

Honey, I have to grow again!

A Giantess Diane Szalinski Fan-Story – Heavy version



1993, somewhere in a quiet suburb of Las Vegas.

Diane Szalinski stood in the kitchen, wiping the last crumbs from the lunch table. Adam, now four years old, was happily playing with his Duplo blocks on the living room carpet. The sun streamed warmly through the window, but inside Diane's mind, a veritable storm was raging.

Amy, her now 18-year-old daughter, had been in Hong Kong for three months already. So far away! It had almost felt like she was trying to escape, using her semester abroad as nothing more than a pretext to get away from her crazy family for a while. And who could blame her?

Months had passed since that chaotic night when Diane herself had become a giantess. She had protected her little—or rather, gigantic—son, had caught a helicopter in her hand, and had not only completely dominated that arrogant Hendrickson but had ultimately knocked him out. The memory still made her pause. The power. The height. How tiny everything beneath her had seemed—and how safe she had felt in that moment. It had been frightening. And exhilarating. It had changed her completely... that much was certain.

Sometimes, when she was alone, she caught herself feeling a faint tingle run through her body... and she would fantasize about it. Being so strong. So gigantic and... invincible.

The doorbell snapped her out of her thoughts. Diane dried her hands on a dish towel and opened the front door.

In front of her stood Mae Thompson, the neighbor from across the street, holding a freshly baked apple pie in her hands and wearing a slightly too-bright smile.

"Diane! I hope I'm not intruding. I just baked way too much and thought... well, after everything you've been through..."

Diane smiled wearily but warmly. Mae had kept her distance over the past few months—no nosy questions, no sensationalist stares. Today, it seemed curiosity had finally won out.

"Come in, Mae. Coffee's ready in a minute."

A short while later, the two women sat at the kitchen table, the pie between them, while Adam played peacefully beside them with his Duplo blocks. Mae stirred her cup and studied Diane over the rim.

"So... what was it actually like?" she finally asked quietly. "Being a giantess? I mean... you... you were so incredibly huge! How did it feel?"

Diane stared into her coffee for a moment. A faint tingle ran through her stomach—not unpleasantly. The memory of those enormous strides, the awe on the faces of the people below her, the feeling of being able to see everything from above... She quickly pushed it aside.

"It was... overwhelming," she replied soberly. "Most of all, I was scared for Adam. Everything else suddenly seemed so small. And unimportant. In that moment... I barely had time to think."

Mae wasn't satisfied and pressed further: "But it must have been incredible! You were like a walking skyscraper... weren't you afraid you might accidentally—well, you know—crush someone underfoot?"

Diane flinched at the word. She cleared her throat and then said: "I tried to be careful. But yes... the responsibility was enormous. Literally. That's why... I made sure not to move around too much." She smiled faintly and stroked Adam's hair. "I just wanted to protect my little boy. The rest... that was secondary."

Mae nodded understandingly, but her eyes sparkled with curiosity. "And what about Amy? Aren't you worried about her?"

Diane blinked. "Amy? Why would I be? She's in Hong Kong, studying hard. Everything's fine, right?"

Mae hesitated, then set down her cup. "Haven't you been watching the news lately, Diane? Hong Kong is boiling over. The unrest is getting worse. Occupiers, rebels, some terrorist organizations... it's escalating. Street fights, military, civilians caught in the middle. Many families are already fleeing."

Diane went pale. She had hardly watched any news over the past few months. Every time the TV was on, she had only seen herself—the gigantic mother who had held Las Vegas in thrall. The footage had haunted her. It had been everywhere on television, constantly. Nothing seemed to fascinate the nation as much as her story!

"I... I didn't know," she whispered. Her hands gripped her cup tighter. Immediately, great worries grew in her heart. Uncertainty. She had to know what was going on!

Mae looked at her with concern. "Diane...?"

Diane set her cup down and tried to sound calm. "During our last phone call, Amy only mentioned a few political tensions. Nothing serious, she said. I shouldn't worry." Her voice sounded steadier than she actually felt. "Though that conversation was already two weeks ago. Long-distance calls are expensive, you know..."

Mae nodded sympathetically, but genuine concern lay in her eyes. Diane stood up, walked to the phone in the hallway, and dialed her daughter's number with trembling fingers. The ringtone came—once, twice—then a cold, mechanical beep. "The number you have dialed does not exist," said an automated voice.

Diane went pale. She slowly placed the receiver back down and turned to Mae. "I... I need to take care of this now, Mae. Thank you for the pie and... for the information. Really."

Mae understood the hint, stood up, and gave her a brief hug. "I understand. Thanks for the conversation... Take care of yourself, Diane. And of Amy."

As soon as the door clicked shut, Diane leaned against it for a moment. Stay calm, she told herself. Just don't panic. Adam was still playing obliviously in the living room. She took a deep breath, walked into the living room, and turned on the television.

Immediately, her own face flickered across the screen. Yet another one of those endless loops. If it weren't so annoying, she might have felt flattered that the whole world was talking about her.

A reporter stood at the old scene in Las Vegas, interviewing a man who was gesticulating wildly: "...I swear, she almost crushed me! I had to jump aside. It was damn close! That giantess—one more step, and I would've just been a smudge!"

Diane changed the channel, but the next one wasn't any better. A group of young women on a talk show were gushing: "She's a symbol of strong women! A mother who does everything for her child—just incredible! So perfect! I love her!"

And then, even more embarrassing, a few teenagers giggling: "I mean, I think she looked pretty hot even as a giantess..." and another added, "Yeah, man! She's totally hot! Can you imagine how big her boobs are?" And another: "She looks damn sexy... and she was so huge. That was awesome!"

A warm, telltale tingle spread through Diane's stomach. The memory of the height, the power, the stares from below—it still felt so alive. And exciting! She shook her head and kept channel-surfing, gripping the remote tightly.

Finally, on a news channel, a different report appeared. The images showed smoking streets in Hong Kong, burning barricades, people fleeing in panic. The anchor said in a grave voice: "The situation in the Crown Colony continues to escalate. Three factions are fighting for control: the British military as the remaining occupying force, Chinese forces vehemently asserting their claim over the city, and radical independence fighters who act without regard for civilians. The population is being ground up between the front lines."

Then came an image that hit Diane like a punch to the gut: An Asian family fleeing through rubble. The mother clutched a little girl to her chest while the father carried a bleeding child in his arms. The girl was crying heartbreakingly, her eyes full of terror.

Diane stared at the screen, her hand over her mouth. Her maternal instincts exploded within her. Amy. Her little girl was somewhere out there in that chaos. Of course, she also felt sorry for all the other people experiencing such horrors... but as a mother, her thoughts were naturally focused first and foremost on her own daughter.

She felt fear and helplessness rising within her. She hadn't felt like this in a long time!

At that moment, Diane heard the familiar key in the lock. Wayne came in hurriedly, briefcase under his arm, his face flushed with excitement.

"Diane! You won't believe it!" he called out immediately, even as he was kicking off his shoes. "At the company today, we had a real breakthrough! The new version of the machine—compact, portable! All the components are much smaller and fit into a suitcase. This will make all the tests so much easier, and we can finally—"

"Wayne." Diane's voice was quiet but sharp. She pointed at the television, where images from Hong Kong were flickering again. "Amy is there... And we had no idea about any of this."

Wayne fell silent. He stepped closer to the TV, saw the smoking streets, the fleeing people. His face turned serious.

"Oh... Okay... that doesn't look good at all."

Diane briefly told him what Mae had said and about the chaotic conditions in Hong Kong. Wayne nodded thoughtfully.

"Okay, then we'll call her right now and book her the next flight home. Simple as that."

"I already tried calling, Wayne. The number supposedly doesn't exist. Maybe the lines are dead... or who knows what!"

He stared at her. The excitement from moments ago had vanished completely. But then Diane noticed exactly that — she looked at the suitcase he had brought and remembered his words.

"Wait a minute... The portable version," she said quietly. "The one you just mentioned."

Wayne blinked. "Diane... What... what are you getting at?"

Then, very slowly, it seemed to dawn on him what his wife had just suggested. Diane looked at him, and there was something in her eyes—a determination he knew all too well. The same eyes that had stared at him back in Las Vegas, just before she told him her idea about enlarging herself... becoming a giantess...

He shook his head vigorously. "Oh no... no, no, no... we absolutely cannot do that!"

"Yes." The words came pouring out of her now. "I could fly to Hong Kong. We book a flight today. I could search for Amy on the ground there... well... as a giantess... and get her out. And maybe... maybe I could also do something for all those other families, Wayne..." Her

voice broke slightly. "I've been giant before. I know what it feels like. I know what power, what responsibility, and what potential lies within that! I can do this."

Wayne ran his hands through his hair, pacing a few steps around the room. "Diane, that's... that's insane. We're still dealing with the legal fallout from the Vegas incident. Investigations, lawyers, the press... If you show up as a giantess again—and in an international crisis zone, no less—that could make everything so much worse."

He stopped and looked at her. For quiet a long time. Finally, he sighed deeply. "But... it does make sense logically. As a giantess, no one could stop nor hurt you. Everyone would get out of your way... and that would certainly be a safe way in and out... I can't deny that. You're the only one who could even do something like this. And when it comes to Amy..."

He left the sentence hanging in the air.

Diane stood up, walked over to him, and took his hand. In the background, the news continued—images of chaos and fear.

"I'm doing this, Wayne. I want to. Absolutely."

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Three days later – Hong Kong International Airport, evening.

Diane felt like she'd been through the wringer. The long flight, the worries, sleepless nights, and the constant uncertainty about Amy—everything weighed heavily on her shoulders. Wayne had stayed home with Adam and Nick, but he'd given her the small suitcase. The portable version of the machine was truly small, barely larger than a remote control, and sat securely in her handbag.

The line at immigration control moved at a painfully slow pace. Diane tapped her foot impatiently. Every minute counted. She couldn't wait any longer.

"Excuse me," she murmured and left the queue.

She wandered around until she found a somewhat more secluded corner of the terminal, where large glass panels led out to the tarmac and there was enough space to grow. But... there were still quite a lot of people in this airport...

She stopped. Her thoughts raced back to Mae's words: Weren't you afraid you might accidentally crush someone?

She took a deep breath. But she had been afraid. What if she crushed someone?

But what else could she do? She thought it over and looked around... then down at herself. She was wearing a light blouse combined with her typical orange jacket, along with practical wide-legged pants she'd chosen for the trip.

She wasn't wearing anything heavy, had barely any luggage with her, so she could focus entirely on the situation and her feelings. That would have to be enough. Right?

She looked down at her feet. She was wearing her favorite white Converse sneakers.

Should she take them off? Would it be safer barefoot? But wouldn't that be a bit strange?

She shook her head. Being careful will surely be enough.

Resolutely, she pulled out the small machine, double-checked that she had enough space and that no one was dangerously close, then aimed it at herself and pressed the trigger.

A deep hum filled the air. Then came the jolt.

Diane grew explosively. Her body expanded in all directions, magnified a hundredfold in just a few seconds!

The terminal roof burst apart with a deafening crash. Glass and metal rained down like confetti as people, completely shocked, fled screaming in panic. The entire building trembled under the sudden force of her growth!

When the growth stopped, Diane towered as a giantess over 170 meters tall from the ruins of the half-destroyed terminal. Her blonde, shoulder-length mane swayed slightly in the evening wind, her face serious and focused, her blue eyes assessing the damage she had caused. The building was badly damaged, but no one seemed to have been hurt.

From her elevated perspective, the people looked like tiny ants—panicked, but also fascinated. Some stared up, pointing fingers, while others just kept running. Diane slowly gazed across the chaos. She felt her own presence and power clearly. It was a surreal feeling to be so huge!

She carefully lifted one foot and took a large step out of the demolished building, setting it down several dozen meters away on an open area. She looked around again. The lights of Hong Kong city glowed on the horizon in the twilight—a sea of skyscrapers, neon, and chaos. Somewhere out there was Amy.

But it was still a relatively long way there...

"I'm coming," Diane whispered, more to herself than to the tiny figures below her. Her voice still echoed like distant thunder across the grounds.

With another careful step, she began to make her way through the airport.

Diane stomped across the airport grounds, and with every step, she became more aware of just how colossal she had truly become. Her Converse sneakers pressed deep into the asphalt, each one large enough to bury several trucks in a row. Below her, tiny figures swarmed—Asians in uniforms and civilian clothing—fleeing from her screaming and stumbling. She could see them clearly: the tiny faces full of panic, the arms held protectively over heads, the small bodies crowding between vehicles and luggage carts. Buildings that had seemed large just minutes ago now only reached just above her knees. Planes at the gates stood like colorful toys, their fuselages barely longer than her legs.

She made a conscious effort to be careful and to step deliberately. When a small group of people stood directly in her path, she lifted her foot higher and set it down several meters to the side—but the earthquake caused by her sole still threw the tiny people to the ground. Diane gritted her teeth. Careful. I have to be careful!

The people lay on the ground, perplexed, staring after the giantess. For a brief moment, they had thought their last hour had come! And when the giantess's long legs swung over them only to land further away... what a moment! A moment none of them would ever forget!

Diane continued stomping forward, stepping over some planes and terminals... then she saw something. At the edge of the tarmac stood several military transport planes and fighter jets, clearly marked with British insignia. The same machines that had been

mentioned in the news as part of the occupation and the escalation. The machines that terrorized civilians. Diane stopped. The memory of the fleeing family with the crying children flared up brightly within her—and with it, a hot rage. Her jaw tightened.

Without hesitating long, she lifted her right foot and stomped right onto one of the large transport planes. The impact was tremendous. Metal crunched and buckled, the fuselage crushed in the middle like an empty can. The plane collapsed in on itself, the wings snapping off. A second stomp completely destroyed one of the fighter jets—under her sole, it became a tangled heap of twisted metal. The machines were unflyable. Destroyed.

Soldiers and pilots streamed panicking out of the planes and hangars. Tiny figures in uniforms ran from her enormous Converse sneakers, which could have so easily crushed them if she'd wanted to. And maybe she should have... but this time, she let them run. The little ones ran in panic. Some stumbled and fell. Diane looked down at the half-crushed planes. A strange, warm feeling of satisfaction spread through her. The tingle she had felt back in the terminal grew stronger. More distinct. It felt... good to be so powerful... to be in control!

She took a deep breath and stomped onward—this time directly over the lower buildings of the airport, toward the glittering lights of the city. Every step made the earth tremble as she continued along the edge of a country road...

The lights of Hong Kong sparkled in the distance as dusk fell, like a vast, restless sea of neon and fire. Smoke rose in several places—barricades were burning, sirens wailed in the distance. From up here, she could clearly see the traces of the conflict: military convoys pushing along the country roads, burning roadblocks here and there, and small groups of people now fleeing in panic because of her, or leaving the road to dive behind bushes and trees for cover.

It all looked so small. So fragile.

The tingle in her body was still there, warm and pulsing. She felt immense, almost superhuman—her Converse sneakers rested on the crumbling asphalt. The cool evening air brushed against her skin, her giant blouse stretched slightly across her chest, and her long legs seemed endless. Below her, tiny figures ran in all directions, some pointing upward, others falling to their knees. Some screamed in terror, others stared up at her with a mixture of awe and despair. A living giantess. The American woman. The one from the news...

"So many people. And this is just a country road and suburbs. I really have to be careful," she thought. For Amy. For all the others.

Even though she walked slowly and always stepped carefully, the ground still trembled violently with each step. Nearby buildings developed cracks, cars bounced like toys! She had to move onto the road because she was now entering areas with denser settlements. Immediately, she felt the crunching of asphalt and debris under her sole with every step.

Diane tried to use the widest traffic arteries, where the crowds could disperse more easily... But there was also more activity there. She stomped slowly toward the brightly lit skyscrapers of Hong Kong, her steps deliberately long and controlled. Each impact of her feet made windowpanes rattle and people scatter in panic.

From below, she must have looked like a walking colossal statue—blonde hair in the evening wind, her calm, determined facial features, her enormous long legs... She was aware of her appearance, even if she'd never seen herself that way before; by now, she had seen enough reports about herself as a giantess to know how she affected many people: absolutely overwhelming and breathtaking!

She felt that some people didn't flee but instead stood still and looked up at her. Fear. Astonishment. Wonder... Some in absolute awe. The tingle inside her grew stronger as she realized this.

"I'm not here to harm you," she murmured softly, more to herself. Her voice echoed like distant thunder over the city. "I'm only looking for my daughter... and I will show those who are hurting you that this was not a good idea!"

Not too far away, she saw military vehicles hastily taking up positions. Apparently, they wanted to cut off her path... As if they knew what she was planning! Diane took a deep breath and stomped onward, carefully but unstoppable. The city lay practically at her feet. And she was ready to do whatever it took to find her daughter!

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Diane continued stomping, following the wide highways and country roads that stretched like gray ribbons through the landscape. She paid close attention to where she placed her gigantic feet. Nevertheless, it was impossible not to leave traces. With gentle but inevitable movements, she pushed stationary and abandoned cars aside with her sneakers, as if they were mere toys. The vehicles slid squealing across the asphalt, some tipping over.

Below her, people ran in panic. Screams echoed up to her, tiny figures scattered, fell, scrambled back up. Others, however, stopped. At the roadside, on bridges, in the windows of taller buildings—they stared up at her. Many recognized her. The images from Las Vegas had gone around the world. "The giantess mother!" someone called out. Others fell to their knees or pointed reverently upward. A living legend. A blonde American giantess, a true Titaness who had come.

Diane noticed it. The tingle in her body grew stronger, almost electric. Her back straightened, her chin lifted slightly. The self-confidence she had always had as an ordinary woman was now massively amplified. She didn't just feel large—she felt absolutely powerful.

Further ahead was the barricade she could now see more clearly as she drew closer. Chinese military. Tanks, sandbags, soldiers in combat gear. They were blocking the road leading into the city.

Diane stopped, her enormous feet on both sides of the roadway. Her voice thundered across the area:

"Get out of my way. And leave this city. I'm only looking for my daughter, but if you continue to cause suffering, I will crush you!"

The answer came in the form of machine-gun fire and rockets. The projectiles peppered against her legs and lower body. It hurt—like poisonous insect stings—but barely injured her.

Diane's face darkened. An annoyed expression settled over her features. "I told you to get out of the way..."

She lifted her right foot. From below, the soldiers saw the colossal blonde American woman towering above them. Her face was determined, almost stern. The giant Converse sole descended slowly. For the men below, it was as if the sky itself was coming down on them. Some screamed, others fired desperately until the enormous shoe sole came down on them.

The impact was merciless. The soldiers and a tank were simply crushed flat under her immense sole. Metal crunched, bodies gave way. The rubber and pressure of her Converse sole were the last thing they felt—a brief, overwhelming moment of unimaginable force before they simply burst and were mashed. The sole pressed them deep into the asphalt, leaving a distinct, bloody imprint.

Diane set her foot down and felt the slight crunch. The tingle surged through her like a hot wave. She had to admit to herself that it felt good in a strange way. The power. The finality. The way this threat simply... disappeared beneath her.

She shook her head briefly, as if to banish the thought, and stomped onward into the city. Amy was waiting somewhere out there ahead.

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Diane continued stomping toward the illuminated skyline of Hong Kong. The streets became fuller, the buildings taller. Again and again, Chinese military convoys and tanks appeared, trying to block the roads or harass civilians. Each time, she crushed the threat without much hesitation, even though she was fully aware of what she was doing—she also knew why and for what purpose it was good! Tanks were flattened like tin cans, soldiers disappeared under her sole and ended up as smears in the asphalt.

Every now and then, she stopped briefly and looked down. Her footprints were pressed deep into the asphalt—enormous, clearly visible, with fine cracks in the ground. Sometimes she lifted her foot slightly and looked at her own shoe sole. The imprint of metal and human bodies clung to her tread pattern. A strange feeling ran through her each time.

What must it have been like for them?, she thought. Just like that... to be crushed by a woman. By me...

The thought was harsh, but it didn't feel wrong. They had provoked her. They had shot at her. They had threatened civilians. They had brought it upon themselves. The thought wasn't just comforting—it was somehow deeply satisfying. Especially when she saw people cheering at the roadside. Some waved, others called out something she didn't understand, but their demeanor was clear: they were on her side. They recognized that she was doing the right thing. All these people had endured oppression for long enough. But still: she had crushed people. For the first time in her life, she had simply crushed real people!

The tingle in her body grew stronger every time she thought about it and heard that cheering. She wasn't the monster. She was the one bringing balance and justice!

A little further ahead, behind a destroyed barricade, more soldiers were crouching behind a jeep. Among them was Chinese soldier Li Wei. She was only twenty-two, had only been following orders. Shoot at anything that approached. The giant blonde American woman had simply... appeared. Like a nightmare. Her colleagues had fired... and so had she...

Li Wei was trembling. Her hands gripped the rifle so tightly that her knuckles stood out white. When the colossal figure drew nearer, she raised her weapon and fired again. The bullets bounced off the giantess's enormous legs—useless. They didn't even penetrate the material of her pants!

The American woman looked down. Her face was determined, almost calm. Li Wei threw away her weapon and ran. She ran as fast as she could, heart racing, tears in her eyes. But the giantess's steps thundered behind her, and under them, some of her colleagues met their end!

The ground trembled. She dared to glance upward—and froze internally. The gigantic woman was beautiful. Even in this moment of fear, Li Wei could see it clearly: the long blonde hair blowing in the wind, the clear features, the calm superiority in her eyes. A living legend. A destructive colossus, breathtaking Titan.

The enormous Converse shoe lifted above her. Li Wei screamed. The rubber sole descended—slowly, inexorably. The soldier felt the tread pattern, the material, the enormous force contained in that giant sole. Felt herself being pressed down, powerful and merciless.

The pressure was light at first, but quickly became unimaginably heavy and then extremely painful!

Her last thoughts were not just fear. She was overwhelmed by the beauty and power of the woman who was killing her. Finally, her body gave way to the pressure and she was completely crushed into pulp.

Diane set her foot down and felt the familiar crunch under her sole. She glanced down briefly, saw the fresh imprint. The thought came again, clear and satisfying: Good. They deserved it.

She stomped onward—slowly into the city! Amy was somewhere out there ahead. She knew what the building she was staying in looked like... And she would find her—no matter how difficult it would be in this labyrinth of high-rises!

But Diane quickly ran into other problems: The streets were becoming denser and denser... Packed with cars and people. She was about to take another step... Her Converse hovered over countless cars and people.

Diane paused. "Damn... I can't step down... There are people everywhere here. Way too many!" She pulled her foot back and looked around. Of course the streets were full here—this was Hong Kong! A full-packed metropolis!

She absolutely had to keep going... but she couldn't just crush innocent civilians! Soldiers who were guilty of killing... that was one thing... but ordinary innocent people with families and loved ones?ä Unacceptable!

But what was she supposed to do?

She looked down at herself and at her shoes. She wore size 40 shoes... at her current size, that was about 25 meters, right? Well, and with shoes, at least 30 meters... and 10 meters wide! At least!

She thought it over and bit her lower lip... "What if I take off my shoes... then I'd have a bit more room to step. And people would have more space to flee... to the sides... Maybe some would even fit under my arches, there is plenty of room too. But my feet are definitely all sweaty now."

At the thought, her heart beat faster again. "I can't do that... The poor people would be so close to my sweaty feet!"

She shook her head. "That would be way too much. Completely disrespectful. But..." She looked at her shoes again and compared their size with the street and surrounding buildings. "But barefoot would be so much easier... and in case of doubt, I'd also feel if I did step on someone, right? After all, bare feet are very sensitive."

Diane took a deep breath. Finally, she took off her shoes, placed them neatly on the roof of a larger building, and looked at her bare feet on the street below. Instead of taking up 4 lanes, her bare feet now took up barely 3 lanes of the road.

"Good grief... my toes are as big as cars!" she realized... and she already noticed the smell of sweat... but luckily it wasn't too bad... but down there, it must have been much more intense for the people, right? But now she really did have more room... and barefoot, she would dare to keep walking. She would be careful... and she would feel it if she stepped on someone... That would have to be enough...

She took another deep breath and walked on resolutely...

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Amy's Apartment, Hong Kong

In a small but cozy apartment on the eighth floor of an apartment building in the Kowloon district, three people sat closely together. Outside, chaos raged. Molotov cocktails flew, tanks rolled through the narrow streets, gunshots echoed between the high-rises. The air smelled of smoke and fear.

Amy Szalinski sat on the couch, nervously clutching her teacup. She had never imagined that political tensions could escalate so quickly into open street fighting.

Next to her sat her best friend Mei Lin, a young Asian mother in her early twenties, with her three-year-old daughter Li Na on her lap. Li Na was flipping boredly through the TV channels in search of cartoons.

And then there was Kai, a lanky nineteen-year-old boy who took the same university courses as Amy and, like her, came from the USA. He stood at the window, looking out nervously.

"We barely have any food left," Amy said quietly. "Just two small bags of rice and a little vegetables. If this keeps up..."

Kai turned around. "I could organize something. Downstairs in the block, there's a small black market... a few jeeps that show up here and there. I just need a few dollars."

Amy hesitated, then nodded and handed him a few bills from her wallet. "Be careful, Kai. Please."

He gave a crooked smile, trying to look cool. "Be right back." He went to the door, took the elevator, and disappeared.

Amy closed the door behind him and leaned her back against it. Her heart was pounding in her throat. She didn't like it at all when her friends went out there...

She sat back down on the couch next to Mei Lin. Li Na had finally found a cartoon and was distracted for a moment.

"It's crazy," Mei Lin whispered. "A few weeks ago, everything was still normal. And now..."

Amy nodded and took her friend's hand. "Still, I don't regret coming here. I'm so glad I met you, Mei Lin. I don't think I've ever had such a good friend as you. When I arrived here, I was completely lost. You took me in as a neighbor right away, showed me where to shop cheaply, showed me the best street stalls..."

Mei Lin smiled, despite the fear. "And you helped me with my English learning project and played with Li Na when I had to work. I think we're even."

Amy smiled. "True. But it's more than that. We have so many of the same interests—movies, music, even the same favorite café. It feels like we've been friends forever. So everything will be alright. I will stay here with you guys."

The two young women leaned against each other, a small moment of warmth amid the chaos outside.

Suddenly, Li Na changed the channel. A news station flickered on. And there she was. A giant woman. Blonde, beautiful, and determined, stomping through the streets. Amy had seen such images many times before... but something was different... something caught her attention... Then she noticed it: In the background, the skyscrapers of Hong Kong were clearly visible. These were current images! She was here!

Amy froze. "That... that's my mom!"

She jumped up, ran to the small balcony, and looked out. There, at the edge of the city far in the distance, a colossal figure loomed—her mother, stomping through the streets, past skyscrapers that barely reached her hips. Now she also noticed it... the slight trembling of the earth whenever her mother stepped.

Amy's heart raced. Joy. Incredible, overwhelming joy—and at the same time, a deep, paralyzing fear of what might happen.

"Mom..." she whispered. "You're really here."

Mei followed her onto the balcony and widened her eyes when she saw the giantess too. "Is that even real...? And... she's your mother? You said she's really your mother?"

Amy didn't answer immediately. She had gripped the railing with her hands, nervous. Her mother was still far away—a massive silhouette at the city's edge, slowly but inexorably

drawing closer. Each of her steps made the windows in the surrounding buildings rattle softly.

Amy knew: It would still be a while before Diane reached her apartment building. But her mother knew the address. It was only a matter of time until she arrived.

She went back into the living room. Mei Lin followed her and stared again at the television, where reports about the giant woman were still running. Li Na came and snuggled up to her mother.

"Mei... yes... that's my mother," Amy said quietly.

"Really? But... how? That's the giant woman from Las Vegas, right?"

Amy closed her eyes. "I didn't want to tell anyone. Not even you. I just wanted to live a normal life. That's why I went so far away from America. The whole giantess story... it wasn't supposed to define my life."

Mei Lin needed a moment, then she slowly nodded. "I understand. But... what does she want here? Is she here because of the unrest?"

Amy nodded. "I suspect she wants to take me home... because it's so unsafe here... I should have expected that."

Mei scratched her head. "Okay, I can understand that. But... how is she supposed to get through the city without..." She didn't finish the sentence. Instead, she looked back at the screen. "Well. I have to admit, she looks... stunningly beautiful. How old is she? She must be at least over 40, right?"

Amy nodded: "Yes. She turned 48 this year."

"She's aged well. She looks amazing... And she's so tall. So powerful."

Amy was confused. "What do you mean by that?"

Mei had to smirk. "I mean, your mom looks really hot. It would be quite an awesome death... to be crushed by her. Must be pretty intense!"

Amy didn't find it funny at all. "Mei, that's not funny. My mom won't crush anyone!"

Mei smiled and pointed at the television... there, in a video, was the perspective of a military reporter who first filmed his comrades and then panned the camera upward. You could see Diane towering over them... her determined gaze and then just her Converse sole coming down on them and the image going black.

"Oh shit! Mom!" Amy gasped in shock.

But Mei wasn't shocked at all... rather, she was excited. She flipped to another channel: "Look at this. The people are cheering for your mom. After all, she crushed enemy soldiers."

Amy's voice went hoarse. "Yeah, okay... but still... Besides... that's my mother, dammit... And out there are thousands of people in the streets. And you're right, she'll hardly be able to get here through the dense traffic... without... well... Without..."

"Without crushing quite a few people?" Mei completed her sentence. "Yep. That's probably not going to work... But... but..." She suddenly paused while watching the screen. "Wait, what is she doing there? Oh, she's taking off her shoes...? And she's continuing barefoot? Wow, how hot is that! And what beautiful feet she has! Who wouldn't want to be squashed by her?" She said that almost dreamily, which made Amy look at her irritably from the side.

"Man, Amy, you're sometimes really weird! Think about the people! And besides: Kai is still out there!"

She grabbed her jacket. "I have to go out. I need to warn him and bring him back. If my mom shows up here, everything will probably escalate even more."

Mei Lin turned to her and gently held her arm. "Amy, stay here. Your mother will look for you here. If she doesn't find you, she'll have to search the whole city for you. You don't want that either, do you? So I'll go. I was planning to visit my mother today anyway and take Li Na to her. Better now, before it gets even more dangerous."

Amy hesitated. Everything inside her resisted letting her friend go. But Mei was right. It was dangerous out there... but it would probably only get worse later!

"Okay... but please be careful," Amy whispered and hugged her friend tightly. "And take care of Li Na."

Mei Lin nodded, took her daughter in her arms, and smiled bravely. "We'll see each other later. Promise. And then I definitely want to meet your mother. That can be arranged, right?"

Amy nodded with an uncertain expression on her face. "Sure."

The door clicked shut behind them. Amy was alone.

She sat down on the couch, her hands trembling in her lap. Outside were unrest and chaos... and her friends were in danger... and on top of that, her mother's footsteps were thundering closer. What a nightmare!

The walls vibrated slightly. Amy stared at the television, where images of the giant blonde woman stomping through the streets of Hong Kong were still playing—majestic, unstoppable.

Her heart raced. Joy. Fear. Hope. And a deep, gnawing worry for everyone who was out there right now.

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Diane stomped deeper into the city. The skyscrapers of Hong Kong rose around her like trees made of concrete—many barely reached her hips. She felt enormous. Unimaginably enormous. Among all these buildings that were so impressive to normal people, she felt like a living force of nature.

Beneath her bare, sweaty feet, chaos reigned. Thousands of people stared up at her—some ran away screaming, others stood frozen at the roadside, watching with a mixture

of panic and awe. Cars were backed up, honking desperately, people jumped out of vehicles and fled on foot.

Diane felt her heart racing. She saw families, mothers pulling their children by the hand, fathers running protectively ahead of them. The sight struck her deeply. And all these people were down there... almost literally beneath her sweaty feet! She desperately hoped the smell wasn't too strong.

"Sorry... I hope my feet don't smell too bad," she murmured embarrassedly as she swung her leg forward and her sole passed over countless screaming people and cars. She stepped down very slowly.

"Get out of the cars!" she called out in a thundering voice. "Run if you don't want to be crushed! I have to get through here—I'm only looking for my daughter!"

Her words echoed like thunder through the street canyons. Many obeyed immediately. Doors flew open, people streamed onto the sidewalks.

Diane tried to be as careful as possible. She placed her enormous feet on the emptiest spots on the road... Nevertheless, she crushed several abandoned vehicles. The metal crunched under her warm, soft sole, the tires burst, windows shattered. She fervently hoped the cars were empty. But she knew better. It was quite likely that some were dumb enough to stay in their cars... Or too frightened to leave... But she couldn't change that... and she kept walking...

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From below, it looked completely different.

In a silver Toyota stuck in traffic sat a young family. The father honked frantically, the mother held her two children tightly. When the gigantic, bare foot of the blonde giantess appeared above them—enormous, beautifully shaped, slightly glistening with sweat—the mother screamed. The children cried. The foot descended slowly, inexorably. The last seconds were an overwhelming sight: the soft, warm skin They could see through the windshields, the fine lines of the sole, the immense force descending. Then came the pressure and the roof of the car collapsed onto them. The car was crushed flat like an empty can. The family inside simply squashed... in just a moment.

Diane felt the wet crunch. A brief sting of guilt shot through her. But the tingle was stronger. Knowing that these people had died under her sweaty bare foot sole... The contrast to her own lightness was far too extreme to process. It was pure intoxication of power. Pure, overwhelming superiority.

She continued on with mixed feelings. She had to get to her daughter.

The city trembled beneath her steps. People ran, others even cheered or stared reverently up at the colossal, beautiful woman striding like a blonde goddess through their streets. Others just saw her as a dangerous monster.

And Diane continued stomping through the narrow street canyons—empathetic, determined, and with an ever-growing conflict of shame and intoxication in her chest.

The skyscrapers stood quite close around her and were rarely taller than she was, and the city pulsed beneath her bare feet. Chaos everywhere. Abandoned cars, burning barricades, people fleeing in panic or stopping in awe.

Ahead of her, the first major British blockade appeared. Sandbags, barbed wire, tanks, and soldiers in British uniforms. Diane rolled her eyes and wondered if she should have kept her shoes on. She stopped, her colossal figure casting a long shadow over the position, while from the soldiers' perspective, the moon glowed directly behind her golden hair.

"Get out of my way," she called out in a deep, echoing voice. "I'm just on my way to my daughter. If you don't let me through and leave the city in peace, I will crush you."

Here too, the answer was immediate machine-gun fire and the thunder of tank cannons. The projectiles peppered against her legs and hips—painful, but thanks to her pants, completely harmless.

Diane felt a hot wave shoot through her body. She could hardly believe what she was feeling. An almost arousing feeling of superiority. She had wanted exactly this response, and she could hardly wait to crush these helpless soldiers under her bare, sweaty feet this time.

Slowly, she lifted her right foot. From below, the soldiers saw the colossal blonde American woman towering above them—beautiful, majestic, inexorable. The soft, warm sole hovered threateningly over them and descended. Some continued firing, others tried to flee. In vain.

Diane stepped down and pressed slowly. The soldiers were pinned against the ground under the moist-warm bare sole, the skin literally molding around the tiny figures, and they felt nothing but pressure and warmth and the intense smell of her sweat. All were in panic and couldn't resist in the slightest... some were crying.

The crunching of metal and bodies under her sole was intense. She felt every resistance, every breaking. The warmth of their tiny bodies, and how they burst one after another with a crunch.

She enjoyed it in a way that frightened even herself. With a slight twist of her foot, she made sure nothing remained of the soldiers but smears. Then she lifted her foot again and literally stomped onto the tanks, flattening them completely. The road burst open thunderously under the powerful step, and the heavy machines were pressed deep into the ground.

A few more soldiers continued shooting at Diane, trembling—which was a bad idea of course!

She let her foot hover slowly over them and pressed down. Only two soldiers managed to jump away in time; all the others were crushed under that step.

Diane was about to crush the last two as well, but then she saw them throw away their weapons in terror and surrender.

She bit her lower lip... she would have loved to crush them anyway... simply because it felt so good, but she had to hold back. She knew it: She must not lose control in this intoxication of power!

So she let them go and then simply pushed the entire blockade aside with her toes, as if it were a pile of toys.

Then she continued on—gracefully, almost elegantly, as if nothing had happened. But her heart pounded. The tingle was now almost overwhelming.

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Further ahead, it became more chaotic. Freedom fighters were throwing Molotov cocktails, cars were burning, people were running in all directions. Diane saw a group of armed men shooting at - seemingly - civilians. Were they still fighting? Even though she, as a Titan, had just arrived here? Were they that crazy, or hadn't they noticed? But actually, she didn't care anyway. Without hesitation, she stepped deliberately. On armed individuals. Her toes descended over them—warm, chubby, gigantic, and deadly. The crunch was very satisfying.

She noticed with a pounding heart that she had to be careful. She knew she was killing people, but it hardly felt like that anymore. It now felt almost more like she was just crushing ants. The intoxication of power grew stronger. Too strong...

But the biggest problem still lay ahead of her...

The streets became denser and denser. Cars were bumper to bumper, people crowded between them. Diane stopped and looked down. She knew it. Even barefoot, she couldn't go any further without crushing innocents. Many innocents.

Her bare feet rested on the asphalt—and on some crushed people. The tingle continued to grow. She had to make a difficult decision.

Because: Diane had finally found it. Not too far ahead, between the high-rises, the apartment building where Amy lived towered up.

Her heart leaped.

There you are...

She had almost reached her goal...

She had to keep going. But how was she supposed to do that?

Down on the streets, more and more panicked people were fleeing—Asians, families, mothers pulling their children by the hands, fathers running protectively ahead of them, searching for ways out of the chaos. Tiny, desperate figures trying to flee from the colossal woman.

Diane took a deep breath. She felt sorry for the people. Really. But her family came first. It had always been that way.

With a heavy heart, she took the next step. Her heart beat so heavily it hurt: "Please try to flee. Run! I have to step here!"

And she gave the people time... stepped very, very slowly, but it hardly helped. Down there was such a dense swarm, so many people, that it was impossible for her to find an empty spot to step! Some people would inevitably end up under her sweaty feet... and be crushed!

Diane broke out in a sweat as she stepped down very slowly. Her arch touched the ground, she heard countless screams, felt warm bodies under her heel, and then a telling crunch. But she couldn't go back; she lowered the rest of her sole, lowered her toes onto

the crowd. More and more people were pressed against the ground under her bare foot and finally flattened.

Diane's heart skipped a beat. This was too much. Her emotions were going completely crazy. She knew that people were dying under her feet, being crushed like ants! But she had to keep going... And she kept walking. After all, she was barefoot... She hoped that those who died under her bare soles would have a softer end.

With every step, her enormous, bare feet landed slowly but with unimaginable weight. Cars were flattened, hundreds of panicked people disappeared under her warm, soft sole and were squashed to pulp.

Diane felt everything intensely—the squealing of metal, the bursting of bodies, the desperate movements that suddenly ended. And even those lucky ones who survived beneath her arches and between her toes...

The panic under her feet was almost tangible. The tingle grew stronger, became an adrenaline rush.

She couldn't quite describe it, but she enjoyed this feeling of power and at the same time felt guilty for it.

"I'm sorry!" she called out from above, her voice a mighty, vibrating thunder. "Run! Get out of the way as fast as you can!"

She knew it was pointless. Still, she spoke the words... Perhaps as a kind of justification...

Next step. One more. New waves of emotions flooded her body. Sweat glistened on her skin. She couldn't hide that she was enjoying it. It was really embarrassing...

Below her, more cars and people burst apart. With her sensitive sole, she could feel and sense everything precisely. Each step brought new, intense sensations—the soft giving way, the crunching, the feeling of absolute dominance.

Diane bit her lip. She felt so powerful and exalted that she was on the verge of becoming megalomaniacal. She forced herself to suppress these feelings.

She had to get to her daughter. Everything else... was... not as important.

Diane looked down again. In front of her enormous feet, numerous Asians were fleeing as best they could. But in the dense crowd, they were far too slow. And Diane knew there were families there too... She took a deep breath. Then she took the next step.

The screams grew louder. She felt every movement under her warm, soft sole—the panicked running, the stumbling, the sudden, final bursting. The crunching of bones and metal merged into an intense, vibrating sensation. Diane lifted her foot slightly and looked at her sole. There, countless completely crushed bodies, chunks, and debris were stuck—a horrific but also intoxicating sight. She had to remind herself that these were people, not insects!

She shook her head, pushed the thought aside. She had to keep going.

But the intensity of the moment only continued to rise. She almost blacked out. Gasping, she leaned against a tall building. The facade cracked threateningly. On the balconies, several people were unintentionally crushed by her body—she felt the brief, soft giving way. Below, survivors and relatives screamed. Diane looked down, her face flushed, her breath heavy.

"I'm sorry..." she whispered to the tiny, shocked people on the balconies and behind the windows. "I'm so sorry..."

And she truly meant it. Just the thought that some people had lost their loved ones because of her presence here was infinitely sad. And as terrible as it might sound, it was this thought that brought her back down to earth: She wasn't a goddess... she was just a very, very large mother worried about her child! And she damn well had to act like it!

She straightened up again and looked ahead. She was almost at Amy's building. She had to get to her daughter. And then get out of here. Before she really went crazy.

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Kai ran as fast as he could. The streets were complete chaos—cars were everywhere, people were screaming, somewhere Molotov cocktails were exploding. He had tried to organize some food, but now he just wanted to get back to Amy's home... back to safety!

Then he saw her. The giantess!

She was incredible. A living, blonde colossus towering between the high-rises. Her face—Amy's features recognizable, only older and a hundred times larger—was focused, almost gentle. But her feet... her enormous, bare feet were getting closer. Every step made the ground tremble like an earthquake.

Kai stopped, stared upward. The woman's beauty was overwhelming—the long legs, the blonde waving hair, her determination, the majestic presence. For a tiny moment, he forgot the fear.

But it quickly returned when he realized that the giantess, thanks to her long legs, was taking large strides and coming closer faster than he had expected!

He was about to start running when her other leg already swung forward. The enormous foot came quickly, with a fierce gust of wind, hovering over him and descending dramatically fast! Right down on him!

Kai screamed. He saw the gracefully beautiful sole, the fine lines of the skin, and the mangled remains of countless people stuck to it!

When the warm-moist sole touched him and pressed down, he smelled the slight scent of sweat. The huge sole was the last thing he saw and felt—beautiful, colossal, and merciless. The pressure came quickly. His body burst with a wet crunch. That was it... His end...

He no longer existed...

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Diane just kept walking. She hadn't registered it at all.

But someone else had perceived everything very intensely! Because Mei Lin had spotted Kai shortly before. She had been running through a side street with Li Na in her arms, had recognized him among the fleeing people, and wanted to warn him. "Kai! Over here!" But she didn't make it in time.

She had to watch as the giant foot of the blonde American woman came down on him. Mei only saw how the colossal, beautiful sole landed exactly where Kai was trapped among countless other people. The crunch was loud and frighteningly final.

Mei gasped in shock! She couldn't believe it. Kai was dead! Simply crushed, like so many others... and by Amy's mom of all people!

Breathing quickly and shallowly, Mei looked up and saw the giantess towering over her. Her legs alone were unimaginably long. But her face was truly beautiful, framed by gleaming blonde hair dancing in the wind. The giantess was absolutely breathtaking!

Mei felt a sudden gust of wind as the giantess made another step with her other foot... and saw the enormous toes, then the long sole hover over her... Everywhere, mangled people and flattened cars were stuck to the colossal sole... the heel...

But the hovering sole... passed by and continued... and landed far behind on another crowd of people.

BOOOOMMMM.

The earth trembled and Mei had to keep her balance while holding her daughter tightly against her.

"What an intense experience!"

Then the giantess lifted the foot with which she had crushed Kai—and Mei saw the blood-smeared sole, the dark stains, the remains.

Diane just kept walking, as if nothing had happened.

Mei gasped, completely overwhelmed. The giantess was unimaginably sublime. A Titaness. Beautiful, powerful, perfect. Mei suddenly felt small, dirty, insignificant—like dirt compared to this apparition. And yet she was happy. Happy that she and her daughter were still alive!

Li Na trembled in her arms, speechless. Then she said with childish naivety: "Wow... That's Amy's mom? She... is... sooo big!"

Mei only nodded, her voice failing her. She tremblingly watched the giantess walk away. Luckily, with her long legs, she had simply stepped over them. Now the colossal figure was moving directly toward Amy's apartment building.

Mei still wanted to get to her own mother. But the chaos was too great. She was trapped. She didn't even know if she would manage to get out of this chaos at all. And how was it supposed to get better when a gigantic blonde Titaness was stomping around here, throwing everyone into panic?

In her thoughts, she kept seeing Kai's face—and then the scene of how he was crushed like an insect under the foot of Amy's giant mother!

The poor guy! He was dead!

Simply erased...

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The Reunion

Diane had almost made it. Her giant body towered like a living colossus between the high-rises. She had the building firmly in her sights—the apartment building where Amy lived. Her heart beat higher, a warm, maternal feeling of happiness flowing through her despite everything she had done.

She carefully knelt down in front of the - to her - tiny building, but again people were crushed under her knees and legs. Even in this kneeling position, the eighth floor of the building was still far below her. The balcony of Amy's apartment was now just below her enormous breasts.

Diane leaned forward slightly, her shadow falling over the entire building.

And then she saw her. Amy stood on the small balcony, her hands on the railing, her eyes wide open. Her mom's breasts were unimaginably huge. So massive that they cast the whole building in shadow!

But that wasn't what Amy focused on. She had seen her mom again after a long time. And she had come to get her out of danger! Tears ran down her face.

"Mom...!"

Diane smiled, a huge, warm, loving smile. "Amy... my darling. I'm here."

Carefully, infinitely carefully, she reached out her hand. Her fingers, each as big as a truck, gently enclosed the balcony. Amy climbed into the soft, giant hand without hesitation.

Diane lifted her slowly, until she was at eye level with her beautiful, gargantuan face, that showed so much motherly affection.

Then she pressed her daughter gently against her cheek—a very intense moment between the two of them.

Amy buried her face in the warm, soft skin of her mother's cheek. She sobbed. "You really came... you found me..."

"I would always come," Diane whispered. Her voice was gentle, but still like distant thunder. "I won't leave you alone. Never. No matter how bad the situation is."

For a moment, everything else was forgotten. The destruction, the screams, the chaos below them. There was only mother and daughter. Amy felt safe, small, and secure in the giant embrace. Pressed against the wonderfully soft skin of her cheek. Diane felt the warmth of her daughter's small body against her face and a deep, overwhelming love that eclipsed everything else for a brief moment.

But the city below them mercilessly reminded her of what she had done. Diane held her daughter tightly, continued to kneel carefully, and knew: They had to get out of here. Quickly. Before more happened. Before more innocents died because of her.

"Come with me, Amy," she whispered. "We're going home."

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Diane straightened up carefully, Amy secure in her palm. She began the return journey, slowly and deliberately, while speaking softly with her daughter. Her voice was warm, loving, almost normal—as if they were sitting at the kitchen table at home, except that her voice was thunderously loud!

"Amy, sweetheart... I'm so glad I found you. This is truly pure chaos here! I just had to get you to safety."

Amy sat in the giant, warm hand of her mother, the fingers gently curled to give her enough support and protection.

"Mom... can we take my friends with us? Mei Lin and her daughter, and Kai... they're somewhere in the city. They helped me so much."

Diane hesitated for a tiny moment. Her steps became a bit more careless because she was completely focused on her daughter. "Amy, we don't have time for that. I'll never find them in all this chaos! You can just write them a letter from home, and then we can visit them sometime when everything here has calmed down."

"But Mom!" Amy protested.

"No arguments! I came here mainly to save you. And maybe... to weaken the occupiers and other forces somewhat so the people here can have more peace or maybe flee. So I'm going to walk out of the dense part of the city now and maybe break up a few barricades here and there. But that's all for now. As soon as you are in safety... i might come back to help the other people out..."

Amy accepted that. Her mother was probably right. She nodded hesitantly, leaned against her mother's soft thumb. From above, everything looked so small and unimportant.

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But for the people below, everything was unimaginable and catastrophic!

Mei Lin stood with Li Na in her arms, still in the midst of the chaos. She had barely moved from the spot when the earth trembled again.

She saw the giant figure of Amy's mom returning—the colossal, blonde American woman stomping through the streets like a living force of nature!

Mei swallowed nervously. She was once again completely overwhelmed by the sight! The long legs, the majestic beauty and presence, the pure size. Mei waved desperately, jumped up and down, screamed at the top of her lungs. "Here! We're here!"

But it was useless. She was just a small woman in a sea of panicked people. The streets were still completely overcrowded.

Tears ran down her face. She knew what was going to happen at the moment Diane made a step in her direction... that it was inevitable... She held Li Na tightly against her, kissed her forehead. "I love you, my darling."

The giant foot descended. Mei only saw the enormous sole coming down —beautiful, warm, inexorable. The screams around her reached her only dimly. A final gasp and

crunch. Seconds later, Mei and her daughter were just two small smears among many, stuck to the giant sole of the giantess.

+++

Diane had no idea and probably never would. She just kept walking...

Amy looked up dreamily at her giant mother. The enormous, pretty face above her, the gentle eyes. The giant hand was unimaginably powerful and at the same time soft. It felt safe. Secure. "Mei was right... you're like a Titan, Mom."

Diane smiled lovingly down at her daughter. "Really? Do you really think that, sweetheart?"

Amy was about to answer when something dawned on her. She looked down at the streets. "Mom! You're trampling carelessly over the streets!"

Diane took a deep breath. Her voice was gentle but serious. "Yes, I'm sorry, Amy. As a giantess, I unfortunately can't pay attention to everyone... and well... I do crush some people. There's no other way if I want to get through here."

Amy became panicked. "But I have friends here! Some of them could be down there!"

Diane nodded understandingly and slowed her steps. "Okay. I'll try to be more careful with the cute Asians below, my darling. I want to crush as few people as possible. But... it's really hardly possible."

She continued walking—slower, more deliberate. Each of her giant steps was measured. Nevertheless, it was impossible to step without crushing some.

"Hurry!" she called out in a deep, echoing voice to the people below her. "Run as fast as you can!"

Her enormous, bare feet moved slowly downward. The people below her screamed and tried to flee. Some made it. Others didn't. Some found a safe spot beneath her arch... others were crushed to pulp beneath her heel, toes or the balls of her feet... Again and again, the inevitable, wet crunch sounded when her warm sole met cars and people. Diane felt the slight giving way under her foot every single time.

"I'm trying my best, sweetheart..." she said softly to Amy, who sat in her hand. "But unfortunately, I can't completely prevent it. The streets are just too crowded."

Amy watched breathlessly from the giant hand as her mother took the next step. She saw the colossal, beautiful foot slowly and inexorably descend onto the screaming people. The people tried to run, to scream, to push... then came the impact... the incredible weight. A dull, wet crunch. The foot set down completely.... And countless lives were extinguished.

Amy's heart raced so strongly that it hurt.
What must that feel like...? To be crushed... under my mother's giant feet...?

She looked up. The enormous, pretty face of her mother, the blue eyes, the long blonde hair blowing in the wind. The calm, concentrated expression. Amy swallowed.

"Mom... to answer your question from earlier... Yes... I really do think that... You really are like a Titaness... but... all those people! How... how must it be for them? When they're crushed under your feet...?"

Diane was silent, her heart pounding... Her foot came down on another crowd of people... the screams were stifled as they were crushed.

Amy continued: "My friend... Mei... she said something.... She said: Who wouldn't like to get crushed by your mother."

Diane had to smirk. "What? A friend of yours really said that?"

Her enormous blue eyes studied her tiny daughter in her hand.

Amy nodded. "Yes, she did... and she looked pretty dreamy and excited about it... I didn't understand it at first... but..."

Diane now also nodded and looked down at the crowd as she took another step... she saw all those tiny citizens disappearing under her foot... felt their movements... and then the cracking and crunching. So intense!

"I... honestly, I'm happy to hear that. I... had also wondered what it must be like for those down there... you know? Under my bare feet... and then just being crushed. But I also knew before that many people revere me. As a giantess, you somehow have a completely different effect on people."

Amy was thoughtful: "Yes, that's true. Mei really looked like she revered you very much... like she wanted to be crushed. Your effect is really intense, Mom... I notice it too."

"Oh really? Do you?" Diane wanted to know with a smirk.

But Amy changed the subject: "Anyway, Mei wanted to meet you sometime. Do you think... you could talk to her sometime? I mean, when all this is over?"

Diane nodded: "Of course, my darling."

Amy smiled contentedly and then looked back down at the streets... The area wasn't quite as extremely crowded anymore because her mother was slowly approaching the city limits... but still, people were being crushed here and there by Diane.

"And... how does it feel to you?" Amy wanted to know.

Diane kept walking, slowly but inexorably. Another step. Again the crunching. She thought for a moment as she spoke.

"I feel... bad, Amy. Really. Most of them are innocent. They're just unlucky to be here while I have to get through. But at the same time..." She hesitated. "...I also feel this power. This incredible strength. It's hard to describe. As if I were simply higher than others. Bigger and more important. And yes... sometimes it also feels... intense and... somehow wonderful..." She blushed as she said that and bit her lower lip again... She should have kept her mouth shut!

But Amy didn't think anything of it... She could even understand that her mom was a bit carried away. After all, she was now unimaginably powerful. Again!
Amy watched as her mom stepped down again and heard the crunching very clearly.

Diane noticed and said: "But I'm trying to keep it as gentle as possible. I always step slowly... and well... I took off my shoes. My feet are a bit sweaty... but I thought this way it would be a bit softer for the people, so they'd be crushed more softly. I hope that's not too bad. After all, I don't want to be a monster. I'm here as your mother, to get you. Not to destroy this city."

Amy continued looking down, where tiny people were scattering in panic at her mother's feet. Her heart pounded wildly. She didn't understand everything her mother felt. But she sensed that Diane was being honest.

And deep inside her, Amy still wondered: Would it really feel soft... maybe even good... to be right down there? To be one of the many crushed by her mother?

Something in Amy changed.

She imagined it. What it would be like... to be down there herself. To be one of those crushed by her mom. The thought made her heart beat even faster. She saw it before her: her giant mother, towering over her like a living skyscraper. The enormous, beautiful foot slowly hovering over her—so huge, so warm, so threatening and at the same time so beautiful. The soft, flawless sole descending. The pressure, first gentle and warm, then heavier and heavier, until she burst...

Amy gasped softly. The thought was far too intense. Too disturbing. And yet... strangely calming. But why that?

What's wrong with me? Why do I feel this way?

She looked up at her colossal mother's face. The blue eyes looked down at her lovingly, the blonde hair swayed gently in the wind. Diane smiled.

"All that matters to me now is that you're okay, sweetheart... I'll take care of the others too... a little later. There are many problems in this city... Maybe I can still make a difference today. If I can help the people here who are suffering under the tensions and fighting... then my appearance here would have at least done some good too... and it might have more positive effects than just the destruction caused by me. But for that, I still need to find some military and terrorists... and probably crush quite a few too... Well, I'll think about that once I'm out of the worst zone here..."

Amy had no idea what her mother meant by that. But she knew one thing: Her mom was no longer a normal person. She was a giantess. A force of nature. She seemed to stand somehow above things now... A true Titaness, plain and simple!

And deep inside, Amy felt that a part of her found that fascinating.

To be continued...