
KAYLEE
PART 16


REDFIREDOG
EMMAGEAR


I still can't believe what I'm doing. Just intentionally moving towards Kaylee. After she tried to kill me and mom like nothing happened. There is a line of logic to what I'm doing and I'm hoping that it will be enough to carry me through this to stop her... but it still doesn't feel like the smartest decision I've ever made.
Even now, all I can think of is what Kaylee did to that helicopter... The one she thought Mom and I were inside of.


I don't know if Mom had connections, or if someone in the government just wanted to get us as far from Kaylee as possible... but a really, really big chopper had come to pick us up, and airlift us out to safety away from Kaylee.


There was a problem, though... I was too big. Way too big. I offered to hang onto the bottom, but they said there was no way it would be able to take off if I tried something that stupid. They offered to take mom and perhaps come back with more aircraft to carry me in unison... but Mom refused.
She didn't want to just abandon me.


It was a heartstopping moment. Our big trump card to get out of all this had just been neutered. Rendered pointless, and it left both of us trapped.
And... it only got worse a second later when Kaylee suddenly spotted both of us. She opened her mouth to scream something, but...


Fresh, loud explosions rocked the area behind her. Huge plumes of smoke exploded against her ass, and distracted her. As she turned away I could hear the helicopter's rotors begin to spin up to take off, leaving without either of us.
I didn't think I could sink to any further depths of despair, but in that moment I felt absolutely hopeless.



Luckily, there was another soldier nearby. He pointed straight to the bottom floor of a building, saying it would hide us.

It should have been obvious that it was a bad idea to just do whatever a military guy ordered in a situation like that... but we were both so fucking desperate we would have takena nything. They could have offered salvation on an operating table surrounded by horrendously dangerous implements and it would have been preferable to standing out in the open after being spotted by Kaylee.


We crossed the street in the blink of an eye. Right as a loud, echoing growl exploded directly above us. The earth shook, and I felt a huge rush of wind as Kaylee lunged straight for the helicopter that had just taken off a moment prior.
I could only watch, dumbfounded, at what happened next.


She attempted to grab hold of it.
At least... that's what I hope she was trying to do. It would mean that what happened next was an accident when she squeezed way too hard, and turned the machinery into a puff of fiery smoke.
I prefer to think that was what happened. Because the alternative... was that she did it on purpose. She assumed that we had both boarded the chopper, and she still hadn't hesitated to destroy it in an instant. Kaylee was a lot of things, but I wanted to believe she wasn't the type of person to do something like that to her own *family* intentionally.



Tempting as it was to feel that way... there's only one way to find out.

I have to confront her.

If I'm right, then she truly crushed that thing by mistake, and she'll be grateful to see that I'm still alive. Hopefully... grateful enough to hear me out, and maybe stop what she's doing. And if I'm wrong...

Well, there's a comfort in not having to run anymore.

I may have made significant progress, but the highway I'm walking down is absolutely packed to the brim with people. The road ahead is blocked by Kaylee, and the sheer amount of crashed cars and broken vehicles mean that the only way to make any progress down this road is on foot. Still, it's surreal to see people just run past me. More scared of what they're running from, than the giant woman who's walking among them.


Still, even as I come down the highway and well within Kaylee's line of sight... I begin to notice something. She just doesn't seem too excited anymore. She's looking around, with a dejected look, keeping her eyes planted to the ground so she doesn't even notice my approach.
At least, not yet.
TETLEYS
EUROCAR
SOAP
TEPCO


It's too late to reconsider now. I'm close enough now that if I try and retreat she's bound to notice before I make any significant amount of progress. My heart may be on the verge of leaping out of my chest... but I have to do this.
I grit my teeth, take a deep breath... and raise a hand over my head.
"KAYLEE!"


It didn't come out as loud as I wanted it to. It lacked the confidence, the punch that I'd planned on delivering, but it seemed to do the job. Kaylee gradually turned towards my direction. And then...
Nothing. Her eyes remained glued to the ground. Her hands were slowly pulling apart, and I realized what was going on. A few cars directly in front of her were attempting to move through the crowds, and seemed to grab her attention. She hadn't noticed me.
That made things awkward.
TETLEYS
EUROCAR
GOAD
TEPCO



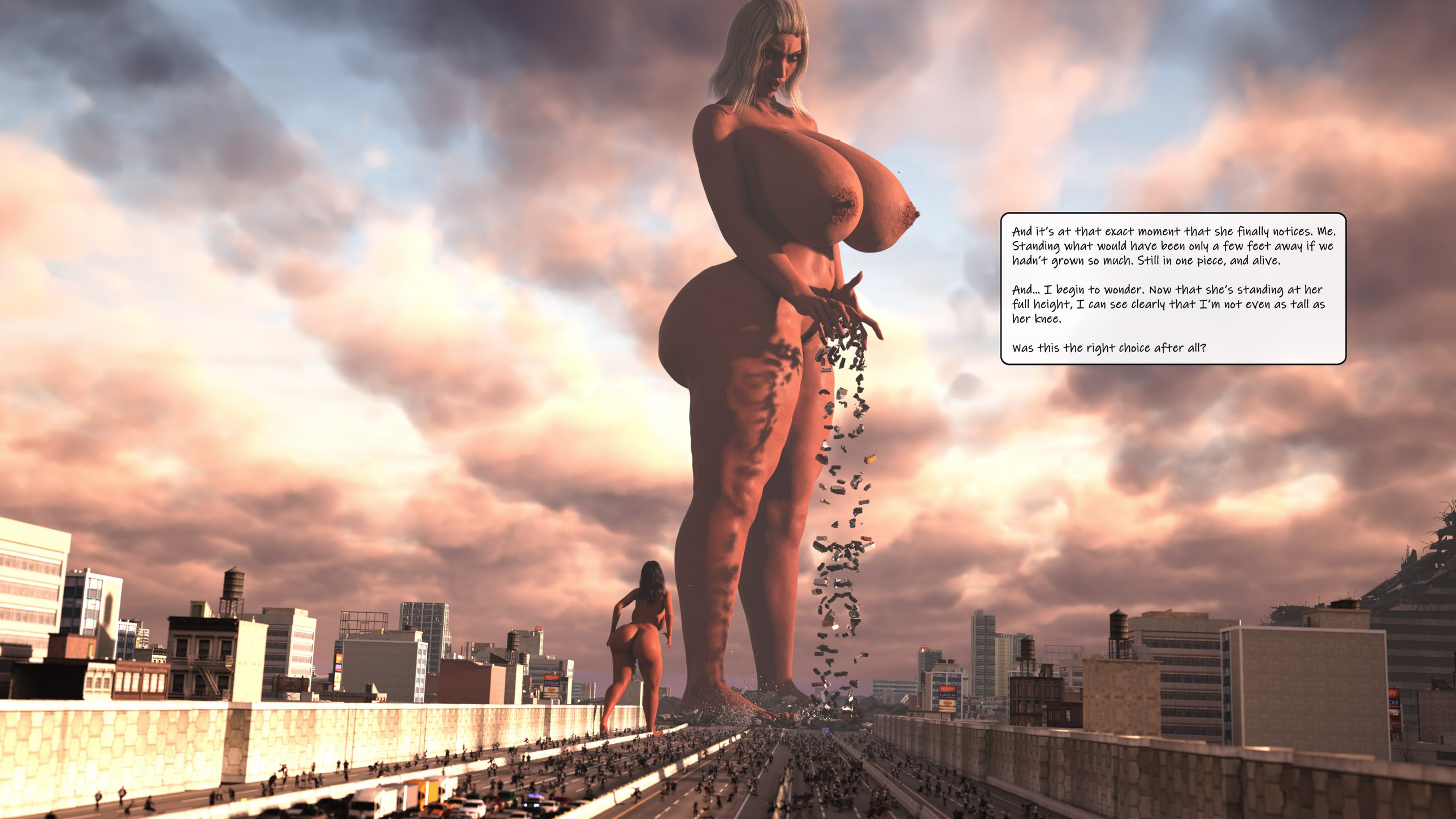
With a sudden movement she slammed both of her hands into the ground in front of her, and spread them apart. Her massive fingers ripped through the hard streets like they were liquid rather than solid, and a huge number of cars were quickly scooped up at the same instant.

I take a step back, wondering what she's planning.


Nothing, it seems. Like she just wants to see what would happen if she tried mashing all these cars together into one big ball. They crash and crunch against each other, bending out of shape and sending shards of shattered glass raining onto the crowds running away. There's more than a few tiny bodies mixed into the mess, and they are effortlessly pulped between the mess of heavy machinery being guided by Kaylee's big fingers.


There's no reasoning behind anything she's doing. It's just destruction for destruction's sake. I don't know if her heart isn't in it anymore... or if this is just the culmination of all of her desires.


She stands up, and lets the mess rain from between her fingers like she's overseasoning a dish. It just falls from the great height she stands at, nothing to break its fall as it reaches incredible speeds. And as it begins to fall, she looks around her, presumably in an effort to find more things to break, crush, and destroy.


And it's at that exact moment that she finally notices. Me. Standing what would have been only a few feet away if we hadn't grown so much. Still in one piece, and alive.
And... I begin to wonder. Now that she's standing at her full height, I can see clearly that I'm not even as tall as her knee.
Was this the right choice after all?


I should have listened to every part of my being begging me not to go through with this. I didn't have any better ideas, sure, but did that really mean I had to go and follow through with a particularly bad one? Maybe I was just stupid at this point.
Or... maybe... she's not mad?


As I stared up at her from the ground I saw the look on her face gradually begin to soften. Maybe she wasn't even mad initially, and I was just panicking for no good reason again. Although, when you're staring up at someone ten times bigger than you are, I think you should be forgiven for panicking just a little bit. It's completely natural, and...
When is she going to move?! I can feel my heart racing as she just locks eyes onto me, keeping things laser-focused. I know at least one thing. If killing me was her intention, there was no reason she wouldn't have done it by now.



"Kaylee-"

CRASH!

Without any notice whatsoever Kaylee dropped to a knee to get a better look at me. The effect was chaotic as the world around me exploded into a shower of debris and shards of the road spraying up in every direction. The walls that surrounded this highway exploded from the force of Kaylee's toes as she closed the gap between us in an instant, and I could instantly feel my body tense up as she seemed to regard me with curiosity.



"Kayla...?"

Okay. She recognized me. That was... good?

"What are you... how...?"

What do I even say to that? "Your attempt to kill me failed!" and then gloat in her face? Or maybe try to play the victim card? No... even just coming closer to me Kaylee must have stepped on I don't know how many people. I don't think there's a lot of empathy to be found in that big dummy's skull.

"Kayla!"


I felt it. Only slightly thanks to her size and distance, but I could feel something I hadn't for some time now. Kaylee's hot breath just blasted all over my face. Suddenly this was all a hundred times more real. Approaching Kaylee was no longer theoretical. I was here, she was staring straight at me, and my chances of hiding from her had forever vanished. If I turned and ran away right now she would easily be able to catch up.
I tried to keep a brave face... but I had a feeling it didn't come off that way. I was standing here among crowds that barely cleared the height of my toes, but next to Kaylee...


I was practically the size of a doll.
I watched her face for what felt like eons. Just trying to get a read on her. There wasn't any anger on it, at least as far as I could tell... but what was I seeing? Compassion? Excitement? Was she just going to be using me as a sex slave or something?
Then her eye twitched.


Something about it instantly sent a signal to my brain. I raised my hands defensively for whatever was about to come, but it wasn't like I could do much to save myself. Before I even had my arms fully raised I saw Kaylee's hand fill up most of my view, reminding me of just how big she was next to me.
"Don't move!"



I couldn't have if I fucking wanted to I was so scared at that moment. I had hoped that we'd be able to talk this out like adults. Like... giant, naked adults in the middle of a city. I turned out to be wrong. Again. It seems to be a recurring thing for me since this all began, but I was beginning to feel at least a tiny bit better.

This probably meant that she wasn't going to kill me. Even as her hand reached for me the gentle expression didn't fade one iota. There was no killing intent in her movements. She just wanted to pick me up.

Didn't make it any less fucking scary, though.


"I SAID DON'T MOVE!"
Try as I might to repeat over and over that Kaylee wasn't going to hurt me... I just couldn't bring myself to believe it fully. All of the fortitude I'd mustered just intentionally approaching her and standing in front of her melted away when she actually made a movement in my direction that I saw coming. But.. even as I turned and felt my body begin to make a frantic escape against my wishes, I couldn't help but turn around. I had to know for sure. I had to see her face.


As I craned my neck up again I could see her hand, balled into a fist. She didn't look like she was going to be particularly gentle when picking me up, but at least I could probably take it. As for her expression...
She seemed upset.
But not too upset. No, this wasn't the kind of rage that preceded crushing someone. It was more of a mild annoyance. The sort of face she would often make after reaching for her phone from the couch and realizing it was just out of reach. It was an irritant, sure...


But it wasn't like she would never see that phone again. It wasn't like a simple change in posture would be all it took to facilitate grabbing the phone. It didn't even matter that the "phone" in this instance was a living being that was smart, and could run away from her of its own free will.
She was still much, much bigger. And it would not take her long to catch up at all.


That wasn't the only problem, though.
Only a few steps after breaking into a run I could hear the crowds of people scream much, much louder. I guess I'd kind of tuned them out when focusing entirely on Kaylee, and now that I was reminded of their presence it was like I was charging straight into a minefield. Only this time there wouldn't be any real consequences to me for stepping on any one of them. I just... couldn't. I wouldn't! I wasn't going to!
HOTEL
TETLEYS
EUROCAR
SOAP
TEPCO


That's what I kept telling myself as I ran through the crowds. This was all just in my head. The moisture under my feet. The quiet crunching sensations. Those were just oil stains. And the road itself cracking under my feet. I was still being responsible!
At some point I kind of had to close my eyes. Just to maintain the illusion.


But... Kaylee operated under no such limitations. I could feel the rumble of the earth beneath my feet as she began to swing one leg forward, and immediately found myself wondering about the damage that would be caused by this step. Her body was so big that her feet had sunk into the ground, so even moving out of the self-made craters sent a spray of stone and debris firing straight ahead into the fleeing crowds.
For as big as I was, if I ran carelessly through the crowds I would step on a few people with each step. Realistically, Kaylee could easily fit a dozen times that many under a single foot!
TETLEYS
EUROCAR
SOAD
TEPCO


And she wasn't going to let a simple thing like caring for the lives of the helpless people beneath her slow her down. I, meanwhile, was sprinting for all I was worth, trying to ignore the wet footprints I was leaving behind. I knew exactly what had happened , but... it was justified.
I had to get away. This was a stupid idea from the beginning. What was I thinking!?


Then I ran into an obstacle.
I don't know how a bridge that rose to the inconvenient height of my thighs caught me off-guard. It just... did. Perhaps it was the sheer sensory overload packing the scene around me that caused me to overlook it. The people screaming around my feet. The subtle crunches their body, no, cars made as I ran ahead. And most alarming of all...
The much, much bigger Kaylee walking after me. At little more than a casual stroll. This bridge was going to be enough to slow me down considerably. I wasn't athletic enough to leap over it like a hurdle, and crawling underneath wasn't an option thanks to my greatly increased curvature. There was, of course, the option to attempt to barrel through...
But all the people on top would be endangered if I did that. The crowds under me may have been in the wrong place at the wrong time... but there was no legitimate reason to harm these poor people.


I tried moving as quickly a s I possibly could to get underneath the bridge. In doing so I instantly heard the whining of metal and cracking of glass as I had to have fallen on top of well over a dozen vehicles at once. They were empty, my mind immediately told myself. After all, with how densely-packed the streets were with bodies and how the cars weren't moving in the slightest the owners of the vehicles would have been foolish to stay inside of them.
In as quick a movement as I could manage I ducked my head under the bridge, and quickly made my way to the other side. Right as I heard the thunderous boom of Kaylee's right foot behind me. Cratering the ground and sending fresh cracks spidering through the pavement. All while her left foot gradually began to swing forward after, almost closing the gap since I'd begun running just two steps.


"Stop running, Kayla."
There wasn't an ounce of playfulness or humor in Kaylee's voice. I looked up as my body ran cold in response... but all I could see was the bottom of Kaylee's fate. Big, bare, and covered in the bloodied remnants of dozens upon dozens of people who'd crossed her path. She was going to step on me!
But more than that, I noticed that doing so would put her foot on a direct trajectory with the highway that I was still partially under. The one I'd gone out of my way to ensure took no damage from me.
I had to get out from underneath. Fast. If Kaylee was going to step on me, at least I could do that one little thing for the people.


I lunged forward as best I could, and Kaylee's foot came down quickly.
She hadn't even tried to correct her foot's placement. Just slammed it down onto the bridge, seemingly for no reason beyond the satisfaction of watching it explode under her toes. It did so in spectacular fashion, collapsing from the strength and wait of a single foot as her toes narrowly missed falling onto me directly.
If Kaylee's intent had been to step on me, she had failed... but I had a feeling that she didn't even want that much. The bridge had only been something else for her to have fun with on the way to her real prize.


While the dust was still settling from the bridge collapse I knew I had a chance to get away. I pushed both hands onto the ground, thankful to not feel anything underneath them as I did so, and pushed myself forward with all my strength.
Only to find I didn't move a single inch.
Looking back, I felt my heart leap out of my chest. My leg was pinned under Kaylee's big toe, and she was keeping it pressed down just firmly enough to make sure I wasn't going to be getting away. I'd lost this chase.


"Are you done running now?"
I don't know if she expected an answer out of me. Maybe she was being rhetorical. Either way, she wasted no time bringing one of her big hands straight for me again. The sight of it once again triggered an incredibly powerful fight or flight response deep within my psyche in the blink of an eye... but I was stuck fast this time. I could only raise a hand in helpless submission, and hope that she would be gentle.
Perhaps I should have been more humiliated this time around. She moved so slowly it was like she viewed me as a scared animal. Like she was trying to collect a stray cat that had cornered itself without upsetting it.


"Gotcha." She said, her tone unnaturally quiet as she scooped me up from the ground and released my foot from under her big toe. She moved me up far too quickly and I felt myself go light-headed from the sudden movement, but she didn't seem like she intended to harm me.


The problem was I didn't know what she intended to do. I looked up at her as she studied me up and down, her eyes raking over every inch of my body to study me. I'd guess she's noticed how... enhanced I've become after I started growing. Even as she looks me over I can feel her thumb stray away from its position, and give my tits a gentle rub while she studies me further.


"Kaylee?"
She stops rubbing my tits with her thumb, and brings me a little closer to her face. Her eyes squint as we lock eyes, as if she's looking for some connection between us. Probably finding it difficult to come to terms with the reality of her situation. That I'm still here despite the last time she'd seen me.
"...Kaylee?"


Her expression kind of changes... and I don't like it. It's a mixture of recognition, surprise, and... something I can't quite identify. I'm not sure it's a face I've ever seen her make, which does not put me at ease in the slightest. It's the kind of thing that's going to keep me on edge until I find out what exactly she's thinking.
"KAYLEE!"



"KAYLA!"

I had about half a second to recognize the tone in her voice as something closer to joy, as opposed to anger. Rage. Sadness. Anything else. She was... happy to see me? I suppose I suspected she may react that way all along. It's why I went ahead with this plan in the first place... but it was still surreal.

But not as much as her immediately wrapping both arms around me and hugging tight. That brief second between her speaking and realizing she was hugging me was possibly the most terrifying single moment of my life. I genuinely thought she was going to squeeze the life out of me. Use her huge tits to turn me into paste like she had so many.

As it is, having her big nipple push into my stomach is a little uncomfortable... but considering what I've seen her do today that's far from the worst outcome.


"I can't believe it, Kayla! I thought you were... that... the helicopter. I..."
She's struggling to come up with the words to explain how she feels... but I know that it's remorse. She had an emotional outburst, and as a result was under the impression that she'd killed both me and mom. She'd been so fucking angry at us before she had probably considered that as a possible outcome, but thinking about it and actually following through with it are two different things entirely.


"It's... okay!" I grunted up as best I could with that big nipple pushing into my chest. Kaylee seemed to realize she was putting too much pressure on me and lightened up, offering me possibly the only ever kind smile I've seen on her face in my entire life.
And that's... kind of sad, when I think about it.


"Kayla! How did you survive the helicopter?! I could've sworn I saw it go up in flames completely. There wasn't anything left! Did you... not actually get on it?"
I have to give her some credit. I expected to have to explain every little detail of what had happened since we were separated, but she seemed to figure out what was going on pretty much immediately. Maybe I misjudged Kaylee...?


"Come on. Explain already! I'm dying to hear!" She finally said, pulling me away from her massive tit and holding me up in the sky. It was so surreal being this high up. Just beyond Kaylee I could see for what seemed like miles in every direction. I couldn't see any other buildings that even remotely compared to being this high up.
So it was all the more surreal to realize that while I was dangling what felt like a dangerous height in the sky for me, Kaylee herself still had her feet firmly planted on the ground. And... on top of so many others.


Right. The elephant in the room.
"I wasn't on that helicopter." I said, losing a bit of my enthusiasm as I remembered all the bodies that had to be pasted to the bottom of Kaylee's feet right about now. All those screams that had been cut short when she chased after me. And... all of the people I'd stepped on myself in what I'd told myself was a necessary sacrifice to get away from Kaylee.
That had failed completely...


"You weren't? But I thought..."
"No." I said quietly, looking down. I don't know why. All I could see was Kaylee's giant fucking tits when I did that. Not even the ground they covered up so much of the view below me. None of this will ever feel fucking real.
"I was going to get on it, but... I didn't fit."
"Huh..." Kaylee replied, pursing her lips.


She seemed to be deep in thought. Possibly trying to remember the moment in better detail than she had up to this point. It's so strange how little of a connection she has to people anymore. It was obvious to me at the time that I couldn't possibly fit into the helicopter. Mom, too. I'm sure all of the soldiers knew it before they even landed, and they'd only done so because they had to.
But to Kaylee... the difference in size between myself and a normal person, even then, must have been inconsequential. I could have fit under a single foot as easily as the crowds she walked on while chasing us. It must have just not registered until I told her.


"Wait, then what about..."
I froze. She was obviously wondering about Mom. I... I didn't even know how to answer that, myself. I could tell the truth, and maybe even curry favor with Kaylee. Perhaps use her and her great size to find mom, and...
But again I thought about the throngs of people screaming for dear life. I could hear their shrill cries barely traveling up this high. It was only from the sheer numbers of them that I was able to do even that much. I couldn't have her go after mom.
At least, not yet. Maybe if I can convince her to back off a bit, then... she could be useful as a force for good. I've always been good at convincing people to do what's best for them. It's how I became a billionaire! I just have to convince her, first!

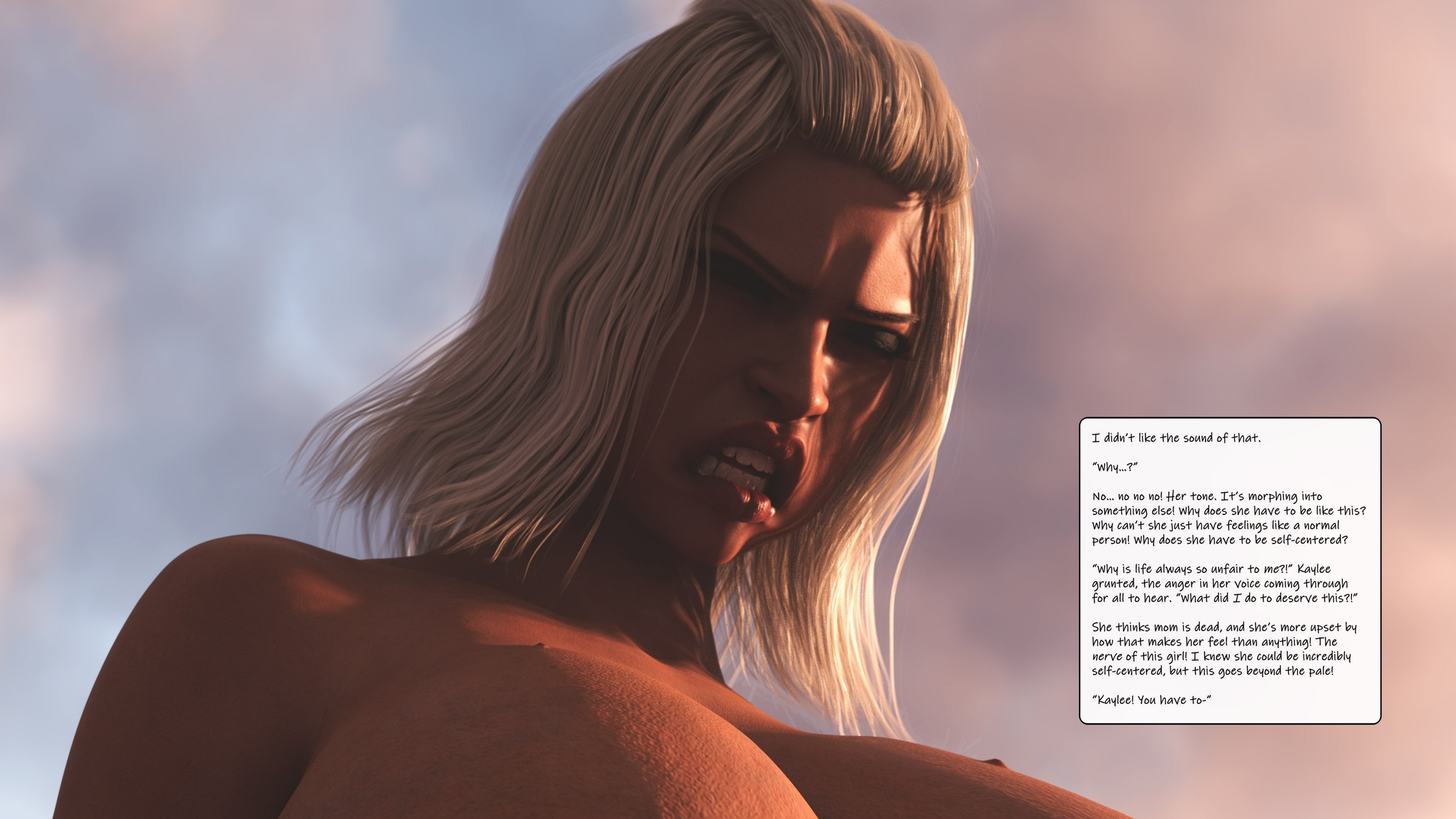

"Well, mom was a lot smaller than I was." I said, trying my best to look a little glum. "They tried to squeeze me inside, but I was too big. But Krystal fit just fine, and..."
I watched Kaylee intently. I needed to study every aspect of her reaction. Leverage her emotions against her in order to pull this off. Get her to understand what she did, and how she can be a better person. And maybe, just maybe, put an end to the madness that this day has been.


"She was... inside."
Her face twisted up afterwards. She bit her bottom lip, and, for only a brief moment, looked away. As if she was ashamed of her actions.
"Are you... are you sure? I mean, are you *really* positive? There had to be more than one helicopter, right? Maybe she got onto a different one? Maybe she-"


"I saw her get on myself." I told her. It was going to be harder to undo this lie after I got Kaylee to agree to some terms... but I needed to break her first. I hate doing this to my own sister, but all those years in meetings had prepared me for this. Be ruthless, cutthroat, and repair the damage after. It was for the best.
"She was the one trying hardest to squeeze me inside. But I just couldn't fit. She... promised she would be right back with a bigger one. And then... well, you..." I trailed off, making sure to emphasize the accusation as I did so.


"I..." Kaylee repeated. "I mean, I was so mad, and I was in the moment! I..."
She stopped. It looked like she was processing some deeply complicated emotions. I wanted to drop in and press some more... but too much pressure can lead to someone becoming defensive. She needed to be good and regretful for what she'd done.
"You're... sure, right? I mean, you're not just saying that? I didn't, I mean... *at the time* I wanted to, but... I didn't *mean* to. Did you see how mad I was afterward? I genuinely didn't want to..."


There was a long, awkward silence afterward. Kaylee couldn't even look at me, and lowered me down to her waist. She looked like she was having a rough go of it, which was exactly what I needed. She needed to be ashamed of herself. Deeply angry. Full of regret. Just absolutely upset with herself, and ready to give up.
All part of the plan. When she's at her lowest point I swoop in with an offer. One she would never accept under normal circumstances. But, in her distraught state, one she will take.
"Why..." She muttered.
TETLEYS
EUROCAR



I didn't like the sound of that.

"Why...?"

No... no no no! Her tone. It's morphing into something else! Why does she have to be like this? Why can't she just have feelings like a normal person! Why does she have to be self-centered?

"Why is life always so unfair to me?!" Kaylee grunted, the anger in her voice coming through for all to hear. "What did I do to deserve this?!"

She thinks mom is dead, and she's more upset by how that makes her feel than anything! The nerve of this girl! I knew she could be incredibly self-centered, but this goes beyond the pale!

"Kaylee! You have to-"


"Why is she dead when all these stupid little bugs get to live?!"
Oh shit.
"KAYLEE! LISTEN TO ME!"
She can't hear me. She brought me too low.
"WHY DID ALL OF YOU MAKE ME DO THAT TO HER?!" Kaylee suddenly screams, loud enough that I have to cover my ears.


"I... I need some time to think. But all of these little fucks are being too noisy! SHUT UP!" She screamed, raising a foot high into the air again.
"KAYLEE!" I tried screaming up at her. "STOP THIS! YOU DON'T HAVE TO-"


"I CAN'T FUCKING THINK WITH ALL THIS NOISE, KAYLA!"
Her foot is already covered in the blood of countless people who fell under them before this. She's about to do this again. I can't let her! I have to think...!
"Kaylee! You'll just make them scream louder!"


She's too emotional. I might as well not even exist.
"WILL YOU STOP FUCKING SCREAMING!!!" Kaylee screamed, slamming her foot down into the crowds below. She had to have crushed a hundred or more of them with that single step, but that wasn't even close to all the damage that single step did. Blood rocketed out from under her toes in every direction, an explosion of debris sprayed straight into the air, and dozens more people were blown away from the sheer impact. The bridge under her foot broke apart in an instant, and a significant portion of the crowd was silenced in one go.
But... just as I'd warned... that only made the rest of them more desperate. The screams amplified a dozen times over. Screams from those she hadn't fully crushed gurgled up from between her toes, while those nearest them screamed from being drenched in the remnants of those she did crush.


"She didn't deserve to go out like that. She was MY Mom. MINE! She was worth a hundred. No! A thousand! No. A BILLION of your worthless fucking lives!"
Naturally, the spike in volume did little to leave her with her own thoughts. What had I just done?! She was placid only a moment ago! And now she was absolutely feral! Think, Kayla! I've got to-
"Shut UP!" She screamed as she raised her other foot high, and moved onto another section of the crowd. There was one easy way for her to get the silence she desired, but it was too much. She couldn't possibly-


"RAAARGH!" Kaylee screamed, closing her fingers around me tightly. Likely to make sure she didn't drop me, but she was in no state to be doing such a thing. Her rage forced all the air from my lungs, and I began to gasp for air in her hand, helpless to even try and negotiate with her further.
"THIS IS FOR MOM!" She screamed, bringing her blood-soaked toes over an untouched portion of the crowd.


I couldn't do anything about it. I'd been incapacitated, and could only watch as she slammed her foot down again. The explosion this time was even more spectacular than the last. The lucky ones were kicked up by the shockwave, tossed aside like ragdolls to splatter onto the ground like tiny dots. Their bodies crashing into the pavement at grotesque angles that ended with countless broken bones and mangled corpses.
And they were the lucky ones. The people actually caught under Kaylee's bare foot were utterly pulverized. She was just too big, too strong, and too heavy to do anything but eviscerate them in an instant. Blood splattered out from under their toes in every direction at the same time with enough force that it knocked many of them over as Kaylee ended dozens of lives with a single footstep.


She stopped, and looked down at what she'd just done. Her breathing was heavy, but... it began to soften. The seriousness in her expression gradually faded until she was just standing there alone. Silent. Looking down at her toes, and the aftermath of what she'd done.
Finally, she sighed. I felt her grip on me loosen, finally giving me room to breathe again. I wasn't going to waste this chance.


"Kaylee! Why did you do that? What did they do to deserve that? You didn't have to... why did you kill them?!" I shouted in as accusing a manner as I possibly could. I could only hope I wasn't too late to get through to her.
Her fingers tightened around me at the accusation for just a moment, before loosening again.



"Why not?" She asked, looking at me, like it was the most obvious question in the world.

I expected her to be crazed. Angry. Delirious... but no. There wasn't an ounce of that in her tone. If anything it seemed she'd achieved some level of clarity. A level of awareness she hadn't had just a moment ago.

"You know why I did it." She explained, bringing me closer to her face. "It's because I'm better than them. We're better than them, Kayla. You know it. I've always known it. And now, how could anyone deny it?"

I didn't like where this was going.

"Just look at us." Kaylee continued, her tone pointed, and cold. "Growing to this size doesn't happen to normal people. But it happened to us. Because we're better than the rest of the puny people in this fucking city. And... mom was, too."


"But you just... They were people, Kaylee! Just because you- Just because we're bigger than them doesn't mean they deserve to die for no reason! You can't just stomp on people for being smaller than you!"


Kaylee's face twists up in amusement.

"Can't I? I mean, who's gonna stop me."

I don't have an answer for that. At least, not a satisfactory one. I could say the cops, but Kaylee's stepped on so many by now that the notion of them stopping her is an absolute joke. She'd twist their cars into foil between her toes, and eat them alive while they radio for backup the whole way. I can't even say the fucking military. I saw her deal with heavy artillery. Aircraft. The works. If they had something that could stop her, I'm sure they would have deployed it by now.

"Why are you making that face?" She asks, and I feel myself seize up.

"You don't have to be scared." She continues, that coldness still front and center as she spoke. "I'd never step on you. You know that, right?"

I don't.


"You... you shouldn't step on anyone!" I retort, but don't have a lot of faith in this working. I can tell that I'm losing ground in this discussion. Fast. I just have to hope that she can't tell.
"I shouldn't?"
The sarcasm is so thick it nearly bowls me over. She's not taking any stock in what I'm saying.
"Kaylee! I know what it's like to grow. Just look at me. It changed me, and I know how... empowering it feels to get bigger." I explain, lying through my teeth. "But that doesn't mean we should be killing people! It's not right! It's-



"Have you not seen how big I am?"

As she says this, she turns me over and forces me to look at the ground again. I can see the aftermath of her big stomp into the crowds below. The cracked surface of the road under her toes. The people still trying to traverse them. The people who were knocked over around her foot when she stepped down. And, most alarming of all, the tiny cries for help from people in-between her toes. Unfortunate souls trapped between them when Kaylee stepped down, begging for a kind samaritan to pull them free.

All gone in an instant.

Kaylee clenched her toes together, spraying more blood around and ending the pathetic mewling of those trapped between her toes. The clenching of her toes cracked the pavement even further, knocking a few people down, and she swiped her foot to the left, leaving a tremendous red streak on the streets in the process. All with less effort than it took to even walk.


A lump catches in my throat at the grisly sight.
"See?"
She twists her foot again, clenching her toes and stamping softly a few more times onto stragglers who narrowly avoided her thus far. Human remains cover her toes after this, but she just wiggles them freely, smearing them around as if they were grains of sand on a beach.
"That's all these so-called people are, Kayla." She says, a sadistic grin beginning to form on her face. "Just some red goo under my feet. More annoying than bugs, even. At least those things have the decency to not spray their remains in every direction when they get stepped on."


"Kaylee!"
"Oh, be quiet." She says, bringing me up closer to her face. I wonder what she's doing for a moment before I feel her fingers pinch my ankle, and pull my own bare foot up closer to her face. A deep shame fills me as I know exactly what she's looking for, and there's no way to hide it.
"Stop acting like you actually care about them. You wouldn't have stepped on so many if you did." She accused cruelly.
"I... I do care about them!" I tried arguing. The stutter wasn't lost on Kaylee, whose lips curled up slightly as she heard me try to defend myself. "It was an accident! Unlike you! I never intended to-"
"Does that really matter if they still died?" Kaylee asked, pursing her lips in an accusing manner. "At the end of the day your feet are just as red as mine. The difference is I don't try to pretend like I'm not enjoying my size."


"I- I didn't enjoy it!" I argued, feeling myself grow heated. I can't believe what she's accusing me of! I was here to try and talk her down, and she'd gone and turned it around on me! I-"
A thought hit me.
"I'm not like you." I snarled, placing my hands on Kaylee's thumb as I felt the venom rise in the back of my throat. "I care about these people. Mom cared about them. She got onto that helicopter because she wanted to stop you more than anything. If you care at all about her, you have to stop."


I can feel myself hyperventilating after that. She has to know. She has to come to terms with what she's done. She can't keep doing this. She can't keep... killing people like this! If I can't get through to her, then maybe-
Suddenly, her fingers tighten around me again. All the air is forced from my lungs in the blink of an eye, and I can feel my eyes bulge out of their sockets for a moment.
"Don't." She whispers, deathly serious. "Don't you ever try to tell me what mom would have said. You have no fucking right!" She begins, before biting her lip, and narrowing her eyes further.
"Besides. You said it yourself. She's dead now. Gone. Forever. So why would I let what she would have thought dictate how I live my life?"


I can feel the anger well up in me. I have to maintain my composure, I try telling myself. That's how you win arguments. That's how you get a hysterical widow to sign over her company's assets to me. That's how you tell a red-faced fat bastard that he's being terminated without pay. I know this... but emotions are running high. I can't let her talk like that. About me. About mom. About-
"THEN DO IT FOR ME!" I screamed, slamming my right fist onto Kaylee's thumb. "We're sisters! Doesn't that mean anything to you?!"


"Of course!" Kaylee laughs, leaning her head back. "How could I forget! Family is so important to you. That's why you never invited me to any of your big fancy business events! Face it, Kayla. Here's what I think about you as a sister!"
As she says this she begins to snort, and breathe funny. I can feel a bit of grossness overcome me for a moment as I brace myself. She's going to spit on me. I know it.


I'm half-right.
Pulling me away, she leans forward and spits directly onto the ground in front of her, making sure to do so in full-view of me. She's disrespecting me as much as she can without actually hitting me with it. I feel myself tense up as I watch that giant glob of saliva and spit fall from her mouth.
Only to then realize what will happen when it hits the ground.


The massive wet glob slams into the ground like a bomb. The sheer amount of it simply crushes the people caught directly underneath, tinting small portions of the glob with red before the impact causes it to splash back up into the air. Bodies are once again thrown into the air while the thankfully-slowed spit rains onto everyone nearby.
Even something as simple as that has the power to end lives. Just how fucking strong is she?!


"Why did you do that?!" I shouted, wanting to choke her. Just like the old days. I wanted to pin her to the ground and make her regret disrespecting me like that. I want her to regret her actions... but I can't. I can't make her do anything. She could crush me with only a minuscule amount more effort than it takes her to crush anyone else. My only advantage is familial... and that is rapidly deteriorating.

"Why?" Kaylee asked, looking at me again. The anger in her eyes gradually faded, turning instead to joy. Sheer enjoyment over her latest display of murderous strength.


"Because it's what they FUCKING deserve, Kayla! Come on. Don't be fucking stupid! Do you seriously think any one of those fucking insects have ever been my equal? I want you to look into my eyes right now and tell me you actually believe that!"
I try to look up at her and do exactly that, but she just smiles wider.
"Look at that! You can't! You don't believe the shit you're spewing yourself!" She laughs derisively. "The sooner you embrace our natural superiority, the sooner I'll accept you as worthy of being Kaylee Goddamn Kloss's sister!"


That breaks something inside of me. So many times. So many *fucking* times I've heard her call herself that. She thinks it's some cool nickname that people will adopt for her sometime. Her sense of ego is as overinflated as her stupid tits. She's always been less than me, and she deserves to know that. I don't *fucking* care anymore.
"Oh, and what makes you so FUCKING special?!" I screamed, feeling my throat burn as I did so. "A FREAK accident makes you big and you think you're hot shit suddenly?! You were a laughing stock before this, and you're still one now! Both Mom and I were always embarrassed of you and the stupid shit you always got into! Now look at you! You haven't changed ONE. FUCKING. BIT."


"Oh. Is that so?"
Instantly I can feel regret fill me. I'd had an angry outburst, and she had deserved it... but Kaylee was never one to listen when she was angry. She would intentionally do things people asked her not to, no matter how politely. I grit my teeth as I watched her look down at me, and then back at the highway packed full of people.
"I'm embarrassing to the family, are I? Is that so?"


"I made this family." Kaylee explained, crouching so her gigantic ass hovered over the road below. She was so big now that she would undoubtedly cover the entire thing lane to lane if she were to sit down... and it looked like the people underneath her realized that as well. Fights broke out, people pushed one another... all to get out from under her shadow.
All for a shot at surviving what was sure to come in just a moment.


"People only know our family thanks to ME." Kaylee said, shaking her hips from side to side so her gigantic ass-cheeks jiggled in the air. "You think they watched our show to see you drone on and on about your boring business shit? Or mom's idiotic endeavors? No, they wanted to see more of me. More of my drinking. More of my tantrums. More of my tits. And especially more of my ass."
"Kaylee! Don't-"



She sat down.

The impact was indescribable. While her feet stomping around was a death call to many, many people, her ass utterly dwarfed that. It was so much bigger. I thought she would fit neatly between the lanes of the highway, but even that turned out to be incorrect. Her sheer size exploded the sides in an instant, and bodies soared into the air like they'd been launched from a trebuchet. An absurd number of bodies were flattened and crushed in such a short amount of time they didn't even register. Only the reverberating boom of her massive bulk slamming onto the ground, and the explosion of viscera spraying those who'd narrowly evaded a guaranteed end.


"Mmm..." Kaylee moaned, wiggling her hips as she sat in place. She sighed pleasantly, enjoying the death and destruction she rained onto a helpless populace so casually. "Did you get all that?"
I was speechless.


"Kayla."
With a casual movement, Kaylee began to stretch her legs forward. The sides of the road were instantly sshorn apart by her giant bare feet, smearing dozens more tiny bodies under her heels as she did little more than stretch after sitting. It wasn't enough to just sit down onto so many people. Getting more comfortable ended just as many, if not more lives.
"I asked you a question."


"K-KAYLEE!" I screamed, hardly believing what I'd just witnessed. "You... why did you...?!"
I couldn't speak. I was too angry. And being that angry only drove me into despair. I couldn't stop her. And this wasn't like staring down an enraged, drunken Kaylee after a night of hard partying. No one could stop her. There was no magical security guard who would tackle her this time. No police who could be paid off after a night of drunken debauchery that ended with thousands in property damage.
She could do anything she wanted. And all I could do was watch... and hope she stopped of her own accord.


"Do you get it now?" Kaylee asked, smiling down at me again. "If we weren't naturally *better* than everyone else, then I couldn't do what I just did. Those *people*, if you can even call them that, only exist to make life better for their superiors. For us. Their lives don't matter. Not even a little! They're *utterly* disposable. We do what we want with them, and then we throw them away. That's the greatest thing *they* can ever hope to accomplish in life. If you can even call their pathetic, poor existence a life."

I wanted to argue. Obviously what she said wasn't true... but if she wasn't willing to acknowledge their humanity on such a basic level, then what hope did I have?


I can only watch as she brings a wide-open hand down into the crowds below. I want to scream at her to stop again... but a lump catches in my throat. I can only watch in horror as she descends into the crowds below. She doesn't care what I have to say!
No... her attention is back onto the people below her. I may as well not even exist for the moment. I want to stop her, but... I can't even turn away.



Concrete cracks and the road splits as her fingers hit the crowd... but that's not all. No, more blood sprays out from under the tips of her digits as she digs into them. She casually rips people apart as she begins to close her fingers around the terrified populace, producing fresh, higher-pitched screams as she does so.

Like an excavator, her fingers encase a huge number of people. More than I can count in the brief moment I can see them as they are raised up from the ground... and carried up to her face.


She looks at the people in her palm for a moment, seemingly considering their fate. My heart races, hoping that she realizes how insane she's being. That she doesn't need to do any of this. That... none of this has to happen in this way!
Kaylee only disappoints me yet again.
Anger flashes through her eyes as she studies the people in her hand. Then, her lips begin to part. Her mouth opens wider and wider, slowly revealing to the helpless populace what their fate is going to be. I swear I can see some of them looking at me. Begging me to save them. Hoping that I can put a stop to this.
Then, one by one, like grains of sugar, they fall into her open mouth. She's not even particularly careful about it. A lot of them just hit her teeth, groaning in pain as they slide down the sides of her lips and plummet to their death far below. Others don't even make it inside of mouth, screaming in terror as they actually try to make their way to the outstretched tongue to stop their fall and prevent the slower, more terrifying fall below.


But... most of them make it in.
And it takes no effort on Kaylee's part to keep them in her mouth. Dozens of bodies fall into her open mouth all at once, and there's no difference afterward. Her cheeks don't bulge out as she struggles to contain all those people at once. All those people destined to become nothing more than a morsel for Kaylee don't matter. I doubt she's even fucking hungry! She just... wants me to watch this happen.


She keeps her lips parted for a moment. Seemingly savoring their fear. Drinking in their terror. Almost as if it gives her a natural high. She sighs in contentment, then slowly... almost excruciatingly so, closes her lips.
The terror I could only hear at that point is gradually muted. Her lips seal away the sound, and it's like those people don't even exist. How many people are in her mouth right now? And it's like... nothing. Even as she tilts her head back, and audibly swallows there's no sign of them. No ominous throat bulge showing me the crowds fall to a quiet end.
Just... silence.


"Something wrong?"
Being addressed breaks me out of my thoughts. I look up at her, and see that familiar, cruel smile on her face. She's taunting me, and-
"Oh. I see." She continues, smiling at me. "You're mad I didn't give you any."
"W-What?!" I quickly shouted up, hardly believing what I was hearing. "N-No! I don't- no! I'm not going to-"
"Puh-lease." Kaylee said, rolling her eyes. "Like Little Miss Eating Disorder could go all day without a little snack. And even if you are pretty small and scrawny, not even a restaurant full of food would fill you up."


"Kaylee! No!" I say, trying to be firm. "I won't-"
"Oh just eat up already." She said, ignoring me as she brings her fingers right up to my face. I had mistakenly assumed that she had already sprinkled all the bodies in her hands into her mouth, so I was surprised to see a small amount of stragglers between her fingers. She made sure to jam the tip of her fingernail between my lips to keep them open as she attempted to force a half-dozen people down my mouth at once.


I could feel tears welling up in my eyes as she did this, not wanting to eat anyone. I tried pushing her finger away with all my strength... but it wouldn't budge. Bodies were dancing on my tongue, and all her talk of how long it had been since I had eaten suddenly had my stomach grumbling. I really hadn't eaten much of anything all day!
And... much as I hate to admit... I considered doing as told.


"Come on, Kayla! Just eat them! You want to grow big and strong, don't you?"
I closed my lips around the people inside of my mouth. My stomach was gnawing at itself in hunger.. Hunger that she'd made me brought to the forefront of my mind. I held the bodies in my mouth knowing, deep down...
I could do it.


No one could blame me. If life ever returns to normal after this I could just claim that Kaylee forced me to do it. No one would blame me. What was I supposed to do? She held all the cards. I was the one being forced into this. I was...
"They don't taste that great. But... that's not why you eat them." Kaylee whispered.


She was mocking me. Deriding me for my moment of weakness. She could tell that I was on the verge of giving in, and... NO!
Turning my head to the side, I spat the people out. I *refused*. I was not going to fucking eat them! I can hold out longer than this! I wasn't going to let Kaylee get to me! I was going to save these people, and-


My heart sank into my stomach.
Right as I thought of how I was going to save these people I realized what I'd done. Sure, I'd stopped them from being swallowed, but... there was nowhere safe for them to land when I'd spit them out. I hadn't brought my hand up to my face to catch them. I hadn't angled it at Kaylee's finger. And just like droplets of rain I had to watch them fall from hundreds of feet in the sky, screaming in terror as they desperately searched for something to break their fall.


"Why did you waste them?!"
"I... I didn't!"
"I picked them up specifically for you, and then you go and spit them out?!"
I didn't have an answer. Partially because I knew there wasn't one that Kaylee would accept. And also... I could still hardly believe what I'd just done myself. How could I be so careless?

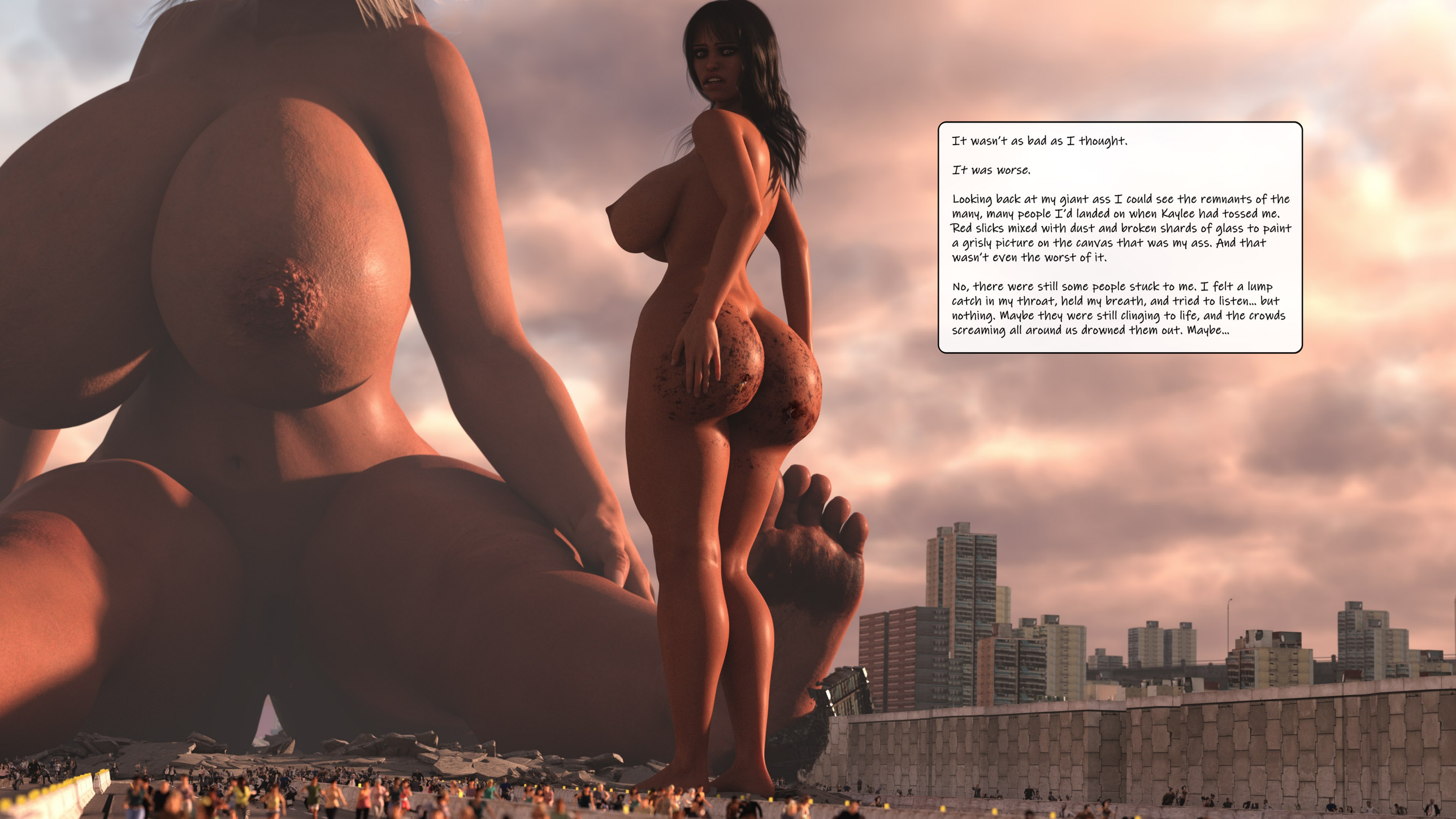

"Fine! If you're not going to eat, then you can just starve for all I care!"
I tried to think of a response, but before I could properly formulate one I felt wind rush past me. My stomach rose up my throat. I didn't realize what was happening until Kaylee's fingers let go of me. Had she really just-



With a thunderous crash my body slammed into the crowds below. I felt the impact of my ass hitting the ground, felt the cracking pavement under me, but... more than that I felt the moisture. The wetness that let me know that Kaylee hadn't paid one iota of attention to where she'd thrown me. Just a completely careless toss into the middle of the thronging crowds under me.

I tried to shout in protest and turned around, but all I could see was an ominous red spray. More bodies flying into the air. And the screams of the people who I'd just fallen onto like a meteor.


I was genuinely shocked. Surprised. I couldn't even think of a thing to say. I just sat there, trying to explain what had just happened. Trying to justify it. That wasn't my fault! It was Kaylee! She had-
Whoever's fault it was didn't really matter. It had happened. I just... had to deal with it. Maybe it wasn't that bad?


It wasn't as bad as I thought.
It was worse.
Looking back at my giant ass I could see the remnants of the many, many people I'd landed on when Kaylee had tossed me. Red slicks mixed with dust and broken shards of glass to paint a grisly picture on the canvas that was my ass. And that wasn't even the worst of it.
No, there were still some people stuck to me. I felt a lump catch in my throat, held my breath, and tried to listen... but nothing. Maybe they were still clinging to life, and the crowds screaming all around us drowned them out. Maybe...


If there's any chance at all that some of them are still alive I have to do the responsible thing. And just... get them out of this precarious position. For a moment it feels strange even trying to position my hands correctly, as I'm still not entirely used to just how much wider my hips have become since all this began. Rubbing my ass to try and flake off some stubborn bodies feels almost like I'm wearing an oversized gown with how far out my hands have to reach now. It's completely surreal, but...
It's no use. Even if I get them off of me there's nothing I can do with them. Kaylee is *right* there. She's not just going to let me bend over and place them back onto the ground. Much less wait for emergency services to arrive, and...
Ugh. I can just feel them clinging to life. Knowing that help won't come makes this all the harder.


"How'd you like it?"
I looked up. Kaylee was staring down at me, a smug grin etched onto her face. As we locked eyes it gradually began to twist into something even more sinister. She could read the defeat on my face. She could tell that I wasn't happy.
"Imagine how much more damage you could do if you were even bigger." She mentioned, running a hand along one of her naked thighs as she did so. "Imagine if that wasn't just a few people but instead an entire building. Or a city block. Or even an entire city!"
I continued staring up at her, hardly believing what I was hearing. How far was she willing to go? Did she want for this all to end by shoving the entire planet up her ass?


"I'm still not going to eat anyone!" I shouted, remembering what she'd thrown me to the ground for. "I don't care what you say, Kaylee! We have a responsibility to-"
"To have fun!" She interrupted, smiling and gesturing around her. "But nooo, little Miss Kayla has to go and care about a bunch of stupid ants! Just embrace it already, and-"
"I said NO!" I shouted back, stopping her dead in her tracks.


She stared at me for a moment. Her smile gradually turned down, and her eyes began to narrow as she did so. I could feel a tenseness in my body as I came to realize that her entire attention was focused on me. It's a lot more intense than having it split between yourself and hundreds of other, smaller people.
"Well, if that's how you're going to be..." She began, stretching her legs out in front of her even further. "Then I suppose you're still small enough for me to step on."


"Go ahead and do it, then! I know you won't." I shouted back.
It was, by far, the absolute scariest thing I'd ever done in my entire life. I had a feeling she was bluffing about stepping on me. There was still some part of her that was clearly regretful over how our separation had gone, and she wanted to remedy that. Even if it was driving her to do stupid things like this, she wasn't willing to outright kill me.
At least, I really, *really*, hoped so.


"No... you're right." She began, rising to one knee. As she did I watched another huge portion of the crowd vanish under one of her enormous feet, and clenched my teeth at the sound of so many tiny bodies squelching in the exact same moment. As she continued to casually rise again I could see her shadow extend far past me, reminding me once again of her overwhelming scale, and the strength it granted her.
"I'm not going to kill you, Kayla... but I can kill a whole hell of a lot of *them* until you change your mind!"


With that, she took a step in my direction. ONe that clearly wasn't intended to hit me, but the same certainly couldn't be said for the crowds between us. Those terrible screams of so many people finding their final moments under Kaylee's big feet rang out into my ears... and then were silenced all at once. Replaced by a wet, squishy sound. A hard crack of the ground ripping apart under her weight. The ominous sound of Kaylee's immense curves jiggling as the weight of her step sank into the ground.
I clenched my teeth. I wanted to do something... and I began to wonder if I should do as she said.


Kaylee took another step. This time well over my head, casting me in shadow and forcing me to look up to comprehend the immense differences in our size. I didn't even stand as tall as her knees, and she could wipe out hundreds of people with a single one of her bare feet. Without even trying! And here I was, struck dumb, waiting for a chance to do something about it.
The second footstep rang out directly behind me. More screams silenced. More crunching, cracking pavement. More squishy sounds as five enormous toes converted dozens of bodies into organic stains.


I had to seriously consider what she was asking me to do. Not because she had any sort of a point. Gods, no. She was completely mad with power, and wasn't driven by anything more than simple lust. Her logic was as sound as a boat made of swiss cheese.
But...
If I did as asked... she would probably stop.
TETLEYS
EUROCAR
GOAD


"And don't take too long thinking!" Kaylee suddenly shouted, turning behind after she'd walked over me. "I can clear all these people out pretty fast, and I don't want you to go hungry!"
Therein was the problem. If I stopped and ate some of these people like she was so clearly egging me on to do... I would be responsible for ending some lives for no good reason. I didn't want that on my conscience, and my unfortunate victims would obviously not be particularly enthusiastic about it either.


But...
Kaylee was significantly more efficient than I could ever be. Ever. Every single second she spent walking through the crowds probably ended more lives than I could hope to by just following through with what she'd said. I could, what, eat half a dozen people at most? Maybe twice that if I really choke them down.
I get the feeling Kaylee had already crushed dozens of times that amount in just the few steps she'd taken since standing up. This was no longer just my problem. No longer a betrayal of my morals and desires. I had- I needed to eat some of them.


Besides... when I'd swallowed those people earlier I'd grown quite a bit. Maybe...
Maybe this could work out? My heart raced at the thought of it. Kaylee couldn't see what I was doing anymore. She could turn around at any moment, and if she saw me eating she would stop rampaging.
At least, that's what she said. Trusting Kaylee at her word isn't exactly an easy thing to do, but... if eating these people was to make me grow just as much as it did last time I might be able to catch up to her? And then-


I thought of both of us. Standing side by side. On equal footing. I wasn't much of a fighter... but neither was Kaylee. It would be difficult to tell how a fight at our sizes would go down. If we were both so big that the people surrounding me right now were like little more than moss, crushed by the hundreds with every movement either of us made.
But if I *could* do that... and if I *could* put a stop to Kaylee's rampage right now. Then...
I looked around the people in front of me. I felt for them. I really did. But...


There is no progress without sacrifice.
Crouching down where I stood, I resigned myself to my fate. There was really no way around this, and upon coming to that decision... my body helped me along. Immediately I could feel my stomach begin to growl, reminding me of how little I've had to eat all day. Saliva began to pool inside of my mouth, and I caught myself licking my lips in anticipation of sating an urge that had gone unaddressed since I first began to grow.


It's best I try not to enjoy myself too much.
Taking a deep breath, I reach into the crowd... and pull back. I could see the faces of the people turning around in fear as they felt my presence behind them. Their screams escalated in volume. The despair was so palpable I could feel it, and it gave me pause.
Then, I steeled my nerves, closed my eyes, covered my face, and tried again. I can't back down!


My hand reached into the crowd. I heard the screams escalate again, and for a moment I thought of pulling back.
But, intent on following through, I quickly wrapped my finger around any bodies that I could. Tiny fists and feet beat against my fingers as I did so, and I instantly felt a surge of guilt. I had to look. I couldn't just ignore it.


I don't know what I expected. There's three of them. A guy, and two girls. They look like they're about my age. I don't know them, but given how many fucking people live in this city that's to be expected. I don't think they recognize me either, but they scream for help and try pooling their strength to separate my fingers, producing a laughable amount of force in the process.
I kind of want to reassure them that it won't be so bad... but I can't bring myself to lie like that. I know what fate awaits them.


"I'm s..."
I just can't. I can't believe I'm doing this right now. In a completely clear state of mind. Not driven by extreme emotions. Not being threatened or coerced to. I'm just... picking some people up off of the street to earth.
I can only hope that my theory of eating people fueling my growth is correct.


They shout up at me. Begging to be let go. Pleading for mercy. Offering me anything they can to be spared. One of the women is downright hysterical, reduced to a blubbering mass as she is lifted up higher, away from the ground. Away from everything she's ever known... to be sentenced to a horrible fate.
It's for the greater good, I keep telling myself.



I take a deep breath.

Part my lips.

And loosen the hold on my fingers.

Instantly I feel two of the bodies make the trip safely between my lips. Or as safe as it can be, considering what's going to be happening soon. Their tiny screams echo around the inside of my mouth, and their small fists beat against any part of the inside of my mouth that they can reach. My tongue effortlessly absorbs their blows. The inside of my lips don't feel a thing. And they hurt themselves more than they hurt me when they hit my teeth.

But one is missing. The loudest, shriekiest of them all.


I try not to think about it, but it's hard not to. I can hear the cries of terror gradually begin to quiet as she falls from face-height. I close my eyes to try and ignore it... but that only seems to make the screams sharper, and sound greater. Harder to ignore. But then a few seconds later, the screaming suddenly stops.
Well... at least I won't have to listen to her scream the entire time she's inside of my mouth and stomach.



Two out of three isn't bad, and just to make sure that there won't be any more mistakes I make sure to close my jaw. Not enough to crunch bone or sever their bodies in two... but enough to keep them trapped. Tiny legs kick wildly against my lips, but they're as trapped as can be. They're only wasting their own energy by continuing to fight like this.

But there's nothing left now but to go through with it. Just... swallow them. That's it. I've gone this far. I can do this.


I may be fully aware that I can do this physically, but that doesn't at all make it any easier. I gradually tilt my head back, and let the screaming pair make their way further into my mouth. The hold on their bodies loosens up as gravity begins to work alongside me. Two tiny bodies, eight spindly limbs. All just traveling down my tongue at once, desperate to get out.
For a moment I consider biting down. Putting them out of their misery while still fulfilling the basic need of actually swallowing them.


But I can't risk it. I have to do things exactly as they happened last time. This is no time to be testing hypotheses and recording data. I'm not going to get all day. I just have to swallow.
My throat stretches out as I feel the tiny feet slip past my tongue. Their screams echo around the inside of mouth, and their tiny fingers desperately try to find purchase inside of my throat. It almost feels... nice, I have to admit. That feeling of fullness, and the act of swallowing something so substantial is satisfying all its own.
My stomach rumbles again... and I give it a soft pat. It'll be over soon.


Slowly, gradually... the sensations begin to fade. I can no longer hear their desperate cries. The tickling their tiny limbs made as they went down my throat fades, replaced with an emptiness that is suddenly eager to be filled all over again. The only sign that I ate some people at all is a gentle fluttering sensation in my stomach. One that I have to actively concentrate on in order to feel. It's all so fleeting. Like they never existed to the world at large.
Now... I wait, and hope I'm right.


For just a moment I feel a tingling deep inside. One that quickly transitions into a warm, fiery sensation. Every inch of my body begins to tingle, and the tips of my fingers and toes feel positively electric. I take a deep breath, try to concentrate on the feelings, and-
It all happens very, very quickly. Far faster than I expected.


It feels like over the span of a single second I can see my point of view shift. People who were walking around the height of my angles suddenly found themselves unable to reach even that high. Looking straight down as it happens is an altogether new experience, and one that I'm not sure I entirely like. Seeing the ground move further away without moving and both my feet are still firmly planted on the ground is not something that normal people were ever meant to experience.
Shit.
That sounded a lot like what Kaylee was talking about...


Speaking of...
Shit! Shit shit shit shit shit!
I can feel my growth. I'm bigger now than I was a moment ago, and can feel my body continue to expand. But... it's not enough. Not by a long shot. Not even close. Hell, as satisfying as that latest spurt was, it's not going to be enough to close the gap between me and Kaylee in any meaningful way. I'm not even sure she would notice I'd grown.
EUROCAR


I need more. A lot more. And faster. Faster than I ever would have expected.
There's so many people around my feet. So, so many. Just moving about like a living carpet. Kaylee had already crushed so many, but they were just so tightly packed that her footprints had practically disappeared with people running through the remains of their crushed companions in an effort to get away.
Ugh. I don't want to do this, but I don't think I have a choice. I'm going to need more. A lot more.


I can't just hope and pray that Kaylee will keep distracted with whatever is holding her attention long enough to stay away from me. I have to take the initiative. One handful picked up blindly isn't going to cut it.
I'm going to need to take full advantage of my size. Both hands. Used like a scoop. As many bodies as I can grab at one time. Sacrificed to my stomach in the name of saving countless more lives. If I wasn't in such a rush I'd have liked to explain to them why this was necessary and what they were doing to help the world... but there's no time.


With my new and improved size I'm also able to pick up more people at a time. In the blink of an eye I have two handfuls of writhing little bodies. They fight against my fingers, and look up at me with eyes full of terror. It's enough to make me turn away from the ones in my left hand, in the hopes that the ones in the right will be better accepting of their fates.
Unfortunately, that doesn't seem to be the case either. Realizing that my attention shifted, the people in my right hand immediately ratchet up the terrified screams a dozen times over, actively beating against my fingers with tiny fists and feet in the hopes of bringing them something resembling safety.


"PUT US DOWN!"
"WE DIDN'T DO ANYTHING!'
"WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS?!"
I bring my left hand closer up. Maybe they've calmed down...? No. As soon as I do so I just hear every bit as much abuse hurled in my direction. It shouldn't hurt. They literally can't do a thing to stop me. And not even in the same way they could have before all this growth. I have size and power over all people now. Money alone didn't separate me from them.
"I don't want to do this." I offered. They don't like the sound of that, and immediately begin asking why I'm doing this, then.

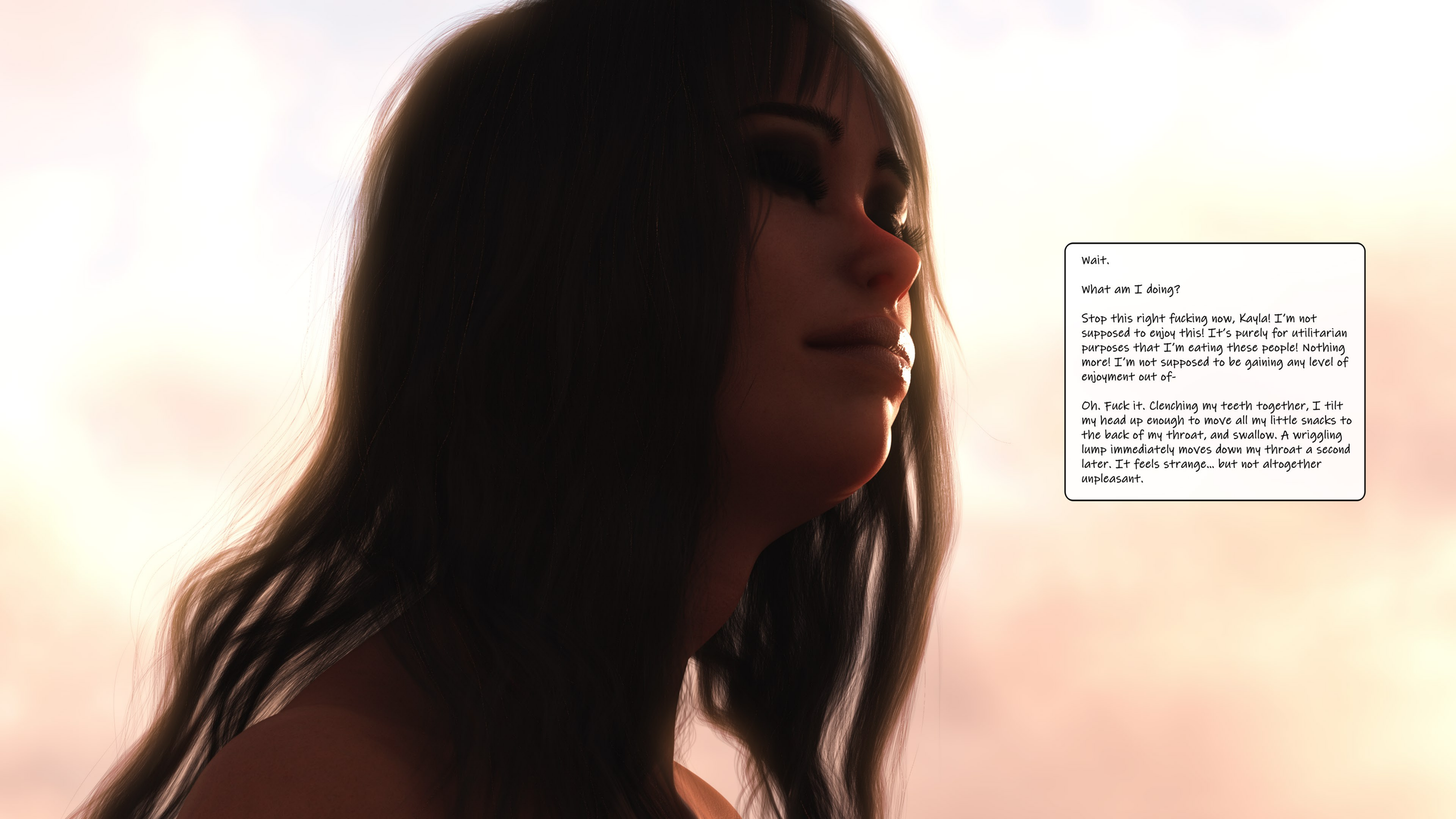

For a moment I want to defend myself. Just stand there, arguing with them why this is for the greater good. A sacrifice of a noble few to save... who knows how many people. How big would Kaylee continue to grow?
But I know when someone can't be convinced of something. They're absolutely hysterical in my hand, and there's a dozen different perspectives begging for mercy in different ways. I know that trying to talk to them won't make it better, but I feel like I need to say something... So I do.
"I'm really sorry... I, uh... I'm only going to eat you because I have to, okay? I hope it doesn't hurt too much in there!"
Fuck, that was awkward. What was I thinking? They're screaming even *louder* now. I think my apology somehow managed to make it worse.



The screams become clearer as I bring a handful of people up to my face. When my mouth opens, it spikes even louder, and I can feel the fear begin to turn into hatred. People cursed me, and wherever I came from. I don't think any of them know who I am, but that just might make things a little more palatable. If they knew that Kaylee was my sister they'd probably be a hundred times angrier at my entire family for somehow growing like this.

Best to drown it all out. Let the bodies fall into my mouth like a bunch of pieces of popcorn. Bouncing off of my teeth with hard clacks, and shoving each other in a desperate bid to avoid a dark trip down my throat.


They take up more space than I thought. It's so weird seeing how Kaylee is able to eat so many people at once,and the struggles that I still have with only a few at a time. When Kaylee does this it's like... nothing. Like swallowing a spoonful of sugar. People are so small in comparison to her. I don't even know why she still does it. She can't be tasting or enjoying things quite that much, can she?
I mean, at least there's something resembling a palatable experience when I get to eat people. Their innumerable flavors spread across my tongue as they fight to break free. Their fear pools on my tongue, and their rage provides a ticklish sensation inside of my mouth.



Wait.

What am I doing?

Stop this right fucking now, Kayla! I'm not supposed to enjoy this! It's purely for utilitarian purposes that I'm eating these people! Nothing more! I'm not supposed to be gaining any level of enjoyment out of-

Oh. Fuck it. Clenching my teeth together, I tilt my head up enough to move all my little snacks to the back of my throat, and swallow. A wriggling lump immediately moves down my throat a second later. It feels strange... but not altogether unpleasant.


But that's only one half of my haul. I still have these people... and they saw the whole thing. They could probably see all the kicking arms and legs fighting against my throat as they went down. Hear their final moments before they vanished behind my huge tits, gone to the outside world. All in stunning detail as they had front row uninterrupted seats to the whole thing.
Maybe... I won't have to eat them? I don't feel right having inflicted something like that onto them. I was able to get a growth spurt earlier with just a few people. Maybe there's no reason I have to do it again?
I wait. For what feels like ages, but is probably really just seconds. I can't help it. The anxiety of knowing Kaylee is so close is too much. I... I can't fucking wait to see what happens. And besides, it's better to outgrow Kaylee and utterly dwarf her to guarantee her defeat than it is to risk going into an actual fight with her on equal footing.



I don't say anything to this handful. They saw what happened to the last group. They know what's going on. Why bother drawing it out any longer? Might as well just...

Once again a sprinkling of people land out onto my open tongue, and I can feel them all at once. They're running the gamut of emotions as they slip between my lips. It's bizarre, really. It feels like it should be similar to the first group. There's only so many options for survival once they move past my lips, after all. They can only move down and to an early death, or cling to my teeth or lips, at which point I'll just move them to the back manually.


But it still *feels* different. Like every individual person is trying their own thing. They're all going through the same motions, but in their own unique ways. Sometimes a person might be beating their bare fists against my tongue in the hopes of hurting me so I spuit them up. Someone else might try digging their tiny nails into my taste buds, hoping that I won't do what's obviously coming. Others still my kick, while the most resourceful among them might reach for tools in their pockets for help.

It makes this new mouthful exciting, and refreshing, even after the first one. With that thought I'm back to wondering what Kaylee experiences when she does this. She can do so many more people at one time. Is she so big now that some of them may get mired in her saliva and drown without even hitting her stomach?


It's a scary thought, and reminds me of why I'm doing this. Tilting my head back again I send yet another writhing lump of humanity down my throat. The wonderful sensations in my mouth fade almost instantly, moving down my neck until it quiets so much I can no longer feel them. I hate this feeling.
I hate how interesting I find it. How uniquely layered it is. All that money spent on exorbitantly priced meals prepared by the most skilled chefs on the planet... and here I am finding more to talk about with raw, unfiltered humanity.


For a moment I sat there. Waiting. What's going to happen? I'm going to grow again, right? I'm going to-
I don't even get to finish the thought. My body surges up in size so dramatically that my growing legs send a small number of people flying away. I gasp in shock, but the warming sensation in my entire body returns with dramatic force. I'm growing again, and...


This feels like it's going to be a big one.
I try my best to brace myself. To prepare for what's to come. I shift my position, but a split-second later I know it's not going to be enough.


With a sudden jolt that rocks my entire body, I find my legs splaying out to better support myself. A sudden burst of growth so violent it tears through a significant portion of the crowds in front of me rocks through my body, and I can feel my heart quicken at the feeling. I don't know how many people I just killed because I wasn't able to find a way to sit down that wouldn't knock me over, but...
I knew that number was going to rise. I could feel another growth spurt coming on. I balled my hands into fists and tensed every muscle in my body in the hopes of being able to handle this one better.


With another burst of growth I feel more *alive* than I have for some time. With so much more of my body there's more of the evening wind to caress every single inch of me. My tits wobble violently as I arched my back, and I can't help but clench my toes as my heels plow through dozens more people like I was stretching on the beach.
Then... silence.



I looked around again. My point of view is so much fucking higher than it was just a second ago. I can hardly believe how much I grew. It's... amazing. Incredible! It's...

I try not to think about the people who died to achieve this. And not even just the ones I'd swallowed. Right now I can feel more of them underneath me. Fresh tiny splatters coating the bottom of my ass. Crimson rivers flowing down my feet. It feels like I'm covered in sweat... but I know a significant portion of that is people I've needlessly killed.

I suppose only one question remains.



Will it be enough?

Looking around the tiny crowds that are finally beginning to get the hint that staying here is a death trap makes me feel huge. Massive. I was the obviously superior entity trapped among a sea of tiny, fearful little bodies. Anyone who didn't change their actions to make sure they stayed out of my way was risking their own life.

But... When I looked up I saw Kaylee. Staring right down at me.

Down. Not looking up with fear, admiration, awe, and wonderment. Just complete disdain, unimpressed with what she saw.

"Quite a growth spurt." She said, folding her arms under her tits to make those enormous things look even bigger. "They were good, weren't they?"


"I did what you said!" I shouted up at her, feeling the anger bubble up inside of me. Just shouting like that makes my stomach flutter, but I try to ignore those sensations. I also don't want her to know that I was planning on using all this growth to try and stop her. Even if... it's not looking likely given how big she still is.
Am I going to have enough time to try and find some more people? Maybe if I argue a bit more she'll let me have time to eat a few more...
TETLEYS
EUROCAR
TEPCO


"Oh? And what was it I said?" Kaylee asked, her full lips curling up smugly as she addressed me. "Forgive me if I forget. I guess I'm pretty *stupid* sometimes."

I could feel the acidity in her voice as she said that. In my defense... she fucking was stupid! She just was! Everyone in the family knew it! Mom, me, our fucking producer, everyone! She was a walking liability! And...

"We had an agreement!" I shouted, knowing arguing to myself was not going to be productive. "I ate some people, and you're going to stop what you're doing."

"Oh..." Kaylee asked, pouting mockingly down to me. "I don't remember saying that. So... I don't think I will stop. Unless you want to try and stop me yourself? If you *can*, that is."



If there's one thing Kaylee's always been able to do it's push the fucking buttons of everyone around her. I know I'm still hopelessly outmatched when it comes to size... but maybe with this latest growth spurt I'll be able to do something?

Climbing to my feet, I can see just how much fucking bigger I am now. See how fucking huge my feet are, and remind myself of how small I was before talking to Kaylee earlier. Maybe... maybe I have a shot! There's a difference in size, but it's not an insurmountable one! I might be able to do this!


Once I begin to move I can feel it even more. How long my strides are now. How heavy my steps are. The tortured ground under my feet begging for mercy as the roads aren't adequately equipped to deal with the weight of someone as big as me. I can see what feels like miles around in every direction. A complete unfettered view of the entire city around me.
My confidence swells... even as I know that the street isn't the only thing cracking underneath me. The crowds may have thinned out considerably compared to what they were only a few minutes before... but there's still quite a few people around here. I can feel their final moments as I walk.


BOOM
Another step, and the crowds are really not liking me now. It's a completely indescribable sensation to be walking through them like this. Grass doesn't behave like this. Neither do pebbles. It's like sand... if the individual grains were fucking huge, and screamed when you walked over them.
It's not a nice thing, I know. But I was going to put a stop to Kaylee right here, right now. These new bodies were just going to be the final steps in my plan before reaching her. Don't worry little people. It won't be much longer.



Or.. so I hoped.

As I continued approaching Kaylee there was a specific phrase repeating in my mind. One printed on the mirror of every car I've ever been chauffeured around in. "Objects in mirror may be larger than they appear."

I thought I was about as tall as Kaylee's shoulder when I began my march in her direction. I knew I would be at a disadvantage in a physical confrontation, but I thought that I may still be able to pull something out! I'm Kayla *fucking* Kloss! I've diversified how I maintain this body of mine, and that includes a bit of basic training in... some martial art I can't even remember the name of!

It's more than Kaylee ever did, and I'd hoped that it would pay off.


But... upon reaching her, the difference in size is made all the more stark. If I truly was as tall as Kaylee's shoulders I may have been able to do something, difficult as it may have been. If I was as tall as her stomach, I may have been able to knock her off balance if I attempted to tackle.
But... I was only about half of her height. Her pussy was *right* in my face. The same as it had been earlier today, only now I was way too big to fit inside of it. That was a small comfort though, as she smiled down at me as well as she could with her massive fucking tits blocking full view of me.
"So?" She asked, breaking the silence as I stood in place. "I don't have all day. Why don't you show me what you've got, Kayla?"


"Kaylee!"
I didn't know what to say next. She just... pushes my fucking buttons! I blurted it without thinking, and now she's looking down at me expectantly. Waiting for me to do something to her. Anything. To fucking hit her with all my strength. To try and shove her over. To do... anything!
"Why do you keep doing this?!" I shouted instead, not liking any of my other options.


"We've been over this." Kaylee answered, rolling her eyes. "Do I really have to spell it out again?"
"What you said isn't... it's not a reason to just step on people! Or eat them! Or-"
"That's just like, your opinion, sis."
I could hardly believe what she'd just said. The rage inside of me boiled over. I was going to give her a piece of my mind! I was going to.



Then, without saying anything else, Kaylee turned around. Her feet wreaked untold amounts of havoc as she did so, but the crowds we effortlessly walked on meant even less to her than they did to me. She may as well have been walking to the kitchen to grab a snack with how casually she'd done it.

"KAYLEE!" I screamed up, not appreciating the disrespect on display. She stopped, sighed, and turned her head back.

"I *told* you, Kayla. We're *better* than them. If you still don't get that, then I'm not going to waste time arguing with you anymore."


Then, she began to leave. Clearly finished talking.
"You... You can't just leave! You're going to keep stepping on them, aren't you!"
"Yeah. I am."
My blood turned cold at that. I bit my bottom lip, and looked around for something that would give me an edge. A reason for her to stay here and keep talking with me. All so I could find the chance to talk her down from... whatever it was she was planning.
"You can't keep doing this!" I shouted at her. "If you don't stop, I'll... I'll..."


"You'll do what?" Kaylee asked. "Are you going to fight me?"
I tried to gather the courage, I really did. But after a moment of hesitation, I sighed, and shook my head.
Kaylee grinned. "That's what I thought. Now if you don't mind, I have a date with a lot of little people, and unless you've changed your outlook-"


POV:
KAYLEE
TETLEYS
EUROCAR


I can't believe Kayla sometimes. Here she is being gifted the greatest thing on the planet, and she can't just shut up and enjoy herself. Typical. Always did spend too much time thinking and not enough living in the moment.
Not me, though. No, I'm going to have fun with my captive audience. Look at all these little people. Just staring up at me. Gawking like I'm nothing more than an object of desire. Something they think they can lust over without some serious fucking consequences.
It's time to teach them why that's a bad idea.
TETLEYS
EUROCAR


"I see you all staring at me." I said, pleased at how my voice echoes around the streets below when I'm addressing them directly. "Do you want a closer look? Because that can be arranged."
I don't wait for a response. Why should I? I just want to get on with it, and the feeling of the road tearing apart under my fingers is enough to make my heart race. It's difficult to see with how fucking big every part of my body's become since this all began, but I can still feel the countless limbs writhing against my fingers. Weak and ineffective as usual.


But, just because they can't do a thing to stop me from picking them up doesn't mean they're useless. Tiny people will always serve a purpose in Kaylee Goddamn Kloss's life. Until further notice, that's exclusively as fuel for my lust. Objects to jam into my pussy, and fill myself with.
And once I move my fingers up between my legs the story changes entirely. The pathetic little writhings of the fucked little bugs is instantly changed to small, delicate sensations all over my pussy. I don't know how many times i've fucked myself with little people today, but every new burst of growth just makes the sensation more interesting.



There is a downside to that. I mean, I guess there is. It wasn't that long ago that a single person up my pussy was enough to get me off.

Now? I don't know. Dozens, probably. Why keep count? There's gotta be trillions of people on the planet. I'm not in any danger of running low on them anytime soon. Hell there's still so much of this single city I haven't touched yet. I might as well have fun feeding people to my pussy like it's an enormous meat grinder until I cum so hard my brain shuts off.


I'm so focused on stuffing my pussy that I almost forget that I'm squatting over a huge crowd of people. All it would take is for me to lean back juuust a little bit, and everyone underneath me would be eviscerated by my big, fat ass. Just thinking about the possibility makes my body quiver with anticipation. My legs tend to shake when I get close to orgasm, it would be such a shame if I happened to lose my balance... It wouldn't even be my fault, really. It's those damn people inside of my pussy, who can't keep their little hands to themselves.


All these people seem to know exactly what I want, and a sudden gasp slips from between my lips as they set to work. Their hands and feet pull at my lips, desperate to get out. They pound inside of me, trying to escape. Some of the ones who didn't quite make it in are dancing around my pubes, adding to the cornucopia of sensations and tastes around me.
My legs wobble for just a moment with the sudden spike of pleasure, and it's enough to bring me to the ground. I gasped again, feeling my toes rip through the highway's walls like they were nothing, and my ass splatter dozens, if not hundreds more people.
I don't fucking care. This feels good. And that's all that matters.


"KAYLEE!"
"What?" I should have known it was too much to expect Kayla to be cool for fucking once. She just has to try and interject when I'm working myself up to yet another massive orgasm as if there's a thing she could do to stop me. Or even slow me down! The only thing she's useful for right now is helping me, and the sooner she realizes that the sooner I'd be willing to hear her out.


"What's wrong? Cat got your tongue?"
Kayla's struck dumb. As usual. She never was good at arguing. Oh she'll brag about it at the dinner table for hours on end, but Mom always confided in me that it's easy to win arguments when you have hundreds of millions of dollars on your side. When you don't have a clear advantage she's as useless as a newborn kitten.
"Well, if that's all you had to say..." I whisper, looking back down to the crowds around me.


Enough fucking around. I'm going to ramp things up. I'm tired of this discussion, and Kayla's either going to speak up and stop wasting my time, or she's going to back down. I'd hope she chooses to have fun with me, but if she wants to keep being an idiot then I'm not going to waste my time with her.
"Come here, you little fuckers!" I said, slamming my hand into the crowds and spraying blood in every direction. My legs spread apart, and trapped the people between the walls of my feet as they covered up the space I'd just broken apart.
"Kaylee, stop! You can't-!"


"You're mine!" I said, ignoring Kayla's shouts of protest. She gasps as my hands move more efficiently than heavy machinery, scooping up a huge portion of humanity, cars, and the earth itself in an effort to make myself a nice little mound.
To *fuck*.
Their screams escalate as they get pushed together. Forced into a big smushy pile. I love listening to them, knowing that I'm the reason they're so fucking scared. This was what Kayla was intentionally denying herself, and I'm not going to have less fun for *their* sake.


Scooping up all these objects at the same time is such a unique feeling. Bodies writhe and fight against my fingers, but they're easily the weakest part of what I'm collecting. The vehicles bend and get misshapen by the movements of my fingers, and the torn-up sections of the street fall between my fingers like sand.
Watching it all happen directly in front of me is like something out of a disaster movie. Only I'm the thing that everyone is afraid of. An unstoppable force greater than even nature, because I'm not random. I can point people out, and make sure that they specifically won't survive whatever I have in mind. It's absolutely wonderful. Intoxicating. The kind of feeling reserved for the truly superior.

It's not long at all before I've filtered out most of the useless parts of the group in front of me. Dull bits of cracked streets, empty cars, that sort of thing. I want as much of this double handful to be exciting as possible. I can still see the flashes of a few of the lights of emergency vehicles, and hear the spinning of wheels desperate to gain traction against my fingers.

Almost makes me wish I was crouching for this. Then they'd have quite a trip to go before reaching their destination. As it is now, there's only going to be about a second before they hit the payload.


Not that there's anything wrong with that.
As soon as that first handful of humanity and cars hits my pussy I feel the sensations of arousal spike up tremendously. I know immediately that it's not going to be enough, so they all get transferred to one hand so my other can work on getting another handful. On shoveling more people inside of the furnace that is my pussy. To be liquefied, and pulped beyond any recognition.


A moan slips from between my lips. Every time I do this I can just get more and more inside of me, and there's nothing stopping me from doing this... forever. Much as I'd like for Kayla to come to her senses and join me, I also kind of like having her around at such a smaller size in comparison. To have someone to lord my own size over has its own advantages.
Besides, I think I've got a pretty good handle on what exactly it is that's been making me grow for a while now. And I don't think it'll be too long before I can reach another epic climax with such a wonderful mess of things directly in front of me, waiting to fill me.


Kayla gasps.
But I don't care. I can feel the people inside of my pussy begin to fight for survival in earnest, and the sensation is enough for my hand to spasm. A cacophony of cars and bodies sprinkle to the ground helplessly while I give up on filling myself even more. I think I've had enough.
Now it's time to put those fucking people to work. Cupping my hand over my pussy I make sure that those already inside are packed firmly, before moving my fingers up slightly higher to work my excited clit over. Fun as these tiny people are, they are not adequate enough to do the job all on their own.


"Kaylee! You can't keep doing this!"
She can talk all she wants. If she's not willing to fucking step up and actually make an attempt to stop me then I don't see any reason to give her words more than a passing thought. For a moment I wonder if she plans on doing exactly that when I feel her hand on my shoulder... but nothing. Maybe she was too busy enjoying how to truly complain about things. Or maybe I was convincing her with how much fun I was clearly having.
EUROCAR


"Kaylee!" She says again, nudging me in the shoulder. While feeling the weight of my tits on my chest wobble freely is certainly interesting, I know that it's not something she did for my sake.
"Ready to join me yet?" I asked, knowing she wasn't. That much was obvious. I could see it in her face. That same dumbstruck expression , hardly able to believe what she was witnessing. She even gasped in surprise at my words, but kept on doing what she always did. Watching, and not acting.
At some point she has to learn something I did almost as soon as I started growing.


Might makes right.
I don't even bother waiting for a response. I can hear another gasp when I bring my attention back down to the little people between my legs. She probably expects me to shove this new handful straight up my pussy just as I had the others... and it is tempting. The few times I've clenched my inner muscles over the past few seconds has already crushed quite a few of them, and I could go for a refill.
But why not spice things up?


For the future victims there is no difference. My fingers come down and scoop up a lot of them, and even that alone is like the end of the world. Something as big as I am simply should not be able to move this fast, and this precisely. My very existence breaks their minds, and makes them dumb. They don't move in an obvious way to escape, and they keep fighting even though it's clear that they can't stop me.
I guess I just have that effect on people. Even before I grew, people would always get distracted when they laid eyes on me.


Of course, that was usually because their eyes were elsewhere. Sometimes on my huge, generous ass. Sometimes on exposed legs in a skintight skirt. On more than a few occasions I even remember my feet in strappy, open-toed heels did the job of stopping someone in their tracks and being unable to keep their cool in front of me.
But the most frequent target was my most proud asset. My tits. Huge even before all this growth, they were absolutely phenomenal now. Had to be as big as beach balls, and without an ounce of plastic, rubber, or silicone inside of them. The absolute envy of every woman on this entire planet.
So the people I've scooped up should be ecstatic that they're given special consideration to be around them so closely.


It probably makes me a bit vain, but I love using my tits on the little people more than anything. They're so versatile in the ways that they're able to crush and maim people. Sprinkling a sampling of the crowds in front of me onto them makes for an exciting visual, and I can feel my nipppples stand on end as body after body begin to tumble down the natural incline my tits make thanks to the dealdy combination of gravity and their pathetic weakness stopping them from doing anything to save themselves.
Fun as it is to watch a lot of them roll head over heels down my tits and even fall off my nipples... there's a relative safe spot for them to hide out in. The massive canyon between my tits offers a warm, safe shelter for a lot of them as my boobs are so fucking big they naturally squish against one another to operate as a safety net.


But they don't deserve the opportunity to simply hang out between my tits. None of them do. They didn't before I grew, and they certainly don't now. I don't think there's anyone on this planet who I would willingly allow to hang out between them.
Luckily, their sheer size makes punishing the people who attempted to hide out between them simple. All it takes is pushing my tits together to bring the absolutely enormous masses crushing against one another with more force than anything mankind could have ever devised. Bodies are turned straight into pulp, while cars are turned into flattened strips of metal.
And that's not even going into everything that spurts out from between them.


Like I said, I love my tits, but no one else is allowed to enjoy them the way that I am.
As I crush all the little things that made their way into my cleavage, I can see Kayla move in closer. Probably admiring what I was doing, as jealousy that her tiny little mosquito bites couldn't hope to replicate anything resembling this. Knowing that her attention is on me... I can't help but clench my teeth, and squeeze them even harder.


It only takes a second, before I can exhale, and feel the remains of everything I'd just crushed pool inside of my chest. Warm remains that quickly begin to cool as the slight breeze allowed between my tits fills them, and the rain of sprinkled glass and other assorted crushed belongings falls to the ground.
It's a wonderful feeling, and one I'm eager to replicate. Soon.
I look over to Kayla, wanting to know what she thought of that little show. I did, after all, place extra emphasis once it was obvious she was checking it out. She can only respond by placing a hand on my wrist... and pulling my arm away.


She's not strong enough to do so, but if she wants to check out the aftermath firsthand, then I'm certainly not going to stop her. Using my right arm to support both of my massive tits, I let her get a view of some of the aftermath.
There's blood splattered all around my tits like a Jackson Pollock painting. It would be a lot more grisly, if not for the fact that the bodies were so thoroughly pulverized they no longer resemble anything human. It's just swathes of red painting my tits everywhere. Nothing more.


"Kaylee... how could you..."
I could sit there and try to discuss with her the innumerable reasons that this was the right thing to do for my own amusement, but there's no need. The sight of the aftermath may have surprised Kayla, but all it did for me was turn me on something fierce. The hand that Kayla tried to pry away quickly finds its home back between my legs while I lift my tit up to get a better look at the remains. Knowing that I'd just done that as casually as pushing my hands together. A minuscule amount of effort for such incredible results. I really am the most incredible thing the entire planet has ever seen.


And I'm about to become even greater.
It takes no time at all after my fingers dive between my legs to reach another epic orgasm. Electric tingles move through my arms and legs, concentrating in my fingers and the tips of my toes. I gasped in surprise, and arched my back to better feel the weight of my tits resting on my chest. To remind myself how fucking big, and heavy they are. And how, despite that, I am fully capable of effortlessly carrying the huge things. I think of all the heavy machinery it would take to do what my spine does without even thinking... and I think of how much stronger I feel in general. Like I could live for a hundred years like this and never experience a moment of back pain.


These fucking tits. Responsible for so fucking much death and destruction today. And I hadn't even gone out of my way to do a lot of ideas I'd had so far! I could crawl over a building, and drop them onto the roof to cave it in in the blink of an eye. I could swing my chest from side to side, and use them as enormous wrecking balls. There wasn't a thing that anyone could do to stop these babies, and they were just one fucking part of me.
TETLEYS
EUROCAR
GOAT
TEPCO


I took a deep breath, and arched my back. The pleasure between my legs spiked tremendously, and I knew it had finally arrived. Another epic orgasm. One that, like all the others, I was sure would make me grow once again. I don't care how fucking big I am already.
I can always be bigger.
TETLEYS
EUROCAR
TEPCO



My fingers are hard at work making sure that the orgasm lasts as long as humanly possible. The warmth between my legs has become a boiler, and I swear I can feel steam wafting off my pussy I'm so fucking hot. The sweat that begins to coat my body is already washing away the remains of the people I'd crushed. Their sacrifices truly meant nothing in the grand scheme of things, as I'm sure that, given enough time, my finger would have done the job all on its own.

But I guess they can get special recognition for speeding things up.



Not by much, though. Let's not get carried away. Can you truly consider something useful if the only good thing it did was die for you to help do something that would have happened anyway? If anything it should just emphasize how pathetic, and frail they are. They're nothing to me.

And now? They're even less.



The streets under me feel strange as they rip apart under my growing body. My echoing moans grow even louder, travel further, and shake windows in every building nearby. The mere act of pleasuring myself is a cataclysmic event to the tiny people below.

And this growth just means that the next one is going to be even worse for them.



I can't help but think about it now. When will I graduate from using people and cars? I could move up to entire houses packed with screaming bodies inside of my pussy. Then buildings. Skyscrapers. Hell for vehicles I can imagine myself big enough to pluck airplanes out of the air and crush them into my nipples for a tiny puff of heat and minute amount of stimulation.

When will it be enough?



Definitely not by then.

I know that much.

Maybe once I can see the curvature of the earth I can consider slowing down. Big enough that my ass will cover multiple cities at once. Huge enough that a single one of my toes will utterly dwarf the size I am now. Massive enough that my tits will be spacious enough to provide a living space for thousands upon thousands of people.


The thought of using my tits to crush that many people at once sends a fresh wave of orgasmic pleasure through me. Sometimes I wonder why I stop to enjoy myself at these obvious in-between sizes. Why not just sit around and masturbate. All day. Non-stop. Until I reach the size that I so rightly deserve to be. One more befitting of Kaylee Goddamn Kloss. Big enough that the entire world literally revolves around me, and keeping me satiated. Because going against my orders would mean certain death to entire nations.
TETLEYS
EUROCAR
SOAP
TEPCO


I moaned again, feeling my body quiver.
I know why I haven't just spent all my time growing. Because life's not just about the destination, exciting as that is. The journey is a big part of what makes this growth so fun. Being able to crush and destroy more things with each fresh spurt has made this the greatest day of my life. But I know that it's only destined to be topped.
By tomorrow. As I've grown even more. And get even bigger. Every new day is going to be my new greatest day ever, and I'm going to have this entire fucking populace under my heel soon enough.


I exhale, feeling the heat of my breath as the orgasm begins to fade. I give my nipples a nice pinch, and rub the soaking wet debris in my cunt as it begins to slop out. Nice as all that was, it was certainly one of my less destructive orgasms.
So I'll have to make up for that by really taking advantage of this new size.


POV:
KAYLA


I just don't know what to think anymore.
Why did I even bother? I can't... fucking do this. I can't. I'm not capable. Kaylee's too fucking far gone. She just won't listen to reason. She just masturbated herself to orgasm right in front of me, using countless people as fuel for her orgasm. I've seen that more than a few times today, but what makes this one so *frustrating* is what it symbolizes.
All the effort I'd gone through doing what she asked in order to increase myt own size and increase my chances... and Kaylee had just undone almost all of it. She didn't quite grow enough to completely strip the difference I'd created by eating all those people, but it didn't matter. Unless I went on a fucking eating rampage there was no way Kaylee was going to slow down long enough for me to retaliate.


"Kaylee...."
She looked down at me.
"I'm... leaving."
I don't want to do this anymore. I can't save these people. I was a fool for even trying. There's only one person I really care about trying to rescue now that Kaylee's a lost cause. I don't know how I'll find mom, but it's a good thing that Kaylee still thinks she's dead. After I find her, I can take her out of here. To where... I'm still not sure.
Just... not here. Another country maybe. The middle of the ocean. Fucking space. I don't care. Anywhere else.


"Where? You gotta take a piss or something? You should try doing it on the people, and watch them-"
"No, I just... I need to be alone for a little bit."
She looks at me as I turn to leave... and I swear I can see a bit of regret in her expression. That, or arousal. I guess I wasn't clear enough for her to know I don't plan on leaving to go masturbate to the "show" she'd just given me.
Whatever. So long as she leaves me to my privacy I can work on getting the fuck out of here and doing something productive with my time.


"Kayla."
I stopped, and looked back. Kaylee didn't bother turning around... but I could tell by her profile that the joy she'd felt only a moment ago had begun to fade. I tensed up, not wanting her to get angry at me, as there wouldn't be a thing I could do against her if she did.
"You're not trying to run away, are you?"


"No, I just need some space. Okay?"
She didn't say anything. I have a feeling she knew I was up to something... but if she didn't suspect that mom was still around there was no reason for her to think I was doing anything she would object to. Maybe I should've just told her I was going to piss after all.


"If you're going to leave, then JUST FUCKING GO!"
I'm a bit taken aback by her sudden escalation, but she grits her teeth, and turns her lips up into a huge smile afterwards. "Bye sis! Have fun, and enjoy the piss!"
"I... will..." I say, continuing to walk. As I do so I can't help but feel like something is wrong, and... I can't let the feeling go. I don't want to do anything with this uncertainty on my back.
"Are you serious? You're just going to let me go?"


Kaylee stretches her arm back. For a second, it looks like she's going against what she just said and pick me up, but she doesn't. And it's not even that I'm far away enough or have some insurmountable lead. She could do anything she wanted at any time, I just think she wanted to get a good look at me.
"Of course, Kayla." She says, her tone chipper. "Look how big you are now. I doubt there are a dozen skyscrapers in this town that are taller than you are, and good luck trying to squeeze that fat ass of yours behind one of them. So if you're not going to talk with me like a fucking adult, then you can spend more time finding out how things work for us now."
"What's that supposed to mean?"


Kaylee grins. "There's nowhere for you to hide, Kayla. You could try to flee the city, but at your size you're going to leave a trail of destruction that's big enough for me to follow. Don't worry, I won't be mad if you want to get away for a bit. I could use a little 'me' time myself... but as soon as I feel like coming back for you, I'll find you. End of story."
I shake my head and shuffle off. I know she's right. The whole fucking world was hers now. There's nowhere for me to run, and no way to change her mind. I've been defeated, but I don't want all of this to be for nothing.
My pace picks up, and I walk with renewed purpose. There's one person I could still save... The one person I still care about, who Kaylee still thinks is dead. If I can make sure that she's safe, then maybe this would all be worth it.


END OF
PART 16



KAYLEE AND KAYLA'S GROWTH PART 16

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