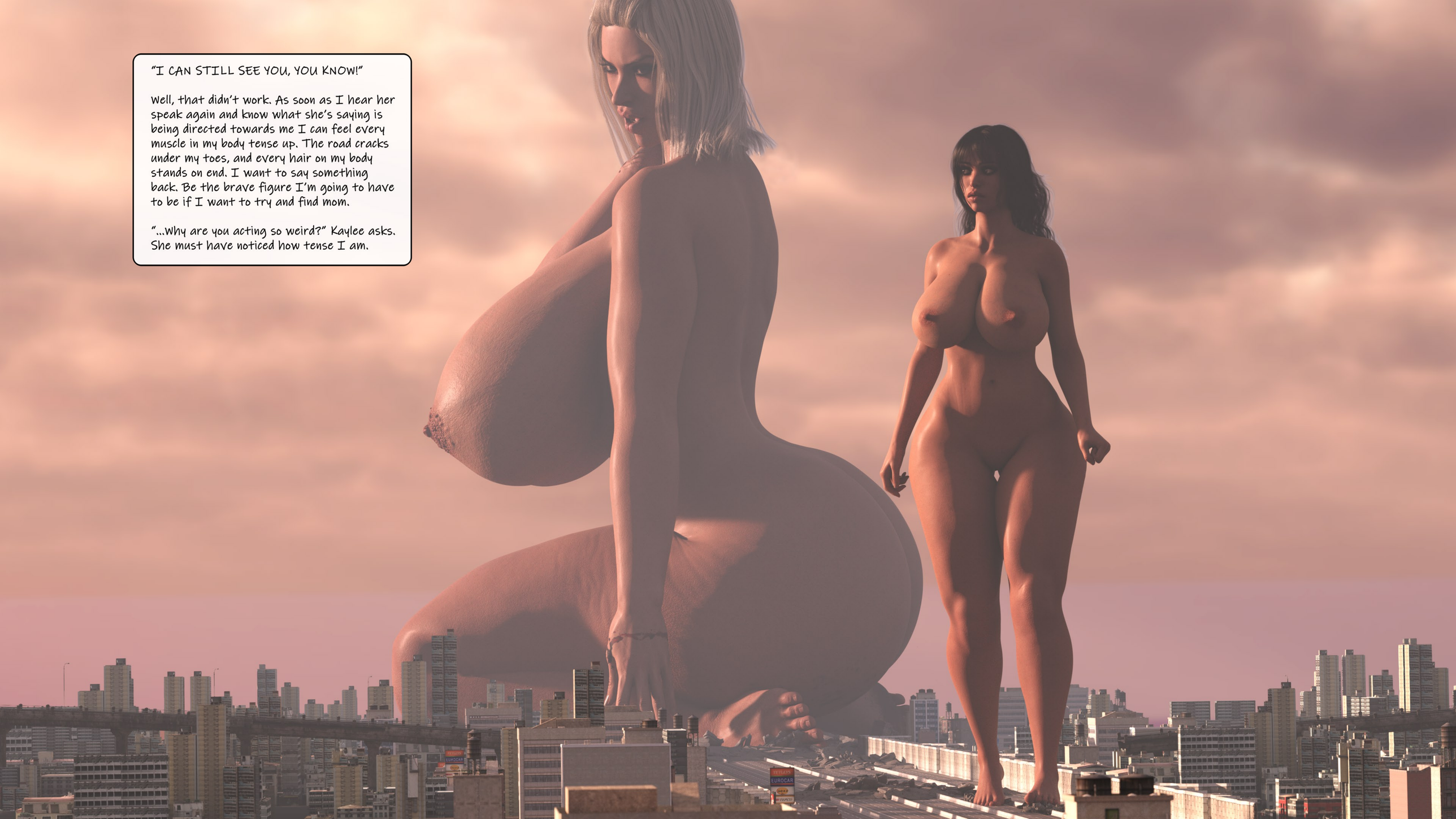

KAYLEE PART 17


REDFIREDOG
EMMAGEAR


Now's as good a time as any to take stock of what I've just been through. It's a lot, and I have a lot to think about now. I can still feel flecks of blood drying all over my body. People who were once running away in absolute terror, and are now just stuck to me. Looking like someone flicked a paintbrush at a wall.
I can do this.
I just have to... wash my hands of this. Be done. Make a clean break. I don't have to deal with Kaylee anymore. I have more important matters to tend to. There's no reason I can't just walk away. I'm not the coward that Kaylee is making me out to be. I'm... I'm...


She's looking at me., isn't she?
I want to confirm. Obviously. Given what we just went through. What she just forced me to do... I find it hard to believe that she's just going to let me walk without interfering. Kaylee's a lot of things, but passive is not one.
I can't take it anymore. I have to know. Taking a deep breath, I try to casually turn to the side, and really get a look at what's going on through my peripheral vision.


"I CAN STILL SEE YOU, YOU KNOW!"
Well, that didn't work. As soon as I hear her speak again and know what she's saying is being directed towards me I can feel every muscle in my body tense up. The road cracks under my toes, and every hair on my body stands on end. I want to say something back. Be the brave figure I'm going to have to be if I want to try and find mom.
"...Why are you acting so weird?" Kaylee asks. She must have noticed how tense I am.
EUROCAR


"I TOLD YOU!" I shouted back, searching for an excuse. "I just... I just need to be alone for a minute, okay?"
I'd like to think that, despite it all, there's some semblance of our old relationship remaining. Some part of Kaylee that still recognizes who we both are, where we came from, and why she should... well.
Why she should give me preferential treatment, I guess is what I'm trying to get across. Call it selfish, but I can't stop her. I don't know if I'll ever be able to.

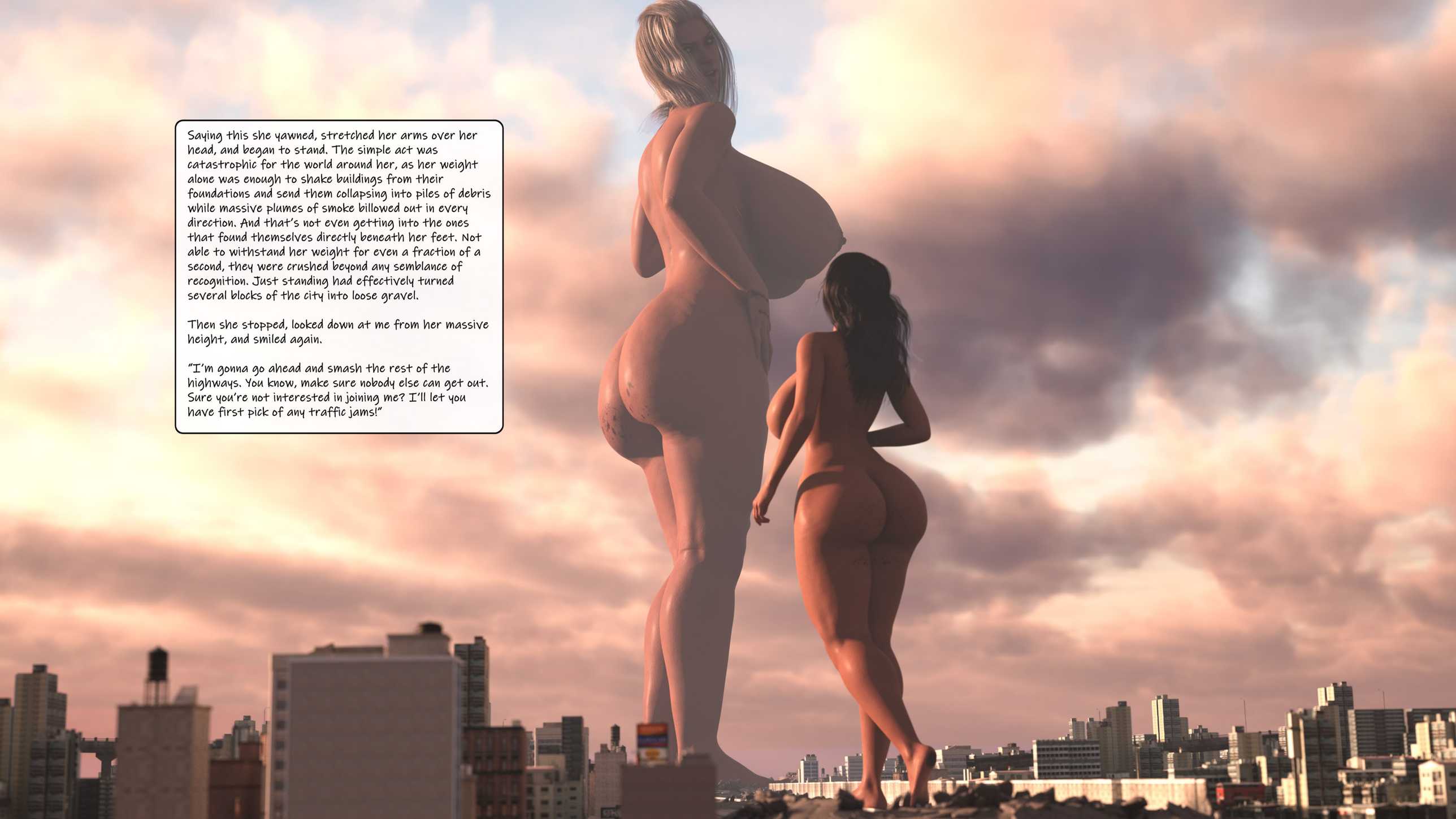


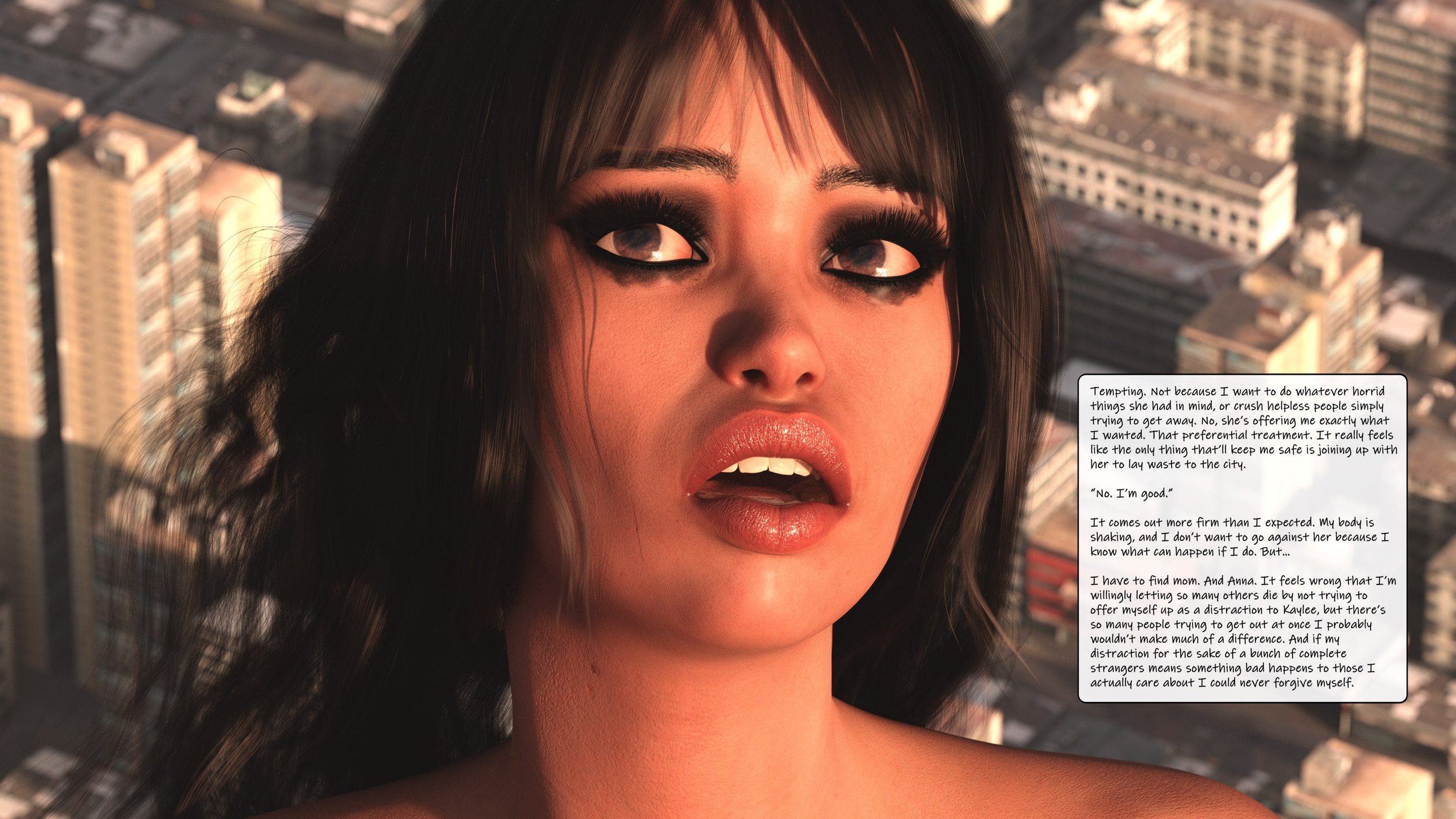
She doesn't say anything for a second. Her eyes just scan over me, before her expression begins to soften. Her lips part, and... she laughs.

"I'm just giving you a hard time, Kayla." She said, shaking her head dismissively. "Go on. Take as much time as you need. Because when I need to find you, I guarantee you won't be able to hide."

I can't help but bristle at the suggestion... but she's right. I'm just too big now. There's no feasible hiding places for me anymore, and given how big Kaylee is she can probably see for miles in every direction. Unless I somehow somehow shrink back to normal, there's no conceivable way for me to evade her gaze, now. And shrinking back to normal is the last thing I want to happen given how Kaylee's been treating the tiny world around her.

"You'll probably keep growing, like me." She adds, as if she was able to read my expression. "So when I want to reunite with my dear sister, I'll just look for the moving skyscraper."


Saying this she yawned, stretched her arms over her head, and began to stand. The simple act was catastrophic for the world around her, as her weight alone was enough to shake buildings from their foundations and send them collapsing into piles of debris while massive plumes of smoke billowed out in every direction. And that's not even getting into the ones that found themselves directly beneath her feet. Not able to withstand her weight for even a fraction of a second, they were crushed beyond any semblance of recognition. Just standing had effectively turned several blocks of the city into loose gravel.
Then she stopped, looked down at me from her massive height, and smiled again.
"I'm gonna go ahead and smash the rest of the highways. You know, make sure nobody else can get out. Sure you're not interested in joining me? I'll let you have first pick of any traffic jams!"


Tempting. Not because I want to do whatever horrid things she had in mind, or crush helpless people simply trying to get away. No, she's offering me exactly what I wanted. That preferential treatment. It really feels like the only thing that'll keep me safe is joining up with her to lay waste to the city.
"No. I'm good."
It comes out more firm than I expected. My body is shaking, and I don't want to go against her because I know what can happen if I do. But...
I have to find mom. And Anna. It feels wrong that I'm willingly letting so many others die by not trying to offer myself up as a distraction to Kaylee, but there's so many people trying to get out at once I probably wouldn't make much of a difference. And if my distraction for the sake of a bunch of complete strangers means something bad happens to those I actually care about I could never forgive myself.



"Fine." Kaylee says, shrugging her shoulders and shaking her head from side to side. Her entire upper body jiggles as she does so. Whether that was intentional to remind me of just how much every part of her has grown, or simply a side effect of her every movement being naturally hypnotic I'm not sure, but her eyes narrow immediately after.

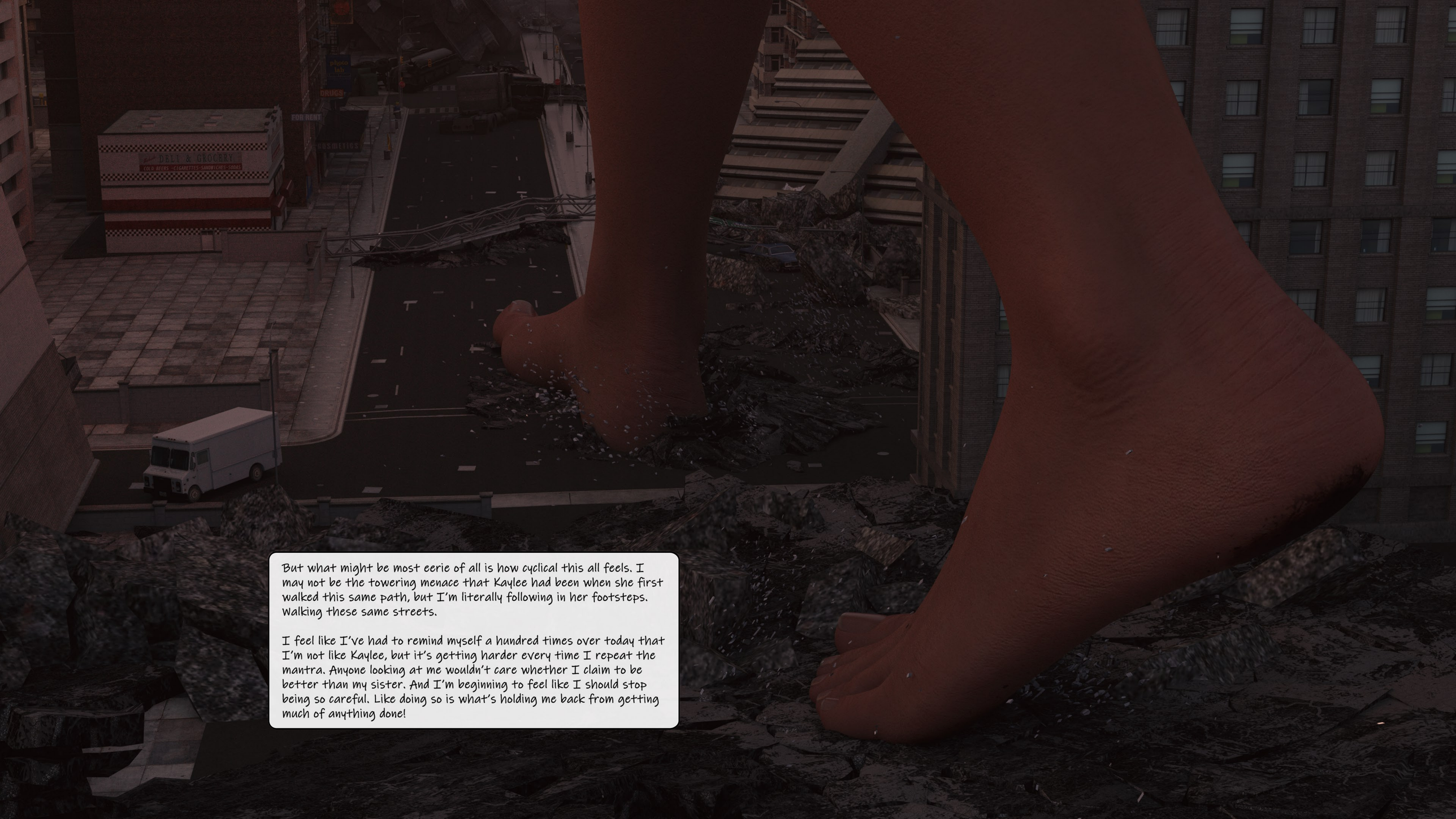
"I'll be around if you need me." She says. Then with a flip of her hair she turns away, and begins to walk, following the same highway that we had been on moments prior. On the one hand it means she's not heading deeper into the city which would be even more disastrous. On the other hand...

It's best not to think about it. I have people of my own to find. It can't be that hard to find Anna and Krystal, right? There's only like, 13 million people in LA. And Kaylee has to have brought that number down by at least one or two million, right?

The morbid joke fills me with dread as I can't even comprehend that many people. I'd better get moving.

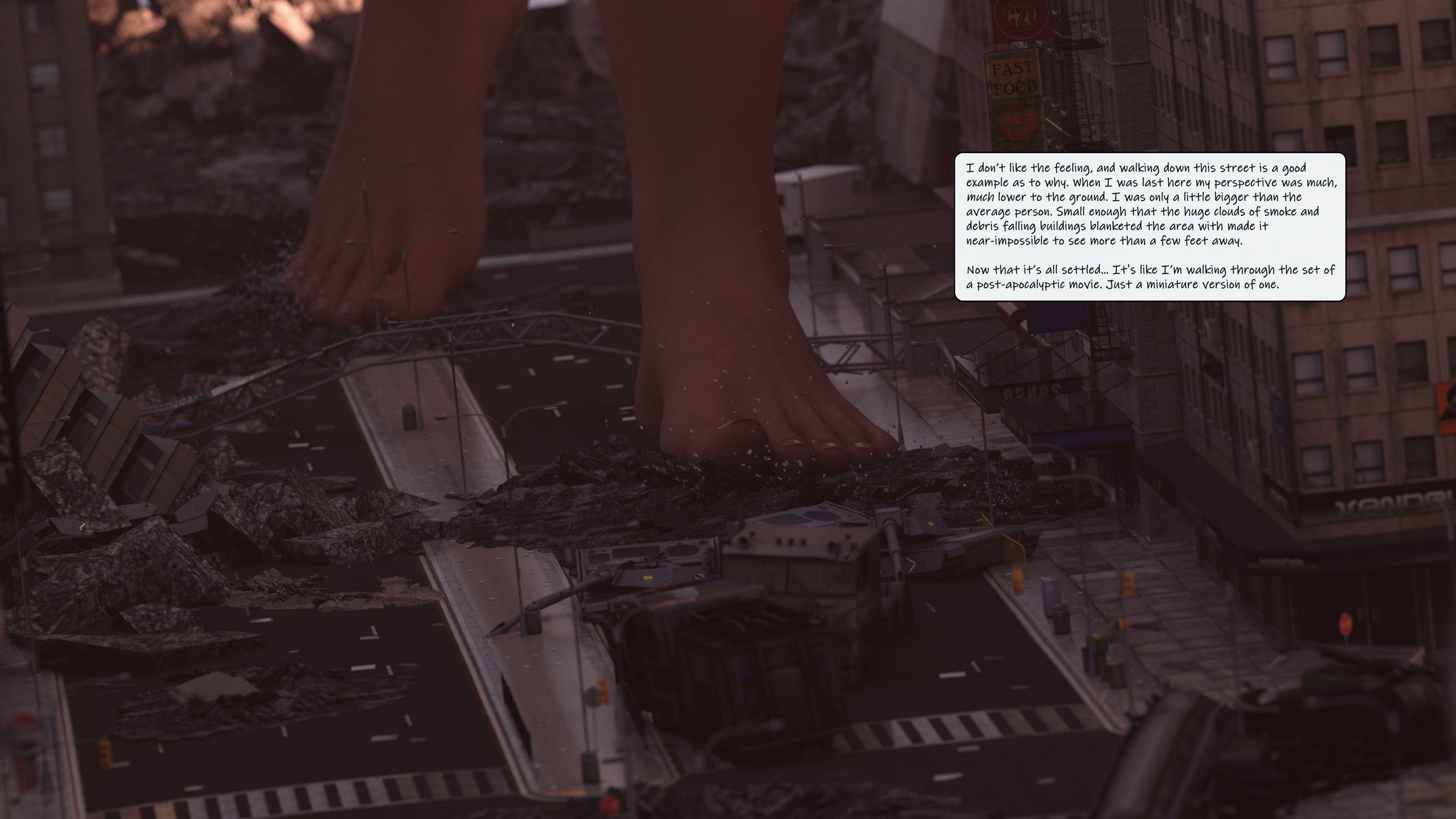

I technically don't have any fucking clue where either of them are, but I have ways of finding out. The bad news is that mom was taken by the military when I had no choice but to run away to save my own skin.
The good news is exactly that. She was taken by the military. That means that even if they aren't still keeping her prisoner in the FBI building, there's some chain of command somewhere, and anyone I find in uniform can probably lead me to her eventually. They'd probably also be aware of reports of a 20 foot tall woman running around, or however big Anna would be by now. I don't want to approach the military after what they put me through... but I'm bigger now. I'm tougher. And more importantly:
I can already see the building we were being held at.


It's surreal being here again. Seeing this building. Seeing how small it is in comparison to me, and knowing that I had been hiding underneath it in a small, fucked up bunker just before separating from Krystal. I might even be bigger now than Kaylee had been when she first laid waste to this area.
And that's probably what's most strange about all this. Just seeing how... ruined everything is. Not only is my perspective vastly different, but it's almost like a ghost town. When I was last here I was running for dear life so I hardly took in the scenery... but I remember what it was like when Kaylee was chasing us. People running for dear life in every direction simultaneously. Guys in heavy armor riding down the street, hoping to best an opponent they couldn't possibly stand against. The way the ground rumbled when Kaylee's feet stepped down.
Now it's... nothing. Anyone who survived is long gone, leaving behind only the remains of those who didn't.



But what might be most eerie of all is how cyclical this all feels. I may not be the towering menace that Kaylee had been when she first walked this same path, but I'm literally following in her footsteps. Walking these same streets.

I feel like I've had to remind myself a hundred times over today that I'm not like Kaylee, but it's getting harder every time I repeat the mantra. Anyone looking at me wouldn't care whether I claim to be better than my sister. And I'm beginning to feel like I should stop being so careful. Like doing so is what's holding me back from getting much of anything done!



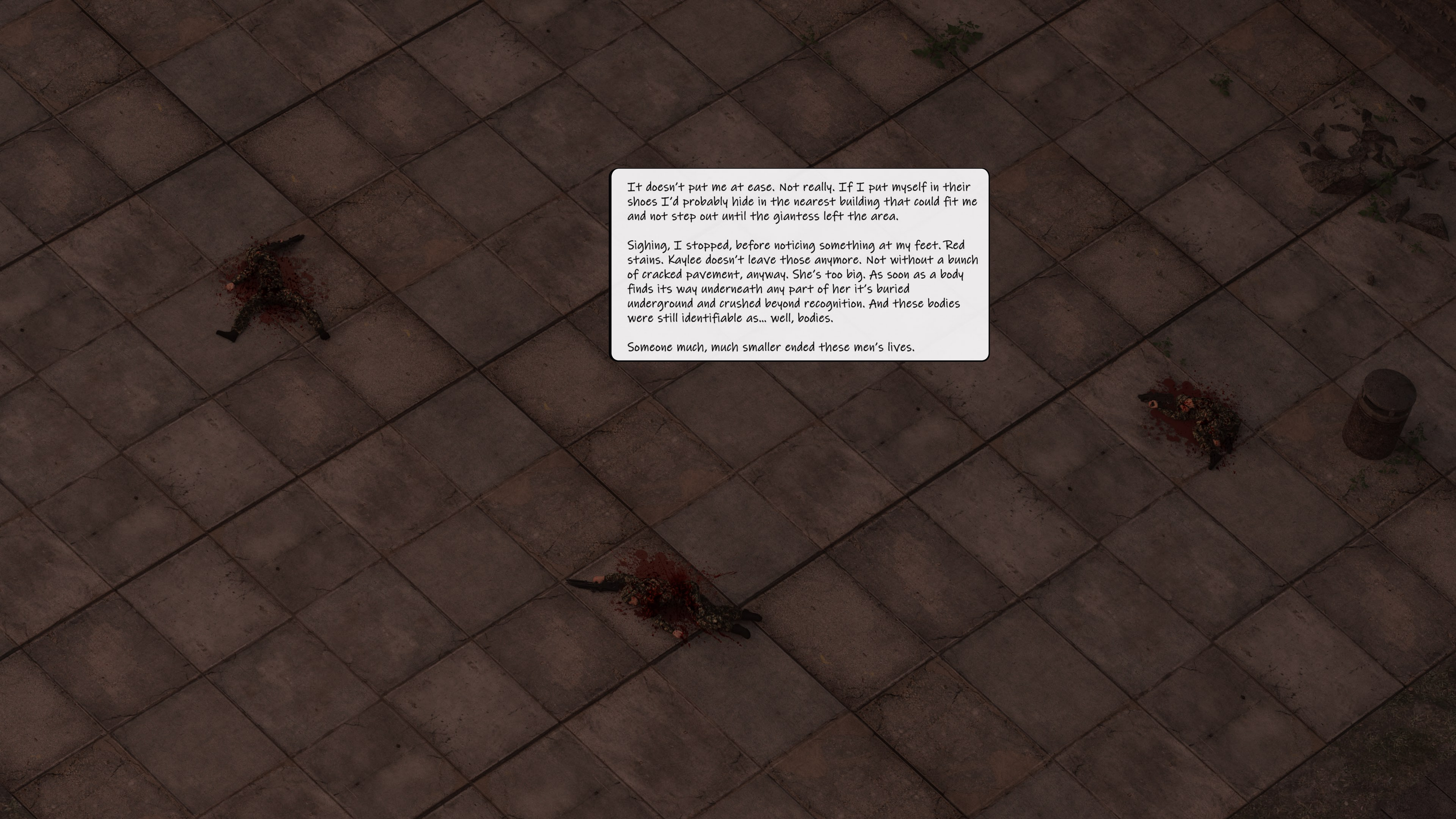
I don't like the feeling, and walking down this street is a good example as to why. When I was last here my perspective was much, *much* lower to the ground. I was only a little bigger than the average person. Small enough that the huge clouds of smoke and debris falling buildings blanketed the area with made it near-impossible to see more than a few feet away.

Now that it's all settled... It's like I'm walking through the set of a post-apocalyptic movie. Just a miniature version of one.



My vantage point isn't as much of an advantage as I'd been hoping either. Sure, I could see for blocks in every direction, but there were so many places obscured from view that anyone who really wanted to avoid being seen could probably do so pretty easily. Especially since I'm going out of my way to avoid destroying the scenery.

Any sort of a covering over a normal-sized person's head and they might as well not even exist to me. I just hope that Anna or Krystal... wherever they are, don't keep hiding when they see me coming. They have to know that I can be trusted, if nothing else..


It doesn't put me at ease. Not really. If I put myself in their shoes I'd probably hide in the nearest building that could fit me and not step out until the giantess left the area.
Sighing, I stopped, before noticing something at my feet. Red stains. Kaylee doesn't leave those anymore. Not without a bunch of cracked pavement, anyway. She's too big. As soon as a body finds its way underneath any part of her it's buried underground and crushed beyond recognition. And these bodies were still identifiable as... well, bodies.
Someone much, much smaller ended these men's lives.


My initial thought is, of course, some kind of betrayal. Every single one of these guys is armed to the teeth, after all. Someone could have been ordered to go after Kaylee or myself, and turned on their own allies to avoid marching into what would have been certain death. But...
These bodies look too... messy. A bullet through the head wouldn't do this. And it definitely wasn't Kaylee or myself. Whoever did it was probably a lot bigger than a normal person, meaning it was likely Yeona or Anna.
On paper it sounds like it's the former. I didn't see her for long, but she certainly seems capable of doing something like this. And I didn't want to think Anna was capable of such violence...
But that was all I could do. Hope.


Unless... maybe mom grew some more? She was already getting a bit bigger when I last saw her. And she's always had a certain killer instinct about her. What are the odds that...
No. I won't even entertain that thought. There's too many giant people running around. It has to be Anna or Yeona. I run my fingers along the cement, breathing a sigh of relief that the red stuff is still just a bit wet. It's not dripping off my fingers, but it's enough to smear on the pavement. Chances are whoever did this is still close by.
"ANNA?"


Silence.
I stand back up, and look over the streets I have access to again. I can't see anything, but the buildings in this area are tall enough that there's tons of alleyways just out of view. Am I really going to have to crawl on my hands and knees to see down every one of them?
"Anna?" I repeat, hoping that maybe she was just too nervous to answer the first time.
Suddenly, there's a bit of movement just in front of me.


"K-Kayla?"
Her voice is apprehensive. She sounds scared, and I'm assuming it's because of how big I am. But... There's also a bit of relief in how she says it. I assume because it's me she's seeing, and not...
I just try to give her a smile. It's all I really can give right now. Something to, hopefully, put her at ease. Show her that despite all this craziness and... death surrounding us we still have each other. Even if we're a lot bigger than everyone else now.



She slowly climbs to her feet, shuffling out from the alleyway and walking towards me. But... she hardly seems herself. Her head occasionally darts from side to side, as if she's afraid someone will come after her for daring to come out of hiding. I want to let her know she's safe with me... but I just dealt with Kaylee a few minutes ago.

Not even I can protect her from something like that.

"Kayla...?" She repeats, hardly able to believe what she's seeing. "You're so much..."

"Bigger." I say, biting my bottom lip. "Yeah. I am. Would you happen to know what happened to some army guys just down the street?"


She grits her teeth, and looks away in shame. I immediately feel bad for bringing it up... but at least this confirms she's responsible. I probably don't have to worry about Yeona showing up to try and kill her. At least not here.
"I..." She begins, pulling her hand away to rub the back of her head. "They... they tried to detain me. Tried to put some cuffs on me... but they were too small. When they couldn't make them fit they got mad, and started threatening me. I had to! They were just-"
She stops suddenly, the memory clearly painful.
"They didn't hurt you, did they?" I asked, crouching to get a better look. Even doing this I'm towering over every building in the area, completely dominating Anna's field of view. I don't know if it helps, but I want her to know that I'm going to do everything I can to keep her safe.


"No." She finally says, sighing loudly. "I mean, I don't know if their weapons would have... I didn't let them try."
I nodded.
"I... I can hardly believe it myself. I don't know what happened, Kayla. I just... I just *snapped* back there. I was willing to go along with them, but they would clearly have rather killed me than let me tag along without being detained. After they aimed their guns at me I just... I just attacked them. To save myself.. I don't know what came over me. You know me, Kayla! I'm not a violent person! I've never been a violent person!" She continued, trailing off as she looked away in shame again.


"I know, Anna. I know."
I've never seen Anna throw a punch in my life. I'm not sure she even knows how. To think that she could have done something so... messy was just...
"I..." She suddenly said, looking up at me. "I don't- Whatever made us grow. I think it changed us in other ways, too... and I don't think I'm the only one experiencing it."
I reached a hand down to pick her up. That... wasn't something I wanted to hear. I've been doing my best to suppress these urges, but the fact that they're there at all has been concerning. Anna snapped and killed a bunch of soldiers for trying to detain her. Yeona's been on some kind of crazy killing spree since she started growing. And Kaylee... I don't think she was ever all that stable to begin with.


That leaves me. Have I... exhibited any aggressive behavior like that?
I think back to the highway. To the things I did to keep myself safe. A shudder runs down my spine, and I force the thoughts out of my head.
"I'm just glad you're safe." I say, bringing her closer to my face. She's not the same wriggling, squirming mess she was the last time I saw her. She simply accepts what's happening now, and I know this is as good a time as any.
"You haven't seen my mom, have you? She was with a bunch of army-looking guys last I saw her, hiding out in the basement of that building just over there. Have you seen anyone else around here?"
STORAGE



Anna looked in the direction I'd pointed for a moment, trying to remember. I could feel my muscles tense up as I waited for her answer. This was important, and I wanted to give her a little squeeze to perhaps encourage her to answer faster... but I resisted.

"Well... I didn't exactly see much because I was hiding, but I could hear a bunch of guys loading up into big trucks that drove nearby. I think they assumed the area was abandoned 'cause they didn't seem to care how loud they were being."

My heart sank. So they were here... but had left.

"But... I remember hearing the words 'VIP' and 'airport.' I assumed it was just some top-ranking military guy, but I guess it's possible that..."


"Is that all you heard? Anything else?"
My heart's pounding right now. I came to this area expecting to have to start pushing over buildings. Threatening lives, throwing things far away... the works. They weren't here, thankfully, but I had a lead. And it came without having to end any lives unnecessarily.



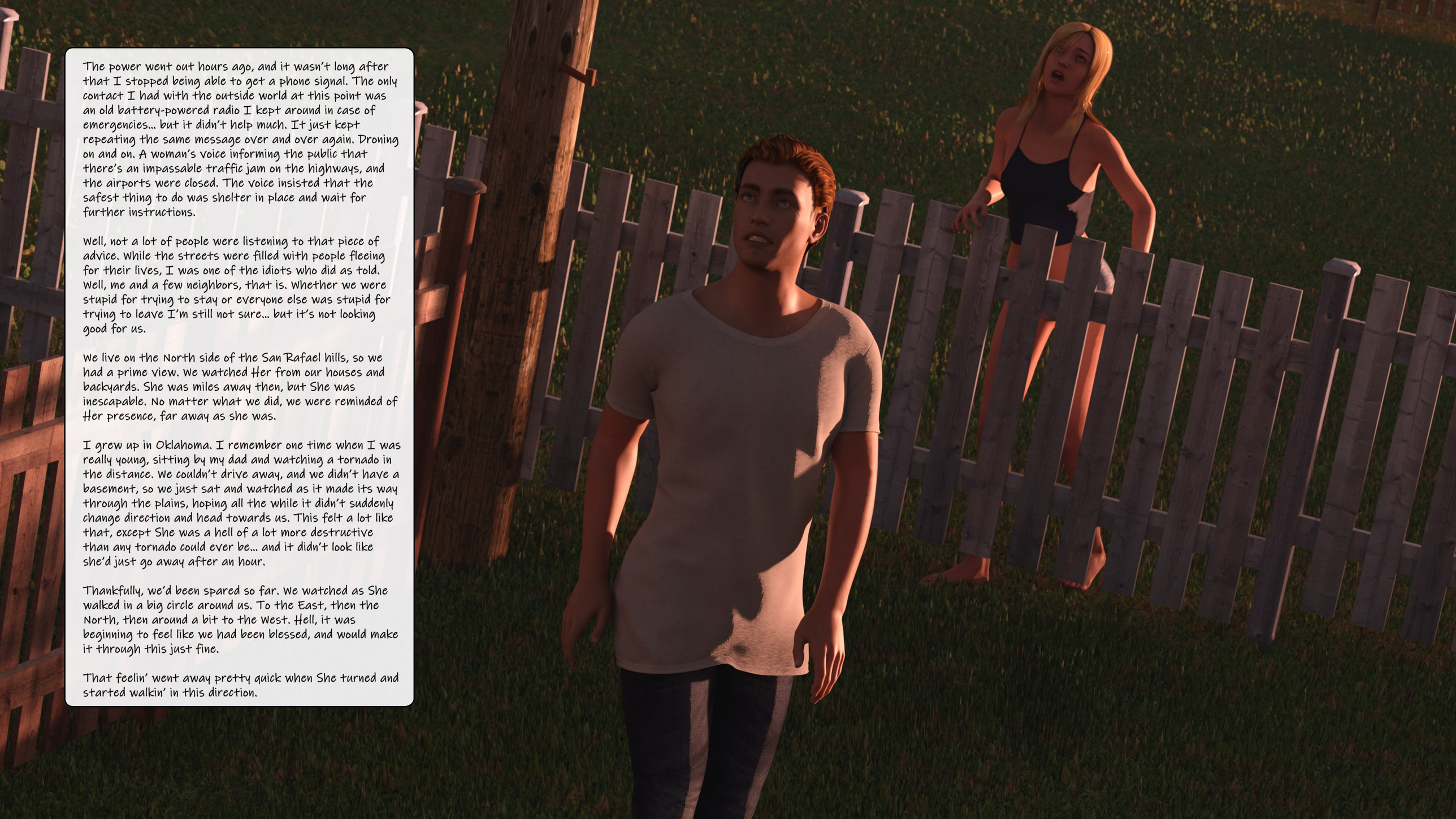
"That's pretty much everything. Other than a bit of grunting. I thought they were loading big weapons into the trucks, but if Krystal's grown like us then I guess it's possible they were loading her up."

A pang of guilt hits my heart. I'm worried even more about her now. She was certainly big enough to require a handful of men to load her up into a vehicle last I saw her... but she definitely would have been fighting back unless they managed to restrain her somehow. Whether by knocking her out or just covering her mouth. If she could have made a sound I'm positive Anna would have been able to hear it.


I just have to hope that she was silent because she was gagged, or unconscious. Not because she was...
No. Of course not! She's way too valuable to just off like that. She's alive, and she's probably at the airport right now! Or... assuming a plane hasn't taken off yet. And that the airplane is in one piece...
Nope! I've got to stay positive! She's there, and that's exactly where I'm going!
"Anna, I could kiss you right now!"
"Please don't."


I frowned, and pulled her away from my face.
"If you insist." I add, smiling at her.
She finally seems to be a bit more comfortable. I guess getting all that off her chest has helped her out a bit. I want to try and keep this going so she'll shake off whatever remains... but it's not like I have a ton of time available.
I know where I have to go now. Luckily, given how important of a person I am, the one place around this city I visit all the time is the airport. I just have to start moving. Break up this nice moment and get going again.
So why do I feel a rising sense of dread?


Suddenly the ground shakes all around me, and I whip my head back in surprise. It's Kaylee. I don't think she's heading here intentionally, but if she finds out that I have Anna... there's no telling how she'll react.
It felt like I was wearing cement shoes just a second ago, but the reminder of Kaylee's presence has cleared my head. I'm going to the airport. I don't know what's going to happen when I get there, but I don't want to risk whatever will happen if I don't.



The power went out hours ago, and it wasn't long after that I stopped being able to get a phone signal. The only contact I had with the outside world at this point was an old battery-powered radio I kept around in case of emergencies... but it didn't help much. It just kept repeating the same message over and over again. Droning on and on. A woman's voice informing the public that there's an impassable traffic jam on the highways, and the airports were closed. The voice insisted that the safest thing to do was shelter in place and wait for further instructions.

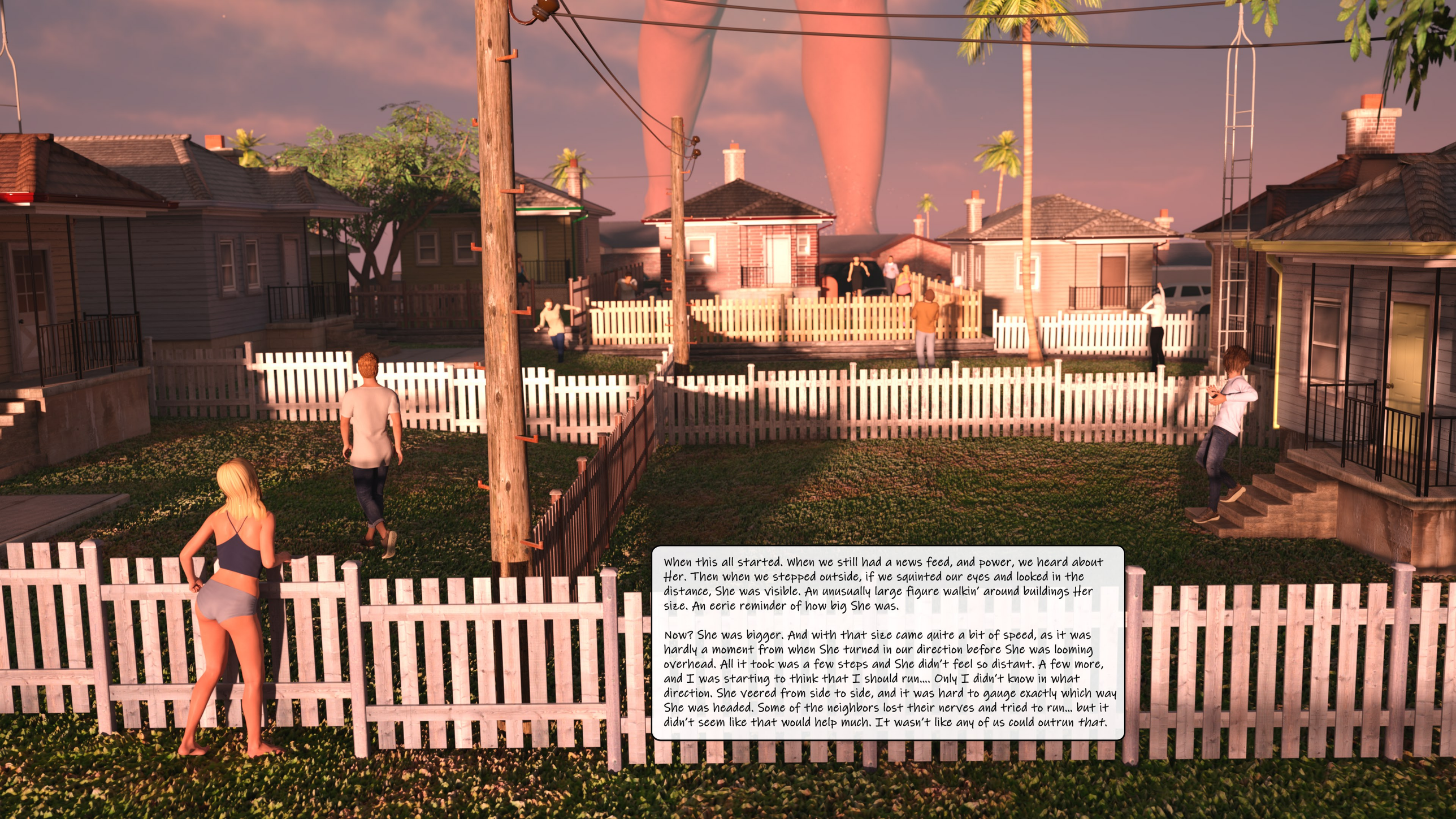
Well, not a lot of people were listening to that piece of advice. While the streets were filled with people fleeing for their lives, I was one of the idiots who did as told. Well, me and a few neighbors, that is. Whether we were stupid for trying to stay or everyone else was stupid for trying to leave I'm still not sure... but it's not looking good for us.

We live on the North side of the San Rafael hills, so we had a prime view. We watched Her from our houses and backyards. She was miles away then, but She was inescapable. No matter what we did, we were reminded of Her presence, far away as she was.

I grew up in Oklahoma. I remember one time when I was really young, sitting by my dad and watching a tornado in the distance. We couldn't drive away, and we didn't have a basement, so we just sat and watched as it made its way through the plains, hoping all the while it didn't suddenly change direction and head towards us. This felt a lot like that, except She was a hell of a lot more destructive than any tornado could ever be... and it didn't look like she'd just go away after an hour.

Thankfully, we'd been spared so far. We watched as She walked in a big circle around us. To the East, then the North, then around a bit to the West. Hell, it was beginning to feel like we had been blessed, and would make it through this just fine.

That feelin' went away pretty quick when She turned and started walkin' in this direction.


When this all started. When we still had a news feed, and power, we heard about Her. Then when we stepped outside, if we squinted our eyes and looked in the distance, She was visible. An unusually large figure walkin' around buildings Her size. An eerie reminder of how big She was.
Now? She was bigger. And with that size came quite a bit of speed, as it was hardly a moment from when She turned in our direction before She was looming overhead. All it took was a few steps and She didn't feel so distant. A few more, and I was starting to think that I should run.... Only I didn't know in what direction. She veered from side to side, and it was hard to gauge exactly which way She was headed. Some of the neighbors lost their nerves and tried to run... but it didn't seem like that would help much. It wasn't like any of us could outrun that.


I knew that I needed to keep a cool head. I wasn't going to panic. The best thing was to wait and watch, until I had a better feel for which way she was headed. Then I could make an informed decision, and secure my safety.
Or... at least that's what I tried tellin' myself.
The truth is that I was entranced. I couldn't look away. I couldn't help but stare at Her. I was locked in place, and I was going to take in as much of this as I could, even if it meant that the last thing I'd ever see was the bottom of Her foot.

A possibility that seemed to be getting increasingly likely. It was surreal as well. You see somethin' that big in the distance headin' in this direction, and your mind can't really wrap around what you're lookin' at. She was big, obviously, but Her true scale is just... mind-blowin'.

And the signs of Her arrival are obvious long before she's actually in range. The ground is shakin' so strong it's makin' the power lines vibrate. I don't know what the hell I was thinkin'. Was there really some part of me that thought a fuckin' informed decision would be enough to survive this?


She comes closer. Another step, and I can feel my heart sink into the pit of my stomach. One thing to see her in the distance, and know full well what's happenin' to the people around her.
Another to see it this close. To hear it. Knowing that there were houses you drove by a hundred times that just... aren't there anymore. And not knowing if the people who lived in 'em were smart enough to abandon ship in time.


I took a step back to try and get a good idea of what direction I should be runnin', but...
Well, I guess I couldn't help it. I've seen her in the distance for so long that she always looked small, even though I could tell full well just how fuckin' big She was. As she drew closer, I wasn't able to see anythin' but Her feet. They were pretty, I had to admit. And I knew that the rest of the girl was as well.
So I had to get a look while She was right over me. And... my heart nearly leapt out of its chest when I could swear to you I see her looking right back straight at me.


I don't know what I've done to deserve the attention of someone so big. So mighty. So fuckin' powerful. It's like I'm lookin' right into the eyes of God, only She's a lot hotter than some old guy with a beard in a robe. And a whole hell of a lot bigger, too.
For a moment there, I thought maybe my eyes were playin' tricks on me. I like to think I'm a handsome fella, but there's no way she's lookin' right at me for real, is there?
The ground around me shakes again, nearly knocking me down. Her feet are so fuckin' close now. I see the house across the street vanish underneath them, crushed so thoroughly and so quickly that I don't even hear it go. I know that they hadn't run away neither, so...
Every muscle in my body tenses up. Was... was she just toyin' with me?


She had to be, right? She was gettin' some sort of sick pleasure from all this! She stopped directly in front of my place, and wants me to watch everyone I've known just fuckin' die as She amuses herself for no good reason. I feel myself filled up with a toothless rage at the thought of it, and I want to scream up at Her.
But before I could do any of that, She raised that foot again. My scream catches in my throat. I know which way to move now. The answer is obviously left. That's the direction to safety. If... I could run a hundred miles a goddamn hour. Her foot's so fuckin' big that this knowledge is worthless. This is it for me. This is where I fuckin' die!


The wind picks up around me as She lowers it. I put my hands over my face to shield myself from the dust and shit flyin' everywhere. I can see every single little wrinkle and groove in her sole, and how many fuckin' red spots there are all over it. I cover my face... and wait for the end.
The screams around me pick up in volume tremendously. I can hear a roof caving in, but... there's still light around me. I open one eye... and gasp.
She moved away at the last second. The houses bein' crushed are my neighbors, and those idiots are running towards Her foot!


Then, as if she really had just been teasin' me this whole time, she stops holding back. With a powerful push Her massive foot crashes into the ground, knockin' me from my feet while multiple homes explode under just one of her toes. I can see another neighbor run past me while I'm on the ground, screaming as splinters of wood and bits of dirt pelt her violently.
But right now, all I can think about is how lucky I am.


I look up at her again. I have to know.
She's lookin' right at me again. Eyes locked onto the ground in front of Her, not bothered at all by what She'd just done. I suddenly feel uncomfortably exposed out here. Like I'm bein' scrutinized by a higher being. Like I've done something that means I must be judged, and this is my punishment.
Finally, after a few seconds of this, She shakes her head.


Then She simply walks away. The sounds of screams pick up again in the distance, and I watch as Her foot clips the neighbors on the other side of my place, narrowly avoiding crushin' their place as well. I'd say those neighbors were lucky... Except I'm pretty sure they're stuck to the bottom of Her foot.
I don't know, man. It's hard to ignore the effects that Her simply movin' through the area had all around me, but... I just... I just can't take my eyes off Her. This is as close as anyone could possibly get. I've never seen a woman so pretty in all my life. And the fact that She's just walkin' around naked without a care in the world only cements how fuckin' incredible She is. Even when gettin' a firsthand view of how fuckin' scary and destructive Her very presence is...


Well, what can I say? She's fuckin' got me under Her spell. She's entranced me. She is the greatest thing I've ever laid eyes on, and I can hardly believe I got the chance to see Her firsthand. Part of me wants to keep chasing Her. Follow behind until I can eventually catch up, and maybe even have the good fortune of laying hands on Her body. That's how I know the other people who got stepped on all around us died happy. They got to experience Her, if only for a moment.


And me?

Hell, she looked right at me. She... spared me. She let me live. It is by Her good graces that I'm still breathin' today. What did I do to deserve such a wonderful fate? I... I can't believe how fuckin' lifechangin' this all was. The screams all around me just fade out as I keep watching Her leave.


I hate to watch Her go.
But I love to watch Her leave.


The whole world thinks Kaylee Kloss is an idiot. All thanks to tabloids, exploitative reporters, and even bigger idiots. I've taken my revenge on them already, but I'm not stupid, and I never have been. I know that the best way to ensure I have as many people as possible at my beck and call is to make sure that no one else can leave the city. That means hitting every road in and out.
Looking at them from this angle is really something else, too. I've been steadily growing all fucking day but mostly kept to areas with, you know, buildings. Big cubes that would try to match my size, even if they did a really shit job at it. Now that I'm moving through the city itself to erase any paths that could be taken in and out, I'm reminded of just how tiny normal houses are. It's like walking through a fucking city made of plastic miniatures. Except this is real. The people running around are living. Breathing. All desperate to get away from me.


But what makes it even better is just how easy this all is. I can't help but think of boring war movies old exes of mine made me watch. All the machinery and weaponry that go into making a road unusable.


Not for me. No, all it takes is one little step from my foot. I don't even have to put all my weight into it. Simply walking is enough to convert huge sections of the street into footprints impossible to drive through. And if I follow the road I can make it unusable for miles.


For as exciting as all that is... it's just a fraction of what simply walking is able to accomplish, now. My feet are too big to fit onto those stupid little ribbons of highway. There's tons of buildings on either side that just pop like tiny little rectangular pimples, spraying their insides out in every direction when I rest my feet on them.
I've become a living natural disaster. The path I've taken is visible even to the blind as I've left a literal trail of destruction behind me, and who knows how long it'll take for the smoke to clear.
I guess that makes me the bad guy, huh?


After all, I'm effortlessly denying the populace the greatest thing in the world. An up-close view of Kaylee Kloss, the most important woman on the planet! The poor souls just trying to get by in these slums would probably give up an entire year's paychecks just to *look*, and the sheer amount of debris erupting around my feet with every step means the one upside of having their entire lives upended by my feet is actively denied to them.
I take another step forward, putting a bit more weight into this one. Chunks of rock and building materials fly so high into the air that they actually reach my shin before raining down to the earth like a bunch of meteors.



It also makes me wonder about other things. Like, how much monetary damage have I caused by now? It's gotta be like, in the billions by now, right? Something crazy that not even our family could afford! A single house is probably, like, I don't know, a couple thousand dollars? A car's gotta be around that same amount? And an entire building? Who fucking knows. I'm not a goddamn accountant. All I know is the number's gotta be big. Huge, even. And that's not even going into how much some philosophy nerd would calculate as the worth of a human life.

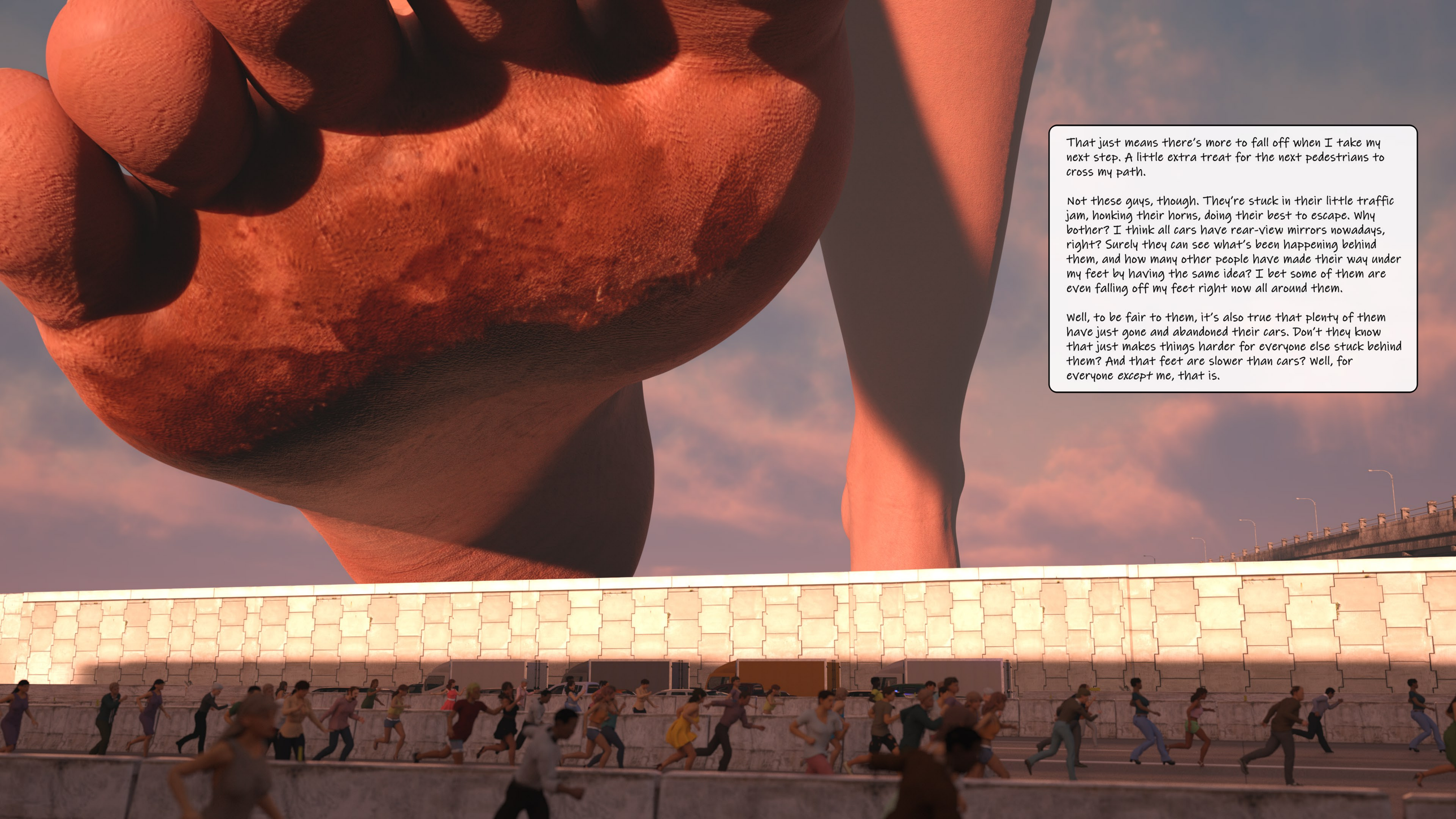
I take another step forward, ripping up another huge portion of the city in the process. Bits of buildings and the road itself cling to my soles for a second, before flaking off and dropping to the ground. All to make it so even being walked over by me isn't a guarantee for safety.

Maybe billions isn't enough. Could I really be in the trillions by now?


And if I'm not yet... then how long will it take to get there?
The thought sends a tingle through my body. My nipples stand on end, and it feels like my heart beats just a bit faster. I stopped for a moment, relishing in the sensation of just being this big, and what that means for the tiny people below.
Then, making sure I still have my eye on the prize. I spot a section of the freeway continuing ahead of me, swing my left foot forward...


And take another step.
In its own way each step feels the same. No matter what winds up underneath me, it's not going to survive. Living or not, my sheer size and weight mean it's going to be atomized. If it's lucky, it'll stick to me afterwards. A tiny decoration on the bottom of my foot that could last for as long as a few steps. And if it's unlucky... well, at least it's probably not going to be identifiable as much of anything afterward.
But in *another* way, each step is unique. No two sections of the city are identical. A car park is a lot of tiny little pops as each individual vehicle succumbs to me. A park is soft, squishy, and any of the people hiding among it sink into the dirt for a fraction of a second longer before bursting. A cluster of buildings is crunchy, like walking on dry sand.


And the freeway? That little line I've been tracing, crushing every single little thing on? It might as well not even exist. This stupid city's always had a traffic jam problem, and it's always tried to fix them by just adding more lanes instead of like, secret tunnels, or something smart. But for as wide as these streets are...
My feet are wider.
I finish another step, loving the sound of the ground shaking underneath me. I even take the time to clench my toes after completing this one, feeling the earth reshape itself under my weight.


That just means there's more to fall off when I take my next step. A little extra treat for the next pedestrians to cross my path.
Not these guys, though. They're stuck in their little traffic jam, honking their horns, doing their best to escape. Why bother? I think all cars have rear-view mirrors nowadays, right? Surely they can see what's been happening behind them, and how many other people have made their way under my feet by having the same idea? I bet some of them are even falling off my feet right now all around them.
Well, to be fair to them, it's also true that plenty of them have just gone and abandoned their cars. Don't they know that just makes things harder for everyone else stuck behind them? And that feet are slower than cars? Well, for everyone *except* me, that is.


OOPS!
I guess I can run on foot too, but mine's just a little bit bigger than everyone else's. Just a teensy bit. This highway had to be like... eight lanes. At least. And then there's the barriers, the cars, the people, and... now? I guess calling it a crater would be more appropriate.
Well, a crater in the middle of a terrible storm, as a ton of shit starts flying through the air after that cute little step of mine. Now that I'm this close I'm beginning to think that maybe there's more people running on foot than there were still hoping to make it through in their cars. That just makes it all the more appropriate that I join them!



Again I can't help but clench my toes in the aftermath. Really get a better sense for just how much stuff is winding up directly underneath me. I don't know how many people I've stepped on today, but it has not yet lost its appeal. Maybe because I keep growing, so every new spurt just lets more and more fit under a single foot.

Now I can easily destroy an entire eight-lane highway with a single step, and finish sealing off the city from the rest of the world. Just like that, there's no more going in and out! There might as well be a moat surrounding the entirety of Los Angeles.


At least, I'm pretty sure there's no other way in at this point. I was pretty thorough in wiping away every last highway I was able to spot. And I can spot a lot from up here. I can see the entire path I took just getting here. Hell, it's almost tempting to keep following those footprints and retrace my steps until I'm back at that tanning place just to compare myself against... well, myself.
That'll be for later, though. Right now, I think I got every highway in and out of the city... right?


I squint and give my surroundings another look. Scan over every little road I can lay my eyes on, and try to sort through the chaos. Try to determine which crowds are people running deeper into the city after they see me crushing the ways out.
Whatever. Fuck it. If I missed any highways then I'll definitely spot them the next time I grow.


Because for as big as I am now?
It's in no way going to be enough. No, Kaylee Kloss isn't going to be satisfied with this tiny size. I want to be able to press this entire planet between my feet. Cover continents with my soles, and make the size I am right now look like a fucking gnat. I want to be able to shove all eight billion people populating this stupid rock right up my pussy with hardly any effort on my end.
Or I can just eat the entire thing. That would be cool. Eating has definitely proven to be *really* fun today.



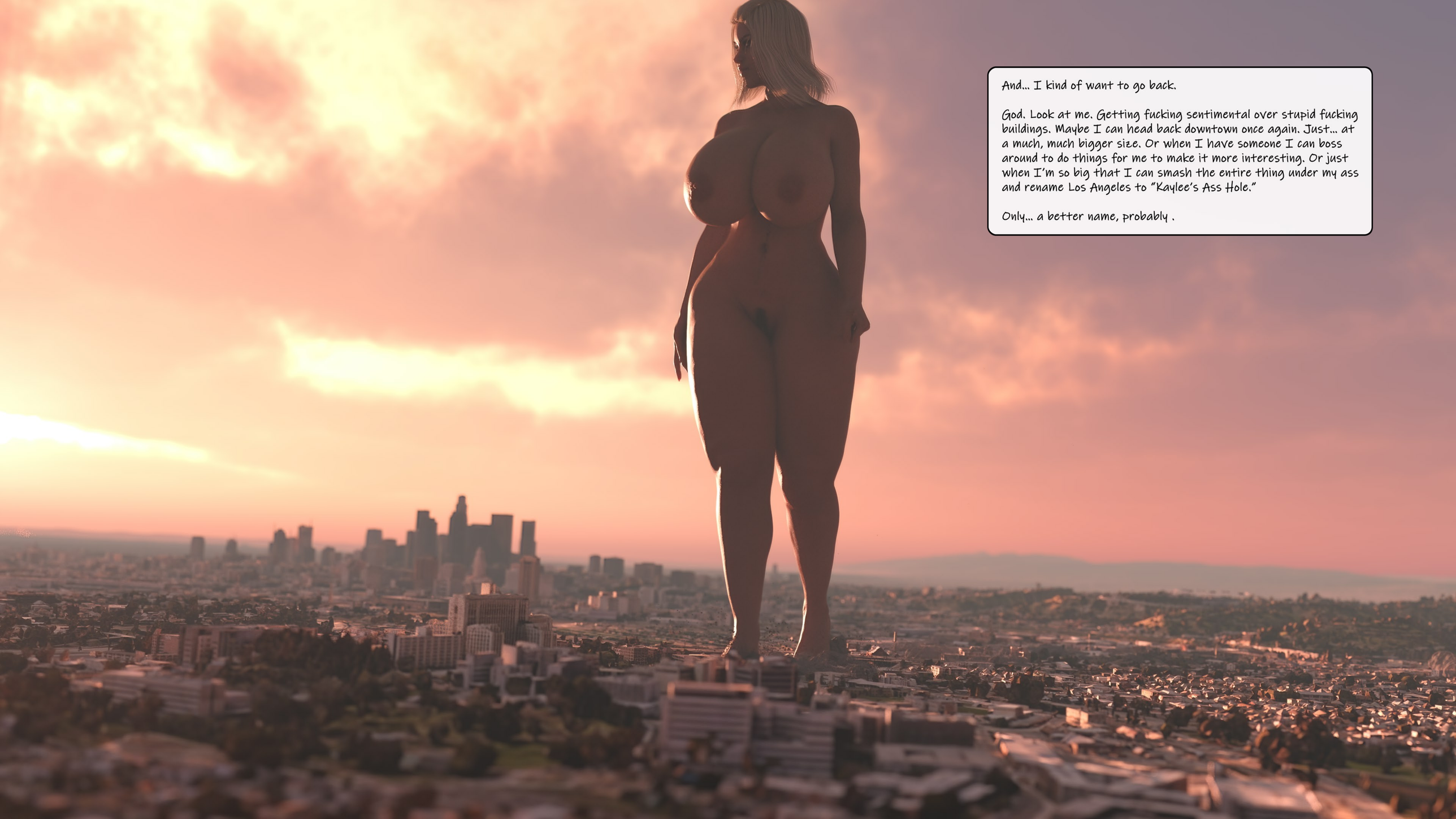
Or...

There's a lot of buildings nearby. They look interesting. As I'm thinking about what it'll feel like to grow more I'm actually starting to feel a little... conflicted. Fun as it sounds to lay down over the entire country to sunbathe, I think it might get a little lonely after a while. Especially since Kayla's growing too slow to even hope to keep up.

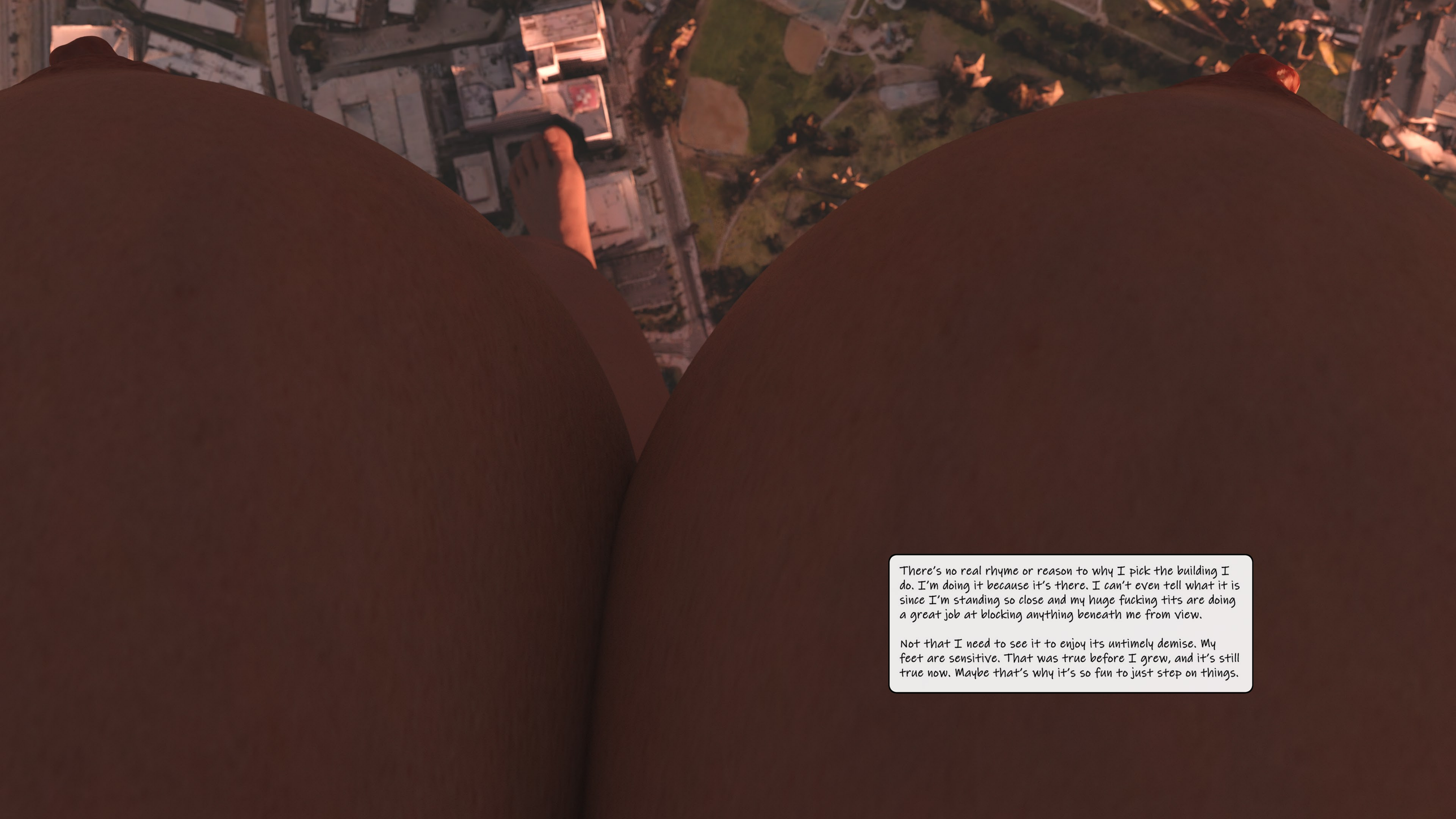
And as I'm thinking about that, I can't help but notice what my footsteps are doing to the ground below. There's so many people in every direction running away from me. I'd be lying if I said I wasn't intentionally aiming my steps to run through as many of these dense crowds as possible, but...

There's just so many people. For every crowd I turn into a red smear, there's gotta be a dozen more that I have to ignore if I want to be able to get *anywhere*.


And that's not even going into the people I *can't* see. That's the downside of these stupid tiny roads with little speck-like houses. There's just too many hiding places for everyone. I can't believe I'm saying this, but...
I kinda miss the downtown area. The wider streets meant more people down every path. Less avenues of escape. Just people everywhere. I couldn't turn in place without my tits smashing into a building like wrecking balls. Or my toes turning a car into sheet metal. It was paradise for a woman of my size.


And... I kind of want to go back.
God. Look at me. Getting fucking sentimental over stupid fucking buildings. Maybe I can head back downtown once again. Just... at a much, much bigger size. Or when I have someone I can boss around to do things for me to make it more interesting. Or just when I'm so big that I can smash the entire thing under my ass and rename Los Angeles to "Kaylee's Ass Hole."
Only... a better name, probably .


Doesn't help that I still want to go now. It makes sense of course. Growing is the greatest feeling in the world, and I'm no doctor but it's probably unhealthy to hold back those urges for too long. I should definitely find something to help myself out.
And as I'm thinking about that, I see a bunch of buildings directly around my feet. They don't compare in size to those downtown... but I also don't care? I just want to feel something break under me, and this seems as good a place as any. The soft ground retains the shape of my feet perfectly as I raise my left foot from the street, and gently place it atop the roof of one of these buildings.



There's no real rhyme or reason to why I pick the building I do. I'm doing it because it's there. I can't even tell what it is since I'm standing so close and my huge fucking tits are doing a great job at blocking anything beneath me from view.

Not that I need to see it to enjoy its untimely demise. My feet are sensitive. That was true before I grew, and it's still true now. Maybe that's why it's so fun to just step on things.


Carefully sliding my heel forward, I can feel more of the city just vanish from such a subtle movement. Can't help but wonder if there was anyone thinking they had the good fortune to narrowly avoid being stepped on directly or swallowed up by the cracks in the ground, only to wind up pulped under my heel when I slightly readjusted my position.
I wonder how hard it would be to get security camera footage of this, or really any area I've visited. I'd love to see myself from *their* point of view sometime. A live feed would be even better. Being able to push my foot down slowly, feeling things try to resist as they gradually begin to collapse, and...



I'm so lost in my fantasy I hardly noticed I'd been pushing my foot into the roof of the building. Not until I'm actually beginning to cave in the top floor and it actually provides enough of a stimulation that I notice it.

Bad news for them. Since I wasn't paying attention I hadn't expected that light, feathery sensation on the bottom of my foot. To the point where it actually managed to tickle, and I inadvertently set all of my weight down onto that foot in one instant.

All at once the entire building, along with those nearest were simply converted into dust. Blown apart like they were at the epicenter of a nuclear testing site.


Oops!
Oh well. I get to watch as the dust spreads out over the city around my foot, and give the remains of the building a good twist. The cracks around the immediate area spread even further, and some of the struggling-to-stand buildings fail to stay standing.
Not my cleanest crush. Not my messiest, either. Perfectly average. I wonder what sort of building gets to claim this dubious honor? I've never really given much thought to what I've crushed before... but what can I say. I'm in a bit of an amorous mood right now so I'm definitely curious.


Huh.
That's...
Why do I feel so bad all of a sudden?
The part of the building directly under my foot was pulverized into nothingness. Some of the buildings nearby were nearly falling over as well. And even though I had clearly rampaged my way across the majority of Los Angeles without a care in the world, actually realizing that I'd just crushed a hospital kind of hits different. It feels like I've done something unforgivable, which is strange after... well, pretty much everything else I've done today.


I wonder what the final moments inside were like. The place had to be packed, right? I feel like a hospital is the one place you'd expect not to evacuate in a situation like this. Where they'd do all they could to care for survivors of my rampage lucky enough to escape with their lives. I could imagine the place packed the brim, people overworked and stressed and just wanting to end it all and-
Why do I feel the need to justify what I've just done?


There had to have been people flowing through the doors even in those final moments. When my foot was right overhead, blocking out the setting sun, how eerie was it? When I made contact, I didn't even notice for a second, but they must have felt it the very instant it happened. The roof would have shaken, making it feel like they were in the middle of an earthquake. Maybe a couple of floors even collapsed before I put all my weight down.


Ugh.
This is what I get for paying any attention to what was winding up underneath me. Now they're... well, they're not all gone. Just... most of them. It was a pretty big medical center, and I only took out the majority of it with one foot. I kind of wonder if I should extend a hand, or more likely a toe, and offer to help them.
What to do... what to do...
Think, Kaylee! Pretend like this is a bout of bad press. How do you react?


Hmm...
Yeah. I should probably not worry about it! If there's one thing I've done over and over in my life it's do everything in my power to dodge responsibility. And stepping on a hospital is only bad if there's some of the hospital left behind as evidence of what I've just done. Not to mention potential survivors, witnesses nearby, all that stuff. I'll feel way better if I do the merciful thing by finishing it off and moving on.
So, it's in my best interest to just pretend this never happened. With a shrug of my shoulders I move my foot over the intact portion of this building, wiggling my toes to loosen some of the debris stuck to the sole and rain down onto the rest of it..


They probably know exactly what's about to happen. And they probably already accepted their deaths when I stepped on that first part of the hospital. Hell, they were probably having an anxiety attack just waiting for me to finish them off! If you really think about it, I'm doing them all a grand favor. It's not like they're going to feel anything when I step on them.
THUMP.
See? I didn't feel a thing! I don't even step down as hard so hospital equipment, bodies, and debris don't go flying as far. And the hospital? Well, it's gone now. I don't have to think about it anymore. It's a win/win for everyone involved! God, I'm smart. It's no wonder I'm rich.


No sooner am I patting myself on the back about how smart I am that I feel something different. Sure more of the hospital fell apart underneath my foot, but I nearly fell over when my foot actually broke through the ground under the hospital building itself.
Why would a hospital have such a huge basement? Holy shit... what if they were doing experiments on people down there? It'd be the perfect excuse! I just crushed a secret lab and am actually a hero!
Or maybe it's just an underground parking garage. But I'm going to choose to believe the other thing. Who's going to call me out on being wrong? If anyone tries I guarantee they'll regret it.


It takes a bit more effort to shake my foot loose from the underground portion of the hospital I just crashed straight through, and a huge portion of the street gets ripped up as my toes break through the ground from below. I look back as I continue to walk and make sure that there's nothing unseemly stuck to the bottom of my foot...
When I notice something else. More buildings. All with a familiar big red plus sign on them. I can hardly believe it. I thought I was done. But I wasn't, and the proof was here, clear as day.


"Why is this hospital so fucking big?!" I couldn't help but shout, raising a foot high over yet another fucking building. I just want to wash my hands of this and move on but this stupid hospital is making it really hard! It's like a fucking roach that refuses to just give up and die!
This time I'm fed up. I'm tired of this shit. There's no care, and finesse to crushing the remainder of the hospital. I just raise my foot, and move it over the building.


If I don't get this whole thing in one shot. Who cares? I'll just stomp again. Some deep, primal part of me is just angry now. A second ago this stupid building had the *gall* to make me actually feel bad, if only for a second, about what I was doing. To make me think that I had to do something to atone!

And now it's a problem that's refusing to go away and let me clear my conscience! With my bloodied sole raised over the hospital, I give anyone below a scowl to let them know I mean business.


Then I stomp.
And just like that, another one of the hospital's wings is gone. The third one in such a short period of time. The thought that it actually took me three steps to get rid of a building is... well. I can't quite put my finger on it. I just know one thing.



It doesn't *not* make me angry.

It was cathartic, but not nearly enough. The fact that more of this structure opted to stay standing is pissing me off. Here I was feeling high and mighty. Knowing just how fucking big, and unstoppable I really am at this point... and now I'm running into something that proves just how much further I have to go.

I didn't need to stomp that hard. But I did it anyway. The entire city shakes violently from the impact, and huge fucking chunks of the building and the streets surrounding it explode outwards in every direction. For a second, it actually feels good getting rid of that stupid building that had dared stand up to me.


I'm still trying to catch my breath I'm so fucking mad... when I notice it.
How.
How is there more?!
"REALLY?!" I screamed, undoubtedly causing quite a bit of distress to anyone around me. Not that I care. I'm the fucking one with the real problems here! Why is this stupid fucking... no! Fuck it! I'm not dealing with this anymore!



A minute ago it felt like I had really done something bad by crushing a part of a hospital. I thought maybe I should have watched my steps, and give the unfortunate souls so far below a chance at survival. After all, they may be of some use to me in the future, and having a place to recuperate would benefit everyone, including myself.

I can't explain what came over me. I just know I didn't want to deal with it anymore. This stupid fucking building has become a sign of my failures. How much more I still have to grow, and I wasn't going to let it stand another fucking second. As if I was sweeping something under a counter, I quickly erased the rest of the buildings with a few swipes of my feet across the ground. And then a few more nearby in case they're secretly also part of the hospital.

It doesn't really make me feel that much better... but at the very least it makes me feel like I can move on. With the stupid place gone for good I can erase it from my mind, as easily as I erased the injured people still occupying it. A few steps later and the memories have faded, while any remnants of the excursion fade from my body as well.



Having a moment to collect myself, I'm able to feel more at ease. A few steps later and my size is reinforced. I'm feeling a bit relieved, and that's all I need. There's so much of this stupid city I've never visited before. I guess because we've always been rich. It means that if it didn't have a huge price tag to entry then I'd probably never been there before. But this place is so big! And there's soooooo many people everywhere! And is that...

I stopped. That's a... baseball stadium? Yeah... it has that weird diamond shape instead of the green rectangle. It wasn't that long ago I was using a similar stadium as a hideout of sorts. Seeing how small that thing is now is... kind of cute. I kind of want to go and pay it a visit... And by that I mean turn it into dust.

I don't know a thing about the sport, but there's one thing I know: "The Dodgers suck." Now I wouldn't be caught dead at any baseball game, let alone a Dodgers game. The only kind of advice I've ever been willing to take is warnings against wasting my time. Even if I'm a million feet tall and can probably get rid of it in just a few steps... Why bother?

It's probably more embarrassing to them if they make it through this just fine. Just so everybody has to be mad that that's what survived. The people choosing to hide out there probably have bigger problems than anyone else.


I was going to just keep walking past it, until I remember something that makes me take a beeline to the stadium. I had an ex who LOVED the Dodgers. I think his name was Brandon something? He was in some shitty one-hit-wonder band. We were only together for a month or two, but he must have gone on for hours about how great the Dodgers were. Thought they were the best team of all time. And then that fucker dumped me! ME! Can you believe it?
Brandon is living in New York now, which is the only reason I haven't taken care of him already. But even if he's out of town, I have other ways of getting back at him.


I climb up onto the little hill that the stadium is on. I look down into it. I can see that there are some people hiding out in the stands. They probably thought they'd be safe up here. Maybe they thought that the little hill would deter me. Or maybe they figured that Kaylee Kloss would never step foot in the Dodgers stadium.
Actually, the second one is kind of a good point. I was going to step on them, but that would mean that I technically stepped foot in the Dodgers stadium, and... eww. I guess I could sit on it or something instead, but that still means touching the place, and I'd rather not do that either. For a second, I think about just turning and walking away... but then something occurs to me. Something nasty.


See, I actually kind of need to take a piss. I've been holding it in for a while, because believe it or not, I'm still kind of embarrassed to pee in public. You'd think that after a day of running around the city stark naked, and finger-fucking myself while everyone watches, that nothing would embarrass me... but I dunno, this feels different for some reason.
Then, I remember why! This one time a few years ago, I was at a trendy dance club downtown. I really had to piss, but there was a long-ass line for the women's bathroom, so I went out in the alley and did a squat-and-pop. I thought I was the only one out there, but some fucking paparazzi asshole snapped a photo of me pissing. Those photos ended up all over the internet, and plastered all over every tabloid cover. And worst of all, I never even got a fucking dime from them!



But what am I worried about now? That people will get grossed out? That they won't think I'm ladylike enough? Who gives a fuck? At this point, I could care less if there are pictures of me taking a piss. I'm sure there are a million videos of me stuffing my pussy full of people by now, so that ship has sailed. I don't care what bugs think of me. I don't care if bugs are laughing at me. Laughing or not, they all squish the same in the end.

From my vantage point, this stadium looks a lot like a toilet, and I've got to piss somewhere, right? So I just squat down, and I take a piss!

...And I take a piss... Ugh, come on!

Dammit, it's hard to pee when you know that a few million people are watching!


My shy bladder doesn't last for long. I picture the look on Brandon's face, when he watches the news and finds out that Kaylee took a big piss all over his favorite baseball team's stadium. That's enough to make the dam burst. A torrent of yellow pee pours onto the stadium. Really yellow. I need to drink more water.

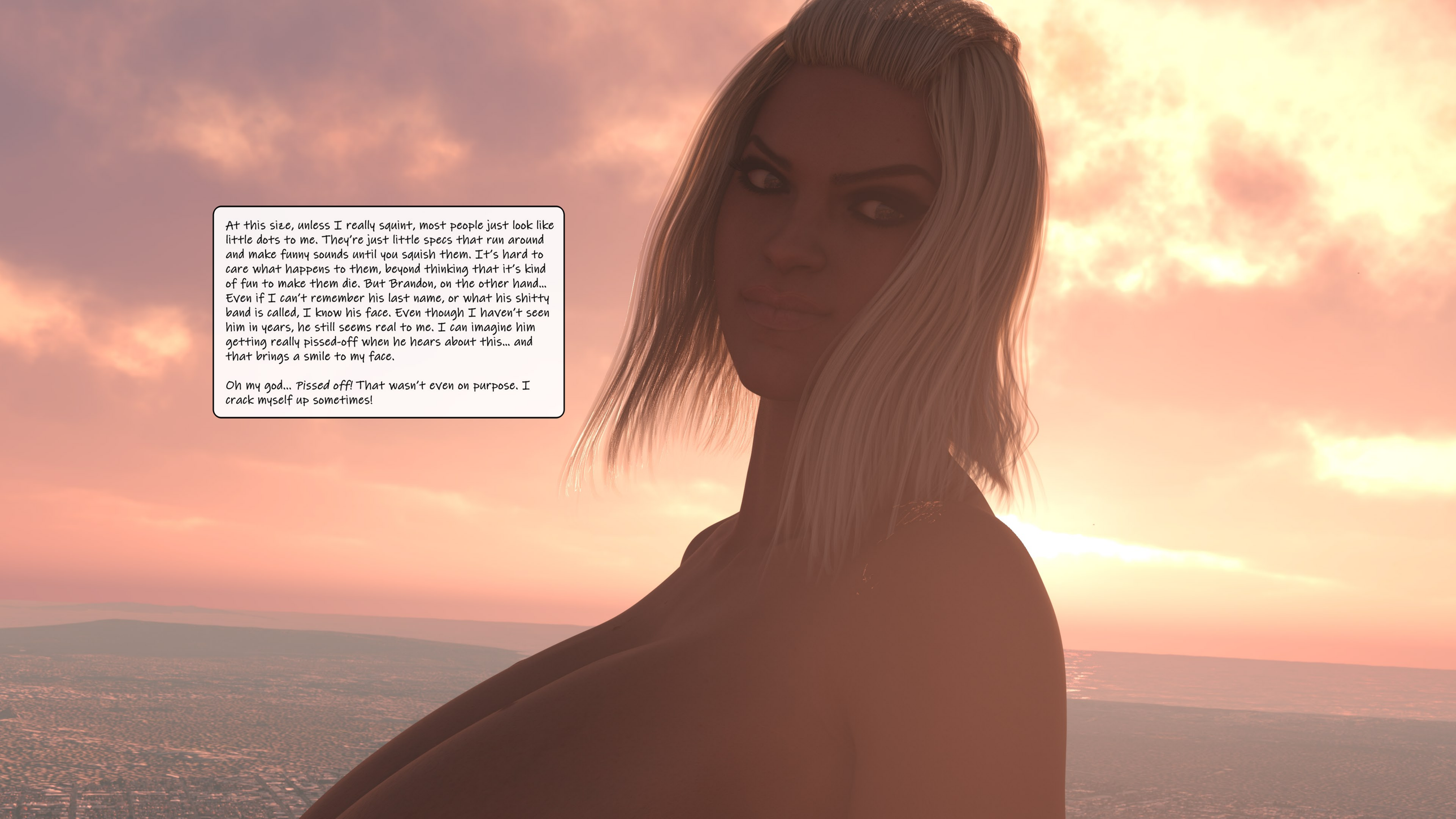


It's the people in the stadium who really need to worry about their health, though. A few of them are caught directly under the stream. Those people were instantly eviscerated. Just gone. It's like shooting an ant with a pressure washer. The "lucky" ones, on the other hand, have to try and stay afloat in the middle of what might as well be whitewater rapids. Only the water ain't exactly white.

As big as I am now, there must be about a billion gallons of pee pouring into the stadium. In just a few seconds, the whole field is filled up with my piss, and I'm not even halfway done yet. Pretty soon, all the pee starts to pour over the sides, into the parking lot.

I'm kind of annoyed. They seriously can't make these stadiums big enough for me to take a piss in? Did they not even think about my needs when they built the place? I mean, sure, I wasn't a giant at the time... But come on, doesn't it seem right that a girl as hot as me would turn into a rampaging goddess sooner or later?


As soon as I'm done taking a piss, I waste no time getting out of there. The place smelled bad enough before I pissed in it, let alone after. As for the people in the stadium, treading water in my urine... Maybe they'll swim away to safety. Or maybe they'll drown in my piss. Honestly, I couldn't care less.


At this size, unless I really squint, most people just look like little dots to me. They're just little specs that run around and make funny sounds until you squish them. It's hard to care what happens to them, beyond thinking that it's kind of fun to make them die. But Brandon, on the other hand... Even if I can't remember his last name, or what his shitty band is called, I know his face. Even though I haven't seen him in years, he still seems real to me. I can imagine him getting really pissed-off when he hears about this... and that brings a smile to my face.
Oh my god... Pissed off! That wasn't even on purpose. I crack myself up sometimes!


I head back towards downtown, but when I look on the ground, I'm disappointed by how empty most of the streets are. Sure, there are running people scattered here and there, but where are the throngs of panicked, fleeing crowds? Don't tell me that people are hiding out inside, on such a beautiful day! I flatten a few apartment buildings, but it doesn't look like there are many people in the rubble, either. That's when a depressing possibility enters my head.
What if people are actually able to evacuate the city? What if the effort I put into walking around and smashing the highways was for nothing? It's not much fun going around and stepping on a bunch of boring, samey apartment buildings when there's hardly anyone inside of them. And it's not very satisfying stepping on people at this size when there are so few people that you can barely even feel them pop under your toes.



Luckily, something a bit more interesting comes up just a few steps later, anyway.

There's so much of LA I've heard about but never seen before it's wild... and this is one of those places. Chinatown, I think is what they call it? I don't know why. It's not a whole other town... Right? It's... just a neighborhood?

At times like this, I wish I still had my phone so I could ask Siri.

But whether it's a whole other town or just a neighborhood I guess it does feel pretty different from the rest of the city though. from this high up and with the sun beginning to set I can tell how different it looks. Like stepping into an entirely different country-

Oh... I guess that's why they call it Chinatown.


The buildings may look pretty different, but the streets themselves are pretty similar to everything else. Just people running away on foot like always.
Only... there's a lot of them. I feel like there's more than any of the other streets I've been down. I don't know why so many of them would have decided to keep waiting here instead of moving onto greener pastures, but it's not like I have a problem with it. Their shortsightedness will be my gain!
PAY DAY LOANS
PAY DAY LOANS
PAY DAY LOANS
Museum St
NO PARKING


I feel like I'm Godzilla as I come closer to the crowds running away. I don't even know what I want to do with them first. Step on them? Could be fun. I haven't run into any crowds like this for a while. Most of the city seems too focused on getting into cars to run away, but it seems like a disproportionately high amount of the people here are simply moving on foot.
What would Godzilla do in a time like...
Wait, Godzilla's Chinese, right?



Whatever. I'm better than that stupid lizard monkey anyway. The real question is what would Kaylee Goddamn Kloss do?

Take another step forward, for starters. The streets don't much appreciate my walking through them, and the crowds of people running away below are so dense I can actually hear their screams rise in pitch as they realize how quickly I'm approaching them. My next step will bring me right up to them, even!



So why delay any longer? I'm not a stupid fucking product launch. I'm here to have fun, and when I'm only one step away from more of that, drawing it out seems like such a waste.

My right foot swings forward, and I finally touch down on Chinatown. It's my first time setting foot into the neighborhood, and I have to say that their buildings... don't feel much different than any of the others I've walked through so far. They explode on contact with my bare foot like they were made from sand, just like everything else I've run into.

So far, I've gotta say. I'm *not* impressed.


But what does that matter? The buildings aren't the reason I've decided to pay the place a visit. No, it's the throngs of people running as fast as their little legs can carry them in a desperate bid to get away. They're all sprinting as fast as their tiny little legs can carry them, and I'd bet a bunch of them probably thought they actually had a chance at getting away.
PAY DAY LOANS
PAY DAY LOANS
CANTO


Until they saw firsthand just how far I could travel in one step. My foot swinging forward cuts through more buildings like they're made of silk, and drenches the people at the back of the crowd into shadow. I hope they've braced themselves for impact.
冊註府政



I could move further. Hell, it's even a little awkward trying to take a step this unnaturally small. But I'm in a whole new place! I really should try and see if the people here are any different! Really take in some culture while I'm visiting.

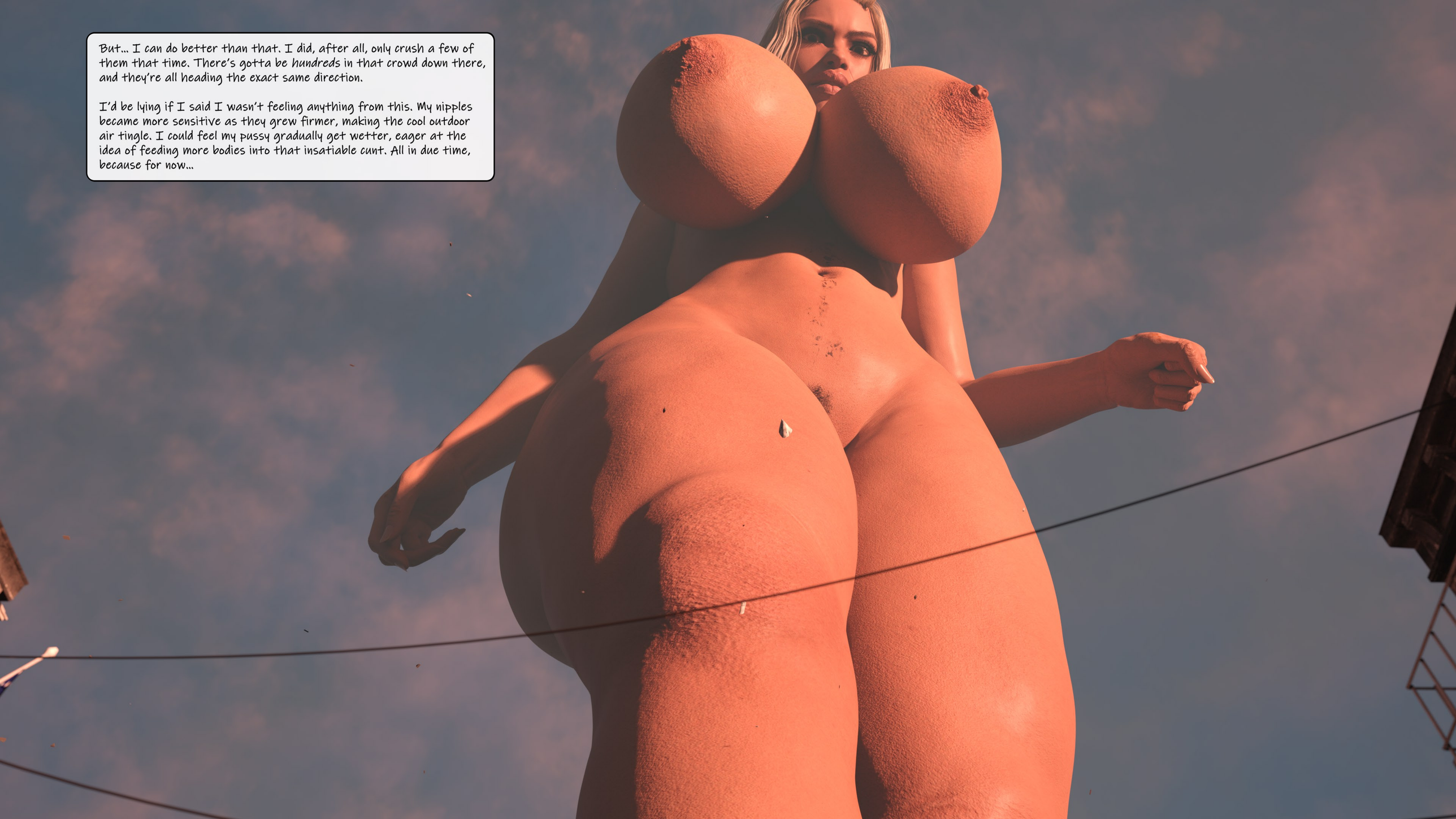
Only my way of doing so is through my feet. I'm curious if they'll react just like everyone else in LA? With the running, and the screaming. Or if they'll try and put up a brave face, maybe even attempt to communicate? That could be fun.

I bring my foot down at the outer edge of the fleeing crowds. I definitely didn't get too many with that step, but the feeling is... sublime. The terror below spikes considerably when my toes make contact with the ground, turning dozens of bodies into red splotches, while the impact of my foot touching down sends huge explosions of bodies and debris flying in every direction.



It's nice and all. Not too different from any other crowds I've stepped on... though this one feels a lot more unique. Not because the people are especially unique or anything like that, but because of my new size. Every new spurt changes the consistency of a crushed human body ever so slightly, while also meaning I have to step on even more at once in order to notice at all.

I doubt I'd even notice a single person now, but the fact that I can barely fit a few toes down this entire street is exhilarating. It wasn't that long ago that I could fit my entire body down one of these streets. And this morning I was the same size as the people I'm now turning into stains.


But... I can do better than that. I did, after all, only crush a few of them that time. There's gotta be hundreds in that crowd down there, and they're all heading the exact same direction.
I'd be lying if I said I wasn't feeling anything from this. My nipples became more sensitive as they grew firmer, making the cool outdoor air tingle. I could feel my pussy gradually get wetter, eager at the idea of feeding more bodies into that insatiable cunt. All in due time, because for now...


I have to experience it again. This time a lot less nicely.
The first step was intentionally aimed at the outer edge of the crowd. I wanted them to know that I had arrived. To let them see what was about to hit them. To give them the full experience of seeing Kaylee Kloss live in the flesh, and knowing that they were about to join the thousands, if not millions I've already crushed today.
God, I bet they're so fucking excited. My foot moving over the roofs of the buildings surrounding them has to be the most exciting thing in the world. I've done a lot of modeling in my days, but never stooped so low as to do anything for those feet-obsessed weirdos. Now here I am, giving all this out for free! I deserve a fucking Nobel Prize.


When my foot comes down this time it's much deeper into the crowd. Not just a couple dozen bodies find their way underneath me, but hundreds. They all put up the slightest modicum of resistance. Just for a split-second, before they invariably pop under me.
Again there's a huge explosion that gets kicked up from impact. The road cracks apart and sprays debris forward. Cars that were too close bounce dozens of feet into the air. People running away on foot fall over if they're lucky, or get sent flying if they're not. And those further away stumble, hoping that the cracks forming in the road underneath them won't widen any further.


Most uniquely of all though, are the survivors. I can feel them. I'm so big now that there are actual safe spots directly underneath me when I step down. Bodies trapped between my toes, hiding and hoping that this is all just a bad dream. And then there's the small gap between my sole and toes, where there's a bunch more people hiding out in the hopes that I'll finish my step and keep moving, leaving them alive. And I only know they're there because there's so many of them.
A single person would have completely evaded my notice. But these people are like sand at a beach. They're getting fucking everywhere, and I can feel them down there. The idea that just my toes are taller than any one of them is enthralling.


It's almost enough to make me reconsider clenching my toes. After all, they may have narrowly survived something disastrous that has ended thousands of other lives... but their annoying little pleas for help and fists beating against my toes produce a mild irritation. And when getting rid of it is as easy as clenching my toes, well, why wouldn't I take that option?
One squeeze later, and the annoyances are now a wet spot, while I look at the rest of the crowd that I had yet to reach. They're not a hivemind by any means, but it looks like a number of them are heading into a nearby building to try and get away. Probably under the assumption that I'm focused on the more easily-noticed people, so getting out of sight is safer.


And... if I hadn't seen them go inside, they'd probably be right.
Unfortunately for them, I did see, and stepping on things isn't the only thing I can do for fun. Even someone as perfect as Kaylee Kloss has biological needs, and that means I have to eat. And given that so many people just did me the service of running into the exact same building at the same time, well... it's hard not to see it as an invitation.


More than an invitation. A convenient little package. Prepared just for me. Like a box of nerds, waiting to be picked up and snacked on. The crowd can wait a bit longer. Even if I spend an hour with the building-goers I could catch up to the people running away on foot in less than a minute. I can afford to take the time to shatter the illusion of safety for a few dozen people.


As I've continued to grow, the part of my body I tend to use to interact with the world around me is, naturally, my feet. I mean, when I'm busy stuffing my cunt with people I'm not exactly watching the world around me and more focusing on how it feels. So actually bothering to reach down and pick something up at this size almost feels foreign.
I can hardly believe how much I've grown. I thought I was big when I could bring a building this size down by ramming into it. And I remember being small enough that I still had to look up at something like this.



Now?

It's like a box of mints. Like someone just dropped a box of tic tacs on the ground while they were walking around. Only smaller, somehow. It's not even particularly hard to pull from the ground and does a remarkably good job of keeping its shape as I bring it up to really get a good look at the bodies tumbling around inside.

Bringing it right up to my eye, I can't help but marvel at how even that part of me is more than a story tall. I can hardly make out anything inside of any of these rooms, or if there's even any people hiding around inside of them. I guess that's what happens when there's no electricity to keep the lights on.



Pulling it away from my face, I shake it. More out of habit than anything else. I'm used to giving something like this a small shake just to confirm how full or empty it is before indulging in empty calories.

And that's when the people inside make themselves known. They were so small that was hard to even see them, but knew there had to be some people still alive in there. I'm sure they didn't appreciate being lifted so quickly, but even a normal person isn't so weak that they would die from that!

But, seeing isn't the only way to know the building is still occupied. No, as soon as I shake it... I can hear them. The terrified screams of people being thrown about like they're grains of sand in an hourglass. Some of them even fall out, dropping what has to be a few hundred feet to land on my tits.

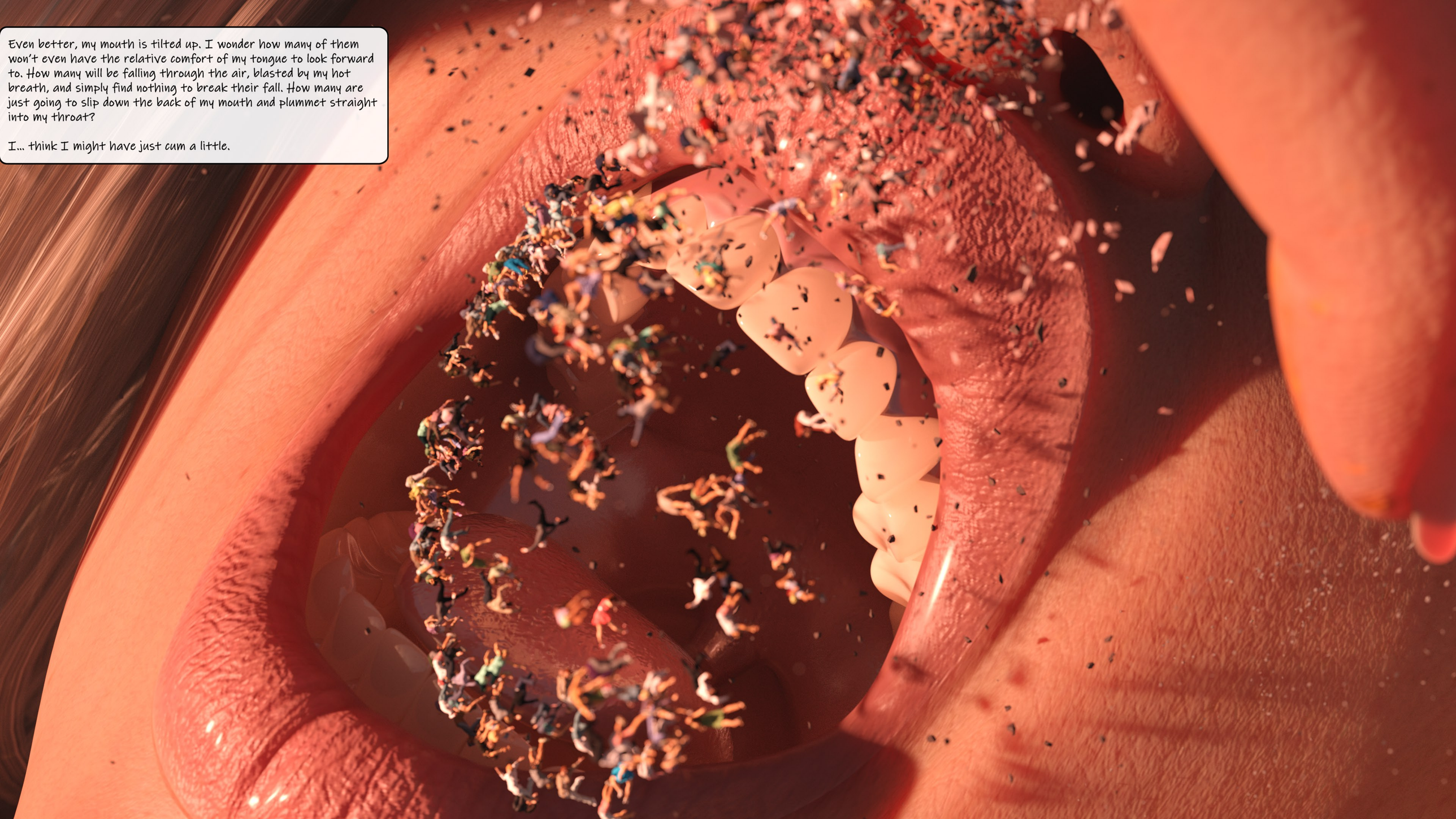
That settles it. If I don't want too many of them to go to waste... I'd better act now.


Moving the building back over my face I offer my future little snacks a silent farewell. A wry smile to let them know that I not only know they're in there, but am actively enjoying the torment that is so effortlessly being forced upon them. I don't know if the screaming gets any louder because of it, but I'd like to think it does.

Not that it matters. A split-second later I give the building a tight squeeze. And despite how well it had managed to stay in one piece up until this point... that proves to be too much. The entire building shatters like it was made from sugar, and chunks of it fall from my fingers down into my mouth.

For a split-second I'm able to see them fall. Enjoying the tiny bodies mixed into the building materials and furniture... before I part my lips.


How many people were hiding inside of that building? I'd guess at least a hundred. Probably more. And I wasn't exactly careful with how I broke it. It's possible that I'm missing more than I caught, but I don't care. I adore this feeling of power more than anything else in the world. Real power. Not just money, or fame. But the power to do whatever I want, knowing that anyone who tries to stop me does so at their own risk. The entire building would have fit neatly into my palm, and here come its occupants, falling between my open lips.


Even better, my mouth is tilted up. I wonder how many of them won't even have the relative comfort of my tongue to look forward to. How many will be falling through the air, blasted by my hot breath, and simply find nothing to break their fall. How many are just going to slip down the back of my mouth and plummet straight into my throat?
I... think I might have just cum a little.



My arousal spikes at this realization, and I close my mouth suddenly in surprise. A low, grumbling moan echoes through the area, and I'd like to think it was a powerful enough frequency to simply convert a few of the people inside of my mouth into a pink mist. Not too many, though. I'd prefer as many as possible to make it into my stomach alive so they can really enjoy the nice, hot sauna I've gone out of my way to prepare for them.

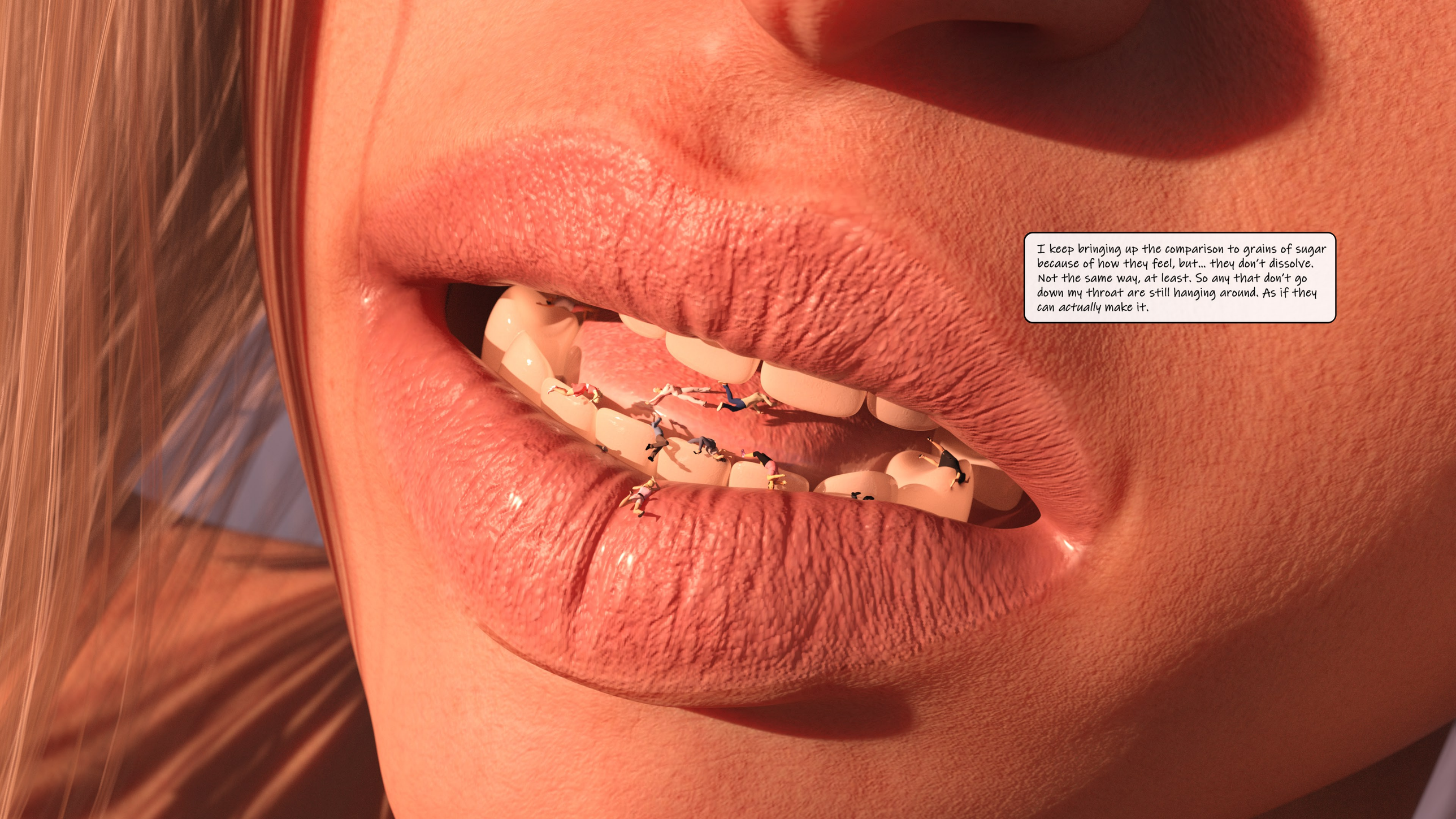
I take a deep breath after my lips close, and move my head back down. I can feel tiny little pricks around my tits and lips as I do so. People I missed. The fall from this high up has to be terrifying, and my huge fucking boobs are the only thing that can save any of them. How many are trying to dig their fingers into my skin in the hopes that they can get enough of a handhold to stop the inevitable.


And how many don't even come close?
Probably more of the latter, than the former, if I'm being honest. I mean, I have a great pair, don't get me wrong, but that was still a really big drop. I'd assume a bunch of the people who actually manage to land onto my chest and not plummet straight down between or past them won't do so in one piece. And it's hard to maintain a strong grip for safety's sake if your arm is broken into a hundred pieces.
But those aren't the falling people I'm interested in. After all, they're the ones who are getting off easy.


I swish my tongue around the inside of my mouth. There's a gritty sensation coating it, like I had dumped a sugar packet inside. It's an almost pleasant fuzziness that I savor for only a moment, before swallowing. I don't want too many to drown in what has to feel like an entire lake of saliva pooling all around the inside of my mouth.


Because these are the falling people I'm more directly invested in. Anyone who drops to the ground is gone, and while I'm sure it's a scary fall, at least they're going to die instantly on impact. While the people I swallowed?
Well, I don't know a lot about how the digestion process works... but I imagine it's far less pleasant. And much slower.


Despite the swallow though, the inside of my mouth still has that same, gritty feeling. I've undoubtedly sent a lot of people away forever... but that can't be all of them. Not by a long shot. No. I have a few... stragglers. Clinging for dear life. Using my lips or tongue as a handhold to safety.


I keep bringing up the comparison to grains of sugar because of how they feel, but... they don't dissolve. Not the same way, at least. So any that don't go down my throat are still hanging around. As if they can *actually* make it.


Unfortunately for them, I don't much appreciate that feeling.
So I start chewing.
I'm actually a bit surprised to feel a few pops. A few tiny pearls of flavor on my tongue that I can perceive only if I actively concentrate. It's not particularly pleasant, but this has to be the most overkill way I can get rid of someone by far. There's no need to finish someone off by chewing once they're inside of my mouth... and yet here I am. Crunching their bodies like cheap candy.


A few more tiny specks fall out of my mouth as I do so, briefly drawing my gaze down to see them fall. Which is probably the best thing that could have happened to me. I knew I was turned on while I was swallowing them, but what I didn't expect was for that familiar, warm feeling to begin inside of me and start spreading around.


I've eaten people today. Plenty of them. But something about this group of them has me on edge. I'm still looking down at the ground when I give my lips a lick to clean them off, and notice my point of view begin to shift.
Well, that's a pleasant surprise.


I'm sure I'd have noticed if I wasn't actively looking at the ground, but I'm more happy that I get to fully experience it now. I wonder if my body is beginning to change in other ways, too. Maybe I can just have a fucking orgasm while eating now, and that'll be enough to trigger another growth spurt.


Or maybe I just don't need to cum anymore. Maybe satisfying any of my carnal needs is enough to make me grow. Eating is a carnal need, right? It sounds like carnivore... and people are definitely one kind of meat.


My breath quickens as I quickly realize this bout of growth goes much, much further than I expected. When it started I assumed I'd grow just a bit, since the orgasm wasn't too powerful... but the difference is astounding. A few buildings that were once around my shins are now struggling to clear my ankles.


Though it may have been more drastic than expected... it still ends far too quickly. I guess masturbating will still prove to be a more effective source of growth, but the knowledge that it can happen in other ways now is... enticing.
I wonder what it would be like if I ate something bigger? Not like Kayla big... but something in-between a regular person and her could be interesting.


I think it over for a moment, trying to remember everyone I've seen today that was at a size slightly bigger than normal. A few people come to mind... but I'll have to shelve that idea for now. Because for as enjoyable as it was to sample the locals over in Chinatown, there were still a lot of places in LA that I would very much like to pay a visit. And it only flits through my vision for but a moment, but I'm pretty sure that one of those is right in front of me.


But I have to get a closer look. That's the one, and I do mean one downside to being this big. Even when I'm pretty sure I have the building I'm looking for, I have to look at it more closely to be sure. In fact, I'll go ahead and make a new decree right now.
When I take over the world, every single building of interest is going to have to fly a flag at the top of it. A really fucking big one. One that says exactly what it is, so I can know at a glance where everything fun is. Like, say... City hall.


I get down on my hands and knees for a closer look, crushing more buildings in the process. Everything looks different from up here, but there's no mistaking it. I'd remember that little white dildo of a building anywhere.


As small as it looks now, I remember staring up at it just a couple of years ago. Being annoyed at how fucking tall of a building it was, and wondering why it needed to be shaped that way.

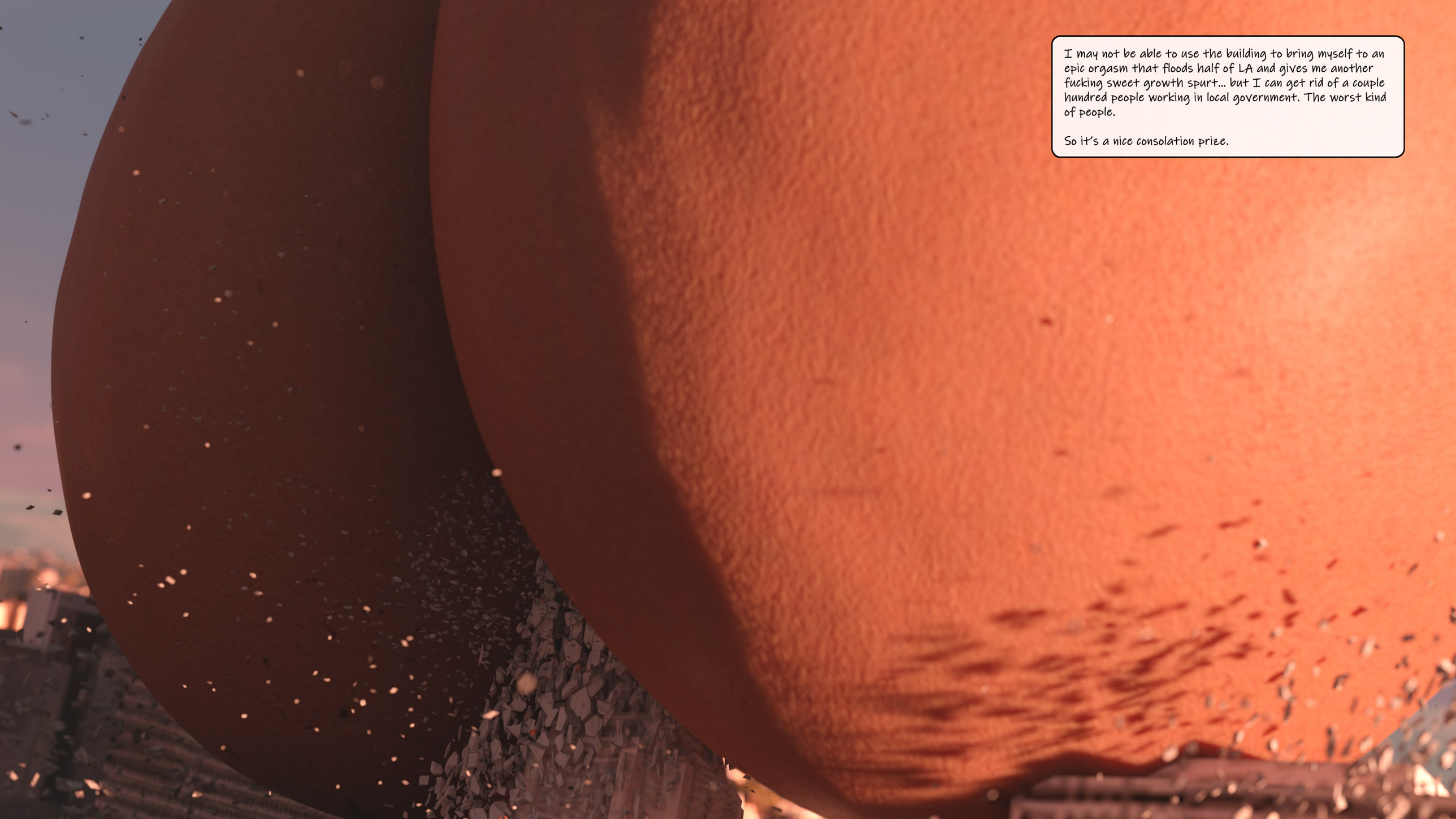

It was a few months after my... fourth arrest? Maybe fifth. I had to go to get my stupid driver's license suspended because some stupid cop didn't think going a hundred to make sure I was first in line for a new phone was a good enough reason to speed. Who cares if I'd had a couple drinks before! I beat the breathalyzer, and that's what matters!
DON SUSHI ASIAN FOOD
CAMERAS
SALE
75%
SALE
75%
1 HOUR FILM
PROCESSING


Ugh. I hated having to step through those stupid fucking doors and wait. And wait. And wait. Hours on these awful uncomfortable chairs that were about as comfortable as a wooden stool. All while paparazzi milled around outside, wanting to get in, with only the security stationed outside stopping them.
When we left I remember looking back at it, and thinking about how it was shaped. And I thought about buying a dildo shaped like it to make myself feel better for all the fucking annoyances it caused me. A bit of private revenge.


I never actually did, though. Mostly because getting something custom made that I wasn't even sure would feel good was too annoying to deal with. Maybe I knew deep down I'd get the chance to do it for real some day. Sure, the building's like a hundred fucking feet tall... but at this point that's even a little small for me. I could probably stuff a building twice as big in my pussy and barely feel a thing.
My ass, on the other hand...


...Might just be too fucking fat for this to work.
The plan was to shove it straight up my ass until I'm sitting flat on the ground. Then probably break it off at the base, stand up, and squeeze my backside to crush every single square inch of that annoying fucking building. But as soon as I start to lower myself, I can feel the plan fall apart. I'm not quite big enough for the entire thing to effortlessly slip inside of me, so it simply begins to crumble as soon as I start making any amount of progress.


For a moment I consider stopping this, and forgetting the whole thing. But... I can hear something else. Along with the sounds of the building falling apart is more people. Most of them are probably trying to run outside of the building... but I think others are falling out as the top floors begin to crumble. Only audible because my ass making contact broke every single window. I can't see them even if I tried with my fat ass blocking the way, but this bit of knowledge tells me that this is a worthwhile endeavor after all.


I may not be able to use the building to bring myself to an epic orgasm that floods half of LA and gives me another fucking sweet growth spurt... but I can get rid of a couple hundred people working in local government. The worst kind of people.
So it's a nice consolation prize.


"That'll teach you to raise taxes for me!" I announce, wiggling my ass where it sits atop the building. I don't know if the city even did that if I'm being honest. It just felt like the right thing to say at the time, and mom would always complain about how much she hated doing taxes. So I'll just assume it's correct.
While I'm thinking all that, I can feel the building finally give in as I've converted it into a very poor excuse for a seat. It didn't even survive between my ass long enough to actually penetrate, but I have to say-


The feeling of it struggling to hold me up and utterly failing to do so is still a wonderful time. Because when it finally gives in it doesn't simply flatten out under me like it's made of paper. No, it's like my ass is a fucking bomb the way city hall detonates, causing me to lose my balance.


Naturally, given how my actual seat fell apart under me, I don't do a very good job of stopping the inevitable from happening right after. As soon as it falls apart my ass completes the trip down to ground level, and strikes the ground with all the force of a falling meteor. And since it's so much fucking bigger than my feet, the effect is significantly more pronounced. Dozens of buildings nearby fall under my ass, thighs, and pussy in the process, while the remains of city hall and those closest rain terror onto people nearby.



For the people at ground level it has to be the worst thing they've ever experienced. When my feet hit the ground they're a bit limited in what they can do, after all. Rarely is all of my weight placed onto a single foot, and it covers much less surface area.

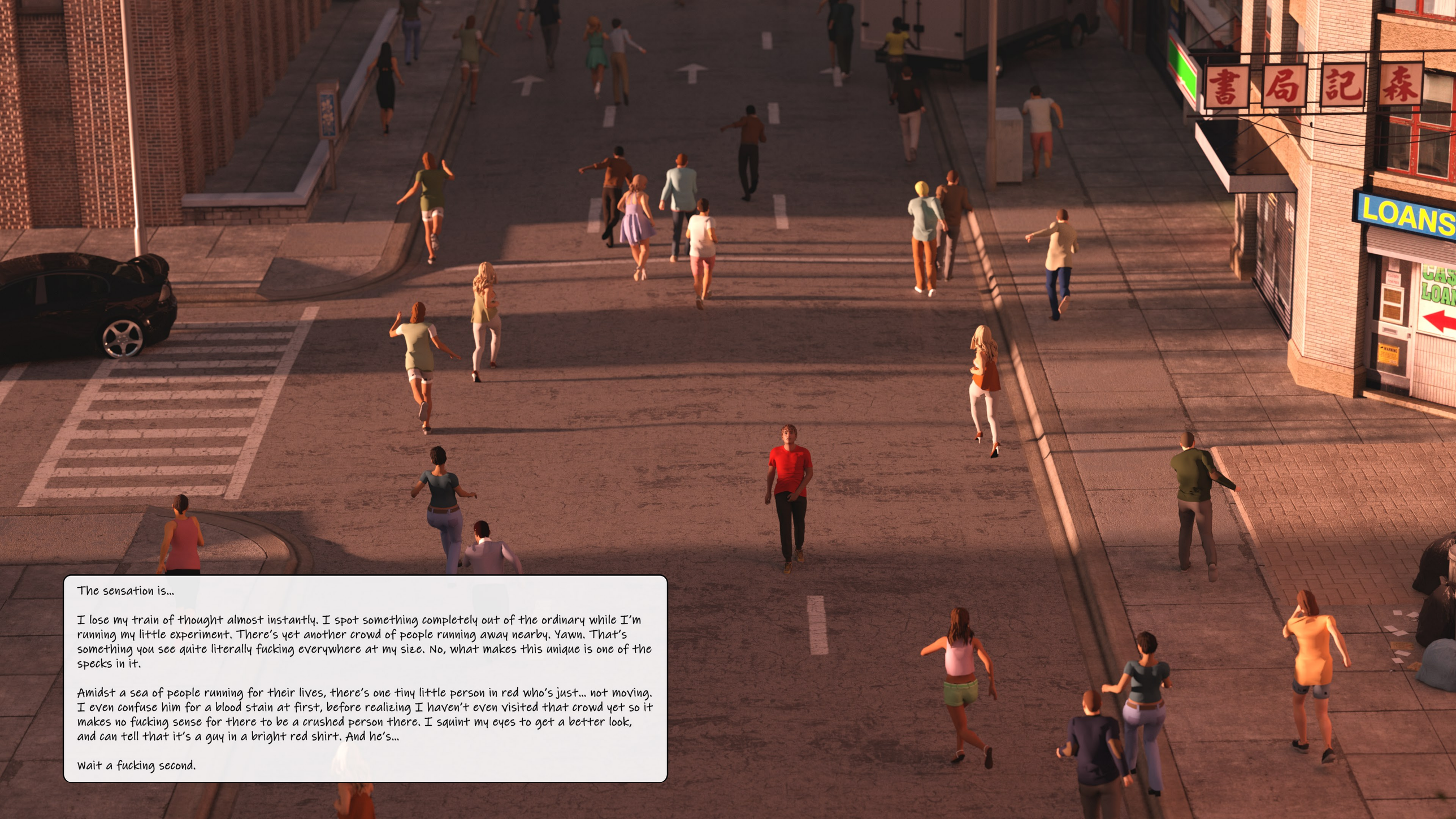
My ass, by contrast, is fucking huge. It was already big before I grew, and since then it's expanded out to a level that would make even the most bottom-heavy porn stars jealous. I don't have the foggiest fucking idea how much I weigh right now, but I can hear it. The way the streets protest when I drop down completely. The crackling of trees. The car alarms. The screams of people realizing they won't be getting away in time.


Mmph. It's all just...
I look down at my ass, watching the cloud of smoke spread even further around the area. It's so fucking big, and I didn't even do anything! Gravity took care of most of the work there, so it's like...
I give my ass a little bit of a shake where I'm sitting. I don't think it brings down any more buildings, but it still produces a cacophonous sound as my entire massive form moves about in a limited manner. I'm tempted to just sit there and relish in it for a few more minutes. To just watch the world around me try and react to the natural disaster that my ass created.


But... it's beginning to lose its appeal. Fast.
Call me fickle, but when you have the power to do anything—and I do mean literally *anything*—there's little reason to stick around doing something for longer than it takes to lose even a tiny bit of its entertainment value. I don't sit around and drag my toes through the streets to crush more people for fun. I don't scoop up tiny individuals and stuff them inside of my pussy just to see if I can feel them. Those are all things I can do later if I choose to explore those options.
And for now? Well, there's still so much more of this fucking city I haven't even touched yet. I want to see as much of it as I can... before I'm too big to even walk around it.


Wondering if there's anything else in the immediate area that would be interesting, I turn to the side, and immediately widen the area of impact my ass created when sitting down. The billowing smoke underneath me is renewed in intensity, flowing in every direction as I gradually lower a hand nearby, wondering what it would feel like.
Turns out not much. I guess anything in that cloud that would provide any sort of stimulation hit the ground long ago, and when my fingers pull back they're just a tiny bit dirtier than they were a second ago.


I guess I'll have to kick up a fresh cloud if I want to see what it feels like. After all, that's probably the kind of sensation only someone as privileged as myself will ever get the chance to know. It's probably nothing, and doing so will undoubtedly kill hundreds of people and destroy dozens more buildings, but...
I mean. Is it going to hurt? Will I feel something? These are questions that science simply can't answer, so the only way to find out is to try it out firsthand. Taking a deep breath, I turn myself to the side, creating fresh clouds of dust and smoke, and move my fingers into them.



The sensation is...

I lose my train of thought almost instantly. I spot something completely out of the ordinary while I'm running my little experiment. There's yet another crowd of people running away nearby. Yawn. That's something you see quite literally fucking everywhere at my size. No, what makes this unique is one of the specks in it.

Amidst a sea of people running for their lives, there's one tiny little person in red who's just... not moving. I even confuse him for a blood stain at first, before realizing I haven't even visited that crowd yet so it makes no fucking sense for there to be a crushed person there. I squint my eyes to get a better look, and can tell that it's a guy in a bright red shirt. And he's...

Wait a fucking second.



He's fucking masturbating!

At least, I'm pretty sure he is. Maybe he's got a fucking itch, or he's just hiding something there that he wants to protect while running for his life. There could be any number of reasons that he's got his hand down there, and is moving his little arm up and down. Maybe he's even hiding a kitten in his pants and is petting it.

Or maybe he's wrapped his hand around his gross little weiner and is pleasuring himself while looking up at the hottest woman on the planet. There's some sort of saying I remember Kayla always telling me. Some guy named Otto and his razor, or something. Who cares, he's probably a million year old guy from Greece or something. But it goes something like this.

The most obvious solution is usually the correct one.

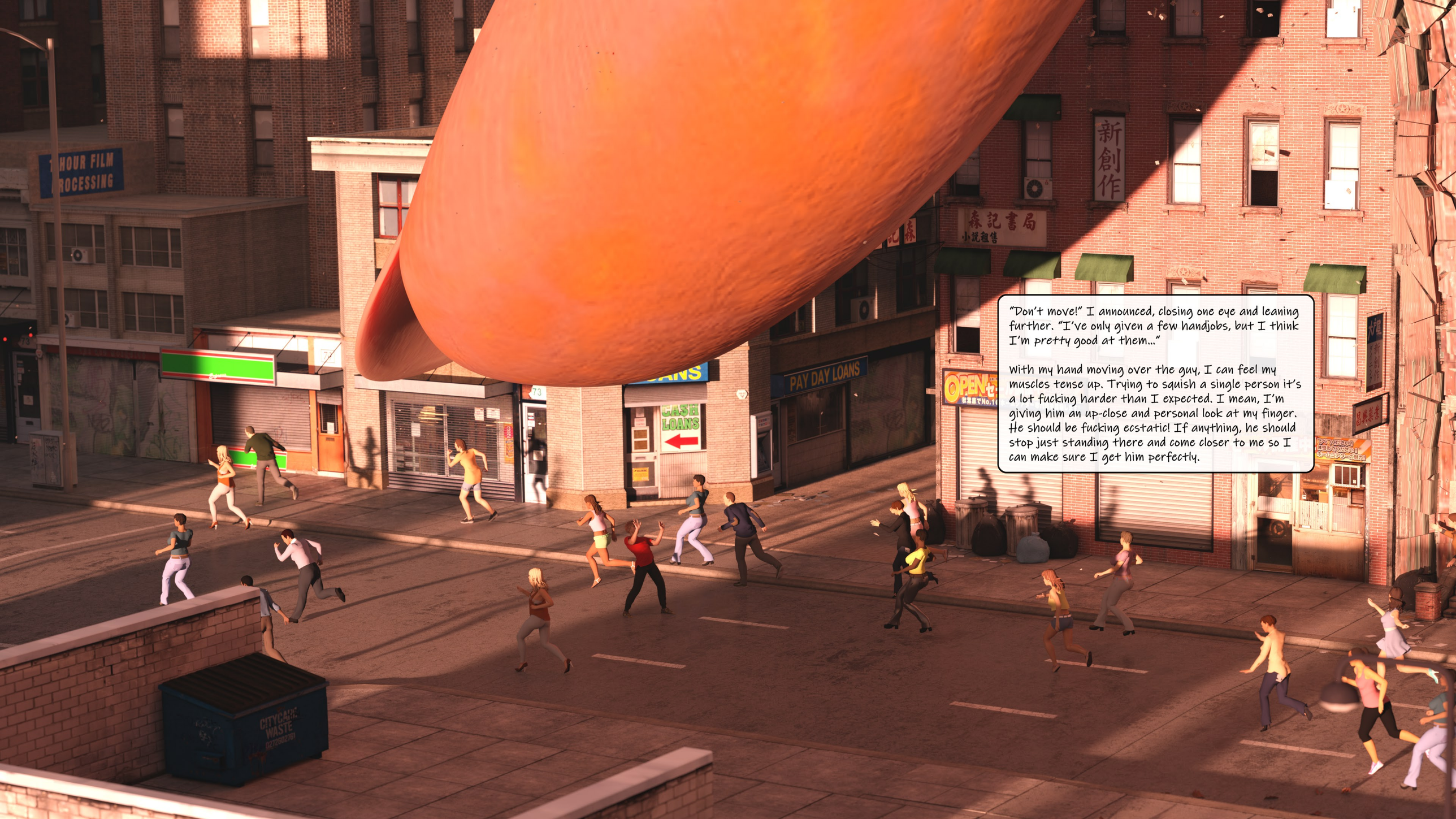

I don't think he knows I'm looking right at him while he's doing this. How could he? I'm like a thousand feet up in the air, and he's just down there. Watching me. I can't see him well enough to know what exactly he's staring at, but I'm sure my tits are in full view from where he is at the very least. I kind of want to yell at him for being so fucking gross.
But...
I mean. I guess that I'm no better. Right after I started growing I was doing the exact same thing. Just finding reasons to masturbate in public. Usually to great detriment to those around me. So he's actually being far more considerate since he's not blocking the road, or killing anyone to get his rocks off. And can you blame the guy? I don't think there's a man gay enough to not have thought of doing the same thing. Maybe I've already unwittingly crushed thousands of people doing it.
TETLEY'S


So, you know, maybe it's my fault. I'm the bigger person here. Quite literally. I should be setting an example for all the tiny people around me to follow, and I gave him precedent to do this exact thing. He learned it from me! And it's almost flattering in its own way.
Almost. It's not like he asked permission to jerk it to me. I mean, I wouldn't have heard him if he did, and I definitely wouldn't have said yes, but there's a fucking chain of command that must be followed, and he's going into business for himself right now. So, obviously, I can't let him think this is okay.



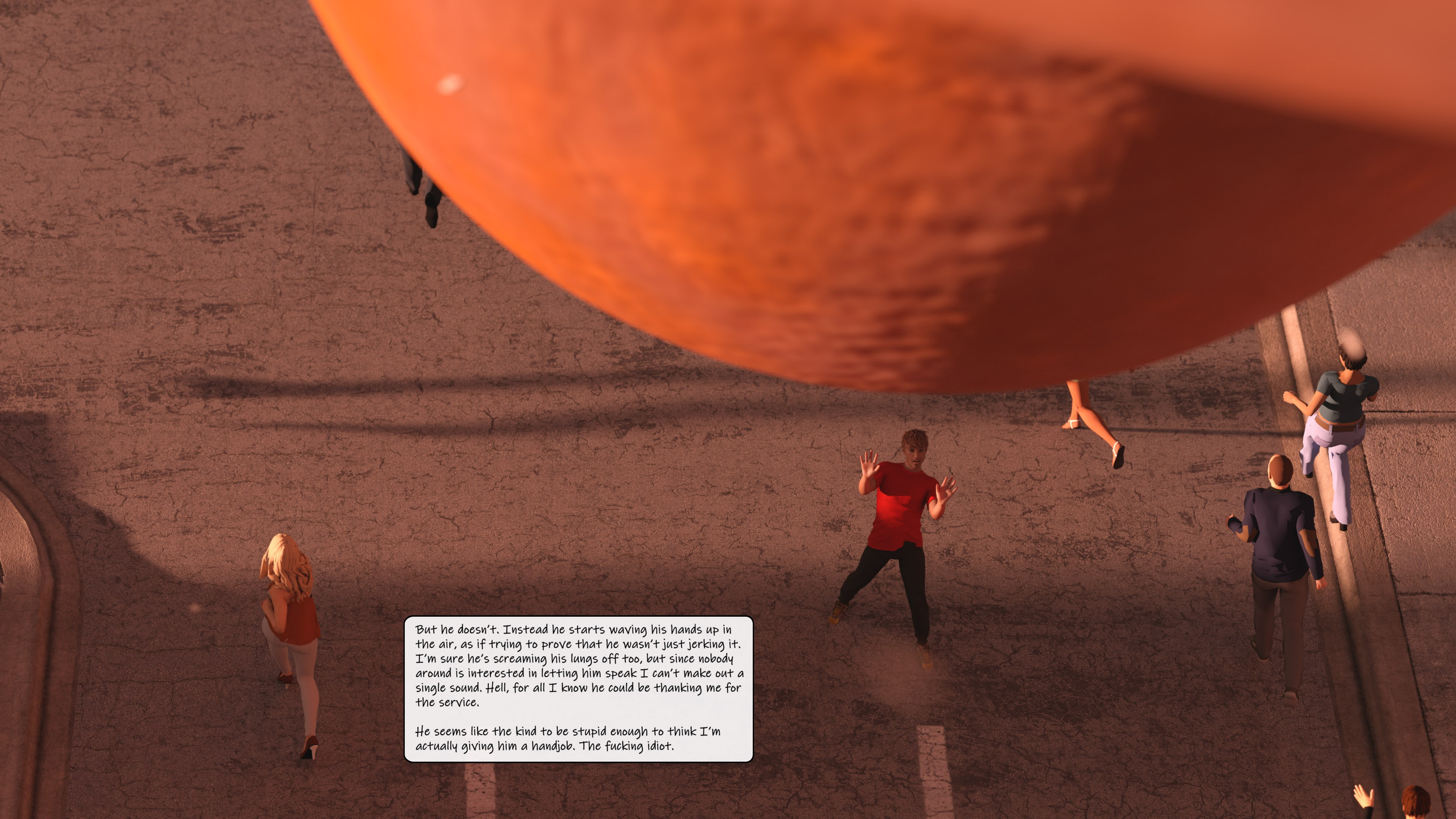
"Let me help you out!" I announced, stretching my index finger out and reaching for the man.

As I do so I can feel my tits flop out in front of me, crushing a number of buildings in the process. Fresh smoke billows out in the process, slightly obstructing my view as I carefully aim for the man in the red shirt. It's just enough of a distraction that I actually wind up smashing my hand into a building right in front of him, knocking over a water tower and shocking him out of his reverie.



"Don't move!" I announced, closing one eye and leaning further. "I've only given a few handjobs, but I think I'm pretty good at them..."

With my hand moving over the guy, I can feel my muscles tense up. Trying to squish a single person it's a lot fucking harder than I expected. I mean, I'm giving him an up-close and personal look at my finger. He should be fucking ecstatic! If anything, he should stop just standing there and come closer to me so I can make sure I get him perfectly.


But he doesn't. Instead he starts waving his hands up in the air, as if trying to prove that he wasn't just jerking it. I'm sure he's screaming his lungs off too, but since nobody around is interested in letting him speak I can't make out a single sound. Hell, for all I know he could be thanking me for the service.
He seems like the kind to be stupid enough to think I'm actually giving him a handjob. The fucking idiot.

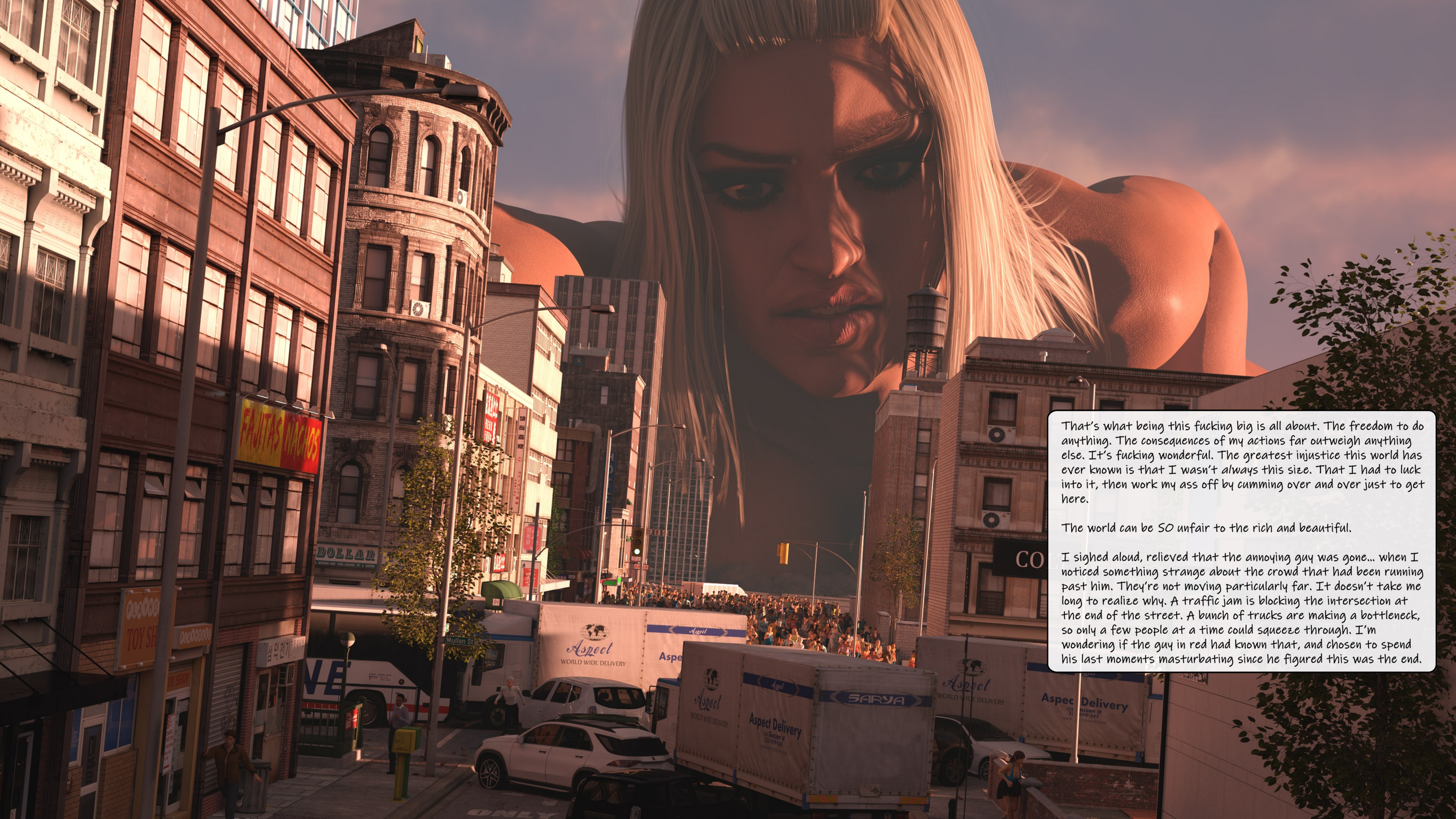


At the very last moment he seems to realize that I was singling him out. Not sure what took him so long. Maybe he's so fucking cumbrained that he was trying to get a better look at my tits in those final moments. Or maybe he thought I had been considering his pleas.

Whatever.

My finger smashes into the ground, cracking the ground all around him. I don't even feel him pop, but I don't need to. There's no way he survived. A fucking armored vehicle wouldn't have made it through that. He's toast.


But... I mean, who's going to complain if I make sure?
Twisting my finger in place, I make good and sure that there's not a single bit of him still intact. And... as I'm doing that I can't help but think about what I've just done. How I practically rolled over onto my side entirely, killing countless more people, crushing dozens more buildings, and spreading despair so far.
All in the goal to erase a single tiny speck from my view. All because he had the gall to try and pleasure himself at the sight of the hottest girl on the planet. And since he was already wearing red, it's not like it even made a difference! It's just an extra hole on the street, and nothing else.



That's what being this fucking big is all about. The freedom to do anything. The consequences of my actions far outweigh anything else. It's fucking wonderful. The greatest injustice this world has ever known is that I wasn't *always* this size. That I had to luck into it, then work my ass off by cumming over and over just to get here.

The world can be SO unfair to the rich and beautiful.

I sighed aloud, relieved that the annoying guy was gone... when I noticed something strange about the crowd that had been running past him. They're not moving particularly far. It doesn't take me long to realize why. A traffic jam is blocking the intersection at the end of the street. A bunch of trucks are making a bottleneck, so only a few people at a time could squeeze through. I'm wondering if the guy in red had known that, and chosen to spend his last moments masturbating since he figured this was the end.


If that's the case, I've gotta say... I admire the resolve. Were I in his situation, I might even do the same.
Of course, I would never find myself in such a situation. The traffic jam is absolutely fucking tiny for me. Not even as big as a fingernail. A part of me wants to play the role of the benevolent ruler. Inspire loyalty in future subjects by smashing the cars and trucks, giving them a chance to run. Let them watch my tits wobble around my chest, crushing even more stuff in the process as I stretch an arm in their direction, just to let them know what it's like when a Goddess shows mercy.



But...

The traffic jam also had the effect of bunching an entire massive fucking crowd up all in one place. A compact little ball set up just for me. Ripe for the plucking. Just watching them from this high up has my stomach rumbling again, and I know what's coming next. I have to do it. I would be a fool not to. The people I ate earlier already made me grow. Will it happen again?

I can't help but lick my lips at the thought. Not only that, but the ratio this time is going to be a hundred times better. Fun as it was to pop that building over my mouth, I know for a fact that I was eating tons of furniture and other objects mixed in with the tasty people that danced around my tongue.


But a huge crowd of people trapped out in the open?
It's still not going to be perfect, but it's going to be a huge improvement. I can hardly even fucking wait anymore. There's no finesse in reaching for this crowd. I have the luxury of being careless. A building it has to remain in one piece as I pull it up. But a handful of people are definitely going to be much more capable of making up to my mouth in one piece.
Even I'm a little shocked at how much fucking damage simply reaching for them with no regard of what happens does. There's multiple buildings directly in my path as my hand is simply too big to fit down a single street, and they don't stand against my digits for even a second as I spread my fingers out with the aim of grabbing as many of them as fucking possible.



And in the blink of an eye, I close my fingers.

The ground itself fails to even slow my digits as I can feel it crack apart under me while they close around the sea of people I had my eyes on. My lack of care is immediately apparent as the ground itself shakes violently from the impact of my fingers closing. The buildings nearby wobble on their flimsy foundations, and an explosion of bodies that narrowly evaded my grasp flies into the air.

For a moment I consider trying to pick up more of them. There's so fucking many of them I could probably spend a half hour individually scooping them up in a nail to collect them.


Maybe later.
As it is, I'm eager to try this new handful of food, and roll over onto my back. In the process a number of structures that had been surviving in my shadow up to this point suddenly find themselves on the chopping block. Good for them. They've gotten to enjoy a clean, unobscured view of my flawless ass for a couple of minutes now, and they're paying the price for doing so.
They're not getting any sympathy from me.

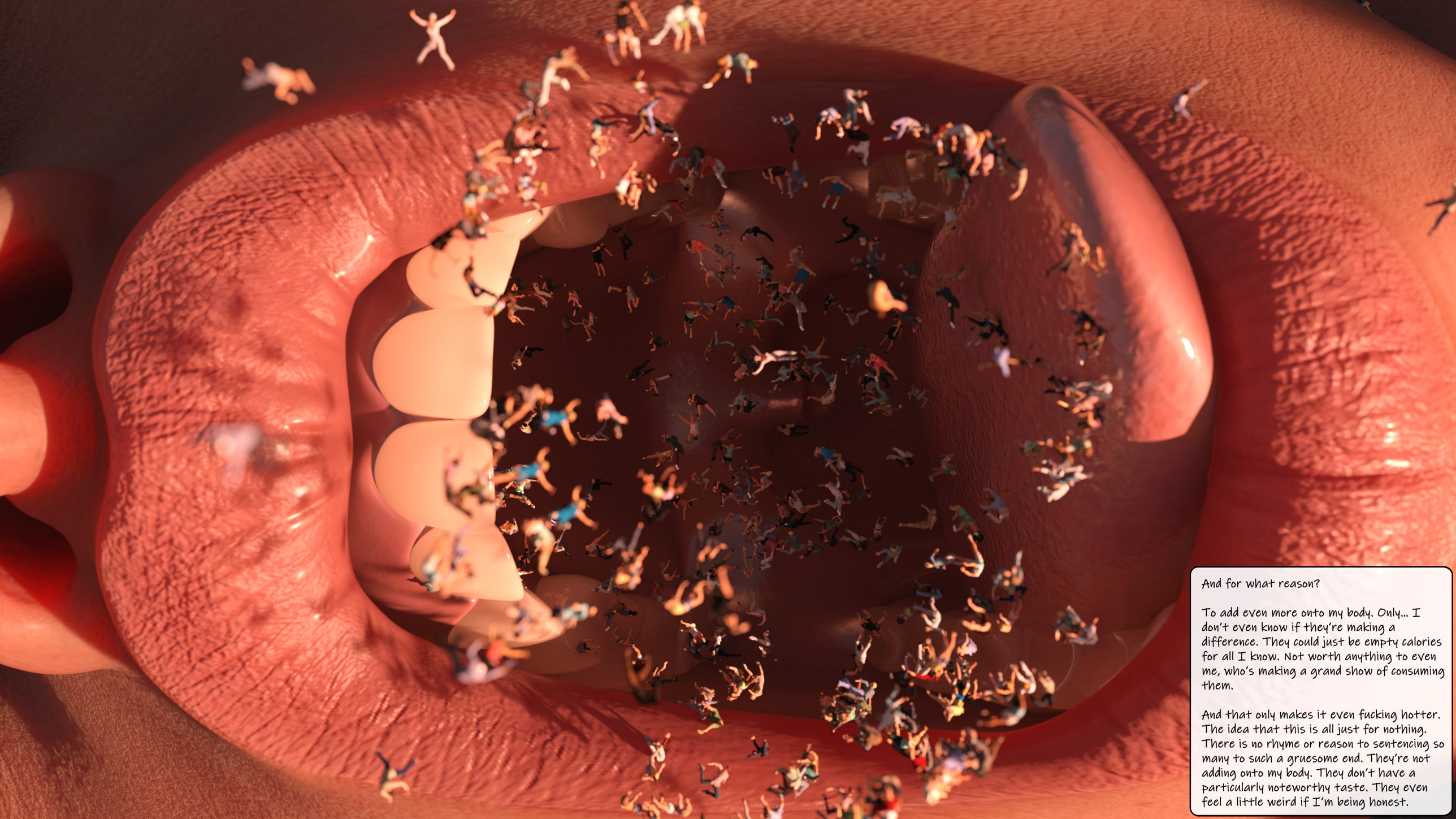

As I move my hand over my head again, I'm able to see the mass of people I had managed to hold onto. They're packed tightly into my grip, and I can tell that a few of them didn't survive the trip. Whether the swift ascent knocked them out, or they were simply crushed as I picked them up from the ground it didn't matter.
But... It's the view of a number of them slipping from my grasp, failing to even finish the trip that awakens something in me. A deep, meaningful hunger that I hadn't felt for some time. Maybe it's the combination of ultimate arousal and actual need for sustenance that's driving me mad, or maybe it's just the fact that I don't want to waste any more of my food than is necessary.



Whatever the reason, I finish the trip by hovering a hand directly over my mouth, and opening wide.

The feeling is like nothing else. The building before was similar, but I was fucking right! There was just too much unnecessary junk mixed in. It diluted the experience. That of... hundreds of people falling between my lips at once. Splashing onto my tongue. Trying to stand back up afterwards, and fighting the heavy weight of my saliva soaking into their clothes.


And that's just the ones that actually make it inside. That is, by no means, all of them. Dozens hit my lips, crying out in pain as they don't have warm liquid to break their fall. A few hit my unyielding teeth, popping into red splats in the process. Even more just miss my mouth entirely, bouncing off my cheeks and rolling down the sides of my face, or simply falling onto my neck.
But most of them make it straight inside. Past the lips. Over the gums. Look out tummy, here they fucking come. The taste is nothing to write home about, but the feeling... it's... it's like eating a spoonful of rice. Except every grain is alive. And every last one of them wants to get out. They were soft, squishy, and the heat from my breath was leading to many of them fighting for air in a desperate bid for freedom.
Of all the things I've done since I started growing... this is the one I didn't expect to turn me on as much as it does. Just... the idea that so many tiny little people. Each an individual in their own right, are making the trip down my throat and ultimately into my stomach. One they'll never, ever, come back from.


And for what reason?
To add even more onto my body. Only... I don't even know if they're making a difference. They could just be empty calories for all I know. Not worth anything to even me, who's making a grand show of consuming them.
And that only makes it even fucking hotter. The idea that this is all just for nothing. There is no rhyme or reason to sentencing so many to such a gruesome end. They're not adding onto my body. They don't have a particularly noteworthy taste. They even feel a little weird if I'm being honest.



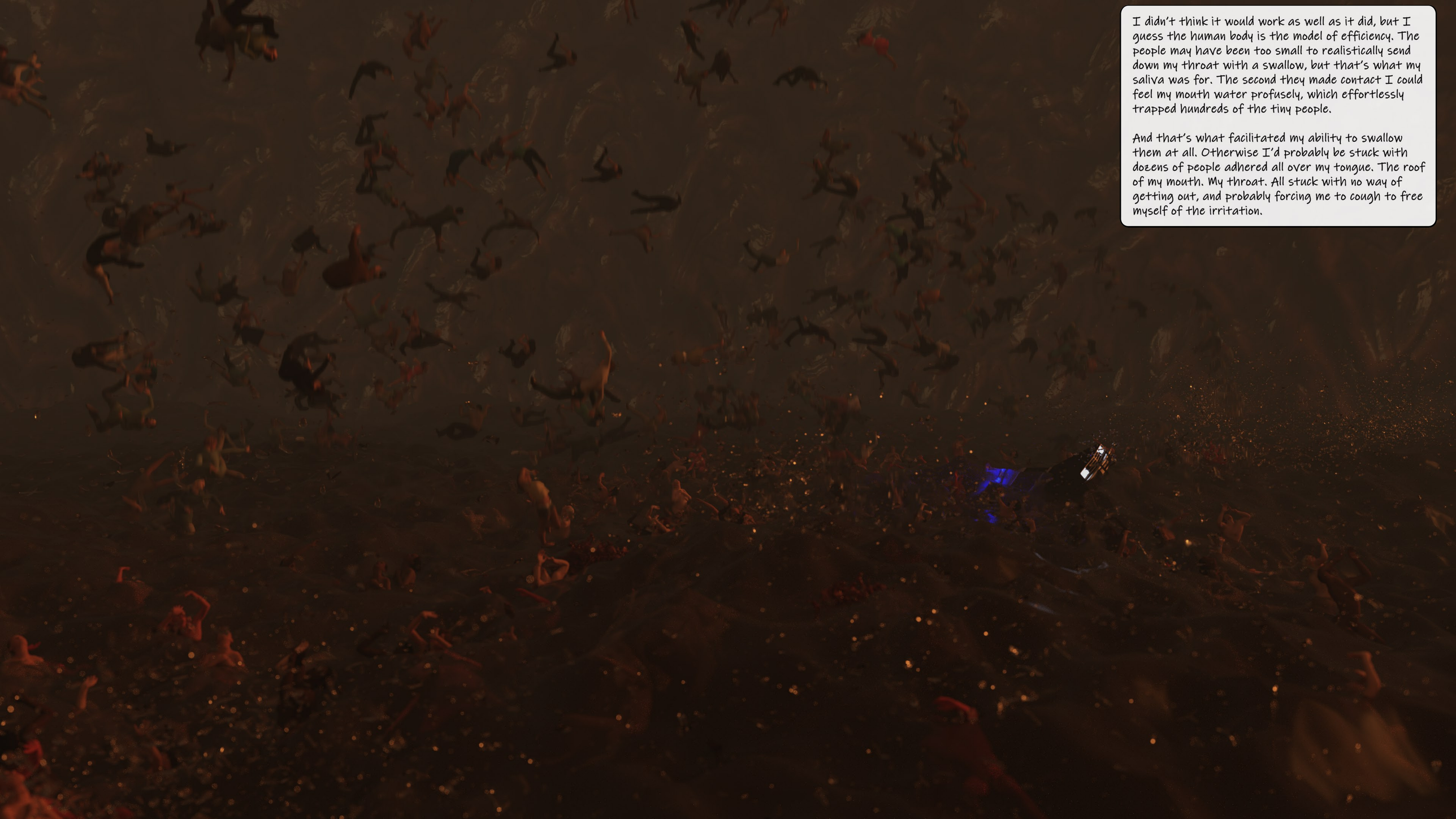
And yet, I don't stop. I don't even consider it. Not for a single fucking second. I'm eating for the sake of eating. I'm being greedy for no material benefit. And people are quite literally *dying* to satisfy my basest desires.

My lips close, sealing those inside of my mouth into darkness. I think about how many people it would take to actually provide a satisfying meal. There had to be a hundred or so of them in that handful, and it wasn't much at all. Even if the people crawling along my cheek or those who had missed entirely had made it in... it wouldn't have made a noticeable difference.

My mouth opened again, just for a second. Just so I could bite my bottom lip.


My nipples begin to stiffen again. I'm suddenly aware of my nakedness again, and how it's not just my mouth that's hungry. My pussy is growing wetter, hungry for its own meal. My breath catches in my throat as I think about how many people it would take to fill my belly at this point.
And how many more it would take if I grew again.


I take a deep breath. Some of the bodies inside of my mouth are thrown about in the process, but I don't care. I tilt my head back, using gravity to aid the swallowing of the stragglers caught up in the mire of my spit. They try to hold on for dear life, and I don't care. The people who had been clinging to my face, narrowly avoiding their ends inside of my stomach fall off to their own gravity-induced deaths a moment later, and I don't care.
All I'm focused on right now is swallowing. That I do care about.



I didn't think it would work as well as it did, but I guess the human body is the model of efficiency. The people may have been too small to realistically send down my throat with a swallow, but that's what my saliva was for. The second they made contact I could feel my mouth water profusely, which effortlessly trapped hundreds of the tiny people.

And that's what facilitated my ability to swallow them at all. Otherwise I'd probably be stuck with dozens of people adhered all over my tongue. The roof of my mouth. My throat. All stuck with no way of getting out, and probably forcing me to cough to free myself of the irritation.



Instead they make the trip down my throat. Just like every other meal I've eaten in my entire life. And just like all those other meals, I have no intention of letting them back out in one piece. Their cars, their furniture, and whatever else had the misfortune of finding its way down my throat has a final date with my stomach acids.

And that thought makes my heart race. I'm a lot bigger and stronger now... is my stomach more potent than ever? I figure a normal person would be able to survive inside of me for a few hours with plenty of air and nothing to comfort them but a slow, painful end. But if that's also been amplified with all my growth...

I can't help but think of dropping a flavor packet into a bottle of water. How they would make it inside of me in one piece, then simply fizzle away in the blink of an eye. Turned into a nutritious soup in the blink of an eye.


I gasped in pleasure at the thought.
And that familiar warmth returned.


I didn't even bother opening my eyes this time. I've experienced this so many times I've become greatly accustomed to the feeling. Every one of my extremities tingling. The feeling of the city sliding underneath me. My pussy is absolutely sopping wet... but I know one other thing.


This growth was, sadly, not as potent as the last one. I need to fucking... find a scientist or something. I need someone smart to look at these patterns and tell me what the most efficient form of growth is so I can keep exploiting it over and over.
I sighed, my chest shaking as I did so. Still, any growth is good, and I'm not at all bothered by this addition..


As I sighed, I could feel something else though. My tits have continuously grown at a slightly faster rate since this all began... and I can feel the weight on my chest has shifted slightly.
Finally opening my eyes, I look down, smiling at how much bigger they've gotten. I give them a firm squeeze, pinch my nipple between two fingers... and feel my arousal spike again. That last bit of growth wasn't particularly potent... but maybe it's because I'm building towards a way, way stronger climax.


My pussy clenches tightly, begging for something to fit inside of it. I can feel my breath quicken, and I'm left with a tough choice.
Do I address this now? Spread my legs over the city, send my fingers diving between them, and start ramming things inside of me until I grow again? Or do I enjoy this size just a bit longer. Just an eensy weensy tiny little bit, so that when I do start masturbating it'll feel even better.
My pussy tingles as I think it over. Begging me to start masturbating. Not caring about the potential for new experiences at this size that I'll never be able to go back to. All day I've been listening to that siren call of more growth, but...


I'm big now.
Very, very fucking big.
Every other time I've been faced with the option to grow I've done so. Because I'm not a fucking idiot. I know how fucking ridiculous some weapons can get these days. If I kept hanging out and stepping on cars at just a hundred feet tall it would only be a matter of time before a weapon big enough to cause actual, serious harm would be the people's only option.
Now? I don't think there's a single thing on this entire fucking planet strong enough to even slow me down. I clench my thighs together, holding off for at least a little bit longer. I can afford to do so now, and as I pull my legs apart I can feel a stickiness coating the inside of my thighs.
Soon.



For right now, I'm seeing yet another crowd run away from me. I'm actually beginning to regret spending as much time as I did destroying the escape routes for LA. I'm so fucking big now that I can just see people wherever I go. I've never had to look far this entire adventure, but something about them always being within arm's reach is exciting.

After rolling onto my front I erase more of the city. It's meaningless now. I don't care. I'm looking for more people to rid the planet of in my name. I start crawling over the buildings, leaving behind a trail of nothing far, far bigger than my footsteps could ever hope to be.

While moving, I can feel tiny droplets falling between my legs I'm so fucking horny. And the sensation of my tits bouncing against my knees... gives me an idea.

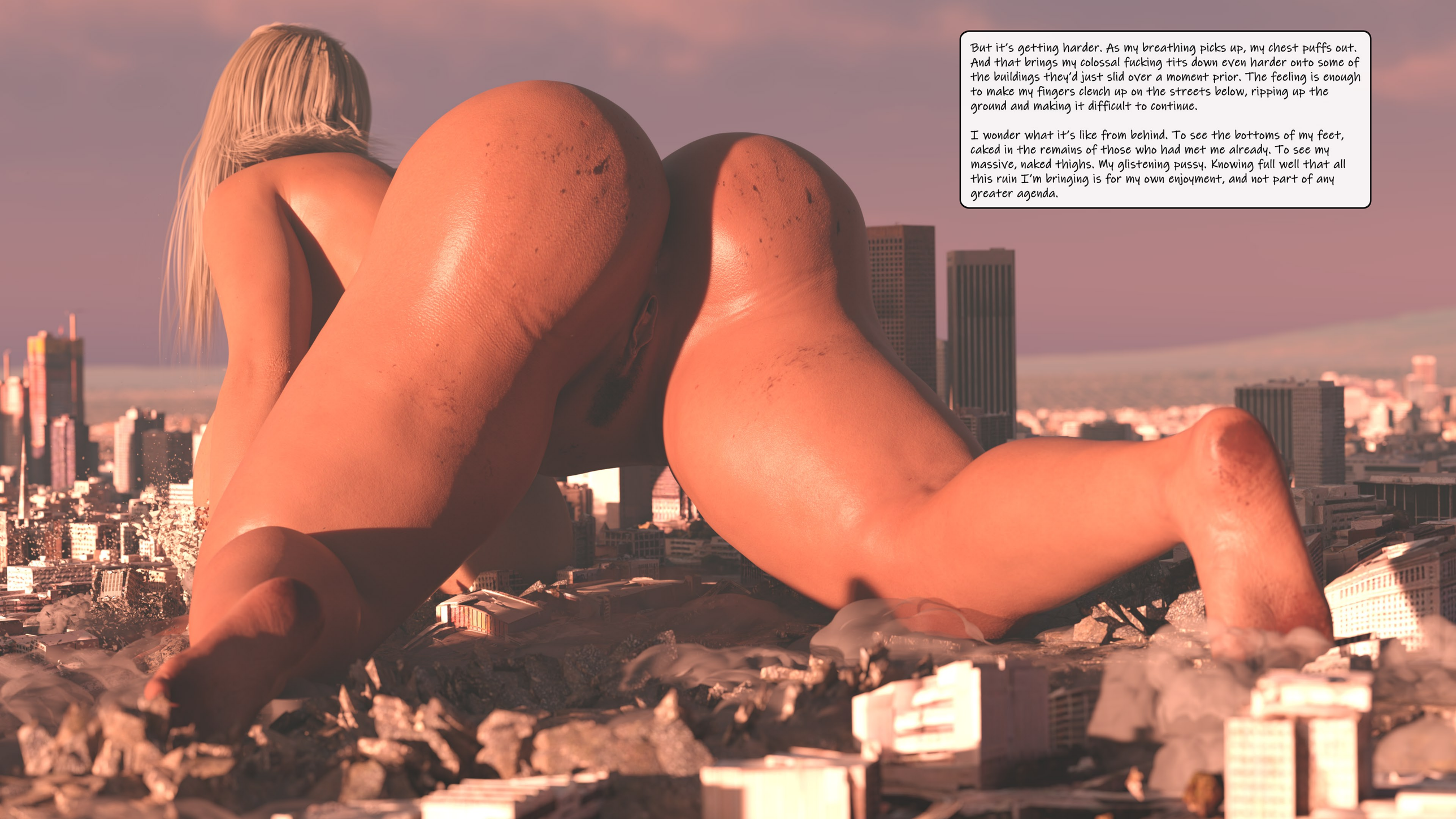

I love watching buildings fail to survive even the mildest contact with me. It hasn't gotten old yet, and my one fear right now is that it will someday stop being fun.
Until that happens though, I'm going to take full advantage of it. I don't know much about building demolition, but I do know one thing. My tits are way, way fucking bigger than any wrecking ball. The simple act of crawling has them swing with enough momentum to smash through buildings effortlessly.



A sharp gasp slips through my lips.

Wonderful as it is to feel my tits crash through things, it's the sensation of my nipples gliding over rooftops that turns me on more. They're so hard right now that they're like sharp, stubby knives, ripping through rooftops and turning me on all the harder.

My breath quickens as I crawl ahead, trying my best to keep my focus. But the arousal is clouding my vision, and I can only think of more stimulation. Feeling more things pop for no good reason. Just to help add to my pleasure. The city itself is reeling from this brief crawl, and my tits are amplifying the damage by a considerable degree.


But it's getting harder. As my breathing picks up, my chest puffs out. And that brings my colossal fucking tits down even harder onto some of the buildings they'd just slid over a moment prior. The feeling is enough to make my fingers clench up on the streets below, ripping up the ground and making it difficult to continue.
I wonder what it's like from behind. To see the bottoms of my feet, caked in the remains of those who had met me already. To see my massive, naked thighs. My glistening pussy. Knowing full well that all this ruin I'm bringing is for my own enjoyment, and not part of any greater agenda.


The idea sends a spike of pleasure through my body. Strong enough that my arms falter as I'm crawling, and I fall forward. Not far, as I'm able to correct quickly enough that I don't faceplant into the ground.
But... my tits are so fucking big now that it's enough for them to completely drop onto the city. Like two bombs going off at the same time they smash into the ground below, sending even more stimulation through my entire body as I suddenly find it hard to even keep my eyes open.
So why keep fighting it?



I close my eyes, and focus on the feeling. I can't see a whole lot if I'm looking anyway, and it immediately feels as if all my senses sharpen from this simple change. I can feel buildings trying to resist the weight of my massive tits. Hear the people I saw just a moment ago flee, and most importantly of all...

Feel my nipples. Hard as they are, dig furrows into the ground. Turning into unstoppable pendulums. I can feel tiny hands and feet making contact with my sensitive nipples for a split second before popping. And... I can't help it.

A soft moan passes through my body.


The simple act makes my entire chest vibrate. I'm more turned on than I've ever been in my life, and I let gravity take me. I move my hands to the side... and balance on my tits.
Instantly my nipples are no longer the only thing chasing the people running away. As dangerous as it is, they're just a tiny portion of my chest, and the whole fucking thing falling to the ground isn't even remotely comparable. The body count instantly ratchets up from dozens to hundreds as my all-consuming boobs crater the ground under me effortlessly.



I bring my hands back up, slamming them onto the city to create more explosions. I pull myself higher, wiping my chest from side to side so my tits erase more of the city. All while I keep crawling forward, eager to cause as much damage as possible before my time at this size is up.

Because I can tell... that I'm not going to make it much longer. I move one hand in front of the other, trying to keep up this crawling motion. Reminding me of when I could fit between these streets and had to crawl to access people at all. And now I'm erasing dozens of blocks at once with the same thing.

And that's when my muscles give out.



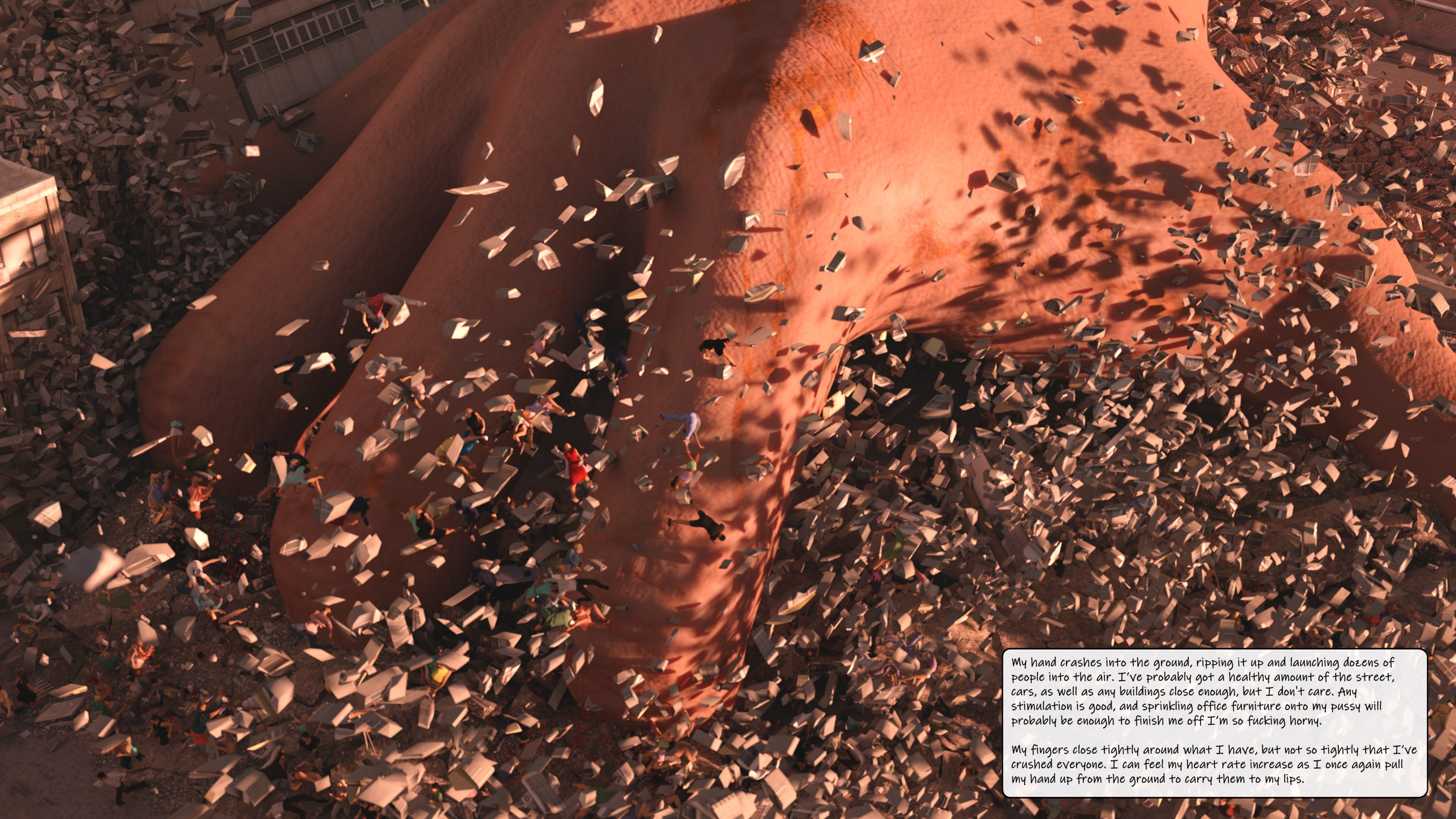
I can hardly think I'm so fucking horny. My arms turn to jelly, and I roll over onto my back, crushing another portion of the city. And this one didn't even have the good fortune to experience my rack before they all died. It's all so meaningless and pointless that I can't help but begin to spread my legs apart.

The sun shines between my legs again, practically making my pussy sparkle as I am once again hit with the urge to say goodbye to this size, and grow again.


It takes me almost a full minute to catch my breath, and clear my head. It doesn't do much to get me less turned on, but... it makes it so I can actually think again. And with that clarity comes the sound of more screaming.
Looking to the side, I move my arm up, wiping out dozens more buildings as I try to look for the source. All this damage I've done. All the people I've eaten, crushed, and used as fuel for my growth...
And there's still so much more of this city that I've failed to visit. I even stopped in front of another fucking crowd, this one given a prime view of my armpit as I look down. I bet that's another fucking thing a lot of them are happy to see.

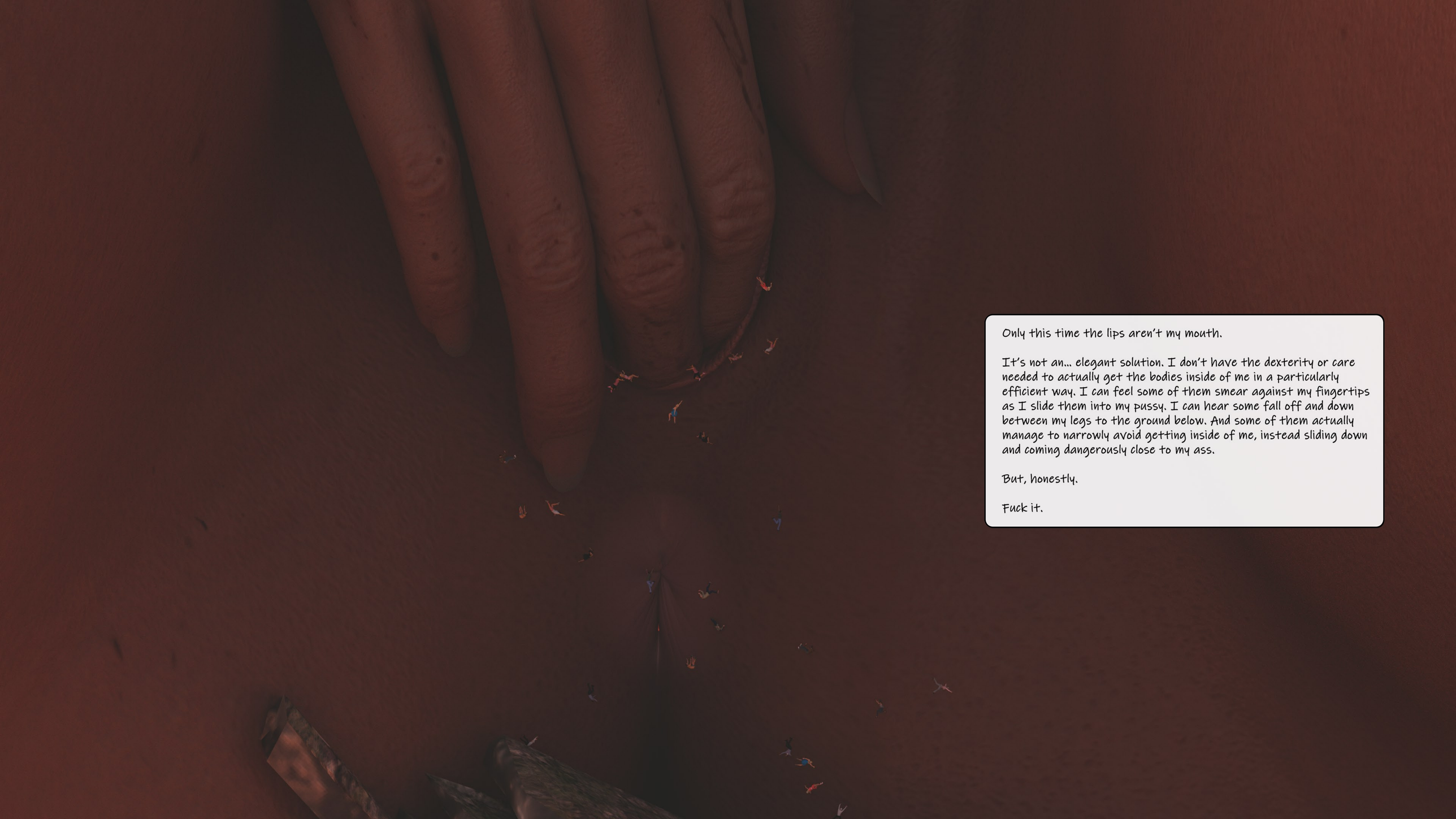

I watch them below for a minute longer. Marveling at how fucking small they are in comparison. All while wiggling my feet around and crushing stragglers in the process. A part of me wants to grab hold of my tit, and plop onto the ground next to me... but it also feels like if I lay a single hand on my chest I'm going to cum on the spot.
Nice as it is to still have fun at this size... I'm beginning to feel the need to grow again. It could take more than a whole fucking day to finish off the city at this size. Nobody has time for that. Least of all me. I have a human race to subjugate at some point, and there's a lot more to the world than just LA. I'll need to be ten times more efficient. At least.


Maybe I could have hung out at this size a bit longer and had more fun... but truth be told, I was already neck-deep into a fog of arousal that obviously wasn't going away anytime soon. And the thought of being able to finish this entire city off in half the time, or even shorter?
Well, I would need a bit more stimulation for that. Luckily, I just so happen to have a crowd of people right here waiting to be used! I'm not particularly careful in how I pick them up. I'm so fucking horny right now a stiff breeze could probably make me cum, but I guess some warm bodies will have to suffice.



My hand crashes into the ground, ripping it up and launching dozens of people into the air. I've probably got a healthy amount of the street, cars, as well as any buildings close enough, but I don't care. Any stimulation is good, and sprinkling office furniture onto my pussy will probably be enough to finish me off I'm so fucking horny.

My fingers close tightly around what I have, but not so tightly that I've crushed everyone. I can feel my heart rate increase as I once again pull my hand up from the ground to carry them to my lips.



Only this time the lips aren't my mouth.

It's not an... elegant solution. I don't have the dexterity or care needed to actually get the bodies inside of me in a particularly efficient way. I can feel some of them smear against my fingertips as I slide them into my pussy. I can hear some fall off and down between my legs to the ground below. And some of them actually manage to narrowly avoid getting inside of me, instead sliding down and coming dangerously close to my ass.

But, honestly.

Fuck it.


I'm so fucking turned on right now I don't care. If anything, people failing to even make it inside just makes it even hotter. It's not long before I start sitting up so I can better maneuver the bodies inside of me. But then that's not enough, so I spread my legs apart to both widen the path of destruction I've already made by a considerable degree, as well as provide easier access to my pussy.
But my fingers are so wet only a second after I've started touching myself that it's not going to take long at all. The instant I made contact I felt like I was going to fall onto my back as my legs turned to jelly underneath me. The only thing stopping me from turning into a writhing mess on top of hundreds of buildings at once was my own willpower. Because I wanted to draw this experience out as long as fucking possible.



Even if every passing second made that harder and harder. I can't even exist now without ruining things. All I wanted was to have easier access to my pussy, so I spread my legs a little. And the aftermath is completely fucking devastating to the city. If I spread my legs apart as far as I possibly could I'd probably be able to press my foot straight into that cluster of huge buildings nearby.

Fuck...

Having my legs spread like this invites a bit of cool air onto my steaming pussy. It's so fucking sensitive right now I feel like I'm going to finish up right now.


I have to get a better view. I want to compare myself to the fucking city I'm looming so high over. My ass is so fat by this point that simply sitting on it has me elevated far above the buildings below, but that might just make it easier. My tits are so stupidly huge that it would be hard to see my pussy otherwise.
And more importantly, seeing firsthand just how fucking big it is in comparison to the city. Swallowing people was effortless. I could probably jam dozens of buildings up there at once and not even flinch.
While admiring it, I hardly even notice that my legs are moving even further apart. All the while increasing the damage being done even more, and after only a few more seconds of admiring myself... I can't take it anymore.


I drop onto my back.
Like a bomb went off another huge section of the city simply vanishes. I'm not even sentient enough to admire it. My eyes aren't even open right now I'm so focused on other things. Every bit of my consciousness is focused on my pussy, and how I'm sliding my fingers between my legs... before swiftly coming to the conclusion that it's not enough.
This is a two-hand job.


And as soon as I get my other hand into the mix I can feel my inner muscles clench. Every single body still around inside of me is pulped in the exact same instant, while the only effect to myself is a gentle squeezing of the fingers. One that drives me to slide my fingers in even further. To really take advantage of this situation.
As I'm rocking myself back and forth on my backside I can feel my tits shake wildly... and my body begin to grow again.


Sometimes I wonder if this is a wholly unique sensation, afforded only to someone as big and important as myself. Or if it's maybe comparable to anything else. It's an eclectic mix of heat as it feels like someone lit a fire deep inside of my belly. But it's also electric, like I'm touching one of those stupid prank buzzers with every inch of my body.
But more than any of that, it's hot as fuck.


Yeah.
I guess if I have to prioritize which aspects of growing I like most then obviously it's going to be how fucking hot it is. Feeling my growing body slide across the ground, catching even more underneath it with every passing second. Knowing that the low moans coming from deep within my chest are going to travel up and echo around the surrounding neighborhoods. Feeling like a consistent low-level orgasm is working through me for minutes at a time while I build towards an actual, epic climax.
I've spent too fucking long stalling. Taking a deep breath, I clench my toes tightly as I feel the tingling work its way through more.



And then I go to fucking town on my pussy.

I doubt there was anything still surviving at this point, but if by some miracle there had been it's definitely gone now. My fingers alternate between pumping in and out and rubbing so quickly it feels like I'm going to get a friction burn. Only it never once transitions to any sort of discomfort. Not even for a second. It just keeps building, and building, and building, and...

Eventually I don't need both hands anymore. So my left moves back up, giving my giant fucking tits a firm squeeze. All the strength in one hand. The same I'd used to pick entire buildings out of the ground with earlier, and it's being used to give my boobs a fucking squeeze.


Even better, I can feel my growth this way. With my eyes closed I can sense my growing body slide across the ground and bring down more buildings, sure. That's an easy one. But for as hot as I was before I started growing, it's also plain to see that it's increased the curves all over my body in the process.
So I'm not just giving my tits a soft squeeze while working myself to climax. I'm feeling the weight on my chest grow heavier. Feeling the softness in my fingers spread out further, threatening to spill out of my hand entirely. Wondering how much bigger they're going to be after this time. Wondering what size they'd be if I was normal-sized again, and maintained this physique.


No... normal-sized is too small. I'd still want to be fucking huge in comparison to everyone around me. A solid ten feet or so. Just to watch the eyes on me when tits as big as a person's upper-body bounce around on my chest. All while I'm so strong that they don't even bother me in the slightest.
Oh... FUCK!
Fantasizing about being able to walk around normal people at a bigger size is cool and all, but it can't compare to what I'm able to do now. These tits are fucking massive. If I were to lift one I could drop it onto the middle of a neighborhood and smother the entire thing at once. Provided it even survived the impact.


I guess... I can already do that.
But now I can do it more. I can do everything more as I grow. Earlier I'd watched people between my toes trapped with no way out. Now they'd have plenty of space, as my feet are so big they're just driving over hundreds of buildings while I do nothing but lie here and masturbate. My pussy was able to swallow hundreds of people at once, but now? Thousands maybe? Where do I even go to get that many people at once?
And speaking of swallowing...



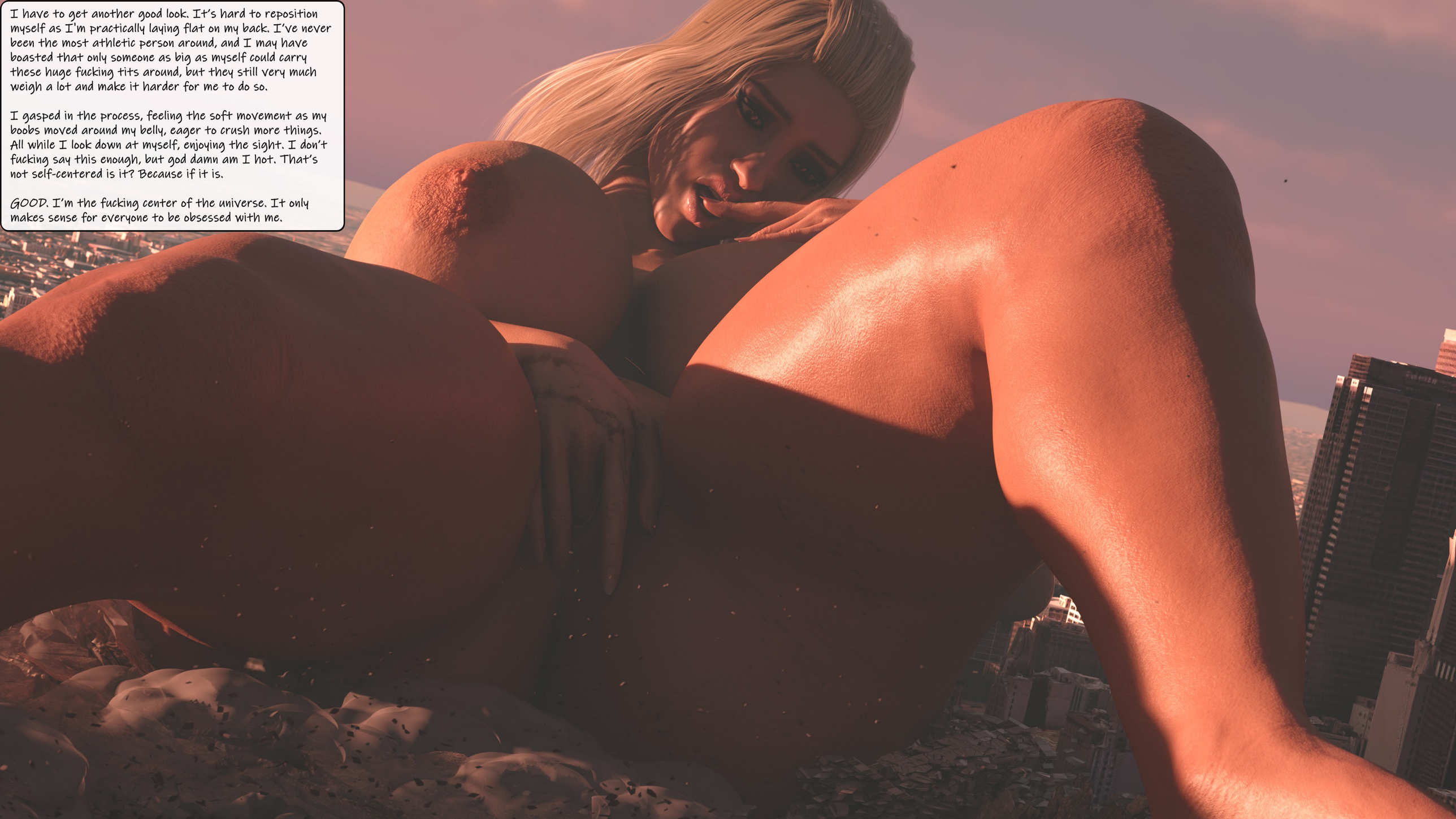
My mind thinks back to earlier. How I'd eaten all those people at once. The mental image is arousing enough to knock me out of my previous thoughts, and send me to a new plane of excitement. I arch my back, take a deep breath so I puff my chest out as far as humanly possible, and start rocking on my ass in place.

Are any of them still alive inside of me? What are they thinking? What's going through their minds right now? Or did they simply plop into my stomach and fizzle away like an antacid? For a moment I think I'll probably never know... but I know that's not necessarily the case. I can do pretty much anything now. I can just swallow a fucking news crew and have them report what it's like inside of me while it gets broadcast to something I can watch.



The thought of seeing what my stomach is doing to so many people at once sends a fresh surge of growth through me. I squeeze my tits hard, enjoying the weight as it moves around my fingers. All the while I keep my right hand working to finish me off.

The growth makes my body shift in position slightly, and I don't have to look to know what's happening now. More of the city is falling prey to my huge fucking body. And it's not going to stop. Not until I finish growing.


I have to get another good look. It's hard to reposition myself as I'm practically laying flat on my back. I've never been the most athletic person around, and I may have boasted that only someone as big as myself could carry these huge fucking tits around, but they still very much weigh a lot and make it harder for me to do so.

I gasped in the process, feeling the soft movement as my boobs moved around my belly, eager to crush more things. All while I look down at myself, enjoying the sight. I don't fucking say this enough, but god damn am I hot. That's not self-centered is it? Because if it is.

GOOD. I'm the fucking center of the universe. It only makes sense for everyone to be obsessed with me.


And while I'm looking down my lengthy body at myself I can see more of the city in the distance. At least, the portions that are still standing. There's buildings everywhere, and I bet that the streets are jam packed with bodies running for dear life. All while I fucking get myself off. Not a single care in the world.
But... things are too calm. We can get a little more destruction done, can't we, LA? There's countless buildings around me in every direction. There's no reason to pick any of them over any of the others, so I just picked at random.
This stupid looking cube covered in glass and solar panels? Your time is up!


My left foot thrusts forward, exploding into the building with tremendous force. I expected it to be launched forward like an explosion, where the building simply dissolved under the force of my blow and I shot the remains onto everything below.
But I wasn't resting my foot flat on the ground when I thrust forward. SO instead of ripping the entire building up in one movement, I wound up only shaving a huge portion of it away. The explosion that follows sends the building's remnants flying forward at tremendous speed, crushing other buildings in the process and undoubtedly burying hundreds of bodies alive.

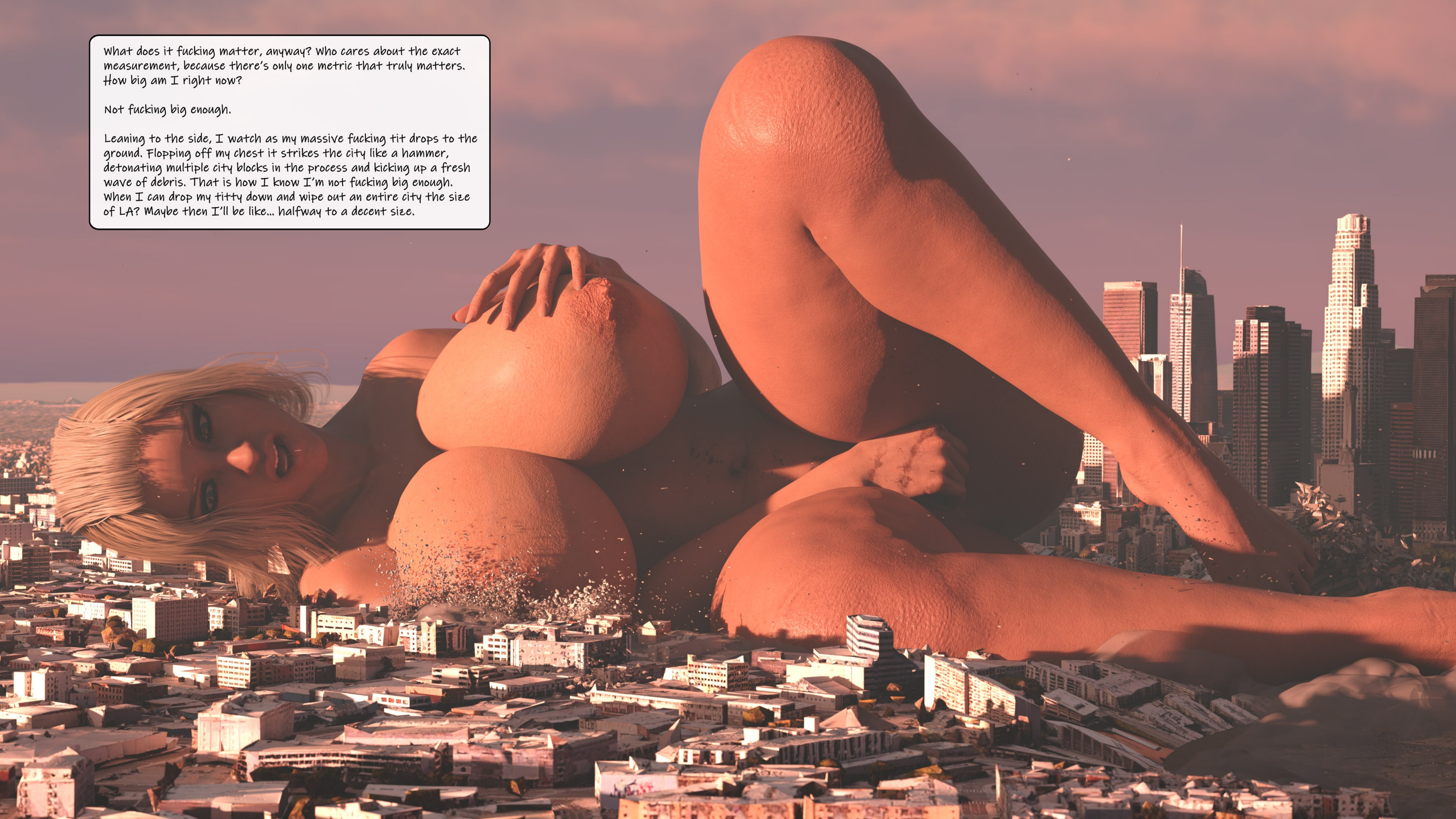

"Fucking building..." I mutter, really feeling my arousal spike up as I start to speed up my pistoning fingers. My teeth clench as I revel in the aftermath of my assault onto the lowly city, and my slight movements from the enthusiastic masturbating makes the ground around me crack violently.
My toes clench as yet another orgasm builds inside of me. My breath quickens, and I move my hand even faster. So fast that my arm is starting to actually feel the strain from how much I'm putting into this. It takes only a few seconds before that wonderful feeling of climax rocks me again.

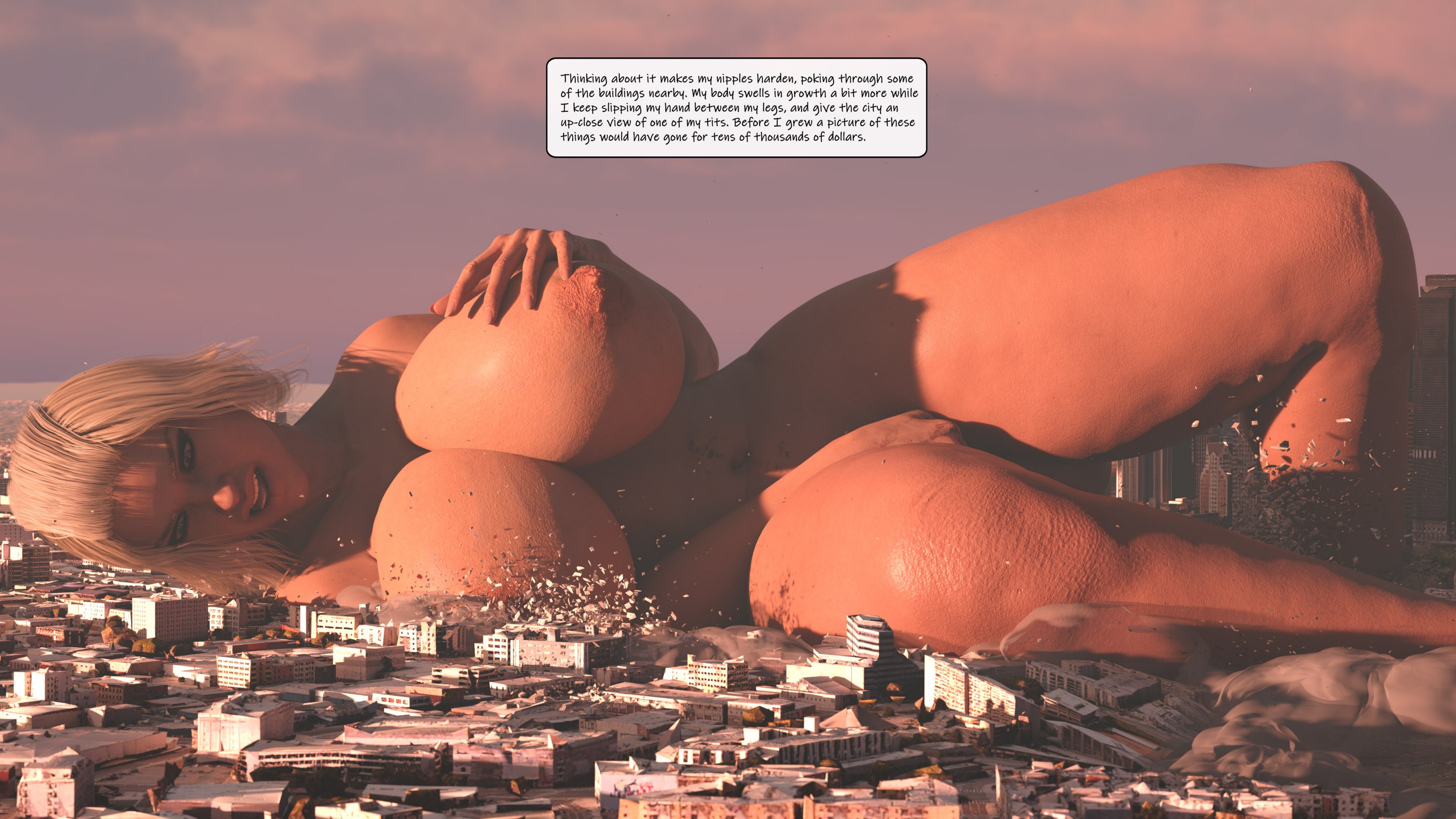

And sends a fresh wave of growth through my body.
It's too much this time. I've really fucked up. I shouldn't have teased myself for so fucking long. I should have just tended to this need the very moment it hit me. Instead I kept waiting, biding my time to make sure that it hit me harder when it eventually did, but that may have been a mistake.
I try to keep my balance as every single muscle in my gigantic fucking body spasms at the exact same moment, and I fail to remain sitting up.


When I smash onto the ground again, I can feel more of the city turn to debris underneath me. Just a moment ago I'd carved a nice little hole for myself when lying down, but this fresh wave of growth was so drastic that I no longer fit inside of it. At this point anything directly behind or in front of me is no longer safe. My growth is just too powerful. Too uncontrollable. Anything too close is a fucking liability now.
And it's not slowing down anytime soon.


Arching my back, I gasp in sheer, mind-numbing pleasure. My vision actually blanks out for a second, and I completely fucking lose track of where I am. For a moment it's like none of this really happened. Like I'm back at home. Inside of my bedroom. The door locked, laying on my bed, and masturbating the minutes away in the privacy of my own room.
The distraction lasts for as long as it takes more of the city to crumble. In an instant I'm shocked back to reality, and can't help but grin. The fact that this is reality for me now is... it's...


"FUCK!" I shout, biting my bottom lip as I squint my eyes in an effort to regain control of my body. The feeling of growth is just too much. I can't become a slave to fucking cumming. I have to... I need to get a hold of myself.
It takes every ounce of willpower in my body to sit up again. The movement makes my feet lose their grip, and they slide forward, toes plowing through more buildings and people with all the difficulty in pushing through sand. I take stock of my new size, keeping a hand situated between my legs.
"How... big am..." I think, wondering now. I don't know how fucking big this is anymore. Is this a mile? Am I a mile tall? Or ten? I can't fucking...


What does it fucking matter, anyway? Who cares about the exact measurement, because there's only one metric that truly matters. How big am I right now?
Not fucking big enough.
Leaning to the side, I watch as my massive fucking tit drops to the ground. Flopping off my chest it strikes the city like a hammer, detonating multiple city blocks in the process and kicking up a fresh wave of debris. That is how I know I'm not fucking big enough. When I can drop my titty down and wipe out an entire city the size of LA? Maybe then I'll be like... halfway to a decent size.


Thinking about it makes my nipples harden, poking through some of the buildings nearby. My body swells in growth a bit more while I keep slipping my hand between my legs, and give the city an up-close view of one of my tits. Before I grew a picture of these things would have gone for tens of thousands of dollars.


And now I'm just fucking giving it away for free. Truly, there has never been anyone so benevolent on this planet as Kaylee Fucking Kloss.


But I'm no philanthropist. I have my own agenda to tend to, and as fun as it would be to let crowds gather around a tit to offer the proper amount of praise and worship someone as important as myself deserves, it's also not going to keep me growing. At least not at a reasonable pace. For that I'm going to have to keep finger-fucking myself.
And what do you know? That's exactly what I had fucking planned.


While I keep fucking myself I can feel my body continue to grow. Not just through normal expansion, either. My thighs are thickening, pressing more firmly against my hand between my legs while I please myself. My fucking ass is expanding, growing all the more sensitive so I can feel more of the city with every passing moment. And my tits, well, I was able to somewhat comfortably cradle them a second ago... but they're quickly starting to spill out of my hands.
I look down around me again, wondering what would happen if I let my boobs drop onto the city once more. I can imagine the sort of destruction that would bring about. What it would look like, and-



Well? Why imagine?

Leaning to the side, I can't help but form a smile on my face as my left tit spills out of my hand-bra, and smashes onto the ground below. Even better, because my tits are so soft it's not like it just hits the ground then stops moving entirely. No, as more of my weight falls onto the boob it begins to spread out, claiming more land that had been avoided a second ago.

And I didn't even fully release my boob. I kept a slight hold on it!



So, naturally, how do I escalate from there?

Turning to the side, I finally move my hand away. Instantly my tits slip from my grip, and fall to the ground. I swear, for at least a split-second, I can feel something new. Heat. It must be air resistance as my boobs are so fucking big they actually begin to heat up when I drop them like this. It doesn't hurt, and it's unlikely to have done any sort of damage that would actually hurt, but I don't care.

Because when it lands, it lands hard. I watch with rapt attention as a shockwave so powerful it sends buildings for blocks around to the ground shakes the area. All the while fingering myself to the destruction I was causing through the power of leaning over. That's it.


"FUCK!" I screamed, my voice so loud it shatters countless windows.It's enough to make my tits jiggle slightly, increasing the area of effect from dropping my tits onto the ground.
It brings with it another burst of growth. And this one is HUGE.


I'm done teasing this out. I'm just going to ride this until it passes. Rocking my upper body back and forth ever so slightly, I let my naked tits drag across the city, prolonging the growth-inducing orgasm that was shaking my entire body.


"Oh... YES!" I screamed again, my mouth opening so wide I could have swallowed another part of the city directly in front of me. The growth was continuing, taking my point of view even higher now. Even lying down I can see over every single building in my field of view, and it won't be much longer before I'm so big that not a single building in the entire city can stand taller than my gigantic body when lying down.


Hell, in some way I feel like I'm already there. My curves are getting so much more obscene with every passing moment it feels like my ass is already towering higher than the biggest skyscrapers. Sure, I'm a bit elevated thanks to lying on my tits which definitely suspend me pretty high in the air.
But a milestone is a milestone.


"JUST A BIT... MORE...!" I shout, clenching my eyes shut as my fingers work through me again. I can feel the orgasm beginning to subside, bringing my growth to a stop as I do so. I think I may have been able to make that last even longer if I really set my mind to it...



"FUCK!" I screamed again, feeling one last spike. My pussy clenches tighter around my finger, soaking it to the bone as I lie in place.

For a second I feel like I'm in another world. The air feels different from this high up. The city feels so much smaller than it did just a few moments ago. And the impossible-to-deal-with arousal that had been plaguing me ever since I walked into Chinatown had finally subsided. I almost didn't know what to do with myself anymore.


But even just lying down here is doing a lot of shit. I'm so big now. So fucking big that even my breathing is having a detrimental effect to the tiny lives around me. I'm not focused enough to make them out exactly, but I can tell that some things are getting blown away when I'm leaning so low to the ground. I have to actually pull my head further away to make sure as much of it stays in place as possible.
That way when I run my hand across it I can really see some shit happen.


It reminds me of being back in school with a dry-erase board. Writing something on it, then erasing it with a swipe of the hand. It feels like I'm just wiping away something that someone spent a lot of time working on, and it will take months to get it back to what it was.
Only my hand's a lot dirtier when I pull it away.


Finally, taking a deep breath, I decide I've had enough looking at the city from this angle. I've grown again. I want to see what it looks like from higher up. Before this it was like walking around a miniature set. Immaculately detailed, but too fragile to even touch.
Before I can even stand on my feet though I'm taken aback by how fucking small it looks. I know I've grown... but how much? So much of this city is now just fucking ruins.
But, more than that, I have to just sort of feel a rising sense of disappointment. Not at the growth, no. Of course not. Fuck no. That's all great.


No...
The disappointing part is how fucking much of this city is still left. How much of it still looks pristine. Untouched. There's the areas I visited directly. They're completely fucked, and nothing's surviving there. Then there's the places close to those I've laid hands on, which are covered in debris and generally falling apart.
But beyond that? Aside from maybe a couple of flipped cars or broken windows... they're just fine.


It's kind of fucking disgusting in a way. Almost gross. I don't like looking at it. All that I was able to do. My every movement just completely fucking up hundreds of buildings and ending thousands of lives... and for what? A couple of flattened blocks and a city reeling, sure. But beyond that...?
I sighed, and stood back up to my full height. Elbows and knees covered in dust, I took a moment to brush them off, before really marveling at how big I was now. Seeing things while lying on my stomach is interesting, sure, but actually standing in the city is...
It's something else.


Buildings come in all sorts of sizes. Most of them are just fucking nothing in front of me by now. Small little cubes about the size of a matchbox. Dozens of them could fit under a single foot and I wouldn't even notice. Hell, there could be some between my toes right now and I probably wouldn't even notice.


But it's the skyscrapers that really interest me. Strange as it is to give them that term given how... pretty much none of them even come past my knee at this point. It wasn't that long ago that I tried and failed to get city hall inside of me, and tons of these buildings are way fucking bigger.
And they'd probably be able to fit in just as easily.


Thinking over it some more, I can't help but bite my lip. Maybe I'm the fucking weird one now. Who else looks at a city's skyline and gets horny about it? Treats a downtown area as one big sex... rug? Fuck if I know. Maybe I just have an overactive imagination, but all I really think about is how much city I still have to cover. How many things I still have to crush.
And most importantly of all... what my ultimate goals are probably going to be.


I've been toying with the idea in my head for a while now. Just seeing my size as I moved around has made it pretty hard not to think about, well, how completely unstoppable I am. And if no one can go against me, then why shouldn't I fucking be in charge of the city? Or the state?
Or the world.
When I'm standing on my feet and looking ahead, there is quite literally nothing blocking my view. People are so tiny that they hardly register at all. Buildings are so fragile even walking too close to one has devastating effects. Everything I can see might as well be under my control already. All I really have to do is make it official. I mean, who's going to stop me?


Well...
I suppose there is one person that can stop me. I don't know if she's bothered looking back at me the entire time she's been on the run to do whatever it is she had planned on. Does she know about my latest growth spurt?
Maybe I should catch up with Kayla... see how small she is next to me now. It'll feel like I'm only 50 feet tall all over again. Yeah... that sounds fun.


"Kayla?"
I move Anna closer to my face, biting my bottom lip. She turns her head from looking behind the two of us, then back to me.
"Yeah?"
She pauses.

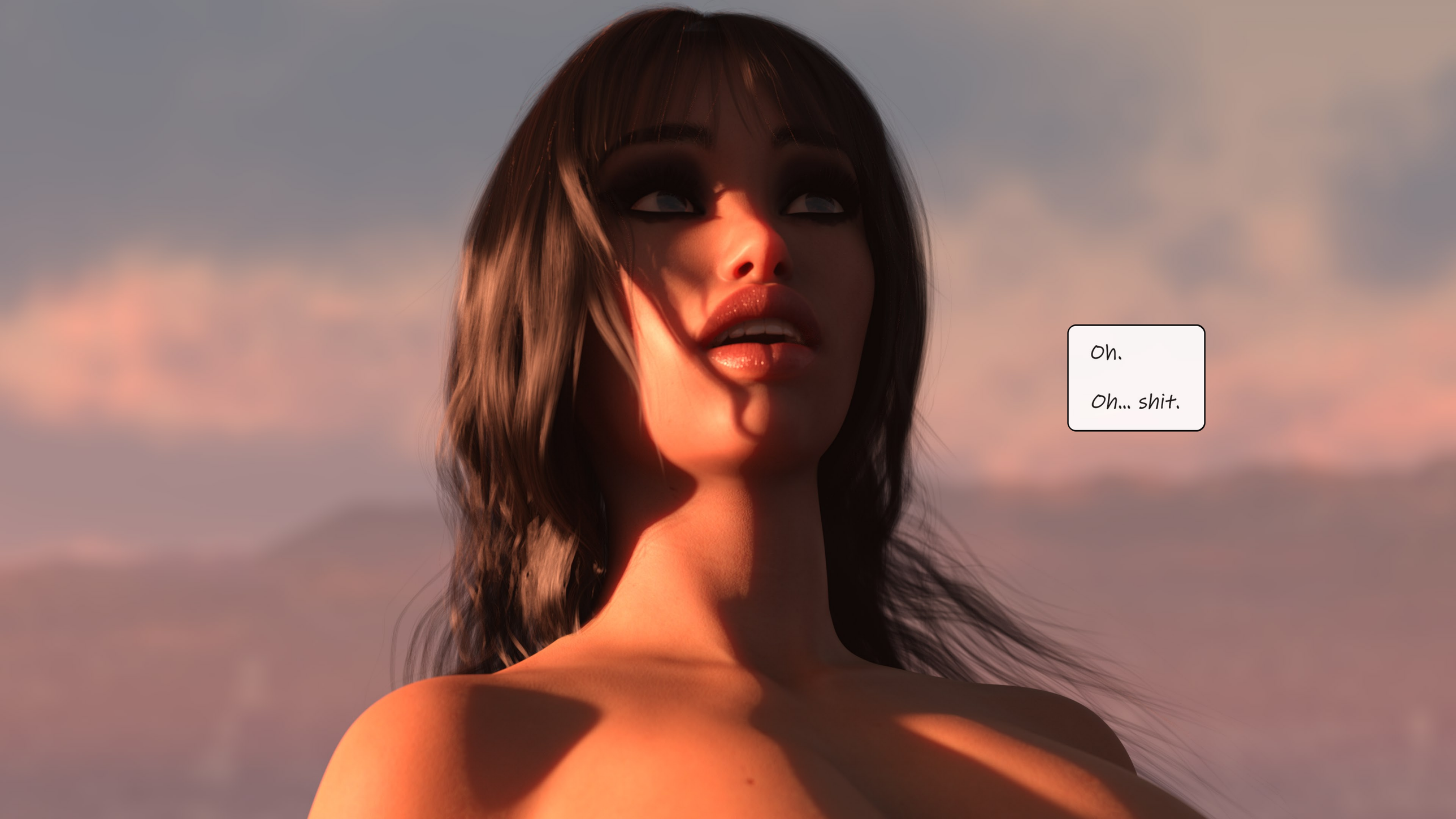

"Well..."
"We're almost there." I reassure her with a warm smile. It's a genuine one, too. I guess having her back with me and knowing that she's... well, relatively safe is a pretty big stress reliever after all.
"I know, I know. But..."


Something's bothering her. I want to ask what it is... but truth be told I'm fucking scared. I saw her look back behind us before asking to talk. Since leaving Kaylee behind I didn't fucking turn around once. I didn't want to see what she was doing. I could certainly make out some sounds. The faint, distant echo of what had to be hundreds of people screaming at once. The occasional faint rumble through the ground. The distant moans. It was all inescapable, try as I might to do exactly that.

"Relax, Anna." I told her. "I'm pretty big and all, but I think I can still hide from Kaylee when I have to. She didn't even notice me just a little while ago when I hid behind a building as she walked by.


"Okay, Okay..." Anna said, sighing in defeat. "Let's just... move a little faster, okay?"
"Okay. Hold on tight." I say.
She didn't question my story. While it was true that I had, in fact, successfully hidden from view when Kaylee walked by earlier... I kind of glossed over some important context. I was way, way smaller at the time. And... I was so scared out of my mind I had to put both hands over my mouth to stop myself from screaming in terror.


Still.
How much could possibly have changed since I last saw her?
I immediately regret asking myself this question. It creates in me a burning need for information. Information I had been trying to suppress the need for just a second ago. I can...
I can just take a peek. A quick one.


Oh.
Oh... shit.


I don't know how far away Kaylee is right now, but it has to be miles. The skyline is visible, and she's definitely behind it. But...
She's completely and utterly towering over every part of it. She's bigger than I remember her, and not just by a little. She's completely dominating the skyline with her casual presence alone. She looks big enough to even swallow me whole like I'd seen her do to so many others today.
And worst of all...?
She's looking right at me.


END OF PART 17

KAYLEE'S GROWTH PART 17



DELETED RENDERS





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