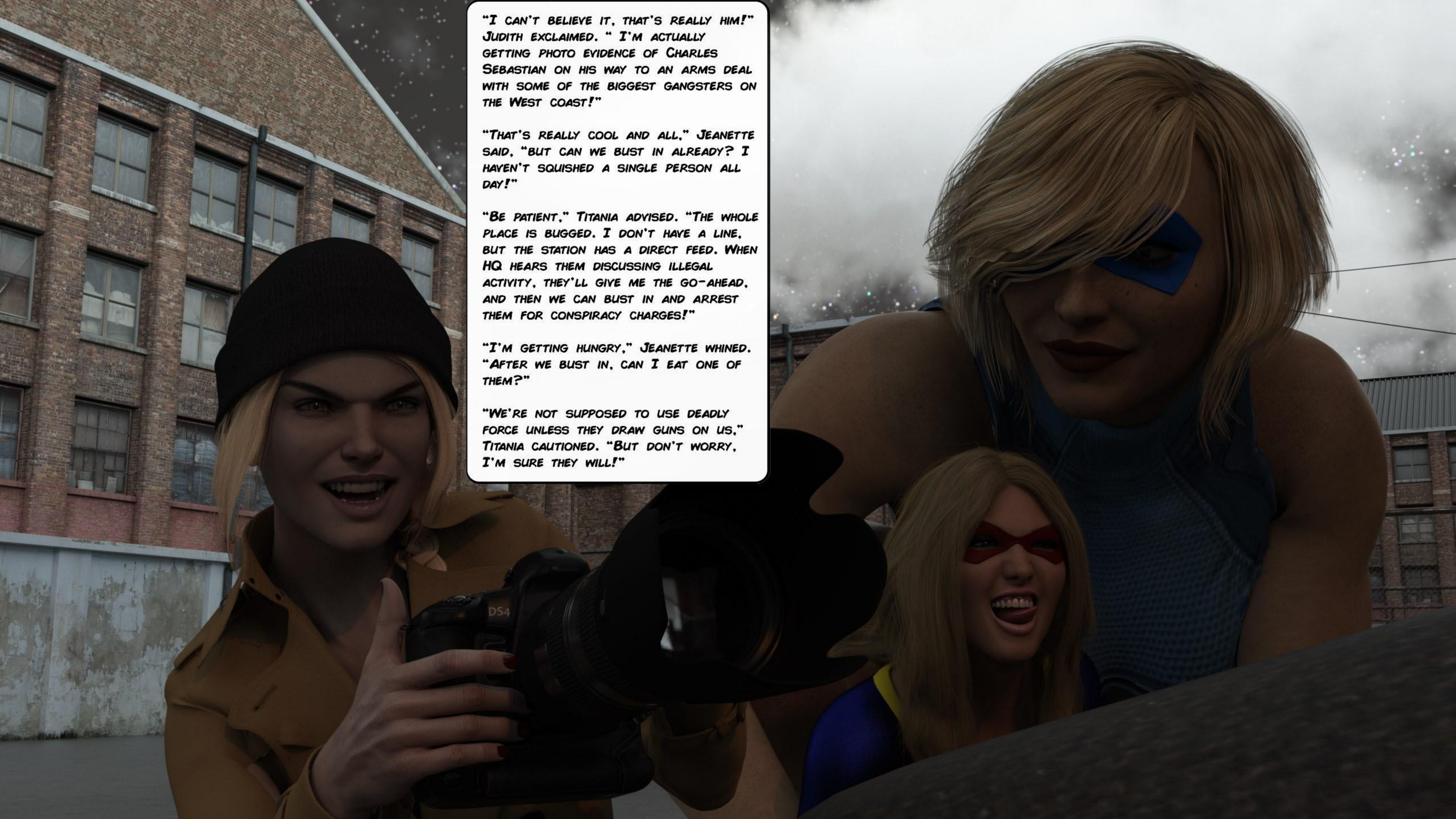

Titania looked down at Jeanette. "I dunno, what do you think, Jean?"
Jeanette smirked. "I like her when she's big. Either she stays that size, or she can grow even bigger. Which do you like better, Beanie?"

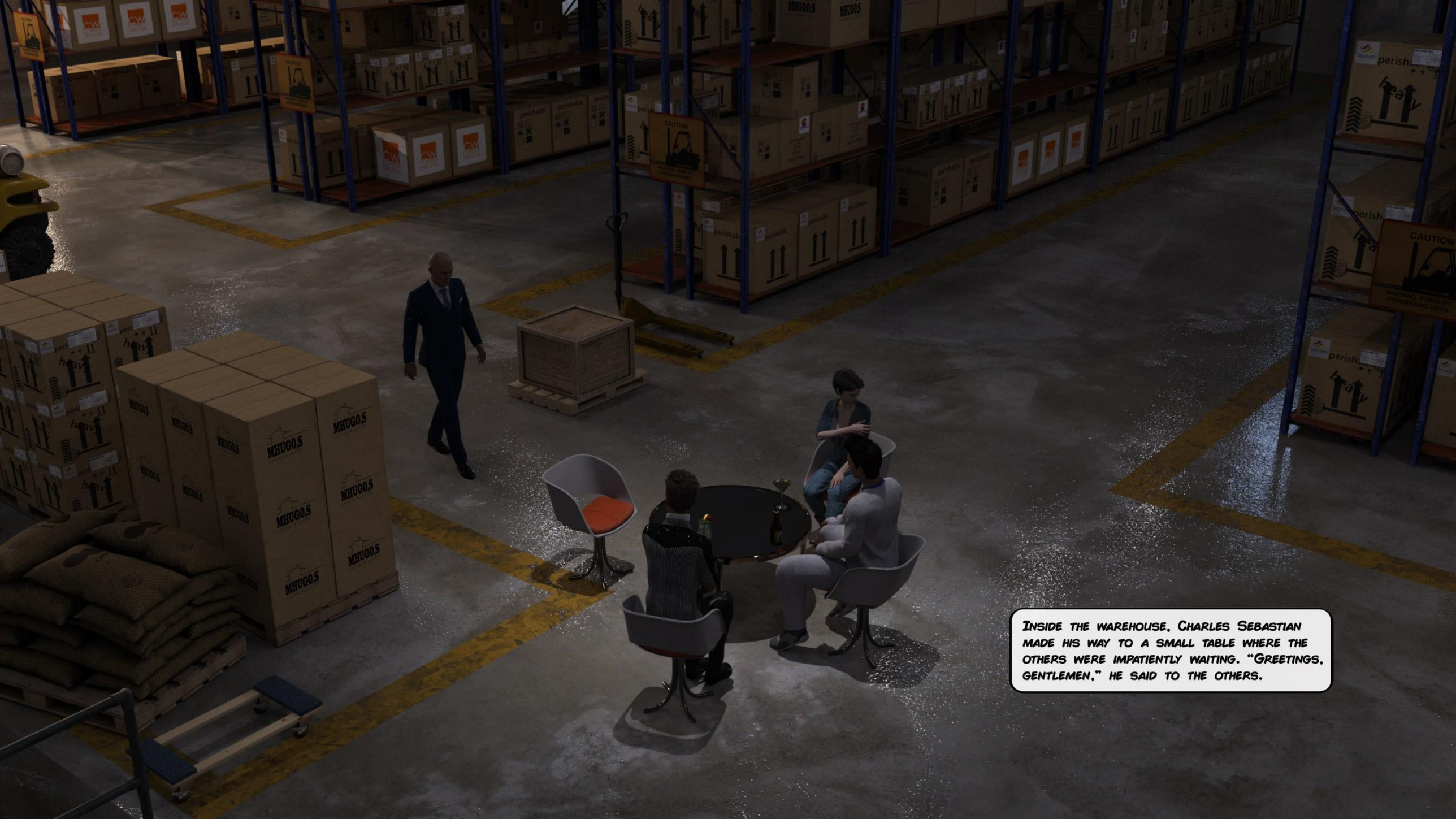

Judith sighed. "Fine. I guess it's okay if she stays that size, but... Quick, a car. Get down!"

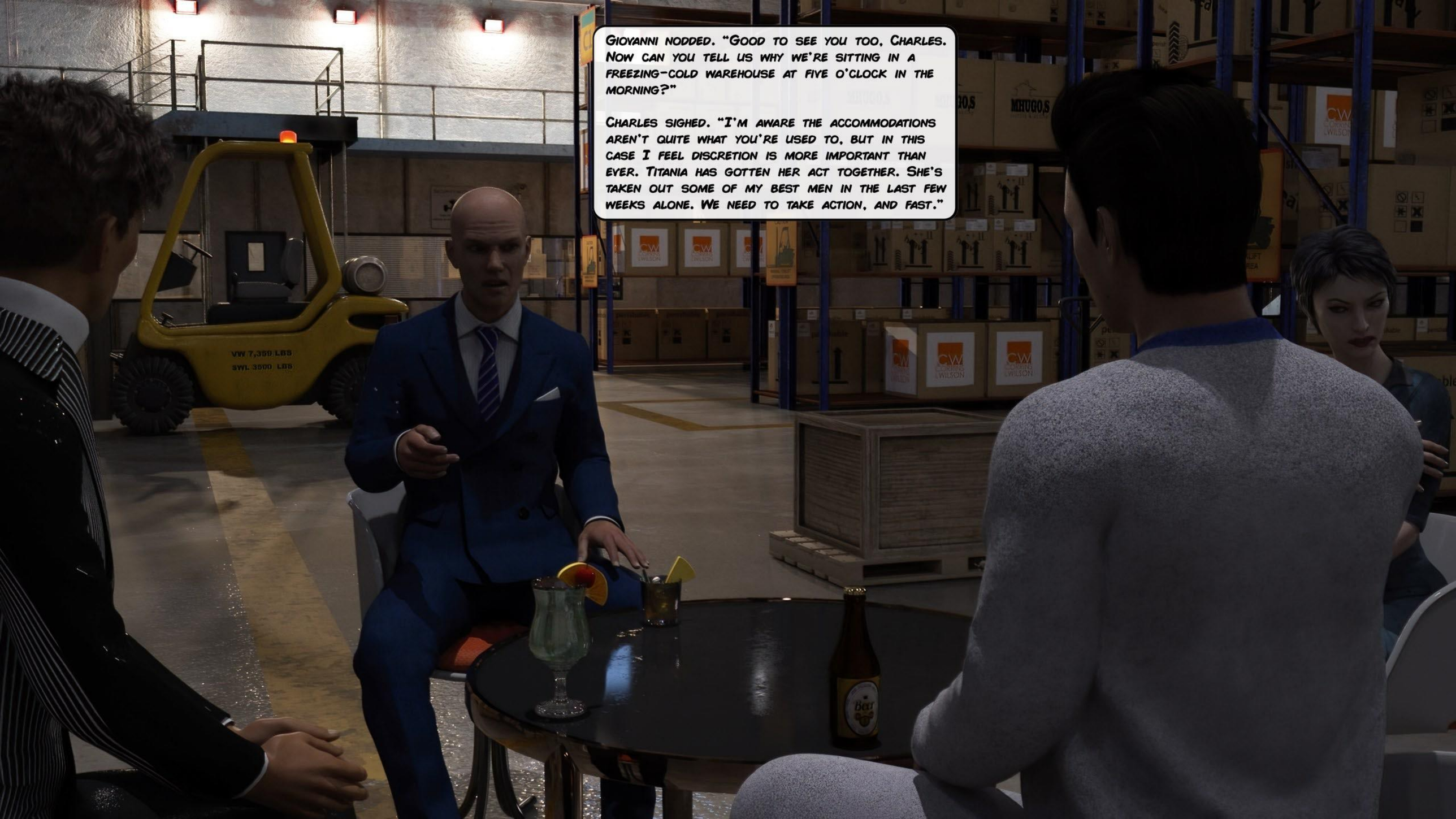

Titania and Jeanette hunkered down next to Judith, and watched as a black luxury car pulled up. "A Bentley," Judish said. "A car that nice in a place like this... You know what that means, right?"
"Someone is getting picked up for prom?"Jeanette asked.
Judith sighed. "No, genius, it means it's the big boss himself!"
S4

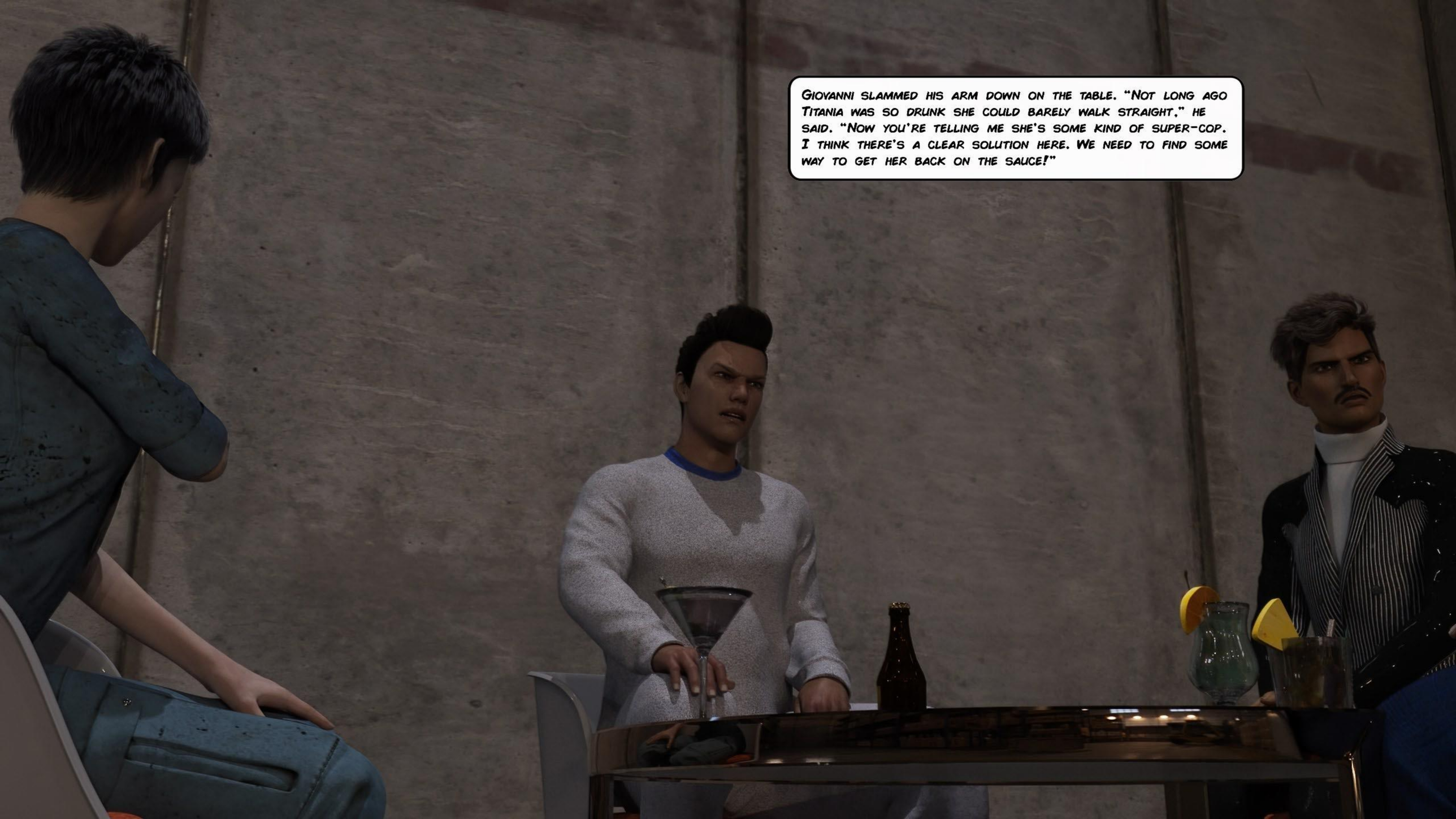

They watched as the car stopped, and a young guard opened up the passenger-side door. "Oh my god, this is almost too tense!" Jeanette said. "Can I break the tension by stepping on them?" she whispered.
"No!" Judith said, "and stop talking! I need to be able to hear what they're saying!"

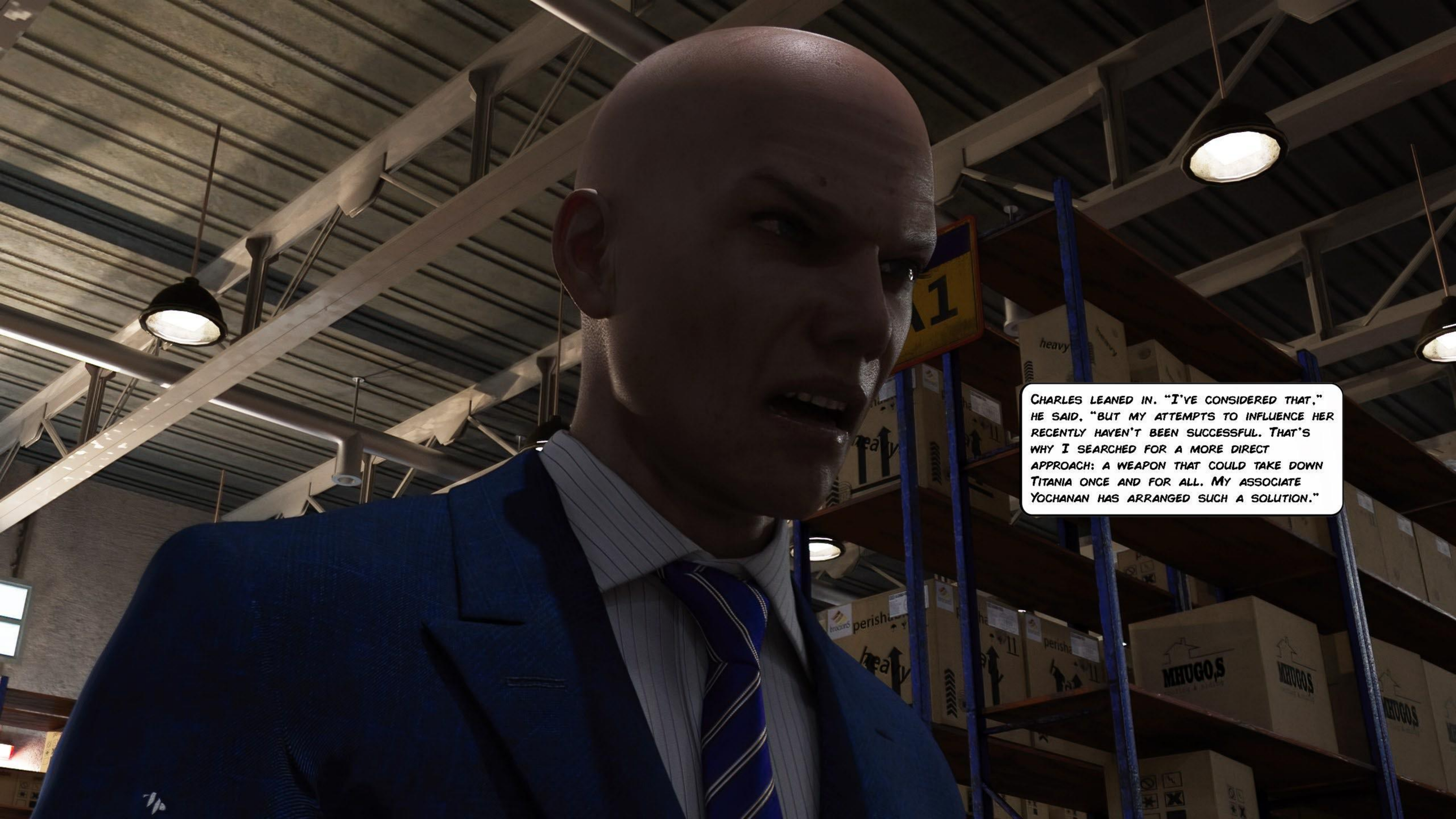

Finally, a figure emerged. An older British man gracefully stepped out of the car, while a guard held the door open for him. "Here you go, Mr. Sebas--"
The bald man shushed him. "No names, boy. Can't be too careful."
"O-of course, mister! So sorry!" the guard apologized.


"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!"

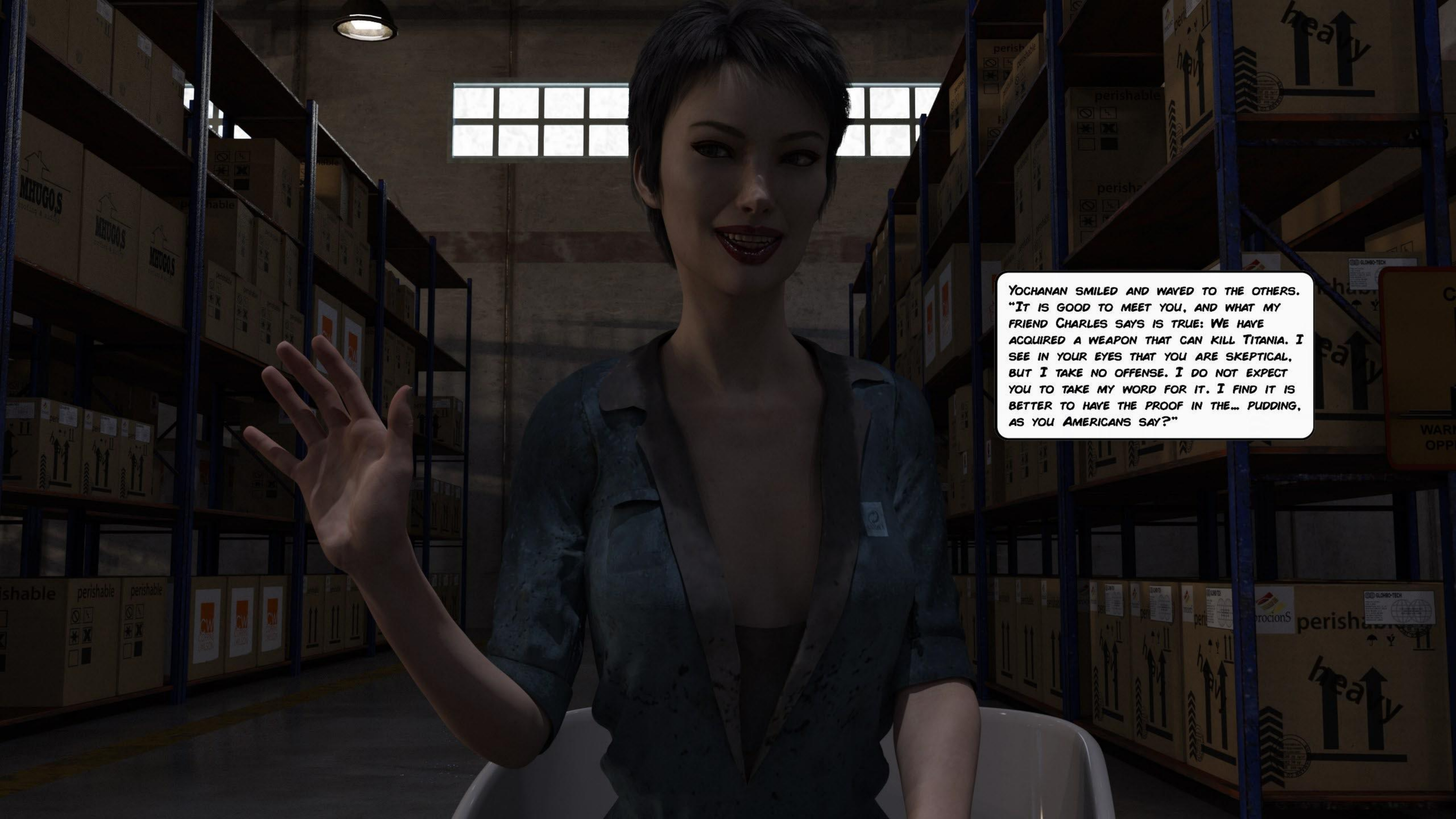

Inside the warehouse, Charles Sebastian made his way to a small table where the others were impatiently waiting. "Greetings, gentlemen," he said to the others.

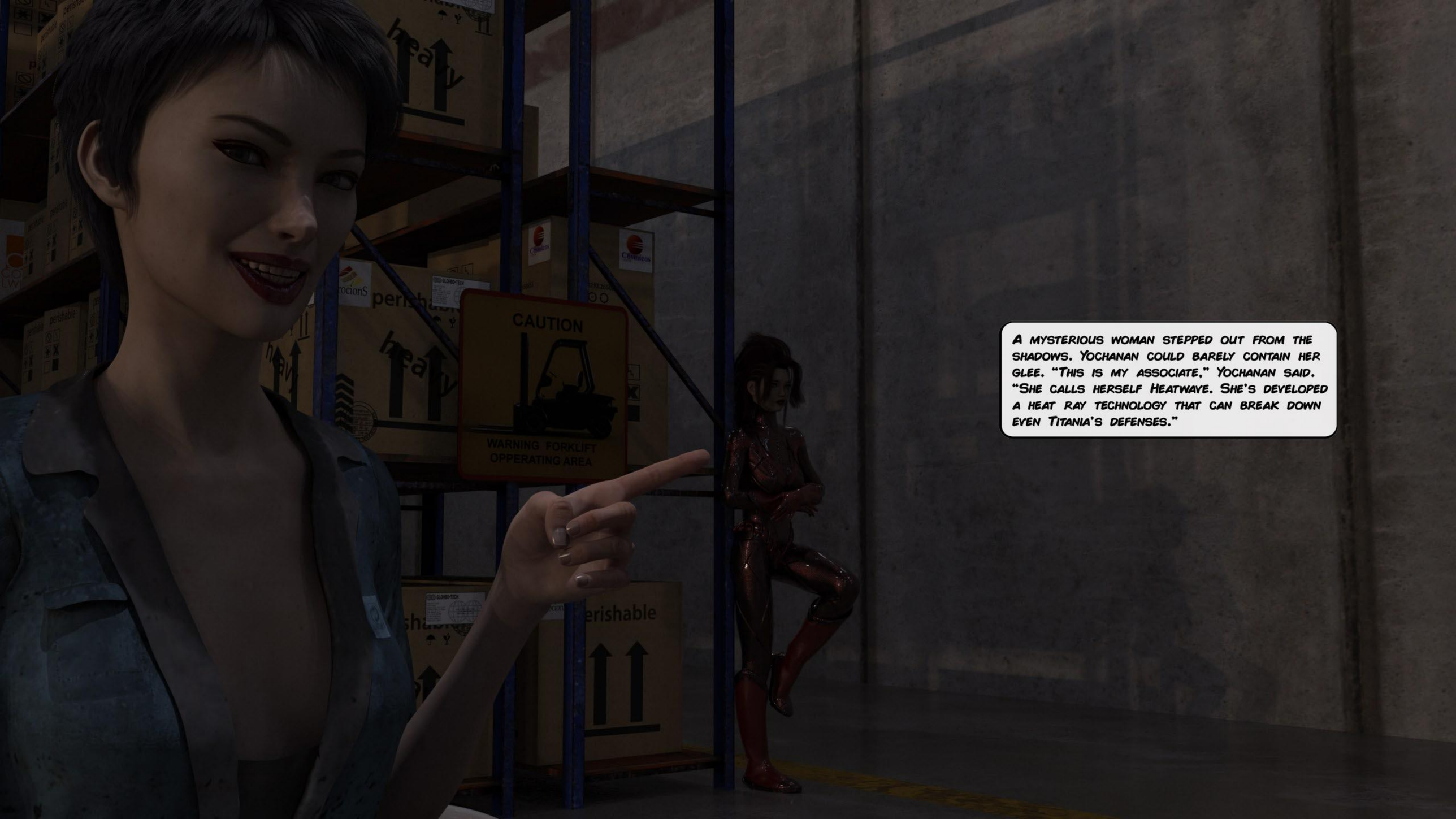

Giovanni nodded. "Good to see you too, Charles. Now can you tell us why we're sitting in a freezing-cold warehouse at five o'clock in the morning?"
Charles sighed. "I'm aware the accommodations aren't quite what you're used to, but in this case I feel discretion is more important than ever. Titania has 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!"

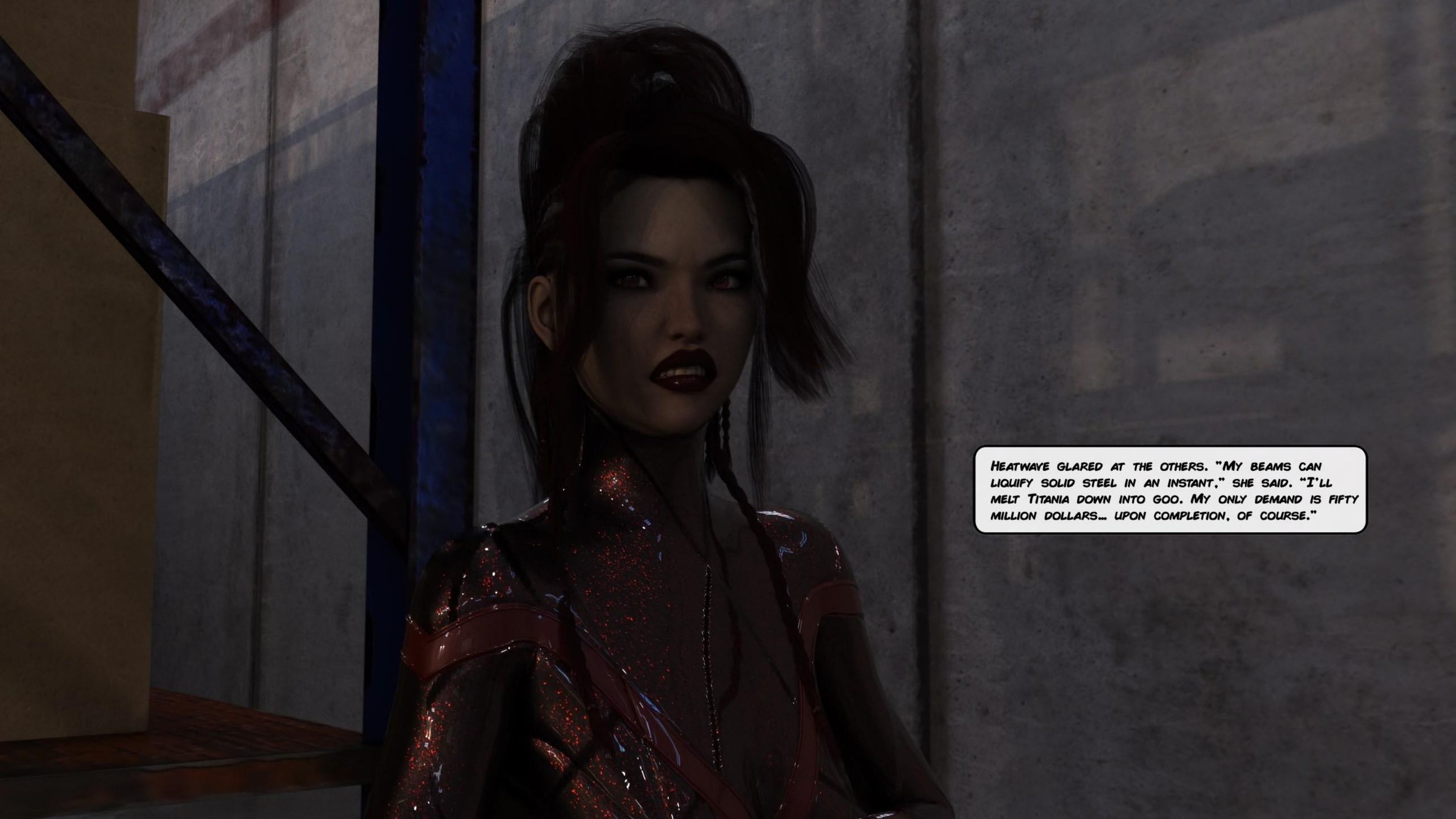


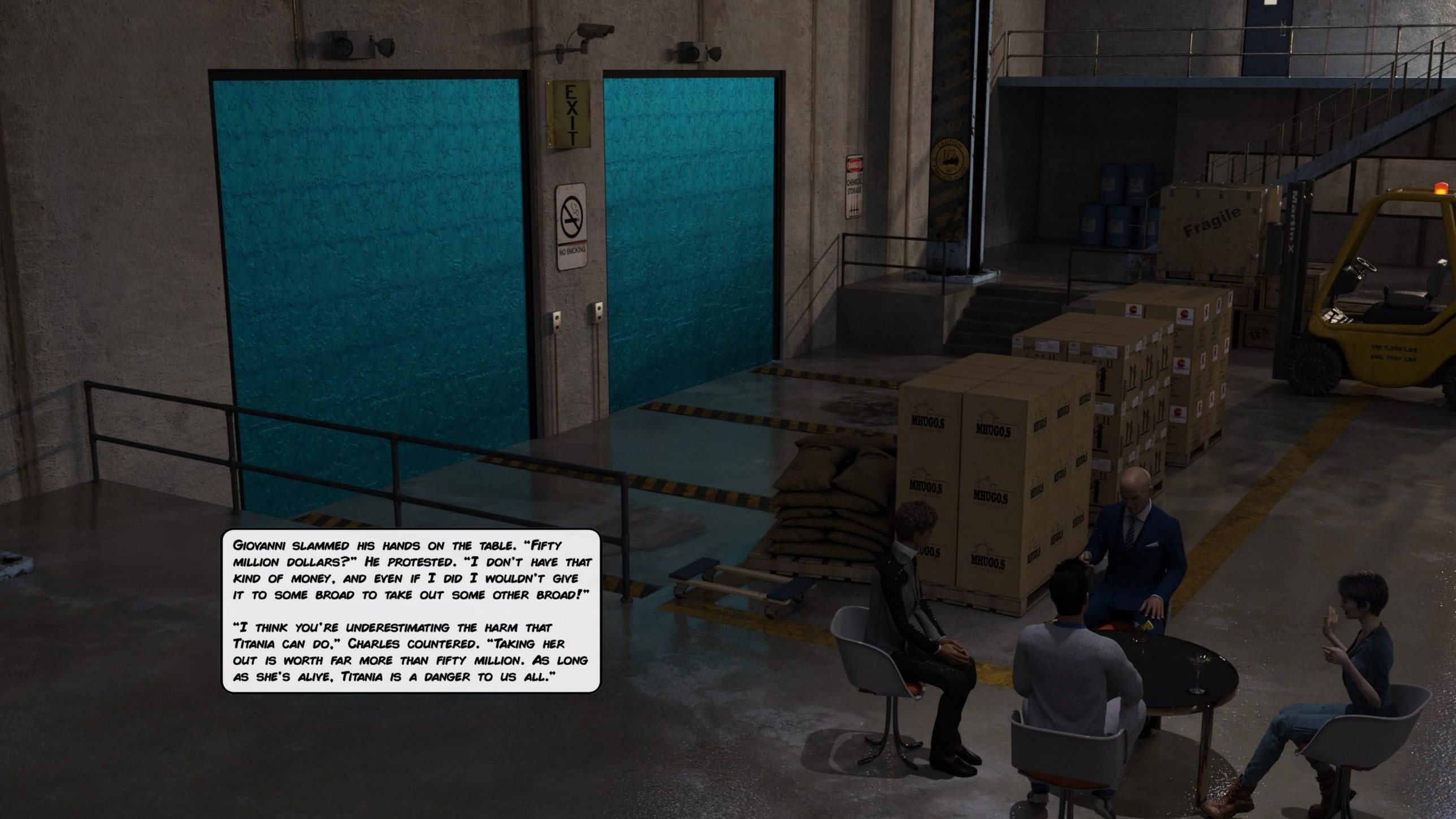
Charles leaned in. "I've considered that," he said. "But my attempts to influence her recently haven't been successful. That's why I searched for a more direct approach: a weapon that could take down Titania once and for all. My associate Yochanan has arranged such a solution."


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."



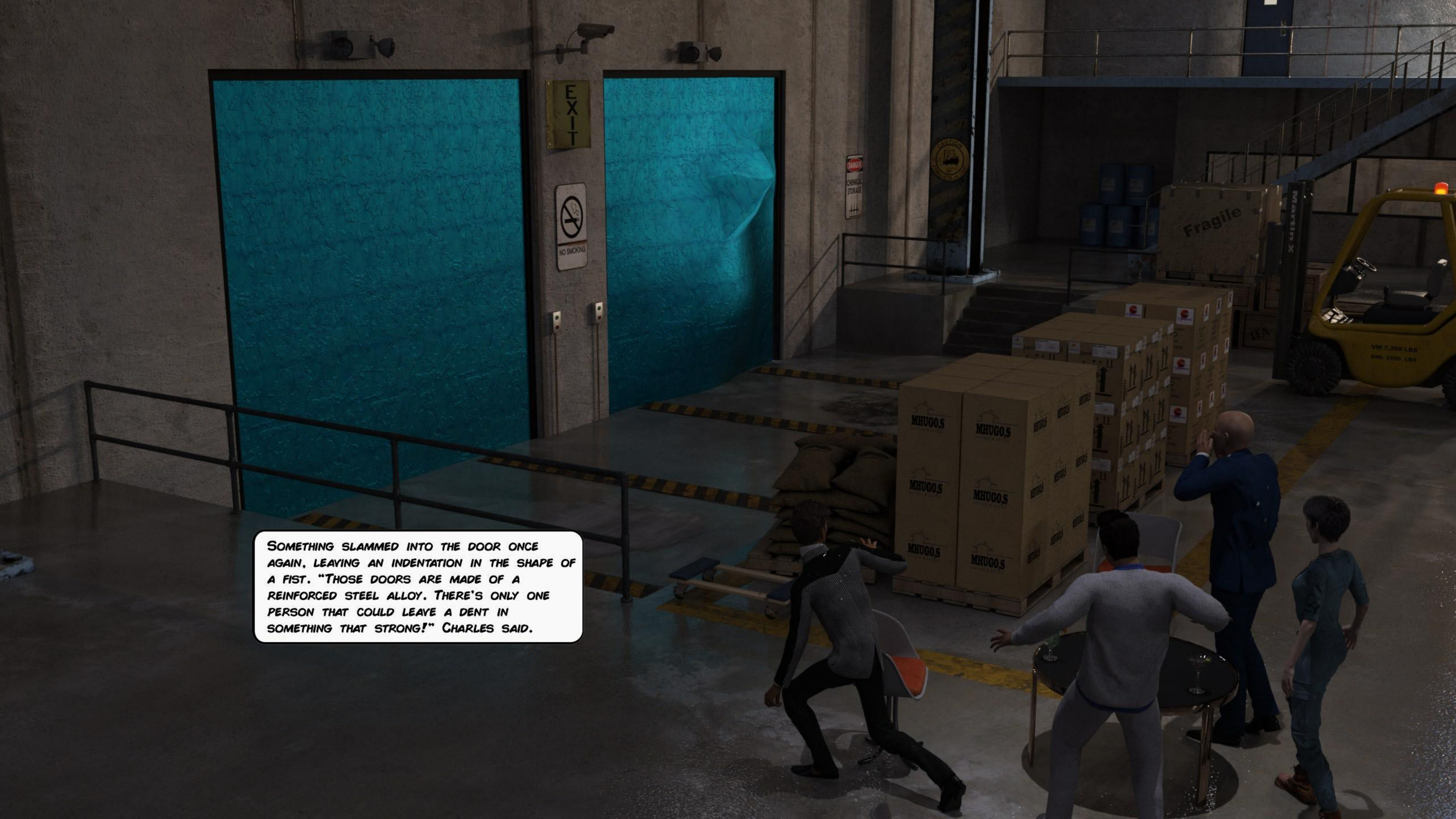
Giovanni slammed his hands on the table. "Fifty million dollars?" He protested. "I don't have that kind of money, and even if I did I wouldn't give it to some broad to take out some other broad!"

"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.

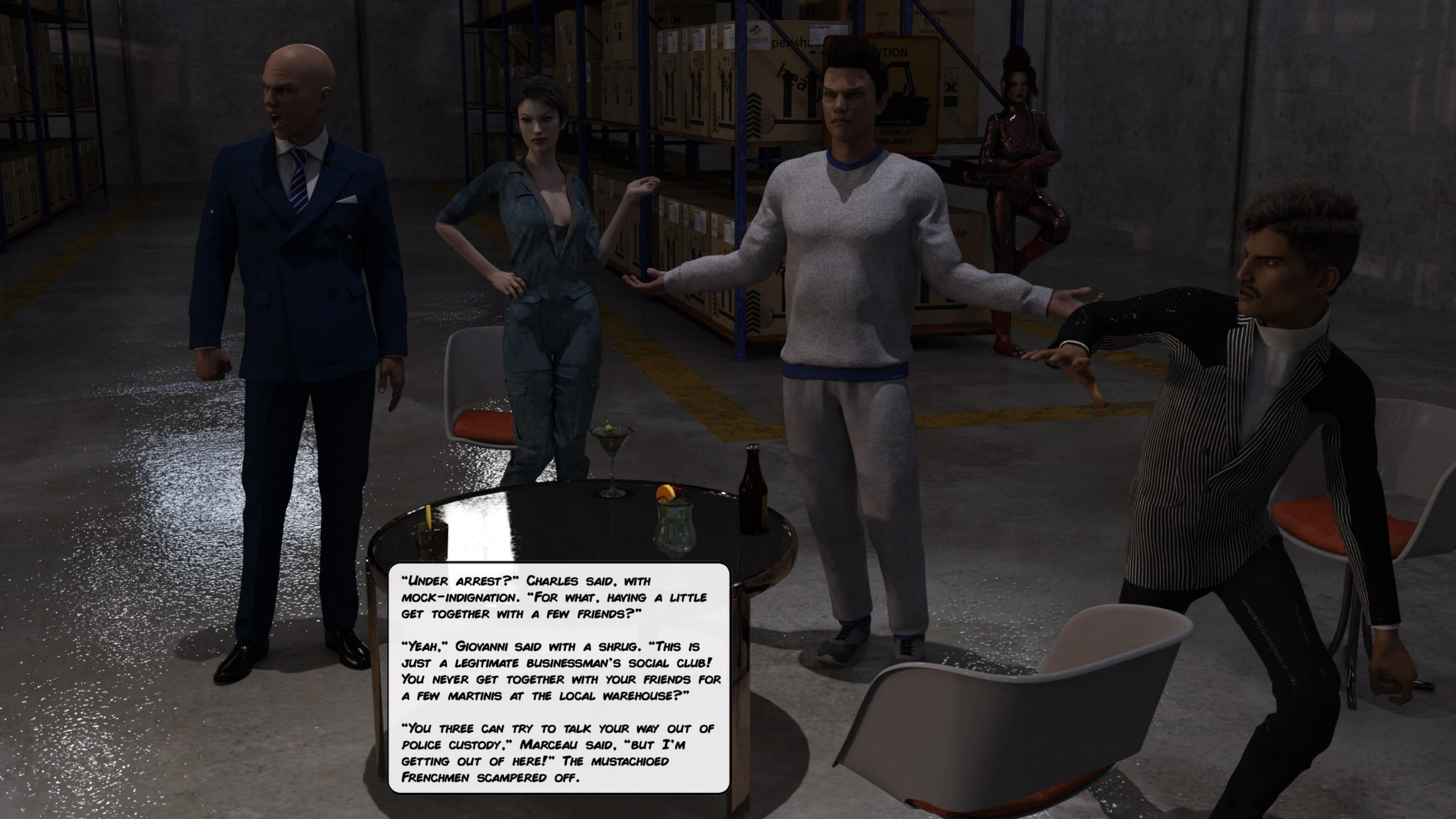
"Shit, what the hell was that?" Giovanni asked. "Is that the cops? Do they got a freakin' battering ram or something?"

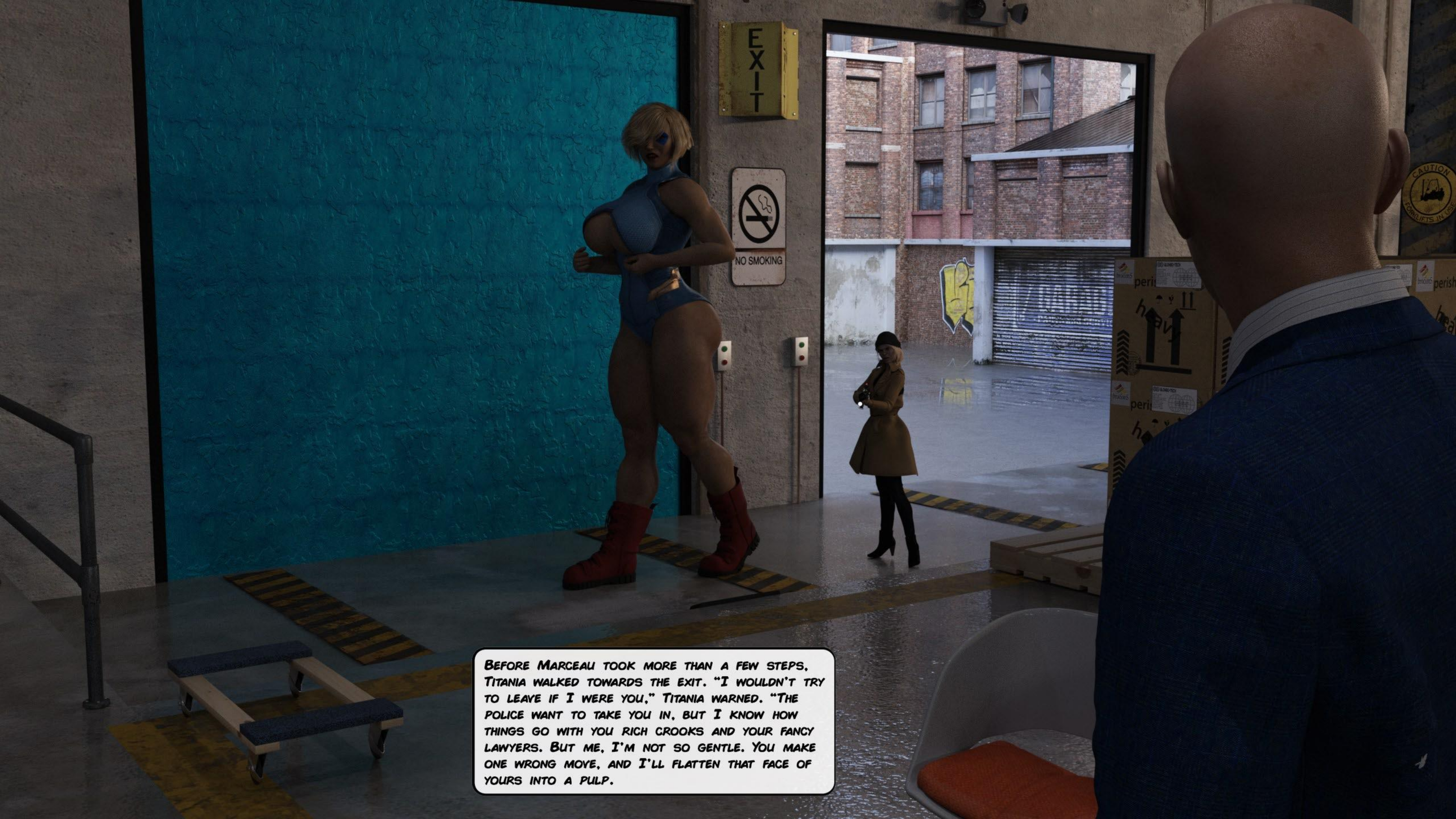

EXIT
NO SMOKING
DANGER
CHEMICAL STORAGE
Fragile
MHUGO,S
Something slammed into the door once again, leaving an indentation in the shape of a fist. "Those doors are made of a reinforced steel alloy. There's only one person that could leave a dent in something that strong!" Charles said.



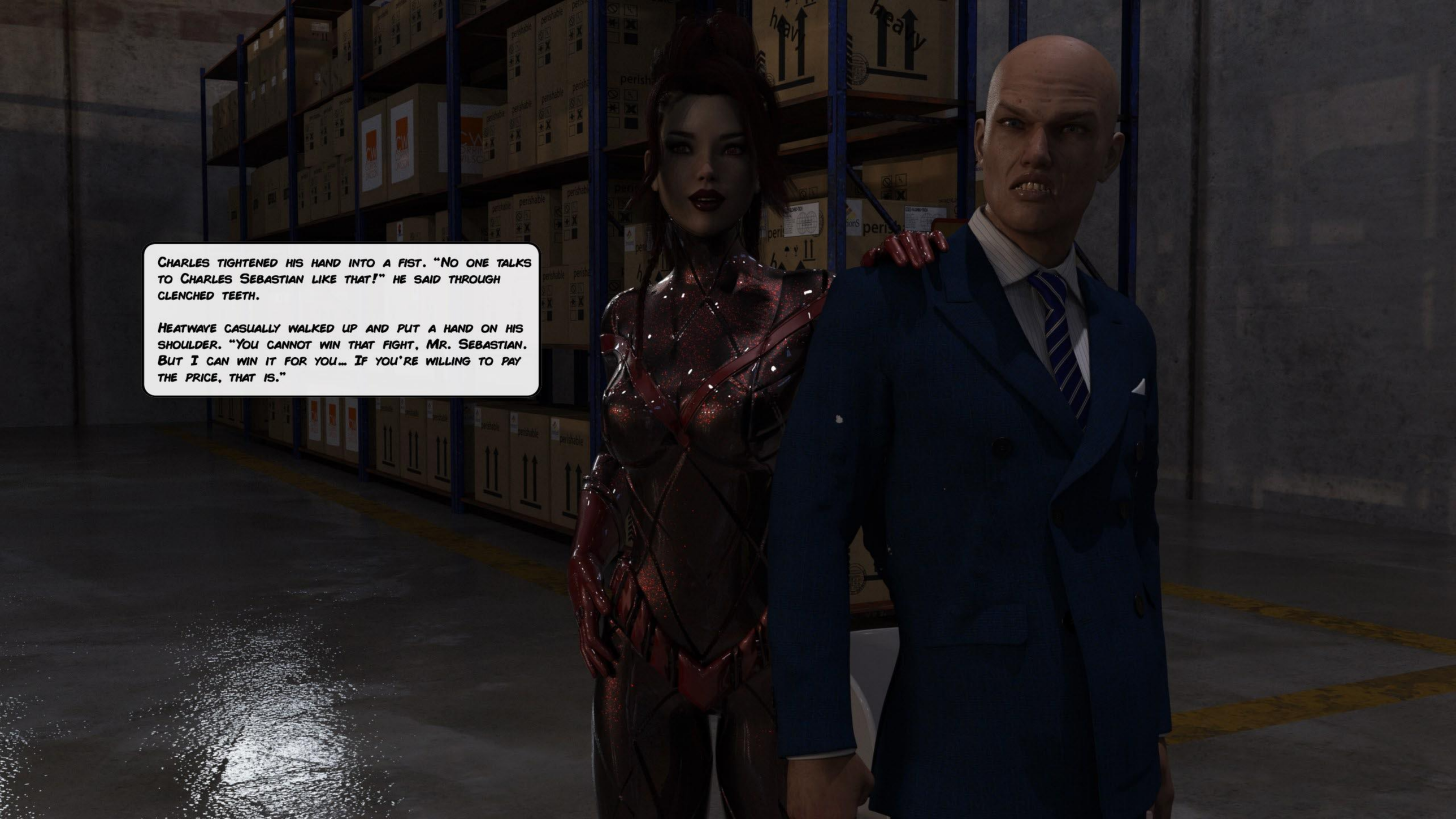
"Hi-yah!" Titania shouted as she landed one last blow. Her fist slammed into the door, sending it flying through the air. Judith wasted no time bursting through the doorway.


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!"

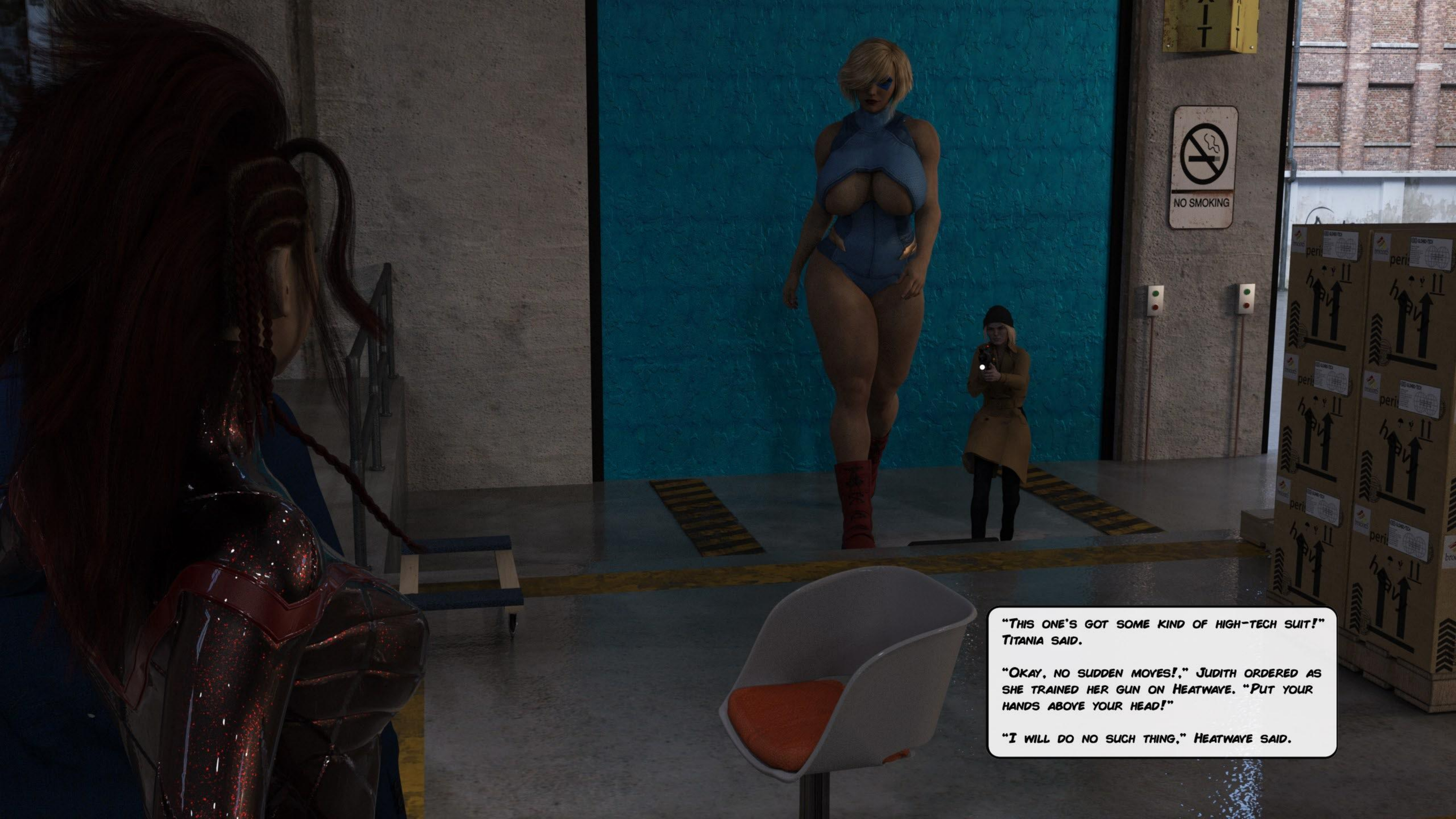

"Under arrest?" Charles said, with mock-indignation. "For what, having a little get together with a few friends?"
"Yeah," Giovanni said with a shrug. "This is just a legitimate businessman's social club! You never get together with your friends for a few martinis at the local warehouse?"
"You three can 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."

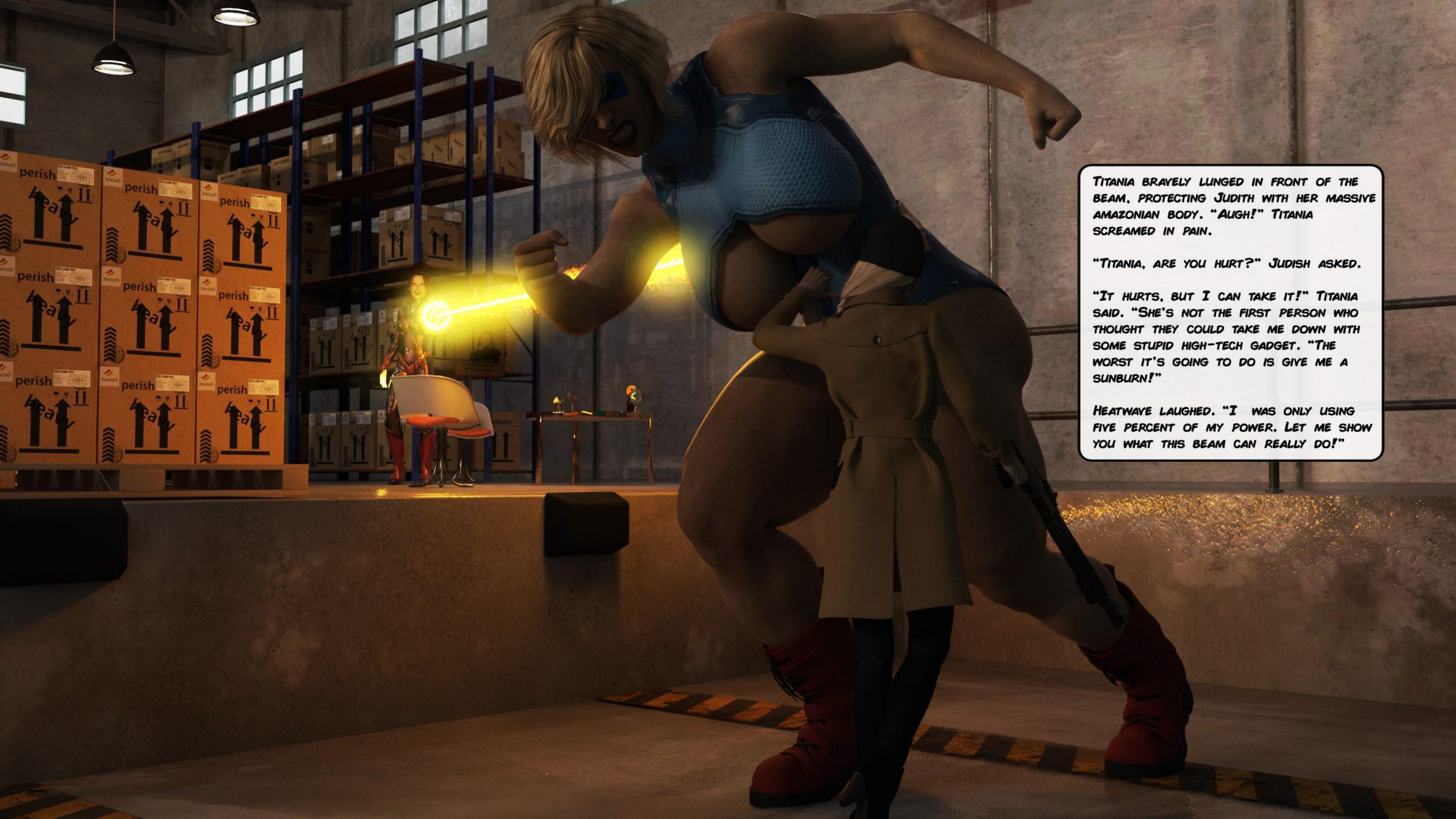

CAUTION
perishable
Charles and the others ran away towards the back exit. "I'll pay the fifty million out of my own pocket!" Charles said. "Just take her out, now!"
"With pleasure," Heatwave said with a grin.


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.
CAUTION


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



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.

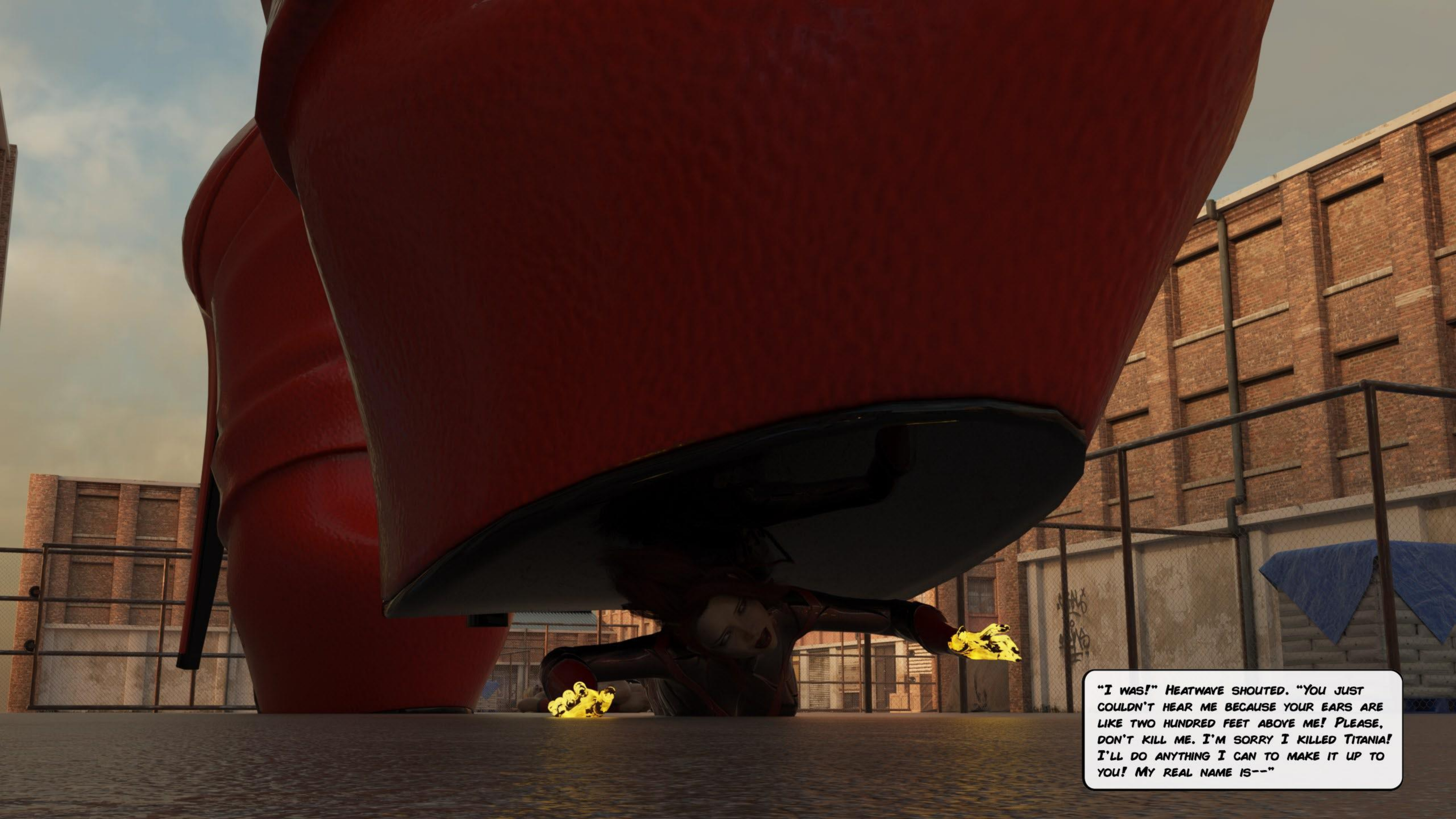

"Heatwave was dismayed when she realized the beam didn't seem to be affecting Jeanette. "What? Why isn't this working?"
"Is that all you've got?" Jeanette asked. "One little shot in my boob? I barely felt that! I don't think it even singed me!"


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.

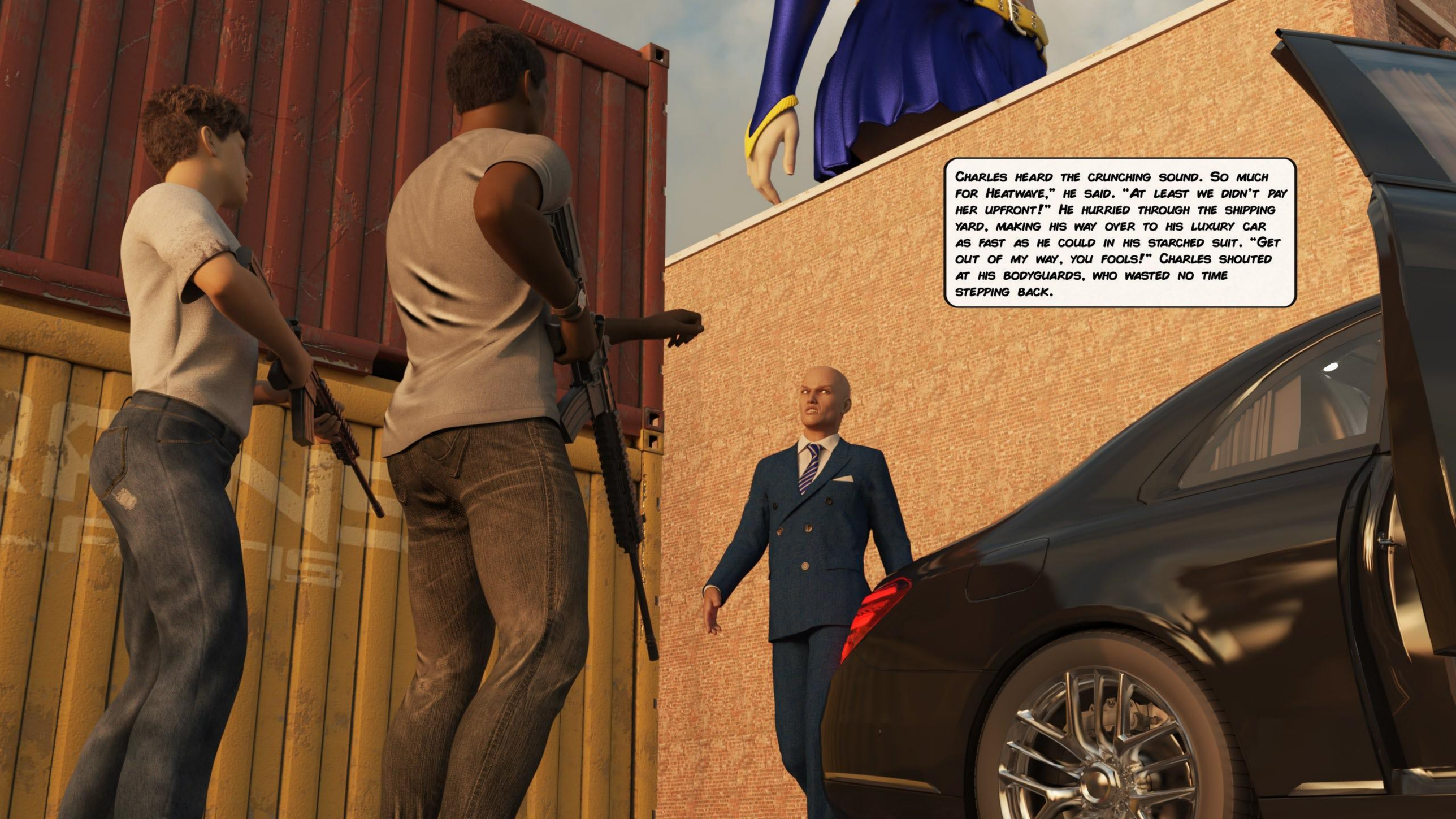

Heatwave looked back and saw the giant heel slam into the pavement behind her. She could feel the ground shaking from the sheer weight of Jeanette's footsteps. Jeanette had only taken a single step, but she had nearly caught up to Heatwave.
"Wait! Stop!" Heatwave pleaded. "I underestimated you! Clearly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


Gioyanni 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.

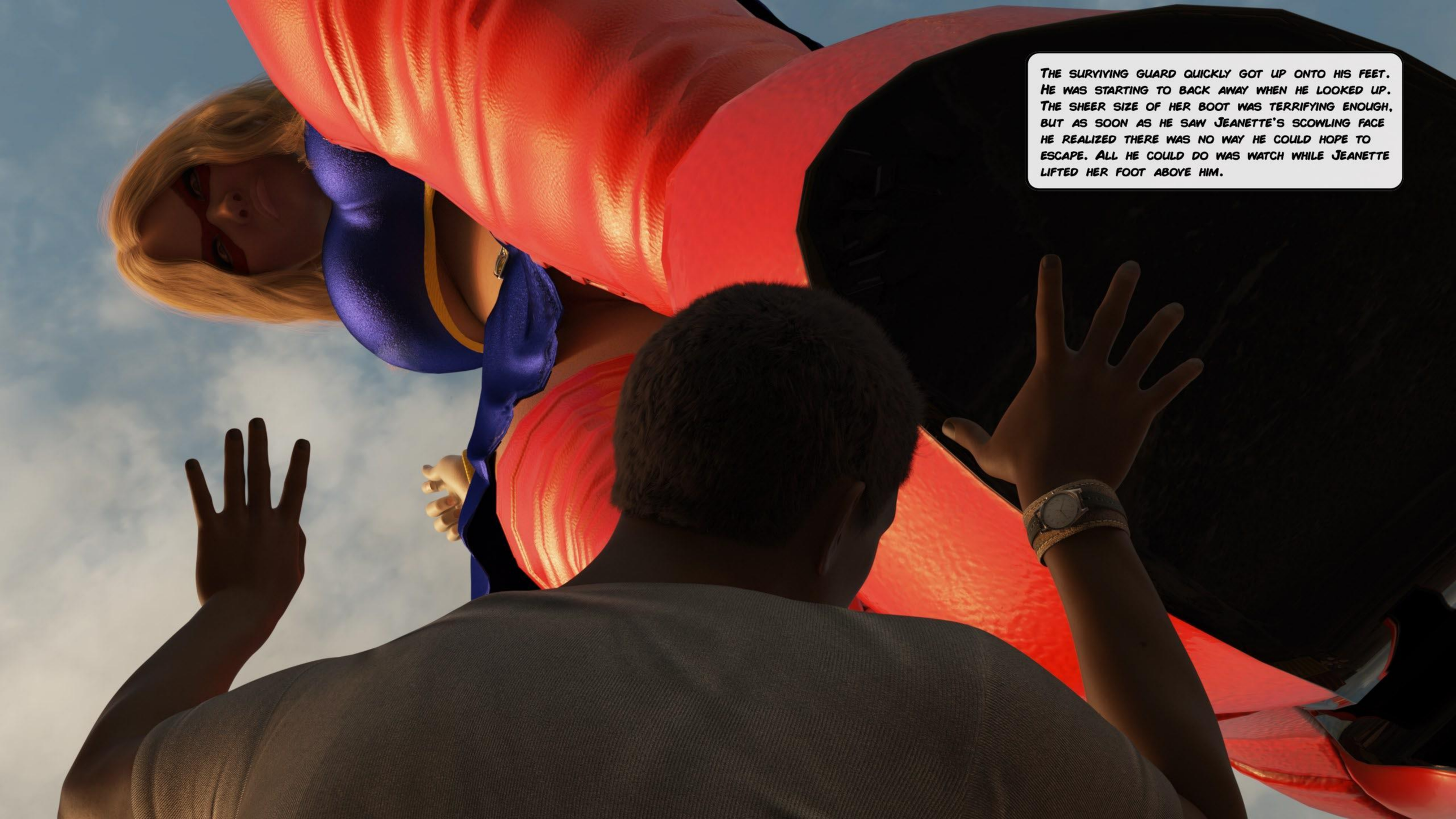

The guards opened fire on Jeanette once more. "Ouch!" Jeanette flinched when one of the bullets hit her straight in the eye. The bullet ricocheted, but to her surprise it actually stung a bit."All you did is make me mad, you stupid fucks!" Jeanette shouted. She raised the shipping container high above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

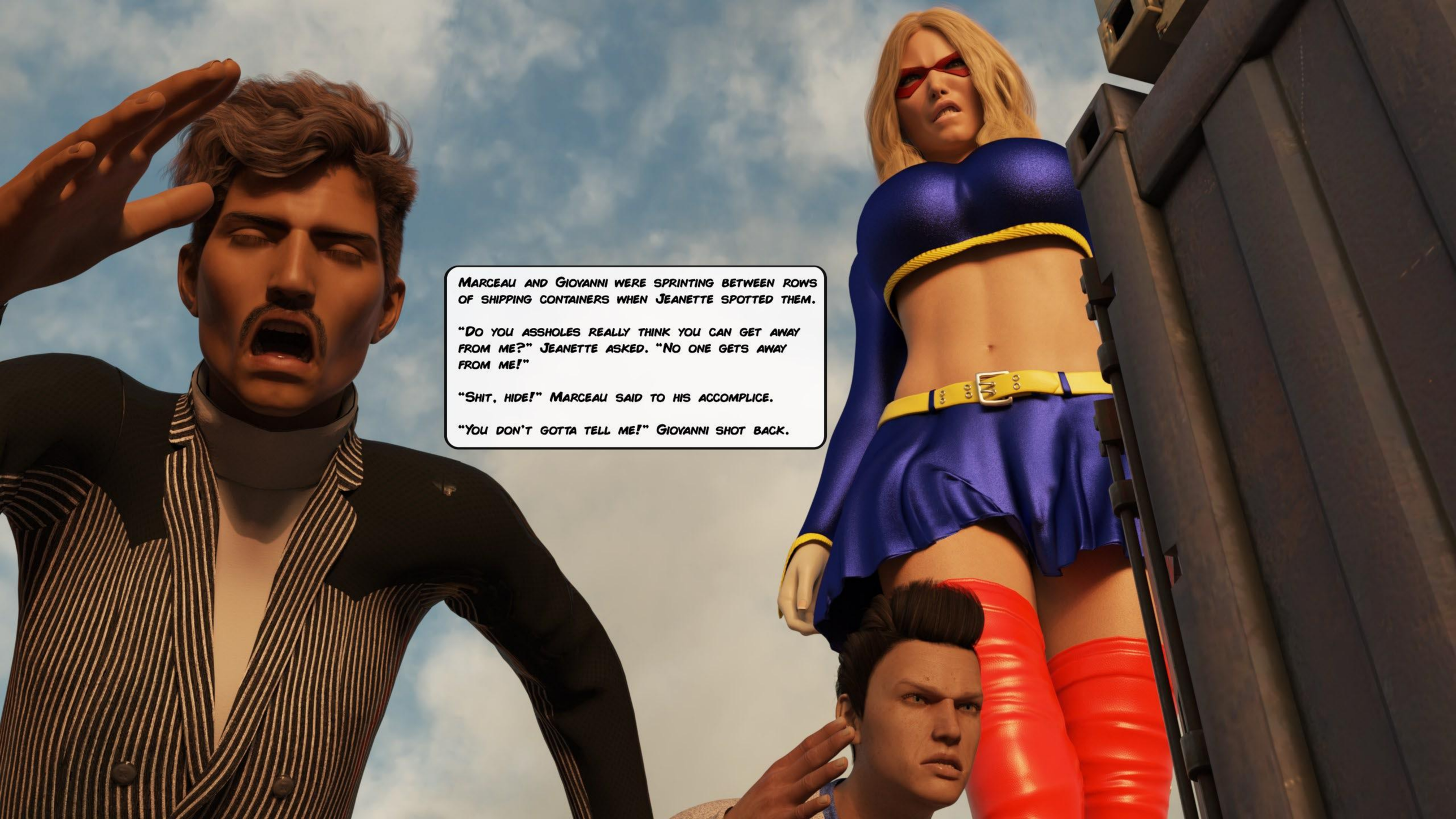

CRUUNCH
Not a second later, Jeanette's heel slammed down against the pavement. The guard was instantly flattened under Jeanette's powerful heel, splattering the guard with his blood.


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.


TRANSPORT
CONTAINER
BICU
2 746
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.

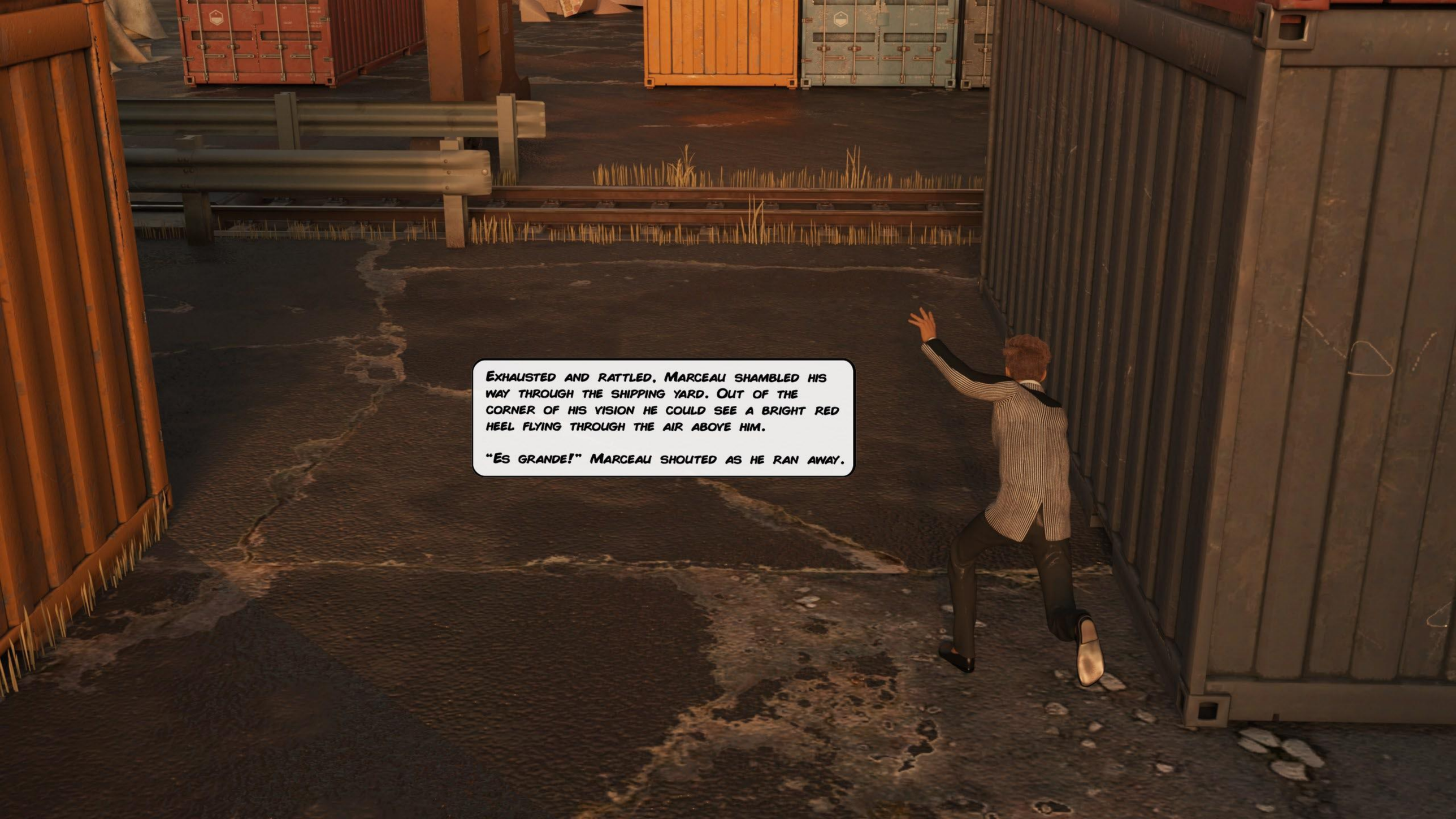

Marceau hid behind the nearest shipping crate. He tried to stand perfectly still, but he was so scared he was practically shaking. He shuddered when he heard the booming sound of her foot hitting the ground. Two booming steps later, and Jeanette was standing right behind him. The giant superhero was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


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28.840 KG
63.580 LBS
"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 moye 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--"



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
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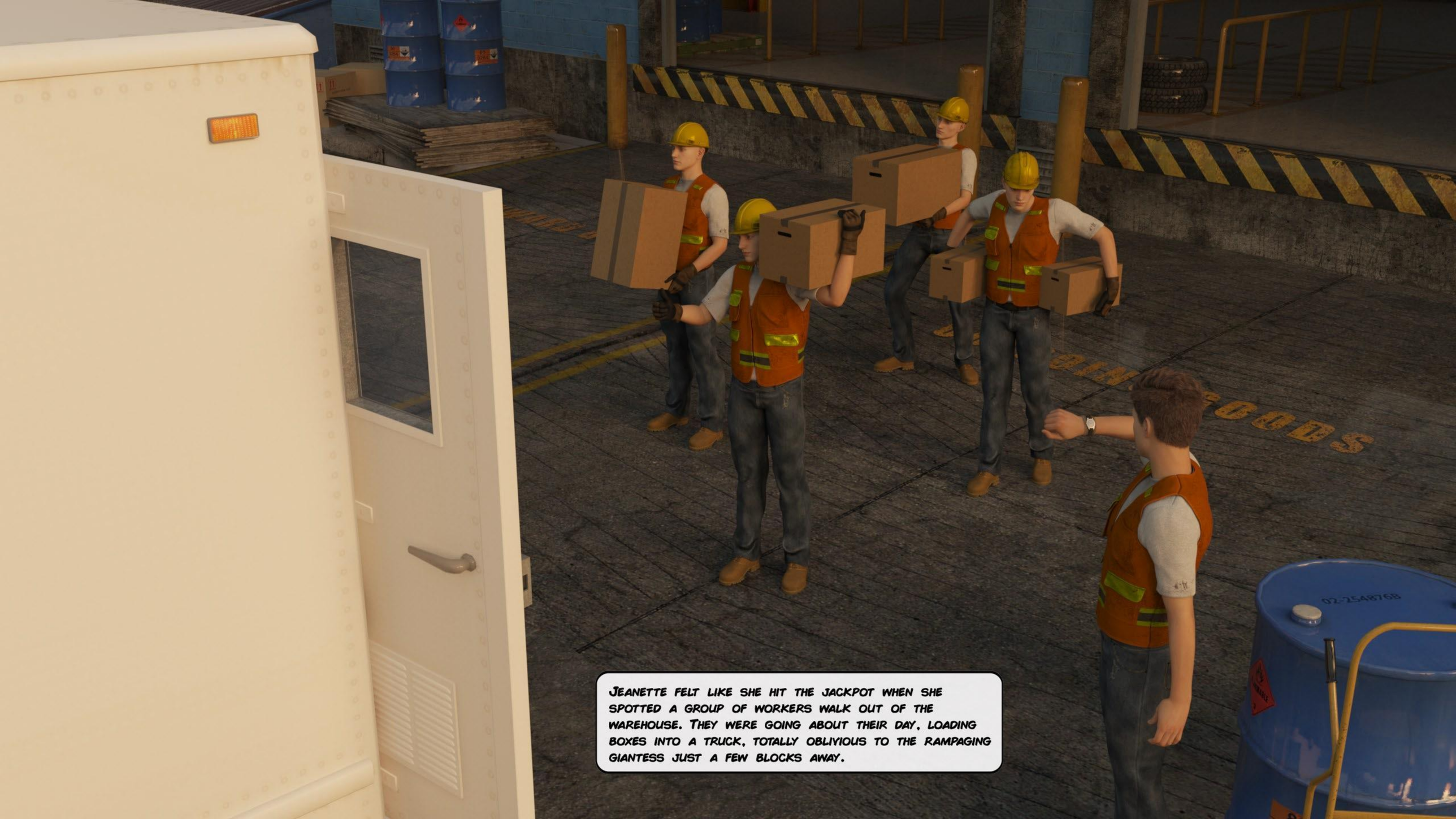

UNION X
Jeanette turned towards Yochanan and stared at the Israeli woman with fury in her eyes. "Now it's your turn!" Jeanette said.
"But--but I told you where he was!" Yochanan pleaded.


"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.

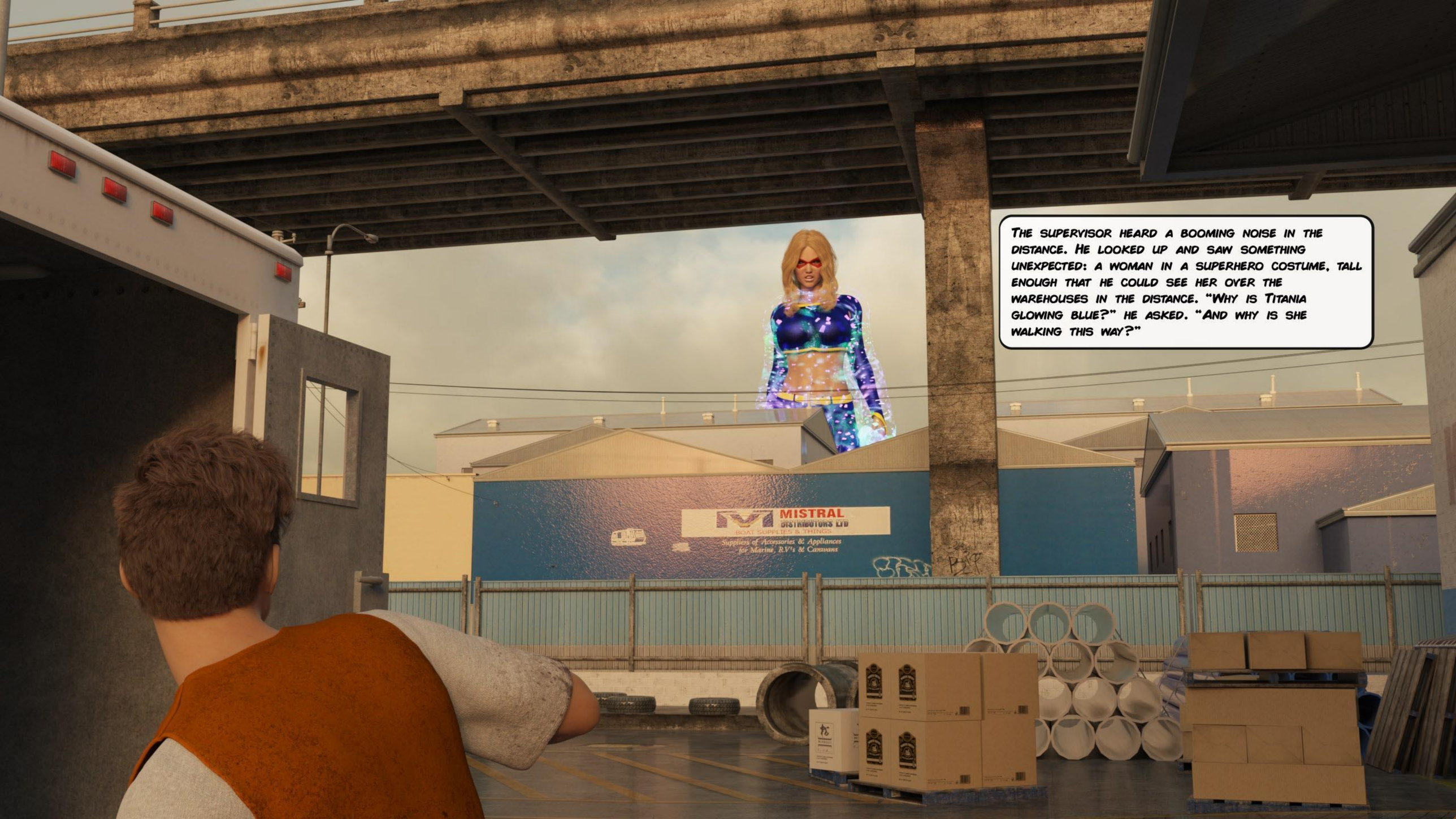

Jeanette sighed. "That's the last of the lackeys. The big boss looked like he was heading downtown... but it could take hours to find him, and I'm still hungry!" Jeanette groaned. "No one's gonna notice if I eat a few warehouse workers, right?" She squinted at a nearby warehouse, hoping to find someone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



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.


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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?"


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.
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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..."
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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.

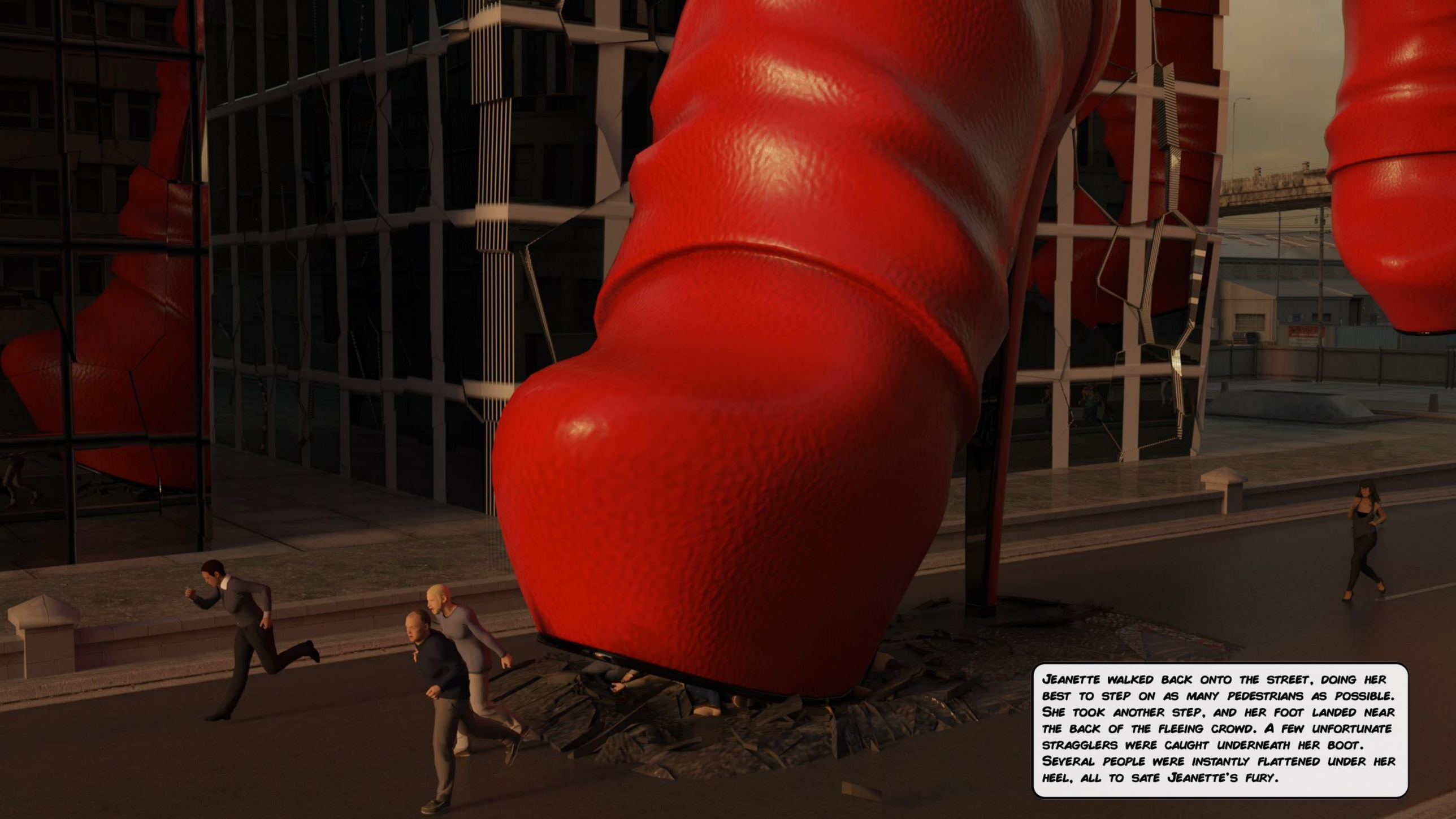

The supervisor couldn't bear to watch. He was still strapped into the front seat, but he could hear the screams of the men. "No, please, don't!" one of them pleaded. "Oh god, don't--" and then a sickly crunching sound. And another. And another.


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
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"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 coyer 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
APARTMENTS
HOTEL


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