KAYLEE PART 12




REDFIREDOG
EMMAGEAR



"I hate this."

Krystal turned to look up at me, the empathy obvious on her face. I'm not sure how long we'd been here, but it felt like it had to have been hours… right? Time moved slowly without any points of reference. At least I had calmed down in the past couple minutes thanks to mom being here to help me through it. She'd taken a seat on my knee as it was the most comfortable place in this stupid little room, but I didn't mind. I was so much bigger than her by now I hardly felt her at all, and it was something kind I could do for her in return.

"What's wrong?"

"It's just…" I began, trying to find the words to convey how I was really feeling. "I hate not knowing anything. We're stuck in here with nothing to do. All while Kaylee's out there getting up to who knows what. It's making me anxious… but more than that I'm just bored. I just wish we still had some connection to the outside world."



Mom nodded silently. Then she looked around the room, peered through the doorway, and cupped a hand over her ear. After a few seconds she sighed, and reached for her phone. Apparently she'd stashed it away inside of her bra at some point, and this… holding facility, if it can even be called that, was so poorly-planned out they hadn't bothered to check for it. I had a feeling the weird military freaks would not appreciate knowing she had this.

"Wait," I said, "you still have that? But they asked earlier, and you said-"

"I say a lot of things." Mom interrupted, smiling mischievously. "Your old mom is smarter than you think. At least we'll find out if there's anything else going on this way."

"But, what if they find out?" I asked. "Won't you get in trouble?"

She sighed. "Oh, dear, what do I tell you?"

I knew what she wanted me to say. "It's always easier to ask forgiveness than permission."

"And?"

"A Kloss doesn't follow rules. We make them."



I watched impatiently as she fiddled with her phone, waiting to see what would happen. It probably didn't help that the… wrongness of it all only made me even more tense. I felt like at any moment one of those military dicks would break down the door, and confiscate her phone. Then for breaking the rules they'd take her away! Or worse...

Ten long seconds passed. Krystal's mischievous grin gradually faded, forming into a frown.

"I'm sorry, sweetie." She said, sighing heavily as she stashed the phone away. "There's no signal."


"Thanks for trying," I said with a sigh.
So much for that plan. I suppose that did make me a little less anxious, if ever so slightly. Having some hope about a situation is a different feeling than knowing you won't be moving for a while. As I sat, dejected, I could feel my stomach growl. Given how quiet the room was it proved to be a difficult sound to ignore.
"I don't even know when I last ate." I said, weakly.



Mom seemed to empathize with my plight and set about finding a way to help me out. This room may have looked like a storage closet, but I guess it may not have been given a few of the strange amenities. There were cables behind some of the shelves lining the walls, and most importantly, there was a refrigerator! I'd kind of grown used to the quiet humming sound it made up to this point. I'd just been so focused on everything else it kind of vanished into the background. I guess it's hard to concentrate on your own needs when you can still sense the danger you're hiding from, even if it's growing increasingly faint.

"Why is this thing empty?!" Mom shouted so loud I'm sure someone outside had to hear it. My heart froze as I crawled over to see for myself. The brief glimmer of optimism the fridge brought about was quickly fading.



Then I heard it. Footsteps. Headed straight for us. Only now did mom seem to realize her mistake as she tensed up. I pressed my ear up to the door so I could better listen and try to look natural… only to realize that was the furthest thing from natural I could have done.

The footsteps grew closer. I shuffled back as quickly as I could, hoping that nothing would appear out of the ordinary. The last thing I wanted now was to get screamed at again by that old bastard in charge of this place.



We were expected to stay inside of this room without leaving. To ensure that, a man with a whole hell of a lot of equipment patrolled the hallway just outside of the door. He stepped right up to the window frame, and I only barely managed to move out of sight in time. My eyes were laser-focused on the door's handle, waiting to see if he would try to step inside and find out if something was wrong. Mom looked like she was ready to try and attack him if he did.

The inside of the room was incredibly tense as he stared into the window. He was like a statue. Unmoving. Unfeeling. After several seconds he grunted, seemingly satisfied with what he saw, and moved away.


Exhaling loudly, I looked through the window again to make sure he was actually leaving. It was at that moment that I realized just how little our situation had actually changed. Out of the frying pan and into the fire, I suppose. Being caged like a wild beast had to be better than being engaged in a wild goose chase with Kaylee… right?
“Sorry, sweetie.” Krystal whispered, looking sullenly at me.
That made me feel a little better, at least.


“I’ll try talking to them next time they come by. See if we can’t make things a little more comfortable for the two of us.” I appreciated the sentiment, though doubted it would lead anywhere. “Until then… maybe there’s something else in here we’ve overlooked? There’s not a lot of light in here, so…”
It was at that moment Mom leaned back against the refrigerator, and bumped her head into something laying flat on top. She rubbed the back of her head in surprise, eyes widening as she realized what it was.



“Do you think this works?”

“I…” Truth be told I had no idea how to tell. I had never really dealt with electronics before. I usually had other people to do things like that for me. And I’d especially never dealt with one that was so small. Anything more complicated than plugging this thing in seemed like it was going to be a lot of hassle. But, at the same time… it was also our only possible connection to the outside world.

“There’s only one way to find out.”


Mom picked up the TV from the top of the refrigerator, taking a moment to look it over. I guess she hasn't had much of an opportunity to get used to what little size increase she's had so far. I'm sure to most people that would be at least a bit unwieldy, but she actually spent a moment bouncing it in her hands just to marvel at how light it was. The smile that doing so gave her warmed my heart.

"There has to be a plug somewhere." She finally said, clearing her throat after realizing how long she'd been distracted. "Maybe behind those shelves? Help me find it!"



Mom may have been strong enough now to effortlessly move that TV like it was made from cardboard, but she was still *puny* next to me. The huge metal shelves pushed up against the walls were trivial to push aside, and I was even able to do so while hardly making a sound. The third shelf I moved had a plug hidden behind it, along with another black wire that she seemed very interested by. I never knew mom was so tech-savvy!

Just a minute of fiddling later and the TV came on. The warm glow from it filled the darkened room, reminding me of the countless nights I'd spend back home. I don't know if I'll ever be able to go back to those days anymore.



No matter. I was dying to find out more info about what was going on outside of here. Even something as simple as turning up the volume on the TV felt *dangerous*. These walls definitely weren't soundproof, and the last thing we wanted was to have this thing confiscated. Once it was just a notch above a whisper we both settled down, ready to find out whatever we could. Doing this felt dangerous, but I think we were in the clear! My body blocked most of the light the screen gave off, and the room was small enough I could position myself to block the door. If someone tried to run in we'd have a moment to react.

I was beginning to lose faith when the first few channels we cycled through showed nothing. Just blank images, blue screens, and on one heart-stopping occasion a screen full of static that produced a noise louder than we expected. It felt wrong to even be changing channels this way, but what choice did we have?

We were about to give up hope when we finally got something! An image of a disheveled woman with long blonde hair greeted us. She sat behind a desk, her makeup had run down her face, and the room itself looked as if it had been the staging ground of a battle. For as shocking as all of that was… it wasn't the most important part of the screen.

"KAYLEE KLOSS'S RAMPAGE CONTINUES" a chyron on the bottom of the screen said. An image of huge feet just above that could be seen, and I wondered where exactly it had come from.





FIRST IMAGE OF KAYLEE'S RAMPAGE

"We're still live here at KJLA, doing our best to bring you information on the developing story of one Kaylee Kloss. Former reality TV star turned towering colossus, wreaking havoc on the city as we speak."

The woman looked as if she'd been through quite a bit already, as did the newsroom itself. I had to admire her dedication to the job. Were I in her shoes I think I'd have turned tail and run, getting out of the country as quickly as possible while hoping that it would take me far away enough.

BREAKING NEWS

KAYLEE KLOSS'S RAMPAGE CONTINUES

Casualties estimated in the tens of thousands... Cell coverage returns in some areas...

“Footage has been arriving all day, and quite a bit of it is extremely graphic. If you’re in the Los Angeles area authorities have recommended that you evacuate immediately, even if she does not appear to be headed in your direction. The following highways are still in service...”

The chyron continued to flash a number at me. Estimated casualties in the tens of thousands. An estimate… but I believed it. If anything it may not be enough with what I saw firsthand. I’m not sure what she’s been up to after we were separated, but unless something radically changed the number would definitely be growing much, much larger.

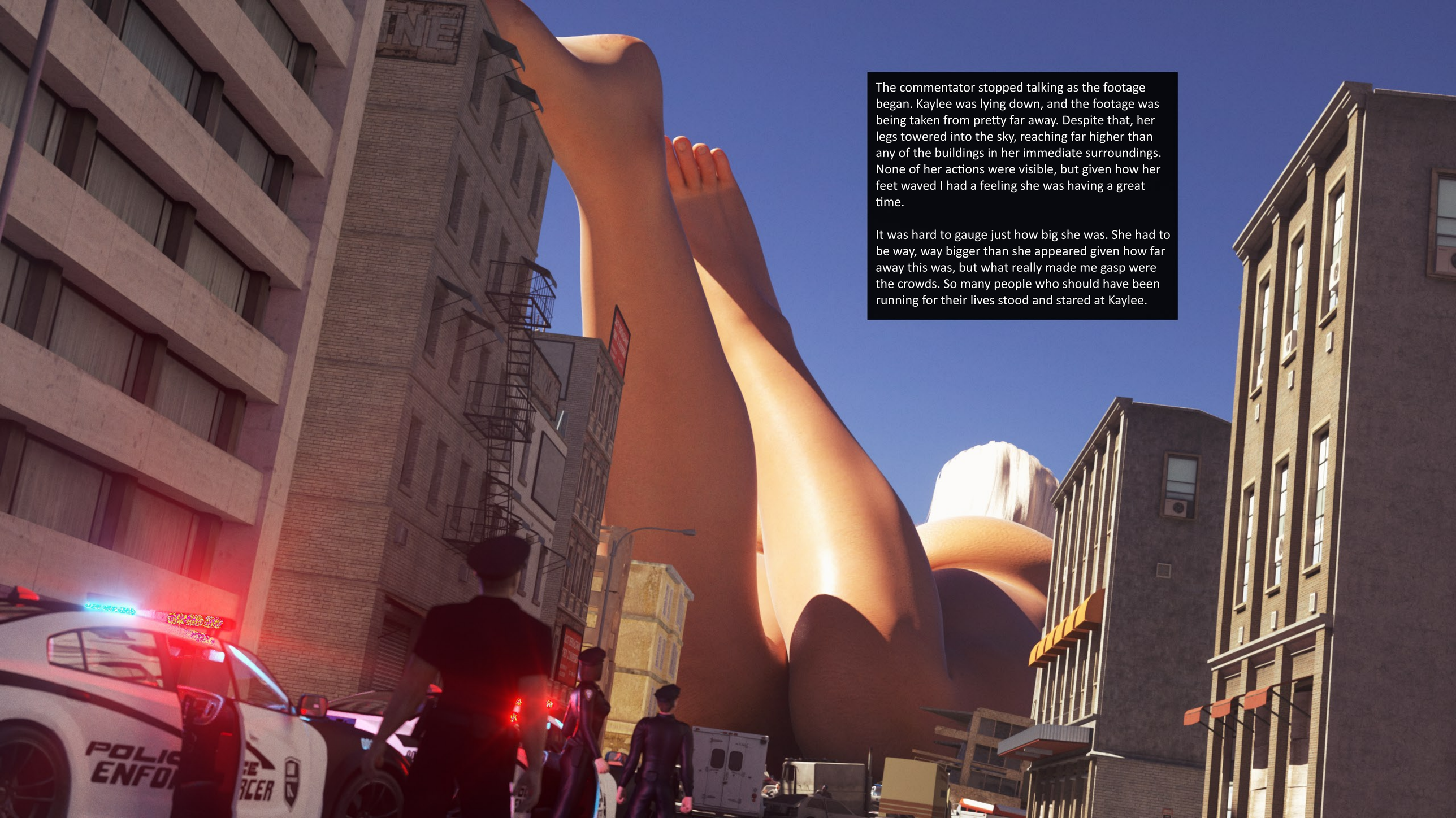




"...We bring you some shocking footage that is being broadcast live from a local bicyclist. This footage may be disturbing to some viewers, and we've no time to edit it, or make it friendly for broadcast. Perhaps most alarming of all is the significant size disparity in much of the footage we've received today. Authorities have reason to believe she is *still growing.*"

They were right. I knew that getting mad or off is what triggered her growth spurts, but there's little chance any of them would know that. People nearby Kaylee were probably too busy running away every time she grew. And those who weren't likely didn't survive much longer after. I may have been the only one to know this crucial bit of information aside from Kaylee herself.


“We will be rolling the footage now. Again, this comes from a cyclist who is missing after the footage we will be showing. Kaylee Kloss was in the man’s direct vicinity, and she appears to be larger than any other footage we’ve received so far.”
I felt for the poor people around her. Someone of *my* size would be a threat to these. I could easily dominate a half-dozen at once, and crush my way through a crowd before anyone was able to stop me. And I was nothing next to Kaylee. Tens of thousands repeated in my mind, reminding me of what was at stake. For as much as I hated these military dicks they were going to do something about this and help bring her back home safely. They were going to save everyone...
Right?


The commentator stopped talking as the footage began. Kaylee was lying down, and the footage was being taken from pretty far away. Despite that, her legs towered into the sky, reaching far higher than any of the buildings in her immediate surroundings. None of her actions were visible, but given how her feet waved I had a feeling she was having a great time.
It was hard to gauge just how big she was. She had to be way, way bigger than she appeared given how far away this was, but what really made me gasp were the crowds. So many people who should have been running for their lives stood and stared at Kaylee.



I… maybe they thought themselves safe? She was lying down, and not even facing them, after all. If she were to rise to her feet and turn around they'd have plenty of notice… of course, knowing just how fast Kaylee moves I knew that wouldn't do them any good. It's not like I could warn them about that now, though. The cameraman himself seemed to consider turning to escape multiple times, giving a solid view of what he looked like, as well as the other sides of the street. He never actually made through on the escape attempt, though. Maybe he was just really fucking horny and thought he would enjoy the view for a bit.

But then what about the cops? If anyone should be pretending they're in an action movie and laying down justice it would be them. Nothing. Like Kaylee's ass had a hypnotizing effect, or something. Or maybe they just thought it was useless to even try and fight her. They weren't wrong.

A sharp gasp could be heard from the cameraman as she rose from where she'd been lying. They really weren't taking the time to try and censor this footage.



The footage continued to play out on the screen. Initially Kaylee had been little more than an enormous figure in the distance, bending over to toy with something that the cameraman couldn't hope to see. It was an angle of Kaylee I don't think I've ever seen before. From this low she dominated even more of the sky than the towering buildings lining the street did, and the effect was only amplified when realizing just how far away she still was from our tiny perspective. Only her heels were visible from this great of a distance, as the rest of her feet were hidden by buildings that looked to be several blocks away.

The poor sap likely filming an afternoon bike ride had stopped, enthralled with the scene unfolding. Though none of them could be seen, a cacophony of cries and screams for help let you know that densely-packed crowds of people surged in every direction to get away. Only a handful of cops could be seen at the moment… and they weren't doing much of anything.


Kaylee stood to her full height. Sun beamed down over her naked body as she seemed to regard the city with curiosity, looking for her next target. Distant sounds of panic only barely registered on the footage. The tension was palpable even through the video.
Then she turned her head. And though it was only just captured on the very edge of the frame… she smiled.



I thought that maybe they'd given up, realizing that nothing they had on hand could hope to even slow down someone as big as Kaylee. When whatever it was that distracted her came to an end she turned, heading straight for the cameraman. I thought this would wake them from their stupor. Let them realize the incredible danger they were in so they could organize everyone else's escape efforts, or at least try to stop her. Sure, she'd practically absorbed a half-dozen tank shells at this point, but given how frequently they kept coming after her anyway I don't think logic was a particularly strong driving force in their actions.

Was she just walking randomly, enjoying her size and how everything caught under her feet was pulverized? Or was she being drawn in this direction? Maybe by… those flashing lights on the cars?



All I can say for certain is… hiding seems like it would be the best bet if you aimed to survive a Kaylee encounter. At least then if she came straight for you it would be pure chance. Happenstance. No malice behind it. As opposed to something she did with purpose. People she viewed as living playthings to help satisfy her sick needs. I was finally able to fully see her face as the now-panicking cameraman whipped the camera straight up. Flashing lights on a car were probably the exact opposite of hiding, and that had to be what drew her there.

I recognized that look in her eyes. Whenever someone challenged Kaylee she wasn't humble, or kind. She always, always took it as an opportunity to show off. It wasn't particularly mature of her to do so, but it was just how she was. There's no way she didn't think the cop's presence was anything less than a direct challenge upon her dominance.

Kaylee glanced down at her hand and smiled. The way she was holding her hand, it looked like she was holding onto something. But what, or *who*... I had no idea.


Her steps before had been slow, and pondering. The movements of a girl who was just wandering about hoping that entertainment would deliver itself unto her. Now that she'd found it, she walked with all the giddiness of a girl going to open her Christmas gifts. Huge plumes of dust exploded out from her every footstep, reminding me of what it had been like when I had last seen her. She had to put forth effort then… but it seemed as if her natural weight was doing it now.
The image got incredibly difficult to make out as the earthquake that followed threw many of the people off their feet, cameraman included. As the image stabilized her toes were visible just beyond the line of backed-up cars. And the cops…?



Kaylee moved so fast, they didn't even have time to run for it.

The world turned dark for a moment as Kaylee's foot bathed a huge section of the street in shadow. The image was almost hypnotizing as the lights of their cars were reflected in her sole. If not for those lights the scene wouldn't have been nearly as horrifying but now it was obvious. All those people under her foot. The ones running away, raising their arms, and screaming their lungs out?

None of them were going to make it.

A scream from behind the camera made it seem as if the man holding it thought himself part of that group as Kaylee's foot came down with no qualms about what was underneath it.



Things got a lot quieter really fast. The only screams now were much more distant, completely different from the roars that had dominated the footage only seconds prior. Kaylee's foot struck the earth with such force the street itself rippled like it was liquid, bulging up and cracking as she settled onto it.

It's probably a bit awkward that, at the moment, I also felt a pang of jealousy. Her toes were so shiny, and reflective even in the low light. Who did her nails before all this started, and how were they still holding up so well?!


“I haven’t had pork in a while!”

The camera whipped up as her booming voice words echoed around the street. I wasn’t sure what exactly Kaylee meant by that. Was she calling the people…? No, that didn’t make any sense. Regardless, the cameraman himself had fallen over after Kaylee’s closer step, leaving a cop who’d maintained his balance towering over him. And far beyond that, Kaylee towered over everything.

Then the meaning behind Kaylee’s statement hit me like a truck.


The suspicions were confirmed a moment later when her giant face descended into view. Her left hand came down with the rest of her body, once again leaving me shocked with how little she cared for her surroundings. I can't imagine it would have been difficult to adjust her position enough that she collected the cops without harming anything else. She just… didn't. The buildings in her way didn't even matter. Just minor obstacles that were blown apart as she reached down.

The camera man turned into a panicked, blubbering mess as the buildings directly above began to fall apart. He may have just realized his mistake by not fleeing sooner.



He didn’t even get a chance to turn around. The fingers came down around him, cracking into the street as Kaylee ripped up the entire section they were standing on. More screams came from the men who’d been picked up as they were moved all the way up to Kaylee’s face. I wondered how high up they were, but her fingers were too big for any of them to even see over. The only thing dominating the camera’s field of view was Kaylee, and an endless blue sky behind her.

I knew it was coming, but it was still so much more intimidating to see it from this close up. Kaylee’s big lips parted, and I swear for a second I could see the reflection of the cops in her teeth.



I thought she would treat them like a piece of popcorn. Just toss them into the air and snap her jaws around them. It was exactly as much care as she seemed to show everything else she'd encountered today. But… she didn't. I suppose if there's one thing Kaylee's always been serious about it's food, and she carefully moved her hand over her open mouth to ensure that they would all land where she needed them to.

Her eyes seemed to lock onto the man with the camera. Maybe it was just a visual trick, an assumption, or just coincidence, but I swear she smiled, and winked at him.



Then… they fell.

“We warn you. This is where the footage gets extra graphic. Please, remember that you should evacuate the city if-”

I ignored the woman commentating. I focused wholly on the images themselves, feeling a shiver run down my spine. At least three cops, whoever the cameraman was, and anyone else who may have been behind him. Kaylee’s lips were opened especially wide for her to take it all in, and a blast of hot air fogged up the lens. I thought that maybe this would be where it was cut off abruptly. Before things got too bad.



But it wasn’t. The cameraman hit the tongue, and a small splash of saliva narrowly missed the lens. It was hard to see anything now as this wasn’t something being shot to show you what was going on. It was being filmed by a man fighting for his life as he faced an imminent death at the end of Kaylee’s digestive tract.

In between the violent movements of the camera I could see the cops, though. One of them was directly in front of the cameraman, still situated firmly on Kaylee’s tongue himself. The other two were already gone, teetering on the edge of the infinite blackness of her throat.


SIGNAL
LOST
KAYLEE'S RAMPAGE CONTINUES
"We're very sorry if any of our viewers were upset by these images and reports from those who have run into Kaylee Kloss today. We're only here bringing you this information because she appears to have left this area behind entirely, and our systems were still up and running. It is our duty to bring you news as it happens. There are no earthquakes presumed to be rocking our fair city today. If you feel the ground shake beneath you it may be too late. You must evacuate for your own safety now."
The news reporter kept talking, but I had zoned out. I was back in the bunker. Hidden, and out of sight.
BREAKING NEWS
RAMPAGE CAUGHT ON CELLPHONE
Kaylee swallows police officers... Steps on crowd of people... Death toll likely in dozens


“Kayla.”
“Yeah?”
“What are we going to do?”
I didn’t have an answer for that. Mom was growing too… kind of. Maybe she could find some way to deal with Kaylee? I mean, there’s no way such a big responsibility was going to fall on me… right? There’s no way I could do anything like that! I’m not strong, cool, and confident like Krystal. And I’m nowhere near big enough!
“I… I don’t know.”


“BRING IN THE SPECIALIST!”
“SIR, YES SIR!”
Oh no. Though the TV had been kept low we were so focused on it we must have missed the sounds of footsteps through the hallway. I hoped that maybe they were referring to someone else, or were at the door to a different room, but the sound of a doorknob twisting told me otherwise.



"Sorry!" I said, leaning my foot against the door to make sure it couldn't open. "I'm stuck! Gimme a couple of minutes to get free!" Not the most believable of lies, but I had to keep watching, and I had a feeling that they would get rid of the TV entirely if they saw us watching it.

This was my only connection to the outside world. I'd only had it for a couple of minutes, but I already treasured it.

"We now go live to our reporter on the scene. Olivia, mind telling us what you see?"


The feed shifted to a woman staring directly into the camera. Still a very unprofessional looking show but I suppose there's not a whole lot that can be done about it. They were filming from inside of a helicopter it seemed, and Kaylee's legs could be seen in the distance.
"We're here downtown in the KJLA Traffic copter trying to get a good angle on Kaylee Kloss. Officials are hoping that maybe if we can get a better view of her movements we may be able to track her, or figure out what her ultimate goals are."


Fat chance of that. Kaylee wasn't the type to plan anything out. Ever. She was moving around entirely based on what looked most interesting. Or fun. Or shiny. Or phallic. She wasn't that deep. Unless they could find a nail salon that serviced 500 foot tall women I had serious doubts she was "headed" anywhere.
But, more than that, I couldn't help but feel on edge as the footage continued to play out. They may have been pretty far away… but Kaylee could almost certainly cover that distance in no time flat. Especially since she didn't give a damn about anything in her path. They were well within striking range.


“Wait. Oh my- She’s looking this way! Has she seen us?”
Of course she’s seen you! You’re the only aircraft around in the middle of a city! If that didn’t make it obvious enough the sly grin that forms on Kaylee’s face is enough to make it clear. I want to scream. I want to call them to let them know that they’re in serious fucking danger right now. They should have been further away!



“OH MY GOD! GET US OUT OF HERE!”

It wouldn’t matter. Anything short of time travel wouldn’t have been enough to spare them. Seconds after being noticed she was already moving in their direction. The situation changed from informative to horrifying in an instant as her giant body gracefully moved through the city. And it was only graceful when you couldn’t see what was happening at ground level as she moved.



Screams inside of the helicopter overpowered the white noise of the machinery. The camera that had been used to film them up to this point was thrown from its perch, rolling around for a moment before it settled to a stop. Pilot and reporter both turned into panicky messes as the looming face of Kaylee was only slightly visible through the window.

I must have really, really overestimated how far away they were. I thought they were hovering at about the height of her shoulders, but it's clear now that her pussy was just barely visible as well. What had to have felt like a safe height to them wasn't even half as tall as Kaylee.



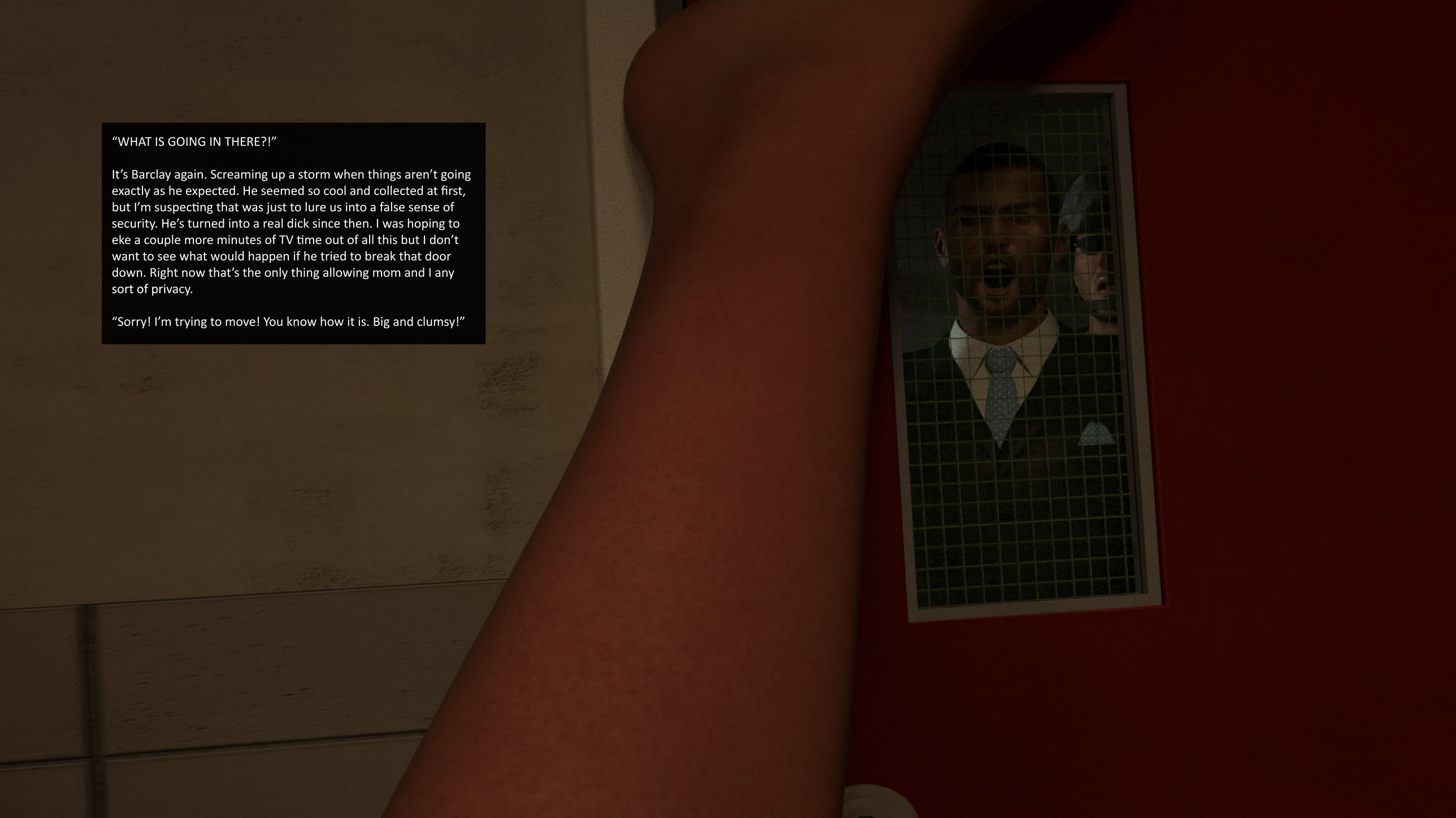
“GET THE-”

The entire scene lurched as alarms started blaring. I’ve no idea what was going on with the pilot right now but the camera’s convenient position offered a clear view of the reporter. She hung onto the seats as the entire helicopter was tilted vertically, while Kaylee’s open mouth hung below.

“DON’T LET ME FALL!” The woman screamed, her legs kicking in the air. Her shoes fell from her feet in the process, vanishing from view far below.


“SHE’S EATING THE ENTIRE FUCKING CHOPPER!”
“SHOOT HER! DOESN’T THIS THING HAVE ANY WEAPONS?”
“IT’S A TRAFFIC COPTER, NOT A MILITARY-”
Twisting, screeching metal could be heard as the lights in the helicopter went out. The camera rolled around wildly in the process as the limited light forced everyone into darkness. With no emergency lighting the final images of the helicopter, the pilot, and the reporter vanished when the lips closed completely.


There was still sound. Wet, sloshing noises. The occasional glimpse of something wet through the darkness. The shrill screams of a woman and a man meeting their end. The crunching noises of a huge piece of machinery being destroyed by Kaylee's teeth. But no images.
"WHAT IS TAKING SO LONG?!"
I sighed. Now seemed as good a time as any to turn off the news. I didn't know how much longer I could pretend to be blocking the door before things got out of hand. My immediate thought was to try and crush the TV, but that would draw too much attention. I haven't ever had to deal with buttons on these stupid little things, either and since Mom was the one who set this up I left it up to her.


“WHAT IS GOING IN THERE?!”
It’s Barclay again. Screaming up a storm when things aren’t going exactly as he expected. He seemed so cool and collected at first, but I’m suspecting that was just to lure us into a false sense of security. He’s turned into a real dick since then. I was hoping to eke a couple more minutes of TV time out of all this but I don’t want to see what would happen if he tried to break that door down. Right now that’s the only thing allowing mom and I any sort of privacy.
“Sorry! I’m trying to move! You know how it is. Big and clumsy!”


The man grunted as I got out of the way and the door opened up. I could tell by the deep scowl he wore that he didn't buy my excuse. But, quite frankly, fuck him. If he's going to be a rude asshole then I don't see any reason to go out of my way to do what he wants.
"The door's open! Come in!" He said, motioning to someone behind him. I expected another soldier, but instead… it's a woman in a lab coat.



She's small. Very small. Or maybe I'm just biased. I've got to get used to that. Aside from her height she's got short brown hair, glasses, and it looks like she was wearing the lab coat over an ordinary t-shirt. She definitely doesn't place as much emphasis on her appearance as most of the girls I know, but I suppose that's not the point. Her eyes seemed to widen as she catches sight of me. She gasps, her face turning a bright shade of pink as she turns to look back at Barclay. He only grunts in response, motioning back in my direction.

"Hi." She finally says, trying to avert her eyes awkwardly. "I'm, erm, Jessica. I'm a lab technician. I was with-"

Barclay cleared his throat loudly and the girl stopped abruptly. She bit her bottom lip, looked around nervously, and cleared her own throat. What was she about to say…?



“Right.” She said, looking up at me again. “We’re looking for a way to reverse what happened to… your sister, is she? And we think you may be the key to finding it out. If you’ll come with us we can run some tests and-”

“Wait.” I said, not liking the sound of that. Needles had always made me squeamish… and getting jabbed in the middle of what seemed to amount to a military blacksite seemed even less ideal. “Tests? Like-”

“Standard procedure, ma’am.” Barclay said, leaning in. His stern voice made me uneasy, giving me even less reason to trust them. I’m not convinced keeping me safe is particularly high on their lists of priorities. I get the feeling I’m just a body for them to run tests on.

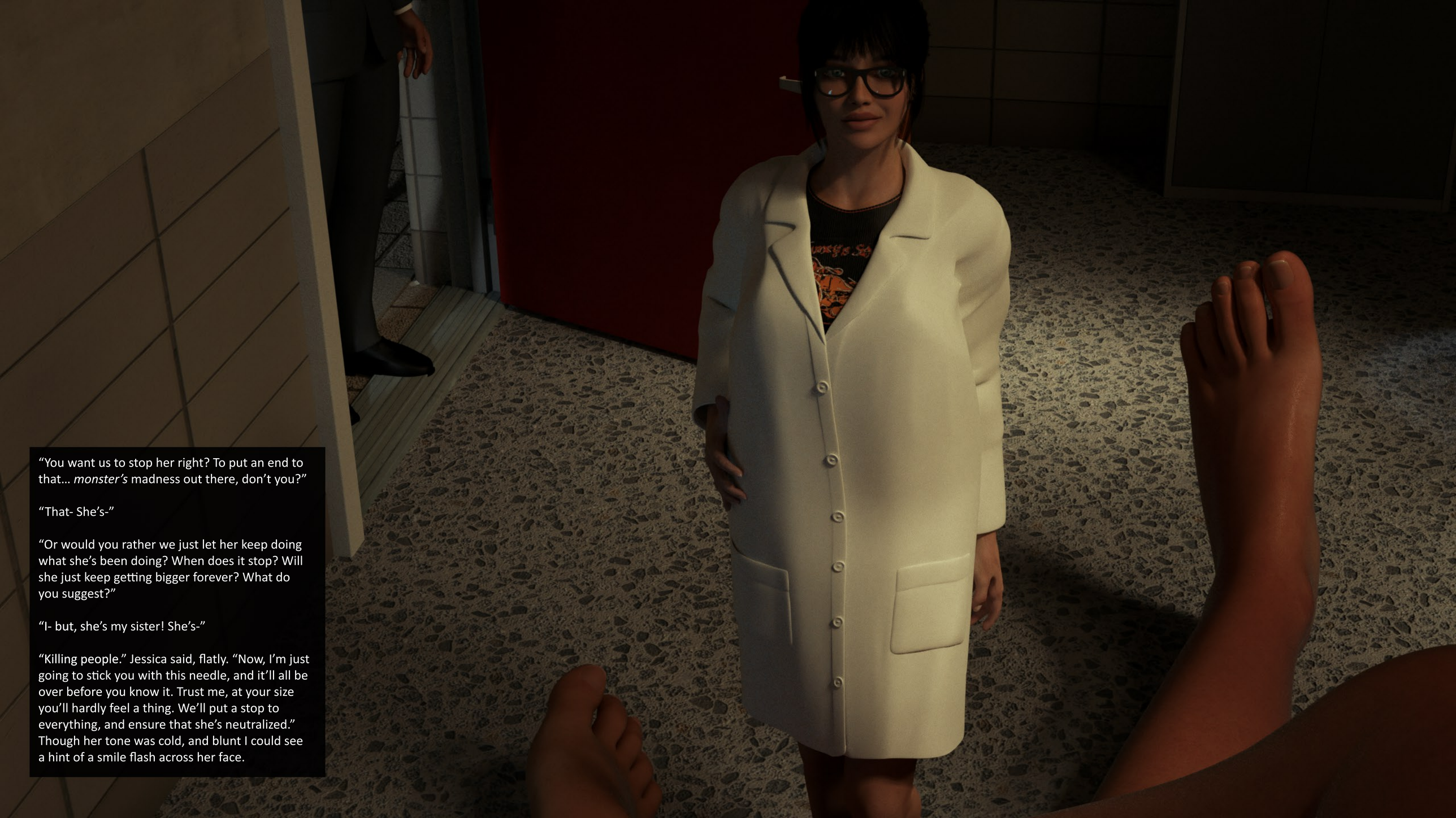


"I… I don't know."

It was the truth. Scary as all this was… they still seemed like the only real option available. Uneasy as these two made me… I still wanted Kaylee to be stopped. And if my growth could be reversed? Well, that would sweeten the deal considerably. If studying me would accomplish that then… maybe…

I… I *wanted* to keep an open mind.

Krystal, on the other hand, didn't like what she was hearing. I could sense from her body language how tense this conversation had made her. It felt like she was preparing to strike at any moment, potentially making things worse for the both of us. I loved her, but I wasn't really sure that was the best thing to do right now.


“You want us to stop her right? To put an end to that… *monster’s* madness out there, don’t you?”
“That- She’s-”
“Or would you rather we just let her keep doing what she’s been doing? When does it stop? Will she just keep getting bigger forever? What do you suggest?”
“I- but, she’s my sister! She’s-”
“Killing people.” Jessica said, flatly. “Now, I’m just going to stick you with this needle, and it’ll all be over before you know it. Trust me, at your size you’ll hardly feel a thing. We’ll put a stop to everything, and ensure that she’s neutralized.” Though her tone was cold, and blunt I could see a hint of a smile flash across her face.



“But… I don’t want her to... can’t you-”

Jessica sighed, shaking her head. For a woman less than half my size she still managed to find a way to be dismissive in her body language. It made me want to reach down and strangle her, but she turned her head to the side, and motioned towards Barclay and the other soldier standing guard. They nodded in return, stepping forward.

Krystal took a sharp breath. She looked ready to throw down if this escalated any further, and that was a fight I knew she wouldn’t win. If it came down to it I knew it would be up to me to protect her for a change.


“Ma’am, I don’t think you-”
“My name is Kayla!” I shouted, probably a bit more terse than I intended.
“Right.” Barclay said, punctuating it with a snort. “Listen, Kayla, we’ve lost a lot of good men and women out there already. A lot. And you know what? We’ve done jack shit to her. I know that you were watching the news just now, and I know what you saw. We’re bound to lose a lot more people if she isn’t stopped at once.”
Jessica nodded her head, her hands fiddling behind her back.
“I empathize with you Kayla, I really do.” Barclay continued. “Were it up to me she’d be arrested and locked up for the rest of her life where she couldn’t harm anyone ever again. But we don’t know what’s causing her growth, or if shrinking her down would even be permanent. Just like we don’t know if you will ever stop growing, or-”
“So if you find a way to shrink Kaylee you’re just going to get rid of Kayla, too?!” Mom shouted, her tone acidic. Her breathing came in sharp, quick gasps and I knew she wasn’t happy with what she was hearing.

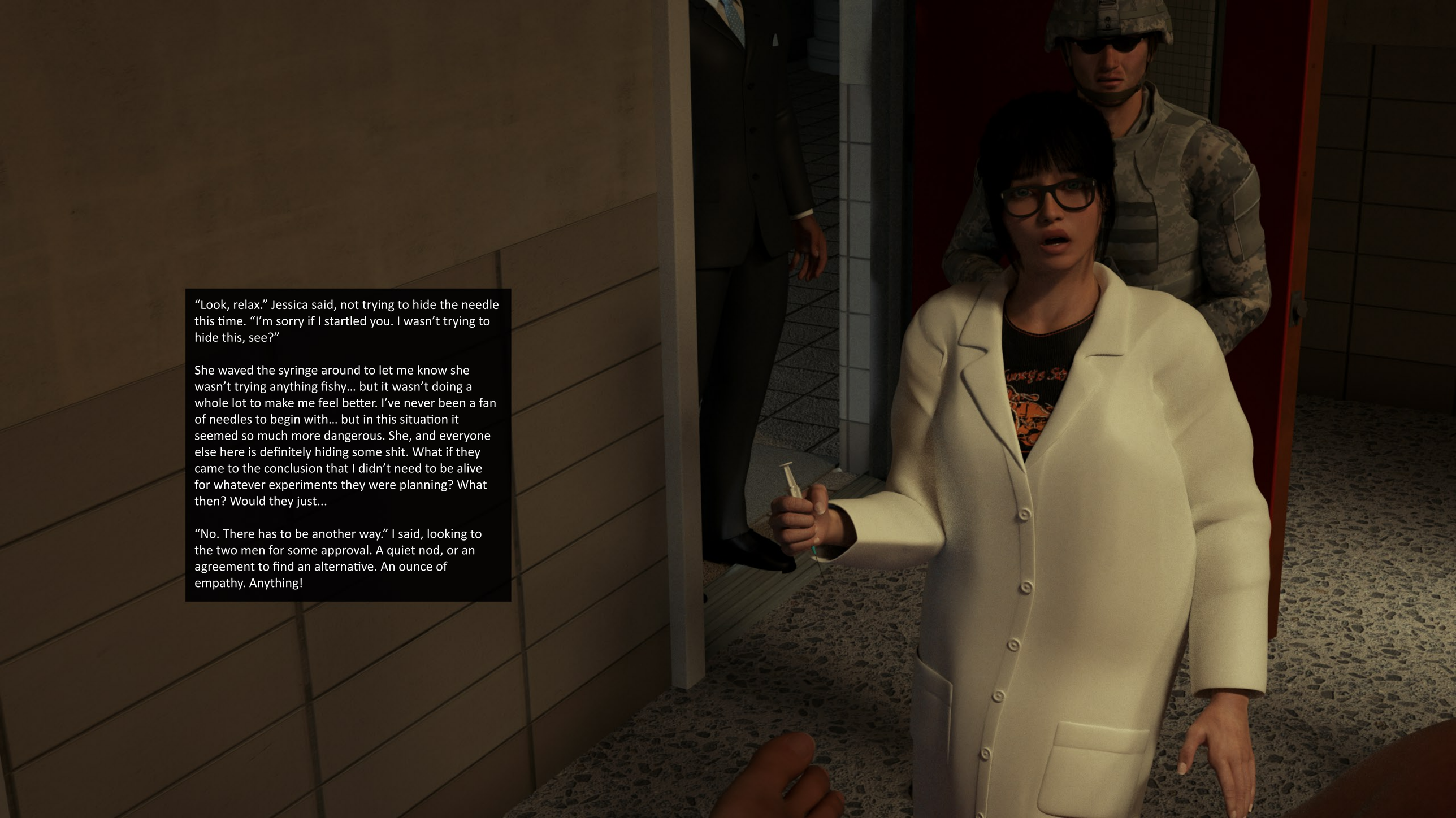

“MA’AM WE HAVE A THOUSAND FOOT TALL MONSTER OUT THERE KILLING PEOPLE, IF YOU DON’T-”
“Listen!” Jessica shouted, interrupting Barclay’s rant. “Kayla. You haven’t hurt anyone, right? That makes you a victim in all of this too. The courts will surely show you leniency, and both Barclay and I will personally make sure you don’t receive any… undue punishment. We will find a way to keep your growth under control. If you don’t come with us to the lab willingly, then we’ll have to sedate you, and-”



“PUT THAT THING DOWN!”

Krystal shouted so loudly her voice echoed around the small room. Jessica quickly moved her hands behind her back, but I caught a glimpse of what looked to be a syringe as she did so. She feigned a smile up at me, but mom wasn’t buying it. I wasn’t sure what to do myself. I could have just kicked her, sure, but that soldier looked like he was just looking for an excuse to point that weapon in my direction. And I was a really, really big target. It’s not likely he’d be missing if he fired that thing in my direction.

But that syringe might have been worse. I don’t know what was in it, or what would happen if she jabbed me with it.



“Look, relax.” Jessica said, not trying to hide the needle this time. “I’m sorry if I startled you. I wasn’t trying to hide this, see?”

She waved the syringe around to let me know she wasn’t trying anything fishy… but it wasn’t doing a whole lot to make me feel better. I’ve never been a fan of needles to begin with… but in this situation it seemed so much more dangerous. She, and everyone else here is definitely hiding some shit. What if they came to the conclusion that I didn’t need to be alive for whatever experiments they were planning? What then? Would they just...

“No. There has to be another way.” I said, looking to the two men for some approval. A quiet nod, or an agreement to find an alternative. An ounce of empathy. Anything!



“Kayla, please. We-”

“SHE SAID NO!” Krystal shouted, stepping forward. The smaller woman raised the needle defensively, which was telling. If she was threatening to use that as a weapon I had serious doubts it was just going to be some light medication, or be used to draw blood.


“STEP AWAY, MA’AM!”
All it took was a step from mom to send the overeager man in fatigues into action. He’d looked like he was itching for an excuse to fire at us since stepping inside and wasted no time pointing his gun straight at her.
Krystal’s rage-filled stance faltered, before she raised both hands in surrender. I had never seen mom give up a fight like that. It just… wasn’t a thing she did. She may have been the second biggest person in this room, but there’s no way that gun wouldn’t turn her into swiss cheese if he pulled the trigger.
“Do as the man says, Krystal.” Barclay ordered.


“STEP BACK! FASTER! STEP. **BACK**.”
Mom wouldn’t do well against that gun… but maybe…? Well, I didn’t want to test this theory, but given how much I’d grown I had a suspicion that I would fare better against the thing. At the very least it wasn’t likely to be a guaranteed death sentence if a few rounds landed on me. Mom’s legs faltered as the man aggressively pushed forward, and I knew I couldn’t sit by a single fucking moment longer. I had to act. She’d done so much to ensure I was safe through everything. I couldn’t just leave her hanging!
“DON’T POINT THAT AT MY MOM!” I shouted.


It felt… strangely good to shout like that. Out of nowhere I got this jolt of power that permeated my entire body. Being aggressive was always more Kaylee's thing than it was mine. A tingling sensation coursed down my spine as adrenaline surged through my body. The man with the gun turned his head towards me, but he didn't lower his weapon.
Shouting wasn't going to be enough. The difference between life and death was only a split-second now, and I wasn't going to test him. If he was intent on keeping his weapon raised, then more substantial action was required. Not wanting to waste anymore time, I raised my foot, and reared it back as far as I could in the cramped room. It was time I used my new size to my advantage! It was time I took a page out of Kaylee's book!


Moving my body around was far more difficult than I expected, though. The attempt to move my right foot forward and launch a bone-shattering kick at the soldier had the unintended effect of throwing the science lady off balance. One that I was thankful for when it came with the sharp clack of the needle hitting the floor as well.
More worryingly, I noticed I also knocked Krystal over at the same time. She hit the ground hard, but seemed otherwise fine. I suppose having all that ass cushioned her fall a bit. She didn't even seem to mind.
And that's when it hit me. No, it shouldn't feel *this* awkward to move around in here.


I was growing.
Panic set in almost immediately. I didn't know what would happen if I grew too big to fit in this room anymore. Hell, as far as I knew the building directly above this bunker had collapsed. Even if I could break through the ceiling who knew how many tons of rock were sitting just above us. If this didn't stop soon, I… I didn't want to even think about what would happen to me!



The mood in the room changed in an instant. All eyes were on me while I focused more on my own problems. The military guys didn't exist anymore in my world. I was only concerned with the room's ceiling rapidly coming closing in on me. Seconds after this growth spurt began I lost the ability to sit up straight. I pushed up on the ceiling, testing it. I hoped that maybe I was wrong, and I actually could bust out of here… but it remained solid.

"Kayla! Are you okay?"



“STOP THAT THIS INSTANT!”

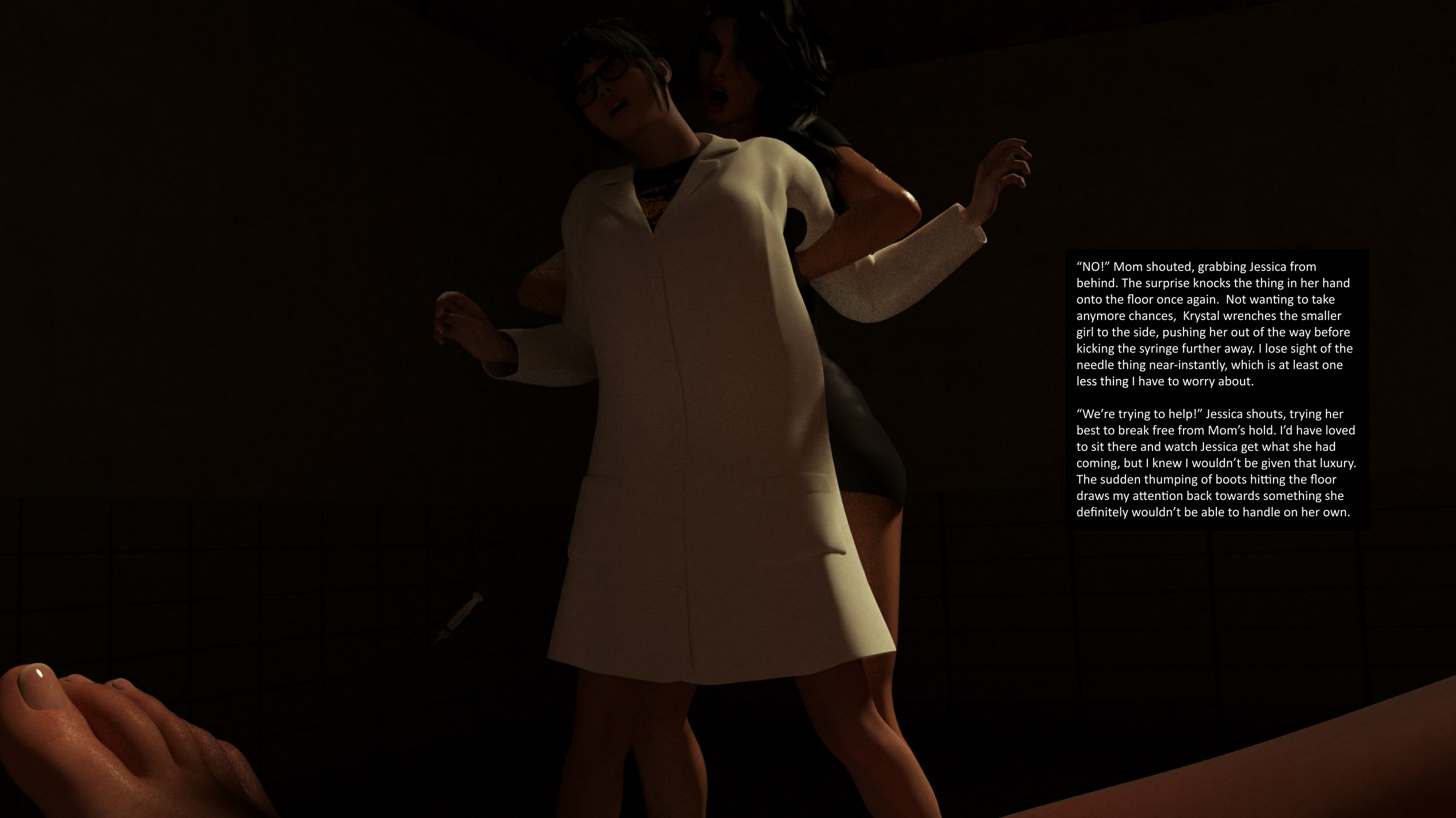
The nice moment from Krystal evaporated as quickly as it came, and I was again left looking down at these two military guys. It seemed as if the growth had petered out, but Barclay looked like he was ready to blow a gasket. The guard with the gun was more in awe of the sight of my growth, and had even lowered his weapon in surprise. Thoughts of escape flashed in my head again. He was vulnerable! I could just sweep my leg to the side, then mom and I could… could…

We were still trapped. I didn’t know how to get out of here. We were told there wasn’t a way out, but a team would be coming to excavate us soon. It was all I had to go on, and given that the danger had passed I felt like I was willing to hear them out. I didn’t attack the soldier. I didn’t knock out Barclay. I didn’t throw Jessica into a wall. I just stayed put.

“LAB TECH. ARE YOU OKAY?!” Barclay shouted, ignoring me.


“I’m fine.” She said, staring daggers at the man who’d shouted at her. “And the name is Jessica.” I looked down at her and watched as she collected the syringe she’d dropped. My entire body tensed up, wondering if she would just try and plunge that thing into my leg… but she seemed to take a moment to collect herself.
“Look what you did to her!” Krystal shouted, adopting a defensive stance now that there was no longer a gun aimed at her. “How stupid are you?! Can’t you tell that making her upset is what’s triggering her growth?!”
I was the biggest person in the room, but it was like I didn’t even exist to them anymore.


“I’M THROUGH ARGUING WITH YOU!” The man shouted, raising his voice even louder. “LAB TECH! JUST HIT HER WITH THE NEEDLE SO WE CAN GET STARTED!”
There was a moment of hesitation. I don’t think Jessica much appreciates being talked to like that. But since Barclay’s standing alongside the guy holding the gun I don’t think she feels she has much of a choice either. I hoped she would just ignore the orders, but after a sigh she raised the syringe over her head. The sharp tip glints off the low light in the room, and-



“NO!” Mom shouted, grabbing Jessica from behind. The surprise knocks the thing in her hand onto the floor once again. Not wanting to take anymore chances, Krystal wrenches the smaller girl to the side, pushing her out of the way before kicking the syringe further away. I lose sight of the needle thing near-instantly, which is at least one less thing I have to worry about.

“We’re trying to help!” Jessica shouts, trying her best to break free from Mom’s hold. I’d have loved to sit there and watch Jessica get what she had coming, but I knew I wouldn’t be given that luxury. The sudden thumping of boots hitting the floor draws my attention back towards something she definitely wouldn’t be able to handle on her own.



“PUT HER DOWN!” The man with the gun shouts, pointing it up and aiming it square at the situation unfolding in front of him. A look of pure rage forms on Barclay’s face as he grabs the man by the shoulder.

“DON’T JUST SHOOT! YOU MIGHT HIT HER!” He shouts, though it doesn’t seem to help. I get the feeling he wants to handle this himself, which isn’t exactly fair. Two against one? Mom’s tough and all, but that’s a bit much even for her to handle.



So it’s probably a good time for me to step in. I’ve gotta count for a good four or five people, easily. That’s certainly enough to even the odds.

“STOP IT!”

All eyes turned back to me, but for the soldier it was too late. I’d already moved into a good position, drawn my foot back, and angled it directly over him. His eyes go wide, and for a split-second I can see him turning, presumably to aim the gun at me instead. Shouting to draw his eyes my way probably wasn’t the smartest way to handle it, but it looked like things were going to pay off anyway. My foot had to be dominating his view, but he didn’t look like he was ready to back down.


The audacity of keeping that weapon pointed up pushed me over the edge. Some part of me had been hoping he would back down once he saw my foot pointed straight at him. The way so many other people did when Kaylee approached them. Maybe he just wasn't keen on taking me seriously, or maybe I just wasn't big enough. Whatever the reason he didn't seem to think I'd actually go through with it. That I wouldn't kill him if I had to.
"LET US OUT OF HERE!" I screamed, feeling my voice strain as I slammed my foot forward with a considerable amount of force. The man's body armor was made to prevent bullets from doing any serious damage to him, not feet nearly as tall as his entire body. All of the padding and the helmet meant almost nothing when I slammed his body into the heavy steel door, cracking it off of its hinges and forcing him to the floor like a pile of refuse.


He’s not moving.
A lump forms in my throat.
Did I… Did I just…
He begins to wheeze.
A wave of relief comes over me. I… I didn’t want to actually kill him. I… I just needed to stop him! I’m ***not*** a murderer. He is definitely unconscious, and probably in need of some medical attention, but he’s alive!That’s what mattered! He was still alive, and I didn’t kill him.
I’m not a murderer.
I’m not like Kaylee.



“Don’t move.”

Jessica ***had*** been in the process of climbing back to her feet, but a swift kick from Mom to her ribs put a stop to that immediately. The girl just spread her arms further apart, keeping herself on the floor. I considered trying to knock her out too, but she was smaller, and didn’t have anything resembling armor on. I had a feeling that trying the same thing on her would be substantially more difficult to survive.

“If you know what’s good for you, you’ll stay there.” I said, adding emphasis to what Krystal had just said.


“I-I’m not doing anything, I swear.” Jessica stuttered, keeping as still as she possibly could.
I exhaled a breath I hadn’t even been aware I was holding that entire time. Mom looked up at me, concern evident on her face. Having to sit in this new position was far from ideal, and I knew it wouldn’t take long for it to become unbearably uncomfortable.
“Are you okay?” She asked. I could tell she wanted to move closer, but she also wanted to make sure Jessica stayed put.


“I’m fi-”
“WE NEED BACKUP! THE V.I.P. HAS GONE ROGUE. REPEAT. THE V.I.P. HAS GONE ROGUE.”
Mom whipped her head to the side, and in an instant I saw her make a face I’d never seen in all my life. So much rage and hate was visible I could hear even Barclay take a step backwards nervously. I… I couldn’t let her go after him, though. He probably had some kind of a weapon hidden on him. I suppose that meant it would fall to me. Regardless of his training… and the backup he’d called, or...



“AAGH!” I screamed, melting the anger from Mom’s face as she turned to look back up at me.

The sudden bout of fear spiked my growth again. My position in the room instantly turned from uncomfortable to actively painful as I was forced to bend forward to prevent myself from being crushed. It was hard to breathe in this position, and I knew that simply going with whatever these guys wanted wouldn’t end well for me. If I wanted to survive...

I ***had*** to get out.



“Kayla! I’ll help you get out of here, but you have to stop or you’ll get stuck!”

“I’m trying!” I said, though I wasn’t really doing anything. If I had any idea how to stop, or even slow this I would have long ago. I thought for a moment of just resting and hoping it would pass… but the thought of being crushed alive kept the fear strong. I needed to get out of here. I moved my feet, and repositioned myself. In the process I flipped Jessica over onto her back, but if she tried something I had faith mom would stop it. I just needed to slip out through the door while I could still fit through it.


Space may be limited but there's just enough for me to lurch forward and head for the doorway. It looks so much smaller now than it did when I initially got in here! But… I'm pretty sure I can still fit. Jessica seems too stunned to do much more than watch me leave, so I guess all this size is good for something.
"WHERE'S THE FUCKING BACKUP?! I NEEDED YOU HERE TEN FUCKING SECONDS AGO!!!"
Wait… is Barclay still out there?

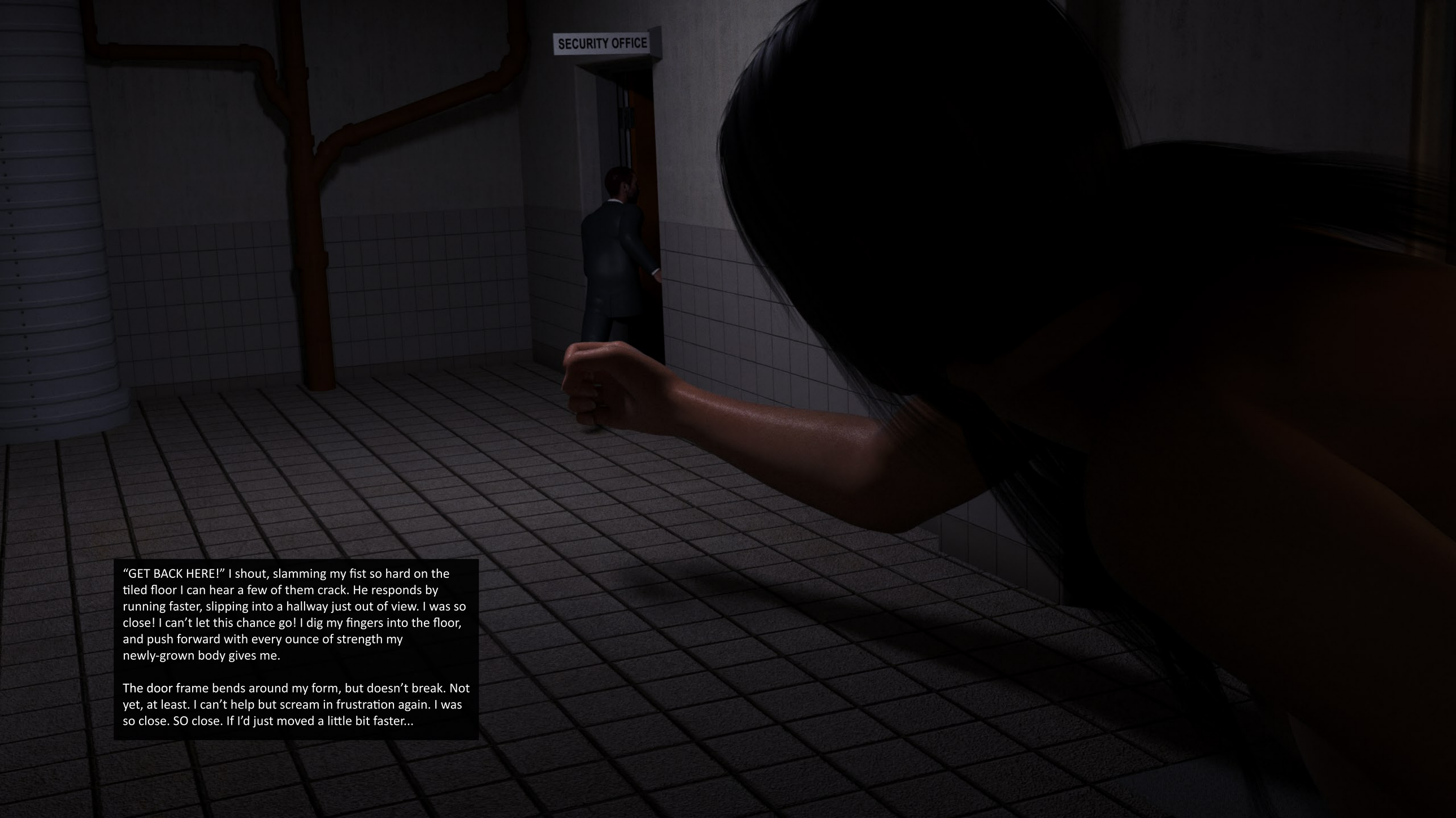

I thought he'd run away in a panic after mom stared him down! This may be my only chance! Lunging forward as best I can I heard Jessica shriek behind me as she fell over. I'm able to squeeze my head through the door easily, which is a relief. My tits take a bit of effort but they're soft so it's easy enough to squeeze through. My ass should have been the same… but I was stuck!

The angle I was approaching the door from was too severe to fit in this way. The dick out in the hallway is backing away as I reorient myself to push through. I just… need a few more feet and I can reach him!



I think he's in range. I reach an arm forward, and fall short. He is only barely out of range. I push myself forward with my feet, ready to make him do whatever is needed to get me and mom out of here, but he finally takes the hint and flees. Feeling my opportunity slip away I lunge forward with everything I've got, and…!

I can't reach him. I just can't. It's too late. The frustrated grunt I let out echoes around the hallway, and I can see him turn around to look back at me. He's definitely afraid of me, but I can't capitalize on it if I can't *reach* him.



“GET BACK HERE!” I shout, slamming my fist so hard on the tiled floor I can hear a few of them crack. He responds by running faster, slipping into a hallway just out of view. I was so close! I can’t let this chance go! I dig my fingers into the floor, and push forward with every ounce of strength my newly-grown body gives me.

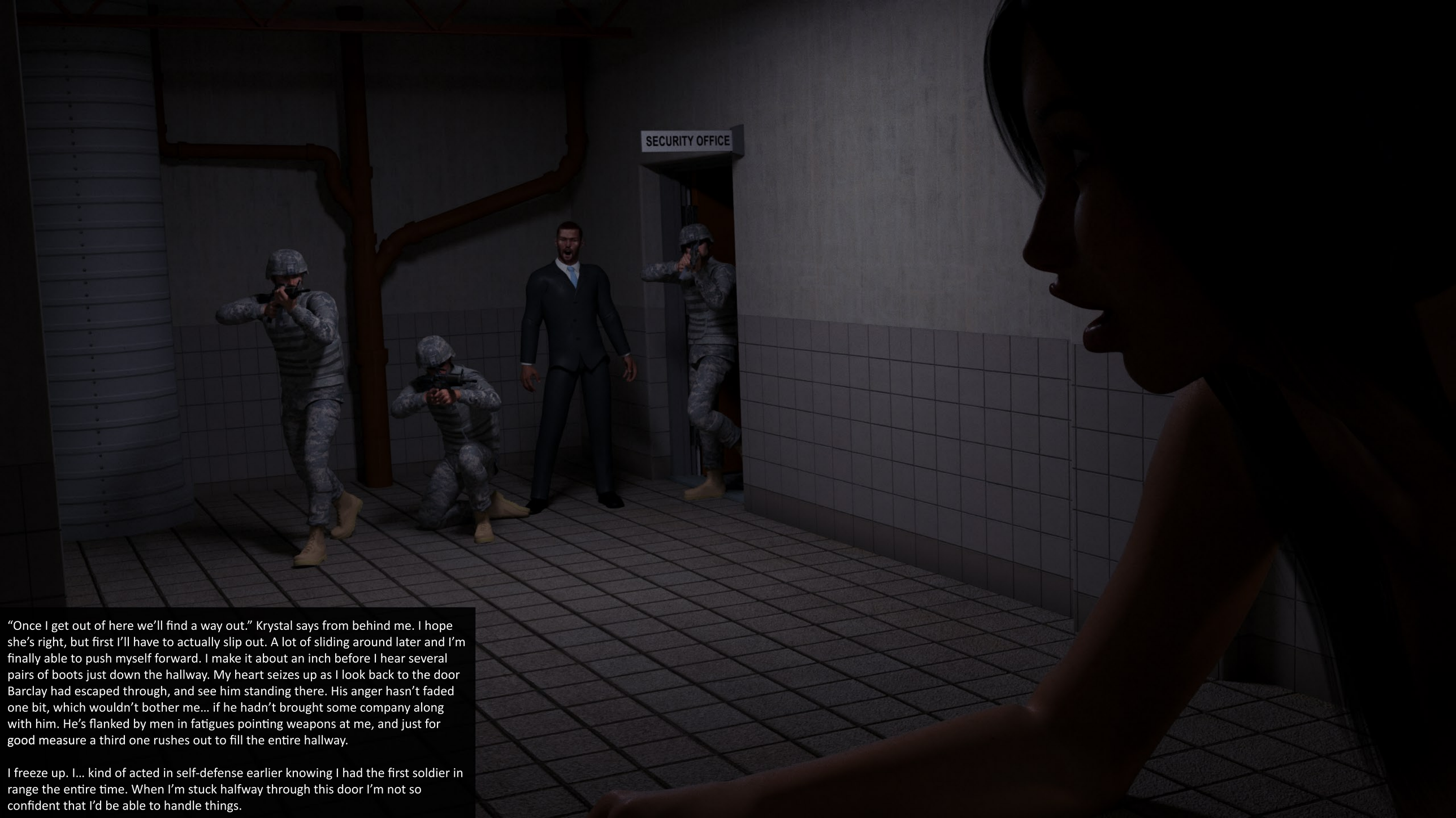
The door frame bends around my form, but doesn’t break. Not yet, at least. I can’t help but scream in frustration again. I was so close. SO close. If I’d just moved a little bit faster...



...He probably still would've gotten away.

"Do you need any help, Kayla?"

"I'm fine." I answer, gradually straightening myself out. I try not to move too fast. I'm moving blind back there, and while I don't really care if I were to, say, accidentally push Jessica over again, I would be devastated if I hit Krystal. I'm sure she knows that she should avoid my feet, and I'm slowly able to get into a position where I will finally be able to slide out.



“Once I get out of here we’ll find a way out.” Krystal says from behind me. I hope she’s right, but first I’ll have to actually slip out. A lot of sliding around later and I’m finally able to push myself forward. I make it about an inch before I hear several pairs of boots just down the hallway. My heart seizes up as I look back to the door Barclay had escaped through, and see him standing there. His anger hasn’t faded one bit, which wouldn’t bother me… if he hadn’t brought some company along with him. He’s flanked by men in fatigues pointing weapons at me, and just for good measure a third one rushes out to fill the entire hallway.

I freeze up. I… kind of acted in self-defense earlier knowing I had the first soldier in range the entire time. When I’m stuck halfway through this door I’m not so confident that I’d be able to handle things.


I didn’t want to hurt myself while trying to squeeze through the door earlier. I was taking it slow, trying not to hurt myself as I eased my way through.
Not anymore.
Slamming my fingers onto the floor I pulled my entire body forward as much as I could while pressing my toes into the wall behind me for extra leverage. Krystal and Jessica both shouted in surprise behind me, but I’m fairly certain I didn’t actually hit either of them. They must have just been surprised to see me moving so frantically.
It still didn’t feel great.



“STOP RIGHT NOW OR WE WILL OPEN FIRE!”

I stopped.

I considered it.

Then moved even faster. Dragging myself forward as quickly as I could I swear I could hear my hips make an audible popping sound as I squeezed through the small doorway. I was putting my life into my own hands by taking a risk like this… but I had a theory. They have me here, and something is making me grow, right? And Barclay referred to me over the radio as a VIP. I’d bet anything that I’m too important of a target for them to actually kill. If that’s the case, then they’re definitely just trying to scare me into submission. The only power they hold over me is what I let them!

“NEUTRALIZE HER!”


I guess I was wrong.

My ears ring as the hallway is lit up with a hail of gunfire. I shield myself for a moment… before realizing I'm not dead. It's not a pleasant sensation. I can definitely feel the rounds hitting me, though it's more like rocks pelting me than hot lead ripping through my flesh. It may not be deadly, but I'm not interested in enduring much more of this.

With another strong push I start crawling down the hallway. More rounds hit my ass, the back of my legs, and my feet. I can't help but wince nearly every time, but I won't have to withstand this much longer. Surely there's a way out through one of these dark hallways! Then Mom and I will be back out into the open sun, and-

Wait…

It hits me too late. I left Krystal behind while running. And considering this hallway is more bullets than empty space by this point there's no way she can follow. At least not if she wants to remain in one piece. Making matters worse, I can't even turn around to go back for her. Partially because I don't want to know what'll happen if I get these bullets in sensitive areas like my eyes, but mostly because I literally can't turn around. My body fills almost the entire hallway, and I'm left pushing through fallen building materials to push myself to freedom.

"SHE'S GETTING AWAY!"

Part of me hopes she makes a run for it anyway. That maybe they'll be so distracted hitting me they won't even notice if she follows. That she'll be right behind me, having narrowly avoided being perforated. There has to be a way out here, right? This section of the hall looks too dark to be natural!





Another push and I'm right! Chunks of wood and huge pieces of cloth were propped up to block more light down the hallway, and make it seem more oppressive than it really was. Now that I'm free and out in the sunshine I… don't really have any sense of where I am. Aside from having more bullets bouncing off my ass, which definitely tells me I should at least make my way outside entirely.

The hole I'd made wasn't wide enough for me to fit, but I'm able to widen it just by crawling through. Shards of glass spray in every direction as the warm sun greets my naked skin again.I'm free! Not even the imminent threat of getting cuts all over my tits from the glass is enough to slow me down as I crawl out of this hell hole once and for all.


“WHAT THE FUCK?! KAYLA IS HERE, TOPSIDE! REPEAT, KAYLA IS TOPSIDE!”
My elation lasted all of two seconds. I don’t know. Maybe I thought I was in the middle of an action movie where we were being kept in an underground bunker so secret that nobody else knew about it. But of course they’d have guards posted just outside. I was still out here in the real world, a wanted woman, with a sister about ten times bigger than me running around.
At least my legs are really long!
69HZ27C



"ON YOUR HANDS AND KNEES!" The soldier shouted, but I was already on the run. I can't outrun the actual bullet, but I can certainly outpace the guy holding the gun. He didn't seem interested in waiting very long and only a second after I was on my feet I heard the crack of gunfire. Bullets whizzed by my ear, and for a moment I felt one slam into the back of my head.

It hurt, but it wasn't even enough to knock me out. That was a huge relief. With more confidence I picked up the speed, ignoring how every part of my body jiggled with every step I took. I'd worry about covering up later! I just needed to put as much distance between myself and these guys as possible!


Thankfully, my new size meant evading capture wasn't too difficult. I could outrun any of these guys on foot, and the landscape looked… considerably worse for wear. I'm assuming any place Kaylee's already hit could pass for the aftermath of a war zone. Basically every building as far as I could see had either been completely leveled, or was substantially damaged. All the debris scattered over the streets would effectively make them impassable for vehicles, but trivial on foot.
Though I wonder if my new size would allow me to outrun a vehicle… It would be pretty cool to see just how fast I could move at top speed, now.


After jogging around the block I look back to see if the soldier is still behind me, but I don't see any sign of him. I don't want to assume that I'm in the clear just yet, but no one is pointing a gun at me, and that means I was the safest I'd been in the last few minutes. I took a well-deserved breather a slowed down for a second to catch my breath.
The only problem is… I don't know this part of town. I'm naked and alone. Lost, out in the middle of a city while Kaylee's still rampaging around, doing her own thing. Where do I even go from here? Searching for a hiding spot seemed a reasonable idea, but...



Kaylee.

My heart leaped out of my chest and I suddenly found it very hard to breathe. I, I, I hadn't. It's. Why is. Kay- What do I- What do I do? Do I confront her? Do I run away? Do I call the military?

No… the right option was to… confront her, wasn't it? That's what I should do? Confront her. That's the only option left, isn't it? I can't go back to the military. I probably couldn't fit in most buildings. I'm alone, and Kaylee's right there!


Okay. I… I have to be brave. I have to be strong.
I ball my hands into fists, and steel my nerves. I just have to… step forward. Confront her. Repeat that to myself. Confront her. She won't just kill me outright… will she? No, probably not? She had so many opportunities to do so, but never took it! Even if near the end she got a little…
No! I can't talk myself out of this! I-


Nope. Nope nope nope nope I've gotta get the **FUCK** out of here!
Kaylee didn't even see me. All it took was a slight turn in my direction and I'm cowed before her. I'm so far away I don't even know if she'd spot me if she were looking straight at me, but I'm not about to take that fucking risk. I can just... I have to...
Wait. What was she doing? I didn't have any information now!


I'd never been more scared than I was in that moment. I don't know how far back she even looked. Maybe she turned all the way around and was heading here right now. Maybe she just decided to survey the city while looking for whatever thing she's going to fuck around with next.
All I know is I don't want to be in her sight.
The building I'd stood next to had a small alcove just wide enough for me to hide out in. Here I am, probably the second biggest person on the fucking planet and I'm hiding like a scared little mouse. It's not like anyone's going to fucking judge me for it, at least.


The ground rumbles underneath me.
My eyes go wide.
I freeze up.
It rumbles again. But… this one's a little bit lighter.
They continue for several seconds until they're so subtle I can barely feel them. I think I'm in the clear. If she were moving in this direction the rumbling would have grown louder. I'm sure of it. I can finally rest easy.
Or… as easy as I can in this situation, I guess. I should get moving again.



"HEY! STOP RIGHT THERE!"

Not ten seconds later do I see a man with a gun. Again. I guess he got tired of waiting for backup! I don't even want to waste time exchanging words with this guy, so I make a run for it again. I'd gotten away from some military goons earlier. This should be cake for me at this point. I just have to run.



I ran, and ran, and ran, and when I thought I wasn't able to run anymore… I kept going. I don't know how long I ran for, or where I was headed, but I know that I was in a completely different part of town when I felt like I had to stop. My heart was pounding violently in my chest, demanding I find a place to rest. Luckily, it had been several minutes since I saw anyone pointing any kind of a weapon or caught a glimpse of Kaylee.

I slowed to a stop in what seemed like a ghost town. It was so, so strange. The buildings were fine, and there weren't even any crushed cars… but there were still abandoned cars. And bodies strewn about, as if they'd been tossed there, but were mostly still whole and intact. A lingering thought stuck in my head. Maybe Kaylee had been here before, but at a much, much smaller size?


I felt like I was being watched, not that I could do much about it. I'm not even sure what to do, now. I'm big, sure. Really, really big. I could probably step on and crush a fully grown person fairly easily... but I couldn't hope to stop Kaylee. Hell, I had a feeling she could step on me without even noticing it. I couldn't really go and confront her. Not without some sort of leverage, at least. But what would even work on her? She didn't care about anything but herself, and it's not like I could steal her pussy or her tits. The whole situation just seemed increasingly hopeless.
And then there was Krystal. I... I had to get her back, somehow. I don't know how, though! If I was closer to Kaylee's size then they wouldn't even be able to stop me from retrieving her. I would... I would be able to do *anything*.
Some dark thoughts flashed through my mind. What I'd be able to do with all that size...



I should… I should just keep moving.

It’d be nice if I had any idea where I was going, but I’m beyond lost at the moment. My only real goal is to make sure that I don’t cross paths with Kaylee, or anyone else that looks like they’re in a uniform. There’s a lot of buildings around here still standing, but I don’t know how many of them are occupied or if I would encounter resistance trying to get inside of one.

But it’s a small cafe that catches my eye. I can hear some sounds coming from inside, so they must have power, or even people in there. And of course, if something were to go wrong and I were to grow again… I would easily be able to bust through the roof. There’s no way I’d be trapped in there.



“HEY!”

The voice surprised me. I’d heard what sounded like a TV running inside of that, but… were there actually people hiding out in here? Suddenly self-conscious and nervous, I bend over to get a better look inside of the cafe. Even if I was just imagining things I think this would be a really comfy place to hide out in. The floor is carpeted, the TV is nice and big, and it just smells really nice. What I wouldn’t give for a nice moment to myself after all I’ve had to endure today.

“Is someone in there?” I called out, hoping not to go an answer. For all I knew it could have come from one of the other buildings nearby… but it’s not long before I see some movement.

“Are you… Kayla? As in, Kayla Kloss? The sister of-”

“Who am I talking to…?”

“O-Oh! Sorry! Just come inside!”



Honestly? That's good enough for me. It's someone who knows me by name, and there's no way random military goons picked a damn coffee shop as their headquarters. I drop to my stomach and look inside, quickly spotting a small handful of people who look up at me in worry.

"I'm… I'm not going to hurt any of you." I say, to reassure them. I don't know if they believe me, but I'd like to be out of view from above, if possible. Just like back in the holding room I find it's pretty difficult to squeeze my ass through a normal-person sized doorway, but it's still possible.



“Kayla! I’m a huge fan, and-”

“What’s going on here?” I ask, more concerned with fitting my ass through the doorway than the musings of a random fan. The sound of my voice echoes around the relative quiet of the room, startling some of the other people inside.

“Sorry! No offense meant!” The woman who I’d apparently been talking to this whole time said while sitting by and watching. “You just… you looked like you were looking for a place to hide, and I recognized you, and I didn’t want to draw Kaylee’s attention this way, and-”



"Right, right. I get it." I said, cutting the woman off. She was speaking so fast her words were beginning to slur together. I watched her cup both her hands over her mouth in surprise, and utter a quiet apology that almost got lost inside of the big room.

"S-Sorry! It's just… wow! You're here! You're Kayla! You're so… big! And pretty! Hi, I'm Michelle. It's so cool to meet you, I-"

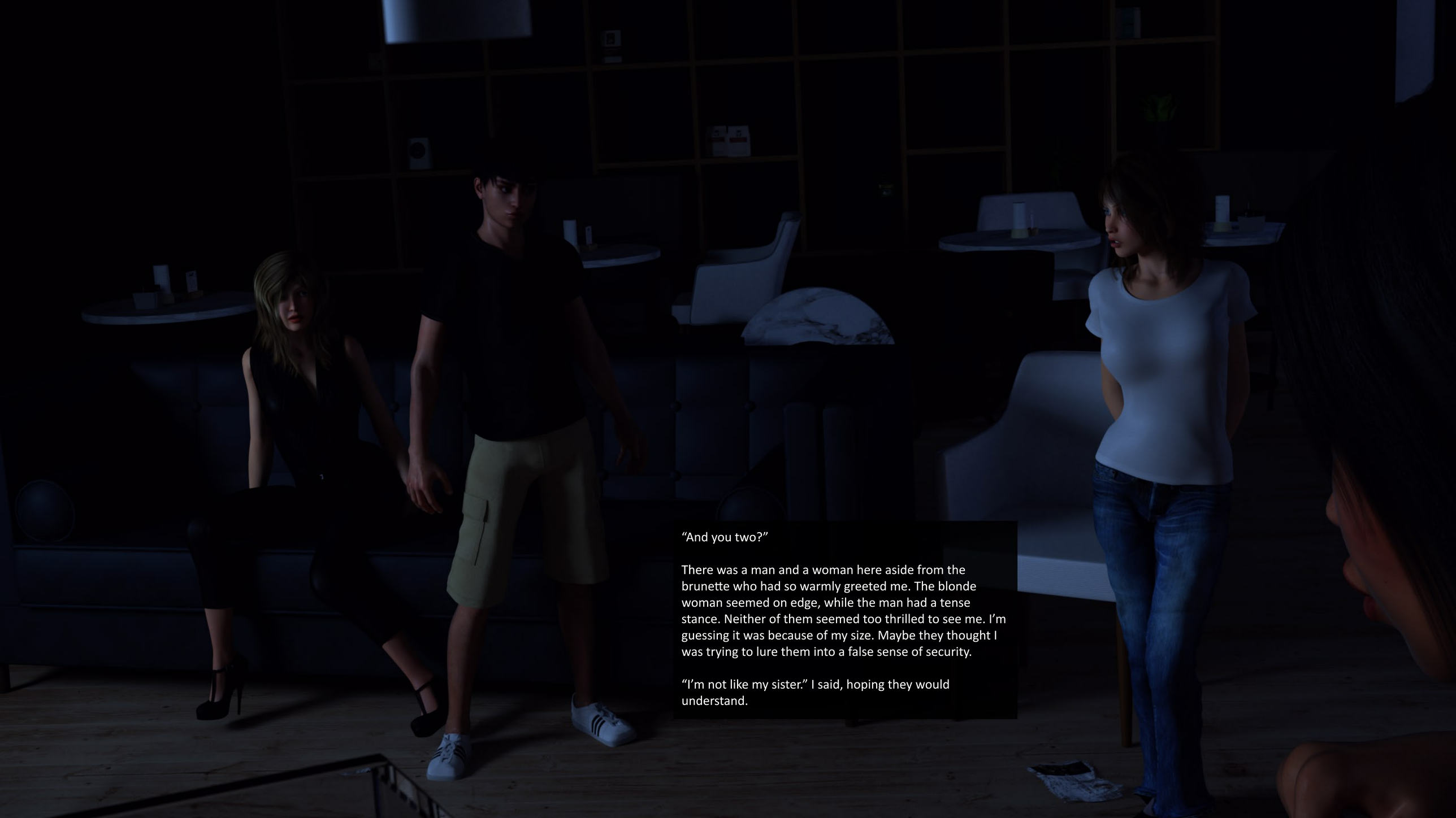
"Slow down." I interrupted again. After everything that's happened today it's easy to forget this is how things are in my *normal* life. Being stopped by every random person for an autograph, a selfie, or literally any sign of acknowledgment… it feels so foreign after everything that's happened today.



"Sorry again!" She said, trying her best to mask her excitement. I don't know if my new size made her more or less enthused about meeting me. "It's just… we're… hiding. Kind of."

"I can see that much." I said, looking at the other people inside of the cafe. The place looked like it had seen better days, and all of the nicer furniture had been pushed towards a TV that was the sole source of light in the room.

"Yeah. We're… well, it feels, like, *safe* here so… you know. Just trying to survive, and ride it out."


“And you two?”
There was a man and a woman here aside from the brunette who had so warmly greeted me. The blonde woman seemed on edge, while the man had a tense stance. Neither of them seemed too thrilled to see me. I’m guessing it was because of my size. Maybe they thought I was trying to lure them into a false sense of security.
“I’m not like my sister.” I said, hoping they would understand.

“You’re big like her.” The man said as I finished pulling my body into the door. He definitely didn’t seem to like me. I feel like any other day if I walked in on a guy with my tits out on full display he wouldn’t have been able to keep his eyes off of them. But he just stared at me in the face, his expression never changing.

“Relax. I trust her.” The woman said, reassuring her… friends? Co-workers? I don’t even know the relationship these three have. Maybe they’d never even met before all this began, and it was only circumstance that brought them together.

“Trust me. If I actually wanted to hurt any of you I already would have. You wouldn’t even be able to fight back. I’ve been shot at a few times today and if a high-powered rifle can’t kill me then I don’t think anything you’ve got on you would do the job either.”

It probably came out a bit more threatening than I intended… but they got the idea. The man and the woman looked to one another, then back to me. The blonde woman seemed to relax, but the man kept eyeing me down suspiciously.





“We were just… watching the news.” The girl who had invited me inside of here said. “I’ve been working here as a barista for the last couple of years, I was on shift when this all started. The power is out, but I turned the generator on to power the TV. This is the only channel that’s still on. It’s not much, but the streets feel too dangerous, and it helps us keep an eye on where she is, and what she’s doing.”

There was indeed something playing on the TV right now. I could feel myself freeze up at the thought I’d be looking at Kaylee again. Maybe all I’ve gone through today has me naturally scared of her, but I was tempted to just look away. I’m still nowhere near big enough to stop her from doing whatever she wanted to me.

“And what if she comes in this direction?”

The three of them looked towards one another, then back to me. They didn’t say a word. They didn’t need to. They didn’t know what they would do. They could just hope that they would never have to face that problem.



For their sake I hoped that held up. I tried to keep my mind off of less… pleasant thoughts, and turned back to the news... only to remember that the news was every bit as grim as these people's reality. The disheveled blonde woman was still sitting behind the desk, and it didn't look like any effort had been made to clean up the studio since I'd last tuned in.

"For those of you just joining us we must again remind you that official orders are to evacuate. If you're in the LA area then you are putting yourself at risk if you do not. The live footage that we are about to bring you comes from a brave young man who attempted to flee the city via high-speed railway, only to find it besieged upon by Kaylee Kloss. The footage we are about to broadcast may be disturbing."



Without wasting any more time, the image switched Kaylee's big fingers already wrapping around a train. Not having to watch the general horror dawn upon crowds while people urged the driver to just hurry up and leave makes this a less difficult watch, at least. Were it not for the people panicking inside it would have been easy to assume it was just a close-up view of someone picking up a toy train.

While bodies rushed towards the doors Kaylee's fingers tightened around the train, before lifting it away from the tracks entirely. Steel twisted and heaved while seemingly every glass panel on the thing shattered in the same instant. Not a single soul already on board was able to get out.



Not safely, at least. The unseen individual behind this camera followed the train up, higher and higher, finally revealing the underside of Kaylee's massive tits, as well as her face. She wasn't even paying attention to him. Her focus was solely on the train she held.

Then… some people did manage to get out. I can't be sure if they took a chance themselves by jumping for it, or if the damage Kaylee had done forced them out. All I can say for certain is individual people were so far beneath Kaylee's notice that she was unaware it even happened.


I watched with bated breath, wondering what was going to happen next. Was she going to crush the car? Maybe throw it away, or twist it into oblivion? The man holding the camera was doing a much better job than the cyclist earlier, keeping a steady eye on Kaylee as she seemed to… survey her immediate surroundings?
The train cars she held onto maintained their shape pretty well, but the ones at the far ends of the line bent and twisted out of shape, unable to support their own weight. Again, all of this was beneath Kaylee's notice. None of it mattered.



The camera whipped down suddenly and zoomed way in, revealing why Kaylee was looking around. She wanted to make sure that she was picking a good place to sit down, and her ass was hovering just a few feet above the streets. The cameraman took a few steps back, presumably wanting to be absolutely sure he was out of range when she eventually did. It had to have still been close, given how dark it was.

Then, at the last possible moment, I caught sight of them. The area directly beneath Kaylee's ass was a fucking mess. Huge jagged chunks of concrete, rebar, and ripped-up streets made for an incredibly dangerous landscape to traverse for the normal-sized people. And it meant the small crowd of them directly beneath her had not been able to escape the shadow of her ass in time.



When Kaylee sat down the cameraman nearly fell over. A huge gust of wind blew past the area, but it mostly seemed confined to the small gap visible behind her. I knew instantly that the people I'd just seen couldn't have possibly survived. This footage hadn't even been playing for a minute and already there had to be over a dozen more victims.

The man holding the camera seemed to realize that he was way, way too close for comfort. He broke into a run, making it impossible to see what was happening for several seconds as he did so.



He ran. For how long I don't know. It's hard to keep track of time when the world is a whirl and you can't use anything as a point of reference. When he eventually stopped he seemed out of breath, and his perspective on Kaylee had changed considerably, and he gasped.

I know that feeling. The thought that, at any moment, you could be noticed, stepped on, or caught. He probably felt like he'd just run a hundred miles in a minute. When in reality... all he'd done was make it a little past Kaylee's feet. Her toes clenched as her spread legs exposed her pussy for all to see, and for a moment I could swear she locked eyes with the camera.



But… I had just imagined that… right?

The cameraman didn’t seem to notice, either way. No use worrying when this is all pre-recorded footage. His view turned back down between Kaylee’s legs. He audibly gasped while watching her stuff more than one of the huge train cars inside of herself. Was she really that fucking insatiable? Or was the growth amplifying her desires? Kaylee had always been a bit slutty, but it seemed like she couldn’t go more than half an hour without pleasing herself since this began. The camera zoomed in tighter, revealing there were still people moving around inside. I couldn’t help but wonder if they added to what Kaylee was feeling right now.



The cameraman gasped again as the lens zoomed all the way out. He continued to take a few more steps back, but I had a feeling I knew exactly why he had gasped. Kaylee's eyes were closed, her teeth were clenched, and I'd bet anything the people inside of her pussy were getting to experience their first, and last time pleasing her.

I bit my own bottom lip while watching. I knew what was coming. The other people inside of the cafe murmured as well, but continued watching.



They didn't notice it at first. It always started this way. Looking more like she had shifted her position, or moved herself slightly enough that nothing seemed out of the ordinary. I knew better, and unless the man stopped filming it looked like everyone else was going to see it happen as well.

Kaylee's lips parted while her fist clenched a little more tightly around the car. The train suffered more under the strength in her fingers as it failed the durability test to serve as Kaylee's dildo. This was it. There was nothing else in frame to distract viewers. The whole world was going to see Kaylee grow. Completely unfiltered.



"No fucking way!"

Cameraman seemed to finally realize what was happening. Kaylee's body expanded, though it was another slight bump. Seeing it from this angle, and not atop another building, or in her fist, or even inside of her made it just seem like it was going more slowly than normal. I held onto hope that maybe it was, and there would be a very real opportunity for someone to do something before this went completely out of control.

She kept massaging the little train cars inside of her pussy while her chest rose and fell more quickly than normal. This was going to keep going for some time, and I hoped that the guy filming this wouldn't be in range by the time it was done.



Kaylee's growth started to inconvenience the things around her. The building she'd just rammed her right foot through was only barely supporting her expanding leg now, raining loose bricks onto the streets below. Her left leg was coming dangerously close to falling on the ruins of another building, all while her ass continued to spread outward and consume even more things underneath her.

More glass rained from her pussy onto the ground below. The audio on the camera wasn't super clear, but I'm pretty sure there were barely-audible screams mixed into the chaos far away.



Screams that were completely overpowered just a second later when Kaylee moaned. She hadn't even opened her mouth that loud! This wasn't a scream as an orgasm wracked her body, or a sharp gasp for air. It was the equivalent of a quiet moan to her, but the deep rumbling sound was so palpable I swore I could see it.

The cameraman was beginning to lose his shit now. With the moan came a bit more growth, and Kaylee's body dominated more of the frame.



But she didn't seem to be close to finishing yet. It looked like some emergency lighting from the train's cars turned on while she was busy sliding the huge thing in and out of her, illuminating the space between her legs slightly. She continued steadily expanding outwards, looking like her legs were going to stretch past the guy filming any second now.

It was like watching a horror movie in slow motion. Not knowing how this was going to end, but knowing it was real, and that things could go south in a manner of seconds. It also came with the slow, creeping dread of knowing that there was nothing that could be done to help him.



And just like a stupid character in a horror movie, he made stupid decisions. He could have run, or searched for a hiding place. Instead he stayed put. He watched silently from a distance as more rumbling moans came from Kaylee. Her massive body shifted ever so slightly with every passing second, while she stretched past the boundaries of the camera's frame.

She began to pick up the pace. Her face twisted up as she tried to process all of her feelings.



Then Kaylee clenched her teeth.

I hate how knowledgeable I've become about how Kaylee… masturbates. With the clenched teeth came a quicker, more energetic pumping of the train. She was eager to finish herself off, but the new perspective didn't offer me any information on the biggest question I had.

Was the train doing all the work? Or was her arousal being amplified by the sensation of further growth? I can't say for certain, but given how… *inadequate* the train appeared as well as what I've seen her turn down in the past I had a feeling power was her primary motivator. More growth meant more power. More… everything.



Kaylee's moans gradually shifted up in tone until she was almost gasping for air. By this point her teeth were fully clenched and the buildings she was making direct contact with were straining from the pressure exerted by her mere presence. She didn't seem to mind. I bet that the buildings falling apart around her only added to the sensation.

The man filming this seemed to have been taken captive by the imagery playing out in front of him. He only stood still, watching Kaylee's movements. This seemed to be a strangely recurring thing in the footage I've seen today. People getting so absorbed in watching Kaylee's actions that they stop thinking about survival. Was it possible that she herself was doing that? That she had an aura, or pheromones, or something that stupefied people around her into uselessness?

Or maybe people are just stupid, thinking they're a safe distance away. It's probably the second one.



“AHHHHHH!”

“HOLY FUCK!”

Kaylee finally hit her climax. Her voice echoed through the ruined neighborhood she had converted into a seat and the cameraman was seemingly snapped out of his stupor at the sound of it. As her voice echoed around the area it was quickly followed by an eerie silence. Her chest gently rose and fell while her mouth hung open. No one to rush her, and no one to say anything to her. She was going to ride this orgasm out until it naturally subsided.



It took longer than I expected. It wasn't until more twisting metal could be heard that the cameraman finally pulled his view back, revealing the train sliding out of Kaylee's pussy. My heart twinged at the glistening, slick vehicle that remained remarkably intact after the beating it had just endured. A body inside of the train seemed to fall out the back as she left the huge piece of machinery dangling over the streets for a moment.

At least… that's what I thought at first. With how wildly the body was flailing it was an easy assumption to make… so it was all the more surprising when that person never actually fell.


Kaylee held the train for a whole minute, catching her breath all the while. I kept waiting for her to notice the man filming her in this intimate moment far off, but she never did. All the while the man who had narrowly avoided being crushed inside of her pussy continued to dangle from the back of the train like a worm hanging from a hook.
Her moans of elation gradually subsided, bringing that familiar grin back. And with that, the train was raised so she could check out the aftermath firsthand.



“Did you guys have as much fun as I did?” She asked, pursing her lips as she waited for an answer.

Unbelievable. Through all of this she didn’t even seem to notice the guy hanging for dear life on the end! He dangled helplessly, bicycling his legs as he searched for traction, but was denied any. He was a sitting duck out there and there was no way he would be okay for much longer.



"No? Well, that's too bad. Cause I had a *great* time."

Kaylee opened her mouth. Faint cries for help could barely be heard from so far away as the survivors slid between her lips. The lights inside of the first train car illuminated her teeth, but it was too far away to make out much of anything at all. Hell, she hardly seemed to be paying attention to the very thing she was stuffing into her mouth! The train cars were just pushed past her lips as her hard teeth scraped the roof.



“Oh my fucking…”

The cameraman seemed to be in awe. I feel like I’ve seen Kaylee eat a lot of new things today, but a train car was new even for me. Even knowing that was obviously what she was going to do I wasn’t to actually see it happen. Kaylee bit down, her teeth shearing through the space between cars instantly. Her full lips curled up into some semblance of a devious grin, clearly enjoying herself as an exaggerated moan rumbled through the area again.

With a flick of her wrist the train’s front car was completely ripped free from the rest, staying inside of her mouth while the remaining cars dangled uselessly.



"Hmmm…" Kaylee said, swishing the metal hunk around the inside of her mouth. I can't imagine it tasted good… and she must have realized the same. Without anyone to put a show on for, at least to the best of her knowledge she sort of gave upon the idea, bringing the rest of the train down between her tits. Always with the tits. It was like she was single-minded in ways she sought to crush things. I guess she had always been obsessed with appearances before this all happened. It makes sense she would want to employ the extra curves her growth had blessed her with as well.

I can't say the people inside the train enjoyed it. I don't know much about what they were going through. Too far away to be heard, and any view of them was instantly obscured by the masses of tit flesh locking them away from view.

"Bye bye, now!"



Kaylee released the train, but her tits were fat enough to keep the cars in place. It feels like beating a dead horse at times but I am in constant awe of just how big she's gotten. When I first saw her after the growth began she wouldn't have been able to do this to a single person. Now she was sandwiching four train cars at the same time, and it looked like it wouldn't even be difficult for her to finish them off! I've been around trains before. I know how big they are, and how many people can be stuffed inside of one when you're trying to save money.

I didn't need to continue watching to know who would win this fight. I think it was dawning on the cameraman as well.



Maybe it was unintentional, or maybe he just wanted a legitimately better view. Whatever the reason, he zoomed in. The frame tightened, Kaylee's enormous tits mashed together, and she smiled cruelly as the train was instantly defeated. You could hardly even hear the poor thing's demise from this far away. It sounded more like crumpling a sheet of foil into a ball than it did a huge piece of machinery being pulverized. All the people inside might as well have not even existed for all the resistance they provided.

That was when I realized I had lost track of the guy hanging from the edge. Where had he…?



It didn't matter.

There's no way he was still around. At best he lost his grip and rolled between Kaylee's tits, only to be smashed between them a second later. More likely than not, he ended up as one of the blood-splatters between Kaylee's cleavage. At worst he fell, rolled down the length of her body… and onto the streets far below. A lot like the train did after Kaylee pulled her tits apart. I don't think I've ever seen her as happy as she was when the crumpled-up cars twisted into a heap of ruined metal that piled up in front of her pussy.



The blonde woman showed up on screen again. The room was still unprofessional, and another man in a suit walked by in the middle of her speaking. They kept talking for some time, but I was just thinking about what I'd seen. Trying to digest the images, and wondering what it meant about Kaylee. I thought back to the military I'd just abandoned, and mom, and… if I'd made the right choice.

She was so addicted to growing that I wasn't sure there was anything at all that could stop her. It *looked* like it was slowing down… but that could have been a fluke. If it was dependent on the strength of the pleasure then she would enjoy making me submit to her way more than she would a random train. Would there ever be a limit to her growth? How much longer would they let her wander around until they started using the really serious weapons?

BREAKING NEWS

KAYLEE SEEN RESTING DOWNTOWN

Kaylee rests after flattening several blocks downtown, devouring and crushing traincar



"Can't believe this shit. Why don't they just drop a nuke on the bitch?"

That one stung. I know why he said it, and… I'm not even entirely sure I disagree. But it still stung. Not that I was going to complain about it out loud. This was a good hiding place, and they don't… they don't know Kaylee. She's mean. She's cruel. She's unrelentingly negative. She's cynical. She's…

Maybe I'm just convincing myself at this point.

"They can't nuke her." The blonde woman said, sitting up straight. "Haven't you seen the movies? A nuke would probably just make her stronger. It's how this always happens."



“Movies aren’t real.” Michelle said, looking up at me for approval. I appreciated the gesture, though I was fine. This sort of talk made me just want to get up and leave, but I had a hunger for more information. I didn’t know how it would help, but surely it would, right? Maybe there was a weakness that could be exploited that the news had figured out, or something?

“At this point I think a nuke would do less damage than letting her wander around more.” The man said, folding his arms over his chest. He kept his eyes focused on the television as his frown deepened. I hadn’t even considered the idea that a nuke just wouldn’t work. Obviously if she got too big that was a real possibility, but I had kept that in the back of my head as an ultimatum! What if it did just make her stronger?



I moved forward so I could focus more on the TV. Hopefully drown out some of this conversation. The man grunted as I undoubtedly blocked some of the view, but I didn't care. If he was going to be a rude asshole he should consider himself lucky I didn't try to hit him. Or throw him. Or whatever.


“As you can see in this livestream, after the train’s destruction Kaylee Kloss appears to be taking a break. We’ll report again if this situation changes. Meanwhile-”
Wait?! What’s this?!”


I held my breath. Breaking news? When this is what's being reported normally?!
"It looks like our 'Eye in the Sky' reporter is contacting us again! Switch the feeds! Quick! We've got to see this!"
I exhaled. Suddenly being surprised in a situation like this is pretty intimidating. It could have been anything. It could have been Kaylee discovering them, and closing in on their location! But before relief could fully wash over me I actually processed what the woman had just said.
The eye in the sky reporter? Did that mean…? No. The… the crew on the helicopter? They were still alive? How did they manage that? Did Kaylee just spit them out, or interrogate them, or-
BREAKING NEWS
BREAKING NEWS FROM EYE IN THE SKY
Eye in the sky reporter crew apparently still alive... Signal pending, location unknown



The image switched, and I felt sick to my stomach.

No. They weren't safe. They were inside of what looked to be a fleshy, pulsating cave. And given where they'd last been seen… it didn't take a genius to figure out their current plight.Would they be safe there? Was human stomach acid strong enough to dissolve people? I'm pretty sure it wasn't… but then would Kaylee's sheer size change that?

"Thank you." The woman said, carefully balancing on what looked to be a metal hull. There was a man in fatigues behind her, and their makeshift raft appeared to be bobbing quietly. "We're reporting live from… from…"



“Go ahead Olivia.” The blonde woman’s voice said, loud and clear in comparison to the echoey, muffled audio from the other reporter.

“We’re inside of Kaylee Kloss’s… stomach. Right now. The camera has a light built into it so we’re able to bring you these images, but… we’re not safe. Please, everyone at KJLA, I know that you have contacts within the military. If you can just-”

“Believe me Olivia, we’re already doing all we can. Why don’t you tell us what it’s like in there?”

Sudden screams came from behind the woman looking into the camera. A woman dressed in a blue costume clinging to the stomach’s lining for dear life, while just below her a man held on so tight his knuckles were turning white. Neither was in a particularly safe position, but it was the man who looked like he was seconds away from falling into the murky liquid below.



There wasn't anything the camera crew could do to help. Just watching this had me so **frustrated**. To think Kaylee would be doing things to random people like this so casually. I'd seen how much she seemed to relish in the sensation of sending live, struggling people down her throat. I watched people I knew get swallowed by her for no good reason. I'd listened to her moans, and wondered what it felt like myself. To think about people vanishing inside of her belly for less than a snack. To be so big that-

I had to stop myself.

"Well…" The reporter said, finally answering the blonde woman behind the desk. Things appear to be quite… I'm sorry. It's…"

At that moment the entire world seemed to shift. Screams echoed and the man who'd clung to the stomach for dear life suddenly found he was unable to hold on any longer. His voice was so shrill as he fell into the scalding liquids I thought the woman had fallen in at the same time while he quickly spun around to face the cameras.

"HELP ME UP! OH GOD! I CAN'T, IT'S-"


He wasn't even able to finish the sentence before sinking below.
I was shocked for a number of reasons. How on earth did Kaylee's stomach work that quickly?! And how was anyone still alive in this situation? If she lied down, or sat up surely that would lead anyone to lose whatever safe holding place they had? And this guy was no slouch! He was clearly strong, and fit! That tight black shirt he wore even reminded me of-
I gasped. No. It couldn't have been… had that been Percy fucking London?
Kaylee and Mockr had a long history. I've had my beef with them too, but there's no way Kaylee could have… but, I mean, who else dresses like that!? What are the odds there's another random man that looks just like Percy inside of Kaylee's-



“NO NO NO NO!”

“HELP ME!”

The camera swiveled back up. Percy was little more than a memory when I watched two girls lose hold as well. One of them was dressed in all black, and looked like a stripper. But the other… looked vaguely familiar. I’m sure I’ve seen those color-coded outfits before. I want to say my friend Anna was going to be touring with a similar-looking group sometime soon.

God. Now I’m worrying about her too. I hoped her tour had already started and she’s out of state by now. Somewhere on the other side of the world far, far away from all this.

“DON’T SAVE THEM!”



I was surprised by the reporter screaming so shrilly all of a sudden… but maybe I shouldn't have been. The acids looked incredibly dangerous. Trying to save someone else in a situation like this could end with you being pulled under yourself. And I don't think the reporter was looking to experience something like that.

The man in fatigues pulled his arm back, giving a clear view of what the woman was going through. I couldn't believe they were still showing this. The screams were hellish. They didn't sink instantly like Percy had, giving a much clearer view of what they were going through. Their skin bubbled and turned red in an instant as they shrieked like banshees. I couldn't even imagine what they were going through right now.

The cameraman, the soldier, and the reporter just watched. None of them made a move to help. And slowly both of the girls just… gave up, and sunk under the surface.



"PLEASE!" The reporter suddenly screamed, grabbing the camera herself and pointing it straight at her face. "DO **SOMETHING** OUT THERE! WE'RE GOING TO FUCKING DIE IN HERE! HELP US!"

I don't know if I'll ever be able to find the words to properly describe how I felt right now. Sadness, anger, rage, all sorts of emotions. But what disgusted me most was the hint of curiosity I felt, bubbling beneath it all. Wondering if Kaylee felt any of this. These people are fighting for survival, and ultimately losing the fight against her body's natural processes. Did… did any amount of their pain and struggle even register for her?



“Thank you Olivia, again, we are doing everything that we can. We’re cutting to a view from another live feed. For those of you just joining us, the previous images were from our, ‘Eye in the Sky’ reporter broadcasting images to us from inside of Kaylee Kloss.” The blonde woman’s voiceover explained. The image of the inside of the stomach faded out, leaving the ultimate fate of the reporter up in the air as the footage from earlier went back up on the screen. Kaylee was still laying on her back, enjoying the sun as she… looked a lot like how I remembered her. Not a care in the world, enjoying some outdoors time to herself. If not for the backdrop or you wouldn’t even know that anything had changed about her. Well, that and her tits I suppose, but Kaylee had always talked about getting surgery to enhance her curves.

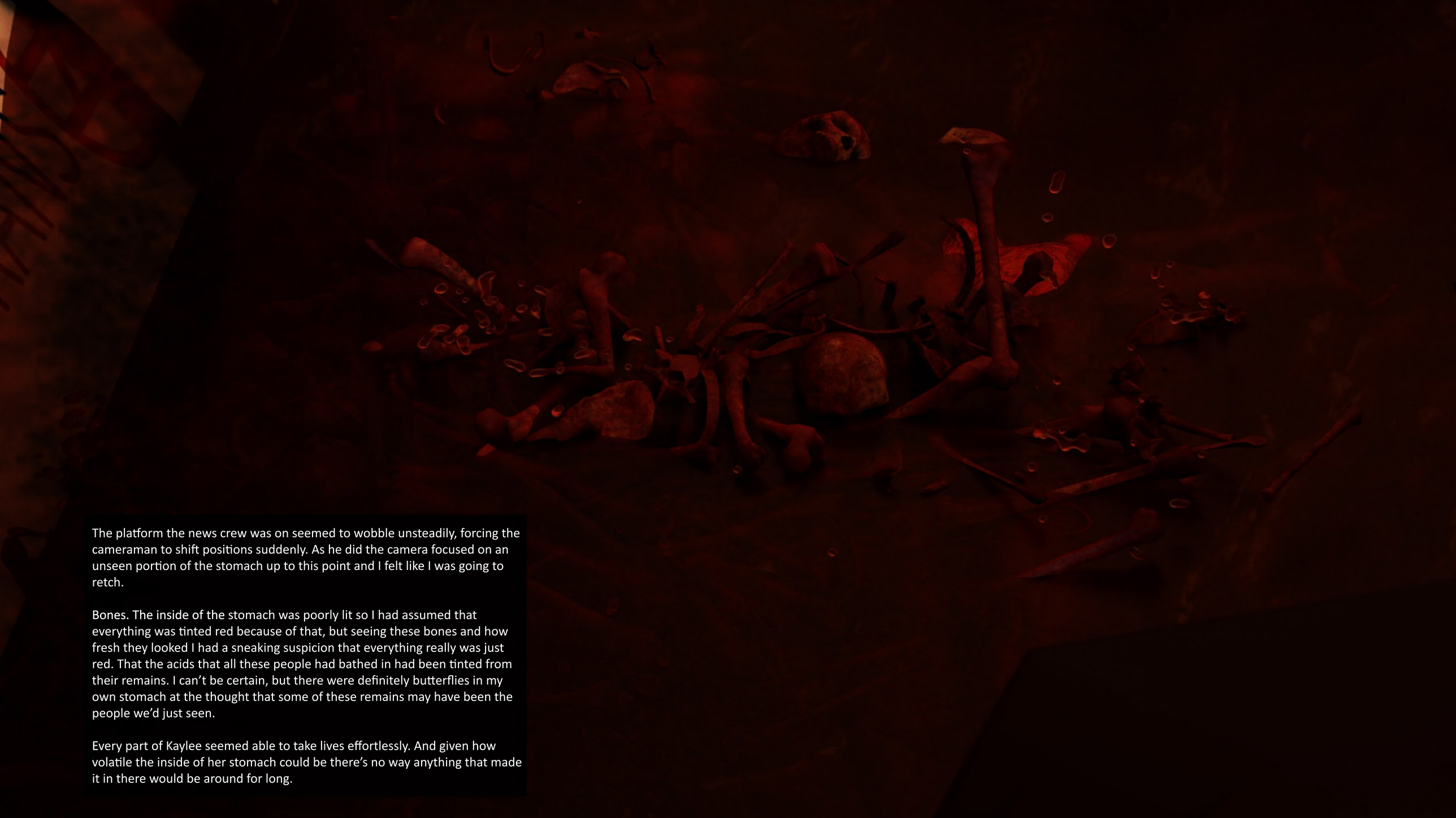
I sighed. There were people dying horribly in acid inside of Kaylee’s stomach, and she couldn’t care less. Hell, she was literally yawning.



"When there's more information from Olivia, we'll bring it-"

"WHAT WAS THAT?!" The other reporter screamed. In a flash the image changed back, leaving the brunette's precarious perch wobbling in the acidic lake beneath her. I think it's safe to assume that her size increase has had an effect on her stomach's efficiency, but it looked like Kaylee's body wasn't quite strong enough to melt through steel.

Yet.



The platform the news crew was on seemed to wobble unsteadily, forcing the cameraman to shift positions suddenly. As he did the camera focused on an unseen portion of the stomach up to this point and I felt like I was going to retch.

Bones. The inside of the stomach was poorly lit so I had assumed that everything was tinted red because of that, but seeing these bones and how fresh they looked I had a sneaking suspicion that everything really was just red. That the acids that all these people had bathed in had been tinted from their remains. I can't be certain, but there were definitely butterflies in my own stomach at the thought that some of these remains may have been the people we'd just seen.

Every part of Kaylee seemed able to take lives effortlessly. And given how volatile the inside of her stomach could be there's no way anything that made it in there would be around for long.


“No! SOMEONE! HELP US! WHERE’S THE- IS THERE NOTHING ELSE TO STAND ON?!”
Not that it was going to save the poor reporter. Whatever buoyancy the shell of the helicopter had was lost as it gradually began to sink under the liquid. I held my breath waiting for the levels to rise and eventually consume them, but they never did. Kaylee’s body probably didn’t even register such small things as sustenance that required digestion at all.
“GET AWAY FROM ME!” The woman screeched, taking a shaky step to the side as the man in fatigues encroached in her space for safety.



Her movements shook the platform they stood on… and that was all it took.

With a sudden lurch the soldier and pilot who'd brought them into this very situation lost his balance. He screamed, flailed his arms, tried to reach for the reporter… and failed. He spun around in a desperate bid to regain his composure before ultimately splashing into the liquid surrounding them.

"AH! SOME OF IT HIT ME!" The woman screamed, clawing at a wet spot on her arm as her skin began near-instantly turned red.


“OHMIGOD! OHMIGODOHMIGODOHMIGOD!!”
“OLIVIA! PLEASE KEEP CALM! WE’RE ON OUR WAY TO-”
“SHUT UP! YOU’RE NOT IN HERE! YOU DON’T KNOW WHAT IT’S LIKE! WE-”



A man screamed this time. The image tilted. The reporter looked like she was still standing, but the cameraman seemed to have lost his own fight with balance. For just a second I caught a glimpse of his hand as he tried to reach for the reporter who extended her own arm forward in support.

He didn't make it. His arm splashed into the liquid, and withdrew for a moment as he tried to swim free. His skin sizzled when it came out of the liquid and he screamed in pain too horrible to comprehend. Through it all there were more remains visible, and I had a fresh startling realization.

The acids weren't piled that high. They were… they were just so efficient at breaking people down that a small amount was all it took. As people fell under they would be dissolved in seconds, meaning that all of their remains were visible just under the surface. And already the reporter had fallen into it.

Then… nothing. The image went black like it had when they were initially swallowed. There wasn't any sound this time, though. The camera was gone, and the feed blanked out.


SIGNAL
LOST
CONTACT LOST WITH EYE IN THE SKY
“Olivia? Olivia?”
The feed switched back to the blonde woman, who looked into the camera with deep concern. My heart was racing over what I’d just seen. There’s… no way that the reporter is going to make it, is there? She may be a fighter, but Kaylee’s stomach is completely inhospitable. And the cameraman was the only one providing any light! She was sealed away in the darkness with a rising lake of acid threatening to consume her.
“It appears we’ve lost contact with our Eye in the Sky team.”
BREAKING NEWS
REPORTER’S FATE UNKNOWN; OTHERS DEAD
Cameraman fell in stomach acid... Reporter trapped in giant’s stomach... Others dead...



“We wish our other reporters on the scene the best of luck, and will do all we can to support them. We bring you back to the same live footage we were playing before the brief interruption, which is being recorded and streamed live on cell phone by an unknown amateur. ”

What a load of crock.

The video switched back and Kaylee was lying on her back. She rubbed her belly, pursed her lips, and seemed to enjoy the sun to herself. That’s when I noticed Kaylee’s hand was between her legs. She was touching herself... again. Of course she fucking was. Was it possible that she could feel the people being digested inside of her, and was getting some sick pleasure from it? I doubt it, but who knows?



After everything I'd just seen watching Kaylee be herself again was just… I don't know. Maybe I should have been disturbed, but I was almost envious. She didn't have a care in the world. Meanwhile I was stuck having to watch her every action like I was studying for a test. Observing her like she was the most important thing in the world, as if it would help me out any.

While she just got to live in a world where everything was finally bowing before her. Exactly like she always wanted. Why is it that the worst people in the world are the ones who get to have all their dreams come true?



After yawning and stretching her arms out Kaylee seemed to have decided it was a good time to leave. I thought the footage was going to end there as the cameraman would realize now was a very good time to run… but that thought didn't last long. With a heavy sigh, Kaylee groaned, rising from her seated position. She took care to plant one of her big feet onto the pile of train cars still resting where she'd been seated, flattening it even further.

Huge plumes of dust were kicked up when her foot came down, but I could only think of this cameraman. Was this video going to end like the others I'd seen today?



I thought of the man who was livestreaming this. What would happen to him? Would he survive, or would he end up as another one of Kaylee's victims?

Kaylee took a step forward. Straight for the man filming this entire thing. He screamed, tried to take a step back, and immediately fell over. The image was impossible to make out for a moment before it was still again. The man was screaming, crying about a leg he must have injured from the fall, but I ignored him. We all ignored him. All eyes were glued on Kaylee's feet, wondering if they would rise overhead, and crush him once and for all.

A quiet scraping sound could be made out. The man was dragging his body along the gravel, as he couldn't even stand anymore.



Kaylee took another step forward.

The cameraman screamed. Cursed. Begged. Pleaded. Cried.

A huge gust of wind ripped through the area as Kaylee's foot rushed past him. The strength of her huge body simply moving past him was enough to force him onto his back, pointing the camera straight up in the process. Kaylee's foot moved over him, and I held my breath.

Then… it passed. She never looked down. The first foot was followed quickly by the second one, giving the tiny man an incredible view of Kaylee from directly below. All of his pained wails were completely beneath her notice. He might as well not have even existed to her.



With a loud clack the man cried out in pain again as Kaylee’s huge body moved past him. More shuffling could be heard as the image spun around wildly, before finally settling on what was happening behind him. The simple act of walking by seemed to have left him with a severe injury that he was trying to nurse, while the camera watched her leave the scenario, unaware of the injuries she had just caused.

“We’ve received reports that Kaylee Kloss is nearing our immediate area.”

I gasped.

“We’ll continue bringing you the news for as long as it feels safe, but know that this channel may be taken off the air abruptly.”

“Great.” The man said, slumping in his seat. “Here’s to hoping she changes direction.”

I had a nagging feeling in the back of my head. I watched the news reporter discuss the situation with grave seriousness. Kaylee didn’t have the best relationship with a lot of news sources, really. I wracked my mind trying to think of any specific beef she may have had with KJLA… because she may have been able to identify the specific building if it came to it.





My blood turned to ice. After what I'd just seen I wanted to reach over and turn the entire TV off. Try to forget about everything. But… I just couldn't turn away. The images were probably going to stay burned into my head for a long time, but I wouldn't even get the chance to process them. Because right at that moment Kaylee's huge body appeared in the distance.

None of the other people in the cafe seemed to react. I had a feeling they'd been seeing things like this all day… but knowing that's my sister out there and seeing this from their point of view is sobering. I crossed my fingers, hoping that she would just… I don't know. Walk by in the background. Maybe find something else to mess around with. That it would all be a coincidence, and nobody in the studio was in any danger.


They were.
The KJLA building had always been an eyesore. I hated looking at that thing for years. The antennae at the top was so tacky, and the enormous letters situated at the top floors letting everyone know exactly what the building housed had always done its best to ruin the skyline. For a time I'd even considered buying the stupid thing just to get them to take the letters down.
If not for that sign, I'm sure it would have been indistinguishable from any other building on the skyline. With that sign… well, Kaylee had a lot of history with a lot of news organizations. I'm sure KJLA was no exception.
BREAKING NEWS
KAYLEE SEEN NEARING KJLA BUILDING
Reality star has grown over 700 feet tall... Casualties estimated in the tens of thousands


"IS SHE COMING HERE?"
"WHAT DO WE DO?"
"CUT THE CAMERAS?"
It had to be the sign. The building was fairly nondescript aside from that, and there were many others in the immediate area. Hell, the one she was walking by right now looked to be even taller. But she was on a mission, and paid no mind to her thigh shearing across the taller building on the way. The sound was deafening, even through the closed windows, and a look of sheer, unbridled panic formed on the newscaster's face as the reality of her situation settled in.
BREAKING NEWS
KAYLEE APPROACHES KJLA BUILDING
Reality star has grown over 700 feet tall... Casualties estimated in the tens of thousands



“GET DOWN!”

Kaylee continued approaching, her giant, naked pussy on full display. Uncensored for thousands, if not millions to see. The poor woman sitting behind the desk attempted to leap over her own desk in a bid for safety. More screams could be heard from all around her, but the violently shaking building drowned them out. The image was getting hard to make out as the cameras bounced with every one of Kaylee’s movements. I was almost tempted to hit the side of the TV in the hopes that would clear the image up, but I knew better.


The shaking stopped. Kaylee wasn't walking anymore. Her pussy stared at the camera for several seconds before she began to move again. Her immense body lowered. For a moment her massive tits were on display, before she moved an arm forward, conveniently censoring them from view.
But it was what she held in her hand that was most interesting. For whatever reason, Kaylee had acquired a woman. Someone incredibly tiny in the grip of those giant fingers with her black hair all done up. The comparatively tiny woman screamed, knuckles turning white as she held onto Kaylee's finger as tightly as she could.
Then it hit me. I recognized that woman.



"ANNA?!"

The other people in the shop were startled at the sound of my sudden outburst. I didn't care. I couldn't believe what I was seeing. When… and why did Kaylee get ahold of Anna?! What was she doing with her? She wasn't planning on… she wasn't going to…?

I thought back to the footage inside of the stomach. Was it really possible that the girl in blue had been…! How did Kaylee even find her?!

I had so many questions, and none of the answers sounded good. I didn't want to think about what she could be planning for my friend, or what it meant for Anna. I'd like to think the fact she was being held in Kaylee's hand meant her intentions weren't to off her like she had so many other people today… but who the fuck am I kidding?! I can't predict anything that girl does!



I was still thinking about Anna when Kaylee's face finally showed up on the TV. The helpless newscaster had only just made it over her desk when the giant face filled the entirety of the massive window behind them. Other producers who'd been standing by seemed to finally realize far too late that they couldn't just stand around anymore, and began to run. The camera filming the broadcast fell over, but stayed on, capturing all the images silently, and dutifully.

I felt for those people. I'd stared down that face many times today, but the difference between the two of us had never been so big! I'm assuming she was scanning every floor to try and find where the news was being broadcast from, and her lips curled up into a smile once she recognized the studio.



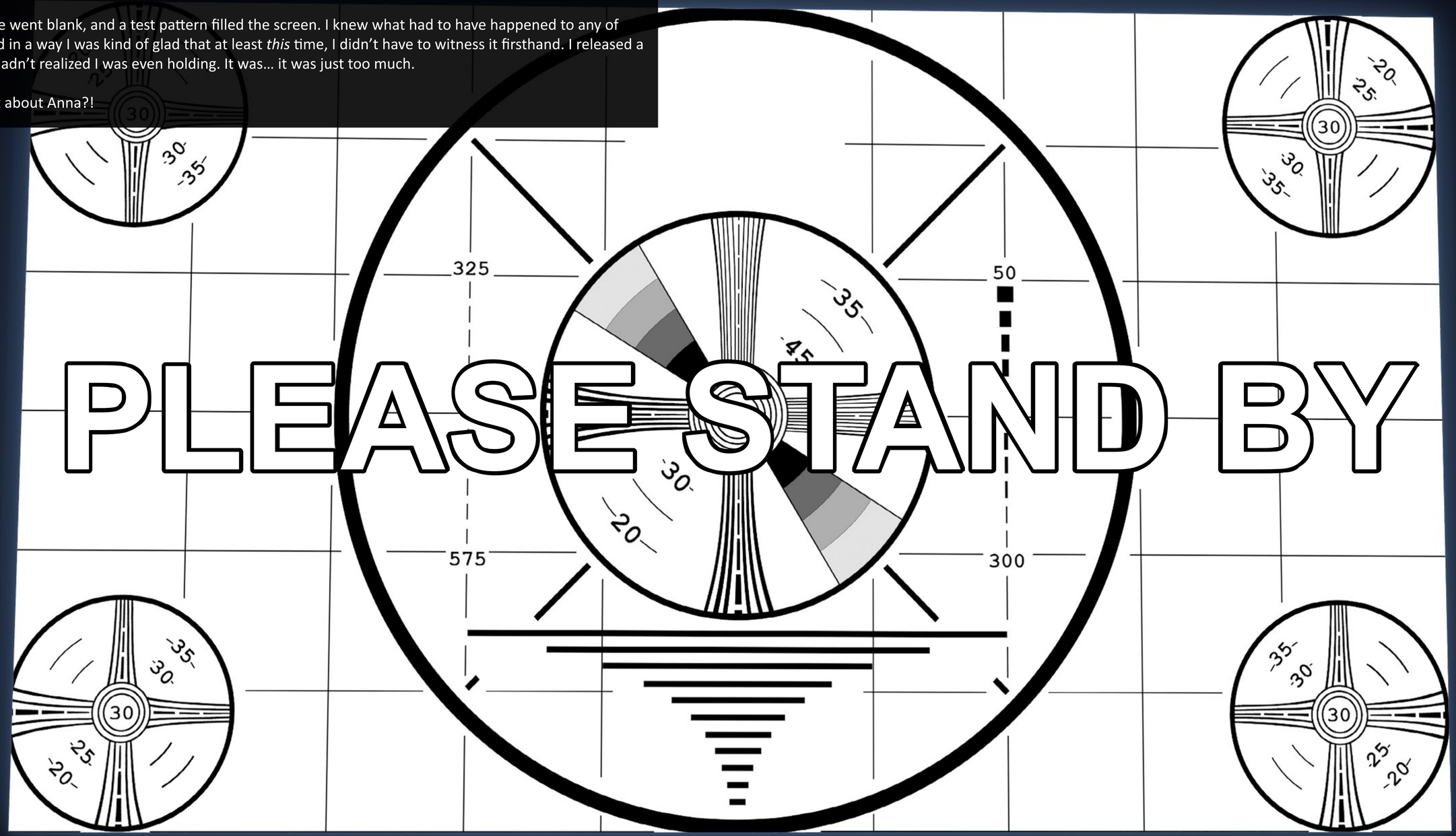
She didn’t say anything. Her cruel smile was clearly visible, but the camera caught a flash of movement from outside. A split-second later huge fingers exploded into the building, raining shards of glass onto the people who still hadn’t made it out. Screams were overpowered in an instant as it was clear those fingers wouldn’t be satisfied just breaking the windows. The wooden floors were cracked and ripped apart while the frames keeping the windows in place twisted into uselessness. But above all of that was a low, rumbling hum from Kaylee herself.

Those enormous digits reached inside, casually passing over the people who were nearest. The fingers moved even further, eventually passing over the cameras themselves, before finally coming down. More sounds of destruction filled the room as I could only assume her fingers raked through the entire floor.

Then… nothing.

The image went blank, and a test pattern filled the screen. I knew what had to have happened to any of them, and in a way I was kind of glad that at least *this* time, I didn't have to witness it firsthand. I released a breath I hadn't realized I was even holding. It was… it was just too much.

And what about Anna?!





“Run through channels again?”

“Might as well.”

The other people in the cafe hardly existed to me anymore. I just lay there in silence, staring at the TV while they looked for more channels that were still up. I wanted to… I had to… I don’t know! Was this really something that was falling onto my shoulders? Would Kaylee listen to me if I wasn’t bigger than her? How was I supposed to get that big? She had such a huge head start! And-


It happened again.
I may not know the specific triggers, but I think it's safe to say that getting… emotionally charged is a big part of it. I was so overwhelmed with a myriad of emotions I wasn't able to keep myself calm. I gasped for air, and then…
I grew.
THE ROASTED BEAN
CAPPUCCINO
EXPRESSO
LATTE
MOCHA
AMERICANO
FILTER COFFEE
HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?
MOCHA
CAPPUCCINO
AMERICANO
LATTE
EXPRESSO


“WHAT THE FUCK?!”
“I TOLD YOU NOT TO CALL HER OVER! NOW WE’RE ALL GOING TO DIE TOO!”
“I’M SORRY, I’M SORRY, I DIDN’T KNOW-”

I didn’t want to hurt these people, but this was a big one. In the blink of an eye I could feel my ass pressing into the ceiling and I was already beginning to fill most of the space available inside of the cafe. I winced when the furniture behind me was forced aside, falling over as I grew.

“I’m trying to get out!” I shouted, my voice overpowering the cries from everyone else present.

Trying to do something and actually accomplishing it are two different things entirely, though. I tried repositioning myself so I could shimmy out the way I came in, but less than a second later that was too ambitious to ever happen. I could hear the sounds of the other people scrambling to get away as my growing body made short work of their little hiding place. The TV was dislodged from its resting position, and I could feel my feet press against the windows lining the front walls.

“I can’t… just get out of the way!”




I felt so stupid. Of course they were trying to get away! Why wouldn't they be?! They didn't want to just lie there and wait for my growing body to crush them! I didn't want to see these nice people hurt so I squeezed my entire body around the limited space so I would avoid crushing them. The entire building's shell seemed to strain as I pushed up on it from the inside.
Then I felt it.
A rush of relief came over me. The roof buckled, and a quiet breeze flowed into the building. Things were… things were gonna be alright.



I wasn't home free just yet. I could still very well hurt or kill these nice people if I wasn't careful. But the thought that I would definitely be able to make it out of this okay did put me slightly at ease.

Still. I wasn't going to be like Kaylee. My instincts for self-preservation didn't mean that I was going to let them die under me without a fight. If the roof caved in and crushed everyone else, I would make it out alright. It was my job to make sure that scenario didn't happen, though! And to do that I'd need some more leverage.



The windows lining the cafe were lightly frosted, but that didn't last long. I thought I'd have to punch them a few times or even ram my shoulders into them to break through but my fingers alone were able to do the job. The heavy siding at the bottom of the windows fell when I crashed through, making a terrible amount of noise in the process. Everyone else screamed, thinking the building was falling down around them which just made me feel even worse.

I tried to ignore them. I didn't want to be dissuaded from helping by focusing on the mean things they were saying about me right now. My hand snaked out through the window I'd broken, and I used it to pull myself onto my back.



It… almost worked? If I had already stopped growing I'd have managed something so simple with minimal effort. As it is now I felt the entire roof strain, making more awful noises as I moved into a better position. I was getting so unreasonably big now! My nipples were pressing into the cold ceiling and I just wanted to launch the entire thing away.

"The roof is gonna cave in! Oh my- We're all gonna fuckin' die!"

"The giant bitch is blocking the only way out!"



I think I can really see what made Kaylee the way she is. I'm still growing and I'm plenty powerful at this point. Letting this roof fall into me without any care for the consequences would be so, so easy. I'm positive it wouldn't even hurt at this point, and it would make for a great demonstrator of my new abilities. I could even see how flaunting my power in such a way could be… addicting. As I'm pushing the roof over my head I could feel it bend around my fingers, meaning I had to slow down. Push too hard and I may slide the entire thing away, leading to it falling into the building.

And I'm **not** going to do that. I'm not going to be like Kaylee. I'm going to do everything I can to make sure these people make it through this!



“Wait… is she?”

“You go, Kayla! You’ve got this!”

I felt my heart swell in pride at the sound of my super fan cheering me on. I don’t know a thing about engineering or how buildings are constructed. I guess I just kind of assumed that the top would pop off like the lid from a jar, or something. Instead it’s pretty well attached, and it’s my growing body bending the walls themselves that are separating it from the top.

It’s… not even that heavy! If I lifted something like this in the gym it wouldn’t even give me results!



Three of the walls finally lose the ability to stand on their own. A final, thunderous crash sends thousands of glass shards raining in every direction, leaving me to prop up the roof with just one hand and a knee. My head pops through the flimsy bricks behind me, and I can hear the startled screams of everyone else.

But they're safe! I could hold this stupid roof up for hours without a break, too! In a way I'm basically acting as the new walls, now. Except I look a hell of a lot better than just some big stupid windows. It's still tempting to wrench the entire thing out from the remaining wall and toss the roof itself into the sunset… but I suppose it's best to keep a low profile. For now.

"Are you guys okay down there?"


There’s some coughing and sputtering. I guess the debris from the bricks and screaming from the broken glass was enough to startle them a bit… but there’s no cries of pain or anything of that sort. Getting out from under the short roof is a bit of a fight, but with some effort I’m able to get back out into the open sun and keep the roof from falling onto them.
“I’m… sorry I ruined your hiding spot.”



The blonde woman and the man just kind of take this opportunity to run. I think they've had enough encounters with big people for one day, and I can't blame them. I may have gone out of my way to not hurt them, but they certainly weren't very big fans of me.

It took a few more seconds for Michelle to step out from under the roof. She was dusting herself off, and took a moment to look up at me. I thought I'd see a grinning face full of happiness, impressed at how I'd managed to save them… but she seemed distraught.

"Are you leaving, now?"


"I... I guess."
I didn't know where I was going, though. I saw the videos. I'm nowhere near big enough to bring a physical confrontation to Kaylee. But... I'm too big to fit into buildings now. I don't think it's even possible for me to find a hiding spot from her at this point. I could try going back for mom, but... I don't even know where she is. If they didn't kill her right after I got out they could have easily relocated her in all this time. And I'd run so fast and so far I hardly paid attention to where I was going. I haven't the foggiest idea where the building we'd been stashed even was in relation to my current location.
I was alone.
FOR R
Michaels
DELI & GROCER
COLD BEERS -CIGARETTES-SANDWICHES-


“Can I go with you? I love your stuff, Kayla! And… and I’d be pretty easy for you to carry, right?” The small woman pleaded, looking up at me hopefully.
“I…”
I considered it. God, I didn’t want to go through this alone. I’m terrified out of my fucking wits. I wanted to just curl up into a ball and wait for this to come to an end. Maybe pinch myself, and hope this was a dream. Having someone to hang out with, even if they were incredibly tiny, would be a relief. Someone to dump my insecurities and fears on, and someone to listen to me.
But… I couldn’t do that to her.


“No.” I said firmly.
I couldn’t risk it. She’d done me an act of kindness. One I wouldn’t repay by putting her at risk by taking her along. If I did encounter Kaylee I’m sure the first thing she’d do to get under my skin would be disposing of my little fangirl right in front of me. I’ve grown attached to the little thing… which is why I have to let her go.
“It’s too dangerous. Just find some other place to hide. And I’m really sorry about ruining that spot.”
“But-”


I had to walk away. I couldn’t knowingly put her at risk just to make myself feel better. I’m motherfucking Kayla Kloss. Not Kaylee goddamn Kloss.
We may be family. We may be rich. And we may be the biggest people on the planet… but I’m Kayla. I am not my sister.


AUTO SALES
WHOLESALE PRICES TO THE PUBLIC
You ever just repeat something to yourself over and over in the hopes that you start to actually believe it?


AUTO SALES
WHOLESALE PRICES TO THE PUBLIC
END OF PART 12

KAYLEE'S GROWTH PART 12



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DELETED RENDERS


FOR R
Michaels
DELI &
COLD BEERS -CIGARETTES-S



WATER
POLICE


DELCO


OLD STYLE BBQ
PARK
RFD




POLICE

Deleted ‘man on the street’ interview sequence

“We’re here now with a story from a woman who had an encounter with Kaylee Kloss. Do you mind telling us your story?” A man holding a microphone out on the street said. He pushed it up to a woman with long black hair, expecting her to answer.

“What are you kidding me?! Get out of my way, I have to-”

“Ma’am! Just tell us what it was like! How much danger you were in, and-”

The angry woman looked incredulously at both the man with the microphone, as well as the camera. Her face twisted into a look of hate at the two of them, before she ripped the mic out of the reporter’s hand.

PIC2
“You want to know what it was like? It was horrible is what it was like! I was at (LOCATION: MAYBE THIS COULD BE AT THE STADIUM? OR JUST A GENERIC PLACE IN THE CITY SO LONG AS SHE’S ROUGHLY AS BIG AS SHE IS NOW!) when I could feel the ground a rumblin’. I thought hey, maybe it’s an earthquake, we get those ‘round these parts a lot, don’t we? Well it turned out I was wrong. I turned a corner and what do I see but a five thousand foot tall naked whore coming straight for me!”

Kaylee was big, sure, but I don’t think she was quite that big. Not that I could fault the woman for over exaggerating in that way. Anything bigger than fifty feet tall must seem monumental to a normal-sized person.

PIC3
“And what did you do then?” The man asked

“What did I- The fuck you think I did?!” The woman screamed. “I ran! As fast as I could! There was a huge crowd of people running down that same street, but since I’d just come around the corner I thought I was safe. I just kept running like my life depended on it, anything to get away from that huge thing! But she moved really fuckin’ fast, and the people around me were so scared they actually wound up pushing me over. Right as one of her big, stupid feet was right above me!”

PIC4
“But you’re okay, aren’t you?”

The woman looked shocked.

“I am, thank you for asking.” She said, seething with rage. “Turns out that whoever pushed me over might have saved my skin. When that foot came down I curled up nice an’ tight into a ball, and screamed for all I was worth. Turns out I was tucked nice an’ pretty right in-between two of the giant bitch’s toes.”

“And what of the rest of the crowd?”

“Are you stupid, boy? They were squished! There’s nothin’ left of ‘em! Then that huge bitch just kept walking! Just like we were a bunch of fuckin’ ants! There’s your story! Giant bitch walks on ants! Now get the fuck out of my way I’m leaving!”

SIDESTORY B (just one pic)
“Frightening stuff. On the line we have a young man who captured an image of Kaylee Kloss earlier today. What can you tell us?”

“Yeah, I was drivin’ across the bridge earlier today to get to work when there was a huge traffic pileup. Cars were flippin’ all over the place, and all of a sudden there was a giant naked chick out there! She was way bigger than any of us, and her tits were huge, and-”

“Right. Did she do anything out of the ordinary?”

“Well, after I got my pic she stepped on someone, and they exploded really fuckin’ bad. I got out of there as quickly as I could, but had no idea she was Kaylee Kloss. Say, you think that picture’s worth anything? Maybe I-”

“Harrowing tale.” The newscaster said as the image abruptly flipped back to her. “Once again, if you are just tuning in, a state of emergency has been declared. All citizens are advised to evacuate immediately.”

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