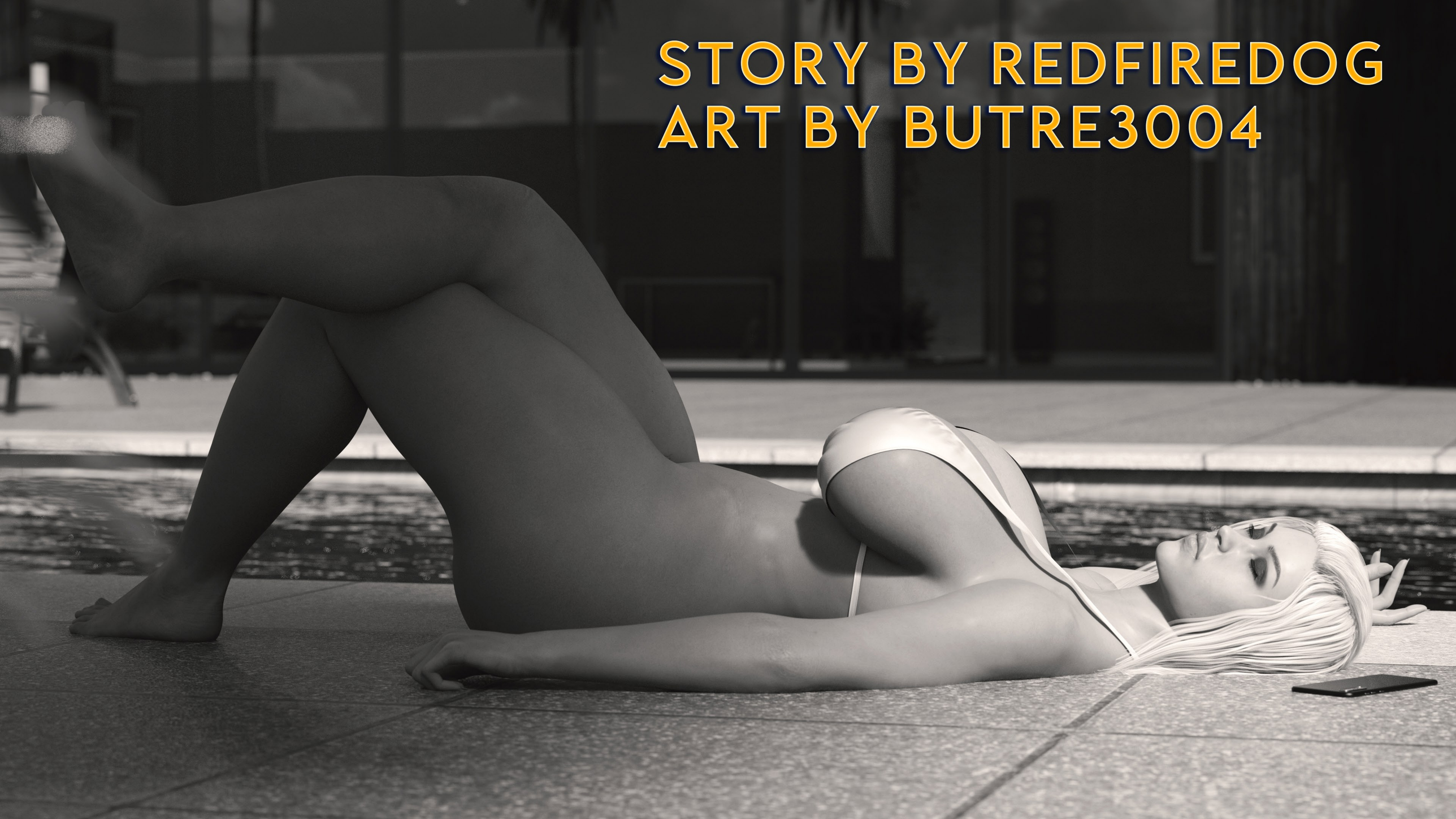

KAYLEE
REDUX- PART 01


STORY BY REDFIREDOG
ART BY BUTRE3004


I took one step, and every single worthless inhabitant of Los Angeles quaked in fear. My hips were almost as wide as a city block, and I swayed them playfully, shaking my tight ass in my workout shorts. With each step I neared the busy intersection ahead. I was practically quivering in anticipation when I thought about what I would do when I got there.


An overpass stood in my way. It was impolite of the city planners to try and wall me off like that , so I brought my foot down, and it quickly collapsed. There weren't any cars around, so no one was hurt, but I knew I'd have plenty of opportunities to fix that oversight in the near future.
PARK
JAKES DELI
CIGARETTES-SANDWICHES-SODAS



Now the only thing in my way was an old housing project. I could just step around it, but I always hated having to look at that nasty old building, so I figured: why not bring it down? I mean, there were probably hundreds of people inside, but who cares? They were a bunch of poor fucking deadbeats, and I don't want to have to look at them any more than I want to look at the building.


This so-called high-rise barely came up past my knees. I raised my foot in front of the building, and some little bitch inside let out a really irritating scream. If she was trying to stop me it backfired, because her annoying little voice just made me want to bring my foot down even sooner. I swung my foot forward and instantly collapsed the first few floors. That shut the bitch up.


DELI & GROCERY
RS -CIGARETTES-SANDWICHES-SODAS
My foot tore through the shitty old brickwork like it was nothing. One little step took out a half-dozen floors, and I don't even know how many of those little apartments. The building's foundations must have not been very strong, because the impact from my foot was enough to send the entire building tipping over! The ground below creaked as the high-rise and my foot raced towards the streets below.


The high-rise crashed down only seconds before the heel of my designer sandals. A wave of smoke and cinder rushed out from the building, obscuring the ground in front of me. My heel pierced through the pavement, landing just behind a blue car. My foot hovered over the car only for a few brief seconds before I brought it down.



The truck was instantly flattened into a pile of red scrap metal. I couldn't see whether anyone was inside the truck at the time, but I don't really care. That was just one car, there were thousands of others to smash if I felt like it. The traffic was gridlocked for miles around, but there were dozens of tiny little people below me, trying to flee between the cars, scurrying around like little rats.


The smoke was covering the ground below. It was already to the point where I could barely see what was below me, but again, what's below me doesn't really matter, so I took another step.


I can only imagine what it was like for the tiny people below, running like bugs, trying not to get crushed under my designer sandals. I must have looked like some kind of goddess to them. Good. I was.


That's when I got another idea, one that was more interesting than just stepping on some random cars. This was going to be a little more challenging, so I took a few seconds to stretch out and limber up.
FOR RENT
Beauty
since 2000
NORTH
495
EXIT 25
LAST EXIT


I stretched my arms out behind me, then out to the sides. My arms reached out far enough out that I could reach past both of the skyscrapers in front of me at the same time. Good.


I leaned forward and brought my arms up against the tall glass buildings. All around where my arms touched the building, the windows immediately shattered from the pressure.


Thousands of tons of carefully-constructed glass and metal were no match for my arms. The tall steel beams bent and snapped like they were made out of balsa wood. All I had to do was keep pushing forward, and my arms slowly sliced the skyscrapers in half.
Beauty
since 200
THE LEGEND WORK


I'm sure it was terrifying for the people below. I could hear them running and screaming, doing their best to avoid the shower of glass that I had created with so little effort. I wasn't watching my step, so I had no way of knowing if I stepped on any of them, but something told me that I did. Which is a shame, really. Those were Louboutin sandals! It wouldn't be easy to clean the blood off, and it's not like I could get more at that size!
STOP
CRESCENT ST
FAST


My sleeves, luckily, seemed impervious to damage. I pushed on forward, and just moments later my arms had already emerged from the other side. The tops of the towers creaked as they slowly tilted, before they fell dramatically to the ground. The whole thing looked kind of like when someone gets sliced in half in a samurai movie. It was fucking badass, if I can say so myself. For the people on the ground below, I imagine the spectacle was a bit less enjoyable.


I stood there for a moment and admired my own handiwork. The entire city had seen me do that, and they had to be cowering in fear now. The screams below had reached a fever pitch, and together with the sirens it made something resembling a kind of music. It was beautiful, really. And they say L.A. has no culture.
Beauty
FOR RENT
BEER & WINE
JAKES DELI
RIDGES
OLD STYLE BBQ


That's when I heard a weird buzzing noise in the distance. At first it was barely noticeable, but then it grew louder, until it was so loud that it drowned out everything else. And then I saw it: a strange, black monolith floating through the air. It slowly flew closer and closer, while I stood paralyzed, until it was floating right in front of me.


Bzzz... Bzzz.... Bzzz....
That thing.... It looked almost familiar somehow, like it was something I'd seen before, but I couldn't place it. The buzzing was louder now, so loud it made me feel like my head was going to explode. That terrible, annoying buzzing, it just wouldn't stop...



Bzzz... Bzzz.... Bzzz....

Ugh... Oh fuck, it's the phone. I let it vibrate a few more times before it goes to voicemail. Whoever it is, I don't want to talk right now.

You ever have a dream that's so real it feels like it's actually happening? This was one of those. For a brief moment, I forgot how much everything sucked.


But then I snapped back to real-life, and everything was terrible again. For starters, I had a nasty fucking hangover. I must have drank a ton, and I could barely remembered the night before.


I tried to go back to sleep, but not ten seconds later the phone rang again, and immediately my head felt like it was splitting in two. I leaned over to grab the annoying device and destroy it.


I picked up the phone and looked at the caller ID. Of course it was fucking mom. The last person I wanted to talk to right then. Or ever.
09:41 AM
85%
Incoming Call
CUNT
Decline


It was like I couldn't ever fucking get away from her for five minutes. It was bad enough that I had to stay in this shitty house with her and Kayla, you'd think she could have at least given me some space when I was trying to relax.


I hung up right away, but not more than ten seconds later she called again. That's I heard a loud banging sound behind me. I turned around, and I saw her creeping on me through the bedroom window, along with her fucking camera guy. Of course she was topless. It's good for ratings, after all. I saw her silhouette through the window, but I still didn't want to see that shit.
I answered the phone, but that didn't mean I was going to dignify her bullshit by turning around to look at her. "Hey, mom," I said with an eye roll that she could probably hear over the phone.


"Hey Kaylee," she said in her annoying little voice, "happy twenty-first birthday! I'm so proud of you, and I can't believe you've grown up so fast!"
God, There's nothing worse than other people's enthusiasm when you're hungover. But wait... Fuck, it's my twenty-first birthday already? And I'm already hung-over?



I didn't want to admit that I was hungover on the morning of my 21st birthday, so I played it cool.

"Umm, thanks Mom," I said, "you have some kind of big celebration planned, right?" Unlike the rest of my family, I hated planning shit, so I let other people deal with it.

"Well..." she hesitated for a minute, "that's something I wanted to talk about. Apparently, you called my assistants last night and told them to cancel everything?!"

Fuck, I did? And they actually went through with it? I couldn't believe those idiots. "Umm, yeah," I fibbed, "because everything you guys had planned sounded super lame. Put on something simple, but don't cheap out on it like last year, okay? I want to spend at least half a million, and try to get the show to pay for most of it if you can, okay? Just do it at the house, I don't feel like going out." Hopefully, by the time the party started in a few hours, I'd be done with my hangover.


"It's short notice," she said, "but I'll get my people on it. And Kaylee, there's something else. Do you mind turning around?"
Her voice sounded marginally more sincere than usual, so I decide to be honest with her. "No, mom, because I don't want to look at your weird-ass fake tits!"
"Kaylee! Well, there was something else... I'll just come out and just say it. Your sister just officially announced her net worth. She's worth just over a billion dollars."


My blood went cold.
"What did you just say?"
"I know, Kaylee, I know. She sprung it on me, too."
"Are you fucking serious? She announces that on my fucking twenty-first birthday?"
" I tried to talk her into delaying it a few days, but in the end the timing was her decision, not mine. I've been getting tons of calls about it all day. If it's okay, she wants to make an official announcement at your party..."
"Fucking seriously? No, tell her to fuck off!"
"Kaylee, don't talk to me like that! I raised you. I let you live under my roof--"


"Are you serious? You mean this fucking prison? I can't believe I signed that fucking contract. Not only do I have to live in this shitty house with my annoying-ass half-sister and my bitch of a mom, I've also got to deal with a bunch of creepy fucking camera guys following me around all the time. I've got to spend ten hours flying to fucking Scotland or whatever, so you and Kayla can sit in a shitty hotel room and do some fake-ass hyperventilating drama shit in front of the cameras? All that bullshit, and for what? A measly ten million a year? That's nothing. It's worse than nothing. It's a fucking insult.
'I bet you and Kayla get ten times that. My fat-ass sister, and you, you nasty-ass skank, with your rock-hard silicone boobs and your weird fucking pepperoni-looking nipples that you got from some shitty Brazilian surgeon, get more money than I do. All for pretending to be a screeching fucking harpy on a shitty reality TV show. You'd be lucky to work as a fucking Telenovela actress if you didn't get famous by fucking a third-rate rapper on camera. You'd think if anyone would be a natural when it came to acting like a dumb bitch, it would be you, but somehow, you can't even fucking manage that.


'You know, it pains me to say this, but you can actually be pretty smart. About some things, at least. You took a small fortune and turned it into a fucking empire. You could make money doing anything, but what do you decide to do? You make us all parade around on this ridiculous fucking clown show, acting like a bunch of ignorant children so that a bunch of fucking Plebeian idiots milling around Walmarts in the midwest can feel like they're better than us. All of that so you can get your name stuck in their head, so when they go out they buy your shitty discount make-up brand. Well fuck you, Mom. I'm done with this. When the contract expires in two weeks, I'm out, and I don't want to see you or Kayla again. Ever."



"Are you DONE?" She asked. Her voice was practically shaking. I could tell she was choked up. Good, I thought, Fuck her.

"Yeah," I said, "I'm done."

"...Stop. Just... Kaylee, I know the whole bad girl act gets ratings, but sometimes I can't tell when it's just an act. This is just for the show, right?"

"No mom. Unlike you, some of us have real fucking emotions. You want to know something? Every time I've called you a bitch and a whore and a skank, that was all fucking real, straight from my fucking heart, bitch!"


She hung up. Good, that meant I wouldn't have to look at her ugly face anymore. I turned back and watched her and the camera guy walk away.


Hopefully she's still taking care of the party. I figured she probably would. She's not quite as much of a petty bitch as she acts like on TV.
Whatever. I was too amped-up now to go back to sleep, and I was too tired and hungover to do anything else. That left exactly one option open: sunbathing. I made sure no one was around, then I slipped off my bikini bottom and layed out by the poolside, and thought about all the bullshit I had to deal with.


See, mom thinks that the only way she can be successful is by pandering to everyday people. That whole show was an exercise in making a bunch of tubby, middle-aged mall shoppers feel like they're better than us. She took our family, which was basically modern American royalty, and turned us into the billionaire equivalent of Honey fucking Boo Boo. But I know better.



Normal people–you know, losers–they know deep down they're not as good as me or my family. What we should be doing is going on the air everyday and saying, "hey losers, we're better than you. You're not worthy enough to polish my fucking asshole. Buy this shit makeup anyway. It's not even close to as good as the stuff we use, but it's still better than you deserve. It probably costs more than you can afford, but you better buy it anyway, and I don't care if you have to sell both of your fucking kidneys to buy it. I'm better than you, and I'm telling you to do something, so you'd better fucking do it." I bet they'd just eat that shit up, but of course Mom wouldn't have any of it.

My name is Kaylee Kloss. It rhymes with 'floss,' not 'flaws,' because I don't have any flaws. If you've been living under a rock for the last twenty years or so, I'm one of the most famous people in the world, along with Mom and my half-sister Kayla.

My father is Charles Kloss. Unlike Mom and Kayla, he was never much for the spotlight. He was a genius, philanthropist, old money billionaire, cuck.. Yep, that's right. Just a few months after I was born, Mom cheated on Charles with a third-rate rapper. They filmed the act, and then "accidentally" leaked the sex tape, which also doubled as a record of what also happened to be my half-sister's conception.



That act of cuckholdry turned out to be extremely lucrative for Mom. Overnight, she became a household name, and of course she did everything she could to cash in on her newfound fame. She divorced Charles and married the shitty rapper, which gave her a steady stream of tabloid fodder. Then she used that attention to start dozens of companies selling makeup, fashion, underwear, whatever she thought might be profitable. A few years later, she launched a 'reality' show, for which we all signed ten-year contracts. A few million a year, for the low price of my privacy, dignity and happiness. That contract will finally be up in a few weeks. I don't plan on continuing it.

It turns out homewreckers aren't always the most loyal people, and that shitty rapper cheated on Mom just like she used him to cheat on Charles. Kayla's dad is... well, let's just say he's out of the picture for now. Not divorced, but separated. Mom's kept busy since then with a rotating selection of swarthy, muscular bodyguards. You could say she has a type.


I'm the only one in this family who actually seems to care about having something resembling privacy. I've done my best to stay afloat amid a sea of endless cameras. I tried to savor little moments like this, where I actually had some fleeting peace and quiet. If not for my head throbbing like someone was hitting it with a fucking jackhammer, I probably would have almost been happy. But of course, that couldn't possibly last for more than five minutes before some stupid bullshit interrupts everything.


It was my personal assistant, whatsherface... Uh, Sarah? I think? She'd been working for me for years now, but all I could say about her personality is that she's what you might charitably call "mousey." She liked to wear that cheap faux-vintage grandma chic look that was maybe hip like five years ago, but now it just made her look old. Her hair made her look like the kind of girl who got married to some trucker right out of high school, so I guess it's not surprising that's exactly what happened. That's all I know about her life, but it's still way more than I wish I knew.
You know, I could probably made her look decent with a makeover. But I sure as hell wasn't going to give her one for free, and she couldn't fucking afford a makeover from me if she saved every dime she made for the next hundred years, so I guess that wasn't going to happen.


"Oh..." she said awkwardly, "your pants are..."
Oh, right. I remembered that my pussy was out... but I didn't feel like looking for my bikini bottom at the moment, and I really didn't like the idea of someone like her judging me. So I said to her, "Umm, yeah? So?"
I mean, so what if she sees my pussy? I guess I could just cross my legs, but she can fucking look for all I care. As far as I'm concerned she matters about as much as a housecat. who cares if she sees me naked?
She got all nervous, it was kind of funny. "Oh, that's... fine," she said. "So anyway, Kaylee..."
"Miss Kloss," I corrected her. I didn't usually care if she called me by my first name, but I wasn't not in the mood right then.


"Umm, right, Ms. Kloss." Ugh, she wasn't even pronouncing my last name right. "You weren't responding to my texts, so I thought I'd tell you in person... I had some questions about the floral arrangements for the party."
I couldn't believe it. "That's it?" I asked, "That's what you woke me up for?"
"Well," she said, "I wasn't sure what your preference was. Color choice, species, do you prefer mixed flowers or just one species... I really want to make sure it's perfect for you!"
Oh my god, I couldn't believe she actually thought I cared about that shit. I just said to her, "Whatever. I don't give a shit about that stuff. Just have someone with taste make the decision. That means, umm, not you. No offense. So is that it, or was there another reason you bothered me?"


"Well, umm, Miss Kloss..." she said, "I feel uncomfortable bringing this up to you, but my husband insisted. I have been working for you for several years now, and it's been an incredible honor, but I haven't gotten a raise...."
Oh my God, I'm fucking hung over and she's pestering me with this shit? This is not putting me in a mood where I feel like being nice to her, but I'll do my best for now.
"How much am I paying you right now?"
"31,500 a year."


I tried my best not to laugh. That's seriously it? Thirty one thousand? That's hilarious. How do people even live on something like that? I guess her husband probably makes a bit more, but still. I'd drank fucking cocktails that cost more than $31,000, and they weren't even good!
I humored her for a bit. "Yeah," I asked, "and you wanted how much more?"


"Well," she went on, "my husband said to ask for five thousand more, but personally, even a cost of living increase would be nice..."
Of course she was asking on her husband's behalf. She was too fucking meek to ask me for a favor unless someone else was forcing her to do it. One way or another, she was always doing what someone else wanted her to do.
So obviously, I could afford the money to give her a raise. $5,000 extra would probably be life-changing to her, and it's pocket change to me. Like, literally, sometimes. But I wasn't going to. Even if it's basically nothing, it's still more than a fuck-up like her deserves. Besides, I could replace her tomorrow with some random girl right out of college, and she'd probably be happy to work for half that wage. Probably do a way better job, too.
She is loyal, though. I guess that's something. And she knows when to keep her mouth shut. Or at least I thought she did, until she started with all this 'raise' bullshit.


I didn't want to be too mean to her, but I didn't want to have to deal with her anymore either. God this was all super-awkward, thanks to her.
"Umm," I said, "that's gonna have to be a no right now. Maybe ask again in a year or two?"
"Oh... okay," she said, sounding like someone just told her she had ass-cancer. "Of course, that's totally fine."
That's when the phone started ringing. It was probably mom again. Fuck. I don't want to pick that shit up!


I don't want to talk, so I just let it ring. But then she just kneeled down and reached out like she was about to grab my pussy! I couldn't believe how dumb she could be.
"Here," she said, "I'll get it for you!"
"Just let it ring, you idiot!" I yelled.
"Oh... Okay." She said. "Sorry."


And you'd think she'd know to shut up after something like that, but of course she can't help but offer me some deeply stupid advice. "Hey," she said to me, "I couldn't help but notice you're getting a little bushy down there. Do you want me to schedule an appointment? I know a good place out South that's good! Cheap, too!"
I couldn't believe that. She seriously had the nerve to suggest some rando out South shave MY pussy? Knowing her it's probably some sleazy place run by a bunch of shaky-handed immigrants from fucking Vietnam or something. And she has the nerve to fucking call my pussy bushy? She probably thinks it's still hip to go full Brazilian like some mid-2000's playboy model.


Well, I have to give her a hard time now, so I say to her, "You know what, umm, Sarah, why don't you just go ahead and shave it yourself?"
"Oh, okay... Sure thing! Like, right now?"
God she's an idiot. "Uh, yeah," I said with an eye roll, "literally right now. That's what I meant."
Sarah the trucker's wife is apparently immune to incredibly obvious sarcasm, because the next thing she says is, "Sure thing Ms. Kloss, I'll just go grab a razor or whatever. I'll be back in a minute!"


Oh my God, she's so fucking gullible. How is it even possible to be so stupid? It's absolutely mind-boggling. She's God's perfect idiot, and somehow she fell off the turnip truck and landed right in front of my flawless pussy. I almost felt sorry for her, but I was too irritated by her bottomless stupidity to let her go, so I put my hand on her face and I said to her:
"OBVIOUSLY I'm fucking joking, Sarah. Like, I would trust you of all people with a fucking razor on my pussy? Fat fucking chance.


"My pussy is worth god knows how many millions of dollars. I could get this pussy insured for a hundred times what your life is worth, like, literally, and you...tend to fuck up everything, don't you? No offense, but I'm not going to risk a fuck-up like you slipping up and making my vulva look like fucking Scarface."


She looked so fucking pathetic, kneeling in front of me, trembling, as she looked up at me, her face just inches from my pussy. A thought came to me just then. If I told her that I wanted her to bend down and lick my pussy, would she? I honestly don't know. Maybe? Probably? She might even be into it, something tells me she's not quite the good Christian wife that she tries to be. Not that I would ever do anything like that, of course. Even if I was a dyke, I wouldn't want her shitty off-brand Walmart lipstick leaving a stain on my pussy lips.
Part of me would have loved to see what she'd say if I asked her. Not for real, of course, just to fuck with her. But that's also a good way to get a lawsuit. So instead, I decide to fuck with her another way.


"Hey," I asked her, "could you just do one more thing for me really quickly?"
"Okay, yeah, anything!"
"There's a bottle of some old-ass wine in the mini-fridge by the couch. Some nice vintage, I dunno. It's worth a couple thousand bucks."
"Oh... okay." I could already hear her heart sinking a bit at the thought of me drinking a bottle of wine that cost as much as the raise I just turned down, but she tried to hide it. "So, umm, you want me to get it for you?"


Originally, I was planning on drinking it in front of her, but right then I came up with a way to really rub it in.
"Nah, I don't want to drink it or anything. Just, umm... pour it down the sink, okay?"
"Pour it down... the sink?"
"Yeah," I said, doing my best not to laugh. "Can't stand that cheap shit, you know?"


"Oh... okay... Do you want to watch me pour it out or anything?" She asked, completely earnestly. "Is this for some kind if Instagram thing?"
"Nah," I told her, "Just pour it out."
"Oh. Sure..."


I could see the request was getting to her. She was about the most trusting person I'd ever met, but even she must have wondered if I was fucking with her on purpose. I was having fun, so I decided to really turn the screw.
"Did I fucking stutter? Go on, do it!"


She ran off, trying her best not to cry. That will teach her to ask me for a fucking raise next time.
I honestly actually had no idea what the wine is worth. Could be $500, could be $20,000. Could be more than that, actually. But however much money she was pouring down the drain, it was worth it just so I could picture her face while she did it. My only regret was not setting up a camera so I could see the fledgling remains of her dignity wipe off her face.


Now where was my bikini bottom again? Shit, I should have asked her to get another one. Oh well. Whatever. I could have texted her right then and told her to find a pair, but honestly, she would have probably found a way to fuck that up too.


That's when Kayla came swinging by. Normally, I put on a nice face, but I was hungover and after the shit she pulled I just didn't care. I was done playing nice.
"Happy Birthday, sis!" She said to me, with a wide Glasgow smile plastered on her plastic face. God, she could outdo even mom with that faux-sincere Saccharine bullshit.


"Oh... Hi, little Sis," I said to her. They were simple words, but delivered in a way that was carefully calibrated to convey raw fucking disdain. We'd screamed "Fuck you" at each other so many times over the years that normal insults had become all but meaningless. The right kind of passive-aggression, on the other hand, could be so much more brutal.
"Thanks, Sis," I said to her. Again, simple words, delivered in a manner that was meant to convey a deep and utter hatred.
That's when a look of concern swept across her face. Only it wasn't a real expression of concern, as much as it was a parody of one. "Is something wrong?" she asked. "Don't tell me you're in a bad mood on your birthday!"
She was getting dangerously close to openly mocking me, and I was done with the passive-aggressive shit. "Okay, Kayla," I said to her. "Today is my twenty-first birthday, and you just happen to choose it to fucking announce you're worth a billion dollars?"


"Oh, Kaylee, I'm so sorry you feel that way." She was really laying that faux-concerned bullshit on thick. "You think I'm doing this, what, to embarrass you or something? Sis, Sis, we're family. I'd never do anything to hurt you, you know that, right?"
"Yeah?" I asked her. "So you honestly expect me to believe that, what, you just happened to find out you were worth a billion on my twenty-first birthday? And you couldn't fucking wait a couple of days to announce it?"
"Oh, no, no, no, not like that. See, I was actually worth a billion over a month ago. But I didn't want to announce anything until I was actually worth 1.1 billion. That way, I could have a big ceremony where I donate a hundred million dollars to charity. And even after I donate the money, guess what, I'd still be worth a billion!"


"And you were going to do it on my birthday?"

"I AM going to. My manager called all the media outlets. It's all over the internet already. Sorry sis, but the cat's out of the bag! I'm worth a billion, and I've already got the giant check printed. I've seen it! It says, 'One hundred million dollars' in big fancy letters, and it's written out to 'The Fund to Help Eliminate Poverty in the Greater Los Angeles Area.' Or something."

I couldn't believe her. I couldn't even formulate a response; I was so fucking mad. All I could muster was, "You. Fucking. Bitch."


"Aww, Sis, that hurts. It really does. I wish you could at least feel happy for my success. I mean, if you were the world's youngest self-made billionaire, I'd be celebrating you? But you're not. That's me."
I walked over to her. I wanted to get up on her face, and whatever, it's not like it was the first time she's seen my pussy.
"Seriously? You're not wearing a bikini bottom? That's nasty. Don't tell me you're quitting the TV contract so you can go into porn...


"You know, half-sister," I said, "I guess I could have done what you always do, and whored myself out to everyone I could. You've built this whole fanbase of adoring idiots so can scam them by slinging a million shitty-ass knock-off beauty products at them, like you're Krusty the fucking clown or something. Well guess what, Sis, I don't shill my name out to every shitty bottom-shelf Walmart product that calls my manager up. Some of us actually have standards, okay?"
God she was a fucking bitch. I couldn't help but fantasize about grabbing her foot and yanking her off of that platform. Maybe she'd hit her head on the concrete and die or something. But I really didn't want to go to jail for murder on my birthday, so instead I looked up and scowled at her.


"That's cute," she said. "Standards. I'm sure that's why I have twice as many Instagram followers as you do, too. Hey," she said, once again with that incredibly irritating fake concern, "don't feel too bad. You might not be worth a billion, and maybe it's embarrassing that I'm worth twice as much as you when I'm a year younger. But you're still worth, what? $500 million at least? That's not too shabby."
God, what a bitch. Both of us knew full well I was worth just under $500 million." Hey," she said, "if you apply yourself a little more, you might even get to join the three commas club yourself someday! But as of this morning I'm out-trending you by a factor of two. It looks like the media's going to a little bit more interested in me being worth a billion then in your little birthday thing. Isn't that right, little Sis?"



She fucking has the nerve to call ME little Sis? Christ, the nerve of that fucking bitch! I laid into her. "First, there's exactly one reason you've got 15,000 more instagram followers than I do: because you've got a bunch of black guys who like your fat fucking ass. You've never met a cheese you didn't like, and I don't you'd know what to do if you ever saw a piece of exercise equipment that wasn't a squat machine.

'And don't kid yourself. The entire reason you're more famous than me is because your dad is a washed-up third-rate rapper, who gets on the news by saying crazy retarded shit like he's a fucking acid casualty. One of us wasn't illegitimately conceived in a viral sex tape. See, my dad actually had a little something called class."


"Oh, so you've got class? She said, "is that why you're walking around the yard with your fucking pussy out? I'm sure your father would have been really proud."
That bitch. I couldn´t believe she brought Charles into this. But before I could unload on her, I noticed something else that saved her ass.


There was a fucking camera guy filming us. God dammit, how long has he even been there for?
I shouted at him, "hey, fuck off!"
"Yeah," Kayla yelled at him, "this isn't some bullshit for the show! Fuck off!"


"You think I'm fucking joking?!" Kayla yelled at him. "Keep filming, I'll make sure you get fired for this shit!"
"Yeah," I yelled, "nudity isn't even in my contract. Doesn't matter if you blur it out, if you try to record another second of this, I'm suing you for fucking assault!"
"Yeah, that's right, you fucking walk away. And you'd better delete that footage, or I'll see to it that you never work in this town again!"


He walked off, muttering something under his breath.
"God," I said, "I hate those guys."


"Right? Kayla asked. "Hey, I'm sorry Sis, I shouldn't have brought your dad into this. I know we don't always get along, but we're still sisters, right?"
"Fuck-off, half-sister."


"Aww, still in a bad little mood?" She actually did a cutesy little heel-turn pivot, before she tromped back across the lawn in her heels. God, I wish she fell. "Well, I'll tell you what. If you want to get more attention than me, you'd better either get five hundred million really quick, or do something really fucking amazing. Because otherwise, the spotlight's gonna stay on me. Okay, Sis?"
She walked into the house and closed the door behind her. I hated letting her have the last word, but I wasn't going to chase after her just to get a word in, so whatever.


At least I finally had a moment to myself. I was finally alone, but for some reason instead of feeling relaxed, I felt uneasy. Something felt... off, and I couldn't quite place it. That's when I looked over my shoulder.


I could see something in the distance: a dark shape. I couldn't quite place what it was, not at first. Then, I saw him leaning out from behind a wall. I just knew it shouldn't be there.
It was some fucking creep, and he'd been staring at me for I don't even know how long. His arm was moving, and... fuck, I don't even want to think about what he was doing with that arm, but I felt like I was going to vomit.


I couldn't bear to look at that disgusting freak for another second. I closed my eyes and let out the loudest, nastiest scream I could manage. Part of me felt like if I screamed loud enough, he'd just disappear. And maybe it worked, because when I opened me eyes, he was gone.


It took my bodyguard what felt like a full minute to arrive. He at least didn't waste any time running over to me once he realized what was happening.
"What's wrong? Are you okay?" he yelled.
"I could have been raped just now, but otherwise I´m doing fucking great!"


After asking me a few questions, he called the cops and told them about the intruder. Then, he just kind of stood there.
I was indignant, and with good reason. Some creep was spying on me when I'm nude, and my so-called bodyguard did what, called the police? I could have done that!
I wanted to make sure he knew how badly he fucked up, so I got up in his face and chewed him out. "Aren't you going to chase him down or something?"
"can't just 'chase him down,' that's dangerous! This isn't the movies."


"Dangerous? You're a bodyguard! Don't you have a fucking gun or something?!"
"I only carry a taser, Kaylee! Your mom didn't want any deadly weapons around her girls."
I couldn't believe how useless he was. What's the point in a security guard who can't even shoot anyone? So, I yelled at him, "You're blaming Mom? That's such a weak excuse. You just went along with that? God, you're such a pussy! I thought you guys were supposed to be tough, but you're just another useless fucking wimp! Maybe I should just chase that perv down myself, since I've got more fucking balls than you!"


"Are you done?" he said, pretty much the exact same way Mom always says. He must have learned that line from her she was taking a break from fellating him. "You know, this isn't an easy job, and you're not exactly being charitable with me. I've been doing this for five years, and..."
He went on and on about his job or whatever, but I couldn't care less. I tuned out everything after that word. Charitable. How could I have forgotten? My father's charitable foundation! That was it! That was the answer!


As my father's sole heir, the Foundation will transfer control of the foundation to me via a trust in my name, but I wasn't due to get control of it until my twenty-first birthday. I'd been fighting to get early control of the foundation ever since his death, but that bitch of an estate lawyer said that I wasn't 'mature' enough to get early control, whatever the hell that even means. But now that I was twenty-one, it didn't matter what she thought! The foundation was mine to claim!

I didn't know all that much about the foundation, other than the fact that they did some kind of research. But I knew it was big, and I figured that it had to be worth at least a few hundred million. With a little luck, it might even put my net worth over a billion dollar valuation. All I had to do was transfer the foundation's money into my own account!


There were only a few hours before the event, so I couldn't waste any time. Hangover or no, I suddenly felt like I had some of my old confidence back. I turned back towards Tyrone and gave him an ultimatum: "I'm going to get dressed. Get the limo ready, bitch. I've got an errand to run."
I walked past him; I went to the house. I turned back at him, and made a point of showing him a glimpse of my pussy. I don't even really know why, honestly. Maybe to give him a little taste of what he'd never have, or maybe just to fuck with him.


It turned out that Kayla had already taken the main limo, and the other one was in the shop. That meant that I had to take the convertible, through a bad part of town, on a muggy 90-degree day, with no air conditioning. Fuck, my life sucks.
"Do we really have to go through this shithole neighborhood?" I asked Tyrone.
"First off, my name's not... you know what, never mind. And yeah, it's the fastest way to the Foundation."
"Ugh," I sighed, "whatever."
I also had to worry about the paparazzi. I wore sunglasses and ducked down, but there was only so much someone like me could do to look inconspicuous. To make things worse, I forgot to bring my phone, so I couldn't even distract myself by going on Insta. My phone is the one thing I never forgot to bring with me! All this stress must be getting to me. Not to mention the fucking hangover.
Oh, and I also forgot to wear a bra or panties... but that wasn't entirely by accident.


I thought about asking my mom for money, but I figured that was a dead-end. First, $500 million is a lot to ask anyone for, even Mom. Second, as much as she likes to throw money around on stupid shit, she's cheap when it comes to me and Kayla. And third, I really don't want to give her the pleasure of getting on my knees and begging for money. Or worse, forgiveness.
The foundation was my only real chance for a fast track to the "tres commas club," as they say in the biz. I needed to get in there and sell off as much as I could, as fast as I could. It's gonna be a fire sale, and I'm the match. All I have to do is find someone who knows the foundation well enough to help me tear it apart...


I tried to strategize, but this is L.A., so of course I can't have ten seconds to think in peace before a flashbulb goes off. The last thing I need is some random asshole taking a photo of me when I look like shit. I'm not even sure if the guy is paparazzi or just a random with a camera phone, but either way it's the same basic thing. Christ, I hate people. So, my first instinct was to just cover my face. That should hopefully be enough to ruin his shot, anyway. But I was pissed, and I didn't feel like just taking shit without fighting back.


So, I flipped the creep out.
"Fuck off, asshole!" I yelled at him. "Go kill yourself, you piece of garbage!" Flipping the bird probably made it a way better photo, but it was worth it for the satisfaction.
I wasn't just saying it, either, I seriously wished he would actually kill himself. If I could have a new superpower, I thought to myself, It would be to tell people to do something and have them do it for real, like that British guy in the purple suit on that superhero show. Or I could tell Tyrone to run the guy over.


Like twenty minutes later, we finally arrived. The whole area was a nasty industrial craphole, so I wasn't expecting much. Probably a bunch of do-gooders sitting around in a rundown building saying kumbayah.
CITY STORAGE
INDUSTRIAL SUPPLIES
CITY
SUPPLIES
STORA
HELVING


But as we drove up to the building, I locked up at the complex. My first thought was, they're doing their science bullshit here? I did a double-take.


I expected some shithole, but this place is probably nicer than mom's mansion. It looks expensive, to the point where I wondered if selling it off might put me be almost enough to put me into the nine figures!
NEW YORK
CDF 7868
T5
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Before I can even get into the building, some fat nerdy dude walks through the front door to meet me. He's got a wide smile that barely reaches his beady little eyes. This guy is smiling way too wide, I'm getting serious creeper vibes from him.


"Hi Kaylee, it's great to meet you!" I don't even know his name, but already I don't like the guy. Something tells me this guy's been on To Catch a Predator enough times that he has a weird friendship with Chris Hansen. I made the mistake of making eye contact for a couple of seconds and my vagina dried up so fast that it made the Sahara look like a Wet n' Wild.
And then he had the nerve to open his fucking mouth. "My name is Omar Ibrahim, and I'm in charge of the research division of your father's foundation!"


"Umm, great," I said to him, with all the energy I could muster, which was none. Like I gave a shit what his name was. "But..." I said, "it's actually kind of my foundation now. So anyway, how much money does this place make?"
OPE 6975


The way he looked at me you'd think I asked to see his internet search history. "How much... money? Do we make? Oh, umm, well, Kaylee, we're not really about making money here. Although some of the research could eventually turn a profit, in, say, a decade or so, the main goal is to help mankind by doing experimental scientific research! We're working on one very exciting project that could help mitigate global warming while also reducing poverty and starvation in developing countries, by expediting vegetative cell multiplication..."


MISTRAL
"Umm, cool, I guess." He seriously expects me to sit and listen to this science bullshit? There was only one thing I was interested in at the time, so I asked him: "I own this building, right?"
"Own... the building? Well, I suppose you probably do--"
"So could I sell it?"
"Sell it?! Well, there are various rules and bylaws associated with the foundation..."
"What if I dissolve the foundation?"
"Dissolve the... oh." He looked like he'd just been hit with a freight train. This is probably how he felt when his buddy Jared Fogle got arrested. "Well, I suppose then you could own it directly in... maybe a few weeks? But you're not seriously thinking about doing that, are you? The foundation has benefitted millions of lives already, and is on track to..."


Blah, blah, blah fuckin' blah. Something ending world hunger, something saves the children, who gives a shit? He droned on for a while about the foundation, but all I'm thinking is that 'a few weeks' doesn't mean today. When we have the celebration, my little sister will be worth a billion, and I won't. Fuck.
Well, whatever. Even if I can't sell the building yet, there's got to be some expensive equipment I can sell off. They can't stop me from doing that, can they?
So, I walked through the front door, only for this fucking pervert to put his hand on my shoulder.
NEW YORK
OPE 6975


"Did you seriously just put your hand on me?"
"I'm sorry Kaylee, but only staff are allowed inside without a pre-arranged meeting!"
Did he just talk down to me? To ME? I look him in his beady little eyes and ask him, "what the fuck did you just say to me?"
"The building has a number of experimental projects that could be dangerous to--"

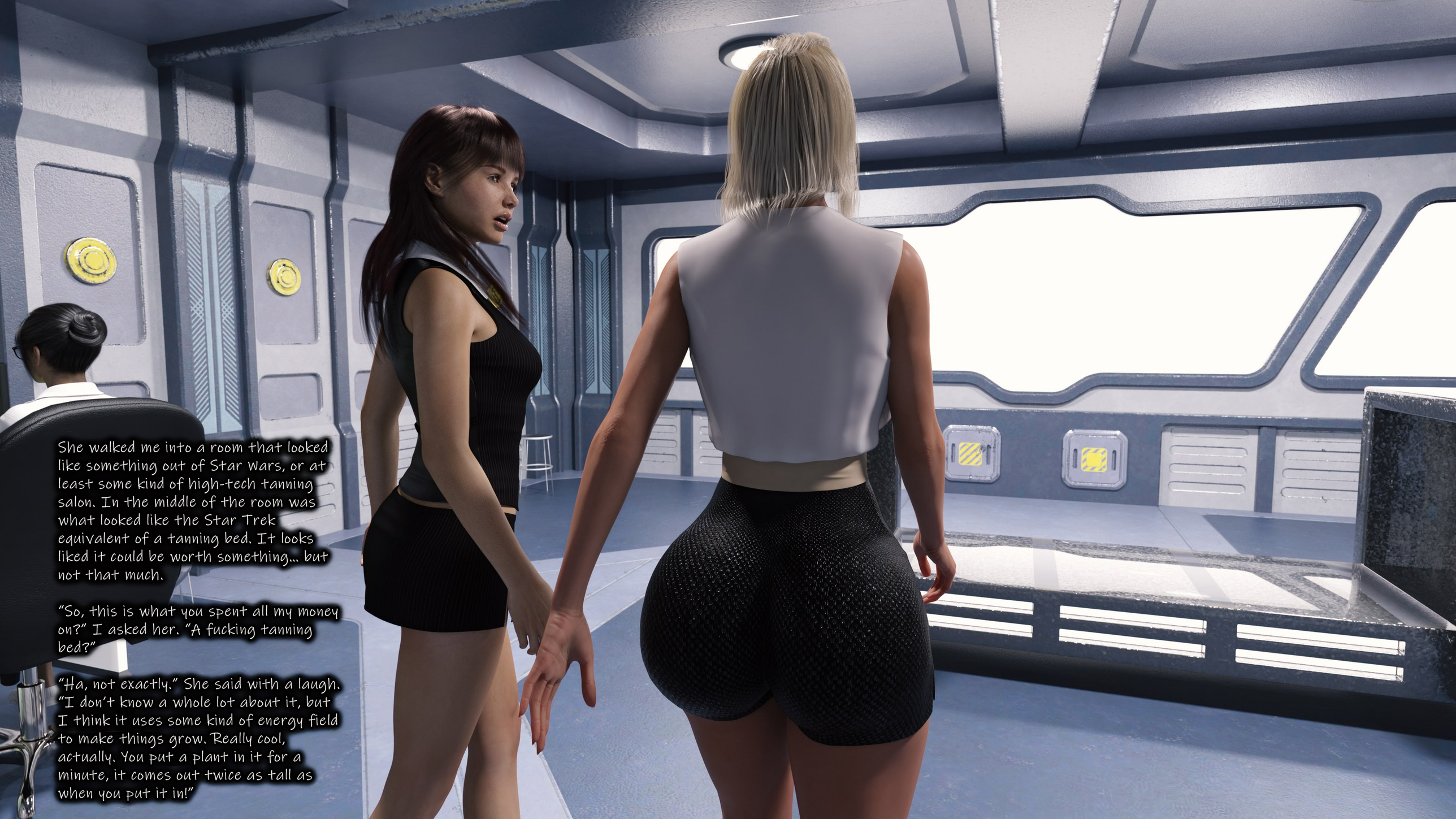

"You're fired."
"What? You can't just fire me like that!"


"Umm, yeah I fucking can."
"You're making a huge mistake, Kaylee! No one else can run this foundation!"
He was getting on my nerves, so I turned back towards him and I said, "I don't give a shit. You think you're a big deal because you run some fucking charity foundation? I own this foundation now, and you know what it is to me? It's a little extra pocket change. I make more in a day of lounging around the pool than you make all fucking year. Right now, the only thing that matters to me is being worth more money than my sister, and if ruining your life is a side-effect, well that's just a nice little bonus, isn't it?"
"It's not about me. You have no idea what you're doing, Kaylee. You have to stop this, the damage you could do is incalculable!"


"Tyrone, escort him off the property."
"Sure Kaylee."
"Wait," he yelled, "please, just hear me out for a minute!" I didn't. Instead, I just turned around and walked into the building. If nothing else, it had at least air conditioning.


A woman was standing in the middle of the hallway, and stared at me with her mouth wide open. She looked like an idiot, and she was dressed like a slut, so I figured she must be the receptionist. I passsed by her and said, "congrats, you're the new CEO now. Now will you give me a tour?"
The look on her face was priceless. "CEO? Me? But what about Omar..."
"He was a perv, so I fired him."


"A... 'perv?' Omar?"
"Don't ask questions, just show me around, okay?"
"Oh... okay. What did you want to see?"
"I dunno, some high-tech stuff, I guess." Really, I just wanted to see if there was anything here worth selling.


She walked me into a room that looked like something out of Star Wars, or at least some kind of high-tech tanning salon. In the middle of the room was what looked like the Star Trek equivalent of a tanning bed. It looks liked it could be worth something... but not that much.
"So, this is what you spent all my money on?" I asked her. "A fucking tanning bed?"
"Ha, not exactly." She said with a laugh. "I don't know a whole lot about it, but I think it uses some kind of energy field to make things grow. Really cool, actually. You put a plant in it for a minute, it comes out twice as tall as when you put it in!"


That actually sounded kind of interesting. "So," I asked her, "it's like a tanning bed that makes things taller. Does it work on people?"
"Huh..." She looked around quizzically as she thought about it for a minute. "I mean, I don't see any reason why it wouldn't...."
NEXUS


Maybe this foundation wasn't so bad after all! If I couldn't figure out a way to make myself a billionaire today, the next best thing was to at least make myself taller. Showing up to the party a few inches taller than Kayla wouldn't be a bad way to show her up!
"How do you turn this thing on?" I asked the new CEO, as I felt around for a button.
"I don't know, Omar always dealt with that," she said. "I don't know if it's safe to turn on without his supervision, I know there's a whole safety process he always goes through..." God she's a wimp.
"Umm, how about I'll decide what is and isn't safe, okay?" I said with an eye-roll.


That's when the nerdy scientist chick got up for her desk and got in my face. "Excuse me, please get your hand off that machine. This is a restricted area. Non-employees aren't even supposed to be back here, let alone touching the equipment!"
I can't believe her nerve. "Do you not know who I am?"


"Oh, umm, of course, you must be Charles's daughter! I'm sorry, I don't watch much TV. My name's Jessica, I'm a senior lab tech here at the foundation. Did Omar give you permission to come back here?"
"The perv? Umm, yeah."
"Okay... Well, I guess you can look at the machine. Just make sure not to touch anything..."


What is it with these scientists thinking they know everything? I was tired of all these idiots talking down to me, so I said to her, "How about, since I fucking own this place now, I'll do whatever the hell I want, okay? The next time you tell me not to do something, you lose your job."


I looked at the machine. There were lights, already glowing white. "If you want to be useful for a change," I told her, "You could tell me how to turn the machine on..."
"It's on idle mode. The energy field generators have to stay on at a low level constantly. Turning them off entirely will burn out the whole system, so it stays on, just at a very low level. To get any real results, though, you'll have to turn it up to full power..."
"Yeah? So how do I do that?"
"Normally it's activated remotely. Only Omar has the key for that. But... I don't know if I should be telling you this, but there is an override panel inside the machine. If you crawl inside..."


I didn't waste any time crawling inside the weird tanning bed thing. The lights felt weird and warm on my skin, but so far it didn't feel any different than a normal tanning bed.
"Well? What now?"
"There's a small panel you can lift up that should reveal a keypad. The override code is 5275. Type that in, then press "Enter," and the machine should go to full power for a full minute. But I should warn you, the device has never been tested on animals, let alone humans. We don't even really understand why it works in the first place..."


I found the keyboard and I typed in the code, and the lights got a lot brighter, but I didn't feel any different.
"Well? Shouldn't it be doing something?"
"It takes a minute to take effect," the science chick said. "Your body is being exposed to an extremely high degree of energy right now! I shouldn't have let you talk me into this, I don't even know what kind of effect it's going to have..."

She went on like that for a while. I wasn't really paying attention to her; I was more interested in another button that I noticed. It was hard to make out with all the light, but it said something along the lines of Experimental High Power Mode. The machine didn't even seem to be doing anything, so I figured I might as well press the button and turn it up as high as it would go.


It didn't take long for me to regret pushing that fucking button.
There was a loud buzzing sound, and all of a sudden, the light was blinding. It was bright that it hurt my eyes even when I closed them, and that wasn't even the main thing that worried me. It felt like some kind of force was shooting through my body, and there was a mean vibration that shook my bones so hard I felt like they were going to shatter.
I was freaking the fuck out. "Turn it off!" I screamed. "Turn it off!"
"I can't!" The science chick yelled back; over the buzzing sound the machine was making. "The override is on the other side of the building! You need to get out of there now!"

Only I couldn't climb out. The machine made me feel paralyzed, unable to move. It was like my body weighed a million pounds. The slightest movement took every ounce of strength.


Then, just like that, the room went dark. The power was out for a good ten seconds before it booted back up. The lights were darker now, though, so it must have been some kind of backup power. All that bullshit, and I didn't even grow? I tried to look on the bright side. At least I could move now.


"You fried the machine," the science chick said. "That's going to cost millions of dollars, and it could potentially set the research back several years..."
How could she talk about some stupid machine at a time like this? I turned back defiantly and unleashed a tirade at her. "Who cares about the stupid shitty machine, it doesn't even work anyway. I could have been electrocuted! Me! Kaylee Kloss! Do you have any idea how much of a shitstorm you'd be in if anything happened to me? If you even hurt a hair on my head? Why the fuck would you let me go in that fucking death trap in the first place?"
"I'm sorry, I tried to stop you--"
"As soon as I get a phone, I'm calling my lawyer, he's going to take you for everything you're worth!"


"I'm so, so, so, sorry," the red-headed receptionist-slash-CEO said. I care deeply about your health and emotional wellbeing."
I really wasn't in the mood for that faux concern bullshit. "Spare me the customer service crap," I said to her. "I'm going to go after you too. Your entire family is going to end up on the streets if I have anything to do with it. If your uncle's former roommate has ten cents to his name, it's gonna be mine. Understand?


I tried to walk out, but the redhead got in my face and starting pleading.
"Please, please, please, forgive me, I beg you... I didn't even know what the machine did, I swear..."
I didn't care about the bullshit that was spewing out of her mouth, but I noticed something else. When I met her earlier, I was pretty much the exact same height as her. But now... I was six inches taller than her, easy!"
I was stunned. "Holy shit," I muttered out loud, "it fucking worked..."
Six inches taller was almost perfect! A little taller than I wanted, but that would make me six foot one. That was more than a big enough height boost to take some attention back from my sister!


My excitement didn't last very long, though. It wasn't more than a few seconds before I felt a weird sensation. My legs shot upward, and a weird tingling went through my entire body. I was standing more than a full head over the redhead now. I had to be almost seven feet tall, and my tits didn't even fit in my top anymore! I felt like throwing up. How could this be happening? And my birthday to boot?


It wasn't a few seconds before I felt the tingling start again, and I really started to freak out. I was already seven feet tall, how tall could I get? Eight feet? Nine?


I felt like I asphyxiating. I had to make it stop, somehow!
"How do you make it stop?" I yelled at the science chick. "Just make it stop! I wanted to get a little taller, not turn into a giant freak like those fucking women basketball players no one watches!"


But then, just when I thought things couldn't get any worse, I grew again, even faster than before. This time, it really hurt too! I shot up through the air so fast I was afraid my head would hit the ceiling. I watched as the two girls below me got farther away.


"Aaaaah!" I let out a loud scream. I'm no drama queen, I never scream like that. "I want to be normal again! Make it stop! Please fucking make it stop right now!"
"At a certain point you should stop growing. The growth process should slow down from here on out..."
"Slow down? Slow down? Are you saying I could get even bigger?"
"It's hard to say. We've only tested it on plants and single-celled organisms before. I really don't have any way of knowing. What I do know is that you should stay here for observation for the next forty-eight hours, at least..."


I couldn't believe what she was saying. "Two days? I said to her. Two days you want me to stay here? My fucking twenty-first birthday party is today, and if I don't show up my bitch of a sister Kayla is going to turn it into her fucking show? Do you have any idea how humiliating that would be? Someone like you couldn't possibly understand!"


"Stop, you're... you're hurting me!"
I didn't even realize my hand was around her neck at first. I was so scared and mad and angry, it just kind of happened. I wasn't about to let her go, though. I wanted her to feel every bit of agony that I felt.


"I just wanted to have my special day be perfect, but you and my fucking sister just had to go and ruin it! And now, look at me! I'm a giant freak! I'm a monster! And you made me like this! You!"
My grip was strong. I was choking the life out of her, and I think I knew it even in the moment. Maybe I would have stopped before anything happened, but right then I just wanted her to feel my pain, whatever the cost.


That's when the creepy bearded guy ran back in. First, I was pissed at Tyrone for being so useless that he couldn't even stop a fat chimo, but then I realized this guy might actually be able to help me.


"You..." I spat the words at him, while I held the science chick up against the wall. "You can turn it around, can't you? You can make me normal again?"
"Oh Jesus," he said, "I don't know. I really don't know. It's not likely, but maybe, given enough time, something would be possible... For now, though, I just need you to calm down--"


'Calm down.' I hated those words. Those two words were my fucking trigger.
"Calm down? I'll tell you to fucking calm down!" I was so mad that without even thinking about it I threw that science bitch against the back wall as hard as I could. "How the fuck am I supposed to calm down at a time like this? I just want everything to be normal again! Is that too much to ask?"


I took a few steps towards him. Maybe some fear would make him think of some way to fix things. Or maybe he'd be useless, like he had been before, and I'd just hurt him.
"Please," he pleaded, "I'm begging you, just stand back... I'm going to help us all right now, by calling the police..."
"Don't you fucking dare!" I shouted at him. If he seriously thought I was going to let myself get a mugshot on my twenty-first birthday, he was dumber than I thought.


I tried to just kick the phone out of his fucking hand, but his hand was awfully close to his face, which means I really just kicked him in the head. I'm not gonna lie, it actually kind of felt good for a second.
Then I realized that my foot, my foot, had touched this perv's greasy-ass acne-scarred face. Fuck, I'd have to wash my foot for hours to get off the fucking grease.
The kick also had the side-effect of ripping my shorts open, but I was way past caring about modesty at that point.


He just laid there on the ground, cowering in the corner like a little bitch. Pathetic.
"All you had to do," I said to him, "was fucking listen. If you could have just done what you were told, I'd still be normal!"


"I tried to stop you!" He pleaded with me. "I told you not to go in the facility! If you weren't so arrogant, you wouldn't have-- aaugh!"


Yeah, so I kicked him in the balls. Hard, too. Hard enough to send him flying through the air, and he screamed like a little girl. It's a safe bet that he wasn't going to have any kids after that, and let's be honest, given this guy's genes, that's probably for the best.


He was really screaming like I'd never heard anyone scream before. I wondered for a second if I might have made his balls explode or something. The thought was kind of funny until I realized one of his nasty little sperm could have touched my foot, and then it was absolutely disgusting.
With him lying there, the science chick knocked out, and the redhead cowering in the corner, I seemed to have things under control for a minute. I took the opportunity to take off my blouse, which was getting so tight I could barely move. It was too tight to take off normally, so I had to tear the thing in half to get it off. Luckily, I seemed to have gotten stronger, even for my size.


That's when Tyrone FINALLY comes rushing in. A fat science guy made it back a solid minute faster than my body guard? God he's useless.
He looked up at me, and just said, "Kaylee?" But what he meant was, "what the fuck?"
He started stammering like an idiot. "What's even–I don't–just gonna call the–"
"No! Put your fucking phone away! Don't you dare call the police!"


"Kaylee, I don't know what's going on, but get the hell away from me!"
I was pissed. I yelled at him, "Don't you talk to me like that, you work for me! Now give me your phone!"
That's when he pulled what looked like a gun on me. I was furious. My bodyguard, who supposedly didn't want to use guns, was pulling a gun on me!


That's when he tased me. A jolt of pain shot through my body, but the insult hurt as much as the injury. He was my bodyguard! He was supposed to work for me! And instead of helping me, he zapped me with a fucking taser? The fucking nerve!


God that hurt! The shock wasn't quite enough to take me down completely, probably because of how big I was, but it sure as hell didn't make it easy to stand up. I was shaking around like Michael J Fox on Adderall.


Tyrone walked over towards me. For a second I thought he might have actually felt sorry for what he did, but he just walked past me, and helped the beardo up instead. I'm lying there on the floor, doubled over in some of the worst pain I've ever been in, and he's helping the ball-less wonder instead?


Even if I was spazzing out on the floor, though, the taser couldn't stop me from growing. The growth hurt as much as being zapped did, but at least it had an upside: when the taser wore off, I would be able to kick Tyrone's ass that much worse.


I was the only one in the room now, but I wasn't about to let them get away. It took me a solid minute to stop shaking, and longer than that to get back on my knees.


Finally, the fucking taser stopped zapping me. The door frame looked almost too small for me to squeeze through, but I wasn't going to let anything stop me now. I was going to track them down, and I was going to stop them.


I stumbled down the hallway after them, still struggling to hold onto my balance. They were so close; I could almost feel it!
"Hey, stop! Come back!" I yelled at them. "Just stop for a second! I just want to talk!"
It didn't work, though. They were terrified of me, and why wouldn't they be? I was twice as tall as any of them, I probably weighted half a ton, and I was charging towards them, scared and angry.
By then my anger had faded a bit. Part of me wanted to beat the shit out of them, sure, but my biggest concern was to stop them from telling anyone what happened. If word got out about this, it was all over. Everything. My life could never be the same again, so I had to stop them from getting the word out, any way I could.


At this point I told myself that things could still be partly salvaged. Sure, I might be stuck as a giant for a while, but it wasn't like we had to involve the cops or anything. I would just take away their phones so they can't call the police, and I'd give them some money to make up for my little fit. Then I'd tell them to drive me back to the house, and I'd just go to my room, tell people I was sick, and do the birthday party over video chat. Everything would be fine! People would even feel sorry for me! That would get attention, maybe it would even turn into a viral thing!
But of course, things didn't work out that way.


I was so distracted by all the shit I was worrying about that I didn't even notice I was now taller than the entryway. I crashed into the glass facade, which bent the metal frame and sent a fucking cascade of glass raining down onto the concrete. You'd think that I would have been cut up by the glass, but weirdly enough, it barely even hurt. Could the growth have really made my skin stronger? It seemed crazy, but none of this should have been possible.


The science chick was the last to hop into the car. She just kind of dove in, so she was stuck there upside down, with her ass up in the air like a moron. God, I thought scientists were supposed to be smart.


I couldn't let them get away. I yelled at them, trying to get them to stop, but if anything, that just made them back up faster. You'd think they'd show a little more respect for their boss!


Well, if they weren't going to listen to reason, I'd have to use some other means. I was probably a solid ten feet tall at this point, and I was certainly big enough to do some damage. When I closed the gap between them and lifted my foot into the air, they were absolutely terrified.
NEW YORK
OPE 6975
THE EMPIRE STATE


I slammed my foot down on the hood of the car, and holy shit did it stop them dead in their tracks. The entire hood caved in, and the front tires were completely bent! I'm not really into car shit but I'm pretty sure it was totaled. I remember thinking: One stomp, and I could ruin someone's car? Maybe this growth stuff isn't all bad!


I was still terrified of word getting out, though. So, when I saw that fat, little perv Omar reaching for his cellphone, I instinctively reached out to grab him.


"Will you fucking stop??!" I screamed in his face. "You all work for me! How DARE you try to humiliate me by calling the fucking cops when I'm like this!"
That's when the redhead receptionist screamed, "You're hurting him!" I was so full of rage, I didn't even really realize that I was crushing the pervy dude's head. Looking back, though, that was pretty cool. A car full of people, including a fucking bodyguard of all things, absolutely terrified of what a stark-naked 21-year old girl could do to them. It definitely wasn't the last time I'd feel that way.


Even at my size, though, staying in control of four people turned out to be difficult. The science chick crawled out of the door without me noticing. I didn't want to let go of Omar, but I reached out to grab her. Luckily my arms had way better reach than they used to, and I was able to grab onto her leg without too much trouble.


I got her, but as soon as I got her in my grasp, the receptionist crawled out of her door.
"Let me go!" The science chick sobbed, "just let me go!"
Unbelievable, the nerve she's got. "If you'd all stop fucking fighting," I said to her, "I wouldn't have to hurt you!"


As if I didn't have enough fucking bullshit to deal with then, another car zipped out of the parking lot!
I didn't have any idea who it was, but I figured they probably saw more than enough. I knew I couldn't let them escape!


I sprinted off towards them, but I could barely keep up. As many hours as I've spent on the treadmill over the years, it wasn't enough to let me keep pace with a car, even at my current size. The car peeled out around the corner, and I realized it was too late: if I tried to chase after it, there was a good chance other cars would see me, and it might also give the quartet of idiots behind me time to escape. I had to let it go.



I turned around and looked back at Tyrone and the others. They were rushing towards another car. Did they really think they could escape so easily? It's bad enough they have no loyalty, but they clearly don't have any respect for my abilities, either. Then I heard the sound of Tyrone talking on the cellphone:

"Police, I'm at the corner of 59th and Industrial. I'm the bodyguard of Kaylee Kloss, and she was just... kidnapped. You have to get here, immediately!"


"Don't listen to him, I'm right here!" I yelled, as I jogged towards him. So, he was at least smart enough to not call in and say I grew to ten feet tall. Maybe he wasn't quite as dumb as I thought he was, but he definitely wasn't smart if he was betraying me when I was more than twice his size.


"You little shit!" I yelled out. Hey, I can't always be clever with my insults.
I grabbed his hand and squeezed as hard as I could. It shattered: the phone, his hand, everything. He let out an ugly-cry that sounded like something from a horror movie. God, what a fucking whiner. Maybe he shouldn't have betrayed a fucking giant.


I lifted him off the ground by his ruined fucking hand.
At least he finally stopped screaming.
"You work for me," I said to him. "Do you not get that?
You don't fucking get to pull this shit, you hear me!"


Then he had the nerve to whine to me. "My hand..." He muttered out like it was his last words or something. "Let me go..."
"Don't you tell me what to fucking do!" I yelled back at him, and I threw him onto the hood of the car. It was a pretty great throw, if I can say so myself.
That's when I noticed Omar... he was still just lying there in the passenger seat, with his head twisted at a weird angle. Did he really die like that? God, how could he be so fucking weak? All I did was twist his head a little, what a pussy!
ATTENTION



So, Omar was out of commission for good now. Tyrone wasn't going to be getting up any time soon, and the redhead was the one person here who seemed to understand that I was the one in control. That left the science chick, who must have gotten away while I was dealing with Tyrone. Maybe she was hiding under the red car?

"If you try to drive off or call the cops," I said to the receptionist while I lifted up the car, "I'll kill you. Understand?"

I'm not sure if I meant it, but she sure seemed to take it seriously. "Y-yes Miss Kaylee, I'll just wait here."



The receptionist seemed nice and obedient, and I kind of liked the way 'Miss Kaylee' sounded. Unfortunately, the science chick didn't seem to be under the red car. On the plus side, I was apparently strong enough now to flip a midsize sedan over without breaking a sweat, so I figured it wasn't all bad.

That's when I heard the police sirens.


The sirens were close, too. I realized they must have been responding to Tyrone's call. In that case they'd probably freak out when instead of a damsel in distress, they find a very nude, very pissed-off 21-year old who could probably tear them in half. As amusing as that thought was, I really, really didn't want to deal with the cops at the moment. It looked like the science chick had probably run off, so I decided I needed to get out of there ASAP.
12
9-1-1
POLICE
to serve and protect


I couldn't exactly go on foot without attracting a lot of attention, so I told the redhead to drive me.
"I'm going to climb into the back. Just get me out of here, and don't fucking let the cops catch us, okay?"
"Okay," she said, "sure thing Kaylee!" God, she was pretty good at following orders even when she was clearly terrified for her life. I thought that if this ever blew over, she'd make a decent personal assistant.


Tyrone was still alive, so I tossed him into the back of the van before I squeezed in. It wasn't exactly roomy, but I was able to fit if I bent me knees at a ninety-degree angle. Hopefully I wouldn't have to stay in this position for too long. I tried to close the van doors, but I couldn't quite get far enough in the van for them to latch.
INDUSTRIAL SUPPLIES
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I flipped around onto my back, trying to fit all the way inside of the van. There was a little window between the front and back compartments that I put my feet through. Luckily, there wasn't any glass or anything to break through.


My head still stuck out, though. I tried to re-arrange myself so I could close the doors, but no matter how little space I took up, it was still too much! Tyrone was wedged in the corner by my ass, too. Whatever, it served him right.



"Okay," the receptionist said, "here goes. Try to stand still..."

That's when the cops rounded the corner by us, sirens blaring. My feet were on full display in the front, but I hoped to God that wouldn't get their attention. I was so close to latching the back doors of the van...


But shit, it took just a little bit too long! Still, they seemed too preoccupied with whatever was in front of them to notice the extremely nude giant celebrity in the back of the van behind them. As far as I could tell they never looked back and saw me. I thought I was in the clear.
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"They didn't see us, did they?" The receptionist asked me. "Are we in the clear?"

"Fuck," I said, "I hope so."

"By the way," she said, "my name is Carol."

Carol. What a shitty name. But I didn't say that. I just said, "Cool," in a way that hopefully let her know I didn't give a shit.


That's when pain suddenly radiated through my body. I was having another fucking growth spurt, only this one was bigger and faster than any of the ones before.
My feet shot straight through the windshield, and instantly shattered it. Carol ducked out of the way, but she was apparently so distracted that she ended up plowing the van into the tail-end of a black sedan in front of us. Christ, what an idiot.

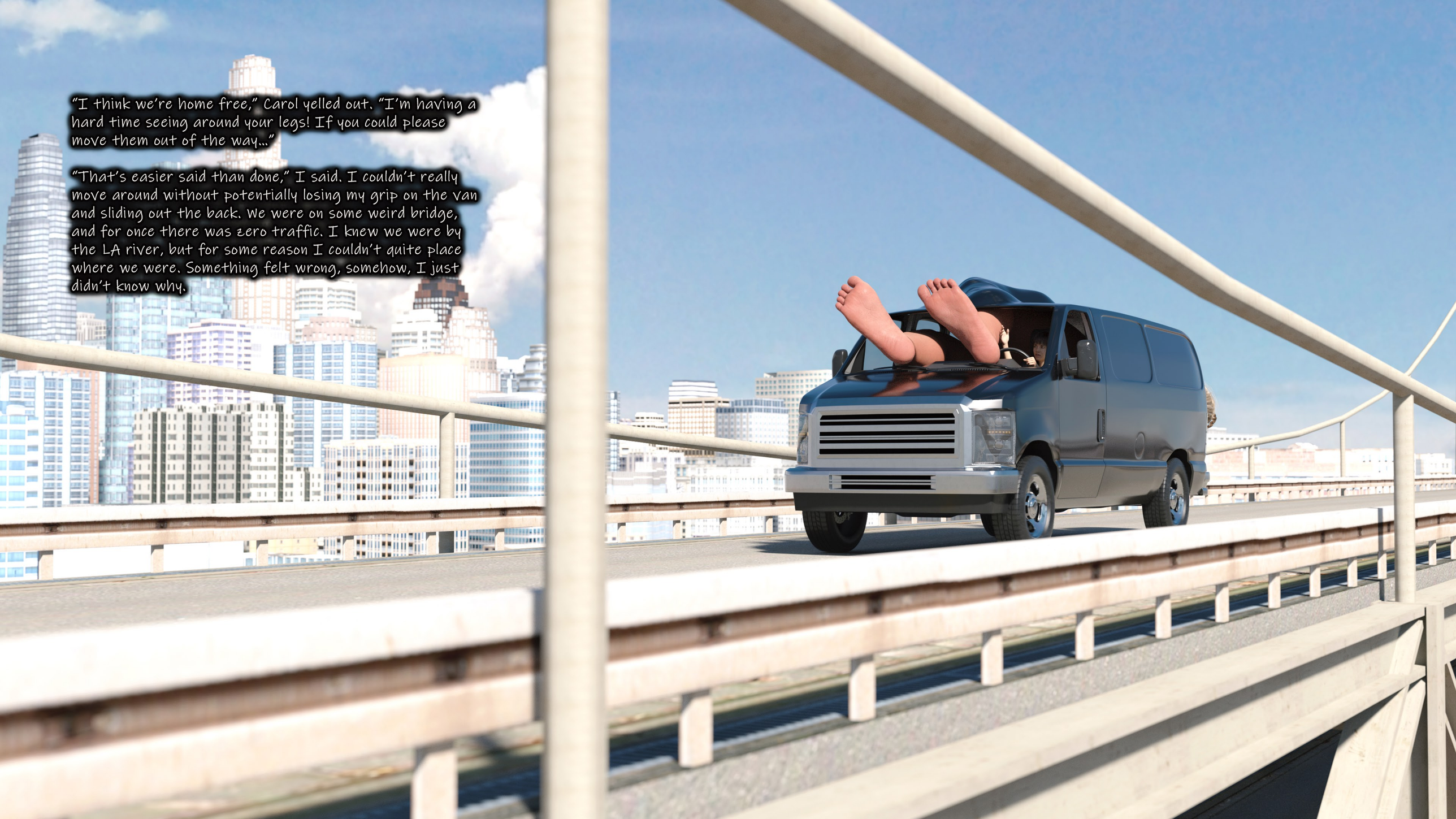

The impact made me lose my grip on the wall of the van, which meant that when she stepped on the gas, I started to slide out of the back of the van. I caught myself, but it took a few seconds. If the cops didn't notice the minor collision, they sure as hell noticed that.


I pulled myself back into the van, but by then it was too late. The police must have seen me, because the police cars both did 180's and started chasing us. Shit.


I tried to squeeze all the way into the van, but I was rapidly growing, and it just wasn't possible anymore. It was hard enough to just avoid falling out of the van. Tyrone was yelling something about how I was "crushing him," or whatever, but honestly, I couldn't have cared less. I yelled at Carol to "fucking step on the gas, you idiot!" And she did.


It barely made any difference in speed, though. "I'm driving as fast as I can," she yelled, but you're just too heavy!" which was bullshit, I barely weighed more than half a ton right then. They probably should have spent more money and gotten a truck that wasn't so fucking weak. The van slowed to a crawl when we hit the ramp. The cops were practically inches from us, I thought for sure I was going to get caught...
POLICE
911
12


To my amazement, though, both of the cop cars just sort of stopped, right before the on-ramp! Why, I had no idea.
"Phew," Carol said, "Looks like we made it!"
"That's great," I said, still irritated. "Now fucking drive faster so they don't catch us again!"


"I think we're home free," Carol yelled out. "I'm having a hard time seeing around your legs! If you could please move them out of the way..."
"That's easier said than done," I said. I couldn't really move around without potentially losing my grip on the van and sliding out the back. We were on some weird bridge, and for once there was zero traffic. I knew we were by the LA river, but for some reason I couldn't quite place where we were. Something felt wrong, somehow, I just didn't know why.


That's when it clicked. "Carol, you idiot!"
I yelled at her. "This is a one-way!
You're driving into oncoming traffic!"
"No, we're not," she said, "I know this part of town like
the back of my-- Oh fuck!"


I craned my neck up to see what she was panicking about. I was horrified when I saw the worst-case scenario was happening. An enormous truck was barreling towards up, and we were just seconds from colliding.


Carol slammed on the brakes and turned sideways, but it was too late. The truck had barely slowed down. Carol swung the car around, veering wildly to the right, then the left, like a drunk driver. I thought for sure I was going to die, if not from the truck, then from Carol driving us off the bridge and plummeting down into the LA river.

"Carol, you fucking idiot!" I yelled, not knowing if those would be my last words. That was the last thing I remembered before everything went black.

I'm not sure how long I was out for. A few minutes would be my guess. Not very long, but long enough for a lot to change.


I woke up, and if my hangover had been bad earlier, what I had now was ten times worse. My ears were ringing, and I had a brutal headache that felt like my head had actually split in two. Maybe I'd died and gone to hell.


Carol actually managed to avoid crashing, and she didn't drive off the side of the bridge, either, although that's more of a testament to the strength of the guard rails than it is to her driving skills. To this day I'm still not completely sure what I hit my head on, but if I had to guess I'd bet that when Carol was swerving back and forth like an idiot, she hit my head on one of the big vertical beams along the side of the bridge.
I tried to pull myself out of the van, but everything fucking hurt. It didn't help that my migraine made the simple act of opening my eyes make me feel like I was staring directly at the sun. It took me a minute to get my bearings, and realize just how much I had already grown.

Then, another growth spurt started. As if I wasn't in enough pain already. My entire body felt like it was burning up, and to make things worse, I felt like my whole body was being squished against the inside of the van.


Fuck, that hurt! I had to slip out of the van before I grew even bigger, or I might be stuck inside of it for good! At least, that's what I was thinking at the time.


I had enough pain shooting through my entire body that the migraine was barely noticeable by comparison, and so I opened my eyes. I could see that my hips were already stretching out the sides of the van, and my legs were quickly getting way too big to squeeze through the teeny little hole where the windshield used to be. And there was something else, something wet and sticky on my butt. I thought it might be gasoline, so that put me in an even bigger hurry to get my ass out of the van.


I grabbed the back of the van with both hands and squeezed. I wiggled my legs a little, and slipped my feet out of the van. It wasn't easy, but I've worked harder to get a pair of pants off before.


Finally, I managed to slip out of the van, but it didn't feel like much of a victory. It felt like I'd stopped growing, for now, but I was still wincing in pain. My headache was back with a vengeance. Even with my eyes closed, it felt like I was staring straight into the sun.
On top of all that, I was fucking huge now, and it was going to be a lot harder to stay hidden now. Plus, to make matters worse, whatsherface, Carol, wasn't in the driver's seat. It's possible she fell into the river, but the initial crash didn't seem to be that bad, so odds are she just slipped away when I was out. Fuck, for all I know she might have called the cops, or even taken a bunch of pictures before I left. I didn't even know where my so-called bodyguard Tyrone went. And there was something gross and sticky on my butt....


That's when it hit me. "Oh Fuck," I said out loud to myself, "That's Tyrone? Eww!" I squealed. I scooted back and looked at the ground in front of me. There was a trail of blood, and, well... Tyrone, leading from the van to my butt.


I hopped up onto my feet, and turned around to see just how much of him was still on me. "Oh god, eww eww eww!" I said to myself, and I wiped my hand across my butt. I tried to wipe it, well, him, off, but there was still more, and it was just too gross to even think about.


I was freaking out. I tried to get it all off but no matter how much of Tyrone I wiped off, it was like there was always more! I never thought of myself as being all that squeamish, but I guess having a smashed-up dead guy smeared across your butt would freak out just about anyone.


That's when I realized something that freaked me out way, way more. There were people on the bridge! Lots of them! And they were all watching me, and... fuck, they were videotaping me too!
I let out a high-pitched scream that was like something from an old horror movie.


Well, that was embarrassing. I regained my composure, turned around and looked at the crowd of people that stood in front of me. Most of them were smart enough to at least lower their phones, before I even said anything, but I was still freaking out about the idea of that footage going viral. I thought about that old saying my mom would tell me when I was scared of a spider. "They're more scared of you than you are of them..." Maybe so, but that doesn't mean I'm not fucking scared!
There had to be hundreds of cars on the highway in front of me, which meant there were probably even more people. And with dozens of people recording me...


That's when I decided I was going to take charge. This time, I wouldn't attack them, either. I'd just use my natural confidence and superiority to get them to do what I want. I raised my foot onto the back of the truck in front of me, and I said,
"Alright, you'd better listen, all of you little shits. I don't care if you were recording me just now or not, I want all of you to take your phones and throw them into the LA river right now, or else. Understand?"


To my amazement, most of them listened! These were just regular people, so they were throwing away something that probably cost them a week or two of work in their shitty, menial jobs. All because I gave them one little command! Okay, maybe it was technically a threat, but it was a pretty vague one. "Or else?" That could mean anything, really.
I felt pretty powerful in that moment, and I'm not gonna lie, I kind of liked that feeling. Having people be scared of me and do what I told them, that was nothing new for me. But being scared for their lives? Random people shaking in fear at the mere sight of me? That was something new.
Happy Holidays
human
human


There was another worry eating at me, though. I had to try and find out.
"Were any of you motherfuckers live-streaming me just now? Tell the fucking truth, I can tell if you're lying!"
Would they actually believe that I could read their minds somehow? I have no idea. But was the idea of me being able to read minds really any crazier than the idea of me growing thirty feet tall?


Well, I guess my power of intimidation had its limits, because either nobody had been live-streaming, or everyone was too terrified to admit to doing something that I might use as an excuse to kill them. Which, to be fair, was pretty understandable. Having people shaking in fear just for looking at me was pretty cool in its own right, though.


But as I looked over the crowd, I noticed something else in the distance. An unmistakable head of dark auburn hair, in a boring black office suit, running away from me. That had to be Carol.


"Carol, stop and come back!" I yelled out. I was disappointed that she didn't do what I said, she'd been so good and obedient earlier. But she did at least turn back to glance at me. That was Carol, no doubt. The one person who might be able to help me track down that science chick. The one person who might be able to help me get back to my normal size.


END OF PART 01

KAYLEE

01-REDUX

KAYLEE'S GROWTH

