

Strides

by Pandoza

“Oh. My. God.”

Melissa's body went numb. All she could do was passively resist the shaking of the earth as each step the titanic woman took brought her closer. Her footfalls crunched through the concrete and asphalt of the city's outskirts throwing up clouds of dust and debris over Melissa's head. Which was no mean feat as she herself stood several hundred feet tall. She had been wading through the buildings around her, approaching the glittering towers of downtown when she had felt the earthquakes caused by the far larger woman's steps. While Melissa could step over buildings this woman stepped on them, city blocks disappearing under her soles. The sun was far overhead and as Melissa looked up, and up, toward's the advancing titan's face she squinted against the harsh glare. There was a lightly trimmed bush, toned abs that glistened with sweat, and large pert breasts that had probably had some work. The woman's face was obscured through, backlit against the deep blue sky. It was impossible to read her face. She just kept getting closer and closer. Melissa started to panic. She was going to be trampled. She threw her hands up and screamed. She was in this woman's path. She was in her shadow. She was going to die. Then the feet stopped directly in front of her, so close she could almost touch the toes. Melissa had never seen anything so powerful. Then the woman spoke, the words falling down upon the city.

“Hello Melissa.”

Melissa froze.