
CHELSEA'S
GAME
Part III
KRYPTON
Eelskin


"I told you not to eat the subject," Chelsea smiled. "Don't say I didn't warn you."

Alice was speechless. Her mouth opened and closed a few times, but she couldn't produce any sound. She stood up, slowly, then lost her balance and fell to her knees, staring up at Chelsea.

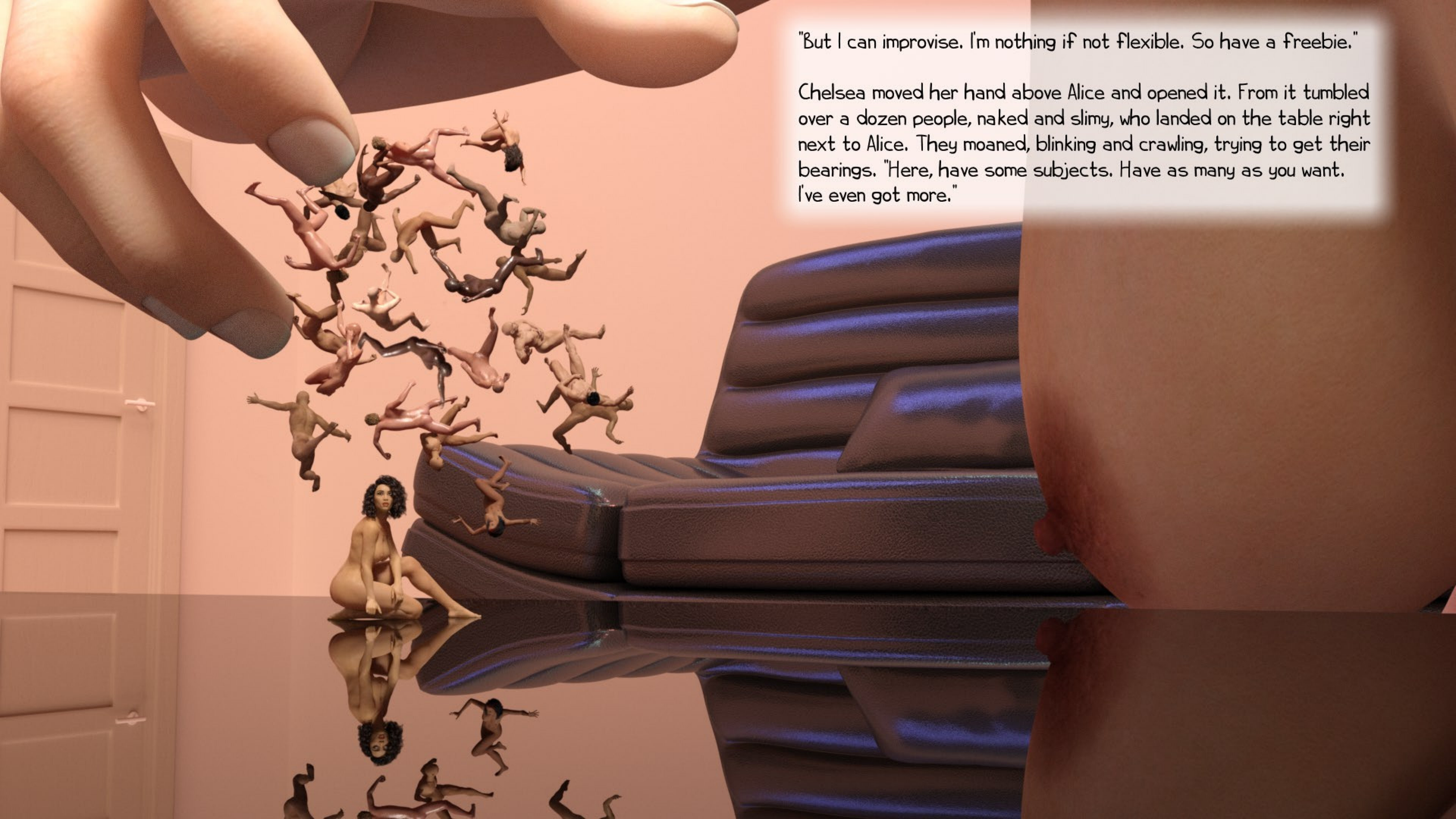
Chelsea waited for a few minutes, smirking, enjoying immensely the state of shock her very presence produced in Alice. Then she laughed.



She lowered her face to the edge of the table and regarded Alice with a horrible joy. Alice wasn't able to think clearly, and was concentrating on her own breath; thinking about anything else was overwhelming. She was completely unable to tear her eyes away from the monstrous face before her.

Then she spoke, her voice washing over her, breaking her trance: "I gotta say, this isn't how I thought the game was going to go."


And then her face slowly, majestically, rose up, and up, and up. She continued to look down at Alice with an expression that Alice did not ike at all. Alice felt an immense relief at Chelsea moving farther away from her; her face no longer seemed to be the whole world, and that allowed her to breathe slightly more easily. Then her breasts, incomprehensibly huge, came into view and Alice's mind went blank all over again.


"But I can improvise. I'm nothing if not flexible. So have a freebie."
Chelsea moved her hand above Alice and opened it. From it tumbled over a dozen people, naked and slimy, who landed on the table right next to Alice. They moaned, blinking and crawling, trying to get their bearings. "Here, have some subjects. Have as many as you want. I've even got more."



Alice stared down at the people who had just been dumped onto the table.

Are these... are they the same size as the one I ate before? she thought. *They're almost the same size as... me...* With a sinking feeling, she began to understand just how small she'd become.

One of them looked up at Alice. "Help me," he begged, desperately.

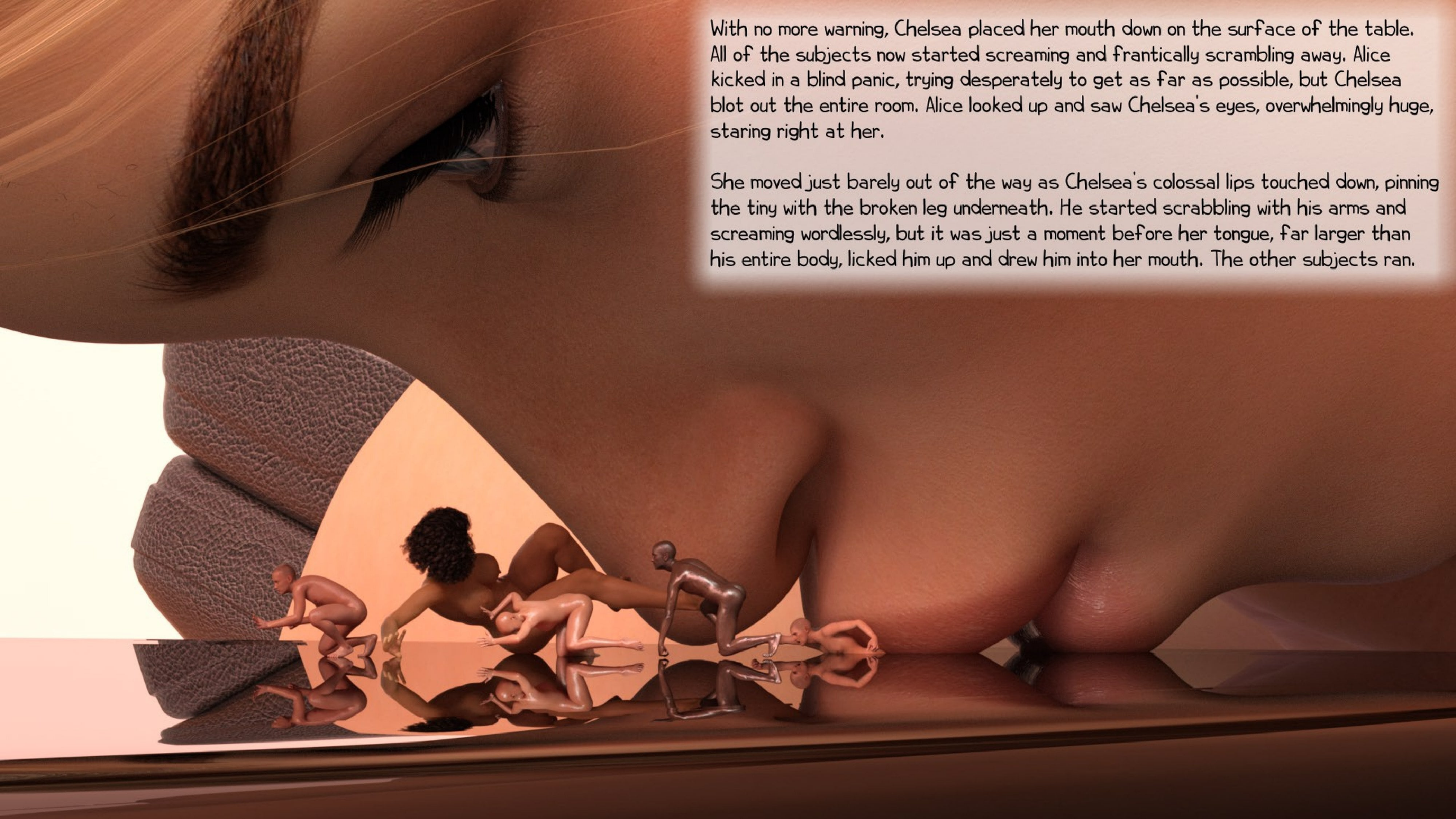
"Aah!" another cried out, "My leg! I think my leg is broken!"



Chelsea either didn't hear them or ignored them. She continued to address Alice.

"Oh! Would you look at that." She was learning forward over the table, her face coming closer and closer. Alice felt her hot breath with every word she spoke. "What a shame. It looks like you're too small to be able to have any of them. I guess... I guess Jason and I will just have to share them. Oh well."


"As the host, though, and as the one who's running this game, I'm granting myself the privilege of first dibs." She moved still closer. Her face filled Alice's field of vision more and more until it seemed there was nothing else in the world. The tiny people around her started to cry out in fear.
"Which means..." Chelsea continued, "you should all probably start running."



With no more warning, Chelsea placed her mouth down on the surface of the table. All of the subjects now started screaming and frantically scrambling away. Alice kicked in a blind panic, trying desperately to get as far as possible, but Chelsea blot out the entire room. Alice looked up and saw Chelsea's eyes, overwhelmingly huge, staring right at her.

She moved just barely out of the way as Chelsea's colossal lips touched down, pinning the tiny with the broken leg underneath. He started scrabbling with his arms and screaming wordlessly, but it was just a moment before her tongue, far larger than his entire body, licked him up and drew him into her mouth. The other subjects ran.


Alice managed to get to her feet and began to run in the opposite direction. She ran in a panic, not knowing where she was trying to go, but it didn't even matter; an enormous hand quickly descended upon them. Before she knew what was happening, Alice was being lifted up into the air. She grabbed onto an enormous finger, thicker than a tree trunk, and held on desperately to keep from falling.



Alice had to fight vertigo as she was lifted, not roughly but very quickly, high up into the air. Hundreds of feet in the span of a few seconds, it seemed to her. The world around her, which she recognized only abstractly as the room she'd been in since the beginning of the afternoon, spun and twirled as she was carried through it.


She lowered her eyes to the two subjects, a woman and a man, who'd been caught in Chelsea's hand with her. They were blinking and gasping, and they left a trail of viscous liquid wherever they moved. They didn't look at her or at each other, they just focused on lying flat and trying not to fall.


From the space between two gigantic fingers, Alice saw Jason sitting on the couch, looking anxious and awkward. It would have been funny if she weren't afraid for her life.
"Hey big boy," Chelsea smirked from high above her. The subjects winced when she spoke. "I've got something for you that I think you're gonna like. Stand up on the couch."



Jason stood, and Chelsea reached out and took his erect dick in one hand, and started stroking it gently. Jason breathed in sharply, and Alice suddenly gasped as her world flipped upside down. She tumbled through the air as Chelsea flipped her hand over and dumped them unceremoniously onto his cock. Once again, Alice found herself grasping onto skin to keep herself from falling.

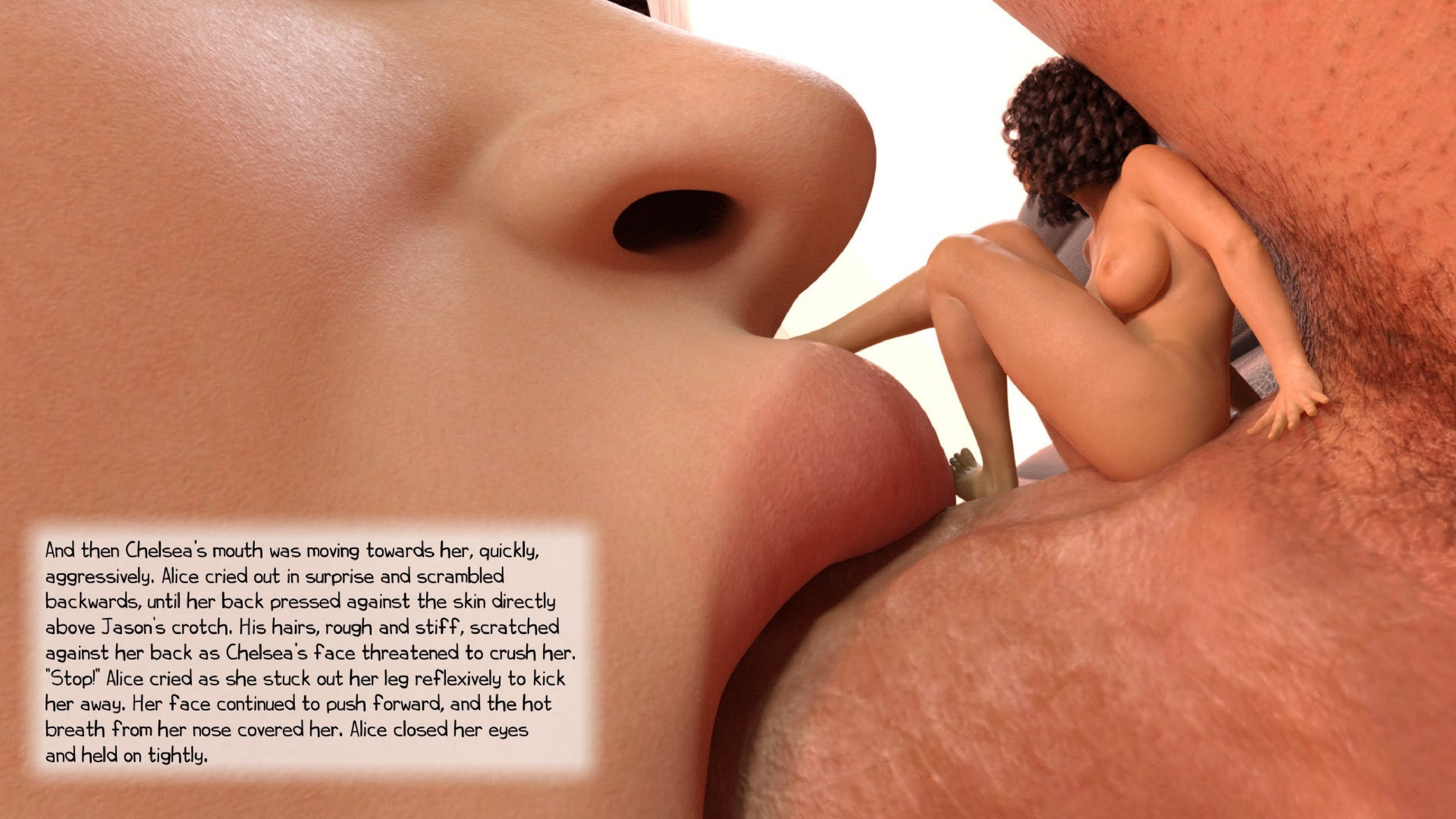


Alice quickly found a handhold and held on tightly. The skin on his dick was different from the skin on her hand - it was looser, and easier to grab, and she took advantage of that. She felt a vein running under her body that was as thick as her arm, pumping blood and pulsing quickly and rhythmically. One of the other subjects found his own handhold and sprawled his body out across the massive dick.


"Well, don't you just look tasty... " Chelsea mused as she positioned herself at the end of the tree-sized cock. Alice didn't know whether she was talking to Jason, or to her and the subject. She shuddered. *Maybe both.* Then her mind, once again, went blank as Chelsea opened her mouth, revealing her teeth, and held it open for a few seconds, watching the two of them intently.



Then she moved forward, easily taking Jason's dick into her mouth, and closing her lips around it. The subject gave a brief cry and then Alice couldn't hear him anymore, could only see Chelsea's lip, soft and pink, rubbing against Jason's shaft, moving up and down slowly. She knew she wasn't going to see him again. Jason's body jerked, and Alice fell forward, nearly tumbling off.



And then Chelsea's mouth was moving towards her, quickly, aggressively. Alice cried out in surprise and scrambled backwards, until her back pressed against the skin directly above Jason's crotch. His hairs, rough and stiff, scratched against her back as Chelsea's face threatened to crush her. "Stop!" Alice cried as she stuck out her leg reflexively to kick her away. Her face continued to push forward, and the hot breath from her nose covered her. Alice closed her eyes and held on tightly.



And then, suddenly, Chelsea pulled back. Alice kept her eyes pressed shut for a few moments more, but when she opened them, she saw that Chelsea was kneeling, towering over both her and Jason, smiling down on her. Her breasts, which seemed to have grown even larger, hung above Alice like clouds.

"Aww. Did I scare you?" she laughed. "I'm not going to eat you. I still want to play!"

Alice just held on.



Chelsea then turned her gaze back to Jason.

"You know what, Jason, I think I've kept you waiting long enough. You've been very obedient this whole time, and I think you deserve a reward for that."

Jason gulped, but his dick started throbbing even harder at the same time. He felt Alice shifting her position, trying to get a better grip on his dick, but his eyes didn't leave Chelsea's face.


Chelsea leaned forward. "So I'll tell you what. You wanna fuck me?"
Jason, his mouth dry, nodded. Chelsea smiled.
"Then you hang on to this one, for just a second... " She gently placed a subject in his hand, the other one who'd been carried over with Alice. "... and I'll let you know what to do with her. But I'm going to take a second."



Chelsea reached over to the table and snatched up a subject that was slightly slower than the others around her. She held her up to her face, examining her. "I want to try something out that I haven't done before... " she mused. She could faintly hear the subject's voice, but it was too quiet for her to understand what she was saying.


Chelsea dropped her bulk down onto the couch, causing it to groan and spread her muscled legs, lowering her hand slowly to her crotch.
Jason turned his head and contemplated one of the subjects he saw on the table. *Were all of these people fed growth serum?* He wondered. *How does she know which ones to eat...?*


"In you go." Chelsea murmured lazily to the tiny person caught between her fingers before carefully inserting one curled finger into her snatch, with the subject having no choice but to go along for the ride. She pushed the tiny person far up inside of herself, then took an extra second and rubbed her clit. She moaned. "I can't even feel her... she's too small. I just love knowing that she's there inside of me."


Jason, meanwhile, was contemplating the subject Chelsea had given him. She was trying to stand up, trying to keep her balance on his palm. He stared at her. *It still feels so unreal,* he thought to himself. *And I wonder... if I eat her... will I grow? Or will I shrink? If I just swallow her right now, while Chelsea is distracted...*



Suddenly, fingers thick and long like sausages gripped his forearm tightly and yanked it away. His fist closed reflexively, protecting the tiny person from falling.

"What are you thinking about?" Chelsea demanded. "I don't like the look that was on your face."

"I was just-" Jason protested.

Chelsea pulled his hand closer to her face and opened her mouth. "I tell you when you can eat," she shouted.



She licked his hand, trying to tease the subject out from between his fingers. When he didn't let go, she put her lips around his whole hand and took it all into her mouth. Jason tried to pull it out, but she closed her teeth onto his forearm and applied just a bit of pressure. Jason's eyes opened wide. He knew that if she chose to, she'd be able to bite down without much resistance.

He opened his fingers and let go of the subject. Chelsea smiled and released the pressure she was applying with her jaw. Jason pulled his hand out.



Chelsea swallowed the subject. "Good boy, Jason. Still as obedient as ever, even if you need to be reined in sometimes." She leaned back on the couch, her legs still spread open wide. "Now. Fuck me."

Jason looked down and started to remove Alice from his dick, when Chelsea interrupted him. "No. She's going in too. Leave her there."


Jason looked up at her, but quickly got over his surprise. He held his dick steady as he got up on the couch on his knees and got into position. Alice took a deep breath and grabbed the skin on Jason's cock as tightly as she could. She closed her eyes and braced herself to go - again - inside Chelsea's cunt, and this time, it was far, far bigger than that it had been before.

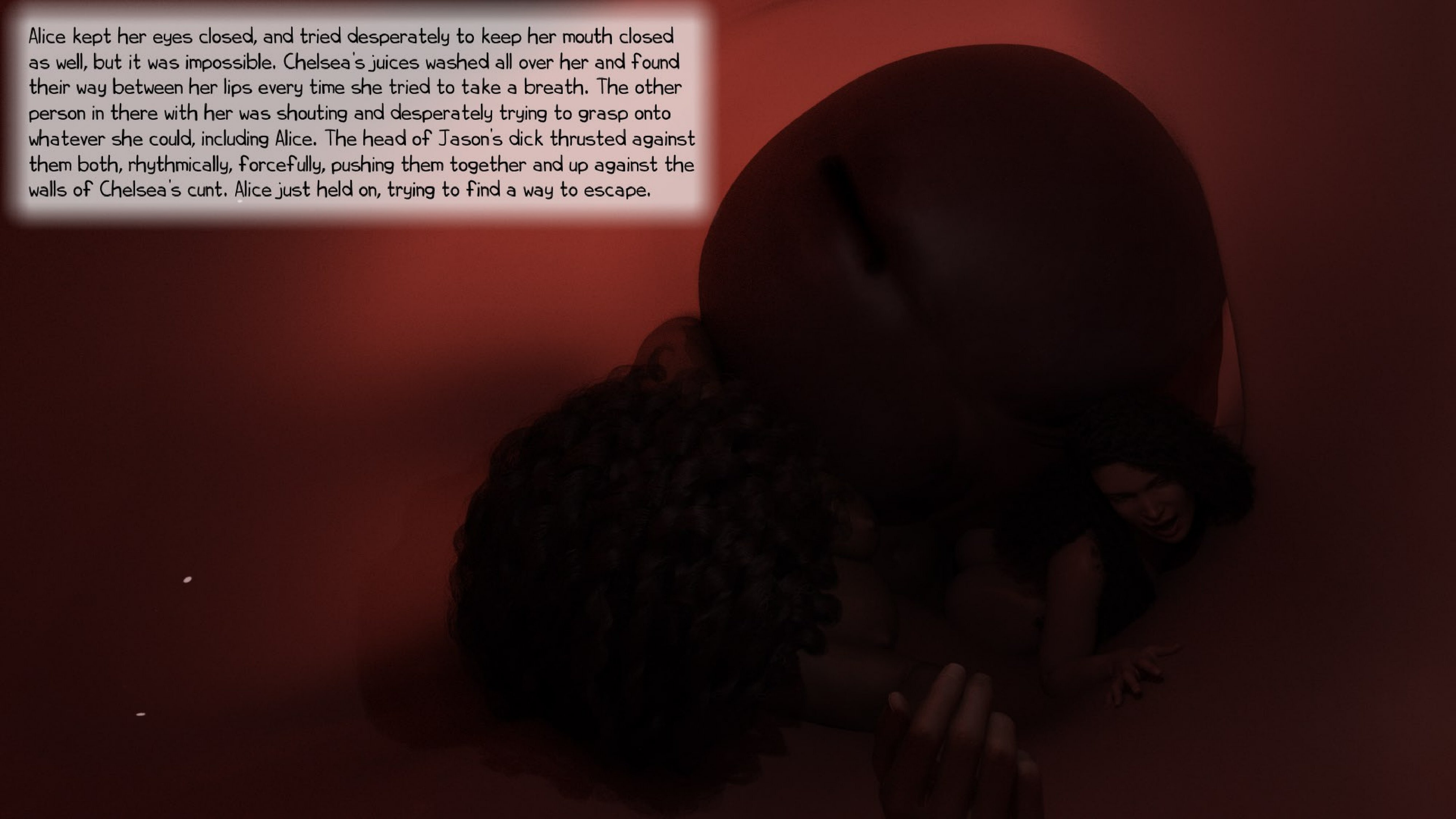

Jason pushed himself inside of her and her snatch hungrily swallowed up his cock. Chelsea closed her eyes and leaned back on the couch, moaning, pressing her enormous hands onto Jason's back, rhythmically forcing him into her again and again; he barely had to do anything.
Chelsea shouted loudly, wordlessly, as Jason felt her flesh begin to expand under him again.


Chelsea smiled in pleasure as she grew. Jason, his face right up against her abdominal muscles, watched how they grew and became firmer right before his eyes. Her thighs, already muscled, became bulkier and stronger and started squeezing his body from either side. Her fingers lengthened across his back and gripped him more tightly, forced him more strongly into her.

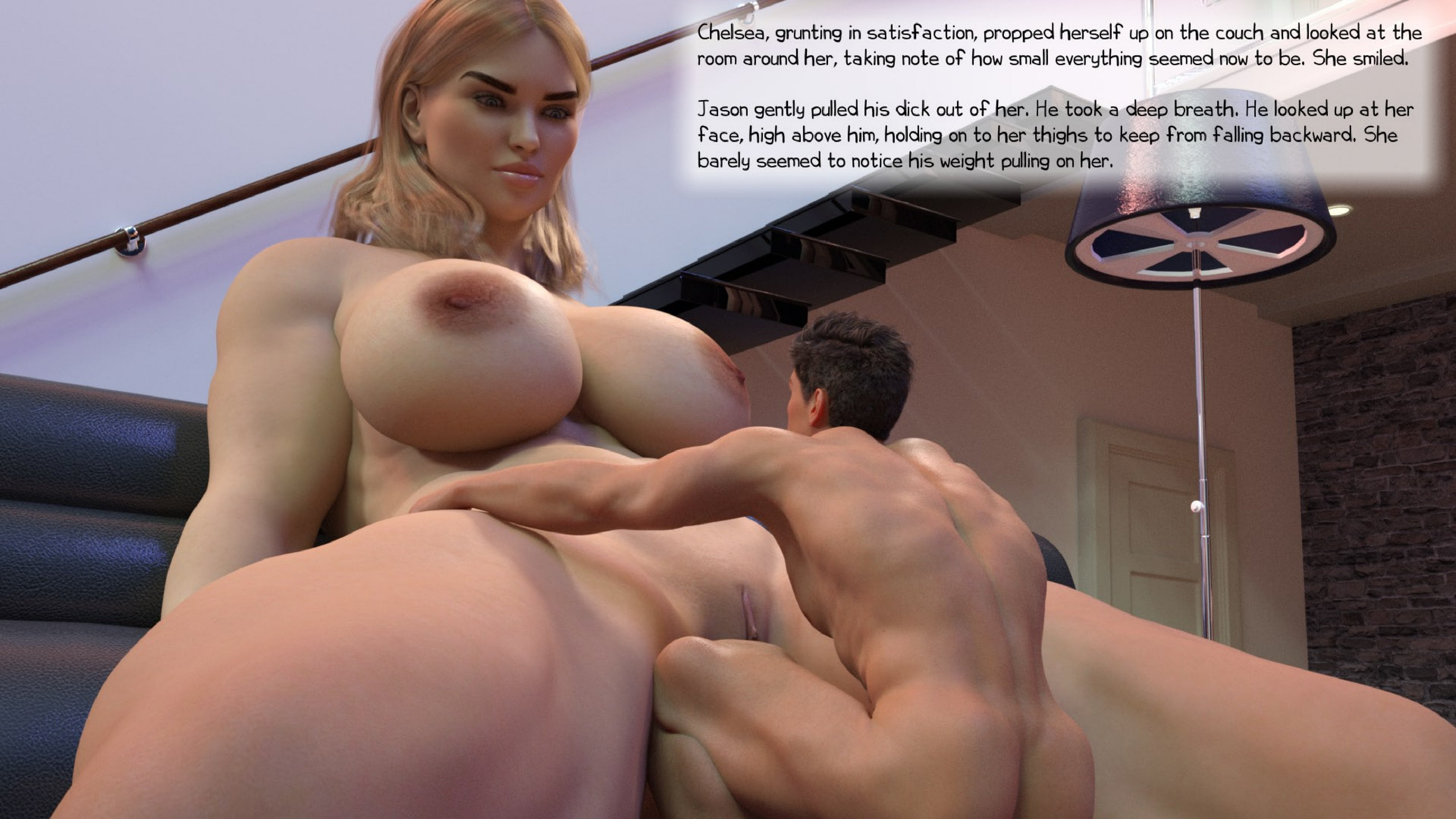


She gasped suddenly in orgasm and lifted her head, squeezing him with both her hands and thighs, pressing the breath out of him. She swelled larger as she did, enveloping Jason in her body. He had the odd feeling that he was being consumed by her.

She held him there, silently, for several seconds before releasing him and letting her head fall back down to the couch.



Alice kept her eyes closed, and tried desperately to keep her mouth closed as well, but it was impossible. Chelsea's juices washed all over her and found their way between her lips every time she tried to take a breath. The other person in there with her was shouting and desperately trying to grasp onto whatever she could, including Alice. The head of Jason's dick thrusted against them both, rhythmically, forcefully, pushing them together and up against the walls of Chelsea's cunt. Alice just held on, trying to find a way to escape.



Chelsea, grunting in satisfaction, propped herself up on the couch and looked at the room around her, taking note of how small everything seemed now to be. She smiled.

Jason gently pulled his dick out of her. He took a deep breath. He looked up at her face, high above him, holding on to her thighs to keep from falling backward. She barely seemed to notice his weight pulling on her.


"That was good, Jason." Chelsea took a moment to catch her breath and laughed gently. "Keep it up."

"Th- thanks."

"You want to get bigger?"

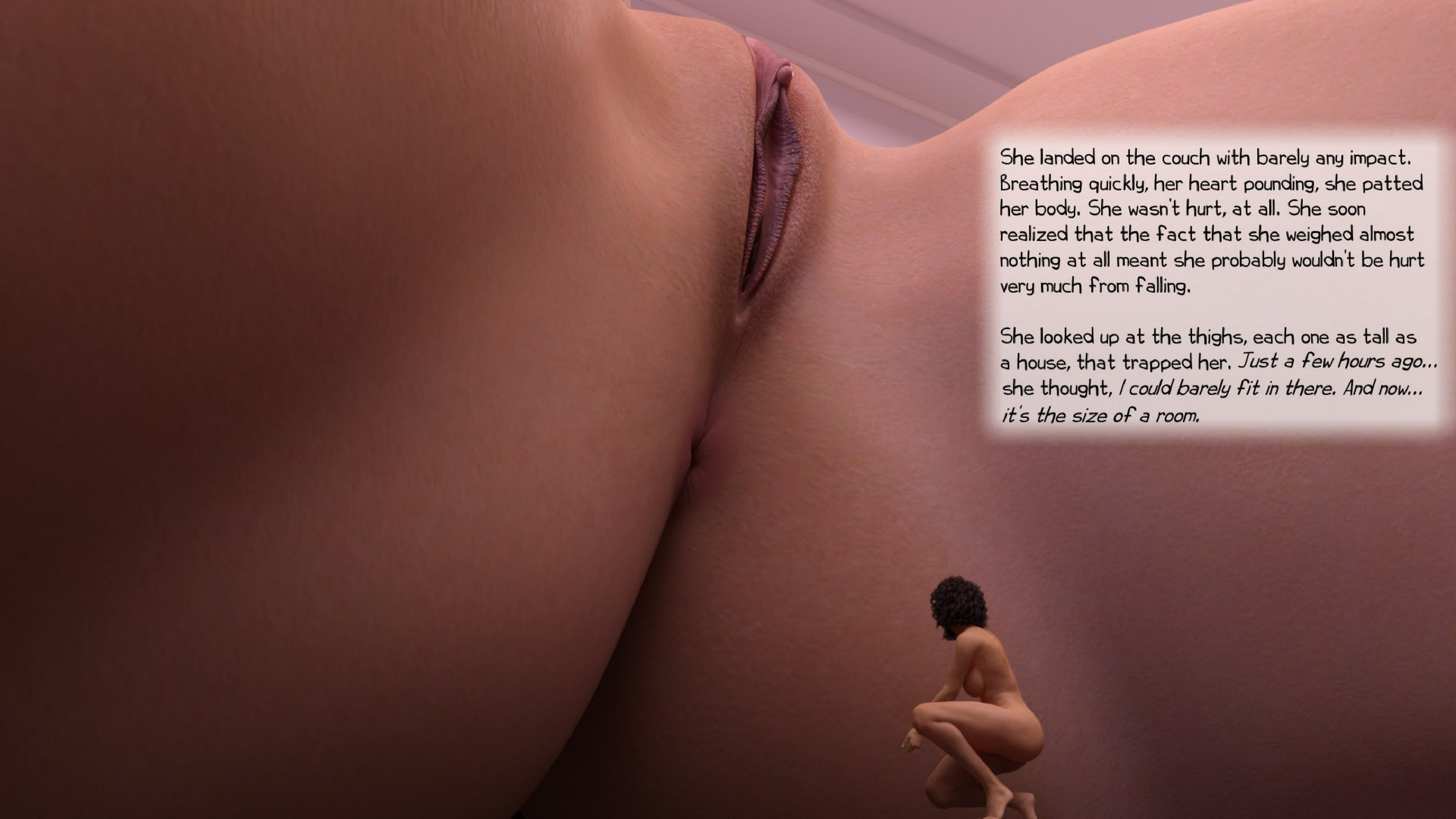
"Yeah!"

Alice gasped for air as her head emerged into the open air from inside of Chelsea. She didn't see the subject emerging, and she realized that she probably wasn't ever coming out.



"Well right now, I just wanna... feel your friend squirm out of me. You... don't know what it feels like to have a person *inside* you. Then I'm going to have a bit of fun with some of the subjects for a few minutes. After that, I'll give you something, I promise."

"Fucking coward. God damn bitch." Alice murmured as she pushed her way out of Chelsea's cunt. Suddenly, she rested her weight on a slippery patch of skin and, with a gasp, tumbled down.



She landed on the couch with barely any impact. Breathing quickly, her heart pounding, she patted her body. She wasn't hurt, at all. She soon realized that the fact that she weighed almost nothing at all meant she probably wouldn't be hurt very much from falling.

She looked up at the thighs, each one as tall as a house, that trapped her. *Just a few hours ago...* she thought, *I could barely fit in there. And now... it's the size of a room.*



That moment of awe was enough time for Chelsea to reach down between her legs and grab her.

Alice screamed. "Chelsea, you *fucking cunt!* I'm *done!* I'm *fucking done* here!"

"Ah, did you get your voice back?" Chelsea asked with amusement as she got up and walked away from the couch. "You were pretty quiet for a while. I was wondering whether I'd broken you." She dropped her onto the table.


Alice lay face-down on the table, her eyes closed, trying to catch her breath, stop the room from spinning and calm herself down.
Behind her, a group of subjects gazed up in awe at Chelsea, her enormous body looming over them like a monument to power.



Chelsea cupped her breast in one hand.

"Mm... I don't think I'm getting any taller still, but my tits are still growing. And it feels *so good* to touch them while they're growing." She rubbed the underside of her breast and pinched her nipple, feeling it all over. The subjects were stunned, almost hypnotized by the sight before them.


"You want to see them up close? You can."

It took a moment before there was any reaction, but after a few seconds, one of the subjects realized that Chelsea wasn't offering them a pleasant experience, and started yelling and running away. Another raised her hands in a laughably useless gesture of resistance. One, the closest one to Chelsea, realized a bit too slowly what was happening, and turned to look at the others instead of running herself.


Chelsea removed her hands and let her breasts drop. They hit the table and caused it to shake slightly, making all of the fleeing subjects stumble and fall, and trapping one unfortunately slow person underneath her.

Chelsea laughed. "There. Nice and close. Do you like them?" She waited for a second, but got no response. "I like them. This is a good size. I'd better enjoy it while it lasts."


The subject trapped underneath her building-sized tit scrabbled with her hands against the smooth surface of the table, trying to free herself, but the enormous weight was far too much for her to budge.
"Help!" she called out to the five remaining subjects, but none of them moved to help her. "Pull me out!" No one did.


Suddenly, the pressure on her increased, as it seemed that she was pushing her chest down into the table. A gasp from high above them, though, indicated that Chelsea was as surprised as they were. "Oh!" she said. "Still! They're still getting bigger! Enjoy the show, folks, 'cause you're probably never going to see this again."

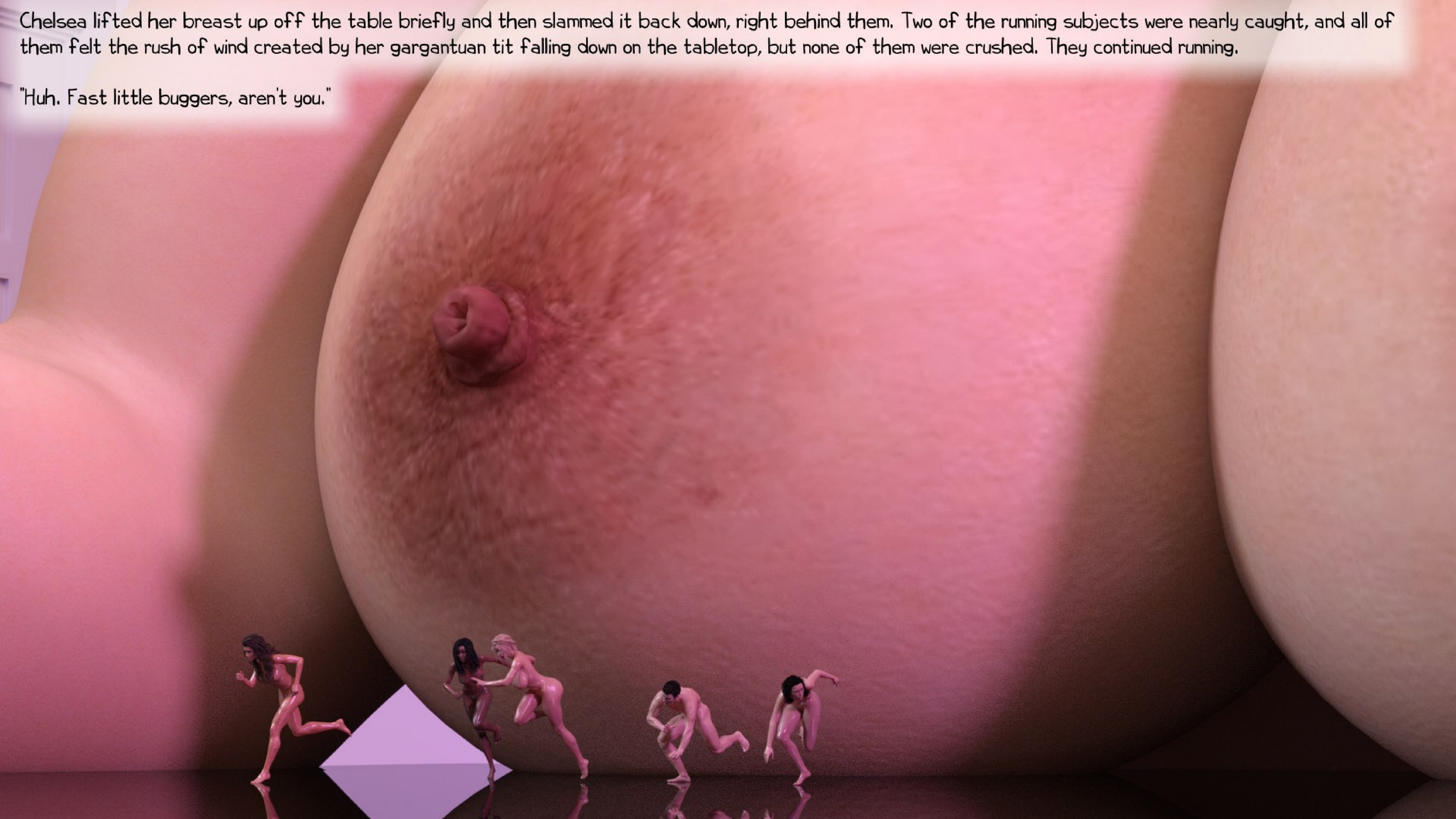

"Help-" the trapped woman managed to squeak out as Chelsea's breast continued to expand outward until her face was covered, and her voice was blocked out.

"Shit! Run!" called one of the other subjects. The remaining four people started frantically to run away, not wanting to get caught under the mountainous tit.


The unfortunate woman trapped under her swelling breast was completely covered, though none of the others saw her. They were all focused on running away in a blind panic. Chelsea's nipple, high above them, seemed to stare down at them threateningly as her breast flesh encroached further and further toward them.

Chelsea lifted her breast up off the table briefly and then slammed it back down, right behind them. Two of the running subjects were nearly caught, and all of them felt the rush of wind created by her gargantuan tit falling down on the tabletop, but none of them were crushed. They continued running.

"Huh. Fast little buggers, aren't you."





Suddenly, a shadow passed over them as Chelsea's enormous arm came down directly in front of them. Her hand, larger than a billboard, blocked their way forward. The tinies spun around, frantically searching for another way to run, but they knew there was nowhere to go. They all began to shout or mutter in fear and anger.

"No!"

"What the fuck... "

"Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit... "


"Turn around," came Chelsea's voice.
Slowly, hesitantly, one at a time, they did.
Chelsea giggled, a frightening, menacing sound coming from high up above them that made her breasts wobble. The shrunken people broke out into a cold sweat at the sound of it.



"What do you *want!*" one of the women shouted. "Why are you doing this!"

"Hrm... " Chelsea pondered the question for a moment. "I want... you... to massage my tits."

There was a moment of stunned silence before the same woman shouted back up at her. "That's not what I fucking *meant!*"

"I... don't care," shrugged the giantess. "If you don't want me to end your lives in a painful and humiliating way, you'll rub my tit. *Now.*"


The five tiny humans stepped forward cautiously. Her tits seemed to have stopped growing, but they remembered what had happened to the last of them who had gotten too close.
They all raised their arms and started rubbing the enormous expanse of flesh before them. Her skin was wet with sweat, and they could feel her blood pulsing underneath.



"You know what, I can barely even feel you at all. You're all just... too little. It's... a little bit ticklish, even. Not what I was hoping for."

Some of the shrunken people lowered their hands, not quite sure what to do next. Chelsea leaned forward, her enormous eyes looking down at them with amusement.

"So I've just got to find some other way to amuse myself with you. Careful."

With that word, four of the people jumped backward and fell to the ground, anticipating what was coming. The last one was just a second too late; Chelsea's breast came down upon her with the force of a falling mountain. Her scream lasted less than a second before her body was crushed underneath the immense weight of it.




Alice stared, her heart pounding in her chest. *She's going to kill them all, one by one. Isn't she.* Witnessing the delight in Chelsea's face, her playful sadism, stirred up an awful and confusing mix of emotions in Alice. She was frightened, excited, aroused, and... *envious.* She saw Chelsea completely abandoning all responsibility, all regard for others, all empathy... and she realized with a shock that that was what she wanted, too.



Chelsea, however, wasn't paying attention to Alice. She was too busy torturing the shrunken people before her.

"Four left... alright, squirts," she began, watching them closely. "Let's play a game. I want to see how fast you can obey me. Face down, ass up, and worship my nipple. Now."

The tiny people immediately sunk to their knees and bowed down, touching their heads to the table.


"Not bad. All of you responded pretty quickly. But... we can't have a game with no winner, can we?"
She raised her hand slowly, menacingly, and extended an index finger the size of a building.
"You. You were just a little bit slower than the others."
The woman raised her hands in a comically useless gesture of resistance. "No, no, wait! I... "


But the finger was already falling, and landed directly on her, cutting off her protests. Chelsea twisted her finger back and forth, grinding the woman's body against the table. She heard the screams of the remaining subjects and smiled.
"It's good to be big," she mused. "Or. Rather. It's good not to be small."



Two of the tiny victims sat, holding themselves, unable to handle the horror they were experiencing. One stood up, hugging herself, and started screaming.

"You *fucking monster!* You *bitch!* We don't *deserve* this!"

Chelsea, surprised, but not displeased, stopped speaking. The woman also stopped speaking, as though she hadn't actually realized that she were speaking out loud.


"Well. That was rude." Chelsea lowered her face to get a close look at the woman who'd just lost her composure. "And if there's something I can't stand from those smaller than me, it's rudeness. Just ask Alice over there.

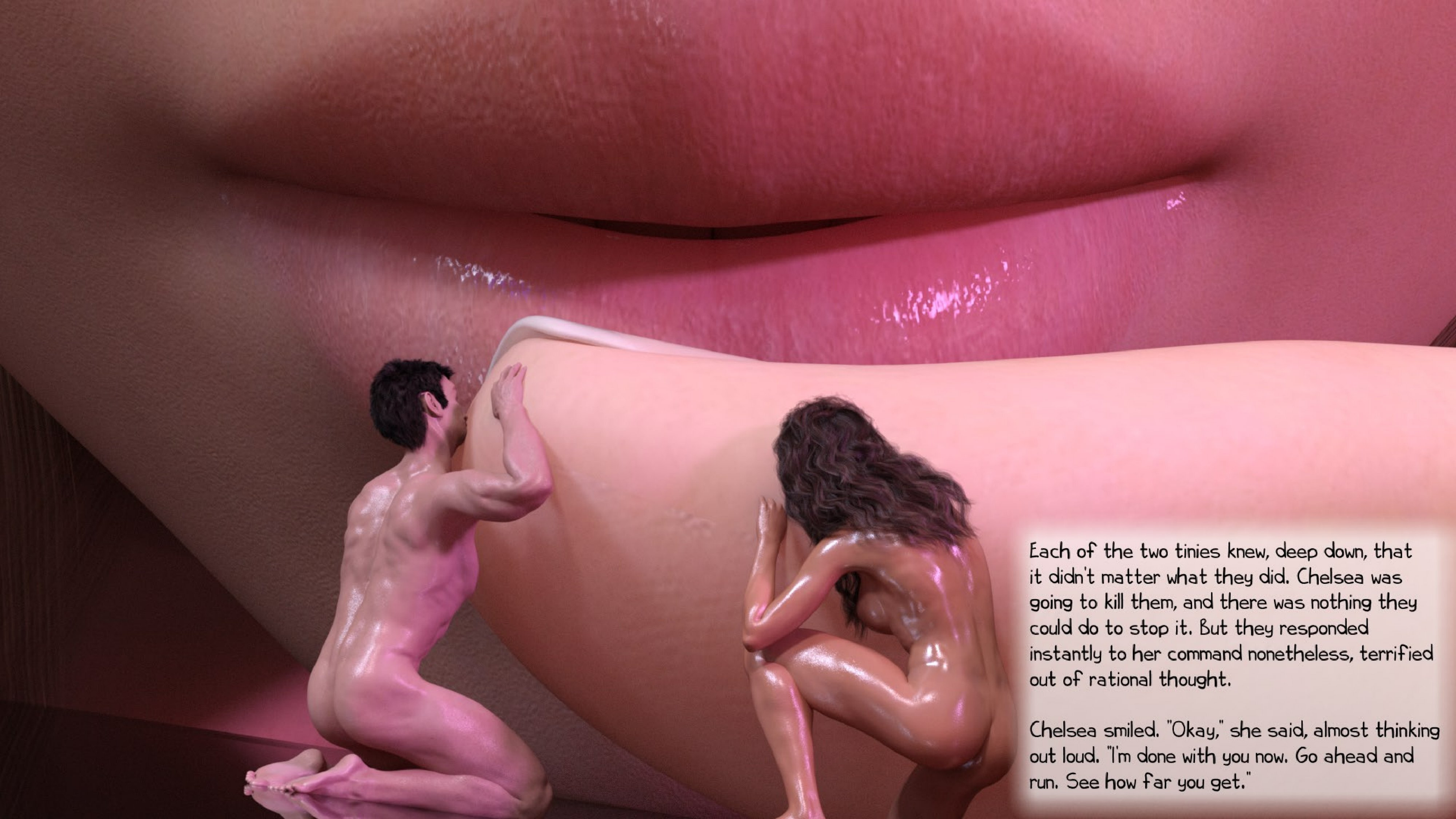
"But I want to keep playing with Alice. I don't really feel like I need to keep you around." She turned her enormous eyes to the two other subjects. "What should I do with her? What should her punishment be?"


Neither of them answered. "Come on," Chelsea prodded. "Make a suggestion and I'll do something nice for you."
They were still silent. "Fine," Chelsea huffed, and raised her hand, face-down, above the table. "Cover your ears," she said. Then, she dropped her hand.

She struck the table with a force that felt like an earthquake. In reality, it was probably a light slap, but the table shook, and the sound of her skin striking the tabletop made their teeth vibrate. When they looked up, the woman who'd shouted was under her thumb. An unrecognizable smear of gore messing the table was all that was visible of her.




Chelsea lowered her face until her mouth was right next to them. She didn't say anything immediately, but her breath, hot and humid, like the wind of an impending hurricane, washed over them. Her soft, pink lips, each one larger than they were, hovered before them, threatening, arousing, and beautiful.
Finally, she spoke: "Kiss my thumb."



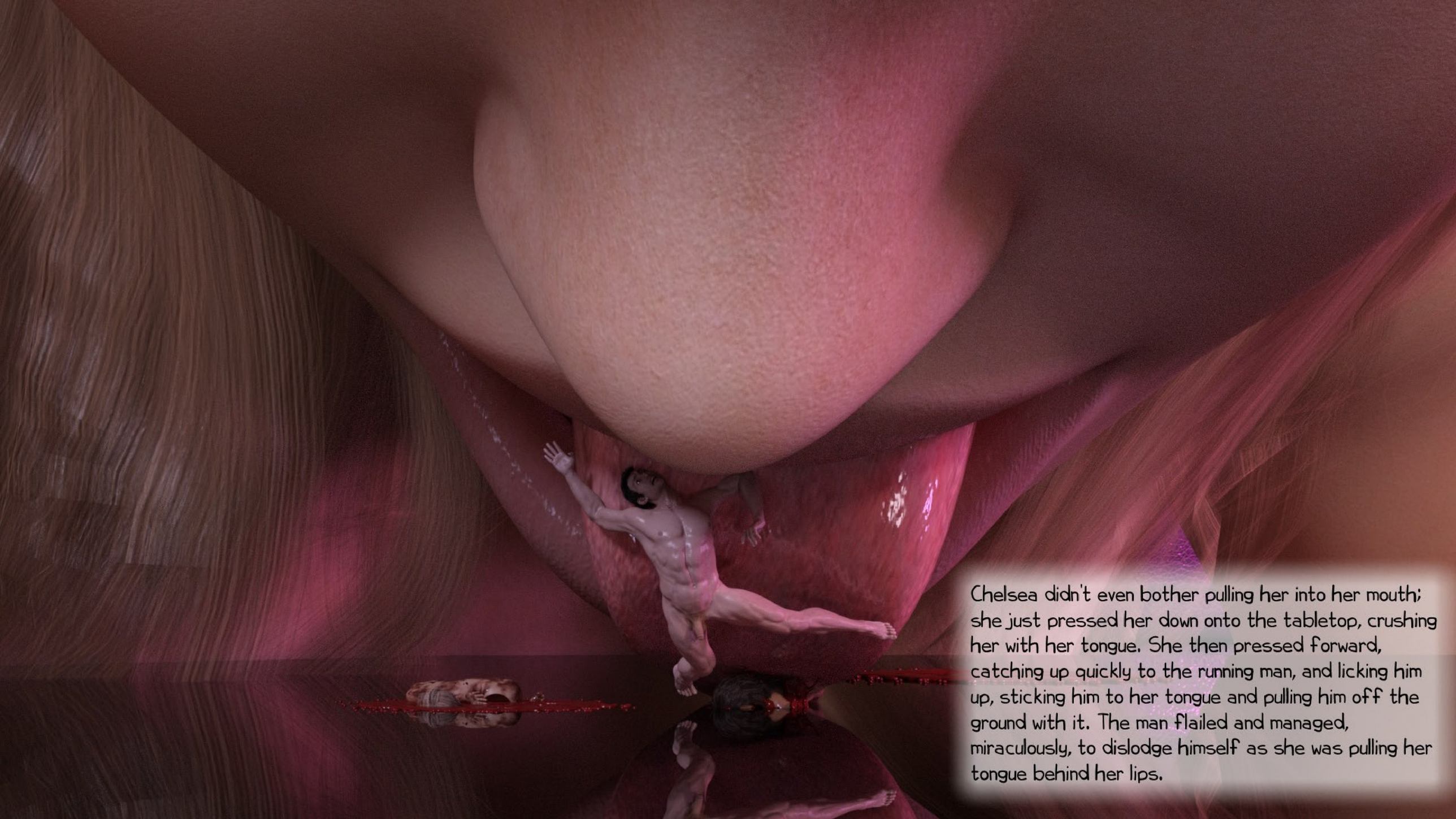
Each of the two tinies knew, deep down, that it didn't matter what they did. Chelsea was going to kill them, and there was nothing they could do to stop it. But they responded instantly to her command nonetheless, terrified out of rational thought.

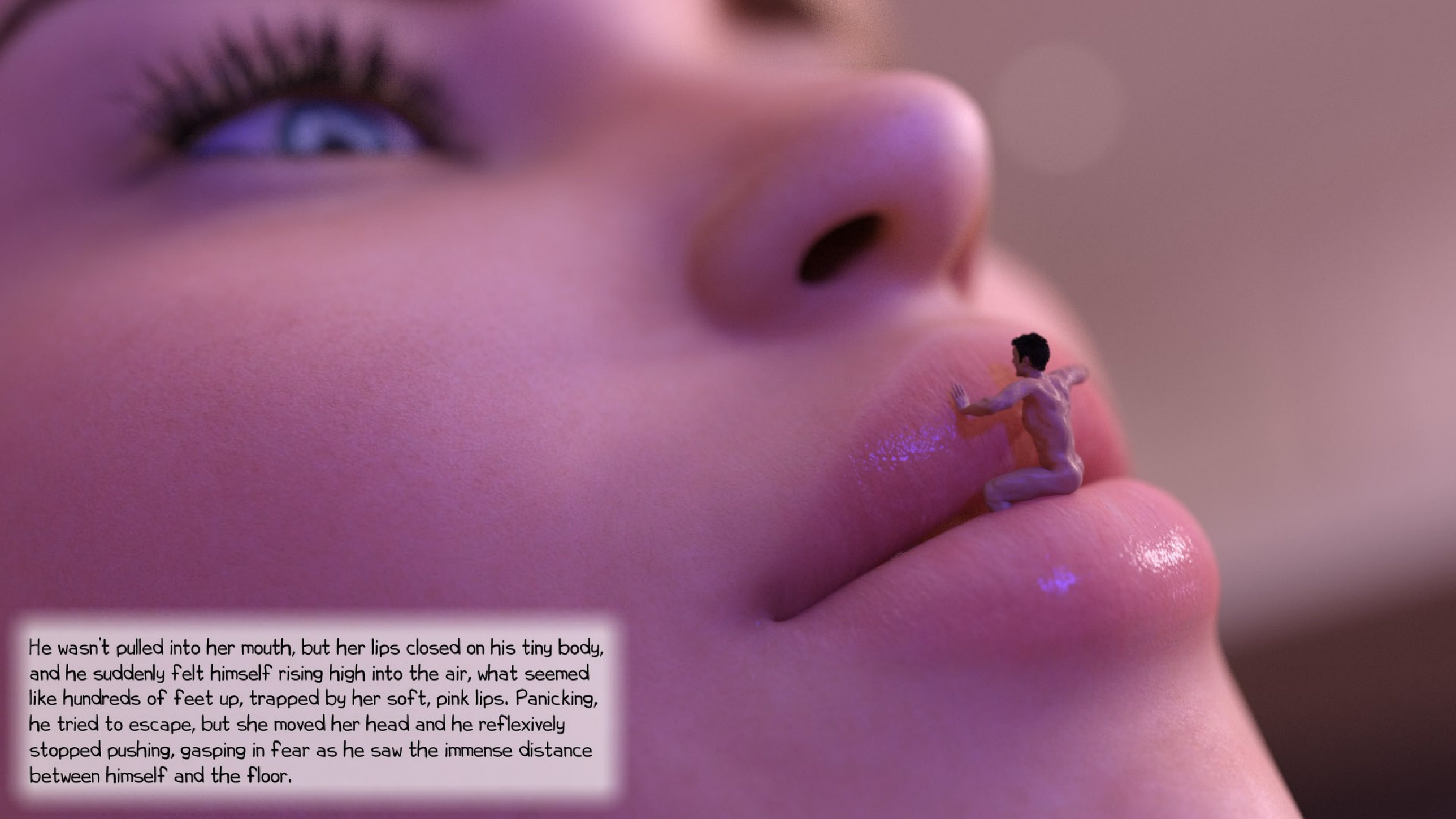
Chelsea smiled. "Okay," she said, almost thinking out loud. "I'm done with you now. Go ahead and run. See how far you get."


Almost as though he'd been waiting for permission, the man jumped up and sprinted in the opposite direction. He knew there was nowhere to go, but he didn't care. All that mattered was putting distance between him and Chelsea.
The woman started to run too, but was half a second slower than the man was, and she slipped in a smear of blood and stumbled.

While she was scrambling on her hands and feet to get back up, Chelsea extended her tongue and touched it to the table, then dragged it forward, licking a long straight path. The woman saw her shadow fall over the table before her, and barely had time to register what it meant before she felt Chelsea's enormous, heavy tongue on her legs and back.

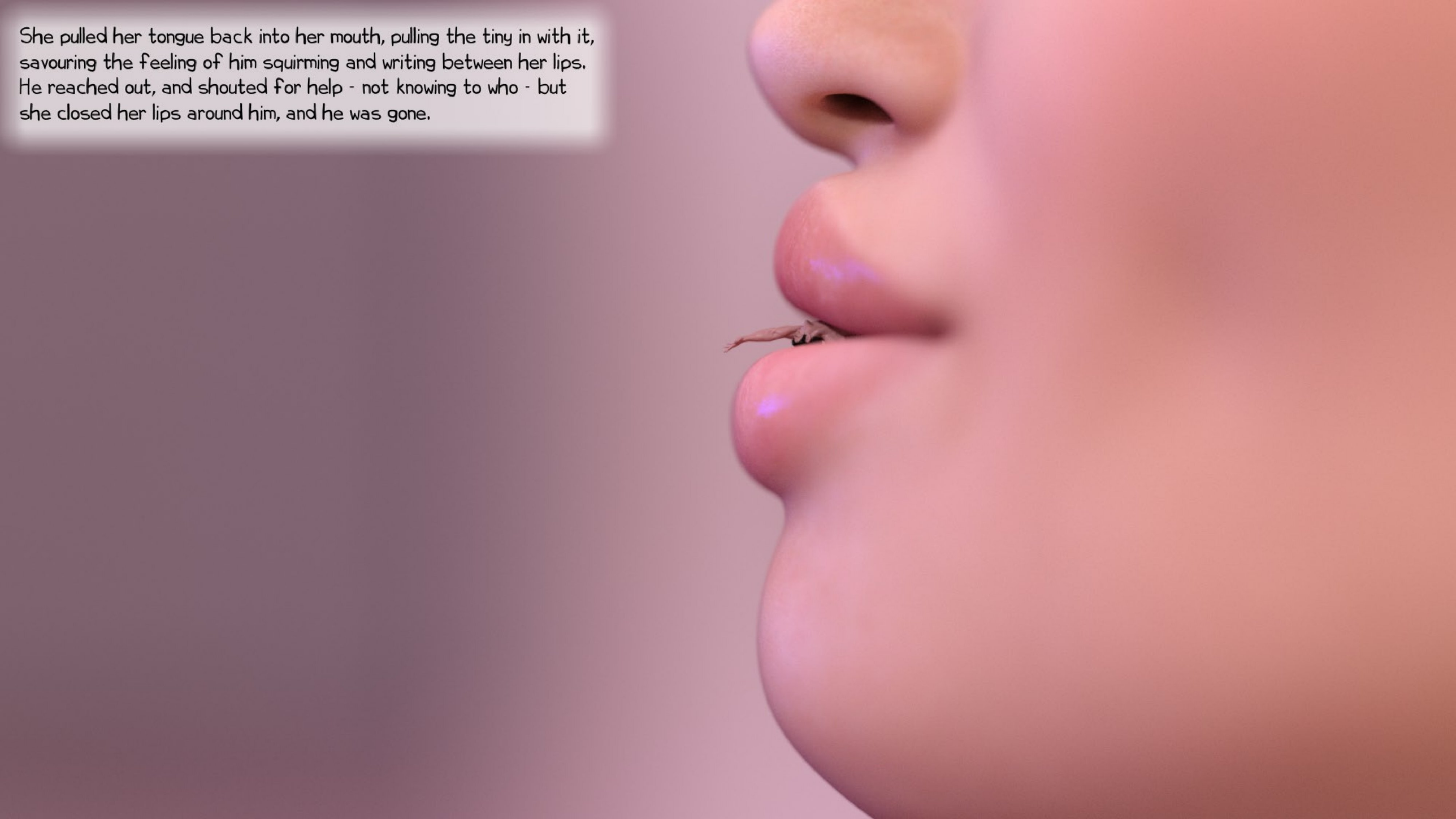



Chelsea didn't even bother pulling her into her mouth; she just pressed her down onto the tabletop, crushing her with her tongue. She then pressed forward, catching up quickly to the running man, and licking him up, sticking him to her tongue and pulling him off the ground with it. The man flailed and managed, miraculously, to dislodge himself as she was pulling her tongue behind her lips.


He wasn't pulled into her mouth, but her lips closed on his tiny body, and he suddenly felt himself rising high into the air, what seemed like hundreds of feet up, trapped by her soft, pink lips. Panicking, he tried to escape, but she moved her head and he reflexively stopped pushing, gasping in fear as he saw the immense distance between himself and the floor.


Chelsea parted her lips ever so slightly, and darted her tongue out from between them, as though she were catching a piece of food that was stuck to her lip.
Which, she thought, wasn't really inaccurate.

She pulled her tongue back into her mouth, pulling the tiny in with it, savouring the feeling of him squirming and writing between her lips. He reached out, and shouted for help - not knowing to who - but she closed her lips around him, and he was gone.





Satisfied with her play, she turned her attention back down to Alice. She smiled, and Alice felt a chill run down her spine.

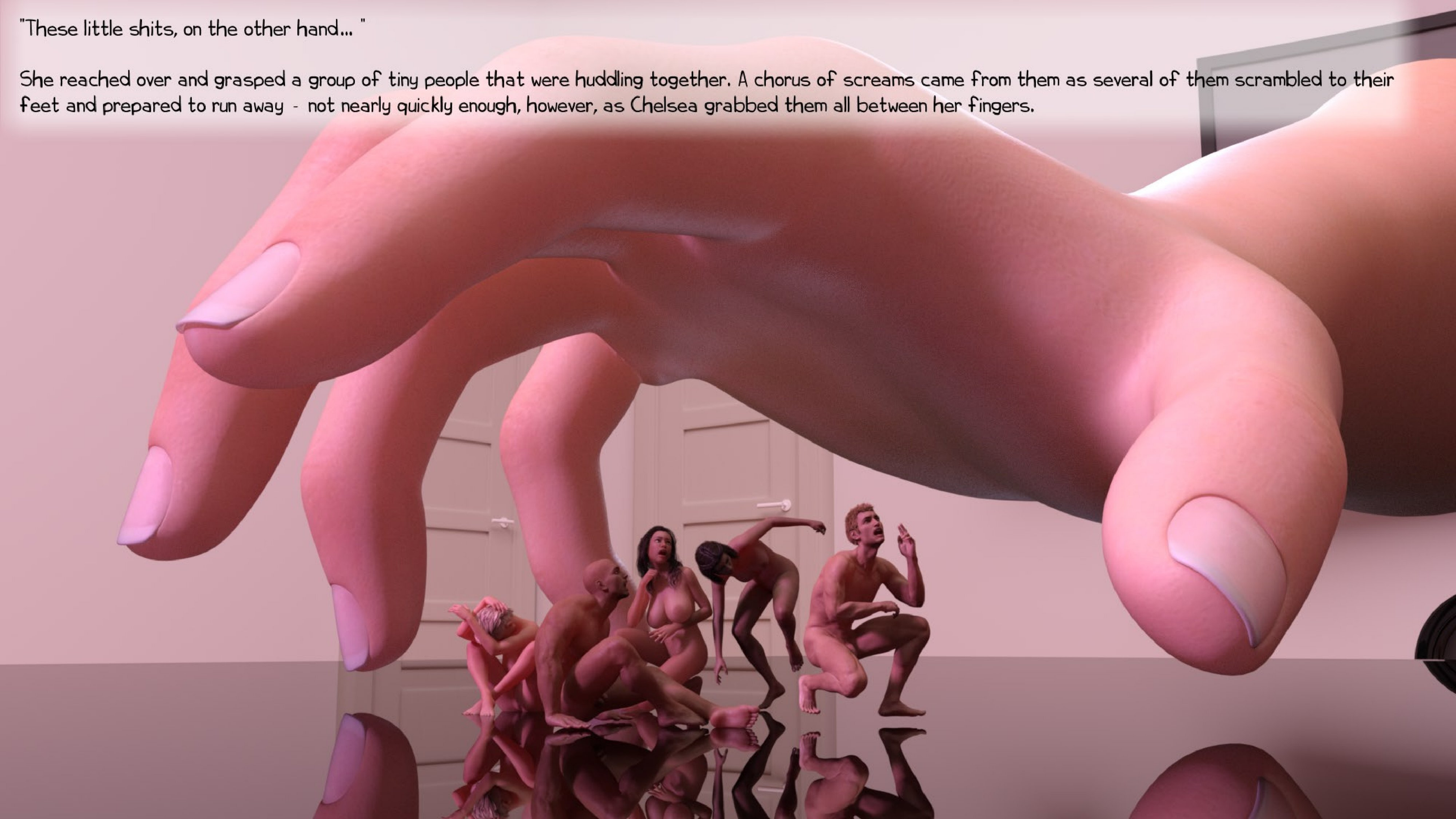
"You enjoying the show?" Chelsea smirked.

"If you're going to kill me just *fucking do it!*" Alice shouted up at her, surprising even herself.

Chelsea looked at her with mock surprise. "Kill you? Alice, haven't you been listening? I'm not going to kill you. We're here to have *fun!* Aren't you having *fun?*"

"These little shits, on the other hand... "

She reached over and grasped a group of tiny people that were huddling together. A chorus of screams came from them as several of them scrambled to their feet and prepared to run away - not nearly quickly enough, however, as Chelsea grabbed them all between her fingers.




"*These* subjects are expendable."
She flipped her hand over so that they were all struggling to keep their balance in her palm, and gazed down on them, contemplating what to do with them. She held her hand still, allowing them all to find their footing, and gave them a moment to stop shouting.

If I made a fist, she thought... *that would be so satisfying. But over too quickly.*

She took a moment to imagine the feeling of their bodies being crushed between her fingers. They looked up at her, not knowing what was going through her head.

Finally, she shook her head gently. "No... I know what I want to do with you."




Abruptly, she tilted her hand, sending them all tumbling. Reflexively, desperately, they tried to grab on to whatever they could, but her smooth skin offered them no purchase. They all fell, spinning through the air, finally landing in the palm of her other hand.
"Hah!" Chelsea laughed. "You guys scare too easily. Relax."


Pinching them gently between her fingers of her left hand, she brought them down to her crotch and spread her labia with her fingers of her right hand.
"Let's fuck. Let's have a good time. I bet you guys have all wanted to get into my pussy, so... here's your chance. Hope you enjoy it as much as I'm going to."



She pushed them in, gently at first, but more roughly as some of them tried to escape their sexual prison. They struggled as their faces were pushed into the folds of her labia, into each other's backs, their arms bent and pushed as they were forced into the cramped space.

"Comfy?" she asked, laughing. "Don't worry, I'll give you a hand."

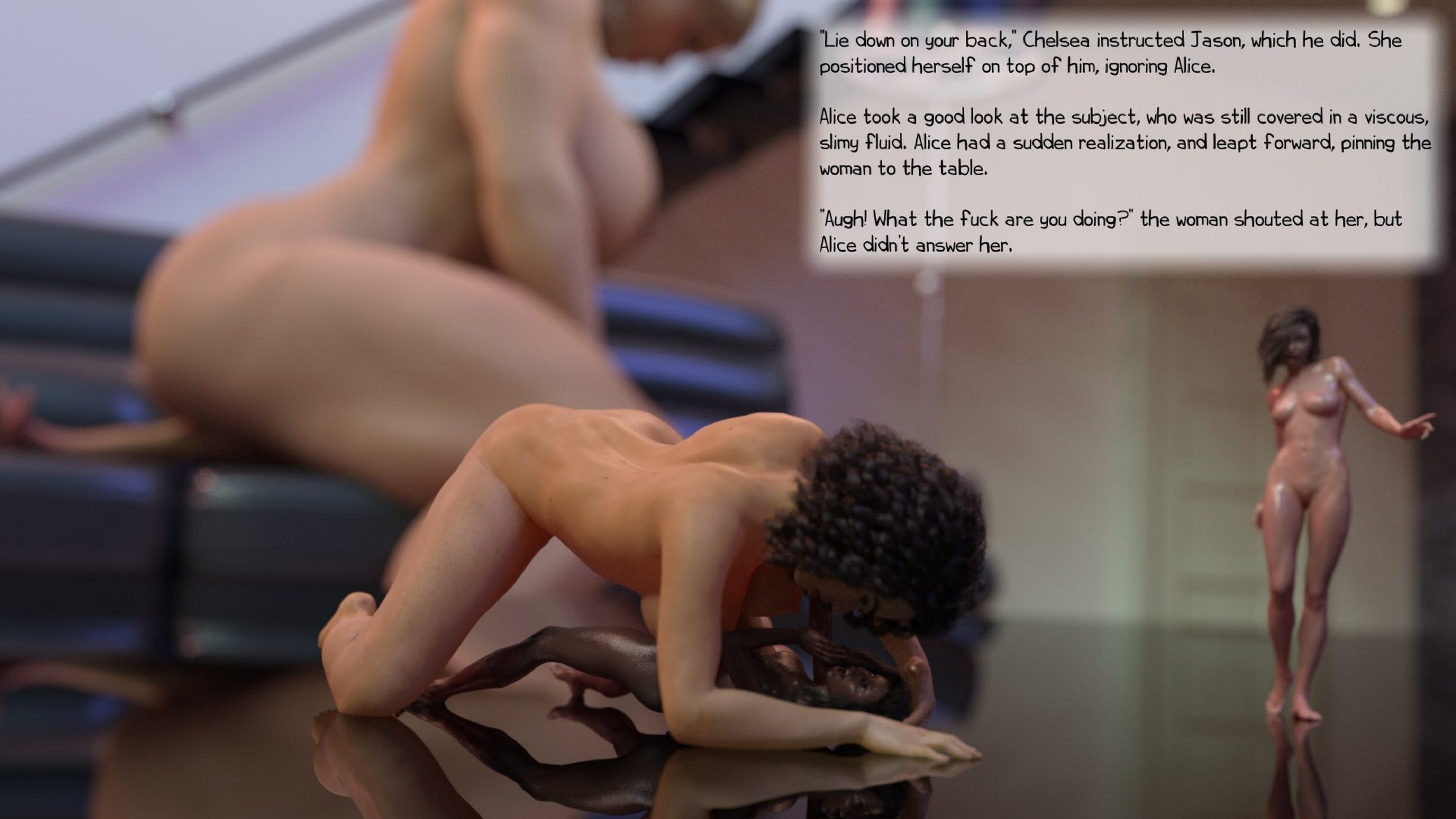

And suddenly the light from the room was blotted out as her gigantic fingers started pushed them again, but not this make them fit, this time; now she was masturbating with them, pushing them against the inner walls of her vagina, coating them in her fluids as they thrashed and struggled.


When they opened their mouths to scream, they immediately took in a mouthful of her juices. They tried not to, but they did so reflexively. She pushed them deeper in, where it was darker and even more constricted, then finally removed her fingers when she was confident they wouldn't fall out.
Slowly, she stood up.



She looked down at Alice, still on the table, and smirked at her. "I'm going to go have some more fun with Jason now. You keep yourself busy. Make some friends. We'll have some more fun, you and I, when I'm done with him. Hell, maybe I'll make him bigger, and then he can have some fun with you. He's been wanting that." She turned back to him. "Haven't you?"

Alice turned to regard one of the subjects on the table with her.



"Lie down on your back," Chelsea instructed Jason, which he did. She positioned herself on top of him, ignoring Alice.

Alice took a good look at the subject, who was still covered in a viscous, slimy fluid. Alice had a sudden realization, and leapt forward, pinning the woman to the table.

"Augh! What the fuck are you doing?" the woman shouted at her, but Alice didn't answer her.



Putting all of her weight on the woman, Alice started licking her skin all over, her face, her breasts, her arms.

The woman struggled and shouted, but Alice weighed several times as much as she did, and her struggles accomplished nothing. Alice continued to lick up as much of the serum as she could.



And sure enough, she began to grow. The subjects were immune to the effects of the liquid that was covering them, but Alice wasn't. And she knew that every one of the subjects on the table with her had serum all over their skin.

I've fucking had it with being small, thought Alice. *And I've had it with being that asshole's plaything.*

Time to try something new.


As Alice's weight increased, it became easier to hold the woman down - small, and seeming smaller with every passing moment - until she didn't have to pay any attention at all to it. All she had to do was rest her body on her. She continued licking every square inch of the woman's skin until she'd swallowed every drop of the serum that was available to her.



She then got up on her knees and was immediately struck by what a change she'd gone through just in a few moments, just from licking the serum off of one person. She held the woman under her arm, and regarded two more subjects directly in front of her, their skin glistening in the light.

Alice smiled. *I got some serum after all, you fucker.*

Just watch me grow.


Quick as lightning, she reached out and grabbed the woman in front of her, her fingers wrapping around her waist. The woman shouted and struggled, but Alice lifted her easily up to her face and started licking her body, starting with her breasts and belly, and moving on to her shoulders and back. With each lick, she tasted the odd, tantalizing chemical flavor of the serum.



"Ohhhh, here it - cooomes!" Alice squealed in pleasure as she felt the drugs taking effect on her body. She inhaled sharply as her body stretched upward, taking up more and more space on the table. The two women held in her arms started shouting in alarm, a sound that Alice found strangely exciting. She refused to let go, pinning them more tightly to her sides.



As she grew, she adjusted her arms to make sure her two little growth serum sources couldn't get away, and ended up pressing their faces into the sides of her tits. They struggled and shouted, but as she squeezed harder, their voices became muffled as their mouths were covered by her soft, sweaty flesh. Her growth started to slow, and she grunted in frustration.


She looked down at the tiny humans surrounding her, staring up at her, all of them watching with some mixture of fascination, fear, and caution. She held up the woman in her left hand in front of her face, who seemed to be trying to speak, but not making any sound. Alice had a moment of awful recognition. She knew exactly what was that woman was feeling.
But.
It felt *so good* to be on the other side.



Alice opened her mouth, wide and jammed the woman in, face-first. Her screams were silenced as Alice's lips closed around her waist, but they were quickly picked up by all of the other tiny men and women on the table. The woman thrashed, and Alice fought not to gag. She suddenly remembered being in college and swallowing a goldfish during a hazing ritual.


This woman was larger than a goldfish - a lot larger. But the serum on her skin - there was still quite a lot of it - made her slippery, and made it easier to take her in. Alice was confident that she could swallow her.
She tilted her head back and opened her throat to let the tiny woman slide down, while the woman in her other hand stared in horror, her mouth open.



Alice nearly gagged as the woman kicked and trashed going down, but managed to swallow her whole. She took a deep, satisfying breath, and without a second thought, jammed the other woman into her mouth so she could follow her friend. The woman struggled, but the second was easier than the first.

She wondered how long it would take before the drugs in the subjects' bodies would affect her.

Alice looked down at the shrunken people, which seemed to break them from their trance. Several of them immediately started running or screaming, and Alice marveled at the chaos she was causing.

More!

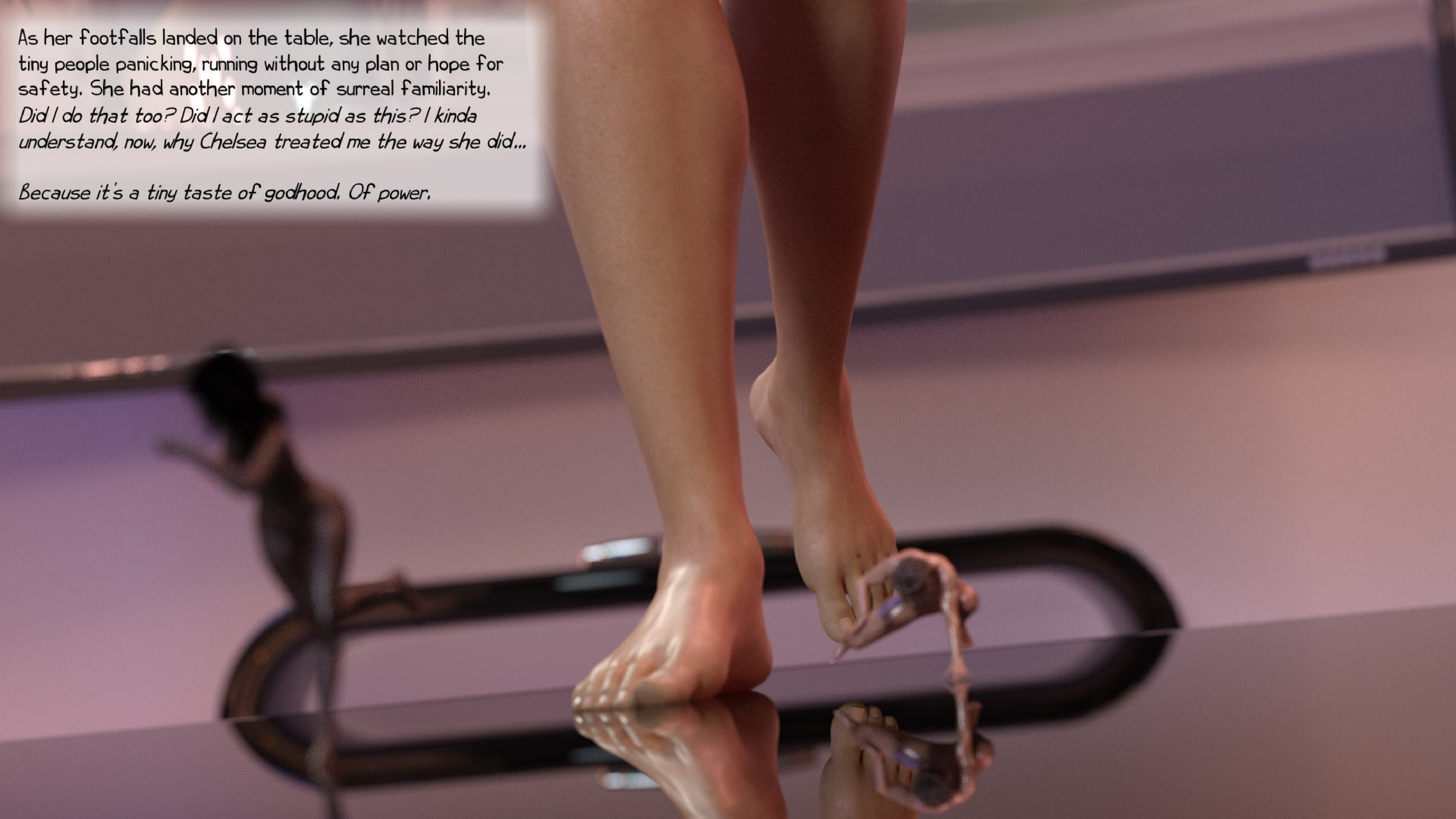
Her belly was full - she'd swallowed two people already, but she knew if she wanted to grow a lot - and she did - she'd have to have more.





One man slipped in a puddle of serum, and scrambled to get back up, but it was too late; Alice had him in her fingers. She crouched down and picked him up, then continued moving forward, wanting to catch another one.

"Where do you think they're going?" She asked.


As her footfalls landed on the table, she watched the tiny people panicking, running without any plan or hope for safety. She had another moment of surreal familiarity. *Did I do that too? Did I act as stupid as this? I kinda understand, now, why Chelsea treated me the way she did...*

Because it's a tiny taste of godhood. Of power.


... and what good is power, she thought, if you don't use it?
She sped up, trying to catch the running subjects. She started jogging herself, and moved toward them purposefully, directly. She wasn't looking at where she was placing her feet, however, and didn't see one of the tinies stumble and fall to his knees right in front of her.


With a crunch, Alice stepped down on the man. He shouted - briefly - but his voice was cut off as her enormous weight crushed his body against the table. His body put Alice off-balance, as she had been expecting to step onto the smooth tabletop, but instead landed on this slippery and uneven body.
She slipped.


"Oh fuck!" she shouted as she fell forward, her legs slipping out from under her and her arms flailing. She reflexively let go of the man she'd been holding, and he went flying off the side of the table, smashing against the wall. Alice seemed to experience the moment in slow motion, looking at the people in front of her, who were looking up at her in horror.


She landed, hard, on the table, crushing two of the tinies underneath her breast. One had been pulverized; bits of blood and gore were spread across the table, and a woman was pinned under Alice's chest.

"Help me!" she cried, reaching her arms out to the nearest man, but he seemed not to hear her; he was staring at Alice's face, just inches away from him.



"Ow! Jesus... " Alice grunted and shook her head.

Carefully, the man rose to his feet. Alice opened her eyes and looked at him. Her iris was the size of his whole hand, and her lips were each as long and wide as his thigh. He knew that there was no escape from her.



She also knew that there was no escape from her. She smiled at him and pushed herself up on her elbows, marveling at how delicate he looked, right up close. Even though he knew it was futile, without even realizing that he was doing it, he put his feet in a position to start sprinting away from her. She didn't make any aggressive moves, however; she just smiled and stared.


She looked around at the small crowd of tiny subjects.
"Hello there," she grinned. "Aren't you all just so cute."
More screams.
God, just a few words... just my presence... is enough to make them all lose their minds. It's like I'm in a dream. It's intoxicating.



All of the others seemed to be in a similar mode of panic. A couple of them didn't even try to run; instead, they sunk to their knees and placed their hands on the table in front of them in supplication. "Please! Please let us go!" one cried.

Alice rose onto all fours to grant herself a better view of the people begging for their lives.


She considered her options while they worshipped her. Then she remembered the reason she was here. Not because of these people. She was here because of Chelsea. And Jason.

She realized with surprise that despite the abuse that Chelsea had heaped upon her, what was upsetting her right now was that she was *ignoring* her.

Time to stop playing.


She reached forward and created a cage of her fingers around the group of tinies, who cried out in despair though not in surprise. Alice was large enough that she could easily trap them all in the fingers of both hands, and took a moment to just hold them there, enjoying the feeling of them pushing and struggling ineffectually. They couldn't even budge her fingers.

She grasped them in her hands and lifted them up, making sure not to let any escape them. None, however, even tried to jump, knowing that if they did, it would probably not turn out any better for them, and probably a good deal worse. They tickled her palms with their movements, and Alice again savoured the moment, the feeling of holding four people in her two hands.




The tinies started to look at one another in confusion. "Why... what's she waiting for?" one whispered.
That broke Alice's hesitation. Slowly, she closed her hands, trapping them again in her fingers, holding them in front of her face in a clumsy, awkward handful of limbs and slimy skin. Their panic rose once again.

She lifted her handful of people to her mouth and, without a word, grabbed one with her tongue and teeth and sucked him into her mouth. Then, as she'd done before, tilted her head back and swallowed him. The others suddenly began to question whether it would be better to be crushed than swallowed, and started to fight, but Alice held on tightly. She bowed her head and grabbed the next one, taking her into her mouth, and repeated until she'd eaten them all.




And yet... there were more.
There are still more! She realized with glee.
That fucking bitch thought I wouldn't be able to grow, but look at me now.
I wonder how big I'm going to get.


Casually, almost lazily, she reached out one hand and snagged the leg of a man sprinting away with all of his strength. In a panic, he grabbed onto the closest thing to him, which just happened to be another tiny. She started fighting and cursing him out, but in his thoughtless panic, he didn't let go, even after Alice had lifted them both into the air.



"Just like a barrel of monkeys... " Alice mused.
They argued between themselves as she watched.

"Don't drop me!" the woman shouted to the man

"I don't know if I can hold on! You're too heavy!"

"Why the fuck did you grab me!?"

"I... I don't know!"

Alice listened, entertained.


Shit! You're slipping!"
"No!"
The woman slipped out of his grasp, but Alice reached under her and caught her easily in her right hand. The woman looked around, marveling at how high up she was, at the size of Alice's hand, and slowly, her gaze travelled up her arm, across her breasts, and finally, up to her face where she locked eyes with Alice.


She held the two of them in front of her breasts, contemplating them. Once again, she remembered how it felt to be held in Chelsea's hand. She felt a sudden surge of empathy.
"I know how frightened you must be, because... I was there too. But you don't understand how... satisfying... it is to be in this position. And "


She never finished her sentence, as she was distracted by her body expanding again, growing larger. Her fingers swelled around the tinies, gripping the man more tightly, her palm stretching outwards underneath the woman's legs. She closed her eyes and breathed deeply, then let out a long, low moan of pleasure.


"And... I think I understand her now. I understand Chelsea. I know why she does the things she does. Because... it's... " she shuddered in ecstasy as she went through another growth surge. "It's the greatest feeling in the world."
The woman and the man each looked at the other. They both knew what was coming.



"When I grew, at first, I was kinda mean, but... I held myself back. I wanted to be in control, but I still... limited myself. Because I... " she paused and laughed. "I don't even fucking know why. I can't remember."

Alice continued talking, but not looking at the two people in her hands. She didn't know if they were listening, but didn't care either.
She was mostly talking to herself.



Her fingers closed around the woman, squeezing her legs into an unnatural, painful position.

"Stop it!" she cried out. "That hurts!"

"That's the point!" Alice responded. "I know I'm hurting you. I'm hurting you because I can. Because I can do whatever I fucking want, and there's absolutely nothing you can do about it."

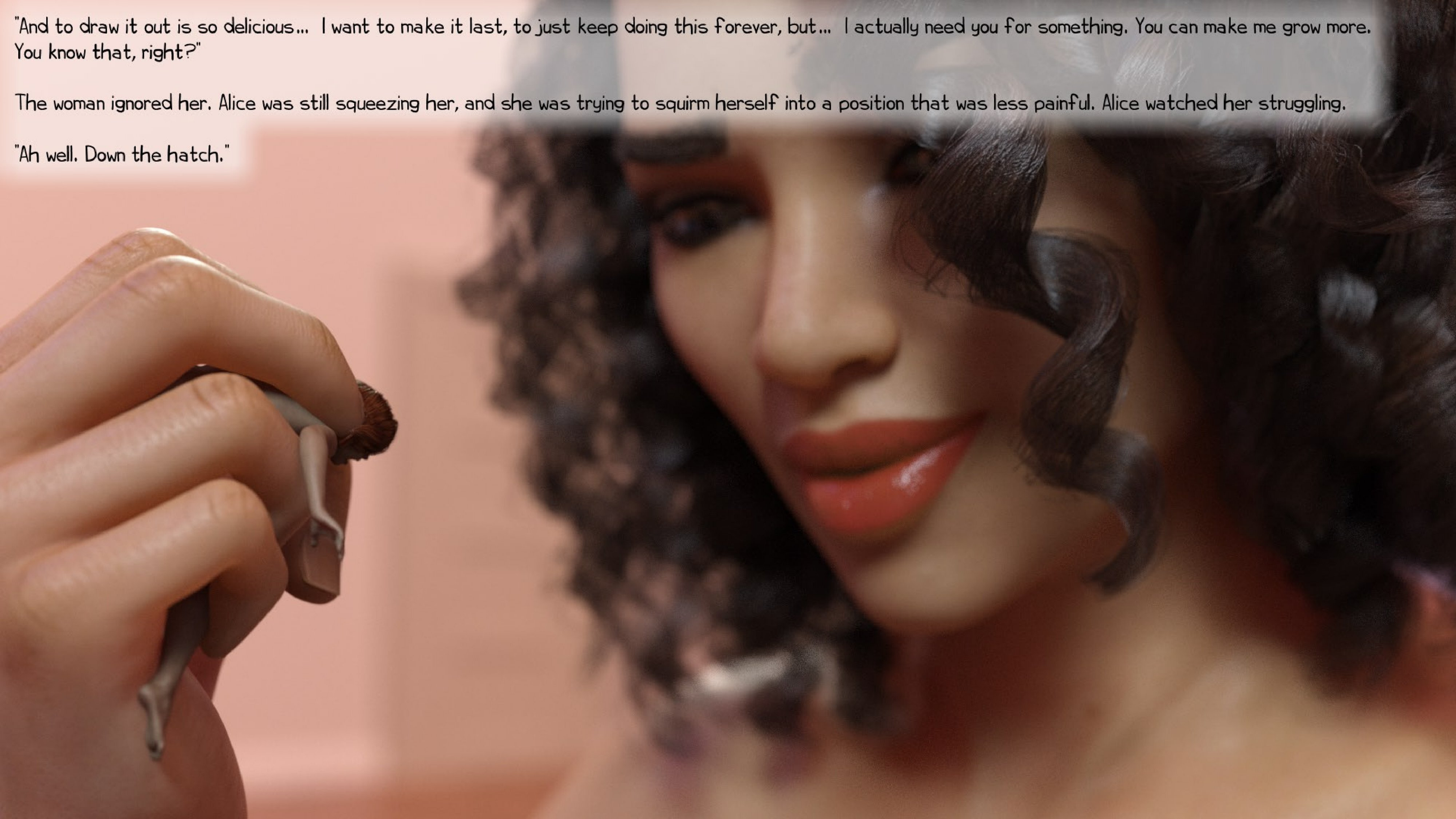
She knew that she was only just beginning to feel the growth effects, and enjoyed it.

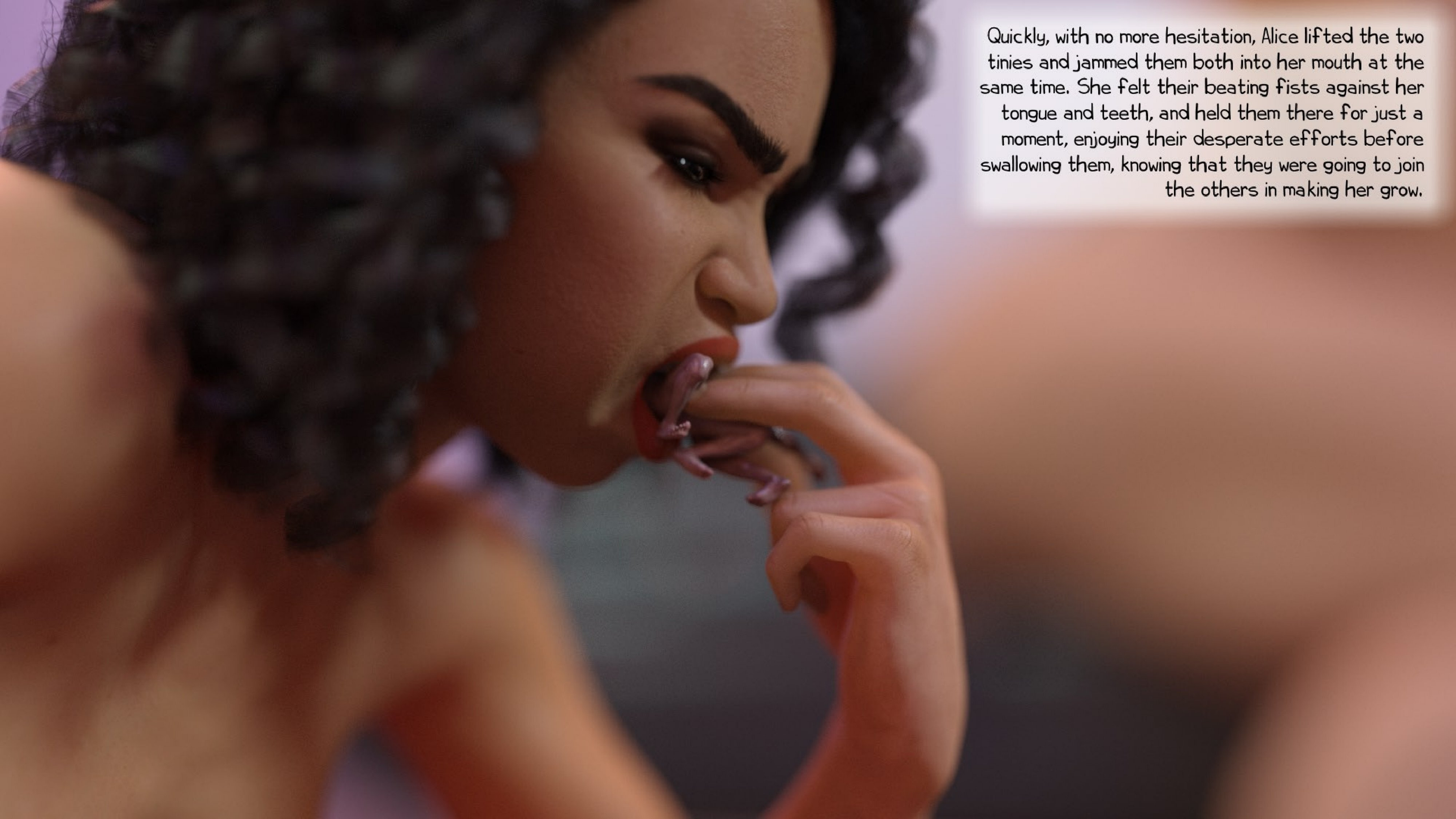

Alice's grip tightened on the man in her left hand as well. Her fingers became heavier and stronger, and even the slightest effort on her part was enough to press his lungs until he couldn't breathe. She knew that to crush his body into paste would be trivial, but she didn't want to do that just yet.

"And to draw it out is so delicious... I want to make it last, to just keep doing this forever, but... I actually need you for something. You can make me grow more. You know that, right?"

The woman ignored her. Alice was still squeezing her, and she was trying to squirm herself into a position that was less painful. Alice watched her struggling.

"Ah well. Down the hatch."





Quickly, with no more hesitation, Alice lifted the two tinies and jammed them both into her mouth at the same time. She felt their beating fists against her tongue and teeth, and held them there for just a moment, enjoying their desperate efforts before swallowing them, knowing that they were going to join the others in making her grow.

Jason, meanwhile, was experiencing some of the most memorable - if not always painless - sex of his life. He thrusted his dick into Chelsea's pussy, not even knowing if she could feel him. But he continued nonetheless, because she had told him to. And because if he did what she told him to, she might let him grow. He didn't want to end up like Alice.




Some movement in his peripheral vision caught his attention. He could barely see what was happening, as Chelsea's massive breasts blocked his vision, but there seemed to be someone crouching on the table. Someone full-size... and growing. His mouth dropped open and he stopped thrusting. *Is that... Alice?* He thought.

Chelsea noticed immediately that Jason had stopped pumping. "Aw... are you getting tired, little man?" Her voice rumbled from up above him. "Too bad... I told you that you'd have to pleasure me if you wanted to get bigger, and that's not what you're doing right now. I guess you must not really want to get bigger after all, do you?"




"Uh... " Jason's mouth was dry and his mind was blank. Alice was huge, and getting bigger - fast. Her ass now took up the entire table, and she seemed to be nowhere near finished growing. *How big is she going to get?*

His mind raced. Chelsea seemed still not to notice what was happening, and he was still, for some reason, unable to tell her. Her colossal tit was still swaying back and forth above his head, but even that wasn't enough to distract him from what was happening. *How the hell did Alice do that?*
And then: *Oh shit, I hope she isn,t angry at me...*



Alice got to her feet slowly, shakily, and looked around herself. Her eyes glazed over, and she started murmuring to herself, slurring her words: "Six was... maybe... too much." And with that, she collapsed, falling unconscious and crushing the furniture with her enormous body.

She continued swelling, slowly, slowly, until her body finally lay still and stable.

The room fell silent.

RFD COMICS

ONE SUBSCRIPTION.
HUNDREDS OF GIANTESS COMICS.

PATREON.COM/REDFIREDOG