
KAYLEE
PART 14

ART BY REDFIREDOG
SCRIPT BY EMMAGEAR
SPECIAL THANKS TO GODDESS TINA

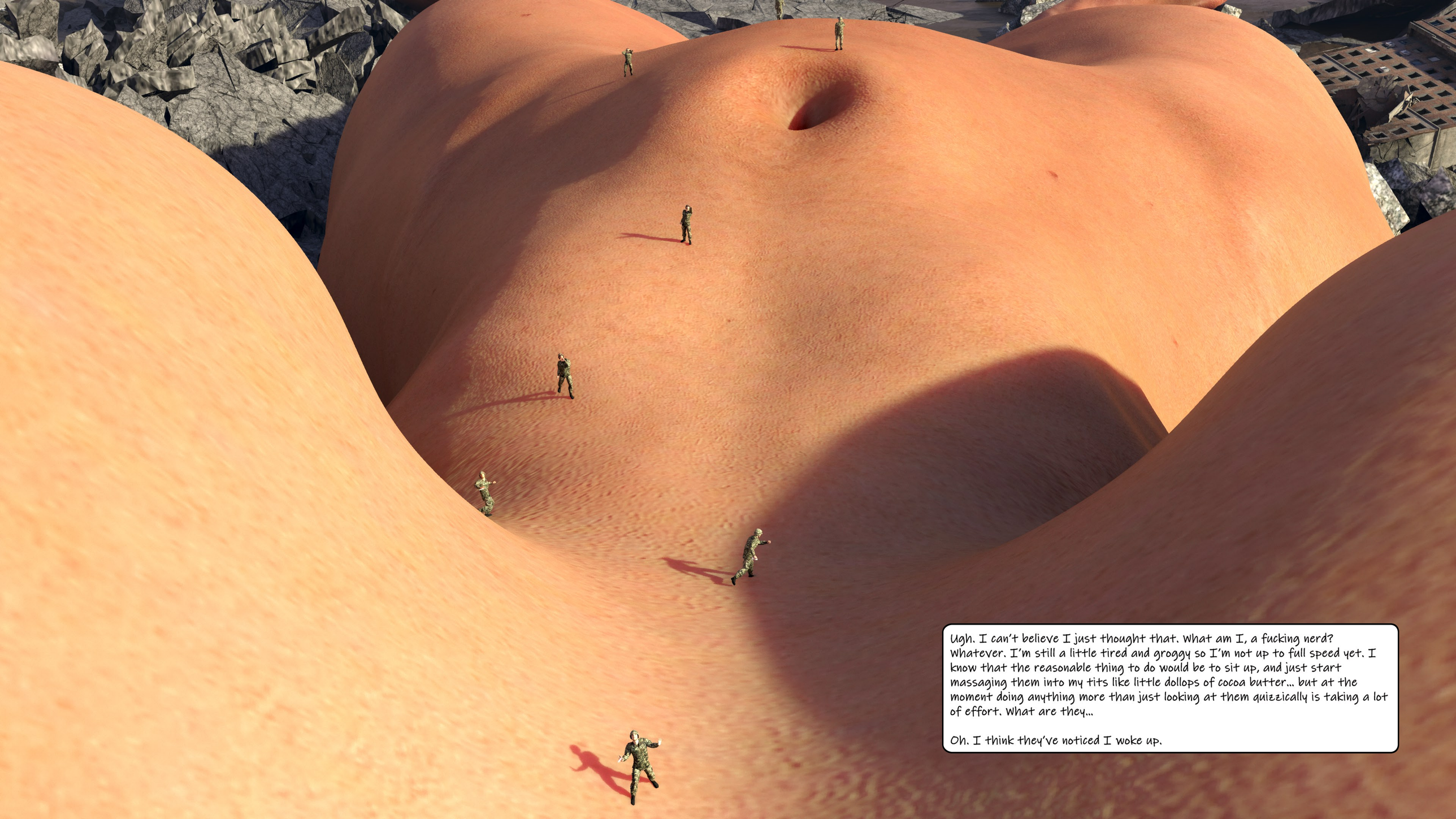

Being so big is great. It really is. I've learned a lot about the various pleasures that can only come from shoving crowds of people inside of a pussy. I've eaten people whole and gotten to sample their many flavors. I've taken revenge on some of the people who've been on my shitlist for a long, long time. But... I have one complaint. Just a little one.
Getting a nap in at this size fucking sucks. Seriously. It took me like, five minutes to make something resembling a pillow using all this rubble around me. There was no way anyone would have been able to help me with that, and it wasn't even comfortable!


I definitely manage to fall asleep, because I have the most amazing dream. I dream that I'm towering over the city. I must have been five miles tall, easy. The people on the ground, all their little houses and buildings... they're not even specs. I can't even see them. As far as I'm concerned, they're microscopic.
I take a step, and dozens of city blocks are instantly buried under my foot, and I get this sense of incredible power, and incredible serenity. It was perfect. But it didn't last for long.


Right after the dream started, I wake up feeling groggy. I'm not sure how long I was out for, but it probably wasn't long enough. The sun is beginning to set, and I have the distinct feeling I didn't sleep for several days. No, it had to have been a few hours. At best. Before falling asleep I was having a lot of... interesting thoughts. Thinking about what I can do with all this size, and what my ultimate goals will be.
I still need to work out the specifics but when I inevitably take over the world I think my first demand will be to have a proper bed made. With blankets. And pillows. And possibly a few hundred servants ready to cater to my every whim. Like I had before growing up, except if they try to rebel against me now I won't have to file a police report for hitting them.


Speaking of servants...
That's not the first thing I expected to see upon waking up. It's not the first time I've woken up with someone leering over me, but that was a problem a swift shot to the balls would always fix. And sometimes lead to further problems if they were the help and not a creep. But the promise of financial ruin was always effective at getting anyone who complained to back down. Now, though.
Now things are a bit different.


It's like a colony of ants are crawling across my body. I don't know how many of them there are, and I'm not quite sure what they're doing. It looks like a lot of them are holding onto dumb little boxes that they keep looking as they walk around me. They're all making quiet clicking sounds, the same way that a geiger counter does when it detects radiation.



Ugh. I can't believe I just thought that. What am I, a fucking nerd? Whatever. I'm still a little tired and groggy so I'm not up to full speed yet. I know that the reasonable thing to do would be to sit up, and just start massaging them into my tits like little dollops of cocoa butter... but at the moment doing anything more than just looking at them quizzically is taking a lot of effort. What are they...

Oh. I think they've noticed I woke up.


Typical. Fucking cowards can't handle the intense stare of a Kloss glaring down at them. They know their place in the world, and they're so much smaller than the help back home used to be. They start running in every direction in an attempt to get away, but of course it's useless. They're on my body. Anywhere they run is still on me! I'm pretty sure almost any movement I make at this point would have disastrous consequences for the tiny little military fucks invading my private space. There's at least a dozen of them spread across both my tits running straight for the nipples as if that will offer a mysterious way down to safety.

The slightly less-stupid ones ran further in between them. I can feel them right now. Their tiny little feet are sinking into my skin as they move as fast as their little legs would carry them. It may be the smarter direction... but there's no way they'll be able to get down from there, either. If they don't have parachutes they're basically fucked no matter where they go.


"What are you...?"
Meant for that to come out a lot more forceful. Yeah. Not... like that. I'm really out of it. Haven't felt like this after waking up for like... a week. Partying means I come across this feeling a lot, but there's not a goddamn ounce of alcohol in my system even though this feels a lot like a hangover. My head's pounding, my neck is stiff, and there's a strange sense of warmth all over me. What did I even do...?
Oh. Right. Remembering the day I've had already is getting me a bit excited. God, I'm fucking hot.



Too bad these little... military guys? Soldiers? Whatever. I'm calling them little fucks. These *little* fucks would never be able to appreciate my looks. I mean look at them. They're walking all over me like I'm just regular ground, and not the most sacred thing they've ever laid eyes upon. No, these guys must *still* think they stand some kind of fucking chance of stopping me. Maybe that's my fault. Maybe I'm not a good enough teacher for them to still find some sort of comfort in trying to learn more about me as if that's going to make a difference.

With a mighty yawn I could feel my huge tits wobble across my chest, making the men standing atop them struggle to maintain their footing. It was funny. The ones looking at me didn't appreciate that, but what are they gonna do about it? In fact, they just have to stand there and watch as I raise my right hand up from where it was laying. The shadow it cast over my tit fell right over some of them, and I could hear even the ones standing on the opposite boob start screaming.



I'll get to them soon enough. For now I've got some cowardly little men trying to run away from my overwhelming presence.

Then it gets... weird? Like, I don't know how to fucking put it. I've touched and squeezed my tits a hundred thousand times today alone... but it feels different now. Like my entire body is warmer. Softer. Like my boobs are more pliant and squishy than they were before I fell asleep. Like I'm operating under a new set of physics or gravity. I've never felt so *alive* before.

The sensation is enough to melt away any residing sleepiness left behind. I feel like my whole body's been refreshed. I guess even a bad nap can have that effect! Especially because the little feet stepping on me are sending little jolts of pleasure through the rest of my body. I can swear I can even feel my nipple stiffen up just from this.


But as quickly as it begins it comes to an end. My spread open palm is enough to swat all the little people on my tit, sending a ripple through the huge fucking thing. I swear my diet of humans has done wonders for my body. They've just grown so much since this all began. It reminds me of a phrase I heard a lot growing up. Usually from flat-chested bitches.
"Anything more than a handful is a waste!" They would say. Like it was some fucking slice of wisdom and I should be ashamed for being so fucking hot. Fuck those people. They're stupid. Right now both of my hands together couldn't even cup one of my tits and all I want is more.


Not just more tits of course. After a certain point that could become a bit cumbersome. I just want more... everything. These army dicks running all over me may be fucking tiny, but it would be even better if they were smaller. If I wake up to a crowd of people on my body I want it to look like I fell asleep on the beach the people are so small. Except, unlike sand, they wouldn't fall off when I tried to brush them away. They'd just go pop and turn from something living into little red smears that would disappear only a few seconds later.
Fuck. I guess one advantage of them not being that small is each individual crush feels a lot better. Now I kind of wish there was more of them. Maybe a hundred or more would be more satisfying?


"RUN! SHE'S AWAKE!!!"
Ah. Right. There's more. Fun as it may be, I can't just sit here feeling my boob wobble and squish between my fingers all day. There's a whole battalion of little assholes who think they can get away now and they really want to prove it's possible.



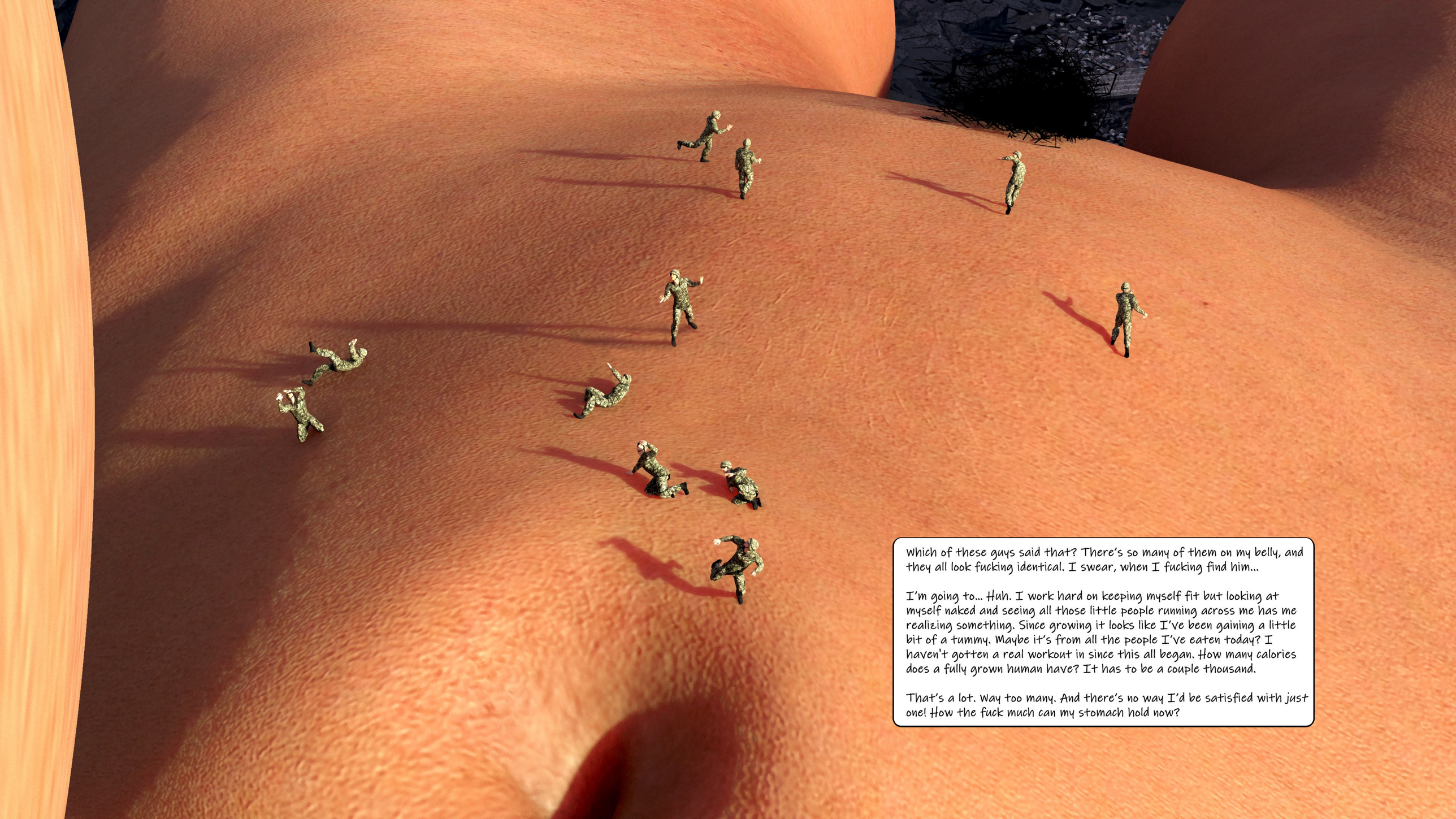
While his buddies around him kept sprinting as fast as their tiny little legs would allow, one of the guys stopped running and looked directly at me. At first I thought he was just being stupid, but then he started waving his hands and trying to get my attention.

That's when I realized he was being *really* stupid. I could tell he was saying *something*, but I couldn't quite make out what it was. I think I heard my name mixed into the sounds, so I'm just going to assume he's begging me to crush him so hard that his own family won't recognize him.

Well, jokes on him. Since he stopped running the only thing I could focus on was how small he was. I haven't gotten a lot of opportunities to see little people this close up since I began growing. After a point they all just start to blend together. Like when you step into an anthill for fun. What makes this ant different than the thousands of others today?


Nothing.
"FUN'S OVER!" I announced. I meant for it to sound playful, if a little mean-spirited, but I guess I hadn't fully shaken off my grogginess just yet. My voice echoed around the area, rumbling my chest and producing a number of small squeals from the people whose eardrums I undoubtedly popped just now. If I had the patience of a saint I'd let them run for as long as possible. Just so I can make sure to destroy their hopes at the last possible moment.
Or... I can just crush them now? If they don't like it then they can blame Krystal. A lifetime of instant gratification and of course I don't want to wait. Even I recognize that about me. It's just never fucking mattered before, and it's not about to start right now.


Especially because I could do this all day. God. How long was I out for? Why does feeling my tits mash and roll around in my hands feel sooo much better now than it did before? I don't think anything happened after I fell asleep to change, did it? My tits are real, and they always have been. They shouldn't feel any different.
"KEEP RUNNING! SHE'S TOO SLOW TO CATCH US!"
...what? What the *fuck* did that guy just say?

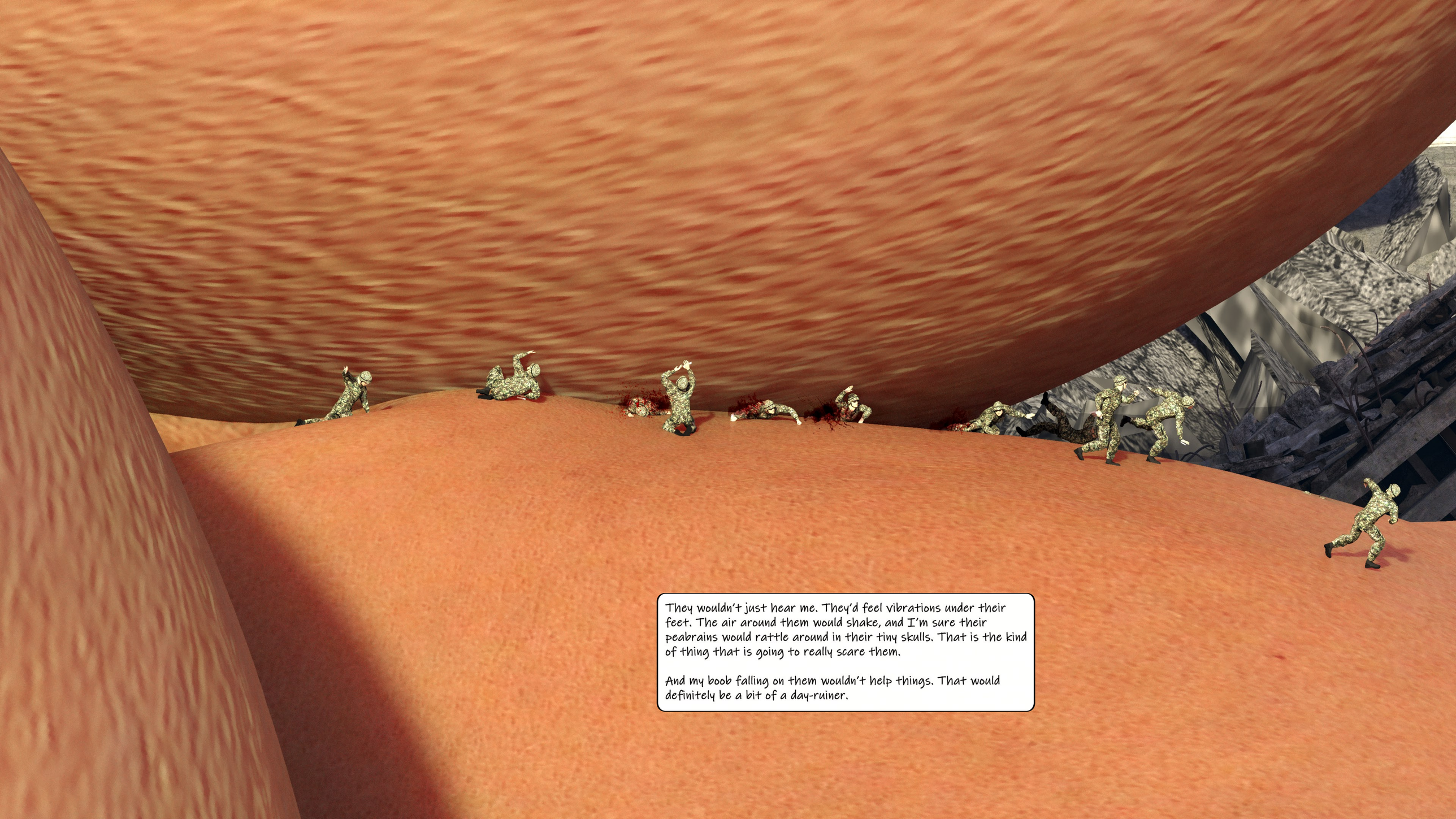


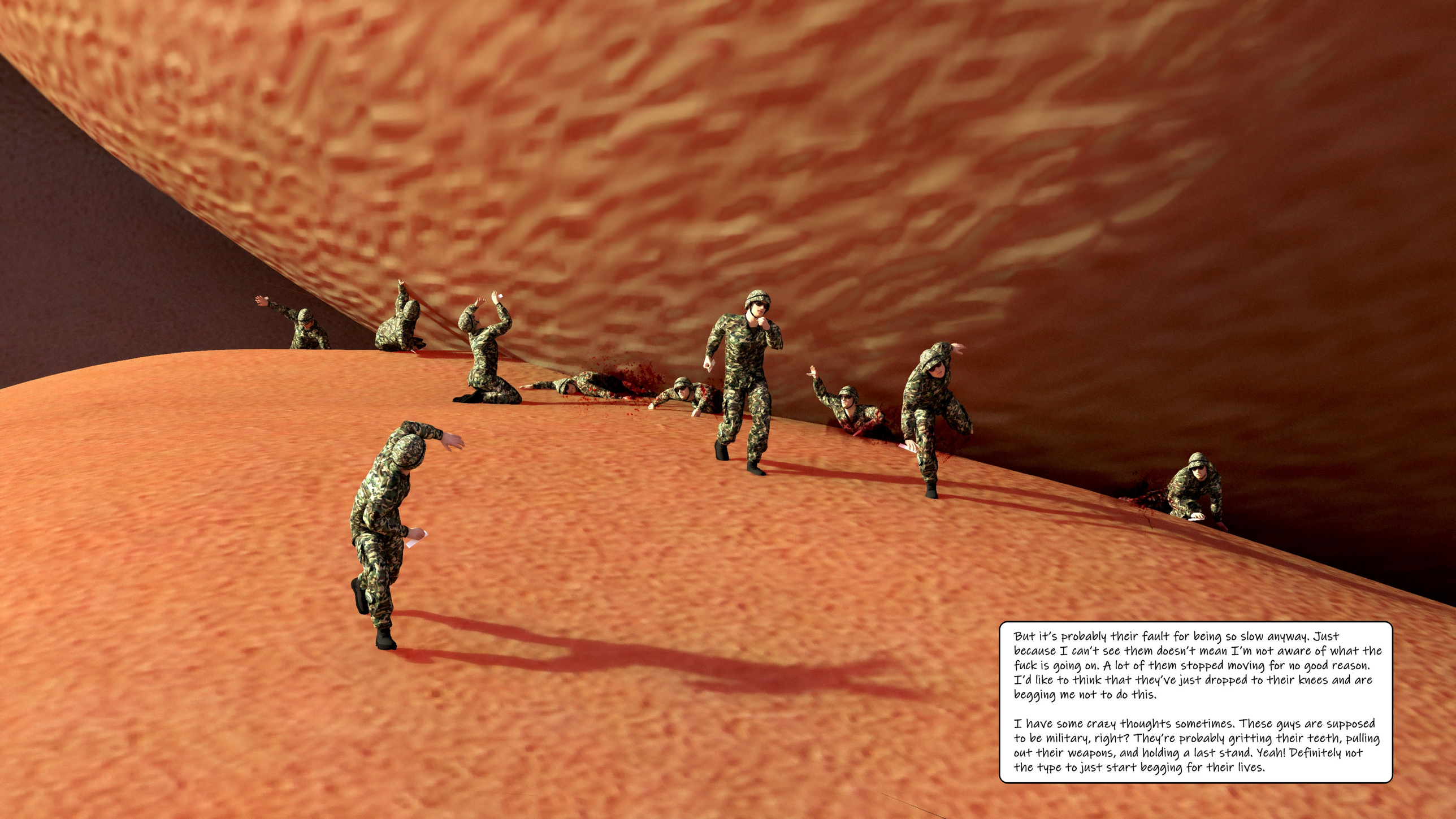
Which of these guys said that? There's so many of them on my belly, and they all look fucking identical. I swear, when I fucking find him...

I'm going to... Huh. I work hard on keeping myself fit but looking at myself naked and seeing all those little people running across me has me realizing something. Since growing it looks like I've been gaining a little bit of a tummy. Maybe it's from all the people I've eaten today? I haven't gotten a real workout in since this all began. How many calories does a fully grown human have? It has to be a couple thousand.

That's a lot. Way too many. And there's no way I'd be satisfied with just one! How the fuck much can my stomach hold now?


Shit! Right! The little...
Fuck it. I'll just get rid of all of them at once.
"WHAT ARE THESE LITTLE BUGS DOING ALL OVER ME?! I'M GOING TO CRUSH YOU!"
That sounds like the kind of thing that would scare these baby-brained weirdos. Maybe I'm playing up into giant people stereotypes, but if they get scared of me then I'm fine with that. I wanted to make these guys squirm, and it seemed like it would be the most effective way to accomplish exactly that. I've thrown hundreds of dirty looks at people in my life and I'm well-versed in how far that will take me. A threatening movement or lifting one of my boobs will help, but yelling at them is probably the scariest thing in the world for them.


They wouldn't just hear me. They'd feel vibrations under their feet. The air around them would shake, and I'm sure their peabrains would rattle around in their tiny skulls. That is the kind of thing that is going to really scare them.
And my boob falling on them wouldn't help things. That would definitely be a bit of a day-ruiner.



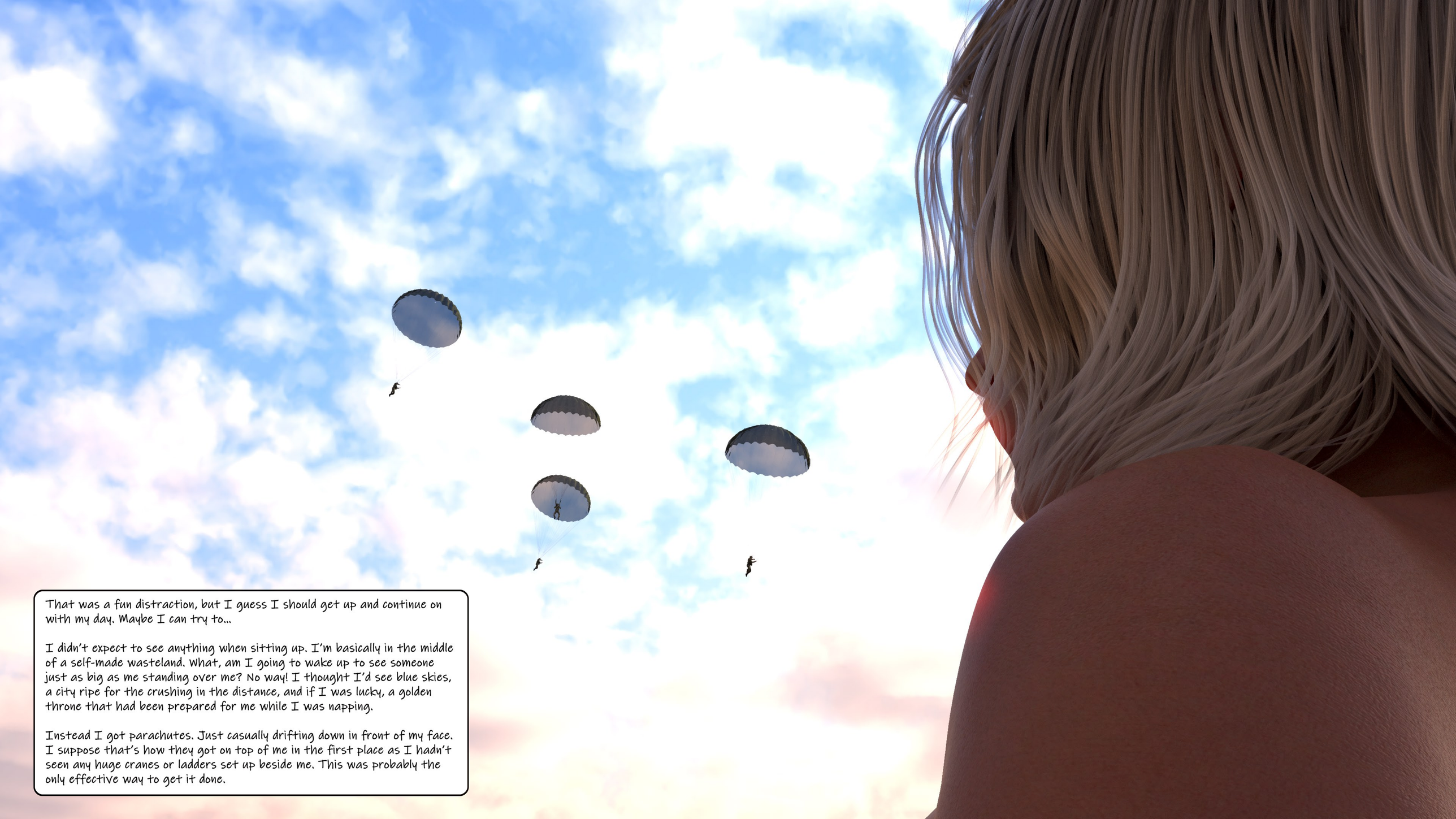
But it's probably their fault for being so slow anyway. Just because I can't see them doesn't mean I'm not aware of what the fuck is going on. A lot of them stopped moving for no good reason. I'd like to think that they've just dropped to their knees and are begging me not to do this.

I have some crazy thoughts sometimes. These guys are supposed to be military, right? They're probably gritting their teeth, pulling out their weapons, and holding a last stand. Yeah! Definitely not the type to just start begging for their lives.


Either action has the same result, though.
If they fight, they lose. Their weapons aren't powerful enough to penetrate my skin. They don't have the muscle mass to break it with knives. They're too weak to hold up any of my tits. They're too small to do anything but RUN.
That's what they're going to do, of course. At least the smart ones. I can feel some trying not to be crushed right now because they didn't make that smart choice.


A couple close calls with my boobs and any hopes they have of trying to stay on top of me is quashed. The rest keep running while I'm sitting up, and I can feel how much fucking faster they're running after that little threat. Some of them clearly aren't even thinking anymore, as they just want to get off of my body at all fucking costs. If that means diving off my crotch without any way of breaking their falls, well, that's their choice. Not sure why they have to go that way, though. Surely they could try running down the sides of my body? Or...
Then it hit me. My tits are fucking HUGE.


Obviously. Anyone could tell that just looking at me. But they're really big. I hadn't really thought the logistics of that over, but now I can feel it firsthand. The simple act of sitting up consumed all the space on my torso. My huge tits were like massive steamrollers headed straight for them with no regard for anything in their path, and I could feel the bottom of a boob even squish into my naked pussy.
So all the little guys trying to run down my body for survival didn't really have a choice. They had to either leap to certain death as if my pussy was a diving board, or just let the tit come down onto them.
Tough choice for them. I'm glad so many took the former option, though. Tiny feet running over my pussy is a good way to wake up.



That was a fun distraction, but I guess I should get up and continue on with my day. Maybe I can try to...

I didn't expect to see anything when sitting up. I'm basically in the middle of a self-made wasteland. What, am I going to wake up to see someone just as big as me standing over me? No way! I thought I'd see blue skies, a city ripe for the crushing in the distance, and if I was lucky, a golden throne that had been prepared for me while I was napping.

Instead I got parachutes. Just casually drifting down in front of my face. I suppose that's how they got on top of me in the first place as I hadn't seen any huge cranes or ladders set up beside me. This was probably the only effective way to get it done.


No... not only parachutes. But a lot of them! I thought there were only a few but after actually looking around there has to be well over a dozen of the little would-be intruders upon my personal space! Some looked like they had ditched whatever aircraft had been carrying them now that I was sitting up, while others were helplessly as their chutes and gravity kept them on a crash course straight for me.
And that's when I made a tiny mistake. It's not my fault, obviously. I bet most people would have screamed their lungs out at the sight. Probably would've started crying, and begging for mercy. Hell, I should be commended because instead of reacting like a huge pussy...


I gasped.
The thought that something that small, and subtle would have a big effect never occurred to me. But as soon as I took a breath I watched two of the parachutes nearest my face begin to twirl uncontrollably. Before I could try and change what I was doing, I felt something small hit my tongue as the suction vacuumed the pair of paratroopers right into my mouth.


There was a moment. Just a brief one, where they realized what had happened. Their dumb little trip down to the ground ended abruptly when they were sucked out of their path and straight for the inside of my mouth. The wonderful view of my huge, naked body was gone. Replaced with the dark cavern inside of my mouth. And they were just forced right into it, nothing they could possibly do to slow or stop themselves. A completely unavoidable fate.
Watching the events that will lead directly to your death must be traumatizing.


It's funny. For all their bragging about how strong and tough you have to be in the army... these guys were really acting like fucking pussies. You've never heard someone sob like a newborn until you feel them smack your tongue. I'm sure they were armed to the teeth, but right now all they could do was scramble to my lips and try to get out.
I'm the real victim here, of course. I mean, obviously I was going to swallow them, but they didn't even fucking taste good! All that stupid gear they were carrying just tasted like dirt! Not like the other people I've swallowed today. They always tasted so unique, and-..



A sudden, terrible idea enters my mind.

I've eaten so many people today. I never gave too much thought about what made them so enjoyable to treat like little more than pieces of popcorn until just now. The way these guys are screaming... is it possible that... maybe? Just maybe... one of them might have lost control of themselves? And that the taste I've been associating with eating people this whole time has been...?

I swallowed.


Nope. Nope nope nope. I'm not fucking thinking about that anymore. Obviously they taste the way they do because... of their skin color! Or hair color! Or just their genitals? Tits are sweet and milky, while...
Fuck it. I'm going to forget this ever happened. Swallowing someone with a parachute is a lot more irritating than swallowing other people. The lines on the chute were super long and took awhile to go down. I know what you're thinking. It'd be like eating spaghetti, right?
WRONG! IDIOT! It was one of the most unpleasant things I've had to feel slide down my throat. If the strings weren't so thin it probably would've made me choke!



"FUCK!"

There's a lot of sharp screaming as tiny guys clutch their ears after that one. I guess not being able to cover your ears when I scream in your presence is a bad idea. But it's their own fucking fault! One of the little fuckers just *had* to go and land on my eyebrow. Which, sure, isn't *that* bad, but it distracted me from the real annoyance. A second, way stupider guy landed directly onto my eyeball.

The soldiers themselves are panicking now, but fuck them. I'm the one who got poked in the eye like I'm a fucking stooge! I can already see the fucking headlines mocking me right now. All for something that's not even my fault! Anyone would have shouted like that after getting poked in the eye! Because getting poked in the eye *sucks*! Now imagine getting a whole-ass man stuck there. And he's probably got a gun, too! And a knife! Oh, when those fuckers over at Mockr find out about-


Instantly a little of my irritation melts away. Well, I guess I don't have to worry about at least one shitrag of a site putting out articles over this.
"Fucking asshole..." I muttered, bringing two fingers up to scrape the guy on my eye away. I'm not taking any chances. If tank shells can't hurt me then I'm sure bullets won't do any better, but that's on the rest of my body. Eyes are fucking sensitive, and this guy didn't even attack mine but I still certainly felt that. I suppose this is just another advantage those flat-chested bitches from my youth never considered. When you've got huge tits and you're standing a thousand feet tall, nobody at ground level can get a good shot at sensitive spots like the eyes.


As for the paratrooper? What do I fucking care? I swiped him aside like a piece of trash, and whatever happened to him, happened. I've seen videos of parachutes that get tangled up when falling so he's probably going to die a stupid death but I've got more important things to worry about. Like whether or not the guy in my other asshole fucked up my immaculately-plucked eyebrows.



"Oh no you don't..." I muttered, feeling tiny limbs get tangled up in my eyebrows. I'm sure the disgust in my voice is palpable, and the guy who's trying his best to break free really picks up the pace as my finger comes for him.

Thankfully since this one's not touching my eye directly I don't have to be nearly as careful. One finger is enough to immobilize him, and I can hear all the air get forcibly ejected from his lungs on contact. Tiny hands are beating against the pad of my finger now, as if this actually hurts. Why would it? I take *great* care of my hands! Even if they've done a lot of fucked up shit today they're still soft, and probably still smell like cocoa butter. He should be thanking me that his final moments get to be spent with his idol!

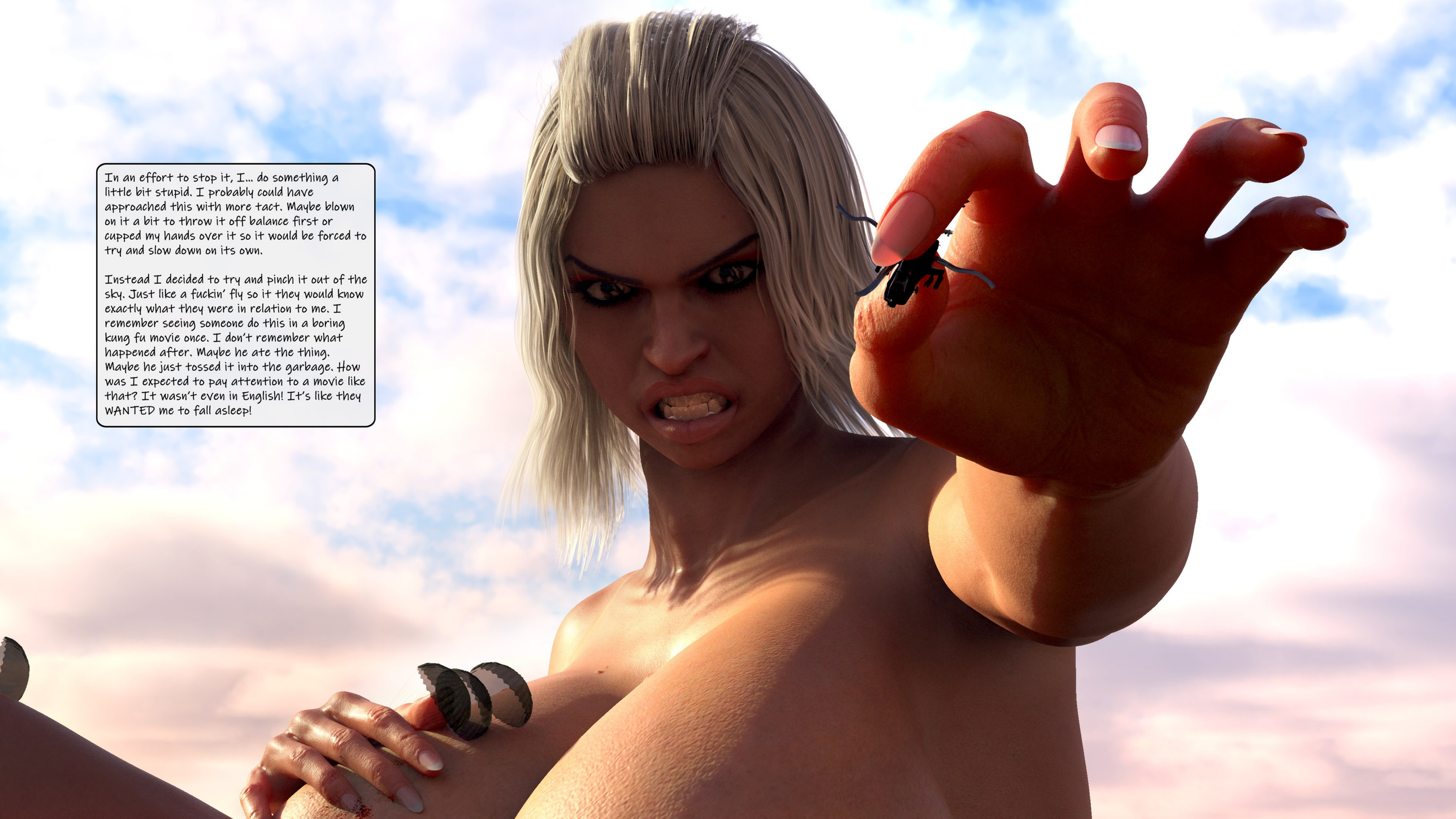

All it takes is a little pressure with my nail and he's done for. It's almost poetic. But more than that it's a little bloody as I scrape him down from his perch and feel him get skewered by my eyelashes. At least that's what it feels like. I'm not entirely sure if my hair is that strong yet, but I can definitely feel his warm remains move down my face.
All I know for certain is that the sight of it... the feeling of a man dying from something so little is just... I mean. All these trained, heavily-armed men hadn't done shit to me. And I didn't even have to try to get rid of them. It's all just...


...Kind of pissing me off.
Here I am. Beauty guru. Reality star. Ultra-popular celebrity Kaylee Kloss trying to just have a nice FUCKING nap, and I can't even do that much! These guys are worse than paparazzi! What if I'd been trying to work on my tan?! I swear, these little fucks just have to come and ruin everything they touch! Let me do what I want, and we won't have any trouble! Fuck!
With a flick of my fingers I rid myself of the little soldier who was already little more than a red smear. I was hoping to go through my normal post-wakeup ritual of masturbating, but this has soured my mood. I may be drop-dead gorgeous, but I'm not a porn star. I'm not into gangbangs and there's way too many fucking guys here!


I can hear the blades of a helicopter nearby. Looking down, I can see a chopper coming by to try and rescue the men who had the misfortune of landing directly onto my tits after I got rid of the first group. What do these guys even think they're doing? What, are they going to go after a vein and try to stab me there? Newsflash dumbasses, there's no way they have the strength to pierce my skin. They're not like fire ants who can actually sting a person in a way that hurts. They're worse than bugs!
And if there's one thing I can't fucking abide, it's letting bugs crawl all over me. Luckily, I have something a hundred times more effective than a flyswatter on me. It's called my right hand, and it's a lot bigger than these little guys.


SWAT!
God, I love my tits. I hardly care at all about the guys who were under my fingers from doing that. I'm more interested in watching how long the slap made my tits jiggle. For as soft as they are I can still feel their hefty weight shift around on my torso with every movement I make. I'm sure it's a strange sight to anyone still nearby. The look of disgust on my face while my lips gradually turn up into a smile from admiring myself.
They're probably all jealous. Men, women, and everything in-between. Every person who has had the opportunity to touch one of my tits today has paid the ultimate price. It's not a great track record, but I look so damn good it's not stopping them from trying!


But it looks like SOMEONE is trying to get away. It's been a while since any aircraft tried coming so close to me, but a helicopter specifically only means one thing to me. They were probably trying to collect some of the soldiers on top of me and carry them away to safety. I don't even know if they succeeded in doing so. Maybe that little thing is jam-packed full of soldiers pissing themselves in fear now that they know they're in my sight.
I do know that the sound of those blades is really, *really* fucking annoying though!


In an effort to stop it, I... do something a little bit stupid. I probably could have approached this with more tact. Maybe blown on it a bit to throw it off balance first or cupped my hands over it so it would be forced to try and slow down on its own.
Instead I decided to try and pinch it out of the sky. Just like a fuckin' fly so it they would know exactly what they were in relation to me. I remember seeing someone do this in a boring kung fu movie once. I don't remember what happened after. Maybe he ate the thing. Maybe he just tossed it into the garbage. How was I expected to pay attention to a movie like that? It wasn't even in English! It's like they WANTED me to fall asleep!


Biting into it, though...
There was an idea.
This wasn't a fly, after all. It wasn't disgusting, full of guts and diseases and making irritating noises. At least not anymore. The blades that were sturdy enough and spun fast enough to carry the entire thing into the sky weren't even strong enough to break my skin. They broke against my nails and all I could hear now were the tiny alarms blaring inside of the thing, along with what I'm pretty sure were screams for help from a pilot.


So I bit down to shut him up.
There's a lot about military equipment I don't understand. Why the fuck would you make a helicopter that explodes when you bite into it? That sounds like a huge design flaw, and I wouldn't let this stand if I were in charge. They should be thanking me for revealing to everyone how shoddily made these things are. The fireball wasn't particularly hot, but it was still an unexpected bit of spiciness.
And I'm not big into spice. Like, why make food hot? Nobody needs to eat anything spicy! When I'm in charge I'm going to ban all peppers from cooking. Nobody needs them.


Ugh. I don't feel like finishing this off anymore. I remember back in the day mom would always get so upset when I took food I didn't like out of my mouth. She would insist that I eat it or put it into a napkin to throw away like a normal person. Then I would make someone else do that for me because why should I bother?
I'm anything but *normal* now, and if I don't like the taste of something...


Then fuck it.
I'm not obligated to live by anyone's rules anymore. That helicopter tasted like hot, metal ass, so it got tossed aside. Half-eaten, soaked in saliva, and probably full of freshly-charred bodies. Maybe they'll fill the next chopper up with something that tastes better before sending it my way. I'm sure there's some chef out there who can figure out a way to fill a helicopter with chocolate. Or a cake. Or maybe just like 20 soldiers so that they're enough to overpower the flavor of steel.


And while thinking about that... I've come to realize that I'm alone again. That's it. No more people. I've had my fun with everyone who came to visit me while I was asleep, and now there's nobody around. It's just me, sitting here in the throne I've created for myself. No buildings to look at. Nobody to admire or lavish praise unto me. Not a single soul prostrating themselves in front of my toes. Nobody to say that I'm the greatest thing they've ever laid eyes on.
It really makes you think.


Think that it's time to get the fuck out of here! God DAMN! I really did a fucking number on this neighborhood! There's not even enough to fucking rebuild! I'm just... Just...
I should just go. With a yawn and an arch of my back I could feel my tits slide around my chest with their newfound scale, and wondered what I should do next. Any more notable landmarks nearby that would enjoy a visit from me? If those military guys were still around that could mean yet another attack is oncoming, or something.



I start running through plans. What do I do with the next untouched neighborhood or group of people I find? The people will be running away, obviously. They're predictable like that. You'd think one of them might realize that this hasn't helped anyone before them, but they'll probably die before they give up that plan of action. And I'd be happy to facilitate that swift death. Yeah... I can like, step on them. Yeah! They'll pop between my toes while crying and begging for a second chance to worship me the way they should have and I'll look down on them and be like, "Ha! That's what you get for being so small!"

The more I think, the more cringey I think this all sounds. This is what I've been doing all day up until now... but it just feels more *natural* when living in the moment. Lording over lesser people is always more fun in practice than in theory. Hell, I knew that even before growing. Don't know how often I had to send threatening cease-and-desists to people who tried showing footage of my life to the general public. Maybe if those critics tried kicking a man-servant around a few times themselves they'd know how good it feels.


Well, whatever. I can't just sit here all day. The earth itself protests while I pull myself back up to my feet, and I can feel that familiar sensation of sinking into the ground. Standing up to my full, fantastic height has been a continuously awe-inspiring act. Every bit of growth changes my point of view enough to make it exhilarating all over again. And I am a living monument to the excesses of humanity, a shining beacon that stands above all of civilization as I effortlessly dominate the skyline with my size.
Or, you know, something flowery and fancy like that. I deserve a fucking poet to write about my every movement! I can't do all this shit myself! And I deserve only the best. Maybe Dr. Seuss... or whoever the big names in poetry are these days. Or maybe I could just use some people to step on and eat. Either option is sounding pretty good right now.


It's crazy how big this stupid fucking city is. I'm so fucking big that nothing, and I mean nothing can compare to my size. I'm basically walking around fucking legoland like this. There hasn't been a single person who can clear the height of just my toes for ages now, and I can move so much faster that their escape will only work for as long as I allow it.
And yet, for as big as I fucking am, there's still so much of this city I have yet to even lay a finger on. So much untouched real estate just looking to get converted into fresh wasteland.


It's almost overwhelming in its own way. There's so much to see, so much to try out, so much to experience. I can still remember what it was like to be the size of all those little people. Walking among these buildings that blocked the view of everything around. Now I can see everything in the city for miles around. Not a single building comes close!
But, really, I only have one goal in mind.
APARTMENTS
TETLEYS
EUROCAR
GOAD
TEPCO
Juice


I want to get my bearings. Go for a short walk. Let the people know that my nap has finished, and I will resume pulverizing their civilization for my own enjoyment.

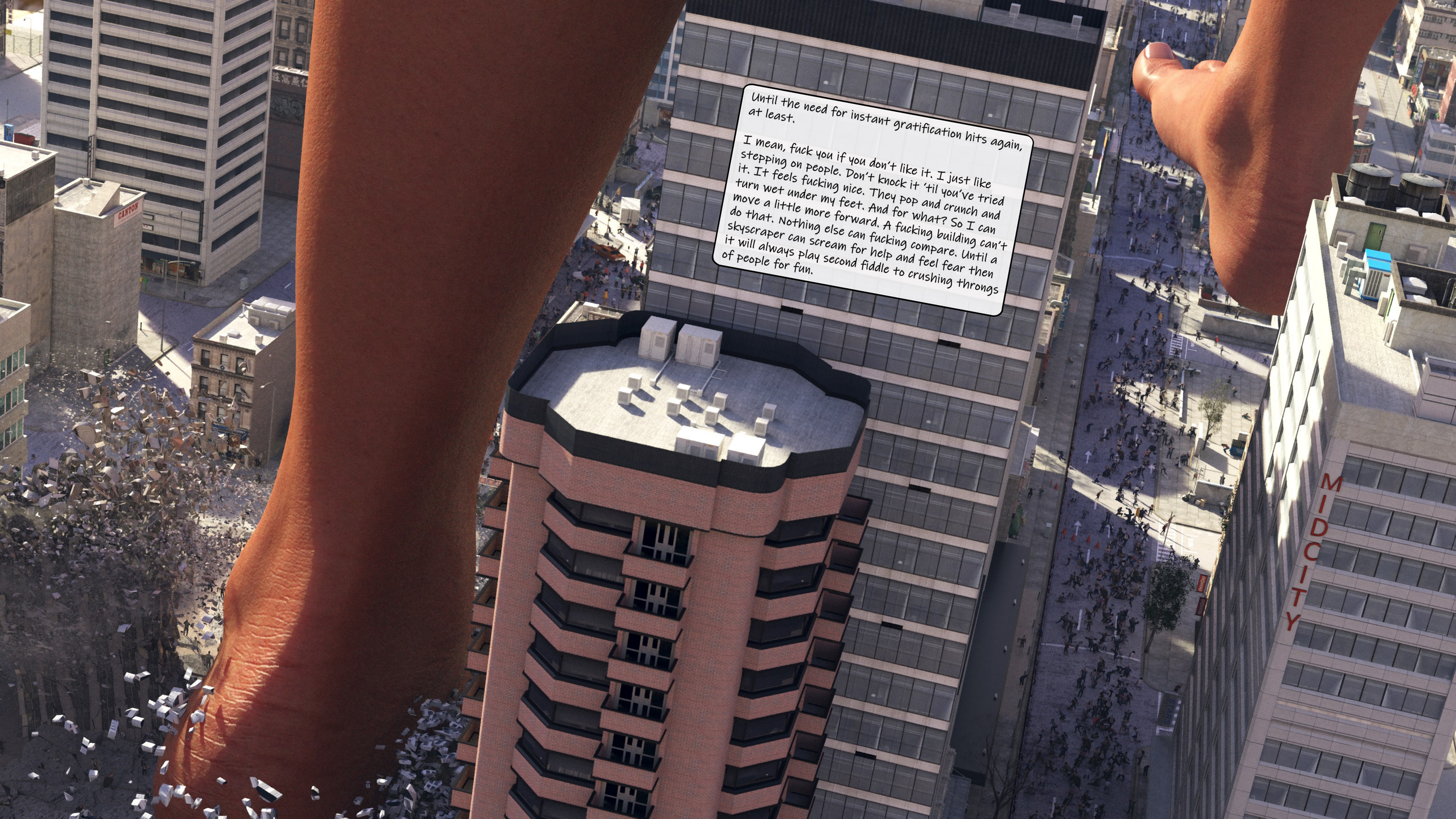
Maybe, time permitting, I can even grow some more.

A lot more. I don't think I'll be fully satisfied until this entire city fits under just one of my feet! No... a single toe! Yeah! I want to be able to crush most of this state when I take a single step. Then and only then will I be truly satisfied. That sounds like a good, noble goal... but for now I can just be happy at my current size. There's so much to see, and it all just feels so... interesting now.


That's different. Before, my foot was narrow enough to fit on most streets. When I wanted to be careful, I could walk around without smashing any buildings... *Usually*. But now, I can't take a step down a normal-sized street without smashing the buildings on both sides. it's like an explosion went off. My foot coming down just breaks apart everything in its path and sends a shower of debris raining below. It feels so fucking cool!


It's not even close to being done, too. With a hard CRASH my foot slammed straight into the ground, sending out a ripple that throws bodies and cars alike in every direction while more rubble sprinkles harmlessly onto my toes. It's so fine I don't even feel the actual people that were under me. It almost makes my toes feel gritty there's so much stuff falling all over them.
I have to fucking do that again. Holy shit. I should've grown this big years ago!


Seeing just how big my stride is will never get old. All these little people are probably hoping that they can get away from me in time. And they have to have some semblance of faith that it will actually work, right? Why keep running as fast as their little legs will carry you unless you think you genuinely have a chance? Otherwise you'll die tired and with sore legs! And there's probably some who don't get a lot of exercise and may just drop dead from all the activity before I even get to them!
Meanwhile I'm at a less than leisurely pace. If I walked normally I would have caught up within a single step. A slow walk would have taken two. Right now I was moving at a snail's pace, and I was *still* on track to overtake them.


Until the need for instant gratification hits again, at least.
I mean, fuck you if you don't like it. I just like stepping on people. Don't knock it 'til you've tried it. It feels fucking nice. They pop and crunch and turn wet under my feet. And for what? So I can move a little more forward. A fucking building can't do that. Nothing else can fucking compare. Until a skyscraper can scream for help and feel fear then it will always play second fiddle to crushing throngs of people for fun.
CANYON
MIDCITY


The crowds seem extra dense, too. Where have all these people been hiding? Don't they know there's been a state of emergency declared?
At least, I fucking hope they did. It would be really, really embarrassing if, even after all of this, they hadn't considered me enough of a threat to sound the alarms. I'm having fun, too! At least an earthquake can't be blamed for bringing buildings down. They have to know I'm way more dangerous than every natural disaster put on this planet combined. I should thank my little living carpet for all the wonderful sensations it's providing me!


I mean, I won't. They're not part of this willingly. There has to be well over a hundred of them able to fit under a single foot now. It's probably cliche to say but it's true. They really do look like a swarm of ants running along in my shadow now. Before I even hit them I can feel the buildings nearby start to break apart under me. My foot's too fucking big to even fit onto a street now! It is quite literally impossible for me to walk through a city without causing millions of dollars worth of property damage.
All to step on some little ants. Except... they aren't ants at all. They're people.
SOAP
TEPCO
HOTEL
LOA


Ants don't really have a sense of self-preservation. They just move together, uncaring of any in their ranks who don't survive whatever their current goal is. Their total loyalty is to the queen. Totally and completely. They carry out their jobs dutifully like the drones that they are and ask for nothing.
They wouldn't be all that bothered by, say, a foot that has been worked on by nail artists that cost thousands of dollars per hour coming down on them. They wouldn't care. Anyone caught underneath has no one but themselves to blame. Ants are simple, stupid, and docile.
LOANS



Never thought I'd say this... but I think I might like ants more than humans, now. People should be more like insects! They lack any sort of an outer skeleton to protect them from threats, though I guess I'm big enough that an exoskeleton wouldn't make a difference. You get stepped on by Kaylee and you're going squish whether it's in steel armor or your birthday. They fight for their own survival and throw their fellow man aside if it means they can get out of range. Not that that matters either, as I'm so fucking big that nobody, and I mean nobody, is going to be able to get away. It really just makes those people in their final moments look like complete dicks.

One advantage humans have over ants is their minds. People have feelings and thoughts, though I'm sure the only thing they're thinking about right now is how much they wished they were anywhere fucking else. Or maybe they want to ask where I got my nails done. Jokes on them, they couldn't fucking afford it anyway! They should be proud that this is how they'll be going out! Do they know how fucking often I moisturize? There's hardly any feet worth being pulverized under more than mine.


Fucking pissants. Can't even appreciate something nice being done for them. There are so many worse ways to die! Do they have any idea how many buildings I've knocked over since I started growing? How many people were running away from me only to get pelted by a 500 pound concrete brick from behind? Only a complete idiot would take a death like that compared to being stepped on.
My foot is like fucking heaven compared to that. It's warm. It's soft. I spend a lot of fucking money on upkeep, and I'm hot as hell. I should've gotten into the stepping on people game even before I grew.


"You can run faster than that!" I taunted, feeling a bit of excitement begin to come over me again. I fucking love reminding myself of just how great I am. This whole day has been a crazy series of events that I don't think I'll ever forget. I can't think of another time in my life that I've been this fucking ecstatic! There's too much bullshit to deal with in the tiny world below me. This is what I was always meant to fucking be. I've taken my true place far above humanity! I'm a real fucking GODDESS!


Now I'm REALLY getting into it. I can not stop a file from forming on my face. No more walking around like normal and letting them think they have a chance. Fuck that. I stamp my foot down like I've got a grudge against bugs, and the effects are so much more drastic than taking a normal step. The ground explodes beneath me and the surrounding buildings fall apart as if they'd been detonated from the inside. More debris rains all over my toes, pelting some souls unlucky enough to have survived the stomp and probably taking a few more lives.


I scrunched my toes in the mess left behind, and pulled my foot away. Try as I might to maintain the look of a stoic ruler come to trod upon her subjects I just fucking can't. A smile invariably forms on my face and I can feel more tingles run through me. My nipples are beginning to stand on end, and while I move my foot up to glance at the aftermath I can only feel a powerful sense of arousal come over me.
More. I need fucking more. This isn't nearly enough!


Another step forward. I wish I had a fucking calculator to know exactly how much damage I'm doing. I bet even our family's fortune couldn't hope to pay for what I'd done since waking up alone, much less my entire day. I've become a true force of nature. Insurance contracts will go bankrupt trying to fulfill claims using the Kaylee Kloss clause.
I'm having too much fucking fun. I bet any person here wishes they had the good fortune I have. To have been the one who got to grow like this. Well too bad little fucks! This is the kind of opportunity only *important* people get!


Sorry! Size and status like this only goes to people who are worthy, and if you aren't in my tax bracket then you probably wouldn't even be able to appreciate it! I can only imagine some average schmuck getting the chance to be this big. They'd probably try and like, plant trees or something. Ugh. So boring. There's a damn good reason I was the one who got to grow like this. Some bizarre force beyond reality that knew I would have the most fun with this.
Even now, walking over the city I can feel the eyes on me. There's plenty of people who aren't directly in my path and are getting to see more of me than they ever thought they would. Every building I walk over has hundreds of pairs of eyes locking eyes with my naked form.


Let them watch. I can come back for them later. After I grow a bit more, of course. For now my goals are all the little people who think they can get away on the ground. And they're doing a bad fucking job of it, too. Every time I move forward to take a step I can feel the remains of those who came before making my feet stick to the ground. I'm carving a fresh path of destruction through the city, and leaving quite the fucking mess for those poor little people to sort through later. Big footprints filled with traces of red and half-filled with building materials. Just a fucking nightmare to clean up.


But... leaving behind a mess is a bit too much kindness, I think. A sense of comfort comes from knowing a loved one at least died a quick, painless death. I don't want anyone thinking I'm soft. If I'm going to be the ruler of this stupid planet then I'm going to make sure everyone fucking knows what they're dealing with, and that they're fucking scared.
The name Kaylee Kloss needs to mean something. More than it already does!


I need to be perceived as unpredictable, and merciless. If people are going to have the audacity to try and live in my world then they have to deal with whatever happens.
And there's no better way of showing them how little they mean than to fucking eat them. None. I don't even have to be careful when I do it! There's so many of the little guys running around I can just smash my fingers into the street and rip up huge chunks of it to collect anyone in front of me.
NACHOS
Energy Drinks
NOW WITH BUBBLES
Juice


I don't know how many I have in my hand. Maybe a lot. Maybe it's only a few. I can't be bothered to count. That would make it seem like it matters. And I don't want my future little snacks growing an ego and thinking I care. Or that I have any idea of what I'm going to be doing next.
Because I don't. I'm new to this whole Goddess ruling over humanity kind of thing. It's not like I could have taken a class on how to inspire loyalty and fear in the weak back at college. All I can do is wing it, but I have a feeling it ultimately doesn't matter.


Because watching me eat a handful of people will never not be fucking scary to them. Even better, watching me not being particularly careful when doing it will only make it worse. They'll know I'm not doing this for fucking food. I wouldn't be so haphazard and let them rain all over my body like this if I were. I'm doing it for pure, simple enjoyment.
Killing them makes me happy.


That's the kind of thing I thought I'd never say. It's probably the kind of thing that would end up on the front of every newspaper, though. Or Kayleepapers, as they will be called after I take control of everything. Maybe that means there's something wrong with me, but I doubt it. I've never felt smarter and more alive than I have since growing so much!
Hungry? Not so much.


Well... maybe a *little*.
There was a lot of screaming and crying when I let people fall from between my fingers. That was to be expected. But the escalation that comes from actively opening my hand and letting them all fall together is what really sells it.
Not all of them are going to make it into my mouth. I'm essentially wasting food. But that's fine. I can afford it. The ones that make it will serve their purpose, and I'll get some a nice snack in the end. Hopefully clean ones that can keep themselves under control until they make it into my stomach. Whatever happens from there is free game.


I very quickly realize that a lot of them aren't going to make it. Like, way more than I intended. Why does gravity have to be such a fucking bitch? Look at me! I've got incredible hand-eye coordination and I could have bounced all of these people off of a building to have them land flawlessly into my mouth if I wanted them to! The fact that so many of them are bouncing off my lips, falling between my tits, or just falling all the way down to the ground below is actually just something I intended. No mistakes here!
And anyone who doesn't believe me can bring their concerns directly to me.



All in all I'd say only about half of them actually made it into my mouth. On a normal day that would've been bad, but when you're as big as I am that means the things that don't make it have to fall. And there's a long way down from where I'm standing to the ground. It's not a fall that will be over in just a second, and I don't think any of it's going to survive the trip intact.

While I'm thinking this over I can feel all the little people who actually did make it writhing around inside of my mouth. Tiny feet trampling over one another in a desperate bid to survive as they're all trapped on my tongue. Fists and feet attacking my teeth in the hopes of, I don't know, giving me a toothache or something. I'll never understand the thought process behind someone who's been eaten.

And thankfully, I'll never have to.



After I've gotten as much enjoyment as I think I can I just tilt my head back, and swallow. I don't even have to do that much. The simple pull of gravity and the wetness inside of my mouth sends everything inside down a slow avalanche of spit down my throat. No amount of fighting against it is going to change that. They would need tons of climbing equipment to try and prevent it, and I doubt any of them came prepared for that.

The tickling sensations inside of my neck come to an end almost as quickly as they began. After a good... snack? Is that what they'd be called? They weren't very good at even being that, but whatever. After that I feel like I could use a seat, and I bet one of these buildings would suit that need just fine.


SHIT!
That doesn't sound good. Come on. Why the fuck are these buildings so poorly constructed? Here I am looking for a place to rest my full, sumptuous ass and all I get in return is the sound of a building falling apart. I mean, it's a good sound at least. So detailed,and layered. The building got fucked up. I've always said my ass is the bomb but I didn't think I could just detonate a building with it!


The downside is obvious. I really was hoping for a seat, and now I'm just left here. Stranded. Squatting like I'm about to twerk for the hundreds of people still in this immediate area. As if I would ever give so many people a free show.
Kaylee Kloss doesn't do anything for free. If the check doesn't have six digits I don't even get out of bed.
CINEMA
TETLEYS
EUROCAR
SOAP
CINEMA



"NO FREE CLOUT!" I announced, and just stopped holding myself up. I complained about gravity just a second ago, but now it's about to do me a huge fucking favor.

What remained of the building simply evaporated. Like it wasn't ever solid to begin with. The entire thing turned into a shower of stone, glass, and furniture the likes of which I'm sure nobody's ever seen before. The earthquake that followed was enough to be seen, not just felt. I straight up killed that fucking building harder than I've killed anything today. And I've done a lot of that today.


It was almost enough to make me take stock and reconsider what I'd been doing. Should I really be fucking all these buildings up? If I take control of this city, or hell, this entire planet... it would probably be good to leave these sorts of things intact. Let the world keep running the way it had been with the exception of enforced Kaylee servitude.
I didn't consider it for very long, but I think I deserve credit for at least thinking about it..



Maybe things would have turned out differently if the building directly in front of me hadn't been there. If it was just the regular maze of structures that failed to even clear my knee. The kind that I would bowl through while taking a leisurely stroll. Maybe a lot more people would still be around.

Aw, who am I kidding? I would've still fucked everything up. Just in a different way. The people stuck to my feet right now can attest to that.


Because this really, really tall building?
Well, the way it was shaped was giving me some ideas. I've had bigger, but every time I grow it gets a little harder to find something that would be satisfying. I've used a lot of toys over the years and something this size? That doesn't even vibrate? Straight to the trash before I grew.


I'm going to make a note right here, right now. One of my first big demands of the tiny populace? A dildo worthy of satisfying me. Something that won't break apart when I pull it off the building it was situated atop. I expected the top portion to just pop off like a toy but it just kind of dissolves like it's made from dust.
If there's one downside to having to get off using the cities instead of normal things it's all the fucking dirt. It gets fucking everywhere and I don't want to pay another visit to the ocean to clean up just yet.


Still... surprising as it is to see such an explosion of debris come apart it's also strangely exciting. Every reminder that I'm not in a model city but a real place full of living people keeps my excitement high. The building itself is rather dull in color, but the multicolored specks mixed into all that stuff has to be people. Each one an individual who was moments away from living out their wildest dreams.
I'm assuming their wildest dreams were to fuck me, of course. Who wouldn't want that?


Sucks to be those guys, but at least I'm sure there's plenty that were still around inside of the chunk that maintained its shape. Even if it didn't do a very good job of it. Try as I might while ramming it inside of me the piece of the building just could not hold its fucking shape. I had to squeeze a little harder to make sure it actually survived the trip to my pussy, but that made it feel as if the whole thing turned to sand.
CINEMA



Maybe that just means I have a superpowered pussy? That'd be fucking nice. Slide things inside and compress them so hard they turn to dust? That's how they make diamonds, right? Now *that* seems like something worth exploiting. Fuck the mines, a diamond compressed inside of my pussy is about to become the hottest fucking item on the market. I'm so fucking strong I can't even get off without destroying fucking everything. The avalanche of debris falling down my pussy is a perfectly good testament to that.

Nice as all that is, it's the people who managed to survive the trip inside that have my full attention right now.

I wonder what they're thinking. Can they even think? Maybe they're so brain-broken they can only sit and admire their new surroundings. Are they admiring how pretty I am even on the inside? Are they conversing with other people they wound up trapped with? Maybe some are even taking notes! They'll write research papers on how their time with Kaylee Kloss is the greatest experience of their short little lives. I'm basically their muse!
Shame what's about to happen to them, in that case.


Because I'm not the slightest bit interested in letting them enjoy themselves. My own pleasure is paramount, and I'd rather have them utterly terrified. Of me. Of everything. Feeling the once-sturdy walls fall apart around them, filling the individual rooms with my scent. The floors buckling and breaking apart underneath their feet. All while the moisture around them begins to pool up, threatening to drown them. The air so thick they could practically chew it. They're probably on their hands and knees hoping that this is all just a bad dream that they're going to wake up from at any moment.
All the while unaware that their actions are just enhancing my own pleasure. It's so fucking good. A low moan slips from between my lips, rumbling the area around me. An earthquake caused exclusively by my voice. But, as I initially suspected... this building isn't quite cutting it. Surely I can fit a little more inside?
CINEMA
TETLEYS


Logic says, "Certainly, Kaylee! Let me just bend the rules a little so you can enjoy yourself. Sorry for the inconvenience!" But the building is weak. It hasn't been eating its fucking vegetables. It has no spine. It can't stand up to shit. The second I tighten my grip to screw it just a bit further inside I'm greeted with the twisting of steel as the inner hull threatens to collapse in my fingers.
Not that it matters. I've gotten enough inside that it's... beginning to work for me. I can feel just enough resistance to know there's something inside of me while I work it in. And just being this big and leaning at this angle I can feel my tits slam onto the city below, doubtlessly claiming dozens more lives. Every part of my body is capable of taking lives, and that will never not be fucking hot.
Juice


I'm suddenly more aware of how naked I am. I've been this way for hours now, but something about it just hits differently. It's probably arousal keeping my entire body on edge and making every jolt of pleasure that much more powerful. Every inch of my body feels positively electric, and I'm a lot of fucking inches big. Even my arms feel like they're tingling as I move about in place and work this fucking building further into me.
It won't be long now. Just... a bit longer. Then I can cum again. That'll make me grow more, and then I can-!
CINEMA
TETLEYS


What's that sound?
One, two, three, four... five. Five fucking jets. This isn't the first time I've been attacked today, but there's normally only one or two at a time. They sent a whole fucking squadron this time! And I doubt it's just to send a message.
Tch. Well, jokes on them. I've been pelted with bombs and shells multiple times today. They're in for a rude fucking awakening if they think I'm going to let my quiet time with my sex toy and the hundreds of people fighting for dear life inside of my pussy be interrupted like this.


Go ahead! Try me, bitch! I don't give a fuck. What, are they going to upgrade to nukes suddenly? And risk all the other people around me. As if. They're just going to keep firing their stupid little guns, failing to do any damage, and-
VFA-103
103
NAVY


BOOM
What the FUCK!
It... It doesn't hurt. Not that much. But... I still felt that! How fucking big were those bombs? Those aren't nukes, are they? Is this what I get for not paying much attention in school? How was I supposed to know I would ever need such stupid information?


That settles it. I need to fucking grow more. If it's the last thing I do. The worst part is my own reaction. I just did what comes natural. Much as I don't like to admit it, I was once human like the rest of my tiny subjects dying for my pleasure every time I so much as breathe near them. If I see something that I know is going to explode coming at me, I try to mitigate its effects. It's going to be a habit that's very difficult to break out of. The unstoppable Goddess of Earth can't be seen cowering like this! At least all the fucking destruction around me ensures that a lot of the witnesses can't go snitching.
The only upside to all this that it doesn't really hurt. All flash and no substance. Just like every other celebrity who ever stole a primetime slot from me.



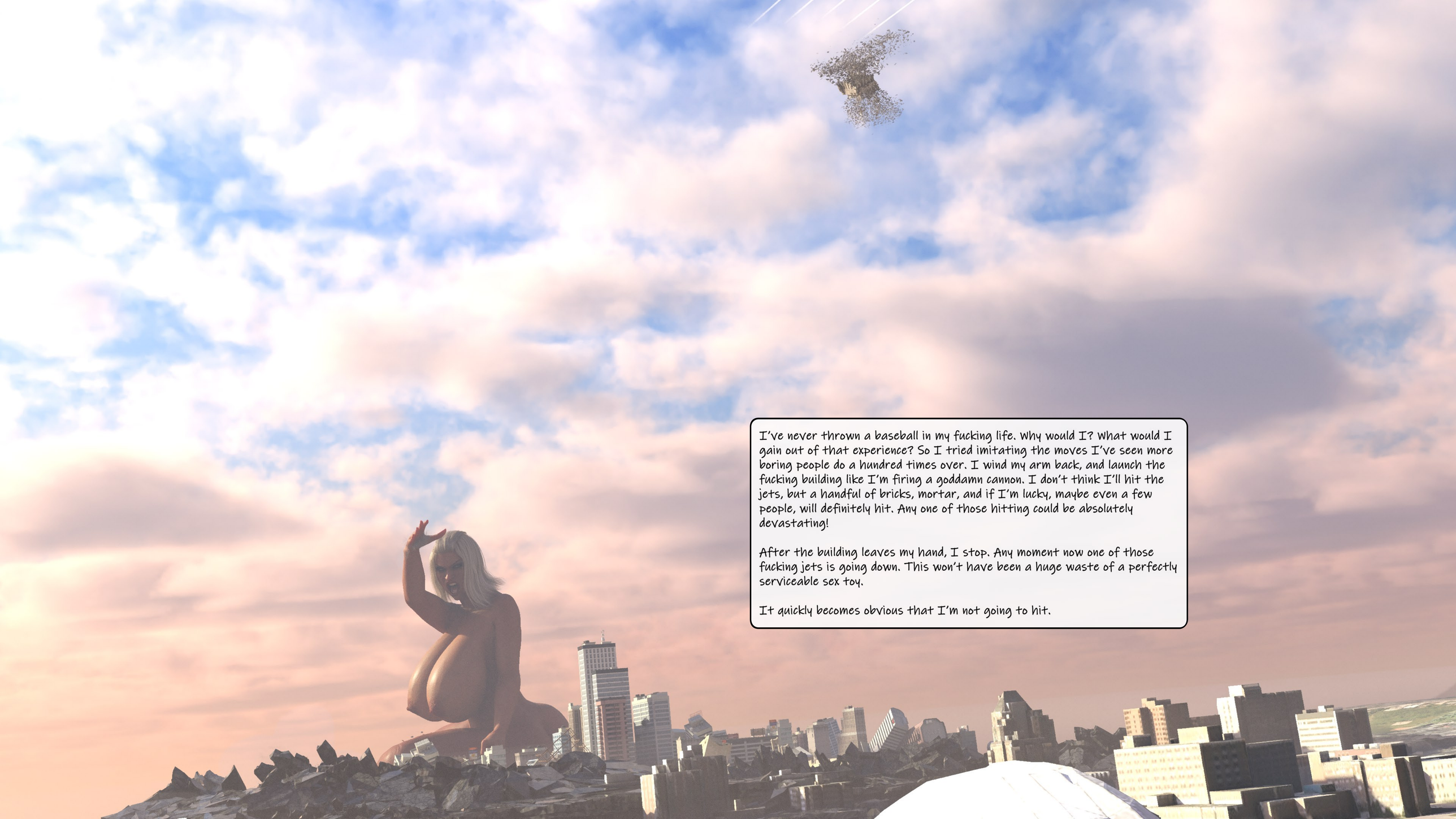
The sensation, because it definitely wasn't pain, lasted only an instant. Like running a lighter over your skin. Not exactly painful, but something that feels like it could be bad if it lasted longer. My top priority should be to grow more, and make sure that the next round won't even be felt.

I knew that's what I should do. But... they pissed me off. My fingers tightened around my makeshift dildo, my teeth clenched, and I could feel my blood begin to boil.


I'm not going to just sit here and take this. Fuck. That. I make sure that I'm going to get my way. Right now, I just want those fuckers gone. Out of the air. Not flying any longer. And I'm going to fucking get that. I have that power. I'm fucking big, and I have a goddamn weapon on me!
If I took a moment to think about it I would have realized it was a poor idea.


"FUCK YOU!"
But... what can I say?
I'm a passionate person. That's always been my best trait. After my rocking bod. And winning personality. And charming demeanor. And perfectly-maintained skin. And sexy hair. And the fact that I was like a million feet tall now. Or a thousand. Or whatever. The point is, I was big!


I tried twisting my hips as far to the side as possible. In doing so my foot slides forward, bulldozing another huge section of the city in the process.
I don't fucking care.
At the same time I feel my other leg move slightly to fix my position. Another casual movement, another section of the city left utterly ruined, devastated because I shifted my leg. Pieces of the ruined buildings fall all around, sticking to my skin as I make this small adjustment.
I don't fucking care. I have a soon-to-be projectile in my hand, and I'm going to absolutely fuck up those jets.


I've never thrown a baseball in my fucking life. Why would I? What would I gain out of that experience? So I tried imitating the moves I've seen more boring people do a hundred times over. I wind my arm back, and launch the fucking building like I'm firing a goddamn cannon. I don't think I'll hit the jets, but a handful of bricks, mortar, and if I'm lucky, maybe even a few people, will definitely hit. Any one of those hitting could be absolutely devastating!
After the building leaves my hand, I stop. Any moment now one of those fucking jets is going down. This won't have been a huge waste of a perfectly serviceable sex toy.
It quickly becomes obvious that I'm not going to hit.


Maybe... maybe it'll be delayed? I get up onto my knees to get a better view. I don't want to miss this!
Okay... Kaylee. Just... just keep calm. There's nothing you can do about this. They're too far away, and you gave them a good fucking scare. There's no way they'll try this shit again after seeing what you're capable of. You are everything they fear. They have nothing. You can just go back to what you were doing. Hell, just getting into this position knocked over some more buildings. Isn't that great? You know how scary you are to those little people! Scarier than some fucking jets, that's for sure.
Just... count down from ten.


Yeah...
They're gone. I scared them off.
Ugh. What a fucking buzzkill. How am I supposed to enjoy myself knowing those fucking assholes aren't buried six feet under right now? They can't hurt, but that's not the point! I want to be the sole reason for the destruction and utter subjugation of the city. Not some stupid, overzealous, idiotic, moronic, military wannabes who-
Ugh. Whatever. I'm over it.
TETLEYS
EUROCAR
SOAD
TEPCO
Juice


Wait... that sound.
No.
Don't fucking tell me...


"FUCK!"
These bombs seem bigger. They don't hit me directly, but it doesn't really matter. The explosions kick up huge plumes of fire in the process. I'm pretty sure Mom told me about something like this before. These things are too big. There's no way they can carry more than one at a time, right? That's the only reason I can think of for them to only drop 5 at once instead of cycling them at me. They wanted to ensure I'm not surviving this one.
But, just like all the other bombs, it doesn't really hurt. My biggest concern is not wanting to get my blonde tips singed or ruin my flawless skin with a burn.


But I'm not the only victim here.
No, it seems like these guys are getting a lot more fucking desperate, now. They want to be rid of me and they don't give a fuck how they do that. They've resorted to using weapons that'll cause widespread collateral damage because they think that extra strength is going to give them an edge in battle. In a way it's an honor. They're fucking scared, and running out of ideas. I should be proud to have spooked them this hard.
Should be. But I'm not.

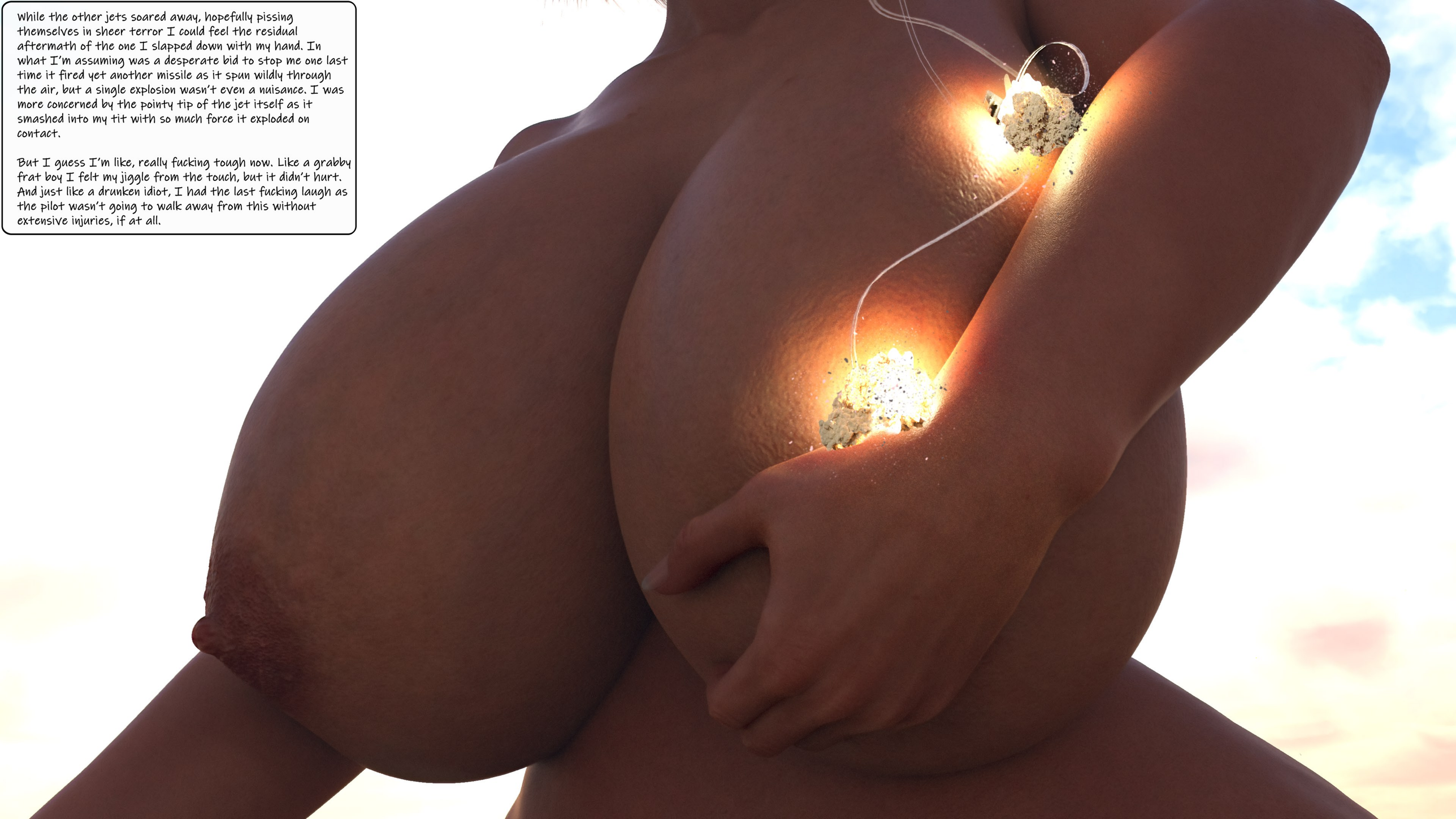

Because the city itself... didn't fare quite so well.
What a fucking waste. All of that destruction. All those lost lives. Just reduced to a smoldering pile of ash on the whim of some cowardly fat fuck sitting in a chair ordering bombing runs on me. So many people undoubtedly burned to a crisp for no damn good reason.
It should have been ME! I should have been the one to bring all this shit down! They just STOLE my future enjoyment! A bomb doesn't have fucking feelings! It can't enjoy the destruction of a huge swathe of the city! I can!


"FUCK!"
I can't do SHIT about it! I can move a lot faster being as big as I fucking am now but I think those stupid little flies can outpace me pretty easily. I'd need to be a lot bigger in order to catch up to them. I need to be able to cover miles in a single step. I need to be so big that being under the shadow of my big toe alone would be a death sentence they couldn't possibly evade!


"GOD!" I screamed. It felt good letting all that aggression out, but it didn't change my situation. The jets were still flying away. The block I was just about to ravage for my own enjoyment is still in ruins. And worst of all, I just made myself fucking horny thinking about what it would be like to be so fucking big I could see the entire country laid out in front of me like a rug! I can't take the time to fucking work myself up while I'm getting bombing runs aimed at me! I may be a thousand fucking feet tall, but I still feel so fucking helpless! And it makes me FURIOUS!
Huh? Seriously...?
Are they really flying towards me now?
No way. They can not be this stupid.

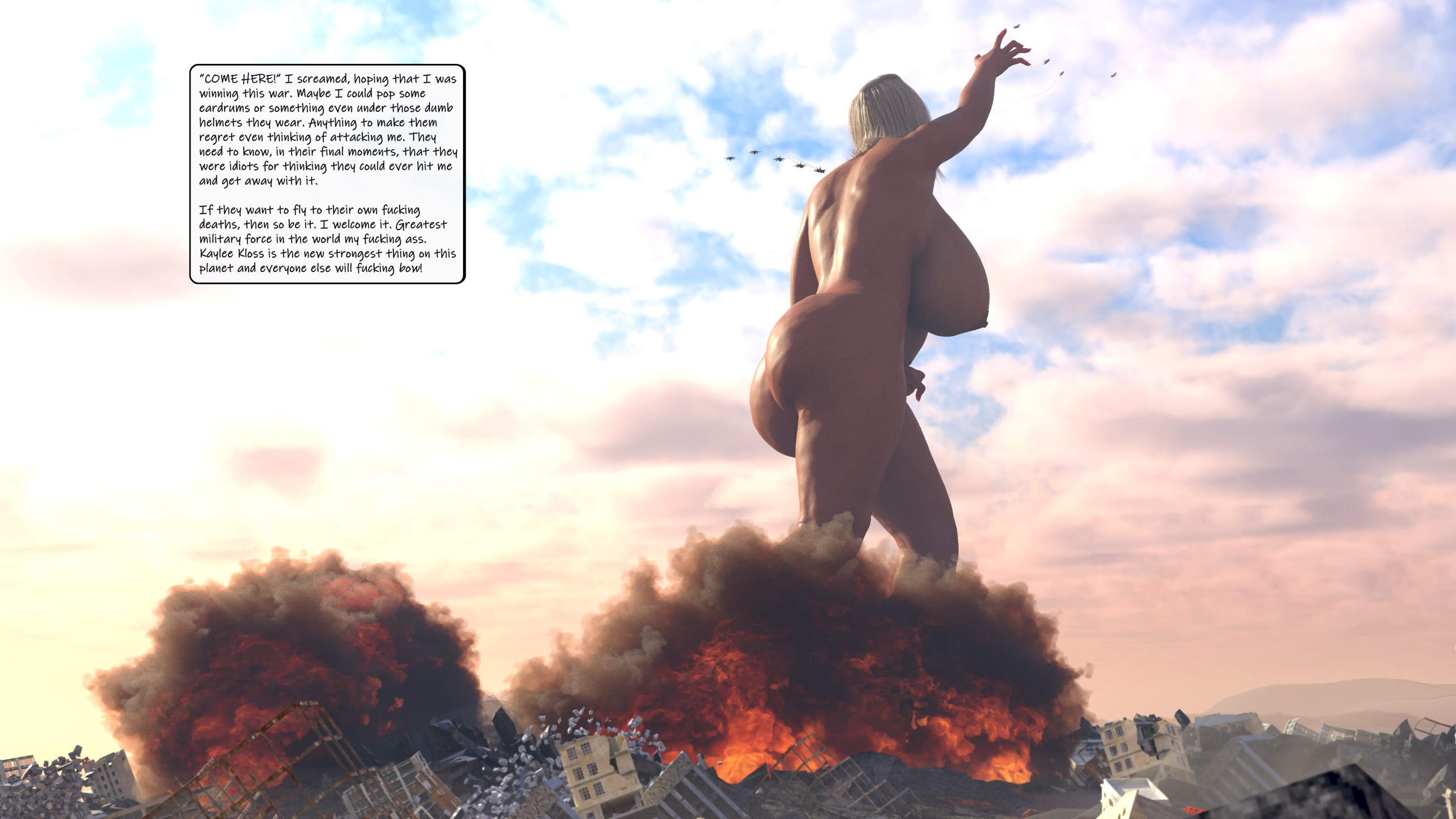

Then I guess I should take advantage!
They could've gotten away with it if they'd just kept fucking flying away. I wouldn't have been able to catch up, and I'll admit I probably would have played things a little more carefully in case they circled back. Until I was able to grow a lot more, at least. But these idiots can't stop thinking about this like I'm an enemy force. Turning around for a second bombing run isn't going to help when I see them coming. They aren't flying nearly high enough to avoid THIS!
I reached an arm up and screamed as loud as I fucking could. If I fucking miss, I want them to know that they fucked up by coming back. I can feel the brief flashes of heat on my face and arm but I don't care. My rage is pure. Distilled. It keeps my blood boiling, and my entire body hotter than the fiery depths of hell itself.


And I am rewarded for my efforts.
I can feel the difference immediately. I hit something that was bigger, slower, and noisier than the missiles they fired at me at the same time. Despite the other missiles splashing flames across my tits I knew I had succeeded.
I had taken out one of the motherfuckers. That still left a lot of them, but I didn't care. I wanted the rest to run away in fear. Tails between their legs.


While the other jets soared away, hopefully pissing themselves in sheer terror I could feel the residual aftermath of the one I slapped down with my hand. In what I'm assuming was a desperate bid to stop me one last time it fired yet another missile as it spun wildly through the air, but a single explosion wasn't even a nuisance. I was more concerned by the pointy tip of the jet itself as it smashed into my tit with so much force it exploded on contact.

But I guess I'm like, really fucking tough now. Like a grabby frat boy I felt my jiggle from the touch, but it didn't hurt. And just like a drunken idiot, I had the last fucking laugh as the pilot wasn't going to walk away from this without extensive injuries, if at all.


Not a single mark on my body. Good. If I had to look at any of my own blood today I would've blown a fucking gasket. I would've...
Wait. That sound...
These guys really don't fucking learn, do they?


"COME HERE!" I screamed, hoping that I was winning this war. Maybe I could pop some eardrums or something even under those dumb helmets they wear. Anything to make them regret even thinking of attacking me. They need to know, in their final moments, that they were idiots for thinking they could ever hit me and get away with it.
If they want to fly to their own fucking deaths, then so be it. I welcome it. Greatest military force in the world my fucking ass. Kaylee Kloss is the new strongest thing on this planet and everyone else will fucking bow!


They should have fucking learned the first time. I'm going to fucking remind them. I'm going to goddamn KILL them. I'm going to-
I can't even finish the thought in time. I juist see the vapor trails of some of the fucking jets slip between my fingers while the others are missed entirely. I'm going to fucking- I'm so fucking mad. I'm, I'm..
I'm...


"FUUUCK!!!"
I can feel a vein in my forehead throbbing. My fingers twist in the air wildly, but... nothing. I started waving my hand, hoping that maybe I was blocking one from view and I would feel it when I did so. Still nothing. I rise up onto my tiptoes hoping that the extra height will make up for the difference, but the only thing I see is the trails they left behind get dissipated by my movements.
"You fucking CHEATED!"


"GET THE FUCK BACK HERE!"
I'm not going to just sit there and stand for this. They will NOT make a fucking fool out of me! I'm going to get them if it's the last thing I do because coming after me will be the last thing they do. I'll kill every last one of them and their families and loved ones and even their old high school gym teachers. I fucking swear on it if my name isn't Kaylee GODDAMN Kloss!


I don't care about any of the fucking shit in my path. There's probably hundreds, thousands of people under me running away right now. A second ago they were at a safe distance, but I am going to make sure they all fucking know. There is no such thing as being safe around me. If I'm in your line of sight then you're in fucking danger. No fucking mercy.
The first step I take feels like it comes down in a residential neighborhood. The things crushing apart under my toes feel wholly different from the countless buildings I've crushed downtown before. They're separated by thin soft stretches that I assume to be their worthless little yards with their stupid patches of grass. I can feel over a dozen of them with every step while my toes crack through the earth itself as it tries to accept my weight.

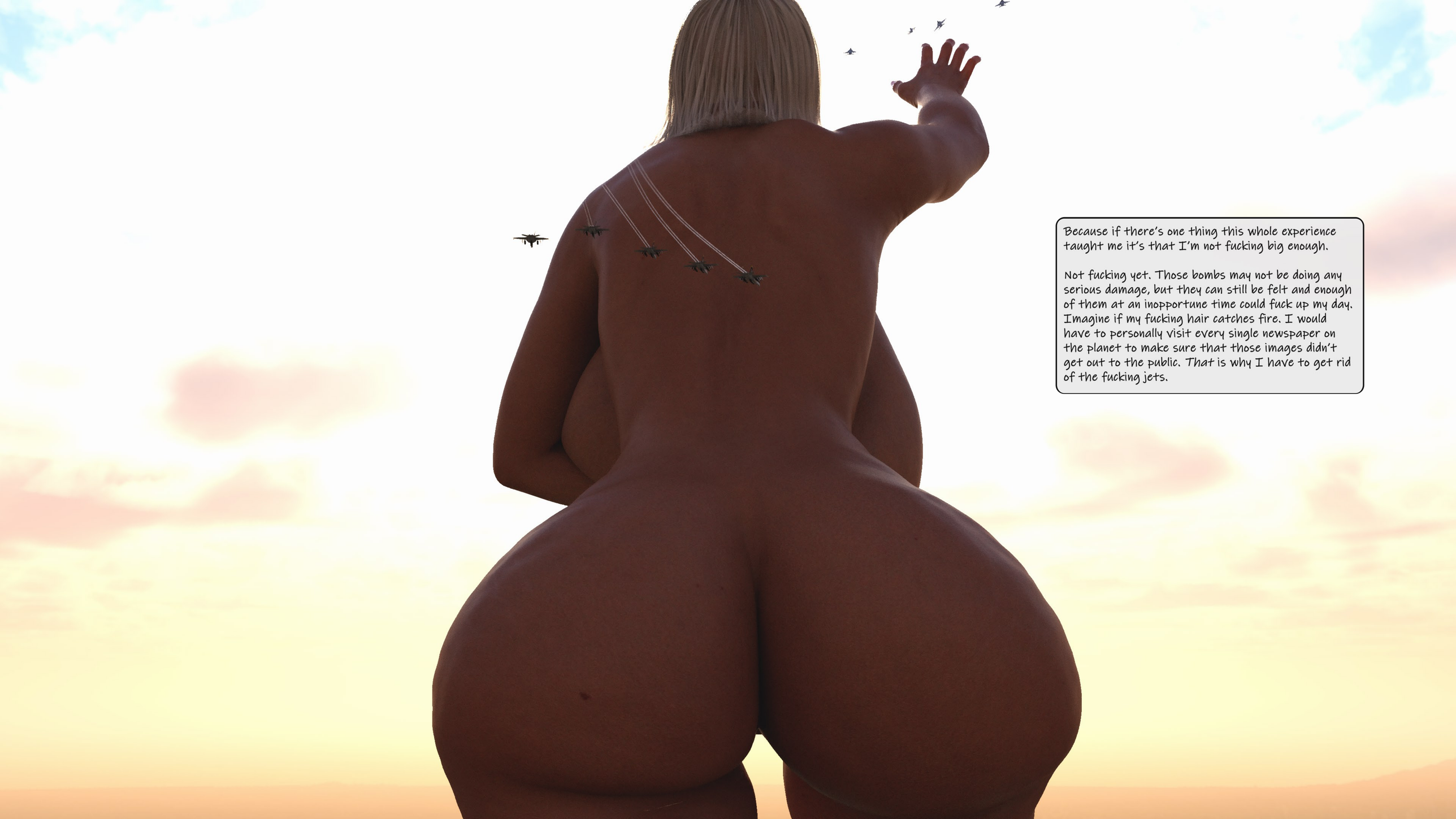

I twisted my toes into the ground as I ran to try and get a better handle on my position. In doing so I can feel toes and heel alike tear straight through things and the telltale feeling of cars being flipped over and ahead of me can be felt. I'm not even looking but I remain acutely aware of everything around me. Because through all the sounds of utter devastation I can hear them.
Fresh, clear screams. Why the fuck didn't I think to hit a residential area earlier? There's so many more people here than there are in the buildings. People who are now being forced out of their homes to avoid my big toes coming down onto them.
Gerol's Store


Fun as all that destruction and chaos is, it's not what I'm most focused on. No, I think I may have underestimate myself. These stupid jets must be the cheap shit since they aren't nearly as fast I thought they would be. At least, not in comparison to me. My entire body may jiggle and the ground itself may groan under the weight of me taking off to a running start, but it's nearly enough to bring me to them. So close that I know I could have caught them...
If they couldn't fucking fly. Matching their speed doesn't matter much if they can just go so high I can't goddamn reach them! Why am I so fucking small?!



But while I was busy up above my feet were causing problems down below. I'd made it. I don't know when it happened but I could tell that I had made it to the crowds that were running away from me and crushed dozens of them under a single step. I hardly felt a thing, and would not have cared even if I did. The added impact from running smashed my foot so much harder into the ground that there wasn't any chance of anything recognizable being left behind. It's one thing for my weight to settle down into the ground and leave a footprint, and another entirely for it to smash the planet like I'm trying to stomp a nuisance out on the ground. Chunks of the street were torn up, bunching around my toes as I moved as nothing these worthless little peons had ever built was meant to take such a fucking blow.

Good. They should be fucking proud of what I just did. This footprint is going to become a tourist attraction going forward. I guarantee it. Ultimate proof that their stupid little neighborhood was once visited by Kaylee Kloss when she was so very small.


Because if there's one thing this whole experience taught me it's that I'm not fucking big enough.
Not fucking yet. Those bombs may not be doing any serious damage, but they can still be felt and enough of them at an inopportune time could fuck up my day. Imagine if my fucking hair catches fire. I would have to personally visit every single newspaper on the planet to make sure that those images didn't get out to the public. That is why I have to get rid of the fucking jets.


And despite my earlier reservations, I come dangerously close to doing so. Closing the gap took only a few steps, and a couple hundred lives that didn't even matter anyway. The jets themselves are trying to outmaneuver me, but I'm guessing they don't want to get out of striking range so they're not taking the obvious vertical route. I can almost reach them from here! Just a little bit...


"WHAT THE F-"
More explosions. On my back this time. How the fuck many of these things are there?! I want to turn and try to get rid of some of the assholes that just attacked, but I quickly discover there's a much, much bigger problem. Once again, gravity has come to fuck me. I was running after the other jets, so I was leaning a bit more forward than normal. And given how I'm a lot top heavier than I was before today that can be a lot to deal with.
It's not my fucking fault, okay? Anyone who was in my situation would have done the same fucking thing!


The explosions, weak as they were, are enough to knock me off-balance.
I have one comforting thought as I can tell what's going to happen. That is that the assholes in the jets have to be fuming right now. Just angry at the stupid decision they made. Sure. Go ahead. Knock me over. "The bigger they are, the harder they fall," right? Bet they think they were so fucking smart when they came up with that one. This one's *really* gonna hurt! They got me good! They sure did! I'm a fucking goner!


Pussies.
I've fallen over before. It used to happen somewhat frequently after my figure started to fill out. Thankfully I got over it as I grew older, made more public appearances, and learned to carry the weight on my chest easily. I'm not a fucking clumsy oaf.
When I would lose my balance, there would always be a soft, plush carpet or pillows to catch me. There had to be, or someone would be losing their job. Maids, live-in workers, and cleaners always carried pillows on hand on just such an occasion. I don't have that luxury this time, but... what I do have is probably why these army dicks are going to regret what they've just done.


Their pride has to be short-lived. Congratulations, assholes. You successfully knocked the big, bad, giantess over. Too bad you did it while she was standing directly over a tiny, helpless city. Full of thousands upon thousands of little people who now had to look up as her huge, sexy body fell from the sky directly onto them. I was like an angelic messenger sent for only one reason.
To punish them.



On second thought, after a certain point I guess my tits take on their own pillow-like properties after all.

God that has to make it even worse for those military dicks. Not only do they fail to do any real damage with all those dumbass bombs, but even managing to knock me over doesn't do any real harm with these built-in airbags I've got on my chest. They're nice and soft and do a great job of lessening the impact of crashing into the city below.


Well, they lessen the impact for me, at least. For anything caught underneath...? It's like a warzone. My nipples are like two enormous battering rams effortlessly carving through buildings like they're made of water and spraying their remains in every direction. Absolutely nothing that touches them is going to survive, and that warm, minute feeling of bodies pulping against my naked skin is enough to set my arousal ablaze again.
The people had it way worse than the buildings did. Boobs aren't like any other part of my body. Should someone wind up under my hands or feet then they have a pretty good idea of where they need to be if they want to survive. It rarely helps, as I'm so big and fast that they can't possibly escape, but I'm sure it gives them some semblance of security. Just stay out of my shadows, and you'll probably be fine.

When you have such huge, sumptuous, natural tits like mine that's not enough. They're soft. Squishy. When I lean onto them they spread apart, and flatten out. A lot more people who might have thought they were safe a moment ago can only watch as the expanding, warm wall devours them as effortlessly as thousands before them. It's kind of fucking cool, actually. Seeing the devastation that my tits can wreak onto the populace from this close up.

Or it would have been cool, if not for the fact that I was still fucking pissed.

Oh. Someone was going to pay for this one. Real fucking dearly. I wasn't going to just let this slide. Falling face first onto thousands of people is unbecoming of a woman of my poise and status. My only comfort is that most of the people who had to see me do something so embarrassing are dead. Whether it's under my tits, crushed under my thighs, or pulped between my toes it doesn't matter. Dead is dead.

But some of them still breathe. My boobs made for a sort of cushion after hitting the ground, so I can tell that my pussy isn't lying flat. There's got to be tons of people completely losing their shit underneath me right now. Cloaked completely in shadow. Nothing but the scent of sweat and sex permeating the atmosphere.




The thought is almost enough to...
God. The urge was so strong. All I had to do was arch my back up and grind my pussy into those little people who were probably breathing a sigh of relief. Thinking they were safe. Hell, some of them were probably admiring the view. Taking pictures of my pussy, uploading them online, and bragging about how they fucking survived this. Maybe I could've worked myself up to another orgasm, grown again, and then paid all those motherfuckers back for what they'd done. It would've been so satisfying.
So...


My tits are bigger than I realized. I don't know if that latest bout of growth made them grow at a slightly faster rate or if this part of the city is just built stupidly. All I know is that getting up to crawl away is no longer enough for them to clear the surroundings. I moved forward, and instead of just feeling my fingers break through more things I had another, extra feeling mixed into it.
My boobs were just moving forward with me, making it so things directly underneath me weren't safe either. Dragging along the ground, leaving twin crevices through spaces that people once resided.


It actually catches me by surprise. I didn't expect to feel so much more stimulation under my boobs when I began to move again. I actually have to look down and make sure I'm not imagining things while raising myself slightly higher.
I wonder what this looks like from below. I bet if there was anyone directly underneath me right now they could take the sort of photo that would win awards. An up-close view of their new ruler. Princess Kaylee, and her gorgeous tits moments before they-
No. Princess isn't important enough. Queen? Ugh. I'm not a 300-year old woman with an army of corgis. Maybe... Empress? I'll workshop it.


Though... they might not have as good a view as I'd like to think. In my mind's eye the view is fantastic. Awe-inspiring. The stuff of legends. The image that's going to serve as a muse for thousands of broke art majors. Just huge, massive, jiggly tits hanging from my chest, inches away from flattening a still-untouched section of the neighborhood. Displaying perfect dexterity, poise, and balance so that the tiny subjects can admire my wonderful assets up-close. So wonderfully close that they can feel the heat coming off of them, and maybe even get to taste a drop of my sweat.
There's probably not a lot of light under there, though. I'm sure I'm blocking the sun for a significant number of people right now, but who cares? Sight isn't the only sense! There's so much of me so wonderfully close that they wouldn't be able to avoid complete sensory overload. The most ambitious among them may even try to come closer for a touch. To lay their dirty, gnarled, working hands onto a body that would prove too beautiful for words.


And just when they think they've grown used to seeing me hang over them.
I'll lower myself.
Just a little. That's all it takes. Just one little pushup, and instantly all of that prime Kaylee-viewing land is turned into a crater. No one is strong enough to withstand it. Living or otherwise. My tits are like the world's greatest wrecking balls, and a hell of a lot more appealing to look at. I've gone and done many a great service with this act! All those ugly, bothersome buildings that ruined the view?. Gone! Just like that! In their place, a wonderful Kaylee-made lake that will smell like me for all of eternity. Just a great show all around.


They don't appreciate this, though. Trust art never is in its time. All I get for my wonderful public service efforts is more crying. More screaming. More begging for their lives. The complaints of the tiny, utterly selfish people I'm forced to share a space with.
I'm not putting up with their shit anymore. If anything, it's making me hungry. If they don't like what I've gone and done for them, then they can serve me in a way that I find appealing.


And after having my nipples serviced by countless buildings... I'm beginning to feel a second hunger building within me. It's like a drug. Before my very eyes an ugly stretch of civilization filled with boring rectangular buildings, thin stretches of road, and tiny people becomes something more magical. I can see spaces that would look interesting to grind my pussy over. The best angles to attack the crowds from to get as many of them into me as possible. They're no longer people. They're snacks. Lightly salted, still in their shell, but perfectly edible even with them.

I'm going to make a note of that. Future business venture. The newest trend in snacks. Maybe there's an alternate universe where instead of growing this fucking big I just get to be around naturally tiny people who I can package and devour at my leisure back home.


That would be nice. Getting to relax by a pool as a train of living sacrifices makes their way up my body to serve me in the ultimate, final way. All the while all I have to do is swallow every so often, and enjoy.
Too bad I'm not *there*. Instead I'm here, where I have to hunt for food myself like a damn primate. I suppose it's not all bad though. Because here I've taken my true place at the top of the planet. I have no equals in any regards. Not beauty, size, strength, or even intelligence. And let's face it, if I got to meet up with a normal-sized version of myself from another world I think we all know who would come out on top in that exchange.


But for now I should get something inside of me. First through the mouth.
And later...? Probably somewhere else. It doesn't take long to spot the crowds ahead of me that are still trying to get away. They're not doing a very good job of it, but they're trying. Having to get closer to them means that some of the other areas I'd been hovering over are now flattened under my tits. That's pretty nice, but it's also a bit of a waste. I can't do shit without fucking up more of the city!


I wonder what I look like to someone far away. It's one thing to see me standing on my feet, sticking out over the entire city's skyline like a sore thumb. But when I'm standing, all of my size is concentrated upwards. When I'm like this I've gotta look much more menacing. Just a huge fucking monster who's come to fuck everything up. A predator who feasts on human lives with no regard for the collateral caused in her wake.

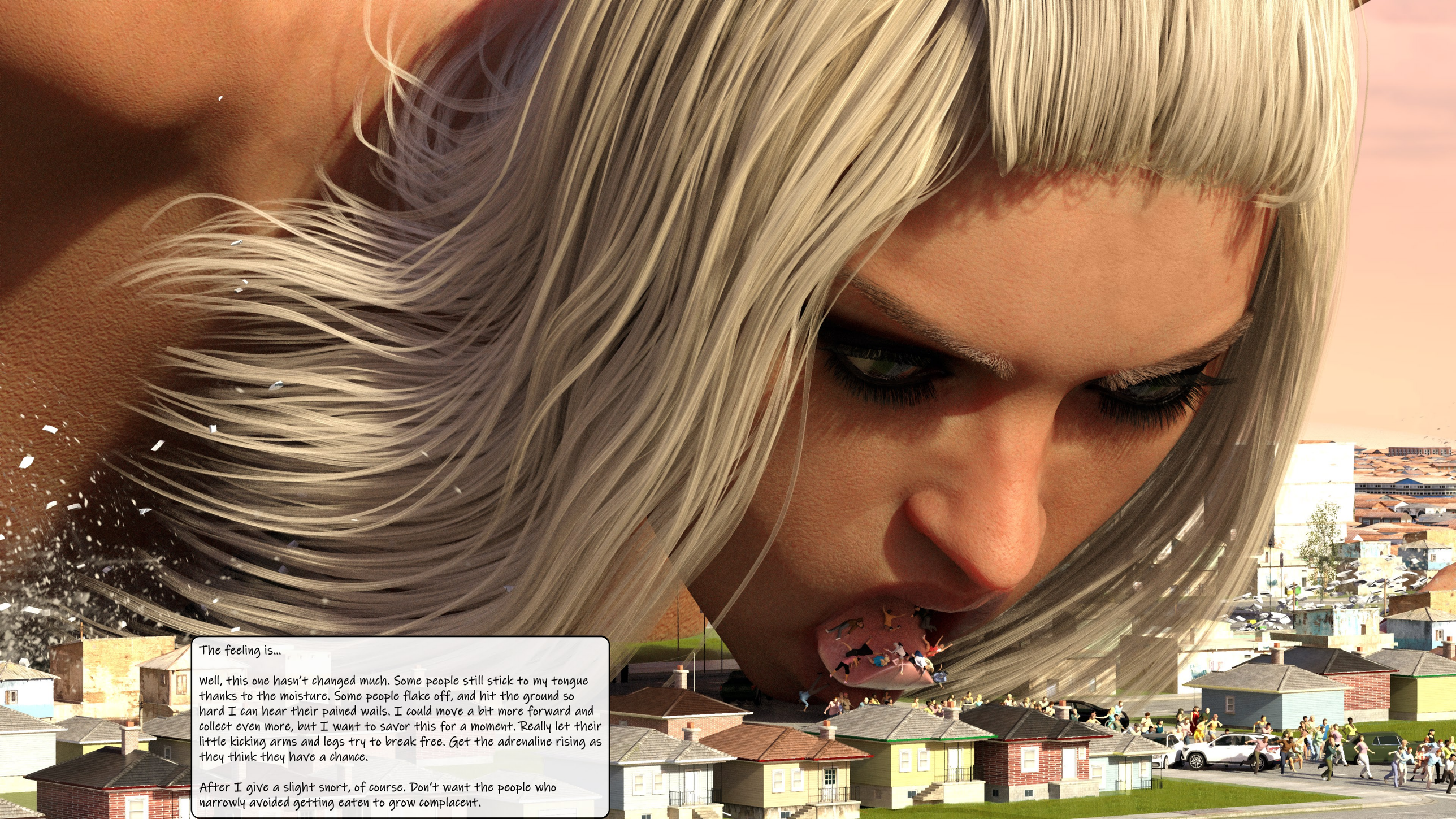

Why should I care for the safety of anyone else? That's how nature works, isn't it? I'm at the top, so I get to dictate how everyone else lives their lives. That means I get first pick of what to eat, and that means I'm going to eat so many people. Even if I'm not that hungry!
For a moment I wonder if I'm making a mistake. If I keep binge eating like this... will I start to gain weight? Could I lose my perfect figure? What if I run out of people to eat?
I'll leave those big questions for math nerds to figure out.


I'm already lying down, tits spread out over the ground. I want to see my food up close and personal as it tries to run away this time. I'm fucking huge now! I have the right to play with my food in any goddamn way I please. And in this case, that means looking them *right* in the fucking eye as they get eaten. Who's going to complain? Go ahead. Let them. I fucking dare anyone to try. I guarantee they won't be complaining for much longer afterwards.


Maybe I'm still a little mad about the jets. But if I am? Who cares! I'm going to do what I fucking please! Eating like this is going to become a fucking trend. It won't be long until everyone and their mother is eating this exact same way because people will know that anything Kaylee does is bound to be fashionable.
Actually, no. Fuck that. I don't want anyone else copying me. I'm the only one who is allowed to do whatever the fuck I want. And right now I'm going to fucking eat.


I can feel my tongue press into the street, instantly turning at least one little person into a burst of flavor. Subtle, but pleasant. Like a single caviar pearl. I don't think most of them even notice, but they certainly felt my breath come onto them. I can see them turning in place as they run, locking eyes with me. Everyone else I've eaten today was so impersonal compared to this.
Running forward as fast as you can is sure to give you confidence. Exercise does that. Realizing that you're not actually making any progress in getting away? That's the kind of stuff that's going to break their spirits. All these little people who'd come out of these homes and made the mistake of joining a crowd as if it would help them survive.


But those in the back of the pack have to be getting it the worst. Maybe they hurt themselves earlier and are just hobbling along with an injury in the hopes they can get away. Maybe they're just short even for a human, and their stubby little legs can't cover shit for distance. I bet some of them even want to be eaten, and they intentionally slowed themselves down to make sure they made it into my mouth first.
I'm not going to spend the time it would take to find out why. I'm just going to grab them from the street using my tongue like I'm licking a spoon clean.


The feeling is...
Well, this one hasn't changed much. Some people still stick to my tongue thanks to the moisture. Some people flake off, and hit the ground so hard I can hear their pained wails. I could move a bit more forward and collect even more, but I want to savor this for a moment. Really let their little kicking arms and legs try to break free. Get the adrenaline rising as they think they have a chance.
After I give a slight snort, of course. Don't want the people who narrowly avoided getting eaten to grow complacent.


I'm starting to feel like a cheaply-made crane game. While moving my head up to better taste all the people adhered to my tongue I can feel a lot of them lose their tenuous grip, break off, and fall away. Which doubly has to suck for them. At least when my head was nearly touching the ground the fall probably wouldn't result in much more than a couple of broken legs.
Now they're easily falling about a hundred feet straight down. Imagine being that fucking unlucky. So close to a worthwhile, noble end as food for the one true Goddess... only to fall at the last second and die an ignoble death where you'll have to be scraped off the pavement.


Satisfied with my haul, I start to lean to the side, almost forgetting where I am and how fucking big I am for a second. It felt like I was back at home, polishing off the last of a bowl of cereal while doing nothing in bed. At least for a moment.
I'm not, though. I'm who knows how fucking big now, and simply shifting my weight a little to the side was enough to wipe out an extra neighborhood. Ending lives comes as naturally as breathing to me now, and that's just the movements that I actually notice. What about the ones that were so subtle I didn't feel a thing? My chest puffs out ever so slightly when I breathe. I bet that's killed some people by now.


It's gotten to the point where I can almost forget some of the people that I have at my mercy. Wasn't that long ago that a single person inside of my mouth would cause enough commotion to be impossible to ignore. Now I've got a whole crowd of them, and the feeling is so subtle I actually lose track of one. Only the lone, shrill cry for help pulls my attention back towards them. It's one of those things that makes me worry about what it could be like as the future ruler of the planet. What happens if offing these little people stops being fun? Or worse, starts becoming a chore? Will my life become boring?
Maybe I should look into ways of growing people. Not as much as me, of course. I would never allow that. But enough that they will always stay a good size relative to myself. Kind of like Kayla before she...


Right.
Food.
Though one of the little people made the unfortunate fall past the edge of my tongue and to the ground far below the rest seem pretty firmly fastened in place. I blame the losses on the ones that are wearing clothes. It's one of the many things I've learned since growing. Naked skin just slides down my throat a lot more easily, while clothed people have a tendency to get stuck to things. Had I the time or patience I'd make sure to strip everyone who's going to be making a trip to my stomach. Really make it as smooth a process as possible.


You know what, while I'm planning for the future I'm going to make a note of this. As soon as everyone's accepted me as their one true ruler I need to get myself some loyal subjects. The kind that will handle all the menial tasks like stripping all of my future snacks for me. Like a slave, except now mom can't yell at me for calling the help. Maybe they can even make people take a bath in a ketchup before feeding themselves to me.
The thought of getting to enhance my dining experience does the trick. I can feel the saliva beginning to pool on my tongue, and the screams inside of my mouth change tones. No longer sharp, shrill, and echoey. Now they're just quiet. Wet. From people who are getting drowned by my involuntary actions.
Normally such a passive display of my strength would turn me on. But this... I'm not so into.

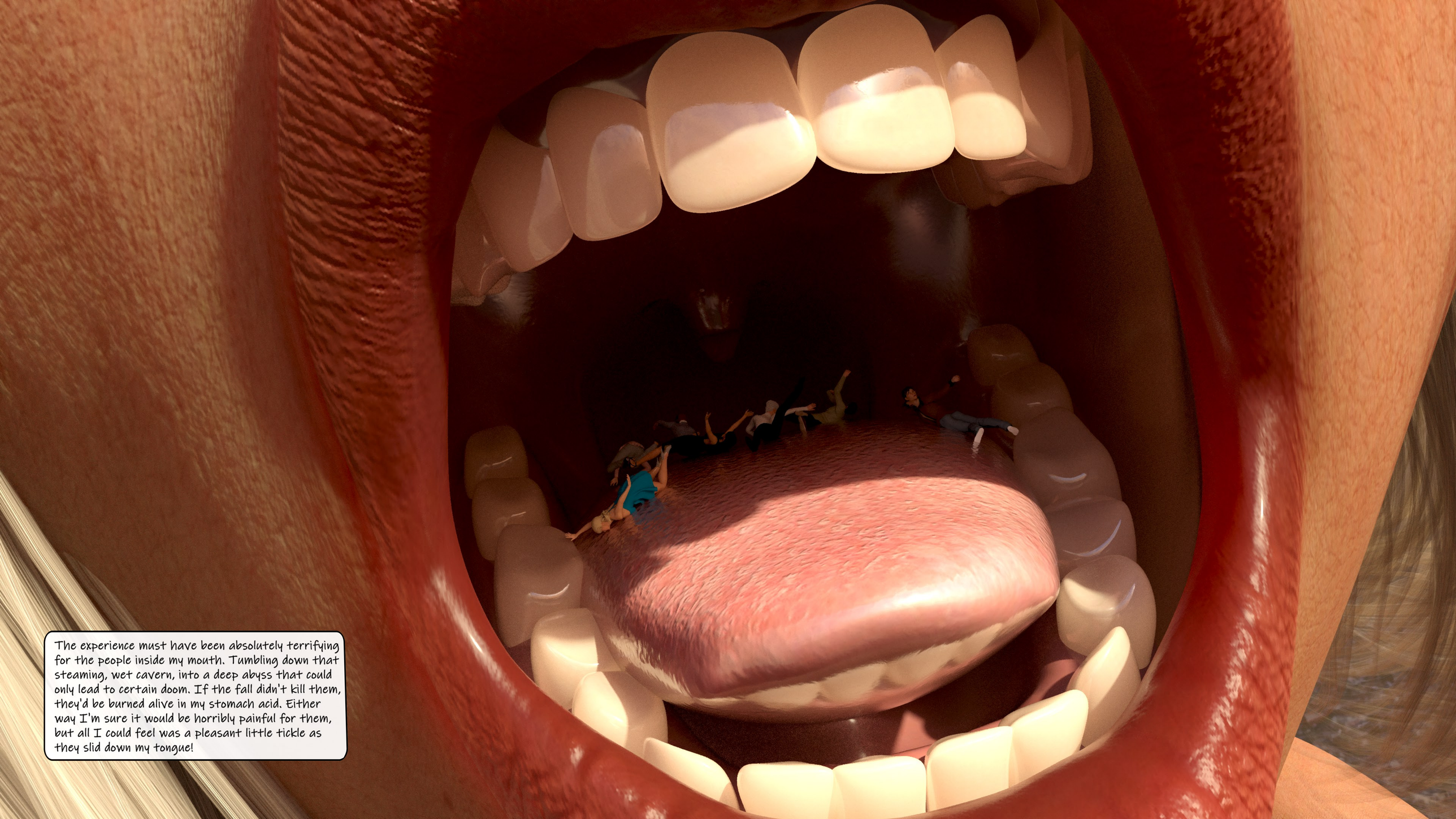


It sounds gross! All wet and gurgly and ugh! I don't want to eat soggy things! Good thing all it takes to silence that is closing my lips, and sealing the future sustenance away into darkness. Some of them don't quite make it inside of my mouth, but I don't mind. What are they going to do? Jump off? Good luck, fuckers! The only way safely down to the ground from here is with my help! And all it would take on my end is a slight flick of the tongue to completely undo all their progress.

The enjoyment doesn't last nearly as long as I'd like it to. With the sounds of those inside of my mouth muted I can more clearly hear another sound in the distance. Not a moist, slurping sound. No. This one is sharp, moving quickly, and steadily growing louder. Don't tell me...


Seriously?
Are they really trying this again? Did I just step over the line by swishing a few people around with my tongue? Is that what set them off? Are they really that-
Well. I guess I am laying down on a city. My tits alone probably crushed about a hundred times more people than are inside of my mouth right now. Then there's my thighs, and the fact that I'm denying so many people a wonderful view of my ass. That is probably my most egregious crime right now, but I'm trying to make up for it! I promise I'll roll over and let them touch as much of my ass as they like in just a minute!


I don't have long before the jets get over here, and there's no sense fighting on an empty stomach. I tilt my head back and curl my tongue. The dozen or so people inside my mouth slip down my tongue like it's a giant waterslide.


The experience must have been absolutely terrifying for the people inside my mouth. Tumbling down that steaming, wet cavern, into a deep abyss that could only lead to certain doom. If the fall didn't kill them, they'd be burned alive in my stomach acid. Either way I'm sure it would be horribly painful for them, but all I could feel was a pleasant little tickle as they slid down my tongue!


Okay, back to business. Got to deal with these fucking flyboys. Why do these sickos get off on ruining my fun? They can't even leave me alone for... Wait, how long has it been?

Time flies when you're having fun and the time without these asshole jets have been some of the best of my day. For all I know I could have last dealt with them 5 minutes ago or 5 hours ago. Was it enough time for them to head back to... wherever they came from and pick up more big bombs? Or are they stupid enough to just come back and try again so soon? There's only one way to find out, and I give them a quick look back.

There's got to be tons of equipment between me and them. Huge aircraft, equipment, and probably any number of defensive measures. But it doesn't really matter. Because I know that as soon as they see me looking back at them that they're fucking scared. The stupid things shift direction ever so slightly the moment I turn around, not wanting any part of this. They've gotta be miles away!


If there's one lesson I've learned from driving expensive cars it's that anything moving that fast isn't good at sharp turns. Being screamed at for crashing my third lambo gave me that knowledge, and while the rules have to be different for aircraft I'm sure they're more similar than anyone would think. Each of these fucks is probably going a hundred thousand miles an hour and even with the momentary notice they can't get away in time.
How fucking dumb are they? Did they think I wouldn't hear them? Do they not know how loud they're being? This is what they're mobilizing to try and stop me? I'm just fucking insulted now!

"FUCK OFF!" I screamed, and swatted my hand through the air. I counted three jets that weren't able to change direction in time... and five explosions spread across my tits. Appropriate as it would be for someone of my standing to have hit something so hard I actually killed it twice, there's no way that's what happened. In their final moments these desperate motherfuckers actually shot at me again.

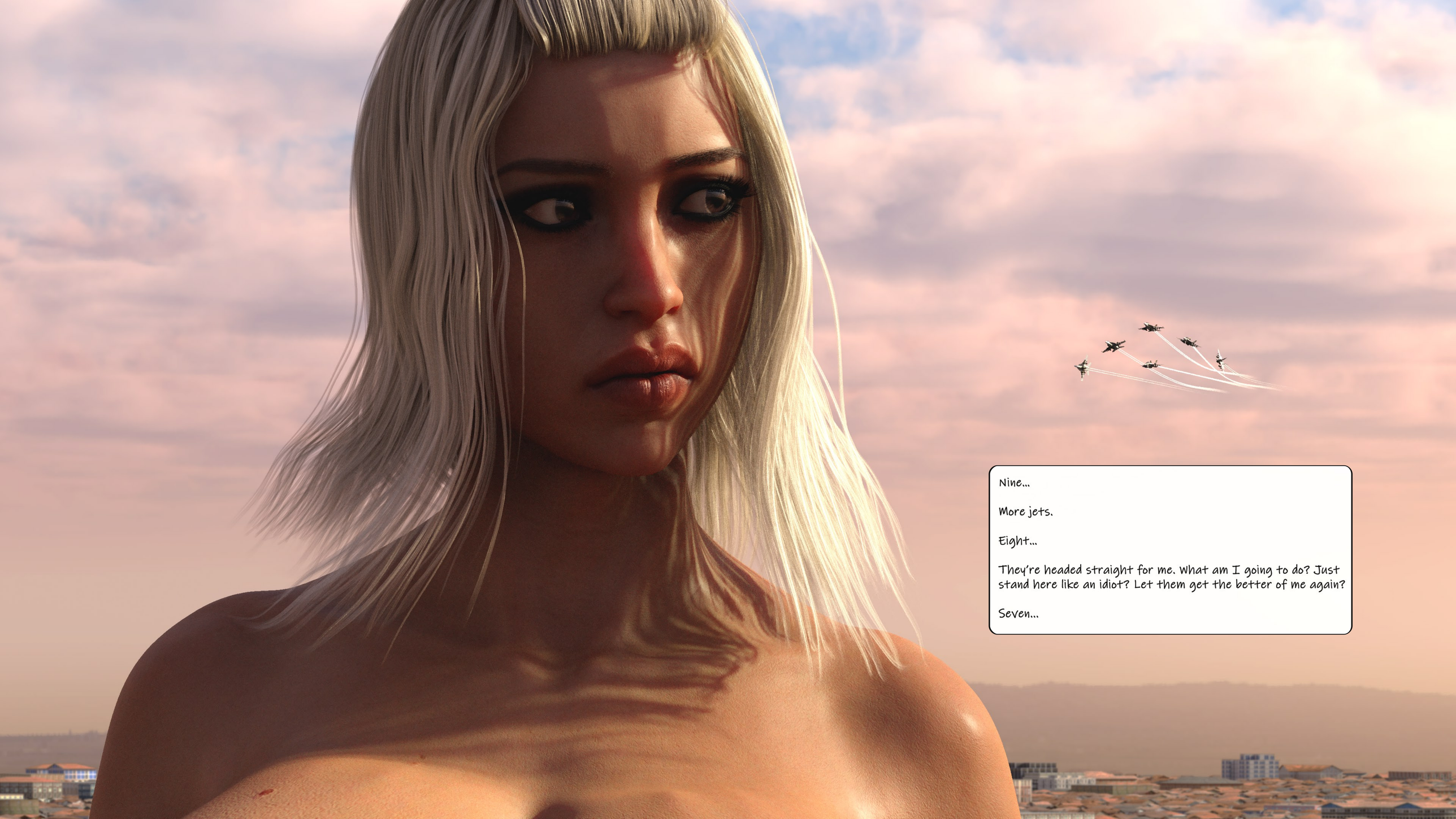
They may be small, but that doesn't fucking do a goddamn thing to calm me down. They still fucking shot at me with weapons strong enough to actually be felt. The little ripples through my tits make my entire upper-body jiggle, and the heat, though only momentary, feels like it's enough to make my blood fucking boil.




I just don't know what to do. I've never fucking felt like this before. I'm not supposed to be the one who feels helpless. I can do almost literally anything. I can lift a fucking mountain. I can break a goddamn building over my knee. I can and have eaten hundreds of people whole for no reason other than my own amusement.
Even before I grew I had money. Lots of it, and I deserved very last fucking penny. There were very few problems it couldn't solve, and the ones that were still outstanding, like fucking Mockr? Dead. Buried. Gone forever. Thanks to ME! I'm not supposed to be on the losing end of anything! I'm a Kloss god dammit! That's a name associated with winning!


Alright. Keep calm, Kaylee. Look at this rationally. You're a smart girl. A genius, really. You're not really on the losing end of anything, right? Sure, you're getting hit with missiles and loud explosions that could singe your immaculate tips, but you're not getting seriously injured. There's no pain, and they're obviously too scared to engage to any real degree. You're still on top here. What did that stupid doctor Mom made you see always say? When you're mad you should count down from ten... and see if you're still mad after, right?
Alright. Why not?
Ten...
I'm feeling more calm already.


I watch the jets as they fly off into the distance. I expect them to turn back towards me, but so far at least they're heading straight away. Maybe they're feeling calmer too? Maybe they think that if they leave me alone, I'll be nicer to everyone? You know, I bet I would be nicer. I'd still kill everyone, sure, but I'm make a point of smiling while I do it.
Then I hear an annoying sound behind me, like the buzzing of a bunch of little flies. Fuck, not more of them!


Nine...
More jets.
Eight...
They're headed straight for me. What am I going to do? Just stand here like an idiot? Let them get the better of me again?
Seven...


Fuck this. I can feel their stupid weaponry hitting me now. Ineffective as always, but I would never allow this to happen in any other circumstances. Heads would roll if anyone ever tried some shit like this even before I grew.
Six...
I always knew that doctor was a FUCKING QUACK! I can't let them all just fucking fly by! Look at this one coming straight for my ass. I should just crush it, right? It'll count as turning the other cheek if I just let my arm fall. Gravity did it. That's my excuse. And if I just so happen to crush the jet then it will still count as not letting them get to me!

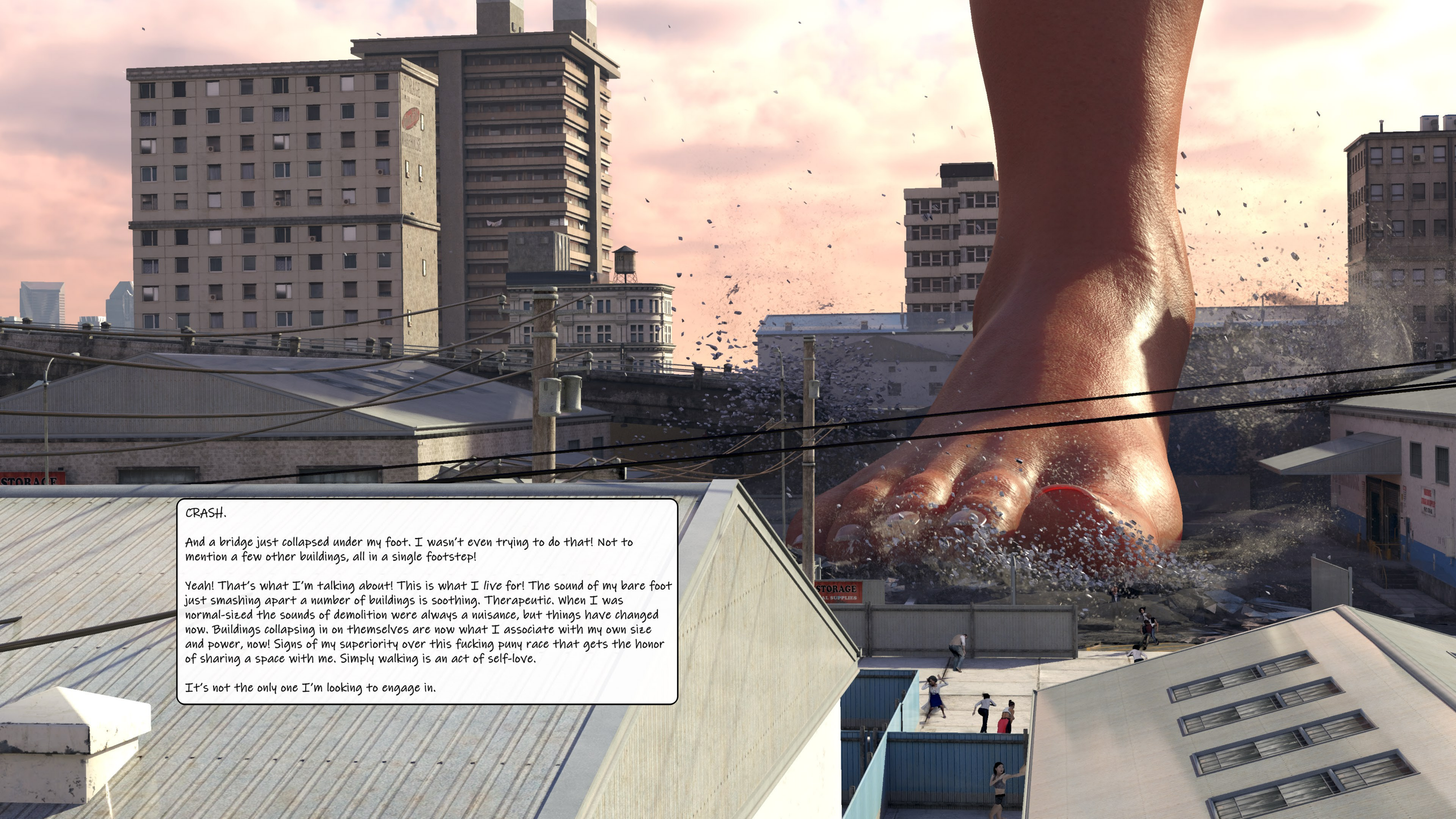

Five...
See? Easy. Slapped that fucking jet right into my ass. The smoke and fire is almost identical to that of the bombs themselves. A light tickle, then it's gone. Extinguished in the blink of an eye. Nothing but a twisting vapor trail that goes out of the sky. All because I lowered my hand. If I actually put some effort into it, then...
No. Stop dwelling on how fucking good it felt to get revenge. Be stronger Kaylee!


Four...
And with that, they're off. Scared again. Why am I still counting? It's obvious that swatting these things out of the sky is what's actually effective. Why would I even start this dumb routine in the first place? I'm fine! There's no veins throbbing in my forehead, no lightheadedness, nothing! I'm good to go forever, right? They're running, I'm not about to throw the world's biggest tantrum, and that's that. I'm just going to stop now. I have nothing else to be angry about.


I just remembered something.
Three...
I had a mouth full of people earlier, didn't I? I don't know what happened to them. I must have accidentally swallowed when the jets approached. What another fucking waste.
Two...
They fly off again after this run. Perhaps my stoic stance helped them realize that they aren't actually hurting me at all. Yeah. That has to be it. I was giving them what they wanted by getting so fucking visibly angry before. Now they know better. Not flinching has them running like fucking pussies. Now I can resume living my life in peace.


It's not what I wanted. It's not fully satisfactory. I didn't get them all, or swat them out of the sky, or laugh as they exploded into tiny fireballs. But... I've won. I can live with that. Not every victory has to be complete and absolute. Sometimes you can win just by forcing someone else to back down. There's no shame in that. I can live with this result. I can just get them next time. I can do better. It would take too much time to go after them anyway. Time that could be better spent doing more important things.


Heavy fucking emphasis on "doing." All of this aggression that I wasn't able to properly let out has me frustrated. I need to let it out. There's plenty more city to get to, and there's nothing wrong with having an angry fuck, right?
Maybe it would be better to try and view it in a different way. I'm not angrily stomping ahead and crushing things because I'm mad I didn't get what I wanted. I'm... doing a public service. It's not enough for me to just stand out in the middle of nowhere like I was. People deserve to see me. I'm the best looking thing in this entire city. Nothing compares. I'm the best. I'm goddamn Kaylee motherfucking Kloss. That name still means something.
CITY STORAGE



CRASH.

And a bridge just collapsed under my foot. I wasn't even trying to do that! Not to mention a few other buildings, all in a single footstep!

Yeah! That's what I'm talking about! This is what I *live* for! The sound of my bare foot just smashing apart a number of buildings is soothing. Therapeutic. When I was normal-sized the sounds of demolition were always a nuisance, but things have changed now. Buildings collapsing in on themselves are now what I associate with my own size and power, now! Signs of my superiority over this fucking puny race that gets the honor of sharing a space with me. Simply walking is an act of self-love.

It's not the only one I'm looking to engage in.



I only woke up from my nap a short time ago, but I think I deserve a break. I've earned it. I should take some time off my feet, and enjoy myself. There's lots of ways I, at my current size, could enjoy myself. None of them with happy endings for the little people.

It doesn't take long to find a good crowd. Last I heard LA had a population of nearly 4 million people, and there's no way they're going to be able to organize a way to get out of town in a timely manner. Effective as I am at crushing people, there's no way I've taken out more than, what, ten or twenty thousand by now?

That leaves so, so many more ripe for the crushing. I'm never more than a few steps away from fresh bodies, and right now there's a crowd that really wants to see me. They're running away, sure but that's just because they want the full Kaylee Kloss experience. It's one thing to just sit around and get crushed while hiding inside of your home. It's another entirely to meet your grisly end under my toes while at the height of terror. Running away out in the open, with not a single place to hide.


These people know that. That's why they're running. They're the most selfless I've ever met. They've gone so far as to intentionally pack themselves into a tight space like this. Just so I can experience what it's like to step on them all at once. There has to be over a hundred of them and while I'm moving my foot over them I can feel the terror peak in their cries. Seeing my bloodied sole up close the way they are has to be a lot to take in. They probably thought I was going to be nice and clean for them. Finding my perfect soles decorated with the remnants of those who died before them has to put a damper on things.

For a moment I considered the possibility of cleaning my feet. Well, not me, obviously. But to have these little people do so for me. That would have been great. Just hundreds upon hundreds of tiny hands with mops and buckets rubbing over every inch of my soles. Crawling between my toes to make sure every inch of my feet were immaculate. The kind of feet that would appear in magazines, and convert even people who weren't attracted to them. I would be the gold standard for foot beauty, and-



What can I say?

Instant gratification is a bitch.

I don't know how many of them I stepped on. I'm no math whiz. What I do know is I ripped up the fucking street in the blink of an eye, and an electric tingle travels through ,my toes, up my spine, and eventually to every last inch of my body. It's fucking phenomenal but it doesn't just stop there. No, there's one particular place it stops, and lingers. Letting me know that there's something else I still have yet to take care of.

Before moving on I take the time to clench my toes together. Any still-living people that may have been stuck in that tiny little gap between my toes and my sole were fucking gone now. No stragglers. Complete and total destruction. Turned into a smear and erased from Kayleeworld.


That's what I think I'll call this place now. Earth is so passé. It's not at all the kind of name you'd expect something that would house something as perfect as myself. I'm adding that note to my list of things to get done after taking over the world as well. Make sure all science geeks adopt the name under threat of execution. I will not allow there to be any questions to whom all of humanity needs to bow.
PARKING


I can handle that later. Right now I have a powerful urge just begging to be taken care of. A pussy so hot it I could steam a fucking egg with it, and a tiny city full of crushables to feed it. It has been too long since I last addressed this.
Since I started growing I think I've stopped to get myself off at least once an hour every hour. Probably more often really, as I doubt more than 12 hours have passed since I started growing given that there's still plenty of sunlight out. And each additional time has consistently outdone the previous. I don't know how long I was out for, but I fucking bet I've fallen behind now.
STORAGE
WAREHOUSE


So I take a seat, there's a small puff of debris around me from the displaced wind, and I can't help but smile. It's such a small, subtle detail to remind me of how big I am. Something I would have overlooked before, but right now, watching the smoke wash over a small crowd next to me... it's given me two distinct thoughts. The first is an idea that I can use later on... and the second is a sense of fulfillment.
Wasn't that long ago required a lot more preparation for me than it does now. I would have to find someplace private, and free of people. I couldn't be too noisy, or I could be walked in on. If the urge came at an inconvenient enough time I would be left with only two choices. Finish up quickly, and possibly unsatisfactorily, or just suppress it.


Now?
Kaylee horny.
The signs are visible everywhere. An overwhelming scent that's thick enough to choke the little people. Hot enough to fog up windows. Wet enough to make my pussy glisten in the sun.
Kaylee sit.
The world is my seat. There's not a single place I could plop my giant ass that wouldn't be grateful to receive it. And every location I choose to convert into a seat would be left with a reminder of my presence. Huge twin craters shaped like my ass. A heavy scent of sex that just hangs in the air. A constant reminder of my greatness.
Kaylee plays.
Anyone. Anywhere. No one is safe. I'm at the top of the food chain, but I don't even take advantage of everyone below me for just food. Pleasure is just as important, and the entire human population can serve me equally good in either regard.


I even have more interesting options now. No longer am I stuck with fingers, silicone, or rubber. Now I've got cars. Crowds. Skyscrapers. Hell, I'm sure I could fuck a bridge if I approached it the right way.
I didn't even have to use this crowd I sat my ass next to. I could have used them as a seat, and just started shoving some of these surrounding buildings into me with no remorse. I'm interested in these guys, though. They're so densely packed and terrified that they're bound to work as a makeshift vibrator, right? Not a very sturdy one, as there's no way this thing's going to be able to withstand even the slightest bit of pressure, but I can probably work myself to a quick orgasm before then. Hell, I'm sure picking them up is going to kill more than a few of them anyway, so why should I care how many fail to survive?.
WELDRIGHT
INDUSTRIAL SUPPLIES
8 COLOMBO ST


They probably understand that, though. They see my fingers come down, and although they're hiding it by begging me to put them down, or to spare them, I know what they're really thinking. They want to help me out as much as I want to use them. Or maybe the crowds are so frenzied that they've essentially trapped themselves. I don't plan on finding out. They're a gift that may as well have been placed here specifically so I can use them.

My only interest is that they keep these writhing movements up. If they stop for one second I won't hesitate to close my hand into a fist. They're completely expendable. I have no problems getting more.


Oh... shit!
The feelings are coming back. It's been too fucking long. I should have an army of servants attacking my pussy constantly! Every waking- no. No breaks. Every hour, period! Conscious or not, I need a conga line of little ones working their way into my pussy for my amusement. I shouldn't have to be collecting them myself!


I have but one regret. A single, solitary fucking regret. That is.. I've gone too long without this.


The sensations feel so much stronger than they did before. Fuck up the city in front of me is too good of an experience. Hearing the final moments of so many people who aren't strong enough to stand up to my pussy is too overwhelming.


It also means that this isn't going to last nearly long enough.
No, as soon as the ball of people fighting for survival makes contact with my pussy I feel like I've jumped straight to the ending. Then a sharp jolt of energy cascades through my body, and I start to grow once again.


Growing feels like nothing else. It's absolutely fucking rapturous. My toes curl, I shift my weight, and I have to clench my teeth to better endure what I'm going through. It's better than anything I've had in me, which is saying a lot considering I had an orgy of about ten floors worth of people inside of me just a few minutes ago.


But they weren't whole and out in the open like this. They were packed into a stupid hard shell. Bricks and stone and wood and other stupid pieces of furniture blocking me from the wonderful feelings of their struggles.


This time there's no fucking filter. No protection. Just raw, brutal, fucking with dozens of people at once, knowing full well I will be the only one surviving the encounter.


It's enough to really make me appreciate all they do for me. Not in the kind of way that would make me want to spare, or attempt to salvage them of course. I'm not stupid. Just the kind of feeling that comes from the lot of them working towards something admirable. Pleasing their new Goddess. A group of people who've done more for me than the millions of fans I have ever did. I'd salute them, if they were going to be around to see it.


But nice as it is to feel them all dancing around the outside of my pussy I need to feel them deeper. Further inside of me. And for that I'm going to need to push them in just a little bit further. Not too much. They have to remain intact, and-


I can't even finish my thought. As soon as my fingers slide further into me and carry the hapless crowd deeper inside I nearly lose control over my entire body. My legs spasm, and kick forward as I try to handle the explosion of pleasure threatening to overwhelm me.


It's the kind of sensation that can't be properly enjoyed while sitting up. I have to lean further back, and allow myself better access to my pussy because I'm just about there already. And another feeling, one even more powerful than my approaching orgasm.


My body growing is enough to cause all kinds of damage on its own, even if I'm not trying to move and inch. I can feel my feet cracking the concrete, tearing up streets and parking lots. God it feels so fucking good growing bigger!


And my ass... oh fuck, it was already massive but now it's positively gigantic. I can feel whole warehouses being flattened under the weight of my ass as I grow. Cars are crunching into masses of twisted metal beneath my incredible weight. And best of all, I can feel some little people being crushed into goo beneath my fat fucking ass. Serves the stupid fucks right for not getting out of my way!

I've grown used to hearing my voice echo around absolutely everything every time I make a single noise. It's why I've been talking less now that I don't have anyone worth addressing directly. It gets too fucking disorienting to hear my own words echo back at me.

But when that fucking climax hits I can't stop it. My voice explodes out from inside of me and echoes around the immediate area like a goddamn siren. My pussy clenches tightly, pulverizing most of the people inside in the blink of an eye, but my fingers experience it as little more than a gentle squeeze. Fully intact, they keep pistoning in and out to make sure that the pleasure doesn't just evaporate too quickly. It's the kind of orgasm that people are going to write books about. Future sex scientists will look back on this moment of recorded history as the greatest climax that any living being has ever experienced on this planet.


At least it will be until I top it later.
This may be the greatest moment I've ever experienced in my life, but it's not enough. I know full well that I will rise to ever greater heights. That's of later concern, though. Right now all I want is to draw this out a bit longer. It feels fantastic, but there's too much of the city behind me that's getting a free ride. There has to be thousands of people feeling secure because I chose to face away from them when I sat down. It's a fucking disgrace, and I'm not going to remind them of what it really means to be around me.
I'll deal with them. I'll deal with everyone. But first, I need to grow.
Turning around is difficult, especially since I don't want to just stop fingering myself, but I manage to do it by bending my arm behind me instead of keeping it in front.



This way my tits can plop down onto the section of the city in front of me. Feeling my tits crush things is less of an intense burst of pleasure and more of a slow burn. They may be growing more fucking massive and heavy by the second, but they're also soft. It takes a bit for the combination of gravity and their weight to bring down the things they fall onto. At least getting stimulation from both sides at once really lets me ride the orgasm for as long as possible. It's also strangely comforting in its own way. Like I'm reenacting something I lost after growing, now that I lack a similarly-sized lover to work with me from multiple places at once.

As my growth spurt slows down, a comforting warmth runs through me, and for a moment I feel at peace. A single, quiet moment that I wished would never end. Lying down on hundreds of people who have been crushed and rubbed into my skin, drilling my fingers around inside of my pussy, and letting the roofs of some buildings only just out of reach tickle my sensitive nipples. A sense of peace comes over me. Colors feel more vibrant, and that sunset is beautiful. It almost looks like the sun itself is moving closer. Am I growing again?


No.
I refuse. No. I don't want to believe this. Why. Why would this happen? Haven't they done enough? I get it. I'm kind of a big deal. Maybe exterminating entire neighborhoods and ending lives for my own amusement reflects poorly on me by their ethical standards. Okay. So they want to stop me. I get it. I disagree, but they can keep their stupid opinions.
PARKIN
PARKIN
FOR RENT


But is this many jets REALLY fucking necessary?!


No. I've had it. I'm fucking done. I already know how I'm going to rid myself of this problem. Permanently. It's fucking easy. It came to me when I sat down just a minute ago. When my ass came down onto the block I had chosen to serve as my seat a small puff of debris shot out in every direction. Just a small one, as I hadn't gone out of my way to do a fucking ground pound or some other stupid move like that.
But before I even started digging for future sex toys I saw the effect it had. Sturdy materials used in construction assaulted the hapless people, injuring a lot of them. I know I saw some bloodied faces, and likely broke some bones without ever making contact with any of them.
PARKING


I fucking knew then and there how to stop these goddamn jets. So long as I could see them coming they weren't going to survive. And lo and behold, the loud motherfuckers just had to come straight for me.
I'd be embarrassed for them, if it hadn't been so fucking predictable..


A quick look around told me all I needed to know. This section of the city would do just fine. My only regret was not recognizing any of these buildings around me. It didn't really matter, but getting to fuck these stupid jets up with something I hate would have been the cherry on top.
Oh well. There's always next time.


In the meantime, buildings are buildings and they all break apart the same. Dropping to my knees I spread my arms apart, and dig my fingers into the streets ahead. It's pathetically easy to pierce the ground, and tear straight through them. I've never actually tried this up until now. I've always wanted to pluck buildings or people out of where they were standing so I could have more fun with them that way.
But I'm not a fucking pro baseball player. I don't have the skillset needed to hit a military jet that's flying away even with something as big as an entire building. What if accuracy didn't matter, though?


The steel frames inside of the buildings are the only things that can endure what I'm doing. Everything else breaks apart from the power in my fingers alone. It's not long at all before an entire neighborhood's worth of faceless buildings is converted into the world's biggest pile of rubble. I could roll onto it with my tits and have the feeling of crushing an entire city block's worth of things at the same time. A real milestone considering I'm not big enough to do that.
Yet.



I need more, though. As much as I can get my fucking hands on. Ripping them apart is easy. They break like they're made of twigs and it's not long before I really have something solid to work with.

There's probably other ways to stop those annoying things. Maybe I could clap my hands so hard that the shockwave will knock them out of the sky. Or just blow on them when they get close so my breath throws them off balance. But I'm already too deep into this plan so I'm sticking to it. Layers of concrete several feet thick just crumble like they're made of sugar in my hands. Rebar, concrete, wood, glass. All of it just gets broken apart into a big fucking mess in front of me. This is probably the only time that I'll ever say this, but it doesn't have to be glamorous.

I can hear the jets steadily growing louder. There's no way they're smart enough to have figured out my plan. They probably think this is just a stupid act of rebellion. A final hurrah before I'm assaulted with enough bombs to blast me into a red fucking mist the way I have so many people myself.


"TAKE THIS, DUMB BUILDINGS!"
My cheeks blush red as I say that, but I don't want them to think I have anything planned. I feel embarrassed saying it out loud, but I've been in enough reality shows to know a thing or two about acting. With my arms spread apart I quickly scoop up a huge amount of the shit piled in front of me, and throw it straight into the air. Some of it falls straight back down. Some of it lingers in the air. There's so much that it legitimately looks like a fucking cloud for a few seconds.


"Get a load of that broad!" They're probably thinking, watching me have the time of my life with dirt like I'm some peasant. They're probably still arming their weapons, no idea of what's to come.
Good.
That's what I want them to think. I probably have plenty to work with, but... well, if I'm already here. Why not crush a bit more? For fun. Adding it to the pile is just an excuse. Out of the corner of my eye I can see them quickly drawing closer, and excitement swells up inside of me. These fucking assholes started this. They attacked me first. All I've done is respond in kind. If they can't leave me be, then they will pay the ultimate price.


Because nobody.
And I mean NOBODY gets away with attacking Kaylee Kloss.
"SURPRISE!" I announced, tossing a second double-handful of the stuff straight up. It's even bigger and more dense than the first. The sky around me practically turns gray there's so much shit in the air. And it's at just the right time as I can see the stupid military jets come into range. It's too late to try and change course! They can only head straight into the cloud. No fucking chance of escape.


I heard a news story a long time ago. An airplane had taken off from an airport, and accidentally flown straight into a flock of birds. One of the unlucky assholes got sucked straight into the engine, and it was nearly enough to bring the entire thing down. It was a super gross story I tried to block out of my head.

Well now it was paying off. All it took was one goose to nearly bring down a commercial airliner. A small, fragile little thing filled with meat and hollow bones. An airplane's engine would probably turn it into mulch in the blink of an eye. So tons and tons of what was once a standing neighborhood should be a hundred times more effective.

And I was fucking right. The stupid things flew straight into the cloud, and the effects were catastrophic near-instantly. It was like looking out at the fireworks on the Fourth of July. The kind of beautiful image that will be burned into my memory..


I did this. Me. I'm not just some fucking reality TV stars for tabloids to write stupid articles about. I'm not just some spoiled rich girl who can't do anything for herself. I came up with a plan, I executed it, and now there's dozens of fucking jets exploding in midair.

"REST IN PIECES, FUCKERS!" I laughed, smiling as a lot of the debris falls right back onto me. But unlike those fragile little jets, I don't really feel anything resembling pain, or put myself into any danger. It feels like a gentle rain coming down onto me. Harmless, and almost refreshing in its own way. It's the perfect way to close this part of my day out.

It'll probably make me a little dirty, though. I should find some place to clean up.


The world is wide open to me. So much so I don't even know where to go next as all the options are so overwhelming. Should I go find a place to clean up? Or maybe I should go back to see what Anna is up to? Or I can just keep fucking around in the city?


Tempting as it all is... I want to enjoy myself a little longer. Really soak in my ultimate, uncontested victory over the so-called strongest military on the planet. I am the superior fighting force. I am the ultimate winner. I am unstoppable. I am the envy of all.
I am Kaylee.

I am also sleepy.
I close my eyes for a moment, and can't help but let out a long, satisfying lawn. . I'm not going to let myself fall asleep again, of course. I don't want to wake up and find a bunch of creepy little army guys crawling all over me. But what's the harm in laying down and closing my eyes for a few seconds?


The sound of rain always makes me fall right asleep. It's not raining now, but the planes that are still occasionally falling down from the sky are almost like rain. Kind of. Can you blame me for wanting to close my eyes just for a little bit?

You know what, who cares if I fall asleep? So what if they send some more guys out on another suicide mission to climb Mount Kaylee? My tits are way more dangerous to climb on than Mount Everest.
Let the army idiots come, if they want to. In the end, I'll be the one who cums, and they'll end up as a stain on my tits. Or my ass. Or my foot. Because after another few growth spurts, I'll be bigger than this whole fucking city, and then I'll really be able to do some damage.
Right after I get another nap in, that is.

END OF PART 14

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800 FEET TALL
168,750 TONS
11TH GROWTH SPURT
(CH 11, HIGHWAY)
700 FEET TALL
113,049 TONS
10TH GROWTH SPURT
(CH 10, STADIUM)
600 FEET TALL
78,550 TONS
9TH GROWTH SPURT
(CH 9, PRIVATE BEACH)
520 FEET TALL
46,342 TONS
8TH GROWTH SPURT
(CH 8, TANK BATTLE)
480 FEET TALL
33,235 TONS
7TH GROWTH SPURT
(CH 7, WEST LOS ANGELES)
275 FEET TALL
9,375 TONS
6TH GROWTH SPURT
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210 FEET TALL
3,100 TONS
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(CH 12, COFFEE SHOP)
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210 TONS
NORMAL
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