# KAYLEE PART 11




REDFIREDOG
EMMAGEAR


I felt like I was falling through a void. Everything was dark, my body ached, and my head was pounding like a jackhammer. All I wanted to do was lie down and rest. Just a little bit. I felt like I needed it after the day I've had. Just… a few minutes.
It was not to be. Because at that moment, I heard her voice.


“Kayla? Are you okay? Please don’t be seriously-”
I coughed.
“Oh thank christ.”
I could hear the fear in mom’s voice, which immediately made feel a little better. Just having someone who cared nearby was reassuring, on some level. “Get up, Kayla.” she said. “Come on, get up, you’re going to be fine…”



Comforting as Krystal's presence was, I was still pretty out of it. It took all my strength to lift my head off the ground, and when I opened my eyes, I saw that we were in some dimly-lit hallway.

"Where… Where are we?" I asked. "What is this?" I tried to remember where I was, or how we had even gotten here. Replaying the day in my head… I remember being at the mansion. I had an argument with Kaylee, and then… she turned giant? There was no way that actually happened, right?

It didn't seem feasible… but the images were so clear in my head. I had to know, just to be sure.

"Mom," I asked, "that stuff with Kaylee... That didn't actually happen, did it?"


Krystal’s expression told me everything.
“You don’t need to worry about her, my little girl. We’re safe now…” She said, rubbing her hand along my arm to reassure me.


That’s when I started to really worry. She was obviously trying to make me feel better, but now I just felt worse! For a moment there I had been in a universe where none of that had happened. Where everything with Kaylee had been nothing more than a bad dream… but, no. It was real, all of it. My heart was pounding a mile a minute as the memories came flooding back. My friends. The house. My car… she took all of them, and now we were trapped in some dusty basement.
I racked my head, trying to remember how I ended up down here.


I remember a car chase that led to the two of us being forced to run away on foot. There was a helicopter that had come to rescue us… but it was too small for me to fit. Mom refused to leave without me, so we were stranded on the ground until a second, bigger one could come by.
I remember watching the helicopter leave, wishing I'd never grown at all. Knowing that we would have been safe if I were still the same size as mom. As we were stranded on the ground I remember thinking that maybe the soldier on board was going to lead us to safety,but he didn't pass up the opportunity to leave on the helicopter. , Without an escape plan or any guidance, there wasn't really anything we could do.
And Kaylee was right around the corner…



"What do we do now?" I asked, hoping mom had an idea. She always seemed to be so good at coming up with these things, and had shown an unusual amount of confidence up to this plan. I figured she must have had a plan of some kind.

All she said was "I don't know."

It might have been the first time I ever heard those words coming out of her mouth. I was devastated, and could feel myself begin to panic without something to anchor myself on. I looked all around for someplace to hide, but as big as I was, there didn't seem to be any good options. We were out in the middle of a big, open courtyard for fuck's sake! I didn't know where to go or what to do, until a voice called out...


Yeah.. that’s right. There was another soldier!
“Over here!” He shouted. I could barely hear him over the helicopter flying away. He was pointing towards a broken window in the building he was standing next to, and had a stern look on his face.“Get in here! Now!” he screamed.


He didn’t have to say that twice. With nowhere else to go and no real prospects we ran towards the building. I wondered if he had some sort of insider knowledge that would help us, as it looked as if it would collapse at any moment. But, considering we didn’t have any other options, there was no time to second-guess his advice.


Just before we made it inside something… big came out of the sky. It almost crushed all of us, and… it was Kaylee! Or just her enormous hand, rather. She let out a crazy shriek, and I looked up just in time to see her reaching for the helicopter that had just abandoned us with her other hand.


The aircraft shifted direction, and I thought for a moment it might actually escape.
But Kaylee's arm caught it without a moment's hesitation. The blades broke apart on her fingers for a split-second before she closed her fist around the entire thing. An explosion ripped through the air, sending a shockwave that I could feel even from ground level. I just stared at the fireball for a moment, dumbstruck as debris rained onto the ground nearby.



The soldier's voice snapped me out of my daze. "What are you waiting for?! Move! There's a bunker underneath the building. You'll be safe there, unless you keep dawdling around!" He screamed, turning red in the face."Now get the hell in! Now!"

Krystal's voice followed shortly after. "Come on, honey! Do as he says and get in!" I was relieved to see she was already inside, and wasted no time doing as told.


I’d already grown enough that the ceiling was too low for me to get inside just by crouching. All the broken glass and jagged concrete made me think twice, but seeing no other option I began to crawl inside.
To my relief, I was unharmed through the entire ordeal. Maybe my skin was so tough now it couldn’t be pierced by something so simple, or maybe I was just extra careful.


Either way I followed mom down a stairwell, but we only made it one level before the building shook again. And that's… when I woke up. Covered in rubble.

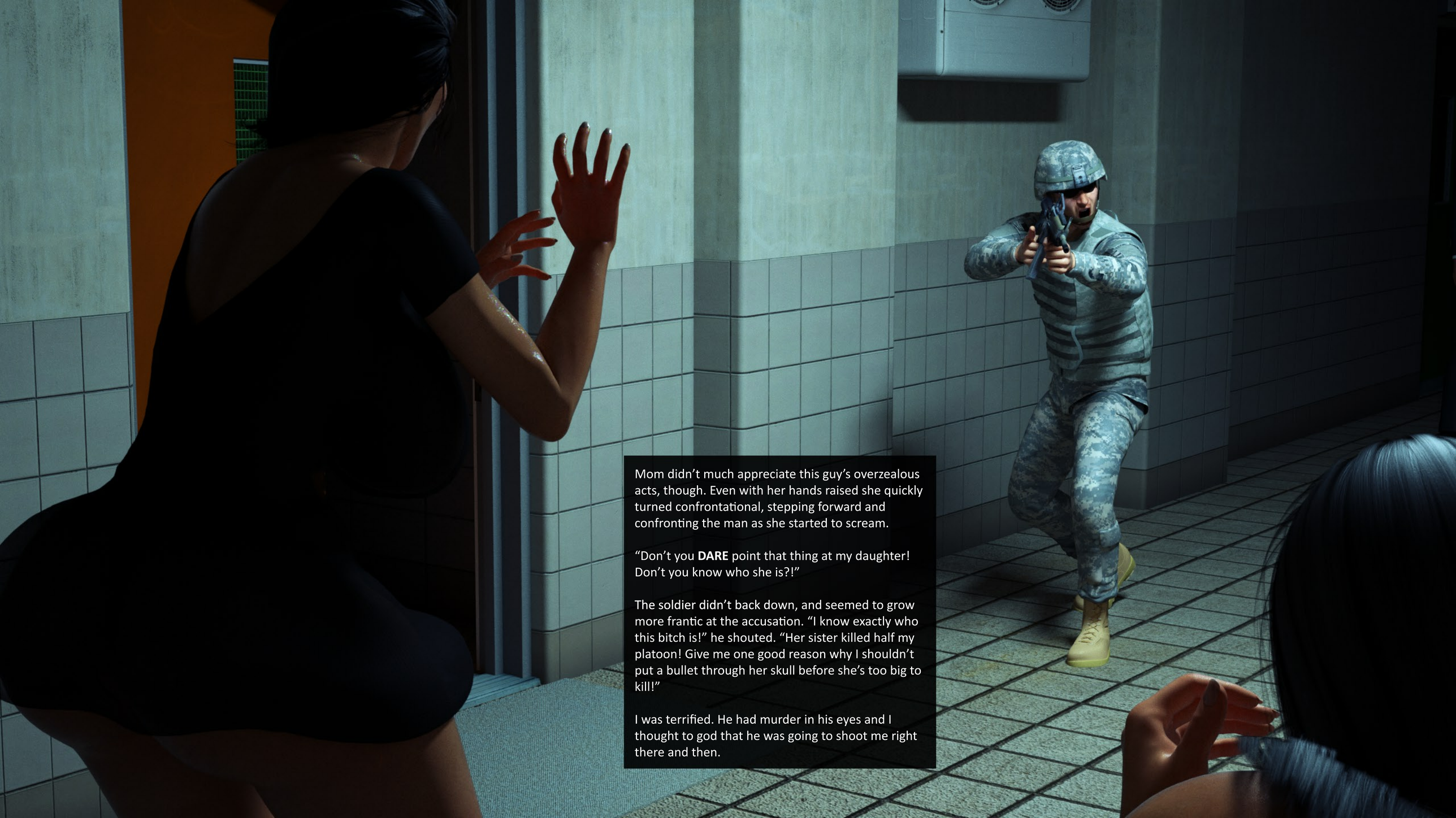

A sudden, terrifying thought occurred to me.
“We’re not safe down here! She’s a thousand feet tall, she can just dig her way down, or smash the whole area flat until we’re buried under rubble!”
“Sweetie…” Krystal said, trying to make me feel better. “You don’t need to worry about that. She doesn’t know we’re down here! Don’t you remember?”



Some jackbooted soldier came running up to us, pointing a gun accusingly at both of us. I may have been a lot bigger now,  but I wasn't certain I could take a bullet.

"BOTH OF YOU! HANDS UP!" He screamed, keeping his finger on the trigger as he pointed the gun over the both of us. Not wanting to test that theory, Krystal raised her hands while I… attempted to do so. It wasn't easy since I was already on my hands and knees, but I got the point across.

"Don't shoot! Don't shoot!" I shouted, hoping he wasn't as trigger-happy as he looked.



Mom didn't much appreciate this guy's overzealous acts, though. Even with her hands raised she quickly turned confrontational, stepping forward and confronting the man as she started to scream.

"Don't you **DARE** point that thing at my daughter! Don't you know who she is?!"

The soldier didn't back down, and seemed to grow more frantic at the accusation. "I know exactly who this bitch is!" he shouted. "Her sister killed half my platoon! Give me one good reason why I shouldn't put a bullet through her skull before she's too big to kill!"

I was terrified. He had murder in his eyes and I thought to god that he was going to shoot me right there and then.



There’s a good reason I always looked to mom for support. Without even flinching she charged out in front of me and stomped her way up to the soldier, unintimidated by his weapon.

“If you want to shoot her.” She said, seething with rage. “You’ll have to shoot me first. Well? Are you going to shoot me too?! Huh?!” Confident as she was, I had a feeling the soldier wouldn’t hesitate to do that, too.

“Mom, please!” I said, freaking out. It felt like the situation was rapidly escalating out of control, and she was only making things worse. She and the soldier just kept screaming back and forth, steadily rising in volume until someone new entered the bunker.

“ENOUGH!”

“Forrester, stand down!” the strong, authoritative voice ordered. As he walked out from the shadows, I could see that he was a nicely-dressed older man. I’m no expert, but being dressed like that in a place like this probably meant he was some kind of government agent. Someone really high up, someone you don’t want to mess with.

“These are VIP’s.” he said, flatly. “Stand down.”

“I-I’m sorry, sir.” the soldier said, lowering his rifle. “But  with all due respect, sir. She’s… she’s her sister. You weren’t there. The big one, she-”

“I’m well aware.” the man said, turning to look at me. “But Kayla here might be my only chance for stopping her. Krystal. Come with me. We have some things to discuss.”






Mom nodded, then followed the man. As she walked past the soldier she stopped, and looked at him accusingly.

“If you ever. EVER. point that thing at my little girl again.” she said, her eyes narrowing into thin slits. “I’ll make you wish you were never born.”

I’m not sure if that guard was just really short, or if he looked that way because he was cowering away from her, but it appeared as if mom absolutely towered over him. She… couldn’t have grown too, could she? She hadn’t even been in direct contact with Kaylee, but she’d been near both of us for hours, so maybe that was enough...

Krystal was taller than the agent, too, but not by nearly as much. “So. What happens next?” She asked, her tone grave, and serious. “Is Kaylee still up there?” I could tell she was trying to keep her voice down, but the sound echoed in these eerily quiet hallways, so it wasn’t difficult to make out what she was saying.

“It appears as if she’s leaving the area. Her footsteps are growing more distant.” The mysterious man said. ”But we don’t know much about what the hell is going on up there beyond that. We can’t get a radio signal down here, both entrances to the tunnel collapsed, and all our communication lines went down when your daughter took out the entire block. For now, we have no choice but to wait while the soldiers dig their way out to the other tunnels.”

“And? How long will that take?” Krystal asked. “And what’s the plan if Kaylee finds out we’re down here?”

“Then we’re all dead. Or worse.” he said matter-of-factly. “But we’re out of sight down here. It’s as safe as we can get without flying out of range.Get your daughter, you two can wait in this storage room while the soldiers clear out the rubble.”

“And… what. We’re just supposed to wait in there for who knows how long? Just because you told us to? I don’t even know who you are!”

“That’s classified information.” he said. “You don’t need to know who I am, Kayla. You just need to do as I say.”

Mom wouldn’t take that well.



“I didn’t get where I am by listening to people I don’t even know!” she shouted. I was getting worried again. Mom was used to being in charge, and she really wasn’t good at dealing with someone who held authority over her.

I decided to step in. The ceilings were higher in the bunker than the hallways leading up to it, so I could almost stand up.“Come on, Mom.” I said, hoping to disarm her. “It’s… fine. Let’s just do what they say. We’ll wait in the room until it’s safe for us to go. After everything else that’s happened is that really so bad?”

“Yes. Listen to your girl. You’re in good hands.” The man said. Mom scowled at him, then looked back up to me. That ended the argument. We were going to do what they said, even if it meant we were effectively prisoners for the time being.


My name is Anna Ambani. A couple hours ago I was just a rich girl trying to launch a singing career. Now, I was running errands for Kaylee Kloss, a former friend of mine who had grown five-hundred feet tall and was currently rampaging through Los Angeles. I had just broken into the offices of Mockr, like she told me to.


My accomplice was the only surviving member of the K-pop band Singer Sentai, whose name I still didn't know. She hadn't been very talkative, probably because she still kind of blamed me for Kaylee eating all her bandmates… which I did feel guilty about, even if Kaylee obviously deserved almost all of the blame.

“Mockr’s offices are just a couple of blocks from here.” Kaylee had told me. “I’ve got a feeling some of them are still in there. Overworking their staff to try and get some big story put out on me specifically. I need you to go in there and find out for me.”

I wasn’t especially surprised that Kaylee wanted revenge on Mockr. They’ve written some absolutely devastating articles about anyone in the public eye, but Kaylee seemed to be a particularly popular target for them. Hell, they wrote some nasty articles about me, too. What I didn’t get was why she wanted my help.

“Me?” I had asked her, not sure what she was getting at. “But can’t you just… go in and smash the place up?”

“Ugh.” Kaylee scoffed. “Because I don’t just want to just bury them under a bunch of rubble. I’ve wanted to get revenge on these assholes forever. I want to savor it a little. If I get just stomp in they’ll hide, and then I’ll probably never know if I got them all without just bringing the entire building down... But you two are nice and small. You go out, you tell them to follow you out on the balcony… and then I’ll deal with them. Got it?”

Mockr called her “Fail-y Kloss.” They made fun of her drinking problem. They were particularly nasty after she had a mental breakdown on camera. I definitely got why Kaylee wanted revenge, I just wish I didn’t have to be a part of it... but I guess I didn’t have much of a choice. It was either do what Kaylee says, or die, and I didn’t want to die.




“Why do you Americans make doorways so short?” she asked. It was the first thing she’d said since we left Kaylee.
“We, uhh... don’t?” I said. The doorway into the building had been extremely short too, short enough that I was starting to wonder if whatever made Kaylee grow was rubbing off on us too. I didn’t want to jinx it, though, so I didn’t say anything.


I don’t know why Kaylee was so trusting of… her. I still wasn’t confident she didn’t want to kill me, so I hung back as she ducked under the doorway and looked around the corner. What was immediately striking to me was how she had to bend down to fit into the doorway. Either this office was really small, or both of us had gotten a lot taller..
“Do you see anyone?” I asked.
“Yeah yeah, I look,” she said. “Little white girl in glasses. A man with spiky hair, and a big fatty... Fattest man I’ve ever seen…”



Ugh. I knew who that had to be, but I ducked under the doorway to confirm for myself. I recognized him immediately. There was no mistaking Lester Mewles, a man so grotesque in personality that he deserved such an awful name. Those infamous yellow shirts he always wore, the messy red hair, that scraggly beard that looked like a huge mess of pubic hair, his nasty lard belly. To believe that he had the nerve to gossip about people like me and Kaylee.



The man next to Lester I recognized as Percy London. He never pulled his punches when it came to writing some of the ghastly things this publication has run with, and I felt an urge to attack him right now. As for the blonde… I didn't recognize her. She was probably just an intern, judging from how poorly Lester appeared to be treating her.

"What are you doing?! You don't bring the whole computer, idiot! You take out the hard drives first!" he shouted.

"But… I don't know how!" The intern said.

"Maybe we should just go." Percy suggested. "Old brick buildings are like, really dangerous in earthquakes. There could be an aftershock, and this whole place could come down…"

"Oh my god," I muttered to myself. They seriously think this is just an earthquake.



“I keep trying to tell you two, it’s not an earthquake!” the blonde woman said. “There’s something really weird going on! I swear I saw a video right before all the cell networks went down! It was this naked blonde woman. She must have been like a thousand feet tall…”

“Oh my god, however much I’m paying you, it’s too much!” Lester yelled. “That’s the stupidest thing I’ve ever heard. No one could ever grow that big! It would violate the square-cube law!”

“I swear!” the blonde woman pleaded. “I swear, I saw it! Why would I make something like that up? You’ve got to believe me!”



I'd heard enough of their conversation, but I needed to figure out how I was going to signal Kaylee. I checked out the stairway to the roof, but a bunch of stuff was blocking the door, and there was no way I could move it all out of the way without making a bunch of noise. Maybe if I-

"Um, Anna? I think we are spotted."



Shit. They saw us. Lester and his crew were staring slack-jawed at us.

“Anna…? Anna Ambani?” Lester said, as if he couldn’t believe what he was seeing. “And… shoot… what’s your name. Part of that pop group. Sentai Gold… what was your name. Ah! That’s right! Yeona Park!”

Wait… I’ve been calling her Yellow this whole time, but she’s supposed to be Gold? They should’ve gone with a more reflective material in her outfit, and-

Not the time! I was stunned as they stared us down. Not just because I’d lost the element of surprise, or because I was staring down some of the people I hated most in the world. No, what really had me freaking out was that they were all shorter than me… Like, a lot shorter. Considering everything that I’d seen today, there was an obvious explanation staring me down, but I didn’t want to believe it. Maybe Mockr was just staffed exclusively by hobbits, and…

Deep down I knew better. I had grown. A lot.



Being spotted initially sent my fight or flight reflex into action, but I've never been much of a fighter. I typically tried to deal with conflict by smiling my way through it, so I did what came naturally, and offered a friendly grin.

Lester even had a dumb grin on his face. I didn't get why until I realized he was staring at my cleavage. The others just stared back at me, dumbfounded. They seemed to be getting suspicious.

This wasn't working! I had to think fast, so I made up the best lie I could on such short notice. "Hey, Lester," I said, "Our tour bus got lost on the way from the stadium, with the earthquakes and all. And I can't get any reception out on the streets. Do you mind if I step out onto the balcony really quick?"

"Whoa, you're just going to ask me for something without even saying hi? First off, I'm a big fan of both of youse," Lester said, making it obvious he was eyeing my chest. "I own a lot of… memorabilia of you. I know we say some pretty snarky things, but that's all in good fun, right? No hard feelings? I just had no idea you two were so… tall…"



He was right. Looking down at him, it was clear that Yeona and I had both grown to at least seven feet tall. The blonde girl clearly suspected something, but Lester didn't believe Kaylee had grown, so I went with it.

"Yeah, they always try to play it down in the photo-shoots!" I said. "You know how people are. They love a petite, demure woman! But being tall is good for playing stadiums. People in the cheap seats can see you better!" I can't believe I just fucking said that. It's so transparent. I'm going to be caught, I know it.

"But, I've seen videos of you before… Where you was around fans… You weren't anywhere near this tall!"



"Well, the heels add a lot!" I said nervously. "Now, um if you'll excuse me, we really need to get out on that balcony!"

"Good luck! Service is down everywhere but you're welcome to try!"

I was done talking. I walked past them, but the aisle was narrow, so we had to shimmy by. I felt my butt brush against Lester's disgusting belly and swear he stepped forward to get a better feel of it. I tried to keep my fake smile on for long enough that I wouldn't raise suspicions, but then I felt his hand groping at me. Yeona got the worst of it, though. He looked like he tried to actively hold her back as she moved past.


When we finally made it past them, Yeona and I breathed a sigh of relief. “Ugh, he’s disgusting.” I whispered. “I won’t feel too bad about having Kaylee take care of him. The girl seems nice though…”

Yeona rolled her eyes. “Another stupid blonde girl. Probably a lesbian. Just do what Kaylee says so we can leave. I don’t care.”


I walked over to the window. I expected some kind of sliding glass door, but the balcony was either decorative or I just wasn't seeing it. With no other option, I tried to push the window itself with all my might.


I underestimated my own strength, though. I pushed so hard on the window that my hands went straight through it. Without anything to support me I fell straight through as shards of glass tinked around me.


Yeona had a good laugh at my expense.
I dreaded looking down. I expected excruciating pain to hit me any second now after I got cut up by all the glass, but… I was fine. Even my knees felt fine after landing straight on them. Either I got incredibly lucky, or whatever made me grow had the side effect of making me tougher.


"Oh, you're okay." Yeona said. "Great." Her lack of enthusiasm was palpable.
"Watch yourself!" Lester yelled. "Just so you know, we aren't liable for that!"
"I'm fine, thanks for asking." I said bitterly, as I slowly got to my knees.
"And we'll bill you for the window, too!"


I guess I’m just getting it from all sides today, aren’t I? Knowing I couldn’t really do anything about it, I walked out to the edge of the balcony, enjoying the view from up high. I could get used to seeing things from this high up. Maybe if I keep…
No, I can’t get distracted!
“We’re here!” I shouted out over the city. “Hello?” I looked around, but couldn’t see any sign of Kaylee. It would be just my luck that she went and got herself killed while I was falling through a window.




I was just about to give up and turn back when I noticed her. This elevated height was nothing compared to her, and I had to look way, way up to even get a good glimpse. She was looking off into the distance, admiring the city that was, for all intents and purposes, hers now. I cupped my hands over my mouth, before dropping them again.

Should I really go through with this? Part of me wondered if it was a mistake to even try and get her attention. She was placing an awful lot of trust in me to do this, after all. If I just kept my mouth shut and ran I could maybe get away from her?

My heart sank. That would never work. I wasn't stupid. I knew better by now. I was the only person in this city Kaylee seemed to care about who she hadn't already killed. I'd never be able to outrun her, and she'd tear the city apart brick for brick trying to find me if I tried.

Sighing, I raised a hand up high, and decided to put my trained vocal chords to good use.


“Over here!” I shouted to no avail. “Over here! Kaylee! Kaylee!” I yelled, but she didn’t stir.


I had a weird feeling all of a sudden, like all the hairs on the back of my neck were standing up. I turned around just in time to see Yeona sneaking up on me. Her arms were raised as if she were going to...!


I put a couple feet between myself and the edge of the railing. “Yeona? What are you doing?” I asked, eyeing her suspiciously..
Her hands dropped behind her back, as she tried to play it off. “Oh? Nothing.” she said. “I just wondered if you wanted some help trying to get your friend’s attention...?”
“Bullshit!” I shouted back. “You were going to try and push me off, weren’t you?”


“What are you two... doing?” the blonde girl asked. I hadn’t even noticed she had walked out here with us. “Were you two… calling out for someone? Kaylee, was it? I thought you were going to use a phone?” The blonde couldn’t see Kaylee now, but if she took a few more steps forward there was no way she’d miss her.


Shit, she was onto me. I had to think fast.
“Erm, no! Of course not! I wasn’t saying Kaylee, I was saying… Hey, Lee! Lee is our bus driver. Great guy. You’d love him. I was trying to get his attention…”
She wasn’t convinced. “You two were with Kaylee, weren’t you? That’s why you’re so tall! Are you trying to call her here? She doesn’t, like, have a grudge against Mockr, does she? Oh… Oh god! Does she?!”


“What are you still doin’ out here, anyway?” Lester asked. “Balcony’s not even finished! Railings don’t go all the way around, there’s a strict weight limit of-”
“Anna and Yeona were with Kaylee, and now they’re trying to get her attention!” The blonde girl shouted. “I was right, Kaylee was the giant girl I saw on the video! She has to be! None of this makes any sense otherwise! All of us need to get out of here before she...”


The blonde girl trailed off, and looked up into the distance. Clearly, she'd finally noticed Kaylee. Now that that cat's out of the bag the real question was… had Kaylee seen her? I followed her gaze up, and I found myself staring up at Kaylee's face. Oh, she saw saw us all right, and judging by her expression that was not a good thing.



“Oh my god, it’s her!” Percy screamed. “It’s really her!”

“I tried to tell you!” the intern yelled.

“This can’t be happening!” Lester shrieked. “This isn’t possible!”

“Of course it’s possible!” the intern yelled. “Open your eyes, she’s right there! And she’s getting closer!”

The gravity of what I’d done finally dawned on me. In my own quest for self-preservation I’d practically handed over three innocent people to painful, violent deaths at Kaylee’s hand. I hated Mockr, and god knows I really hated Lester, but they didn’t deserve what would undoubtedly be coming to them. No one did.


I had to do something about it.
“You’ve all got to get out of here!” I said, whipping my head back and forth between the three of them and Kaylee. “Move! Before she--”
Kaylee lifted her foot up above the platform, and above all of us. Her foot dwarfed the balcony, and as her foot neared us it became clear just how easy it would be for her to take all of us out in a single footstep. I didn’t think Kaylee would have killed me so casually, but who knows what’s going through her head?



As I raised my foot above them, the first thing I noticed was just how tiny they all looked compared to my toes. The second thing I noted was just how perfect my cuticles looked. Thank god I got a manicure the day before I grew giant! How embarrassing would it be if I was rampaging around with gross-looking nails?

I'll admit it, I thought for a second about just stepping on the balcony and finishing them all off, right there. Yes, even Anna... but I thought better of it. There's no sense in going to all this trouble tracking down the Mockr assholes unless I can spend some quality time with them.


My toes cracked the pavement as I walked to the roof I'd dropped my new girlfriends on was just the first part of my plan to intimidate these jokers. I don't know how the negotiations went, but it would be poor form to ask. So I needed to come out here with full force! Really let them see just how big I am! And accomplishing that meant crouching over the building, making sure that my pussy was in clear view of everyone on that stupid, fragile little balcony.
General Repairs
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I can still make a big, big fucking entrance.

I'm fairly certain I heard somebody calling out to me, and I decided it was time to make myself known. Being so big but not being able to actually use that size was so boring. But making deals like this happen just wasn't something I was capable of doing anymore. No one is ever going to be willing to meet me at this size. At least, not in a business or nultimedia kind of way.



If looking at my pussy was too much for them, then they could try to look up at my face. I doubt many of them would be able to do that, though. Not just because of how close I was, but because of the huge tits blocking their view from below. But… just to be certain I made sure to lean forward just enough that doing so would guarantee an eye full of nothing but underboob. The perfect compliment to that big pussy closer to their field of view.




"So?" I asked, with a wink.

They began to speak, but I wasn't done just yet. I once read a book on making deals, and I know that making a strong first impression is key! So… in case Anna and what's-her-name hadn't yet gotten them on board, I needed to be sure that they would be well-informed.

So I dropped to the ground.

Now, instead of kneeling, I looked down at them with my face. While looking at a face rather than a pussy was a bit less intimidating, the fact I could do so while laying down was probably counteracting all of that good will. That, and the buildings I had to sacrifice in order to get into this position probably only scared them even more. A bit of a waste but, whatever. They were serving a greater purpose now up in building heaven, along with anyone unlucky enough to be inside. They would help me to intimidate these pieces of shit the best way I possibly could. The same thing every young woman lives for.

"Hey!" I said, hoping to break the ice after all those casual displays of power. My voice rumbled so loudly the very balcony they stood on was vibrating dangerously. "I've come here because I'd like for you all to apologize for all the mean things you've said about me over the years." I said, offering them a warm smile.



“Anna?! What the fuck is going on?!” That fat bastard screamed. “What did you and Yeona bring here!?”

Yeona…? Oh! That must be Yellow’s name! I felt a little warm and fuzzy knowing that, now. Like I’d learned some intimate secret about the pretty Korean girl I’ve kind of been carrying around with me.

“I… I don’t-” Anna began, stuttering as she tried to speak.

Things were going well, I think!  There was no derision in Lester’s voice as he looked up at me. Only pure, untapped terror. All in all it was a real step up from how they normally treated me in their shitty, shitty publication. It was almost enough to make me want to spare them. After all, the only thing any young, beautiful, wealthy celebrity wants is endless amounts of praise and worship. They’d learned their lesson! What harm could come of it?

But… they did start this fight. I should let them know it’s going to take more than a few honeyed words to sell me on their obedience.


I only needed to move my hand over the roof of this stupid publication to send the three who'd come out to converse with me running for their lives. It was funny! Especially watching Lester's huge gut wobble around with every frantic step he took. All from nothing more than  a casual movement from my hand. It's the kind of pleasant imagery that would forever be burned into my memory.
"Kaylee visits Mockr. 2021." A date that will live on in infamy for both fans of Kaylee Kloss and Mockr. I should have a commemorative plaque made.



I wasn't *just* trying to scare the hell out of them, though. I wasn't here to scare, frighten, or intimidate at all. I meant business, and I had a feeling that crushing a number of buildings all around me wasn't doing nearly enough to sell them on how serious I was. If it had been enough, they'd have dropped to their knees on that balcony instead of attempting to run.

But it was another simple fix. They just needed a firsthand demonstration! Simply closing my hand into a fist was enough to completely destroy a significant portion of the office, and send a shower of broken glass, brick, and wood spraying in every direction. Lester in particular seemed to be surprised by just how close my fingers were to him when I closed my fist, and fell over himself pathetically.


Oh, Lester. How I've long hated Lester. He in particular seemed to take such glee in tearing me down. Writing about how I refused to donate to charity as it meant having less spending money for myself.. Or penning huge, novel-long pieces about how I was proof positive that people with money are stupid.
"Nice to finally meet you in person, Mr. Mewles. I'm sure you recognize me?"
He turned white as a sheet. I bet he's really regretting all those mean pieces now. And my brain's probably bigger than his entire body! Who's smarter now, asshole?!



I didn’t even lay a finger on him, but it still took him a moment to recover. Or maybe he’s just so out of shape he found it difficult to stand after that. Just being close to me seems to be enough to bring most people to their knees, and seeing such a potent demonstration firsthand must have frightened him considerably. I always knew he was a nobody, but seeing how he could barely sit on his own was only making that fact more obvious.

It also means he’s completely helpless there. All I have to do is… push my finger forward. Just a little bit. My soul was begging me to do it. Smear him all over the pad of my index finger, and draw it backwards so I could feel his fat little body pop.

But.. I’m not convinced the balcony would hold under that. And I didn’t want to risk Anna or Yeona.


I like to think that I’m pretty good at withholding some of my stronger urges. If I just acted on every single thought that popped into my head I wouldn’t have had half as much fun as I have up ‘til now. Every single person I come across would have been smeared before they could blink! I work hard to keep those desires in check. At least long enough to enjoy them in a more substantial way.
I haven’t even been this big for a day, but I’ve already crushed plenty of people who wronged me in some way But I hadn’t even considered coming to Mockr until only a few minutes back. Now that I was here, and staring down the man who’d made it such a big goal of his own pathetic life to try and bring me down… I could feel my focus waver.



“What’s wrong? Cat got your tongue?”

Exhaling softly, I didn’t even realize that my lips had parted as I’d stared down at the figure I hated so much. My breathing was heavy, making it obvious I didn’t have a clear head.. I need to focus! I… I need to...

My body seemed to be moving on its own. As I looked down at the group I watched my hand move down to Lester as if I were outside of it. I watched my fingers part, and pinch his tiny form between them. My throat felt parched, and I was again taken aback at just how light he was. Despite his appearance, I was so strong now that there was functionally no difference between him and a car. Or even a tank! I could probably pick up a whole crowd of people and they would feel exactly the same in my hand as he did.

He’s fucked now.

“How are things, Lester?” I asked.

It’s weird. Picking him up like this was filling me with a lot of conflicting emotions. Just… weird. Like something needed to be let out. I can’t quite put my finger on it, but… I think it’s because of exactly how much I’ve hated this man. There’s a lot of people I’ve grown to dislike over the years, but this fat little piggy may just top the list. Now that I have him squealing between my fingers I’m unsure of how best to handle this..

Everyone else I’ve played with today meant nothing to me. And while I had my problems with Kayla and Anna, I still had some good times with them, however long ago they may have been. But this man… this piece of shit deserved nothing.




Anna, Yeona, and Percy just watched me from the sidelines. I like that they're all beginning to learn their place in my world. A quick glance told me that none of them liked what they were seeing. But even then, I could do anything I damn well pleased to Lester and they were so cowed I doubted they'd even raise a voice in objection.


Maybe that emboldened me to draw this out longer than I'd initially planned. Maybe he just needed to be punished for all those mean things he wrote about me. He doesn't know what sort of pressure I was constantly under having to be rich, and beautiful 24/7. Having to work long, 2-and-a-half hour days with only four days off every week! Being forced to wait hours sometimes for something I ordered to arrive. Looking back it's enough to make me feel bad about how much I had to go through while growing up.
He's despicable.



Initially, holding him up to my eyes had me considering just ending it all for him here. I've eaten a lot of people today, and it's still something I really find enjoyable. Just looking at this tubby little worm flailing around like this is making me consider doing the same to him.

I could just… let him slide down into the back of my mouth. He definitely wouldn't be able to keep himself from falling. Then he'd just go down my tongue, and plummet into my stomach. His sheer size would probably take me back to the first few people I swallowed. Back when they were only barely big enough to fit down my throat.

What if I choked? And also... no. Eww. My body is a fucking temple, I'm not putting *that* inside of me.


Maybe I could just squeeze him until he popped. Just pinch my fingers together until he exploded like a fat little grub all over my fingertips.He’s round. It’d probably be like a cyst, or an oversized zit, or-
Ew. I think I might have just talked myself out of that one.


Ugh. I just wish there was like… four of him. Then I could do every idea at once! Let him pop under my toes. Then eat him. Then squish another one in these tits he so eloquently described as “obscene”. The last one? I don’t know. Probably tear him in half, or something. I don’t think I’ve done that, yet.
But I’ve only got one victim, and fun as it is to watch him squirm… it’s not doing much for me. Neither is the collective breath I could hear my little audience held at the exact moment I picked him up.



"I'm done with you, Lester."

As I spoke I could feel my face twist in anger. I hadn't yet decided what I was going to do with him, so I thought… maybe that was the best option. Just nothing. He was nothing before me, so I would get rid of him in that way. I rolled my fingers from side to side, enjoying the squishy resistance his fat little body tried to push against me.


I pinched my fingers together. A quiet, messy pop, followed by a warm splash… and he’s done.




He’s still making some noises. Just quiet, gurgling sounds as he tries to get air and deal with the damage my fingers had done to him. He’s a pathetic, whimpering mess, and I had hoped that listening to him in his final moments would bring me a bit more joy. To really get in touch with my sadistic side as one of the worst people I’ve ever known would expire in my fingers..

But… nothing. Useless to the end, I suppose. Just a waste of space that I’ve done the whole world a favor by getting rid of.


Well, I suppose I didn't really get rid of him. I was still holding onto him, and he was still squirting his nasty insides all over my finger.

Ugh. Whatever. I'm over it. They always say never go to bed mad, and I suppose the same thing holds true for squishing little people. It's more fun when I'm not personally pissed at them. Crushing and eating the innocent is just more fun!




"Oops! I guess I dropped him."

None of them buy it. They all saw what happened. I don't care. I'm just that intimidating, and scary a presence to them. If I told them the sky is red, then they'd do everything they possibly could to let me know they believed it. So if I say I dropped Lester, then that is the truth to them.

"I was thinking of eating him, you know." I explained, casually raking my eyes over the group. "But a girl has to watch her figure. I may be hungry, but I can't have something too fattening. But… I think I spot a good replacement. Someone a bit more lean, if you know what I'm saying?"



I think it’s pretty obvious who I was referring to. Obviously I didn’t mean Anna, or Yeona. And that little intern-looking girl is all skin and bones. She definitely didn’t fit that description at all.

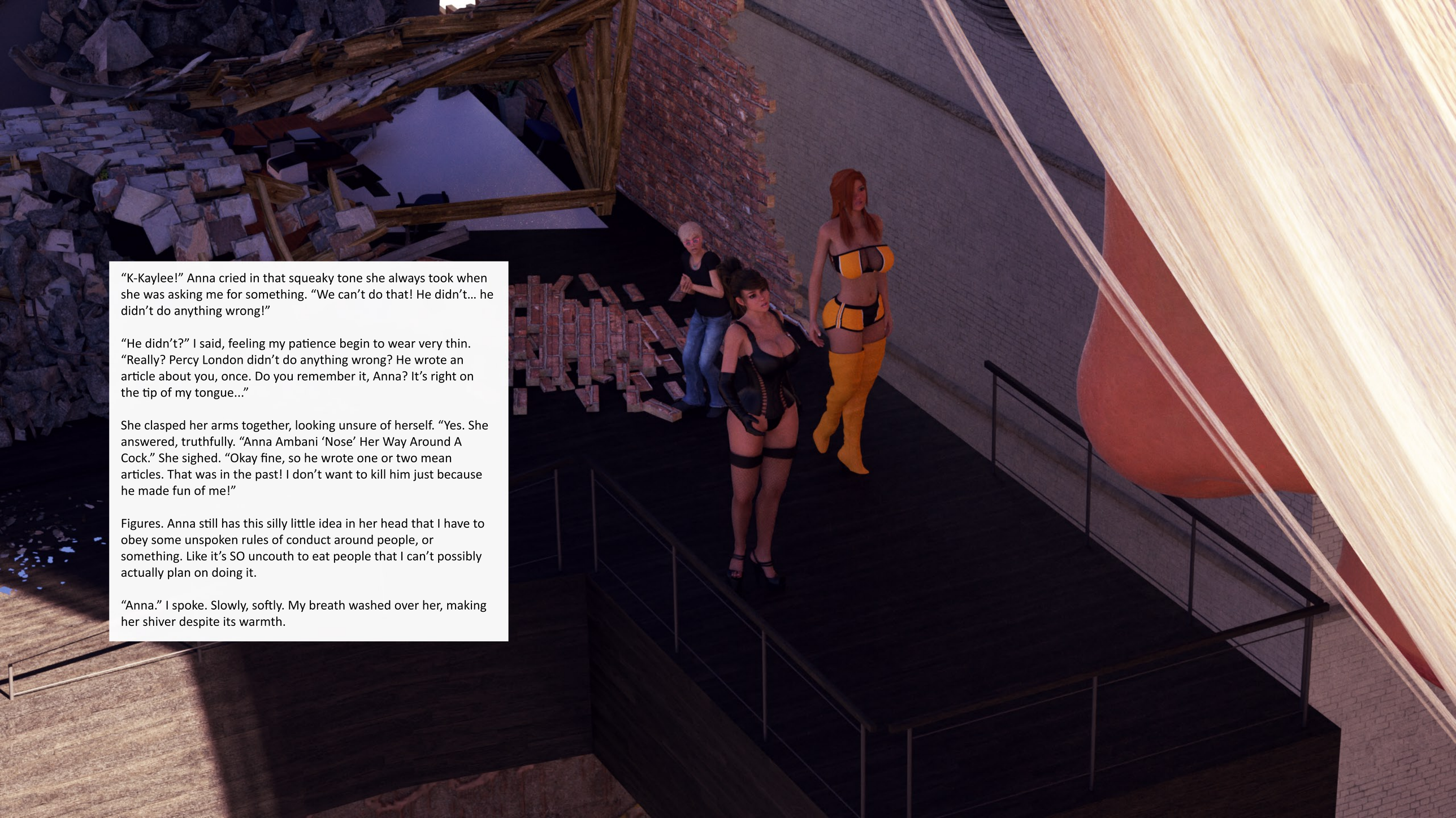
That left one person. Percy London. He seemed to figure I was talking about him very quickly, tensing up when I spoke. And I don’t think it was from my sheer, overwhelming presence.



Anna and Yeona aren't so bright, though. As soon as I finished speaking they kept looking up at me, then to each other, then back at me. They're cute, but don't seem to have much in the brain department. I bet they thought I was talking about one of them.

Not that I hadn't considered it. Just seeing Anna in that cute little number made me want to feel her pretty little curves sink into my tongue. Maybe I could swallow Yeona at the same time, and feel them fight together the whole way down my throat.

Thankfully, they wisened up after a second, and turned to look at Percy in unison.



“K-Kaylee!” Anna cried in that squeaky tone she always took when she was asking me for something. “We can’t do that! He didn’t… he didn’t do anything wrong!”

“He didn’t?” I said, feeling my patience begin to wear very thin. “Really? Percy London didn’t do anything wrong? He wrote an article about you, once. Do you remember it, Anna? It’s right on the tip of my tongue...”

She clasped her arms together, looking unsure of herself. “Yes. She answered, truthfully. “Anna Ambani ‘Nose’ Her Way Around A Cock.” She sighed. “Okay fine, so he wrote one or two mean articles. That was in the past! I don’t want to kill him just because he made fun of me!”

Figures. Anna still has this silly little idea in her head that I have to obey some unspoken rules of conduct around people, or something. Like it’s SO uncouth to eat people that I can’t possibly actually plan on doing it.

“Anna.” I spoke. Slowly, softly. My breath washed over her, making her shiver despite its warmth.



I smiled, parted my lips, and let my tongue hang out of my mouth. I looked down at the tiny trio watching me, and pressed my tongue to the metal of the balcony.

It didn't taste of anything, but it was enough to make sure they all watched my next movements intently. Just touching the flimsy little thing made it shiver, and they all felt uneasy with the casual display. Good. I didn't want there to be any fucking confusion.

"You either feed him to me… or I'll just eat all of you. And then I'll eat him anyway."



There was a moment of silence.

Yeona's tiny little eyes just kept darting back and forth between Anna and me. I'd already won. She'd already made her decision, and if Anna didn't get moving soon she would go pick him up herself. The intern girl behind them was visibly cowering as well, seemingly in the hopes that I wouldn't notice her. Tempting as it was to just go and prove her wrong, I needed Anna to do it. To crush whatever resistance there is still inside of her.

She doesn't get to save anyone unless I allow it.

"Kaylee-"

"Do it," I whispered.

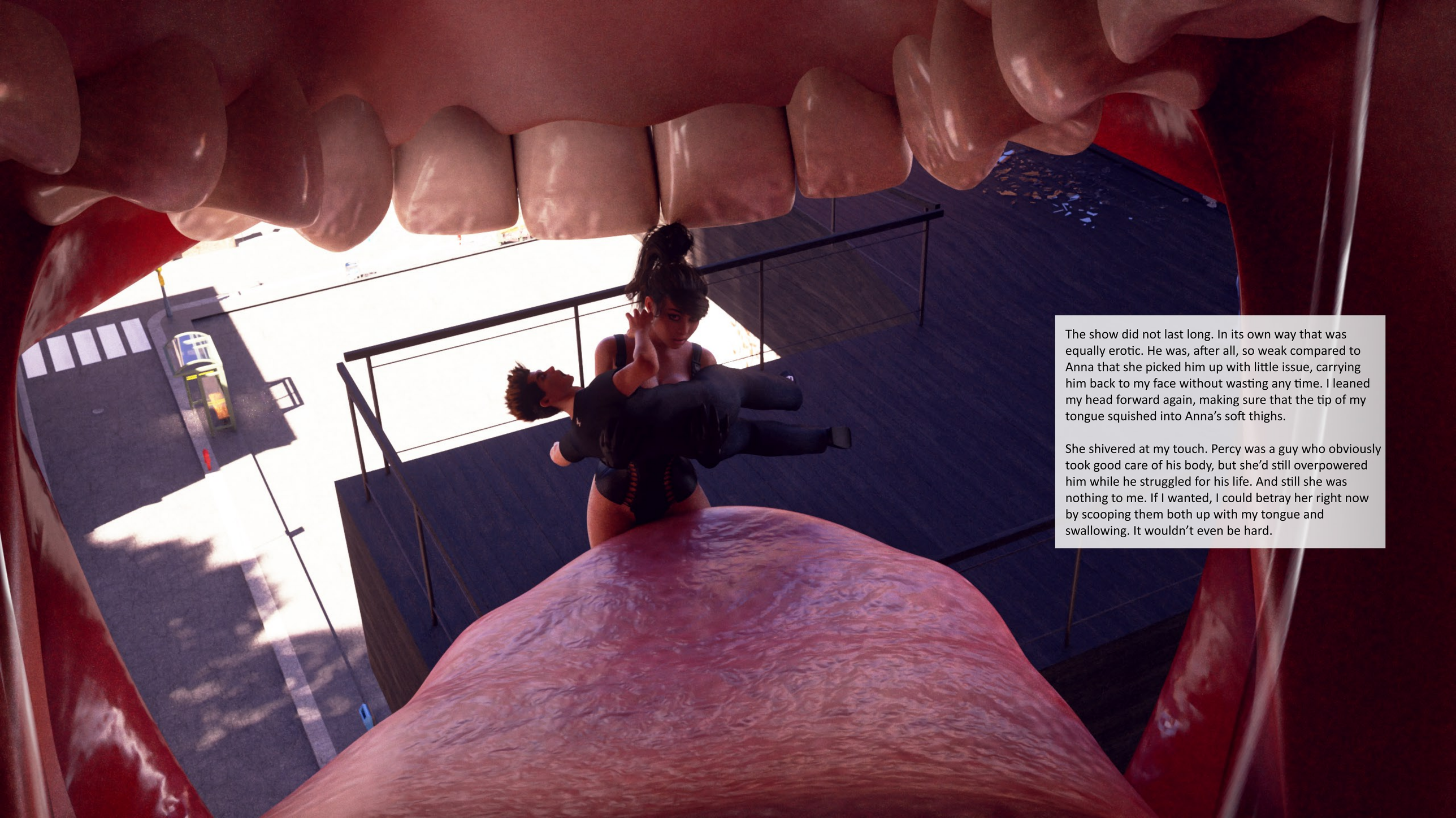

She looked like she wanted to protest some more. But all it took was curling my lips up into a wry grin, and what little resistance remained melted away. Her face sank, and she turned around to look for Percy who'd tried to get away.

Sucks for him that the top floor of this old building isn't exactly usable anymore. He's trapped up on this balcony, and now he's got a very tall woman coming after him with the intent of feeding him to none other than Kaylee Kloss. Anna never was a particularly fit person, but with her latest enhancements I had a feeling even she would be able to handle this without issue.



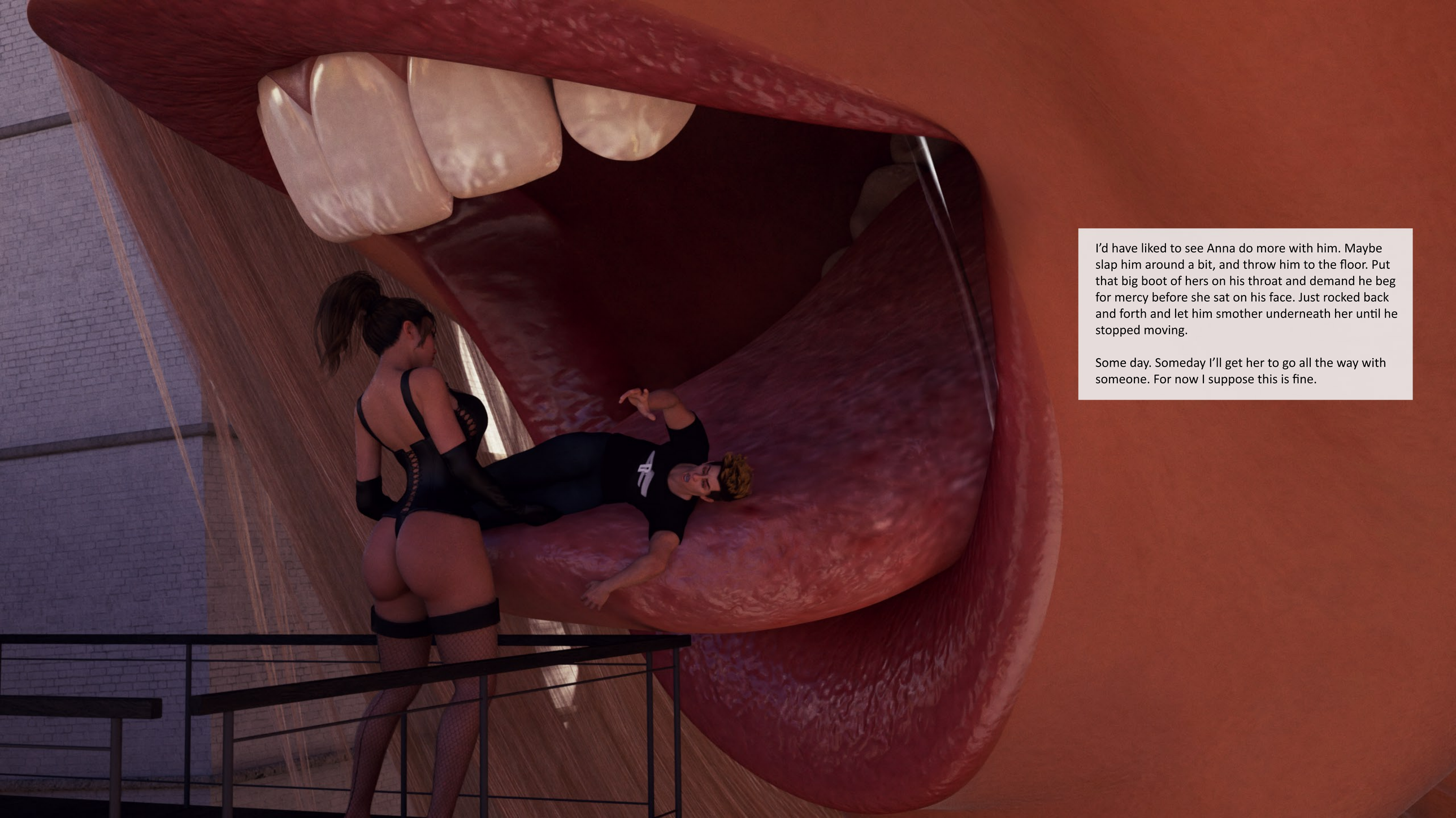
She didn't say anything. She just walked over, and grabbed him by his arms. He shouted in protest. He fought. He attacked her… but Anna just shrugged it all off. He was nothing compared to her. She could have effortlessly killed him if she set her mind to it… and part of me wanted to see exactly that.

What? I can't fuckin' help it. Anna is hot and I'd love to see her use that body for something grand. Give her a taste of what it's like to be me, in her own special way.



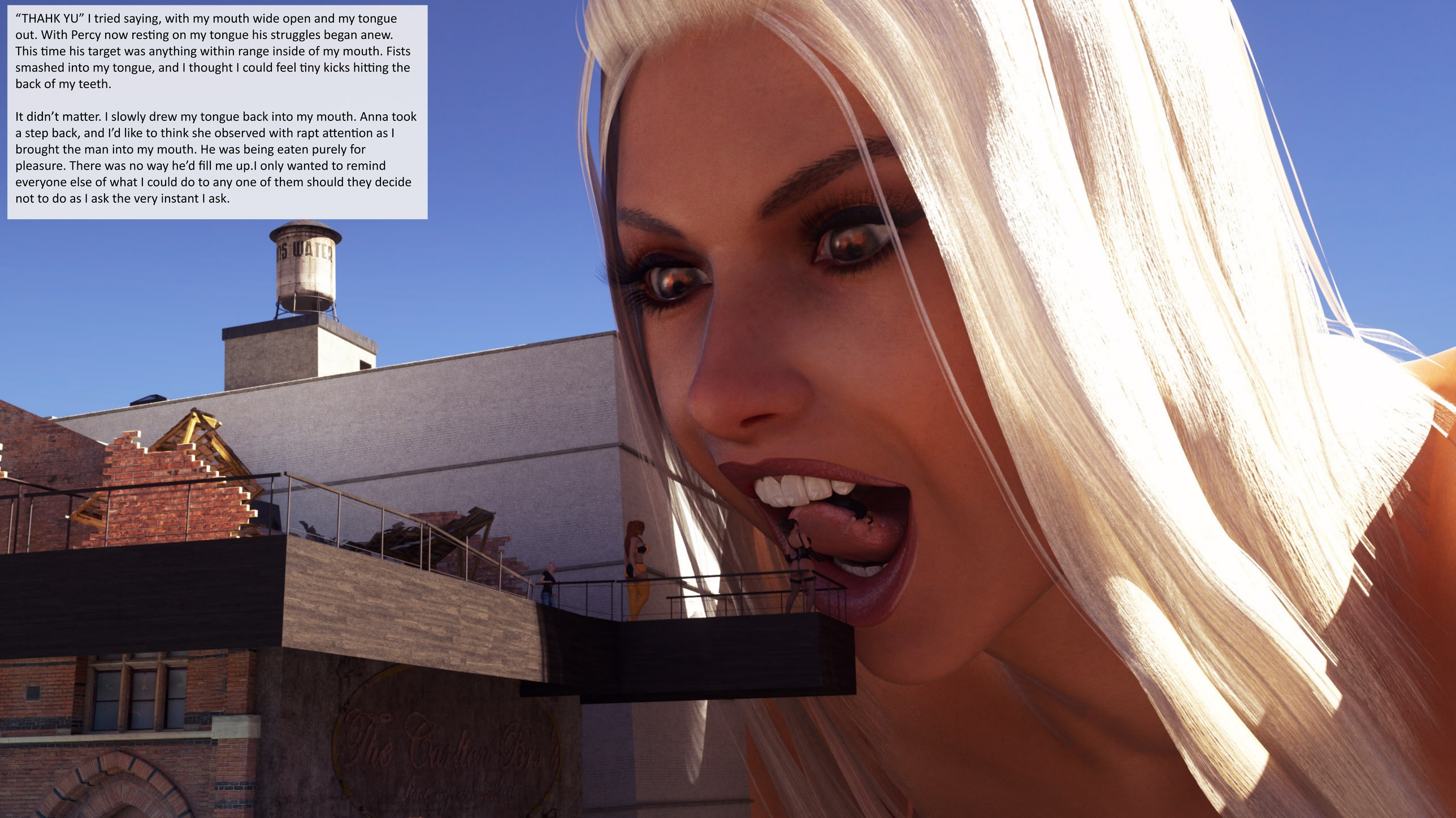
The show did not last long. In its own way that was equally erotic. He was, after all, so weak compared to Anna that she picked him up with little issue, carrying him back to my face without wasting any time. I leaned my head forward again, making sure that the tip of my tongue squished into Anna's soft thighs.

She shivered at my touch. Percy was a guy who obviously took good care of his body, but she'd still overpowered him while he struggled for his life. And still she was nothing to me. If I wanted, I could betray her right now by scooping them both up with my tongue and swallowing. It wouldn't even be hard.



I'd have liked to see Anna do more with him. Maybe slap him around a bit, and throw him to the floor. Put that big boot of hers on his throat and demand he beg for mercy before she sat on his face. Just rocked back and forth and let him smother underneath her until he stopped moving.

Some day. Someday I'll get her to go all the way with someone. For now I suppose this is fine.



“THAHK YU” I tried saying, with my mouth wide open and my tongue out. With Percy now resting on my tongue his struggles began anew. This time his target was anything within range inside of my mouth. Fists smashed into my tongue, and I thought I could feel tiny kicks hitting the back of my teeth.

It didn’t matter. I slowly drew my tongue back into my mouth. Anna took a step back, and I’d like to think she observed with rapt attention as I brought the man into my mouth. He was being eaten purely for pleasure. There was no way he’d fill me up.I only wanted to remind everyone else of what I could do to any one of them should they decide not to do as I ask the very instant I ask.



“KAYLEE! NO! YOU CAN’T”

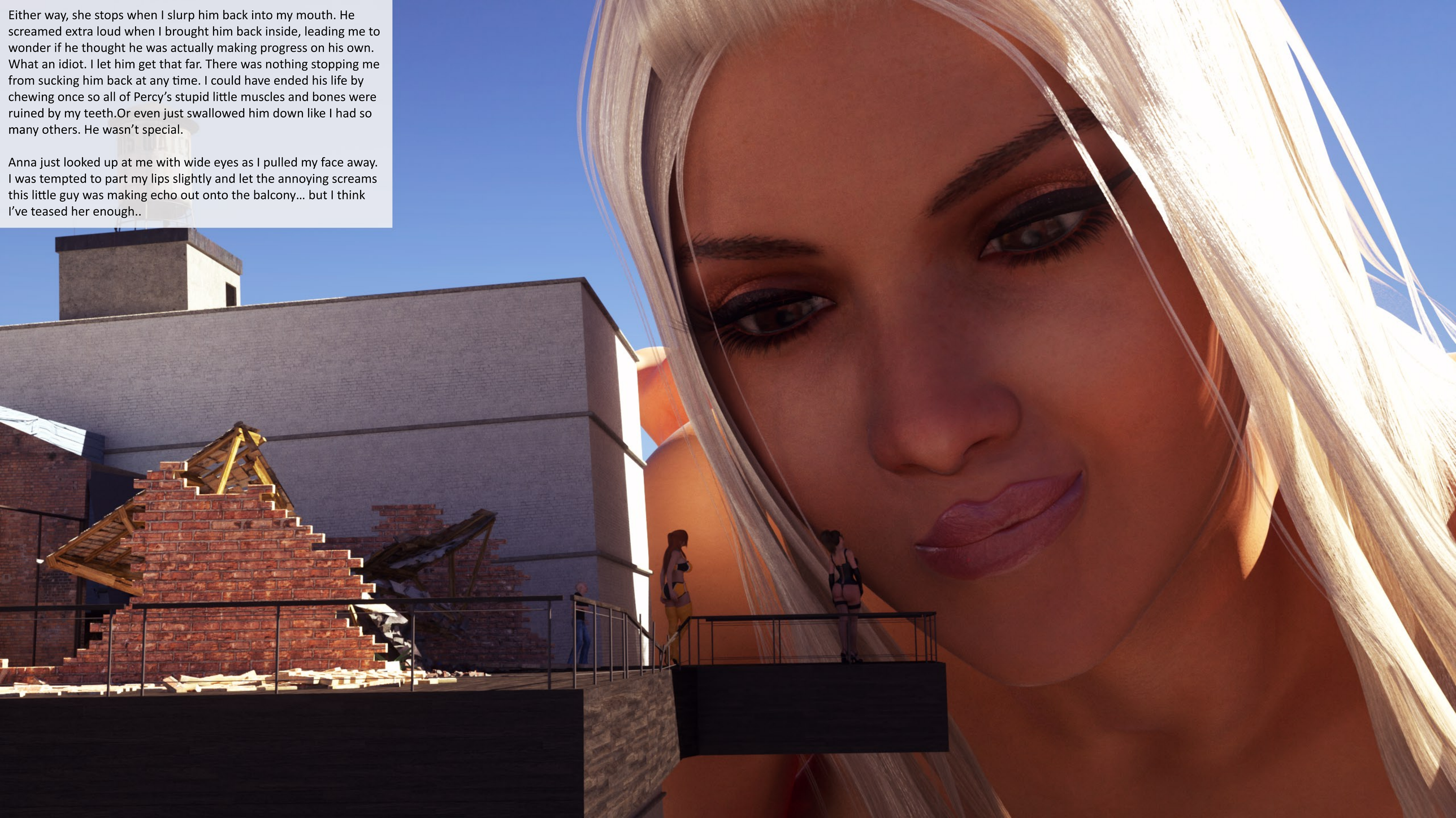
Aw. She really thinks she has some say in this. News flash, Anna. I only made you bring him to me because I wanted to see you squirm. It’s not like I couldn’t have just reached over to pick him up on my own. Hell, it probably would have been easier given how much time she spent thinking about it.

But… maybe she’s earned a reward. She may be a bit slow, but she did eventually do it. So I pushed the little guy fighting around inside of my mouth out from between my lips. Just enough  for his little head to pop out.

A moment later he managed to pull his arms free, but a very slight adjustment on my part stopped him from going any further. I could only just barely see Anna moving below, but I didn’t feel anything. Maybe she just gave up on trying to save him, or maybe I triggered something deep inside of her, and she’s waving goodbye to mock his puny plight.

Either way, she stops when I slurp him back into my mouth. He screamed extra loud when I brought him back inside, leading me to wonder if he thought he was actually making progress on his own. What an idiot. I let him get that far. There was nothing stopping me from sucking him back at any time. I could have ended his life by chewing once so all of Percy's stupid little muscles and bones were ruined by my teeth.Or even just swallowed him down like I had so many others. He wasn't special.

Anna just looked up at me with wide eyes as I pulled my face away. I was tempted to part my lips slightly and let the annoying screams this little guy was making echo out onto the balcony… but I think I've teased her enough..



That, and I *am* pretty hungry. I wonder if growing so much has had an effect on my metabolism. Aside from how obviously pleasurable it is, the biggest reason I've eaten so many people today is I just keep feeling hungry. Like simply existing at this size requires a constant intake of tasty little people to keep going.

If that's the case, then that's pretty fuckin' cool! It's rather appropriate that someone who does so much for so many people is finally being repaid in a proper manner!

Smiling down at Anna, I made sure to tilt my neck back, and swallow. People are so small they don't really make bulges in my throat as they go down anymore, but I make sure to moan extra loudly so the entire building shakes.

The smile afterwards… is unnecessary. But I make a special point to part my lips slightly. Just so that Anna, Yeona, and even that cute little intern can see that Percy London is no more.





"Thanks for the help, Anna."

Ugh. She's SO weak. I wasn't even trying to be mean this time! I was just bringing my finger up to give her a friendly little pet! Instead she acts like I'm about to squish her with the tip of my finger onto the platform she's standing on. Just because I've done it to like, a thousand people today. Jeez. It's like she's stupid, or something.



"I think we're done here!"

Anna just looks up at me in confusion. Yeona behind her looks on as well, and I can't help but roll my eyes. Sometimes I wonder why I bother keeping either of them around. I should have just eaten them when I had the chance.

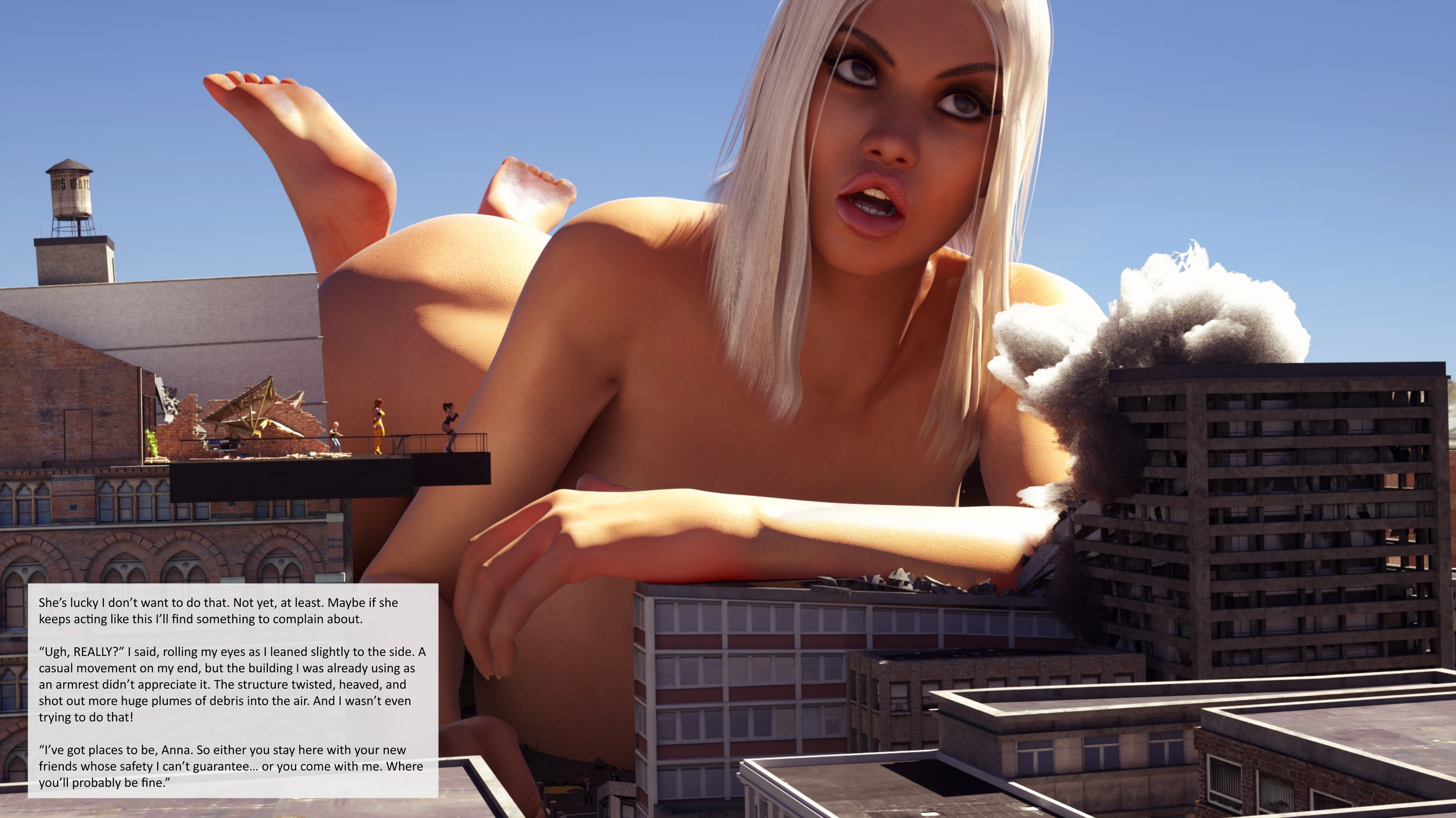
Oh well. These are the choices we make! I suppose I'll have to protect them with my life.


The intern realized what I meant, though, and of course she got all dramatic about it. “Oh god, please, don’t kill me! I just started working here! I didn’t do anything!”
I didn’t care.



“Kaylee! They did as you asked, we can just… let her go now!” Anna begged, clasping her pretty little hands in front of her chest as she looked up at me. I could see the fear in her face, but she held firm as I carefully brought the tip of my finger to her chest. It was almost admirable, in a way. Oh she trembled like a leaf in a storm, sure. Her eyes closed, she looked down, and I could swear I saw tears form in the corners of her eyes just from my close proximity to her. She knew I could just put a bit more force into this friendly poke and…

Pop! Anna would be in two pieces.



She’s lucky I don’t want to do that. Not yet, at least. Maybe if she keeps acting like this I’ll find something to complain about.

“Ugh, REALLY?” I said, rolling my eyes as I leaned slightly to the side. A casual movement on my end, but the building I was already using as an armrest didn’t appreciate it. The structure twisted, heaved, and shot out more huge plumes of debris into the air. And I wasn’t even trying to do that!

“I’ve got places to be, Anna. So either you stay here with your new friends whose safety I can’t guarantee… or you come with me. Where you’ll probably be fine.”



That certainly spurred the pair into action. Even with the offhand mention that she'd only *probably* be fine. I think she could tell that this building wasn't going to be around much longer. She could see a glint in my eye, and knew that if she didn't come along willingly I would just force her to. I had a lot of big plans for Anna. If she was going to be a perfect little plaything she would need to start doing as I say without being forced.

This was the first step. I lowered my hand just below the balcony and waited.



She squealed like a pig as she went over the edge to land in my palm. I wanted her to jump. To be a pretty little thing gracefully diving off the ledge to slide into my fingers safely where I'd carry her off to do… whatever else we were going to do today.

Instead I could swear that Yeona pushed her over the edge. It wasn't a long fall, but she screamed like it was the end of the world while she fell the few feet from that balcony into my fingers. I almost felt bad.

Almost.



Yeona handled it much better. She just jumped down like a professional, making me almost feel like I was making a mistake giving Anna preferential treatment. Here I was trying to train Anna to do better at… everything involved with being obedient while Yeona has taken to servitude like a fish to water. I swear, if it wasn't for our past together Anna would already be inside of my stomach by now. Just digesting away while…

Well, I suppose if it wasn't for Anna and her screwups Yeona would have gone away with the rest of her group. Maybe she's fine after all. Even if she isn't very smart.



“ARE YOU ALL BUCKLED UP?”

A rhetorical question, sure. They were only as safe as I allowed them to be. Before Anna’s latest outburst I was actually planning on leaving the area. Just walking away and leaving the intern trapped up there to watch my sexy ass walk off into the distance. But after that… I just couldn’t help myself. This stupid building has caused so many problems to those of us who had enough problems growing up incredibly rich. Everyone would probably be better off if I just got rid of it. Maybe that’s an obvious move, but I don’t care.

It’s been so long since I got to crush anything intentionally. That building under my arm and popping Lester’s stupid fat body weren’t doing enough for me. I was going to snuff out Mockr once and for all.




"Make sure you get my good side!" I told the intern, making sure to thrust my ass out as I said it. That shouldn't be hard. Kaylee Goddamn Kloss doesn't have a bad side! I'm sure any pictures that come out of this will be going viral across the entire planet in a matter of minutes, so she should really be thanking me for giving her the exclusive. Even if she won't have it for very long.

I double-checked to make sure Anna and Yeona were fine. Just to be sure, I tightened my grip on the pair leading to a small yelp of pain from the two. Even when I'm trying to be nice they can't help but remind me how weak they are.




Oh well.

I've always looked down on Mockr as a news organization. Both in my old life as a lowly, normal human. And especially now that it didn't even stand as tall as my knees. Sitting on it should definitely be good enough to wipe the entire thing out. And if a few other buildings went down as collateral… oh well! They should have left town after realizing they were situated so close to Mockr of all places. This is just part of business!



Appropriately enough, Mockr wasn't even the first building I hit. I can tell because I felt resistance, if only for a second. this one resisted for a moment. A sharp corner pressed into my round ass, and tried to hold its shape. No, this definitely was not Mockr resisting me. The damage I'd already done to the roof would have meant Mockr would fall down in an instant.




"Oops!" I said, feeling that familiar gritty texture of brick exploding outwards under my ass. I wonder what that intern, and anyone else who may have still been inside of this building thought as they saw that happen. I'd bet they were impressed, and were having a change of heart about Kaylee Kloss. If I stopped right here they'd probably come flooding out of the building on their hands and knees, begging for forgiveness so I would spare them.




Too little too late!

The Mockr building collapsed like it was made from crackers, as I expected it to. The shrill scream of the intern could be heard as I knew there was no way she had much space to work with. Before I could fully settle my weight I heard a cacophony of bricks rain from the roof and onto the streets below. Like a meteor shower before the planet-destroying moon fell from the sky and crushed everything that survived underneath it.



“I hate how close all these buildings are packed together, don’t you?”

Neither Anna nor Yeona responded to my question. Which is fair enough, I suppose. They probably just couldn’t relate to what it was like to be me at this point. Or at any point, really. Being as popular and successful as I am is a heavy burden to bear, and I’m sure they’re very thankful that I’ve decided to take them under my wing. It’s better than Mockr, at least. Which I’ve definitively taken under my ass.




There were probably still plenty more people inside of the building, but I didn't hear anything. Nothing on Earth would have ears sharp enough to make out any sounds other than my fat ass bringing death and destruction to that old brick building. Even the small, squishable intern was lost in the shuffle as my ass was just too strong for everything. If their building couldn't hold up against my full weight for even a second what chance did they have?

I'll never quite get over how it feels to have so much displaced debris rocket out from under me when I crush something. It actually feels quite nice when it's under my toes or blowing against my nipples, but it's very… unique when sitting on something. Not in a wholly bad way, but I don't know if I'd really recommend it, either.

Not that anyone else would really get the chance to relate to that particular experience.



“Do you think they got the message?” I asked my tiny proteges.

No answer.

I squeezed my fist.

“Y-YES! THEY DID!”

“DEFINITELY!”

That’s more like it. If I was going to get moving again I would need some way to hold onto these two, though. While they’re certainly small and light enough to carry around, I don’t like the idea of having to hold a carefully closed fist all day. And as one can surmise, my “outfit” doesn’t exactly have any pockets.

A bunch of ideas came to mind. I could stuff them under my toes, and walk around like that all day super carefully so they wouldn't be crushed. That way they'd be close to the action, and could see how much damage I can do simply by walking! But.. it would probably be too dangerous.

Then there was my pussy. My nipples stiffened at the thought of just shoving both of them up there. They'd be safe, contained, and… fuck it. I know that's not true. That's probably the least safe place for them to be. If I were to get even a little turned on I'd probably juice them in the blink of an eye. And when simply existing keeps me a little aroused then there's no way that would work out.

My tits seemed plausible. Any woman as generously endowed as myself knows that certain things can be stashed around my boobs safely. I could just drop the two of them inside and they would easily be trapped. I doubt any amount of walking would jostle them free even without supporting my boobs from below. Of course, if I were to drop down and start crawling, or lie down there's little chance they'd survive that.

No, the best option was the one that probably felt the most immediately dangerous to them. I tilted my head back, opened my mouth, and dropped them inside.



The cute pair stumbled over my tongue, falling dangerously close to the back of my mouth. I was reminded of how incredibly easy it would be for me to swallow them if I didn't keep them in mind. At the same time, there was no reason I couldn't break my agreement with either of them, and I bet the betrayal would make them taste all the better.

But, what can I say? Kaylee Kloss is just too good of a person, I suppose. So I didn't eat them, much as I wanted to. Mostly because I'm curious if there's anyone still alive inside of me. If there is, maybe Anna and Yeona could hear their cries for help through my throat.

Before the day is over I'd like to find a camera crew willing to check it out. That sounds very interesting. For now I spit them back out into my hand. I suppose I won't have to worry about it until I need both hands free, anyway.

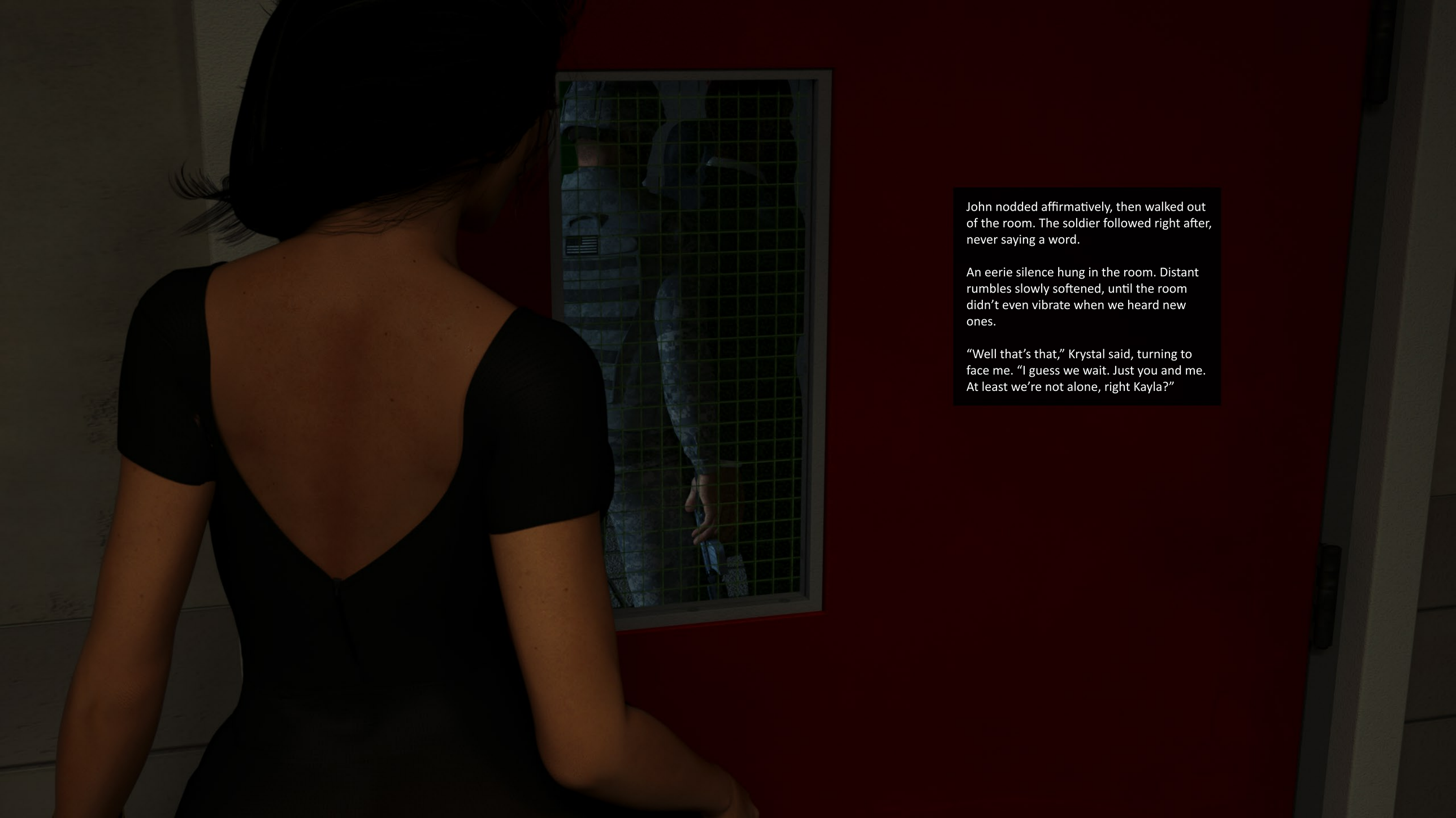

Mom wasn’t happy about it, but she went into the room as ordered, and I followed her. Getting into the storage room wasn’t quite so easy for me, but I could just manage to squeeze through the doorway. Barely. I know she only relented because of my interjection, and I hoped I hadn’t fucked us both over by doing that.



“So that’s it?” Krystal asked, unable to hide her acidic tone. “You’re just going to lock us in this little closet, for who knows how long, and you won’t even tell me who you are?”

I heard the agent sigh, then step into the storage room. “Very well. If it will put you at ease I’ll tell you. My name is John Barclay. I’m with DHS, and I promise you we’re doing everything in our power to get things under control.”

“Well, Barclay.” Kayla said, softening her voice ever so slightly. “I sure hope your people have a plan. Because I know Kaylee, and when she gets mad, there’s no telling what she’s capable of. It never used to be a problem, but now that she’s too big to be physically overpowered, I can see her going so far as to raze this entire city to the ground.”



John nodded affirmatively, then walked out of the room. The soldier followed right after, never saying a word.

An eerie silence hung in the room. Distant rumbles slowly softened, until the room didn't even vibrate when we heard new ones.

"Well that's that," Krystal said, turning to face me. "I guess we wait. Just you and me. At least we're not alone, right Kayla?"


It was a small comfort. This room was anything but pleasant. The floor was cold, and hard. My stomach was rumbling, and I felt like the whole place might come crashing down around us at any moment.
"I'm scared, mom," I said, truthfully. "I don't know what's going to happen… Do you think they'll-"


“Shhh… you’re going to be okay, Kayla. I promise you.” Mom put her hand on my cheek, just like she always did when trying to comfort me. “Believe me. If we can survive Brussels, we can survive this.”
I couldn’t help but laugh. “I think this is a little worse than getting food poisoning in Europe,” I said.
“I know, honey.” she said, smiling warmly. “But nothing keeps a Kloss down!”


“Yeah. But I wish that something would keep Kaylee down,” I said... and soon I wished that something would keep me down, too. A faint tingling sensation coursed through my body. I flinched, which mom seemed to notice as she pulled her hand back for just a moment.


I think… this is the first time I've ever grown without being in Kaylee's vicinity. It's a strange sensation. Not altogether unpleasant, and also worrying in its own way. Unless I grow a thousand times over in a couple of seconds my biggest worry right now is space. Even sitting I can almost reach the ceiling!


Mom doesn't seem too worried which puts me at ease. On some level, at least. I feel like she knows more than she's letting on, even if it feels at times like she was just as lost as I was. It doesn't change the fact that we're hiding out in a storage closet and I'm completely naked right now, but it's better than nothing.


The sensation of growth is really starting to come over me now. I can feel it concentrating in my extremities. My toes are tingling, the tips of my fingers feel as if I'm touching a live battery, and my nipples are standing on end. I should be more concerned about the fact I don't have anything to cover myself with now that I'm around other people, but there's not a whole lot that can realistically be done about that.


Besides... if anyone tries to get handsy I could probably crush their skull in my fist with one hand. Maybe stomp them into paste, or-
Holy shit. This must be what Kaylee went through every time she grew. I suppose everyone should just feel lucky that I've got way more restraint than she does. I can definitely keep this under control.


No matter… how hard it gets.
Seeing myself grow like this is something truly extraordinary. I can feel my legs stretch against the concrete and I'm coming dangerously close to the ceiling now. I can't help but think back to the idea that this was going to end with me trapped in here. Cramped until I either get crushed by the room itself, or burst out and potentially bring the entire building above us down around me.
It's not a pleasant thought, but there is a certain appeal to how strong I'd be if i could do that...
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COPY


The ceiling was just inches above my head now. A growing concern was the idea I couldn't squeeze through the door I entered here from, and I definitely didn't feel like trying.
"They wouldn't let me get stuck down here, would they?" I asked. "What if I get too big to leave, and--"
"Kayla, stop!" Krystal said, her tone firm and reassuring. "Kaylee grew when she was mad, you might be the same way. The last thing you need to do right now is get upset. Just… please. Lie down, and relax so you don't grow any bigger. Okay, honey?"



"Okay..." I said. I laid down and closed my eyes, but didn't feel any more relaxed. How could I possibly feel calm, when Kaylee was still up there somewhere, stomping around? All I could see when I closed my eyes was her giant face looming overhead. That evil smirk she wore as she did those horrid things to so many people.

More than anything, I wanted to wipe that look off her face. Permanently, if that was what it took.


Truth be told I’m not even sure where to go from here. This whole trip to Mockr was kind of a detour that got out of hand. I’m kind of just wandering aimlessly now… but there is something I can do that doesn’t require a specific destination.
I think I, and everyone else in the vicinity can agree that Kaylee Kloss needs to grow more. Maybe that makes me greedy. I’m plenty big already, and couldn’t possibly be stopped by any sort of military intervention… but what’s the harm in taking just a bit more? You don’t stop milking a cow until it’s dead, right? Why not keep growing until it magically stops working for me?



Luckily, it didn't take long for me to find an interesting way to accomplish exactly that. There's a big, stupid bridge not far from Mockr's offices that looked to be crammed full of people trying to get away from me. It was a really stupid idea on their end. Regular buildings with all of their crunchy little people were so passe right now. I craved new, and interesting landmarks to inflict myself upon, and a bridge just so happens to hit a lot of those notes.

It's unique, and lends me a captive audience. And I knew that I didn't want anyone thinking they had a chance to escape.



“Are you two enjoying the view?”

Yeona and Anna both just squealed in response. They really should have been more greatful, considering that I had been nice enough to spit them out instead of swallowing them. They didn’t sound particularly happy, but it also didn’t sound that negative. So who’s to say how they really feel! What matters is that I’m having a great time! I never used to enjoy walking. Or exercise in general. It was always a necessary evil to stay good looking.

But now I can walk through, and over traffic. Feel all those abandoned little vehicles, as well as the ones that are still occupied, flatten under me. It’s… well, it’s good. I would have enjoyed exercise a lot more if there were tiny towns for me to jog through around the mansion.



"I've got some business to take care of, Anna."

Just before I stepped onto the bridge I realized that the time had come. Continuing to carry these two around was going to pose… a problem, but I didn't want to hold them in my mouth this time. I can't exactly go snacking on more of the poors if I'm storing them in my mouth. Even if just giving in and eating them was still very tempting in its own way.


“Kaylee? What are you doing?”
“Ugh. Really? Are you that stupid?” I thought it would be obvious exactly what I’m doing with this bridge. Especially if I stopped just short of walking onto it. Think for a goddamn second, Anna!
“What are you going to do?” Yeona asked.
I guess they can’t help it. Their heads are so small and their brains have to fit inside.




"I'm just going to have some fun with our little friends here. On the bridge. Where they can't get away. Okay?"

"NO, KAYLEE! DON'T! THEY-"

"That was a rhetorical question." I said, rolling my eyes. "I don't need your permission to do anything." It was intended to be a friendly statement, but I guess it hits differently when you're being dropped on the ground by someone as big as me.



“Wait- Kaylee, don’t-!”

I guess I didn’t lower my hand enough. Anna and Yeona fell to the ground in a crumpled mess, and it looked like Anna even banged her skull against the pavement pretty hard. A small giggle slipped my lips at the sight of them struggling to handle even being placed on the floor in such a friendly manner. But they’ll be fine. They’re big girls.

Well, *bigger*, anyway.

Maybe it’s because of my constant growth that I feel like this never gets old. I’m always being reintroduced to new things I can do that I couldn’t before. It’s so… interesting! I love it.


“I’ll be back soon! And don’t try to run or I’ll track down your family and eat them!”
If Anna responded I couldn’t hear it. The rumbling of my footsteps and the length of my stride put me far out of earshot of anything but the loudest, shrillest screams in an instant. It didn’t matter, anyway. It was mostly an empty threat. I wasn’t interested in Anna’s stupid family. And if that changed later…
Well, what was she going to do about it? Whine some more? She already does that plenty.




The entire bridge was in plain view at this point and I was going drunk with power over the possibilities. Maybe I could just drop onto it, and roll over the entire thing like a giant steamroller. Or pushing it all together and having the best meal I've had since I started growing.

More pressing than any of that was the moisture forming between my legs, though.

A bridge was very different from the normal streets I've been rampaging around this whole time. I could destroy parts of it, rendering the people still on well and fully trapped. And since it was elevated, I wouldn't have to contort my body in awkward positions to try some of the more adventurous thoughts I may have had.

I was so focused on the bridge I hardly paid attention to the road in front of me. The screams of little people in my path grew louder and more terror-filled as I walked forward. I gave no mind to anything that fell directly under my feet anymore. The popping screams of some idiot's final moments hardly even registered anymore.





I wonder what the people on the bridge saw? I’m sure most of them recognized me. I bet they're getting their tiny little autograph books out, hoping that someone of my stature would stop and give them the time of day. Or maybe, given their close proximity to Mockr, they’ve been indoctrinated into hating me for something I’m not.

With every step forward I can feel my tits jiggle on my chest. My ass wobble like an oversized dessert carelessly placed onto a table. The crunchy ground breaking apart under my feet like I was walking on crackers.. And my arousal gradually climbed even higher.




From my vantage point things were clear, and easy. There was a bridge. I was walking towards it. I grew closer with every step.

From down below, the scene was quite different. Dozens of people filled the street in every direction, desperate to avoid my giant footfalls. Some of them managed to do so. A lot didn't. Being stepped on by me wasn't a horrible way to go, though. I was so big, and weighed so much that anyone caught under my feet was pulverized in the blink of an eye. A living, breathing human one second.

And a red spot the next.




I wondered what Anna and Yeona thought of the whole thing. Watching from so far below they had to know that I could have squished them as easily as I did the rest of these people. They may have been much taller than everyone around them, but neither stood as tall as my ankle..

Every time I stepped forward I'm sure they got a good look at the bottom of my foot. They should be honored to be able to safely admire how obviously pretty every part of me. Even the bottom of my feet!


I’m not ashamed to admit I’m playing favorites here. I know that logically they’re no different from anyone else. If I were to, say, ask Anna to give me a foot rub I know she wouldn’t be able to do it on her own. I have no reason to give those two preferential treatment. They should be disposable.
Maybe that’s just part of the appeal? I bet their stupid little pea brains don’t even realize that. They’re probably just as afraid of me as everyone else.

Good. I think I prefer it that way.

I finally reached the bridge, and saw a number of buses strewn about. They were all abandoned, so what I was about to do would sadly lack that subtle crunchiness that made crushing mass transport so appealing normally. It's like I'm being scammed out of some enjoyment just so some more people could live!

Being me is so hard. I bet most people couldn't do it. Guess I'm just built differently.




Raising my foot as high as I could, I held it over the bridge. The buses may have been abandoned, but there were still a large number of people just hanging around. And this was it! I was going to step onto the bridge and crash straight through! The sound would be incredible! The buses would flatten into sheets of metal that contoured to the shape of my foot! And...
I paused. Both to let the tiny little idiots below watch me, and so they could get accustomed to the idea I was going to squish them all. So they could see it coming, and could truly appreciate how lucky they were to enjoy such a rare, up-close view of none other than Kaylee Fucking Kloss!



I could feel the tension hanging in the air. All eyes were on me. Even far away, Yeona and Anna were watching with very different expressions. Anna's was one of abject horror, as the little pussy still couldn't handle this sort of thing. If only she could grow to be like… half my size then she could feel what it's like firsthand! Nothing like a little bit of experience to really make her appreciate how cool this would be.

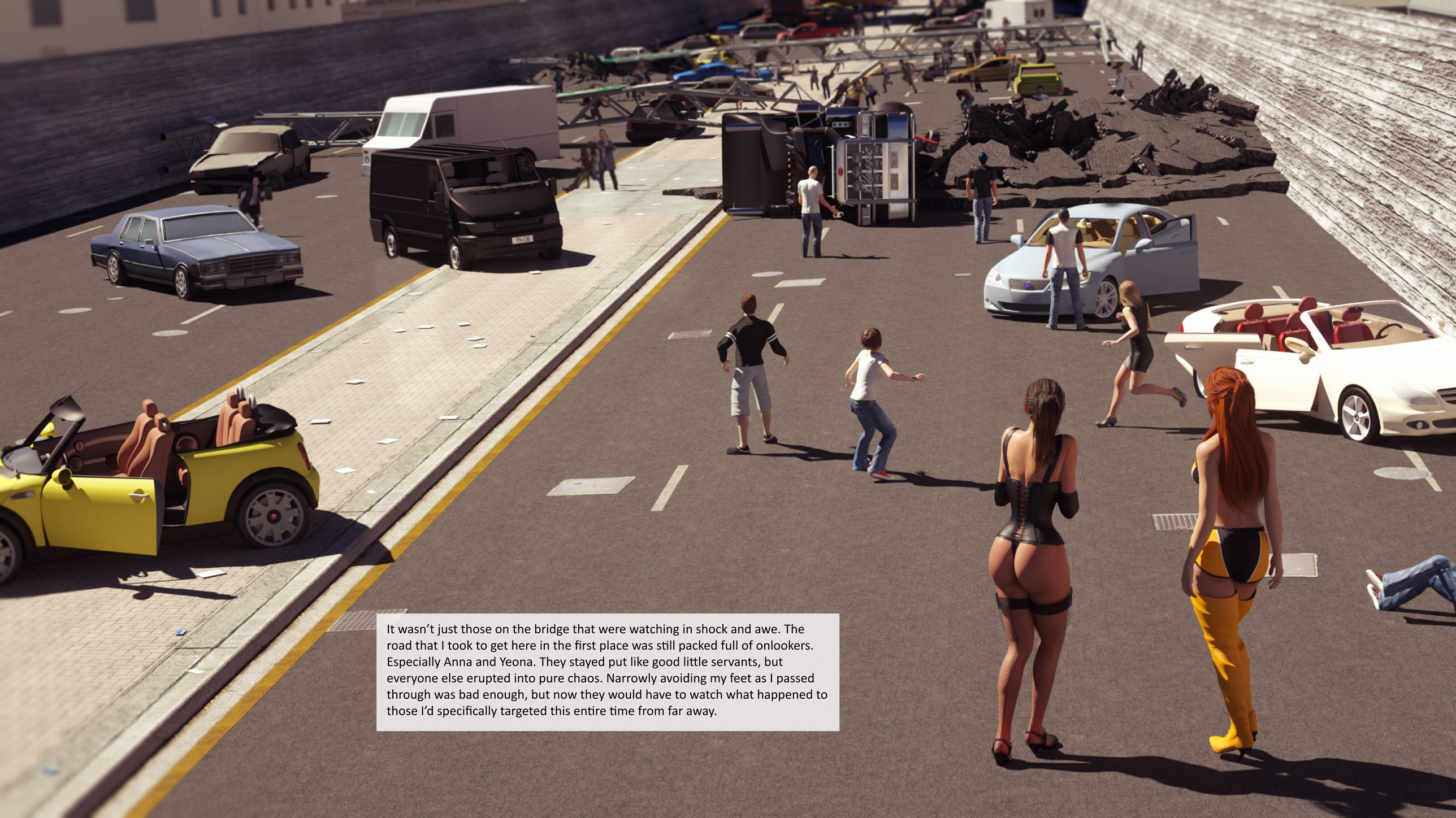
Yeona, though, just stared. Stone-faced. I bet she was thinking about the rest of her team. Maybe she was realizing that Anna's not so bad after all. That it's really their fault for being so colorfully dressed I couldn't help but crush them. I bet she'd enjoy growing bigger too… though I'd probably need to keep Anna separated from her if she ever did. Unless she gave me a show. Then maybe… Nah. I'd probably separate them.



But going through my own mind was what it would feel like when I dropped my foot. I wiggled my toes overhead, feeling cool air rush between them. All I had to do was lower it, and I'd put a stop to who knows how many people's attempts at escape. I'd feel a number of them pop and squish under me, and it would feel amazing!

Too amazing, if anything. My feet are certainly sensitive and I've really grown to love feeling things crush beneath them… but this almost seemed like a waste. I stepped on all kinds of things just walking over here!


So I decided to change up my tactics.
I swear I could almost feel the combined sigh of relief from those on the bridge when I pulled my foot back. When the imminent threat they were all facing down vanished into thin air.
Which made the gasp when I turned around, and presented my huge ass to the captive audience all the sweeter.



It wasn’t just those on the bridge that were watching in shock and awe. The road that I took to get here in the first place was still packed full of onlookers. Especially Anna and Yeona. They stayed put like good little servants, but everyone else erupted into pure chaos. Narrowly avoiding my feet as I passed through was bad enough, but now they would have to watch what happened to those I’d specifically targeted this entire time from far away.




"Mind if I take a seat?"

I'm so fucking funny. I'm still mad no studio wanted to buy my script about a princess with platinum blonde hair and a huge ass who defeated an invading army by buying them out. It was full of jokes of this caliber, and I even graciously offered to play the princess for only a few million! The nerve of them!!

These people, though. They get it. Even now, as their deaths are imminent, I can hear a roar of applause and laughter from down below. They can appreciate a well-crafted joke, and a good punchline. Even if they're the… *butt* of it.

God I'm so fucking funny.



I’m assuming those sounds were laughter, of course. They grew even higher and more frantic in tone as I just plopped my huge backside onto the bridge. I did it carefully, not wanting to ruin the entire thing more than my natural weight would.

To the bridge’s credit, it actually did hold. Even as I stretched my legs forward, and felt dozens of cars crush under my ass it maintained its shape. Oh it buckled, and cracked quite a bit, sure. Big, hefty chunks of concrete also definitely rained down onto the street underneath. But, the point is that it remained standing!



That was of little comfort to the people underneath me, of course. They were only able to watch my ass come down on them, and had to choose between laughing at my excellent joke or screaming for help that would never come. Some of them were probably lucky and wound up in between my cheeks. Trapped and surrounded on all sides by an ass that would eradicate them if they stepped out of line.



They were hoping that the bridge would hold, too.

The rest were just crushed. Instantly. Didn’t stand a chance. Some might have raised their arms, braced themselves to try and create something resembling safety. If any of them were stupid enough to try that then it sure did a lot of good. I didn’t feel a thing.


Whatever engineer designed this bridge did a damn good job.
...Is what I would have said had it not broken apart after only about ten seconds! Is this really the best that such a huge thing could manage? The bridge has failed the seat test, and was thus unworthy of my gorgeous ass.


I didn’t trust the bridge from the very beginning, so I hadn’t even sat on it properly. Thankfully, that meant I didn’t fall back when the bridge collapsed.
In retrospect. A bit anticlimactic.



It was time to put my acting to the test.

“Oops!”

Perfect delivery. As always.

With that, I hopped. Just slightly. Just enough to make it look thoroughly convincing as I crashed through the gaping wound I’d just inflicted onto the bridge. The impact was the sort of thing that would be written about in history books, as I crashed straight through the road leaving behind a huge buttprint afterwards.


“When you guys get around to rebuilding this, make sure to reinforce it in case I want to try using it as a seat again!”
When sitting down I’d gone out of my way to make sure I sat on as many of those stupid buses as I could. I could still feel them after all that. Just hanging out under my ass, hoping that I was going to release them soon. If they had feelings, that is. I bet any potential survivors under the collapsing bridge were begging me to move, though. Someone I may have just clipped when sitting, who didn’t take the full brunt of my ass coming down on them. Someone begging for life underneath me right now who I was completely unaware of.



Someone who I'm not even going to search for on my own. If they're there, good for them, but I'm more interested in checking out what my ass did to those buses! They'd crumpled up underneath me so easily I just have to know what they look like now.

"Ew. What's this stuck to my ass?"

I guess I have been walking around in the sun all day. Makes sense I'd have a little bit of sweat on my body, even after that dip in the ocean I took earlier. I leaned to the side, lifting my ass and felt the buses adhered to my skin come with it.




What I didn't notice at first was that one of the buses had landed square between my ass. Trapped between the two huge globes it couldn't do a damn thing to stop my butt coming together and pancaking it. It reminded me of the bus I'd just crushed with my tits over at the stadium. Only this time I'd done it without even intending to.

I suppose I can't move at all without crushing things now.



“Can you guys check if there’s anything stuck to my ass?”

I wanted them to burn this image into their minds. Let them see firsthand just how much Kaylee Kloss can do with an act as simple as sitting. They had to see the bus squashed under each of my cheeks as well as the one sandwiched between my ass. The destroyed bridge would serve as an excellent backdrop to it all, and most importantly.

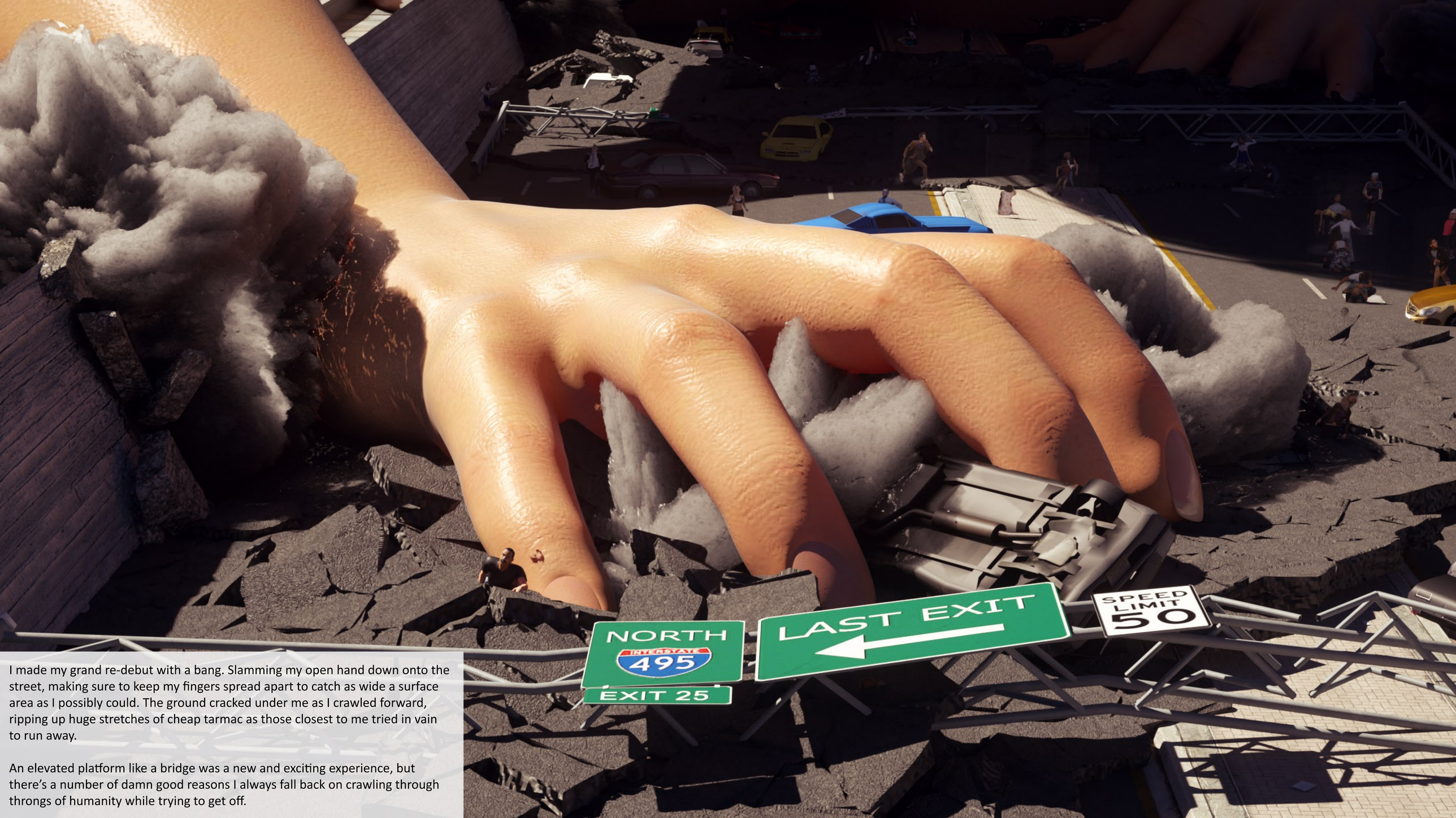
They needed to admire how such a beautiful thing could be so dangerous.


“Ah, I guess it’s nothing.”
And for a third time I plopped my ass onto the street. Since I’d backed up slightly while showing off I captured a number of people this time and felt a shiver go up my spine as they squished. No fancy big explosion of blood and body parts. Just a meaty pop under my ass like I was sitting on a water balloon, and that’s it!



“Did you all enjoy the show?” I asked, turning to gaze down at everyone behind me. Why should they get to watch all of that happen, and see what sort of bad things happen to their fellow man relative safety? They needed to be reminded that being near me meant they were never safe. Even if I wasn’t actively targeting them.

“WELL? DID YOU?” I shouted, turning to crawl back the direction I just came.




I made my grand re-debut with a bang. Slamming my open hand down onto the street, making sure to keep my fingers spread apart to catch as wide a surface area as I possibly could. The ground cracked under me as I crawled forward, ripping up huge stretches of cheap tarmac as those closest to me tried in vain to run away.

An elevated platform like a bridge was a new and exciting experience, but there's a number of damn good reasons I always fall back on crawling through throngs of humanity while trying to get off.



“Why are you all running away? Was it something I said?”

Sticking my ass up into the air, I dropped my huge fuckin tits straight onto the ground, and dragged them forward as I slid forward. I could feel even my nipples tear up the soft street as I moved, and loved watching huge plumes of dust explode from every movement I made.




But it was the crowds I focused most of my attention on. Spotting Yeona and Anna was easy. Even if they weren't that much taller than anyone else they were the only figures in the crowd who stood still. They were behaving exactly as expected of them, even if Anna's tiny hands were clenched tightly into fists and her eyes were closed as I came back towards them.

Everyone else wasn't doing so hot. Without preferential treatment they were just a living, breathing carpet for me to crawl across. One that was unique, as it changed colors when I passed over it!

Behind me was a wasteland. An empty road devoid of life. Torn up beyond usability, with no working vehicles situated anywhere on it. Which I, personally, didn't mind. Sure, watching from back there would mean you get an excellent view of my pretty feet and my glistening pussy, but my best angles are definitely from the front.

Preferably very, very low.




But right now I was keeping my eye on the prize. Wholly focused on Anna and to a far lesser extent Yeona, I crawled ahead with no mind for the damage I dealt in the process. My smile was wide, and I loved watching Anna shake even more violently as I closed the distance between us.
So... I might have gone out of my way to ramp that up. Just a little. All I did was reach forward a little further! But she screamed so loud I could hear her over everyone else gathered.




“Hey, Anna! How you holding up back here?”

I crawled forward just a little bit more. Anna tensed up, looking ready to bolt at any moment. Yeona, for all of her physical prowess, didn’t seem to appreciate being the focus of my attention to such an extreme degree and lost her balance.

While more people ran past them, I continued my slow, inexorable progression. Dragging these big tits of mine across the street straight towards them.



“Aw, what’s wrong? I thought all of you would be ecstatic at the idea of meeting Kaylee Kloss?”

They really should be more appreciative. Nude images of me would have cost a pretty penny back before all this! Now, not only do all these people get to see exactly that, but I look way, way hotter than I used to! This is why they can’t have nice things.




I danced my fingers along the concrete in front of me as I crawled forward. Sometimes I squished a straggler under a finger, then dragged it back to admire the red smear they left behind. Sometimes I flicked a car out of the way, watching it flip into the distance with a number of loud, abhorrent noises. But… most times I just tore up the street. Had fun making it evenmore impassable than it already was for these stupid, cheap cars.

That, and I just can't get enough out of admiring how small everything is compared to me now. The length of my fingernail is almost equal to a fully-grown person. And with any luck… soon it would be bigger.


One side-effect of my growth seems to be that every new surge feels so much more powerful than the one that came before. I feel like no less than 10 times today I've been more turned on than I ever have, but that is once again the case. My pussy has to be absolutely sparkling with dewy excitement right now and the slight breeze is doing quite a lot to my backside.
It makes me want to drop down and just… shove a hundred people up inside. Can I fit a hundred? The thought is certainly intriguing.



Even if i can’t shove that many bodes into me at once, I’m tempted to do so with a couple of young ladies who are very special to me. Or one and a half, rather. I bet Anna would do a great job worshipping my clit. Rubbing it, squeezing it between her legs, feasting on it. Just allowed the time and space to do all she wants to me while I lounge around at the height of hedonism.

...Maybe I should have Anna and Yeona change their outfits. I can’t keep getting turned on like this every time I look at the two of them. It’s too distracting.



“Is there anything on my boobs?” I asked, raising up just a bit and lunging forward. I probably wouldn’t have squished Anna or Yeona if they didn’t move out of the way… but I also wanted to see if they had the wherewithal to move on their own. And if there were a bunch of other casualties along the way… oh well! There’s gotta be like a hundred billion people on the planet, right? What’s a couple dozen more to teach these two a lesson in self-preservation.



Seeing a pair of boobs coming straight for you has to be an exciting proposition for most people. Perverting that by having the boobs be so big that they'd kill you in the blink of an eye and just keep moving is just how I do things now.



As I rose to my knees I felt my tits wobble and jiggle about on top of my chest. I took a deep breath, thrusting my chest outwards so my already massive tits looked even more impressive. To me, anyway. To these people it had to be a wake-up call. The realization that they should be really confident they're not in the splash zone before slowing down.

"You can run faster than that!"

I watched them from above. All of them. Anna ran out of my shadow, and looked up at me. We probably locked eyes, but I hope she doesn't realize I was waiting for her. Wouldn't want her feeling all high and mighty, would we? If she's going to be docile she has to think I don't care about her. Until now I've always accomplished that by upping the body count and…

Well, if it ain't broke, don't fix it!



BOOM

I love the sounds of me. The sounds that me and my body just make all the time now. Just the act of moving forward and plopping my big fat tits onto the street is so unique, and the sensations it comes with it I could probably write a book about. Or pay someone to write a book about it for me.

And then there's the crowds. Shrill, squeaky. I can feel some hands moving around under me, but only just barely. Maybe they think one of the lucky people who narrowly avoided being squished is coming to help them. I don't think anyone's that selfless, though.

I'd better put a stop to that line of thinking.



Gravity alone crushed a bunch of them. Lack of oxygen would doubtlessly take a few more with time. But just dropping my entire torso and balancing on my tits sentenced them all to a speedy execution in the same instant.

My face was so close to the crowds now I could hear their cries much more clearly. So close that Anna and Yeona stood in my shadow. Crawling a few feet forward, and they would comfortably bring them under my tits.



The thought sends a small surge of arousal through me, and my nipples stiffen.

No one can see it, and I'm sure no one can hear it, but I can feel a couple of no doubt grievously injured bodies under my nipples even now. I'd like to think they were still alive, though obviously injured, and having difficulty breathing. Until I turned myself on, that is.Then my nipple got hard, and ripped them apart like they were made of tissue paper.

A shudder runs down my spine, and my jiggling boobs make the street shake.



I spend ten seconds cooling down after all of that. Then I rolled to the side, and set to work corralling all the survivors. I couldn't handle this teasing anymore. I needed to fucking get off! With an arm blocking their advance my other hand comes down for them. All of them. I'm going to ram them all up my fucking cunt! Then-



No… I have to… draw this out longer. Make sure it's all worth it. It's been building up for some time. You don't cash out until you're ready.

"Congratulations to our quickest runners!" I announce, closing my fingers into a fist around my new captives. There's not many of them left. Enough to get me off. Enough to grind into paste all over my big, gorgeous fucking body. To mash into my boobs, and crush in my pussy, and-


This is… This is getting out of hand.
Closing my eyes, I count down from five, then sit back up. Just treat it like I’m back home. There’s a nice adult film playing in the private theater. There’s a wait staff on hand with snacks and drinks. The way I’m sure most people get off. Probably with a few candles lit as well.



I may not have the wine, or the privacy now, but I'd take this over my old methods any day. My toes clenched as I thought about what I would soon be experiencing.

I wonder if they knew what I had planned. My guess is they think I'm going to eat them. And I probably should. I don't think I've had enough experience swallowing huge crowds of people at once. The thought of feeling so many little limbs fight to not slide down my throat and tickle me all the way down is the kind of thing that's almost enough to make me cum on its own.

Which would be great for these guys. Then I wouldn't have to squish them.



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“I hope you guys are ready to help me out!”

As I watched the handful of people I’d collected fall all over my tits I wondered if perhaps I was making a mistake. I probably didn’t need to involve Anna or Yeona into this. They could have just stood by and watched me pulp an entire crowd. They could have taken notes, or helped me think of more interesting things to do after.

But it also would have been just a bit too safe for my liking.



I’m in love with the fact that I might fuck this up. I might squeeze too hard, and squish them like the rest of the people I don’t care about. That’s probably my lust-addled brain talking right now, but it’s basically in control right now and my body is just along for the ride.

Before any of the people I dropped could slide down my body to a messy end I squeezed my tits together. Suspended in midair, I could feel my nipples stiffen as, at the very least, I have a clear view of Yeona’s struggling legs kicking wildly. Will she survive this? Will Anna?



"You guys feel *wonderful*." I whispered, giving my chest an extra-firm grope, before finally pulling my hands away. I watched the flesh ripple and jiggle after that brief contact, and I just wanted to wrap my arms back underneath my bust and give these overflowing handfuls a tight squeeze. Enjoy the feeling of my own massive tits as I hugged myself, much to the chagrin of my little sexual companions.

Shame that wouldn't be enough to get me off, so it was off the table. Maybe the next crowd. When I'm more in control of myself and can really get worked up.



I can’t just keep them hanging around there forever! I leaned back just enough that my own body created a natural slope, and released my captives. From titty prison. Now there’s a new idea for a screenplay!

It worked as well as could be expected when dealing with things so weak. They had about a fraction of a second to get some air before they went back to screaming their lungs out. As if I was going to let them fall to their deaths from my tits. Why would I do that when I haven’t gotten off yet?


The delicate sensation of bodies sprinkling down my skin and coming dangerously close to my pussy was making it harder to not mash them all right now. Particularly the adventurous one who seemed to be using my pubes as a way to stop himself from falling away entirely. I could barely see who it was past my tits. Just enough to tell it wasn't either of my little girlfriends.
That meant I could be a little more reckless.



The rest of the group continued sliding down me while the person wrapped up in my pubes tried their hardest to break free. The sensations were subtle, fleeting, and just made me all the more tingly. My fingers were literally shaking as I had to restrain myself from just slapping a hand down there and rubbing him into a messy patch in my pubes.

There has to be something more suitable nearby… right?


Things always just kind of seem to turn out okay for me. It’s my natural talent! I knew that I could use my little playthings as a way of getting myself off, but that would definitely end with every one of them being crushed and me without anyone to keep fucking. Which wasn’t bad per se, but I’d prefer keeping them around. For at least for a few more minutes.
So when I spotted the fleet of abandoned buses nearby let’s just say my pussy wasn’t going to be so dissatisfied much longer.


I contemplated picking them all up, and just trying to jam them inside me at once. Maybe dropping my little pube partner into one and mashing them inside of the bus like jam filling in a pastry. My breath caught in my throat as I reached for all of them… but in my lust I completely overshot.One of the buses was nearly completely flattened by my finger, while another was shoved off the bridge entirely.

I only managed to pick one up. I brought it up to my face, looked it over, and smiled.

“You’ll do.”



I could have phrased it more eloquently, as one would expect from someone as sophisticated as Kaylee Kloss. Hell, I probably should have cleared my throat, instead of having it come out so husky, and very obviously horny. Not at all like the brand I've carefully curated over the years.

But caring about that was the furthest fucking thing from my mind right now. Leaning back further offered me an erotically charged view of my miniature sexual partners hanging out on me. The sensation of the bus brushing against my pussy made me jolt, giving them all a scare. And their fear certainly wasn't going to make me less aroused.


All pretense of this being an intimate moment shared between a giant girl and her unwilling friends was gone the instant I slid that bus into my pussy. I'd been so aching to feel filled for so long that I hardly cared about anything else
But… it wasn't enough. I'm just too fucking big, now. It's a good problem to have most of the time, but when you need to get off and an entire fucking bus isn't enough there's going to be issues.


Though I may have crushed one bus by accident, there were still a few more left. Moving my hand away from my pussy, I couldn't help but smile at the fact I could keep the first bus locked into position without using my hands to stabilize it or anything. It's nice having pussy muscles strong enough to keep an entire fucking bus suspended in midair like that. And I didn't even do kegels like my stupid sister!



The second vehicle was collected, but this time I decided to aim just a little bit lower. My pussy would have appreciated more metal shells to chew on, sure, but it also didn't need nearly as much assistance. I had a feeling that my tiny partners would make up the difference when it came to pleasuring my pussy.

My ass, though. Well, it's been pretty neglected today, hasn't it? Anal's never really been my thing, but eating people whole and alive was never really my thing before today either. You change with the times, and I'm open-minded enough to give it another shot. I can tell just from the feeling of the steel hull bending in my grip that there's no way this isn't going to feel great.

And if I'm wrong... whatever! There's more buses. I'll just stuff an extra one into my pussy after!



As the bus works its way inside of me it’s not very difficult to get it in nearly all the way. I swear I’ve not done much anal in my day! I’m just so fucking big now that even my ass can be filled with a bus without even making me cringe in pain. It’s entirely different from having a cock inside of me. At least different from any cocks I’ve ever taken, given its rather small length and slender profile. Also the fact that if things get uncomfortable all I have to do is clench and I’d completely destroy it.

But… the bus was doing its job admirably. So much so that even after I can’t push it in with my fist, I pull a finger back to finish the rest of the job with a steady push.



A fresh, throaty moan escapes my lips. Completely unintentionally. It scared me a little, even. It sounded more like a bear than any other sounds I've made. Feeling something shoved inside both my ass and pussy at the same time awakened something inside of me. I feel like my whole body is more sensitive and receptive to pleasure now.

And I can feel… some struggles elsewhere. I hadn't even noticed, but there's someone trapped under one of my boobs! Well, I hope they don't think I plan on letting up anytime soon!



The real show is just about to start. My fingers are moving so slowly it's like I'm submerged underwater. I just want to make sure I don't break one of my many partners by moving them around too quickly. Getting the buses inside of me was a good warmup, but nothing quite beats the feeling of utter domination I get out of threatening people with a good maiming. Or death. Sliding a fully grown man or woman around with just the tip of my finger, and forcing them to please me in any way I see fit is its own, unique charm.

Another shudder runs through my body, and the poor soul trapped under my boob squeals audibly.



I’m flying blind again. I don’t know who I’ve got a hold of. Is it a man, or is it a woman? Not that it matters as, at my size, the differences are marginal at best. But, still… I’d like to know! Is this going to get a big, front-page story about how Kaylee is a lesbian now, or a more reserved article in the back of a magazine about a sex tape involving Kaylee Kloss.

While I’m thinking this over I keep casually mashing the poor soul into my clit after sliding them over it. Judging by the shape of their body… I’m thinking what I feel is a woman. Though fully clothed, I feel something similar to two near-microscopic squishy bits pressing into me.



I’m so sensitive right now I can feel everything. Every little cry for help. How Anna and Yeona’s screams mix into it all. The man who’d been trapped in my pubes, and the woman I’m currently screwing all over my clit.

I moved my hand away, and that changed something.

The man and woman hanging out near my pussy fell from their perches. Already precarious, they should have been in for a long, dangerous fall to the ruined streets below. A jagged wasteland of cracked tarmac and crushed cars that would prove fatal to anyone of such a puny size.



But with a metallic BWONG I know that they were spared that grisly fate. They smashed into the top of the bus still sticking out of my pussy with enough force that the vibrations rocked through the entire thing. It feels almost like a vibe, though a really shitty one. One whose batteries are about to breathe their last. Pained groans follow shortly after, and a devious idea comes to mind.

I bet I could use the bus to slide them deeper inside of me.



This way my pussy becomes less of a dangerous cavern for spelunkers to explore, and more of a tight, oppressive chute. A living one that would allow me to feel their struggles as they slide along the roof of that bus against their will. All it would take is a little adjustment of my finger's position, then slide up and-

My mind goes blank. Just for a split-second. My pussy clenches, and I have to stop and throw my head back to avoid crushing the tiny couple doubtlessly overwhelmed by the sheer eroticism of what they're going through. They probably aren't screaming in fear anymore, and are instead choosing to make love inside of me. At least that's what I'd like to believe.



I… I have to… I have to make sure I don’t hurt Anna. There’s two more bodies nearby. I don’t know which one’s which, so I just scoop them both up. I’m rapidly careening towards another epic orgasm and when it hits I don’t know what’s going to happen to them if they stay where they are. I’ve just gotta… move them somewhere safe!

My pussy is begging for more. A bus up the ass and a bus inside the pussy with two stowaways fighting for their lives isn’t enough. I’m craving more stimulation. And I can tend to it right after I finish this…!


Bringing the pair of bodies up to my face I’m relieved to find that the pair is in fact both Yeona and Anna. And I can’t help but stop and laugh at the image that greets me. In scooping them up I somehow wound up mashing Yeona’s tiny face into Anna’s big ass. I’m sure at least one of them really doesn’t appreciate this!
...But it’s also a little hot? Fuck.


No time to find a better place for them. I don’t trust a rooftop, and the streets nearby are undoubtedly going to be too dangerous. Nowhere else is going to work, so they just have to go back into the previous hiding spot. It’s far from ideal, and I can’t help but fear that I might swallow one or both of them when that orgasm finally hits.
But that might just make it even better! Which… might be a worthy trade?



Fuck. No time to think about that. Yeona and Anna both drop into my mouth, but in my lust-addled state I don't do a very good job of it. A half-second later Yeona's legs are poking out from between my lips, kicking at me while Anna's shrill screams make it obvious the top half of her body is poking out of my mouth. It's tempting to just leave them like this, but it's somehow even more dangerous than just being fully inside my mouth.

So they get slurped up and vanish from view entirely.


Out of sight, out of mind. Only not completely, as it’d be far too easy for me to just swallow in that case. They’re just out of mind enough for me to tend to the lingering sensations demanding attention between my legs. I’ve held this off long enough. I’m going to fucking get myself off right now! Fuck anything else that gets caught up in the crossfire!



Brushing my fingers over my pussy sets me off, and I dive right in. I consider stuffing my fingers all the way inside, but I know that doing so would end the fucking amazing little tickles these worthless pieces of shit already are already doing for me inside. Instead I focus on rubbing my hand over the outside. Keeping the focus on my clit, and working myself up while occasionally nudging the ends of the buses just sticking out of me to keep things interesting.

“Ohhh…!”

A moan slipped my lips and immediately I’m reminded that even the inside of my mouth is full of people right now. Yeona and Anna are immediately set off, presumably under the assumption that I’m going to inadvertently swallow them. Their shrill screams echo around the inside of my mouth, and I can’t help but part my lips ever so slightly. Remind them of the outside world, and put the fear of God into them that they’ll never get to see it again.Make them feel like all bets are off, and they’re going to be adding to this wonderful body they’ve been admiring since I first picked them up.


Anna very nearly works her way out.
Again.
But my lips come down and stop her from moving.
Again.
All the while the amorous couple inside of my pussy are doing the work that I’m not capable of doing myself. Feeling the sun bear down on my naked body has me getting even more hot, and I can feel a fresh sheen of sweat begin to coat my body. It bears repeating, but-
I love being so fucking huge!


But...
I just might love growing even more.


The sensation of my ass consuming more of the street under me. The ruined bridge I’m leaning on buckling under my slowly enhancing weight. Watching my feet stretch even further ahead, and threaten to knock over things that were previously out of reach. It feels like it should be pretty standard fare by now, but it just never gets old.


I take a deep breath, feeling the wind rush past my two captives inside of my mouth. All just to puff my chest out more. I’m hoping my tits grow a bit bigger this time as well. Is there such thing as a size queen but for tits? Because all this growing is bound to convert me. I have to lean back a little further now, as the bridge I’m using for support shrinks away beneath me.
And the time for teasing is over. My fingers finally make the plunge inside.


I wonder what those two little fucks are doing inside of my pussy right now. Are they enjoying themselves? Or scared out of their wits? My growth undoubtedly has to be giving them some extra wiggle room, but what of the bus, then? What if I grow so much that my pussy can’t clutch the bus as tightly, and it starts sliding out? What if they get deposited deeper inside of me, and start madly scrambling towards the entrance to try and escape?


Maybe I'll just clench with a tiny bit more force. I have been holding back this whole time, and I bet they'd love to feel me squeeze them like a tube of toothpaste. Just utterly demolish the two of them inside of my pussy and mash them into twisted-up mangled remains of the bus. Because there's no way in hell that thing is surviving this. It'd be torn apart just like the couple.


The bridge is really protesting my presence now, but fuck it. If I fall, I fall. If my sudden descent leads to me inadvertently tensing up and crushing my sexual partners inside of my pussy, so be it. If falling over sends both Anna and Yeona into the back of my throat, then oh well. We had a nice fucking run!


Oh fuck.
The growth… it's speeding up. I can *feel* it.


To think there was once a time when I was so oppressed about things like public decency. I haven’t even been big for a full day yet but already that feels like such a long time ago. And here I am openly masturbating in public with multiple partners at once. I’m technically even eating two pussies!



The bus is ruined now, but I can’t say the same for the two little lovebirds trapped inside of me. With the first couple pumps I felt them be thrust so far back inside of me that they were relatively safe.With a really, really big asterisk next to relatively. They’re lost inside of me now. Their cries for help muted, and unknowable to anyone but me.

And even I can’t be sure that they’re crying for help. It’s only registering as a slight vibrating sensation. But something I’ve learned very quickly since growing is what it feels like to hold onto someone screaming their lungs out.


The bus comes out again, and crinkles in my grip. It can’t handle my strength in the slightest, but it’s doing the best it can. I tease the outside of my pussy with it again, while digging the fingers of my free hand into the bridge behind me. For these tiny, little people heavy machinery is a must to tear up a road as easily as I can with just my fingers now. And it’s not even hard! Like picking up a handful of gravel.

Achieving an orgasm at this size is still a huge feat regardless of how fucking horny I am. My nipples may be pointing straight up, my pussy may be sopping, and I may have a number of sexual partners helping work me over, but… the best way I can describe it is like a race. Every time I complete one, the next goal is even further away. I'm basically an Olympic athlete at this point, dealing with the troubles

If I were still tiny I bet I would've cum a dozen times over by now.




I can’t even be mad.
The fact I have to go so much further every successive time just makes it all the sweeter when it does hit. Like I, as a giantess, get to experience pleasure on a scale that no normal person will ever achieve. I have to tend to a powerful thirst that can not be sated through normal means whatsoever. My pussy is like a starving beast that demands more every time I indulge it.


And so I feed it. Whatever it needs. Sometimes that's tanks full of people who are in over their heads. Other times it hungers for crowds of men and women alike who've done nothing wrong aside from finding themselves within arm's reach while I was horny. Today it's a bus, and a worthless couple of stowaways who were getting a close-up view inside of my pussy with it.



And once my pussy’s had enough to eat, I get that sweet, sweet reward. It’s a symbiotic relationship. I feed her regularly, and in return she makes me bigger, and delivers unto me increasingly powerful orgasms.

Another soft groan escapes my lips. Yeona and Anna both come back to life in response. I toy with them by intentionally letting them slide a bit further into my throat. From all the other people I’ve swallowed I’ve gotten a fairly good handle on how far back someone can go before I lose them entirely, but they don’t know that! A fact that’s made clear when the movement in my mouth intensifies, and becomes a flurry of limbs kicking and fighting against my tongue.



I’m not sure what ultimately pushed me over. The two girls fighting for their survival inside of my mouth? Or the full-sizedbus jammed up my pussy being twisted into oblivion? Maybe it was the couple deeper inside breathing their last when I clenched my inner muscles tightly, converting them into smears inside of me.

Either way, it hit me. **Hard**.



I wanted to let the world know. To scream so loud that every building in the immediate vicinity had its windows shattered. For any passers-by to have their eardrums pop, bleed, and bring them to their knees in pain so severe they thought the end of the world was happening to them. For my voice to echo around this entire fucking city so they could ALL know. Let them mark it on their calendars! At this time on this date, Kaylee Kloss had a fucking orgasm!

I didn’t. Wildly arousing as that thought was, I thought about what would become of my two captives if I did. Grisly images of them exploding into goo from the sheer volume of my voice stilled my vocal chords, and I refrained. Only a quiet, breathy moan that reverberated around harmlessly for several city blocks dripped from my lips.


So engrossed I was at what was happening I was tempted to doze off then and there. A lump caught in my throat, and for a split-second even I was gripped with panic at the thought that I had maybe just swallowed one of them by accident!


More dangerous, intrusive thoughts ran through my head. Again I was being confronted by the thought of what would happen to the two of them if I were to swallow. Maybe I could try my hand at gambling again. Only this time instead of losing a couple dozen million and getting yelled at, I would just… swallow one. The one that survives I'll just keep around.


It was pretty hot to think about. It sent tingles down my spine and straight into all my extremities. My nipples even firmed up just a little bit, but… I couldn’t.
Not yet, anyway.


Exhaling loudly, I spat the both of them back out. Their skin shone in the sun as they splattered onto my huge tits like fat rain droplets. And just like water, they quickly lost their footing and began to slide down the length of my body.


Luckily for them I wasn’t sitting up straight. Unluckily I wasn’t exactly lying down either. I watched amused for a few seconds as they slipped between the valley of my tits before disappearing from view entirely.
I’m sure they’ll be fine. It’s the bus I’m more interested in right now.



Watching stuff quite literally be destroyed in my grip is a feeling I don't think I'll ever grow tired of. For a moment I wondered if Anna and Yeona would be safe from the falling debris, but I'm pretty sure my tits would block any debris that may fall onto them.

Given the heat outside I had to wonder what it was like for them, too. It was probably fairly warm even in the shade I naturally provided, and every direction they looked would only show them more of my body. My boobs would make anyone jealous under normal circumstances, but they were even more impressive, now. Both of them have had close experiences with my tits before, but how fucking cool were they now?



It took a moment to fish it out of my pussy, but once I did I smiled at my handiwork. This wasn't the first bus I'd crushed today, but thanks to this latest bit of growth it was definitely smaller than the previous ones had been. Which makes sense, as it didn't last particularly long inside of me before it was too small to truly be useful.

While bringing the ruined thing up to my face I looked over the bits of sheared metal twisted into awful shapes. Shards of glass rained from the broken hull, twinkling as they fell to the ground far below. I smiled at the sight of what I'd converted this piece of mass transport to,, feeling my pussy tingle in excitement all over again.



So much for the bus, though.

Treating it like a shitty can of beer I smashed the front of the fucking thing right into my head! It twisted, bent, and collapsed under my strength until I felt I'd done a good job. I absolutely could have turned the entire thing flat as a coin, but that wouldn't have been nearly as intimidating. Whoever comes across the remains needs to be able to recognize it as having once been a bus. Not just some big piece of sheet metal that had been sheared off a roof or something.


Then, half-crumpled and useless, I tossed the thing behind me. As I did my tits jiggled from my arm's movement, and I heard a couple of quiet squeaks in response.

A couple seconds later I heard the distant crashing sound of the bus landing. There was an even quieter murmur of what I knew had to be another crowd of people in the distance. That's one thing I really love about this shitty fucking city. There's just people everywhere! Even after all this!



Though I was still humming with a quiet sense of arousal, it had receded enough that I was able to operate normally once again. I looked down at my newly enhanced size, and grabbed hold of one of my big fucking tits in one hand. The huge orb of flesh squished between my fingers, and I moved it around to enjoy their weight.

If I had one real request from these little people it would be for them to tell me just how much each of these things weighs now. As fun a unit of measurement as, “Can crush a building just by resting on it” is, I think I’d like an actual number more.



“Did you two enjoy the ride?”

Neither of them answered. I have to squint to get a good look given all the shadows, but it looks like there’s another person down there with them? Which is strange, considering…

“Yeona,” Anna said, “you’re sitting on someone! I think you might have... smothered them...”

Oh!



I totally forgot there was a girl who'd been hiding in my belly button the whole time! They jumped in there so my tits wouldn't smash them. Because she was hiding in there, she wasn't fully crushed when I started getting myself all worked up. She survived my tits, but it looks like Yeona's ass must have finished her off! Score one for Yeona!

I bet they can see what's left of her now. I never felt any warm, wet sensations under my tits that whole time, so I'd be willing to bet he just suffocated. And since neither Yeona nor Anna felt any different to me after I spit them out, I bet they're also taking in how much bigger they are as well after growing with me.


“Congrats on getting your first kill, Yeona!” I said. “Accident or not, it still counts. So, where’s my thank you for growing you two even more?” I’m not really joking, either. They may still be measly in comparison, but I’d be willing to bet they’re at least twice as tall as anyone else running around. They don’t have to be afraid of anything, now! Imagine the fulfilling lives they could lead at this new size!
Or would have led if they weren’t going to be spending all their time with me from now on.


“Well, that was fun and all, but I think it’s time to get going again.” I called down to the pair, bringing a hand closer to scoop them up. As I gradually climbed to my feet, unbeknownst to me, the smothered body of a young woman who’d had an up-close and personal experience with Yeona’s ass fell from the sky and smashed onto the ground.


My stomach started to rumble again. “I’m really starving,” I said to Anna. “Just eating the odd blogger now and again isn’t going to cut it. You have any ideas for where I could find a whole bunch of people to eat?” She shook her head. Whatever. I guess I don’t really need her help anyway. After all, the whole city is mine to eat!



Standing back up, I enjoyed the view my new height offered. I couldn't see much more of the city that I couldn't before, but even looking around at the street I'd just masturbated on was filling me with fresh erotic tingles. I don't know where I'm going from here, really. There's a whole big wide world out there, and I'm sure there's plenty more I can experience in it.

I took my first step, completely obliterating the body of the man I'd smothered under my tits without even knowing. If I keep growing like this it won't be long before even an entire crowd won't register underneath me.


END OF
PART 11

# KAYLEE'S GROWTH

# PART 10



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